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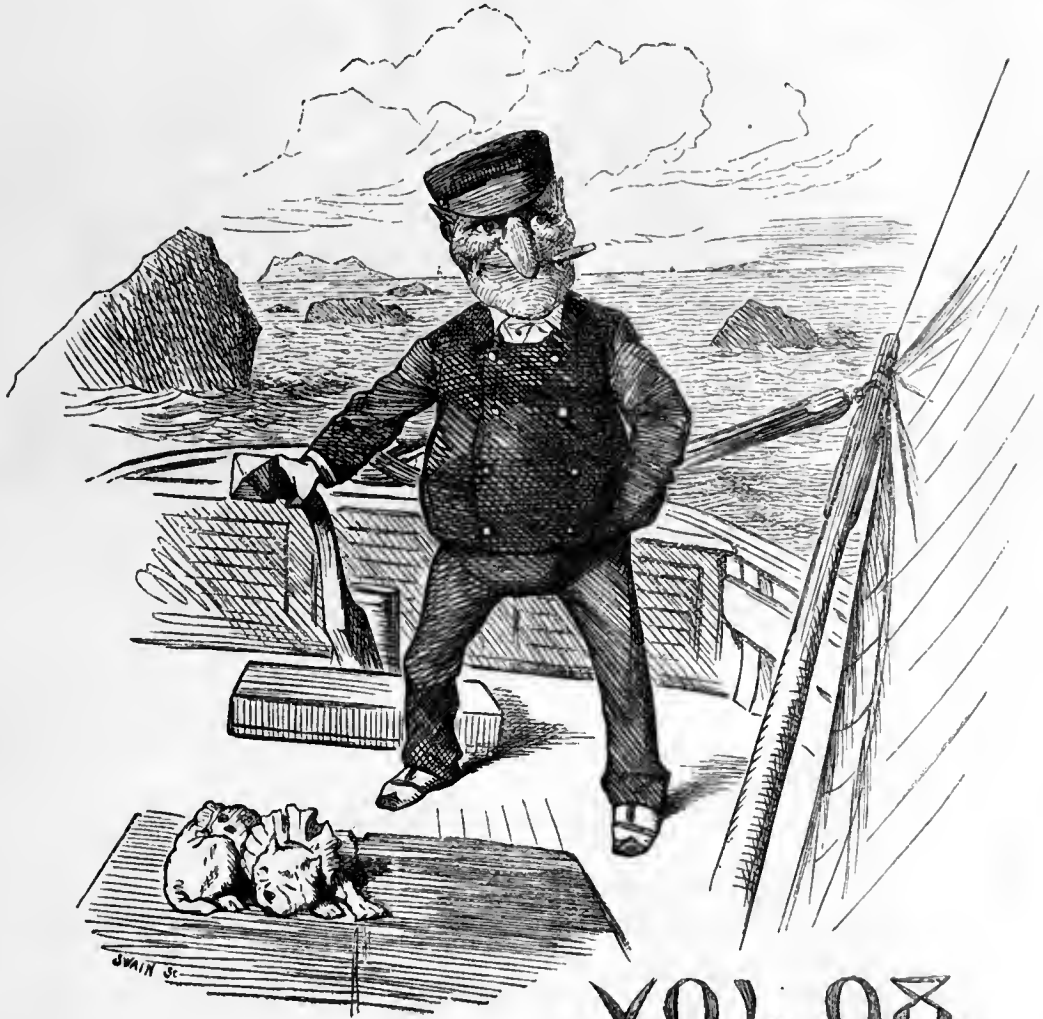




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PUNCH



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1890



IT was a Midsummer Night, and Mr. PUNCH in his *sanctum* dreamed a Dream! To adapt the Laureate's lay:—
 He read, before his eyelids dropt their shade,
 The *Lusiads* of CAMOENS, long ago

Sung by the Lusitanian bard, who made
 Great GAMA's glories glow.

It was the wondrous tale of STANLEY which had turned the Sage's attention to the pages of the great Epic of Commerce. He had read:—

"Africa behold! alas, what altered view!
 Her lands uncultured, and her sons untrue;
 Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,
 Savage and fierce, they roam in brutal strife;
 Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,
 Yet naked roam their own neglected fields."

And though even Africa has considerably changed since the year of grace 1497, when "daring GAMA" went "incessant labouring round the stormy Cape," Mr. PUNCH thought of that great gloom-shrouded Equatorial Forest and its secular savage dwarf-dwellers, and mused how much there was yet for our modern GAMAS to do in the Dark Continent.

Mr. PUNCH found himself in the lovely "Isle of Venus," the delicious floral Paradise which the Queen of Lovo, "the guardian goddess of the Lusian race," created "amid the bosom of the watery waste," as "a place of glad repast and sweet repose," for the tired home-returning GAMA and his companions.

"Of 'glad repast,'" said a familiar voice, "there is plenty and to spare; but for the 'sweet repose,' 'tis not to be found in this 'Isle of Banqueting.'"

"Mr. STANLEY, I presume?" said the Sage.

"You cannot presume," rejoined H. M. neatly. "But some of these gregarious dinner-givers *do*, and sometimes,—yes, sometimes I'm afraid I let them see that I'm aware of it."

"As fame-preoccupied, country-loving GAMA, wearied of the 'feasts, interludes, and chivalrous entertainments,' with which 'the taste of that age demonstrated the joy of Portugal,' might perchance have snubbed some too importunate Don. 'The compliments of the Court and the shouts of the streets were irksome to him,' says the chronicle."

"SALISBURY is not quite a Prince HENRY apparently," remarked the modern GAMA. "He and his father JOHN did not find the discoveries and acquisitions of their heroic compatriot 'embarrassing.' 'The arts and valour of the Portuguese had now made a great impression on the minds of the Africans. The King of Congo, a dominion of great extent, sent the sons of some of his principal officers to be instructed in arts and religion.' This was four hundred years ago! And now

the Portuguese can be safely snubbed and sat upon, even by a SALISBURY! But if your prudent Premier doesn't 'stiffen his back' a bit, with regard to the tougher and tentative Teuton, 'the arts and valour' of the Britishers will not make as great an impression on the minds of the Africans as your ill-used East African Company could desire."

"Don't be too downhearted, HENRY," smiled the Sage. "Much dining-out doth breed dyspepsia, and atrabillious views are apt to be a *lITTLE* lop-sided."

"Right, Mr. PUNCH!" said a musical but somewhat mournful voice, that of the great but ill-starred LUIS DE CAMOENS himself. "I wrote much of my *Lusiadas* in Africa.

"One hand the pen, and one the sword employed."

My reward was banishment, imprisonment, poverty, neglect, and a miserable death in an almshouse. 'Soon after, however,' says the record, 'many epitaphs honoured his memory: the greatness of his merit was universally confessed, and his *Lusiad* was translated into various languages.' 'The whirligig of time brings its revenges,' as your own illustrious Singer saith. How think you myself and my friend VASCO DE GAMA here look upon the fallen state of our beloved native land? In vain he ventured for her. In vain I warningly sang:—

"Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires
Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.
Shall haughty Gaul or sterner Albion boast
That all the Lusian fame in thee is lost!"

Mr. PUNCH bowed low to the illustrious Poet and the indomitable Explorer. "Greatness," said he, courteously, "claims reverence, and misfortune respect. Your countrymen, Gentlemen, have been rather angry with me of late. But 'sterner Albion' may be proud indeed if she produces such men as GAMA to perform heroic deeds, and such poets as CAMOENS to sing them." The stately Shades saluted. "I wonder," said GAMA, "who will be the Laureate of the later Ulysses, and which of your singers will write the *Epic of Africa*?"

"I fear," said Mr. PUNCH, "that at present they are too busy smiting the Socialistic big drum, or tickling their sonorous native tongue into tinkling triplets. In this Island of Venus——"

"I beg pardon," interrupted STANLEY, with a sardonic smile. "This Island of *Menus*, you mean, Mr. PUNCH!"

Mr. PUNCH looked around. The Acidalian roses and myrtles, the purple lotos and the snowy thorn, the yellow pod-flowers and the waving palms, the vermeil apples and the primrosed banks, of CAMOENS' somewhat zone-confounding vision, had indeed vanished, and in their stead seemed to wave snowy *serviettes*, to flow champagne-streams, to glitter goblets, and to glow orchid-laden *épergnes*.

"Humph!" said the Sage. "The prose of the *Restaurateur*—which by the way sounds as if I were alluding to the literature of the Restoration,—hath insensibly superseded the poesy of the peerless Portuguese. Well, Gentlemen, in vain may 'sterner Albion' glory in the profusion of wealth and the pomp of 'glad repast,' unless also she breeds heroes to adventure and poets to celebrate. As you sang, my CAMOENS—

"The King or hero to the Muse unjust,
Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust."

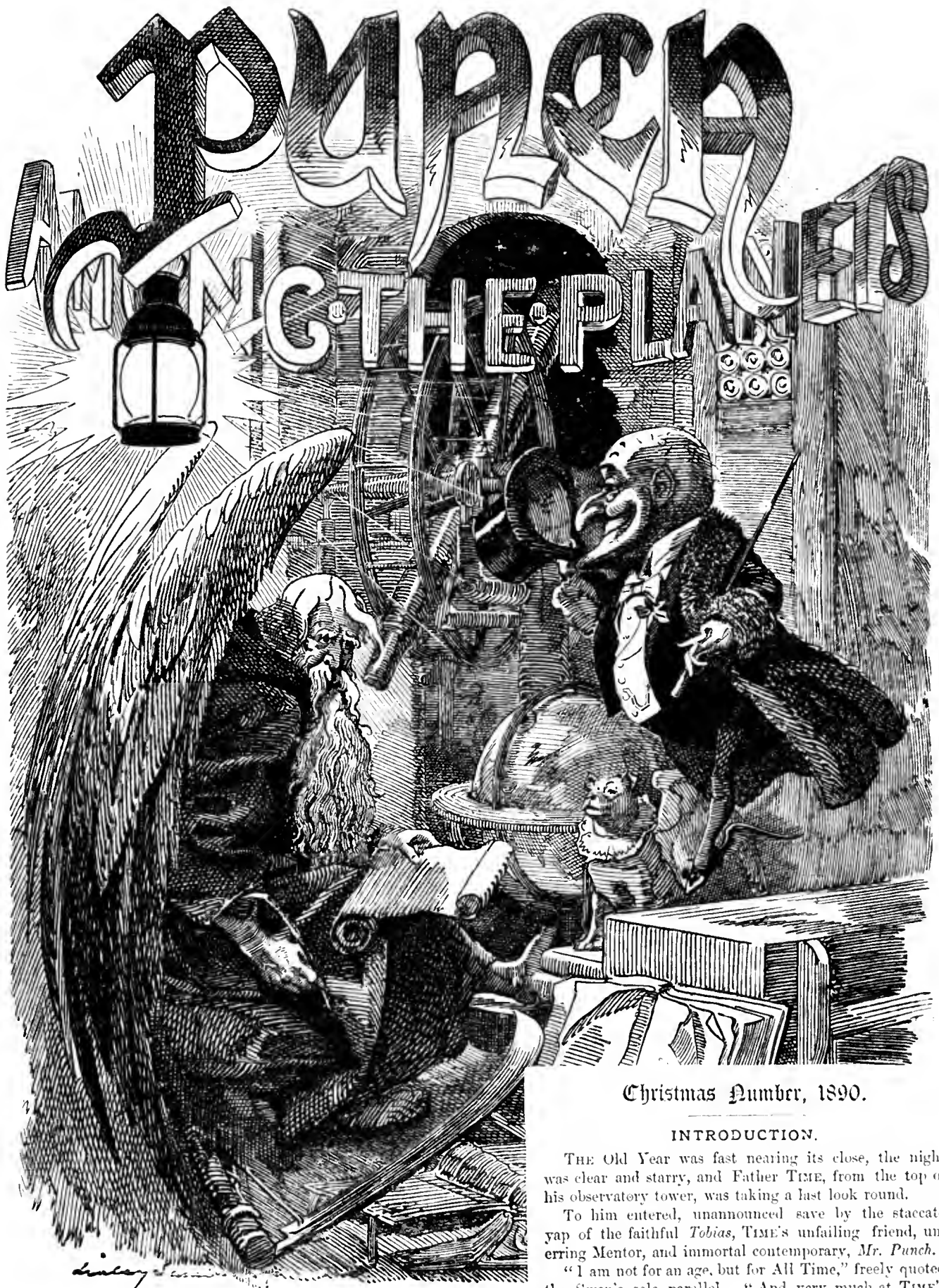
For the present, STANLEY's arm and Mr. PUNCH's pen suffice to save the State from such abasement. But let our timid Premiers and our temporising Press remember the glories of GAMA and CAMOENS, and the fate of ungrateful and indolent Lusitania!"

"The Pen of Mr. PUNCH!" cried CAMOENS. "Ah, long have the valiant Vasco and myself desired to peruse its sparkling and patriotic outpourings."

"And you, my STANLEY," proceeded Mr. PUNCH, "said to the banqueting Fishmongers, 'I am an omnivorous reader whenever an opportunity presents itself.' It presents itself here and now. Take, Illustrious Trio, the greatest gift that even PUNCH can bestow upon you, to wit his

"Ninety-Eighth Volume!"





Christmas Number, 1890.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Old Year was fast nearing its close, the night was clear and starry, and Father TIME, from the top of his observatory tower, was taking a last look round.

To him entered, unannounced save by the staccato yap of the faithful *Tobias*, TIME's unfailing friend, unerring Mentor, and immortal contemporary, *Mr. Punch*.

"I am not for an age, but for All Time," freely quoted the Swan's sole parallel. "And very much at TIME's

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service," he added, throwing open his fur-lined "Immensikoff," and lighting a cigar at the Scythe-bearer's lantern.

"Happy to meet you once more, Mr. Punch," responded old Edax Rerum, turning from what the poet calls his 'Optic Tube' to welcome his sprightly visitor. "Awfully good of you to turn up just now. Like TRUE THOMAS'S *Teufelsdröckh*, 'I am alone with the Stars,' and was beginning to feel just a little bit lonely."

"With the Voces Stellarum to keep you company? You surprise me," said Mr. Punch. "But what is all this?" he added, pointing with accustomed eye to a pile of MS. at TIME'S elbow.

If so old a stager as Father TIME can blush, he certainly did so on this occasion.

"Fact is, Mr. Punch," he rejoined, "I, like younger and shall I say lesser Celebrities, have been writing my 'Reminiscences.' Ha ha! *The Chronicles of Chronos* in 6,000 volumes or so—up to now. This is a small portion of my *Magnum Opus*. Can you recommend me to a publisher?"

"Ask my friend Archdeacon FARRAR," responded the Sage, drily. "What a work! And what a sensation! TALLEYRAND'S long-talked-of 'Memoirs' not in it! Do you know, my dear TIME, I think you had better postpone the publication—for an æon or so a' east. Your *Magnum Opus* might become a *Scandalum Magnatum*."

"Ah, perhaps so," replied TIME, with a sigh.

"Alone with the Stars," pursued Mr. Punch, meditatively. "Humph! The Solar System alone ought to provide you with plenty of company."

"Yes" responded TIME, "but, after all, you know, telescopic intercourse is not entirely satisfactory. Like EDGAR POE'S *Hans Pfaal*, I feel I should like to come to closer quarters with the 'heavenly bodies' as the pedagogues call them."

"And why not?" queried Mr. Punch, coolly.

"As how?" asked his companion.

"TIME, my boy" laughed the Sage, "you seem a bit behind yourself. Listen! Mr. EDISON is prosecuting an experiment designed to catch and record the sounds made in the sun's photosphere when solar spots are formed by eruptions beneath the surface.' Have you not read the latest of the *Edisoniana*?"

TIME admitted he had not.

"TIME, you rogue, you love to get
Sweets upon your list—but that in."

quoted the Sage. "Something piquant for the 6001st Vol. of your *Chronicles*. But, after all, what is EDISON compared with Me? If you really wish for a turn round the Solar System, a peregrination of the Planets, put aside that antiquated spy-glass of yours and come with Me!"

And, "taking TIME by the forelock," in a very real sense, the Sage of Fleet Street rose with him like a Brock rocket, high, and swift, and light-compelling, into the star-spangled vault of heaven.

"SIC ITUR AD ASTRA!" said the Sage.

"Twinkle, twinkle, Fleet Street Star!
Saturn wonders who you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a portent in the sky.
Wonders if, Jove-like, you want,
Him to banish and supplant!
Fear not, Saturn! Punch's bolt
Arms Right Order, not Revolt;
Dread no fratricidal wars

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VISIT TO SATURN.

"I AM glad to hear *that*, at any rate," said Saturn, welcoming the illustrious guests to his remote golden-ringed realm.

Saturn, however, did not look exactly comfortable, and his voice, how unlike

"To that large utterance of the early gods," sounded quavering and querulous.

"It is customary," said he, "to talk, as the old Romans rather confusedly did, of 'the Saturnian reign' as the true 'Golden Age,' identified with civilisation, social order, economic perfection, and agricultural profusion. As a matter of fact, I've always been treated badly, from the day when Jupiter dethroned me to that when the Grand Old Man—who ought to have had more sympathy with me—banished hither the strife-engendering Pedant's hotch-potch called Political Economy."

'Be comforted, Saturn, old boy—I am here!' cried Mr Punch. "I am 'personally conducting' Father TIME in a tour of the Planets. Let's have a look round your realm!"

Mr. Punch sums up much of what he saw in modern "Saturnian Verses."

Punch. Good gracious! my worthy old Ancient, who once held the sway of the heavens,

Your realm seems a little bit shaky; what mortals call "sixes and sevens"!

Saturn. That's scarcely god-lingo, my boy; but 'tis much as you say, and no wonder.

Free imports have ruined my realm—I refer to Bad-Temper and Blunder,

Two brutish and boobyish Titans—they've wholly corrupted our morals,

And taught us "Boycotting," and "Strikes," and "Lock-outs," and all sorts of mad quarrels.

I hope you don't know them down there, in your queer little speck of a planet,

These humbugging latter-day Titans?

Punch. That cannot concern you—now can it?

Saturn. Just look at the shindy down yonder!

Punch. By Jove, what the doose are they doing?

Saturn. Oh, settling the Great Social Question!

Father Time. It looks as though mischief were brewing.

Saturn. Sort of parody of the old fight, which was splendid at least, if tremendous,

'Twixt Jove and the Titans of old. That colossus, gold-armoured, stupendous,

Perched high on the "Privilege" ramparts, and bastioned by big bags of bullion,

Is "Capital"; he's the new Jove, and each Titan would treat as his scullion,

But look at the huge Hundred-Handed One, armed with the



The hammer, the spade, and the pick!

Father Time. Things appear in no end of a pickle!

Saturn. Precisely! That's

Labour-Briareus; backed up by "Bad Temper" and "Blunder,"

And egged on by "Spout" (with a Fog-Horn); he's "going for" him of the Thunder,

And Gold ramparts headlong, à outrance.

Punch. But look at the spectres behind them!

Saturn. Ah! Terrors from Tartarus, those to which only Bad Temper can blind them.

Those spectres foreshadow grim fate; they are Lawlessness, Ruin, Starvation;

To the Thunderer dismal defeat, to the conquerors blank desolation.

The Sage looked serious.

"These things, mused he, are an allegory, perhaps, but of a significance not wholly Saturnian.

"Saturn, old boy" said he, "cannot what sentimentalists call 'the Dismal Science,' which as you say has been banished hither, do anything to help you out of this hobble?"

"The Dismal Science," responded Saturn, whose panaceas of Unrestricted Competition, Free Combination, Cheap Markets, Supply and Demand, &c., have landed its disciples in Sweating Dens on the one side and Universal Strikes on the other, can hardly offer itself as a cure for the New Socialism. Like Rhea of old, when asked for food, it proffers a stone."

"Ah!" quoth Father TIME, "you manage these things much better on the Earth, doubtless."

"Doubtless," replied the Sage, drily, as he and Father TIME took



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VISIT TO MARS.

So Mr. PUNCH, holding TIME by the forelock, continued his journey.

"Where are we now?" asked the more elderly gentleman.

"My good friend," replied the Sage of Fleet Street, "we are approaching Mars, which as you know, or should know (if your education has been completed under the supervision of the School Board) is sometimes called the Red Planet."

"So I have often heard. But why?"

"That is what we shall soon discover. But now keep quiet, as we have arrived."

With the gentlest of gentle shocks Mr. Punch and his companion found themselves on a mound, which they soon recognised as a mountain. Looking below them, they saw masses of scarlet, apparently in mo-

"Certainly. They are troops. We put them in scarlet in peace, but they appear in their shirt-sleeves the moment war's declared. Novel idea, isn't it?"

And then the pleasant-spoken young officer led the way to a lift, and, touching a button, the three descended from the top of the mountain to the valley beneath.

"On the counterweight system," explained the A.D.C. "We cribbed the idea from Folkestone, and Lynmouth. And here, Mr. Punch, is something that will interest you. We absolutely howled at that sketch of yours showing the mechanical policeman. Don't you know—old woman puts a penny in the slot and stops the traffic? And here's the idea developed. See that mechanical sentry. I put a penny in the slot, and he pays me the usual compliment. He shoulders arms, as I am only a captain—worse luck! If I were of field rank he would come smartly to the present."

And sure enough the mechanical soldier saluted.

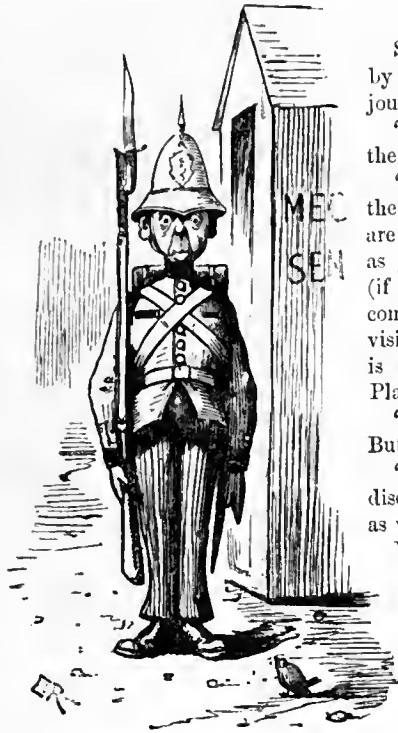
"It's not half a bad idea," continued the agreeable A.D.C. "You see sentry-go is awfully unpopular, and a figure of iron in times of peace is every bit as good as a man of brass. The pence go to the Canteen Fund along with the fines for drunkenness. It seems reasonable enough that a fellow, if he wants to be saluted, should pay for the swagger. If a fellow likes to turn out the

guard, he can do it with sixpence—but then of course he hasn't the right unless his rank permits it—see?"

By this time the mechanical soldier had returned to the slope, and was parading his beat in a somewhat jerky manner.

"And now what would you fellows like to do?" asked the A.D.C. "Pardon the familiarity, but nowadays age doesn't count, does it? Everybody's young. One of the best Juliets I ever knew had turned sixty, and played to a Romeo who was twenty years her senior. Nothing like that down below, I suppose?"

"Nothing," returned



tion. It was then that TIME regretted that he had not brought with him his telescope.

"It would have been so useful," he murmured, "and if a little bulky, what of that? Surely Mr. Punch is accustomed to make light of everything?"

"See, some one is approaching," observed the Sage of Fleet Street, whose eye-sight was better than that of his companion. And sure enough a lively young officer at this moment put in an appearance, and saluted.

"Glad to see you both," said he; "and, by order of the General Commander-in-Chief, you are to make what use you please of me. I am entirely at your service."

"Why, you speak English!" exclaimed Mr. Punch.

"That is so!" returned the young officer in American; "and why not? Besides I know French, Russian, German, and all the languages spoken on your little globe, to say nothing of the dialects used by those who inhabit the rest of the planets. It's our system. Nowadays, a man in the Service is expected to be up in everything. If he wasn't, how on earth could he fight, or do anything else in a satisfactory fashion? And now let us bustle along."

"But first," put in TIME, who did not relish being silent, "will you kindly tell us what those masses of colour are?"



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"So I have always understood. Well, where shall we go first?"
 "Anywhere you like," said the Sage of Fleet Street. "But are you sure that we are not unduly trespassing on your time?"
 "Not at all—only too delighted. It's all in the day's work.

We have a lot of distinguished visitors that we have to take round. I like it myself, but some of our fellows kick against it. Of course it doesn't refer to you two; but you can fancy what a nuisance it must be for all our fellows to have to get up in full rig, and bow and scrape, and march and countermarch, and go through the whole bag of tricks, to some third-rate Royalty? Ah! they are happier off at Aldershot, aren't they?"

"No doubt," was the prompt reply.

Mr. Punch and Father TIME had now entered a barrack square, wherein

a number of trembling recruits were standing in front of a sergeant.

"I am just putting them through their paces, Sir," said he: "they are a bit rusty in bowing drill."

The A.D.C. nodded, and, turning on his heel, explained to the visitors that it was the object of the Authorities to introduce as much as possible of the civil element into the Army.

"You will see this idea carried out a little further in the institution we are now entering," he added, as the three walked into a building that looked like a hand-ome Club-house. At the door was an officer in the uniform of the Guards.

"Hullo, HUGHIE," said the A.D.C., "on duty to-day?"

"As hall-porter. CHARLIE is smoking-room waiter. I say, do you want to take your friends round?"

"Well, I should like to let them get a glimpse of TOMMY ATKINS at his ease."

"All right, you can pass. But, I say, just warn them to keep quiet when they get near him. We have had no end of a time to smooth him down."

Thus warned, the Sage and Father TIME passed through the hall and entered the smoking-room. Stretched at full length on a couple of chairs was a Private, lazily sipping a glass of brandy and soda-water, that had just been supplied to him by an officer of his own battalion. On withdrawing, the A.D.C. greeted the commissioned waiter who answered to the name of CHARLIE.

"Rather rough, eh?" said he,

with a glance at a tray containing a cork-screw and an empty bottle.

"A bit better than Bermuda. If we don't coerce them, we must be polite. After all, fagging turned out the heroes of Winchester and Westminster, and wasn't Waterloo won on the playing-fields of Eton?"

"Rather a dangerous game isn't it?" observed Mr. Punch.

"You'll have to fall in next, and TOMMY will inspect you, and give you a couple of days' extra drill for not having cleaned your rifle!"

"Well, if I don't look after my arms, I shall have merited the punishment; and, after all, it will only be a case of turn and turn

about," was the reply. Then the A.D.C. added, "Hang me, too, I believe, with all we fellows have to do nowadays, that if we did change with TOMMY ATKINS, we, and not he, would have the best of the bargain!"

Leaving the Soldiers' Club, Mr. Punch and Father TIME continued their journey. They had not proceeded far, when the A.D.C. invited them to enter a building known as the Museum.

"It really is a most useful and interesting institution," said the officer of the Planet Mars. "Here, you see, we have portrait models of

the officer of the past and present. In the past, you will notice, he sacrificed everything to athletic sports—if he could fence, shoot, hunt, and play cricket, polo, and football, he was quite satisfied. His successor of to-day devotes all his time to study. He must master the higher branches of mathematics before he is considered fit to inspect the rear-rank of a company, and know the modern languages before he can be entrusted with the command of a left half-battalion. Here again we have the uniform of an officer in peace and war—swagger and gold lace on the one side, and stern simplicity and kharki on the other."

In another room Mr. Punch and Father TIME discovered that everyone was fast asleep. There was a Cabinet Minister supported by two minor officials—all three of them absolutely unconscious. There were any number of Generals decorated from belt to neck—any quantity of higher-grade clerks—one and all slumbering! "This is called the Intelligence Department of the Army," explained the A.D.C. "You have nothing like it in England?"

"Nothing!" returned Mr. Punch, as he disappeared.



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VISIT TO MERCURY.



MR. PUNCH and Father TIME were once again whirling on their way through boundless space.

They were approaching their next destination, and the dark globe of the planet had just come into view on the horizon. Rapidly it increased in size as they neared it, and the seas and continents could be easily traced.

"Dear me?" exclaimed *Mr. Punch*. "Why, I declare if there is not something written upon it!" and he put up his binoculars, "Why, it is nothing more nor less than a big advertisement. Looks like humbug," he continued. "What's the name of the Planet, eh?"

"Mercury," replied Father TIME, with cheery spirit; "and with that device they try to catch the eye of a passing Comet."

"Hum—they won't catch me!" observed the Sage, brightly. "I brought my truth-compeller with me—a little, patent, electrical hypnotic arrangement, in the shape of this ring"—he showed it as he spoke. "I have only to turn it on my finger, and it obliges anyone who may be addressing me instantly to speak the truth."

They suddenly found themselves deposited in the centre of a vast square, surrounded by large palatial-looking buildings, public offices, stores, shops, picture-galleries, gigantic blocks of private residences, in flats five-and-twenty storeys high, and other architectural developments of the latest constructive crazes, fashioned, apparently, after the same models, and on similar lines, to those at present so much in vogue in that now distant planet, the Earth. There was a profusion of advertisement-boards, these, in many instances, entirely covering the whole façade of the building with large-lettered announcements of the nature the pavements, and hustling each other, without

of the trade or business conducted within. An eager and excited crowd thronging any apparent purpose or aim, was pushing in all directions.

"I wonder what all this is about," observed *Mr. Punch*; "suppose we ask a Policeman?"

They noticed a being attired in every respect like the familiar guardians of the peace on Earth, except that he carried a harmless and gaily-decked bladder in place of the more serviceable *bâton*, and beckoned to him. He approached with polite alacrity.

"You want to know what's up, Gents?" he commenced, divining their purpose instinctively. "It's the Half-Quarterly Meeting of the Solid-Gold Extract of Brick-Dust Company. There's been some little talk about the dividend not being quite so good as the prospectus led the shareholders to believe, and as the shares have been mostly taken up by widows and orphans, some of their friends, you see, are a little anxious to hear the Chairman's Report. But, you see, it'll be all right."

At this moment a widow, with blanched cheeks and dishevelled hair, who had been listening with an anxious and eager gaze to what the Policeman had been saying, joined the group.

Mr. Punch looked at her with mournful sympathy, and slowly turning the ring on his finger, addressed the Policeman.

"Tell me, my good man," he said, persuasively, "is that the truth? Is it really all right?"

"All right?" rejoined the guardian of the peace in amazement, but apparently unconscious of the purport of his speech, "I should rather think not. Call it 'all wrong' and then you'll about hit it. Why it's well known that the patent's all *fudge*. It's the biggest swindle out. No more in it than in this here bladder. But you'll see; the whole thing's burst, and you'll know it in a minute."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a roar of a thousand angry voices, followed by a sudden rush from the building of a mad and raging crowd, obliged *Mr. Punch*, for a moment, to pause. When the uproar had somewhat subsided, he turned to the Policeman, and pointed feelingly to the unfortunate widow, who had fallen on to an apple-stall in a fit of hysterics, and, locking his arm in that of his aged companion, proceeded to cross the square. "Give us a song, old 'un'" shouted a portion of the mob, who had followed them.

"Certainly. Oblige them!" added *Mr. Punch*, taking a banjo from one of the crowd and placing it in Father TIME's hands. "Give them a stanza of the Ballad of Truth."

He turned his ring, and his aged companion struck up the following ditty:—

"Know ye the land where dwells only mock-turtle,
Where wine that should gladden but makes you fell queer.
Where bayonets bend, where guns burst and hurtle
Their breech in the face of their friends at the rear,
Where lamps labelled 'safety' with just terrors fill you,
Where water supplied you for milk is no theft

Where pills that should cure, if persisted in, kill you
And the 'Hair Resurrector' takes all you've got left!
Where soap, that should soften your skin, only flays you,
Where a horse proves a screw though got through a friend,
Where the loss of your 'cover' confounds and dismays you,

PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

Know ye, in fine, where by pushing and 'rushing,'
This—and much more, down the public throat crams,
Blatant Advertisement, brazen, unblushing——?
If you do, then you've spotted the *Planet of Shams.*"

Though a few paving-stones were hurled at the aged singer, the conclusion of his song was greeted by a general roar of laughter, the populace apparently recognising the picture of their own chicanery with amusement and relish.

After that they held on their way for some minutes in silence. They had now reached the other side, and were confronted by a couple of respectable-looking gentlemen of an almost clerical aspect, who appeared to be catering in the public streets in the interests of some institution. They approached *Mr. Punch* and *Father TIME*, and offered them a prospectus.

"'THE DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN'S HAPPY AND ELEGANT BURIAL INSTITUTION,' read *Mr. Punch*, surveying the paper presented to him, and continuing, "'A trivial payment of Ninepence a Month will ensure the youthful Subscriber, or his Representative, a sweet and elegantly-constructed little Coffin, beautifully frilled, with a one-black-horse Family Omnibus Hearse, and a tray of Two Handsome Plumes. N.B.—if preferred, payment of £2 19s. 6d. in cash on production of Corpse.'"

They showed *Mr. Punch* and *Father TIME*



TIME up the front steps, and ushered them into a large hall. It was thronged with a crowd of dirty and raggedly-dressed people, and partitioned off by a handsome and massive mahogany counter, beyond which sat a staff of clerks busily engaged in keeping the books and generally discharging the duties of the institution.

"Ha, *Mrs. MACSTOGGINS*, and are we in your debt again?" asked the Agent of a beetle-browed woman of a sinister and forbidding expression, who was thrusting a paper across the counter to the cashier.

"Yes; and I'll trouble you not to keep me waiting, either—seeing that it's gone three days since the burial."

"Is this woman demanding the insurance money for the burial of her own child?" asked *Mr. Punch*, sternly. And he turned his ring. "And pray, Madam," he continued, addressing the beetle-browed woman, "tell me the truth."

"Certainly," replied the woman, as if in a trance. "First, I insured my own *KATE*—then I starved her to death, and took the money. Then little *BILL* followed. I let him catch cold in the winter, and gave him a night or two on the stones, and that finished him. Then came *TIM FLAHERTY*, and I managed him with the beetle-poison, and——"

"Come," said *Mr. Punch*, taking *Father TIME*'s arm once more. "let us get out of this—I can't breathe here."

Scarcely had they quitted the place ere they had to encounter an appeal for custom, the applicant being apparently one of the big guns in the Mercury wine trade, and he was not long in importuning *Mr. Punch* just to step inside his office, and sample a delicious Lafitte of the 1874 vintage.

"Now, try that, Sir," he said, at the same time offering *Mr. Punch* a glass of the rich ruby-coloured beverage, "and tell me what you think of it. We have a small parcel of it still left, and could let you have it at the remarkably low figure of 112s. the dozen."

"It looks all right," drily replied *Mr. Punch*, "but I can't think how you can sell it at the price." Then holding



PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

up the glass critically, and turning his ring, he continued, "How do you manage it?"

"How do I manage it?" replied the unconscious merchant, laughing heartily at the apparent joke. "Why, my dear Sir, there's not much difficulty about that. I just make it myself. Listen to my receipt:—

"Potato spirit—that the 'body' finds;
And then, as for colour,
Be it brighter or duller,
You see I am supplied with several kinds,
And as to flavour, I get that desired,
By adding various poisons as required.

Ha! ha! Let me send you in a few dozen." He offered *Mr. Punch* an elaborate price-list as he concluded his self-condemnatory verse with an obsequious bow.

"Come," said *Mr. Punch*, once more taking hold of his aged companion's arm, without condescending to give the cheating tradesman any reply, "come—let us get out of this. 'Pon my word, I think we've almost had enough of Mercury!"

"Their morality does seem to have reached rather a low ebb, I must confess," replied *Father Time*.

"Nothing like this on our Earth, anyhow," continued *Mr. Punch*, with a satisfied sigh of relief. But come, we'll hear what the whole people say of themselves. See here's

a chance. I believe there's a lot of them over there singing their National Anthem."

They listened as *Mr. Punch* spoke. He was right. There was a vast crowd collected outside one of the principal buildings on the other side of the square, and they were clearly finishing some popular anthem in chorus. For, as *Father Time* and *Mr. Punch* paused to listen, the well-known familiar refrain—

"Never, never, never,
Shall be slaves!"

smote their ear.

"Capital! Capital!" cried *Mr. Punch*, approaching the throng. "We'll have that again." He turned his ring once more as he spoke, and the mob responded by shouting their second verse.



"Fool! Mercurius!
Of greed thy sons are slaves;
And they ever, ever, ever—
Shall be knaves!"

"Come," cried *Mr. Punch*, "I think that judgment of themselves out of their own mouths settles the matter! I have done with them. Come, let us seek some healthier place. Up we go!"

He seized hold of *Old Father Time* as he spoke, and bounded with him upwards suddenly into space. In another minute they were in search of a brighter, a better, and a truer world.



VISIT TO JUPITER.

FATHER TIME with his glorious guide dropped gently down. They found themselves in the centre of a bare expanse of dry, grassy country, broken here and there by sand-hills. On their right was the sea, dotted with ships. Parties of men in red coats, and carrying in their hands curiously-shaped sticks, were walking about in all directions. They all looked very earnest, some of them were gloomy, some positively furious. Occasionally they stopped, placed themselves in an uncouth straddle-legged attitude, whirled their sticks, looked eagerly towards the horizon, and then marched on again as solemnly as before. One party in particular attracted the attention of Father TIME. It was a large, mixed gathering of men, and women, and children. They all moved or stood at a respectful distance from the central figure, a benevolent-looking gentleman, with a flowing white beard. He too wore a red coat, and carried a stick. A crowd of attendants bearing more sticks followed him.

"Let me explain," said the Arch-Provider of Meritment to his companion, "this ground is known as Links; the game of 'Golf' is being played. These gentlemen are golfers. The sticks they carry are called clubs. That bearded old gentleman is the King of Jupiter, FOOZLER THE FIFTH. He is playing his morning round. I will introduce you."

So saying, the King of all Clubs advanced with the Scythe-holder, and, taking advantage of a moment when King FOOZLER, having made a long shot, was in good humour, rapidly effected the necessary presentation.

"I know this game well," said Mr. Punch. "It is said to be much played in my own country now. Permit me to have the honour of playing one hole against your Majesty."

The King smiled a gracious assent. His ball had been already placed for him on a little heap of sand about an inch high. He advanced towards it, anxiously measured his distance, waved his club to and fro over his ball as if in blessing, and then, swinging it through the air, struck—nothing. The ball remained unmoved.

"He's missit the globe," muttered one of the attendants; "I've aye telt him to keep his eye furrner on the ball."

Four times His Majesty, whose good humour was now entirely gone, repeated the operation with similar results. At last he hurled his club to the ground, breaking it into splinters, and addressed his immovable ball in strong terms.

"Allow me, Your Majesty," said Mr. Punch, as he stepped airily forward and selected the king's best driver from the heap of clubs carried by the chief caddie, "I think I know how this ought to be done," and without a moment's hesitation he delivered his stroke. The ball flew true and far until it was merely a speck in the air, and finally dropped down about a quarter of a mile away. "You will

the discomfited King; "Oh, my Royal and Ancient One," he continued, "there are certain things we do better in another country, and Golf is one of them."

But at this moment a great commotion arose. A messenger on a foaming steed dashed up, and handed a despatch to the king, who at once read it.

"Dear me!" said His Majesty, "this is most annoying. The Emperor of BARATARIA is to arrive in half an hour. He's a bit of a young prig, and bores me dreadfully—but we must meet him." With that he retired at once to the nearest palace, to change his uniform. In about ten minutes he came forth a changed man. On his head glittered an immense helmet, with a waving plume; a tunic of gold lace was buttoned tightly round his chest. Row upon row of stars and medals encircled him like so many belts; his legs were hidden in an enormous pair of jack-boots, to which were fixed a pair of huge Mexican spurs. An immense sword dangled at his side.

"This," said the King, as he motioned Mr. Punch and Father TIME into his state carriage, and vaulted in after them with as much agility as his sword and boots would permit, "is the uniform of the Baratarian Die-hards, of which regiment I am honorary Colonel."

Thus they drove to the balloon station, at which the Imperial guest was expected. After a few minutes, a sound of cheering was heard.

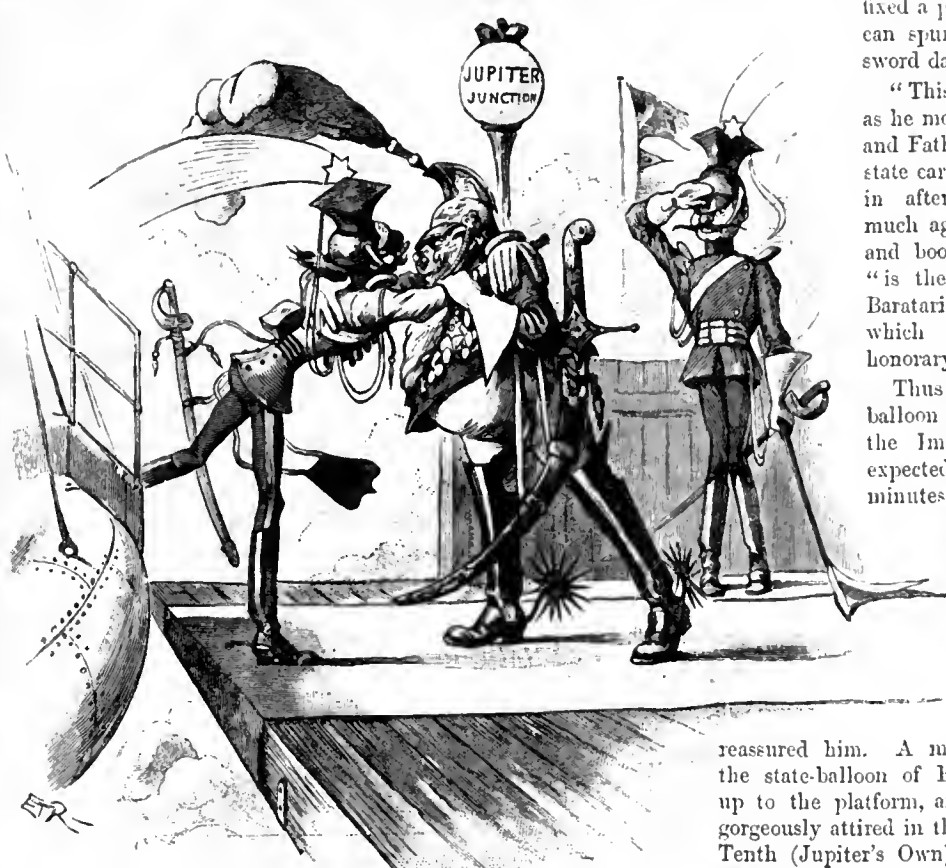
"He's coming," observed the King. "Have I got my kissing face on?"

Mr. Punch reassured him. A moment afterwards the state-balloon of BARATARIA soared up to the platform, and a young man, gorgeously attired in the uniform of the Tenth (Jupiter's Own) Lancers, sprang lightly from it.

Loud pealed the loyal anthem, and rattled all the drums, And, as the guard presented, the cry went up, "He comes!" He steps upon the platform, and, while the plaudits ring, A King hangs round an Emperor's neck, an Emperor hugs a King; And, with impartial kisses on both cheeks duly pressed, The guest does homage to his host, the host salutes his guest.

The Emperor then, having shaken Mr. Punch warmly by the hand, departed with his royal host. After this, the three potentates, Punch the Only, FOOZLER THE FIFTH, and the Baratarian Emperor, called upon one another at intervals of half an hour. This process occupied the afternoon.

For the evening a state-ball at the Royal Palace had been announced. Thither, at the appointed hour, Mr. Punch and his hoary associate were conveyed. As they approached, the royal band struck up a martial air, the Lord Chamberlain advanced to meet them, and ushered them into the magnificent hall in which the guests were assembling. From this a wide double staircase led up to a marble gallery. Hall, gallery, and staircase were filled with a



PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.



ladies, to a woman, in V-shaped dresses, the openness of which appeared to vary in a direct ratio to the age of their wearers.

"We will repose awhile," Mr. Punch remarked to the Father, "and scan the multitude. This, my dear Tempus, is the pick of

Society. That stont lady, with a face like a haughty turtle, is the Duchess of DOUBLECHIN; that graceful little woman next to her is Lady ANGELINA BATTLEAXE—she is a dress-maker."

"A what?" inquired Father Time.

PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

"A dress-maker," answered the Master, calmly.

"In her shop, ancient notions forsaking,
The proud ANGELINA unbends;
And her figure's a tall one for making
A fit for the figures of friends.
Our cynical latter-day Catos
Are dumb when invited to dine
With a Marquis who deals in potatoes,
Or an Earl who takes orders for wine.
And, though old-fashioned folk think it funny,
It's as common as death, or as debts,
To find gentlemen making their money
Out of shops for the making o' bets.

The stout puffy old fellow there is the wealthiest man in Jupiter. He floats mines, asteroid mines mostly, and makes it pay him. He can command the very best society. Those ladies clustering round the Prince-Royal come from over the ocean. Pretty, but twangy. A fresh consignment arrives every year. And the Prince-Royal has the pick of them."

But before *Mr. Punch* could finish his explanatory sketch, a tremendous uproar was heard in the court-yard of the Palace. There was a sound as of a huge mob shouting in unison, shots were heard, and cries of "Liberty for Ever" rent the air. The royal guests were in a state of terrible agitation. An orderly covered with mud forced his way through the crowd, up the stairs, and stood before the King.

"Your Majesty," he panted, "a revolution has broken out. The populace has erected barricades, the deposition of your House has been declared, and a Republic proclaimed. The mob is now marching to the Palace."

The King drew himself up to his full height. Where are my Golf-clubs? he asked in a calm voice.

Your Majesty, they have been seized and secreted."

"Then all is lost. It only remains for me to depart," was

the King's heart-broken reply. "I will, in person, announce my resignation." "I resign!" shouted the King, appearing on a balcony overlooking the court-yard. Deafening cheers

greeted this announcement. "Bless you, my children!" sobbed the King—"I am off to the station. Take care of my poodle, and my pet parrot."

At this the mob unanimously burst into tears. They insisted on accompanying the deposed monarch to the station, the popular band playing "The Dead March in Saul." But the King remained calm, and marched on without swerving. At the station he took his seat silently in the Royal

Balloon, a whistle was heard, and the car floated off into space.

"I cannot say I think much of all that," said *Mr. Punch*. "In our part of the Universe we generally manage to get a little more blod-

VISIT TO URANUS.

THE next place that the distinguished travellers visited was Uranus, where *Mr. Punch* and his companion were much surprised to find the entire population members of the legal profession.

"I have really no time to attend to you," said one of the inhabitants,

when questioned. "I have an appointment before a Chief Clerk in Chancery of great importance—it is to decide whether some children shall be sent to school with money left to them by their grandfather, or if it shall be saved up until they come of age? It would be better for the children that they should be educated,

from a layman's point of view; but, then, this is a matter of law and not expediency."

"And how will it go?"

"Oh, of course, against the children. I am their father, and appear for them. But the application is a good thing, although it's sure to be unsuccessful—good for them, and good for me."

"But how can that be?"

"You are really very dense," said the Inhabitant of Uranus. "Haven't

you noticed that the entire population is concerned in one vast Chancery suit; consequently, on attaining majority, one man becomes a judge, another a barrister, a third a solicitor, and so on, and so on. Why, the place would be a perfect Paradise to your friend *Mr. A. BRIEFLESS JUNIOR*! It is, at this time of day, to the interest of no one that litigation should cease, and so the Chancery suit, in which we are all concerned, is likely to go on for ever."

"But surely litigation is expensive?" suggested *Mr. Punch*.

"I should rather think it was," returned the wig-wearer. "The Law is a noble profession, and it is only right and proper that those who indulge in it should pay for it. In the present instance our entire estate will be absolutely exhausted."

"But how will you all live?"

"On the costs!" was the reply, as the Inhabitant of Uranus hurried away to attend his appointment.

"Lawyers keeping a suit alive to live upon the costs!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch*, in tones of pained astonishment. "I never heard the like!"

And, horrified and sorrowful, he seized *Father TIME* by the forelock.



PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

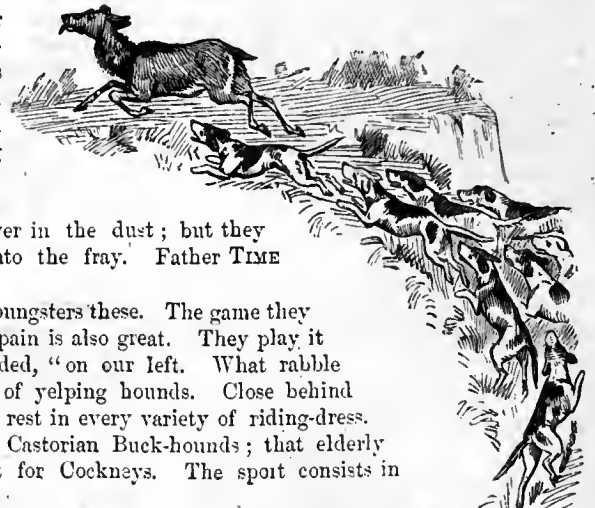
VISIT TO CASTOR.

FATHER TIME shivered, and wrapped his ancient cloak more closely about him.

"Come, come," said Mr. Punch, "I understand your disgust. But there is still something left to us in which we may take pleasure. Upon a neighbouring star the people delight in horses. All day long they bestride them with a courage never equalled. Swift as the wind are the steeds, and for mere honour and glory are they matched one against the other, and from all parts of the star the populace is gathered together in its hundreds of thousands to applaud and to crown them that ride the victors in the races. Let us fare thither, for the sport is splendid, and we shall there forget the pain we have suffered here. Indeed, it is but a short flight to Castor."

Thus speaking, he seized the Father by his lock, and floated with him into space. The roar of the Pollucian streets grew fainter and fainter, the lights twinkled dimly, until at length they disappeared. Then gradually the land loomed up above them out of a bank of clouds, and in another moment the wandering pair stood once more on *stella firma*.

They had alighted on an immense grassy plain, which stretched away in every direction, as far as the eye could reach. On every side were to be seen men and women and children, mounted on horses. To their right a band of youths, arrayed in coloured shirts, white linen breeches, and yellow boots, and wearing little coloured caps, jauntily set upon their heads, were careering wildly hither and thither on swift and wiry ponies. They were waving in the air long sticks, fitted with a cross block of wood at the end, and were pursuing a wooden ball. Many were the



collisions, the crashes, and the falls. On every side men and ponies rolled over in the dust; but they rose, shook themselves as though nothing had happened, and dashed again into the fray. Father TIME shouted with enthusiasm.

"Yes," said the Sage, "you do well to cheer them. They are gallant youngsters these. The game they play is 'Polo,' and though the expense be great, the contempt of danger and pain is also great. They play it well, but I doubt not we could match them at Hurlingham. But see," he added, "on our left. What rabble is that?" As he spoke a panting deer flew past them hard pressed by a pack of yelping hounds. Close behind came a mob of riders, two or three of them glittering in scarlet and gold, the rest in every variety of riding-dress.

"Behold," said the Arch-philosopher, "a Royal Sport. These are the Castorian Buck-hounds; that elderly gentleman is their master. They pay him £1500 a-year to provide sport for Cockneys. The sport consists in letting a deer out of a cart and chasing him till he nearly dies of fatigue. Then they rope him and replace him in the cart. After that they all drain their flasks, and consider themselves sportsmen. Poor stuff, I think."

"Of course," said the Father, "you have nothing of that sort in England."

Mr. Punch was about to reply when a well-appointed four-in-hand drove up, and a courteous gentleman who handled the ribbons, offered the two strangers seats.

"I will take you," he remarked, "to our great national race-meeting. I assure you it is well worth seeing."

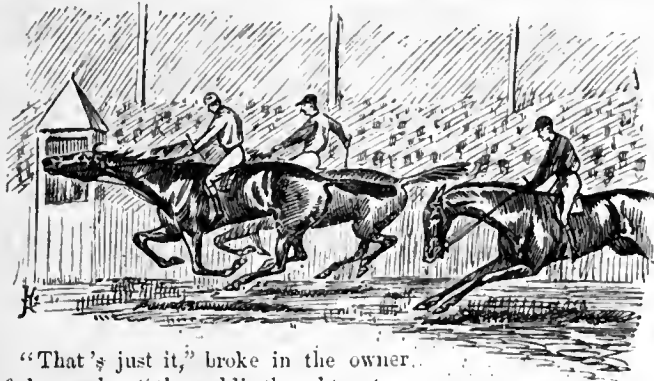
The offer was accepted. A pleasant drive brought them to the race-course.

To tell the truth it was much like most other race-courses. A huge crowd was assembled, and the din of roaring thousands filled the air. As they drove up a race had just started, and it was pretty to see the flash of the coloured caps and jackets in the sun. The horses came nearer and nearer. As they rounded the bend which led into the straight run in, the excitement became almost too great for Father TIME. A torrent of sporting phrases broke from his lips. One after another he backed every horse on the yard for extravagant sums, and the bets were promptly but methodically looked by Mr. Punch. A handsome chestnut was leading by two good strong, but about a hundred yards from the post he suddenly slowed down in a moment a bay and a brown flew past him; there was a final roar and the brown was second, and the chestnut a length behind was



lengths, and apparently going for some unaccountable reason, and the race was over. The bay

VISIT TO POLLUX.



"That's just it," broke in the owner of the coach; "the public thought so too, and they've lost their money."

"Just look at the mob," he continued, "crowding round the jockey and the owner. 'Gad, I shouldn't care to be hooted like that. But, of course, they've made their pile on it; never intended him to win. Just sent him out for an airing. Pretty bit of roping, wasn't it?" he continued, addressing Mr. Punch.

But the Sportsman of Sportsmen only frowned.

"In the land we come from," he rejoined, "the sport of racing is pure, and only the most high-minded men take part in it. Their desire is not to make money, but merely to improve the breed of British horses. I grieve to find that here the case is otherwise. Reform the Sport, Sir; reform it, and make it worthy of Castorian gentlemen."

His newly-found friend only smiled.

Then he winked as he hummed to himself the words of a song, which ran something like this:—

"Come, sportsmen all, give ear to me, I'll tell you what occurred,

But of course you won't repeat it when I've told you;
For with honourable gentlemen I hope that mum's the word,
When a horse you've laid your money on has sold you.
I presume you lost your shekels, and you think it rather low,
Since you're none of you as rich as NORTH OF BARING.

But another time you'll get them back by being 'in the know,'
When a favourite is started for an airing.

"That's an odd sort of song," said Mr. Punch.

"Not so odd as the subject," replied the singer. "But you have only heard the first verse; wait till you know the second."

"But they didn't tell the public; it's a precious, jolly shame;
(Such behaviour to the public seems to shock it)—

Now if you'd been placed behind the scenes you wouldn't think the same,

But put principles and winnings in your pocket.
A gent who owns a stable doesn't always think of you,
And he doesn't seem to fancy profit-sharing.
And you really shouldn't curse him when he manages a 'do.'
With a favourite who's only on an airing."

Before the singer could proceed any farther, a frightful hubbub arose. A pale, gasping wretch, rushed past, pursued by a howling, cursing mob of ruffians. As he fled, he tripped, and fell, and in a moment they were on the top of him, buffeting, and beating the very life out of him.

"That's murder," said Mr. Punch. "Where are the police?"

And he was on the point of stepping down, to render assistance, when his friend laid a hand upon his arm.

"Oh, that's only a welsber," he said; "he's bolting with other people's money."

"Is it the owner of the chestnut?" inquired Father TIME.

"Bless your heart, no," was the reply. "It's only a low-class cheat. The owner of the chestnut is——"

But Mr. Punch had no wish to hear or see more.

He took TIME's arm, and together they floated away into space, to land shortly afterwards in another sphere.

THE street in which they had descended was situated in the heart of a great city. The roar of traffic sounded in their ears from the larger thoroughfares close by. Most of the houses were small and mean—a remarkable contrast to one large building, brilliantly lighted, in front of which a mob was gathered together. A more ruffianly-looking assemblage it would have been hard to discover. The rest of the street was filled with hansoms, the long line of which was constantly being augmented by fresh arrivals, whose occupants sprang out and swiftly mounted a flight of steps leading up to the entrance of the large building mentioned, and passed through swing-doors of glass, which gave admission to a broad passage. In front of this house the Sage paused, and addressed his companion.

"Venerable One," he said, for he had become aware of a reluctance on the part of the Lord of the Hour-Glass, "have no fear. We are now, as you know, in the metropolis of Pollux. This is the country of the *πῖξ ἀγαθός*, the home of the noble boxer; and this," he added, pointing to the glittering palace, "is the headquarters, I am informed, of the boxer's art. Let us enter, so that I may show you how the game should really be played. I like not the crowd without. Within we shall see something very different."

So saying, he linked his arm in that of the Paternal One, and together they ascended the stairs. At the top stood an official dressed in a dark uniform, his breast adorned with medals.

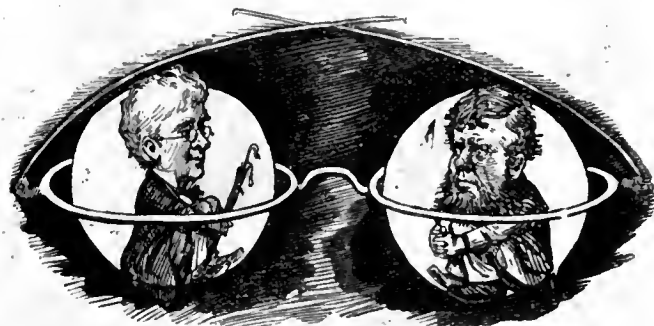
"I beg your pardon, Gentlemen," said the minion to the pair, "are you Members?"

Mr. Punch vouchsafed no answer. He looked at the man, who quailed under the eagle glance, and, muttering a hasty apology, drew back. A door flew open; the Champion of Champions and his friend passed through it. They found themselves in a spacious hall. In the centre a square had been roped off. All round were arranged seats and benches. In the square were four men, two of them stripped to the waist sitting in chairs in opposite corners, while the two others were busily engaged in fanning them with towels. The seats and benches were all occupied by a very motley throng.

"Aha," said Mr. Punch, as he made his way to the throne reserved for him, "this is good. I have done a little bit of fighting myself in my time. My mill with the Tutbury Boy is still remembered. One hundred and twenty rounds, at the end of which I dropped him senseless. But that was with the knuckles. Here they fight with gloves. But of course they fight now for the mere honour of the thing, I presume."

But here the heroic Muse insists on taking up the strain:—

The Father spake—"O skilled in men and books,
Read me this crowd, inspect them, scan their looks;
See, from their shining heads electric rays,
Reflected, sparkle in their barbers' praise.
Lo, on each bulging front's expansive white
A single jewel flames with central light;
To vacant eyes the haughty eye-glass clings,
Stiff stand their collars, though their ties have wings.



PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

What of their faces? Bloodshot eyes that blink,
And thick lips, framed for blasphemy and drink.
Here the grey hair, that should adorn the Sage,
Serves but to mark a weak, unhonoured age;
There on the boy pale cheeks proclaim the truth,
The faded emblems of a wasted youth.
All, all are loathsome in this motley crew,
The Peer, the Snob, the Gentile, and the Jew,
Young men and old, the greybeards and the boys,
These dull professors of debauch and noise."

* * * * *

He ceased. The Wise One gazed in silent gloom,
While oaths and uproar hurtled through the room—
"Hi, there, a monkey on the Pollux Pet;"
"Fifty to forty;" "Blank your eyes, no bet;"
"A level thousand on the Castor Chick;"
"Brandy for two, and, curse you, bring it quick."
While one who spake to *Punch* rapped out an oath—
"Who cares!" he said, "I stand to win on both.
Fair play be blowed, that's all a pack of lies,
Let fools fight fair, while *these* cut up the prize.
Old Cock, you needn't frown; I'm in the know,
And if you don't like barneys, dash it, go!"
One blow from *Punch* had quelled th' audacious man,
He raised his hand, when, lo, the fight began.

"Time! time!" called one; the cornered ruffians rose,
Shook hands, squared up, then swift they rained in blows.
Feint follows feint, and whacks on whacks succeed,
Struck lips grow puffy, battered eye-brows bleed.
From simultaneous counters heads rebound,
And ruby drops are scattered on the ground.
Abraded foreheads flushing show the raw,
And fistic showers clatter on the jaw.

* * * * *

Now on "the mark" impinge the massive hands,
Now on the kissing-trap a crusher lands.
Blood-dripping noses lose their sense of smell,
And ribs are roasted that a crowd may yell.
Each round the other's neck the champions cling,
Then break away, and stagger round the ring.
Now panting Pollux fails, his fists move slow,
He trips, the Chicken plants a smashing blow.
The native "pug" lies spent upon the floor,
Lies for ten seconds,—and the fight is o'er.

* * * * *

Thunders of cheering hail th' expected end,
High in the air ecstatic hats ascend.
While frenzied peers and joyous bookies drain
Promiscuous bumpers of the Club champagne.

But *Mr. Punch* had seen enough.



"Do you call this one-round job a fight?" he said, as he rose to depart. "I call it the work of curs and cowards. Who can call these fellows fighting-men? They are merely mop-sticks. Men were raffianly enough years ago in the country we have left, but they were men at any rate. Here, they seem to be merely a pack of blood-thirsty molly-coddles, crossed with calculating rogues. The mob outside was better than this. But, thank Heaven, we have nothing like this in London."

And with that he and Father TIME walked gloomily from the hall, and found themselves once more in the street.

* * * * *

"What ho! my trusty Shooting Star," cried *Mr. Punch*. Whirr-r—
And in the thousandth part of a second they found themselves within
measurable distance of *Toby's* own Planet. And here the Dog speaks for himself



PUNCHIUS PHOEBUS, THE

("He w

A TRANSL



GREAT UNIVERSAL HYPNOTISER.

(*Must be Obeyed!*)

INFORMATION SCENE.

PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

VISIT TO THE DOG-STAR.



"TAKE care of the plank, Sir," I said, as my esteemed master lightly skipped across the gangway, marshalling a well-grown youth carrying a scythe; "we don't have many visitors here. One who looked in the other day slipped his foot, fell over, and we've never seen him since. Listening intently, watch in hand, we heard a slight thud, and have reason to believe he dropped on Jupiter. It was useful to us, seeing that, by use of a well-known formula, we were able to reckon our precise distance from that planet. For him, I fancy, it must have been inconvenient."

"Are you serious, TOBY?" said Mr. Punch, stepping with added caution.

"No, Sir, I'm not. This," I said, waving my hand with graceful and comprehensive gesture around the orb where I am temporarily located, "this is Sirius."

"Ah, I see," said Mr. P., glad to find himself with his foot on our native heath; "I want to present you to an old friend, whom, I am afraid, you have sometimes misused. TIME, this is TOBY, M.P., a humble but faithful member of my terrestrial suite. I am showing the young fellow

round, TOBY, and we looked in on you, hearing that you had a Parliament that should serve as a model for the firmament."

"I am afraid," observed TIME, whittling a piece of stick with his scythe, "that we may have looked in at a wrong season. As far as I can judge from a consideration of the temperature, and a glance round your landscape, we are now at Midsummer—in the dog days, if I may so put it without offence. Of course your legislators would not be in Town just now, sweltering at work that might as well be performed in winter weather, when, regarded as a place of business or residence, Town has attractions superior to those of the country." "Ah, young fellow," I said, perhaps a little sharply, not relishing his somewhat round-about way of putting things, "when you're as old as me or my esteemed master, you will not be so cock-sure of things. Our Parliamentary the pleasantest months of the year; we toil

Session begins on the threshold of Spring; we stop in Town hard at work, through Summer nights, see August out, and, somewhere about the first week in September, when the days are growing short, the air is chill, and Autumn gets ready to usher in Winter, we go off to make holiday."

"Dear me, dear me!" cried Mr. P., "how very sad. How deliberately foolish. We manage things much better than that down in our tight little Earth. When we take that in turn, you will find, my good TIME, that we burrow at our legislative work through the Winter months, getting it done so as to leave us free to enjoy the country in the prime of Spring, and amid the wealth of Summer. But come along, TOBY, let's get on to your House."

"It will be no use going now," said TIME, holding up his hour-glass; "it is five o'clock; the working day is practically over, and we shall find these sensible dogs travelling off to take a turn in the park, or pay a round of visits in search of the culinary receptacle that cheers, but does not intoxicate."

"Wrong again, young Cock-sure," I said; "we shall just find our house of Commons settling down to the business of the night. We begin about four o'clock in the afternoon, and peg away till any hour to-morrow morning that one or two Members please. It is true we have a rule which enjoins the suspension of business at midnight; but instead of suspending business we can (and do) suspend the Rule, and sometimes sit all night."

"Ah!" said Mr. Punch, gravely shaking his head, "we manage things much better than that at Westminster."

Got my two friends with some difficulty across Palace Yard, eyed suspiciously by the police-dogs on duty. One concentrated his attention on Mr. Punch's dorsal peculiarity.

"We have strict orders from the Sergeant-at-Arms," he said, "to examine all parcels carried by strangers."

"That's not a parcel," I said, hurriedly, and taking him on one side, succinctly explained the personal peculiarity of my esteemed Master. Humph! said the police-dog. "Exactly," I responded, and he let us pass on, though evidently with lingering apprehension that he was allowing a valuable clue to slip out of his hands, as it were.



PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.



Absent only a few minutes; when I got back terrible commotion; *Mr. P.*'s friend was in the hands of the Police; they had attempted to take his scythe from him, and he had smartly rapped one on the head with his hour-glass.

"I've carried it a million years," he said, swinging the scythe with practised hand, till he made a clean sweep of the police-dogs.

"Make it a couple of millions, whilst you are at it, young man," said a sarcastic police-dog.

With some difficulty calmed him; explained that no one, not even a Member, was permitted to enter House with a scythe, or other lethal weapon. Only exception made once a year, when Hon. Members, moving and seconding Address, are allowed to carry property-swords, which generally get between their legs. *TIME* partially mollified at last, consented to leave scythe behind chair of floor-keeper, where the late *TOM COLLINS* used to secrete his gingham-umbrella.

"It seems to me," he said, "that the public are treated in this place worse than jackals. Hustled from pillar to post, suspected of unnamed crimes, grudged every convenience, and generally regarded as intolerable intruders."

"Ah," said *Mr. P.*, "we manage things much better at Westminster."

"Order! Order!" cried an angry voice, and *Mr. P.* and his companion were within an ace of being trundled out of the gallery, where strangers are permitted to see and hear whatever is possible from their position—and it is not much.

"What are they talking about?" asked *TIME*, in guarded whisper, being, by this time, completely cowed.

"They haven't reached public business yet," I explained. "Been for last two hours debating a private Bill, providing that the pump-handle in the village of Plumberry shall be chained at eight o'clock at night. The Opposition want it done at nine."

"Well, I suppose they know all about it," said *TIME*. "Probably been down to Plumberry, examined into bearing of whole question, and formed their opinion accordingly?"

"Nothing of the sort; some of them don't even know where Plumberry is—never heard its name before this Pump-handle business came up. Don't even now wait in House to hear question debated by Members with local knowledge. You see only twenty or thirty Members in their places. But, when bell rings for division, four hundred will troop in, and their vote will settle the question whether Plumberry shall be privileged to pump water as late as nine o'clock, or whether at eight the handle shall be chained."

So it turned out: In House of four hundred and seventy-nine Members Bill was read a second time by majority of twenty-three. Division occupied twenty minutes, which, with debate, appropriated two of the most precious hours of the sitting.

Mr. P. narrowly escaped expulsion, attention being awkwardly concentrated upon him, owing to the exuberance of his delight in recollection of how much better these things are managed at Westminster.

After this, public business was approached, beginning with questions. Of these there were a list of eighty, the large majority on exceedingly trivial circumstances. Nine-tenths of them could have been answered in a sentence by the Minister addressed, supposing the Member had dropped him a private note; or crossed the floor of the House, to speak to him. *TIME* openly contemptuous at such a way of doing business, more especially when, on question which appeared on printed paper having been answered, half-a-dozen Members sprang up from different parts of House, and volleyed forth supplementary interrogations. Explained to him things used to be worse when questions were propounded *vixt voce*, and at length.

"Now," I said, not liking *Mr. P.*'s crowing over us, "the *SPEAKER* will not allow the terms of a question to be recited. They appear on printed paper, and are taken as read."

"Then," queried *TIME*, "what are these Members putting questions 'arising,' they say, 'out of the answer just given? They don't spare a syllable, and take up five times as much of the Sitting as Members who put their questions on the Paper, and are not allowed to read them. You don't mean to say that such a transparent evasion of the rule is permitted?"

"It looks very like it," said *Mr. P.*; "but it's not at all the sort of thing that would be permitted in our House of Commons. We make Rules, and the Speaker sees that they are obeyed in the spirit, as well as in the letter."

By the time questions were over, following on the prelude of private business, the evening was getting on. Members evidently tired out; had crowded in to vote on the Pump-handle question; sat in serried rows during the squabbles of question-time; and as soon as business was actually reached, House swiftly emptied, leaving about a score of Members. *TIME* more than ever distracted. *Mr. P.* increasingly perky.

"Ho! ho!" he said, rubbing his hands, "I don't wonder at this Star going to the Dogs. Stop till you come over to Westminster, *TIME*, dear boy, and we'll show you how public business should be carried on."

Explain to them that House is now in Committee on a Bill that had at earlier stages occupied some months of the Session, practically the greater portion of its working time. Now Session drawing to a close; agreed on both sides that it is too late to conclude Bill this Session; will be dropped after another night or two; Members knowing this, do not think it worth while to give up more time to Bill. Next Session it will be brought in again, and



if the Government have better luck, and get earlier stages through in less time, there will be a chance of it passing.

PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

"What!" shrieked TIME, forgetting where he was, "you don't mean to say that after devoting nearly a whole Session to a measure, laboriously shaping it up to a certain stage, you chuck away all your work because the Almanack says it's August? Why don't you, when you meet again in February, take the Bill up at the stage you dropped it? Why don't you---"

Here our friend's observations were brought to a sudden close. TIME was, as *Mr. P.* subsequently remarked, reduced to the status of a half-Timer. Angry cries of "Order! Order!" broke in on his unpremeditated speech. Two attendants, approaching him on either flank, seized him, and led him forth under the personal direction of the Sergeant-at-Arms. *Mr. P.*, following his friend, and endeavouring from the top of the staircase to assure him that, "we manage these things better at Westminster," was promptly taken into custody, and led forth beyond the precincts, a combination of circumstances that interrupted and, indeed, as far as my friends were concerned, finally closed what was beginning to promise to prove an agreeable and instructive evening.

Business Done.—*Mr. Punch* and another Stranger expelled from the Gallery, and *TOBY's* narrative completed.

VISIT TO VENUS.

THE two Travellers in a de their way through space in silence, but on a sudden Father TIME plucked his conductor by the sleeve, and spoke.

"Sir," he said, "I perceive in the distance a wonderful light, and there is a sound of soft and beautiful music that attracts me strangely. Shall we approach the light, and listen more closely to these strains?"

"Have patience," replied the Sage. "The light and the music come from the planet Venus. Thither I am directing our course. In a few moments we shall arrive."

Even as he spoke the light grew brighter, the music of the invisible choir swelled to a louder strain, and before the King of the Hours had time to express his rapture, the pair had alighted in a scene of veritable enchantment. Fairy-like structures of crystal, sparkling with all the hues of the rainbow, rose on every side. Spires and domes of the most fantastic but graceful design seemed to soar into the clear and perfect air. All were bathed in a rosy glow, the source of which was hidden. Spacious walks paved with huge blocks of opal divided the rows of palaces. Along them grew tall and slender trees of a curious and delicate foliage. Birds of Paradise, King Fishers and doves flitted from branch to branch. The broadest of these avenues ended in a sweeping flight of steps of alabaster which led to a vast and perfectly proportioned hall, the



roof of which was supported on columns of pure jewels, diamonds rubies, sapphires and emeralds.

A throng of maidens, in classical attire and wearing wreaths of roses on their heads, made their way along this avenue to where *Mr. Punch* and his companion were standing. Their leader, a fair and lovely girl of seventeen, advanced to the Wise One and addressed him.

"Sire," she sang in a low and gracious voice, "Our Queen has sent me to say that she waits for your coming. She holds the Court in yonder hall, and thither I am bidden to guide you. Is it your pleasure to come at once?"

Mr. Punch signified his assent, the maiden took him by the hand and beckoning to Father TIME to follow, they walked slowly towards the Royal Hall and mounted the steps. A double gate of wrought gold opened as they reached the top, and passing through it, they found themselves in the Court of Queen CALLISTA. A marvellous sight met their eyes. The Queen sat on a raised throne in the midst of a throng of attendants. She was of surpassing beauty. Her deep-blue eyes were set like jewels beneath a broad low forehead on which a light crown of pearls and diamonds rested. Her garments were of a soft gauzy material that half concealed and half revealed the beautiful lines of her bust and limbs. In one hand she held a spray of myrtle, the other rested lovingly on the head of the magnificent hound who sat beside her, looking trustfully into her face. The great hall was filled with beautiful women grouped together here and there, some seated and some standing. They were all talking. Suddenly the Queen raised her hand and commanded silence. She then rose and thus addressed the two visitors:—

"You have come from below to the Realm of Women. Here abide as you behold us. Age and decay hold aloof from us, and we order our lives with wisdom and modesty. Speak, if you haveught to ask."

"Pardon me, Madam," said Father TIME, somewhat rashly, "are we not here on the planet Venus? and have I not somewhere heard strange tales of what was done by---?"

But CALLISTA interrupted him. She smiled a beautiful smile. "Ah, yes," she said, "those stories are of the vanished past. Now we blush even to think they might once have been true; and surely enough the whole charming assemblage became suffused with the prettiest imaginable blush. "I will speak plainly with you," continued the Queen; "for plain speech is best. No men live here. Therefore, we dwell in peace. But we permit the fairest and best among our number to descend from time to time to earth, and to dwell there in mortal shapes for awhile. You may have seen them," she went on, mentioning some names well known to *Mr. Punch*. "They are allowed to marry; but only the wisest and noblest men may approach them. On earth their will is free and sometimes, alas, they fall away from righteousness, and pass through bitter tribulation."

"Yes," said the Fleet Street Sage, "We call it the Divorce Court—your Majesty will pardon the rough speech of an old man—and, somehow, we don't seem able to get on without it. But here, of course, you have no such institution?"

"No," replied the Queen. "There once was such a court among us, hundreds of years ago, ere we had banished the men from our midst. Now, however, we use the building in which petitions used to be heard as our chief College. Come hither, ZOE," she proceeded, addressing a sweet little girl of about fifteen. "Tell this wise gentleman your solution of that pretty question relating to the concomitants of a system of ternary quadrics."

Without a moment's hesitation, ZOE stated the question, and what is more, solved it with absolute correctness.

"Marvellous!" said *Mr. Punch*. "I congratulate you."

"CYNTHIA," said the Queen, beckoning with her rosy fingers to another maiden, "will you recite to me your Pindaric Ode on the late foot-race?"

CYNTHIA at once complied, and *Mr. Punch* listened in amazement to the resounding lines of an ode worthy of the great Greek

PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

"Nor do we confine ourselves to such accomplishments," the Queen went on. "We all sew perfectly, our knitting is universally admired, and our classes on the Management of Domestic Servants, or the true theory of Making Both Ends Meet are always largely attended. Moreover, we do not neglect the body. Some

another, and moved across the floor in perfect time. Their bodies seemed to float rather than tread the ground, as they passed the spell-bound visitors. The dance ceased as suddenly as it began.

"Your Majesty" said *Mr. Punch*, "your country is, indeed, highly blessed, and your subjects are marvellously accomplished.



lay at ball, some even form elevens for cricket, others fence or lay your Scotch game, or even lawn-tennis, and all dance gracefully. See!" she cried, clapping her hands, "they shall show you."

At this signal delicious music burst forth in a strange measure, waving, rhythmical, and delightful. The maidens lulced one

You dwell here without men, without chaperons, and you are lovely," he added, with emotion, "beyond the power of words to express. Would that your example could be followed upon earth!"

And with this, he and the Father kissed the young Queen's hand, and left the royal presence chamber.

VISIT TO SERIOCOMIX.

"AND so," said TIME, as he carefully arranged his forelock before a mirror in the corridor, in reply to a communication recently made to him by *Mr. Punch en route*, "and so we're to make a regular rollicking night of it? You insist on taking me into every



Music Hall in Seriocomix, hey, you young dog, you! Well, well, Sir, I'm not so young as I used to be—but I'm as fond of a bit of good honest wholesome fun as ever I was. So lead on!"

They were in Seriocomix—a new and brilliant planet recently discovered by *Mr. Punch*—by the aid of WELLER'S patent double-million gas-magnifying microscope (extra power). This star, as all astronomers are by this time aware, is a howling waste of extraordinary density, and occupied entirely by Music Halls, which TIME, for some inexplicable reason, was desirous of visiting in *Mr. Punch's* company.

Mr. Punch, though considerably TIME'S

junior, almost envied his companion's boyish eagerness for pleasure; he was so evidently unfamiliar with Music Halls.

"If you are expecting to be vastly amused, Sir," *Mr. Punch* ventured to hint, "I am afraid you may be just a trifle disappointed."

"Disappointed?" said TIME; "not a bit of it, Sir; not a bit of it! Isn't a Music Hall a place of entertainment? You've plenty of them where *you* come from, haven't you? They wouldn't be filled night after night, as I'm given to understand they are, if they didn't succeed in entertaining, *would they, now?*"

Mr. Punch felt a natural reluctance to betray the weak points of any terrestrial institution.

"Oh, our Music Halls? they are perfection, of course," he said. "The entertainments there are distinguished by humour of the most refined and intellectual order. It only struck me that they mayn't be quite the same *here*, you know, that 's all."

"We shall see, Sir, we shall see," said TIME. "I don't think I'm particularly difficult to amuse." By this time they had entered the dazzling hall, and, reclining on sumptuous seats, were prepared to bestow their best attention upon the proceedings. A stout man with a fair wig, a dyed moustache and a blue chin, occupied the stage. He was engaged in representing a Member of the Seriocomican aristocracy with irresistible powers of social fascination, and he wore a loose-caped cloak over garments of closely-fitting black, which opened in front to display a mass of crumpled white, amidst which scintillated an enormous jewel. In his hand he held a curious black disc, with which he beat time to a ditty, of which *Mr. Punch* only succeeded in catching the following refrain:—

"Oh, I've sech a w'y with the loydies! All the dornins upon me are gorn!

For they say—'Yn't he noice! you can tell by his vice, He's a top and a gentleman here!"

And here the singer suddenly caused the black disc to expand with a faint report to a cylindrical form of head-dress, which he placed upon one side of his head, amidst thunders of approval.

But TIME seemed rather depressed than exhilarated by this performance.

"He ought to be kicked off the stage," he muttered. "I'd do it myself if I was younger!"

"You would make a mistake," said *Mr. Punch*; "he is just the person that a Music Hall audience idolises as their highest ideal of a man and gentleman—in Seriocomix."

"At least," said TIME, "you wouldn't stand such an outrageous cad as that in any of your Music Halls, I hope?"

A deeper tinge stole into *Mr. Punch's* already highly-coloured countenance. "Certainly not," he replied, with perhaps the slightest suspicion of a gulp. "Our 'Lion Comiques' are without exception, persons of culture and education, and, if they sing of love at all, it is only to treat the subject in a chaste and chivalrous spirit. They are worthy examples to all young people who are privileged to listen to their teachings."

"I wish you could send one or two out to Seriocomix, then, as missionaries," said TIME.

"I wish we could send them *all*," rejoined *Mr. Punch*, feelingly, and they went on to another Music Hall. Here TIME had no sooner perceived the artist who was upon the stage than he exclaimed indignantly, "Disgraceful, Sir. This man is in no condition to entertain a respectable audience—he is *intoxicated*, Sir—look at his *tie!*"

"I think not," said *Mr. Punch*, after observing him attentively through his opera-glass; "he merely affects to be so because the point and humour of the song depend on it. But he has evidently forced himself to make a close study of the symptoms, or he could hardly have produced so marvellous an imitation. Art does demand these sacrifices. You will observe that he represents another Music-Hall ideal—the hero who can absorb the largest known quantity of ardent spirits, and whose prowess has earned for him the proud title of the Boozier King."

It was a spirited chorus, and the accomplished vocalist reeled in quite a natural manner as he chanted:—

"So every pub I enter, boys,

With welcome the room will ring;

Make room for him, there, in the centre, boys!

For he is the Boozier King!

Yes, give him a seat in the centre, boys.

Three cheers for our Boozier King!"

But TIME'S worn features exhibited nothing but the strongest disgust.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that

this sort of thing can be considered amusing anywhere!"

"It is considered extremely facetious," said *Mr. Punch*—"in Seriocomix."

"What would they think of such a—such an apotheosis of degradation in one of your Music Halls at home, eh?" demanded



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Privately, *Mr. Punch* was of opinion that it would not be at all unpopular. However, he was not going to admit this :—

"It would be hissed off the stage," he said, courageously. "The fact is, that our Eccentric Vocalists have always shrunk from the responsibility of presenting a national vice under an attractive light, and so such exhibitions are absolutely unknown among us."

"I respect them for their scruples," said *TIME*; "they have their reward in a clear conscience."

"No doubt," said *Mr. Punch*. "Shall we go on?"

And as *TIME* had had enough of the Boozer King, they went on, and entered the next hall, just as a remarkably pretty young girl, with an innocent rosebud mouth, and saucy bright eyes like a bird's, tripped daintily on to the platform.

"Come," said *TIME*, with more approval than he had yet shown, "this is better—*much* better. We need feel no shame in listening to *this* young lady, at all events. What is she going to give us? Some tender little love-ditty, I'll be bound?"

She sang of love, certainly, though she treated the subject from rather an advanced

point of view, and this was the song she sang :—

"True love—you tyke the tip from me—'s all blooming tommy-rot!

And the only test we go by is—'ow much a man has got?
So none of you need now despair a girlish 'art to mash,—
So long as you 're provided with the necessary cash!"

And the chorus was :—

"You may be an 'owling cad;
Or be gowing to the bad;
Or a hoary centenarian, or empty-headed lad;
Or the merest trifle mad—
If there 's rhino to be had,
Why, a modern girl will tyke you—yes, and only be too glad!"

As she carolled out this charming ditty in her thin high voice, *TIME* positively shivered in his stall, "Are *all* the girls like that in Seriocomix?" he moaned. "I trust not."

"It seems the fashion to assume so here, at any rate," said *Mr. Punch*, not without a hazy recollection of having heard very similar sentiments in Music Halls much nearer home than Seriocomix. "The young woman is probably an authority on the subject. Are you off already?"

"Yes," said *TIME*, as he made for the exit. "I think she is going to sing again presently. Come along!"

At the next Music Hall they were just in time to hear the announcement of a new Patriotic Song, and old *TIME*, who had in his day seen great and noble deeds accomplished by men who loved and were proud of their Fatherland, was disposed to congratulate both himself and the audience on the choice of topic.

Only, as the song went on, he seemed dissatisfied somehow, as if he had expected some loftier and more exalted strain. And yet it was a high-spirited song, too, and told the Seriocomicans what fine fellows they were, and how naturally superior to the inhabitants of all other planets, while the chorus ran as follows :—

"Yes, we never stand a foreigner's dictation!

No matter if we 're wrong or if we 're right;
We 're a breed of good old bulldogs as a nation,
And we never stop to bark before we bite!"

And then the singer, a fat-necked man, in a kind of military uniform, drew a sword and struck an attitude, amidst red fire, which aroused vociferous enthusiasm.

TIME seemed to be getting restless again, so they moved on once more, and presently entered a hall where they found a stout lady with a powdered face and extremely short skirts, about to sing a pathetic song, which had been expressly written to suit her talents.

She began in a quavering treble that was instinct with intense feeling :—

"Under the dysies to rest I have lyed him;
My little cock-sparrer so fythful and tyme!
And the chickweed he loved so is blooming besoid him,
But I clean out his eyge every d'y just the syme!
For it bring; him before me so sorey and sproightly,
As with seed and fresh water his glorsis I fill:
Though the poor little tyle which he waggled so lytely
Loys under the dysies all stiffened and still!"

—And then, to a subdued *obbligato* upon a bird-whistle, came the touching refrain :

"Yes, I hear him singing 'Tweet,' so melodious and sweet!
Till his shaller comes and flits about the room. 'Tweet-tweet-tweet!"

All my sorrer I forget. For I have the forney yet,
That he twitters while he's loyin' in his tomb—'Tweet-tweet!'
Yes, he twitters to me softly from his tomb!"

Mr. Punch observed his elder attentively during this plaintive ditty, but there was no discernible moisture in *TIME*'s hard old eyes, though among the rest of the audience noses were being freely blown.

"Well," he said, "it may be very touching and even elevating, for anything I know—but it's not *my* notion of cheerful entertainment. I'm off!"

"I should like," said *TIME*, rather wistfully, as they proceeded to visit yet another establishment, "yes, I *should* like to hear something *comic* before the evening is over."

"Now is your opportunity, then," said *Mr. Punch*, taking his seat and inspecting the programme, "for I observe that the gentleman who is to appear next is described as a 'Mastodon Mirth-moving Mome.'"

"And does that mean that he is funny?" inquired *TIME*, hopefully.

"If it doesn't, I don't know what it *does* mean," replied *Mr. Punch*, as the Mastodon entered.

His mere appearance was calculated to provoke—and did provoke—roars of laughter, though *TIME* only gazed the more sadly at him. He had coarse black hair falling about his ears, a white face, and a crimson nose; he wore a suit of dingy plaid, a battered hat, and long-fingered thread gloves. And he sang, very slowly and dolefully, this side-splitting ballad :—

"We met at the corner, Marire and me.
Quite permiscuous! Who 'd ha' thought of it!
She took and invited me 'ome to tea;
Quite permiscuous! Who 'd ha' thought of it!
I sat in the parler along with her,
Tucking into the eggs and the bread and but-tér,—
When in come her Par with the kitching po-kér!
Quite permiscuous! Who 'd ha' thought of it?"

There was a chorus, of course :—

"Quite permiscuous! Who 'd ha' thought of it?
Who can guess what's going to be!
Whatever you fancy 'll fall far short of it."



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It seemed that this was the first occasion on which the audience had had the privilege of hearing this chaste and simple production, and nothing could exceed their frantic delight—the song was rapturously re-demanded again and again. Tears stood in TIME's eyes, but they were not the tears of excessive mirth; it was almost incredible—but the “Mastodon Mome” had only succeeded in rendering his depression more acute.

“A melancholy performance that,” he said, shaking his head, “a sorry piece of vulgar buffoonery, Sir!”

“Aren't you rather severe, Sir?” remonstrated Mr. Punch; “the song is an immense hit—it has, as they say on this planet, ‘knocked them;’ from henceforth that vocalist's fortune is made; he will receive the income of a Cabinet Minister, and his fame will spread from planet to planet. Why, to-morrow, Sir, that commonplace phrase, ‘Quite *permissuous!* Who'd ha' thought of it?’ will be upon the lips of every inhabitant; it will receive brevet-rank as a witticism of the first order, it will enrich the language, and enjoy an immortality, which will endure—ah, till the introduction of a newer catchword!”

I assure you the most successful book—the wittiest comedy, the divinest poem, have never won for their authors the immediate and sensational reputation which this singer has obtained at a bound with a few doggerel verses and an ungrammatical refrain. Isn't there genius in that, Sir?”

“Ah!” said TIME, “I'm old-fashioned, I daresay. I'm no longer in the movement. I might have been amused once by the story of a clandestine tea-party and an outraged parent with a poker; I don't know. All I *do* know is, that I find it rather dreary at present. We'll drop in at just one or two more places, Sir, and then go quietly home to bed, eh?” They entered a few more Music Halls, and found the entertainment at each pretty much alike; now and then, instead of songs

a b o u t

mothers-in-law, domestic disagreements, and current scandals, they were entertained by the spectacle of acrobats going through horrible contortions, or women and little children performing feats high up aloft to the imminent peril of life and limb.

“With us,” said Mr. Punch, complacently, “there is a net stretched below the performers.”

“An excellent arrangement,” said TIME; “and I suppose, if they *did* happen to fall—”

“The spectators underneath would be to some extent protected,” said Mr. Punch.

Then there were ballets, so glittering and gorgeous and interminable, that poor old TIME dropped asleep more than once, in spite of the din of the orchestra. At last, although several other places remained to be visited, he broke down altogether. “To tell you the truth,” he said, “I've had about enough of it. At my age, Sir, the pursuit of this sort of amusement is rather hard work. I'll do no more Music Halls on this planet. But I tell you what I *will* do. After all this I want a little rational amusement. I want to be cheered up. Now when will you take me round *your* Music Halls, eh? Any evening will suit me—shall we say Boxing Night?”

“Not if I know it!” was Mr. Punch's internal reflection—but all he said was, “‘Boxing Night?’ let me see, I'm going *somewhere* on Boxing Night, I know. Well, I'll look up my engagements when I get home, and drop you a line.”

“Do,” said TIME—“mind you don't forget. I am sure we shall have capital fun.”

“Oh, capital,” replied Mr. Punch, hurriedly—“capital—but now for (excuse the paradox) the Land of the Sea.”

And so again they started. But Mr. Punch's presentiment will turn out to be quite correct. He *will* be unfortunately engaged on Boxing Night, and so his tour of the terrestrial Music Halls with TIME will be postponed *sine die*.



PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

VISIT TO NEPTUNE.

In a very short time the two august travellers found themselves in Neptune. To their surprise they learned that the planet consisted entirely of land. They were met by one of the inhabitants in full naval uniform, who heartily greeted them, promising to show them everything his country contained.

"The only thing that must for the present be unexhibited is the sea," he concluded. "Truth to speak, we have lost sight of it, and the disappearance has caused considerable inconvenience."

Mr. Punch condoled with the son of Neptune, and asked what were the chief amusements in the place.

"Well, badgering the Engineers is considered excellent sport—especially just now when their services are not absolutely required. We snub them and underpay them, we refuse them the rank due to them, and lead them a generally happy life! Nothing of that sort of thing down below, I suppose?"

Mr. Punch at the moment this question was put was probably thinking of something else—at any rate he gave no answer.

"But this is about the best thing we have here," continued the Resident, pointing to a scene recalling the traditional pictures of Greenwich Fair, "the Royal Naval Exhibition. You see we have pictures and models and fireworks. Everything connected with

the Navy inclusive of ladies' foot-ball."

"Ladies' foot-ball," echoed Mr. Punch, "why what has that to do with matters nautical?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Punch," returned the Resident in a tone of impatience, "but to-day you are certainly dense. Ladies' foot-ball is entirely nautical.

Are not the ladies, as they play it, quite at sea?"

The Sage of Fleet Street bowed, and admitted that second thoughts were best.

"And now you must really excuse me," continued the Resident, "for it is my duty, as a director of the Royal Naval Exhibition to start the donkey races. I suppose you have had nothing like our Exhibition down below?"



"Nothing," returned the Sage.

"So I thought," was the reply. "If you have time, you can call upon the Admiral Survival of the Fittest."

"Gentlemen," said that illustrious official, after they had entered his bureau, "it is usual to salute me by tugging at your forelocks and scrapping the deck with your right feet. While you perform this operation, you will notice that I will hitch up my trousers in true nautical style."

"Oh, certainly," returned Mr. Punch. "Delighted! But, Admiral, isn't that sort of thing a little old-fashioned?"

"And what of that, Sir? In spite of everything we still have hearts of oak. We have not changed since the time of NELSON and Trafalgar. We can still run up the rigging (there isn't any, but that is an unimportant detail) like kittens, and reef a sail (there's not one left, but what does that matter?) in a Nor-Wester as our ancestors did before us. And if you don't believe me, go to any public dinner when response is being made for the Navy."

"But if the ships have changed, would it not be better if the crews had undergone an appropriate transformation?"

"We don't think so. But, there, it's no use palavering. Some day the matter will be put to the test?"

"By a war?"



"No; by the Fleet starting for a cruise in calm weather. Some say we should all go to the bottom. But I am talking of the Planet Neptune. On your little Earth, I suppose, things are very different?"

"Very," replied Mr. Punch. "We have the Admiralty!" And considering this an appropriate moment for departure, the Sage and his Venerable Companion floated amongst the stars.

PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

AMONG THE DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC STARS.



AIRY FAIRY LILIAN.



KING ARTHUR.



THE ONLY ADRIANA.



OUR ELLEN.



OUR HENRY.



THE GRASSHOPPERATIC STAR.



THE SOCIETY CLOWN.



"O. K."



OUR JOHNNIE.

PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

ARTISTIC STARS.

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed TIME. "We haven't got anything like this on Earth."

"Plenty more where they come from," said his Guide Philosopher and Friend; "but now just give me a lock of your hair, and I'll stand you a fly through the artistic quarter."

And Mr. PUNCH, like Beauty, "drawing him with a single hair," carried the Ancient Wanderer along with him, past galaxies of talent, musical, dramatic, and operatic, refusing to stop and gratify the old Gentleman's pardonable curiosity.

"I know I've got Time for it all," quoth the flying Sage, "but I haven't space, that's where the difficulty is. As for Literary Stars, from TENNYSON and SWINBURNE, to LANG, STEVENSON, BLACK, BESANT, and our excellent friend, Miss BRADDON, with other novelists too numerous to mention, we must leave our cards on them, pay a flying visit, and just skirt the artistic quarter."

"There's the President!" exclaimed Old TIME.

"Ah! everyone knows him," said Mr. PUNCH—"artist and orator, and ever a Grand Young Man, the flower of the Royal Academy."

"Sir JOHN, too," cried TIME.

"As fresh as his own paint is our MULLAIS," returned Mr. PUNCH. "But 'on we goes again,' as the showman said, and you can pick out for yourself the Artist-Operatic-Composer-Painter-Etcher-



Fellow-of-All-Souls, and master of a variety of other accomplishments, yeleft HUBERT HERKOMER; then the gay and gallant FILDES, the chiseler BOEHME, the big PETTIE, the Flying, not the Soaring, Dutchman, TADEMA, the always-purchased BOUGHT'UN, the gay dog POYNTER, Cavalier Sir JOHN GILBERT, and the chivalric DON CALDERON! There's a galaxy for you, my boy! Can you touch these on Earth?"

"Well," said TIME, slowly scratching the tip of his nose, "I fancy I've heard of 'all the talents' before. Besides these, there are a few more who are celebrated in black and white—"

"Rather!" cried Mr. PUNCH, enthusiastically. "My own dear boys, with JOHN TENNIEL at their head. But they're all so busy just now that I couldn't take up their time."

"But you're taking me up," observed the aged T., silyly.

"Quite so," returned his guide—who if, *per impossibile*, he ever could be old, would

be "the aged P.,"—and then giving another tug at his companion's forelock, he cried, "On we goes again! We'll be invisible for awhile, and I'll show you our 'ARRY in the clouds. You remember IXTON in Heaven, or as 'ARRY would call him, IXTON in 'Eaven. Now see 'ARRY dreamin' o' Goddesses. Here we go Up! Up! Up!"

And what happened is told by 'ARRY in the following letter.



PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

'ARRY'S VISIT TO THE MOON.

DEAR CHARLIE,—I've bin on the scoop, and no error this time, my dear boy! I must tell yer my rounds; it's a Barney I know you are bound to enjoy. Talk of *Zadkiel's Halmanack*, CHARLIE, JOHN KEATS, or the *Man in the Moon*—Yah! I've cut all their records as clean as a comet would-lick a balloon.

'ARRY ain't no Astronomer, leastways I ain't never made it my mark To go nap on star-gazing; I've mostly got other good biz arter dark. But when *Mister Punch* give me the tip 'ow he'd take poor old TIME on the fly, Wy I tumbled to it like a shot; 'ARRY's bound to be in it, sez I.

So I took on the Lockyers and Procters, and mugged up the planets and stars. With their gods and their goddesses, likeways their thunderbolts, tridents and cars. I joggled on with old Jupiter, CHARLIE, and gave young Apoller a turn, While as to DIANNER!—but there, that is jest wot you're going to learn.

It was dry and a little bit dazing, this cram, and you won't think it's odd If yours truly got doosedly drowsy. In fact I was napped on the nod, But the way I got woke was a winner. Oh! CHARLIE, my precious old pal, If you'd know wot's fair yum-yum, 'look on to a genuine celestial gal.

"Smack!" "Hillo!" sez I, starting sudden, "where ham I, and wot's this 'ere game?" Then a pair o' blue eyes looked in mine with a lime-lighty sort of a flame, As made me feel moony immediate. "Great Pompey," thinks I, "here's a spree!

It's DIANNER by all that is proper, and as for Enjimmyun—that's *Me!*"



For I see a young person in—well, I ain't much up in classical togs, But she called it a "chlamys," I think. She'd a bow, and a couple of dogs, "Rayther forward and sportive young party," thinks I, Sandown-Parky in style; But pooty, and larky no doubt, so I tips her a wink and a smile.

"All right, Miss DIANNER," sez I. "You 'ave won 'em—the gloves—and no kid. Wot size, Miss, and 'ow many buttons?" But she never lowered a lid, And the red on her cheeks warn't no blush but a reglar indigniant flare-up, Whilst the look from her proud pair of lamps 'it as 'ard and as straight as a Krupp.

Brought me sharp to my bearings, I tell yer. "Young mortal," she sez, "it is plain An Enjimmyun is not to be found in the purlieus of Chancery Lane. And that Primrose 'Ill isn't a Latmos. The things you call gloves I don't wear, Only buskins. But don't you be rude, or the fate of Actæon you'll share."

I wosn't quite fly to her patter, but "mortal" might jest 'ave bin "cub," From the high-perlite way she pernounced it, and plainly DIANNER meant "snub."

Struck me moony, her manner, did CHARLIE, she hypnertised me with her looks, And the next thing I knowed I was padding the 'oof in a region of spooks.

Spooks, is bogies and ghostesses, CHARLIE, according to latter-day chat, And the place where DIANNER conveyed me wos spooky, and spectral at that. "Where are we, Miss, if I may arsk?" I sez, orfully 'umb' for me.

Then she turns 'er two lamps on me sparkling. "Of course we're in Limbo," sez she.

Didn't quite like th: lay on it, CHARLIE, for Limbo sounds precious like quod: But she meant Lunar Limb., dear boy sort o' store-room, where everythink odd, Out of date, foolish, faddy and sech like, is kept like old curio stock.

(Ef yer want to know more about Limbo, read Mr. POPE's *Rape of the Lock*.)

"So this 'ere is the Moon, Miss!" sez I. "Where's the Man there's sech talk on down-stairs?"

She looked at me 'orty. Thinks I, "You're a 'ot 'un to give yourself hairs.

I may level you down a bit later: The Man in the Moon, Miss," I adds.

Sez she, "We don't 'ave Men up here; they are most of them tyrants or cads!"

"Oh," sez I, "on the MONA CAIRD lay, eh, my lady!" Jest then, mate, I looks And sees male-looking things by the dozen: but then they turned out to be spooks. There was TOLSTOI the Rooshian romancer, a grim-looking son of a gun, Welting into young Cupid like scissors, and walloping Hymen like fun.



Old Hymen looked 'orrified rayther; but as for young Arrers-and-'Arts, He turned up his nose at the old 'un, whilst all the gay donas and tarts, Not to mention the matronly mirrvies, were arter the boy with the bow, Plainly looking on TOLSTOI and IBSEN as crackpots, and not in the know.

"Queer paper, my dear Miss DIANNER," sez I, "wot do you think?" Sez she, "A mere Vision of Vanities, mortal, of no speshal interest to me.

I am not the keeper of Limbo, although it is found in my sphere.

Everything that's absurd and unnatura claims a clear right to come here.

"See, the latest Art-Hobbies are ambling about with their 'eads in the air, And their riders are tilting like true tooth-pick paladins. SMUDGE over there Makes a bee-line for SCRATCH in this corner, whilst MUCK and the Mawkish at odds, Clash wildy, and Naturalism pink Senti-ment painfully prods."

Then I twigged Penny WHISTLER's white plume, and the haddypose HOSCAR upreared,

His big hairy horryflame, CHARLIE, whilst Phillistines looked on and jeered.

I see Nature, as Narstiness, ramping at wot Nambypanby dubbed Nice,

And Twoddle parading as Virtue, and Silliness playing at Vice.

Here was pooty girls Primrosing madly, and spiling their tempers a lump,

By telling absurd taradiddles for some big political pump;

PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.



PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

And there was 'arl-mouthed middle-aged
'uns a shaking the Socherlist flag,
And a ramping like tiger-cats tipsy around a
rediklus red rag.



There was patriots playing the clown, there
was magistrates playing the fool ;
There was jugginses teaching the trombone
to kids at a bloom-in' Board School.
"This is Free Hedgercation in Shindy," sez
I. "They're as mad as March hares,
All these Limboites, dear Miss DIANNER.
We do it *much* better downstairs !"

She smiled kinder scoffish, I fancied, and
give'er white shoulders a hunch.
Says she ; " I've no comments to make.
It's along of my friend *Mr. Punch*
Whom the whole Solar System obeys, and
the Court of Olympus respects,
That I wait on you 'ere, Mister ARRY. Pray
what would you like to see next ?"

"Well," sez I, with a glance at her gaiters,
"I've heard you're a whale, Miss, at
Sport.

Do you 'know anythink' wuth my notice ?"
She gave me a look of a sort,
As I can't put in words, not exactly, a sort
o' cold *scorch*, dontcherknow.
That's a bit of a parrydocks p'raps ; any-
how, it hurt wus than a blow.

But we went on the fly once agen—can't say
'ow it was managed, but soon

We 'ad passed to a rum-looking region—the
opposite side of the Moon,

Where no mortal afore had set foot, nor yet
eyes, Miss DIANNER declared.

"Here's a Region of Sport !" sez the lady.
Good Gracechurch Street, mate, 'ow I
stared !

Seemed a sort of a blend-like of Hepsom,
and Goodwood, and Altcar, mixed up

With the old Epping 'Unt and new Hurling-
ham, thoughts of the Waterloo Cup,

Swell Polo and Pigeon-match tumbled about
in my mind, while the din

Was like Putney Reach piled on a Prize-

There wos tuff, fair top new 'uns, mixed
lup with the welcher, the froth with
the scum ;

There wos duchesses, proud as DIANNER,
and she-things as sniffed of the slum ;
There was "champions" thick as bluebottles,
and plungers as plenty as peas,
With stoney-brokes, pale as a poultice, and
"crocks," orful gone at the knees ;

I see a whole bowling mix-up of "mug"
booky, dog-owner and rough,
A-watching of snaky-shaped hounds pelting
'ard 'ard'er bits o' brown stuff,
I see—and the Sportsman wit'in me began
for to bubble and burn,
And I yelled, "O my hazure-horbed Mistress,
can't you and me 'ave jest a turn ?"

We *did*, and my "Purley Extractor" made
play, though it ain't me to brag,
But somehow her arrers went straighter, and
'ers wos the heaviest bag.

"Let me 'ave a try, Miss," sez I, "with that
trifle from Lowther Arcade !"
I tried, and hit one of her dogs, as she didn't
think sport I 'm afraid.

The 'ound didn't seem much to mind it ;
immortal, I spose, like Miss D. ;
Then we 'ad a slap arter the deer, and she 'd
very soon nailed two or three.

I wos out of it, couldn't pot one, and it
needled me orful, dear boy,
To be licked by a gal, *though* a goddess, and
armed with a archery toy !

Her togs wos a little bit quisby—for moors
as ain't pitched in the Moon,
And *there wosn't no pic-nic, dear boy !* I got
peckish and parched pooty soon.

She lapped from a brook, and her hopties went
wide as a cop on the watch,
When I hinted around rayther square, I
should like a small drop of cold Scotch.

Well, well ; I must cut this yarn short.
We 'd a turn at Moon Sports like all
round,

Wish I 'd time to describe our Big
Boar Hunt—DIANNER's pet pas-
time I found,

Can't say it was *mine* ; bit too risky.
Pigsticking in Ingy may suit

White Shikkarries or Prin-
ces, dear boy, but yer Boar
is a nasty big brute.

Too much tusk for my taste !
'Owsomever DIANNER
she speared him to-
rights,

And I dropped from the
tree I 'd shinned up when
the boar had made tracks
for my tights.

"Bravo, Miss DIANNER !"
I sez. "You are smart,
for a gal, with that
spear.

But didn't yer get jest a
mossel alarmed—for

Put it hamorous like, with a wink, smuggling
up to the lady, I did ;
For she 'd found a weak spot in my 'art,
this cold classical gal, and no kid.
I 'd been 'aving a pull at my flask, up that
tree, and her pluck and blue eyes
Made me feel a bit spoony ; in fact I was
mashed. But, O wot a surprise !

"Alarmed ? about *you*, Sir ! And *why* ?"
sez DIANNER, with eyes all aflash,
I sez, "Don't yer remember Adonis, love,
Venus's boar-unting mash ?
No wonder the lady felt fainty like ; fear
for a sweetheart, yer see.
And—well, if I 'm not quite Adonis, *you*
found your Enjimmyon in Me !

"One more, only one, dear DIANNER," I sez.
And I aimed for a kiss,
I made for her lips, a bee-line. But great
snakes, my dear boy, wot a miss !
Hit me over the 'ed with her boar-spear, a
spanker, she did, like a shot.
Don't you never spoon goddesses, CHARLIE ;
you 'll find it a dashed sight too 'ot !

"Adonis !" she cried. "Nay, Actæon !
And his shall be also thy fate.

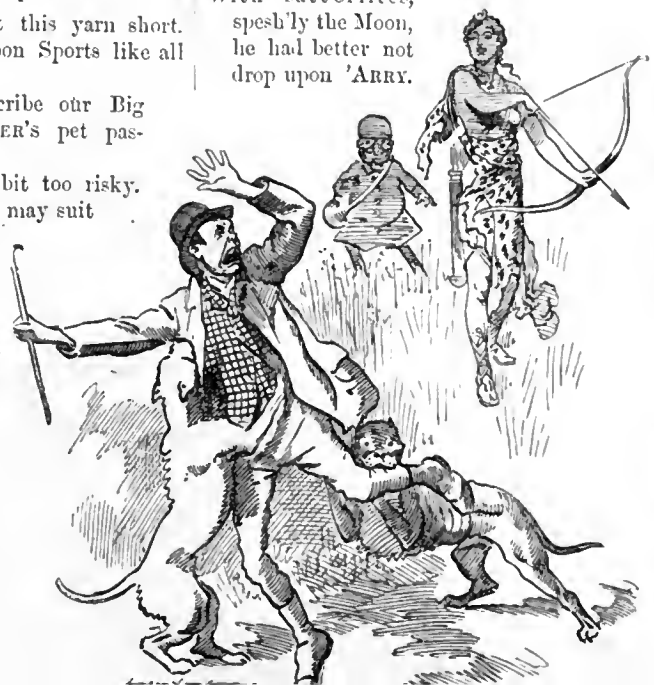
There is *Punch* looking on, he 'll approve !"
And she jest set 'er dogs on me, straight !
"Way-oh ! Miss DIANNER !" I yells. "No
offence ! Don't be 'ard on a bloke !

Beg yer pardon, I 'm sure !" Here a hound
nipped my calf like a vice, and—I woke.

Leastways, I persoom it *wos* waking, if
'tother was sleep and a dream,
But I feel a bit moon-struck, dear boy.
Spooks abound, and things ain't what
they seem.

Mister Punch sez, "it served me quite right."
Well, next time correspondence he 'd
carry

With satterlites,
sposhly the Moon,
he had better not
drop upon 'ARRY.



PUNCH AMONG THE PLANETS.

"Poor fellow, I pity him," said *Mr. Punch* to *Father TIME*, as the pair passed away from the Lunar precincts together, bowing courteously, and a little apologetically, to 'ARRY's late hostess, who called off her dogs, and affably responded to their parting salutation. "Fact is," pursued the Sage, "my young friend 'ARRY, though smart and *fin de siècle*, in his way, is a little of 'the earth, earthy' and lacks both the adventurousness and the tact of an Ixion."

"I presume," said the Seythe-bearer, "our inter-planetary peregrinations are now pretty nearly at an end—for this time!"

"We have yet one more visit to pay," said *Mr. Punch*.

At this moment, as the space-pervading trio fled forward, a strange unusual effulgence grew to the eastward, and began to bathe them in golden light. Miraculously metamorphic was its action upon the aerial travellers. *Mr. Punch* slung aside his hat and his "Immensikoff," and appeared as the Apollo-like personage he really is. *TOBY's* wings expanded, and his pace mended. As for "Old *Father TIME*" himself, the combined influence of the regenerating philtre in *Faust*, and the fire-bath in *She*, could not more completely have transmogrified him. His face brightened with youthfulness, his solitary forelock bushed out into a wavy and hyacinthine hirsute crop, his ancient and magician-like garments fell from him, his plumes expanded, until he looked more like "the herald Mercury" than old *Edax Rerum*.

Then they swung, as on airy *trapèze*, or on wings of the thunder-bird strong,

With the sound in their ears of the voice of the starry and sisterly throng.

Did the orbs of splendiferous Sol give a wink as they ranged into reach?

Was his genial mouth all alight with the flame of the friendliest speech?

Hey, Presto! Great Scott! Transformation on DRURIOLANUS's stage

Was never so sudden as this! Who rides there as the Sun-God? The Sage!

The Great Hypnotiser! Utopia's lord! He Who Must Be Obeyed!!!

He whose Magical Spell is on Princes and Peoples, on Art and on Trade.

Houp-là! Transformation tremendous! The round of the Planets we've travelled,

Some curious secrets unveiled, and some mysteries mighty unravelled. *We manage things better on Earth!* That's the formula! Sounds it sardonic!

Was *Punch* just a morsel sarcastic, his hosts just a trifle ironic?

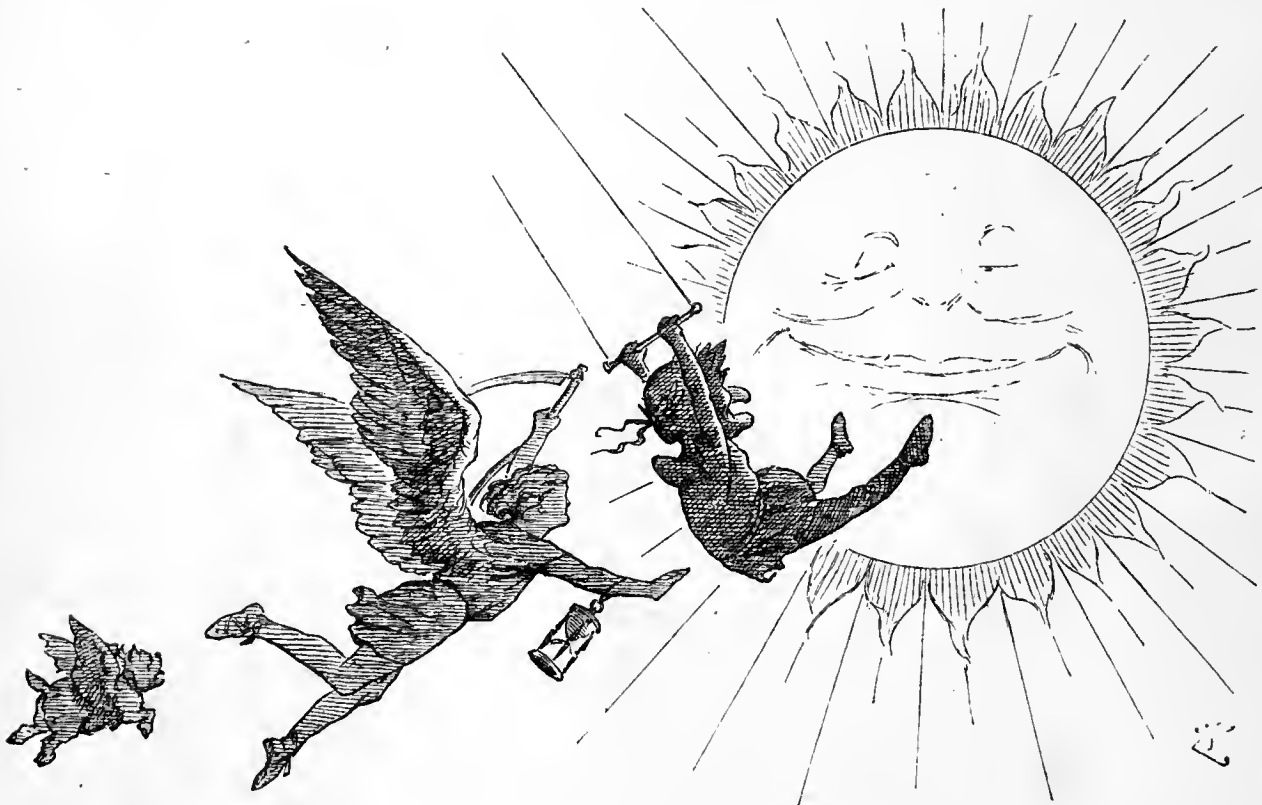
At any rate, *Punch* here explains to the World how to manage things better,

By purging Humanity's spirit, and snapping Hate's tyrannous fetter. He'd Hypnotise Man into health, both of body and spirit, and out of

The follies, and vices, and greeds, and conceits. See the whole Comus-rout of

Absurdities, Appetites, Antics, Antipathies, personal, national, Driven before his bright Sun-Car! The Rule of the Rosily Rational

He would inaugurate, making Earth's atmosphere healthy as Thanet's, That *Father TIME*, is his aim; that's the Moral of *Punch* and the Planets!





JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

FOURTH ENTRY.

HAVE for a considerable time past been "eating dinners," preparatory to being "called" to the Bar. Understand now what people mean when they talk of a "*Digest of the Law*."

Find myself (on dining for the first time this Term) in a mess with a highly-intelligent native of India, another man up from Oxford, and an African law-student. Latter black and curly, but good-natured. Says there is a great demand for English-made barristers on the Gambia, and he's going to supply the demand.

Have wild and momentary idea of going to the Gambia myself.

"Why," I ask this enterprising negro, "why don't English barristers—white ones, I mean—go and practise there?" Feel that reference to colour is not felicitous; still, difficult to express the idea otherwise.

African doesn't mind. Shows all his teeth in a broad grin, and says, "Inglish men die, die like flies, on the Gambia."

Curious to see the Hindoo law-student looking contemptuously at African ditto. Hindoo a shrewd fellow. Talks English perfectly. Rather given to gesticulate. Waves his arms, and incidentally knocks over a bottle of the claret—at twelve shillings a dozen—which the Inn kindly supplies to wash down the mutton and baked potatoes at our two-shilling meal. Hindoo laughs. Tells me, confidentially, that he has practised as a "Vakeel" (whatever that is) in some small country town in Bengal. Why has he come ever here? Oh, to be called. Will get more work and more pay, when a full-fledged barrister. Gather that there are rival "Vakeels" in Bengal whom he wants to cut out. He intends "cutting out"—to India—directly he is called.

Oxford man tells me in a whisper that "he believes he's a Baboo." Indeed! Don't feel much wiser for the information.

African getting jealous of Baboo's fluent talk. Rather a sportive negro, it appears. Says he goes to theatre nearly every night. Has a regular and rather festive programme for each day.

"Lecture, morn'ing," he says; "afternoon, walk in Park, sometimes ride. Night, theatre or music-hall." He grins like an amiable gargoyle. In his own country African law-student must be quite a lady-killer—a sort of Gambia masher.

Incidentally mention to Hindoo difficulty of law of Real Property, especially "Rule in SHELLEY'S Case."

It seems Hindoo understands matter perfectly. Begins to explain the "Rule in SHELLEY'S Case." Does it by aid of two salt-cellar (to represent the parties) and a few knives (to represent collateral relatives).

African masher more jealous. Laughs at Baboo's explanation. He and Baboo exchange glances of hatred. African, who is carving, brandishes knife. Is he going to plunge it into heart of Baboo just as he's get through his explanation? Looks like it, as the shilling

claret seems to have got into place where we may suppose African's brain to be. However, dinner ends without a catastrophe.

After attending the usual amount of legal lectures, the "Final" Exam. approaches.

Get through the papers pretty well. Thank goodness, no question asked so far about that "Rule in SHELLEY'S Case," which is my "*Pons Asinorum*!" It's a "rule" to which I take great exception.

There's a "*Vivâ Voce*" to come, however. Hate *vivâ voce*. Two examiners sit at end of Hall—students called up in batches of half-a-dozen at a time. Very nervous work. Find, when my turn comes, that the intelligent Baboo is in the same lot! Appears to like the position. From his manner I should judge that he'd been doing nothing all his life but being examined by fifties in a cave, like this.

Examiner who tackles me has an eye-glass.

"Now, Mr. JOYNSON," he remarks, putting it up to survey me better, "if you were a trustee, &c., &c., what would you do?"

Flattered at the supposition. Answer in a way which seems to partly satisfy Examiner, who passes on to next man with a new question. In a minute or two my turn comes round again.

"Now, Mr. JOYNSON," Examiner again observes cheerfully, "let me ask you quite an elementary question in Real Property. Just give me a brief, a very brief, explanation of what you understand by the Rule in SHELLEY'S Case!"

But I don't understand anything by it! It's a piece of hopeless legal gibberish to me. I stammer out some attempt at an answer, and see Baboo looking at me with a pitying, almost reproachful, glance. "Didn't I," he seems to say, "explain it all to you once at dinner? Do you really mean to say that you've forgotten the way in which I arranged the salt-cellar and the table-knives, and how I turned the whole case inside out for your benefit?"

I admit the offence. Examiner seems surprised at my ignorance—informs me that "it's as easy as A.B.C." It may be—to him and the Baboo.

Baboo, being asked the same question, at once explains the whole matter, this time without the aid of the salt-cellar and cutlery.

A few days later go to look at result of examination. Result, for me—a Plough!

Walking away dejectedly—"homeward the Plough-mau wends his legal way"—as GRAY sympathetically put it—meet African law-student, who grins insanely. He doesn't sympathise in my defeat. Shows his fine set of ivories and says:—

"Me failed too. Me go back Gambia. You come back with me!"

Tell him I'm not "called" yet; certainly not called to Gambia.

"Then come to Alhambra!" he suggests, as a sort of alternative to a visit to the tropics.

African student evidently still a masher. Decline his invitation with thanks. Wouldn't be seen with him at a theatre for worlds! Depressed. Don't even look in at Gaiety Bar. No Gaiety for me—and no "Bar" either, it seems.



SOME NEW YEAR'S PROBLEMS.

THE BUSY (J.) B.

(Not by Dr. Watts.)

How doth the busy Jerry Builder
Improve his shining hoard,
And gather money, basely earned,
From every opening Board!

How skilfully he scamps his "shells"!
How deftly spreads his sludge!
And labours to defend his sells
By special-pleading fudge!

With what serene, well-practised skill,
He "squares" Surveyors too!
For Jobbery finds some baseness still
For venal hands to do.

Whether for work or healthful play
His buildings will not last.
May he be called some day, some day,
To strict account at last!

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.—According to the announcement in the *Gazette*, the

SPEAKER will take the Chair in the House of Commons on Tuesday, the 11th of February, when the new Session opens. But, as a matter of fact, *The Speaker* will be on the book-stalls on Saturday next, the 4th of January, entering upon what promises to be a useful and prolonged Session. Thereafter *The Speaker* will take the book-stall once a week regularly, there being Saturday sittings throughout the year. *The Speaker* will, of course, be on the side of Law and "Order! Order!"

A BALLAD OF EVIL SPEED.

A Cool Collation of Several Bards.

I WOULD I had not met you, Sweet,
I wish you had been far away
From where, in Upper Wimpole Street,
We two foregather'd yesterday.
Somewhere in that unlovely street
Summer's lost beauty, hid away,
Woke at the music of your feet,
And sought the little girl in grey.
Around your head the sunbeams play—
Home to the depths of your deep eyes
Soft shadows of the woodland stray,
Then sparkle with a quick surprise,
As when the branch-entangled skiea
Shake from the depths of woodland stream,
Awhile in laughing circles gleam,
Then spread to heaven's peace again.
Amber and gold, and feathery grey,
You suited well the Autumn day,
The muffled sun, the misty air,
The weather like a sleepy pear.
And yet I wish that you had been
Afar, beside the sounding main,
Or swaying daintily the rein
Of mettled courser on the green,
So I had passed, and passed unseen.

For I arose, from dreams of thee,
So late that morn, my matin tea
Was cold as mutton two days cooked ;
As in the looking-glass I looked,
Methought the razor need not wreak
Its wonted vengeance on my cheek,
Nor clear the shadow from my chin
Till to the City I had been.
Thus, horrid with a nascent beard,
Bychance through Wimpole Street I steered,
Trusting therein to shun contempt
Of who abhor a man unkempt.
For like a mother-bird, who's caught
The cant of modern woman's thought,
My restless tie refused to sit,
And restless fingers vainly sought
To soothe the silkworm's stubborn toil.
But only did its candour soil,
And suffered none the less from it.
For all my neck, and head no less,
Owned to a vague unquietness,
As when the vagrant spiderlet
Haa spread at large her filmy net
To catch the moonbeams, wavering white,
At the front gate on Autumn night.

Then suddenly the sombre way
Rock'd like the darkness struck by day,
The endless houses reel'd from sight,
And all romance and all delight
Came thronging in a glorious crowd.
So, when the drums are beating loud,
The mob comes sweeping down the Mall,
Far heralding the bear-skins tall.
Glorious in golden clothing comes
The great drum-major with his drums
And sun-smit brass of trumpets; then
The scarlet wall of marching men,
Midmost of which great Mavora sets
The colours girt with bayonets.
Yes, there were you—and there was I,
Unshaved, and with erratic tie,
And for that once I yearn'd to shun
My social system's central sun.
How could a sloven slave express
The frank, the manly tenderness
That wraps you round from common thought,
And does not ask that you should know
The love that consecrates you so.
No; furtive, awkward, restless, cold,
I basely seemed to set at naught
That sudden bliss, undreamt, unsought.
What must she think, my girl of gold?
I dare not ask; and baffled wit
Droops—till sweet hopes begin to flit—
Like butterflies that brave the cold—
Perhaps she didn't notice it.



STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

She. "HOW SILENT YOU ARE! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF?"
He. "NOTHING!" She. "EGOTIST!"

"JUST TO OBLIGE BENSON."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It was not a very happy thought to send me to the Globe Theatre at this festive season of the year to witness the representation of a piece, called by the management, for some reason or other, "a *faërie* comedy." Now, I like a Burlesque, and I am fond of a *Pantomime*, but a mixture of blank verse and tom-foolery is rather too much for me, especially when that mixture is not redeemed by a plot of any interest. Nothing can be more absurd than the story (save the mark!) told in this particularly uninteresting play. It appears that a "Duke" of Athens married the Queen of the Amazons, and during the nuptial rejoicings ordered the daughter of one of his subjects to "die the death" unless she transferred her affections from her own true love to a gentleman of her father's choice. The gentleman of her father's choice was beloved in his turn by a school friend of his would-not-be betrothed, and the play which lasted from eight until nearly midnight, was devoted to setting this simple (in more senses than one) *imbroglio* right. By a clumsy device, *Oberon* King of the Fairies bewitched the two pairs of lovers during their sleep in a wood, so that one lady had two admirers and the other none. All that was needed to bring the piece to a conclusion was to have another exercise of magic when the couples paired off, of course, in a manner calculated to give satisfaction to their friends and relations. This was the entire plot. There was now and again some attempts to turn amateur theatricals into feeble ridicule by the introduction of a party of village histrions, who were allowed to "clown" to their heart's content; and *voilà tout!*

The mounting is excellent. Nothing better than "a Wood near Athens," painted by Mr. HEMSLEY, has been seen since Professor HERKOMER startled the world with his representation of village life at Bushey. The music, too (chiefly from the works of MENDELSSOHN), is always charming, and frequently appropriate. Moreover, Mr. BENSON, no doubt feeling that his author required every possible support, has introduced a number of pretty dances, executed by comely maidens of ages varying from seven to (say) seven-and-twenty.

Of course, such a play required very ordinary acting. Mr. BENSON was, on the whole, a gentlemanly *Lysander*. Mr. OTHO STUART a dignified *Oberon*, and Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS quite the best of the village histrions. Miss GRACE GERALDINE was also fanciful in the rôle of a sort of gnome. But, allowing for the music, and the scenery, and the acting, the piece itself was unquestionably dull. And now, having given you my unbiassed opinion, I beg to sign myself,

YOUR UNPREJUDICED CONTRIBUTOR.
P.S.—I am told that the author of *A Midsummer's Dream* wrote a number of other plays of considerable merit. This I challenge, the more especially as those who swear by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE candidly admit that his name is a deterrent rather than an attraction on a play-bill.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. II.—JOE, THE JAM-EATER.

A Musical Spectacular and Sensational Intertude. (Dedicated respectfully to Mr. McDougall and the L. C. C.)

THE Music-hall Dramatist, like SHAKESPEARE, has a right to take his material from any source that may seem good to him. Mr. Punch, therefore, makes no secret of the fact, that he has based the following piece upon the well-known poem of "The Pur-loiner," by the Sisters JANE and ANN TAYLOR, who were not, as might be too hastily concluded, "Song and Dance Duettists," but two estimable ladies, who composed "cautionary" verses for the young, and whose works are a perfect mine of wealth for Moral Dramatists. In this dramatic version the Author has tried to infuse something of the old Greek sense of an overruling destiny, without detriment to prevailing ideas of moral responsibility. Those who have the misfortune to be born with a propensity for illicit jam, may learn from our Drama the terrible



results of failing to overcome it early in life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jam-loving Joe. By that renowned Melodramatic Serio-Comic, Miss CONNIE CURDLER.

Joe's Mother (the very part for Mrs. BANGROFT if she can only be induced to make her re-appearance).

John, a Gardener. By the great Pink-eyed Unmusical Zulu.

Jim-Jam, the Fermentation Fiend. By Mr. BEERBOHM TREE (who has kindly consented to undertake the part).

Chorus of Plum and Pear Gatherers, from the Savoy (by kind permission of Mr. D'O'LY CARTER).

SCENE.—The Store-room at sunset, with view of exterior of Jam Cupboard, and orchard in distance.

Enter JOE.

"As JOE was at play, Near the cupboard one day, When he thought no one saw him but himself."—*Vide Poem.*

Joe (dreamily). 'Tis passing strange that I so partial am |
To playing in the neighbourhood of Jam!

[Here Miss CURDLER will introduce her great humorous Satirical Medley, illustrative of the Sports of Childhood, and entitled, "Some Little Gymes we all of us 'ave Plied:" after which, Enter JOE's Mother, followed by JOHN and the Chorus, with baskets, ladders, &c., for gathering fruit.

"His Mother and JOHN, To the garden had gone, To gather ripe pears and ripe plums."—*Poem.*

Joe's Mother (with forced cheerfulness)—

Let's hope, my friends, to find our pears and plums,
Unharm'd by wopses, and untouched by wums.

[Chorus signify assent in the usual manner by holding up the right hand.

Solo—JOHN.

Fruit when gathered ripe, is wholesome—
Otherwise if eaten green.

Once I knew a boy who stole some—

[With a glance at JOE, who turns aside to conceal his confusion.
His internal pangs were keen!

Chorus (virtuously). 'Tis the doom of all who're mean,
Their internal pangs are keen!

Joe's Mother (aside). By what misgivings is a mother tortured!

I'll keep my eye on JOSEPH in the orchard.

[She invites him with a gesture to follow.

Joe (earnestly). Nay, Mother, here I'll stay till you have done.

Temptation it is ever best to shun!

Joe's M. So laudable his wish, I would not cross it—

(Mysteriously.) He knows not there are jam-pots in yon closet!

Chorus. Away we go tripping,
From boughs to be stripping
Each pear, plum, and pippin
Pomona supplies!

When homeward we've brought 'em,
Those products of Autumn,
We'll carefully sort 'em

(One of our old Music-hall rhymes),

According to size! [Repeat as they caper out.

[JOE's Mother, after one fond, lingering look behind, follows; the voices are heard more and more faintly in the distance. Stage darkens; the last ray of sunset illumines key of jam-cupboard door.

Joe. At last I am alone! Suppose I tried

That cupboard—just to see what's kept inside?

[Seems drawn towards it by some fatal fascination.

There might be Guava jelly, and a plummy cake,
For such a prize I'd laugh to scorn a stomach-ache!

[Laughs a stomach-ache to scorn.

And yet (hesitating) who knows?—a pill? . . . perchance—
a powder!

(Desperately). What then? To scorn I'll laugh them—even louder!

[Fetches chair and unlocks cupboard. Doors fall open with loud clang, revealing Interior of Jam Closet (painted by HAWES CRAVEN). JOE mounts chair to explore shelves. *Vide poem.* "How sorry I am, He ate raspberry jam, And currants that stood on the shelf!"

Joe (speaking with mouth full, and back to audience). 'Tis rasp-
berry—of all the jams my favourite;

I'll clear the pot, what'er I have to pay for it!

And finish up with currants from this shelf . . .

Who'll ever see me?

The Demon of the Jam Closet (rising slowly from an immense pot of preserves). None—except Myself!

[The cupboard is lit up by an infernal glare (courteously lent by the Lycicum Management from "Faust" properties); weird music; JOE turns slowly and confronts the Demon with awestruck eyes; N.B.—Great opportunity for powerful acting here.

The Demon (with a bland sneer). Pray don't mind me—I will
await your leisure.

Joe (automatically). Of your acquaintance, Sir, I've not the
pleasure.

Who are you? Wherefore have you intervened?

The Demon (quietly). My name is "Jim-Jam"; occupation—fiend.
Joe (covering limply on his chair). O Mr. Fiend, I know it's
very wrong of me!

Demon (politely). Don't mention it—but please to come "along
of" me?

Joe (implopingly). Do let me off this once,—ha! you're relenting,
You smile—

Demon (grimly). 'Tis nothing but my jam fermenting!

[Catches JOE's ankle, and assists him to descend.

Joe. You'll drive me mad!

Demon (carelessly). I may—before I've done with you!

Joe. What do you want?

Demon (darkly). To have a little fun with you!

Of fiendish humour now I'll give a specimen.

[Chases him round and round Stage, and proceeds to smear him
hideously with jam.

Joe (piteously). Oh, don't! I feel so sticky. What a mess I'm in!

Demon (with affected sympathy). That is the worst of jam—it's
apt to stain you.

[To JOE, as he frantically endeavours to remove the traces of his crime.
I see you're busy—so I'll not detain you!

[Vanishes down star-trap with a diabolical laugh. Cupboard-doors
close with a clang; all lights down. JOE stands gazing blankly
for some moments, and then drags himself off Stage. His
Mother and JOHN, with Pear- and Plum-gatherers bearing laden
baskets, appear at doors at back of Scene, in faint light of
torches.

Re-enter Joe (bearing a candle and wringing his hands). Out,
jammed spot! What—will these hands never be clean? Here's
the smell of the raspberry jam still! All the powders of Gregory
cannot unsweeten this little hand. . . . (Moaning.) Oh, oh, oh!

[This passage has been accused of bearing too close a resemblance to
one in a popular Stage Play; if so, the coincidence is purely
accidental, as the Dramatist is not in the habit of reading such
profane literature.

Joe's Mother. Ah! what an icy dread my heart benumbs!

See—stains on all his fingers, and his thumbs!

"What JOE was about, His Mother found out, When she look'd at his fingers
and thumbs."—*Poem again.*

Nay, JOSEPH—'tis your mother . . . speak to her!

Joe (tonelessly, as before). Lady, I know you not (touches lower
part of waistcoat); but, prithee, undo this button. I think I have
jam in all my veins, and I would fain sleep. When I am gone, lay
me in a plain white jelly-pot, with a parchment cover, and on the

label write—but come nearer, I have a secret for your ear alone . . . there are strange things in some cupboard! Demons should keep in the dust-bin. (*With a ghastly smile.*) I know not what ails me, but I am not feeling at all well.

[*Joe's Mother stands a few steps from him, with her hands twisted in her hair, and stares at him in speechless terror.*

Joe (to the Chorus). I would shake hands with you all, were not my fingers so sticky. We eat marmalade, but we know not what it is made of. Hush! if JIM-JAM comes again, tell him that I am not at home. Loo-loo-loo!

All (with conviction). Some shock has turned his brine! *Joe (sitting down on floor, and weaving straws in his hair).* My curse upon him that invented jam. Let us all play Tibbits.

[*Laughs vacantly; all gather round him, shaking their heads, his Mother falls fainting at his feet, as Curtain falls upon a strong and moral, though undeniably gloomy dénouement.*

THE SAVOYARDS.

MESSEURS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S *Gondoliers* deserves to rank immediately after *The Mikado* and *Pinafore* bracketed. The *mise-en-scène* is in every way about as perfect as it is possible to be.



"Once upon a time there were two Kings."

Every writer of *libretti*, every dramatist and every composer, must envy the Two Savoyards, their rare opportunities of putting their own work on their own stage, and being like the two Kings in this piece, jointly and equally monarchs of all they survey, though, unlike these two potentates, they are not their subjects' servants, and have only to consider what is best for the success of their piece, and to have it carried out, whatever it is, literally regardless of expense. And what does their work amount to? Simply a Two-Act Opera, to play two-hours-and-a-half, for the production of which they have practically a whole year at their disposal. They can go as near commanding success as is given to mortal dramatist and composer, and for any comparative failure they can have no one to blame but themselves, the pair of them.

Whatever the piece may be, it is always a pleasure to see how thoroughly the old hands at the Savoy enter into "the fun of the thing," and, as in the case of Miss JESSIE BOND and Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, absolutely carry the audience with them by sheer exuberance of spirits.

Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON possesses a ready wit and keen appreciation of humour, and, as this is true also of Miss JESSIE BOND, the couple, being thoroughly in their element with such parts as *The Gondoliers* provide for them, legitimately graft their own fun on the plentiful stock already supplied by the author, and are literally the life and soul of the piece.

On the night I was there a Miss NORAH PHYLLIS took Miss ULMAR's part of *Gianetta*, and played it, at short notice, admirably. She struck me as bearing a marked facial resemblance to Miss FORTESQUE, and is a decided acquisition. Mr. DENNY, as the Grand Inquisitor (a part that recalls the Lord High Chancellor of the ex-Savoyard, GEORGE GROSSMITH, now entertaining "on his own hook"), doesn't seem to be a born Savoyard, *non nascitur* and *non fit* at present. Good he is, of course, but there's no spontaneity about him. However, for an eccentric comedian merely to do exactly what he is told,

and nothing more, yet to do that, little or much, well, is a performance that would meet with *Hamlet's* approbation, and Mr. GILBERT'S. Mr. FRANK WYATT, as "the new boy" at the Savoy School, doesn't, as yet, seem quite happy; but it cannot be expected that he should feel "quite at home," when he has only recently arrived at a new school.



Rutland Pooch-Bah-rington, after signing his re-engagement, takes his Bond, and sings, "Again we come to the Savoy."

torture-chamber, but that there is no hurry for him to go and examine her, as she is all right and "has all the illustrated papers."

There are ever so many good things in the Opera, but the best of all, for genuinely humorous inspiration of words, music and acting, is the quartette in the Second Act, "In a contemplative fashion."

It is excellent. Thank goodness, *encores* are discouraged, except where there can be "No possible sort of doubt, No possible doubt whatever" (also a capital song in this piece) as to the unsimilarity of the enthusiasm. There is nothing in the music that catches the ear on a first hearing as did "The Three Little Maids," or "I've got a Song to Sing O!" but it is all charming, and the masterly orchestration in its fullness and variety is something that the least technically educated can appreciate and enjoy. The piece is so brilliant to eye and ear, that there is never a dull moment on the stage or off it. It is just one of those simple *Bab-Ballad* stories which, depending for its success not on any startling surprise in the plot, but on general excellence, may, especially on account of the music, be safely put down on the play-goer's list for "a second hearing."



George Grossmith on his own Hook.

RUSSIAN ART.

FROM *The Morning Post*, last week, we learn that the Russian Imperial Academy of Arts, has passed a law prohibiting Jews to become members of its artistic body. By the Nose of *Mr. Punch*, but this is too bad, and too bigoted for any century, let alone the "so-called Nineteenth." If such a rule, or rather such an exception, could have been possible in England within the last twenty years, what a discouragement it would have been for all the Royal Academicians, who would thereby have lost *Hart!* Dear good old SOLOMON! He was a poor HART that often rejoiced, and if he was not the best painter in the world, he was just about the worst punster. We hope to hear that our Royal Academicians, with their large-hearted and golden-tongued President at their head, will send a friendly expostulation to their Russian Brothers in oil, and obtain the abrogation of this unreasonable legislation, which is one effect of an anti-semitic cyclone, fit only for the *Jew-ventus Mundi*, but not for the world at its maturity.

"DOT AND GO ONE"—no, see *Dot*, and go several times again to see our JOHNNIE TOOLE at his own Theatre, before he leaves for the Antipodes. The good old farce of *Toole in the Pigskin* is well-mounted, and is, of course, one of the pieces on which he will rely, as especially appropriate to Horse-trails.



FRESH TO THE COUNTRY.

Young Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE MEET IS?"

Butcher's Boy (a recent importation from London). "YES, MUM. I JIST TOOK IT HUP TO THE 'ALL THIS MORNIN'!"

THE START.

OFF! Yes; but inexperienced feet,
With pace that's fast and a style that's neat,
At first can scarcely be expected
O'er frozen waters to glide and fleet.

"Have them on, Sir?" Old Time was there,
With the shining steels and the ready chair.
His latest pupil is passing yonder,
No more the ice-locked waters to dare.

His feet are tired and his knees are stiff,
His breath comes low in a wheezy whiff.
He'll now "lay up," like a worn-out
wherry.

'Tis yours to start like a new-launched skiff.

How many a novice that Skate-man old
Has helped to onset alert and bold!

How many a veteran worn seen vanish,
Aching with effort and pinched with cold!

And you, young novice, 'tis now your turn
Your skates to try and your steps to turn.

You long to fly like the skimming swallow,
To brave the breathless "scurry" you burn.

He knows, he knows, your aged guide!
The screws are fixed, and the straps are tied,
And he looks sharp out for the shambling
stagger,
The elbows wobbling, the knees too wide.

But boyhood's hopeful, and youth has pluck;
And now, when scarcely your steel hath
struck

The slithery ice in your first bold venture,
Punch, friendly watcher, will wish you luck!

He too has seen some novices start,
And knows, however you play your part,
The "outside edge," and attendant perils,
Will tax your sinews and test your heart.

But most on the ice does the old saw hold—
"Be bold, be bold, but be not *too* bold!"
Though there's many a rotten patch
marked "Danger!"
Young hearts are warm if the weather be cold.

Bravo, youngster! Steady! Strike out!
Caution, yes, but not palsying doubt.
Courage! and you—ere your course you
finish—

May beat "Fish" SMART at a flying bout!

ROBERT'S KRISMUS HIM.

How werry various is the reasons why
We welcoms Crismus with a ringing cheer!
The Skoolboy nos his hollidays is nigh,
And treats the hale stout Porter to sum
Beer.

The Cook and Ousemaid smiles upon the
Baker,
Who takes his little fee without no blush,
Likewise upon the Butcher and Shoo Maker
Who makes their calls dispise the Sno or
Slush.

The Dustman cums a crying out for "Dust,"
But nos full well that isn't wot he seeks,
And gits his well-earned shilling with the
fust,
And smiles on Mary as his thanks he
speaks.

The Groser smart, as likewise his Green
Brother,
In their best close cums with a modest ring,
And having got their orders, one and tother,
Smilingly asks for jest one other thing.

The Postman's dubbel nock cums to each door,
Whether he has a Letter got or no,
The stingy Master thinks his call a bore,
And gives his paltry shilling werry slow.

The jowial Waiter shows unwonted joy!
And hails his Crismus with becoming glee!
Knowing full well his plezzurs newer cloy,
Who gets from ewery Gest a dubble fee!

Why are not all men like the jowial Waiter,
Allers content with what kind Fortune
brings,

Whether it's a Turtel Soop or a meer tater,
He sets a pattern to Lord Mares and Kings.

Then let us all while Crismus time we're
keeping,

Whether we barsks in fortune's smile or
frown,

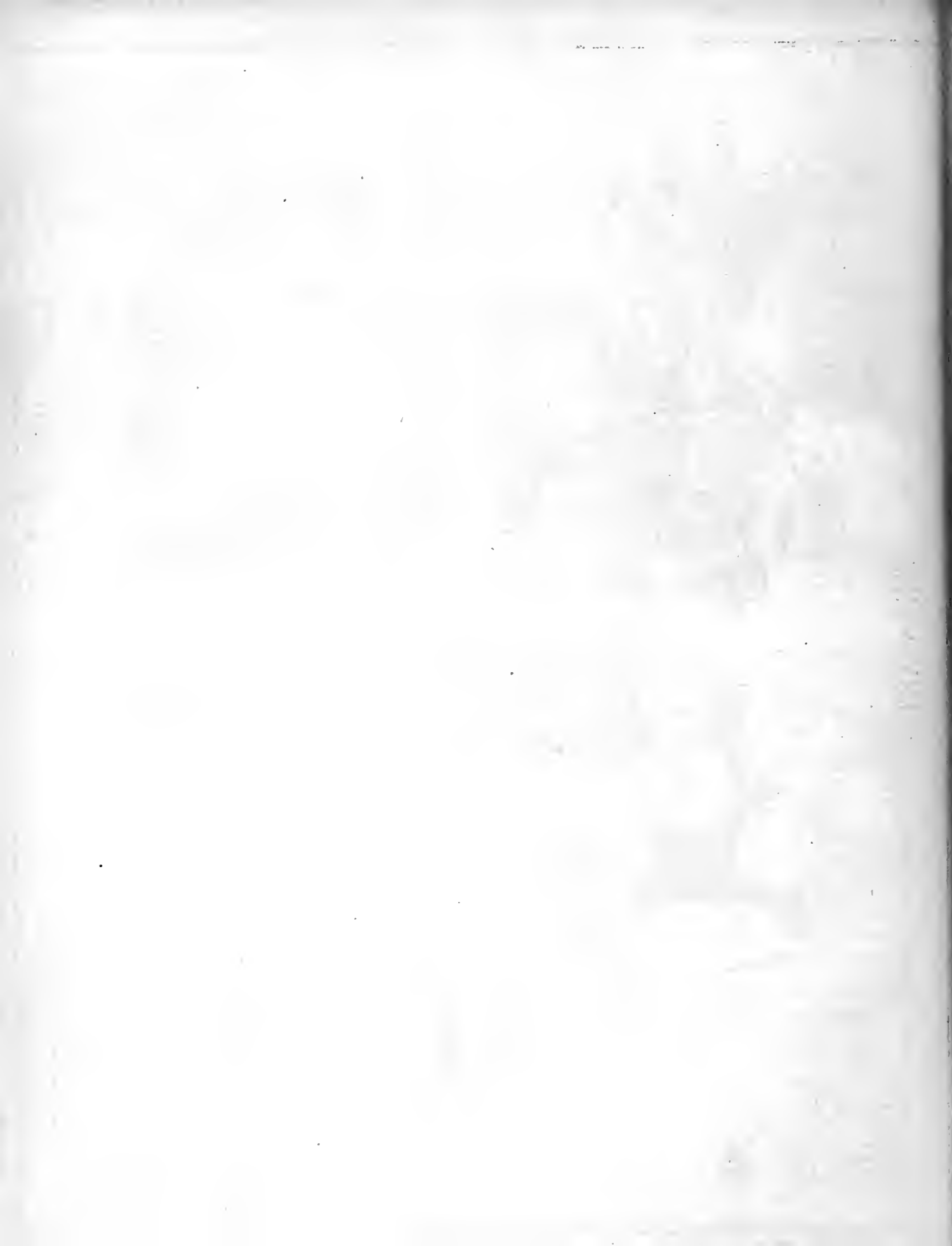
Be thankful for the harwest we are reaping,
And give a thort to them whose luck is down.

ROBERT.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.—Two Directories.
The French *Directoire* was a short-lived stop-
gap of not unmixed benefit to France, but
our English Directory, yclept KELLY'S, for
1890, directorily, or indirectly, supplies all
our wants, comes always "as a boon and a
blessing to men," and is within a decade of
becoming a hale and hearty centenarian.
Vivat KELLY!



THE START.



UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XV.

Down through the night we
 drifted slow, the rays
 From London's ceuntless gas-jets
 starred the haze
 O'er which we darkly hovered.
 Broad loomed the bulk of WREN'S
 colossal deme
 Through the grey mist, which,
 like a sea of foam,
 The sleeping city covered.
 "The year," the Shadow mur-
 mured, "nears its close.
 Lol hew they swarm in slumber,
 friends and foes,
 Kindred and utter stran-
 gers,
 Tho millions of this Babylon,
 stretched beneath
 The shroud of night, and draw-
 ing peaceful breath,
 Unstirred by dreads and dan-
 gera."



"But not by dreams," I answered. "Canst
 reveal, [and steal
 O Shade, the vagrant thoughts that throng
 About these countless pillows?
 Or are these sleeping souls as shut to thee
 As is the unsounded silence of the sea
 To those who brave its billows?"
 "Dreams?" smiled the Shadow. "What I
 see right well
 Your eyes may not behold. Yet can I tell
 Their import as unravelled
 By subtler sense, whilst through these souls
 they pass!
 What said the demon to *Don Cléophas*
 As o'er Madrid they travelled?"
 "Such dreams as haunt us near the glim-
 mering morn
 Shadow forth truth; these through the Gates
 of Horn
 Find passage to the sleeper. [read
 Prophetic? Nay! But sence therein may
 The heart's desire, in pangs of love or greed;
 What divination deeper?"
 "Yon Statesman, struggling in the night-
 mare's grip,
 Fears he has let Time's scanty forelock slip,
 And lost a great occasion [a-writhe
 Of self-advancement. How that mouth's
 With hate, on platforms oft so blandly blithe
 In golden-tongued persuasion!"
 "He, blindly blundering, as through baffling
 mist,
 Is a professional philanthropist,
 Rosy-gilled, genial, hearty. [deep
 A mouthing Friend of Man. He dreams he's a
 In jungles of self-interest, where creep
 Sleuth-hounds of creed and party.
 "That sleek-brewed sleeper? 'Tis the Great
 Pooh-pooh,
 The 'Mugwump' of the *Weekly Whillaloo*,
 A most superior creature;
 Too high for pity and too cold for wrath;
 The pride of dawdlers on the Higher Path
 Suffuses every feature.
 "Contemptuous, he, of clamorous party strife,
 And all the hot activities of life;
 But most the Politician
 He mocks—for 'meanness.' How the prig
 would gasp
 If shown the slime-trail of that wriggling asp
 In his own haunts Elysian!
 "He dreams Creation, cleared of vulgar noise,
 Is dedicate to calm æsthetic joys,
 That he is limply lolling

Amidst the lilies that toil not nor spin,
 Given quite to dandy scorn, and dainty sin,
 And languer, and 'leg-rolling.'
 "The head which on that lace-trimmed pillow
 lies [eyes
 Is fair as Psyche's. Yes, those snow-veiled
 Look Dian-pure and saintly.
 Sure no Ahelibah could own those lips,
 Through whose soft lusciousness the bland
 breath slips
 So fragrantly and faintly.
 "That up-curved arm which bears the silken
 knot
 Of dusky hair, is it more free from blot
 Than is her soul who slumbers?
 Her visions? Of 'desirable young men,'
 Who crowd round her like swine round
 Circe's pen
 In ever-swelling numbers.
 "Of Love? Nay, but of lovers. Love's a lean
 And impecunious urchin; lovers mean
 Gifts, worship, triumph—Money!
 The Golden Apple is the fruit to witch
 Our modern Atalantas. To be rich,
 Live on life's milk and honey;
 "Stir crowds, charm royalties,—these are the
 things
 Psyche most cares for, not her radiant wings
 Or Cupid's shy caresses.
 She dreams of conquests that a world applauds,
 Or a Stage-wardrobe with a thousand gands,
 And half-a-hundred dresses.
 "Not so, that other sleeper, stretched at
 length, [strength,
 A spectre stripped of charm and shorn of
 In yon dismantled chamber.
 Dreams she of girlhood's couch, the lavender
 Of country sheets, a roof where pigeons whirr
 And creamy roses clamber?
 "Of him the red-faced swain whose rounded
 eyes
 Dwelt on her charms in moony ecstasies?
 Of pride, of shame, of sorrow?
 Nay, of what now seems Nature's crowning
 good; [food—food.
 Hunger-wrought dreams are hers of food—
 She'll wake from them to-morrow;
 "Wake fiercely famishing, savagely sick,
 The animal in man is quick, so quick
 To stir and claim full forage.
 Let famine parch the hero's pallid lips,
 Pinch Beauty's breast, then watch the swift
 eclipse
 Of virtue, sweetness, courage!

"Cynical? Sense leaves that to callow youth
 And callous age; plain picturing of the truth
 Seems cynical,—to folly.
 Friend, the true cynic is the shallow mime
 Who paints humanity devoid of crime,
 And life supremely 'jelly.'

"See such an one, in scented sheets a-loll!
 Rich fare and rosy wine have lapped his soul
 In a *bon-vivant's* slumbers.
 His pen lies there, the ink is scarcely dry
 With which he sketched the amug philosophy
 Of Cant and Christmas Numbers.

"He dreams of—holly, home," exuberant
 hearts,
 Picturesque poverty, the toys and tarts
 Of childhood's hope?—No, verily!
 'Tis a dream-world of pleasure, power, and
 self,
 Visions of the apocalypse of Self,
 O'er which his soul laughs merrily."

"Enough!" I cried. "The morning's earliest
 gleams
 Will soon dissolve this pageantry of dreams.
 The New Year's at our portals.
 Unselfishness, and purity, and hope,
 Dawn with it through the dream-world's
 cloudy cope,
 Even on alumbering mortals."

"Granted," the Shadow answered. "Poppy-
 Land
 Is not *all* Appetite and Humbug bland.
 Myriads of night-capped noddles
 We must leave unexplored. Their owners' oft
 Are saints austere, or sympathisers soft,
 Truth's types and Virtue's models!"
 (To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PREPARING TO MEET AN EPIDEMIC.—If you
 sit all day in your great coat, muffled up to
 the eyes in a woollen comforter and with
 your feet in constantly replenished mustard
 and hot water, as you propose, you will cer-
 tainly be prepared, when it makes its appear-
 ance, to encounter the attack of the Russian
 Epidemic Influenza, that you so much dread.
 Your idea of taking a dose of some advertised
 Patent Medicine every other hour, as a pre-
 ventive, is by no means a bad one, and your
 resolution to shut yourself up in your house,
 see no friends, open no letters, read no news-
 papers, and live entirely on tinned meats for
 three months, might possibly secure you
 from the chances of an attack; but on the
 whole we should rather advise you to carry
 out your plan of leaving the country alto-
 gether and seeking a temporary asylum in
 South Central Africa until you are assured
 that the contagion has blown over, as the
 preferable one. Anyhow you might try it.
 Meanwhile, certainly drench your clothes
 with disinfectants, fill your hat with cotton
 wool steeped in spirits of camphor, and if
 you meet any friends in the street, prevent
 them addressing you, by keeping them at
 arm's-length with your walking-stick, or,
 better still, if you have it with you, your
 opened umbrella. They may or they may
 not understand your motive, and when they
 do, though they may not respect you for
 your conduct, it is just possible that they
 may not seriously resent it. Your precau-
 tionary measures, if scrupulously carried out,
 should certainly ensure your safety. Put
 them in hand at once, and be sure you let us
 hear from you next Spring informing us, on
 the whole, how you have got on.

WHAT POCKET-BOOKS TO GET.—Mark us;
 WARD'S.



HUNTING HINTS.—HOW TO KEEP THE THING GOING DURING A SNOW.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON'S Booking-Office is still decked about with holly, For the Season that at any rate's conventionally "jolly." Is by no means wholly over, and the very hard-worked Baron Feels rather like a sort of tired-out literary Charon, With an over-laden ferry-boat, and passengers too numerous. For reasonable "novelties"—and "notions" quaint and humorous Still crowd on him, and claim his constant critical attention, Some may escape his notice, but a few more he must mention MARCUS WARD's are good as usual, and his "Christmas Cheque Book"'s Though rather a sardonic "sell" to parties short of money. [funny; CASTELL BROTHERS' Cards are charming, but the words "Printed in The patriotic Baron irk, or may he turn a Merman! He [Germany," Can't see why pictured prettiness should be beyond home-printing. He doesn't want to dogmatise, but really can't help *hinting!* Scout's Head, by LANGBRIDGE, boys will like. JEROME K. JEROME's Stage-Land, [land

Which BERNARD PARTRIDGE illustrates, might tickle e'en the sage Of Puritan Philistia at Clapham-Rise or Barnsbury. And now let us the memory of Christmas Cards and yarns bury In a right bowl of atingo, in the which the Baron cheerily Drinks to his readers heartily, sincerely, and Happy-New-Year-ily!

Once upon a time Mr. LEWIS CARROLL wrote a marvellously grotesque, fantastic, and humorous book called *Alice in Wonderland*, and on another occasion he wrote *Through the Looking-Glass*, in which *Alice* reappeared, and then the spring of Mr. LEWIS CARROLL's fanciful humour apparently dried up, for he has done nothing since worth mentioning in the same breath with his two first works; and if his writings have been by comparison watery, unlike water, they have never risen by inherent quality to their original level. Of his latest book, called *Sylvie and Bruno*, I can make neither head nor tale. It seems a muddle of all sorts, including a little bit of Bible thrown in. It will be bought, because LEWIS CARROLL's name is to it, and it will be enjoyed for the sake of Mr. FURNISS's excellent illustrations, but for no other reason, that I can see. I feel inclined to carol to CARROLL, "O don't you remember sweet ALICE?" and, if so, please be good enough to wake her up again, if you can.

M. FRÉDÉRIC MAYER'S International Almanack takes my breath away. It is overwhelmingly international. Most useful to the International Theatre-goer, as there are plans of all the principal

theatres in Europe, with the seats numbered, so that you have only to wire (answer paid) to the Théâtre Français for *Jauteuil d'orchestre* Number 20, to Drury Lane in the same way, to the Operahaus, Berlin ("Open Haus" sounds so internationally hospitable) for *Parquet* Number 200 (so as to get a good view), to the Wallner Theater, Berlin, for something of the same sort, or to La Scala, Milan, for the sixth *Sedie d'orchestra* on the left (as the numbers are not given—why?) and you'll be accommodated. Then with ease the internationalist can learn when the Moon is full, *Pleine Lune*, *Vollmond*, *Luna Piena* and *Luna Ilena* in five languages. The Italian, the Spaniard, the French, the Englishman, the German and the Dutchman can find out all about the different watering-places of Europe, each one in his own native tongue, and all about "the Court of Arches" in London and Madrid. There is the Jewish and also the Mahomedan Calendar, but I see nothing about the Greek Kalends. I am not quite sure that the Bulgarians will be quite satisfied, and I should say, that the Aborigines of Central Africa will have a distinct grievance, which M. FRÉDÉRIC MAYER will rectify after an interview with Mr. STANLEY. It's a wonderful production, and as it gives postal rates and cab-fares in ever so many languages, it will be of great practical value to the traveller. But no list of cab-fares is perfect without a model row with the driver in eight languages, including some bad language and directions as to the shortest route to the nearest police court.

Our good Doctor ROOSE *in urbe*, has just published a *brochure*, dealing with the origin, treatment, and prevention (for there is apparently no cure) of the fell disease to which, and for a multitude of whose victims, Father DAMIEN died a martyr. If in the Doctor's treatment of this subject after his own peculiar fashion *à la Roose*, he can help to alleviate present suffering and materially assist the crusade now being undertaken against this common enemy, he will have contributed his share of energy in starting 1890 hopefully.

Those who suffer from indigestion at this festive season, and wish to intensify the effects of the malady, will do well to read a new book entitled *Master of his Fate*, by J. MACLAREN COBBAN, who, if he does not write well, that is, judging his style from a hypercritical purist's point of view, yet contrives to interest you with a story almost as sensational as that of *Hyde and Jekyll*. The *Master of his Fate* might have had for its second title, *Or, The Accomplished Modern Vampire*, the hero being a sort of a vampire, but not one of the good old school.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



“THE SERVANTS.”

Lady Patroness (Registry Office of Charitable Society). “AND WHY ARE YOU LEAVING YOUR PRESENT PLACE?”
 Small Applicant. “PLEASE, ‘M, THE LADY SAID SHE CAN DO WITH A LESS EXPERIENCED SERVANT!”

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. II.—PREPARATION.

SCENE.—The Theatre of the provincial town of Blankbury. A company of Amateurs, the “Thespian Wanderers,” are rehearsing the well-known Comedy of “Heads or Tails?” Amongst them are our friends BUCKSTONE BOLDERO, TIFFINGTON SPINKS, CHARLIE GUSHBY, and HARRY HALL. Besides these, we may note Colonel THOMAS CLUMK, an ex-military Amateur, who devotes more time to acting small parts and talking big about them than he ever did to soldiering. Then there is ANDREW JARP, a portly and elderly partner in a considerable firm of Solicitors, and an actor who, by long practice, has grown perfect in the part of a Family Butler. His office is in the City, and he drives down to it every morning in a private brougham, fitted with a looking-glass, by the help of which he studies the air and deportment characteristic of a modern Seneschal. He is a man of few words, off as well as on the stage; but his eyes flash fury if he hears his favourite Art derided by the scoffer. HORATIO SPUFFIL is also in the cast. He has dabbled in literature, but has lately abandoned such frivolity, and been elected a Member of the London County Council. A few rising Amateur Supers complete the male portion of the cast. The Ladies’ parts are played by professional Actresses, of the Theatres Royal generally, who happen to be, as they pleasantly express it in their advertisements in the “Era,” “resting”—MISS DOROTHY SHUTTLE, Miss AMELIA SLIMPER, who are new to the Amateurs, and KITTY LARKINGS, who has “assisted” the “Thespian Wanderers” before. BOLDERO is Stage Manager. The Stage is occupied by SPINKS (as Colonel DEBENHAM, a retired Indian Officer), GUSHBY (as TOM TILBURY, a comic Country Squire), and DOROTHY SHUTTLE (as BELINDA, Nurserymaid in the family of Lord and Lady SHORTHORN, represented respectively by BOLDERO and Miss AMELIA).

Boldero (from the front of the house).! Stop a moment! You know we really must settle what we are to do about those two children that Belinda’s got to wheel on in the double perambulator. I asked the

Duchess of MIDDLESEX to lend us her twins for a couple of nights, but she writes to say they’ve just got the measles. Isn’t there any one here who can help us? [The three Ladies titter.]

Gushby (in whose breast the leading part played by SPINKS still rankles). Why not let SPINKS do it? He’s always wanting to “double” parts, and here’s a splendid chance for him.

Spinks (coldly). That’s very funny—really very funny, GUSHBY. It’s a pity “Colonel DEBENHAM” (alluding to his own rôle in the comedy) isn’t a clown’s part. I’d give it up to you right off, if it was. Ha, ha! (bitterly).

Colonel Clumk. There’s a man in my old regiment who’s got two red-haired brats; but he wants ten shillings a night for ’em.

Boldero. That’s pretty stiff. However, I’ll inspect them tomorrow. Let’s get on a bit now. Come, SPINKS!

Spinks. Where were we? (With an air of intense annoyance.) These constant interruptions put one off so. Oh, yes, I remember. (Resumes rehearsing the part of “Colonel DEBENHAM.”) “Nursemaid, take those squalling infants away. I’m surprised at Lady SHORTHORN permitting them in the drawing-room. Wheel them away at once—at once, I say; or I’ll make curry-powder of the lot of you!”

Miss Dorothy Shuttle (as “BELINDA”). “Well, I’m sure; I never was so spoken to afore. (To her imaginary children.) Did the horrid man scold them, then, pretty dears? (To DEBENHAM.) You a Colonel? You ain’t fit to be a General in the Salvation Army. Impudence!” [Exit, wheeling an imaginary perambulator.]

Boldero (enthusiastically). Excellent! That couldn’t have been done better. When we get the perambulator and the babies, it’s bound to go. (Miss DOROTHY SHUTTLE is much pleased, and foresees several stalls being taken on the occasion of her next benefit.) Now, then (to SPINKS, who thinks it a mistake that a Stage Manager should stop to praise anybody, with one exception, of course, at rehearsal), SPINKS, hurry up a bit, hurry up!

Spinks. My dear BOLDERO, I’m perfectly ready to begin as soon as ever the talking stops. I know my cues, I fancy; but it’s quite hopeless to get on if everybody wants to talk at the same moment. (Resumes his part as “Colonel DEBENHAM,” shaking his fist at the departing BELINDA.) “Impertinent mix! (Turns furiously on GUSHBY, who is on the stage in the character of TILBURY, the comic

Squire.) And you, Sir, what in the name of fifty thousand jackasses, do you mean by standing there grinning from ear to ear like a buck nigger? But I'll not stand it any longer, Sir, not for a moment. D'ye hear, you miserable turnip-faced bumpkin, d'ye hear?" (Carried away by histrionic enthusiasm, SPINKS brings his fist down violently on the precise spot where a table ought to be, but is not, standing. As a natural result, he hits himself with much force on his leg. The others laugh, and the Ladies turn away giggling, feeling that they ought to be sympathetic. The unfortunate SPINKS hurts himself considerably, and is furious. Coming, as it were, right out of the part, and being temporarily himself again, only in a rage, he addresses the Stage Manager.) Upon my soul, BOLDERO, this is perfectly infamous. How often have I begged you to get that table placed there at all costs, and time after time you forget it. I know what it is; you want to make me ridiculous. But you'll be d—— (suddenly remembers that ladies are present, and substitutes a milder expletive)—confoundedly sorry for yourself when you find I'm too lame to act, and the whole of your precious piece will be ruined. You'll none of you get notices worth twopence from the critics.

[Limps up and down the Stage.]
Miss Amelia Slimper (rather a novice, and anxious to make useful acquaintances among the distinguished Amateurs—to Miss KITTY, whispering). Are they very keen about notices?

Miss Kitty (experienced in Amateurs). Keen! I should think they were. They talk about nothing else when it's over.

Boldero (peaceably). Well, SPINKS, you know you smashed two tables last week, and I thought we agreed to rehearse without one. But I'll see it's there next time. Now then, JARP! Where's JARP? This is his entrance. Where the deuce is he? (Enter JARP as "Mr. BINNS, Butler to Lord SHORTHORN"). Dear me, JARP, what have you been up to?

Jarp (exceed). What have I been up to? I'll tell you. I've been learning my part, and it would be a good thing if everybody were to follow my example, instead of talking all day.

Boldero. JARP, don't be sarcastic. It doesn't suit you. Let's see if you know your part, after all this.

JARP (as BINNS, without moving a muscle). "Er Ladyship's compliments, Colonel DEBENHAM, and she would like to see you."

Spinks (as DEBENHAM). "Very well. Tell her I'll come."

Jarp (as BINNS). "Yes, Sir."

[Exit JARP as BINNS, but immediately becomes JARP, and complains to the young Ladies that these fellows never will rehearse properly. The professional Ladies sympathise with

him, and admit that it is very provoking, and Miss AMELIA takes the opportunity of expressing her confident opinion that he, JARP, will play his part admirably, and only wonders that he hasn't got more to do. Then somehow the conversation wanders towards professional matters, and the probability of Miss AMELIA being engaged next season at a fashionable London Theatre, &c., &c.

Miss Dorothy (aside, in a whisper, to Miss KITTY, alluding to JARP's recent exit). Is that all he's got to say?

Miss Kitty (in same tone to Miss DOROTHY). Not quite. He says, "Er Ladyship is served!" in the next Act. A part like that takes a deal of learning.

[The rehearsal proceeds. SPUFFEL does wonders as "a young man about town"; Colonel CLUMK performs the part of a Country Clergyman in a manner suggestive rather of a Drill-sergeant than a Vicar. BOLDERO having praised SPINKS, is pronounced by the latter to be unapproachable as Lord SHORTHORN. In the Third Act, HALL sings his song about "the Boy in Buttons." On the previous day, he had had a difference with SPINKS and BOLDERO.

Boldero. I think that song's out of place. What say you, SPINKS? Spinks. Well, it does sound just a trifle vulgar.

Boldero. Yes. I think we shall have to cut it, HALL. It'll do for next year just as well. You can make it fit any piece?

Hall (pale, but determined). If that song goes, I go too. Oh, yes, SPINKS, it's all very well for you to be so blessed polite to BOLDERO, but you didn't seem to think much of his acting (observes SPUFFEL smiling) no, nor of SPUFFEL's either, when you spoke to me yesterday: and as for GUSHBY, why we all know what GUSHBY is.

[All join in the fight, which continues for ten minutes.]

Boldero (looking at his watch). Good heavens! we shall miss our train, and I've promised to look in on IRVING to-night. He'd never forgive me if I didn't turn up.

[Smiles of quiet intelligence appear on the faces of the other Amateurs, accompanied with a few winks, which like "laughter in Court," are "immediately suppressed." Exeunt omnes, severally, each pleased with himself, and more or less disgusted with everybody else.]

Miss Amelia (to KITTY). What a funny lot! Are they like that every year?

Miss Kitty. Yes, always. But (confidentially) they do come out strong for a "hen."

[They retire to their lodgings for a little quiet tea and a rest.]

A MID-WINTER'S NIGHT'S DREAM.



SURELY AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS has triumphed and beaten the record! For the last nine years it has been the cry, "There never was so good a Pantomime as this one," and now again the shout is repeated. *Jack and the Beanstalk* is the eleventh of the series, and the best, "How it is done?" only AUGUSTUS can answer. The Annual (no longer, alas! written by the gentle and genial E. L. B.) has an excellent book. It contains something of all sorts. Now we have SHAKESPEARE'S fairy-land with *Oberon, Titania, and Puck*, then HARRY NICHOLS'S Royal Palace with Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL and Miss HARRIET VERNON, then Madame KATTI LANNER'S Market Place, with a number of the most promising of her pupils (of all ages too, from the tiny child to the "ceased-growing-a-long-while-ago") then Mrs. SIMPSON'S Back Garden, with Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST JUNIOR as a giant, Mr. DAN LENO as a widow, and the Brothers GRIFFITHS as the Cow Company Limited, and lastly, controlling the whole, we have Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS who is seen at his very best when we reach the Giant's Library and the realms of Olympus.

And this Pantomime is not only beautiful but amusing. It has two grand processions, but this year, by good stage-management, neither is tedious. The Shakspearean Heroines do a little play-acting between whiles, and the gods and goddesses, or rather their attendants, manoeuvre before the eye becomes weary of watching their approach. For instance, Mars has scarcely time to swagger down to the foot-lights in the most appropriate and approved fashion,

before he finds himself called upon to stand near a private box on the prompt side, to be well out of the way of his dancing terpsichorean satellites. *Lady Macbeth* has hardly "taken the daggers" before *King Lear* (Mr. LORRAINE) is bringing a furtive tear to the eyes of all beholders (one tear is sufficient at Christmastide) by his touching pantomime in the presence of his three fair daughters.

Then, too, Mr. HARRY PAYNE has his chance, and makes the most of it. It was quite pleasant to see the Clown on Boxing-Night, and those who left the theatre mindful of trains that will not delay the hours fixed for their departure, must have determined (if they were wise people) to come again to witness the remainder of the performances. Then those who liked acrobats had the Leopold Troupe, and a strong man who lifted up a horse (but did not have his own name, or the name of his charger, on the programme) to delight them. And it was also a pleasing reflection to remember that the entertainment was the result of solid hard work, combined with excellent judgment and taste. Paterfamilias could say to Young Hopeful home for the holidays, "See here, my lad, the lessee of our National Theatre could never have caused us so much thorough enjoyment had he not worked with a will that you will do well to imitate when you return to Dr. SWISHTALES' Academy at the conclusion of the Christmas vacation." And so all can cry with genuine enthusiasm:—"Ave, AUGUSTUS! Ave, DRURIOLANUS! Ave, IMPERATOR! Ave! Ave!—and NICHOLS!"

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans; je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XVI.

"MIDNIGHT'S meridian is supposed to mark
The bond twixt toil and slumber.
Light and dark
Mete out the lives of mortals
In happy alternation," said my guide.
"Six hours must fleet ere Phœbus
shall set wide
His glowing orient portales.
"The last loud halloo at the tavern-
door [the poor
Long since has driven the reckless and
From misery's only haven
Forth on the chilling night. 'All out!
All out!'
Less sad would fall on bibulous souls,
The refrain of the Raven.
"London lies shuttered close. Law's
measured beat
Falls echoing down the shadow-
chequered street;
A distant cab-wheel clatters;
The waatrel's drunken cry, the wai's low
mean,
Reach not the ear of tired Philistia, prone,
Dreaming of other matters."
The Shadow's slow subacid speech, I knew,
Foreboded more than mirth. Downward we
drew,
Silent, and all un-noted,
O'er sleeping Shopdom. Sleeping? Closer
quest
Might prove it one vast Valley of Unrest
O'er which we mutely floated.
"Post-midnight peace," I said, "must fall
like balm,
After the long day's turmoil, on this calm,
Close-clustering, lamp-lit city."
"Peace?" aighed the Shadow. "She of the
white dove
Is not less partial in her gifts than Love,
Or Wealth, or Worldly Pity.
"See yon close-shuttered shop! Peace
broodeth there,
You deem perchance; but look within. A
lair
Of midnight smugglers, stirring
At the sea's signal, scarce seems more agog.
And yet each toiler a heart lie like a log,
Sleep each tired eye is blurring.
"Feet scuttle, fingers fleet, pena work apace;
A whipt-up zeal marks every pallid face;
One voice austere, sonorous,
Chides, threatens, sometimes curseas. How
they flush,
Its victims silent, tame! That voice would
hush
A seraph-choir in chorus.
"Strident, sardonio, stern; the harrying
sound
Lashes them like a flail the long hours round,
Till to strained nerves 'twere sweeter
To silence it with one fierce passionate grip,
Than into some bland Lotos Land to slip,
And moon out life to metre.
"From early morn till midnight these poor
slaves [craves
Have 'served the public;' now, when nature
Rest from the strain and scurry
Of Shopdom's servitude, they still must wake
Some weary hours, though hands with fever
shake
And nerves are racked with worry.
"Though the great streets are still, the
shutters up,
Gaa flares within, and ere they sleep or sup
These serfa of Competition



Must clean, and sort and sum. There's much
to do
Behind these scenes set fair to public view
By hucksters of position.
"The shop-assistant's Sabbath has begun!
His sixteen hours long Saturday has run
Its wearing course and weary.
The last light's out, and many an aching head
At last, at last, seeks in a lonely bed
A dreamland dim and dreary.
"In roseate visions shall racked souls rejoice
Haunted by echoes of that harrying voice?
Nay, friend, uncounted numbers
Of victims to commercial strain and stress,
Seek nought more sweet than dull forgetful-
ness
In the short night's scant slumbers."
"Too sombre Spirit, hath the opening year
No scenes of gayer hope and gentler cheer?
Is all beneath night's curtain
In this vast city void of promise glad?
Are all the guests of midnight spectrea sad,
And suffering and uncertain?"
So I addressed the Shadow. "Friend," he
smiled. ['untiled,'
"Twas 'lurid London' that you wished
Most secret things are sinister.
Innocent mirth needs no Ithnriel spear
To make its inner entity appear.
Still, to your mood I'll minister.
"Not long-drawn Labour only breaks the
rest
Of London's night. Society in quest
Of Gold's sole rival, Pleasure,
Makes little of the bounds of dark and day.
Night's hours lead on a dance as glad and gay
As the old Horae's measure.
"Look!" Such a burst of laughter shook
the room
As might dispel a desert anchorite's gloom.
Flushed faces keen and clever
Contorted wildly; such mirth-moving shape
Was taken by that genial histriion's jape
As mobs are mute at never.
A long soft-lighted room, the muffled beat
On carpets soft of watchful waiters' feet
In deft attendance gliding;
A table spread with toothsome morsels, fit
For the night-feast of genius, wealth and wit,
Of a skilled chef's providing.
Good fellowship, *bonnes bouches*, right pleasant
tales
Of *bonnes fortunes!* Here a quaint cynic rails,
There an enthusiast gushes.

Oay talk flows on, not in a rolling stream,
But with the brooklet's intermittent gleam
And brisk irradiant rushea.
Side-lights from all Society shift here
Reflected in keen *not* and jocund jeer,
Wild jest, and waggish whimsey.
Stagedom dirobed and Statecraft in undress,
Stars of the Art-world, pillars of the Press,
Sage solid, *flâneur* flimsy,
All cross and counter here; they lounge and
sup:
The fragrant smoke-cloud and the foaming
cup
Tickle their eager senses.
What care these for the clock, whilat banter
flows [roea
And dainty "snacks" and toothsome herring-
The distant cook dispensea?
"How different these," my calm companion
said, [for bed
"From the crowd yonder! These yearn not
As rest from leaden labour.
The night may be far spent, the Sabbath
dawns,
But here no dull brain-palsied drowser yawns
At his half-nodding neighbour.
"With wit, and wealth, and wine, the hours
of night
In sombre Babylon may dispense delight.
These revellers, slumber-scorning,
Radiant and well-arrayed, will stop, and stop.
Till waiters drowse. But then, yon slaves of
Shop
Must meet a different morning."
(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN UNSATISFACTORY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
—We can well understand and sympathise
with you in your disappointment on discover-
ing that you had been deceived as to the
amount of intelligence possessed by the
Learned Pig that you had been induced
to purchase as a Christmas present for your
invalid Grandfather. It must have been very
annoying, after having imagined that you had
provided your aged relative with a nice long
winter's evening amusement resulting from
the creature's advertised powers of telling
fortunes and apelling sentences with a pack
of ordinary playing cards, to receive a letter
from the housekeeper bitterly complaining
of its performance, which seems merely to
have consisted of eating all the tea-cake, biting
a housemaid, getting between your Grand-
father's legs and upsetting him in his arm-
chair, and, finally, when pursued, trying to
obtain refuge in the grand piano. You cannot
be surprised after this experience, that it
has been intimated to you that if you do not
take the creature yourself away at once, it
will be forthwith handed over to the first
policeman that passca. Yea, spite the pig's
reputed intellectual gifts, we would advise
you to close with the pork-butcher's offer
you mention. When the creature has been
cut up, send your Grandfather some of the
sansagea. This may possibly appease the old
gentleman, and serve to allay the irritation
that your unfortunate Christmas gift appears
to have occasioned.

THE NORTH WALLS.—The Sporting Cor-
respondent of the *Sunday Times* tells us that
Colonel North is "having a new ball-room
built"—(he wouldn't have an old one built,
would he? But no matter)—"the walls of
which are composed of onyx." Of course, a
Billionaire paya all the workmen punctually
and regularly; therefore, "Owe-nix" walls
are an appropriate memorial. *Si monumen-
tum quaeris, circumspice.*

DARES AND ENTELLUS.

(New Non-Virgilian Version told by Punchius to the Shade of Sayerius in the Elysian Fields. With Intercalary Observations by the Illustrious ex-Pugilist.)



Mr. Punch. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, TOM?"

Shade of Sayers. "THINK!" (Disgusted.) "WHY, I THINK THE SOONER THE P. R.'S PUT DOWN, THE BETTER!"

THEN bulky DARES in the ring appears,
 Chucking his "castor" in 'midst husky cheers.
 DARES, the so-called "Champion" of his land,
 Who met the great KILRAINUS hand to hand,
 And at the Pelicanus strove—in vain—
 The Ethiopian's onset to sustain.
 Such DARES was, and such he strode along,
 And drew hoarse homage from the howling throng.

His brawny breast and bulky arms he shows,
 His lifted fists around his head he throws,
 Huge caveats to the inadvertent nose.
 But DARES, who, although a sinewy brute,
 Had not of late increased his old repute,
 Looked scarce like one prepared for gain or loss,
 And scornful of the surreptitious "cross;"

Rather the kind of cove who tackled fair
 Would think more of the "corner" than
 "the square."
 ("Ah! bust him, yes!" SAYERIUS here put in.
 "He meant to tie or wrangle, not to win.
 I'd like to—well, all right, I will not say:
 But 'twasn't so at Farnborough in my day.")
 Next stout ENTELLUS for the strife prepares,
 Strips off his ulster, and his body bares,

Composed of mighty bone and brawn he stands,
 A six-foot straight, "fine fellow of his hands."
 ENTELLUS, Champion of the Austral realm,
 Whose sight fat DARES seemed to overwhelm.
 ("Yah!" cried SAYERIUS, "brave HEENANUS stood
 Well over me; yes, and his grit was good.
 But did I funk the Big 'Un from the fust?
 No, nor when nine times I had bit the dust!")
 They both attentive stand with eyes intent,
 Their arms well up, their bodies backward bent.
 One on his clamorous "Corner" most relies;
 The other on his sinews and his size.
 Unequal in success, they ward, they strike,
 Their styles are different, but their aims alike.
 Big blows are dealt; stout DARES hops around,
 His pulpy sides the rattling thumps resound.
 ("He always was a fleshy 'un, yer know,"
 Said brave SAYERIUS. "But on yer go!")
 Steady and straight ENTELLUS stands his ground,
 Although already rowdy rows abound.
 His hand and watchful eyes keep even pace,
 While DARES traverses and shifts his place,
 And, like a cornered rat in a big pit,
 Keeps off, and doesn't like the job a bit.
 ("No, that I'll bet!" the brave SAYERIUS said,
 "Wish I'd been there to punch his bloomin' 'ed!")
 More on his feet than fists the cur relies,
 And on that crowded "Corner" keeps his eyes.
 With straightening shots ENTELLUS threatens the foe,
 But DARES dodges the descending blow,
 And back into his Corner 'a prompt to go,
 Where bludgeon, knuckleduster, knotted sticks,
 Foul sickening blows and cruel coward kicks
 Are in his interest on ENTELLUS rained
 At every point that plucky boxer gained.
 ("Oh!" groaned SAYERIUS. "And this sort of thing
 Wos let go on, with gents around the Ring!")
 In vain ENTELLUS gave sly DARES snuff;
 DARES already felt he'd had enough;
 But twenty ruffians, thralls of bets and "booze,"
 Had sworn could he not win he should not lose.
 DARES, you see, was "Champion" of his land,
 And these were "Trojans all" you'll understand.
 ("Champion be blowed!" SAYERIUS said. "Wus luck,
 They wosn't Trojans. This is British pluck!")
 Then from the Corner fiendish howls arise,
 And oaths and execrations rend the skies.
 ENTELLUS stoutly to the fight returned,
 Kicked, punched and mauled, his eyes with fury burned,
 Disdain and conscious courage fired his breast,
 And with redoubled force his foe he pressed,
 Laid on with either hand like anything,
 And headlong drove his rival round the Ring;
 Nor stops nor stays, nor rest, nor breath allows.
 Thereon the Corner raised redoubled rows,
 Yelled false alarms of "Rescue!" heaved half-bricks,
 And murderous missiles and unmanly kicks
 Poured on ENTELLUS, whilst fat DARES slunk
 Between his bullies, like a shabby skunk. [GULLIES
 ("Bah!" growled SAYERIUS. "Fancy CRIBBS or
 Backing down under guard of blackguard bullies!")
 But now the Ref., who saw the row increase,
 Declared a "draw," and houted the combat cease.
 ("A draw?" SAYERIUS shouted. "Wos he drunk?
 Or had he, like the rest, a fit of funk?")
 "This," PUNCHIUS said, "ended the precious game.
 In which all, save ENTELLUS, suffered shame.
 SAYERIUS mine, I trust you take delight
 In this description of a Champion Fight!"

"A Fight," SAYERIUS shouted. "Oh, get out!
 It was a 'barney.' If this ruffian rout
 Of cheats and 'bashers' now surround the Ring,
 You'd better stop it as a shameful thing.
 In JACKSON'S time, and even in my day,
 It did want courage, and did mean fair play—
 Most times, at least. But don't mix up this muck
 With tales of rough-and-tumble British pluck.
 I'd like to shake ENTELLUS by the hand,
 And give that DARES—wot he'd understand
 Better, you bet, than being fair or "game,"
 Or trying to keep up the Old Country's name!
 But anyhow, if Boxing 'a sunk so low
 As this, why, hang it, PUNCHIUS, let it go!"
 Said Punch, as from the Elysian Fields he strode,
 "If you're not right, SAYERIUS mine, I'm blowed!"



STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

Algy (patronisingly). "ULLO, JIM!—WHAT—YOU PLAY THE BANJO? YOU LUCKY DOO, YOU POSSESS ALL THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS I LACK!"
 Jim (modestly). "OH, NONSENSE! WHY, YOU'RE MAKING ME OUT A REGULAR CRICHTON!"

WORK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

New Year's Day (or thereabouts), 1890.

EVERY fellow says you are such a good chap, and what every fellow says must be true. Now we want you to do us a good turn. We wish you would write down "holiday tasks." It is such a beastly shame that fellows home for "the Yule-Tide Vacation" (as our Head Master calls it), should have to be stewing away at all sorts of beastly things. No—if we are to do anything in the working line, let us have a paper like the subjoined, which, at any rate, will test our knowledge of what we have been doing during the holidays. You will see I have added the answers in the manner I think they should be given to secure full marks. Believe me, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours sincerely, SMITH MINIMUS.

1. Give a short account of your Christmas dinner, distinguishing between the sustenance for the body, and the food for the mind.

Answer. Whole affair stunning. Turkey and mince-pies first-rate. Champagne might have been drier—but, tol lol! Uncle BOB rather prosy, but his girls capital fun. Tips satisfactory.

2. What do you know of (1) the Pantomime at the Crystal Palace, (2) the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall, and (3) the Panorama of Waterloo at Ashley Place?

Answer. (1.) Aladdin is the subject of the Palace Pantomime, which is not half bad. Mr. DAUBAN, as usual, capital, and the dresses quite Drury Lane form. Scenery, too, (especially Willow-pattern Plate) up to the mark, if not more so. (2.) World's Fair, at Agricultural Hall, rather mixed. Excellent menagerie—good old BLONDIN—but side-shows second-rate. Shakspearian Pantalone in one of the latter seemed to be enjoying Christmas in the old-fashioned manner. (3.) Panorama of Waterloo, not only patriotic, but artistic. Regular good set-to between the Highlanders and French Cuirassiers. Skull in the Relics Department—pretty ornament for the Annual Banquet at the Surgeons' Hall.

3. Given a traveller from Charing Cross to St. Clement's Danes, describe the places of interest he would pass during the journey.

Answer. I think the best way of flooring this question is to say what I should do if I made the voyage. Take a cup of chocolate at Aerated Bread

Company, with two pennyworth of butter and cake; then to the Lowther Arcade, to get some toys for the young 'uns. Next, to GATTI'S Restaurant for Lunch. Being a good day for *Matinées*, look in at TERRY'S for First Act of *Sweet Lavender*, then to the Opéra Comique for Second Act of *Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*; lastly, wind up with a bit of *Our Flat* at the Strand. Dine quietly at the Gaiety before seeing the *Dead Heart* at the Lyceum, which will produce an appetite, to be appeased only at RULE'S, where you can take a light supper—then to bed.

4. Do you think that the Head Master of your school would derive any benefit from a closer association with the Metropolis? If you do, give your reason for such an opinion.

Answer. I decidedly think old SWINHALE would be better for a week (under supervision) in London. Might take him to the Empire, the Pav., and to see *Ruy Blas*, or the *Blasé Roué*. If it did him no other good, it would afford him a topic for conversation at lesson time.

JUSTICE AT HIGH-PRESSURE.

(Or what it has nearly come to in Judges' Chambers.)

SCENE—Room in Royal Courts divided by railing into two parts. First part occupied by Chief Clerk seated in front of table covered with papers. Second part filled with Solicitors' Clerks hustling one another in the endeavour to attract attention. List for the day's causes about six yards long.



Chief Clerk (after three hours' hard work). Now, Gentlemen, one at a time. SMITH versus BROWN!

Six Solicitors' Representatives (speaking together). Won't take a minute in—only an order to—

Chief Clerk. One at a time, Gentlemen! Who has the conduct of this matter?

First Solicitor's Representative. I have, Sir. It's an order to sell some freehold land. We have half a dozen valuations, and we want you to decide the conditions of sale.

Chief Clerk. Hand in the documents, and let the matter be submitted to the conveying counsel for a draft. Adjourned for a week. Next, please! JONES versus ROBINSON!

Second Solicitor's Representative (forcing his way to the front). This suit has been going on for six years, and we have got to second further consideration. By the recent statute, Sir, you now have to tax the costs.

Chief Clerk. Very well; hand them in, and when I have looked through them I will give you an appointment to proceed. Next, please! SNOOKS versus TOMPKINS!

Third Solicitor's Representative. Settlement of certificate. There are eighteen parties to this suit, and we have seventeen present—the eighteenth would be here, but I fancy the gentleman in charge of the matter has the influenza, and—

Chief Clerk (relieved). Oh, very well, then; as we can't proceed behind his back, we must adjourn it. SHRIMP versus LAMBKIN!

Fourth Solicitor's Representative (promptly). Rather a hard case, Sir. One of the beneficiaries, who presumably is entitled to the interest on £20,000 for six years, is in urgent need of five pounds, and—

Chief Clerk (looking at summons). Are you opposed?

Fifth Solicitor's Representative. Certainly, Sir; although my client instructs me to say that he too considers it a hard case, and—

Chief Clerk (interrupting). I have no power, then, to make an order; but, of course, if you like, I will put it in the Judges' list. Application refused. BUNKUM versus TINSEL!

Sixth Solicitor's Representative. Remuneration of Receiver, Sir. You have the papers.

Chief Clerk (glancing at documents). I think the Receiver had some special trouble in the matter.

Seventh Solicitor's Representative. Yes, Sir. I appear for him, and he tells me he has employed six clerks.

Chief Clerk. Quite so—commission at seven per cent. PEACE versus GOODWILL!

Eighth Solicitor's Representative. Proceed with accounts. We object to item 29—gravestone to testator. Will said that the funeral was to be of the simplest character, and—

Chief Clerk. I see. Disallowed. What other items are objected to?

Ninth Solicitor's Representative. Nos. 33, 44, 87, 136, 150 to 506 inclusive: but, Sir, as some of these may take some time, and we are not quite prepared—

Chief Clerk. Very well. Adjourned for three months. WYLD versus SHEPHEAR and Others!

Tenth Solicitor's Representative. We wish to suspend the

Manager of the Restaurant in this matter. It is alleged that he—

Chief Clerk (who has glanced at the papers). I shall not deal myself with this matter, but put it in the Judges' list. And now, Gentlemen, as I have to attend his Lordship in his own Chambers, I am afraid the other matters must be adjourned to another occasion. [Exit into inner Apartment hurriedly.]

Ninth Solicitor's Representative. And he has only got to number seventeen on the 11:30 list! Too bad!

Chorus of Solicitors' Representatives. Another morning wasted! But it's not his fault; he works hard enough! But, why don't they get enough men to do the business?

[Exeunt to appease their clients, who are impatiently waiting to hear the result of their various applications. Forceful language, and Curtain.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

REMINGTON'S *Annual* is a Remington which should go off well. This is the report of it—from the Baron—who says, get it, and read it. *A Fleety Show*, by W. H. POLLOCK. Those who remember *The Green Lady* and other Stories, will be delighted with this. A very quaint idea, which would have borne further elaboration.

I came across a story, new to me, but not new, I dare say, to many of my readers—I mean *Cashel Byron's Profession*, by G. BERNARD SHAW. To those who have yet the pleasure to come of reading this one-volume novel, I say, emphatically, get it. The notion is original. The stage-mechanism of the plot is antiquated; but, for all that, it serves its purpose. It is thoroughly interesting. Only one skilling, in the Novocastrian Series. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



ROBERT ON GOOD OLD KRISMUS.

OF course I don't kne how jolly Old Krismus affects other peepel, but I do kno how it affects me, and that is, that I allus feels pertieklar kind to pore ragged littel children, such as we sees in sum of our back-streets and sitch places, and ewerybody can therefore understand without werry much trubble how werry pleased I was at what append the other day, and how jolly prowd I was at being allend to have my little share in it.

I ofshyated the other day at a werry werry nice party of about twenty, at one of our best Tavverns, and they was about as nice and brite and jewial a set of Gents as I have had the honner of waiting on for sunn time parst. They larfed and they chatted away as I likes to see 'em, cos I nos from my long experience that them 's the sort of Gents as is allus werry libberal to the pore Waiters. Well, one of the werry britest and wittiest of 'em all, jest about the time as the sperrits is the highest, wiz., about a hower after dinner, when the wine is a having its werry best effect, pulls a paper out of his pocket that was ruled all over, and had a lot of names on it, and he says, says he, with his werry britest smile, "We've all had a jolly nice dinner, and plenty of good honest fun, and I now want you all to join me in a reel good lark;" and they all looks at him quite hegerly. Then he says, "If you will every one of you give me a shilling, I will let you have a chance in my lottery, where they is all prizes and no blanks, and the prizes will give as much plezzur and appyness," says he, "as the jolly good dinner we has all just had."

So they all larfed at the funny idear, and they past the paper round, and ewery one on 'em sined his name and cashed up a shilling.

"I now garrantees," I think he sed, "that for ewery shilling you have given me no less than twenty-four pore littel children shall have a good dinner; and so, as there is jest twenty of us, we shall have purwid a good dinner for no less than fore hunderd and hayty pore littel hungry children!"

I was that estonished at this wunderfull rewelashun that I was struck dum for a minnet, while the jolly party rapped the table and cried, "Bravo!" But I soon pulled myself together, and, going up quietly behind the kind-arted Gent, I says, in a whisper, "Please, Sir, will you kindly let me be a subscriber?" And he did, and I paid my shilling, and sined my name, amid the cheers of the cumpany, and then retired, as proud as a Alderman. But what a fact for an Hed Waiter to ponder hover! A dinner for a hapenny! and the dinner as this jolly party had bin a eating cost, I dessay, quite thirty shillings a head, which I makes out to be, not being a werry grand skoller, about enuff for some seven hunderd pore children's dinners! I leaves to stronger heds than mine to calkerlate how many pore children the bill for the hole twenty wood have paid for; BROWN says ewer so many thousands; but BROWN does always zagerate so.

ROBERT.

“HER MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION.”

AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS IMPERATOR, of course, represents “the Government,” and Messrs. H. J. LESLIE and HARRIS (CHARLES of that ilk) are “Her Majesty's Opposition,” who are to be congratulated on their Pantomime of *Cinderella* at Her Majesty's Theatre.



Having purchased the book,—which must be classed among the “good books” of the season,—I can say decidedly that there is a considerable, though not a material, difference between the Pantomime *Cinderella* “as she is wrote” by the two pretty men “Messrs. RICHARD and HENRY,”—whose surnames, I am informed, are synonymous with those of a great English theologian and a still greater English astronomer,—and “the Pantomime *Cinderella*” as she is now performed at Her Majesty's. “Cut and run” must ever be the motto of the Playright's and the theatrical Manager's action; but what astonished me, before I consulted the book, was the omission on the stage of the striking dramatic climax,—especially striking, because a clock is involved in it,—of *Cinderella's* story.

Could I believe my eyes, when, after a magnificent ball-room scene, where the colours are grouped with consummate skill and taste, I saw the handsome Prince, Miss ROBINA, *remplaçante* of Miss VIOLET CAMERON, lead to her place in the centre of that glittering throng the *petite et pétillante Cinderella* in her Court dress, wearing her little glass slippers (very little slippers, and very little glass), and then, nothing happened, except that the next Scene descended, and hid them from view.

But, Heavens! had the Clock in the Palace Yard stopped? Had its works got out of order? Had it followed the example of the Dock and Gasmen, and “struck,” by refusing to strike? Ah! “Inventor and Producer,” Ah! Mr. H. J. LESLIE, “Ah!” to everyone who had a hand in this sacrilege; “Ah!” on behalf of Messrs. RICHARD and HENRY, who could not have yielded this point except under a strong protest,—please restore this. We would all of us from eight years old (permitted by Home licence to go to theatres at night during Christmas holidays), and up to over fifty (compelled to go to look after the others, and delighted to do so)—we would all of us rather hear the clock strike twelve, see *Cinderella* in rags, running for bare life, see the Prince in despair at the flight of his partner, on whose

Extraordinary Omission from the Shakspeare Tableaux at Her Majesty's, when they had the materials at hand—

down for sixteen more valses and gallops, than witness a black-and-white dance, with fans, pretty in itself, and set to very pretty Solomonesque music, but meaningless as regards plot.

Here is the stage-direction—“At the end of song”—which should have been a National song, by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, but wasn't—in fact, there was no song at all, as well as I can remember, though I rather think the crowd were always more or less singing a chorus,—“clock strikes.” If it did, I didn't hear it. If it did, why didn't the characters behave as such, and on *Cinderella's* saying what the authors have written, and which I am positive I didn't hear,

“What shall I do? the hour has struck at last!
I hope to goodness that that clock 's too fast!”

why didn't they execute a “Hurried Gallop,” and why wasn't the stage-direction, “The Ball breaks up,”—the printer prefers “breakes up,”—“in wild confusion” carried out? No one knows



“THE TWO MACS.”

better than this present scribe what changes are necessitated at the last moment, and after the book is published. But an alteration which omits the point of the story is scarcely an improvement. It does not affect me that the demon *Scroogins* was reduced comparatively to a dummy, for poor Mr. SHIEL BARRY was suffering from dreadful hearseness, and could hardly speak, much less sing. There were originally too many plums in the pudding. The knock-about scene by the Two ARMSTRONGS, in imitation of our old friends the Two MACS, very ingeniously introduced as *James the First* and *James the Second*, Royal Footmen, is immensely funny. *Cinderella's* jodelling lullaby is pretty. All the music is bright and lively, and I fancy that though there are the names of four or five Composers to the hill, Conductor SOLOMON,—who keeps them all going, and sticks to his beat with the tenacity of a policeman,—has done the major part of it, and the minor too. Bravo, Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON! “What's a hat without a head?” and what's a Noroestra without a NED? Mr. ALFRED CELLIER is responsible for a charming minuet.

One more question—Where were “the Lyrics by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT?” Is Mr. LESLIE satisfied with one Lyric in Shaftesbury Avenue? And is he keeping back Mr. SCOTT's for his next Opera? Perhaps though, as Miss VIOLET CAMERON now appears as the Prince, the lyrics are sweetly sung, which is an inducement to revisit *Cinderella chez elle*.

The Transformation Scene is very effective. Will the Public ever regain their taste for the short Pantomime, with one Big Show in it, and an hour's Harlequinade. JACK IN THE PRIVATE BOX.

A JAPANESE BELLE.

“This tiny Japanese lady, whom you left, as you thought, on the lid of the glove-box at home.”—Sir Edwin Arnold, in *Daily Telegraph*.

EDWIN ARNOLD, Knight and Poet, vividly descriptive man, I'm in love, and you must know it, with your *belle* in far Japan.

Her *kimono* looks so telling with sleeve swaying in the wind, And the amber *obi* swelling into satin bows behind.

Though her charming little nose is, you confess, a trifle flat, When the lips are red as roses, who would stop to think of that?

Sunny smiles so sweet and simple, scornful cynic soul might win, While a most bewitching dimple guards the fascinating chin.

Teeth the purest pearl outshining, shell-pink nails, and she will wear Just one red camellia twining in her ebon wealth of hair.

Jet looks grey beside her tresses blacker than the murk midnight, While the little hand that presses each coquettish curl shines white.

She is quite an *avis rara*, but her lips for me were dumb, Though she murmured, “*Sayonara*,” and again should bid me come.

If her fairy ears I frighten with the wild words of the West, Surely love will come to lighten all the burden of my breast.

I will learn her awful lingo, if by any chance I can; I'll despoil the gay flumings to provide her with a fan.

She will note my admiration, smiling in a sweet surprise, And there can be conversation lovers learn 'twixt eyes and eyes.

Come that will, methinks I'll chance it, and for pretty things to say, I will read up, during transit, all *The Light of Asia*.

Since, Sir EDWIN, dainty dreamer, thine the pen that bids me go, By the fastest train and steamer, straightway off to Tokio.

THE LION'S DIARY.

BOTHER being caged up in this wooden box along with a boar-hound. Why a bear-hound? Is he supposed to look after me? I rather like that, if he is. “Look after me?” Why just with one touch of one of my forepaws I could smash him in half a minute like two-tuos. And for the matter of that, that fellow with the whip, who imagines he keeps me in order, by fixing his eye on me. Yes, and the horse too; the whole three of them. But there's that bit of meat at the end of the performance, so I suppose I may as well appear to come “the decile highly-trained beast,” and go through with the tomfoolery and collar it. “Snarl?” Do I? Of course I do. It's the one outlet I have for my feelings. Who wouldn't snarl under the circumstances? Fancy, me, the “King of Beasts” (it sounds like chaff), dropping off a platform, at a given signal, on to the back of an idiotic circus-horse, stared at through a lot of bars by a heuse packed full of applauding fools! And we finish up by a scamper all round together that seems vastly to amuse them! What a come-down for a Lion! Learned pigs and educated bears are well enough, but they should know where to draw the line and stop at the “Menarch.” I keep pretty quiet at present because it pays, but that snarl of mine may end in a roar. By Jove! if it does, the horse, boar-hound, and fellow with the whip, had better look out for themselves, and that's all I have got to say about it at present.



ETYMOLOGY.

"HOW DO YOU DO, MY LITTLE MAN? I'M YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR, YOU KNOW!" "WHAT'S A NEIGHBOUR?"
 "WELL—NEIGH MEANS NIGH; THAT IS, NEAR, AND—" "OH, THANK YOU. I KNOW WHAT BORE MEANS!"

THE DIVORCE SHOP.

"A NATION of Shopkeepers!" Well, that old jeer

May fall with small sting on an Englishman's ear,

For 'tis Commerce that keeps the world
 But this kind of Shop? By his *bâton* and hunch,

The thought of it sickens the spirit of *Punch*,
 And sets his cheek angrily glowing.

The Philistines, Puritans, Podsnaps, and Prigs
 Of Britain play up some preposterous rigs,
 And tax e'en cosmopolite charity.

But here is a business that 'a not to be borne;
 Its mead is the flail and the vial of scorn,
 Not chaffing or Christmas hilarity.

The Skunk *not* indigenous, Sirs, to our Isle?
 The assertion might well bring a cynical smile
 To the lips of a critical Yankee.

The vermin is here; he has set up a shop,
 And seems doing a prosperous trade, which to stop
 Demands more than mere law's hanky-panky.

Poor Law's tangled up in long coils of Red
 Tape, She's the butt for each Jeremy Diddler's
 coarse jape,
 Every filthy Paul Pry's ghoulish giggle.

JOHN BULL, my fine fellow, wake up, and determine

To stamp out the lives of the venomous vermin
 Who round your home-hearth writhe and wriggle.

'Ware Snakes! No, *Punch* begs the ophi-
 dian's pardon!

The slimiest slug in the filthiest garden
 Is not so revolting as these are,
 These ultra-reptilian rascals, who spy
 Round our homes, and, for pay, would, with
 treacherous eye,
 Find flaws in the wife e'en of CÆSAR.

Find? Well, if unable to *find* they will *make*.
 No, the loathliest asp that e'er lurked in the
 To spring on the passer unwary, [brake
 Was not such an *anguis in herbâ* as this is,
 Mean worm, which of all warning rattles and
 hisses
 Is so calculatingly chary.

The Spy sets up Shop! And what has he
 for sale?

False evidence meant to weight Justice's scale,
 Eavesdroppings, astute fabrications,
 The figments of vile keyhole varlets, the fudge
 Of venal vindictiveness. Fough! the foul
 sludge
 Reeks rank as the swamp's exhalations.

Paul Pry, with a poison-fang, ready to bite
 In the pay of home-hate or political spite,
 Is a portent as mean as malignant.

The villain is vermin scarce worthy of steel,
 His head should lie crushed 'neath the mer-
 ciless heel
 Of honesty hotly indignant.

NOTHING NEW.—"Every Schoolboy" knows
 that accent was familiar to the Romans, and
 what accent it was. Will he not at once quote
 the line, "*Tityre tu patchouli recubans*," &c.

WINTER AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

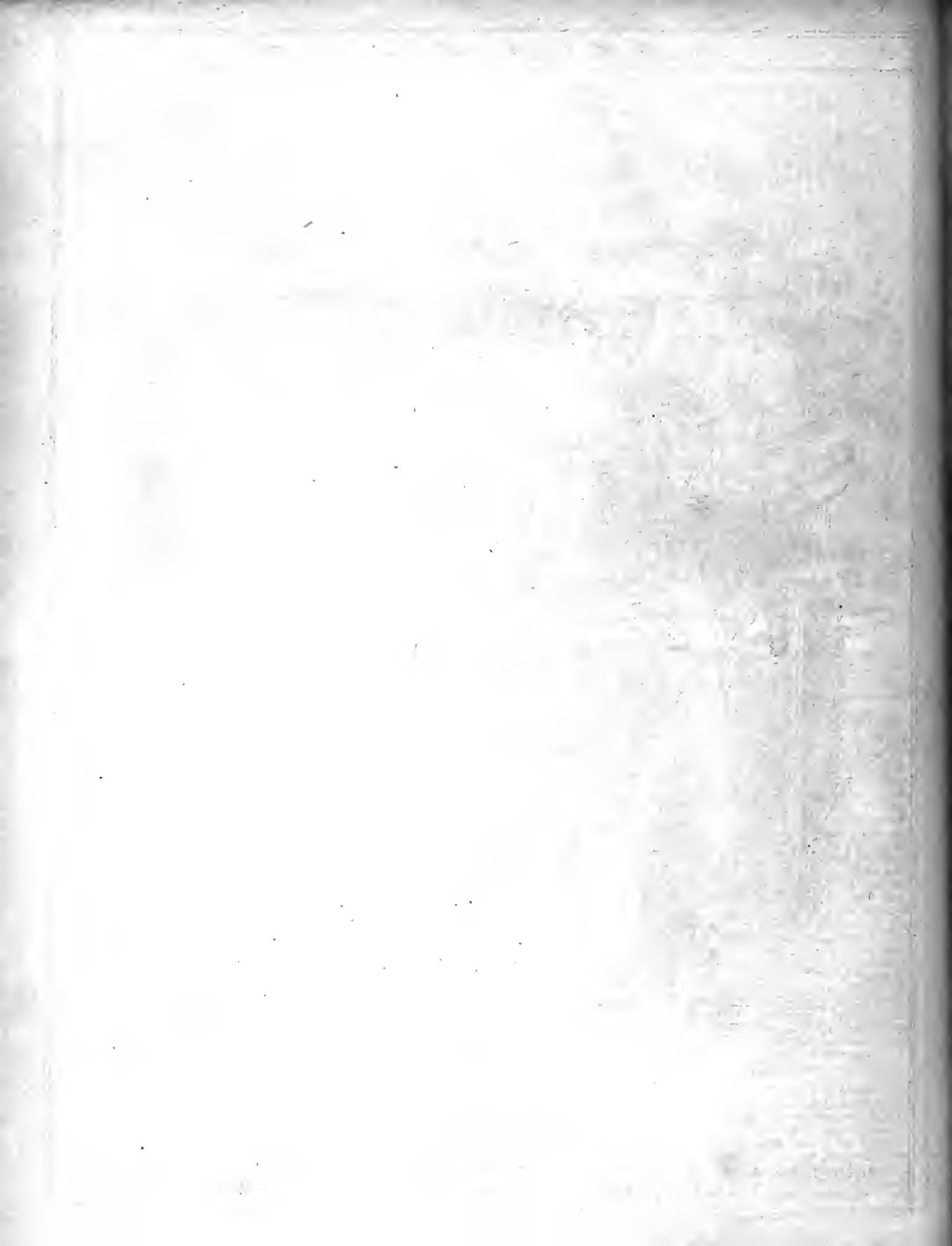
It is emphatically pleasant. From a Fine-Art point of view, it is "the winter of our great content." Only a few weeks ago we had an Exhibition of the Young Masters, and very-much-alive English Artists—to wit, the students of the Royal Academy—at Burlington House, and now SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON has waved his wand, and has given us a transformation scene in the way of a collection of works by the Old Masters and Deceased Painters of the British School. And a very good show it is, and very grateful we feel to those who have for a time stripped their rooms in order that we may enjoy a sight of their treasures. Very restful to the eye and soothing to the spirit are these grand contributions by the Old Boys. They may say what they please about the progress of modern Art, but *Mr. Punch* is of opinion that many of these fine specimens of CROME, GAINSBOROUGH, JANSEN, MURILLO, MULREADY, &c., are bad to beat. How time slips away! It only seems the other day that these Winter Exhibitions were started by the Royal Academy, and yet the present one is the twenty-first.

MUSICAL NOTES.—When the Oratorio of *Ninotch* is performed again, with incidents in the life of JONAH, one of the features will be a magnificent wail in a minor key.—There is to be a banquet given to musical Dr. TURPIN. It was graceful on the part of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to make this excellent musician a Doctor—the name of TURPIN being more closely associated with York than Canterbury.



THE DIVORCE SHOP.

PRIVATE INQUIRY AGENT. "WANT A DIVORCE, SIR? CERTAINLY, SIR,—CERTAINLY! ANY EVIDENCE YOU MAY REQUIRE READY AT THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE NOTICE!!"



STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXLI. EARL GRANVILLE, K.G., AT WALMER CASTLE.



As you step out of the railway carriage that has brought you at leisurely speed to Deal, you cannot help thinking of another arrival that, at the time, created even more attention on the part of the inhabitants. You, bent on a visit to the genial Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, arrive from landward. JULIUS CÆSAR came by sea. And yet, so narrow is the world, and so recurrent its movements, you both arrive at the same town!

As you walk down Beach Street, reading the *Commentaries*, which you have brought down in your coat-tail pocket, you recognise the "plain and open shore" which CÆSAR describes as being reached after passing the cliffs of Dover.

Here he landed, now many years ago, and your host who, eager for your coming, even now stands on the top of the great round tower that dominates his castle-home, can look upon the very spot on which the Conqueror stepped ashore. Presently he takes you to see the marks of the intrenchment, plainly visible to this day. With heightened colour and dramatic gesture the belted Earl tells how, on the fourth night after the arrival of the Roman fleet, that great storm which ever comes to Britain's aid in such emergencies, arose, wrecking J. CÆSAR'S galleys, and driving them far up the shingly beach.

"What 's to be done now?" CÆSAR'S quartermaster asked.

"Done?" said J. CÆSAR in the colloquial Latin of the day. "Why, haul the fleet up on to the beach."

So they brought the ships ashore; CÆSAR intrenched them within a camp, and remained there till the weather improved. Your host presses upon your acceptance a handful of soil from the *tumuli*.

"CÆSAR'S foot may have pressed it," he says, as you, with a perhaps exaggerated appearance of pleasurable interest, pocket the dust, being careful to turn your pocket inside out as soon as you are beyond sight of the castle on your homeward way.

As your hansom pulls up abruptly under the shadow of the ancient castle, you find your further progress stopped by a *fosse*, across which is haughtily flung a sixteenth-century drawbridge. HENRY THE EIGHTH, in a rare moment of leisure from domestic affairs, built Walmer Castle for the defence of the coast. You are much struck with the architectural design, which resembles in some degree a mass of *blancmange* turned out of a mould. Four round lunettes of stone, wearily worked by hands now cold, stand four-square to all the winds that blow. In the middle is a great round tower, with a cistern on the top, and underneath an arched cavern which you are pleased to learn is bomb-proof. As you cross the drawbridge, you feel bound to admit that the prospect is not inviting. It seems as if you were going to prison instead of to visit, at his marine residence, one of the most courtly and (peradventure) the most hospitable noblemen of his age. The severe stonework frowns upon you; the portholes stare, and you almost wish that, regardless of expense, you had kept your hansom waiting.

But all uneasiness vanishes as you cross the reverberating stone floor, and pass into the apartments fronting the sea. You feel as if you had journeyed into a new world, a sunnier clime. Your host, with outstretched hand, welcomes you to Walmer, and makes kindly inquiries as to the incidents of your journey.

"It is, I expect, very cold in London," he says, with his genial smile; "you will find it Walmer here."

You protest that varieties of temperature are of very inconsiderable concern

to you, and, throwing yourself on the walnut couch by the recess window, daintily draped with orange-and-blue chintz, you gaze forth on the varied scene without. The stately ships go on to their haven under the hill; the ever-changing procession presses on, homeward or outward bound; and, beyond, the unbroken, treacherous barrier of the Goodwin Sands.

"It's strange you should choose that place," your host says, in his soft, liquid tones; "that was the favourite corner of a former predecessor in the honourable office I now hold. In the first year of this century, as you know, WILLIAM PITT was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and, tradition says, used, when he came down here, to sit at that very window by the hour, gazing across the Downs towards the coast of France, where his great enemy was preparing for a descent on the British coast."

Naturally pleased by this coincidence, you endeavour to make your eyes flash as you look across the sea (you remember to have read somewhere that PITT had "an eagle eye;" perhaps two, but only one is mentioned); try and think what PITT looked like generally, and what he did with his arms, which you finally decide to fold across your chest, though conscious that you more resemble NAPOLEON crossing the Alps than the Great Commoner sitting at his drawing-room window in Walmer Castle.

Your host is pardonably proud of his Arboretum, which he has set out on the roof where, in Tudor times, the cistern faunted the breeze. Here, bared to the winter sun, droops the long fronds of the *Fucus spongiosus nodosus*. Close by is a specimen of that rare plant the *Fucus Dealensis pedicularis rubrifolius*. Here, too, is the *Rhamnoides fructifera foliis satiris*, rarely seen so far north. Here, coily hang the narrow leaves of the *Silene conoidea*; and here, slowly rocking in the S.S.W. wind, is the sand willow (*Salix arenaria*). You fancy that somewhere you have seen a finer *Hippophae rhamnoides*, but the *Dianthus cariophyllus*, with its pleasant smell of cloves, well deserved the look of appreciation which your host heeds upon it. Here, too, are the *Geranium maritimum*, and the wallflower-scented *Hottonia palustris* and even the humble *Brassica oleracea*.

"I have gathered them all in this district myself," your host says, opening the violet velvet smoking-jacket (for which he has exchanged the warlike garb he usually wears at Walmer) and casually displaying the belt that marks his earldom.

You would like to ask whether a belted Earl ever wears braces, but whilst you are thinking of how so delicate a question may be framed, GRANVILLE, GEORGE, LEYFESON-GOWER, Earl GRANVILLE, Knight of the Garter and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, relates, with that never failing flow of natural humour which so greatly endears him to Lord SALISBURY, the story of his chequered career, since he left Christchurch, Oxford, now more than half a century ago and became Attaché to the Embassy at Paris. The narrative which is full of point, agreeably occupies the time up to half-past one, when the beating of a huge drum announces luncheon. You make a feint of at once leaving, and Lord GRANVILLE, with that almost excessive politeness which distinguishes him, hesitates to oppose your apparent inclination.

As you pass out, skirting the piece of old ordnance dragged from the sea in 1775, near the Goodwin Sands, by some fishermen who were sweeping for anchors in the Gull-stream, you reach the conclusion, that politeness may sometimes be carried too far. "Deale," notes LELAND, in his interesting *Itinerary*, "is half a myle from the shore of the sea, a Finnsheer village iii myles or more above Sandwich." That is all very well for Deal; but a gentleman of healthy habits, who left London at ten o'clock this morning would, as the afternoon advances, certainly not be so much as three miles above a sandwich if it were offered.

Pleased with this quaint conceit, in which there is peradventure some little humour, you drop in at a confectioner's, and fortify yourself with a nineteenth-century bun, with which you trifle whilst the train tarries.

A SPORTING CORRESPONDENT, who says "he isn't in the know," asks "what we think of *Garter* for the Derby?" A word to the wise is sufficient. "*Garter*" rhymes to "*Starter*." The Motto of the *Garter* is, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. We have spoken.



THE POOR CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME; OR SAVED BY A MAGISTRATE'S ORDER.

THE MYSTIC LETTERS.

THROUGH the vast hall we stepped alone.
Books, books were everywhere,
In all the world he had not known
A library so fair.

Through pictured windows sunshine fell
On carven cedar old,
On velvet hangings, shading well
Fair bindings manifold.

Right joyfully he wandered on,
Yet marvelled much to see—
Gold letters on each volume shone,
D. W. and T.

“Some happy publisher,” he mused,
“Is designated thus—
Perchance, who yet has not perused!
My homeless genius.

“That publisher if I could view,
I’d fall down at his feet.
“Rise,” he would cry. “For need of you
The whole is incomplete!”

His heart stood still. What wondrous sight
Struck him with joyful awe?
Inscribed in letters large and bright,
’Twas his own name he saw.

His own great works! All, all were there,
Each title that he knew,
In vellum, in morocco rare
Of deep æsthetic blue.

The Sonnets that his youth engrossed,
The Novel of his prime,
The Epic that he loved the most,
The Tragedy sublime.

He took the Epic from the shelf,
Engravings rare surveyed—
The Artist seemed a higher self,
Who knew and who portrayed.

“Notices of the Press”—His eyes
Grew dim as he descried
“True Genius we recognise!”—
Ah, who was at his aide?

He turned; but could it be, in truth,
The Publisher he scanned?
No austere presence, but a youth
With poppies in his hand,

Who smiled. Whereat the Author’s mien
Grew slowly blank, as on
The mystic letters he had seen
A fatal meaning shone.

It seemed a melancholy wind
Swept by him as he awoke.
“D. W. and T. ‘Declined
With Thanks!’” he said, and woke.

PUZZLES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The Emperor of Germany.—To make a couple of public speeches without making use ten times of the first personal pronoun.

Mr. Stanley.—To escape an overwhelming and universal ovation on his return.

The Czar.—To increase the Naval and Military Estimates of his country with one hand, and at the same time succeed in controlling so-called “legitimate National aspirations” with the other.

The Sultan.—To pay his way, and yet preserve a smiling countenance.

The Gas-Stokers’ Union.—To learn the lesson taught them by the course of recent events, and grow wise in time, without making further mischievous efforts to alienate public sympathy.

Mr. Barnum.—To prove to the grumblers,



TANGIBLE.

Second Groom (waiting at Tea for the nonce, and handing thin Bread-and-butter—sotto voce).
“CLAP TWO OR THREE BITS TOGETHER, MISS, THEN YOU’LL GET ‘A BILE!’”

who write to the Papers to complain of the “Booking” arrangements in connection with “The Greatest Show on Earth,” that the management is perfect, and could not be better.

The Emperor of Brazil.—To make ends meet on an income of nothing a-year.
The Covent Garden Lion.—To find that his quite sedate, leisurely, and altogether proper performance is watched every night in breathless suspense by an excited audience.

Mr. Augustus Harris.—To think already how he can manage to make his next year’s Christmas Pantomime outdo even his,—this season’s,—latest triumphant effort.

Mr. Gladstone.—How to fit the items of his new Radical programme nicely in with his Home-Rule Scheme, with a view to making some sort of stir with both in the approaching Parliamentary Session.

The Recently Unrolled Mummy.—To discover how he came to be so long neglected in a back room in Gower Street, and to find out, now that they have pounced on him, who the dickens he was when “up and doing” in Old Egypt thirty centuries back.

The Authorities at the War Office.—How to satisfy an inquisitive public that 18,000 troopers can be comfortably and efficiently mounted on the 12,000 horses, the total number provided for them for that purpose by those who are responsible for their supply.

The London Omnibus Horse.—How to get supplied with a proper shoe, that will enable him to keep on his legs with equal facility on granite, Macadam, wood, or asphalt.

The First Lord of the Admiralty.—How to satisfy the country, from his place in Parliament, that the “Department” is turning out big guns in any number, and that, when they are turned out, he’ll pledge his word that they won’t burst—unreasonably.

“KILLALOE DAM GONE.”—Under this heading, boldly displayed, the *Scottish Leader* announces that the inundation of the Shannon has caused further serious damage to the new drainage works at Killaloe. The way of putting it is undoubtedly terse and emphatic. It sets forth in three words the consternation that fell upon Killaloe when the Shannon rose, and the ruthless ruin that whelmed the town when the waters retired. At the same time it is not quite the language we would have expected from an able and responsible journal which has bearded the *Scotsman* in its den, and shown that, after all, it is possible to establish a prosperous Liberal newspaper in the Lowlands.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. III.—THE MAN-TRAP.

THIS Drama, which, like our last, has been suggested by a poem of the Misses TAYLORS', will be found most striking and impressive in representation upon the Music-hall stage. The dramatist has ventured to depart somewhat from the letter, though not the spirit, of the original text, in his desire to enforce the moral to the fullest possible extent. Our present piece is intended to teach the great lesson that an inevitable Nemesis attends apple-stealing in this world, and that Doom cannot be disarmed by the intercession of the evil-deer's friends, however well-meaning.

THE MAN-TRAP!

A Thrilling Moral Musical Sensation Sketch in One Scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

William (a Good Boy). . . Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS. } who have kindly
Thomas (a Bad Boy) . . Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL. } offered their
Benjamin (neither one thing nor the other) . . Mr. SAMUEL SUPER. } services.
The Monster Man-trap Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST.

SCENE—An elaborate set, representing, on extreme left, a portion of the high road, and wall dividing it from an orchard; realistic apple- and pear-trees laden with fruit. Time, about four o'clock on a hot afternoon. Enter WILLIAM and THOMAS, hand-in-hand, along road; they ignore the dividing wall, and advance to front of stage.



Duet.—William and Thomas.

Wm. I'm a reg'lar model boy,
I am; so please make no mistake.

It's THOMAS who's the bad 'un—I am good!

Thos. Yes, I delight in naughtiness for naughtiness's sake,

And I wouldn't be like WILLIAM if I could!

Chorus.

Wm. Ever since I could toddle, my conduct's been model,

There's, oh, such a difference between me and him!

Thos. While still in the cradle, I orders obeyed ill,
And now I've grown into a awful young limb!

Together. Yes, now {he's } grown into a awful young limb.
I've made up my mind not to imitate him!

[Here they dance.

Second Verse.

Wm. If someone hits him in the eye, he always hits them back!

When I am struck, my Ma I merely tell!

On passing fat pigs in a lane, he'll give 'em each a whack!

Thos. (empenitently). And jolly fun it is to hear 'em yell! [Chorus.

Third Verse.

Wm. He's always cribbing coppers—which he spends on lollipops.

Thos. (A share of which you've never yet refused!)

Wm. A stone he'll shy at frogs and toads, and anything that hops!

Thos. (While you look on, and seem to be amused!) [Chorus.

Fourth Verse.

Wm. As soon as school is over, THOMAS goes a hunting squirr'ls,
Or butterflies he'll capture in his hat!

Thos. You play at Kissing in the Ring with all the little girls!

Wm. (demurely). Well, THOMAS, I can see no harm in that!

[Chorus.

Fifth Verse.

Wm. Ah, THOMAS, if you don't reform, you'll come to some bad end!

Thos. Oh, WILLIAM, put your head inside a bag!

Wm. No, THOMAS, that I cannot—till you promise to amend!

Thos. Why, WILLIAM, what a chap you are to nag!

[Chorus and dance. THOMAS returns to road, and regards the apple-trees longingly over top of wall.

Thos. Hi, WILLIAM, look . . . what apples! there—don't you see?
And pears—my eye! just ain't they looking juicy!

Wm. Nay, THOMAS, since you're bent upon a sin,
I will walk on, and visit BENJAMIN!

[Exit WILLIAM (L. 2. E.), while THOMAS proceeds to scale the wall and climb the boughs of the nearest pear-tree. Melodramatic Music. The Monster Man-trap stealthily emerges from long grass below, and fixes a baleful eye on the unconscious THOMAS.

Thos. I'll fill my pockets, and on pears I'll feast!

[Sees Man-trap, and staggers.

Oh, lor—whatever is that hugly beast!

Hi, help, here! call him off! . . .

The Monster.

My horders are—all trespassers to swoller!

You just come down—I'm waiting 'ere to ketch you.

(Indignantly.) You don't expect I'm coming up to fetch you!

Thos. (politely.) Oh, not if it would inconvenience you, Sir!

(In agonised aside.) I feel my grip grow every moment looser!

[The Monster, in a slow, uncouth manner, proceeds to scramble up the tree.

Oh, here's a go! The norrid thing can climb!

Too late I do repent me of my crime!

[Terrific sensation chase! The Monster Man-trap leaps from bough to bough with horrible agility, and eventually secures his prey, and leaps with it to the ground.

Thomas (in the Monster's jaws). I'm sure you seem a kind, good-natured creature—

You will not harm me?

Monster. No—I'll only eat yer!

[THOMAS slowly vanishes down its cavernous jaws; faint yells are heard at intervals—then nothing but a dull champing sound; after which, dead silence. The Monster smiles, with an air of repletion.

Re-enter WILLIAM, from R., with BENJAMIN.

Benjamin. I'm very glad you came—but where is THOMAS?

Wm. (severely). TOM is a wicked boy, and better from us,

For on the road he stopped to scale a wall! . . .

[Sees Man-trap, and starts.

What's that?

Benj. It will not hurt good boys at all—

It's only Father's Man-trap—why so pale?

Wm. The self-same tree! . . . the wall that TOM would scale!

Where's THOMAS now? Ah, TOM, the wilful pride of you!

[The Man-trap affects an elaborate unconsciousness.

Benj. (with sudden enlightenment). Man-trap, I do believe poor TOM's inside of you!

That sort of smile's exceedingly suspicious.

[The Man-trap endeavours to hide in the grass.

Wm. Ah, Monster, give him back—'tis true he's vicious,

And had no business to go making free with you!

But think, so bad a boy will disagree with you!

[WILLIAM and BENJAMIN kneel in attitudes of entreaty on either side of the Man-trap, which shows signs of increasing emotion as the song proceeds.

BENJAMIN (sings).

Man-trap, bitter our distress is

That you have unkindly penned

In your innermost recesses

One who used to be our

friend!

WILLIAM (sings).

In his downward course arrest

him!

(He may take a virtuous tack);

Pause awhile, ere you digest him;

Make an effort—bring him back!

[The Man-trap is convulsed by a violent heave; WILLIAM and BENJAMIN bend forward in an agony of expectation, until a small shoe and the leg of THOMAS's pantaloons are finally emitted from the Monster's jaws.

Benj. (exultantly). See, WILLIAM, now he's coming . . . here's his shoe for you!

The Man-trap (with an accent of genuine regret). I'm sorry—but that's all that I can do for you!

Wm. (raising the shoe and the leg of pantaloons, and holding them sorrowfully at arm's length). He's met the fate which moralists all promise is

The end of such depraved careers as THOMAS's!

Oh, BENJAMIN, take warning by it be-time!

(More brightly). But now to wash our hands—'tis nearly tea-time!

[Except WILLIAM and BENJAMIN, to wash their hands, as Curtain falls. N.B. This finale is more truly artistic, and in accordance with modern dramatic ideas, than the conventional "picture."

"A MONTAGU! A MONTAGU!"—Our common-sense Magistrate, Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, heavily fined a steam-rolling demon, which comes in our streets as anything but a boon and a blessing to men and horses. A propos of this "worthy beak," when are his "Reminiscences" to appear? The book is bound,—no, not yet, or it would have been published,—but, when it is ready, it is bound to be amusing.

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. III.—REALISATION.

SCENE—Theatre Royal, Blankbury, on the first night of the performance of the well-known Comedy of "Heads or Tails?" by the "Thespian Perambulators." Time, 7.50 P.M. A "brilliant and fashionable assemblage" is gradually filling the house. In the Stalls are many distinguished Amateurs of both Sexes, including Lady SURBITON, who has brought her husband and Mrs. GAGMORE (Lady SURBITON's particular friend). The rest of the Stalls are occupied by the immediate friends and relations of the Actors. A few professional Critics are to be seen. They are addressed with much politeness by the Amateurs in front of the House, and "played to" with feverish anxiety by the Amateurs on the Stage. The Orchestra is composed of excellent Amateur Musicians. The Curtain has not yet risen.

Lady Surbiton (to Mrs. GAGMORE). My dear, it's a wonder we ever got here. CHARLES of course forgot the date, and told me only



yesterday he'd invited some men to stay for a shoot. He had to listen to reason, though, and so we spent all yesterday sending telegrams to put them off. I've been at every performance of The Thespians for years, and it wouldn't do to begin missing them now, would it?

Mrs. Gagmore. Certainly not, dear, it would have been quite a calamity. There's the Duchess of MIDDLESEX nodding to you.

Lady S. So it is. (Smiles sweetly at the Duchess, who is sitting three rows off.) I call it scandalous of her to come out like this when both her twins have got the measles. Did I tell you I lent Mr. SPINKS my pet parrot, Penelope, for this performance?

Mrs. G. No, dear. I didn't know they ever played it with a parrot.

Lady S. Well, they don't usually, but Mr. SPINKS told me that, after studying the piece very carefully, he had come to the conclusion that there ought to be a parrot in Lady Shorthorn's drawing-room, and he begged me to lend him mine. Fortunately it scarcely ever talks. Oh, there's Mr. PENFOLD! How old he's getting to look. He never seems to have a good word to say for anyone in his critiques. They're very late in beginning. I hope nothing has happened to Penelope. Ah! at last.

The Orchestra strikes up. After a few minutes the Curtain rises on "the Drawing-room at Bullivant Court." Sc. 1, Act 1. HARRY HALL, in livery as JOHN the Footman, is reclining on a sofa, reading a magazine. Penelope, in her cage, is a conspicuous object on the O.P. side.

John (yawning). "Nothink in the Fortnightly, as per usual. Heigh-ho! This is slow work. Who's that?"

Enter BELINDA, the Nursery-maid. The usual amatory scene follows. They both disappear, as TIFFINGTON SPINKS enters made up as "Colonel DEBENHAM," with a saffron complexion, a grey moustache, a red tie and an iron-grey wig. He shivers. A great deal of preliminary applause. He bows with dignity, conscious of his fame, and proceeds.

Col. Debenham. "Ugh! how horribly cold this is. I shall have to speak seriously to SHORTHORN about the state of his fires."

Penelope the Parrot (suddenly and with terrible distinctness). "Old fool!" [A titter from the irreverent. SPINKS pays no heed to the interruption.]

Lady Surbiton. How awful! I declare I haven't heard Penelope speak for six months. I hope to heaven she won't do it again.

Mrs. Gagmore. I thought it sounded so natural.

Lord S. So it did, that's why it was so out of place. He's getting on all right now, though.

Col. Debenham (concluding a peppery soliloquy). "And as for Lady SHORTHORN and that spiteful cat of a sister of hers, all I can say of TOM DEBENHAM is—"

Penelope (loudly). "Old fool!"

[Whistles up and down the scale. Much laughter. SPINKS feels that violent measures are necessary if the piece is not to be utterly ruined. He perceives JARP standing at the wings made up as BINNS the Butler. A happy thought flashes on him. He nods meaningly at JARP.]

Col. Debenham (improvising gag). "Oh, confound that bird! I must have it removed. I'll ring for the butler."

[Rings. Enter JARP as BINNS.]

Binns. "'Et Ladyship's compliments, Colonel DEBENHAM, and she would like—"

Spinks (in a whisper of concentrated fury to JARP). Not yet; take that infernal parrot away, quick!

Jarp (loses his head; still the Butler is strong within him). "'Er Ladyship is served!"

Spinks (aloud). "Oh, nonsense—nonsense, man! You're an idiot. Here, take this bird, and kill it!"

[Seizes cage, thrusts it into the flustered JARP's arms, and pushes him off, the Parrot, horribly frightened, yelling, "Old fool!"]

Lady Surbiton. How dare he speak of Penelope in that way? Kill her! If Mr. JARP so much as lays a finger upon her—

Lord S. She'll bite him. Oh, you may make your mind quite easy about that parrot. She's bitten every finger of mine to the bone, and I'm certain she's quite equal to defending herself against JARP.

The Act proceeds without any further hitch, until BELINDA wheels on her double perambulator containing two red-headed infants, one of whom is terrified into tears and calls for "Father!" in a shrill voice. After this everything, however, goes well, and the Curtain falls amidst thunders of applause.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Spinks. Yes, GUSHBY, I believe you did it. You were closeted with that parrot for an hour yesterday. I believe you deliberately taught it to say that, in order to crab my part. What's more, I'm certain of it, for I distinctly recognised your voice in the parrot's.

Gushby. Pooh! nonsense! If I had taught it to say anything, it would have been something worse than that, you may be sure.

Spinks. You always were kind. As for JARP, he was in the plot. Otherwise do you think any man could have made such a fool of himself?

IN FRONT OF THE CURTAIN.

Lady Surbiton. That's what I've always said. There's so much esprit de corps and good feeling amongst Amateurs—none of that wretched jealousy and bickering which ruins professionals.

Mrs. Gagmore. It is delightful to listen to them, certainly. They all look and act like perfect gentlemen. All Mr. JARP's Butlers are splendid. You can see at a glance that they have only been with good families.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Hon. B. Boldero. I fancy we shall have good notices to-morrow in the Morning Moonbeam. I saw PENFOLD laughing immensely.

Spinks (down on his luck). Did you? (Plucking up a bit.) Well, it "went" capitally. It was only that blessed parrot.

[Goes off intending to buy several copies of next morning's "Moonbeam."]

IN FRONT OF THE CURTAIN.

Mr. Penfold (to his neighbour, a brother journalist): Are you going to write anything about this? I have got to do a short notice for the Morning Moonbeam. It's no use abusing these fellows. That's been tried. I'll give them a little butter this time, and see whether that won't stop them. How would it do to say something like this?—"We advise the Thespians to keep clear as much as they can of professionalism. Of course, tradition demands that the ladies' parts should be played by professionals, but the introduction of a professional parrot and a professional baby in the First Act was a mistake, which might have ruined the performance."

[His Friend nods approval. Exeunt severally. Imagine tableau next day. Delight of Amateurs on reading the notice of their performance in the "Moonbeam."]

HOLIDAY CATECHISM.

Mr. P. Now little Master JACK HORNER, from your corner in Drury Lane what plums do you pick out of the Pantomime?

Master J. H. The Hansom Cab and King HARRY (NICHOLLS) returning home confronted by the Queen, then the GRIFFITHS COW, the Giant's Dinner and his Servants, and the Dame LENO's wonderful Fowl.

Mr. P. What else?

Master J. H. Lots of things, but at the Circus at Covent Garden, the Shetland Ponies lovely. They come first, so you must be early.

Mr. P. Did you see anything else that pleased you?

Master J. H. I should think so. Such a game! Mlle. GOU-GOU quite shocked my little sister POLLY, by her strange conduct. But when it turned out that he was a man, how we laughed! It was funny.

Mr. P. And I suppose you stayed for the Lion?

Master J. H. You may be sure we did! POLLY was a little frightened at first; but when we found that the Royal Dane Board-hound and the Horse didn't mind him a bit, why we didn't mind either. Isn't it wonderful? Oh, you ought to go and see them. They are prime!

BARNUM'S MOTTO.—"Tout à fait La Shows."

MUZZLED AND PUZZLED; OR, "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

(A Carol of Kentish Conservatism. Some way after Goldsmith.)*Sanderson, Jan 10, 1890.*

*Good Tories all, of County Kent,
Give ear unto my song,
And spare your puerile intent
To do your Party wrong.*

There was a mighty Minister,
To power appointed late;
A virtuous and valiant Fir,
A Pillar of the State.

If one who doth fat oxen drive
Should in himself be fat,
This Minister seemed bound to thrive
As to his post most pat.

A more bucolic personage
Bucolics never sang;
And when he took that post and wage,
All round his praises rang.
O'er Agriculture to preside,
CHAPLIN was surely born;
He bore his honours with the pride
Of Chanticleer at morn.

In Kent there were some Tories found,
For Tories still there be;
In fact, the species doth abound
In spite of W. G.

CHAPLIN and they at first were friends,
But when a feud began

They—whom a little thing offends—
Rounded on that good man.

The motto of these Men of Kent
Was, "Love me, love my Dog;"
And soon with angry discontent
The County was agog.

For CHAPLIN—it was like his cheek,
Cockiest of Ministers!—
Quite supercrogant, did seek
To muzzle Kentish Curs!

Around to all the counties near
An angry protest ran;
To touch a Kentish dog, 'tis clear,
Touches a Kentish Man.

Fanatic lovers of the hound
Scorn hygienic laws,
And though their dogs should snap all round
You must not bind their jaws.

Restraint appeared both sore and sad
To every Kentish eye,
And, whilst they swore the Man was mad,
They swore the Dogs would die.

Nay, more, there came *this* fearsome threat
From true-blue Tory throats:
"With muzzles if our dogs you fret,
You shall not have our votes!"

O patriots true! Rads grin with glee!
The puzzle CHAPLIN fogs;
'Tis plain that Party loyalty
Is going to the dogs!

Kent's choice 'twixt Party seems, and pup,
The question stirs the town,
Whether the Tories will give up,
Or CHAPLIN will climb down!

SLAPS FOR SLIPPERS.

SIR,—I am at a loss to understand what is the meaning of all this futile discussion as to the respective merits of the various kinds of road pavement. There cannot be a moment's doubt, as to which is, far and away, the cheapest, the safest, and—in a word—the—best. Without any hesitation, I maintain that it is the *Asphalte*. And I do not speak without experience. For many years I have picked mine up from the box-seat of a hearse, which I think my most virulent opponents will admit, from the ticklish character of its cattle, accustomed as they are to a stiff, formal and lugubrious method of progression, affords a test that must be regarded as supreme by all candid and unprejudiced inquirers into the matter under dispute.

In the wettest weather I have never had so much as a slip on the *asphalte*, whereas the moment I have got on to the wood, when it has been *comparatively dry*, I have frequently had the horses down as many as seven or eight times in half a mile, and on one occasion, that I can recall, the stumbling was so frequent, that the Chief Mourner stopped the procession, and sent me an irritable message to the effect that, if I could not manage to keep my horses more securely on their feet, I had better then and there "hand over the corpse, and let it finish its journey to the Cemetery on the top of the first mourning-coach." Fortunately, we came shortly to a bit of *asphalte*, on

which I was able to bowl merrily along, and make up for lost time; and, as at length we reached the Cemetery only an hour and three-quarters after the appointed time, the Chief Mourner, whatever may have been his disposition to make complaints, had the good taste to keep them to himself.



Still, the incident was annoying, and I attribute its occurrence simply and solely to that pest of all sure and stately-footed hacks—the *Wood Pavement*.

Beyond holding three thousand Preference Shares in the *European and Inter-oceanic Asphalte Paving Company*, and having signed a contract to supply them for seventeen years with the best Pine Pitch on favourable terms, I have not the slightest interest to subsolve in writing this letter, which I think any quite impartial critic will allow, curtly, but honestly, expresses the unprejudiced opinion of AN UNBIASSED JUDGMENT.

SIR,—I am a private gentleman, who keeps a carriage, or rather, a four-horse coach, in which I am continually driving about all over London at full speed. We dash at such a rate over those portions of the Metropolis that are blessed with a wood pavement that my coachman is frequently summoned for furious driving, but we have never yet had a horse down. No sooner, however, do we get to the *asphalte* than all this is changed. Leaders and wheelers alike are instantly on their backs, and I have now made it a rule, the moment we come to a street paved with this dangerous and detestable composition, to



STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

Heavyside (Author of "Epaminondas" and other unread Epics). BY THE BYE, HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH, BINKS?"

Little Binks. "FOURTEEN STONE!"

Heavyside. "DEAR ME! YOU DON'T LOOK VERY BIG, TO WEIGH ALL THAT!"

Little Binks. "'EPAMINONDAS' DOESN'T LOOK VERY BIG—BUT IT'S PRECIOUS HEAVY!"

put my horses inside the coach, and, with the assistance of a policeman or two, drag the vehicle to the other end myself. Only yesterday, I think it was, on the north side of Leicester Square, I counted as many as nineteen ugly falls in as many minutes, necessitating, in nearly every case, the despatch of the creature on the spot by a shot from a revolver. The fact is, the laying of *asphalte* anywhere should be made criminal in a Vestry. I write impartially on this subject, as, beyond being a sleeping partner in a large firm of Wooden Road-Paving Contractors, I have no sort of interest to serve, one way or the other. But it must be obvious, from the account I have given of my own personal experience above, that in addressing you on the subject, I am actuated by no motives that are not consistent with and fitting to the signature of AN UNPREJUDICED OBSERVER.

SIR,—I am in no way interested in the present pavement controversy, but I would direct public attention to the real source of all the mischief, and that is the ineffective shoeing of the unhappy horses, who are compelled to struggle with the difficulties created for them by a parcel of Paving Authorities. What we want is a general order issued by the Board of Trade obliging all horse-owners to provide those they possess with a couple of pairs of *The Patent India-rubber frog and flannel-soled Horse-Shoes*, warranted to support the most stumbling beast on any pavement whatever. I said I was in no way interested in the present controversy, and as I am merely the Inventor of the shoe above referred to, it must be obvious, that in making this communication to you, I am only fulfilling the commonest duties of AN ORDINARY SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Will not you, or someone, step in and deal with the matter comprehensively, without paying regard to vested interests? Surely, if the right people would only put their heads together, they must hit on some method of bettering the present wretched condition of those much ill-used but patient and long-suffering creatures, among whom the first to subscribe himself is

THE ORDINARY LONDON OMNIBUS HORSE.

ANOTHER TITLE FOR THE GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.—"New Edition of the *Tudor's Assistant*."

TO BE CREATED A KNIGHT HOSPITALER.—MR. PETER REID.



Another Version of "La Toss-ca." The Cow in the Drury Lane Pantomime.

THE JUBILEE OF THE PENNY POST.

"On Jan. 10, 1840, the Penny Post became an accomplished fact."—*Times*.

ATTEND, all ye who like to hear a noble Briton's praise!
I tell of valiant deeds one wrought in the Century's early days;
When all the legions of Red Tape against him bore in vain,
Man of stout will, brave ROWLAND HILL, of true heroic strain.

It was about the gloomy close of Eighteen Thirty Nine,
MELBOURNE and PEEL began to melt, the P.O. "sticks" to pine,
For vainly the Official ranks and the Obstructive host
Had formed and squared 'gainst ROWLAND HILL's plan of the Penny
Still poor men paid their Ninepences for sending one thin sheet [Post.
From Bethnal Green to Birmingham by service far from fleet;
Still she who 'd post a *billet doux* to Dublin from Thames shore,
For loving word and trope absurd must stump up One-and-four;
Still frequent "friendly lines" were barred to all save Wealth and
Or Parliamentary "pots" who held the privilege of "Frank;" [Rank,
Still people stooped to dubious dodge and curious device
To send their letters yet evade the most preposterous price;
Still to despatch to London Town a business "line or two"
Would cost a Connemara peasant half his weekly "screw;"
Still mothers, longing much for news, must let their letter lie
Unread at country post-offices, the postage being too high
For their lean purses, unprepared. And Trade was hampered then,
And Love was checked, and barriers raised—by cost—twixt men
and men.

Then up and spake brave ROWLAND HILL in accents clear and warm,
"This misery can be mended! Read my *Post Office Reform*!"
St. Stephens heard, and "Red Tape" read, and both cried out
The fellow is a lunatic; his plan will never do!" ["Pooh! Pooh!
All this was fifty years ago. And now,—well, are there any
Who do not bless brave ROWLAND HILL and his ubiquitous Penny?
One head, if 'tis a *thinking* one, is very often better
Than two, or twenty millions! That's just why we get our letter
From Aberdeen, or Melbourne, from Alaska or Japan,
So cheaply, quickly, certainly—thanks to one stout-soul'd Man.

Fifty years since! In Eighteen Forty, he, the lunatic,
Carried his point. Wisecars winced; Obstruction "cut its stick."
He won the day, stout ROWLAND HILL, and then they made him
If universal benefit unmarred by bane gives right [Knight.
To titles, which are often won by baseness or a fluke,
The founder of the Penny Post deserved to be a Duko.
But then he's something better—a fixed memory, a firm fame;
For long as the World "drops a line," it cannot drop his name.
'Tis something like a Jubilee, this tenth of Janna-ree!
Punch brims a bumper to its hero, cheers him three times three,
For if there was a pioneer in Civilisation's host,
It was the cheery-hearted chap who schemed the Penny Post.
And when the croaking cravens, who are down on all Reform,
And shout their ancient shibboleth, and raise their tea-pot storm,

Whene'er there's talk of Betterment in any branch of State,
And vent their vomon on the Wise, their greed upon the Great,
Punch says to his true countrymen, "Peace, peace, good friends—
be still!

Reform does *not* spell Ruin, lads. Remember ROWLAND HILL!!!"

A CURIOUS CURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, January 13, 1890.

So much attention is now bestowed upon the prevailing epidemic that I will not apologise for troubling you with a letter detailing a case that has recently come under my own notice. My eldest son, AUGUSTUS, returned home from the educational establishment admirably conducted by my eminent and reverend friend, DR. SWISHTALE, apparently in excellent health and spirits, shortly before Christmas Day. On the 4th (just a week before the date fixed for his return to the educational establishment to which I have referred) he showed symptoms of influenza. He complained of low spirits, seemed inclined to quarrel with (and thrash) his younger brothers, and flatly declined to accompany me to an inspection of the treasures contained in the Natural Historical Museum at South Kensington. I immediately prescribed for him a diet of bread and water, and an enforced retirement to bed. He spent the remainder of the day in loudly-expressed expostulation and lamentation. On the Sunday (after a consultation with his mother) I decided to adopt a home treatment of kindness, which I trusted would prevent the necessity of calling in our family doctor. I give the remainder of the case in diary form.

Monday.—AUGUSTUS very poorly. Complains of pains in his head, arms, legs, back, nose, and right little finger. Says he has no appetite, but, urged by his mother, manages to eat for breakfast two sausages and a couple of eggs. Quite unable to get up; but shortly before two o'clock, on learning that I proposed visiting the Morning Performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, expresses his desire to accompany me. He seemed to enjoy *Cinderella* thoroughly, in spite of his ailments; but, at the conclusion of the performance, became so very languid, that we found it desirable to take a Hansom home.

Tuesday.—AUGUSTUS prostrate. Pain in the right little finger unconsciously shifted to the left little finger. He says he had nightmare continuously, but "had not slept a wink." Breakfast, of course, in bed. No appetite for anything save muffins, herrings, and marmalade on buttered toast. Unable to move until one o'clock, when he thought (at the suggestion of his mother) that a visit to the Crystal Palace might probably do him good. The excursion was a happy thought, as certainly he seemed quite himself at Sydenham. After a hearty dinner from soup and the joint, he once more seemed languid, and had to be carried home by rail and cab.

Wednesday.—AUGUSTUS still very unwell. Seems much troubled at a dream he has had, in which he apparently died through going back to school. Still complains of insomnia. Says he did not close his eyes all night. Wished to "punch the head" (to adopt his own phraseology) of his younger brother for saying, that he had heard him snoring. However, recovered towards the evening sufficiently to accompany the rest of the family to the Circus at Covent Garden. In the theatre appeared more himself, but ill immediately afterwards.

Thursday.—AUGUSTUS (according to his own account) alarmingly ill. Found by his bedside a medical dictionary (taken from the shelves of my library) which he says, he had been reading. He thinks, that he has all the worst symptoms of *delirium tremens*. This is strange, as his habitual drink is ginger-beer. He complains of pains in his ears, eyes, knees, elbows, and big toes on both feet. Quite unable to get up before five o'clock, when he was fortunately, sufficiently recovered to accompany his younger brothers to a juvenile party and Christmas tree. According to SAMMY (my second son) AUGUSTUS danced every dance, and served as an assistant to an amateur conjuror. But this last statement I give with some reserve, as it does not correspond with the report furnished by AUGUSTUS himself.

Friday.—AUGUSTUS at his worst. In the morning he alarmed his mother by a passionate burst of weeping. He seems to think that, if he goes back to school to-morrow, he will die immediately. Feeling that this was an unhealthy state of mind, I took him to the Zoological Gardens in the afternoon, and must confess that, while there, he appeared to experience a keen delight in feeding the bears with fragments of newspaper, concealed in stale buns. But at night his melancholia returned, and he was scarcely able to eat his dinner.

Saturday.—Received a letter from my eminent and reverend friend, DR. SWISHTALE, informing me that, in consequence of the prevalence of influenza, it had been thought advisable to extend the Christmas vacation for a fortnight or three weeks. On conveying this intelligence to my eldest son, he seemed to rapidly recover, and has (I am happy to say) been well ever since.

Trusting that the history of this singular case may afford some hints and comfort to parents with children afflicted (as was my dear AUGUSTUS) with a disease so eccentric in its ramifications as influenza,

I remain, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours most truly,
SIMON SIMPLE WIDEAWAKE.
Malinge Villa, Blarney Road, S. W.

VOCES POPULI.

THE CADI OF THE CURBSTONE.

SCENE—A thoroughfare near Hyde Park. Shortly before Scene opens, an Elderly Gentleman has suddenly stopped the cab in which he has been driving, and, without offering to pay the fare, has got out and shuffled off with a handbag. The Cabman has descended from his seat and overtaken the old gentleman, who is now perceived to be lamentably intoxicated. The usual crowd springs up from nowhere, and follows the dispute with keen and delighted interest.

Cabman. Look 'ere, you ain't goin' (not without payin' me, you know—where's my two shillings?



A Cab-array.

The Elderly Gentleman (smiling sweetly, and balancing himself on his heels against some railings). I'm shure I dunno.

Cabman. Well, look, can't yer? don't keep me 'ere all day—in yer pockets, come!

[The Old Gentleman makes an abortive effort to find a pocket about him somewhere, and then relapses into abstraction.

Crowd. Let 'im take 'is time, he'll pay yer right enough, if you let the man alone.

A Woman. Ah, pore gentleman, the best of us is took like that sometimes!

Cabman. I don't want no more than what's my own. 'E's rode in my keb, and I want my fare out of 'im—an' I mean 'avin' it, too!

[Here the Old Gentleman, who seems bored by the discussion, abruptly serpentes off again and is immediately overtaken and surrounded.

The E. G. What d'ye mean? 'founded 'perrinnence! Lemme 'lone . . . 'portant bishness!

Cabman. Pay me my fare,—or I'll have your bag!

[Seizes bag; the Elderly Gentleman resisting feebly, and always smiling.

Crowd. Why can't yer pay the man his fare and have done with it? There, he's feeling in his pockets—he's going to pay yer now!

[Elderly Gentleman dives vaguely in a pocket, and eventually produces a threepenny bit, which he tenders magnificently.

Cabman. Thruppence ain't no good to me—two shillings is what I want out of you—a florin—'j'ear me?

The E. G. (after another dive fishes up three halfpence). Thash all you're 'titled to—go 'way, go 'way!

Crowd (soothingly to Cabman). 'E'll make it up in time—don't 'urry 'im.

Cabman. D'ye think I kin stand 'ere cooling my 'eels, while he's payin' me a 'app'n'y every 'arf 'our? I've got my living to earn same as you 'ave!

Crowd. Ah, he's right there! (Persuasively to Elderly Gentleman.) 'Ere, Ole Guv'nor, fork out like a man!

[The Old Guv'nor shakes his head at them with a knowing expression.

Cabman. Well, I shan't let go o' this 'ere bag till I am paid—that's all!

[Here a Policeman arrives on scene.

Policeman. Now, then, what's all this? Move along 'ere, all of you—don't go bloeking up the thoroughfare like this! (Scathingly.)

What are yer all lookin' at? (The Crowd, feeling this rebuke, more away some three paces, and then linger undecidedly.) 'Ere, Cabman, you've no right to lay 'old on that gentleman's bag—you know that as well as I do!

Cabman (somewhat mollified by this tribute to his legal knowledge, releases bag). Well, he ain't got no right to ride in my keb, and do a guy, without paying nothink, 'as he?

Policeman. All I tell you is—you've no right to detain his bag.

Cabman. Let 'im pay me my legal fare, then—two shillings it is 'e owes me. I don't want to hinterfere with 'im, if he'll pay me.

Pol. (with a magnificent impartiality, to the E. G.). What have you got to say to that?

The E. G. (with a dignified wave of the hand). Shay? Why, tha' I'm shimpl'y—a gerrilm'n.

Pol. (his impartiality gradually merging into official disgust). Well, all I can say to you is, if you are one, don't abuse it . . . Where are you going to?

The E. G. (brimming over with happy laughter). I dunno!

Pol. (deciding to work on his fears). Don't you? Well, I do, then. I know where you're goin' to—ah, and where you'll be, too, afore you're much older—the station—us!—(with a slight lapse into jocularly, in concession to his audience)—“for one night honly”—that's your direction, unless you look out. (With virtuous indignation.) 'Ere are you—calling yourself a gentleman, and old enough to know better—riding in this man's keb, and trying to bilk him out of his money. Why, you ought to be ashamed o' yourself!

A Fussy Onlooker. Now, Policeman, why do you interfere? Why can't you leave them to settle it between them?

Pol. (turning on him with awful dignity). I don't want no suggestions from you, Sir. I know my dooty, and them as tries to obstruct me 'll get no good by it. I'm not 'ere to take one man's part more than another.

Cabman. Well, ain't you goin' to do something now you are here? What's the good of a Copper if he won't 'elp a man to git his rights, eh?

[Murmurs of sympathy from Crowd.

Pol. Now, you mind yourself—that's what you'd better do, or you'll be getting into trouble next! I've told you I can't interfere one way or the other; and—(generally, to Crowd)—you must pass along 'ere, please, or I shall 'ave to make yer.

Crowd (to Eld. G.). Give the man his money, can't yer? Pay 'im!

Cabman. Come, look sharp! Just you pay me!

The E. G. How e'n I pay, man? P'fectly 'shurd! Go to bleeshes! [Bolts again, and is once more overtaken by the indignant Cabman.

Pol. (following up). Now, then, Cabman, don't go hustling him!

[Crowd's sympathy veers round to the E. G. again.

Cabman. 'Oo's 'ustlin'? I ain't laid a finger on 'im. (Magnanimously.) I've no wish to 'inder 'im from going wherever he likes, so long as he pays me fust!

Pol. You've no right to touch the man, nor yet his bag; so be careful, that's all I tell you!

The E. G. (with maudlin enthusiasm). Pleeshman's porfelly ri'! Pleeshman always knowsh besht! [Tries to pat Policeman on back.

Pol. (his disgust reaching a climax). 'Ere, don't you go pawin' me about—for I won't 'ave it! If I'm right, it's more than what you are, anyhow! Now be off with you, wherever it is you're going to!

Cabman (desperate). But look 'ere—can't you take his name and address?

Pol. (rising to the occasion). Ah! that's what I was waitin' for! Now you've ast me—now I kin act! (Pulls out a pocket-book full of dirty memoranda, and a stumpy pencil.) Now then, Sir, your name, if you please?

The E. G. (sleepily). Shtupid thing a-do, but qui' forgot . . . Come out 'ithout m' name, 'shmornin'!

Pol. (sternly). That won't do with Me, you know. What's your name? Out with it!

The E. G. (evidently making a wild shot at it). FERGUSON.

[Smiles, as if he feels sure the Policeman will be pleased with a name like that.)

Pol. JOHN? GEORGE? JAMES?—or what?

The E. G. You can purr 'em all down t' me—it don' marrer!

Pol. (briskly). Where do you live, Mr. FERGUSON?

The E. G. (mechanically). Shirty-one, Lushington Street, Gargleshbury Park.

Pol. (writing it down, and giving leaf to Cabman). There, will that do for you?

Cabman. That's all I want. (To the E. G.) You'll 'ear from me later on.

The E. G. (affectionately). Alwaysh pleash'd shee you, any time . . . Pleeshman too . . . Shorry can't shtop—mos' 'portant bishnish!

Pol. Which way do you want to go?

The E. G. Earlish Court.

Pol. Then get there, if you're capable of it. And now, you boys, clear the road, will you?

[The Elderly Gentleman, smiling in the full conviction of having extricated himself from a difficult situation with consummate tact and diplomacy, goes off unsteadily in the direction of Piccadilly, accompanied by a suite of small boys who have kindly resolved to see him through any further adventures that may await his progress. The Cabman remains to discuss the affair at great length on the curbstone. The Policeman paces slowly on, conscious that he has worthily maintained the dignity of his office.

A CORRESPONDENT, *à propos* of the prevailing epidemic, writes,—“Sir, there must have been an epidemic of influenza at Cambridge about thirty-three years ago, as in a travesty of *Faust*, produced at the A. D. C. about that time, occurs a parody of the song ‘*Di Friaenza*’ from *La Traviata*, commencing ‘*Influenza* is about, So I’ll stay no longer out.’ History repeats itself occasionally.—I am, Yours, AN INFLUENZIAL PERSONAGE, Trin. Coll. Cam.”



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Miss Amy. "AND DO YOU ADMIRE MISS TRAVERS, MR. GOSLIN?"

Mr. G. "YES—AW'FLY! SHE'S SO UNLIKE ALL OTHER GIRLS, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

PLAIN ENGLISH!

JOHN BULL *loquitur* :—

"ENGLISH as she is spoke," my little friend,
Is not precisely what your pundits deem it.
Let me give you a lesson! This must end.

That flag, however lightly you esteem it,
Has not so long waved folds fair, broad, and
ample

To all earth's winds for you at last to trample.

No! What the mischief is your little game?
Monkeyish tricks help neither power nor
dignity.

A little country heir of much fair fame,
I'd like to treat with patience and benignity;
But memories of CAMOENS and DE GAMA
Should save you from the clown's part in
earth's drama.

Clowning it is to caper in this style,
Trying to make a foot-cloth of my banner.

You ought to know the temper of our Isle,
You've tested it in circumstantial manner.

Down before SOULT and JUNOR you'd have
gone

But for that very flag, and WELLINGTON.

Old friends? Of course we are. Old rivals too,
In commerce and adventure the world over.
From JOHN THE GREAT's time to the present,
you

In Africa have been a daring rover;
"The Rover's free"! Ah! that's good
lyric brag—

He is not free to trample on my flag!

VASCO DE GAMA and CABRAL, no doubt,
Held an exceedingly free hand aforetime.

Cocks of the walk were those adventurers
stout, [your time.]

But then their time was different from
In what you call your "civilising labours."
You'll have to think a little of your
neighbours.

"Prancing proconsuls" often stir up strife,
Which to abate diplomacy must strain.
Your PINTO seems to mean war to the knife—
He's too much given to the 'Ercles vein.
I'm sure I do not want to hurt your feelings,
I simply say I can't stand SERPA's dealings.

Plain English this, my little Portuguese,
And BARROS GOMES will tell you I mean it.
Fight? Pigmy versus Titan? Fiddlededee!
My meaning—without menaces, you'll
glean it— ["nag,"

Is this—I would not hector, no, nor
Only, my lad—you'll just come off that
Flag!

LONDON FOR THE LONDONERS;

Or, How to Please Everybody.

SCENE—*Railway Compartment.* BROWN and
JONES discovered reading Newspapers.

Brown (putting down his journal). Not
much news, Sir.

Jones (following the example). Quite so,
Sir—not much.

Brown. Perhaps, Sir, the most interesting
item is this talk about London Improvement.

Jones. So I think, Sir. But what do we
want with this plan for widening the Strand,
and making a road to Holborn? It seems to
me, Sir, that the suburbs are being neglected.

Brown. I agree with you, Sir. Now, if
they would develop the North of London, it
would be more to the purpose. If they
would run a road direct from Charing Cross
to, say, Zanzibar Terrace, Upper Kensal
Green, West, it would really be of service
to the public.

Jones. Very likely, Sir—very likely. For
my part, it seems to me that Chiswick also
requires a helping hand. The construction of
a broad boulevard running from Charing
Cross in a straight line to, say, Upham Park
Road, would tend to show that the County
Council justly appreciated its own responsi-
bilities. And I say this, knowing the neces-
sities of Chiswick, for in that neighbourhood
I happen to reside.

Brown. And I, too, Sir, am equally cogni-
sant of the requirements of Upper Kensal
Green West. As a matter of fact, Sir, I
happen to have a comfortable house in
Zanzibar Terrace.

Jones. And I, Sir, a delightful villa in
Upham Park Road.

[Whistle. Train enters tunnel, and further
conversation is drowned by the rattle of
the carriages.]

A Musical Anticipation.

FRED COWEN's *Viking*
Sure to be striking.
Think there is luck in
BARTON MCGUCKIN.

UNSOUGHT HONOUR.—After his last Birth-
day, Mr. GLADSTONE was unanimously elected
a Member of "the Eighty Club."



PLAIN ENGLISH!

JOHN BULL. "LOOK! HERE, MY LITTLE FRIEND, I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOUR LITTLE FEELINGS,—
BUT, COME OFF THAT FLAG!!!"





Jenkinson (to M. F. H., who dislikes being bothered). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS HORSE?" (No answer.) "BRED HIM MYSELF, YOU KNOW!"
 M. F. H. (looking at Horse out of corner of his eye). "UMPH! I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SUCH A SILLY IDIOT AS TO HAVE BOUGHT HIM!"

OLD COLDS FOR NEW.

(A Fairy Tale of Anglo Russian Origin.)

ONCE upon a time there was a feeble little Ailment called "Cold-in-the-head," which was treated in the most contemptuous fashion by its relations. The nearest of its kith and kin—Measles and Scarlatina—absolutely laughed when its name was mentioned, and scarcely recognised it as a connection. So Cold-in-the-head had rather a bad time of it generally.

One day the feeble little Ailment was wandering aimlessly about in search of a resting-place, when it came upon an enormous establishment threnged with thousands of working-men. When the employés are described as "working-men," it is not, however, quite accurate, for at that moment they were not working.

"Why are you idle?" sneezed out little Cold-in-the-head in a tone of compassion.

"Because," replied one of the employés, rather gruffly, "there is nothing to do. If you want further information, you had better inquire at that office."

And the man pointed to a door bearing the legend, "Editor's Room." The poor little Ailment entered the apartment, and found a Gentleman seated in front of a desk covered with papers. The Gentleman was staring before him, and the ink in his pen had dried up.

"What do you want?" asked the Gentleman. "And why don't you shut the door behind you?"

"I should cease to exist without draughts," explained the poor little Ailment, "and please don't speak roughly to me, as I want to help you."

"You help me!" exclaimed the Editor—for the Gentleman was an Editor. "How can you do that?"

"I think I can give you a subject."

"You are very welcome if you can do that," was the reply, "as in this dead season of the year ideas are as scarce as coals; nay scarcer. But surely, didn't you do something for the Press ages ago?"

"That was in the 'forties;' but I am quite different now."

Then the little Ailment related to the Editor stories of Russia, and the East, and all sorts of wonderful things.

"Well," murmured the Editor, after some consideration, "I think you may be useful, after all, if we are helped by the Doctors."

"What a fass they are making about this new rival of ours!" said Measles, angrily.

"Too absurd!" commented Scarlatina, in a tone of annoyance.

Then there was a grand procession. First came Correspondents, then Interviewed Physicians, then the General Public. It was a sight that had never been seen before. In the midst of the excitement an Ailment appeared.

"Why, bless me!" cried Measles. "Only fancy!"

"Can I believe my eyes?" shouted Scarlatina. "Why, it's poor little Cold-in-the-head, that no one used to care a jot about six months ago!"

"Silence!" said the Ailment, with great dignity. "You must learn to treat me with the respect due to my exalted station. And please don't call me 'Cold-in-the-head,' for I am known as 'The Russian Influenza!'"

Then the Ailment turned towards Mr. Punch, who (as was his wont) was smiling, and bade him do homage.

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed the Sage of Fleet Street, raising a glass of Ammoniated Tincture of Quinine to his lips, and quaffing merrily a teaspoonful. "I defy you! You are puffed up with conceit, my poor little Illness, and when, in a few weeks' time, we have another sensation to talk and think about, you will sink back into your native obscurity."

And Mr. Punch (as the event will prove) was—as he always is—entirely right!

AT THE PORTE ST. MARTIN.—If there were ever any question as to the genius of SARA BERNHARDT, she has now settled it by appearing as *Jeanne d'Arc*, and showing us what she is Maid of. By the way, as of course she wears golden or auburn hair, *Jeanne d'Arc* must appear as *Jeanne Light*. Irreverent scoffers may say this is historically correct, as from their point of view *Joan* was rather light-headed. Of course, *Joan* is coming over to London. Why not to Mr. HARE'S Theatre, and finish the evening with a prime Garrick Stake.



MR. PUNCH'S EXHIBITION OF GRAND "OLD MASTERS."



ALL ALIVE!

Cheesemonger. "WHAT IS IT, MY DEAR?"

Little Girl. "OH, MOTHER'S SENT BACK THIS PIECE O' CHEESE, 'CAUSE FATHER SAYS IF HE WANTS ANY BAIT WHEN HE'S A GOIN' A FISHIN', HE CAN DIG 'EM UP IN OUR GARDEN!"

A COMING BIG BORE.

Being a probable Extract from the "City Intelligence" for 1900.

THE half-yearly meeting to discuss the Report just issued by the Chairman and Directors of the Amalgamated International Anglo-French Submarine Channel Tunnel Railway Company was held in the Company's Fortress Board-room yesterday afternoon, and, owing to the present critical Continental outlook, as might have been expected, succeeded in securing the attendance of an unusually large number of shareholders.

The Chairman, who on rising was received with prolonged hooting and a chorus, again and again renewed *con amore* by the assembled audience, of "And he's a jolly bad fellow!" having, at length, though frequently interrupted, obtained something like a hearing, was understood to say, that he had little to offer in the shape of comment on the Report submitted to the meeting. (*Groans.*) The causes of its unsatisfactory nature were patent to all. Owing to their having been compelled, in what he now fully recognised was a slavish and mistaken obedience to a popular clamour (*a Voice, "You're right!"*), three years ago, in the height of a sudden scare about invasion—"Oh! oh!"—to let the water in and flood the Tunnel—(*groans*)—they had been occupied ever since in pumping it out again, and though now he was glad to announce that the last bucketful had been emptied out, and that the traffic would be resumed forthwith—(*cheers*)—still the operation had cost them three millions of money, that they had to get from the market in the shape of Seventeen per Cent. First Preference Debentures—"Oh! oh!"—on which, however, he trusted that a favourable season's receipts might enable them possibly to pay a next half-year's dividend of three and sixpence. (*Prolonged groans.*) It was not much; still, it was something. "Oh! oh!" But if they wished to secure even this modest remuneration for their money, they must make up their minds, especially at the present moment, when there was a daily,—he might almost say, an hourly,—expectation of the withdrawal of their Ambassador from Paris, that there must be no more craven yielding to delusive impulses of an idiotic patriotism—(*loud cheers*)—in a word, no more talk about closing the Tunnel on the paltry plea of "national security." (*Prolonged cheering.*) He was glad to hear those cheers. It was an endorsement of the standpoint that he and his Directors meant to take in the present crisis, which was, in effect, to remind themselves that they were shareholders of the Anglo-French Submarine Channel Tunnel Railway Company first—and Englishmen afterwards—(*thunders of*

applause, and loud and prolonged cheering);—and that, if called upon to shed their life's blood, it would be solely in defence of that great engineering work, the true monument of peace, in which their aspirations, their hopes, and, above all, their capital, had been so fearlessly embarked and largely invested. (*Renewed enthusiasm.*)

A Shareholder here rose, and said, that if there really was, as the Chairman seemed to imply, a probability that war with our friendly neighbours might break out at any minute, would it not be advisable, in the interests of the Company, to come to some amicable and therefore satisfactory commercial arrangement for the transit of troops through the Tunnel, which, no doubt, it would be their first object to secure. (*Laughter.*) There might possibly be some stupid attempt of our own Government forces to seize upon and even damage, with a view to rendering the Tunnel useless, the works commanding this end of it. Should not a Volunteer Corps of Shareholders be at once organised—"Hear! hear!"—for the purpose of keeping them until the French Military Authorities came over in sufficient force to enable them to seize and securely hold them against all comers? He trusted he was not wanting in a well-balanced and legitimate patriotism—"No! no!"—but like their respected Chairman, he felt that there was a higher claim, a louder call than that addressed to an Englishman by his country, and that was the deep, grim, stern and stirring appeal made to the Seventeen per Cent. Debenture-holder by his Company. (*Roars of laughter.*)

Considerable uproar here arose over the ejection from the meeting of a protesting Shareholder, who injudiciously proposed an Amendment to the Report to the effect that, "In the face of grave National danger, the Company ought to be prepared, even if it involved serious financial loss, to close their Tunnel, if such a step should be regarded as necessary to the security of the country by the military advisers of the Government." This proposition was howled down, and the Chairman was again about to address the now somewhat quieted meeting, when a copy of an evening paper, announcing the declaration of war, and the simultaneous seizure of the British end of the Tunnel that morning by two hundred French troops, who had crossed from Boulogne by yesterday's evening Mail-boat, and had passed the night at Folkestone in disguise, was handed up on to the platform.

THE CHAIRMAN (*after reading out the various items of intelligence to the Audience, who listened to them with breathless excitement.*) Well, Gentlemen, in the face of this not entirely unsuspected news—(*laughter*)—our course is, I think, pretty clear. We must at once dispatch a deputation to make the best terms we can with the French General in command, for the transit of the one or two, or even three hundred thousand troops they propose to bring over. (*Cheers.*) Even if we get only an excursion fare out of them, it will be something. ("Hear, hear!") And, at least, we shall be able to congratulate ourselves on this occasion with a sterling and heartfelt satisfaction that, whether the country go to the dogs or not—(*roars of laughter*)—the property of the Company will, at any rate, be preserved. (*Enthusiastic applause.*) The Chairman, who continued his address amid mingled cheers and laughter in the same strain, having submitted the names to form the proposed deputation to the meeting, the Shareholders dispersed, apparently in the highest spirits, singing a parody of the great national ditty, in which the line, "Britons ever, ever, ever will be knaves," with an accompaniment of loud guffaws of laughter, struck the listening ear, as they betook themselves to their respective homes.

THE IRISH QUESTION IN BOND STREET.

VERY calmly and pleasantly is this matter settled at Messrs. DOWDESWELL'S Galleries. Mr. O. RICKATSON takes us a mighty pleasant tour through Wicklow, Wexford, and Waterford. He gives us his views on the Land Question (Shure there are Sixty-two of them, bedad!) in Water-colours, and very bright, breezy, and delightful they are. If they will have Home Rule, if they persist in having Ireland for the Irish, we have no desire to pick a quarrel with this accomplished *aquarelliste* (Ha! ha!) for showing us the beauties of the "distressful country;" and if we are not allowed to have the real thing, we shall find the peaceful possession of Mr. RICKATSON'S delightful pictures no mean substitute.

ENTERTAINING AN ENTERTAINER.



Mr. Toole, before partaking of all the farewell luncheons, dinners, and suppers, previous to his departure for Australia.



Mr. J. L. Toole after all the farewell luncheons, &c., &c. * * P. & O. Co. won't make any reduction on taking a quantity.

THE PILFERER.

TO ALL VOLAPUK-SPEAKING FOLK.

THERE exists at this moment no institution which even aspires to be to the Volapuk-speaking world what We were whilst still We remained in Northumberland Street, and looked after things generally. The wise are few. The governing minds are never numerous. But We have one, and We have determined to expand it over a new Monthly Magazine. At the outset We, being, after all, human, were confronted by the difficulty of finding a title. Several suggested themselves to a Mind not lacking in scope. A few may be mentioned. There was the *Filibuster*; the *Summum Bone-'em*; *Macheath's Miscellany*; the *Monthly Marauder*; the *Eviscerator*; the *Literary Leech*; the *Monthly Misappropriator*; the *Sixpenny Scoop*. Each has its particular attraction and appropriateness. But, having submitted the selection of titles for the consideration of some of the foremost men of letters, lawyers, soldiers, scientists, and divines of our time, with a request for an expression of their opinion, we decided upon the title which appears at the head of these few preliminary remarks. We are the *Pilferer*, price sixpence, published monthly; a reduction on taking a quantity.

The *Pilferer* will not be a colourless reflection of public opinion for the time being. It will certainly not be a Party organ, and that for sufficient reason. Neither Party has at this moment any distinctive body of doctrine, any well-conceived system of faith, which would justify Us in labelling Our new monthly with a Party badge. Moreover than which, We have some reason to believe that neither Party, nor any subdivision of Party, particularly cares to be associated with Us. We shall therefore be independent of Party, because, having a very clear, intelligible belief in Ourselves, We are able to survey the struggles of contending parties from the standpoint of sublime egotism. We are the man who can interpret the best thought of his day in such a manner as to render it accessible to the general intelligence of Our age. We are the true Prophet of Our time, and We hope to make a modest profit out of Our new venture. Hence, Our first starting point will be a deep and almost awestruck regard for the destinies of the Volapuk-speaking race. The American Republic we especially take under our wing (price of the Magazine in the United States 50 cents.), whilst we work for the Empire, seek to strengthen it, to develop it, and, when necessary, to extend it. We believe in Ourselves, in England, and in Humanity. We are not mad. We do not "hear them dancing in the hall," as used to happen when HENRY RUSSELL still filled the stage of the Concert Hall. But we have our mission, which is to hold the world straight, keep ourselves *en évidence*, and earn a modest living.

How is this to be done? By the preaching of a man who energises the activity of the Church by the ideals of chivalry and the production of a Sixpenny Monthly, made up of pickings from other people's pockets. Visible; in many ways is the decadence of the daily Press since We left it. The Mentor of Young Democracy has abandoned philosophy, and stuffs the ears of his TELEMACHUS with the skirts of CALYPSO's petticoats, the latest scandals of the Court, and the prurient purrings of abandoned womankind in places where you accept the unaccustomed cigar, and

drink the unfamiliar champagne. All the more need, then, that there should be a Voice which, like that of the Muezzin from the Eastern minaret, shall summon the Faithful to the duties imposed by their belief. We go into this waste land to possess it. It is capable of being made to flourish as of old under the stimulating radiance of a great ideal, and the diligent and intelligent culture of one who, like Ourselves, has the capacity for direction.

Who will help Us? There is not a street in London, nor a village in the country, which is not capable of producing, even at short notice, and under slight pressure, a man or a woman who will spend two hours a week, every week in the year, in more or less irksome voluntary exertion in order to sell the *Pilferer*. To such we say, "If, by canvassing, or otherwise, you secure, say, six subscribers, the *Pilferer* shall be sent to you as long as the six continue their subscriptions." In this case, the subscriptions should be paid in advance.

Are there any among the readers of the *Pilferer* craving for counsel, for sympathy, and for the consolation of pouring out their soul's grief at so much a quart, so to speak? If so, may we ask them to communicate with Us? Their cases, as they submit them, will be placed before such competent and skilful advisers as We are able to gather round Us from the best men and women in the Volapuk-speaking world. Their confidences will be printed free of cost, and, touched up with the literary art that shaped many a spicy series, are likely to produce copy at once tasty and cheap. We have a heap of letters and post-cards from eminent persons to whom we submitted the design lightly sketched above. They may be known as "Some Letters of Marque to the Editor of the *Literary Privateer*."

MR. GL-DST-NE.

DEAR MR. PILFERER.—The idea you suggest appears to me highly useful, as well as ingenious in relation to all who are able to appreciate it. Personally I am outside this circle, and so will save my sixpence a month. I hope you enjoyed your 'bus tour along the Commercial Road? Yours faithfully, W. E. GL-DST-NE.

MR. B-LF-R.

1, Carlton Gardens, S.W., Dec. 12, '89.

I THINK your scheme ought to prove useful. But isn't there some difficulty with the original proprietors of the goods? If I can help you in any way, by putting anyone in prison, pray count upon me. Obstruction must be put down in any form in which it presents itself. Yours faithfully, A. J. B-LF-R.

EARL OF C-RN-RV-N.

THERE is, no doubt, a large amount of valuable matter which appears from time to time in the Magazines, but which, being buried under a mass of unimportant writing, is overlooked. I have found this in reference to my own contributions, which have occasionally been passed over by the public, who have preferred to read the other contents.

LORD C-L-R-DOE.

AT one time of my life I wrote far too many articles to have much opinion of the ability required to produce them, or their value to anyone when produced. What I did write was much better than the general run of articles. Now I do not write, there is nothing in the Magazines. If you can get it out for nothing, and sell it for sixpence, you will do well.

LORD W-LS-L-Y.

Ranger's House, Greenwich Park, S.E. Sunday.

DEAR MR. PILFERER,—In answer to your note, I have nothing to say of any interest. W-LS-L-Y.

LORD T-NNYS-N.

Hangford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

LORD T-NNYS-N presents his compliments to Mr. *Pilferer*, and begs to point out to him that had he thrust his corporeal presence upon Lord T-NNYS-N over his garden hedge, or by his area-steps, he would have been incontinently cast forth by the domestics. Lord T-NNYS-N finds it impossible to discover any appreciable difference between that step and the one whereby Mr. *Pilferer* impertinently, through the medium of the unsuspecting penny post, forces himself upon Lord T-NNYS-N's notice, and impudently begs him to assist him with a gratuitous advertisement for a commercial undertaking.

MR. CHARLEY BATES.

Middle of Next Week. Nix Alley, No. 0.

DEAR PAL,—Excuse this address, but sometimes it's well not to go into too many pettecklers. I have yours giving me an account of your new lay. As far as I can make out, there's a lot of tradesmen in London who, at considerable give out of swag, get swell fellers to write articles for them. Then you plunge in, romp around, fill your pockets with the pick of the lot, and go and sell it on your own hook. That's good. But what I like best is the putting on of the bands and surplice, the taking of the good book in the right hand, the uprising of the eyeballs, and the general trotting out of the loftiest principles, the purest motives, and the general welfare of our brother men. You are a regular winner, old pal, and should do; leastways, you have the good wishes of your old friend, CHARLEY.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volentiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XVII.

"THE Humours of the Town!" Archaic phrase, Breathing of BRUMMEL and the dandy days Of curly hats and gaiters! 'Humours' seem rarer now, at least by night, In this strange world of gilt and garish light, [ters.] And bibulous wits and wai- So I. The Shadow smiled. "There's food for mirth In every nook of the sun-circling earth [trodden. That human foot hath Man, the great mime, must move the Momus vein, Whether he follow fashion or the wain, In ermine or in hodden.



"A City of Strange Meet- ings! Motives strong Why men in well-dressed multitudes should throng, Abundant are and various.

Strongest, perhaps, the vague desire to meet; No animal as Man so quick to greet, So aimlessly gregarious.

"In Council, Caucus, Causerie, there's an aim Which many know and some might even name;

But see yon motley muster, Like shades in Eblis wandering up and down! Types there of every 'Show Class' in the Town Elbow and glide and cluster."

I see long rooms, *en suite*, with lofty walls, And *portières* sombre as Egyptian palls; I hear the ceaseless scuffle Of many trim-shod feet; the thin sweet sound Of stricken strings which faintly echoes round These draped vistas muffle.

Susurrus of a hundred voices blent In the bland buzz of cultured chat; intent Set faces mutely watching From cushioned corner or from curtained nook; Hands that about old ears attentive crook, The latest scandal catching.

Cold rock-hewn countenances, shaven clean, Hard lips, and eyes alert with strength and spleen; Visages vain and vapid, All wreathed with the conventional bland smile That covers weary scorn or watchful guile, Shift here in sequence rapid.

"Why is this well-dressed mob thus mustered here?" I asked my guide. "On every face a sneer "Curls—when it is not smirking. Scorn of each other seems the one sole thing In which they sympathise, the asp whose sting Midst flowery talk is lurking."

"Friend, mutual mockery, masked as mutual praise, Is a great social bond in these strange days. ROCHEFOUCAULD here might gather Material for new maxims keen and cold. They meet, these *convives*, if the truth be told, For boredom and bland blather.

"Royston's Reception,—ah! yes; beastly bore! But must drop in for half an hour, no more. The usual *eram*,—one knows it.

Big pudding with a few peculiar "plums." Everyone kicks, but everybody comes Don't quite know how he does it!"

"So SNAGGS, the slangy cynic. See him there With pouching shirt-front and disordered hair,

Talking to CRAMP the sturdy, Irreverent R. A. And he,—that's JOYCE, The shaggy swart Silenus, with a voice Much like a hurdy-gurdy.

"You see him everywhere, though none knows why; Every hand meets his grip, though every eye Furtively hints abhorrence. Society's a gridiron; fools to please, Wise men must sometimes lie as ill at ease As might a new St. Lawrence."

A buzz, a bnsdle! How the crowd makes way, And parts in lines as on some pageant day!

'Tis the Great Man, none other, "Bland, beaming, bowing quick to left and right; One hour he'll deign to give from his brief To flattery, fuss and pother.

"Though the whole mob does homage, more than half Behind their hands indulge in sorrel chaff, And venomous invective. And he, the hard-faced Cleon with his ring Of minor satellites? Could glances sting His were not ineffective!"

"Crouched in yon corner, huddled chin to knees, Like some old lion sore and ill at ease Left foodless in the jungle, Sits GRUMPER, growling oaths beneath his breath At CLEON, who—to him—sums party-death And diplomatic bungle.

"'Beshrew him for a—!'" "GRUMPER'S speech is strong; Flanders and screeds of old satiric song Blend in his vigorous diction. Around, in lounging groups or knots apart, Are lesser lights of thought, small stars of art, And petty chiefs of fiction.

"Hosts of the nameless, fameless, 'Small Unknown'; Men who can form a 'corner,' float a loan, Wire-pull a local Caucus,

But cannot paint poor pictures, write bad plays, Or on a platform wildly flame or praise In rolling tones or raucous.

"These lounge and hover, sip champagne and whiff

Mild cigarettes; these too, in secret sniff At 'the whole queer caboodle.' Why do they meet? How shall I say, good friend?

Modern symposiasts seem a curious blend Of porcupine and poodle.

"In these Saturnian days Amphitryon spreads His meshes wide, and counts not brains but heads

The Tadpoles and the Tapers Aro scorned by the few Titans; true; but aims

Differ; to some 'tis much to see their names Strung in the morning papers.

"So Private Views are popular, and men Meet just to prompt the social scribe's smart Taste too austere winnows [pen. Town's superflux of chaff from its scant wheat: Our host prefers to mix, in his Great Meet, The Tritons and the minnows!"

"With mutual scorn!" I cried. "Has Fashion power Thus to unhumanise the 'Social Hour,' Theme of old poets' vaunting? Gregarious spites and egotisms harsh!— Foregathering of frog-swarms in a marsh Yields music as enchanting."
(To be continued.)

HOLIDAY CATECHISM.

Mr. Punch. Well, Master JACK HORNER, where have you been this time?

Master J. H. POLLY and I visited Madame Tussaud's,—they have got Mr. SALA there, looking so amiable! We were pleased to see him! And POLLY afterwards would take me into the Chamber of Horrors! But I paid her out by getting her to try a boat on "Ye Ocean Wave," as they call it, at HENGLER'S!

Mr. P. Done anything else? Master J. H. To be sure. Looked in at "Niagara," where they have got a Forest of Christmas trees. Capital! Popped into "Waterloo," opposite. Smashed skull in a trophy of arms amongst the relics—lovely! The picture, too, not half bad. Then improved our minds at the Tudor Exhibition.

Mr. P. And where else have you been? Master J. H. To the Crystal Palace, where they have got *Cinderella* this year. It's first-rate!

"VANITY UN-FAIR."—A week ago a caricature of one of the most popular and pleasant-looking of officials—a scholar and a gentleman—Mr. EDWARD PIGOTT—the Examiner of Plays, was published in *Vanity Fair*. Unrecognisable as a portrait, the picture was painfully hideous. Why it should have been allowed to appear is a mystery, as Mr. PIGOTT is a man that either is, or should be, without an enemy. There is only one thing to be done—our contemporary (following a recent precedent preserved in its own columns) should publish an apology.

"SPEED THE PARTINO."—The last four weeks of BARNUM at Olympia are announced. If this is a fact, won't there arise a chorus of general jubilation from Theatrical Managers? Rather!

"ANA."—*Obiter dicta* anent the Parnell Commission will be published in one supplementary volume, entitled, *Osheana*.



GRADUAL TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—FLIGHT OF THE DEMON INFLUENZA AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

THE DITTY OF THE DAGGER.

[A writer on Fashion says, "The latest fad is the wearing of large daggers in the hair, which renders a lady quite dangerous to her neighbours."]

ETHELINDA hath a dagger; IRVING gave it; calmly there,
As the fashion is, she sticks it in her coronal of hair.

It looks very like the dagger 'bout which *Macbeth* told such fibs,
That cold steel which tickled *Duncan* underneath his royal ribs.

Whomsoever she approaches, that three-cornered dagger prods,
And a hecatomb of corpses follows when her head she nods.

KATE and MARGARET were wounded as if they'd been to the wars,
HILDA too and OLGA owe her very aggravating scars.

BEN and TED have both been prodded, and unhappy LIONELLO,
Looks as if he'd been engaging in a terrible *duello*.

If the fashion thus continues of stilettos worn like this,
Men must case their heads in helmets, or ne'er go near girls, I wis.

Notless, were I ETHELINDA's mother, I would say, "Beware!
If you must keep such a dagger, leave it upstairs—with your hair."

ETHELINDA fiercely would repel the base insinuation,
But the hint might save her neighbours any further laceration.

SET DOWN FOR TRIAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
 DURING the Winter Vacation, now at an end, I have been visiting some of the theatres with a view to educating my eldest son. Hearing that in *A Man's Shadow* at the Haymarket there was a representation of "the Assize Chamber, Palais de Justice, Paris," I took NORTHBUTT (the name I have given to my boy, in recognition of the kindness that is habitually shown to the Junior Bar by two of the most courteous Judges of modern times) to that temple of the Drama, and was delighted at the dignity and legal sententious displayed by Mr. KEMBLE as the President of the Court. On referring to the programme, I found that the part of the Usher was played by Mr. ROBB HARWOOD, and I trust that learned Gentleman (I cannot help feeling that from his Christian name, Mr. HARWOOD must be connected with the law) will forgive me if I make a few suggestions. It has been my good fortune to be present in a French Court, and I can assure Mr. ROBB, that the Usher is an infinitely more important personage than he represents him to be. I am not a dramatist, but I can readily understand that it might interfere with the interest of the play, and perhaps, unduly damage the importance properly attributable to the utterances of the Lessee of the theatre, were Mr. ROBB to give increased prominence to his rôle while Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is present in the character of *Lucien Laroque*. But this is unnecessary, as Mr. KEMBLE about the middle of the sitting very properly adjourns the Court presumably for luncheon. It is then, that the Usher should emerge from his comparative obscurity, and, so to speak, make his mark. I jot down a rough idea of my notion in dramatic form for the consideration of the adapter of the piece, Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SCENE—*The Assize Chamber (Palais of Justice, Paris).* Mr. KEMBLE has just retired with his colleagues to luncheon. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, as *Laroque*, has been removed in the custody of an old officer, in a uniform produced by Messrs. NATHAN, from a sketch by "KARL." (*Vote Programme.*) Mr. FERNANDEZ is seen seated beneath the dock. Advocates fraternise with a Young Abbé, who has evidently a taste for sensational murder cases.

Usher (to Crowd). Now then, Gentlemen, although the Court has retired, you must keep order. (*A murmur.*) What, my authority defied! Gendarmes, do your duty! (*The Gendarmes suppress Crowd.*) M. l'Abbé, a word with you. (*The Abbé approaches Usher respectfully.*) I am told by the Nurse of Mademoiselle SUZANNE that Madame LAROCHE is dying. Can you kindly let me see the Doctor who has the case in hand?

M. l'Abbé (glad of something to say). Certainly, Monsieur. The Doctor is one of my intimate friends, and will be proud of an introduction. [*Retires, in search of the Medical Man.*]



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"IT'S VERY ODD—BUT I CAN'T GET BID OF MY PICTURES. THE HOUSE IS FULL OF THEM!"
 "CAN'T YOU GET YOUR GROCER TO GIVE 'EM AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA, OR SOMETHING?"

Usher. Thank you! (*is given a letter by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who has reappeared as his own Shadow.*) Well, Sirrah, what do you want?

Mr. Tree's Shadow (clearing his throat). Urrrrer! Take that to Mr. FERNANDEZ over yonder, and wake him up with it! Urrrrer! [*Exit.*]

Usher. With pleasure; but (*smiling*) what a quaint noise! (*Approaching Mr. FERNANDEZ*) Monsieur, allow me to offer you my snuff-box—it is heartily at your service. (*Mr. FERNANDEZ accepts the courtesy with effusion.*) And now, my old friend, take this packet, which I fancy is from your wife. I hope Madame is well? (*Mr. FERNANDEZ smilingly bows and eats a sandwich.*) I am delighted to hear it. (*Sternly to Mr. TREE, who has entered in another disguise.*) Well, Monsieur, and what do you want with me?

Mr. Tree in another disguise (seizing the opportunity of showing his well-known versatility), I am the Doctor who is attending Madame LAROCHE! She is very ill! Believe me, Usher—(*Makes a pathetic speech in a new voice with appropriate gesticulation, finishing with these words,*) and if he dies, she will die also!

Usher (who has been weeping). Sad! sad! sad! Ah! Monsieur, you have a hand of silver—
Mr. Tree (in the other disguise). And a heart of gold! [*Exit.*]

Usher (wiping his eyes). Dear me his story has affected me strangely! But, I must dissemble! Let not the hollow heartless crowd see my emotion! I must laugh and joke, although my heart may be breaking! (*Suddenly.*) I will tell a good story to Mr. FERNANDEZ who, I notice, is deeply concerned at the news contained in the letter he has just received from his wife—that news may be the revelation of her own miserable past! (*Approaching the Counsel for the Defence.*) Ah, my old and valued friend, let me cheer you up with an amusing anecdote. You must know that once upon a time a man was seated before the kitchen-fire watching a leg of mutton! His dog was seated near him! *Mr. Fernandez (in an undertone—as himself).* Go away!

Usher (ignoring the interruption). The dog seized the mutton, and the man cast the stool after him—thus it was said that two legs, finding four legs had stolen one leg, threw after him three legs! Ha! ha! ha! You will see two legs—the man—four legs, the dog—one leg, the mutton—and three legs, the stool! A quaint conceit! A quaint—ha! ha! ha!—a quaint conceit indeed!

Mr. Fernandez (as before, but more so). Go away! [*Mr. KEMBLE here returns, and the Usher resumes his ordinary manner.* Scene concluded according to Mr. BUCHANAN'S version.

Wishing you the compliments of the season (*in which NORTHBUTT joins*),
 I remain, dear Mr. Punch, Yours truly,
 Pump-handle Court, Temple, 20th Jan., 1890. A BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"It is reported from Gibraltar, that the 110-ton guns of the *Benbow*, have developed defects similar to those recently developed in the *Victoria*."—*Naval Intelligence.*

THERE was a hoodwinked Man
 Who, in buying his big guns,
 Very often by the nose was deftly led, led, led.
 For when he fired them first
 They did everything but burst,
 Though guaranteed by Whitehall's Naval head,
 head, head!

So when by foes defied
 At length in action tried
 'Tis found that they won't fire a single shot, shot,
 Let us hope, at any rate,
 Though the Nemesis come late,
 That some party who's to blame will get it hot,
 hot, hot!



How JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET would have treated
THE INFLUENZA.

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE TUDOR EXHIBITION.
IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

The usual Jocose 'Arry (who has come here with 'ARRIET, for no very obvious reason, as they neither of them know or care about any history but their own). Well, I s'pose as we are 'ere, we'd better go in a buster for a book o' the words, eh? (To Commissionnaire.) What are yer doin' them c'rect guides at, ole man? A shillin'? Not me! 'Ere, 'ARRIET, we'll make it out for ourselves.

A Young Man (who has dropped in for five minutes—"just to say he's been, don't you know"). 'Jove—my Aunt! Nip out before she spots me... Stop, though, suppose she has spotted me? Never can tell with gill-lamps... better not risk it.

[Is "spotted" while hesitating.

His Aunt. I didn't recognise you till just this moment, JOHN, my boy. I was just wishing I had someone to read out all the extracts in the Catalogue for me; now we can go round together.

[JOHN affects a dutiful delight at this suggestion, and wonders mentally if he can get away in time to go to afternoon tea with those pretty Chesterton Girls.

An Uncle (who has taken MASTER TOMMY out for the afternoon). This is the way to make your English History real to you, my boy!

[TOMMY, who had cherished hopes of Covent Garden Circus, privately thinks that English History is a sufficiently unpleasant reality as it is, and conceives a bitter prejudice against the entire Tudor Period on the spot.

The Intelligent Person. Ha! armour of the period, you see! (Feels bound to make an intelligent remark.)

'Stonishing how the whole art of war has been transformed since then, eh? Now—to me—(as if he was conscious of being singular in this respect)—to me, all this is most interesting. Coming as I do, fresh from FROUDE—

His Companion (a Flippant Person). Don't speak so loud. If they know you've come in here fresh, you'll get turned out!

Patronising Persons (inspecting magnificent suit of russet and gilt armour). 'Pon my word, no idea they turned out such good work in those times—very creditable to them, really.

BEFORE THE PORTRAITS.

The Uncle. Now, TOMMY, you remember what became of KATHERINE of Aragon, I'm sure? No, no—tut—tut—she wasn't executed! I'm afraid you're getting rather rusty with these long holidays. Remind me to speak to your mother about setting you a chapter or so of history to read every day when we get home, will you?

Tommy (to himself). It is hard lines on a chap having a Sneak for an Uncle! Catch me swotting to please him!

'Arry. There's old 'ENERY THE EIGHTH, you see—that's 'im right enough; him as 'ad all those wives, and cut every one of their 'eds off!

'Arriet (admiringly). Ah, I knew we shouldn't want a Catalogue.

The Int. P. Wonderfully HOLBEIN's caught the character of the man—the—er—curious compound of obstinacy, violence, and good-humour, sensuality, and—and so on. No mistaking a Holbein—you can tell him at once by the extraordinary finish of all the accessories. Now look at that girdle—isn't that HOLBEIN all over?

Flippant P. Not quite all over, old fellow. Catalogue says it's painted by PARIS BORDONE.

The Int. P. Possibly—but it's HOLBEIN's manner, and, looking at these portraits, you see at once how right FROUDE's estimate was of the King.

F. P. Does FROUDE say how he got that nasty one on the side of his nose?

A Visitor. Looks overid, don't he?

Second V. (sympathetically). Oh, he did himself very well; you can see that.

The Aunt. Wait a bit, JOHN—don't read so fast. I haven't made out the middle background yet. And where's the figure of St. Michael rising above the gilt tent, lined with *feurs-de-lis* on a blue ground? Would this be GUISNES, or ARDRES, now? Oh, ARDRES on the right—so that's ARDRES—yes, yes; and now tell me what it says about the two gold fountains, and that dragon up in the sky.

[JOHN calculates that, at this rate, he has a very poor chance of getting away before the Gallery closes.

The Patronising Persons. 'Um! HOLBEIN again, 'you see—very curious their ideas of painting in those days. Ah, well, Art has made great progress since then—like everything else!

Miss Fisher. So that's the beautiful QUEEN MARY! I wonder if it is really true that people have got better-looking since those days?

[Glances appealingly at Phlegmatic Fiancé.

Her Phlegmatic Fiancé. I wonder.

Miss F. You hardly ever see such small hands now, do you? With those lovely long fingers, too!

The Phl. F. No, never.

Miss F. Perhaps people in some other century will wonder how anybody ever saw anything to admire in us?

The Phl. F. Shouldn't be surprised.

[Miss F. does wish secretly that CHARLES had more conversation.

The Aunt. JOHN, just find out who No. 222 is.

John. (sulkily). Sir GEORGE PENRUDDOCKE, Knight.

His Aunt (with enthusiasm). Of course—how interesting this is, isn't it?—seeing all these celebrated persons exactly as they were in life! Now read who he was, JOHN, please.

The Int. Person. FROUDE tells a curious incident about—

Flippant P. I tell you what it is, old chap, if you read so much history, you'll end by believing it!

The Int. P. (pausing before the Shakspeare portraits.) "He was not for an age, but for all time."

The Fl. P. I suppose that's why they've painted none of them alike.

A Person with a talent for Comparison. MARY, come here a moment. Do look at this—"ELIZABETH, Lady HORY"—did you ever see such a likeness?

Mary. Well, dear, I don't quite—

The Person with &c. It's her living image! Do you mean to say you really don't recognise it?—Why, Cook, of course!

Mary. Ah! (apologetically)—but I've never seen her dressed to go out, you know.

The Uncle. "No. 13, Sir ROWLAND HILL, Lord Mayor, died 1561"—

Tommy (anxious to escape the threatened chapters if possible). I know about him, Uncle, he invented postage stamps!

OVER THE CASES.

First Patronising P. "A Tooth of QUEEN KATHERINE PARR." Dear me! very quaint.

Second P. P. (tolerantly). And not at all a bad tooth, either.

'Arriet (comes to a case containing a hat labelled as formerly belonging to HENRY THE EIGHTH). 'ARRY, look 'ere; fancy a king going about in a thing like that—pink with a green feather! Why, I wouldn't be seen in it myself!

'Arry. Ah, but that was ole 'ENERY all over, that was; he wasn't one for show. He liked a quiet, unassumin' style of 'at, he did. "None of yer loud pot 'ats for Me!" he'd tell the Royal 'atters; "find me a tile as won't attract people's notice, or you won't want a tile yerselves in another minute!" An' you may take yer oath they served him pretty sharp, too!

'Arriet (giggling). It's a pity they didn't ask you to write their Catalogue for 'em.

The Aunt. JOHN, you're not really looking at that needlework—it's QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OWN work, JOHN. Only look how wonderfully fine the stitches are. Ah, she was a truly great woman! I could spend hours over this case alone. What, closing are they, already? We must have another day at this together, JOHN—just you and I.

John. Yes, Aunt. And now—(thinks there is just time to call on the CHESTERTONS, if he goes soon)—can I get you a cab, or put you into a 'bus, or anything?

His Aunt. Not just yet; you must take me somewhere where I can get a bun and a cup of tea first, and then we can go over the Catalogue together, and mark all the things we missed, you know.

[JOHN resigns himself to the inevitable rather than offend his wealthy relative; the Intelligent Person comes out, saying he has had "an intellectual treat," and intends to "run through FROUDE again" that evening. 'ARRY and 'ARRIET depart to the "Ocean Wave" at HENGLER'S. Gallery gradually clears as Scene closes in.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE EMPIRE.

SINCE the SHAH spent a pleasant evening in the Theatre of Varieties North of Leicester Square (and if it comes to that, long



The Empire of Melpomene and Terpsichore.

before) the Empire has been a notable place of entertainment. At the present moment there is an exceptionally strong programme. Two ballets, both extremely good. The first, "The Paris Exhibition," pleasingly recalls the glories and expenses of last year so inseparably connected with the Cairo street dancing and the Tour Eiffel. The second, "A Dream of Wealth," is interesting amongst other matters for proving conclusively that the Demon of Avarice (conscientiously impersonated by Signor LUIGI ALBERTIERI), is a singularly gentlemanly creature, and not nearly so black as he would conventionally be painted. The story of the *divertissement* by Madame KATTI LANNER, if rather obscure, is still thoroughly enjoyable. It would seem that a miser with a comic but sound-hearted clerk, after an altercation with some well-fed representatives of "the most distressful" tenantry that ever yet were seen, makes the acquaintance of "an apparition," and dreams that he is the tenant of his own jewel-casket. In his sleep he is present at a *ballet* replete with silver and gold and precious stones, to say nothing of shapely limbs and pretty faces, and makes great friends with the "apparition," who shows him much graceful courtesy, with the assistance of one of her acquaintances, that singularly gentlemanly creature, the Demon of Avarice. That all ends happily goes without saying.

But perhaps the feature of the Empire Theatre of Varieties (a title justified by the programme—a document, by the way, for which a uniform charge of two pence should be made, instead of "anything you please, Sir," subsequently translatable into at least sixpence) is the realisation, by Miss AMY ROSELLE, of *The Woman and the Law*, written by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT. The accomplished actress, in a simple black dress, in front of a scene suggestive of (say) an unused hall-room in the Vatican, holds her audience in her grasp. In spite of the smoke of the stalls, the levity of the lounge, and the general incongruity of her surroundings, Miss ROSELLE scores nightly a distinct success. Lastly, Mlle. VANONI, returning to the scene of her former triumphs, once again delights all beholders by the sprightliness of her singing and dancing. No reason to fear the disruption of the Empire at present.

KICKED!

(By the Foot of Clara Groomley.)

CHAPTER I.

I HAD come back from India. I was in Southampton. Only a few months before I had been teaching whist to the natives on the banks of the Ganges, and I had made my fortune out of the Indian rubber. I wonder if they remember the great Sahib who always had seven trumps and only one other suit. Tailoring is in its infancy over there, and the natives frequently had no suit at all. I had not placed my money in the Ganges banks, because they are notoriously unsafe. I had brought it with me to Southampton. I was rich, but solitary. Yet I was a dashing young fellow, especially in my printed conversation. When it rained, I said "dee." Just smack your lips over the delightful wickedness of it, and then proceed.



She looked charming.

There was nothing to do. I couldn't go to Ryde, although the waiter assured me it was a pleasant trip. Neither did I care to go for a walk. The situation was at a dead-lock, and I said so.

"Well," said the waiter, "there's the quay." So I went to the quay. I heard a sweet young voice remark, "What a shocking bad hat!" I fell in love with her at once. She was with a governess—obviously French—who remonstrated.

"Ush! Naughty! Signor will overhear you, Mees SMITH. Then I give you spanks."

"Well, he shouldn't wear such a bad hat, Mademoiselle." I was just turning round to introduce myself, when I saw that they had both stepped on to the steamer. I followed them. The French Governess seemed to be in doubt about the boat.

"Antelope of the western horizon," she said, to a surly onlooker, "I will give you three piastrea and a French halfpenny if you have ze goodness to tell me if this is ze Ryde steamer."

"How the dickens am I to know whether it's the right steamer or not, when I don't know where you're going to?" asked the man.

I knocked him down at once, and as he rose to return the compliment my hat fell off. Miss SMITH caught it on the tip of her toe as it was falling, sent it twenty feet into the air, caught it again in her large beautiful hands, and pressed it firmly down over my eyes.

In the wilds of Assam one gets unused to the grand freedom and cultured geniality of English ladies. I hardly knew what to do, but I extricated myself slowly from the folds of the hat, chucked her under the chin, and remarked, "Houp-là!" The French Governess had retired to the cabin to be ill, and we were rapidly steaming from the quay.

"Don't!" said Miss SMITH, looking very shy and pretty. "Certainly not," I replied. "Of course you will have some tea with me?"

"Oh, my!" she murmured, in her sweet, refined voice. "Well, I must first go and look after poor Mlle. DONNERWETTER."

While she was below, I secured two umbrellas from the stoker, and improvised a sort of tent with this and a back number of the *Times*. I also procured a few delicacies such as young girls love—a pot of French mustard, two bottles of ginger-beer, some shrimps, and several large buns. I spread them all out in a row. It seemed to make them look mere luscious, somehow. We were very warm and cosy, seated over the boiler of the engine. Waa I in love? Pahaw! Decidedly not, and yet—well, she looked very pretty as she sat there, chattering freely about herself, and lightly dusting with her handkerchief one of the shrimps which was a trifle soiled. I gathered from her conversation that she was very rich, that she had no parents, and would lose all her money if something happened.

"And is that something—er—marriage?" I ventured to ask. "Gar'n!" she replied, in her pretty school-girl slang. "What are yer getting at?"

"Suppose the boiler blew up, what then?" "Ah!" she replied, sadly; "Mademoiselle will blow me up if she finds us out. Listen! she's calling."

"Then it's all right, because if she calls now she'll find us in." At this moment the steamer reached its destination, and I was compelled to leave Miss SMITH. However, I followed her and the Governess until they entered the gates of Plumfields, a large school for young ladies. Why should I go back to Southampton? I think I will remain at Ryde. (To be concluded in Four Chapters.)

THE PRINCE "STARRING" AT POOLE.—His Royal Highness was just as successful last week at Poole in Dorsetshire (everyone who was there will indorse it) as he was at Pyramids in Egypt.



SOCIAL ECONOMY.

"WHAT! GOING TO WEAR THAT FRIGHTFUL GOWN! AND AT YOUR OWN DANCE, TOO?"
 "THAT'S JUST WHY! TO-NIGHT THEY HAVE TO ASK ME!"

"COUNTING THE CHICKS!"

DAME PARTLET broods in reverie beatific
 Over as nice a "sitting"
 Of golden eggs as ever fowl prolific
 Tended, untired, unfitting.
 Sound eggs and of good stock, there is no
 doubt of them.

What will come out of them?

That question interests not PARTLET only;
 No; while the speckled beauty
 Sits in quiescent state, content though lonely,
 The poultry-yard's prime duty
 Filling her soul, how many minds are watching
 That hopeful hatching!

Worthy Exchequer Hen! Layer and sitter
 Of really first-rate quality.
 Though rival fowls are enviously bitter,
 That doth not bate her jollity.
 Her duties CAQUET BONBEC's game to tackle,
 Without much cackle.

And then, what luck! A "run" unpre-
 cedented,
 Or almost so; and fodder
 With which the Laurcate's Bird had been
 contented:
 Fortune has freaks far odder
 Than e'en a poet's whimsies, any day,
 Her rivals say.

She must, they swear, have "raked in golden
 barley,"
 Like the great Fleet Street "Cock."
 Their jealous jeremiads, sour and snarly,
 PARTLET'S prim feelings shook.
 "Luck! Not at all; but the reward emphatic
 Of skill villatic."

"Of course 'tis obvious that the Tory rooster
 Has 'crammed a plumper crop'
 Than Grand Old Chanticleer, that barn-yard
 boaster,

Whose crowings now must stop. [equal.
 He thought his 'Surplus' none would nearly
 Behold the sequel?"

"Not quite as many eggs? No, but far finer,
 And not one will be addled.
 He, in his day, was a Distinguished Shiner,
 But then the yard he saddled
 With cross-bred cocktail chicks, unprofitable
 For nest or table."

So PARTLET, in her own complacent musings;
 And as for the outsiders,
 Reckoning up their probable gains and losings,
 Some fair would be deriders
 Of her, her fortune, and the brood forthcoming,
 Which she seems summing.

"Don't count your chickens ere they're
 hatched!" they snigger. [rious)
 (Old saws are always dear to the censo-
 "We've seen small chickens out of eggs
 much bigger.
 You Tory hens are always so vain-
 glorious. [Chorus—
 We'd see—before we join this Farm-yard
 The birds before us.

"'Free Education' Chick? 'Free Breckfast-
 table'?"
 Or else 'Income-Tax Penury'?
 Humph! All good breeds! We cannot say
 we're able
 To cackle against any. [gladly,
 Were they but in our nest, we'd hatch 'em
 But doubt you sadly!"

Meanwhile complacent PARTLET sits and
 broods,
 Blandly anticipative.
 As for the Public, well, of all the moods
 They clearly love the dative;
 And, so the brood be good, won't greatly
 bother
 As to who's mother!

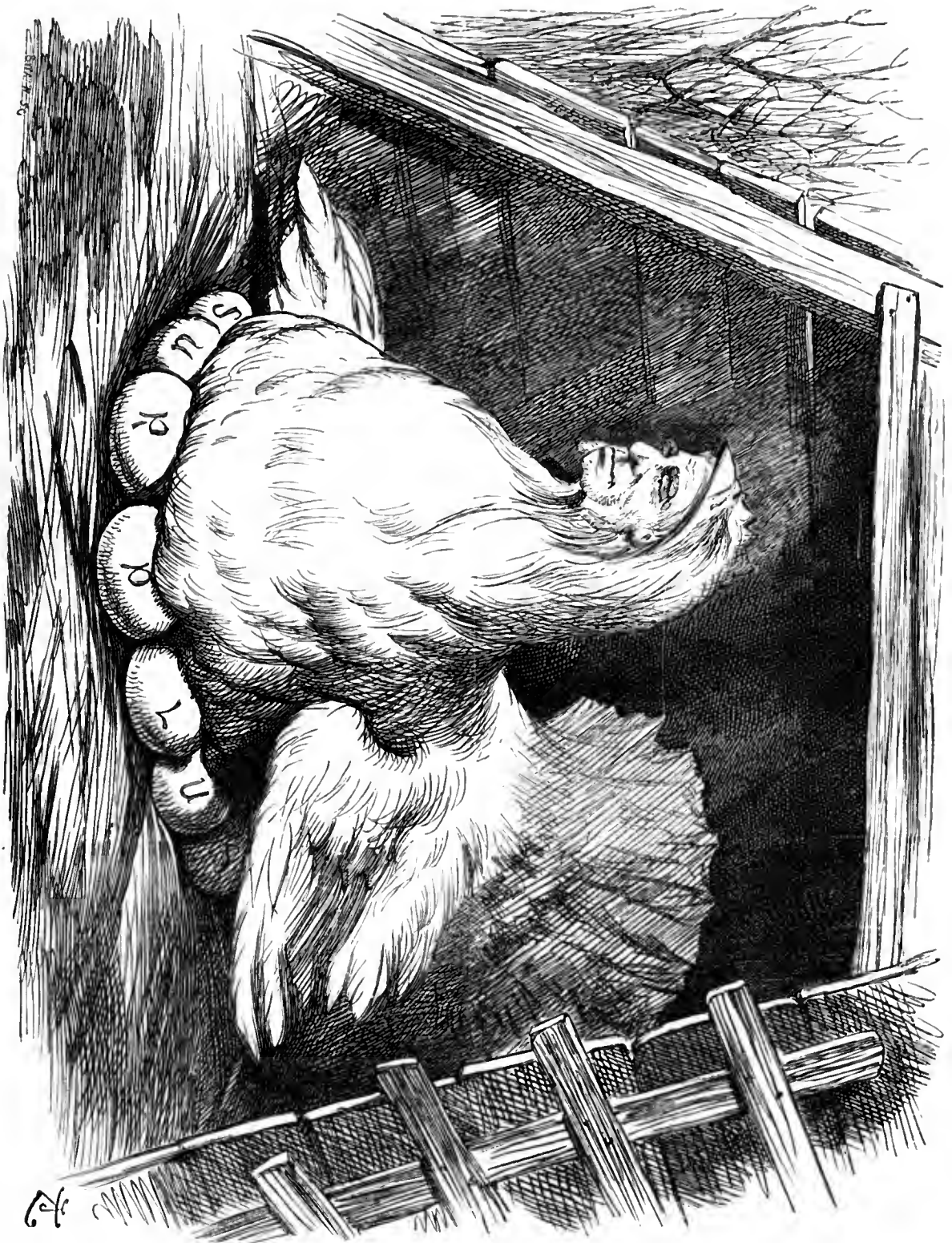
Shall Women Smoke?

I SEE, by an advertisement, that a cork tip
 put to a cigarette prevents tongue irritation.
 I have no objection to my wife's smoking, if
 she will use these cigarettes. Her "tongue
 irritation" is something too trying to
 Yours truly, SOCRATES.

P.S.—Might call these cigarettes the "Xan-
 cork-tippé Cigarettes."

STREET MUSIC.—If the sole musical solace
 of the children of the back slums be the
 Italian organ-grinder, let him remain there;
 but don't let him emerge thence to worry
 and drive to distraction authors, composers,
 musicians, artists, and invalids. It was
 mainly the organ-grinding nuisance that
 killed JOHN LEECH.

"HOLY Trinity Church," said the *Pall
 Mall Gazette* recently, "contains many
 notable memorials of past times." Among
 others, appears to be the head of the Earl of
 SUFFOLK, who was beheaded in 1554. This
 though a memorial of times past, can hardly
 be pronounced a relic of pastimes, except by
 those to whom behesding was good sport.



“COUNTING THE CHICKS!”





ONE MAN CAN TAKE A HORSE TO WATER, BUT TEN CAN'T MAKE HIM JUMP.

THE SOUNDS OF THE STREETS.

MR. PUNCH'S Special Nuisance Commissioner continued yesterday afternoon this adjourned inquiry, which, having now arrived at the stage of dealing with "street-music," at present attracting so much public notice, invested the proceedings with an unusual amount of interest.

The Commissioner, on taking his seat, said that, since they last met, he had been rather puzzling himself with the distinction that might be drawn between a "particular" and a "general" or a "pretty general" nuisance, and he had come to the conclusion that he much doubted whether this latter kind had any definite existence, as there were always to be found disagreeable people, themselves the most intolerable nuisances, ready to support and encourage anything that might prove a source of annoyance or even distraction to their more rational neighbours. It was by these growling and cantankerous philanthropists that German "Bands of Three," or even damaged bagpipes, were invited by halfpence to make hideous noises in quiet back-streets. He merely offered these remarks for what they were worth, in passing, and he would now proceed to listen to such fresh evidence as might be forthcoming.

A Nervous Invalid (who was led in tottering, and immediately supplied with a chair, into which he sank in an exhausted condition) said, in a feeble voice, that his present shattered state he attributed solely to the never-ceasing strain to which his nerves had been subjected by the continuous Babel of street-noises that invaded the suburban quarter in which he had been induced to take up his residence in the belief that he was ensuring himself a quiet and snug retreat. (*Sensation.*) From the moment when he was roused from his slumbers in the early morning by Sweeps who came to attend to somebody else's chimneys—(*cries of "Shame!"*)—to a late hour, frequently close on eleven at night, when a loud-lunged urchin bawled out a false alarm of a local murder in the "latest edition," his whole life was one continual contest with organs, with or without monkeys or babies, shouting fern-vendors, brassbands, broken-winded concertinas, Italian brigands, choruses of family beggars, tearing milk-carts, itinerant twilight ballad-singers, and other disturbers of the public peace. (*Groans.*) And the result, from the series of shocks his system had now been continually sustaining for several years, was the condition to which the Commissioner could see he had been reduced, which he could only characterise as that of one who, once blithe, gay, happy, and active, was now a complete physical and mental wreck, to whom, if he could see no prospect of coming relief, the gloom of life appeared to stretch away as a vast wilderness, with a

prospect of such overwhelming depression, that he could only conclude his evidence with the significant but heartrending warning that he could face it no longer! The Witness here fairly broke down, and, bursting into a hysterical fit of weeping, had to be led from the room by a heavy of sympathising friends.

THE COMMISSIONER (*much moved*). Dear me! this is very distressing! Can the Police be of no use? (*A Voice. "Not the slightest!"*) Indeed! Ah! that's very awkward. However, we had better proceed with the evidence. Is there anyone to be heard on the other side?

A Big Drum of the Salvation Army hereupon said he had something to say.

THE COMMISSIONER. By all means. We are all attention. The Big Drum said he had been frequently charged with creating a disturbance. This charge he utterly repudiated. Of course, if such trifles as destroying the tranquillity of an English Sunday, disturbing the peaceful worship of other denominations, creating a street obstruction or two, frightening an occasional omnibus horse into a fit of kicking, and perhaps leading up to some local excitement culminating in a possible riot, be regarded as "disturbing the public peace" then, of course, the Salvationists must plead guilty. As to "making a noise," their mission was to "make a noise," and he flattered himself that the "Big Drum" was not behind-hand, at all events, in that business. As far as "making a noise" was concerned, all processions accompanied by bands aimed at this. The Salvation Army was only in the same boat with the rest. (*Oh! oh!*)

THE COMMISSIONER. Just so. And for that reason a short Act should be passed licensing only such processions as have a national, civic, or State character as their *raison d'être*. That, I think, would effectively dispose of the big drum nuisance. (*Cheers.*)

A Flute-player, who from his habit of playing, in the dim twilight, Scotch airs without sharps or flats, but with sudden turns and trills, had become the terror of several quiet suburban squares, was here about to be heard in his own defence, when the proceedings were interrupted by strains of a German Band that had taken up its station in the street outside, and commenced an imperfect rehearsal of an original valse composed by the Conductor.

On the Commissioner having given orders that it should be stopped forthwith, and it being intimated to him that, in the absence of any policeman, it declined to move off or cease playing under eighteen-pence, he thereupon expressed himself strongly on the present unsatisfactory condition of the existing law, and, explaining at the top of his voice, that it would be no use continuing his remarks through a noise in which he could not possibly make himself heard, hastily adjourned the meeting. And thus the business of the day came suddenly to an unexpected and abrupt conclusion.

OUR FAMOUS PICTURES.



"THE CRY IS STILL, 'THEY GO!'"

A VERY SILLY SONG.

(By a Syndicate of Singers.)

In the gay play-house mingle
The gallant and the fair;
The married and the single,
And wit and wealth, are there;
And shirt-front spreads in acres,
And collar fathoms high;
Dressmakers and unmakers
In choice confections vie.
A sight to soften rockses!
Yet low my spirit falls,
For *she* is in the boxes,
And *I* am in the stalls.

The music's lively measure,
The curtain's plushy fold,
I hear untouched with pleasure,
Unsolaced I behold.
And rank and fashion vainly
My wandering eyes survey,
Though Mrs. B. and Lady C.
Look well in green and grey.
The watchful leader knocks his
Desk, as the prompter calls,
And *she* is in the boxes,
And *I* am in the stalls.

How dully moves the drama
To one whose heart is dumb.
In listless panorama
The actors go and come.
The couple just before me
Keep bobbing to and fro,
It doesn't even bore me
To see them doing so.
The lover closely locks his
Emotions one and all,
When *she* is in the boxes,
And *he* has got a stall.

But sudden brilliance reaches
The playwright's mouthing
shams,
And the long-winded speeches
Grow brisk as epigrams.
My heart, in sudden clover,
With smiles adorns my face,
For, when the Act is over,
I need not keep my place.
I'll chase my fears, like foxes,
When next the curtain falls—
I'll then be in the boxes,
Though now I'm in the stalls.

DIARY OF A JOLLY PARTY.

Monday.—We are a party of twelve at breakfast. A merry party. With children we make fifteen. Some one reads out about Russian Influenza. We laugh. In the daytime, we ride, lounge, shoot. Dinner. Somebody is indisposed and doesn't appear. Also a child has caught cold. But Russian Influenza!—absurd!

Tuesday.—We are a party of ten this morning at breakfast. Only three children appear. One, a boy who hears his holidays have been extended over the fortnight, is very happy. No Russian Influenza here. Our hostess does not think it necessary to send for the Doctor, who lives three miles off, as the two children have only a slight cold, and the two guests don't happen to be quite well, that's all. Headache slightly, both. At dinner our host, who won't believe in Russian Influenza, says that he's afraid he has rheumatism coming on. Hot grog, we all agree, is the best remedy. Remedy accordingly, with pipes. Two of the ladies retire early, "not feeling quite the thing," and at



"TREATMENT."

Doctor. "No, Sir; IT IS NEARLY OBSOLETE IN PRACTICE. WE DON'T BLEED NOW AS THEY USED TO DO FORMERLY."
Atrabilious Patient. "Ah?!—NOT WITH THE LANCET, YOU MEAN!"

eleven our host says he thinks he'll turn in. We bid him good-night, hope he'll be better, and then sit down and discuss news. Odd that people and children should be taken ill, but no one will for a moment admit the possibility of Influenza touching us.

Wednesday. Seven at breakfast. No host. No children down for breakfast; but all apparently "down" with cold, or—something. Hostess comes in, apologises for being late, but much bothered about children, specially the boy who has got extra fortnight. He's got "something" now besides extra fortnight. "Something," but not Influenza. Very feverish in the night; so were the two ladies; so was the host. The hostess, who is great in medicines, specially new ones, has cupboards full of bottles of Eno and Pyrrhetic Saline (or some such name—I'm not sure that it isn't "Pyrotechnic Saline") and her latest fad is Salt Regal. "Children like it," she says, "because it turns pink, and is pretty to look at." If some of her simple remedies, including foreign waters with strange names on them, don't succeed, she will send for Doctor. We begin to think of returning to town. Also begin to wonder if all this can possibly be the Epidemic.

Thursday.—Dinner, rather dull. The Butler is feeble. Crossing the parquet he is down with a dish. In another hour he is down with—shall we begin to say—Influenza? I thought Influenza was sneezing and coughing and the most violent of colds. Yet I hear very little of that in the house. I shall pack up and leave to-morrow morning. Sharp pain in back as I stoop over port-manteau. Feel queer in head. Pains all down my legs. Within an hour pains everywhere. Remember at school when one boy obstructed another's view, the latter, would ask him to "get out of the light, as your father wasn't a glazier, and I can't see through you." Think my father must have been a glazier as I am so full of "panes." How had my head must be to make this jest.

Friday.—Don't know how many at breakfast. I'm not. Doctor summoned, visits me. "I suppose," I say, by way of instructing him in the view that I want him to take, "I suppose I've got a slight chill, and this afternoon I shall be able to wrap up and get to town?" "Oh, dear, no," replies Doctor. "You'll take Ammoniated Quinine at once." "You don't mean to say that it's—" "Influenza?" he asks. I nod. Yes, that is exactly what it is, they have all got it in the house, he tells me, and no one will be able to leave for the next ten days!! How pleasant for our hosts!! I did not believe in Influenza. I do now. Its French name is *La Grippe*. *Je suis grippé*. This means more than a weak name like "Influenza."

CALLS FOR THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR?

NOT for the first time, and not for the last, Mr. Punch asks, where is The Public Prosecutor? Why is it that the observations of Mr. Justice BUTT and Sir HENRY HAWKINS are disregarded? Very much "for the public benefit" was the sentence of one year's imprisonment passed on the journalist who, without one tittle of trustworthy evidence, attempted to blast the character of an innocent man. But is it not still more for the public benefit that professional perjurers, suborners of witnesses, and fabricators of false evidence—the suborners first and foremost—should be publicly proceeded against, and treated with the utmost rigour of the law? WINSER, the cabman, who gave his false evidence so gaily in the Thirkettle Case, has been had up, and sentenced. Having dealt with WINSER, it is only a short step from Winser to SLOUGH—but perhaps such a slough of muck, that it wants the pluck of a Hercules in the Augean stable to commence operations, and a *deus ex-machinâ*—that is, the Public Prosecutor from the Treasury—to see that the proceedings are not abortive. Oh, where, and Oh, where is The Public Prosecutor?

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXLII. THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G., AT HATFIELD HOUSE.



By FURNISS

ARRIVING at the Great Northern Station at King's Cross, and desirous of testing the culture of the clerk at the Booking-office, you ask for a first-class return for *Hetfelle*. The clerk mechanically puts out his hand towards the receptacle for tickets, drops it, stares at you, and says *Hetfelle* is not on their line. You insist that it must be, being clearly set forth in *Domesday Book*. The clerk shows a disposition to speak alliteratively but disrespectfully of *Domesday*, and, as the crowd presses at your heels, you yield to modern prejudice, and take your

ticket for Hatfield. Still, you have the satisfaction of knowing that it was *Hetfelle* when the Abbey of Ely held it by favour of King EDGAR.

When Ely was made a bishopric, the Bishops lived at *Hetfelle*, which presently came to be known as Bishops Hatfield, and a sumptuous palace was built, that housed in turn a son of EDWARD THE THIRD, and the son and heir of HENRY THE EIGHTH. The latter Prince coming to the throne, under the title of EDWARD THE SIXTH, he gave Hatfield to his sister, the Princess ELIZABETH. When, in due time, you arrive at Hatfield, your host takes you out, leading you by the stately avenue to show you the oak under which ELIZABETH was sitting, reading Greek, when news came to her that MARY was dead, and ELIZABETH reigned in her stead.

"*La reine est morte: Vive la reine!*" you opportunely remark.

"Quite so," says the MARKISS, evidently struck by your readiness of rejoinder.

You approach Hatfield House by the gateway near the Church, and enter an oblong court bounded by the west wing of the Bishop's Palace, now a stately wreck, with horses stabled in the Hall where one time Bishops and Princes sat at meat. You feel inclined to linger here, and moralise upon the theme. But you perceive your noble host awaiting you on the broad steps of the magnificent Jacobean mansion, a picture worthy to be set in such a framework. It is like a portrait of one of the earlier CECILS stepped out of the frame in the Long Gallery. The stately figure is attired in white doublet, trunks, and hose, embroidered with pearls. On the purple surcoat, lined with red, gold buttons gleam. The white ruff is fastened at wrist and throat with gold buttons: the black cap is solely adorned with a knot of pearls; a golden cord hangs from the neck; the right hand rests upon the head of a large dog, that has, perhaps, a rather stuffed look; whilst the left negligently lounges on the hip above the ready sword.

Is it THOMAS, Earl of Exeter? Or is it his half-brother, ROBERT, Earl of Salisbury, joint ancestor of the two great branches of the CECIL family? Or is it, perchance, ROBERT, Earl of Salisbury, or JAMES CECIL, first MARKISS?

A familiar voice breaks the charm, and discloses the secret.

"Welcome to Hatfield, TOBY, dear boy; but don't suppose that every day I am got up in this style. It is only in honour of your visit, and as soon as you are gone, I doff my doublet and hose, put on an old coat, and go down into my workshop, where I have a little tinkering to do with one of the electric wires which has gone wrong, and threatens to burn up the premises. So glad to see you. Always think these informal conferences between individual members of the two Houses are not only personally agreeable, but may be fraught with the greatest benefit to the State, which we both serve. Wait till you see my dog move."

The noble MARKISS, stooping down a little stiffly (owing to the tightness of the hose), turned a clock-key. After a few rotations, the dog, being set in the right direction, moved out of the way.

"Yes," said the MARKISS, pleased at my enthusiasm, "that is rather a

triumph, I think. It is common enough to see 'an automatic dog move its two fore-paws; but, observe, all the paws here work in natural sequence. Took me six months to bring this to perfection, working at it at the time when you would read in the newspapers of my conspiring with HARTINGTON to keep out GLADSTONE, or negotiating with BISMARCK to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him in Africa."

Your host leads you to King James's Room, a fine apartment, which stands to-day in exactly the state in which the King left it when he got up to breakfast. But the place is a little stuffy, and you do not care for the particular state of fadedness yet reached by the Turkey carpet. Walking beside your host, with one eye on the sword, which seems determined to get between somebody's legs, you pace the Marble Hall, cricking your neck with gazing upon the heads of the Caesars that look down on you from panels in the coved ceiling. Up you go by the grand staircase with its massive carved baluster with unclothed Highlanders playing the bagpipes and lions bearing heraldic shields; into the Long Gallery, with its coats of mail, its antique jappaned cabinets, its cradle in which ELIZABETH squealed, its massive fireplaces, its rare panelling; into the Armoury, where you try on several suits of armour and handle relics of the Great Armada cast ashore in the spacious times of ELIZABETH; on to the Library with its rare collection of papers, including Lord BURLEIGH'S *Diary*, in which you are privileged to read in the original manuscript the well-known poem which tells how:

"Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he."

On to the Summer Dining-room through the Winter Dining-room, into the Drawing-room, and thence into the Chapel where you admire the painted window of Flemish work, representing in compartments various scriptural subjects.

You have been so interested in the journey, that there has been no time for ROBERT ARTHUR TALBOT GASCOIGNE-CECIL, P.C., K.G., Third Marquis of Salisbury, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Prime Minister of England, to tell you the story of his life. This you the less regret, as the MARKISS is manifestly growing increasingly uncomfortable in his doublet and hose. So he conducts you to the hall, and bids you a friendly farewell. As you walk down the Avenue—"The Way to London," as CECILS dead and buried used to call it—you turn to take one last look at the noble pile, Italian renaissance in character, of two orders, the lower Doric, the upper Ionic, with a highly-enriched Elizabethan central gateway, and stepped gables.

TOMMIUS ETONENSIS LOQUITUR.

VULNE Gubernator rursus spoliare Hiemales
Holidays? Durum debet habere jecur!
Nunc iterum versus—pejor Fortuna—Latinos
(Deque meo capite) concoquere ille jubet.
Fecit idem quondam; nunc et—cogitatio laeta!—
Stratagemâ veteri vendere eum potero.
Materiae sors ulla, puto, descendit eocum;
Namque Latina illi "mortua lingua" manet.
De quo nunc scribam?—Vidi spectacula Barni,
Et res, considero, non ita prava fuit.
Sed quia Neronem atque Romam introducere oportet?
Est socio prorsus sat dare carulea!
Tunc vidi Dominum Silvae Coventis ad Hortum,
Et Circum Hengleri, Pantomimosque simul.
Ad scholam redco—lamentor dicere—mox nunc;
Notio nuda manet bestialissima mi!
O utinam tactum possem capere Influenzæ!
Cuncta habeo morbi symptomata, dico patri.
"Undique mortalitas"—addo—"excessiva videtur.
In valli est Tamesis particulare malus!"
"Russigenus morbus! Frigus commune cerebri;"
Ille ait arridens. "Hoc Russ in urbe vocas?"
"Sed pueros per me fortasse infectio tanget;
Oh, nonne in cerâ Busbii (arguo) erit!"
Jingo! Gubernator respondit—"Shammere cessa!
Aut aliquid de quo vera dolere dabo!"
Hei mihi! Deposuisse pedem nunc ille videtur.
Sunt lineæ dura!—Terminat Holidays.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boîteux.

XVIII.

"MRS. MÆCENAS!" So some would-be wit
 Dubbed the fair dame. The title may not fit
 With accurate completeness; It soars some shades too high, this modish *mot*,
 As 'Mrs. LYON-HUNTER' sinks too low;
 Both nick-names fail in neatness.
 "The '*acu teligisti*,' tribute rare, Not oft is earned, in Fleet Street or Mayfair,
 In these hot days of hurry. *Salons*, *Symposia*, both have met their doom,
 And wit, in the Victorian drawing-room, Finds a fell foe in flurry."
 So spake the Shadow, with the covert sneer
 That struck so coldly on the listener—
 Soft was his speech, as muffled By some chill atmosphere surcharged with snow,
 In unemphatic accents, level, low, Unhasting and unruffled.
 "Mrs. MÆCENAS, then, no HORACE finds
 In all her muster of superior minds,
 Her host of instant heroes? That's hard!" I said. "She does not greatly care,"
 My guide rejoined. "Behold her seated there!
 Her court's as full as NERO'S.
 "SENECA stands beside her. He's a prim, Sententious sage. If she is bored by him,
 The lady doth not show it. But there's a furtive glancing of her eye
 Toward the entry. There comes MARX M'KAY,
 The Socialistic Poet.
 "His lyric theories mean utter smash
 To all his hostess' cares for. Crude and rash,
 But musically 'precious.' His passionate philippics against Wealth
 Mammon's own daughters read, 'tis said, by stealth,
 And vote them 'quite delicious!'
 "All that makes life worth living to the throng
 Of worshippers who mob this Son of Song,
 Money, Monopoly, Merriment,
 He bans and blazes at in 'Diræ' dread;
 But then they know his Muse is merely Red
 In metrical experiment.
 "Well-dressed and well-to-do, the flaming Bard
 Finds life in theory only harsh and hard.
 His *chevelure* looks shaggy,
 But his black broad-cloth's glossy and well-brushed,
 And he'd feel wretched if his tie were crushed,
 His trousers slightly baggy.
 "KARL MARX in metre or LASSALLE in verse,
 The vampire-horde of Capital he'll curse,
 And praise the Proletariat;
 But having thus delivered his bard-soul,
 He finds it, practically, nice to loll
 With DIVES in his chariot.
 "Lyrical Communism will not fright
 Those 'Molochs of the Mart' this Son of Light
 Keeps his poetic eye on.
 'Who takes a Singer *au grand sérieux*?'
 Mrs. MÆCENAS asks. So he's on view,
 Her Season's latest lion.
 "But not alone," I said. "If all this host
 Are right authentic Leos, she must boast
 As potent charm as CIRCÈ'S.



What is her wand? Is't wit, or wealth, or both?
 "Listen! That's MUMPS the mimic, nothing
 Rolling out VAMPER'S versea!
 "VAMPER looks on and smiles with veiled delight.
 Boredom's best friends are fellows who recite.
 None like, not many listen,
 But all must make believe to stand about
 And watch a man gesticulate and shout,
 With eyes that glare and glisten.
 "'Tis hard indeed to hold in high esteem
 The man who mouths out *Eugene Aram*'s
Dream
 In guttural tones and rancous.
 All these have heard a hundred times before
 Young VOX, the vain and ventriloquial bore
 They'd fain despatch to Orcus.
 "So have they listened many and many a time
 To little JINKS, the jerky comic mime,
 And his facetious chatter.
 But ill would fare Tewn's guest if he refused
 For the five hundredth time to be 'amused'
 By gush, or cockney patter.
 "HORACE'S *Piso* were a pleasant chum
 Compared with alangy laureates of the slum.
 Hist! There's a tenor twitter,
 A tremulous twangle of the minor strings.
 'Tis SERAPHIN, sleek Amateur, who sings,
 'Glide where the moonbeams glitter!'
 "To puling girls that listen and adore
 Your love-lorn chants and woful wailings
peur!
 Sang HORACE to HERMOGENES.
 SERAPHIN'S a TIGELLIUS, and his style
 Would bring the bland Venusian's scornful smile
 The scowl of sour DIOGENES.
 "'Twere 'breaking butterflies upon the wheel'
 To let such fribbles feel the crific steel
 With scalpel-like severity?
 Granted! But will no pangs the victims urge
 To abate that plague of bores, which is the
 Of social insincerity?
 "Wisdom is here, and Wit, Talent and Taste:
 The latest wanderer from the Tropic Waste,
 Sun-bronzed and care-lined, saunters
 In cheery chat with mild-faced MIRABEL,
 Who with Romance's wildest weirdest spell
 Has witched your Mudie-haunters.
 "Colossal BAYARD, *beau-sabreur*, whose
 A dozen desert spearmen faced and stayed,
 Stoops his high-shoulder'd stature

To hear the twittering tones of Tiny TIM,
 A midget, but the soul of wit and whim,
 The genius of good-nature.
 "Boy-faced, but virile, vigorous, and a peer,
 Lord MOSSMORE talks with VIOLET DE VERE,
 The latest light of Fictien;
 Steadily-rising statesman, season's star!
 Calmly he hears, though Caste's keen
 instincts jar,
 Her strained self-conscious diction.
 "MELDRUM, the modish *medico*, laughs low
 At ruddy RASPER'S keenly-whispered *mot*—
 RASPER, a soul all strictures,
 Holds the great world a field for sketchy
 chaff.
 Many love not the man, but how they laugh
 At his swift, seathing pictures!
 "Wits of all grades, and Talents of all sorts,
 With rival beauties holding separate courts,
 Find here parade, employment.
 And yet, and yet, they all look cross, or
 tired;
 Your cultured city has not yet acquired
 The art of true enjoyment.
 "Strange! London's poor find pleasure far
 too dear,
 But here, with wealth, and wit, and charm,
 and cheer,
 All should go so delightfully.
 Time gay as in the Golden Age should fleet,
 But the most brilliant stars in Babylon meet,
 And—bore each other frightfully."

(To be continued.)

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY—
 GO TO PRISON!

LAST week *Mr. Punch* asked, "Oh, where, and oh where, is The Public Prosecutor?" and he has received an answer. It appears that the official has been recently engaged (his letter is dated the 30th of November) in suppressing an "illegal scheme" to aid the funds of the North-West London Hospital. It appears that, with a view to increasing the revenue of that most deserving charity, it was arranged to treat some presents that had been made to the Institution as "prizes," to be given to those who sent donations to the hospital. There was to be a "drawing," which was to be duly advertised in the daily papers. But this could not be tolerated. Sir A. K. STEPHENSON, Solicitor to Her Majesty's Treasury, after denouncing the scheme in the terms above set forth, informed the Secretary of the Hospital, "that all persons concerned therein subjected themselves to the penalties imposed by the Acts passed for the apprehension of illegal letteries." Well, the law is the law, and it would never do for *Mr. Punch* to dispute the point with so learned a gentleman as Sir A. K. STEPHENSON—the mere especially as Sir A. K. S. has just been patented a Q.C.—but if the Public Prosecutor can stop "illegal schemes" for benefiting the sick, why can he not also deal with the professional perjurers, suborners of witnesses, and fabricators of false evidence? *Mr. Punch* pauses for a reply, but is disinclined to pause much longer!

OUR TURN NOW.—An excited paragraph in the morning papers announces that "two Doctors of Vienna have succeeded in discovering the *Influenza bacillus* after a series of experiments in the Chemical and Physiological Laboratory of the University." This is capital. Hitherto the *Influenza bacillus* has discovered us. Now the tables are turned, and the question is, What shall we do with our prize? A little transaction in boiling lead might not be bad to begin with.



AN OLD FABLE.

Frog. "I MEAN TO BE AS BIG AS YOU, ONE DAY, AND SWALLOW YOU UP. BUST IF I DON'T!"

A "FISH OUT OF WATER" AT GREENWICH.

IN a not very wise speech delivered while presiding at the opening of a new series of lectures in connection with the Greenwich Branch of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Lord WOLSELEY modestly admitted "that whatever information he had acquired in life had been acquired from the ordinary penny newspaper which he had read day by day." No doubt this rather humiliating fact accounts for the florid style of the proclamations "Our Only General" used to publish in Egypt and elsewhere—proclamations at the time recognised as having the tone of Astley's in the good old days of the *Battle of Waterloo* and other military melodramas. However, if it pleases Lord WOLSELEY to give materials for a future biography, that is no one's concern but his own.

Unfortunately he touched upon another matter, about which he knows evidently very little, if anything at all. His Lordship spoke in very disrespectful terms of what he called the "Shilling Dreadful," which, he declared (in this instance accurately enough), was "prized by many people." Certainly the novelette is more popular than *The Soldier's Pocket-book*, although both brochures are equally works of imagination. So it should be, considering that amongst the authors who have produced it have been WILKIE COLLINS, HUGH CONWAY, F. ANSTY, ROBERT BUCHANAN, GRANT ALLEN, WALTER BESANT, RHODA BROUGHTON, and others equally well known to fame. He concluded by remarking, "that if men of all politics were to be shaken up in a bag, he believed there would be very little difference between them." Quite true, if the bag were shaken sufficiently long to complete the transformation—but it would be rather a brutal experiment!

A PAGE FROM A DIARY.

(Purely Imaginary.)

First Week.—Now let me see what I have to do. I will leave out of consideration my extra-parliamentary utterances—they will take care of themselves. Shan't forget them. But other matters. Well, I have to turn the works of my dear old friend ALF TENNYSON into Greek—of course, omitting certain highly injudicious lines of a reactionary character. Then I must read through the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. No skipping, but go through every article thoroughly and conscientiously. Then, of course, there is Grand Day at Gray's Inn. Must not forget that. Should like, above all things, to be present. Now let me see that I have got the date all right. Yes, I remember. Grand Day, Hilary Term. Falls on a Thursday. I shan't forget.

Second Week.—Translation of TENNYSON into Greek going on famously. Not had time to cut down any trees, so busy have I been. Got as far as "Foghorn" in *Encyclopædia Britannica*. New edition a very good one. Glad I made up my mind to read it. Let me see, anything else? Why, to be sure, Grand Day at Gray's Inn! Rather cut off my hand or even my head, than forget that! Treasurer particularly nice man. So are all the Benchers. So are all the Barristers and the Students. Excellent fellows, all of them—yes, excellent. So must not forget Grand Day at Gray's Inn. To be sure. Falls on a Thursday.

Third Week.—*A. T.* progressing nicely. Little difficulty about the translation of the *Northern Farmer*. Rather awkward to give the proper weight of a country dialect in Greek. However, it reads very well, indeed! Think my dear old friend ALF will be pleased with it; he should be, as it has given me a good deal of trouble. However, all's well that ends well. *E. B.* also satisfactory. Got into the "D's." Article upon the "Docks," scarcely exhaustive enough to please me, so have been reading some other books upon the same subject. Forgotten nothing? No, because I remember I have to dine at Gray's Inn. Yes, to be sure—23rd of January. Grand Day. Hilary Term. Falls on a Thursday. Would not forget it to save my election! Looking forward to the port. Excellent port at Gray's Inn, I am told. Well, well, I shall be there! I don't believe much in artificial memory, but to assist my recollection, I have tied knots in all my pocket-handkerchiefs. Wouldn't forget the fixture for a kingdom. Falls on a Thursday.

Fourth Week.—Finished Greek translation of TENNYSON'S Poems. Very pleased with the result. Must send a copy to dear old ALF. Perhaps it might suggest to him that it would be a graceful compliment in return to translate all my speeches into Latin verse. Dear old friend! There is not another man to whom I would entrust such a task with equal heartiness. He would do it so well. Must look up my earlier orations. If ALF does any of it, he should do it all. I do not believe in half measures. Nearly finished the *E. B.* Article upon "Music" very interesting. "Pigs" not so good; however "Wheel-barrows" excellent and exhaustive. Rather angry to find knots in my handkerchiefs, &c., until I suddenly remembered they were to remind me of my engagement to dine at Gray's Inn. To be sure. Grand Day. Hilary Term. Falls on a Thursday. Sure to be a delightful evening. Several of my young Irish friends are members of the Society. I am looking forward to it so much. Useful things, knots. Remembered it at once! Tie them again. Also put grey wide-awake hat over clock in my study. That will remind me of Gray's Inn. Falls on a Thursday!

Last Week.—There, now I can come to this book with a clear conscience. Done everything. Greek translation of TENNYSON ready for press. Finished letter "Z" last night, in final volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Nothing omitted. Rather annoyed to find someone has been tying knots in my handkerchief. Hate practical jokes! Careless person, too, has been hanging my old grey wide-awake on the clock in my study. Rather a liberty! Don't like liberties. Always courteous to everybody—consequently, expect everybody to be courteous to me! Still, can't help smiling. It was a quaint idea to hang my old wide-awake on the clock in my study. I wonder what put such a freak into the joker's head! Now let me look at the paper that has just reached me from London. Dear me, "The Vacant Chair." That seems a good title. And all about Gray's Inn! Now, I like Gray's Inn—a most excellent place; everyone connected with it great friends of mine. And writing of Gray's Inn, that reminds me—Good gracious! Why, last night was Thursday, and I forgot to be there!!!



REFRESHMENTS IN VOGUE.

"QUININE OR ANTIPYRINE, MY LADY?"

MENU-BETTING.

GENTLEMEN who bet on every event in life—who cut cards to decide whether they shall go into the City by cab or by underground train, and toss up to see whether they had better dine at home or at the Club, may be interested to know of a new game of chance which can be played at dinner-time, and in which ladies not only may but must take part. "Betting on the menu" it is called; and it is done in this way. You ask the lady next to you on the right—the one you have taken in to dinner—permission to speculate as to what dishes she will choose from among those inscribed on the menu; and you back your selection in a series of bets either with the lady herself, or—if she happens not to be what the French call "*sportive*"—with any gentleman who may be willing to do business with you. Suppose the lady takes you? You make a pencil-mark against each dish which, it seems to you, she will fancy; and if you are right more often than you are wrong, you win—and the lady does not pay you. In the contrary case you lose—and you pay the lady. It need scarcely be said that you annotate your own copy of the menu, and that the lady does not see it until the dinner is at an end. The same principle is observed in betting with a gentleman in reference to a lady's probable selection; but in this latter case neither of the parties interested is at liberty to express any opinion, directly or indirectly, as to the merits or demerits of the different dishes from which the lady has to choose. Any member of the unfair sex may make sure of winning from her antagonist—who will naturally have marked a certain number of dishes—by simply abstaining from food throughout the dinner; though the lady of the house might think this impolite. *Menu-betting* is in any case an agreeable pastime for both sexes. It promotes digestion; and any woman of moderate ability may make money by it.

"MORE LIGHT!"—The British Museum is, it appears, presently to be opened at night, its (Elgin) marble halls and others being illuminated with the electric light. Concurrently with this happy event Mr. LOUIS FAGAN, of the Departments of Prints and Drawings, announces a course of three popular lectures on the Treasures of the Museum, to be delivered next month at the Steinway Hall. No one knows more about the Museum than Mr. FAGAN, and, with the assistance of 170 photographic reproductions, exhibited by oxyhydrogen light, he will teach the public a thing or two about its foundation, progress, and present contents.



PHENOMENAL.

NEAR-SIGHTED MAN IN CHURCH, INSPECTING SHAM INSECT ON LADY'S BONNET. HE IS SO EXCITED BY THE DISCOVERY, THAT HE HURRIES OUT OF CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SERVICE, IN ORDER TO WRITE TO THE PAPERS TO ANNOUNCE THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF THE LARGE TORTOISE-SHELL BUTTERFLY ON OUR SHORES IN MID-JANUARY, AS A PROOF OF THE MILDNESS OF THE CLIMATE.

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. IV.—RETROSPECT.

SCENE—A large Room, in which Guests are assembling previous to a Supper in honour of a Great Actor, who is about to leave for a tour to the United States. There has been a magnificent farewell performance, in which the Great Actor has surpassed himself. The public has shown unparalleled enthusiasm; the G. A. has appeared before the Curtain, and in a voice choked with emotion has assured his audience that the one thing that sustains him at this trying moment is the prospect of seeing them all again when he returns.

TIME—11:45 P.M. The Room is full of histrionic, literary, and artistic Celebrities, with a few stray Barristers and Doctors, who like to show publicly that, in spite of the arduous labours of their professions, they can enjoy a mild dissipation as well as any man. Most of the leading lights of the "Theatrical Perambulatores," BOLDERO, TIFFINGTON SPINKS, GUSHBY, ANDREW JARP, and HALL, have come to prove by their presence the sympathy of the Amateur Stage. On the last night but one they had concluded their series of performances at Blankbury. The Chairman of the Banquet is a middle-aged Peer, who is a regular attendant at first nights, and occupies a subordinate office in the Ministry. The Guest of the Evening has not yet arrived. A buzz of conversation fills the air. The Secretary of the Banquet, an actor, is anxiously hurrying about with a list, on which he ticks off names.

The Secretary (to BOLDERO). So glad all you fellows have been able to come. I've put you pretty well together, as you wished. I wonder where—oh! here he is at last.

Enter Great Actor. The Secretary rushes to him. Hand-shakings and congratulations all round. The G. A. moves up the room to where the Amateurs are standing.

G. A. (shaking hands.) Ah! this is really friendly, TIFFINGTON, really friendly. Were you in front to-night?

Tiffington. Of course we were. We wouldn't have missed it for a thousand pounds. It went first class. I thought your idea of stabbing ALPHONSO from behind instead of in front, was a genuine inspiration.

G. A. Approbation from Sir HUBERT. (*Bows and leaves quotation unfinished*). But I've always played it like that, I think.

[Supper is announced. The Guests troop in to the supper-room.

Tiffington (to JARP, as they walk in). He's wrong there. Never did it like that before; and, after all, I'm not sure it is such an improvement. But if you don't praise these fellows they never forgive you.

Jarp. Didn't he say anything about our show at Blankbury? I thought you wrote to him about it.

Tiffington. So I did; wrote specially to tell him how well things had gone off. But you might just as well try to pump wine out of a pillar-box, as expect a word of sympathy or encouragement from a professional. They're all the same.

[They take their seats, TIFFINGTON and JARP on one side of the table, the other three opposite them. The supper begins.

Friend of the G. A. (on TIFFINGTON'S right). Splendid performance, was it not? I never saw him in finer form in my life. It's quite impossible to imagine anything more dignified and pathetic than his death-scene.

Tiffington (*dubiously*). Hum! Yes. I'm not sure I should do it like that quite. What do you say, GUSHBY?

Gushby. It's not my idea at all. He spins it out far too long. I should like to see you act that, TIFF.

Tiffington (*complacently*). Ah, well, so you might if things were managed with common fairness. But (*bitterly*) you know well enough there's a regular conspiracy against me. (*To Friend of G. A.*) Now, of course, you've read the notices of our performance of *Heads or Tails*? Yes. I thought you had. Well, you *must* have observed, that I don't get more than two lines in any one of them, not a word more than two lines upon my soul, and yet any fool knows that my part was the chief one. But there you are. The beggars daren't abuse me. They know the public won't stand that, so, just to spite me, they try to leave me out. But they're very much mistaken if they think I care. Pooh! I snap my fingers at them and their wretched conspiracy.

[Snaps them, and drinks moodily. The supper proceeds. Conversation everywhere ranges over all kinds of topics,—literature, art, the drama, the political situation, the last Divorce Case. The Amateurs continue to discuss themselves.

Jarp (to BOLDERO). Did you see that infamous notice in *The Moonbeam*? Just like that rascal PENFOLD. He can't help showing his jealousy, because we never asked him to join the Perambulatores.

Boldero. Yes. There you have it in a nutshell. I tell you what it is, we shall have to exclude all critics from our show in future.

Tiffington. Ah! that would punish them—and serve them right, too. Are you going to sing to-night, HALL?

Hall (*with a sigh of resignation*). I suppose I shall have to. I told BATTERDOWN I should be ready, if wanted.

Jarp. Have you got anything new?

Hall. Rather. Something particularly neat, I think. I call it "*The Super at Supper*." It goes like this:—

[Hums to his friends, who listen with rapt attention, occasionally interchanging glances expressive of enthusiastic admiration.

I once knew a Super, a festive soul,
Who quaffed champagne from a brimming bowl,
And all night long as he quaffed he sang,
"The Dukes may swing, and the Earls go hang,
And the Duchesses, 'drat 'em, may go and be blowed;
They've all been there, and they know the road—
They're slaves, but the Super who sups is free—
Oh! the Super's life is the life for me!

Chorus.

With a hey-diddle-diddle and fiddle-di-dee,
Oh! the supping Super's the man for me!"

Spinks, Boldero, Gushby, Jarp (*with enthusiasm*). My dear fellow, that's immense.

Hill. Yes, it's not bad. There are six verses, some of them even better than that.

[The Chairman rises to propose the only toast of the evening, "Success to the Great Actor who is about to leave us for a short time." The usual speech—reminiscent, anecdotic, prophetic of tremendous triumphs, mildly humorous, pathetic.

The Chairman (concluding). Therefore I bid you all charge your glasses as full of wine as your hearts are full of sympathy, and join me in wishing success to the Great Man, who is about to cull new laurels in a foreign land.

[Roars of applause. Immense enthusiasm. The Great Actor responds. He is moved to tears. He assures his friends, that wherever he may go his heart will ever turn fondly to them. Great cheering.

Tiffington (puffing his cigar). Not so bad. I always said he could speak better than he could act.

[The supper concludes. HALL has not been asked to sing. Friend of Great Actor (departing, to TIFFINGTON). It's been a splendid evening, hasn't it?

Tiffington (putting on his coat). Yes. Pretty fair. (To HALL.) Sorry for you, old chap. But the song will keep.

HALL. Keep? Oh, yes, it'll keep. I'll make it red-hot for the lot of 'em, and sing it at Blankbury next year. They won't like that, I rather think.

Jarp. No, by Gad! [Exeunt omnes.

THE SHREWING OF THE TAME.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MR. F. R. BENSON deserves commendation for a new idea. SHAKESPEARE has been presented in many forms, but the notion of giving the Bard without any acting to speak of is a novelty. And it is not quite certain that it is a mistake. After all, a bad actor is an infliction, and it is better to have gentlemen who have not spent centuries in mastering the intricacies of their profession than a noisy personage who tears his passions to atoms. The recent revivals of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Globe Theatre show how pleasing Shakspearian representations may be made, even when their success depends less upon elocution than scenic effect. The first of these plays was simply delightful, with its fairy glades and "built-up" temples. The last, too, is well off for "cloths," pleasingly representing Padua and Verona. The performers (with the exception of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, who speaks his lines with admirable effect) are not so noticeable. One of the best-played parts in the piece is filled by an actor whose name does not appear in the programme. He has nothing to do but to carry off *Katherina* (Mrs. F. R. BENSON), in Sc. 5., Act III., on his back. That he looks like an ass while doing this goes without saying, but still he is a valuable addition to the cast. From an announcement in the programme, it appears that *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and the *Merebant of Venice* are shortly to be played. It seems at the first blush a difficult task to pick out of Mr. BENSON'S present company a gentleman quite suited to fill the title rôles in the two first, and *Shylock* in the last. But, no doubt, the Lessee and Manager think the playing of the characters of the Prince of Denmark and the Moor a matter of minor importance. And, if he does, it may be argued, from the cordial reception that has been accorded to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, that he has an excellent reason for his opinion.

Believe me, yours truly,
ONE WHO IS EASILY PLEASED.

HOW TO MEET IT.

SIR,—Having read all the letters that have appeared in the papers suggesting a treatment for the prevailing epidemic, I have got, perhaps, a little confused; but, on the whole, the following is the course, as far as I can make out, that it would be prudent to pursue on finding oneself threatened with any of the well-known symptoms. Immediately get into a warm bath several degrees hotter than you can possibly bear it, then get out again. Now go to bed, send for your family solicitor, and make your will, meantime trying every half hour half a tumbler or so of any patent medicine the advertisement of which occurs to you. Call in a homœopathic doctor, and give his system a turn for four-and-twenty hours; then send for your own medical man. Take care that they do not meet on the stairs. Take anything and everything he gives you for the next eight-and-forty hours, interspersing his precriptions with frequent tumblers of hot and steaming ammoniated quinine-and-water, getting down at the same time mere beef tea, oysters, champagne, muffins, mince-pies, oranges, nuts, and whiskey than, under ordinary circumstances, you feel would be good for you. Continue the above treatment for a couple of months. This is what I am going to try, if I am down with it. As I said above, it is, if a little complicated, sure to be all right, for I have got every item of it from a careful perusal of these infallible guides and directors in all modern difficulties and doubts,
THE DAILY PAPERS.

KICKED!

(By the Foot of Clara Groomley.)

CHAPTER II.

I AM still at Ryde, and it is still raining. On a day like this, a little Ryde goes a great way. No Ryde without rain. *Telle est la vie*. The young girls at Plumfields sit writing themes indoors instead of taking their exercise in the open air.



If this rain keeps on, I shall go to wild Assam again, or to the Goodwin Sands. JAMES, the head-waiter, has told me thirteen different stories of the haunted room of this hotel. None of them are amusing, or interesting, or have anything to do with this tale. If I were writing a shilling volume, I should put them in by way of padding. As it is, they may go out. I too will go out.

I have seen Mlle. DONNERWETTER. She was racing along on the pier, and I was pacing along in the rear. I saw her and caught her up. I hastily pressed all the valuables that I had with me—four postage-stamps and an unserviceable watch-key—into her hand, and entreated her to give me an interview with Miss SMITH.

"Me muchee want to oblige English Sahib," she said, in her pulverised English, "but ze Efiendina—ze what you call 'ead-mistress, French lady like myself—she no like it. She give me the *bottine*, if I let great bukra massa talk to Fraulein SMEETS. But leekee—I give you straight tip. Mias SMEETS is on ze pier now—you write note—slip it in her hand. I wink ze eyebrow. I have a grand envy to oblige the English Signor. Ah! Bismillah! *Quelle alouette!*"

She is French, very French, but she has a kind heart. I hurriedly wrote a few impassioned words on my left cuff, and folded it into a three-cornered note. I dropped it down Miss SMEET'S neck as I found her leaning over the side of the pier, and then ran away. I heard her murmur, "Someone's mistaken me for the post-office."

It is still raining, but I am quite happy. I have seen her again, and I feel that she loves me. It was impossible to mistake the *tendresse* with which she murmured, "post-office." In my little note I requested her to send a reply to this hotel. I have asked her to tell me plainly what her income is, and to state on what conditions she will forfeit it. Of course, she has no income now, as she is a minor, but I would wait a year or two for a certainty. Shall I write her some verses—lines to a minor, or thoughts on the Southampton quay? Perhaps I had better wait until I obtain the statistics. Ah, here is JAMES, bringing me a note. It must be from my darling—no, it is from Mademoiselle.

DEAR SIR,—Miss SMITH am going away to Londres. A telegram come for her, and I look over the shoulder. It say, 'Poor TOMMY'S kicked! Come at once,' Miss SMITH make the tears.

Yours,
LUCIA DONNERWETTER.

I must be off to London and get this matter traced. JAMES entreats me to buy a new hat when I am away. He says it's bringing disgrace on the hotel, and keeping away custom. What! Give up the hat which her dear foot has kicked! Never! But, perhaps, I will have it ironed. The iron has entered into my soul, and perhaps, it would be doing mere good on my hat. Yes, I will have it ironed. It does look a little limp. Ironed or starched—what matter, when my darling is gone, and left me with no information as to her income?
(To be concluded in Two more Chapters.)

"Venice Preserved" in The Haymarket.

No—not OTWAY'S tragedy, and not under Mr. REERBOHM TREE'S management, but at the Gallery next door to the Theatre, and under the superintendence of Mr. MCLEAN, you will find not only Venice, but Florence, Pragne, Heidelberg, Capri, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Innsbrück, and a good many other picturesque places, preserved in about a hundred water-colour drawings, by Mr. EDWARD H. BEARNE. If there were not so many rivers and lagoons in the exhibition, it might be called the "Bearnese Oberland." These pictures are well painted, and, during the gruesome weather, a tiny tour round this sunny gallery is mighty refreshing.

STUDY FOR THE PELICAN CLUB.—The "Logic and Principles of Mill."



HAPPY THOUGHT.

OUR ARTIST, FINDING HE CANNOT EXTERMINATE THE STREET MUSICIANS, AND UNWILLING TO BE EXTERMINATED BY THEM, HAS HIT UPON A PLAN FOR HARDENING HIMSELF—WITH THE HAPPIEST RESULTS. JUST ONE WEEK OF THE DISCIPLINE REPRESENTED ABOVE HAS MADE HIM ABSOLUTELY INVULNERABLE—HE THINKS, FOR LIFE!

“BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!”

(A Scene from a Domestic Comedy.)

Mrs. BOB BULL was the wife of a British Workman, and she got up at four o'clock in the morning.

“Must rise early,” she said, “to see that my man has his breakfast.”

So she lighted the fire, and put the kettle on to boil, and laid the cloth, and swept out the rooms. Then down came BOB rather in a bad humour, because he had been late over-night at the “Cock and Bottle,” detained (as he explained to his wife) by a discussion about the rights of labour.

“Of course,” said Mrs. BULL; “and why shouldn't you, after a hard day's work, enjoy yourself?”

But BOB contended that he had not enjoyed himself, although he had undoubtedly expended two shillings and eight-pence upon refreshment. What BOB wanted to know was, why there was a button off his coat, and why his waistcoat had not been properly mended.

“Well, I was busy with the children's things,” replied Mrs. BOB; “but I will put all straight when you have gone to work.”

“Gone to work, indeed!” grumbled BOB. “Yes, it's I that does all the work, and worse luck to it!”

The moment BOB was out of the house, Mrs. BOB got the children up and dressed them, and gave them their breakfasts and sent them off to school. When they were gone, she “tidied up” and dressed the baby. Then she did one of “the bits of washing,” that came from a family in whose service she had been before she married BOB, and that family's connection. And this occupied her fully, what with soaking, and mangling and ironing, until it was time to carry BOB his dinner. In the pauses of her work she had been able to cook it, and it was quite ready to go with her when she was prepared to take it. It was a long walk (in the rain) to BOB's place of work, and it seemed the longer because she could not leave the baby. But both got there, and the dinner, without any accident. And then Mrs. BOB hurried back to give the children, now home from school, their midday meal. And Mrs. BOB had plenty of work

to do afterwards. She had to mend, and to scrub, and to sweep, and to sew. She was not off her legs for a moment, and had she been a weaker woman, she would have been thoroughly done up. Then came the children's evening toilette and the cooking of BOB's supper. Her lord and master entered in due course, and she helped him off with his coat, and (when he had finished his food) lighted his pipe for him.

“Mended my clothes?” asked BOB.

“Of course I have.”

“And washed my linen, and druv nails into my boots, and baked the bread, and pickled the walnuts, and all the rest of it?”

“Yes, BOB, I have done them all—every one of them.”

This put BOB into a better temper, and he took out an evening paper, and began to read it.

“I say,” said he; “what do you think! They have got white slaves in Turkey!”

“You don't say so, BOB!” replied Mrs. BOB, lost in amazement. Then she said as she paused tidying up the room, “Ah! they wouldn't allow anything of *that* sort in England!—would they, BOB?”

And BOB, smoking his pipe, and sprawling before the fire, agreed with her!

The Riviera in Bond Street.

WHY take a long journey and spend a lot of money, when the Riviera is within a shilling cab-fare? Why not apply at 148, New Bond Street, and obtain one of the Fine Art Society's “excursion coupons,” and get yourself personally conducted by Mr. JOHN FULLEYLOVE to Nice, Monte Carlo, Genoa, and all sorts of delightful places? Take *Mr. Punch's* advice, and go there at once! And, when you have exhausted the Riviera, you have another treat in a series of well-nigh seventy drawings of Cambridge. These are skilfully limned, with scrupulous architectural accuracy and charming pictorial effect, and will give great delight to Cantabrians, old and young. They are worthy to take their place beside the excellent series of pictures of Oxford which Mr. FULLEYLOVE exhibited some time ago.



THE FOREIGN FOX.

(With apologies to Esop.)



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BRING me my books!" said the Baron, not for the first time. But on this occasion the Baron was a prisoner in bed, and likely to remain so for many days. Consequently, he required amusement. He had heard of a book, called *Three Men in a Boat*, by Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, some of whose observations, in a collection of papers entitled *Stage-land*, had caused him to laugh several times, and to smile frequently, for the subject has not been so well touched since GILBERT ABBOTT & BECKETT wrote his inimitable *Quizziology of the Drama*, which for genuine drollery has never been surpassed. Anticipating, then, some side-splitters from *Three Men in a Boat*, the Baron sent for the work. He opened it with a chuckle, which, instead of developing itself into a guffaw and then into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, gradually subsided altogether, his smile vanished, and an expression of weariness came over the Baron's face, as after heroically plodding through five chapters he laid the book down, and sighed aloud, "Well, I'm hanged if I see where the fun of this is." The Baron may be wrong, and the humour of this book, which seems to him to consist in weak imitations of American fun, and in conversations garnished with such phrases as "bally idiot," "bally tent," "doing a mouch," "boss the job," "put a pipe in his mouth, and spread himself over a chair," "land him with a frying-pan," "fat-headed chunk," "who the thunder" and so forth—a style the Baron believes to have been introduced from Yankee-land, and patented here by the *Sporting Times* and its imitators,—interspersed with plentiful allusions to whiskey-drinking, may not be, as it is not,



to his particular taste; and yet, for all that, it may be marvellously funny. So the Baron requested an admirer of this book to pick out the gems, and read them aloud to him. But even the admirer was compelled to own that the gems did not sparkle so brilliantly as he had at first thought. "Yet," observed the admirer, "it has had a big sale." "*Three Men in a Boat* ought to have," quoth the Baron, cheerily, and then he called aloud, "Bring me *Pickwick*!" He commenced at the Review, and the first meeting of Mr. *Pickwick* with the Wardle family. Within five minutes the Baron was shaking with spasmodic laughter, and CHARLES DICKENS'S drollery was as irresistible as ever. Of course the Baron does not for one moment mean to be so unfair to the *Three Men in a Boat* as to institute a comparison between it and the immortal *Pickwick*, but he has heard some young gentlemen, quite of the modern school, who profess themselves intensely amused by such works as this, and as the two books by the author of *Through Green Glasses*, and yet allow that they could not find anything to laugh at in *Pickwick*. They did not object to *Pickwick*, as ladies very often do, that there is so much eating and drinking in it. "No," says the Baron, in bed, "Give me my *Pickwick*, and, after him, for a soothing and pleasant companion, give me WASHINGTON IRVING. When I'm in another sort of humour, bring me THACKERAY. For rollicking Irish life, give me LEVER. But as to youth-about-town life of the present day, I do not know of any second-class humorist who approaches within measurable distance of the author of *The Pottleton Legacy*, in the past." So far the Baron. And now "The Co." speaks:—

A Tour in a Phaeton, by J. J. HISSEP, is an interesting account of a driving trip through the Eastern Counties. It abounds in hisseytorical research; we are taken to all kinds of out-of-the-way and picturesque places, of which the Author gives us graphic pictures with pencil as well as pen. A fresher title to the work might have been devised, as the present one bears a striking likeness to Mr. BLACK'S *Adventures of a Phaeton*,—who, by the way, was the first to render driving tours popular. The volume abounds in poetical quotations. The authority, however, is seldom given, and inverted commas are conspicuous by their absence. It can hardly be imagined that all this poetry is by the writer of the book. In one instance he quotes a well-known verse by ASHEY-STERRY, without acknowledgment, in which, for some inscrutable reason, he has introduced a

rugged final line which effectually mars the harmony of the original stanza.

Those who prefer Scotch broth well peppered to Butter-Scotch, should read *Our Journey to the Hebrides*, by Mr. and Mrs. PENNELL. They seem to have gone out of the beaten track in their tour, which is pleasant, and their views of Scotland, though they may cause controversy, are novel, and at the same time indescribably refreshing. As to the views of Scotland chronicled by Mr. PENNELL'S clever and facile pencil, they are full of thought, elaborate detail and wondrous originality. There are some forty of these, all remarkable for their everlasting variety and high artistic excellence.

Dr. Hermione (Blackwood) is rather an idyl than a novel, and would have done better still if it had been cast in the form of a comedy. The still anonymous author who followed up *Zit and Zoë* by *Lady Bluebeard* possesses the gift, rare among novelists, of writing sparkling dialogue. The quickly changing scenes in the last chapter of *Dr. Hermione*, with its sprightly chatter would serve the poor player almost as it stands. It is not too late to think about the comedy. In the meanwhile the novel does very well, and if he had made his story a book for the play, we should have missed many dainty descriptions of scenery. Nothing is so good as his description of the Lake District in Autumn, unless it be his pictures of the surroundings of the Nile as it

Flows through hushed old Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought, threading a dream.

Some Places of Note in England (DOWDESWELLS) have been deftly noted by a notable artist, namely, BIRKET FOSTER. From the "places of note," he has evolved some of the most delicate of harmonies. Whether he gives us a *Canterbury cantata*, a *Richmond rondo*, a *Stratford symphony*, a *Lambeth lied*, or a *Tilbury toccata* we are equally delighted with his choice of *motivo* and his brilliancy of execution. In this volume we have five-and-twenty pictures, admirably reproduced in the highest style of lithography. Mr. BIRKET FOSTER has been before the public for many years—he appeared, if we mistake not, in the early numbers of the *Illustrated News*: his work has been constant, and his pictures countless ever since, and yet, in the present volume, we find him better than ever.

Sporting Celebrities. The first number of this new monthly contains two excellent portraits by M. WALRBY. One is of the Duke of BEAUFORT, the other of Mr. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL. They are accompanied by crisp well-written biographical notices. The two portraits are well worth the price charged for the Magazine. A couple of good photographs for a shilling, cannot be considered dear. In addition to this, there are twenty pages of letterpress—so altogether it is a splendid shillingsworth. **BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.**

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INSANITARY DUST-BINS.—That your servants should have thrown half a lobster, several potted meat-tins, an uneatable rabbit-pie, and all the vegetable refuse of your household, into your dust-bin, and that it should not have been "attended to" for upwards of two months, is quite sufficient to account for the intolerable odour of which you and all your neighbours on that side of the street have had reason to complain; but, as you seem to think nothing but an epidemic fever, caused by the nuisance, will rouse the Authorities, you might, by throwing in a pound or two of phosphate of lime, the same quantity of copper shavings, and a gallon or so of nitric acid, as you suggest, create such an intolerable stench, that something would have to be done, and that without delay, to preserve your entire neighbourhood from a visitation of the plague. Try it, by all means. In the meantime have a notice, as you propose, put in your kitchen window, to the effect that a champagne luncheon, and half-a-crown a head, will be provided for the dustmen if they will only call. Failing this, you might take the steps you seriously contemplate, with a view to marrying into the dust-contractor's family. This, perhaps, coupled with a series of urgent letters to the *Times*, would be your wisest course. But, in the present unsatisfactory state of the law, it is difficult to know how to advise you for the best. Your idea, if the worst comes to the worst, and you cannot get the Vestry to attend to it, of blowing up your dust-bin yourself with gunpowder, you might resort to as a last expedient; but, as you seem to think it might bring down your portico, and possibly the whole front of your house as well, we should advise you not to put it into execution till quite assured that your attempts to get your dust-bin emptied by some less violent means have all hopelessly failed. Anyhow, try the copper shavings and nitric acid first. We think you will find, if steadily persevered in, that they will, coupled, possibly, with some legal proceedings, settle the matter for you.

MORE GLORY.—The fall of a fragment of a chandelier has shed an additional lustre—or a portion of a lustre—on the *Brav' Général*.

QUITE THE FIRST BRIDGE.—The Forth Bridge.



THE GRAND OLD UNDERGRAD.

MR. GLADSTONE'S VISIT TO OXFORD.—It has been stated in several papers that Mr. GLADSTONE intends to reside at All Souls' College, Oxford, of which he is an Honorary Fellow, from January 30, till the meeting of Parliament, on February 11. Mr. GLADSTONE, who, we believe, is going up for quiet study, will occupy a set of College rooms.



“ANNALS OF A QUIET PARISH.”

The Vicar's Wife (to Country Tradesman). “Now, Hoskins, AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF OUR LIBERAL PATRONAGE, IT WAS REALLY TOO BAD OF YOU TO SEND US SUCH A GLOBE—CRACKED FROM TOP TO BOTTOM—!”
Vicar (calling from the Study-door at end of passage). “MY DEAR, DID YOU RECOLLECT TO SEND FOR HOSKINS ABOUT THE GLOBE YOU HAD THE LITTLE ACCIDENT WITH LAST WEEK!”

AN UNSCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

(On a highly Uninteresting Topic.)

First Aspiring Political Economist (picking his way cautiously). What the Bimetallists maintain is this: that by fixing an artificial ratio between the relative values of gold and silver, you somehow (a little vaguely) keep up prices; and so, at least,—so I fancy,—assist the circulation of capital. At all events, that is what I take M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE to mean. (Tentatively.) You see that, don't you?

Second Aspiring Political Economist. Not a bit of it. Why, EMILE DE LAVELEYE is an ass. (Emphatically.) GIFFEN says so. And you can't have a higher authority than GIFFEN (clenching the matter). Why, he's Hon. Assistant Deputy Secretary to the Board of Commerce; (with animation) in fact, he says that all Bimetallists are hopeless lunatics, and, in my opinion, he's about right.

Third Aspiring Political Economist. I don't see that at all. But if you are going to settle the matter by merely quoting names, what have you got to say to FOXWELL, the London Professor? He's a Bimetallist, and no mistake.

Second Aspiring Political Economist. “Got to say?” Why, ask LEVIN of Cambridge what he thinks of him. LEVIN backs up GIFFEN in every word he says, and I agree with both of them. How can you have two standards? (Explicitly.) The thing is preposterous.

First Aspiring Political Economist. It is all very well to lay down the law in that fashion, but it will not dispose of facts. You may quote GIFFEN, or LEVIN, or anyone you like, but they will not be able to do away with the circumstance, that prices are regulated by the quantity of money in circulation (with a little hesitation); at least, that is what I understand the other side to maintain.

Second Aspiring Political Economist. Sheer nonsense. How does the quantity of money you possess affect the price you pay for a commodity? The fact of your having twenty sovereigns in your purse won't make your butcher charge you an extra halfpenny a pound for a leg of mutton! That must be clear to any fool!

First Aspiring Political Economist. But you don't understand.

It's numbers that do it. They mean, if thirty millions of people, each have twenty sovereigns a-piece in their purses (doubtfully), then, I suppose, the butchers would raise the price of their meat. At least, that's what I fancy they imply when they talk of an “artificial currency” raising prices (with some vagueness), or is it “artificial prices” creating an increased currency. I couldn't quite follow them in this. But I am sure, whichever of the two views was expressed by M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE, that one had, no doubt, a great deal of sound argument to back it.

Third Aspiring Political Economist. I think you miss the point. Take an illustration. Say you arrive at a cannibal island with ten thousand complete sets of evening dress clothes, and that another ship, just before the arrival of yours, has taken the last ten-pound-note off the island, how, supposing there was to be a native rush to obtain one of your suits, would the absence of any money to pay for them affect their market value? I mayn't have got it quite correctly, but this, or something like it, is one of the cases that GIFFEN brings forward to prove his point. The matter, however, appears to me to be a little complicated.

Second Aspiring Political Economist. Not in the least. It proves the humbug of the Bimetallio position up to the hilt. Of course, you must assume, that the cannibals desire to dress in evening clothes. I confess that has to be considered, and then the question lies in a nutshell. There can't be two opinions about it.

First Aspiring Political Economist. Well, to me, though, of course, I am willing to admit there may be something in it, I can't say that the matter is, at first sight, convincingly clear. (Candidly.) My chief difficulty is, I confess, to arrive at any definite conclusion with myself, as to what “Bimetallism” really means, and what it does not; and I own I feel still vague as to the two questions of the influence of the quantity of money on prices, or the price of a commodity on the value of money respectively, and, though I carefully read all that appears in the daily papers on the subject, I am compelled to own that I do not seem to be nearer a solution of the perplexing difficulty. However, it is, no doubt, a highly absorbing, if not a very useful, subject for investigation.

[Left investigating it as Curtain falls.]

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

NO. IV.

OUR present example is pure tragedy of the most ambitious kind, and is, perhaps, a little in advance of the taste of a Music-hall audience of the present day. When the fusion between the Theatres and the Music-Halls is complete—when Miss BESSIE BELLWOOD sings "What Cheer, 'Ria?" at the Lyceum, and Mr. HENRY IRVING gives his compressed version of *Hamlet* at the Trocadero; when there is a general levelling-up of culture, and removal of prejudice—then, and not till then, will this powerful little play meet with the appreciation which is its due. The main idea is suggested by the Misses TAYLOR'S well-known poem, *The Pin*, though the dramatist has gone further than the poetess in working out the notion of Nemesis.

THE FATAL PIN.—A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Emily Heedless. By either Miss VESTA TILLEY or MRS. BERNARD BEERE.

Peter Paragon. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON or Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS (only he mustn't sing "The Good Young Man who Died").

First and Second Bridesmaids. Miss MAUDE MILLETT and Miss ANNIE HUGHES.

SCENE.—EMILY'S Boudoir, sumptuously furnished with a screen and



sofa, c. Door, R., leading to EMILY'S Bed-chamber. Door, L. EMILY discovered in loose wrapper, and reclining in uncomfortable position on sofa.

Emily (dreamily). This day do I become the envied bride of PETER, justly surnamed PARAGON; and much I wonder what in me he found (he, who Perfection so personifies) that he could condescend an eye to cast on faulty, feather-headed EMILY! How solemn is the stillness all around me! (A loud bang is heard behind screen.) Methought I heard the dropping of a pin!—perhaps I should arise and search for it. . . Yet why, on second thoughts, disturb myself,

since I am, by my settlements, to have a handsome sum allowed for pin-money? Nay, since thou claim'st thy freedom, little pin, I lack the heart to keep thee prisoner. Go, then, and join the great majority of fallen, vagrant, unregarded pinhood—my bliss is too supreme at such an hour to heed such infidelities as thine.

[Falls into a happy reverie.

Enter First and Second Bridesmaids.

First and Second Bridesmaids. What, how now, EMILY—not yet attired? Nay, haste, for PETER will be here anon!

[They hurry her off by R. door, just as PETER PARAGON enters L. in bridal array. N.B.—The exigencies of the Drama are responsible for his making his appearance here, instead of waiting, as is more usual, at the church.

Peter (meditatively). The golden sands of my celibacy are running low—soon falls the final grain! Yet, even now, the glass I would not turn. My EMILY is not without her faults—"was not without them," I should rather say, for during ten idyllic years of courtship, by precept and example I have striven to mould her to a helpmate fit for me. Now, thank the Gods, my labours are complete—she stands redeemed from all her giddiness! (Here he steps upon the pin, and utters an exclamation.) Ha! what is this? I'm wounded. . . agony! With what a darting pain my foot's transfixed! I'll summon help (with calm courage)—yet, stay, I would not dim this nuptial day by any sombre cloud. I'll bear this stroke alone—and now to probe the full extent of my calamity. (Seats himself on sofa in such a position as to be concealed by the screen from all but the audience, and proceeds to remove his boot.) Ye powers of Perfidy, it is a pin! I must know more of this—for it is meet such criminal neglect should be exposed. Severe shall be that house-maid's punishment who's proved to be responsible for this!—but soft, I hear a step.

[Enter First and Second Bridesmaids, who hunt diligently upon the carpet without observing PETER'S presence.

Emily's Voice (within). Oh, search, I pray you. It must be there—my own ears heard it fall! [PETER betrays growing uneasiness. The Bridesmaids. Indeed, we fail to see it anywhere!

Emily (entering distractedly in bridal costume, with a large rent in her train). You have no eyes, I tell you, let me help. It must be found, or I am all undone! In vain my ouchion I have cut in two—'twas void of all but stuffing. . . Gracious Heavens, to think that all my future bliss depends on the evasive malice of a pin!

[PETER behind screen, starts violently. *Peter (aside).* A pin! what dire misgivings wring my heart! (Hops forward with a cold dignity, holding one foot in his hand.) You seem in some excitement, EMILY?

Emily (wildly). You, PETER! . . . tell me—have you found a pin?

Peter (with deadly calm). Unhappy girl—I have! (To Bridesmaids.) Withdraw awhile, and when we need you, we will summon you. (Exit Bridesmaids; EMILY and PETER stand facing each other for some moments in dead silence.) The pin is found—for I have trodden on it, and may, for aught I know, be lamed for life. Speak, EMILY, what is that maid's desert whose carelessness has led to this mishap?

Emily (in the desperate hope of shielding herself). Why, should the fault be traced to any maid, instant dismissal shall be her reward, with a month's wages paid in lieu of notice!

Peter (with a passionless severity). From your own lips I judge you, EMILY. Did they not own just now that you had heard the falling of a pin—yet heeded not? Behold the outcome of your negligence!

[Extends his injured foot. *Emily.* Oh, let me kiss the place and make it well!

Peter (coldly withdrawing foot). Keep your caresses till I ask for them. My wound goes deeper than you wot of yet, and by that disregarded pin is pricked the iridescent bubble of Illusion!

Emily (slowly). Indeed, I do not wholly comprehend.

Peter. Have patience and I will be plainer yet. Mine is a complex nature, EMILY; magnanimous, but still methodical. An injury I freely can forgive, forget it—(striking his chest)—never! She who leaves about pins on the floor to pierce a lover's foot, will surely plant a thorn within the side of him whose fate it is to be her husband!

Emily (dragging herself towards him on her knees). Have pity on me, PETER; I was mad!

Peter (with emotion). How can I choose but pity thee, poor soul, who, for the sake of temporary ease, hast forfeited the bliss that had been thine! You could not stoop to pick a pin up. Why? Because, forsooth, 'twas but a paltry pin! Yet, duly husbanded, that self-same pin had served you to secure your gaping train, your self-respect—and Me.

Emily (wailing). What have I done?

Peter. I will not now reproach you, EMILY, nor would I dwell upon my wounded sole, the pain of which increases momentarily. I part from you in friendship, and in proof, that fated instrument I leave with you (presenting her with the pin, which she accepts mechanically) which the frail link between us twain has severed. I can dispense with it, for in my cuff (shows her his coat-cuff, in which a row of pins'-heads is perceptible) I carry others 'gainst a time of need. My poor success in life I trace to this—that never yet I passed a pin unheeded.

Emily. And is that all you have to say to me?

Peter. I think so—save that I shall wish you well, and pray that henceforth you may bear in mind what vast importance lies in seeming trifles.

Emily (with a pale smile). PETER, your lesson is already learned, for precious has this pin become for me, since by its aid I gain oblivion—thus!

Peter (coldly). Nay, these are histrionics, EMILY.

[Assists her to sofa. *Emily.* I'd skill enough to find a vital spot. Do not withdraw it yet—my time is short, and I have much to say before I die. (Faintly.) Be gentle with my rabbits when I'm gone; give my canary chickweed now and then. . . I think there is no more—ah, one last word—(warmly)—warn them they must not cut our wedding-cake, and then the pastrycook may take it back!

Peter (deeply moved). Would you had shown this thoughtfulness before!

[Kneels by the sofa. *Emily.* 'Tis now too late, and clearly do I see that I was never worthy of you, PETER.

Peter (gently). 'Tis not for me to contradict you now. You did your best to be so, EMILY!

Emily. A blessing on you for those generous words! Now tell me, PETER, how is your poor foot?

Peter. The agony decidedly abates, and I can bear a boot again.

Emily. Then I die happy! . . . Kiss me, PETER. . . ah! [Dies. *Peter.* In peace she passed away. I'm glad of that, although that peace was purchased by a lie. I shall not bear a boot for many days! Thus ends our wedding morn, and she, poor child, has paid the penalty of heedlessness!

[Curtain falls, whereupon, unless Mr. Punch is greatly mistaken, there will not be a dry eye in the house.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans; je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIX.

"A LATE Symposium!
 Yet they're not engaged
 In competitions. Argument hath raged
 Four hours by the dial;
 But zealotry of party,
 creed, or clique
 Marks not the clock,
 whilst of polemic pique
 There's one unvoided vial."
 So smiled the Shade.
 Dusk coat and gleaming head,
 Viewed from above, before my gaze outspread
 Like a black sea bespotted
 With bare pink peaks of coral isles; all eyes
 Were fixed on one who reeled out rhapsodies
 In diction double-shotted.



A long and lofty room, with pillars cold,
 And spacious walls of chocolate and gold;
 The solid sombre glory
 Of tint oppressive and of tasteless shine,
 Dear to the modern British Philistine,
 Saint, sceptic, Whig, or Tory.

"No Samsen-strength of intellect or taste
 Shall bew the pillars of this temple chaste
 Of ugliness and unctious.
 What is 't they argue lengthily and late?
 The flame of patriot passion for the State
 Fires this polemic function.

"A caitiff Government has done a thing
 To make its guardian-angel droop her wing
 In sickened indignation:
 That is, has striven to strengthen their redoubts,
 Perfidious 'Ins,' to foil the eager 'Outs.'
 Hence endless execration.

"Hence all Wire-pullerdom is up in arms;
 With clarion-toned excursions and alarms
 The rival camp is ringing.
 Hence perky commoners and pompous peers,
 'Midst vehement applause and volleying cheers,
 Stale platitudes are stringing.

"The British Public—some five hundred strong—
 Is here to 'strangle a Gigantic Wrong,'—
 So MARABOUT is saying. [eyes,
 Watch his wide waistcoat and his wandering
 His stamping boots of Brobdingnagian size,
 Clenched hands, and shoulders swaying.

"A great Machine-man, MARABOUT! He detes
 On programmes hectographed and Party votes.
 For all his pasty pallor
 And shifty glance, he has the mob's regard,
 And he is deemed by council, club, and ward
 A mighty man of valour.

"A purchased henchman to a Star of State?
 Perhaps. But here he'll pose and perorate,
 A Brutus vain and voluble.
 And who, like MARABOUT, with vocal flux
 Of formulas, can settle every *crux*
 That wisdom finds insoluble?

"Hear! hear! That shibboleth of shallow souls
 Around his ears in clamorous cadence rolls;
 He swells, he glows, he twinkles;

The sapient Chairman wags his snowy pate,
 Whilst cynic triumph, cautious yet elate,
 Lurks laughing in his wrinkles.

"And there sits honest zeal, absorbed,
 intent, [bent
 And cheerfully credulous. MARABOUT has
 To the Commercial Dagon
 He publicly derides; but many here
 Will toast 'his genuine grit, his manly
 cheer,'
 Over a friendly flagon.

"Look on him later! There he snugly sits
 With his rich patron. Were it war of wits
 That wakes their crackling chuckles,
 They scarce were heartier. It would strangely
 shock
 MARABOUT's worshippers to hear him mock
 The 'mob' to which he truckles.

"Truckles in platform speech. In club-
 room chat
 With WAGSTAFF, shrewd wire-puller, flushed
 and fat,
 Or DODD, the rich dry-salter,
 You'd hear how supply he can shift and
 twist,
 How BRUTUS with 'the base Monopolist'
 Can calmly plot and palter."

"Whilst MARABOUTS abound, O Shade," I
 cried,
 "What wonder men are 'Mugwumps?'"
 Then my guide
 Laughed low. "The æsthetic villa
 Finds Shepdom's zeal on its fine senses jar;
 Yet the Mugwumps Charybdis stands not far
 From the Machine-man's Scylla.

"Culture derides the Caucus for its heat,
 Its hate—its absence of the Light and Sweet,
 So jays might flout the vulture.
 Partisan bitterness and purblind haste?
 Come, view the haunts of dilettante Taste,
 The coteries of Culture!

"Here Savants wrangle o'er a fossil bone,
 CHAMPER, with curling lip and caustic tone,
 At RUDDIMAN is railing.
 CHAMPER knows everything, from PLATO'S
 text
 To Protoplasm; yet his soul is vexed,
 His cheeks with spite are paling.

"Why? Because RUDDIMAN, the rude,
 robust,
 Has pierced with logic's vigorous vulgar
 thrust
 The shield of icy polish.
 CHAMPER, in print, is hot on party-hate,
 Here his one aim is in the rough debate
 His rival to demolish.

"Sweet Reasonableness? Another host
 Of sages see! The habits of the Ghost,
 The Astral Body's action,
 Absorb them, eager. Does mere furious fire
 The councils of the Caucasites inspire,
 Or light the feuds of faction?"

"And there? They argue out with toil intense
 A 'cosmic' poet's esoteric sense,
 Of which a world, unwitting,
 Recks nothing. Yet how terribly they'd
 trounce
 Parliament's pettifogging, and denounce
 'Political hair-splitting!'"

"O Shade, the difference is but small, one
 dreads,
 Betwixt logomachists at loggerheads,
 Whether their theme be bennets
 Or British interests. Zealot ardour burns
 Scarce fiercer o'er Electoral Returns
 Than over SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets.

"At MARABOUT the Mugwump sniffs and
 sneers; ['cheers'
 Gregarious 'votes of thanks' and sheepish
 Stir him to satire scornful.
 But when sleek Culture apes, irate and loud,
 The follies of the Caucus and the Crowd,
 The spectacle is mournful."

"True!" smiled the Shade. "Yon super-
 cilious sage,
 With patent prejudice and petty rage,
 Penning a tart jobation
 On practised Statesmen, must as much amuse
 As Statesmen-sciolists venting vapid views
 On rocks and revelation."

(To be continued.)

THE SOUTH-EASTERN ALPHABET.

- A was the Anger evinced far and wide;
- B was the Boat-train delayed by the tide;
- C was the Chairman who found nothing wrong;
- D was the Driver who sang the same song;
- E was the Engine that stuck on the way;
- F stood for Folkestone, reached late every day;
- G was the Grumble to which this gave rise;
- H was the Hubbub Directors despise;
- I was the Ink over vain letters used;
- J were the Junctions which some one abused;
- K was the Kick "Protest" got for its crimes;
- L were the Letters it wrote to the *Times*;
- M was the Meeting that probed the affair;
- N was the Nothing that came of the scare;
- O was the Overdue train on its way;
- P was the Patience that bore the delay;
- Q was the Question which struck everyone;
- R the Reply which could satisfy none;
- S was the Station where passengers wait;
- T was the Time that they're bound to belate;
- U was the Up-train an hour overdue;
- V was the Vagueness its movements pursue;
- W stood for time's general Waste;
- X for Ex-press that could never make haste;
- Y for the Wherefore and Why of this wrong;
- And Z for the Zanies who stand it so long!

STARTLING FOR GOURMETS.—"Bisques dis-
 allowed." But it only refers to a new rule
 of the Lawn Tennis Association; so "*Bisque*
d'écrevisses will still be preserved to us among
 the *embarras de richesse*—(i.e. the trouble
 caused subsequently by the richness,—*free*
trans.)—of a thoroughgoing French dinner.

THE NEW TUNE.



Le Brav' Général tootles :—

HEROES bold owe much to bold songs.
 What's that? "Cannot sing the old songs"?
 Pooh! 'Tis a Britannic ditty.
 Truth, though, in it,—more's the pity!
 "En revenant de la Revue."
 People tire of that—too true!
 I must give them something new.
 Played out, Frenchmen? *Pas de danger!*
 Whilst you've still your *Brav' BOULANGER!*

Do they think *BOULANGER* "mizzles,"
 After all his recent "fizzles"?
 (Most expressive slang, the Yankee!)

Pas si bête, my friends. No thank ye!
 Came a cropper? Very true!
 But I remount—my hobby's new,
 So's my trumpet. Rooney-too!
 France go softly? *Pas de danger!*
 Whilst she has her *Brav' BOULANGER!*

Cannot say her looks quite flatter.
 Rather scornful. What's the matter?
 Have you lost your recent fancy
 For me and my charger prancy?
 Turn those eyes this way, now do!
 Mark my hobby,—not a screw!

Listen to my *chanson* new!
 BISMARCK flout you? *Pas de danger!*
 He's afraid of *Brav' BOULANGER.*

Of your smile be not so chary!
 The sixteenth of February
 Probably will prove my care is
 The especial charge of Paris.
 Then you'll know that I am true.
 "En revenant de la Revue;"
 Stick to me, I'll stick to you.
 Part with you, sweet? *Pas de danger!*
 Not the game of *Brav' BOULANGER!*

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "PARIS."

CAPTAIN SHARP, of the Newhaven steamer, *Paris*, you're no craven;
 Grim and growling was the gale that you
 from your dead reckoning bore;
 And, but for your brave behaving, she might
 never have made haven.
 But have foundered in mid-Channel, or been
 wrecked on a lee-shore.
 With your paddle-floats unfeathered, wonder
 was it that you weathered
 Such a storm as that of Sunday, which
 upset our nerves on land,
 Though in fire-side comfort tethered. How
 it blew, and blared, and blethered!
 All your passengers, my Captain, say your
 pluck and skill were grand.
 Much to men like you is owing, when wild
 storms around are blowing,
 As they seem to have been doing since the
 opening of the year:
 Howling, hailing, sleeting, snowing; but for
 captains calm and knowing,
 Passage of our angry Channel were indeed
 a task of fear.
 Well, you brought them safely through it,
 when not every man could do it,
 And your passengers, my Captain, are in-
 spired with gratitude.
 Therefore, *Mr. Punch* thns thanks you, and
 right readily enranks you, [brood.
 As a hero on the record of our briny island
 Verily the choice of "*Paris*" in this case
 proved right; and rare is
 Fitness between name and nature such as
 that you illustrate.
 Captain SHARP! A proper *nomen*, and it
 proved a prosperous omen
 To your passengers, whom *Punch* must on
 their luck congratulate.



NOTHING LIKE A CHANGE!

Dr. Cockshure. "MY GOOD SIR, WHAT YOU WANT IS THOROUGH ALTERATION OF CLIMATE. THE ONLY THING TO CURE YOU IS A LONG SEA VOYAGE!"
Patient "THAT'S RATHER INCONVENIENT. YOU SEE I'M ONLY JUST HOME FROM A SEA VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE title of the second chapter of *The Days of the Dandies*, in *Blackwood*, is calculated to excite curiosity,—it is, "Some Great Beauties, and some Social Celebrities."



After reading the article, I think it would have been styled more correctly, "A Few Great Beauties." However, it is discursively amusing and interesting. There is much truth in the paper on Modern Mannish Maidens. I hold that no number of a Magazine is perfect without a tale of mystery and wonder, or a ghost-story of some sort. I hope I have not overlooked one of these in any Magazine for this month that I have seen. Last month there was a good one in *Macmillan*, and another in *Belgravia*. I forget their titles, unfortunately, and

have mislaid the Magazines. But *After-thoughts*, in this month's *Macmillan*, is well worth perusal.

My faithful "Co." has been looking through the works of reference. He complains that *Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthood* for 1890 is carelessly edited. He notes, as a sample, that Sir HENRY LELAND HARRISON, who is said to have been born in 1857, is declared to have entered the Indian Civil Service in 1860, when he was only three years old—a manifest absurdity. As *Mr. Punch* himself pointed out this *bêtise* in *Dod's &c., &c.*, for 1889, it should have been corrected in the new edition. "If this sort of thing continues," says the faithful "Co.," "Dod will be known as *Dodder*, or even *Dodderer*!" Sir BERNARD BURKE'S *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage* is, in every sense, a noble volume, and seems to have been compiled with the greatest care and accuracy. KELLY'S *Post Office Directory*, of course, is a necessity to every man of letters. *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1890 seems larger than usual, and better than ever. WEBSTER'S

Royal Red Book, and GARDINER'S *Royal Blue Book*, it goes without saying, are both written by men of address. The *Century Atlas and Gazetteer* is a book amongst a hundred. Finally, the *Era Almanack* for 1890, conducted by EDWARD LEDGER, is, as usual, full of information concerning things theatrical—some of it gay, some of it sad. "Replies to Questions by Actors and Actresses" is the liveliest contribution in the little volume. The Obituary contains the name of "EDWARD LITT LEMAN BLANCHARD," dramatist, novelist, and journalist, who died on the 4th of September, 1889. It is hard to realise the *Era Almanack* without the excellent contributions of poor "E. L. B.!"

"Co." furnishes some other notes in a livelier strain:—
Matthew Prior. (KEGAN PAUL.) If you are asked to go out this abominable weather, shelter yourself under the wing of Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON, and plead a prior engagement. (Ha! Ha!) You will find the engagement both prior and profitable. Mr. DOBSON'S introductory essay is not only exhaustive, but in the highest degree interesting, and his selection from the poems has been made with great taste and rare discretion.

In the *Garden of Dreams*. The lack of poets of the softer sex has been recently a subject of remark. Lady-novelists we have in superabundance, of lady-dramatists we have more than enough, of lady-journalists we have legions—but lady-poets we have but few. Possibly, they flourish more on the other side of the Atlantic. At any rate we have a good example of the American Muse in the latest volume by Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. This little book is full of grace, its versification is melodious, and has the genuine poetic ring about it, which is as rare as it is acceptable. It can scarcely fail to find favour with English readers. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

Epidemiological.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Camel is reported to be greatly instrumental in the spread of cholera. This is evidently the Bacterian Camel, whose humps—or is it hump?—have long been such a terror to those who really don't care a bit how many humps an animal has.

Yours faithfully, HUMPHRY CAMPBELL.

TO THOSE WHO GET THEIR LIVING BY DYEING.—"Sweet Auburn!" exclaimed a ruddy, aureate-haired lady of uncertain age,—anything, in fact, after fifty,— "Sweet Auburn!" she repeated, musingly, "What does 'Sweet Auburn' come from?" "Well," replied her husband, regarding her *coiffure* with an air of uncertainty, "I'm not quite sure, but I think 'Sweet Auburn' should be GRAY."

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. V.—BRUNETTE AND BLANCHIDINE.

A Melodramatic Didactic Vaudeville, suggested by "The Wooden Doll and the Wax Doll." By the Misses Jane and Ann Taylor.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Blanchidine, } By the celebrated Sisters STILTON, the Champion
Brunette, } Duettists and Clog-dancers.

Fanny Furbelow. By Miss SYLVIA SEALSKIN (by kind permission of the Gaiety Management).

Frank Manly. By Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.

SCENE—A Sunny Glade in Kensington Gardens, between the Serpentine and Round Pond.

Enter BLANCHIDINE and BRUNETTE, with their arms thrown affectionately around one another. BLANCHIDINE is carrying a large and expressionless wooden doll.

Duet and Step-dance.

Bl. Oh, I do adore BRUNETTE! (Dances.)

Tippity-tappity,
tappity-tippity,
tippity-tappity,
tip-tap!

Br. BLANCHIDINE'S the
sweetest pet!
(Dances.) Tippity -
tappity, &c.

Together. When
the sun is high,
We come out to
ply, Nobody is
nigh, All is
mirth and j'y!
With a pair-sol,
We'll protect
our doll, Make
a mossy bed for
her wooden
head!

[Combination
step - dance,
during which
both watch
their feet with
an air of de-
tached and
slightly amused

interest, as if they belonged to some other persons.

Clickity-clack, clickity-clack, clickity, clickity, clickity-clack; clackity-clickity, clickity-clackity, clackity-clickity-clack!

[Repeat ad. lib.]

Bl. (apologetically to Audience). Her taste in dress is rather plain! (Dances.) Tippity-tappity, &c.

Br. (in pitying aside). It is a pity she's so vain! (Dances.) Tippity-tappity, &c.

Bl. 'Tis a shame to smolee, But she's shocking stoyle, It is quite a troyal, Still—she mikes a foil!

Br. Often I've a job To suppress a sob, She is such a snob, When she meets a nob!

[Step-dance as before.]

[N. B.—In consideration of the well-known difficulty that most popular variety-artists experience in the metrical delivery of decasyllabic couplets, the lines which follow have been written as they will most probably be spoken.

Bl. (looking off with alarm). Why, here comes FANNY FURBELOW, a new frock from Paris in!

She'll find me with BRUNETTE—it's too embarrassing!

[Aside.]

To Brunette. BRUNETTE, my love, I know such a pretty game we'll play at—

Poor TIMBURINA'S ill, and the seaside she ought to stay at.

(The Serpentine's the seaside, let's pretend,) [Friend!

And you shall take her there—(hypocritically)—you're such a

Br. (with simplicity). Oh, yes, that will be splendid, BLANCHIDINE,

And then we can go and have a dip in a bathing-machine!

[BLAN. resigns the wooden doll to BRUN., who skips off with it, L., as

FANNY FURBELOW enters, R., carrying a magnificent wax doll.

Fanny (languidly). Ah, howdy do—ain't this heat too frightful?

And so you're quite alone?

Bl. (nervously). Oh, quite—oh yes, I always am alone, when

there's nobody with me.

[This is a little specimen of the Lady's humorous "gag," at which she is justly considered a proficient.

Fanny (drawing).

Delightful!

When I was wondering, only a little while ago,

If I should meet a creature that I know;

Allow me—my new doll, the Lady MINNIE!

[Introducing doll.]

Bl. (rapturously). Oh, what a perfect love!

Fanny. She ought to be—for a guinea!

Here, you may nurse her for a little while.

Be careful, for her frock's the latest style.

[Gives BLAN. the wax doll.]

She's the best wax, and has three changes of clothing—

For those cheap wooden dolls I've quite a loathing.

Bl. (hastily). Oh, so have I—they're not to be endured!

Re-enter BRUNETTE with the wooden doll, which she tries to press upon BLANCHIDINE, much to the latter's confusion.

Br. I've brought poor TIMBURINA back, completely cured!

Why, aren't you pleased? Your face is looking so cloudy!

F. (haughtily). Is she a friend of yours—this little dowdy?

[Slow music.]

Bl. (after an internal struggle). Oh, no, what an idea! Why, I don't even know her by name!

Some vulgar child . . .

[Lets the wax doll fall unregarded on the gravel.]

Br. (indignantly). Oh, what a horrid shame!

I see now why you sent us to the Serpentine!

Bl. (heartlessly). There's no occasion to flare up like turpentine.

Br. (ungrammatically). I'm not! Disown your doll, and thrust me, too, aside.

The one thing left for both of us is—suicide!

Yes, TIMBURINA, us no more she cherishes—

(Bitterly.) Well, the Round Pond a handy place to perish is!

[Rushes off stage with wooden doll.]

Bl. (making a feeble attempt to follow). Come back, BRUNETTE; don't leave me thus, in charity!

[vulgarity.]

F. (with contempt). Well, I'll be off—since you seem to prefer

Bl. No, stay—but—ah, she said—what if she meant it?

F. Not she! And, if she did, we can't prevent it.

Bl. (relieved). That's true—we'll play, and think no more about her.

F. (sarcastically). We may just manage to get on without her!

So come—(perceives doll lying face upwards on path)—you odious girl, what have you done?

Left Lady MINNIE lying in the blazing sun!

'Twas done on purpose—oh, you thing perfidious! [Stamps.]

You knew she'd melt, and get completely hideous!

Don't answer me, Miss—I wish we'd never met.

You're only fit for persons like BRUNETTE!

[Picks up doll, and exit in passion.]

Grand Sensation Descriptive Soliloquy, by BLANCHIDINE, to Melodramatic Music.

Bl. Gone! Ah, I am rightly punished! What would I not give now to have homely little BRUNETTE, and dear old wooden-headed TIMBURINA back again! She wouldn't melt in the sun . . . Where are they now? Great Heavens! that threat—that rash resolve . . . I remember all! 'Twas in the direction of the Pond they vanished. (Peeping anxiously between trees.) Are they still in sight? . . . Yes, I see them? BRUNETTE has reached the water's edge . . . What is she purposing! Now she kneels on the rough gravel; she is making TIMBURINA kneel too! How calm and resolute they both appear! (Shuddering.) I dare not look further—but, ah, I must—I must! . . . Horror! I saw her boots flash for an instant in the bright sunlight; and now the ripples have closed, smiling over her little black stockings! . . . Help!—save her, somebody!—help! . . . Joy! a gentleman has appeared on the scene—how handsome, how brave he looks! He has taken in the situation at a glance! With quiet composure he removes his coat—oh, don't trouble about folding it up!—and why, why remove your gloves, when there is not a moment to be lost? Now, with many injunctions, he entrusts his watch to a bystander, who retires, overcome by emotion. And now—oh, gallant, heroic soul!—now he is sending his toy terrier into the seething water! (Straining eagerly forward.) Ah, the dog paddles bravely out—he has reached the spot . . . oh, he has passed it!—he is trying to catch a duck! Dog, dog, is this a time for pursuing ducks? At last he understands—he dives . . . he brings up—agony! a small tin cup! Again . . . this time, surely—what, only an old pot-hat! . . . Oh, this dog is a fool! And still the Round Pond holds its dread secret! Once more . . . yes—no, yes, it is TIMBURINA! Thank Heaven, she yet breathes! But BRUNETTE? Can she have stunk in the mud at the bottom? Ha, she, too, is resoned—saved—ha-ha-ha!—saved, saved, saved! [Swoons hysterically, amid deafening applause.]

Enter FRANK MANLY, supporting BRUNETTE, who carries TIMBURINA.

Bl. (wildly). What, do I see you safe, beloved BRUNETTE?

Br. Yea, thanks to his courage, I'm not even *wel!*
 Frank (modestly). Nay, spare your compliments. To rescue
 When in distress, is every hero's duty! [Beauty,
 Bl. BRUNETTE, forgive—I'm cured of all my folly!
 Br. (heartily). Of course I will, my dear, and so will dolly!
 [Grand Trio and Step-dance, with "tippity-tappity," and
 "clickity-clack" refrain as finale.

married will in all probability be published in some of the Society papers, "with the names of the donors," we think, on the whole, we would advise you *not* to give them, as you seem rather inclined to do, those three hundred-weight of cheap sardines of which you became possessed through a seizure of your agents for arrears of rent. You might certainly present them with the disabled omnibus horse that came into your hands on the same occasion. Horses are sometimes given as wedding presents. There were four down in a list of gifts at a fashionable marriage only last week. But, of course, it would not suit your purpose to appear as the donor of a "damaged" creature. We think, perhaps, it would be wiser to accept the five pounds offered you through the veterinary surgeon you mention, and lay out the money, as you suggest, in sixteen hundred Japanese fans. If it falls through, and you find the horse still on your hands, there is no need to mention its association with the omnibus. "Mr. JOHN JOHNSON—a riding horse," doesn't read badly. We almost think this is better than the fans. Think it over.



"THE NEW GERMAN RIFLE."

(A FANCY SKETCH OF ITS STARTLING APPEARANCE.)

"The Regulations for the employment of the new German Infantry Rifle have just been published. With regard to the capabilities of the new rifle, the Regulations assert, that in this arm the German Infantry possesses a weapon standing fully abreast of the time, with a range such as was heretofore held to be impossible of attainment."—Standard, Jan. 25.

THE LUXURY OF PANTOMIME.

ONE day last week, after a struggle for life, Her Majesty's Theatre was shut up, five hundred persons, so it was stated, lost employment, and the *Cinderella* family, proud sisters and all, nay, even the gallant Prince himself, were turned adrift. Smiling, at the helm of the Drury Lane Ship, stands AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, who sees, not unmoved, the wreck of "Her Majesty's Opposition," and murmurs to himself as *Jack and the Beanstalk* continues its successful course, "This is, indeed, the survival of the fittest," and, charitably, DRURIOLANUS sends out a life-boat entitled "Benefit Performance" to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew. *Ave Caesar!*

From this disaster there results a moral, "which, when found," it would be as well to "make a note of." It is this: as evidently London will not, or cannot, support two Pantomimes, several *Circuses*, and a Show like BARNUM'S, all through one winter, why try the experiment? especially when the *luxure* of Pantomime, fostered by DRURIOLANUS, is so enormous, that any competitor must be forced into ruinous and even reckless extravagance, in order to enter into anything like rivalry with The Emperor who "holds the field" for Pantomime, just as he holds "The Garden" for Opera, against all comers.

These rival establishments only do harm to one another, spoil the public by indulging their taste for magnificent spectacle, increasing in gorgeousness every year, until true Pantomime will be overlaid with jewelled armour, crushed under velvet and gold, and be lying helpless under the weight of its own gorgosity. We should question whether the Olympian BARNUM has done much good for himself, seeing how gigantic the expenses must be; and certainly he can't have done good to the theatrea. As to Shows, "The more the merrier" does not hold good. "The fewer the better" is nearer the mark in every sense, and perhaps the experience of this season may suggest even to DRURIOLANUS to give the public still more fun for their money (and there is plenty of genuine fun in *Jack and the Beanstalk*), with less show, in less time, and at consequently less expense to himself, and with, therefore, bigger profits. We shall see.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMEMORATION BIRTHDAY CONCERT.—The programme you are preparing, after the fashion set the other evening in St. James's Hall, at an entertainment organised in honour of the birthday of the poet BURNS, for the purpose of paying a similar tribute to the memory of his great fellow-countryman, Sir WALTER SCOTT, certainly promises well. As you very truly point out that, as at the Concert which you are taking as your model, though the name of BURNS was tacked on to nearly every item in the programme, as if he had been responsible for the words, music and all, it did not seem limited to the Poet's work alone, you might certainly allow yourself the latitude you propose in arranging your own scheme. The fact that, at the Burns Celebration, M. NACHEZ played his own Hungarian dances, the connection between which and the Poet's birthday is not, at first sight, entirely obvious, and that another gentleman, with equal appropriateness, favoured the company with "*The Death of Nelson*," on the trombone, seems certainly to give you a warrant for the introduction you contemplate making, in commemoration of Sir WALTER, of the Chinese Chopstick Mazurka, and the Woorawoor Cannibal Islanders side-knife and sledge-hammer war-dance. It may of course be possible, in a remote way, to introduce them, as you suggest, into *Old Mortality*, but we should think you would be nearer the mark with that other item of your programme, that associates *Jem Baggs* with *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Your idea of accepting and utilising the offer of the GIRALDI family to introduce their Drawing-room Entertainment into your programme seems excellent, and has certainly as much in common with the Birthday of Sir WALTER SCOTT as the "*Death of Nelson*," on the trombone, has with that of the distinguished Novelist's great brother Poet. There is no reason, as you further point out, why you should not organise a whole Series of Commemorative Birthday Entertainments, as you think of doing, on the same plan, and with BETHOVEN, MACAULAY, DR. JOHNSON, and WARREN HASTINGS, the celebrities you mention, to begin upon, you ought to have no difficulty in working in the solo on the big drum, the performance of the Learned Hyæna, the Japanese Twenty-feet Bayonet-jump, and the other equally appropriate attractions with which you are already in communication. Anyhow, begin with Sir WALTER SCOTT, following the St. James's Hall lead, and let us hear how you get on.

STRIKING WEDDING PRESENTS.—As you seem to think that a list of the presents made to your young friends who are about to be



"Mr. GLADSTONE desires that ALL LETTERS, &c., should be addressed to him at 10, St. James's Square, London."—Standard, Jan. 25.

WHY should "all letters" be addressed to Mr. GLADSTONE? Isn't anybody else to have any? How about Valentine's Day? Will "all letters" be addressed to him then? If so—then the above Illustration conveys only a feeble idea of the result.



FELINE AMENITIES.

Fair Hostess (to Mrs. Masham, who is looking her very best). "HOWDYDO, DEAR? I HOPE YOU'RE NOT SO TIRED AS YOU LOOK!"

THE FINISHING TOUCH;

OR, PREPARING FOR MR. SPEAKER'S PARTY.

Anxious Old (Legal) Nurses loquitur:—

AH! he's ready now, thanks be!
But a plaguier child than he
I am sure we Nusses three

Never dressed.

But at last we have got through;
Well-curl'd hair, and sash of blue!
Yes, we rather think he'll do,
Heaven be blessed!

Ah! the awful time it took!
Never mind; by hook or crook
We have togg'd him trimly. Look!
There he stands!

His long wailings nearly hushed,
Buttoned, pinned, oiled, combed and brushed,
And his tight glove-fingers crushed
On his hands.

Does us credit, don't you think?
How the chit would writhe and shrink,
Get his garments in a kink

Every way!

Awful handful, hot and heady,
Shuffling round, ne'er standing steady,
Feared we'd never get him ready
For the day.

MR. SPEAKER'S PARTY,—yes!
Hope he'll be a great success;
His clean face and natty dress

Ought to please.

But there'll be no end of eyes
On his buttons, hooks, and ties;
Prompt to chaff and criticize,

Tear and tease.

There'll be many an Irish boy
Who will find it his chief joy
To upset and to annoy

And, with no particular call,
Try to make him squeal and squall,
Disarrange him, after all

Our hard work.

Not to mention other lads,
Regular rowdy little Rads,
Full of ill-conditioned fads,

And mean spite:

Who will pinch and pull the hair
Of our charge who's standing there,
After all our patient care

Right and tight.

For we know they don't like us,
And they're sure to scold and cuss
The tired three, and raise a fuss

And a pother

About Hopeful here. Heigho!
But he's ready, dears, to go.
Ah! they little little know

All our bother!

On our hands heaven knows how long
We have had him. 'Twould be wrong
To indulge in language strong;

But how hearty

Is our joy that we have done!
There now, REPPY, off you run!
Only hope you'll have good fun!

At the Party!

ON BOARD THE CHANNEL STEAMER "PARIS"
(Night of Saturday, January 25, 1890).—
"SHARP'S the word!"

TO AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW WIG.

DELIGHTED to hear that our friend CHARLES HALL, A.D.C., Trin. Coll. Cam., and Q.C., is likely to be made a Judge. Where will he sit? Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce Court, where wreekage cases of ships and married lives are heard? Health to the Judge that shall be, with a song and chorus, if you please, Gentlemen, to the ancient air of "*Samuel Hall*," revived for this occasion only:—

His name it is CHARLES HALL,
A.D.C. and Q.C.,

His name it is CHARLES HALL.
In cases great and small
He's shone out since his call,
All agree.

In Court of Admiralty
Did he drndge, (*bis*)

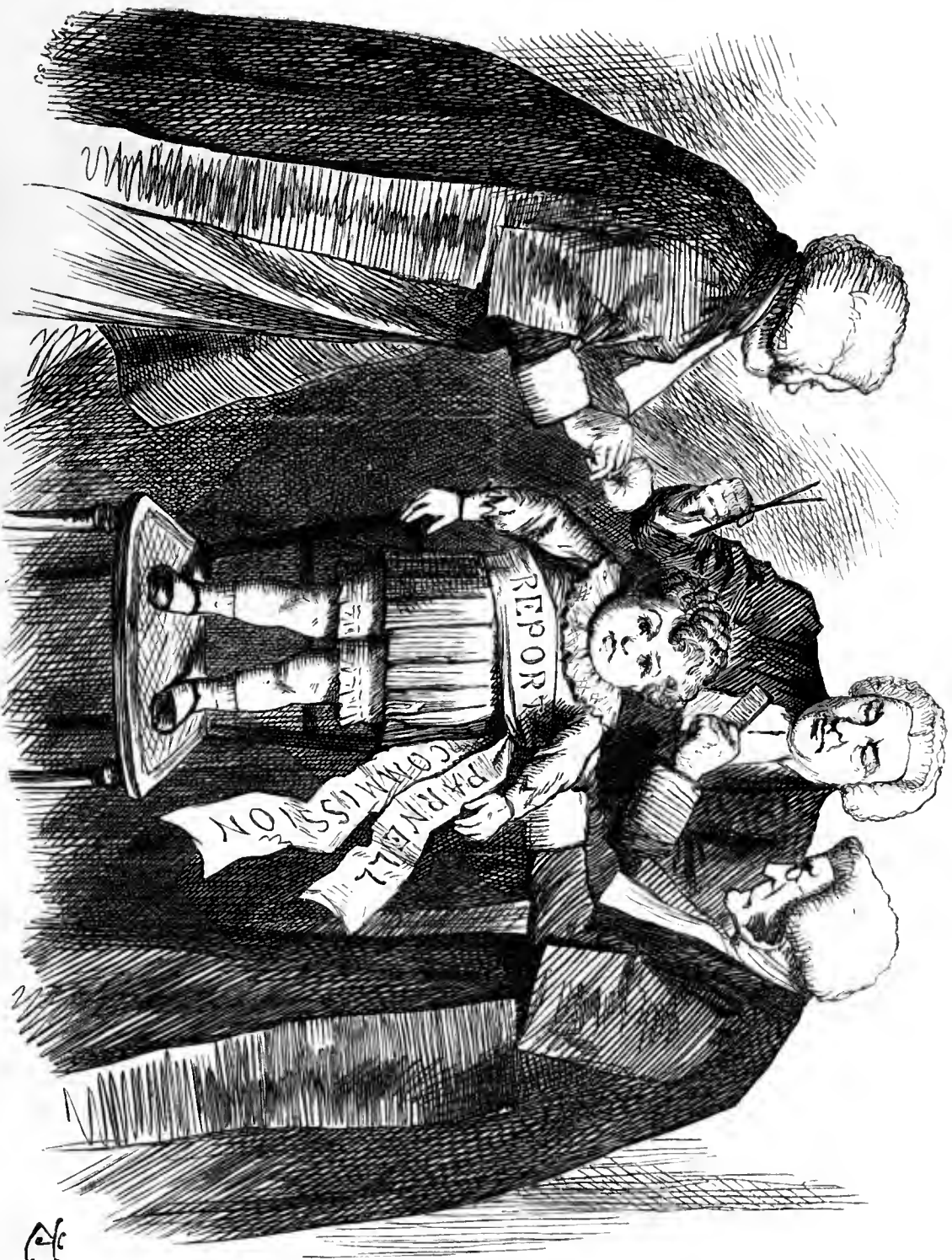
In Court of Admiralty,
'Bout lights and wrecks,—will he
Henceforth be less at sea
As a Judge?

Chorus.

(*To quite another tune, i.e., the refrain of GEORGE GROSSMITH'S song, "How I became an Actor."*)

And each of his friends makes this remark,
(Retort he may with "Fudge!")
"Now wasn't I the first to say, you're sure
Some day to be a Judge!"

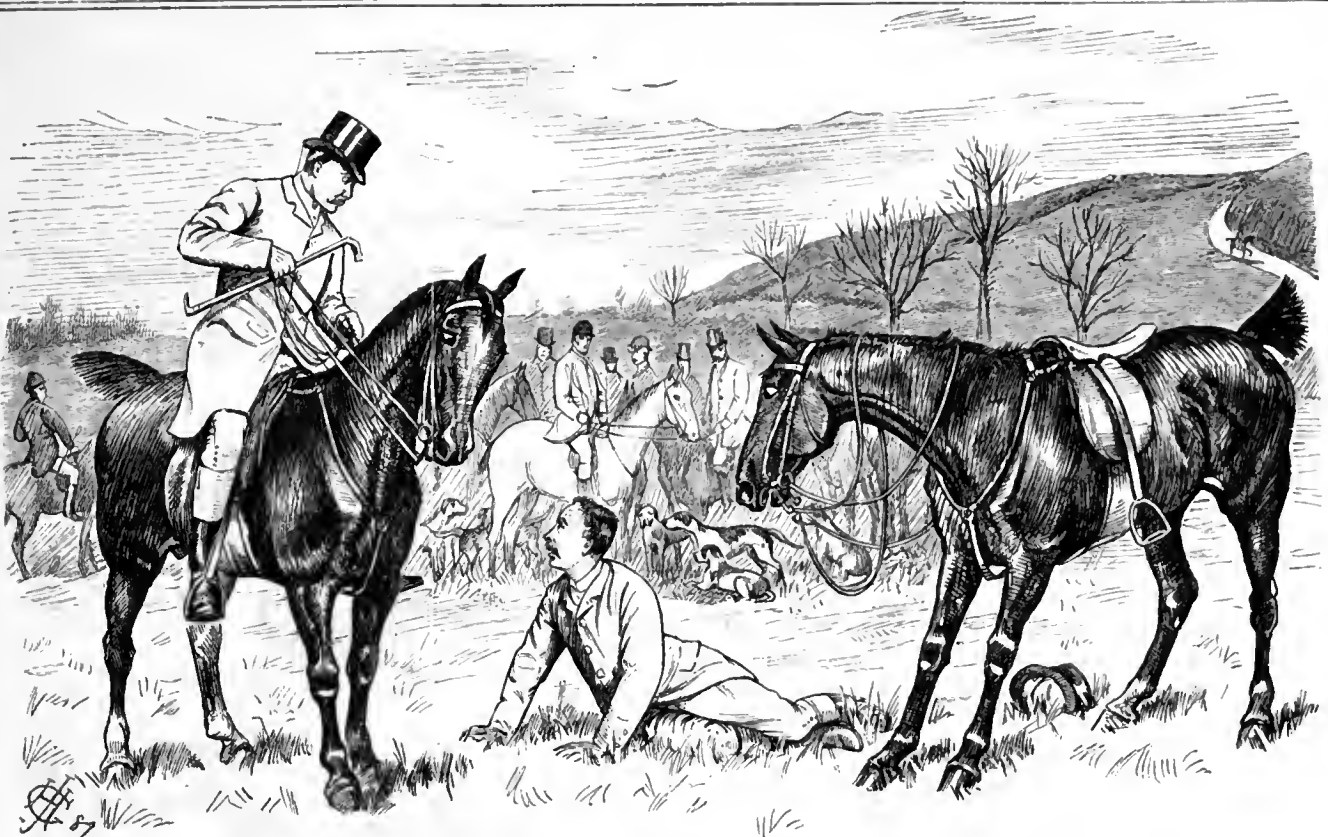
It will be a touching spectacle, as, indeed, it always is to the reflective mind, to see the new Judge sitting among the wrecks, like "Marius among the Ruins." Fine subject for Sir FREDERICK, P.R.A., in the next Academy Exhibition.



THE FINISHING TOUCH; OR, PREPARING FOR MR. SPEAKER'S PARTY.

“THANK GOODNESS, HE'S READY AT LAST!”





A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE (IN RESULT).

"HULLO, JIM, WHATEVER MADE YOU COME OFF?"—"WHY, THE BRUTE BUCKED!"—"BUCKED! NONSENSE, MAN, SHE ONLY COUGHED!"

KICKED!

(By the Foot of Clara Groomley.)

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—III.

NOTHING done! The whole Detective force of London, having nothing better to do, were placed at my disposal, and, after three weeks' search, they found a girl called SMITH; but it was the wrong one. My darling is blonde, and this was a dark, almost a black, SMITH. I came back to Ryde in a passion and a third-class carriage. I find from Mademoiselle that Miss SMITH has not yet returned.



and I am to sleep in the Haunted Room to-night.

I am not a hysterical man, and this is not a neurotic story. It is, as a matter of fact, the same old rot to which the shilling shockers have made us accustomed. I cannot account in any way for my experiences last night in the Haunted Room, but they certainly were not due to nervousness. I had not been asleep long before I had a most curious and vivid dream. I felt that I was not in the hotel, and that at the same time I was not out of it. I had a curious sense of being everywhere in general, and nowhere in particular.

I saw before me a gorgeously furnished room. On the tiger-skin rug before the fire was a basket with a crewel-worked chair-back spread over it. What was in the basket? Again and again I asked

myself that question. I felt like a long-division sum, and a cold shiver went down my quotient.

In one corner of the room stood a man of about thirty, with a handsome, wicked face. One hand rested on the drawer of a writing-table. Slowly he drew from it a folded paper, and read, in a harsh, raucous voice:—

"To cleaning and repairing one—' No, that's not it."

He selected another paper. Ah, it was the right one this time!

"Memorandum of Aunt JANE'S Will,' 'All property to go to ALICE SMITH, unless Aunt JANE'S poodle, Tommy Atkins, dies before ALICE SMITH comes of age. In which case, it all goes to me.' I remember making that note when the will was read. And now"—he glanced at the covered basket—"Tommy's kicked the bucket. Well, he stood in my way. Who's to know? But there must be no *post-mortem*, no 'vet' fetched in. Happy thought—I'll have the brute stuffed." He knelt down by the side of the basket, and slowly drew back the covering. "Ah!" he said—"it's cruel work."

Did he refer to the chair-back? or did he refer to the way in which, for the sake of gain, an honest dog had been MURDERED? For there before my eyes lay the dead poodle, Tommy Atkins!

"ALICE loses all her money," he continued, "but that doesn't matter. She tells me that she's picked up no end of a swell down at Ryde, and he may marry her. The question is—will he?" Once more I felt like a division sum. I yearned to call out loudly, and answer with a decided negative; but no words came. My strength was gone. I was utterly worked out, and there was no remainder.

When I came to myself, I found JAMES, the waiter, standing by my bedside with a gentleman whom I did not know. JAMES introduced him to me as a Mr. ALKALOID, a photographer who was stopping in the hotel. Mr. ALKALOID had been woken up by a wild shriek for a decided negative, and had rushed down to see if he could do a little business. "Take you by the electric light," he said; "just as you are."—I was in my night-dress and the old, old hat, the rim of which had been slightly sprained,—"perfectly painless process, and money returned if not satisfactory." I thanked him warmly, and apologised for having disturbed him.

I went to London on the following day. I felt it my positive duty to explain that I should always regard ALICE SMITH as a sister, but nothing more.

I had quite forgotten that I did not know the house where ALICE SMITH lived, and the poodle dog lay dead.

(Here ends the Narrative of CYRIL MUSH.)



THE SUMMONS TO DUTY.

(Design for a Parliamentary Cartoon, illustrating the Life of a Country Member.)



“EXCLUSIVE DEALING.”

Irish Landlord (boycotted). “PAT, MY MAN, I’M IN NO END OF A HURRY. PUT THE PONY TO, AND DRIVE ME TO THE STATION, AND I’LL GIVE YE HALF A SOVEREIGN!”

Pat (Nationalist, but needy). “OCH SHURE, IT’S MORE THAN ME LOIFE IS WORTH TO BE SEEN DROIVING YOU, YER HONOUR. BUT”—(silly)—“IF YER HONOUR WOULD JIST DROIVE ME, MAYBE IT’S MESELF THAT MOIGHT VENTURE IT!”

“SWEET—MARJORIE!”

TAKE it all in all, *Marjorie* at the Prince of Wales’ is a very satisfactory production. The subject is English, the music is English, and the “book” is English too. So when we applaud the

new Opera, we have the satisfaction of knowing that our cheers are given in the cause of native talent triumphant. This is appropriate to the “time” of the play (the commencement of the thirteenth century), which is the very epoch when the Saxons were beginning to



Change for a Tenor. Wilfred of Huntington is succeeded by that Man of Mark—Tapley.

hold their own in the teeth of their Norman conquerors. But leaving patriotism out of the question (a matter which, it is to be feared, is not likely to influence Stalls, Pit, and Gallery materially for a very lengthened period), the Opera *quâ* Opera is a very good one. The company is strong—so strong, that it bears the loss of an accom-

plished songstress like Miss HUNTINGTON without severely suffering. It is true that an excellent substitute for the lady has been found in that tenor with the cheerful name, Mr. MARK TAPLEY, whose notes are certainly worth their weight in gold; but leaving the representatives of *Wilfred* “outside the competition,” the remainder of the *Dramatis Personæ* are excellent. They work well together, and consequently the *ensemble* is in the highest degree pleasing.

Assistance of rather a graver character than usually associated with comic opera is naturally afforded by Mr. HAYDYN COFFIN. Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON is introduced not only to sing but to dance, and performs the latter accomplishment with a grace not to be surpassed, and only to be equalled by Miss KATE VAUGHAN. Mr. ASHLEY, now happily returned to the melodious paths from which he strayed to play in pieces of the calibre of *Pink Dominoes*, seems quite at home in the character of *Sir Simon*—not “the Cellarer,” but rather, “the sold one.” Mr. MONKHOUSE, whose name and personality go to prove that a cowl does not preclude its occasional occupation by a wag, is most amusing as *Gosric*. Mr. ALBERT JAMES is a lively jester, whose quips and cranks might have been of considerable value to Mr. JOSEPH MILLER when that literary droll was engaged in compiling his comic classic. Miss D’ARVILLE and Madame AMADI both work with a will, and find a way to public favour. The dresses are in excellent taste, and the scenery capital.

That the *mise en scène* is perfect, goes without saying, as this Opera has been produced by that past master of stage-direction, the one and only AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. The dialogue is sufficiently pointed—not too pointed, but pointed enough. It does not require a knowledge of the niceties of the law, the regulations of the British army, or a keen appreciation of the subtlest subtleties of logic to fully understand it. It is amusing, and provocative of innocent laughter, which, after all, seems to be a sufficient recommendation for words spoken within the walls of a play-house. The music is full of melody—“quite killing,” as a young lady wittily observed, on noticing that the name of the Composer was SLAUGHTER. So *Marjorie* may be fairly said not only to have deserved success, but (it is satisfactory to be able to add) also to have attained it.

ONE WHO HAS PRACTISED AT THE MUSICAL BAR.

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXLIII. THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., AT HAWARDEN.



As you approach the historic home of the great English Statesman who is to be your host to-day, you become conscious of the fact that there are two Hawarden Castles. Moreover, as young HERBERT pleasantly remarks a little later in the day, "You must draw a Hawarden-fast line between the two." One, standing on a hill dominating a far-reaching tract of level country, was already so old in the time of EDWARD THE FIRST that it was found necessary to rebuild it. Looking through your Domesday Book (which you always carry with you on these excursions), you

find the mansion referred to under the style of Haordine. This, antiquarians assume, is the Saxonised form of the earlier British *Y Garthaddin*, which, being translated, means "The hill-fort on the projecting ridge."

When WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR came over, bringing with him a following the numerical proportions of which increase as the years roll by, he found the Fort on the Hill held by EDWARD of Mercia, and deemed it convenient to leave it in his possession. The Castle played its part in English history down to the time, now 130 years gone by, when it came into the hands of Sir JOHN GLYNN, and thence through long descent became an inheritance of the gracious lady who, with cambric cap-strings streaming in the free air of the Marches, joins your host in welcoming you.

It is, however, not on the steps of the old castle of which Prince LLEWELLYN was once lord that you are thus received. By the side of the old ruin has grown up another Hawarden Castle, a roomy mansion, stately stuccoed, with sham turrets run up, buttresses, embrasures, portholes, and portcullises, putting to shame the rugged, looped and windowless ruin that still stands on the projecting ridge. This dates only from the beginning of the century, and, looking upon it, your face glows with honest pride, as you think how much better the generation near your own made for itself dwelling-houses compared with the earlier English.

Whilst you stand musing on these things you are conscious of a whishing sound, and a breath of swiftly moving cool air wantonly strikes your cheek. You look up and behold! there is your host, axe in hand, playfully performing a number of passes over your unconscious head. His dress is designed admirably to suit the exercise. Coat and waistcoat are doffed; the immortal collars are turned down, displaying the columnar throat and the brawny chest; the snow-white shirt-sleeves are turned up to the elbow, disclosing biceps that SAMSON would envy and SANDOW covet. His braces are looped on either side of his supple hips, and his right hand grasps the axe which, a moment ago had been performing over your head a series of evolutions which, remarkable for the strength and agility displayed, were, perhaps, scarcely desirable for daily repetition.

"Don't be frightened, TOBY M.P.," said the full rich voice so familiar in the House of Commons; "it's our wild woodsman's way of welcoming the coming guest. What do you think of my costume? Seen it before? Ah! yes,

the photographs. *Carte de visite* style, 10s. 6d. a dozen; Cabinet size, a guinea. I have been photographed several times as you will observe."

And, indeed, as your host leads you along the stately passages, through the storied rooms, you find his photograph everywhere. The tables are covered with them, showing your host in all attitudes and costumes. "Yes," he says, with a sigh, "I think I have marched up to the camera's mouth as often as most men of my years."

Ascending the rustic staircase which leads from the garden, WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE takes you past the library into the drawing-room, in the upper parts of the leaded windows of which are inserted panels of rare old glass, cunningly obtained by melting superfluous Welsh ale bottles. He leads you to a table, as round as that at which a famous Conference was held, and points to a little ivory painting. It shows a chubby little boy some two years of age, with rather large head and broad shoulders, sitting at the knee of a young nymph approaching her fifth year. On her knee is a book, and the chubby boy, with dark hair falling low over his forehead, his great brown eyes staring frankly at you, points with his finger to a passage. When you learn that this is a portrait of your host and his sister taken in the year 1811, you naturally come to the conclusion that the young lady has, for party purposes, been misquoting some passages in her brother's speech, and that he, having produced an authorised record of his address, is triumphantly pointing to the text in controversion of her statement.

Your host, chopping grimly at the furniture as he passes along—here dexterously severing the leg of a Chippendale chair, and there harking a piece off a Louis Quatorze couch—leads the way to an annexe he has just built for the reception of his treasured books. From the outside this excrescence on the Castle has but a poverty-stricken look. It is, to tell the truth, made of corrugated iron. But that is a cloak that cunningly covers an interior of rare beauty and rich design. Arras of cloth of gold hangs loosely on the walls, whilst here and there, on the far-reaching floor, gleams the low light of a faded Turkey carpet. Open tables, covered with broad cloths of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold, carry innumerable Blue Books. On marble tables, supported on carved and gilded frames, stand priceless vases, filled with rare flowers. In crystal flagons you detect the sheen of amber light (which may be sherry wine), whilst the ear is lulled with the sound of fountains dispensing perfumes as of Araby. In an alcove, chastely draped with violent violet velvet, the grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen, on fretted pillar and jewelled screen. Horologes, to chime the hours, and even the quarters, uprise from tables of ebony-and-mother-of-pearl. Cabinets from Ind and Venice, of filligree gold and silver, enclose complete sets of *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*; whilst lamps of silver, suspended from pendant pinnacles in the fretted ceiling, shed a soft light over the varied mass of colour.

Casting himself down lightly by a cabinet worked with Dutch beads interspersed with seed-pearls, and toying with the gnarled handle of the axe, the Right Hon. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE tells you the story of his life. At the outset you are a little puzzled to gather where exactly he was born. At first you think it was in Scotland. Anon some town in England claims the honour. Then Wales is incidentally mentioned, and next the tearful voice of Erin claims her son. But, as the story goes forward with long majestic stride, these difficulties fade in the glamour of the Old Man's eloquence, and when you awake and find your host has not yet got beyond the second course—the fish, as it were, of the intellectual banquet—you say you will call again.

Mention of the three courses naturally suggests dinner, and as you evidently enjoy the monopoly of the mental association, you take your leave, perhaps regretting that among his wild woodsman accessories your host does not seem to include the midday chop.

GOLD-TIPPED cigarettes seem just now to be "the swagger thing." "Ah!" Master TOMMY sighed, as he set off for school with only five shillings in his pocket, in consequence of all his dearest—and nearest—relatives being laid up with the prevailing epidemic, "Ah, how I should like to be one of those cigarettes, and then I should be tipped with gold."

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," reparti le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XX.



SWEET odours, radiant colours, glittering light!
 How swift a change from the dusk sodden night
 Of London in mid-winter!
Titania here might revel as at home;
 Fair forms are floating soft as Paphian foam,
 Bright as an iceberg-aplinter.
 Dianas doubtless, yet their frost holds fire;
 The snowiest bosom covers soft desire,
 And these are snowy, verily.
 As blanched—and bare—as Himalaya's peaks,
 Light-vestured as a troop of dancing Greeks.
 Waltz - measures ripple merrily.

Merrily? Yes; the music throbs with mirth,
 Feet trip in time to it; yet what strange dearth
 Of glee midst all these graces!
 The quickening fire of spirit, passion, will,
 Seems scarce to move these dancing forms or thrill
 These irresponsive faces.

The Shadow smiled. "True, yet not true," he said. [half dead,
 "Good Form demands that men should look
 And women semi-frozen.
 Yet Nature lives beneath these modish masks
 Somewhere, sometimes, with energy that tasks
 Caste's rigid rule to cozen.

"Pygmalion's prayer breathed life into the stone,
 But see you graceful girl, with straitened zone
 And statuesque still bearing.
 You'd say in her the marble must invade
 The flesh, in so much loveliness arrayed,
 Such radiant raiment wearing.

"Whirled in the waltz's formal maze by one
 Who might be a broad-cloth'd automaton,
 For any show of pleasure,
 She moves with drooping lids, and lips apart,
 And scarce a flush to show that a young heart
 Throbs to the pulsing measure."

"Men meet to moon, and women whirl to wed,
 The cynic says. Is joy in life quite dead,
 Gladness in concourse banished
 From the parades of fashionable youth?
 Have maiden tenderness and manly truth
 From Vanity Fair quite vanished?"

"Soft!" sneered the Shadow. "Questionings like these [freeze
 Sound *gauche* and gushing. Better far to
 To the right social zero,
 Than stoop to zeal and frank display of zest,
 Notes of the vulgar glories that invest
 The housemaid-novel's hero.

"Nothing more useful than the surface-ice
 Of stiff stolidity. Vigour, aye, and vice,
 Therein find ready covert.
 Wickedness here may lurk, or even wit,
 Not to name happiness; but naught of it
 Is obvious and overt.

"How bored they look, the slim stiff-collared boys!
 Energy that is eager and enjoys
 They may anon make show of
 In some less honest haunt; here as in pain
 They creak and crawl, devoid of that *sans gêne*
 That virtue seems sworn foe of.

"Languidly circumvolving, lounging lank,
 In souffling circle or in mural rank,
 Of misery mechanic
 They look the wooden symbols; nought to show
 That even well-starched linen's sheeny snow
 Veils impulses volcanic.

"That straight-limb'd son of Anak circling there [care
 Much like a whirling semaphore, strange
 His boyish forehead wrinkling?
 The season's catch! His sire, is great in Soap,
 His partner's mother yonder sits; with hope
 Her watchful eyes are twinkling.

"The twirling twain are silent. Silence sits
 Lord of the revel, incubus of wits
 Arch palsier of prattle [sweet,
 Yet many a girl here mutes a chatterer
 And many a youth in circles less discrete
 Is an 'agreeable rattle.'

"Respectability's austere restraint
 Rules them relentlessly; smiles forced and
 And joyless facial spasms [faint
 Their meetings and their mutterings attend.
 Jerky approximations quickly end
 In void unvoiced chasms.

"Yet still they circle, and yet still they loll.
 A marionette wooing a wooden doll
 Would look more animated
 Than yonder pair, revolving interlaced,
 Exchanging commonplaces leaden-paced,
 Or repartees belated."

"Mammon by day and maundering at night
 Oh, Shade!" I cried, "can furnish scant
 delight,
 The Race for Wealth is rapid.
 How can the feverish rush find true relief
 In heartless intercourse, as bald as brief,
 Amusement vain as vapid?"

"Amusement? Intercourse? They scarce exist."
 The Shadow answered. "Some Boeotian mist
 Society blinds and muddles.
 True recreation in this joyless round?
 The sea's bright changefulness as soon were found
 In Pedlington's rain-puddles.

"The cliques and coteries know not how to mix.
 A barrier more impassable than Styx
 Is Philistine stupidity.
 Were mutual amusement meeting's aim,
 Mind must move maidenhood inert and tame,
 Melt masculine rigidity.

"Concourse, not intercourse, is what you see:
 To mix, and sympathise, and to be free,
 Is the true sociality.
 These meet, like marbles mingled in a bag,
 And the net outcome, friend, is friction, fag,
 Boredom, and sheer banality.
 "The strongest symptom of quick life crops out
 In watchful mutual mockery. Gibe and flout
 In low asides flow freely.
 Oh, bland elysium for the brave and fair,
 Whose pleasures are the snigger and the stare,
 Chill snub, and eye-glance steely!
 "Prigdom's Philistia, though a polished State,
 Haa not yet learned quite how to recreate.
 Gath in the ball-room gathers,
 Askelon haunts 'At homes,' but little joy
 Bring they to man or matron, girl or boy,
 To swells or City-fathers."
 (To be continued.)

AU REVOIR!

Mr. PUNCH and Mr. J. L. TOOLE discovered smoking a last cigar.

Mr. P. And so, my dear JOHNIE, you are leaving us at once?

Mr. J. L. T. Yes, Sir, but I hope soon to be back again. I am looking forward to the voyage as an excellent digestive to all the luncheons, dinners, and suppers I have been taking for the last five or six weeks.

Mr. P. I have no doubt they have been a little trying—eh, JOHNIE?

Mr. J. L. T. And yet, as I have observed in the *Upper Crust*, "they were very welcome." But, Sir, how did I get through my oratory? Did you notice my speeches at the Garrick and the Savage? Which did you prefer?

Mr. P. I heard the first, and read a report of the second, and can conscientiously declare they were equally good.

Mr. J. L. T. I am glad to hear you say so, Sir. I confess I didn't think there was much to choose between them. And now (*with deep emotion*), will you excuse my glove?

Mr. P. No; I won't say good-bye; for wherever you may roam, my dear JOHNIE, you will have this consolation—you will find me there before you!



"There is now a strong impression that the Money Market has at last tided over the period of tightness."—*Daily News*, Feb. 4.

THE IMPERIAL SOCIALIST.

A Song of a Strangè Development.

WILL you walk into my Congress? says the Emperor unto Labour;
 'Tis the nicest little Congress; I'm inviting many a neighbour.
 The way into my Congress by this Rescript I prepare, [there,
 And we shall have some curious things to show you—when you're
 Then won't you, won't you, little International Working-Man?

We've already done a little to improve poor Labour's lot,
 Shorten its hours, insure its life, and help to fill its pot.
 But the poorer and the weaker yet fall short of the reality
 Of "conformity to the principles of Chris-ti-an morality."
 Then won't you, &c.

'Tis one of the State's duties, friends, to regulate the time,
 The duration and the nature of your work,—a task sublime;
 And you'll find we'll do it better, if you only won't resist,
 Than that most obnoxious personage, the shouting Socialist.
 Then won't you, &c.

I'm an Emperor by profession, but I have my little plan
 For improving the position of the German Working-man.
 But the International Question stands a little in the way,
 So I've asked the Nations to convene—I only hope they may.
 Then won't you, &c.

And when they get together they will do—well, we shall see;
 But the Socialists shan't have *all* their own way with Industry.
 I recognise the justice of the Workmen's aspirations,
 And upon their wants and wishes I would start "negotiations."
 Then won't you, &c.

Oh, I know my plan will bring up all the fogies in full blast,
 And Coercion and Protection I see looking on aghast.
 But I'm game to turn deaf ear to them, if *you* will only list,
 To that latest, strangest birth of time, the Imperial Socialist!
 Then won't you, &c.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

Hints from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's correspondence.

SIR,—If you wish to immortalise yourself as Chancellor of the Exchequer, now is your opportunity. You have a surplus, I believe, of eight or nine millions? This is about the figure required to provide the Members of the London County Council with a moderate-sized palace, not perhaps entirely suited to their exalted dignity, but, at least, sufficient to house them in something like proper and fitting style. A site should be secured on the Embankment, by clearing away Somerset House, and the intervening buildings, including the blocks of the Inner and Middle Temple, which could all be carted away and re-erected further down, say, at Millbank, and on the space thus secured a white marble structure could be reared with an adequately imposing façade facing the river, that would in some slight degree represent the majesty of the illustrious body destined to occupy it. I don't say that nine millions would be enough thoroughly to carry out the design I have in view, but your surplus might serve as a central fund to begin upon, to which Parliament, no doubt, would cheerfully add another five or six millions if required. Such an obvious use for your money, I feel, needs no further argument from yours encouragingly and suggestively, A FULL BLOWN LONDON COUNTY COUNCILLOR.

SIR,—I have several near relatives in the Colonies, with whom I have, owing to the present exorbitant rates for postage, not communicated for many years. This fact has suggested to me that the golden opportunity now offers itself to you of re-uniting family ties, re-opening closed correspondence, restoring natural affection in otherwise hardened breasts, and, in a word, consolidating the Empire, it may be, for countless ages yet unborn. Spend your surplus, Sir, in providing this country and all her dependencies with a farthing postage—mind, not a penny, but a FARTHING POSTAGE! I read somewhere that the actual cost to the Government for the transport of letters was at the rate of ten for a penny. Thus your four millions sunk in the enterprise ought to produce you an immediate profit, at least so I make it, of six millions a year. But, profit or no profit, think of the boon to thousands of Englishmen like myself, who could then stand a pennyworth of correspondence in the year, with children with whom now they are unable to communicate, owing to the cruel and crushing charge of fivepence for a single letter. Picture one who, though not close over money matters, and full of love for his offspring, must yet sign himself

A CIRCUMSPECT AND CAUTIOUS PARENT.

SIR,—Have you read Lord WOLSELEY's article in this month's *Harper*? He advises a higher rate of pay for the rank and file of the British Army? *Verbum sap.* You understand. It is clear what you must do with your surplus. Ensure TOMMY ATKINS six-and-sixpence a day, and you will have every Regiment in the Service thronged with real live Gentlemen. This is what is wanted (so I gather from Lord W.'s article) to make the British Army, if not the most costly, at least the most respectable in the world. Come, Sir, do not make it necessary that you should be reminded a second time of your plain and obvious duty by

A SANGUINE AND EXPECTANT PRIVATE.

SIR,—There can be no doubt in regard to the proper destination of those surplus millions, the fitting disposition of which, I am informed, is involving you in no little perplexity. They seem in a special manner to furnish the legitimate answer to the almost universal cry, now going forth, for "Free Education." Here then is your opportunity. And it is a magnificent one. Your surplus will enable a wise and paternal Government to give not merely education, free of cost, to every child in the three kingdoms, but will supply it with ample means to infuse the very highest culture attainable into the very dregs of the population. Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, French, Chinese, together with riding, dancing, painting in oil colours, hydrostatics, and the elements of Court etiquette, will, henceforth, comprise the curriculum of the veriest gutter-child.

Can you, Sir, contemplate such a brilliant, such a soul-stirring prospect unmoved? That you cannot, and will at once hand over your useful millions for the purpose of carrying into effect the above modest but magnificent scheme, is the firm belief of yours suggestively, THE LATEST TEACHER OF THE YOUNG IDEA.



A DIAGNOSIS.

"IT SAYS 'ERE, AS YOUR OLD BOSS, COLONEL M'WHUSKEY, HAS BEEN TOOK ILL."—"AH! SO I 'ERD!"—"RUSSIAN EPIDEMIC?"—"No,—SCOTCH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BRING me my Scotch Dictionary!" cried the Baron. "Alas, my Lord!" was the answer of the faithful servitor, "there is none such here." "I'fakina!" quoth the Baron, "then will I buckle to and read *A Window in Thrums* without it, even though I break all my teeth and nigh choke myself, as indeed, I have well-nigh done in my gallant attempt to master the first two chapters." So I, the Baron, being convalescent and having a few hours to spare, lay me down and read, and read, and read, and stumbled over the Scotch words and phrases, until I hit on the plan of reading it aloud to two or three other convalescents; just to see how they would like it. And as I read aloud, this book,—which on account of its apparent difficulty, and by reason of my education having been neglected, "lang syne," in respect to the Scotch language, an intimate knowledge of which I have not yet acquired "the noo,"—it gained my affection gradually, steadily, and increasingly. Though I could not have translated individual words and phrases, yet I instinctively understood them, and was delighted with the homely simplicity of the style, the keen observation, the shrewd wit, and the gentle pathos of *A Window in Thrums*. The BARON DE BOOK-WORMS is grateful to Mr. J. M. BARRIE; and when an opportunity is offered him, he is seriously thinking of re-reading some of the Scotchiest of Sir WALTER SCOTT's Novels, and having a "Nicht or twa wi' ROBBIE BURNS."



Book Markers.

I await the Reminiscences of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C. and P.M., with considerable interest.

Mr. KEITH FLEMING's romance, *Can such Things be? or, the Weird of the Beresfords*,—no relation to Lord CHARLES of that ilk,—starts, and will make the reader start too, with a very creepy idea. The story would have been a genuine weird and eerie one but for the continual twaddling interruptions about "spookikal" research and metaphysical problems, which, however, the experienced skipper, who knows the chart, can easily avoid after the first two or three bumps, and even the inexperienced reader will be able, after an hour or two, to hop from point to point like a robin from twig to twig. But skipping and hopping

is wearying, and the story is too long, and so we become familiar with the ghost, and we all know what the fatal consequence of familiarity is. The repetitions of the Spook's appearance are monotonous. Had *The Weird* been condensed like milk in tins, or essenced like Liebig, and been presented to the public as a story in two numbers of *Blackwood* (always such an appropriate title for a Magazine full of mysterious stories,—*Black Wood* so like *Black Forest*) or *Macmillan*, or *Cornhill* (where, somehow, a ghost-story always reads uncommonly well), this romance would have created a great sensation. As it is, it doesn't, at least not much. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

OUR present Drama (No. VI.) represents an attempt to illustrate upon the Music-hall Stage the eternal truth that race will tell in the long run, despite—but, on second thoughts, it does not quite prove that, though it certainly shows the unerring accuracy of parental—at least, that is not exactly its tendency, either; and the fact is that *Mr. Punch* is more than a little mixed himself as to the precise theory which it is designed to enforce. He hopes, however, that, as a realistic study of Patrician life and manners, it will possess charms for a democratic audience.

COMING OF AGE.

A Grand Social Psychological Comedy-Drama, in One Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Earl of Burntalmound.

The Countess of Burntalmound (his wife).

Robert Henry Viscount Bullsaye (their son and heir).

The Lady Rose Caramel (niece to the Earl).

Horehound (Travelling as "The Celebrated Combination
Mrs. Horehound" & "Korffdropp Troupe," in their refined and
Coltsfoot Horehound.) elegant Drawing-room Entertainment.)

Tenantry.

SCENE—The Great Quadrangle of Hardbake Castle: banners, mottoes, decorations, &c.



On the steps, &c., the Earl, supported by his wife, son, and niece, is discovered in the act of concluding a speech to six tenantry, who display all the enthusiasm that is reasonably to be expected at ninepence a night.

The Earl (patting Lord BULLSAYE'S shoulder). I might say more, Gentlemen, in praise of my dear son, Lord BULLSAYE, here—I might dwell on his extreme sweetness, his strongly marked character, the variety of his tastes, and the singular attraction he has for children of all ages—but I forbear. I will merely announce that on this day—the day he has selected for attaining his majority—he has gratified us all by plighting troth to his cousin, the Lady ROSE CAMEL, with whose dul-

cet and clinging disposition he has always possessed the greatest natural affinity.

Lord Bullsaye (aside to Lady R.). Ah, ROSE, would such happiness could last! But my heart misgives me strangely—why, I know not.

Lady R. Say not so, dear BULLSAYE—have you not just rendered me the happiest little Patrician in the whole peerage?

Lord B. 'Tis true—and yet, and yet—pooh, let me snatch the present hour!

The Earl. And now, let the Revels commence.

Enter the Korffdropp Troupe, who give their marvellous Entertainment, entitled, "The Three Surprise Packets;" after which—

Horehound. This will conclude the first portion of our Entertainment, Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen; and, while my wife and pardner retires to change her costum for the Second Part, I should be glad of the hoppertoonity of a short pnsional explanation with the noble Herl on my right.

The Earl (graciously). I will hear you, fellow! (*Aside.*) Strange how familiar his features seem to me!

Horeh. The fact is, your Lordship's celebrating the coming of hage of the wrong heir. (*Sensation—i.e., the six tenantry shift from one leg to the other, and murmur feebly.*) Oh, I can prove it. Twenty-one years ago—(*slow music*)—I was in your Lordship's service as gamekeeper, 'ead whip, and hextry waiter. My son and yours was born the selfsame day, and my hold woman was selected to hact as foster-mother to the youthful lord. Well—(*tells a long, and not entirely original, story; marvellous resemblance between infants, only distinguishable by green and magenta bows, &c., &c.*) Soon after, your Lordship discharged me at a moment's notice—

The Earl (haughtily). I did, upon discovering that you were in the habit of surreptitiously carrying off kitchen-stuff, concealed within your umbrella. But proceed with your narration.

Horeh. I swore to be avenged, and so—(*common form again; the shifted bows*)—consequently, as a moment's reflection will convince you, the young man on the steps, in the button-'ole and tall 'at, is my lawful son, while the real Viscount is—(*presenting COLTSFOOT, who advances modestly on his hands*)—ere! [*Renewed sensation.*]

The Earl. This is indeed a startling piece of intelligence. (*To Lord B.*) And so, Sir, it appears that your whole life has been one consistent imposition—a gilded lie?

Lord B. Let my youth and inexperience at the time, Sir, plead as my best excuse!

The E. Nothing can excuse the fact that you—you, a low-born son of the people, have monopolised the training, the tenderness and education, which were the due of your Patrician foster-brother. (*To COLTSFOOT.*) Approach, my injured, long-lost boy, and tell me how I may atone for these years of injustice and neglect!

Coltsf. Well, Guv'nor, if you could send out for a pot o' four arf, it 'ud be a beginning, like.

The E. You shall have every luxury that befits your rank, but first remove that incongruous garb.

Colts. (*to Lord B.*) These 'ere togs belong to you now, young feller, and I reckon exchange ain't no robbery.

Lord B. (*with emotion, to Countess.*) Mother, can you endure to behold your son in tights and spangles on the very day of his majority?

Countess (coldly). On the contrary, it is my wish to see him attired as soon as possible, in a more appropriate costume.

Lord B. (*to Lady R.*) ROSE, you, at least, have not changed? Tell me you will love me still—even on the precarious summit of an acrobat's pole!

Lady Rose (scornfully). Really the presumptuous familiarity of the lower orders is perfectly appalling!

The Earl (to Countess, as Lord B. and COLTSFOOT retire to exchange costumes). At last, PAULINE, I understand why I could never feel towards BULLSAYE the affection of a parent. Often have I reproached myself for a coldness I could not overcome.

Countess. And I too! Nature was too strong for us. But, oh, the joy of recovering our son—of finding him so strong, so supple, so agile. Never yet has our line boasted an heir who can feed himself from a fork strapped on to his dexter heel!

The E. (*with emotion.*) Our beloved, boneless boy!

[*Re-enter COLTSFOOT in modern dress, and Lord B. in tights.*]

Colts. Don't I look slap-up—O.K. and no mistake? Oh, I am 'aving a beano!

All. What easy gaiety, and unforced animation!

The E. My dear boy, let me present you to your fiancée. Rose, my love, this is your legitimate lover.

Colts. Oh, all right, I've no objections—on'y there'll be ructions with the young woman in the tight-rope line as I've been keepin' comp'ny with—that's all!

The E. Your foster-brother will act as your substitute there. (*Proudly.*) My son must make no *mésalliance*!

Rose (timidly). And, if it would give you any pleasure, I'm sure I could soon learn the tight-rope!

Colts. Not at your time o' life, Miss, and besides, 'ang it, now I'm a lord, I can't have my wife doin' nothing low!

The E. Spoken like a true BURN TALMOND! And now let the revels re-commence.

Horeh. (*to Lord B.*) Now then, stoopid, tumble, can't you—what are you 'ere for?

Lord B. (*to the Earl.*) Since it is your command, I obey, though it is ill tumbling with a heavy heart!

Colts. Call that a somersault? [*Turns head over heels laboriously.* 'Ere, 'old my 'at (*giving tall hat to Lady R.*) I'll show yer 'ow to do a turn.

All. What condescension! How his aristocratic superiority is betrayed, even in competition with those to the manner born!

Mrs. Horeh. (*still in ignorance of the transformation.*) Halt! I have kept silence till now—even from my husband, but the time has come when I must speak. Think you that if he were indeed a lord, he could turn such somersaults as those? No—no. I will reveal all. (*Tells same old story—except that she herself from ambitious motives transposed the infants' bows.*) Now, do with me what you will!

Horeh. Confusion, so my ill-judged action did but redress the wrong I designed to effect!

The E. (annoyed). This is a serious matter, reflecting as it does upon the legitimacy of my lately recovered son. What proof have you, woman, of your preposterous allegation?

Mrs. H. None, my lord,—but these—

[*Exhibits two faded bunches of ribbon.*]

The E. I cannot resist such overwhelming evidence, fight against it as I may.

Lord B. (triumphantly). And so—oh, Father, Mother, Rose—dear, dear ROSE—I am no acrobat after all!

The E. (sternly). Would you were anything half so serviceable to the community, Sir! I have no superstitious reverence for rank, and am, I trust, sufficiently enlightened to discern worth and merit—even beneath the spangled vest of the humblest acrobat. Your foster-brother, brief as our acquaintance has been, has already endeared himself to all hearts, while you have borne a trifling reverse of fortune with sullen discontent and conspicuous incapacity. He has perfected himself in a lofty and distinguished profession during years spent by you, Sir, in idly cumbering the earth of Eton and Oxford. Shall I allow him to suffer by a purely accidental coincidence? Never! I owe him reparation, and it shall be paid to the uttermost penny. From this day, I adopt him as my eldest son, and the heir to my earldom, and all other real and personal effects. See, ROBERT HENRY, that you treat your foster-brother as your senior in future!

Colts. (to Lord B.). Way-oh, ole matey, I don't bear no malice, I don't! Give us your dooks.

[*Offering hand.*]

The C. Ah, BULLSAYE, try to be worthy of such generosity!

[*Lord B. grasps COLTSFOOT'S hand in silence.*]

Lady Rose. And pray, understand that, whether Mr. COLTSFOOT be viscount or acrobat, it can make no difference whatever to the disinterested affection with which I have lately learnt to regard him.

[*Gives her hand to COLTSFOOT, who squeezes it with ardour.*]

Colts. (pleasantly). Well, Father, Mother, your noble Herlship and Lady, foster-brother BULLSAYE, and my pretty little sweetart 'ere, what do you all say to goin' inside and shunting a little garbage, and shifting a drop or so of lotion, eh?

The E. A most sensible suggestion, my boy. Let us make these ancient walls the scene of the blithest—ahem!—*beano* they have ever yet beheld!

[*Cheers from Tenantry, as the Earl leads the way into the Castle with Mrs. HOREHOUD, followed by HOREHOUD with the Countess and COLTSFOOT with Lady ROSE, LORD BULLSAYE, discomfited and abashed, entering last as Curtain falls.*]

KICKED!

(By the Foot of Clara Groomley.)

CHAPTER IV. AND LAST.

IN the little sitting-room above his shop sat Mr. ASSID ROPES. It was the afternoon before Christmas Day. He had generously allowed all his assistants to leave. "If anybody wants their hair cut, or their hat ironed," he said, "I'll do it myself, and then they'll wish they hadn't."

Yet, when a customer rapped on the floor below, Mr. ROPES felt exceedingly angry.

"What do you want?" he called down the stairs.

"I want my hat ironed," said a clear, manly voice.

"Go away! Your hat doesn't want ironing. Go to bed!"

"I will not go away," said the clear, firm voice, "until you have attended to my hat—hat ones, if you please."

Mr. ROPES came grumbling down the stairs. For one moment he gazed at the man in the shop, and then flung his arms round him, and wept tears of joy.

"My dear old friend, CYRIL MUSH!" he exclaimed.

They had been boys together at Eton, and rowed in the Trinity boat together at Cambridge. Fate had separated them.

In less than a minute they were talking over old times together in the little sitting-room over the shop. CYRIL MUSH was delighted. "You can't charge an old friend anything for just ironing his hat," he said, with his peculiarly winning smile.

Before Mr. ROPES could correct this impression, another voice was heard in the shop below.

"Can you come down for a minute—to oblige a lady?"

Mr. ROPES descended once more. In a minute he returned.

"Awfully sorry, MUSH, but I must go. I've got to shave a dead poodle, and the men are coming to stuff it at nine o'clock to-night. It's for a lady—*noblesse oblige*, you know. I'll finish your hat when I come back."

In a second he was gone. CYRIL MUSH replaced the lining in his hat, and placed it on his head. He went out into the streets. He was wondering what poodle it was which Mr. ASSID ROPES had gone

to shave. Could it be the same? No, most certainly not. So of course it was the same.

In the meanwhile Mr. ROPES had arrived at the house, and had been ushered into the chamber of death. The light was very bad, and he happened to cut the animal while engaged in shaving it.

"Very sorry, Sir," said Mr. ROPES, from force of habit, "but it's not my fault. You've got a pimple there, and you jerked your head just as I was going over it. A little powder will put that all right."

Suddenly it flashed across him that the poodle was not dead if the blood flowed. He rushed out of the room, and found himself confronted by a handsome, wicked-looking man, of about thirty.

"Excuse me, Sir, but that poodle's not dead.

It's in a trance. Just run down to the kitchen and fetch me some brandy, some blankets, and some hot bricks, and I'll bring it round."

"The dog is dead, and in a very few hours he'll be stuffed," was the cruel reply. "You needn't trouble to bring it round. If you've brought your tackle round, you can shave it."

"I've been shaving it—and that's how I know."

A door opened on the other side of the passage, and a fair young girl came out in tears and a black dress.

"What's the matter, ALGERNON?" she said.

"It's nothing, ALICE. This idiot says that Tommy's not dead."

With one wild yell of joy, a yell that broke the gas-globes, and unlinked carriages at all the principal London railway stations, ALICE SMITH fell senseless on the floor.

"Out you get!" exclaimed her cousin ALGERNON to Mr. ROPES. "If the dog is not dead, come back in two hours, and prove it—otherwise it will be dead, and stuffed too."

"Now then," said ALGERNON, when Mr. ROPES had gone, "if Tommy Atkins is not dead, he soon will be." He grasped his walking-stick, and tried the door of the room. It was locked. Mr. ROPES had locked it, and taken the key!

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "Baffled! Baffled! Kindly turn the lime-light off the swooned maiden, and throw it on to me. Sympathetic music from the violins, if you please."

One hour had passed. Mr. ALKALOID, the photographer, had met Mr. MUSH. Mr. ALKALOID had come from Ryde to London to get his hair singed. The two accidentally met Mr. ROPES as he was dashing wildly down the street towards his own shop. In one minute all was explained. Mr. ALKALOID had fetched his photographic apparatus, and the three were careering back to the house where the poodle lay dead. But was he dead? You know he wasn't, as well as I do. What do you ask such senseless questions for? "It's the only sure test," said ALKALOID. "If that dog's alive, he'll wag his tail when I try to photograph him. I never knew it fail."

Outside the door of that gorgeously-furnished room stood an excited group. ALGERNON, the villain, was soliloquising. ALICE was explaining to CYRIL how he had dropped his note down the neck of the wrong girl—who was also named SMITH—and how she had been compelled to believe him unfaithful. Mr. ROPES was listening attentively at the key-hole, and CYRIL was kissing ALICE.

Within the room Mr. ALKALOID was photographing the dead poodle. (I call it dead, but of course that doesn't humbug you.)

"Now then, we're ready," they heard Mr. ALKALOID say. "Don't stare. Just a natural, easy—now then—thank you!"

There was dead silence within the room and without. Then the door opened, and Mr. ALKALOID came out cheerfully.

"The poodle's dead all right," he said. "What you took to be blood, ROPES, was blacking off your razor. You really ought not to strop them on your boot. I'll walk round to your shop with you. I want my hair singed."

ALICE went into hysterics; ALGERNON swooned with joy; and CYRIL MUSH had a fit.

At the moment of going to press, they are all three still in the above condition. The dog, in the meantime, has been accidentally stuffed with the stuffing intended for the stuffer's Christmas goose. The goose was found, on carving, to be stuffed with several shilling shockers, which had been intended to pad the poodle.

And to what better use could they have been put—especially if they were all like this?





MISUNDERSTOOD!

(ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

Daughter of the House (anxious to introduce Partners to each other). "IS YOUR CARD QUITE FULL, MR. M'SAWNEY?"
Mr. M'Sawney. "OH DEAR, NO! WHICH DANCE SHALL I GIVE YOU?"

THE "SALUTE," OR, TAKING DISTANCE.

"When the assault is given in the presence of spectators, it is not uncommon to precede it by the Salute, which shows the scheme and various figures, as it were, of the attack and defence in a precise, ceremonious manner, and with the same kind of courtly ritual as that which distinguishes the minuet."—*H. A. Colmore Dunn's "Fencing."*

There, standing face to face, foil in hand,
 Just out of lunging range they salute,
 Who anon, swordsman stark, old fencer grand,
 Must fight their duel out, foot to foot.
 Mere preliminary flourish, all of this;
 The punctilio of "form" without a fault;
 But soon the blades shall counter, clash, and
 twist, In assault.

The ritual of the rapier or the foil;
 Vastly pretty ceremonial parade.
 Merest preface to the hot and breathless toil
 Of the fencers fiercely battling blade to
 blade.

In position! Featly, formally on guard,
 Engage the blades in quarté. But by-and-by
 Every subtle thrust and parry, feint and ward,
 Each will try.

Foible to foible! Measures distance! Lunge!
 Now the thrust ends in the merest harmless
 touch;

But ere the beaten man throws up the sponge,
 As the boxers say, relaxing his hilt-clutch,
 There'll be lunges and ripostes of other sort.
 Firm foot and steady hand must be their
 friend;

The encounter will be struggle, not mere sport,
 Ere the end.

First to left and then to right! Parry of
 quarté!

In pronation by a turn of supple wrist!
 Parry in tierce! All elegant and smart;
 But the lethal thrust no parry can resist
 Comes not in this preliminary play.

The defender, so complacent and erect,
 Will show another pose another day,
 We suspect.

And that grey Grand Old Assailant, who's
 expert

At beat and re-beat, press, and graze, and
 bind,
 Will try his best at a disabling hurt;

It is not mere parade that 's in his mind.
 Meanwhile he's taking measure of his foe,
 Meanwhile his foe of him is taking stock;
 And anon they'll come together in a glow,
 With a shock!

THE PREMIER'S POWER.

Brief Fragment of a current Historical Romance.

[It is whispered that the PRIME MINISTER has
 of late taken too much into his own hands the
 conduct of the foreign affairs of the Government.
 —*Smoking-room Gossip.*]

THE PRIME MINISTER stood upon the rug,
 with his back to the fire, and regarded his
 assembled colleagues with an imperious and
 angry scowl. There was a profound and sig-
 nificant silence for several minutes. At
 length it broke. He was addressing them
 once more.

"You understand the official relationship

that exists between us. You are my crea-
 tures. I am your Master. What I originate,
 you accept. I act, you endorse. Do I,"
 he continued, his voice rising to a shrill,
 piping treble, "do I make myself suffi-
 ciently clear?"

A sickly smile of abject acquiescence over-
 spread the features of the now trembling
 Ministers. Their Chief noted it with a
 gloomy glare. Then with a furious gesture,
 he suddenly kicked a waste-paper basket into
 the air. "You may go!" he growled. They
 did not wait for a second permission. Swiftly,
 but obsequiously, they glided out of the
 room, and with traces of terror stamped on
 their blanched countenances, silently sought
 the little neighbouring Railway Station, and
 took the next train to London.

That night the Premier sat up late. But
 his work, when he began it, did not take him
 long. Yet it was not unimportant, for the
 departing mail-bag carried a set of sealed
 orders for the Admiral in Command of the
 British Squadron in East African Waters,
 another Ultimatum to the Government of
 Portugal, a threatening communication to
 the Porte, and disturbing despatches,
 threatening to the peace of Europe, to the
 Governments of Russia, France, and Germany
 respectively. He laughed long and loud
 when he thought of their contents. Then he
 went to bed.

Later on, his work bore fruit; and people
 then said that the Cabinet of the day must
 have been a strange one!



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THE "SALUTE!" OR, TAKING HIS MEASURE.

(OPENING OF SESSION, FEB. 11, 1890.)





HORRIBLE RESULT OF USING THE "EGYPTIAN FUR-TILISER."

"A cargo of 180,000 mummified Cats has just been landed at Liverpool, to be used as Manure."—*Daily Paper.*

ROBERT'S COMPANIONS.

I'm a beginning for to think as we're rayther a rum lot in this werry strawnery world of ours. I've jest bin a collectin from sum of my brother Waiters sum of their little historys, as far as they remembers 'em, and werry strange and werry warious sum on 'em is.



There's one pore chap who's about as onest and as atentif a Waiter as I nos on anywheres, but you never, no never, ewer sees him smile, not ewen wen a ginerus old Deputy, or a new maid Alderman, gives him harf-a-crown! I've offen and offen tried to cheer him hup with a good old glass of ginerus port, wen sum reglar swells has bin a dining and has not emtid

the bottels—as reel Gennelmen never does—but never quite suck-seeded, tho' he drank down his wine fast enuff and ewidently injeyd it quite as much as if he'd paid for it, praps jest a leetle bit more. So one day I wentured to arsk him how it was as he was allers as sollem as a Churchwarden at a Charity Sermon, or a Clown in summer time, and he told me as it was all caused by the snekem-stances of his hurly life, which he had never been abel to shake off hissself, pore Fellar! tho' they was none of 'em his own fault, which they was as follers.

To begin with. He was born on a Fryday, on the 1st of April, and amost all his days for years after seems to have been either Frydays or Fnst of Aprils, sumtimes one, sumtimes tother, sumtimes both. He was the youngest of eleven children, and so made the family party consist of 13, always as we all knos a unlucky number, and he seemed to have been treeted as if it had bin his own fault, which in course it wasn't, not by no means, no more than it was his fault the having the Skarlet Fever on one Crismus Day, which he did to heverybody's disgust.

He was afterwards told by his old Nuss BECKY that one shespal greevance of his pore mother was, that her youngest child being seven years old when BILLY was born, all the warious prepperashuns customary on such himportant occasions had been dun away with as

useless, ewen to the customary gigantick Pincushon, so that in his case there was no "Weleum to the Little Stranger!" So long, too, as his oldest brother remained at tome, he was never allowed to set down to dinner with the rest of the famerly, because, in course, he made up the unlucky number, the werry nateral consequence being, that when his oldest brother suddently took his departure from ameng 'em, poor little BILLY was werry severely flogged for setting down to dinner with a smiling countinghouse! Of course ewery time as his unfornit Birthday came round he was made a April Fool of, all his six lovin Brothers jining in the sport, ono arter the other, nearly all day long. When he went to school, ewerybody knowed of his affliokshun, and made a fool of him, hushers and all.

After he growed up, his Father got him a plaice at a Lunatic Asylum, as being the most properest for his sollem natur; and there he remained for no less than five years!

Then, on the other hand, there's old TOM, or rayther yung TOM, for he's one of them jolly chaps as never seems to get no older. Why he goes about a grinning away, and a chatting away, and a challing of old BILL, who's much younger than him, like anythink. So I naterally arsked him how he accounted for his good sperrits. And what was his arnser? Why, hurly training. His Father was a Comic Play Actor, and allers ready for a larf, and offen took yung TOM with him to the Theater till he becum quite a favrite with all the merry gals there, who used to pet him, and give him sweets, and teach him to say all sorts of funny things; and, when he was old enuff, he was promoted to the dignity of a full-blown Super, at 18 shillings a week, and all his close found. His grate differculity was in looking serious and keeping serious when serious bizzness was a going on; and on one oocashun, when he was playing one of a band of sangwinerry ruffians, sumthink so took his fancy, that he net only bust into a loud larf hissself, but set all the rest of the sangwinerry ruffians a larfing too, and quite spiled all the effect of the scene. So he was bundled off neck and crop, and soon afterwards got a sitewashun as a Pleacsman, but, for the life of him, he never could keep hissself serious when he was before a Magistrate with a case; for if ennybody made a joke, or ennybody larfed, TOM set off a grinning with the best of 'em, and onoe axshally made a joke with his Worship; so of course off he was sent again, to find a rest for the soles of his feet, and a free play for his good sperrits, in the honnerabel opacity of a Waiter.

ROBERT.



PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY PUPPETS.



ULTIMA RATIO.

Small Rustic. "YEOU CAN'T GO THAT WAY." *Stalwart Young Lady (out Sketching).* "WHY NOT?"
Small Rustic. "'CAUSE THERE 'S—THERE 'S HURDLES." *Stalwart Young Lady.* "BUT I CAN GET OVER HURDLES."
Small Rustic. "AND THEN THERE 'S THE BULL!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



HOUSE of Commons. Tuesday, February 11.—"How do you do, TOBY? A merry New Session and many of them."

It was OLD MORALITY who spoke; his kindly face beamed on me; his friendly hand grasped mine. Walked up the floor together through the old familiar scene. Benches crowded, though a vacant seat here and there; HARTINGTON'S for example. Everybody sorry to hear he's been ill, and glad to think of him enjoying the sunlight of Monte Carlo. Grand Old Man more Grand and less Old than ever; just up from Oxford; passed very well, it is said. Comes into Parliament with every prospect of distinguishing him-

self; his maiden speech looked for with much interest. "I think I'll put it off for a month or two, TOBY," he said, blushing with the ingenuousness of youth. "You see I'm so fresh from college, that it would ill become me to plunge into public affairs. It's all very well for a young fellow like me to get up at the Union; but here it's different. You're very good to say that great things are expected of me; but, if you please, I'll keep in the background a bit. I'll feel my feet first, as they used to say in the nursery, in what seems only yesterday."

Very nice this of him. Wish all young fellows fresh from the University, even when they have taken honours, were equally modest.

"Haven't seen you since we met at Greenlands' icy mountains in the Recess," OLD MORALITY said, continuing our conversation interrupted by the cheers that greeted our arrival. "You remember how bitterly cold the day was? Rather thought you hurried away. Wish you could have stayed to luncheon. We happened to have something succulent. However, you must come and dine in my room behind the SPEAKER'S Chair; AKERS-DOUGLAS will show you the way. We do it pretty snug there, I can tell you. What sort of a Session shall we have? Who can tell? Usual sort of thing, I suppose. We shall bring in a lot of Bills; Gentlemen opposite will talk some of them out; at Easter and Whitsuntide Recesses we shall squeeze a stage of some through, under pressure of the holidays; then three weeks in June and most of July will be wasted; and in August we'll suspend Standing Orders, and ram through everything we can. As for me, I shall endeavour to do my duty to the QUEEN, to the Country, and to the Members of this House, in whichever part they sit. Did you ever, dear TOBY, consider how a kettle boils? The water nearest to the fire is first heated, and (being heated) rises to the top. Its place is supplied by colder portions, which are heated in turn, and this interchange takes place till all the water is boiling hot. That is how we shall get through the Session. The Report of the Parnell Commission, being most heated, will rise to the top first. Then the Tithes Bill, Land Purchase, the Education question, and one or two other little matters will follow, till we're all in boiling water. Good-bye now; don't forget to come across AKERS-DOUGLAS about Eight o'Clock."

Business done.—Session opened.

KILLING FOR A SHILLING.—Lord WOLSELEY (who seems to have read the regulations governing communications from soldiers to the Press in a very liberal spirit) has published an article on the British Army in the pages of an American Twelvepenny Magazine. The contribution is embellished with sketches of the costumes of TOMMY ATKINS and his predecessors. For the rest, some of the letterpress is sufficiently alarming to warrant "Our Only General" in assuming a title which he apparently appears to covet—that of a "Shilling Shocker!"

SOMETHING LIKE A DINNER.

Now that the Parliamentary Session has opened, and the Season threatens to set in with its usual severity, the dinner question comes prominently to the front. Even in the best-regulated households there is a sameness about dinner which, towards the end of the week, palls upon the appetite. Some ambitious young men have attempted to deal with the matter and surprise their guests by introducing cheese immediately after the soup (*soufflé au parmesan*), and after a cut of beef comes the fish (*turbot à la Russe*). That is well meant, but it is crude. Mr. Punch has given his great mind to the subject, and presents to the consideration of the dining world the following hints for a meal:—

- Half-om-half.
Blauwe Landtengsche Oesters.
Hoog-Sauterneswijn.
Soepen.
Dikke Rivierkreeften Soep. Velmaakte Soep in Van Dijk Stijl.
Amontillade.
Zuschotelles.
Selderij. Olijven. Radijs. Haringen. Peukenvorm gebakken in Berg-op-Zoomsche Stijl.
Liebfraumilch.
Gestreepte Baars, Piet Hein Stijl. Lambasteien met Zeeuwsche Saus. Chateau Danzac.
Voergerechten.
Hoenden Vleugels, met Haagsche Saus.
Heetkoudgebakten Ganzenlevers in Zwelsche Stijl.
Ruinart, wrang wijnd, Bijzonder Perrier Jouet, Louis Roederer, wrang, Giesler & Co., G. H. Mumm, buitengewoendroeg. Greenten.
Aardappelen in Sneeksche Stijl.
Doperwten, Fransche Stijl.
Gebakkene Kropsalade.
Sorbet, Anneke Jans.
Gebraad.
Kanefasrug' Eendvogels. Gekruide Seiderij-sla.
Richebourg.
Nagerecht.
Curacaogelei. Italiaansche Ijs. Edamsche Kaas. Vruchten.
Gemonteerde Stukken.
Koffie.
Likeuren. Puppen en Tabak. Sigaren.

It may be objected that half-and-half, even when badly spelt, is a cold preparation for dinner; and others may take exception to *Poukenvorm*, as likely to have an earthy taste. But did they ever try it *gebakken in Berg-op-Zoomsche Stijl*? It is no use mincing matters. Let anyone in search of a good dinner enter any well-appointed restaurant, and order this menu right through down to *Puppen en Tabak* (which is not a preparation of dog's meat), and if they are not satisfied, Mr. Punch is a Dutchman.

"RICHARDSON'S SHOW" AND A "BILL OF THE PLAY."

THE Vaudeville, when it was opened, was devoted to all that was light and cheerful. Comedy and Burlesque went hand-in-hand, and the audience, if ever asked to weep, were begged to cry with laughter. But Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN (with the assistance of the late Mr. RICHARDSON) "has changed all that." *Clarissa*, the present attraction at the little theatre on the North-side of the Strand, is a piece of the most doleful character. The First Act is devoted to a very heartless abduction, and the last to a lingering death and a fatal *duello*. When it is announced that the successful fencer who "kills his man" is no less a person than that excellent Comedian, Mr. THOMAS THORNE, it will be readily understood that "the New Drama" is the reverse of lively. *Clarissa* has scarcely a laugh in it from beginning to end. Certainly, in the last Scene but one, there is a revel, in which "pseudo-Ladies of Fashion" take part, but the merriment with which it is spiced is decidedly ghastly. Miss WINIFRED EMERY is exceedingly clever, but her death-scene is painfully protracted. Mr. THALBERO, as *Lovelace*, is a sad dog in every sense—a very sad dog, indeed. The only incident in the piece ever likely to provoke a smile, is the appearance of some comic bearers of grotesque sedan-chairs. When *Clarissa* is carried out à la GUY FAUX at the end of the Second Act, there is certainly a moment's hesitation whether the audience should cry or laugh. But the sighs have it, and pocket-handkerchiefs remain to the front. On the occasion of the initial performance, some slight amusement was caused by the introduction of Mr. BUCHANAN in unconventional nineteenth cen-

tury morning dress amongst the old-fashioned costumes of the company; but, of course, the slight amusement was for once and away, and could not advantageously be frequently repeated. Thus,



Something Lively at the Vaudeville.

take one thing with another, the life of the Vaudeville audiences at this moment cannot be truthfully described as a merry one.

At the Avenue quite a different story may be told. People who visit this pretty little house desirous of being moved even unto tears by that finest of *Fausts*, Mr. ALEXANDER, will be disappointed—they had far better stay at home, or go to see *Clarissa*. Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ has adapted from the French of CARRÉ (a case of fetch and carry) a Farical Comedy in Three Acts, which he calls *Dr. Bill*, in preference to *Dr. Jojo* the Gallic original. The prescription from which the Doctor concocts his mixture might have been supplied by the Criterion. Mr. FREDERICK TERRY plays a part that would have suited Mr. WYNDHAM down to the ground, and Mr. CHEVALIER is continually suggesting the peculiarities of Mr. MALBY. Miss FANNY BROUGH is Miss FANNY BROUGH, which means that no one could play the part so well, much less better. For the rest, the



Making up Dr. Bill's Prescription.

company (although a new one) work together with a "go" that carries all before it. ALEXANDER has certainly conquered the world—of Comedy. He may do less wise things if he rests satisfied, and leaves Tragedy alone for an indefinitely lengthened period.

SERGEANT COX, ON BEHALF OF PRIVATE BOX.

P.S.—Mr. JEROME'S new piece (which he describes as "comparatively speaking, new and original"), just produced at Terry's Theatre, is rather disappointing. Its title of *New Lamps for Old* strongly suggests a "Night's Entertainment." But when the poverty of the plot and the quality of the dialogue are taken into due consideration, it would be almost too much to say that this pleasant idea is fully realised by the evening's performances. It must be confessed, however, that Mr. PENLEY, rising and descending in a dinner-lift, is (at first) funny; and Miss CISSY GRAHAME is ever welcome.



THE SCIENTIFIC VOLUNTEER.

"If ever I have to choose . . . I shall, without hesitation, shoulder my rifle with the Orangeman."—See Professor Tyndall's Reply to Sir W. V. Harcourt. "Times," Feb. 13, 1890.

'ARRY ON EQUALITY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Bin down as a dab with that dashed heppydemiok, dear boy. I 'ave bloomin' nigh sneezed my poor head orf. You know that there specie of toy wot they call cup-and-ball! That's me, CHARLIE! My back seemed to open and shut, As the grippe-demon danced on my innards, and played pitch-and-toss with my nut.

Hinfluenza be blowed! It licks hague and cholera rolled into one. The Sawbones have give it that name, I'm aware, but of course that's their fun. I've 'ad colds in the head by the hunderd, but *this* weren't no cold, leastways *mine*. Howsomer, I'm jest coming round a bit, thanks to warm slops and QyNine.

Took to reading, I did as I mended; that's mostly a practice with me. When I'm down on my back that's the time for a turn at my dear old D. T. [on the job, A party named ROBERT BUCHANAN, as always appears Was a slating a ohapple called HUXLEY. Thinks I, I'll take stook of friend BOB.

Well, he ain't much account, that's a moral; a ramblinger Rad never was. Old HUXLEY's wuth ten on him, CHARLIE, though he's rather huppish and poz. Are men really born free and equal? Ah! that's wot they're harguing hout. BOB B., he says "Yus;" HUXLEY, "No;" and BOB's wrong, there's no manner of doubt.

"Free and equal?" Oh, NEBUHADNEZZAR! how can they talk sech tommy-rot? Might as well say as Fiz and Four-Arf should be equally fourpence a pot.

Nice hidea, but *taint so*, that's the wust on it. There's where these dreamers go wrong.

Ought's nothink, and that as is, *is*; all the rest isn't wuth a old Song.

Bad as BUGGINS, the Radical Cobbler, these mugs are. Sez BUGGINS, sez he, Wos it Nature give Mudford his millions, and three bob a day to poor me? Not a bit on it. Nature's a mother, and meant all her gifts *for* us all. It's a Law as gives Mudford his Castle, and leaves me a poor Cobbler's Stall.

All I've got to say, CHARLIE, is this. If so be Nature meant all that there, She must be a fair "J," as a Mater. I've bin bested out of *my* share. So has BUGGINS, and nine out o' ten on us. If the few nobble the quids Spite of Nature, wy Nature's a noodle as cannot purteck her own kids.

Poor BUGGINS! He's nuts upon HENERY GEORGE, WILLIAM MORRIS, and such. He's got a white face, and is humpy, and lives in a sort of a hutch Smellin' strong of wax-end and stale dubbinn. *Him* born free and equal? Great SCOTT!

'Bout as free as a trained flea in harness, or sueties piled in a pot.

Nature's nothink, dear boy, simply nothink, and natural right don't exist, Unless it means natural flyness, or natural power of fist.

It's brains and big biceps, wot wins. *Is* men equal in muscle and pith? Arsk BISMARCK and DERBY, dear boy, or arsk JACKSON the Black and JEM SMITH.

There'd be precious few larks if they wos, CHARLIE—where'd be the chance of a spree

If every picus old pump or young mug was the equal of Me? It's the up-and-down bizness of life, mate, as makes it such fun—for the ups. Equal? Yus, as old BARNUM and BUGGINS, or tigers and tarrier pups.

He's a long-winded lot, is BUCHANAN, slops over tremenjous, he do; Kinder poet, dear boy, I believe, and they always do flop round a few, Make a rare let o' splash and no progress, like ducks in a tub, don'ther know, But cackle and splutter ain't swimming; so ROBERT, my nabs, it's no go.

Men ain't equal a mite, that's a moral, and patter won't level 'em up. Wy yer might as well talk of a popgun a holding its own wuth a Krupp. 'Ow the brains and the ochre got fust laddled hout is a bit beyond me, But to fancy as them as *has* got 'em will part is dashed fiddle-de-dee.

Normans nicked? Landlords copped? Lawyers fiddled? Quite likely; I dessay they did.

Are they going to hand back the swag arter years? Not a hacre or quid! Finding's keeping, and 'olding means 'aving. I wish I'd a spanking estate Wot my hancesters nailed on the ready. They wouldn't wipe me orf the slate.

No fear, CHARLIE, my boy! I'd hang on by my eyelids; and so will the nobs, Despite Monnseur Roosso's palaver or rattletrap rubbish like BOB's. As HUXLEY sez, Robbery's a whitewashed by centries of toffdom, dear boy. Poor pilgarlicks whose forbears wos honest rich perks can't expect to enjoy.

Life's a great game of grab, fur's I see, CHARLIE. Robbery? Well, *call* it that. If you only lay hands on your own, mate, you won't git remarkable fat. There isn't enough to go round and yet give a fair dollop to each, It's a fight for front place, and he's lucky who gets the first bite at the peach.

High priori hideas about Justice, as HUXLEY declares, is all rot. Fancy tigers dividing a carcass, and portioning each his fair lot! "Aren't men better than tigers?" cries BUGGINS. Well, yus, there's religion and law; [claw.]

Pooty fakes! But when *sharing's* the word they ain't in it with sheer tooth and Orful nice to see Science confirming wot I always held. Blow me tight, If I don't rayther cotton to HUXLEY; he's racy, old pal, and he's right. The skim-milk of life's for the many, the lardy few lap up the cream. And all talk about trimming the balance is rubbish, a mere Roosso's Dream!

Philanterpy's all very nice as a plaything for soft-'arted toffs, [coughs;] Kep in bounds it don't do no great 'arm. Poor old BUGGINS, he flushes and Gets hangry, he do, at my talk. I sez, keep on your hair, my good bloke, Hindignation ain't good for your chest; cut this Sesherlist cant, or you'll choke.

Philanterpy squared in a system would play up Old Nick with the Great, As 'cute Bishop MAOEE sez Religion would do—*carried out*—with the State. Oh, when Science and Saintship shake hands, in a sperret of sound common sense,

To chuck over the cant of the Pulpit, by Jingo, old pal, it's Himmense!

All cop and no blue ain't *my* motter; I likes to stand treat to a chum; And if I wos flush of the ochre, I tell yer I'd make the thing hum. [know;] And there's lots o' the rich is good parters; bit here and bit there, don'ther But shake up the Bag and share round, like good pals a pot-lucking? Oh no!

Wot these jokers call Justice means knocking all 'andicap out of life's race; "Equal chances all round," they declare, wouldn't give equal power and pace! Wy, no; but if things weren't made nice for the few with the power and the tin,

The 'andicapped many would be in the 'unt, and some on 'em might *wos*.

Pooty nice state o' things for the perkers! Luck, Law, and the Longheads, dear boy,

Have arranged the world so that the many must work that the few may enjoy. These "Equality" jossers would spile it; if arf their reforms they can carry, The enjoyers will 'ave a rough time, and there won't be a look in for 'ARRY.

"LE PETIT DUC."



Audience. "BRAVO, MONSEIGNEUR !"

"BRAVO Monseigneur!" Quite a natural cry, For he looks picturesque, and appears to be plucky,

The Roscius rôle the young actor would try; His début "gets a hand," which is certainly lucky. These Infant Phenomena frequently fail

To rouse anything more than good-natured derision; [hail. But clappings and cheers this boy histrion What then is his Vision?

"The thoughts of youth, they are long, long thoughts;"
Exceedingly true, most mellifluous LONGFELLOW!
But later come crosses, oft leading to noughts,
And "l'homme nécessaire" often finds he's the wrong
How many débuts have occurred on the Stage [fellow.
With various set scenes, and with properties varied?
Sensationalism, the vice of the age,
To extremes has been carried.

A good situation all actors desire,
All playwrights approve, and all managers glory in.
He has struck out his own with decision and fire.
What part will he play a more serious story in?
Who knows? For the moment the cue is applause.
"Vive, Roscius!" It may mean mere *claque*, empty chatter.
And whether the youngster will further the Cause
Is a different matter.

A *coup de théâtre* is not everything,
As well he's aware, that tragedian troubled
Who is gliding so gloomily off at the wing.
Hope's cup at his lips lately brimming bubbled,
Now "foiled by a novice, eclipsed by a boy!"
Is the thought in his mind. The reflection is bitter—
Theatrical taste often craves a fresh toy,
And is captured by glitter.

What thinks Madame France of the attitude struck
By this confident slip of good stock histrionic?
Though dames swear their dear *Petit Duc* is a duck,
The smile of old stagers is somewhat ironic.
But "Bravas!" resound. A lad's "resolute will,"
The "wisdom of twenty years," stir admiration,
The political *Café Chantant* pluck will thrill
In a stage-loving nation.

ROYAL BERKSHIRE.—Go to DOWDESWELL'S, in Bond Street, and they will show you how County-history is written in the present day. It is altogether different to the dull, old, dry volumes, "the musty histories," which our grandfathers exhibited on their shelves, but never took down to read; and these County-historians are of a much more entertaining character. Those who know Royal Berkshire well—as most of us do—will be glad to have their memory refreshed by the fresh, bright, breezy pictures by YEEND KING, JOHN M. BROMLEY, and J. M. MACKINTOSH. KEELBY HALSWELL'S superb painting of "Royal Windsor" occupies the place of honour in the room. It is one of the best pictures—and at the same time one of the most unconventional—ever produced of this oft-painted subject.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

(The Typical Woman's Reply to the Arguments of the Rational Dress Society.)

MY dear LENNOX BROWNE, and my good Dr. SMITH,
There is probably truth, there is certainly pith,
In your Kensington talk about Rational Dress.
Dr. GARSON and Miss LEFFLER-ARNIM also,
Talk sound common sense, but they'll find it no go;
The Crusade they have started can't meet with success.

No, sage Viscountess HARBERTON, sweet Mrs. STOPES,
You had better not nourish ridiculous hopes
About "rationalising" our frocks and our shoes.
There is just one invincible thing, and that's a Fashion!
That object of every true woman's chief passion,
'Tis vain to attack, and absurd to abuse.

You may say what you please about feminine "togs,"
That they're ugly, unhealthy, are burdens or clogs,
Too high, or too low, or too loose, or too tight,
There is just one reply (but 'tis more than enough)
To such "rational," but most irrelevant stuff:—
If not in the Fashion, a Woman's a Fright!!!

FROM THE ZOO.—The Tapir, the *Daily Telegraph* stated in one of the paragraphs of its useful and amusing diary of "London Day by Day,"—"The Tapir," at the Zoological Gardens, is a specimen of a species now "verging on the brink of extinction. He was an old Tory; the world changes, but change he would not." He should be known as the "Red Tape-ir."

THE SEAS-ON.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE, until he reaches Australia.



A WOMAN'S REASON.

Cousin Jack. "THEN WHY DID YOU MARRY HIM, EFFIE?"

Effie. "OH, WELL—I WANTED TO SEE THE PARIS EXHIBITION, YOU KNOW!"

SHOOTING ARROWS AT A SONG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe, that a gentleman has written, in a book called *In Tennyson Land*, an account of the exact localities of "the Moated Grange," and other well-advertised places—statements, which however, have been promptly challenged by the Poet's son in the *Athenæum*. As there seems to be some doubt upon this subject, perhaps, you will allow me to give a few notes anent the interesting objects which Lord TENNYSON has so obligingly immortalised in song.

The Owl.—The name of a bright little newspaper which, amongst other items of news and flashes of humour, gave a list of proposed marriages—hence, no doubt, the refrain of "To wit and to woo." It owed its temporary success both to its fun and its matrimonial intelligence.

The Dying Swan.—Probably, suggested by the condition of one of these interesting creatures on the Thames, whose plumage had changed from white to blue, owing to the River being made the temporary repository for the outcome of some chemical works.

Oriana.—This name, there is every reason to believe, was suggested by a character in the opening of a pantomime at one of the minor theatres, very popular some twenty or thirty years ago.

The Miller's Daughter.—A very touching reference to the domestic life of a hero of the Prize Ring.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.—Tradition has it that this aristocratic sounding title was originally intended for a new sort of velvet, that would have been sold at a profit at three-and-sixpence a yard, double width.

The May Queen.—Believed to have been changed at the last moment from "The Jack-in-the-Green," a subject that had already been used by a poet of smaller fame than ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Lotos Eaters.—No doubt adapted from the English translation to a German picture of some children playing at a once well-known game called "The Loto Seaters."

The Northern Cobbler.—Suggested by a favourite coal, supplied to this day from Newcastle.

The Moated Grange.—The site of the original still exists at Haverstock Hill, and was fifty years ago more remote than it is now. Hence the title of one of the most pleasing little poems of comparatively modern times.

Trusting that these hints may be of service to those who take an interest in Lord TENNYSON'S very entertaining works, I remain, my dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,
A SCOTCH COUSIN (THRICE REMOVED AGAINST HIS WILL) OF
Brain Cobwebby, Hatchley Colwell.
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. VII.—RECLAIMED!

Or, How Little Elfie taught her Grandmother.

CHARACTERS.

Lady Belledame (a Dowager of the deepest dye).

Monkshood (her Steward, and confidential Minion).

Little Elfie (an Angel Child). This part has been specially constructed for that celebrated Infant Actress, Banjoist, and Variety Comédienne, Miss BIRDIE CALLOWCHICK.

SCENE—The Panclled Room at Nightshade Hall.

Lady Belledame (discovered preparing parcels). Old and unloved!—yes, the longer I live, the more plainly do I perceive that I am



not a popular old woman. Have I not acquired the reputation in the county of being a witch? My neighbour, Sir VEVEY LONG, asked me publicly only the other day "when I would like my broom ordered," and that minx, Lady VIOLET POWDRAY, has pointedly mentioned old oats in my hearing! PERGAMENT, my family lawyer, has declined to act for me any longer, merely because MONKSHOOD rack-rented some of the tenants a little too energetically in this Torture Chamber—as if in these hard times one was not justified in putting the screw on! Then the villagers scowl when I pass; the very children shrink from me—[A childish voice outside window: "Yah, 'oo sold 'erself to Old Bogie for a pound o' tea an' a set o' noo teeth?"]—

that is, when they do not insult me by suggestions of bargains that are not even businesslike! No matter—I will be avenged upon them all—ay, all! 'Tis Christmas-time—the season at which sentimental fools exchange gifts and good wishes. For once I, too, will distribute a few seasonable presents... (Inspecting parcels.) Are my arrangements complete? The bundle of choice cigars, in each of which a charge of nitro-glycerine has been dexterously inserted? The lip-salve, made up from my own prescription with corrosive sublimate by a venal chemist in the vicinity? The art flower-pot, containing a fine specimen of the Upas plant, swathed in impermeable sacking? The sweets compounded with sugar of lead? The packet of best ratsbane? Yes, nothing has been omitted. Now to summon my faithful MONKSHOOD... Ha! he is already at hand. [Chord as MONKSHOOD enters.

Monkshood. Your Ladyship, a child, whose sole luggage is a small handbox and a large banjo, is without, and requests the favour of a personal interview.

Lady B. (reproachfully). And you, who have been with me all these years, and know my ways, omitted to let loose the bloodhounds? You grow careless, MONKSHOOD!

Monks. (wounded). Your Ladyship is unjust—I did unloose the bloodhounds; but the ferocious animals merely sat up and begged. The child had took the precaution to provide herself with a bun!

Lady B. No matter, she must be removed—I care not how.

Monks. There may be room for one more—a little one—in the old well. The child mentioned that she was your Ladyship's granddaughter, but I presume that will make no difference?

Lady B. (disquieted). What!—then she must be the child of my only son POLDOODLE, whom, for refusing to cut off the entail, I had falsely accused of adulterating milk, and transported beyond the seas! She comes hither to denounce and reproach me! MONKSHOOD, she must not leave this place alive—you hear?

Monks. I require no second bidding—ha, the child... she comes!

[Chord. Little ELFIE trips in with touching self-confidence.

Elfie (in a charming little Cockney accent). Yes, Grandma, it's me—little ELFIE, come all the way from Anstralia to see you, because I thought you must be sow lowly all by yourself! My Papa often told me what a long score he owed you, and how he hoped to pay you off if he lived. But he went out to business one day—Pa was a bushranger, you know, and worked—oh, so hard;

and never came back to his little ELFIE, so poor little ELFIE has come to live with you!

Monks. Will you have the ohild removed now, my Lady?

Lady B. (undecidedly). Not now—not yet; I have other work for you. These Christmas gifts, to be distributed amongst my good friends and neighbours (handing parcels). First, this bundle of cigars to Sir VEVEY LONG, with my best wishes that such a connoisseur in tobacco may find them sufficiently strong. The salve for Lady VIOLET POWDRAY, with my love, and it should be rubbed on the last thing at night. The plant you will take to the little PERGAMENTS—'twill serve them for a Christmas tree. This packet to be diluted in a barrel of beer, which you will see broached upon the village green; these sweetmeats for distribution among the most deserving of the school-children.

Elfie (throwing her arms around Lady B.'s neck). I do like you, Grandma; you have such a kind face! And oh, what pains you must have taken to find something that will do for everybody!

Lady B. (disengaging herself peevishly). Yes, yes, child. I trust that what I have chosen will indeed do for everybody,—but I do not like to be messed about. MONKSHOOD, you know what you have to do.

Elfie. Oh, I am sure he does, Grandma! See how benevolently he smiles. You're such a good old man, you will take care that all the poor people are fed, won't you?

Monks. (with a sinister smile). Ah! Missie, I've 'elped to settle a many people's 'ash in my time!

Elfie (innocently). What, do they all get hash? How nice! I like hash,—but what else do you give them?

Monks. (grimly). Gruel, Missie. (Aside.) I must get out of this, or this innocent child's prattle will unman me! [Exit with parcels.

Elfie. You seem so sad and troubled, Grandma. Let me sing you one of the songs with which I drew a smile from poor dear Pa in happier days.

Lady B. No, no, some other time. (Aside.) Pshaw! why should I dread the effect of her simple melodies? Sing, child, if you will.

Elfie. How glad I am that I brought my banjo!

Dar is a lubly yaller gal that tickles me to deff; She'll dance de room ob darkies down, and take away deir breff.

When she sits down to supper, ebery coloured gemple-man, As she gets her upper lip o'er a plate o' "possum dip," cries,

"Woa, LUCINDY ANN!" (Chorus, dear Granny!)

Woa, LUCINDY! Woa, LUCINDY! Woa, LUCINDY ANN!

At de rate dat you are stuffin, you will nebber leave us nuffin; so woa, Miss SINDY ANN!

To Lady B. (who, after joining in chorus with deep emotion, has burst into tears). Why, you are weeping, dear Grandmother!

Lady B. Nay, 'tis nothing, child—but have you no songs which are less sad?

Elfie. Oh, yes, I know plenty of plantation ditties more cheerful than that. (Sings.)

Oh, I hear a gentle whisper from de days ob long ago, When I used to be a happy darkie slave. (Trump-a-trump.)

But now I 'se got to labour wif de shovel an' de hoe— For ole Massa lies a sleepin' in his grave! (Trump-trump.)

Chorus.

Poor ole Massa! Poor ole Massa! (Pianissimo.) Poor ole Massa, dat I nebber more shall see!

He was let off by de Jury, Way down in ole Missouri—But dey lynched him on a persimmon tree.

Elfie. You smile at last, dear Grandma! I would sing to you again, but I am so very, very sleepy!

Lady B. Poor child, you have had a long journey. Rest awhile on this couch, and I will arrange this screen so as to protect your slumbers.

[Leads little ELFIE to couch.

Elfie (sleepily). Thanks, dear Grandma, thanks... Now I shall go to sleep, and dream of you, and the dogs, and angels. I so often dream about angels—but that is generally after supper, and to-night I have had no supper... But never mind... Good night, Grannie, good night... goo'ni'... goo... goo! [She sinks softly to sleep.

Lady B. And I was about to set the bloodhounds upon this little sunbeam! 'Tis long since these grim walls have echoed strains so sweet as hers. (Croons.) "Woa, LUCINDY," &c. "Dey tried him by a jury, way down in ole Missouri, an' dey hung him to a possum-dip tree!" (Goes to couch, and gazes on the little sleeper.)

How peacefully she slumbers! What a change has come over me in one short hour!—my withered heart is sending up green shoots of tenderness, of love, and hope! Let me try henceforth to be worthy of this dear child's affection and respect. (Turns, and sees MONKSHOOD.)

Ha, MONKSHOOD! Then there is time yet! Those parcels... quick, quick!—the parcels!

Monks. (impassively). Have been left as you instructed, my Lady.

[Chord: Lady B. staggers back, gasping, into chair. Little ELFIE awakes behind screen, and rubs her eyes.

[N.B.—The reformation of a Grandmother being necessarily a process of some length, the conclusion of this touching little Drama is unavoidably deferred to a future number.]

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

No. I.—THE DULL ROYSTERER.

THE Dull Roysterer, or, as he is termed by the slangiest of his intimates, the "Bluff Boozer," is ordinarily the son of a wealthy, but injudicious father, who, having sent him to a good public school, furnished him with an income that would keep a curate in luxury. He develops an early inclination for cheek trousers, and the pleasures of the table. Appalled by the difficulties of English spelling, he seeks comfort in Scotch whiskey, and atones for a profound distaste for the tongues of ancient Greece and Rome by cultivating an appreciative palate for the vintages of



Modern France. His burly frame, and a certain brute courage, gain for him a place in the School Football team, and a considerable amount of popularity, which he increases by the lavish waste of his excessive allowance. He has a fine contempt, which he never fails to express, for those boys who attempt to cultivate their minds by the reading of books, and, naturally, does not hesitate to degrade his own by the immoderate absorption of strong drinks.

Having, however, been discovered in a state of intoxication, he leaves school hurriedly and betakes himself to an Army-crammer's where discipline is lax and dissipation easy. Here he keeps half-a-dozen fox-terriers, and busies himself about the destruction of domestic cats. Yet, by dint of much forcing on the part of his Coach, he succeeds in passing into Sandhurst, and eventually obtains a commission in a Cavalry Regiment. During this stage of his career he frequents race-courses and worships earnestly at the shrine of Bacchus. He entangles himself with the wife of a brother officer, and, after figuring as the co-respondent in an undefended case, marries her. In the meantime he sends in his papers, and retires from the Army. Shortly afterwards he enlists in the ranks of those who seek pleasure in the night-resorts of the town. He soon becomes the boon companion of shady sporting men, latter-day coachmen, pink and paragraphic journalists, and middle-aged ladies, who, having once been, or been once, on the stage, still affect the skittish manners of a ballet-dancer. He is a man of short speech, but his humour is as broad as his drinks are long. He affects a rowdy geniality and a swaggering gait, by which he seeks to overawe the inoffensive. Though he has but a small stock of intelligence, he passes for a wit amongst his associates by dint of perpetually repeating an inane catch-word. With this, and a stamp of the foot, he will greet a friend who may meet him before lunch. Amongst his intimates such a welcome is held to be intensely humorous. He scatters the same sort of stamp and the identical remark broadcast over the loungers who congregate in front of HATCHETT'S; by these signs and tokens he announces his presence at a Sporting Restaurant, and to the same accompaniment he sups at the Camellia, or looks on, in a heavy, sodden sort of way, while others dance, at the ball of a *demi-mondaine*.

Yet his general ignorance leads him into perpetual pitfalls, and makes him the butt of those of his associates who are cleverer than himself. Having on a certain occasion been addressed as Falstaff, in delicate allusion to his size and capacity for drink, he is easily persuaded that the original owner of this name was celebrated in history for his grace and sobriety. He takes much pride in recounting the incident ever afterwards. Though the Roysterer is generally fuddled, he is rarely glorious. Having once driven a tandem, he is credited with a complete knowledge of horses, which, however, he invariably fails to turn to any profitable account. He begins his day with whiskey cock-tails, continues it with a series of brandy-and-sodas, followed by unlimited magnums of *brut* Champagne, and concludes it with more Champagne, a liberal allowance of liqueur brandies, and two or three tumblers of whiskey-and-seltzer to round off the night. As the hours advance, his face assumes a ruddier glow. With the progress of years, being compelled to conceal the increasing girth of his lower chest by the constant inflation of his upper, he wears frock-coats. The point which is lacking in his conversation is conspicuous in his boots, whilst his collars possess an elevation entirely denied to his manners.

He suffers from no restraint in consequence of his marriage. He

is adored by a certain class of burlesque actresses. He flatters them by adoring himself. He owns a small house in Belgravia, but he frequently lives elsewhere. No pigeon-shooting matches, and few poker parties, amongst a certain set, are complete without him. Having benefited only to a limited extent under the will of his father, he is not generally reputed to be wealthy, but he is always extravagant. Yet he manages to steer clear of the painful consequences of wits with some astuteness. In middle-age he becomes obese, and cannot go the pace as formerly. His friends therefore abandon him, and he dies before he is fifty, in reduced circumstances, of an enlarged liver.

"JOHNNYKIN AND THE GOBLINGS."

Two hundred and fifty Goblings in the Grand Banquet room of the Hotel Métropole assembled, as all the world knows by this time, to bid "Farewell, but not good-bye," as CLEMENT SCOTT'S admirable verses have it, to JOHNNYKIN; that is, to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, usually and popularly spoken of as "JOHNNIE TOOLE," and generally endeared to his private friends as, simply, "JOHNNIE." Quite the best specimen of a "JOHNNIE," among all the "Johnnies" of the present time. Mr. Punch, for the first time in his life, permitted his merry men, The Knights of His Own Round Table, to convert their usual Wednesday dinner into a "movable feast," and to transfer it to the day beforehand, in order to do honour to the unique occasion, and the exceptional guest of the evening. No wonder there were two hundred and fifty acceptances to the bill of fare, and two hundred and fifty more ready to sign, seeing that the invitations came in effect from the President, the Solicitor-General, who could not solicit in vain.



Bon Voyage! et Au Revoir!

Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., excelled himself in proposing the toast of "The Drama." He contemned the ancient Greek Drama, but was of opinion—Counsel's opinion—or, as he was speaking of the Romans, "Consul's opinion"—that there was "more money in the Latin Drama." Mr. Punch, regretted he was not at his learned friend's elbow to suggest, that an apt illustration of the truth of his remark might be found in the success of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, IMPERATOR.

Mr. HENRY IRVING proved, by his perfect recital of CLEMENT SCOTT'S verses, how thoroughly "by heart" he had got them. HENRY'S "heart is" not "dead" when JOHNNIE is concerned. Sir EDWARD CLARKE, as we learnt from the speeches made by himself, Mr. IRVING, and Mr. TOOLE, seems to have been at school with all the leading Actors; and it was a miracle that he escaped the attractions of the sock and buskin. Pity that the song, "When we were boys, Merry merry boys, When we were boys together," had not been arranged as a trio for them. JOHNNIE was in his best form; very detached, casual, and uncommonly funny. Lord ROSEBERRY apologised by letter for not being able to be in Scotland and London at the same time; and the Wicked Abbé BANCROFT in replying to the toast of the Drama, pathetically represented his hard case of being called upon to make an after-dinner speech, when he hadn't had any dinner. The Actor's lot is evidently, not always a happy one. He wanted a "feeding-part" and didn't get it. The dinner was excellent, and the waiting of the waiters was, as far as I could ascertain, exceptionally good. Certainly the Métropole, or the New "Holland" House,—as it might be termed, after its manager,—holds first rank for this sort of business. We present Mr. HOLLAND, the Métropole Caterer, with this suggestion:—

The Only Condiment for a Farewell Banquet—"Sauce Ta Ta!"

AVENUE THEATRE.—ALEXANDER the Growing, not yet the Great, finds that for some weeks to come there will be no necessity to doctor his Bill. He will be wise, however, not to reject any proffered assistance, as, from his present success, it is evident he cannot get on un-Aidé-d.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

"OH, I SAY, OLD MAN, I WISH YOU'D RUN UPSTAIRS AND HUNT FOR MY AUNT, AND BRING HER DOWN TO SUPPER. SHE'S AN OLD LADY, IN A RED BODY, AND A GREEN SKIRT, AND A BLUE AND YELLOW TRAIN, WITH AN ORANGE BIRD OF PARADISE IN HER CAP. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY MISTAKE HER. SAY I SENT YOU!"

"AWFULLY SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT—A—I'M TOTALLY COLOUR-BLIND, YOU KNOW. JUST BEEN TESTED!"

[Exit in a hurry.]

THE INCANTATION SCENE.

Fredy Adapted from "Der Freischütz."

Caspar, Mr. L-B-CH-RE.

Zamiel, Mr. P-RN-LL.

SCENE—Stage in complete shadow. An Irish Glen surrounded by bare mountains covered with dwarf oaks, overhanging a big bog. The Moon is shining dimly. CASPAR discovered with a pouch and hanger, busily engaged in making a Circle of fairy lanterns, in the middle of which is placed a turnip-skull, a shillelagh, a bunch of shamrock, a crucible, and a bullet-mould. Distant mutterings heard.

Chorus of Distant Party-Spirits.

Shindy now would be a boon,

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

Interest in M-tch-llst-wn hath died,

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

Mischief must be stirred up soon.

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

And Obstruction once more tried.

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

Ere this S-ss-n's course is run

We must really have some fun.

("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!")

[At the end of chorus, a Big Bell booms twelve times: the Circle being finished, CASPAR within it, draws his hanger round the lanterns, and at the twelfth stroke strikes it into the turnip-skull.

Caspar (kneeling, and raising the skull on the hanger at arm's length).

ZAMIEL, ZAMIEL, hear me, hear!

By this bogey-skull appear!

ZAMIEL, rise, for things look queer!

[A confused noise is heard, a Meteor (looking rather like a long-expected Blue-Book) falls on the Circle, and ZAMIEL, looking coldly triumphant, appears.

Zamiel. Why callest thou?

Caspar. Well, hang it! I like that!

But, by St. Patrick's beard, your advent's

pat,

Our foes boast three years longer they may

live.

Zamiel. No!

Caspar. Then good reason you and I must

give.

Zamiel. Who says so?

Caspar. One who hardly dared—till now—

To face thy really rather freezing brow;

But, moved by reason, and a late Report,

He's on the job; and we shall have some

spert.

Zamiel. What doth he seek?

Caspar. To be supplied

With bullets which thy skill shall guide.

Zamiel. Six shall obey,

The seventh—who'll say?

Caspar. Lord of the mystic League,

I hope, by sly intrigue,

To rule the seventh also,

And let it kill—you know!

Zamiel. Too risky.

Caspar. Oh, I say,

Let's have no more delay.

Three long years yet to sway?

Peck, ZAMIEL! It's child's-play.

Zamiel. Enough—no more! I'll tell thee now

By this day month there'll be—a row?

[More mutterings are heard and repeated in chorus. The skull and hanger sink, and in their place a hearth with lighted coals and faggots, rise out of the earth, within the Circle. The Moon becomes red.

Caspar. Well served! Bless thee, ZAMIEL!

The day will be ours!

[CASPAR moves to and fro, places faggots on the coals, blows the fire, which blazes and fumes. In the smoke certain cabalistic letters appear.

Now for it! Every moment is precious. "Every bullet hath its billet," saith the old saw. Rather! Black C-C-L, beware! Bland WILLIAM H, look out! Brutal B-LF-B, mind your eye! Shrewish G-SCH-N, be warned! Haughty H-RT-NOT-N, take care! Perfidious J-S-PH, watch it! That accounts for Six out of the fatal Seven. 'Twill suffice, even if the seventh—bah! that's silly superstition. Here goes! First this lead—heavy as SM-TR's speeches; then this glass—brittle as the bond between the Unionists; some quicksilver of Randolphian shiftiness; three charmed balls which have already hit their mark. See, they are marked, "P-G-TT," "P-RN-LL," "C-mm-ss-n"!!! *Probatum est!* Now for the blessing of the balls.

[CASPAR bowing down his head three separate times (as to three Judges) before he commences his incantation.

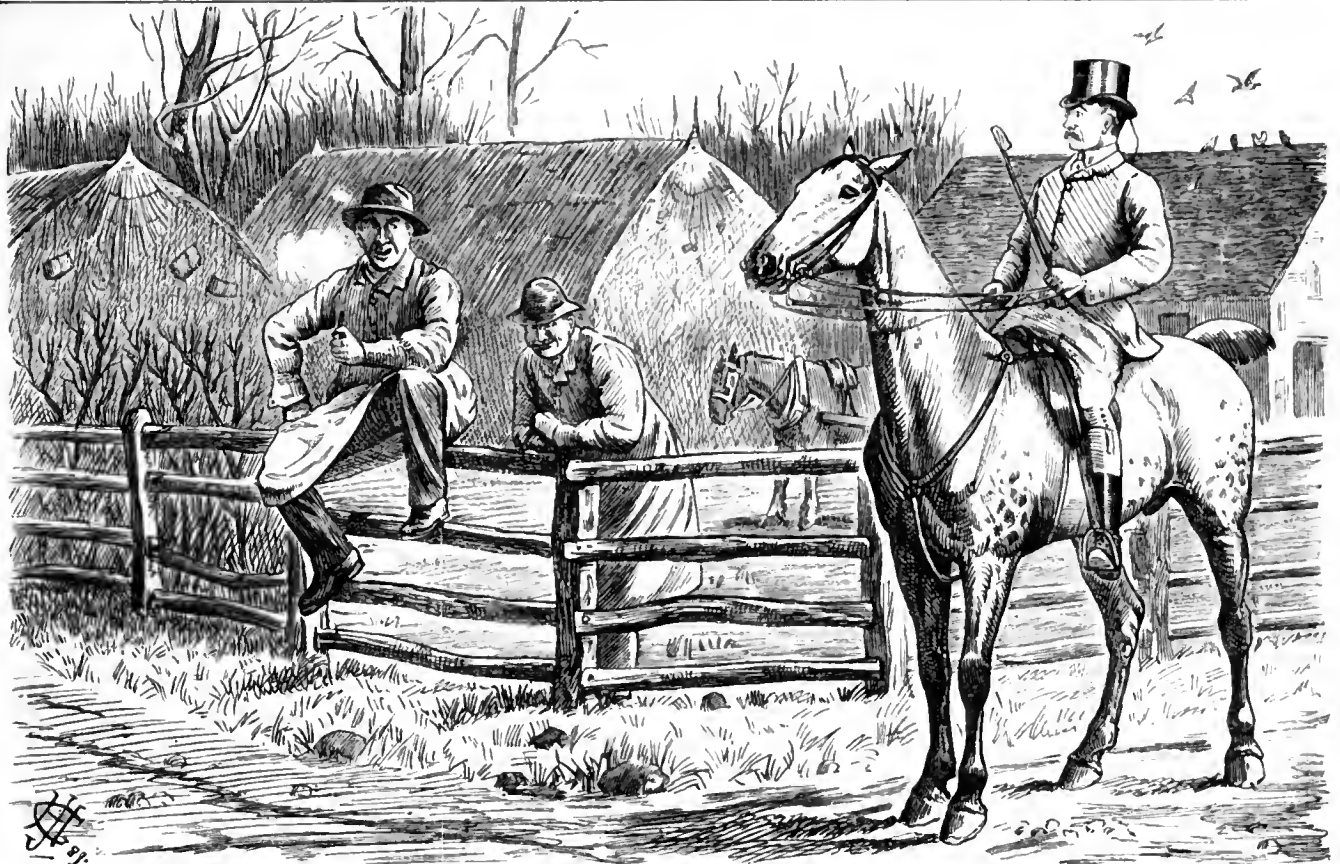
Thou who hast Fate's mystic dower,
ZAMIEL, ZAMIEL, work thy power!



THE "INCANTATION."

(Scene from the Very Latest Version of "Der Freischütz.")





RUSTIC POLITENESS.

Squire Roadster. "WHERE ARE THE HOUNDS, MY MAN?"
Yokel. "GAR ON WITH YER! DON'T KNOW WHEER THE 'OUNDS BE, AND GOT A RED COAT AND A BIG 'OSS! YER OUGHTER BE ASHAMED OF YERSELF!"

Spirit of the evil dead
 (At Madrid), bless, bless the lead!
 May they be as fealty sped
 As the one that pierced his head.
 I am sick of shilly-shally,
 May they—metaphorically,
 For, of course, I don't mean murder,
 Nothing could be—well, absurder—
 May they spifflicate our foes.
 Neither progress nor repose,
 On Bench or in Cabinet,
 May they any of them get
 Till they get their last quietus
 From these bullets (That will seat us
 Comfortably in their places,
 To the rapture of three races)
 How the fire fumes! There'll be ruction.
 Characters look like OBSTRUCTION!
 But they mean—and that's their beauty!—
 Merely, simply, purely DUTY!
 Therefore, 'tis my occupation
 So at present, Incantation!
 G. O. M. won't take a part;
 He objects to the Black Art.
 Though he rather shirks my cult,
 He will relish the result.
 ZAMIEL! you're the chap I like,
 Charm the bullets that they strike.
 ZAMIEL, lend thy might to kill
 To each burning drop we spill!
 Now then for it! Out on fear!
 ZAMIEL, ZAMIEL, be thou near!

[Sets to work at—THE CASTING OF
 THE BULLETS. Music.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Leaves of a Life. So MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C., and Worthy Beak, styles his Reminiscences. The Leaves are fresh, and will be Evergreen. Nothing in his Life has become him so well as his leave-ing it. I fancy that the most popular part of it will be the early days—his salad days—when his leaves were at their greenest. Certainly, to all old Etonians, the opening of Volume One must prove the most interesting part of the two books; and after this, in point of interest to the general reader, will rank all the stories about persons whose names, for evident reasons, the learned Reminiscenser cannot give in full. When you read about what enormities "C—" committed, and what an unmitigated scoundrel "D—"s brother was, there is in the narrative a delightful element of mystery, and an inducement to guess, which will excite in many a strong desire for a private key, which, of course, could not be placed in any publisher's hands, except under such conditions as hamper the trustee of the *Talleyrand Memoirs*.

Mr. WILLIAMS has better stories of Sergeant BALLANTINE than the latter had of himself in his own book. But I should like more of the MONTAGU out of Court—more of the behind-the-scenes of the cases in which he was engaged or interested. All his book is written in a dashing style, and there would be an enormous demand for a third volume, which might be all dash—C—D—E—; every letter of the alphabet dash—a dash'd good book, in fact, giving us the toothsome *fond d'artichaut* after the "leaves" have been disposed of. But that

this should be the strong feeling expressed not alone by the Baron DE B.-W., but by very many readers, is proof sufficient of the art with which these Reminiscences have been compiled, so as, according to *Sam Weller's* prescription for a love-letter, to make us "wish there was more of it." By the way, I doubt whether WHATELEY's *Evidences of Christianity* was the work that MONTAGU WILLIAMS was dozing over during "Sunday Private" in pupil-room; doesn't he mean PALEY's *Evidences*? Also, wasn't the old College Fellow's name spelt PLUMTREE, or PLUMPTRE, not PLUMPTREE? However, the Baron is less likely to be right than the Magistrate, who is evidently blessed with a wonderfully retentive memory.

My faithful Co. reports that he has read *On the Children*, a not very interesting novel, by ANNIE THOMAS, otherwise Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP. The story deals with a young girl, who, after serving in a village newspaper shop, marries the local nobleman, and no doubt lives happily ever afterwards. Persons who are interested in the doings of the class JEAMES calls the "hupper suckles," will perhaps be a little disappointed, as, truth to tell, the narrative is rather homely. Many of the characters seem to have that exaggerated awe of rank which used to be characteristic of the tales in the *London Journal*. The book should, however, be welcome in the homes of some of the lower-middle class.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

THE LATEST CATCH-LINE.—Good Day!
 Have you read the Report of the Special
 Commission?

MR. PARKER SMITH, the recently elected
 M.P., appeared in the House looking Par-
 ticularly happy.



*Mr. Punch's suggestion
for the betterment
of Parliament
The House of Commons
altered so as to
accommodate all
its members.*

**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT,
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF GOBY, M.P.**

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 11.—“Rather slow this,” said Commandant (of the Yeomary Cavalry) Lord BROOKE to Admiral (in black velvet suit, with silver buckles) ROYDEN.

They were locked up in a room adjoining OLD MORALITY'S private apartment, at back of SPEAKER'S chair. Both dressed in warlike costumes, both uniforms new, unaccustomed, and uncomfortable. Both warriors had waked in the morning full of joy and proud anticipation. “If you're waking call me early,” Quartermaster-General Lord BROOKE had said to his man; “this is the happiest day of all the bright new year; for I'm to Second the Address. Yes, I'm to Second the Address.”

Captain ROYDEN had made a remark of a similar purport to his body servant, though he had kept more closely to prose. Now here they were locked in, with a glass of sherry wine and a sponge cake, waiting for the signal that might never come. Ordinary course on



“ IN KIND.”

Country Editor's Wife. "OH, JOHN DEAR! SOMEBODY'S SENT US SUCH A SPLENDID SALMON!"
 Editor (after a moment's thought). "AH, YES—I KNOW—AND CHEAP TOO! ON'Y HALF A COLUMN!"

opening night of Session is, for SPEAKER to take Chair; Notices of Motion to be worked off; Queen's Speech read; then Mover and Secunder of Address march into seats immediately behind Ministers, especially kept for them; dexterously dodge tendency of sword to get between their knees; sit down with the consciousness that they are the cynosure of every eye, including those of JOSEPH GILLIS, regarding them across House through horn-bound spectacles. To-day everything upside down. Instead of moving the Address, HARCOURT on with question of Privilege—HARCOURT, a plain man, in civilian costume! Worst of it was, they could not go away and change their clothes. No one knows what may happen from hour to hour in House of Commons; debate on Privilege might break down; Address brought on, and what would happen to British Constitution if Mover and Secunder were dragged in in their dressing-gowns?

"Dem'd dull," said Captain of Yeomanry Cavalry Lord BROOKE, toying with his sword-tassel.

"Trenormous!" yawned Bosun's Mate ROYDEN, loosening his belt, for he had been beguiled into taking another sponge-cake. "If they'd only let us walk about the corridors, or lounge in the House, it would be better. But to sit cooped up here is terrible. Worst of it is I've conned my speech over so often, got it mixed up; end turning up in middle; exordium marching in with rear-guard; was just right to go off at half-past six; now it's eight, and we won't be off duty till twelve."

Vice-Admiral ROYDEN feebly hitohed up his trousers; sadly sipped his sherry wine, and deep silence fell on the forlorn company.

No one in crowded House thought of these miserable men. HARCOURT made his speech; GORST demonstrated that Motion was indefensible, being both too late and too soon; the Monse came and

went amid a spasm of thrilled interest; GLADSTONE delivered oration in dinner-hour; PARNELL fired up at midnight; House divided, and SPEAKER left the Chair. Then was heard the rattling of keys in the door by OLD MORALITY's room; two limp warriors were led forth; conducted to four-wheel cab; delivered at their own doorways, to spend night in pleased reflection on the distinction of Moving and Seconding the Address.

Business done.—Charge of Breach of Privilege against Times, negatived by 260 Votes against 212.

Wednesday.—House met at Noon as usual on Wednesdays; the two men of war in their places in full uniform, which looked a little creased as if they had slept in it. The eye that has sternly reviewed the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, lacks something of its wonted brightness; whilst ROYDEN's black velvet suit sets off the added pallor of a countenance that tells of sleepless vigil.

House nearly empty; Members won't turn up at Noon even to hear the thrilling eloquence clothing the original thoughts of the Mover and Secunder of the Address.

Amid the dreary space the stalwart figure of GEORGE HAWKESWORTH BOND, Member for the East Division of Dorset, stands forth like a monument. Curious to see how BOND avoids vicinity of Cross Benches. Was standing there in contemplative attitude last night, whilst GORST was demonstrating that HARCOURT's Motion on Breach of Privilege was, (1) too late, and (2) that it was too soon. It was at this moment that the Mouse appeared on the scene, leisurely strolling down floor apparently going to join the majority. A view-halloa started him; doubled and made for Cross Benches; BOND, awakened out of reverie by the shout, looked down and saw the strange apparition. Never believed a man of his weight could get so high up into the air by sudden swift gyration. Mouse, more frightened even than the man, dodged



"Ridiculus Mus," the New Member.

round the Benches and disappeared. "All very well once in a way," said BOND this afternoon, sinking into a seat far removed from the Cross Benches; "but it is foolish unnecessarily to court danger; won't catch me standing at the bar any more when GORST is orating."

And his word is as good as his Bond.

After Mover and Seconder had completed their story, Grand Old Man appeared at the table, and talked for nearly an hour. Few to listen, but that no matter. A rapt auditor in OLD MORALITY, sitting forward with hands on knees, eyes reverently fixed on orator, drinking in his honeyed words. Something paternal in his attitude towards Ministers. Here and there they had done not quite the right thing. The MARKISS, in particular, had been particularly harsh to Portugal; but, on the whole, things might have been worse.

"Bless you, my children; bless you!" were the last words of the Grand Old Man as he stretched forth his hands across the table. Not a dry eye on the Treasury Bench. OLD MORALITY deeply touched, but through his sobs managed to make acknowledgment of the unexpected clemency. *Business done.*—Address Moved.

Thursday.—The languor in which House steeped since Debate on Address opened, not varied to-night till, at ten o'clock, copies of Report of Parnell Commission brought to Vote Office. Then such a scrimmage as never before seen.

At re-opening of Debate, HOWORTH started off with reference to Portugal. Immediately Members, with one consent, went forth, discovering that they had special business in the Lobby, the Library, the Tea-room, anywhere out of the House. The SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE had not even waited for resumption of Debate to quit the scene; was comfortably ensconced in Smoking-room, distilling words of wisdom to listening circle. Someone dropping in, accidentally mentioned that HOWORTH had brought on Portugal



Before the Mouse came.



Fight for the Report of the Royal Commission.

business. SAGE jumped up nearly as high as BOND when he saw the Mouse. Had an Amendment on the paper referring to Portugal; had prepared a few paragraphs elucidating it. If opportunity missed, speech would be lost. So bolted off; arrived just in time to follow HOWORTH. Whilst discouraging, Our Latest Duke came in, fresh from the pageant of his installation in House of Lords. Seated in Peers' Gallery, toying with his walking-stick, thinking no evil, started to hear his name mentioned. SAGE's quick eye had caught sight of him.

"Halloa!" said the SAGE to himself, "here's a Duke; let's throw a brick at him!"

So, with innocent manner and pretty assumption of ignorance of the presence in Peers' Gallery of the highly favoured young gentleman with the walking-stick, the SAGE traced all the evils of Central Africa, leading directly up to the quarrel with Portugal, to the action of the British South Africa Company, of which the Duke of FIFE, he said, was a Promoter and Director.

"Very odd thing that, TORY," said the Duke, under his breath, as he left the Gallery on tip-toe; "most remarkable coincidence; odds seemed to be a thousand to one against it; and yet it came off. Don't look into Peers' Gallery twice a year; yet on very night I happened to be there for five minutes, LABBY on his legs and talking about ME!"

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Friday.—A dull night, uplifted, at outset, by powerful speech from PARNELL, and, towards finish, by Colonel SAUNDERSON riding in, and slashing off heads all round. After him came SHEEHY. Splendid fellow, SHEEHY; must see more of him.

"What you want is blood!" SHEEHY shouted across the House at BALFOUR, leaping, dull and depressed, on Treasury Bench; "I repeat the phrase—Blood!"

"Blood," said SAUNDERSON, carelessly passing his hand through the black locks that crown his lofty brow, "is not exactly a phrase. Besides, after eight hours of this, a cup of black coffee would be more in BALFOUR'S way. But a good deal must be conceded to SHEEHY. What a nation we are for generals! We had an O'SHEA, we have an O'HEA; and here's a SHEE-HE. I have occasional differences with some of my countrymen; but I am proud of my country."

Business done.—Debate on Address.

FIFTY YEARS OF RAILWAY PROGRESS—FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

A LARGE and attentive audience assembled yesterday evening to hear Mr. FAIRWEATHER'S discourse on the highly interesting and instructive subject of the progress made in the matter of Railway Travelling in the course of the last fifty years.

The lecturer commenced by reminding his audience that, in the days of their fathers and grandfathers, fifty years ago, towards the close of the Nineteenth Century, the wretched Public had to content themselves with a miserable conveyance called a Pullman Car, that they in those days considered a triumph of elegant and convenient locomotion, because they could get tucked away on a shelf at night as a sort of apology for a bed, and be served with a mutton-chop by day, as a makeshift for lunch, and this they considered wonderful, because they were being dragged over their road at the marvellous, soul-thrilling pace of sixty miles an hour. (*Loud laughter.*) What would the poor benighted travellers of those days say to their present Grand Circular Express, that ran from London to York in two-and-twenty minutes, and ran up to the most northern point in Scotland, then down the Western Coast to Land's End, and back again to London all along the Channel Shore, doing the entire circuit in four hours and a quarter, and this while you reclined on the rich red velvet cushions of the lofty and sumptuously decorated third-class carriage at a one-and-ninepenny fare? No wonder that people took monthly tickets, and went round, and round, and round the two kingdoms; living, in fact, in the train, and being thus perpetually on the move. Look at the advantages offered by the Company, on their new extra-triple width line. A Brass Band, a Theatrical Company, a Doctor, Dancing-Master, Teacher of Elocution, Solicitor, Dentist, and Police Magistrate, accompanied every train, which was, moreover, provided with Turkish Shower and Swimming Baths, Billiard-rooms, Circulating Library, and offered attractive advantages to families wishing, either at their doctor's orders or for the mere sake of the run on its own account, continual change of air, complete sets of handsomely furnished apartments not fitted up with sleeping shelves—(*laughter*)—but supplied with regular six foot four-posters, such as would have delighted the eyes of their great grandfathers a hundred years ago. The law, too, recently passed, which consigned a Director to penal servitude, in the event of a train being ten minutes after its time, which had been passed owing to the persistent unpunctuality of the South-Eastern Company, had worked admirably, and to it, no doubt, they owed the present orderly management of all the lines in the three kingdoms. What would be the next development of Railway travelling he could not venture to predict, but he thought that if, in the next fifty years, they made as much progress as they had in the fifty years just expired, he was of opinion, that though the shareholders might possibly receive a smaller dividend even than that they were drawing to-day—(*loud laughter*)—the Railway, as an institution in the country, could not be regarded but as being in a highly flourishing condition.

A vote of thanks having been passed to the Lecturer for his lively and instructive discourse, which he briefly acknowledged, the proceedings terminated.

Another "Competitive."

WHY have we no Exams. for our M.P.'s?

Why not give marks for intellectual variance?

And range each class according to degree—

Here the Tomfoolites—there the Noodeletarians?

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans : je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XXI.

"THOUGH cold the coxcomb,
and though coarse the
boor,
Though dulness haunts the
rich and pain the
poor,
In this colossal city,
Yet London is not Rome, O
Shade!" I said.
"A later JUVENAL should
not find her dead
To purity and pity."

"Satire, of shames and
follies in sole quest,
Is a one-eyed divinity at
best,"

My guide responded,
slowly.
"The tale of ZOILUS hath
its moral still.
Such critics are but blow-
flies, their small skill
To carrion given wholly.

"Not all the Romans of DOMITIAN's days
Were such as live in JUVENAL's savage lays;
Not all the Latiæ ladies
Were HIPPIAS or COLLIATIAS. Neither here
May all be gauged by satire's rule severe,
Or earth would be a Hades.

"The scalpel hath no terrors for the sound,
Nor is the hand that wields it harshly bound
To ceaseless vivisection.
The Cynic sharply sees, but sees not far;
The eye that hunts the mote may miss the star
Too great for scorn's detection.

"Dream not, oh friend, because I let the light
On lurid London through the cloak of night
(As was my undertaking.)
That I've a spirit wholly given to scorn,
Or blind to all, save sin, that with the morn
Will see a bright awaking.

"Yet could the freedman's son but wield his
flail [psle
In London, there are those might shrink and
As did DOMITIAN's minion.
PARIS lives yet, pander and parasite
Still flaunt in bold impunity, despite
A custom-freed opinion.

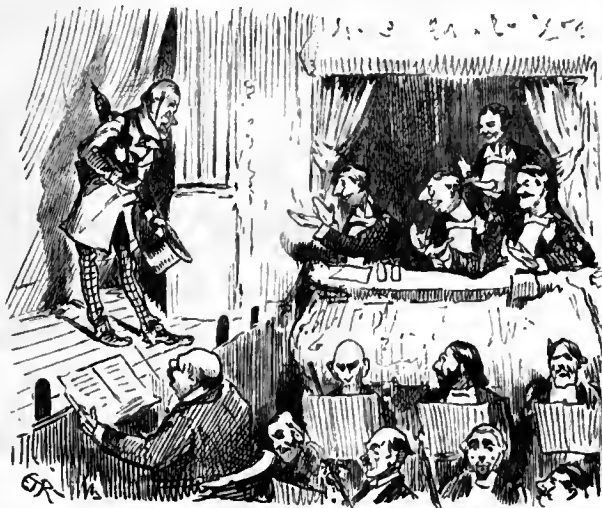
"Dull in the drawing-room, our beardless boys
Can sparkle in the haunts of coarser joys,
Coldness and muteness vanish
When TULLIA dances or when POLLIO sings.
With riotous applause the precinct rings,
There chill restraint they banish.

"Behold Lord LIMPET in his gilded Box,
His well-gloved palms and scarlet silken socks
Actively agitated;
He who erewhile about the ball-room stood
A solemn, weary, whispering thing of wood,
And sneered, and yawned, and waited."

"Wondrous!" I cried. "The youngster's
cheeks flush red,
Wide laugh his lips, and swiftly wags his head,
He cheers, he claps, he chuckles.
Can he, the languid loungeer limp and faint
Give way to mirth with the mad unrestraint
Of boys with ribs and knuckles?"

"Frankly *canaille* is that dancing chit
Slang and suggestiveness serve her for wit,
And impudence for beauty.
Yet frigid 'Form' melts at her cockney spell,
'Form,' which votes valseing with the reigning
An undelightful duty. [belle

"Bounds on the arch-buffoon, with flexile face,
With bagman smartness and batrachian grace.
Is he not sweet and winning?"



Mime of the gutter, mimic of the slum,
Muse of the haunts unspeakable, else dumb,
A satyr gross and grinning?"

"LIMPET smiled," he said. "SHAKESPEARE'S
boldest wit
Leaves LIMPET listless, but each feature lit
At that last comic chorus.
London is full of LIMPETS; clownings please
The well-groom'd mob, though ARISTOPHANES
Would miserably bore us.

"Untile the Town entirely? Nay, good
friend,
That were to affright the timid, and offend
The tender and the trustful.
Unlifted yet must lie the dusky screen
That veils the viler features of the scene,
The dread and the disgustful."

"Shadow!" I said, "Civilisation fails,
While surfeits Idleness, and Labour pales.
For all its spread and glitter,
The Titan City lacks its crowning grace
And glory, whilst its pleasure is so base,
Its bondage is so bitter."

"True!" sighed the Shadow, and a softened
smile
Seemed to illumine the coldness, void of guile,
Of those phantasmal features.
"When from the City's gloom shall flash to
light
This truth: The sleek and selfish sybarite
Is meaneast of God's creatures?"

"Shadow!" I cried. But in the darkness dim
Those lineaments did waver and dislimn
Like clouds at the sun's waking.
Alone I stood; fled was the night, the dream,
And o'er the sleeping City's sullen stream
Babylon's grey dawn was breaking.

THE END.

A DIAG-NOSE-IS OF WINE.—The Case of
Champagne set before Mr. Alderman and
Sheriff DAVIES. Of course, the worthy Alder-
man, who is a judge of wine, needed only to
raise the glass to his nose. He smelt it to see
if it was Corke'd. But in answer to the
charge of false labelling, it should have been
simply pleaded that, at the manufactory, the
labels were not simply put on, but Clapt-on.
Whether this defence would have gone to
mitigste the fine of twenty pounds, is another
matter. The Alderman's decision was given,
much as the public generally pay for Cham-
pagne,—good or bad,—that is, "through the
nose."

THE CHAMELEON "REPORT."

Entirely New Version.

("The bearings of it lie in the application,"—to a
certain Report.)

TIME to the esger seems to lag,
Howe'er his glass he shaken;
Yet struck the hour when from the bag
The Creature should be taken.

Three Judges sage had cooped it there
Three Judges wise, three Judges fair,
At him Society will ejaculate
Who hints a Judge is *not* immaculate.
The Judge's ermine none dares dim
(Unless the Judge differs from *him*).

Now men discussed, with glee or dolour,
The question of the Creature's colour.
"Black as my hat," cries one, "I know."
"Nay!" shouts another, "white as snow!"
Whether the thing revealed should prove
To ape the Raven or the Dove.
Was matter of dispute most furious;
Angry were most, and all were curious.

At last arrived the eventful day
When from the bag the thing must crawl,
And lo! the Creature's tint was *grey*,
Which disappointed all.

But though Truth brings a brief confusion
To obstinate foregone conclusion,
Prejudice, routed most *dismally*,
Will quickly to Unreason rally.

And so the one side would remark
That for a grey 'twas wondrous *dark*;
The other side did more than hint
They never saw so *light* a tint.

"Deep iron-grey!" said one, "Oh, stuff!"
Another cried at most a buff!
"In tint below, in hue above,
'Tis little deeper than a Dove!

In fact, looked at in a strong light,
'Tis scarcee distinguishable from white!"
"White!" yelled a third, with rage half
throttled,

"With jet-black streaks 'tis thickly mottled.
If not pure Raven, all must own
No Magpie hath a sootier tone!"

And so the rival parties raged and wrangled;
Judgment considered whilst the bigots
jangled,
And the great bulk of *them* 'twas sad to find,
Wore party-coloured specs., or else were
colour-blind!

GARRICK THEATRE.



The Haro Apparent in a New Pair of Spectacles.



ONLY A DROP!

Shareholder. "HALLO! I DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING MUCH OUT OF THIS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Standard. "MATTER? THERE'S A LEAKAGE SOMEWHERE!"

ALL FOR THE SAKE OF THE ARMY!

From Mr. C. Bounder to Mr. T. Tenterfive.

DEAR TOMMY,—I say, can't you give me a leg up, to get the Government to adopt my confounded pop-guns? The foreigners don't seem to see them much, and, hang it all! a true-hearted Johnnie should give his native land the first chance.

Thine ever,
 CHARLES BOUNDER.

From Mr. T. Tenterfive to Mr. C. Bounder.

DEAR CHARLEY,—I'm afraid I'm not of much use. Send in application about your pop-guns, and I will look after it as much as I can. You mustn't expect much, as the Department has a way of knocking a thing about for months—sometimes years—and then quietly shelving it. Hope to see you soon.

Thine ever,
 THOMAS TENTERFIVE.

Report of Ordnance Committee, to be forwarded to the Adjutant-General.

WE have examined the Bounder Patent Ironclad Pocket Revolving Cannonette, and consider it a weapon that might possibly be introduced into the Service with advantage, if the cost of production is not excessive.

Report of Adjutant-General, to be forwarded to Quartermaster-General.

I ENCLOSE report of Ordnance Committee of

which I approve. However, as the matter involves a financial question, your opinion thereon would be of great value.

Report of the Quartermaster-Gen., to be forwarded to Inspector-Gen. of Fortifications.

CAN offer no suggestion about the cost of production until it can be ascertained whether the Cannonette will be suitable for Home Defences. What is your opinion on this point?

Report of Inspector-General of Fortifications, to be forwarded to Secretary of State.

No doubt the Cannonette might be used in a variety of ways. But it will be observed that the Ordnance Committee raised the question of expense—a matter that scarcely concerns my Department.

Memo. of Secretary of State, to be forwarded to Financial Secretary.

PLEASE read inclosed Report, and send on. *Report of Financial Secretary, to be forwarded to the Director-General of Ordnance.*

It is premature to consider the question of expense until it has been decided that the introduction of this Cannonette will be of advantage to the Service. The Ordnance Committee use the words, "Might possibly," which are not, in themselves, a strong recommendation. It must be borne in mind that the Army Estimates must be calculated with the greatest attention to economy.

Report of Director-General of Ordnance to Commander-in-Chief.

I HAVE examined Cannonette, which appears to have been constructed on the lines of a weapon manufactured in the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH, of which there is a specimen in the Museum at Woolwich.

Endorsement of Commander-in-Chief. (Packet to be put in Pigeon-hole 404,567 B.)

POSSIBLY something in the notion—immediate attention unnecessary.

From Mr. T. Tenterfive to Mr. C. Bounder.

DEAR CHARLEY,—Have just been looking through our papers relative to your pop-gun. I am afraid you will have to wait for a decision a good long while.

Thine ever, THOMAS TENTERFIVE.

ANOTHER OF ROBERT'S XSTORNERRY ADWENCHURS.

It was ony the beginnin of larst week, as I was a seekin to begile my rayther tiresum lezzure by a wark down Cornhill—theo which is hup and which is down that rayther strait hill it is sumtimes difficult to say—that jest as I was a passing by the, to me, amost sacred establishment of Messrs. BRING AND RHYMER, the great Cooks, as amost everybody knos and reweres, I sed a henwellope a laying on the pavement, which I naterally picked up, and put in my pocket quietly, and then, crossing over to the Royal Xchange, jest hoppersit, I sets down on one of the forms kindly purwid by the generus Copperashun and the Mersers Company, six of one, and arf a dozen of the other, for the rest of the weary traveller.

Then I quietly hopened my henwellope—which, strange to say, hadn't no name on it—and inside it I found a check for twenty-five pounds! It was payable to "No. 2,437, or Bearer." I was that astonished that I amost thort I shoud have fainted, the more so as won of the Beedles was a looking at me rayther pointedly, as I thort, tho I dessay it was ony my gilty consence, which, as sumboddy says, makes cowards of ewen Hed Waiters, as well as all the rest of us. So I quietly put my henwellop with its corstly contents into my pocket, and quietly warked away bang into



DISILLUSION.

Proud Mother. "I SEE, HERBERT, 'S.P.G.' SEVERAL TIMES OCCURRING AMONG YOUR EXPENSES. I'M GLAD TO FIND YOU CAN SPARE SOMETHING OCCASIONALLY FOR THAT EXCELLENT SOCIETY."

Schoolboy. "IT'S NOT EXACTLY THAT, MUMMY DEAR. IT STANDS FOR 'SUNDRIES—PROBABLY GRUB!'"

the Bank as was printed in the check, and there I hands it to the Clark at the Counter as bold as brass. Well, he jest looks at it, and then he says, "How will you take it,—short?" So I larfs, and I says, "I shoold like it all, please." Then he larfs, and he says, "Gold or Notes?" So I says, "Sum of eneh, please, in a little bag." So he gave it me, and then, I so astonishes his week nerves by what I next said, that he turned amost pail. "I now wants you," I sed, "to send one of your young gennelmen with me to the Firm as drawed that check; for it isn't reelly mine, for I ony found it!" So he did, as it was ony a little ways off; and there, sure enuff, was too most respectful looking Gents in a counting-house a counting out their monev, like the King in the Fairy Tail.

"Well, my good man, and what do you want?" one of 'em said to me. So I told 'em, and at the close of my story entied out all the contents of my little bag to the werry uttermost harf soverrain. "And, who is this gennelman?" they said. "Oh," said I, "he is the Clark from the Bank cum for to see that I noted on the square." "Well, you needn't wait any longer," they said to him; so off he went.

So the elder one, he says to me, What is your name? "ROBERT," I naterally replied, and amost xpected he was a going to arsk me, "who gave me that name," but he didn't. So he larfed, and he said, "But

there are so many of that name about, that you must tell me somethink more." So I plucked up my curridge, and I says, boldly, "Please, Gennelmen, I am ROBERT the City Waiter!" Well, I thinks as I never seed such a change as cum over them too highly respectabel City Gents! They larfed quite out loud, and they both got up and shook hands with me, and then they larfed agsin, and then one on 'em said, what a lucky thing it was that their lost check had fallen into sich honnest hands! Ah, what a grand thing is a good karakter!—it's even better than reel Turtel and Madeary!

They then made me set down, and they larfed, and they chatted away, and arsked me lots of questions, all about my wariou experiences, and the young one arsked me if I remembered the dinner at the Manshun 'Ouse, when he asked me for sum more champagne, saying, "I 'spose it is *had lib*?" To which, he said, I replied, "Suttenly not! you can have as much as you like!" And then they both larfed again quite hartily, tho' I'm sure I couldn't see what there was to larf at.

They then arsked me jest to step out for a minnit or two, and when they called me in they told me how pleased they was with my conduck, and, if not offending me, they begged my acceptnse of a trifle, which shall be nameless, but which made that memmurable day about the most profitabest I ewer remember. ROBERT.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. VII.—RECLAIMED! (CONCLUDED.)

[Our readers will doubtless recollect the thrilling situation upon which we were forced to drop the curtain. Lady BELLEDAME, the hardened Grandmother of Little ELFIE, has, under the influence of that angel-child, just vowed to amend, when, in the person of her minion, MONKSHOOD, she is reminded of the series of atrocious crimes she had been contemplating through his instrumentality. Struck with remorse, she attempts to countermand them—only to find that her orders have already been executed with a too punctual fidelity! Now we can go on.]

Lady B. (in a hoarse whisper). You—you have left the parcels . . . all—all? Tell me—how were they received? Speak low—I



would not that yonder child should awake and hear!

Little ELFIE (behind the screen, very wide awake indeed). Dear, good old Granny—she would conceal her generosity—even from me! (Loudly.) She little thinks that I am over-hearing all!

Monks. I could have sworn I heard whispering.

Lady B. Nay, you are mistaken—'twas but the wind in the old waincot. (Aside.) He is quite capable of destroying that innocent child; but, old and attached servant forbid. (To M.)

as he is, there are liberties I still know how to forbid. (To M.) Your story—quick!

Monks. First, I delivered the cigars to Sir VEVEY LONG, whom I found under his verandah. He seemed surprised and gratified by the gift, selected a weed, and was proceeding to light it, whilst he showed a desire to converse familiarly with me. 'Astily excusing myself, I drove away, when—

Lady B. When what? Do not torture a wretched old woman!

Monks. When I heard a loud report behind me, and, in the portion of a brace, two waistcoat-buttons, and half a slipper, which hurtled past my ears, I recognised all that was mortal of the late Sir VEVEY. You mixed them cigars uncommon strong, m'Lady.

Elfie (aside). Can it be? But no, no. I will not believe it. I am sure that dear Granny meant no harm!

Lady B. (with a grim pride she cannot wholly repress). I have devoted some study to the subject of explosives. 'Tis another triumph to the Anti-tobaccoists. And what of Lady VIOLET POWDRA—did she apply the salve?

Monks. Judging from the 'cartrending 'owls which proceeded from Carmine Cottage, the salve was producing the desired result. Her Ladyship, 'owever, terminated her sufferings somewhat prematurely by jumping out of a top winder just as I was taking my departure—

Lady B. She should have died hereafter—but no matter . . . and the Upas-tree?

Monks. Was presented to the PEROAMENTS, who unpacked it, and loaded its branch with toys and tapers; after which Mr. PEROAMENTS, Mrs. P., and all the little PERGAMENTS joined 'ands, and danced round it in light'arted glee. (In a sombre tone.) They little know as how it was their dance of death!

Lady B. That knowledge will come! And the beer, MONKSHOOD—you saw it broached?

Monks. Upon the village green; the mortality is still spreading, it being found impossible to undo the knots in which the victims had tied themselves. The sweetmeats were likewise distributed, and the floor of the infant-school now resembles one vast fly-paper.

Lady B. (with a touch of remorse). The children, too! Was not my little ELFIE once an infant? Ah me, ah me!

Elfie (aside). Once—but that was long, long ago. And, oh, how disappointed I am in poor dear Grandmamma!

Lady B. MONKSHOOD, you should not have done these things—

you should have saved me from myself. You must have known how greatly all this would increase my unpopularity in the neighbourhood.

Monks. (sulkily). And this is my reward for obeying orders! Take care, my Lady. It suits you now to throw me aside like a—(casting about for an original simile)—like a old glove, because this innocent grandchild of yours has touched your flinty 'art. But where will you be when she learns—?

Lady B. (in agony). Ah, no, MONKSHOOD, good, faithful MONKSHOOD, she must never know that! Think, MONKSHOOD, you would not tell her that the Grandmother to whom she looks up with such touching, childlike love, was a—homicide—you would not do that?

Monks. Some would say even 'omicide was not too black a name for all you've done. (Lady BELLEDAME shudders.) I might tell Miss ELFIE how you've blowed up a live Baronet, corrosive sublimated a gentle Lady, honly for 'aving, in a moment of candour, called you a hold cat, and distributed pison in a variety of forms about this smiling village; and, if that don't inspire her with distrust, I don't know the nature of children, that 'a all! I might tell her, I say, and, if I'm to keep my mouth shut, I shall expect it to be considered in my wages.

Lady B. I knew you had a good heart! I will pay you anything—anything, provided you shield my guilt from her . . . wait, you shall have gold, gold, MONKSHOOD, gold!

[Chord. Little ELFIE suddenly comes from behind screen: limelight on her. The other two shrink back.]

Elfie. Do not give that bad old man money, Grandmother,—for it will only be wasted.

Lady B. Speak, child—how much do you know?

Elfie. All! [Chord. Lady B. collapses on chair.]

Lady B. (with an effort). And now, ELFIE, that you know, you scorn and hate your poor old Grandmother—is it not so?

Elfie. It is wrong to hate one's Grandmother, whatever she does. At first, when I heard, I was very, very sorry. I did think it was most unkind of you. But now, oh, I can't believe that you had not some good, wise motive, in acting as you did!

Lady B. (in conscience-stricken aside). Even this cannot shatter her artless faith . . . Oh, wretch, wretch! [Covers her face.]

Monks. Motive—I believe you there, Missie. Why, she went and insured all their lives aforehand, she did.

Lady B. MONKSHOOD, in pity hold your peace!

Elfie (her face beaming). I knew it—I was sure of it! Oh, Granny, my dear, kind old Granny, you insured their lives first, so that no real harm could possibly happen to them—oh, I am so happy!

Lady B. (aside). What shall I say? Merciful Powers, what shall I say to her? [Disturbed sounds without.]

Monks. I don't know what you'd better say, but I can tell you what your Ladyship had better do—and that is, take your 'ook while you can. Even now the outraged populace approaches, to wreak a hawful vengeance upon your guilty 'ed!

[Melodramatic music.]

Lady B. (distractedly). A mob! I cannot face them—they will tear me limb from limb. At my age I could not survive such an indignity as that! Hide me, MONKSHOOD—help me to escape!

Monks. There is a secret underground passage, known only to myself, communicating with the nearest railway station. I will point it out, and personally conduct your Ladyship—for a consideration—one thousand pounds down. [The noise increases.]

Elfie. No, Granny, don't trust him! Be calm and brave. Await the mob here. Leave it all to me. I will explain everything to them—how you meant no ill,—how, at the very time they thought you were meditating an injury, you were actually spending money in insuring all their lives. When I tell them that—

Monks. Ah, you tell 'em that, and see. It's too late now—they are here.

[Shouts without. Lady B. crouches on floor. Little ELFIE goes to the window, throws open the shutters, and stands on balcony in her fluttering white robe, and the limelight.]

Elfie. Yes, they are here. Why, they are carrying torches!—(Lady B. groans)—and banners, too! I think they have a band . . .

Who is that tall, stout gentleman, in the white hat, on horse-back, and the lady in a pony-trap, with, oh, such a beautiful complexion! There is an inscription on one of the flags—I can read it quite plainly. "Thanks to the generous Donor!" (That must be you, Grandmother!) And there are children who dance, and scatter flowers. They are asking for a speech. (Speaking off.) "If you please, Ladies and Gentlemen, my Grandmamma is not at all well, but she wishes me to say she wishes you a Merry Christmas, and is very glad you all like your presents so much. Good-bye, good-bye!" (Returning down Stage.) Now they have gone away, Granny . . . They did look so grateful!

Lady B. (bewildered). What is this? Sir VEVEY, Lady VIOLET,—alive, well? This deputation of gratitude? Am I mad, dreaming—or what does it all mean?

Monks. (doggedly). It means that the eight of this 'ere angel-

child recalled me to a sense of what I might be exposin' myself to by carrying out your Ladyship's commands; and so I took the liberty of substitootin gifts more calculated to inspire gratitude in their recipients—that's what it means.

Lady B. Wretch!—then you have disobeyed me? You leave this day month!

Elfie (pleading). Nay, Grandmother, bear with him, for has not his disobedience spared you from acts that you might some day have regretted? . . . There, Mr. Butler, Granny forgives you—see, she holds out her hand, and here's mine; and now—

Lady B. (smiling tenderly). Now you shall sing us "*Woa, Lucinda!*"

[*Little ELFIE fetches her banjo, and sings, "Woa, Lucinda!" her Grandmother and the aged Steeward joining in the dance and chorus, and embracing the child, to form picture as Curtain falls.*

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

No. II.—THE CORINTHIAN LADY.

THE Corinthian Lady is the latest resultant of the two forces of ennui and dissipation acting on a Society that is willing to spend money and desires to kill time.



She has played many parts, some (of infinitesimal proportions), on the burlesque stage, others in the semi-private life of her own residence in the South-west district of London. Her versatility has gained for her many admirers and a precarious income, but so long as she possesses the former she scorns to live upon the latter. Being unquestionably a real lady, she has been elected an honorary member of a night club to which undoubted gentlemen resort. There she occasionally consents to dance; more often she sups to an accompaniment

of Viennese music, loud and mirthless laughter, jests which are as fatuous as they are suggestive, and wine which, unlike the humour of the plated youths, her companions, is always sparkling and sometimes dry.

Her real name is a mystery, which, however, she did not find attractive. Having, therefore, abandoned it, she generally substitutes for it the patronymic of a Norman peer, but, lest this should be thought too strong, she dilutes it by the addition of a pet name drawn from the nursery. By this title her fame is celebrated amongst many foolish young men who sing themselves at the flame of her friendship, and many others who, wishing to be thought wise, pretend to know her. Like all doves, she plumes herself on her good looks. Unlike them, she is proud of her bad habits; but she is a stern censor, and shows scant mercy to those colleagues who, surpassing her in the former, lack means or chances to attain to the splendour of the latter. Should one of these happen to be admitted to a club she frequents, or to a supper-party she honours with her presence, she has been known to wrap herself in her seal-skins, and to depart indignantly in her private brougham.

She possesses the secret of nocturnal youth, and her eyes are warranted to kill across a supper-table, yet she is no longer young, and sometimes betrays herself by her anecdotes of familiar associations with "boys" who have long since passed into respectability and middle-age. Though she adores diamonds, she frequently sells them, and includes in the transaction those who have purchased them for her; yet she retains and wears as many jewels as would furnish forth a Duchess in a *Bow Bells* novel. But her elbow gloves, which rarely come within a measurable distance of godliness, inevitably proclaim the Corinthian.

She is constant only in her love of excitement, and in her devotion to change, whether it be of the persons of her adorers, or of the colour of her hair. Having early in life learnt the lesson that only those who possess are happy, she endeavours to assure herself against misery by transferring to herself the wealth of those who fall under her influence, or aspire to her affections. She apes what she conceives to be the manners of good society by a languid affectation of refinement and a supercilious drawl, yet she has been known to clothe herself in objurgations as in a tea-gown, and to repel with

scurrility the advances of those who are not moneyed. She earns a certain popularity by the display of a kind of rough good-nature, and the possession of a pet poodle. She has been seen on a coach at Ascot, and in a launch at Henley Regatta, together with a select company of those who cultivate excitement by not looking at the exertions of horses or athletes, whilst they themselves drink Champagne. Nor is she unknown in the boxes of the Gaiety or the Avenue, whither she repairs after dining at the Café Royal. She goes, but not alone, to Monte Carlo, and returns, under a different escort, to London, after losing a great deal of the money of other people.

She was once married to a racing man of shady reputation and great wealth, but having soon wearied of the mock-respectability of a quasi-matrimonial existence, she makes the acquaintance of Mr. Justice BUTT at a moment when he is engaged neither upon the probate of wills nor on the collisions of ships. Yet her dislike of one husband who happened for a time to be her own has not in the least impaired her affections for the husbands, actual or to be, of others. No lady can be considered truly Corinthian unless she has figured as the defendant in an action for goods supplied by a milk-liner. It is thus that the Public learns the Corinthian value of silks, and satins, and laces, and decorative butterflies.

Finally, however, in spite of her gallant and protracted struggles, the years overtake her. She begins to be talked of with a pitying contempt as "*OLD SO-AND-SO*"; art ceases to outwit Nature, and she herself can no longer deceive men. For some time she clings to the fringe of the society she once adorned; but sinking gradually from the Corinthian to the Continental, from the Continental to the Cavour, from the Cavour to a supper-less Music-hall existence, and hence, after many misfortunes, to the cold comfort of the pavement, she ends her days decrepit, obscure, and unfriended, in the back bed-room of a Soho lodging.

GHOSTLESS BOSTON.

[It is said that the Psychical Society could find no authentic stories of ghosts in Boston, U.S.A.]

NOT a ghost in bumptious Boston! Do the souls of men whose books, So they tell us, outshine DICKENS, rise superior to "spooks"? Do the phantoms, having read them, fly in terror and in pain At the cult of vivisection of *La belle Américaine*? HOWELLS puffs up DUDLEY WARNER, who declares his HOWELLS fine. Do the spectres hate "log-rolling," and to haunt the place decline?

Are there no ghosts in New England? Really, this is something new. Where did famous *Rip van Winkle* see old HUDSON's phantom crew? Are the Katskills now unhaunted, where those silent elders bowled, And *Rip* brought the keg of liquor, and the awful thunder rolled? Or do those immortal spectres very wisely count as nought All the tricks of spirit-rappers and sham readers of our thought?

Did the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, as we must perforce surmise, Leave ancestral ghosts behind them when they sailed 'neath alien skies?

There is something in the notion, for it was a risky trip, And a spectre is a nuisance when he gibbers on board ship. So, no doubt, those sturdy people, when they crossed Atlantic foam, From an economic motive, left their phantoms all at home.

Or it may be disembodied spirits, when abroad they walk, Cannot stand the stucco culture and the egotistic talk; WARNER may have "lovely manners," HOWELLS swears he has, but then

Ghosts have seen as good in days of stately dames and high-born men; While a curious nasal accent, just a *soupcçon* of a twang, May cause spectres of refinement an involuntary pang.

So it seems the phantoms shun it, be the reason what it may, Not a single ghost of Boston owns to living there to-day. Possibly, if we but knew it, an American's too spry, And he takes his spirit with him when he condescends to die; Any way the "spooks" have vanished, and the spectres of old time Only live in cheap romances and the poet's idle rhyme.

Fortunate and Economical.

DRURIGLANUS OPERATICUS didn't go over to Brussels the other day for nothing. What he had in his pocket at starting we are not aware, but it is certain that, while abroad, he collared a tenner, which is to last him through the ensuing season at Covent Garden. The new tenor's name is "Yneo." Beautiful name! "Why boo?" Ask *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, who tells us that "boo'ing" (not "for BALFOUR") is the only way to get on in life. The tenor, if successful, will be able to reply to "Y-boo" with the satisfactory answer—"Because I'm called before the Curtain."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Jones (nervously conscious that he is interrupting a pleasant tête-à-tête). "A—I'M SORRY TO SAY I'VE BEEN TOLD TO TAKE YOU IN TO SUPPER, MISS BELSIZE!"

GRANDOLPH'S LATEST.

YES; "one man in his time plays many parts,"
But GRANDOLPH posing on a Temperance
platform?

Young Tories who so praised their hero's arts
Hardly expected him to show in *that* form.
He was their Coming Champion; he'd revive
The memories of the mighty days of BEAKY.
Him they could trust to keep the game alive;
Was he not vigorous, various, cool, and
cheeky?

GLADSTONE he'd beard, Corruption he would
throttle.
And here he stands behind the Water-Bottle!

As the political Puck he was rare fun,
As young Bellerophon he was a wonder;
He'd see that England had the biggest gun,
He'd end the era of expensive blunder.
E'en as *Jack Sheppard* collaring GLADSTONE'S
"swag,"

The Tory-Democratic hosts admired him;
And when he seemed to stumble or to lag,
They swore he'd be "all there"—when
they required him.

But *did* they picture him upon the stump
As the Grand Young Apostle of the Pump?

He, whose amazing advent was all fire,
Stoop to the leaden level of cold water?
A spectacle indeed to tame and tire
The zeal of his most confident supporter.
What will DUNRAVEN say? Quidnunca will
quiz, [chuckle,
And Balfour-worshippers will smirk and
And ask if he considers it "good biz"
To the Teetotal interest to truckle.

They may be right—or wrong, these babblers
busy.

They were not *always* right about BEN DIZZY.

Meanwhile he poses there as advocate
Of this last panacea of his adoption.
He holds the only way to save the State
Is Temperance, enforced by Local Option.
Spirited Foreign Policy? Anon!
Fiscal Economy? Quite secondary!
All is no use till the Drink-Demon's gone!

BUNO, who so loved him, feels his colour
vary;
And, while he perorates to all men's wonder,
Smug WILFRID smiles and whispers, "That's
my thunder!"

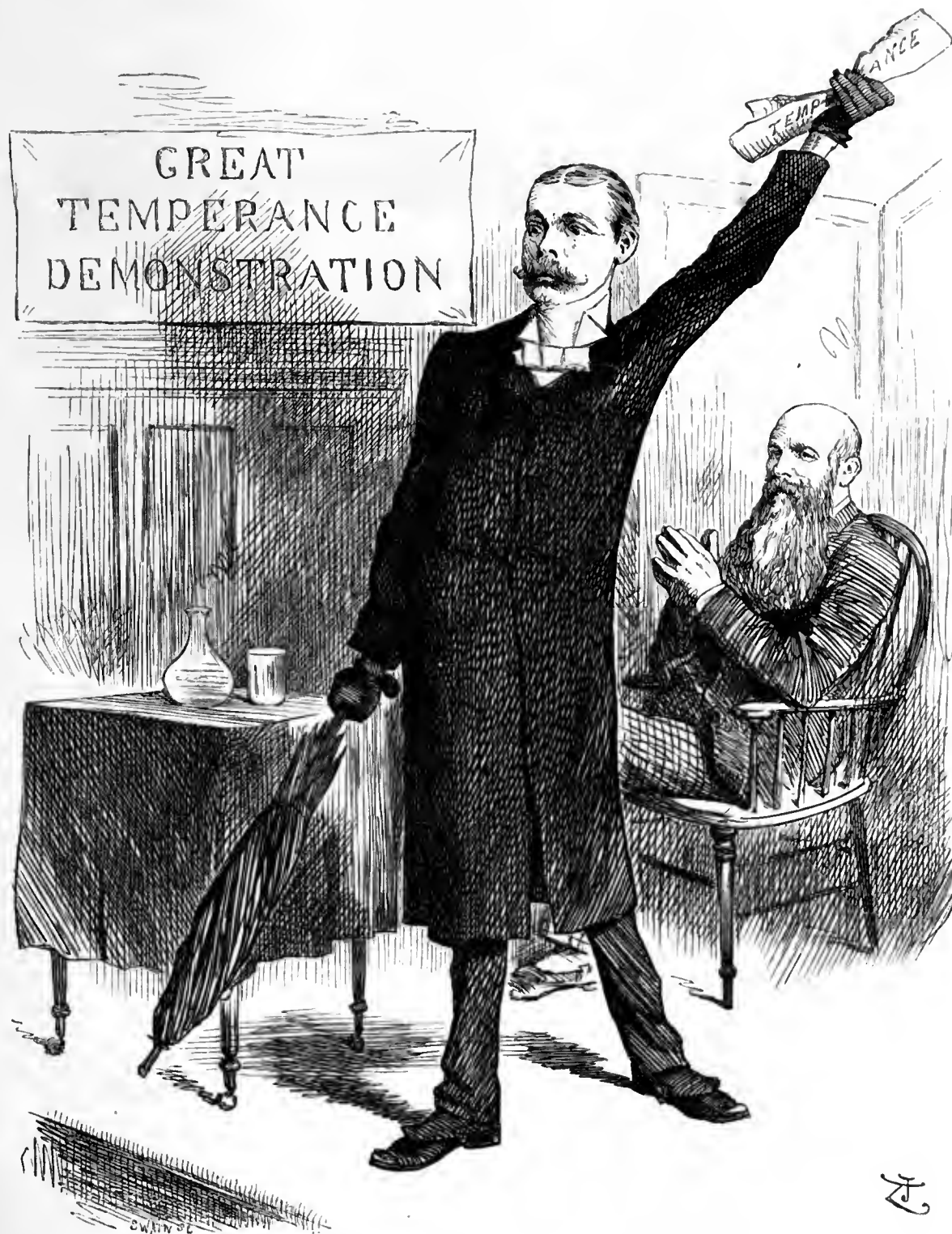
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My faithful "Co." has been reading
Marooned, by Mr. CLARK RUSSELL, an
author who delights in stories of nautical
adventure. My worthy follower declares
that the novel, although rather spun out, is
full of interest. He was especially pleased
with Mr. CLARK RUSSELL'S anxiety to make
his meaning clear when talking of things
maritime. He particularly instances a pas-
sage in Vol. II., page 17. Here it is: "It
is proper I should state here, for the infor-
mation for those to whom sea-terms are unin-
telligible, that a studding-sail-boom is a long
smooth spar that reeves through irona, fixed
upon the yard to which it belongs." How
land-lubbers would be able to understand the
marine technicalities Mr. RUSSELL introduces
into his stories without explanations such as
this, it would be difficult to say: But with

such assistance, a studding-sail-boom becomes
as easy of identification as a marling-spike
lashed to a fore-castle spinnaker-boom, close
hauled apart under trysails, blowing out like
flags from the grips of clew-lines and leech-
lines towards the clove of a second dog-watch!
Shiver LINDLEY MURRAY'S timbers! but what
can be finer than a bulkhead batted down
with the scandalised main-sail of a top-
gallant clipper-rigged halliard! Ah, what
indeed!

"Co." has also been improving his mind
by reading a new edition of Mr. JOSEPH
FOSTER'S *Noble and Gentle Families of Royal
Descent*, in which he has found, amongst
other interesting matter, the recently much
discussed pedigree of the Duke of FIFE. Like
all Mr. FOSTER'S books of reference, the two
handsome volumes are invaluable to the
genealogist, and no library can be accurately
said to be *quite* complete without them.
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

DAUBIGNY IN BOND STREET.—Through the
organisation of Messrs. BOUSSOD, VALADON &
Co., and the kindness of Mr. JAMES STAATS
FORBES, Mr. W. CUTHBERT QUILTER, Mr. ALEX-
ANDER YOUNG, and other courteous collectors,
we are enabled to enjoy, at the Goupil Gallery,
as many as forty-three works by this distin-
guished *paysagiste* of the Barbizon School.
Nothing of the "daub" to be seen here except-
ing in the first half of the name. Charming
collection. Nice boys they were of the Bar-
bizon School, all in the best form. *Mr. Punch*
recommends everybody not to neglect to pay
an immediate visit to this superb exhibition.



GRANDOLPH'S LATEST.



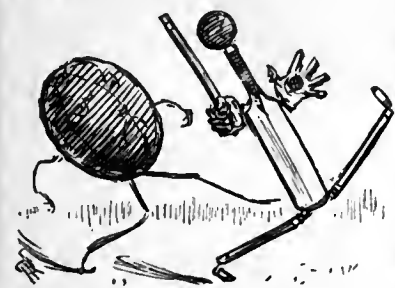
DR. J. H. HARRIS

LE KICK-BALLE FIGHT.

"No definite date has yet been fixed for the football match which is to take place here between an English and a French eleven, the latter consisting of pupils from the Lycée Janson de Sailly, but the preliminary negotiations are still proceeding."—*Letter of Paris Correspondent.*

MON CHER MONSIEUR,

It is with the feelings of a *'Igh Life-Sporting-Gentlemen* most ecstatic and profound, that I find myself preparing "*Le Onze*" of the great spirited youths of our Lycée, who have, brave-souled heroes, volunteered to meet on the *véritable champ de bataille* of



the kicke - legges - match your Public - school - team, who have thrown in their faces the challenge glove of combat. I say, I am preparing, but this means, of course, with such modifications of your *Jeu-de-Rugby* rules, which, indeed, turn the struggle into an *vrai carnage*, degrading alike to humanity and civilisation, as will permit the enlightened children of our great, refined and Republican

France, to meet their antagonists not with the savage antics of Blood-thirsty Cannibals, which seem to characterise what you term "*le scrimmage*," as practised by your contending "*ome-teams*" at *le Hovals* and other arenas, where meet and rend each other with the fury unrestrained, terrible and indescribable of the wild beasts and gladiators of the barbaric Roman Circus, of ancient times, but with the humanised activity of that expurgated and refined form of the contest which has enabled the courageous but reasoning youth of this great reforming and Republic France of ours, to throw open wide her arms and welcome to her heart elastic and generous *Le Kick-Balle Fight*, as henceforth her own chosen and peculiar national game.

You can understand, *Mon cher Monsieur*, that I cannot, in the short space at my disposal in this limited letter, do more than merely outline the suggestion of the New Rules, but when I assure you that they have been cautiously thought out, drawn up and revised by a carefully selected Committee, comprising, among other noted experts, a Major-General of Engineers, two Analytical Chemists, a Balloon Proprietor, an Archbishop, a Wild-beast Tamer, a Ballet Master, a Professor of Anatomy, a Patent Artificial Limb Maker, and a Champion Fighter of *Le Boxe Americain*, you will see that the features of the game, gay, murderous, active, and terrible, have all been considered with a due regard to their preservation where this has been found compatible with the sacredness of human life and the protection of *le shin* from too much furious and brutal bruising. But here I subjoin a few of the simpler "New Provisions" as adopted by the Committee.

1. "*Le Balle*."—He will be constructed of Gold-beater's Skin, and covered with Pink or Blue Satin, with perhaps a few White Silk Bows, sewn on to him for the purpose of elegant adornment. It is this making of "*Le Balle*," a light, gay, and altogether ethereal creation which will strike the key-note of the new game of *Le Kick-Balle Fight* as a recognised pastime for the courageous youth of modern France.

2. *Le Onze*, will all wear one uniform, which will consist of white satin slippers, pantalons of cashmere, with feather pillows worn as a protection strapped over the knees, a bolster being wound round the body to safeguard the chest, ribs, and spinal column. A broad gay, coloured satin sash with a cocked hat and ostrich feathers completes the costume. The last to indicate, owing to the risks and dangers in which the combatants may be involved, its association with *le vrai champs de bataille*, to which, but for the "new provisions" it would bear such a terrible and striking resemblance.

3. "*Le 'Arf-back*."—This dangerous officer is abolished altogether, the Committee being of opinion, unanimous and decisive, that the position is only provocative of strife.

4. "*Le Forward*."—He is for the same reason equally abolished, and in the French game exists no more.

5. "*Le Goal-keepers*."—He may keep "*Le Goal*" if he can do so without danger of being struck in the face with "*Le Balle*."

6. "*Le Balle*" must, on no account, be touched with the foot, but merely slapped playfully, enough for the purposes of propulsion, with the palm of the open hand.

7. "*Le Scrimmage*." This barbarous and savage entanglement is absolutely *défendu*. No two opposing combatants must ever, under any circumstances, permit themselves to touch each other. The great skill of the new game will be, by subtle and appropriate gesticulation, to dance out of each other's way. On any two opposing combatants, by any chance, touching each other, "*Le Capitaine*" of either side will appeal to the Umpire, and, after the manner of "*Le jeu de Cricket*," will propose for him the simple question, "Mister

Umpire, 'ow is that?" Upon which, that official saying "Out!" the two offenders will be struck from the game, and enjoy no share of "*Le gate-money*," if that is the prize for which the two teams are honourably contending.

The above, *Mon cher Monsieur*, are the principal Rules, as arranged by the Committee, and you will see that they have been drawn up with a view to eliminating the bloodthirsty *boule-dogue* ferocity from a pastime which, under the title of *Le Kick-Balle Fight*, bids fair to become the characteristic sport, gay, active, and courage-inspiring, of our modern French youth awakened with *elan* and ardour to the athletic spirit of the age which has overtaken them.

Receive, *Mon cher Monsieur*, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

LE HEADS-MASTER OF THE LYCÉE JANSON DE SAILLY.

THE FARTHING NOVEL SERIES.

NOW that the entire works of the late WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE can be purchased (allowing for discount) for fourpence-halfpenny, it seems strange that no publisher has issued the more celebrated of our romances at the rate per volume of the smallest coin of the realm. That it can be done will be obvious to the meaneast comprehension. All that is required is brevity and intelligibility. It is only necessary to give an outline of the story—the sketchier the better. If a little "local colouring" can be thrown in, no harm will be done. But that local colouring must be distinctly modern. Again, if sentiments calculated to be popular with the class by whom the series is likely to be purchased are introduced, a distinct gain will be the consequence. But as an example is better than pages of description, a sample is subjoined:—

IVANHOE;

Or, The Disguised Knight, the Distressed Jewess, and the Templar who did not Behave like a Gentleman.

CHAPTER I.

"You are very welcome," said CEDRIC the Saxon, for the fifth time, as SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GILBERT took down the Fair ROWENA to supper. "As for you, WILFRID the Pilgrim, sit below the salt, and, Sir Seneschal, keep your eyes upon the horn spoons."

"And this is the curse of the land," murmured the heir, as he helped himself to plum-pasty, the forerunner of plum-pudding. "It is this haughtiness that causes our yeomen to strike, and makes ROBIN HOOD, FRIAR TUCK, and the rest of his merry men possible!"

CHAPTER II.

THE next day joined in the tournament. It was a grand sight. The horses pranced, the plumes flowed in the wind. The refreshments were executed by contract, at so much a head, by a body of adventurers, who had combined together to keep down prices.

"Nay, beshrew thee, man!" exclaimed JOHN, the Smith, to THOMAS the Jones—a contraction of joiner. "It is these combinations—co-operations, as SIR EVANS, the Clerk at the church over yonder hath it—that ruin trade." Before THOMAS the Jones or joiner could reply, there was a crash, and it was known that SIR BRIAN had been overcome by a Knight who had no crest.

"He does not deserve to win," said a Herald to a Paravant—"defrauding us of our fees! No coat-of-arms; no pedigree! It is simply disgraceful."

"Ay, and so it is," replied the under-officers of the College of Arms. "But see yonder is ISAAC of YORK the Jew. Join me in a bond, and we will avail ourselves of his usury." And within twenty-four hours the two gentles had borrowed one-and-sevenpence-halfpenny!

CHAPTER III.

IN the meanwhile SIR BRIAN had carried off REBECCA, been slain, and disposed of.

CHAPTER IV.

THEN there was a magnificent wedding, as WILFRID of Ivanhoe, no longer the disowned, but the heir to estates belonging to a highly respectable county family led his bride to the altar.

"Methinks she takes the cake," whispered WAMBA the Jester.

"Not until after the breakfast," replied RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, throwing off his disguise as the Nameless Knight, and appearing in the full costume of a monarch.

"Long live the King!" shouted the populace.

"You are right to utter that wish," returned His Majesty, "so long as I reign without attempting to govern. Believe me, it is better to have universal suffrage than a despot who may be at once cruel and incompetent."

"In fact, an idiot," put in a reporter, who was doing the ceremony for a local record.

"Quite so," acquiesced the Monarch; and then, turning to the newly-married pair, he observed, "Bless you, my children! Mark me, I order you to live in happiness for ever afterwards."

And IVANHOE and his bride obeyed the royal command.



Mr. Punch's suggestion for the betterment of Parliament Conversation Cages - in the Members lobby, which can be mechanically raised and lowered. M.P.'s can then chat with their friends without fear of being overheard by the numerous frequenters of the lobby.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.
 EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 17.—“Better be in your place early,” said CHAPLIN, passing me as he marched with long strides across resounding corridor.

“Yes, I know. OLD MORALITY’s going to say what Government will do about PARNELL Commission’s Report; everybody anxious to know.”

“It’s not that, dear boy, not that,” said our new Minister, in compassionate tone. “I have two questions to answer. First time, don’t you know; everybody dying to see how it goes off; warrant you they shan’t be disappointed.”

COBB the Curious came on with first interrogatory. All about fox-hunting and fox-hunters. Pretty to see COBB, having submitted his question under ten sub-heads, place hands on knees and fix Minister with steady stare. CHAPLIN advanced to table with graceful carriage and confident bearing; produced with imposing flourish a sheaf of notes, foolscap size, stontly sewn, apparently exceeding a dozen in number; began to read with practised elocutionary art; drew the telling the men of Manchester that WILLIAM O’BRIEN must be taken

House began to murmur; CHAPLIN, accepting invo-

Hurry Furniss

covert, “so to speak,” as T. W. RUSSELL protests he said when by the throat. No draw; went to next covert—I mean turned over another folio. House began to murmur; CHAPLIN, accepting invo-



“THE MISS!”

Gillie. “EH, MON! BUT IT’S FORTUNATE THERE’S BEEF IN ABERDEEN!”

luntary applause, read on with increased impressiveness and complacency; murmurs grew into shout. At view-halloa! fox started; fifth folio now reached; only seven more to read. CHAPLIN began to wish GOSCHEN or OLD MORALITY would go and fetch him glass of water. Cries from crowd grew louder. At last CHAPLIN, looking up, beheld, through astonished glasses, Opposition indulging in roar of contumely. Wouldn't have taken him more than quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to finish his few remarks, and yet a lot of miserable Members who didn't know a fox from a hare wouldn't let him go on! Struggled gallantly for some minutes; at last sat down; whole pages of his answer unrecited.

Speeches all night in continued Debate on the Address. PARNELL has moved Amendment arraigning BALFOUR's administration in Ireland. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, chancing to be out of prison, looks in and delivers fiery harangue in support of Amendment. But yesterday, BALFOUR, his gaoler; ordered his food; not too much of it and not full variety; fixed his hours of going to bed and getting up. Now prison-doors opened by lapse of time; O'BRIEN walks out through Westminster Hall into House of Commons; stands before SPEAKER on equal terms with his whilom gaoler, and scolds him magnificently. By-and-by BALFOUR will probably have his turn again, and O'BRIEN will be eating and drinking the bread and water of affliction. Meanwhile, storms at top of his voice, beats the air with long lean arm and clenched hand, and makes dumb degs of English Members sad with musing on the inequalities of fortune, which has given these Irishmen the great gift of pointedly saying what they have at heart.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Tuesday.—“Well,” said, THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, sinking slowly into corner seat, grateful to find that PETER O'BRIEN was his neighbour, for PETER finds it possible to pack himself into a limited space and THOMAS BAYLEY's proportions are roomy—“well it is nice to see how these old colleagues love one another. Come next April, I have sat in House man and boy for twenty-five years. Have found that on some pretext, on one occasion or another, they are always at it, scratching each other's face, pulling one another's hair, or stabbing each other in the back. Why don't they all join the Cobden Club, sink minor differences, and be friends ever after?”

As THOMAS BAYLEY thus mused, he gazed across Gangway on to Front Opposition Bench. An interesting incident developing. HENRY JAMES on his legs (generally on one) opposing PARNELL's Amendment to Address. He stands between the outstretched legs of his two dear and right hon. friends, GLADSTONE and JOHN MORLEY. Just beyond JOHN MORLEY, TREVELYAN sits. At the other side of GLADSTONE, HARCOURT towers, toying with the gracious folds of his massive chin, looking straight before him with sphynx-like gaze. According to etiquette and usage, JAMES should be addressing the Chair; but his back is turned to SPEAKER. He faces half round to Front Opposition Bench, and, with left foot clasped round right ankle, elbow of right arm leaning on box, and clenched left hand swinging to and fro in perilous proximity to a grand old proboscis, he literally drives home his argument. House may listen, if it pleases, like crowd closing in on street squabble; HENRY JAMES is having it out with his old friends and Leader;



The Inquiring Cobb.



The Cobden Club.

professing fullest respect, and even reverence for his right hon. friend the Member for Midlothian, but at same time showing how utterly, hopelessly wrong he and his have gone since his former Solicitor-General parted company.

HARCOURT, a little out of it, sits and ponders, possibly thinking of the days when he was plain Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, and, seated below the Gangway, used, in company with his young friend, Mr. HENRY JAMES, bait GLADSTONE, then on Treasury Bench, hastening to the catastrophe of 1874.

"Makes me feel quite old," said THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, dexterously appropriating another half-inch of the space that rightfully belonged to PETER O'BRIEN. "Seems but yesterday that HARCOURT and JAMES were in the running, one for Attorney-General, the other Solicitor-General. But getting it, having got it, or having abandoned it, seems all to lead to the same end—the worrying of the Grand Old Man."

Business done.—PARNELL'S Amendment to Address negatived by 307 Votes against 240.

Wednesday.—LYCIDAS is dead—dead in his prime! It was this very morning, in the earliest moments of its birth, that I watched JOSEPH GILLIS walking up the floor shoulder to shoulder with old friend DICK POWER, "telling" in division on PARNELL'S Amendment to Address. Beaten, of course, but majority diminished, and JOEY beamed as he walked across Lobby towards Cloak-Room. Rather a sickly beam, compared with wild lights that used to flash from his eyes in the old times, when majority against Home Rule was a great deal more than 67.

"Yes, I am a little tired, TOBY, dear boy," he said. "These dull sittings and early adjournments don't suit me. I was better and stronger in the old times, when we used to sit up all night and fight all day. Remember thirteen years ago, when I slept for an hour on two chairs in the Library? Returned to House at five in morning; found them all looking jaded and worn; cheered them up by saying I'd come back like a giant refreshed. Well, I'll go home now, have a good sleep, be all right in the morning."

And when we are gathered in House for Wednesday's sitting we learn that all is right indeed, and that poor old JOEY B. lies quiet, with face upturned, in his alien lodgings off Clapham Common.

He would be surprised if he knew with what warm and sincere feeling his sudden taking-off is mourned. At the time he spoke of, thirteen years back, he was certainly the most abhorred person on the premises, and gleefully chuckled over consciousness of the fact. But the House, with nearer knowledge, learned to recognise his sterling qualities, and now, when Death rounds off with tragic touch the comicalities of his public life, everyone has a kindly word to say for JOSEPH GILLIS.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Thursday.—"Curious," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, "how habits ingrained in early life, born in the blood as it were, come out at chance times. Here's OLD MORALITY been for a generation practically divorced from business affairs in the Strand, and yet look at him now, and listen to him!"

Strange transmogrification truly. Arose on question put by HUNTER as to when the ten volumes of evidence, upon which Report of Special Committee founded, would be on the bookstalls. OLD MORALITY at the table in a moment, his manner brisk yet deferential, his hands involuntarily wandering over the books and papers scattered about, as if he were looking for special edition someone on other side of counter had asked for.

"The Evidence," he said, "given before the Special Commission occupies eleven volumes, consisting of the Evidence and Appendix, and they will probably be followed by a twelfth volume containing Index matter. We trust that the first eleven volumes will be ready for delivery to customers before the 1st of March."

PETER O'BRIEN, not yet expanded since compressed by contiguity of THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, asked whether complete copies of the evidence would be supplied to other persons incriminated, but not being Members of the House? OLD MORALITY at the counter again; the old Adam in him stronger than ever. Here was a pretty proposal!



District Councils.

Bound to supply this interesting work gratuitously to Members of Parliament; to go beyond that most unbusinesslike.

"No, Sir," he said, firmly; "it is open to other persons to obtain the volumes by purchase."

House roared with laughter, turned delighted from this little comedy to face the gloomy prospect of STANSFELD on District Councils.

Business done.—Still harping on Address.

Friday Night.—"Strange," said J. A. PICTON, slowly rubbing his brawny hands, "how in our ashes live our wanted fires."

Dwelt amongst dead ashes all week; dreary dulness. To-night, in very last hour of week, Debate suddenly flashes forth in brilliant flame, worthy of old traditions. CHAMBERLAIN, with his back to the wall, faced and flanked by jeering, scornful, angry Liberals. Explains why he's going to vote with Government against demand for Free Education. A tough, dialectical job, requiring skill, temper, courage. CHAMBERLAIN displays each quality. Cool, collected, master of the situation, deftly warding off thundering blows, and now and then changing, with swift action, from defensive to offensive. A pretty sight, worth waiting a week for.

Business done.—ACLAND'S Motion for Free Education rejected by 223 Votes against 163.



THE KENT COAL HOLE.

Finding Coal in the Channel Tunnel Works. Rush of delighted S.E.R. Shareholders to Shakspeare's Cliff.

SONG FOR MR. STANSFELD, M.P.

(Adapted from Mr. J. L. Toole's "Speaker's Eye.")

Refrain.

In Eyer-land I used to try,
But I never could catch a P'leeceman's eye.
I never could catch—

[Whistles.]

Chorus of Members, led by the Speaker.

He never could catch—

Mr. Stansfeld and Chorus ensemble.

I } never could catch the P'leeceman's eye.
He }

Copies should be on sale in the House, with an illustration by Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

FORTHCOMING Book, a "Standard" Work (in the Press). New Edition of *Allsopp's Fables*. N.B.—This volume will contain two extra Fables, illustrating the proverb of "Allsoppa to Cerberus," and "There's many a slip between the mug and the Hind-lip." Many novel pints will be introduced.

"FESTINALENTE."—Get through Lent festively.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

APPEAL OF MR. HENRY IRVING. RESULT.

(A not impossible Extract from Next Year's Morning Papers.)

YESTERDAY, before the Theatres Committee of the London County Council, the appeal of Mr. HENRY IRVING (the well-known actor and manager) against the decision of the Sub-Committee to refuse a licence to the Lyceum Theatre, came on for hearing.

After Mr. HENRY IRVING (who appeared in person) had addressed the Committee at some length, dwelling upon the character of the pieces he had produced during his management, and the care and expense with which they had been mounted, several members of the Committee expressed a wish to put questions to him, which Mr. IRVING promised to answer to the best of his ability.

Mr. HECKLEBURY. I think you told us that *Hamlet* was one of your favourite parts? Is it not the fact that the chief character in the play drives his fiancée to madness and suicide by his cruelty, slays her father and brother, together with his own step-father, and procures the death of two of his school-fellows?

Mr. IRVING admitted that this was so. (Sensation.)

Mr. HECKLEBURY. That is all I wanted to ask you.

Mr. FUSSLER. I understand that you have produced a play called *Othello* on more than one occasion; perhaps you will inform us whether the following passages are in your opinion suitable for public declamation? (Mr. FUSSLER then proceeded to read several extracts to which he objected on account of their offensive signification.)

Mr. IRVING protested that SHAKESPEARE, and not himself, was responsible for such passages.

Mr. FUSSLER. Unfortunately, SHAKESPEARE is not before us—and you are. You admit that you have produced a play containing lines such as I have just read? That is enough for us.

Mr. MEDLAM. Unless I am mistaken, the hero in *Othello* is not only a murderer but a suicide?

Mr. IRVING. Undoubtedly. (Sensation.)

Mr. MEDLAM. We have heard something of a piece called *The Bells*. I seldom attend theatres myself, except in the exercise of my public functions, but I do happen to have seen that particular play on one occasion. Does my memory mislead me in saying, that you committed a brutal and savage murder in the course of the drama?

Mr. IRVING said that, as a matter of fact, the murder took place many years before the curtain rose—otherwise, the Member's memory was entirely accurate.

Mr. MEDLAM. Whenever the murder was committed, it remains undetected, and the criminal escapes all penalty—is not that the case?

Mr. IRVING urged that the Nemesis was worked out by the murderer's own conscience.

Mr. MEDLAM said that was all nonsense; a person's conscience could not be made visible on the stage, and here a murderer was represented as dying several years after his crime, in his own bedroom, respected by all who knew him. Did Mr. IRVING intend to tell them that such a spectacle was calculated to deter an intending murderer, or did he not? That was the plain question.

Mr. IRVING thought that intending murderers formed so inappreciable an element in his usual audiences, that they might safely be left out of the calculation.

Mr. MEDLAM. But you might have an intending murderer among your audience, I suppose?

Mr. IRVING's reply was not audible in the reporters' gallery.

Mr. PARSEEKER. I should like to hear what you have to say about duelling, Mr. IRVING—I mean, is it, or is it not, a practice sanctioned by the laws of this country?

Mr. IRVING said that he did not quite understand the drift of such a question; but, since they asked him, he should say that duelling was distinctly illegal.

Mr. PARSEEKER. You will understand the drift of my question directly, Mr. IRVING. I have made it my business to acquaint

myself with your dramatic career, and I find that you have played as hero at various times in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *The Corsican Brothers*, and *The Dead Heart*, besides *Macbeth*. Am I wrong in saying that in each of these pieces you fight a duel?

Mr. IRVING. No. I fight a duel in each of them, except *Macbeth*, in which there is no duel, only a hand-to-hand combat. I do commit a murder in *Macbeth*.

A MEMBER. Mr. IRVING's tastes seem rather to run in the direction of murders. (Laughter.)

After the report of the Official Censor upon the general tone of the Lyceum plays during the last fifteen years had been read a second time and adopted, the Chairman, without more than a formal consultation with his colleagues, proceeded to announce the decision of the Committee. He said that they had not come to their present conclusion without long and anxious deliberation. They were now the constituted guardians of the public morals, and must fulfil their functions without fear or favour. (Applause.) They must look at the character of the performances at each theatre, considering only whether they were or were not beneficial to morality. In the past, under a régime happily now at an end, public opinion had been shamefully lax, and official control purely nominal; plays had been repeatedly performed, and even welcomed as classics, which he

did not hesitate to say were full of incidents that were revolting to all well-regulated minds. SHAKESPEARE, who, with his undoubted talents, should have known better, was, so far from being an exception, one of the worst offenders. The Council must free themselves from the shackles of conventional tolerance. (Applause.) Evil was evil—murder was murder—coarseness was coarseness—whether treated by SHAKESPEARE or anybody else. Nor could the Committee shut their eyes to the fact that Mr. IRVING's histrionic ability, and his popularity with those who attended his exhibitions could only intensify the injurious effect which such representations must have upon young and impressionable minds. In his opinion, much as he regretted having to say so, the Lyceum was nothing less than a School of Murder. It aggravated rather than extenuated the evil to be



This is what the County Council's Licensing Bill for Places of Entertainment did not intend, as, according to the latest authoritative explanation, the L. C. C. does not consider Theatres as coming under the head of "places of entertainment." Rather hard on the Theatres!

told, as they had been told, that all these deeds of violence had been represented on the stage with every aid which money, art and research could give. Again, was it desirable that the Democracy should derive their ideas of the family life of crowned heads from being admitted into the scandalous secrets of the household of *Hamlet*? Or did they wish to see an injured husband following the example of *Othello*? A thousand times no. These things must be stopped. The Council was very far from taking a Puritanical view of the question—(applause)—they fully recognised that the stage was a necessary social evil, and, as such, must be tolerated until the public taste was sufficiently purified to refuse it further countenance; but, in the meantime, the Council must insure that such exhibitions as they were prepared to sanction were of a kind consistent with the preservation of good manners, decorum, and of the public peace—(applause)—none of which conditions, in the unanimous opinion of the Committee, was fulfilled by the class of entertainment which the appellant IRVING had, by his own admission, persisted in providing. On those grounds alone the Committee dismissed the Appeal, and declared the Lyceum Theatre closed till further notice. He might say, however, that they might possibly be induced, after a certain interval, to reconsider the question, and allow the theatre to be reopened on Mr. IRVING's undertaking to produce dramas of an entirely unobjectionable character in future. (Mr. IRVING begged for some more definite leading as to the dramas alluded to.) The Chairman said that he had been informed that an illustrated periodical called *Punch* was publishing a series of Moral Dramas, in which the sentiments and incidents were alike irreproachable. Let Mr. IRVING promise to confine himself to these, and the Council would see about it. (Mr. IRVING then withdrew, without, however, having given any definite undertaking, and the Committee adjourned.)

'PUTTING HIS NOSE OUT OF JOINT.'



Engineering (to Little Tour Eiffel). "WHERE ARE YOU, NOW, MY LITTLE MAN!"

"The Eiffel Tower is 1000 feet high; if the Forth Bridge were put up on end, it would be 5280 feet in height. The tower has in its construction 7500 tons of iron; the bridge has 53,000 tons of the best steel. The tower was made in about six months; the bridge has required seven years. The Eiffel Tower is a wonderful thing; but, then, how much more wonderful is the Forth Bridge!"—*Illustrated London News.*

The Bridge. You took lots of beating, my sky-scraping friend,
But BENJAMIN BAKER has compassed *that* end;
I am sure Monsieur EIFFEL himself would allow
That the Bridge licks the Tower; so where are you now?
The Tower. *J'y suis et j'y reste*, my big friend and great rival,
I hope for a long and a glorious survival;

But don't mind admitting—all great souls are frank—
That you—for the present at least—take first rank
'Midst the mighty achievements adorning our sphere
Of our latest of Titans, the Great Engineer.
The Bridge. All hail, Engineering! No wonder you're proud
Of a work in whose honour all praises are loud;
No wonder 'tis opened by princes and peers
Amidst technical triumph and popular cheers;
No wonder that BENJAMIN BAKER feels glad,
Sir JOHN FOWLER and COOPER quite other than sad.
'Twas a very big job, 'tis a very big day,
And the whole country joins in the Scotchmen's Hurray!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT train of thought was it that led the indefatigable PERCY FITZGERALD to write, *The Story of Bradshaw's Guide*, which appears in one of the most striking wrappers that can be seen on a railway book-stall? How pleasant if we could obtain a real outside coat-pocket railway guide just this size. It is a pity that the Indefatigable and Percy-ving One did not apply to *Mr. Punch* for permission to reprint the page of *Bradshaw* which appeared in *Mr. Punch's Bradshaw's Guide*, marvellously illustrated by BENNETT, many years ago. This *magnum opus in parvo* is really interesting and amusing, but if there is one thing more than another which he who runs and reads desiderates of an author writing of time-tables and guides, it is accuracy. Now, in one particular instance, our PERCY is inaccurate. He writes: "Close on fifty years have passed by, and the guide with every year has continued, like *Mr. Stiggins*, to be a 'swellin' wisely.'" The Brave Baron challenges PERCY to mortal combat on this issue, defying him to prove that *Mr. Stiggins* was ever described within the limits of *Pickwick*, as "swellin' wisely." Will the erudite biographer of *Bradshaw* be surprised to learn, that, in the first place, the description "swellin' wisely" was never applied to *Mr. Stiggins* at all, but was used by *Mr. Weller* senior, as illustrating the condition of a "young 'ooman on the next form but two" from where he was sitting, who had "drank nine breakfast cups and a half, and," he goes on to whisper to *Sam*, "*She's a swellin' wisely before my very eyes.*" In the second place, the expression was employed at a time when *Mr. Stiggins* was not present, but, in his official character, as "a delegate from the Dorking branch of our society, Brother *Stiggins*" was in attendance downstairs. With these two exceptions, one mistake of omission, and one of commission, the Baron confers his *imprimatur* on the *Story of Bradshaw's Guide*, and recommends it to the public.

For a first-rate, short, well-constructed, and sensationally interesting story, let me recommend my readers to *The Peril of Richard Pardon*. Only one possible objection do I see to it, and that is a matter of my own private opinion, which is, that *Richard Pardon* is the most irritating idiot ever created by an author. For the sake of the story, it was necessary that he should be weak; but he is such a very backboneless man, and yet quite strong enough to support the fabric of the plot. Then one is cleverly put off the scent by a certain *Richard Mortlock*, from whom the reader expects much more than ever comes out. The sequel of this capital novelette must be *Richard Mortlock*. I have quite forgotten to say that *The Peril of Richard Pardon* is by Mr. B. L. FARJEON, whom I have to thank for making time pass too rapidly on many a previous occasion. The Hour Before Dinner Series—not that this is the genuine title, but it might be, and is a suggestion—is a real "boon and a blessing" to those who, like *Podgers*, in JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD's immortal farce, "only have a 'our," not for "their dinner," but for their novel-reading throughout the day. FARJEON soit béni!
(Signed) THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

AN EVENTFUL WEEK.

(From a Prophetic Journal of Events, looming possibly somewhere a-head.)

Monday.—London, having now been without coal for sixteen weeks, and people having kept their kitchen-fires alight by burning their banisters and bedroom furniture, several noted West-end houses undertake to deliver the arms and legs of drawing-room chairs ("best screened"), at £26 5s. a ton for cash.

Tuesday.—All the petroleum in the country having now been exhausted for heating purposes, and Piccadilly being, in consequence, illuminated by a night-light in one lamp-post in every three, a "Discontented Ratepayer" commences a correspondence in the *Times*, commenting on the matter in a severe temper.

Wednesday.—Several Colliery Owners, in despair, descend into their own mines for the purpose of trying to raise some coal themselves, but their employés, declining so assist in hauling them up again, they are left to their fate, and nothing more is heard of them.

Thursday.—A Syndicate of Noblemen determine to try for coal on the spot, by sinking a mine in the middle of Belgrave Square, when, on arriving at a depth of 2500 feet, they come across an active volcano, which proves such a nuisance to the neighbourhood, that the Vestry is applied to by several pariahioners to put a stop to it. On their sending the Sanitary Inspector to investigate the matter, he orders the mine to be closed. On this being done, the scheme collapses, several of the Syndicate, as a consequence, in despair emigrating to Tierra del Fuego.

Friday.—A set of studs and a drawing-room tiara of "Best Wallsend," are shown in a window of a jeweller's in Bond Street, and attract such crowds that the Police have to be called in to prevent a block in the traffic, and keep the pavement clear for foot passengers.

Saturday.—Furious street riots commenced by a noble Duke in Grosvenor Place pulling up the wood pavement in front of his house, and having it carted rapidly into his coal-cellars. The move becoming popular, spreads in all directions, with the result of leading to serious collisions with the local Vestry Authorities, who call in the aid of the Police.

Sunday.—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY preaches to an enormous congregation in Westminster Abbey, on the "Plague of Darkness" in Egypt by the light of a one-farthing candle. This being, by some misadventure, inadvertently knocked over, the assembled multitude are enabled to realise, to some extent, the gloomy horrors of the situation as described by the reverend preacher, and, stumbling over each other, retire to unlighted streets and fireless hearths, to face another week of the consequences of the "Trade Problem," with the solution of which they have been brought face to face.

GRAND OLD BILLEE.*

"It is stated that the captaincy of Deal Castle . . . is to be offered to Mr. GLADSTONE, the captaincy being in the gift of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports."—*Daily News*.



THERE were three sailors of London city
Who found their (Party) ship at sea,
Although with programmes, authorised and unauthorised,
Most carefully they had loaded she.

There was greedy JOE and glosing JIMMY,
And the third was named Grand Old BILLEE;
And they were reduced to the piteous prospect
Of grubbing on one split (Party) pea.

Says greedy JOE to glosing JIMMY
"For captaincy I am hungaree."
To greedy JOE says glosing JIMMY,
"Then you and I must get rid of *he*."

Says greedy JOE to glosing JIMMY,
"With one another *we* should agree.
With me as Captain, and you as First Mate,
If it wasn't for Grand Old BILLEE."

"Oh, BILLEE, we're going to chuck you over,
So prepare for a bath in the Irish Sea."
When BILL received this information,
His dexter optie winked *he*.

"First let me take an observation
From the main-top over the Irish Sea!"
"Make haste, make haste," says glosing JIMMY,
Whilst JOE he fumbled his snickersnee.

So BILLY went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And began to count o'er the Irish Sea;
And he scarce had come to eighty-six, or so,
When up he jumps. "Land Ho!" shouts *he*.

"I can see Ould Ireland! There's the Bay of Dublin
With a distant glimpse of Amerikee.
And the Parliament upon College Green, bhoya,
With a right good glass I can (almost) see."

So they went ashore, and the crew when mustered
Kicked Guzzling JOE, and cashiered JIMMEE.
But as for Grand Old BILLEE, they gave him
Of the old "Deal Castle" the captaincy!

* As various versions of the popular song of "Little Billee" have been set to music and sung, no apology is needed for the insertion in these pages of the version most up to date.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 24. — "Look here, TOBY, M.P.," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, almost fiercely; "if you suppose that I enjoy this sort of thing, you're quite mistaken." Hadn't supposed any such thing; hadn't, indeed, referred to the matter. Only looked at him inquiringly, as ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND, trudging stolidly through the mire, attempted to answer CHARLES RUSSELL. "If I am Irish Secretary, as TREVELYAN once said, I'm an English gentleman, and if you suppose I have any sympathy with the sort of thing that goes on at Clongorey, you're mistaken. But I am answerable for law and order, and law and order I maintain."

Thus ARTHUR, quite querulous. Have noticed sometimes, when a man hopelessly in the wrong, he is inclined to turn on his best friend and read him. This Clongorey business, truly, a bad one. When, just now, SEXTON moved adjournment of House, in order to call attention to it, Conservatives rose with one accord and went forth. They know WINDBAG SEXTON of old, and thought he was probably going to favour them with one of his usual exercises. Better this once have stopped and listened. Interesting to see how two hundred English gentlemen would have voted had they learned all about Clongorey. Happily less, far less, than usual of the windbag about SEXTON. His story, in truth, needed no assistance from wind instrument. Farms at Clongorey simply strips of reclaimed bog land, on which struggling tenants had built miserable shanties; got along in good times; just managed to keep body and soul together, and pay the rent—rent on land they had literally created, and for huts they had actually built. Two years ago came a flood; swamped them. Asked landlord to make temporary (reduction on rent, to tide over troublesome times. Landlord offered a pitiful trifle. What was thought of this shown by County Court Judge, who, on cases that came before him, permanently reduced rent by thrice amount of temporary reduction proffered. Judge further suggested that arrears should be wiped out. Landlord declined to listen to suggestion. Tenants drowned out by the cruel river, dragged out by the relentless landlord. Stood by whilst the emergency men wrenched roofs off their huts, and set fire to the ruins. A neighbour offered them shelter, enlarging out-buildings on her farm. Down came the police on workmen engaged in this act of charity. A hundred police, paid for by tax-payer, swooped down with fixed bayonets on Clongorey, arrested labourers, handcuffed them, marched them off to police barracks.

This is the simple Story of Clongorey, reduced to facts not denied by BALFOUR or ATTORNEY-GENERAL, divested of all incidental matters alleged, such as the parading of the handcuffed prisoners through the crowded streets of the town, the police making raids among the crowd, naturally gathered to see the sight. "One man had his eyeball burst, another his skull broken." CHARLES RUSSELL, not given to exaggerated views, somewhat reputable as a legal authority, with law-books in hand stated his opinion that, apart from incidents of the foray, magistrates and police were acting illegally.

"Well," said LONG LAWRENCE, turning his back on House of Commons, "I'm glad they've made me a Judge. Have ever been what is called a good Party-man; believe in BALFOUR; always ready to back him up with my vote; but, dash my wig (now that I'm going to wear a full-bottomed one) if I like voting; to render possible the repetition of a business like this at Clongorey. Must begin to cultivate a judicial frame of mind; so I'll go for a walk on the terrace." LAWRENCE'S view evidently taken in other quarters of Conservative camp, for, after diligent whipping up, Ministerial majority reduced to 42. *Business done.*—Address agreed to.

Tuesday.—Midst a mass of Notices of Motion, a sea of troublous words, GEORGE TREVELYAN drops in a score which shine forth with light of common sense. "Why," he asks, "does not Parliament rise at beginning of July, sitting through winter months for whatsoever longer period may be necessary for the due transaction of public business?"

Why not? On Friday, the 14th March, TREVELYAN will put the question in formal way before House, so that they may vote on it. Conservative majority may well be expected to support it. No new thing; simply revival of elder fashion. Our great grandfathers knew better than to swelter in London through July, pass the Twelfth of August at Westminster, and go off forlorn and jaded in the early days of September. Hunting men may have objections to raise; but then hunting men, though eminently respectable class, are not everybody, not even a majority; may even be spared to go hunting as usual. WALPOLE hunted like anything, yet, in WALPOLE'S day Parliament oftener met in November than at any other time of year, and with due provision for Christmas holidays, sat into early summer. The thing can be done, and ought to be done—will be done if TREVELYAN sticks to it. Not nearly such a revolution in Procedure as that which, only a couple of years ago, estab-

lished the automatic close of Debate at midnight. Who is there would like to go back to the old order of things in this respect?

Got into Committee of Supply to-night on Vote for Houses of Parliament. TONY LUMPKIN turned up again. Last Session, in moment of inspiration, TONY spluttered forth a joke; likened new staircase in Westminster Hall to SPURGEON'S Pulpit. It is just as like the River Thames or Finsbury Park; but that's where the fun lies. Incongruity is the soul of wit. Everybody laughed last Session when TONY, with much gurgling, produced this bantling; brings it out again to-night.



"Spurgeon's Pulpit, Ha, ha!"

Can't have too much of a good thing, TONY," he says, wrestling with his exuberant shirt-front, and rubbing his hair the wrong way. "Always had my joke, you know, down in the country. Remember the little affair of the circuitous drive? This is what you may call my urban class of humour. SPURGEON'S Pulpit, Ha, ha!"—and TONY walked off delighted with himself. *Business done.*—Supplementary Estimates.

Thursday.—Pity that prejudice should be allowed to stand in way of doing the best thing. Talk just now of pending vacancies on the Bench; such talk recurrent; sometimes more talk than vacancy. "But I pass from that," as ARTHUR BALFOUR says, when gliding over knotty points of question put from Irish Benches. If not vacancy to-morrow, sure to be within week, or month, or year. Why not make JEMMY LOWTHER a Judge? It is true he has no practice at the Bar; but he was "called," and, I believe, went. That is a detail; what we desire in our Judges are, a certain impressive air, a striking presence, and an art of rotund speech. JAMES has played many parts in his time—Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor-Law Board, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Steward of the Jockey Club. In this last capacity he, a year ago, temporarily assumed judicial functions. How well he bore himself! with what dignity! with what awful susvity! with what irreproachable integrity!

That this manner is ingrained, is testified to on the occasions, too infrequent, when JEMMY rises in House. To-night BUCHANAN asked HOME SECRETARY a question, involving disrespect of rabbit-coursing. JAMES, the great patron of British sport in all developments, slowly rose, and impressively interposed. Was his Right Hon. friend, the HOME SECRETARY, aware that rabbit-coursing, conducted under recognised and established regulations, affords pastime to large masses of the industrious population who are unable, from their pecuniary circumstances, to indulge in the more expensive forms of sport? Those were JEMMY'S words, each syllable deliberately enunciated. What a study for the aspirant to Parliamentary style!

Kindly Earl of RAVENSWORTH, who still haunts the Chamber in which Lord ES-LINGTON once had a place, chanced to hear this question. Delighted with it. Wished he could introduce something of that sort in House of Lords. Went about Lobby with his faithful umbrella (companion of his daily life, wet or shine) murmuring the musical phrases. "Recognised and established regulations," "afford pastime to large masses of industrious population," "unable from pecuniary circumstances," "the more expensive forms of sport." That all very well, but not quite all. Easy enough to catch the trick of speech; who but JEMMY LOWTHER can add the indefinable personal gifts which invest even the commonplace with impressiveness?



Earl and Umbrella.

Business done.—Lots. Ministers bring in Bills by the half-dozen.

Friday.—Such *alouettes!* SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, who can't abear scandals, brought on alleged iniquity of Government in connection with Cleveland Street affair. Got off his speech; ATTORNEY-GENERAL replied; then SAGE proposed to offer few supplementary remarks. In course of these appeared frank declaration of his private opinion that everything the MARKISS says must be taken *cum grano Salis-BURY*; only the way he put it was much worse than that. COURTNEY asked him to withdraw. "Shan't!" said the SAGE. Then COURTNEY named him (calling him, by the way, "Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE.") OLD MORALITY, rising to height of duty and occasion, moved that SAGE be suspended.

"Oh, hang it!" cried Opposition—"can't agree to that."

Divided on proposal; beaten, and SAGE hung up for a week. "He'll be pretty well dried by that time," grimly muttered the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, whom the SAGE had stroked the wrong way.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.



Grand Historical Picture. Mr. Labouchere struggling with his Conscience.

Grand Historical Picture. Mr. Labouchere struggling with his Conscience.

"A DOSE OF 'GREGORY.'" "

It is some time since I have tasted a dramatic mixture so much to my liking as Mr. GRUNDY'S Gregory's Mixture, known to the public, and likely to be highly popular with the public too, as *A Pair of Spectacles*.

Art more refined than Mr. HARE'S, as *Benjamin Goldfinch* in this piece, has not been seen on the stage for many a long day; nor, except in *A Quiet Rubber*, do I remember Mr. HARE having had anything like this particular chance of displaying his rare skill as a genuine comedian of the very first rank.

Everyone remembers, or ought to remember, DICKENS'S "*Brothers Cheeryble*." Well, *Benjamin Goldfinch* has all the milk of human kindness which characterised these philanthropic Gemini. As to



The Ruffled Hare. "This is your umbrella!"

moral characteristics, he is these two single gentlemen rolled into one, while physically, his exterior rather conjures up the picture of *Harold Skimpole*, though his eyes beam with the youthful impetuosity of old *Martin Chuzzlewit* when he caned *Pecksniff*. To this delightfully guileless good Samaritan, the rough, nay brutal, *Uncle Gregory* from Sheffield, with a heart apparently as hard as his own ware, is a contrast most skillfully brought out by Mr. CHARLES GROVE. Though the part of *Uncle Gregory* does not require the delicate treatment demanded by that of *Goldfinch*, yet it might very easily be overdone; but never once does Mr. GROVE overshoot the mark, although the author has imperilled its success by too frequent repetition of a catch-phrase, "I know that man," "I know that father," "I know that friend," and so forth, which is sometimes on the verge of becoming wearisome. Indeed, even now, I should be inclined to cut out at least half a dozen of these variations of the original phrase. His short but sufficient represen-

tation of the effects of too much lunch on *Uncle Gregory* is masterly. So realistic, in the best sense of the word, is the impersonation of these two characters, that one is inclined to resent the brutality of *Uncle Gregory*, when one sees the change suddenly effected in the sweet and sympathetic nature of *Benjamin Goldfinch*, and when we see him suspicious of everybody, and even of his young wife, whom he loves so dearly, we murmur, "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" And, indeed, but that it is impossible to help laughing from first to last, the final scenes of this charming piece, replete with touches of real human nature, would send an audience away crying with joy, to think of the possible goodness existent in the world, of which one occasionally hears, but so seldom sees, except on the stage.

Not a part in this piece is even indifferently played. The two young men, Mr. RUDOE HARDING, and Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH, both very good, the latter having better dramatic opportunities, and making the most of them. Mr. DOPSWORTH just the very man for *Friend Lorimer*; Mr. CATHCART is *Joyce*, the Butler; and of the two Shoemakers, respectively played by Mr. KNIGHT and Mr. BYRON, I can only say, "I know these shoemakers."

As for the Ladies, Miss KATE RORKE looks very pretty, and acts charmingly as young *Mrs. Goldfinch*; Miss HORLOCK is very nice as *Lucy Lorimer*, delivering herself of a little bit of picturesque sentiment about feeding the birds (*Les Petits Oiseaux* is the title of the old French piece, if I remember rightly) in a rather too forcedly ingenuous manner, but behaving most naturally in the interrupted courtship scene, and being generally very sympathetic. I mustn't omit Miss HUNTER, pink of parlour-maids, not the conventional flirty *soubrette* nor the low-comedy waiting-woman, but a self-respecting, respectable young person, conscious of her own and her young man's moral rectitude, and satisfied with quarter-day and the Post-Office Savings Bank.

Only one single fault have I to find with the piece, and as it cannot be entirely remedied, though it might be modified, I will mention it. The title is a mistake; that can't be altered now; but the attempt at illustrating the double-meaning conveyed in the title by the practical "business" of changing the material glasses and thus hampering the actor by the necessity of altering his expression and his manner in accordance with his deposition or his resumption of these spectacles, seems to me to be childish to a degree, and tends towards turning this simple tale into a kind of fairy story, in which the spectacles play the part of a magic potion or charm, such as Mr. W. S. GILBERT would use in his *Creatures of Impulse*, his *Fogarty's Fairy*, and his *Sorcerer*, whenever he wishes to bring about a sudden and otherwise inexplicable transition from one mental attitude to another, and entirely opposite. But for the earnestness of the actors, this *reductio ad Fairydom* would have imparted an air of unreality to the characters and incidents which does not belong to them. The plot is a model of neat construction; and, to everyone at all in doubt as to where to pass an agreeable evening, I say, "Go to the Garrick Theatre." By the way, a Correspondent suggests that *A Pair of Spectacles* is an illustration of "The Hares Preservation Bill,"

JACK IN A BOX.

A DISCLAIMER.—The Right Hon. Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., Anti-muzzle-man and Minister of Agriculture, wishes to deny explicitly that, when, by a *lapsus calami*, he was made to describe Mr. TAY PAY O'CONNOR as "peeping from behind the Speaker's chair," he ever intended to fix upon that honourable gentleman the *sobriquet* of "Peeping Tom"; nor had he any idea of sending him to Coventry. What he *did* say was—but it doesn't much matter what "he *did* say," what he *didn't* say is so much more to the point.

THE STANLEY AND AFRICAN EXHIBITION.—Oms of the largest contributors will be Mr. BONNY. This sounds well; at all events, it's BONNY. The French, who are now welcoming their own private African hero, *le Capitaine TRIVIER*, back to his native land, may be induced to place their trophies under Mr. BONNY'S care, as, if Imperialists, they can then say they have a BONNY-part in this Exhibition.

FROM AN INDIGNANT CORRESPONDENT.—"Sir,—I sent you a joke three months ago, which you have not used. Since then I have made arrangements for the joke to appear elsewhere." [What a chance we have lost!—Ed.]



Mr. Grove as Gregory the Grater.



INFELICITOUS QUERIES.

He. "BY THE BYE, TALKING OF OLD TIMES, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT OCCASION WHEN I MADE SUCH AN AWFUL ASS OF MYSELF?"
She. "WHICH?"

"THE BIG GUN!"

Grand Old Gunner loquitur :—

'Tis a regular "Mons Meg" of a cannon!
The swabs, they have been every one,
Very hard the Grand Old (Gunner) Man on,
But what will they think of *this* gun?
Double shotted, and charged to the muzzle,
And trained by my hands and my eye,
The foes I conceive it will puzzle,
And tempt them to fly.

Mere skirmishing, up to the present,
With pop-guns, and flint-locks, and such;
But now! They will not find it pleasant,
When once this huge touch-hole I touch,
Mighty CÆSAR! I guess they won't like it;
Great SCOTT! won't it just raise a din?
And don't they just wish they could spike it
Before we begin?

The fun of it is, they have furnished
The filling themselves, unaware.
The shot they've cast, polished, and
burnished,

The powder were prompt to prepare.
It's pitiful, quite, their position,
To see, the unfortunate elves!
Their carefully-stored ammunition
Thus turned on themselves.

Their batteries big it should batter,
Their trenches should burst and blow up,
Their forces allied it should scatter,
It's worse than an Armstrong or Krupp.
Chain-shot for swift slaughter's net in it,
For spreading it's hetter than grape,
They'll all be smashed up in a minute,
Scarce one can escape.

New, MORLEY, my boy, and brave PARNELL,
I'll lay it; just follow my hand.
That plain will soon look like a charnel,
With all that remains of their band;
The "fragments of him called MCCARTY"
(Referred to, I think, in the song)
Were huge chunks to the scraps that their
Party
Will show before long.

They shall see what I can do, when ready,
As Grand Old (Artillery) Man.
Right, PARNELL! left, MORLEY! Now,
steady!!!
Stop! Just one last peep, whilst I can!
I do hope, dear boys, there's no blunder;
I think it is loaded all right,
Are they horribly frightened, I wonder?
Well, now for a sight!!!

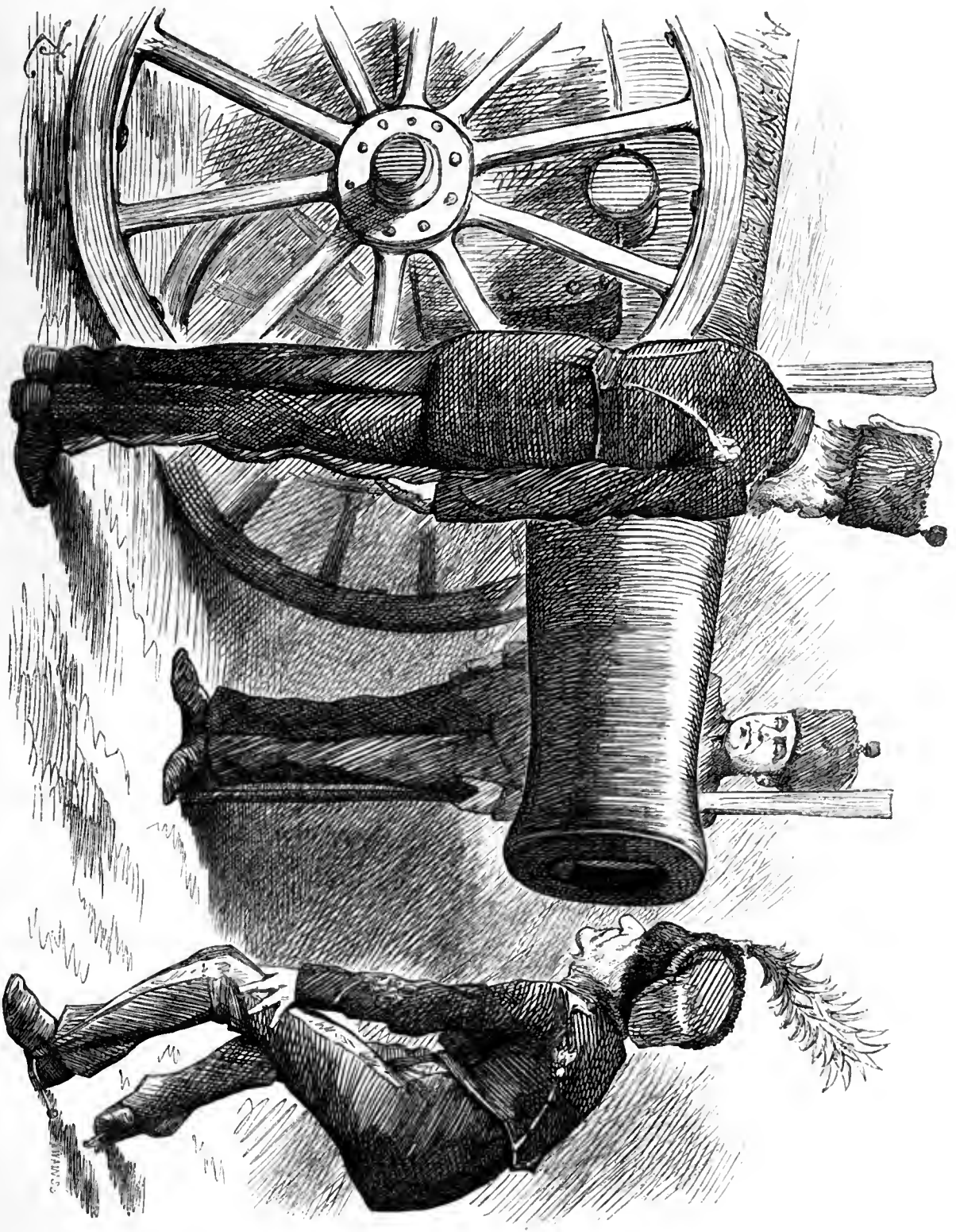
OLD FRIENDS AND COUNSEL.

OUR old friend MADDISON MORTON'S *Box and Cox* runs SHAKSPEARE'S works generally very near in the matter of daily application. But fancy its being quoted as an authority by Sir HORACE DAVEY, in his masterly reply to t'other side in the Bishop of LINCOLN'S case. Yet so it was. "Bishop COSIN," said Sir HORACE, "had erroneously assumed that a letter had been written by CALVIN to KNOX, whereas it had been really written to an Englishman named Cox." So it was a mistake of the postman, after all, and it only wants the introduction of the name of Box to make the whole thing perfect and satisfactory. "It will be within the recollection of the Court," Sir HORACE might

have continued, "that Cox was prevented from becoming the husband of PENELOPE ANNE, relict of WILLIAM WIGGINS, Proprietor of Bathing Machines at Margate and Ramsgate, by the sudden and totally unforeseen union of the lady in question with one KNOX, whose residence, as the Musical Revised Version has it, was usually 'in the Docks'; and with this marriage of PENELOPE ANNE WIGGINS with Mr. KNOX of the Docks, Messrs. BOX AND COX professed themselves entirely and completely satisfied, as it is my earnest hope that Your Grace, and My Lords the Bishops, will also be. And should this be the result, then I assure Your Grace that there will not be a happier party sit down this night to supper than 'READ and others,' of which fact you may take your Davey."

On the Learned Counsel resuming his seat, there would have been considerable applause, which, of course, would have been instantly suppressed.

NOTES "IN GLOBO."—*Dorothy* was long ago taken off the stage of the Prince of Wales's to make room for *Paul Jones*. But another DOROTHY has recently reappeared at the Globe Theatre in the pretty Shakspearian fairy-play entitled, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, wherein DOROTHY DENE enacts the part of *Hippolyta*. By the way, the lady who used to speak of that immortal work, *Dixon's Johnsonary*, the other day referred to SHAKSPEARE as being "contemporaneous with that great wit—dear me—what was his name?—who wrote *Every Man in his own Humour*—oh, I remember—JOHN BENSON." Eminently satisfactory.



“THE BIG GUN!”

GRAND OLD GUNNER (inspecting Cannon). “IT’S BEAUTIFULLY LOADED! WHY, THE MERE LOOK OF IT IS ENOUGH TO SHAKE SW-T-ERS ‘RESOLUTION!’”

THE BIG GALT



MY TAILOR.



"The St. Petersburg tailors have hit upon an effectual device for obtaining payment of their bills. Immense black-boards are hung up in the most conspicuous place in the reception-room; thereon are chalked, in letters as big as arrow-headed inscriptions, the names of their hopelessly-indebted clients, and the amount of their indebtedness."

Daily Paper.

Who always seemed serene and bland;
Who never asked for "cash in hand,"
Quite pleased that my account should
"stand"?

My Tailor!

Who catered for the gilded throng,
Who chid me when my taste was wrong,
Whose credit—and whose price—was long?

My Tailor!

Who chatted when I felt depressed,
Who proffered wine with friendly zest,
Whose weeds were ever of the best?

My Tailor!

Who with sartorial oil anoints
My vanity, who pads my joints,
And fortifies my weakest points?

My Tailor!

But who in future, much I fear,
Will greet me with no words of cheer,
But talk of "settling"—language queer?

My Tailor!

Who silently will point his hand
To figures white on black-board grand,
Where all my unpaid "items" stand?

My Tailor!

Who'll thus expose me to my peers,
Bring on me jibes, and flouts, and sneers,
Male sniggerings, and female tears?

My Tailor!

Who'll frown when I suggest a lean,
And ne'er produce Clicquot or Beaune,
But for his "checks" demand my own?

My Tailor!

Who'll take my "measures" when he wills,
But only if I take his "bills,"
And add one more to human ills?

My Tailor!

TAKEN AS YOU LIKE IT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

It was most kind of you to ask me to go to the St. James's Theatre, the other evening, to see Mrs. LANGTRY, after I had told you that since my recovery from the influenza, I had unfortunately lost my memory. "Don't you know anything about *As You Like It*?" you asked. I pondered deeply, and then replied, that I half fancied it was a GERMAN REED'S Entertainment, that would have gone better had it included a part for Mr. CORNEY GRAIN. You told me I was wrong, but intimated that my ignorance on the subject would make my notice the more impartial. So I went.

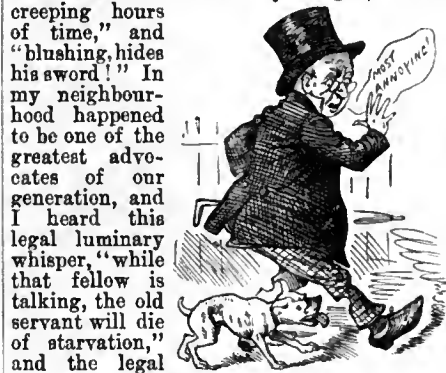
As to the play—was I pleased with *As You Like It*? Well, I have known worse, but I have seen better. It seemed a mixture of prose and verse, with several topical allusions that appeared, somehow or other, to have lost their point. For instance, a dull dog of a jester (played in a funereal fashion by Mr. SUGDEN) stopped the action of the piece, for what seemed to me (no doubt the time was actually less) some three-quarters of an hour, while he explained the difference between the "retort courteous" and "the reproof valiant." The plot was as thin as a

wafer, but as it is, no doubt, generally known, I need not further refer to it. Mrs. LANGTRY was a most graceful and pleasing *Rosalind*. She acted with an earnestness worthy of a better cause, and afforded not a trace of the amateur. Of Miss VIOLET ARMBRUSTER as *Hymen*, I might say, with a friend who spent several hours in knocking off the impromptu—

TO A SEASONABLE VIOLET.

Had always Hymen
Such mien, such carriage,
You ne'er would fly, men,
The state of marriage!

Mr. LAWRENCE CAUTLEY, as *Orlando*, had an uphill part. At times (thanks to the author) he appeared in situations that were absolutely ridiculous. For instance, he leaves an old retainer (capitally played by that soundest of sound actors, Mr. EVERILL) dying of starvation, and, sword in hand, appears at a pic-nic of the banished *Duke*, to demand refreshment. "I almost die for food, and let me have it," says *Orlando*, and is welcomed by the *Duke* to his table. And what does *Orlando* do? Does he seize the bear's head, or something equally attractive, and rush back to his fainting servitor with the prize? Not a bit of it! He leisurely delivers fourteen lines of blank verse about the "shade of melancholy boughs," "the creeping hours of time," and "blushing, hides his sword!" In my neighbourhood happened to be one of the greatest advocates of our generation, and I heard this legal luminary whisper, "while that fellow is talking, the old servant will die of starvation," and the legal luminary was entirely and absolutely right. *Adam* could have died of starvation while his garrulous master was posturing. A country wench called *Audrey* was admirably impersonated by Miss MARION LEA, and the remainder of the cast was, on the whole, satisfactory. Stay, it is only just that I should single out for special commendation Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, who played a character, to whom reference was frequently made as "the melancholy *Jaques*," faultlessly. Here again the author committed an indiscretion. *Jaques* (by the way, why was not Mr. SUGDEN's rôle described as, "the more melancholy *Touchstone*?") is permitted to stop the action of the piece to deliver some thirty lines commencing with the trite truism, "all the world's a stage." Mr. BOURCHIER spoke his words with excellent discretion, but I cannot help thinking that, in the cause of Art, the speech should have been cut out, and I have no doubt, that Mr. BOURCHIER, as a true artist, will cordially agree with me.



A New Piece.

And so, to quote Mrs. LANGTRY in the Epilogue, "farewell;" but in spite of what you have said to the contrary, I am still of opinion, my dear Editor, that *As You Like It* must have been originally intended for Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S Entertainment, minus Mr. CORNEY GRAIN.

Sincerely Yours,
A CORRESPONDENT WITHOUT A MEMORY.

ART-AUCTIONEER'S RELIGION, "CHRISTIANITY."

AN ASTRAL COMPLICATION.

IN periods of sleep, despair,
Of aberration, we have guessed
We were not altogether there,
But seldom known where was the rest.

Our Astral Bodies wander far,
Whenever they will not be missed.

Strange things in earth and heaven are
For the devout theosophist.

Young WILFRID wooed the wealth of CLARE;
But ah, in spite of golden dearth,
His mind and heart approved more fair
KATE's intellect and moral worth.

"Prudence my steps inspire!" he said;
And automatically to

The residence of CLARE he sped,
And gained an instant's interview.

"Fairest," he cried, "my homage deep
Ah, not your rank, your wealth command!
These idle baubles, lady, keep.

Give me alone this lily hand!"

"I will," she said. (The dinner gong
That moment sounded.) "Haste away;
But meet me in the social throng
To-morrow—that is, Saturday."

That self-same hour—the clock struck eight—
In Holloway began to muse
The charming and the gifted KATE
On logarithms most abstruse.

Her door stood wide! Who entered there?
'Twas WILFRID spoke in hollow tone.

"With me life's logarithms share,
KATE, that I cannot solve alone!"

"I will," she answered. "But begone!
Strange chaperons inspect, explore.
The Principal, the stairs is on!"

He sighed, and vanished from the door.
Next eve, amid the social throng,
Serene stood CLARE at WILFRID's side:
And dreaming not that aught was wrong,
She gaily questioned and replied.

Till WILFRID suddenly was 'ware,
Close by, of a familiar face,
And realised with wild despair
All, all the horror of the case!

"Oh, what is wrong?" cried CLARE in awe.
Calmly, he answered. "It was *He*,
My Astral Body, that she saw.
Oh, which am I? Oh, woe is me!"

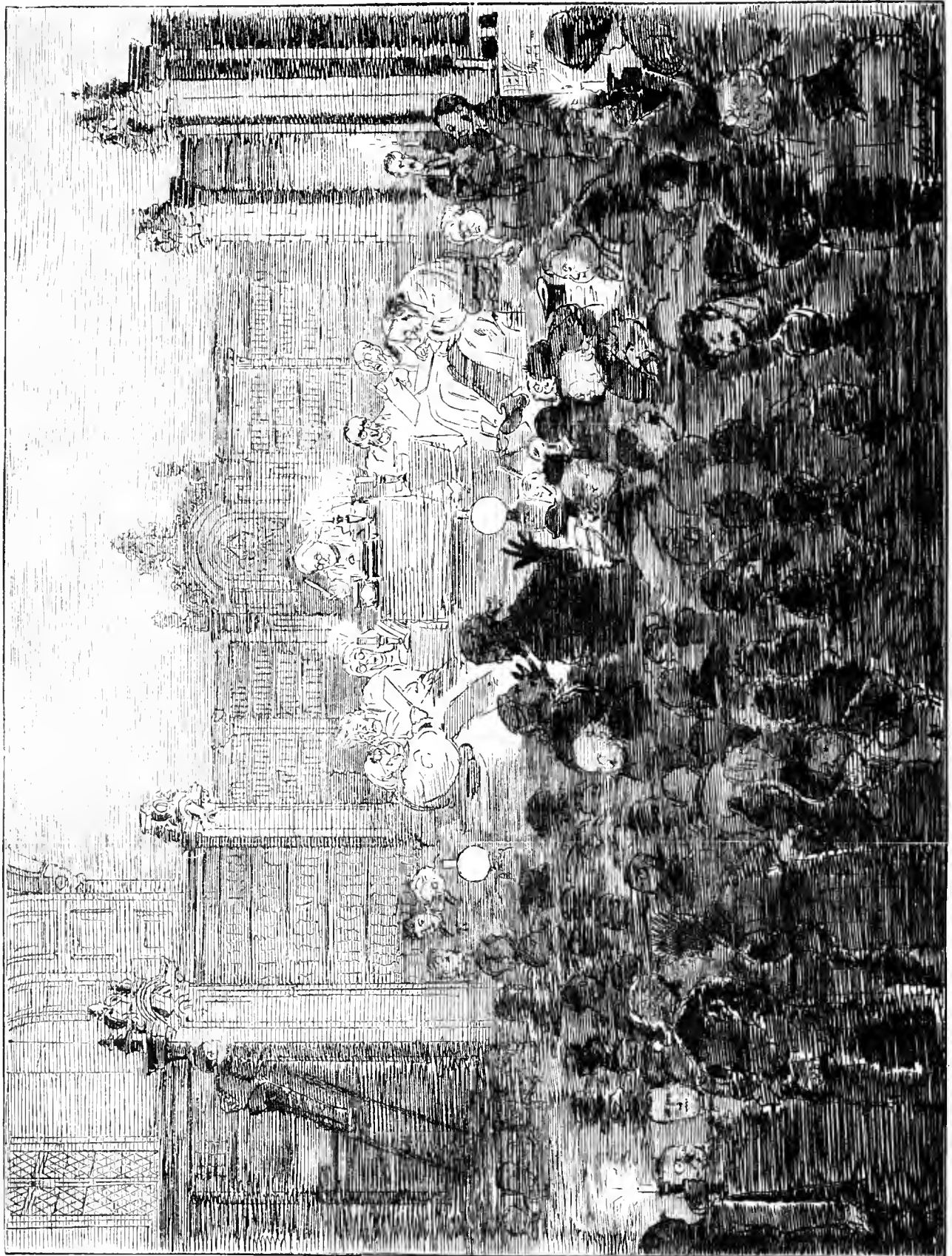
Oh, which am I? Oh, woe is me!"

Oh, which am I? Oh, woe is me!"

EAST-ERN ART IN BOND STREET.—"So let the world jog along as it will, I'll be Japanese-y still! Japanese-y, Japanese-y. I'll be Japanese-y still!" Can't help singing when we see Mr. EAST's pictures of Japan at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. This clever artist sojourned in that country from March to September. He kept his eyes open and his hand ever busy, and has brought back more than a hundred pictures—fresh, brilliant, and original. Such marvellous aspects of scenery, such wealth of colour, such novelty do we behold, that we long to start off at once to Yokohama, to Nikkô, to Hakone, to Tôkiyo, or any one of these delightful places—singing, "Let's quit this cold climate so dull and Britannical, And revel in sunshine and colour Japanese!"

PROBABLE PUBLICATION.—Companion work to *Sardine and the Sardes*, by the same author, to be entitled *Sardinia and the Sardinose*, illustrated in oils, and sold in tincoases. Great reduction (at lunch time) on taking a quantity.





(As seen by Mr. Punch's Artist in a Fog.)

THE GREAT LINCOLN TRIAL STAKES AT LAMBETH.

THE GREAT LINCOLN TRIAL STAKES.

LAMBETH is in darkness. A Policeman with a bull's-eye prevents my driver's energetic endeavours to drive through the Palace wall. I stumble into the large hall known as the Library. "Here," said I to myself, "is taking place the historic trial of the Bishop of LINCOLN." The weird scene strongly resembles the Dream Trial in *The Bells*, where the judges, counsel, and all concerned, are in a fog. Will the limelight flash suddenly upon the chief actor, the Bishop of LINCOLN, as he takes the stage and re-acts the part that has caused the trial? Archbishop BANCROFT founded this library, so theatrical associations are natural. The only lights in the long and lofty library (excepting the clerical and legal) are a dozen or two wax candles and a few oil-lamps, but of daylight, gas-light, or electric, nothing. I can hear the voice of JEUNE, Q.C., the JEUNE premier of this ecclesiastical drama.

They have commenced proceedings. In this, the Archbishop's Court, they, very properly, begin with prayer. So does the House of Commons. "Any special form of orison?" I ask in a whisper of the JEUNE premier, Q.C. "Yes," he answers in a subdued tone. "Look in your prayer-book for 'form of prayer to be used by those at sea.' That's it." Then he has to continue his argument.

At the further end of the library we have the Church, represented by an Archbishop and five Bishops; also a Judge, in a full-bottomed wig, who has evidently got in by mistake. Then we have the Law, represented by a row of Q.C.'s, their juniors, and attendants; and then a chorus of ordinary people, and common, or Thames Policemen. But where's the Bishop of LINCOLN? Not among the Thames Policemen? Not in the Dock? Where? Aha! I see him. I focus him. I sketch him. *Veni, vidi, vici!* I show result on paper to Official. "Oh, no," he says; "that's not the Bishop, that's THINGUMMY," a Clerk of the Court, or something. Hang THINGUMMY! Official disappears. Lights, ho! a link on Lincoln! I determine to find him. The Bishops sit round three tables, on a raised platform. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY sits in the centre; on his right is the mysterious Judge, in full wig, and red robes; this is the Vicar-General, Sir JAMES PARKER DEANE, Q.C.; next to him sits Assessor Dr. ATLAS, Bishop of HEREFORD, who looks anything but happy; his hair has the appearance of being impelled by a strong draught, and his hand is to his face, as if the draught had produced toothache. The portly Bishop of OXFORD is on his right, and like the other corner man, the Bishop of SALISBURY, he scribbles away at a great rate in a huge manuscript book, or roll of foolscap. On the left of the Archbishop sits the Bishop of LONDON, who severely questions the Counsel, and evidently relishes acting the school-master over again. The Bishop of ROCHESTER sitting on LONDON's left, supplies the comedy element, so far as facial expression goes; his mouth is wide open, and he holds some papers in front of him in an attitude which suggests that he will presently break forth into song. But where, oh where, is the Bishop of LINCOLN? Ah, I see him. I sketch him. I write his name under sketch, and show it to one of the Reporters. He scribbles across it, "Wrong." I write, "Where is he?" He waves me away. I believe the Bishop is at the other side of the long table, by his Counsel. There is a candle in front of him. I make my way to the other side. I find the Bishop is an old lady! I write, "Where does the Bishop of LINCOLN sit?" on a piece of paper, and take it to an Official. He cannot see to read it, so some time is lost while he finds a convenient candle. He looks towards me, and points to a corner.

Good! At last! There is an old gentleman, in plain clothes it is true, but still otherwise every inch a Bishop or a Butler, or perhaps both in one,—say Bishop BUTLER. I have just finished a careful study of him, when he turns round and whispers, "Please, Sir, can you tell me which is the Bishop of LINCOLN?" I shake my head angrily, and move away. I'll hide my time. JEUNE premier is answering the hundred-and-seventh question of the Bishop of LONDON, and is being "supported" by Sir WALTER PHILLIMORE. It amuses me to hear these two clever Counsel, in this natural and ecclesiastical fog, carrying on an animated legal conversation with each other, ignoring the Bishops; not that the latter seem to mind, as they scribble merrily away at their folios. Are their Right Reverend Lordships engaged in writing their Sunday sermons?

But where is the Bishop? He ought to be near his Counsel. The severe Sir HORACE DAVEY sits writing letters; next to him the affable Dr. TRISTRAM, then the rubicund Mr. DANKWEERS, but no Bishop. One o'clock! The Bishops rise for Lunch and Levée. "Where, oh where! is the Bishop of LINCOLN?" I ask JEUNE premier. "Quick—I want to sketch him before he leaves!"

"The Bishop!" returns the First Ecclesiastical Young Man, smiling. "Oh, he never comes near the place." Exit JEUNE premier. I appeal to the austere Sir HORACE DAVEY. "I can't tell you," says Sir HORACE—"DAVEY sum, non Edipus." And off he goes, to argue another sort of a case about Baird language and the Pelican Club. He will say no more. On this occasion only, HORACE is TACTUS. I do not find the Bishop, and quit Lambeth.



LIKELY-VERY!

"CONFOUND THESE BLACKS! THEY FOLLOW ME EVERYWHERE!"
 "YES, MY DEAR FELLOW; THEY TAKE YOU FOR A MISSIONARY!"

THE LITTLE DUC AND HIS BIG BILL.

THE *restaurateur* evidently considered that he "didn't kill a pig every day," when he stuck *Le Petit Duc* for this now historic bill, which, as given in full by the *Figaro*, Mr. Punch reproduces here for general edification:—

Un artichaut barigoule . . . 12fr.	1 salade 3fr.
Un châteaubriand . . . 16 "	1 caneton aux navets . . 25 "
1 sole 10 "	6 écrevisses 15 "
1 noix de veau 10 "	Hors d'œuvre 5 "
1 homard 25 "	Une assiette de fruits . 15 "

Whenever it may be the lot of any distinguished Member of the Upper House to be sent to the Tower of London, or a Member of the Lower to be shut up in the Clock Tower, the Provisional Government for the time being will know what to charge for its provisions. The *restaurateur* addressed his little account, "*A Sa Majesté (sic) Louis Philippe-Robert* ('ROBERT' was in it) *Duc d'Orléans*." In styling *Le Petit Duc* "His Majesty" the artful *restaurateur* evidently had in view a future *restauration*. The *restaurateur*, who expected to provide the young Duke of ORLEANS with a second dinner, of course quoted SHAKESPEARE, and exclaimed enthusiastically—

"I must go victual Orleans forthwith!"

Henry V., Part I., Act I., Sc. 5.

But the youthful Duc or Ducking wasn't to be caught and stuffed a second time.

A SATURDAY SERIES.—"Hunters' Dams" was the heading of an article in last week's *Saturday Review*. As the counter-jumper politely says, "What will be the next article?" We look forward with interest to "Shooters' Swearings," "Anglers' Affirmations," "Coursers' Curses," and a few others that may suggest themselves.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.—At the pleasant Gallery, 5A, Pall Mall East, is a good show of needle-work. One of the most prolific contributors is a certain clever gentleman whose name may possibly be familiar to some of our readers, one REMBRANDT VAN RHYN, who sends no less than a hundred works.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. III.—THE YOUNG M.P.

For the proper production of the young M.P. there are many receipts, but only one is genuine. Take a rickety boy, and provide



him with a wealthy father, slightly flavoured with a good social position and political tastes. Send him to a public school, having first eliminated as much youthfulness as is compatible with continued existence. Add some flattering masters, and a distaste for games. Season with the idea that he is born for a great career. Let him be, if possible, verbose and argumentative, and inclined to contradict his elders. Eliminate more youth and transfer hot to a University. Add more

verbosity, and a strong extract of priggishness. Throw in a degree, and two speeches at the Union. Set him to simmer for two years in a popular constituency, and serve him up, a chattering pedant of twenty-four, at Westminster.

In the course of the contest which resulted in his return to the House of Commons, the young M.P. will have tasted the sweets of advertisement by seeing his name constantly placarded in huge letters on coloured posters. He will have been constantly referred to as "Our popular young Candidate," and he will thus have become convinced that the welfare of his country imperatively demands his immediate presence and permanent continuance in Parliament. When the genial butcher who, besides retailing the carcasses of sheep and oxen, sits in the Town Council, and presides over one of the local political associations, declared, as he often has at other contests and of other candidates, that never, in the course of his political career, had he listened to more mature wisdom, adorned with nobler eloquence, than that which had fallen from "Our young and popular Candidate," he was merely satisfying a burning desire for rhetorical expansion, without any particular regard to accuracy of statement. But the candidate himself greedily gulps that lump of flattery, and all the praise which is the conventional sauce for every political gander. On this he grows fat, and being, in addition, puffed up by a very considerable conceit of his own, he eventually presents an aspect which is not pleasing, and assumes (towards those who are not voters in the Constituency) a manner which can scarcely be described as modest.

The majority of his Constituents regard him simply as an automatic machine for the regular distribution of large subscriptions. He regards himself as a being of great importance and capacity, and endowed with the power of acting as he likes, whilst the local wire-pullers look upon him as a convenient mask, behind which they may the more effectively carry on their own petty schemes of personal ambition.

As a Candidate, moreover, the young M.P. will have discovered that the triumph of his party depends not merely or even chiefly upon the due exposition of those political principles with which he may have lately crammed himself by the aid of a stray volume of MILL, and a *Compendium of Political History*, but rather upon the careful observance of local custom and local etiquette, and the ceaseless effort to trump his adversary's every trick. He will thus have become the President of the local Glee Club, the Patron of a Scientific Association, and a local Dog Show, the Vice-President of four Cricket Clubs and of five Football Clubs, a Member of the Committee of the Hospital Ball, and of the Society for Improving the breed of Grey Parrots; to say nothing of the Guild for Promoting the happiness of Middle-aged Housemaids, and the local Association for the Distribution of Penny Buns, at cheap prices, to the deserving poor. Moreover, before he has discovered the true relation of benefit societies to politics, he will find himself a Member of the Odd Fellows, the Foresters, the Hearts of Oak, the Druids, and the Loyal and Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Buffaloes, with the right, conferred by the last-named Society, of being addressed on lodge nights as if he were a Baronet, or, at least, a Knight.

Having thus met and shaken hands with the working-man during his hours of festive relaxation, the young M.P. will be properly qualified for discussing those social questions which form the chief

part of every aspirant's political baggage. Being gifted with a happy power of enunciating pompous platitudes with an air of profound conviction, and of spreading butter churned from the speeches of his leaders on the bread of political economy, he will be highly thought of at meetings of political leagues of either sex, or of both combined. It is necessary that he should catch the eye of the Speaker during his first Session. He will afterwards talk to his Constituents of the forms of the House in the tone of one who is familiar with mysteries, and is accustomed to mingle on terms of equality with the great and famous. He will bring in a Bill which an M.P., who was once young, has abandoned, and, finding his measure blocked, will discourse with extreme bitterness of the obstruction by which the efforts of rising political geniuses are oppressed.

In London Society the young M.P. may be recognised by an air of conscious importance as of one who carries the burden of the State upon his shoulders, and desires to impress the fact upon others. He may be flattered by being consulted as to the secret intentions of foreign Cabinets or the prospects of party divisions. He will then speak at length of his leaders as "we," and will probably announce, in a voice intended not so much for his immediate neighbours as for the thoughtless crowd beyond, that "we shall smash them in Committee," and that "AKERS-DOUGLAS" (or ARNOLD MORLEY, as the case may be) "has asked me to answer the fellows on the other side to-morrow. I am not sure I shall speak," the MS. of his speech being already complete. On the following day he will speak during the dinner-hour to an audience of four, and, having escaped being counted out, will be greatly admired by his Constituents. He will assiduously attend all social functions, and will not object to seeing his name in the paragraphs of Society papers. It is not absolutely necessary that the young M.P. should be bald, but it is essential that he should wear a frock-coat. It is well, also, that his dress should be neat, but not ostentatiously spruce, lest the more horny-handed of his supporters should take umbrage at an offensive assumption of superiority over those whose votes keep him in place.

Custom demands that the young M.P. should travel extensively, and that he should enlighten his home-staying Constituents as to the designs of Baratarias, the labour question in Lilliput, and the prospects of federation in Laputa, by means of letters addressed to the local newspaper. He will also interview foreign potentates and statesmen, and cause the fact to be published through the medium of REUTER. On his return, he will write a book, and deliver a lecture before the Mutual Improvement Society of the town he represents. He will then marry, in order that he may attend Mothers' meetings by deputy, and cause his wife to make lavish purchases at a local bazaar, which he will have opened. Shortly afterwards he will select an unpopular fad, which certain members of his own party approve, and will take a vigorous stand against it on principle, thus earning the commendation of all parties as a man of independent views, and unswerving rectitude.

If, at a subsequent election, he should chance to be rejected at the poll, he will publicly profess that he is delighted to be relieved of an uncongenial burden, whilst assuring his friends in private that the country in which able and honest men are neglected must be in a very bad way. He will, however, publish an address to the electors, in which he will claim a moral victory, and will assure them that it will ever be one of his proudest memories to have been connected with their constituency. He will spend his period of retirement on the stump, and, unless he be speedily furnished with another Constituency, will entertain doubts as to the sanity of his party leaders. Subsequently he will find himself again in the House of Commons, and, having been spoken of as a young man for about a quarter of a century, will at last become an Under-Secretary of State, and a grandfather, in the same year.

MASTER SINGERS.—Sir,—In accordance with your request, I visited the Meistersingers' Club (an institution which, seemingly from its name, has been established as a memorial to WAGNER), where a "dramatic performance" was given last week that had many points of interest to the languid pleasure-seeker, wearily thirsting for fresh sources of amusement. The evening's entertainment commenced with a play obligingly described by the author as a farce, which was followed by a new and original operetta, containing some very pretty music by Mr. PERCY REEVE, with the exquisitely droll title of *The Crusader and the Craven*. The one lady and two gentlemen who took part in this were, from a prompter's point of view, nearly perfect. Mr. R. HENDON as *Sir Rupert de Malvoisie* (the Crusader) suggested, by his accent and gestures, that he must have come from the East—how far East, it boots not to inquire. Miss FLORENCE DARLEY was a good *Lady Alice*, and Mr. J. A. SHALE an efficient "Craven." Later on an operatic performance is threatened. If the thrilling series of arrangements on the back of the Programme is to be accepted as authentic, the members of the Club will be invited to have *Patience*. It would be difficult to find a more appropriate accessory to a Night with the Meistersingers. No one asked me to have any supper,
Yours, A HAND AT CLUBS.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. VIII.—JACK PARKER;

Or *The Bull who knew his Business.*

CHARACTERS.

Jack Parker ("was a cruel boy, For mischief was his sole employ.")
Vide Miss JANE TAYLOR.)

Miss Lydia Banks ("though very young, Will never do what's rude or wrong."—Ditto.)

Farmer Banks.
Farmer Banks's Bull. } By the Brothers GRIFFITHS.

Chorus of Farm Hands.

SCENE—A Farmyard. R. a stall, from which the head of the Bull is visible above the half-door. Enter Farmer BANKS with a cudgel. Farmer B. (moodily). When roots are quiet, and cereals are dull, I vent my irritation on the Bull.

[We have Miss TAYLOR's own authority for this rhyme.

Come hup, you beast! (Opens stall and flourishes cudgel—the Bull comes forward with an air of deliberate defiance.) Oh, turning narsty, is he? (Apologetically, to Bull.)

Another time will do! I see you're busy!

[The Bull, after some consideration, decides to accept this retraction, and retreats with dignity to his stall, the



door of which he carefully fastens after him. Exit Farmer BANKS, L., as LYDIA BANKS enters R., accompanied by Chorus. The Bull exhibits the liveliest interest in her proceedings, as he looks on, with his forelegs folded easily upon the top of the door.

Song—LYDIA BANKS (in Polka time.)

I'm the child by Miss JANE TAYLOR sung; Unnaturally good for one so young— [on the tip of my tongue, A pattern for the people that I go among, With my moral little tags And I often feel afraid that I shan't live long, For I never do a thing that's rude or wrong!

Chorus (to which the Bull beats time). As a general rule, one doesn't live long, If you never do a thing that's rude or wrong!

Second Verse.

My words are all with wisdom fraught, To make polite replies I've sought; [good for nought, And learned by independent thought, That a pinafore, inked, is So wonderfully well have I been taught, That I turn my toes as children ought!

Chorus (to which the Bull dances). This moral lesson she's been taught—She turns her toes as children ought!

Lydia (sweetly). Yes, I'm the Farmer's daughter—LYDIA BANKS; No person ever caught me playing pranks! I'm loved by all the live-stock on the farm,

[Ironical applause from the Bull.

Pigeons I've plucked will perch upon my arm, And pigs at my approach sit up and beg, [Business by Bull. For me the partial Peacock saves his egg, No sheep e'er snaps if I attempt to touch her, Lambs like it when I lead them to the butcher! Each morn I milk my rams beneath the shed, While rabbits flutter twittering round my head, And, as befits a dairy-farmer's daughter, What milk I get I supplement with water, [A huge Shadow is thrown on the road outside; LYDIA starts. Whose shadow is it makes the highway darker? That bullet head! those ears! it is—JACK PARKER!

[Chord. The Chorus flee in dismay, as JACK enters with a reckless swagger.

Song—JACK PARKER.

I'm loafing about, and I very much doubt if my excellent Ma is aware that I'm out; My time I employ in attempts to annoy, and I'm not what you'd call an agreeable boy!

I shoe the cats with walnut-shells; Tin cans to curs I tie; Ring furious knells at front-door bells—Then round the corner fly!

'Neath donkeys' tails I fasten furze, Or timid horsemen scare; If chance occurs, I stock with burrs My little Sister's hair!

[The Bull shakes his head reprovingly.

Such tricks give me joy without any alloy,—but they do not denote an agreeable boy!

[As JACK PARKER concludes, the Bull ducks cautiously below the half-door, while LYDIA conceals herself behind the pump, L.C.

Jack (wandering about Stage, discontentedly). I thought at least there'd be some beasts to badger here!

Call this a farm—there ain't a blooming spadger here!

[Approaches stall—Bull raises head suddenly.

A bull! This is a lark I've long awaited!

He's in a stable, so he should be baited.

[The Bull shows symptoms of acute depression at this jeu de mot; LYDIA comes forward indignantly.

Lydia. I can't stand by and see that poor bull suffer!

Excitement's sure to make his beef taste tougher!

[The Bull emphatically corroborates this statement.

Be warned by Miss JANE TAYLOR; fractured skulls

Invariably come from teasing bulls!

So let that door alone, nor lift the latchet;

For if the bull gets out—why, then you'll catch it!

Jack. A fractured skull? Yah, don't believe a word of it!

[Raises latchet; chord; Bull comes slowly out, and crouches ominously; JACK retreats, and takes refuge on top of pump; the Bull, after scratching his back with his off foreleg, makes a sudden rush at LYDIA.

Lydia (as she evades it), Here, help!—it's chasing! Me!—it's too absurd of it!

Go away, Bull—with me you have no quarrel!

[The Bull intimates that he is acting from a deep sense of duty.

Lydia (impatiently). You stupid thing, you're ruining the moral!

[The Bull persists obstinately in his pursuit.

Jack (from top of pump). Well dodged, Miss BANKS! although the Bull I'll back!

Lydia. Come quick—this Bull's mistaking me for JACK!

Jack. He knows his business best, I shouldn't wonder.

Farm-hands (philosophically). He ain't the sort o' Bull to make a blunder. [They look on.

Lydia (panting). Such violent exercise will soon exhaust me!

[The Bull comes behind her.

Oh, Bull, it is unkind of you . . . you've teased me!

[Falls on ground, while the Bull stands over her, in readiness to give the coup de grace; LYDIA calls for help.

A Farm-hand (encouragingly). Nay, Miss, he seems moor sensible nor surly—

He knows as how good children perish early!

[The Bull nods in acknowledgment that he is at last understood, and elaps his chest with his forelegs.

Lydia. Bull, I'll turn naughty, if you'll but be lenient!

Goodness, I see, is sometimes inconvenient.

I promise you henceforth I'll try, at any rate,

To act like children who are unregenerate!

[The Bull, after turning 'this over, decides to accept a compromise.

Jack. And, LYDIA, when you ready for a lark are,

Just give a chyhike to your friend—JACK PARKER!

[They shake hands scarnily.

FINALE.

Lydia. I thought to slowly fade away so calm and beautiful. (Though I didn't mean to go just yet);

But you get no chance for pathos when you're chivied by a bull! (So I thought I wouldn't go just yet.)

For I did feel so upset, when I found that all you get By the exercise of virtue, is that bulls will come and hurt you! That I thought I wouldn't go just yet!

Chorus. We hear, with some regret, That she doesn't mean to go just yet.

But a Bull with horns that hurt you is a poor return for virtue, And she's wiser not to go just yet!

[The Bull rises on his hindlegs, and gives a forehoof each to LYDIA and JACK, who dance wildly round and round as the Curtain falls.

[N.B.—Musio-hall Managers are warned that the morality of this particular Drama may possibly be called in question by some members of the L. C. C.]

A RETIRING YOUNG MAN.

(Positively his Last Appearance.)

I LINGER on the same old stage
Which I have graced so long,
Though oft, when sick, or in a rage,
I've sworn to give up song,
Still somehow, like mellifluous REEVES,
I flow, and flow, and flow.
Stage-stars, though fond of taking leave
Are very loth to go.

Teutons, once again,
Greet me once again!
Old songs I'm singing,
Shall I sing in vain?
Once more I front the same old House,
And hear the same "Encore!"
My rivals slink as slinks the mouse
When Leo lifts his roar.

I'll take my turn with potent voice,
In solo or in glee.
At my *rentrée* my friends rejoice
They only wanted ME!
Teutons, once again!
Greet me once again!
Old strength is waking,
Shall it wake in vain?

THE CRY OF THE CITY CHILDREN.

(For Playing Fields.)

[A conference of delegates of various Athletic Clubs was held on March 4, in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, for the purpose of considering the necessity for the further provision of Playing fields for the people of the Metropolis.]

WOULD you see Town Children playing, O my brothers,
With their bats and leathern spheres?
They are herding where the slum-reck fumes and smothers,
And *that* isn't play, one fears.

The young rustics bat in verdant meadows,
The young swells are "scrummaging" ont west;
They are forming future GRACES, STODDARTS, HADOWS;
They are having larks, which, after all, is best.
But the young Town Children, O my brothers,
They are mooning all the day;
They are idling in the play-time of the others,
For they have no place to play!

Do you recollect they used to play at cricket
In the bye-streets years ago,
With a broomstick for a bat, a coat for wicket?
Now the Bobbies hunt them so!
The old ladies grumble at their skipping;
The old gents object to their tip-cat;
So they squat midst slums that shine like dirty dripping,
Not knowing what the dickens to be at.
And the young Town Children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Making mud-pies, to the horror of their mothers,
In their dirty Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and grubby faces,
And they answer—"Cricket? Us?
Only wish we *could*, but then there ain't no places;
Wot's the good to make a fuss?
Yes, you 're right, Guv, this is dirty fun and dreary;
But 'Rounders' might just bring us 'fore the Beak,
And if we dropped our peg-top down a airey,
They would hurry up and spank us for our cheek.
Arsk the swell 'uns to play cricket, not us nippers;
We must sit here damp and dull,
'Midst the smell of stale fried fish and oily kippers,
'Cos the Town 's so blooming full."

True, true O children! I of old have seen you
Playing peg-top, aye, like mad.
In the side-streets, and upon a village green you
Could scarce have looked more glad.
I have seen you fly the kite, and eke "the garter,"
Send your "Rounders" ball a rattling down the street.
If you tried such cantrips now you 'd catch a tartar
In the vigilant big Bobby on his beat.
If you tossed the shuttle-cock or bowled the hoop now,
A-l's pounce would be your doom.
In the streets at Prisoner's Base you must not troop now,
There's no longer any room!

So you sit and smoke the surreptitious 'baccy,
And deal in scurril chaff;
Vulgar JENNY boldly flirts with vicious JACKY,
You 're too knowing now by half.
They 're unchildish imps, these Children of the City,
Bold and *blasé*, though their life has scarce begun,
Growing callous little ruffians—ah, the pity!—
For the lack of open space, and youthful fun.
Bedford's Bishop says the Cricket pitch is driven
Further, further, every day;
And the crowded City grows—well not a heaven,
Where there is no room for play.

So, if Cricketers and Footballers, who gather,
Find Town Children space for sport,
Punch will be extremely pleased with them; so, rather,
Will the thralls of lane and court.

ALFRED LITTLETON, so keen behind the wicket;
Lord KINNAIRD, who once was hot upon the ball,
Give our Arabs chance of football and of cricket,
And you 'll fairly earn the hearty thanks of all;
For the young City Children, doomed to rummage
In dim alleys foul as Styx,
Never else may know the rapture of a "scrummage,"
Or "a slashing drive for Six!"

A DESIRABLE "RAIKES" PROGRESS.—In the direction of concession to the overworked and underpaid Post-Office employes.



APPRECIATIVE.

Amateur Tenor. "I SHALL JUST SING ONE MORE SONG, AND THEN I SHALL GO."
Sarcastic Friend. "COULDN'T YOU GO FIRST!"

A JUBALEE PERFORMANCE.

DEAR MR. P.,—After *The Cottler's Saturday Night*, which is a fine broad Scotch setting by Dr. MACKENZIE of Rantin' Roarin' ROBBIE'S poem, came *The Dream of Jubal*. This, as I take it, was a work produced in the Jubalee Year. I don't know who JUBAL was, at least I've only a vague idea. Rather think he was a partner of TUBAL TUBAL, JUBAL & Co., Instrument Makers. From this Oratorio I gather that JUBAL was an enthusiastic amateur, but that the only musical instrument he possessed was a tortoise-shell,—whether comb or simple shell I couldn't quite make out. However, comb or shell, he worked hard at it, until one morning, when he was practising outside the house (I expect TUBAL & Co. wouldn't stand much of it indoors), the birds started a concert in opposition to his solo. This quite drowned his feeble notes, and drove him half frantic. In despair he lay down under the shade of a tree and fell asleep, and in his dreams he saw the instrument which he had invented gradually developed into a "Strad," and from that into the most glorious instrument of our time; namely, the banjo. This soothed and pleased him, that, waking up, he adorned his tortoise-shell with flowers, and sang aloud to all his descendants in all time and tune, and out of all time and tune, if necessary, to join him in praising the invention of Music generally, and of this Jubalee instrument in particular.

Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT has given a most effective description of the dream; the accompanied recitation being very fine indeed, and splendidly performed by Miss JULIA NEILSON, who, like JUBAL, has been in the *Tree's Shadow* at the Haymarket. Fine triumphal march and chorus. Your own MAGGIE MCINTYRE, and your Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN, were in excellent form, and everybody was delighted, with the exception of one person,—who is always *à peu près*, never quite satisfied, and therefore rightly named, "ALL-BUT HALL, S.W."

"HARLOWE THERE!"—This now familiar exclamation might be appropriately adopted as the motto of the Vandeville Theatre during the run of *Clarissa*. She does run, too, poor dear—first from home, then from *Lovelace's*, and then "anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!" By the way, is it quite fair of Mr. THOMAS THORNE, in the absence of a friend and brother comedian, to speak of himself, as he does in this piece, as "a mere TOOLE"? How can such a metamorphosis have taken place? We trust that Mr. THOMAS THORNE, Temporary Tragedian, will amend his sentiments.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT, on the night when he was so huffy, "left the House." True: he certainly did not "carry the House with him."

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. IV.—THE GIDDY SOCIETY LADY.

THE Giddy Lady is one who, having been plunged at an early age into smart society, is whirled perpetually round in a vortex of



pleasures and excitements. In the effort to keep her head above water, she is as likely as not to lose it. This condition she naturally describes as "being in the swim." In the unceasing struggle to maintain herself there, she may perhaps shorten her life, but she will apparently find a compensation in the increased length of her dressmaker's bills. She is ordinarily the daughter of aristocratic parents, who carefully allowed her to run wild from the moment she

could run at all. By their example she has been taught to hold as articles of her very limited faith, that the serious concerns of life are of interest only to fools, and should, therefore (though the inference is not obvious), be entirely neglected by herself, and that frivolity and fashion are the twin deities before whom every self-respecting woman must bow down.

Having left the Seminary at which she acquired an elementary ignorance of spelling, a smattering of French phrases as used by English lady novelists, and a taste for music which leads her in after-life to prefer Miss BESSIE BELLWOOD to BEETHOVEN, she is soon afterwards brought out at a smart dance in London. From this point her progress is rapid. Balls and concerts, luncheons and receptions, dinners and theatres, race meetings and cricket matches, at both of which more attention is paid to fashion than to the field, follow one another in a dizzy succession. She has naturally no time for thought, but in order to avoid the least suspicion of it, she learns to chatter the slang of the youthful Guardsmen and others who are her companions. A certain flashing style of beauty ensures to her the devotion of numerous admirers, to whom she babbles of "chappies" and "Johnnies," and "real jam" and "stony broke," and "two to one bar one," as if her life depended upon the correct pronunciation of as many of these phrases as possible in the shortest time on record. She thus comes to be considered a cheerful companion, and at the end of her third season, marries a jaded man of pleasure, whose wealth is more considerable than his personal attractions, and who, for some inscrutable reason, has been approved by her parents as a suitable husband.

She treats matrimony as an emancipation from rules which she has rarely seen any one else observe, and has never honoured herself, and after a few years, she becomes one of that gaudy band of Society ladies who follow with respectful imitation the giddy vagaries of the Corinthians of a lower grade. She dines often without her husband at smart restaurants, where she has constant opportunities of studying the manners of her models. She adores the burlesques at the Gaiety and the Avenue, and talks, with a complete absence of reserve and a disregard of pedantic accuracy, about the lives and adventures of the actresses who figure there. She can tell you, and does, who presented LOTTIE A. with a diamond star, and who was present at the last supper-party in honour of TOTTIE B. Nor is she averse to being seen and talked about in a box at a Music-Hall, or at one of the pleasure-palaces in Leicester Square. She allows the young men who cluster round her to suppose that she knows all about their lapses from strict propriety, and that she commends rather than condemns them. *Causes célèbres* are to her a staple of conversation, her interest in them varying directly as the number of co-respondents.

It is impossible, therefore, that the men who are her friends should treat her with that chivalrous respect which an obsolete tradition would seem to require, but they suffer no loss of her esteem in consequence. Such being her behaviour in the society of men, the tone of her daily conversation with friends of her own sex may be readily imagined, though it might not be pleasant to describe. Suffice it to

say, that she sees no shame in addressing them, or in allowing herself to be addressed by a name which a Court of law has held to be libellous when applied to a burlesque actress. She is always at Hurlingham or the Ranelagh, and has seen pigeons killed without a qualm. She never misses a Sandown or a Kempton meeting; she dazzles the eyes of the throng at Ascot every year, and never fails at Goodwood.

Twice a year the Giddy Lady is compelled by the traditions of her caste to visit Paris, in order to replenish her exhausted wardrobe. On these occasions she patronises only the best hotel, and the most expensive and celebrated of men-dressmakers, and she is "fitted" by a son of the house, of whom she talks constantly and familiarly by his Christian name as JEAN, or PIERRE, or PHILIPPE. During the shooting season she goes from country-house to country-house. She has been seen sometimes with a gun in her hands, often with a lighted cigarette between her lips. Indeed she is too frequent a visitor at shooting-luncheons and in smoking-rooms, where a woman, however much she may attempt to disguise her sex, is never cordially welcomed by men. The conventions of the society in which she moves seem to require that she should be attended during her visits by a *cavaliere servente*, who is therefore always invited with her. Their pastime is to imitate a flirtation, and to burlesque love, but neither of them is ever deceived into attributing the least reality to this occupation, which is often as harmless as it is always absurd.

These and similar occupations, of course, leave her no time to attend to her children, who are left to grow up as best they may under the fostering care of nursery-maids and of such relations as may choose, from time to time, to burden themselves with the olive-branches of others. Her husband has long since retired from all competition with her, and leaves her free to follow her own devices, whilst he himself follows the odds. She is often supposed to be riding for a fall. It is certain that her pace is fast. Yet, though many whisper, it is quite possible that she will ride to the end without open damage.

Of her dress and her jewels it need only be said that she affects tailor-made costumes and cat's-eye bangles by day, and that at night she escapes by the skin of her teeth from that censure which the scantiness of her coverings would seem to warrant, and which Mr. HORSLEY, R.A., if he saw her, would be certain to pronounce.

In middle age she loses her brilliant complexion. Yet, for reasons best known to herself, her colour continues to be bright, though her spirits and her temper seem to suffer in the effort to keep it so. As old age advances, she is as likely as not to become a gorgon of immaculate propriety, and will be heard lamenting over the laxity of manners which permits girls to do what was never dreamt of when she was a girl herself.

THE PINT OF IT.

How curious that our youngest boy, aged fifteen months, should have already become partially paralysed, and be afflicted, besides, with anæmia, rickets, and growing inability to digest the smallest particle of food!

If it were not that we procure our milk from the "Hygienic Unskimmed Lacteal Fluid and Food for Babes Company, Limited," I should begin to believe that there might be something wrong with the beverage which forms the staple of his infantile dietary.

The Company professes to sell milk "pure from the cow." From the quality of this morning's supply, I should be inclined to fancy that that cow is suffering from an advanced stage of atrophy.

As our eldest child, aged two-and-a-half, is still totally unable to walk, and its legs have become mere shrivelled sticks, I really must call in an Analyst to test our milk.

Heavens! The Analyst reports that more than half the cream has been "separated"—which seems to mean removed—and that its place has been supplied by "65 per cent. of impure water."

Under these circumstances, I hardly think that the fine of five shillings, and half-a-crown costs, which the Magistrate has inflicted on the Company, quite meets the justice of the case, or will be sufficient to stop such adulteration in the future.

Buffalo Bill and Leo Pope.

WENT BUFFALO BILL to see the POPE pass by. Then were the Cow-boys cowed by the POPE's eye, With which, like many an English-speaking ginton, They'd often met, and fastened on, in mutton. The difference vast at once they did espy, Betwixt a sheep's eye and a LEO's eye. Says Shiney WILLIAM to himself, "I'm blest!" And so he was, and so were all the rest.

FROM A NAUTICAL INQUIRER.—"Please, Sir, what's the uniform of an Admiral of the 'Bouillon Fleet'? I see this Fleet advertised, but have been unable to obtain any information about it at the Admiralty, where I have called repeatedly to make inquiries." [Consult "The First Lord." The first lord you meet will do.—Ed.]

"GRENADIERS TO THE FRONT!"

I MUST confess, my dear Editor, I was greatly gratified at your gracefully recognising my twenty years' service, spent in the defence of my QUEEN and my country (in the Militia), by asking me to be present at the initial performance of the Guards Burlesque Company of *Fra Diavolo* in the Theatre Royal, Recreation Room, Chelsea Barracks, S.W.



The place was not entirely new to me. Last year it had been my good fortune to see *Ivanhoe*, with Mr. NUGENT in the principal character—a gallant and talented gentleman, who was, alas! conspicuous by his absence on the present occasion. I was given to understand that this year the Grenadiers were ordered "to the front," and that the command had been obeyed, the list of the *Dramatis Personae* amply proved.

The music was admirably selected by Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, the "*Baker Roll*" from *Pickwick* going capitably. The scenery, by the Hon. ARNOLD KEPPEL (late Scots Guards), was good, and "the writing up to date," by Mr. YARDLEY (never to be forgotten on the field of cricket), was better.

For the rest, I may say that the Guards' Burlesque Company, from a theatrical professional stand-point, were hardly "Gaiety form," but, as amateurs, they were simply magnificent. There was no supper—but this is a detail.

Yours sincerely,
A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

The Plains of Waterloo, in rear of the Army and Navy Stores, S.W.

"LENT LECTURES."—A Correspondent signing himself "MISSING LINK," says, that he frequently sees Lectures advertised as above, and wants to know if they come into the same category with "Borrowed Sermons." [Don't know. Consult Mr. F. JEUNE, Q.C., or the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.—Ed.]

"THAT ought to be an interesting and amusing article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March," observed Mrs. RAM—"I mean the one called, 'Who are the Christy Minstrels?'" We referred to the number. No such article in it; but one entitled, "Who are Christian Ministers?" Probably this was it. Near enough for Mrs. R.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Walery-Gallery Co.—for WALERY has transformed himself into a Limited Liability—is bringing out a series of "Sporting Celebrities," with sporting notes, monographs, and dramatic notes too. The photographs are excellent. Two in each monthly number. The monographs are right enough, but the sporting and dramatic notes in a monthly, are either not sufficient or too much. Three portraits and three monographs, one sportswoman and two sportsmen in each number would be better, at least, so it seems to the learned Baron, who would sum up the requisites for making the Walery-Gallery Sporting Series a success in a Shakspearian quotation, adapted for this special occasion.—"More art and less matter."

The Baron is always much interested in the *Revue de Famille*, directed and largely contributed to by M. JULES SIMON, who is also a pretty regular contributor to its pages. In December last, M. SIMON wrote a thoughtful and interesting article on *L'Education des Femmes*, and M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, a very amusing paper on *Le Timide au Théâtre*. The number for February (it is only a bi-monthly publication) has a paper on *L'Influence* (not the influenza) *des Femmes en France*, the only fault of which is its length; and GYP gives a satirical sketch called *Nos Docteurs*, which hardly seems in keeping with the family character of the *Revue*. The March Number is now out, and can be procured at HACHETTE'S. It is one of the best French serials.

A delightful book is *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions*, collected and recounted by the Rev. THOMAS PARKINSON. He who writes of fairies and of witches should of course possess some potent spell—(how many members of the School-Board, had they lived a couple of hundred years ago, would have been punished as witches for teaching "spelling," it is pleasant to imagine)—and Mr. PARKINSON'S great charm is his apparent belief in the wonders he relates. Even when he occasionally alludes to "popular superstition," you feel it is only a phrase introduced evidently out of consideration for the unphilosophic prejudices of his "so-called" Nineteenth-Century readers, who pride themselves on being HUXLEYS in the full blaze of scientific light, and yet would shrink from passing a night in a haunted room, or, if alone, would go a mile out of their way to avoid an uncanny spot. The greatest mistake made by narrators of the marvellous is, attempting to account for the unaccountable. This book is, I believe, one of a series now being published by ELLIOT STOCK, of Paternoster Row, a stock which Your Own Baron recommends as a safe investment, for the book alone is a good dividend, the interest being kept up all through; and it is satisfactory to hear that, as the other counties of England, and perhaps of Ireland and Scotland, are being dealt with in a similar manner, there is a good reserve-fund of information and amusement.

Mr. RUNCIMAN, in *The Fortnightly*, brings a serious indictment of plagiarism against Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, which it strikes me he would be unable to sustain in a Court of Common Sense before MR. PRESIDENT PUNCH, unless it were first laid down as a fixed principle, that a writer of fiction must never have recourse to any narrative of facts whereon to base his Romance. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

A Delightful "All-The-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.

EX. I.—RESPECTING THE LOVER'S INDIFFERENCE FOR THE ADVANTAGES OF CIVILISATION.

I AM waiting in darkness to greet her—
Why in darkness I cannot explain,
For there's plenty of gas in the meter,
And enough, I suppose, in the main!
But 'tis darkness so unpenetrating,
And 'tis darkness so dismally deep!
And I'm waiting, and waiting, and waiting,
Like the chap in "A Garden of Sleep."

I've been patiently waiting to meet her,
Till I'm thoroughly sick of this gloom;
It is ten by my Benson repeater—
It was six when I entered the room!
But I must not begin to grow weary,
And to stamp, and to fret, and to curse!
The surroundings are certainly dreary,
But they might be decidedly worse!

I am waiting, still waiting, to greet her!—
Here all night I'm determined to stand,
For a prettier girl, or a sweeter,
There is not to be seen in the land!
If I go, I am sure to regret it,
So I'll make up my mind here to stay.
What though time is departing? Well, let
I shall wait here for ever and aye! [it!]

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR.

No. I.



"When Cross-examining a Lady, treat her with Deference."

SWEET LAVENDER.—Miss SPRULES, whose "Lavender Farm" in Surrey was recently visited by a ubiquitous *P. M. Gazetteer*, appears to be a real scenter of attraction. "Does it pay?" asked the Interviewer. And of course the Lady's answer was, "Scent per cent."

"JUNKETING" IN LONDON.—Last Saturday a grand Devonian Dinner took place at the Criterion. Of course, only *La Crème de la Crème* of Devon were present.

THE "SO-CALLED" NINETEENTH CENTURY FOR THIS MONTH.—"*Palmer qui... ferat.*" Has the gallant Corporal any more to Tel-(el-Kebir)?

FROM "1ST FLAT, COLNEY HATCHWELL."—The song of "*Be Mine*" is a great success. The song "*Be Minor*" ought to be a greater.

NEW NOVEL, shortly to appear, by a Director of the London and Westminster Bank, entitled, *Allsopps and Conditions of Men*.

UNGRAMMATICAL BUT QUITE CORRECT.—When a Gentleman asks, at a book-stall, "Have you a number of *Woman* here?"

WHAT'S "a bore for coal is fun for us!" Mem. by Shareholder, S. E. Line.



NIL DESPERANDUM!

Fair Visitor (to Hostess). "HOW WONDERFULLY WELL MRS. WILKINSON WEARS! I DO HOPE I SHALL BE AS GOOD-LOOKING AS THAT AT HER AGE!" *Fair Hostess.* "So do I!"

THANK GOODNESS!

"OFF?" Thank goodness, yes!
Always was—confound it!—
An unsavoury mess,
Foulness reeking round it.
Resurrection pie
Not in it for nastiness.
Dished-up—who knows why?—
With unseemly hastiness.
Of the *chef's* poor skill,
Feeblest of expedients.
Sure we've had our fill
Of its stale ingredients.
Toujours perdrix? Pooh!
That is scarce delightful;
Toujours Irish Stew
Very much more frightful.
Thrice-cooked colewort? Ah!
That no doubt were tedious;
But this hotch-potch? Pah!
Thought of it is hideous.
It has been too long
Pièce de résistance;
Take its odour strong
To unsniffing distance.

Waiter's self looks sick
At the very thought of it.
Oh, remove it, quick!
Customers want nought of it.
Eh? One hungry sinner
Asks another plateful?
He should have his dinner
Snatched by harpies fateful.
Kitchen never yet
Knew a failure greater.
Few its end regret.
Surely not the Waiter.
He his finger had
In the pie—or gravy.
Did he? Well, 'tis sad.
He must cry "*Peccavi!*"
But whoever mixed,
Or whoever boiled it,
Our opinion's fixed,
He, or they, quite spoiled it.
'Tis the general scoff,
Butt of chaff and rudeness.
Irish Stew is "Off."
Finally—Thank Goodness!

REVISED VERSION. "IN GLOBO."—The author of Dixon's *Johnsary*, who last week sent us a paragraph about the Globe Theatre (where, he said, it was pleasant to find the name of SHAKESPEARE once more associated with that of his great contemporary, JOHN BENSON), was wrong in saying that Miss DOROTHY DENE is taking the part of *Hippolyta* in The Midsummer Matinée's Dream. It is very kind of so conscientious an *artiste* to "take anybody's part." But, as a matter of fact, Miss DOROTHY is appearing as *Helena, La belle Hélène*, in the same drama.

"SPRING HATS FOR LADIES."—Are they going to adopt the *gibus*?

MORE TO FOLLOW.

THE dinner given by Mr. JAMES STAATS FORBES, Chairman of the L. C. & D. Railway, last Wednesday, to M. EIFFEL, and the French Engineers, was a big success. As the *P. M. G.*, which, being now edited by a *chef*,—at least, he is a man-Cook,—authoritatively informed us, in anticipation of this feast, "The Continent and Great Britain have been ransacked for delicacies." There is to be another banquet, we hear, and more "ransacking." Once again will that delightfully-entertaining Chairman, J. S. FORBES, of the Lucullus Chatting and Dining Line, present a *menu* which will be unexampled in culinary history. By great favour we are permitted to present a few of the delights of this bill of fare, in which a SOYER would have rejoiced, a UDE have delighted, and of which a BRILLAT-SAVARIN might indeed have been proud. No expense in ransacking has been spared. They are sending to the prairie for prairie oysters; to Egypt for *Pot-au-feu (soupe à la mauvaise femme)*; to Jerusalem for artichokes, to Bath for chaps, and Brussels for sprouts. Bordeaux will be ransacked for pigeons, Scotland for Scotch woodcock, Wales for rabbits, Sardinia for sardines, and Turkey for rhubarb. Special messengers are travelling through Germany in search of sausages; others are in Ireland seeking supplies of the stew of that country. Bombay is being ransacked for its celebrated Bombay ducks, Guinea for fowls, Norfolk for dumplings, and Chili for vinegar. Merchant traders are already in treaty with Madeira for cakes; and while Naples is being ransacked for ices, the Government Stationery Office at home will yield an almost inexhaustible supply of wafers.

The guests, led by a choir arrayed in twenty-four sheets, also supplied by the Stationery Office, will sing a delightful compound of the drinking chorus in *Through the Looking-Glass*, and "*The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee*," which will go as follows, all (who can) standing:—

Let's fill up our glasses with treacle and ink,
And anything else that is pleasant to drink,
And hook the best port and let us gay free,
And hurrah for STAATS FORBES and the L. C. & D.!

We can only give these few hints, as of course, this is but a small portion of the *menu*, a mere pennyworth to any amount of ransacking.
VIVAT LUCULLUS!



THANK GOODNESS!!!

HUNGRY HOME-RULER. "WAITER! I WANT SOME MORE OF THAT 'IRISH STEW A LA PARNELL COMMISSION.'"

HEAD WAITER. "'PARNELL COMMISSION,' SIR? *HOFF, SIR!*"



A COLONIAL FRIEND PAYS ME A VISIT.



His Hunting Costume is rather startling.



His Method of Amusing himself in Covert was unusual.



His style of Riding was a trifle reckless.



And when he compelled some Bullocks to join in the chase, it was hardly the thing.



But all this wouldn't have mattered so much, if he hadn't galloped through the Hounds—



And murdered the Fox with his infernal Whip!

“LE KICKE-BALL” IN FRANCE.

(A Vindication.)

MON CHER MONSIEUR PUNCH,—That you have been the victim of “a 'oax,” crafty, ingenious, and abominable, there is now no shadow of a doubt. That letter palmed off on to your good and trustful nature the week before last, with the signature of “LE HEADS MASTERRE,” professing to deal with the subject of the International athleticism, I should unflinching pronounce, after cursory investigation, to be a forgery, impudent and profound. For survey the facts: while it proposed, in a set of regulations *bizarre* and fantastic, to abolish “Le 'Arf-back,” as a superfluous officer in the French game, a contest took place in the very centre of this Paris, in which not only the “'Arf-back,” but the “Three-quarterre-back” was referred to as having been *changed four times in the progress of one game!* Nor was this all. So highly and efficiently trained by the indefatigable Principal had been the French “'Ome-team,” that,—glorious announcement to make,—they succeeded in carrying off the victory, not merely from one of your Public School Clubs, representing only one country, but from a united “Onze,” that might have been regarded with a natural and excusable patriotic pride, as the combined force of all the whole civilised world. Yes, the force opposed to our courageous youths of the *Lycée Janson de Sailly* comprised not only Englishmen, but other nationalities, including sons of the American United

States and Holland. Against this formidable combination the active and sportsman-like youth of our re-awakened athletic France scored a victory, easy, swift, and complete, of two tries to nothing.

For further particulars, I refer you to the newspapers of the period, that furnish the details of the affair. In them you will see that, so far from “*Le Scrimmage*” being abandoned, on the contrary, several, of a character hotly contested, and severe, appear to have arisen in the efforts necessary to scour *les deux “tries”*; for though no mention is made of the Hospital ambulance, yet it is hinted that much sticking-plasterre must have been used in fastening up and healing the many contusions, grave, startling, and various, resulting from the furious kicking of legs, and struggling of bodies, inevitable in the progress of “*Un Scrimmage*,” in which *Three-quarter-back, 'Arf-backs, Forwards, and even Goal-keeperes* were often mingled in confusion, bewildering and prolonged, and only saved from being deadly and prostrating by the admirable *clan* and courageous spirit with which it was encountered.

No, *mon cher Monsieur Punch*, I do not say that when our Athletic Committee commence their investigations of the dangers obvious and definite connected with the conduct of your *jeu de Criquelette*, that they may not alter the constitution and weight of the ball, which I understand is made of lead, and weighs ten pounds and three-quarters, and reduce the size of *les batte-clubs*, themselves instruments to an excessive degree ponderous and grotesque, probably eliminating entirely from the field such dangerously-located officers as “*Le Long-stoppe*,” “*Le square-legge*,” and, above all, “*Le wicket-keeperes*,” but this does not affect their action in considering the reformation of the rules for the legitimate and reasonable conduct of the game of “*Kicke-ball*.” No, *mon cher Monsieur*, these they are agreeable to leave as they are, remembering that the ball, formidable though he may be on account of his size, is harmless as a butterfly in the contact, being filled only with air. Moreover they see no reason to change when an “*Onze*” of this New Athletic France can, with the old rules, claim as she does the noble victory of *le deux “tries”* to nothing, and enables the writer of this letter of correction, with a satisfaction that is keen and infinite, and a pride that is profound and pardonable, to subscribe himself hereunder,

A THREE-QUARTERRE-BACK OF THE RECENTLY VICTORIOUS LYCÉE.

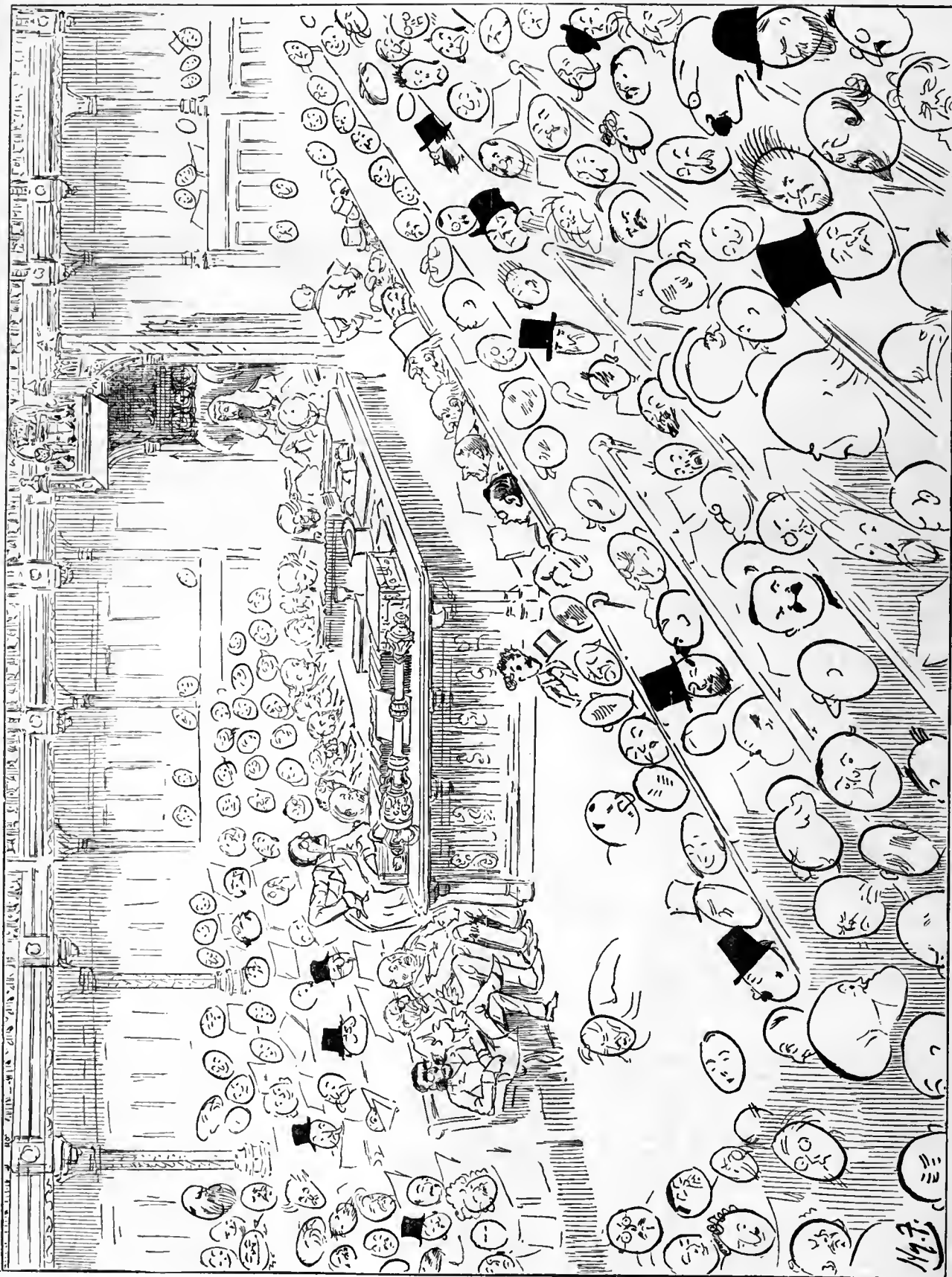
QUESTION OF PARENTAGE.—Prof. HUXLEY, returning to the charge against Socialism, declares Capital to be “the Mother of Labour.” If so, surely “the child was mother of the—woman!”—to adopt WORDSWORTH’S seeming paradox. The first family, when first doomed to Labour, had surely very little Capital.

When ADAM delved and EVE span Where was then the—“Middleman”?

A CITY Correspondent sends us this Advertisement from the *Daily Chronicle* :—

THE MANAGERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are about to APPOINT AN ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT of WAITERS. Applications, accompanied by Testimonials, must be made in writing, on or before the 15th March, to the Secretary, the Stock Exchange, from whom full particulars of the duties and salary can be obtained. Candidates must be under 40 years of age.

He is afraid lest it should have escaped our ROBERT’S eye. Under forty years of age is rather young for a Superintendent, perhaps; but no doubt ROBERT, who, as he says, “is not for any pertikler age, but for all time,” would be equal to the occasion.



A HOUSE OF CIPHERS.

[Mr. PICTON, M.P., said, "that if every day was to be taken for Government business, Private Members would become mere Ciphers."]

OMNIBUSINESS.

(A Report of a Meeting yet to be held.)

A MEETING of the Improved Saloon Palace Coach Combination (Limited), was held at the Offices of the Company on Thursday last, when Lord BURLINGTON ARCADIA (in the absence of the Duke of UTOPIA) was called upon to preside.

The noble Chairman said he was delighted to see so many benevolent-looking shareholders present. He admitted that he felt a little nervous, as no doubt the Board of Directors (of whom he had the honour to be one) had acted to a great extent upon their own responsibility in conducting the business of the Company. Encouraged by the comments of the Press, the Board considered they owed a duty to the Public second only in importance to the duty they owed to the shareholders. Nowadays, great trading communities had no right to act selfishly—they must think not only of those who owned the capital, but also of that vast majority whose comfort it should be their pleasure to enhance.

The paper to which he specially referred suggested that various improvements should be made. All the Saloon Palace cars of the Company, it was proposed, should be repainted in various colours, to facilitate identification; but this would cost money—(loud cheers)—and he was happy to say they had money to spend. They had spent it. (Murmurs.) He was sure that they would be pleased when they learned the manner in which that money had been spent. Instead of being hoarded up to swell the dividend—(groans.)—it had been absorbed in improvements which would confer great benefits upon the community. (Uproar.)

A SHAREHOLDER. What have we to do with the community?

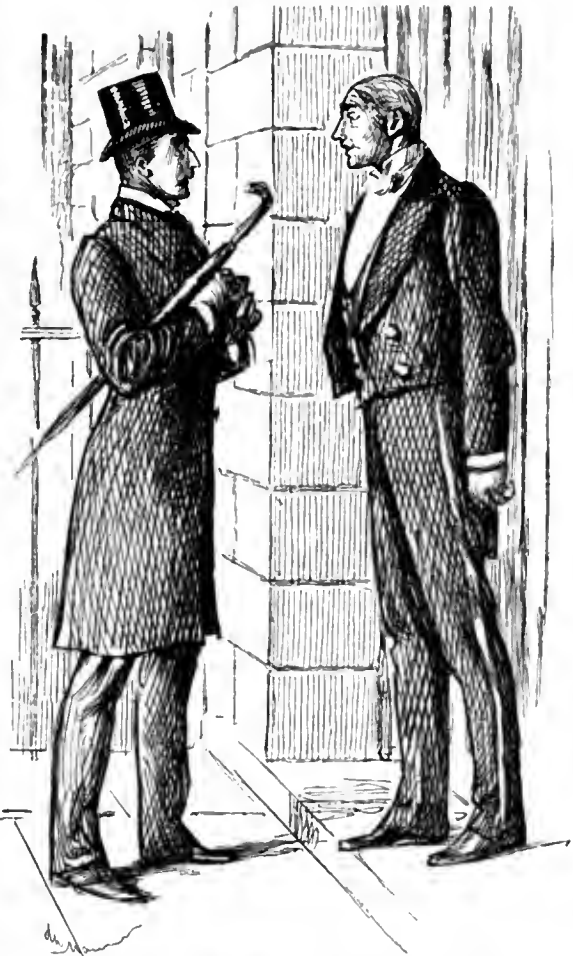
The CHAIRMAN explained that as the greater included the lesser, the community must include the Shareholders. ("No, no!") He was sorry to hear those sounds of dissent, but what had been done could not be undone. (Loud and prolonged groaning.) He trusted that he would be treated with courtesy. ("Hear, hear!") He had come to the meeting at considerable inconvenience. (Cheers.) As a matter of fact, he had little stake in the Company, as some time since he had disposed of the vast bulk of his shares. (Groans.) However, he would continue. As they knew, the vehicles were now fitted with warm bottles in winter and air-cushions in summer. Every passenger had a velvet upholstered arm-chair. Flowers were supplied in great profusion in the interior of the vehicles, and costly shrubs arranged on the platform supporting the cushioned garden-seats of the exterior. As the additional weight to be drawn in consequence of these improvements was considerable, it had been considered advisable to increase the number of horses to each vehicle from two to six. (Groans.) New routes had been selected—for instance, special services of carriages had been arranged up and down the Belgrave Road, the Mall, Hammersmith, the Upham Park Road, Chiswick, and round Brompton Square. Then he might say—

A SHAREHOLDER. We know all this, but how about the dividend? (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN regretted the interruption. However, as the meeting wished to enter into the subject of finance—(cheers and cries of "We do!")—he might say, that no dividend would be declared this half-year, but—

At this point of the proceedings there was a rush for the platform, and, shortly afterwards, the meeting noisily separated.

We are informed, that the inquest upon the bodies of the Chairman and his co-Directors, will be held early next week.



SYMPATHETIC ANSWERS TO KIND INQUIRIES.

Young Masham (leaving Cards). "IS ANYONE ILL HERE NOW?"

Footman (fresh from the Country). "I'M DOING PRETTY WELL AT PRESENT, THANK YOU; BUT 'ER LADYSHIP HASN'T YET SHOOK OFF HER GRIP."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 3.—OLD MORALITY, decently dressed in black, stood at table to-night, reading through the space of an hour his discourse on Report of Parnell Commission. A decorous, almost funereal function. J. G. TALBOT enjoyed it thoroughly. "So like being in church on Sunday afternoon," he said. "Wish OLD MORALITY could have seen his way to put on white neck-tie, and brought his notes bound up in black cover."

Service proceeded very well without these details. JEMMY LOWTHER early fell victim to gentle influence of occasion. Long before OLD MORALITY had reached his fourthly, JAMES, with head reverently bent on his chest, sweetly slept; dreamt he was a boy again, sitting in the family pew at Easington-cum-Liverton, listening to his revered grandfather bubbling forth orthodoxy. Up in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery sat a little boy on his father's knee. Long he listened to the gentle murmur, broken now and then by a yawn from a back bench, or the rustling of the manuscript as it was turned over folio by folio. It was a great occasion for him; his first visit to the Chamber which still echoed with the tones of his father's uncle, JOHN BRIGHT. He kept gallantly awake as quarter-hour sped after quarter-hour, and then, reminiscent of a nursery story some-

where told, his too audible whisper broke in upon the slumbering gallery.

"Papa, hasn't the Gentleman brought his Amen with him?" It came at last. Perhaps none so grateful as OLD MORALITY. Curious to note how, when beholding the welcome last folio of his discourse, OLD MORALITY, uplifting his voice, said, "And now to—", there was a sudden movement in the crowd, a shuffling of feet, a rustling of garments, a motion as if the congregation were about to rise to receive the benediction. But OLD MORALITY was only about to observe, "And now to bring these imperfect remarks to a conclusion, I would entreat the House to consider the great interests at stake, to vindicate the reputation of this House, and to do their duty to their Queen and Country."



A Distinguished Stranger.

After peace, the storm. GLADSTONE rustled prevalent calm with a tornado of virile eloquence. Grand Old Man in fine form. If he had had the arrangement of course of events, nothing could have been more successfully designed than the contrast. For OLD MORALITY's gentle common-places, his pallid platitudes, his copy-book headings strung together in timid flight after the Good and the True, here rushed a flood of burning eloquence, carrying with it the whole audience; jubilant the Opposition, faintly resisting the Ministerialists. GLADSTONE had no copy-book before him, only the merest skeleton of notes. These, with what seemed to the intently-listening audience the fewest, simplest touches, he informed and inflamed with flesh and blood. Spoke for an

hour and forty minutes—a marvellous feat for any man, a miracle of mental and physical force for an octogenarian.

HICKS BEACH followed; but spell broken; the listening throng, filling the chamber from floor to topmost range of gallery, swiftly melted away. Thus it came to pass there were few to see HARCOURT

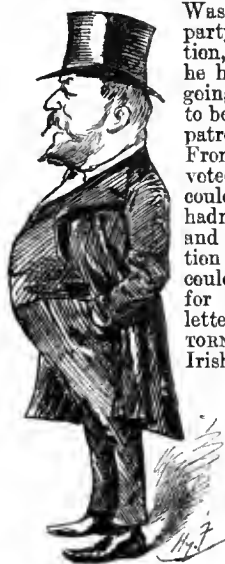


"I shan't play!"

LEES' plunge into debate on the Parnell Commission Report. Rose at same time as CHARLES LEWIS, squaring his elbows, stretching his legs and crooking his knees, as if had just dismounted, after winning steeplechase. CHARLES LEWIS, Bart., on feet at same time; might reasonably be supposed to claim precedence, having Amendment on paper, in addition to wide Parliamentary reputation. LEES didn't even look at Bart. Began his remarks, taking it as a matter of course that SPEAKER would call on him. House doesn't like CHARLES LEWIS, Bart., so called on LEES, and Bart. withdrew, angrily snorting.

Very few Members present. Getting on for dinner-hour. General conviction that it's going to be a dull night. Nothing can help it. But GLADSTONE waits, and presently, attracted by LEES' superb sense of superiority, sits with hand to ear, listening with kindly smile. Nothing delights Grand Old Man so much as youth, especially aggressive youth—youth that knows about everything, with fuller information and judgment more accurate than its elders. This is what, years ago, first attracted him to RANDOLPH. Now sits listening while YOUNG TWENTY-NINE, who represents Omiscience and Oldham, in drawing voice, hesitating for a word, but having no hesitation in keeping the House waiting for it, settles the question that for two years has riven parties and convulsed continents.

YOUNG TWENTY-NINE knew all about it from the beginning.



W. Leave-em Bright.

Business done.—Debate on Report of Commission.

as presently he went forth whimpering. He, the champion slogger, accustomed to rampage round the tents of the enemy, and bring his shillelagh down on any head accidentally protruding, had been himself attacked. HICKS-BEACH girded at him to-night in comparatively gentle fashion. HARCOURT tossed about on bench and pettishly protested; claimed SPEAKER'S protection; SPEAKER declined to interfere. Then, digging lusty knuckles into moist eyes, he sobbed, "I—I—am not going to stay to be abused in this manner; sha'n't play!" and so went forth, amid the jeers (and mocking laughter of naughty boys opposite. *Business done.*—Debate on Parnell Commission Report opened.

Tuesday.—Haven't seen anything more charming for a long time than ELLIOTT's Commission Report. Rose at same time as CHARLES LEWIS, squaring his elbows, stretching his legs and crooking his knees, as if had just dismounted, after winning steeplechase. CHARLES LEWIS, Bart., on feet at same time; might reasonably be supposed to claim precedence, having Amendment on paper, in addition to wide Parliamentary reputation. LEES didn't even look at Bart. Began his remarks, taking it as a matter of course that SPEAKER would call on him. House doesn't like CHARLES LEWIS, Bart., so called on LEES, and Bart. withdrew, angrily snorting.

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YOUNG TWENTY-NINE knew all about it from the beginning.

Wasn't born in 1860 for nothing. When his own party were rushing headlong down to destruction, arranging for appointment of Commission, he had warned them of their error. But no use going back on the irrevocable. Thing is, what is to be done now? YOUNG TWENTY-NINE casting patronising look on OLD EIGHTY, listening on the Front Opposition Bench, would really like to have voted for his Amendment. But, on his conscience, couldn't; too strongly drawn, doncha; why hadn't he taken counsel of some young friend, and drafted his Amendment with more moderation? At same time, YOUNG TWENTY-NINE couldn't do otherwise than condemn the *Times* for its recklessness in publishing the forged letters. Generally approved the conduct of ATTORNEY-GENERAL; regarded the proceedings of Irish Members with mixed feelings, and, on the whole, would vote for Resolution. Whereat OLD MORALITY, long on tenterhooks, gave sigh of honest relief, and Grand Old Man went off to dinner with a twinkle in his eye and an amused smile lighting up his countenance. Writ moved to-night for new election for Stoke, WILLIE BRIGHT having had enough of it. "Good-bye, TOBY," he said, as he cleared out his locker; "they call me W. LEATHAM BRIGHT, now I suppose it will be W. LEAVE-'EM."

Wednesday.—Curious little difficulty arose at meeting of House to-day. No House to meet. On Wednesdays SPEAKER takes chair at twelve o'clock. Crosses Lobby, accompanied by Sergeant-at-Arms carrying Mace, and tall gentleman in shorts carrying train. Walks up floor between rows of Members, standing and bending



The Hon. G. N. Curzon sees more Shadows.

(Vide "Times" Letter, March 6.)

heads like sheaves of corn over which wind passes. To-day benches bare. Chamber empty. SPEAKER feels like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted, whose guests are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed. Only in this case they haven't arrived. CHAPLAIN in his place, ready to say his prayers. Everything here but congregation. House, it is well known, thrilled with excitement over Parnell Commission Report. Throbbing with anxiety to debate it. Manages somehow to dissemble its feelings, smother its aspirations. Presently two Members drop in; take their seats.

"Rather a small gathering," whispered the SPEAKER, pleasantly. "Yes," says CHAPLAIN, forlornly looking round empty chamber. "A very small gathering indeed; might almost call it a pimple." Word scarcely Parliamentary in this connection. "Order! order!" said the SPEAKER, *sotto voce*; and, to avoid the beginning of the sundering of friendship, CHAPLAIN read prayers.

Business done.—Debate on Parnell Commission Report.

Thursday.—For ordinary mild-mannered man, JUSTIN MCCARTHY to-night dealt CHARLES LEWIS, Bart., what *The Marchioness* used to call "a wonner." Yesterday, LEWIS delivered carefully prepared diatribe on Report. Not particularly friendly to Ministers, especially JOKIM; but death on Irish Members. MCCARTHY to-day complained that, without giving notice, Bart. had made personal attack on him; and, what was worse, holding Report in hand, and purporting to quote from it, had misled House on matter of fact.

"But then," said JUSTIN, sweetly smiling, "the Hon. Baronet is a lawyer—a lawyer of the school of *Mr. Sampson Brass*."

Pretty graphic that; House cheered and laughed, consumedly. But what about the phrase being Parliamentary? Is there to be one rule for Chaplain of House, and another for Member for Derry?

Business done.—Still on Commission Report.

Friday Night.—Supposed to have reached full tide of surging Debate to-night. Been piling up agony all week. Now nearing crisis. Lobbies thrilling with excitement; corridors crowded with senators; competition for SPEAKER'S eye threatens personal danger. A great occasion, a memorable struggle. That's the sort of thing imagined outside by ingenious public. Fact is, when SPEAKER came back from chop at twenty minutes to nine, House almost as empty as on Wednesday afternoon. Count called; bell rang; only thirty-five Members mustered; no quorum; adjourned.

Business done.—House Counted Out.



After dealing the Bart. One for his Nob.

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. II.



"Always laugh at the Judge's jokes. It is not upon such an occasion that his Lordship observes that he will nor have the Court turned into a theatre."

JUSTISS FOR THE PORE.

I'VE jest been told another staggerer. Well, it seems then that, in one of the werry largest and werry poppularrest of all the City Parishes, sum grand old Cristian Patriots of the holden times left lots of money, when they was ded, and didn't want it no more, to be given to the Pore of the Parish, for various good and charitable hobjects, such as for rewarding good and respectabel Female Servanta as managed to keep their places for at least four years, in despite of rampageous Marsters, and crustaceous Missuses; also for selling Colea to werry Pore People at sumthink like four pence per hundred-weight, be the reglar price what it may; also for paying what's called, I think, 'premenus for putting Pore Boys or Pore Gals as aprentisseea to various trades, so as to lern and laber truly to get a good living when they growd up, insted of loafing about in dirt and hignorence; likewise for allowing little pensions to poor old women as is a striving all their mite and main to keep themselves out of the hated Workhouse; and there are several other similar good purposes as the good Citizena of old left their money for, and hundreds if not thowsanda of pore but honest men and women has had good cause to be grateful to 'em for their kind and pious thortfulness.

Well, I hardly xpeos to be bleeved when I says, that a law has been passed that allows suttin werry respectabel but werry hignerant Genta, called Charity Commissioners, to sweep away ewerry one of those truly charitable hinstitutions, and to make use of all this money somewheres else, and for sum other objecs, and for sum other people!

I ain't so werry much supprized as I ort to be, to lern that the onse of Commons—ouse of "Short Commons," I shud call 'em—has passed this most wicked Law, *cos werry pore people ain't got no votes*; but I do confesa as I am supprized at the most respectabel and harrystocattick House of Lords a condensendin not merely to rob a pore man of his Beer, but to rob a poor Made Servant of her 2 Ginneys reward for behaviour like a Angel for four long weary years in the same place, be it a good 'un or a werry ard 'un, and to purvent a lot of pore hard working Men and Women from getting their little stock of Coles in at about a quarter of the reglar price! In course it ain't to be supposed as Washupfool Dooks and Honnerabel Markisseea can know or care much about the price of Coala, altho there is one Most Honnerabel Markis, from whom I bort a hole Tun larst year at rayther a high figger, who could have told em, and shood have told em all about it, tho' praps he's agin cheap Coles on principal. And besides all this, it won't I shood think, be a werry plezzant thort to come across a Noble Dook's or a Virtuons Wiscount's mind—if such eminent swella has em, like the rest on us—when they sees a lot of dirty raggid boys and gals a loosing about the streets, to think that if the money that was left hundreds of years ago by good men, had been still used as it was *ordered to be used*, and has been used for sentrys, these same raggid boys and gals wood have bin a learning of some useful trade by which they might have heard a desent living.

In course I can hear, with my mind's ear, as *Amlet* says, my thowsends of simpertthising readers shouting out, "What's the use of your crying over spilt milk?" Well, none, of course, but I happens to have herd that there's still *jest one chance left*. It seems

that there is what's called, I think, "*a appeal*" to sum werry heminent Swells called "the Lords of the uncommon Counsel on Eddication," and the kind-hearted Church Wardens, as I has before eluded to, means to make one; and ewery kind-hearted Cristian Man and Woman as reads my truthful statement, and can feel, as me, and Lords, and Ladies as well, can, and ort to, and must feel, will wish 'em thurrur sukess in their good, and kind, and mussful atem to hobtane justiss for them as carnt no hows obtane it for theirselves.

ROBERT.

HOW WE DO BUSINESS NOW.

BEAR COURT CHAMBERS, BULL LANE, E.C.
CIRCULAR 1059.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—SPIDER.
TELEPHONE NUMBER—BILLION.

MY DEAR SIR,—Now is *the* time to remit to me for the forthcoming big movements I intend to make during the current Month. If my last Circular proved true down to the very last letter, this one will be ten times truer. What did I say last month? I said there would be a big rise in Boomerang Rails, which were then at 11½. In 57½ hours after my Circular was issued they had risen to 110, and many of my clients made thousands of pounds. One of them actually making the magnificent sum of £27,876 11s. 4½d. I love to be accurate, so I give the exact amount.

Now is the time, I repeat. No one out of the millions of olients, from an Exalted Lady, whom delicacy forbids me to name, down to the junior waiter at the Pomona, ever lost by coming to me. I also advised, and I repeat it this month,

CHUCKSTER TOLL BAR BINKSES.

They were hardly quoted on the Stock Exchange—hardly known even—when I took them up on the 1st of April last year. Where are they now? At 119! And they will move on to 219 before the year ends. I have means of information possessed by none besides me. I have a wire of my own laid on to every Embassy house on the Continent; every *attaché*, every dragoon is my correspondent, and more than one Crowned Head has honoured me with the secrets of his last Council, or of his resolves on War or Peace. I myself am a Power. I can make and unmake and ruin homes as well as any Czar or Emperor.

But I bind the clients who trust me with bands of iron.

Again I say buy

CHUCKSTER TOLL BAR BINKSES.

Remit the necessary Cover to me at once. Small sums combined make large ones, and you cannot begin too soon. Five-pence (a sum you would throw at a crossing-sweeper) covers Five Pounds. Here is my scale:—

£1 covers	£1000.
£5	£5000.
£20	£200,000.

But send me whatever you like, and it will prove the most important act of your life; one you will never forget.

Again I say buy

CHUCKSTER TOLL BAR BINKSES.

There is fascination in their very name. Don't do the thing weakly. Act on the advice of that great man BARRY LYNDON, and speculate grandly. Take the history of one out of thousands of fortunes made by me for others:—

A BANK CLERK, hard up, desperately pressed by his duns, had received a small remittance from his father, a struggling Clergyman. The sum amounted to £50, just enough to pay the young fellow's bills, and leave him a paltry sovereign. Do you think he was such a fool as to have read my Circular in vain? He very wisely brought the money to me. I bought Boomerangs at 11½. In 57½ hours that young man was a *millionaire*. He has magnificent chambers on the Embankment; shows himself in the Row at the present time; would not look at a cigar under half-a-crown; and has not entirely forgotten the claims of his family, for to my knowledge he has remitted several pounds to his younger brothers.—Again I say,

BUY BOOMERANGS OR CHUCKSTERS.

One Word of Caution, and I conclude Circular 1059. BE VERY CAUTIOUS OF SOME PEOPLE I KNOW. Once trust yourself to them, and it is all U. P.—Wire immediately (*and send the necessary cover*) to Yours truly, ZACH. SPYDUR.

P.S.—When once you have tasted the joys of speculation, you will think and care for nothing else. The click of the Tape Machine is music to you. I have one going all night in my bed-room.

SUGGESTION FOR ADVERTISEMENT OF ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—"*As You Like It*,"—come and see it!

MADAME DIOGENES.



Diogenes. What are these better possessions you speak of?
Krates. Wisdom, self-sufficiency, truth, plain-speaking, freedom.
 LUCIAN'S *Dialogues of the Dead.*

AN! Madame La France, after trials all round
 Of great Chiefs and their squabbling political progenies,

Like him of Sinope, at last you are found
 With lantern in hand, a true Lady Diogenes.
 The precinct is dark, and seems growing still dimmer,
 Your wandering light shows a devious glimmer.

A right Honest Man? He was scarce in the Courts.
 He seems very nearly as scarce in the Caucuses.

Yon've had leaders of late of all sizes and sorts,
 [Orcus's.
 And the gloom of the outlook is utter as Imperial, Royalist, Red Flag or White, [light.
 Not one of them leads La Belle France to the Wisdom, truth and plain-speaking? Ah, where are they found? [dom!
 As scarce in these days as is genuine free-They all prate of Honour, yet Honour all round [from Edom.
 They'll sell for the first mess of pottage Well, Madame, *Punch* wishes you luck with your lantern, [turn!
 And up, soon or late, may a true Honest Man

STANZAS TO RHUBARB.

(By *The O'Greedy.*)

O BRIGHT new-comer, I have seen,
 I see thee, and rejoice;
 Though what the coster-man may mean
 I judge not, by his voice.
 I see thee, and to either eye
 The tears unbidden start;
 O rhubarb! shall I call thee pie,
 Or art thou truly tart?

I was not wont thy charms to see
 When childhood stubborn stood
 Fix'd in the faith, that thou must be
 Too wholesome to be good.
 Just as we loved the cloying jam,
 By no effects dismay'd,
 Regarding as a bitter sham
 The honest marmalade.

When daffodillies deck the shops,
 And hyacinths indoors
 Recall the flavour of the drops
 We used to suck by scores
 (Pear-drops they were,—a subtle blend
 Of hyacinthine smell,
 And the banana's blackest end,—
 We loved them, and were well);

When chrysalis-buds are folded thick,
 And crocuses awake,
 And, like celestial almonds, stick
 In Flora's tipsy-cake;
 Before the crews are on the Thames,
 The swallows on the wing,
 The radiant rhubarb-bundle flames,
 The licitor-rod of Spring.

Still, still reluctant Winter keeps
 Some chill surprise in store,
 And Spring through frosty curtain peeps
 On snowdrifts at her door;
 The full moon smites the leafless trees,
 So full, it bursts with light,
 Till the sharp shadows seem to freeze
 Along the highway white.

Yet the keen wind has heard the song
 Of summer far away,
 And, though he's got the music wrong,
 We know what he would say.
 For in the vegetable cart
 Thy radiant stalks we spy.
 O rhubarb, should we call thee' tart,
 Or art thou merely pie?

And why not so? The cushat dove
 To such a shrine we trust,
 Though in dumb protest she will shove
 Her tootsies through the crust;
 And larks, that sing at Heaven's gate
 When April clouds are high,
 Not seldom gain the gourmet's plate
 Through portals of the pie.

So thou, sweet harbinger of Spring,
 Gules of her blazon'd field,
 If in a pie thy praise we sing,
 To worthy fate wilt yield.
 Enough! I sing; let others eat:
 Be mine the poet's lot.
 The thought of thee is all too sweet—
 The taste of thee is not.



NO FEAR FOR THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

Priest (teaching Catechism in Catholic School). "NOW, SAUNDERS, REPEAT THE TEN—"
All the other Boys. "PLEASE, FATHER, THIS 'ERE BOY'S A PRO'TANT!!"

"I'LL CALL THEE HAMLET."

MR. BENSON, the enterprising young Lessee of the Globe Theatre, on two evenings of the week affords a spectacle of the greatest possible interest to every Shakspearian student. His *Hamlet* is rather given to noisy declamation when greatly moved, but, barring this, seems to be a thoroughly good-natured harmless creature, who, as fond of dabbling in private theatricals, would probably be hailed as an acquisition at the Meistersingers Club and cognate institutions. The innovations introduced into the action relieve the gloom of the Tragedy. Take for instance, the treatment of *Ophelia*, which is full of quiet humour. That she should look as old as *Hamlet's* Mother, is of course, accidental, and is purely attributable to the *Globe Gertrude* being exceptionally comely and youthful, still it has a very quaint effect. But the idea of the unfortunate maid, after she has committed suicide, being carried *à la GUY FAUX* into the throne-room with a sort of "See what we have found" air, is broadly comic. The funeral with its "maimed rites," is also very funny. Apparently, the Bishop (whose garb, by the way, seems to be a compromise between an eccentric Jewish Rabbi and that of a decidedly demented Roman Catholic Priest) has "contracted" for the procession, with the result of collecting together a heterogeneous company, consisting of modern High Church curates, a few members of some humorous Confraternity, and a sprinkling of other amusing grotesques. But the fun reaches its climax, when the body of *Ophelia* herself is produced in, what seemed to me to be, a *hamper*! The above example of what is being done twice a week in Newcastle Street, Strand, will show how well worthy of the scholar's notice is the present revival of *Hamlet* at the Globe Theatre. As actors, Mr. BENSON's company are not entirely satisfactory. As thinkers, however, they are worthy of the greatest possible respect. Under these circumstances, it is to be hoped, that should they ultimately, for sufficient reason, decide to give up acting, they will yet resolve to continue what they do so well, and, in three words—go on thinking. (Signed) BENE VESTITUS.

COVENT GARDENING PROSPECTS.—The prospectus of the Italian Opera Season lies on *Mr. Punch's* table; but though this is its attitude, there is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of its statements. More anon. *En attendant*, we may say that the stage-management, in the hands of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, is a guarantee for the excellence of the *mises-en-scène*, of the *misses-en-scène*, and of the "hits"—*en-scènes*.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. V.—THE DILETTANTE.

THE Modern Dilettante will have been in boyhood a shorn lamb, for whom it was necessary to temper the wind of an English education by a liberal admixture of foreign travel. A prolonged course of interrupted studies will have filled him with culture, whilst a distaste for serious effort, whether mental or physical, and an innate capacity for mastering no subject thoroughly will have produced in him that special refinement which is to the Dilettante as a trade-stamp to Britannia metal. In after-life, he will speak with regretful fondness, and with an accuracy which he fails to apply to other matters of his "days" (four in number) at a German University, and will submit with cheerfulness to the reputation of having drunk deep from the muddy fountains of metaphysical speculation, which are as abundant and as ineffective in Germany, as her springs of mineral water.



Having passed his period of storm and stress without committing any of those follies or indulging in any of those excesses by which the parents of ordinary young men are afflicted, he will arrive without reproach at the borders of an apparently blameless middle age, and, finding himself after the death of his father, in the enjoyment of a settled income of considerable size, he will set up in life as an acknowledged amateur of all that is truly precious. In order that nothing may be wanting to him for the proper pursuit of this calling, he will gather round him a little band of boneless enthusiasts, who after paying due devotion to themselves, and to one another, will join him in worshipping the dead or living nontentities whose laurelled photographs adorn his rooms. He will cover his conches with soft silks, his walls will be hung with impressionist etchings and engravings of undraped ladies of French origin, *terra-cotta* statuettes principally of the young Apollo, will be placed in every corner, and a marble bust of the young Augustus will occupy the place of honour next to the grand piano, on which, will be ranged the framed cabinet photographs of interesting young men. Each photograph will bear upon it an appropriate inscription, announcing it to be, for instance, a gift "From BOBBY to TODDLKINS." Nothing more is necessary for the perfect life of dilettantism, except to settle an afternoon for tea, and an evening for music. When this is done the Dilettante is complete.

It is curious, however, that although he aims at being considered a poet, an artist, a dramatist, and a musical composer, the Dilettante rather affects the society of those who are amateurs of imperfect development, than of those who have attained fame by professional effort. Yet since his nature is tolerant, he does not exclude the latter from the scope of his benevolence, and they may occasionally be seen at his parties, wondering how so strange a medley of secondary incompetencies can have been gathered together into one room. It is noticeable, that the Dilettante loves the society of ladies, and is not averse to encouraging amongst his intimates the belief, which none of them holds though all express it, that he is in reality a terrible fellow and much given to the destruction of domestic happiness. He finds a sense of rest and security in fancying that he is suspected of an intrigue. But it is somewhat remarkable, that the evil tongues which make sad havoc of many unwilling reputations are very slow to gratify the willing Dilettante in this respect. No Dilettante can be considered genuine, unless he expresses a pitying contempt for everything that is characteristically English, and for the unfortunate English who are imbued with the prejudices of their native land. He gives a practical expression to his scorn by quavering in a reedy voice, the feeble *chansonnettes* of an inferior French composer, and by issuing a volume of poems in which the laws of English Grammar are trampled under foot, and the restrictions of English metre are defied. In his lyrical effusions he breathes the passionate desire of a great soul for Love that is not of the earth. He aspires to the stars, and invokes the memory of dead

heroes, his intimates. He sets out to win imperishable glory amidst the embattled ranks of his country's foes. He lashes the cold and cruel heartlessness of the world with a noble scorn. He addresses the skeletons of departed friends with passionate longing. He finds that life and its gaudy pleasures are as dust and ashes in the mouth.

Having read these efforts to an admiring circle, he betakes himself with infinite zest to the discussion of æsthetic tittle-tattle over a cup of tea and a toasted bun. "Dear fellow," his friends will say of him at such a moment, "he is so æsthetic; and his eyes, did you observe that far-away, rapt look in them?" They will then take pleasure in persuading one another without much difficulty, that they are the fine flower of created beings.

The Dilettante, moreover, is a constant attendant at the first nights of certain theatres. He figures with equal regularity as a large element in the society gossip of weekly journals. He is a delicate eater and never drinks too much out of the Venetian glasses, which his butler ruthlessly breaks after the manner of domestics. There is amongst the inner circle of the Dilettanti a jargon, both of voice and of gesture, which passes muster as humour, but is unintelligible to the outer world of burly Philistines. They dangle hands rather than shake them, and emphasise their meaning by delicate finger-taps. Their phrases are distinguished by a plaintive cadence which is particularly to be remarked in their pronunciation of the word "dear."

At charitable concerts in aristocratic drawing-rooms the Dilettante is in great request. On these occasions, he astonishes and delights his friends with a new song, of which, he will have composed both the words and the music, if he may be believed, whilst he was leaning from his casement "watching the procession of the moonlit clouds." He sometimes smokes cigarettelets (a word must be coined to express their size and strength), but he never attempts cigars, and loathes the homely pipe. In gait and manner he affects a mincing delicacy, by which he seeks to impress the thoughtless with a sense of his superior refinement. In later life, he is apt to lose his hair, and to disguise the ravages of time upon his cheeks by the aid of *rouge*. Yet he deceives nobody, and having grown stout and *pastez* is eventually carried off by a common cold in an odour of *peastilles*. He will be buried in a wicker-work coffin covered with lilies, and a rival Dilettante having written a limp and limping sonnet to his memory, will take his evening.

COMIC SLAUGHTER!

(The Story of the Next Battle, written in advance for Next Month's Powder Magazine, by a Soldier in the Ranks.)

THE Victory of Rumtumidity was certainly one of the most amusing things I ever saw in my life. We landed at six o'clock in the evening, and finding a grog-shop, were soon gone coons. Speaking for myself, I saw the colours of the Regiment magnified by twenty! Well, we were ordered to march, and off we started, staggering along in fine style. Out came the moon, and one of us fell down in a dead faint.

"Suffering from sunstroke!" said the Surgeon, who was a Welsh Irishman. "I save him in the sand, and he will soon come to himself when he finds you gone—if he doesn't, the vultures will hasten his movements."

This just made us all laugh. Our Captain hearing one of us roaring a trifle too loud, put his sword through him. Immense!

We marched along to the music of the prisoners, who yelled out bravely when they were prodded by the guards set over them.

"Did you see the like!" said TIM O'FLANAGAN (from Edinburgh), who, no doubt, would have developed the idea, had not his head at that moment been carried off by a cannon-ball. Very comic!

"Now, my lads," said our Captain, who wasn't much of an orator, "look here—England expects every man to do his duty; and, if you don't, why I am having you all watched, and, as sure as beans is beans, the laggards will be bayoneted."

This little speech had the desired effect, especially after it had been strengthened by a double ration of grog.

Then came the order to charge. We charged, and killed everyone we saw, including our own officers. This simplified matters. A little later the whole place was in our hands. Rumtumidity was taken!

Then came the order to bury the dead. But we did more—we buried the living with them! Oh, how it made us laugh! Then came supper, and we amused ourselves by telling to one another our adventures. I was just recounting how I had emptied the pockets of a deceased officer, when—"whisk!"—up came a cannon-ball and struck me! I was able to say nothing more at that time; as, when the cannon-ball had passed, I found it had left me defunct! And I have been dead ever since. My companion and chum, whose name I must not give without permission, will vouch for every word I've said.

(Signed)

A. MUNCHAUSEN,

Late Lance-Ensign, the Lincoln Longbowers.

"ENGLISH, YOU KNOW, QUITE ENGLISH."

PERHAPS, the good old rule that, "You should never look a gift-horse in the mouth," cannot be so rigorously applied to gifts of pictures to the Nation as to other things. Nevertheless, Mr. TATE's munificent proffer of his Collection to the National Gallery, is surely too good a thing to be missed through matters of mere detail. Mr. Punch's view is—well, despite *Touchstone's* attack on "the very false gallop of verse," there are two things that come most insinuatingly in metre; offers of love, and of friendly advice:—

ENGLISH Art no longer paints
Those "squint-eyed Byzantine saints"
Mr. ORROCK so disparages.
Martyrdoms and Cana Marriages
Over-stock our great Art Gallery,
Giving ground for ORROCK's rallery.
Scenes in desert dim, or dun stable
Than Green English lanes by CON-

STABLE

Are less welcome, or brown rocks
And grey streams by DAVID COX.
Saint Sebastian's death? Far sweeter
Sylvan scenes by honest PETER;
There's a charm in dear DE WINT
Cannot be conveyed in print.

Verdant landscapes, sea-scapes cool,
Painted by the English School,
Must be welcome to our British
Taste, which is not grim or skittish;
Rather Philistine, it may be,
Sweet on cornfields and the Baby;
Yet of ROMNEY's grace no spurner,
Or the golden dreams of TURNER.
Moral? Will a moral, bless us!
Comes like that old shirt of NESSUS.
Still, here goes! An Art-official
Should be genial, but judicial.
When an Art-Collection's national,
It is obviously rational.
It should be a bit eclectic,
Weeding out the crude or hectic.
He who'd have his country's honour,
As a liberal Art-donor,
Thinks more of his country's fame
Than of his particular name.
Would you win true reputation
As benefactor of the Nation,
Trust me 'tis not "special room"
Keeps that glory in full bloom.
Punch is a plain-speaking chap;
Here's his view of things. *Verb. sap.!*

PICTURES IN THE HAYMARKET.—"And there stood the 'tater-man, In the midst of all the wet; A vending of his taters in the lonely Haymarket." So sang one of the greatest of Mr. Punch's singers, years ago. If he had sung in the present day, he would have substituted pictures for 'taters; for surely this pleasant thoroughfare has become a mart for pictures and players rather than potatoes. Look in at TOOTH's Gallery, and you will stay a long while, indeed you will age considerably, and may be said to be "long in the TOOTH," before you



A Fancy Portrait of my Laundress, judging by her Handiwork.

come out, as you will find the exhibition so palatable. Then having refreshed your eye with the spring sunshine—if there happens to be any about—you will turn into McLEAN's salon and see a marvellous picture of Jaffa, by G. BAUERNEFELD, and other works by English and foreign painters. The County Council will have to change the title of this street into the A-market, "A" standing for Art, of course.

THE GRAND OLD HAT.

WHEN this old hat was new,
('Tis not so many years,
My followers did not view
My course with doubts and fears.
CHAMBERLAIN then would praise,
And HENRY JAMES was true;
Ah! this was in the days
When this old hat was new.
When this old hat was new
My head was smaller—yes!
Now I'd have much ado
To get it on, I guess.
The cause I cannot tell,
I only know 'tis true;
My head has seemed to swell
Since this old hat was new.
Perhaps, as some maintain,
My cranium may have grown,
Owing to stretch of brain,
Or thickening of bone.
"The hat has shrunk?" Eh? What?
That nonsense will not do!
My head has grown, a lot,
Since this old hat was new.
What TYNDALL dares to call,
In wrath, my "traitorous" head,
Is "growing still," that's all;
(Of "MARIAN" this was said)
My cranial vertex flat?
Pah! Tories may pooh-pooh;
I wore a smaller hat
When this old hat was new!

THE NEW BISHOP OF DURHAM.—WESTCOTT and,—no, Bishops don't wear them—so His Reverend Lordship will be known as "WESTCOTT and Apron."

ODE ON A BLACK BALL.

(A Fragment, some way after Addison, picked up in the neighbourhood of the Athenæum Club.)

WHAT though in solemn silence all
Drop in the dark the fatal ball?
What though no overt voice or sound
Amidst the voting throng be found?
In reason's ear they speak of choice,
And utter forth a boding voice,
Saying, as silent they recline,
"Your company we must decline!"

PIPING TIMES FOR THE EMPIRE.—The bagpipes were not heard playing, "The Campbells are Coming," at the relief of Lucknow. Why? Because the regiment hadn't got any. The regimental bagpipes were first introduced by Mr. BOUCAULT, in his drama of *The Relief of Lucknow* (that was the subject, whatever the name might have been) at Astley's. Miss AMY ROSELLE's recitation of the thrilling story specially written for her by Mr. SAVILE CLARKE is most dramatic, and thrills the audience at the Empire. The journalistic discussion, as to the pipes, comes in very appropriately, and will assist to raise the wind and pay the piper. This recitation is a great "Relief" to the ordinary Music-hall entertainments, and the Empire has "Luck now."

"PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS."

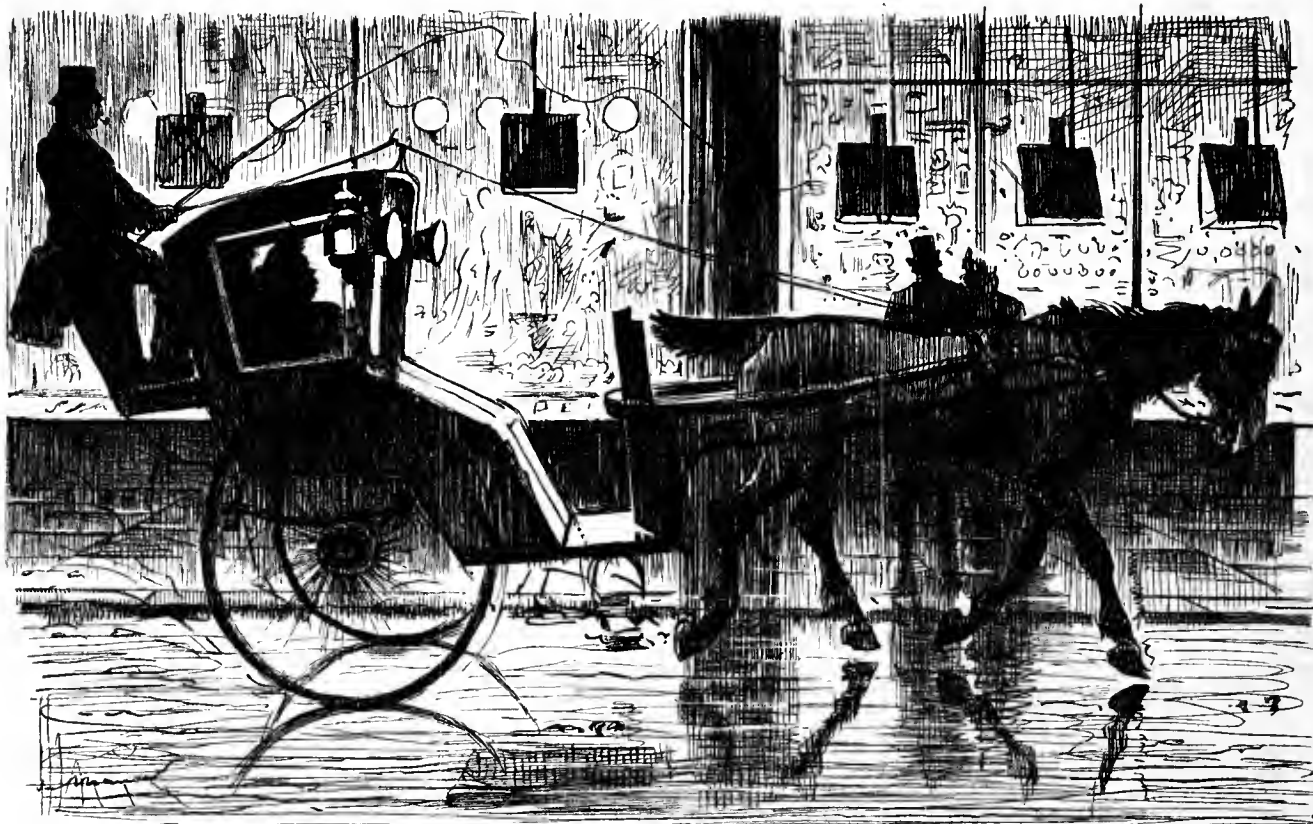
PENTHESILEA straddling on the pigskin?
Surely a male biped need not dwell
In a prejudiced pedantic prig's skin,
Not to like that prospect passing well.
CARLYLE, who scoffed at Man, had deemed it
caddish
To picture *Woman* as "a mere forked radish."
Dear Diana after hounds a riding
Like—a clothes-peg on a clothes-line? Nay!
Rub out all unnatural laws dividing
Sex from sex,—'tis the World's drift to-day.
Let ladies mount the 'bus, or Hansom Cab it,
But let not custom new banish old Habit.
Paint, write poems, pose as prandial wit,
Perorate upon the public platform; [Ma'am,
Even in the County Council sit, Ma'am,
If Law lets you, and your taste takes that
form;
But take *Punch's* tip, and do not straddle;
Stick to common-sense and the side-saddle.

Lines on the Labour Conference.

The youthful German Emperor may try
By Socialistic plans to prop his rule.
Some think 'twill all
result in a great
cry,
And little (Berlin)
wool.
Still, all good souls
will wish young
WILLIAM luck.
The Teutons may
not relish Swiss
suggestion,
But anyhow it shows
the Emperor's
pluck
In handling Berne-ing questions.'



Q. Shall Privates in uniform be admitted to the stalls and boxes in theatres? A. Certainly, if covered with "Orders." Private Boxes will henceforth be Boxes for Privates.



WEATHER STUDIES.

"ONLY A FACE AT A WINDOW! | ONLY A FACE—NOTHING MORE!"

"GRANDOLPHO FURIOSO!"

Mr. Punch loquitur:—

"BE GONE brave army, don't kick up a row!"—
GRANDOLPHO mine, it were sheer superfluity
For you to bid *your* forces scatter *now*.

The troopers two, of curious incongruity,
With the long drummer, and the fifer short,
That formed the old stage-army were more
numerous

Than is your following. You have given us
sport

In many scenes, but this is hardly humorous.

The general of ARTAXOMINOUS

Was far less terrible than—well, thrasonic.
To tear a thing to tatters, shout and "cuss,"

In an assembly callous and sardonic,
Savours a bit too much of sheer burlesque,
Scarce to the level of fine acting rises.

The unexpected's piquant, picturesque,
But a sound drama is not *all* surprises.

Thought you had taken to the "Temperance"
line,

This looks much more like angry inebriety.
A little freakishness is vastly fine,
But even of surprise there comes satiety.

If you and FUSBOS JENNINGS can't agree,
There seems small prospect of a growing
Party,

Verb. sap. They thought BOMBASTES dead,
you see.

But the *finale* found him up, and hearty!

OUT OF IT.—The Amazons who doff the
skirt, and don the, the—other things, can never
be considered in Rotten Row as "*habituées*."

HE CAN'T ALP IT!

"My only desire is to meet you on the terms on
which long ago we stood when you gallantly offered
to take me up the Matterhorn."—*Mr. Gladstone's*
Letter to Professor Tyndall.

MR. GLADSTONE and PROFESSOR TYNDALL dis-
covered seated on the edge of a Crevasse.

Mr. Gladstone. I didn't know a glacier was
so rightfully slippery.

Prof. Tyndall. Slippery—ha! Like some
politicians I might mention!

Mr. Gladstone. That last avalanche, too,
bowed us over so neatly that I feel distinctly
limp.

Prof. Tyndall (severely). You should try
and avoid this "subserviency to outside in-
fluences." I always do.

Mr. Gladstone (ignoring the remark). What
range is that over there?

Prof. Tyndall. The Pennine Alps, stoopid!
From their name they would seem a suitable
residence for a person who scribbles twaddle
in Magazines—ahem! No personal allusion,
of course.

Mr. Gladstone (gaily). Of course not!
But isn't it rather dangerous sitting here,
with that bank of snow just above us? Sup-
pose it came down on us!

Prof. Tyndall. As the Judges came down
on your Parnellite allies, eh? Perhaps, as
we're getting to some nasty places, we might
be tied together now.

Mr. Gladstone (warmly). Quite so. A
union of hearts, in fact.

[*After a few hours' more climbing, they*
reach the summit of the Matterhorn.

Prof. Tyndall. Sorry to leave you, but you
see I only promised to take you up, not to see

you safe down again. Ta, ta! I may as well
mention that I consider you a "ubiquitous
blast-furn—"

[*Disappears suddenly over the edge.*
Mr. Gladstone. Dear mo! what dreadful
language! And he appears to have cut the
rope! He must be a Separatist, after all! If
it were PITT, now, I should call his conduct
rather "base and blackguardly." Perhaps I
shall meet the "Professor at the Tea-Table"
—at Zermatt! [*Descends cautiously.*

THE BURGLAR'S BACK.*

"Lord ESHER is greatly concerned about the
probable condition of a burglar's back after a
couple of floggings."—*Times.*

AIR—"Those Evening Bells."

The burglar's back, the burglar's back!

'Twill soon be rash a crib to crack.

BILL SIKES will sigh for happier times,

When "cats" were not the meed of crimes.

The burglar's back! Lord ESHER pales

When thinking of its crimson wales.

His feelings will not stand the strain,

Of dwelling on the ruffian's pain.

The brute may "bash," the scoundrel shoot,

Hack with his knife, "purr" with his boot;

But though he "bash," or "purr," or hack,

You must not touch the burglar's back.

No, let the brutal burglar burgle;

Whilst sentiment will calmly gurgle

Bland platitudes, but *not* attack

That saored thing, the burglar's back!

* "The Burglar's Back"—Is he? then the
sooner he's caught and sent to penal servitude the
better.—Ed.



“GRANDOLPHO FURIOSO!”

MR. PUNCH. “HULLO, GRANDOLPH! I THOUGHT YOU'D TAKEN TO 'TEMPERANCE'!!”



MAY FARE WORSE!

Or, The Difference between Goode and Baird.

WHAT a sweet little snapper!—two fire-eating "pros." And a person "of no occupation,"



Chancery Practice.

Who got both his eyes blacked and was cut on the nose, Though "there wasn't the least provocation." And they cursed and they throttled, they gouged, and they swore, And they battered and bled, and they tumbled and tore, And they fetched the police, and they rolled down the stair, Did these blue-blooded dwellers in merry Mayfair.

Mr. ARTIUR COCKBURN will probably not want to see Mr. BAIRD in bed again, the penalty being two black eyes (no relation to the two that were lovely), and a cut nose. What's the good of being called GOODE if you are going to get your eyes gouged out, and be beaten on the head with a poker, and, in fact worsted all round? But there, if one gentleman is "slightly intoxicated," while another is "undoubtedly drunk," and a third is "slightly mixed," there's no knowing what may happen. Did GOODE "keep his hair on" when he got hit on the head with a poker? What a beautiful picture of genuine Mayfair manners it is! The case is still *sub* (*Punch and*) *judice*, and Mr. Justice *Punch* reserves his decision.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Cassell's Cabinet Portrait Gallery. In Number One are met together the Duke and Duchess of FIFE, SARAH BERNHARDT as *Theodora*, and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the last very properly looking another way. In Vol. II. there is rather a nice one of Mrs. STIRLING and MARY ANDERSON, but the photographer ought to have been more careful about the little finger of MARY'S right hand. In Vol. III., JAMES PAYN, reading a manuscript, with his spectacles up on his forehead, is very good. The picture of H.R.H. the Prince, in uniform, is too dark, and his expression is severe. Charming and clever Miss MAUD MILLETT is in Part IV., followed by the Duke of WESTMINSTER and Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, the Poet looking so awe-struck, that he must have been taken by surprise, and been "struck like it." Miss ANNA WILLIAMS leads off No. V., and, to express it musically, she is accompanied by the Duke of CONNAUGHT. Sir JAMES LINTON appears for the Water-colourists. In Part VI. the face of Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., is full of light and shade, more light than shade, fortunately, and it is a really good likeness. The Duchess of LEINSTER looks lovely, and Sig. PIATTI uncommonly wise as he guards his 'cello.

Neatly and concisely done is Mr. BESANT'S *Captain Cook*, published in the MACMILLAN Series of *English Men of Action*. He discovered the Society Islands, whence, of course, are obtained our present supply of Society Papers. The natives of these Society Islands made great use of their Clubs, some of which proved fatal to Captain Cook and his men.

Captain COOK, had he been alive now, would have been among the first to appreciate *The Pocket Atlas*, in which the names of the chief places are clear enough for all practical purposes. There are seventy-two maps, and the publisher bears the honoured name of WALKER, though the map is not specially intended for the use of pedestrians.

MACMILLAN & Co.'s cheap edition of CHARLES KINGSLEY'S works is deservedly popular; easy to carry, good clean type, so that those who ride may read. *Two Years Ago* is just out. By the way, the same firm's CHARLOTTE YONGE and the other KINGSLEY Series, make a noble show in a library, on our "noble shelves." "MAC & Co."—i.e., the "Two MACS"—are to be congratulated; and, that being so, the Baron hereby and herewith congratulates them.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. G'S HEAD.—A "DUKE" writing to the *St. James's Gazette* last Thursday, joined in the discussion about Mr. GLADSTONE'S head, and observed that hats shrink, and that certain hatters, exceptionally sane, whose evidence can be trusted, allowed for the decrease in size. But do they allow for this in the bills? Is the decrease there proportionate? Considering what Mr. GLADSTONE once was, a Tory of the Tories, and what he is now, is it to be wondered at that a considerable change should have been going on in Mr. GLADSTONE'S head? Why he is finishing poles apart from where he commenced!

THE King of the National Picture Donors is henceforth "the Potent TATE."

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

(Which will be found useful in explaining certain Conventional Forms of Expression. Compiled by Professor Von Hombugh.)

JOURNALISTIC.

"THE Police have a *clue*." Meaning—"The Police know nothing about it, and are doing all they know."
 "An exceptionally experienced Detective has charge of the case, and is actively engaged in investigating all matters concerning it;" i.e., "A promoted constable in plain clothes is loafing about the neighbouring public-houses, and standing drinks, generally without the exercise of much discrimination, to unlikely people."
 "A young Woman of prepossessing appearance;" i.e., "A rather showy female."
 "The Police are, however, very reticent about the whole affair;" i.e., "When ignorance is rife, 'tis folly to give tongue."
 "It is believed that the most important discoveries will result from the investigations now in progress;" i.e., "Nothing is known as to whether anything is being done: but it finishes off the paragraph, and sounds well."
 "I am assured on the best authority, that there is no truth in the rumour that H.S.H. the Prince of Katzenlenbogen has been laid up with chicken-pox;" i.e., "As there's no news, I may as well invent some, for the sake of contradicting it."
 "As everybody knows;" i.e., "I have a certain space to fill, and nothing new to say, so I'll tell an ancient story, or bring in MACAULAY'S New Zealander."
 "As all the world knows," "except myself (the writer), who has met with the information for the first time in a most valuable book of reference."
 "We regret to hear that, &c.;" i.e., Our sorrow is tempered by the fact that we are utter strangers to the individual in question, and that his or her affliction provides us with a certain amount of "copy."
 "The hall was tastefully decorated;" i.e., two hired flags and an evergreen hoop.

SOCIAL.

"How are you? Haven't seen you for an age!" i.e., "Didn't expect to see you, and didn't want to."
 "Not at Home;" i.e., "Doesn't she know that I've got a 'day'?" Not that I want to see her even then!"
 "Of course I should have known it anywhere. I think you've caught the likeness most wonderfully!" i.e., "Why the deuce doesn't he tell one whom it's meant for?"
 "Small and early;" i.e., "No supper, and something which will count as 'a party,' at the least possible cost and trouble."

THEATRICAL.

"The Management regrets that, owing to previous arrangements, the piece must be withdrawn in the height of its popularity;" i.e., "Not drawing a shilling, company fearfully expensive, sooner we shut up the better."
 "House full! Money turned away nightly;" i.e., Crammed with paper, two persons who wanted to pay for pit were refused admission by way of advertising.
 "The new Play will probably be produced during the Summer at a West End Theatre;" i.e., "The author has had his comedy returned by every Manager in London, with the remark, that 'although excellent, it is scarcely suited to his present company.'"

PLATFORMULARS.

"It would ill become me, after the able and eloquent speech of your Chairman;" i.e., "What on earth is the name of that retired cheesemonger who talked rubbish, and mispronounced my name?"
 "When I look at this splendid meeting;" i.e., "I wonder why those back benches are empty. Some bungling on the part of the Secretary, as usual."
 "I shall have to return to this subject later on;" i.e., "Can't remember anything more at present."
 "If we all work shoulder to shoulder;" i.e., "Must say 'shoulder to shoulder,' or 'shoulders to the wheel,' or, 'leave no stone unturned,' in every speech."

WORKMEN'S.

"Well, I don't care if I do!" i.e., "Haven't had a drink for half an hour—waiting for you to stand treat this ten minutes past."
 "Ah! he's a Gentleman, he is, every hinch of him!" i.e., He has "parted" freely, or "tipped" liberally.
 "He's about as stingy as they make 'em;" i.e., He has declined to be abominably overcharged.
 "Could you tell me wot's about the right time, Guv'nor?" i.e., "Isn't it about time to send me up some more beer?"

ADVERTISING.

"A Lady is desirous of recommending;" i.e., "Getting rid of."
 "The Property of a Gentleman going abroad;" i.e., "Mr. Brooks (of Sheffield)."
 "Owner's sole Reason for parting with him is"—i.e., "The one he omits to mention."
 (To be continued.)



Henry Thorneley

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ALL SIXES AND SEVENS.

"O RARE 'BEN'!"

IN aid of The Actor's Benevolent Fund, the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club are going to give a performance of *Henry IV. (Part I.)*, at the Lyceum Theatre, Saturday afternoon, March 29, when in consequence of H.R.H. The Princess of WALES having accorded her gracious patronage, the Welsh song will be sung by Miss ELEANOR REES on the stage, as *Lady Mortimer*, which will be a melodious illustration of rhyme and REES-on. The Amateurs appearing for the Actors is as it should be. The President of the Club is HENRY, not the Fourth, but the First, yeleft HENRY IRVING, and the Vice, with numberless virtues, is Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., whom if it be JUSTIN PATER (not JUSTIN MARTYR), we should like to have seen in spectacles in the Tavern Scene, as *Francis the Drawer*,—a drawer would have been an immense attraction. If JUSTIN Junior could play the other Drawer, the attraction would be doubled. "Sure such a pair!" But we must not jest in too Shakspearian a manner. We hope the Actors' Benevolent will benefit largely by the acting of the Benevolent Amateurs. Let the Benevolent Public too go and see *Henry IV. (Part 1st)*, and let them "part first."

NOTE (by One who doesn't pretend to know French). The Tirard Cabinet couldn't go on, because it was too Tirard!



ARTISTIC POSTPRANDIALISM.

Painter. "I HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF HEARING YOU PLAY TO-NIGHT!"
Musician. "ACH, NO! AFTER TINNER, MUSIC IS TISCOSTING! LET US GO ROUND AND LOOK AT ZE PUTIFUL BICTURES TOGEEZZER—JA!"
Painter. "WHAT! PICTURES! AFTER DINNER! THE VERY IDEA MAKES ME SICK!"
(Exeunt, to play Poker.)

THE NEW AMAZON!

RIDE-a-cock horse,
 To Banbury Cross,
 To see a young Lady!
 A-straddle, o' course.
 If the new notion
 Very far goes,
 What she'll do next
 Nobody knows.

SPECTACULAR.—How is it that among the guests at the Livery Dinner—(ugh! horrid expression! Yet I dare say the dinner wasn't more livery than any other City banquet)—of the Spectacle Makers' Company, were not to be found AUGUSTUS DRURIGOLANUS, quite the best spectacle maker in London, and that from among the list of toasts as reported, Art, Literature, and the Drama were omitted? Through what spectacles do the Spectacle Makers see?

REFLECTION ON THE RECENT VALUABLE DISCOVERY AT CANTERBURY.—If cremation had been the practice in 1228 there would have been no remains of STEPHEN LANGTON to-day. Without the remains of the Archbishop, is it likely that the treasures, historically so valuable, would have been permitted to come down to us?

MR. C. M. WOODFORD has just brought out a book entitled *A Naturalist among the Head Hunters*. Ahem! It doesn't sound nice. Is it procurable at every hair-dresser's?

"BETTERMENT,"—Well-meant.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, May 9.—This has been great occasion for Windbag SEXTON. Excelled himself, and there is no other point of comparison useful or useable. SAUNDERSON, who always takes friendly views of his countrymen opposite, pleads that SEXTON's wind-baggism, is partly due to his birth. In Ireland, he assures me, a mile is longer than in other parts of the Empire; and so, kind-hearted Colonel pleads, some allowance should be made for SEXTON when he gets on the oratorical tramp. That's all very well; but, for a man to talk two hours and three-quarters in a so-called Debate, is even more than the national tendency towards exaggeration illustrated by the Irish mile will excuse. Why couldn't SEXTON have windbagged on some day of last week? Suppose, for example, his self-sacrificing friends had made a House for him at a quarter to nine on Friday night, and he had then talked for three hours and a quarter?—or on Wednesday there was opportunity; whilst openings might have been made on Tuesday or Thursday.

"No, TOBY," said SEXTON, when I suggested this in interests of House and public time, "you're a well-meaning fellow, but you don't understand everything. You see in debate of this kind all principal men stand off till the last day. We might have twinkled on several days of last week, but we prefer to cornuscate on last night. Sure of an audience; Whips out; crowds in; excitement everywhere. I and HARCOURT, and CHAMBERLAIN, and BALFOUR, all save ourselves for the last night. Can't all speak, perhaps, especially if I get on first; but they must take their chance. With the Universe waiting and listening for me, other things and other people must stand aside. Very serious thing to disappoint the Universe."

So SEXTON, rising at five o'clock, with the windbag conveniently disposed under arm, pumped and pumped away for two mortal hours, and an odd three-quarters that seemed more than mortal. GRAN-

DOLPH waiting to make a speech; ARTHUR BALFOUR longing to be at 'em. Members knowing what was in store, "expecting," as SHEEHY said, that "every moment would be his next." But SEXTON flowed on for ever, with aggravating pauses, with a smile of sublime, unruffled satisfaction, that made the position ten times as aggravating as it otherwise would have been. To smile and smile, and play such a villainous trick as this on a suffering House was worse than most disordered fancy painted.

"If," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, in one of his agonised asides, "the fellow did not undisguisely enjoy such supreme happiness, our lot would be more bearable."

"Never mind," said OLD MORALITY. "Bad enough, I admit. But do you know why persons are sometimes killed by having a charcoal fire in their bedrooms? Because the carbon of burning charcoal unites with the oxygen of air, and forms carbonic acid gas, which is a narcotic poison. So it is here. SEXTON has got hold of some good points; he is not inapt as a speaker; if his inordinate vanity had only permitted him to be satisfied with occupying time of House for half an hour, or, say, three-quarters, he would have made damaging speech; as it is, he wearies House to death, swamps us all and himself in waste of verbiage, and the people he attacks escape in the general misery. In other words, his carbon of burning vanity, uniting with the oxygen of opportunity, forms a speech two hours and three-quarters long; which is a narcotic poison."

Mr. G., with the ardour of youth, and the training of an athlete, proposed to himself to hear what SEXTON had to say. Accordingly took up convenient seat below Gangway. Stayed there an hour. Then walked back an altered man; shattered; aged; almost in a state of coma.

"Well, you ought to have known better," I said, somewhat sharply, having no sympathies with these vagaries.

"And I was so well and strong when I entered the House," Mr. G. said, wearily. "Quite elate with my correspondence with TYNDALL. Didn't you think that a nice turn in the concluding sentence?—My only desire is to meet you on the terms on which,

long ago, we stood when, under my roof, you gallantly offered to take me up the Matterhorn, and guaranteed my safe return. Wouldn't trust myself on the Matterhorn with TYNDALL now; and Mr. G., warily shaking his head, walked forth in search of rest and refreshment.

Business done.—Mr. G.'s Amendment to OLD MORALITY'S Resolution on Parnell Commission Report negatived by 339 votes against 268.

Tuesday.—This has been GRANDOLPH'S night. Broke the silence of the still young Session with memorable speech; been in diligent attendance on Debate; sat through interminable speeches with patience only excelled by Mr. G.; sometimes looked as if were about to deliver his soul; but succeeded in bottling it up. Tonight soul drove out the cork; burst the bottle, so to speak.



The Reverberating Colomb.

new revolt. "Ha! ha!" said the REVERBERATING COLOMB, after JENNINGS had made his speech, "the army has dismissed its general."

This all very well; not here concerned with GRANDOLPH'S relations with his Party or his faithful friend; merely note that the speech itself lifts GRANDOLPH once more into the very front rank of political personages. The Liberal Party cannot ignore nor the Conservatives dispense with the man who made that speech.

JOKIM not a particular friend of GRANDOLPH'S. "Leg quite on other boot," as SHEEHY says. But he did the enemy a service to-night. To complete GRANDOLPH'S triumph it



Our Whip (at present without a Handle to his Name).

fussy, never cross, apparently never tired, he is a model of a Whip. His Party could better spare an occasional Secretary of State.

For purely business arrangements Ministers have a unique combination of three men. OLD MORALITY, as Leader of House; AKERS-DOUGLAS, as Whip; and JACKSON, as Financial Secretary, are strong

enough to balance effects of any reasonable amount of blundering in high politics. They take care of the pence of efficiency and popularity, and leave the MARKISS an occasional pound to spend.

Business Done.—New Irish Land Bill brought in, and cast out.

Thursday.—TEYNHAM on in the Lords, but what he's on about the Lords only know, and not all of them. Something to do with Camperdown; GRANVILLE not entirely out of it; and the MARKISS at least compromised. TEYNHAM, standing at Cross Benches, holding on to the rail of Bench before him, as if he were in pulpit, awings about his body, turns to right and left, sometimes presenting his back to LORD CHANCELLOR, whilst he contemplates emptiness of Strangers' Galleries. In plaintive voice, full of tears, he babbles o' Camperdown, green fields, *nemine contradicente*, and Standing Order No. XXI.

Pretty to watch HOBHOUSE whilst TEYNHAM on his legs. Sits intently listening; first crossed one knee, then the other; puts his two forefingers together as if connecting the matter of TEYNHAM'S speech; gradually, as muddle grows thicker, two locks of hair on top of his head slowly rise and remained standing, as it were, till TEYNHAM reseated himself. Most remarkable testimony to mental struggle. Even HORHOUSE, having thus given his mind to it, couldn't make out what TEYNHAM was at. As for DENMAN he, after first ten minutes of speech, flouted out of House.

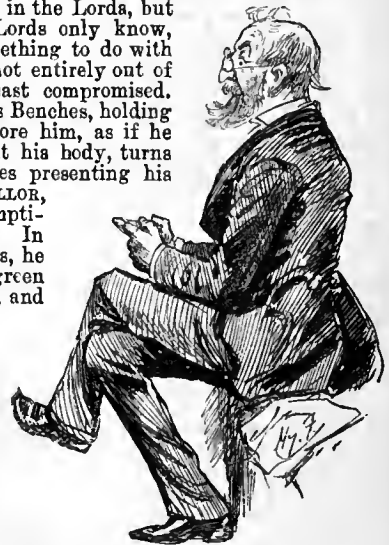
"TOBY," said he, passing me in the Lobby; "if this is what the House of Lords is coming to, I shall vote with ROSEBERY for its immediate reform. Don't like to say anything disrespectful of a Peer; but I must observe that TEYNHAM is a little lacking in coherency. His observations fail in point; in short, if he were not a Peer I should say his mind was wandering. Whatever we do, TOBY, let us be intelligent and intelligible. I trust I am not prejudiced, but I really can't stand TEYNHAM."

Business done.—In Commons, Government defeated, in resisting HAMLEY'S proposal to stump up for Volunteers.

Friday Night.—TREVELYAN brought forward Motion proposing that Parliament shall rise at beginning of July, making up necessary time in winter months. Supported proposition in speech graceful and strong, a model of rare combination of literary art, with Parliamentary aptitude. After brisk debate, resolution negatived by 173 votes against 169. "A majority of four won't long stand in our way," said CHARLES FORSTER, who having, some Sessions ago, fortuitously found his hat, never now deserts it.

Business done.—Government vainly tried to get into Committee of Supply.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN wants the House of Commons to "rise at the beginning of July." Mr. Punch wishes it to rise at all times—above rowdiness.



A Mental Struggle.



Sir William Burning.

(See the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Speech, March 11th.)

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. IX.—UNDER THE HARROW.

A Conventional Comedy-Melodrama, in two Acts.

CHARACTERS.

SIR POSHBURY PUDDOCK (a haughty and high-minded Baronet).
 VERBENA PUDDOCK (his Daughter).
 LORD BLESUGH (her Lover).
 SPIKER (a needy and unscrupulous Adventurer).
 BLETHERS (an ancient and attached Domestic).

ACT I.—SCENE—The Morning Room at Natterjack Hall, Toadley-le-Hole; large window open at back, with heavy practicable sash.

Enter BLETHERS.

Blethers. Sir POSHBURY's birthday to-day—his birthday!—and the gentry giving of him presents. Oh, Lor! if they only knew what I could tell 'em! . . . Ah, and must tell, too, before long—but not yet—
 [Exit.]

Enter Lord BLESUGH and VERBENA.

Verb. Yes, Papa is forty to-day; (innocently) fancy living to that age! The tenants have presented him with a handsome jar of mixed pickles, with an appropriate inscription. Papa is loved and respected by every one. And I—well, I have made him a little housewife, containing needles and thread. . . See! [Shows it.]
 Lord Blesh. (tenderly). I say, I—I wish you would make me a little housewife!

[Comedy love-dialogue omitted owing to want of space.]

Verb. Oh, do look!—there's Papa crossing the lawn with, oh, such a horrid man following him!

Lord B. Regular bounder. Shocking bad hat!
 Verb. Not so bad as his boots, and they are not so bad as his face! Why doesn't Papa order him to go away? Oh, he is actually inviting him in!

Enter Sir POSHBURY, gloomy and constrained, with SPIKER, who is jaunty, and somewhat over-familiar.

Spike (sitting on the piano, and dusting his boots with handkerchief). Cozy little shanty you've got here, PUDDOCK—very tasty!

Sir P. (with a gulp). I am—ha—delighted that you approve of it!
 Ah, VERBENA! [Kisses her on forehead.]

Spike. Your daughter, eh? Pooty gal. Introduce me.

Verbena. (coldly). How do you do? Papa, did you know that the sashline of this window was broken? If it is not mended, it will fall on somebody's head, and perhaps kill him!

Sir P. (absently). Yes—yes, it shall be attended to; but leave us, my child, go. BLESUGH, this—er—gentleman and I have business of importance to discuss.

Spike. Don't let us drive you away, Miss; your Pa and me are only talking over old times, that's all—eh, POSH?

Sir P. (in a tortured aside). Have a care, Sir, don't drive me too far! (To VERB.) Leave us, I say. (Lord B. and VERB. go out, raising their eyebrows.) Now, Sir, what is this secret you profess to have discovered?

Spike. Oh, a mere nothing. (Takes out a cigar.) Got a light about you? Thanks. Perhaps you don't recollect twenty-seven years ago this very day, travelling from Edgware Road to Baker Street, by the Underground Railway?

Sir P. Perfectly; it was my thirteenth birthday, and I celebrated the event by a visit to Madame TUSSAUD'S.

Spike. Exactly; it was your thirteenth birthday, and you travelled second-class with a half-ticket—(meaningly)—on your thirteenth birthday.

Sir P. (terribly agitated). Fiend that you are, how came you to learn this?

Spike. Very simple. I was at that time in the temporary position of ticket-collector at Baker Street. In the exuberance of boyhood, you checked me. I swore to be even with you some day.

Sir P. Even if—if your accusation were well-founded, how are you going to prove it?

Spike. Oh, that's easy! I preserved the half-ticket, on the chance that I should require it as evidence hereafter.

Sir P. (aside). And so the one error of an otherwise blameless boyhood has found me out—at last. (To SPIKER.) I fear you not; my crime—if crime indeed it was—is surely condoned by twenty-seven long years of unimpeachable integrity!

Sp. Bye-laws are bye-laws, old buck! there's no time limit in criminal offences that ever I heard of! Nothing can alter the fact that you, being turned thirteen, obtained a half-ticket by a false representation that you were under age. A line from me, even now, denouncing you to the Traffic Superintendent, and I'm very much afraid—

Sir P. (writhing). SPIKER, my—my dear friend, you won't do that—you won't expose me? Think of my age, my position, my daughter!

Sp. Ah, now you've touched the right chord! I was thinking of your daughter—a nice lady-like gal—I don't mind telling you she fetched me, Sir, at the first glance. Give me her hand, and I burn the compromising half-ticket before your eyes on our return from church after the wedding. Come, that's a fair offer!

Sir P. (indignantly). My child, the ripening apple of my failing eye, to be sacrificed to a blackmailing blackguard like you! Never while I live!

Sp. Just as you please; and, if you will kindly oblige me with writing materials, I will just drop a line to the Traffic Superintendent—

Sir P. (hoarsely). No, no; not that . . . Wait, listen; I—I will speak to my daughter. I promise nothing; but if her heart is still her own to give, she may (mind, I do not say she will) be induced to link her lot to yours, though I shall not attempt to influence her in any way—in any way.

Sp. Well, you know your own business best, old Cockalorum. Here comes the young lady, so I'll leave you to manage this delicate affair alone. Ta-ta. I shan't be far off.

[Swaggers insolently out as VERB. enters.]

Sir P. My child, I have just received an offer for your hand. I know not if you will consent?

Verb. I can guess who has made that offer, and why. I consent with all my heart, dear Papa.

Sir P. Can I trust my ears! You consent? Noble girl!

[He embraces her.]

Verb. I was quite sure dear BLESUGH meant to speak, and I do love him very much.

Sir P. (starting). It is not Lord BLESUGH, my child, but Mr. SAMUEL SPIKER, the gentleman (for he is at heart a gentleman) whom I introduced to you just now.

Verb. I have seen so little of him, Papa, I cannot love him—you must really excuse me!

Sir P. Ah, but you will, my darling, you will—I know your unselfish nature—you will, to save your poor old dad from a terrible disgrace . . . yes, disgrace, listen! Twenty-seven years ago—(he tells her all). VERBENA, at this very moment, there is a subscription on foot in the county to present me with my photograph, done by an itinerant photographer of the highest eminence, and framed and glazed ready for hanging. Is that photograph never to know the nail which even now awaits it? Can you not surrender a passing girlish fancy, to spare your fond old father's fame? Mr. SPIKER is peculiar, perhaps, in many ways—not quite of our monde—but he loves you sincerely, my child, and that is, in itself, a recommendation. Ah, I see—my prayers are vain . . . be happy, then. As for me, let the police come—I am ready!

[Weeps.]

Verb. Not so, Papa; I will marry this Mr. SPIKER, since it is your wish.

[Sir POSH. dries his eyes.]

Sir P. Here, SPIKER, my dear fellow, it is all right. Come in. She accepts you.

Enter SPIKER.

Sp. Thought she would. Sensible little gal! Well, Miss, you shan't regret it. Bless you, we'll be as chummy together as a couple of little dicky-birds!

Verb. Mr. SPIKER, let us understand one another. I will do my best to be a good wife to you—but chumminess is not mine to give, nor can I promise ever to be your dicky-bird.

Enter Lord BLESUGH.

Lord B. Sir POSHBURY, may I have five minutes with you? VERBENA, you need not go. (Looking at SPIKER.) Perhaps this person will kindly relieve us of his presence.

Sp. Sorry to disoblige, old feller, but I'm on duty where Miss VERBENA is now, you see, as she's just promised to be my wife.

Lord B. Your wife!

Verb. (fainly). Yes, Lord BLESUGH, his wife!

Sir P. Yea, my poor boy, his wife!

[VERBENA totters, and falls heavily in a dead faint, &c., upsetting a flower-stand; Lord BLESUGH staggers, and swoons on sofa, &c., overturning a table of knicknacks; Sir POSHBURY sinks into chair, &c., and covers his face with his hands.]

Sp. (looking down on them triumphantly). Under the Harrow, by Gad! Under the Harrow!
 [Curtain, and end of Act I.]



STRIKING HOME.



Punch loquitur :—

WELL, you have got your way, my lad,
And may it prove good all round.
Liberal pay is your right, I say,
For your grim work underground.

Rise of pay and a shorter day?
Excellent things, belike,
Yet would they were sought in another way
Than the cruel road of a Strike.

I see you've been having a smoke, my lad;
What did you see in the smoke?
Why, some things good, and many things bad,
And nought that is matter for joke.

At every puff there's a picture of gloom,
A moral in every pull.
Motionless wheels and idle loom,
What is their meaning in full?

Capital's greed and Labour's need
These be fair matters for fight. [bleed?
Must Trade, though, suffer and poor hearts
Must wrong be the road to right?

Glad there is talk of a better way,
Truly 'tis worth the search;
For little you'll profit by higher pay
If Commerce be left in the lurch.



PROSPECTS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

THE LIONS ARE DECIDEDLY SMALL THIS YEAR, BUT THE BEAUTIES ARE FINER, LARGER, AND MORE LIKE EACH OTHER THAN EVER.

A BOAT-RACE VISION.

(By an Oxbridge Enthusiast.)

WINDS from the East may provoke us,
Making us angry and ill,



Dust of the Equinox choke us,
Yet we will welcome thee still,
Spring, now the runnels of primrose
and crocuses
Trickle all over the hill;

Now, when the willow and osier
Flicker indiffident green;

Now, when the poplars are rosier,
When the first daisies are seen,
And the windows of draper and hosier
Are bright with their 'Varsity sheen.

"Not what it was, Sir, in my time,"
Grumbles a fogey, or two;
"Then we had really a high-time,
Lord, what mad things we would do!
Skylarking! Well, it was sky-time.
Blue! It was nothing but blue!"

Well, let the people and papers
Say what it please them to say,
Sheps of the politic drapers
Follow them, sombre or gay,
"Men" be austere, or cut capers,
Still 'tis a glorious day!

Visions of Sandford or Ely,
Baitsbite, or Abingdon Lock,

Skies that are stormy or steely,
Seas that we ship with a shock,
"Coaches," whose mouths are not mealy,
"Faithfuls," who riverward flock,

Mornings, inclement and early,
Stinted tobacco and beer,
Tutors reluctant and surly,
"Finals" unpleasantly near—
All are forget in the hurly—
Lo! the long looked-for is here!

Now, at the start, as I'm eyeing
The back, that I know like a friend,
I wonder which flag will be flying
In front at the winning-post bend—
Shall we triumph, or, fruitlessly trying,
Row it out, game to the end?

Point after point we are clearing,
Mile after mile we have sped;
Multiplied roaring and cheering
Sound as they sound to the dead.
Surely the end we are nearing!
Yes, but I know they're ahead!

Then is the toiling and straining
Out of the tail of my eye
Somehow I see we are gaining—
Look at the wash running by!
Now, in the minutes remaining,
Somehow we'll do it, or die.

There are blades flashing beside us,
Dropping astern one by one.
Now they creep up—they have tied us—
No! The spurt dies—they are done!
Gods of the 'Varsity guide us!—
Bang! "Easy all!" We have won!

THE Coal Strike was easily settled, as all that had to be discussed were "Miner Considerations."

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS!"

"As a sign of this gratitude, I confer upon you the dignity of Duke of LAUBENBURG, and shall also send you my life-sized Portrait."—*The German Emperor to Prince Bismarck.*

God bless you, dear Prince! Since your purpose is fixed,

It is useless, I know, to disuade you.
I permit you to go, though my feelings are mixed,

And unmake, as my grandfather made, you.
Yet deem not ungrateful your Emperor and King;

Let me pay you my thanks at the Court rate.
So I make you a Duke, ere I let you take wing,

And, O Prince, I will send you my Portrait!
O Pilot undaunted, brave heart and strong hand

When your planks were all riven asunder,
You alone grasped the helm, and took boldly your stand,

Nor blanched at the blast and the thunder.
And now, safe in port, we award you a prize
Of a value that men of your sort rate.

So, Prince, I will have myself painted life-size
Every inch, and I'll send you the Portrait.

Fresh storms may be brewing. I'll face them myself.

I am young, and, O Prince, you grow older.
Stay ashore, if you wish it, retire to the shelf,
And let those steer the ship who are bolder.
Yet it shall not be said that, in parting from you,

Your King gave his thanks at a short rate;
So be henceforth a Duke, and accept as your due

What I gratefully grant you—my Portrait!

A RATEPAYER'S REPLY.

To Mr. Stanhope's Latest Serio-comic, Patriotic Song.



YOUR story's good, STANHOPE, as far as it runs,
For JOHN BULL, at last, looks like getting his guns.
But though you talk big on the strength of the four
With which you've just managed to arm Singapore,
We would like you to state precisely how long
'Twill take you to get the next batch to Hong Kong!
For you talk in a not very confident way
Of those that are destined to guard Table Bay.
Your speech, too, with doubt seems decidedly laden,

When noting the present defences of Aden.
Though you finish the list with the news, meant to cheer
That Ceylon "should be," safe by the end of the year.
You think, to sum up, that a gratified nation
Should greet your glad statement with wild jubilation!
Well, the country does not get too often a chance
Of an honest excuse for a genuine dance,
And would step it quite gladly, if only assured
It could once from old dodges feel safely secured,
Being certain its guns, before setting to caper,
Do not exist merely on War-Office paper!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"You are one of the few people with whom I can really enjoy a quiet talk, all to our two selves;" i.e., "I should be very sorry to introduce you to any of my set."
"What, you here?" i.e., "Wonder how the dence this confounded cad got an invitation."
"Ah, by the way, just let me introduce you to Farrodust. You two fellows ought to know each other;" i.e., "Call that killing two bores with one stone."
"Thanks for a most delightful evening. So sorry to have to run away;" i.e., "Bored to extinction, and fairly famished. Must run down to the Club for a snack and a smoke."
"I'll look at my list when I get home;" i.e., "You don't catch me."
"Drop in any day;" i.e., "When the chances are I shan't be in."
"No party;" i.e., "Must ask him, and do it as cheaply as possible."
"Come as you are;" i.e., "Be careful to wear evening dress."
"Don't trouble to answer;" i.e., "Think it very rude if you don't."
"What! going already!" i.e., "Thank goodness! Thought she'd never move."
"What a fine child!" i.e., "Don't know whether the brat is a boy or girl, but must say something."



(To be continued.)

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. VI.—THE POLITICAL WOMAN.

THE Political Woman is one upon whom, if she may be believed, the world has never smiled. She avenges herself by recounting her wrongs and those of her sex to all who can be induced to listen to her. In early youth she will have taught herself by a superficial study of political history that all great movements have depended for their success upon Women, and that men, though they may ride on the whirlwind have had but little hand in directing the storm. The base ingratitude which has hitherto attended feminine effort in general, has aroused in her breast a quite particular and personal resentment against all men who have the misfortune to disagree with her. Hence it comes that the males who bask in the sunshine of her approval are but few. It is noticeable, that although she openly despises men, she makes herself, and wishes to make her fellow women as masculine as is compatible with the wearing of petticoats, and the cultivation of habitual inaccuracy of mind. Moreover, although she has a fine contempt, of which she makes no concealment, for most women, she selects as the associates of her political enterprises and her daily life, only those men whose cast of mind would suit better with the wearing of gowns than of trousers.

The Political Woman is far removed from the ordinary members of Primrose Leagues and Women's Federations, with whom the country abounds. Her over-mastering political appetite would find no satisfaction in the mere wearing of badges, the distribution of blankets, the passing of common-place resolutions, or the fearful joy of knowing a secret password and countersign. Such trifles are, in her opinion, mere whets for the political banquet. For herself she requires far stronger meat. From the fact, that the race of women is in physical energy inferior to that of men, she has apparently deduced as an axiom, that nature intended them to be equal in every respect. Few women agree with her, fewer still show any desire for the supposed boons to the attainment of which she is constantly urging them. Yet, the knowledge of these facts only seems to render the Political Woman more determined in the prosecution of her quest, and more bitter in her attacks upon men.

At school the Political Woman will have been highly thought of as a writer of vigorous essays, in which unconventional opinions were expressed, in ungrammatical language. She will have formed a Debating Society amongst her fellow-pupils, and, having caused herself to be elected perpetual President, she will leave the Presidential arm-chair at the beginning of every debate, in order to demolish by anticipation all who may venture to speak after her.

She will play various kinds of music upon the piano with a uniform vigour that would serve well for the beating of carpets, and will express much scorn for the feeble beings who use the soft pedal, or indulge in the luxury of a "touch."

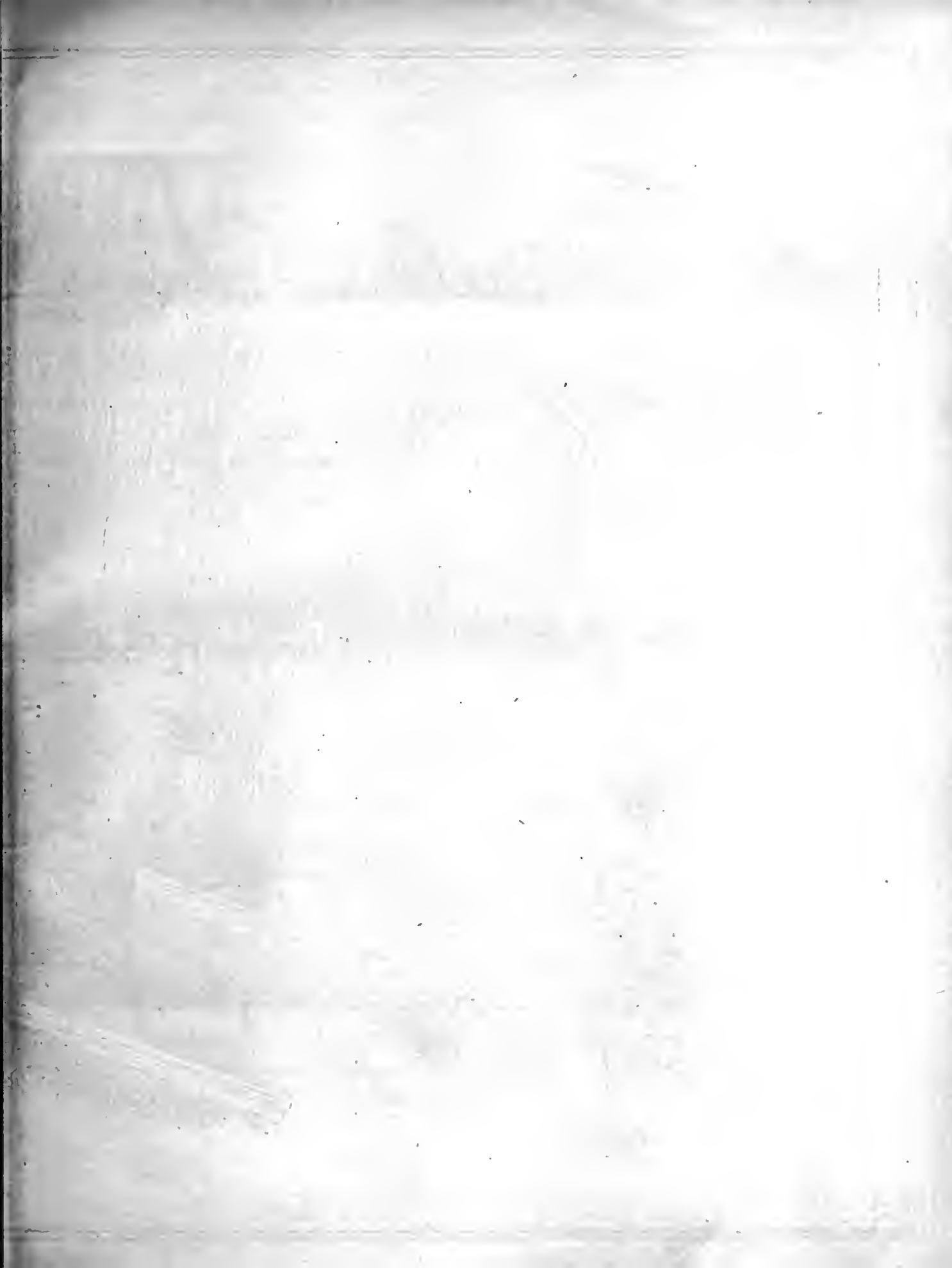
Having left school with an ill-assorted mass of miscellaneous knowledge, she will show her contempt for ordinary feminine accomplishments by refusing to attend dances, and by rushing mild young men whom misfortune may have thrown in her way. Having discovered from one of these that he imagines the Rebecca Riots, to be an incident of Old Testament History, and has no definite views upon the currency question, she will observe, in a tone of some bitterness, that "These are our Governors!" and, having left him in a state of collapse, will scale the ramparts of political discussion, in company with a Professor, who happens to be unmarried and a Member of Parliament. After making love for some months, by means of an interchange of political tracts, these two will be married in a registrar's office, and will spend their honeymoon in investigating the social requirements of Italian organ-grinders.

From this moment she exists chiefly as a Member or President of innumerable Committees. No sooner does the shadow of a political idea flit through her brain, than she forms a Committee to promote its development. When not engaged in forming or in sitting upon Committees, she occupies herself in delivering lectures "to Women only," or in discussing the Woman's Suffrage question with the Member of Parliament for her district (whom she despises) by means of letters, which she subsequently publishes in the journal of which she is, by this time, the proprietor, editor, and staff combined.

In a regrettable moment of absent-mindedness she bore to the Professor a son, whom she brings up on Spartan principles, and little else. Her home is a centre of slatternly discomfort. She rises early, but, having locked herself into her study, for the better composition of a discourse on "The Sacred Right of Revolt for Women," she forgets that both the tea and the coffee are locked in with her, and learns subsequently with surprise, but without regret, that her husband drank water to his breakfast. She then proceeds to regenerate the working-man, by proving to him, that his wife is a miserable creature for submitting to his sway, and rouses an audience of spectacled enthusiasts to frenzy by proclaiming, that she is ready to lead them to the tented field for the assertion of rights which the malignity of men has filched from them. Later on, she presides over her various Committees, and she returns home to find that her child has burnt himself by falling on to the dining-room fire, and that her cook has given warning.

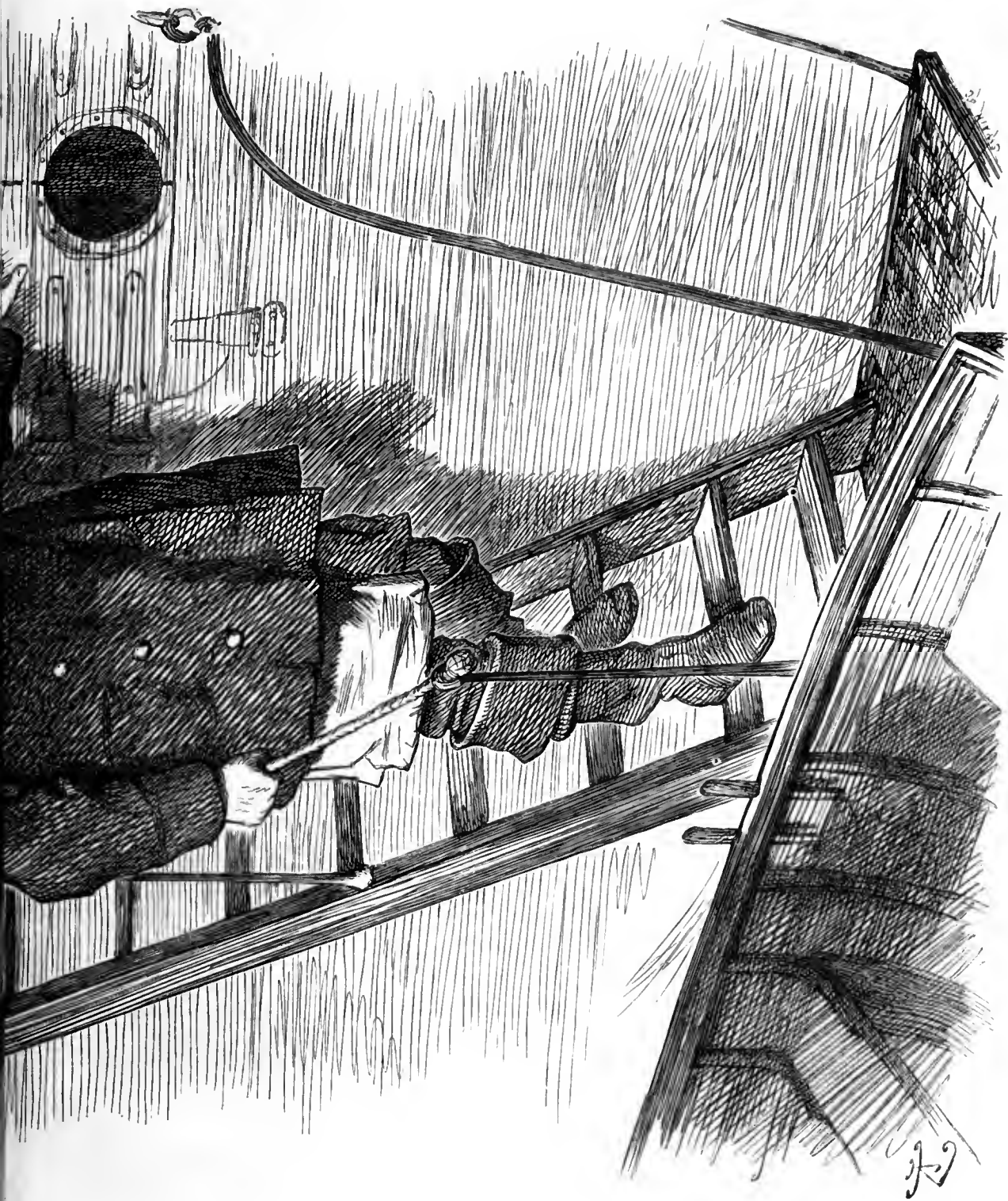
She will eventually fail to be elected a member of the School Board, and having written a strong book on a delicate social question, will die of the shock of seeing it adversely reviewed in *The Spectator*.



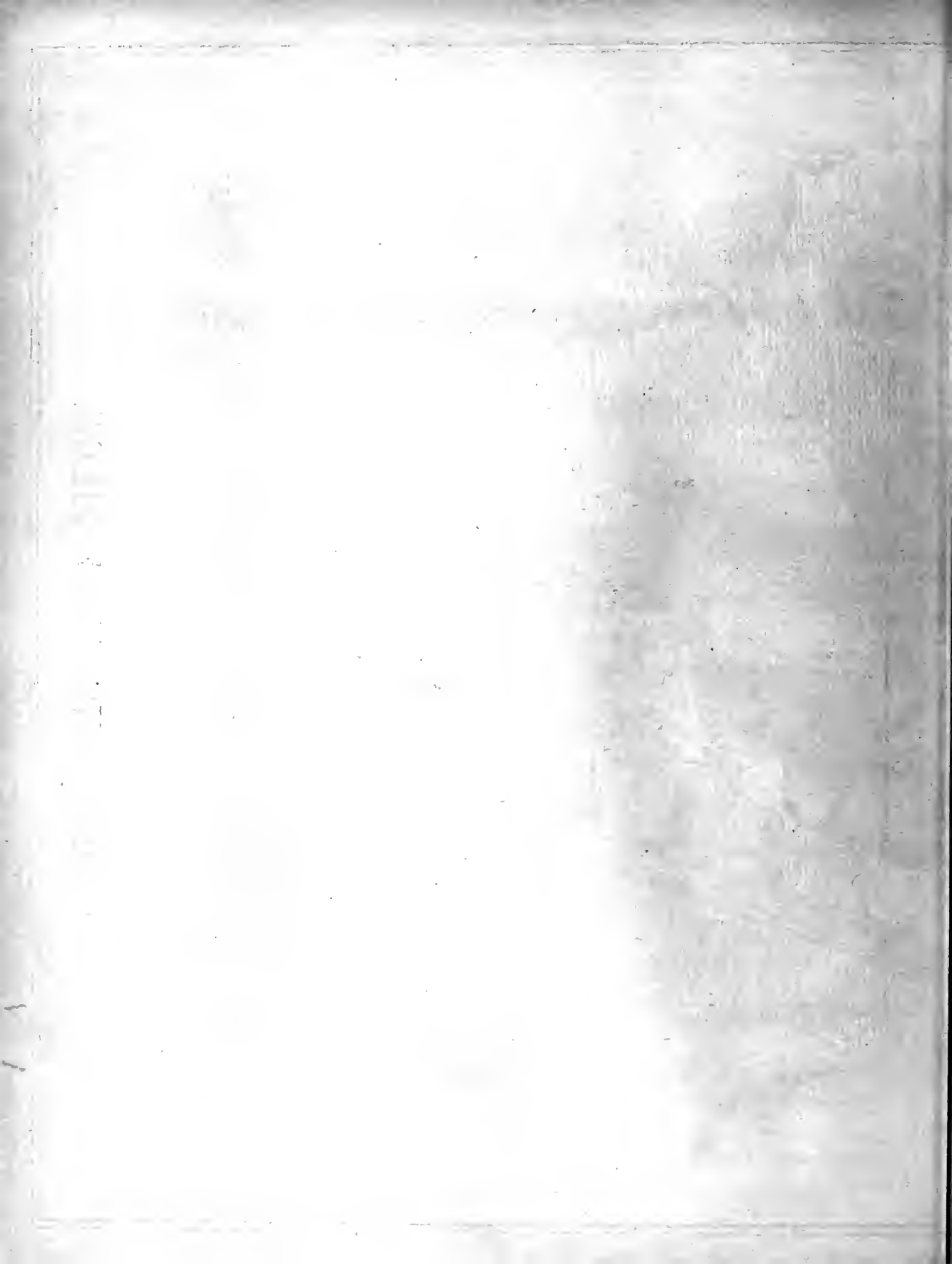


PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 29, 1890.





DROPPING THE PILOT.



PLAYING DARK.

(New Style.)

THE great success which, in their own estimation, has attended the endeavour to establish a series of Night Field Sports in the neighbourhood of Melton Mowbray, so dashingly led off recently



with a regular across country Steeple Chase, "by lamplight," has, it is said, induced the spirited organisers to extend their field of experiment; and it is alleged that tennis, golf, hockey, and football are all to be tried in turn, under the new conditions. That some excitement may be reasonably looked for from

the projected contests may be gathered from a reference to the subjoined score, put on paper by the newly constituted "Melton Mowbray Midnight Eleven," who, in a recent trial of strength with a distinguished local Club, it will be seen, showed some capital, if original play, in meeting their opponents in the national game, conducted under what must have been necessarily somewhat novel and unfamiliar conditions.

The boundaries of the field in which the wickets were pitched were marked out with night-lights, the only other illumination being supplied by a couple of moderator lamps, held respectively by the Umpire and Square-leg. The costume, of course, comprised a night-shirt and a pair of bed-room slippers, with which was also worn a pink dressing-gown,—pink being the colour adopted by the Club. Owing to the absence of any moon, and also to the fact that the night was a rather hoisterous one, on account of the persistency both of wind and rain, the play suffered from some disadvantages. However, the Eleven went pluckily to the wicket with the following result:—

Mr. GEORGE P-G-T, mistaking, in the obscurity, the Umpire for his wicket, gets out of his ground, and is instantly stumped out	0
Mr. SYDNEY P-G-T treads on his wicket	0
Mr. OTTO P-G-T takes the Wicket-keeper's head for the ball, and trying to "play it to leg," gives it in consequence such a severe blow, that he is obliged to accompany the Wicket-keeper in a cab to a hospital without finishing his innings	0
Mr. W. CH-PL-N treads on his wicket	0
Count Z-BR-SKI makes 497 in one hit. The ball being, however, only three yards off, but escaping notice, owing to the darkness, he is kept on the move for twenty-nine min. and a half	497
Mr. A. B-RN-BY stumbles over his wicket	0
Mr. G. W-LS-N sits on his wicket	0
Captain R-B-NS-N run out through losing his way in trying to find the wicket	0
Mr. E. H-N-AGE trying a forward drive, but not able to see, plays the whole of his wicket into the face of cover-point, whom he severely bruises, and is, consequently, given out	0
Captain W-RN-R takes the Long-stop for the Bowler; and, so getting the wrong side of his wicket, is bowled out in his first over	0
Mr. MCN-L misled by the lights on the adjacent hedges, making a hit, loses his way in trying a run; and finally, wandering into a neighbouring field, unable to make his way in the dark, rests in a ditch, in which he ultimately goes to sleep, —Not Out	0
Wides (bowled chiefly at the Umpire)	1322
Byes, &c.	704
	2523

At the conclusion of the innings, as daylight was beginning to break, it was determined to draw the stumps, it being settled that play should be resumed on the following midnight, when the opposing team were to take their turn at the wicket.

"POUR LES BEAUX YEUX."—Last week Dr. OGLE lectured excellently well and very wisely on the statistics of marriage in England. Altogether, it appears that this is not a marrying age. Those young men and maidens who are in search of partners for life, must keep their eyes open, and—Ogle. Very leery advice would be expected from anyone of the name of OGLE.

ROBERT ON THE BOAT-RACE.

AT the moment as I rites on the most importantest ewent of the hoping Spring, the warst majority of the four millions on us is a passing their days and nites in wondering which blew side will win. Why they is both hlew, puzzles me. If so be as they was both saleging boats, in course I coud unnerstand it, but, as they ain't, I gives up the puzzle, and gos a-head.

By the by, BROWN has given me a strate tip, which I ginerously gives to all my numerus readers. If it's a nice light day, Cambridge will suttenly win; but if it's a dull, dark day, Hoxford will suttenly not lose. So if any of my frends drops their money, it suttenly won't be my fault.

I remember as one year we had 'em all to dinner at the Man-shun House after the Race, and werry remarkabel fine appytites they all seemed to have, winners and losers alike. I spose as Hoxford lost that time, and most likely from the same cause. For I remembers as the Company werry kindly drunk the elth of the man who pulled the ropes on that occasion, and he was just sech another little feller as the won as lost last year, and wen he returned thanks he sed werry wisely, I thort, as he shoed never pull the ropes again in a great match, for if your boat won nobody didn't give you no praise for it, but if it lost, everybody said as it was your fault.

I seed a good many of my respected Paytrons on that occasion a injoying of theirselves in their serveral ways. The Maria Wood state Barge was there in all her glory, and plenty of gay company aboard, including several members of the honoured Copperashun. In fact you ginerally sees a fair number on 'em when there's anythink a going forred, whether of a usefool or a hornymental character. One or two other wessels carried their onered flag. But I looked in wane for any, the werry slightest, simpton of the County Counsel of London having put in a appearance. Poor Fellers, what with plenty of dull, dry hard work, and not a partikle of rashnal injoyment, no not ewen such a trifle as a bit of free wittles or a drop of free drink, what will they be looking like at the end of their second year of hofis? Why it's my beleef as their werry best frends won't kno 'em. No wonder as they all wants to get free admissions to all the Theaters and Music Alls. Rayther shabby idear for a full blown County Counsellor, when a shilling will take him 'most anywhere.

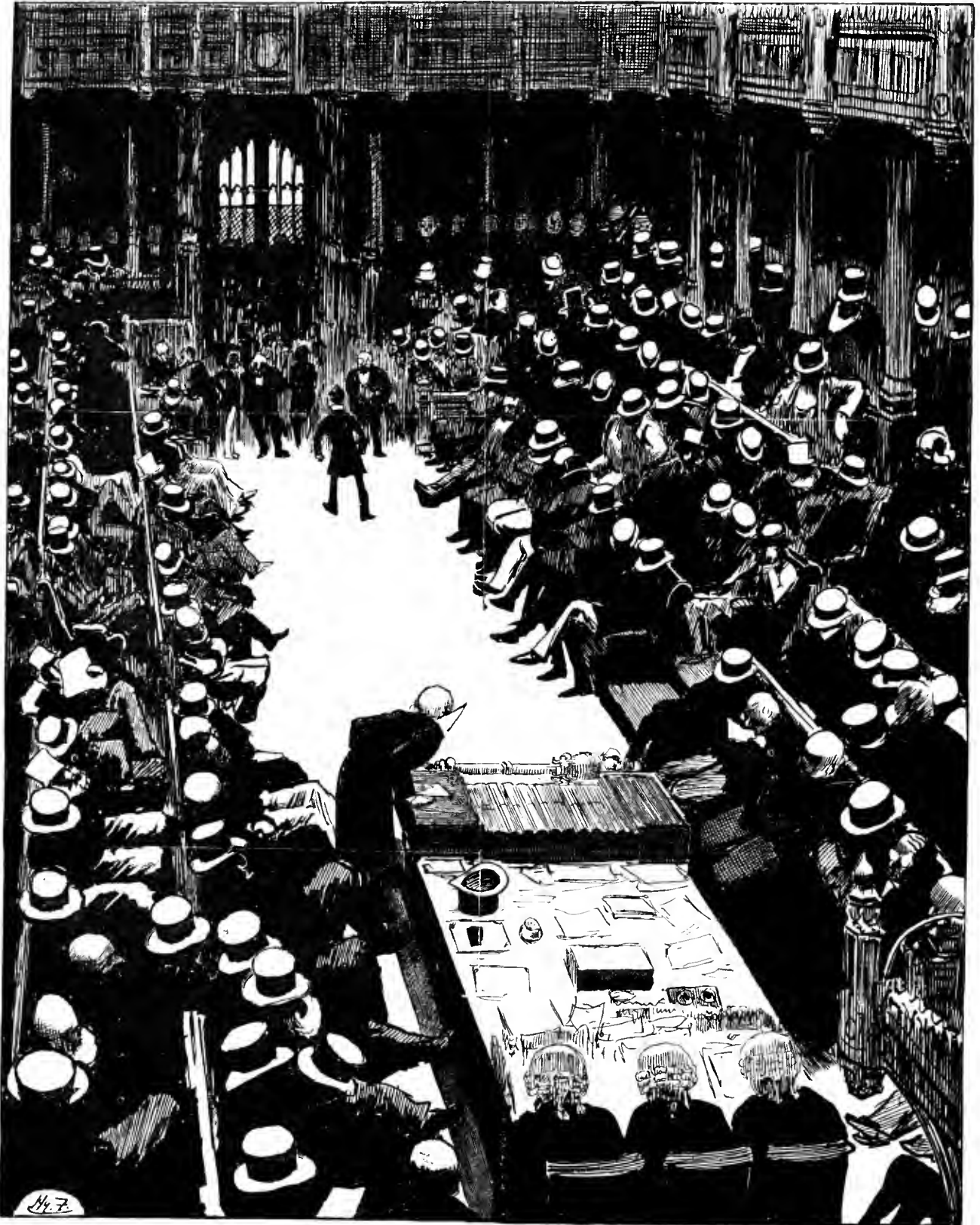
I thinks upon the hole as I prefers a Boat Race to an Horse Race. In the fust place the grand excitement lasts much longer, in the nex place of course their ain't no crewel whipping and spurring of the two gallant Crews to make 'em go faster than possible, in the nex place their ain't not no dust, and what a blessed loss that is I spose most on us knows by his own blinded xperience, in the nex place there ain't but werry littl showing and bording and skreaming, and far beyond all, one is abel direckly after the race is over, insted of rushing off to a serowged tent and paying 3s. 6d. for a bit of cold beef, werry Carelessly served, to set down carmlly and comfortably in one's littel cabbinn, and partake in peas and quiet of all the good things as kind friends has purvided, while gliding smoothly along our own butifool River a returnn to that peacefool home to witch one's thorts allers naterally turns wen the plesure or the bizziness of the day is all over, and our strengths is replenisht with plenty of good wittles and drink.



ROBERT.

"GO TO BATH!"—Yes, to make sketches and flattering comments, but not to ridicule the dulness and dinginess of the place, or the local papers will "slate" you. They don't like "the New Bath Guy'd!"

"LENTEN ENTERTAINMENT."—Going to see SUCCI the fasting man. By the way, werry wrong of Succi not to avail himself of the Papal dispensation.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM TOBY'S PRIVATE BOX.



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE."

The Rector's Wife (at School-Feast, to one of the Boys, who had been doing very "good business"). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, NOGGINS? DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?" *Noggins.* "No, M'm,—but—I'LL HEV—TO BE WUSS, M'm—AFOR I OIVE IN!"

DROPPING THE PILOT.

(See Cartoon.)

GREAT Pilot, whom so many storms have tried,
To see thee quit the helm at last, at last,
And slow descend that vessel's stately side,
Whilst yet waves surge and skies are over-
cast,
Wakes wondering memories of that mighty
past,
Shaped by a guiding hand,
Strong to direct as strenuous to command.
When yet did a great ship on the great sea
Drop Pilot like to thee?

The "wakeful Palinurus" of old song
Drowsed at the last, and floods his corpse
did whelm;
But thou hast ever been alert as strong,
Pilot who never slumbered at the helm.
Impetuous youth aspires to rear a realm,
And the State-bark to steer
In other fashion. Is it faith or fear
Fills the old Pilot's spirit as he moves
Slow from the post he loves?

No "branch in Lethe dipped by Morpheus"
slacks
This Pilot's sight, or vanquishes his force.
The ship he leaves may steer on other tacks;
Will the new Palinurus held her course
With hand as firm and skill of such re-
source?
He who, Aeneas-like,
New takes the helm himself, perchance may
strike
On sunken sheals, or wish, on the wild main,
The old Pilot back again.

These things are on the knees of the great gods;
But, hap what hap, that slow-descending
form,
Which oft hath stood with winds and waves
at odds,
And almost single-handed braved the storm,
Shows an heroic shape; and high hearts
warm
To that stout grim-faced bulk
Of manhood looming large against the hulk
Of the great Ship, whose course, at fate's
commands,
He leaves to lesser hands!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 17.—
St. Patrick's Day in the evening. Every
Irish Member carries in buttonhole bit of
withered grass; at least looks like withered
grass. DICK POWER says it's shamrock.
Anyhow it leads to dining-out, and business
to fere being nothing more important than
voting a few millions sterling for the Navy,
House almost empty.
"So much the better for me," says GEORGIE
HAMILTON, in charge of Navy Estimates;
"the fewer Members the more Votes."
So it proved. Whilst GEORGIE descant-
ing on excellence of Naval Administration,
House so empty that Count moved. A little
hard this on a Minister in charge of most
important department of State; but, after
all, Vetes were the thing, and Vetes were
taken hand-ever-hand. GEORGIE'S oration

being cut short by attempt to Count he sat
down, and as quick as Chairman could put
question £3,312,500 of our hard-earned money
was voted. Hadn't been in the House five
minutes when bang went another million.
Only half-a-dozen of us present, including
WILSON of Hull, who sat on edge of Bench,
with hat in hand, staring at COURTNEY, as
he ticked off million after million. For
myself, as representing a Constituency of
the Gentlemen of England, grew rather to
like it. Something exhilarating in the con-
sciousness that you, being one of eight Mem-
bers representing the House of Commons, can
say "Aye" or "No" to proposal to vote a
million sterling more or less. "The question
is," says COURTNEY, "that a sum net ex-
ceeding £1,103,200 be voted to HER MAJESTY
on account of sums falling due for victualling,
clothing and Naval establishments. Those
that are of that opinion, say 'Aye;' con-
trary 'No.'"
Well, what shall you do? Pretty stiff
sum; get a pretty lot of victuals for the
million; several suits of clothes for the
£103,000. Should you, just to show your
independence, kneek off the odd £200? No.
Barks likes the thing done generously. Why
throw in a net of discord? Besides, it
doesn't all come out of your pocket. So
you say "Aye;" GEORGIE HAMILTON nods
in grateful appreciation; COURTNEY seems
relieved; the thing's done, and you walk
out with a glowing consciousness of having
behaved handsomely.
Slight coolness sprung up between OLD
MORALITY and GRANDOLPH. Of late been
on rather friendly terms, despite occasional
kicking ever of the traces by GRANDOLPH.

"Boys will be boys," OLD MORALITY says, smiling genially on his young friend. To-day little hitch arisen; GRANDOLPH has sent to papers text of his Memorandum addressed to FIRST LORD of TREASURY in 1888, warning them against appointing Special Commission. GRANDOLPH, having set forth with masterly force his objections to scheme, winds up with remark:—"These reflections have been sketched out concisely. *If submitted to a Statesman*, many more, and much graver reflections, would probably be suggested." OLD MORALITY hadn't noticed it before; but now words in print stare him in face, doesn't like it. "Submitted to a Statesman," he murmured—"what does the fellow mean? Weren't they submitted to Me?"

Business done.—Voted money by hands-full.

Tuesday.—As a means of suffusing Treasury Bench with hearty, unaffected hilarity, nothing so effective as a defeat in Division Lobby. Noticed this twice of late. The other night, when HAMELEY'S Motion on behalf of Volunteers was, *malgré lui*, carried against the Government, you'd have thought, to look on Treasury Bench, that some good news had suddenly flashed upon them. OLD MORALITY beaming with smiles; STANHOPE smirking; and even the countenance of JOKIM convulsively working with what was understood to be signs of merriment. Same thing happened to-night. BUCHANAN brought forward Motion proposing to intrust to County Councils duty of maintaining and protecting rights of way in Scotland. Scotch Members united in support of popular demand, only MARK STEWART having his doubts. Even FINLAY made bold to hint Government would do well to listen to demand. CHAMBERLAIN openly and effectively declared on behalf of Resolution; Government seemed to be in tight place; OLD MORALITY moved uneasily in seat; still it would never do to interfere with Dukes and others furtively or openly engaged in the task of closing up paths over mountains, or shutting off walks by the lakes. Very awkward and inconsiderate of CHAMBERLAIN going off on this tack.

"Can't eat your cake and have it, you know," OLD MORALITY said, unconsciously forming the words on his copy of the Orders in large copy-book hand, "Mustn't play fast and loose with custodians of the Union. Oughtn't to look back when you put your hand to the plough. Should go the whole hog or none." These and other comforting phrases he wrote out in best copper-plate, filling up time whilst House cleared for Division. But when Tellers came back, and it was known that Resolution was carried against Government, clouds passed away.

OLD MORALITY tore up his copy-book headings, thrust hands in pockets; assumed truculently jovial air; nearly died of laughing when SPEAKER announced figures showing Government had been defeated by 13. His hilarity contagious. Mr. BIDDULPH (standing for a moment in the doorway below the shadow of the Gallery, looked on, his face slowly broadening into responsive smile.

"Well," said he, "of all the rollicking dogs I ever came across, there never was a pack to equal Her Majesty's Ministers in the hour of defeat."

Business done.—BUCHANAN'S Right of Way Motion carried against Government by 110 against 97.

Wednesday.—"I like this quite quiet hour, TOBY," said the SPEAKER, as I sat on the Treasury Bench, he at Table, waiting for a quorum. "It gives me opportunity of reading in *Freeman's Journal* *verbatim* reports of speeches by TANNER, SHEEHY, and WILLIAM REDMOND. Heard them delivered, of course; but there are some pleasures one likes to renew."

Should have begun business at twelve; now getting on for one. ALBERT ROLLIT in charge of Bankruptcy Bill with back to wall waiting for a quorum. "Must see," he says, "if I can't frame Clause dealing specially with Parliamentary proceedings. We shall shortly be bankrupt here if this sort of thing goes on. Composition of four and a-half hours' sitting on Wednesday afternoon scarcely enough to justify honourable discharge."

Everything comes to man who waits. Quorum came for ROLLIT. Numbers increased as he proceeded with singularly lucid address, investing even Bankruptcy with subtle charms. Gave the tone to thoroughly business Debate; and, even in less than the maimed period of time allotted, had carried his Bill through Second Reading.

Business done.—Bankruptcy Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—JOHN O'CONNOR pervading House with profoundest mystery. When Orders of Day called on, JOHN rose to his full height (6 foot 4 of human kindness and geniality), and said, "Mr. SPEAKER!" Motion was, that House should go into Committee of Supply. According to New Rules, SPEAKER leaves Chair without putting Question; Question not put, obvious no one could discuss it. But here was JOHN insisting on catching the SPEAKER'S eye.

"Mr. SPEAKER!" he repeated, "I want to discuss some of the irregularities of the Government."

But SPEAKER had executed strategic retreat; Chair empty; JOHN standing on tiptoe, followed retreating figure with despairing cry, "Mr. SPEAKER!" House half hoped SPEAKER would return; dying with curiosity to know what fresh irregularity on part of Government JOHN had discovered; but no help for it. Chair empty; technically "No House;" and JOHN, slowly subsiding, shutting up like a reluctant telescope, resumed seat.

Prince ARTHUR, back from Golf at Eastbourne, looking better for his holiday, lounged on Treasury Bench watching acene. "Alas!" he cried, eyeing JOHN with dreamy glance, what time the fingers of his hand—a strayed reveller—fitfully played with the rolled copy of his Orders, as if it were his cherished Mandoline—

"Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them."

Business done.—Vote on Account passed.

Friday.—Lords had nice little "plant" on to-night. The SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE got first place in other House for Motion decreeing their abolition. "Such larks!" says the MARKISS; "let's get up big debate here on House of Commons subject; draw away their men; leave SAGE in lurch."

So arranged Debate on Report of Parnell Commission for to-night. Full dress affair; all the big guns to go off; Curiosity as to how they'd treat too familiar subject. Plan answered admirably. Both shows running together, Lords, as most novel entertainment, fuller spectacular entertainment, drew the cake. Instead of crowded House that

usually waits when SAGE lunges at the Lords, beggarly array of empty Benches. Rather depressing even for imperturbable SAGE. Little later, Members finding things dull in Lords, came back in time to hear GEORGE CURZON. Capital speech; sparkle on the top; but some quiet depths of closely reasoned argument below.

Business done.—SAGE'S Motion for abolition of Lords negatived by 201 Votes against 139. Thus relieved, Lords ordered Report of Parnell Commission to be duly recorded.

THE OLD BOND-STREET GALLERIES.

Why they are called the Old Bond-Street Galleries, when there is so much that is new to be seen there, it is impossible to say. Why not call it the New Gallery? Perhaps those trusty Tudors—who are rather more than two doors off—Messrs. COMYNS CARR and HALLÉ, might object, and, even then, only half the truth would be told. Let us ag-gravate them, and call it the Ag-New Gallery at once! Unless it would be considered an ag-rarian outrage, it would be impossible to give it a better ag-nomen. Ha! ha! No matter what you call it, so long as you call and see the collection of Water-colours. There is a vastly good "*Pygmalion and Galatea*," by our own JOHN TENNIEL; there are some tender Idyls, by FREDERICK WALKER, a delicious "*Reverie*," by LESLIE, a delightful "*Pet*," by E. K. JOHNSON, wondrous Landscapes, by BIRKET FOSTER, a riverain poem, by C. J. LEWIS, and Dutch Symphonies, by WILFRID BALL. Sir JOHN GILBERT, T. S. COOPER, and F. DICKSEE, are well represented; and among the earlier Water-colour Masters we may find such distinguished names as J. M. W. TURNER, P. de WINT, COPLEY FIELDING, and DAVID COX. There are lots of others, and, if you are left to browse amid nearly three hundred excellent pictures, you ought to enjoy yourself very much indeed, and find your mind so much improved when you come out, that you will think it belongs to somebody else. In spite then of the carping of CARR, and the hallucinations of HALLÉ, we declare this to be the Ag-New Gallery.

"*La Nona*."—Is the new malady fact or fiction? Don't know, but anyhow it's your "Grandmother."

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. III.



"Never allow the Judge to bully you. On the contrary, be firm with him."

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

JOURNALISTIC.

"The Prisoner, who was fashionably attired, and of genteel appearance;" i.e., An ill-got-up swell-mobman

"A powerful-looking fellow;" i.e., An awful ruffian
 "A rumour has reached us"—(in the well-nigh impenetrable recesses wherein, as journalists, we habitually conceal ourselves),

"Nothing fresh has transpired;" i.e., The local Reporter's invention is at last exhausted.

"The Prisoner seemed fully alive to the very serious position in which he was placed;" i.e., He occasionally wiped his mouth on his knuckles.

"The proceedings were kept up until an advanced hour;" i.e., The Reporter left early.

SOCIAL.

"I'm so sorry I've forgotten to bring my Music;" i.e., I'm not going to throw away my singing on these people.

"Dear me, this is a surprise to meet you here! I didn't, you see, know you were in Town;" i.e., By which I wish her to understand that I hadn't seen that prominent account of her Mid-Lent dance (for which I had received no invitation) that appeared in last Thursday's *Morning Post*.

"Never heard it recited better. Wonder you don't go on the Stage;" i.e., Then one needn't come and hear you; now one can't keep out of your way.

FOR SHOW SUNDAY.

"Shall you have many Pictures in this year?" i.e., He'll jump for joy if he gets one in.

"Is your big Picture going to Burlington House or the Grosvenor?" i.e., They wouldn't have it at an East-End Free Art Show.

"By Jove, dear boy, Burne-Jones will have to look to his laurels?" i.e., Green mist and gawky girls, as usual!

"What I love about your pictures, dear Mr. Stodge, is their Subtle Ideal treatment, so different, &c., &c.?" i.e., 'Tien't like anything on earth.

"Best thing you've done for years, my boy; and, mark my words, it'll create a sensation!" i.e., Everybody says it'll be a great go, and I may as well be in it.

"Entre nous, I don't think Millais' landscape is to be compared with it?" i.e., I should hope not—for MILLAIS' sake.

"Fancy hanging him on the line, and skying you! It's too bad?" i.e., His picture is a.

"Glad you haven't gone in for mere 'pretty, pretty,' this time, old man;" i.e., It's ugly enough for a scarecrow.

"My dear Sir, it's as mournfully impressive as a Millet;" i.e., Dull skies and dowdy peasants!

"Well, it's something in these days to see a picture one can get a laugh out of;" i.e., Or at!

AUCTIONEERING.

"Every Modern Convenience;" i.e., Electric-bells and disconnected drain-pipes.

"Cheap and Commodious Flat;" i.e., Seven small square rooms, with no outlook, at about the rent of a Hyde Park mansion.

"A Desirable Residence;" i.e., To get out of.

PLATFORMULARS.

"And thus bring to a triumphant issue the fight in which we are engaged;" i.e., Thank Heaven, I managed to get off my peroration all right.

"Our great Leader;" i.e., That's sure to make them cheer, and will give me time to think.



SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Mrs. Scrooge. "I'M WRITING TO ASK THE BROWNS TO MEET THE JONESES HERE AT DINNER, AND TO THE JONESES TO MEET THE BROWNS. WE OWE THEM BOTH, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Scrooge. "BUT I'VE HEARD THEY'VE JUST QUARRELLED, AND DON'T SPEAK!"

Mrs. Scrooge. "I KNOW. THEY'LL REFUSE, AND WE NEEDN'T GIVE A DINNER PARTY AT ALL!"

himself. The new system saves a lot of trouble, as candidates for posts write down their qualifications on the back of their photographs.

Elder Daughter (reading). "Views strictly orthodox." Oh, both views! Here's something better—"Very Musical Voice"—the darling! He looks as if he had a musical voice. "Warranted not to go beyond fifteen minutes in preaching." Delicious!

Vicar's Wife. I don't know if the parishioners will like that.

Both Daughters (together). But we shall!

Elder Daughter (continues reading). "Quite content to preach only in the afternoons. No attempts to rival Vicar's eloquence." What does he mean?

Vicar (cordially). I know! I think he'll do very well. Just the sort of man I want!

Elder Daughter. Ha! Listen to this! "Can play the banjo, and twenty-six games of lawn-tennis without fatigue." The pet!

Younger Daughter. Perfectly engaging! Oh, Pa, wire to him at once!

Elder Daughter (turning pale). Stop! What is this? "Very steady and respectable. Has been engaged to be married for past three years!" Call him engaging, indeed! No chance of it. The wretch!

Younger Daughter. A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing! Can't you prosecute him, Pa?

Vicar (meditatively). I might—in the Archbishop's Court. Really this new self-recommendation plan, though useful in some ways, seems likely to disturb quiet households. And I've fifty-nine more photos to look at!

[Retires to Study, succumbs to slumber.]

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER has been announced as in preparation at the Criterion and the Vandeville. Miss MARY MOORE c. Miss WINIFRED EMERY as Miss Hardcastle. Which is to "stoop," and which to "conquer?" Why not run it at both Houses?—and, to decide, call in a jury of "the GOLDSMITH'S Company."

THE MAYFAIR ROW.—GOODE, BAIRD, and very indifferent.

THE IMPERIAL SOCIALIST.

A Song of the Situation. AIR—"The King and I." Socialist Workman sings:—



Emperor. "I'M ONE OF YOU!"

Socialist. "ALL RIGHT, MATE. THEN—TAKE OFF YOUR CROWN!"

THE Kaiser swears that he can work;
So can I! So can I!
Strain and long hours he will not shirk.
Nor do I, nor do I.
But he may work at his sweet will;
So they say, so they say.
Whilst I must toil my pouch to fill;
A long day, a long day!

So there's some difference I see
Betwixt the Emperor and me.
He hath his army and his ships;
Great are they! Great are they!
Their price, which my lean pocket nips,
I must pay, I must pay.
Yet here he comes to grip my hand;
That's his plan, that's his plan;

And at my side to take his stand,
Working-man, working-man!
Strange that such likeness there should be
Betwixt the Emperor and me!
BISMARCK, it seems, he does not trust;
Nor do I, nor do I.
He thinks the toiler's claims are just;
So do I, so do I.

He's called a Conference of Kings,
 Novel scheme, novel scheme!
 To talk of Socialistic things—
 Pleasant dream, pleasant dream!
 What difference, now, would KARL MARX see
 Betwixt my Emperor and me?
 The "International" they banned.
 That was vile, that was vile.
 But now a similar thing they've planned,
 Makes me smile, makes me smile.
 Labour world-over they'll discuss,
 Far and near, far and near.
 Will it all end in futile fuss?
 That's my fear, that's my fear.
 A difference of view I see
 Betwixt the Emperor and me.
 But here he comes to grip my fist,
 Fair and free, fair and free.
 Thinks he the chance I can't resist?
 We shall see, we shall see.
 I wear the Cap and he the Crown—
 Awkward gear, awkward gear!
 Is he content to put it down?
 No, I fear; no, I fear.
 If Workman I as Workman he,
 Perhaps he'll just change hats with me!

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—Oddly enough the French Gallery contains but a small proportion of French pictures. Possibly Mr. WALLIS thinks it is not high-bred to appear too long in a French rôle—perhaps he fancies the public would get crusty or the critics might leave him "on toast." Anyhow, he has taken French leave to do as he pleases, and the result is very satisfactory. He does not lose our Frenchship by the change. There are three remarkable pictures by Prof. FRITZ VON UNDE, and two by Prof. MAX LIEBERMANN, which ought to make a sensation, and there is an excellent MUNKACSY, besides a varied collection of foreign pictures.

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN, author of that annually useful work, *Academy Notes*, is announced to give lectures at Kensington Town Hall, April 13. One of his subjects, "Sketching in Sunshine," will be very interesting to a Londoner. First catch your sunshine; then sketch. Mr. BLACKBURN will be illuminated by oxy-hydrogen; he will thus appear as Mr. White-burn; so altogether a light entertainment.



AT THE "ZOO."

Arabella. "OH, AUG—MR. BROWN, LET'S GO TO THE APRIARY. I THINK THE MONKEYS ARE SUCH FUN!"
 [He did not Propose that afternoon!]

THE WAY TO THE TEMPLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Willesden Junction.*
 HAVING been assured by a Phrenologist that my bump of locality is very highly developed, I attempted the other day—although a perfect stranger to London—to walk from Charing Cross to the Temple without inquiring the route. I had absolutely no assistance but a small map of Surbiton and the neighbourhood, from which I had calculated the general lie of the country, and a plain, ordinary compass, which I had bought cheap because it had lost its pointer. I am not sure that the route I took was the most direct. But when, after several hours' walk, I found myself at Willesden Junction, I was assured by a boy in the district, whom I asked, that I could not possibly have gone straighter. He advised me to take a ticket at once for Chalk Farm, as I still had some way to go, and said that he thought I might have to change at Battersea. He was a nice, bright little boy, and laughed quite merrily.
 I have now been at Willesden Junction for eighteen hours, and I have not yet secured a train for Chalk Farm. There have been several, but they have always gone from the platform which I had just left. So I have camped out on the 101th platform, and I intend to stop there till a train for Chalk Farm comes in. Of course the porters have remonstrated, and tried to explain where and when the train really does start. But I would sooner trust my natural instincts than any porter. That bright little boy has been twice to see how I am getting on. He brought two other boys last time. They all told me to stick to it, and seemed much amused—probably at the stupidity of those porters. But really, Mr. Punch, Willesden Junction ought to be simplified. It may be all very well for me, with a phrenological aptitude for this sort of thing; but these different levels, platforms, and stairs must be very puzzling to less gifted people, such as the green young man from the country.
 But the last suggestion which I have to make is the most important. There ought to be a great many more doors into the refresh-

ment-room, and only one door out of it. I lost the thirteenth train for Chalk Farm by going out of the wrong door. One door out would be ample, and it should certainly be made—by an easy arrangement of pivots and pneumatic pressure—to open straight into the train for anywhere where you wanted to go. If this simple alteration cannot be made, Willesden Junction must be destroyed at once, route and branch; or removed to Hampton Court, to take the place of the present absurdly easy Maze. I am, Mr. Punch,
 Your humble and obedient Servant, PHRENITIC.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(New "Physical Examination" Style.)

OXFORD, April 1, 1890.

THE Regius Professor of High Jumping will commence his Course of Lectures, accompanied, in the way of illustration, by a practical exhibition of several physical *tour de force* on the spare ground at the back of the Parks, at some hour before 12 o'clock this morning. Candidates for honours in Hurdle Racing, Dancing, and Throwing the Hammer, are requested to leave their names at the Professor of Anthropometry's, at his residence, in the new Athletic Schools, on or before the 3rd inst. The subject selected for the next Term's Prize Physical Essay Composition, which will have on the reading to be practically and personally illustrated by several feats of the successful candidate himself, will be "Leap Year."

LIGHT AND ATRY.

REJECTED! in bad grammar I declare
 I can't forget this year, nor yet that Ayr!

THE RECORDING ANGEL IN THE HOUSE, OR THE GAL IN THE GALLERY.—"Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette 'galerie.'"

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. VII.—THE PATRON OF SPORT.

In order to qualify properly for the patronage of sport, a man must finally abandon any vestiges of refinement which may remain to him after a youth spent mainly in the use of strong language, and the abuse of strong drink. The future patron, who has enjoyed for some years the advantages of a neglected training in the privacy of the domestic circle, will have been sent to a public school. Like a vicious book, he will soon have been "called in," though not until he has been cut by those who may have been brought in contact with him. Having thus left his school for his school's good, he will find no difficulty in persuading his parents that the high spirits of an ingenuous youth, however distasteful they may have been to the ridiculous prejudices of a pedantic Head Master, are certain to be properly appreciated by the officers of a crack Regiment. He will, therefore, decide to enter the Army, and after pursuing his arduous studies for some time at the various Music Halls and drinking saloons of the Metropolis, he will administer a public reproof to the Civil Service Commissioners, by declining on two separate occasions to pass the examination for admission into Sandhurst.

He will then inform his father that he is heavily in debt, and, having borrowed money from his tailor, he will disappear from the parental ken, to turn up again, after a week, without his watch, his scarf-pin, or his studs. This freak will be accepted by his relatives as a convincing proof of his fitness for a financial career, and he will shortly be transferred to the City as Clerk to a firm of Stockbrokers. Here his versatile talents will have full scope. He will manage to reconcile a somewhat lax attention to the details of business with a strict regularity in his attendance at suburban race-meetings. Nothing will be allowed to stand in his way when he pursues the shadow of pleasure through the most devious windings into the lowest haunts. For him the resources of dissipation are never exhausted. Pot-houses provide him with cocktails, restaurants furnish him with elaborate dinners, tailors array him in fine clothes, hosiers collar him up to the chin, and cover his breast with immaculate fronts. The master-pieces of West-End jewellers, hatters, and boot-makers, sparkle on various portions of his person; he finds in a lady step-dancer a goddess, and in *Ruff's Guide* a Bible; he sups, he swears, he drinks, and he gambles, and, finally, he attains to the summit of earthly felicity by finding himself mentioned under a nickname in the paragraphs of a sporting organ.

Having about the same time engaged in a midnight brawl with an undersized and middle-aged cabman, he appears the next morning in a Police Court, and, after being fined forty shillings, is hailed as a hero by his companions, and recognised as a genuine Patron of Sport by the world at large. Henceforward his position is assured. He becomes the boon companion of Music-hall Chairmen, and lives on terms of intimate vulgarity with Money-lenders, who find that it pays to take a low interest in the pleasures, in order the more easily to obtain a high interest on the borrowings, of reckless young men.

In company with these associates, and with others of more or less repute, the Patron of Sport sets the seal to his patronage by becoming a member of a so-called Sporting Club, at which professional pugilists batter one another in order to provide excitement for a mixed assemblage of coarse and brainless rowdies and the feeble toadies who dance attendance upon them. Here the Patron is at his best and noblest. Though he has never worn a glove in anger, nor indeed taken the smallest part in any genuine athletic exercise, he is as free with his opinions as he is unsparing of the adjectives wherewith he adorns them. He talks learnedly of "upper-cuts" and "cross-counters," and grows humorous over "mouse-traps," "pile-drivers on the mark," and "the flow of the ruby." Having absorbed four whiskeys-and-soda, he will observe that "if a fellow refuses to train properly, he must expect to be receiver-general," and, after lighting his tenth cigar as a tribute, presumably, to the lung power of the combatants, will indulge in some moody reflections on the decay of British valour and the general degeneracy of Englishmen. He will then drink liqueur brandy out of a claret glass, and, having slapped a sporting solicitor on the back and dug in the ribs a gentleman jockey who has been warned off the course, he will tread on the toes of an inoffensive stranger who has allowed

himself to be elected a member of the Club under the mistaken impression that it was the home of sportsmen and the sanctuary of honest boxers. After duly characterising the stranger's eyes and his awkwardness, the Patron will resume his seat near the ropes, and will stare vacuously at the brilliant gathering of touts, loafers, parasites, usurers, book-makers, broken-down racing men, seedy soldiers, and over-fed City men who are assembled round the room. Inspired by their society with the conviction that he is assisting in an important capacity in the revival of a mauly sport, he will adjust his hat on the back of his head, rap with his gold-headed cane upon the floor, and call "Time!"—a humorous sally which is always much appreciated, especially when the ring is empty. After witnessing the first three rounds of the next competition, he will rise to depart, and observing a looking-glass, will excite the laughter of his friends and the admiration of the waiters by sparring one round with his own reflection, finally falling into the arms of a companion, whom he adjures not to mind him, but to sponge up the other fellow.

After this exploit a supper-club receives him, and he is made much of by those of both sexes who are content to thrive temporarily on the money of a friend. He will then drive a hansom through the streets, and, having knocked over a hot potato-stall, he will compensate the proprietor with a round of oaths and a five-pound note.

In appearance the Patron of Sport is unwholesome. The bloom of youth vanished from his face before he ceased to be a boy; he assumes the worn and sallow mask of age before he has fairly begun to be a man. His hair is thin, and is carefully flattened by the aid of unguents, his dress is flashy, his moustache thick. In order the more closely to imitate a true sportsman, he wears a baggy overcoat, with large buttons. Yet he abhors all kinds of honest exercise, and, in the days of his prosperity, keeps a small brougham with yellow wheels. Soon after he reaches the age of thirty, he begins to feel the effects of his variegated life. He fails in landing a big *coup* on the Stock Exchange, and loses much money over a Newmarket meeting, in which he plunges on a succession of rank outsiders, whom a set of rascals, more cunning than himself, have represented to him as certainties. His position on the Stock Exchange becomes shaky, and he attempts to restore it by embarking with a gang of needy rogues on a first-class "roping" transaction, in connection with a prize-fight in Spain. Having, however, been exposed, he is shunned by most of those who only heard of the swindle when it was too late to join in it.

This is the beginning of the end. He becomes careless of his appearance; with the decrease of his means his coats become shiny, and his cuffs more and more frayed. Eventually he falls into a state of sodden imbecility, relieved by occasional flashes of delirium tremens, and dies at the age of thirty-six, regretted by nobody except the faithful bull-dog, whose silver collar was the last thing he pawned.

A New Opera (in Preparation).

Librettist. Now here's a grand effect. They all say, "We swear!" Then there's a magnificent "Oath Chorus!" How do you propose to treat that?

Composer. Oath Chorus? In D Major.

A PAGE FROM AN IMPERIAL NOTE-BOOK.—So far so good. Got rid of the Grand Old Chancellor and the rest of that crew—without much of a row! Been civil to my English Uncle, the Pope and the Democrats. Can't be idle, so what shall I do next? Why not take a trip to America where I might stand for President? If I propose extending trip to Salt Lake, would have to go *en garçon*. Or I might see if I could not get a little further than STANLEY in Africa. When I returned might write a book to be called, *The Extra Deep-Edged Black Continent*. Or why not turn painter? With a little practice would soon cut out all the Old Masters, native and foreign. And if I gave my mind to poetry, why GÖTTE and HEINE would be simply nowhere! How about horse-racing? A Berlin Derby Day would make my English cousins "sit up." And sermons, there's something to be done in sermons! I believe I could compose as good a discourse as any of my Court chaplains. And then, possibly, I might be qualified to do that which would satisfy the sharpest craving of my loftiest ambition—I might write for *Punch*!

[So he shall. He shall "write for *Punch*," enclosing stamps, and the Number shall be sent to him by return.—Ed.]



PLAY-TIME.

SINCE the first night, if hearsay evidence can be accepted, as I didn't see the *premiere*, Mr. SUGDEN must have immensely improved his *Touchstone*. He plays it now with much dry, quaint humour, and when I saw him in the part last week, every line told with a decidedly discriminating but appreciative audience. His scenes with that capital *Audrey*, Miss MARION LEA, and with *William*, were uncommonly good. I confess I was surprised. Mr. BOURCHIER—but now an amateur, now thus—gives *Juques'* immortal speech of "All the world's a stage," in a thoroughly natural and unconventional manner, chiefly remarkable for the absence of every gesture or tone that could make it a mere theatrical recitation by a modern professional reciter at a pic-nic. Mrs. LANGTRY'S *Rosalind* is charming, her scenes with *Orlando* being as pretty a piece of acting as any honest playgoer could wish to see. And what a pretty *Lamb* is she they call BEATRICE who plays *Phoebe*! What a sweet, gentle, restful play it is! How unlike these bustling times! To witness this idyllic romance as it is put on at the St. James's, is as if one had stepped aside out of "the movement," had bid adieu for a while to the madding crowd, and had plunged into the depths of the forest of Arden, to find a tranquil "society of friends," among whom, under the greenwood tree, one can rest and be thankful.

I was curious to see how ALEXANDER "the (Getting) Great" would comport himself as the hero of light farce, associated as he has always hitherto been with heroes of romance and high comedy. The theatre-going public and his admirers—the terms are synonymous—may breathe again. ALEXANDER is surprisingly good as *Dr. Bill*, and the serious earnestness with which he invests the part intensifies the drollery of the complications. And to think that the adapter of this gay and festive piece should be none other than the sentimental troubadour, song-writer and composer, author of a Lyceum Tragedy and other similar trifles, Mr. HAMILTON AÏDÉ! "Sir," in future will HAMILTON AÏDÉ say, when being interviewed by a Manager, "I will now read you my Five Act Tragedy entitled—" "Hang your tragedies!" will the Manager exclaim, "Give me a farce like '*Dr. Bill*,' my boy!" And once more will the poet put his pride and his tragedy in one pocket, and all the money which the Comic Muse will give him in the other. I back the *argumentum ad pocketum* against the Tragic Muse.

How capably it is played! Miss BROUGH excellent; and so also is Mr. CHEVALIER, who entirely loses his own identity in his make-up, and is not to be recognised at all, save for a few mannerisms. Charming housemaid is pretty Miss MARIE LINDEN; and the idiotic youth, *George Webster*, played by Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER,—two Websters rolled into one,—is very funny. But they're all as good as they can be. I congratulate ALEXANDER the (Getting) Great, who, for pecuniary reasons, I should like to be, were I not

DIOGENES OUT OF THE TUB.

The Bitter Cry of the Dramatic Critic.

'Tis the voice of the Critic	These dull <i>Matinées</i> !
I hear him complain,	Wretched plays I must see!
"One more afternoon!	But, alas, 'tis no play,
Fools! they're at it again!	And there's no peace for me!"

"Le Sport" in Bouverie Street.

THE excellent columns of "This Morning's News" in the *Daily News* the other day were endowed with fresh interest by an announcement made with respect to the Emperor of AUSTRIA. It runs thus:—

"When informed that on the Imperial preserves in the neighbourhood of Vienna the first snipe had been seen, the *passionate huntsman* said, 'I am exceedingly sorry, but I've no time for them this week.'"

Every one has heard of "The Hunting of the Snark;" but this is the first time reference has been publicly made to the hunting of the Snipe.

AT THE FIRST BOTANIC GARDEN SHOW. MARCH 26.

HIMANTOPHYLLUMS and *Cyclamens* were there to be seen, And some pretty baskets full of strawb'ries from Englefield Green.



The Kan-Kan (-garoo) Dance.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

HIGH LIFE, COMMERCIAL, TRADING, AND OTHER.

THE BEST SCREENED DUCAL KNOBBLES.—As supplied direct from the ancestral estates of His Grace the Duke of WAGOVER.

THE BEST SCREENED DUCAL KNOBBLES.—This fashionable coal, throwing down a pleasing and prettily-coloured but plentiful light blue ash, is now confidently recommended to the general public, by His Grace the Duke of WAGOVER, who begs to inform his numerous patrons and clients that he has now completed his final arrangements to enable him entirely to relinquish his duties in the Upper House of the Legislature, for the purpose of being free to devote the whole of his time to the personal supervision of the working of the lucrative seams recently discovered on his family estate. Orders, that should be accompanied by postal orders or cheque, may be sent direct to His Grace, addressed either to Wagover Castle, or to his town residence in Belgrave Square, S.W.

THE BEST SCREENED DUCAL KNOBBLES.—N.B. Customers are respectfully invited to note that the Ducal Arms, Coronet and Family Tree, are properly blazoned on every sack on delivery, as a guarantee that the coal supplied is that now offered at the extremely low figure of 28s. a ton as "Ducal Knobbles," screened under the immediate supervision of His Grace's own eye.

THE EARL'S PICKLED PIES.—These delicious breakfast-table delicacies (now the rage everywhere) can be obtained by special arrangement, at any pastrycook's, cheesemonger's, or grocer's in the Three Kingdoms. A Noble Earl having by an agreement with his head-keeper and chief tenants, secured the right of shooting his own ground game, has commenced on his own estate the manufacture, for which he has taken out patent rights, of the above celebrated "rabbit" pies, the demand for which has so increased that for the last six months his house has never contained a shooting-party of less than ten guns at a time, that have all been busily engaged at making a bag for their manufacture, continually, from morning till night. An analyst, writing to the *Stethoscope*, says, "I have examined a sample of the pie sent me. It appears to be all rabbit. I cannot discover a particle of cat in it anywhere."

THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY INTRODUCTION SYNDICATE. With the above appellation, a Company has been organised, under the Direction of an Impeccunious Duchess, assisted by a Committee of Upper Class Ladies, whose want of ready money has become urgent, for the purpose of selling, at a fixed sale of prices, to any low-bred *parrsnuie* who can afford to pay for it, the *entrée* to those exclusive and hitherto unapproachable circles to which they, by the accident of their birth and family connections, possess the privilege of offering and securing an introduction.

HIGH CLASS SOCIAL PRIVILEGES.—THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY INTRODUCTION SYNDICATE beg to direct the attention of enterprising and ambitious aspirants to the advantages of an introduction to various social privileges of a High Class and Exclusive character, to the fact that the following "items," that have been carefully thought out, and priced according to scale, conformably with the present condition of the social market, are now offered for their consideration:—

Invitation and admission to a "crush" in the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square (without introduction to Host or Hostess)	£ s. d.
Ditto, ditto, (with introduction)	21 0 0
Ditto, ditto, at Bayswater, or West Kensington	31 10 0
Five o'clock tea, including introduction to Leading Actor, Royal Academician, Distinguished Literary Man, or other celebrity	10 10 0
Same privilege enjoyed at select little dinner-party of eight	26 5 0

Other "Social Privileges" provided according to the special requirements of the case. Underbred people, with no position, but possessing means, may be launched under the protection of carefully selected Chaperons, into the very best Society, on applying personally to the Munageress.

DINING WITH A DUCHESS.—THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY INTRODUCTION SYNDICATE beg to inform their patrons and clients that their charge for satisfactorily securing them this eminent and obvious social advantage is, at the present moment, through the rare opportunity due to financial losses incurred recently by several distinguished Noble Families, only one hundred and fifty guineas. This sum does not include any personal introduction, but the latter may be arranged for with or without three minutes' conversation over a cup of tea later in the course of the evening by the payment of the comparatively small additional fee of fifty guineas extra.



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

"THE GIFT HORSE."

NIVER look a gift horse in the mouth? Moighty foine,
 But how if the crayture is not worth its kape?
 Faix, it isn't the nag for a stable o' moine.
 Oive doubts of its blood and oi don't loike its shape.
 What! we ought to accept it and think it an honour?
 We moight do that same did we not know the donor!

Oh, I grant ye it's big, and I grant ye it's bould,
 A blood-looking Bucephalus ivery inch;
 But its oi if ye look, Sorr, is cruel and could,
 And that big aff-hind leg has a fidgety flinch.
 Oi'd git out av the way av its heels moighty quick,
 For I fancy the baste has a botherin' kick!

It looks all very well in the front, to be shure,
 Though I don't loike the way that it lays back its ears,
 But your sate in the saddle had need be secure
 If it lash out behoid, as it *could*, oive me fears.
 By the sowl of St. PAT, oi'd as soon risk a spill
 From those blayguard buck-jumpers of BUFFALO BILL!

Gift horse? Oh, by jabers *that's* not what we're after,
 We'd breed for ourselves if they'd give us a chance.
 BALFOUR, ye stand there wid an oi full o' laughter.
 Ye devil, we know that cool optical dance.
 Come the comether on us then, would ye, ye wag,
 Wid this "ginerous" gift of a dangerous nag?

All shenanigin', that's what it is, sheer purtence;
 But ye don't catch us could Oirish birds wid such chaff!
 Ye'd loike us to take it,—and take no offence,
 And thin it's yourself as 'ud just have the laugh.
 It may do for the North, but won't suit us down South;
 So, PARNELL, my boy, *take a squint at its mouth!*

FASTER AND FASTER.—In France there is now a Fasting Girl. If she beats the record, and if the winners, who back her staying powers against those of SUCCI, give her a handsome dot, she will be known as *La Jeunesse Dorée*.

DUNRAVEN.

(Verses from the Very Latest Version.)

ONCE on a Commission dreary sat DUNRAVEN, worn and weary.
 Hearing many a snuffling Hebrew, many a Sweater's victim poor,
 Oft he nodded, nearly dozing, but, on the Commission's closing,
 Schemed out a Report, supposing that by such Report he'd score.
 "Tone it down," his colleagues muttered; "like a sucking-dove let's
 Gently purr, and nothing more." [roar,

"Be those words our sign of parting!" cried DUNRAVEN, swift n'pstart—
 "Sweating's an accursed system, but if now our toil is o'er, [ing;
 We leave twaddle as sole token of the swelling words we've spoken,
 Public faith in us is broken! Bah! I quit, I 'bust,' boil o'er!
 Take my seat, sign your Report, about such bosh my spirit bore?"
 Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

ROBERT TRIHUMFUNT!

I ONLY hopes as most of my thowsands of readers took my strait
 tip last Wensday morning, and got their 9 to 4 against the winner,
 if not it most suttlenly wasn't my fault. My directions was as clear
 as daylight. "Dark morning, dark blew carnt lose." And wosent
 it a dark morning? and wosent it luvly arterwuds? Any of my
 winners may send my 5 per sent commishun to the hoffice as ushal,
 and they will all receive a copy of my emortle Book by post.

It was a puffedekly lovely race! fust Cambridge got fust, then
 Hoxford got fust and Cambridge second, and so on all through,
 but in course Hoxford wun as I proffysized.

I seed all the River Tems Conserwatives, with the Right Honnerabel
 the LORD MARE at the hed of 'em all, a laying earmlly at rest in their
 butifool Steam Bote, a trying for to look as if they wasn't responsible
 for all the hundreds of thousands of people as lined all the banks of
 the River a gitting ome safely. Many on 'em I remarked kept on a
 disappearing down below evry now and then, proberbly to seek
 that strengthening of the system so werry nessesery under such
 trying suckemstances. Upon the hole, I ventures werry humbly to
 pronounce it to be one of the werry sucksessfullest races of moddn
 times, which I bleeves means about 6 years.
 ROBERT.



“THE GIFT HORSE.”

SWAIN

ALB. MEL. JORDAN



TIT FOR TAT.

Captain Pullem (having just effected a "Swoop" with his Friend). "NOW, I'LL BE STRAIGHT WITH YOU, OLD MAN. THAT HORSE YOU'VE GOT FROM ME IS A BIT OF A CRIB-BITER!" Friend. "OH, DON'T MENTION IT, OLD CHAP. YOU'LL FIND MINE TO BE A CONFIRMED RUNAWAY!"

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

(A Delightful "All-the-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.)

EXAMPLE II.—SHOWING HOW CURIOUSLY RETENTIVE IS THE LOVER'S MEMORY.

'Tis ninety years ago, love!
It seems but yestermorn
We sat upon the snow, love,
And watch'd the golden corn!
I mind the bitter wind, love—
I mind it well, although
The wind I say I mind, love,
Blew ninety years ago!
The plough stood on the hill, love—
The horse stood in the plough!
And both were standing still, love—
I seem to see them now!
The lamb frisk'd in the glen, love—
A stranger he to whoa!
And so was I—but then, love,
'Twas ninety years ago!
The roses by the way, love,
Were large and, oh, so fair!
And so they are to-day, love,
For all I know—or care!
And softly unto thou, love,
While yet among the snow,
I breathed that fatal vow, love,
Of ninety years ago!

A "FISHING INTERROGATORY."—"What's this new French book on angling?" asked Mrs. R., who is not very well up in the French language and literature. "I believe," she went on, "it is called *The Bait Humane*. I do hope it is against the cruel practice of putting live worms on a hook, which is so cruel."—[It is supposed that our dear Mrs. R. has heard some mention of *La Bête Humaine*.—Ed.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ADVICE to those who are about to give Easter presents—send to MACMILLAN'S for "The Nursery 'Alice,'" who re-appears "as fresh as paint," that is, with twenty-four of "Our Mr. FENNIEL'S" illustrations, coloured by Miss GERTRUDE THOMSON, under his direction.

The *Universal Review* is specially noteworthy for a short play by Mr. W. L. COURTNEY, entitled, *Kil Marlowe's Death*. Mr. BOURCHIER of the St. James's, so it is stated, is going to add this "Kit" to his theatrical wardrobe. Some of the stage-directions,—such, for instance, as "They pour out wine in his cup, which he swallows," and "The others laugh at NASH'S expense,"—are well worth all the money that the spirited purchaser may have paid for this almost priceless work. In the same Magazine, the coloured frontispiece of "Count Tolstoy at Home," showing the Count, not labouring in the fields of literature, but simply guiding the plough, is as good as the article on the *Kreutzer Sonata* is interesting; and interesting also is the paper entitled, "Musings in an English Cathedral," by the Dean of GLOUCESTER,—henceforth to be known as "A Musing Dean."

Mr. ANDREW LANG in *Longman's*—or rather *Lang-man's*—*Magazine*, is still stopping at "The Sign of The Ship"—[The Baron moves "that the words 'and Turtle' be inserted after 'Ship'"]—and as he has recently been delighting us with wanderings in the land of Ham, it will gratify his readers to learn, that he is now ceasing to be "All for 'Hur,'" in order to join the author of *She* in a plot for a new romance. They are undeterred by the eye of Detective RONCINAN. I wish success to Merry Andrew Languid in this collaboration. In this same *Lang-man's Mag.*,

Mr. VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A., having temporarily dissociated himself from the paint-brush and canvas, by which he has made his name and fame, continues his novel *Virginie*. In the present chapter he incidentally gives a description of the service of Maas in the good *Abbé Leroux's* parish church, which is a triumph of imagination and subtle humour. No wonder "the *Abbé Leroux* was scandalised," when the service had been turned topsy-turvy, the *credo* put before the *gloria*, and a young person among his congregation, topping all other voices, was singing a solo! Where was the Beadle? or a Churchwarden? or an Aggrieved Parishioner? Three cheers for Facile PRINSEP'S novel!

In *Plain Tales from the Hills*, by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, the jaded palate of the "General Reader" will recognise a new and piquant flavour. In places the manner suggests an Anglo-Indian BRET HARTE, and there is perhaps too great an abundance of phrases and local allusions which will be dark sayings to the uninitiated. But the stories show a quite surprising knowledge of life, a familiarity with military, civil, and native society, and a command of pathos and humour, which have already won a reputation for the author. Few can read *Beyond the Pale*, *The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly*, *The Story of Muhammed Din*, *The Germ Destroyer*, and *The Madness of Private Ortheris*, for example, without admiration for the versatility which can cover so wide a range, and impress, amuse, or touch with the same ease and epigrammatic conciseness.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

(The Sporting M.P.'s Straight Tip to Trevelyan.)

In the intervals of Sport

M.P.'s vamp the country's work,

Therefore cut the Sessions short,

Supplementary Sessions skirt.

Must have time to pot the grouse,

Must have time to hook the salmon,

Spoil our Sport to help the House?

Gammon!!!

LOST, somewhere between Land's End and John O'Groats, a highly-treasured heir-loom, known as the "British Sense of Fair Play." It disappeared immediately after the issuing of the Report of the Parnell Commission, and has never been seen or heard of since. Many applicants have claimed to have re-discovered it; but, from Sir R-CH-RD W-BST-R and Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT, to L-RD D-NR-V-N, and (last and least) Sir W. M-RR-TT, all have absolutely failed to substantiate their claims. Any Public Man, of whatever party, who can prove his possession of the lost treasure, by making a speech embodying a judicial survey of the Judges' Report, without party-feeling, special pleading, or paltry spite, will, on applying personally to Mr. Punch, be HANDSOMELY REWARDED!!!

PUT THIS IN YOUR PIPE.

[Pipe-Major MCKELLAR has thrown doubts upon the pretty and pathetic story of "JESSIE BROWN of Lucknow."]

Our faith to the winds you would chuck now, Concerning that Legend of Lucknow.

That sweet Scottish girl

Never heard the pipes "skirl?"

Come! This is mere sceptical muck now!

The Ross-shire Buffs' slogan I'll wager

Will survive many stories much sager.

Our faith in the tale

Is confirmed, and won't fail

At the word of a single Pipe-Major.



TIME WORKS WONDERS.

(Mr. Punch's Suggestions, à propos of the recent Discussions about Mr. Gladstone's Head.)

MUSICAL NOTES.

I HAVE just received FLORIAN PASCAL'S Music composed for *Tra la la Tosca*, published by JOSEPH WILLIAMS of Berners Street. Justice was not done to it on the stage at the Royalty, but there are two *morceaux* in it which ought to become popular; one being a song entitled "*Her Eye*," which, were it wedded to serious words, would be highly popular as a contralto song, just as SULLIVAN'S charming "*Hush a bye Bacon*," in *Cox and Box*, became "*Birds of the Night*." Then the Gavotte in this book is as graceful and catching as the *Gavotte de Louis Treize*, and would be in great request with orchestras and bands everywhere.

KLEIN'S *Musical Notes of the Year*, a useful and trustworthy historical record, was sent to me, and not "de-KLEIN'd with thanks." I have just heard that there is a new pick-me-up called "Zingit." What it is I don't know, and I haven't as yet come across the inevitable big advertisement; but what I have ascertained is, that Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, who is now wearing the diamond scarf-pin presented to him by the Guards whom he led on to victory in their recent burlesque engagement, has composed a polka or waltz which bears the name of "Zingit," and which might bear on the wrapper, "If you can't play it, or dance it, Zing it."

(Signed) OTTO PICCOLO (DU CONSERVATOIRE).

Mr. HUBERT Vos requests the honour of our company at his studio near Vauxhall Bridge. Very sorry: couldn't get there. "*Sic Vos non vobis*."

A "SCRATCH COMPANY."—A Cat Show."



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH—AND HOW HE RETALIATES.

She. "OH, HE MAY BE A GENIUS. BUT I CONFESS I DON'T CARE FOR THE SOCIETY OF GENIUSES!"

He. "HOW VERY PERSONAL OF YOU! IT'S AS IF I WERE TO CONFESS I DIDN'T CARE FOR THE SOCIETY OF HANDSOME WOMEN!"

WHERE MARRIAGES ARE MADE.

THE application for a licence to marry at St. George's, Albemarle Street, made by the JEUNE PREMIER, Q. C., on behalf of the Rev. Dr. KER GRAY, was opposed by Canon CAPEL CURE, of St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hymeneal Temple *par excellence* of the Metropolis. Dr. TRISTRAM, with traditional Shandyan caution, said he would "take time to consider his decision." Should Dr. Time be adverse to the opponents, then will the Minister with the sad-dog name of "KER GRAY" become the Canon's *bête noire*. If the decision be t'other way, then KER GRAY may twit the Canon with being "a regular Cure," and might compose a chant on the old lines of

"A Cure, a Cure, a Cure, a Cure, Oh isn't he a Cure!"

While the Canon could retaliate with a parody on "*Old Dog Tray*."

"The chapel's far too near, But p'raps another year May put a stop to old KER GRAY."

In the meantime, the affair being *sub (Punch-and-) judice*, we refrain from further comment, and wish luck to both Reverend Gentlemen.

SENTENCE RE-VERSED.

'GIM a body meet a body
On the Queen's highway,
And a body kiss a body,
Won't a body pay?
Mony a lassie has a temper.
Mony a beak is stern; [bob,
At six weeks' quod, and fourteen
The lesson's hard to learn.

TOO MUCH A MATTER OF COURSE.—Cruelty to Hares.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 24.—Prince ARTHUR explained in speech nearly two hours long the bearings of Irish Land Purchase Bill. In course of his exposition the happy accident by which civilised man is furnished with two coat-tails was strikingly illustrated. On the Treasury Bench, behind Prince ARTHUR, sat, on either hand, OLD MORALITY and JOKIM. Supposing the Prince had had only one coat-tail, differences might have arisen between his two right hon. friends; sure at some period of the prolonged speech to come into personal contact if both pulling at same rope. But the liberal sartorial arrangements which ARTHUR shared in common with less distinguished Members provided a coat-tail apiece; so when idea or suggestion occurred to him, OLD MORALITY tugged at the right-hand one, and when JOKIM had a happy thought he hauled away on the left.

As both their minds were seething with ideas, ARTHUR had a lively time of it, and complications of Bill grew in entanglement. Just as he was assuming, for the sake of argument, that an advance of 30 millions had been made under the Act for the Purchase of Land in Ireland, and that seventeen years was about the average value under Lord ASHBOURNE'S Act, there was a sudden tug of the right coat-tail; Prince leaned over in that direction; OLD MORALITY whispered in his ear.

"Exactly!" said the Prince; "I was just going to show that the instalment of 4 per cent. on the advance of 30 millions is £1,200,000 a year. Very well; suppose that in one year, though the hypothesis is utterly impossible, that not one single sixpence of annuity is paid. How would that be?" (Here the left coat-tail was observed to be

violently agitated, and ARTHUR leaning over, JOKIM half-rising, eagerly explained something.)

"Precisely. My right hon. friend reminds me, what indeed I was just about to show, that there would be first the £200,000 reserve fund; secondly, there would be the £200,000 annual probate grant; thirdly, £40,000 of the new Exchequer contribution, and £75,000 of the quarter per cent. local per-centage, and there would be besides that £1,118,000 of tenants' reserve. So that without touching the £5,000,000, which was the landlords' fifth, and without touching a sixpence of the contingent portion of the guarantee fund, you would have £1,633,000 to meet the call of £1,200,000."

This prospect of boundless wealth, more especially the familiar way of putting it, making it quite a personal matter for each Member that he would have £1,633,000 to meet a call of £1,200,000, was designed to have soothing effect on audience; would, indeed, have succeeded in that direction but for the coat-tail accompaniment.

"JOKIM," said HARCOURT, "is too susceptible in his paternal feelings. We know now who is the father of the progeny. Arranged that BALFOUR shall bring it in for christening ceremony; shall dandle it in his arms, and dilate on its excellences; but everyone can tell from the excited manner, the eager interruption, the restless hovering round the cradle, that JOKIM is the father."

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—WILFRID LAWSON sprang a mine to-night. House, as everyone knows, engaged for nearly fortnight in discussing question whether it should thank Judges for their services in connection with Parnell Commission. A desperate struggle finally resulted in decision to pass Vote of Thanks. LAWSON wants to know whether OLD MORALITY has conveyed the thanks to the Judges; and if so, what had they said in reply? Question put without notice. Rather

startles OLD MORALITY. Fact is, never occurred to him that anything had to be done in supplement of passing Vote of Thanks. There it was; Judges might, in passing, call in and take it home with them; or it might be forwarded, at owner's risk, by Parcel-Post or Pickford's. Very awkward thing thus springing these questions on a Minister. Couldn't even, right off, say where the Vote of Thanks was. Gazed hopelessly at mass of papers on Clerk's table. Might probably be there. Perhaps not. Vote passed some days ago; desk cleared every morning. OLD MORALITY moved restlessly on bench; looked picture of despair. Best thing to do, not to take notice of question; pretend not to hear it; but House laughing and cheering; all eyes bent on him; no escape. So, rising, holding on to table, putting on most diplomatic manner, and speaking in solemn tones, OLD MORALITY said, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, it is no part of my duty to the QUEEN and country to convey to anybody a Resolution of this House."

LAWSON up again. More cheering and laughter. Asked SPEAKER whether he had conveyed Vote of Thanks to Judges? No; SPEAKER had had no instructions on the matter.

Where is the Vote of Thanks? Who has it in his possession? Certainly not the Judges; one of those things nobody had thought about; various people's business to see to it; accordingly no one done it; no wonder Brother DAY, sitting on Bench, has looked forth with stony stare, his heart consumed with secret sorrow. Whilst everyone congratulating Judges on rare honour done to them by both Houses of Parliament, the distinction has proved illusory. World pictured each learned Judge with copy of Vote of Thanks, framed and glazed, hung in best parlour; and behold! they have never had it at all!

House laughed when truth dawned upon it. But it was a hollow laugh, ill-concealing prevalent feeling of vexation and shamefacedness. Turned with affectation of keen interest to question raised by MUNDELLA of iniquities of Education Department in connection with School Supply of York and Salisbury. But could not keep the thing up. Even rousing eloquence of HART DYKE, on his defence, fell flat. Ever rose before Members the vision of the three Judges, daily expecting receipt of thanks which they read had been voted to them; too proud to complain of neglect; HANNEN taking on a sterner aspect; SMITH affecting a perky indifference; and over the solemn features of Brother DAY ever stealing the deepening twilight of deferred hope. House gladly broke away from scene and subject, getting itself Counted Out at a Quarter-past Nine.

Thursday.—"Talk about DIZZY," said HARCOURT, perhaps not without some tinge of envy, "if OLD MORALITY goes on in this style, DIZZY won't be in it for persiflage."

House laughing so heartily, could hardly hear HARCOURT's whisper. JOHN MORLEY began it; Lunacy Laws Consolidation Bill with 342 Clauses and 5 Schedules gone through Committee like flash of lightning. Nothing been seen like it since, the other night, I and seven other Members voted Four Millions sterling in Committee on Navy Estimates. COURTNEY put Clauses in batches of fifty. No one said him nay. Natural supposition was, that House in agreeing to this critical stage of important Bill knew all about it. Every line of its 342 Clauses must be familiar to every man present; otherwise how could he lay his hand on his heart, and say, "Aye," when COURTNEY asked him should he knock off another fifty Clauses?

When it was over, JOHN MORLEY rose, and gravely expressed hope that OLD MORALITY would inform his friends, accustomed to say that Opposition persist in obstruction, how this piece of legislation had advanced by leaps and bounds. This meant to be a nasty one for OLD MORALITY, prone to go into the country in Autumn and protest how he is hampered in performing duty to QUEEN and country by obstruction of Members opposite.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the Liberals, "JOHN's got him there. A hit, a palpable hit!"

But no one yet fathomed the tranquil depths of OLD MORALITY. Rose from other side of table and, with equal gravity, promised that he would tell all his friends "how the Opposition had given greatest possible facility for passing the Lunacy Bill." This joke one of kind whose exquisite flavour evaporates on paper. But House enjoyed it immensely, none more than OLD MORALITY. For an hour after, as he sat on Treasury Bench, his face from time to time

suddenly suffused with genial smile, and his portly body gently shook with laughter.

"Ah!" said J. G. TALBOT, mournfully regarding him through his spectacles; "he's thinking of the Old 'un," meaning the late joke.

Tithes Bill on for Second Reading. PICTON rallied scattered forces of Opposition, and led them to attack. Slashing speech; soaring eloquence; tremendous energy.

"Reminds me," said Admiral FIELD, "of his grandfather, General PICTON, who fell at Waterloo. Remember him very well; was in charge of Brigade of Marines there, you know; attached to PICTON's Division. Never look on Member for Leicester without thinking of my old comrade in arms," and the sturdy salt brushed away the reluctant tear.

PICTON reminded HICKS-BEACH of someone else—"his great predecessor in spoliation, HENRY THE EIGHTH."

"Yes, but better looking," said PLUNKET, always ready to put in a kind word.

Business done.—Tithes Bill Debate.

Friday Night.—Tithes Debate, which has had general effect of depressing the human mind, acted upon CRANBORNE like electric shock. Astonished and interested House to-night by vigorous speech delivered in favour of Bill. With clenched hands and set teeth declared that he "meant to fight for Established Church till death." He put it to the piratical PICTON and other marauders, whether, seeing that in such case the conflict must necessarily be prolonged, they would not do well to seize this opportunity of settling Tithe question?

Business done.—Second Reading Tithes Bill agreed to by 289 Votes against 164.

"A (NOT) AT HOME."—Last week a paragraph appeared in an illustrated paper contradicting the report (published in an earlier issue) that a certain titled Lady had been present at somebody's party. This novel departure should be useful as a precedent to the *crème de la crème* of suburban society. In future, such announcements as the following may be expected to be frequently found in the "Fashionable Intelligence" columns of the more aspiring of our Penny Socials:—"On Thursday last Mr. and Mrs. MADEIRA TOP-FLOOR SMITHIES entertained a small and select party at their new residence, The Hollies, 24A, Zanzibar Terrace, Peckham Rye, East. Amongst those present we did not notice H.S.H. the Prince of TECK, the Duke of WESTMINSTER, Lady BURNETT-COUTTS, and the LORD CHANCELLOR. In the general circle, Lord CROSS, the Countess of CLARENDON, and the Bishop of LONDON, were also conspicuous by their absence. It was rumoured that neither the Duke of CAMBRIDGE nor Mr. GLADSTONE were expected to join the company before the close of the entertainment."

DINNER SCARCELY À LA ROOSE.—Dear Mr. Punch,—I am a poor man, but I like a nice dinner. Now I have discovered how to enjoy a good meal, and yet keep the cost of living within reasonable limits. Here is my method. I order and eat, a lobster, two pounds of pork chops, a large-sized pot of *pâté de foies gras*, a dressed crab, and three plates of toasted cheese. Having finished this dainty little dinner, I find, that I can eat nothing more for at least a week! That the pleasing fare does not make me ill, is proved by my friends declaring that I look like a picture of health. They do not say whether the picture is a good or bad one—but that is a matter of detail.

Yours sincerely,
THE FOUNDER OF THE MORE-THAN-ENOUGH SOCIETY.

UTOPIAN.—Neither noise, vibration, nor dust! That's what the BRAMWELLS, the WATKINS, and the GALTONS claim for that partly-developed but promising—much promising—invention of M. GIRARD's, the *Chemin de Fer Glissant*, or Sliding Railway. What a happy ideal! By all means, "Let it slide!"

A CHANCE FOR A NEW MEMBER.—"Rookeries," said Mr. HENRY LAZARUS in his evidence at Marylebone, "abound in St. Pancras, and it is a scandal to civilisation that they should continue to exist." Now, Mr. BOLTON, M.P., can't you have your legal and parliamentary finger in this Rookie pie?



"Where's the Vote of Thanks?"



Tearing up the Tithes.

A SUGGESTION FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the representative of Justice in this country, I appeal to you. And when I write this, you must not imagine that I claim, in my own person, to represent Justice—no, Sir, I only to some extent suggest the Law—a very different matter. But, Sir, as suggesting the Law, I apply to you for redress on behalf of hundreds, nay, thousands, of members of a very noble and learned profession. Sir, you will have noticed that the Law Courts are congested. Look through the daily list (this you can do when term recommences), and you will find, that although Chancery is doing fairly well, there is scarcely a movement in Common Law. The reason for this is obvious. Nearly all the Common Law Judges are away, and business is simply at a standstill. Now, Sir, I am very reluctant to give their Lordships more trouble than necessary, but I do think, for all our sakes, that increased facility should be afforded for trying cases single-handed. It should be managed in this wise. But here, perhaps, in the cause of intelligibility, you will permit me to describe my method in common (dramatic) form.

SCENE—A Court in the Queen's Bench Division. Judge seated at a table covered with telephones. Bar benches empty, two Litigants (laymen) discovered in the well.

His Lordship. Now, Gentlemen, as you are appearing in person, you can say and do what you please. It does not matter to me in the least, to use a colloquial expression, what you are up to. All I would ask is, that I shall not be disturbed until the time comes for me to deliver my ruling.

Litigants (together). Certainly, my Lord. (They both commence quarrelling.)

His Lordship (with C. C. C. telephonic to ear, and mouth to corresponding tube). Quite right. I agree with the verdict of the Jury, and sentence the Prisoner at the Bar to seven years' penal servitude. (With Q. B. D. No. 4 laid on.) After carefully considering all the evidence that has been submitted to the Jury, and giving due weight to the fact that the Defendant's vehicle was admittedly on the wrong side of the road, I have no hesitation in declaring £100 damages a just award. (Dropping tube, and taking up apparatus of Q. B. D. No. 5, sitting as Divisional Court.) I entirely concur in the judgment my learned Brother has just delivered. (Dropping tube, and addressing Litigants before him.) Well, and now you two gentlemen—how are you getting on?

Litigants (together). Oh, please, my Lord, we have made it up.

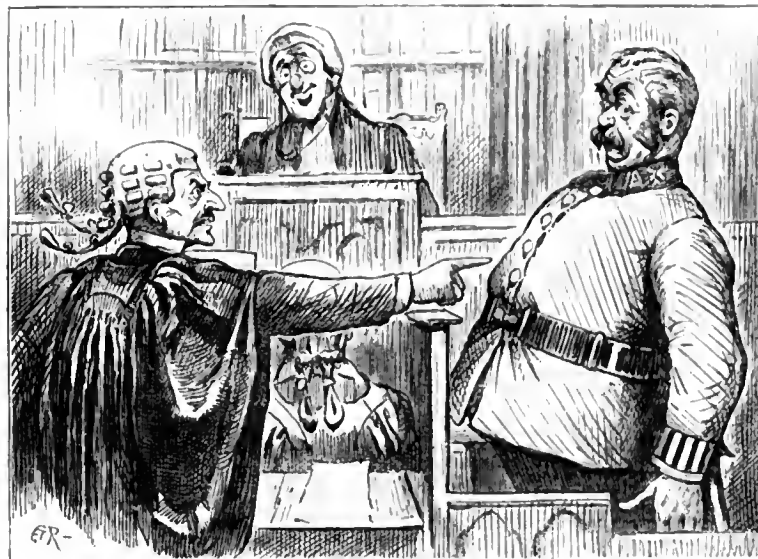
His Lordship. Ah! I see; you have had no lawyers to advise you. Well, now that that matter is settled, the Court must stand adjourned until to-morrow, as I have business requiring my attention in Chambers. (To Usher.) See that the telephones are switched on accordingly. [Ereunt omnes.]

There, my dear Mr. Punch, could not some such arrangement as that I have shadowed forth above be reached during the present Vacation? The situation is really serious. *Entre nous*, PORTINGTON (my excellent and admirable clerk) has not made an entry in my fee-book for more than a fortnight—on my word of honour, Sir, more than a fortnight!

Yours truly,
(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, Temple, 5th of April, 1890.

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. IV.



"Show no mercy to the Police; they have few Friends."

BASTA, FASTER!

Tuesday.—The fifty-sixth day of Signor DONTRUCCI's sixty days fast was completed to-day. The Italian who, on the first day, weighed 140 lbs., has lost 100 lbs. up to the present, but he seems as confident and cheerful as ever.

A somewhat disagreeable incident marred the harmony of yesterday's proceedings. A boy, who was looking on, happened to drop half a penny bun in the vicinity of the Signor, who reached towards it, and having managed, after some struggles, which created much amusement amongst the onlookers, to pick it up, was about to convey it to his mouth. He would no doubt have eaten it if the senior member of the Medical Committee, appointed to watch the proceedings, had not interfered. The frag-

ment was removed, and it was pointed out to DONTRUCCI that such an act on his part was unfair not only to himself, but to the large number of sportsmen who had made bets on the event.

Wednesday.—The fifty-seventh day of this marvellous feat was signalled by the appearance of four of the Italian's rib-bones, both his collar-bones, and one shin-bone. The Medical Committee treat this as a comparatively unimportant development of the fast, but to the outside public, who swarm to the exhibition, the Signor presents a decidedly dilapidated and ludicrous appearance. He has lost eight pounds more since yesterday. It was somewhat comical to watch him eyeing a stout young nursemaid, who had brought a plump baby with her. Such cannibalistic desires show that our boasted civilisation is, after all, only skin deep.

Saturday.—An immense crowd had assembled to watch the completion of the great fast. As the hour approached bets were freely hazarded on the result, odds of five to four on the Signor's survival finding a ready market. Much amusement was created by a feeble murmur from DONTRUCCI, in which he was understood to declare that he was starving, one well-known patron of sport asking him, jocularly, if the smell of a beefsteak would do him any good. On the first stroke of two o'clock an enthusiastic shout rent the air, and a body of sympathisers insisted on carrying the Italian shoulder-high through the building and the adjacent streets in procession. We regret to say that, under their well-intentioned, but not very gentle handling, DONTRUCCI suffered severely. Should he succumb to this comparatively rough treatment it will be a matter of regret, as his contribution to scientific knowledge is considerable. From his condition at the end of the fast, it may be now accepted as a fact, that a man who never eats must ultimately die of starvation.

We understand that the proceeds of this wonderful exhibition of pluck and endurance are sufficient to make a handsome dividend for the shareholders an absolute certainty.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAVALRY EXPEDIENTS.—The startling announcement that appeared a few days since in the papers, to the effect, that from the Official Returns at the War Office it seems that for 18,000 men there are only 11,000 horses available, certainly justifies you in your suggestion that the Cavalry Regiments in Her Majesty's Service should at once be supplied with Four-Wheeled Cabs. In this way, a seat could be provided for every cavalry soldier in the Army; and as there would, instead of a deficiency (for four Dragoons, Lancers or Hussars, could ride in one cab), positively be a surplus of cattle, an extra horse could be strapped on to the top of each vehicle. This animal, in the case of the one in the shafts being disabled in action, could be hauled down and put in its place. The Cabs might be iron-plated and so offer the advantages of increased protection to the gallant soldiers inside. A charge of "four-wheelers" would, as you suggest, be certainly a striking if not imposing sight, and as they drew up on the field of battle, and discharged each their freight of four, they would certainly surprise a foreign foe. Anyhow this seems the only method, with the present limited supply of horses, of bringing the English Cavalry Soldier, mounted, into action.

ROUTLEDGE'S *Atlas of the World* is not a short biography of Mr. EDMUND YATES, but a pocketable (if you've got the opportunity) volume, with sixteen coloured maps. It is pleasant to see that, though the Atlas bears the *imprimatur* of ROUTLEDGE, the name of AYR is not effaced from the Map of Scotland. True that Ayrshire is coloured green, but Ayr is quite outside this, in fact it has got outside the coast-line, and is represented as being quite out at sea. More in this than meets the eye.

AT SEA IN AN EASTER EGG-SHELL.



ALL at sea in an (Easter) egg,
 Like a Witch of the good old days!
 What is it moves you, my *Puck*, I beg?
 Say, is it purpose, or simple craze?
 There is *nous* and pluck
 In our modern *Puck*,
 And msny admire him, and some wish him
 luck;
 But the Men of Gotham reached no good goal

By going to sea in an open bowl.
 The business of brewing storms may do
 For a Witch, my GRANDOLPH, but scarce
 for you,
 And the Petrel-part, played early and
 late,
 Must spoil a man for a Pilot of State.
 The knowing Nautilus sets her sails
 In a way to weather the roughest gales;

But an egg for bark, with an imp for crew,
 To navigate Politics' boundless blue,
 Looks crank and queer;
 Drifting comes dear—
 It may pay for a day, but scarce for a year.
 A Puck-like sprite it may please to see
 "All things befall preposterously."
 But pure perversity soon out-pegs,
 GRANDOLPH, "as sure as eggs is eggs!"

ALL THROUGH LONDON FOR A SHILLING.—The Fine Art Society in Bond Street, has a marvellous exhibition in the London-pictures; by HERBERT MARSHALL—he ought to be called for ever afterwards the City Marshall—so well does he understand all moods of our great city, so admirably can he translate every phase of its atmosphere,

and each subtlety of its colour. Just a hundred pictures this clever artist shows, and everyone is a portrait of an old friend. This Gallery is the very place to take country cousins to. Just turn them loose here for a couple of hours, and they will get a bster idea of what London is really like, than if they stopped in the Metropolis for a month.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Not without a Precedent.)

YESTERDAY Her Majesty's First Class Battle-ship *Blunderer*, her extensive repairs having been nearly completed, received her full complement of men and stores, and proceeded up Channel, to try her two strengthened but bent old muzzle-loading 79-ton guns, ringed and bound on a new principle. Some apprehension was expressed that the discharge might, owing to her high free-board, possibly do some serious damage to her hull—a fear which happened to be only too well founded; for though fired at an elevation of 97, the first shot carried away the davits, fore-castle, bridge, life-boats, gunwale companion and larboard marling-spike, the water pouring in, literally in volumes, through the shrouds, and rapidly extinguishing the fires. Further progress being difficult under the circumstances, the Captain, acting under the advice of the Civil Experimental Director of the Admiralty, thought it unwise to continue the test without a further thorough overhauling of the ship, and she was in the course of the afternoon towed back once again to the repairing-yard. No astonishment was expressed at the result of the experiment. It is satisfactory to know that it is estimated roughly that the cost of the damage effected by the one tentative shot will not exceed £14 900.

The *Sluggard*, Coast Defence Seventh Class Armoured Cruiser, having had the boilers from the



A TRUE VOCATION.

She (after many vain attempts at conversation). "AND IS THERE NO SUBJECT IN WHICH YOU TAKE AN INTEREST?"
He. "YES. CRIMINAL LAW!"

old *Phlegethon* fitted to her new triple-revolving expansion engines, made her experimental trip over the measured mile yesterday afternoon, under forced draught. Somehow, the speed realised under the circumstances, appeared to disappoint the experts who had come to take note of the proceedings, for though the captain gave the order "to pipe all hands to sit on the safety valve," and himself by putting his own cabin furniture into the furnaces, managed to set both the smoke-stacks on fire, only 5'08 knots could be got out of the ship. This, under the existing conditions, was considered "bad going," and it is probable that if the *Sluggard* has to be attached, as it is stated she is to be, in time of war, to a flying squadron in the Pacific, she will have to be supplied with another set of boilers, a more powerful engine, and possibly a new hull. The authorities at the Dockyard, it is stated, are taking the matter under consideration, with a view to the application of one or more of these remedial alternatives.

Her Majesty's First Class Battle-ship, *Hamilton*, has received the second of the four 75-ton guns that are to complete her armament. It is confidently hoped that if the same satisfactory rate of production can be maintained, she will be nearly ready for active service at the end of the year after next.

THE FIRST SWALLOW!—Look out for it! It will be a rare sight! Quite enough to "make" a summer at the Aquarium, when Succr takes his first mouthful at a square meal.

A (PITCHED) OUTING.

Monday.—Start off in the coach we've hired, for a week's jolly Easter coaching trip in Southern counties. Just read "leader" in *D. T.* on subject, and letter from "MACLISK" saying that he did it with twelve friends, and total cost only one pound a head per day!



Lucky to have secured such a good amateur whip as BOB to drive our four-in-hand. Don't mind a pound a day—for one week. Original, and rather swell way of taking a holiday. Lovely warm day when we start. Should say, when we're off, only word "off" suggests unpleasant possibilities.

Tuesday.—Only did ten miles yesterday. Ought to have covered twenty-five. Provoking! BOB didn't seem accustomed to the reins. Said they were "a rum lot, and he'd never seen any like them before." Got them entangled in legs of off hind horse (think this is what he's called), and it took an hour, and the help of five wayfarers (down near Putney), to disentangle them. Each of the five demanded (and got—to save a row), half-a-crown for the job. BOB rather sulky. We had to put up for the night at a country inn, somewhere beyond Raynes Park. Gentlemen of party slept on kitchen floor, among suburban black-beetles. Pic-nicky, but would have preferred beds.

To-day start very early, without breakfast, as resources of the country inn exhausted. Do thirty miles without accident. Rather nervous work, because one of "leaders" (unlike "leader" in newspaper) shies at everything it meets. BOB half flicked the eye out of a man in passing through Guildford—awful row! Row only ended by a five-pound note as compensation. BOB says we shall all have to subscribe. Expenses mounting up.

Wednesday.—Frightfully cold East wind. Is this enjoyment? Wish I were in a snug railway carriage. Ladies of party retire into inside of coach. Very selfish!

Thursday.—Bad cold from yesterday. And to-day it's snowing!

Thank Heaven—only a week of it! BOB wants me to drive! Says he feels he's in for influenza. Real fact is that we've got into nasty hilly country, and BOB's rather afraid of horses bolting. Find now that he's never driven anything but a donkey in a low pony-carriage before! Isn't he driving donkeys now? Time will show.

Friday.—Much too cold and wet to go on. Hurrah! Nice country hotel, but charges awful. Proprietor doesn't often have a coaching party billeted on him, and is determined to make most of it. Evidently believes we're millionaires. Stupid of BOB to do this sort of thing.

Saturday.—Off—I mean, on—again! Cost so far, has already risen to two guineas a day per head, and as four of party have deserted us and gone back (by train) to Town, expenses for return journey likely to be still heavier.

BOB at breakfast, gives us the "straight tip"—says he's going to "tool us back to Town in one day—only forty miles." Delighted at prospect. To carry out his programme, BOB has to get extra speed out of horses. Result—he gives us all the "straight tip"—down near Horsham—into a neighbouring field!

A wheel off! Horse disabled! Telegraph to owner to come and fetch his coach; we go back (dejectedly) by rail. Bruised all over. Expenses enormous. Give me a jolly week in Paris next Easter!

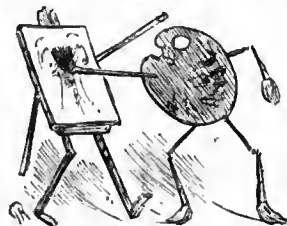
AN "INDIGNANT ONE" writes:—"Sir—our house is infested with mice. Seeing a gentleman's name in the *Times* with the words 'Mus. Doc.' after it, I sent to him. If I had wanted to have a horse cured, and had seen 'equus doc.' after somebody's name, I should have acted in the same manner. I have sent three times and obtained no answer. If I do not hear from him by to-night's post, informing me why he does not come and give me a prescription for curing this plague of mice, I shall publish his name and address as an impostor, and the sooner he drops the 'Mus. Doc.' the better." [We publish the grievance. Our Correspondent is too learned. Let him call at the Royal Academy of Music.—ED.]

THE TRIVIAL ROUND.

Being the Utterances of Mrs. Jabberly Jones on Show Sunday.

[NOT INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION.]

WELL, there, my dear child, it's no use making a fuss about it—no one must do it, and there's an end of it! People in our position ought to be ready to make some sacrifice for Art. I ordered luncheon half-an-hour earlier on purpose. Last year I only did thirty studios,



and I want to do *much* more than that this afternoon, if I can. Of course, I know I shall be a perfect wreck to-morrow, but one expects that. I do wish Artists wouldn't live in such out-of-the-way places. I'm sure CHANDLER is out of temper already—I can tell by the way he is driving. Yes, this will do nicely, CHANDLER; we will walk the rest. Quite a string of carriages, you see. It would *never* have done to have left Mr. MELBURY out! No, he didn't exactly send me a card, but I've met him somewhere, and that does quite as well. Oh, my dear, it will be all right; keep close to me, and you needn't even open your lips. Very tastefully decorated, isn't it? *Eccentric*, of course, but they're all like that. Such a mass of azaleas. I daresay they're only hired for the Sunday, you know, but a very charming effect. Straight on to the studio? Thank you, I know the way perfectly. How are you, dear Mr. MELBURY? I couldn't dream of leaving you out, you know. My daughter. Thanks; but I can see beautifully where I am. Oh, of course I recollect the subject. How clever of you to choose it, and *how* originally you've treated it, too! *Not* for the Academy? Why, surely they'd never reject *that*! Oh, because of the *glass*? I see. Well, I think all pictures ought to be glazed, myself—such an improvement. Good-bye, such a pleasure to have seen it; so many thanks. EUGENIA, dear, you must really tear yourself away. So many places to go to; good-bye, good-bye! . . . Well, to tell you the truth, my dear, the glass got in the way, and I've no more idea what the picture was about than you have. Still, I'm very glad we went in, all the same. Now where shall we go next? Most of the people seem going into that studio across the road, so there's sure to be something worth seeing there. No, I don't know whose it is, but what *does* that matter? they're always glad to see you on Show Sunday. . . .

EUGENIA, my dear, I don't like to see you putting yourself forward so much at your age. Of course I knew as well as you did that it wasn't JAMES THE FIRST that MONMOUTH rebelled against, though I'm not in the school-room. It's not at all pretty of you to correct your mother in that ostentatious manner, and don't let it occur again. There, you needn't say another word. We'll just pop in here for a minute, and then we must drive on somewhere else. I wish I could see you taking more interest in Art, EUGENIA. I thought you would enjoy being taken out like this! . . . Well, yes, I think we will have just a cup. . . . Good-bye—thank you so much—quite the pictures of the year. Such a treat—oh, not at all—I never flatter. . . . By the way, EUGENIA, did we go up and see his pictures? I thought not. I was dying for a cup of tea, and so, and then, meeting Mr. HOLLAND PARK in the hall like that, I naturally congratulated him. Oh, nonsense—we can't go back now—we shall see them some time, I daresay. I wish I could get CULLENDER to send me up some of that pretty pinky-coloured cake for my afternoons—it was really quite nice. If I had only thought of it, I would have asked Mr. PARK how it was made. And what becoming caps those maids had on! Models, no doubt. Drive as fast as you can, CHANDLER, it's getting so late. Quite the other side of London—the *poor* horses, and on *Sunday*, too!—but it's a little education for you, my dear. . . .

Look at the carriages—such grand ones, too, most of them; but I've always heard he's a man of extraordinary talent. . . . Mrs. and Miss JABBERLY JONES. . . . How do you do? . . .

Quite a distinguished gathering, wasn't it, EUGENIA? So pleasant coming across dear Lady HIGHSNIFF like that. Your father and I met her in the Riviera, you know. She knew me directly I introduced myself. That's one thing about Art, it *does* bring you into the very *best* society. No, I can't say I cared much about his pictures this year—portraits are so very uninteresting, you know—they tell you nothing, unless you happen to know the people, and then you never recognise them. I thought all his were dreadful. Oh, I know I said I should expect to see them all hung on the line—but what of *that*? One can't be perfectly candid in the world, my dear, much as one would wish to be. What is that you're saying? "On the Hanging Committee this year?" How can you possibly know? "You heard him say so?" Then you ought to have stopped me, instead of standing there like a shy school-girl. Not that he would think I meant anything by a remark like that—why should he? I'm sure I *tried* to say everything that was pleasant!

I hope I am the *last* person to practise insincerity, my dear,—it's a thing I have the greatest horror of. Only one doesn't like to hurt people's feelings, don't you see? One can only just *hint* that a picture isn't quite—especially when one doesn't pretend to know much about it. Not that I am incapable of speaking out when I feel it my duty. If one sees where a little improvement would make all the difference, one *ought* to mention it. And Artists are so grateful for suggestions of that kind—they like to know how it strikes a perfectly fresh eye. I remember telling the President last year that one of his figures was just a *leettle* bit out of drawing, and that the folds of his drapery didn't hang right, and he bowed most beautifully and thanked me—but when I came to see the picture exhibited, I found he hadn't altered it a bit! So it really is hardly worth while speaking plainly—painters are so very opinionated.

What a long way it is to Mr. FIRZJOHN's to be sure, and the afternoon turning quite chilly—don't take *all* the rug, my dear, please!

Oh, don't apologise, Mr. FIRZJOHN—quite light enough for me, I assure you. Thank you, I will sit down, we've been seeing pictures—good, bad, and indifferent—all the afternoon, so *fatiguing*, you know, so many ideas to grasp. I don't mean that that's the case with your pictures. . . . Yes, very nice, charming. Let me see, didn't you exhibit the large one *last* year? No? Ah! then it's my mistake, I seem to have seen it so often before—a favourite subject with Artists, I suppose. So difficult to hit on anything really original nowadays. But I daresay you despise all that sort of thing. Well, goodbye, I mustn't keep my coachman waiting any longer.

Perhaps, I was a little annoyed, my dear, never offering us a cup of tea or anything, after coming all that way, but I don't think I showed it, *did* I? Yes, I am rather tired, and I really think that if it wasn't that I can't bear disappointing people, I should turn back now. But we must just drop in on that poor little Mr. HAVERSTOCK, now we are so near. The poor man was so anxious that I should see his pictures—we needn't stay long.

There, Mr. HAVERSTOCK, you see I *haven't* forgotten! though we're rather late, and we shall have to drive back directly to dress—we're dining out this evening, you know. What a nice studio! small, of course, but then you don't want a large room, do you? What a quantity of pictures! How you must have worked! If you send in so many, one of them's *sure* to get in, *isn't* it? Still, I should have thought that if you had painted only one or two, and taken great pains with them, it might—oh, most of them are your friend's? and only *these* two yours? Well, no doubt you are quite right not to be too ambitious. Why, this is quite charming—really quite charming, isn't it, EUGENIA? Oh, I quite understand it isn't yours, Mr. HAVERSTOCK. I suppose your friend has been painting much longer than you have? No? *really!* Younger, is he? but some people have a natural turn for it, haven't they? Have you had many visitors this afternoon? Ah, well, they will come some day, I daresay. Now I'm going to be very rude, and make a suggestion. Perhaps if you burnt one or two pastilles, or those Japanese joss-sticks, you know,—they're quite cheap—you'd get rid of some of the smell of the paint and the cigarettes—or is it pipes? Oh, I don't mind it, you know, but some do. . . .

Poor dear fellow, I'm afraid he'll never get on. And what a pig-stye to paint in! Well, I'm glad I've done my duty, EUGENIA. Mind you remember all the places we've been to. Home, please, CHANDLER.

ROBERT'S COMMISHUNS.

I AIN'T bin quite so owerwhelmed with my various Comishuns from my lucky winners on the Boat Race as I expected to be, but the werry smallest on 'em is allus welcome.

I rayer think as "S. B." who enclosed me a Post Order for 1s. 6d., must have bin mistaken as to the price of my Book, which it is 2s. 6d., so with that and the thruppence for Postage, I didn't git much out of "S. B.," but I thanks him for his kind intentions.

The Gent who wrote from Tattersall's, and sined hisself "THE RIVER PLUNGER," and enclosed me two had harf-crowns, I must leave to his hone cowardly consence, and the arrowing reflexun that he werry nearly got me into trubbel when I tried to pass one on 'em at our nayburing Pub. Luckily, my rayer frequent wisits to that most usefual mannerfactory has made me werry well known there, so I was aloud to correct my littel mistake.

The last letter which I has jest received is as follers:—

"GOOD OLD BOB!

"COLNEY HATCH, April 1st.

"I WON 2 tenners on the Boat Race, thanks to your straight tip, one on Cambridge, and one on Oxford, so I enclose you your Commission of 20s.

Yours truly,

UNCLE DICK."

Wood it be beleaved, the check was drawn upon Thames Bank! But there, I must dress for my purfeshnal dooties.

ROBERT.



MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

AUCTIONEERING.

"Elegant Queen Anne Cottage:" i.e., Delightful—if you could only live entirely in the porch.

"A Bijou Residence:" i.e., Last occupant was a lady, with tastes as dubious as her character.

"A First-class Family Mansion:" i.e., Two large reception-rooms, and the rest kennels.

"An Eligible Suburban Residence:" i.e., A stucco box, with two bay-windows, a slate roof, and a romantic or aristocratic name—"Killiecrankie," "Glamarama," or "Penhurst," for choice.

SOCIAL.

"Let me congratulate you on that last Article of yours in the 'Flail.' Awfully smart, and will make some of them 'sit up' a bit!" i.e., Most malicious thing I ever read, and will make him hosts of enemies.

MUSIC.

"I can't play without my Notes—if I'd only known:" i.e., She should have asked me to dinner, not merely to come in in the evening. Bah!

"Thanks very much; I'll look at my list, and see what night I've got free:" i.e., Catch me accepting. A wfully slow party.

PLATFORMERS.

"I was told that the people of Furseborough were devoted to the good cause, but I never expected such enthusiasm as they have displayed to-night:" i.e., Why the dence don't they cheer all together, instead of clapping here and clapping there? Must try to stir them up.

"Now you are an audience of intelligent men:" i.e., I wish that bald-headed old fool, with a wart on his nose, would sit in a back row where I couldn't see him.

"You have all heard the details of what took place in a certain district, not so very long ago:" i.e., I wish devoutly I could remember the details, the name of the district, and the date. However, they don't know, so it's all right.

"By that remark I am suddenly reminded of an incident, &c.:" i.e., Here's an opportunity for bringing in that carefully prepared story!

"A moral victory:" i.e., Any electoral defeat which "sheer fudge" can extenuate, or party sophistry explain away.

EDITORIAL.

"Regret that it's not suitable to this Magazine:" i.e., Rot.

"Mr. So-and-So's MS. is under consideration:" i.e., Beneath it.

AFTER A SONO.

"Who's that by?" i.e., Not that I care. But I'm nearest.

IN A STUDIO.

"Ah! THAT's a picture!" i.e., And a thoroughly bad picture too.

IN COURT.

"It will be within your Ludship's recollection:" i.e., Your Ludship has been asleep and forgotten all about it.

"As your Ludship please:" i.e., Stupid old Foozle!

MILITARY.

"Must do it for the sake of the Regiment:" i.e., An excuse for any folly or extravagance, from keeping a pack of hounds to entertaining Royalty.

"All our Privates (off parade) wear gloves and carry canes:" i.e., Colonel of Militia regiment, safe in the knowledge that the Battalion he commands is three hundred miles away, thinks it wise to indulge in a little fancy portraiture.

JOURNALISTIC.

"It is reported, on reliable authority, that at the Cabinet Council which took place yesterday afternoon, &c.:" i.e., The "authority" in question being the cook's assistant's boy, who had taken in the Under-Secretary's lunch, and had half-a-minute's confidential conversation with the office messenger on the back staircase.



"On the fall of the Curtain, there seemed to be some division of opinion among the audience:" i.e., A boy in the gallery hissed.

"The Prisoner, who did not appear to appreciate the very serious, &c.:" i.e., Formula to be used in all cases of crime of more than ordinary brutality.

"Much curiosity prevails in literary circles respecting the authorship of that very remarkable Novel, 'Flat as a Pancake.'" (Advt.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Daughter's Sacrifice. By Messrs. F. C. PHILIPS, and PERCY FENDALL. For the sake of appearances, one of these authors might have sacrificed the first letter of his name, so that they could have been brought out, at a premium of course, as PHILIPS and PHENDALL, or FILIPS and FENDALL. However, this is nothing against the novel, which is a goodish sort of bad one, or a baddish sort of good one. *Virginibus puerisque?* No, the Baron thinks not; likewise the Baroness, who enjoyed it immensely and read it at a single sitting, entertains the same opinion. There is more genuine humour in some of the sketches of scenes and character, not absolutely essential to the plot, in this book, than in any of Mr. PHILIPS's previous works,—as far, that is, as I can remember. The fault of the story is the sanctification, as it were, of suicide. What is the rule with Mr. PHILIPS's heroines, as far as I am acquainted with them? "When in doubt, take poison." With this reservation, the novel is thoroughly interesting, well written, too spun out, but there is plenty of exercise in it for our friend "The Skipper," who will, however, lose much of the humour of the book by the process. It is published by WHITE & Co.



In the *New Review*, Sir MORELL MACKENZIE warns smoking vocalists. This is timely in this smoking-concert time. The Merry ANDREW-RIDER-LANG-HAOGARD story starts well: may it so finish, and win by two heads. Read "MARY DAVIES at Home" in *The Woman's World*: interesting. E. A. ABBEY's illustrations to ANDREW LANO's—*encore LANO!*—comments on *The Merchant of Venice* are in his Abbeyest manner.

My faithful "Co." is employing his Easter holidays in reading "shockers." He has already been dreadfully upset by *A Society Scandal*, which, he declares, reminds him of "OUIDA" toned down with milk and water. It is by "RITA," who, as author of *Mytery of a Turkish Bath, Sheba, &c., &c., &c.* (see cover), can no longer be called a new writer. *Fair Phyllis of Lavender Wharf*, by Mr. JAMES GREENWOOD (the "Amateur Casual"), forms Vol. 39 of "The Bristol Library." It is scarcely up to the standard of *Called Back*, and others of Mr. ARROWSMITH's popular shilling publications, but is not uninteresting. Mr. JAMES SKIPPER BORLASE, in *The Police Minister*, tells "A Tale of St. Petersburg." As an Irishman might say, no one could "Bore lase," so there is really no necessity to Skip him. It would scarcely be fair to tell the plot of this thrilling narrative, but it may be hinted that *The Police Minister* is not a chaplain attached to the Court at Bow Street. The illustrated cover to *The Mynn's Mystery*, by Mr. G. MANVILLE FENN, shows a gentleman in the act of thrusting a knife into the shaggy body of Bruin, from which it may be gathered that the point of the story is a little hard to bear. But perhaps the best title that has appeared for many years is *Stung by a Saint*, which should be the sequel to a book called *Kissed by a Sinner*. My faithful "Co." has not yet had time to read this last contribution to the shilling novelties, but expects to find that the hero or heroine must be either a right-minded wasp, or a more than usually conscientious mosquito.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

The Penalties of Greatness.

BE great, my son, and in the public eye
 All your life long you'll have to walk in fetters.
 Gossip your daily scourge; and when you die
 They'll make a market of your private letters,
 And try to mix you in some mess of scandal;
 'Tis question if the game is worth the candle!

LEARNING BY ART.—The Painters in Water-Colours have done good service to their Royal Institute by the exhibition of their works this season. On the whole, or rather walls, a very worthy show. "*Royal Windsor*," by Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE, although suggestive of mist, is not likely to be overlooked. Then Miss ROSE BARTON'S "*South Kensington Station*" seems to give great satisfaction to those who can identify the coloured bottles in the shop-window of a local chemist. Miss KATE GREENAWAY is well to the front with "*The Portrait of a Little Boy*" and "*An Angel visiting the Green Earth*," both of which are described by members of the "so-called" fair sex "sweetly pretty." Mr. E. H. CORBOULD'S companion paintings of "*At Home*" and "*Not at Home*," are suggestive of incidents in the life of a Military Doctor, seemingly partial to wearing his uniform habitually in a house that has been presumably decorated under the direction of a heraldic stationer. The Military Doctor in the second picture is winking. Altogether the subject is unconventional.



"THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERT." ALL INFANT PRODIGES.

Picture of a Rehearsal, by One who wasn't there.

AFTER THE REVIEW.

Col. Punch loquitur:—

THE usual Compliments! Of course, of course!
If we could only thrive on casual flattery!
But praise won't raise a troop of foot or horse,
Equip a squadron, Sir, or mount a battery.
Soft words won't butter parsnips—that's
plain speech.

Circumlocution is so hard to teach!

Of course the boys behaved themselves right
well,

"As usual," so you say with great propriety.
We've heard from many a military swell
And bland civilian, even to satiety,

Similar words; but if you think that praises
Will satisfy us, you *must* think us "daisies."

Vulgar vernacular you'll please excuse,
Camp-language is not that of a Committee.

If folks conceive we muster to amuse
Cheap-trippers, or ourselves, it is a pity.

'Tis not for Easter sport we toil—and pay,
"Stone-broke to make a British holiday."

Pay! Yes, we're out of pocket, some of us,
More than we can, or than we will, afford.

Patriot spirit does not want to fuss,
But carpet-knight and ornamental Lord
Who for their "work" are well remunerated,
Don't know our case; 'tis time that it were
stated.

When good men are retiring, driven out
From service by extravagant expenses,
The virtues of the System you must doubt,
Or any Englishman who's in his senses.
If we are worth our salt, as you assure us,
Surely from pocket-loss you might secure
us!

Verb. sap., Ask HAMLEY; he is "in the
know," [teach you.]

And he has tried—with some success—to
I know the usual fine official flow;
'Tis time the voice of rough sound sense
should reach you.

A long, harsh dieting of stint and anubbing
For patriot youth is *not* nutritious "grub-
bing."

Reviewing the Review, you say nice things;
Well, if we've done our duty, do yours
also.

Alternate verbal pats and scornful flings,
Are scarce good policy, or what I call so.
To do our duty is, of course, our pleasure,
But to be fined for doing it's hard measure.

To get ourselves equipped seems hard enough,
But lots of us are always out of pocket
By giving unpaid service! That's sheer
stuff!

If this shocks Government, I wish to shock
it, [on];
Because improvement hinges truth's success
And this, I think, is a sound Easter Lesson.

AN UNCHRISTIAN CAVEAT.

[AGNES LAMBERT was charged at Marylebone
Police Court with stealing a purse at a Confirma-
tion service at Christ Church, Regent's Park.
Mr. E. BEARD, barrister, submitted that there was
not sufficient evidence for the case to go to a jury,
Mr. BEARD remarking, that the place was a church.
Mr. MARSHAM retorted, "Yes; and what right
had a woman like her to be there?"]

WHAT right? A largish question, learned
Sir, [mind],
Larger, perchance, than stucco's your legal

Smitten with sudden anger against her
Whose face in such a scene 'twas strange to
find;

Close the Church-doors to creatures of her
kind?

Stay, Rhadamanthus! Pharisaic taste
Is no safe guide to Charity's true rule.
Beware, lest like King DAVID, in his haste,
You trust the zeal experience should school
To thought more kindly and to care more
cool.

What right? Suppose her sinner, even then
The sacred precinct hath far wider scope
Than any dwelling set apart from men.

This temple is the LORD'S, from base to
cope. [Hope]

Here faltering Faith and half-extinguished
Find entrance unrebuked of Charity.

What right? E'en so SIMON the Pharisee
Might have demanded of the MAGDALEN,
And with a fairer reason. But restrain
The weariest waif from entrance to the fane

Where pure young girls come for a special
grace,

Whither the smug-faced citizen may pace,
The modish lady trail her silken skirt?

Nay, Sir, it is too arbitrary-rash,
This caveat, and with Charity must clash,
Here sinful souls and spirits sorely hurt
Find their last refuge and sole hope.

Wherefore
Against no soul that suffers close *that* door!
Let MAGDALEN look on, if so she please,
At these pure maidens. Can it injure these?
Whilst the scene's influence on her spirit dark
Not Rhadamanthus in his seat may mark.

ANOTHER "COUNT OUT."—HERBERT BIS-
MARCK.



AFTER THE REVIEW.

RIGHT HON. E. ST-NE-PF. "WELL, COLONEL,—YOU VOLUNTEERS HAVE DISTINGUISHED YOURSELVES,—AS USUAL!"

COLONEL PUNCH. "AND I SUPPOSE, SIR, WE SHALL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT OUT OF OUR OWN POCKETS,—AS USUAL!!"



THE
LIFE OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON
BY
JAMES BOSWELL
VOL. I
PART I

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. VIII.—THE INVALID LADY.

THE Invalid Lady is, as often as not, the only daughter of parents whose social position is higher than the figure of their yearly income. Nevertheless, they contrive, by means of gallant struggles, to keep on the high level of the sacred appearances. They are seen wherever smart people ought to be seen, they do everything that smart people ought to do; their Victoria is well appointed, their little house in Mayfair is prettily furnished, and both they and their servants are always well dressed. Upon the birth of the frail and solitary pledge of affection, with which fate, after passing them by for many years, at length afflicted them, their situation became almost desperate; but, by a judicious curtailment here, and a discreet omission there, they managed once more to strike a balance slightly in their own favour. Having passed their child safely through the nursery into the school-room, they combined with other parents to secure the services of governesses and teachers, under whose instruction the square pegs of knowledge might be fitted to the round holes of girlish brains. The future Invalid resented this process by frequent head-aches, which were allowed to withdraw her from her studies to the comfortable ignorance of the drawing-room sofa. Eventually, however, she was considered to be finished, and, having been carefully packed and labelled by her mother, was delivered, after a journey through two seasons, to a rich and rising Member of Parliament, who paid the carriage, and married the parcel.

And now the comforts of life, and its laziness, begin for her. For whereas her parents were forced to pinch themselves in many places, in order to assume the flush of wealth, and were unable to relax for a moment the busy society vigilance in which their daughter had to bear her part, there is, in the paradise of her new existence, a moncyed repose, which permits her, on the pretence of weariness, to cease from troubling herself about anything. This does not, however, prevent her from becoming a cause of infinite trouble to others. Her maid is worn to a shadow by the perpetual search for handkerchiefs and eau de Cologne, with which to bathe the aching forehead of her mistress. Her friends are distracted by the recital of her tales of shattered nerves, and merciless migraines; her husband finds his existence embittered by a constant change of butlers, and a perpetual succession of cooks, over whom his feeble wife exercises about as much control as the President of the French Republic over his short-lived Ministries. But, as yet, she has not attained to the full and perfect glory of the Invalid's life.

During the next five years she is still to be seen occasionally at evening parties and afternoon teas in the houses of her friends. She also becomes the mother of two children, a boy and a girl. After her second confinement she is prostrated by a slight illness, and during her convalescence she makes up her mind that life is made tolerable only by illness and the delicate attentions that accompany it. She is confirmed in this opinion by the discovery that her figure is no longer adapted to the prevailing fashion of everyday dress, and that her complexion looks better in her own room and beneath her own arrangement of curtains than in the vulgar glare of unmitigated daylight. She therefore enters with a light heart and a practically unimpaired constitution, upon a prolonged period of tea-gowns, *chaises longues*, and half-lights, and is recognised everywhere as an Invalid.

Henceforward she takes no concern in the pleasant labours or the social amenities of life. The busy hum of the great world beats outside her chamber, men and women are born, and marry and die, society may be convulsed with scandals, kingdoms may totter to their fall in a crash of wars and tumults, but the Invalid lies through the tedious days propped on pillows, and reckons only of her own comfort. Her husband is raised to high office in the Government of the day, her boy plays cricket at Lord's or rows in his University Eight, her daughter grows in years and beauty, but she herself reposes, strong in the blessed luxury of feeble health, and in the impenetrable selfishness with which she exacts a minute and unswerving devotion from those who surround her.

But her life is not altogether or even chiefly passed in England. Every year with the approach of autumn she flits to the Riviera. Three slaves, her husband, her daughter, and her maid, follow humbly the triumphal procession of her invalid carriage, and thus she arrives at the charming villa where for the next few months she will hold her court. For the confirmed invalid is a more highly exalted being in Nice than in London. Whereas beneath our own dull skies there is still some merit in being robust and healthy,

in the South of France, precedence both in rank and social influence, often varies directly according to the nature and length of an illness. The Invalid Lady, therefore, is in an unassailable position, and may permit to herself slight indulgences, which in London, might wreck her career as an invalid. She establishes an afternoon for tea and icea and gossip, she attaches to herself a foreign prince, she even organises pic-nics, and enters upon a mild flirtation with a middle-aged Baronet, she reads French novels of the newest school and discusses their tendency with a long-haired lyricist who has lately published a volume of poems entitled, *Love and Languor*.



Once every winter the Invalid Lady gets up a bazaar for the benefit of the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*. Her husband lends his garden, her daughter writes all the letters, makes all the purchases, and, with her young friends, completes all the arrangements, whilst the Invalid Lady herself looks on in occasional disapproval of the work that others are doing. When the great day arrives, and all the company of intending purchasers is gathered together in the garden, the Invalid is drawn gently into their midst in a long, wheeled chair. She is robed in a tea-gown of exquisite taste and design, the prevailing colour of which may be the new "*Eau de Carmes*," mixed with ivory-coloured chiffons. As it is thoroughly understood that she cannot walk, her feet, which peep from under her laces, are arrayed in delicately open and striped silk stockings, and in tiny shoes, which are decorated each with a single diamond sparkling in the centre of a black bow. Thus apparelled, she is wheeled slowly about, to receive the congratulations of her intimates on her charitable spirit, and on the organising power which would do a strong man credit.

In course of time her daughter marries, and leaves her. She then establishes by her side a poor but devoted friend, with whom she eventually quarrels for not speaking with sufficient respect of one of the five mortal ailments with which she believes herself to be afflicted. Death, whom she apparently courts with a weary longing, will have none of her. The hale and hearty drop off, but the invalid, querulous, weak, and hysterical, survives into a remote future, and having become a great grandmother, fades out of existence in the possession of all her faculties.

NOVEL ADVICE FROM LINCOLNSHIRE.

"Real people with splendid mothers would seldom become novelists, because their mother's love would prepare them for a safer career, or they themselves, I think, would seldom have that intense observant nature which a novelist must have. I suppose most of our greatest writers, who have not created good mothers, have been left much to themselves when they were young, either because their mothers had no sympathy with them, or because they were motherless."—"A LINCOLNSHIRE GIRL," in the *Daily News*.

THERE'S a girl away in Lincolnshire, where green is mostly worn,

Who knows all about a novelist, and all about his trade.

And, oh, ye English Novelists, repay her not with scorn,

When she says that by his mother every novelist is made.

If you fail she knows the reason, she can tell it at a glance—

You have had a splendid mother, so you never had a chance.

If your nature is observant, if your nature is intense,

If you track elusive motives through the mazes of the mind;

If you fly o'er plot and passion as a hunter flies a fence,

And leave panting mediocrity a hundred miles behind;

Why then you may be certain, though the thought may give you pain,

That your mother wasn't splendid, or your toil would be in vain.

An unsympathetic mother who neglects her baby boy,

Oh, she knows not what advantages she showers on his head.

Let her frown upon her infant and deprive him of his toy,

That 'a the training for a novelist who wishes to be read.

He had better have a sea-cook for his mother, or a gun,

Than one who, being splendid, blasts the future of her son.

So, ye publishers of novels, if your mills are short of grist,

Find a child whose mother loathes him, and adopt him as your own,

Give him pens and ink and paper, saying, "Write, Sir Novelist,

You are quite the biggest certainty that ever yet was known.

You may not write good grammar, or be careful how you spell,

But your mother wasn't splendid, so your books are sure to sell!"

SOME amiable Statistician has recently been computing the amount of pills taken in England annually. He has omitted "Club-Pilling." The severe committee men are, *pace* IBSEN, the real *Pillars of Society*.



Mr. Punch's Suggestions for the Betterment of Parliament.
 Why walk to House of Lords Committee Rooms, &c. When the Electric Tramway can be introduced? This can be applied all over the Building.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.
 EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF GOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 31. — PLUNKET had his annual innings, defending Royal Palaces from attack of mob led by SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. Vote under discussion on account of Royal Palaces. SAGE been looking into matter; has come to conclusion that Kensington Palace might be turned into popular restaurant. At one time knew something about management and arrangement of Aquarium. Why not have sort of West-End Aquarium at Kensington Palace? Grounds admirably suited for merry-go-rounds and other popular devices for whiling a happy hour away. Then Kew Palace. Who lived there? GEORGE THE THIRD was, he believed, the last tenant, and during his term of occupancy His Majesty was unfortunately cracked. There were other palaces and annexes, each lent to some lady or gentleman. As they lived rent-free, SAGE thought the least they could do would be to pay the cost of repairs.

CHAPLIN, sitting on Treasury Bench, listened to this conversation with lowering brow. HER MAJESTY had but lately testified afresh to her wisdom and discernment by calling him to her councils; and yet there were men so lost to all sense of decency as to wrangle over



AMENITIES OF WAR!—AT OUR EASTER MANŒUVRES.

Captain of Volunteers and Sub. (both conscious of a Pocket Pistol, and both together). "HAVE A DROP O' SOMETHING SHORT!"
 [They refresh horizontally, and feel better.]

the wages of a rat-catcher at Buckingham Palace or the turncock at Kensington. PLUNKET a little too mild with these gentry. Only let the Minister of Agriculture loose on them, and they would learn a salutary lesson. But Minister for Agriculture nothing to do in this galley. All he could do was to stand at the Bar, with hands on hips, regarding the little band of malcontents. Peradventure the sight of him might serve to bring them to a better way of thinking.

Standing there when Bell rang for Division. Beaten off at Kensington, the mob now marched down on Hampton; raiding on Hampton Court Park; clamouring for admittance for the public who paid the piper. Committee divided; Minister of Agriculture, with his breast aflame with righteous indignation strode into Lobby; doors shut and locked; CHAPLIN looking round, discovered he had been followed by remarkable contingent; There was the SAGE, and PICKERSGILL, and CAUSTON, and CREMER, and PICTON looking more than ever like "his great predecessor in spoliation, HENRY THE EIGHTH." Was it possible that he had coerced them by the glance of his falcon eye? Had they been unable to resist the moral persuasion of his presence? They had surely meant to vote against money for Hampton Court. Yet, here they were in the Lobby with him. CHAPLIN'S bosom began to swell with more inflation than usual. Such a triumph rare in Parliamentary history. PLUNKET been arguing, protesting, cajoling by the hour, and had done nothing. CHAPLIN had only looked, and had drawn them into the same Lobby as himself.

Pleased meditation broken in upon by a murmur growing into hilarious shout. Unruly mob pressed around him laughing and jeering; wild with delight. Truth suddenly dawned on CHAPLIN. Had in perturbation of moment, walked into wrong Lobby. Got in with Radical mob. No way out; no help for it; Vote must be recorded against estimates, against his colleagues in the Government, against keeping up Hampton Court, and in despite of the Gracious Sovereign of whom, a short hour ago, he had been

the favoured Minister. *Business done.*—Supply. CHAPLIN votes against the Government, refusing them Supply.

Tuesday.—OLD MORALITY did great stroke of business to-day; completed it in his usual innocent-looking fashion. When House met for morning sitting large batch of votes to be dealt with; passed only two last night; same proportion of advance would leave Departments in state of pickle; money urgently needed; how to get it?

"You leave it to me," said OLD MORALITY, nodding mysteriously to JACKSON.

JACKSON left it accordingly. When House met to-day secret out. Members thought they were coming down for a morning sitting; might talk away about Votes till Seven o'Clock, let one or two pass, then go off for Easter Holidays. Found OLD MORALITY had put spoke in their wheel. In first place on Orders appeared Notice of Motion giving precedence to Government business at evening sitting, and again to-morrow.

"What's this?" says SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, starting as if viper had bit him.

"What's which?" says OLD MORALITY, blandly.

"Why," says SAGE, "this Notice of Motion. Thought all arranged that House at its rising at Seven o'Clock adjourn for Easter Recess."

"Ah, yes," says OLD MORALITY, his eyes fixed dreamily on the broadening parting of SAGE'S hair. "The feathered race, as we all know, with pinions skims the air; not so the mackerel, and still less the bear. Ah, who has seen the mailed lobster rise, clap her broad wings, and claim the equal skies? As the Hon. Member says, it was arranged that we should rise at seven, and adjourn for Easter Holidays; only we must get Votes first. I am most anxious, as far as is compatible with duty to QUEEN and Country, to meet views of Hon. Members in all parts of House. That view converges, as I may say, on the holidays. Well, the holidays need not be impinged upon. We can all be off at Seven o'Clock, or even before, if we pass the Votes; otherwise must sit to-night and to-morrow. Do not expect it will be necessary; merely put down Motion



A Cabinet Minister.

as matter of precaution." Precaution served. Members not liking prospect of coming back after dinner, still less of spending Wednesday at Westminster, voted money with both hands, and by Six o'Clock Class I. in Civil Estimates agreed to.

"A wonderful man, OLD MORALITY," said R. N. FOWLER, walking off. "Only you and me, TONY, thoroughly appreciate him. Yah, yah!" *Business done.*—Adjourned till Monday, April 14.

POLICE FUN.

(An entirely Imaginary Sketch of an Utter Impossibility.)

6 P.M.—Return to town, to find that that very afternoon my house in Bayswater has been robbed by my servants, who have all decamped. They have taken my wife's jewel-case, containing diamonds to the value of £7,000, cash-box full of securities, fifteen gold repeaters, all the silver plate in the house, together with the dining-room sideboard, set of skittles, twelve-light gas chandelier, drawing-room grand piano, two original landscapes by TURNER, a set of family portraits, dinner service, all my clothes, roasting-jack, and the umbrella-stand. Instantly summon Policeman from over the way. Shakes his head unconcernedly, and says it is "no business" of his, and he can't go off his beat to attend to it. Hurry off to Local Office, and make my complaint. They only smile. They



They regard me with the languid interest that, say, a horse might exhibit were a lady to present herself in leathers minus a riding-habit. Don't know why I think of a horse—later on their presence calls to mind an animal traditionally far less sagacious, and I don't mean a mule! Feel slightly irritable, and ask them to send a Constable round at once, to see the condition of the house. They decline. Ask them "Why?" They refuse to tell me. I express astonishment, and again state my case categorically. They ask me if I think they've nothing better to do than attend to "every cock-and-bull story" that is brought to them. I get angry, and threaten them that I'll complain to Scotland Yard. They tell me if I don't shut up they'll soon finish the matter for me by "running me in" myself. I am about to point out the disgraceful character of their conduct to them, when, noticing the Inspector whispering some orders to two of his subordinates, I think it best to take to my heels, which I do, pursued by a couple of Constables, whom I manage to escape, and, jumping into a Hansom, drive to Head Quarters.

8 P.M.—Have stated my case and written it all out, as requested, "fully," twice on paper. Official says, "that will do." Ask him whether he won't telegraph to Dover, Folkestone, Newhaven and Portsmouth, to enable the Police to stop suspicious people leaving by to-night's Mails. He says, "Certainly not." I ask him "Why?" He asks me what business is that of mine? I answer that it is "every business of mine." He retorts, "Oh! is it? Well, you had best be off. You won't get nothing more out of us." Grow very angry at this, but express myself with moderation; am about to remonstrate with him, when I notice that he is also whispering some secret orders to two subordinates, and I think it best once more to take to my heels, which I do, again hotly pursued by a couple of Constables. Turning a corner, however, I fortunately manage to escape them, and finding myself opposite the door of the Detective Department, step in.

10 P.M.—Have again stated the whole of my case "fully." They think if I am prepared to pay up pretty freely, they can help me, and recommend, as a preliminary step, the despatch of ten Detectives, two each respectively to Clapham Junction, Herne Bay, Margate, Gravesend and Tooting Common. Pull out my cheque-book and arrange for this at a handsome figure. Pass the night myself in company with an eleventh Detective, in going over second-hand furniture establishments in the Mile End Road, with a search-warrant, in the hopes of coming across my dining-room sideboard and umbrella-stand, but to no purpose.

10 A.M. (Next Morning).—None of my missing property recovered, and nothing more heard of any of it. The ten Detectives, however, return from Clapham Junction, Herne Bay, Margate, Gravesend and Tooting Common, each having arrested respectively, three people, answering vaguely the description given by me of some of my servants. The whole thirty are brought to my house at Bayswater, for "identification," but as they certain among their number a Rural Dean, two M.P.'s, a Dowager Duchess, a Major-General in the Army, a celebrated Medical Man, and a popular Author, and as all are furious at what they call "a gross infringement of their liberty," I am not likely, I fear, to hear the last of it. However, let me hope, they'll do, as I have done, and call in the Police to help them. As for me, my only chance of redress seems to be to write to the papers. So—here goes!

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

(By a West-End Shopkeeper.)

THE voice of the horse-dealer's heard in the land,
The Season, it says, will be full, gay, and grand;
He is happy, and gives the most hopeful accounts,
Well, the horse-dealer rises by virtue of "mounts,"
The thing in mid-March to keep hope well alive
Was the prospect, in June, of a jelly full Drive,
The wisecracs Long-Acre stir with delight.
And oh! don't we hope the wisecracs are right!

TWO HEADS NOT BETTER THAN ONE!

THERE is not the slightest truth in the report that the following short story, said to have been written by M.M. ERCKMANN and CHATRIAN since their quarrel, will be more fully developed before republication.

MOSCOW!

Note.—This title is believed to have been furnished by M. ERCKMANN, but will probably be changed to *The Baby's Niece*, by M. CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER I. (By M. E.)

NAPOLEON regarded the burning town with a feeling of dismay. He had counted upon the ancient Russian capital as a basis of support when the time should come to retire. As he looked at the fire, luridly reflected in the snow, MARIE approached him and fell upon her knees.

"Sire!" she cried, "A boon! I ask you to save Kosmof! I beg of you my lover's life!"

The Man of Destiny gazed upon her with a cold smile, full of cruel meaning, and replied, "Life for life—you know my conditions!" MARIE gave a piercing shriek and sank into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER II. (By M. C.)

To wake again and find the sun shining brightly on her own Alsatian home! Yes, all the nonsense about NAPOLEON and Moscow had been a dream, more—a nightmare! The good Curé was playing with the niece of her baby brother. JULES was hard at work cutting down apples in the orchard, which were soon to become cider in the press of the farmstead.

"My Father," said MARIE, with a coquettish toss of her pretty head, "and so you think JULES too good for me?"

"Scarcely that, my daughter," replied the amiable old Priest, with a sweet, calm smile; "but I feel that you must do a great deal to be worthy of so brave a man."

"Brave?" echoed MARIE. "Why, what do we want with bravery in these piping times of peace? Nowadays we have no NAPOLEON—all is tranquil."

"You are indeed right, my daughter," returned the old Priest, as he walked towards the chapel. "We do live in peaceful days—there is, indeed, no NAPOLEON!"

CHAPTER III. (By M. E.)

"LIAR!" shouted BUONAPARTE, coming up at the moment, at the head of the remnant of his Army. "I will soon show you whether we live in tranquil times or no!"

And, ordering up a cannon, MARIE, JULES, and the Priest were tied to the wheels.

"Mercy!" they implored.

There was a flash, an explosion, and MARIE, JULES, and the Priest were blown to atoms.

No one remained save NAPOLEON!

CHAPTER IV. (By M. C.)

YES, NAPOLEON, and one other—the Niece of the Baby! She was a fine strapping wench of twenty. Shocked by the cruel outrage committed in her quiet Alsatian home, this brave maiden seized the family blunderbuss, and fired. It burst with such violence that both NAPOLEON and herself were killed on the spot. Nay, more—thousands within miles! Besides, at this moment there was an epidemic raging, that, in one single instant, killed the Army, and all the Russians, and, in fact, everybody! There!

Note by M. E.—My honoured *confère* is a spiteful pig!

Note by M. C.—My esteemed colleague is a demented donkey!

P.S. by M. E.—Pooh! P.S. by M. C.—Yah!



At Sea with his Story.

IN THE LANE.

Monday. — Carmen exceptionally excellent. Miss ZÉLIE DE IUSSAN, gifted with a light, pleasant voice, sang admirably. Can't have "Trop de Zélia." Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN, as Don Jim-along-José, did all that can be done with this weak-minded soldier. No holes to be picked in Mr. McG.'s performance, though there was a portion of his costume that would have been the better for the attention of Signor Soanso, the Spanish tailor. Perhaps he is one of the "Renters" of Drury Lane. The strongest and most novel situation was the entrance of a horse, which, like the old woman who "lived on nothing but victuals and drink," "wouldn't be quiet," and nearly gave poor Carmen fits. If it had given Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN fits—a pair of them—my previous allusion to the tailor would have lacked a tangible basis of fact. Fancy Carmen frightened by an ordinary horse; not even a dray-horse, of which no Carmen would have been afraid!



The Garden Scene from the Lane.

the mark. Military band of soldiers returned from the wars had apparently conquered the drum of a British regiment. Signor ABRA-MOFF (good as *Mephistopheles*) showed his generous disposition by sharing his red light with *Martha* when he was talking to her.

Wednesday.—*Romeo and Juliet*, repetition of last week when the season commenced with GONOU's masterpiece. Scenery tested the resources of some of the greatest Drury Lane successes. The pantomime in the ball-room was particularly excellent and noticeable.

Thursday.—*Mignon*, represented by charming Miss MOODY. Supported by the dullest of *Lotharios*, Mr. F. H. CELLI. *Wilhelm* played by a very small tenor—in fact one who looked like a CHILD. The cast good all round, and a crowded house enthusiastic. One of the best revivals of the season.

Saturday.—WALLACE's *Lurline* in the evening, after *Carmen* in the morning. "Troubadour" just as enchanting as he was twenty years ago. "The silver river," too, "flows on" as sweetly as ever. Good house testifies to the love we all have for home-made music. On the whole a satisfactory week from every point of view. So far—all's well.

Tuesday and Friday.—*Faust*. Signor RUNCIO, as *Faust*, up to

"A SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF INEBRIETY."

(Notes by Mr. Punch's Own Reporter.)

On the last occasion of the Meeting of the above Society a most interesting paper was read by Professor JAMES JAMBES, F.R.Z.S., describing a series of experiments to which, in the cause of Science, he had recently submitted himself. Commencing by comparatively small quantities of alcoholic stimulant, he gradually increased the doses until he reached a maximum of three bottles of Brandy and one of Green Chartreuse *per diem*, abandoning all other work during the period embraced by the experiments. After a fortnight of patient research he was rewarded by the discovery in his immediate neighbourhood of an abundance of blackbeetles, which he was unable to refer to any known species of *Orthoptera*. These were succeeded by reptiles and beasts of various kinds and colours, specimens of which, owing to their evasiveness, he much regretted to have been unsuccessful in securing. After increasing the dose to two bottles daily, he was able to detect the presence of rodents in large quantities. Subsequently these creatures assumed the most surprising shapes, while their colouring was frequently gorgeous in the extreme. He had made some brandy-and-water sketches of the most remarkable—though he had to apologise for the drawing being less accurate and clear than he could have wished, as the conditions were generally unfavourable for scientific observation. Still, they afforded a very fair idea of the principal phenomena which he had met. (Cheers.) The Professor, in concluding, remarked that he himself had never been a Materialist, and that, after the experiences that attended the addition of the third bottle of brandy and the Green Chartreuse to his diurnal allowance, he could only confess that, in the words of the Poet, there were more—many more—things



in heaven and earth than had been dreamed of in his philosophy. Some of the imps, for instance, that he had noticed on the foot of his bed, he should never forget. He must ask indulgence for any short-comings both in the manner and matter of his contribution, on the ground that he was still suffering from severe indisposition, in consequence of the ardour with which his researches had been pursued. He felt that he was still only on the threshold, but he was fascinated by the glimpses he had already obtained of the strange and wonderful things with which the study of Advanced Inebriety would make the humblest of us increasingly familiar. (Great cheering.)

The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion, in which Dr. LOSCHEN said, that he was in a position from his own experience to corroborate most of the statements in the very interesting account to which they had just listened. He thought the learned Professor had, if anything, rather underrated the dimensions of some of the snakes. He could see a particularly fine specimen at that moment under the Chairman's table, and would postpone any further remarks he was about to make.

Professor SQUIFFIE said he had not as yet brought his experiments so far as the last speakers. He was not a Naturalist himself. His line was Optics. He described some interesting cases of Double Refraction, Mock Suns, and Lunar Rainbows, that had come under his notice, before sitting down with some suddenness on the floor.

Mr. STAGGERS, F.H.S., R.C.V.S., said that most of his time had been devoted to the study of Seismatics. It was a fact not generally known that "earth tremors" were of almost nightly occurrence after eleven p.m. Some persons refused to believe that the world went round the sun, but he had seen it do so several times in the course of a single minute.

Mr. ORRERS wished to know whether any member present had formed any theory respecting the fantastic attire, particularly in the matter of head-dresses, affected by the *fauna* encountered in the more advanced stages of Inebriety. Why, for example, should kangaroos, especially in Piccadilly, present themselves in the bonnets usually worn by Salvation lasses? And again, what natural affinity was there between the common rabbit and a fez cap? He asked the question because it had been upon his mind a good deal of late.

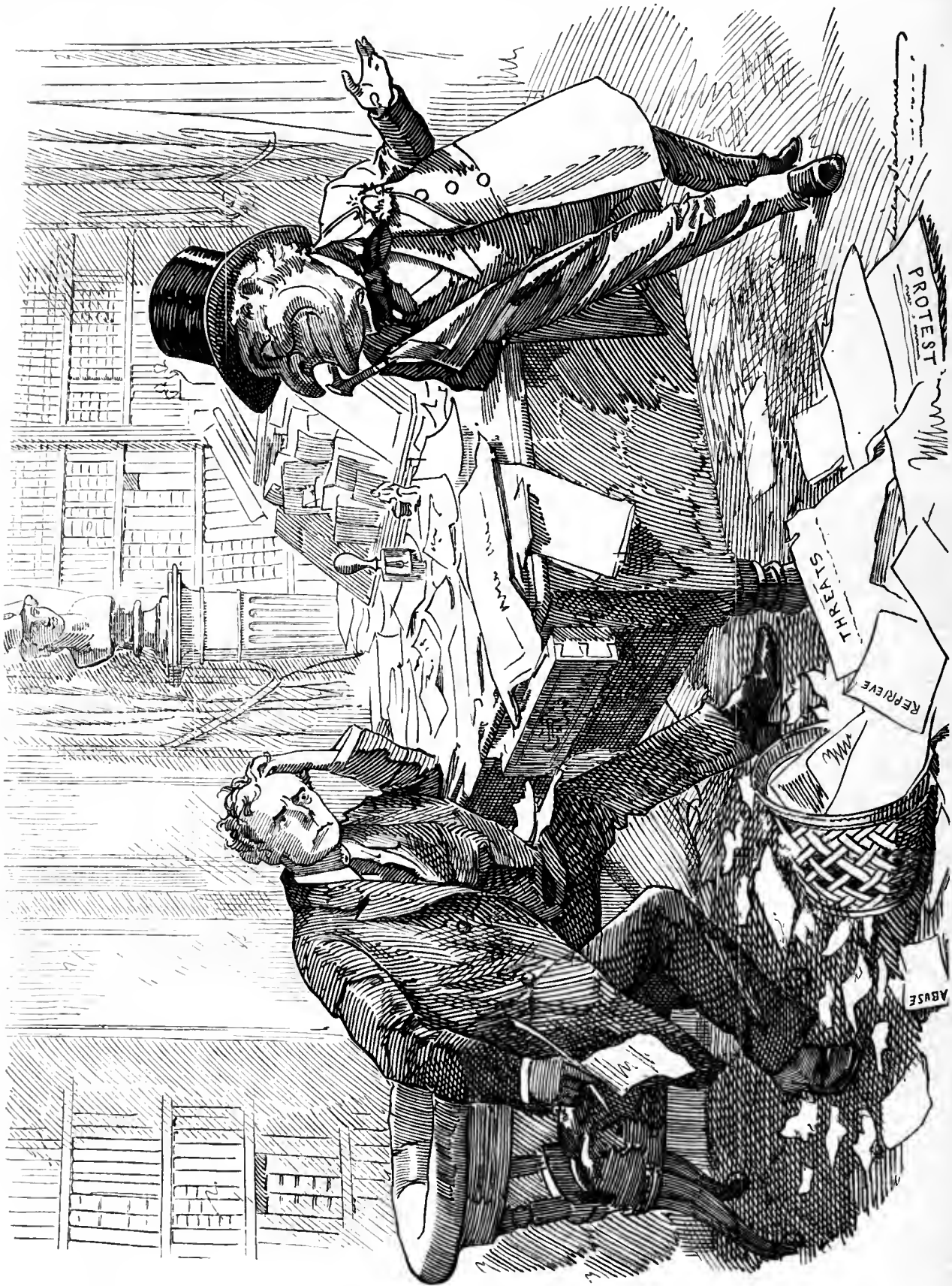
Mr. D. T. JUMPER said he merely desired to make one remark with regard to the pink rhinoceros, which Professor JAMES—or, if he might take the liberty of so describing him, "dear old JEM JAMBES"—had mentioned as having found in his bath. Speaking personally, he had never come across the pink variety of these interesting pachyderms. He had seen them green, or striped,—but not pink. Was it not just possible that his distinguished and excellent friend had been misled by some deficiency in his eyesight or the light on this occasion? With regard to imps, both blue and spotted, he could only say—but he was compelled to stop here, as he had barely time to catch the last train to his Retreat.

Mr. BOOSER said he wasn't scientific fler, like some other flers, still he flattered himself he was fler that knew as much about Inebriety as most flers, and if there was any fler there liked doubt his word, give him the lie—they understood what give him the lie meant—he repeated—give him the lie, why, what he wanted to know was, why didn't they have courage of their opinions? They knew where find him, and if they didn't—he knew where find them. (Uproar.)

The Meeting then broke up in some confusion, as the Chairman, having removed his boots during the proceedings, was unable to propose the customary vote of thanks to Professor JAMBES, who left the hall in a state of considerable excitement in consequence.



THE Art Kaleidoscope may undoubtedly be found at 160, New Bond Street, where the Messrs. DOWDESWELLS are everlastingly giving it a turn. Before you have time to get tired of one show, the turn is made, and another reigns in its place. Yesterday it was Royal Berkshire, to-day it is pictures principally of the French School. There are some fine works by COROT, which, however, did not justify a weak-minded critic in calling the show "the Corotid Art-ery." Also examples of MONTICELLI, SEOANTINI the Italian, DAUBIGNY, TROYON, MUHRMAN, and other notable painters.



THE ONLY REMEDY.

Home Sec. "OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR! WHY LEAVE IT TO ME!" Mr. P. (*sympathetically*). "WHY, INDEED? BUT I DON'T SEE ANY HELP FOR IT TILL WE GET A COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL."

THE ONLY REMEDY.

PIRY a poor Home Secretary!
Verily
His days are hard, his nights
can scarce wag merrily;
But of all burdens on his
mind distracted,
Greatest must be that dread
responsibility
Where sense of justice wars
with sensibility.
Punch hardly thinks the
two have interacted
This time with quite ideal
force and fitness,
And that the Public doubts,
let the Press witness!
A loathsome story, sordid,
brutal, sickening!
Dull callousness to smug con-
trition quickening
Under the spur of an ignoble
terror, [expression,
A hope scarce less ignoble—in
At least. Yes, calm judicial self-
possession [ming error;
Is difficult, most easy trim-
But compromise with claims
conflicting here,
Is scarce the course of equity
one must fear.
The logic of it does not stand
forth clearly;
The public conscience fidgets,
and feels queerly.
Yes, to be arbiter, by law's
compulsion, [immense,
In such a case, with issues so
Is hard, no doubt; the public
common sense
Against the arrangement
turns with strong revul-
sion; [must feel.
And the right remedy, as all
Is in a Court of Criminal
Appeal!



EXTREMES MEET!

Hearty Luncher. "THIS FASTING IS ALL BOSH! ROBERT, ANOTHER PLATE OF PORK AND ANOTHER PINT OF STOUT. I'M GOING TO SEE SUCCI THIS AFTERNOON!"

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

(A Delightful "All-the-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.)

EXAMPLE III. — CONCERNING THE LOVER'S OBJECTION TO BEING HARD ON A PERSON.
I LOVE you so! I love you so!
It's funny, but I do—
In spite of what my parents know,
And what they say, of you!
No honest folks will near you go—
[shrink? But wherefore should I
I only know I love you so,
Whatever they may think!
I love you so! I love you so!
As I have sung before—
Although the heart you have to show
Is rotten to the core!
They say you oft to prison go;
But wherefore my dismay?
I only know I love you so!
I don't care what they say!
I love you so! I love you so!
As I will sing again.
(In face of all the bills you owe,
It's awfully insane!)
What boots it that you are my foe?
Should that my passion mar?
I only know I love you so!—
No matter what you are!
I love you so! I love you so!
As still again I'll sing,
And sing a thousand times, although
You stole my ruby ring!
But what care I for suchlike show,
So long as I have thee?
I love you so! I love you so!
That's good enough for Me!

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE SWISS-BACK RAILWAY.

(By Our Easter Eggsperimentalist.)

I HAVE no hesitation in asserting that Lynton and Lynmouth are frequently called the English Switzerland. I have seen such an announcement made in the local Guide-books, and heard the opinion adopted by many of the inhabitants. I am inclined to think that the name is not a misnomer, for certainly the twin villages, with their miniature manor-houses and cottage-like country-seats, are not unsuggestive of a German box of toys. But there is very little of the foreigner in the inhabitants. Rarely have I seen so much enthusiasm exhibited as on the occasion of the opening of the Cliff Railway, an event which came off on Easter Monday. The conveyance in question was suggestive of the Switchback, or perhaps of the Swissback, when local surroundings are taken into consideration. The inaugural programme was a long one. We had a procession, with some eccentric mummies garbed as "Ancient Foresters," an opening ceremony, with a Royal salute, fired by three Coastguardsmen, a banquet at the Valley of Rocks Hotel, life-boat exercise, and, finally, a grand display of fireworks. I took part in every function. I applauded the Ancient Foresters, in white beards and brown heads of hair. I was the earliest to use the railway. I made a speech at the banquet, I helped to man the life-boat, and, finally, I was the first to cry "O-o-o-o-h!" at the initial rocket of the grand display. So I think I may be allowed to say that I know something about the place and its inhabitants. *Imprimis*, Lynton has an excellent hotel, in the shape of the one to which I have already referred. Secondly, it has a great benefactor in the person of worthy Mr. NEWNES, M.P., the genial and clever Chairman of the Cliff Railway Company. Thirdly, the loveliness of the scenery is greatly enhanced by the fact that practically there are no residents (probably not half a dozen) in the neighbourhood. It is true that there is a villa here and there, but none of them is large enough in itself to spoil the effect of the rocks, the cascades, and the mountain passes. I admit that when I went to Lynton I was under the impression that I was going to take part in the inauguration of some score miles of

railway, opening out a new route to the Far West. That this was an erroneous idea was more my fault than my misfortune. After trying on foot an ascent from Lynmouth to Lynton, I came to the conclusion that this line of railway was of far greater importance than any other in existence. That the track was rather less than a thousand feet, instead of being rather more than a million miles, I considered merely a matter of detail. Should it be necessary some day to dispense with the coach-journey from Barnstaple to Lynton—a journey which, on account of the exercise in which the travellers are encouraged to indulge on foot, must be of the greatest possible benefit to their health—why then the railway could be extended from point to point. All that would be required would be proportionately computed additional capital. The formula would run as follows:—If 900 feet of railway from Lynmouth to Lynton costs so much, 18 miles of railway from Lynton to Barnstaple will cost so much more. The simplest thing in the world! And with this practical suggestion for the future I conclude my report, with the observation that the twin villages of Lynton and Lynmouth deserve the greatest possible prosperity. Nature, represented by "Ragged Jack," the "Devil's Cheese Wring," and Watersmeet, is lovelier beyond compare; and Art could have no better illustration than that furnished by the unsurpassed resources of the Valley of Rocks Hotel.

HUGHIE AND REGIE.—"On what sort of paper should a fellow who's awfully gone on a gal, don'tcher-know, write to his mash, eh?" "Why—on—*papier mashé*, of course." "Thanks awfully." (Goes off to get some.)

"It's going to rain to-morrow," said Mrs. R., confidently—"I am sure of it, because I always read Professor BEN NEVIS's remarks in the *Times*. What a clever man he is, and how useful!"

NOMENCLATURE.—Isn't it *the* place *par excellence* where umbrellas and waterproofs are in request? If not, why call it, Hayling Island?

"IN THE KNOW."

(By Mr. Punch's Prophet.)

THE collapse of *Gasbag* can have surprised no careful reader of these columns. His public performances have been uniformly wretched, save and except on the one occasion when he defeated *Ranunculus* in the Decennial Pedigree Stakes at Newmarket last year, and any fool could have seen that *Ranunculus* had an off hind fetlock as big as an elephant's. That comes of training a good horse on Seidlitz powders and bran-mash. The muddy-minded moon-calves who chatter in their usual addle-pated fashion about the chances of *Jimjams*, ought to deceive nobody now that their insane folly has been exposed by me for about the thousandth time; but the general public is such a blathering dunderheaded ass that it prefers to trust itself to the guidance of men like Mr. JEREMY, who knows as much about a horse as he does about the Thirty-nine Articles. If *Jimjams*, with 9lbs. advantage and a thousand sovereigns of added money, could only run a bad second to *Blue Ruin*, who, on the following day, romped in from *The Ratcatcher* in a common canter,—*The Ratcatcher* having simply spread-eagled *The Parson* over the old D. T. course, when the ground was as heavy as Rotten Row in April,—how in the name of common sense can *Jimjams* be expected to show up against high-class yearlings like *Ballarat* and *Tiffoff* on the Goodwin Sands, T. Y. C.? The whole thing is only another instance of the hare-brained imbecility and downright puddling folly with which the cackling herd will follow any brazen-headed nincompoop who sets up to advise them on turf matters. *Jimjams* has just as much chance of winning this race as Mr. JEREMY has of being Archbishop of Canterbury. *Verb. sap.* At any rate my readers will not be able to reproach me with not warning them in time.

The latest rumour is that *Mrs. Grundy* has gone lame after her trial with *The Vicar*. As I always predicted her break-down, I cannot say I am surprised, though I must own I should like to know what the pestilential pantaloon thinks of themselves who have been for months advising us to invest our money upon her. All BOOZING BILLY'S stock have come to grief, sooner or later. I thought Lord SORTED was a fool to give £5,000 for such a mangy-coated weed as *Mrs. Grundy*. Now I know it.

Those who want a good thing ought to keep their eyes on *Toothpick*. When he met *Pepperpot*, at a stone less than weight for age, with a baby on his back, at Esher last year, the betting being then 20 to 7 against the *Harkaway* filly, he showed what his true form was. *Pepperpot*, of course, is a rank impostor, but a careful man might do worse than put a spare threepenny-bit on *Toothpick*, who always runs better in a snow-storm. As for *Dutchman*, everybody knows he's not a flyer, and only a man whose brains are made of fish-sauce could recommend him.

"WANTED a WORD!"—Lord BURY wants a word to express electric action. Anything Lord BURY deals with should be of grave import. Attempting to find a new verb is quite an undertaking—to BURY. How would "bury" do? "We hurried him;" meaning, "we electrified him." "We went along Bury well;" meaning, "the progress caused by electricity was satisfactory." "We 'Buried along' at a great rate," and so forth.



ANY EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

Cautious Customer. "BUT IF HE'S A YOUNG HORSE, WHY DO HIS KNEES BEND SO?"

Dealer (reassuringly). "AH, SIR, THE POOR HANIMAL 'AS BEEN LIVING IN A STABLE AS WAS TOO LOW FOR 'IM, AND 'ES 'AD TO STOOP!"

them with small shot—to adopt Sunday instead of Saturday as their day of devotions, but hitherto without success. You may think the above worth publishing. It is quite true.

Yours, &c., LONGBOW.

SIR,—Here is a fact which beats "W. H. W. H.'s" rook story hollow. Rooks are keen politicians. I once saw an assembly of them—I don't know if it was the local Caw-cus or not—divide into two portions, one going to one tree, another to another, and then two elderly rooks went round, and counted both hatches. After the counting was over they returned from the lobbies, and business proceeded as before. I have seen the closure very effectually put on a talkative rook.

Yours, VERACITY.

SIR,—I can confirm these tales of animal Policemen in every particular—indeed, I am able to add to them. I have often seen a couple of tom-tits, on leaving their nests for an outing, put a tom-tit constable on guard till they came back. But here is a still more remarkable circumstance. On one occasion several other tom-tits wanted to rob this deserted nest, and they actually came up to the constable and put something in his claw, after which he looked the other way while they were rifling the nest. *They had bribed him!* Comment is superfluous.

Yours, KEEN OBSERVER.

Grandolph's Logic:

YOUR Purchase Bill is bad from top to toe—
Drop it, dear boys, then to the country go,
And say 'twas through Gladstonian ill-will
It lost that blessed boon, your bad, bad Bill!

LIVING AND LEARNING.—Sir, from a paragraph in *The Times* about the Newfoundland Fisheries, I gather the existence of "Lobster Factories." Never knew this was an industry. Had always thought that Lobsters, like poets, were born, not made.

Yours, A NATURALIST.

L'ABBÉ IN-CONSTANTIN PARSONIFIED.

The first impression of *A Village Priest* is that, in one respect, Mr. GRUNDY has done well to choose the historical name of the execrable "Abbé Dubois," and bestow it on the *Curé*, who is meant to be the interesting hero of what, without him, would



The Tree at the Haymarket.

have been a sufficiently strong melodrama. The very A B C of the practice of the confessional being that everything between Priest and Penitent is impudent) is *sub sigillo*, this Abbé can have, as the Grand Inquisitor in the *Gondoliers* sings, "No possible probable shadow of doubt, No possible doubt whatever," as to

his plain duty; and yet he demands of Heaven a miracle to show him how *not* to do it. And to this pious request comes an answer (by limelight) which demonstrates once more how the Devil can quote Scripture to his purpose. Frankly, Mr. GRUNDY has written three Acts of a play which must have been powerful had he not extended it to five, and, had he not attempted to centre the interest on a character which, charming as an incidental sketch, is, as an essential, an excrescence. Practically the play is at an end with the finish of the Third Act. Why lug in the *Abbé Constantin*? And what an Abbé!!

Where are the familiar details? Where the ancient snuff-box, where his snuffy old pocket-handkerchief? And where the old well-thumbed breviary from which he is inseparable? M. LAPONTAINE as the *Abbé Constantin*, the man to the life, was never without the "old black book," under his arm. The Haymarket Abbé takes his meals without blessing himself, by way of saying grace, and fumbles about the heads of people who ask his benison, like an awkward phrenologist feeling for bumps. And what kind of an Abbé would he be who would tell a young girl that, "when she comes to be as old as he is, she will have learnt to doubt everything?" Is it characteristic of a French Abbé to complain of his housekeeper "lighting his fire with his sermons?" It would be quite in keeping with the type of an English Clergyman, who, as a rule, preaches from a written sermon; but not of a French Priest, who preaches without book or manuscript. No; the *Abbé Dubois* is the *Abbé Constantin* spoilt, a French *Curé* Anglicised into a pet Ritualistic Clergyman, ROBERT-ELSMERE'd-all-over by Mr. GRUNDY, and finally im-parson-ated by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. Wasn't it Mr. BEERBOHM TREE who, years ago, created the original of the Bath-bun-eating comical Curate, in *The Private Secretary*? Well, this is the same comical Clergyman grown older, and with the burden on, what he is pleased to call, his mind of a dying scoundrel's last speech and confession. The strongest objection he has to violate his sacred trust arises from the fear that such a revelation would break the heart of an exemplary old Goody Two-Shoes, for whom he has all his life long cherished a youthful love, the thought of which, and not his supernatural vocation, has sustained him, so I understood him to say, throughout his priestly career. All very pretty and "pale young Curatey," and theatrically sentimental, but don't put this man forward as the self-sacrificing hero of a Melodrama. No; the subject is best let alone. Mr. GRUNDY seems to have rushed in where wiser men have feared to tread, and thoroughly to have "put his foot in it," all for the sake of transplanting *L'Abbé Constantin*, whom he has transformed into *L'Abbé In-Constantin*.

The piece is beautifully put on the stage, and accepting the story as worked out by Mr. GRUNDY's characters, the acting is excellent all round. There are two powerful situations, one in the First Act between the Judge's son, Mr. FRED TERRY, and the innocent victim, Mr. FERNANDEZ, admirably played; and another in the Second between Mr. TERRY and Miss LECLERCQ, also rendered with considerable power. Little Miss NORREY's shrill squeak, or scream, or whatever it is, at the end of the First Act, imperils the situation, and might be toned down with advantage, as also might her spasmodic melodramatic acting later in the piece. Mrs. TREE's is a pretty part, but not a strong one. To sum up, apart from the two situations I have cited, I should say, that what will linger in the memory of man when it runneth not to the contrary, is not the false sentiment, but the real water which fills the real watering-pot, the

blossoming apple-tree, and, above all, the stolidly-chivalrous Mr. ALLEN as *Captain of Gendarmes*. By the way, the exterior of the presbytery is that of a small cottage. Excellent. The interior, representing the Abbé's sitting-room, is a large and lofty Gothic cell—a regular cell—capable of holding two such pres-



Probable future of the ex-Abbé In-Constantin. He marries Madame D'Arcy, and, with Jeanna, they come over to England and join the Salvation Army.

byteries as we have just seen from outside. But there—it is another lesson—never judge by appearances.

To return for the last time to the *dramatis personæ*, everyone who sees this play will regret that the Author has not bestowed as much pains on the character of the *Captain of Gendarmes* as he has on the maudlin water-potting old *Curé*. The drama, after the Third Act, is lugubrious. Why not lighten the general depression by bringing on the *Captain of Gendarmes* to the "*Boulangier March*," and making him as amusing as *Sergeant Lupin* in *Robert Macaire*? The piece is well mounted, why should not the *Gendarmes* be also mounted? There are four or six of them. What an effect has been missed by not bringing them in on real horses, and giving them a quartette or a sextette *à cheval*, with a solo for the Captain! Then the Captain might know all about the murder, and he would reveal it without breaking the seal—unless it were to crack a bottle—and all would end happily. As it is, all ends miserably, or would so end, but for the Captain, whose last words before the fall of the Curtain, uttered in his best French, are "*Ong Avong! Marsh!*" From which it may be inferred that they are going into a dismal swamp. But it is magnificent, if not *la guerre*, and this cry of the Captain has a true military ring about it that gladdens the heart of Yours ever,

PRIVATE BOX.

A CHANT FOR THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

[Lord DUNRAVEN is going to introduce a Bill to reform the College of Surgeons.]

Lo! they raise the gleaming scalpels, and the fearsome feuds begin 'Twixt the Members of the College that is hard by Lincoln's Inn.

College once of Barber Surgeons, but the Barbers left the Guild To the "Company of Surgeons," by whom we are cured or killed.

And the College grants diplomas two-and-twenty inches long; After which, in cutting limbs off, sure the tyro can't go wrong.

He can practise all the Surgeons' art and science; worded thus Is the motto, "Arts," the College says, "*que prosunt omnibus*."

But unless by operations he amasses store of pelf, It is clear the arts in question will not benefit himself.

Yet the Members are not happy, and with energy they say, They should have a voice in choosing those who over them hold sway.

Sir MORELL MACKENZIE slashes at the College with a will; Lord DUNRAVEN to his rescue comes with promise of a Bill.

Haply from this *Æsculapian* combat we may chance to see Fairer future for the College, though the Doctors disagree.

NEWS OF THE EMIN-ENT TRAVELLER.—Mr. STANLEY was received at Rome by the Marquis de VITELLESCHI, who gave him some "vitels," and by the Duke de SERMONETA, who gave him a sermon. How nice to be H. M. STANLEY!

FROM CERTAIN WORKING-MEN TO GRANDOLPH.—"We don't like these 'ere erpinions o' yourn, and we opes as you won't 'Old'em."



BARBERESSES.

"A CUT OFF THE JOINT."

SWISH! swish! Sweet is the sound of steel
'gainst steel

To him who's hungering for a good square
meal.

This joint is juicy, and the carver skilled,
But many plates are waiting to be filled.
The Restaurant is famed for popular prices,
A clever Cook, and oh! *such* whopping slices!
What wonder then that customers are
clamorous,

That appetites, of good cheap victuals amorous,
Sharpen at sight of that big toothsome joint?
The carver does not wish to disappoint;
He is no Union Bumble, stingy, truculent,
He knows his dish is savoury and snoculent,
That "Cut and Come again's" a pleasant
motto, [lot to?] [lot to?]

But deal out "portions" all this hungry
Amphitryon feels the thing cannot be done,
Though he should slice the saddle to the bone
With all the deftness of a Vauxhall Waiter.
First come first serve! some claims are less,
some greater;

Some of them may secure a well-piled plateful,
Others, though the necessity be hateful,
Empty away must go. Won't there be
grumbings,
Waterings of mouths and hunger-gendered
rumblings!

But the great Surplus-Joint, although a
spanker,

Won't satiate all the appetites that hanker
After a solid slice of it. Cook GOSCHEN
Of careful carving has a neatish notion,
Yet, though his skill be great, his judgment
sound,
He will not make that whopping joint "go
round."

A BABE O' GRACE.

[MR. CHAMBERLAIN says that "Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule Policy was conceived in secrecy, was born in deceit, and was nurtured on evasion."]

POOR Babe (whom kind Nurse C. so fain
would throttle)
Ill was thy fate, fed from the GLADSTONE
bottle!

Nurture less harsh had ROMULUS and REMUS.
Nurse C. would, oh! so gladly, "NICODEMUS
The bantling into Nothing." Yet it lives
And kicks and crows, and lots of trouble gives,
This happy Baby on the tree-top dangling
Whilst friends and foes about thy fate are
wrangling!

When the wind blows—ah! then the world
shall see

What a prophetic soul has kind Nurse C.
Its face, perchance, had been more bright
and bland

Could kind Nurse C. have "brought it up by
hand,"

As *Mrs. Gargery* did the infant "*Pip*."
Nay, there are some who on the hint let
slip

That kind Nurse C. had never wished it
slain

Had it but in another *Chamber lain!*

Look at Home!

GRANDOLPH says that "Local Self-Government" should precede "Purchase." Probably he may find a little "Local Self-Government" (of tongue and temper) necessary to enable him to "purchase" the continued support of the Voters of South Paddington!

EXIT IN FUMO.

[The birthday gifts from the Emperor to Prince BISMARCK include, besides his portrait, a long and valuable pipe.]

O SOLACE of sore hearts, soul-soothing pipe!
Was ever trail-exhausted Indian,
Tired mariner, or hungry working-man,
Or sore-tried toiler, of whatever type,
More needed comfort from thy blessed bowl
Than brooding BISMARCK in his exiled
hour?

He who, when storms about his land did
lour,
Faced them, and rode them out, and to the
goal

Of glory, and to safety's haven brought
His mighty charge! Memories of fess
outfought,

And rivals out-maneuvred, stir his soul,
His strong stark soul, as there he sits and
shrouds

That granite face in thick tobacco-clouds
Blown from the "long, and valuable" gift
Wherewith a grateful Master's genial thrift
Rewards the service, "long and valuable,"

Of such a Servant! Later time shall tell
The tale of that strange parting, of the
schemes

That set asunder antoeratio youth
And age, perchance, imperious. But, in
truth,

Wise age discounts the worth of boyish
dreams;

'Tis well that youth, betimes, should bear
the yoke!

Maybe the Mighty Chancellor's career
Is far less like, whatever may appear,
Than the proud Emperor's plans to—end in
smoke!



“A CUT OFF THE JOINT.”





A QUIET DRIVE BY THE SEA.

A BRIGHTON BATH-CHAIRMAN'S IDEA OF A SUITABLE ROUTE FOR AN INVALID LADY.

USEFUL WARNING.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?"
Said the spider to the fly.
'Twas the money-lending spider,
And "Oh no!" was the reply.
"I've read the *Globe*, and I'm secure,
With legs and wings still free!
No buzzi-ness with you. No! Your
'Fly-paper' won't catch me."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *The Splendid Spur*, "Q." has given his Pegasus his head—(Queer appearance this Pegasus with Q.'s head; but, as that's not my meaning, I must mind my P's and Q's)—and has spared neither whip nor splendid spur in his wild ride. Up behind, and clinging to "Q.," we are carried onward, amid clashing of arms, booming of cannon, pealing of bells, flashing of steel; anon we stumble over rocks, tumble over cliffs, hide in secret caves, secrete ourselves, like mad Lord High Chancellors, among Woolsacks; then after fainting, stabbing, dying, crying, sighing, "JACK's all alive again," and away we gallop, like DICK TURPIN on Black Bess, and we leave girls dressed as boys behind us, and provincial JOANS OF ARC going out fighting for Church and King; and then, just as we are hanging suspended in mid-air over an awful precipice, there is a last gallant effort, and we awake to find ourselves gasping for breath, and awake to the fact that "Q.'s Pegasus" is a nightmare. It recalls memories of LOUIS STEVENSON'S *Black Arrow*, but distances it by miles,

while here and there its vivid descriptions are equal to some of the glowing pictures in SHORTHOUSE'S *John Inglesant*. The Baron hereby recommends it as a stirring work for the novel-skipper in an idle hour.

By the way, it would be difficult, to say the least of it, to prove that the slang phrase "shut up" and the Americanism "say" were never used in A.D. 1642, in the sense in which they are used in 1890, but they are scarcely characteristic of the modes of expression at that particular period.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A SONG WITH WORDS.

(Suggestively dedicated to Lord Bury.)

OH! tell me not that you will "olie"
When I can but "electricate,"
Or, "propelected," merely "trie"
A distance I might well "volate."
For if to "Faradate" or "Volt"
In "motored" motion I may "glide,"
I wonder why I may not "bolt,"
When called on to "electricide."
Yet as each word I clip and splice,
I'm more than half inclined to "trice."

Let others "elk" until they're wild,
I will not "lectroceed" or "glint,"
And though their trip be "poled" or "piled,"
I need not "coil," or "spark," or "saint."
No, if "electrolected" force
They use to "clash" along their way,
I praps might "ohm" upon my course,
Or even "squirm," if "clieked" to-day.
But no! The *Times* gives sound advice.
As matters stand, I think I'll "trice!"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

THE DON JOSÉ GIANT GRAPE GINGER BEER.—Don JOSÉ DI GÓMEZ, Marquis of MAXILLO, Duke of BAGOTA, Grandee of Spain, Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Purple Alligator, G.R.M.C.S.S., &c., &c., having, owing to some recent financial losses in connection with his ancestral estates in South Patagonia, determined to listen to the advice of experts and friends, who assure him that he possesses a complete mine of wealth in the Giant Grape Vineyards, for which his Sicilian property has long been celebrated, has made all the necessary arrangements for the manufacture of a sound and serviceable sparkling Wine, which, under the title of the DON JOSÉ GIANT GRAPE GINGER BEER, he is now prepared to supply to the general public at a moderate cost.

THE DON JOSÉ GIANT GRAPE GINGER BEER.—Is a delicious light sparkling wine, soft and smooth on the palate, of a Madeira flavour, possessing a bottled stout character, and if mixed with water strongly resembling the choicest brands of Old Burgundy, Hock, and Californian Claret, shipped from the estate direct, in cases containing one dozen, at 7s.

THE DON JOSE GIANT GRAPE GINGER BEER.—This exquisite beverage is also possessed of valuable medicinal advantages, and is highly recommended by the faculty as a most successful and beneficial cough mixture.

"THE LATEST SPRING NOVELTY."—A Fine Day.



Harry Furniss

THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF-LINKS.
(A Sketch made during the Recess.)

THOUGHTS ON HIS WINE-MERCHANT.

I LOVE my Wine-merchant—he talks with a charm
That robs his most dubious vintage of harm.
And the choicest Havanas less comforting are
Than the fumes of his special commended cigar.

I'm a reticent man, with a palate of wood,
And I judge by results if a vintage be good.
But I own to the charm of my Wine-merchant's worst,
If he gives me his comforting flattery first.

He proffers me samples to praise or to blame,
And I strongly suspect they're exactly the same.
But we gaze at each other with critical eye,
And I wish he would hint if it's fruity or dry.

I want, say, a dozen of average stuff
(Though a couple of bottles were really enough),
And I enter his portals, reluctant and slow,
Resolved just to give him the order and go.

But he takes me in hand in his soothing style,
Suggests in a whisper, and "books" with a smile;
And I vainly dissemble the joy in my face
When he ceases to ply me with bottle and case.

The talk drifts away to affairs of the State,
And I ought to escape, but I palter and wait;
And he opens a box in the midst of his chat,
And asks, like a flash, my opinion of "that"?

I sniff the tobacco, and turn it about
With an air that is really of genuine doubt,
And knowing so little what judges would say,
I meekly consent to a hundred—and pay.

There's a charm, when the varied consignment arrives,
To men who are blest with amenable wives;
But I watch my AMANDA with covert alarm,
And wait till she covers the Wine-merchant's charm.



A REMINISCENCE OF LENT.

MRS. R. is always instructing herself. She has been reading up legal technicalities. "The names," she says, "in some cases are so appropriate. I am informed that in a Divorce case, where the husband is the petitioner, the Judge issues a writ of 'Fie Fie' against the wife."

"AND DID YOU BOTH PRACTISE A LITTLE SELF-DENIAL, AND AGREE TO GIVE UP SOMETHING YOU WERE FOND OF!—SUGAR, FOR INSTANCE,—AS I SUGGESTED!"
"WELL, YES, AUNT! ONLY IT WASN'T EXACTLY SUGAR, YOU KNOW! IT WAS SOAP WE AGREED TO GIVE UP!"

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

JOURNALISTIC.

"At the Duchess of Drinkwater's fashionable reunion, held last night, I noticed among the first-comers, &c.:" i.e., I got all my information, when it was over, as well as I could, from an inebriated liokman.

"What is this we hear about a certain—?" We're not certain of our authority, but can't miss the opportunity of being first in the field with the rumour of a scandal, so we put it into an interrogatory form, which can't do any harm to us.

"The greatest excitement prevails:" i.e., Two men who were not present on the occasion discuss it under a lamp-post and the influence of liquor.

SOCIAL.

"You must come and dine with me one night:" i.e., "It sounds hearty, but as a fixture I'll relegate it to the Greek Kalends."

"How well you are looking!" (to a Gentleman): i.e., "You are getting awfully stout, and must drink more than is good for you." Ditto, ditto (to a Lady): i.e., "Your figure and complexion are entirely gone."

AUCTIONEERING.

"Old Historic House:" i.e., Dormer windows, dark rooms, and the dry rot.

"High-class Furniture:" Another term for mahogany.
"Superior Ditto:" An adjective reserved for walnut.
"Solid Ditto:" When there is no other epithet possible.
"Elegant Modern Ditto:" In the gimcrack pseudo-aesthetic style.
"Handsome Ditto:" i.e., Consoles, any amount of mirrors, gilding, crimson silk, ormolu—all a little "off colour."

OF A FRIEND'S NEW HORSE.

"Ah! Well put together:" i.e., "He's sored all round."

PLATFORMULARS.

"We have no personal quarrel with our opponents:" i.e., "They

said some dreadfully rude things about me last night. Hope one of the local speakers will give them a trouncing afterwards, I'm expected to be polite."

"I congratulate you upon the growth of your Association, and the excellent political work it is doing in this district:" i.e., "Know nothing about it, except what the pasty-faced Secretary has just crammed me with, but must butter them a bit."

"Your admirable Member, whose voice we hear only too seldom in the House:" i.e., "A silent 'stick' whose silence is his only merit."

"No words of mine are necessary to commend this vote of thanks to your good will. You all know your Chairman:" i.e., How long will that stammering idiot be allowed to preside at these meetings?

PARLIAMENTARY.

"Of course I withdraw:" i.e., "Of course I don't."
"Of course, Sir, I bow to your ruling:" i.e., "I'm sure you're wrong."

"Of course I accept the Honourable Gentleman's explanation:" i.e., "Can't tell him he's a liar!"

"When I entered the House to-night it was with no thought of being called upon to address you:" i.e., "I should have been mad if I'd missed the chance of letting off my long-stored rhetorical fireworks!"

AT A DANCE.

"May I have the pleasure?" i.e., "Wish to goodness she'd refuse, but no such luck!"

"Delighted!" i.e., "I'd as soon dance with a tipsy Mammoth."

"Awfully sorry, but I haven't one dance left:" i.e., "I've three, but if I'd thirty, he shouldn't have one, the lemon-headed little cad!"

"I think I see Mamma looking for me:" i.e., "Must get rid of the bore somehow."

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"Oh, will you play us that sweet little thing of yours in five flats?" i.e., "It isn't sweet, but it is short, which is something—with him!"

"Won't you give us just one song, Mr. Howler? I won't ask you for more:" i.e., "Wouldn't for that, if I could help it."

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

No. IX.—THE ADVERTISING BARRISTER.

THE Advertising Barrister may best be defined as the living and pushing embodiment of self-assertion and impudence. He is not of those who by a life of steady and honourable toil attain eventually to the high places of their profession, whether at the Bar or in Parliament, without losing the respect and friendship of their fellows. These too in the race of life must pass many of the feebler runners, and force themselves by their own merit into places that others would fain have occupied, but they always run straight, their practice and their performance are disfigured by no trick, and in the end they bring their honour untarnished to the goal, and receive the applause even of their vanquished rivals. With them the Advertising Barrister has no point in common, save the robes he wears in virtue of his call. For his ambition is as sordid as the means whereby he attempts to fulfil it are questionable. He must be credited with the knowledge that his natural abilities are by themselves insufficient to assure him either fame or wealth. But he consoles himself by reflecting that if only impudence, *réclame*, and a taste for the arts of a cadger, be protected by the hide of a rhinoceros, they are certain to prevail up to a certain point against the humdrum industry of those inferior beings who hamper themselves with considerations of honour and good-fellowing. It must not be understood that the Advertiser puffs himself in a literal sense in the advertising columns of the press. The rules of his profession, to which even he pays an open deference, forbid this enormity; but in the subtler methods of gaining a certain attention, and of keeping his name under the public eye, he has no equal even in the ranks of those who spend thousands in order that the million may be made happy with soap.

The boyhood and youth of the Advertising Barrister will have been passed in comparative obscurity. The merchant who relieved the monotony of a large and profitable wholesale business by treating him as a son, impressed upon him at an early age the necessity of making the family history illustrious by soaring beyond commerce to professional distinction and a fixed income. In furtherance of this scheme the son was sent to pick up a precarious education at a neighbouring day-school, where he astonished his companions by his ease in mastering the polite literature of the ancients and the vulgar fractions of Mr. BARNARD SMITH, and delighted his masters by the zeal with which he generally took his stand on the side of authority. Having, however, in the course of a school examination been detected in the illicit use of a volume of Bohn's Library, he was called upon for an explanation, and, after failing to satisfy his examiners that he meant only to reflect credit upon the school by the accuracy of his translations, he was advised to leave at the end of the term. After a short interval spent in the society of a coach, he entered a fast College at one of our ancient Universities, and, being possessed of a fairly comfortable allowance, soon distinguished himself by the calculating ardour with which he affected the acquaintance of young men of rank, and shared in the fashionable pleasures of the place. Recognising that amidst the careless and easy-going generosity of undergraduate society, he who has a cool and scheming head is usually able to tip the balance of good luck in his own favour, he lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with those who might be of service to him. He cultivated a fluent style of platitudes and claptrap at his College debating society, and at the Union, to the committee of which he was elected after prolonged and assiduous canvassing. Having managed to be proctorised in company with the eldest son of a peer, whom he delighted by the studied impertinence of his answers to the Proctor, he eventually went down with a pass degree and a mixed reputation, and, after the orthodox number of dinners, and the regulation examination, had the satisfaction of seeing his name published in the list of those who, having acquired a smattering of Roman and English law, were entitled, for a consideration, to aid litigants with their counsel.

For the next few years little was heard of him. He read in chambers, drew pleadings and indictments, and gathered many useful tricks from the criminal advocate to whom he attached himself like a leech. During this period he also made the acquaintance of a Solicitor who had retired from the noon-day glare of professional rectitude to the congenial atmosphere of shady cases. He also struck up a friendship with two or three struggling journalists, who were occupied in hanging on to the paragraphic fringe of their profession, and who might be trusted afterwards to lend a hand to an intimate engaged in a similar, but not identical line of business. Helped by a shrewd, and not over-scrupulous clerk, he gradually picked up a



practice, a thing mainly of shreds and patches, but still a practice of a sort. At the Middlesex Sessions, and at the Central Criminal Court, his name began to be mentioned; and in a certain money-lending case it was acknowledged that his astuteness had prevented the exposure of his client from being as crushing and complete as the rate of per-centage had seemed to warrant.

Soon afterwards, one of his richer college companions, whose convictions were stronger than his power of expressing them, was selected as Candidate for a remote constituency, where speakers were not easily obtained. The glib Barrister was remembered, and appealed to. At an immense sacrifice of time and money, he rushed to the rescue, his travelling and hotel expenses being defrayed by the Candidate. He spoke much, he spoke triumphantly; he referred, in touching terms, to the ties of ancient friendship that bound him to the noblest and best of men, the Candidate; and, when the latter was eventually elected, it was stated in every Metropolitan evening paper that he owed his success chiefly to the eloquence and energy of the able Barrister who had pleaded his cause. Henceforward there was no peace, politically speaking, for the Barrister. Swifter than swift CAMILLA he scoured the plain facts of political controversy at meeting after meeting, until they glowed under the dazzled eyes of innumerable electors. Where Leagues congregated, or Unions met, or Associations resolved, there he was to be found, always eager, in the fore-front of the battle. He became the cheap jackal of the large political lions who roar after their food throughout the length and breadth of the land, and picked up scraps in the shape of votes of thanks to chairmen. He figured at political receptions, and eventually contested a hopeless Constituency, with the assistance of the party funds. Having, by his complete defeat, established a claim on the gratitude of his party, he applied successively for a Recordship, a Police Magistracy, and a County Court Judgeship, but was compelled to be satisfied temporarily with the post of Revising Barrister. Yet, though he was disgusted with the base ingratitude of time-serving politicians, he was by no means disheartened, for he had long since become convinced that the best method of self-seeking was to seek office, and to clamour if that should be refused. Finally, after having paid to have his portrait engraved in a struggling party journal, and having appended to it a description, in which he compared himself to ERSKINE and the younger PITT, he became an annoyance to those who were his leaders at the Bar, or in politics. He was, therefore, appointed Chief Justice of the Soudan; and after distributing British justice to savages, at a cheap rate, for several years, he retired upon a pension, and was heard of no more.

ROBERT'S LITTLE HOLLERDAY.

EASTER Munday I dewoted to Epping Forrest. I draws a whale over my feelings when I looked out of my bed-room winder and seed the rain a cumming down in bucket-fulls! But a true Waiter can allus afford to Wait.

"Late as you likes, but never hurly,
Seldom cross, and never surly,
The jowial Waiter gos to his work,
And enwys no Hethun nor yet no Turk!"

And I had my reward, for at 12:20 A.M. the jolly old sun bnst forth, as much as to say, "it was only my fun!" So off I started by Rail, along with about a thowsand others, in such a jolly, rattling Nor-Wester, that the River Lea looked more like a arm of the foming Hocean than a mere tuppenny riwer. But the sun was nice and warm till about 1:30, when, just for a change, I suppose, down came a nice little shower of snow! and then more warm sun, and then plenty more cold wind, and then lots of rain. So them as likes variety had plenty of it that day. And what a lovely wision was Epping Forest when we all got there! Ewerything as coud assist in emusing, and eddicating, and refining about a hundred thowsand people was there in such abundans that I myself heard a properioter of no less than 6 lofty swings a complaining, in werry powerful langwidge, that things in the swinging line are not as they used to be three or four years ago, for lots of the people are such fools that they aeshally prefers taking a quiet walk through the Forest, to being either swung, or roundabouted, or cokernuttet, or ewen Aunt-Salleyed! But the wise Filosopher will probably say, if you wants to make people happy, speshally them as don't werry offen get the chance, give 'em not what you likes, but what they likes, and leave it to Old Father Time to teach 'em better sum day. ROBERT.

LEGAL AND PERSONAL (by an envious Barrister).—Why is BUZFUZ, Q.C., like Necessity? *Ans.* Because he knows no law.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

(CONTINUED FROM P. 145.)

No. IX.—UNDER THE HARROW.

A Conventional Comedy-Melodrama, in Two Acts.

ACT. II.—SCENE.—Same as in Act I.; viz., the Morning-room at Natterjack Hall. Evening of same day. Enter BLETHERS.

Blethers. Another of Sir POSHBURY's birthdays almost gone—and my secret still untold! (*Dodders.*) I can't keep it up much longer . . . Ha, here comes his Lordship—he does look mortal bad, that he do! Miss VERBENA ain't treated him too well, from all I can hear, poor young feller!

Enter Lord BLESUGH.

Lord Blesugh. BLETHERS, by the memory of the innumerable half-crowns that have passed between us, be my friend now! I have no others left. Peranade your young Mistress to come hither—you need not tell her I am here, you understand. Be discreet, and this florin shall be yours!

Blethers. Leave it to me, my Lord. I'd tell a lie for less than that, any day, old as I am! [*Exit.*]

Lord B. I cannot rest till I have heard from her own lips that the past few hours have been nothing but a horrible dream . . . She is coming! Now for the truth! [*Enter VERBENA.*]

Verbena. Papa, did you want me? (*Recognises Lord B.—controls herself to a cold formality.*) My Lord, to what do I owe this—this unexpected intrusion? [*Pants violently.*]

Lord B. VERBENA, tell me, you cannot really prefer that seedy anob in the burst boots to me?

Verb. (*aside.*) How can I tell him the truth without betraying dear Papa? No, I must lie, though it kills me. (*To Lord B.*) Lord BLESUGH, I have been trifling with you. I—I never loved you.

Lord B. I see, and all the while your heart was given to a howling cad?

Verb. And if it was, who can account for the vagaries of a girlish fancy! We women are capricious beings, you know. (*With hysterical gaiety.*) But you are unjust to Mr. SPIKER—he has not yet howled in my presence—(*aside*)—though I very nearly did in his!

Lord B. And you really love him?

Verb. I—I love him. (*Aside.*) My heart will break!

Lord B. Then I have no more to say. Farewell, VERBENA! Be as happy as the knowledge that you have wrecked one of the brightest careers, and soured one of the sweetest natures in the county, will permit. (*Goes up stage, and returns.*) A few days since you presented me with a cloth pen-wiper, in the shape of a dog of unknown breed. If you will kindly wait here for half-an-hour, I shall have much pleasure in returning a memento which I have no longer the right to retain, and there are several little things I gave you which I can take back with me at the same time, if you will have them put up in readiness. [*Exit.*]

Verbena. Oh, he is cruel, cruel! but I shall keep the little bone yard-measure, and the diamond pig—they are all I have to remind me of him! [*Enter SPIKER, slightly intoxicated.*]

Spike (*throwing himself on sofa without seeing VERB.*) I don't know how it is, but I feel precious sleepy, somehow. P'raps I did partake lil' too freely of Sir POSHBURY's gen'rous Burgundy. Wunner why they call it "gen'rous"—it didn't give me anything—'cept a bloomin' headache! However, I punished it, and old POSHBURY had to look on and let me. He-he! (*Examining his hand.*) Who'd think, to look at thish thumb, that there was a real live Baronet aquirmin' under it. But there ish! [*Snores.*]

Verb. (*bitterly.*) And that thing is my affianced husband! Ah, no, I cannot go through with it, he is too repulsive! If I could but find a way to free myself without compromising poor Papa. The sofa-cushion! *Dare* I? It would be quite painless . . . Surely the removal of such an odious wretch cannot be Murder . . . I will! (*Slow music.* *She gets a cushion, and presses it tightly over SPIKER's head.*) Oh, I wish he wouldn't gurgle like that, and how he does kick! he cannot even die like a gentleman! (*SPIKER's kicks become more and more feeble, and eventually cease.*) How still he lies! I almost wish . . . Mr. SPIKER, Mr. SPIKER! . . . no answer—oh, I really have suffocated him! (*Enter Sir POSH.*) You, Papa?

Sir Posh. What, VERBENA, sitting with, hem—SAMUEL in the gloaming? (*Sings, with forced hilarity.*) "In the gloaming, oh, my darling!" that 'a as it should be—quite as it should be!

Verb. (*in dull strained accents.*) Don't sing, Papa, I cannot bear it—just yet. I have just suffocated Mr. SPIKER with a sofa-cushion. See!

Sir Posh. Then I am safe—he will tell no tales now! But, my

child, are you aware of the very serious nature of your act? An act of which, as a Justice of the Peace, I am bound to take some official cognizance!

Verb. Do not scold me, Papa. Was it not done for your sake?

Sir P. I cannot accept such an excuse as that. I fear your motives were less disinterested than you would have me believe. And now, VERBENA, what will you do? As your father, I would gladly screen you—but, as a Magistrate, I cannot promise to be more than passive.

Verb. Listen, Papa. I have thought of a plan—why should I not wheel this sofa to the head of the front-door steps, and tip it over? They will only think he fell down when intoxicated—for he had taken far too much wine, Papa!

Sir P. Always the same quick-witted little fairy! Go, my child, but be careful that none of the servants see you. (*Verb. wheels the sofa and SPIKER's body out, L.U.E.*) My poor impulsive darling, I do hope she will not be seen—servants do make such mischief! But there's an end of SPIKER, at any rate. I should not have liked him for a son-in-law, and with him, goes the only person who knows my unhappy secret!

Enter BLETHERS.

Blethers. Sir POSHBURY, I have a secret to reveal which I can preserve no longer—it concerns something that happened many years ago—it is connected with your birthday, Sir POSHBURY.

Sir P. (*quailing.*) What, another! I must stop his tongue at all hazards. Ha, the rotten ash-line! (*To Bl.*) I will hear you, but first close yonder window, the night air is growing chill.

[BLETHERS goes to window at back. *Slow music.* As he approaches it, LORD BLESUGH enters (R 2 E), and, with a smothered cry of horror, drags him back by the coat-tails—just before the window falls with a tremendous crash.]

Sir P. BLESUGH! What have you done?

Lord Blesh. (*sternly.*) Saved him from an untimely end—and you from—crime.

[Collapse of Sir P. *Enter VERBENA, terrified.*]

Verb. Papa, Papa, hide me! The night-air and the cold stone steps have restored Mr. SPIKER to life and consciousness! He is coming to denounce me—you—both of us! He is awfully annoyed!

Sir P. (*recklessly.*) It is useless to appeal to me, child. I have enough to do to look after myself—now! [*Enter SPIKER, indignant.*]

Spike. Pretty treatment for a gentleman, this! Look here, POSHBURY, this young lady has choked me with a cushion, and then pitched me down the front steps—I might have broken my neck!

Sir P. It was an oversight which I lament, but for which I must decline to be answerable. You must settle your differences with her.

Spike. And you, too, old horse! You had a hand in this, I know, and I'll pay you out for it now. My life ain't safe if I marry a girl like that, so I've made up my mind to split, and be done with it!

Sir P. (*contemptuously.*) If you don't, BLETHERS will. So do your worst, you hound!

Spike. Very well, then; I will. (*To the rest.*) I denounce this man for travelling with a half-ticket from Edgware Road to Baker Street on his thirteenth birthday, the 31st of March, twenty-seven years ago this very day. [*Sensation.*]

Blethers. Hear me; it was not his thirteenth birthday! Sir POSHBURY's birthday falls on the 1st of April—to-morrow! I was sent to register the birth, and, by a blunder, which I have repented bitterly ever since, unfortunately gave the wrong date. Till this moment I have never had the manliness or sincerity to confess my error, for fear of losing my situation.

Sir P. (*to SPIKER.*) Do you hear, you paltry knave? I was not thirteen. Consequently, I was under age, and the Bye-laws are still unbroken. Your hold over me is gone—gone for ever!

Spike. H'm—SPIKER spiked this time! [*Retires up disconcerted.*]

Lord Bl. And you did not really love him, after all, VERBENA?

Verb. (*with arch pride.*) Have I not proved my indifference?

Lord Bl. But I forget—you admitted that you were but trifling with my affection—take back your pin-cushion.

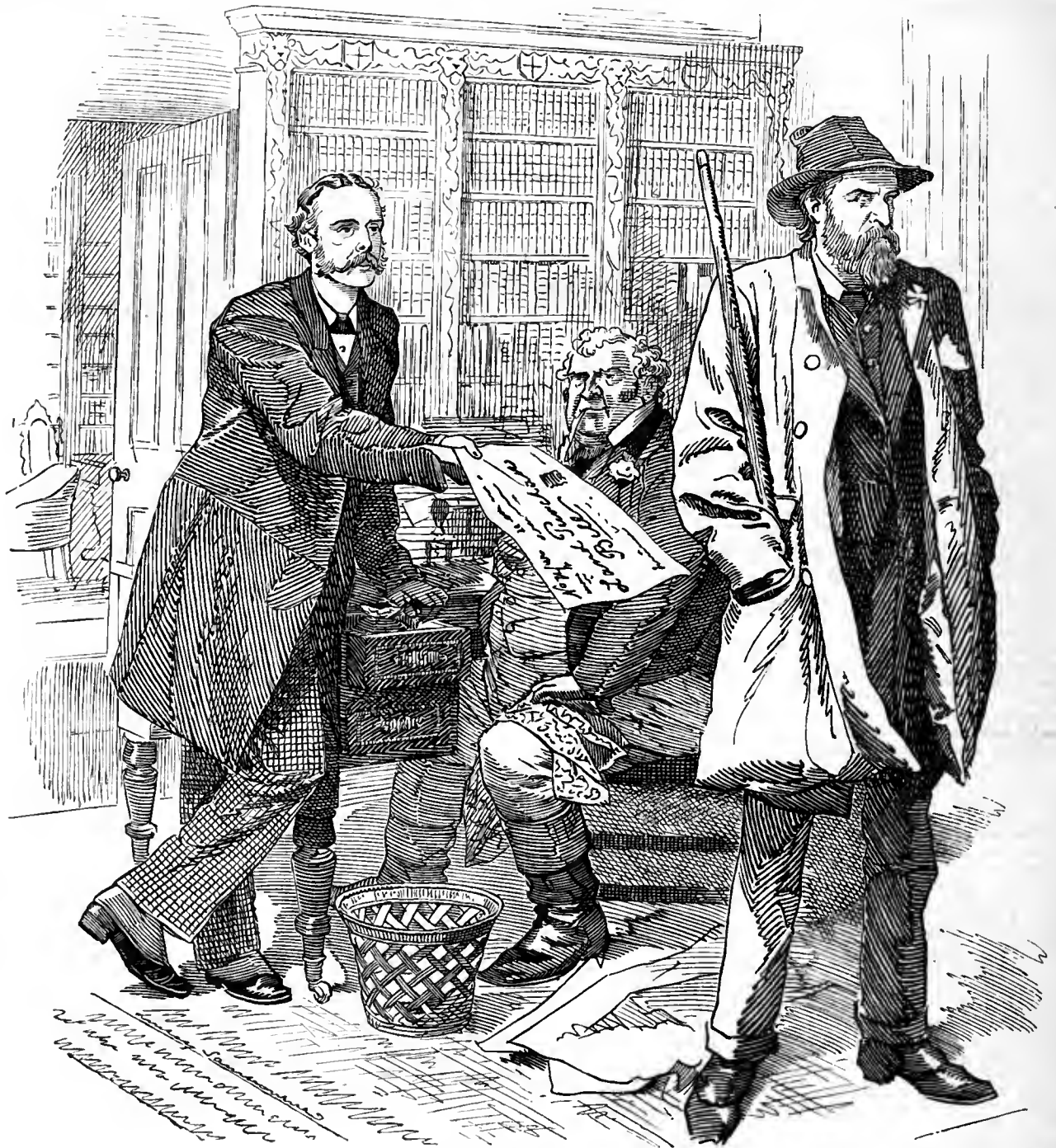
Verb. Keep it. All that I did was done to spare my father!

Sir Posh. Who, as a matter of fact, was innocent—but I forgive you, child, for your unworthy suspicions. BLESUGH, my boy, you have saved me from unnecessarily depriving myself of the services of an old retainer. BLETHERS, I condone a dissimulation for which you have done much to atone. SPIKER, you vile and miserable rascal, be off, and be thankful that I have sufficient magnanimity to refrain from giving you in charge. (*SPIKER sneaks off, crushed.*) And now, my children, and my faithful old servant, congratulate me that I am no longer—

Verbena and Lord Blesugh (together). Under the Harrow!

[Affecting Family Tableau and quick Curtain.]





BLANK REFUSAL.

B-l-f-r. "QUITE EASY TO GET THE MONEY, IF YOU'LL BACK THE BILL."

P-r-n-l-l. "No, THANK YOU!"

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Sir JOHN GILBERT leads off with an excellent landscape "Autumn," which is full of his best quality. The presidential key-note thus struck, seems to have been taken up by the rest of the exhibitors, for in the present show there is certainly a preponderance of landscapes. Among the most notable contributions may be named those by Messrs. BIRKET FOSTER, A. D. FRIPP, T. LLOYD, C. B. PHILLIP, HEMY, SMALLFIELD, MARSHALL, GOODWIN, WATERLOW, E. K. JOHNSON, STACY MARKS, HENSHALL, J. D. WATSON, T. J. WATSON, HENRY MOORE, CARL HAAG, Miss CLARA MONTALBA, Mrs. ALLINGHAM and Miss C. PHILLOTT. The exhibition, though it appears to be not so large as usual, is a very interesting one.

"AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE."—One of the clever young men who assist in that excellent *Daily Telegraph* salad, "London Day by Day," without which, served fresh and fresh every morning, life would not be worth living, said, last Tuesday, that "the latest on 'Change is that STANLEY declares he never saw EMIN PASHA. Why? Because there's no M in Pasha." *Mr. Punch*, December 21, 1889, originated it in this form:—

A MYTHICAL PERSON: EMIN PASHA.—Why this fuss about a man who does not exist? There's no M in "Pasha."

"It's of no consequence;" only, given as the latest quotation on 'Change, was not quite up to date for "London Day by Day."

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

WHAT is a "Sphere of Influence"?

Say, warlike WISSMANN; tell, pugnacious PINTO
(Whom England had to give so sharp a hint to).

The talk about the thing is now immense.

JOHN BULL, the German, and the Portuguese,
Claim each a "sphere," and that alone makes three;

But what and where are they upon the map?

And do they intersect or overlap?

One wonders what they are and where they can lie.

STANLEY flouts EMIN, EMIN rounds on STANLEY;

On Shiré's shore raid Portuguese fire-eaters;

Somewhere it seems the problematic PETERS

Stirs troubles still in toiling for the Tenton.

FEROUSON's diplomatically mute on

The matter, but it scarcely seems chimerical

To say these rivalries are mostly spherical.

Delimitation's talked of, and indeed

'Tis needful, in the face of grabbing greed.

Perhaps a pair of geometric compasses

Might stop these rival rumpusses;

For in these "Spheres of Influence" *Punch* hears

Anything but the "Music of the Spheres."

INTERESTING NOVELTY.

LADY MAIDSTONE announces "an 8 30 o'clock" (to adapt the Whistlerian title when he did his "ten-and-sixpenny o'clock") at the Westminster Town Hall, for April 26, for the production of an entirely new play, entitled *Anne Tigony*, by a new and original dramatic authoress of the name of SOPHIE KLEES. It is, we understand, a domestic drama illustrative of Greek life. The great sensation scene is of course "when Greek meets Greek." This tragedy, we are informed, "refers to what, in the Greek way of thinking, are the sacred rites of the dead, and the solemn importance of burial." It is, therefore, an Anti-Cremation Society drama. The *tableaux* are by Mrs. JOPLING, the conductor is Mr. BARNEY, and the leading rôle of *Anne Tigony* herself is to be played by my Lady MAIDSTONE. We wish SOPHIE KLEES every possible success, and a big and glorious future. Beware the Cremationists!—they might try to wreck the piece.

A RUM SUBJECT.—The Budget.

THE TIPPLER'S TRIUMPH.

(See Mr. Goschen's Budget Speech)

ALAS! we deemed him purposeless; the vinous smile that flickered up
Across his glowing countenance was meaningless to us.

We only saw a drunkard who addressed us, as he liquored up,

Not always too politely, and in words that sounded thus.

"All ri' you needn' shunt me, I'm a berrer man than you;

Mr. GOSCHEN couldn' shpare me as a shoures of revenue."

And when we led him home at night we scorned the foolish antic all

That flung him into gutters, made him friendly with a post;

And we snubbed him when he told us—we were always too pedantical—

That he saw a thousand niggers dressed in red on buttered toast.

He was better, now I know it, than our soberheaded crew,

We who added not a farthing to the country's revenue.

And, oh, the folly of his wife, I scarcely can imagine it,

When to his room he reeled at last and went to bed in boots.

And she, with all the bearing of a Tudor or Plantagenet,

Said royally, "We loathe you; you're no better than the brutes."

Shame upon her thus to rate him, for philanthropists are few

Who as much relieve our burdens, or increase the revenue.

But now we know that Surpluses will come to fill the Treasury,

If only, like the sea-port towns, we all keep drinking rum;

And he who swills unceasingly, and always without measure, he

Is truly patriotic, though Blue-ribbonites look glum.

For to him, above all others, easy temperance is due,

Since he cheapens tea by twopence as a source of revenue.

Then here's to those who toasted well the national prosperity,

And swelled the Surplus, draining whiskey, brandy, gin, or beer;

And the man who owns a bottle-nose he owns a hodge of merit; he

Takes *Bardolph*, and not *RANDOLPH*, as a patron to revere.

Here's your health, my gallant Tippler, may you ne'er have cause

to rue

That you blessed our common country as a source of revenue!



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"OH YES, SIR GUS, MY HUSBAND'S AS WELL AS EVER, THANK YOU, AND HARD AT WORK. I'VE HAD TO COPY OUT HIS PAMPHLET ON BI-METALLISM THREE TIMES HE ALTERS IT SO! AH, IT'S NO SINECURE TO BE MARRIED TO A MAN OF GENIUS. I OFTEN ENVY YOUR DEAR WIFE!"

THE LAW AND THE LIVER.

[Two Magistrates have decided that selling coffee "containing 80 per cent. of chicory" is not punishable under the Adulteration Act.]

EVER since drinking my morning cup of what my grocer humorously describes as "French Coffee," I have suffered from headache, vertigo, and uncontrollable dyspepsia. I wonder what can be the cause?

Perhaps the fact (inscribed on the bottom of the tin in very small letters) that "this is a mixture of coffee and chicory," has something to do with it.

Only as the chicory is in a majority of four to one, would it not be more correct to describe it as "a mixture of chicory and coffee?"

I see that, in accordance with the Adulteration Act, my baker now sells bread which he labels as "a compound of wheat and other ingredients." Other disagreedents, he ought to say.

"Partly composed of fresh fruit," is the inscription on the jam I purchase. This means one raspberry to a pound of mashed mangold-wurzel.

We shall be taking chemically-coloured chopped hay at five this afternoon. Will you join us?

If I purchase my own coffee-beans and grind them, can my breakfast be properly termed a bean-feast?

Yes, as you say, I can no doubt guard against adulteration by keeping a couple of cows in my cellar, growing corn in my backyard, tea-plants and sugar-canes on my roof, and devoting my best bed-room to the cultivation of coffee, fruit, and mixed pickles; but would my landlord approve of the system?

And, finally, is this what they mean by a "Free Breakfast Table," that every grocer is "free" to poison us under cover of a badly-drawn Act of Parliament?

TO THE PUBLIC.—"Modern Types." Type not yet "used up." Type No. X. will appear next week.

OLD TIMES REVIVED.

"RETURNING TO OLD TIMES.—The new coaches, which are to carry the parcel mail between Manchester and Liverpool nightly, ran for the first time to-night. The coach from Manchester for Liverpool started punctually at ten o'clock from the Parcel Office, in Stevens Square. Some thousands of people had assembled to witness the inauguration of the service. The van, which has been specially constructed for the service, was well-filled with parcels, and a guard in uniform, an old soldier, took his seat inside it, armed with a six-shooter and a side-sword. The departure of the coach, which was announced by the blowing of a horn, was loudly cheered by the crowd of people, and the vehicle was followed down the main streets of the city by some hundreds of spectators. There are three horses to the van, and relays of horses are provided at Hollins Green and Prescott. The coaches are timed to do the thirty-six mile journey in five and a half hours, arriving in Manchester and Liverpool respectively at 3.15 A.M."—*Correspondent's Telegram. Daily Telegraph, April 15, 1890.*



PROBABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE FUTURE:—"ATTACK ON MAIL COACH!"
SKETCHED BY ARTIST OF DAILY GRAPHIC ON THE SPOT.

ON THE SWOOP!

FAR from its native eyrie, high in air,
Above the extended plain,
The Tonton Eagle hovers. Broad and fair
From Tropic main to main
Stretches a virgin continent vast, and void
Of man's most treasured works;
No plough on those huge slopes is yet employed;
The untamed tiger lurks
In unfelled forest and unfooted brake;
Those streams scarce know a keel;
Through the rank herbage writhes the monstrous
snake;
Dim shapes of terror steal
Unmarked and menacing from clump to clump,
Whilst from the tangled scrub
Is heard the trampling elephant's angry tramp.
The frolio tiger-oub
Tumbles in jungle-shambles; in his lair
The lion couches prone.
What does that winged portent in mid-air,
Hovering alert, alone?
Strong-pinioned, brazen-beaked, and iron-clawed,
This Eagle from the West;
Adventurous, ravening for prey, unawed
By perils of the quest.
Beneath new clouds, above fresh fields he flies,
Foraging fleet and far,
With clutching talons, and with hungering eyes,
Scornful of bound or bar.
Winged things, he deems, may safely oversweep
Landmark and mountain-post.
The Forest-king may fancy he can keep
His realm against a host
Of such aerial harpies. Be it proved!
Till late the Imperial fowl
Not far from its home-pinnacles hath roved;
Now LEO on the prow
Must watch his winged rival. Who may tell
Where it shall strike or stoop?
LEO, your lair must now be warded well;
AQUILA's on the Swoop!

THE LAST CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(Brought by the Survivors against those—who might have looked
after them.)

"But we are all getting older every year, and with the lapse of time, while many have died, a good number have fallen into dire misfortune . . . LORD CARDIGAN's words to the survivors of the Six Hundred the morning after the charge have been repeated to me, although I wasn't there to hear them. He said: 'Men, you have done a glorious deed! England will be proud of you, and grateful to you. If you live to get home, be sure you will all be provided for. Not one of you fine fellows will ever have to seek refuge in the workhouse!' Now, you perhaps know how that promise has been kept. I cannot tell you, even from my secretarial records, the full extent of the misery that has fallen upon my old comrades in the Charge of the Light Brigade; but I can give you a few details that should be made widely public."—*The Secretary of the Balaclava Committee.*

Forty years, Forty years,
All but four—onward,
Since to the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred;
Since the whole country cried
"We will for you provide,—
Blazon your splendid ride,
Gallant Six Hundred!"
Yet now the Light Brigade
Stands staring much dismayed
For they can plainly see
Someone has blundered.
For here are they, grown old,
With their grand story told,
Left to the bitter cold,—
Starving Six Hundred!
Workhouse to right of them,
Workhouse to left of them,
Workhouse in front of them!
Has no one wondered
That British blood should cry,
"Shame!" and exact reply,
Asking the country why
Thus it sees droop and die
Those brave Six Hundred?

As they drop off the stage,
Want, and the weight of
age—
Is this their only wage?—
Home rent and sundered!
And is their deed sublime,
Flooding all after-time,
Now but a theme for rhyme,
Whispered—and thundered
Where, from the pit and stalls,
Theatres and Music-halls,
Greet their "Six Hundred!"
Can thus emotion feed
On the heroic deed,
Yet leave the doer in need,—
Of his rights plundered?
"No!" the whole land declares
Henceforth their load it
shares,
Spite those who blundered.
They shall note wants decrease,
Of comfort take a lease
Till all their troubles cease
And to their end in peace
Ride the Six Hundred!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"How sweetly that simple costume becomes your style of beauty, dear!" i.e., "Cheap dress suits a silly dowdy."
"Ah! Here we are again! Thought I should come across you presently;" i.e., "How he must tout for it! And what a relief it would be to go somewhere where he does not turn up!"
"Yes, capital story I know,—but pardon me just a minute, old chap. I think I see Mrs. Mountcashel beckoning me;" i.e., "What an escape! Doesn't buttonhole me again to-night if I know it."

MILITARY.

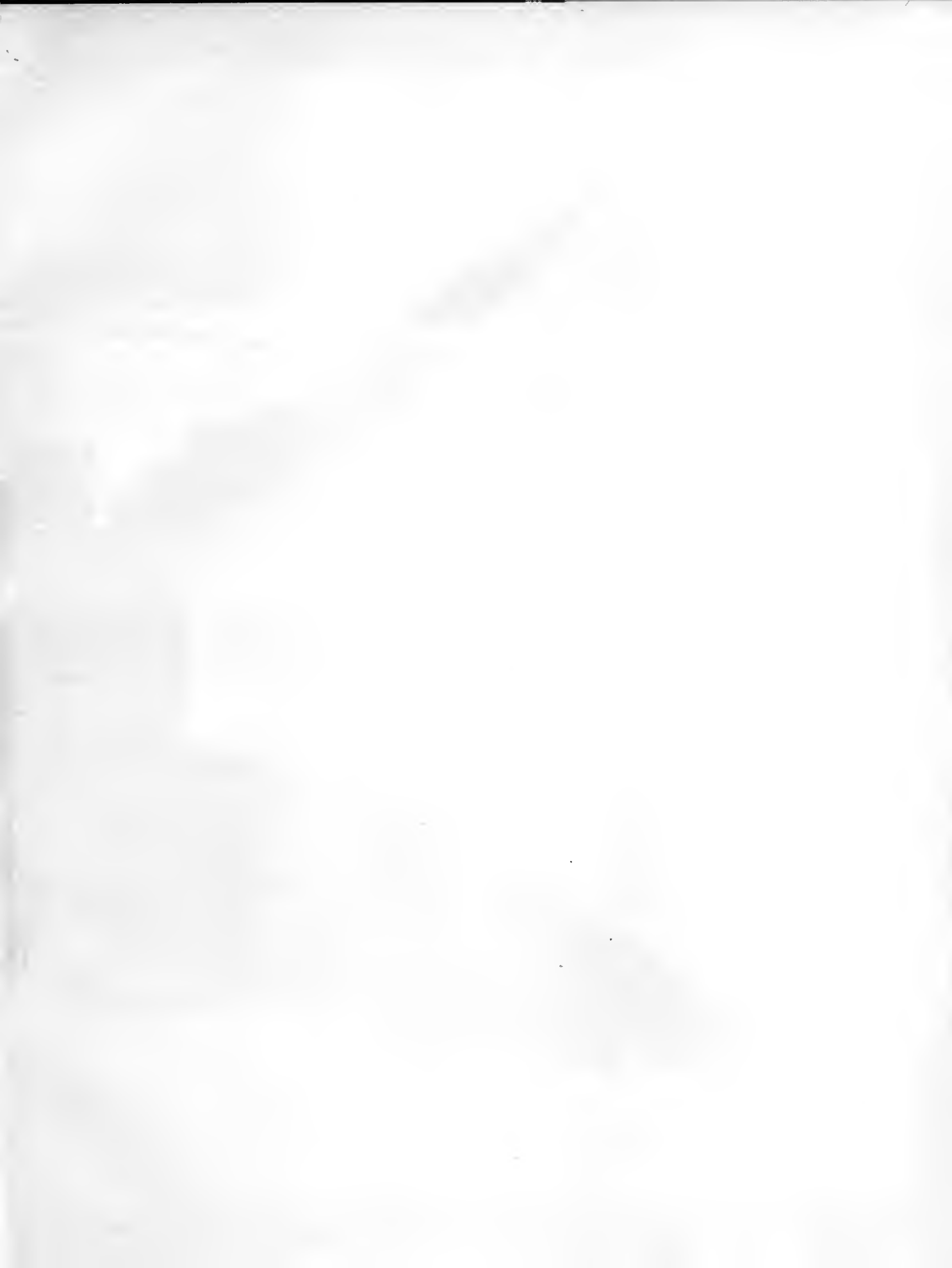
"The Mess rather prides itself upon its cellar;" i.e., The host is a little doubtful about what the Wine Committee have in hand for the benefit of the guest he has asked to dinner.
"The Regiment at the Inspection, although a trifle rusty, never did better;" i.e., The Senior Major clubbed the Battalion, and the Commanding Officer was told by the General, with an unnecessary strong expression, to "Take 'em home, Sir!"

LEGAL.

"The Will of the late Mr. Dash is so complicated that it is not unlikely to give employment to Gentlemen of the long robe;" i.e., Administration suit, with six sets of solicitors, ten years of chamber practice, three further considerations, and the complete exhaustion of the estate in costs.
"Mr. Nemo, as a Solicitor in his office, is a very able man;" i.e., That although Mr. NEMO, away from his profession, would shrink from doing anything calculated to get himself turned out of the West-End Club to which he belongs; in his *sanctum* he would cheerfully sell the bones of his grandmother by auction, and prosecute his own father and mother for petty larceny, arson, or murder, always assuming he saw his way to his costs.

EPISTOLATORY.

"A thousand thanks for your nice long, sympathetic letter;" i.e., "Great bore to have to reply to six pages of insincere gush."
"Please excuse this hurried scrawl;" i.e., "That'll cover any mistakes in spelling, &c."
"Only too delighted;" i.e., "Can't refuse, confound it!"



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 26, 1890.





ON THE SWOOP!



IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THERE was some good racing at Newmarket last week, and, as usual, every single race proved up to the hilt the extraordinary accuracy of my forecasts. I said a year ago that "*Bandersnatch* was a colt who hadn't a chance of winning a first-class race. Only a March hare or a Bank-holiday boozier would think of backing him." *Bandersnatch's* name never even appeared on the race-card last week. Mr. JEREMY says the colt is dead, as if that had anything to do with it; but of course if the gullish herd chooses to cackle after Mr. JEREMY it's no use trying to help them.

The hippopotamus-headed dolts who pinned their faith to *Molly Mustard* must have learnt their lesson by this time. Of course *Molly Mustard* defeated that overrated sham *Undercut*; but what of that? When *Undercut* was placed second to *Pandriver* at the North Country Second Autumn Handicap two years ago, I warned everybody that *Wobbling Willie* who is half-brother to *Rattlepate* by *Spring Onion*, ought to have made a certainty of the race if the gruel-brained idiots who own him had only rubbed his back with DAFFY'S Elixir twice a-day before



A TRAVELLING TRIBUNAL.

Why not Cyclist Judges and Clerk and Marshal going all the year round, to be met by local Barristers?

going to bed. As it was *Wobbling Willie* rolled about like a ship at sea, and *Brighton Pref* passed him in a common canter. That scarcely made *Molly Mustard* a second *Eclipse*. The fact of the matter is she is a roarer, or will be before the season is over, and those who backed her will have to whistle for their money. All I can say is, that I hope they will like the trap into which their own patent-leather-headed imbecility has led them.

Corncrake is a nice, compact, long-coupled, raking-looking colt, with a fine high action that reminds me of a steam-pump at its best. He is not likely to bring back much of the £3000 given for him as a yearling by his present owner, but he might be used to make the running for his stable-companion *Catsmeat*, who was picked up for £5 out of a butcher's cart at Doncaster.

For the Two Thousand I should have selected *Barkis* if he had been entered. Failing him, there is very little in it. *Sandy Sal* might possibly have a chance, but she has always turned out such an arrant rogue that I hesitate to recommend her. Mr. JEREMY plumps for *Old Tom*, and the whole pack of brainless moon-calves goes after him in full cry as usual. If *Old Tom* had two sound legs he might be a decent horse, but he has only got one, and he has never used that properly.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL.

ALL the grate LORD MARR'S and the good Lady Maress's hundreds and hundreds of little friends had their annual peep into Paradise last Wenday heaving, at the good old Manshun Howse, on which most interesting ocaashun all their fond Mas and their stump-upping Pas sent them into the famous Egipshun All in such a warious combenashun of hartistick loveliness and buty as ewen I myself never seed ekalled!

Whether it was the rayther sewere coldness of the heaving, or the niceeness of the sewerel refreshments as the kind Lady Maress perwided, or whether it was that most on 'em was amost one year older than they was last year, in course I don't know, but they suttely kept on a pitching into the wittels and drink in a way as rayther estonished ewen my seasoned eyes, acustomed as they is to Copperashun Bankwets, and settra. One little bewty of a Faery, with her lovely silwer wand of power, amost friten'd me out of my wits by threthening to turn me into sumthink dredful if I didn't give her a strawbery hiee cmedeatly, which she fust partly heated, and then drunk, as their custom is, I spose. Then there was a lot of all sorts—niggers and sodgers, and three young ladies as magpies. Which last made me think that a young gent fond of using his fists might do wus than go as a burd prize-fiter. By the way, one likes condenshun, down to a certain xtent, but whether it should hindude a most bewtiful Princess a dancing with a pore littel white-faced Clown, is what I must leave others to deside; I declines doing it myself.

We had Mr. Punch in the course of the heaving, and both hold and young larfed away as ushal at his rayther rum morality. Then we had two most clever gents who dressed themselves up before a large looking-glass to look like lots of diffrent people. The best couple I was told was two Gents named BIZMARCK and BULLANGER, one was said to be a reel Ero, and the other, a mere Sham, but I don't know werry much about such Gents myself, xcept that BROWN tried werry hard to make me beleev that BIZMARCK, who was the reel Ero, used to think nothink of pouring a hole Bottle of Shampain into a hole Pot of Stout and drinking it all off at one draft, like a ancient Cole Heaver! We finished up with a lot of German Chinese, who jumped about and danced about and climbed up a top of one another, and then acashally bilt theirselves up like a house, and then all tumbled to pieces, reelly quite wunderfool, and not only the lovely little children, but ewen Common Councilmen, aye and ewen ancient Deputys, all stood round and larfed away and enjoyed theirselves, recalling to my sumwhat faltering memory the words of the emortel Poet, "One touch of Nature makes the hole World grin."

ROBERT.

AN ECHO FROM THE LANE.

LAST week the Carl Rosa Opera Company (whose Managing Directors are AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, future Sheriff of London, with Sheriff's officers in attendance, to whom he might, on some future emergency, entrust the charge of Her Majesty's) continued its season of success with a solitary addition to the programme, *L'Etoile du Nord*. A propos of this novelty, it may be hinted that although the *Catherine* of Madame GEORGINA BURNS does not make us entirely forget ADELINA PATTI in the same character, the performance is, from every other point of view, completely gratifying. As "little Peter," Mr. F. H. CELLI is (as the comic songs have it) "very fine and large." Mr. JOHN CHILD, whose *Wilhelm*, in *Mignon*, lacked distinction, is more in his element as *Danilowitz* the pastry-cook. The stage management (as might have been expected with AUGUSTUS to the fore) is admirable, the battle-scene at the end of the Second Act filling the house with a mixture one-tenth smoke to nine-tenths enthusiasm. By the time these lines are before the entire world, if all goes well, *Thorgrim*, by Mr. FREDERICK COWEN, will have been produced. As the work of a native composer, it should receive a hearty welcome, particularly on the boards of the National Theatre; but, sink or swim, the Carl Rosa Opera Company cannot possibly come to harm with its present popular repertoire. And, as good music is a boon to the London public, such a state of things is distinctly satisfactory.

"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!"—It is a pity that Mr. LAW, the author of *Dick Venables*, did not take a little more trouble in the construction of his new piece at the Shaftesbury Theatre. It just misses being an excellent drama, and deserving the valuable assistance it receives from all concerned on the stage side of the Curtain. That the wife of a convict should take a house next door to her deeply dreaded husband's prison, that a jewel-collector should keep his precious stones in a side-board, that an Archdeacon should apparently have nothing better to do than play the kleptomaniac at Dartmoor, are facts that seem largely improbable; and yet these are the salient points of the latest addition to the playgoer's repertoire. For the rest, *Dick Venables* is interesting, and admirably played. But whether, after the first-night criticisms, the piece will do, is a question that must be left to the future for solution.



HYPNOTIC HIGH FEEDING.

(Being some Brief Diary Notes of a Coming Little Dinner (New Style), jotted down a few years hence.)

"YOUR dinner is served, Sir!"

It was the Professorial Butler who made this announcement with a solemn and significant bow. He had undertaken, for the modest fee of half-a-crown, to throw my four guests,—an Epicurean Duke, a couple of noted Diners-out, and a Gourmand of a high order well known in Society,—into a profound hypnotic sleep, under the influence of which, while supplied with a few scraps of food, and slops by way of drink, they were to believe that they were assisting at a most *recherché* repast, provided by a *cuisine*, and accompanied by choice vintage wines, both of the first excellence.

I felt a little nervous as we proceeded to the dining-room, but as the Professor adroitly passed his hand over the head of each as he descended the stairs, and pointed out to me the dazed and vacant look that had settled on the features of all of them, I felt reassured, especially when they fell mechanically into their places, and began to peruse, with evident delight, the contents of the *Menu*, which ran as follows:—

SOUP.

Toast-and-water and Candle-ends.

FISH.

Herrings' Heads and Tails.
Counter Sweepings.

ENTREMETS.

Rotten Cabbage-stalks.

ENTRÉE.

Odds and Ends of Shoe Leather.

ROAST.

Cat's Meat.

SWEET.

Old Jam-pot Scrapings on Musty Bread.

That they didn't all rise like one man with a howl of execration on reading this was soon explained when the Professorial Butler set down a soup-plate before the Epicurean Duke and with an insinuating smile, simply announced it as *Tortue claire*. It was clear from this that they were under the impression that they were partaking of a first-class little dinner, and had read the *Menu* at the will of the Professorial Butler, as he subsequently explained to me in such fashion that the toast-and-water soup, in which the candle-ends played the part of green fat, appeared to them in the light of the finest "clear turtle." "And how about the Herrings' Heads and Tails?" I asked. "They take that for *Saumon de Gloucester*, sauce *Pierre Le Grand*," was the bland reply, a fact which at that moment the Gourmand endorsed, by smacking his lips and with an ejaculation of "Sublime salmon that! I'll take a little more," holding out his plate for a second helping. The Cabbage-stalks figured in their imagination as *Asperges d'Italie, en branches glacées à la Tour d'Amsterdam*, while the pennyworth of plain cat's meat, passed more than muster as "*Filet de Bœuf en Diplomat, braisée à la Prince de Pékin*." The Shoe-leather and Jam-pot Scrapings brought the *Menu* to a triumphant close, with "*Ris de Veau pralinée au boucles Menschikoff*," and "*Bombardes Impérials de Péru*" respectively.

I confess, when I heard one of the Diners-out asking for Champagne, and saw his glass filled with Harvey's Sauce and water, with the announcement that it was *Dry Monopole Cuvée Réserve*, I felt some momentary misgivings, but they were speedily put to flight on my noticing the evident gusto with which he emptied his glass, at the same time pronouncing it to be "a very fine wine," which he assigned to the vintage of '76. I own too I felt a little nervous when the Professorial Butler, I think not without a sly twinkle in his eye, gave all the party a *liqueur* of petroleum for Green Chartreuse, but they certainly seemed to find it all right, and so my apprehensions disappeared.

Thus my "Little Dinner" came at length to a conclusion. That it was an undoubted success, from a financial point of view, there

can be no sort of doubt, for fourpence more than covered the cost of the materials, to which, adding the Professorial Butler's fee of two shillings and sixpence, brings the whole cost of the entertainment up to eightpence-halfpenny a head. It is true I have not heard whether any of my guests have suffered any ill-effects from partaking of my hospitality, but I suppose if any of them had died or been seized with violent symptoms, the fact would have been notified to me. So, on the whole, I may congratulate myself. I certainly could not afford to entertain largely in any other fashion, but, with the aid of the Professorial Butler, I am already contemplating giving a series of nice "Little Dinners," and even on a more extended scale. Indeed, with the assistance of Hypnotism, it is possible, at a trifling cost, to see one's friends. And in the general interests of Society, I mean to do it.

BULLYING POOR "BULLY."

SAYS the Blackbird to the Bullfinch, "It is April; let us up!
We will breakfast on the plum-germs, on the pear-buds we will sup."
Says the Bullfinch to the Blackbird, "We'll devour them every bit,
And quite ruin the fruit-growers, with some aid from the Tom-tit."

Then these garden Machiavellisset to work and did not stop
Till the promise of September prematurely plumped each crop.
Ah! the early frost is ruthless, and the caterpillar's cruel,
But, to spifflicate the plum or give the gooseberry its gruel,
To confuscitate the apple, or to scrumplicate the pear,
Discombobulate the cherry, make the grower tear his hair,
And in general play old gooseberry with the orchard and the garden,
Till the Autumn crop won't fetch the grumpy farmer "a brass farden,"

There is nothing half so ogreish as the Bullfinch and his chums,
Thoseimps of devastation—as regards our pears and plums.
Poor "Bully," sung by COWPER in his pretty plaintive verse,
It is thus thine ancient character they (let us hope) asperse.
"The gardener's chief enemy," so angry scribes declare,
And the cause why ribstone pippins and prime biggaroons are rare,
Little birds, my pretty "Bully," should all diet upon worms,
And grub on grubs, contented, not on fruit-buds and young germs
Vain your pretty coat, my "Bully," beady eyes, and pleasant pipe,
If you will not give our fruit-crops half a chance of getting ripe.
Let us hope that they traduce you, all this angry scribbling host
Of horticultural zealots who abuse you in the *Post*.

The Reverend F. O. MORRIS takes the field in your defence,

But they swear, though picturesquish, he's devoid of common-sense.
Punch inclineth to the Parson, and he doesn't quite believe
All the statements of the growers and the gardeners who grieve
Over "Bully's" depredations, for he knows that, as a rule,
The birds' foe is a fashionable fribble, or a fool.
From the damsels who depoil them for their bonnets or their cloaks,
To the farmer who exterminates the dickies, and then croaks
O'er the spread of caterpillars and such-like devouring vermin,
They are selfish and shortsighted. So he'll not in haste determine
The case against poor "Bully," or the Blackbird, or Tom-tit.
Though they put it very strongly, *Punch* would warn them—Wait a bit!

SPORTIVE CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART takes a somewhat new departure in *Without Love or Licence*. There is less racing than usual in this novel, and there is a very ingenious plot, which we are not going to spoil the pleasure of the reader by divulging. The secret is well kept, and one is put off the scent till well-nigh the final chapter. The whole story is bright and dashing, abounding with graphic sketches of such people as one meets every day. The author is in the best of spirits—he evidently has a licence for spirits—and keeps his audience thoroughly amused, from start to finish.

FANCY PORTRAIT.

(After reading the Correspondence on Fruit and Birds in the "Morning Post.")



THE BRIGAND BULLFINCH.



A STABLE UNDERSTANDING.

Curate (who had often explained to his Class that Heresy was "an obstinate choice"). "Now, BOYS, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY HERESY WAS?" Several Boys. "OBSON'S CHOICE, SIR!"

A SHORT SONG IN SEASON.

AIR—"Ballyhooley."

PHILLIPS thinks—(you're right, my boy!)
Dingy London would enjoy
More music, and proposals make (which
charm me)

For a Great Municipal Band,
Which, under wise command,
Might prove a sort of music-spreading Army.
The critics all declare
English taste for music rare,
But the "Parks and Open Spaces" sage
Committee

Hold a very different view,
And, to prove their judgment true,
Want a Metropolitan Band for the Big City.

Chorus.

London-lovers high and low,
Let us all enlist, you know,
For the County-Councillor's schemes extremely
charm me.

Let us raise Twelve Hundred Pounds,
And we soon shall hear the sounds
Of the Music-lover's Metropolitan Army!

There's a moral to my song
And it won't detain ye long;
To PHILLIPS, I.C.C. send your subscription,
(North Park, Eltham, S.E.), for
That sagacious Council-lor
Is a patriot of a practical description.

When the money he has got,
(And Twelve Hundred's not a lot,)
Right soon he'll form a strong and sage
Committee!

And it will not be their fault
If there's any hitch or halt
In the Metropolitan Band for our Big City.

Chorus.

Stump up, Cockneys, high and low
We must all enlist, you know,
For the sum required is nothing to alarm ye.
So just do as you are bid,
And subscribe Twelve Hundred "quid"
For the Music-lover's Metropolitan Army!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Joints in our Social Armour, by a Mr. JAMES RUNCIMAN, has an amusing "Dedication to W. S. and G. N. S." "Gentlemen," writes this seemingly new member of the brotherhood of letters, "this little book contains many things which have already pleased you, and all that may be good in them has really come from you." After this frank confession, one naturally desires to have the "good things" of "W. S. and G. N. S." first-hand, instead of what presumably must be a *rechauffé*. As the "good things," however, have to be picked out of a volume of 342 pages of wearisome reading about "The Ethics of the Drink Question" "The Social Influence of the 'Bar'" (Public-house, *bien entendu*), "Genius and Respectability," &c., &c., it is not an easy task to find them. For the rest, to the intelligent reader, the joints of Messrs. W. S., G. N. S., and JAMES RUNCIMAN are likely to prove veritable *pièces de résistance*. A cut from the joint in this instance is accordingly strongly recommended.

The Colonial Year-Book for 1890 supplies a want that has long been felt by Britons in every quarter of the globe. Mr. TRENDLELL, C.M.G., the author of this interesting work, deserves well of the Empire.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

A FABLE FOR FANATICS.

THERE was a stream, now fast, now slow,
But given at times to overflow;
A freakishness that played strange pranks
With the poor dwellers on its banks.
There came two engineers. One said,
"Embank it!" Wagging a wise head
In the austere impressive way
Of dogmatists, as who should say,
"If there's an Oracle, I am it."
The other answered, "Nonsense! *Dam it!*"
They did, and stood with hope elate,
But presently there came a "spate";
The swollen torrent, swift and muddled,
All the surrounding country flooded,
Put a prompt stop to prosperous tillage,
Drowned fifty folk, and swamped a village.

MORAL.

Some men's sole notion of improvement
Is simply to arrest all movement.
This craving crass the spirit stirs
Of Tears and Teetotalers,
Eight-Hour fanatics, and the like,
Friends of the dungeon and the dyke.
"*Dam it!*" That is their counsel's staple.
(Mark, LUBBOCK; also, BLUNDELL-MAPLE!)

NEWS FROM AIX-LES-BAINS.—"Fireworks were let off." As mercy is the Royal prerogative, we are glad to learn that it was exercised in the case of FIREWORKS on the birthday of the Princess BEATRICE.

BY ORDER OF F.M. COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF, PUNCH.—The Grand Military Exhibition, Chelsea Hospital, to be known as "The Sodgeries."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 14.—Boys came back after Easter Monday; Head Master punctually in his place.

"Yes, dear TOBY," he said, as I respectfully shook his hand. "I am nothing if not a man of business. Done my duty to the country round Henley; now come up to do my duty in town at Westminster."

Not all the boys here. Some, including Oldest Boy, extending their holiday. Prince ARTHUR not turned up yet, nor GRANDOLPH, nor CHAMBERLAIN. Wide empty space on Front Opposition Bench where HARCOURT went to sit. A dozen Members on Ministerial Benches; a score on Opposite side; others in ambush, especially on Ministerial side.

"AKERS-DOUGLAS, like Roderick Dhu, need only blow his horn and the glen is filled with armed men," said Colonel MALCOLM, who knows his Walter Scott by heart. The DOUGLAS being a man of modern ideas, doesn't blow his horn: would be unparliamentary; might lead to his being named and relegated to the Clock Tower. Effect brought about when bell rings for Division; then Members troop in in fifties. "What's the Question?" they ask each other, as they stand at Bar. Nobody quite sure. Some say it's wages of Envoy Extraordinary at Buenos Ayres; others affirm it's salary of Chaplain of Embassy in Vienna. A third believes it's something to do with the Nyassa region; a fourth is sure it's Turks in Armenia; whilst Member who has heard portion of one of several speeches delivered by SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, says it's Motion made to provide a Chaplain for DRUMMOND WOLFE, whose forlorn condition, planted out amid Mahomedans in Teheran, SAGE has been lamenting. Few quite sure of actual question; fewer still heard it debated. But no time to lose. House cleared for Division. Must go in one Lobby or other; so Ministerialists follow each other like sheep; Opposition flock into other Lobby. Amendment (whatever it is) negatived by 134 Votes against 69.

In conversation about Vienna Chaplaincy WINTERBOTHAM comes to front. "Why," he asks, "should we support an English church in Vienna more than in other Continental towns, where the residents provide the funds? Not many months ago I was in the church at Vienna; called upon to hand the plate round, and there were only a few shillings to hand over to expectant parson."

"Very good story," said WILFRID LAWSON; "but if I was WINTERBOTHAM, wouldn't tell it again. What became of the money?"

Business done.—Diplomatic and Consular Vote obtained.

Tuesday.—OLD MORALITY proposes forthwith to take morning sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays. Private Members in state of burning indignation. Scarcely anything left to them but Tuesdays. On Fridays Government business takes precedence. Notices of Amendment may be moved on going into Committee of Supply; but so hampered that hardly any use as outlet for legislative energies of private Members. On Tuesdays have it all to themselves. May move Amendments, take Divisions, and generally enjoy themselves. New OLD MORALITY comes along "Like the blind Fury, with abhorred shears," says COZENS-HARDY, dropping into bad language, "and cuts us off our Toesday."

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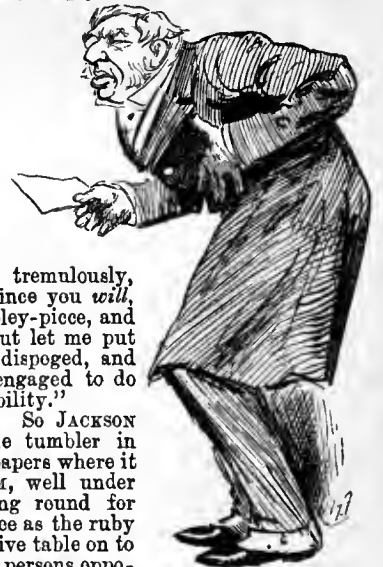
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"Come the blind Fury."



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MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. X.—TOMMY AND HIS SISTER JANE.

ONCE more we draw upon our favourite source of inspiration—the poems of the Misses TAYLOR. The dramatist is sorely confident that the new London County Council Censor of Plays, whenever that much-desired official is appointed, will highly approve of this little piece on account of the multiplicity of its morals. It is intended to teach, amongst other useful lessons, that—as the poem on which it is founded puts it—“Fruit in lanes is seldom good”; also, that it is not always prudent to take a hint; again, that constructive murder is distinctly reprehensible, and should never be indulged in by persons who cannot control their countenances afterwards. Lastly, that suicide may often be averted by the exercise of a little *savoir vivre*.

CHARACTERS.

Tommy and his Sister Jane (Taylorian Twins, and awful examples). Their Wicked Uncle (plagiarised from a forgotten Nursery Story, and slightly altered).

Old Farmer Copeer (skilled in the use of horse and cattle medicines).

SCENE—A shady lane; on the right, a gate, leading to the farm: left, some bushes, covered with practicable scarlet berries.

Enter the Wicked Uncle, stealthily.

The W. U. No peace of mind I e'er shall know again
Till I have cooked the geese of TOM and JANE!

But—though a naughty—I'm a nervous
nunky,

For downright felonies I feel too funky!
I'd hire assassins—but of late the villains
Have raised their usual fee to fifteen shillin'!
Nor, to reduce their rates, will they engage
(Sympathetically) For two poor orphans who are
under age!

So (as I'd give no more than half a guinea)
I must myself get rid of TOM and JENNY.
Yet, like an old soft-hearted fool, I falter,
And can't make up my mind to risk a halter.

(Looking off). Ha, in the distance, JANE and
little TOM I see!

These berries—(meditatingly)—why, it only
needs diplomacy.

Ho-ho, a most ingenious experiment!

[Indulges in silent and sinister mirth, as JANE
and TOM trip in, and regard him with
innocent wonder.

Jane. Uncle, what is the joko? why all this
merriment?

The W. U. (in guilty confusion). Not merriment,
my loves—a trifling spasm—
Don't be alarmed—your Uncle often has 'em!
I'm feeling better than I did at first—
You're looking flushed, though not, I hope, with
thirst? [Insidiously.

SONG, BY THE WICKED UNCLE.

The sun is scorching overhead; the roads are dry and dusty;
And here are berries, ripe and red, refreshing when you're
thirsty!

They're hanging just within your reach, inviting you to clutch
them!

But—as your Uncle—I beseech you won't attempt to touch them?

Tommy and Jane (dutifully). We'll do whatever you beseech, and
not attempt to touch them! [Annoyance of W. U.

The W. U. Temptation (so I've understood) a child, in order kept,
shuns;

And fruit in lanes is seldom good (with several exceptions).
However freely you partake, it can't—as you are young—kill,
But should it cause a stomach-ache—well, don't you blame your
Uncle!

Tommy and Jane. No, should it cause a stomach-ache, we will not
blame our Uncle!

The W. U. (aside). They'll need no further personal assistance,
But take the bait when I am at a distance.

I could not, were I paid a thousand ducats,
(With sentiment) Stand by, and see them kick their little buckets.
Or look on while their sticks this pretty pair ent! [Stealing off.

Tommy. What, Uncle, going?

The W. U. (with assumed jauntness). Just to get my hair cut! [Goes.
Tommy (looking wistfully at the berries). I say, they do look nice,
JANE, such a lot too!

Jane (demurely). Well, TOMMY, Uncle never told us not to.
[Slow music; they gradually approach the berries, which they
pick and eat with increasing relish, culminating in a dance
of delight.

Duet—TOMMY and JANE (with step-dance.)

Tommy (dancing, with his mouth full). These berries ain't so bad—
although they've far too much acidity.

Jane (ditto). To me, their only drawback is a dash of insipidity.
Tommy (rudely). But, all the same, you're wolfing 'em with
wonderful avidity!

Jane (indignantly). No, that I'm not, so there now!

Tommy (calmly). But you are!

Jane. And so are you!

[They retire up, dancing, and eat more berries—after which
they gaze thoughtfully at each other.

Jane. This fruit is most refreshing—but it's curious how it cloy
s on you!

Tommy (with anxiety). I wonder why all appetite for dinner it
destroys in you!

Jane. Oh, TOMMY, you are half afraid you've ate enough to poison
you?

Tommy. No, that I'm not—so there now! &c., &c.

[They dance as before.

Tommy. JANE, is your palate parching up in horrible aridity?

Jane. It is, and in my throat's a lump of singular solidity.

Tommy. Then that is why you're dancing with such pokerlike
rigidity.

[Refrain as before; they dance with decreasing spirit, and
finally stop, and fan one another with their hats.

Jane. I'm better now than on my brow there is a little breeziness.

Tommy. My passing qualm is growing calm, and
tightness turns to easiness.

Jane. You seem to me tormented by a tendency
to queasiness?

[Refrain; they attempt to continue the dance
—but suddenly sit down side by side.

Jane (with a gasp). I don't know what it is—
but, oh, I do feel so peculiar!

Tommy (with a gulp). I've tumults taking place
within that I may say unruly are.

Jane. Why, TOMMY, you are turning green—
you really and you truly are!

Tommy. No, that I'm not, so there now!

Jane. But you are!

Tommy. And so are you!

[Melancholy music; to which TOMMY and
JANE, after a few convulsive movements,
gradually become inanimate. Enter old
Farmer COPEER from gate, carrying a
large bottle labelled “Cattle Medicine.”

Farmer C. It's time I gave the old bay mare
her drench. [Stumbles over the children.
What's here? A lifeless lad!—and little
wench!

Been catin' berries—where did they get them
ideas?

For cows, when took so, I've the reg'lar
remedies.

I'll try 'em here—and if their state the worse is,
Why, they shall have them balls I give my 'crses!

[Carries the bodies off just before the W. U. re-enters.

W. U. The children—gone? yon bush of berries less full!
Hooray, my little stratagem's successful!

[Dances a triumphant pas seul. Re-enter Farmer C.

Farmer C. Been looking for your little niece and nephew?

The W. U. Yes, searching for them everywhere—

Farmer C. (ironically). Oh, hev' you?

Then let me tell you, from all pain they're free, Sir.

The W. U. (falling on his knees). I didn't poison them—it wasn't
me, Sir!

Farmer C. I thought as much—a constable I'll run for. [Exit.

The W. U. My wretched nerves again! this time I'm done for!

Well, though I'm trapped and useless all disguise is,
My case shall ne'er come on at the Assizes!

[Rushes desperately to tree and crams himself with the remain-
ing berries, which produce an almost instantaneous effect.

Re-enter TOM and JANE from gate, looking pale and limp.
Terror of the Wicked Uncle as he turns and recognises them.

The W. U. (with tremulous politeness). The shades of JANE and
TOMMY, I presume? [Re-enter Farmer C.

Jane and Tommy (pointing to Farmer C.) His Cattle Mixtures
snatched us from the Tomb!

The W. U. (with a flicker of hope). Why, then the selfsame drugs
will ease my torments!

Farmer C. (chuckling.) Too late! they've drunk the lot, the little
vormints!

The W. U. (bitterly). So out of life I must inglorious wriggle,
Pursued by TOMMY's grin, and JENNY's giggle!

[Dies in great agony, while TOMMY, JANE, and Farmer COPEER
look on with mixed emotions as the Curtain falls.





RECIPROCAL HOSPITALITY.

First Distinguished Colonist. "BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF THAT NICE YOUNG FELLOW, LORD LIMPET, SINCE YOU CAME TO LONDON—THE MAN WHO STAYED WITH YOU SO MANY MONTHS AT YOUR STATION LAST YEAR?"

Second Ditto, Ditto. "OH YES! I MET HIM THE OTHER NIGHT AT LADY BOV-REL'S RECEPTION, AND HE KINDLY BESTOWED UPON ME THE UNUSED HALF OF A SMILE WHICH HE HAD PUT TOGETHER FOR A PASSING DUKE!"

THE NEW DANCE OF DEATH.

"STARVING to make a British holiday"—
And plump his pockets with the *gobemouches'* pay!
A pretty picture, full of fine humanity
And creditable to the public sanity!
"Sensation" is a most despotic master.
First HIGGINS and then SUCCI! Fast and faster
The flood of morbid sentiment rolls on.
Lion-kings die, and the Sword-swallower's gone
The way of all such horrors, slowly alain
By efforts to please curious brutes, for gain.
What next, and next? Stretch some one on the rack
And let him suffer publicly. 'Twill pack
The show with prurient pryera, and draw out
The ready shillings from the rabble rout
Of well-dressed quidnunos, frivolous and fickle
Who'll pay for aught that their dull sense will tickle.
Look on, or ass crowd; your money freely give
To see Senaation's victims die to live;
For Science knows, and says beneath her breath,
That this "Fast Life" (like other sorts) means Death!

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN LABOUR MEETING.

(Compiled with due regard to the *International Idiosyncrasies.*)

French.—That France contains the World, and Paris France.

Belgium.—That on the whole, the Slave Trade should be discouraged, as it cannot be made to yield more than a safe 7 per cent.

Germany.—That the best way of showing love for the Fatherland is to live in every other part of the universe.

Spain.—That it will be for the benefit of mankind to exterminate the Portuguese.

Portugal.—That the interests of civilisation will be advanced by the annihilation of the Spanish.

Russian.—That dynamite literally raises not only the mansions of the nobles, but bettera the homes of those who have been serfs.

British.—That the equality of man is proved by the fact that one Englishman is worth a dozen foreigners.

American.—That everybody (except citizens of the U.S.A.) pay half a dollar to the Treasurer right off the reel slick away, and that the sum so collected be equally divided amongst those present.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"Yes; it is a sovereign you owe me—but any time will do;" i.e., "If he has the least spark of honour he'll pay me now."

"Never saw you looking better! Magnificent colour!" i.e., "Evidently ripening for apoplectic fit!"

"Pray bring your friend;" i.e., "Doesn't he know how overcrowded my rooms are already?"

"To be perfectly candid;" i.e., "Not sorry to rub it in."

JOURNALISTIC.

"As yet nothing has transpired;" i.e., The reporter was too late to obtain any information.

"Detective Inspector Muggins is actively pursuing his inquiries;" i.e., Reporter thinks it as well to keep in with MUGGINS, who, may be useful in future.

EPISTOLATORY.

"In great haste;" i.e., "Must make some exense for scrapiness."

"We were all so shocked at hearing of your sad bereavement;" i.e., "None of us knew her but myself, and I thought her a Cat!"

AT A DANCE.

"Let me get you a partner, Mr.—er—er Smith;" i.e., "He'll do for dowdy Miss JONES, who has only danced once the whole night."

"Shall we take a turn round now?" i.e., "She can't waltz any more than a crane, and parading is better than hopping."

"Not dancing to-night, Mr. Spracle? Now, that's very naughty of you, with so many nice girls here;" i.e., "What an escape for the nice girls!"

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"I hope you brought your Music with you, dear;" i.e., "If only she had left it in the cab!"

"I would with pleasure, but I've such a shocking cold that really, &c.;" i.e., "I want a little more pressing, and then I'll come out strong, and astonish them, I fancy."

"Oh do! We have been looking forward to your Banjo-solo all the evening;" i.e., "With horror!"

CURIOSMANIA, ETC.

"How delightful it must be to have such a hobby!" i.e., "Thank heavens, I am not so afflicted!"

"It must have cost you a heap of money;" i.e., "How he's been 'done!'"

"What a wonderful collection of pictures you have here!" i.e., "Must say something. Wouldn't give ten pounds for the lot."

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"So glad you got into the same carriage. A little of your conversation so lightens a long journey;" i.e., "He'll talk my head off, and render a nap impossible."

"Would you like to look at the papers?" i.e., "May keep her tongue still for a few minutes."

The Busy "B."

[Mr. BANCROFT has just settled one theatrical difference, and now he is engaged on a "far more delicate matter"; i.e., a dispute between a Manager and an Actor.]

How doth the little busy "B" | By arbitrating all the day
Employ each leiaure hour? | With great dramatic power.

EXTREMES MEET.—"The Darkies' Africa" is an Eastern entertainment at Weston's Music Hall.

COULDN'T Slander and Libel causes be appropriately heard in Sir JAMES HANNEN'S Admiralty Court, as "Running Down Cases?"



THE CHEAP FARES.

Passengers. "WE'RE FULL—THERE'S NO ROOM!"

Conductor. "WE MUST MAKE ROOM FOR 'ER. THERE'S ROOM FOR ONE ON THE NEAR SIDE 'ERE. B'SIDES YOU'RE ALL SHORT PENN'ORTHS, AND SHE'S A FOURPENN'OETH—GOES THE WHOLE WAY!"

"THE PROMISE OF MAY."

(As the Proletariat paints it.)

"Since it is incredible that the economic balance can be universally disturbed by local changes, and always in one direction, we must assume a kind of moral contagion as an efficient agent in the wide-spread demand for a revision of wages and hours of labour. Identical theories and demands, preferred simultaneously in Austria, Germany, France, England, and America, must be largely due to the force of example operating through the modern facility of communication. A universal movement in favour of shorter hours would seem best fitted to secure the amelioration of the labourer's lot."—*The Times.*

Enthusiastic Operative to his Bench-Mate, loquitur:—

WE must wake and turn out early, bright and early, comrade dear; To-morrow 'll be the biggest day of all the sad New Year; Of all the sad New Year, mate, the biggest, brightest day; [of May. For to-morrow's the First of May, chummy, to-morrow's our First There'll be many a dark, dark eye, chummy, by Thames, and Seine, and Rhine, There 'll be SALISBURY, and CARNOT, and CAPRIVI to peak and pine. For there 'll be a stir of the Labourer in every land, they say, [May. And Toil's to be Queen o' this May, chummy, Toil's to be Queen o' this I do sleep sound at night, chummy, but to-morrow morn I'll wake; The Cry of the Crowd will sound aloud in my ear ere dawn shall break. 'Twill muster with its booming bands and with its banners gay; For to-morrow's the Feast of May, brother, to-morrow's our Feast of May.

They've kept us scattered till now, comrade; but that no more may be: Our shout goes up in unison by Thames, Seine, Rhine and Spree. We are not the crushed-down crowd, chummy, we were but yesterday. We're full of the Promise o' May, brother, mad with the Promise of May!

They thought us wandering ghosts, brother. Divided strength is slight; But what will they say when our myriads assemble in banded might? They call us craven-hearted, but what matter what they say? They 'll know on the First o' May, brother; they 'll learn on the First o' May.

They say ours is a dying cause, but that can never be: There's many a heart as bold as TELL'S in the New Democracy. There's many a million of stalwart lads who toil for poorish pay; And they 'll meet on the First o' May, brother, they 'll speak on the First o' May.

The tramp of a myriad feet shall sound where the young Spring grass is green, [QUEEN, Yon Emperor young shall hear, brother, and so shall our gracious For Labour's hosts to all civic centres shall gather from far away; The Champs de Mars shall greet Hyde Park on this glorious First o' May.

The lime is budding forth, brother, lilac our cot embowers, [flowers; And the meadows soon shall be a-scent with the snowy hawthorn But a bonnier sight shall be the tramping crowds in fustian grey, Flushed with the Promise o' May, brother, the new-born Promise o' May.

A wind is with their march, brother, that threatens old claims of Class, And the grey Spring skies above them seem to brighten as they pass. Pray heaven there 'll be no drop o' rain the whole of the live-long day, To sadden our First o' May, brother, to sadden our First o' May!

The labourers of Paris, and the toilers of Berlin, ["tin." Will throng to shout for shorter hours, homes happier, and more Why even the chilly *Times*, chummy, is almost constrained to say There is sense in our First o' May, chummy, hope from our First o' May.

The Governments are a-gog, brother, *Figaro* owns as much; Property quakes when the countless hands of Labour are in touch. And from Bermondsey to Budapest they are in touch to-day, Linked for the Feast of May, brother, linked for the Feast of May! So we must wake and turn out early, bright and early, comrade, dear;

To-morrow 'll be the grandest day of all the green New Year; To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest merriest day, For Toil's to be Queen o' the May, brother. Labour is Queen o' this May!

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

No. X.—THE MARTYR INCOMPRISE.

THE Martyr *Incomprius* is one who, having in her home erected a stake, ties to it her husband, and then having set alight the faggots which her own hands have piled round him, calls the world to witness the saint-like fortitude with which she bears up under the sufferings inflicted upon her by her lord and master. She will have been married to a man who, though he does not pretend to be above the ordinary frailties and failings of human nature, tries honestly, for many years, to make her happy. Time after time does this domestic Sisyphus roll the stone of contentment up the hill of his wife's temper, and time after time does it slip from his hands, and go clattering down into the plain of despair. The Martyr is a very virtuous lady, yet she is not satisfied with the calm and acknowledged possession of her virtues. She adds them to her

armoury of aggravation, and uses them with a deadly effect. Her morality is irreproachable. She studies to make it a reproach to her husband, and, inasmuch as her temper is equally compounded of the most persistent obstinacy, and the most perverse and unaccountable caprices, it is unnecessary to say that she succeeds marvellously in her undertaking.

As a girl, the Martyr will have been distinguished by a keen sense of wrong, and a total lack of all sense of humour. Having been rebuked by her mother for some trifling fault, she will persuade herself that her parents detest her, and desire her death. She will spend the next few days with her breast luxuriously against the thorn of her fancied sufferings. She will weave romances, in order to enjoy the delicious sensation of looking on as she withers under injustice into a premature coffin, and of watching her cruel parents as they water the grave of their victim with unavailing tears. A somewhat lax method of bringing up will have enabled her to read many trashy novels. Out of these she constructs an imaginary hero, all gushing tenderness and a tawny moustache. Having met a young man who fully realises her ideal in the latter particular, she promptly assumes his possession of the former, and accepts his proposal of marriage. After having all but thrown him over on three or four occasions for an insufficient display of romantic devotion at dances and tennis parties, she eventually marries him. Soon afterwards she discovers that he is not an oivalrous wind-bag, but a Man, whereupon she shatters his pedestal, and abandons herself to misery amidst the ruins.

And now the full joys of her married martyrdom begin. She withdraws even from the affectation of interest in her partner, his friends and his pursuits. She spends her mornings in the keeping of a diary, or the writing of a novel, in which she appoints herself to the post of heroine, and endows her creation with a superhuman combination of unappreciated qualities. From the fact that her husband spends a large part of each day away from her, either in attending to his business or in following a sport, she infers that he has ceased to love her. When he returns in the evening, she locks herself into her room, and, having thus assured to herself solitude, she converts it, by an easy process, into the studied neglect of an unfeeling husband.

She now gathers round herself a select company of two or three female friends, whom the easy good-nature of her husband permits to stay in his house for months at a time. Into their sympathetic ears she pours the story of her woes, and gradually organises them into a trained band of disciplined conspirators, who make it their constant object to defend the wife by thwarting the husband. They have their signs and their pass-words. If the callous male, for the enjoyment of whose hospitality they seem to gain an additional zest by affecting to despise and defy him, should intimate at the dinner-table that he has ventured to make some arrangement without consulting them, they will raise their eyebrows, and look pityingly at the wife. She will inform them, in a tone of convinced melancholy, that she has long suspected that she was of no importance to any one, but that now she knows it for certain. She will then tell her husband that, as she is no longer allowed to interest herself in what he does, she has of course no opinion on the matter in hand, and that, if she had one, she would never think of offering it when she knows that all interference on her part is always so bitterly resented. Her husband's temper having exploded in the orthodox marital manner, she will smile sweetly upon him, and, the butler and footman having entered with the fish, will implore him, in a voice intended rather for the servants than for him, to moderate his anger,

lest he should set a bad example. She will then weep silently into her tumbler, and her friends, after expressing a muttered indignation at the heartlessness of men, will support her tottering steps from the room. If her husband should invite one or two of his friends to dinner on a subsequent occasion, she will amuse herself and madden him by recounting to them this incident, in which she will figure as a suffering angel, whose wings have moulted under the neglect and cruel treatment of an unangelic spouse. If, while her story is in progress, she should observe her husband writhing, she will inform him that she is sure he must be sitting in a draught, and will order the butler to place a screen behind him. Having thus called attention to his discomfort, and to the care with which she watches over him, she will take offence when he countermands the screen; and, after giving the company in general to understand that she is not allowed to give orders in her own house, she will, for the rest of the evening, preserve a death-like calm. This will be followed, on the departure of her guests, by showers of tears and reproaches, the inevitable prelude to twenty-four hours of salts and seclusion in the privacy of her bed-room. It



is curious to note that, although the Martyr, at an early period of her married life, develops a distaste for going into society, which she attributes to the persecution of her husband; yet she always contrives to spend as much money as those who live in a whirl of gaiety. Her bills, therefore, mount up, and, in a moment of unguarded pecuniary prudence, her husband will remonstrate mildly with her upon her extravagance. She will, thereupon, accuse him to her friends of meanness, and avow her determination never again to ask him for money. For a short time she will pay portions of her own bills, but, finding her pin-money insufficient for the purpose, she will sell some jewels, and spend the proceeds on a new tea-gown. Her increasing liabilities will afford her no anxiety, seeing that her sense of martyrdom increases in proportion, and that in her heart of hearts she knows that her husband is prepared to pay everything, and will eventually have to do so.

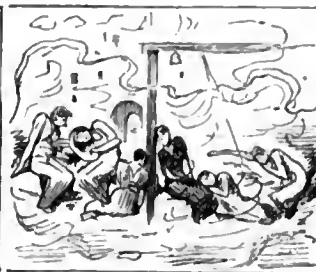
After some years of this life her husband will have acquired the reputation of a domestic ruffian. Friends will shake their heads, and wonder how long his sweet wife will bear up against his treatment. It will be reported, on the authority of imaginary eye-witnesses, that he has thrown a soup-plate at her, and that, on more than one occasion, he has beaten her. He will find himself shunned, and will be driven for society and pleasure to his bachelor haunts. His wife will now rage with jealousy over a defection she has done her best to cause. After a time she will hire the services of a detective, and will file a petition in the Divorce Court. The case will probably be undefended, and the Court having listened to her tale of cruelty, the imaginative boldness of which will startle even the friend who corroborates it in the witness-box, will decree to her a divorce from the supposed author of her sufferings. She will then set up for a short time as an object of universal pity, but, meeting a bluff and burly widower, she will accept him as her second husband. After having wearied of her constant recital of her former misery, this husband will begin to neglect and ill-use her in good earnest. Under the tonic of this genuine shock, her spirits may revive; and it is as likely as not that she will enjoy many years of mitigated happiness as the wife of a real tyrant.

MORE NOVELTIES.—Sir.—The Fasting Man seems to have been a great success. Why shouldn't he be succeeded by The Stuffing Man, The Eating Boy, and The Talking Man. The last of these would be backed to talk incessantly on every possible subject for forty days. In the Recess, what a chance for Mr. GLADSTONE, or, indeed, for any Parliamentary orator, who, otherwise, would be on the stump! Instead of his going to the Country, the Country, and London, too, would come to him. Big business for Aquarium and for Talking Man. Then there would be The Sneezing Man, The Smoking Man, The Singing Man, The Drinking Man, and so forth. It's endless. I only ask for a per-centage on gate-money, and I place the idea at the disposition of the Aquarium. Yours, THE OTHER MAN.

YET ANOTHER QUARTERLY.—*Subjects of the Day*—sounds like an Algerian publication—is a quarterly review of current topics. The motto of this new quarterly review of Messrs. ROULEDOR's is "*Post Tenebras Lux*," which, being freely translated, means, "after the heavy reviews this comes as a little light reading!" Ahem! the subject of No. 1 is Education, and to study the essays in this volume will keep any reader well occupied till the appearance of No. 2.

THE LEGEND OF THE BRIAR-ROOT.

(Suggestion for companion subject to "The Briar Rose," by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., now exhibiting at Messrs. Agnew & Sons' Gallery, Bond Street.)



THE BRIAR-WOOD PIPE. EFFECT ON THE SMOKERS.
The fateful odour fumes and goes About the angle of the Nose.

THE BED-ROOM.
They smoked and smoked a pipe a-piece: Thus did their drowsiness increase.

SHORT CUT THROUGH THE GARDEN.
The Maidens thought the pipe to fill: They smoked, and now they all lie still.

THE NOSE BOWER. LA BELLE PIPE-EN-BOIS DORMANT.
'Twas five o'clock, the hour of tea; But, having smoked, they're as you see.

TIPS FROM THE TAPE.

(Picked up in Mr. Punch's Own Special City Corner.)

EVER since it became known that, in conformity with the general interest in the condition of the Stock and Share Market, now manifested by all classes of readers, you had determined to start your own special "Corner," for the purpose of keeping your eye on the matter, and had appointed me as your "City Commissioner," if I have been flooded with applications from Stock-jobbers, tendering their advice, I may say I have been literally overwhelmed by applications from clients and outsiders, asking me for mine. With live tapes always on the move, telephonic communication with everywhere, and my telegraphic address of "Panjmicracks," comfortably installed in a third-floor flat in commanding premises, within a stone's throw of the Stock Exchange, I flatter myself that, at least in all the surroundings of my position, I am, acting under your instructions, well up to the mark.

You would wish naturally to know something of the state of the market, and would doubtless like to hear from me, if there is any particular investment that I can recommend as safe for a rise. I have been giving some attention lately to

PATAGONIAN CROCODILES,

but from news that has reached me from a private and most reliable source (I hear that the Chairman and Directors, who have gone off with the balance-sheet have disappeared, and have not been heard of for months) I should strongly advise, if you hold any of it, to get rid of it, if you can, as soon as possible. I have a similar tale to tell about

HERNEBAY Z's.

This Stock has been run up by purchasers for the fall; and, though in October last it somehow touched 117½, it is now standing at 9½, and, spite the rumours of increased traffic receipts (due to the fact that a family drove up to the station last week in a cab), artfully put into circulation by interested holders, I would certainly get out of it before the issue of the forthcoming Report, which I hear, on good authority, not only announces the payment of no dividend on the Debenture Stock, but makes the unwelcome statement to the shareholders of the prospective seizure of the whole of the rolling stock under a debtors' summons, a catastrophe that must land the affairs of the Company in inevitable bankruptcy. Under these circumstances, I do not think I can conscientiously advise you to "hold;" still, you might watch the Market for a day or two; but, at any rate, take my advice, and get rid of your "Crocodiles."

I subjoin some of my correspondence:—

DEAR SIR,—I am in the somewhat embarrassing position of being responsible for £5000 under the marriage settlement of a niece, that, owing to my want of financial knowledge, has, I fear, been somewhat injudiciously, if not absolutely, illegally invested by my Co-Trustee. Though the settlement stipulates that only Government Stocks and Railway Debentures are available, I find that the money at the present moment is thus disposed of:—

	Security.	Purchasing Price.	Present Price.	Last Div.
£1000	Kangaroo Copper Trust	193	13½	None
2000	Bursters' Patent Coffin Company	157	4	None
1000	Battersea Gold Syndicate	235	7½	None
600	International Balloon Transit ..	170	Nil.	None
500	Bolivian Spasmodies	194	9½	None

You see it is not so much the depreciated value of the Securities,

which certainly read well, but the absence of the Dividend which perplexes me. What would be your advice? Should I sell, or continue to hold?
A PUZZLED TRUSTEE.

We should certainly hold.

SIR,—Acting on the advice of a friend who is in the Directorate, I have largely invested in the Automatic Hair-cutting Company. Owing, however, to the fact that customers, who will not hold their heads properly, have on several occasions latterly had their ears trimmed, and a pattern cut on their necks, several actions for heavy damages have been brought against the concern. These having been successful in every case, the Company is virtually ruined, and the shares are, in consequence, almost unsaleable. What should I do with mine?
AN ANXIOUS SPECULATOR.

Hold. The Company has evidently touched bottom. Wait for the rise.

You will see from the above specimens, taken at random from a heap of others, that I utterly deprecate panic. "Never cut losses" is the wholesome and cheerful advice I give all my clients. There cannot be a doubt about it being thoroughly sound; for it stands to reason if no one were to sell out, no securities would ever fall. So, to nine out of ten who ask my advice I invariably say, "Hold." Though I have several stocks in prospective, the movements of which I am watching most attentively, I have, I confess, hardly got things into proper working order yet, but I have a grand scheme on foot that will, I fancy, take the wind out of the sails of many hitherto successful Stockdealers. In my new system three-and-sixpence will cover £500! Here will be a chance for even the schoolboy to taste the delights of Monte Carlo. But more of this later. Suffice it to say, that I have a "Combination Pool" in my eye, that if I can only carry out with the right sort of stock, ought to make the fortune of every one concerned.

THEATRICAL SHORT SERVICE BILL.—CHARLES THE SECOND (WYNDHAM) is following in the footsteps of CHARLES THE FIRST (MATHEWS) and beginning to play several short pieces as one entertainment, instead of giving a three-act farce or comedy, and one brief and unimportant curtain-raiser.



Charles Wynd'ham Up.

At least, he is *Trying It On*. How far preferable, in the summer and autumn season, would be an evening bill of fare consisting of three *entrées*, each of a different character, and all of first-rate quality. The patron of the drama could pick and choose, and be satisfied with an hour, or two hours, or three hours' entertainment. How much better for the actor's art, too, by way of varying his *rôles*. The stall people would rather pay the present price of half a guinea for anything, however short, which it was the fashion to see, than for a long piece which only bores them. To see short pieces, they might come two or three times instead of once, and the management could make a reduction on taking a quantity. There is a small fortune waiting for this CHARLES, or 't'other CHARLES, 'yclept HAWTREY, whichever may take up the idea and work it.
AUDI MACISTRUM PUNCHIUM.



WINDOW STUDIES.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. (THREE CAB-RUNNERS AFTER ONE SMALL PORTMANTEAU.)

STANLEY AFRICANUS!

Mr. Punch loquitur:—

"MR. STANLEY, I presume!" Well, the crowd will fuss and fume,
From the mob you'll get, no doubt, a noisy greeting;
But I'm pleased to take your hand on the threshold of the land;
This is truly a most gratifying meeting!

Nay, no need for you to blush, for I am not going to gush
There are plenty who'll indulge in fuss and flummery.
Heroes like to be admired, but you'll probably be tired
Of tall-talk ere this spring greenery shows summery.
"An illustrious pioneer," says the Belgian King. 'Tis clear
That at any rate you've earned that appellation.
True words tell, though tattlers twist 'em, and a "mighty fluvial
system"

You have opened up no doubt to civilisation.
Spreading tracts of territory 'tis your undisputed glory
To have footed for the first time (save by savages),
The result will be that Trade will there supersede the raid
Of the slaver, and the ruthless chieftain's ravages.
That is useful work well done, and it hasn't been all fun,
As you found in that huge awful tract of forest,
And you must have felt some doubt of your chance of winning
out

Of all perils when your need was at the sorest.
Mortal sickness now and then, and the pranks of lesser men,
Must have tried your iron health and steely temper.
But, like SCIPIO of old, you're as patient as you're bold,
And you turn up tough and timely, *idem semper!*

STANLEY AFRICANUS! Yes, that's a fitting name, I gness,
For as stout a soul as PUBLIUS CORNELIUS;
And now, probably, there's no man will not dub you "noblest
Roman,"

Though you once had many a foeman contumelious.
Have them still? Oh yes, no doubt; but just now they'll scarce
speak out

In a tone to mar the laudatory chorus:

Though when once they've had a look, HENRY mine, in your
Big Book,

They with snips, and snaps, and snarls, are sure to bore us.
Well, that will not matter much if you only keep in touch
With all that is humane, and wise, and manly.
Your time has been well spent in that huge Dark Continent,
And all England's word to-day is, "Welcome, STANLEY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN his *By Order of the Czar* Mr. JOSEPH HATTON exposes the cruelties of Muscovite rule in the most trenchant yet entertaining fashion. The headings to the chapters (to say nothing of their contents) are exciting to a degree, and consequently it is not altogether surprising that the Russian officials, possibly hearing that the three handsome volumes might cause a revolution, should have refused them admission to the Emperor's dominions. Be this as it may, in each of the aforesaid handsome volumes appears a slip of yellow paper, announcing that "it is prohibited by the Government of the CZAR from circulation in Russia." How fortunate—not, of course, for the Russians, poor things, to be deprived of this treat—but how fortunate that it is not prohibited *here!* With Mr. JOSEPH HATTON continuously in his thoughts, the BARON has sung ever since—not only "*In the Gloaming*," be it understood, but during the following day, and well into the succeeding night—"Best for him (J. H.), and best for me (B. DE B. W.)." The novel should have a large general circulation, in spite of the boycotting to which it has been locally subjected in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Siberia.

Miss JEANIE MIDDLEMASS has made a step in the right direction by publishing *Two False Moves*. Like all her work, the new novel is deeply interesting. As it is full of "go," it is sure to be continually on the march in the circulating libraries.

In *Miss Mephistopheles*, Mr. FEARGUS HUME gives us a story much in advance of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. It is better in construction, its character sketches are more life-like, and its literary style is superior—therefore there is every chance of its not being so successful with the general public.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



STANLEY AFRICANUS!

MR. PUNCH (*saluting*). "MR. STANLEY, I PRESUME!"



COURT NAPPING.

MRS. WOOD can't expect to be always the lucky possessor of a *Dandy Dick*, nor can Mr. PINERO hope always to be up to that really good farcical standard. The good PINERO has nodded over this. *The Cabinet Minister* is an excellent title thrown away. The Cabinet Minister himself, Mr. ARTHUR CREIL, in his official costume, playing the flute, is as burlesque as the General in full uniform, in Mr. GILBERT's "*Wedding March*," sitting with his feet in hot-water. The married boy and girl, with their doll baby and irritatingly unreal quarrels, reminded me of the boy-and-girl lovers in *Brantingham Hall*. The mother of *The Macphail*—the wooden Scotch figure (represented by Mr. B. THOMAS) still to be seen at the door of small tobacconists,—is a Helen-Macgregorish bore, curiously suggestive of what Mr. RICHMOND might look like in petticoats. Mrs. JOHN WOOD's part is a very trying one, and not what the public expect from her.



Court in the Act; or, Mag-Pi-nero flying to a Wood with a few leaves from the Gilbertum Topsyturneycum Bookum.

Though the piece begins fairly well, yet it is dull until Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, as *Joseph Lebanon*, comes on the scene in the Second Act, when everyone begins to be amused, and ends by being disappointed. *Joseph* remains the hero of the situation, and, odd as he is, the behaviour of the ladies and gentlemen towards him reduces them to his level, so that, in spite of its being a farce, we begin to pity him as we pity Mr. GUTHRIE'S *Pariah*, and as those who remember THEODORE HOOR's novel have pitied that wretched little cad, *Jack Brag*. The part is not equal to *Aunt Jack's* Solicitor, and had Mr. GROSSMITH, by the kind permission of Mr. PINERO, departed from the conventional Adelphi and Drury Lane type of comic Hebraic money-lender, he would have done better. The piece is played with the burlesque earnestness that characterised the first performances of *Engaged* at the Haymarket, which piece the Scotch accent recalls to the playgoer's memory. No one can possibly feel any interest in the lovers.

As a rule Mr. PINERO'S stage-management is simple and effective; but here the design is confused and the result is an appearance of restless uncertainty. Drumdurris Castle seems to be a lunatic asylum, of which the principal inmates are two elderly female patients, one, like a twopence-coloured plate of some ancient Scotch heroine, with a craze about Scotland, and the other mad on saying "Fal-lal," and screaming out something about "motives." If eight of the characters were cut out, "they'd none of 'em be missed," and if the play were compressed into one Act, it would contain the essence of all that was worth retaining, and, with a few songs and dances, might make an attractive *lever de rideau* or "laughable farce to finish," before, or after, a revival of *Dandy Dick*.

AMICUS CANDIDUS.

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBS UP TO DATE.

- AN acre of land in Melbourne is better than two miles in the bush.
- Not enough at the Aquarium pays better than a feast.
- You may start a train punctually from the terminus, but you can't get it to keep its time *en route*.
- You can't make an English purse out of an Irish Land Bill.
- A Tea Duty will annoy for ever.
- It is the early Tram-man who holds the morning meeting.
- Look after the wire-fences for the horses and the hounds will take care of themselves.
- A man may go nine times to Holloway for contempt, and after the tenth visit come before the Official Receiver and be broke.
- A School Board is soon parted from its money.
- Give a dog a muzzle and you needn't chain him.

"NOTHING WHEN YOU'RE ROOSE'D TO IT."—We've heard plenty about *diner à la Roose*, and the *Here and There and Everywhere* and *Fare of London Life*, but now we are to have *Fasting à la Roose*. *Vide* article in May number of *New Review* on *Fasting*, by Dr. ROBINSON CRUSOE,—beg pardon,—should have said Dr. ROBINSON ROOSE O. Article not variation on ROOSE O'S Dream, but thoroughly practical.

WEEK BY WEEK.

Wednesday, April 30.—Mr. Punch rises early and appears everywhere. Whole holiday. General rejoicings. Grand Banquet in the evening as usual. Private Reception of Mr. STANLEY, I presume. No one admitted without orders—on his uniform. Great reception of Mr. H. M. STANLEY by his Hairdresser.

Thursday, May 1.—Headache. Chimney Sweeper's Day. Suitable occasion for Sweeping Reform Meetings everywhere. N.B.—Edinburgh Exhibition. Scots wha' hae. Reception of Mr. H. M. STANLEY by the eminent Explorer's tailor, bootmaker, and hosier.

Friday, May 2.—Strictly Private View of the Pictures at Burlington House. Admissions limited to not more than 100,000 patrons of Art. Quiet day. Everybody preparing speech for the Academy Banquet to-morrow. Deputation to Mr. H. M. STANLEY from Aquarium, to ask if he will take Succr's place.

Saturday.—Great Cooking Match at the Café Royal, Lunch Time, Trial Steaks. Opening of the front door by Mr. H. M. STANLEY. Snug little dinner at Burlington House. Sir FREDERICK, P.R.A., in the chair. Musical entertainment by Mr. WHISTLER. Fireworks by Mr. H-BRY F-RN-SS.

Sunday.—Dies Non. No Day!! Curious effect. Gas lighted everywhere. Private Banquet to Mr. STANLEY, who discovers the sauce of the lobster, and takes it with his salmon. Rejoicings.

Monday.—Ceremony of changing sentinels at Buckingham Palace. Every sentinel very much changed after the operation. Opening of a New Book by Mr. H. M. STANLEY. Mrs. SNOOKS's first dance, if she has learnt it in time for to-night.

Tuesday.—Preparations for to-morrow. The Platelayers' annual festival, ROBERT, the Waiter, in the chair. Reception by Mr. H. M. STANLEY, of a parcel from his tailor's. Usual banquets, dances, races, excursions, alarms.

Wednesday.—Mr. Punch comes out stronger than ever. Congratulatory telegrams from all parts of Europe. Banquet as usual.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Tuesday, April 22.—Mr. BENNETT'S Libretto of *Thorgrim* good from literary point of view; poor from dramatic ditto. Composer COWEN not possessing dramatic power sufficient for two, cannot supply the want. Sestett and Chorus, end of Act II, skilfully worked up, and received with acclamation.

Opera, in a general way, Wagnerish. Orchestration shows the hand of a master, Master COWEN. Local colour good, but too much local colour spoils the Opera. Mr. MCGUCKIN is *Thorgrim* to the life; singing, acting, and make-up admirable. Miss ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN highly commendable. Miss TREMELLI, mother of *Helgi* (an ugly name and scarcely mentionable to ears polite), loud and leading as a lady-villain. *Helgi* and *Arnor* are first consins (not once removed) to *Telramund* the Tedions and *Ortrude* the Orful. Mr. CELLI as King, a sort of Scandinavian BEAU BRUMMEL, imparts light comedy touch to Opera, which, but for this, might have been a trifle dull. COWEN called, came, congratulated. H.R.H. Prince of WALES, setting the best example, as he always does, to Opera-goers, came at the beginning and remained to the end.

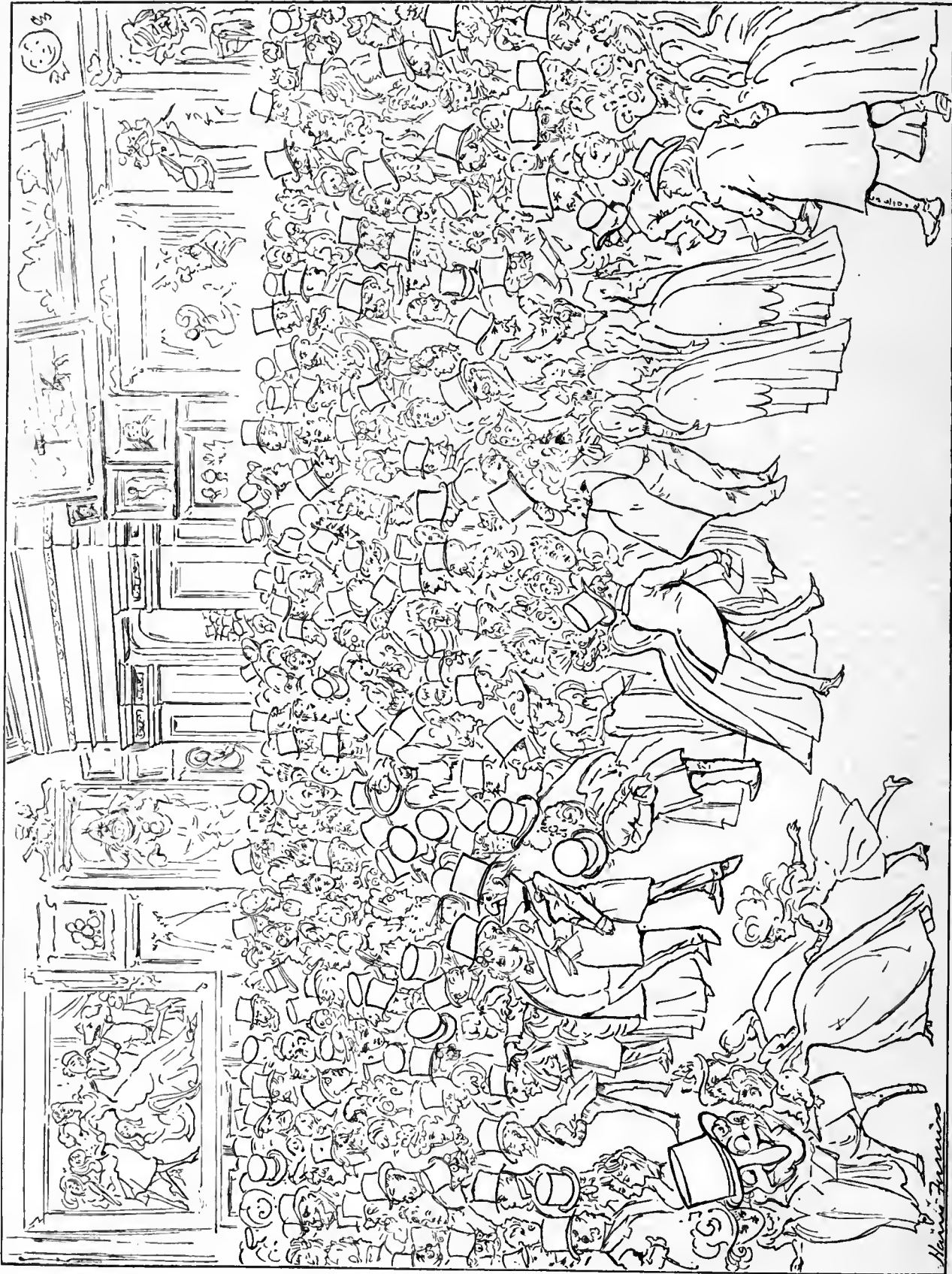
April 23.—*Maritana* delighted everyone. Miss GEORGINA BURNS aplendid. Mr. JOHN CHILD, as *Cesar*, good child. Mr. LESLIE CROTTY good for *José*.

April 26.—*Lohengrin*. King played by POPE with considerable amount of temporal power. F. DAVIES good as The Herald, but which *Herald* he is, whether the "Family" or "New York," not quite clear. Incidental music by amateurs in the Gallery, who, in lengthy interval between Second and Third Scenes of Last Act, whistled "*We won't go home till morning!*"

Carl Rosa Opera season soon over, then Drama at Drury Lane, and Italian Opera at Covent Garden. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS COUNTICOUNTILLARIUS (Sheriff *in posse*, Alderman *in futuro*, and Lord Mayor *in futurissimo*) keeps the ball a rolling at both Houses.



The Scandinavian Composer.



STRICTLY PRIVATE VIEW, ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THE Duke of DUMPSHIRE seems to have been much annoyed by my statement that he killed two trainers with his own hand, for being caught watching a trial of his Derby horses, and that the Jockey Club took no action. I beg to inform his Grace and those who approve his methods, that I care no more for their annoyance than I do for the muddily-minded lucubrations of Mr. JEREMY and his servile tribe of moon-calves. I have public duties to perform, and if, in the course of my comments on racing, I should find myself occasionally compelled to run counter to the imbecile prejudices of some of the aristocratic patrons of the turf, I can assure my readers that I shall not flinch from the task. I therefore repeat that, in the middle of last month, the Duke of DUMPSHIRE killed two trainers, and that up to the present time the Jockey Club have not enforced against him the five-pound penalty which is specially provided by their rules for offences of this sort. When Mr. JACOBS, who has no aristocratic connections, ventured to lynch a rascally tont on Newmarket Heath last year, he was made to pay up at once. The contrast is suggestive.

A lot of jannering nonsense has been talked about *Bazaar* by the Will-o'-the-Wisps who mislead the long-suffering public in turf matters. *Bazaar* is by *Rector* out of *Church Mouse*, and in his pedigree are to be found such well-known roarers as *Boanerges* and *Hallelujah Sal*—not much of a recommendation to anybody except Mr. JEREMY. His own performances are worse than con-



FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

"IS THIS A DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME?"

temptible. As a two-year old, he was placed second at eight stone to *Candlestick* in the Warrington Open Welter Handicap. After that he sprang a curb in the middle of his back, and the fools who train him actually brought him out to run in the All-aged Selling Plate at Ballymacwhaeket. He won the race easily enough of course, but only an impostor, whose head was stuffed with horsehair, would attach the least importance to that. Since then he has eaten two pairs of spurs, a halter, and half of a jockey, which scarcely looks like winning races. I have now relieved my conscience on the matter, so if the puddle-brains wish to back him, their loss must lie at their own doors.

The Marquis de MILEPARDON has bought *Chowbock* for £2000. At the last Epsom Meeting *Chowbock* showed himself a fine pace-maker in an East wind, having entered in from *Sister Mary*, who as good as walked round *Vilkins* when the latter was being tried without his pastern-pad on the Cotswold Hills. At the same time it must be remembered, that *Sister Mary* only got home by a length from *Smockfrock*, after having been double-girthed and provided with a bucket of Pocock's antiseptic, anti-crib-biting condition balls for internal application over the Newmarket T. Y. C.

Next week, I may have something to say about Derby prospects. For the present, I can only advise would-be investors to steer clear of Mr. JEREMY and his quacking, goose-headed parasites.

CHANGE OF NAME.—M. SUCCI, having succeeded in existing for forty days on water alone, will henceforth be known as Water-SUCCI.

HOW I WELCOMED STANLEY.

(Notes of a Very Important Journey.)

LEFT Victoria by special train. On my road met my dear old friend BROWN. We were boys together. Nothing I would not do for him. BROWN says the dearest object of his life is to welcome STANLEY. Can't I take him with me? (This on learning the nature of my expedition.) He is off to Canada to-morrow—early. More sorry than I can say—impossible. Only invitation for "one." One, myself. He sighs and we part—it may be for years, it may be for ever. Sorrowful, but cheered up by party in special train. Everybody in great spirits going to welcome STANLEY. Dearest object of everybody's life. To pass the time tell one another stories of adventure. Man who was in the Franco-German War explains how he would have defended Metz if he had been BAZAINE. Man who went through the Soudan (perhaps a trifle jealous), says if he had been BAZAINE he wouldn't have defended Metz at all, because BAZAINE was a traitor. Row imminent, so out in with my adventure in a life-boat. Graphic account. Ship springing a-leak; men at the pumps; boats given up to the women and children. The good ship—well, never mind the name of ship; have forgotten it—lurches, gives one long roll, and sinks! Remaining passengers, headed by myself, swarm up the rigging to the mizzen-top. High sea, thunder and lightning. Great privations. Sun sinks in red, moon rises in green. All hope gone, when—hurrah, a sail! It is the life-boat! Slung on board by ropes. Rockets and coloured lights let off. The coxswain calls upon the crew to "pull blue," or "pull white." Startling adventures. On the rocks! Off them! Saved! Everybody pleased with my story. Keep to myself the fact that I have only once in my life been on board a life-boat—when it was practising off Lynton. No more stories after mine. Company (disheartened) break up into groups. Pleased with the scenery. After all, there is no place like Dover—when you stop there. Glad I am not going to welcome STANLEY on the other side of the Channel. London, Chatham and Dover Railway arrangements capital, especially when you are travelling *en prince*.

Ah, here we are at Dover! Meet JONES—of course, he is going to welcome STANLEY. So are SNOOKS and SMITH. And, as I live, old

TOMPKINS! Well, this is very plucky of old TOMPKINS. Thought he was dead years ago. Says he would not miss STANLEY for worlds. More would I. Great privilege to welcome him. Feel it most deeply. The greatest explorer of the age. But sea-air has made me a trifle hungry and thirsty. I daresay lunch is going on somewhere. Find it isn't! Deputation of Vergers, seemingly from Canterbury Cathedral, headed by a beadle, carrying an ear-trumpet, forcing their way through crowd. Police arrangements the reverse of satisfactory. Distinguished proprietor of influential newspaper hustled—possibly mistaken for EMIN PASHA, who would be *de trop* on such an occasion. But must have lunch. Not up to form of Signor SUCCI. So avoid the brilliant but giddy throng, and find out a favourite little restaurant close to the Lord Warden. French *plats* and some excellent *Grave*. Know the *Grave* of old—seldom asked for, and so kept long in bottle. Order a nice little luncheon and feel rather sleepy. Luncheon ready. Do it justice, and fancy suddenly that I am in charge of the lamp in a lighthouse. Rough night. Ah! the life-boat! manned by old TOMPKINS (adventurous chap old TOMPKINS) SNOOKS, JONES, SMITH and BROWN. Thought latter had gone to Canada! Open eyes with a start. Waiter and bill. Bless me, how late it is. Must be off at once to welcome STANLEY. Meet old TOMPKINS, SNOOKS, JONES and SMITH instead. They tell me that they have all welcomed STANLEY. Found him being "run into" the train by two policemen! Thought him looking very well. Didn't I? Ask, Where is he now? Don't I know? Why gone back by the special! Thought I must have missed it on purpose. Hurry away in bad temper. May catch him up. Pop into fast train just starting. Scenery bad. Weather horrid. Fellow travellers unsupportable. Ah, here we are at last at Victoria. One satisfaction—BROWN didn't welcome him either. Why here is BROWN on the platform—do him a last good turn—describe STANLEY. I tell him that the great explorer looks younger than ever, wears big cap, white suit, revolver and field-glasses. Every inch a portrait in the *Daily Graphic*! BROWN says, "That's strange, as he didn't look like that when he saw him!" Appears BROWN put off trip to Canada to welcome him. Can't be helped! Shall meet STANLEY somewhere (movements advertised daily in the *Times*) and when I do won't I give him a bit of my mind, for not waiting long enough to let me welcome him!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 21.—House really beginning to fill up. HARTINGTON back from the Riviera. First time he has appeared this Session; lounged in with pretty air of having been there yesterday and just looked in again. Blushed with surprise to find Members on both sides welcoming him with cheer.



The Sage.

"We all like HARTINGTON," said SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "Of course we liked him better when he agreed with our opinions; but we can't all keep straight, and he's gone wrong. Still, we bear him no malice. Sorry he was ill; glad he's better. Must encourage this benevolent attitude towards him, since it enables us, with fuller vigour to denounce CHAMBERLAIN. You see, when we howl at CHAMBERLAIN, they can't say we are simply moved by personal spite, because here we are cheering HARTINGTON as he returns to the fray."

JOHN DILLON back too; bronzed with Australian suns; ruddy with the breeze of lusty Colorado. Everyone glad to see JOHN back; first because everyone likes him; next for reasons akin to those which the SAGE frankly acknowledges when cheering HARTINGTON. Even in the evil days when JOHN DILLON used to fold his arms and flash dark glances of defiance on Speaker BRAND, House didn't include him in same angry, uncompromising, denunciation as hurled round head of WILLIAM O'BRIEN, TIM HEALY, and dear old JOSEPH GILLIS. JOHN DILLON sometimes suspended; occasionally sent to prison; but the honesty of his motives, the purity of his patriotism, always acknowledged. Mistaken, led astray (that is

to say differed from us on matters of opinion), but meant well.

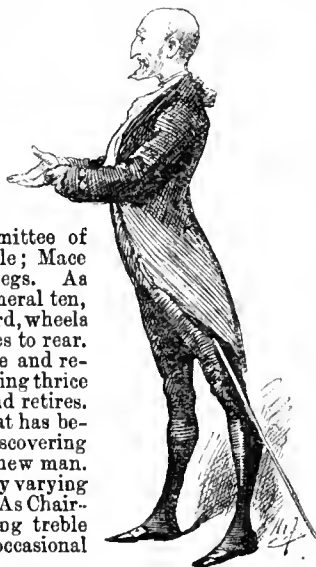
"Yes, TOBY," said the SAGE, lighting another cigarette; "always well when you're going it hot for a Party to have some individual in it whom you can omit from general implication of infamous motives. Gives one high moral standpoint, doncha know. Thus, when I want to suggest that the MARKISS is a mere tool in hands of BISMARCK, I extol honest purposes of OLD MORALITY; hint, you know, that he is not so sharp of perception as he might be; but that gives him the fuller claim upon our sympathy, seeing that he is yoked with a colleague of the natural depravity, and capable of the infinite iniquity, which marks the MARKISS's relations with public affairs. The great thing, dear TOBY, in public controversy is to assume an attitude of impartiality. When you have to suggest that a political adversary was privy to the putting-away of his grandmother, do it rather in sorrow than in anger, and if you can find or make an opportunity of saying at the same time a kind word for one of his colleagues, seize it. That's why we cheer HARTINGTON to-night, and why the Tories sometimes admit that JOHN DILLON's an honest man."

Business done.—PARNELL moved rejection of Land Purchase Bill.

Tuesday.—COURTNEY on in his famous quick-change scene. One minute he is discovered in recesses of canopied chair as Speaker; the next is seated at table as Chairman of Committees. SPEAKER, everyone sorry to learn, is ill in bed. So COURTNEY doubles his part. Proceeding watched with profound interest from Strangers' Gallery. At ten minutes and ten seconds to Seven House in Committee of Supply. COURTNEY in Chair at table; Mace off the table; TANNER on his legs. As hand of clock falters over the numeral ten, COURTNEY gets up, says never a word, wheels to right out of Chair and marches to rear. TANNER stops midway in sentence and resumes seat. Sergeant-at-Arms bowing three advances, lifts Mace on to table, and retires. Stranger in Gallery wondering what has become of COURTNEY, appalled by discovering him in SPEAKER'S Chair, quite a new man. On these occasions marks his swiftly varying condition by altered tone of voice. As Chairman of Committees, assumes piping treble voice, as Deputy-Chairman drops occasional observations in profound bass.

"Only thing left to me, dear TOBY," he said, when I congratulated him on his treble.

"Haven't time to change dress, even if it were permissible; must do



Sergeant-at-Arms (and Legs).

something to mark wide gulf fixed between Chairman of Committee and SPEAKER; so hit upon this scheme. Glad you like the treble; a little out of my line, but practice makes perfect."

At Evening Sitting question of Labour and Capital brought on by BARTLEY. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM let House see what a terrible fellow he is. Doesn't look the part; but after speech to-night no question of his innate ferocity. *Sim Tupperit* not in it for such blood-curdling remarks. "I have," he said just now, "often interfered between Capital and Labour; but, thank Heaven! I have never interfered in the character of a conciliator."

"Ha, ha!" he cried, a little later, *à propos* of nothing. "You talk of inciting to violence. I have never incited to violence, and wherefore? Because, in present state of affairs, with society a vast organised conspiracy, violence would recoil on the heads of the Working Classes. But, Sir, the time will come when things will be otherwise, and the very moment that power is in the hands of the Working Classes I shall incite them to violence."

After this House took early opportunity of adjourning. Pretty to see Members stealing across Palace Yard in the dark, looking furtively right and left, not sure that moment was not come, and SIMON CUNNINGHAME TAPPERTIT GRAHAM was not hounding on his "United Bulldogs" against the Classes. "We must look out, BROADHURST," said JAMES ROWLANDS, nervously rubbing his hand. "It's all very well of your retiring to Cromer. I think I shall practise with a revolver; shall certainly carry a sword-attack."

Business done.—Budget Resolutions through Committee.

Thursday Night.—HOME SECRETARY came down to-day in unusually good spirits. Nothing happened of late to give enemy occasion to blaspheme. Crewe affair seems quite forgotten; nobody going to be hanged when he ought to be reprieved, or reprieved when he ought to be hanged. Seems almost as if, after all, life for HOME SECRETARY would be worth living. Whatever embarrassments ahead belong to other Departments of Ministry. Land Purchase troubles, not the HOME SECRETARY, nor Bi-Metallism either. RAIKES been doing something at the Post Office. GOSCHEN been tampering with tea, and sinning in the matter of currants. Something wrong with the Newfoundland Fisheries, but that FERGUSON'S look-out. True, ELCHO wanting to know about some prisoners taken from Ipswich to Bury in chains. Sounds bad sort of thing; sure to be letters in newspapers about it. But HOME SECRETARY able to lay hand on heart and swear the chains were light. ELCHO blustered a bit. Irish Members, naturally interested in arrangements for going to prison, threateningly cheered; but after what MATTHEWS had suffered in other times this affair lighter than the chains themselves.

Incident had passed; questions on paper disposed of; soon be debating Land Purchase Bill; all would be well for at least another day. Suddenly up gets HARCOURT; wants to know who is responsible for the design of new police buildings on Thames Embankment? Flush of pride mantles brow of MATTHEWS. This red-hot building—its gables, its roofs, its windows its doorways, and its twisted knockers—was designed under his direction. It is his dowry to London, set forth on one of its most spacious sites. What does HARCOURT want to know about it? Why is PLUNKET so studious in repudiating all responsibility for the thing? Wherefore does crowded House cheer and laugh when HARCOURT gives notice to call attention to building on Home Office Vote? Can it be possible that here is another mistake? Ought he to have hanged the architect instead of encouraging him? Always doing things for the best, and they turn out the very worst. Been occasionally misunderstood; but did, at least, think that London would be grateful for this emanation from the heated architectural mind.

"Looks so like a carbuncle suddenly developed on Embankment, with the stately Thames swirling below, that I really thought they would like it," said HOME SECRETARY, mopping his furrowed brow. "But there are some people, TOBY, who are never pleased, and prominent among them are the people of London."

Business done.—Debate on Land Purchase Bill.

Friday.—Things rather in a muddle to-day all round. At Morning Sitting didn't get Supply which everybody expected would be order of day; didn't proceed with Allotments Bill, which was first on Orders. At night, PROVAND on first with Dried Currants; MCLAUREN to follow with Woman's Suffrage, neither turned up, and at half-past eleven by dint of Closure, got into Committee of Supply. GEORGE CAMPBELL cruising up and down in New Guinea steamer; finally docked. Then ARTHUR WILLIAMS moved to report progress; more discussion; OLD MORALITY pounced; Division on Closure; COURTNEY named SHEEHY as one of tellers; SHEEHY in Limerick; House couldn't wait for him to return; so WADDY brought out of Lobby to tell with TANNER. When Closure carried, it was ten minutes past one. House bound to rise at one o'clock; Chairman equally bound to put the question, which was to report progress. Motion for progress negatived, which meant that the House would go on with business; but it being a quarter past one Deputy-Speaker must needs leave Chair, and so sitting collapsed.

"Dear me!" said BOLTON, "this is hard to understand. Must go off to the Garrick and think it over." *Business done.*—None.

EIGHT HOURS ONLY.

(A Fancy Sketch of the Possible.)

It was the first day under the operation of the new Act. Everyone was a little nervous about the outcome, and JOHN JONES, the Barrister, was no exception to the general rule. At three o'clock he was in the full swing of an impassioned appeal to the Jury.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. JONES," said the Judge, glancing at the clock, "but I am afraid I must interrupt you. I cannot hear you any longer."

"But, my Lord, I have not touched upon a third of the case. I can assure you my remarks shall be as brief as possible."

"That is not the point, Mr. JONES," replied his Lordship. "I am following your argument with the liveliest interest, and I am sure that all you would wish to say would be of the greatest possible service to your client; but unfortunately I happen to know that you prepare your cases in the early hours of the morning. Now, you know the law as well I do. If you have not been at work to-day for eight hours, of course I shall be happy to hear; but if you have—"

"As your Lordship pleases," said poor JONES, and he gathered up his papers, and left the Court.

"Just in time, Sir," observed the attendant in the robing-room, as he put the Barrister's wig in its box, and assisted him to divest himself of his gown. "Had you come five minutes later, we should have gone."

"Really! How would that have suited silk and stuff?"

"Caused a fearful row, I am afraid, Sir. But we aren't exceed the eight hours' limit, and we must keep two or three of them for some work we have in the evening."

When JONES found himself in the Strand he noticed that the traffic was considerably less than usual. The omnibuses were few and far between, and he did not see a cab in any direction.

"Yes, Sir," replied a policeman, who was removing his band of office, preparatory to going home; "you won't find many. Eight hours' limit, Sir. Good-day, Sir. I am off myself."

The boats had ceased running; there were no trams. To pass the time he thought he would call upon the Editor, whose rooms were in Fleet Street.

"I hope I am not interrupting you," he said, as he entered the sanctum.

"Interrupting me! Why, I am delighted to see you. We have nothing to do. Mustn't exceed the eight hours, and they were up at two o'clock. But how did you get in?"

"Oh, the Publisher opened the door, and then returned to a rubber of whist he was playing with the Reader, the Manager, and the Head of the Advertisement Department. I was introduced to them all. Then I watched a tug of war going on in the composing-room between the Compositors on the one side, and the Machinists and Foundry-men on the other, and came up here."

"Very glad to see you, my dear fellow!" and the Editor once again shook hands.

A little later JONES entered a restaurant, but he was refused dinner. The eight hours' limit had cleared off the cooks and the waiters. Half-starving, he purchased a stall for the theatre. For a while his thoughts were distracted by the excellence of the performance. Suddenly, in the most interesting part of the play, the curtain was prematurely dropped.

"Very sorry," said the Stage Manager, addressing the audience from behind the footlights, "but, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have no option. We had a rehearsal this morning of the new piece, and, taking this into consideration, our limit is reached. I may seize this opportunity for regretfully announcing that as two performances take more than eight hours, the customary Saturday *Matinée* will for the future be discontinued."

The orchestra played a few bars of the National Anthem, and the theatre cleared. JONES strolled on to the Embankment, and, the

evening being pleasant, took a seat. Beside him was a student reading for examination, a clergyman thinking out a sermon, and an artist taking a rough sketch. JONES took out a brief himself and opened it.

"It's no business of mine," said a policeman off duty, who happened to be passing, "but you gents will get yourselves into trouble if you exceed the limit."

"I will go home," exclaimed JONES; and he walked to his suburban villa. But the place was locked up, and the servants did not dare to open the door to him, as they had finished their legal spell of labour hours before.

"Don't feel well," he murmured. "Will call upon my Doctor."

"Now, my dear Sir," said the medical man, as JONES appeared before him, "you know I must not prescribe for you. The eight hours' limit was reached at four."

"Then, I suppose I must die. Will the Act allow me to do that?"

"You, as a Barrister, ought to know best, my dear Sir. What is your idea?"

"My idea?" echoed the considering JONES. "Well, I should say— But, stay; I am not entitled to give a professional opinion until to-morrow morning! Still, offhand I may observe, that such an illegal death would savour of positive suicide; but it would not matter very much, as under existing circumstances suicide in some form or other seems to me inevitable!" And JONES was right!

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

Those who have carefully read the remarks which I have thought it my duty to make in these columns from time to time, must have reaped a golden harvest at Newmarket last week. It is not easy, of course, in these milk-and-water days to say what one means in sufficiently plain words. Personally, I have always been mild in my language, and have often been reproached on this score. But I have always found it possible, without using vulgar and exaggerated abuse, to express the contempt which, in common with every right-minded man, I feel for the grovelling herd of incompetent boobies, whose minds are as muddy as the Rowley Mile after a thunder-storm. *Surefoot* was always a favourite of mine. Two months ago I said, "if *Surefoot* can only face the starter for the Two Thousand firmly, he will probably get off well, and ought not to be far behind the first six at the finish. As to *Le Nord*, though he is not my colour, he is not likely to be last." Only a mooncalf, with a porridge-bowl instead of a head, could have mistaken these remarks.

So Sir THOMAS CHUCKS has joined the ranks of aristocratic owners. Here is a chance for the dilly-dallying professors of humbug to distinguish themselves. What can be expected from a stable which always runs its trials at one o'clock in the morning, with nobody but Mr. JEREMY to look on? No doubt we shall hear all about it in the columns which Mr. J. devotes to the edification of dough-faced, gruel-brained noodles who accept him as their prophet.

Catacampus ran well last week. With two stone less and a Calyx-eyed saddle-bar, he would have shown up even better. Whenever the barometer goes up two points *Catacampus* must be remembered. He was foaled in a ditch on the old North Road, somewhere between London and York, and having remained there or thereabouts for a month, may be considered a good stayer.

THE EMPIRE IN THE TIME OF SEVERUS.—Wonderful Juggler at the Empire, with a name that's not to be trifled with, SEVERUS. Some nights he may be better than on others, but you'll be delighted if you just catch him in the Juggler vein.

THE Over-rated Rate-payers who fear the rising of the Rates more than almost any other rising, express a hope that the L. C. C. will be economical, and that FARRER may be "Nearer."

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. V.



"A Curate may be cross-examined with comparative safety."



UNCERTAINTIES OF ARITHMETIC.

Schoolmaster. YES; BUT LOOK HERE, MY BOY. SUPPOSE I WERE TO LEND YOUR FATHER FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, LET US SAY,—WITHOUT INTEREST,—BUT ON CONDITION THAT HE SHOULD PAY ME TEN POUNDS A WEEK. HOW MUCH WOULD HE STILL OWE ME IN TWO MONTHS?

New Boy. "FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, SIR!"

Schoolmaster. "TUT! TUT! MY BOY, YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF ARITHMETIC!" *New Boy.* "YOU DON'T KNOW MY FATHER, SIR!"

GRANDOLPH GOODFELLOW;

OR, PUCK AT THE SPIGOT.

(Shakspeare adapted to the situation)

Bung. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called GRANDOLPH GOODFELLOW. Are you not he
That did your best to spill Lord S-L-S-B-R-Y?
Gave the Old Tory party quite a turn,
And office with snug perquisites did spurn?
And now you'd make Strong Drink to bear no barm
(Or proper profit.) You would do us harm.
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sly PUCK,
Are right; you always bring your friends bad luck.
Are you not he?

Puck. By Jove, thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer full of spite.
I jest unto the Plebs and make it smile.
Old, fat, and bean-fed Tories I beguile,
And lead them to a Democratic goal.
Now I am "going for" the flowing bowl.
E'en W-L-F-R-D owns I am "upon the job."
I mean to save the workman many a "bob."
But, lessening his chance of toping ale,
The Witler tells his pals the saddest tale.
Bacchus for his true friend mistaketh me,
Then step I from his side, down topples he,
And "Traitor!" cries, and swears I did but chaff,
And the Teetotallers hold their sides and laugh,
And chortle in their joy, and shout, and swear
That GRANDOLPH GOODFELLOW's a spirit rare.
But room, old boy, the Second Reading 'a on!

Bung. He is a trickster:—Would that he were gone!

PRIMROSE'S PEEP-SHOW.

(Vide Lord Rosebery's resumé of the year's work of the London County Council.)

MASTER BULL loquitur:—

HUMPH! Show is very passable, no doubt;
And as you pull the strings, my clever Showman,
'Tis clear that you know what you are about,
Sense's sworn friend, and babbling folly's foeman.
The slides, as worked by you, seem mighty fine,
A trifle vague, perhaps, in composition,
Sloppy in colouring, and weak in line,
As is the civic peep-show's old tradition;
Still there is graphic vigour here and there,
Perspective, and a general sense of "movement."
On the old "Shirker" Show, 'tis only fair
To own, it evidences some improvement.
Plenty of slides! there is no doubt of that;
In fact one questions if there are too many.
Yes, I shall find when you pass round the hat,
The price is more than the old-fashioned Penny.
I pay my money and I take my-choice?
Well no, it won't quite fit, that fine old patter.
Still, if your Show proves good, I shall rejoice;
A trifling rise in fee won't greatly matter,
If 'tis not too "progressive" (as you say).
To stomp up for sound work I'm always willing;
But though, of course, a Penny may not pay,
One wants a first-class Peep-Show for a Shilling!
Some of your novel slides are rather nice,
Some of them, on the other hand, look funny.
I felt grave doubts about 'em once or twice.
I don't want muddlers to absorb my money.
However, as I said, 'tis very clear
As puller of the strings you yield to no man.
The Show seems promising, if rather dear,
But anyhow it has a first-rate Showman!

"So English you know!" exclaims the BARON DE B. W., on seeing the advertisement of Dr. LOUIS ENGEL'S new book from *Handel to Hallé*. "It will be interesting," says the Baron, "to note how much of HANDEL'S popularity was due to that particular inspiration of genius which caused him to use the name of the future composer and pianist in one of his greatest works, namely, the celebrated '*Hallelujah Chorus*.' For this magnificent effort would have been only half the chorus it is without 'HALLÉ' to commence it."

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"Dear me, how surprisingly your voice has strengthened since I last heard you sing;" i.e., "Roars like a town-bull, and fancies himself a LABLACHE!"

"I saw quite a ring round your picture at the Academy to-day;" i.e., "If only he had heard them laugh!"

"Won't you stop and have some lunch?" i.e., "Couldn't help asking him, as the confounded luncheon-bell rang a peal; but if he has any manners, or consideration he'll say, 'No, thank you,' and go."

"I know your face so well—but I am such a bad hand at names;" i.e., "Never saw him before in my life!"

"Pray allow me to get it;" i.e., "Catch me moving!"

"You know you can trust me implicitly;" i.e., "May be a good story to tell."

"He has such wonderful wit;" i.e., "An unfailing flow of rudeness which he calls repartee."

"Rather satirical, yes; but she has marvellous insight into character;" i.e., "She has been complimenting me."

PLATFORMULARS.

"These, then, are the arguments;" i.e., "They're all yawning—must end somehow."

"A crushing reply;" i.e., a retort discourteous, in which all the points of the attack are adroitly evaded.

"After the magnificent oration to which we have just listened with so much delight, I feel that anything that I can say must be in the nature of an anti-chimax;" i.e., "Confound him! Why will he take all the 'fat' to himself, and cut the ground from under a fellow's feet?"

"I have the greatest possible pleasure in presiding over this

magnificent assembly on this memorable occasion;" i.e., "Place is like a malodorous oven, and I wish to goodness it were all over."

PARLIAMENTARY.

"I appeal to that consideration which the House always extends to a new Member, &c.;" i.e., "Mean to make them sit up a bit, but must come the conventional modest."

"The Honourable and Gallant Gentleman has fulfilled his task with all the ability that might naturally be expected;" i.e., "With none worth mentioning."

"I rise to order;" i.e., "To raise disorder."

EPISTOLATORY.

"Let me be the first, dear, to congratulate you on your well-merited good fortune;" i.e., "She has the deuce's own luck, and doesn't deserve it."

"Thank you so much for your beautiful present, which I shall value for its own sake as well as for the giver's;" i.e., "Wouldn't give twopence for the two of 'em."

"So good of you to send me your new book. I shall lose no time in reading it;" i.e., "No; not a single second."

AT A DANCE.

"So you prefer to stand out of this dance, dear?" i.e., "Trust her for being a willing 'Wallflower.'"

"Shall we sit this out on the stairs?" i.e., "I don't want to dance, and I do want to spoon."

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"Well, dear, the only song I can remember, without music, is 'Gasping'—but I'll try that, if you like;" i.e., "Her great song, which she has been grinding up to sing to—or rather at—young FITZ-FLOSS. Won't she be wild?"

"Well, your Beethoven bits are lovely, dear, we know; but suppose you give us something lighter, for once;" i.e., "BEETHOVEN, indeed! BESSIE BELLWOOD is more her style."

CHANNEL PASSAGE.

"Well, it may be a bit lively when we get out;" i.e., "You won't know whether you are on your head or your heels in ten minutes."

CURIOMANIA.

"I've never seen such a collection of curios in my life!" i.e., "Hope I never may again!"

"I'm no great judge of such things, but I should say this specimen is unique;" i.e., "It is to be hoped so!"

"Ex-qui-site!!!" i.e., "Rubbish!"

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"Awfully noisy carriages on this line;" i.e., "Thank goodness! The clatter has tired even his stentor throat."

"Good-bye! So sorry we don't travel farther together;" i.e., "Hooray! Now for feet up and forty winks!"

PREPARING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"I'm sure you will be a great acquisition to my little company;" i.e., "Awful stick, but a pis aller I'm afraid."

"Now if there's anything you notice not quite the thing, pray mention it. I'm not above taking a hint;" i.e., "Nor you up to giving one—of any value."

"Oh, no doubt you're right, though it's not the way CHARLES MATHEWS did it;" i.e., "That's a nasty one for you, Mr. MEDDLER."

"Ah, yes, I was a little off colour, perhaps; but I shall be all right on the night, you bet!" i.e., "Not going to be dictated to by you anyhow."

"STANDS SCOTLAND (YARD) WHERE IT DID?"—Yes; only more so. And how kind and thoughtful of the Government to order that the materials for building the new Police Offices should be found and fashioned by the Dartmore convicts. Quite a labour of love!

CORRESPONDENT, in *Times* of Saturday, showed that, in spite of increase of population, there has been a decrease of drunkenness. In 1884—85 there were 183,221 drunken Police-court cases; but in 1887—88 only 166,366. Anti-temperance persons will look upon this as "a Drop too much."

PICTURES OF THE YEAR THAT NO PATRON OF ART CAN POSSIBLY OVERLOOK.—Those that are sky'd.

"SCOTS, WHA HAE."

(New Version. Sung at the Opening of the Edinburgh International Exhibition, May 1.)



Scots, wha hae at Paris bled,
Scots, wham Cook hath aften led,
Welcome to the white, green red,
Of your ain Great Exhibition.

Now's the day and now's the hour;
Though you have no Eiffel Tower!
See the bawbees pile and pour;
All the world shall crowd to see!

Wha will want to pinch and save?
Wha to see it will not crave?
Wha will not declare it brave?
Far from Edinbro' let him flee!

Wha will wish to see the sight
Of the grand electric light,
And the "Kiowatt" of might?
Caledonian! on wi' me!

Ninety acres on the plain!
Almost apks the Show by Seine.
Won't folk flock by tram and train
To our International Show.

Let the Incandescents glow,
Sixteen thousand, row on row!
SANDY all the world will show
He will beat the best—or die!

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. XI.—THE YOUNG GUARDSMAN.

THE Young Guardsman believes himself to be not only the backbone of the British Army, its vital centre and support, but also its decorative master-piece. Other officers, of whom the Guardsman is wont to speak with a vague pity as belonging to "some line regiment," are not apt to sympathise with him in this exalted estimate of his military position and functions. They are accustomed to urge, that he is to the general body of officers as gold lace is to the uniform he wears, a gaudy ornament fashioned for show and useless for the practical work of the military profession. Doubtless "these are the forgeries of jealousy," or, if true at all, they are true only for that limited period of the Guardsman's existence, during which he pays mere attention to his own dressing than to that of his men, and imagines that the serious objects of life are attained when he has raised the height of his collar by half an inch, or invented a new fashion of transfixing a silk scarf with a diamond pin. In fact it is during the first flush of his youth that he displays those characteristics which have specialised the Guardsman amongst the golden lads who afterwards come to the dust of middle-age and a colonelcy.

It is by no means necessary that the Young Guardsman should enjoy an aristocratic parentage, provided it be a wealthy one; nor is it essential that he should have made his mark at school as a scholar, an athlete, or a social success. Indeed, nothing is more common than to hear a former school-fellow express himself in terms of derisive amazement when he is informed that So-and-So is now in the Guards. "What, that scug?" he will observe with immeasurable contempt, and will proceed to express his surprise how one who neither played cricket, nor football, nor rowed to any purpose can possibly add distinction to Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards. These observations, it should be said, however disrespectful they may be towards a particular individual, undoubtedly shew a strong feeling of veneration for the repute of the Guards in general. It must be added too that on his side the Young Guardsman is not slow to repay, and in doing so to aggravate, the contempt of the burly athlete who may have kicked him at school, and towards whom he now assumes a lordly air of irritating patronage hardly endurable, but not easily to be resented, by one who feels it to be totally unwarranted.

The Guardsman, then, will have passed through school without emerging in any way from the common ruck of ordinary boys. He will have left at a comparatively early age in order that his education may no longer be neglected, and will have betaken himself to the fostering care of one of the numerous establishments which exist to prove that the private coach *Codlin* is superior to the public school *Short*. Hence, if his abilities are exceptionally brilliant, he will have passed into Sandhurst. Failing this, however, the Militia is a refuge and a stepping-stone. In any case he will find himself in due time the owner of Her Majesty's Commission and the largest head-dress in the British Army. In short he will become a Guardsman in full bloom.

And now he begins to reap a plentiful harvest of easy social distinctions, in the sewing of which he himself has borne no part. He may be, though to be sure he is not always, the feeblest and most vapid of created beings, but he will be none the less courted and flattered by the numerous band who fix their eyes and their hearts on social position without any regard to the particular atom of humanity by which it may chance to be filled. Hestesses shower invitations upon him, he slides easily into the membership of many Clubs both social and sporting, tradesmen and money-lenders solicit with humility the supreme honour of being his creditors, and all the world, as he counts it, smiles upon him and is ready to make much of him. A man would require to be made of exceptionally stern stuff not to yield to many of the temptations thus spread before him, and the Young Guardsman, although he is as martial as the occasional wearing of his uniform can make him, is by no means stern. He yields, however, with an admirable grace, and although his nationality and his profession both forbid him to display an excess of enthusiasm, it may be said of him that he tolerates his pleasures and does not despise the amusements for which a musketry course at Hythe or an occasional encampment at Pirbright seems to give him an additional zest.

He is often to be seen at dances, and although he does not dance much and is not much of a dancer, it is impossible to complain of any lack of vigour in his steps as he tears round the room with his

partner in double-quick time. Having done this he will descend to supper with a young married lady whom he is temporarily honouring with his attentions, and will impress her with the maturity of his views of the world. He will hint to her that, after all, there is more to be said for *Don Juan* than is commonly supposed, and that "by Gad, a feller who chucks away his chances when there are no end of 'em runnin' after him is a fool dentoherknow, and you may tell 'em I said so." After he has imparted this information he will re-conduct her upstairs, and will then leave in a hansom preceded by a tall cigar, for which he has paid half-a-crown.

At Maidenhead, too, on Sundays during the summer the Young Guardsman is a conspicuous object. Rebed in spotless flannels, with the Brigade Colours round his straw hat and his neck, he may be seen propelling a punt with much perseverance and some accuracy to Boulter's Lock and back. Afterwards he will dine with the comfortable conviction that he has had very violent exercise.

Of the Young Guardsman's dress much might be said. It is spotless and careful and is evidently the result of deep thought. Yet, if a fault may be hinted, it errs like his cigar on the side of exaggeration. A frock-coat should fit well, but his is too tight. Fashion no doubt demands that in the daytime a cascade of silk or satin should pour itself into a lake of shirt-front, but the cascade need not be a Niagara nor the lake an Ontario. It is true of course that at night no young man who respects himself and values the opinion of his friends would dream of wearing a white tie of any but the butterfly pattern. Still there are butterflies and butterflies, and the Young Guardsman's model would seem to be rather one of the huge tropical varieties than any known to our northern climate. These, however, are but trifling defects which scarcely detract from the shining and ornamental completeness of his appearance.

It is remarkable how readily the Young Guardsman imagines himself to be an adept in the mysteries of the turf. With a light heart and a heavy betting-book he faces the hoary sinners who lay the odds. Nor is it until he has lost more money than his father can well afford that he discovers that the raw inexperience even of a Young Guardsman is unequally matched against the cool head, and the long purse, of the professional book-maker. In vain does he call in the aid of the venal tipster. The result is always the same, and he returns home from every race-meeting without ever, to use his own phrase, "getting home" at all. Indeed, if they may be believed, the subalterns of "the Brigade" never vary from a condition which they always describe as stony-broke.

A little later in his career the Young Guardsman will find himself temporarily on the staff of a General appointed to command a force of Volunteers during some Easter manoeuvres. He will wear a white belt, the frock-coat of his undress uniform and a cocked hat, and will believe himself to be a Staff officer. He will perform his duties not without efficiency, but will scarcely take enough trouble to remove from the minds of the Volunteers to whom he issues orders, that idea of patronage which is to a rightly constituted Volunteer what a red rag is said to be to a bull. Soon after this, a war having broken out in Africa, he will volunteer for active service and will be accepted. Being after all a young man of pluck and spirit, he will pass with distinction through the hardships and dangers of the campaign. Amid the stern realities of the bivouac and the battlefield his swagger and his affectations will vanish. Returning home in this altered condition it is as likely as not that he will marry, and having served his Queen with solid credit for many years, will eventually retire with the rank of General and the well-earned respect of all who know him.

THE LAST OF THE BACILLI.

(Feuilleton of the "Medical Record," April, 1900.)

In a gloomy and inaccessible cavity, situated in the diaphragm of the human body in which he had made his home, stood the last of the Bacilli. His friends and his brothers, the companions of his innocent childhood, the associates of his boyish days, his fellow-adventurers in manhood's prime—all, all had perished. Some had been ruthlessly hunted down by a skilled body of German assassins; others had died under the cruel attacks of the pestilent Frenchman. The Cholera Bacillus, the king of them all, was the first to fall; typhoid and typhus, small-pox and measles, fits of convulsions or of sneezing, coughs and catarrhs, had all been deprived of Bacilli and slain. The Wart Bacillus had fought hard and maintained himself for a long time on a precarious footing of fingers and thumbs; but he too had been extirpated. The Thirst Bacillus had given up the ghost yesterday, after keeping up for years a guerilla warfare disguised



ALLOWED TO STARVE.



THE SUCCESSFUL FASTING-MAN.



ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED!!!

either as a green rat or a striped snake. And now the mighty Hunger Bacillus stood alone, gloomy and defiant. But he knew his hour had come. "Better death," he shouted, "than the microscope!" and with these words drew his sword and dashed forth into the darkness. There was a yell, followed by the sound of steel beaten against steel, then a blood-curdling gurgle, and all grew still.

"He was a gallant scoundrel, but my quick *riposte* confused him," observed Signor Succr, who entered the apartment, wiping his blade on the advertisement of a new beef-essence, and taking copious draughts of his elixir.

Thus died, as he had lived, dismal, desperate, degraded, the Hunger Bacillus, the last of his race.

(From another Column of the same Paper.)

We rejoice to hear that the Act for making Succination compulsory is to be energetically enforced. Public Succinators have now been appointed to every district, and every parent omitting to have the operation performed upon his infant within two months after birth is to be rigorously prosecuted. Henceforth, as we may remind our readers, anybody "complaining of hunger shall be liable on conviction to be imprisoned for not less than six calendar months, with or without hard labour." We quote the words of clause 3 of the Act.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. JAMES PAYN has the peculiar gift of writing a novel as if he were telling you a story *vivâ voce* and interesting you in it, not only by reason of its plot, but also by his way of narrating it. There is a spontaneity about his style which to the Baron is most refreshing: it is like listening to two clever men, one of whom is telling the story, and the other is enlivening it with his sharp and appropriate comments, always dropped in parenthetically. Mr. PAYN is a good hand at keeping a secret, and it is not for the BARON DE B. W. to tell beforehand what the novelist keeps as a little bit up his sleeve till the last moment. Why call it *The Burnt Million*? To what tremendous conflagration involving such a fearful loss of life does the title point? The story will interest the Million and delight Thousands. Excellent as is the dialogue generally, the Baron ventures to doubt whether any ordinary person (and no one of these characters is a genius) ever begins a sentence with "Nay." Anent *The Burnt Million*, the Baron's advice to persons in search of a novel is, "Tolle, lege!" Also the Baron says, get *La Revue de*

Famille at HACHETTE'S. *Un Foyer de Théâtre*, by M. AUDEBRAND, for all interested in the history of the French Drama, is delightful reading. Don't miss *Causerie Littéraire*, by Mr. CHARLES BENOIST.

The Baroness says, read "Poor Mr. Carrington" in *Temple Bar*. *Lippincott's Magazine* this month is heartily welcome,—we should say, BRET HARTE-ily welcome. Capital story, by B. H., "A Sappho of Green Sprigs." (Signed) BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.

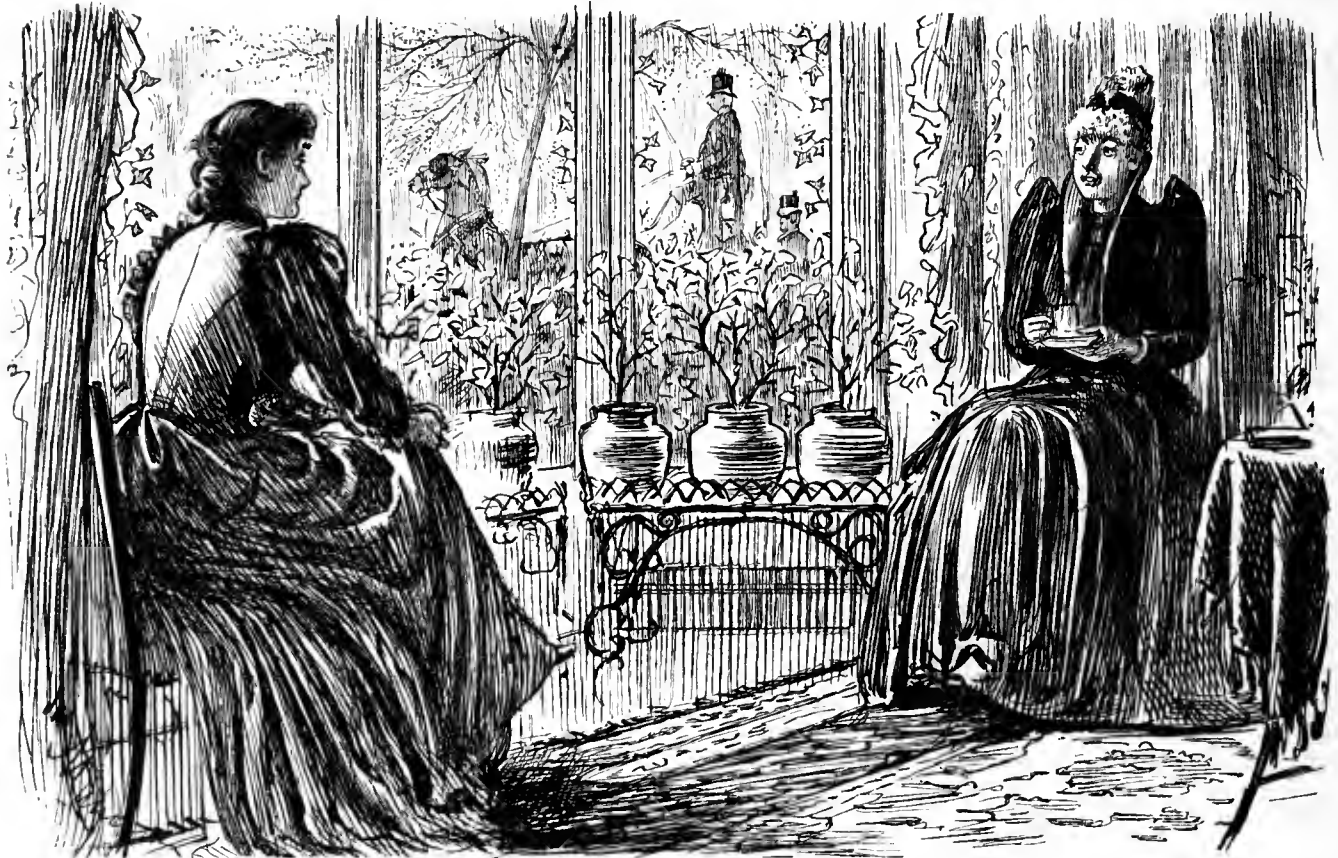
ODDS ON THE BEDMAKERS.

[A proposal for the abolition of Bedmakers is being discussed in Cambridge.]

Chorus of Undergraduates:—

THERE are things we could spare; we could watch without weeping
A Tutor's extinction, a Dean's disappearance.
And Professors who drone while their pupils are sleeping,
Though they went at a loss, we should welcome the clearance.
And Proctors who blandly demand six-and-eightpence,
And, while toiling themselves, send all petticoats spinning;
And Porters who tick off our names for our gate-pence;
And Bull-dogs who help to withhold us from sinning.
And the juvenile Don who thinks "Dons should be firmer,"
And the elderly Don who is painfully nervous—
We could see them depart without even a murmur,
So our Bedmakers stay to amuse and to serve us.
We have watched, while we trembled, the pomps and the maces,
Stern emblems of rule, with the Esquire Bedell come;
We have heard of the Senate, its edicts and graces,—
Take the lot, if you like, you may have them and welcome.
But the "Bedder"? No, no. Come, we offer a wager:
We will bet she survives who of beds is the maker!
Any answer? Not one; for, in spite of her age, her
Attractions are such that there isn't a taker.

MEASURES AND MEN.—M. JACQUES BERTILLON has been lecturing before the Anthropological Society—(the only Society where *anthropoi* are logical)—on his method of "identifying criminals by comparing their measures with those of convicted prisoners on the prison registers." Ahem! How about novel Home Rule Measures compared with those of past Kilmainhamites?



THE QUEEN'S SERVICE.

"I SEE YOUR SERVANTS WEAR COCKADES NOW, MISS SHODDSON."

"YES. PA'S JUST BECOME A MEMBER OF THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES."

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE!

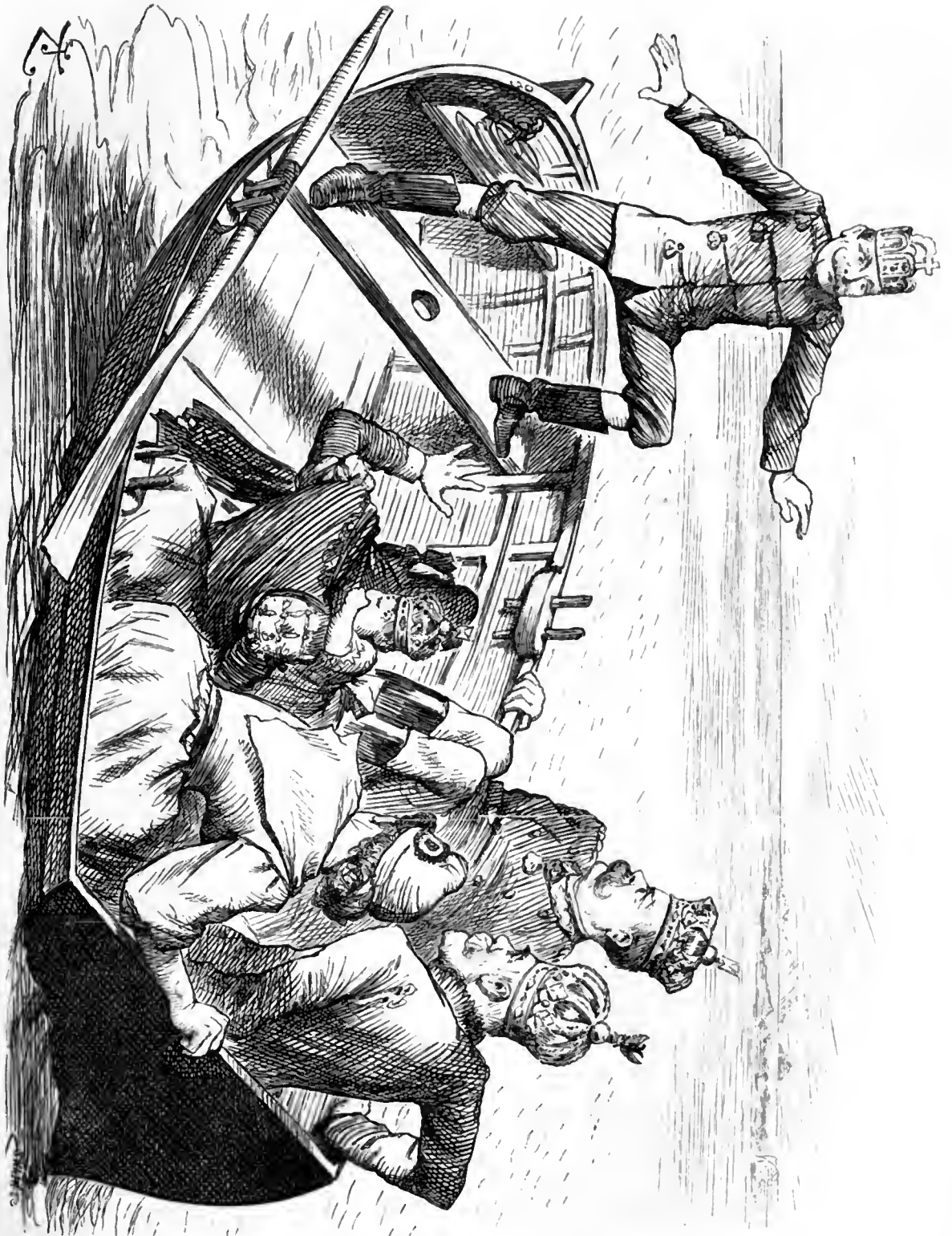
Chorus of Passengers, expostulating:—

STOP, WILLIAM, stop! Your game is not a game we can enjoy!
Your father's son should not thus play the Little Vulgar Boy!
This is not Margate, WILLIAM mine, and ours is not a crew
Of ordinary trippers, packed aboard the *Lively Loo*
For a shillingsworth of suffering on a wild and wobbling sea.
Stop, WILLIAM! You'll upset the boat! Why can't you let it be?
Our boat has braved a many storms. It's old and may be crank;
But though it sometimes sprang a leak, it never wholly sank.
We are not packed so close to-day as we have oft been packed.
Against some stiffer gales than this we've weathered and we've
tacked;
But, WILLIAM, though our craft tossed wild, though loud the winds
have roared,
We've never, never had so bad a boy as *you* on board!
Sit down, now do, you pickle, you! Don't dance upon that thwart,
And see-saw in that sort of way. We want to get to port,
Not Davy Jones's Locker, Sir. "These roars" are wild things,
As SHAKESPEARE in *The Tempest* says, and do not care for Kings;
To keep them down and bale them out has always been our aim;
But you, you just play larks with them. What is your little game?
You, young, the latest chap on board, but of a sound old stock
Of Royal navigators, do you think it right to mock
All nautical traditions in this reckless kind of way,
And greet these waves, as BYRON did, as though with them you'd
play?
They're dangerous playfellows, boy; tiger-cubs hardly in it
For riskiness! I say, do stop! You'll swamp us in a minute.
Look at your Crown! Such head-gear, boy, is seldom a tight fit,
And oscillations sometimes act as Notices to Quit!
What would your grandfather have said to see you sway and prance?
Sit still, lad, you alarm us all. Just look at Madame FRANCE!
She's thought a fairish sailor, and has doffed her Crown, but see,
She's clutching at the gunwale, too, as nervous as can be.

Whilst, as for dear Señora SPAIN and her poor little charge,
I guess she wishes this same tub were CLEOPATRA'S barge,
Or something broad and beamy that won't easily capsize.
AUSTRIA'S staring with a look of agonized surprise,
And ITALY'S dumfounded. Sit down, boy! you're tempting fate.
These days are trying ones, for us, 'tis worse than Forty-Eight.
Then there were winds and whirlpools, but no Socialistic Sea
Sweeping all shores, and threatening International anarchy.
And with *its* waves you're wantoning, and wobbling up and down,
Indifferent to our stomachs,—as regardless of your Crown.
Upon my honour it's too bad. *Noblesse oblige*, you know,
'Tis not a Hohenzollern we'd expect to serve us so.
You've sacked our safest Pilot, who objected to your pranks,
And now you are coquetting with mad mutiny in the ranks. [foes?
Eh? You'll suppress it when you please, you'll smash up all your
'Tis a new game, for Royalty, and risky, goodness knows.
Meanwhile, *don't* sway the boat like that, into the sea you'll fall;
Or, what's a more likely, just capsize the craft and drown us all!

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

EXCEPTIONALLY good in food for body and mind. "First person present in indicative mood" is Sir FREDERICK, the courteous President, pointing out to Royal Highnesses the beauties of Burlington House. Stars, ribands, and garters everywhere. Exceptionally distinguished personages come in with invitations only, and no orders. Pretty to see Cardinal MANNING's bright scarlet skull-cap, quite eclipsing RUSTEM PASHA's fez. Cardinal distinctly observed to smile during MARKISS's humorous observations. "MARKISS is ready," sounds like twin phrase to "Barkis is willin'." H.R.H.'s speech shorter than ever. Wonderful, too, how eloquent Sir FREDERICK contrives to spread fresh butter on dry old toasts, so that everyone relishes them as choice morsels. All speeches shorter, except Admiralty Lord's, who, being among portrait-painters, goes in for figures. But where is—"Mr. STANLEY, I presume?" Not here. Invited, but perhaps exploring neighbourhood, and unable to discover Burlington House. Altogether an exceptionally brilliant evening.



ENFANT TERRIBLE!

CHORES IN THE STEER. "DON'T GO ON LIKE THAT—OR YOU'LL UPSET US ALL!"





AT A HORSE FAIR.

Dealer. "Now, GUV'NOR, SAY YOU 'LL 'AVE 'IM FOR THIRTY-FIVE BOB. YOU CAN'T GET A GOOD SOUND YOUNG 'OSS LIKE 'IM FOR LESS!"

TO THE NEW SCRIBE AND POET.

AIR—"O Ruddier than the Cherry!"

O RUDYARD, in this sherry,
I drink your very, very
Good health. I would
That write I could
Like KIPLING, sad or merry.
(Signed) INVIDIUS NASO.

THE NELL OF CHELSEA.

(A Legend of the Opening of the Royal Military Exhibition.)

THE Lady got out of her picture in the Morning Room, and glanced at herself in the Club glass. She had been painted by Sir PETER LELY, and consequently was scarcely in a costume suitable to a May Day at the close of the Nineteenth Century.

"P' faith," said the Lady, "but I must get me a cloak to cover me, otherwise I shall have a crowd a following me."

It will be seen from this observation that, although the Lady had flourished (very considerably) in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, she had not kept up her Carolian English. It is possible that the chit-chat under her frame by the fire-place had corrupted the purity of her—to an antiquary—interesting lingo. Be this as it may, she glided down the large and handsome staircase, and selecting the furred and hooded coat of a member who had just returned from abroad, annexed it.

"This will do nicely," she murmured; "quite the mode," a remark which proved that she had seen no fashion-plates lying on the Club table, and, therefore, was entirely ignorant of the modern mysteries of ladies' dress. However, she passed in the crowd—partly because no one appeared to notice her.

A Lady from a portrait by Sir PETER LELY without her frame and background, after all, is rather a shadowy creation.

When she had turned from Garrick Street into St. Martin's Lane, she looked about her in surprise. What had been fields when she was in the flesh were now sites of houses. She glided along, perplexed to a degree, until she got to Charing Cross; then she recognised the statue of CHARLES THE FIRST, and what was standing of White Hall.

"By my troth, this is not an improvement! Houses, houses, nothing but houses! I will e'en take the water to Chelsea, and see the hospital I persuaded ROWLEY to give to his poor soldiers. There should be some stairs hereabouts."

But if the Lady did not find stairs, she came across a landing-stage. She got on to the Westminster Pier, and was soon aboard one of the best vessels of the Victoria Steamboat Association, Limited. Within half an hour or so she was landed opposite the building it had been her privilege to secure for the benefit of the British Army. The place was braye with bunting. There were enormous sheds full of battle pictures and portraits, and in the grounds was an arena suitable for the holding of military sports. Then there was a huge band-stand, and the electric light was laid on with great liberality in the gardens.

"Gad'sooks!" exclaimed the Lady of the Picture; "and what are they doing in the precincts of Chelsea Hospital?"

She was immediately supplied with information. A Military Exhibition was being held in aid of the Church of England Institutes—establishments (so she was told) of a strictly unsectarian character. The entertainments would be of a most popular character,—weather permitting, *al fresco*. The commissariat would be excellent. In one place only temperance beverages would be served, but

elsewhere there would be—well—there would be drinks. At that very moment the Exhibition was being opened by the Most Illustrious Gentleman in the Land accompanied by H.R.H.'s most charming and most beautiful partner. Would the Lady like to see the place?

"Another time," she replied. "Stay, I would like to see myself. Have you a picture of me?" I am Mistress NELLIE GWYNNE."

Her courteous informant bowed, and shook his head. He had heard it suggested at the inaugural lunch that she should be represented, but there were so many things to do—the Military Sports, the eating and drinking, the Royal Patronage, and the Church of England Institutes,—that, in point of fact, the matter had been overlooked.

"Well, never mind," said good-natured NELLIE, "I daresay you will get on very well without me. But look to this, my master. Here we are very near the site of old Cromorne, and a part of the grounds over yonder is called Ranelagh. You have lights and bands, and subtle beverages, some of which will cheer but not inebriate,—and others that may possibly reverse the operation. Well, well, my portrait is not in your collection,—the best I can wish you is that you may keep your night *fêtes* as select as your picture-gallery."

And with this the Lady returned to her frame beside the fire-place in the Club Morning Room.

"NUTS" FOR THE COAL TRADE.

[Under the 29th Section of the Weights and Measures Act "the person in charge of the vehicle," when coal-frauds are perpetrated, seems to be alone punishable.]

Not a sack was full, not a weight was true,

As the coals to their cellar we hurried;
Not an eye could see were they many or few
In the crypt where our cobbles we buried.

We buried them gaily, at luncheon time,
All Acts of Parliament spurning;
There were "Kitchens," composed of slate
and slime,
And Wallsend, "dimly burning."

No fussing servants surveyed our cart—
(If they had, we'd have kept them shivering)
—They were busy serving the family tart
At our chosen hour for delivering!

Few and brief the remarks we made;
Not of coals, but of beer, we chattered;
And we thought of the tricks of an opulent
trade

As the coal-dust we liberally scattered.
We thought of our "dealer," our wealthy
boss,

How he's spared by the law just created;
How we carmen are made to suffer the loss
When for fraud by a Court we are "slated."

Lightly they'll talk of his "ha'porth of sack,"
On his weights make unhandsome reflection;
But little he'll reck, as fines fall on our back,
And he's "doubly-screened" from detection!

But half of our "heavy task" was done
When a spy of the Council—drat it!—
Came pushing his nose in our sacks, every one,
Tried our weights, and our bill—looked at
it!

Slowly and sadly we slunk out of sight,
Objecting to get into hobbles;
We breathed no farewell, and we said no
good-night,
But we left him alone with the cobbles!

LAST REPORT.—The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have discharged a Canon. No one was seriously injured.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.—No. 1. ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 1004. Tally Ho Ho Ho! Going over a Ha! Ha! Ha! Quite the picture of the year, and will probably be presented by subscription to Colney Hatch, Esq., Master of the Hanwell Hounds.



No. 243. The Determined Bather. Temperature so cold that drapery is frozen.



No. 110. Curiosity in Animal Life. Escaped from Barnum's.

No. 5. The First Storey in the Royal Academy Annals is entitled, *The Hungry Messenger*. Good Storey.

No. 41. Never put off till to MORE PHILLIPS what you can put on to-day. Illustration of an elderly Blue-coat Boy unable to leave off an old habit.

No. 53, with No. 98 and No. 91.

Ought to have been hung together, portraits "en soot."

No. 202. *Ethereal Football*.

No. 224. *Boy and Dog*. BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A. Dog unmuzzled, boy hears policeman's footstep.



No. 437. Advertisement for Provincial Tour of Griffiths Brothers as "The Blondin Donkey."

No. 235. "Every dog has his Washing-day." Pet just been cleaned and brought into drawing-room. Doubtful reception by Papa and other sisters. Hardly up to the usual form of W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

No. 292. Mr. PHIL. A. MORRIS, A. calls this "La Belle Américaine." Is she? The tone of this belle is rather loud.

No. 303. A wonderful picture and portrait, by LUKE FILDES, R.A. "LUKE on this picture and on—" any other portrait, and you'll find this hard to beat. Wealth of colour, colour of wealth, *affaire de Luke's*.

No. 318. *Major E. R. Burke*. Admirable portrait, by HUBERT HERKOMER, A. See how the Master of Bunshey has dealt with the Hair! As might be expected from a Hair-comber with a brush in his hand. Will be remembered as "Burke and Hair."

No. 411. *Mrs. Arthur Sassoon*. Charming. Sweet simplicity.



No. 361. Scene at Dollis Hill.

You'll say this as soon as you see it. HUBERT HERKOMER, A(ngoore).

No. 463. *Sir Oscar Clayton, C.M.E.* Bravo Mr. F. GOODALL, R.A. Good entirely. Artist was thinking of adapting refrain of popular comic song, "Ask a P'lice-man," and writing under portrait legend—

If you want to know who's this,—
"OSCAR CLAYTON."

But it was unnecessary, as the portrait speaks for itself.

No. 473. *D-T-errioration*; or, Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.S.I., commencing as a book-maker, and laying "two to one bar one." "ARNOLD'S first exercise" in this character is depicted by JAMES ARCHER.

No. 600. *Tum-Tum The Melancholy.* By JOSEPH MORDECAI. Is HAMAN hung too?

No. 703. "Nobody looking, Mother. You can prig something out of the Money-box." But the vigilant Verger has his eye on them. Such is the story told by BLANDFORD FLETCHER.

No. 744. Coming home late in the Olden Time. By RALPH HEDLEY. No latch-key. Rousing the neighbourhood with pantomime door-knocker. Situation graphically depicted.

No. 759. *By the Linn Pool.* By NOBLE. Charming. Must be of course; *Noblesse oblige.*



No. 652. Mrs. Jack-in-the-Green. Tree-mendous!



No. 487. Primrose Dames.

No. 794. "Out shooting." Very much out, shooting. Nothing to CROWE about.

No. 886. *A Smile.* Delightful. This Miss is as good as her smile. JAN VAN BEERS.

No. 1028. "Please to remember the Ninth of November." Lord Mayor's Procession stopped by photographer. "Now, then—wait—where you are—when I say three!" And as they were taken, so they are cleverly represented by WILLIAM LOGSDAIL.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 28.—Irish Land Purchase Bill again. CHAMBERLAIN lifts debate out of somewhat tedious trough into which it had fallen. Remarkable speech; bold in conception; adroit in arrangement; forcible in argument; lucid in exposition. Spoke for over an hour, and though his discourse, full of intricate points, the marshalling of which was frequently interrupted by angry or scornful cries from below Gangway, JOSEPH had not a scrap of paper in his hand, did not once refer to a note.

"Admirable," said GRANDOLPH, looking on with appreciative, though not loving eyes. "If he had lived in the time of his father JACOB, it would have been no use his brothers putting him in the pit; he would have argued himself clean out before they were half a mile on their way back to the family place in Canaan. Weak part of his position is that he is trying to serve two Bills, BALFOUR's and PARNELL's. Can't recommend BALFOUR's scheme without belittling PARNELL's; same thing other way about. Reminds me, TOBY, of a passage in WORDSWORTH's prose writings; not so much read as his poetry; but darsay you remember it. There was a Bishop WATSON who began his official career as a Liberal. He was frightened into Conservatism, and WORDSWORTH, then a hot young youth, goes

for him as youth does sometimes gird at Respectability. 'Upon what principle,' he asked the Bishop, 'is your conduct to be explained? In some parts of England it is quaintly said when a drunken man is seen reeling home, that he has business on both sides of the road. Observing your Lordship's tortuous path, the spectators will be far from insinuating that you have partaken of Mr. BOURKE's intoxicating bowl. They will content themselves, shaking their heads as you stagger along, with saying that you have business on both sides of the road.' That's what's the matter with CHAMBERLAIN. He's very smart, very clever, very capable; but in politics, dear TOBY, no one ever succeeds who has business on both sides of the road."

"What do you think?" I asked CHRISTOPHER SYKES, who stood looking on with familiar aspect of unutterable wisdom.

"I wasn't thinking of that at all," he answered, gloomily.

"Haven't yet got over what GEORGE LEWIS said in Court on Saturday. You've heard or read about it, of course? Took opportunity of observing, that though I was near sixty years of age, I was very innocent. I may be getting on for sixty, but I'll tell you what, TOBY, I'm not nearly so innocent as I look."

CHRISTOPHER really hurt with GEORGE LEWIS's aspersion. Comforted him by hinting that I knew some dreadful things about him.

"We remember your Crabs and Lobsters Bill," I said, soothingly. "There was much more in that than met the eye. You're a crafty old CHRISTOPHER; just the sort of man to take in a fellow like GEORGE LEWIS, who thinks he knows everything."

CHRISTOPHER smiled a deep and wicked smile, and strode off in better spirits. Always like to say a kind word to a man when I can. *Business done.*—Land Purchase Bill again.

Tuesday.—Fight on Land Purchase Bill been going forward again at Morning Sitting; rather dull, though enlivened by speech from



"I'm not nearly so innocent as I look."

crack a bottle of ginger-beer with me. Will certainly proffer the hospitality if I get a chance."

The grand young GARDNER (and his wife; can complete quotation now) back again after wedding trip. Doesn't look quite so brisk as the average bridegroom. "Fact is, old fellow," he said, as I condoled with him, "when I said I would die a bachelor, I never thought I would live to be married, go off on a wedding trip, catch the influenza at Innsbruck, the measles at Milan, the scarlatina at Samarcand, and the malaria at Mentone."

Business done.—Morning Sitting, Irish Land Purchase Bill; Evening, GRANDOLPH'S Licensing Bill read First Time.

Thursday.—Ordinarily amicable proceedings in debate on Irish Land Purchase Bill varied by accidental but unhappy circumstances. Prince ARTHUR in course of speech happened to say, that "under Bill of 1886 Irish Government was supposed to be a buffer between the English Government and the Irish tenant." Mr. G., sitting attentive, suddenly sprang up when this insult fell on his ear. Bill of 1886 not a tempting topic; led to downfall of his Ministry; but to hear it publicly called a "buffer," more than he could stand—or, rather, sit. Leaped to feet, and, with thrilling energy, repudiated gross imputation. Prince ARTHUR taken aback; hadn't meant anything particular. To call a thing or a person a buffer not necessarily a term of opprobrium. Everything depends on inflection of tone. Suppose, now, leaning across the table, he had addressed Mr. G. as "old buffer," that would perhaps have been a little familiar, but not vindictive.

This he tried to make clear. Having, as he thought, averted the thunder, repeated remarks about Bill of 1886 being a buffer. Didn't even put it in that direct form.

"I said," he observed with seraphic smile and deferential manner, "that the Irish Government under the Right Hon. Gentleman's Bill was supposed to occupy the position, more or less, of a buffer between the English Government and the Irish tenant."

Mr. G. up again with catapultic force and suddenness. "Not in the least," he angrily protested. "A buffer is between two things." Expected that would floor Prince ARTHUR; but he came back again, and sheltering himself behind the brass-bound box, called out, "Yes, but a buffer might be between two persons as well as between two things."

Mr. G. angrily shook his head; a Jove-like frown mantled his countenance. But disdained to pursue controversy further, and Prince ARTHUR, carefully avoiding further reference to buffers, went his way. Difference of opinion as to how question was left; Conservatives insist that Prince ARTHUR had best of it; Liberals stand by Mr. G. Many wonder why SPEAKER did not interfere; as he did not, it is assumed that buffer is a Parliamentary word, at least when applied to inanimate creation.

Business done.—Second Reading of Irish Land Purchase Bill carried, by 348 Votes against 268.

Friday.—HARTINGTON suddenly, unexpectedly, surprisingly, blossomed into effective speech. Of all subjects in world was Disestablishment of Kirk in Scotland! Calculated to depress most people; brightened HARTINGTON up beyond all knowledge. His little hit at GLADSTONE, sheltering himself behind his (HARTINGTON'S) familiar and convenient declaration, that on Disestablishment Question he would be guided by the opinion of the majority of the Scotch people, neatly and dexterously made. Also his reference to the short time when he had honour of being "at least the nominal Leader of the Liberal Party," and found Mr. G. a somewhat unruly follower. Most excellent. HARTINGTON should try this line again.

Business done.—Motion for Scotch Disestablishment negated by 256 Votes against 218.

WEEK BY WEEK.

Wednesday, May 7.—Mr. Punch out. Everybody's at home to him.

Friday 9.—Mrs. DUFFER's first dance if she knows the step.

Saturday 10.—Rehearsal of Crystal Palace fireworks, 2 P.M. Admission by entrance gates only.

Monday 12.—Breakfast to Mr. H. M. STANLEY, at whatever time he orders it.

First Meet of H.S. Drags, Serpentine.

Foot-ball in Rotten Row, by kind permission of GEORGE RANGER and the Commissioner of Police.

Mrs. NOODLE'S second dance postponed, as she hasn't given her first yet.

Tuesday 13.—Holiday at Zoological Gardens. Cages all open. Admission free. Banquets, Excursions, and Alarums.

LADY HENRIETTA SISKIN'S Charity Dance has been postponed until the following week. A large and distinguished company is expected to grace the mezzotint hall of her ladyship's new mansion in Belgravia on the occasion. No expense is to be spared in the general decoration of the supper-room, which was built, it will be remembered, by her ladyship's great-grandfather in the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD.

A Correspondent furnishes us with the following curious observations:—"I have noticed," he writes, "that those who walk or ride in the Park are, generally speaking, of two sexes, and possess, as a rule, four fingers and a thumb on each hand. By a curious freak of fashion, a frock-coat is not now worn with a muslin skirt; and a moustache may be sought for in vain under a sun-bonnet. Horses are ridden with four legs, and, in some cases, with a tail, although this is not essential.

It is strange to notice how much the tastes of theatre-goers vary at the present day. Some prefer the Haymarket, some the Strand, others flock to the Lyceum, and some are turned away from the Savoy, the Garrick, or the Avenue. Philosophers have, as yet, paid too little attention to this matter. Would Mr. HERBERT SPENCER or Mr. LANG oblige?

It has been calculated by the Society for the Collection of Domestic Data, that if three-fourths of the Cooks of the Metropolis struck work on any given day, exactly nine-twelfths of the resident employers of servants would be seriously inconvenienced.

There is but very slight foundation for the report that, if AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS (first so styled in the burlesque on *Claudian*) should be elected to the Shrievalty, Messrs. HARRY NICHOLLS and HERBERT CAMPBELL will be the Under-Sheriffs.

A Correspondent lately drew Mr. GL-DST-NE'S attention to the prevalence of mud after rain, and the consequent injury to carts, collars, and carriages. The veteran Statesman has found time to send the following post-card reply, which will be perused with interest:—

SIR,—The subject to which you direct my attention is no doubt of peculiar interest to those in any way connected with the vehicular traffic by which so much of the commerce and pleasure of the Metropolis is carried on. In view, however, of the pressing exigencies of the Irish Question, I cannot do more than take a note of your objections to mud-spots, leaving to those who may come after me the duty of dealing practically with your recommendations.

I am, faithfully yours, W. E. GL-DST-NE.

On the evening when Mr. STANLEY dines with the Turners' Company, where he is entertained as a Re-Turner, it is hoped that the authorities of the National Gallery will kindly allow all their Turners to attend. The history of the Turners' Company is interesting, commencing as it does with WHITTINGTON, who was the first person (before HENRY IRVING played it) to hear *The Bells*, and to obey their injunction "to turn again."

ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Whilst you were feasting in Burlington House amongst the Pictures and the Royal Academicians, I was seated in the Stalls of the St. James's Theatre, lost in astonishment (certainly not in admiration, although of old the two words had the same meaning), at the antics of a minority of the Gallery, who amused themselves by shouting themselves hoarse before the performances commenced; but not satisfied with this, they continued their shrieking further: they howled at the overture of the first piece, they jeered at the scene, they yelled at the actors. However, as it happened, *The Tiger* had been already successfully played on two occasions last year, so a verdict was not required at their hands. Had Mr. SOLOMON, the composer, conducted, he would have taken *The Tiger* away, and left the howlers to their howling. Since Saturday the piece has, I am informed, "gone" with what the Americans call a "snap." The music is charming. Mr. CHARLES COLNACHI made his bow as a professional, and played and sang excellently, as did also Mr. J. G. TAYLOR, in spite of the riotous conduct of the "unfriendlyes."

Then came *Esther Sandraz*. Mrs. LANOTRY looked lovely, and played with great power; but what an unpleasant part! Until the end of the First Act all was right. The sympathy was with the heroine of the hour, or, rather, two hours and a half; but when it was discovered that *Esther* loved but for revenge, and wished to bring sorrow and shame upon the fair head of Miss MARION LEA, then the sentiments of the audience underwent a rapid change. Everyone would have been pleased if Mr. SUGDEN had shot himself in Act II.; nay, some of us would not have complained if he had died in Act I., but the cat-and-mouse-like torture inflicted upon him by *Esther* was the reverse of agreeable. Mr. SUGDEN was only a "Johnnie," but still "Johnnies" have feelings like the rest of us. Mr. BOURCHIER was rather hard as a good young man who does not die, and Mr. EVERILL (steady old stager) kept everything well together. If the play keeps the boards for any length of time, it will be, thanks to the power of Mrs. LANGTRY, the natural pathos of Miss MARION LEA, and the unforced comedy of Mr. EVERILL.

On Monday Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE produced *Theodora* at the Princess's Theatre with some success. It cannot be said, however, that Mlle. SARA BERNHARDT has at length found her rival, but, for all that, the heroine of the moment might have been worse. "SARDON'S masterpiece" (as the programmes have it) was very well staged. The scenery and costumes were excellent, and great relief was afforded to the more tragic tones of the play by entrusting the heavy part of *Andreas* to Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, who is a thorough artist, with just the least taste in life of the brogue that savours more of the Milesian Drama. Mr. W. H. VERNON was the *Justinian* of the evening, and looked the Lawgiver to the life; although I am not quite sure whether a half-concealed moustache was quite the fashion in the days of the Empire. Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN, the adapter of "the masterpiece," introduced several nineteenth century expressions into the dialogue. In the "home of the Gladiators," it was quite pleasant to hear people talking of a "row," and made one wish to have a description of "a merry little mill," in the language of the sporting Press. No doubt, the length of the performances was the reason why so racy a narrative was omitted. For the rest, there are some thirty speaking parts—a good allowance for a play consisting of six Acts and seven *Tableaux*. A "Masterpiece" (in English) is better than a feast, for it is enough—for a lifetime. Believe me, yours faithfully,

ONE WHO HAS TAKEN A DOUBLE "FIRST."

A STIRRING POLE.—A more stirring pianist than PADEREWSKI, who played on Friday afternoon at St. James's Hall for the first time in England, has never been heard. The report that he is a Polish Irishman needs confirmation. The name is suspicious. But there are no sound reasons for supposing that the first two syllables of PADEREWSKI's name are simply a corruption of the Hibernian "Paddy."

CLASSIC MOTTO FOR THOSE WHO SELL AS THE GENUINE ARTICLE TEA UNDER A FALSE BRAND.—"Nomine mutato fabula narratur de Tea."

Mrs. R. wants to know if she can ascertain all about the Law of Libel, &c., in the works which she contemplates purchasing of WALTER SAVAGE SLANDOR.



A CHANGE.

From a Fasting Man to a Sandwich Man. Useful to Advertisers.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

A New Departure, or the "Give-'em-a-hand-all-round" Wrinkle.

ROYAL QUARTPOTARIUM.—THE RENOWNED WORLD FASTING CHAMPION, who is dressed in a READY-MADE SUIT OF TWEED DITTO (38s.) supplied by Messrs. LEVI, SOLOMONS & Co., of 293, Houndsditch, and is

SEATED ON THE GENT'S EASY LOUNGE CHAIR, forming one of the articles of the highly-upholstered dining-room set (as advertised) by Messrs. GLUBBINS, KNICKERBOCKER & Co., of Tottenham Court Road, where at any hour he can be seen

SHIPPING ALTERNATELY FROM TWO LARGE CUT-GLASS TUMBLERS, furnished by Messrs. WAGBITTER AND GROANS, of New Oxford Street,

BLINKER'S CONCENTRATED COD-LIVER EMULSION MELTED FATS (57s. the dozen pints, bottles included), and

SPARKLING SINGULARIS WATER, bottled in nine-gallon flagons by the Company at their extensive works in the Isle of Dogs, with which, to the satisfaction of his friends, he succeeds in washing down, in turns, hourly,

BINNACLE'S CONDENSED DIGESTIVE BOILED PORK LOZENGES, supplied by

all respectable Chemists throughout the United Kingdom, in 1s. 9d., 3s. 9d., 13s. 3d., 27s. 6d., and 105s. Boxes;

SIDES, BREASTS, FORE-QUARTERS, SADDLES, AND ENTIRE WHOLE OR HALF-SHEEP OF PRIME BOLIVIAN MUTTON delivered daily by the Company's carts, from their own Refrigerators;

WINKER'S INVALID INFANT'S PICK-ME-UP CORDIAL —(WINKER & Co., the Manufactory, Hoxton-on-Sea);

TINNED AMERICAN OYSTERS. FINE SELECTED THIRDS. Guaranteed by the Blue-Point Company, Wriggleville, Texas, U.S.A.; and

ZWINGERINE, the new marvellous nerve and tone-restoring, Z and muscle, bone, and fat-producing agency, EACH TEASPOONFUL OF WHICH contains, in a highly-concentrated form, three bottles of port wine, soup, fish, cut off the joint, two entrées, sweet, cheese, and oclery, as testified to by a public analyst of standing and repute. Agents, GLUM & Co, Seven Dials.

THE FASTING CHAMPION continues to receive visitors as above from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M. daily, and may be inspected, watched, stared at, pinched, questioned, and examined generally, by his admiring friends, the British Public, in his private sanctum at the Royal Quartpotarium, till further notice.

IN THE KNOW.—(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

CARDINAL RICHELIEU once observed to Madame DE ST. GALMIER, that if Kings could but know the folly of their subjects they would hesitate at nothing. Mr. JEREMY evidently knows thoroughly how stupendously cabbage-headed his readers are, for he never hesitates to put forward the most astounding and muddled theories. For instance, he asks us this week to believe that *Saladin* ought to have won the Shropshire Handicap, because he was known to be a better horse, from two miles up to fifty, than the four other horses who faced the starter. If this stuff had been addressed to an audience of moon-calves and mock-turtles it might have passed muster, but, thank Heaven, we are not all quite so low as that yet. Let me therefore tell Mr. JEREMY, that when a horse like *Saladin*, whose back-bone is like the Himalaya mountains, and his pastern joints like a bottle-nosed whale with a cold in his head, comes to the post with two stone and a beating to his credit, and four hoofs about the size of a soup-tureen to his legs, he can never be expected to get the better of slow roarsers like *Carmichael* and *Busby*, to say nothing of *Whatnot* and *Pumblechook*. It is well known, of course, that the latter has been in hard training for a month, and a better horse at cornbin or bran-mash never stepped. *Saladin* won, I know, but it was for reasons very different from those given by Mr. JEREMY.

There is nothing new about the Derby horses. I believe they are mostly in training, but I reserve my opinion until I see what the adde-pates who own them mean to do.

"A SELF-MADE MAN," said Mrs. R., thoughtfully, "is the artichoke of his own fortunes."

THE MODERN HERCULES AND THE PYGMIES.

(Extracts from the Diary of an Explorer in the Society Islands.)

From the bears, apes, and foxes with which the thickets of the great forest of Societas abounded, it is but a step to the Pygmy tribes whom we found inhabiting the tract of country between the Uperter and the Suburben rivers. The Pygmies are as old as Swelldem, as ubiquitous as Boredom, the two secular pests of the earth. You will remember that Hercules once fell asleep in the deserts of Africa, after his conquest of Antæus, and was disturbed in his well-earned rest by an attack of a large army of these troublesome Lilliputians,

who, it is recorded, "discharged their arrows with great fury upon his arms and legs." The hero, it is added, "pleased with their courage, wrapped a great number of them in the skin of the Nemean lion, and carried them to Eurystheus."

I was not "pleased with their courage," but plagued with their impertinities. Herodotus described the capture of five young explorers from Nassamoves while they were examining some curious trees in the Niger basin, and tells how the little men took them to their villages and showed them about to their fellow Pygmies. So,

THE FIRST FIGHT.

(Between the Seventh Team of Australian Cricketers and an English Eleven, begun at Sheffield Park, on May 8, 1890.)

A HAZE hung over the Surrey Downs
In the early morning; but Nature's frowns
Broke up in smiles as the day advanced.
And the grey mist cleared and the sunbeams glanced
On MURDOCH bold, and his merry men.
When hundreds of optics, and many a pen
Were on the alert, at Sheffield Park.
The valiant deeds (between wickets) to mark
Of the Seventh Australian Cricketing lot.
MURDOCH and LYONS, BARRETT and TROTT,
Lads of their inches in flesh and bones;
TURNER and WALTERS, BLACKHAM and JONES,
GREGORY, CHARLTON and FERRIS too;
A sterling Eleven, second to few.
Whilst "odd men" TRUMBLE and BURN and BOYLE
'Stood out" of the first big match's toil,
'Gainst GRACE and STODDART, NEWHAM and READ,
SHERWIN and SHREWSBURY, stout at need,
LOHMANN and HUMPHREYS, and BRIGGS and PEEL,
And ATTEWELL with the nerves of steel.
No need to tell how they met and fought,
And bowled, and batted, and stumped, and caught;
But Mr. Punch, who has seen all six
Of the other Elovens before the "sticks,"
And cheered them victors, or vanquished cheered,
Shoots forth his fist, as the lists are cleared,
To welcome back to an English wicket
These champions fresh of Colonial Cricket.
He will not "butter" you, boys, for that you'll hate.
Only he must most sincerely congratulate
His old friend MURDOCH on starting so well.
Go it, Sir, keep it up, W. L. !
Here's wishing the lot of you health and pluck,
Decent weather and level luck.
And when your last "four" to the boundary flashes,
Take all good things home with you—saving those "ashes."



HAPPY THOUGHT.

"SUCCI DOESN'T SEEM ANY THE WORSE FOR HIS LONG ABSTINENCE, MARIA ! DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING TO BRING UP A FEW OF OUR YOUNGER CHILDREN AS FASTING MEN AND WOMEN ! WE MIGHT BEGIN TRAINING THEM ALREADY, YOU KNOW !"

in a sense, the Pygmies of Societas "captured" me, and showed me about to their fellow denizens of this Land of Lilliput. They "discharged their arrows" (which they called "In-Vites," and each of which was branded with the mystic letters, R.S.V.P.) at me in swarms, and though they rather tickled than hurt, yet after a time their minute but multiplied prickings became no end of a nuisance.

Let us pause a little, and pay such honour as is due for persistence and importunity to these "little people," who have outlived the wise men of Egypt, the prophets of Palestine, the magicians of Persia, and the sages of Greece and Rome. They have actually been able to hold their own from the days of HOMER, through those of HORACE, down even to those of HAGGARD. I have seen the wear and tear of the Pyramids of Egypt (which is nothing to that of a lionised hero in Societas); I can certify that the Sphinx presents a very battered appearance indeed (though not so battered as mine, after the "little people" had done with me), but the Pygmies of to-day in Societas appear to be as plentiful and as perky as those that thousands of years ago swarmed in Ethiopia, built their houses with egg-shells, made war upon the Cranes, and attacked the tired hero Hercules.

You will understand that I, who have always professed to love humanity, even in the form of mannikins, better than beetles and butterflies, was as much interested in these small creatures as was Hercules in the skinkful midgits he carried to the exaoting Eurystheus. As I looked at them, and thought how these represented the oldest race on the globe—namely, the Inquisitive Quidnuncs—my admiration really went to greater lengths than scoffing cynics might have expected.

These Pygmies of Societas, though small, are cunning, and wise in their generation. For the most part they toil not (save at pleasure-seeking and lion-hunting), neither do they spin (anything beyond the edifying yarns they call "after-dinner stories"). But they manage to live on the fat of the land. The larger aborigines (called the Whirkirs) are very industrious, and form the clearings and cultivate the various produce of the place. The Pygmies appear to be aware that the plantations and powers of the Whirkirs are practically inexhaustible, and to think that they have as much right to the produce as the aboriginal owners and tillers. Therefore, they cling tightly to these plantations, and make the larger and more laborious natives pay dearly for the honour of their acquaintance. In another manner they perform valuable service by setting fashions, receiving strangers, and assisting in the defence of the settlements; they also hunt game, and supply the larger natives with plenty to do in working for and waiting on them. It appeared to me that the

Pygmies were regarded somewhat as parasites (though highly ornamental ones, like orchids) whose departure would be more welcome—to the aborigines—than their vicinity. But a race which has survived so much and so many things is not easily to be got rid of.

Anyhow, I couldn't get rid of them, though sometimes I felt inclined to imitate Hercules. With their arrows and their unblushing importunities they had me at advantage, and even as *Gulliver* became the victim of the midgits of Lilliput, so did I of the innumerable, inquisitive, imperturbably impertinent Pygmies of Societas.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READ "As Haggards on the Rock" in *Scribner's* for May. It is a weird tale, but nothing whatever to do with "HAGGARD" ("RIDER" of that ilk), which may or may not be an additional attraction, according to the taste and fancy of the reader. "Never do I see *Scribner's Magazine*," quoth the Baron, "without wishing to change its name, or start a competitor under the style and title of '*Scribbler's Magazine*.' If the latter isn't 'a colourable imitation,' it must be done, and that speedily."

Woman, though appearing weekly, comes out peculiarly strong. "A really entertaining, interesting, and chatty publication," says the Baroness.

One of the best volumes of the Badminton Library series is that on Golf, recently published, written chiefly by HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, with capital contributions on the subject from the great ruler of Home-Rulers, ARTHUR BALFOUR, M.P., and the ubiquitous and universally gifted MERRY ANDREW LANG, to whom no subject, apparently, presents any difficulty whatever, he being, like Father O'FLYNN, able to discourse on Theology or Conchology, or Mythology, and all the other ologies, including, in this instance, Golfology, with equal skill and profundity of wisdom. *Nihil teligit quod non ornarit*, and the scent of the LANG Y LANG, is over all periodical literature generally. Let not the elderly intending student of Golf, on opening the book, be deterred by seeing a chapter headed "*Clubs and Balls*," which may induce him to say, "My dancing days are over." The illustrations, by Messrs. C. L. SHUTE, T. HODGE, and H. FERRY FURNISS, are excellent. The vignettes in A. LANG's paper—especially one happily taken from an "Old Miss-all," where several players are represented as not making a hit—are both interesting and amusing. On the whole—on the Golfian Hole—a capital volume. *Mr. Punch* drinks to his Grace of BEAUFORT in a cup of Badminton.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 5.—Next year is my Jubilee—mine and Mr. Punch's. Pup and dog, have known House of Commons for nigh fifty years. Of course not so intimately as within the last eight or nine years; but ever since I took my seat on piles of bound volumes at feet of the MASTER, have kept one eye on Parliament.

Never saw a scene to equal what took place to-night. When House met, good deal of talk about yesterday's Labour Demonstration. Everybody agreed it was enormous, unprecedented, momentous. The Working Man demands a day of eight hours' labour, and will see that he gets it. Still talking about the matter in whispers. Second Reading of Budget Bill under discussion; SHAW-LEFEVRE on legs, protesting against increased expenditure on Army and Navy. Undertakes to show it is absolutely unnecessary. Beginning his demonstration when hand of clock touched hour of Six. SPEAKER rose with cry of "Order! Order!" SHAW-LEFEVRE resumed seat; afraid he had, in exuberance of eloquence, committed some breach of order. Members crowded in to hear what SPEAKER had to say.

"This House," he said, as soon as silence restored, "will now adjourn. At least I must withdraw; and unless it can be shown that Deputy-Speaker has been in bed all day, or otherwise idling his time, you cannot go on. Under ordinary circumstances, House meeting at Three o'clock, we should have adjourned sharp at Eleven to-night; but the fact is, my day's work began at Ten this morning. That is a necessity of my position. With interval of hasty meals, I have been accustomed to work a maximum of twelve hours a day, often running up to fourteen. That, however, now over. Settled by Working Man that Labour Day should not exceed Eight Hours. We will, therefore, now break up. I daresay some of you Hon. Gentlemen, engaged at the Bar or in affairs in the City, commenced your work even earlier than Ten?"

"Sir," said OLD MORALITY, "I do not know whether I am in order in speaking after the clock has struck Six, and so extending our legal day. I will, however, promise to be brief. In fact, I rise merely to confirm your view, Sir, of our position. For my own part, I have been closely engaged in the business that pertains to performance of my duty to the QUEEN and Country, since an hour earlier than Ten this morning, and I think I may say the same for my friends near me on this Bench. [ASHMEAD-BARTLETT: "Hear, hear!"] We were, as usual, prepared to go forward with our work, to sit here till whatever hour was necessary to accomplish it. Without abating one jot or tittle—"

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT: "The Right Hon. Gentleman probably means one jot or tittle."

OLD MORALITY: "In accordance with my habit, Sir, I meant what I said. As I was saying, when perhaps somewhat unnecessarily interrupted by the Right Hon. Gentleman, I do not abate one tit or jottle of my desire to perform my duty where duty is doo; but since our friend the Working Man has declared in favour of a labouring day confined to Eight Hours, we must needs follow him."

OLD MORALITY packed up his papers; JOKIM locked up red box containing papers relating to Budget Scheme; HARCOURT rose to continue discussion; discovered that SPEAKER had gone, and Serjeant-at-Arms removed Mace; so, at few minutes past Six, got off with plenty of time to enjoy that recreation, and cultivate those family relations, not less dear to a Member of Parliament than to the more 'orny' anded son of toil. Odd at this early hour to hear cry of Doorkeeper, "Who goes home?"

"Well," says Member for St. Pancras, "I think I'll be BOLTON." And he bolted. *Business done.*—New Eight Hours' Day arrangement came into operation. Entirely successful.

Tuesday.—RITCHIE a mild-mannered man, six feet high, and of genial temperament. But there are some things he can't stand. One is, to assume that Government Bill dealing with Local Taxation involves Compensation for disestablished publicans.

"I must say," he observed, just now, glaring on CALERB WRIGHT, "that I object to the word Compensation which the Hon. Gentleman has used in his question."

What Government had done was to propose measure for the extinction of licences. Of course, a little money would pass. JOKIM, in Budget Scheme, made provision to enable County Council to buy out publicans. "But to call such a transaction Compensation is," RITCHIE added, his left eye twitching in fearsome manner on CALERB WRIGHT, "preposterous."

That being so, House went into Committee on Allotments Bill, and drummed away till sitting suspended.

At Evening Sitting, BOB REID brought on Motion raising sort of British Land Question. Wants to empower Town Councils and County Councils in England and Scotland to acquire, either by agreement or compulsorily, such land within their district as may be needed for the requirements of the inhabitants. House naturally shocked to find a Member proposing to discuss any phase of Land Question apart from Ireland. Interposition of Great Britain in this connection regarded as impertinence. Compromise arrived at; agreed to leave out Scotland. On these terms, Debate went forward.



The Emphatic Nees.

CHAPLIN in charge of case for Government. At last, in his natural position, temporary Leader of the House.

CHAPLIN (*aside*), "Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! the greatest is behind."

How different from ancient days and nights, when he sat below Gangway in corner seat, that is, when he could get it. Couldn't always; sometimes presumptuous person forestalled him. Even when there, with notes of treasured speech in swelling breast pocket, by no means certain he would find opportunity of convincing House. Others step in, and edge him on into ignominious dinner hour. Now a Minister of the Crown, with a new Department created for his control; to-night in charge of Government business. OLD MORALITY off early, full of restful confidence.

"CHAPLIN's looking after things," he said, as he made himself comfortable in his room. "Needn't bother; all will go right. Great thing for a First Minister to have a man he can thoroughly depend on."

"At least, TOBY," CHAPLIN said, "those were his remarks as reported to me. I will not deny that they are gratifying."

At the proper time—at his own time—the Minister for Agriculture rose, and, positively pervading the premises, utterly demolished BOB REID, his supporters, his arguments, and his resolution.

"CHAPLIN," said JOHN MORLEY, watching him with admiring glance, "always reminds me of VICTOR HUGO's description of the *Rev. Ebenezer Caudray*. You remember him in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*? Haven't the book with me, but translation runs something like this:—'He had the gracefulness of a page, mingled with the dignity of a Bishop.' Never knew that VICTOR HUGO was personally acquainted with CHAPLIN; but he certainly here hits off his characteristics in a phrase."

Business done.—Miscellaneous, and not much.

Thursday.—"Where do you put the Cow?"

"Was ever man interrupted with such a question in such circumstances?" asked JESSE COLLINGS, unconsciously quoting *Tristram Shandy's* father.

Circumstances sufficiently strange to make a man quote STERNE, even if he'd never read his masterpiece. House in Committee on Budget Bill. STOREY moved Amendment on Clause 26, dealing with exemption from Inhabited House Duty of tenement buildings. CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER taken part in the Debate. CHARLES RUSSELL said a few words. House in most serious, not to say depressed mood. Subject particularly inviting for JESSE; always advocated welfare of Working Classes; now seized opportunity to descant on theme. Detailed with growing warmth arrangements desirable for perfecting sanitation of houses for Working Classes; when TANNER, crossing arms and legs, and cocking head on one



Bolton bolting.

side, with provoking appearance of keen interest, suddenly submitted this problem:—

"Where do you put the Cow?"

Opposition laughed. Ministerialists cried, "Order!" Various courses open to JESSE. Might have assumed air of interested inquiry. Cow? What Cow? Why drag in the Cow? Might have slain TANNER with a stony stare, and left him to drag his untimely quadruped off the ground. But JESSE took the Cow seriously. Allowed it to get its horns entangled amid thread of his argument. Glared angrily upon the pachydermatous TANNER, and having thus played into his hands, loftily declared, "I do not propose to take any notice of the insult."

"It makes me smile," said SWIFT MACNEILL, walking out for fear GOSCHEN should hear his smile and clap a penny on his Income-Tax.

A long night for JOKIM, wrestling for his Budget. Ominous gathering on Front Bench. Mr. G., not seen lately, comes down. To him foregathers HARCOURT. Assaults on Budget begun from below the Gangway. Proposed to postpone clauses on which Local Budget Bill will be built up. JOKIM shakes his head. Mr. G. amazed at his refusal to listen to reasonable suggestion. HARCOURT rises, meaning to run a tilt at JOKIM. Chairman of Committees puts out his foot, nearly trips him up. HARCOURT turns and bends on COURTNEY expressive glance. Never much love lost between these two. Now COURTNEY in official position can snub HARCOURT—and does. Shall HARCOURT go for him? Shall he take

him up in his powerful arms and tear him to pieces with delighted teeth? A moment's pause, whilst HARCOURT, towering at table, toying nervously with eyeglass, looks down on Chairman who has just ruled him out of order. Shall he? Struggles with his suddenly awakened wrath, gulps it down, turns aside to talk of something else.

Not to-night, but some night there will be wigs (especially COURTNEY'S) on the green.

Business done.—Budget in Committee.

Friday.—Met MARKISS walking with weary footsteps from Lords. Curiously depressed air. "Anything happened at East Bristol?" I asked. "But you cannot have heard yet."

"No; nothing to do with bye-elections," said the MARKISS, with sob in his throat. "It's WEMYSS; touched me to the quick; and was to have made speech to-night on Socialistic legislation of last two years. Hadn't slightest idea what he meant. Came down to-night a little late; found House up. WEMYSS wouldn't deliver his speech in my absence; thing didn't come off; so Lords went home. That's what I call personal devotion. Supposed to be hard cynical man, but you see I have my soft places, and WEMYSS has touched me."

Not a dry eye between us as the MARKISS moved off.

Business done.—Pleuro-pneumonia in House of Lords.

CONVERSATION MANUAL. (ANGLO-FRENCH.)

FOR USE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE Aunt, the Uncle, and the Cousin (*f.*) all desire to go to the top of the tall hill.—There is no road to the top of the tall hill.—Why is there no road?—Because they (*on*) do not permit it.—Will they permit it to-morrow?—No.—Will they permit it in several (*plusieurs*) days?—Certainly not.—When shall we be able to go to the top of the tall hill?—When Mr. BRYCE'S Bill (the Measure of Mr. BRYCE) receives the approval of Parliament.—Is it probable that Parliament will approve of it the day after to-morrow?—It is not probable that Parliament will approve of it the day after to-morrow, or for many years.—I see through the telescope of the neighbour (*m.*) a man at the top of the tall hill. Why is he there?—He is guarding (he guards) the red deer.—Are the red deer then permitted (do they permit the red deer) on the top of the tall hill?—Yes.—The Aunt, the Uncle, and the Cousin (*f.*) would like to talk to the beautiful deer.—But the owners (*Messieurs les Propriétaires*) of the tall hill would not like it.—Why would the owners not like it?—Because they desire to shoot the beautiful deer.—Where then may we walk (*promener*)?—We may walk where we will along the high road (*grand chemin*).—But the high road is dusty, and from it there is no

view.—It is sad that there should be no view from the high road.—We came (are come) to Scotland to climb the tall hills. As we cannot climb the tall hills, we will now leave Scotland. If we now leave Scotland the hotel-keepers (keepers of hotels) will be sorry.—The keepers of hotels must speak to the owners of the tall hill.—There are now two men on the top of the tall hill; I can see them plainly. One has seized the other by the scruff of the neck (by the neck). Why has the bad man seized somebody by the scruff of the neck?—The man who has been seized (whom they have seized) by the scruff of the neck must be a Tourist.—How has the Tourist done wrong (*faire mal*)?—He has done wrong because he admires the view.—The Aunt, the Uncle, and the Cousin (*f.*) are now glad that they did not go to the top of the tall hill.

TWO VIEWS OF THE SODGERIES.

NO. I. BY A GENTLEMAN WHO GOT A BAD SEAT AT THE INAUGURATION.

It seems rather a high-handed proceeding to deprive the inhabitants of South Belgravia, Old Chelsea, Pimlico and Battersea, of about half of their recreation grounds. This certainly has been done to find a site for the Sodgeries. Whether the Sodgeries will be worth the trouble is another matter. It may be as well to glance hurriedly at its contents.

Certainly, very hurriedly, when one comes to the Ambulance Department. A most ghastly show! Lay-figures reclining in the most realistic fashion on a field of battle, with surgeons and vultures (!) in attendance. If anything could choke off an intending recruit, it would be this. I consider the display as inimical to the best interests of the Army.

Then the Battle Gallery? Can anything be less interesting? Here and there the portrait of a General! But such portraits! One veteran warrior is actually shown in the act of playing upon a fiddle! As for the pictures of the victories, there is scarcely anything new worth looking at. Same good old Inkermann, by Lady BUTLER, as of yore; and the same good old recollections of Egypt from past Academies. For the rest, the room contains some comfortable chairs. They are more inviting than the relics! Then the remainder of the Exhibition! Well, the advertisers have their share, and the restaurant people are all over the place. There are some figures sent over by nigger chieftains, and a little armour. Finally, the grounds are imperfectly illuminated at night with paper lanterns and the electric light. Plenty of military music for those who like it, but who does?

The arrangements for the comfort of the Press at the opening ceremony (when I was present) were unsatisfactory. But this is a detail.

NO. II. BY A GENTLEMAN WHO GOT A GOOD SEAT AT THE INAUGURATION.

Nothing could have been more judicious than to enclose some of the grounds of Chelsea Hospital for the holding of that excellent exhibition known as "The Sodgeries." The inhabitants of South Belgravia, Old Chelsea, Pimlico, and Battersea must bless the Authorities for their kindness in selecting a site so close to their doors. That the Exhibition may be properly appreciated, it may be worth while to glance hurriedly at its contents. A difficult matter to hurry when one comes to the Ambulance Department. A most interesting display. Here we have the battle-field capably painted, and illustrating how our doctors and nurses do their good work. If anything could confirm an intending recruit to take the Queen's Shilling, it would be this *tableau*, so suggestive of succour to the wounded. I consider the display decidedly in the best interests of the Army.

Then the Battle Gallery! Can anything be more interesting? Numerous portraits of Generals—not only in full uniform, but as they are to be seen at home in the bosoms of their families. Every picture of a victory is full of interest, and the relics are priceless. One case contains the identical cloak worn by the great Duke at Waterloo, and another the celebrated panorama of his funeral. The latter, I fancy, was drawn by that well-known artist, who signs himself, when he drops into literature, "G. A. S." If I am right in my conjecture, I may add that I believe all the numberless figures in the admirable composition are wearing Wellington boots. For the rest, the room contains comfortable chairs, but who cares for chairs when such relics are on view!

Then the remainder of the Exhibition! It would take pages to catalogue its hundreds of interesting exhibits. Arms, figures, manufactures, musical instruments. What not? And the grounds! At night a perfect fairy-land, beautifully illuminated with hundreds of gleaming lanterns, and the electric light. Finally the best military music in the world, for those who like it, and who does not?

The arrangements for the comfort of the Press at the opening ceremony (when I was present) were satisfactory to the last degree. But this is a detail.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"PLEASE LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS. I KNOW IT'S HARD; BUT IT'S ONLY FOR A MOMENT!"

"BABY BUNG."

Nurse R-tch-e loquitur :-

WHICH no doubt at the best it's a bothersome babe; though my bounden duty it were to make much of it; I'm free to say, if I had *my way*, it's the dickens a bit I should come within touch of it. [windy;

'Tis a greedy child, and a noisy too, of a colicky turn, and pertikler And, wherever the blessed infant's found, you may bet your boots there'll be stir and shindy.

The family is a rucktious one from their cradles up, and the plague of nnses.

You may cosset and cordial 'em up as you will; though you calls 'em "blessings," you finds 'em cusses.

Many a monthly they've worried out of her life, almost, with their fractious snarlings,

Though it's most as much as your place is worth to aggerawate 'em —the little darlings!

And this one—well, it would raise a yell you might fancy came from a fog-horn's throttle,

If it wasn't for that there soothing-syrup I've artfully smuggled into its bottle.

It's strongish stuff, and I've dropped enough in the Babby's grnel to prove a fixer;

For this kid's riot you cannot quiet with LAWSON'S Cordial or CAINE'S Elixir.

Them parties think they can mix a drink as'll take the shine out o' GODFREY or DAFEE,

But they're both mistook, *they* don't know their book, though one is "genial," and t'other chaffy.

They'll raise a row when they find out how I have managed to silence the child, by drugging.

Wot's the use of fuss? Where's the monthly nuss as can manage without a bit of 'umbugging!

And now, havin' fixed the hinfant up, I'm a going to drop him in somebody's doorway.

Hullo! Here's the house of that County Council! I fancies now it is rather in *your way!*

You're up to everythink, you swells are, from "Betterment" to the claims of Cabby.

You've a lot to learn; so jest have a turn—as I hope you'll like—at this Blessed Babby!

It "turns up on a doorstep unbeknown," like the child referred to by DICKENS'S *Sairey*.

Come! Here's the Babby, and there's the Bo'ttle! I'm no monopolist—quite contrary.

Without its Bottle I *couldn't* leave it; the babe might 'unger, wick Evins forbid of it!

But, havin' purvised for it so nicely, I'll shunt it on you, gents,—(aside)—and glad to get rid of it!

"ALLOWED TO STARVE."—The Editor begs to acknowledge remittance from "Miss G. D." and "W. M.," in aid of the Balaclava Survivors, which he has handed to the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, who is in charge of this Fund.

WARE BRUMMAGEM!

"As sure as a gun" is a worthy old phrase That doesn't quite seem to apply in our days; And that man is a cynic, or talking in fun, Who says he's "as sure as an 'African' gun." The Birmingham gun-makers loudly protest That their products are good, if they're not quite the best. *Mr. Punch* with the Brummagem boys will not quarrel, But all guns should be trustworthy, stock, lock and barrel; Be the game one is after an Arab or pheasant, The chance of a barrel that bursts is not pleasant. Good work brings good pay, as it always has done; That (in the old sense) is "as sure as a gun!"

MRS. R. has been uncommonly humorous lately. She observed, "What a foolish remark it was of Dr. JOHNSON'S to say that 'who makes a pen would pick a pocket.' Unless," she added, struck with a brilliant idea, "he was thinking of 'steel pens.' But I don't think there were any in his time."



“BABY BUNG.”

NURSE RITCHIE. “THERE YOU ARE, MY LITTLE DEAR,—THEY ’LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!”



VOCES POPULI.

THE TRAVELLING MENAGERIE.

OUTSIDE.

A crowd is staring stolidly at the gorgeously gilded and painted entrance, with an affectation of superior wisdom to that of the weaker-minded, who sneak apologetically up the steps from time to time. A tall-hatted orchestra have just finished a tune, and hung their brazen instruments up like joints on the hooks above them.

A Woman carrying an infant (to her husband). Will 'ee goo in, Joe?

Joe (who is secretly burning to see the Show). Naw. Sin it arl afoor arfen enough. Th' outside's th' best on it, I reckon.

His Wife (disappointed). Saw 'tis, and naw charge for lookin' at 'en neither.

The Proprietor. Ladies and Gentlemen, Re-member! This is positively the last opportunity of witnessing DENMAN'S Celebrated Menagerie—the largest in the known world! The Lecturer is now describing the animals, after which Mlle. CRAVACHE and ZAMBANGO, the famous African Lientamers, will go through their daring feats with forest-bred lions, tigers, bears, and hyenas, for the last time in this town. Re-member—the last performance this evening!

Joe (to his Wife). If ye'd like to hev a look at 'em, I wun't say nay to et.

His Wife. I dunno as I care partickler 'bout which way 'tis.

Joe (annoyed). Bide where 'ee be then.

His Wife. Their's th' child, JOE, to be sure.

Joe. Well we baint a gooin' in, and so th' child wunt come to no 'arm, and their's a hend on it!

His Wife. Nay, she'd lay in my arms as quiet

as quiet. I wur on'y thinkin, JOE, as it 'ud be somethin' to tell her when she wur a big gell, as her daddy took her to see th' wild beasties afoor iver she could tark—that's arl I wur meanin', JOE. And they'll let 'er goo in free, too.

Joe. Aye, that'll be fine tellin's fur 'er, sure 'nough. Come arn, Missans, we'll tek th' babby in—happen she'll niver git th' chance again.

INSIDE.

Joe's Wife (with a vague sense of being defrauded). I thart their'd ha' bin moor smell, wi' so many on 'em!

Joe. They doan't git naw toime for it, I reckon, allus on the rord as they be.

The Lecturer. Ilow me to request yar kind hattention for a moment. (Stand back there, you boys, and don't beyave in such a silly manner!) We har now arrived at the Haswail, or Sloth Bear, described by BUFFON as 'aving 'abits which make it a burden to itself. (Severely.) The Haswail. In the hajoinin' cage observe the Loocorrieks, the hony hanimal to oom fear is habesootly hun-known. When hattacked by the Lion, he places his 'ed between his fore-legs, and in that position awaits the honset of his would-be destroyer.

Joe's Wife. I thart it wur th' hostridge as hacted that away.

Joe. Ostridges ain't gotten they long twisted harns as iver I heard on.

His Wife (stopping before another den). Oh, my blessed! 'Ere be a queer lookin' orritter, do 'ee look at 'en, JOE. What 'll he be now?

Joe. How do 'ee suppose as I be gooin' to tell 'ee the name of 'en? He'll likely be a sart of a 'arse.

His Wife. They've a let 'en git wunnerful ontidy fur sure. 'Ere, Mister (to Stranger) can you tell us the name of that theer hanimal?

Stranger. That—oh, that's a Gnu.

Joe's Wife. He says it be a noo.

Joe. A noo what?

His Wife. Why, a noo hanimal, I s'pose.

Joe. Well, he baint naw himprovement on th' hold 'uns, as I can see. They'd better ha' left it aloan if they couldn't do naw better nor 'im. Dunno what things be coming to, hinventin' o' noo hanimals at this time o' day!

BEFORE ANOTHER CAGE.

A Boozed and Argumentative Rustic. I sez as that 'un's a fawks, an' I'm ready to prove it on anny man.

A Companion (soothingly). Naw, naw, 'e baint naw fawks. I dunno what 'tis,—but taint naw fawks nawhow.

B. and A. Rustic. I tell 'ee 'tis a fawks. I'm sure on it.

(To Mild Visitor.) Baint 'e a fawks, Master, eh?

Mild Visitor. Well, really, if you ask me, I should say it was a hyena.

The Rustic's Comp. A hyanna! ah, that's a deal moor like; saw 'tis!

The Rustic. A Pianner? do 'ee take me fur a vool? I knaws a pianner when I sees 'nn. Farmer BROWN, 'e 'as a pianner, and 'tain't like naw fawks! I'll knack th' 'ed arf o' thee, tryin' to stoof me oop 'i that way. Wheer be th' man as said 'twas a pianner? [Mild V. has discreetly lost himself in the crowd.]

ON THE ELEPHANT'S BACK.

Second Boy. Sit a bit moor forrard, BILLY, can't 'ee!

First Boy. Cann't, I tell 'ee, I be sittin' on th' scruff of 'is neck as 'tis.

Third Boy. I can see my vaither, I can. 'Ere, vaither, vaither, look at me—see wheer I be!

Fourth Boy (a candid friend). Shoot oop, cann't 'ee, ya young gozzle-'ead! Think ya vaither niver see a hass on a hellyphant afoor!

Fifth Boy. These yere hellyphants be main straddly roidin'. I wish 'e wudn't

wak honly waun haff of 'en at oncest, loike. What do 'ee mean, a kitchin' 'old o' me behind i' that way, eh, JIMMY PASSONS!

Sixth Boy. You'd ketch 'old o' hanything if you was like me, a slidin' down th' hellyphant's ta-ail.

Fifth Boy. If 'ee doan't let go o' me, I'll job th' hellyphant's ribs and make 'im gallop, I will, so now, JIMMY PASSONS!

IN FRONT OF THE LIONS' DEN DURING PERFORMANCE.

Various Speakers. Wheer be pnshin' to? Carl that manners, sreonging like that! . . . I cann't see nawthen, I cann't, wi' all they 'ats in front . . . What be gooin' arn, do 'ee know? . . . A wumman gooin' in along o' they lions and tigerses? Naw, ye niver mane it! . . . Baint she a leatherin' of 'un too! . . . Now she be a kissin' of 'un—maakin' it oop, loike. . . . JOHN, you can see better nor me—what be she oop to now? . . . Pnttin' 'er 'ed inside o' th' lien's? Aw, dear me, now—'theer's a thing to be doin' of! Well, I'd ruther it was 'er nor me, I know that . . . They wun't do 'er naw 'arm, so long 's she kips 'er heye on 'em . . . What do 'ee taak so voolish vor? How 's th' wumman to kip 'er heye on 'em, with 'er 'ed down wan on 'em's throat, eh? . . . Gracions alive! if iver I did! . . . Oh, I do 'ope she baint gooin' to let off naw fire-arms, I be moor fear'd o' pistols nor anny tigers . . . Theer, she's out now! She be bold, fur a female, baint her? . . . She niver maade 'em joomp through naw bla-azin' 'oops, though . . . What carl would she hev fur doin' that? Well, they've a drared 'er doin' of it hontside, that's arl I know . . . An' they've a drared HADAM outside a naamin' of th' hanimals—bnt ye didn't expect to see that doon inside, did 'ee? . . . BOB, do 'ee look at old Munster MANDERS ovver theer by th' hellyphant. He's a maakin' of 'issel that familiar—puttin' bisknuts 'tween his lips and lettin' th' hellyphant take 'em out wi' 's tronk! . . . I see un—let un aloan, th' hold dootler, happen he thinks he's a feedin' his canary bird!



AUTOMATIC ARBITRATION.

NO MORE EXORBITANT FEES! NO MORE LAW! NO MORE TRIALS!

NEW GALLERY NOVELTIES.



No. 237. THE HARMONIOUS FAMILY.

Gentleman Amateur (looking at music, aside to himself). That's the note she ought to be singing.
 Lady Amateur (thinks to herself). I can sing without music. Rather! I'll give it 'em!
 Little Boy Amateur (laying low with violin, to himself). [Sings fortissimo.] Go on! I'll cut in presently with my fiddle. That'll make 'em squirm!



No. 141. Il Cigaretto; or, Should Women Smoke? After her first attempt.



No. 105. "How It's Done;" or, Her First Toys. Worked with strings.



No. 186. Eminent Solicitor disturbed at work by anxious and indiscriminate public. (Vide Letterpress.)

No. 1,146. Sale of Stanhope Forbes' effects. Artistic effects excellent. Should fetch high price.



No. 113. "Will It Bite?" What does she see? A white mouse? Delightful this. Mr. Boughton, A.R.A.



No. 392. A Blow Out; or, Pipes in a Small Room after Dinner. Mr. G. is arguing the question with fair hosts. Lord Rosebery is regarding the Piper with ill-disguised horror.

No. 8. Symbolical Theatrical Picture. Production of *The Tiger* at St. James's Theatre. Tiger coming out strong, suddenly finds himself in presence of furiously antagonistic Gallery audience, represented by a venomous hissing snake, which has been waiting for him, like *Chevy Slyme*, round the corner. Snake also emblematic of "reptile press." Situation portrayed by J. T. NETTLESHIP.



No. 213. John Burns as the Italian Tenor, Signor Masharoni.



No. 93. Small and Early Architecture. Showing how to set up a boxful of the new building toy bricks.



No. 82. Evidently a Female Succu, or Fasting Woman.

Nos. 39 and 43. Admirable portrait of Sir JOHN PENDER (43) severely lecturing THOMAS HAWKESLEY, Esq. (39) and evidently telling the latter that he ought to be more careful. Both admirable portraits, by Professor HERKOMER, A.R.A., Master of Bushey, F.A.S., M.A., Oxon.

No. 66. "Good morning, Ma'am! Have you used SQUERRS's soap? No. I thought not. Try it." Suggested for Advertisement by EDWIN WARD.

No. 76. *Undisguised Alarm.* "What have I sat on!!" Perhaps you can tell us, Mr. R. W. MADDOX.

No. 99. "My Eye:—I mean my left eye!" J. J. SHANNON.

No. 108. *Dog Stealing; or, what will they do with it?* R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

No. 114. "Out! Out! Damp Spot!" HERBERT DALZIEL.

No. 119. *Raised under Glass.* Preserved Pheasant to be wound up and go off with a whirr-r. Can't make game of this. Your health, Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.

No. 122. Question of taste. "Do these trousers go well with my Academicals? No. So I'll only show just a little bit of 'em, *knee plus ultra.* That'll please the artist." J. J. SHANNON.

No. 144. "When Earthly Shapes are wrapped in Gloom." Miss A. ALMA-TADEMA.

No. 160. "I blacked my face last night to play the part of a female Christy Minstrel, and I haven't quite succeeded in getting it off this morning. Isn't it a pity, eh, Mr. EDWIN WARD?"

No. 162. *The Playful Monster.* C. N. KENNEDY.

No. 164. "Coming a Quiet Chuckle." Old Gentleman thinking over a good story, on which he calculates being asked out for the entire season. PERCY BIGLAND.

No. 185. *The Ferry.* Charming! Ferry much so. G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

No. 186. Dialogue overheard in front of this:—

He. Is that a portrait? She. Yes; I think so. He. Whose?

She (after referring to catalogue). GEORGE LEWIS.

He (suddenly, after a pause). Who's GEORGE LEWIS?!!!!

What the reply was we don't know,—the question was too much for us, and we were caught in an attendant's arms, taken upstairs tenderly, and treated with care in the refreshment room. Who could imagine such ignorance possible in this "so-called Nineteenth Century!" "Who is GEORGE LEWIS!" . . . "Ask a policeman."

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

JOURNALISTIC CRITICISM.

"This piece must come off at once;" i.e., "I've got one which would just come in nicely, and could let 'em have it cheap."

"The dialogue is poor, the plot badly constructed;" i.e., "These are the two things for which everybody is going to praise this dramatic author. So I'll have my knife into him."

"The music is pretty enough, though some of the principal melodies irresistibly call to mind the popular works of other composers;" i.e., "He'll be praised for his originality. Bah! I've written things just as good as these."

"A most amusing Article, but a little of it goes a long way;" i.e., "Is tired of his subject, and wants to turn his attention to something else."

SOCIAT.

"It's a very curious fact;" i.e., "Now to pile on the embroidery."

"Now, do drop all formality, and look in to dinner quite in a friendly way. But you must take us just as you find us;" i.e., "It counts as a formal invitation, and he's sure not to come."

"You can't come! Oh, I'm so sorry!" i.e., "Didn't even know I'd asked her."

PLATFORMULARS.

"If at any time, by one jot, or one tittle, or one hair's breadth, or in the very slightest degree, or in the least;" i.e., "What, oh, what was I going to say? Can't go on like this for ever."

"Never was the country menaced with a more critical danger: never was our Party more enthusiastically united in confronting it;" i.e., "It won't make a bad cry, and may pull the stragglers together a bit."

"An oration which for a splendid combination of close reasoning and moving eloquence, is scarcely paralleled even among the many masterpieces of the illustrious speaker;" i.e., "An average speech from the point of view of the speaker's journalistic supporters."

"Its loose logic, ineffective rhetoric, and undignified petulance, furnishes a pitiful proof of the intellectual and moral decadence of a once great name;" i.e., "The same oration seen from the other side."

FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"His knowledge of music is something quite phenomena!" i.e., "He knows, and can talk about, absolutely nothing else."

"Would be quite lovely, but for a certain je ne sais quoi which

repels most people;" i.e., "Beautiful beyond all criticism that is not vaguely venomous."

"You dear thing!" i.e., "You inconsequent little noodle!"

CURIOMANIA.

"How quite too weirdly quaint!" i.e., "What an uncanny horror of archaic ugliness!"

"How quite too awfully kind of you to take all this trouble!" i.e., "Foolish old faddist! What is bliss to him is boredom to me."

"How fearful you must be of fire!" i.e., "Oh, for a lucky conflagration!"

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall enjoy it immensely;" i.e., "He can't talk any more than a semaphore, and looks as sleepy as an owl."

"What! You go right on to-day without changing?" That is nice;" i.e., "Confound it! I thought there would be a chance of a cigar after the Junction."

"Oh yes, plenty of room, and pleased to have you;" i.e., "Old nuisance! will quite spoil my promising tête-à-tête."

PREPARING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"You see you have just the figure—slim and graceful you know—for Signor Dumcramboni, which is the great thing;" i.e., "Must flatter him a little, or he'll kick at the one-speech part."

"Oh, I leave myself entirely in your hands;" i.e., "Wait till I'm fairly in, and I'll show him!"

"Really, the prodigious passion that Mr. Elderberrie throws into the declaration-scene quite disconcerts me;" i.e., "Preposterous old pump-handle!"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what we should do without You! You put us all right;" i.e., "Fussy old idiot! Once spoke to MACREADY, and fancies himself no end of a Manager."

TRADE EMBELLISHMENTS.

"Champagne. Grand Vin. Special Brand. Curée Réservee, 1874. Offered at 28s. the Dozen. Only a few dozen of this magnificent wine are left;" i.e., "A dangerous home-manufactured compound of apple and gooseberry, that could not be safely offered even at a funeral."

"The 'Indian Sunrise' Rheumatic Vinegar, distilled in the far East from the choicest Oriental herbs;" i.e., "Some stuff made in Shoreditch of common blue vitriol and turpentine."

OVER THE BABY.

"Oh, how like!" i.e., "Like?—Yes, like every other baby."

WEEK BY WEEK.

Wednesday.—*Mr. Punch* appears. Up and out early. Rejoicings. Banquets to *Mr. STANLEY* generally.

Thursday.—Old Half-Quarter Day. New Style. Anniversary Dinner, at the Goose and Serpent, of First Night Theatrical-Wreckers' Club. *Mrs. SNOOKS'* Dinner, to meet *Mr. STANLEY*.

Friday.—Nothing particular, except meeting *Mr. STANLEY*.

Saturday.—Close time for Salmon in Serpentine begins. *Mrs. NEMO'S* first dance with *Mr. STANLEY*.

Sunday.—Everyone in Hyde Park to meet *Mr. STANLEY*. *Rev. Dr. HONEYMAN'S* Sermon to *Mr. STANLEY*. Museums closed. Flowers open, free.

Monday and Tuesday.—Much as usual. To meet *Mr. STANLEY*.

General Forecast.—Weather unsettled at first. More so afterwards. N.E.E. Gales to meet *Mr. STANLEY*. Snow, followed by violent Cyclones, unless dry, warm, and 91° in the shade. Depression over the whole of the British Dominions.

Wednesday.—Depression entirely relieved by appearance of *Mr. Punch*. Rejoicings all day. Squibs, Fireworks at night. In the evening, Somebody meets *Mr. STANLEY*.

Lady HENRIETTA SHIMMERS' long-talked-of Dance came off yesterday evening, at her *recherché* little mansion in North-west Bayswater, and was a great success. A handsome second-hand slip

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.



Cromwell Row'd S.W.

of Dutch carpet was laid down on the pavement outside the Hall-door, and from an early hour in the afternoon afforded a theme for much favourable comment in the immediate neighbourhood. The staircase had been, with the aid of half-a-dozen night-lights and a profusion of homemade paper flowers, turned into a perfect

fairlyland, the illusion becoming the more perfect the further the spectator receded. The one purple and green Hungarian, who attended with his trombone to represent that celebrated band of musicians, supplied the dance music with much spirit, while those noted *viveurs*, capable of expressing an opinion on the subject of supper, declare that the South-American tinned oysters, and the seventeen-shilling Roumanian champagne, with which they washed them down, were both, in their way, respectively, in the shape of refreshment, quite the most remarkable things they had met with anywhere this season. The company was select and distinguished. *Mrs. JIPPLING*, who brought her two chubby-faced, pretty daughters, both in ditch-water-coloured cotton, was a simple blaze of Birmingham paste and green-glass emeralds, and with her *pompadour* of yellow satin bed curtain, trimmed with *chiffons* of scarlet bell-ropes, looped up tastefully with bunches of *cordons d'orions d'Espagne à la blanchisseuse*, was the centre of pleasurable astonishment wherever she went. *LADY PICKOVER* also created quite a sensation, being a perfect dream in orange worsted. *Miss MUGGALLOW* attracted a good deal of notice, wearing the celebrated heavily enamelled plated

STATE OF MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.



JUTE.—A quiet feeling, with small Sales.

family Holly-hocks, and several *débutantes* in bright arsenical Emerald Green, who had not much to recommend them in the way of good looks, came in for a fair amount of cynically disagreeable comment. The dance terminated at an early hour in the morning, it being eventually brought to a conclusion by a little riot in the hall, caused by the linkman (who, owing to his potatoes, had not been very steady after midnight) endeavouring

to make off with the hat-and-umbrella-stand, a feat which brought the police on to the premises with a suggestion, that "as things seemed getting a bit lively inside, perhaps the concern had better come to a finish." The proceedings shortly after this, were brought to an abrupt conclusion.

Two young men of aristocratic appearance, and otherwise faultless

dress, were observed in the Park on Monday, in boots of ordinary leather. This breach of the *covenances* has excited much comment in the fashionable world to which they belong.

A curious sight was yesterday witnessed in Piccadilly. A gentleman well known in Society and in Politics lost his hat, which was run over, but not otherwise damaged, by a passing omnibus. The Honourable Gentleman's exclamation has been the subject of considerable remark in the Lobby of the House.

A careful investigator has been occupied in calculating the amount of roof accommodation available for the cats of the Metropolis. Dividing London according to Parliamentary districts, and subdividing these parochially and by streets (due allowance being, of course, made for wear and tear and removals), he has reached the remarkable conclusion, that every cat can command exactly one two-hundredth part of a roof. In this calculation kittens have been neglected.

What is this I hear about the Officers of the Sheriff of a County not a hundred miles from the Metropolis, refusing to be present at *Mrs. LEO HUNTER'S* grand reception in Lower Chelsea, to meet the youngest son of His Highness the Rajah of Jamjam, ALIKHAN INDOORE? Was it because *Mrs. H.* forgot to ask their wives?

The great feature of *Mrs. DUIT CHEEPELEY'S* Fancy Dress Pic-nic at Burnham Beeches will be, that every guest will bring his own hamper. The hostess herself, as *Ceres*, the Goddess of Plenty, will provide the corkscrews only.

Lient.-Colonel CONTRE JUMPERE, of the 28th Volunteer Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment (Shoreditch Sharpshooters), on Saturday last entertained the officers under his command at a *déjeuner à deux plats* in the palatial restaurant of which he is Managing Director.

Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON have met *Mr. STANLEY*. *Mr. STANLEY* is reported to have said that he will *not* meet them again.

At the last moment it is reported that the engagement of the great African Explorer with *Mrs. SNOOKES* to meet at five o'clock tea Sir JOSEPH and Lady SMUGGINES is indefinitely postponed.

"ROBERT" writes to us about "The Ewents of the Week." He says:—

"The City Academy, which it's on the Tems Embankment, opened on Toosday, and I'm told as about a thousand pupils went a scrambling in there, as hurly as 9 a clock, with their shiny morning faces, and with their scratches on their backs, as the Poet says, and with their lunches in 'em, as praps the Poet didn't kno of; and arterwards, the LORD MAKE and his Sherryffs went to Epping Forest and dined at a Pick Nick with a lot of Werderers, whatever they may be, and some common Counselen, but, strange to say, they didn't have no Wenson! so they made Game of one another. They didn't ask that *Mr. PERCY LINDLEY*, who's allers a finding fault with 'em for cutting so many trees down and then cutting 'em up. They ort to have known from their long xperience, that a jolly good dinner woud most likely have made him hopen his mouth, and shut his eyes, and hold his Tung, like a gennelman."

"At a meeting at 'Good Old Bethnal Green,' as a werry lowd woiced gennelman called it, it was enounced that *Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS*, the howner of the howdacious hapenny 'Heeko,' had promised to give 'em £20,000 to bild 'em a new Library with! when the lowd woiced gennelman ginerously enounced that he woud buy a copy of that paper the werry next day! If that isn't grattitude, what is it?"

A Cambridge Mathematician of repute has just concluded a careful and exhaustive calculation, by which he maintains that if all the pork-chops eaten in London in a week were placed in a row, they would reach from Camberwell to the Isle of Wight; and if piled in a heap on each other, would form a mound half as high again as Primrose Hill.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.



"May Fare, W." Lamb Salad and New Peas. A picture of Still Life.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. XI.—THE RIVAL DOLLS.

"Miss JENNY and POLLY Had each a new dolly."—*Vide Poem.*

CHARACTERS.

Miss Jenny	}	By the Sisters LEAMAR.
Miss Polly		
The Soldier Doll	}	By the Two ARMSTRONGS.
The Sailor Doll		

SCENE—A Nursery. Enter Miss JENNY and Miss POLLY, who perform a blameless step-dance with an improving chorus.

Oh, isn't it jolly! we've each a new dolly,
And one is a Soldier, the other's a Tar!
We're fully contented with what's been presented,
Such good little children we both of us are!

[They dance up to a cupboard, from which they bring out two large Dolls, which they place on chairs.

Miss J. Don't they look nice! Come, POLLY, let us strive
To make ourselves believe that they're alive!Miss P. (addressing Sailor D.). I'm glad you're mine. I dote on
all that's nautical.The Sailor D. (opening his eyes suddenly). Excuse me, Miss, your
sister's a more my sort o' gal![Kisses his hand to Miss J., who shrinks back, shocked and
alarmed.Miss J. Oh, POLLY, did you hear? I feel so shy!
The Soldier D. (with mild self-assertion). I can
say "Pa" and "Ma"—and wink my eye.[Does so at Miss P., who runs in terror to
Miss J.'s side.Miss J. Why, both are showing signs of anima-
tion! [gination!Miss P. Who'd think we had such strong ima-
The Soldier Doll (aside to the Sailor D.). I say,
old fellow, we have caught their fancy—
In each of us they now a real man see!Let's keep it up!
The Sailor D. (dubiously). D'ye think as we
can do it?The Soldier D. You stick by me, and I will see
you through it.Sit up, and turn your toes out,—don't you loll;
Put on the Man, and drop the bloom'n' Doll![The Sailor Doll pulls himself together, and
rises from chair importantly.The Sailor D. (in the manner of a Music-hall
Chairman)—Ladies, with your kind leave, this gallant gent
Will now his military sketch present.[Miss J. and P. applaud: the Soldier D.,
after feebly expostulating, is induced to
sing.

Song, by the Soldier Doll.

When I used to be displayed In the Burlington Arcade, With
artillery arrayed Underneath. Shoulder Hump!
I imagine that I made All the Lady Dolls afraid, I should draw my
battle-blade From its sheath, Shoulder Hump!
For I'm Mars's gallant son, And my back I've shown to none, Nor
was ever seen to run From the strife! &c.
Oh, the battles I'd have won, And the dashing deeds have done, If
I'd ever fired a gun In my life! &c.

Refrain (to be sung marching round Stage).

By your right flank, Wheel! Let the front rank kneel! With the
bristle of the steel To the foe.
Till their regiments reel, At our rattling peal, And the military zeal
We show!

[Repeat, with the whole company marching round after him.

The Soldier Doll. My friend will next oblige—this jolly Jack Tar
Will give his song and chorus in charack-tar!

[Same business with Sailor D.

Song, by the Sailor Doll.

In costume I'm So maritime, You'd never suppose the fact is,
That with the Fleet In Regent Street, I'd precious little naval
practice!

There was sancy craft, Rigged fore an' aft, Inside o' Mr. CRE-MER'S.
From Noah's Arks to Clipper-built barques, Like-wise mechanical
stea-mers.

But to navigate the Serpentine, Yeo ho, my lads, ahoy!
With clockwork, sails, or spirits of wine, Yeo-ho, my lads, ahoy!
I did respectfully decline, So I was left in port to pine,
Which wasn't szactly the line Of a rollicking Sailor Boy,
Yeo-ho! Of a rollicking Sailor Bo-oy!

Yes, there was lots Of boats and yachts, Of timber and of tin, too;
But one and all Was far too small For a doll o' my size to get into!
I was too big On any brig To ship without disas-ter,
And it wouldn't never do When the oap'n and the crew Were a set
o' little swabs all plas-ter!

Chorus—So to navigate the Serpentine, &c.

An Ark is p'raps The berth for chaps As is fond o' Natural Hist'ry.
But I sez to SHEM And the rest o' them, "How you get along at
all's a myst'ry!

With a Wild Beast Show Let loose below, And four fe-males on
deck too!

I never could agree With your happy fami-lee, And your lubberly
ways I object to."

[Chorus. Hornpipe by the company, after which the Soldier
Doll advances condescendingly to Miss JENNY.

The Sold. D. Invincible I'm reckoned by the Ladies.

But yield to you—though conquering my trade is!

Miss J. (repulsing him). Oh, go away, you great conceited thing, you!

[The Sold. D. persists in offering her attentions.

Miss P. (watching them bitterly). To be deserted by one's doll does
sting you! [The Sailor D. approaches.The Sailor D. (to Miss P.) Let me console you, Miss, a Sailor Doll
As swears his 'art was ever true to POLL!

(N.B.—Good opportunity for Song here.)

Miss P. (indignantly to Miss J.) Your Sailor's teasing me to be
his idol!Do make him stop—(spitefully)—When you've
quite done with my doll!Miss J. (scornfully). If you suppose I want your
wretched warrior,

I'm sorry for you!

Miss P. I for you am sorrier.

Miss J. (weeping, R.). POLLY preferred to me—
what ignominy!Miss P. (weeping, L.). My horrid Sailor jilting
me for JENNY!

[The two Dolls face one another, c.

Sailor D. (to Soldier D.). You've made her sluice
her skylights now, you swab!Soldier D. (to Sailor D.). As you have broke her
heart, I'll break your nob! [Hits him.Sailor D. (in a pale fury). This insult must be
blotted out in bran!Soldier D. (fiercely). Come on, I'll shed your
sawdust—if I can![Miss J. and P. throw themselves between the
combatants. [scolded.Miss J. For 'any mess you make we shall be
So wait until a druggut we've unfolded!

[They lay down druggut on Stage.

The Soldier D. (politely). No hurry, Miss, we
don't object to waiting.The Sailor D. (aside). His valour—like my
own—'s evaporating!(Defiantly to Soldier D.). On guard! You'll see how soon I'll run
you through!

(Confidentially). (If you will not prod me, I won't pink you.)

The Soldier D. Through your false kid my deadly blade I'll pass!

(Confidentially). (Look here, old fellow, don't you be a hass!)

[They exchange passes at a considerable distance.

The Sailor D. (aside). Don't lose your temper now!
Sold. D. Don't get excited.

Do keep a little farther off!

Sail. D.

Delighted!

[Wounds Soldier D. by misadventure.

Sold. D. (annoyed). There now, you've gone and made upon my wax

Sail. D. Excuse me, it was really quite an accident. [a dent!

Sold. D. (savagely). Such clumsiness would irritate a saint!

[Stabs Sailor Doll.

Miss J. and P. (imploringly). Oh, stop! the sight of sawdust turns
us faint! [They drop into chairs, swooning.

The Sailor D. I'll pay you out for that! [Stabs Soldier D.

Sold. D. Right through you've poked me!

Sailor D. So you have me!

Sold. D. You shouldn't have provoked me! [They fall transfixed.

Sailor D. (faintly). Alas, we have been led away by vanity.

Dolls shouldn't try to imitate humanity! [Dies.

Soldier D. For, if they do, they'll end like us, unpitied,

Each on the other's sword absurdly spitted!

[Dies. Miss J. and P. revive, and bend sadly over the corpses.

Miss Jenny. From their untimely end we draw this moral,

How wrong it is, even for dolls, to quarrel!

Miss Polly. Yes, JENNY, in the fate of these poor fellows see

What sad results may spring from female jealousy!

[They embrace penitently as Curtain falls.



THE ROSE-WATER CURE.



[The Report of the Sweating Committee says that "the inefficiency of many of the lower class of workers, early marriages, and the tendency of the residuum of the population in large towns to form a helpless community, together with a low standard of life and the excessive supply of unskilled labour are the chief factors in producing sweating." The Committee's chief "recommendations" in respect of the evils of Sweating seem to be, the lime-washing of work-places and the multiplication of sanitary inspectors.]

SEVENTY-ONE Sitings, a many months' run,
Witnesses Two Hundred, Ninety and One:
Clergymen, guardians, factors, physicians,
Middlemen, labourers, smart statisticians,
Journalists, managers, Gentiles and Jews,
And this is the issue! A thing to amuse
A cynic, the chat of this precious Committee,
But moving kind hearts to despair blent with
pity.

CANTUAR., DERBY, and mild ABERDEEN,
Such anti-climax sure never was seen!
ONslow and ROTHSCHILD and MONKSWELL
and THRING,
Are you content with the pitiful thing?
DUNRAVEN out of it; lucky, my lad! [fad]
(Though your retirement seemed caused by a
Was the Inquiry in earnest or sport?
What is the pith of this precious Report?

Sweating—which all the world joined to
abuse—
Is not the fault of poor Russians or Jews;
'Tisn't the middleman more than the factor,
'Tisn't, no 'tisn't, the sub-contractor;
'Tisn't machinery. No! In fact,
What Sweating is, in a manner exact,
After much thinking we cannot define.
Who is to blame for it? Well, we incline



HARDLY LIKELY.

(An Incident in a "Point to Point" Race.)

Fallen Competitor (to his Bosom Friend, who now has the Race in hand). "HI, GEORGE, OLD MAN! JUST CATCH MY HORSE, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP!"

To think that the Sweated (improvident elves!)

Are, at the bottom, to blame themselves!
They're poor of spirit, and weak of will,
They marry early, have little skill;
They herd together, all sexes and ages,
And take too tamely starvation wages;
And if they will do so, much to their shame,
How can the Capitalist be to blame?
Remedies? Humph! We really regret
We don't see our way to them. People must sweat,

Must stitch and starve till they almost drop;
But let it be done in a lime-washed shop!
To drudge in these dens is their destined fate,
But keep the dens in a decent state.
More inspectors, fewer bad smells,
These be our cures for the Sweaters' Hells!
Revolutions with rose-water cannot be made!
So it was said. But the horrors of Trade.
Competition's accursed fruit,
The woman a drudge, and the man a brute,
These, our Committee of Lordlings are sure,
Can only be met by the Rose-water Cure!
The Sweating Demon to exorcise
Exceeds the skill of the wealthy wise.
Still he must "grind the face of the poor."
(Though some of us have a faint hope, to be sure,

That the highly respectable Capitalist
To the Lords' mild lispings will kindly list.)
No; the Demon must work his will
On his ill-paid suffering victims still;
But—he'd better look with a little less dirt,
So sprinkle the brute with our Rose-water
Squirt!!!

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF A GOOD STAMP.—
The Penny Postage Jubilee Exhibition at the
Guildhall.

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

(A delightful "All-the-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.)

EXAMPLE IV.—Treating of a passion which, in the well-meant process of making the best of it, unconsciously saddles its object with this somewhat harassing responsibility of competing with the Universal Provider.

THOU art all the world to me, love,
Thou art everything in one,



From my early
cup of tea, love,
To my kidney
underdone;
From my canter in
the Row, love,
To my invitation
lunch—
From my quiet
country blow,
love,

To my festive London Punch.

Thou art all in all to me, love,—
Thou art bread and meat and drink;
Thou art air and land and sea, love,—
Thou art paper, pens, and ink.
Thou art all of which I'm fond, love:
Thou art Whitstables from RULE'S,—
"Little drops" with SPIERS AND POND,
love,—
Measures sweet at Mr. POOLE'S.

Thou art everything I lack, love,
From a month at Brighton gay
(Bar the journey there and back, love)
To the joys of Derby Day—
From the start from my abode, love,
With a team of frisky browns,
To the driving "on the road," love,
And the dry vin on the Downs!

Thou art all the world to me, love,—
Thou art all the thing contains;
Thou art honey from the bee, love,—
Thou art sugar from the canes.
Thou art—stay! I've made a miss,
love;
I'm forgetting, on my life!
Thou art all—excepting this, love,—
Your devoted servant's wife!

CHARLES THE FIRST.

SIR,—Did CHARLES THE FIRST walk and talk half an hour after his head was cut off, or not?
Yours,

A VERIFIER OF FACTS.

SIR,—CHARLES THE FIRST walked and talked one quarter of an hour, not half, as is erroneously supposed, after his decollation. We know this by two Dutch pictures which I had in my possession until only the other day, when I couldn't find them anywhere.

Yours, HISTORIAN.

SIR,—King CHARLES THE FIRST lost his head long before he came to the scaffold. I have the block now by me. From it the well-known wood-cut was taken.

CONSULE PLAUCCO.

SIR,—It is a very curious thing, but all the trouble was taken out of CHARLES'S head and put into mine years ago by one of the greatest CHARLESSES that ever lived, whose name was DICKENS; and mine, without the "ENS," is

Yours truly, "Mr. DICK."

P.S.—"Mr. DICK sets us all right," said My Aunt, quietly."

A CHAPTER OF DICKENS UP TO DATE.

(In which Mrs. Harris, assisted by a Carpet, is the cause of a division between Friends.)

Mrs. GAMP's apartment wore, metaphorically speaking, a Bab-Balladish aspect, being considerably topsy-turvey, as rooms have a habit of being after any unusual ebullition of temper on the part of their occupants. It was certainly not swept and garnished, although



its owner was preparing for the reception of a visitor. That visitor was BETSEY PRIG.

Mrs. GAMP's chimney-piece was ornamented with three photographs: one of herself, looking somewhat severe; one of her friend and bosom companion, Mrs. PRIG, of far more amiable aspect; and one of a mysterious personage supposed to be Mrs. HARRIS.

"There! Now, drat you, BETSEY, don't be long!" said Mrs. GAMP, apostrophising her absent friend. "For I'm in no mood for waiting, I do assure you. I'm easy pleased, but I must have my own way (as is always the best and wisest), and have it directly minit, when the fancy strikes me, else we shall part, and that not friendly, as I could wish, but bearin' malice in our arta."

"BETSEY," said Mrs. GAMP, "I will now propoge a toast. My frequent pardner, BETSEY PRIG!"

"Which, altering the name to SAIRAH GAMP, I drink," said Mrs. PRIG, "with love and tenderness!"

"Now, SAIRAH," said Mrs. PRIG, "jining business with pleasure, as so often we've done afore, wot is this bothersome affair about which you wants to consult me? Are you a-goin' to call me over the Carpet once more, SAIRAY?"

"Drat the Carpet!" exclaimed Mrs. GAMP, with a vehement explosiveness whose utter unexpectedness quite disconcerted her friend. "Is it Mrs. HARRIS?" inquired Mrs. PRIG, solemnly.

"Yes, BETSEY PRIG, it is," snapped Mrs. GAMP, angrily, "that very person herself, and no other, which, after twenty years of trust, I never know'd nor never expected to, which it 'urts a feeling 'art even to name her name as henceforth shall be nameless betwixt us twain."

"Oh, shall it?" retorted Mrs. PRIG, shortly. "Why bleas the woman, if I'd said that, you'd ha' bitten the nose off my face, as is your nature to, as the poik says."

"Don't you say nothink against poicks, BETSEY, and I'll say nothink against musicians," retorted Mrs. GAMP, mysteriously.

"Oh! then it was to call me over the Carpet that you sent for me so sudden and peremptory?" rejoined Mrs. PRIG, with a smile.

"DRAT THE CARPET!!!" again ejaculated Mrs. GAMP, with astonishing fierceness. "Wot do you know about the Carpet, BETSEY?"

"Why nothink at all, my dear; nor don't want to," replied Mrs. PRIG, with surprise.

"Oh!" retorted Mrs. GAMP, "you don't, don't you? Well, then, I do, and it's a time you did likewise, if pardners we are to remain who 'ave pardners been so long."

Mrs. PRIG muttered something not quite audible, but which sounded suspiciously like, "Ard wuck!"

"Which share and share alike is my mortar," continued Mrs. GAMP; "that as bin my princerule, and I've found it pay. But Injn Carpets for our mutual 'ome, of goldiun lustre and superfluous shine, as tho' we was Arabian Knights, I cannot and I will not stand. It is the last stror as camels could not forgive. No, BETSEY," added Mr. GAMP, in a violent burst of feeling, "nor crokydilea forget!"

"Bother your camels, and your crokydilea too!" retorted Mrs. PRIG, with indifference. "Wy, SAIRAY, wot a tempest in a teapot, to be sure!"

Mrs. GAMP looked at her with amazement, incredulity, and indignation. "Wot!" she with difficulty ejaculated. "A—tempest—in—a—Teapot!! And does BETSEY PRIG, my pardner for so many years, call her friend a Teapot, and decline to take up SAIRAY's righteous quarrel with a Mrs. HARRIS?"

Then Mrs. PRIG, smiling more scornfully, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words,—

"Wy, certainly she does, SAIRAY GAMP; most certainly she does. Wich I don't believe there's either rhyme or reason in sech an absurd quarrel!" After the utterance of which expressions she leaned forward, and snapped her fingers, and then rose to put on her bonnet, as one who felt that there was now a gulf between them which nothing could ever bridge across.

THE PATIENT AT PLAY.

Adviser. Have you ever been present at a performance of *The Dead Heart*?

Patient. No; and I know nothing of a *Tale of Two Cities*.

A. Then surely you are well acquainted with *All for Her*?

P. I regret to reply in the negative.

A. Perhaps, you have seen the vision in *The Bells*, or the *Corsican Brothers*?

P. Alas! I am forced to confess I am familiar with neither!

A. Dear me! This is very sad! Strange! I will give you a prescription. Go to *Paul Kaurar*. You will then be provided with a thoroughly enjoyable mixture.

[Exit Patient to Drury Lane, where he passes a delightful evening.]

NELLIE AT THE SODGERIES.

(Another Legend of the Royal Military Exhibition.)

THE Lady once more left her frame in the Club Morning Room.

"So I was wrong," she murmured, as she wended her way towards the now familiar spot. "Poor NELLIE, after all, was not forgotten. I am glad of it,—very glad indeed!"

And the flesh tints of Sir PETER JELY's paint-brush brightened, as a smile played across the canvas features.

"I'faith! the Military gentlemen are gallants, one and all! To be sure! Then how would it be possible that the foundress of a hospital should be overlooked? And one as comely as myself!"

So, well pleased, she journeyed on. As she reached the river, there was quite a crowd,—people were coming by rail, and boat, and omnibus. It was quite like the olden days of the Exhibitions at South Kensington. She passed through the turnstiles, and then found the cause of the excitement. There were all sorts of good things. A gallery full of pictures, and relics of battles ancient and modern, a museum of industrial work, a collection of everything interesting to a soldier. In the grounds were balloons, and fireworks, assaults at arms, and the best military bands. At length the Lady from the frame in the Club Morning Room stood before a portrait showing a good-natured face and a comely presence.

"And so there I am! And in my hands a model of the Hospital hard-by! 'Gad zooks!' as poor dear ROWLEY used to say, I have no cause for complaint! I thank those kind hearts who can find good in everything,—even in poor NELLIE!"

And, thoroughly satisfied at the treatment she had received at the Sodgeries, Mistress NELL GWYNNE returned to her haunt in the Club Morning Room.

A GLEE QUARTETTE.—Welcome to the Meister Glee Singers. Mr. SAXON, in spite of his name, is by no means brutal, though he might be pardoned for being so when he sees his colleague Mr. SAXTON suiting everybody to a T. Mr. HAST has just as much speed as is necessary, and the fourth gentleman should be neither angry NORCROSS, since he always sings in tune. 'Tis a mad world, my Meisters, but, mad or not, we shall always be glad to hear your glees.

AT THE DENTIST'S.—"It won't hurt you in the least, and it will be out before you know where you are;" i.e., "You will suffer in the one minute and thirty-nine seconds I am tugging at your jaw, all the concentrated agony of forty-eight continuous hours of wrenching your crushed and tortured body off your staring and staggered head."



WEEK BY WEEK.

Wednesday.—Great Day everywhere. *Mr. Punch* appears. Crowds in Fleet Street. The Numbers up in the Office Window. Receptions, alarms, (eight day) excursions (there and back) to meet H. M. STANLEY. Curfew at dusk. No followers allowed.

Thursday.—Crowds out to meet H. M. STANLEY. Mrs. NEMO's sixth and last dance to meet Mr. H. M. STANLEY, as he hasn't been to any of the others.

Friday.—Lecture by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM on "the block system," in the time of CHARLES THE FIRST. Admission by entrances only.

Saturday.—Centenary Celebration of a lot of things. Review of the events of the past month in Hyde Park, by the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, to meet Mr. STANLEY. Ceremony of conferring the Order of the Adelphi on H. M. STANLEY, by Messrs. GATTI.

Sunday.—Short services from Dover to Calais. No sermon. Collection in Hyde Park. H. M. STANLEY goes to meet somebody else for a change.

Monday.—Expedition to find H. M. STANLEY.

Tuesday.—Readings of the Barometer, and lecture on hot-house plants and French grapes, by Sir SOMERS VINE. At Tattersall's, Lecture on the approaching "Eve of the Derby," and the female dark races.

It has been finally settled that Mr. PHIL GORMAN, who will be remembered in connection with the catering department at all the public dinners held of late years in Sloshfield, is to be the next incumbent of the highest municipal office in that prosperous borough. Mrs. GORMAN is a daughter of the celebrated local poet, JAMES POSH, whose verse still occasionally adorns the *Sloshfield Standard*.

A remarkable incident is stated to have taken place at Lady B——'s fancy dress ball. A gentleman, wearing the gorgeous costume of a Venetian Senator of the *renaissance* period, somewhat awkwardly entangled his spurs in the flowing train of a beautiful *débutante*, dressed to represent Diana the Huntress. Some of those in the immediate vicinity of the ill-used goddess aver that she was distinctly heard to say, "Pig!" Those who know her better declare, however, that, with her usual politeness, she merely remarked, "I beg your pardon." Hence the misconception, which is certainly pardonable.

The trees in the Park are now assuming their brightest verdure. It is interesting to note that the number of sparrows shows no signs of diminution.

Excellent subject Sir ARTHUR has chosen for his serious opera—*Ivanhoe*. It is now finally settled that the part of *Rowena* will not be entrusted to Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL. It is whispered that the great effect will be the song of *Isaac of York*, magnificently orchestrated for fifteen Jews' harps, played by lads all under the age of twelve. They have already commenced practice under the eye of Sir ARTHUR, who himself is no unskilled performer on the ancient lyre of JUBAL.

A RUM CUSTOMER.

THEY have bin so jolly busy lately at the "Grand Hotel," and a reel grand Hotel it is too, that they wanted sum assistance in the werry himportant line of Waiters; so they werry naterally sent for me, and in course I went, and a werry nice cumferal place it is for ewerybody, both Waiters and Wisiters, and I can trewly say as I aint had not a singel complaint since I have been here.

Well, one day a young Swell came a sauntering in, about 4 o'clock, and wanted to know if he cood have a lunch for a gentleman, and in the hansomest room as there was in the house. Of course I was ekal to the coashun, and told him, yes, he cood, and not only in the hansomest room in that house but in the hansomest room in London, and I at wunce showed him into our Marble Pillow Room, which I cood see at a glance made a werry deep impression on his mind, which I was not at all surprized at, for it is about as near a approach to Paradise as you can reasonably expect so werry near the Strand.

So I sets him down at a sweet little round table, and I puts a lovely gold candlestick on it, with two darling little cherubs a climbing up it, jest as if they was a going for to lite the candle, and then he horders his simple luncheon, which it was jest a cup of our shuperior chocolate and two exquisite little beef and am sandwiches, and wile he eat and drank 'em he arsked me sech lots of questyuns as



THE MODERN PISTOL.

"BASE IS THE SLAVE THAT PAYS!"

farely estonished me. Such as, How much did the four Marbel Pillows cost? So I said, about 200 pound, for I allers thinks as an hed Waiter should be redly to anser any question as he is arsked, weather he knes anythink about it or not.

Then he wanted to know where we got all our bewtiful flowers from, and I told him as we had 'em in fresh ewery morning from the South of France along with our Champagne, which was made a purpose for us by the most sellebrated makers, and consisted of two sorts, wiz.: dry for the higneramuses and rich for the connysewers. So he ordered a bottle of the latter, and drunk two glasses of it, and then acshally made me drink one two, and sed as it was the finest as he had ewer tasted. He then asked me what made us line all the room with such bewtiful looking glass, and I told him as it was by order of most of the most bewtifullest Ladys in London, who came to dine there wunce or twice ewery week. So he said as how he shood drop in now and then to see 'em, for he thort as they gave a sort of relish to a good dinner. He then got up, and saying as he didn't want not no Bill, he throwed down a soverain and saying, "I shall allus know where to cum to when I wants a reelly ellegant lunch, in a reelly ellegant room, and to be waited on by a reelly respectful Waiter," went away.

And now cumms the strangest part of the hole affair, for presently in rushes our most gentlemanly Manager, and he says, says he, "Do you know, ROBERT, who that was as you've bin a waiting on?" "No, Sir!" says I. "Why it's no other than the young ——." But wild hosses shan't tear the name and title from me, as I was forbid to menshun it; but all I can say is, that if it was known when he was a coming next time, there woud be sich a crowd to see him as ewen our bewtiful Marble Pillow Room woudn't hold.

ROBERT.

REPORTED ACCIDENT TO A COLONEL AND AN ALDERMAN.—Members of the Ancient Corporation will do well to open their Royal Academy Guide very cautiously, at least when they come to the Sculpture Department, as, if come upon suddenly, their nervous system would receive a severe shock from the following announcement:—"2023. Colonel W. H. WILKIN—bust." We are glad to say that the worthy and gallant Alderman has pulled himself together, and is uncommonly well. By the way, it is but fair to the sculptor to state that his name is—ahem!—"WALKER."



AN ANTE-DILUVIAN SURVIVAL.

Æsthetic Party (looking over Furnished House). "A—I'M AFRAID, MY LOVE, THAT THIS IS THE KIND OF DINING-ROOM—A—IN WHICH ONE WOULD FEEL THAT ONE OUGHT TO DINE AT SIX O'CLOCK !!!"

"NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS."

Leo Britannicus, loquitur :—

Good Gentlemen both, you're on opposite tacks!
Well, your plans you are perfectly welcome to try on.
They talk of the patience of lambs, or park hacks;
They're not in it, my lads, with an elderly Lion.
A Lion, I mean, of the genuine breed,
And not a thin-skinned and upstart adolescent.
Dear me! did I let everybody succeed
In stirring me up, or in making things pleasant,
By smoothing me down in a flattering style,
I'd have, there's no doubt, a delectable time of it.
You think I look drowsy, and smile a fat smile;
Well, what if I do? Where's the very great crime of it?
A Lion, you know, is not all roar and ramp,
So, STANLEY my hero, why worry and chivey?
Mere blarney won't blind me; I'm not of that stamp;
So don't hope to hypnotise me, good CAPRIVI.
Why, bless you, my boys, long before you were cubbed
I was charged, by your betters, with being too lazy;
But rivals have found, when outwitted or drubbed,
That a calm waiting game is not always so crazy.
In Indian jungles, American plains,
And far Eastern wilds, they have fancied me "bested,"
Because, when hot rivals were hungry for gains,
I kept my eyes open, and patiently rested.
A stolid and sleepy expression *will* steal
At times, I'm aware, o'er my leonine features;
But, when the time's ripe, my opponents may feel
I'm *not* the most easily humbugged of creatures.
In North as in South, in the East as the West,
Opponents *have* planted their paws down before me.
But where are they now, boys? *J'y suis, et j'y reste!*
Staying power is the thing; so don't bully and bore me.
I hear you, my STANLEY, I hear you and mark;
To snub you for patriot zeal were ungracious;

But—well, after all, on your Continent Dark
My footprints are plain, and my realm's pretty apacious.
I don't mean to say that a purblind content
My power should palsy, my policy dominate,
And Congos and Khartoums that pay cent. per cent.
Are tempting, but arrogant haste I abominate.
My "prancing proconsuls" not *always* are right,
Whose first and last word for old Leo is "collar!"
I'm not going to flare up like fury and fight
Every time someone else wins an acre or dollar.
But if you imagine I'm out of the hunt
Every time I take breath, you are vastly mistaken:
I know you're a brick, and like language that's blunt;
Well, Lions sleep lightly, and readily waken!
For you, friend CAPRIVI, your manners are nice,
Your style of caressing is verily charming;
How soothingly sweet is your placid advice,
Your mild deprecation is *almost* disarming;
Almost, but not quite, for 'tis true Teuton law
That unfailing defence is the root of the matter;
And Leo is fully aware tooth and claw
Must not be talked off e'en by friendlies who flatter.
Your prod, my good STANLEY, CAPRIVI, your pat,
Are politio both; I've an eye upon each of you.
The lids may look lazy, but don't trust to that;
I watch, and I wait, and I weigh the 'cute speech of you.
I do not mind learning from both of your books,
But though you may think Leo given to slumber,
He may not be quite such a slug as he looks,
As rivals have found, dear boys, times out of number!

AMONGST Cambridge cricketers Mr. GOSLING and Mr. HENFREY may be trusted to avoid duck's eggs. Mr. ROWELL prefers to bat well; and Mr. LEESE wishes he had a freehold when he is at the wickets. With WOODS, a HILL, a (STREAT)FIELD, a (BERES)FORD and a (COTTE)-RILL, there's plenty of variety about FENNER'S ground at present.



“NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS!”

H. M. STANLEY. “NOW THEN, STOOPID! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!”



MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XII.—THE POOR LADY BOUNTIFUL.

POVERTY is commonly supposed to be a bar to all generosity and enjoyment of life. Perhaps this may be true of a certain class. But there is a kind of genteel and not unfashionable poverty with regard to which it is mainly false. A poor lady, for instance, who is afflicted with an overmastering charitable impulse, and is blessed with energy, will use this bar of poverty as a lever with which to move the bounty of her friends, in order that she herself may appear beautiful, and, as a rule, her efforts in this direction will be crowned with a success that would be phenomenal, if it were not so common. The history of her earlier years is easily written. Whilst still a child, she begins a collecting career, by being entrusted, on behalf of

a church building fund, with a card divided into "bricks," each brick being valued at the price of half-a-crown. Her triumphs in inducing her relations and their friends to become purchasers of these minute and valueless squares of cardboard are great, and the consideration she acquires on all hands as a precocious charitable agent is very acceptable even to her childish mind.

Her profession having thus been determined, she devotes herself with an unflinching ardour to the task of diminishing the available assets of those with whom she may be brought in contact. Her parents, who are not overburdened with riches, look on at first with amusement, and afterwards with the dismay which any excess of zeal always arouses in the British breast. Their protests, however, fall upon deaf ears, and they adopt an attitude of severe neutrality, in the hope that years and a husband may bring wisdom to their daughter.

This does not save them from being made involuntary sharers in her charitable iniquities. Her father wakes one morning to find himself famous to the amount of one pound ten, contributed under the name of "A Cruel Parent," to the Amalgamated Society for the Reform of Rag-pickers, and his wife at the same time is made indignant by the discovery that she figures for twelve-and-sixpence, as "A Mother who ought to be Proud," in the balance-sheet of the United Charwomen's Home Reading Association. Further inquiry reveals the fact that the former sum resulted from the sale by the daughter to an advertising Old Clothes' Merchant of two of her father's suits, which, although they had seen service, he had not yet resolved to discard; and the result is the dismissal of the family butler, who had connived in the transaction. The twelve-and-sixpence had been formed gradually by the accumulation of stray coppers and postage-stamps, which her mother was accustomed to leave about on her writing-table, without the least intention that they should be devoted to charity. The parents expostulate in vain. The consciousness that she has diverted to objects, which she believes to be admirable, money that might have been unworthily spent, steals the heart of their daughter against their remonstrances, nor can she be induced to believe that, in thus taking upon herself to interpret or to correct the intentions of her parents, she has done wrong.

Matters, however, are thus brought to a crisis. Her home becomes unendurable to her, and she accepts the offer of marriage made by a subordinate, and not very highly paid official, in one of the Departments of the Civil Service. Her parents pronounce their blessing, and rejoice in an event which promises them an immunity from many annoyances.

The marriage duly takes place, but it is soon evident that the poor Lady Bountiful will not allow her change of condition to make any difference to the vigour and persistency of her charitable appeals. She continues the old firm and the old business under a new name, and takes advantage of her independence to enlarge immensely the field of her operations. No bazaar can be organised without her and as a stall-holder she is absolutely unrivalled. Missions, teas, treats, penny dinners, sea-side excursions, the building of halls, the endowment of a bishopric, the foundation of a flannel club, all depend upon her inexhaustible energy in begging. Nor is she satisfied with public institutions. Private applicants of all kinds gather about her. Destitute but undeserving widows, orphans who have brought the grey hairs of their parents to the grave, old soldiers and stranded foreigners batten upon her capacity for taking advantage of her friends. For it must be well understood that the restricted limits of her husband's means and his parsimony prevent her from contributing anything herself to her innumerable schemes except a lavish expenditure of pens and ink and paper with which to set forth her appeals.

Yet in this she is a true altruist. For she knows and tells everybody how delightful and blessed it is to give, and accordingly in the purest spirit of self-denial she permits her friends to dispense the cash, whilst she herself is satisfied with the credit.

Like a mighty river, she receives the offerings of innumerable tributary streams, which lose their identity in hers, and are swept away under her name, to be finally merged in the great ocean of charitable effort. Who does not know, that it was mainly owing to her indefatigable efforts, that the new wing was added to the Disabled District Visitors' Refuge, and who has not seen at least one of the many subscription lists to which "per Mrs. So-and-So" invariably contributed the largest amount? Is it not also on record that at the reception which followed the public opening of this wing, when the collecting ladies advanced to deposit their collections at the feet of presiding Royalty, it was the Poor Lady Bountiful who brought the largest, the most beautifully embroidered and the fullest purse? It was felt on all hands, that "the dear Princess" had only done what an English Princess might properly be expected to do, when she afterwards, under the inspiration of the cunning Vicar, showered a few words of golden public praise into the palpitating bosom of the champion purse-bearer.

And thus her time is spent. When she is not organising a refuge she is setting on its legs a dinner fund, when she has exhausted the patience of her friends on behalf of her particular tame widow, she can always begin afresh with a poverty-stricken refugee, and if the delights of the ordinary subscription-card should ever pall, she can fly for relaxation to the seductive method of the snowball, which conceals under a cloak of geometrical progression and accuracy, the most comprehensive uncertainty in its results. One painful incident in her career must be chronicled. Fired by her example, but without her knowledge, a friend of hers from whom she is accustomed to solicit subscriptions, steps down to do battle on her own account in the charitable arena. And thus, when next the Poor Lady Bountiful makes an appeal in this quarter on behalf of a Siberian Count, whom she declares to be quite a gentleman in his own country, she is met by the declaration, that further relief is impossible, as her friend has a Bulgarian of her own to attend to. Thus there is an end of friendship, and both parties scatter dreadful insinuations as to the necessity for an audit of accounts. Eventually it happens that a rich and distant relation of her husband dies, and leaves him unexpectedly an income of several thousands a-year. Having thus lost all her poverty, she retires from the fitful fever of charitable life to the serene enjoyment of a substantial income, and awaits, with a fortitude that no collector is suffered to disturb, the approach of a non-subscribing and peaceful old age.



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Hard Luck, by ANTHONY ABECKETT, begins a trifle slow, but works up to an exciting climax, of which the secret is so profoundly kept, up till the very last moment, that not the most experienced in sensational plots would discover it. Capitally managed. It is one of the Arrowmith Series, and a genuinely artistic shilling shocker.

A Black Business. By HAWLEY SMART. Uncommonly smart of him bringing it out just at this time, when the talk everywhere is about the Slave Trade, the struggle for Colonial life, STANLEY, and the Very Darkest Africa. There's a Black Business enough about. Smart chap HAWLEY.

The only thing I've to say against the *Remarks of Bill Nye*, in one volume, says the Baron, is the size of the book, which is as big as a family Bible. Nowadays, when busy men can only snatch a few seconds *en route*, the handy volume is the only really practicable form of literature. I'd rather have three small pocketable volumes of BILL NYE'S essays and stories than this one cumbersome work, which, once on the shelf, runs a pretty good chance of being left there. The majority of BILL NYE'S sayings are very amusing, and one of his short papers shows that the humorist can be pathetic on occasion without falling into mock sentiment. It is published by NEELY, of New York, and, if reduced in bulk, the *Remarks of Bill Nye* ought to do very well here, even among those who, for want of familiarity with American slang, do not keenly appreciate American humour. The Baron does appreciate it when it is genuine American humour, but when the peculiar style is only copied by a journalistic 'ARRY, with whom the stupidest and most vulgar Yankeeisms pass for the highest wit, simply because they are Yankeeisms, then for this sort of imitation the Baron has no criticism sufficiently severe.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.—ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 551. Two Tales of a Tiger. Advertisement for new Romance by Rider Laggard and Andrew Hang.



No. 216. "Walk up! Walk up! Just a goin' to begin!" [Probably from a contemporary wood engraving of Whitehall, 1649, which settles the question as to whether there was a "block" or not.]



"HANSOM!" No. 1,962 hailing the Cab of the Desert (No. 1,958).



No. 24. "You naughty boy! You've been making a snowball, and then tumbled down and hurt yourself!"



No. 779. The Timid Hare and the Terrible Tortoise.

OUT AND ABOUT.

SIR,—I have been about, according to your instructions, and I have come back with a mixed notion that somewhere in the dawn of history the Queen of SHEBA, scantily dressed, and attended by her black Chamberlain, drove out on a four-horse parcel-post van to see an exhibition of paintings on china at Messrs. HOWELL AND JAMES'S. It is perfectly true that in the course of my wanderings I had some champagne, but not a drop of chicken. Consequently, I have brought my critical faculty home with me entirely unimpaired. But to business.

Mr. E. J. POYNTER has painted a noble picture of the meeting of SOLOMON and the Queen of SHEBA, and Mr. T. MCLEAN exhibits it at 7, Haymarket. I once saw a picture of this Queen on an ancient corner-cupboard; that was in early childhood, and the Queen of those days was a very Dutch Lady. Mr. POYNTER'S is quite unlike that one; in fact, she is extremely beautiful. But why is she overcome? SOLOMON might have been pardoned for blushing when he saw her, but he takes it quite as a matter of course. The black Chamberlain is evidently not a lord, otherwise he would have been more careful about his Queen's dress. There are harps, peacocks, golden lions, luscious fruits, monkeys, marble steps, and gorgeous pillars, to complete the picture. Curiously enough, the other ladies do not seem to care for the newly-arrived Queen. Bravo, POYNTER! A great picture!

After this I hurried to the painted China Exhibition at HOWELL AND JAMES'S; very delicate, very graceful, and very refined. "A Wild Corner" by G. LEONCE, "Blue Tits" by Miss

SALISBURY—sure to make her Mark(is),—two landscapes by A. FISHER (who needs no rod) struck me particularly, but did not hurt me much. And so to the wilds of Finabury (14, Castle Street) where Messrs. MCNAMARA were exhibiting the Postal Vehicles to be used at the Penny Postage Jubilee Celebration. I've already ordered two four-horse parcel vans, three two-horse, and two one-horse mail-carts for my private use, and have told Messrs. M. to put them down to you, Sir. I couldn't resist it. They said it would be all right. Please make it so. I am told, that no females are employed in these vehicles. Another injustice. I should like to ride in a lovely red carriage for ever. Yours,

LE PETIT SHOWS.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THERE has been lately some racing at Kempton and various other places, as to which, I ought perhaps to say a few words. Not that I acknowledge a right in anyone to dictate to me how and when I shall notice matters connected with the turf. The Bedlamites who mouth and gibber about horses and their owners, as if they were in the constant habit of living on terms of familiar intimacy with the aristocracy, instead of being, as they probably are, the dumpling-headed parasites of touts and stable-boys, are entitled only to the contempt of every decent man who knows anything about what he professes to understand. At any rate, they have mine. My knowledge of the Kempton Course dates back at least fifty years. To be sure, it was not at that time a race-course, but was mostly ploughed fields and thickets. But if the anserous and asinine mooncalves, whose high priest is Mr. JEREMY, suppose that that fact in any way weakens the authority with which I may claim to speak on the subject, I can only assure them, that they prove themselves fit inmates for the various asylums from which they ought never to have been withdrawn. I never thought much of *Philomel*. Ten years ago, I observed, with regard to this animal, "*Philomel* must be watched. There is no knowing what a course of podophyllin and ginger might not do. Failing that, I should feel inclined to say, buncombe." Mr. J. says, this was a different mare. What of that? In turf matters the name is everything, and I am therefore justified in citing this as one of the most extraordinary instances of prescience known to the turf world.

Megatherium, I notice, has many admirers. As a horizontal bar, or possibly as a clothe-line, he might have merits, but as a horse, I must confess, he has little to recommend him. When *Loblolly Boy* cantered home for the East End Weight-for-age Welter Handicap, I said that the son of *Rattlesnake* could make mince-meat of all his rivals. Since then he has made for his owner £5,000,000 in added money, at an initial expense of twopence halfpenny for saveloya and onions, a combination of which this splendid animal is particularly fond. *Loblolly Boy* was by *Rowdy* out of *Hoyden*, and his pedigree mounts up to *Sallycomeup*, *Kisamequick*, and *Curata on Toast*, whilst in the collateral line he can claim kinship with *Artaxerxes* and *Devil's Dustpan*. In the Margate Open Sweepstake, he ran second to *Daddy*, when the sea was as smooth as an old halfcrown. If there had been wind enough to blow out a wooden match, he must have won in a common hand-gallop.



FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Maud (on crossing the boundary between Hertfordshire and the neighbouring county, in which the Muzzling Order does not prevail). "THAT'S RIGHT! OFF WITH HIS MUZZLE! SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 12.—"If a shutter be closed in the daytime," said OLD MORALITY, a little abruptly, as we walked down to House to-day, "the stream of light piercing through the crevice seems to be in constant agitation. Why is this?"

Hadn't slightest idea. Suggested Right Hon. Gentleman had better give notice of question.

"I can tell you why," he proceeded, with unwonted perturbation. "Because little motes and particles of dust, thrown into agitation by the convective currents of the air, are made visible by the strong beam of light thrown into the room through the crevice of the shutter. That's just the way with us, dear TOBY; *a* is the hatred of Government by the Opposition, the strong desire to take our places; *b* is the convective currents of air which agitate the political atmosphere; *c* is the Compensation Bill, the strong beam of light which, thrown into House through crevice opened by JOKIM, makes the whole thing clear. Don't know whether I am; but if you reflect on the situation, you'll find there is much in what I say. We were going along moderately well. Irish Land Bill, of course, a rock ahead; everyone takes that into account. Suddenly JOKIM, spoiling for a fight, goes and invents this Compensation Bill, quietly hands it over to RITCHIE to work through, and all the greasy compound is in the devouring element. Seems a pity we could not leave the tolerably satisfactory undisturbed. Now we're in for it. Meetings out-of-doors; opposition in-doors; prospect of getting on with ordinary work of Session receding into distance."



"Can't a-bear verbosity." sit down I shall show you that the view I take is correct."

Good deal of truth in what OLD MORALITY says. House crowded to-night; full of seething excitement. RITCHIE moved Second Reading of Compensation Bill; CAINE moved Amendment, eliminating principle of compensation. Capital speech; would have been better if it had been half an hour shorter. Between them, RITCHIE and CAINE occupied nearly three hours of sitting, leaving five hours for the remaining 668 Members.

"This is not debate," protested SHAW-LEFEVRE, sternly! "it is preaching; why cannot a man be concise? Concision, if I may coin a word, is the soul of argument. My old friend DIZZY used to say to me, 'SHAW, what I admire about LEFEVRE is his terseness. If you want a man to say in twenty minutes everything that, from his point of view, is to be spoken on a given subject, SHAW-LEFEVRE is the man.' That was, perhaps, a too flattering view to take; but there's something in it, and it makes me, perhaps naturally, impatient of a man who wanders round his subject for an hour and a half."

Business done.—Debate on Compensation opened.

Tuesday.—"Heard something about good man struggling with adversity," said Member for Sark, looking at RATHBONE. "Nothing to goody goody man struggling with manuscript of his speech."

RATHBONE certainly a melancholy spectacle. Evidently had spent his nights and days in preparation of speech on Compensation Bill; brought it down in large quarto notes. OLD MORALITY glanced across House with sudden access of interest; thought it was a copy-book; Speech evidently highly prized at rehearsals in family circle.

"I think," said RATHBONE, complacently, "before I

This remark interjected early in speech; proved rather a favourite. Whenever RATHBONE got more than usually muddled, looked round nervously at empty Benches, nodded confidentially to Mace, and remarked, "Before I sit down I think I shall show you—" What it was he meant to show, no one quite certain. ELLIOT LEES, who followed, assumed with reckless light-heartedness of youth, that he meant to show before he sat down, that the more public-houses licensed, the less drunkenness.



"—but not clear."

your individual cases, let's take the average. Let's take Birmingham."

Afterwards Blackburn and Stockport were "taken"—"As if they were goes of gin," said the Member for Sark; RATHBONE turning over papers, which appeared to have got upside down, recited heaps of figures. These struck him the more he studied them. Anonymous Accountant seemed to have brought him completely under a spell. His highly respectable appearance, his evident earnestness, his accumulated mass of figures, his engagement of the Accountant, the tone of his voice, his general attitude, all conveyed impression that he was really saying something intelligible and useful. The few Members present honestly endeavoured to follow him; might have got a clue only for SINCLAIR.

At end of first half-hour RATHBONE began to show signs of distress. SINCLAIR thought he was signalling for water; prepared to go for glass; something wrong; RATHBONE violently agitated; nodding and winking and pointing to recess under bench before him. House now really excited. Began to think that perhaps the Accountant was hidden down there. If he could be only got up, might explain matters. SINCLAIR sharing general agitation, dived under seat; reappeared attempting to secrete small medicine bottle, apparently containing milk-punch; drew cork with difficulty; poured out dose, handed it to RATHBONE. RATHBONE gulped it down; smacked his lips; much refreshed; evidently good for another hour.

"I said to the Accountant," he continued, "if the Magistrates of Sheffield had indiced these lorcences—I mean endorsed those licences—"

Off again, wading with the Accountant knee-deep in figures from Leeds to Sheffield, back to Birmingham, across to Liverpool, on to York, with occasional sips of milk-punch. A wonderful performance that held in breathless attention few Members present to hear it.

"It is magnificent," said the Member for Sark; "but it isn't clear."

Business done.—RATHBONE's great speech on the Licensing Question.

Wednesday.—Quite lively for Wednesday afternoon. At outset, apparently nothing particular in wind. Irish Members had first three places on Agenda, but that nothing unusual. Prospect was, that Debate on their first Bill, appropriating Irish Church Fund to provide Dwellings for Agricultural Labourers, would occupy whole of Sitting; be divided on just before half-past five. To make sure, ARES-DOUGLAS issued Whip to Ministerials, urging them to be in their places as early as four.

"Never know what the Bhoys will do," he said, sagely. "Like to be on the safe side. Division at five, so be here at four."

The Bhoys came down in great force at one o'clock; only a score or so of Ministerials visible. FOX rose to move Second Reading of Bill. Good for an hour if necessary. Long JOHN O'CONNOR, that

Eiffel Tower of patriotism, ready to Second Motion, in a discourse of ninety minutes.

"May as well make an afternoon of it," he says, gazing round the expectant but empty Benches opposite.

Fox just started, when happy thought struck Irish Members. If they divided at once, before Ministerial majority arrived, could carry Second Reading; so Brer Fox doubled, and in ten minutes got back home. Long JOHN folded himself up, till casual passer-by might have mistaken him for PICON. Conservatives, not ready for this manœuvre, dumfounded. Division imminent; only thing to be done was to make speeches till four o'clock and majority arrived. Everybody available pressed into service. CHARLES LEWIS, coming up breathless, declared that "promoters of Bill, wished by a side-stab in the wind of the Government"—he meant by a side-wind—"to stab the Measure on the same subject the Government had brought forward."

That was better; though how you stab by a side-wind not explained. Prince ARTHUR threw himself languidly into fray. Talked up to quarter past three; majority beginning to trickle in. T. W. RUSSELL moved Adjournment of Debate. Defeated by 94 votes against 68. Irish Members evidently in majority of 26. Prince ARTHUR, with eye nervously watching door, wished that night or BLUCHER would come. Neither arriving, stepped aside, letting Irish Members carry their Bill; which they did, amid tumultuous cheering.

"It's of no consequence, I assure you," Prince ARTHUR said, quoting *Mr. Toots* when he inadvertently sat down on *Florence Dombey's* best bonnet. "They may carry their Bill, but we'll take the money."

Business done.—Irish Members out-manœuvre Government.

Friday.—Second Reading of Compensation Bill carried at early hour this morning, after dull debate. Morning Sitting to-day for Supply. Duller than ever. Dullest of all, JOKIM on Treasury Bench in charge of Estimates.

"Yes, TOBY," he said, in reply to sympathetic greeting, "I am a little hipped; situation growing too heavy for me. Patriotism all very well; public spirit desirable; self-abnegation, as OLD MORALITY says, is the seed of virtue. But you may carry spirit of self-sacrifice too far. Read my speech at dinner to HARTINGTON, of course? Put it in the right light, don't you think? We Dissident Liberals, as they call us, are the Paschal Lambs of politics; except that, instead of being offered up as sacrifice, we offer up ourselves. Still there are degrees. HARTINGTON given up something; CHAMBERLAIN chucked himself away; JAMES might have been on the Woolsack. But think of me, dear TOBY, and all I've sacrificed. Four years ago a private Member, adrift from my Party; no chance of reinstatement; not even sure of a seat. Now Chancellor of the Exchequer, with £5000 a-year, and a pick of safe seats. Too much to expect of me, TOBY; sometimes more than I can bear;" and JOKIM hid his face in his copy of the Orders of the Day, whilst THEODORE FRY looking on, was dissolved in tears.

Business done.—Supply.

COMPLAINTS are often made as to the non-appreciation of jokes by those to whom they are addressed. A Correspondent sends us on this subject the following interesting remarks:—"I have made on an average ten jokes a day for the last six years. Being in possession of a large independent income, I could have afforded to make more, but I think ten a day a reasonable number. I find that, as a rule, the wealthy and highly-placed have absolutely no appreciation of humour. The necessitous, however, show a keen taste for it. The other day a gentleman, whom I had only seen once, asked me for the loan of a sovereign. I immediately made six jokes running, and was rewarded by six successive peals of laughter. I then informed him I had no money with me, and left him chuckling to himself something about an Eastern coin of small value, called, I believe, a dam."

NARROW ESCAPE OF AN R.A.!—Everyone knows that a Critic is one, who would, professionally, roast and cut up his own father; but that some Critics go beyond this, may be gathered from the fact of the Art-Critic of the *Observer*, in one of his recent reviews of the Academy, having thus expressed himself:—

"Mr. POYNTER's flesh is never quite to our liking,"—

Heavens! What a dainty cannibal is this Critic! But how lucky for Mr. POYNTER.



Sympathy.

VOCES POPULI.

IN THE MALL ON DRAWING-ROOM DAY.

The line of carriages bound for Buckingham Palace is moving by slow stages down the Drive. A curious but not uncritical crowd, consisting largely of females, peer into the carriages as they pass, and derive an occult pleasure from a glimpse of a satin train and a bouquet. Other spectators circulate behind them, roving from carriage to carriage, straining and staring in at the occupants with the childlike interest of South Sea Islanders. The coachmen and footmen gaze impassively before them, ignoring the crowd to the best of their ability. The ladies in the carriages bear the ordeal of popular inspection with either haughty resignation, elaborate unconsciousness, or amused tolerance, and it is difficult to say which demeanour provokes the greatest resentment in the democratic breast.

Chorus of Female Spectators. We shall see better here than what we did last Drawing-Room. Law, 'sw it did come down, too, pouring the 'ole day. I was that sorry for the poor 'orsea! . . . Oh, that one was nice, MARIRE! Did you see 'er train?—all flame-coloured sitting—lovely! Ain't them flowers beautiful? Oh, LIZA, 'ere's a pore skinny-lookin' thing coming next

—look at 'er pore dear arms, all bare! But dressed 'andsome enough . . . That's a General in there, see? He's 'olding his cocked 'at on his knee to save the feathers—him and her have been 'aving words, apparently . . . Oh, I do like this one. I s'pose that's her Mother with her—well, yes, o' courae it may be her Aunt!

A Sardonic Loafer. 'Ulo, 'ere's a 'aughty one! layin' back and puttin' up 'er glorses! Know us agen, Mum, won't you? You may well look—you ain't seen so much in yer ole life as what you 're seein' to-day, I'll lay! Ah, you ought to feel honoured, too, all of us comin' out to look at yer. Dressed 'er blind down, this one 'as, yer see—know she wasn't wuth looking at!

[A carriage passes: the footman on the box is adorned by an enormous nosegay, over which he can just see.

First Comic Cockney. Ow, I s'y—you 'ave come out in bloom, JOHNNY!

Second C.C. Ah, they 've bin forcin' 'im under glorse, they 'ave! 'Ia Missia 'll never find 'im under all them flowers. Ow, 'e smoled at ma through the bronzes!

[Another carriage passes, the coachman and footmen of which are undecorated.

First C. C. Shame!—they might

ha' stood yer a penny bunch o' voileta between yer, that they might!

The Sardonic L. 'Ere's a swell turn-out and no mistake—with a couple o' bloemin' beadies standin' be'ind! There's a full-fed 'un inside of it too,—look at the dimonds all over 'er bloomin' old nut. My eye! (The elderly dowager inside produces a cut-glass scent-bottle of goodly size.) Ah, she's got a drop o' the right sort in there—see her sniffin' at it—it won't take 'er long to mop up that little lot!

Jeames (behind the carriage, to CHAWLES). Our old geeser's per-doooin' the custinary amount o' sensation, eh, CHAWLEY?

Chawles (under notice). Well, thank 'Eving, I shan't have to share the responsibility of her much longer!

'Arriet (to ARRY). I wonder they don't get tired o' being stared at like they are.

'Arry. Bless your 'art—they don't mind—they like it. They 'll go 'ome and s'y (in falsetto) "Ow, Pa, all the bloemin' crowd kep' on a lookin' at us through the winder—it was proime!"

'Arriet (giggling admiringly). 'Ow do you know the w'y they tork?

'Arry (superior). Why, they don't tork partickler different from what you and me tork—do they?

First Mechanic. See all them old blokes in red with the rum 'ats, BILL? They 're Beefeaters goin' to the Pallis, they are.

Second M. What do they do when they git there?

First M. Do? oh, mind the bloomin' stair-case, and chuck out them as don't be have themselves.

A Restless Lady (to her husband). HARRY, I don't like this place

at all. I'm sure we could see better somewhere else. Do let 'a try and squeeze in somewhere lower down . . . No, this is worse—that horrid tobacco! Suppose we cross over to the Palace? [They do so.

A Policeman. Too late to cross now, Sir—go back please. [They go back and take up a position in front of the crowd on the curbstone.

The R. L. There, we shall see beautifully here, HARRY. A Crusty Matron (talking at the R. L. and her husband.) Well, I'm sure, some persons have got a cheek, coming in at the last minnit and standing in front of those that have stood here hours—that's ladylike, I don't think! Nor yet, I didn't come here to have my eye poked out by other parties' parrots.

[Continues in this strain until the R. L. can stand it no longer, and urges her husband to depart.

Chorus of Policemen. Pass along there, please, one way or the other—keep moving there, Sir.

The R. L. But where are we to go—we must stand somewhere?

A Policeman. Can't stand anywhere 'ere, Mum.

[The unhappy couple are passed on from point to point, until they are finally hemmed in at a spot from which it is impossible to see anything whatever.

Harry. If you had only been content to stay where you were at first, we should have been all right!

The R. L. Nonsense, it is all your fault, you are the most hopeless person to go anywhere with. Why didn't you tell one of those policemen who were?

Harry. Why? Well, because I didn't see one who looked as if it would interest him, if you want to know.

THE ROYAL CARRIAGES ARE APPROACHING.

Chorus of Loyal Ladies of Various Ages. There—they're clearing the way—the Prince and Princessa won't be long now. Here's the Life Guards' Band—don't they look byootiful in those dresses? Won't that poor drummer's arma ache to-morrow? This is the escort coming now . . . 'Ere come the Royalties. Don't push so, POLLY, you can see without that! . . . There, that was the Prince in the first one—did yer see him, POLLY? Oh, yes, leastwise I see the end of a cocked 'at, which I took to be 'im. Yea, that was 'im right enough . . . There goes the Princess—wasn't she looking nice? I couldn't exactly make out which was her and which was the two young Princesses, they went by all in a flash like, but they did look nice! . . . 'Ere's another Royalty in this kerridge—'co will she be,

I wonder? Oh, I expect it would be the old Duchess of— No, I don't think it was 'er,—she wasn't looking pleasant enough,—and she's dead, too . . . Now they have got inside—'ark at them playing bits of "God Save the Queen." Well, I'm glad I've seen it.

A Son (to cheery old Lady). 'Ow are you gettin' on, Mother, eh?

Ch. O. L. First-rate, thankee, JOHN, my boy.

Son. You ain't tired standing about so long?

Ch. O. L. Lor' bless you, no. Don't you worry about me.

Son. Could you see 'em from where you was?

Ch. O. L. I could see all the coachmen's 'ats beautiful. We 'll wait and see 'em all come out, JOHN, won't we? They won't be more than an hour and a half in there, I dessay.

A Person with a Florid Vocabulary. Well, if I'd ha' known all I was goin' to see was a set o' blanky nob's shut up in their blank-dash kerridges, blank my blanky eyes if I'd ha' stirred a blanky foot, s'elp me Daah, I wouldn't!

A Vendor (persuasively). The korrect lengwidge of hevery flower that blows—one penny!



EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

"ALLOWED TO STARVE."—Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge contribution from "PAISLEY" to "The Light Brigade Fund," which has been forwarded to the Editor of the St. James's Gazette, who has charge of this Fund.

THE AUTOCRAT.



"Here is my last request and legacy! After we are executed, and while the impression of this epilogue of all these horrors is still fresh in the minds of the people, do your utmost to make this new example of the unparalleled cruelty of Russian despotism known to the whole world... This is a great task well worth accomplishing; and if you succeed, the losses we suffered in that terrible butchery will be redeemed."—From the last letter, written just before his execution, of Nicholas Zotoff, one of the victims of the Yakoutsk massacre.

LET it be known! Poor soul, of unshaken trust,
So done to death in the gloom of the Kara waste,

'Midst a myriad nameless victims of fear and lust,
Your cry comes, borne on the chainless winds that haste

In shuddering flight away from that frozen hell,
That pestilent prison for all things free and fair,
Where the raven's croak is the patriot's only knell
On the tainted air.

Let it be known! Aye! the cruel secret crawls,
Despite the vigilant watch of tyranny's hounds,
From the scaffold's screen, from the kamera's sombre walls;
Away, as you wished, o'er enfranchised lands it sounds,
And shocks the gentle, and stirs the blood of the strong;
But he, the Autocrat, sits, with a shaken mind,
And a palsied heart; to the tale of horror and wrong
He's deaf and blind!

Pale ladies lashed, at the word of a drunken brute, ["plet!"
To the death they welcome e'en from the torturing
And his eyes are blind, and his trembling lips are mute,
Whilst the eyes of a world of shuddering men are wet.
Chained gangs of patriot captives stabbed or shot
At the seared caprice of a bully, craven-souled!
And the Autocrat, whilst all hearts with shame wax hot,
Sits still and cold!

Ust-Kara's far, and the hasty scaffold reared
In the grey of the early morning bore—a fool,
Who had not learned that Law must be blindly feared,
Though sent to the stern Siberian wastes to school.
The unconvicted exile who dares to lift
A voice, a hand, is a proven "Terrorist,"
And if, in Yakoutsk, he is given a shortish shrift,
Need the White TZAR list?

The White TZAR sits on his gorgeous seat, alone;
Blindfold and deaf, in his realm the veriest slave,
Though the seat he fills is the rack men call a Throne,
And the TZAR is a stalwart Titan, strong and brave.
Strong—yet helpless as yon slain woman's hand;
Brave—but shaken through with a haunting Fear.
Of all his myrmidons' devilries done in the land
The last to hear!

Let it be known! Poor ZOTOFF's legacy wakes
A living echo in every ear humane.
E'en the Autocrat in his lonely splendour quakes
At the vague vast sounds of menace no bonds restrain.
But there, in the heart of horrors, he sits and sighs,
Blindfold Injustice bound to a joyless throne;
Whilst far the voice of his fallen victim flies—
"Let it be known!"



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

"NOW WHAT ARE THE PECULIAR DISTINCTIONS OF THE QUAKERS? FOR INSTANCE, HOW DO THEY SPEAK DIFFERENTLY FROM YOU AND ME?"
"PLEASE, SIR, THEY DON'T SWEAR!"

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"Just want five minutes' chat with you;" i.e., "He'll give me a cigar and something to drink, and as I've nothing to do for half an hour, this will occupy me pleasantly."

"Yes; I quite understand;" i.e., "I don't know what he is talking about, but he's a bore."

"Wouldn't tell it to anyone but you;" i.e., "This will ensure its circulation."

PLATFORMERS.

"As the Laureate well puts it, in lines that will live for ever:" i.e., "I'm perfectly dead certain I've forgotten the third line of the verse."

"The clock warns me that I am trespassing too long on your patience;" i.e., "Haven't said half of what I meant to say. Why the dickens don't they say, 'Go on!'"

FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"She is the most domesticated darling imaginable;" i.e., "A dull, sock-darning dowdy."

"Quite a beauty-man, and nice—to those who like that sort of thing;" i.e., "An awfully handsome fellow, who won't worship me."

"Grim rather at first, but grows upon one wonderfully;" i.e., "He is softening a little beneath my blandishments."

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"Would you like the window up;" i.e., "Hope to goodness she won't, for her patchouli is simply suffocating."

"If you feel inclined for a snack, don't mind me;" "The scent of sherry and sandwiches in a close carriage is simply sickening."

PREPARING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"I defer to your superior knowledge of stage-effect;" i.e., "Stuck-up know-all! I could play his head off!"

"Well, I fear it's a little out of my line; still if I can do anything to help you, I shall be delighted;" i.e., "What I've longed for for years. Now I shall have a chance of showing what's in me!"

"Bravo, Buffins, dear boy! That little bit of business was really first-rate;" i.e., "If he plays like that I shall shine, if only by contrast."

QUITE A LITTLE BANC(ROFT) HOLIDAY!

MRS. BANCROFT'S "Little Play" is very good work. It is called *The Riverside*: it drew a big *Matinée* house at the Haymarket last Thursday, and drew big tears. The ladies did enjoy themselves! They were in full cry all the time. Capitally acted. It is rumoured that the gifted authoress, manageress, and actress (all in one), is going to take a company up the river in a House-boat fitted as a Theatre. It is to be called *The Theopis*, and will visit all the principal places on the river during the Season, and ought to do uncommonly well. The idea is novel. The Company will be called "The Bancroft Water-Babies." *A propos* of the Busy B.'s, we are authorised to contradict the report that, in consequence of his great success as an arbitrator, Mr. BANCROFT is to be made a Deputy-Assistant County Court Judge. This is not so.

THE FIRST ROZE OF SUMMER.—Our Chirruping Critic off the hearth went to Madame MARIE ROZE's Concert the other day—advertised as "Grand Morning Concert"—well, it was a "Grand Morning" for the time of year—but why was the Concert "Grand?"—and was delighted. The Chirruper heartily welcomed Miss GRACE DAMIAN—more graceful than ever—she sang grandly—of course everyone did on this "grand" occasion—and he nearly split a pair of gloves applauding Mr. LEO STERN in his Grand Violoncello act, for which he was recalled three times, till he was quite tired of bowing and "boo'ing." But the Chirruper would not have it otherwise, "Touch not a single bow," as the song says. And then the flowers! five bouquets for Madame MARIE ROZE. "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la!" as the late firm of GILBERT AND SULLIVAN used to sing and play. *A propos* of Mr. GILBERT, his *protégée*, Miss NEILSON, whom he was the first to bring out in Brantingham Hall, St. James's, S.W., gave a recitation which made a decided hit; and then she sang a song—accomplished young lady is Miss JULIA—which made another hit. The Chirruper wishes to record that—to a quartette "specially arranged for the Meister Glee Singers, called *Dinah Doe*, and excellently sung, no names were given of either the Shakespearian Librettist, or the Composer, J. L. MOLLOY, who wrote it for the GERMAN REEDS many years ago. It's as fresh as ever, and at this grand concert came out grandly. The Steinway piano was of course a grand.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 19. — OLD MORALITY in new and charming mood to-night; turned over a fresh leaf in his copy-book; entered upon the chapter headed "Banter"; not only enjoyed himself, but was cause of enjoyment in others. ESSLEMONT began it; doled out, as if it were ounce of tea or yard and quarter of calico, ponderous joke about having no Holiday at Whitsuntide, and adding three days to Recess at end of Session.

"I will take a note of the Hon. Member's recommendation," said OLD MORALITY.

Nobody laughs when I tell this; yet, I remember, House roared whilst OLD MORALITY, resuming seat, sat with pursed-up lips and furrowed brow, fearful lest he should spoil situation by smiling. Must have told the joke wrong; look up Parliamentary Reports. No, there it is, the very words; also his retort to TIM HEALY; his turning the flank of HARCOURT; his triumphant knocking over of TIM, when, after brief pause, he came up again.

"Such badinage!" said CHARLES WILSON, "such persiflage!"

So it seemed at time. Everyone roared with delight.

"Quite in DIZZY's style," said the admiring STANHOPE.

"Only better," added the ecstatic GEORGE HAMILTON.

Thought so too at the time; but when I come to write down the jokes, the fun has gone, the flavour escaped, the bloom shed. Wonder what it was we all laughed at?

"You do your best," said the Member for Sark, always ready with kindly remark, "but you can't bring OLD MORALITY and all he



"Such badinage! such persiflage!"

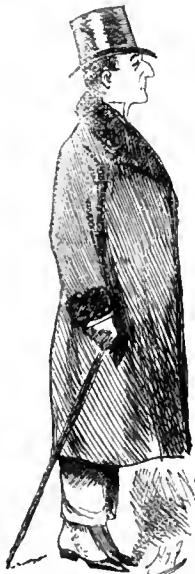
is to us on your written page. His voice, his looks, his way of getting up and of sitting down, his throwing back his head and thrusting forward his chin as he mouths his apophthegm, his nervous glance round the House, his assumption of a stern official aspect, breaking presently into a smile when the House laughs; his apologetic way of sitting on the edge of the seat when he has snubbed HARCOURT; all his goodness, his littleness, his honest intention, and his occasional lapses into crooked paths; his "Certainly, Sir," when the thing is quite otherwise, his blush when he discovers himself dealing with facts in a Pickwickian sense, his constitutional modesty, and his spasmodic aggressiveness, the look in his eye as of a wounded hare when COURNEY refuses to put the Closure he has moved,—all these are things, little in themselves, momentary in their passage, which you, dear TOBY, can no more transfer to your folios than you can illuminate them with the glow of sunset, or perfume them with the scent of country lanes in this sweet spring-time. OLD MORALITY belongs to us. He is a peculiar growth of the House of Commons, unique, unprecedented, unapproachable, never fully to be understood of, or appreciated by, the people."

Business done.—Batling round Budget Bill; sat all night, and far into morning.

Tuesday.—CADOGAN in good time at House of Lords to-day. DENMAN got first place with Motion for Second Reading of his Bill extending Municipal Franchise in Ireland. CADOGAN to move rejection of Measure in name of Government.

"I must be firm," he said, as he turned up his trousers over his white spats. "DENMAN a terrible fellow when he's roused."

House pretty full when DENMAN appeared at table in position of Leader of Opposition. An ordinary Member not connected with either present or late Government, usually speaks from Bench on which he is accustomed to sit. DENMAN preferred conveniences of table. Most interesting speech, what could be heard of it. Good deal about Sir ROBERT PEEL; occasional reference to PALMERSTON; some reminiscences of early journey in railway-carriage in STEPHENSON's time; a passing remark as to the weather, and probable state of the crops on this day six months. But, as CADOGAN subsequently remarked, nothing whatever about the Bill. Lords in an awkward



Going down to the House.

position. Had the scene been in the Commons, and the elderly grey-haired gentleman at the table been merely returned by a constituency, the case would have been different. Might have been howled down in a few moments. But with a Peer of the Realm, a hereditary legislator, a personage whose vote might in certain conceivable circumstances suffice to throw out a Bill which had received sanction of House of Commons, it is, as GRANVILLE says, *une autre paire de manches*. If anyone whispered that DENMAN had a tile off, whither would the admission lead us? A Peer is a man—or rather, a Being—of a special, superlative order. Admitted within that order, he becomes, *ipso facto*, a person of extraordinary intelligence, keen intellect, ripe judgment, irreproachable character.

A little awkward that DENMAN should seem to be rambling. If he were a Commoner, might even be called incoherent. Being a Peer, some forty or fifty other Peers sat through twenty minutes with polite assumption of listening. But there is a substratum of human nature even in the Peerage. When DENMAN, *à propos* of the Municipal Franchise in Ireland, began to talk about COLUMBUS's egg, there was a murmur of impatience; when he slid into the Panama Canal the murmur grew to a shout. Awhile, amid stormy cries for the Division, the House of Lords resembled the House of Commons.

After brief struggle with unwonted elements, DENMAN resumed seat; Bill thrown out, and with regained equanimity noble Lords turned to next business. To their horror, DENMAN up again at table; forgotten to mention a particular circumstance connected with COLUMBUS's egg. "Perhaps their Lordships—" But this too much. At whatever risk to Peerage as a body, DENMAN must be shouted down. So they roared at him with cries of "Order!" he standing regarding them with looks of pained surprise. Was it possible they declined to hear more about COLUMBUS's egg? "Order! Order!" they roared, BATH leading the onslaught.

"It is you, my Lords, who are disorderly," said DENMAN, and with head erect, and tall figure carried with pathetic dignity, he strode back to Cross Benches, and sat down in seat of PRINCE OF WALES.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Commons.

Thursday.—All the blood of his great predecessor in spoliation, HENRY THE EIGHTH, just now swelled in the bosom of JAMES STUART ALLANSON TUDOR PICTON. Prince ARTHUR responsible for the flood. Question about meeting announced to be held in Mid-Tipperary next Sunday. Prince ARTHUR has, it seems, prohibited it. JOHN MORLEY wants to know why? There was, he says, public meeting held in same place last month, addressed by English Members; that not proclaimed. What was the difference between meeting addressed by Irish Members, and another by English Members, that one should be taken and the other left?

"The difference is," said Prince ARTHUR, speaking with embarrassed air, as if the distinction was dragged out of him, "that the result of the meeting addressed by Irish Members was to produce intimidation, whilst the result of the other was, I should say, *nil*."

If JAMES STUART ALLANSON TUDOR PICTON had only lived in the times of his great predecessor, and wielded his power, Prince ARTHUR would forthwith have been conducted to Tower Hill, and shortened by a head. Why he (JAMES, &c.) was at this meeting at Mid-Tipperary last month! He, standing on a butter-tub, had addressed the men of Tipperary; the echo of his eloquence still filled the dales, whilst the hills reverberated with the cheers of the men of Tipperary. For this insolent hireling of a Coercionist Government to speak in tones of studied slight of such a demonstration was more than J. S. A. T. P. could stand. If our two giants, JOHN O'CONNOR and HENRY PEASE had not joined hands and held him back, gore would have sprinkled the precincts of the Treasury Bench. As it was, the subject dropped, and House proceeded to discuss Budget Bill.

Business done.—A good lead.

Friday.—House adjourned for holidays. "When we come back," says OLD MORALITY, "we must really begin work. Playtime up to now; left most of the work over; must buckle to. We've been in some danger, and there may be more ahead. Why are persons sometimes killed by leaning over beer-vats? Because vats, when beer has been made, contain large quantities of carbonic acid gas, produced by the vinous fermentation of the beer; and when a man incautiously leans over a beer-vat and inhales the carbonic acid, he is killed thereby. It is, of course, not quite the same in respect of



Pease (with Honour).

spirits. Still, when a Chancellor of Exchequer has clapped on sixpence a gallon on whiskey, it is as well for his colleagues to avoid looking a Scotch hogshead or an Irish puncheon in the face. *Au plaisir, cher TORY.* Come along, JACKSON!"

The two Right Honourables go off together, JACKSON evidently turning over in his mind OLD MORALITY'S observations on the beer-vat.

"A wonderful man," he says, "his mind stored with odd bits of information, which he draws upon for enlightenment upon ordinary events of daily life. Don't exactly see, though, how he rolled in that beer-vat. Must think it over during the Recess."

Everyone glad to hail JACKSON "Right Honourable." A proud title, as yet not spoiled by indiscriminate distribution. Sniffices for GLADSTONE, as it did for PEEL; suits JACKSON exactly.

Business done.—Winding up for Whitsuntide. Adjourn for holidays till Monday, June 2nd.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

From the Note-book of Mr. Pips Senior.—Monday, May 19.—To the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. First night of the Season. The house infinite full, and the Prince of WALES and the Princess, and the Princesses their daughters, there in a box, pretty to see. DRURIO-LANUS OPERATICUS ET COUNTICOUNCILLARIUS mightily pleased at



"Harmony in Black and White."

what I hear is the biggest subscription to this class of entertainment ever known. Many fine faces here to-day. The sight of the ladies exceeding noble. A new wench, Mlle. NUOVINA, to sing for the first time, taking the part of *Marguerite* in the Opera of *Faust*, which she did prettily and quietly. Curious to see a *Marguerite* with jet-black hair and a white face; yet comely and with much grace.

Everyone extraordinarily content with Mons. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, the best *Faust* that did ever sing and play this part. But vexed to see one M. ORME DARRALL set *Mephistopheles* in the room of EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, who, poor man, is sick. The scenes and the chorus all very fine indeed. All of us pretty merry at the droll mimicry of Mlle. BAUFERMEISTER as *Martha*, who makes this part go most rarely.

Pleased to see Madame SCALCHI dressed as a boy for the part of *Siebel*. The house mightily content, and wishing her to sing one song twice over, which she would not. In which matter she did wisely, as also the others.

Went out before the last Act began, to find it raiding heavily, and, good lack! not a *Commissionnaire* to be met with for a quarter of an hour. Whereat mightily troubled to get a coach, till one did fetch me a four-wheeler, which I entered, in great disorder, after much strife and contention. Cost me sixpence. To RULE'S, in Maiden Lane, being mighty thirsty, where had supper on excellent lobster and fresh salad, with eggs of the plover, and a draught of the best stout, which did much content me. Comes young SILLIGREW, who makes merry about "sticking to Rules for supper and no exception," or some such nonsense, which I have forgot, though we laughed heartily at his manner of saying it. Drank to the success of the Italian Opera and of DRURIO-LANUS. After paying the reckoning, took cab, and so home to bed.

From Note-book of Mr. Pips Junior.—Tuesday.—PIPS Senior doesn't go to Opera to-night. PIPS Junior does. Think PIPS Senior, as an Admiralty official, will be at the Court Ball with Madame PIPS. Glad, therefore, to take his stall at the Opera. *Carmen* always delightful. Tuneful, melodious, and bright. Good Bizet-ness. Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as *Carmen* mighty difficult to beat, and she sings and plays the part with all the diabolical waywardness of this impudent Spanish baggage, as PIPS Senior would call her. Pity that MAGGIE MCINTYRE is indisposed to play *Michaela*; she used to do it so prettily and so innocently that she shone out as just the very contrast intended by the author. Instead of MAGGIE, Mlle. COLOMBATI sings the part to-night. She is very graciously received, as is also Signor FERNANDO VALERO (from several Opera Houses abroad) who makes his *début* here as that vacillating tenor, Don JOSÉ. Clever Mlle. BAUFERMEISTER as frisky *Frasquita*, and Mlle. LONGHI as *Mercedes*, both excellent Bohemian Girls. To see them going nap was a treat! Which wins? One excellent Irish-Italian, DAN DRADY, as the *Toréador*, first-rate. What a song it is! *Encores* refused all round, of course. In spite of State Ball, House very

nearly as full as on first night. Brilliant effect of some ladies who are "going on," and who can't of course "go on anyhow," but are obliged to appear in their diamonds.

Pretty to see little Mlle. PALLADINO dancing. Very short life and a merry one has the *première danseuse* in this Opera. Just a few steps, and then she "steps it," and is not seen again. There is too little of PALLADINO at any time, and in this case, as she only comes on for five minutes at the commencement of Act II., and then "bon soir!" she may be described as "Small and Early."

Thursday.—*Rentrée* of Mlle. ELLA RUSSELL as *Leila* in BIZET'S *I Pescatori di Perle*, another version of *The Diversions of Purley*, a work now more or less forgotten. Signor VALERO better as *Nadir* (isn't this the name of a well-known photographer?) than as *Don José*. Not unlike the lamented GAYARRE. The more like he can become to that tenor the better. M. DUFRICTHE came from Madrid to play *Zurga*. A long journey; almost sorry he gave himself the trouble, but there's more than this for him to do. Lovely finish to First Act, but after that the Opera is not a stirring one, the story being so idiotically undramatic. ELLA fresher than ever.

Friday.—*Lohengrin*. Wagnerian worshippers in their thousands. What shall she do who comes after ALBANI in the part of *Elsa*? That is the question, and MAGGIE MCINTYRE supplies the answer, which is Uncommonly well. A sweet picture in a gentle frame of mind, so Macintirely pure and simple. A trying, very trying, part. How grand are the DE RESZKÉS—JEAN and EDOUARD—or more familiarly as we come to know them better, JACK and NED. NED looking well, and singing so too, in spite of recent chill. Warmth of reception to-night would thank any chill. But what a couple of bores are the characters of *Ortruda* and *Tetramondo*, even when superbly played as to-night, by Madame FURSCH-MADI—(the real Mahdi at last!)—and Signor DAN DRADY, bedad! Fortunately the Opera is considerably curtailed, or we should never hear the last of it.

Saturday.—*Il Trovatore*. Great night for "the big, big D,"—that is, for "the high D," on which the new tenor, M. RAWNER, alights with a sudden bound that electrifies the house. His "high D" is quite an *Eiffel tour de force*. Henceforth M. RAWNER must be known as "the High D-iddle-diddle" tenor, and His Highness will be expected to sustain his high reputation. Vocal effort almost eclipsed by wonderful physical force, which enables him to burst through the prison walls and bow to audience, who are enthusiastically applauding the *Miserere*. Unfortunately M. RAWNER, being a stranger in these parts, cannot find his way back again, and so is unavoidably prevented from being present at his own execution, which, in his absence, takes place without him. Madame TETRAZZINA—her first appearance here—not so great, perhaps, as she is good and graceful. DAN DRADY and Madame SCALCHI as "per usual," which is the highest praise. End of first week. General satisfaction.

THE PLEASURE-SEEKER'S VADE MECUM.

Q. I trust you have had a delightful time recently?

A. Indeed I have, with the assistance of Private Views, Special Performances, and Second-rate First Nights.

Q. Did you assist at the *première* of *Gretna Green*, the new "Comedy Opera" at the Opéra Comique?

A. An Act of it. It had already been played on a previous occasion, when I fancy one of the principal performers, finding that his part was dragging, introduced imitations of popular modern actors. As the period of *Gretna Green* is the eighteenth century, this innovation must have been at once pleasing and appropriate.

Q. I think you have also been present at the first performance of the "Wild East," at the Earl's Court Exhibition?

A. I have had that advantage, and am now thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of our lively neighbours in some parts of Africa.

Q. Are those manners and customs what may be termed—quaint?

A. They are very quaint. Still I am not sure that I have not seen something very like them before. As for the Exhibition itself, there is a little doubt about its being French, as there was about last year's display being Spanish.

Q. Have you been to the Flower Show at the Aquarium?

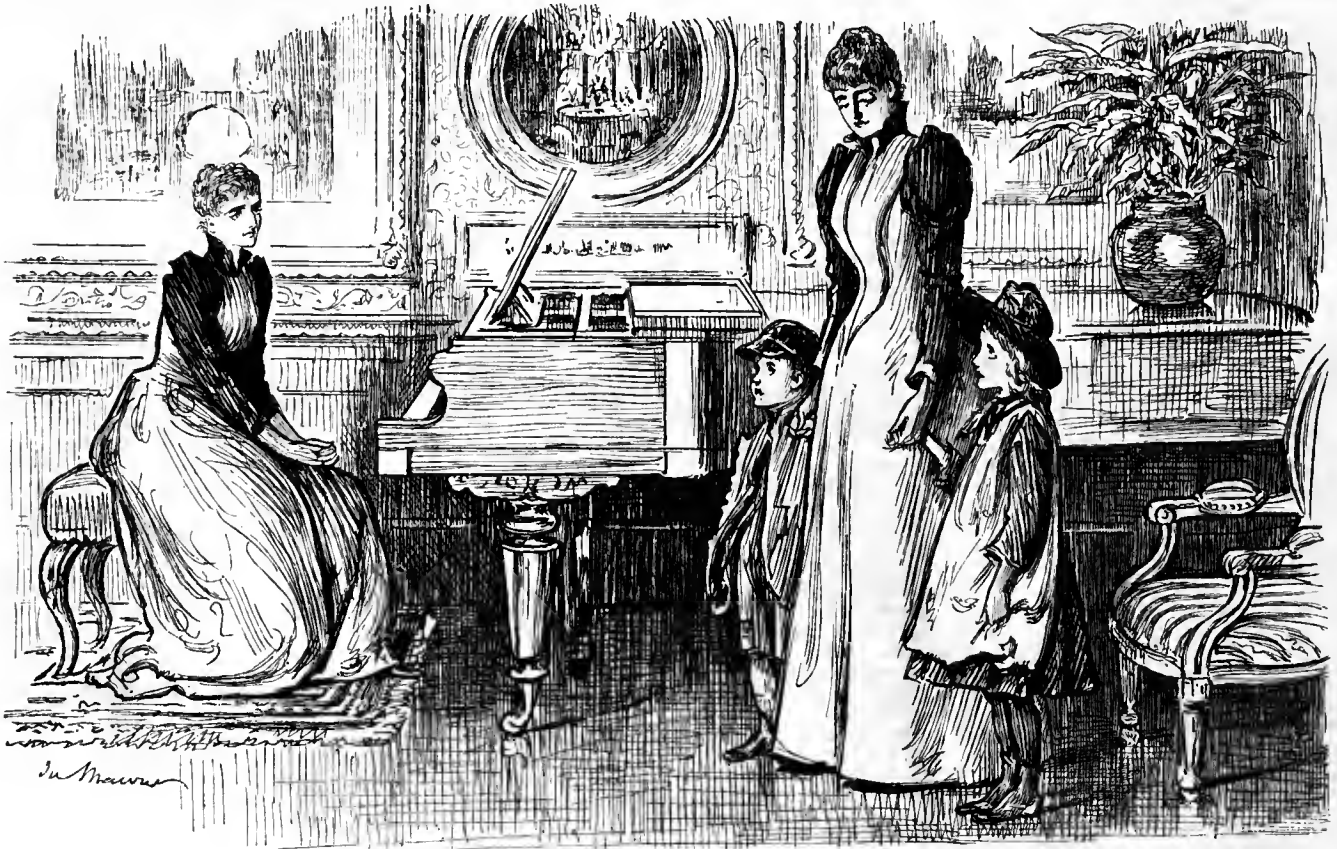
A. I have; but did not find that home of scientific research quite so full as it was when the Directors were testing the powers of endurance of the Fasting Man.

Q. Do you consider the Westminster Aquarium of material assistance in developing the latent civilisation of the nineteenth century?

A. Indeed, I do; especially now that "the Royal Bears" are a feature in the daily programme.

Q. Did you pass the Bank Holiday pleasantly?

A. When I tell you that I seized the opportunity to go to Calais and back third-class excursion with a number of anti-temperance-movement fellow passengers, you will see at once that the festival must have been to me a source of unmixed enjoyment!



THE ARGUMENT BY ANALOGY.

Mariar Ann "WHAT A BEAUFUL 'OUSE, MISS! WHAT A LOT O' RENT YOU MUST 'AVE TO PAY! I SUPPOSE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN DO PAY RENT?" *Daughter of the House.* "OF COURSE THEY DO."
Mariar Ann. "WHAT A DEAL O' TROUBLE YOUR FATHER MUST 'AVE, TO GET IT TOGETHER EVERY WEEK!"

"COUNTRY AND DUTY."

OLD MORALITY (*in flannels*) sings;—

OUF! Free from their "howlings and whinings" awhile,
 (Which, as the *Times* tells us, are frightful—are frightful.)
 But here Nature smiles, a true Smithian smile,
 And the change from the House is delightful—delightful!
 A smile which, as GOSCHEN would say, one can hear;
 A *susurrus* sweeps over the river—the river.
 Oh, Henley in May to my heart is as dear
 As to Spaniards the gay Guadalquivir—dalquivir!

No doubt they are yelping and yapping like mad;
 In such hobbles cantankerous spleen lands—rous spleen lands.
 I peacefully sprawl on the turf, and am glad;
 The Blue Devils never reach Greenlands—reach Greenlands.
 By Jove, they have led me a doose of a life!
 Their conduct is sheer criminality—nality.
 Here, though, thank Heaven, I'm far from the strife,
 Here the wicked won't vex OLD MORALITY—RALITY!

True, 't isn't for long, a clear week at the most.
 They would worry us out of our Whitsuntide—Whitsuntide.
 But still we all feel, though I don't want to boast,
 Like Park-hacks in paddock, or "tits" untied—"tits" untied.
 They mock my wide smile, and my scantness of thatch;
 I think, though, in managing skill I am—skill I am,
 All things considered, much more than a match
 For swaggering, swashing Sir WILLIAM—WILL-I-AM!

Lawks! this is lovely! But, SMITHY my lad,
 In the midst of Arcadian beauty—an beauty,
 You mustn't forget (the reflection is sad)
 What is due to your Country and Duty—and Duty.
 That's why I have brought down this Holiday Task,
 Though slumber-inviting the weather—the weather,
 I'll turn my true hands, whilst in sunshine I bask,
 To the use of the brush and wash-leather—wash-leather!

It's got a bit rusty from sheer want of use;
 Though they tell me I'm promptish at pouncing—at pouncing.

Ah me! E'en an angel comes in for abuse,
 Or *me* they would not be denouncing—denouncing.
 A crocodile's sure to be down on the Gag,
 And HARCOURT's a fair alligator—ligator;
 He's awfully wide in the jaw, for a wag,
 But I'll tie up the would-be dictator—dictator!

They're out without muzzles, the whole noisy pack,
 (I wish some sharp Bobby would run 'em in—run 'em in!),
 But I'll be prepared for them when they come back.
 The fight for free jaw I have done 'em in—done 'em in.
 Good gracious! One's duty to Country and Queen
 Cannot be well done, as all knew, by a—know, by a
 Man amidst yelpings of furious spleen,
 Suggestive of sheer hydrophobia—phobia!

And so, whilst *sub tegmine fagi* I sit,
 And pass in May sunshine a jolly day—jolly day,
 I think I'll just brush up this weapon a bit,
 And so make a good use of my holiday—holiday.
 They're bound to come back, and if barking they come,
 I'll be ready—and willing—to muzzle 'em—muzzle 'em.
 Dumb dogs may bite, but when *this* makes 'em dumb,
 To bite us, I fancy, will puzzle 'em—puzzle 'em!
 [Left smiling and scrubbing.]

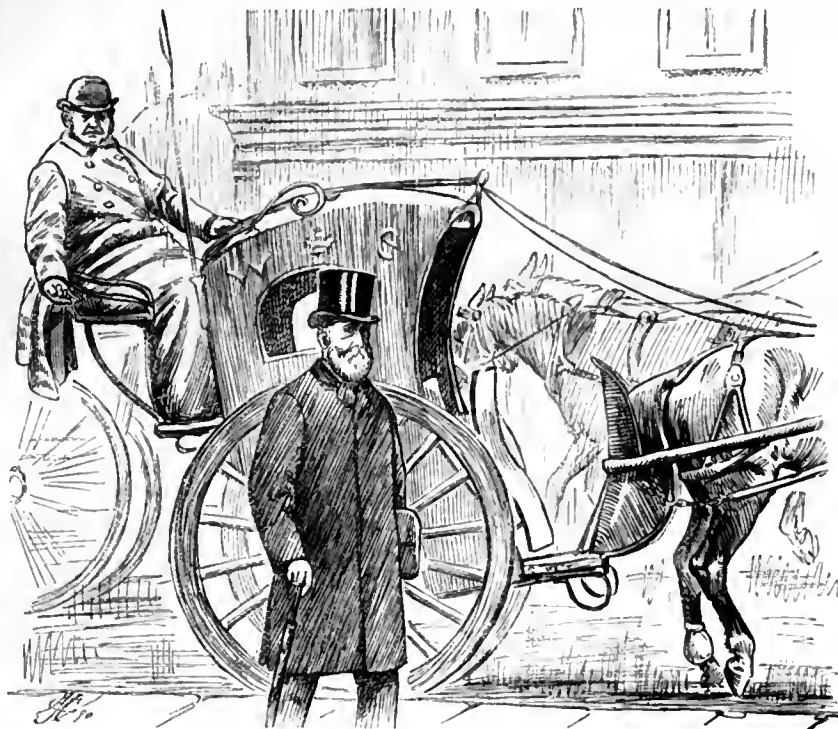
MR. DUNTHORNE of Vigo Street is exhibiting a collection of "Atmospheric Notes," which are not, as Esoteric Buddhists might conclude, missives forwarded by astral current from a Mahatma, but a series of very charming pastels, by Mr. GEORGE HITCHCOCK. They are records of land, sea, and sky effects in Holland, characterised by a poetry and feeling, and a subtlety of colour that give equal pleasure to mind and eye. *Mr. Punch* predicts, that the fortunate possessor of any one of these Notes, will be in no hurry to change it.



“COUNTRY AND DUTY.”

MR. W. H. S. “IT’S GOT A LITTLE RUSTY,—BUT I’LL HAVE IT READY IN TIME!”





AN UNKIND SUGGESTION.

Cabby (who has been paid his legal fare in threepenny bits and coppers). "WHERE DID YER GET THIS LOT FROM, EH? BREN A ROBBIN' THE CHILD'S MONEY-BOX!"

ROBERT AT GUILDHALL.

WELL, if we aint bin and had a fine time of it at Gildhall this last week or two, it's a pitty! What the pore harf-starved County Councillors must have thort of it all, it isn't for me to say, and how they all felt when the ginerous old Copperashun tossed 'em a few dozen tickets to skrambel for, when the great Mr. STANLEY came to supper, of course I carnt tell, but them few as I knowed seemed to find their way to my refreshment department as if by hinstinkt. I didn't, of course, hear the grate Traweller's grand speech, but I'm told as my pore namesake, Sir ROBERT FOWLER M.P.'s face was a site to see while he lissened to sitch a descriphshun of his Quaker Friends as he probberly never heard afore.

There was grate complaints made about the want of enuff wittles and drink, but anyone who seed, as I did, the fust rush for 'em by the hungry mob, couldn't have been much surprised at that. Why, I myself seed, with my two estonished eyes, one gent, as I spose he called hisself, take up a hole dish of most lovely Hoyster Pattys, and scoop out all the Hoysters with a spoon, and then return the hemty Pattys from whence they came! Feeling as I couldn't be of no more use after there was nothink left for me to hand to the fresh mob as kept on arriving, I quietly warked off, and made my way to the supper-room, where the hement Traweller was aswaging the pangs of hunger with reel Turtel Soup and setterer. Ah! what a contrast! Plenty of everythink, and plenty of room to enjoy it.

With that abundant kindaess as so distinguishes him, the LORD MAKE achally hintroduced me to the Ero of the Heavingin, who kindly shook hands with me, and hoped as how as we shood meet again, which I can quite bleeve if he thinks as it allers includes reel Turtel Soup, and setterer. Rayther different living to what he has bin accustomed to for

3 years parst, pore Feller! They tell me as he as bin to the Mountins of the Moon. Evins! ow did he get back? By balloon. But I don't kwite bleeve horl I eers.

But on the following Friday there wasn't not no xceptions to anythink, and everybody, from the Prince of WALES hisself, down to the werry umblest Postman or Sorter, left that nobel old Hall, estonished, and delited, and appy.

And no wonder, for, by the combined efforts of the hole Copperashun and its werry numerus Staff, and the hole Army of Postmen, and Tellacram Men, and all manner of Sorters, and Stampers, St. Martin's-le-Grand was removed boddily to Gildall, and everything that was ever done in the one place was dun in the other before the estonished eyes of sum two thousand of us, ewen includin four-horse Male Coaches, with sacks of letters, and reel Gards with reel Horns, which they blowed most butifully. It was a glorens Jewbelee! I'm that bizzy I hardly noes wich way to turn first, so no more at pressunt from yores trewly,
ROBERT.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.



Regent's Circus.

OUR NEW DUKE.

Air — "The Widdy Malone."

DID yo hear of the Duke of ATHLONE?
Ohone!
He's a son of the Heir to the Throne
Full grown.
Of a prince quite a pictur',
Is young ALBERT VICTOR,
Who'll now as the Duke of ATHLONE
Be known,
He'll be the Great Gun of Athlone!

A MID-DAY MEAL-LENNIUM.

(With Salutation to the "Society for the Promotion of Enjoyment during Luncheon Hours, specially in the City.")

LUNCHING AS IT IS.

No, I certainly did not order Irish Stew; but as you have now brought it, and I have been waiting a quarter of an hour for a cut from the joint, I prefer to take it.

This room is very stuffy and crowded. Is that purple-faced gentleman in the corner suffering from an apoplectic stroke?

No; but he has been waiting half an hour for the Irish Stew which I have just annexed. He seems angry about it.

Waiter, would you try not to kick my chair and knock the back of my head every time you pass with a dish?

Yes, I know it's a narrow gangway, and that everybody in this dark and confined crib which you call a City Restaurant is cramped for room; still, I do object to collisions between my best hat and somebody else's victuals.

Would you mind talking to me in the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet? In this maddening clatter it is impossible to hear a word you say.

That young man three from me is evidently training as the Champion Express Eater of the World. He has got through joint, potatoes, rhubarb tart, and Cheddar cheese in seven minutes, and is now putting on his hat to go.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

Is this spacious airy hall, with a fountain playing in the middle of shrubs, and abundant light coming in through painted windows, really the "Apple-pie Restaurant" in its new form?

And this neat-handed Phyllis, who respectfully awaits my orders as soon as I have taken my very comfortable seat, can she be the substitute for the over-worked and distracted City waiter of the past?

I see that especial care is taken to prevent the room being filled with more lunchers than it can hold with comfort to each individual customer, by an apparatus which automatically closes the door when every seat is full.

What! No shooting down of one's plate before one as if fired from a catapult, and no tedious waiting for dishes never ordered! This is a Luncher's Paradise.

It seems possible that I may now escape the dyspepsia which, in the old days, was the unshaking legacy of lunch.

"TOUJOURS 'GAY.'"—On an exit of Mrs. LANGTRY, as *Esther Sandraz*, at the St. James's Theatre:—

"Adieu! she cried, and waw'd her Lilly hand."

[How is it that Messrs. Transparent Soap & Co. have never hit on this? Presented gratis.]

FORTHCOMING NEW WORK to be expected in about six weeks' time, *Newton's Principia*, revised and corrected by Mr. JUSTICE CAVE.

GROSVENOR GEMS. (FIRST VISIT.)



No. 150. The Old Hand teaching "Blind Hookey" to his Young Friends.



No. 26. 'Sail or Return.'



No. 190. Lottie and Stottie of Oldsm.



No. 381. "Sich a gettin' up Stairs!" "How shall we get on to landing of the Gallery from here without a trapeze?"



No. 92. Photography under Difficulties.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Not much time for books this week, says the Baron; just been able to glance at W. S. LILLY'S *Right and Wrong*: verdict—so far, all right, nothing wrong. Sharp chapter on journalism—severe, but not unjust. Picked up small book, for which inquire at W. H. SMITH'S bookstalls, *Four Thousand Years After*, by HELEN L. CHEVALIER. Baroness having read it, highly recommends it in hot weather, as being a weird, mystical legend, of a soothing and interesting character, commencing a few years before "ADAM delved and EVE span," and finishing in the time of steam yachts; so that it is brought right up to date. It is full of incident and picturesque description. I see Mr. FARJEON has been at it again with the *Mystery of M. Felix*. *Felix*—Happy Thought. Mr. HARRY FURNISS'S *Academy Antics* is entertaining reading, and some of the earlier illustrations are quite Gilrayish in their breadth of style, not of subject.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PHENOMENON IN NATURAL HISTORY (by an observant Cricketer).—Obtaining a Duck's Egg from a Bat.

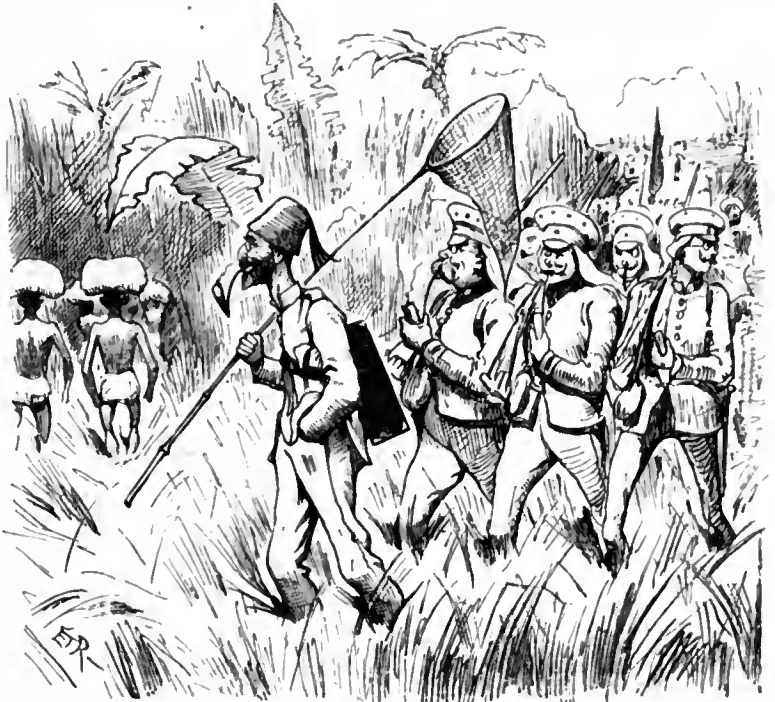
IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

EVERY jackass who ever was seen in the pig-skin knows perfectly well, or ought to know, unless his brain has gone barnacle-hunting in one of Mr. J.'s journalistic bum-boats, that a race is to take place at Epsom in the early part of next month. It has been customary to speak of this race as the Derby, and to imagine that the owner whose horse wins it gains possession of the Blue ribbon of the turf. As if, forsooth, in a matter like this, the colour mattered in the very least. But I have a further objection to this higger-mugger, three-cornered, rag-and-bone, vermilion-faced, frog-blossomed, hash-headed fashion of describing things, and it is this. If a two-year-old, provided with one of Mrs. PARTINGTON's patent range-finding, rectangular brooms, can beat an unbroken four-year-old over the Nose-bag Handicap Course by fourteen shoe-nails in a hundred, how in the name of all that is lop-sided can a three-masted frigate in full sail keep up with a Chinese Junk on Southampton Water? I pause for a reply, but knowing the anserous, venomous imbecility of the vermin who infest the turf, I think it will be a long time before I get one.

Crimson Jack is a good horse—no thanks to the puddling and pilfering sloop-shop proprietors who manage him. When he used to draw a dust-cart in Grosvenor Square he accustomed himself to the sound of the saddling hell, and now knows when luncheon time has arrived. A year ago, I wouldn't have given a copper shirt-stud for him, never having even heard of him. Now I believe him to be worth even more than the £10 given for him by the Ropes Contingent. But I have got my eye on them, and they know it. The mooncalves * * * gruel-brains * * * puddling simpletons * * * muddy and pernicious rascals * * * dolts, dumplings and dunder-heads * * * poisonous, pestilential, crawling, goose-faced reptiles * * * rely on it I know. * * *

[There has been no time to send this proof for correction, and it has, therefore, been printed as it was received, gaps and all.—Ed. *Punch*.]



A LITTLE PARTY IN EAST AFRICA ONLY GOING TO COLLECT A FEW BUTTERFLIES AND FLOWERS FOR THE DEAR KAISER, THAT IS ALL!!

"We came very near to having Kilima-Njaro attached to the British Empire, only the German Emperor said he would very much like it, because he was so fond of the flora and fauna of the place . . . Would the English have expected to get any territory on account of their great interest in the flora and fauna here."—Stanley speaking at Chamber of Commerce, May 21.

WEEK BY WEEK.

- Monday and Tuesday.*—Nothing particular, except meeting Mr. STANLEY.
- Wednesday.*—Mr. *Punch* comes out. General rejoicings.
- Thursday.*—Milk Adulteration Contest at Wormwood Scrubbs. Cat-shooting in Eaton Square commences. Treacle-makers' Company insist on presenting their Bicentenary Gold Medal to Mr. STANLEY.
- Friday.*—Private Eclipse of the Sun, invisible to everybody, except Mr. STANLEY.
- Saturday.*—Banquet of the Bargain-Drivers' Benevolent Association. Song by Mr. STANLEY, *Meet me by Moonlight*.
- Sunday.*—Festival of the Five Quires for a Shilling. Everybody in "Go-to-Meeting-STANLEY Costums."
- Monday.*—Afternoon Firework Display at the People's Palace.

SOME amusement was created at the Anniversary Dinner of the United Crossing-Sweepers' Provident Association, held last night, by the Noble Chairman's reference to his early experiences on a West End crossing. What he saw then had led him to believe, he said, that the lot of one who preserves the boots of the public from mud is not all beer and skittles. He had, however, formed a very exalted idea of the dignity of the calling to which they all belonged. It is, of course, well known that the Noble Earl owed his rise from the position of broom-holder to an opportune legacy from an old lady, whom he saved, at the risk of his own life, from being ground to powder by a runaway coatermonger's barrow.

A Correspondent sends us some interesting notes of meteorological observations during the past month. "I have noticed," he writes, "that under certain atmospheric conditions the streets and pavements of the Metropolis are invariably damp. This phenomenon is generally preceded by the withdrawal of the sun, followed almost immediately by a prevalence of *imber*. After this has lasted for some time, it is usual for the water-carts to make their appearance."

"A MANCHESTER MOTHER" makes the following pertinent observations on the fashions prevailing amongst men at the present day. "Why," she asks, "should some men prefer boots with buttons, while others like their boots laced? Why again should it be considered right for some men to wear dark blue overcoats, and for

others to wear black? Finally, if a man standing six foot two in his stocking-feet is to a bank holiday as a six-inch collar is to a pork-pie, how comes it that a tartan waistcoat and a pair of green plush trousers cost five shillings and sixpence per square inch?" We confess that we are unable to find answers to these questions.

Two Policemen were yesterday observed in earnest conversation with a well-known member of the Bermondsey Bull-pup Club. Eventually the three Gentlemen departed for an adjacent police-station, their proceedings forming a subject for animated comment amongst the juvenile population of the neighbourhood.

Four receptions, six public dinners, five evening parties, and eight dances were given in different parts of London yesterday, "to meet Mr. H. M. STANLEY." We are glad to know that the great explorer maintains his imperturbable good humour.

It is computed that the number of pretty women in London this Season is just double of what it was last year.

SHORT MATHEMATICAL PAPER.

1. Solve the short equation $(a + \sigma + \sigma + a + v + \lambda + \gamma) \times 2 = 14$ days.
2. Given log. 321 and density $\gamma\lambda\mu\epsilon$, how much Port would you deduce from this?
3. Show under what circumstances Policeman $x^2 = \text{Two-and-sixpence}$.
4. What is the probability of two blue eyes becoming black if A, a stranger, wins half-a-crown three times running at a baccarat-table in Tottenham Court Road? Calculate to five places of decimals the chances of A's appearance as prosecutor at Bow Street next morning.
5. Construct a set of Tables showing how the interest increases in a geometrical progression as the principal is paid off. A., a flat, goes to B., a money-lender, to raise £100. A. receives £7 10s. 6d. in gold; what balance will he receive in grand old sherry and real Havana Bremerhaven cigars?
6. Show how to re-construct a series of Companies (on the square), with a million capital, within two months of the interest increases in such a way that the Shareholders get nothing, and still remain liable for future calls. Is the root of the above operation to be found in defective legislation?

THE ART OF BLACKING BOOTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You'll be glad most likely to hear what's going on in the boot-blackin' world, of which I'm now a honorary member, havin' bin thirty-five years at it come next Christmas, and now retired to Camberwell to do the rest of my life easy. Fact is, Sir, there's a



many young 'uns come on, and scarcely sufficient boots for 'em to get a livin' out of, more partikler with them new yaller boots, which is pison to the honest boot-black. So thinks I to myself, I've bin polishin' a long time and knows all the tricks of it, why shouldn't I lend a 'and to them as is startin'. I'll write down what I knows myself, and I'll get all the best blackers of the day to tell me what they knows about it, and then I'll set the lot together and get it printed. Fact is, I got put on the job by a feller who come to see me 'tother day—a tidy young sprig, full of all them new notions. Says 'e to me, "BILL,"

'e says, "ow do you walk?" "Why," I say, "on two legs like the rest of 'em; what do you think?" "No," 'e says, "that ain't what I mean, you Juggins" (there's a pretty word to use to one old enough to be his father); "what is the process you go through in walking?" "Well," I says, "if that's what you're up to, I mostly puts one foot in front of 'tother, and arterwards brings the back foot forrard and leaves 'tother behind." "Ah," says 'e, "that's jest where you make a bloomin' error. Your brain sends a message through your nerves, and then you set to work, movin' the extenser mussels and the glutus maksimus, and there you are." Well, I thought about that a lot, and on the top of it I got 'old of a book called the Art of Authorship, by Mister GEORGE BAINTON, who's agoin' to teach everybody 'ow to write things pretty and proper, and make no end of money out of it. Pr'aps, thinks I to myself, there's more in blackin' boots than meets the eye. I'll write about that on the same plan, gettin' all the fellers I know to 'elp me. Fust, I drew up a lot of questions, and I sent 'em round. Then when the ansers come in I got a young chap, who writes for the *Camberwell Star*, to polish 'em up a bit with grammar and spellin', asking 'im to do it like Mister GEORGE BAINTON. I've jest dropped in a word or two of my own 'ers and there, to show what I mean. So 'ere they are, Sir, and quite at your servis; and I knows if you prints 'em, there's many a boot-black unborn, as 'll bless your name, not forgettin'.

Yours truely, the Author, BILL THE BOOTBLACK.

INTRODUCTION.

IN putting these notes together, I have been animated solely by the desire to enable those, whom motives of self-interest, or of ambition, or the irresistible impulse of innate genius, may induce to enter upon the profession of blacking, to acquire by living examples of acknowledged ability, a true and genuine perfection in the art. For art it is. Let nobody undertake it lightly. There is no room in the busy throng of ardent blackers for the idler or the fribble. Such men may write books, they cannot black boots. Style is everything, style which colours the boots, roots itself in them, and uplifts them to the highest pinnacle of Art. (N.B.—I took this sentens nearly strait from GEORGE BAINTON.—*B. the B.*) Therefore, my young friends, study style. Whenever you see a well-blacked boot in the street, in the counting-house, or in the sanotity of home, fix your eyes upon it. Thus you will learn, and may in time black boots as well as I do myself.

(N.B.—GEORGE writes the most extronery fine English, I'm told, and o' course 'e wants the young 'uns to do the same. Same with me and the boots.—*B. the B.*)

My first answer is from JAMES HUGGINS, who as is well-known, polishes the foot-coverings of the innumerable visitors who throng to the Transcontinental Hotel. He says, "you ask me how I acquired my unquestioned ability as a blacker. I answer, 'by constantly studying the best models.' When I was quite a small boy I used to polish all the boots within reach, and I will remember my father humorously remonstrating with me, when he found me blacking an old pair of worsted slippers given him by my mother. There is a method of breathing on some boots and of spitting on others, which can only be acquired by long practice. A large boot with many knobs, is best for a beginner."

Next I addressed my inquiries to GEORGE BREWSHER, more generally known under his nick-name of DANDY GEORDIE. No man has a wider reputation. His reply is instructive. "It is useless," he says, "to study models. I tried that, and the result was that I used to black all the patent leathers, and varnish the ordinary ones. So I gave up study and relied upon my own talents. At the present day, nobody in the whole world can put a truer shine on the dampest boot. I scarcely know how I do it. I only know I do it. I always

keep my brushes in good order, drink a toothful of gin at bed-time, and never let a single day pass without blacking something."

My next reply was from LEMUEL D. DODGE, of New York, a boot-polisher whose delicate and refined style has won him admirers in this country as well as his own. "Character," he observes, "is everything. I always analyse my blacking three times over, and then lay it on thin with a camel's hair-brush. I find this method much more satisfactory and less tiring than the rough and ungainly scrubbing so much in vogue with your English artists."

Miss SALLY PIPPIN, who officiates in The Metropolitan Ladies' Boot Emporium, kindly sends me the following notes. "I have had no education at all. I find it quite useless. All you require is to make a shine. It's as easy as shelling peas. By the way, I always wear my hair brought up at the back. This hint may be useful to intending bootblackers."

(That's enough for one go, I rayther fancy. There's lots more o' the same sort all 'ekally valuable, but I mustn't let you have it all at once.—*B. the B.*)

EARLY GREEN PEAS.

A Gourmand's Ditty.

THERE'S a pleasure in Rhubarb, fresh, early and red,

When it comes with the flush of the newly born year,
There's a joy in the tasty Asparagus head

That is met with in soup, be it thick,—be it clear!
There's delight in the oyster; a peace that ne'er fails

In the placid enjoyment the Plover's egg brings,
A sense of calm peace in your nicely cooked quails,
But oh! there's one dish that will crown all these things;

For what, with such rapture the palate can please

As the first welcome helping of Early Green Peas!

You may bring me Clyde salmon, three shillings the pound,

Red mullet in envelope, done to a turn,

The young spring potatoe, dug fresh from the ground,

The daintiest cream from a Devonshire churn:

You may offer me salad that's almost divine,

With a chicken so plump it should gladden the heart;

You may say, "Wash that down with the best brands of wine,

And follow it up with young gooseberry tart!"

My reply is but this, "Ah! withhold all of these!

But yield me the rapture of Early Green Peas!"

THE FIVE O'CLOCK TEA BONNET COMPANY.—Under the above title a Fashionable Company has been inaugurated by several high-born, but impeccable Ladies, who, importing a model bonnet from Paris, and reproducing it in British materials, with more or less success, hope, by a judicious association of the shop-keeping instinct with the *recherche* gloze of the best social circles, to dispose of their stock to a *clientèle*, consisting of the many toadying and snobbish friends who would be caught by the idea of purchasing their bonnets at an establishment where their orders would be taken by an impoverished Lady of title, and delivered at their residences, possibly, by the daughter of a Baronet or Nobleman, in reduced circumstances. The rooms of the New Company that will be shortly opened at the West End, in the immediate vicinity of Bond Street, though supplied with a counter on which a few of the choicest exhibits of the establishment can be displayed, will be in all other respects furnished after the fashion of a Modern Upper-class May-Fair Drawing-room, to which intending Purchasers will need no voucher of admission beyond that furnished by their own visiting-card, on presentation of which they will be greeted as friends, making an afternoon call, by the Fore-lady, who may be temporarily presiding over the Show-room. Indeed, the key-note to the *raison d'être* of the FIVE O'CLOCK TEA BONNET COMPANY will be found in the happy combination of High-class social intercourse, with a satisfactory adhesion to the principles of ordinary West-End shopkeeping. No special prices will be attached to the articles sold, but they may be regarded on the whole, considering the advantageous social circumstances under which they are established, as generally a little in advance of those asked at the leading Professional West-End Establishments of a similar kind. A generous margin in this direction must, therefore, be looked for in the account. Bills, if required, when contracted by well-known Leaders of Society, may stand over for years, but a very handsome interest will, of course, be expected, in the event of a long-delayed settlement.

PUNCH AND "JUDAH."—*Mr. P.* defers his criticism on HENRY AUTHOR JONES's new play at the Shaftesbury . . . until he has gone through the formality of seeing it. From most accounts, it is evidently well worth a visit.

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN THE VESTIBULE.

Visitors ascending staircase, full of enthusiasm and energetic determination not to miss a single Picture, encounter people descending in various stages of mental and physical exhaustion. At the turnstiles two Friends meet unexpectedly; both being shy men, who, with timely notice, would have preferred to avoid one another, their greetings are marked by an unnatural effusion, and followed by embarrassed silence.

First Shy Man (to break the spell). Odd, our running up against one another like this, eh?

Second Shy Man. Oh, very odd. (Looks about him irresolutely, and wonders if it would be decent to pass on. Decides it will hardly do.) Great place for meeting, the Academy, though.

First S. M. Yes; sure to come across somebody, sooner or later. [Laughs nervously, and wishes the other would go.

Second S. M. (seeing that his friend lingers). This your first visit here?

First S. M. Yes. Couldn't very well get away before, you know. [Feels apologetic, without exactly knowing why.

Second S. M. It's my first visit, too. (Sees no escape, and resigns himself.) Er—we may as well go round together, eh?

First S. M. (who was afraid this was coming—heartily). Good! By the way, I always think, on a first visit, it's best to take a single room, and do that thoroughly. [This has only just occurred to him.

Second S. M. (who had been intending to follow that plan himself). Oh, do you? Now, for my part, I don't attempt to see anything thoroughly the first time. Just scamper through, glance at the things one oughtn't to miss, get a general impression, and come away. Then, if I don't happen to come again, I've always done it, you see. But (considerately), look here. Don't let me drag you about, if you'd rather not!

First S. M. Oh, but I shouldn't like to feel I was any tie on you. Don't you mind about me. I shall potter about in here—for hours, I daresay.

Second S. M. Ah, well (with vague consolation), I shall always know where to find you, I suppose.

First S. M. (brightening visibly). Oh dear, yes; I shan't be far away.

[They part with mutual relief, only tempered by the necessity of following the course they have respectively prescribed for themselves. Nemesis overtakes the Second S. M. in the next Gallery, when he is captured by a Deulatory Enthusiast, who insists upon dragging him all over the place to see obscure "bits" and "gems," which are only to be appreciated by ricking the neck or stooping painfully.

A Suburban Lady (to Female Friend). Oh dear, how stupid of me! I quite forgot to bring a pencil! Oh, thank you, dear, that will do beautifully. It's just a little blunt; but so long as I can mark with it, you know. You don't think we should avoid the crush if we began at the end room? Well, perhaps it is less confusing to begin at the beginning, and work steadily through.

IN GALLERY No. I.

A small group has collected before Mr. WYLLIE'S "Davy Jones's Locker," which they inspect solemnly for some time before venturing to commit themselves to any opinion.

First Visitor (after devoting his whole mind to the subject). Why, it's the Bottom of the Sea—at least (more cautiously), that's what it seems to be intended for.

Second V. Ah, and very well done, too. I wonder, now, how he managed to stay down long enough to paint all that?

Third V. Practice, I suppose. I've seen writing done under water myself. But that was a tank!

Fourth V. (presumably in profound allusion to the fishes and sea-anemones). Well, they seem to be 'aving it all their own way down there, don't they? [The Group, feeling that this remark sums up the situation, disperses.

The Suburban Lady (her pencil in full play). No. 93. Now what's that about? Oh, "Forbidden Sweets,"—yes, to be sure. Isn't that charming? Those two dear little tots having their tea, and the kitten with its head stuck in the jam-pot, and the label and all, and the sticky spoon on the nursery table-cloth—so natural! I really must mark that. (Awards this distinction.) 97. "Going up Top." Yes, of course. Look, Lucy dear, that little fellow has just answered a question, and his master tells him he may go to the top of the class, do you see? And the big boy looking so sulky, he's wishing he had learnt his lesson better. I do think it's so clever—all the different expressions. Yes, I shall certainly mark that!

IN GALLERY No. II.

The S. L. (doubtfully). H'm, No. 156. "Cloud Chariots"? Not very like chariots, though, are they?

Her Friend. I expect it's one of those sort of pictures that you have to look at a long time, and then things gradually come out of it, you know.

The S. L. It may be. (Tries the experiment.) No, I can't make anything come out—only just clouds and their reflections. (Struggling between good-nature and conscientiousness.) I don't think I can mark that.

IN GALLERY No. III.

A Matron (before Mr. DICKSEE'S "Tannhäuser"). "Venus and Tannhäuser"—ah, and is that Venus on the stretcher? Oh, that's her all on fire in the background. Then which is Tannhäuser, and what are they all supposed to be doing? [In a tone of irritation.

Her Nephew. Oh, it tells you all about it in the Catalogue—he meets her funeral, you know, and leaves grow on his stick.

The Matron (pursing her lips). Oh, a dead person. [Repulses the Catalogue severely and passes on.

First Person, with an "Eye for Art" (before "Psyche's Bath," by the President). Not bad, eh?

Second Person, &c. No, I rather like it. (Feels that he is growing too lenient.) He doesn't give you a very good idea of marble, though.

First P. &c. No—that's not marble, and he always puts too many folds in his drapery to suit me.

First P. &c. Just what I always say. It's not natural, you know. [They pass on, much pleased with themselves and one another.

A Fiancé (halting before a sea-scape, by Mr. HENRY MOORE, to Fiancée). Herc, I say, hold on a bit—what's this one?

Fiancée (who doesn't mean to waste the whole afternoon over pictures). Why, it's only a lot of waves—come on!

The Suburban L. LUCY, this is rather nice. "Breakfasts for the Porth!" (Pondering.) I think there must be a mistake in the Catalogue—I don't see any breakfast things—they're cleaning fish, and what's a "Porth!" Would you mark that—or not?

Her Comp. Oh, I think so.

The S. L. I don't know. I've marked such a quantity already and the lead won't hold out much longer. Oh, it's by Hook, R. A. Then I suppose it's sure to be all right. I've marked it, dear.

Duet by Two Dreadfully Severe Young Ladies, who paint a little on China. Oh, my dear, look at that. Did you ever see such a thing? Isn't it too perfectly awful? And there's a thing! Do come and look at this horror over here. A "Study," indeed. I should just think it was! Oh, MAOGIE, be so satirical, or I shall die! No, but do just see this—isn't it killing? They get worse and worse every year, I declare!

IN GALLERY No. V.

(Two Prosaic Persons come upon a little picture, by Mr. SWAN, of a boy lying on a rock, piping to fishes.)

First P. P. That's a rum thing!

Second P. P. Yes, I wasn't aware myself that fishes were so partial to music.

First P. P. They may be—out there—(perceiving that the boy is unclad)—but it's peculiar altogether—they look like herrings to me.

Second P. P. Yes—or mackerel. But (tolerantly) I suppose it's a fancy subject. [They consider that this absolves them from taking any further interest in it, and pass on.

IN GALLERY No. XI.

An Old Lady (who judges Art from a purely Moral Standpoint, halts approvingly before a picture of a female orphan). Now, that really is a nice picture, my dear—a plain black dress and white cuffs—just what I like to see in a young person!

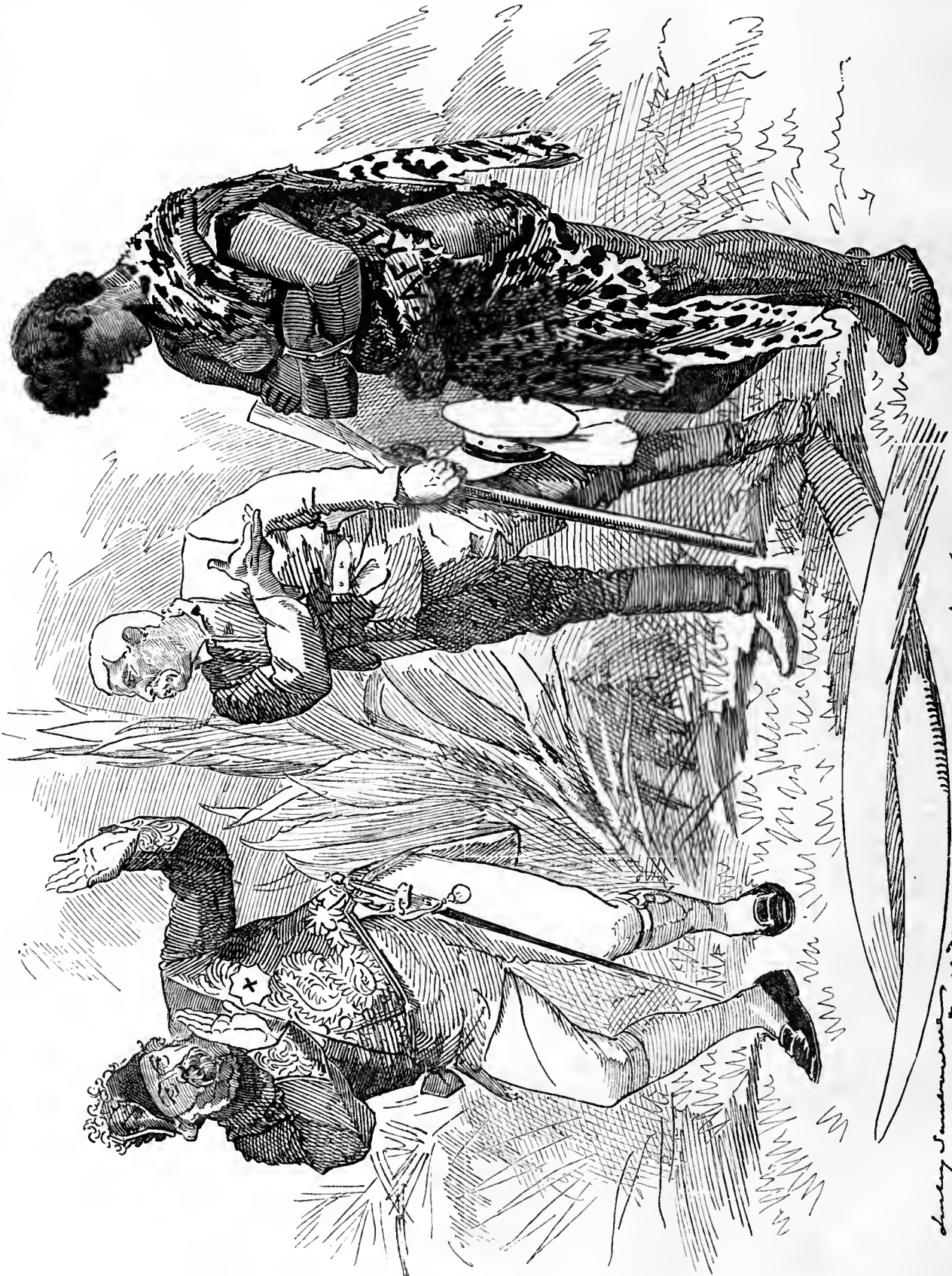
The S. L. (her enthusiasm greatly on the wane, and her temper slightly affected). Lucy, I wish you wouldn't worry so—it's quite impossible to stop and look at everything. If you wanted your tea as badly as I do! Mark that one? What, when they neither of them have a single thing on! Never, Lucy,—and I'm surprised at your suggesting it! Oh, you meant the next one? h'm—no, I can't say I care for it. Well, if I do mark it, I shall only put a tick—for it really is not worth a cross!

COMING OUT.

The Man who always makes the Right Remark. H'm. Haven't seen anything I could carry away with me.

His Flippant Friend. Too many people about, eh? Never mind, old chap, you may manage to sneak an umbrella down-stairs—I won't say anything! [Disgust of his companion, who descends stairs in offended silence, as scene closes.





“EMBARRASSING!”

Henry J. Sanderson

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

I AM told that many of the millions who have read with delight the brilliant sporting articles that have appeared from my pen week after week expect me to utter a few words of seasonable advice as to the chances of the various animals engaged in the Derby and the Oaks. If I were one of the chowder-headed numskulls who cackle for hire, the task would doubtless be an easy one. Mr. J. has performed it yearly with that magnificent want of success which attends all his addle-pated efforts. But, praise be to Heaven! I am not Mr. J., or one of his crew. I am only a humble writer, distinguished alike for his unerring sagacity, his undeviating accuracy, and his incisive force of expression. My task is, therefore, stupendous, but I will perform it.

THE DERBY.

There are many horses in for the Derby. Some people fancy *Surefoot*. Fancies are not, of course, facts, but the name is good. Keep your eye on the black and cerise of LIDDARD. *Sainfoin* is not generally supposed to cover grass, but there are generally exceptions. I have not heard the angels calling *Le Nord* lately, but they may begin at any time. A man may get home, so may a horse, and I am bound to say that if I were *The Beggar* I should give the lie to the crack-brained puddling proverb, and be a chooser of first place. *Bel Demonio* should be all there when the first part of his name rings, so that he may go like the second, if he wants to be one, two, or three. *Rathbeal* rhymes to heel. Has he got a clean pair to show? *Orwell* should score well; and you must never tie your Garter too



PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. C.,

Executed with Scientific Accuracy and Considerable Restraint of Tone. (Guildford, May 28.)

tightly, unless you want to stop your circulation. *Golden Gate* is not always as open as might be wished; and *The Imp* is sometimes a hindrance. Good old *Polonius*! As for *Kirkham*, *Alloway*, *Martagon*, and *Loup*, all I can say is, Mum's the word. How about the Field? Monkeys are often mad there. So much for the Derby.

THE OAKS.

Who said *Semolina*? Passion, passion take advice, fill your pockets full of *Semolina*. Ha, ha! *Signorina* ought certainly not to miss the mark by more than a mile. *Mémoire* might do *pour servir*, and *Goldwing* sounds well for a flyer. Those who cross the *Ponza* (sinorum) generally go further with ease, and *Dearest* is certainly superlative. The Field a monkey. Who said that? Whoever he was, let him beware! That is all I have to say in the meantime, but anyone desiring further information is requested to apply to me by letter at the office, enclosing twelve clean stamps for a reply. All who are not in a state of niddy-noddying, anserous, asinine, gruel-brained, pumpkin-faced, gooseberry-eyed imbecility, will, of course, do so.

A Shaftesbury Song.

(AIR—"With a Doodah!" as sung years ago, with great applause, by Mr. W. E. GL-DST-NR.)

OUR Author JONES has come out strong
With a *Judah!* With a *Judah!*
Original drama, three Acts long,
Judah! *Judah!* pay!
It's bound to run each night,
And many a *Matinée*.
I'll lay my money on the WILLARD DRG.
Ev'ryone will see the play.

"EMBARRASSING!"

Or, *The Political Scipio and the East African Charmer.*

"Though the topic of Africa is said to be 'embarrassing and inconvenient,' it need not occasion any uneasiness at all; but if the British Government surrenders any portion of the territory reserved for the sphere of British influence, it may become most terribly embarrassing within a measurable period of time."—*Stanley's Reply to Lord Salisbury.*

STANLEY, loquitur:—

HISTORY repeats itself! Perhaps it may do, But "with a difference." The moral Sages Think that if anyone holds wisdom, they do; But not all sense is stored in pedant's pages.
Historic parallels, from PLUTARCH downwards, Are rather pretty fancies than realities. I am no book-worm, have no leanings gownwards.
And set small store by moralist's banalities. To pose as SCIPIO, that pudent Roman, So praised by pedagogue POLYBIUS, seemingly
Pleases a Tory Premier. Well, our foeman Won't slumber whilst we choose to doze on dreaming.
SCIPIO at New Carthage was a hero Of virgin virtue and high generosity; But hopes in Africa will fall to zero, If "policy" means virtuous pomposity.

The chaste Proconsul turned his visage blushing,
From what with him was personal temptation;
But what's good rule for one will fall quite crushingly
If 'tis adopted by a mighty nation.
SCIPIO, no doubt, was splendid in his modest
And generous dealings with those Spanish hostages;
But SALISBURY - SCIPIO? Picture of the oddest!
Imperial rule is not all Penny Postages;
Dainty diplomacies, generous concessions
To Teuton tastes and Hohenzollern fancies;
Or faith in bland CAPHRI's fine professions,
And wandering WEISSMANN'S roseate romances.
Kilimi-Njaro, Masai-Land, the Congo,
Should satisfy your thirst for abnegation;
And now, methinks, dear Lord, you cannot wrong go,
If you go in for — let's say "exploitation."
SCIPIO the Elder was not given to letting
The Carthaginians get too much the best of him.
Now on the Teuton it is even betting;
To squeeze you north, or south, or east, or west of him,
Out of the Congo State on the west border,
Out of the Southern Soudan on his north one;

By Jove, my Lord, that seems a biggish order!
To stop it needs some struggle, and 'tis worth one.
That poor East African Company's affronted,
While Iron-clads and soldiers help the Teuton.
Must they then be from the Nyanza shunted,
And must I all their miseries be mute on,
Because plain speech is what you call "embarrassing."
Because unto the Teuton you're so tender?
Must Englishmen in Africa stand harassing,
And stoop to a calm policy of Surrender,
And all that a proud Premier at Hatfield
May play the SCIPIO—in this feeble fashion?
My Lord, we did not win our spurs in that field.
Upon my soul, it puts me in a passion;
And not me only, but, as you'll discover,
A lot of Englishmen who watch this drama.
SCIPIO was not an indiscriminate lover,
But it was he licked HANNIBAL at Zama.
I bring you, SCIPIO, the East Afric beauty,
Captured and chained, but opulent and charming.
You turn away! From sacred sense of duty?
From fear of your (political) virtue harming?
No! SCIPIO seemed ruled by honour's laws
When to the captured beauty he was lenient,
You turn away, sham SCIPIO, because
She seems "embarrassing and inconvenient!"

BEER.

[Messrs. SPIERS AND POND say in a letter in *The Daily Telegraph*, that "bottled beer is really what the great majority of the public want when they are out for a holiday."]]

MENTION not the wines of Medoc, nor the vintage of Bordeaux, Or the Burgundy that rivals e'en the ruby in its flow; Though the growers of Epernay and the merry men of Rheima, Pour champagne that holds the sunlight in exhilarating streams; There 'a a finer nobler tippie, that the Briton's heart doth cheer, And he clings with fond affection to his draught or bottled beer.

Amber Rudesheimer charms us wandering by the haunted Rhine, Sparkling Hock near Ehrenbreitstein is a mighty pleasaunt wine; In agreement with the German we have vowed we loved full well, To behold the bubbles flashing on a goblet of Moselle; But the Briton hugs his tankard, and would count the man an ass Who held not in highest honour nectar from the vata of BASS.

Port is worthy of acceptance, once men made the bottle spin; Sherry hath a welcome flavour when the filberts have come in; Scotsmen have been seen imbibing in the mountains of the north, What is known as whiskey-toddy in the lands beside the Forth: But the Englishmen will tell you that for really sterling worth— BASS's beer can beat all liquids that were ever made on earth.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE LONDON RIDER HAGGARD AND JADED.



O the Chief Commissioners of Works, The Ditto of Police, and to "George" Ranger.

WHY not open up rides in Kensington Gardens? Say one good one under the trees from South-West to North-West, and connect Kensington with Baywater? Will any benefactor to unfortunate Metropolitan Equestrians force this North-West passage?

There is a meagre ride at the side of the road in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park. Why not a good ride right across Park? From considerable observation and experience of Kensington Gardens and Regent's Park, it may be confidently asserted, that such rides as are here proposed, would not interfere with the comfort of a single (or married)

nurse or governess with children in her charge. Both places are comparatively unfrequented, and the proposed rides would not intrude upon the recreation of the London boys.

We strongly recommend the Chief Commissioner to visit Paris, and, mounted upon a comfortable horse, let him make the acquaintance of the delightful *sentiers* laid out as rides in the Bois de Boulogne. This will be a first-rate French exercise for him, and he will learn a great deal from it. The DUKE, who is fond of equitation, especially in Battersea Park, must admit that the equestrians of London are very badly off for variety. Up and down Rotten Row, once into the siding by the Barracks, once to the dismal ride on the North side, and once back again by the ride that opens on to the Mausoleum-like Magazine,—which of all London Magazines is the dreariest,—this, and only this, is the daily burden of the patient London rider's song. "How long? How long?" as Mr. WILSON BARRETT used to be always exclaiming in *The Silver King*, or *Claudian*, or both. How long—will mounted London put up with this, which is the reverse of a merry-go-round?

Then we have to be thankful for the small mercy of a narrow strip of a ride, barely room for one, along Constitution Hill, and for that other strip, a trifle wider, in Birdcage Walk, which is always crowded with children, and one might as well be riding through nursery grounds. Why shouldn't there be here a cut right across the grass, from The Walk of the Birdcages to middle of Piccadilly?

If GEORGE Ranger, the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the Chief of the Board of Works would combine, we might get something done which would benefit the riders—riders haggard and jaded—and materially assist the smallest circulation (possessed by those who ride to live) in the world. There is one thing that ought to be put down, and put down with a strong hand,—and that is plenty of gravel at all the gates; but especially round and about the Marble Arch, which is a most dangerously slippery pass.

THE "SILK" EXHIBITION.



WHAT OUR ARTIST EXPECTED TO FIND THERE.

RAILWAY UNPUNCTUALITY REPORT;

Or, What it may probably come to.

THAT the new Legislation has begun to tell favourably on the conduct of the traffic of the leading lines cannot for a moment be doubted after glancing at the thirteenth Bi-weekly Record, published at the Companies' expense, according to the Provisions of the recent Act, on the back of all their passenger-tickets. It is satisfactory to note how, in something like six weeks, punctuality in the train service seems really almost established, the only train arriving one minute late being one of the Edinburgh Expresses, of which the boiler of the engine blew up at Grantham, thereby causing a little delay, which, however, was picked up before the conclusion of the run by extra steaming. The heavy penal system which the new Legislation has introduced, is, of course, answerable for this delightful change; but a glance at the following table for the six weeks since the Act has come into operation, will show how effectively and rapidly it has worked:—

	Trains late.	Chairmen put in Irons.	Directors sentenced to Penal Servitude.	Station Masters sentenced to Hard Labour.	Other Officials sent to Gaol and Fined.
First week	1725	9	95	192	2004
Second, Do.	3	1	3	17	143
Third, Do.	2	..	2	11	88
Fourth, Do.	1	1	1	3	15
Fifth, Do.	1*
Sixth, Do.	1	1	2	5	10

* Precautionary sentence.

The list of officials, as furnished in the above Schedule, undergoing their various periods of punishment, is an encouraging sign to the travelling public, and it is satisfactory to notice that the old unpunctuality that marked the first week, followed up as it was by a rigorous application of the new law, instantly disappeared as if by magic, when the Companies began really to understand their responsibilities and their penalties under the new Act. It is confidently, therefore, to be hoped, that next week's record may possibly be an entirely clean one, and that, the only method of ensuring punctuality, namely, the infliction of a penalty on the Authorities who can control it, may be found in practice to be entirely successful.

SUGGESTION GRATIS.—Why doesn't some enterprising publisher engage Sergeant PALMER of the 19th Knowles's Century Powder Magazine to write a Military Romance? There has been nothing of the sort worth mentioning since CHARLES LEVER. The Sergeant could write under the *nom de guerre* of Micky Free, Redivivus. (Signed) BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Q. If several Householders who love peace and quietness on Sunday, should combine to put down the Salvation Army's so-called singing, what Mountains would they resemble?—A. The Hymn Allayers.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday, May 26.—*Faust*. Faust-rate performance as far as JACK and NED DE RESZKÉ are concerned. Madame NORDICA is far too knowing a *Marguerite*. The simple *Faust*, just beginning life, is evidently no match for this guileless young lady. Being "no match for her" is probably the reason for his not marrying her. NORDICA charming vocally, but dramatically there is too much of the *Becky Sharp* about her, and she is merely in a plot with *Martha* to let in the rich and spoony Juggins called *Faust*. New man, FRANCESCHETTI, as *Valentine*, not quite the thing: perhaps nervous seeing DAN DRADY in front looking at him. Good house for Whit Monday, though of course The Brilliances are absent. Chorus excellent. What capital match-boxes the old men in the Old Men's Chorus would make! Good contrast between Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Martha*, and NED DE R. as *Mephistopheles*.



Marguerite Nordica Slybootzen coming home from church.

Tuesday.—Glorious Opera, *Les Huguenots*; French title with Italian names, such as *Valentina*, *Margherita di Valois*, *Urbano*, &c. First appearance of Monsieur Ybos. *Why Boss?* Always thought DRURIOLANUS was Boss of this show. Better change name to *Y-not-bos*, and the answer will come "*Iboss*." Monsieur YBOS belongs to the school of Signor VIBRATO. Energetic but too angry with *Valentina*, when she confesses that she loves him. ELLA RUSSELL magnificent as sleeveless Queen. NED DE RESZKÉ the best possible *Marcello*. As DRURIOLANUS, dropping into poetry, observes—

He is the very best *Mareello*,
With a voice like the deepest violoncello.

Monsieur DUFRICHE as *San Bris*, "quite the *brie*," or cheese. Madame TETRAZZINI a dramatic *Valentina*. DAN DRADY a first-rate *Conte di Nevers-too-late-to-mend*. Curfew-Watchman in perfect tune. Soldiers' rataplanatory chorus very nearly perfection at finish, though starting shakily. Little PALLADINO danced so delightfully as even to bewitch the Hug-me-not soldiers. I've seen this Opera any number of times, and I have been at considerable trouble and expense to master the plot. An idea strikes me. I shall publish *Examination Papers on Popular Operas*. What the prize will be for the one who answers correctly from memory, without reference to any *libretto*, is a matter for further consideration. Here is a specimen of examination paper on the *Huguenots*—

ACT I.—Why is *Raoul* blindfolded?

What is *Miss Valentine* doing in somebody else's house?

Why does *Raoul's* servant come in and sing a hymn?

Why is he apparently pleased when *Raoul* is blindfolded and taken away?

ACT II.—Account for the dresses of the bathing-women who come in and dance before the Queen. Where are the machines?

What is the Page's song, "No, no, no, no!" about?

Is *Raoul* in love with the Queen, or the Queen with *Raoul*? In either case account reasonably for the subsequent conduct of each of them.

What is the Queen singing about at commencement of Act?

ACT III.—What is *Valentine* doing out in the streets, in a wedding-dress, late at night?

Why do the women turn their backs on the church when they kneel in the streets to say their prayers? Is there no more kneeling-room inside the church? If so, why are people still being admitted while the women are kneeling outside? What service should you say was going on?



Raoul di Nangis Ybos. "Tu m'ami! How dare you! 'Tu m'ami!' I can't tell you how angry I am with you. I'll vibrate you!" [Shakes himself, and her at the same time.]

Where do the Maritanas with tambourines all come from? And why? Are they the bathing-women in another costume? If so, show their connection with the plot.

After the curfew has sounded, and a man with a lantern has sent everyone to bed, why do all the people suddenly come out of bed again, every one of them all dressed and ready for anything?

What is the Queen doing riding about the town at night on a white horse?

ACT IV.—Don't you think the Conspirators are very simple-minded people, not to look behind the curtain where *Raoul* is hidden? What have the nuns to do with the blessing of the daggers? Wouldn't they be rather in the way in a conspiracy?

On what storey does the action of Act IV. take place, and what is the height from the ground that *Raoul* has to leap when he jumps out of the window?

There used to be a Fifth Act, with a grand *trio* and *chorale*, what has become of it? If played, does anyone stop to hear it? If not played, can audience sue the management, or demand their money back?

Thursday.—Memorable for two *rentrées* and one first appearance. *Rentrée* of Madame ETELKA GERSTER, *rentrée* of RAVELLI, and first appearance, on stage, this season, of Covent Garden Cat. Trying position for the sleep-walking heroine in bed-room scene, when the Covent Garden Cat (who was in front last Tuesday night, when she ran round the ledge of the pit tier in humble imitation of little LAURIE at Pantomime time) suddenly rushes from under the bed, and after nearly frightening into fits naughty little LISA BAUERMEISTER, who happens to be hiding there, walks with tail erect



Unexpected effect. Sudden appearance of representative of Katti Lanner.

quietly across the stage, and makes a good exit R. 2. E. Count EDUARD, in commencement-of-nineteenth-century hat and coat, finished off with trousers and patent-leather boots of date A.D. 1890, much amused. *Amina* supposed to be walking in her sleep, can't possibly take notice of animal, but House in chuckles, as an audience always is, whenever the harmless and quite unnecessary cat appears upon the stage. *Rentrée* of RAVELLI, in first-rate voice. Everyone charmed with him, and with NED DE RESZKÉ. Signor RINALDINO an amusing *Alessio*, and Madame SINICO tunefully affectionate as the devoted and sympathetic Mamma of the *Aminable* heroine. Melodies of our childhood, delightful to hear them again; and the good old-fashioned Italian Opera terminations to the choruses admirably rendered.

Friday.—"Dr. Faust, I presume?" I wasn't there. Opera went on, I believe, in my absence.

Saturday.—*La Traviata*. ELLA RUSSELL at her best. Tenor MONTARIOL not quite at his best as that despicable character *Alfredo*. M. PALERMINI (why not "Old Pal"?) very good as *Giorgio Germont*. The magnificently-attired chorus enjoy themselves amazingly at supper in Act I., for *Violetta*, when she does do the thing, does it well, and there are certainly not less than four bottles of champagne among a hundred guests.

Questions for Examination Paper.—At whose house does this supper-party take place? Why do all the guests leave at once? Why is everyone in a Charles the Second costume except *Violetta*, who is in fashionable evening dress of 1890? Who is the young lady whom *Violetta* so affectionately kisses? and what, if anything, has she to do with the plot?

In Act III.—Is it a *bal masqué*? If not, what is it, and where? What is the simple game of cards which *Alfredo* plays with such enthusiasm? Who wins? and how much?



CAUTION.

Married Sister. "AND OF COURSE, LAURA, YOU WILL GO TO ROME OR FLORENCE FOR YOUR HONEYMOON!"

Laura. "OH DEAR, NO! I COULDN'T THINK OF GOING FURTHER THAN THE ISLE OF WIGHT WITH A MAN I KNOW LITTLE OR NOTHING OF!"

"DOUBTFUL!"

OWNER.

OUR Stable's a bit out of form
(Says more than one usual backer),
The pace will be made pretty warm,
And the finish will be a rare cracker.
By Jove! we must put our best goods in the
front,
Or possibly we may be out of the hunt.

TRAINER.

Come, Sir, don't go talking like that!
Cantankerous critics will chatter.
Our 'osses can go a rare "bat,"
Theirs funk it, Sir! *That's* what's the
matter! [you ride
Eh, RITCHIE, my boy? Oh, the crack that
Will go, when he once settles into his stride.

JOCKEY.

My opinion's of little account,
But I don't mind admitting, yer honour,
I am *not* dead nuts on my mount.
Some say he's as good as a goner.
Though the Witlers are on him, of course, to
a man, [as he ran.
His own brother warn't placed the one time

OWNER.

The *Brother Bung* stock, *entre nous*,
All show soft, when it comes to close racing.
This horse looks a bit of a "screw,"—
There, GOSCHEN, no need for grimacing.
I mean no offence; he's well trained, and
might win; [their tin.
But—well, backers seem cautious in planking

TRAINER.

Humph! Pencillers *have* been at work;
They'll muck the nag's chance, if they're
able.
Fatty CAINE—the fanatical shirk!—
Seems inclined to abandon the Stable.
But still *Compensation's* a horse to my
mind.
He will finish with fewer before than behind.

OWNER.

Ah! but that's not quite good enough, G.
Just now what we want's a clear winner.
Our new string of cracks numbers three:
There's *Tithe* (who's a timid beginner),
Land Purchase, a nailer, and this, your pet
nag.
The question is, which is the best of the bag?

Land Purchase, now, comes of sound stock
(By *Tenant-Right* out of *Coercion*),
And then I've such faith in the Jock!
Nay, RITCHIE, I mean no aspersion.
You ride very nicely indeed for a "pup";
But BALFOUR! All's right when the cry's
"ARTHUR's up!"

JOCKEY.

Oh! he's a fair scorcher, a brick,
With the long legs—and luck—of the
"Tinman."
But when of the mounts you've the pick,
It's hard if you can't score a win, man.
You stick me on *Land Purchase*, guv'nor,
and see
If the "pup," as you call him, ain't in the
first three!

OWNER.

Ah, there it is, GOSCHEN, you know;
That justifies what I was saying.
I fancy this animal's slow,
Not sure that his speciality's staying.
I think, if we value our Stable—and tin—
That we should declare with *Land Purchase*
to win. [Left discussing it.

DERBY DISAPPOINTMENTS.

To go to Epsom with a view to a day's enjoyment.

To imagine that there is any sport on the road down, and ditto returning.

To believe that a heavy lunch of lukewarm lobster salad and simmering champagne can be taken with impunity.

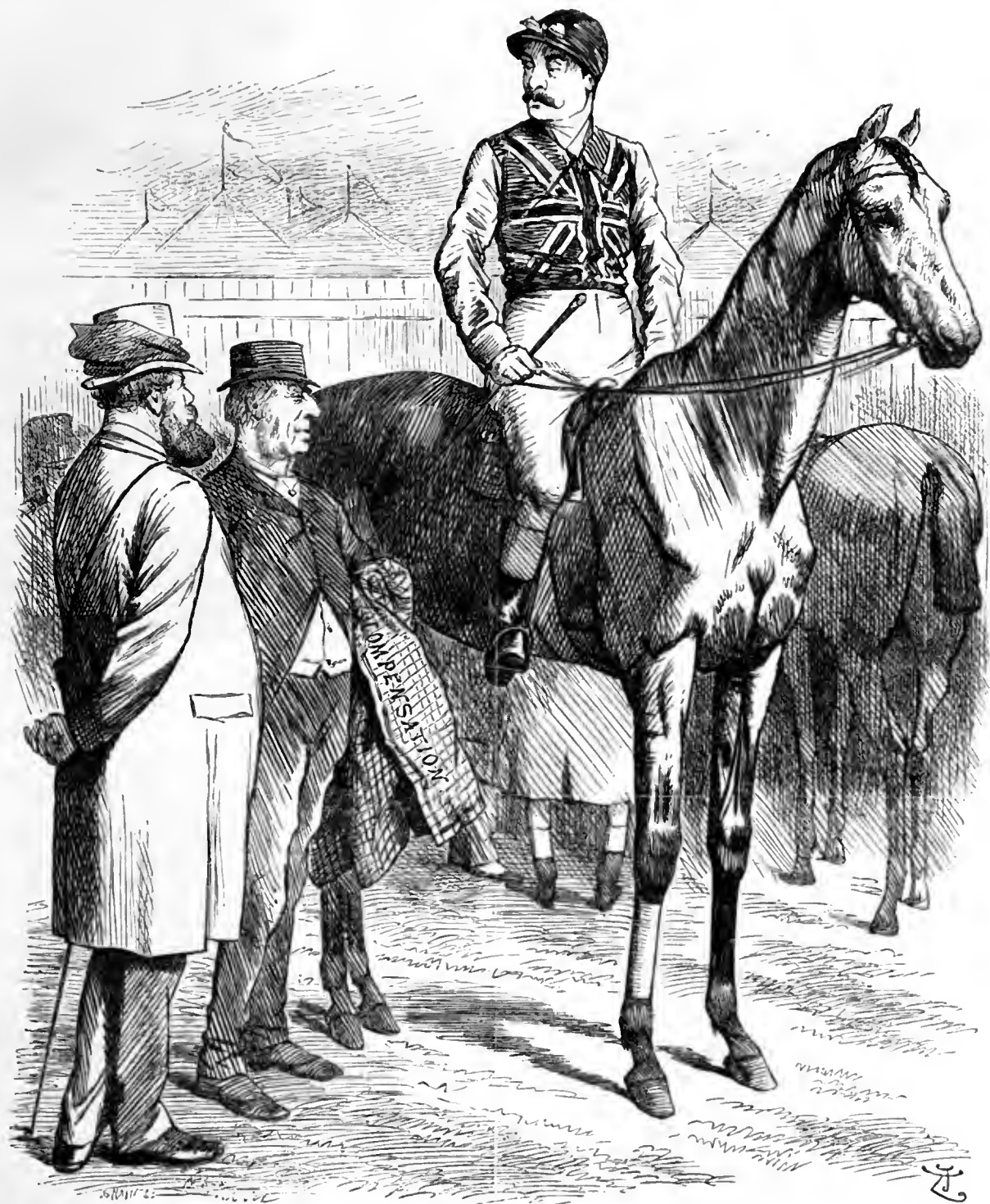
To fancy that one can get into a train bound for the Downs without losing one's temper.

To think that there is any fun in listening to the ribald songs of street nigger minstrels and Shoreditch gipsies.

To expect that, after taking part in half a dozen drag sweeps, any one of them will turn up trumps.

To presume that you will neither be choked with dust nor drenched with rain before you get home.

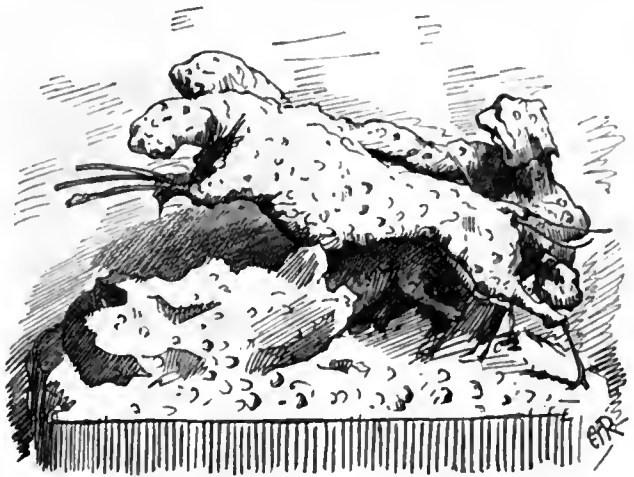
Lastly, to back the Winner for £10,000, payable by the Bank of England, to draw the right number at all the West-End Clubs to which you belong, becoming in consequence betrothed to the only and lovely daughter of a millionaire Duke, and then (on waking) to find it all a dream!



“ DOUBTFUL ! ”

LORD SALISBURY (to Trainer). “ H'M!—DON'T QUITE LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM. BETTER DECLARE TO WIN WITH *LAND PURCHASE!* ”





A WARNING IN WAX.

WHAT THE STATUE LOOKED LIKE WHEN IT LEFT THE SCULPTOR'S HAND FOR EXHIBITION.

ITS APPEARANCE WHEN THE BRITISH PUBLIC HAD ASCERTAINED, BY EXPERIMENT, THAT IT REALLY WAS IN WAX.

THE BALLAD OF THE EARL'S BREEKS.

"I am wearing a pair of Co-operative trousers."—Lord Rosebery, at Congress of Delegates from the Co-operative Societies of Great Britain and Ireland, meeting at Glasgow.

TALK of Dual Garmenture! Here 's a picture, to be sure,
That a pleasanter, more potent lesson teaches.
Croakers given to foolish fright might take courage at the sight
Of Lord ROSEBERY's Co-operative Breeches!
For our Earl 's a canny ehil, and the timidest must feel
That by what he advocates no sort of hurt is meant;
And if anybody wants true co-operative pants,
He 'll be glad to read Lord ROSEBERY's advertisement.
Co-operation now frightens very few, I trow,
(Who wear trousers); but a few years earlier? Bless us!
Such breeks would have been bogies to a lot of frightened fogies,
They would just as soon have donned the shirt of Nessus.
Now an Earl to Glasgow goes, 'midst the men once thought our
foes,
And about Co-operation learns—and also teaches;
And receives with genial glee from the Tweed Society
A pair of Tweed Co-operative Breeches!
Why eighty-six per cent. (at Clackmannan) are intent,
(Nearly nine-tenths of all its population),
In a fashion fair as stout, upon fully working out
The principles of true Co-operation.
Yet there are no earthquakes there, and Lord ROSEBERY in the chair
At the Congress of Co-operative Delegates,
Talks in tones of hearty cheer, and the very thought of fear
To a Limbo Fatuorum calmly relegates.
Members One million men, with a capital of Ten,
And an annual sale of close on *Thirty Seven!*
Two millions more each year! Yes, it 's truly pretty clear
That the State feels the co-operative leaven.
And though it is mere hum to see the Millennium,
Because Co-operators cheerfully co-operate,
Yet it *is* a mighty movement, and our hopes of Earth's improvement
May rise with it, at a prudent and a proper rate.
Pooh! the pessimistic dreams of pragmatical Earl WEMYSS
May well excite this sager Earl's derision.
Forty Millions total profit! No, we are *not* nearing Tophet,
Any more than we are touching realms Elysian.
Those on Co-Ops so sweet and shopkeepers need not treat
Each other like the cats of old Kilkenny,
From each other they might learn, live together and all turn,
With sagacity and skill, an honest penny.
There's no need for any gush, but "The Principle" will push
As Lord ROSEBERY foreshadows to high places;
And it was not all his fun when he hinted we might run
Our Empire on co-operative bases!
They who want to understand what is stirring in the land,
Should peruse PRIMROSE's pithiest of speeches,
Meanwhile *Punch* drinks good health to the "Labourer's Common-
wealth,"
And long wear to those Co-operative Breeches!

WEEK BY WEEK.

Monday.—Preparing for the Derby. Mr. STANLEY goes out of his way to meet Lord SALISBURY. Lord SALISBURY goes out of Mr. H. M. S's way.
Tuesday.—More preparations for Derby.
Wednesday.—The Derby. Mr. *Punch* out for the day. Party at Foreign Office to meet Mr. STANLEY unavoidably postponed.
Thursday.—Trying to recover from Derby Day.
Friday.—Private Eclipse of the Sun. For tickets to view, inquire at Timekeeper's Office, Charing Cross. Only a limited number will be issued.
Saturday.—Lord SALISBURY's first dance to meet Mr. STANLEY.

SOCIAL festivities which were much disturbed by the Whitsuntide holidays, have now been resumed in all their splendour. The Mile End Athenæum yesterday held their annual reception in the palatial institution designed for the accommodation of the intellectual *élite* of the district. The rooms were crowded from an early hour. Proceedings began with an address on "The *Æsthetic* Position of Mile End," delivered by the President. This was followed by some graceful step-dancing, executed by two stars from the neighbouring Hall of Variety. Later on the guests, having, as is usual, exchanged over-coats, and tossed with the Club halfpenny for umbrellas, separated to their homes.

Lady CLEMENTINA CROPPER has issued cards for a musical evening at which all the most eminent performers are expected. The Whistling Quintette and the Whispering Choir have been engaged. Her Ladyship's parties are famous for the animation and brilliancy of their conversation.

It is understood that the Stewards of the Jockey Club at their last meeting resolved to suppress the use of all strong language on Derby Day. Any owner discovered in the act of saying "blow" will be confined to barracks for a fortnight. Anything more violent will involve perpetual suspension, with the loss of all the privileges of a British Citizen. Any jockey denouncing his neighbour's eyes will be converted into an automatic toffee-distributor. If he repeats the offence, he will be forbidden to vote at the next County Council Election. These salutary regulations will be strictly enforced.

The Railway Companies anticipate no difficulty in conveying visitors to Epsom within two hours of the time fixed for their arrival. Much interest attaches to some novel experiments in shunting, which are to be carried out between Epsom and London to-day. The point is to discover whether an excursion train loaded with passengers at the rate of thirty to a carriage designed for eight, can be shunted into a siding so as to clear an express moving at a constant velocity of fifty miles an hour, drinks included. The pace of the excursion train may be neglected in the solution of the problem.

"I have never understood," says a Correspondent, who signs himself "PUZZLED," "why a dog should always use his left hind-leg for the purpose of scratching his left ear, and *vice versa* his right leg for his right ear. Can any of your readers enlighten me?"

GROSVENOR GEMS. (SECOND VISIT.)



No. 180. Littler and Littler.



No. 36. W. Qrious Jaundiceson, R.A.



No. 140. "Mr. Stanley, I presume?"

EXCHELSIOR!

TOLD that I can "assist the progress of Military Science" if I go up in a "War Balloon" at Chelsea. Don't know anything about ballooning, but do want to assist Military Science.

Arrive at Chelsea Exhibition Grounds. See the Balloon being inflated. Disappointed, as a "War Balloon" seems to be exactly the same as a Peace Balloon. Expected it to be armour-plated, or fitted with aerial torpedoes, or something of that sort. Ask Professional Aeronaut if I mayn't take a bomb up with me, and drop it, as practice for war time? Aeronaut acwls fiercely. Asks, "If I want to blow the Balloon to smithereens?" Also asks, "If I have any bombs about me now?" Looks as if he would like to search me! Drop the subject - not the bomb. Still, I should like to know how I can "assist Military Science." Take my place in car nervously.



No. 102. Marvellous Acrobatic Feat.



No. 109. The Dairy Maid and the Butteries.

Somebody shouts, "Let go!" What an extraordinary sensation! Feel as if I had suddenly left digestive portion of my anatomy a mile below me. Have felt same sort of thing in crossing Channel. Look over edge of car. Appalling! Wish I hadn't been such a fool as to come. Ask Professional Aeronaut, "What would happen if a rope broke now?" He replies, sulkily, "your neck would break too." Not comforting. Question is—How long will this last without my being sea-sick? Also, How am I "assisting progress of Military Science?" Balloon calmer, and not wobbling, thank Heaven! Begin to enjoy the view. How beastly cold it is up here, though! Passing over St. Paul's—suggest to fellow passenger that with a bomb, or better still a pistol, one could "pot" the Dome. Passenger (funny man) says, "Why not try a parashoot?" I laugh heartily, and nearly fall over side. Aeronaut, roughly, "wishes to goodness I'd keep still." I wish to goodness he'd make the Balloon keep still—don't say this, however.

Somewhere over Essex. See distant sea. Aeronaut says, "There's no end of a wind springing up." Heavens! Believe we are drifting out to sea! But I didn't want to "assist progress of Naval Science"—only "Military." Tell Aeronaut this. He says, he's "just going down." Talks as if he were "going down" to breakfast—after "getting up," as we have done! Rather a good joke for mid-air. But is it mid-air? We are descending rapidly. Digestion this time left up in clouds. Tearing along over fields. Balloon pitching and tossing violently. Grapnel thrown out. Catches a cow. Cow runs with us. Idiot! Why can't it stand steady?

Awful crash! Bump, bang, whack! Balloon explodes with fearful report. Yet no reporters present! Remember nothing more. Wake up, and find myself in Hospital of an Essex town. Query—Have I, or have I not, "assisted the progress of Military Science?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Marsh King's Daughter. One of WARNE & Co.'s publications for children's amusement, but the illustrations by JESSIE CURRIE are too highly carried, or rather coloured, and the effect is hard and theatrical. By the way, Miss CURRIE's genius is a trifle wilful; for example, take this situation, which she has chosen to illustrate,—“She pointed to a horse. He mounted upon it, and she sprang before him, and held tightly by the mane.” Now, asks the Baron, taking for granted the “sprang” is for “sprang up,” how would ordinary talent depict this scene? Why, certainly, by showing the girl mounted on the horse, holding on by the mane in front of the man, and the man up behind. Not so Miss CURRIE. She puts the good man—apparently an Amateur Monk—astride the horse, and she riding behind, holding lightly as it appears, with one hand the broad red crupper, and, with the other, probably, some portion of the Amateur Monk's dressing-gown. But genius must not be fettered.

Esop Redivivus is delightful, if only for the reappearance of the quaint old woodcuts—some of which, however, the Baron is of opinion, never belonged to the original edition—yet, with a polite bow to MARY BOYLE, he would venture to observe that, in his opinion, the re-visualization is an excellent idea rather thrown away. Whether it would have been better for more or less Boyleing, he is not absolutely certain, but perhaps the notion required a somewhat different treatment. The best of the fables is *The Sly Stag*, which, according to the woodcut, ought to have been a goat. But there may be some subtle humour in the frequent incongruity between a fable and its pictorial illustration.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A MINE OF INFORMATION.

“WHAT'S A CENTAUR, PAPA!”

“A CENTAUR, MY CHILD, IS A FABULOUS CREATURE, NOW EXTINGUISHED!”

GRANDOLPH VICTORIOUS.—Rather fresh Easterly-windy weather for racing, last week; glad, therefore, to hear that GRANDOLPH “had a lot on.” His *Abbesse de Jouarre* was not to be stopped by any *Father Confessor*, and came in first. What will he name his next probable starter? *John Wesley?*

RECENT letters to *The Times* represent Tangiers to English tourists as the most Tangierble point for a holiday trip.

MORE ABOUT TALLEYRAND.

To the Editor of “Punch.”

DEAR SIR,—You have on many occasions honoured me by inserting my contributions, and consequently it is to you I turn in the present difficulty. A few days since an appeal was made in the columns of one of your contemporaries which it is hard to resist.

A propos of the Talleyrand Autobiography a gentleman, who had given some extracts therefrom, wrote—“What I have quoted shows the charm and interest of the work, but does not discount its publication; and this, I hope, will be enough to enforce on the custodians of the Memoirs the obligation of reflection before continuing to suppress and to frustrate the legitimate curiosity of the public.” I have reflected, and, without making any admission, I submit that possibly the following passages may attain the end which the gentleman in question seemingly suggests.

When TALLEYRAND, in 1801, was at Amiens, assisting JOSEPH BONAPARTE in conducting negotiations with Lord CORNWALLIS for the final ratification of peace, he had an interview with the representative of England. I give a translation from a paper in my possession:—

“It was already the everlasting opposition of maritime and manufacturing towns that prevented this consummation. When Milor (CORNWALLIS?) observed, with insular bluntness (*bonhomie*), ‘The outcome will be a new throne (*encore une chaise bien décorée*) for J. B.’ I replied, ‘This will certainly not be to the advantage of Son Altesse JOSEPH (par José).’”

Does not this read as if written yesterday? Five years later TALLEYRAND entered into a direct communication with Fox by letter, and this led to a personal interview with Lord YARMOUTH. I make a second quotation:—

“I told Mister-for-laughter (*esquive pour rire*) that there would be no difficulty in restoring to England Hanover, which was then in possession of Prussia. The Englishman (*l'Anglais*), who had been imbibing some generous wine (*vin ordinaire à dix sous*), stammered out that he considered the suggestion piscatorial. ‘Milor,’ I retorted, with a polite bow, ‘to a YARMOUTH accustomed to bloaters all things must appear fishy!’”

Considering TALLEYRAND's flexible mind, and the ease with which he resigned himself to blunders when they did not seem to him dangerous, this judgment, expressed with surprising emphasis, is the most striking condemnation which can be passed on the tone adopted by the British negotiator. With rare skill TALLEYRAND avoids the dryness usual to memoirs of a personal character. As an instance of this, I give a description of the desertion by the wily diplomatist of NAPOLEON in 1814, when the Emperor had consented to retire to Elba. That this passage may have additional force, I give it in the original, possibly very original, French:—

“Je n'aime pas lui. Je pensais de cet homme qu'il était un espèce de polichinelle (*a quaint sort of puppet*), qu'il n'était pas la valeur de son sel (*not the value of his salt*), et voilà la raison pourquoi je lui vende (*why I offered him for sale*). Il n'a pu supporter la bienveillance avec satisfaction, ni les choses bien désagréables avec complaisance.”

“He could not bear the things that were disagreeable with complacency.” Volumes might be written on that phrase, which at this moment, if we look around us, suggests numerous parallel instances. I have heard a man growl when a plate of soup has been poured by a careless waiter on his dress waistcoat, I have noticed a lady frown when I have myself accidentally torn her train from its body, by treading upon it at an evening party. TALLEYRAND knew NAPOLEON—“He could not bear the things that were disagreeable with complacency!” And yet BONAPARTE is sometimes called “Le Grand!” (The Great!)

Here I pause, as I feel that I may have already gone too far. It is not for me to say how the document from which I have quoted, came into my possession. But before I satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the public further, I consider it my professional duty to consult the Bar Committee, the Council of the Incorporated Law Society, the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, and the LORD CHANCELLOR, many of whom are unfortunately still absent, enjoying the Whitsuntide Vacation.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, June 2nd, 1890.

A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

How a few hundred pounds may be easily and honestly earned is a problem which daily exercises the imaginations of thousands. I was fortunate enough to hit upon a plan which I now feel it to be my duty to make as widely known as possible for the benefit of those whose need is greater than mine; for, curiously enough, not only did my work bring me in that direct emolument, upon which I not unwarrantably reckoned, but an elderly lady of unstable views was so taken with the chaotic benevolence of my book, that she bequeathed to me a very handsome legacy indeed, and almost immediately enabled me to realise it. Thus does the absolutely unexpected serve as the handmaid of the perfectly unintended, and enterprises retire from the lodgings of struggle to the villa of repose. My plan briefly was to write a quasi-religious Novel with a Purpose. I knew nothing about religion, and had no literary experience, but the purpose I had, and that purpose was, to make enough money to spend six weeks at Herne Bay, a locality to which I am passionately addicted.

A brief sketch of my proceedings will be the best explanation and guide to others. I first bought a sixpenny scrap-album, a pot of paste, and a pair of strong scissors; and a shillingworth of penny novelettes of various kinds and dates, and a shillingworth of cheap manuscript-paper completed my outlay. I then took the goods home and got to work. Glancing through the pile of novelettes, I soon found an opening that struck me as most suitable, cut it out, and pasted it in the scrap-book. Now came the chief literary exercise of my task. I had to go carefully through the passage, changing the names of the places and people, and making a few necessary substitutions, e.g., "The cuckoo was calling, and the dove cooing from the neighbouring woodland," would stand in my version "The cuckoo was cuckooing, and the dove calling from the adjacent thicket," while a sky described as "azure" in the original, would figure as "lapis lazuli," or, even blue.

The introduction safely engineered, I took another novelette from the pile, and holding it firmly in the left hand, I grasped the scissors with the thumb and forefinger of the right, cut three or four extracts at random, of rather more than half a column in length, and pasted these in the album, leaving about space enough for a couple of pages of three-volume novel, between each section.

Thus I dealt with my twelve novelettes, and then went through them again, and even again. Then the hard work began. I had to draw up a list of names of my own, and then to go carefully through the extracts, assigning the speeches to the best of my ability to the most suitable of my own characters. This, however, was infinitely less trouble than inventing dialogue, a process for which I always entertained an insuperable aversion. I was also confronted at times by adventures in my extracts which were quite unsuited for the novel with a purpose, which, according to the justest canons, should never get beyond a sprained ankle; and even that has to be handled with the greatest discretion—generally by the wavering curate. So I had in several places to tone down precipices, stay the inflowing tide with more success than King CANUTE, and stop runaway horses before they had excited alarm in their fair riders, or brought the discarded lover out into the road, saying in a tone of quiet command, "Stop! This cannot be allowed to go any farther."

Next, through the kindness of a friend, who was a householder, I procured a reading ticket for the British Museum Library, and from the writings of HERBERT SPENCER, HUXLEY, EMERSON, MATTHEW ARNOLD, RUSKIN, Dr. MOMERIE, and Mr. WALTER PATER, and largely from the more pretentious Reviews and Magazines, I made copious and tolerably bewildering extracts, which I apportioned among the vacant spaces in my story, with more regard to the length than to the circumstances. I next went carefully over the whole, writing in a line here and there to make things smooth and pleasant, and artfully acknowledging the quotations in an incidental manner. The result was a surprisingly interesting and suggestive work, and when I had copied it all out in a fair, clerical hand, I found no difficulty in disposing of it, to good advantage, to a publisher of repute. The book caught on immensely. I became for one dazzling season a second-rate lion of the first magnitude. I was pointed out by literary celebrities whom nobody knew, to social recruits who knew nobody. I figured prominently in the

Saloons of the Mutual-exploitation Societies, and when my name appeared in the minor Society papers among those present at Mrs. OPHIR CROWDY's reception, I felt what it was to be famous—and to remain unspoiled.

A word of advice to those who will act upon my suggestions. Pitch your story in the calm domestic key, upon which the depths and obscurities of essayists, philosophers and divines, will come with pleasing incongruity. Thus:—

CHAPTER I.

"An English Summer day; old *Ponto* has been lying in the shade of the great elm at the Rectory Gate, too lazy to make even a vigorous snap at the flies, who are circling with mazy peristaltic round his great, good-humoured head. At the sound of wheels coming along the road, he pricks up his ears, and moves aside just in time to avoid being run over by the chaise from the Hall." Then the rattle of teacups, and the merry voices of tennis-players are interrupted by the barking of *Ponto*, and the incident of the tramp, lectured by the Rector, and relieved by LIONEL, the philanthropic Atheist.

"I love the Human, I resent the Divine!" said LIONEL, carefully shutting his purse.

"Why, really," began the Rector, "I don't know what I have done to incur your resentment."

"Pardon me, Sir," said LIONEL, grimly. "I am speaking of the Divine with a big *D*."

"We never use a big, big *D*," laughed NETTIE, gaily shaking her curls.

"Hush!" said MABEL, raising a warning finger at her little rattle-brain."

After this sally you may give two or three pages of discussion, letting the Rector have a good show with some of the Fathers, while NETTIE and LIONEL reconstruct things, human and divine, in the gloaming. You may carry your party to town in the season, and tantalise your frivolous readers by taking them just up to the Duchess's door. "Here LIONEL and Mr. CRUMPETTER left the ladies, as they had some important business in hand, promising to return for them at six o'clock. They had to go to an architect's office in Great George Street, to inspect the plans of the new Laundry, which LIONEL had persuaded the Earl to erect on the waste ground where he had had his memorable conversation with the tinker."

This plan might advantageously be applied to the fashionable, the military, the sporting, and the adventurous novel. Indeed, most writers seem to think that it has been.

Yours obediently,

THE RETIRED CLIPPER.

SKETCH AT A CONCERT.



VARIATIONS ON THE ORIGINAL HAIR.

Meanwhile, nobody need starve while they can turn their scissors to intelligent use.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

JOURNALISTIC REPORTING.

"Applause in court, which was instantly suppressed;" i.e., Some foolish people made a noise at the wrong moment, and applauded the wrong person.

"The case excited the greatest interest, and from an early hour in the morning the approaches to the court were thronged by a vast press of individuals, representing a large proportion of the rank, fashion, and intellect of the Metropolis;" i.e., A crowd of loafers and London busy-bodies came to hear an offensive trial.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"Well, I just put a song or two in my pocket, on the off-chance, you know;" i.e., "I've half-a-dozen, but he's so jealous he'll take precious good care I shan't sing 'em all."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"No, my dear old chap, you must play the Baron. You see, anybody, why I myself, can rattle through the Count. Plays itself, don'tcherknow. But the Baron, that wants an Actor. No, no, you must play the Baron;" i.e., "He play the Count, at his age, and with his figure, and cut me out of my favourite part! Put a spoke in that wheel."

"With a song! Oh, but is my voice good enough to go with Miss Seetop's?" i.e., "Scraggy screamer; she'd spoil SIMS REEVES at his best."

"What I'm anxious about is the love-scene. You see I'm hardly up to the Romeo rôle;" i.e., "With such a Juliet!"

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. VI.



"Never miss a chance of ingratiating yourself with the Jury, even at the expense of the Judge."
(An opportunity often occurs after Lunch.)

"GOOD OLD GRACE!"

(Doggerel on "The Doctor," by an "Old Duffer.")

"Dr. GRACE, who seemed to forget his lameness, played with great vigour and dash, and his cuts and drives possessed all their old brilliancy."—*The Times*, on the exciting finish in the Cricket Match between the M. C. C. and the Australians, June 3, 1890.

ONE hundred and eleven runs, and eighty-five minutes to make 'em in,
And with TURNER and FERRIS to trundle as fast as they could pitch and break 'em in!
And it looked any odds on MURDOCH'S men contriving to make a draw of it;
But Cricket, my lads, is a curious game, and uncertainty seems the sole law of it.
So they sent in GRACE and SHUTER to start. Well, the Doctor is now called "a veteran,"
But at forty-two when he's on the job 'tisn't easy to pick out a better 'un.
And he "spanked for four," like a lad once more, and he cut and he drove like winking;
Though his leg *was* lame, he forgot that same, and he "played the game" without shrinking.
And Surrey's SHUTER he did his part, and so did Notts' GUNN, Sir,
Though he *might* have chucked the game away when the Doctor he managed to out-run, Sir.
It was hard, you see, upon W. G. in that way to lose his wicket,
But all the same he had won the game, and had played superlative Cricket.
Forty-three to make, and forty-five minutes! But GRACE and GUNN were equal to it;
And a win, with a quarter of an hour in hand, was the satisfactory sequel to it.
The Australians played a manly game, without any dawdling or shirking;
And if they didn't avoid defeat why it wasn't for want of hard working.
But the stiff-legged "Doctor" who forced the game in the most judgmental fashion,
And forgot his leg and his "forty year" odd, full flushed with a Cricketer's passion!
Why he's the chap who deserves a shout. Bravo, brave "W. G.," Sir,
And when you next are on the job, may the "Duffer" be there to see, Sir!

DEVELOPING HAWARDEN.

"The locality is extremely healthy, and Hawarden will probably become a large residential place, and a centre of mining industry."—*Mr. Gladstone's Evidence before the Commissioners for Welsh Intermediate Education.*

Monday.—Wood-cutting. Inconvenient having so many villas built all round park. Inhabitants inspect everything I do. Nasty little boys (whom I can see over their garden wall) shout "Yah!" and wave large primrose wreath. Irritating. Perhaps due to healthiness of air. Retire to another part of the demesne. Heavens! what is that erection? Looks like a Grand Stand, in a private garden, crowded with people. It is! Invited (by owner of garden) specially to view me and (I hear afterwards) my "celebrated wood-cutting performance," at a shilling a-head. Disgusted. Go in.

Tuesday.—Down local coal-mine. Interesting to have one at Park-gates. Explain to colliers principle of the Davy lamp. Colliers seem attentive. Ask me at the end for "a trifle to drink my health with." Don't they know I am opposed to Endowment of Public-houses? Yes, "but they aren't," they reply. Must invite WILFRID LAWSON to Hawarden.

Wednesday.—Curious underground rumblings. Wall of Castle develops huge crack. What is it? A dynamite plot? Can SALISBURY have hired—? HERBERT comes in, and tells me the proprietor of Hawarden Salt Mine has just sent his compliments, with a request that I would "shore up" the Castle. Otherwise "he is afraid it may fall in on his workmen." Impudence! Why can't they dig under Eaton Hall instead?

Thursday.—WATKIN here. Offers to make a Tunnel under Castle, from one mine to the other. Why a Tunnel? Also wants to dig for gold in Park. Ask him if there's any reason to suppose gold exists there? He says you never can tell what you may come to if you bore long enough. "At all events, even if no gold there, the boring useful if at any time I feel inclined for a Tunn—" Go in. WATKIN has bored long enough already.

Friday.—STEPHEN drops in, and says "new Hawarden Cathedral"—*really* built to accommodate people who come to hear me read Lessons, only STEPHEN thinks it's his sermons that are the attraction—"will soon be finished." I suggest that he should have Welsh "intermediate" services now and then. STEPHEN says "he doesn't know Welsh, and can't see why Welsh people can't drop their horrible tongue at once, and all speak English." Pained. Tell him he needn't conduct service—any Welsh-speaking clergyman would do. STEPHEN replies that if he introduced Welsh service, "villa-residents would boycott the Cathedral altogether." Well, supposing they do? STEPHEN retorts that "I had better have an Irish service at once, and get PARNELL up to read the Lessons." Something in the idea. Must think it over.

Saturday.—My usual holiday. Fifteen speeches. Park literally crammed. Excursionists, colliers, salt-miners, villa-residents, and Chester Liberals, all seem to find locality tremendously healthy. All enjoying themselves thoroughly. Wish I was. Worn-out in evening. Begin to wonder what Park and Castle would fetch, if I were to go and settle in Hebrides to escape mob.

Sunday.—Escorted by two regiments of mounted Volunteers to Church. Volunteers have great difficulty in securing a passage. Have to use butts of their muskets on more impulsive spectators. Curious that just at this point I should Remember Mitchelstown. Must try and get over the habit. Lessons as usual. Find a crushed primrose between the pages, evidently put there on purpose. Those villa-residents again! Surely DREW might inspect the lectern before service commences! Home, and think seriously of Hebrides.

ON THE SPOT.

(By a Practical Sportsman.)

The spot for me all spots above
In this wide world of casual lodgers,
Is not the nook sacred to love;
The "cot beside a rill" of ROGER'S.
'Tis not the spot which TOMMY MOORE
Praised in "The Meeting of the Waters."
Avoca's Vale my soul would bore;
I should prefer more lively quarters.
Thy "little spot," ELIZA COOK,
Means merely patriotic flummery;
And COLERIDGE'S "hidden brook"
Won't fetch me, e'en when weather's summery.
I hold the Picturesque is rot,
"Love in a Cot" means scraps for dinner;
I only know one pleasant spot,—
I mean the "spot" that "finds a winner!"

PRIVATE AND SPECIAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH'S new novel is to be entitled, *Won of the Conquerors*. It would be unfair to the author to mention how what the Conquerors had conquered was won from them in turn. "I am at liberty to inform the public, however," says the BARON DE B.-W., "that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR is not in it with the others. I am able also to assure his numerous admirers that *Beauchamp's Career* is not a medicinal romance, and has no sort of connection with a certain widely-advertised remedy."

"WILL HE GET THROUGH?"



WILLIAM HENRY loquitur:—

POUF! Pouf! I'm that awfully out of breath with my long and terrified scamper, [Milo would hamper. With that bull on my track, and this bag on my back, a burden that Though Milo was not a pedestrian "pot," nor was it a turnstile that nipped him; [that gripped him. No, if I remember my classics aright, 'twas the fork of a pine-tree

But nowadays one had need be a Milo and a fleet Pheidippides in one, Sir. And with carrying weight I'm in such a state, it isn't much further I can run, Sir. Oh, drat that bull! Will nobody pull the brute by the tail, and stop him? Such beasts didn't ought to be let loose; in the clôture pound they should pop him,

With a gag on his muzzle. This turnstile's a puzzle, with its three blessed wings, confound it!
 I don't see my way to getting through it, and there's no way of getting round it;
 And I am that fat—no, I won't say that; but I'm not, like dear ARTHUR, quite lathy.
 And I'm sure, by the bellow of that bull, that the fellow is getting exceedingly wrathful.
 Puff! Now for a burst! Which to take the first of the turnstile wings is the floorer.
 If I breathe it wrongly, though I'm going strongly, I'll expose my rear to yon roarer.
 Eugh! I fancy I feel his horns, like steel, my person viciously prodding.
 Against such points broadcloth's no protection, although padded with woollen "wadding."
 Oh, hang this bag! I shall lose the swag, if I slacken or lag one second.
 I thought I had measured my distance so well, but I fear that I must have misreckoned.
 That bull of OLADY's most certainly mad is, though he gave me his word, the Old Slyboots,
 It was perfectly quiet. I have SALISBURY's fiat, but I wish he was only in my boots.
 "Tithe first," indeed! Why, with all my speed, and my puffings, and perspiration,
 I doubt if I'll be in time to get through; and as for that "Compensation,"
 It is sure to stick. "Quick, SMITH, man, quick!" Oh, it's all very well to hollow;
 With a sack on one's back, and a bull on one's track, 'tisn't easy that counsel to follow.
 My life's hardly worth an hour's "Purchase," if I'm overtaken by Taurus.
 Such brutes didn't ought to be loose in the fields, to bore us, and score us, and gore us.
 "Run! run!" Oh, ain't I running like winking? Reach the turnstile? I may just do it.
 But with its three wings—oh, confound the things!—I much doubt if I'll ever get through it! [Left trying.]

WEEK BY WEEK.

THE attention of statisticians has lately been directed to a question of no little interest. To put it as shortly as possible, the point is to discover the number and size of the mayonnaises of lobster consumed in the course of one evening in the district bounded on the east by Berkeley Square, and extending westward as far as Earl's Court. It is well-known that no lobster ever walked backwards. Taking this as the basis of our calculations and assuming that π⁻¹ is equal to the digestive apparatus of six hundred dowagers, we reach the surprising total of 932,146½ lobsters. No allowance is made for dressing or returned empties.

"A Poet" writes to us as follows:—"I have long been puzzled by the difficulty attending the proper construction of rhymed verse in English. Some words possess many rhyme, others only a few, others again none. Yet I find that the temptation to end a line with a non-rhyme-possessing word like 'month' is almost irresistible, and frequently gives rise to the most painful results. In the course of my emotional ballad entitled, 'The Bard's Daughter,' I was compelled on an average to kill half-a-dozen German bands every day, and to throw ten jam-pots at my butler for unseasonable interruptions. Can any of your readers help me?"

A flight of ducks was observed to settle on the Serpentine yesterday at four o'clock exactly. They had been moving in a westerly direction. The Park-keepers explain this curious incident by the well-known affection of these birds for water, combined with an occasional impulse to aerial navigation, but the explanation appears to us inadequate.

In Vienna the other day, a Cabman was observed to claim more than his fare from an elderly lady, whom he afterwards abused violently in the choicest Austrian for refusing to comply with his demands. After all, the nature of Cabmen all over the world varies very little. Elderly Ladies too, are much the same.

Mr. STANLEY continues to attend dances, dinners and receptions at the usual hours. He has lately expressed himself in strong terms with regard to the action of a friendly Power on the continent of Africa. Mr. STANLEY appears to think very lightly of the Foreign Office pigeon-holes, in which his treatises have been stored in the meantime.



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Sympathetic Spinster. "AND IS YOUR OTHER BOY AT ALL LIKE THIS ONE?"
 Proud Mother. "OH, NO; QUITE A CONTRAST TO HIM!"
 Sympathetic Spinster. "HOW NICE!"

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

HA! ha! I knew it, I knew it! All the grog-blossomed adle-pates in the world couldn't have induced me to back *Surefoot*. There they were cackling in their usual higger-mugger Bedlamite, gin-palace, gruel-brained fashion, with Mr. J. at the head of them blowing a *fan-fare* upon his own cracked penny trumpet. But I had my eye on them all the time. For as the public must have discovered long before this, if there is one person in the world who sets their interests above everything, and swerves neither to the right nor to the left in the effort to save them from the depredations of the pilfering gang of pig-jobbers and moon-calves who chatter on sporting matters, that person, I say it without offence, is *me*.

What was it I said last week about *Sainfoin*? "*Sainfoin*," I said, "is not generally supposed to cover grass, but there are generally exceptions." A baby in arms could have understood this. It meant, of course, that *Sainfoin* never lets the grass grow under his feet, and that on the exceptional occasion of the Derby Day, he would win the race. *And he did win the race*. We all know that; all, that is, except Mr. J.'s lot, who still seem to think that they know something about racing. But I have made my pile, and so have my readers, and we can afford to snap our fingers at every pudding-headed barnacle-grubber in the world. So much for the Derby.

As for the Oaks, it would be impossible to conceive anything more scientifically, nay geometrically, accurate than my forecast. "*Memoir*," I said, "might do *pour servir*." Well, didn't she? And if anybody omitted to back her, all I can say is, serve them right for a pack of goose-brained Bedlamites. For myself, I can only say that, having made a colossal fortune by my speculations, I propose shortly to retire from the Turf I have so long adorned.

A BIASED AUTHOR.—One whose MS. is written "on one side only."

ASK A WHITE MAN!

(Highly Humorous Song. Sung with Immense Success by King M'Tesa, of Uganda.)

"King M'TESA inquired of Mr. STANLEY what an 'Angel' was. He (Mr. STANLEY) had not seen an angel, but imagination was strong, and M'TESA was so interested in what he was told, that he slapped his thigh and said, 'There! if you want to hear now, or wish to hear words of wisdom, always ask a white man.'"—*Mr. Stanley at the Mansion House.*



"If you want to know, you know, ask a White Man."

AIR—"Ask a Policeman!"

THE White Men are a noble band
(Though TIPPOO swears they're
not),

Their valour is tremendous, and
They know an awful lot,
If anything you'd learn, and meet
A White Man on the way,
Ask him. You'll find him a
En-oy-clo-pae-di-a. [complete

Chorus.

If you want to know, you know,
Ask a White Man!
Near Nyanza or Congo,
Ask a White Man!
In Uganda I am King,
Yet I don't know everything.
If you want to know, you know,
Ask a White Man!

If you would learn how best to
fight [queer,
Your way through regions
Thread forest mazes dark as night,
And deserts dim and drear!
If you your rival's roads would
shut,
And get his in your grip;
You go to him, he's artful, but
He'll give you the straight tip.

Chorus.
If you'd know your way about,
Ask a White Man!
He knows every in and out
Does a White Man!
He will tell you like a shot
If the roads are good or not;
He can open up the lot,
Ask a White Man!

And if about the Angels you
Feel cu-ri-os-i-ty,
For information prompt and true,
To a White Man apply.
He knows 'em, and, indeed, 'tis
said
Himself is almost such.
His "words of wisdom" on this
head
Will interest you much.

Chorus.

If you want to shoot and drink,
Ask a White Man!
He can help you there, I think.
Ask a White Man!
If you'll learn to grab and fight,
And be mutually polite,
And observe the laws of Right,
Ask a White Man!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

"Mr. Ranter's Macbeth is too well known to all play-goers to need any special notice at our hands. Those who have not yet seen it should avail themselves of the present opportunity;" i.e., "Can't pitch into old RANTER, good chap and personal friend."

DIAGNOSTIC.

"I should say in your case, that the Digestion was a little upset;" i.e., "As gross a case of over-eating as I have ever come across in the whole of my professional experience. You must have been feeding, literally, like a hog, for years!"

SOCIAL.

"What I so like about dear Sibyl is her charming simplicity;" i.e., "The silliest little chit conceivable."
"His conversation is always so very improving;" i.e., "A pedantic prig, who bores you with Darwinism in the dance, and 'earnestness' at a tennis-party."

TOPPING THE TRIPOS;

Or, Something like a Score for the Sex.

[In the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos Miss P. G. FAWCETT, of Newnham, daughter of the late Professor FAWCETT, is declared to be "above the Senior Wrangler."]

ABOVE the Senior Wrangler!	Would it not have rejoiced the heart
Pheugh!	Of her stont sire, the brave Professor?
Where now are male reactionaries	AGNETA RAMSAY made good start,
Who flout the feminine, and pooh-pooh	But here's a shining she-successor!
Sweet Mathematic MEOS and MARIES?	Many a male who failed to pass
Who says a girl is only fit	Will hear it with flushed face and jaw set.
To be a dainty, dancing dangler?	But Mr. Punch brims high his glass,
Here's a girlhood's prompt reply to it:	And drinks your health, Miss P. G. FAWCETT!
Miss FAWCETT tops the Senior Wrangler!	

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH PLAYS.

SCENE—*Her Majesty's Theatre. Enter Mr. and Mrs. BROWN.*

Brown (to Boxkeeper, with the air of a Sovereign conferring an Order upon a faithful subject). There's sixpence for a programme.

Boxkeeper. Very sorry, Sir, but it isn't a programme; it's a Book of the Argument, and we have to pay that for it ourselves!

Brown (resenting the information). Oh, bother! Then I'll do without it.

Mrs. Brown (annoyed). Why didn't you get a book? You know we'll never understand it without one.

Brown. Nonsense, my dear! It's a distinct advantage to trust to one's own resources.

[*Curtain goes up, and discovers a number of male characters, who come on and go off severally.*

Mrs. Brown. What are they talking about?
Brown. Oh, all sorts of things. (*Enter Mlle. DARLAUD, as Lydie Vaillant.*) Ah! you see this is the heroine.

Mrs. Brown. Is it? (*Examining her through opera-glass.*) Very simple frook. I think I shall have one like it.

Brown (dreading a dress-maker invasion). Oh, it wouldn't suit you at all. You always look better in silks and satins.

[*Entr'acte over. Second Act, Madame PASCA appears, and is admirable.*

Mrs. Brown (deeply interested). CHARLEY, dear, she's wearing Russian net, and you know you can get it at—

Brown (hurriedly). Hush, you are disturbing everybody.

Mrs. Brown (at end of Second Act). What was it all about?

Brown. Oh, didn't you see. It was a castle, and a number of tourists were shown round the pictures by an old servant. Excellent!

Mrs. Brown. I do so wish you would get a book.

Brown. Oh, we can do without it now—the piece is nearly over.

[*Third Act is played, and Curtain falls.*

Mrs. Brown. Well, what was that about?

Brown. Oh, didn't you see they had breakfast—and with tea too, not with wine. Very strange how English customs are spreading.

[*Tableau I. of Act III. is played. Considerable applause.*

Mrs. Brown. I don't quite understand that.

Brown. You don't! Why, it's as simple as possible. *Paul Astier* arrived late, and dressed for dinner. Excellent!

Mrs. Brown. But what's the plot?

Brown. Oh, that's of secondary importance—the piece is a clever skit upon modern manners! (*Tableau II. is played.*) Capital! Wasn't MADAME PASCA good when she wanted a glass of water?

Mrs. Brown. Quite too perfect! And her velvet and satin gown was absolutely lovely! (*With determination.*) I shall get one like it!

Brown (alarmed). I am not so sure! You look better in muslins.

[*Last Act is played, and Paul Astier is shot dead.*

Mrs. Brown (much affected). Oh! what did they do that for?

Brown. Don't you see—the reward of life. Hence the title. (*Subsequently in the cab.*) Wasn't it good? Didn't you enjoy yourself?

Mrs. Brown. Very much indeed, but I do wish you had got a book! (*To herself.*) Let me see—green velvet over white satin. (*Aloud.*) It will take about eighteen yards!

Brown (waking up). Eighteen yards of what?

Mrs. Brown. Oh, nothing! I was only thinking.

[*Scene closes in upon a mental vision of the dress-maker from opposite points of view.*

"ALLOWED TO STARVE."—To save time, contributions to the Balaclava Fund should be forwarded direct to the Editor of *The St. James's Gazette*.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—*Don Giovanni*. RAVELLI the Reliable an excellent *Don Ottavio*, vocally; considered dramatically, he does as much as can be expected of a man of his inches. *Zerlina* and *Masetto* so pleased with his singing that they stop on the stage all through the *tesoro* song, for which he takes a hearty *encore*, whereupon *Zerlina* and *Masetto* run off quickly. Having had enough of it, however, they do not return for the *encore*. Rather rude this. DAN DRADY too



Poor little *Zélie* (beseechingly). O Mr. Randegger, do let me have my bouquets! sinister for gay *Don Giovanni*; and there is a villainous determination about his gallantry which would have frightened away the coquettish *Zerlina*, and have warned the more mature ladies of the world, *Donna Anna* and *Donna Elvira*, in time to prevent them from falling victims to his wiles. Otherwise a highly satisfactory *Don*. Signor PLUNKETTO GREENO as the unfortunate *Commendatore*, who is first killed, and then executed in stone, as a statue to his own memory, was heard and seen to the best advantage. *ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN*, too *Carmenish* as flighty little *Zerlina*, but evidently a match for the sardenic *Don DAN DRADY*. Madame TAVARY has done well to quit the Hofoperahaus, Munich, and come to Cavengardenhaus as *Donna Anna*,—a trying part that not *Anna*-body can play and sing as well as Madame TAVARY. This lady and LILIAN NORDICA (pretty name LILIAN) as *Donna Elvira* render the characters so charmingly, that they cease to be the funereal bores I have generally considered them. *Ottavio*, *Anna*, and *Elvira*, the trio with a grievance, are, usually, about as cheerful as the three Anabaptists in *Le Prophète*. *Mais on a changé tout cela*. PALLADINO, as the dancing guest—she is always small and early in every Opera now—delights everyone, and so does Conductor RANDEGGER, who is determined that poor little *ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN* shall not receive the big bouquets which a mysterious man has brought to the orchestra; then one of the instrumentalists handed them to the leader, who, in order to take them, has been compelled to put down his violin, and, after looking about in a helpless and puzzled manner, holds them until further orders from his chief. Not receiving further orders, he occupies his time by sniffing at the flowers and making remarks *sotto voce* to his companion violinist on the botanical beauties of the *flora*. Conductor RANDEGGER, apparently unaware of what has been taking place behind his back, turns round abruptly to inquire why leader is taking a few bars' rest. Leading violinist exhibits bouquet, and appeals in dumb show to conductor. The conductor's eye in fine frenzy rolling, says as clearly as fine frenzied rolling eye can say anything, "Remove that bangle!"—(RANDEGGER would make up remarkably well as *Cromwell*)—and the leader, with a sympathetic and apologetic glance at *ZÉLIE* as implying, "You should have had 'em if I could have managed it, but you see how I'm situated. RANDEGGER's a hard man"—puts the bouquets on the floor of the orchestra, and, dismissing them by a supreme effort from his thoughts, betakes himself to his musical Paganinic duties. What becomes of the flowers that bloom in the orchestra, *tra la!* I don't know. I wish that *ZÉLIE* may get them. Remembering the example set by "Practical JOHN" at the Gaiety, of placarding up everywhere in the theatre "No Fees," DRURIOLANUS, at the suggestion of Conductor RANDEGGER, might "hang out a banner on the outer wall" of the orchestra, with the letters inscribed on it "N.B.—No Bouquets."

Tuesday.—The grandest night of the Season up to now, dear boys. *Romeo* JEAN DE RESZKÉ, and *MELBA Juliette*. What can you wish for more? EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ as the *Frère Laurent* a magnificent Friar, belonging to some one of the theatrical "Orders" "not admitted after seven." The talented Mlle. BAUERMEISTER's *Gertrude* hardly a companion picture to her *Martha* in *Faust*. Signor PLUNKETTO GREENO not quite every inch a Duke: about one inch

in three Duke and the rest Democrat. When he has been *Duke of Verona* long enough, he'll be all right, and most likely

He'll be, this Mister PLUNKET GREENE,
The Dukiest Duke that ever was seen.

A word to the wise. Whenever this Season *Romeo and Juliette* is played with this cast, go and see it. Don't hesitate. It's memorable. A feast for ear and eye. *Ite ad astra-operatica*. And at the same time, don't forget to honourably mention the founder of the feast, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS.

Wednesday.—Extra. *Carmen*. Derby Day. I have been at the Derby. Glad to get back again. As to "back again," I don't "back again" anything for a long time. But, *à nos moutons*. *Toreador* evidently has had his money on *Sainfoin*. Never sang better. Glad to see the simple Scotch lassie, MAGGIE MCINTYRE, once more as the village maiden. Charming. *ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN* as wickedly attractive as ever. What a collection such a gipsy would make on a Derby Day—a fine Derby Day—among the "pretty gentlemen" whose fortunes she would tell. Extra night this, and extra good.

Thursday.—A WAGNER Night. Crowded to see JEAN DE RESZKÉ as another Wagner Knight. NEDDIE DE RESZKÉ as the *King Henry*—every inch a King, and something to spare. *Freddy Tebramondo* snits DAN DRADY better than *Don Giovanni*. Madame FURSCH-MADÉ as the wicked *Ortruda*,—"Never saw ought ruder than her conduct to *Elsa*," observes the irrepressible Mr. WAGSTAFF.—And MAGGIE MACINTYRE as the virtuous but unhappy *Elsa*. The stranger in the land of WAGNER begins to wonder at the continuous flow of the melody, not one tiny cupful of which can he take away with him, until with joy he hears the Bridal Chorus at the commencement of the Third Act, and for a few moments he rests among *pays de connaissance*.

Friday.—*Lucia di Lammermoor*. Great night for Madame MELBA. Recalled three times before Curtain after each Act. Living illustration of once popular romance, "*Called Back*." Great night, too, for Harpist and Flutist. Both gentlemen highly applauded, and would have been recalled, but for the fact of their not having quitted the orchestra. Harper plays solo from *Harper's Miscellany*, arranged by DONIZETTI. RAVELLI the Reliable recalled also.

Saturday.—Brilliant house. Royal Highnesses early to come and last to go. Magnificent performance of *Die Meistersinger*. M. ISNARDON very comic as *Beckmesser*, LISSALLE a noble *Hans Sachs* ("the shoemaker who sings a solo-o," says Mr. WAGSTAFF), JEAN DE RESZKÉ a grand young *Walther*, MONTARIOL (as before) a capital silly idiot *David*, Mlle. BAUERMEISTERSINGER very lively as *Magdalen*, and Madame TAVARY a skittish young chit in the somewhat trying and rather thankless part of *Eva*. The tenor's song to her ought to be, "EVA, of thee I'm fondly dreaming," if WAGNER had only thought of it. Opera too long; but Wagnerites don't complain, and certainly to-night they get their money's worth and something over, from 7:30 till past midnight.

A SWEET THING IN CRITICISM.

CARDINAL MANNING, apparently having been invited by its author to express an opinion upon Mr. WM. O'BRIEN'S "*When we were Boys*," writes:—"When I got to the end, I forget the book, and would only think of Ireland—its manifold sufferings, and its inextricable sorrows." His Eminence then continues:—"I hope to see the day break, and I hope you will see the noontide, when the people of Ireland will be readmitted, so far as is possible, to the possession of their own soil, and shall be admitted, so far as is possible, to the making and administration of their own local laws, while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the Empire. Then *Ken* and *Mabel* shall be no more parted."

No doubt this excellent critique will be followed by the publication of letters somewhat similar to the following:—

DEAR MR. APPLES,—I promised to write to you after I had used your Soap. When I had finished washing my hands, I forgot everything but gallant little Wales. I hope to see the morning, and trust you will see the evening, of that time when the bold sun of freedom will shine over a land true to itself, as far as possible, and rejoicing in the name of the country without stain. Then will we all say, "Good afternoon," followed by the customary inquiry, Believe me,

Always yours very faithfully, W. E. GL-DET-NE.

Should this mode of criticism be extended, the benefit to those who have to review without knowing what to say will be obvious.

A New Reading of an Old Epitaph.

"A remarkable coincidence has attended the drawings of two of the principal Club Derby Sweepstakes. As we stated yesterday, the Garrick Club Sweepstakes, of the value of £300, has fallen to Mr. HENRY IRVING. We now learn that Mr. TOOLE benefits to the extent of £75 out of the Sweepstakes of the Devonshire Club."—*Daily News*.

LOVELY in Life, they were Both There when the Sweepstakes were Divided.



A SEVERE SENTENCE.

She. "YES, DEAR, I'M AFRAID COOK WANTS JUDGMENT."

He. "JUDGMENT! SHE WANTS EXECUTION!"

"THREE FISHERS."

THREE fishers went fishing North-east and North-west
(Like the trio from Kingsley familiarly known).
Each thought himself, doubtless, the bravest and best,
And held the good "swims" should be mainly his own.
There was JOHNNY the Briton, and FRANÇOIS the Frank,
And JONATHAN also, the artful young Yank,
An expert at "bouncing" and "boning."

And FRANÇOIS the Frank, who went fishing for cod,
Nicked lobsters as well, and he stuck to them too;
He declared they were all the same thing, which seemed odd,
The result being anger and hullabaloo,
And rows about Bounties, and shines about Bait;
For ructions all round are as certain as fate,
When parties go "bouncing" and "honing."

And JONATHAN, well, *he* went fishing for seals,
And he wanted the fishing grounds all to himself.
When the Russ had done ditto, the Yank had raised squeals
(How consistency's floored in the struggle for pelf!)
And JONATHAN took a most high-handed course;
For greediness mostly falls back on brute force,
When parties go "bouncing" and "boning."

And JOHNNY the Briton, a sturdy old salt,
Had been a sea-grabber himself in his time;
Some held that monopoly still was his fault,
Others swore that his modesty verged upon crime.
Nor is it quite easy to say which was true,
For so much depends on a man's point of view,
When parties go "bouncing" and "honing."

But when JOHNNY the Briton caught sight of the Frank
Making tracks with a lobster—the whoppingest one—
And when he perceived the impertinent Yank
With the seal—such a spanker!—skedaddling like fun,
He stood and he shouted, "Stop thief! Hi! Hold hard!"
For language does not always "go by the card,"
When parties go "bonnoing" and "boning."

"Now then, you sea-grabbers," he bellowed, "Belay!
I suppose you imagine I'm out of it quite,
But you're not going to have it just all your own way,
Fair dues! my dear boys. After all, right is right!
Big Behring is no *mare clausum*, young Yank,
And cold Newfoundland is not *yours*, my fine Frank,
In spite of your 'bouncing' and 'boning.'"

Well, he of the Lobster and he of the Seal
Have rights of their own, which old JOHN won't deny.
But *he* has some too, and *Punch* hopes they will feel
That they should not grab his, and had better not try.
Some *modus vivendi* no doubt can be found,
To make the Three Fishers quite friendly all round,
And good-bye to all "bouncing" and "boning!"

ELCHO ANSWERS.

- Q. What loves "The Country" more than Tithes Bills tracing?
A. Racing!
Q. And what than "Compensation's" doubtful courses?
A. 'Orses!
Q. Than Bills of Irish Tenants poor to favour rights?
A. Favourites!
Q. What does it find as profitless as St. Stephens?
A. "Evens!"
Q. What more exciting than "The Pouncer's" nods?
A. "Odds!"
Q. What does it love far more than LABBY's jokes?
A. "Oaks!"
Q. And what beyond all ELCHO's quirks and quips?
A. "Tips!"
Q. What would it call him who of "Sport" turns squelcher?
A. "Welsher!!!"
Q. Who finds the "Derby" closing satisfactory?
A. Hack Tory!
Q. What's the protesting Puritan Gladstonian?
A. "Stony 'un!"

GERMAN MOTTO IN AFRICA.—"For Further Land!"



“THREE FISHERS.”

JOHN BULL. “HULLO! YOU SEA-GRABBERS!—WHERE DO I COME IN?”

FOR SALE BY THE LONDON CHRISTMAS TREE CO. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. XIII.—THE PRECOCIOUS UNDERGRADUATE.

EVER since undergraduates existed at all, there must have been some who, in the precocity of their hearts, set themselves up or were set up by the admiration of their fellows as patterns of life, and knowledge, and manners. But before steam and electricity made Oxford and Cambridge into suburbs of London, these little deities were scarcely heard of outside the limits of their particular University, the sphere of their influence was restricted, and they were unable to impress the crowd of their juvenile worshippers by the glamour which comes of frequent plunges into the dizzy whirlpool of London life. Now, however, all that is changed. Our seats of learning are within a stone's throw of town, and the callow nestlings who yesterday fluttered feebly over King's Parade or the High, may to-day attempt a bolder flight in Piccadilly and the Park. The simpler pleasures of Courts and Quads soon pall upon one who believes emphatically, that life has no further secrets when the age of twenty has been reached, and that an ingenuous modesty is incompatible with the exercise of manliness. He despises the poor fools who are content to be merely young while youth remains. He himself, has sought for and found in London a fountain of age, from which he may quaff deep draughts, and returning, impart his experience to his envious friends.

The Precocious Undergraduate, then, (and is, for the type remains, though the individual may perish) one who attempted in his own opinion with perfect success, to combine an unerring knowledge of men with a smooth cheek and a brow as unwrinkled as late hours could leave it. In the sandy soil of immaturity he was fain to plant a flourishing reputation for cunning, and to water it with the tears of those who being responsible for his appearance in the world dreaded his premature affectation of its wisdom and its follies.

They had given him, however, as befitted careful parents, every chance of acquiring an excellent education. In order that he might afterwards shine at the Bar or in the Senate, he was sent to one of our larger public schools, where he soon found that with a very small life-belt of Latin and Greek a boy may keep his head safe above the ripple of a master's anger. But his school career was not without honour. He was a boy of a frank and generous temperament, candid with his masters, and warm-hearted and sincere in his intercourse with his school-fellows. He was by no means slow with his wits, he was very quick with his eye and his limbs. Thus it came about that, although his scholarship was not calculated to make of him a Porson, he earned the admiration and applause of boys and masters by his triumphs as an athlete, a cricketer, and a foot-ball player, and was established as a universal favourite. At the usual age he left school and betook himself to college, freighted for this new voyage with the affection and the hopes of all who knew him.

And now when everything smiled, and when in the glow of his first independence life assumed its brightest hues, in the midst of apparent success his real failures began. The sudden emancipation from the easy servitude of school was too much for him. The rush of his new existence swept him off his feet, and, yielding to the current, he was carried day by day more rapidly out to the sea of debt and dissipation, which in the end overwhelmed him. For a time, however, everything went well with him. His school and his reputation as a popular athlete assured to him a number of friends, he was elected a member of one or two prominent Clubs, he got into a good set. In their society he learnt that an undergraduate's tastes and his expenditure ought never to be limited by the amount of the yearly allowance he receives from his father. Whilst still in his freshman's Term, he was invited to a little card-party, at which he lost not only his head, but also all his ready money, and the greater part of the amount which had been placed to his credit at his Bank for the expenses of his first Term. This incident was naturally much discussed by the society in which he moved, and it was agreed that, for a freshman, he had shown considerable coolness in bearing up against his losses. Even amongst those who did not know him, his name began to be mentioned as that of one who was evidently destined to make a splash, and might some day be heard of in the larger world. His vanity was tickled. This, he thought to himself, not without pleasure, was indeed life, and thinking thus, he condemned all his past years, and the aspirations with which he had entered his University, as the folly of a

boy. Soon afterwards he was found at a race-meeting, and was unfortunate enough to win a large sum of money from a book-maker who paid him.

The next incident in his first Term was his attendance as a guest at a big dinner, where the unwonted excitement and a bumper or two of University champagne upset his balance. He grew boisterous, and on his way home to his rooms addressed disrespectfully the Dean of his College, who happened to be taking the air on the College grass-plot. He woke, the next morning, to find himself pained and pale, but famous. "Did you hear what So-and-So, the freshman, said to the Dean last night? Frightful cheek!"—so one undergraduate would speak of him to another, with a touch of envy which was not diminished by the fact that his hero had been gated at nine for a week.

But it is useless to pursue his career through every detail. He went on gambling, and soon found himself the debtor or the creditor of those whom he still attempted to look upon as his friends. He bought several thousand large cigars at £10 per hundred from a touting tobacconist, who promised him unlimited credit, and charged him a high rate of per-centage on the debt. He became constant in his visits to London, and, after a course of dinners at the Bristol, the Berkeley, and the Café Royal, he acquired, at Cambridge, the reputation of a connoisseur in cooking and in wine. The Gaiety was his abiding-place, the lounge at the Empire would have been incomplete without him: for him Lais added a rosy glow to her complexion and a golden shimmer to her hair; he supped in her company, and, when he gave her a diamond swallow, purchased without immediate payment in Bond Street, the paragraphist of a sporting paper recorded the gift in his columns with many cynical comments. In short, he now knew himself to be indeed a man of the world. Henceforward he seemed to spend almost as much time in London as in Cambridge. It is unnecessary to add that his legitimate resources soon ran dry; he supplied their deficiency from the generous fountain of a money-lender's benevolence. After all, eight per cent. per month sounds quite cheap until it is multiplied by twelve, and, as he always disliked arithmetic, he abstained from the calculation, and pocketed the loan. And thus, for a time, the wheel of excitement was kept spinning merrily. But the pace was too fast to last for long. Somehow or other, soon after the beginning of his third year, his happy gaiety which had carried him cheerfully through many scenes of revelry seemed to desert him. He became subject to fits of morose abstraction. His dress was no longer of the same shining merit, nor did he seem to care, as formerly, to keep his cuffs and collars unspotted from the world. Disagreeable rumours began to be whispered about him. He was said to have failed to pay his card-debts, and yet to



have gone on gambling night after night; and at last came the terrible report—all the more terrible for not being fully understood by those who heard it—that he had been posted at Tattersall's.

Undergraduate Society is, however, of an extraordinary tolerance, and if it had not been for his own manifest misery, he might have kept his head up in Cambridge even under these calamities. But he began too late to realise his own folly, and with the memory of his triumphs and his collapse, of his extravagance and his debts clogging his efforts, he tried to read. He did read, feverishly, uselessly, and when his list appeared his name was absent from it. Then followed the fatal interview with his father, and the inevitable crash, in the course of which he became the defendant in a celebrated case on the subject of an infant's necessaries. An occupation was sought for him, but all capacity for honest effort seemed to have perished with his frankness and his cheerfulness. After creeping about London in a hang-dog fashion for a year or two, he eventually decided to tempt misfortune in the Western States of America. For a time he "ranched" without success, and was heard of as a frequenter of saloons. A year later he died ignobly by the revolver of a Western rowdy, in the course of a drunken brawl.

MUSICAL FORECASTS.—Mr. PADDY RYSKI will play variations on his own national Melodies, including the *Gigue Irlandaise*, entitled, "*Donnybrook Fair*."—Mr. CHARLES REDDIE'S Pianoforte Recital is fixed for the 17th. It is not placarded about the town, as the clever pianist says, he's perfectly REDDIE, but he's not WILLINO.—Mr. JOSEF DASH-MY-LUD-wig is going to give a Second Chamber Concert on behalf of the Funds of the Second Chambermaid Theatrical Aid Society.—Mr. CUSINS' Concert is on the 12th. Uncles and Aunts please accept this intimation.



EXPERIMENTS BY THE GRAND OLD HYPNOTISER AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

A HARMLESS GHOST.

[A Gentleman advertises for an old house, and says, "Harmless Ghost not objected to."]

A Spectre speaks:—

TELL us good Sir, what is a Harmless Ghost?
 One who walks quietly at dead of night,
 For just a single hour or so at most,
 And never gives folks what is termed a fright?
 Is it a Ghost that never clanks his chains,
 That never gibbers, and that bangs no door:
 But quietly and peacefully remains
 In calm possession of some upper floor?

A Harmless Ghost is not a Ghost at all,
 Unworthy of the name; no Headless Man,
 Or other spectre that could men appal,
 Would condescend to live 'neath such a ban.
 No phantom with a grain of self-respect
 Would make a promise never to do harm.
 Find your old house, but please to recollect,
 A Ghost who knows his business *must* alarm.

MORE MASQUERADING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WITH reference to the several cases of "Masquerading" that have recently been mentioned in the columns of a contemporary, I wish to add a remarkable experience of our own firm, that, if it does not completely clear the matter up, may at least serve to throw a little light upon the subject. Last Friday afternoon a middle-aged man of unmistakable City build dashed wildly into our establishment, and desired to be supplied with "the largest pantomime head" with which we could furnish him. This we fortunately had in stock in the shape of a large green and phosphorescent faced representation of the "Demon of Despair," which was rendered additionally attractive through being supplied with a "trick eye," which worked with a string.

It was evidently of the greatest importance to him that the head should be natural and becoming, and by the close and satisfied scrutiny he gave it, and the great care with which he fitted it on, the one with which we supplied him evidently fully answered his requirements. His manner was certainly strange, for though he refused to give his address, he took several flying leaps across the shop, turning a double back somersault as he cleared the counter, and finally asked me whether I thought him sufficiently disguised to avoid recognition in his own immediate circle?

I told him candidly that I thought his large head, being peculiar, might possibly draw upon him notice that otherwise he would fail to arouse, and I added, "You see, it is not as if there were a dozen of you."

"True," he replied; "you're quite right. There ought to be a dozen of us. Look out the heads. I will go and fetch 'em." And he dashed out of my establishment, followed by a small crowd. In about two hours and a half, however, he returned, accompanied by twelve other middle-aged City men, and in almost as short a time as it takes me to tell it, I had fitted them all with large pantomime heads.

He paid the bill and left the shop. I watched them all get on to a King's Cross and Brompton Omnibus, and that was the last I saw of them. There is nothing very remarkable in the occurrence, as we are in the habit of making up disguises, sometimes as many as 500 in an afternoon on the shortest notice. Still I could not help wondering upon what business my eccentric friend was bent. A Divorce Case? Possibly a Murder? Who knows? Perhaps somebody may have met the bevy down West, and can throw some light upon the subject. Meantime, dear Mr. Punch, I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours respectfully,
 A SLY FOX BUT A CAUTIOUS COSTUMIER.

"SHORT NOTICE."—Those who did not hear Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH's entertainment at St. James's Hall last Saturday week lost a very great treat. There must have been thousands in London at the moment who suffered this deprivation. Our Special Noticer was among the number. Let us hope GEE-GEE will do it again, and all shall be forgiven.



TOMMY'S "ARRIET" DEPARTMENT.

A Group omitted from the Military Exhibition.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 2.—Heligoland is safe, but there were some anxious moments. GEORGE CAMPBELL led attack. House reassembled after Whitsun recess. Not many present. OLD MORALITY still sporting in the country, toying with Amaryllis in the shade, or with tangles of Neera's hair. (That's how the Member for Sark puts it, but admits that it's only poetry.) Mr. G. away too, also GRANDOLPH and HARTINGTON. JOKIM in charge of Government ship; evidently in mildest mood; didn't once pounce, though sorely tempted by all-pervadingness of CAMPBELL. That eminent Statesman only began with Heligoland; steamed later into the Pacific Seas, and moved reduction of salary of Deputy Commissioner of the Western Pacific. Wants Heligoland given up.

"Certainly not," said NICHOLAS WOOD; "must take firm stand with these Separatists. Not quite sure in what part of Ireland Heligoland is situated. Sounds like Munster; must look it up on map. Meanwhile shall support BALFOUR."

Whilst NICHOLAS off in library, vainly looking over map of Ireland, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE backs up CAMPBELL. Knows Heligoland intimately. Seems to have passed best period of useful life there. Members quite prepared to hear that there it was the famous letter from Foreign Office found him when, by way of reproof of niggardliness of Department, he was obeying instructions that transferred him from Dresden to Constantinople by journeying on foot. Taking Heligoland en route, he found it a mere sandbank, an accumulation of molecules, whose existence was justified only by the opportunity of furnishing a scion of the British aristocracy with an annual salary as Governor. "Hand it over to Germany, in exchange, if you please, for few pounds of sausages; but get rid of it."

NICHOLAS, coming back after vain search for Heligoland on map of Ireland, lustily shouts, "No!" "No use arguing with these fellows, TOBY," he says; "we must Put Them Down. Case seems a little mixed; don't quite follow argument. Rather wonder ARTHUR BALFOUR isn't in his place to explain it; at same time, haven't slightest doubt it's another Mitchelstown affair—another Middle Tipperary muddle. I shall watch to see which Lobby our Whips are filling, and march straight into it."

Thus Heligoland was saved, NICHOLAS and 149 others voting against CAMPBELL, who led into the Lobby only 27 patriots. After this, that man of war, JAMES STUART ALLANSON TUDOR PICTON, came to the front, and led Opposition in matter relating to Sierra Leone. GEORGE CAMPBELL made several speeches on this topic, and when Amendment negatived, came up quite fresh with his story of the Pacific Seas, where it seems there have been excursions, followed by

alarms, all converging on urgent necessity of reducing the salary of the Deputy Commissioner of the Western Pacific by £200. This also negated after couple of hours' discussion. Then GEORGE, stepping lightly from Western Pacific to the Cape, moved to reduce salary of High Commissioner of South Africa by £1000.

"A regular peripatetic seven-leagued-boot mowing-machine," said JACKSON, gazing dreamily on mobile features of Member for Kirkcaldy. *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Question is, shall House adjourn over to-morrow, being Derby Day, or shall it forbear? ELCHO says, "Yea." WILFRID LAWSON says, "No." House, upon consideration, agrees with ELCHO, though by significantly small majority. For holiday, 160; against, 133. COGHILL, who had vainly protested against adjournment, says majority not so wide as a church door, but 'twill serve. It's the writing on the wall, and the Derby holiday in the Commons doomed. COGHILL serious young man; likes things to be doomed; encouraged by the prospect, becomes dangerously festive.

Member who moves Adjournment over Derby Day expected to be funny. PAM, who, when he was Minister, always did it, established fashion. Been followed in later days by DICK POWER, and other eminent sportsmen. ELCHO displayed paternal failing for undue length, but just managed to stop in time, not spoiling success of speech that greatly pleased House. Curious to note points of personal resemblance between the new Lord ELCHO and the old. Son, doubtless designedly, delivered his speech from corner-seat on front Bench below Gangway, whence, in days of yore, the father used to hold forth, almost literally buttonholing House of Commons; holding on to it in much same way as *Ancient Mariner* delayed the hungry wedding guest.

"Happy," says the Member for Sark, "is the Legislature that can spare an ELCHO for either Chamber! Favoured the generation that succeeds to such an inheritance! With WEMYSS in the Lords, and ELCHO in the Commons, there is still hope for my country!"

Talk about Police Regulation for Procession on Saturday to demonstrate against Compensation Bill. Citizen PICKERSGILL moved adjournment of House in order to discuss matter. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM seized opportunity to run amuck at his revered Leaders on Front Opposition Bench. Accused them of sitting there like stuffed figures at Madame Tussaud's. "Why stuffed?" JOHN MORLEY asked, but CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM not to be interrupted in flush of eloquence. When once started went at them hammer and tongs; only a few battered figures recognizable on Front Bench when he had finished.

"Fact is, TONY," he said, "BRADLAUGH'S got his eye on that Bench. Means to sit there some day. Want him to know that even that sanctuary shall not preserve him from my wrath. Just getting my hand in. He'll be sorry he ever ventured to bite his thumb at me." *Business done.*—Education Vote in Committee.

Thursday.—Lord CHUNNEL-TANNEL moves Second Reading of his Bill. A very inoffensive measure, he says; not proposed to sanction creation of Tunnel under the sea. Oh, dear no! Nothing of that kind. All that is wanted is that the Company shall be permitted to keep their machinery oiled, bore for coal, and fill up spare time by fishing for whitebait with line. Could there be any harm in that? CHUNNEL-TANNEL asked, with hand outstretched with deprecating gesture towards Treasury Bench, on which the long length of HICKS BEACH was coiled.

Mr. G. backed up his noble friend; ridiculed idea of danger to England from creation of Tunnel. If anybody had need for apprehension, it was France—a fine, subtly patriotic idea, which did not meet with that measure of applause on Conservative Benches that might have been expected. Fact is, Conservatives don't like this newly established friendliness between Mr. G. and CHUNNEL-TANNEL. Noble Lord not so certain to respond to crack of Ministerial Whip as was his wont before he yielded to the spell. Stout Ministerialists thinking more of CHUNNEL-TANNEL'S attitude on Irish Question than

of probability of French invasion by proposed Tunnel; so they lustily cheer HICKS-BEACH when he denounces scheme. Cry, "Oh! oh!" when CHUNNEL-TANNEL makes crafty appeal for support of Irish Members, and go out in body to stop up the Tunnel.

J. S. FORBES watches scene from Strangers' Gallery. Lost in admiration of CHUNNEL-TANNEL'S meek mood.

"Why, TOBY," he said, in his perturbation brushing his new curly-brimmed hat the wrong way, "he looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. His low voice, his deferential manner, his pained surprise at suggestion of wanting to do anything else but catch those whitebait with a line, take one's breath away. A wonderful man CHUNNEL-TANNEL, but dangerous on this tack. Known him and fought him man and boy for twenty years; fear him most when in melting mood." *Business done.*—Discussing Tithe Bill.

Friday.—Met HART DYKE walking about Corridor with contemplative air. Debate on Education Vote going forward in House. "How is it you aren't on Treasury Bench?" I asked.

"Can't stand any more of it, TOBY. My hair positively beginning to frizzle under heat of blushes. Never suspected myself of being such Heavenborn Education Minister. But they all say it—MUNDELLA, PLAYFAIR, LUBBOCK, and even SAM SMITH. CRANBORNE and TALBOT not quite so sure; but on other side one chorus of approval. Bore it pretty well for hour or so; but at end of that time grows embarrassing. Just came out for little walk; look in again presently."

On Report of Supply, GEORGE CAMPBELL strolled in from the Pacific; proposed to call attention to mission of Sir LINTON SIMMONS to the POPE. No Vote connected therewith happens to be in Estimates; so SPEAKER ruled him out of Order.

"Oh, very well," said GEORGE; "that's out of order is it? Well, let me see, there's a Japan;" and he talked for thirty-five minutes about Japan.

Business done.—Education Vote agreed to.



Minister of Education.

THE SCHOOL BOARD BEFORE THE END OF THE CENTURY.

(A Prophecy of the Near Future.)

THE children had left the school, and the pianos were closed for the night. The Senior Wranglers who had been conducting the lessons were divesting themselves of their academical robes, and preparing to quit the premises to return to their palatial homes, the outcome of a portion of their princely salaries. In couples they disappeared until only one was left—he was older than his colleagues, and consequently slower in his movements. As he was about to summon his carriage a wild-looking individual suddenly appeared before him, and, sinking in a chair, appealed to him with a gesture that, fraught with weakness, was yet defiant.

"What do you want with me, my good man?" asked the Senior Wrangler, who had a kindly nature.

"What have you done with my sons?" gasped the visitor.

"No doubt, if they were intended for crossing-sweepers, we have instructed them in the rudiments of classical dancing, and if you purposed bringing them up as errand-boys, it is highly probable that we have taught them how to play upon the harpsichord."

"That's how it is!" cried the other. "They have been taught how to play on the harpsichord; and, as the instrument is obsolete, I ask you, Sir, how are they to get their living?"

"That is no affair of mine, my good fellow," returned the Senior Wrangler, dryly. "It is my duty to teach the child, and not to answer the questions of the parent."

"And the rates are doubled!" cried the Board Scholar's father, wringing his hands in despair, "and I am ruined!" The Senior Wrangler was growing impatient. He had to dine at the Club, and go to the Opera. "Well, what do you want with me?" he asked.

"Employment!" cried the other, in an agony of woe. "Give me employment. I have been ruined by the rates; let the rates support me—give me employment!"

The Senior Wrangler considered for a moment; then he spoke—

"Do you think, my friend, that you could look after our highest class?" The man shook his head.

"I am afraid not, Sir. My education was neglected. Beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, I know next to nothing."

"That will not be an objection," returned the Senior Wrangler, as he put a gardenia in his button-hole. "Our highest class is composed of our oldest pupils, and as they all suffer from over-pressure, your duties will be simply those of an attendant in an asylum for the care of the imbecile!" And the Ruined Ratepayer was entirely satisfied.



A Serious Young Man.



Citizen Pickersgill.

“PLACE AUX DAMES!”

[Following the brilliant success of Miss FAWCETT at Cambridge, Mlle. BELCESCO, a Roumanian lady, took her degree to-day as *Docteur en Droit*. Like Miss FAWCETT, she obtained the highest place at the examination for the Licentiate's Degree, and her success was not less brilliant at the examination for the Doctor's Degree.—“Daily News” Paris Correspondent.]



“SENIORA FAWCETT.”

So to be entitled henceforth, as she is Seniorer to the Senior Wrangler.

To SENIORA FAWCETT,
The Wranglers yield first place;
And now, first of the Law set,
One of another race,
Beauty, Brunette, Roumanian.
From man takes top Degree!
In learning's race Melanion
Is beatin' a race can see,
By the new Atalanta;
At Law School or Sorbonne,
As at our native Granta,
The girls the prize have won.
Bravo, brunette BELCESCO!
Some limner ought to draw
A quasi-classic fresco,
O Lady of the Law!
O Mathematic Maiden!
And show the pretty pair

With Learning's trophies laden
And manhood in a scare.
Ah, *Portia* of Paris!
Urania of the Cam!
Punch, whose especial care is
To sever truth from sham,
Is no great Woman's-Rightist,
But *this* is not clap-trap;
Of pundits the politest,
To you he lifts his cap!
Docteur en Droit, *Punch* watches
Miss FAWCETT by the Cam;
To you she quick despatches
A friendly telegram.
He, friend of all the Nations,
Of Woman as of Man,
Adds his "felicitations."
Well done, Roumanian!!!

WEEK BY WEEK.

THE prevalence of wet weather has had a painful effect on the aspect of the metropolitan streets. We do not refer so much to their having been universally inundated with rain, but rather to the absence from them of those pretty dresses in which it is customary for ladies to disport themselves during sunny weather. For instance, it was calculated the other day by a well-known wrangler, that if the tangential surface of a Bond Street pavement be represented by the formula $x(\pi + y^{n^{\text{th}}}) = y + x - \frac{\pi}{x}$, the decrease in the number of pedestrians appearing on a wet day may be set down as 18426 $\frac{1}{2}$.

A Correspondent calls our attention to the prevalence of green on the various trees of the Metropolis. "This phenomenon," he observes, "is noticeable in May and early June every year. Some

trees are greener than others, whilst others scarcely come up to the standard of leafy verdure displayed by their fellows. Taking the trees in the Park and arranging them in the inverse ratio of their distances at rectangular intervals from the common centre of their growth, it will be found that the surface area of a Plane-tree is equal to exactly five hundred times the cubic capacity of a goose-berry bush, measured from a point on its inner circumference."

Miss ROBINSON, Mrs. TOUCHÉ-ARMING, and Lady CORDELLA CROSSBRIE, were photographed yesterday. We hear that excellent likenesses of these brilliant ornaments of the Upper Ten have been secured.

The wonderful tameness and docility of the three African lions now going through their daily performance at the French Exhibition at Earl's Court, have astonished no less than pleased all who have witnessed them, but it is not generally known, that their obedient condition is due to their diet. This has for some time consisted of a well-known infant's and invalid's food, washed down with copious draughts of a widely advertised patent medicine that claims to act as "a special brain and nerve tonic," and it is this last that it is said is responsible for the quenching of the natural ferocity and utter prostration of spirit which enables their talented trainer, together with the watchful attentions of a highly intelligent board-hound, to put them through a series of playful and innocent tricks, hitherto associated rather with the entertaining efforts of the skilled and educated guinea-pig than with the masterly ferocity of the monarch of the desert. [Oh yea! We're not going to allow an advertisement to be sneaked in like this. But as we required a paragraph to fill up space, here it is, with name and address of Infant's Food provider omitted! Aha!—Ed.]

A WHITE SLAVE.

[Miss HARKER took service as a day governess in a family at Stockton, at a salary of 25s. a month, coupled with the privilege of dining in the house. She found herself under the necessity of taking a lodging, the rent for which more than absorbed her modest stipend. She taught three children English and music. Afterwards a couple of infants were placed in her charge. Nor was this all, for when the servants left, the new governess had "to cook the dinner, wash the dishes, and clean the knives." After this she asked for a holiday, the result being that "she was shown the door." Thereupon she brought an action in the County Court for a month's salary in lieu of notice. Judgment for plaintiff with costs, payable forthwith.—*Daily News*, June 12.]

POOR Miss HARKER went to Stockton, to Stockton on the Tees, But not to make her fortune, or to loll at home at ease; She went to be a governess, and hoped, it would appear; To board and lodge and dress herself on £15 a-year.

A lady once informed us how a lady can be dressed As a lady all for £15, and in her very best; But she never would have ventured to include in her account The lodgings and the breakfasts too for this immense amount.

Now life may be a river, as Paetolus was of old, Which brings you lots of water to a minimum of gold, But sometimes it were better, when the water sinks so low That it fails to turn your mill-wheel, if the river ceased to flow.

So all day long with urchins three Miss HARKER toiled in chains, And she poured the oil of learning well upon their rusty brains, And she practised them in music, and she polished up their sense With the adverbs and the adjectives, and verbs in mood and tense.

And they said, "She's doing nicely, we will give her something more (Not of money, but of labour) ere we show her to the door, Why, we've got two baby children, it is really only fair That Miss HARKER should look after them, and wash and dress the pair.

"And, Miss HARKER, it will save us such a lot of trouble too, If, when our servants leave us, they can leave their work to you. So you'll please to cook our dinner, let your motto be *Ich Dien*, (No, no, you needn't thank us) and you'll keep our dishes clean.

"And, of course, you'll do it daily—what was that you dared to say? You would like to rest a week or so, and want a holiday? Who ever heard such nonsense? Well, there's one thing we can show, Not politeness, but the door to you—Miss H. you'd better go."

So she went, but brought her action, and I'm thankful to relate That when the case was argued she hadn't long to wait. "Costs and judgment for the plaintiff, the defendants' case is fudge, Pay her monthly wage, she's earned it and deserves it," said the Judge.

There be Englishmen in England, sleek men, and women too, Who tie their purse-strings tighter than tradition's grasping Jew. What care they for fellow-feeling, who for profit try to lure Fellow creatures to their grindstone for the faces of the poor?

And they set some wretched slave to work her fingers to the bone, Then sullenly deny her bread, or give at best a stone; And after she has grubbed and scrubbed, they insolently sneer At one who dares to ask for rest on £15 a-year.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH. ASK A P'LICEMAN!"

As Sung by the Not-quite-at-Home Secretary in his Unpopular Entertainment.



WHY DID MONRO RESIGN?
WAS IT ANY FAULT OF MINE?

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH—
ASK THE P'LICEMAN!

"ASK A P'LICEMAN!"

MR. M-TTH-WS sings:—
 THE Police Force are a noble lot,
 They clear our streets and squares;
 To Demonstrators give it hot,
 And banish civic soars.
 But there's one thing I wish
 to know;
 Why do the public grin
 When one Commissioner will
 go,
 And t'other won't stop in?

Chorus.

Why did MONRO resign?
 Ask a P'liceman!
 Was it any fault of mine?
 Ask a P'liceman!
 Every member of the Force
 Backs the popular Boss—of
 course!
 If you want to know the truth,
 Ask a P'liceman!

I'm very sure I'm always
 right,
 And yet it's vastly queer,
 My Secretary's sid they slight,
 My Pension-projects jeer.
 My Superannuation plan
 Won't wash—at Scotland
 Yard.
 They seem agsinst me to a
 man.
 It's really very hard.

Chorus.

If you'd know why WARREN
 went,
 Ask a P'liceman!
 Or why MONRO's not content,
 Ask a P'liceman!
 Isn't it enough to vex
 The most genial of Home-
 Secs.?
 If you want an answer—plump,
 Ask a P'liceman!



A NASTY ONE.

Miss Smith (to Brown, who has just been relating an amusing personal experience). "HOW GOOD! AND DID IT REALLY HAPPEN TO YOU?"
 Brown. "YES, REALLY—ONLY YESTERDAY!"
 Jones (his hated rival). "AH! BUT I CAN TELL YOU A STILL OLDER STORY THAN THAT, ABOUT A FELLOW WHO—" [Tells a regular Joe Miller.]

I'm getting quite unpopular;
 I can't imagine why.
 If in the Force itself there's
 war,
 'Gainst *me* there'll be a cry.
 Fancy our Constables on strike
 For Eight Hours, and the
 rest!
 The prospect's one I do not like.
 P'licemen, *don't* be a pest!
*Chorus (in which Mr. M-T-
 TH-WS does not join.)*
 If you want to know the facts,
 Ask a P'liceman!
 About M-TTH-WS and his acts,
 Ask a P'liceman!
 If you wish the truth to know
 About popular MONRO,
 And who *next* ought to resign,
 Ask a P'liceman!!!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"You'll come again soon?"
i.e., "Thank goodness, he's
 going abroad!"
 "Always make time to see
 you;" *i.e.*, "Strict orders to
 servants, 'Not at home.'"

THEATRICAL.

"Miss Blank will make her
 first appearance in *Juliet* at a
Matinée;" *i.e.*, That some
 theatrical coach sees his way
 to making a little additional
 profit out of a wealthy and
 ambitious pupil.
 "Why don't you look in?—
 house crammed every night,
 but always room for you;"
i.e., Last attempt to place a
 free admission when the theatre
 is empty, and the vouchers
 have been refused at the
 poster-displaying tobacconists.

BACK TO BACKS.

THE Cambridge Week, delightful. Beautiful weather till I left,
 and after me—the deluge! Fair faces everywhere, and O those
 beautiful "Backs"! As the poet sang—

"Ye Backs and Braes!"

Why lug in "Braes"? Fronts may be, and have been, false, but
 never these "Backs." They never looked lovelier than at the
 commencement of last week,—fine weather, warm, a gentle breeze.
 Lucky Cantabs, to have such an idyllic idling place, where you can
 moon, spoon, stroll, study, work or play, and, if in your boat, smoke,
 for the pernicious weed is forbidden in the well-kept gardens, though
 it may be indulged in on the water, beneath whose surface another
 pernicious weed can be seen luxuriating.

Once more I visit the A. D. C., and witness a capital perform-
 ance of a burlesque, *Der Freischütz*, founded on one of H. J. BYRON'S,
 and written up to date by a precious STONE. Burlesque is not dead!
 Very far from it. The "Sacred Lamp" is not even flickering, but
 burning with undiminished brilliancy. For a time learned Thebans
 essayed to extinguish it with High Comedy and even Shakspearian
 Drama. But the A. D. C. was meant for recreation, and no Under-
 graduate saw any amusement in either performing or witnessing
 High Comedy or an historical Drama by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
 Relaxation for the pale student was needed, so dancing and sing-
 ing, and jokes, topical hits, and comic business, drew big houses,
 and amused both players and audiences. The classical Puritanical
 rebellion was over, and the Merry Monarch, King Burlesque, was
 restored to his throne, merrier than ever. A crowded house, and I
 am informed crowdeder and crowdeder every night.

The burlesque is a good one, as the story of *Der Freischütz* is
 closely parodied, and it is not a mere variety show. And the actors
 are as much in earnest as the other actors were in earnest, terrible
 earnest, just thirty-five years ago, for the date over the proscenium
 reminds me that the A. D. C. was founded in 1855. There are some

old original members down here, and they regard some old original
 photographs of themselves when they were all boys together in this
 A. D. C. The photographs are of beardless youths, all very much in
 earnest. The middle-aged, grey-bearded men are contemplating
 their former selves with an air of surprise. "Dear me! and those
 were us!" they exclaim, in Academical English. They see them-
 selves as others saw them then, and they are secretly disap-
 pointed, though they soon recover their serenity, and with pride
 to think their lineaments have been preserved and handed down
 from generation to generation, they bring up their wives and
 daughters to look at the pictures, and to listen to their "tales of a
 grandfather."

Alas! the photographs are fading, and soon, but for the extant
 history of the A. D. C., dedicated to its Honorary President, H. R. H.,
 the Prince of WALES, its origin would be lost in the obscurity of
 the dark ages (before they were the grey ages), or be so confused
 and intermingled with myth as to render any account of its early
 days untrustworthy.

And what a crowd, driving, walking, riding, to see the boat-races!
 Quite a little Water Derby Day. So much talk about "bumps," that
 a stranger would think he had come to hear an open-air lecture on
 phrenology.

One more lounge in the "Backs," and then to London and work,
 while happy Undergrads commence their Long Vacation, and make
 holiday in the sunshine of life. But roam where you will, never
 will you find any spot to equal these Backs. *O Fortunati Cantabiles!*
Backs vobiscum!

As a barrister I love a refresher, and this flying visit has, indeed,
 been a refresher to one who drinks to Trin. Coll. Cam. and the
 A. D. C. in a bumper of '75 Margaux, and is able, after that, to
 sign himself, academically and Lincolnianically, the

MARQUIS DE TERMES.

PS.—Wouldn't this Claretian name of "Marquis DE TERMES" be
 a good title for the Markis of SALISBURY, that "master of flouts and
 gibes"?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons. Monday, June 9.—Last time I saw OLD MORALITY was in the lovely estuary of the Dart. He had just cut away from Parliament, called together his seamen bold, and steamed out Westward in the *Pandora*. When we on the *Hiawatha* woke up on Sunday morning, there was the *Pandora* lying alongside, with OLD MORALITY in pea-jacket, straw hat, telescope under his arm, and sea-boots above his knees, though there was not a ripple on face of water that mirrored the old castle at the point, the church, the trees, and the green hills. Nevertheless, there he was, pacing the mizzen-deck, every now and then bringing his telescope to his weather eye, on the look out for Irish Members or SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE lurking in underwood. We ran up at our foretopmost peak, all taut by a couple of bowlines, the signal, "England expects that W. H. SMITH this day will do his duty." There was a soft gleam in OLD MORALITY'S starboard eye when he recognised the signal, and he brought the telescope to the salute.

"Very kind of you, TOBY; very thoughtful of your Commodore. You know, nothing is nearer to my heart than the desire to do my duty—duty to my QUEEN and Country; at the same time, of course as far as is compatible with the supreme incentive, desiring to meet the conveniences of Hon. Gentlemen in all parts of the House."

Haven't seen OLD MORALITY since, till he turned up to-night, Been seedy, everybody sorry to hear; judiciously added a week to his regular holiday. When he entered House this afternoon, good rattling cheer went up, testifying to his popularity.

"Yes," said WILFRID LAWSON, dropping into poetry—

"Ex-First-Lord from over the sea!
Celt, Home-Ruler, whatever we be,
We all like OLD MORALITY."

Irish Land Purchase Bill first Order of day, but JOHN DILLON moves Adjournment, to discuss goings on of Police in Tipperary. PRINCE

ARTHUR, amidst constant interruptions, makes angry reply. His speech introduces variation on old Constitutional principle.

"The Police," he says in effect, "can do no wrong—at least, in Ireland."

Mr. G. joins in demands for Parliamentary inquiry. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, almost hoarse with rage, fulminates against PRINCE ARTHUR and all his works. But though apparently seethed in passion, does not lose presence of mind.

"I know," he shouted, "every Dissident Liberal in this House," (here his copy of the Orders, which he had fashioned in rough shape resembling police baton, and flourished in dangerous fashion, came down with enormous thud on crown of hat of TOM SUTHERLAND, who happened to be sitting just beneath him)—"and that's one," O'BRIEN continued.

"Surely," I said to him afterwards, "you didn't mean to call attention to the Chairman of the P. and O. in that fashion?"

"Not a bit of it. I was going to say, 'I know every Dissident Liberal in this House will support the Government in the Division Lobby;' but when in the middle of the sentence I found I'd come down on SUTHERLAND'S hat, I thought it would make less fuss if I turned the remark in the way I left it."

Ingenious this; but SUTHERLAND says, he understands now why many of the Irish Members are accustomed to wear low-crowned hats during Parliamentary Debate. Comes a little expensive to sit about listening with a silk hat on.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—GRANDOLPH'S seat empty. Not been here since House resumed after Whitsun holidays. Looked for to-night. Has first place on Orders with Instruction on going into Committee on Compensation Bill. SPEAKER been going about with a besom brushing away Instructions. Only GRANDOLPH'S stands, a monument to his adroitness and ingenuity. Opposition looking forward to pleasant evening. If GRANDOLPH makes rattling speech in support of his

Instruction, it will make things disagreeable for the Ministry. Moment comes, but GRANDOLPH lingers. Cousin CURZON gets up, announces that GRANDOLPH has heard that Government intend to oppose the Instruction. That being so, he does not think it expedient, in interests of public business, to persevere with it. So will stay in Paris, look through the Luxembourg, loiter in the Louvre, lunch in the Eiffel Tower, and otherwise innocently wile the hours away.

"No," said Cousin CURZON, when I observed that this was not like the GRANDOLPH of old times; "he is much altered; as meek as he was once aggressive. Shudders at the thought of causing a moment's inconvenience to a Government of which GEORGE HAMILTON is an ornament; quite surprised to learn that Government would oppose Amendment, the carrying of which would be equivalent to defeat of their measure. When he heard of it at once decided to drop his Instruction."

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

Wednesday.—House sitting; Members talking; Bills advanced by stages; but thoughts of Members concentrated on secret OLD MORALITY carries in his placid bosom. What proposals are Government going to make for arrangement of public business? Are they going to drop three Bills, or two, or one, or carry all three? If so, how is it to be done? by Autumn Session? by peremptory Closure? or by new device of carrying over measures into succeeding Session? Over a cup of five-o'clock, taken in his private room, I frankly put these questions to OLD MORALITY. No use beating about the bush when you are with old friends.

"TOBY," he says, as I light another cigarette, and settle myself to hear the disclosure, "recent morphological inquiry has a curious bearing on this point. Biologists have lately been busy discussing the meaning of a certain organ, to which, in the present stage of its development, it appears impossible to assign any utilitarian value. The case I allude to is the electric organ in the tail of the skate, on which Professor COSSAR EWART read a paper before the Royal Society. You will find a full report of it in *Phil. Trans.*, Vol. LXXIX. Other aquatic animals which possess such organs use them to advantage as electric batteries against their foes. They feel impelled to do so, by what I may perhaps distantly allude to as a sense of duty to their QUEEN and Country. But the electric organ of the skate, though a most complicated mechanism, a structure as elaborate as any in the animal kingdom, appears to be of no benefit whatever to its possessor. This is a very curious thing. I can hardly sleep of nights thinking about it. Can you suggest any explanation? Excuse me, there's the division-bell. Perhaps you'll draw me up a little memorandum giving me your views on the subject."

Very curious indeed. I hadn't mentioned the skate; don't quite see how he slid into the subject. Shall take another opportunity of ascertaining OLD MORALITY'S views and intentions with respect to Government plan for arranging business.

Business done.—As to electric organ in the tail of the skate.

Thursday.—A pretty kettle-of-fish. Electric organ of skate seems to have touched up Government; confusion at Carlton to-day. The MARKISS met his merry men; proposed that Bills not completed by Prorogation should be carried over to next Session and taken up at stage reached this year. Loud outcry in Conservative ranks; proposal denounced as revolutionary; wouldn't have it on any terms; meeting broke up without passing any resolution; OLD MORALITY due at House at half-past three to give notice of Resolutions on Procedure.

"Where are they?" Mr. G. asks, beaming across the table.

"Resolutions?" says OLD MORALITY; "bless you, Sir, I have none to move."

Grim silence on Ministerial Benches. Jubilation in Opposition camp. OLD MORALITY plied with questions from all sides; forlornly shakes his head. Can't say anything now. Can't say when he will be able to say something. Perhaps on Monday; perhaps some other day. Baited for half an hour, and then mercifully allowed to escape.

"The tail seems, after all, to have been wagging the skate," I said, humorously; really sorry to find him so low-spirited. Didn't seem to see the point of joke, and usually so apt at badinage. A curious state of affairs; perhaps a memorable day.

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

Friday.—"Lo! a strange thing has happened." (W. BLACK.) Yesterday Conservatives in open revolt; Ministry seemed tottering; Opposition jubilant. To-day things righted themselves; the rebels say it was only their fun; Dissident Liberals throw arms round neck of MARKISS; protest they would never desert him; Opposition depressed; Ministers elate.

"The head seems to have got the better of the complicated mechanism in the rear of the skate," I say to OLD MORALITY, a little timidly, remembering failure of yesterday's flash of humour. Quick comes the beaming smile. "You're a funny dog, TOBY," says OLD MORALITY, looking ten years younger than yesterday.

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.



The Chairman of P. and O. after Remark from Mr. O'Brien.

AT HIS MAYERJESTY'S.

Paris *Fin de Siècle*, Mr. MAYER's second transplantation from the Gymnase to Her Majesty's Theatre, is amusing from first to last—that is to say, from 8'15 to close on midnight. The Comedy rattles along, and carries the audience who understand French—who in



Harlequinsade.

their turn carry the audience who pretend to do so, but who don't—with it. The acting is excellent; and the dialogue is as bright as the looks and toilettes of the dozen or more ladies who have parts. It is not quite clear what "fin de siècle" means. If it is Paris of to-day that is pictured, it

certainly cannot be the Paris of five years hence, and the century has yet ten years to run. But whatever is the purpose of the play, it satisfied the audience which, on the first night, included H.R.H. and the PRINCESS OF WALES, together with "all London."

The plot is simple. Alfred de Mirandol (M. NOBLET), of the tout Paris set, is engaged to the daughter of the Marquis de Boissy-Godet—so he tells everyone who chances to be breakfasting at Bignon's, where the first scene is laid—and, without anything particular happening to either of them during the next three Acts, he remains engaged to the young lady when the curtain falls. Then he has a non fin de siècle friend, fresh from Brittany, who proposes to a charming widow, charmingly looked and played by Madame Sisos, who accepts him, and lands him in a duel with a Spanish Duke (cleverly played by M. PAUL PLAN) about her Milliner's bill. No one is hurt, but the incident—the only incident to speak of—furnishes a scene in which the four fin de siècle seconds are continually forgetting the business on which they are met, and drift into haccarat. Then Madame DESCLAUZAS is a Marquise who is so busy with her various charitable institutions that she has not seen her husband for a week, and forgets all about her daughter's marriage.

To London 1890 the Marquise, though unquestionably inimitable, seems slightly loud. English Marchionesses do not as a rule wink. But Paris *Fin de Siècle* is altogether beyond London 1890. English people do not know enough of the formalities attending the arrangement of duels to fully appreciate M. NOBLET's forgetfulness of his duties; nor do English ladies, as yet, give Harlequin Balls, at which the gentlemen wear red evening coats,—it was not a hunt-ball of course; nor does London 1890 see any particular point in the monde being shown as frivolous and dissipated, while the demi-monde will not permit smoking in the drawing-room, and generally plays propriety. So Paris *Fin de Siècle* may be true to nature, for all English people know about it. Whether it is or is not, it is just as amusing, and well worth seeing.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

JAMES THE FIRST, of America, not to be confounded even by his enemies with the Old or Young Pretender, is bringing out his book entitled, *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, which line represents only a third of the entire title. The celebrated Butterfly signature flutters and flutters from leaf to leaf throughout the book, which in itself, in its binding, print, and arrangement, is a work of Art of which the publishers, Messrs. HEINEMANN, may be justly proud, and which must rejoice the soul of JAMES PRIMUS AMERICANUS, Ex-President, R.S.B.A. The BARON has great pleasure in drawing attention—(he is gifted is the BARON, "drawing" as well as writing, you'll observe)—to a rare specimen of the *Papilio Whistleriensis* which adorns this paragraph, and hopes, on another occasion, to have a few remarks to offer on the many genuine Jacobean epistles contained in this dainty volume which is issued, as the short preface informs us, under the Ex-P.R.B.A.'s "immediate care and supervision," and as a counterblast from LE SIFFLEUR against "a spurious and garbled version" of his writings already put into circulation. It was about time for JACQUES LE SIFFLEUR to come out for a blow; which blow it is more blessed to give than to receive, *dicat* the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—*Les Huguenots*. Madame NORDICA as our *Valentine*. She is *toujours riante*. Otherwise, vocally, charming. RAVELLI the Reliable as *Raoul*, much applauded and quite two inches higher in popular estimation. *Valentina* NORDICA cannot take anything seriously. She smiles as she is wont to smile at the supreme moment of his great athletic window-jump, when he is shot out of window and killed so thoroughly that he cannot be produced for the last Act of all, which, therefore, is now never given. Simple-minded folk, not up to this, wait in their stalls, and wonder why everybody else is going. Members of orchestra disappear, lights extinguished, brown-holland coverings descend, the fireman enters, the box-keepers retire, and suddenly it bursts upon the inexperienced Opera-goer that it's all over, except shouting for carriages, and that's over too by now, and that there is to be no more Opera to-night.

L'entr'acte est long,
Un peu d'espoir,
There's no more seng,
Et puis bon soir.

M. LASSALLE as the French nobleman, whom some one described as "Sam Bris," excellent. Good house for the *Huguenots*.

Tuesday.—Here we are *Lohengrinning* again. *Lohengrin* not a comic opera: the name being rather misleading. Melodious, mellifluous Mlle. MELBA as *Elsa de Brabant*. NED DE REZKÉ as the *Great King*, FURSCH-MADI-GRAS unrivalled as *Ortruda*, DAN DRADY as *Freddy*, one of his most dramatic performances; Signor ABRAMOFF as the *Family Herald*—quite a volume—and JACK DE REZKÉ as a *Knight on the Swannee River*, or perhaps a knightly visitor from Swansea. Poor JACK suffering from hoarseness. DRURIOLANUS comes forward to explain this. Audience imagines that DRURIOLANUS himself is going to take poor JACK's place. Rather disappointed in consequence. "Could have done it, of course," says DRURIOLANUS afterwards, "but bad example for other members of the governing committee." JACK DE R.'s hoarseness scarcely noticeable. No one would have known it if DRURIOLANUS hadn't told us. Some people can't keep a secret.

Wednesday.—*Vide* last Wednesday's report. Only difference being that Signor PLUNKETTO GREENO is not in *statu quo ante*, the part of the *Commendatore*, M.P. for *Stony Stratford*, being taken by Signor DE VASCHETTI.

Thursday.—Missed it. *Romeo et Juliette*. Believe it was performed, not having heard anything to contrary. Reported that Mr. and Mrs. G. were present. Remember he was there last season, when same Opera was played. Came up then, I think, from Dollis Hill. "All roads lead to Romeo," the G.O.M. is reported to have said to FLORAL HALL, the Covent Gardenia Box Office Manager and enthusiastic devotee of the G.O.M., or "Grand Opera Man."

Friday.—*La Favorite* in French. Evidently neither particular nor universal Favourite, as so many *habitues*, conspicuous when here by their noble presence, are now still more conspicuous by their noble absence. Mlle. RICHARD, her first visit to Royal Franco-Italian Opera at Covent Garden, is the Favourite to-night, and the Favourite wins. Opportunity for Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, who has one of the prettiest airs in the Opera to start with, but then "is heard no more," having only to exhibit, in sympathetic dramatic action, her deep distress at the sufferings of the unhappy Favourite, the victim of *Alfonse*, King of Castille. *King Alfonse* gives a garden-party, with "gipsy revellers" of the period, led by small and early PALLADINO. Refreshments are probably served in an adjoining apartment, but *King Alfonse*, being, perhaps, a trifle dry, occupies his time in the chair of state by trifling with a lozenge. Great difficulty among audience as to whether *Fernand* is MONTARIOL or YBOS. Having seen MONTARIOL as *David* in the *Meistersingers*, I do not recognise him as *Fernand*; but having seen YBOS as *Raoul*, in the *Huguenots*, *Fernand*'s legs seem familiar to me. If the voice is the voice of MONTARIOL, the legs are the legs of YBOS. DRURIOLANUS IBOSS says it is not YBOS but MONTARIOL; while a distinguished Operatic Committeeman tells a despairing critic that it is YBOS, and not MONTARIOL. Anyhow, Mons. YBOS-AUX-JAMBES-MONTARIOLIENNES is a good, though not great, *Fernand*. The chorus whether as Monks of one of the great Theatrical Orders, not-admitted-after-seven, or as members of the Castilian Aristocracy, are admirable. Signor GASPAR—a name that suggests a singer rather out of condition, and, like *Hamlet*, "scant of breath" (he should be appropriately attired in "pants")—keeps his eye on Signor BEVIGNANI, and Signor BEVIGNANI pulls him through. *Mem*. What an education in modern languages it must require to be a chorister of the R. I. O. C. G. I Italian, French, English, of course; and perhaps one night they'll come out with something of WAGNER's in the original German. Everybody looking forward to the revival of *Le Prophète* on Monday next.

Saturday.—*Non adum*, because 'ad sum—where else to go. Covent Garden, however, not closed in consequence. Hear that JEAN is to get £600 per week in America. Good interest this for one tenner.



AS WORN.

"DEAR UNCLE BEN,—YOU'RE ALWAYS SO KIND!—WOULD YOU SIT ON MY BONNET A LITTLE. I'VE TAKEN OUT THE PINS."

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

SIGNOR SMITHINI *loquitur* :—

Houp-là! Oh, it's all very fine
That there whip to keep twirling and
But with such a trio as mine [cracking,
There's no very great fun in "bare-back-
Two of them, I'm sure, were enough [ing."
To keep—in *this Circus*—in tether.
A third you must thrust in!—what stuff!
How am I to keep 'em together?
"Land Porchase" I had well in hand,
And "Tithes" made a pretty fair second;
But t'other? I can't understand
How JOKIM could so have misreckoned.
Of all awkward 'osses to hold
The worst is his pet, "Compensation,"
And if in the tan I ain't rolled,
'Twill be thanks to my fine equitation!
Must get him along? Oh, of course!
It will not do to fail, now we've started.
But how? I'm a chap of resource,
And I fancy I'm not chicken-hearted,
Yet some lookers-on shouts out "Go!"
Whilst others ejaculate "Drop him!"
And, SOLLY, I'm hanged if I know
How safely to drive him or stop him.
I may get him round,—'twill take time,—
To drop him would now raise derision;
I'm tired, and not quite in my prime,
And of failure have somehow a vision.
Of course, I will still do my best;
I am always devoted to "Duty,"
But oh! I should so like a rest.
Houp-là then! Oh, come up, you beauty!!

IMPORTANT.—The Two Pins Club are going to have a race. Of course it will be "from point to point."

LE 'OCKEY STICK-BALLE FIGHT.

Contributed by Our Own "Sportings-Life" Man.

MON CHER MONSIEUR PUNCH,

I KNOW what interest profound and gracious you have always manifested towards the glorious efforts of the heroic youth of our regenerated athletic France, for have I not read your notices amiable and scientific of *les "doings"* of our *onze* at the *jeu de Cricquette*, and still later of the murderous combat of the veritable "struggle-for-lifers" in *le scrimmage* of your terrible contest of "Kicke-balle"? But now the valiant youth of our public seminaries have advanced still one more step, and the afternoon of last Tuesday saw, in the leafy arcades of our Bois, a true "stick-balle" fight—in one word, a *parti* of "Le 'Oockey," played with *vrais bâtons*, clubs long and terrible, with cruel hooked finish, to the eye of the beholder, and the dangerous white ball, hard as iron, heavy as lead, between a 'ome team and a "side" of strangers, that would have done credit to an "Oxford-Cambridge" battle or a fight royal, in which *Les Roverres de Peckham* were themselves engaged.

The costume of the 'ome team, of which I was the General, consisting, as it did, of "knickerbockerres" of pink velvet, jerseys of green and yellow satin in stripes, padded in front and behind, as a protection from *les coups de les "stickes"* with large feather pillows, and 'igh jack-boots, worn with the same motive, completed, together with a massive iron and wire mask, surmounted with a funereal plume, used to safeguard the head and neck, a costume at once striking and useful. The strangers were, perhaps, not quite so happily arranged, their legs being

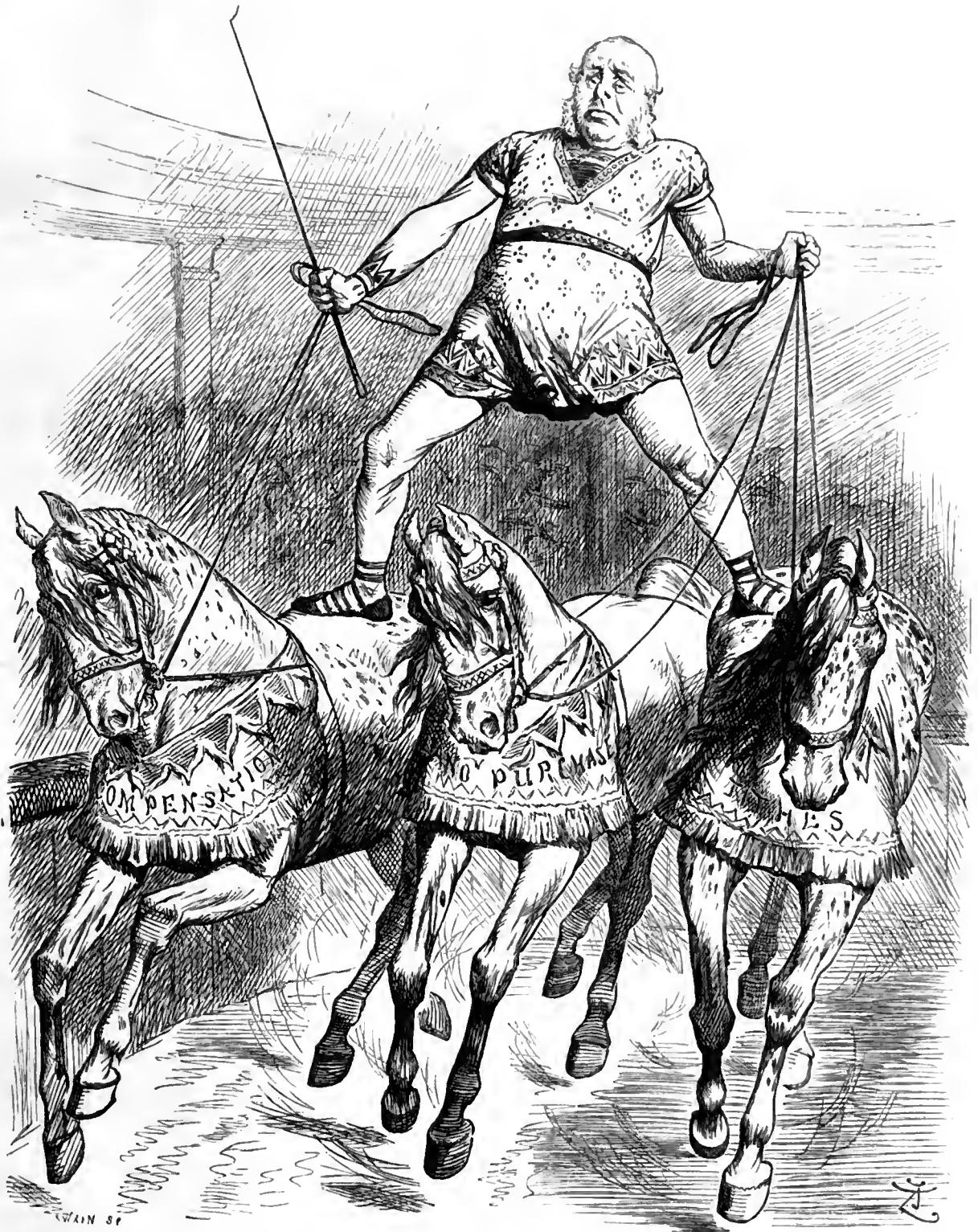
encased in chain-armour, and their bodies protected by large wicker clothes-washing-baskets; but, though this precautionary costume hampered in some respect the play of their arms, and impeded their swiftness in making "le rush," still, the hardest blow of the death-dealing "stickes" fell on them without pain, and they could meet the approach of the terrible iron-lead ball without the apprehensive tremblings of terror.

The contest, though fierce, was not of long duration, for, after the ninth goal, the iron-lead ball was driven with such furious élan by the victorious side that it dashed into the middle of the spectators, and was swallowed, in the excitement, by the startled horse of an omnibus. Thereupon the Umpire, being appealed to, decided the contest terminated with victory, by three goals to nothing, to the 'ome team, and amidst the prolonged "hurrahs" of the assembled thousands, who represented all the *élite* of the veritable 'igh and Sporting life of the best Parisian Society, the first day's *stick-balle* fight that has now introduced "Le 'Oockey" into the arena of our rising National Athletics, came to a brilliant and inspiring end. I beg you, *Mon cher Monsieur Punch*, be assured of my highest considerations, as I subscribe myself your very humble *serviteur*,
THE FIRST CHAMPION OF LES SPORTS.

DEFINITIONS.

Mater.—One who findmates for her daughters.
Check Mate.—A husband with money.

Mrs. R. says:—"My nephew, who has just returned from a long voyage, tells me that in the Red Sea it is so hot that the gentlemen sleep on deck in their bananas."



ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

SIGNOR W. H. SMITHINI (*sotto voce*). "WISH I COULD HAVE KEPT 'EM ALL THREE ABREAST, JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING!"





HINTS FOR THE PARK.

DON'T TRY TO TURN YOUR TANDEM AT THE TROT, PARTICULARLY IF YOUR LEADER IS OF A SOMEWHAT WILFUL DISPOSITION.

AFTER "THE MAY."

A Cambridge Song of June.

OUT and alas! The "May" is o'er;
The polish of the ball-room floor
Is streaked and marred by heedless feet,
The pretty convoys in the street
Stir no more envy, nor make proud
The escort of the dainty crowd.
No more the archway dark and grim,
No more the tortuous staircases dim
Wake to a glow of living light,
When Jones's sisters, like a flight
Of tuneful birds in plumage gay
Come into College, in the May.

The little girl in grey is gone,
Who like a silvery marsh-flower shone
What time the long and strenuous train
Of eight round Grassy pulled amain.
Gone is the musical low voice
That made the general heart rejoice,
Mazing prim scholars with her wit,
Or chattering simply, not a bit
Above the sporting schoolboy's range.
At that grave dinner, for a change,
With just as flattering a charm,
She took the formal Tutor's arm,
With sparkling eyes, that scattered light
On the dark Don's self-centred night.

Bare are the windows, flowering then,
The cynosure of lingering men,
Whence over the darkling court would float
The chorus of the College boat;
Not shouted with the tuneless zeal
Which tells how Undergraduates feel;
But by such sweet girl-voices given
As might the strictest "gates" have riven,
Drawn iron tears down Tutors' cheek,
And made Deans grant what loafers seek.

And listening oarsmen softly swore
To pull as men ne'er pulled before,
And, let the next boat do its worst,
To make to-morrow's bump, or burst.

Out, and alas! May follows May,
And other little girls in grey,
With hair as bright and eyes as blue,
Will hold the torch, pass'd on by you,
And none the bygone years recall;
For even this May's College pride
Will be as dead as flowers that died
At some forgotten festival.

RATHER SHIFTY.—"The Members of the Metropolitan Police Force," the Memorial stated, as quoted in the *Times* of June 13, urged the Government to concede, among other demands, this, which sounds peculiar:—"Duty to consist of eight hours (in one shift) out of every twenty-four."

The words in brackets are a puzzle. Is "shift" a misprint for "shirt"? Is a Policeman now compelled to wear more than one of these in every twenty-four hours? Is it flannel or linen? We confess that we do not understand this, which we may fairly designate as "The Washerwoman's Clause."

PERBORINUS JOCOSUS writes thus:—"Sir,—I was visiting Tintern Abbey. Admission is by a gateway, close to which is an instruction to ring the bell. How much simpler and pleasanter if the proprietor had written up, 'Tinternabbeylate!'—Yours, much pleased, P. J."

ON ARMY EXAMS.—As long as Examinations are what they are, cramming is a necessity. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* has only one resort to present objections to cramming, and that is—"Stuff!"

RECKING THE REDE LECTURE.

"His paramount aim was to make the world better by the humanising influences of literature."
—Professor Jebb on Erasmus.

FRIEND of COLET and of MORE,
Genial wit and learned scholar,
Never pedant, prig, or bore,
Dulness and the Mighty Dollar
Rule too much our world of books;
Slang, sensation, crass stupidity;
Talk of "oof" and prate of "spooks,"
Socialism, sheer aridity;
Smartness, which is folly decked
In true humour's cast-off raiment,
Clap-trap which has never recked
Aught save chance of praise and payment;
These our literature infest,
No ERASMUS now arising,
Style to purge and taste to test
In the way of "humanising."
Could you but come back to us,
How you'd flay sensation-mongers,
Gird at gush, and flout at fuss,
Chasten morbid thirsts and hungers:
Puncture philosophic sham,
"Blugginess," the coarse erotic;
Show up callow Cockney "gram,"
Logic shallow, thought chaotic;
Lash our later Euphuism,
And the pseudo-Ciceronian;
Rottenness of "Realism."
Battening in its bogs Serbonian.
Thanks, O philosophic JEBB!
In this age of advertising,
Literature, at a low ebb,
Needs a little "humanising."

"ON, STANLEY!"—The officer whom the explorer did not take with him was his left TENNANT.



“ ‘SHADOWING’ MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.”

THE MODERN CORNELIA.

[CORNELIA, daughter of SCIPIO AFRICANUS, and wife of SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS, when a lady displayed her jewels to her, pointed to her two sons, exclaiming, "These are my jewels!"]



"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

TIMOUR-MAMMON'S triumph's full
 In this grace-abandoned creature.
 Look at her! A tawdry trull,
 Blear of eye and blurred of feature
 From the cmt of her god—Drink!
 HEROD'S cruel self might shrink
 From a—Mother, calculating
 On her children's loss, awaiting
 With impatience their last breath,
 And the devilish gains of Death.

Such as she, her cronies cry,
 Are "In luck when children die!"
 Luck! The luck of willing loss.
 Children dead bring in the dross.
 Little SARAH'S pale and sickly;
 Death is near, but comes not quickly,
 Art may hasten his slow tread.

Blows, exposure, hunger, pain,
 Are auxiliaries of gain,
 Gain that comes "when SARAH'S dead,"
 When to death her "friends" have done
 her.
 "We have got four pounds upon her,"
 Babbles little SARAH'S brother,
 Echoing the modern Mother.
 WEMYSS the wise advises "thrift,"
 As the only thing to lift
 Labour from the Sweater's slough.
 Laws, he swears, are wholly vain;
 Thought may scheme, and Love may strain
 Fruitlessly to raise the brow
 Of the poor above the slime
 Of starvation, suffering, crime.
 Thrift's the thing! Well, here is thrift!
 Children,—they are fortune's gift.

Motherhood to rear them strives?
 Not so; it insures their lives!
 Burial insurance comes
 As a boon unto the slums.
 The insurance love may fix
 At five pounds, or even six;
 A child's funeral costs a pound,
 And the balance means—drinks round!

Here's the luck of loss, a luck
 Care may hasten. Blows are struck,
 Raiment stinted, food denied,
 Hunger and exposure tried;
 Infants overlain—by chance!
 Is it not a Moloch dance?
 Modern Motherhood, plus Drink,
 Beats old MOAB, will not shrink
 From child-sacrifice to win,

Not a false god's smile, but Gin!
Children are possessions, truly,
To be sold, and paid for, duly,
Pledged like other property,
Bringing interest—when they die.

Modern CORNELIA! That is she,
With a semi-drunken glee
Aping, all unconsciously,
The proud Roman mother's vaunt.
"See my jewels! What I want—
Dress, and drink, and selfish ease,
I can win at will—through these."

What was it little BOBBY said?
"We'll get four pounds when
SARAH's dead!"

Golden-tongued PETERBOROUGH,
flay
The harpies with your burning
breath;
And you, brave WAUGH, assist to
stay
This plague of fiends who thrive
on death. [crime
Cut short the course of callous
Of this CORNELIA of our time!

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE HORSE SHOW.

TIME—About 3'30. Leaping Competition about to begin. The Competitors are ranged in a line at the upper end of the Hall, while the attendants place the hedges in position. Amongst the Spectators in the Area are—a Saturnine Stableman from the country; a Cockney Groom; a Morbid Man; a Man who is apparently under the impression that he is the only person gifted with sight; a Critic who is extremely severe upon other people's seats; a Judge of Horseflesh; and Two Women who can't see as well as they could wish.

The Descriptive Man. They've got both the fences up now, d'ye see? There's the judges going to start the jumping; each rider's got a ticket with his number on his back. See? The first man's horse



don't seem to care about jumping this afternoon—see how he's dancing about. Now he's going at it—there, he's cleared it! Now he'll have to jump the next one!

[Keeps up a running fire of these instructive and valuable observations throughout the proceedings.

The Judge of Horseflesh. Rare good shoulders that one has.

The Severe Critic (taking the remark to apply to the horse's rider). H'm, yes—rather—pity he sticks his elbows out quite so much, though.

[His Friend regards him in silent astonishment.

Another Competitor clears a fence, but exhibits a considerable amount of daylight.

The Saturnine Stableman (encouragingly). You'll 'ev to set back a bit next journey, Guv'nor!

The Cockney Groom. 'Orses 'ud jump better if the fences was a bit 'igher.

The S. S. They'll be plenty 'oigh enough fur some on 'em.

The Severe Critic. Ugly seat that fellow has—all anyhow when the horse jumps.

Judge of Horseflesh. Has he? I didn't notice—I was looking at the horse. [Severe Critic feels snubbed.

The S. S. (soothingly, as the Competitor with the loose seat comes round again). That's not good, Guv'nor!

The Cockney Groom. 'Ere's a little bit o' fashion coming down next—why, there's quite a boy on his back.

The S. S. 'E won't be on 'im long if he don't look out. Cup an' ball I call it!

The Morbid Man. I suppose there's always a accident o' some sort before they've finished.

First Woman. Oh, don't, for goodness sake, talk like that—I'm sure I don't want to see nothing 'appen.

Second Woman. Well, you may make your mind easy—for you won't see nothing here; you would have it this was the best place to come to!

First Woman. I only said there was no sense in paying extra for the balcony, when you can go in the area for nothing.

Second Woman (snorting). Area, indeed! It might be a good deal airier than what it is, I'm sure—I shall melt if I stay here much longer.

The Morbid Man. There's one thing about being so close to the jump as this—if the 'orse jumps sideways—as 'osses will do every now and then—he'll be right in among us before we know where we are, and then there'll be a pretty how-de-do!

Second Woman (to her Friend). Oh, come away, do—it's bad enough to see nothing, let alone having a great 'orse coming down atop of us, and me coming out in my best bonnet, too—come away!

[They leave.

The Descriptive Man. Now they're going to make 'em do some in-and-out jumping, see? they're putting the fences close together—

that'll puzzle some of them—ah, he's over both of 'em; very clean that one jumps! Over again! He's got to do it all twice, you see.

The Judge of Horseflesh. Temperate horse, that chestnut.

The Severe Critic. Is he, though?—but I suppose they have to be here, eh? Not allowed champagne or whiskey or anything before they go in—like they are on a racecourse?

The J. of H. No, they insist on every horse taking the pledge before they'll enter him.

The Descriptive Man. Each of 'em's had a turn at the in-and-out jump now. What's coming next? Oh, the five-barred gate—they're going over that now, and the stone wall—see them putting the bricks on top? That's to raise it.

The Morbid Man. None of 'em been off yet; but (hopefully) there'll be a nasty fall or two over this business—there's been many a neck broke over a lower gate than that.

A Competitor clears the gate easily, holding the reins casually in his right hand.

The J. of H. That man can ride.

The Severe Critic. Pretty well—not what I call business, though—going over a gate with one hand, like that.

The J. of H. Didn't know you were such an authority.

The S. C. (modestly). Oh, I can tell when a fellow has a good seat. I used to ride a good deal at one time. Don't get the chance much now—worse luck!

The J. of H. Well, I can give you a chance, as it happens. (Severe Critic accepts with enthusiasm, and the inward reflection that the chance is much less likely to come off than he is himself.) You wait till the show is over, and they let the horses in for exercise. I know a man who's got a cob here—regular little devil to go—bunks a bit at times—but you won't mind that. I'll take you round to the stall, and get my friend to let you try him on the tan. How will that do you, eh?

The Severe Critic (almost speechless with gratitude). Oh—er—it would do me right enough—capital! That is—it would, if I hadn't an appointment, and had my riding things on, and wasn't feeling rather out of sorts, and hadn't promised to go home and take my wife in the Park, and it's her birthday, too, and, then, I've long made it a rule never to mount a strange horse, and—er—so you understand how it is, don't you?

The J. of H. Quite, my dear fellow. (As, for that matter, he has done from the first.)

The Cockney Groom (alluding to a man who is riding at the gate). 'Ere's a rough 'un this bloke's on! (Horse rises at gate; his rider shouts, "Hoo, over!" and the gate falls amidst general derision.) Over? Ah, I should just think it was over!

The Saturnine Stableman (as horseman passes). Yer needn't ha' "Hoo" 'd for that much!

[The Small Boy, precariously perched on an immense animal, follows; his horse, becoming unmanageable, declines the gate, and leaps the hurdle at the side.

The S. S. Ah, you're a artful lad, you are—thought you'd take it where it was easiest, eh?—you'll 'ev to goo back and try agen, you will.

Chorus of Sympathetic Bystanders. Take him at it again, boy; you're all right! . . . Hold him in tighter, my lad. . . . Let out your reins a bit! Lor, they didn't ought to let a boy like that ride. . . . He ain't no more 'old on that big 'orse than if he was a fly on him! . . . Keep his 'ed straighter next time. . . . Enough to try a boy's nerve! &c., &c.

[The Boy takes the horse back, and eventually clears the gate amidst immense and well-deserved applause.

The Morbid Man (disappointed). Well, I fully expected to see 'im took off on a shutter.

The Descriptive Man. It's the water-jump next—see; that's it in the middle; there's the water, underneath the hedge; they'll have to clear the 'ole of that—or else fall in and get a wetting. They've taken all the horses round to the other entrance—they'll come in from that side directly.

[One of the Judges holds up his stick as a signal; wild shouts of "Hoy-hoy! Whorr-oosh!" from within, as a Competitor dashes out and clears hedge and ditch by a foot or two. Deafening applause. A second horseman rides at it, and lands—if the word is allowable—neatly in the water. Roars of laughter as he scrambles out.

The Morbid Man. Call that a brook! It ain't a couple of inches deep—it's more mud than water! No fear (he means, "no hope") of any on 'em getting a ducking over that!

[And so it turns out; the horses take the jump with more or less success, but without a single saddle being vacated. The Judges award a red and blue rosette to the riders of the best and second horses respectively, and the proceedings terminate for the afternoon amidst demonstrations of hearty satisfaction from all but The Morbid Man, who had expected there would have been "more to see."

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

NO. XIV.—THE LADY FROM CLOUDLAND.

AT intervals of a few years the torpor of London Society is stirred by the carefully disseminated intelligence that a new planet has begun to twinkle in the firmament of fashion, and the telescopes of all those who are in search of novelty are immediately directed to the spot. Partially dropping metaphor, it may be stated that a hitherto unknown lady emerges, like the planet, from a cloud under which, as the envious afterwards declare, the greater part of her previous existence has been spent. But Society, under the influence of boredom, is tolerant of new sensations and of those who seek to provide them. Those who guard its portals are, in these latter days, bidden not to be over-ourious in the inquiries they make of applicants for admission, and eventually it may come to pass that the approaches and avenues are opened as readily to one who comes trailing clouds of obscurity, as to her who shines with the steady lustre of acknowledged position.

The Lady from Cloudland soars into the ken of fashion in various places. Very often she is found for the first time in the little mock temple which pious worshippers at the shrine of rank build for themselves on the Riviera. They have their ceremonial closely copied from the London model. They dance, they receive, they organise bazaars. They launch out into tea-parties, and grow warm over the discussion of scandals. They elect unto themselves leaders, and bow their foreheads to the dust before the golden splendour of an occasional scion of Royalty; in short, they cling as closely as foreign skies and foreign associations permit to the observances which have made English Society pre-eminent in its own respect, and in the good-natured ridicule of less-favoured nations. But since the majority of them have come in search of health, they cannot despise or reject one who qualifies for consideration and interest by suffering, and who, to the piquancy of an unknown origin, adds the high recommendation of good looks—which are not too good—of a cheerful temper, and an easy tact, which can only come of much knowledge of many worlds. Such a one is the Lady from Cloudland. Many are the questions asked about her, and even more various are the answers given. "My dear," one lady will say to another, at the house of a common friend, where the Lady from Cloudland has become the centre of a throng of admirers, "I hear, on the very best authority, that her mother used to sell flowers in the City, and that she herself was for some years a Circus Rider in America. Whenever I meet her I feel a dreadful inclination to say *Houp-là!*, instead of, How do you do?" To which her friend will reply that she, on her side, has been informed that the lady in question was formerly attached to the conjugal tribe of an Indian Rajah, and was resoned by a Russian, whom she shortly afterwards poisoned. They will then both invite her to their next entertainments, asking her by no means to forget those delightful Burmese love-ditties which only she can sing as they ought to be sung.

The Lady from Cloudland, however, does not limit her ambition to the hybrid Society of the South of France. She intends to make for herself a position in London, the Mecca of the aspirant, and she proposes to use those who thus console themselves with spitefulness as stepping-stones for the attainment of her object. At the beginning of the following London Season Society will learn, by means of the usual paragraphs, that "Mrs. So-and-So, whose afternoon party last year in honour of Prince — was one of the most brilliant successes of a brilliant Riviera Season, has taken the house in May Fair, formerly occupied by Lord CLANRACKET." The reiteration of this news in many journals will set tongues wagging in London. Again the same questions will be asked, and different answers will be returned. In due course she arrives, she receives and is received, and she conquers. Henceforward her parties become one of the features of the Season. In rooms arranged tastefully in an Oriental style, with curtains, hangings, delicately worked embroideries, woven mats of charming design and tropical plants, she welcomes the throng who come at her invitation. She moves by degrees. Contenting herself at first with a small *chargé d'affaires* or a Korean plenipotentiary, she soon rises to a fully fledged Ambassador and a bevy of secretaries and *attachés*. Her triumph culminates when she

secures a deposed monarch and his consort. She is clever, and knows well that those whom she seeks to entice will overlook their own ignorance with regard to her if only they can be certain of being amused and interested in her house. She, therefore, contrives, without transgressing the higher *convenances*, to banish all ceremonial stiffness from her parties, and to impart in its place an atmosphere of cheerful gaiety and musical refinement. For, whatever she may have once been, there can be no doubt that when London makes her acquaintance she possesses, not only charming manners, but innumerable accomplishments which are as salt to the jaded palate of Society people. Thus she progresses from season to season, and from success to success.

In her second year she becomes a favoured guest in many country houses, where an effort is made to relieve the tedium of daily shooting parties by nightly frivolities. Soon afterwards she is presented at Court, and becomes herself a patroness to many foreigners who desire by the exercise of their talents to make a precarious living in England. By these she is considered to be one of the suns from

which the great world draws its light and warmth. In her third Season she is sufficiently secure to introduce into Society her daughter, aged eighteen, who has hitherto (so she will inform her friends) been receiving a good education abroad. Accompanied by "my little girl," she may be seen, on fine afternoons, reclining in her spick and span Victoria, in the midst of the crowd in the Ladies' Mile. She is thus hedged round with a respectability which not even indiscreet inquiries after her late husband (for it is understood that he died and left her in comfort many years before) can disturb. She permits herself occasionally, it is true, to join *chic* parties at fashionable restaurants, but these, since they are often under titled patronage, can scarcely be considered serious lapses from propriety. After having herself presented her daughter at Court, and having given (in London) a party which was attended by Royalty, she is beyond the reach of cavil or reproach. Here and there a jealous and disappointed social rival may

still mutter dark hints about ancient vagaries, and meaning looks may still be exchanged by male and female gossips, but for the great mass of those who frequent Society she is as irreproachable as though her ancestry for twenty generations had been set down in the pages of *Burke* or *Debrett*. Eventually she marries her daughter to the younger son of an Earl, and having made of the marriage festivities the great social function of the Season, she herself soon afterwards retires to some extent from the business of Society, and devotes herself chiefly to the cultivation of simple pleasures and hot-house flowers in a luxurious retreat on the banks of the Thames.



MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"Haven't missed a word you said;" i.e., "Gracious! where was she?"

"Not exactly pretty, perhaps, but so nice;" i.e., "As pappy in character as she is plain in face."

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"No, thanks; reading in a railway carriage always tries my poor eyes so;" i.e., "I've better occupation for them just now."

"Pardon my drawing the blind; the glare in a railway carriage always makes my head ache;" i.e., "Shows up my wrinkles and moustache-dye."

THEATRICAL.

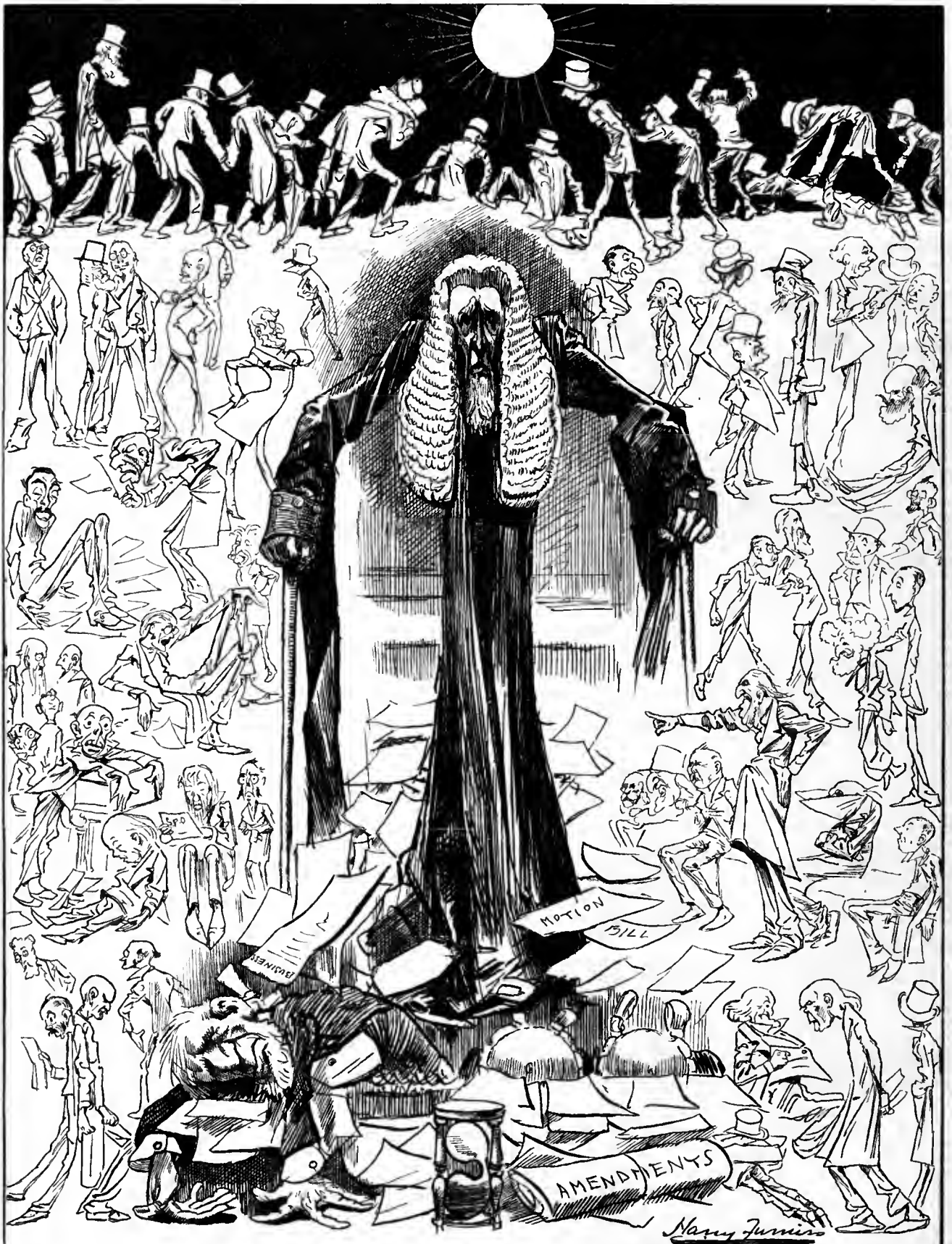
"She is an intelligent and experienced artist;" i.e., "Much too old for the part."

EFFUSIVE FLATTERY.

"Thank you so much for your dear little Book of Poems. I haven't read them yet, but next time we meet I'll tell you what I think of them;" i.e., "I hereby make a solemn resolution, if I can possibly help it, never to meet you again in this life."

PERFUNCTORY APOLOGY.

"I hope I didn't hurt you. I'm sure I beg your pardon;" i.e., "Stupid fool! Serves you right for sticking out your feet, and tripping up everybody who happens to stumble on to them."



Harry Furniss

REDUCED TO A SHADOW!—Probable Result of Parliamentary Pressure.

DIANA AT DINNER.

[On the first page of the prospectus of the recently-established "Dorothy" Restaurant it is stated that it is for "Ladies only." On the last page will be found the following modification:—"At the request of many of the Lady customers, it has been decided to open the Restaurant from 6:30 P.M. to 10 P.M. to both Ladies and Gentlemen."]

THERE was started in London, I mustn't say where,
And, beyond saying lately, I mustn't say when,
A sweet Restaurant, where the sex that is fair
Might attend undisturbed by the presence of men.

"We are forced to endure you in Park and in Row,
We must bear you unwilling in hansom or 'bus;
But if any stray *here*, they shall meet with a No,—
So attempt not the haunt that is sacred to Us.

"Be warned, O intruder, nor venture to lag
When the nymphs of Diana the huntress draw nigh.
Fly, fly from their presence as fleet as a stag,
Lest you meet with the fate of Actæon, and die."

Thus the Ladies addressed us; the tables were set,
The silver was polished, the viands displayed.
And, like doves in a dove-cote, the customers met,
In a plumage of silks and of muslins arrayed.

"This is sweet!" said AMANDA. "Delightful!" said JANE.

While the rest in a chorus of "Charming!" combined.
And, declaring they cared not if dishes were plain,
So the men remained absent, they solemnly dined.

And they toyed with their *entrées*, and sipped their *Clicquot*,
And their smiles were as sweet as the wine that they drank.
But at last came a whisper—"Oh dear, this is slow!"

"Hush, hush!" said the others. "How dreadfully frank!

"Not slow; but there's something—I scarcely know what,
An absence, a dulness I cannot define.
It may be the soup, which was not very hot,
Or the roast, or the waiting, the ice, or the wine.

"But I'm sure there's a something." And so they agreed,
And they formed a Committee to talk of the case.
And a programme was issued for all men to read,
Bidding men (on page one) to abstain from the place.

But, since it is harder to ban than to bless, [the men.]
"For their own sakes," they said, "we will humour
If you turn to the last page, you'll find this P.S.:—
"Men allowed, by desire, from 6:30 to 10."



TRUE NOSTALGIA.

"ULLO! DUROI! YOU IN LONDON!"
"OUI, MON AMI. JE SUIS ARRIVÉ DE PARIS CE MATIN, ET J'Y RETOURNE CE SOIR PAR LE CLUB-TRAIN!"
"IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE COME TO LONDON?"
"NON, MON AMI. MAIS C'EST LA PREMIÈRE FOIS QUE J'Y RESTE AUSSI LONG-TEMPS!"

WEEK BY WEEK.

In the course of last week it was universally remarked that the *beau monde* betook itself by the usual methods of conveyance to Ascot. A very smartly-appointed coach, horsed entirely by blue-black hippogriffs, attracted much attention. The luncheons were of more than ordinary magnificence, and it was calculated that, during the week, no less than 5,624,907 bottles of champagne were consumed. The pigeon-pies were, as usual, composed mostly of beef.

One charming toilette was the cynosure of neighbouring eyes in the Enclosure. It was constructed of four gold *galons*, tastefully distributed on a blue silk ground intended to represent the Lake of Geneva. This was fringed with *passementerie* of the most ancient design, and picked out with minute red spots arranged in geometrical figures. The bonnet was composed of a single scrap of antique lace folded over a threepenny bit.

H.R.H. the Grand Duke of KATZENJAMMER, who is making a stay of several weeks in the Metropolis, in order that he may study free institutions on the spot, has been, we are informed, busily engaged in writing and answering letters during the past three days.

An interesting story, of which His Royal Highness is the hero, is going the round of the Clubs. It appears that on his arrival at the hotel in which he has established himself with his suite, the Grand Duke, whose absence of mind is well known, forgot to remunerate the cabman who had driven him. This individual, however, with the rudeness which is still, we regret to say, characteristic of the lower orders of our fellow countrymen, made repeated applications for his money, and eventually threatened to call in a policeman or to take out a summons. On this becoming known to the Grand Duke, he at once gave orders that the cabman should be ushered into his presence, and, after presenting him with a paper gulden, invested him then and there with the order of the Golden Ball, at the same

time exclaiming that honesty and perseverance in humble life were always worthy of commendation. The cabman is said to have been much moved. In these democratic days, such instances of princely condescension are not without value.

We are requested by the Earl of C-V-NTR-Y to state that he is sick to death of the whole business, and has eliminated the word "enclosure" from every dictionary he has been able to lay his hands on. He had intended at first to admit nobody, but was overruled, and he cannot, therefore, hold himself responsible for the presence of various people who seemed to think that they ought to be treated like unseasonable strawberries, first forced, then exhibited, and then swallowed.

An amusing incident is reported from the remote frontier village of Pusterwitz in Moldavia. A cobbler who had manufactured the boots of the Burgomaster ventured to submit his bill for payment. The populace, infuriated by this insult to their beloved Magistrate, after binding the offender in calf at the local publishing office, proceeded to slice him into small pieces with their *schneide-messers* (the native knife), to the immense delight of a crowd of peasants from the surrounding districts. The Burgomaster was much touched by this proof of popular devotion.

GOING TOO FAST.—M. ALEXANDRE JACQUES, who is announced as "a rival to SUCCI," is at this moment dispensing with food at the Royal Aquarium. He intends carrying out this self-denying programme for two days beyond a couple of score—possibly as a proof of his fortitude or (as a Cockney would pronounce the word) "forty-two'd." The last time this talented person dispensed with sustenance, was in Edinburgh, when he did not partake of any meal in the Douglas Hotel for thirty days—a feat, one would think, that must have been more interesting to the Medical Profession than the proprietor of the hostelry. However, as M. JACQUES fought for his country in 1870-71, he should be a most pleasant guest for the next six weeks or so to dinner-givers with a taste for economy.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 16.—"This is something like old times," said TIM HEALY, briskly rubbing his hands. "Poor JOSEPH GILLIS! pity he didn't live to see this night."

Very like old times, indeed. Seventy questions on the paper, increased fourfold by others put arising out of the answer. Practice is for Irish Members to put question; Prince ARTHUR reads answer from manuscript supplied from Irish Office; then uprise in succession half-a-dozen other Irish Members, each asking fresh question. Prince ARTHUR with one leg crossed over other and hand to chin sits looking and listening; presently when there is lull, lounges up to table and makes answer. FERGUSSON looks on in wonder. "What would become of me," he said, "supposing after I had read out my cut-and-dried answer, half-a-dozen fellows sprang on my back, and with fists in my face demanded reply to quite new question. I'm afraid I'd be lost."



At Bay.

That exceedingly probable. FERGUSSON'S floundering when momentarily adrift from sheet-anchor of his written reply decidedly painful. Prince ARTHUR saunters up to very mouth of guns of battery opened on him from Irish camp; looks straight down them; fires his shot; and saunters back; often a nasty shot, too; plumps in middle of camp and sets them all a roaring. This takes place every night. To-night lasted an hour. Once threatened repetition of scenes of decade after '74. Would have so happened but for tact and presence of mind of SPEAKER; cool and collected amid the clash of arms and roar of constant cannonading. JOHN DILLON standing with folded arms and flashing eyes, "Like NAPOLEON when he couldn't cross the Alps," said NICHOLAS WOOD, looking on from a safe distance.

The SPEAKER also on his feet with stern cry of "Order! Order!" Long JOHN O'CONNOR sitting on Bench below, darting straight up and down, with swift regular movement, for all the world like the piston of a steam-engine. Ministerialists bellowing in continuous roar at JOHN DILLON, still on his feet; uprises JOHN O'CONNOR with intent to offer observation; roar redoubled; reaches demoniac proportions; JOHN O'CONNOR plops down again; noise partially subsides; suddenly the piston discovered bolt upright; another roar; down it goes; all the while the SPEAKER crying aloud for "Order!" and JOHN DILLON standing with fiercer frown and arms more tightly folded.

"What was it NAPOLEON said when he couldn't cross the Alps?" NICHOLAS whispered, tremulously. "'If the Alps won't come to MAHOMET, MAHOMET must go to the Alps.' No, I don't think it was quite that; but was something to that effect; and I'm sure something will happen if DILLON doesn't sit down."

Just when matters reaching crisis, DILLON gave way; the piston on the bench below simultaneously ceased its action; and the SPEAKER, in quiet, grave tones, that had immediately soothing effect, suggested that, if any more information was required, it should be sought in the usual way, by Questions placed on the Paper. JOHNSTON O' Ballykilbeg, who had overheard GILL incidentally allude to Prince ARTHUR as prone to untruth, wanted the SPEAKER to take notice of irregularity. But SPEAKER judiciously deaf. As for JOHN O'CONNOR, glad of a little rest.

"All I wanted, TOBY," he explained, "was to hurl the word 'Crime' in BALFOUR'S teeth."

"Exactly," I said; "nothing more natural or desirable. But you should tone down the tendency towards the steam-engine-piston action, for which, I do not deny, you possess some natural advantages."

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

Tuesday.—"What's this I hear about Heligoland?" says NICHOLAS WOOD. Hardly knew him; so changed. A dull, heavy look faded over his usually mobile countenance; his svelte figure puffed out, and bent. "Only fortnight ago, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE proposed to give up Heligoland; barter it for a case of German Sausages, says he. FERGUSSON very properly angry; me and other good Tories protested against this new Separatist policy. Couldn't find Heligoland on the map."

"Ha!" I say, "but Germany has found it, and taken it, and the MARKISS is willin'."

"Very odd," says NICHOLAS; "can't make it out; like a thing out of a play; never go to a play, you know, but understand this sort of thing is somehow done: first you see it, then you don't; Heligoland British territory; to be sacrificed only with last drop of blood; Radical Separatists rapped on knuckles for suggesting handing over; then we wake up, and find it's been handed over, and by the MARKISS! Tell you what it is, TOBY, think I shall cut this business; not brought up to politics; find them a little weakening."

OLD MORALITY announced programme for remainder of Session.

In bulk something exceeding ordinary programme when brought in in February. Now it is the so-called June; every prospect of sitting till October; House groans and growls; terrible charges flying round; WINTERBOTHAM darkly accuses Cabinet Minister of keeping a public-house. HICKS-BEACH admits soft impeachment, but pleads it's "only a little one, brings me in only £20 a-year rent." "Miserable!" says NEWNES, who owns *Tit Bits*.

General feeling of sympathy with BEACH. WINTERBOTHAM apologises; if he'd known it was only £20 wouldn't have said anything. OLD MORALITY, in his kind way, presses BEACH'S hand; has troubles of his own to bear; but a man who owns a public-house and draws only £20 a-year from it, takes precedence in sympathy.

Over stern conflict and cantankerous sitting, PLUNKET sheds beam of genial humour. TIM HEALY asks if there could not be lift arranged to Ladies' Gallery. "Too expensive," says PLUNKET. "Too dear, he means," murmurs HOWORTH, who runs DICK TEMPLE close in his devotion to the Ladies. "Why," objects GEORGE CAMPBELL, whose eye nothing escapes, "there is already a lift for coal. Why not substitute Ladies for coal?"

"You see," said PLUNKET, smilingly, "we cannot do either without coal or without Ladies, and it is difficult to combine them in a lift."

GEORGE CAMPBELL not sure. When he has time to withdraw his thoughts from Central Asia, will look into the matter.

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill. Ministerial majority reduced to 29.

Thursday.—"I really can't do it," said MACLURE. "Oh, you must," said CHAPLIN; "hard work, I know, but put on a spurt and there you are."

"Wish I was there," said MACLURE, mopping his forehead. "All very well for slim young thing like you; but seventeen stun isn't the form for a short spin, especially with these confounded steps." Scene—passage by Cloak-room into House of Commons; time 5:19 P.M.; bell ringing furiously; Division imminent; PENROSE FITZGERALD with jacket shorter than ever, trousers turned up with a grace that maddens with envy. BOBBY SPENCER and LEWISHAM, on watch at top of staircase.

"Come along!" he shouts; "dividing on First Clause of Compensation Bill; SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE sprung a mine on us; got all their men here; ours down at Ascot; wouldn't be you for a quarter's salary, CHAPLIN. Hurry up! hurry up! Put your best leg forward, MACLURE!"

"That's all very well," said MACLURE, testily; "but which is my best leg?"

The two heavy-weights pounded gallantly along; been to Ascot; thought they'd be back in plenty of time for Division; and here's Division-bell at its last shake. HARTINGTON come up with them; striding ahead; wins easily; CHAPLIN reaches door of House just as it is closing; with tremendous effort, MACLURE pulls himself together; throws himself on doorway; nothing could stand rush like



The Ladies' Man.



On Outpost Duty.

that; door bursts open; MACLURE and Compensation Bill saved. A very close shave. When Division taken, 228 vote for Government, 224 against; majority Four—the four who raced up the staircase hot from Ascot.

Crowded House in wild excitement. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE consumed in bitterness of spirit. "If we'd divided half an hour ago we should have had majority of 25; a quarter of an hour ago, ten minutes ago, five minutes ago, sixty seconds earlier, we'd have won. But those Irish Shylocks must have their pound of verbosity. Couldn't resist temptation of putting an extra question, even for certainty of defeating Government. When they're once started on subject of shadowing, they go off by the hour."

"Well, never mind," said GORST; "you know it isn't the first time in history that men have sacrificed the substance for the shadow."

Business done.—The Government's—very nearly.

Friday.—HOME SECRETARY in the Dock; Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Q.C., instructed by Mr. HENRY FOWLER (Messrs. CORSER, FOWLER, & LANGLEY, Wolverhampton), prosecuted. Prisoner, who was accommodated with a seat, conducted his own defence. After long consultation, Jury could not agree, and were discharged without a verdict.

Business done.—Metropolitan Police Vote agreed to.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—Carmen. ZÉLIE is the accepted Carmen this season—no better; and MAGGIE MACINTYRE as *Michaela*, which, being an awkward name to pronounce, might be abbreviated to *Mickie*. DAN DRADY the Dramatic, excellent as *Escamillo*. One singer in a season plays many parts, and one part is played by several singers. How would a theatre succeed conducted on this plan, so that the same play should be produced on certain nights with a different cast? Here is DAN DRADY, for example; he plays *Escamillo*, tragi-comedy, one night; another time he is the noble *San Bris* in *Les Huguenots*; another, he is *Figaro* the loquacious *Barber of Seville*; another, he is the devil-may-care gallant *Don Giovanni*; and, though best in serious parts, he is good in all of them. On other occasions, when *Carmen* is given, the cast will be changed; some other singer will represent *Escamillo*, or someone will replace MAGGIE as *Mickie*; RAVELLI the Reliable will have been *Don José* once, and then MONTARIOL or YBOS (why BOSS? Can't yet make this out), or even JEAN DE RESZKÉ



may represent the nincompoop soldier. Suppose *A Pair of Spectacles*, with a change of cast, Mr. HARE out of it occasionally, and Mr. . . . Ah! there's the difficulty, Mr. Who, taking his part. Imagine *Faust* without IRVING as *Mephistopheles*. What a big Company it would require! No; better leave well alone.

Tuesday.—*Faust*. Always a safe draw. Same cast as before. Worth noting, that GOUNOD has given *Wagner* very little to do in this Opera, and that little not of his best. Evidently GOUNOD does not possess a strong sense of humour, or he wouldn't have lost such a chance as this. In the *Kermesse Scene* *Wagner* should have commenced one of his own Wagnerian strains, in the Wagnerian style, and been immediately stopped by the student's applause.

Wednesday.—*Le Nozze di Figaro*. Always charming. Should like to see examination paper on the plot of *Le Nozze*, questions to be answered without any reference to book.

1. Give succinct and clear account of the plot.
2. What connection with plot have *Figaro's* father and mother?
3. What social position among the Count's guests are the ladies of the ballet supposed to hold?
4. Having stated this, account for their costumes.
5. Why does Mlle. PALLADINO, the chief dancing guest, take no sort of notice of *Il Conte* and *La Contessa*? Are they not on speaking terms? If not, why not?
6. Why is *Don Bartolo* always made up and costumed as a superior Pantaloon?

Delighted again to see ELLA RUSSELL as *Susanna*. To think that only the other evening she was the graceful and stately *Queen Marguerite* in *Les Huguenots*, and now she is a *soubrette très piquante*. There are other pages in Madame SCALCHI's history—the page in the *Huguenots*, for example, and his twin brother in *Lucrezia Borgia*—which like me more than her *Cherubino*. Vocally DAN DRADY the Dramatic is all right; but he is too severe for *Figaro* the barber. Good house considering it is Ascot week, and on this night when such sad rumours are in the air, everyone sincerely delighted at seeing the Marchioness of LORNE in the Royal Box.

Thursday.—*Cup Day*, Ascot. *Roméo et Juliette*. Most appropriate: *Juliette* takes the Cup.

Friday, *Don Giovanni*; and *Saturday*, *Lucia*. This deponent

sings, "Not there, not there, my child!" "Eye hath not seen,"—I mean, "I have not seen" these two on these two particular occasions; but I believe that, in consequence of my absence, the Opera went on as usual, and DRURIOLANUS did not have to come before the Curtain and make an apology.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THE crass and pernicious dullness of some people exceeds belief. There exists at the office of this paper a *person*—he is absolutely unworthy of any other designation—who presumed last week to abstain from inserting in these columns the article to which the sporting millions of his fellow countrymen were looking for information with reference to the Ascot doings. I have no doubt whatever that *he himself used the hints* which that article contained, for I have since seen him in a brand-new hat and a gold watch-chain, the result of his ill-gotten gains. For my own sake I am forced to explain this sinister business, lest the preposterous suet-headed Mr. J. should triumph, and my readers should suppose for a moment that I would willingly disappoint them. I have kept a copy of what I wrote, and I here transcribe some of it in self-defence.

"With regard to the Royal Hunt Cup," I observed, "only a bat-eyed bargee, with the brains of a molluscous monkey, could fail to see the merits of *Morion*. *Morion*, it is well known, is an open helmet, but it doesn't follow from that that the Hunt Cup is an open event. Far from it. Visor, or no visor, those who elect to stand on *Morion*, need anticipate no trouble from anything else, for *Morion* is as certain to win the race as Mr. J. is to make a green-gooseberry fool of himself before another week is out." There was accuracy. No silly beating about the bush, but a straightforward piece of information, which not even the great band of boozy Bedlamites and buffoons who dance attendance on Mr. J. could have mistaken. But, as I said, no blame attaches to me in the matter.

Now then with regard to the Gold Cup. I said: "In the Gold Cup the old adage holds, *Medio tutissimus ibis*. The Ibis, I may mention, though he was an Egyptian bird, cannot be termed a flyer. However, take the three words *The Gold Cup*, select the middle word, open your mouth, bung up the eyes of anyone who impedes you, and wire to your Commissioner." The middle word was "Gold," and *Gold*, of course, won the Cup that was of, or belonging to him. Ask Prince SOLTYSKOFF if am right or wrong. And for the rest, if any fuddling, bolus-brained, bran-faced, turnip-tongued, hippopotamus-headed moon-calf doubts my word, let him remember that there are pistols for two—and coffee for one, in Belgium, and let him tremble.

THE WAY WE SHALL LIVE SOON.

(From the Diary of the Automatically Conducted.)

7 A.M.—Turned out of automatically constructed bed and deposited on the floor. Am picked up and hurried into an automatic dressing, washing, and shaving chair, after which, being dressed by self-acting machinery, descend by switchback lift to dining-room, where I am fed by an "automatic private breakfast supplier" while listening to last night's speeches in the House, and the latest gossip, furnished by one of the "Phonographic Association's Parliamentary and Social Scandal Machines."

10 A.M.—Take automatic horse exercise, and am thrown twice, being picked up each time automatically by a self-registering and revolving automatic policeman.

NOON.—Attend the marriage of a favourite niece, assisting at the subsequent social entertainment which is supplied to the assembled guests on the platform of a West-End terminus from one of the "Twopenny Wedding Breakfast Company's Automatic Machines," the Bridegroom at the same time presenting the Bridesmaids with a handsome Penny Piece of Jewellery from a similar source.

4 P.M.—Hair cut automatically, but, owing to some want of nice adjustment in the machinery, having managed to get ears clipped smartly at the same time, put penny into slot and consult an automatic pillar-post. Eventually get my head (and my hat too, by mistake) strapped up by patent automatic binder in the ward of an automatically conducted Hospital.

8 P.M.—Dine automatically with automatic halfpenny appetite, listening to Phonographic Italian Opera at one of Metropolitan District Underground Stations.

10 P.M.—Dragged up-stairs mechanically by switch-back lift, and have my boots pulled off by machinery, being automatically flung into a hot bath, turned out, scrubbed, lifted out, dried by a revolving towel, and eventually thrown into bed and tacked up, and finally sent to sleep by Phonograph repeating good things said by funny man at previous day's evening-party.

THE MONRO DOCTRINE (not to be adopted by Sir Edward Bradford). That the control of the legislative proposals of the Government should be "a question of police."



INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Jones (after a delightful Waltz). "AND NOW, MISS BROWN, LET US GO AND SEEK SOME 'REFRESHMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST!'"

"GIVEN AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA!"

A Song of (Imperial) Shop.

Oh, nice little, plump little German boy,
Approaching the Counter of B. & Co.,
You never, most probably, hoped to enjoy
In the way of business—a way you know—
An opportunity half so good
For doing a smart little stroke of trade.
BULL'S Shopman, you see, is in generous
mood,
As "wonderful bargains" his wares are
arrayed,
And treasures,—no wonder you jump with
glee!
Are "Given away with a Pound of Tea!"

Do ut des! That's the motto, of course,
The motto of Shop in the Fatherland;
It was laid down by Orro with lucid force,
And CAPRIVI its bearings doth understand.
But the man at the Counter of JOHN BULL'S
Stores,

The drift of the doctrine seems hardly to
grasp;
So his Teuton customer collars and scores.
He's stolid and 'ente, or he'd stare and
gasp
To see the possessions of Mr. JOHN B.
"Given away with a Pound of Tea!"

Pays for 'em? Humph! With a Zanzibar
cheque;
Like a "Bank of Elegance" counterfeit
note,
Or a draft on oneself; worth a penny a peck.
Such paper as this on the market to float!
Giving you what is yours, or at least is not
his,

In exchange for whatever he happens to want,
Is what slangy Sportsmen call "very
good biz,"
For *him*, though for you, BULL, it looks like a
"plant."
Have you any more goods, BULL, you'd like
to see
"Given away with a Pound of Tea?"

Kilima Njara, no doubt, was a boon,
To the innocent butterfly-hunting boy.
(Who sups with the—Teuton, should have a
long spoon,
For his appetite's eager and dainties don't
cloy.)

The Hinterland comes in most handy, no
doubt,
And then that nice bonus of Heligoland!
Ah, truly, the Teuton knows what he's about.
But Shopman SALISBURY, why should he
stand
And advertise goods of his master J. B.
As "Given away with a Pound of Tea?"

What's the next article? Pray, do not
shrink [boy;
From "giving a name to it," small German
The Shopman so smiles, one might verily
think [he'll enjoy.
That "parting's" not "sorrow," but what
"Surrender," and "Scuttle," and all the
bad terms
Once hurled at "the Shirkers" to roost now
return.

Where is the last Jingo? One fancies he
squirms [Jingos sprn,
And invokes ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Could he
Do worse—the old Shopman, false W.G.—
Than cry, "Given away with a Pound of
Tea?"

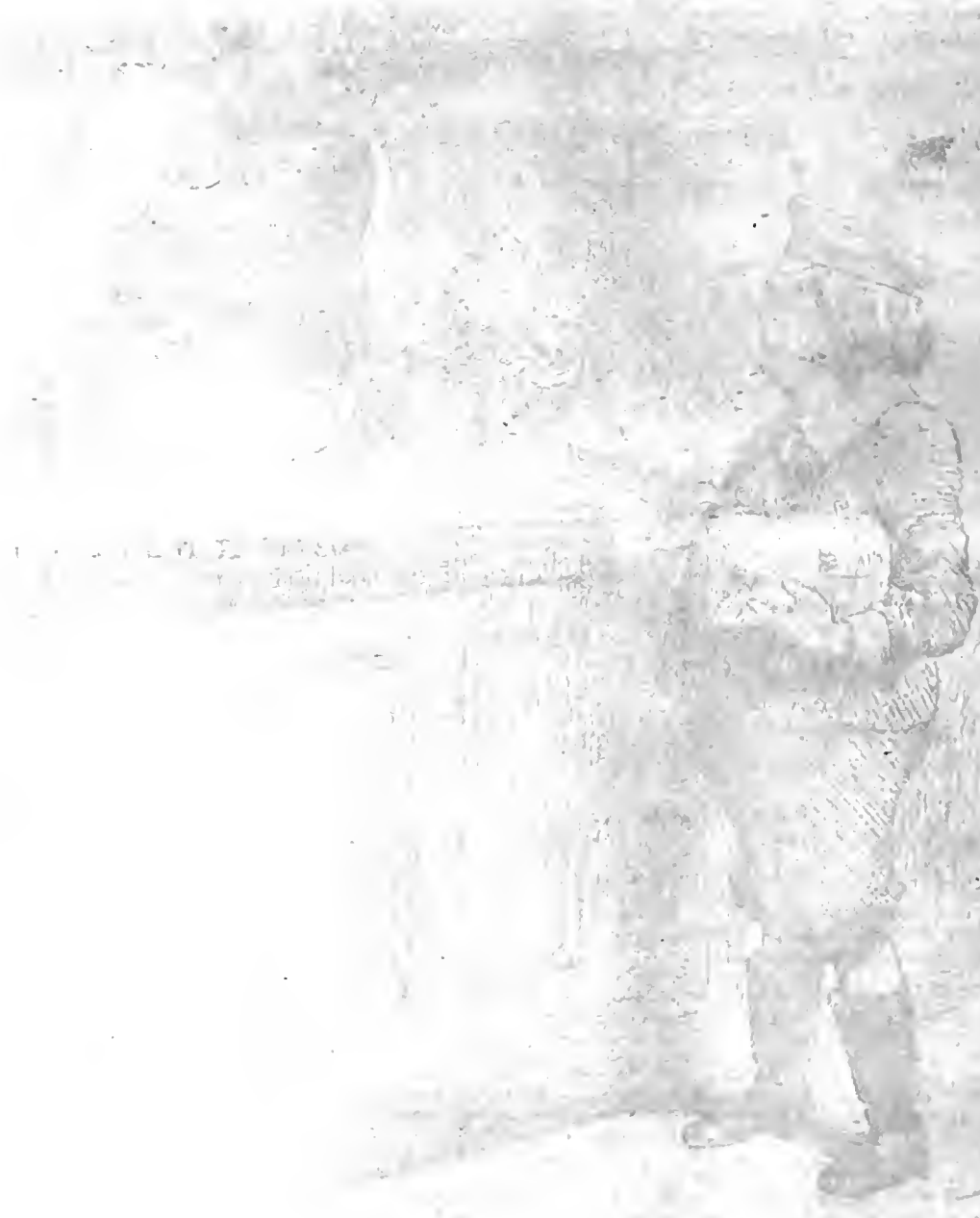
Though a bargain's a bargain, and not a bad
stroke
When a little good-nature secures a firm
friend,
Reciprocity all on one side's a poor joke,
And a bargain that's bad is a bargain to
mend.
That German is not yet gone out of the shop,
Recall him a moment—to look at that
oheque!
It may not be one that a banker would stop,
But is it "Good Value"? This rede you
may reck,
Mr. Shopman, sans shame. 'Tis pure fiddle-
dedee [Tea!
To give *too* much away with your Pound of

HARROW OR HANOVER?

FROM an all-too-brief correspondence in
the *P. M. G.*, we learn that Mr. JOHN
ADDINGTON SIMONDS is very angry with
Mr. FRANK HARRIS for a statement appear-
ing in a *Fortnightly Review* article of his,
that he "went to Hanover at the age of
thirteen." Mr. SIMONDS explains that it
was to Harrow that he went at that period
of his life, and that he has never been to
Hanover at all—which, no doubt, is a matter
of great importance to mankind in general.
He complains, moreover, that his essay is
"villanously ill-edited." Surely this is what
Polonius would call "an ill-phrase," and
suggests a doubt whether Mr. SIMONDS
cultivated much at Harrow those "ingenuous
arts," the study of which "softens the
manners and does not permit them to be
brutal." Perhaps it is not even now too late
for him to pick them up. He might try Hanover.



“GIVEN AWAY WITH A POUND OF TEA!!!”



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE LADIES' YEAR.

[Miss Margaret Alford (of Girton) Niece of scholarly Dean Alford, is announced in one of the four "Senior Classics" at Cambridge.]

"A DREAM of Fair Women"—who shine in the Schools,
The Muse should essay ere her ardour quite cools.
Come, bards, take your lyres and most carefully tune 'em,
For Girton in glory now pairs off with Newnham.
Miss FAWCETT the latter with victory wreathed,
And now, ere the males from their marvel are breathed,
Miss MARGARET ALFORD, the niece of the Dean,
As a Classical First for the former is seen.
Let Girton toast Newnham, and Newnham pledge Girton,
And—let male competitors put a brisk "spurt" on,
Lest when modern Minerva adds learning to grace,
Young Apollo should find himself out of the race!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"The Gentle Art of making Enemies, as pleasantly exemplified in many instances," &c., &c. (for full title see the book itself) is, whatever "Messieurs les Ennemis" may think of it, a work of rare humour. Of course you must first of all be interested in King

JAMES and his subjects, — his principal subject being himself, (and lucky the man who can command himself) — and you must wish to know the story of his rights and wrongs; then this interest and desire being taken for granted, the book of the butterfly is a thing of beauty and a joy for now and ever. The heads are epigrammatic and the tails sprightly, and both eminently characteristic, for the heads tell their own tales, and the tails in a drollian scheme are the outcome of the heads. Most of the vaggery is in these tailpieces, which, one and all of them, represent



The Mephistophelian Whistlerian Butterfly "On the Pounce" at Antwerp.

the real Whistlerian spirit, "the Familiar" of ETCHER JAMES, that is the Demoniacal Butterfly "in various aspects," as Mrs. MALAPROP might say. Does the Butterfly's Master address "Messieurs les Ennemis," the Familiar Spirit is all politeness, with head down and wings outstretched saluting before coming to "on guard." Does Master "rid himself of the friendship of the many?"—the little Demon shakes a reef out of his tail and flies upwards, to return after a short flight of fancy. On occasions when Master has been reflecting comically and satirically on some of his attackers, or on his detractors, the volatile Imp literally shakes his sides with uncontrollable laughter, and can't stand upright for very mirth. The famous "Ten o'clock" which has been immortalised by Mr. Punch as the "Ten-and-sixpenny o'clock," in consequence of the tickets being half-a-guinea apiece, is here reprinted. PROSPERO WHISTLER packs up his bag of tricks, buries his wand, makes his bow with a little speech at a testimonial dinner given to him by his friends, and the Familiar Demon Butterfly, free at last, darts into space, leaves "Finis" below,—then, you turn over the page, all is blank,—Magician and Familiar have vanished!

DAVID STOTT, not of Oldham, but of Oxford Street, publishes dainty little pocket volumes, and here is one yelect *Essays or Counsels of Francis Bacon*. "Put it in the bag!" says the Baron, "and let it be my travelling companion, so that, whenever I want refreshment I may feed on Bacon, that many-sided philosopher." It is a wonderfully handy volume, tastefully and substantially bound, and its type of the very clearest. Much-occupied men, who can only snatch here a moment and there a moment for reading, ought to be grateful to the inventors and the publishers of all handy books,

meaning, says the Baron, books which are really handy, and which, without destroying the natural elegance of your figure or the set of your garments, you can carry comfortably and imperceptibly in your tail coat pocket.

Notes from the News. By JAMES PAYN. (CHATTO AND WINDUS.) Notes on passing events of all sorts, spiced with capital stories, which will indeed be a big capital to be drawn upon by the dining-out raconteur,—the only thing against his present success being that most persons will have read these stories in *The Illustrated London News* or in this volume. It is a book for the weary work-all-day man to dip into, and to come out of it again refreshed. When in doubt as to what light reading to take up, the Baron advises, "Take PAYN'S."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—My faithful "Co." has been revelling in the Summer Holiday Number of *All The Year Round*, which consists of a complete story entitled, *A Mist of Error*, by MARY ANGELA DICKENS. The authoress is the granddaughter of the great novelist, and the daughter of his son, the most popular of editors, and the best of good fellows. My "Co." reports, that the novelette is full of promise, and is a proof that literary genius is hereditary. Interesting from the first page to the last, *A Mist of Error*, in spite of its title, is never suggestive of a fog.—My faithful "Co." is also delighted with *Men of the Times Birthday Book*, compiled by Mr. J. F. BOYES, F.S.A.—a charming little Volume that everyone will be proud to possess. He prophesies that it will be one of the most popular of Birthday Books, and congratulates its compiler on the production of a work of distinct historical value.

A GREAT GUNN.

[GUNN, the great Notts' batsman, playing for the Players of England against the Australians at Lords, on June 19 and 20, made 228 runs, the highest individual score ever made in this country against the Australians.]

SUCH calm, graceful batting, of funk as defiant,
As proof against flurry, deserved the crowd's roar.
'Twas Cricket, indeed, when the Nottingham Giant,
Against the best batting, piled up that huge score;
And the crowd as they watched him smite, play, hock, or run,
Could grasp the full meaning of "Sure as a GUNN!"

ROBERT AT THE LEATHERSELLERS'.

WE had been so preshus busy at "the Grand Hotel" lately, that I hadn't seen werry much of my deer old City, but larst week I was arsked for to go and offshyate there at the jolly Leathersellers Company's Grand Dinner, as they was about to have a very distangy Party including one of our most sellybrated Hartist's, who's that poplar that ewerybody calls him 'ARRY instead of 'ENERY, as must in course have been the name as his godmothers and godfathers gav him when he was quite young and had his fust taste of a cold Bath, and most probberly didn't like it.

So I went accordingly, and a werry scrumpshus Bankwet they had, includin them trewly Royal luxuries '80 Shampans and '47 Port! Ah! what a thing it must be to be a Royal or a Nobel person, and to live on all the Fat of the Land, and wash it all down with nothink yunger than '80 shampain and '47 Port! And no matter where you gos, or weather it's to lay down a Fust Stone, or to Hop a Hexibishun, or to take a Chair at a nobel Charity Dinner, there it is all redy for you, and a hole crowd of People a watching you a eating and a drinking of 'em, and a thanking you artily for taking the trubble of doing so! Ah! I sumtimes werrily beleeves as that my nateral tastes tells me as I was horiginally hintended for sum such useful life myself!

Well, arter the Bankwet of course we had all the reglar gushing speeches, and werry bewtiful but rather lengthy they was, but presently a sumthink appened as more estonished me praps than anythink as has appened to me for some time past.

The hartistick and poplar Gent as ewerybody calls ARRY FURNACE was called upon to return thanks for Hart, when to my intense estonishment, and ewerybody else's emusement, he acshally said as how as his frend "ROBERT," seeing how garstly pale he turned when he was told wot he wood have to do, had writ down for him 6 lines of most bewtiful Poetry, which he at wunce proceeded to recite, and sat down amid entusiastick cheers and shouts of larfter! Seeing my look of puzzled surprise, he kindly turned round to me and said, "Look here, ROBERT, as I've rather taken a libberty with your honnerd name, I'll repay you by taking another with your well-known features," and borrowing a bewtiful pencil of me, that I had bort the day before for a penny, he acshally sketched three likenesses of me in his Book of the Songs, and giving it to me, said, with his merry laugh, "There, I hope that will console you for my bit of harmless fun;" and from what I was offered for my three sketches when I showed 'em about, after he was gone, I thinks, that upon the whole, I got a werry good share of the larf on my own side of the mouth.

ROBERT.



TRYING POSITION OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

HE DETERMINES TO TRY THE AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINE, THE STATION BEING EMPTY. TO HIS DISMAY A CROWD HAS GATHERED, AND WATCHES THE OPERATION.

AN IDEAL INTERVIEWER.

SCENE—Den of latest Lion.

Latest Lion (perusing card with no visible signs of gratification.) Confound it! don't remember telling the Editor of *Park Lane* I'd let myself be interviewed. Suppose I must have, though. (*Aloud to Servant, who is waiting.*) You can show the Gentleman up.

Servant (returning). Mr. WALSINGHAM JERMYN!

[*A youthful Gentleman is shown in; he wears a pink-striped shirt-front, an enormous button-hole, and a woolly frock-coat, and is altogether most expensively and fashionably attired, which, however, does not prevent him from appearing somewhat out of countenance after taking a seat.*

The L. L. (encouragingly). I presume, Mr. JERMYN, you're here to ask me some questions about the future of the British East African Company, and the duty of the Government in the matter?

Mr. Jermyn (gratefully). Er—yes, that's what I've come about, don't you know—that sort of thing. Fact is (*with a burst of confidence*), this isn't exactly my line—I've been rather let in for this. You see, I've not been by way of doin' this long—but what's a fellow to do when he's stony-broke? Got to do somethin', don't you know. So I thought I'd go in for journalism—I don't mean the drudgery of it, leader-writin' and that—but the light part of it, *Society*, you know. But the other day, man who does the interviews for *Park Lane* (that's the paper I'm on) jacked up all of a sudden, and my Editor said I'd better take on his work for a bit, and see what I made of it. I wasn't particular. You see, I've always been rather a dead hand at drawin' fellows out, leadin' them on, you know, and all that, so I knew it would come easy enough to me, for all you've got to do is to sit tight and let the other chap—I mean to say, the man you're interviewin'—do all the talking, while you—I mean to say, myself—keep, keeps—hullo, I'm getting my grammar a bit mixed; however, it don't signify—I keep quiet and use my eyes and ears like blazes. Talking of grammar, I thought when I first started that I should get in a regular hat over the grammar, and the spellin', and that—you write, don't you, when you're not travellin'? So you know what a grind it is to

spell right. But I soon found they kept a Johnny at the office with nothing to do but put all your mistakes right for you, so, soon as I knew that, I went ahead gaily.

The L. L. Exactly, and now, perhaps, you will let me know what particular information you require?

Mr. J. Oh, you know the sort of thing the public likes—they'll want to know what sort of diggings you've got, how you dress when you're at home, and all that, how you write your books, now—you do write books, don't you? Thought so. Well, that's what the public likes. You see, your name's a good deal up just now—no humbug, it is though! Between ourselves, you know, I think the whole business is the balliest kind of rot, but they've got to have it, so there you are, don't you see. I don't pretend to be a well-read sort of fellow, never was particularly fond of readin' and that; no time for it, and besides, I've always said *Books* don't teach you knowledge of the world. I know the world fairly well—but I didn't learn it from books—ah, you agree with me there—you know what skittles all that talk is about education and that. Well, as I was sayin', I don't read much, I see the *Field* every week, and a clinkin' good paper it is, tells you everythin' worth knowin', and I read the *Pink Un*, too. Do you know any of the fellows on it? Man I know is a great friend of one of them, he's going to introduce me some day, I like knowin' literary chaps, don't you? You've been about a good deal, haven't you? I expect you must have seen a lot, travellin' as you do. I've done a little travellin' myself, been to Monte Carlo, you know, and the Channel Islands—you ever been to the Channel Islands? Oh, you ought to go, it's a very cheery place. Talkin' of Monte Carlo, I had a rattlin' good time at the tables there; took out a hundred quid, determined I would have a downright good flutter, and Jove! I made that hundred last me over five days, and came away in nothing but my lawn-tennis flannels. That's what I call a flutter, don't you know! Er—beastly weather we're havin'! You have pretty good weather where you've been? A young brother of mine has been out for a year in Texas—he said he'd very good weather—of course that's some way off where you've come from—Central Africa, isn't it? Talkin' of my brother, what do you think the young ass did?—went out there with a thousand pounds, and paid it all down to some sportsmen who took him to see some stock they said belonged to them—of course he found out after they'd off'd it that they didn't own a white mouse among 'em! But then, Drck's one of those chaps, you know, that think themselves so uncommon knowin', they can't be had. I always told him he'd be taken in someday if he let his tongue wag so much—too fond of hearing himself talk, don't you know, great mistake for a young fellow; sure to say somethin' you'd better have let alone. I suppose you're getting rather sick of all these banquets, receptions, and that? They do you very well, certainly. I went to one of these Company dinners some time ago, and they did me as well as I've ever been done in my life, but when you've got to sit still afterwards and listen to some chap who's been somewhere and done somethin' jawin' about it by the hour together without a check, why, it's not good enough, I'm hanged if it is! Well, I'm afraid I can't stay any longer—my time's valuable now, don't you know. I daresay yours is, too. I'm awfully glad to have had a chat with you, and all that. I expect you could tell me a lot more interestin' things, only of course you've got to keep the best of 'em to put in your book—you are writin' a book or somethin', ain't you? Such heaps of fellows are writin' books nowadays, the wonder is how any of 'em get read. I shall try and get a look at yours, though, if I come across it anywhere; hope you'll put some amusin' things in,—nigger stories and that, don't make it too bally scientific, you know. Directly I get back, I shall sit down, slick off, and write out all you've told me. I shan't want any notes, I can carry it all in my head, and of course I shan't put in anything you'd rather I didn't, don't you know.

The L. L. (solemnly). Mr. JERMYN, I place implicit confidence in your discretion. I have no doubt whatever that your head, Sir, is more than capable of containing such remarks as I have found it necessary to make in the course of our interview. I like your system of extracting information, Sir, very much. Good morning.

Mr. Jermyn (outside). Nice pleasant-spoken fellow—trifle long-winded, though! Gad, I was so busy listenin' I forgot to notice what his rooms were like or anythin'! How would it do to go back? No, too much of a grind. Daresay I can manage to fox up somethin'. I shall tell the Chief what he said about my system. Chief don't quite know what I can do yet—this will open his eyes a bit.

[*And it does.*]

THE HARE APPARENT.—I forgot to record last week that Saturday, the 14th, was the hundredth night of the *Pair of Spectacles*, and the silver wedding of Mr. HARE's stage career. The occasion was celebrated at the Garrick with a supper given by Mr. HARE to old friends and comrades. It was an illustration of "*The Hare and many Friends*," only it wasn't a fable—it was a fact. As closely associated with HARE at various dinner-tables, I beg to sign myself,
CURRENTE JELLI CALAMO.



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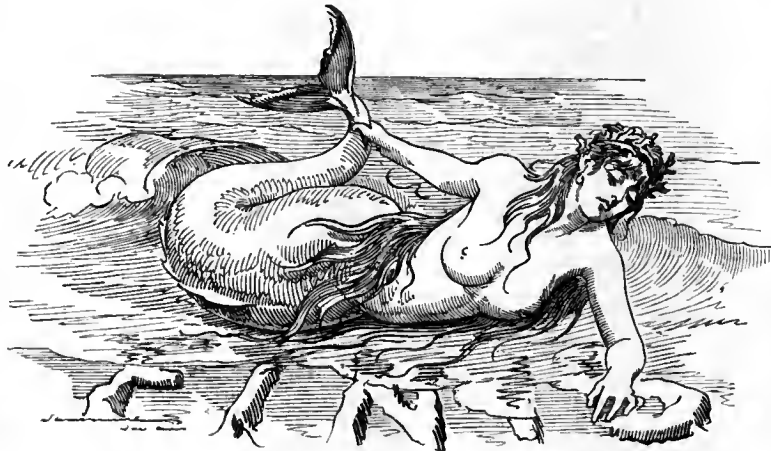
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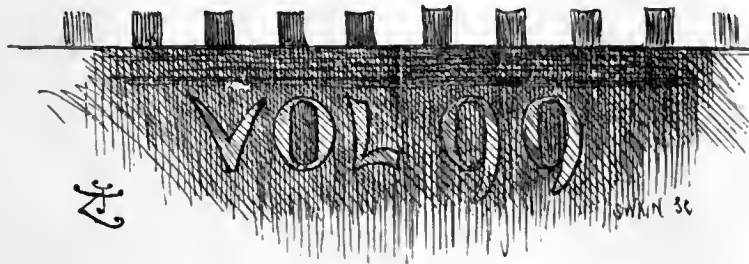
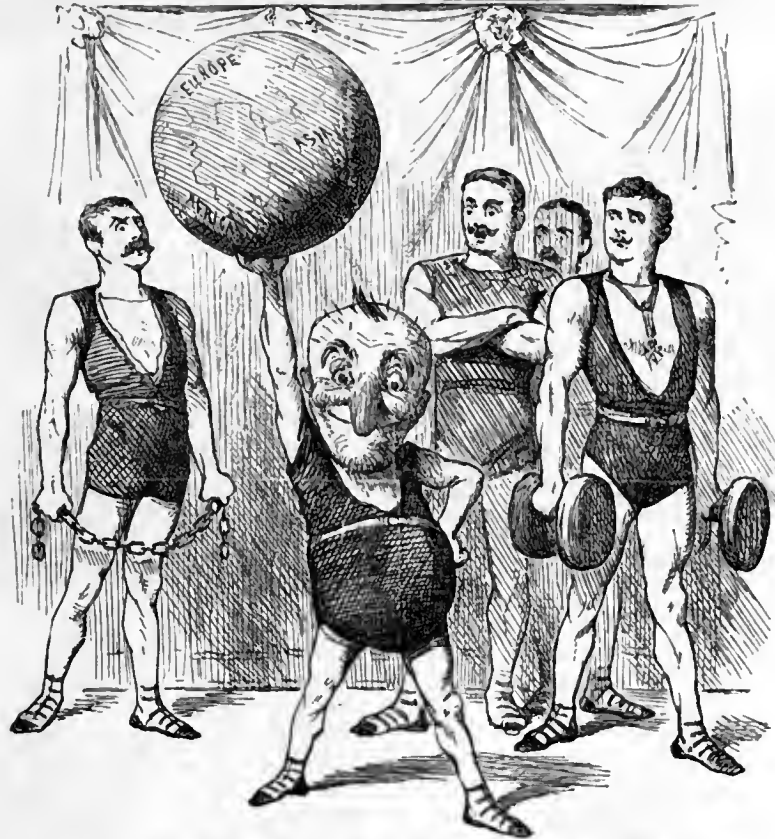
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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1890.



SCENE—Early morn, in the neighbourhood of the Saronic Gulf. A marble Temple, olive-shadowed, and overlooking the sea. HYGEIA discovered discoursing with her venerable Sire. To them enter MR. PUNCH, accompanied by "a burly man of middle height, with a countenance remarkable from its depth of expression and strength of contour."

Mr. Punch. Greetings, HYGEIA! "I hope I don't intrude" (as *Paulus Speculator* would say) upon the musings of the ancient Sire of Medicine and his daughter, well-beloved of modern man.

Hygeia (affably). Mr. PUNCH could never be an intruder anywhere.

Mr. Punch. You do me proud, HYGEIA. Pray grant me the additional favour of introducing me to your father.

Æsculapius. Mr. PUNCH requires no introduction. Moreover, though that satirical dog, LUCIAN, represents me as wrangling with HERCULES about precedence, "in a manner unseemly, and quite strange to the banquets of the Gods," yet indeed I am too little of a *parvenu* to be proud, or of a quack to be quarrelsome.

Mr. Punch. Only what was to be expected of "the blameless physician" of Epidaurus. I wish that some of your later followers, British and Teuton, would take example from their great prototype. Then we should be spared some unseemly professional squabbles, and much peevishly polemical pamphleteering.

Æsculapius. Who, Mr. PUNCH, is your companion? I perceive by his manner that he warmly echoes your wish.

Mr. Punch. Like HERMES of old, I am privileged to act as ambassador and intermediary between the Immortals and mankind. This is Dr. ROBERT KOCH, the great German bacteriologist, and dauntless foe of the deadly Bacillus.

Æsculapius. "Whom not to know argues oneself unknown." By the beard of JOVE, that thrasonic "strong man," HERCULES (albeit he called me "paltry herb-doctor and mountebank"), with all his heroic exploits against huge Hydras and swarming Stymphalian Birds, performed tasks not more arduous, and infinitely less useful, than he whose life-long battle has been against the microscopic scourges of mankind.

Dr. Koch. But my battle is not yet won, ÆSCULAPIUS. I am sorry that some of my over-eager disciples fail to distinguish between sounding the charge and blowing the trumpet of final victory.

Mr. Punch. Bravo, Modesty! Sensationalism in Science, particularly in Medical Science, is singularly detestable.

So many cockadood'ledee

Too soon, Fame's temple plotting in!
You're modest, KOCH, my learned Teu-
-ton, as when studying at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen!

Dr. Koch. I trust so. But, Sir, it is not in Berlin or in London as it was in old Epidaurus. A modern Prometheus, even, would have his beneficent fire puffed into premature notoriety by the accursed, ubiquitous, indiscreet, flatulent, swaggering, sensation-mongering spirit of Advertisement, almost before he had time to appraise or to apply it. My friend PASTEUR and myself should not be held responsible for the unmeasured pretensions of our hasty exploiters.

Hygeia. All civilised mankind are now worshippers at my modernised shrine ; but, unhappily, like the devotees of other altars, they are sometimes a little too corybantic in their *cultus*.

Mr. Punch. Most true, HYGEIA!—

To dedicate to thee, benignant Nymph,
Our Teuton's magic febrifacient lymph,
Unheralded by blatant, nousless noise,
Were first of duties, genuinest of joys.
But, ÆSCULAPIUS mine, I greatly fear
The modern advertising Chanticleer,—
A strutting fowl, cacophonous, absurd,—
Is not the clarion-voiced dawn-hailing bird
Sacred to thee, which SOCRATES the wise
Chose as his mortuary sacrifice.
Nay, rather 'tis that gallinaceous pest,
Whose noise deprives a weary world of rest.
Heavens! how the wise abhor the blatant crew,
Whose life is one long Cock-a-doodle-do!

But here, ÆSCULAPIUS, we are far from the shindy of Sensationalism ; here, HYGEIA, the dawn creeps upon us over yon shadowy hills without the devil's tattoo of puffing quackdom ; here, Dr. KOCH, all is as calm and thought-aiding as those lonely Klausthal Mountains where you first meditated war upon the Bacillus.

Æsculapius. Here is wine of a vintage that Clubdom could not match, and that Sir WILFRID the Water-worshipper could hardly demur to. Let us drink the health and the ultimate triumph of the illustrious Bacillicide!

Mr. Punch. With all my heart—though 'tis early for so potent a potation.

In spite of the quackish and quizzical,
May Koch's magic lymph anti-phthysical
Effect a safe cure,
As lasting as sure,
O'er the saddest of maladies physical!

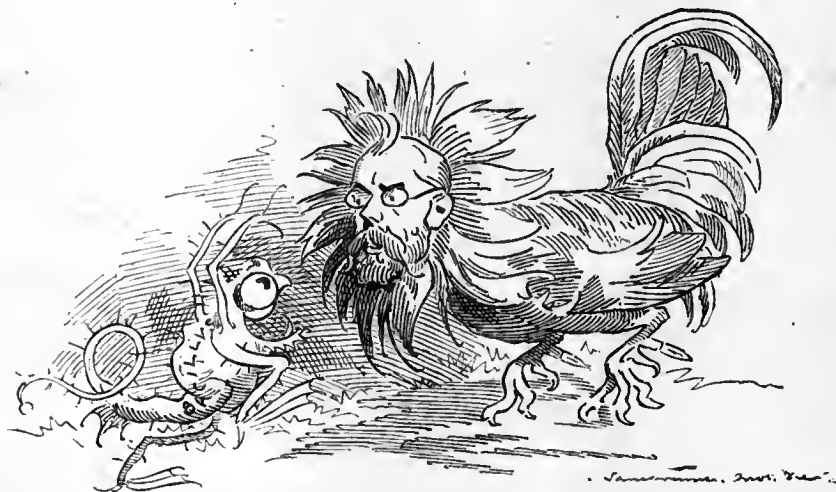
[*They drink.*

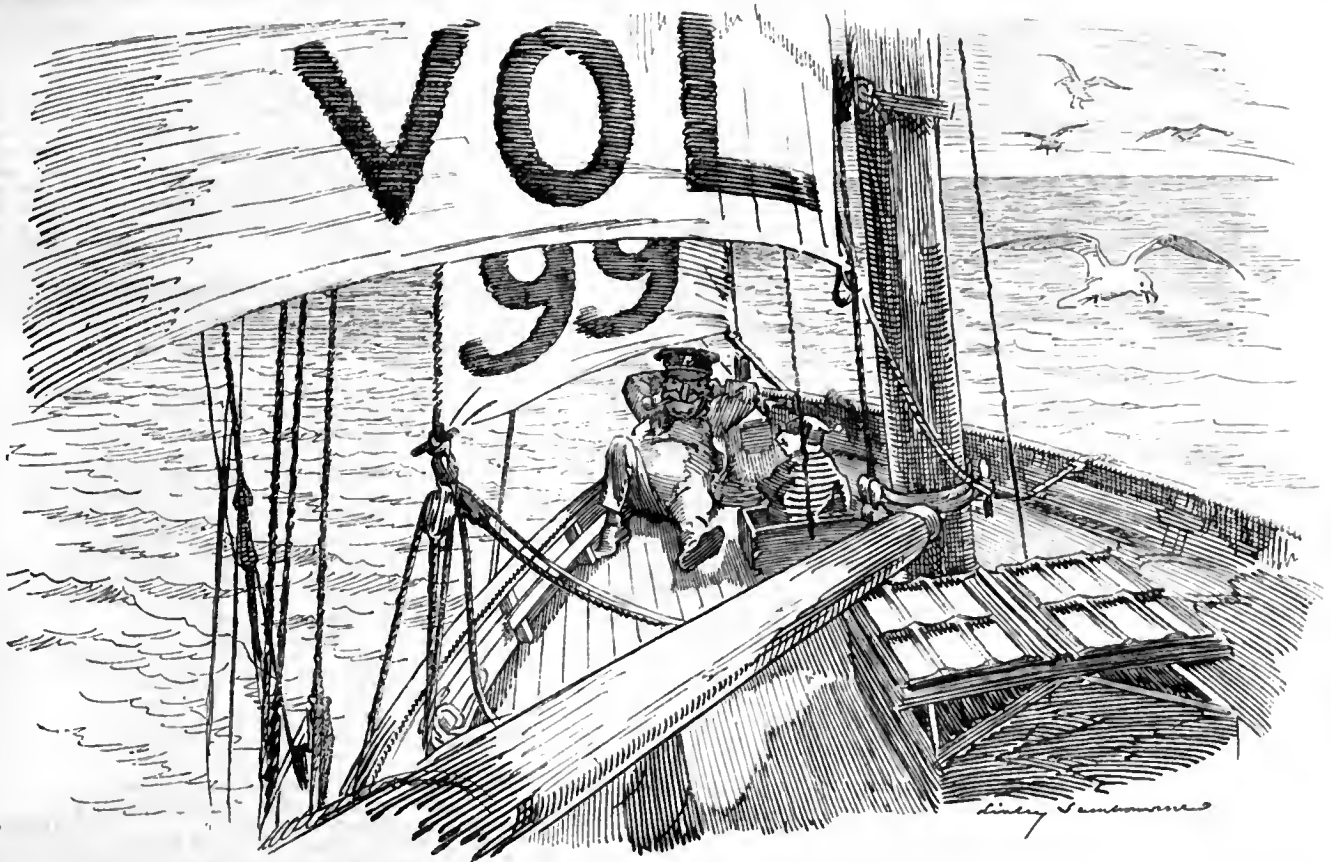
Æsculapius. Hark! my bird in jubilant strains greets the dawn. May it mean the dawn of Health to the disease-harassed world of men whom I loved, and suffered from angry Jove for aiding. Your devoted dog barketh briskly,
Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch. As though he beheld the angry spectres or spooks of the malignant Microbes driven forth with the vanishing darkness. Toby's Master is also, in his way, a slayer of Microbes, the parasitic mental pests, the soul-corrupting Bacilli of palsying Humbug, and feverish Folly, and cancerous Cant. Foes, Doctor, as multitudinous as ubiquitous, and as difficult of extirpation as any of the physical disease-germs that we are all hoping your long-sought lymph will finally defeat. As you labour in your Hygienic Museum in Kloster Strasse, so do I in my Sanctum in Fleet Street, in the interests of disordered Mankind. Would you study my doctrine, and learn my infallible specifics? Then read this!

And Mr. PUNCH politely presented to ÆSCULAPIUS his

Ninety-Ninth Volume!





WEEK BY WEEK.

WE understand that careful observers have noted a considerable amount of disturbance in the House of Commons during the past three weeks. Various reasons have, as usual, been advanced to account for this phenomenon, one eminent politician having gone so far as to hint darkly at the existence of Cave-men (or Troglodytes), who dwell in barrows.

The weather has been subject to strange variations. The mean temperature of the isothermal lines, when reduced to fractions of an infinitesimal value, has been found to correspond exactly to the elevation of the nap on the hat of a certain sporting Earl. Dividing that by the number of buttons on a costermonger's waistcoat, and adding to the quotient the number of aspirates picked up in the Old Kent Road on a Saturday afternoon, the result has been computed as equal to the total amount of minutes occupied by a vendor of save-logs in advertising his wares in the Pall Mall Clubs.

Candour is at times inconvenient. A prominent member of a Metropolitan Vestry was informed two days ago by one of the permanent scavengers of the district, that he "wasn't worth the price of a second-hand boot-lace." On inquiring the meaning of this curious phrase, he was told that "his blooming head would be knocked off for two-pence." We understand that the Vestryman's vote on a question of salary is responsible for the indignation of the scavenger, a member of a class usually noted for their somewhat ceremonious courtesy.

Those who propose to travel this year will doubtless be glad to learn that the Hessian fly has been observed in unusual abundance in Westphalia. This succulent *morceau* is now eaten fried, with a sauce of devilled lentils and oil.

It appears, after all, that there is no very definite foundation for the report that Sir EDWARD WATKIN is said to be disappointed in the competitive designs sent in for his Tower, because none of them provide sleeping accommodation for 2000 people on the top storey. Of course something must have given rise to the rumour, but it is not easy to say exactly what. One competitor has already, however, it appears, intimated his readiness to make the required addition, by hanging his beds over the side of the Tower on "extended poles." The question is, "Would Sir WATKIN be able to induce his patrons 'to turn in' under such conditions?" There's the rub.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

STANLEY's *Darkest Africa* (SAMPSON LOW) swamps all other books just now, except, of course, the Other STANLEY book, called *A Light on the Keep-it-Quite-the-Darkest Africa* (TRISCHLER & Co.) which follows closely at its heels. The real STANLEY narrative is most interesting and exciting: it is a book that will make everyone "sit up"—at night to read it. The centre of attraction is in the answer to the question, "How did I find EMIN?" Which is, "Quite well, thank you."

My faithful "Co." reports that he has been doing his duty nobly as a novel-reader. He has already devoured Vol. III. of the *Man with a Secret*. He would attack Vols. I. and II. if he had not had (so he says) quite enough of the Man and his Secret. *Innocent Victims* is written in the temperance interest. "Co." has every sympathy with the cause of undiluted water, but fears that this "story of London Life and Labour" may end in drink. He found it himself a little dry, and was not cheered by the name of the author, HUGO DOWN, which seemed to suggest he could not get up again. He is eagerly waiting for more fiction, as "*Expiation*" by OCTAVE THANET has scarcely satisfied his craving for the weird and the horrible. In the meanwhile, he has found a cheerful interlude in *Sanity and Insanity*, a text-book (written in a popular yet scientific strain) of the maladies of the mind. He says, that Dr. MERCIER, the author, is to be congratulated on having treated a rather "jumpy" subject in a manner that can offend no one. "Co." had no idea up to now, that 't'other was so like unto which."

All the Magazines for July are in, but the Baron has been unable to open them, and "Co." has cut them. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

ADVICE TO GIRL GRADUATES.

(After Charles Kingsley—at a respectful distance.)

DRESS well, sweet Maid, and let who will be clever.
Dance, flirt, and sing!
Don't study all day long.
Or else you'll find,
When other girls get married,
You'll sing a different song!

SAD NEWS FROM ETON.—"Bever" is dead. Sorrowing boys followed the bier. The Bever-age has ceased to exist. What next? Will the characteristic Etonian top-hat follow the Bever?



HIS FIRST ACHE.

"OH, MAMMY! I'VE GOT SUCH A PAIN IN FRONT OF ME!"

BEFORE BISLEY.

SCENE—Office of the Commanding Commander-in-Chief. The C.C.-in-Chief discovered. To him enter H.R.H. GEORGE RANGER.

H.R.H. G. R. You sent for me, Mr. Punch. I beg pardon, I should say, your Excellency?

C.C.-in-C. (severely). Be careful, Sir, and remember in whose presence you are! I believe about a month ago you asked for subscriptions in aid of the National Rifle Association?

H.R.H. G. R. Yes, Mr. P.—I should say, your Excellency.

C.C.-in-C. And I presume the N. R. A. have been put to very great expense in changing from Wimbledon to Bisley?

H.R.H. G. R. Yes, I am sorry to say so,—personally sorry. Although the bullets may have played the mischief with the adjoining property, still I think—

C.C.-in-C. (severely). We are not discussing Wimbledon now, Sir. Am I right in assuming that the reason funds were requested was to put Bisley in a proper condition for the reception of the Volunteers?

H.R.H. G. R. Of course. I am sure I am the best friend of the Volunteers, and—

C.C.-in-C. (interrupting). How comes it then that when the Volunteers (whose own ranges are being closed all round London) ask for permission to shoot at Bisley, they are told that they may not have it, because "the range is required for the regular troops."

H.R.H. G. R. Well, as Commander-in-Chief, of course I must consider the Army, and as—

C.C.-in-C. President of the N. R. A., you should consider the Volunteers—but you don't! Now see here, if I hear any more of this sort of thing, I tell you frankly that— [Scene closes in, as the threat is too terrible for publication.]

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

QUALIFIED RECOMMENDATION.

"A Nobleman wishes particularly to recommend his Coachman, who is leaving his service, solely owing to domestic changes;" i.e., Having been detected falsifying his stable accounts, and threatened in consequence with prosecution, he retaliates by a menace to disclose certain unpleasant family secrets, picked up in the servants' hall, to a Society journal.

TRADE EMBELLISHMENTS.

"If applied but once gently with the palm of the hand, it will afford the sufferer delightful and instantaneous relief;" i.e., It at once removes the skin, and if rubbed in with vigour will flay a horse.

PLATFOURMULARS.

"I feel that I have already trespassed upon your patience, and detained you on unconscionable time;" i.e., "Your attention seems flagging. I want a moment or two for reflection, and a cue to go on again."

THE RACK OF THE RATE-PAYER.

(By a Victim of "Quinquennial Valuation.")

"Parochial Authorities have a way of their own in interpreting Acts of Parliament, and a very peculiar way indeed of dealing with the Valuation Act. . . . Overseers go their own way, and interpret the Act according to their knowledge and experience; and in many cases experience is lacking, and knowledge an altogether unknown quantity. . . . When dealing with leasehold property, overseers positively revel in the most delightful caprice. The leaseholder's property is dealt with kindly or the reverse, just as it is in this or that parish."—*St. James's Gazette.*

TENNISON talks of "gay quinqueniads." Yes,

But he would mention them with less elation
If he had my experience, I guess,

Of the *not* gay Quinquennial Valuation!

I am not now so young as once I was,

I have arrived at the Gosh and Gamp Age,

I am not equal to contend—that's poz—

With the Parochial Fathers on the rampage.

Ah me, these Vestry vultures on the pounce!

They scare me, skin me, bully me, and bilk me.

Soon of my flesh they'll scarce have left an ounce,

They so persistently maul, mulot, and milk me.

Once in five years they send me papers blue,

And papers white, and likewise papers yellow;

They "want to know, you know," indeed they do.

First the "First Clerk," a devil of a fellow!

Challenges me to up and tell him all

About gross value, also value rateable.

It's all pure fudge. I am their helpless thrall,

To an extent in civil speech unstateable.

They will not take *my* word. If I appeal,

They hale me up before a stern Committee,

Fellows with brazen faces, hearts of steel,

And destitute of manners as of pity.

My solemn statement, or my mild demur,

To them a subject of fierce scorn and scoff is;

An honest citizen feels a but a cur [Office.

When snapped and snarled at by these Jacks-in-

They're sure to have the pull of me somehow;

Oh! I've read "Handbooks," I've attended

Meetings

Where angry ratepayers raise fruitless row;

But, bless you, these bold roarings turn to bleatings,

When they the cruel inquisition face

Of some austere Committee of Assessment.

Until I found myself in that dread place

I never knew what fogged and foiled distress meant.

Between them and my Landlord I've no peace.

I'm honest, but they treat me as "a wrong one."

I'm a Shopkeeper, holding a short lease

(My Landlord takes good care it's not a long one).

Once in seven years the Landlord lifts my Rent,

And once in five my Rates the Assessor raises,

Values, Gross, Rateable, so much per cent.?

Bah! the attempt to fathom them but crazes!

The only regular rule is—Up! Up! Up!

And any protest only brings upon you

Your Landlord's wrath, and cheek from some sleek pup,

Who bullies you; and laughs when he has done you.

"Pay and look pleasant," is the official rule,

And as to wife and child, and food and raiment,

You may attend to them, poor drudging fool!

When of your Rent and Ratea you've made full pay-

ment.

Yes, Rent and Rates! they are the modern gods,

And Moloch's tyranny was not more cruel.

With Landlord or with Vestry get at odds,

And you're gone coon; they'll soon give you your

gruel.

Just now Vestrydom's victims are a-howl

With rage at skinning; but their indignation

Will fade, and they will feed the Official Ghoul

Until the next Quinquennial Valuation.

And then—well, Lord knows what may happen *then*,

Unless—unless—and that is most improbable—

Ratepayers rise *together*—show they're men,

And not mere sheep gregarious, warm-fleeced, rob-

bable.

Meanwhile the Vestry Vultures gorge their fill,

And I am warned—by friends—"Don't put their

backs up!"

Their backs!!" And we sing "Rule Britannia" still!!

Will no one chaw these fine official Jacks up?

THE KREUTZER SONATA.

ONE *Pozdnisheff* by name
 Played the matrimonial game;
 Pleased by a little curl,
 Which round his heart did twirl,
 And taken by a jersey
 (Exported from the Mersey);
 He felt, poor man, half-witted
 When he saw how well it fitted!

The mother, with her jersey-clad young daughter,
 Asked the lover to a party on the water.
 Soft things he now could say
 To the maiden all the way,
 Till she caught him—who imagined he had caught her!

Now there came a young musician, *Troukachersky*,
 Who, at Petersburg, resided on the Nevsky;
 And to play with him the flighty wife was fated
 In the famed duet to *KREUTZER* dedicated.

The husband who perceived things were not right,
 Home suddenly returned at dead of night.
 His boots he'd taken off;
 He was careful not to cough;
 And his plans so well were woven,
 That they still performed Beethoven.
 But, neither being deaf,
 They at last heard *Pozdnisheff*.
 Poor wife! He so affrights her,
 That she plays no more the *Kreutzer*.

If on each foot he'd had a slipper
 To *Troukachersky* (who was saved)
 The husband would have p'rhaps behaved
 Much in the style of Jack the Ripper.

He put to flight the dilettante
 (Who hadn't finished half the *andante*),
 But feared the servants' mockings
 Should they see him in his stockings,
 Racing along the corridor:—
 Not that he thought it horrid, or
 Harsh to transfix him with a dagger,
 (He could not bear the fiddler's swagger),
 But felt quite sure so droll a figure
 Would make his rude domestics snigger.

And now his wife cries out for mercy
 (No more she wears that fetching jersey);
 And all in vain she pity claims:
 The dagger ruthlessly he aims,
 And through the whale-bone of her corset
 Tries unsuccessfully to force it.
 At last he feels that he's succeeded,
 A little more than p'rhaps was needed.
 Ah, that by taking out the knife
 He now could bring her back to life!

'Twas his habit, when he got into a pet,
 Invariably to light a cigarette;
 And, having killed his wife, he never spoke
 One word until he'd had a quiet smoke.

When he saw that it was time, he called a p'liceman,
 And exclaimed, "Oh, I have broken the Tsar's peace, man.
 I've killed my wife!—I did it in a fury—
 But I wish the matter brought before a jury."
 And the jury, after hearing all the case,
 Said, "Not Guilty. We'd have done it in his place."
 And he lately, in a Russian railway carriage,
 Told Count Tolstoy all the story of his marriage.

"THE LAW OF ARMS IS SUCH."—*Mr. Punch* greatly
 regrets that he was unable to be present at the Annual
 Inspection of the Inns of Court Volunteers, when mem-
 bers were requested to "show every article of equipment
 and clothing of which they were in possession." No doubt
 the exhibition was as interesting as imposing. It is
 rumoured that the display of wigs and gowns (worn in
 Court) and lawn-tennis blazers (used in the Temple
 Gardens) was absolutely magnificent. It is further re-
 ported that the large collection of go-to-meeting hats,
 frook-coats, and patent-leather boots extorted universal
 admiration from all beholders. To his sorrow, a prior
 engagement prevented Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Junior, (who is
 an Hon. Member of the Corps), from putting in an
 appearance.



THE PROPOSED NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART IN DANGER.

Mr. Henry Tate. "NO, THANK YOU, MR. RED TAPE, I DON'T WANT MY GIFTS
 TO THE NATION TO BE TIED UP BY FOU, THEN PACKED AWAY, AND NEVER
 SEEN AGAIN!"

WHAT IT WILL COME TO;

OR, THE COURT, THE CHASE, AND THE CURSE.

"Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS used some strong language yesterday in reference to
 the small room in which he was called upon to administer Justice while the Worship
 Street Police Court is being renovated."—*Evening Paper.*

SCENE—A small apartment in a Metropolitan Police Court.
 Presiding Magistrate and Clerk discovered.

Presiding Magistrate. There! You and I can sit here, and the rest can
 remain outside. And now I will take the night charges.

Voice from Passages (without). Please, your worship, as I was on duty last
 night, this man—

Builder (putting his head in). Sorry to trouble you, Sir, but we have got
 something to do to the flooring. Must ask you to be off.

P. M. (restraining his indignation). Very well; the Court is adjourned
 to the back garden. (*Scene changes to that locality.*) Come, this is better!
 Fresh air, in spite of the smuts! And now, Constable, go on with your
 evidence.

Police Constable. Well, your Worship, as I was on duty last night, this
 man—

Builder (entering). Very sorry to trouble you again, Sir, but there's something
 wrong with the drains. We think the pipes are out of order, and so we shall
 have to dig them up. So, if you don't mind moving—

P. M. (restraining his indignation). Very well; the Court is adjourned
 to the coal-cellar. (*Scene changes to that locality.*) Come, this is not so
 bad! Very cool, if rather damp. And now, Constable, go on with your evidence.

Police Constable. Well, your Worship, as I was on duty last night, this
 man—

Coalheaver (speaking through hole in roof). Sorry to disturb you, gents, but
 as me and my mates are going to put some coals in this here cellar, I thought
 it good manners to tell you all to clear out.

P. M. (restraining his indignation). The Court is adjourned to the housetop.
 (*Scene changes to that locality.*) Come, this is not so bad! Nice breeze up here.
 A little difficult to sit upon a sloping roof, perhaps; but one gets accustomed
 to everything. And now, Constable, go on with your evidence.

Police Constable. Well, your Worship, as I was on duty last night, this
 man—

Sweep (entering). Sorry to disturb you, mates, but I am just agoing to
 sweep the chimneys; and—

Police Magistrate (unable to restrain his indignation any longer). Oh—!!!
 [*The Curtain hurriedly conceals the strong but natural exclamation.*]



EXCELSIOR! OR, THE DAY-DREAM OF DRURIOLANUS.

Elected Sheriff, June 27, he dreams that he is encountered on his road by the fairy forms of Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell.

Voices of Fairy Forms. "ALL HAIL, DRURIOLANUS! SHERIFF THOU ART, AND SHALT BE MAYOR HEREAFTER!"

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

SCENE—The Agricultural Hall. Tent-pegging going on.

Stentorian Judge (in Arena). Corporal BINKS! (The Assistants give a finishing blow to the peg, and fall back. Corporal BINKS gallops in, misses the peg, and rides off, relieving his feelings by whirling his lance defiantly in the air.) Corporal BINKS—nothing!

A Gushing Lady. Poor dear thing! I do wish he'd struck it! he did look so disappointed, and so did that sweet horse!

The Judge. Serjeant SPANKER! (Sergeant S. gallops in, spears the peg neatly, and carries it off triumphantly on the point of the lance, after which he rides back and returns the peg to the Assistants as a piece of valuable property of which he has accidentally deprived them.) Sergeant SPANKER—eight! (Applause; the Assistants drive in another peg.) Corporal CUTLASH! (Corporal C. enters, strikes the peg, and dislodges without securing it. Immense applause from the Crowd.) Corporal CUTLASH—two!

The Gushing Lady. Only two, and when he really did hit the peg! I do call that a shame. I should have given him more marks than the other man—he has such a much nicer face!

A Child with a Thirst for Information. Uncle, why do they call it tent-pegging?

The Uncle. Why? Well, because those pegs are what they fasten down tents with.

The Child. But why isn't there a tent now?

Uncle. Because there's no use for one.

Child. Why?

Uncle. Because all they want to do is to pick up the peg with the point of their lance.

Child. Yes, but why should they want to do it?

Uncle. Oh, to amuse their horses. (The Child ponders upon this answer with a view to a fresh catechism upon the equine passion for entertainment, and the desirability, or otherwise, of gratifying it.)

A Chatty Man in the Promenade (to his Neighbour). Takes a deal of practice to strike them pegs fair and full.

His Neighbour (who holds advanced Socialistic opinions). Ah, I desay—and a pity they can't make no better use o' their time! Spoiling good wood, I call it. I don't see no point in it myself.

The Chatty Man. Well, it shows they can ride, at any rate.

The Socialist. Ride? O' course they can ride—we pay enough for

'aving 'em taught, don't we? But 'you mark my words, the People won't put up with this state of things much longer—keepin' a set of 'ired murderers in luxury and hidleness. I tell yer, wherever I come across one of these great lanky louts strutting about in his red coat, as if he was one of the lords of the hearth, well—it makes my nose bleed, ah—it does!

The Chatty Man. If that's the way you talk to him, I ain't surprised if it do.

The Judge. Sword versus Sword! Come in, there! (Two mounted Combatants, in leather jerkins and black visors, armed with sword-sticks, enter the ring; Judge introduces them to audience with the aid of a flag.) Corporal JONES, of the Wessex Yeomanry; Sergeant SMITH, of the Manx Mounted Infantry. (Their swords are chalked by the Assistants.) Are you ready? Left turn! Countermarch! Engage! (The Combatants wheel round and face one another, each vigorously spurring his horse and prodding cautiously at the other; the two horses seem determined not to be drawn into the affair themselves on any account, and take no personal interest in the conflict; the umpires skip and dodge at the rear of the horses, until one of the Combatants gets in with a rattling blow on the other's head, to the intense delight of audience. Both men are brushed down, and their weapons re-chalked, whereupon they engage once more—much to the disgust of their horses, who had evidently been hoping it was all over. After the contest is finally decided, a second pair of Combatants enter: one is mounted on a black horse, the other on a chestnut, who refuses to lend himself to the business on any terms, and bolts on principle: while the rider of the black horse remains in stationary meditation.) Go on—that black horse—go on! (The chestnut is at length brought up to the scratch snorting, but again finches, and retires with his rider.)

The Crowd (to rider of black horse). Go on, now's your chance! 'T him! (The recipient of these counsels pursues his antagonist, and belabours him and his horse with impartial good-will until separated by the Umpires, who examine the chalk-marks with a professional scrutiny.)

The Judge. Here, you on the black horse, you mustn't hit that other horse about the head. (The man addressed appears rebuked and surprised under his black-wired visor; The Judge, reassuringly.) It's all right, you know; only, don't do it again, that's all! (The Combatant sits up again.)

The Gushing Lady. Oh, I can't bear to look on, really. I'm sure they oughtn't to hit so hard—how their poor dear heads must ache! Isn't that chestnut a duck? I'm sure he's trying to save his master from getting hurt—they're such sensible creatures, horses are! (Artillery teams drive in, and gallop between the posts; the Crowd going frantic with delight when the posts remain upright, and roaring with laughter when one is knocked over.)

DURING THE MUSICAL RIDE.

The Gushing Lady. Oh, they're simply too sweet! how those horses are enjoying it—aren't they pets? and how perfectly they keep step to the music, don't they?

Her Friend (who is beginning to get a trifle tired by her enthusiasm). Yes; but then they're all trained by Madame KATTI LANNER, of Drury Lane, you see.

The G. L. What pains she must have taken with them; but you can teach a horse anything, can't you?

Her Friend. Oh, that's nothing; next year they're going to have a horse who'll dance the Highland Fling.

The Socialist. A pretty sight? Cost a pretty sight o' the People's money, I know that. Tomfoolery, that's what it is; a set of dressed-up bullies dancin' quadrilles on 'orseback; that ain't military manoeuvrin'. It's sickenin' the way fools applaud such goings on. And cuttin' off the Saracens' 'ed, too; I'd call it plucky if the Saracen 'ad a gun in his 'and. Bah, I ate the ole business!

His Neighbour. Got anybody along with you, Mate?

The Socialist. No, I don't want anybody along with me, I don't.

His Neighbour. That's a pity, that is. A sweet-tempered, pleasant-spoken party like you are oughtn't to go about by yourself. You ought to bring somebody just to enjoy your conversation. There don't seem to be anybody 'ere of your way of thinkin'.

DURING THE COMBINED DISPLAY.

The Gushing Lady (as the Cyclist Corps enter). Oh, they've got a dog with them. Do look—such a dear! Sec, they've tied a letter round his neck. He'll come back with an answer presently. (But, there being apparently no answer to this communication, the faithful but prudent animal does not re-appear.)

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

The Inquisitive Child. Uncle, which side won?

Uncle. I suppose the side that advanced across the bridges.

Child. Which side would have won if it had been a real battle?

Uncle. I really couldn't undertake to say, my boy.

Child. But which do you think would have won?

Uncle. I suppose the side that fought best.

Child. But which side was that? (The Uncle begins to find that the society of an intelligent Nephew entails too severe a mental strain to be frequently cultivated.)

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday 23.—Operatic world all agog to hear, and to see, *Le Prophète*. First appearance for many years. Great things expected of JEAN DE RESZKÉ as *Jean of Leyden*, and Mlle. RICHARD as *Fides*.



MONDAY, JUNE 23.

Jean de Reszké as Jean of Leyden. Jeanne The Risky as Sarah d'Arc. Great expectations not disappointed. Scene in Cathedral magnificent as a spectacle. But scene in Cathedral between JEAN and his unhappy mother still grander as acting. *Le Prophète* is remarkable too, as being an Opera without Mlle. BAUERMEISTER in it. Skating scene, with a nice ballet, rather a frost. "Not sufficient go in it," observes veteran Opera-goer, with book in his hand, dated eighteen hundred and sixty something, containing a cast of characters which, he says, though he doesn't show me the book, comprises the names of MARIO, GRISI, VIARDOT-GARCIA, and HERR FORMES. A more veterinary veteran tells me that GRISI and VIARDOT never played together in this, but that GRISI succeeded VIARDOT as *Fides*.

Even the veteran is pleased, and acknowledges that thirty years ago they couldn't have done it as they do now, barring the skating scene, where, he insists upon it, the original "go" is wanting. The fact is, we have long passed the days when "rinking" was a novelty on the stage or off it. But what a jolly lot these Anabaptists were! They enjoyed themselves with their dancing-girls and their picnicking on the ice. Substitute General BOOTH for *Jean of Leyden*, and the tambourine girls for PALLADINO and the hallet, and then you have a modern version of *Le Prophète*.

Delightful to see M. MIRANDA as one of the three Anabaptists, *Mathisen* (a good name in the city, with only a letter changed), striking a sixteenth century flint, for the purpose of lighting a candle, but, failing in the attempt, compelled to destroy sixteenth-century illusion, and employ, in a sneaking kind of way, the nineteenth-century match, which strikes only on its own box. Mlle. NUOVINA, not so good here as in the part of *Marguerite*, but there is very little for a soprano to do. JEAN reckless in the final drinking song.

The voice of DRUBIOLANUS OPERATICUS is heard at the wings. The stage-manager's assistant is evidently nervous, and the curtain, after once going up a little way and coming down again, ascends suddenly, in spite of adjuration of DRUBIOLANUS to "Wait! wait!" No hitch, and in another moment DRUBIOLANUS, calm, but with suppressed emotion, is watching the scene from the front.

"Ah," he murmurs to himself, "if I could only get Guildhall to do what I like in on that Ninth of November when I shall be Lord Mayor, I'd soon show 'em what's what. I'd have a coronation, or investiture, scene to which this should be mere child's play."

EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ excellent as *Zacharias*—a name chiefly associated with one of Lieutenant COLE's characters, a Mawworm who looks over the screen; and M. MONTARIOL good as a lighter-hearted Anabaptist. A memorable revival.

Tuesday.—*Les Huguenots*. Return of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER after one night's absence. Wednesday.—*Carmen*, as before.



Mlle. Richard as *Fides*.—not Boney *Fides*.

Thursday.—*Rigoletto*. Fine house to hear this Opera. *Le Prince s'amuse*. The Princess also. Mlle. MELBA excellent; should be known as "Her Grace." M. LASSALLE, not ideal Jester, physically, but, vocally, never was *Rigoletto* better. Signor VALERO a good Ducal tenor: he scores a treble—(a thing to be done in whist and music)—i.e., treble encore for "*La Donna è Mobile*." Madame SCALCHI, of course, good as usual, and Signor MIRANDA (why not FERDINAND MIRANDA, and be thoroughly Shakspearian at once?) energetic as *Monterone*. FERDINAND MIRANDA always conscientious actor. Not last, but quite the least, comes Mlle. BAUERMEISTERSINGER, as *Giovanna*, without whom no Opera at Covent Garden can be considered as really complete. This is the only defect on

Friday Night, in *Le Prophète*, which is given again and again—no part for Mlle. BAUERMEISTERSINGER. Every place in the House taken. Profit here and Loss for those who can't get seats to hear it. Great excitement to know whether DRUBIOLANUS is elected Sheriff or not. Early in the evening contradictory rumours in Lobby. At last the numbers are up. DRUBIOLANUS elected. Uncommonly well he will look in his robes of office. DRUBIOLANUS OPERATICUS COUNT-COUNCILARIUS SHERIFFUS! All hail!

Saturday.—Cannot be present. Have telegraphed to DRUBIOLANUS,—"Dear Sheriff, cannot come; but don't close House; let Opera go on as usual." I believe it did.

SARAH JEANNE AT HIS MAYERJESTY'S.

SARAH JEANNE of Arc. SARAH wrapt up in the visionary creation is comparatively lost in the part; that is, until she comes out magnificently in the last scene but one. Otherwise, except to look the



Sarah Jeanne explains symbolically to rude English soldier that he must "hook it."

Martyr, and to languish, nothing much for SARAH to do. Cathedral scene here rivals that at Covent Garden. SARAH wins and thrills the audience: her voice soothes them in their most ruffled

humour, even after the audience has been kept waiting nearly twenty-five minutes between the Acts. Everyone disappointed that the funeral pile does not catch fire, and that the Curtain does not descend on a sensational scene, for which Captain SHAW and his Merry Men would have to be in attendance. The cast good all round, but it's more of an Opera, or a religious play, than a Melodrama. GOUNON'S music not particularly striking, and the March sounds familiar. SARAH JEANNE holds the audience spell-bound to the end, rather by what she doesn't than by what she does, except in the great scene already mentioned. *Jeanne d'Arc* is to run on till further notice, and then Madame SARAH will appear in some of her well-known parts, and take a temporary farewell of the British Public. To those who have hitherto neglected opportunities of seeing SARAH JEANNE let this notice be a warning, and let them in their thousands hurry up to His Mayerjesty's.



Back View of New Sarah Jeanne overcoat for race meetings.

"CAN WORMS SEE?"—*Vide St. James's Gazette and Field*. Correspondent says worms do not shrink from candle-light, but immediately withdraw under the glare of a bull's-eye lantern. Evidently for exact information, "Ask a Policeman." Also consult Baron DE WORMS. He sees his way about well enough.



A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.

Sir James. "AND WERE YOU IN ROME?" American Lady. "I GUESS NOT." (To her Daughter.) "SAY, BELLA, DID WE VISIT ROME?" Fair Daughter. "WHY, MA, CERT'NLY! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? IT WAS IN ROME WE BOUGHT THE LISLE-THREAD STOCKINGS!" [American Lady is convinced.]

"IN TROUBLE."

"THREE Men in a Boat!" And you don't often see
Pair oars and their cox. in a nastier fix.
They started all right, did this nautical Three,
But they've managed to get in no end of a mix.
That Steersman, he thought a good deal of his Stroke,
And there seemed scarce a steadier oarsman than Bow,
But they must have got "skylarking." Ah! it's no joke,
And the question is what are they going to do now?
For danger's a-head, and 'twill tax all their skill
To avoid a capsizes and a horrible spill.

What can they be up to? a gazer might say,
As he watched their eccentric career from the banks.
Three 'ARRIES at large on a Bank Holiday
Could hardly indulge in more blundering pranks.
Stroke "catches a crab" in the clumsiest style,
(And they called him a fine finished oarsman, this chap!)
At his "Catherine-wheeler" a Cockney might smile,
As he tumbles so helplessly back in Bow's lap.
And Bow!—well, he's snapped off the blade of his scull,
And poor Cox's steering-gear's all "in a mull."

It's all that Stroke's fault—so the whisper goes round.
He would try new dodges, uncalled-for, unproved,
They were "going great guns," when he suddenly found
That, to make himself Champion (and get himself loved
By the river-side "Bungs" and their large *clientèle*),
He must—set a new stroke in the midst of a spin—
A policy plainly predestined to fail,
And one, we must own, scarce deserving to win.
And so he has smashed up a shining success,
And got himself into a denes of a mess.

So various voices! And this was the oar
They triumphantly won from a great rival crew;
The cool-headed, steady-nerved Stroke, bound to score;
The fellow who funking or failure ne'er knew.

He hurry, or falter, catch crabs, miss, or muff?

No, no; lesser men might—say, GL-DST-NE or SM-TH—
But he was not made of such common-place stuff,
His nerve was all steel, and his muscle all pith.
And now he's adrift amidst snags, stumps, and rocks,
And the Coxswain has just lost his rudder—poor Cox!

And danger's ahead, and the fall of the weir
Sounds close, as that Stroke tumbles "head over tip."
No wonder poor Bow, his car bladeless, looks queer.
No wonder the Steersman his yoke-lines lets slip.
The Three are "In Trouble," of that there's no doubt;
Stroke mutters, "Obstrnction!" Bow talks of "a oul."
But when you have muffed it, and foes are about,
It isn't much use at bad fortune to growl.
No; Stroke, Bow, and Coxswain must "go it like bricks,"
If they mean to get out of this troublesome fix.

ERRATUM.—Mr. *Punch* last week paid the Notts' Cricketer, GUNN, a well-deserved compliment on his great innings of 223 against the Australians. He intended to represent him as piling-up that huge score "against the best bowling." The obviously accidental substitution of the word "batting" for "bowling" here, caused "the Nottingham Giant" to be credited with a novel cricketing performance, to which even he would hardly be equal. The proverbial Irish gun that could "shoot round a corner," would not be "in it" with a GUNN who could "bat against batting!" As a Correspondent (in slightly different words) suggests:—

"When a Champion Batsman's performance extolling,
'Tis well to distinguish 'twixt batting and bowling!"

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.—According to Mr. *Punch's* sharp contemporary, the *Lancet*, the effect of bagpipe-playing upon the teeth is to blunt them; in fact, in course of time, to wear them away. To the auditor the music has a contrary effect. Mr. *Punch* is able to say, from experience, that he has never listened to the National instrument of Grand Old Scotland without having his teeth set on edge.

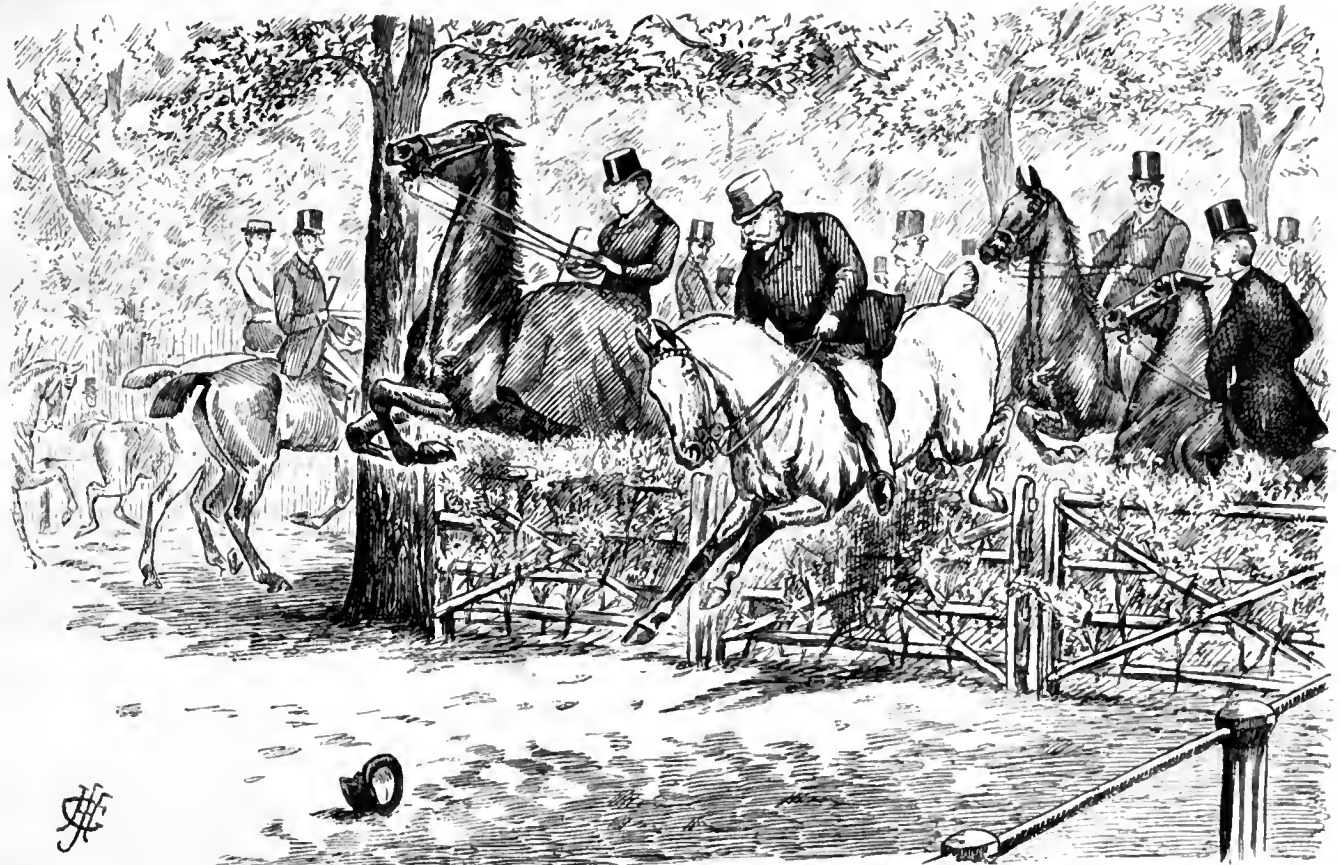


“IN TROUBLE.”

BY JOSEPHINE

JOHN RICHARDS

18



HINTS FOR THE PARK.

WHY NOT HAVE SOMETHING OF THIS SORT? IT WOULD AT LEAST MAKE THINGS LESS MONOTONOUS.

TOUTING FOR TOURISTS.

TO THE EDITOR

Of any Paper that inserts Gratuitous Advertisements.

SIR,—Kindly contradict the rumour, which I find is widely spread and appears to be credited in some quarters, that an extensive sewage farm has been established in front of the most fashionable terrace in Slushborough-on-Sea, and that a Smallpox Hospital is about to be built upon the Pier. "Salubrious Slushborough" still continues (in spite of the machinations of jealous Northbourne) to be the most select, popular, and healthy resort on the British coasts.

Yours disinterestedly, THE MAYOR OF SLUSHBOROUGH.

SIR,—A report (proceeding, I have reason to believe, from ill-conditioned residents at Slushborough) is being disseminated to the effect, that the water-supply of Northbourne is largely tainted with typhus and diphtheria germs, and that an epidemic is already ravaging this place. As a matter of fact, the only case of illness of any kind in this town at present is a patient brought over from Slushborough in the last stage of blood-poisoning, owing to the defective drainage system there, and who, in this salubrious and invigorating atmosphere, is now rapidly recovering.

I remain, Yours &c., THE MAYOR OF NORTHBOURNE.

SIR,—In view of the correspondence with regard to the present condition of our popular seaside resorts, it will, I feel sure, interest your readers to learn that an examination of the air of Whitecliffe lately made by a local analyst, reveals the fact that it contains *fifty-five per cent. more ozone than is to be found on the top of Mont Blanc!* I publish this piece of intelligence purely in the interests of science, and as I am writing I may perhaps take the opportunity to mention that apartments here are both good and reasonable, and the bathing first-rate. The same analyst incidentally discovered that the air at Chorkstone is largely laden with poisonous bacteria.

Yours truly, THE MAYOR OF WHITECLIFFE.

SIR,—At this time of year, when our glorious Lees are in the full radiance of their summer beauty, it becomes a mere act of Christian duty to warn intending holiday-makers to avoid Whitecliffe, and to

select Chorkstone as their place of sojourn instead. An eminent local medical man asserts that morbid germs exist to a very dangerous degree in the Whitecliffe atmosphere, and that the Whitecliffe water is rendered almost solid by the multitude of bacilli it contains. Another Cherkstone resident, who lately visited Whitecliffe, found the air so relaxing that he fainted away, and had it not been for the kindness of the landlady of a certain hotel, who had him carried out of his bar and driven off in a trap to his own home, he believes he would have succumbed! Comment is needless. Yours impartially, THE MAYOR OF CHERKSTONE.

SIR,—There is not the slightest foundation for the ridiculous *canard* as to the inhabitants of this picturesque and abnormally fashionable town being "in a state of complete panic, owing to the fact that all the convicts recently confined at Shertland have broken out, and are indulging in frightful excesses in the neighbourhood." The convicts have not broken out; but an epidemic of gratuitous mendacity has done so, it appears.

Yours indignantly, THE MAYOR OF CURDSMOUTH.

P.S.—Have you heard about the sanitary state of Shutmouth? Shocking!

SIR,—As I hear that it is rumoured that M. PASTEUR has discovered an entirely new and most dangerous kind of bacillus in the neighbourhood of pine-trees, perhaps I may mention, in order to reassure our myriads of intending summer visitors, that the death-rate at this town is one in ten thousand, and that we should have had *no death-rate at all last week*, if the one person referred to had not met with an unfortunate accident. All the Shutmouth doctors are starving.

Yours, THE MAYOR OF SHUTMOUTH.
P.S.—Ought not something to be done to check the mortality at Curdsmouth? It is disgraceful!

To the Right Wheel, Barrow!

CAINE's action shakes the Unionists' dominion;
Against it piteous appeals seem vain;
But 'tis, in his late colleagues' pained opinion,
Not "the nice conduct of a clouded CAINE!"

"THE SEA! THE SEA!"

A BUSINESS-LIKE BALLAD.

(Penned by Mr. Punch on behalf of "Nobody's Boys.")

"We propose soon to take our rescued Street-Arabs for 'A Fortnight's Holiday under Canvas'—by the sea, if possible."—Appeal of Mr. J. W. C. FEGAN, of the Boys' Home, Southwark.

THALATTA! Thalatta! Not XENOPHON'S Greeks, O benevolent Public, but "Nobody's Boys,"

Wild Arabs of London, by tenderness tamed, at the sight of the sea vent exuberant joys

In vociferous shoutings! Imagine the rapture of wrecks from the gutter and waifs from the alum,

When first on their ears falls the jubilant thrill of the sky-soaring lark, or the wild bee's low hum!

Imagine the pleasure of plunging at will into June's leafy copses of hazel and lime,

Of scudding through acres of grasses knee-high, and of snuffing the fragrance of clover and thyme.

But what is all this to the dumb-stricken wonder, awift followed by outbursts of full-throated glee,

Which fancy can picture, when London's pale outcasts from some grassy cliff catch first sight of the Sea!

Thalatta! Thalatta! There's many a lad who has never before had a glimpse of the wave;

For these are of those who, from London's dark wastea 'tis the aim of their leaders to rescue and save.

"Nobody's Boys," the lost waifs of the city, foredoomed, but for aid, to debasement and crime,

Possible gallows-birds,—they with wan faces late cleansed from the rookery's hideous grime,

Snatched from the gutter whilst boyhood bears hope with it, gathered and tended with vigilant care.

Servants of soul-thrift their volunteer champions! Weeds of the alum, with fresh soil and sweet air,

Grow into grace and fair fruitage. These pariahs, "Southwark Boys," strays from the slime-sodden east,

FEGAN takes forth in gay troops to the meadows, in freshness of nature to frolic and feast,

Climb in the woodlands and plunge in the waters, ramble and scramble through tangle-hedged lanes,

Fish in the pools with youth's primitive tackle, breathe quickening vigour through bosoms and brains.

Picture the boys "camping out" on the commons, and gipsying gaily in tents midst the heather, Armed with their canvas and blankets and boilers and pannikins well against hunger and weather.

Picture them—CALLOR's free bruah might have managed it—gathered in pow-wow around the camp-fire, Sun-tanned and wind-browned, in picturesque raiment, with wisp of the wild hop or trail of the briar

Hat-wreathed or button-holed. BUSBYs should have sung of them; trim-skirted Muse, with punctilious taste,

Were not at home with these waifs from the rookery, pastured at large in free Nature's wild wastes,



Bounding, and breathing fresh air, romping, wrestling, and disciplined only to cleanliness and order.

Otherwise free as the tent-dwelling Arabs, or outlaws of Sherwood, or banda of the Border.

Picture it! FEGAN's pink pamphlet has pictured it. Read it, all lovers of Nature and youth,

All who have care for the wrecks of humanity, all who are moved by the spirit of ruth.

Ere Spring returns, far Canadian homesteads will house their contingents of "Nobody's Boys."

Let them take with them kind thoughts of Old England, and memories sweet of its rare rural joys.

Let them "camp out" once again, by the ocean, and plunge in the willow, and rove on the sands;

Know the true British brine-whiff by experience. Help, British Public, their friends' kindly hands.

Good is the work, and the fruit of it excellent; giving poor wretches a fair start in life,

Taste of true pleasure, and wholesome enjoyment, aid in endeavour, and strength for the strife.

What better use for spare cash at this season? Come then, *Punch* readers, right willingly come!

Mr. *Punch* knows scarce a cause more deserving, or worthy of aid, than the Southwark Boys' Home!

Mem.—Mr. J. W. C. FEGAN, of the Boys' Home, Southwark, the writer of the pleasant pamphlet entitled *Camping Out*, makes appeal towards the expense of giving "a fortnight's holiday under canvas—by the sea, if possible"—to the waifs and strays in Mr. FEGAN's Homes. To that gentleman, and not to Mr. *Punch*, subscriptions should be sent. Remittances may be made to him (by P.O.O., payable at General Post-Office, or by cheque crossed "London and County Bank) at the Boys' Home, 95, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 23.—A gleam of glory in sombre chamber of the Peers; a thin streak of red making its devious way between the table and the Benches. At the head comes Black Rod, giving some relief to the glittering spectacle; Garter King-at-Arms, without whom British Constitution would be a vain thing, follows. Then the Prince of WALES, looking a trifle anxious; is bringing out his son and heir to take his place in the hereditary chamber; anxious that all should go well. Next the new Duke of CLARENCE, looking very well in his new Peer's robes, on which his fair mother, seated with her daughter in side galleries, casts approving glance. Then the Duke of EDINBURGH, with the stalwart Hereditary Grand Marshal, Jockey o' Norfolk, and Aveland, Lord Great Chamberlain.

Procession strolled in in quite casual way; passed Woolsack to which HALSBURY lent grace and dignity; New Peer handed his credentials to LORD CHANCELLOR; but HALSBURY, above all things, man of cautious habits. No doubt everything was right and in order; presence of Prince of WALES guarantee of it; but HALSBURY

not to be taken in. All very well, but all in due order. So new Peer taken charge of by the Reading Clerk; Procession moved on to table; documents mumbled over; oath taken; roll signed. New Peer turned to look at LORD CHANCELLOR; decidedly more friendly; haughty, forbidding, distrustful look, vanished from his ordinarily genial countenance. Young Peer encouraged to venture on friendly nod; LORD CHANCELLOR in response, lifted three-cornered hat, and on replacing it, was observed to cock it slightly on one side. Procession now moved on towards doorway by side of Throne, where was set three chairs.

"A little slow isn't it, Sir," said Duke of CLARENCE to H.R.H.; "suppose we sit down here a bit; Black Rod will go and fetch us a flagon of Malmsey wine; am told they always keep a butt on the premises for stray Dukea."

"No Malmsey for you, CLARENCE," said the Gracious Parent; "but if you'd like to sit down a moment, you may."

So new Peer sat in middle chair, Father and Uncle anxiously regarding him. LORD CHANCELLOR alewed round on Woolsack to see what was going on behind him. New Peer, making himself quite at home, put on hat; finding LORD CHANCELLOR staring at him, unlifted it; LORD CHANCELLOR did same with his. Duke tried it



From Report of Debate on Hares Preservation Bill, June 26.—“They (the other Members of Parliament) could not go out and kill 300 Dodos,”—but evidently he (Sir W. V. HARCOURT) could, and here he is—caught in the act!

again; LORD CHANCELLOR, comically half turned round on the Woolsack, followed suit.

"Do it a third time, CLARENCE," whispered H.R.H., entering into fun of thing. So the new Peer, always with his eyes gravely fixed on LORD CHANCELLOR, who, in the excitement of the moment, had got his left leg cocked over the Woolsack, did it a third time; LORD CHANCELLOR did the same; Princesses in the Gallery sweetly smiling; Garter King-at-Arms totting off the number of salutes; and Black Rod thanking his stars that presently, when they left the House, he could walk face forward, not as when he visited the Commons, walking backward like a crab.

"I think that'll do," said H.R.H. "HALSBURY is in very uncomfortable attitude; besides this is a sort of game that falls after the third round. Go and say good-bye to HALSBURY, and we'll go and have a cup of tea with your mother."

Procession reformed; New Peer led up to Woolsack, where LORD CHANCELLOR, with little gestures of surprise, as if he had only now caught sight of him for first time, shook hands with him. Prince of Wales lifted his cap to LORD CHANCELLOR; LORD CHANCELLOR lifted his cap to Prince of WALES; the other Princes followed suit; Black Rod toddled off; and the gay and gorgeous procession disappeared through the doorway, leaving the Chamber in sudden twilight, as if the sun had dipped below the horizon.

An exceedingly friendly meeting all round: quite contagious.

"TOBY, M.P., I presume?" said BROADHURST, as I walked out. He had been looking on, and had quite caught the graceful manner of the LORD CHANCELLOR. I raised my hat three times, and went on to the Commons, where there were wigs on the Green.

Business done.—In Commons, Compensation Clauses withdrawn.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY puts final spoke in wheel of Compensation Bill. Rose after questions on paper disposed of, and asked for ruling of SPEAKER on an important point affecting Parliamentary Procedure. TIM's manner boded ill for the Government—deferential, low-voiced, with total absence of self-assertion or aggression, TIM stood, the very model of a modest young man.

"Yes," said Prince ARTHUR, "but I hope he's not going to say anything about Irish business. When he's in this mood, I prefer he should address himself to my dear friend JOKIM."



Right Hon. A. Balfour. "My dearest Tim, 'for this relief much thanks!'"

TIM had anticipated Prince ARTHUR's wishes. It was about Compensation Bill that he desired to consult SPEAKER. JOKIM, as last turn in devious course, had proposed to dodge difficulty about Compensation by accumulating proceeds of increased Spirit Duty till some indefinite period, when great reform of Licensing should be introduced. "But," says TIM, almost begging pardon for interposing, "in Budget Bill it has been specially decreed that proceeds of tax should be appropriated during present Session." Accumulation, TIM urged, with a vague notion that he was dropping into



"Toby, M.P., I presume?"

poetry, is not Appropriation. SPEAKER agreed with him; consternation on Treasury Bench; Ministers tried to put bold face on affairs; could not discuss question now; would do so by-and-by; confident they could show there was nothing in TIM's objection. An hour later, when time came to resume Committee on Compensation Bill, OLD MORALITY announced that it would be postponed to give Ministers opportunity to consider point suggested by TIM. Shout of exultation went up from Opposition Benches; prolonged fight had been won at last; the obnoxious Bill was floored, and TIM had done it.

OLD MORALITY, standing at table in attitude where natural nobility of character struggled with accidental depression, said: "Success, Mr. SPEAKER, is a mark no mortal wit of surest hand can always hit. For whatsoever we perpetrate, we do but row; we are steered by fate, which in success often disinherits, for spurious causes, noblest merits. Great occasions, Mr. SPEAKER, are not always true sons of great and mighty resolutions, nor, I may add, do the boldest attempts bring forth events still equal to their worth. That may be the case with us; but at least we shall carry to our homes the consciousness that we have diligently striven to do our duty to our QUEEN and our country." General cheering at this little speech, and scarcely dry eye on Treasury Bench.

Business done.—Compensation Bill in fresh difficulties.

Thursday.—Sitting remarkable for two speeches from ordinarily silent Members. Began and ended proceedings. First was by WHARTON, on presenting petition signed by over half a million persons in favour of Compensation Clauses of Licensing Bill. Petition brought down in three cases by PICKFORD'S van. Conveniently disposed on floor of House; occupied the whole space. Perturbation on Treasury Bench at the report that there was Royal Commission going forward in other House. Time of the Session when these are frequent. Black Rod arrives; requests attendance of Members to hear Commission read. Advances towards table, bowing to chair; retires backward; SPEAKER follows him. How would it be to-day, with floor blocked with towering cases? Black Rod an old sailor, might haul himself up hand-over-hand, and skip across tops of cases; but never do for the SPEAKER so to scramble out. Hasty and anxious inquiry made. Turned out to be no Royal Commission to-day; so new disaster for Ministers avoided.

WHARTON succeeds somehow when presenting Petition in casting sort of Cathedral Close air over proceedings. Life-long association with cathedrals and their precincts have invested him with placid charm of manner; would have made an excellent Dean; gone off capitally as a Canon; now, as he waves his hand towards the space lately crowded by the Petition, wears snubtle, indescribable, but unmistakable air, as if he were taking part in a Confirmation Service.

The other orator, GRIMSTON, considerably less ecclesiastical in his manner. Appeared suddenly on scene at midnight; maiden speech; very effective. "Mr. COURTNEY, Sir," he said, diffidently hiding his hands in his trousers' pockets, "I claim the indulgence the House always extends to young Members, in rising to address it for the first time. I beg to move that the question be now put." Question put accordingly; debate closed, and so home.

Business done.—Quite a lot. Licensing Clauses finally dropped; Allotments Bill read Third Time; Barracks Bill through Committee.

Friday.—Police in possession of House to-night. MATTHEWS moved Second Reading of Bill dealing with Force. Quite unusual consensus of approval, considering it is a Government Bill. Only for GEORGE CAMPBELL, chorus would have been unanimous. But GEORGE, looking in from Zanzibar, where he had called after a brief trip through Jerusalem and Madagascar, denounced the measure as "thoroughly had." House thereupon passed Second Reading without division.

Business done.—Police Bill read Second Time.



A Maiden Speech.

"THE Oof Bird" is the Auk, as *Cornhill Mag.* says its eggs cost £170 apiece,—of course when fresh. What a big lark!—Yours, 'ARRY.

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE MILITARY EXHIBITION.

IN THE AVENUE FACING THE ARENA.

An Unreasonable Old Lady (arriving breathless, with her grandson and niece). This'll be the place the balloon goes up from. I wouldn't miss it for anything! Put the child up on that bench, MARIA; we'll stand about here till it begins.



MARIA. But I don't see no balloon nor nothing.

[Which, as the foliage blocks out all but the immediate foreground, is scarcely surprising.

The U. O. L. No more don't I—but it stands to reason there wouldn't be so many looking on if there wasn't something to see. We're well enough

where we are, and I'm not going further to fare worse to please nobody; so you may do as you like about it.

[MARIA promptly avails herself of this permission.

The U. O. L. (a little later). Well, it's time they did something, I'm sure. Why the people seem all moving off! and where's that girl MARIA got to? Ah, here you are! So you found you were no better off?—Next time, p'raps, you'll believe what I tell you. Not that there's any War Balloon as I can see!

MARIA. Oh, there was a capital view from where I was—out in the open there.

The U. O. L. Why couldn't you say so before? Out in the open! Let's go there then—it's all the same to me!

MARIA (with an undutiful giggle). It's all the same now—wherever you go, 'cause the balloon's gone up.

The U. O. L. Gone up! What are you telling me, MARIA? MARIA. I see it go—it shot up ever so fast and quite steady, and the people in the car all waved their 'ats to us. I could see a arm a waving almost till it got out of sight.

The U. O. L. And mo and this innoerent waiting here on the seat like lambs, and never dreaming what was goin' on! Oh, MARIA, however you'll reconcile it to your conscience, I don't know!

MARIA. Why, whatever are you pitching into me for! The U. O. L. It's not that it's any partickler pleasure to me, seeing a balloon, though we did get our tea done early to be in time for it—it's the sly deceitfulness of your conduct, MARIA, which is all the satisfaction I get for coming out with you,—it's the feeling that—well, there, I won't talk about it!

[In pursuance of which virtuous resolve, she talks about nothing else for the remainder of the day, until the unfortunate MARIA wishes fervently that balloons had never been invented.

IN THE BUILDING.

An admiring group has collected before an enormous pin-cushion in the form of a fat star, and about the size of a Church-hassock.

First Soldier (to his Companion) Lot o' work in that, yer know!

Second Soldier. Yes. (Thoughtfully.) Not but what—(becoming critical)—if I'd been doin' it myself, I should ha' chose pins with smaller 'eds on 'em.

First S. (regarding this as presumptuous). You may depend on it the man who made that 'ad his reasons for choosing the pins he did—but there's no pleasing some parties!

Second S. (apologetically). Well, I ain't denying the Art in it, am I?

First Woman. I do call that 'andsome, SARAH. See, there's a star, and two 'arps, and a crown, and I don't know what all—and all done in pins and beads! "Made by Bandsman BROWN," too!

Second W. Soldiers is that clever with their 'ands. Four pounds seems a deal to ask for it, though.

First W. But look at the weeks it must ha' took him to do! (Reading.) "Containing between ten and eleven thousand pins and beads, and a hundred and ninety-eight pieces of coloured cloth!" Why, the pins alone must ha' cost a deal of money.

Second W. Yes, it 'ud be a pity for it to go to somebody as 'ud want to take 'em out.

First W. It ought to be bought up by Gover'ment, that it ought—they're well able to afford it.

A select party of Philistines, comprising a young Man, apparently in the Army, and his Mother and Sister, are examining Mr. GILBERT'S Jubilee Trophy in a spirit of puzzled antipathy.

The Mother. Dear me, and that's the Jubilee centrepiece, is it? What a heavy-looking thing. I wonder what that cost?

Her Son (gloomily). Cost? Why, about two days' pay for every man in the Service!

His Mother. Well, I call it a shame for the Army to be fleeced for that thing. Are those creatures intended for mermaids, with their tails curled round that glass ball, I wonder? [She sniffs.

Her Daughter. I expect it will be crystal, Mother.

Her Mother. Very likely, my dear, but—glass or crystal—I see no sense in it!

Daughter. Oh, it's absurd, of course—still, this figure isn't badly done, is it supposed to represent St. GEORGE carrying the Dragon? Because they've made the Dragon no bigger than a salmon!

Mother. Ah, well, I hope HER MAJESTY will be better pleased with it than I am, that's all.

[After which they fall into ecstasies over an industrial exhibit, consisting of a drain-pipe, cunningly encrusted with fragments of regimental mess-china set in gilded cement.

Before a large mechanical clock, representing a fortress, which is striking. Trumpets sound, detachments of wooden soldiers marching in and out of gateways, and parade the battlements, marking for a considerable time.

A Spectator (with a keen sense of the fitness of things). What—all that for on'y 'alf-past five!

OVERHEARD IN THE AMBULANCE DEPARTMENT.

Spectators (passing in front of groups of models arranged in realistic surroundings). All the faces screwed up to suffering, you see! . . . What a nice patient expression that officer on the stretcher has! Yes, they've given him a wax head—some of them are only papier mâché. . . . Pity they couldn't get nearer their right sizo in 'elmets, though, ain't it? . . . There's one chap's given up the ghost! . . . I know that stuffed elephant—he comes from the Indian Jungle at the Colinderies! . . . I do think it's a pity they couldn't get something more like a mule than this wooden thing! Why, it's quite flat, and it's ears are only leather, nailed on! . . . You can't tell, my dear; it may be a peenular breed out there—cross between a towel-horse and a donkey-engine, don't you know!

IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE SHOOTING-GALLERY.

At the back, amidst tropical scenery, an endless procession of remarkably undeceptive rabbits of painted tin are running rapidly up and down an inclined plane. Birds jerk painfully through the air above, and tin rats, boars, tigers, lions, and ducks, all of the same size, glide swiftly along grooves in the middle distance. In front, Commissionnaires are busy loading rifles for keen sportsmen, who keep up a lively but somewhat ineffective fusillade.

'Arriet (to 'ARRY). They 'ave got it np beautiful, I must say. Do you get anything for 'itting them?

'Arry. On'y the honour.

A Father (to intelligent Small Boy, in rear of Nervous Sportsman). No, I ain't seen him 'it anything yet, my son; but you watch. That's a rabbit he's aiming at now. . . . Ah, missed him!

Small Boy. 'Ow d'yer know what the gentleman's a-aiming at, eh, Father?

Father. 'Ow? Why, you notice which way he points his gun. [The N. S. fires again—without results.

Small Boy. I sor that time, Father. He was a-aiming at one o' them ducks, an' he missed a rabbit! [The N. S. gives it up in disgust.

Enter a small party of 'Arries in high spirits.

First 'Arry. 'Ullo! I'm on to this. 'Ere, Gav'nor, 'and us a gun. I'll show yer 'ow to shoot!

[He takes up his position, in happy unconsciousness that playful companions have decorated his coat-collar behind with a long piece of white paper.

Second 'Arry. Go in, JIM! You got yer markin'-paper ready, anyhow.

[Delighted guffaws from the other 'Arries, in which JIM joins vaguely.

Third 'Arry. I'll lay you can't knock a rabbit down! Jim. I'll lay I can!

[Fires. The procession of rabbits goes on undisturbed. Second 'Arry (jocosely). Never mind. You peppered 'im. I sor the feathers floy!

Third 'Arry. You'd ha' oopped 'im if yer'd bin a bit quicker. Jim (annoyed). They keep on movin' so, they don't give a bloke no chornee!

Second 'Arry. 'Ave a go at that old owl.

[Alhuding to a tin representation of that fowl which remains stationary among the painted rushes.

Third 'Arry. No—see if you can't git that stuffed bear. He's on'y a yard or two away!

An Impatient 'Arry (at doorway). 'Ere, come on! Ain't you shot enough? Shake a leg, can't yer, JIM?

Second 'Arry. He's got to kill one o' them rabbits fust. Or pot a tin lion, JIM? You ain't afraid!

Jim. No; I'm goin' to git that owl. He's quiet any way.

[Fires. The owl falls prostrate. Second 'Arry. Got 'im! Owl's o'f! JIM, old man, you must stand drinks round after this!

[Execunt 'Arries, to celebrate their victory in a befitting fashion, as Scene closes in.

THE LAY OF THE LOUD SALVATIONIST.

A SONG FOR THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT. AIR—"The British Grenadier."



SOME talk of WAGNER chorus, of war's wild rataplan,
Or of the well thumped tom-tom of happy Hindostan ;
But 'sweetest of all shindy to which man's ear may list,
Is the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist !

The swart-skinned Nubian's reed-pipe hath an ear-piercing note,
And you may hear mad music from 'ARRY in a boat ;
But safest of all sounds to give the tympanum a twist,
Is the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist !

Who prates of calm Nirvana, of quietism's joys ?
What are they to " Row's " Gospel, the Paradise of Noise ?
Quakerian calm is obsolete, but oh ! who can resist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist ?

They muster in their thousands on market-place, or green,
With blatant brazen brayings, and thump of tambourins.
Ars you at prayer, asleep or sick ? What odds ? You're forced to list
To the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist !

They throng with thunderous tramlings the city thoroughfare,
In rural nooks their shontings arc on the summer air ;
Though sea-side peace be pleasant, its spell may not resist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist !

O Holy Noise ! O latest and greatest of man's gods !
With common-sense at issue, with oomfort at fiercs odds ;
Divine, of course, you *must* be, — thrice lucky to enlist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist !

The Coryhantic elangor was cheerful, in its way,
But Hallelujah Lasscs the cymbals can outbray.
O raucous throat, O leathern lung, O big balabouring fist !
O tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist !



SUCH AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!

THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF HAVING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT "BROUGHT TO YOUR VERY DOOR," WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS NOTICE, ON THE IDENTICAL DAY, TOO, WHEN YOU ARE GIVING A PARTY, AND YOUR FRIENDS WON'T BE ABLE TO GET WITHIN SOME YARDS OF YOUR HOUSE. AND THEN, SO NICE FOR LADIES IF IT RAINS!

"A Nuisance! Nay, my children!" ('Tis Grandam Justice speaks.)
 "Town butterflies may think so, and so may country 'beaks.'
 The Oracle in Ermine declares you shan't resist
 The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!
 "Traffic may be obstructed, and tympanums be rent,
 The noise may torture sufferers with sickness well-nigh spent;
 But these be merely trifles. Your anguish may assist
 The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!
 "Our self-appointed saviours must work their noble will.
 These shouters have small faith in the voice that's small and still.
 Blown brass and beaten parchment take heaven by storm. Then list
 To the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!
 "The priests of Baal were noisy, but not so loud as BOOTH.
 Charivari and clamour are vehicles of Truth.
 At least that seems the notion on which these seers insist,
 With the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!
 "Without such little worries the world could not get on!
 That sweet thought tempts Dame Justice the bonnet brown to don,
 And smite the clanging sheepskin, and aid with voice and fist
 The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!
 "That sick child in her chamber may press an aching head,
 The mother, bowed and broken, bend deafened o'er her bed.
 Regrettable, but needful, since freedom must exist
 For the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!"
 So Justice, in zeal's bonnet, so Jurymen in haste!
 What are the claims of comfort, health, common-sense or taste,
 Compared with those of brainless Noise, our new evangelist,
 And the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

DE LA PART DE M^{lle}. SAINTE-NITOUCHE.—A demure Spinster says she is quite against the Early Closing Movement, and hopes the shops will keep open as late as possible. "Early closing" means, she explains, "early shopping," and I should blush to commence my rounds before the windows are properly 'dressed.'"

WEEK BY WEEK.

THE Season has now only some three weeks to run. Already careful dowagers are having themselves packed in chintz or old newspapers, and fathers of feminine families are beginning to emerge from the lurking places in which they had sought refuge with their oheque-books. The number of detrimental has been calculated to amount to three times the number of first editions of the *Star* newspaper, plus a mean fraction of a child's Banbury cake, multiplied by the nod of a Duchess to a leader of Society in Peckham Rye.

From the Canton of Koblinsky a report reaches us that the Deputy Grand Master of the Koblinsky Einspänner has met with a somewhat alarming accident. As he was going his rounds last week, accompanied by his faithful Pudelhund, he observed a *mark* lying on the pavement. On stooping to pick it up, he was unfortunately mistaken for a Bath bun by his canine companion, and before help could be secured he had been partly devoured. However, all that was left of him has been packed in ice, and forwarded, with the compliments of the Municipality, to the EMPEROR.

The Great-Western Railway Company intend, it is said, to make unparalleled efforts to secure the comfort of those who may visit Henley Regatta during the present week. All the ordinary trains have been taken off, and special trains, timed to take at least half-an-hour longer, have been substituted for them. As a special concession, holders of first-class return tickets will be allowed to travel part of the distance by omnibus. At Twyford Junction the amusing game of follow-my-leader will be played by four locomotives and a guard's van. The winning locomotive will then steam on to Henley, and upon its return passengers will proceed as usual.

Yesterday being the opening day of the Regatta, was observed as a holiday by the natives of Henley. The ancient ceremonial of "Prices up and money down," was, as usual, observed with proper solemnity by all the burgesses of the little Oxfordshire town. There was some boat-racing during the day; but it is beginning to be felt that a stop should be put to this barbarous survival of the dark ages.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

No. XV.—THE JACK OF ALL JOURNALISMS.

In order to become a successful Journalist of a certain sort, it is only necessary that a man should in early life provide himself with a front as brazen as the trumpet which he blows to announce to the world his merits and his triumphs. It is, of course, essential that he should rid himself of any trace of sensitiveness that may remain to him after a youth about which the only thing certain is its complete obscurity, in order that no hint may be sufficiently broad to fit in with the tolerant breadth of his impudence, and no affront sufficiently pointed to pierce the skin with which Nature and his own industry have furnished him. Literary culture must be eschewed, for with literary culture come taste and discrimination—qualities which might fatally obstruct the path of this journalistic aspirant. For it must be assumed that in some of its later developments journalism has entirely cast off the reticence and the modesty which successive generations of censors have constantly held to have been characteristic of an age that is past. Indeed, while it is established that in 1850 the critics of the day fixed their thoughts with pleasure on the early years of the century, though they found nothing but abuse for the journalism of their own time, it is curious to note that many of those who hurl the shafts of ridicule and contempt at the present period have only words of praise for 1850. Without, however, going so far as these stern descendants of CATO, it may be affirmed that the porpoise-headed Jack of all Journalisms, as we know him, never had a greater power, nor exercised it over a larger scope with smaller scruple than to-day.

It has been already said that the youth of the Jack of all Journalisms is lost in obscurity. It is obvious that he cannot have acquired his readiness of pen without much practice, but where the practice was obtained is a puzzle to which each of his enemies has a different key. Some say of him that he spent a year or two at a University, where he was noted for the unflinching regularity with which he sought the society of the wealthy, imbibed strong drinks, and omitted to pay his debts. It is also alleged that he started a colourable University imitation of the journal which happened at that particular time to be the most highly coloured in London, and that, after struggling through two numbers of convulsive scurrility, the infant effort withered under the frown of the Authorities, who at the same time sent its founder down. Others, however, declare him to have been the offspring of a decayed purveyor of spurious racing intelligence, who naturally sent his son to shift for himself after he had lost his last shirt in betting against one of his own prophecies. Others again aver, and probably with equal accuracy, that he was at no time other than what he is when the world first becomes aware of his existence—the blatant, cringing, insolent, able and disreputable wielder of a pen which draws much of its sting and its profit from the vanities and fears of his fellow-creatures. Be that as it may, he somehow becomes a power. He attaches himself to many journals, the editors of which he first pesters, afterwards serves, and always despises. He may perhaps have dabbled in music, and caused a penniless friend who is musical to write for small pay songs which he honours by attaching his own name to them as their composer. Woe betide the unhappy aspirant to the honours of public singing who ignores the demand of this quasi-musical Turpin that she should sing his songs. For, having become in the meantime a musical critic, he will devote all his talents to the congenial task of abusing her voice in his organ—which is naturally the more powerful instrument of the two. Should she, however, submit to his extortionate requests, he will deem himself entitled to embitter the rest of her existence with his patronising commendation.

However, before reaching this pitch, he will have made his mark as an interviewer and a picturesque social reporter. In the former capacity he will have hunted momentary celebrities into the sanctity of their rooms, whence, after exchanging two words with them, he will have emerged with two columns of conversation. In the latter capacity, he will create for himself and the readers of his paper a social circle, the members of which, bear the same relation to Society proper as a lurcher does to a pure-bred greyhound. For there are many so-called social sets which are select merely because few desire to enter and many to leave them, and to these the Jack of all Journalisms is often a prophet and a leader pointing the way to the promised land. Thus we learn, with surprise, at first, and afterwards with the yawn that comes of the constant repetition of an ascertained fact, that the receptions of Lady TIFFIN are a model of all that is

elegant and *recherché*, whilst the dresses and jewels of Mrs. JIFFS are always a subject of enthusiastic admiration to those amongst whom she moves; and it is only in moments of peculiar meanness that we remember that neither of these two ladies is qualified by position or refinement for anything more than a passing smile. Yet to many, the mere fact that they are mentioned in paragraphs, is proof positive of their descent from the VERE DE VERRES.

Moreover, the Jack of Journalisms will, at one time or another, have risen from the position of one who chronicles second-rate shows in remote corners of his paper, to be the recognised dramatic critic of a powerful organ. He thus acquires an extraordinary influence which he consolidates amongst outsiders by occasional lapses into a fury of critical honesty and abuse. It may be said of him, indeed, that, "Hell hath no fury like a critic scorned," for if he should, on any occasion, have taken umbrage at the treatment accorded to him by an actor or a manager, he will never allow the offence to fade, so long as he can fashion insinuations, misconstrue motives, or manufacture failure with his pen.

In appearance the Jack of all Journalisms is not altogether pleasing. His early struggles against irresponsible editors have left their mark upon him, for having been compelled to seek consolation for disappointment by indulging in strong drinks, he never completely loses the habit which tells, of course, both upon his dress and temper. Though successful, by bringing the pleasures of the table within his reach, has increased the retundity of his figure, it has never been able to make his collars snowy or his conversation refined. He is often found upon the Committees of new Clubs which start with a blare of journalistic trumpets upon a chequered existence, only to perish in contempt a few years afterwards. But while they last he attends them in the hope of picking up a friend who may be valuable, or some gossip which he may turn to account. As a rule, he affects the society of those who are intellectually dull in order that he may pass with them for a man of immense culture and unfathomable sagacity. Over the third long drink provided for him by an admiring associate of this sort, he will grow eloquent, and his conversation will sparkle with reminiscences of leading articles he may once have written, and anticipations of others that he proposes to write. Those who hear him on such occasions will opine that he is a man of genius, who is only prevented by the carelessness of a Gallio from becoming a statesman of the first rank.

A little later he will rise still higher, and will become the almost recognised medium through which really fashionable intelligence is converted into common knowledge. In this position he will allow nothing to escape him, and if one of the highest persons in the land should invite six friends to dinner, their names will on the following morning be known to the Jack of all Journalisms. It is unnecessary to say that in the course of this career he acquires, not only notoriety, but enemies, who watch eagerly for the false step that shall bring him to the ground. In spite of his craft, he is inevitably driven from boldness into rashness, and after waging a fruitless war against rascals more accomplished than himself, he, with a courage that scarcely atones for his imprudence, enters the witness-box, and, a flood of light having been thrown upon his past career, he finds himself for two nights blazoned in enormous letters on the posters of the evening papers, and is compelled, in the end, to submit to an adverse verdict, and to retire, "it may be for years or it may be for ever," from the open practice of a profession in which he had so distinguished himself.

ACCORDING TO A RECENT PRECEDENT.

[Her Majesty's Servants are invited to cheer the Queen.—Official Invitation.]

Soldiers. Not us—we want more food!*Sailors.* Belay there—give us more liberty ashore!*C. S. Clerks.* Can't attend to private business during office hours—redress our grievances!*Postmen.* Don't care a rap—groans as before—haven't changed our sentiments!*Police.* Move on with that there request—just mind your own business, and look after our pensions!*Inland Revenue Receivers.* No! That's the only Tax that needn't be paid!

DISTINGUISHED UNIONISTS.—On Saturday next, at Westminster Abbey, Mr. H. M. STANLEY, the founder of the "Congo Free State," enters the "Can't-go Free State."



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron begs to acknowledge the receipt of a delightful book entitled, *Bordeaux et ses Vins (Cinquième édition) Classés par Ordre de Mérite*, written by M. EDOUARD FERRET, and enriched



Refreshment for the Baron.

with 225 views of vine-culturing Châteaux, by M. EGÈNE VERGEZ. It is published by G. MASSON, Boulevard Saint Germain 120, and now the Baron has placed it within reach of all the world. This particular volume was presented to the Baron by Messrs. HANKEY, BANNISTER & Co., who succeeded to the business of TOD HEATLEY & Co. (why was there never a Scotch firm of TODDY DRINKLEY & Co.?) Judging from a few casual dips into its contents, it will evidently afford him some interesting half-hours with the best *crus*. The *connoisseur* in claret should go right through the book until he comes to "*Entre-deux-mères*," by which time he will be as wise and as ready as was SOLOMON, *entre deux mères*, to pronounce judgment. The history of the Pape Clement wine takes us back to 1305, and is correctly told; but the Baron doubts whether M. FERRET has ferreted out the real story of the Château Haut-Brion. The fact is, that about the Twelfth Century, Seigneur THE BARON O'BRIEN from County Clare—which, as you see, only requires a "t" to make "Clare" into "Claret"—became the happy possessor of this elegant vine-growing district. The Baron O'BRIEN having taken a great deal of trouble about the good of his body, was one day struck by the remark, "*in vino veritas*," and thought he would do something for the good of his soul. So he founded a Mission, *La Mission O'Brien*, and then died in the odour of the most celebrated *crus*. On his tomb were the simple words, "*Il crut*." In the course of time, grass grew over the stone, the Mission moved, sold the property, and another family of Irish descent, O'BLIVION, would have wiped out every memorial of the original pious founder, had it not been for the peasantry, who had Gallicised O'BRIEN into HAUT BRION, under which name it has been known for the last two centuries. If this is not the veracious history of this celebrated wine, the Baron would like to know what is? How sensible to give an order of merit to the best Claret-grower. Two Barons of the House of ROTHSCHILD are thus distinguished. It was after trying many other Clarets that Baron JAMES turned to BARONA ALPHONSE GUSTAVE and EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD, and uttered the memorable words, "*Revenons à nos moutons*." It is a fascinating work, and the Baron has only just put down these few notes as an instalment of a grand book on wine, wine-growers, and wine-drinkers of all countries, which he is on the point of bringing out, entitled *Folks and Grapes*.

The Baron likes persons who take a hint kindly and act on it sensibly. He says this *à propos* of the Hairless Paper-pad Holder, the bald idea of which was suggested in *Mr. Punch's* pages. The paper-pad will be found most useful to travelling writers who use ink, and those authors whom gout, or some other respectable ailment, compels to work recumbently in bed or on sofa. The writer in bed, with ink handy, has only to take up his pad in one hand and his pen in the other, and as sheet after sheet is covered—sheets of paper *bien entendu*—he tears it off, and dries it at once on the blotter, which forms a portion of the pad. For Mr. GLADSTONE, when he is once again Prime Minister, the *Hairless Paper-pad* will be invaluable, as he can place it comfortably on his knee, write his despatch to HER MAJESTY, and blot it without distraction. As a writer of considerable practical experience, the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS strongly recommends the *Hairless Paper-pad*, which he will leave as a Hairloom to his family.

The Baron wishes to say that he has received *Dunlop's Calculating Apparatus*, and in attempting to discover how on earth to use it,



whether as a game, or a puzzle, or a ready-reckoner, the Baron's hair is turning from grey to white. There are numbers, and sections, and tons, and small figures and large figures, and slips, and strips, and numbers in black ink, and others in red ink, and though it must of course be the very simplest and easiest thing in the world when you once know all about it, yet it is just the sort of book (yet it isn't exactly a book) that might have deeply interested the Hatter and the March Hare, and LEWIS CARROLL'S Snark Hunters, and suggested many deep questions to the inquiring mind of *Alice in Wonderland*. As a really humorous production, capable of affording amusement for many a weary hour, it may be safely recommended to parties in country houses during an exceptionally rainy season.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—My faithful "Co." has been reading *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, *No Thoughtfulness*, and *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, the joint work of CHARLES DICKENS and WILKIE COLLINS, and now published for the first time in a single volume. He says that the book is instructive, inasmuch as it shows the growth of its authors' collaboration. When the writers started *The Lazy Tour* they were, so to speak, like the gentleman seated one day at the organ, "weary and ill at ease;" they grew more accustomed to one another during *The Perils*, and attained perfection in *No Thoughtfulness*. This last novel shows no traces of dual workmanship, and might have been the outcome of a single pen. My "Co." has but one fault to find with Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL (Limited)—he says that the stories deserved better illustrations.

A VALID EXCUSE.

[A Juror who failed to put in an attendance at the Old Bailey sent an excuse that he was away on his honeymoon. The LORD MAYOR declared this was a perfectly valid excuse.]

The sly Undergraduate, esger to be
Of Tutors and Deans an acute circumventist,
Has been known to declare, when he went on the spree,
'Twas to bury his uncle, or call on his dentist.

The husband who 'a ever in scrapes or in pickles,
And in coming home early displays a remissness,
Is wont, if it 'a safe to believe HARRY NICHOLLS,
To say he stayed out on "a matter of business."

The hero whose praises they constantly sound,
A Triton 'mongst minnows in prowess at cricket,
When bowled by a ball that did not touch the ground,
Very frequently swears 'twas the state of the wicket!

And the Juryman, finding excuses were vain,
Of the Judge's displeasure has ever been fearful,
Since he knew it availed not a whit to complain—
He must be in his place, or pay up and look cheerful.

But the thought of a fine never more will produce
Consternation, nor ever again make him pallid.
In a Honeymoon now he has got an excuse,
And the LORD MAYOR pronounces it "perfectly valid"!

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

NOTHING particular this week. Mlle. MELBA, the two DE REZSKÉs, and M. LASSALLE sang, by Royal command, in the afternoon at Windsor Castle. "Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the QUEEN?" Rather. We meant to wind up the week with *Le Prophète*, but JEAN DE REZSKÉ had caught cold,—perhaps on the return journey from Windsor,—and so *Faust* was substituted, with MELBA as *Marguerite*, and RAVELLI the Reliable as *Faust*. We are looking forward to *Hamlet*. "To be or not to be"? Probably "to be." Highly successful Season gradually drawing to a close. Where's *Masaniello*? Not heard it for years. It would come out as quite a novelty. Let the Sheriff-elect look to it. If not for this Season, let it mark the year of office of DRURIO LANUS OPERATICUS.



"PAROCHIAL" POLITICS INDEED!—Making over to a handful of Colonists that would not fill many an English parish the "mighty mileage" of Western Australia!



TOUCHING RECIPROCITY BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

EDWIN CARRIES HIS ANOELINA'S PARASOL, AND ANOELINA CARRIES HER EDWIN'S SKETCHING MATERIALS.

"HOPE DEFERRED."

"WEARY of watching and waiting!"
So the old song-words go!
Charity here, contemplating
This trio of lads in a row,
Might turn from the slums of the City,
From "Nobody's Children" might spare
One glance of true practical pity,
One hour of considerate care.

The waifs from the slum and the gutter
Are off "to the country" in troops,
To feed on new eggs and fresh butter,
To frolic with balls and with hoops;
These three, with their eyes on the poster
That hints unattainable joys,
Must envy the son of the Coster,
The waifs of the Workhouse. Poor boys!

They, too, are unitedly yearning
To "go to the country," together.
Hope on the horizon is burning
With prospect of promising wea'her.
One pities them, looking and longing,
Aweary of waiting their turn
With those who are countrywards thronging;
The "Voice of the Country" they'd learn.

The lay of the lark or the linnet?
The babble of brooklet or rill?
Nay, that "Voice," to their ears, hath more
in it
Than sounds in the nightingale's trill.
There's a song, though to some it sounds
raucous,
For them most seductively rolls;
'Tis the crow of a bird (the "Caw-Caw-Cus")
Whose song is so like "Pretty Poll's"!

HENLEY REGATTA.

(By Mr. Punch's own Rowing Man.)

Henley, Monday.

I HAVE arrived, and Henley once more is Henley. Even the weather has recognised me, and good old Plu himself came out to shake me by the hand and talk of old times. The course is of the usual length, but a slight alteration has been made in the breadth. Many house-boats are moored along the Oxfordshire bank. The bridge has not changed its position since I saw it last. The courteous Secretary of the Regatta assured me, that my complaint with reference to the impediment which this structure offers to rowing-boats had been laid before the Stewards. No action, however, is to be taken this year.

This being the day before the Regatta, very heavy work was done by all the crews engaged in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup. They all have a good chance, and, personally, I should not feel the least surprise if I saw at least two eights rowing in the final heat on Thursday. Thames, London, Brasenose, Kingston, New College, and Trinity Hall all possess some "sterling oarsmen," and carry "banners" of different colours. I may remark, in passing, that no crew is allowed to row with more than eight oars.

The race for the Stewards will be exciting. All these officials are in hard training, but the Mayor of Henley is favourite at short odds.

* Note by the Editor.—Are you sure this is right?
Reply.—Right? Of course it is. I'm here, and I ought to know.

I notice that the Ladies have a race all to themselves. Doubtless this is due to Miss FAWCETT's pernicious example, but the innovation is not to be commended. The entries for the Visitors are of average quality. Three visitors only are to compete over a course of picnic luncheons and strawberries and cream. I have only room left to remark that the weather has been changeable, and that all the above tips are to be thoroughly relied upon.

A BALLAD OF BARROW.

(After Burns.)

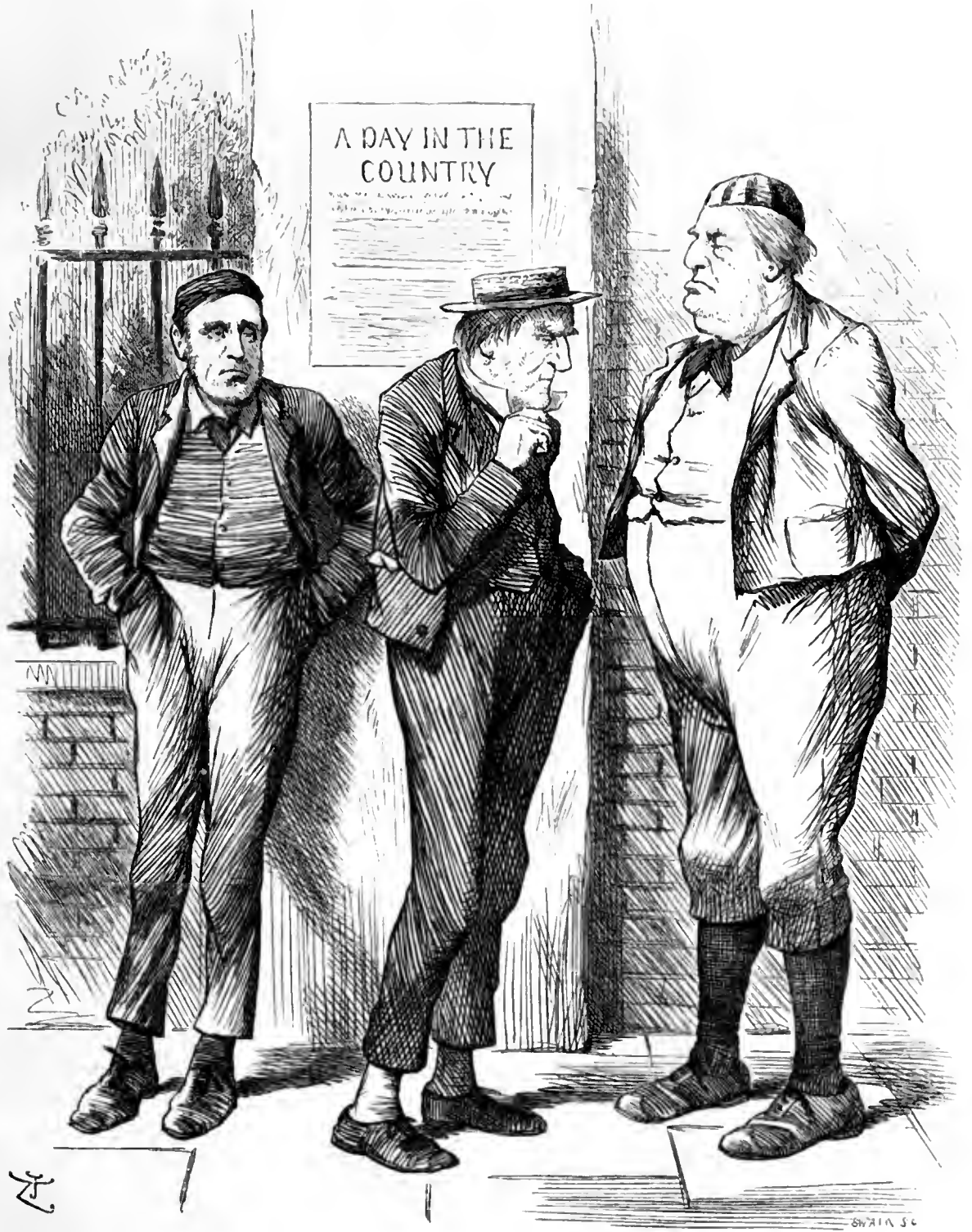
AIR—"Duncan Gray."

DUNCAN gay came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
'GAINST CAINE, who thought all drinkers fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
CAINE, he held his head full high,
AT GLADSTONE sneered and SALISBURY,
And bade brave DUNCAN just stand by;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

DUNCAN was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
On the poll he gat first place.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Woe for WILLIAM SPROSTON CAINE!
Shifting swift and awagger vain
He will hardly try again;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

NEW TITLE.—The Public-house Compensation Bill shall be hereafter known and alluded to as the *Bung Bungle'd Bill*.



“HOPE DEFERRED.”

CHORUS OF LONGING LADS. “WISH *WE* COULD GO TO THE COUNTRY!”





EVOLUTIONARY ASSIMILATION.

A Story of Signor Piatti and his 'Cello.

SUNDAY AT HOME.

THE stillness of the Summer day
Broods o'er the country sweet,
And all things, save the murmuring stream,
Aro silent in the heat.
The sunbeams through the green leaves
play,

The air is sweet with new-mown hay—
But I am bound at home to stay
Here in Great Gasworks Street.

On the fourth-floor I take the air,
And hear the trains roll by,
And dream of all the visions fair
That o'er the housetops lie;
The meadows where the daisies stray,
The bleating sheep, as white as they,
The breakers and the sparkling spray,
Beneath the smokeless sky.

There's a MINNIE in the cradle,
And TOMMY on the floor,
And JOHNNY with a ladle
Is banging on the door;
And, where the household linen dries,
Cross little ANNIE sits and criea
As loud as she can roar.

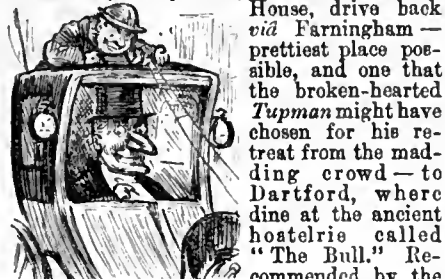
About the street the children sprawl,
Or on the door-steps sit;
The women, gay with kerchief-shawl,
Engage the men with wit,
Who lounge at ease against the wall,
And meditate and spit.

So through the Summer Sunday hours
The sunbeams slowly steal,
Gilding the beer-shop's saw-dust bowers,
The cabbage-stalks in lieu of flowers,
The trodden orange-peel,
Till, calm as heaven, the moon appears,
A Sister in a house of tears,
Who soothes, but cannot heal.

And now the cheap excursionists
Come, tired and happy, home,
And hear amid the noisy streets
The churning of the foam.
They've seen the surges rolling in
With slow, reluctant roar,
Or shouted to the ceaseless din
Along the rocky shore;
And others in the woodland way,
Or on the breezy down,
Have gone excursioning astray,
While I have stayed in Town,
And wished that I was dead and bu-ri-ed,
For all my Sunday gown.

And little BOBBY's hair is curled
By country breezes sweet;
And LIZZIE's heart is full of light,
Though heavy are her feet.
Father and mother face their plight
More hopeful for the treat,
And bless the God who made a world
Beyond Great Gasworks Street.

WHERE AND HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY,
WEATHER PERMITTING, OF COURSE.—Go to
Sevenoaks; lovely drive, see Knole Park and
House, drive back



via Farningham—
prettiest place possible, and one that
the broken-hearted
Tupman might have
chosen for his re-
treat from the mad-
ding crowd—to
Dartford, where
dine at the ancient
hostelrie called
"The Bull." Re-
commended by the
Punch faculty, the Bull and no mistake.
Then up to London, still by road,—if a fine
moonlight night, delightful,—and remember
the summer day so well spent as "a Knole
'Ooliday."

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

(Being Questions and Answers Cut on the Straight.)

Question. So you have finished your educa-
tion?

Answer. Yes, thanks to the liberality of
the School Board.

Q. Do you know more than your parents?

A. Certainly, as my father was a sweep,
and my mother a charwoman.

Q. Would either occupation suit you?

A. Certainly not; my aspirations soar
above such pursuits, and my health, impaired
by excessive study, unfits me for a life of
manual labour.

Q. Kindly tell me what occupation would
suit you?

A. I think I could, with a little cram-
ming, pass the examinations for the Army,
the Navy, or the Bar.

Q. Then why not become an officer in either
branch of the United Service, or a Member of
one of the Inns of Court?

A. Because I fear that as a man of neither
birth nor breeding, I should be regarded with
contempt in either the Camp or the Forum.

Q. Would you take a clerkship in the City?
A. Not willingly, as I have enjoyed some-
thing better than a commercial education,
besides City clerkships are not to be had for
the asking.

Q. Well, would you become a shop-boy or
a counter-jumper?

A. Certainly not; I should deem it a sin to
waste my accomplishments (which are many)
in filling a situation suggestive of the servants'
hall, rather than of the library.

Q. Well then, how are you to make an
honest livelihood?

A. Those who are responsible for my educa-
tion must answer that question.

Q. And if they can't?

A. Then I must accept an alternative, and
seek inspiration and precedents from the
records of success in another walk of life,
beginning with the pages of the *Newgate
Calendar.*

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

PLATFORMULARS.

*"The humble individual who now addresses
you;"* i.e., "I mustn't exactly assert my
superiority in so many words; this is an
invitation to you to do it for me."

DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.

*"Quite a wonderful wine, when you think
of the price;"* i.e., Good enough for you.

*"He is said to have quite the biggest practice
about here;"* i.e., You may call him in if you
like; I shouldn't.

FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND
ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

*"Poor dear Mulligan! he is quite too
delightfully good-natured, don't you know?"*
i.e., "A great goose who gushes, and fancies
it generosity."

"A great authority on Golf:" "An ener-
getic bore, whose talk is all of 'bunkers' and
'Mr. BALFOUR.'"

ELECTIONEERING.

"Have been asked to come forward;" i.e.,
"The result of ten years pushing and scheming
on my part."

A "local" man; i.e., Owns a small prop-
erty in the furthest corner of the county.

"The good old cause;" i.e., Ourselves.

*"Have always felt that the — class are
the mainstay of the country;"* i.e., "Must
conciliate the industrial section of consti-
tuency."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

F frivolous Lady (making conversation). "OH, THE ACADEMY! I NEVER SAW SUCH RUBBISH AS THERE IS THIS YEAR!" (*Suddenly remembers that the Gentleman she is talking to is an R.A.*) "HAVE YOU ANYTHING THERE?"

R.A. "YES; THE FIVE BIG PICTURES YOU SAW IN MY STUDIO, AND SAID YOU COULD LIVE WITH FOR EVER!"

A DIALOGUE UP TO DATE.

(*With some Remarks on the Importance of Talking an infinite deal of Nothing.*)

SCENE—A Room. PERSONS—GILNEST and ERBERT.

[For further details, see Mr. OSCAR WILDE's Article in *The Nineteenth Century* for July.]

Erbert (at the banjo). My dear GILLIE, what are you doing?

Gilnest (yawning). I was wondering when you were going to begin. We have been sitting here for an hour, and nothing has been said upon the important subject we proposed to discuss.

E. (tapping him lightly on the cheek). Tut, tut, my dear boy, you must not be petulant. And yet, when I come to study you more closely, your face looks charming when you make a *move*. Let me see you do it again. Ah, yes. You look into my eyes with the divine sullenness that broods tragically upon the pale brow of the Antinous. And through your mind, though you know it not (how indeed should you?), march many mystical phantoms that are not of this base world. Pale HELEN steps out upon the battlements and turns to FLAUBERT her appealing glance, and CELLINI paces with Madame DE SEVIGNÉ through the eternal shadows of unrevealed realism. And BROWNING, and HOMER, and MEREDITH, and OSCAR WILDE are with them, the fleet-footed giants of perennial youth, like unto the white-limbed Hermes, whom Polyxena once saw, and straight she hied her away to the vine-clad banks of Ilyssus, where Mr. PATER stands contemplative, like some mad scarlet thing by DVORÁK, and together they march with the perfect significance of silence through realms that are cloud-capped with the bright darkness that shines from the poet's throne amid the stars.

[*Stops, and lights a cigarette.*]
G. Oh, beautiful, beautiful! Now indeed I recognise my ERBERT's voice; and that is—yes, it must be—the scent of the cigarettes you lately imported. Grant me one, only one. (*Takes one and lights it.*) But what were you talking about?

E. (pinches his cheek). There you are horrid again. But you smile. *Je te connais, mon brave.* Γνωσκω σε και (never mind the accents). *Ich kenne dich, mein alter.* *Cognosco te, amice.* I know you, old fellow. You are only ehsfing. As if you had not discovered that which all truly great indolence has taught ever since the first star looked out and beheld chaotic vastness on every hand. For to say something is what every puny whipster can do. To talk much, and in many languages, and yet to have said nothing, that, my dear GILLIE, is what all have striven for, but only one, gifted above his fellows with magic power of weaving the gossamer thread of words, has truly attained. For it is in that reconciliation of apparent opposites, and in the cadenced measures of a musical voice, that the dignified traditions of an æsthetic purity, repellent to the thin, colourless lips of impotence, reside and make their home. But—

[*Breaks off, and lights a cigarette.*]

G. (lighting a cigarette). Is that really so?

E. Yea, even as LUCIAN— [Short notes, to be afterwards filled out.—Throw in Hector, the Myrmidons, COLEBRIDGE, RUSKIN, OHNET, LEWIS MORRIS, ARISTOTLE, LIONARDO, St. Anne, Juno, Mr. HOWELLS, LONGINUS, FRONTO, LESSING, NARCISSEUS. Stir up with SHAKSPEARE and MILTON. Add CICERO and BALZAC.]

G. ERBERT, ERBERT, how learned you are, and how lovely! But I am weary, and must away.

[*He moves off. ERBERT attempts to detain him. In the end they quarrel. ERBERT breaks the banjo over GILNEST's head.*]

E. You are a horrid pig, and I don't like you at all!

(*Not to be continued.*)

JAMES'S HAIR APPARENT.—Everyone recognises ex-President JAMES, author of the Whistlerian book on *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, by his distinguished white look just over his forehead. No one dare call this "a white feather," as he has never shown it. Some people looked upon it as caused by JAMES's powder. This is not so. It may be correctly described as an illustration of "Locke on the Understanding."

EPITHALAMIUM.

(*Westminster Abbey, July 12, 1890.*)

"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout."
SPENSER, "*Epithalamion.*"

"BRING home the triumph of our Victory,"
Sings SPENSER. From wide wanderings you have
Victorious, yet, as all the world may see, [come
Your sweetest, crowning triumph find—at home.
Say, would ULYSSES care again to roam
Wed with so winning a PENELOPE
As STANLEY'S DOROTHY?
Loyal like her of Ithaca, and dowered
With charms that in the Greek less fully flowered,
The charms of talent and of character,
Which blend in her
Who, won, long waited, and who, waiting, won
The virile, valiant son
Of our adventurous England. May the bays
Blend well with Hymen's roses, and long days
Of happiness and honour crown the pair
For whom to-day loud plaudits rend the air.
"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout,"—
Health to brave DOROTHY and STANLEY stout!

REALLY ENTERTAINING.

CAPITAL entertainment the GERMAN REEDS have just now. Mr. ALFRED REED immensely funny in *Carnival Time*, written by MALCOLM WATSON and CORNY GRAIN. You should have heard Miss NELLIE FARREN's hearty laughter at the drolleries in St. George's Hall last Thursday afternoon. NELLY FARREN's as good an audience as she is a comic actress, and that's saying a good deal. Miss FANNY HOLLAND and Miss KATE TULLY excellent. Then, after the *Carnival*, CORNY GRAIN's *Society Peepshow* for 1890 sent everybody into fits. That austere Indian Judge, Mr. Justice STRAIGHT, was straight no longer, but bent double by convulsions of laughter. Mr. CORNY GRAIN deals out pleasantly some hard bite all round, but as everyone applies them to his or her neighbour, everyone naturally enjoys the joke immensely. We used the word "drolleries" just now. Happy Thought; As we have had the Fisheries, and the Sogerics, and any number of other "eries," why not re-name St. George's Hall "The Drolleries?" Advice gratis:—Before the Season's over, it is a place to spend a happy afternoon or evening. As Hamlet, if he had thought of it, would have said to Ophelia, "Go! to the Drolleries! Go!"

ELECTROPHONOSCOPIC CHAT.

(A little of it, picked up at the Office. A.D. 1900.)

THERE must surely be some mistake. Here, what's this? This old toothless hag, without her wig, is unknown to me! And why does she address me as "ARCHIBALD"? I was expecting to see my beloved ARAMINTA.

Excuse me, but I think we have been wrongly switched on. From your description you seem to be having the interview I was expecting with my dear good Grandmother. While this charming young lady—But perhaps you would like to see for yourself?

A thousand thanks! It is my own ARAMINTA! Pray let us change places, and allow me to resign you your good Grandmother at once. Ha! why does that poor Gentleman turn faint and stagger towards the door in search of a little air? Let us ask the Postmistress.

She says he has just concluded a terrible interview with his Wife's mother. But see, he has recovered himself and struck an attitude of defiance. That at least, at the other end, will impress her.

See how that Stockbroker is leaping with delight! And no wonder. He has just been electrophonoscopically attending the "Illinois Central" half-yearly meeting at New York, and, having speculated for the rise, finds that he has made a pot of money.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 30.—Wanting to know about Heligoland in the Lords. ROSEBERY inquires especially how population like the change?

"Oh, that's all right," said the MARKISS; "if there's one thing the Heligolanders have been pining for since date of their birth, it is for union with Germany. If we'd only been generous, we ought to have gratified their desire long ago. I don't wish to touch on controversial matters, but I must say if the Government, of which my noble friend was an ornament, had, when in office, only ceded Heligoland to Germany, they would have deserved well of their country, and might have been assured of the enthusiastic support of noble Lords on this side of the House, and of the Party of which my nephew is a Leader in another place. It is impossible for me, without making your Lordships late for dinner, a crime from which I trust to hold my conscience free, fully to set forth the universal advantage that arises from this stroke of policy. It pleases everybody, especially the Heligolanders."

ROSEBERY persistent; wants to know what means were taken to obtain the opinion of the population, and elicit this psalm of joy?

"Oh!" said the MARKISS, "obviously, they are documents of a confidential nature."

"Confidential with the population?" asks GRANVILLE, in softest tones, with bewitching smile, and most deferential manner. For once the MARKISS has no retort ready. Lords sit silent for moment, awaiting answer; none forthcoming; LORD CHANCELLOR, with great "that this House do now adjourn."

presence of mind, proposes Agreed to, and Lords go forth, each seeing in his mind's eye the MARKISS in confidential communication with the population of Heligoland, laboriously and conscientiously ascertaining their views, individual and aggregate, on question of transfer.

"The MARKISS is quite right," said ASHBOURNE, looking in from his honourable exile in Dublin; "you can't, I know, frame an indictment against a nation. But you can certainly enter into confidential communication with a population. Capital oophead it would make for OLD MORALITY: Confidential Communications Corrupt Good Heligolanders."

Business done.—In the Commons, spurt to start with; four Bills advanced a stage; then House floundered in Western Australia.

Tuesday.—"Wish you'd get yourself made a Peer, TONY," said DENMAN, gloomily. "Not difficult, I understand; BRABOURNE will tell you how it's done; unlike the Poet, a Peer is either born or made; AYLESBURY, for example, was born; BRABOURNE was made. As you weren't born, you must be made. Baron BOUVERIE-STREET would look very well in the Peerage. You've only to ask (BRABOURNE knows); keep on asking, and in meantime make yourself disagreeable in the Commons, and the thing is done."

Very much obliged to DENMAN; quite kind of him to take this interest in me; but why so anxious on the point?

"I'll tell you frankly, TOBY. I want to create a Party here, and you'd do admirably to begin with. A Statesman, however capable, no use without a Party. You know that very well in the Commons. Everybody there has a Party. I am all by myself here, and the MARKISS and the rest put upon me. Now if I had a Party—"

"HANS BREITMANN had one, you know," I say, liking to humour DENMAN, who is evidently in low spirits.

"Had he? Where did he sit for? Never heard of him; however, as I was saying, if I had a Party I should make the MARKISS sit up."

In the meantime, I gather they have been making DENMAN sit down. Debate on about Sheriff's Assizes Expenses Bill. DENMAN had something useful to say. Approached table; ESHER got up at same moment. Peers impatiently called for ESHER; DENMAN ignored petty insult; commenced his speech; sentences drowned in hubbub; ESHER resumed seat; MARKISS approached table; DENMAN drew himself up to full height, and glared on MARKISS.

Knew of old his jealousy of him; stops at no means of gratifying it; now moves, "That Lord ESHER be heard." LORD CHANCELLOR, that minion of the majority, promptly puts question, and declares it carried. For a moment DENMAN stands irresolutely at table, looking round. Suppose he were to lightly skip out to table, and, standing there, defy them all? Suppose he were to lower his head, and run a-butt at the stomach of the LORD CHANCELLOR? What delight to topple him over—to see his heels rise in the air, and disappear with rest of his body at other side of Woolsack! DENMAN laughed to think he should see such fun. Content for the present with contemplation of it, and so resumed seat. "But I'll form a Party," said he; "have my own Whips, and shake this effete Government to its foundation."

Business done.—In Commons: a dull night, lighted up by luminous speech from RATHBONE on Government of Western Australia.

Wednesday.—House hard at work all afternoon on Directors' Liability Bill. WARMINGTON in charge of measure; intends to make it warm for Guinea-pigs. ROPER LETBRIDGE, DIXON HARTLAND, JAMES MACLEAN, and KIMBER, Q.C., protest at length. ROBERT FOWLER, Bart., breaks into lava flood of burning eloquence. If the Bill is carried, what is to become of the City?

"You may," he moans, "write on the front of the Bill, 'Delendum est Londinium,' um? um?" He, for one, will have no responsibility in the matter; and so, tucking his hands under his coat-tails, he strides forth, to vote against Third Reading of Bill. All in vain; Third Reading carried by 224 votes against 50.



A Hot 'Un for the City.



The Exile from Erin. (Just arrived in Holyhead.)



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 4. Oh, what a surprise! One lovely Black Rod interrupts the G. O. M. speaking, —and meets with a warm reception.

Monday, July 7.—Opposition in high feather to-night. DUNCAN fresh from great triumph at Barrow, come to take his seat. Liberals

and Irish Members crowd round him as he sits below Gallery waiting signal to advance.

"Then DUNCAN is *not* in his grave?" said MACBETH—I mean MACLURE.

Evidently not. Here in the flesh and high spirits. Everybody dropping into poetry all round. WADDY, who was down at Barrow, gives lengthy account of the contest, "And," he says—

"to conclude,
The victory fell on us."
Duncan. "Great happiness!
No more the CAINE of Cawdor shall
deceive
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce
his present death."

(Turning to PULESTON, who always comes to shake hands with New Member.)

"Dismayed not this
Your Captains, MACSMITH and BAL-
FOUR?"

PULESTON admitted that they were a little hipped; rather thought "that most disloyal traitor, the CAINE of Cawdor," having "began the dismal conflict," would get the worst of it; but didn't expect that Liberal would be returned. "But it's of no consequence," added Sir TOOTS; "you must come and dine with me."

DUNCAN rather broke down as he advanced to table amid thunderous cheers from Opposition. SPEAKER when he shook hands with him.

Duncan. "My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow."
"Oh, you must cheer up," said the SPEAKER, who always has a pleasant word for everybody; "perhaps you won't get in again."
Business done.—Irish Constabulary Vote in Committee of Supply; opening of cheerful week for Prince ARTHUR.

"COMING IN THEIR THOUSANDS."

THE announcement that a Thousand Nurses would be received at Marlborough House last Saturday, naturally attracted a large number of the Guards and Household troops, who were off duty, to the vicinity of St. James's Park and Pall Mall. The excitement among the military somewhat abated when it was ascertained that the Prince and Princess were receiving the "first working subscribers" to the National Pension Fund for Nurses. The Prince made one of his best speeches, and the Princess smiled her best smiles. The Comptroller of the Weather for the Royal Household had given special orders for sunshine, or a good imitation of it from one till three, so umbrellas were not needed; thus symbolically showing that the day of "Gamps" was over, and that a new era of superior nursing was now an established fact. If such a state of affairs had continued as was portrayed in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, their Royal Highnesses might have been receiving the



last thousand *Sarah Gamps* and *Betsy Prigs*, and addressing them in a very different strain.

DRAMATIC NOTES.—ALEXANDER the Grateful, in returning thanks for the toast of "the Avenue Picoe," observed that "he objected to this phrase, as he did not mean to 'av a new piece for a long time, the present Bill being good enough." This cast a gloom over the assembly, which then quietly dispersed.

Mr. IRVING, disguised as *Louis the Eleventh* (the last of the great French cricketers), is at the Grand, in celestial Islington, where the Angel is. These angelic visits are few and far between.

We (who's "we"?) hear a favourable report of *Sowing and Reaping* at the Criterion,—a play that might have been only "sow sow" if it had not been for the reaping good performance of CHARLES the Reaper.

CRY FOR EXTREMELY INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE PARTY.—"Liberty but no Licence!"

OUR ADVERTISERS.—THEIR LATEST BOON.

SELL UNIVERSALIS is a startling, electrifying, flesh-forming, paralyzing, stupifying, and sparkling Intoxicant.

SELL UNIVERSALIS may be taken freely in tons with perfect impunity alike by the Elephant and the Infant.

SELL UNIVERSALIS, administered instantly in a teaspoon, will sober a drunken Crocodile or steady a tottering Policeman.

SELL UNIVERSALIS is a wonderful food-supplier, one dose containing the active principle of a ten-and-sixpenny Criterion Dinner.

SELL UNIVERSALIS.—Professor SLOPPER, B.J.W.K.R.S., &c., Public Analyst to the Midland Patent Puffing Association, writes:—"I have made a careful analysis of several sealed bottles of this unique preparation, and, as far as I can make out, I have no hesitation in saying that its claim to contain in every single teaspoonful 'all the active principle of two bottles of "'36" champagne, five pounds of pork chops, a pint of train oil, a tinned lobster, a pot of bears' grease, and 73 per cent. of the best boot-blacking and dog-biscuit,' is substantially correct. I have not as yet prescribed it for any of my own patients, but, if I find my practice inconveniently extended, I shall probably do so."

SELL UNIVERSALIS instantly cures lumbago, toothache, hay-fever, nettlerash, staggers, elephantiasis, and many other ordinary nursery disorders.

SELL UNIVERSALIS—"A TRUSTFUL COUNTRY CLEROYMAN" writes:—"I have often had one leg in the grave, on the occasions on which I have been subject to successive attacks of lumbago, toothache, hay-fever, nettlerash, staggers, elephantiasis, and many other ordinary nursery disorders, but I have always found that, by having recourse to a bottle of SELL UNIVERSALIS, I have been enabled slowly to draw it out again; at least, I fancy so."

SELL UNIVERSALIS, if taken "injudiciously," and administered with judgment, will kill the aged, and remove the youthful.

SELL UNIVERSALIS.—"A CIRCUMSPECT SOLICITOR WITH AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE," writes:—"Having had seven aged uncles and an infant nephew who stood between me and the enjoyment of a trifling annuity, I presented them all last Christmas with a bottle of the 'SELL,' coupling the gift with the playful injunction that 'the faster they got through it the longer they would live.' By the 10th of January I had buried the whole eight of them. You are quite welcome to make what use you can of this; but, for obvious reasons, I suppress my name and address."

SELL UNIVERSALIS is a wonderful Brain and Nerve Tonic, entirely revivifying the shattered powers of the disheartened and over-taxed literary man.

SELL UNIVERSALIS.—"A COMING SHAKSPEARE" writes:—"For years I have been writing Christmas Pantomimes, till, never meeting with any Management willing to produce them, I found at length I had seven-and-thirty by me waiting production. I then took several bottles of your SELL UNIVERSALIS, which must have cleared my head, for I wrote a comic Interlude for the Clown and Ringmaster of a Provincial Circus that was immediately accepted; and though I have not yet been paid for it, and, owing to the fact that the travelling company, being always on the move, is continually changing its address, very probably never shall be, still, as I am told 'it goes with a roar' every night, I cannot but conclude that the SELL UNIVERSALIS has restored in a marked degree my shattered mental powers."

SELL UNIVERSALIS, if rubbed into the head will, in twenty-four hours, entirely remove every vestige of the most luxuriant crop of hair.

SELL UNIVERSALIS, swallowed for another twenty-four hours, will bring nearly all of it on again.

SELL UNIVERSALIS may be tried on the invalid Canary.

SELL UNIVERSALIS may be relied on as a thoroughly effective Furniture Revivifier.

SELL UNIVERSALIS affords a refreshing beverage in the last stages of Delirium Tremens.

SELL UNIVERSALIS will in all probability give a lustre to the fire-irons.

SELL UNIVERSALIS might be counted on to ensure a superior boot polish.

SELL UNIVERSALIS, failing everything else, may be confidently administered in handsome doses to the baby.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON has read OSCAR WILDE'S Wildest and Ocarest work, called *Dorian Gray*, a weird sensational romance, complete in one number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The Baron recommends anybody who revels in *diablerie*, to begin it about half-past ten, and



PARALLEL.

Joe, the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, startles the Old Lady; Oscar, the Fad Boy in *Lippincott's*, startles Mrs. Grundy.

Oscar, the Fad Boy. "I want to make your flesh creep!"

to finish it at one sitting up; but those who do not so revel he advises either not to read it at all, or to choose the daytime, and take it in homeopathic doses. The portrait represents the soul of the beautiful Ganymede-like *Dorian Gray*, whose youth and beauty last to the end, while his soul, like JOHN BROWN'S, "goes marching on" into the Wilderness of Sin. It becomes at last a devilled soul. And then *Dorian* sticks a knife into it, as any ordinary mortal might do, and a fork also, and next morning

"Lifeless but 'hideous' he lay,"

while the portrait has recovered the perfect beauty which it possessed when it first left the artist's easel. If OSCAR intended an allegory, the finish is dreadfully wrong. Does he mean that, by sacrificing his earthly life, *Dorian Gray* atones for his infernal sins, and so purifies his soul by suicide? "Heavens! I am no preacher," says the Baron, "and perhaps OSCAR didn't mean anything at all, except to give us a sensation, to show how like BULWER LYTTON'S old-world style he could make his descriptions and his dialogue, and what an easy thing it is to frighten the respectable *Mrs. Grundy* with a Bogie." The style is decidedly Lyttonerary. His aphorisms are Wilde, yet forced. Mr. OSCAR WILDE says of his story, "it is poisonous if you like, but you cannot deny that it is also perfect, and perfection is what we artists aim at." Perhaps; but "we artists" do not always hit what we aim at, and, despite his confident claim to unerring artistic marksmanship, one must hazard the opinion, that in this case Mr. WILDE has "shot wide." There is indeed more of "poison" than of "perfection" in *Dorian Gray*. The central idea is an excellent, if not exactly novel, one; and a finer art, say that of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, would have made a striking and satisfying story of it. *Dorian Gray* is striking enough, in a sense, but it is not "satisfying" artistically, any more than it is so ethically. Mr. WILDE has preferred the sensuous and hyperdecorative manner of "Mademoiselle DE MAUPIN," and without GAUTIER'S power, has spoilt a promising conception by clumsy unideal treatment. His "decoration" (upon which he plumes himself) is indeed "laid on with a trowel." The luxuriously elaborate details of his "artistic hedonism" are too suggestive of South Kensington Museum and æsthetic Encyclopædias. A truer art would have avoided both the glittering conceits, which bedeck the body of the story, and the unsavoury suggestiveness which lurks in its spirit. Poisonous! Yes. But the loathly "leperous distilment" taints and spoils, without in any way subserving "perfection," artistic or otherwise. If *Mrs. Grundy* doesn't read it, the younger *Grundies* do; that is, the *Grundies* who belong to Clubs, and who care to shine in certain sets wherein this story will be much discussed. "I have read it, and, except for the ingenious idea, I wish to forget it," says the Baron.

The Baron has seen the new, lively, and eccentric newspaper, entitled *The Whirlwind*. It has reached the third number. "I am informed," says the Baron, "that, on payment of five guineas down, I can become a life-subscriber to the *Whirlwind*. But what does life-subscriber mean? Do I subscribe for the term of my life, or for the term of the *Whirlwind's* life? Suppose the *Whirlwind* has to be wound up, or whirl-winded up, and suppose I am still going on, can I intervene to stop the proceedings, and insist on my contract to be supplied with a *Whirlwind* per week for the remainder of my natural or unnatural life being carried out? If the contract is for our lives, then, as a life-subscriber, I should insist on the *Whirlwind* remaining co-existent with me, so that, up to my latest breath, I might have a *Whirlwind*. But if the life-subscription of five guineas is only for the term of the *Whirlwind's* life, then, I fancy the proprietors, editor, and staff, that the Hon. STUART ERSKINE and Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN, who are, I believe, the Proprietors, Editor, and Staff of the *Whirlwind*, will have by far the better of the bargain. I resist the temptation, and keep my five pounds five shillings in my pocket, and am

Yours truly, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OUR NEW ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

[All applications in answer to be addressed to the office of this journal, accompanied by handsome P.O.O. and lots of shilling stamps, which will in every case be retained, without acknowledgment, as a guarantee of good faith.]

URGENT CASE.—WANTED, by a little Boy, aged 10, of thoroughly disagreeable temper, selfish, greedy, ill-mannered, and thoroughly spoilt at home, a good sound Whipping, weekly, if possible. Great care will be necessary on the part of applicant in fulfilling requirements, parents of youth in question, being firmly convinced that he is a noble little fellow, with a fine manly spirit, just what his dear Papa was at his age (as is very probably the case) and only requiring peculiarly gentle and considerate treatment.—Apply (in first instance, by letter) to Godfather, care of *Mr. Punch*.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS,—affectionate but practical-minded, and anxious to find economical homes (somewhere else) for young gentlemen who cannot get on without expensive assistance at starting in Mother country, owing to excessive competition in laborious and over-crowded professions. A firm of enterprising Agents offer bracing and profitable occupation (coupled with the use gratis, of two broken spades, an old manure-cart, and an axe without a handle) in a peculiarly romantic and unhealthy district in the backwoods of West-Torrida. Photograph, if desired, of Agent's residence (distant several hundred miles away.) Excellent opening for young men fresh from first-class public school or college-life: who should, of course, be prepared to "rough it" a little before making competence or large fortune, by delightful pursuit of agriculture. No restrictive civilisation. No drains. Excellent supply of water and heavy floods as a rule, during three months of year, bringing on Spring crops without expense of irrigation. Very low death-rate, most of population having recently cleared out. Small village and (horse)-doctor within twenty-five miles' ride. Wild and beautiful country. Every incentive to work. Rare poisonous reptiles, and tarantula spiders, most interesting to young observant naturalist. Capital prospect—great saving offered to careful parents anxious to set up brougham, or increase private expenses. Five boys (reduction on taking a quantity) disposed of for about £250 and outfit, with probably, no further trouble.—Address, Messrs. SHARKEY AND CRIMPIN, Colonial and Emigration Agents, &c.

CONCERTS! CONCERTS!—Amateur Comic Vocalist and impromptu "Vamper" (gentleman born) of several years' experience in best London Society, is anxious to meet with bold and speculative Manager who will offer him a first engagement. Can sing—omitting a few high notes—various popular melodies, comprising, "Aunt Sarah's Back-hair," "The Two-penny Tuff of 'Ighgate 'Ill," and "Tommy Robinson's Last Cigar," and also play piano if required, with one finger, but prefers to be accompanied by indefatigable friend, who plays entirely by ear, and if allowed to smoke freely, can "pick up" any tune in a quarter of an hour. Seldom breaks down or forgets words, except before large or unsympathetic audience. Fetching comic "biz," and superlative Music-hall "chic." Would have no objection to black face and appear at evening parties, or in fashionable streets, with banjo (if provided with small police escort.) Testimonials from several highly respectable relatives, now in asylum, or under treatment at seaside.—Address, with terms, the Hon. ALGERNON BRASSLEIGH CHEEKINGTON (or at Chimpanzee Chambers in Piccadilly, W.

SUGGESTION FOR REFORM IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS' SYSTEM.—"Absence" should be called immediately after dinner, and then each boy, instead of saying, "Here, Sir!" could reply, classically and correctly, "Adsum!" Yours truly, AN OVER-ETON BOY.



LAT. 60° 8' N. LONG. 4° 30' E.

Mr. Punch en route for the Midnight Sun. First glimpse of Norway.

"THE CUP THAT CHE-(HIC)-ERS!"

THE Total Abstinence staggered to his feet. The room seemed to be waltzing round him, and his legs acted independently of each other. One of those legs tried to walk to the right, whilst the other moved to the left! He looked in the mirror and saw a double reflection! He had two noses, a couple of mouths, four eyes, and countless whiskers. This made him merry, and he laughed in very glee. But only for a while! Soon he became utterly depressed. Then his head ached—horribly! He tried to sleep—he could not! "Never too late—to MENDAL!" he gasped out, uttering in his extreme agitation the name of a Physician of Berlin who had made inebriety a special study.

Then his muscles became weak and trembling, his aversion to labour increased, and he had scarcely the energy or power to observe that his complexion (in patches) was ruddier than the cherry.

"Alas!" he sighed, and he succumbed permanently to persistent dyspepsia!

And what was the cause of this unfortunate, this terrible condition? Sad to say, the question was easily answered. The Total Abstinence had taken a drop too much—of Coffee!

CATCHING ;

OR, HOW FAR WILL IT GO!

Being a Forecast of the spread of the Strike Fever, from a Next Week's Diary.)

Wednesday.—All the Police, having now been replaced by Amateur Special Constables, who are as yet unfamiliar with their duties, the position of the Metropolitan Magistrates becomes impossible, and they resign in a body at five minutes' notice, causing the greatest consternation in signalling their resignation by sending every case on the charge-sheet that morning for trial to a superior Court.

Thursday.—The Judges, overwhelmed by the prospect of an unusual and quite impossible amount of extra work, demand the increase of their salaries to £10,000 per annum. On this being categorically refused by the Treasury, they then and there, on their respective Benches, severally tear off their wigs and robes, and quit their Courts "for good," with threatening gestures.

Friday.—The LORD CHANCELLOR, on being informed of the conduct of the Judges, rips open the Wooleack, scattering its contents over the floor of the House of Lords, and, denouncing the Government, throws up his post on the spot. The legal business of the country, coming thus to a deadlock, is involved in further chaos by a sudden strike of all the Members of both the Senior and Junior Bars, which is further complicated by another of every Solicitor in the three kingdoms.

Saturday.—Gatling guns being posted in the Entrance Hall, and Bow Street having been cleared by a preliminary discharge of artillery, the programme of the Royal Italian Opera for the evening is carried out, as advertised, at Covent Garden. Ladies wearing their diamonds, are conveyed to the theatre in Police Vans, surrounded by detachments of the Household Cavalry, and gentlemen's evening dress is supplemented by a six-chambered revolver, an iron-cased umbrella, a head protector, and a double-edged cut-and-thrusting broad-sword.

Sunday.—The Church having caught the prevailing fever, the entire body of the Clergy, headed by the Bishops, come out on strike, with the result that no morning, afternoon, or evening services are held anywhere. The Medical Profession takes up the idea, and, discovering a grievance, the Royal College of Surgeons issues a manifesto. All the hospitals turn out their patients, and medical men universally drop all their cases. An M. D. who is known, upon urgent pressure, to have made an official visit, is chased up and down Harley Street by a mob of his infuriated brother practitioners, and is finally nearly lynched on a lamp-post in Cavendish Square. The day closes in with a serious riot in Hyde Park, caused by the meeting of the conflicting elements of Society, who have all marched there with their bands and banners to air their respective grievances.

Monday.—The London County Council, School Board, Common Council, Court of Aldermen, and the Royal Academicians after discovering, respectively, some trifling sources of dissatisfaction, wreck their several establishments, and finally march along the Thames embankment towards Westminster, singing, alternately, the "Marseillaise" and "Ask a Pleace-man."

Tuesday.—The House of Commons, after teasing the SPEAKER in his own gown, declare the Constitution extinct, and, abolishing the House of Lords and giving all the Foreign Ambassadors twelve hours notice to quit the country, announce their own dissolution, and immediately commence their Autumn Holiday.

Wednesday.—Railway Directors, Sweepers, Chairmen of Public Companies, Coal-Heavers, Provincial Mayors, Dentists, Travelling Circus Proprietors, Fish Contractors, Beadles, Cabinet Ministers, Street Scavengers, Dog Fanciers, Archbishops, Gas Fitters, Hereditary Legislators, Prize Fighters, Poor-Law Guardians, Lion Tamers, Green-Grocers, and many other disaffected members of the community, having all joined in a universal strike, society, becomes totally disorganised, and the entire country quietly but, effectually collapses, and disappears from the European system.

SHAKESPEARE ONCE AGAIN, ADAPTED TO THE SITUATION.

(See Titus Andronicus, Act II., Sc. 1.)

Aaron (the Agitator) loquitur :—

FOR shame, be friends, and join for that you jar :
 'Tis Union and Strikes, my lads, must do
 That you affect; and so must you resolve
 That what you cannot severally achieve,
 United you may manage as you will.
 A speedier course than lingering languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lads, a biggish business is in hand ;
 Together let brave British Bobbies troop :
 The City streets are numerous and wealthy,
 And many unfrequented nooks there be,
 Fitted by kind for violence and theft ;
 But take you thence, and many a watchful ruffian
 Will soon strike home, by force and not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our comrades, with more sluggish wit,
 To vigilance and duty consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
 And we will so commit them to our cause
 That they cannot stand off or "square" themselves ;
 But to your wishes' height you'll all advance.
 The City's courts have houses of ill-fame,
 Town's palaces are full of wanton wealth,
 The slums are ruthless, ravenous ripe for crime.
 Then speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns !



INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Fair Authoress, "SO SORRY TO BE SO LATE. I'M AFRAID I'M LAST!"
 Genial Host, "'LAST—BUT NOT LEAST!'"

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

(A delightful "All-the-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.)

EXAMPLE V.—Of the transformative powers of Love, under condition of Proximity.

WHEN thou art near, the hemisphere
 Commissioned to surround me,
 (As well as you,) is subject to
 Some changes that astound me.
 Where'er I look I seem mistook ;
 All objects—what, I care not—
 At once arrange to make a change
 To something that they were not !
 When thou art near, love,
 Strange things occur—
 Thickness is clear, love,
 Clearness a blur.
 Penguins are weasels,
 Cheap things are dear,
 "Jumps" are but measles
 When thou art near !

When thou art close, the doctor's dose
 Is quite a decent tonic.
 Thy presence, too, makes all things new,
 And five-act plays laconic.
 And, with thee by, the earth 's the sky,
 And your "day out" is my day,
 While tailors' bills are daffodils,
 And Saturday is Friday !

When thou art here, love,
 Just where you are,
 Far things are near, love,
 Near things are far.
 Beef-tea is wine, love,
 Champagne is beer,
 Wet days are fine, love,
 When thou art near.

Without you stand quite close at hand,
 A broker is a broker ;
 But stick by me, and then he'll be
 A very pleasant joker !
 Without thee by, a lie 's a lie—
 The truth is nought but truthful.
 But by me stay, and night is day—
 And even you are youthful !
 When thou art near, love,—
 Not, love, unless,—
 Thick soup is clear, love,
 Football is chess.
 IRVINGS are TOOLEs, love,
 Tadpoles are deer,
 Wise men are fools, love,
 When thou art near !

WHEN KENNEDY fell out of his boat at Henley, his antagonist, Psotta, magnanimously waited for him to get in again. He must be a good Psotta chap.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.—Last Tuesday week the members of the Incorporated Cain-and-Abel-Authors' Society lost a great treat when Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA indignantly refused to take his seat "below the salt," and walked out without making the speech with which his name was associated on the toast-list. But, on the other hand, what a big chance Orator GEORGE AUGUSTUS lost of coming out strong in opposition, and astonishing the Pen-and-Incorporated ones with a few stirring remarks, in his most genial vein, on the brotherhood of Authors, and their appreciation of distinguished services in the field of Literature. It was an opportunity, too, for suggesting "Re-distribution of Seats."

TO MRS. H. M. STANLEY.

THE merry bells do naught but ring,
 The streets are gay with flag and pennant,
 The birds more sweetly seem to sing—
 A Heart to let has found a TENNANT !
 No more will HENRY MORTON roam,
 Nor from your charms away for long go,
 But, honeymooning here at home,
 Forget he ever saw the Congo !

To Oxford 'twas your husband went—
 The stately home of Don and Proctor—
 Where, 'mid the deafening cheers that rent
 The air, he straight became a Doctor.
 As one whose valour none can shake,
 We've sung him in a thousand ditties,
 And freedoms too we've made him take
 Of goodness knows how many cities !

Yet while to honour and to praise
 With one another we've been vying,
 Has he not told us for the days
 Of rest to come he ne'er ceased sighing ?
 And when, with pomp of high degree,
 Your marriage vows and troth you plighted,
 Why, everyone was glad to see
 Art and Adventure thus united !

"To those about to Marry.—Don't !"
 So Mr. Punch did once advise us.
 Spread the advice? I'm sure you won't.
 A course which hardly need surprise us.
 O lovely wife of one we think
 Above all others brave and manly,
 We clink our glasses as we drink
 Long life and health to Mrs. STANLEY !

THE ANGLO-GERMAN CONCERTINA.

"I confess I was not at all prepared for the feelings that some South Africans appear to entertain with respect to our conduct in the recent negotiations."
Lord Salisbury to the Deputation of African Merchants respecting the proposed Anglo-German Agreement.

I FANCIED that this Instru-
 ment [sation,
 Would make a great sen-
 And that its music would
 content
 The critics and the na-
 tion. [folks
 I know it is what vulgar
 Christen the "Constant-
 screamer;"
 I thought you'd scorn such
 feeble jokes;
 It seems I was a dreamer.
 You writhe your lips, you
 close your ears!
 Dear me! Such conduct
 tries me. [pears!
 You do not like it, it ap-
 Well, well,—you do sur-
 prise me!

'Tis not, I know, the Jingo
 drum, [trumpet.
 Nor the "Imperial"
 (The country to their call
 won't come,
 However much you
 stomp it.)
 They're out of fashion; 'tis
 not now
 As in the days of
 "BEAKRY."
 People dislike the Drum's
 tow-row,
 And call the Trumpet
 squeaky.
 So I the Concertina try,
 As valued friends advise
 me.
 What's that you say? It's
 all my eye?
 Well, well,—you do sur-
 prise me!



Imperial Instrumentalist (loquitor). "WHAT, NOT LIKE THE TONE OF IT?
 WELL, YOU DO SURPRISE ME!!!"

I fancied you would like it
 much,
 You and the other fel-
 lows.
 Admire the tone, remark
 my touch!
 And what capacious bel-
 lows!
 'Tis not as loud as a trom-
 bone, [pns;
 But harmony's not rum-
 The chords are charming,
 and you'll own
 It has a pretty compass.
 I swing like this, I sway
 like that!
 Fate a fine theme sup-
 plies me!
 The "treatment" you
 think feeble, flat?
 Well, well,—you do sur-
 prise me!

The "European Concert"?
 Grand!
 (You recollect that term,
 man!)
 This is a Concertina, and
 It's make is Anglo-Ger-
 man. [to be
 You can't expect the thing
 English alone, complete-
 ly; [by me,
 But really, as 'tis played
 Does it not sound most
 sweetly?
 Humph! DONALD CURRIE
 cocks his nose,
 BECKETT disdainfully
 eyes me, [—close!
 My Concertina you would
 Well, well,—you do sur-
 prise me!

WEEK BY WEEK.

SCARCELY a day passes without bringing us nearer to the end of the year. That is a melancholy reflection, but we are not sure that it exhausts all the possibilities of misery latent in the flight of time. It has been noticed, for instance, that the Duke of X—, whose sporting proclivities are notorious, never fails to celebrate his birthday with a repast at an inferior restaurant, and, as His Grace is powerful, his friends suffer in silence and bewail his increasing ducal age.

Henley Regatta came off as arranged. This is a peculiarity which is very striking in connection with this Royal fixture. We are informed that several certainties were upset, but by whom and why has not been stated. Candidly speaking, such a brutal method as "upsetting" consorts ill with the softer manners of our time. On the Thames, too, it must be extraordinarily disagreeable.

Mrs. WEEDLE, the Hon. Mrs. THREADBARE, and Lady FAWN, have joined the lately established Bureau for the Dissemination of Fashionable Friendships. The Personal Advertising Department is now open, and is daily filled with a distinguished crowd of applicants. Arrangements are in process of completion for supplying the deserving rich with cambric handkerchiefs, and imitation diamonds, at nominal prices.

A well-known Actor has lately been deprived of his customary allowance of fat. His loss of weight (in avoirdupois) has been computed at five-sixteenths of the integral cubit of a patent accumulator's vertical boiling power, divided by the fractional resistance of a plate-glass window to a two-horse-power catapult.

The weather has been variable, with cryptoconchoidal deflections of a solid reverberating isobar previously tested in a solution of zinc and soda-water. This indicates cold weather in December next.

Consols ^{rose} better. Wheat in demand. Jute firm. Bank rate too fast to last.

A Politician, whose name has been frequently mentioned during the late crisis, has stated it as his opinion that a temperance orator's powers of persuasion are to a moral victory as a Prime Minister is to a willow-pattern dinner-plate. The remark caused much excitement in the lobby, where this gentleman's humorous sallies never lack appreciators.

What is this I hear of a certain Noble Duke, well-known in sporting circles, having accepted a three months' engagement to appear in a "comic character sketch of his own composition," at a long-established East End-Music Hall? If there is any truth in the rumour, I should like to ask *what the Duchess has been about?*

A distinguished Oxford Mathematical Professor has, just after prolonged and patient research, established the undoubted certainty of the following interesting facts beyond any possible question or controversy:—That the quantity of Almond Rock Hard Bake, consumed in the United Kingdom in the year terminating on the 15th of May last, amounted to 17 lbs. 9 oz. for each member of the population, including women and children. That if at all the old and discarded Chimney Pot Hats for a like period were collected in a heap, and packed closely together, they would fill a building twice the height of St. Paul's, and three times the length of the Crystal Palace. That winners of the Derby who have become eventually four-wheeler cab-horses are ninety-six in number, but that there is *only one authentic* instance of a four-wheeler cab-horse having become a Derby winner.

So great is the craze for the newest idea in locomotion that it is calculated that including Duchesses no less than 1470 *grandes dames* whose names are well-known in Society, now pass Piccadilly Circons on the outside of the London General Omnibns Company's vehicles, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 10 P.M. daily.

A PASSPORT TO THE BEST SOCIETY, AND A GUARANTEE FOR RESPECTABILITY, is to be a diligent student of Mr. Punch's works, and to have earned the abuse of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—Les Huguenots. Great night in consequence of police strike in Bow Street. Rioting, and Life Guards called out late, just as they were retiring for the night. Down they came, in regimentals,



in undress, anyhow, to quell the disturbance. At least, such is the report inside the house. But inconvenient to be in two places at once. Henceforth they ought to record this incident by having an extinguisher (typical of going to bed and also of quelling the row) slung on to their breast-plates. Extinguisher clinking against armour would make pretty noise. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES, having come to enjoy the Opera, remain undisturbed, and leave in perfect tranquillity. Excellent example to perturbed audience. Excitement within the house. DRURIOLANUS, Earl DE GREY, Mr. HIGGINS, and other members of the

Organising Operatic Committee, ready to charge the mob at a moment's notice, to charge up to two guineas a stall, if necessary. Not necessary, however. Calls for the Sheriff-elect. DRURIOLANUS, not having the official costume ready, cannot appear in it, but uses his authority and his persuasive powers in clearing lobbies, saloons, and hall. At any moment he is ready to march out with all the Huguenot soldiers and charge the rioters. Peace restored about midnight, Household troops sent home to bed, and constables decided to strike only on the heads of roughs, rowdies, and burglars. This shows how useful it is to have a Sheriff on the premises. At Her Majesty's last winter they had the nearest approach to it, that is, Sheriff's officers on the premises. But this is not precisely the same thing, as Sheriff's officers wear no uniform, and not being permitted to go out of a house when once it is given into their custody, they, however valiant, are of no use in a crowd.

Tuesday.—Lohengrin. Regardless of rioters, their Royal Highnesses again here. Much cheered outside on driving away. Yet crowd in Strand (so we hear) not particularly good-tempered, and have wrecked a private brougham or two. No effect on Opera, which goes as well as ever. Rumours that the player of the *grosse caisse* has struck at rehearsal are confirmed, he appears in his place and strikes again, so does the Shakspearian performer "Cymbaline."

Wednesday.—Don Giovanni. ZELIE DE LUSSAN as Zerlina, very popular. Still a little too like *Carmen* in appearance. LASSALLE can't be bettered. Great night everywhere. Mlle. MELBA and Mr. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ taking a little holiday at a concert in Grosvenor Square, where also are Madame PATEY and another EDWARD yeapt LLOYD, whom HERR GANZ accompanes with his "Sons of Tubal Cain"—no political allusion to the recent Barrow Election. Opera comparatively full. Some habitués look in to see how everything's going on, then go on themselves to Reception in Piccadilly, At Homes elsewhere, M. P. Q.'s Smoking Concert, and various other entertainments. Society winding itself up brilliantly. "Rebellion's dead! and now we'll go to supper." And so we do. "Again we come to the Savoy!"

Thursday.—Lucia off-night, but everything and everybody "going on" as usual. H.R.H. again at Opera.

Friday.—La Favorita. Breathing time before the great Operatic event of week to-morrow night.

Saturday.—Esmeralda. Too late at last moment to say anything on this splendid subject, save that the Composer was deservedly greeted with a storm—of applause!

PURELY A MATTER OF BISLEYNESS.

PRIVATE R. VAN WINKLE opened his eyes, and, taking up his rusty rifle, marched towards the new ranges.

"Dear me!" said he, gazing with amazement at his surroundings, "this is not at all like what I saw when I went to sleep."

"No, RIP, it is not," replied Mr. Punch, who happened to be in the neighbourhood. He had been watching his sweetest Princess making a bull's-eye at the opening ceremony.

"Why, it is twice as large as Wimbledon," continued the astounded warrior.

"You are well within the limit," the Sage assented, "and see, there is plenty of space. No fear of damaging any of the tenants of GEORGE RANGER in this part of the country."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Private VAN WINKLE. "Not that I think His Royal Highness had much cause of complaint. The truth is—"

"Let bygones be bygones," interrupted Mr. Punch. "GEORGE RANGER is no longer your landlord, except, in a certain sense, repre-

senting the interests of the Regular Army, and I shall keep my eye upon him in that capacity."

"An entirely satisfactory arrangement. But where are the fancy tents, and the luncheon parties, and all the etceteras that used to be so pleasant at Wimbledon?"

"Disappeared," returned Mr. Punch, firmly. "Bisley is to be more like Shoeburyness (where the Artillery set an excellent example to the Infantry) than the Surrey saturnalia."

"And is it to be all work and no play?"

"That will be the general idea. Of course, in the evening, when nothing better can be done, there will be harmonic meetings round the camp-fires. But while light lasts, the crack of the rifle and the ping of the bullet will be heard in all directions, *vice* the pop of champagne corks superseded. And if you don't like the prospect, my dear RIP, you had better go to sleep again."

But Private VAN WINKLE remained awake—to his best interests!

ROBERT ON MATRIMONY.

WELL, we're jest about going it, at the reel "Grand Hotel," we are. We had jest about the werry loveliest wedding here, larst week, as I ewer seed, ewen with my great xperience. Such a collekshun



of brave-looking men and reel handsome women as seldom meets together xcept on these most hinstreng oocashuns. And as good luck wood have it, jest as we was in the werry wirl and xcitement of it all, who should come in to lunch but the same eminent yung Swell as cum about a munth ago. And he had jest the same helegant but simple lunch as before, with a bottle of the same eplendid Champagne, as before, and he didn't harf finish it, as before, and not a drop of what he left was wasted, as before; and so, when he paid me his little account, he asked me if many of the werry bewtiful ladies, as I had told him

of when he came larst, had been to the "Grand" lately, so the bold thort seized me, and I says to him, "Yes, your —, there's jest a nice few of 'em here now, and if you will kindly foller me up to our bewtiful Libery, and will keep your eyes quite wide open as you gos along, you will see jest about a hole room full of 'em."

So I took him parst the grand room in which the Wedding Gests was assembled, and there sure enuff, he seed such a collection of smiling bewty, as ewidently made a great impression on his —'s Art, and one speshally lovely Bridesmade gave him a look, as he passed by, as ewidently went rite thro it. I scarcely xpees to be bleeyed wen I says, as his —'s cheeks quite blusht with hadmira-shun, and he turned round to me and says, says he, "Ah, Mr. ROBERT, if there was many such reel lovely angels as that a flying about, I rayther thinks as I shoold be perswaded to turn a Benedictus myself." I didn't at all know what he meant, but I thort as it was werry credittable to him. We got quite a chatting arterwards in the Libery, of course I don't mean to say as I forgot for a moment the strornary difference atween us, but he had werry ewidently been werry much struck by the lovely Bridesmade, for he says, "Mr. ROBERT," says he, "what 's about the rite time for a man to marry?"

Of course I was reglar staggered, but I pulls myself together, and I says, without not no hesitashun, "Jest a leetle under 30, your —, for the Gent, and jest a leetle over 20 for the Lady, and then the Gent gits just about 10 years advantage, which I thinks as he's well entitled to." At which he larfs quite hartily, and he says, "Why that wood keep me single for another ten years—but I will think it over;" and, strange to say, jest as we passed again by the room as the Bridal party was in, the same lovely Bridesmade happend to be near the door, so they coud both have a good look at each other, and a hansom cuple they was, if ever I seed one. And when his — wished me good day, which he did, quite in a frendly way, he added, with his most bewtiful smile, "Ten years, Mr. ROBERT, seems a long time to wait for such a sweet angel as that!"

Ah, it's a rum world as we all lives in, and in nothink much rummer than in the wunderfool power of a bewtiful face, ah, and as sumbody says, for Wheel or for Wo, jest as it appens, more 's the pitty.

I rayther thinks, as I gathers from the tork of the many yung swells as we has dining here, that they are not altogether what I shoud call a marrying race; they seems to think as there's allers plenty of time for that sollem seremony when they're a good deal older.

Ah, of course it isn't for a poor old Hed Waiter to presume to adwise yung and hemented swells, but my xperience of uman life teaches me, as the werry werry appest time of a man's life is from 30 to about 40, perwid as he has been lucky enuff to secure for hisself a yung, bewtiful, good-tempered, helegant, and ercomplished Bride, to, as the Poet says, harve his sorrows, and dubble his joys.

ROBERT.



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE ILLUSTRATOR) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Fair Authoress. "AND, FOR THE FRONTSPIECE, I WANT YOU TO DRAW THE HEROINE STANDING PROUDLY ERECT BY THE SEASHORE, GAZING AT THE STILL IMAGE OF HERSELF IN THE TROUBLED WAVES. THE SUN IS SETTING; IN THE EAST THE NEW MOON IS RISING—A THIN CRESCENT. HER FACE IS THICKLY VEILED; AN UNSHED TEAR IS OLISTENING IN HER BLUE EYE; HER SLENDER, WHITE, JEWELLED HANDS ARE CLENCHED INSIDE HER MUFF. THE CURLEWS ARE CALLING, UNSEEN—"

F. A.'s Husband. "YES; DON'T FORGET THE CURLEWS—THEY COME IN CAPITALLY! I CAN LEND YOU A STUFFED ONE, YOU KNOW—TO DRAW FROM!" &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

THE LYING SPIRIT.

THE Lying Spirit! "Doctrine hard!" some mutter,
 Dictated by unsympathetic scorn;
 A doctrine that on light would draw the shutter,
 And close the opening gateways of the morn.
 No so; no guiding light would *Punch* extinguish,
 Or chill true champion of the toiling crowd;
 But wisdom at its kindest must distinguish
 Between true guides and tricksters false as loud.
 The blameless King his headlong knights
 In kindly grief for "following foolish fires,"
 False flames that in mere dun marsh-darkness
 Leaving lost votaries to its mists and mires;
 And here's an *ignis fatuus*, fired by folly,
 And moved by violence as fierce as blind;
 The gulf before 's a bourne most melancholy,
 And what of those fast following behind?
 Well-meaning hearts, maybe, all expectation
 Of glittering gains upon a perilous road,
 Stirred by wild whirling words to keen elation,
 Pricked on by poverty's imperious goad;
 Hoping,—as who of hope shall be forbidden?—
 Striving,—as who hath not the right to strive?—
 For flaunted gain through perils shrewdly
 Oh, labourers hard in Industry's huge hive,

What wonder if, ill-paid and tired, you hasten
 To follow the lond bauble and the lure,
 Or gird at those who your wild hopes would chasten,
 Or guide you on a pathway more secure!
 And yet beware! No oriflamme of battle
 Is that false radiance round yon impish brow.
 The jester's bladder-bauble, with its rattle
 Of prisoned peas, is not the tow-row-row
 Of Labour's true *reveillé*. Bonnet Phrygian,
 Cap of sham Liberty, the spectre wears;
 But he will plunge to depths of darkness Stygian
 Whom anti-civic Violence ensnares.
 Plain Justice, honest Hope are good to follow,
 But Insubordination, fierce and blind,
 Mouthing out furious threat or promise hollow,
 Is the sworn foe of civilised mankind;
 Breaking up ancient bonds of love and duty,
 All social links that bear abiding test,
 With no sound promise of a better beauty,
 A fairer justice, or a truer rest.
 No; patient Labour, with its long-borne burd,
 And guardian Force, with its thrice-noble trust,
 Claim from the State the fullest, freest
 And all wise souls, all spirits fair and just,
 Must back the Great Appeal that Time advances,
 And Progress justifies in this our time.
 But civic Violence, in all circumstances
 Now like to hap, is anti-social crime,

Foul in its birth and fatal in its issue.
 Tyrannic act, incendiary speech,
 Recklessly rend the subtly woven tissue
 That binds Society's organs each to each.
 Strong Toiler, deft Auxiliar, stalwart Warder,
 Your hour has struck, your tyrants face
 their doom,
 But let not haste unsettle temperate order,
 And Hope's bright disc will feel eclipse's gloom.
 This is a lying spirit, sly and sinister,
 Its promise false, its loud incitements vain.
 Not to your true advantage shall it minister,
 Mere Goblin Gold its glittering show of Gain:
 Spectre of Chaos and the Abyss, it flutters
 Before you flaunting high its foolish fire,
 But there's a lie in each loud word it utters,
 And its true goal is Anarchy's choking mire!

Time the Avenger!

On the 24th of June, 1871, *Mr. Punch* sang,
à propos of the Germans desiring to purchase Heligoland—
 "Though to rule the waves, we may believe they aspire,
 If their Navy grow great, we must let it;
 But if one British island they think to acquire,
 Bless their hearts, don't they wish they may get it?"
 And they *have* got it!



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THE LYING SPIRIT.

THE CIVIL SERVICE

A GRUMBLE FOR THE GRENADIERS.

WHAT is this your *Punch* hears of you? Can't you dissipate his Did the bugle ring out vainly for the British Grenadiers? [fears? Once the regiment was famous for its deeds of derring-do, And you followed where the flag went when on alien winds it flew. Has the soldiers' "oath of duty" been forgotten, that you shirk, Not the face of foe, wo're certain, but this kit-inspecting work? You have trodden paths of glory (we have seen your banners fly) Where the murky smoke of battle gathered thickly o'er the sky; Can you thus besmear the laurels that in other days you won, By forgetfulness of duties that by soldiers must be done? Egad! my gallant lads, your *Punch* can scarce believe his ears, When he hears this shocking story of the British Grenadiers!

VOCES POPULI.

AT A DANCE.

The Hostess is receiving her Guests at the head of the staircase: a Conscientiously Literal Man presents himself.

Hostess (with a gracious smile, and her eyes directed to the people immediately behind him). So glad you were able to come—how do you do?

The Conscientiously Literal Man. Well, if you had asked me that question this afternoon, I should have said I was in for a severe attack of malarial fever—I had all the symptoms—but, about seven o'clock this evening, they suddenly passed off, and—

[Perceives, to his surprise, that his Hostess's attention is wandering, and decides to tell her the rest later in the evening.

Mr. Clumpsole. How do you do, Miss THISTLEDOWN? Can you give me a dance?

Miss Thistledown (who has danced with him before—once). With pleasure—let me see, the third extra after supper? Don't forget.

Miss Brushleigh (to Major Erser). Afraid I can't give you anything just now—but if you see me standing about later on, you can come and ask me again, you know.

Mr. Boldover (glancing eagerly round the room as he enters, and soliloquising mentally). She ought to be here by this time, if she's coming—can't see her though—she's certainly not dancing. There's her sister over there with the mother. She hasn't come, or she'd be with them. Poor-looking lot of girls here to-night—don't think much of this music—get away as soon as I can, no go about the thing! . . . Hooray! There she is, after all! Jolly waltz this is they're playing! How pretty she's looking—how pretty all the girls are looking! If I can only get her to give me one dance, and sit out most of it somewhere! I feel as if I could talk to her to-night. By Jove, I'll try it!

[Watches his opportunity, and is cautiously making his way towards his divinity, when he is intercepted.

Mrs. Grappleton. Mr. BOLDOVER, I do believe you were going to cut me! (Mr. B. protests and apologises.) Well, I forgive you. I've been wanting to have another talk with you for ever so long. I've been thinking so much of what you said that evening about BROWNINO's relation to Science and the Supernatural. Suppose you take me downstairs for an ice or something, and we can have it out comfortably together.

[Dismay of Mr. B., who has entirely forgotten any theories he may have advanced on the subject, but has no option but to comply; as he leaves the room with Mrs. GRAPPLETON on his arm, he has a torturing glimpse of Miss ROUNDARM, apparently absorbed in her partner's conversation.

Mr. Senior Koppe (as he waltzes). Oh, you needn't feel convicted of extraordinary ignorance, I assure you, Miss FEATHERHEAD. You would be surprised if you knew how many really clever persons have found that simple little problem of nought divided by one too much for them. Would you have supposed, by the way, that there is a reservoir in Pennsylvania containing a sufficient number of gallons to supply all London for eighteen months? You don't quite realise it, I see. "How many gallons is that?" Well, let me calculate roughly—taking the population of London at four millions, and the average daily consumption for each individual at—no, I can't work it out with sufficient accuracy while I am dancing; suppose we sit down, and I'll do it for you on my shirt-cuff—oh, very well; then I'll work it out when I get home, and send you the result to-morrow, if you will allow me.

Mr. Cuddersack (who has provided himself beforehand with a set of topics for conversation—to his partner, as they halt for a moment). Er—(consults some hieroglyphics on his cuff stealthily)—have you read STANLEY's book yet?

Miss Tabula Raiser. No, I haven't. Is it interesting?

Mr. Cuddersack. I can't say. I've not seen it myself. Shall we—er—? [They take another turn.

Mr. C. I suppose you have—er—been to the (hesitates between the Academy and the Military Exhibition—decides on latter topic as fresher) Military Exhibition?

Miss T. R. No—not yet. What do you think of it?

Mr. C. Oh—I haven't been either. Er—do you care to—? [They take another turn.

Mr. C. (after third halt). Er—do you take any interest in politics?

Miss T. R. Not a bit.

Mr. C. (much relieved). No more do I. (Considers that he has satisfied all mental requirements). Er—let me take you down—stairs for an ice. [They go.

Mrs. Grappleton (re-entering with Mr. BOLDOVER, after a discussion that has outlasted two ices and a plate of strawberries). Well, I thought you would have explained my difficulties better than that—oh, what a delicious waltz! Doesn't it set you longing to dance?

Mr. B. (who sees Miss ROUNDARM in the distance, disengaged). Yes, I really think I must— [Preparing to escape.

Mr. Grappleton. I'm getting such an old thing, that really I oughtn't to—but well, just this once, as my husband isn't here.

[MR. BOLDOVER resigns himself to necessity once more.

First Chaperon (to 2nd ditto). How sweet it is of your eldest girl to dance with that absurd Mr. CLUMPSOLE! It's really too bad of him to make such an exhibition of her—one can't help smiling at them!

Second Ch. Oh, ETHEL never can bear to hurt anyone's feelings—so different from some girls! By the way, I've not seen your daughter dancing to-night—men who dance are so scarce nowadays—I suppose they think they have the right to be a little fastidious.

First Ch. BELLA has been out so much this week, that she doesn't care to dance except with a really first-rate partner. She is not so easily pleased as your ETHEL, I'm afraid.

Second Ch. ETHEL is young, you see, and, when one's pressed so much to dance, one can hardly refuse, can one? When she has had as many Seasons as BELLA, she will be less energetic, I daresay.

[MR. BOLDOVER has at last succeeded in approaching Miss ROUNDARM, and even in inducing her to sit out a dance with him; but, having led her to a convenient alcove, he finds himself totally unable to give any adequate expression to the rapture he feels at being by her side.

Mr. B. (determined to lead up to it somehow). I—I was rather thinking—(he meant to say, "devoutly hoping," but, to his own bitter disgust, it comes out like this)—I should meet you here to-night.

Miss R. Were you? Why?

Mr. B. (with a sudden dread of going too far just yet). Oh, (carelessly), you know how one does wonder who will be at a place, and who won't.

Miss R. No, indeed, I don't.—how does one wonder?

Mr. B. (with a vague notion of implying a complimentary exception in her case). Oh, well, generally—(with the fatal tendency of a shy man to a sweeping statement)—one may be pretty sure of meeting just the people one least wants to see, you know.

Miss R. And so you thought you would probably meet me. I see.

Mr. B. (overwhelmed with confusion, and not in the least knowing what he says). No, no, I didn't think that—I hoped you mightn't—I mean, I was afraid you might—

[Stops short, oppressed by the impossibility of explaining.

Miss R. You are not very complimentary to-night, are you?

Mr. B. I can't pay compliments—to you—I don't know how it is, but I never can talk to you as I can to other people!

Miss R. Are you amusing when you are with other people?

Mr. B. At all events I can find things to say to them.

Enter Another Man.

Another Man (to Miss R.). Our dance, I think?

Miss R. (who had intended to get out of it). I was wondering if you ever meant to come for it. (To Mr. B., as they rise.) Now I shan't feel I am depriving the other people! (Perceives the speechless agony in his expression, and relents.) Well, you can have the next after this if you care about it—only do try to think of something in the meantime! (As she goes off.) You will—won't you?

Mr. B. (to himself). She's given me another chance! If only I can rise to it. Let me see—what shall I begin with? I know—Supper! She hasn't been down yet.

His Hostess. Oh, Mr. BOLDOVER, you're not dancing this—do be good and take someone down to supper—those poor Chaperons are dying for some food.

[Mr. B. takes down a Matron whose repast is protracted through three waltzes and a set of Lancers—he comes up to find Miss ROUNDARM gone, and the Musicians putting up their instruments.

Coachman at door (to Linkman, as Mr. B. goes down the steps). That's the lot, JIM!

[Mr. B. walks home, wishing the Park Gates were not shut, so as to render the Serpentine inaccessible





SHADOWING AT HENLEY REGATTA.

TOBY, M.P., TAKES AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH WITH HIS DETECTIVE CAMERA IN THE HOW OF MR. PUNCH'S BOAT, WITH THE ABOVE EXTRAORDINARY RESULT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 7.—Cabinet Council on Saturday; House begins to think it's time Ministers made up their minds what they're going to do with business of Session. But OLD MORALITY returns customary answer. Ministry still carefully considering question. Meantime he has nothing to say.

"Except in respect of sex and age, O. M. reminds me," said ALBERT ROLLIT, "of scene in play recently put on stage by BEERBOUM TREE—*A Man's Shadow* it was called. Dareeay you remember, TOBY; there's a murder witnessed through window by wife and little daughter. They think it's their man that did the deed; but 'twas the other fellow—the Shadow, don't you know. There is police inquiry; mother and daughter cross-examined; believe the murderer is the husband and father; saw him do it with their own eyes; but of course not going to peach; little girl pressed to tell all she knows; makes answer in voice that thrills Gallery, and makes mothers in the Pit weep, 'I have seen nothing, I have heard nothing.

Never see OLD MORALITY come to the table, as he is now accustomed nightly to do, and protest he has no statement to make, than I think of the little TERRY in this Scene, and her wailing, piteous cry, 'I have seen nothing, I have heard nothing.' Quite time he had, though. If Ministers can't make up their minds, what's the House to do? Begin to think if things don't mend soon, I shall have a better record of business done to show at end of Session than the Ministry. Bankruptcy Bill will make three Measures to me this Session."

Irish Constabulary Vote on; Prince ARTHUR lounging on Treasury Bench; prepares to receive Irishry; engagement opens a little flat, with speech from JOHN ELLIS, oration from O'PICRON, and feeble flagellation from FLYNN. Then Prince ARTHUR suddenly, unexpectedly, dashes in. Empty benches fill up; stagnant pool stirred to profoundest depths; ARTHUR professes to be tolerant of Irish Members, but declares himself abhorrent of connivance of Right Hon. Gentleman above Gangway. Talks at Mr. G., who begins visibly to bristle before our very eyes as he sits attentive on Front Bench. ARTHUR in fine fighting trim; Ministerial bark may be labouring in troubled waters; a suddenly gathered storm, coming from all quarters, has surrounded, and threatens to whelm it; MATTHEWS may be sinking under adversity; the Postmen may pull down RAIKES; GOSCHEN is gone; OLD MORALITY'S cheerful nature is being soured; there is talk of Dissolution, and death. But if this is Prince ARTHUR'S last time of defending his rule in Ireland, it shall not be done in half-hearted way. Come storm, come wrack, at least he'll die with harness on his back.

The accused becomes the accuser. Called upon to defend himself, he turns, and makes a slashing attack on his pursuers, carrying the war into their camp. Scorning the Captains and Men-at-arms, he goes straight for Mr. G., and in an instant swords clash across the table, and shields are dented. Nothing more delightful than to hear Mr. G. complaining, as he rose, and took his coat off, that Prince ARTHUR had "dragged him into the controversy." On the whole, he bore the infliction pretty well, and went for ARTHUR neck and crop. *Business done.*—Irish Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—"I have seen nothing; I have heard nothing." Pathetic refrain of OLD MORALITY murmured again to-night: Mem-

bers wanted to know about various things; but in OLD MORALITY'S mind, fate of the Tithes Bill, intentions of Government touching proposed new Standing Order, and allocation of money originally intended for Publicans, all a blank. "We are still considering," says he.

"A most considerate Government," says WILFRID LAWSON. "Might save time and trouble if they had at table an automatic machine; Members wanting to know how business is to be arranged, what Bills to be dropped, and which gone forward with, could go up to table, drop a penny in the slot, and out would come the answer—"I have seen nothing; I have heard nothing."

Seems that HANBURY has exceptional means of obtaining information. OLD MORALITY has privately shown him Military Report with respect to Heligoland. A confidential communication, something of the kind the MARKISS carried on with the population of Heligoland. But HANBURY straightway goes and tells all about it in a letter to one of his Constituents; letter gets into papers. SUMMERS reads it out to House. Eagerly thirsting after knowledge on military matters, SUMMERS wants also to see the text of Report. Why should HANBURY have it all to himself? Quartermaster-General SUMMERS

would like opportunity of studying it, and forming opinion as to accuracy of the naval and military men who have drawn up plan. Will OLD MORALITY favour him by placing him on an equality of confidence with HANBURY? No, OLD MORALITY will not. How of indignant despair from Radicals. Never heard of this Report before; but that HANBURY should see it, and thereby be enabled to assure his constituents, even by nods



"THE SHADOWLESS MAN."

(Latest Irish Edition of the Old German Romance.)

[In the course of the Debate last Monday week, Mr. DILLON said, "I was never shadowed,"]

and winks, that it was all right about Heligoland, was more than they could put up with. O'PICRON sat morose at the corner seat below the Gangway. Who was HANBURY, that he should have the advantage of studying these military documents when the grand-nephew of PICRON of Waterloo was left out in the cold, his martial instincts unsatisfied, his knowledge of strategical points of the British Empire unsatisfied?

Another instance this of the misfortune that pursues the Government. Little did OLD MORALITY think, when in moment of weakness he showed this important document to HANBURY, what a hornet's nest it would bring about his offending head.

Business done.—Irish Constabulary Vote passed.

Thursday.—At last OLD MORALITY has heard something and seen something. Heard how things went on to-day in Committee on Procedure. Worse and worse. Prince ARTHUR made curious blunder for one so alert; introduced into draft Report admission of principle that Lords might, an they pleased, refuse to consider in current Session, any Bill coming up to them from Commons. HARCOURT saw his opportunity; used it with irresistible skill and force. Committee adjourned in almost comatose state.

This is what OLD MORALITY has heard from JOKIM, who begins to think that, after all, life is a serious thing. What he sees is, that it is impossible to further delay decision about business. Accordingly announces complete surrender. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces—Land Purchase Bill, Tithes Bill, and even this later project of the new Standing Order. "What, all our pretty chicks?" cry the agonised Ministerialists.

"Yes," said OLD MORALITY, mingling his tears with theirs, "our duty to our QUEEN and Country demands this sacrifice. But," he added, bracing up, significantly eyeing Mr. G., and speaking in clear solemn tones, "we reserve to ourselves absolute freedom of

action on a future occasion." Opposition shouted with laughter, whilst OLD MORALITY stood and stared, and wondered what was amusing them now. New Session is, according to present intentions, to open in November. Will the Land Purchase Bill be taken first? Mr. G. wants to know.

"Sir," said OLD MORALITY, "I have indicated the views of the Government as to the Land Purchase Bill, according as those views are held at the present time." (Cheers from the Ministerialists.) Encouraged by this applause, and, happy thought striking him, went on: "But it is impossible for the Government to say what circumstances may occur to qualify those views."

Once more Opposition break into storm of laughter; OLD MORALITY again regards them with dubious questioning gaze.

"Curious thing, TOBY," he said to me afterwards, "those fellows opposite always laugh when I drop in my most diplomatic sentences. It's very well for MACHIAVELLI that he didn't live in these times, and lead House of Commons instead of the Government of the Florentine Republic. He would never have opened his mouth without those Radicals and Irishmen going off into a fit of laughter."

Business done.—Announcement that business won't be done.

Friday.—Still harping on Irish Votes. Want to dock Prince ARTHUR's salary. SWIFT MACNEILL brought down model of battering-ram used at Falcarragh; holds it up; shows it in working order; Committee much interested; inclined to encourage this sort of thing; pleasant interlude in monotony of denunciation of Prince ARTHUR and all his works; no knowing what developments may not be in store; the other night had magio-lantern performance just off Terrace; that all very well on fine night; but when it's raining must keep indoors and battering-ram suitable for indoor exhibition.

HAVELOCK wanted to borrow it, says he would like to show SCHWAN'S how it works; but MACNEILL couldn't spare it till Irish Votes through.

New turn given to Debate by plaintive declaration from JOHN DILLON that he has "never been shadowed." "A difficult lot to deal with," says ARTHUR, gazing curiously at the Shadowless Man. "If they are shadowed, they protest; if they're not, they repine."

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

AT THE ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

"How well your Picture bears the artificial light!" i.e., "Couldn't look worse than it does by daylight."

"Mustn't keep you on the stairs. Such heaps of your friends asking for you upstairs;" i.e., "Got rid of him, thank goodness!"

"Here you are at last! Been dodging you from room to room!" i.e., "To keep out of your way. Caught at last, worse luck!"

"You look as if you had just stepped out of a picture-frame!" i.e., "Wish you'd step back into one!"

"Not seen Mr. O'Kew's picture? You must see it. Only three rooms from here, and no crowd there now. So go and bring me back word what you think;" i.e., "Now to flee!"

AT LORD'S.

"Yes, I'm so fond of Cricket;" i.e., "How can I find out if Oxford or Cambridge is in?"

"Don't move, pray;" i.e., "If she doesn't, I shall be smothered in lobster-salad!"

"Not the least in my way, thanks;" i.e., "Does she think I can see through her parasol?"

"Pray join us at lunch! Heaps of room in the carriage;" i.e., "Hope she doesn't! It only holds four, and we're six already."

"Don't they call a hit to the left like that, a Drive?" i.e., "Young—rich—good-looking—worth catching—looks as if he liked 'sweet simplicity.'"

ELECTIONEERING.

"Has at heart the best interests of the Borough;" i.e., Means to subscribe largely to all local clubs and charities.

"The honour of representing you in Parliament;" i.e., "The pleasure of advertising myself."

"I should wish to keep my mind open on that subject;" i.e., "I cannot afford to commit myself just yet."

PARLIAMENTARY.

"I have never heard such an astounding argument;" i.e., "Since I last employed it myself."

"To come to the real question at issue;" i.e., "To introduce my one strong point."

"I do not pledge myself to these figures;" i.e., "The next speaker will very likely show them to be absolutely unreliable."

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"Oh, as to all that, I quite agree with you;" i.e., "I wasn't listening."

"I rather understood that you were arguing, &c., &c.;" i.e., "You are now flatly contradicting yourself."

DISCIPLINE!

(A Farcical Tragedy, in Two Scenes—not licensed for representation.)

SCENE I.—The Barrack Square. Present—No. 1 Company, awaiting inspection.

Captain (to Subaltern). Have you proved them?
Subaltern. Sorry, Sir, but the men say they know their places, and it is useless labour.

Capt. Very well—I daresay they are right. You know we have been told to be conciliatory. Open order! March! For inspection—port arms!

Sergeant (stepping forward, and saluting). Beg pardon, Sir, but the men are under the impression that you wish to examine their rifles?

Capt. Certainly. (To Subaltern.) Take the rear rank, while I look after the front.
Serg. Beg pardon, Sir, but the men haven't taken open order yet. They say that they are responsible for their rifles when they have to use them before the enemy, and you may rely upon it that they will be all right then.

Capt. Very well—then we will dispense with inspection of arms. Buttons bright, and straps in their proper places?

Serg. (doubtfully). So they say, Sir.

Capt. Well, then, read the orders.
Serg. Beg pardon, Sir, but the men say they know their duty, and don't want to listen to no orders.

Capt. Well, well, I am glad to hear that they are so patriotic. Hope that the Commanding Officer will dispense (under the circumstances) with the formality. Anything more?

Serg. Privates BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON are told off for duty on guard, Sir.

Capt. March them off, then.

Serg. Please, Sir, they say they want to speak to you.

Capt. Very well—bring them up. (Sergeant obeys.) Now, men, what is it?

Private BROWN. Please, Sir, I have got a tooth-ache.

Capt. Very well—fall out, and go to the doctor.

Private B. Please, Sir, I don't want to see no doctor. I can cure myself.

Capt. Very well—cure yourself. (Private salutes, and retires.) And now, JONES and ROBINSON, what do you want?

Private JONES. Please, Sir, me and ROBINSON were told off for guard six months ago, and we think it's too much to expect us to do sentry-go so soon.

Capt. Well, you know your orders.

Private J. Oh, that'll be all right, Sir! We'll explain to the War Office if there's any row about it!

[The Privates salute, and retire.]

Capt. Anything else, Sergeant?

Serg. Well, no, Sir—you see the men won't do anything.

Capt. Under those circumstances, I suppose I have only to give the usual words of command. Company, attention! Right turn—dismiss!

[They dismiss.]

SCENE II.—Before the Enemy. Present—No. 1 Company awaiting orders to advance.

Captain.—Now, my men, all you have to do is to keep your heads, and obey orders. Attention! Fix Bayonets!

Subaltern. Sorry to say, Sir, they have paraded without bayonets.

Capt. Well, that's to be regretted; although they are small enough nowadays, in all conscience! Fire a volley! At a thousand yards! Ready!

Sub. Very sorry, Sir, but the men forgot to bring their ammunition.

Capt.—Come, this is getting serious! Here's the Cavalry preparing to charge, and we are useless! Must move 'em off! Right turn!

Sergeant. Please, Sir, the Company's a bit rusty, and don't know their right hands from their left.

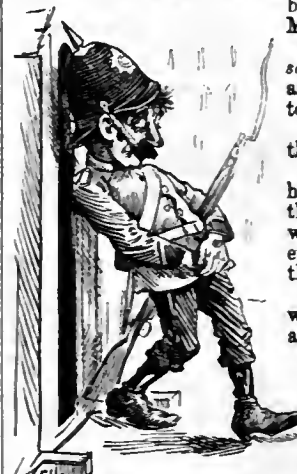
Capt. (losing his temper). Confound it! They don't, don't they! Well, hang it all, I suppose they will understand this? (To Company.) Here, you pampered useless idiots—bolt!

[They bolt.]

A CUTTING (transplanted from the advertisements in the *Belfast News-Letter*):—

WANTED, A PARROT: one brought up in a respectable family, and that has not been taught naughty words or bigoted expressions, preferred.—Apply by letter, stating price, &c.

"Preferred!" What sort of a Parrot had they been previously accustomed to at that house?



MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XVI.—THE HURLINGHAM GIRL.

It is not so easy as it might appear to define the Hurlingham Girl with complete accuracy. To say of her that she is one whose spirits are higher than her aspirations, would be true but inadequate. For, at the best, aspirations are ethereal things, and those of the Hurlingham Girl, if they ever existed, have been so recklessly puffed into space as to vanish almost entirely from view. In any case they afford a very unsubstantial basis of comparison to the student who seeks to infer from them her general character. Yet it would be wrong to assume that she has dispensed with the ethereal on account of her devotion to what is solid. Indeed nothing is more certain about her than the contempt with which she has been willingly taught to look upon all the attainments that are usually dignified with this epithet. History and geography, classics and mathematics, modern languages (her own and those of foreign nations), all these she candidly despises. Let others make their nests upon the shady branches of the tree of learning. For herself she is fain to soar into the empyrean of society, and to gaze with undazzled eyes into the sun of the smart set. She has of course had the advantage of teachers of all sorts, but the claims made upon her time by thoughtless parents have usually been so great as to leave her at the end of her school-room period with a few brittle fragments of knowledge, which shift and change in her mind as the bits of glass might shift in a kaleidoscope from which the looking-glass had been omitted. It is enough for her if, in place of historical dates, she knows the fashionable fixtures, whilst Sandown and Kempton, Ascot and Goodwood, Hurlingham, and the Ranelagh, supply her with a variety of knowledge infinitely more interesting and "actual" than the dry details of population, area, climate, and capital towns, which may be learnt (by others) from primers of geography.

Although it is, from their and her point of view, eminently desirable that the parents of the Hurlingham Girl should be rich, yet it is by no means absolutely necessary. It is, however, essential that they should possess a social position which will ensure to them and to their daughter an easy entrance into that world which considers itself, not perhaps better, but certainly good. Her mother has probably discovered long since that the task of being thwarted by her daughter is an intolerable addition to her social burdens. She therefore permits her, with as much resignation as she can command, to take her own course in all those matters that do not conflict directly with the maternal plans, and she may even come to take a pride in the bold and dashing independence by which her daughter seeks to relieve her of all responsibility, if not of all anxiety.

It is naturally during the London Season that the life of the Hurlingham Girl is at its fullest and best. On week-day mornings she is a frequent attendant in the Row, the means of her father being apparently sufficient to provide her with a sleek and showy Park hack and an irreproachable groom. Thence she hastens home to rest and dawdle until the hour arrives for luncheon, to which meal she has invited the youth who happens to be temporarily dancing attendance upon her, for it is understood in many houses that luncheon is an open meal for which no formal invitation from a parent is necessary. In the afternoon there is always a bazaar, an amateur concert, an exhibition, a fashionable *matinée* or a Society tea-party to be visited. For the evening there are dinners, and theatres, and an endless succession of dances, at which the flowers, the suppers, and the general decorations possess as much or as little variety as the conversation of those who overcrowd the rooms to an accompaniment of dance-music that may once have been new.

But of course there are distractions. Now and again Society seeks relief from its load of care by emigrating *en masse* for the day to a race-meeting at Sandown or Kempton. There the Hurlingham Girl is as much at home as though she were native to the spot, sprung, as it were, from the very turf itself. The interest she takes or pretends to take in racing is something astounding. For in truth she knows nothing about horses, their points, their pedigrees, or their performances. Yet she chatters about them and their races, their jockeys, their owners, the weight they carry, their tempers, and the state of the betting market, with a glib assurance which is

apt to put to shame even those of her male companions who have devoted a lifetime to the earnest study of these supreme matters. In imitation of these gentlemen she will assure those who care to listen to her, that she has had a real bad day, not having managed to get on to a single winner, and that if it hadn't been for a fluke in backing *Tantivy*, one, two, three, she would have been reduced to a twopence in the pound condition of beggary. She will then forget her imaginary losses, and will listen with amusement and interest while a smooth-faced lad criticises with as much severity as he can command in the intervals of his cigarettes the dress, appearance, and general character of a lady whom she happens to dislike. On the following day she will visit Hurlingham in order to be looked at as a spectator at a polo match, in which she has no interest whatever. After this she is entertained at dinner together with a select party, which includes the young married lady who is her bosom friend and occasional chaperon, by a middle-aged dandy of somewhat shady antecedents, but of great wealth and undoubted position. On Sunday mornings she may not always go to Church, but she makes up for this neglect by the perfect regularity of her attendance at Church parade. In the afternoon she will go to Tattersall's to inspect horses. Ascot could not continue without her, and Goodwood would crumble into ruins if she were absent. This at least is her opinion, and thus the months flit by and leave her just as wise as they found her. For she never reads a book, and illustrates by constant practice her belief that the fashionable intelligence of the *Morning Post* is a sufficient mental pabulum for a grown-up woman.

It is unnecessary to describe further the pursuits and occupations of the Hurlingham Girl. With regard to her appearance and dress, it must be admitted that she displays considerable taste. She is always neat, polished, perfectly groomed—in a word, smart. It may be that it takes nine tailors to make a man. It is certain that it takes only one to make a well-dressed woman. Yet she does not always, of course, wear tailor-made costumes, for on the Sundays that she spends on the river, her impertinently poised straw hats, her tasteful ribbons, her sailor's knots, her collars, her manly shirts, and the general appropriateness of her dress, excite the envy of those who declare that they would not imitate her for worlds, merely because nature has made it impossible for them to be like her. Handsome she is undoubtedly, with the beauty that comes of perfect health undis-



turbed by thoughts of the why and the wherefore, or by anticipations of a troublesome to-morrow. Yet to the casual observer who beholds this admirably decorated creature, her conversation is disappointing. She revels in slang. Catch-words and phrases which are not called vulgar only because the better classes use them, come trippingly, but never with a pleasant effect from her lips. Nor has she that sense of reticence which is said to have been the distinguishing mark of unmarried girlhood at some former period. That she should talk frivolously on great subjects, if she talks on them at all, is only to be expected. It would be well if her curiosity and her conversation left untouched delicate matters, the existence of which she may suspect but ought certainly to ignore.

After she has thus flaunted her brilliant health and beauty through several Seasons, she may begin to tire of an existence, which in spite of its general freedom, is subject to certain restraints. She therefore decides to emancipate herself by submitting to a husband. She finds no difficulty, with the assistance of her mother, in discarding the penniless subaltern who has devoted himself to her, and whom she has induced to believe that she preferred to the whole world. Having received an offer from a gentleman of presentable looks and immense possessions, she promptly accepts it, and gains to her own surprise a considerable reputation for judgment and discretion. It is quite possible that after a year or two of giddy married life she may decline gradually into a British Matron, respected alike on account of her increasing family, and her substantial appearance.

THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN.—The Chairman of the Infant Insurance Committee, asked a skilled witness, "Is a man his own child, or another person's child?" This led to an altercation, and the room had to be cleared while the question was debated. On the return of the Public, the query was repeated without a satisfactory result. And yet the evident answer is, that he is another person's child, except when he is "a self-made man."

ODE TO MONEY.

(By a Poptimist.)

HAIR that is golden grows olden,
 Hopes that are golden decay;
 Suns that are bright, and embolden
 The tourist to go on his way,
 Leaving his gingham tight folded,
 Turn to a drizzling grey.
 But gold of the Mint is all-golden,
 Safe in the strictest assay.

Cynics may rail against money,
 Spurn its beneficent power;
 Bears spurn impossible honey,
 Foxes the grapes that are sour.

Men, who can never be funny,
 Scoff at the funny man's dower;
 Lands where it seldom is sunny
 Find little praise for a flower.

When a man's safe at his bankers,
 What does it mean, let us think—
 Freedom from care and its cankers,
 Plenty of victuals and drink?

Nay, but it opens the garden
 Of tender illusion and joy,
 Where faults find immediate pardon,
 And worrying ways don't
 In the light of futurity's favours

Fair gratitude [smain,
 And the flittermouse Love
 never wavers [gain.

In truth to the Psyche of Bountiful Money! 'Twill make you [birth;
 Worthy in manners and



LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

"BY THE WAY, WHERE IS THAT PLACE, HELIGOLAND, THEY'RE ALL TALKING SO MUCH ABOUT!"

"OH—DON'T YOU KNOW, DEAR? IT'S ONE OF THE PLACES LATELY DISCOVERED BY MR. STANLEY!"

Beauty for better will take you
 (Little as that may be worth),
 Hosta by the hand kindly
 shake you, [funny,
 Crowds, when you wish to be
 Mind doing homage to Money,
 Laugh with inordinate mirth,
 Sages and moralists blame
 thee, [thee,
 Stoics stand gloomy above
 Preachers with obloquy
 name thee,
 Hermits and anchorites
 shame thee,
 But symbol of all that is sunny,
 Coy, courteous, flattering
 Money,
 I love thee, I love thee, I
 love thee!

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!"

(An Open Letter to Somebody.)

DEAR NOBLE CORRESPONDENT TO THE TIMES.—We see that you are doing your best to defend the proposed destruction of the Lincoln's Inn Gateway in Chancery Lane. In the course of your exertions, you have been not too civil to several worthy persons, and inaccurate in your description of the Society of Antiquaries. Now, do take our advice. We know you were a clever "Silk" when you practised at the Bar, and we have heard that your forefathers (for a generation or so) were excellent hands at Banking; but, in the name of Lombard Street, do let Archæology alone!

With the best of wishes,
 Yours sincerely,
 (Signed) EVERYBODY.

day was, however, not the success we could have wished. During the night the weather turned hot, and the food turned—well, not good,—and next morning the obligatory sacrifice to Father Thames was appalling. Then when the necessary viands did not arrive from London, I in my capacity of "professional guest," and of being always ready for any emergency, volunteered for forage in Henley town. Oh! that expedition. I fought at the fishmonger's, battled at the butcher's and baker's, grovelled at the grocer's, and finally ended by committing a theft at the buttermilk man's. The number of our visitors was large, and was much augmented by friends' friends, who came in battalions. It may have been the extra weight on board, or it may be that the hunted rat had designed a base revenge, but during lunch, and just as KITTY's husband was beginning to be genial, an odd idea seized me that the river was rising. Yea! And the bank behind us was rising too. And gracious! the water was flowing over the little promenade place, and running about the floor of the saloon; and then the Goldfields gave a lurch and a shiver, and settled down in the mud, with a foot-and-a-half of dirty water downstairs, and nothing but the roof left us to perch upon.

How we ever recovered our belongings I don't know. All I remember is, being taken to the station in an old green wherry, and coming back to town seventeen in a second-class carriage. My last view of the wreck embraced KITTY, propped up against the railing of the roof, and making tea on a table, which looked more like tipping over than standing straight. KITTY's husband was muttering to himself as he handed round the cups; and, as I moved off through the crush of boats, I fancied I caught the word "JONAH." Of course I may have been mistaken, as my name is not that, but

THE ODD GIRL OUT.

CHANCE FOR BUYERS.—Last week, among the Tuesday's arrangements in the Daily Telegraph, was announced:—"Bath Horse Show." Did this include "Bath Towel-Horse Show?" Fine chance for sporting Mr. BLUNDEL MAPLE, M.P., as a Towel-Horse dealer. "Great Towel-Horse Show in Tottenham Court Road!" The sale of yearlings and the pedigrees would be interesting.

THE TOMATO-CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

DON'T talk to me of colocyath or famed cerulean pill,
 Don't mention hyoscyamus or aloeas when I'm ill;
 The very word podophyllin is odious in mine ears;
 The thought of all the drugs I've ta'en calls up the blinding tears;
 The Demon of Dyspepsia, a sufferer writes to say,
 At sight of the Tomato-plant will vanish quite away.

The Faculty will diet you till indigestion stops,
 On what have always seemed to me interminable slops:
 A dainty dish is sure to be the worst thing you can eat;
 The bismuth and the charcoal come like nightmares after meat.
 Away with all restrictions now, bring mutton, beef, and veal,
 As long as ripe Tomatoes come to supplement a meal.

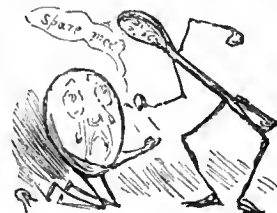
Hepatic action, doctors say, is very hard to start,
 And if you have too much of it, that also makes you smart;
 And so the fate of many folks, especially in town,
 Is first to stir the liver up, and then to calm him down.
 Now he can trouble us no more, although we go the pace;
 A diet of Tomatoes keeps the tyrant in his place.

Away with deleterious drugs, for here's a plant been found,
 Worth all the weird concoctions that dispensers can compound:
 Get fresh Tomatoes, red and ripe, and slice and eat, and then—
 You'll find that you are liver-less, and not like other men.
 Come ye who dire dyspepsia's pangs impatiently endure,
 It cannot hurt, and may do good, this new Tomato-Cure.

SWEETS TO THE ACID.—In an excellent speech, last week, Mr. HENRY IRVING suggested that a Charitable Organisation Society should be established for the Distribution of Art Relief. He rightly contended that the Beautiful was as necessary to perfect happiness as the Severely Useful. Drains (excellent things in their way) are scarcely on a level with Pictures. This is an idea that the so-called "goody-goody folk" find a difficulty in accepting; possibly because most of them personally represent everything that is unlovely.

"WAX TO RECEIVE, AND MARBLE TO RETAIN."

ACCORDING to an evening paper, the wedding-present of Colonel GOURAUD to a distinguished couple took the novel and charming form of a phonograph, recording, for all time, the musical portion of the



"Whacks to Receive."

marriage ceremony. In all probability, this precedent will be widely followed, and a set of waxen phonographic cylinders will be a familiar feature in the list of presents at every wedding of any pretensions to smartness. Still, there may be cases in which those who intend to imitate Colonel GOURAUD's example would do well to consider first whether the conditions are equally appropriate. For instance, young JACK RIVENLUTE is not a bad fellow, though he may not be given to sentiment, and VIOLA is a very charming girl, if she is apt to be a high-flown and exacting at times. When they marry—they have not even met at present, but they will marry, the year after next, unless Mr. Punch's Own Second-sighted Seer grossly deceives himself—when they marry, VIOLA's Uncle JOHN will be the person to present them with the then orthodox phonograph and appurtenances. But if he could foresee the future as distinctly as Mr. Punch's Seer has done in the following prophetic visions, he might substitute a biscuit-box, or a fish-slice and fork, a Tantalus spirit-case, or even a dumb-waiter, as likely, on the whole, to inspire a more permanent gratitude.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY—SAY, IN 1893.

SCENE—A charming drawing-room. TIME—About 9'30 P.M.

Mr. RIVENLUTE is on a chair by the open window; Mrs. RIVENLUTE on a low stool by his side.

Mrs. R. (for the fiftieth time). I can't ever thank you nearly enough for this lovely ring, JACK dear!

Jack (rather gruffly). Oh, it's all right, Pussy. Glad you like it, I'm sure. Do they mean to bring in the lamps? It's pitch dark.

Mrs. R. I'll ring presently—not just yet. It was so dear of you to remember what day it was!

Jack (who only just remembered it in time, as he was driving home). Been a brute if I hadn't!

Mrs. R. You couldn't be a brute, JACK, if you tried—not to me. I'm so glad we haven't got to go out anywhere to-night, aren't you?

Jack (heartily). Rather! Beastly bore turning out after dinner. What on earth are you up to over there?

Mrs. R. (who has risen, and has apparently been winding up some instrument in the corner—as she returns). Oh, it's only something I wanted to do this evening. . . . Now, JACK, listen!

[The phonograph begins to click and whirr.]

Jack. That beastly cat in the room again! Turn it out quick—it's going to be ill.

Mrs. R. (laughing a little hysterically). No—no, JACK, it isn't poor Snowball this time! Wait, and you will hear something.

[The "Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" is suddenly rendered by an organ and full choir: the remarks of two choristers (who are having a little difference over a hymn-book), and the subdued sniffs of Mrs. MANDOLINE, being distinctly audible between the verses.]

Mrs. R. (breaking down). Oh, JACK, isn't it beautiful? Wasn't it sweet of Uncle JOHN to give it to us!

Jack (who, privately, would have infinitely preferred a small cheque). Yes—he's a good old buffer at bottom.

Mrs. R. He's a perfect old love! Tell me, JACK, you're not sorry you married me, are you?

Jack. What a thing to ask a fellow. Of course I'm not!

Mrs. R. (softly). Do you know, JACK, I'm sometimes sorry I married you, though.

Jack (uneasily). Come, I say, you know—what on earth for?

Mrs. R. Because I should like to marry you all over again! . . . Ah, I knew I should frighten you! (The final "Amen" of the Choir dies away, amid the coughing, rustling, and nasal trumpeting of last year's Congregation.) There are some more cylinders, JACK—shall we put them in next?

Jack (who feels sufficiently solemnised). Well, if you ask me, I think they'll keep till next year. Pity to disturb the effect of that last, eh?

SECOND ANNIVERSARY—1894.

Same Scene and Time. Mrs. RIVENLUTE discovered alone.

Mrs. R. He might at least have made some allusion to the day—it would have been only decent! He can't possibly have forgotten! I don't know, though, very likely he has. . . . Well, I'm not going to remind him! I suppose he means to stay downstairs, smoking, as usual, all the evening. Oh, if I could only make him ashamed of himself just once! . . . I know! Uncle JOHN's phonograph! He

can't help hearing that. (She winds it up, as JACK R. enters, yawning.) Dear me, this is an unexpected honour. (Softening slightly.) Have you come up to keep me company—for once?

Jack. Well, to tell you the truth, my dear, I fancy I left the evening paper here. Ah, there it is.

[He seizes it, and prepares to go.] Mrs. R. You can read it here, if you like, you know—I don't mind your smoking.

Jack. Thanks—but it's cosier in the study.

Mrs. R. Of course I know that any place where I don't happen to be is cosier in your opinion.

Jack. Oh, hang it, don't begin all that again—there, I'll stay! (He chooses a comfortable chair.) What the doose is that?

[The phonograph has begun to buzz and hum.]

Mrs. R. Hush!—it's Uncle JOHN's present.

[The "Wedding March" strikes up with a deafening blare.]

Jack (startled). Bless my soul! I thought something had blown up. "Hallelujah Chorus," is it—or what?

Mrs. R. (coldly). As it happens, it is MENDELSSOHN's "Wedding March."

Jack. Sounded familiar somehow. 'Jove! MENDELSSOHN was determined to let 'em know he was married!

Mrs. R. That was intended to let people know we were married. It is our Wedding March.

Jack. Ours? You said it was MENDELSSOHN's just now! But what are you turning it on now, for?

Mrs. R. Do you remember what day this is, by any chance?

Jack. Haven't an idea. Isn't there a calendar on your writing-table?—that ought to tell you, if you want to know.

Mrs. R. Thank you, I don't require a calendar. To-day is the twenty-third—the day you and I were married.

Jack. 'Pon my word I believe you're right. The twenty-third—so it is!

[He becomes silent.] Mrs. R. (to herself, as the "Wedding March" continues jubilantly). He is ashamed of himself. I knew he would be—only he doesn't quite know how to tell me so; he will presently. . . . I wish I could see his face. . . . If he is only sorry enough, I think I shall forgive him.

JACK! (Softly.) JACK dear! (A prolonged snore from the arm-chair. She goes to him and touches his arm.) You had better go down—stairs and have your cigar, hadn't you? It may keep you awake!

(Bitterly.) Jack (opening his eyes). Eh?—oh! Well, if you're sure you don't mind being alone, I rather think I will.

Mrs. R. I should infinitely prefer being alone—I am so used to it.

[Exit JACK, as the "Wedding March" comes to a triumphant conclusion.]

THIRD ANNIVERSARY—1895.

Same Scene. Time, 11'30 P.M. Mrs. MANDOLINE discovered with her Daughter.

Mrs. M. Nearly twelve, and JACK not in yet—on this of all days, too! VIOLA, you will be weak, culpably weak, if you don't speak to him, very seriously, when he does come in.

Mrs. R. (ruefully). I can't, Mother. We're not on speaking terms just now, you know.

Mrs. M. Then I shall. Fortunately, I am on speaking terms with him—as he will find out! (A ring.) There he is, at last! Go, my poor darling, leave me to bring him to a sense of his disgraceful conduct. (Mrs. R. retires by the back drawing-room.) How shall I begin? Ah, poor JOHN's phonograph! How lucky I remembered it! (Selecting a cylinder.) There, if anything can pierce his hard heart, that will!

[Winds up machine, which breaks into a merry marriage peal as JACK enters in evening dress.]

Jack (sullenly). Now just look here, VIOLA—(recognising Mrs. M.) Hullo, the Mum!

Mrs. M. (raising her voice above the clamour). Mum no longer, Sir. Do you hear those bells?

Jack. Do I hear those bells? Am I deaf? The whole Parish can hear them, I should think!

Mrs. M. I don't care if they do. I want to touch your conscience, if I can, and I still hope—bad as you are—that when the voices of those bells—so long silent—rung in anticipation of such a very different future—fall upon your ear once more, they may—

Jack (with a sardonic laugh). "So long silent!" I like that. Sorry to disappoint you, my dear Mamma, but that phonograph, as a domestic stimulant, was played out long ago—it has played me out often enough! Perhaps you don't know it, but really VIOLA has rather overdone it. Whenever we have a tiff, she sets the "Voice from Eden" at me; if she chooses to consider herself ill-used, I am treated to a preserved echo of our marriage vows, and the Bishop's address; when she is in the sulks, I get the congratulations in the vestry; and if ever I grumble at the weekly bills, it's drowned in the "Wedding March!" As for your precious bells, I can't dine with a man at the Club without hearing the confounded things pealing out the moment I let myself in. That infernal phonograph,

which you seem to fondly imagine will make me burst into tears, and live happy ever after, has driven me out of the house many a time when I was willing enough to stay at home; but to be put through one's wedding ceremony three times a week is enough to send any fellow to the Club, or out of his mind. I'd smash the d—d thing with pleasure, only it seems to afford VI some consolation. I can't say I find it soothing myself.

[Before Mr. MANDOLINE can think of a suitable reply, Mrs. R. enters from the inner room, where she has remained till now. She is carrying a small steel poker, which she silently places in the hand of her astonished husband.

Jack. Hullo! you here? What's this for?

[Staring blankly at the poker.

Mrs. R. (moeckly). To—to smash the d—d thing with.

[The marriage peal ceases abruptly, as Mrs. MANDOLINE, comparatively reassured, discreetly leaves the couple to come to a better understanding without further assistance.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Gentlewoman, No. 1, has appeared. It gives, or rather sells, an overwhelming lot for the money, which is sixpence. Sixpenn'orth of all sorts. Plenty of readable information. Illustrations not the best feature in it. Crowds of advertisements. The menus, if carefully sustained, may prove very useful to those who "dinna ken." As to the type of The Gentlewoman, well, the first picture is of Her Imperial Majesty the QUEEN, and with this type of the Gentlewoman we shall all be satisfied, *dicat* BARONUS DE BOOK-WORMS.



"What a sight o' Books!" cries the Baron, remembering the clever Parrot who uttered a similar exclamation at a Parrot Competition. First, here is Blossom Land and Fallen Leaves, by CLEMENT SCOTT, published by HUTCHINSON & Co., which is an interesting and useful book to those who are able to take a holiday in Cromer, and marvel at the sunset, and notice how "in the far distance a couple of lovers advance towards the fading light"—I'll be bound that deeply engaged couple didn't catch sight of the "chiel takin' notes"—and how did he know for certain they were a couple of lovers? Why not brother and sister? Why not husband and wife? Why not uncle and aunt?—but with an experienced eye the canny SCOTT made a pretty shrewd guess—and it is a pleasant companion, is this book, to those who cannot visit Cromer, or any of the other places mentioned in Blossom Land, and who reading it at home will only wish they could do so, and will promptly make arrangements for paying (the "paying" is the difficult part) a visit not only to Cromer but also to Caen, Etretat, Cabourg,—carefully noting C. S.'s account of his "cruise upon wheels," and his sensible remarks on Parisianising these otherwise tranquil resorts. From Havre to Hammersmith is a bit of a jump, but it is from a bustling port to a peaceful spot—"a Harbour of Refuge" at Nazareth, where the Baron sincerely trusts the good Little Sisters of the Poor are no longer Poor-rated £120 per annum, just by way of parochial encouragement, I suppose, to other charitable persons for relieving the parish "of an incensus of four hundred." The work of these self-sacrificing women cannot be over-rated in one sense, but in the parochial sense (if parochials have any) they can hardly be rated enough. Really a delightful book for all comers and goers.

"What have we here?" inquires the Baron—Seven Summers, An Eton Medley, by the Editors of the Parachute and Present Etonian. Now, Heaven forgive my ignorance, but I have never seen the Parachute nor the Present Etonian, so without prejudice I dip into this book, and am at once much interested and amused by a paper "On Getting Up." Not "getting up" linen, or "getting up lessons," but getting up in the morning, ever a hard-worker's hardest task. It will remind many a middle-aged Etonian of the days when he was very young, and early school was very early. "The Inner Man" is another amusing paper, and forty years has made no alteration in the "sock-cad." American slang has evidently tinged Etonian style. "What in the name of purple thunder," and "in the name of spotted Moses," and so forth, are Americanisms, and the tone of these two smart Etonian writers has a certain Yankee ring in it. Why not leave this sort of thing to MARK TWAIN, BRET HARTE & Co., who are past masters of their own native slang? Seven Summers will interest and amuse Etonians of all ages.

And here, attracted by a quaintly-designed cover, the Baron takes up Ballads from Punch, and other Poems, by WARHAM ST. LOEER, published by DAVID STOTT. That a considerable number of these have appeared in Mr. Punch's pages, by whose kind permission they are reprinted, is quite sufficient guarantee for their excellence. The Lay of the Lost Critic, The Plaint of the Grand Piano, are capital specimens of the author's humour, and Christmas

Eve of his true pathos. No influence of American humour visible in any of these. As a rule, the Baron doesn't recommend betting, but advises his readers to go in for this St. Leger.

The contents of The Universal Review this month are varied, interesting, but not sensational. The article on Westminster Abbey, by FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.D., with its humorous notes and observations, will have a charm for many readers, and so will that on the painter BERNARDINO LUINI. The novel entitled, The Wages of Sin, is now at the first chapter of the fifth book, and there is an illustration representing a lady in a Victoria pulling up in Waterloo Place. Underneath is the legend—"She leaned forward smiling, beckoning as the Victoria drew up against the curb." First, she is not leaning forward; secondly, she doesn't appear to be "smiling;" thirdly, she doesn't seem to be "beckoning;" and, fourthly, though the horse is being pulled back, probably on the "curb," yet, if the author means that the carriage is being pulled up against the pavement, then why didn't he say so, and write it "kerh?" I like being a trifle hypocritical just now and then, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

AN INTERNATIONAL HERO.

THERE has been recently a discussion in The World as to where Cox and Box (for which Sir ARTHUR wrote some of his best music) first saw the light. It was decided in favour of the Librettist at whose residence the Triumviretta was given privately, in presence of a distinguished audience. But there was one person who might have given invaluable evidence, and that was Box himself. Why did he not step forward? Where was he? The explanation is given in the Paris Figaro of Thursday, July 17:—

"M. Box, le nouveau Ministre d'Haïti à Paris, a été reçu hier matin par le Président de la République."

Of course, COX will receive an appointment. Perhaps M. Box banks at Cox's. Will Sergeant-Major BOUNCER be gazetted to the Hayti'eth Regiment? Whatever may be in store for these immortal personages, it is satisfactory to know that, for the present, Box at least is provided for. It was like his true British nature not to disguise his identity under some such galleicised form of his name as BOITE, or LOGE. There is, perhaps, no surname in our language so truly national as Box. "JOHN BOX" might well be substituted for "JOHN BULL." It is characteristic of our British pugilism. *Vive M. Box!*

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

VARIOUS events are approaching, and it is only fair that I should give the readers of this journal the benefit of my advice and my opinions. In good time I shall have something to say about Good-



wood—something that will make the palæolithiccauliflower-headed dispensers of buncombe and bombast sit up and curse the day on which fate allowed them to be born. There are some who profess to attach importance to the goose-billed mouthings and vapourings of the butter-brained crew who follow in the wake of the most notorious professor of humbugging pomposity that even this age, rich as it is in putty-faced impostors, has ever produced. Well, let them. For my own part I follow the advice of the French King to the beautiful Marquise DE CENTAMOURS. "Sire, to which the Marquise is reported to have said, "quelle heure est-il?" To which the witty monarch at once replied, "Madame, si vous avez besoin de savoir l'heure, allez donc la demander au premier gendarme?" The story may be found with others in the lately published memoirs of Madame DE SANSAÇON. In a similar spirit I answer those who pester me about horses.

I understand that Barrister Bill, Sidesplitter, and Fiery Harry, showed up excellently at Newmarket last week. I have always prophesied well of these three splendid animals, who take their feeds as regularly, and with as much gusto as they gallop a mile on heather when the barometer points to set fair. At the same time I consider that only a papoose, made of string and sawdust, would give more than £10,000 for any one of them.

Complaints have reached me that some of my remarks have given pain in an exalted quarter. It is the common lot of those who are honest to be misunderstood, and, for myself, I wish to claim no exemption from the rule. My one aim is to benefit my readers, and to advance truth. For this I would sacrifice the smiles of Courts, and incur the shallow sneers of the grovelling, chowder-headed hordo of flunkeys who sit in high places. My work bears witness to my merit. Need I say more?



SERIOUS BALL-ROOM FLIRTATIONS.

Lord Algernon. "I CAN SAFELY RECOMMEND OUR TUSMORE SILKS, MRS. GREEN. WON'T YOU GIVE THEM A TRIAL? WE ALLOW A DISCOUNT OF FIFTEEN PER CENT. FOR CASH, YOU KNOW."

Sir Reginald. "NOW DO LET ME SEND YOU A COUPLE OF DOZEN OF OUR EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE AT SEVENTY-TWO SBILLINGS, DEAR LADY MIDAS. I'M SURE SIR GORGIUS WILL LIKE IT."

Captain de la Vere de Vere. "OH, IF I COULD BUT INDUCE YOU TO GET YOUR HUSBAND TO INSURE HIS LIFE IN OUR OFFICE, MRS. VAN TRONCK!—THE BONUSES ARE QUITE EXCEPTIONAL."

"TOO MANY COOKS——!"

A Bret-Harteish Ballad.

MORAL BILL BUTTONS sings:—

I RESIDE at Greenlands (Henley), and my name is MORAL BILL; I'm a model of well-meaning, which makes up for want of skill; And I'll tell, in simple language, what I know about the shine Which demoralised our kitchen, and which bust up our Big Dine.

But first I would remark that it is not a prudent plan For any culinary gent to flout his fellow-man; And, if a colleague can't agree with his peculiar whim, To wait on that same colleague, and trip up the heels of him.

Now nothing could be nicer, or more beautiful to see, Than the first three years' proceedings of our Cooks (and we had Till JOACHIM (of Goshen) made a dish (of devilled bones), [three], Which he flaunted in the face of ARTHUR B. with swelling tones.

Then ARTHUR made an *entrée*; he constructed it with care, And he vowed that e'en APICIUS would have owned it rich and rare. And when JOACHIM protested that "soup first" was a fixed rule, ARTHUR B. insinuated that his colleague was a mule.

And then he smiled a languid smile; sneering was ARTHUR's fault, And he had one squirmy snigger which was worse than an assault. He was a most sarcastic man, this languid ARTHUR B., And he aimed at being *Chef*, which JOACHIM said was fiddlededee.

Now I hold it's not the duty of a culinary gent To say his colleague is a Moke—at least to all intent; Nor should the individual who happens to be meant Reply by chucking crockery to any great extent.

Then Number Three Cook tried to raise an ill-done *rôti*, when He tripped o'er ARTHUR's heels, and fell upon his abdomen; And presently the various *plats* were mingled on the floor; And the subsequent proceedings let us draw a curtain o'er.

For in less time than I write it every Cooky dropped his dish, And our *menu* was as mucked as our worst enemy could wish; And the way those Cookies chivied in their anger was a sin, And the only dinner left 'em was the cheese—which I took in.

And this is all I have to say concerning this sad spill; For I live at Greenlands (Henley), and my name is Moral Bill; And I've told in simple language all I know about the shine That demoralised our kitchen, and upset the year's Big Dine!

A SWEET HOME FOR NANCY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The other evening, wishing to enjoy a little music, I went to the Lyric Theatre, and found that the opera chosen for performance was called *Sweet Nancy*, founded upon a novel with some similar title by Miss RHODA BROUGHTON. The prettiest tune I heard was one that I fancy had been played before, and my belief is the stronger as Mr. HENRY NEVILLE referred to it as "a dear old song." It had to do with "*Darby and Joan*," and reminded me of J. L. MOLLOY's delightful song with that title. The rest of the music was not very striking. Even to those who hold that the plot of an Opera is only of secondary importance, *Sweet Nancy* could not have appeared to be exactly teeming with incidents. However, it was very nicely played by Miss HUGHES, and that now mature Lancashire Lad, the aforesaid HENRY NEVILLE. Without declaring that I should like to see it every evening for a thousand years (which I believe is a *façon de parler* even in China), I certainly could sit it out again. If I wished to be a fault-finder I should say that the piece is too long, and seems all the longer because some of the characters are supposed to represent schoolboys, and a girl of thirteen. The adapter is Mr. BUCHANAN—a poet and a playwright. This gentleman, I believe, has made many other pieces (more or less) his own, with (more or less) success. He seems to have a knack of turning old plays into new ones. I live in hope that when I next visit this great Metropolis I shall find that he has re-written the *School for Scandal*, and brought *Hamlet* up to date.

Yours always, A CRITIC FROM THE COUNTRY.



“TOO MANY COOKS—!”

THE PAGE-BOY (W. H. SMITH), “AT ANY RATE, I’VE SAVED THE CHEESE!”

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST



By JOHN BURNET

1679

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday to Saturday.—Nothing particular this week. Second July Meeting at Newmarket took a lot of people away, and the thunder, hail, and rain frightened a lot mere away on Thursday, so may as well discuss *Esmeralda*, which I hadn't time to do last week. Rather a mixed affair to start with when you have a French *libretto*, set by an English Composer, and played at the Royal Italian Opera,



The Hanging Committee.

Covent Garden. No matter. A big success for everyone concerned, from DRURIOLANUS downwards. No one could have wished for a better *Esmeralda* than Madame MELBA, though she did not make the most of that first charming song, "*L'Hirondelle*." One Swallow, however, doesn't make an Opera, and Madame MELBA soon pulled herself together, and threw herself into the work when she saw Mons. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, as *Phæbus*, winning fresh laurels.

The *Quasimodo* of M. DUFRICHE, of the Vibrato school, was dramatically good, but not great; but *Claude Frollo* was both great and good. These two have been defrauded of their rights by the undramatic Librettist, who has done about as little as possible with the excellent materials at his command. What a scene might have been the final one between *Quasimodo* and *Claude*, when *Claude Frollo* is pitched over the battlements. I forget what becomes of *Quasi*; but if he stabs himself, or is stabbed, that would be quite sufficient for dramatic justice and effect. Then, of course, the absurd ceremony used by *Clopin*, and the real unwillingness of *Esmeralda* to become *Gringoire's* wife, would dispose of the marriage,



HOW IT OUGHT TO HAVE ENDED.

Mr. Justice Butt pronounces a decree of divorce. *Phæbus* marries *Esmeralda*. *Claude Frollo* is smashed, and *Quasimodo* is stabbed.

unless *Gringoire* were previously got rid of (for I don't remember how the novel ends) and *Esmeralda* would be united to *Phæbus*, while *Fleur-de-Lys* could marry *De Chevreuse*, or anybody else.

The Goat, too, has a wretched part: to be left out after the first scene is too bad. Something might have been done with him, if he had only been put into a chaise; but perhaps *Esmeralda* and *Phæbus* reserve him for further use in the course of a couple of years or so, when *Djali*, drawing a goat-chaise containing a little *Esmeralda* and a little *Phæbus*, followed by a nurse and Papa and Mamma, would make a sensation at some fashionable seaside resort.

MONS. MONTARIOL played and sang well as *Gringoire*, and MONS. WINOGRADOFF was most artistic as *Clopin*. Amusing to see MONS. LASSALLE as *Claude Frollo*, melodramatically hiding behind the

window-curtains, just as *Phæbus* enters the room followed by *Esmeralda*. So evidently was the curtain shaken, that *Phæbus* would most certainly have detected the sneak, or he might have asked *Esmeralda*, "What's that?" and have asserted his belief that it could not possibly be the cat, but he might have accepted her explanation had she informed him that it was the Goat. What a chance here lost for a situation of the Goat behind curtains butting *Claude Frollo*! However, it was all "purtendin'," and JEAN DE RESZKÉ as



The Goat. "I ought to have the second principal part in this Opera. If they don't produce *Dinorah*, I shall give notice. Too bad of Goring Thomas. If I see him alone, I'll show him what 'Butting' Thomas is." most certainly have noticed immediately had he been himself. Magnificently got up; *misc-en-scène* excellent; band and chorus all that could be wished.

BULLY FOR THE COLONEL!

"The Hon. Member had availed himself of the privilege accorded to Members of Parliament in debate to fire a shameful barbed arrow at Colonel CANNELL, in order that some of the mud might stick."—*Colonel Saunderson in the House of Commons.*

COME, listen to my story; it's a sort of shilling-shock tale, With no end of fire and fury, and a modicum of blood, And a Colonel who mixed metaphors as Yankees mix a cocktail, And a quiverful of arrows, shameful arrows, barbed with mud. It was DILLON who had used them, and he spoke of Tipperary, Tipperary new and rentless, where the tenants have combined. And the Parnellites were gathered like the chicks of Mother CARRY, When they feel the tempest rising, and give warning of the wind. And the pale and angry Tories sat impatient of the battle, And the benches of the Commons, where they love a fight, grew full; And, although they knew 'twas better not to hurry people's cattle, They implored their fiery Colonel to oblige them with a bull. But the Colonel needs no prompting, straight rises to address them, And his eye now flames in fury, and now twinkles like a star; And he turned on Mr. PARNELL'S men, and didn't rightly bless them, This flashing, dashing, slashing *militaire* from North Armagh. And before a man could whistle there were ructions and denials, Shouts and countershouts of anger—quite a House of Commons scene; While the Colonel, who had bottled all his wrath, poured out the vials On the heads of Irish gentlemen whose wigs were on the green. 'Twas in vain they sought to daunt him; like a flock of noisy sparrows When a hawk comes grimly swooping, or like moths that tempt the wick, So they scattered when the Colonel told the House of shameful arrows, Which were fired (I quote the Colonel) in the hope that mud might stick. When Sir BOYLE, the ever famous, smelt a rat (you've heard the story)— Saw it floating in the air, he promptly nipped it in the bud; But I think our modern Colonel gets the greater share of glory For inventing shameful arrows that could only spatter mud. And, oh, ye sons of Erin, when the coat-tails next are trailing, Make your weapons on this pattern, think of SAUNDERSON, his bull; And no mother's son will suffer, though the missiles should come hailing, If you only use mud-arrows, or shillelaghs made of wool!

DEVOUT WISH OF IRISH LANDLORDS FOR MR. BALFOUR.—"May his shadowing never grow less!"



'FIGURES OF SPEECH.'

Balfour (the Showman). "Now, you'd like to see Sir William V. Harcourt in four remarkable situations."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 14. — Government again narrowly escaped defeat. Last time it was Ascot; this time Marlborough House Garden Party. "This Session," says T. HARRINGTON, "I've taken to subscribing to *The Morning Post*; study its fashionable news; look out for arrangements likely to draw men away from House; then me and SAGE put our heads together; arrange for Division; take it smart, and Government left in lurch."



A New Subscriber to *The Morning Post*.

To-day opportunity found in Motion for Select Committee on constitution of Scotch Committee. AKERS-DOUGLAS proposed twenty-one members, all Scotch but one. "Let us have the lot Scotch," says ROBERTSON; moves Amendment accordingly. House pretty full, knowing crisis at hand; Government Whips scouting for Members.

"Tell you what I'll do," says PENROSE FITZGERALD to AKERS-DOUGLAS; "I hate garden-parties and that sort of thing, but as we shall be in a hole if Division now rushed, I'll take cab, run up to Marlborough House, fetch down some men; inconvenient, you know; works against grain; would rather be down here helping you than mingling in glittering throng; but, as the Governor says, duty is our load-star; say the word, and I'll go off to Pall Mall and fetch a lot down."

"FITZGERALD," said AKERS-DOUGLAS, wringing his hand, "you're a brick. You always think of the right thing, and are ready to do it."

DOUGLAS paused to wipe away tear drawn from his sensitive glands by this evidence of self-sacrifice. When he'd done it, looking again at FITZGERALD's briskly-retreating figure, couldn't help noting how smartly he was got up; summer pants; white waistcoat; the short "reefer," familiar in the Lobby, cast aside for the courtly frock coat; observed him as he strode forth, producing pair of lavender kid gloves.

"Odd," said DOUGLAS, reflectively. "FITZGERALD never expected to go to Garden Party; down here to help me; sudden emergency, and spirit of self-devotion, suggested to him to run over, and see what could be done; happy chance to find him, by exception, in the right rig. It would never have done for him to rush over to Marlborough House to meet the QUEEN in his 'reefer.' Curious, when I come to think of it. Hope there's not more in it than meets the eye."

But there was. Debate on ROBERTSON'S Amendment abruptly closed; Division rushed; position of Government critical; AKERS-DOUGLAS anxiously on look-out for FITZGERALD and the Marlborough House relief party; but they came not, and on Division Government saved by skin of teeth and eight votes. An hour later, PENROSE FITZGERALD returned to Lobby with guilty look; carefully avoided AKERS-DOUGLAS; that able captain too broken-hearted at the perfidy to be angry; "NOAH'S dove didn't treat him so," he said to himself; but all he said to FITZGERALD was, "Pleasant Party at Marlborough House, I suppose?" "Yee-es," said FITZGERALD; "rather; couldn't get back quite as soon as I expected."

Business done. — Irish Votes in Supply.

Tuesday. — Regular set-to of Irish Members on Prince ARTHUR. MADDEN gallantly threw himself across body of his chief, but got such fearful pummelling retired into silence for rest of sitting. What made it worse for ARTHUR was Chairman's ruling; pulled him up more than once amid loud cheers from Opposition. TIM HEALY on war-path; quotes TENNYSON with odd variation; represents Prince ARTHUR as saying of Irish Members, "You have not got the pose that marks the cast of VERE DE VERE." Proceedings occasionally



Haste to the Wedding.

lively; grow a little monotonous after first five hours. Met STUART hurrying off, humming to himself the air, "*Haste to the Wedding*."

"Aron't you going to stay for division?" I asked.

"No," said he. "I mustered; strikes only on the box; when you ask for it, see that you get it; none other genuine. Have an important engagement to-morrow morning. If you're waking COLMAN early, COLMAN early, TOBY dear."

Stared at this incoherent speech; thought at first he was mad or had dined. Then I remembered that to-morrow, at Norfolk, he marries Miss COLMAN.

Business done. — More Irish Votes.

Thursday. — *E pur si muove*: that is to say, it will move; they'll all move, in spite of BRAMWELL. London, probably, the only population in the world that possesses the supernatural patience necessary to submit to having its movements obstructed by bars and gates put up across some of its principal thoroughfares. Oddly enough, they congregate round congeries of Railway Stations in the North. To-day, ROSEBERY in Lords moves Second Reading of Bill designed to have them swept away. BRAMWELL protests. "Speaking," he said, "in name of over two hundred people who live in district affected by the Bill, I ask your Lordships to reject it." This too much even for House of Lords. That alleged luxury of two hundred people should weigh against convenience of the population of London was a little monstrous. BRAMWELL kept his countenance admirably. LORD CHANCELLOR looked on admiringly.

"That's the man for me, TOBY," he said. "If we could only have a House of Lords all BRAMWELLS, with me on Woolsack, we'd make Old England once more a merry spot."

Rest of House, however, would not enter into joke. MARKISS admitted that, being a constant passenger by Great Northern Railway, he generally "said a dam" when passing these gates. This felt to be a shocking state of things. Gates and bars must be bundled off, if only to prevent use of bad language by PRIME MINISTER. BRAMWELL reluctantly admitted this, still pleading with touching eloquence for preservation of the obstruction.

"My Lords," he said, "think of what you're doing to this great capital, of which we are all so justly proud. The Tower has become a disused place, and its historic hill no more reverberates to the merry chopping of the headman's axe. Temple Bar has gone, and long ago have vanished the heads that used to look wistfully down on the passing chairmen. The chairmen themselves have sped into eternity, and in their place circles the Hansom cab. No more does the lovely, lonely oil lamp swing at the corners of our streets. Your Lordships can wend your way homeward as far West as Kensington, or as far North as Highbury, without meeting the casual footpad. The town is drained; the river is embanked; our streets are paved; and we have a penny post. Almost all that is left to us of the good old times are these bars, arbitrarily set up across our thoroughfare, watched by a gentleman in a seedy suit, and a rain-beaten hat girl with tarnished golden lace. I beseech your Lordships, by your memories of infancy, by your love of our old Constitution, by the faith of your Order, by your fidelity to your Sovereign, to spare these last lingering relics of the London that helped to make our Empire great."

House plainly touched at this outburst of eloquence. Lord BANGOR closed his eyes, and clasped his hands, as if in Church. If there can be any arrangement made in Committee by which the gates and bars, after removal, may be placed in convenient order round BRAMWELL'S residence, so that he shall be forced to make *détours* as he goes about his daily business, it shall be done. With this understanding, Amendment withdrawn, and Bill read Second Time.

Business done. — In Commons, more about Irish Votes.

Friday. — Vote for Irish Prisons Board on in Committee of Supply. Interesting conversation between Prince ARTHUR and recent inmates of the prisons. O'BRIEN protests that the treatment was abominable. Prince ARTHUR cites O'B.'s personal appearance in proof that things are not so bad as they are painted. "Four times you've been in prison," he urged, "and see how well you look." DILLON takes objection to the prison garb; discloses strong yearning to see Prince ARTHUR arrayed in it. ARTHUR quite content with his present tailor. SHAW-LEFFEVRE joins in conversation; ARTHUR looks at him longingly. "They say we shan't be in office another year, TOBY,"



"As if in Church."

he observed, as SHAW-LEFEVRE proceeded at some length; "but I should like to be CHIEF SECRETARY long enough to get a chance of running SHAW-LEFEVRE in. He's very slippery; knows how near he may go without incurring actual risk; but I'll have him some day." *Business done.*—Irish Votes happily concluded.

A SPORTING STYLE.

(With Examples.)

Prefatory Note.—It is a common mistake to suppose that the present generation frowns upon the literary achievements of the descriptive reporter who chronicles the great deeds of athletes, carmen, pugilists, and sportsmen generally.



On the contrary, if we may pretend to judge from a wide and long-continued study, we should say that the *vates sacer* of the present day, though he may not rival his predecessors in refinement and classical allusion, is by no means inferior to them in wealth of language and picturesque irrelevancy. Sporting reporting, in fact, was never more of a fine art, and on the whole has rarely been better paid, than it is at the present day. In the hope that many a young journalist may be helped in his struggle for fame and fortune, *Mr. Punch* proposes to publish a short manual of sporting reports, with examples and short notes, that may explain the *technique* of the business to the aspirant.

RULES.

1. Always remember that you are a sporting reporter, and be as sportive as you can. The dig-in-the-ribs and chuck-her-under-the-chin style is always effective.
2. Speak of everybody by his Christian name or his nick-name.
3. If you think a man ought to have a nickname, invent one for him.
4. Employ stock quotations wherever they are least required, and give a music-hall flavour to every report.
5. If possible, misquote.
6. Avoid all simple language.
7. Patronise all titled sportsmen, and pat wealthy bookmakers on the back.
8. Never miss an opportunity of showing that you are on familiar terms with the sun, moon, rain, wind, and weather in general. Do this, as a rule, by means of classical tags vulgarised down to the level of a costermonger's cart.
9. Spin out your sentences.
10. Mix up your metaphors, moods, tenses, singulars, plurals, and the sense generally.
11. Refer often to "the good old days" you don't remember, and bewail the decadence of sport of all kinds.
12. Occasionally be haughty and contemptuous, and make a parade of rugged and incorruptible honesty. In short, be as vain and offensive as you can.
13. Set yourself up as an infallible judge of every branch of sport and athletics.

First Example.—Event to be reported: An American pugilist arrives at Euston, and is received by his English friends and sympathisers.

O'FLAHERTY IN ENGLAND.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHAMPION. HIS RECEPTION.
WHAT HE THINKS OF ENGLAND.

It was somewhere towards "the witching hour of noon" that the broad and splendid artery of commerce, to wit, the Euston Road, became, for the nonce, a scene of unwonted, and ever-increasing excitement. Old Plu* had promised, as per Admiral FITZROY'S patent hocus-pocuser, to give us a taste of his quality; and it is unnecessary, in this connection, to observe that the venerable disciple of Swithin the Saint was as good as his word. But Britons never never shall be slaves. England expected every man to do his duty. Forward the Light Brigade, and so on to where glory and an express train were waiting, or would be waiting, before you had time to knock a tenpenny nail on the head twice. The company on the platform comprised the *élite* of the sporting world. "Bluff" TOMMY POPPIN, the ever courteous host of "The Chequers," "BILL" TOOTWON, by his friends yept the Masher, JAKE RUMBELO, the middle-weight World's Champion, were all there, wreathed in silvery smiles, and all on the nod, on the nod, on the nod, as the poet hath it, though why "hath it" no man can tell, in words that will last while Old Sol, the shiner, drives his spanking tits along the azure road. Punctual to the moment the train steamed into the station, and the giant form of O'FLAHERTY, the "man in a million," leaped out of the railway carriage, amid the plaudits of all the blue blood of England's sports. In answer to inquiries the Champion laughingly

* An agreeable variant for this is Ju. P.

said, "he guessed this was a mighty wet country for a dry man," and proceeded to the refreshment-room, where he "asked a p'leece-man"—oh no, not at all, but, "Deep as the rolling Znyder Zee, he drank the foaming juice of Grapes." Thence a move was made to the palatial office of the *Sporting Standard*, where the Champion was introduced to the Staff. Hands all round followed, and a glorious day wound up with a visit to the theatrical resorts of the latter-day Babylon, in company with some of the right sort, though these be getting both fewer and farther between than in the good old days.

AUSTRALIA AT ST. PAUL'S.

[On the 17th of July the Earl of ROSEBURY unveiled a Memorial erected in St. Paul's Cathedral to the late Right Hon. WILLIAM BEDE DALLEY, of New South Wales, mainly through whose personal exertions, when Chief Secretary to the Ministry there, the Colonial Contingent was dispatched to the aid of England in the Soudan. This, as Lord ROSEBURY said, is the first Memorial which has been erected to a Colonist in our Metropolitan Cathedral.]

THE mighty Empire reared upon the main,
He "cherished, served, and laboured to maintain."
And who will doubt the claim by this made good
To neighbouring NELSON, and our COLLINGWOOD?
His country holds her loyal son's remains;
But here, whilst WREN'S huge dome rolls back the strains
Of the great organ's golden mouths, or while
Pœan or requiem sounds along the aisle
Sacred to mighty memories, DALLEY'S name
Inscribed amongst our home-born heirs of fame
Shall stand, and show to all our Island brood
Australia's love, and England's gratitude.

VERY MUCH AT SEA.

As there appears to be some confusion with regard to the exact nature of the programme scheme for the forthcoming Naval Autumn Manœuvres, the following sketch, gleaned from recent inquiry on the subject made at Whitehall, may, if he can manage to follow it, possibly serve to enlighten the uninitiated outsider.



An enemy's fleet, having, it is supposed, escaped the vigilance of the Channel Squadron, consisting of H.M. First-class Battle-ship *Blunderer*, accompanied by the third-class cruiser *Jack-ass*, and the torpedo-boats *Corkscrew* and *Tooth-brush*, which, also it is supposed, represent a fleet of thirty-six iron-clads, twenty-six armoured cruisers, attended by fifty torpedo vessels, have sailed victoriously up the Thames, and, having seized the *Serpentine*, command the, equally supposed, Milk Supply of Bayswater, Paddington, and the whole of the North of London. This news having been conveyed to another fancied fleet that is covering a convoy of ships, imagined to be attempting to land corn, that they have brought from ports across the Atlantic, simultaneously at Pegwell Bay, Margate, and the Isle of Dogs, it is again supposed that, acting under sealed orders, they elude the enemy, and dividing their forces, make for Gravesend, Liverpool, Dundee, "The Welsh Harp" at Hendon, and Yarmouth. The problem, therefore, presented to Admiral FLYOFF, who is in command of the defending squadrons, will be, after utilising the supposed coast defences, and mining the *Serpentine*, to force the enemy to accept the issue of an open action on the Regent's Canal, and the Ornamental Water at the Crystal Palace. Failing this, it will be left to the Umpires, who, being supposed to be in several places at the same time, will be provided with a tricycle, fog-horn, and telescope, to enable them to adjudge the exact amount of success or failure following respectively on each effort, with as near a resemblance as is possible to the probable issues in real warfare. Any matters remaining in dispute and undecided, will be ultimately settled by the First Lord, who will toss up with a two-headed halfpenny, specially provided for, in the Estimates, for the purpose.

A glance at the above will show that the scheme, though simple in conception, may easily become complicated; but if kept in view, with an accompanying reference to the daily letters of the Correspondents of five Penny Papers, by anyone, who will further pick out the names and positions of places named, and mark them with pins on the Railway Map attached to *Bradshaw's Guide*, it may serve to throw some light on the course of events, and leave the inquiring investigator, though still very much at sea, yet in possession of some scraps of useful information.



A "SCENE" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Ill-used Husband (under the Bed). "AYE! YE MAY CRACK ME, AND YE MAY THRASH ME, BUT YE CANNNA BREAK MY MANLY SPERRIT. I'LL NA COME OOT!!"

PUNCH TO THE SECOND BATTALION.

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"
JUVENAL.

You'RE off, boys, to Bermuda
(Like "the Bermoothes,"
"vexed").
The Guards rebel? *Proh pudor!*
What next—and next—and
next?
Who'll guard the Guards, if they
guard not
The fame they should revere?
Fie on the row, row, row, row,
Of the British Grenadier!

Your *Punch* is sorry for you,
And for these lads "in quod;"
But Discipline's a parent
That *must* not spare the rod.
May you right soon redeem your
name,
And no more may *Punch* hear
Of the row, row, row, row, row,
row,
Of the British Grenadier!

If you have been o'er-worried
By ultra-Martinet;
Into un wisdom hurried,
Be sure BULL won't forget.
But England's Redcoats must not
ape [clear;
The Hyde Park bowl, that's
So no more row, row, row, row,
From the British Grenadier!

ROBERT'S AMERICAN ACQUAINTANCE.

My acquaintance among eminent celebrities seems to be rapidly increasing. Within what *Amlet* calls a week, a little week, after my larst intervus with the eminent young Swell as amost lost his art to the pretty Bridesmade, I have been onored with the most cordial notice of a werry eminent Amerrycane, who cums to London wunee ewery year, and makes a good long stay, and allus cums to one or other of our Grand Otels. He says he's taken quite a fancy to me, and for this most singlar reason. He says as I'm the ony Englishman as he has ewer known who can allus giv a answer rite off to ewery question as he arks me! So much so, that he says as how as I ort to be apinted the Guide, Peelosofer, and Friend of ewery one of the many Wisiters as we allus has a staying here!

Well, all I can say is, that if I affords the hominent Amerrycane jest about harf the fun and emusement as he does me, I must be a much cleverer feller than I ewer thort myself, or than my better harf ewer told me as I was. Ah, wouldn't he jest make her stare a bit if she herd sum of his most owdacious sayings. Why, he achshally says, that the hole system of marrying for life is all a mistake, and not consistent with our changable nature! And that we ort to taks our Wives on lease, as we does our houses, wiz., for sewen or fourteen years, and that in a great majority of cases they woud both be preshus glad when the end of the lease came! And he tries werry hard to make me bleeve, tho in course he doesn't succeed, that in one part of his grate and staggering Country, ewerybody does jest as he likes in these rayther himportant matters, and has jest as many Wives as he can afford to keep, and that the King of that place has about a dozen of 'em! Ah, if you wants to hear a reel downright staggerer as nobody carnt posserbly bleeve, don't "ask the Pleaceman," but arsk an Amerrycane!

He wanted werry much to go to Brighton, and see our new Grand Metropole Otel opened last Satterday; so I spoke to our most gentlemanly Manager, and he gave him a ticket that took him down first-class, and brort him back, and took him into the Otel, and supplied him with hevverythink as art coud wish for, or supply, and as much Champagne as he coud posserbly drink—and, when there ain't nothink to pay for it, it's reelly estonishing what a quantity a gennelman can dispose of —; and the way in which he afterwards told me as he showed his gratitude for what he called a reel first-class heavening's enjoyment was, to engags a delicious little sweet of apartments for a fortnite, so we shall see him no more for that length of time. He told me as he had seen all the great Otels of Urope and Amerrykey, but he was obligated to confess, in his own emphatic langwidge, that the Brighton Metropole "licked all creation!" I didn't quite understand him, but I've no doubt it was intended as rayther complimentary. He rayther staggered me

by asking what it cost, but I was reddy with my anser, and boldly said, jest exacly a quarter of a million.

He told me that, in his own grand country, he was generally regarded as a werry truthful man, which, of course, I was plessed to hear, for sum of his statements was that staggering as wood have made me dowe it in a feller-countryman. For hinstance, he achshally tried to make me bleeve that his Country is about 20 times as big as ours! Well, in course, common politeness made me pretend to bleeve him, speshally as he's remarkable liberal to me, as most of his countrymen is, but I coudn't help thinking as it woud have been wiser of him if he had made his werry long Bow jest a leetle shorter. He's a remarkabel fine-looking gennelman, and his manners quite comes up to my description.

ROBERT.

A LYRIC FOR LOWESTOFT.

[Mr. HENRY IRVING is studying for his new piece at Lowestoft.]

HENRY IRVING, will the Master feel the fierce and bracing breeze,
As you wander by the margin of the restless Eastern seas?

Save the seagull slowly swirling none
shall hear the tale of woe,
Learn how dark the life that ended in
the fatal "Kelpie's Flow."

'Mid the murmur of the ocean you will
tell how *Edgar* felt
When his *Lucy* broke her troth-plight,
and he flung down *Craigengelt*.

Fitting place for actor's study, all that
long and lonely shore;
Yonder point methinks as *Wolf's Crag*
should be known for evermore.

Henceforth will the place be haunted
when the midnight hour draws nigh:
Men shall see the Master standing stern
against the stormy sky.

Faint, impalpable as shadow from the clondland, *Lucy* there
Shall keep tryst; the moon's effulgence not more golden than her hair.

And, in coming nights of Autumn, when the vast Lyceum rings
With reverberating plaudits, and the town thy praises sings,

Memories of the sands at Lowestoft shall be with you ere you sleep;
In your ears once more shall echo diapason of the deep.



A DREAM OF UNFAIRLY-TREATED WOMEN.

(A Long Way After the Laureate.)



I READ, before
my eyelids
dropt their
shade,
A leader on
weak wo-
men and
their woe,
In toil and
industry,
in art and
trade,
In this hard
world be-
low.

And for a-
while the
thought of
the sad part
Played by
them and of
Fate's ill-
bala need
scales,
Moistened
mine eye-
lids, and
made ache
mine heart,
Remember-
ing these
strange
tales

Of woman's miseries in every land,
I saw wherever poverty draws breath
Woman and anguish walking hand in hand,
The dreary road to death.
Those pallid sempstresses of Hood's great
song
Peopled the hollow dark, not now alone,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and
wrong,
And grief's sad monotone,
From hearts, like flints, beaten by tyrant
hoofs;
And I saw crowds in sombre sweating-dens,
With reeking walls and dank and dripping
roofs—
Fit scarce for styes or pens.
Death at home's sin-stained threshold;
honour's fall [hold pet,
Dislodging from her throne love's house-
And wan-faced purity a tyrant's thrall,
With wild eyes sorrow-wet.
And unsexed women facing heated blasts
And Tophet fumes, and flattering tongues
of fire;
And virtue staked on most unholy casts,
And honour sold for hire:

Squadrons and troops of girls of brazen air,
Tramping the tainted city to and fro,
With feverish flautings veiling chill despair
And deeply-centred woe.

So shape chased shape. I saw a neat-garbed
nurse,
Wan with excessive work; and, bowed
with toil,
A shop-girl sickly, of the primal curse
Each looked the helpless spoil.

Anon I saw a lady, at night's fall
Still than chiseled marble, standing
there;
A daughter of compassion, slender, tall,
And delicately fair.

Her weariness with shams and with surprise
My spirit shocked: she turning on my face
The heavy glances of unrested eyes,
Spoke mildly in her place.

"I have long duties; ask thou not my name
Some say I fret at a fair destiny.
Many I have to tend; to make my claim
Some venture: we shall see."

"I trust, good lady, that in a fair field,
The case 'twixt you and tyranny will be
tried."
I said; then turning promptly I appealed
To one who stood beside.

She said, "Poor pay, and plenteous fines,
and worse,
Made me rebel amidst my mates' applause.
To insubordination I'm averse,
But have I not good cause?"

"We are cut off from hope in our hard place,
Sweet factory? Ah, well, our sweets are few.
We strike for justice. Man might show some
grace,
I think, Sir; do not you?"

Turning I saw, ranging a flowery pile,
One sitting in an entry dark and cold;
A girl with hectic cheeks, and hollow smile;
Wired roses there she sold,
Or strove to sell; but often on her ear
The harrying voice of stern policeman
struck,
And chased her from her vantage, till a tear
Fell at her "wretched luck."

Again I saw a wan domestic drudge
Scuttering across a smug suburban lawn;
Tired with the nightly watch, the morning
trudge,
The toil at early dawn.

And then a frail and thin-clad governess,
Hurrying to daily misery through the rain,
Toiling, with soanty food, and scanty dress,
Long hours for little gain.

Anon a spectral shop-girl creeping back
To her dull garret-home through the chill
night, [paid hack
Bowed, heart-sick, spirit-crushed, poor ill-
Of harsh commercial might!

These I beheld, the world's sad woman-
throng,
Work-ridden vassals of its Mammon-god,
Their destiny to creep and drudge along,
And kiss grief's chastening rod.

And then I saw a spirit surface-fair,
A Maenad-masked betrayer, base, impure,
But with sin's glittering garb, and radiant
Gay laugh, and golden lure. [air,

It smiled, it beckoned—whither? To the
abyss! [drawn
But of that throng how many may be
By the gay glamour and the siren kiss
To where sin's soul-gulfs yawn?

How many? No response my vision gave.
Make answer, if ye may, ye lords of gain!
Make answer, if ye know, ye chiders grave
Of late revolt, and vain!

Dream of Fair Women? Nay, for work and
want
Mar maiden comeliness and matron grace.
Let sober judgment, clear of gush and cant,
The bitter problem face!

ERIN AVENGED.—The Irish champions,
HAMILTON, PIM, and STOKES, have won the
"All-England" (it should be All-Irish) Tennis
Championship, both Single and Double, beat-
ing the hitherto invincible Brothers RENS-
SHAW, and other lesser Lights of the Lawn. And
now at Bisley the Irish Team have, for the
third time in succession, won the Elcho Chal-
lenge Shield. The old caveat will have to be
changed into "No non-Irish need apply!"

QUITE THE NEWEST SONGS.—"Over the
Sparkling Serpentine." By the author and
composer of "Across the Still Lagoon." "Five
Men in a Cab." By the ditto ditto of "Three
Men in a Boat;" "Hates Copper Night-
mare" to follow "Love's Golden Dream;"
and the "General's Dustpan," also, shortly;
a companion song to the popular "Admiral's
Broom."

"A GATHERING OF THE CLAN."—According
to Debrett, the Earl of CLANCARTY (by the
way, the Patent of Nobility granted to this
family in 1793, is consequently not a hundred
years old) bears on his arms "A Sun in splen-
dour." The authority is too good to imagine
for a moment that this can be a misprint!

WEEK BY WEEK.

Monday.—Colney Hatch Hussars' Annual private Introspection. Balloon rises at Chelsea. Sets to partners after midnight.
Tuesday.—Beadle of Burlington Arcade's Copper Wedding Festivities commence. Kangaroo Shooting in Fleet Street begins.
Wednesday.—Mr. Punch up and out with the lark. Afternoon Fireworks on the Stock Exchange. Hippopotamus-washing in the Serpentine commences.
Thursday.—Billiard Championship contest in the Pool below London Bridge. Cannons supplied by the Tower. Anniversary Festivity to celebrate the Discovery of cheap Ginger Beer by the Chinese B.C. 3700.
Friday.—Opening of the "Wash and Brush you up" Company's Automatic Machine, by Prince HENRY of BATTENBERG. Total Eclipse of the Moon, invisible at Herne Bay and Pekin.
Saturday.—Tinned Oyster Season commences. Fancy Dress Ball at Bedlam. Close time for Hyenas in Belgrave Square.

The Austrian Inventor, who has just designed his ship of a mile in length that is to travel through the water at eighty-seven miles an hour, and cross the Atlantic in something under a day and a half, is, I am told, only waiting the requisite capital to enable him at once to set about carrying his project into effect. Each vessel will be provided with an Opera House a Cathedral, including a Bishop, who will be one of the ship's salaried officers; a Circus, Cricket-ground, Ceme-



A WASTED EPIGRAM.

"WHERE IS THE EVENING GAZETTE, WAITER!"
 "PLEASE, SIR, IT'S NOT YET SEWN."
 "SOWN, SIR! IT OUGHT TO HAVE COME UP!"

tery, Race-course, Gambling-saloon, and a couple of lines of Electric Tram-cars. The total charge for board and transit will be only 10s. 6d. a day, which will bring the fare to New York to something like 16s. As it is calculated that at least 100,000 passengers will cross the Atlantic on each journey, the financial aspect of the whole concern seems sound. As I said before, the only difficulty is the capital. Surely some enterprising Croesus who has thirty millions lying idle in the Two-and-a-half per Centa. might look at the matter.

"A SPORTING TIPSTER" writes:—"Perhaps you are not aware that the feature of next Season's Foot-ball will be the arrival of a strong team of the Kajawee Cannibal Islanders, a ferocious race, who have been instructed in the game by a celebrated Midland half-back. As in practice they invariably, instead of a foot-ball, use a fresh human head, and in a scrimmage leave half their number dead on the field, by having recourse to the 'Kogo' or 'Spine Splitting Stroke,' introduced from a local athletic game, some excitement will no doubt be manifested in sporting circles when they meet the Clapham Rovers, as I believe, it is arranged they shall do at the Oval, early in November next."

Hats of the style of the earliest portion of the Saxon Heptarchy will not, after all, be seen in the Row during this Season, though several male leaders of fashion are stated to have given orders for them on an approved model.

MINE AND THINE.

[In a recent case, a promoter of Gold Mining Companies was asked if any of his Companies had ever paid a penny of dividend. His answer was, "You cannot know much about gold mines to ask such a question." He admitted, however, that he himself had made some £50,000 out of them. "This," he said, "is not profit; it is the realisation of property."]

TAKE a patch of land in Africa and multiply by ten,
 Then extract a ton of metal from an ounce or two of sand;
 Write a roseate prospectus with a magnifying pen,
 Making deserts flow with honey in a rich and smiling land.
 Take some crumbs of truth, and spread them with a covering of boah,
 And conceal them in a pie-crust labelled "Promises to pay";
 Hide away all dirty linen, or remove it home to wash,
 And then begin the process which the wise ones call "Convey."
 Next collect a band of brothers, all inspired by one desire,
 To subserve the public interest, single-hearted men and true;
 Stuff with shares, and thus permit them in your kindness to acquire,
 At a price, the vendor's property,—the vendor being you.
 Then, since you must make a profit, call the public to your aid;
 Let them give you all their money, which they think they only lend;
 And of course you mustn't tell them, till the fools have safely paid,
 Mines were made for sinking money, not for raising dividend.
 And the clergy bring their savings, the widows bring their store,
 And they push to reach your presence, and they jostle and they fall,
 And at last they pile their money in a heap before your door;
 And, just to make them happy, you accept and keep it all.
 So you make your mine by begging—(modern miners never dig),—
 And you float a gorgeous Company. The shares go spinning up;

But you never "rig the market." (What an awkward word is "rig"!)
 And you drain success in bumpers from an overflowing cup.
 Then one day the thing gets shaky, and it goes from bad to worse,
 And the public grasps a shadow where it tried to hold a share;
 And in vain the country clergy most unclerically curse,
 You have "realised your property," and end a millionaire.

COMING SEA-SCRAPES AT CHELSEA.

(Drawn by an Insider.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,
 THAT the sister Service should also have its turn at Chelsea I reckon I can understand, and the Show ought to be popular; but if the Admiralty want to make a further "exhibition" of themselves, they won't have to go very far a-field for material. Here are one or two exhibits that come to hand at once. First, there's those big guns which it ain't safe to fire nohow, and which, if you do load with half a charge, crack, bend, and get sent back to be "ringed" up, whatever that means, and are not safe, even for a salute, ever afterwards. Then, in another case, they might show a foot or two of that blessed boiler-piping which is always leaking, or splitting, or bursting, just when it shouldn't. In a third they might display a chop that had been cooked from lying exposed in one of those famous stokeholes where the poor beggars of sailors are expected to pass their time without getting roasted too. Then there might be, as a sort of prize puzzle, a plan of these here recent manoeuvres, with the Umpire's opinion of the whole blessed jumble tacked on to it. Then, to enliven the proceedings, Lord GEORGE might take his turn with the rest of the Admiralty Board, and give us, every half hour or so, a figure or two of the Hornpipe, just to let the public see that they have got some sort of nautical "go" about them to warrant them in drawing their big screw. Bless you, Mr. Punch, there's lots to make an Exhibition of at Chelsea next year if you come to calculate. Leastways that's the opinion of your humble servant and admirer,
 A TAX-PAYING LANDLUBBER.

ON, GUARDS!

THE BAD FORM OF THE PAST.

THERE he stood in his evening dress, with a half-smoked cigarette between his lips. He had been knocking about Piccadilly all day, had dined at the Junior, looked in at the Opera, and finished at the Steak. He seemed a civilian of civilians. The most casual observer would have declared that he could never have seen the inside of a barrack-yard. So no surprise was expressed when the question was asked him.

"What am I?" he repeated, languidly, and then he replied, with a yawn, "Can't you see, old Chappie? Why, an Officer in the Guards!"

THE GOOD FORM OF THE FUTURE.

There he stood in his neat, serviceable undress uniform, with a cigar between his lips. He had abandoned the swagger frogged coat and silk sash for the unpretending patrol jacket of his brethren in the Line. He had been hard at work all day in barracks, inspecting meals, visiting the hospital, attending parades. He had paid his company personally, had seen every man, and found that there were no complaints. He had attended a mess meeting, and had dined at mess, playing a rubber afterwards (sixpenny points) in the ante-room. He knew as much about the internal economy of the Battalion as the Colonel, the Adjutant, or the Sergeant-Major. He seemed a soldier of soldiers. The most casual observer would have declared that he was acquainted with every inch of the barrack-yard. So general surprise was expressed when the question was asked him.

"What am I?" he repeated, briskly; and then he replied, with a smile, "Can't you see, stupid? Why, an Officer in the Guards!"

VOCES POPULI.

AT A GARDEN-PARTY.

SCENE—A London Lawn. A Band in a costume half-way between the uniforms of a stage hussar and a circus groom, is performing under a tree. Guests discovered slowly pacing the turf, or standing and sitting about in groups.

Mrs. Maynard Gery (to her Brother-in-law—who is thoroughly aware of her little weaknesses). Oh, PHIL,—you know everybody—do tell me! Who is that common-looking little man with the scrubby beard, and the very yellow gloves—how does he come to be here?

Phil. Where? Oh, I see him. Well—have you read *Sabrina's Uncle's Other Niece*?

Mrs. M. G. No—ought I to have? I never even heard of it!

Phil. Really? I wonder at that—tremendous hit—you must order it—though I doubt if you'll be able to get it.

Mrs. M. G. Oh, I shall insist on having it. And he wrote it? Really, PHIL, now I come to look at him, there's something rather striking about his face. Did you say *Sabrina's Niece's Other Aunt*—or what?

Phil. *Sabrina's Uncle's Other Niece* was what I said—not that it signifies.

Mrs. M. G. Oh, but I always attach the greatest importance to names, myself. And do you know him?

Phil. What, TABLETT? Oh, yes—decent little chap; not much to say for himself, you know.

Mrs. M. G. I don't mind that when a man is clever—do you think you could bring him up and introduce him?

Phil. Oh, I could—but I won't answer for your not being disappointed in him.

Mrs. M. G. I have never been disappointed in any genius yet—perhaps, because I don't expect too much—so go, dear boy; he may be surrounded unless you get hold of him soon. [PHIL obeys.]

Phil (addressing the Scrubby Man). Well, TABLETT, old fellow, how are things going with you? *Sabrina* flourishing?

Mr. Tablett (enthusiastically). It's a tremendous hit, my boy; orders coming in so fast they don't know how to execute 'em—there's a fortune in it, as I always told you!

Phil. Capital!—but you've such luck. By the way, my sister-in-law is most anxious to know you.

Mr. T. (flattered). Very kind of her. I shall be delighted. I was just thinking I felt quite a stranger here.

Phil. Come along then, and I'll introduce you. If she asks you to her parties by any chance, mind you go—sure to meet a lot of interesting people.

Mr. T. (pulling up his collar). Just what I enjoy—meeting interesting people—the only society worth cultivating, to my mind, Sir. Give me intellect—it's of more value than wealth!

[They go in search of Mrs. M. G.]

First Lady on Chair. Look at the dear Vicar, getting that poor Lady PAUPERSE an ice. What a very spiritual expression he has, to be sure—really quite apostolic!

Second Lady. We are not in his parish, but I have always heard him spoken of as a most excellent man.

First Lady. Excellent! My dear, that man is a perfect Saint! I don't believe he knows what it is to have a single worldly thought! And such trials as he has to bear, too! With that dreadful wife of his!

Second Lady. That's the wife, isn't it?—the dowdy little woman, all alone, over there? Dear me, what could he have married her for?

First Lady. Oh, for her money, of course, my dear!

Mrs. Pattallons (to Mrs. ST. MARTIN SOMERVILLE). Why, it really is you! I absolutely didn't know you at first. I was just thinking, "Now who is that young and lovely person coming along the path? You see—I came out without my glasses to-day, which accounts for it!"

Mr. Chuck (meeting a youthful Matron and Child). Ah, Mrs. SHARPE, how do do! I'm all right. Hullo, Toro, how are you, eh, young lady?

Toto (primly). I'm very well indeed, thank you. (With sudden interest). How's the idiot? Have you seen him lately?

Mr. C. (mystified). The idiot, eh? Why, fact is, I don't know any idiot!—give you my word!

Toto (impatiently). Yes, you do—you know. The one Mummy says you're next door to—you must see him sometimes! You did say Mr. CHUCK was next door to an idiot, didn't you, Mummy?

Tableau. Mrs. Prattleton. Let me see—did we have a fine Summer in '87? Yes, of course—I always remember the weather by the clothes we wore, and that June and July we wore scarcely anything—some filmy stuff that belonged to one's ancestress, don't you know. Such fun! By the way, what has become of LUCY?

Mrs. St. Patticker. Oh, I've quite lost sight of her lately—you see she's so perfectly happy now, that she's ceased to be in the least interesting!

Mrs. Hussiffe (to Mr. DE MURE). Perhaps you can tell me of a good coal merchant? The people who supply me now are perfect fiends, and I really must go somewhere else.

Mr. De Mure. Then I'm afraid you must be rather difficult to please.

Mr. TABLETT has been introduced to Mrs. MAYNARD GERY—with the following result.

Mrs. M. G. (enthusiastically). I'm so delighted to make your acquaintance. When my brother-in-law told me who you were, I positively very nearly shrieked. I am such an admirer of your—(thinks she won't commit herself to the whole title—and so compounds)—your delightful *Sabrina*!

Mr. T. Most gratified to hear it, I'm sure. I'm told there's a growing demand for it.

Mrs. M. G. Such a hopeful sign—when one was beginning quite to despair of the public taste!

Mr. T. Well, I've always said—So long as you give the Public a really first-rate article, and are prepared to spend any amount of money on pushing it, you know, you're sure to see a handsome return for your outlay—in the long run. And you see, I've had this carefully analysed by competent judges—

Mrs. M. G. Ah, but you can feel independent of criticism, can't you?

Mr. T. Oh, I defy anyone to find anything unwholesome in it—it's as suitable for the most delicate child as it is for adults—nothing to irritate the most sensitive—

Mrs. M. G. Ah, you mean certain critics are so thin-skinned—they are indeed!

Mr. T. (warming to his subject). But the beauty of this particular composition is that it causes absolutely no unpleasantness or inconvenience afterwards. In some cases, indeed, it acts like a charm. I've known of two cases of long-standing erysipelas it has completely cured.

Mrs. M. G. (rather at sea). How gratifying that must be. But that is the magic of all truly great work, it is such an anodyne—it takes people so completely out of themselves—doesn't it?

Mr. T. It takes anything of that sort out of them, Ma'am. It's the finest discovery of the age, no household will be without it in a few months—though perhaps I say it who shouldn't.

Mrs. M. G. (still more astonished). Oh, but I like to hear you. I'm so tired of hearing people pretending to disparage what they have done, it's such a pose, and I hate posing. Real genius is never modest. (If he had been more retiring, she would have, of course, reversed this axiom.) I wish you would come and see me on one of my Tuesdays, Mr. TABLETT, I should feel so honoured, and I think you would meet some congenial spirits—do look in some evening—I will send you a card if I may—let me see—could you come and luncheon next Sunday? I've got a little man coming who was very nearly eaten up by cannibals. I think he would interest you.

Mr. T. I shall be proud to meet him. Er—did they eat much of him?

Mrs. M. G. (*who privately thinks this rather vulgar*). How witty you are! That's quite worthy of a—*Sabrina*, really! Then you will come? So glad. And now I mustn't keep you from your other admirers any longer. [*She dismisses him.*]

LATER.

Mrs. M. G. (*to her Brother-in-law*). How could you say that dear Mr. TABLET was dull, PHIL? I found him perfectly charming—so original and unconventional! He's promised to come to me. By the way, *what* did you say the name of his book was?

Phil. I never said he had written a book.

Mrs. M. G. PHIL—you did!—*Sabrina's Other—Something*. Why, I've been *praising* it to him, entirely on your recommendation.

Phil. No, no—your mistake. I only asked you if you'd read *Sabrina's Uncle's Other Niece*, and, as I made up the title on the spur of the moment, I should have been rather surprised if you had. He never wrote a line in his life.

Mrs. M. G. How abominable of you! But surely he's famous for something? He talks like it. [*With reviving hope.*]

Phil. Oh, yes, he's the inventor and patentee of the new "Sabrina" Soap—he says he'll make a fortune over it.

Mrs. M. G. But he hasn't even done that yet! PHIL, I'll never forgive you for letting me make such an idiot of myself. What am I to do now? I can't have him coming to me—he's really too impossible!

Phil. Do? Oh, order some of the soap, and wash your hands of him, I suppose—not that he isn't a good deal more presentable than some of your lions, after all's said and done!

[Mrs. M. G., before she takes her leave, contrives to inform

Mr. TABLET, with her prettiest penitence, that she has only just recollected that her luncheon party is put off, and that her Tuesdays are over for the Season. Directly she returns to Town, she promises to let him hear from her: in the meantime, he is not to think of troubling himself to call. So there is no harm done, after all.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

(Last Week of Opera.)

Monday.—*Hamlet*. Music by AMBROISE THOMAS, and libretto by Messieurs CARRÉ and BARBIER, who seem to have read *Hamlet* once through, after which they wrote down as a libretto what they remembered of the story. It would be difficult to mention any Opera less dramatic than this. The question arises at once, adapting the immortal phrase of JAMES LE SIFFLEUR, "Why lug in *Hamlet*?" Why not have called it *Ophelia*? Whatever interest there may be in the Opera—and there is very little—is centred entirely in *Ophelia*. The *Ghost* is utterly purposeless, but of distinguished appearance as a robust spectre, marching in at one gate, and out at another, or hiding behind a sofa, and popping up suddenly, in order to frighten an equally purposeless *Hamlet*. Like father, like son. M. LASALLE is a fine, substantial, baritone *Hamlet*, who is always posturing, weeping, calling out *ma mère*, and blubbering on the ample matronly bosom of his mother, Madame RICHARD ("O



Hamlet Personally Conducted.

RICHARD! O ma Reine!") like a big, blubbering, overgrown schoolboy. Were I inclined to disquisitionise, I should say that Messieurs CARRÉ and BARBIER have actually realised SHAKSPEARE's own description of his jelly-fleshed hero, whose mind is as shaky as his well-covered body. *Hamlet* was—as SHAKSPEARE took care to emphasise—"fat, and soant of breath"—which was the physical description of the actor who first impersonated the leading rôle of this play; and the French author's idea of *Hamlet* was, accordingly, a fat youth, very much out of condition, home from Wittenberg College, in consequence of his father's recent decease.

Some of the lighter musical portions of the Opera are charming, and the Chorus at the end of Act I. might have been written by OFFENBACH. But what is there of the story? Nothing. The King is not killed: the Queen isn't poisoned: *Polonius* is not stabbed behind the arras, having been, perhaps, killed before the Opera commenced, since his name appears in the book but not in the programme, and the only person on the stage that I could possibly associate with that dear old Lord Chamberlain was M. MIRANDA, who had donned a white

beard and a different robe from what he had been previously wearing as *Horatio* in the First and Second Acts, in order to enter and lead the King away, in an interpolated and ineffective scene which was not in the book. A very hard-working Opera for the principals, and a thankless task. *Hamlet's* drinking song fine, and finely sung. But the whole point of the Opera is in the last Act, where there is a ballet that has nothing to do with the piece, but pretty to see little PALLADINO in short white skirts, dancing merrily in a forest glade, among the happy peasantry, to whom comes *Ophelia*, mad as several hatters, and after a lunatic scene, charming, both musically and dramatically, throws herself into the water, and dies singing.



Hamlet is out of it in the last Act. Why wasn't he brought into the Ballet?

Here is a suggestion for the effective compression and reduction of the Opera, and if my plan be accepted, DRURIOLANUS will earn the eternal gratitude of those who would like to hear all that is good in it, and to skip, as PALLADINO does, the rest. Thus:—

ACT I.—Enter HAMLET. Solo. Exit. Enter OPHELIA. Solo. Re-enter HAMLET. OPHELIA and HAMLET love-duet. Exit OPHELIA. HAMLET's Friends come in, and he sings them a Drinking Song with Chorus. All join in Chorus and Dance. Curtain.

ACT II.—Opening Chorus (anything: it doesn't matter if it's only pretty and bright). Enter HAMLET. Solo. "Etre, ou ne pas être." Enter OPHELIA with book, pretends not to see HAMLET. Solo. Enter Queen. OPHELIA complains to her that HAMLET isn't behaving like a gentleman. Queen upbraids HAMLET: so does OPHELIA: HAMLET



An awkward moment for Hamlet. Row with his Mother and Ophelia.

depressed. Exit Queen R.H. Exit OPHELIA L.H. HAMLET remains, evidently going mad. PALLADINO looks in. Dances. HAMLET joins her. Enter Friends, Courtiers, Peasants, and other Friends. All join in ballet, HAMLET included. Enter Keepers, and HAMLET is taken off to Hanwellhagen. OPHELIA rushes in, faints. Curtain.

ACT III.—Meadows near Hanwellhagen, in Denmark. Dance of Lunatics, out for a holiday. To them enter OPHELIA. All the charming music, delightful, and, this being finished, she chucks herself away into the stream. Curtain.

Great call for everybody concerned. And, if the above scheme be adopted, the Opera would be over before eleven, having begun at nine. I present this with my compliments to DRURIOLANUS and AMBROISE THOMAS; and, if he is not "a doubting THOMAS," he will try this plan.

The remainder of the week passed away happily, so I hear, but was not able to be in my place, as I was at somebody else's place far, far away. The Opera has been, from the first, a big success. Should like to hear *Masaniello* once again. Perhaps that is a treat in store for all of us. Thus ends the Opera-goer's Diary for 1890, and everybody is highly satisfied and delighted. Curtain.

MUSICAL PARADOX.

WHEN Autumn comes, our womenfolk prepare To grind the "old old tune" called "change of air."



MRS. HIGHFLYER'S DANCE. 2 A.M.

"AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR THE FOOTMEN,—AND IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR THE GALS,—BUT IT'S PRECIOUS 'ARD ON US COACHMEN AND THE FORE MOTHERS!"

"OUR TURN NOW!"

Or, Mr. Bull and the Wandering Minstrels.

Mr. Bull. Confound these Wandering Minstrels! Oh, the bore of them!
 Only just settled with yon tow-hair'd fellow [of them,
 Turning the corner, and behold two more
 Prepared to grind and tootle, blow and
 bellow,
 Until I tip them in a liberal fashion.
 Upon my word, their noise is something
 shocking;
 Enough to put a person in a passion.
 Menaces slighting and remonstrance
 mocking,
 They stand and twangle, tootle, grind,
 and gurgle
 Their horrible cacophony. Find it funny,
 Ye grinners? Might as well my mansion
 burgle,
 As "row" me forcibly out of my money.
 The Tenton tootler, being tipped, is
 "sloping," [cent.
 Patting his pocket with a smile compla-
 The Gallio blower, for like treatment
 hoping, [adjacent.
 Grins at the Portuguese who grinds
 What a charivari! Oh, I must stop it!
 I say, you rascal with the hurdy-gurdy;
 More than enough of that vile shindy;
 drop it! [VERDI,
 And yon, my brazen, blatant, would-be
 Hush that confounded horn, or go and
 blow it [tumble
 At—Jericho. My walls you will not
 By windy shindy, and you ought to know it.

Horn-Player. Bah! ze old hombogs! He
 sall growl and gramble
 But he vill pay ven it oome to ze pinches;
 I knew him, ze csntankerous vieux
 chappie.
 Ze German yonder, vy he take ze inches,
 And get ze Hel-igoland! Now he quite
 happy.
 I do ze same. Pom! Pom! Zat blast
 vos thunder! [features.
 How he do tear his hair and twist his
 He swear, but he vill vat you call "knock
 under."
 Mr. Bull. I say, you Portagee, smallest of
 creatures, [hook it!
 And noisiest for your size, shut up, and
 Hurdy-gurdy. Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r! Zey
 ssy zat ze old fool is skveezshle,
 Melting in his own best. Py gar, he look it.
 Ze Tenton yonder find zat he vas teaseable
 Out of ze "tip," ze big pour-boire. He get
 him, [too?
 He go, he grin! Sall I not take ze hint
 I get him too—I go. But I no let him
 Drive me away, as he did SERPA PINTO.
 Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r! I see zat he no like
 ze grinding. [money;
 Soo mooch ze better! He sall give mooch
 Ze pour-boire, someveres, he sall soon be
 finding,
 If I keep on. Zeese English are so funny.
 Tutto. Ze money for ze Minstrels! Kviok!
 So sall you
 Get rid of us. Like to ze artful gloser
 In Mistare SEYMOUR's sketch, ze "know ze
 value
 Of peace and kvietness." Pay us, ye go,
 Sir! [Left tootling.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

AM I going to Goodwood? I answer that
 question by another. Is it likely that a
 race-meeting of any pretensions can possibly
 do without one whom even his enemies
 acknowledge to be the only accurate and
 high-minded sporting writer in the world?
 Those who care (and I devoutly hope that
 Mr. J., whose brains equal those of a newly-
 born tadpole, will not be amongst the number)
 can see me at any moment on pronouncing
 the password, "mealy-mouth," in my old
 place, close to the space devoted to Royalty.
 Yes, I shall be there. In the meantime, I
 propose to treat of the horses as only I can
 treat of them. I have nothing to say against
 Pioneer, except that the name promises very
 well for one who means to lead the way.
 Nous verrons, as RACINE ssid, on a celebrated
 occasion. As for The Imp, I cannot too
 strongly lay it down that only blue devils
 are bad for the digestion, and Galloping
 Queen may gallop farther than or not so far
 as Miss Ethel. A miss must be better than
 a mile to win. If Theophilus were Formid-
 able, or if Imogene possessed a Grecian Bend,
 it might be necessary to sound Reveille in
 Rotten Row, which would certainly be a
 Marvel. Not being a roadster, I sometimes
 like The Field.
 The above information ought to be suffi-
 cient to guide anybody whose brains are cal-
 culated to fill an egg-cup. All others may
 go to Esrlswood, where they will probably
 meet Mr. J.



“OUR TURN NOW!”

FRANCE AND PORTUGAL (who know the value of Peace and Quiet).—“YOU GIVE GERMAN SOMESING,—HE GO VAY! YOU GIVE US SOMESING,—YE GO VAY!”

1914-15. The first of the year was the first of the year. The first of the year was the first of the year. The first of the year was the first of the year.

ОБЪЯВЛЕНИЕ



THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Mr. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

An Anglo-Indian Gentleman introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, Sir, What can I do for you?
Anglo-Indian. I wish respectfully to call your attention, Sir, to our case, which is now before a Parliamentary Committee. I am an



Indian Civil Servant. I am called a member of the Uncovenanted Service, but I contend that such a term is a misnomer. Originally the Uncovenanted Service consisted of Natives of India, who were employed, without covenant, to do subordinate official work, under the direction of the Covenanted Civil Service. The bulk of these persons were overseers and tax-collectors.

The Com. Has there been any alteration of late years? I see you lay a stress upon originally.

Anglo-In. At this moment there are in the Service, in one department alone—the Educational—a Senior Classic, a Second Wrangler, several other Wranglers, and many Fellows of

Oxford and Cambridge, who took high honours with their degrees. The Service now requires great technical knowledge, as it has to deal with Archaeology, Finance, Geological Survey, Public Works, and Telegraphy, and can only be entered by Europeans, who have been selected by nomination, or after competition, either by the Secretary of State for India, or the Government of India. It is not an Uncovenanted Service, as we now enter it with the prospect of a pension; and one of our grievances is, that that prospect has become less favourable through the recent action of our employers.

The Com. Be kind enough to explain.

Anglo-In. Certainly, Sir. When we entered the Service our pension, after serving thirty years, was stated by the Secretary of State to be £500. Naturally this was taken to mean gold, but because years ago the Service consisted of Natives, the Government hit upon the plan of paying us in silver, which at the present rate means a loss of £150 in the £500.

The Com. Are the members of the other Indian Services, Civil and Military, treated in like manner?

Anglo-In. No, they are paid their pensions in gold.

The Com. Well, considering the class of men who now enter your Service, I do not see why you should be put at so great a disadvantage. Have you any other grievances?

Anglo-In. Well, thirty years is a long time to have to serve in a climate as trying as the tropics, especially when we are not allowed to count furlough as service.

The Com. I think so, too. Then I may sum up your grievances thus. You are educated men, and therefore deserve fair treatment. You would consider fair treatment, payment of pensions in gold, and the lessening of the years of service necessary to earn the right of retirement?

Anglo-In. Exactly, Sir; and I cannot thank you sufficiently for putting our case so plainly.

The Com. Not at all. Should you receive no redress within a reasonable time, you may mention the matter to me again.

[The Witness with a grateful bow then withdrew.]

THE SHADOW OF A CASE!

(To the Editor of Punch.)

DEAR SIR,—As the leading forensic journal of this great country (your contemporary *Weekly Notes* runs you pretty close occasionally in some of its reports), I address you. It was my painful duty a few days ago (I had to “take a note” for a colleague, an occupation more honourable than lucrative), to be present at a cause that was heard before the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice and a Special Jury. The trial created considerable interest, not only amongst the general public, but amongst that branch of our honourable Profession represented by the Junior Bar, no doubt, because certain points of law, not easily recognisable—I frankly confess, I myself, am unable to recount them—were no doubt in question, and had to be decided by competent authority. The Counsel directly engaged were some of the brightest ornaments of Silk and Stuff. Amongst the rest were my eloquent and learned friend, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, my erudite and learned friend Mr. INDERWICK (whose *Side-lights upon the Stuarts*, is a marvel of antiquarian research), and my mirth-compelling and learned friend Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, whose law is only equalled

(if, indeed, it is equalled) by his comic draughtmanship. As the details of the trial have been fully reported, there is no necessity to go into particulars. However, there was a feature in the case that the passing notice of an article in one or more of the leading journals is scarcely sufficient to meet.

It was proved that the detective part of divorce (if I may use the expression) may be conducted in a fashion, to say the least, of not the most entirely satisfactory character. A talented family were called before us, whose performances were, from one point of view, extremely amusing. But, Sir, although (as you will be the first to admit) laughter is a most excellent thing in its proper place, the sound of cachinnation is seldom pleasing in the Divorce Court. Under these circumstances I would propose that, in future, Divorce Shadowing should be put under the protection of the State. There should be a special department, and the Shadowers should be of the distinguished position of Mr. McDUGALL of the London County Council, and the like. The office of the rank and file of the Shadowers should be honorary, as the pleasure of following in (possibly) unsavoury steps in the cause of virtue, would be to them, I presume, ample reward for any trouble the labour might entail. I would willingly myself undertake the responsibilities attaching to the post of Director-General, of course on the understanding that a suitable provision were made, not only as compensation for the loss of my practice, but also that I might perform the duties of the office with suitable dignity. But when I say this, I would add, that I should reserve to myself the right of seeking the supplementary services of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and Mr. SHERIFF AUGUSTUS HARRIS, as assessors in assisting me to distinguish between innocence and vice, and guilt and virtue.

Believe me, with an expression of all necessary respect for “the Nobility” connected with the case to which I have referred, and admiration for the courage of a certain Militiaman, exhibited by his entering the witness-box, and there facing the cross-examination he so richly deserved,

I remain, Yours truly,

(Signed) A BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, July 29, 1890.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

POET and Prophet are nearly allied. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is an illustration of this, in his recently published *English Lyrics* (MACMILLAN) all of which he must have written in utter ignorance of the doings of the Chairman of the County Council. Yet, hath the Prophetic Poet these lines:—



“Primrose, why do you pass away?”

And the Primrose's return:

“Nay, rather, why should we longer stay?”

But the Conservative bias of the Poet is shown in the next line:

“We are not needed,” &c.

The commencement of the poem, however, as here quoted, is evidently an inspiration for which the Poet was not responsible. It is good poetic wine, which needs not the bush provided by Mr. WILLIAM WATSON in the shape of a thickset introduction. What, asks W. W., is the attitude of ALFRED AUSTIN towards Nature? This recalls a well-known scene in *Nicholas Nickleby*—“She’s a rum ‘un, is Natur’,” said Mr. Squeers. “She is a holy thing, Sir,” remarked Mr. Snowley. “Natur’,” said Mr. Squeers, solemnly, “is more easier conceived than described. Oh, what a blessed thing, Sir, to be in a state of natur’!” And these observations of Messrs. Snowley and Squeers pretty accurately sum up all that the ingenious WILLIAM WATSON has to say about Natur’ and ALFRED AUSTIN. The moral of which lies in the application of it, which is,—skip the preface, and make plunge into the poetry.

A good deal has been written in olden time and of late about the Oberammergau Passion Play. Nothing has been better done than the work by Mr. EDWARD R. RUSSELL, formerly M.P. for Glasgow, who visited Oberammergau this year. His account is instinct with keen criticism, fine feeling, and reasoning reverence. Moreover, whilst other works are padded out into bulky volumes, he says all that need be said in fifteen pages of a pleasantly-printed booklet—price sixpence. It is a reprint from letters which the errant Editor contributed to his journal, the *Liverpool Daily Post*, at the sign of which copies may be had. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

Art's Friends and Foe!

TATE, WALLACE, AGNEW! Here be three good names, Friends of true Art, and furtherers of her aims; Munificence but waits to take sound shape; Say, shall it be frustrated by—Red Tape?



BUZZY TIME FOR THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

[Persons interested should secure the Government paper containing all the information in regard to the Hessian Fly, and other injurious insects and fungi.]



‘ THE CHURCH-GOING BELL.’
SUNDAY MORNING, COAST OF NORWAY.
(By Our Yachting Artist.)

JOHNNY, MAKE ROOM FOR DELONCLE!

(New North African Version of an Old Song.)

“M. DELONCLE, in his conversation with a Belgian reporter, puts in a claim for practically the whole of the northern half of Africa, with the possible exception of Egypt.”—*The Times*.

AIR—“Tommy, make room for your Uncle.”

Deputy DELONCLE (addressing JOHNNY BULL) sings:—

NOTHING but deserts now left for France!
Hang it! That will not do!
Therefore DELONCLE her claims must advance,
Mighty they are, nor few.
Right from Oubanghi unto Lake Tehad,
Through Wadai and Ba-gir-mi!
JOHNNY, my lad, I shall be glad
If you'll make room for ME!

Chorus.

JOHNNY, make room for DELONCLE,
There's a little dear!
JOHNNY, make room for DELONCLE,
He wants to stay here.
He needs the whole of North Africa!
(The rest he may leave to you),
Do not annoy, there's a good boy!
Make room for DELONCLE, do!

To So-ko-to and the Gan-do,
Your claims you must resign.
If France goes far from Zanzibar,
I'll draw a new boundary line.

To the east of the Niger by latitude ten!
That is our mi-ni-mum!
Ours the Sahara! Yes, *che sarà sarà!*
Therefore don't you look glum!

Chorus.

JOHNNY, make room for DELONCLE!
The Niger is ours, that's clear.
JOHNNY, make room for DELONCLE!
He doesn't want you here.
France must take up her traditional rôle
(Of grabbing all she can do)
So, JOHNNY, my boy, don't you annoy;
Make room for DELONCLE, do!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 21.—
RITCHIE got another Bill through; not a measure of high imperial policy; nothing to do either with Heligoland or Zanzibar; only proposes to improve in various ways the dwellings of the industrial classes. Still, as JOKIM has shown in connection with one or two of his little Bills, it is quite possible nearly to wreck a Ministry even on matter-of-fact business arrangements. But RITCHIE isn't JOKIM, and so his Bill passes to-night, taking two steps at a time, both sides uniting in congratulation and cheers. WALTER FOSTER, rising, salutes the Minister with a quite touch-

ing bless-you-my-child attitude. FOSTER rather hints that the Bill everyone is so pleased with, is really his. True, RITCHIE's name is on back, and he took charge of it in its passage through Committee and House. But the real man was FOSTER; his Amendments had made the Bill; he had moulded it in Committee, and now here he was to give it his blessing. Rather delicate position; sort of cracking up himself, which FOSTER would not do for the world; blushed a little, as he praised the Bill; otherwise accomplished his task with ease and grace, whilst RITCHIE, listening, twitched his eyebrows, and thought unutterable things.

“I wish,” said OLD MORALITY, “we had an embarrassment of RITCHIES, or even two or three more like him.”

OLD MORALITY been rather worried to-night; a hail-storm of questions on all sorts of subjects; amongst others, TIM HEALY and WILFRID LAWSON badgering him about the Local Taxation Bill. When is it really intended to take it? LAWSON asks OLD MORALITY back at the table again for twentieth time; literally gasping for breath; looked round House with anguished expression; then happy thought strikes him; “Mr. SPEAKER, Sir,” he says, “it is really impossible to do more than one thing at a time.”

The pathetic earnestness with which this axiom was advanced, the sudden swift spasm of conviction that had flashed it across his

mind, his certainty of the soundness of the assertion (paradoxical though it might appear), and his hasty, anxious glance below the Gangway opposite, apprehensive that that quarter would peradventure furnish a person capable of controverting it, all filled the House with keen delight. Laughed for full sixty seconds by Westminster clock; OLD MORALITY standing at table looking round and wondering what on earth he'd said now.

Business done.—Census Bills read Second Time.

Tuesday.—Pretty quiet sitting, till DIMSDALE craftily crept upon the scene. Don't often hear from this distinguished member of the Order of Noble Barons; generally content to serve his country by voting for the Government. Tonight stirred in sluggish depths by omission of Government in preparing Census Bill to provide for Religious Census; so the Noble Baron moves Amendment designed to authorise Religious Census. Opposition Benches nearly empty; those present listen listlessly; know it's all right; Government are pledged against Religious Census; no harm in the Noble Baron moving his Amendment and making his speech; the Bill as introduced is safe.

Then up gets RITCHIE; drops remark, in off-hand manner, as if it did not signify, that Members on Ministerial side are free to vote as they please. Sudden change of attitude in Opposition Benches. Listlessness vanishes; a whisper of treachery goes round; CAMPBELL - BANNERMAN makes hot protest; HARCOURT sent for; comes in gleefully; matters been going so quietly, place unbearable for him; now a row imminent, HARCOURT joyously returns to Front Bench. Seats fill up on both sides; OLD MORALITY hurries in; situation explained to him; dolefully shakes his head; HARCOURT thunders denunciation of a Ministry that plays fast and loose with House; then OLD MORALITY gets up, and publicly abjures DIMSDALE and his Amendment. It was, he explained, only RITCHIE's fun in saying Ministerialists were free to vote as they pleased on this matter. The Government were against the Amendment, and of course good Ministerialists would vote with Ministers. So they did, and DIMSDALE's rising hopes crushed by majority of 288 against 69.

Business done.—English Census Bill passed through Committee.

Wednesday.—Came across NICHOLAS WOOD in remote corner of Corridor; had the depressed look familiar when he has been wrestling with great mental problems and finds himself worsted.

"What's the matter now, NICHOLAS? Thinking over what OLD MORALITY said yesterday about impossibility of doing more than one thing at a time?"

"No, TOBY," he said, wearily; "it's a not that; gave that up at once. OLD MORALITY's a good fellow, but he's a too subtle for me. It's this Police Question that bothers me; give up a good deal of time to mastering it. Sort of thing seemed likely to suit me; heard all MATTHEWS' speeches; tried to follow CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM; courted CONYBEARE's company, and pursued PICKERSGILL with inquiries. Thought I'd got a pretty clear notion of what it all meant; and now it turns out all to have led up to making PULESTON Constable of Carnarvon. Never heard his name before in connection with the Police Question. He took no part in discussions; had nothing to do with it I ever heard of; just when I was comfortably getting on another tack, the whole question centres on PULESTON. It seems he was the Police Question, and now he's Constable of Carnarvon. Why Carnarvon? Why not stationed in the Lobby or the Central Hall where he would be with old friends? Suppose he'll wear a blue coat, bright buttons, and a belt, and will shadow LOYD-GEORGE who now sits for Carnarvon? If you write to him must you address your letters "P.C. PULESTON"? and shall we have to change refrain of our latest National Hymn? instead of singing 'Ask a Policeman?' shall we have to chant 'Ask a PULESTON?' These are the new problems; suddenly rushed in, bothering me to death when I thought I'd got pretty well through Session, Recess close at hand and no more difficult points coming up. Don't think, TOBY, I was cut out for politics; perhaps I take them too seriously; but like to know things, and there are so many things to know."

Try to cheer up NICHOLAS; suggest to him that he should put his questions down on the paper; might address them to FERGUSON; a little out of the way of Foreign Affairs; but a conversation publicly conducted between NICHOLAS and FERGUSON would be interesting.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.



Another Noble Baron.

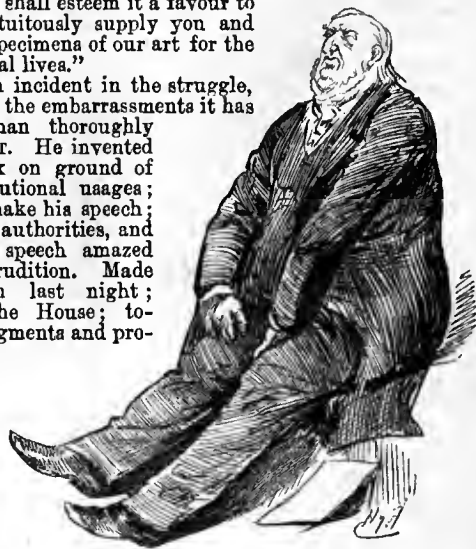
Friday.—House in rather strange condition to-night; things all sevens and sixes; Motion is that Anglo-German Agreement Bill be read Second Time. Opinion very mixed on merits of measure; on the whole, no particular objection to it, even though it goes Heligoland. Still, an Opposition must oppose; but where is the Opposition? Mr. G. came down last night; said he'd no particular objection to Treaty, but didn't like the process of confirming it; so publicly washed his hands of the business. Since the announcement appeared in papers, HERBERT tells me his illustrious father's life has been a burden to him. Every post brings him letters from rival advertising soap manufacturers, making overtures of business transactions.

"Sir," runs one of these epistles, "alluding to your statement in the House of Commons last night that you publicly washed your hands of participation in the Anglo-German Treaty, would you have any objection to our stating that the substance used was our celebrated Salubrious Savon? Anticipating your favourable reply, we assume that you would have no objection to our publishing a portrait of you using our soap, with its familiar label, 'Does not wash collars.' We have only to add that in the event of your favourably accepting this suggestion, we shall esteem it a favour to be allowed to gratuitously supply you and your family with specimens of our art for the term of your natural lives."

This is merely an incident in the struggle, illustrating one of the embarrassments it has evolved. Only man thoroughly happy is HARCOURT. He invented the line of attack on ground of breach of constitutional usages; put up Mr. G. to make his speech; supplied him with authorities, and in supplementary speech amazed House with his erudition. Made stupendous speech last night; literally gorged the House; tonight picks up fragments and provides another feast; six baskets wouldn't hold it.

"Wish, TOBY, dear boy," he said, sinking back in his seat after delivering his second speech, cunningly grafted on an Amendment, "we could carry this over next week. I could easily make a speech a day. Remember when I was once in Ireland, asked a tenant how he liked the new agent, who was reputed to be very able business man. 'Well,' said my acquaintance, 'I don't know about his business dealings, but for blasphemous language, he's *au revoir*.' On constitutional questions, TOBY, I may, with all modesty, say I'm *au revoir*."

Business done.—Anglo-German Treaty agreed to.



The British Constitution.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"She is never at a loss for a clever answer;" i.e., "A cat whose claws are always out."

"A little stand-offish to strangers, but wonderfully winning when one really knows him;" i.e., "Which one need never do, thank goodness!"

LEGAL.

"As your Lordship pleases;" i.e., "As a Judge, you are a stupid, self-sufficient dolt; but so long as my client, the solicitor, gets his costs, it doesn't matter a jot to me or him what you decide!"

"With your Lordship's permission, my Junior will settle the minutes;" i.e., "And so save us both the trouble of apportioning, in the customary perfunctory fashion, the oyster to the solicitors, and the shells to the clients."

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"You don't mind my telling you exactly where I think you're wrong?" i.e., "You obviously want setting down, and I may as well do it."

"Do you mind just stating that over again?" i.e., "While I think of something to say in reply."

"Of course you know more about the subject than I do;" i.e., "I am pretty sure you never gave it a thought till this minute."

"If you care for my candid opinion;" i.e., "I am now about to be annoying, and perhaps rude."

"All right, I'm not deaf!" i.e., "Keep your confounded temper."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a

MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will be Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule

FIRST AID TO TOMMY ATKINS.

SIR,—I visited the Military Exhibition the other day according to your instructions, my bosom glowing with patriotic ardour. If anything besides your instructions and the general appropriateness of the occasion had been necessary to make my bosom glow thus, it



would have been found in the fact that I formerly served my country in a Yeomanry Regiment. I shall never forget the glorious occasions on which I wore a cavalry uniform, and induced some of my best friends to believe I had gone to the dogs and enlisted. However, to relate my Yeomanry adventures, which included a charge by six of us upon a whole army, would be to stray from my point, which is to describe what I saw at the Military Exhibition. I was lame (oh, dear no, not the gout, a mere strain) and took a friend, an amiable young man, with me to lean upon. "There's a one place I really do know," he had said to me, "and that's this bally place."

I therefore felt I was safe with him. "Take me," I said, "to the battle-pictures, so that I may study my country's glories."

"Right!" he answered, and with a promptitude that does him immense credit, he brought me out into a huge arena in the open air with seats all round it, a grand stand, and crowds of spectators. The performance in the arena so deeply interested me that I forgot all about the pictures. I saw at once what it was. Detachments of our citizen soldiers were going through ambulance drill. The sight was one which appealed to our common humanity. My daring, dangerous Yeomanry days rose up again before me, and I felt that if ever I had had to bleed for my QUEEN I should not have bled untended. Even my companion, a scoffer, who had never risen above a full privacy in the Eton Volunteers, was strangely moved. There were, I think, ten detachments, each provided with a stretcher and a bag containing simple surgical appliances. All that was wanted to complete the realism of the picture was the boom of the cannon, the burating of shells, and the rattle of musketry. In imagination I supplied them, as I propose to do, for your benefit, Sir, in the following short account.

It was a sultry afternoon; the battle had been raging for hours; the casualties had been terrible. "Dress up, there, dress up!" said the Sergeant in command, addressing detachment No. 2, "and you, JENKINS, tilt your forage-cap a little more over your right ear; BROWN, don't blow your nose, the General's looking; God bless my soul, THOMPSON, you've buckled that strap wrong, undo it and re-buckle it at once." With such words as these he cheered his men, while to right and left the death-dealing missiles sped on their course. "Stand at ease; 'shon! Stand at ease! 'shon!" he next shouted. A Corporal at this point was cut in two by a ball from a forty-pounder, but nobody paid any heed to him. Stiff, solid, and in perfect line, stood the detachments waiting for the word to succour the afflicted. At last it came. In the midst of breathless excitement the ten bent low, placed their folded stretchers on the ground, unbuckled and unfolded them, and then with a simultaneous spring rose up again and resumed their impassive attitude. "Very good," said the Sergeant, "very good. THOMPSON you were just a shade too quick; you must be more careful. Stand at ease!" and at ease they all stood.

But where were the wounded? Aha! here they come, noble, fearless heroes, all in line, marching with a springy step to their doom. One by one they took their places, in line at intervals of about ten yards, and lay down each on his appointed spot to die, or be wounded, and to be bandaged and carried off. But now a terrible question arose. *Would there be enough to go round?* I had only counted nine of them, which was one short of the necessary complement, but at this supreme moment another grievously wounded warrior ran lightly up and lay down opposite the tenth detachment. We breathed again.

And now began some charming manoeuvres. Each detachment walked round its stretcher twice, then stood at ease again, then at attention, then dressed up and arranged itself, and brushed itself down. All this while their wounded comrades lay writhing, and appealing for help in vain. It was with diffidence that, lame as I was, I could be restrained from dashing to their aid. But at last everything was in order. Stretchers were solemnly lifted. The detachments marched slowly forward, and deposited their stretchers each beside a wounded man. Then began a scene of busy bandaging. But not until the whole ten had been bound up, legs, arms, heads, feet, fingers &c., was it permissible to lift one of them from the cold cold ground which he had bedewed with his blood.

"Now then," said the Sergeant, "carefully and all together.

Lift!" and all together they were lifted and placed in their stretchers. More play with straps and buckles, more rising and stooping, and then the pale and gasping burdens were at last raised and carried in a mournful procession round the ground. But when they arrived at the place where the ambulance was supposed to be, they had all been dead three-quarters of an hour. "Dear me," said the Sergeant, "how vexing. ROBINSON, your chin-strap's gone wrong. Now, all together. Drop 'em!" And so the day ended, and the pitiless sun sated with, &c., &c., &c.

I afterwards visited the Field Hospital to see a number of wax figures in uniform, cheerfully arranged as wounded men in all the stages of pain and misery. How encouraging for TOMMY ATKINS, I thought to myself; but at this moment my supporter informed me that he had remembered where to find the battle-pictures, and thither therefore we proceeded, thankful in the knowledge that if either of us ever happened to be struck down in battle he would be well looked after by an admirably drilled body of men.

I am, Sir, Yours as usual, LE PETIT SHOWS.

THE PROFESSIONAL GUEST
AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

TRUSTING that you take some interest in my fate, after the more or less pleasant (?) week I spent at Henley, I hasten to let you know that I am again visiting friends, though this time on *terra firma*, and that the customary trials of the "Professional Guest" are once more my portion. The very evening of my arrival, I discovered that a man with whom I had not been on speaking terms for years was to be my neighbour at dinner, and that a girl (who really I cannot understand *any one* asking to their house) with the strangest coloured hair, and the most unnaturally dark eyes, was taken in by the host, and called "darling" by the hostess. After dinner, which, by reason of the "range" being out of order, was of a rather limited type, they all played cards. That is a form of amusement I don't like—I can't afford it; and this, coupled with the fact that I was not asked to sing, somewhat damped my ardour as regards visiting strange houses.

A hard bed, and a distant snore, kept me awake till break of day, when, for a brief space, I successfully wooed Morpheus. I think I slept for seven minutes. Then a loud bell rang, and, several doors on an upper floor were heavily banged. I heard the servants chattering as they went down to breakfast. Then there was silence, and once more I composed myself to rest, when the dreaddest sound of all broke on my ear. *The baby began to cry.* Then I gave it up as hopeless, but it was with a sensation of being more dead than alive that I crawled down to breakfast—late, of course. One is always late the first morning in a strange house—one can never find one's things. I bore with my best professional smile the hearty chaff of my host (how I hate a hearty man the first thing in the morning) and the audible remarks of the dear children who were seated at intervals round the table. But my patience well-nigh gave way when I found that our hostess had carefully mapped out for her guests a list of amusements (save the mark!) which extended not only over that same day, but several ensuing ones.

I am not of a malice-bearing nature, but I do devoutly pray that she, too, may one day taste the full horror of being trucked into a high dog-cart alongside of a man who you know cannot drive; the tortures, both mental and physical, of a long walk down dusty roads and over clayey fields to see that old Elizabethan house "only a mile off;" or the loathing induced by a picnic among mouldering and utterly uninteresting ruins. All this I swallowed with the equanimity and patience born of many seasons of country-house visiting; I even interviewed the old family and old-fashioned cook, on the subject of a few new dishes, and I helped to entertain some of those strange aboriginal creatures called "the county." But the announcement one afternoon, that we were to spend the next in driving ten miles to attend a Primrose League *Fête* in the private grounds of a local magnate, proved too much for me. Shall you be surprised to hear that on the following morning I received an urgent telegram recalling me to town? My hostess was, or affected to be, overwhelmed that by my sudden departure I should miss the *fête*. I knew, however, that the "dyed" girl rejoiced, and in company with the objectionable man metaphorically threw up her hat.

As I passed through the Lodge-gates on my way to the station I almost vowed that I would never pay another visit again. But even as I write, an invitation was brought me. It is from my Aunt. She writes that she has taken charming rooms at Flatsands, and hopes I will go and stay with her there for a few days. She thinks the sea air will do me good. Perhaps it will. I shall write at once and accept.

THE ODD GIRL OUT.

FROM OUR YOTTING YORICK, P.A.

Aboard the Yot "Placid," bound for Copenhagen (I hope).

DEAR EDITOR,
You told me when I set sail (I didn't set sail myself, you understand, but the men did it for me, or rather for my friends, Mr and Mrs. SKIPPER, to whose kindness I owe my present position—which is far from a secure one,—but no matter), you said to me,

YORICK Yotting has no buffoonery left in him? I too, who was once the life of all the Lives and Souls of a party! Where is that party now? Where am I? What is my life on board? Life!—say existence. I rise early; I can't help it. I am tubbed on deck: deck'd out in my best towels. So I commence the day by going to Bath. [That's humorous, isn't it? I hope so. I mean it as such.]



"Send me notes of your voyage to Sweden and Norway, and the land of Hamlet. You'll see lots of funny things, and you'll take a humorous view of what isn't funny; send me your humorous views." Well, Sir, I sent you "Mr. Punch looking at the Midnight Sun," pretty humorous I think ("more pretty than humorous," you cabled to me at Bergen), and since that I have sent you several beautiful works of Art, in return for which I received another telegram from you saying, "No 'go.' Send something funny." The last I sent ("The Church-going Bell," a pretty peasant woman in a boat—"belle," you see) struck me as very humorous. The idea of people going to Church in a boat!

What was I to do? Well—here at last I send you something which *must* be humorous. It looks like it. Mr. Punch driving in Norway, in a cariole. Mr. Punch anywhere is humorous; and with TOBY too; though I am perfectly aware that TOBY, M.P., is in his place in the House; but then TOBY is ubarquitous. That's funny, isn't it?—see "bark" substituted for "big,"

the original word being "ubiquitous." This is the sort of "vårdvästren" at which they roar in Sweden.

It's all *très bien* (very well) but how the deuce can you be funny in the Baltic? Why call it Baltic? For days and nights at sea, sometimes up, more often down, and a sense of inability coming over me in the middle of the boundless deep. Alas, poor YORICK!

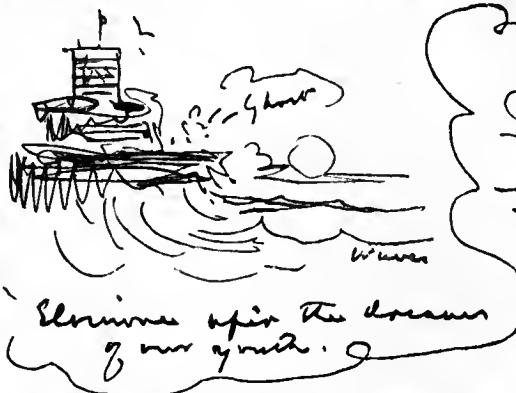
Then breakfast. Then lunch. Then dinner. No drinking permitted between meals; to which regulation I am gradually becoming habituated. It is difficult to acquire new habits. Precious difficult in mid-ocean, where there isn't a tailor. [Humorous again, eh?] I now understand what is the meaning of "a Depression is crossing the Atlantic." There's an awful Depression hanging about the Baltic.

I send you a sketch of Elsinore, as I thought it would be, and Elsinore as it is. Elsinore is like the Pumping Works at Barking Creek. And I've come all this way to see this!! Elsinore! I'd rather go Elsewhere—say, Margate.

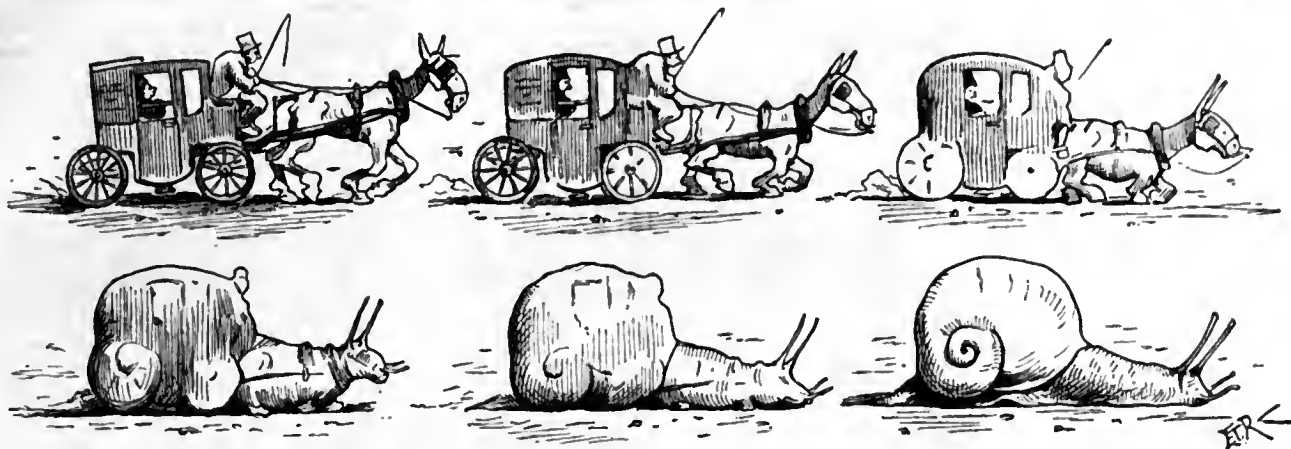
Think I shall put this in a bottle, cork it up, and send it overboard, and you'll get it by Tidal Post. Whether I do this or not depends on circumstances over which I may possibly have no control. Anyhow, at dinner-time, I shall ask for the bottle. When you ask for it,

see that you get it. Yours truly, JETSAM (or Yotting Artist in Black and White).

10 A.M. Swedish time. 9.5 in English miles. Longitude 4 ft. 8 in. in my berth. Latitude, any amount of.



AN EXCELLENT RULE.—We are informed that "extreme ugliness" and "male hysteria" are admitted as "adequate disqualifications" for the French Army. If the same rule only applied to the English House of Commons, what a deal of noise and nonsense we should be spared!



A METROPOLITAN METAMORPHOSIS.

The Awful Result of Persistent "Crawling."

THE DYING SWAN.

(Latest Version, a long way after the Laureate.)

"THAMES 'SWAN UPPING.'—The QUEEN'S swanherd and the officials of the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies arrived at Windsor yesterday on their annual 'swan-upping' visit, for the purpose of marking or 'nicking' the swans and cygnets belonging to HER MAJESTY, and the Companies interested in the preservation of the birds that haunt the stream between London and Henley. It is said that the Thames swans are steadily decreasing owing to the traffic on the upper reaches of the river, and other cause detrimental to their breeding."—*The Times.*

I.

JULY was wet,—a thing not rare—
With sodden ground and chilly air;
The sky presented everywhere
A low-pitched roof of doleful grey;
With a rain-flaught flood the river ran;
Adown it floated a dying Swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day,
The "Swanherd" and his men went on,
"Nicking" the cygnets as they went.

II.

The "Swanherd" showed a blue-peaked nose,
And white against the cold white sky
Shone many a face of those
Who o'er the upper reaches swept,
On swans and cygnets keeping an eye.
Dyers and Vintners, portly, mellow
Chasing the birds of the jetty bill
Through the reed clusters green and still;
And through the osier mazes crept
Many a cap-feathered crook-armed fellow.

III.

The lone Swan's *requiem* smote the soul
With the reverse of joy.
It speaks of sorrow, of outfalls queer,
Dyeing the floods once full and clear;
Of launches wildly galumphing by,
Washing the banks into hollow and hole;
Sometimes afar, and sometimes a-near.
All-marring 'ARRY'S exuberant voice,
With music strange and manifold,
Howling out choruses loud and bold
As when Bank-holidayites rejoice
With concertinas, and the many-holed
Shrill whistle of tin, till the riot is rolled
Through shy backwaters, where swan-nests
are;
And greasy scraps of the *Echo* or *Star*,
Waifs from the oads' oleaginous feeds,
Emitting odours reekingly rank,
Drift under the clumps of the water-weeds,
And broken bottles invade the reeds,

And the wavy swell of the many-barged tug
Breaks, and befouls the green Thames' bank.
And the steady decrease of the snow-plumed
through
That sail the upper Thames reaches among,
Was prophesied in that plaintive song.

DOING IT CHEAPLY.

A RE-ACTION against the extravagance which marked the entertainments of the London Season of 1890 having set in, the following rules and regulations will be observed in the Metropolis until further notice.

1. Persons invited to dinner parties will be expected to furnish their own plate and linen, and some of the viands and wines to be used at the feast.
2. To carry out the above, a *menu* of the proposed meal will form a part of every card of invitation, which will run as follows:—"Mr. and Mrs. — request the honour of Mr. and Mrs. —'s company to dinner, on — when they will kindly bring with them enough for twelve persons of the dish marked — on the accompanying *Menu*, P.T.O."
3. Persons invited to a Ball will treat the supper as a pic-nic, to which all the guests are expected to contribute.
4. On taking leave of a hostess every guest will slip into her hand a packet containing a sum of money sufficient to defray his or her share of the evening's expenses.
5. Ladies making calls at or about five o'clock, will bring with them tea, sugar, milk, pound-cake, cucumber sandwiches, and bread and butter.
6. As no bands will be furnished at evening parties, guests who can play will be expected to bring their musical instruments with them. N.B. This does not apply to pianofortes on the premises, for which a small sum will be charged to those who use them.
7. Should a *colillon* be danced, guests will provide their own presents, which will become the perquisites of the host and hostess.
8. *and lastly*. Should the above rules, compiled in the interest of leaders of Society, be insufficient to keep party-givers from appearing in the Court of Bankruptcy, guests who have partaken of any hospitality will be expected to contribute a gratuity, to enable the Official Receiver to declare a small and final dividend.

PERQUISITES.—"Nice thing to belong to National Liberal Club," observed Mr., G. who didn't dine at that establishment for nothing, "because, you see, they go in there for 'Perks.'"

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE!"

(Latest Reading.)

NOBLESSE oblige! And what's the obligation, Read in the light of recent demonstration? A member of "our old Nobility" May be "obliged," at times, to play the spy, Lay traps for fancied frailty, disenthral "Manhood" by "playing for" a woman's fall; Redeem the wreckage of a "noble" name By building hope on sin, and joy on shame; Redress the work of passion's reckless boldness By craven afterthoughts of cynic coldness; Purge from low taint "the blood of all the HOWARDS" [cowards! By borrowings from the code of oads and *Noblesse oblige?* Better crass imbecility Of oallow youth—with pluck—than such "nobility"!

HOME-ING.—Dr. BARNARDO'S delightfully simple plan of getting a little boy to sign an affidavit to the effect that he was so happy at Dr. BARNARDO'S Home, Sweet Home, and that, wherever he might wander, there was really no place on earth like Dr. BARNARDO'S Home, may remind Dickensian students of a somewhat analogous method apparently adopted by *Mr. Squeers*, when, on his welcome return to Dotheboys Hall, he publicly announced that "he had seen the parents of some boys, and they're so glad to hear how their sons are getting on, that there's no prospect at all of their going away, which, of course, is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon for all parties." The conduct of such parents or relatives who send children or permit them to be sent to Dr. BARNARDO'S Home, Sweet Home, where, at all events, they are well fed and cared for, bears some resemblance to that of *Graymarsh's* maternal aunt, who was "short of money, but sends a tract instead, and hopes that *Graymarsh* will put his trust in Providence," and also to that of *Mobb's* mother-in-law, who was so disgusted with her stepson's conduct (for DICKENS meant step-mother when he wrote "mother-in-law"—an odd *lapsus calami* never subsequently corrected) that she "stopped his halfpenny a-week pocket-money, and had given a double-bladed knife with a corkscrew in it to the Missionaries, which she had bought on purpose for him." We don't blame Dr. BARNARDO—much; but we do blame these weak-knee'd parents and guardians, who apparently don't know their own minds. In the recent case which was sarcastically treated by the Judge, Dr. B. found that he could buy GOULD too dear.

SOMETHING LIKE A REVOLUTION!

(From Our Own Correspondent on the Spot.)

Samol Plazo, 8 A.M.—My plat of *egsibaconi* has just been knocked out of the hands of my servant, PATPOTATO, by a bullet. My man



Our Correspondent at Breakfast.

(who is of Irish extraction) thinks that the long-expected revolution must have commenced; "for," as he argues, "when everything is down, something is sure to be up." I think so too. I am now going to Government House. If I don't get this through, make complaint at the Post Office, for it will be their fault not mine.

9 A.M.—Am now at Head Quarters. Not much trouble getting here. Came by a *bussi*, a local conveyance drawn by two horses, and much used by the humbler classes. On our road one of the steeds and the roof of the *bussi* were carried away by a shell, but as I was inside this caused me little annoyance, and I got comfortably to my destination with the remainder. Just seen the President, who says

laughingly, that "there has been practically nothing but perfect peace and quiet." I doubt whether this can be quite the case, as he was sitting in front of Government House, which was at that very moment undergoing a vigorous bombardment. When I pointed this out to him, he confessed that he had noticed it himself, but did not think much of it. He

Narrow Escape of Our Correspondent.

was in excellent spirits, and told me a funny story about the narrow escape of his mother-in-law. I am now off to see how the other side are progressing. If the Post Office people tell you they can't send my telegrams to you, refuse to believe them.

10 A.M.—As I suspected, from the first, there has been a disturbance. I thought it must be so, as I could not otherwise understand why my *cabbi* should have been blown into the air, while passing through a mined street on the road here. I am now at the Head Quarters of the Oniononi, who seem to be in great strength. They appear to be very pleased that the fleet should have joined them, and account for the action by saying that the sailors, as bad shots, would naturally blaze away at the biggest target—Government House. So far, the disturbances have caused little inconvenience. I date this 10 A.M., but I cannot tell you the exact time, as the clock-tower has just been carried away by a new kind of land torpedo.

12, Noon.—I am now once again at the Government Head Quarters. As I could get no better conveyance, I inflated my canvas carpet-bag with gas, and used it as a balloon. I found it most valuable in crossing the battery which now masks the remains of what was once Government House. The President, after having organised a band of *pic-pockettini* (desperadoes taken from the gaols), has gone into the provinces, declaring that he has a toothache. By some, this declaration

is deemed a subterfuge, by others, a statement savouring of levity. The artillery are now reducing the entire town to atoms, under the personal supervision of the Minister of Finance, who deprecates waste in ammunition, and declares that he is bound to the President by the tie of the battle-field.

2 P.M.—Have rejoined the Oniononi, coming hither by ricochet on a spent shell. The people are entirely with them, and cheer at every fresh evidence of destruction. Found a well-known shopkeeper in ecstasies over the ruins of his establishment. He said that, "Although the revolution might be bad for trade, it would do good, as things wanted waking up." A slaughter of police and railway officials, which has just been carried out with infinite spirit, seems to be immensely popular. If you don't get this, make immediate complaint. Don't accept, as an excuse, that the wires have been out, and the office razed to the ground. They can get it through, if they like.

4 P.M.—Just heard a report that I myself have been killed and buried. As I can get no corroboration of this statement, I publish it under reservation. I confine myself to saying that it may be true, although I have my doubts upon the subject.

6 P.M.—It seems (as I imagined) that the report of my death and funeral is a canard. This shows how necessary it is to test the truth of every item of information before hurrying off to the Telegraph Office. Efforts are now being made to bring about a reconciliation between the contending parties.

8 P.M.—The revolution is over. When both sides had exhausted their ammunition, peace naturally became a necessity. The contending parties are now dining together, *al fresco*, as the town is in ruins. Nothing more to add save, All's well that ends well!



Our Correspondent in an Elevated Position.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

WOREMEN'S.

"Merry Christmas to you, Sir, and many on 'em!" i.e., "Have you got that half-crown handy?"

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"Quite so; but then, you see, that's not my point;" i.e., "It was ten minutes ago."

"Yes, but allow me one moment;" i.e., "Kindly give me your close attention for twenty-five minutes."

SOCIAL.

"Not your fault, indeed! Mine for having so long a train;" i.e., "Awkward toad!"

"Where did you get that lovely dress, dear?" i.e., "That I may avoid that dress-maker."

THEATRICAL.

"Whose talents have been seen to better advantage;" i.e., "A cruel bad actor—but can't say so."

"When the nervousness of a first night has been got over;" i.e., "Never saw a worse play—but it may catch on."

"The Author's modesty prevented him from responding to loud calls;" i.e., "Timid youth, probably. Foresaw brickbats."

"BRAVO, TORO!"—M. CONSTANS will not allow Bull-fighting in Paris, even for "the benefit of the Martinique sufferers." Quite right! But if he would only discourage "Bull-fighting" in Egypt—the sort of "Bull-fighting" desired by Chauvinist M. DELONCLE—he would do good service to the land of the Pyramids, to the poor fellah, and to civilisation.

NOTE FROM BRIGHTON.—The exterior of the recently-opened Hôtel Métropole, is so effective, that the Architect, Mr. WATERHOUSE, R.A., is likely to receive many commissions for the erection of similar hosteleries at our principal marine resorts. He will take out letters patent for change of name, and be known henceforward as Mr. SEA-WATERHOUSE, R.A. By the way, the Directors of the Gordon Hotels Co. wish it to be generally known that they have not started a juvenile hotel for half-price children, under the name of the Gordon Boys' Hotel.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who remembers a certain story called, if I remember aright, *The Wheelbarrow of Bordeaux*, that appeared in a Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News* some years ago? If no one else does, I do, says the Baron; and that sensational story was a sensational sell, wherein the agony was piled up to the "n," and just as the secret was about to be disclosed, the only person who knew it, and was on the point of revealing it, died. This is the sort of thing that MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has just done in this month's *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is told in a plain, rough and ready, blunt style, but so



blunt that there's no point in it. And the idea,—that is if the idea be that the likeness of the assassin remains on the retina of the victim's eye, and can be reproduced by photography,—is not a novelty. Perhaps this story in *Lippincott* comes out of one of MR. RUDYARD KIPLING's pigeon-holes, and was just chucked in haphazard, because Editorial *Lippincott* wanted something with the name of the KIPLING, "bright and merry," to it. It's not very "bright," and it certainly isn't "merry."

Black's Guide to Kent for 1890, useful in many respects, but not quite up to date. The Baron cannot find any information about the splendid Golf Grounds, nor the Golf Club at Sandwich; it speaks of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE's place on the East Cliff of Ramsgate as if that benevolent centenarian were still alive; and it retains an old-fashioned description of Ramsgate as "The favourite resort of superior London tradesmen"—"which," says the Baron, "is, to my certain knowledge, very far from being the case." It talks of the "humours of the sands," and alludes to what is merely the cheap-trippers' season, as if this could possibly be the best time for Ramsgate. The *Guide* knows nothing, or at least says nothing, of the Winter attractions, of the excellent pack of harriers; of the delightful climate from mid-September to January; of the southern aspect; of the pure air; of the many excursions to Ash, Deal, Sandwich, Ickham, and so forth; nor can the Baron discover any mention of the Granville Hotel, nor of the Albion Club, nor of the sport for fishers and shooters; nor of the Riviera-like mornings in November and in the early Spring, which are the real attractions of Ramsgate, and make it one of the finest health-resorts in Winter for all "who love life, and would see good days." It reminds me," says the Baron, puffing off his smoke indignantly, "of Mr. IRVING and a certain youthful critic, who, in his presence at supper, had been running down *Macbeth*, finding fault with the Lyceum production of it, and ridiculing SHAKESPEARE for having written it. When he had quite finished, HENRY IRVING, 'laying low' in his chair at the table, adjusted his pince-nez, and, looking straight at the clever young gentleman, asked, in the mildest possible tone, 'My dear Sir, have you ever read *Macbeth*?' So," resumes the Baron, "I am inclined to ask Mr. BLACK's young man, 'Do you know Ramsgate?' And of course I mean the Ramsgate of 1890."

From the specimens of *London City* that have been sent for inspection by Messrs. FIELD & TUEB, of the Leadenhall Press, who are bringing it out, the Baron augurs a grand result, artistically and financially. It is to be published at forty-two shillings, but subscribers will get it for a guinea, so intending possessors had evidently better become subscribers. The history of the Great City is to be told by Mr. W. J. LOFTIE, so that it starts with an elevated tone and the loftiest principles, and the illustrations will be by Mr. WM. LUKER, a talented draughtsman who, as a Luker-on has seen most of the games in the City. In consequence of some piratical publisher having attempted to bring out a work under the same title, intended to deceive even the elect, Messrs. FIELD & TUEB have secured the copyright of the title *London City*, by the ingenious device of publishing, for one farthing each, five hundred copies of a miniature pamphlet bearing this title, and containing the explanation. The value of these eccentric farthing pamphlets may one day be thousands of pounds. *Mem.*—Twopence would be well invested in purchasing four of them.

Salads and Sandwiches is an attractive title, specially at this season. The arrangement of the book is, like the salad, a little mixed. When, however, the knowing Baron finds that abomination known as salad dressing, or "salad mixing," which is sold at the grocer's, recommended by a writer who professes to teach salad-making, then he closes the book, and reads no more that day. This author, who is in his salad days, might bring out a book entitled *How to Suck Eggs*; or, *Letters to my Grandmother*. It is a suggestion worth considering, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

TO PYRRHA ON THE THAMES.



O PYRRHA! say what youth in "blazer" dress,
Woos you on pleasant Thames these summer eves;
For whom do you put on that dainty vest,
That sky-blue ribbon and those gigot sleeves.
"Simplex munditiis," as HORACE wrote,
And yet, poor lad, he'll find that he is rash;
To-morrow you'll adorn some other boat,
And smile as kindly on another "mash."

As for myself—I'm old, and look askance
At flannels and flirtation; not for me
Youth's idiotic rapture at a glance
From maiden eyes: although it comes from thee.

IN THE KNOW.

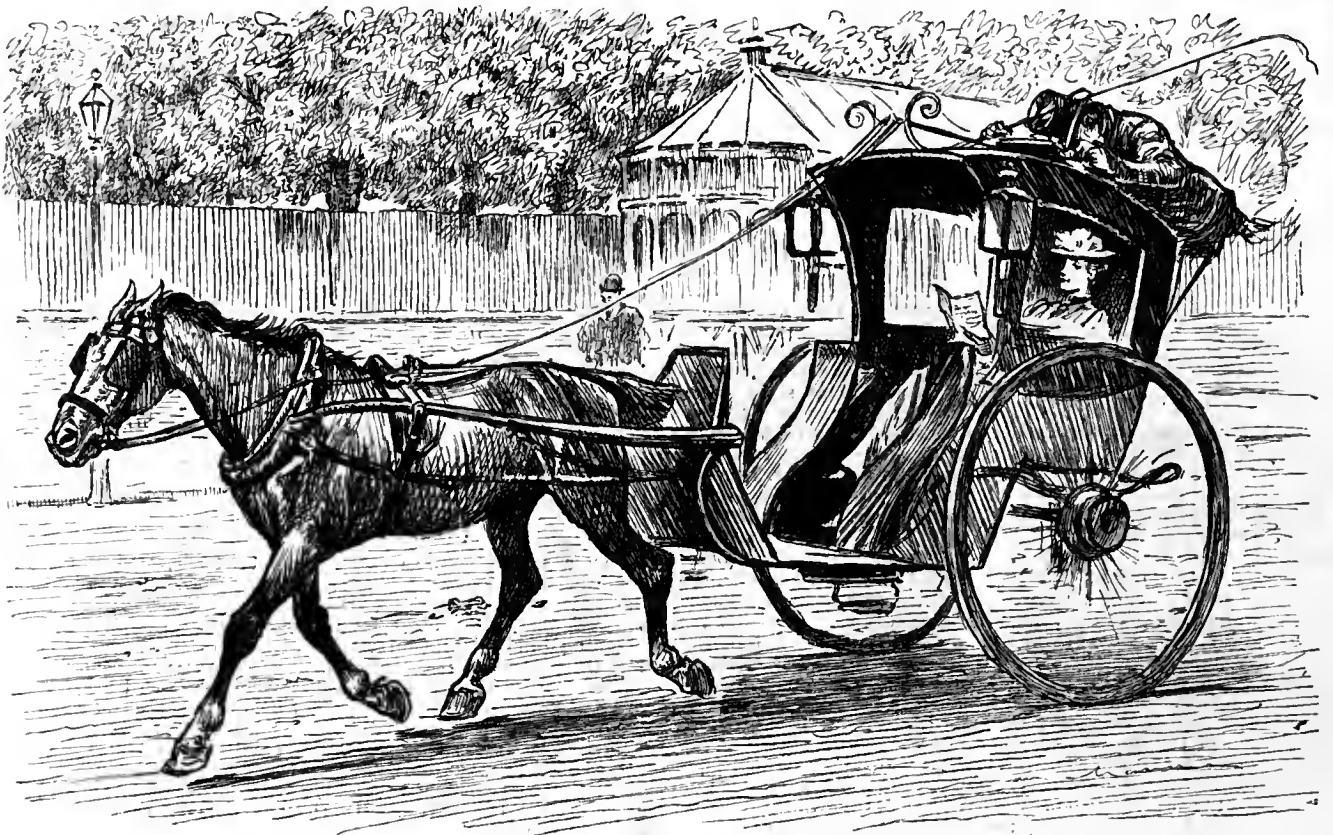
(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

I AM a modest man, as well as an honest one. Censure cannot move me by one hair's breadth from the narrow path of rectitude; praise cannot unduly puff me up. Had I been other than I am, this last week would have gone fatally near to ruining that timid and shrinking diffidence which (I say it without egotism) marks me off from the poisonous, pestilential, hydrocephalous, putty-faced, snet-brained reptiles who disgrace the profession to which I belong. All I wish now to do is to point out that *I am the only prophet* who indicated, without any beating about the bush, that *Marvel* would win the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. My admirers have recognised the fact, and my private residence has been choked by an avalanche of congratulatory despatches, including two or three from some of the highest in the land. H. S. H., the Grand Duke of PFEFFENTOFF says:—"You have me with your writings much refreshed. I have the whole revenues of the Grand Duchy against one thousand *Raschen* of lager bier gebettet, and I have won him on your noble advice on *Marvel*. I make you Commander of the Honigthau Order." I merely cite this to show that my appreciators are not to one country confined—I mean, confined to one country.

What did I say last week, in speaking of the Stewards' Cup horses? By the well-known grammatical figure known as the *hystero-proteron*, I mentioned *Marvel* last, intending, of course, as even a buffalo-headed Bedlamite might have seen, that he should be first. And he was first. But to make assurance doubly sure, and to bring prophecy down to the intellectual level of a bat, I added, in speaking of the winner, that he "would certainly be a *Marvel*." I say no more. As the great Cardinal once observed to his chief of police, "*Je te verrai soufflé d'abord*," so I reply to those who wish me to reveal the secret of my success. Mr. J. knows it not, and no single member of the imbecile, anserous, asinine, cow-hooked, spavin-brained, venomous, hunger-mugger purveyors of pudding balderdash who follow him has the least conception of my glorious system. But I am willing to teach, though I have nothing to learn. For six halfpenny stamps those who desire to *know*, shall receive my pamphlet on "Book-making." Every applicant must send his photograph with his application, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.



"SUR LE TAPIS."—It was a carpet that ostensibly parted an eminent firm of composer, author, and theatrical manager. W. S. G. didn't want D'OILY CARPET—no, beg pardon, should have written D'OILY CARTE to have *carte blanche*. [Pretty name this. Is there a BLANCHE CARTE? If not, "make it so."]—to do whatever he liked whenever he liked with the decorating and upholstering of the theatre. And recently another carpet, not in connection with the above firm, created a difficulty. What's a thousand-guinea carpet to a man who likes this sort of thing? Nothing. Yet as *amici curiae*, we would have thought that that Tottenham Road carpet might have been kept out of Court. Wasn't that a Blunder, MAPLE?



THE LOVE LETTER.—A STUDY OF INDISCRETION.

FROM NILE TO NEVA.

[“And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage.”—*Erodus*.

“The Russian Government, by the new edicts, legalises persecution, and openly declares war against the Jews of the Empire.”—*Times*.]

“BEWARE!” ’Tis a voice from the shades,
from the dark of three thousand long years,

But it falls like the red blade of RA, and
should echo in Tyranny’s ears

With the terror of overhead thunder; from
Nile to the Neva it thrills,

And it speaks of the judgment of wrong, of
the doom of imperious wills.

When PENTAOUR sang of the PHARAOH, alone
by Orontes, at bay,

By the chariots compassed about of the foe
who were fierce for the fray,

He sang of the dauntless oppressor, of RAMESES,
conquering king;

But were there such voice by the Neva to-day,
of what now should he sing?

Of tyranny born out of time, of oppression
belated and vain?

Put up the old weapon, O despot, slack hand
from the scourge and the chain;

For the days of the PHARAOHS are done, and
the laureates of tyranny mute,

And the whistle of falchion and flail are not
set to the chords of the lute.

True, the Hebrew, who howed to the lash of
the Pyramid-builders, bows still,

For a time, to the knout of the TSAR, to the
Mascovite’s merciless will;

But four millions of Israel’s children are not
to be crushed in the path

Of a TSAR, like the Hittites of old, when great
RAMESES flamed in his wrath

Alone through their numberless hosts. No,
the days of the Titans of Wrong
Are past, for the Truth is a torch, and the
voice of the peoples is strong.

Even PENTAOUR, the poet of Might, spake in
pity that rings down the years

Of the life of “the peasant that tills” of his
terrible toil and his tears;

Of the rats and the locusts that ravaged, and,
worse, the tax-gathering horde

Who tithed all his pitiful tilth with the aid
of the atick and the cord;

And the splendour of RAMESES pales in the
text of the old Coptic Muse,

And—one hears the mad rush of the wheels
that the fierce Red Sea billow pursues!

O Mascovite, blind in your wrath, with
your heel on the Israelite’s neck,

And your hand on that hateful old blade,
Persecution, ’twere wisdom to reck

The PHARAOH’s calm warning... Beware!
Lo, the Pyramids pierce the gray gloom

Of a desert that is but a waste, by a river
that is but a tomb,

Yet the Hebrew abides and is strong.

AMENEMAN is gone to the ghosts,
He the prince of the Coptic police who so
harried the Israelite hosts

When their lives with hard-bondage were
bitter. And now bitter bondage you’d try.

Proscription, and exile, and stern deprivation.
Beware, Sire! Put by

That blade in its blood-rusted soabbard. The
PHARAOHS, the CÆSARS have found

That it wounds him who wields it; and you,
though your victim there, prone on the
ground,

Look helpless and hopeless, you also shall find
Persecution a bane

Which shall lead to a Red Sea of blood to
o’erwhelm selfish Tyranny’s train.

“Beware!” ’Tis the shade of MENEPHTA
that whispers the warning from far.
Concerning that sword there’s a lesson the
PHARAOH may teach to the TSAR!

“REWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.”—Among the
numerous rewards mentioned in the *Times* of
last Thursday, the magnificent gold watch,
with monogram in diamonds, presented by
the Royal Italian Opera Company to AUGUSTUS
DRURIOLANUS at the close of the present excep-
tionally successful season, was not mentioned.
Most appropriate present from the persons up
to tune to one who is always up to time. The
umble individual who writes this paragraph
only wishes some company—Italian, French,
no matter which—would present *him* with a
golden and diamonded watch. “O my pro-
phetic soul! My Uncle!!”

The Price of It.

GLADSTONE’s latest Benedicite
Is bestowed on “free publicity.”
’Tis the thing that we all strive at,
Praise in speech, and hate—in private!
Where are pride, reserve, simplicity?
Fled for ever—from Publicity!

“MORE LIGHT!”—The Berners Hotel Co.,
with Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA as Chair-
man, should at once be advertised as “The
G. A. S.-Berners Hotel Co.,” and, of course,
no electric lighting would be used. Mr.
SIMS REEVES is also a Director of this Hotel
Company. So it starts with a tenner.

SOCIALISTIC Military Novel. By JAMES ODD
SUMMER. *One Iron Soldier, and the Led
Captain.*



FROM THE NILE TO THE NEVA.

SHADE OF PHARAOH. "FORBEAR! THAT WEAPON ALWAYS WOUNDS THE HAND THAT WIELDS IT."



MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. XII.—CONRAD; OR, THE THUMBSUCKER.

(Adapted freely from a well-known Poem in the "Struwwelpeter.")

CHARACTERS.

Conrad (aged 6). Conrad's Mother (47). The Scissorman (age immaterial).

SCENE—An Apartment in the house of CONRAD'S Mother, window in centre at back, opening upon a quiet thoroughfare. It is dusk, and the room is lighted only by the reflected gleam from the street lamps. CONRAD discovered half-hidden by left window-curtain.

Conrad (watching street). Still there! For full an hour he has not budged beyond the circle of yon lamp-post's rays! The gaslight falls upon his crimson hose, and makes a steely glitter at his thigh, while from the shadow peers a hatchet-face and fixes sinister malignant eyes—on whom? (*Shuddering.*) I dare not trust myself to guess! And yet—ah, no—it cannot be myself! I am so young—one is still young at six!—What man can say that I have injured him? Since, in my Mother's absence all the day engaged upon Municipal affairs, I peacefully beguile the weary hours by suction of consolatory thumbs. (*Here he inserts his thumb in his mouth, but almost instantly removes it with a start.*) Again I meet those eyes! I'll look no more—but draw the blind and shut my terror out. (*Draws blind and lights candle; Stage lightens.*) Heigho, I wish my Mother were at home! (*Listening.*) At last. I hear her latch-key in the door!

Enter CONRAD'S Mother, a lady of strong-minded appearance, rationally attired. She carries a large reticule full of documents.

Conrad's M. Would, CONRAD, that you were of riper years, so you might share your Mother's joy to-day, the day that crowns her long and arduous toil as one of London's County Councillors!

Conrad. Nay, speak; for though my mind be immature, one topic still can charm my infant ear, that ever craves the oft-repeated tale. I love to hear of that august Assembly (*his Mother lifts her bonnet solemnly*) in which my Mother's honoured voice is raised!

C's M. (*gratified*). Learn, CONRAD, then, that, after many months of patient "lobbying" (you've heard the term?) the measure by my foresight introduced has triumphed by a bare majority!

Con. My bosom thrills with dutiful delight—although I yet for information wait as to the scope and purpose of the statute.

C's M. You show an interest so intelligent that well deserves it should be satisfied. Be seated, CONRAD, at your Mother's knee, and you shall hear the full particulars. You know how zealously I advocate the sacred cause of Nursery Reform? How through my efforts every infant's toys are carefully inspected once a month—?

Con. (*wearily*). Nay, Mother, you forget—I have no toys.

C's M. Which brings you under the exemption clause. But—to resume; how Nursery Songs and Tales must now be duly licensed by our Censor, and any deviation from the text forbidden under heavy penalties? All that you know. Well; with concern of late, I have remarked among our infancy the rapid increase of a baneful habit on which I scarce can bring my tongue to dwell. (*The Stage darker; blind at back illuminated.*) Oh, CONRAD, there are children—think of it!—so lost to every sense of decency that, in mere wantonness or brainless sloth, they obstinately suck forbidden thumbs! (*CONRAD starts with irrepensible emotion.*) Forgive me if I shock your innocence! (*Sadly.*) Such things exist—but soon shall cease to be, thanks to the measure we have passed to-day!

Con. (*with growing uneasiness*). But how can statutes check such practices?

C's M. (*patting his head*). Right shrewdly questioned, boy! I come to that. Some timid sentimentalists advised compulsory restraint in woollen gloves, or the deterrent aid of bitter aloes. I saw the evil had too deep a seat to yield to such half-hearted remedies. No; we must cut, ere we could hope to cure! Nay, interrupt me not; my Bill appoints a new official, by the style and title of "London County Council Scissorman," for the detection of young "suck-a-thumbs."

[*Here the shadow of a huge hand brandishing a gigantic pair of shears appears upon the blind.*

Con. (*hiding his face in his Mother's lap*). Ah, Mother, see! . . . the scissors! . . . On the blind!

C's M. Why, how you tremble! You've no cause to fear. The

shadow of his grim insignia should have no terror—save for thumb-suckers.

Con. And what for them?

C's M. (*complacently*). A doom devised by me—the confiscation of the culprit thumbs. Thus shall our statute cure while it corrects, for those who have no thumbs can err no more.

[*The Shadow slowly passes on the blind, CONRAD appearing relieved at its departure. Loud knocking without. Both start to their feet.*

C's M. Who knocks so loud at such an hour as this?

A Voice. Open, I charge ye. In the Council's name!

C's M. 'Tis the Official Red-legged Scissorman, who doubtless calls to thank me for the post.

Con. (*with a gloomy determination*). More like his business, Madam, is with—Me!

C's M. (*suddenly enlightened*). A Suck-a-thumb? . . . you, CONRAD?

C. (*desperately*). Ay,—from birth!

[*Profound silence, as Mother and Son face one another. The knocking is renewed.*

C's M. Oh, this is horrible—it must not be! I'll shoot the bolt and barricade the door.

[*CONRAD places himself before it, and addresses his Mother in a tone of incisive irony.*

Con. Why, where is all the zeal you showed of late? is't thus that you the Roman Matron play? Trick not a statute of your own devising. Come, your official's waiting—let him in!

(C's M. *shrinks back appalled*.) So? you refuse!—(*throwing open door*)—then—enter, Scissorman!

[*Enter the Scissorman, masked and in red tights, with his hand upon the hilt of his shears.*

The S. (*in a passionless tone*). Though sorry to create unpleasantness, I claim the thumbs of this young gentleman, which my own eyes have marked between his lips.

C's M. (*frantically*). Thou minion of a meddling tyranny, go exercise thy loathsome trade elsewhere!

The S. (*civilly*). I've duties here that must be first performed.

C's M. (*wildly*). Take my thumbs for his!

The S. 'Tis not the law—which is a model of lucidity.

Con. (*calmly*). Sir, you speak well. My thumbs are forfeited, and they alone must pay the penalty.

The S. (*with approval*). Right! Step with me into the outer hall, and have the business done without delay.

C's M. (*throwing herself between them*). Stay! I'm a Councillor—this law was mine! Hereby I do suspend the clause I drew.

The S. You should have drawn it milder.

Con. Must I teach a parent laws were meant to be obeyed? [To Sc.] Lead on, Sir. (*To his Mother with cold courtesy.*) Madam,—may I trouble you?

[*He thrusts her gently aside and passes out with the S.; the door is shut and fastened from without. C's M. rushes to door which she attempts to force without success.*

C's M. In vain I batter at a senseless door, I'll to the keyhole train my tortured ear. (*Listening.*) Dead silence! . . . is it over, to come? Hark! was not that the click of meeting shears? . . . Again! and followed by the sullen thud of thumbs that drop upon linoleum! . . .

[*The door is opened and CONRAD appears, pale but erect.—N.B. The whole of this scene has been compared to one in "La Tosca"—which, however, it exceeds in horror and intensity.*

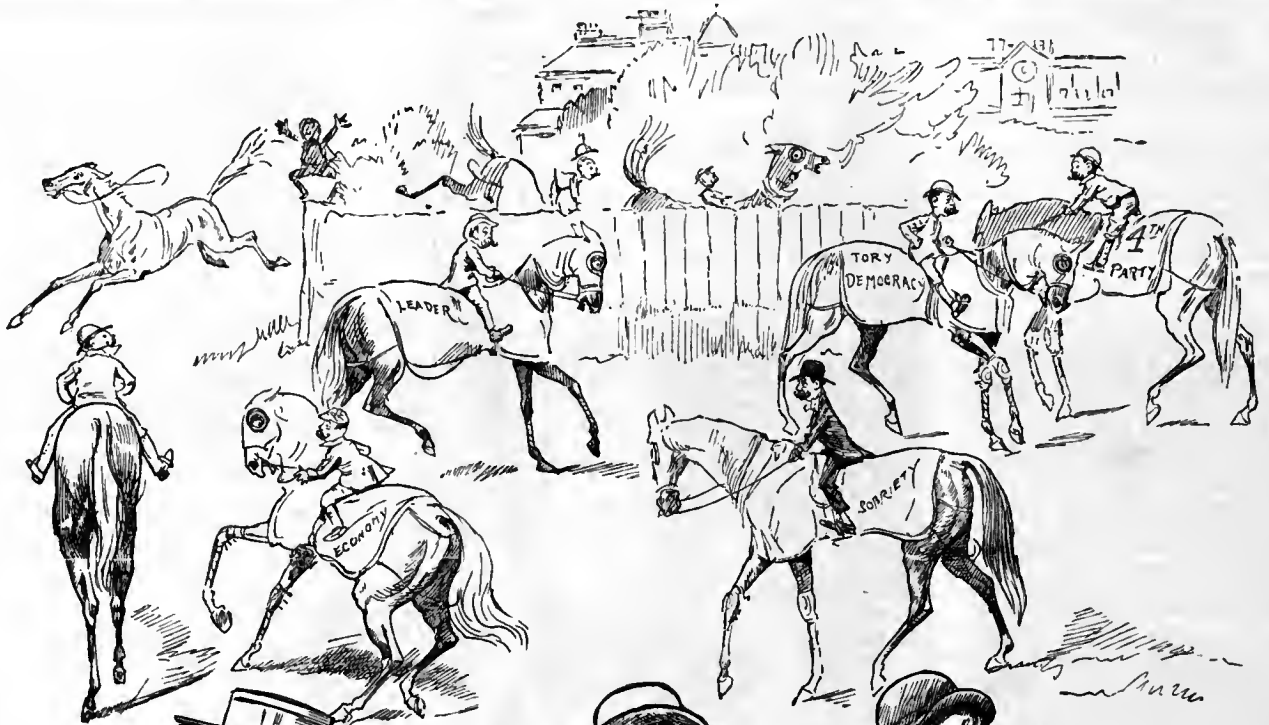
C's M. They send him back to me, bereft of both! My CONRAD! What?—repulse a Mother's Arms!

Con. (*with chilling composure*). Yes, Madam, for between us ever more, a barrier invisible is raised, and should I strive to reach those arms again, two spectral thumbs would press me coldly back—the thumbs I sucked in blissful ignorance, the thumbs that solaced me in solitude, the thumbs your County Council took from me, and your endearments scarcely will replace! Where, Madam, lay the harm in sucking them? The dog will lick his foot, the cat her claw, his paws sustain the hibernating bear—and you decree no law to punish them! Yet, in your rage for infantine reform, you rushed this most ridiculous enactment—its earliest victim your neglected son!

C's M. (*falling at his feet*). Say, CONRAD, you will some day pardon me?

Con. (*bitterly, as he regards his maimed hands*). I will,—the day these pollards send forth shoots!

[*His Mother turns aside with a heartbroken wail; CONRAD standing apart in gloomy estrangement as the Curtain descends.*



"RUNNING HIS EYE OVER THEM."

Colonel North and Lord Dunraven. "COME ALONG WITH US, GRANDOLPH. WE'VE GOT A BETTER LOT THAN THAT."

Henry James

"RUNNING HIS EYE OVER THEM."

GRANDOLPH muses:—
 "My Kingdom for a horse!"
 Ah, well!
 The question is,—which is my Kingdom?
 I'm bound to own there is a spell
 In Turfdom, Stabledom, and Ringdom,
 The spell that Lord GEORGE BENTINCK knew,
 As DIZZY tells, I feel it too.
 He won brief leadership, who might
 Have won the Derby! Which was better?
 There's a rapture in a racer's fight,
 There's a rust on the official fetter.
 Of me the Press tella taraddles!
 Well, I do set the fools strange riddlea!
 "Fourth Party!" He was no bad start
 For a new stable, but he's done with.
 "Tory Democracy!" No heart!
 But 'tis a mount I've had good fun with.
 "Leader!" "Economy!" "Sobriety!"
 My Stable has not lacked variety.
 What does NORTH say? A ragged lot?
 Try a new string? And you, DUNRAVEN?
 Humph! Fancy (does blow cold and hot.
 Audacious now, and now half craven.
 Well, freak's an unexhausted fount.
 Mentor, can you guess my next mount?



A CAREFUL MAN.

Host. "HULLO! WATERING MY CHAMPAGNE! AFRAID OF ITS GETTING INTO YOUR HEAD, I SUPPOSE!"
 Guest. "NO! IT'S NOT MY HEAD I'M AFRAID OF WITH YOUR CHAMPAONE!"

MY PITHY JAYNE.

[DR. JAYNE, Bishop of Chester, at a Conference of the Girl's Friendly Society, at Chester, said that until they were prepared to introduce basket-making into London Society as a substitute for quadrilles and waltzes, he was not disposed to accept it as an equivalent for balls and dances among girls of other classes.]

AIR.—"My Pretty Jane."

My pithy JAYNE, my plucky JAYNE,
 Punch fancies you looked sly
 When you met them, met them down at Chester,
 And gave them "one in the eye."
 Bigotry's waning fast, my boy,
 But Cant we sometimes hear,
 And Chester cant is pestilent cant,
 My Lord, that's pretty clear.
 Then pithy JAYNE, my plucky JAYNE,
 Of smiting don't be shy;
 But meet them, meet the moonstruck Puritans
 And tell them it's all my eye.
 'Tis only play, and harmless play,
 Like kissing in the ring,
 When lads and lasses of spirits gay
 Dance like young lambs in Spring.
 That Spring will wane too fast, alas!
 But while it yet is here,
 Let youth enjoy, or girl or boy,
 The dance to youth so dear.
 Then pithy JAYNE, my plucky JAYNE,
 Don't heed the bigot's cry,
 But meet them, meet them down at Chester
 And teach them Charity!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 28.—STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL are amongst the most regular visitors to our lobby from House of Lords. RAVENSWORTH and UMBRELLA run them pretty close, but come in only a good second. Moreover, whilst RAVENSWORTH and UMBRELLA rarely go beyond the lobby, STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL press forward into Gallery reserved for Peers, and there sweetly go to sleep, "Like Babea in the Wood," says Colonel MALCOLM, turning over leaves of Orders as if he would like to complete the simile by acting the part of the birds. To-night STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL leave us forlorn. They have business in their own House; been long concerned for interests of State as affected by the MARKISS's persistence in combining office of Premier with that of Foreign Secretary.

"It would be too much even for us," said STRATHEDEN, in conversation we had before House met; "and," he continued, "though I say it what shouldn't, I don't know any arrangement that would be happier or more complete than if we undertook the job. What do you say, CAMPBELL? Would you be Premier, or would you take the Foreign Seals?"

"The Premier place is yours," said CAMPBELL, gallantly; "at least, it is now. When we first started in life we used to call ourselves CAMPBELL and STRATHEDEN. You'll find it so in the Peerages of earlier date; now it's the other way about, and STRATHEDEN takes the pas."

"That was entirely your doing, CAMPBELL,

said STRATHEDEN; "so modest, so retiring, so thoughtful! After we'd been known as CAMPBELL and STRATHEDEN for good many years, you came to me and said it was my turn now. I objected; you insisted; and here we are, a power in the State, an object of interest in the Commons, STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL in the Lords."

"A little awkward, don't you think," I ventured to say, edging in a word, "for you two fellows to take this strong stand against duality?"

"Not at all," said STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL, both together; "we are authorities on the subject, and we say that the MARKISS cannot in his single person adequately perform the dual duties pertaining to his high offices; therefore we shall go and move our resolution protesting against arrangement."

Pretty to see them marching off. Always walk on tip-toe; ROSEBERRY says it is a practice adopted so as not to disturb each other when engaged in thinking out deep problems; two of the best and the happiest old fellows in the world; their only trouble is that on divisions their vote should count as only one. CAMPBELL, in whom hot Cupar blood flows, once proposed to raise question of privilege, but soothed by STRATHEDEN, who has in him a strong strain of the diplomatic character of his grandfather, ABINGER.

Business done.—In the Lords, STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL raised question of MARKISS as Premier and Foreign Secretary. In Commons, Anglo-German Agreement sanctioned.

Tuesday.—Scotch Members had their innings to-night; played a pretty stiff game till, at twelve o'clock, stumps drawn. All about what used to be called the Compensation Bill. Got a new



Turning over fresh Leaves.

name now; Compensation Clauses dropped; but JOKIM finds it dreary work dragging the wreck along.

"Seems to me, TOBY," he said, with a sob in his voice, "that whatever I do is wrong. This Bill has gone through various transmutations since, with a light heart, I brought it in as part of Budget scheme. But it's all the same. Hit high or hit low, I can't please 'em. Begin to think if there were any other business open for me, should chuck this up."

"Ever been in the carpet-cleaning line?" said MAPLE-BLUNDELL, in harsh voice, and with curiously soured face.

Generally bells through life as if it were all sunshine. Now cloud seems to have fallen over his expansive person, and he is as gloomy as JOKIM.

"It's all very well for you," he continues, glowering at JOKIM, "to complain of your lot; but till you go into the carpet-cleaning line you never know what vicissitudes mean. One day, alighting from your four-in-hand, and happily able to spare to Tottenham Court Road a few moments from direction of national affairs, you look in at your shop; enter a lady who says she wants a carpet cleaned. 'Very well,' you say rubbing your hands, and smiling blandly; 'and what will be the next article.' Nothing 'more. Only this blooming carpet, out of which, when the job is finished and it is sent home you make a modest



Floored by the Carpet.

five bob. Your keen insight into figures, JOKIM, will convince you that the coin colloquially known as five bob won't go far to enable you to cut a figure in Society, drive four-in-hand, give pic-nics in your park to the Primrose League, and subscribe to the Carlton Fund. However, there it is; carpet comes; you send it out in usual way, and what happens? Why it blows itself up, kills two boys, lames a man, and then you discover that you've been entertaining unawares a carpet worth £1000 which you have to pay. Did that ever happen to you at the Treasury?" MAPLE-BLUNDELL fiercely demanded. JOKIM forced to admit that his infinite sorrows had never taken that particular turn.

"Very well, then," snapped MAPLE-BLUNDELL, "don't talk to me about your troubles. As far as I know this is the only carpet in the world valued at £1000; it is certainly the only one that ever went off by spontaneous combustion; and I had this particular carpet in charge, at the very moment when it was ready to combust spontaneously."

"Yes," said JOKIM, softly, as MAPLE-BLUNDELL went off, viciously stamping on the carpet that covers the Library floor, "we all have our troubles, and when I think of MAPLE-BLUNDELL and his combustible carpet I am able the better to bear the woes I have."

Business done.—In Committee on Local Taxation Bill.

Thursday.—"True, TOBY," OLD MORALITY said, in reply to an observation, "I am a little tired, and naturally; things haven't been going so well as they did; but I could get along well enough if it wasn't for SUMMERS, CONYDEARE'S cantankerous; STORY is strenuous; TANNER tedious; and DILLON denunciatory. But there's something about SUMMERS that is peculiarly aggravating. In the first place, he is, as far as appearances go, such a quiet, amiable, inoffensive young man. Looking at him, one would think that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, much less that Mixed Marriages in Malta should keep him awake at night, and the question of International Arbitration should lower his appetite. Yet you know how it is. He seems to have some leisure on his hands; uses it to formulate conundrums; comes down here, and propounds them to me. Just look at his list for to-night. LINTORN SIMMONDS'S Mission to



P P P

the POPE; Customs' Duty in Algeria; International Arbitration; Walfish Bay, and Damara Land, together with the view the Cape Colonies may take of the Anglo-German Agreement. That pretty well for one night; but he's gone off now, to look up a fresh batch, which he'll unfold to-morrow. Now is the winter of our discontent, which is chilly enough; but, for my part, I often think that life would be endurable only for its SUMMERS."

Haven't often heard OLD MORALITY speak so bitterly; generally, even at worst time, overflowing with geniality; ready to take kindest view of circumstances, and hope for the best. But SUMMERS, surveying mankind from China to Peru in search of material for fresh conundrum, too much for mildest-mannered man. OLD MORALITY, goaded to verge of madness, jumps up; hotly declines to reply to SUMMERS; begs him to address his questions to Ministers to whose Department they belonged.

Business done.—Local Taxation Bill through Committee.

Friday.—Still in our ashes live our wonted fires. Dwelling just now amid ashes of expiring Session; everything dull and deadly; pounding away at Local Taxation Bill; Scotch Members to the fore, for the fortieth time urging that the £40,000 allotted them in relief of school fees shall be made £90,000. House divides, and also for fortieth time says "No;" expect to go on with next Amendment; when suddenly HARCOURT springs on OLD MORALITY'S back, digs his knuckles into his eyes, bites his ear, and observes that he "has never seen a piece of more unexampled insolence." OLD MORALITY, when he recovers breath, goes and tells the Master—I mean the SPEAKER. SPEAKER says HARCOURT shouldn't use language like that; so HARCOURT subsides, and incident closes as rapidly and suddenly as it opened.

A little later COMPTON goes for RAIKES; hints that he sub-edited for Hansard portions of a speech delivered in House on Post Office affairs. RAIKES says "Noble Lord charged me with having deliberately falsified my speech." COMPTON says he didn't. "Then," said RAIKES, with pleading voice that went to every heart, "I wish the Noble Lord had the manliness to charge me with deliberate falsification." COMPTON refused to oblige; RAIKES really depressed.

"Don't know what we're coming to, TOBY," he said, "when one almost goes on his knees to ask a man to charge him with deliberate falsification, and he won't do it. Thought better of COMPTON; see him in his true light now." *Business done.*—A good deal.

A SPORTING STYLE.

OUR next example of a true sporting style will be constructed on the basis of Nos. 11, 12, and 13 of the Rules. These, it will be remembered, require the writer to refer to "the good old days;" to be haughty and contemptuous, with a parade of rugged honesty; to be vain and offensive, and to set himself up as an infallible judge of every branch of sport and athletics. This particular variety of style is always immensely effective. All the pot-boys of the Metropolis, most of the shady bookmakers, and a considerable proportion of the patrons of sport swear by it, and even the most thoughtful who read it cannot fail to be impressed by its splendour. This style deals in paragraphs. *Second Example.*—Event to be commented on: A Regatta.

I am led to believe by column upon column of wishy-washy twaddle in the morning papers, that Henley Regatta has actually taken place. The efete parasites of a decayed aristocracy who direct this gathering endeavour year after year to make the world believe that theirs is the only meeting at which honour has the least chance of bursting into flower. I have my own opinions on this point. Really, these tenth transmitters of foolish faces become more and more brazen in their attempts to palm off their miserable two-penny-halfpenny, tin-pot, one-horse Regatta as the combination of all the cardinal virtues.

These gentry presume to dictate to rowing men what shall constitute the status of the Amsteur. For my own part (and the world will acknowledge that I have done some rowing in my time) I prefer the straight-forward conduct of any passing rag-and-bone merchant to the tricks of the high and mighty champions of the amateur qualification in whose nostrils the mere name of professional oarsman seems to stink. These pampered denizens of the amateur hothouse would, doubtless, wear a kid-glove before they ventured to shake hands with one who, like myself, despises them and their absurd pretensions.

As for the rowing, it was fantastic. I wasn't there. Indeed, those who know me, would never think so meanly of me as to suppose that I would attend this Regatta *pour rire*. But I know enough to be sure that the Eights were slow, the Fours deficient in pace, the pairs on the minus side of nothing, and the scullers preposterous. Rowing must be in a bad way when it can boast no better champions (save the mark!) than those who last week aired their incompetence, and impeded the traffic of the people upon the Thames. Time was when an oarsman was an oarsman, but now he is a miserable cross between a Belgravian flunkey and a riverside tout. Which is all I care to say on an unsavoury matter.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XVII.—THE SPURIOUS SPORTSMAN.

THERE is in sport, as in Society, a class of men who aspire perpetually towards something as perpetually elusive, which appears to them, rightly or wrongly, to be higher and nobler than their actual selves. But whereas a man may be of and in Society, without effort, by the mere accident of birth or wealth, in sport, properly understood, achievement of some kind is necessary before admission can be had to the sacred circle of the elect. What the snob is to Society, the Spurious Sportsman is to sport; and thus where the former seeks to persuade the world that he is familiar with the manners, and accustomed to the intimate friendship of the great and highly placed, the latter will hold himself out as one who, in every branch of sport has achieved many notable feats on innumerable occasions.

Such a man, of course, is not without knowledge on the matters of which he speaks. He has probably hunted several times without pleasure, or fished or shot here and there without success. But upon these slender foundations he could not rear the stupendous fabric of his deeds unless he had read much, and listened carefully to the narrations of others. By the aid of a lively and unscrupulous imagination, he gradually transmutes their experiences into his own. What he has read becomes, in the end, what he has done, and thus, in time, the Spurious Sportsman is sent forth into the world equipped in a dazzling armour of sporting mendacity. And yet mendacity is, perhaps, too harsh a word; for it is of the essence of true falsehood that it should hope to be believed, in order that it may deceive. But, in the Spurious Sportsman's ventures into the marvellous, there is generally something that gives ground for the exercise of charity, and the appalled listener may hope that even the narrator is not so thoroughly convinced of the reality of his exploits as he would, apparently, desire others to be. And there is this also to be said in excuse, that sport, which calls for the exercise of some of the noblest attributes of man's nature, not infrequently leads him into mean traps and pitfalls. For there are few men who can aver, with perfect accuracy, that they have never added a foot or two to their longest shot, or to the highest jump of their favourite horse, and have never, in short, exaggerated a difficulty in order to increase the triumph of overcoming it. But the modesty that confines most men within reasonable limits of untruthfulness has no restraining power over the Spurious Sportsman, to whom somewhat, therefore, may be forgiven for the sake of the warning he affords.

He is, as a rule, a dweller in London, for it is there that he finds the largest stock of credulity and tolerance. To walk with him in the streets, or to travel with him in a train, is to receive for nothing a liberal education in sport. No man has ever shot a greater number of rocketing pheasants with a more unerring accuracy than he has—in Pall Mall, St. James's Street, or Piccadilly. He will point out to you the exact spot where he would post himself if the birds were being driven from St. James's Square over the Junior Carlton Club. He will then expatiate learnedly on angle, and swing, and line of flight, and having raised his stick suddenly to his shoulder, by way of an example, will knock off the hat of an inoffensive passer-by. This incident will remind him of an adventure he had while shooting with Lord X.—“A deuced good chap at bottom; a bit stiff at first, but the best fellow going when you really know him”—through the well-known coverts of his lordship's estate. When travelling safely in a railway-carriage, he is the boldest cross-country rider in existence. He will indicate to you a fence full of dangers, and having taught you how it may best be cleared, will add, that it is nothing to one that he jumped last season with the Quytchley. “My dear Sir,” he will say, “a man who was riding behind me was so astounded that he measured it then and there with a tape he happened to have with him; Six foot of post and rail as stiff as an iron-clad, and twenty foot of gravel-pit beyond.” He will also speak with infinite contempt of those who “crane” or stick to the roads. It will sometimes happen to him to get invited—really invited—to an actual country house where genuine sport is carried on. Here, however, he will generally have brought with him his wrong gun, or his “idiot of a man” will have packed the wrong kind of cartridges, or his horse will have suddenly developed an unaccountable trick of refusing, which results in a crushed hat

and a mud-stained coat for his rider. These little accidents will by no means dash his spirits, or impair his volubility in the smoking-room, where he may be heard conducting a dull discussion on sporting records, or carrying on an animated controversy about powder, size of shot or bore, choke, the proper kind of gaiter, or the right stamp of horse for the country. Having shot with indifferent results on a very big day through coverts, he will afterwards aver that such sport is very poor fun, and that what he really cares about is a tramp over heather or turnips, and a small bag at the end of the day; but if he should ever be found on a grouse moor, or a partridge shooting, he will sneer at the inferior quality of a sport which requires that a man should exhaust himself with useless walking exercise before he gets near his birds. “Covert-shooting is the game, my boy;” he will say. “most difficult thing in the world when the pheasants are tall, and the finest test of a real sportsman,” and with that he will miss his twentieth grouse, and call down imprecations on the dogs, the light, the keeper, and his own companions.

The Spurious Sportsman is often an officer of the auxiliary forces. He knows by heart every button of the British Army, talks much upon questions of discipline, and has a more sharply defined and more permanent mark of sunburn across his forehead than any regular officer. He is also a great stickler for etiquette, and prefers to be addressed as Major or Colonel, as the case may be. He bears his rank upon his visiting-cards, and frequents a military Club. In the society of other Spurious Sportsmen he is at his best and noblest. They gather together at their resorts, each with the sincere conviction that every other member of the little coterie is a confirmed humbug. Yet they never fail to bring their store of goods, their anecdotes, their experiences, their adventures, and their feats, to a market where admiration and applause are paid down with a liberal hand; for though all know their fellows to be impostors, they are content to sink this knowledge in the desire to gain acceptance and credence for themselves, and thus there never comes a whisper of doubt, hesitation, or disbelief to mar the perfect harmony in which the Spurious Sportsmen live amongst themselves. Yet, when they have separated, they never fail to hold one another up to ridicule and contempt.

The Spurious Sportsman thus spends the greater part of his life in building up a reputation out of nothing. As time goes on, he becomes more and more anecdotically experienced, and, if possible, even less actual. He will have lost his nerve for riding, and a sight which gets daily weaker will have caused him to abandon even the pretence of handling his gun; but he will seek a recompense by becoming a sporting authority, and will pass a doddering old age in lamenting over the decay of all those qualities which formerly made a sportsman a sportsman, and a man a man.



MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

PARLIAMENTARY.

- “My right honourable and learned friend;” i.e., “A professional politician, devoid alike of principle and capacity.”
- “I pass from that matter;” i.e., “Find it somewhat embarrassing.”
- “I don't know whers my honourable friend gets his facts from;” i.e., “He should try and get out of his inveterate habit of lying.”
- “A monument of antiquated Norman tyranny;” or, “A relic of early English fraud and ignorance;” i.e., “A statute which I and my Party wish to repeal.”
- “The most precious constitutional legacy of those who fought and bled,” &c., &c.; i.e., Ditto ditto impugned by the opposite Party.

LEGAL.

- “I am instructed, my Lord, that this is, in fact, the case;” i.e., “I see that, as usual, you have got upon a false scent; but as this suits the book of my client, the solicitor (whose nod at this moment may mean anything, and, therefore, why not approval?), I encourage the mistake.”

LECTURER AT A BATTLE PANORAMA.

- “It is a well-known historical fact that—;” i.e., “You needn't believe a word of it.”
- “A bank of heavy clouds lowers in the horizon;” i.e., “The black paint has been laid on thick.”
- “The plain stretches far away;” i.e., “About five yards.”

'ARRY ON THE 'OLIDAY SEASON.

DEAR CHARLIE,—'Ow are yer, my pippin? 'Ere 'a 'oliday season come round, And I'm off on the galoot somewheres, and that pooty soon, you be bound; But afore I make tracks for dear Parry, or slope for the Scheldt or the Rhine, My 'art turns to turmuts and you, and I feel I must drop yer a line.

You gave me a invite this season, I know, my dear boy. Well, yer see

It's *this way*. The green tooral-looral 'a all right, but it 'ardly anits Me!

When you're well in the swim, my dear CHARLIE, along o' the reglar *eleet*, You must do as they do, for a swell, like a Bobby, must stick to his beat.

It 'a expected, old man, it 'a expected. Jest fancy me slinging my 'ook

For old Turmutsire, going out nuttin', or bobbing for fish in a brook!

Not *der wriggle*, dear boy, I assure you. Could stars of Mayfair be content

To round upon Rome or the Riggi, and smug up in Surrey or Kent?

No fear! Cherry orchards is pooty, and 'opa 'aa admirers, no doubt;

But it 'a only when sport is afoot as the country 'a worth fussin' about.

Your toff likes the turmuts or stubblea when poultry is there to be shot,

But corn-fields and cabbage-beda, CHARLIE?

Wayoh! that 's all middle-class rot.

There wos a time, CHARLIE, I own it, when Richmond 'ud do me to rights.

And a fortnight at Margit meant yum-yum to look for and dream on o' nights;

I waa innocerent then, a young geeser, too modest for this world, dear boy; Didn't know you 'd do wot was proper, and not what you think you 'd enjoy.

Ah! *Nobbles obliges*, old pardner, and great is the power of "form";

Rada may rail at "the clarsea" like ginger, but all on us likes to be "warm,"

And rub shoulders with suckles more shiny. Wy, life 'a greatest pulls, dont cherknow,

Are to look up to sparklers above us, and down on poor duffers below.

'Ardly know wich is lummiest, swelp me!

It 'a nuts to 'ook on to a swell, Like I did at a Primrose meet lately with sweet Lady CLARE CAMEL.

When her sunshade shone red on my face, mate, me givin' my arm through the crush, Wy I felt like Mong Blong in the mornin', and looked like a bride, one big blush.

NODDY SPRIGGINS, *he* spotted me, CHARLIE,— him being left out in the cold,— And to see him sit down on his topper, and turn off as yaller aa gold, Wos as good as a pantermime. Oh! if there's one thing more nicer than pie, It 'a to soar like a bird in the sight of the flats as can't git on the fly.

Won't raise me to three quid a week, the old skinflint. Though travelling 'a cheap, It do scatter the stamps jest a few, if you don't care to go on the creep. Roolette might jest set me up proper, but then, dontoherknow, it might *not*, And I fear I should come back cleared out, if my luck didn't land me a pot.

Oh, dash them spondulicka! The pieces is all as I wants for my 'elth.

And then them darned Soshierlist jugginsea 'owl till all 's blue agin Wealth.

It gives me the ditheruma, CHARLIE; it do, dear old man, and no kid.

Wy, they 'd queer the beat pitohea in life, if they kiboshed the Power of the Quid!

There's Venice again! I could start this next week with a couple o' pals;

But yer gondoler 'a 'ardly my form, and I never wos nuts on canals.

WAGGLES says *they* 're not like the Grand Junotion, as creeps sewer-like through our parka;

Well, WAGGLES may sniff; I'm not sure, up to now, mate, as Venice means larka.

'Arf a mind to try Parry once more. It's a place as you soon git to love;

There is always some fun afoot there, as will keep a chap fair on the shove.

Pooty scenery 'a sill very proper, but glaciers and snow-peaks do pall,

And as to yer bloomin' Black Forests, the *Bor der Boolong* beats 'em all.

After all, there is something quite 'ome-like in Parry—so leastways I think;

It's a place where you don't seem afraid to larf 'arty, or tipgals the wink;

Sort o' *san jany* feeling about it, my pippin—you know wot I mean.

You don't feel *too fur* from old Fleet Street, steaka, "bitter," and "God *Savs the Queen!*"

When your Britisher travels, he travels, bnt likes to be Britisher still;

With his *Times* and his "tub" he is 'appy; without 'em he's apt to feel ill.

Wy, when I waa last year in Parry, I went for a Bullyvard crawl

One night arter supper, when who should I spot but my pal BOBBY BALL.



'ARRY ON THE BOULEVARDS.

But I'm wandering, CHARLIE, I'm wandering. 'Ooliday form is my text. Last year it waa Parry and Switzerland; 'ardly know where to go next.

I should much like to try Monty Carlo, and 'ave a fair flutter for ones,

But I fear it won't run to it, pardner; my boss is the dashdeest old dunce.

He wos doin' the gay at a Caffy, waa BOB, *petty vair*, and all that,

Togged up to the nines with his claw-hammer, cuff-shooters, gloves, and crush-hat.

"Wot cheer, BOBBY, old buster!" I bellered; and up from his paper he looks. Ah! and didn't we 'ave a rare night on it, CHARLIE! We both know *our* books.

But wot do you think Bon was reading? *The Times!* I could twig it at once. He might 'ave 'ung on to *Gil Blas*, or the *Figgero*.—Bon ain't a dunce—
 But lor! not a bit on it, CHARLIE; the Britisher stuck out to rights;
 'Twas JOHN BULL's big, well-printed old broad-sheet! Jest one of the pootiest sights!
 Torton's is all very spiffing, the Bullyvard life is A 1, And the smart little journals of Parry, though tea-paper rags, is good fun;
 But a Briton abroad is a Briton; *chic*, spico, azure pictures, rum crimes, Is all very good biz in their way, but they do not make up for our *Times!*

Well, I'm not on for Turmutshirc, CHARLIE, not this time; and now you know why. Carn't yer jeet turn the tables, old hoyster, and come for a bit of a fly?
 Cnt the chawbacons, run up to London, jine me, and we'll pal off to Parry; And if yer don't find it a 'Oli-day Skylark, wy, never trust ARRY.

VICE VERSÁ.—The French Ministers are away from Paris for their vacation. M. DEVELLE, it is said, has gone to La Bourboule. This is better for the place than La Bourboule going to the Develle.



HER FIRST WASP.

Poor Effie (who has been stung). "FIRST IT WALKED ABOUT ALL OVER MY HAND, AND IT WAS SO NICE! BUT OH!—WHEN IT SAT DOWN!"

THE GERMAN HINTERLAND.

(New Song to an old Tune.)

WHERE is the German *Hinterland*?
 Wherever on a foreign strand
 There lies a handy sea-coast track,
 With fertile country at its back,
 On which to lay a Teuton hand;
 There is the German *Hinterland!*
 Where is the German *Hinterland*?
 Wherever commerce can expand,
 Without much danger or expense,
 O'er someone's "sphere of influence,"—
 That "someone" failing to withstand—
 There is the German *Hinterland!*

A PUZZLE.—The Dunlo case came to an end. Miss BELLE BILTON remains Lady DUNLO—and quite right too. Yet, if she is still the wife of Lord DUNLO, how is it that she is engaged to AUGUSTUS DRUBOLANUS? Yet such is the fact. Is she to be the Belle of the Beauty and the Beast (Pantomime)? If so, her Ladyship will look splendid, as she is a Belle Built 'un.

PROVERBIAL PARLIAMENTARY PHILOSOPHY.—"The course of business never did run smooth."—W. H. SMITH.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE paper on "Old Q.," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by EDWARD WALFORD, M.A., is interesting up to a certain point, but after that disappointing.



"*Oliver*," says the Baron, impersonating *Oliver* for the time being, "asks for more." And much the same observation have I to make on another paper about *Irish Characters in English Dramatic Literature*, by W. J. LAWRENCE. Although the writer ranges from SHAKESPEARE to BOUCCICAULT, and mentions authors, plays, and actors, yet he has omitted HUDSON who, after POWER and, before BOUCCICAULT, was, in his own particular line, one of the best delineators of Irish character on the stage. He played chivalrous parts that BOUCCICAULT would not have attempted. There are historical Irish types still to be represented; and when Irish melodrama, with its secret plots, murders, wicked land-agents, jovial muscular-christian priests, comic male peasants, and pretty and virtuous female ditto, shall have taken a rest for a while, Irish Comedy may yet have its day.

"*Scin Læca*." The very best letter I have ever seen on this important subject appeared August 9th, written by that eminent author, who makes a vain attempt at concealing his identity under the signature of "ARCHIMILLION," and addressed to the Great Journalistic Twin Brethren, the Editorial Proprietors and Proprietorial Editors of *The Whirlwind*, whose Court Circular reporter (this by the way) might appropriately adopt the historic name of "BLASTUS, the King's Chamberlain." The argument in ARCHIMILLION's remarkable letter is decidedly sound. But surely he is wrong in supposing that the astral reverberation of the podasma (one in six) could possibly be ratiocinated on the coleoptic intensity! Perhaps he will deny that he ever said so. But did he mean it? To me this has been the sweet familiar study of a lifetime, and, without boastful egoism, I may say I am considered, by all who know anything about the matter, a first-rate authority on this subject, or on any other, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

TIT FOR TAT!

(From a History of England, to be written in the Twentieth Century.)

THE Intelligent Foreigner carefully picked his way amongst the ruins to Downing Street, and was soon in consultation with the Premier.

"This merely is a call of courtesy," he observed; "of course I am not in the least bound to give you notice, but think it civil to do so."

The British Premier bowed, as if inviting further particulars.

"Well, O-HANG-HIT and I have settled everything," continued the Visitor; "he takes the Isle of Wight, while I assume the Protectorate of Scotland, India, and the Channel Islands."

"What!" exclaimed the British Premier, aghast at the information.

"And what if we resist?"

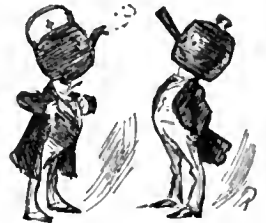
"Resist!" laughed the New Zealander, "Why that would cost a halfpenny in the pound more Income Tax, and your rate-psyers would never submit to that! Besides, our disease-spreading torpedoes (to which our own people are acclimatised) would soon silence opposition!"

"Very true," returned the British Premier, sorrowfully, "very true, indeed. Well, and what next?"

"Then O-HANG-HIT has a monopoly of English Beer, and we consent to the cession of Gibraltar to DUNT-KAR-ACUSSER. The simplest thing in the world!"

"But where do I come in?" asked the Briton.

"Oh, you don't come in at all. But don't be alarmed, we are only contributing our quota to the glorious cause of Peace!" And the Intelligent Foreigner showed the British Premier a report of a speech made by Lord SALISBURY, at the Mansion House, on August 6, 1890.



TRANSCENDENTAL NEOPHYTE.—Mr. JOHN BURNS has joined the Kabby lists.

OUR YOTTING YORICK.

DEAR EDITOR,

How can I send you "a sketch of anything I see," when I haven't seen anything for the last twenty-four hours. Impossible! utterly impossible! You simply want me to do impossibilities, and I am only mortal. *Voilà!* I don't complain; I only say I can't draw what I don't see; and as to sending funny sketches when it's raining in torrents, and been doing so for the last forty-eight hours three minutes and twenty-one and a-half seconds, I'm—well, I can't—*simplement*. Torrents of rain. Anyone can draw water—but



Droschki-Driver.

draw rain! Yes, when on horseback, I can draw rain. Good that, "when you come to think of it,"—considering that I'm 1900 miles from an English joke, so that this you may say is far-fetched, only 'tisn't fetched at all, as I send it. Think I've left out an "o," and it's 19,000. *It seems like it*. Here we are in Petersburg. Mist's cleared off. We're anchored close to Winter Palace, and I've just seen a droschki-driver, whom I sketch. Not unlike old toy Noah's-Ark man, eh? Something humorous at last, thank Heaven! But did I come 1900 miles to see this? Well, "Neva no more!"

Mister Skipper says I ought to go to the *Petershoff*. All very well to say so, but where is *Peter*, and how far is he "hoff"? That's humorous, I think, eh? You told me to go and "pick up bits of Russian life," and so I'm going to do it at the risk of my own, I feel sure, for I never saw such chaps as these soldiers, six feet three at the least, every man Jaekski of 'em, and broad out of all proportion. However, I'll go on shore, and try to get some fun out of the Russians, if there's any in them. If I'm caught

making fun of these soldiers, *I shouldn't have a word to say for myself!* The Skipper says that he's heard that the persecution of the Jews has just begun again. Cruel shame, but I daren't say this aloud, *in case* anyone should understand just that amount of English, and then—whoopski!—the knout and Siberia! So I'll say "*novot*." Really humorous *that*, I'm sure, and 19,000 miles from England.

To-day—I don't know what to-day is, having lost all count of time—is a great day with the Russians. I don't understand one word they say, and as to reading their letters—I mean the letters of their alphabet—that is if they've got one, which I very much doubt,—why I might as well be a blind man for all I can make out. Somehow I rather think that it's the Emperor's birthday. Guns and bells all over the place. Guns going off, bells going on. Tremendous crowds everywhere. "I am never so lonely," as somebody said, "as when I'm in a crowd." That's just what I feel, especially when the crowd doesn't talk a single word of English. The Russians are not ill-favoured but ill-flavoured, that is, in a crowd. I cheered with them, "Hiphiphurrahski! Hipski! Hurrahski!" What I was cheering at I don't know, but I like to be in it, and when at Petersburg do as the Petersburgians do.

Having strayed away from our yachting party, or yachting party having strayed away from me, I found myself (*they didn't find me though; they have been finding me in wittles and drink during the whole of the voyage,—humorous again, eh?* It's in me, only there's a depression in the Baltic. Why call it Baltic? Nobody on board knows) outside the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. I daresay there's some legend about their having built it, but, as I remarked before, my knowledge of the Russian tongue is limited to what I get dried for breakfast, and that doesn't go far when there are many more than myself alongside the festive board—and so I couldn't get any explanation. But I managed to sneak inside the fortress—and then,—*lost my way!*!!! Couldn't get out. "If you want to know your way, ask a Policeman" in London, and, in St. Petersburg, ask a Bobbiski. Here's one with a sword—at least, I think he's one. I said, "Please, Sir, which way?" Then I tried him with French—"Où est," says I, "*le chemin pour aller out of* (I couldn't remember the French for 'out of') *cette confounded fortress?*" He wouldn't understand me. I tipped him a wink—I tipped him a two-shilling piece. It wasn't enough I suppose, as he called another fellow. The other chap came up,—what he was I don't know—but suddenly, from their awful manner, their frowns,



Policeman.

and violent expressions, it occurred to me, "Hang it all! they take me for a Jew!" Never was so alarmed. With great presence of mind I pointed to my nose—they saw the point at once. Then the pair of them marched me off ("to Siberia," thinks I! and I wondered how far we should have to walk!) to the courtyard, where I had entered, and then passed me through the gate on to the road again. Then I fled to the yacht!! Away! Away!

Never will I venture out of the yacht again, until I can do so safely. Expect me back soon. Ah, what an escape!—to think I might have languished for the best of my days in irons or in the mines out in Siberia, like *Rip Van Winkle*,

or the Prisoner of Chillon, who dug and violent expressions, it occurred to me, "Hang it himself out with all! They take me for a Jew!"—*Extract from Letter from Our Yotting Yorick.*

was a boy I remember it, and tried to do it in the garden), and came up with a long beard when everyone was dead and gone. I may return as a stowaway, but anyhow expect me, and prepare the fatted outlet. That's humorous, isn't it, eh?

Yours,
19,000 miles away too! Just imagine!

JETSAM, THE Y. Y.



AUTOMATIC PROGRESS.

THE Proprietors of the "Automatic Chair" having had reason to think their invention such a success that they have turned it into a Company, a stimulus has been given to ingenuity in this direction, with the result that the following prospective advertisement, or something very much like it, may shortly be expected to see the light:—

THE AUTOMATIC FURNITURE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, started for the purpose of meeting the daily-increasing demand for self-acting and trouble-saving appliances in the domestic arrangements of the modern household, beg to inform their patrons that they are now able to supply them with

THE AUTOMATIC FOUR-POSTER. — This ingeniously constructed piece of furniture will tuck up the occupant, rock him to sleep, and pitch him out on to the floor at a given hour in the morning, thoroughly waking him by the operation, when it will of its own accord fold itself up into a conveniently-shaped parcel, not bigger than an ordinary carriage umbrella. The Association further desire to inform their patrons that they have also invented a

PATENT AUTOMATIC SHOWER-BATH AND WASH-HAND-STAND, that will forcibly seize the user, thoroughly souse him from head to foot, scrub, wash, and dry him. Finally folding itself up into a convenient lounge, on which he can complete his toilette at leisure. They also are prepared to supply their

AUTOMATIC DINNER-TABLE AND APPETITE COMBINED, upon taking a seat at which, the diner will be immediately served with a course consisting of soup, fish, joint, and vegetables, choice of *entrées*, sweets, cheese, and celery, with an appetite to enable him to relish the repast as it proceeds. After-dinner speeches, phonographically introduced, can be supplied at a slight additional charge. They, moreover, have in hand an

AUTOMATIC BUTLER-DETECTING SIDEBOARD, which, by an ingenious contrivance, on the Butler opening it for the purpose of helping himself to a glass of wine, instantly blows up with a loud explosion, that obliges him to desist in his design. But their chief triumph is their

AUTOMATIC AND MECHANICAL SHAREHOLDER, who, immediately on being shown the Prospectus, puts his name down for the required number of Shares as indicated to him. This last the Association regard as a great success, but they have several other startling novelties in active preparation.

STARS IN THE STRAND; OR, THE HORSE AND THE LADY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ONE of the greatest attractions in Town to the Country Cousin I need scarcely say is the Theatre. Speaking for myself, it is the place I earliest visit when I get to London, and consequently I was not surprised to find myself the other evening in the Adelphi, on the first night of a new play. As an Irishman might guess, from its name (*The English Rose*), the piece is all about Ireland. Both State and Church are represented therein—the former by a comic sergeant of



RIISING TO THE SITUATION!
(Scene from a well-mounted Drama.)

the Royal Constabulary, and the latter by a priest, who wears a hat in the first Act that would have entirely justified his being Boycotted. The plot is not very strong, and suggests recollections of the *Flying Scud*, *Arrah Na Pogus*, and *The Silver King*. The acting is fairly satisfactory, the cast including a star, supported by an efficient company. The star is a horse that pranced about the stage in the most natural manner possible, carefully avoiding the orchestra. In spite, however, of his anxiety to keep out of the stalls, suggestive as they were (but only in name) of the stable, some little alarm was created in the neighbourhood of the Conductor, which did not entirely subside until the fall of the curtain. But the sagacious steed knew its business thoroughly well, and was indeed an admirable histrion. Only once, at the initial performance, did this intelligent creature remember its personality, and drop the public actor in the private individual. The occasion was when it had to put its head out of a loose-box to listen to the singing of a serio-comic song by a lady, dressed as a "gosssoon." For a few minutes the talented brute made a pretence of eating some property foliage, and then, catching sight of the audience, it deliberately counted the house! I regret to add that, in spite of the valuable support afforded by this useful member of the Messrs. GATTI's Company, its name did not appear in the playbill.

A few evenings later I had a second time the advantage of being present at a first night's performance. The occasion was, the production of *The Great Unknown*, by AUGUSTIN DALY's Company of Comedians. I found the piece described as a "new eccentric Comedy," but, beyond a certain oddness in the distribution of the characters of the cast, did not notice much novelty or eccentricity. The life and soul of the evening's entertainment was MISS ADA REHAN, a talented lady, who (so I was told) has made her mark in



A BREAKDOWN AT THE LYCEUM!
(Imported from the Gaiety.)

Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, and *Katharina*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*. I can quite believe that MISS REHAN is a great success in parts of the calibre of the Shakspearian heroines I have mentioned; nay, more, I fancy she would do something with *Lady Macbeth*, and be quite in her element as *Emilia*, in *Othello*. But, as she had to play an *ingénue*, aged eighteen, in *The Great Unknown*, she was

not quite convincing. It was a very good part. In the First Act she had to coax her papa, and flirt with her cousin; in the second, to respond to a declaration of love with a burst of womanly feeling; and, in the third, to play the hoyden, and dance a breakdown. All this was done to perfection, but not by a young lady of eighteen. MISS ADA REHAN was charming, but looked, and I fancy felt, many years older than her legal majority. I question whether she was an *ingénue* at all, but, if she were, she was an *ingénue* of great and varied experience. When Mrs. BANCROFT appeared as the girl-pupil in *School*, she was the character to the life; but when MISS REHAN calls herself *Etna*, throws herself on sofas, and hugs a man with less inches than herself, we cannot but feel that it is very superior play-acting, but still play-acting. Take it all round, I was delighted with the lady at the Lyceum, and the horse at the Adelphi, and nearly regret that, having to leave town, I shall not have the opportunity of seeing either of them again.

Yours faithfully,
A CRITIC FROM THE COUNTRY.

A HOLIDAY APPEAL.

[Last year Mrs. JEUNE's "Country Holiday Fund" was the means of sending 1,075 poor, sickly, London children for a few weeks into the country, averting many illnesses saving many lives, and imparting incalculable happiness. Mrs. JEUNE makes appeal for pecuniary assistance to enable her to continue this unquestionably excellent work.]

It is Holiday Time, and all such as can pay,
For the Summer-green country are up and away;
But what of the poor pale-faced waifs of the slums?
Oh, the butterfly flits, and the honey-bee hums
O'er the holt and the heather, the hill and the plain,
But they flit and they hum for Town's children in vain;
Unless—ah! unless—there is hope in that word!—
Mrs. JEUNE's kindly plea by the Public is heard.
Heard? Everyone feels 'tis a duty to listen.
The eyes of the children will sparkle and glisten,
In hope of the beauty, at thought of the fun,
For they know their kind champion, and what she has done,
And is ready to do for them all once again,
If folks heed her appeal. Shall she make it in vain?
Three weeks in the country for poor Bob and Bess!
Do you know what *that* means, wealthy cit? Can you guess,
Dainty lady of fashion, with "dots" of your own,
Bright-eyed and trim-vestured, well-fed and well-grown?
Well, BOBBY's a cripple, and BESS has a cough,
Which, untended, next winter may "carry her off,"
As her folks in their unrefined diction declare;
They are dying, these children, for food and fresh air,
And their slum is much more like a sewer than a street,
Whilst their food is—not such as your servants would eat;
Were they housed like your horses, or fed like your dogs,
They would think themselves lucky; *that's* how the world jogs!
But three weeks in the country! Why, that would mean joy,
And new life for the girl, and fresh strength for the boy.
The meadow would heal them, the mountain might save,
Won't you give them a chance on the moor, by the wave?
Why, of course! You have only to know, *Punch* to ask,
And you'll jump at the job as a joy, not a task!
Come, delicate dame, City CROesus rotund,
And assist Mrs. JEUNE's "Country Holiday Fund!"
Mr. Punch asks, for her, your spare cash, and will trouble you
To send it to Thirty-seven, Wimpole Street, W.!

THE EMPIRE IS PIECE, OR, RATHER, BALLET.

Now that the weather is so uncertain, that one day it may be as sultry as the tropics, and the next suggestive of Siberia, it is as well to know where to go, especially when *al fresco* entertainments are impossible. To those who are fond of glitter tempered with good taste, something suitable to their requirements is sure to be found at the Empire. At this moment (or, rather, every evening at 10:30 and 9) there are two excellent ballets being played there, called respectively *Cecile* and the *Dream of Wealth*. The first is dramatic in the extreme, and the last, with its precious metals and harmonious setting, is worth its weight in notes—musical notes. There is plenty of poetry in both spectacles—the poetry of motion. Further, as containing an excellent moral, it may be said that this pair of spectacles is suitable to the sight of everyone, from Materfamilias up from the country to Master JACKY home for his Midsummer holidays.





BANK HOLIDAY SPORTS. "KISS-IN-THE-RING."

"NONE BUT THE FAIR DESERVE THE BRAVE."

THE CLOSE OF THE INNINGS.

Bowler. Over at last!**Wicket-keeper.** Humph! Yes, but not "all out!"
Time's up! All glad to leave the field, no doubt;
But I'm not satisfied.**Bowler.** You never are!**Wicket-keeper.** Some thought you, when you joined the team, a star,
Equal, at least, to SPOFFORTH, FERRIS, TURNER,
Yet sometimes you have bowled like a school-learner.**Bowler.** That's most discouraging! Come now, I say,
You know that every Cricketer has "his day,"
Whilst the best bat or trundler may be stuck,
And, though he try his best, be "out of luck."
Ask W. G. himself! Early this season
He couldn't score, for no apparent reason.
Now look at him! Almost as good as ever!**Wicket-keeper.** Well, ye-e-s! But you were thought so jolly clever.
To me it seems 'tis your idea of Cricket
To smash the wicket-keeper—not the wicket.
Look at my hands! They're mostly good to cover me;
With you, by Jingo, I need pads all over me!**Bowler.** Oh, well, you know, fast bowling, with a break,
Not every wicket-keeper's a game to take.
You are not quite a SHERWIN or a WOOD,
Or even a McGARJOR. You're no good
At bowling that has real "devil" in it.**Wicket-keeper.** The—dickens I am not! Just wait a minute!
I have stood up to GRANDOLPH at his wildest,
You know his pitch and pace; not quite the mildest,
Scarce equal, certainly, to "demon" DIZZY,
But when he's on the spot he keeps one busy.
It's not your "devil," JOKIM, that I dread;
That's easy, when you're "bowling with your head,"
But when you sling them in, as you've done lately,
Swift but not straight, why, then you vex me greatly.
Your pet fast bumpy ones, wide of the wicket,
Perhaps look showy, but they are not Cricket.**Bowler.** Oh, bother! You're the crassest of old frumps.
Why, bless you, SMITH, I stood behind the stumps
Long before you put gloves on!**Wicket-keeper.** I dare say,
But when we took you in our team to play'Twas for your bowling. I don't want to scoff
At chance bad luck, but you have not come off!
Now, BALFOUR doesn't give "no balls" and "wides,"
Or make it hot for knuckles, shins, and sides,
As you've been doing lately. "Extras" mount
When you are bowling, and your blunders count
To our opponents,—not to mention me.Although two broken fingers, a bruised knee,
A chin knocked out of shape, and one lost tooth
Are trying little items, to tell truth.**Bowler.** Hang it! If you're so sweet on ARTHUR B.,
Try him next Season, but don't chivey me!

[Goes off huffily.]

Wicket-keeper (to Umpire). I take them without flinching, Umpire,
I'll do my duty to my Team and County [don't I?
As long as I've a knuckle in its place;
I have not many—look! And see my face!
No, when the game's renewed, JOKIM must try
To keep the wicket clearly in his eye,
Not the poor wicket-keeper, or you'll see
"Retired, hurt" will be the end of Me!

AN OLD RAILWAY AND A NEW LINE.

At the last General Meeting of the L. C. & D., their Chairman made one of his best speeches. Prospects were bright, and hearts were light, just to drop into poetry. Sir E. WATKIN, *alias* S. Eastern WATKIN, had some time ago been assured judiciously of the fact that Folkestone meant Folkestone as clearly as Brighton means Brighton, or Ramsgate means Ramsgate, and the two great Companies were, it was hoped, soon to come to an agreement and live happily ever afterwards. Among other plans for the future, the popular and astute Chairman more than hinted that the day was not far distant when, in consequence of the increasing patronage bestowed on the improved third-class carriages, the trains of the L. C. & D. Company would be made up of first and third, and the middle class would be out of it altogether. This will be a blow to those whose travelling motto has hitherto been "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" But, on the other hand, if the second-class be dropped, the L. C. & D. can adopt the proud motto, "*Nulli Secundus.*" Mr. Punch, Universal Managing Director, in charge of thousands of lines, wishes them the benefit of the omen.



THE CLOSE OF THE INNINGS.

W. H. S. (*Wicket-keeper*). "TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, UMPIRE;—IF THE BOWLING'S GOING TO BE AS WILD—
NEXT INNINGS—AS THIS, I SHALL 'RETIRE HURT'!"



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
125 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

'LEBE WOHL! HELGOLAND!'

(An Incident of the Cession—hitherto unreported.)

THE Representative of BRITANNIA'S Might had departed in appropriate state, and the German Emperor had reached his destination.



The new landlord was most anxious to take possession. He was all impatience to appear before his recently-acquired subjects, to show to them the Military Uniform he had assumed after discarding that garb he loved so well—the *grande tenue* of an Honorary Admiral of the Fleet in the service of VICTORIA, Queen, Empress, and Grandmother. There was a consultation on board the *Hohenzollern*, and then a subdued German cheer.

The Chief Naval Officer approached His Majesty, cocked-hat in hand.

"Sire," he said, falling on one knee; "all is now ready."

"But why has there been this delay?" asked WILLIAM THE SECOND, in a tone of imperial command.

"Sire, we could not find the island. Unhappily we had mislaid—" and then the naval officer paused—

"Your charts and field-glasses?" queried His Majesty.

"No, Sire," was the reply. Then, after some hesitation, the chief of the German sailors continued, "The fact is, Your Majesty, I had lost my microscope, and—" But further explanation was drowned in the sound of saluting artillery. And the remainder of the day was devoted (by those who could find room on the island) in equal proportions to smoke and enthusiasm.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

LAST week I published a dispatch conveying to me the exalted approval of H.S.H. the Grand Duke of PREIFENTOPF. The closing words of His Serene Highness's gracious letter informed me that I had been appointed a Knight of the Honigthau Order, one of the most ancient and splendid orders known to chivalry.

When HUNDSVETTER VON VOGELANG, of whom the ancient Minne-singers relate that in his anger he was wont to breathe forth fire from his mouth and smoke from his nostrils, when, as I say, the valiant and gigantic HUNDSVETTER, with his band of faithful retainers (amongst whom one of our own CAVENDISHES—*der Zerschnittene* as they called him, found a place), was assailed in his ancestral Castle of Meerscham by the wild hordes of the Turkish Zig-'arets, it is said that, with one aged attendant, he mounted the topmost tower, prepared, if no sign of succour showed itself, to cast himself to the ground or perish in the attempt. But just as he had hurled his seneschal over the battlements, in order, as he playfully observed, to make the falling softer, his eye was arrested by a wreath of smoke in the middle distance. "May I perish," said the gallant but sorely-reduced Teuton warrior, "if that be not the war-sign of my uncle PREIFENTOPF." Hastening downstairs, he apprised his followers that succour was at hand. Armed with *klehs*, they made a desperate sally, and, having taken the Zig-'arets between two fires, utterly extinguished them. That night HUNDSVETTER'S only daughter, the lovely and accomplished BREIA, was solemnly married by the Archbishop of TÄNDSTICKOR, assisted by the Rev. WILHELM SCHWANZPUDEL and the Rev. CONRAD RATTENZAHN, cousin of the bride, to the K. K. OBERPOTZTAUSENDER VON THUTWEH, the leader of PREIFENTOPF'S advance-guard. The bride's going-away dress was composed of a simple bodice of best Sheffield steel, with a gown of Bessemer composite to match, and, in honour of the event, the Honigthau Order was ceremoniously founded.

I have cited this tale at length, because some carping, malevolent scribes have dared to insinuate, actually to insinuate in print, that the Grand Duke and his Order have no existence. To these jelly-faced purveyors of balderdash I only say this:—*How, if His Serene Highness be a myth, could I receive from him the letter I published last week?* But, to make assurance doubly sure, I sent the following dispatch to the Grand Duke:—"Mooncalves cast anserous doubts on your serene existence, and on that of Order. Kindly make me Grand Cross, and send decoration in diamonds." To this I have received the following reply:—"You are Grand Cross made. Order mit *diamanten und perlen* now is being at the post-office by my Grand Chamberlain for transmission abroad registered."

This should strike detraction dumb. I propose also to publish a selection of congratulations from other Continental potentates, but of this, as SHAKSPEARE says, Anon, anon!

Permit me, in the meantime, to go half-way towards revealing my identity by adopting a pseudonym drawn from an immortal work, and subscribing myself prophetically yours (and the public's),

TIPPOO TIP.

A NEW PLAGUE.

SIR,—I understand that those who suffer oppression are permitted to turn to you for relief, and I am told further, that there is no wrong which you are unable to remedy. Listen for a few moments to my tale of woe, and then say if you can strike a blow on my behalf. I am an author, that is to say, I have written a book, and have lately published it at my own expense. I was told by a friend of mine, who has some experience in these matters (he is the Sporting Correspondent of the *Fortnightly Glass of Fashion*), that it would be well for me to make some arrangement with my publishers as to Royalty. I therefore gave orders that presentation copies, suitably bound, were to be forwarded to Her Gracious MAJESTY and the rest of the Royal Family, including, of course, the Duke of CLARENCE. My publisher seemed surprised, but offered no objection, and I was therefore able to congratulate myself on having successfully smoothed over a difficulty which, if I am to believe Mr. WALTER BESANT, too often troubles the young author. This, however, is neither here nor there. I merely mention the incident to show that I am not altogether lacking in *savoir faire*.

As I said, I am an author. My book is a romance entitled, *The Foundling's Farewell*. Of course you have heard of it. It is blood-curdling but sympathetic, romantic but realistic, pathetic and sublime. The passage, for instance, in which the Duke of BARTEMY repels the advances of the orphan charwoman is—but you have read it, and I need not therefore enlarge further upon it. After it had been published two days, I began to look eagerly into all the daily and weekly papers for critical notices of my *magnum opus*. I persisted for a fortnight, and failing to see any, wrote an angry letter to my publishers. On that very day the last post brought me three letters in unknown hands. I opened the first listlessly, I read what it contained, and (may an author confess his weakness?) gave a wild shout of triumph when I found that one of the enclosures was a newspaper extract referring to my work. Here it is, as it appeared on the form enclosed:—

The United Association of Combined Paragaphists.

MR. WILLIAM WHORBOYS.

(From the Pimlico Potterer. July 6th.)

"Amongst the books of the month we may notice *The Foundling's Farewell*, by MR. WILLIAM WHORBOYS, an author whose name we have not hitherto met with. It is a romance of surpassing interest, the subject being treated with all the convincing power of a master-hand. We shall look forward eagerly to MR. WHORBOYS'S next work."

With this there came a polite letter from the U. A. C. P., asking me to allow them to supply me with all newspaper cuttings referring to me or to my book from "the entire English, American, and Continental Press." Another leaflet stated the terms on which they were prepared to take this immense trouble on my behalf.

Here, at last, thought I to myself, is Fame. The other two letters contained the same extract, and similar requests from "The Universal Notice-Mongers," and "The British Cutting Company (Limited)." I decided in favour of the U. A. C. P., sent them two guineas, and waited. Three days afterwards there came a scrubby little roll of paper, with a halfpenny stamp on it. I saw the magic letters U. A. C. P. upon it, and tore it open. It contained a newspaper cutting, which nothing but my desire to be truthful would force me to publish. But here it is:—"The stuff that is palmed off upon a hapless public by aspiring idiots, who are vain enough to imagine that they are novelists, is astounding. The latest of these is a certain WILLIAM WHORBOYS, whose book, *The Foundling's Farewell*, is remarkable only for its ungrammatical dulness, &c., &c." The next post brought me the same cutting, sent gratuitously, out of spite, I suppose, by the two Extract Companies to whom I had preferred the U. A. C. P., and from four others who desired my custom. During the following week not a day passed without the receipt of that accursed cutting from some new extract company. Since then I have waited some months, but nothing more has appeared. My subscription, I find, has only a year to run. The question is, what can I do? My life has been blighted by the U. A. C. P., poisoned by "The Universal Notice-Mongers," and the cup of happiness has been dashed from my lips by "The British Cutting Company (Limited)."

I know I am not alone in this. My friend HARTVIG, who is an actor, has been similarly treated. He gets all the insulting notices of his great performances with extraordinary regularity, but never a favourable one. BURCOMBE, who is standing for Parliament, receives bushels of extracts from the local Radical paper, he being a Tory Democrat. We intend to combine and do something desperate. Is there not some method of winding up Companies, or putting them into liquidation, or appointing receivers? Pray let me know, and oblige yours in misery,

WILLIAM WHORBOYS,

Author of "The Foundling's Farewell."



'HAD ENOUGH OF IT.'

MISS PARLIAMENTINA PUTTING AWAY HER PUPPETS.

RUMOURS FOR THE RECESS.

Monday.—We hear, from a source which cannot possibly be mistaken, that a *thorough reconstruction of the Cabinet* is imminent. Mr. SM-TH goes at once to the Upper House. Mr. B-LF-R becomes First Lord, and Leader of the Commons. A position will be found for Mr. G-SCH-N somewhere on the Gold Coast, and thus room will be made for Lord R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL, whose popularity in official Conservative circles is undiminished. Lord H-RT-NOT-N will probably not become Prime Minister just yet.

Tuesday.—Since yesterday, some slight modifications in Ministerial arrangements have been made. Mr. SM-TH, for example, does not go to the House of Lords, nor Mr. G-SCH-N to the Gold Coast. Moreover, no attempt has been made to induce Lord R-ND-LPH to enter the Cabinet, and Mr. B-LF-R is not to be Leader of the House. Otherwise, the rumoured reconstruction was quite correct. Lord H-RT-NOT-N's acceptance of the post of Prime Minister is considered to be merely a matter of time.

Wednesday.—No fresh reconstruction is announced to-day, as Ministers are mostly out of Town. Lord H-RT-NOT-N declines to be interviewed on the subject of the Premiership.

Thursday.—An entirely fresh readjustment of Ministerial forces is on the tapis. Great excitement prevails at Westminster. Nobody exactly knows why, but it is expected that substitutes will be found for Mr. G-SCH-N, Mr. SM-TH, Mr. B-LF-R, Mr. M-TTH-WS, Mr. R-TCH-E, and Lord H-LSB-BY. Lord H-RT-NOT-N is said to have referred all persons who questioned him about his acceptance of the Premiership, to Lord S-L-SB-RY.

Friday.—Mr. M-TTH-WS has been offered the Governorship of Madras, and has declined. He has been sounded as to whether he would accept the High Commissionership of the unexplored parts of Central Africa, and has replied evasively. Two prominent Members of the Cabinet are said not to be on speaking terms, and are practising the dumb alphabet in consequence. It is positively asserted, that the Lord Advocate will be the next Leader of the House of Commons. Lord H-RT-NOT-N's chances of the Premiership have not improved.

Saturday.—A total and absolutely fresh reconstruction of the Cabinet, giving everybody a new place, and every place a new holder, is expected immediately. Details will follow shortly. For the present Lord H-RT-NOT-N remains outside the Cabinet, and has gone to Newmarket.

WEEK BY WEEK.

WE have often been asked how we contrive to put together every week the delightful paragraphs which appear in this column. The system is really wonderfully easy, and, with proper instruction, a child could do it. The first point is to select an item of intelligence about which few people care to hear. This must be spun out very thin and long, and adorned with easy extracts from TUPPER, the copy-books, or Mr. W. H. SMITH's speeches. Then wrap it up in a blanket of humour, sprinkle with fatuousness, and serve cold.

For instance, you hear that grey frock-coats are very much worn. On the system indicated above you proceed as follows:—It is curious to observe how from year to year the customs and fashions of men with regard to their wearing apparel change. Last year black frock coats were *de rigueur*. This year, we are informed by a Correspondent who has special opportunities of knowing what he is writing about, various shades of grey have driven out the black. No doubt it is every man's duty to himself and his neighbours to array himself becomingly, according to the fashion of the hour, but we are inclined to doubt the wisdom of this latest move. It is often said, that the grey mare is the better horse, but when the horse itself has a grey coat, the proverb seems inapplicable.

The rest of the space allotted can be filled with political gossip and personal items, with here and there some inspired twaddle about foreign personages, of whom no one has ever heard before or desires to hear again.

We beg to state that we offer this information gratis to all intending journalists. If they follow our system they *must* succeed.

“SAY!”—Speaking of the relations between England and France in Africa, and of the proposed Bill for a Sabara railway, connecting Algeria with Lake Tchad, the *Times*' Paris Correspondent says:—“England, it is explained, agrees not to go beyond Say, on the Niger.” This sounds ominous. It was Lord GRANVILLE's indisposition to go beyond “Say” (and to shrink when it came to “Do”) which got us into hot water in Africa before. Mr. *Punch* hopes, despite this disquieting sentence, that Lord SALISBURY, after his excellent speech at the Mansion House, is unlikely to fall into the same fatal error.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 4.—GEORGE CAMPBELL been with us many Sessions; heard and seen a good deal of him, but really seems only now to be coming out. Has taken up the Police Bill, “and I wish,” says HENRY MATTHEWS, *sotto voce*, “the Police would in return take him up.”

GEORGE literally overwhelms the place, breaks out everywhere; began at earliest moment with question of precedence. Cardinal MANNING been granted precedence on certain Royal Commissions. “Why should the Cardinal be thus honoured?” GEORGE wants to know. “There is the Moderator of the Scotch Free Church. Why shouldn't he, too, have princely rank?”

LORD ADVOCATE snubs CAMPBELL, and he momentarily resumes his seat. Ten minutes later shrill cry of pibroch heard again. Everyone knows that CAMPBELL is coming, and here he is, tall, gaunt, keen-faced, shrill-voiced, wanting to know at the top of it which of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers advises HER MAJESTY on questions of precedence?

“There is,” said GORST, reflectively gazing on his manly form, “one precedence we would all concede to CAMPBELL. We would gladly write on the bench where he usually sits—

‘Not last, but gone before.’”

But which is his seat? Usually the lank form and the shrill voice simultaneously uprise from the middle of the second Bench behind Mr. G.; but GEORGE has a little way of pleasantly surprising the House. Members looking across see this Bench empty.



The Campbell is speaking, oh dear, oh dear!

The Campbell is speaking, oh dear, oh dear!

And nobody ever cries, “H-ar, hear, hear!”

When the Campbell is speaking! Oh dear, oh dear!

“Ah! ah!” they say to themselves, “the CAMPBELLS are gone. Now we'll have a few minutes' peace and get on with business.” Suddenly, *à propos* of anything that may be going on, or of nothing at all, the unmistakable voice breaks on the ear from under the shadow of the Gallery, from the corner of the Bench, sometimes from below the Gangway, and a deep low groan makes answer. Again a little while and this seat is vacated; the Minister in charge of Bill, looking hastily round, slatters himself that CAMPBELL really has gone, when lo! from some other remote and unfrequented spot the terrible



FANCY PORTRAIT OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. On reading the Parliamentary report in Wednesday's *Times*.

“Mr. W. H. Smith. I asked my colleagues near me whether they had seen or read the publication—(Mr. A. C. Swinburne's poem about Russia) and none of them had.” “And this,” exclaimed Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, “this is fame!”

ory is uplifted, and, without looking up, men know CAMPBELL is making his fifteenth speech.

"On the whole," says PLUNKET, "I'm not sure that the habits of POR's raven were not less irritating. It is true that on its first arrival it hopped about the floor, wherein it resembles our honourable friend; but afterwards, having once perched upon the pallid bust of Pallas, it was good enough to remain there. Bad enough, I admit; but surely that situation preferable to ours, not knowing from moment to moment from what particular quarter CAMPBELL may next present himself."

Business done.—Police Bill obstructed.

Tuesday.—HANBURY came down to-day full of virtuous resolution and stern resolve. Privileges of House of Commons have been struck at, and through him; DARTMOUTH, Lord-Lieutenant of Staffordshire, has been writing things in the papers; rebukes HANBURY, "as a Magistrate for Staffordshire," for having made certain speech in Commons about Grenadier Guards. HANBURY hitherto said nothing in public on the matter; has been in communication with DARTMOUTH by post and telegram; has boldly vindicated privileges of Commons; has brought the insolent Lord-Lieutenant to his knees; but till this moment has made no public reference to the part he played. Has borne, unsoothed by companionship, the sorrow of the House of Commons.

Now hour has struck; he may come to the front, and, with habitual modesty of mien, indicate rather than describe the imperishable service he has done the Commons. House, all unconscious of what is in store for it, wantons at play. Innumerable questions on paper. SUMMERS coming up fresh with batch of new conundrums. PATRICK O'BRIEN "having had his attention called" to some verses by SWINBURNE, proposes to read them. House wickedly delighted at prospect of SWINBURNE being haltingly declaimed with North Tipperary accent localised by companionship with the Town Commissioners of Nenagh; SPEAKER thinks it might be funny, but wouldn't be business; so PATRICK having begun, "Night brings but one red star—Tyrannicide," is sternly pulled up. OLD MORALITY says he's never seen "the publication;" has asked friends near him, and everyone says he has neither seen, heard, nor read of it. "The House," says the SPEAKER, by way of crushing ignominy, "has no control over the poet SWINBURNE."

So House deprived of its anticipated lark; all the while HANBURY, with hands in pockets, sits staring gloomily forth, rather pitying than resentful. House of course does not know what is in store for it; still this trifling at the very moment when, though all unconsciously, the Commons have been saved from contumelious outrage, racks the soul that carries with it the momentous secret.

At last HANBURY's opportunity comes! Rises slowly, solemnly, to full height; in deep base tones, asks permission to make personal statement. House instantly alert, and attentive; balked of its fun with PATRICK, here is promise of fresh larks. HANBURY, his profound base notes sometimes trembling with emotion, proceeds to unfold his story; reads long letter from Dartmouth; Members, discovering that the portentous business relates to some trumpery correspondence in the newspapers, begin to cough, shuffle their feet,

and even cry "Agreed!" HANBURY stops aghast. Can it be possible! When he has been vindicating privileges of Commons, can Members thus lightly treat incident? But he will read them another letter, one he wrote to Lord DARTMOUTH. Anguished roar burst forth from House; louder cries of "Agreed! Agreed!" HANBURY, gasping for breath, looks round from side to side. They cannot understand; will read them another letter; begins; storm increases; HANBURY persists. Surely House will be delighted to hear his final rejoinder to DARTMOUTH? On the contrary, House will have no more; and HANBURY, pained and panting, resumes his seat, and business goes forward as if he had not interposed.

Business done.—A sudden rush. All contentious Bills through final stage.

Saturday.—Session suddenly collapsed. "Like over-ripe tree," says Prince ARTHUR, dropping into poetry, "the fruit has fallen in a night." Benches nearly empty; Votes passing in basketsful; prorogue next week; to-day, practically, last working time. OLD MORALITY just come in, in serge suit; left his straw hat in his room; off shortly on cruise in Pandora; already shipped store of nautical phrases. Putting his open hand to the side of his mouth, he (when GEORGE CAMPBELL was making one of his last speeches), shouted out, "Belay

there!" SPEAKER pointed out that this was not Parliamentary phrase. If Right Hon. Gentleman wanted to move the Closure, he should do so in the form provided. OLD MORALITY, standing up, hitching his trowsers at the belt, scraping his right foot behind him, and pulling his forelock, retorted—

"I ask your honour's pardon; but these lubbers are so long-winded." "Order! Order!" said SPEAKER.

Said good-bye, wishing him luck on the voyage; at parting pressed on my acceptance a little book; found it a copy of the Golden Treasury Edition of Sir THOMAS BROWN'S *Religio Medici*; page 167 turned down; passage marked; read these words:—

"Though vicious times invert the opinions of things and set up a new ethics against virtue, yet hold thou fast to OLD MORALITY."

"I will," I said; and pressing his hand sheered off.

Business done.—All.



W. H. SMITH AS "THE ROVER OF THE SEAS."

"ONCE MORE ON BOARD THE LUGGER, AND I AM FREE!"

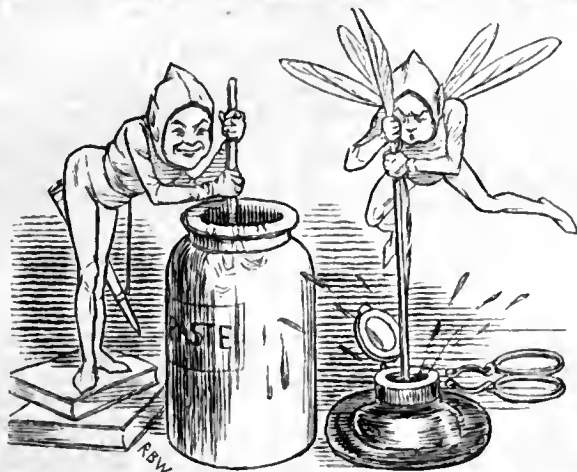
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INVALID TOURING OPPORTUNITY.—Your idea of personally conducting a party of paralytics, cripples, and other helpless invalids on a "flying Continental trip," in which you propose including visits to all the recognised "Cures," either by baths or drinking waters in Europe, strikes us as quite admirable, and the further advantages you offer in the shape of your being accompanied by six Bath-chairs, a donkey, a massage doctor, a galvanising machine, fire-escape, and a hearse, seem to meet the demands of the most nervous and exacting patients more than half way. Your provision, too, for the recreation of your party—such an important consideration where the nerves have been shattered and the health feeble—by the engagement of a Learned Musical and Calculating Pig, and a couple of Ethiopian Pashas, who can munch and swallow half-a-dozen wine-

glasses, and, if requested, remove their eye-balls, seems to offer a prospect of many an evening's startling and even boisterous amusement; and if the Pig should have been palmed off on you by fraud, you not having found it able to "calculate" at all, or even select with its snout a number not previously fastened to a piece of onion, though assisted in its selection, according to the directions, "with a smart prod with a carving-fork," there still, as you truly say, remains the alternative of disposing of it advantageously to some German sausage-maker. As to the Ethiopian Pashas, if their feats, as is just possible, shock and horrify, rather than divert and amuse your invalid audience, you can, as you suggest, easily leave them behind on your way, in settlement of one of your largest hotel bills. Let us know when you start. Your "half-dozen paralytics" being let down in a horse-box by a crane on to the boat, ought to create quite a sensation, and we shall certainly be on the look-out for it.

NOVELTY UP TO DATE.

THE originality of the plot of *The English Rose* (the new play at the Adelphi) having been questioned, the following Scotch Drama is published with a view of ascertaining if it has been done before. Those of our readers who think they recognise either the situations



or any part of the dialogue, will kindly remember that treatment is everything, and the imputation of plagiarism is the feeblest of all charges. The piece is called *Telmah*, and is written in Three Acts, sufficiently concise to be given in full:—

ACT I.

The Horse Guards Parade, Elsinore, near Edinburgh.

Enter MACCLAUDIUS, MACGERTRUDE, Brilliant Staff, and Scotch Guards. The Colours are trooped.

Then enter TELMAH, who returns salute of Sentries.

MacClaudius. I am just glad you have joined us, TELMAH.

TelmaH. Really! I fancied some function was going on, (but thought it was a parade, in honour of my father's funeral.

MacGertrude (with a forced laugh). Don't be so absurd! Your poor father—the very best of men—died months ago.

TelmaH (bitterly). So long!

MacClaudius (aside). Ma gracious! He's in one of his nasty tempers, MACGERTRUDE. Come away! (Aloud.) Believe me, I shall drink your health to-night in Perrier Jouet of '74. Come!

[Exit with Queen and Guards.]

TelmaH. Oh! that this too solid flesh would melt! (Enter Ghost.) Hallo! Who are you?

Ghost (impressively). I am thy father's spirit! List, TELMAH, oh, list!

TelmaH. Would, with pleasure, were I not already a Major in the Army, and an Hon. Colonel in the Militia.

Ghost (severely). None of your nonsense! (More mildly.) Don't be frivolous! (Confidentially.) I was murdered by a serpent, who now wears my crown.

TelmaH (in a tone of surprise). O my prophetic soul! Mine uncle?

Ghost. Right you are! Swear to avenge me!

TelmaH (after an internal struggle). I swear!

[Solo for the big drum. Re-enter troops, spectral effect, and tableau.]

ACT II.—Interior of the Palace of Elsinore, near Edinburgh, arranged for Private Theatricals. MACCLAUDIUS, MACGERTRUDE and Court seated, with TELMAH acting as Prompter.

MacClaudius (aside to MACPOLONIUS). Lord Chamberlain, have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

MacPolonius. Well, Sire, as I understand it is not intended for public representation, I have not done more than glance at it. I am told it is very clever, and called "The Mouse-trap."

MacGertrude. Rather an idiotic title! (Contemptuously.) "The Mouse-trap!"

[Business. A King on the mimic stage goes to sleep, and a shrouded figure pours poison into his ear. MACCLAUDIUS rises abruptly.]

TelmaH (excitedly). He poisons him for his estate. His name's MACGONZAGO. The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of MACGONZAGO's wife!

MacClaudius (angrily to MACPOLONIUS). Chamberlain, we part this day month! Ma gracious! [Exit, followed by Queen and Court.]

TelmaH (exultantly). Now could I drink hot blood, and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on!

Ghost (entering abruptly). Well, do it! What's the good of all this play-acting? Cut the ranting, and come to the slaughtering! (Seizes TELMAH by the arm.) If you are an avenger, behave as such!

[TELMAH greatly alarmed, sinks on his knees before Ghost, and the Curtain falls on the tableau.]

ACT III.—The Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Elsinore, near Edinburgh, TELMAH, and MACLAERTES, discovered fencing.

Captain MacOeric, R.A. (Superintendent of the Circus). A hit, a palpable hit! (TELMAH and MACLAERTES engage a second time, and MACLAERTES wounds his opponent.) One to white! (Points out MACLAERTES with a small flag. Another round, when TELMAH wounds MACLAERTES.) One to black!

[Touches TELMAH with his flag.]

MacClaudius (pouring out a glass of cheap champagne). Here, TELMAH, you are heated, have a drink!

TelmaH. I'll play this bout first. Set it by awhile. (Aside to MAC-HORATIO, who smiles.) I know his cellar!

MacGertrude. I will take it for you, dear! (Impatiently.) Give me the cup? (Seizes it.) The Queen carouses to thy fortunes, TELMAH!

[Drinks eagerly and with gusto.]

MacClaudius (aside). The poisoned cup at eighteen shillings the dozen! It is too late! Ma gracious!

[QUEEN dies in agonies.]

MacLaertes. TELMAH, I am slain, and so are you—the foils are tipped with poison! (Speaking with difficulty.) Prod the old 'un!

[Dies.]

TelmaH. The point envenomed, too! Then venom do thy work!

[Stabs King and dies.]

Ghost (entering in blue fire, triumphantly to MACCLAUDIUS). Now, you'll remember me!

[MACCLAUDIUS dies.]

[Soft music. Scene sinks, discovering magnificent funeral ceremony at the Abbey, Elsinore, near Edinburgh. A solemn dirge (specially composed for this new and original piece) is sung. Slow Curtain.]

PROS AND CONS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

(By a Hesitating Trippist.)

Antwerp.—Lots of Rubens, but the Harwich route is objectionable on "dusty" weather.

Boulogne.—Great attraction this year—Ex-Queen of NAPLES installed—but the port, at low tide, requires all the perfumes of Araby, and more.

Cologne.—Cathedral finished, but local scent is accurately expressed by "Oh!"

Dieppe.—Casino cheery, but the passage from Newhaven to French coast at times too terrible for words.

Etretat.—Amusing society, but the sanitary arrangements are rather shady.

Florence.—The Capital of Art, but at its worst in the dog days.

Geneva.—Within reach of Mont Blanc, but hotels indifferent, even when under "Royal Patronage."

Heidelberg.—Magnificent view from the Castle, but too many Cooks spoil the prospect.

Interlaken.—Jungfrau splendid, but not free from 'ARRIES and 'ARRIETTS.

Jerusalem.—Interesting associations, but travelling on mule-back is a trial to horn pedestrians.

Kissingen.—Out of the beaten track, but query rather too much so.

Lucerne.—Lovely; but comfort takes a back seat if the Schweitzerhoff is full.

Madrid.—Plenty of pictures, but cholera in the neighbourhood.

Naples.—Famous Bay never off, but scarcely the place to face an epidemic.

Ouchy.—Beau Rivage beyond all praise, but environs uninteresting.

Paris.—Always pleasant—save in August.

Quebec.—Possibly attractive to the wildly adventurous, but scarcely worthy of a jaunt across the Atlantic.

Rome.—The City of the Popes and the Cæsars, but not to be thought of before the early winter.

St. Malo.—Quaint old Breton port, but journey from Southampton frequently dangerous, and always disagreeable.

Turin.—Typical Italian town; but why go here when other places are equally accessible?

Ulrecht.—Suggestive of cheap velvet, but suggestive of nothing else.

Vevey.—Pleasantly situated, but triste to the last degree.

Wiesbaden.—Kept its popularity, in spite of its loss of roulette and trent e quarante; but Baden-Baden is preferable.

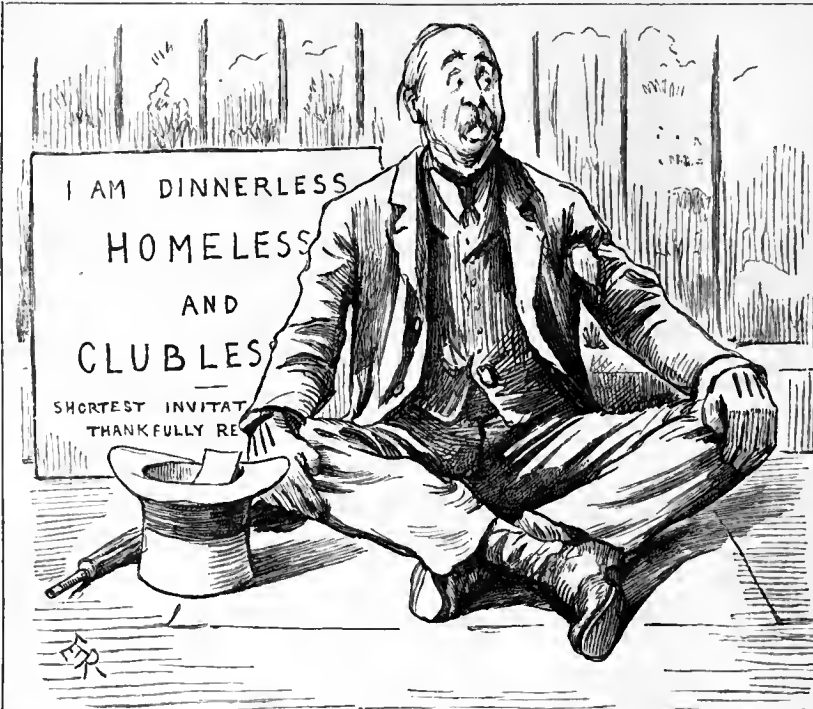
X les Bains.—Beautiful scenery, but population chiefly invalids.

Zurich.—Might do worse than go there; but, on the other hand, why not stay at home?



VOCES POPULI.

COCKNEY COQUETRY: A STUDY IN REGENT'S PARK.

SCENE—Near the Band-Stand. TIME—7 P.M. on a Sunday in August.
CHARACTERS.*Polly* (about 22; a tall brunette, of the respectable lower middle-class, with a flow of light badinage, and a taste for tormenting).*Flo* (18; her friend; shorter, somewhat less pronounced in manner; rather pretty, simply and tastefully dressed; milliner or bonnet-maker's apprentice).*Mr. Ernest Hawkins* (otherwise known as "ERNE 'ORKINS"; 19 or 20; short, sallow, spectacled; draper's assistant; a respectable and industrious young fellow, who chooses to pass in his hours of ease as a blasé misogynist).*Alfred* (his friend; shorter and sallower; a person with a talent for silence, which he cultivates assiduously).*POLLY* and *FLO* are seated upon chairs by the path, watching the crowd promenading around the enclosure where the Band is playing.*Polly* (to *FLO*). There's *ERNE 'ORKINS*; — he doesn't see us yet. 'Ullo, *ERNE*, come 'ere and talk to us, won't you?*Flo*. Don't, *POLLY*. I'm sure I don't want to talk to him!*Polly*. Now you know you do, *FLO*,—more than I do, if the truth was known. It's all on your account I called out to him.*Mr. Hawkins* (coming up). 'Ullo! so you're 'ere, are you?[*Stands in front of their chairs in an easy attitude. His friend looks on with an admiring grin in the background, unintroduced, but quite happy and contented.*]*Polly*. Ah, we're 'ere all right enough. 'Ow did you get out?*Mr. H.* (his dignity slightly ruffled). 'Ow did I get out? I'm not in the 'abit of working Sundays if I know it.*Polly*. Oh, I thought p'raps she wouldn't let you come out without 'er. (Mr. H. disdains to notice this insinuation.) Why, how you are blushing up, *FLO*! She looks quite nice when she blushes, don't she?*Mr. H.* (who is of the same opinion, but considers it beneath him to betray his sentiments). Can't say, I'm sure; I ain't a judge of blushing myself. I've forgotten how it's done.*Polly*. Ah! I desay you found it convenient to forget. (A pause. Mr. H. smiles in well-pleased acknowledgment of this tribute to his brazen demeanour.) Did *ARTHUR* send you a telegraph?—he sent *FLO* one. [This is added with a significance intended to excite Mr. H.'s jealousy.]*Mr. H.* (unperturbed). No; he telegraphed to father, though. He's gettin' on well over at Melbun, ain't he? They think a lot of him out there. And now gettin' his name in the paper, too, like that, why—*Flo*. That'll do him a lot of good, 'aving his name in the paper, won't it?*Mr. H.* Oh, *ARTHUR*'s gettin' on fine. Have you read the letters he's sent over? No? Well, you come in to-morrow evening and have a look at 'em. Look sharp, or they'll be lent out again; they've been the reg'lar round, I can tell you. I shall write and blow 'im up, though, for not sending me a telegraft, too.*Polly*. You! 'Oo are you? You're on'y his brother, you are. It's different, his sending one to *FLO*.*Mr. H.* (not altogether relishing this last suggestion). Ah, well, I desay I shall go out there myself, some day.[Looks at Miss *FLO*, to see how she likes that.]*Flo*. Yes, you'd better. It would make you quite a man, wouldn't it?*Mr. H.* (nettled). 'Ere, I say, I'm off. Good-bye! Come on, *ALF*! [Both girls titter. Fausse sortie.]*Polly*. No, don't go away yet. Shall you take 'er out with you, *ERNE*, eh?*Mr. H.* What 'er? I don't know any 'er.*Polly* (archly). Oh, you think we 'aven't 'eard. 'Er where you live now. We know all about it!*Mr. H.* Then you know more than what I do. There's nothing between me and anybody where I live. But I'm going out to Ostralia, though. I've saved up 'alf of what I want already.*Polly* (banteringly). You are a good boy. Save up enough for me too!*Mr. H.* (surveying her with frank disparagement). You? Oh, lor! Not if I know it!*Flo* (with an exaggerated sigh). Oh dear, I wish I was over there. They say they're advertising for maidservants—fifteen shillings a week, and the washing put out. I'd marry a prince or a lord duke, perhaps, when I got there. *ARTHUR* sent me a fashion-book.*Mr. H.* So he sent me one, too. It was the Autnum fashions. They get their Autumn in the Spring out there, you know, and their Christmas Day comes in the middle of July. Seems rum, doesn't it?*Flo*. He sent me his photo, too. He has improved.*Polly*. You go out there, *ERNE*, and p'raps you'll improve. [*Flo* giggles.]*Mr. H.* (hurt). There, that's enough—good-bye. [*Fausse sortie* No. 2.]*Polly* (persuasively). 'Ere, stop! I want to speak to you. Is your girl here?*Mr. H.* (glad of this opportunity). My girl? I ain't got no girl. I don't believe in 'em—a lot of—*Polly* (interrupting). A lot of what? Go on—don't mind us.*Mr. H.* It don't matter. I know what they are.*Polly*. But you like Miss *PINKNEY*, though,—at the shop in Queen's Road,—you know.*Mr. H.* (by way of proclaiming his indifference). Miss *PINKNEY*? She ought to be Mrs. SOMEBODY by this time,—she's getting on for thirty.*Polly*. Ah, but she don't look it, does she; not with that lovely coloured 'air and complexion? You knew she painted, I desay? She don't look—well, not more than thirty-two, at the outside. She spends a lot on her 'air, I know. She sent our *GEORGY* one day to the 'air-dresser's for a bottle of the stuff she puts on, and the barber sez: "What, do you dye your 'air?" To little *GEORGY*! fancy!*Mr. H.* Well, she may dye herself magenter for all I care. (Changing the subject.) *ARTHUR*'s found a lot of old friends at Melbun,—first person he come upon was a policeman as used to be at King Street; and you remember that Miss *LAVENDER* he used to go out with? (Speaking at *FLO*.) Well, her brother was on board the steamer he went in.*Polly*. It's all right, *FLO*, ain't it? so long as it wasn't Miss *LAVENDER* herself! (To Mr. H.) I say, ain't you got a moustarsh oomin'!*Mr. H.* (wounded for the third time). That'll do. I'm off this time! [The devoted *ALF* once more prepares for departure.]*Polly*. All right! Tell us where you'll be, and we may come and meet you. I daresay we shall find you by the Outer Circle,—where the children go when they get lost. I say, *ERNE*, look what a short frock that girl's got on.*Mr. H.* (lingering undecidedly). I don't want to look at no girls, I tell you.

AN OBJECT OF COMPASSION.

PITY AN UNFORTUNATE MAN, DETAINED IN LONDON BY UNINTERESTING CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH HE HAS NO CONTROL, WHOSE FAMILY ARE ALL OUT OF TOWN, WHOSE ESTABLISHMENT IS REPRESENTED BY A CARETAKER, AND WHOSE CLUB IS CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS.

Polly. What, can't you see *one* you like,—not out of all this lot?

Mr. H. Not one. Plenty of 'ARRIETS! [*Scornfully.* *Flo.* Ah! and 'ARRIES too. There's a girl looking at you, ERNIE; do turn round.

Mr. H. (loftily). I'm sure I shan't look at *her*, then. I expected a cousin of mine would ha' turned up here by now.

Polly. I wish he'd come. P'raps I might fall in love with him,—who knows?—or else *FLO* might.

Mr. H. Ah! he's a reg'lar devil, I can tell you, my cousin is. Why, I'm a saint to 'im!

Polly. Oh, I daresay! "Self-praise," you know!

Mr. H. (with a feeling that he is doing himself an injustice). Not but what I taught him one or two things he didn't know, when he was with me at Wandsworth. (*Thinks he won't go until he has dropped one more hint about Australia.*) As to Ostralia, you know, I've quite made up my mind to go out there as soon as I can. I ain't said nothing, but I've been meaning it all along. They won't mind my going at home, like they did ARTHUR's, eh?

Flo (in a tone of cordial assent). Oh no, of course not. It isn't as if you were 'im, is it?

Mr. H. (disappointed, but still bent on asserting his own value). You see, I'm independent. I can always find a berth, I can. I don't believe in keeping on anywhere longer than I'm comfortable. Not but what I shall stick to where I am a bit longer, because I've a chance of a rise soon. The Guv'nor don't like the man in the Manchester department, so I expect I shall get his berth. I get on well with the Guv'nor, you know, and he treats us very fair;—we've a setting-room to ourselves, and we can come and set in the droving-room of a Sunday afternoon, like the family; and I often have to go into the City, and, when I get up there, I can tell yer, I—

Flo (suddenly). Oh! there's Mether! I must go and speak to her a minute. Come, POLLY!

[*Both girls rise, and rush after a stout lady who is disappearing in the crowd.*

Alfred (speaking for the first time). I say, we'll 'look it now, eh?

Mr. H. (gloomily accepting the situation). Yes, we'd better 'look it.

[*They "'ook it" accordingly, and Miss FLO and Miss POLLY, returning later, find, rather to their surprise, that their victim has departed, and their chairs are filled by blandly unconscious strangers. However, both young ladies declare that it is "a good riddance," and they thought "that ERNIE 'ORKINS never meant to go,"—which seems amply to console them for having slightly overrated their powers of fascination.*

THE GROAN OF THE "GROWLER."

[*The British "Cabby," hearing of the new Parisian plan of regulating Cab-fares by distance, which is to be shown by an automatic apparatus, venteth his feelings of dismay and disgust in anticipation of the application of the new-fangled System nearer home.*]

A AUTUMN-ATTIC happaratus

For measuring off our blooming fares!

Oh, hang it all! They slang and slate us;

They say we crawl, and cheats, and swears.

And we survives the sneering slaters,

Wot tries our games to circumvent,

But treating us like Try-yer-weighters,

Or chockerlate, or stamps, or scent!

Upon my soul the stingy dodgers

Did ought to be shut up. They're wuss

Than Mrs. JACKERMETTY PRODOERS,

Who earned the 'onest Cabman's cuss.

It's sickening! Ah, I tell yer wot, Sir,

Next they'll stick hup—oh, you may smile—

This:—"Drop a shilling in the slot, Sir,

And the Cab goes for just two mile!"

Beastly! I ain't no blessed babby,

Thus to be measured off like tape.

Yah! Make a autumn-attie Cabby,

With clock-work whip and a tin cape.

May as well, while you're on the job, Sir,

And then—may rust n'pset yer works!

The poor man of his beer they'd rob, Sir,

Who'd rob poor Cabby of his perks!"



A CONTENTED MIND.

Angelina. "INCOMES UNDER £150 A YEAR ARE EXEMPT FROM INCOME-TAX. ISN'T IT LUCKY, DARLING? WE JUST MISS IT BY FIVE POUNDS!"

TO A FEATHER-HEADED POET.

OH, mountainous moulder of molehills, weak wielder of terrors outworn,
Discharger of sulphurous salvoes, effectely ferocious in scorn,
Shrill shrieker and seagipedalian, befoamed and befumed and immense
With the words that are wind on an ocean, whose depth is unfathomed of sense,
Red fury that smitest at shadows, black shadows of blood that is red
In the face of a soulless putrescence, doomed, damned, deflowered and dead;
Oh, robed in the rags of thy raging, like tempests that thunder afar,
In a night that is fashioned of Chaos discerned in the light of a star,
For the verse that is venom and vapour, discredited and disowned of the free,
Take thou from the shape that is Murder, none other will thank thee, thy fee.
Yea, Freedom is throned on the Mountains; the cry of her children seems vain
When they fall and are ground into dust by the heel of the lords of the plain.
Calm-browed from her crags she beholdeth the strife and the struggle beneath,
And her hand clasps the hilt, but it draws not the sword of her might from its sheath.

And we chide her aloud in our anguish, "Cold mother, and careless of wrong,
How long shall the victims be torn unavenged, unavenging? How long?"
And the laugh of oppressors is scornful, they reck not of ruth as they urge
The hosts that are tireless in torture, the fiends with the chain and the scourge.
But at last—for she knoweth the season—serene she descends from the height,
And the tyrants who flout her grow pale in her sunrise, and pray for the night.
And they tremble and dwindle before her amazed, and, beheld, with a breath,
Unhasting, unangered advancing, she dooms them to terror and death.
But she the great mother of heroes, the shield and the sword of the weak,
What lot or what part has her glory in madmen who gibber and shriek?
Her eye is as death to assassins, the brood of miasma and gloom,
Foul shapes that grow sleek upon slaughter, as worms that are hid in a tomb.
In the dawn she has marshalled her armies, the millions go marching as one,
With a tramp that is fearless as joy, and a joy that is bright as the sun.
But the minions of Murder move softly; unseen they have crept from their lair,
In a night that is darker than doom on the famishing face of despair.
And they lurk and they tremble and cower, and stab as they lurk from behind,
Like shapes from a pit Acherontic by hatred and horror made blind.
These are not the soldiers of Freedom; the hearts of her lovers grow faint
When the name of assassin is chanted as one with the name of a saint.
And thou the pale poet of Passion, who art wanton to strike and to kill, [still.
Lest her wrath and her splendour abash thee and scorch thee and crush thee, be

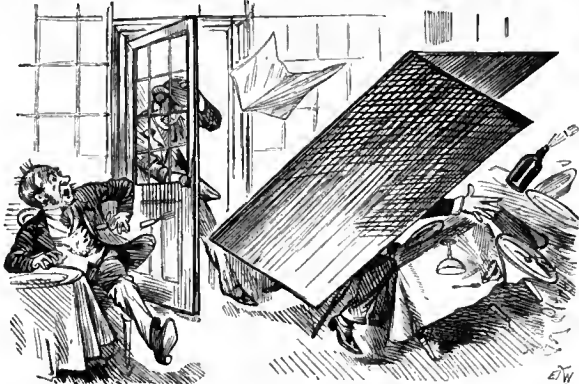
A VERY SHORT HOLIDAY.

(By One who enjoyed it.)

It having occurred to me that within a few days I might get an entire change by visiting some thoroughly French seaside places on the coast of Normandy, I started *viâ* Southampton for Havre.

I started mysteriously at midnight. Lights down. We glided out, almost sneaked out, as if ashamed of ourselves. I had pictured to myself sitting out on deck, enjoying the lovely air and the picturesque view. *L'homme propose, la mer dispose.* I retired early, and enjoyed neither the lovely air nor the picturesque view. "The rest is—silence," or as much silence as possible, and as much rest as possible.

8'30 A.M.—Le Havre. Consul's chief attendant,—*Lictor*, I suppose, the master being a consul,—sees me and my baggage through the customs—"customs more honoured in the breach than the observance,"—and in five minutes I am—that is, *we* are, the pair of us—at the Hôtel Frascati, which, whether it be the best or not I cannot say, is certainly the liveliest, and the only one with a covered terrace facing the sea where you can breakfast, dine, and generally enjoy a life which, for the time being, is worth living. *A propos* of this terrace, I merely give the proprietor of Frascati a hint,—the one drawback to the comfort of dining or breakfasting in this upper terrace is the door which communicates with the lower terrace, and through which everyone is constantly passing. We know that *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.* But this is opened and shut, or not shut, and, if shut, more or less banged, every three minutes. If it isn't banged, it bursts open of its own accord, and whacks the nearest person violently on the back, or hits a table, and scatters the bottles, or, if not misbehaving itself in this way (which is only when rude Boreas is at his rudest), it admits such a draught as causes bald-headed men to rage, ladies to shiver, delicate persons to sneeze, and, finally, impels the diners to raise such a clattering of knife-handles on the different



The "Screen Scene," as played on a gusty night on the covered terrace at Frascati's, Le Havre.

tables, as if they were applauding a speech or a comic song. Then the *maître-d'hôtel* rushes at the door and closes it violently,—only for it to be re-opened a minute afterwards by a waiter or visitor entering from the terrace below! A mechanical contrivance and a light screen would do away with the nuisance, for a nuisance it most undoubtedly is. The perpetual banging causes headache, irritation, and indigestion, and those who have suffered *n'y reviendront pas*, like several *Marlbrooks*. Let the proprietor look to this, and, where most things are done so well, and not unreasonably, don't let there be a Havre-and-Havre policy of hotel management. *Allons!*

I am writing this paper for the sake of those who have only a very few days for a holiday, and like to make the most of it in the way of thorough change. If you select Havre as your head-quarters for Trouville, Cabourg, and Dives, *you must be a good sailor*, as you can only reach these places by sea; and three-quarters of an hour bad passage there, with the prospect of three-quarters of an hour worse passage back at some inconvenient hour of the evening, destroys all chance of enjoyment. If you're not a good sailor, remain on the Havre side of the Seine, and there's plenty to be seen there to occupy you from Saturday afternoon till Wednesday evening, when *The Wolf* (what a name!) makes its return voyage to Southampton.

If the sea at Dives, in 1066 A.D., had been anything like what it was at Havre the other day, when I wanted to cross over to Dives, WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR would never have sailed from that place for the invasion of England. Dull as he might have found Dives, yet I am sure the Conquering Hero would have preferred returning to Paris, to risking the discomfort of the crossing. By the way, the appropriate station in Paris for Dives would be Saint-Lazaire.

Then there are Honfleur, and Harfleur, and most people know Ste. Adresse and Etretat. The views and the drives are not equal to those about Ilfracombe and Lynton, and Etretat itself is only a rather inferior kind of Lynmouth. Those who want bracing won't select

either Ste. Adresse or Etretat or Havre for a prolonged stay. Taking for granted the short-holiday-maker will visit all these places, let me give him a hint for one day's enjoyment, for which, I fancy, I shall earn his eternal gratitude. Order a carriage with two horses at



Mademoiselle qui sait attendre.

Havre, start at nine or 9'30, and drive to Etretat by way of Montivilliers. Stop at the Hôtel de Vieux Plats at Gonnevilliers for breakfast. Never will you have seen a house so full of curiosities of all sorts; the walls are covered with clever sketches and paintings by more or less well-known artists, and the service of the house is carried on by M. and Mme. AUBOURG, their son and daughter, who, with the assistance of a few neat-handed Phylises, do everything themselves for their customers, and are at once the best of cooks, *sommeliers*, and waiters. So cheery, so full of life and fun, so quick, so attentive, serving you as if you were the only visitor in the place, though the little inn is as full as it can be crammed, and there are fifty persons breakfasting there at the same moment. Every room being occupied, and every nook in the garden too, we are accommodated with a rustic table in the "Grand Salon," part of which is screened off as a kind of bar. The "Grand Salon" is also full of quaint pictures and eccentric curiosities; it is cool and airy, bright flowers are in the windows, and the floor is sanded. We had stopped here to refresh the horses, intending to breakfast at Etretat. But so delighted were we, a party of "*deux couverts*," with this good hotel, and still more with the *famille Aubourg*, that, though we had driven away, and were a mile further on our road to Etretat, we decided—and Counsellor Hunger was our adviser too—on returning to this house where we had noticed a breakfast-table tastefully laid out for some expected visitors, and had been in the kitchen, and with our own eyes had seen, and with our own noses had smelt the appetising preparation for the parties already in possession. So we drove back again rapidly, much to the delight of our coachman, who had become very melancholy, and was evidently forming a very poor opinion of persons who could lose the chance of a breakfast *chez Aubourg*.



"Le vrai dernier!"

How pleased Mlle AUBOURG, the waitress, appeared to be when we returned! All the family prepared to kill the fatted calf figuratively, as it took the shape of the sweetest and freshest shrimps as *hors d'œuvre*, and then it became an omelette *au lard* ("O La!") absolutely unsurpassable, and a *poulet sauté*, which was about the best that ever we tasted. A good bottle of the ordinary generous fruit, and then a cup of recently roasted and freshly ground coffee with a thimbleful of some special Normandy cognac,—in which our cheery host joined us, and we all drank one another's healths,—completed as good a *déjeuner* as any man or woman of simple tastes could possibly desire.



M. Aubourg fils comes out for a blow. The Son and Air.

Then the cheery son of the house, dressed in a cook's cap and apron, pauses in his work to join in our conversation. He tells us how he has been in London, and can speak English, and is enthusiastic about the satiric journal which *Mr. Punch* publishes weekly. M. AUBOURG fils who is a truthful likeness, on a large scale, of M. DAUBRAY, of the Palais Royal, informs me that he can play the horn

after the manner of the guards on the coaches starting from the

"White Horse," Piccadilly; and so, when we start for Etretat, he produces a big *cor de chasse*, and, while he sounds the farewell upon it, a maid rushes out and rings the parting bell, and M. AUBOURO *père* waves his cap, and Madame her hand, and Mlle. her *serviette*, and we respond with hat and handkerchief until we turn the corner, and hear the last flourish of the French "horn of the hunter," and see the last flourish of pretty Mademoiselle's snow-white *serviette*. Then we go on our way to Etretat, rejoicing. But, after this excitement, Etretat palls upon us. After a couple of hours of Etretat, we are glad to drive up, and up, and up, and get far away and above Etretat, where we can breathe again.

Far better is Fécamp which we tried two days after, and Fécamp is just a trifle livelier than Westward Ho! Of course its Abbaye is an attraction in itself. It is a place whose inhabitants show considerable public spirit, as it is here that "Bénédictine" is made. When at Le Havre drive over to St. Jouin, and breakfast *chez Ernestine*. Another day you can spend at Rouen, returning in the evening to dinner. This is not intended as a chapter in a guide-book, but simply as a hint at any time to those who need a thorough change in a short time, and who do not care to go too far off to get it. When they've quite finished building and paving Havre, I'll return there and take a few walks. Now the authorities responsible for the paving are simply the best friends of the boot-making interest, just as in London the Hansoms collectively ought to receive a handsome Christmas hat-box from the hatters. But mind this, when at Havre drive to Gonneville, and breakfast *chez M. AUBOURO*.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

I HAVE had a communication from Mr. JEREMY, written in the execrable English of which this calico-livered scoundrel is a consummate master, and informing me that, if I care to join the staff of the journal which Mr. J. directs, a princely salary shall be at my disposal. Mr. J. inquires what special branch of fiction it would suit me to undertake, as he proposes to publish a serial novel by an author of undoubted imaginative power. Here is my answer to Mr. J. I will do nothing for him. His compliments I despise. Flattery has never yet caused me to falter. And if he desires to prop the tottering fortunes of his chowder-headed rag, let him obtain support from the pasty-faced pack of cacklers who surround him. I would stretch no finger to help him, no, not if I saw him up to his chin in the oleo-margarine of which his brains and those of his bottle-nosed, flounder-cared friends seem to be composed. So much then for Mr. J. *Du reste*, as TALLEYRAND once said, my important duties to the readers of this journal fully absorb my time.

Last week I offered to the public some interesting details of the family history of an exalted German prince, whose friendship and good-will it has been my fortune to acquire by means of the dazzling accuracy of my forecasts of racing events in this country. I may state at once that the Grand Cross of the Honigthan Order, "*mit Diamanten und Perlen*," which his Serene Highness was good enough to confer upon me, has come to hand, and even now sparkles on a breast as incapable of deceit as it is ardent in the pursuit of truth. Let this be an incitement to the deserving, and a warning to scoffers who presume to doubt me. Many other gratifying testimonies of foreign approval have reached me. From the immense heap of them stored in my front drawing-room, I select the following specimens:—

(i.) *Buenos Ayres, Monday.*

REVOLUTION crushed entirely by your aid. At the crisis, General POMPANILLA read all your published writings aloud to insurgent chiefs. Effect was magical. They thought your prophecies *better than ammunition*. Ha, ha! Their widows have fled the country. A pension of a million *pesetas* awarded to you. Rumours about my resignation a mere blind. (Signed) Dr. CELMAN, President.

(ii.) *Buenos Ayres, Monday.*

THE traitor CELMAN has been vanquished, thanks to you. When ammunition failed, we loaded with sporting prophecies. Very deadly. Treasury cleared directly. One of your adjectives annihilated a brigade of infantry.

(Here follow the signatures of the Leaders of the Union Civica, to the number of 5,000.)

(iii.) *Guatemala, Sunday.*

VICTORIOUS army of Guatemala sends thanks to its brave champion. Your inspired writings have been set to music, and are sung as national hymns. Effect on San Salvadorians terrible. Only two deaf sergeants left alive. *Guerra, Vittoria Matador, Mantilla.*

(Signed) BARILLAS, President.

(iv.) *San Salvador, Sunday.*

LAND pirates from Guatemala foiled, owing to valiant English Punch-Prophet. Army when reduced to last biscuit, fed on racing

intelligence. Captain-General sustained nature on white native plant called *Tehp*, much used by Indian tribe of *Estar-ling-prisaha*. My body-guard performed prodigies on *Thenod*, the well-known root of the *Cuff* plant. Have adopted you as my grandson.

(Signed) EZETA, President.

That is sufficient for one week. Those who wish for more in the meantime, must call at my residence.

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Mr. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

An Engineer Officer, R.N., introduced.

The Commissioner. Sorry to see you here, Sir, as your presence argues that you have a right to demand redress.

Engineer Officer, R.N. I think, Sir, that we have a genuine grievance is almost universally conceded. But, as our labours and responsibilities have increased enormously of late years, perhaps you will kindly allow me to describe our duties.

The Com. By all means.

En. Of., R.N. As the matter is of the greatest importance to fourteen hundred officers, commanding ten thousand men, I hope you will not consider me tedious in making the following statement. The success of every function of the modern battle-ship depends upon machinery for which the Engineer officers are directly responsible. By its means the anchor is lifted, boats are hoisted, the ship is steered, ventilated, and electrically lighted. Pure drinking water is supplied for its hundreds of



inhabitants. The efficiency of all the elaborate arrangements of the hull for safety in collision, fire, or battle, depends upon the Engineers. Their machinery trains and elevates, loads and controls the heavy guns. The use of the Whitehead torpedo and all its appliances would be an impossibility without the Engineers. In addition to this there is the propulsion of the ship, and the control and supervision of a large staff of artificers and men. And yet the Engineer officers are the lowest paid class of commissioned officers in the Royal Navy—this when, without exaggeration, they may be described as the hardest-worked.

The Com. It certainly seems unfair that officers of your importance should not receive ampler remuneration. When was the rate established?

En. Of., R.N. It has seen little change since 1870; and you may judge of its justice when I tell you that a young Surgeon of twenty-three, appointed to his first ship, receives more pay than many Engineer officers who have seen fourteen years' service, and have reached the age of thirty-five.

The Com. I am decidedly of opinion that your pay should be increased, and I suppose (as evidently there has been "class feeling" in the matter) you have had to suffer annoyance ament relative rank?

En. Of., R.N. (with a smile). Well, yes, we have. But if the Engineer-in-Chief at the Admiralty (who, by the way, receives £1000 a-year, and yet is held responsible for the design and manufacture of machinery costing £12,000,000 per annum) is admitted to be superior to all other Engineer officers, we shall be satisfied. Still I cannot help saying that the Chief Engineer of a ship is snubbed when all is right, and only has his importance and responsibility allowed (when indeed it is recognised and paraded) when anything is wrong! But let that pass.

The Com. I am afraid it is too late to do anything further this Session, as the House is just up. However, if matters are not more satisfactory at the end of the recess, let me know, and—but you shall see!

[The Witness, after suitable acknowledgment, then withdrew.]

"A LITTLE MORE THAN GAY BUT LESS THAN GRAVE."—Not very long ago, an act of sacrilege was committed at Canterbury by a man, who robbed an alms-box in the Cathedral. However, disregarding the precedent set by the Dean and Chapter (who, it will be remembered, dug up and removed the bones of the honoured dead), the intruder abstained from touching the vaults of those buried in consecrated ground.



DIGNITY IN DISTRESS.

Small Boys (to Volunteer Major in temporary command). "I SAY, GUV'NOR—HI! JUST WIPE THE BLOOD OFF THAT 'ERE SWORD!!"

MIGHT BE BETTER!

SMALL game and scant! The Season's show
Of Birds, in bunches big, adjacent,
Will hardly take JOHN'S eye, although
The Poulterer appears complacent,
Seeing, good easy man, quite clearly
That rival shops show yet more queerly.

It can't be said the Birds look young,
Or plump of breast, or fine of feather.
A skinnier lot than SOL has hung
Ne'er skimmed the moor or thronged the
heather;
But for dull plumage, shrivelled crop,
Look at the Opposition shop!

Amongst the blind the one-eyed king
Is, not unnaturally, bumptious.
That Poulterer with a swaggering swing
Strides to his door, the stock looks
"scrumptious"

In *his* eyes; but thrasonic diction
To BULL will hardly bring conviction.

"Humph!" mutters JOHN. "A poorish lot!
Scarce tempting to the would-be diner;
This year, SOL,—or may I be shot!—
Your foreign birds appear the finer.
The Home moors have not yielded? Well,
Sir,
Let's hope your stock, though scant, may sell,
Sir!

"Eh? What? Do better later on?
Give a look in about November?
Well, for the time I must be gone,
Off to the Sea! But I'll remember.
My judgment heat or haste shan't fetter,
But, up to now—things *might* look better!"

LITTERÆ INHUMANIORES.

(Selected from the Projected International School-boy Correspondence.)

From TOMMY, Eton, to JULES, Lycée
Henri IV.

MON CHER "CHAP,"—Je connais pas votre surnom et c'est pour quoi je vous appelle "chap,"—vous pouvez comprendre, je crois, que c'est difficile de commencer un correspondance dans une langue qui n'est pas la votre, et surtout avec un chap que vous ne connais pas, mais il faut faire un commencement de quelque sorte, et malgré qu'on m'a dit que vous "fellows," êtes des *duffers* (expression Anglaise. Un *duffer* c'est une personne qui n'est pas dans le "swim"), qui ne comprendraient pas un seul mot que je dirai sur le sujet, jamais le plus petit, j'essayerai à expliquer brièvement qu'est-ce que c'est que Le "Cricket."

Eh bien, le *cricket* est un "stunning" jeu. "Stunning" est une autre expression Anglaise qui veut dire qu'une chose est régulièrement "a, un," ou de me servir d'argot, "parfaitement de première côtelette," et qui "prend le gâteau." Pour faire un coté de *cricket*, il faut onze. Je ne suis pas encore dans notre onze, mais j'espère d'être là un de ces jours. Mais pour continuer. Il y a le "wicket," une chose fait de trois morceaux de bois, a qui le "bowler" jette la balle, dur comme une pierre, et si ça vous attrape sur le jambe, je vous promets, ça vous fera sauter. Et bien, avant le wicket se place l'homme qui est dedans et qui tient dans ces mains le "bat" avec lequel il frappe la balle et fait des courses. L'autre jour dans un "allumette" entre deux "counties," un pro-

fessionnel qui s'appelle *Fusil* a fait plus que deux cents des courses.

Mais pour continuer encore. Si l'homme qui est dedans ne frappe pas la balle, et la balle au contraire frappe les "wickets," on tourne a un personnage qui s'appelle le "Umpire," et lui dit, "Comment ça, Monsieur l'Umpire?" et il dit, "Dehors!" ou, "Pas dehors!"—et quand tous les onze sont "dehors" le innings est fini, et l'autre côté commence. Et voilà le *cricket*. N'est-ce pas qu'il est, comme j'ai dit, un *stunning* jeu? Eh bien, je crois que, pour une première lettre, j'ai fait le chose en style. Ecrivez vous maintenant en réponse, et donnez moi une description d'un de votre jeux, pour me montrer que vous Français ne sont pas, comme nous pensons en Angleterre, tous des "duffers." Le votre sincèrement, TOMMY.

From JULES, Lycée Henri IV., to TOMMY,
Eton.

MY EXCELLENT COMERADE,—I have just been in receipt of your epistle, profound, interesting, but antagonistic concerning your JOHN BULL'S prizefighting, high life, sportsman's game, your *Jeu de Cricquette*, about which I will reply to you in my next. Accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,
JULES.

A DANGEROUS CORNER.—A ring in Chemicals is proposed, which, if formed, will cost the public about ten millions sterling. Whether the said public will see any return for its money is problematical. However, it may be hinted that the end of Chemicals is frequently smoke, and sometimes an explosion which blows up the company!



MIGHT BE BETTER!

JOHN BULL. "HUMPH!" SEEMS TO ME, MR. SALISBURY, YOUR *FOREIGN* BIRDS ARE THE FINEST THIS SEASON!"



TO CANADA.

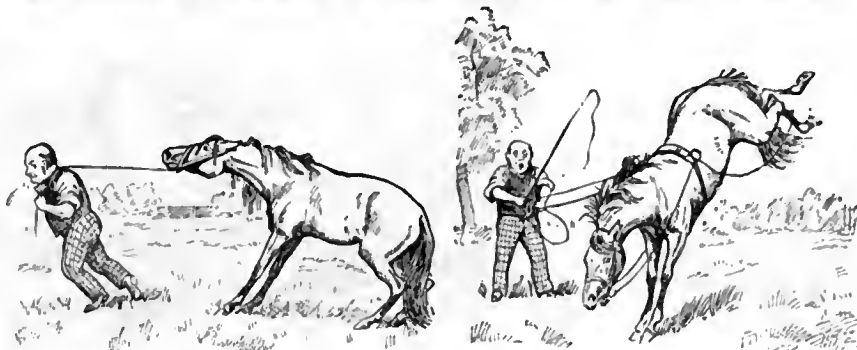
"We beseech your MAJESTY to accept our assurances of the contentment of your MAJESTY'S Canadian subjects with the political connection between Canada and the rest of the British Empire, and of their fixed resolve to aid in maintaining the same."
—Loyal Address to the Queen from Canada.

ACCEPT them? *Punch* believes you, boys,
And store them 'midst our choicest treat—
In these fierce days of factious noise [sures!
The Sage experiences few pleasures
So genuine as this outburst frank
Of "true Canadian opinion."
He hastens heartily to thank
The loyal hearts of the Dominion!
Mother and daughter should be tied
By trustful faith and free affection.
If ours be mutual love and pride,
Who's going to "sever the connection"?
Let plotters scheme, and pedants prate,
They will not pick our true love's true look
Whilst truth and justice arm the State
With friends like AMYOT and MULOCH!
Mother and daughter! Love-linked like
Persephone and fond Demeter.
Fleet to advance, and strong to strike,
And yearly growing stronger, fleetier,
Miss CANADA need not depend
On Dame BRITANNIA altogether,
But she may trust her as a friend,
Faithful in fair or threatening weather.
Your hand, Miss, with your heart in it,
You to the Mother Country proffer.
Beshrew the cynic would-be wit,
Who coldly chuckles at the offer!
BRITANNIA takes it, with a grip
That on the sword, at need, can clench too,
She will not that warm grasp let slip. [too!
Health, boys of British blood,—and French

A NATIONAL APPEAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Cannot you do something to help us, and save us from a permanent conignment to that wretched hole-in-a-corner back street site thrust upon us at the rear of the National Gallery? We do not know how far matters may have gone, but somebody wrote the other day to *The Times* to protest against the job, and we conclude, therefore, it may not yet, perhaps, be too late to agitate for a stay of execution. We are not difficult to please, and would be contented with a modest but suitable home in any convenient locality. That such can be found when really sought for, witness the happy facility with which a fitting residence has been discovered in the east and west galleries surrounding the Imperial Institute for the promised new National Collection. At South Kensington we had a narrow escape of a conflagration, from too close a proximity to the kitchen of a shilling-restaurant. At Bethnal Green we have been having a prolonged merry time of it, with damp walls behind us and leaking roofs above our heads. At one time we were packed away in dusty obscurity, in the cupboards of a temporary Government office; and looking back on the past, fruitful as it is in recollections of official slights and snubs, you may gather that we can have no very ambitious designs for the future. We do, however, protest against being tacked on as a sort of outside back-stair appendage to the National Gallery, that will soon want the space we shall be forced to occupy for its own natural and legitimate expansion. Suggest a site for us—anywhere else. There is still room on the Embankment. Kensington Palace—is still in the market. Why not be welcome there? As representative for all of us, I subscribe my name hereunder, and remain
Your obedient servant,
JOSHUA REYNOLDS (late P.R.A.)

MR. JOSKINS BUYS A BOOK ON HORSEBREAKING, AND TRIES HIS HAND.



1. The first thing is to teach the Colt to Lead. 2. Next put on the Bridle, and drive him quietly.



3. After this you may get on his Back. 4. Ride him gently at first, and avoid using the Whip.



5. Make the Pupil understand, firmly but quietly, that you are his Master. 6. Then, after a few Lessons, you will have broken the Colt (or he will have broken you).

THE LESSON OF THE SEASON.

THE Season's over; for relief
You're off to scale the Alps;



Say, do you,
like some
I n d i a n
Chief,
Look back
and count
y o u r
scalps?
Does someone
rue your
b r o k e n
vows,
And sigh
he has to
d o u b t
you;

Yet felt withal the week at Cowes
Was quite a blank without you?
Are hearts still broken, as of old,
In this prosaic time,
When love is only given for gold,
And poverty's a crime.
Say, are you conscious of a heart,
And can you feel it beating;

And is it ever sad to part,
And finds a joy in meeting?

The Seasons come, the Seasons go,
With store of good and ill;
Do all men find you cold as snow,
And unresponsive still?
O beautiful enigma, say,
Will love's sublime persistence
Solve for you, in the usual way,
The riddle of existence?

Alas! love is not love to-day,
But just a bargain made,
In cold and calculating way;
And if the price be paid,
A man may win the fairest face,
A maiden tall and queenly,
The daughter of some ancient race,
Who sells herself serenely.

What wonder that the cynic sneers
At such a rule of life;
That, after but a few short years,
Dissension should be rife.
Ah! Lady, you'll avoid heart-ache,
And scorn of bard satiric,
If haply you should deign to take
A lesson from our lyric.



Effect of Gladstonianism

Balfourism—



Harry James

Nealyism.

IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

(Effects of a Long Session in the House.)

John Henry Newman.

BORN, FEBRUARY 21, 1801. DIED AUGUST 11, 1890.

"L'AD, kindly Light!" From lips serene as strong,
 Chaste as melodious, on world-weary ears
 Fall, 'midst earth's chaos wild of hopes and fears,
 The accents calm of spiritual song,
 Striking across the tumult of the throng
 Like the still line of lustre, soft, severe,
 From the high-riding, ocean-swaying sphere,
 Athwart the wandering wilderness of waves.
 Is there not human soul-light which so lays
 Earth's lesser spirits with its chastening beam,
 That passion's bale-fire and the lurid gleam
 Of sordid selfishness know strange eclipse?
 Such purging lustre his, whose eloquent lips
 Lie silent now. Great soul, great Englishman!
 Whom narrowing bounds of creed, or caste, or clan,
 Exclude not from world-praises and all men's love.
 Fine spirit, which the strain of ardent strife
 Warped not from its firm poise, or made to move
 From the pure pathways of the Saintly Life!

NEWMAN, farewell! Myriads whose spirits spurn
 The limitations thou didst love so well,
 Who never knew the shades of Oriel,
 Or felt their quickened spirits pulse and burn
 Beneath that eye's regard, that voice's spell,—
 Myriads, world-scattered and creed-sundered, turn
 In thought to that hushed chamber's chastened gloom.
 In all great hearts there is abundant room
 For memories of greatness, and high pride
 In what sects cannot kill nor seas divide.
 The Light hath led thee, on through honoured days
 And lengthened, through wild gusts of blame and praise,
 Through doubt, and severing change, and poignant
 pain,

Warfare that strains the breast and racks the brain,
 At last to haven! Now no English heart
 Will willingly forego unfeigned part
 In honouring thee, true master of our tongue,
 On whose word, writ or spoken, ever hung
 All English ears which knew that tongue's best charm.
 Not as great Cardinal such hearts most warm
 To one above all office and all state,
 Serenely wise, magnanimously great;
 Not as the pride of Oriel, or the star
 Of this host or of that in creed's hot war,
 But as the noble spirit, stately, sweet,
 Ardent for good without fanatic heat,
 Gentle of soul, though greatly militant,
 Sainly, yet with no touch of cloistral cant;
 Him England honours, and so bends to-day
 In reverent grief o'er NEWMAN's glorious day.

FEE VERY SIMPLE.

"In a recent case of brigandage, people of all sects and classes were implicated, while one of the leading barristers was imprisoned on suspicion."—*Report of Consul Stigano, of Palermo.*

SCENE—*Chambers of Mr. E. S. TOPPEL, Q.C., in the Inner Temple. Mr. TOPPEL discovered in consultation with a Chancery Barrister, two Starving Juniors, and sixteen Masked Ruffians armed to the teeth.*

Mr. Toppel. Now that we have the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the President of the Divorce Division, securely looked up together in the attic, and gagged, we may, I think, congratulate ourselves on the success of our proceedings so far! We are, I am sure, quite agreed as to there having been no other course open to us than to imitate our Sicilian brethren of the robe, and take to a little mild brigandage, considering the awful decay of legal business and our own destitute condition. (*Sympathetic cries of Hear, hear! from the Chancery Barrister, and the two Starving Juniors.*) I have no doubt that a few hours spent in our attic will induce the High Legal Dignitaries I have mentioned (*laughter*) to pay up the modest ransom we demand, and to take the additional pledge of secrecy. Meanwhile, I propose that these sixteen excellent gentlemen should re-enter the private Pirate Bus' which is waiting down-stairs, and see whether the Master of the Rolls could not be—*"detained in*



A PLEASANT PROSPECT!

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY PROCEEDED TO INSPECT THE FLEET AT THE CLOSE OF THE MANŒUVRES. (WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE GALES AND CASUALTIES CONTINUE.)

transitu" (more laughter) while proceeding to his Court. It would be best, perhaps, as Lord ESHER belongs to the Equity side, for our friend here of the Chancery Bar to accommodate him in his Chambers.

Chancery Barrister (alarmed). But I have only a basement!

Mr. Toppel (calmly). A basement will do very well. (*To the sixteen Masked Men.*) You will probably find Lord ESHER somewhere about Chancery Lane. Impress on him that our fee in his case is a thousand guineas; or—both ears lopped off!

First Junior. I went upstairs just now, in order to see how our distinguished prisoners were getting on. The CHANCELLOR, I regret to say, seemed dissatisfied with the bread and water supplied to him, and asked for "necessaries suitable to his status." He appeared inclined to argue the point, so I had to gag him again.

Mr. Toppel. Quite right. You might have told him that he is now governed by the *lex loci*, and that we shall reluctantly have to send little pieces of him to his friends—I believe that is the "common form" in brigand circles—if he persists in refusing the ransom. How does the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE bear it?

Second Junior. Not well. The attic window is, fortunately, barred, but I found him trying to—in fact, to *disbar* it—(*laughter*)—and to attract the attention of a passer-by. He is now secured by a chain to a strong staple.

Mr. Toppel. I suppose he is not disposed to make the assignment to us of half his yearly salary, which we suggested?

Second Junior. Not yet. He even threatens, when liberated, to bring our conduct under the notice of the Benchers.

Mr. Toppel (grimly). Then he must never be liberated! It's no good beginning this method of what I may call, in technical language, 'accisin,' unless we go the whole hog. Well, if you two Juniors will attend to our—em—*clients* upstairs—(*laughter*)—I and our Chancery friend will superintend the temporary removal of Lord ESHER from the Court that he so much adorns. (*Noise heard.*) Ah, that sounds like Sir JAMES HANNEN hanging on the ceiling! He must be stopped, as it would be so very awkward if a Solicitor were to call. Not that there's a much chance of that nowadays. (*To Chancery Barrister.*) Come—shall we try a "set-off"?

[*Exeunt. Curtain.*]

THE JACKDAW.

(Imitated from Edgar Poe, by an Indignant "Obstructive.")

"That (the defeat of our measure) was all due to Obstruction. . . . It appears that Crown and Parliament are alike to be disestablished, and that in their stead we are to put the Obstructive and the Bore. . . . I should like to ask them what kind of Government they think best, a Bureaucracy or a Bore-ocracy?"—*Mr. Balfour at Manchester.*

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a dry and dusty volume of Blue-Bookish lore,—
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a yapping,



As of some toy-terrier snapping, snapping at my study door.

"'Tis some peevish cur," I muttered,
"yapping at my study door,—
Only that,—but it's a bore."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was
drawing nigh September,
And each trivial Tory Member pined
for stubble, copse, and moor;
Eagerly they wished the morrow;
vainly they had sought to borrow
From their SMITH surcease of sorrow,
or from GOSCHEN or BALFOUR,
From the lank and languid "miss"
the Tory *claque* dubbed "Brave
BALFOUR,"
Fameless else for evermore.

Party prospects dark, uncertain, sombre as night's sable curtain,
Filled them, thrilled them with fantastic funkings seldom felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of faint hearts, they kept repeating
Futile formulas, entreating Closure for the "Obstructive Bore"—
With a view to Truth defeating, such they dubbed "Obstructive
Bore," As sought Truth, and nothing more.

Presently my wrath waxed stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Cur!" I said; "mad mongrel, truly off your precious hide, I'll
score;

Like your cheek to come here yapping, just as I was gently napping;
You deserve a strapping,—yapping, snapping at my study door.
I shall go for you, mad mongrel!" Here I opened wide the door.
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there nothing hearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams of Spooks, Mahatmas, Esoterio lore;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token.
Hist! there were two words soft spoken, those stale words, "Obstructive
Bore."

Bosh! I murmured, and some echo whispered back, "Obstructive
Bore": Merely that, and nothing more.

Back into my study turning, with some natural anger burning,
Soon again I heard a sound more like miauling than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is a grimalkin at my lattice.
Let me see if it stray cat is, and this mystery explore;
Where's that stick? Ah! wait a moment: I'll this mystery
explore; It shall worry me no more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a smirk and flutter,
In there popped a perky Jackdaw, yapping, miauling as before
(Queer mimetic noises made he), for no introduction stayed he,
But, with plumage sleek, yet shady, perched above my study door,—
Perched upon a bust of GLADSTONE placed above my study door,—
Perched, and croaked "Obstructive Bore!"

Then this mocking bird beguiling my tried temper into smiling
By the lank lopsided languor of the countenance it wore,
"Though you look storm-tost, unshaven, you," I said, "have found
a haven,

Daw as rouncy as a raven! Was it you yapped at my door?
Tell me your confounded name, O bird in beak so like BALFOUR!"
Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore!"

Much I wondered this ungainly fowl to hear speak up so plainly,
Though his answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no sober human being
Ever yet was blessed by seeing bird above his study door—
Bird or beast upon the Grand Old bust above his study door,
With the name, "Obstructive Bore."

But the Jackdaw, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spake only
That one word, as though in that his policy he did outpour.
Not another sound he uttered, but his feathers proudly fluttered,
"Ah!" I mused, "the words he muttered other dolts have mouthed
before.

Who is he who thinks to scare me with stale cant oft mouthed before?"
Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore!"

Startled at the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,
Doubtless, mused I, what it utters is its only verbal store,
Learnt from some unlovely master, whom well-merited disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his speech one burden bore—
Till his dirges of despair one melancholy burden bore,
Parrot-like, "Obstructive Bore!"

But the Jackdaw still beguiling my soothed fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled my easy-chair in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the cushion sinking, I betook myself to linking
Memory unto memory, thinking what this slave of parrot-lore—
What this lank, ungainly, yet complacent thrall of parrot-lore
Meant by its "Obstructive Bore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, strange similitude confessing,
'Twixt this fowl, whose goggle-eyes glared on me from above my door,
And a chap with long legs twining, whom I'd often seen reclining
On the Treasury Bench's lining, Irish anguish gloating o'er;
This same chap with long legs twining Irish anguish chuckling o'er,
Tories christened, "Brave BALFOUR."

Then methought the air grew denser. I remembered stout Earl
SPENCER,
And the silly pseudo-Seraph who "obstructed" him of yore;
I remembered Maamtrasna, faction, partisan miasma,
CHURCHILL—CHURCHILL and his henchman, lank and languorous
BALFOUR.

"What," I cried, "was ARTHUR, then, or RANDOLPH, in those days
of yore?" Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore."

"Prophet!" said I, "of things evil, prophet callous, cold, uncivil,
By your favourite 'Tu quoque' how can you expect to score?
Though your cheek may be undamned, little memory is wanted,
And your conscience *must* be haunted by bad memories of yore,
When you were—ah! well, *what* were you? Tell me frankly, I
implore!" Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore."

"Prophet," said I, "of all evil! that we're going to the devil
All along of that 'Obstruction'—which of old you did adore,
Ere you won official Aidenn—is the charge with which is laden
Every cackling speech you make—if you *do* represent BALFOUR,
That mature and minxish 'maiden' whom the PATS call 'Miss
BALFOUR,'" Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore!"

"Here! 'tis time you were departing, bird or not," I cried,
upstarting;

"Get you back unto the Carlton, they on parrot-cries set store.
Leave no feather as a token of the lies that you have spoken
Of the Man, Grand, Old, Unbroken! Quit his bust above my door.
Take thy claws from off my crown, and take thy beak from off my
door!" Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore!"

And the Jackdaw, fowl provoking, still is croaking, still is croaking,
On the pallid bust of GLADSTONE just above my study door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a small attorney scheming;
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the
floor;
And the shape cut by that shadow which lies floating on the floor,
Looks (to me) OBSTRUCTIVE BORE!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBMARINE ENTERPRISE.—It is a pity, perhaps, that on the very
first occasion which enabled you to submit, for an experimental
trial, to the Dockyard Authorities at Portsmouth, your newly-
designed *Self-sinking and Propelling Submarine Electric Gun Brig*,
your vessel, owing, as you say, "to some trifling, though quite
unforeseen, hitch in the machinery," should have immediately
turned over on its side, upsetting a quantity of red-hot coal from the
stoke-hole, and projecting a stifling rush of steam among the four
foreign captains, and the two scientific experts whom you had
induced to accompany you in your projected descent under the
bottoms of the three first-class ironclads at present moored in the
harbour. Your alternative ideas of either cutting your vessel in
half, and turning it into a couple of diving-bells for the purpose of
seeking for hidden treasure on the Goodwin Sands, or of running it
under water, for the benefit of those travellers who wish to avoid
all chances of sea-sickness, between Folkestone and Boulogne, seem
both worthy of consideration. On the whole, however, we should
be inclined to think that your last suggestion—namely, that you
should put yourself in communication with some highly respectable
marine-store dealer, with a view to the disposal of your "Electric
Submarine Gun Brig," for the price of old iron, would, perhaps,
prove the soundest of all. Still, don't be disheartened.

"WHY NOT LIVE OUT OF LONDON?"

SIR.—Capital subject recently started in *Daily Telegraph*, with the above title. Just what I've been saying to my wife for years past. "Why don't you and the



family live out of London," I have asked. And she has invariably replied, "Oh, yes, and what would you be doing in London?" I impress upon her that being the "bread-winner" (beautiful word, this!) my duty is to be on the spot where the bread is won. I prove to her, in figures, that it is much cheaper for her and the family to live out of town, and for me to come down and see them, occasionally. Isn't it cheaper for one to go to a theatre than four? Well, this applies everywhere all round. With my Club and a good room I could get on very well and very reasonably in London, and in the country my wife and family would positively save enormously by my absence, as only the necessities of life would be required. Dressing would be next to nothing, so to speak, and they'd be out of reach of the temptations which London offers to those who love theatre entertainments, lunches at pastrycooks', shows, and shopping. Yes, emphatically, I repeat, "Why not live out of London?" But she won't.

Yours, ONE IN A THOUSAND.

SIR.—"Why not live out of London?" Of course. I do live "out of London," and make a precious good living too out of London. My friends the Butcher, the Baker, the Greengrocer (not a very green grocer either), the Tailor, the Shoemaker, &c., &c., all say the same as

Yours cheerily,
CHARLES CHEDDAR (*Cheesemonger*).

SIR.—I only wish everybody I don't want to see in London would live out of it. What a thrice blessed time August would be then! Though indeed I infinitely appreciate small mercies *nov*. At all events, most people are away, my Club is not closed, and I can enjoy myself pretty thoroughly.

Yours,
Elbow Room Club. BEAU WINDER.

SIR.—"Why not live out of London?" Because one can't. Out of London there is only "existence." Is life worth living anywhere except in London—and Paris, if you happen to be there? No, no; those who like living "out of London," had better not live at all.

Yours, HIPPIY CURE.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"Tisn't a part that I feel, and I fear I shall make a failure;" i.e., "Easy as be blowed, but I'm thrown away upon it."

TRADE EMBELLISHMENTS.

"The Ching-Twangs Central China Tea Company's selected growth of Early Green Leaf Spring Pickings;" i.e., "A damaged cargo and last year's rotten sweepings, mingled with chipped broom, dried cabbage, and other equally suitable and inviting ingredients."

AT LUNCHEON.

"No more, indeed, really;" i.e., "Had nothing to eat—but more of that stuff? No, thank you."

ELECTIONEERING.

"The Leaders to whom the Nation owes its recent period of prosperity;" i.e., "Gentlemen who have unavoidably remained in Office during the revival of Trade."

"Having every personal respect for my opponent;" i.e., "I now proceed to blacken his political character."

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"You know I always hate long arguments;" i.e., "Don't deprive me of my pet diversion."

"No; I don't exactly see what you mean;" i.e., "You don't; but the admission on my part looks candid."

"My dear fellow, ask anyone who really knows anything;" i.e., "You appear to live among a half-educated set of local faddists."

'ARRY ON 'ARRISON AND THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH.

DEAR CHARLIE.—No Parry for me, mate, not this season leastways—wus luck! At the shop I'm employed in at present, the hands has all bloomin' well struck. It's a hupet all our 'olidays, CHARLIE, and as to my chance of a rise Wot do you think, old pal? I'm fair flummoxed, and singing, *Oh, what a surprise!*

These Strikes is becoming rare noosances, dashed if they ain't, dear old boy. They're all over the shop, like Miss Zwo, wot street-kids seems so to enjoy. Mugs' game! They'll soon find as the Marsters ain't goin' to be worried and welched,

And when they rob coves of their 'olidays, 'ang it, they ought to be squelched. 'Owsomever, I'm mucked, that's a moral. This doosid dead-set against Wealth is a sign o' the times as looks orkud, and bad for the national 'ealth.

There ain't nothink the nob's is fair nuts on but wot these 'ere bellerers ban. Wy, they're down upon Sport, now, a peltter. Perposterous, ain't it, old man?

Bin a reading FRED 'ARRISON's kibosh along o' "The Feast of St. Gronse," On the "Glorious Twelfth," as he calls it; wen swells is fair shut of the 'Ouse,

Its Obstruction, and similar 'orors, in course they hikes off to the Moore. Small blame to 'em, CHARLIE, small blame to 'em, spite of the prigs and the boors!

Yet this 'ARRISON he sets his back up. Dry smug as can't 'andle a gun, I'll bet Marlboro' 'Ouse to a broomstick, and ain't got no notion of Fun. "Loves the Moore's much too well for to carry one;" that's wot he says, our old sap

Bet my boots as he can't 'it a 'ayatack at twenty yards rise—eh, old chap?

Him sweet on the heather, my pippin, or partial to feather and fur, So long as yer never kills nothink? Sech tommy-rot gives me the apur.

Yah! Scenery's all very proper, but where is the genuine pot Who'd pad the 'oof over the Moore, if it weren't for the things to be shot?

"This swagger about killing birds is mere cant," sez this wobbling old wag. From Arran he'd tramp to Dunrobin without the least chance of a bag!

"Peaceful hills," that's his patter, my pippin; no gillies, no luncheons, no game!

Wy, he ought to be tossed in a blanket; it fills a true Briton with shame.

No Moore for yours truly, wus luck! It won't run to it, CHARLIE, this round; But give me my gun, and a chance, and I'll be in the swim, I'll be bound.

I did 'ave a turn some years back, though I only went out with 'em once, And I shot a bit wild, as was likely, fust off, though yer mayn't be a dunce.

My rig out was a picter they told me—deer-stalker and knickers O.K.—

"BRIGGS, Junior," a lobscller called me; I wasn't quite fly to his lay;

But BRIGGS or no BRIGGS I shaped spiffin, in mustard-and-mud-colour checks.

Ah! them Moore's is the spots for cold Irish, and gives yer the primeest of pecks.

Talk of sandwiges, CHARLIE, oh scissors, I'd soon ha' cleaned out Charing Cross,

With St. Pancrust and Ludgit chucked in; fairly hopened the eye of the boss; Him as rented the shootings, yer know, big dry-salter in Thames Street, bit warm

In his langwige occasional, CHARLIE, but 'arty and reglar good ferm.

Swells will pal in most anywhere now on the chance of a gratis Big Shoot, And there wos some Swells with hus, I tell yer, I felt on the good gay galcot,

But I faney I got jest a morsel screwnoodleous late in the day,

For I peppered a bloke in the breeks; he swore bad, but 'twas only his play.

Bagged 'a brace and a arf, I did, CHARLIE; not bad for a novice like me.

Jest a bit blown about the fust two; wanted gathering up like, yer see.

A bird do look best with his 'ed on, dear boy, as a matter of taste;

And the gillies got jest a mite scoffy along of my natural 'aste.

Never asked me no more, for some reason. But wot I would say is this here,

'ARRY's bin in this boat in his time, as in every prime lark pooty near,

And when 'ARRISON talks blooming bunkum, with hadjectives spicy and strong,

About Sport being stupid, and noisay, and vulgar; wy, 'ARRISON's wrong!

He would rather shoot broken-down cab-horses,—so the mug tells us—than birds.

Well, they're more in his line very likely; that means, in his own chosen words, He's more fit for a hammytoor knacker than for that great boast of our land,

A true British Sportsman! Great Scott! It's a taste as I can't understand.

Fact is this here FRED is a Demmyerat, Positivist, and all that.

There's the nick o' the matter, the reason of all this un-English wild chat.

He is down on the Aristos, CHARLIE, this 'ARRISON is. It's the Court

And the pick o' the Peerage Sport nobbles, and that's wy he sputters at Sport.

All a part of the game, dear old pal, the dead-set at the noble and rich.

"Smart people" are "Sports," mostly always, and 'ARRISON slates them as sich.

'Ates killing of "beautiful creatures," and spiling "the Tummel in spate"

With "drives," champagne luncheons, and gillies? That's not wot sich

slab-dabbers 'ate.

It's "Privileged Classes," my pippin, they loathes. Yer can't own a big Moor,

Or even rent one like my dry-salter friend, if yer 'umble and poor.

Don't 'ARRISON never eat grouse? Ah, you bet, much as ever he'll carry.

There's "poz" for a Positivist, mate, there's 'ARRISON kiboshed by 'ARRY.

OUR YOTTING YORICK.



HORSE TYPE, FROM RUOE CARVING VIKING PERIOD NOT EXTINCTY XIXTH CENTY



HAMMERFEST. ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.



A LITTLE TOUR IN LAPLAND.

Oh dear! oh dear! What perils I have been through! You'll see me again shortly; but there have been *momentums* in my career when I said to myself, "Shall I ever *aller* out of this alive!" I escaped the Petersburg police; they punched out your Cartoon, and all the lines about the Czar and the Jews; that's why I was so persecuted, and why I was watched. I wish to Heaven you wouldn't have Cartoons about Czars and Jews just when I'm at Peterborough, I mean Petersburg; same name, different place. But there, that's all over now, and *jamaiz* will I go and put myself within the clutches of the Russian Bear again. The midnight sun must do without *me* in future. I send you a sketch I made of a gargle—I think that's the name—on a church-door in Lapland. Isn't it really droll? You're always bothering me for something droll, and *now you've got it*. Then, Mr. Punch, riding a reindeer at half-a-crown an hour. Then here are the little Lapps offering our sailors a lap of liquor; and I said to myself, "One touch of Nature," which struck me as just the very motto for the picture. I roared with laughter at it. "This'll do for 'em at home," I said, and so here it is. And look at the "Lapps of Luxury"! You know that "Lap of Luxury" is a proverbial phrase; and, as you told me to make some comic sketches of the manners and customs of the country, why, I've done so; and, if they ain't funny, I don't know what humour is. *Voilà!*

But you really must not expect me to grimace and buffoon. You must take me *seriatim* or not at all. I can't stand on my head to sketch. I can't do it. I nearly *did* do it, though, for when I had my sketching-book in my hand on board, the spanker-boom, or some such thing, came over suddenly and hit me such a whack on the head, that for two minutes I lay insensible, and thought I should never become sensible again. Rightly is it called "spanker-boom,"—that is if it is called so, or some name very like it,—for I never got such a whack on the head in all my life before. I hear the Booming still in my ears.

You can't expect a fellow to be funny, however funny he may feel (and I *did* feel uncommonly funny, you may take your oath!), under such circumstances. However, as the song says, "Home once more," and many a yarn shall I have to tell when I gather myself round the fireside, pipe all hands for grog, and sing you an old Norse song with real humour in it—though I dare say you'll say you don't see it—and so no more *à présent* from yours seasickly (I am quite well, but I mean I'm sick of the sea),

FLOTSAM, Y.A.



YOTTING JOTTINGS.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

FIFTH ENTRY.

CURIOUS thing that to-day—after disappointment of failure for the Bar—letter comes from President of my old College, asking me “if I would accept a nice Tutorship for a time?” If so, “I had better come down and talk to him about it.”

Decided a little time ago not to try “Scholastic Profession”—thought it would try *me* too much. Feel tempted now. *Query*—am I losing my old pluck? In consequence of my new “pluck,”—in the Bar Exam.?

“Um!” remarks the President (I *have* run down and got a vacant bed-room in College). “Glad to see you. Oh, yes, about that tutorship. Um, um! The family live in Somerset.” He mentions the county apologetically, as if he expected me to reply—“Oh, Somerset! Couldn’t dream of going *there*. Not very particular, but must have a place within ten miles of Charing Cross.” As I don’t object to Somerset, at least audibly, he goes on more cheerfully—

“Boy doesn’t want to be taught much, so perhaps, it would suit you.”—(*Query*—is this insulting?)—“He wants a companion more—somebody to keep him steady, have a good influence and all that, and give him a little classics and so on for about an hour a day.”

It did not sound as bad as I expected.

“Rich people—um—merchants at Bristol, I think. Not very cultivated, though.” Here President pauses again, and looks as if he would not be at all astonished if I rose from my chair, put on my hat, and said, “Not very cultivated! That won’t suit *me*! You see how tremendously cultivated I am.” But I don’t, and he proceeds calmly to another head of his discourse.

“They haven’t mentioned terms, but I’m sure they will be satisfactory—give you what you ask, in fact.” (Rather a nice trait in their character, this.)—“Now, will you—um—take it? They want somebody at once.”

“Yes,” I reply; “I’ll go and see how I fancy it. Have they got a billiard-table, do you happen to know?”

The President says, “he doesn’t know anything about *that*,” and looks a little surprised, as if I had proposed a game of skittles.

On way down (next day) I feel rather like a Governess going to her first situation. Get to house late. Too dark to see what it’s like. Have to drive up in a village fly. *Query*—Oughtn’t they to have sent their carriage for me?

My reception is peculiar. A stout, masculine-looking female with a strident voice, is presumably Mrs. BRISTOL MERCHANT.

Sends me up to my bed-room as if I were my own luggage. Evidently very “uncultivated.”

In my bed-room. Above are the sounds of a small pandemonium, apparently. Stamping, falling, shouting, bumping, crying. What a lot of them there must be!

There are! At supper—they appear to have early dinners, which I detest—three boys and one girl present, as a sample. Eldest a youth about ten, who puts out his tongue at me, when he thinks I’m not looking, and kicks his brothers beneath the table to make them cry, which they do. I begin to wonder when my real pupil will appear.

Governess talks to me as if I were a brother professional. *Query*—*infra dig.* again?

Children, being forbidden to talk in anything but French at meals, say nothing at all; at the end I am astounded at Materfamilias catching hold of the boy of ten, and bringing him round to me, with the remark,—

“Perhaps you’d like to talk to ERNIE about lessons.”

Heavens! This nursery fledgling to be my pupil! And I am to be his “companion”! Fledgling, while standing in front of me for inspection, has the audacity to stretch out his leg, and trip up a little sister who is passing. Howls ensue.

A nicely-mannered youth!

“You will have to behave yourself with *me*, young man!” I warn him, in a tone which ought to abash him, but doesn’t in the least.

“Ah, but perhaps you won’t stay here long,” is his rather able rejoinder. “Our Governesses never —”

“ERNIE!” shrieks his mother, threateningly. ERNIE stops; and I have time to regret my folly in not inquiring of the President the precise age of my promising disciple. Very likely President didn’t know himself.

The other boys who were at supper are now presented to me. One is about eight, the other not more than six.

“These are HERBIE and JACK,” says their mother, who ought to know. Thank Heaven, *they* are not my pupils!

Mrs. BRISTOL MERCHANT horrifies me by saying—

“I thought it would be so nice, when you were teaching ERNIE, if HERBIE and JACK could be taught too!” And after lessons you will be able to take them such nice long walks in the neighbourhood! It’s really very pretty country, Mr.—I forget your name.”

Oh, certainly, the President was quite right. She is very uncultivated. That ever I was born to cultivate her—or her precious offspring! But was I? Time must show.



SARTORIAL EUPHUISMS.

“MEASUREMENTS ABOUT THE SAME AS THEY USED TO BE, SNIPPE!”
“YES, SIR. CHEST A TRIFLE LOWER DOWN, SIR, THAT’S ALL!”

AN ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.

[The Rev. B. MEREDYTH-KITSON called the attention of the London School Board to the action of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, who, being appealed to by “a respectable-looking woman” for the remission of a fine of five shillings imposed upon her husband for neglecting to send their children to school, gave her five shillings out of the poor-box to pay it, on finding that she had nine children, the eldest fifteen years, the youngest five months, a husband out of work, and “no boots for her children to go to school in.” The Rev. STEWART HEADLAM said that in East London they suffered a good deal through the decisions of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, who constantly paid the fines from the poor-box, or out of his own pocket!]

OH, MONTAGU, this conduct is nefarious!

You are, indeed, a pretty Magistrate!

Better the judgments, generous, if precarious,
Of the old Cadi at an Eastern gate.

No wonder that you madden MEREDYTH-KITSON,

And stir the bitter bile of STEWART HEADLAM.

When Justice, School-Board ruling simply “sits on,”

School-Boards become a mere annexe of—Bedlam!

Nine children! Husband out of work! No boots!

And do you really think that *these* are reasons

For fine-remission? This strikes at the roots

Of Law, which ought to rule us at all seasons.

Oh, how shall KITSON educate the “kids,”

Or how shall HEADLAM discipline the mothers,

If you, instead of doing what Law bids,

Pay the poor creatures’ fines and raise up bothers?

Law, Sir, is Law, even to Magistrates.

Not a mere chopping-block for maudlin charity.

Fining the impecunious doubtless grates

On feelings such as yours; there’s some disparity

’Twixt School-Board Draconism, and regard

For parents penniless, and children bootless;

But pedagogues—ask HEADLAM—must be hard,

Or pedagogy’s purposes are fruitless.

Poor creatures? Humpf! Compassion’s a mighty fine;

A gentle feeling, who would wish to shock it?

But husbands out of work with children nine,

Should pay their fines themselves—not from *your* pocket.

KEPT IN TOWN.—A Lament.

THE Season's ended; in the Park the vehicles are far and few,
And down the lately-crowded Row one horseman easters on a screw
By stacks of unperceptive chairs; the turf
is burnt, the leaves are brown,
A stagnant sultriness prevails—the very
air's gone out of town!

Belgravia's drawn her blinds, and let her
window-boxes run to seed;
Street-urchins play in porticoes—no pow-
dered mania there to heed;
Now fainter grows the lumbering roll of
luggage-cumbered omnibuses:
Baywater's children all are off upon their
annual exodus.

On every hoarding posters flaunt the charms
of peak, and loch, and sea,
To madden those unfortunates who have to stay in town—like me!
Gone are the inconsiderate friends who tell one airily, "They're off!"
And ask "what you propose to do—yacht, shoot, or fish, or walk, or
golf?"

On many a door which opened wide in welcome but the other day,
The knocker basks in calm repose—conscious "the family's away."
I scan the windows—half in hope I may some friendly face detect—
To meet their blank brown-papered stare, depressing as the cut direct!

I pass the house where She is not, to feel an unfamiliar chill;
That door is disenchanted now, that number powerless to thrill!
'Twas there, in yonder balcony, that last July she used to stand;
Upon some balcony, more blest, she's leaning now, in Switzerland,

Her eyes upon rose-tinted peaks—but no, of sense I'm quite bereft!
The hour is full early yet, and *table d'hôte* she'll scarce have left.
Some happy neighbour's handing her the salad—But I'll move, I
think;

I see a grim caretaker's eye regard me through the shutter's ohink.

Yea, I'll away,—no longer be the sport of sentiment forlorn,
But scale the heights of Primrose Hill, pretending it's the Matterhorn;
Or hie me through the dusk to sit beside the shimmering Serpentine,
And, with a little make-believe, imagine I am up the Rhine.

Alas! the poor device, I know, my restlessness will ne'er assuage:
Still Fancy beats, with pinions clipped, the wires of its Cookney cage!
No inch of turf to prisoned larks can represent the boundless moor;
And neither Hyde nor Regent's Park suggests a Continental Tour!

VOCES POPULI.

IN AN OMNIBUS.

The majority of the inside passengers, as usual, sit in solemn silence, and gaze past their opposite neighbours into vacancy. A couple of Matrons converse in wheezy whispers.

First Matron. Well, I must say a bus is pleasanter riding than what they used to be not many years back, and then so much cheaper, too. Why, you can go all the way right from here to Mile End Road for threepence!

Second Matron. What, all that way for threepence—(with an impulse of vague humanity.) The poor 'orses!

First Matron. Ah, well, my dear, it's Competition, you know,—it don't do to think too much of it.

Conductor (stopping the bus). Orchard Street, Lady!

[To Second Matron, who had desired to be put down there.

Second Matron (to Conductor). Just move on a few doors further, opposite the boot-shop. (To First Matron.) It will save us walking.

Conductor. Certinly, Mum, we'll drive in and wait while you're tryin' 'em on, if you like—we ain't in no 'urry!

[The Matrons get out, and their places are taken by two young girls, who are in the middle of a conversation of thrilling interest.

First Girl. I never liked her myself—ever since the way she behaved at his Mother's that Sunday.

Second Girl. How did she behave?

[A faint curiosity is discernible amongst the other passengers to learn how she—whoever she is—behaved that Sunday.

First Girl. Why, it was you told me! You remember. That night JOE let out about her and the automatic scent fountain.

Second Girl. Oh, yes, I remember now. (General disappointment.) I couldn't help laughing myself. JOE didn't ought to have told—but she needn't have got into such a state over it, need she?

First Girl. That was ELIZA all over. If GEORGE had been sensible, he'd have broken it off then and there—but no, he wouldn't hear a

word against her, not at that time—it was the button-hook opened his eyes!

[The other passengers strive to dissemble a frantic desire to know how and why this delicate operation was performed.

Second Girl (mysteriously). And enough too! But what put GEORGE off most was her keeping that bag so quiet.

[The general imagination is once more stirred to its depths by this mysterious allusion.

First Girl. Yes, he did feel that, I know, he used to come and go on about it to me by the hour together. "I shouldn't have minded so much," he told me over and over again, with the tears standing in his eyes,—“if it hadn't been that the bottles was all silver-mounted!”

Second Girl. Silver-mounted? I never heard of that before—no wonder he felt hurt!

First Girl (impressively). Silver tops to everyone of them—and that girl to turn round as she did, and her with an Uncle in the oil and colour line, too—it nearly broke GEORGE's art!

Second Girl. He's such a one to take on about things—but, as I said to him, "GEORGE," I says, "You must remember it might have been worse. Suppose you'd been married to that girl, and then found out about ALF and the Jubilee sixpence—how would that have been?"

First Girl (unconsciously acting as the mouth-piece of the other passengers). And what did he say to that?

Second Girl. Oh, nothing—there was nothing he could say, but I could see he was struck. She behaved very mean to the last—she wouldn't send back the German concertina.

First Girl. You don't say so! Well, I wouldn't have thought that of her, bad as she is.

Second Girl. No, she stuck to it that it wasn't like a regular present, being got through a grocer, and as she couldn't send him back the tea, being drunk,—but did you hear how she treated EMMA over the crinoline 'at she got for her?

First Girl (to the immense relief of the rest). No, what was that?

Second Girl. Well, I had it from EMMA her own self. ELIZA wrote up to her and says, in a postscript like,—Why, this is Tottenham Court Road, I get out here. Good-bye, dear, I must tell you the rest another day.

[Gets out, leaving the tantalised audience inconsolable, and longing for courage to question her companion as to the precise details of ELIZA's heartless behaviour to GEORGE. The companion, however, relapses into a stony reserve. Enter a Chatty Old Gentleman who has no secrets from anybody, and of course selects as the first recipient of his confidence the one person who hates to be talked to in an omnibus.

The Chatty O. G. I've just been having a talk with the policeman at the corner there—what do you think I said to him?

His Opposite Neighbour. I—I really don't know.

The C. O. G. Well, I told him he was a rich man compared to me. He said, "I only get thirty shillings a week, Sir." "Ah," I said, "but look at your expenses, compared to mine. What would you do if you had to spend eight hundred a-year on your children's education? I spend that—every penny of it, Sir.

His Opp. N. (utterly uninterested). Do you indeed?—dear me!

C. O. G. Not that I grudge it—a good education is a fortune in itself, and as I've always told my boys, they must make the best of it, for it's all they'll get. They're good enough lads, but I've had a deal of trouble with them one way and another—a deal of trouble. (Pauses for some expression of sympathy—which does not come—and he continues.) There are my two eldest sons—what must they do but fall in love with the same lady—the same lady, Sir! (No one seems to care much for these domestic revelations—possibly because they are too obviously addressed to the general ear.) And, to make matters worse, she was a married woman—(his principal hearer looks another way uneasily)—the wife of a godson of mine, which made it all the more awkward, y'know. (His Opposite Neighbour giving no sign, the C. O. G. tries one Passenger after another.)

Well, I went to him—(here he fixes an old Lady, who immediately passes up coppers out of her glove to the Conductor)—I went to him, and said—(addressing a smartly dressed young Lady with a parcel, who giggles)—I said, "You're a man of the world—so am I. Don't you take any notice," I told him—(this to a callow young man, who blushes)—“they're a couple of young fools,” I said, “but you tell your dear wife from me not to mind those boys of mine—they'll soon get tired of it if they're only let alone.” And so they would have, long ago, it's my belief, if they'd met with no encouragement—but what can I do—it's a heavy trial to a father, you know. Then there's a my third son—he must needs go and marry—(to a Lady at his side with a reticule, who gasps faintly)—some young woman who dances at a Music-hall—nice daughter-in-law that for a man in my position, eh? I've forbidden him the house of course, and told his mother not to have any communication with him—but I know, Sir,—(violently, to a Man on his other side, who coughs in much embarrassment)—I know she meets him once a week under the eagle in Orme Square, and I can't stop her! Then I'm worried about my daughters—one of 'em gave me no peace till



I let her have some painting lessons—of course, I naturally thought the drawing-master would be an elderly man—whereas, as things turned out,—

A Quiet Man in a Corner. I 'ope you told all this to the Policeman, Sir?

The C. O. G. (flaming unexpectedly). No, Sir, I did not. I am not in the habit—whatever you may be—of discussing my private affairs with strangers. I consider your remark highly impertinent, Sir.

[Fumes in silence for the rest of the journey.]
The Young Lady with the Parcel (to her friend—for the sake of vindicating her gentility). Oh, my dear, I do feel so funny, carrying a great brown-paper parcel, in a bus, too! Anyone would take me for a shop-girl!

A Grim Old Lady opposite. And I only hope, my dear, you'll never be taken for anyone less respectable.

[Collapse of Genteel Y. L.]
The Conductor. Benk, benk! (he means "Bank") 'Oborn, benk! 'Igher up there, BILL, can't you?

A Dingy Man smoking, in a Van. Want to block up the ole o' the road, eh? That's right!

The Conductor (roused to personality). Go 'ome, Dirty DICK! syme old soign, I see,—“Monkey an' Pipe!” (To Coachman of smart brougham which is pressing rather closely behind) I say, old man, don't you race after my bus like this—you'll only tire your 'orse.

[The Coachman affects not to have heard.]
The Conductor (addressing the brougham horse, whose head is almost through the door of the omnibus). 'Ere, 'ang it all!—step inside, if yer want to!

[Brougham falls to rear—triumph of Conductor as Scene closes.]

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

READERS of this journal will be surprised to learn that I am penning these lines from Blancheville, which as everybody, except the chief of the chowder-heads, knows is the most important town of one of the principal departments of France. Nothing but an overwhelming sense of what is due to myself, to my readers, and to my country, would have dragged me from the Metropolis at this season of the year. But a distinction was offered to me, a distinction so unique and so dazzling that I felt that it would not be fair to my fellow countrymen, of all ages, and of every party, if I failed to take advantage of it, and thus to present to the envious world the proud spectacle of an Englishman honoured by the great French nation. I will narrate the matter as briefly as is consistent with my respect for accuracy, and with my contempt for the tapioca-brained nincompoops who snarl, and chatter, and cackle at me in the organ of Mr. J. Last Friday I received this telegram:—

Blancheville, Friday.
THE inhabitants of Blancheville, in public meeting assembled, felicitate you on stupendous success of all your prophecies. Desiring to honour you in the name of France, the mother of glorious heroes, and the eldest daughter of Liberty, they have awarded to you the Montyon prize for virtue, and have selected you as *Rosier en perpétuité de Blancheville*, a new post never before held by a man. Presentation on Sunday. Come at once.

(Signed) CAMEL, Maire de Blancheville.

I started that evening in the course of the following day I reached Blancheville. The people, in their holiday attire, were gathered in thousands at the railway station. M. CAMEL, accompanied by the *Préfet* and the *Sous-Préfet*, all in their tricolor sashes, was the first to greet me. Saluting me on both cheeks, he called upon the world to witness that this was indeed a great day for Blancheville. My escort, under the command of General Count CROUTAUFOT, then formed up. I mounted the gilded Car of Victory, specially provided for the celebration, and, amidst the plaudits of the assembled millions, I was drawn by a specially-selected band of *Enfants de la Patrie* (a sort of body-guard, composed entirely of the French aristocracy) to the palace, which had been prepared for my reception. At the banquet, in the Town Hall, the healths of the QUEEN and of M. CARNOT were followed by a lengthy speech, in English, from my brother CAMEL (we have sworn fraternity), in which he declared that the centuries looked down and redazed in this joy, and that it was a delight for him to carry a toast to the illustrious visitor who had deigned to come to Blancheville. On the following day the eeremny took place. I transcribe and translate from *Le Petit Colporteur de Blancheville*, the chief local journal, an account of what took place.

“On this day, so great and glorious for our France, it is not possible to refrain from tears of joy and satisfaction. We have made

him *Rosier en perpétuité de Blancheville*, him the proudest and most sympathetic writer who has dazzled Europe since the great and illustrious PLUMEAU” (a local author of repute) “departed from us. The history of this day must be written. Let us essay to do it as it should be done. In the early morning twelve selected maidens, robed in muslin and lilies, sang the *Tocsin de la Patrie* outside the Palace where our guest reposed. Soon afterwards he himself appeared in flowing white garments, and showered blessings upon their heads. He descended. He entered the four-in-hand-teams which the *Maire* had, as a compliment to England, made up with a *char-à-banc* of the neighbourhood. Thus he was drawn to the Market Place, where some of our bravest veterans fired in his honour a thundering salute. The beautiful and admirable Madame CAMEL then advanced to him with a wreath of roses in her hand. She crowned him with it, saying, ‘Wear this for Blancheville. Nobly hast thou earned it.’ With difficulty the illustrious author preserved his calm. A tear sparkled in his eye. He bent low, and in a voice choked with emotion, thanked the citizens of our town. Then mounting on a milk-white steed, and surrounded by the young men of the district, he received from the *Préfet* the *Prix Montyon* for virtue.”

The rest is too flattering. I am hastening home. The QUEEN has been graciously pleased to permit me to wear the *Prix Montyon* at Court. Can a man want more? Yours, in all humility,

LE ROSIER DE BLANCHEVILLE.

A PUFF AT WHITEHALL.

(A piece of extravagance faintly suggestive of a Scene from “The Critic.”)

LORD GEORGE PUFF and SIR JOHN BULL discovered attending a rehearsal of the Naval Estimates.

Lord George. And now I pray your particular attention, SIR JOHN, as this is the best thing in my play—it is a spectacular effect called the Summer Manœuvres.

Sir John. And no doubt costly, LORD GEORGE?
Lord George. You are right, SIR JOHN, as you will have an opportunity of finding out—hereafter. But to the argument. It is supposed that the British Fleet is at war with, indeed, the British Fleet.

Sir John. A very clever idea.
Lord George. I flatter myself it is, and novel too. It is true that occasionally the ships comprising the British Fleet have run into one another in the past just as if they had been at war, but then they were awedly at peace, and now they are undoubtedly the reverse. Do you take my meaning?

Sir John. Well, not clearly. How do you show that the British Fleet is at war with the British Fleet?

Lord George. Ah, there comes in my art, and I think you will confess I have a very pretty wit. You see I divide the British Fleet into two parts—one part represents the enemy and the other part represents itself like the House of Commons, a most representative body. That is clear, I hope?

Sir John. Certainly—one is the British Fleet, and the other is not the British Fleet. But is there no bond of union?

Lord George. Most assuredly there is—you pay for both. But, pardon me, I beg you will not further interrupt me. So, now that we have the two Fleets face to face, or, I should say, bow to starn, we proceed exactly as if there were a real quarrel between them. We spend money on coal, we spend money on pay, we spend money on ammunition. Nay, by my life, we spend money on everything—just as we should do if war were really declared! That a simple enough.

Sir John. I confess your plan *daes* seem simple.
Lord George. And there is more behind. We are not satisfied with merely spending money—we learn a lesson as well. Come, you must confess that surprises you?

Sir John. Well, I admit that generally, where there is any spending of money, it is I who learn the lesson.

Lord George. Good—distinctly good! But let us be serious. Well, when we are carrying on a war by every means in our power, we fancy that one Fleet is chasing the other. They both have equal speed, and we give one Fleet twenty-four hours' start of the other, and will you believe me that, although the first follows the second as fast as may be from the beginning to the end of the manœuvring, they never see one another! On my life—never! They never see the British Fleet, because it's not in sight!

Sir John. But could you not have learned all this without so great an expenditure of money?

Lord George. Well, no, SIR JOHN—not at the Admiralty!
Sir John. And how do you end the farce?

Lord George. In the usual fashion, SIR JOHN (*ignites blue fire*)—in smoke!

[The characters are lost in the fog customary to the occasion. Curtain.]



A SEVERE SABBATARIAN.

Mr. Bung (Landlord of "Ye Pyggy and Whistle"). "SUNDAY LEAGUE, INDEED! I'D SUNDAY LEAGUE 'EM, IF I'D A CHANCE!—BREAKIN' THE LORD'S'DY, AND HINTERFERIN' WITH MY TRYDE!"

"SHADOWED!"

SHADOWED! Ay, even in the holiday season,
The Statesman, in his hard-earned hour of
ease,
Is haunted by forebodings, and with reason.
What is that spectre the tired slumberer
sees?
The foul familiar lineaments affright him;
Its pose of menace and its pointing hand
To caution urge, to providence invite him,
To foil this scourge of the Distressful Land.
Who does *not* fear to speak of Forty-Seven,
When that same Shadow darkened all the
isle?
Is it abroad once more? Avert it, Heaven!
On Order's lips it chills the dawning smile;
Awakener of hushed fears and hatreds dying,
Blighter of more than Nature's genial
growth,
Herald of hungering lips, of children crying,
To hold thee imminent all hearts are loth.
Vain holiday nepenthe, sport's unbending,
The Statesman's burdened brain may not
forget.
His cares are ceaseless and his toils unending,
Memories embarrass and forebodings fret.
The gun, the golf-club, and the rod avail not
In his tired heart to make full holiday;
E'en amidst pastime he must watch, and fail
not,
Approaching ills, the shadows on the way.
Shadowed! And not by common gloom, poor
Minister!
The passing shades that chequer every
This spectral presence is as stern and sinister
As *ultra cura* on the rider's horse.

Before, the vision of the helpless peasant!
Behind, the famine phantom black and
grim!
How should the holiday-hour, to all so pleas-
[sant,
Bring gladness true or genuine rest to him?
Wake! There is need for provident pre-
vision,
For watchful eye, and for most wary hand.
In mellow Autumn's interlude Elysian
The old grim Shadow strikes across the
land.
May Heaven arrest its course, avert its
[terror,
And keep the Statesman who this foe must
fight
From careless blindness and from blundering
[error,
Such as of old lent aid to the Black Blight.

"Jack Sheppard Reversed."

THIS is the title of an amusing article in
last week's *Saturday Review*. It is not the
story of JACK SHEPPARD once more done into
rhyme. The title so happily selected is
thoroughly justified by the doings of an
eccentric and original burglar, who, broke
into a prison! This certainly was JACK
SHEPPARD reversed with a vengeance! The
hero of the escapade is said to be a tinted
native of Barbadoes—his portrait should be
published as a companion to the "penny
plain" of his prototype as "twopence
coloured."

Cardinal Manning's Precedence.

It does not need heraldic lore
The Cardinal's place to find.
Of course he'll always come before
The ones who are behind.

THE PHAGOCYTE.

(The Story of a Blood Feud.)

[A microscopist has found an organism called the Phagocyte in the blood, which pursues and devours the Bacilli.]

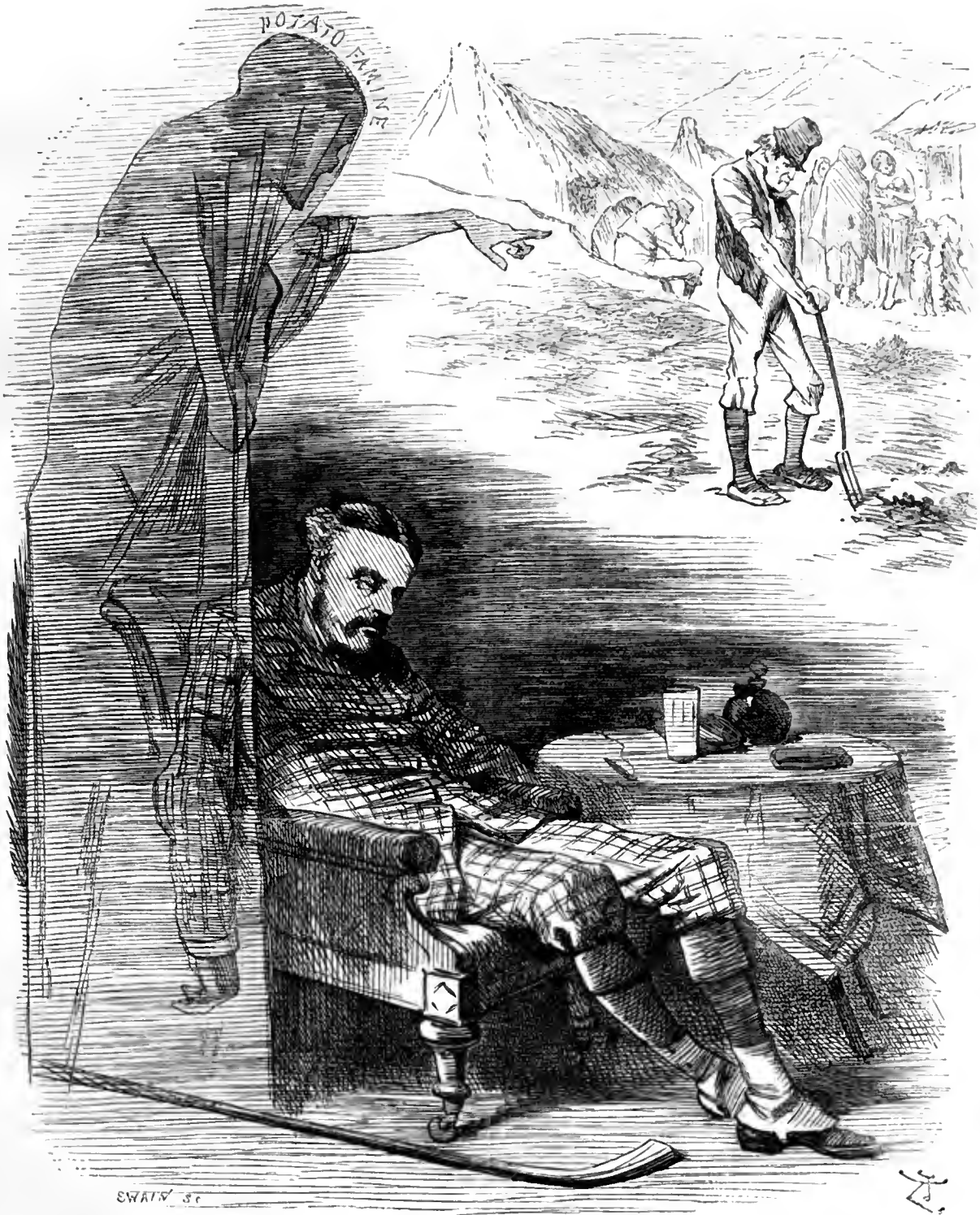
STRANGE the tale that Science tells.
Here are some devouring cells:
Ever watchful night and day,
They this vile Bacillus alay;
Wot we well he fears the bite
Of the guardian Phagocyte.

Hour by hour the fight goes on,
Till the silent battle's won;
Vainly do Bacilli shirk
When their deadly foe's at work;
Every microbe faints with fright
At the fearsome Phagocyte.

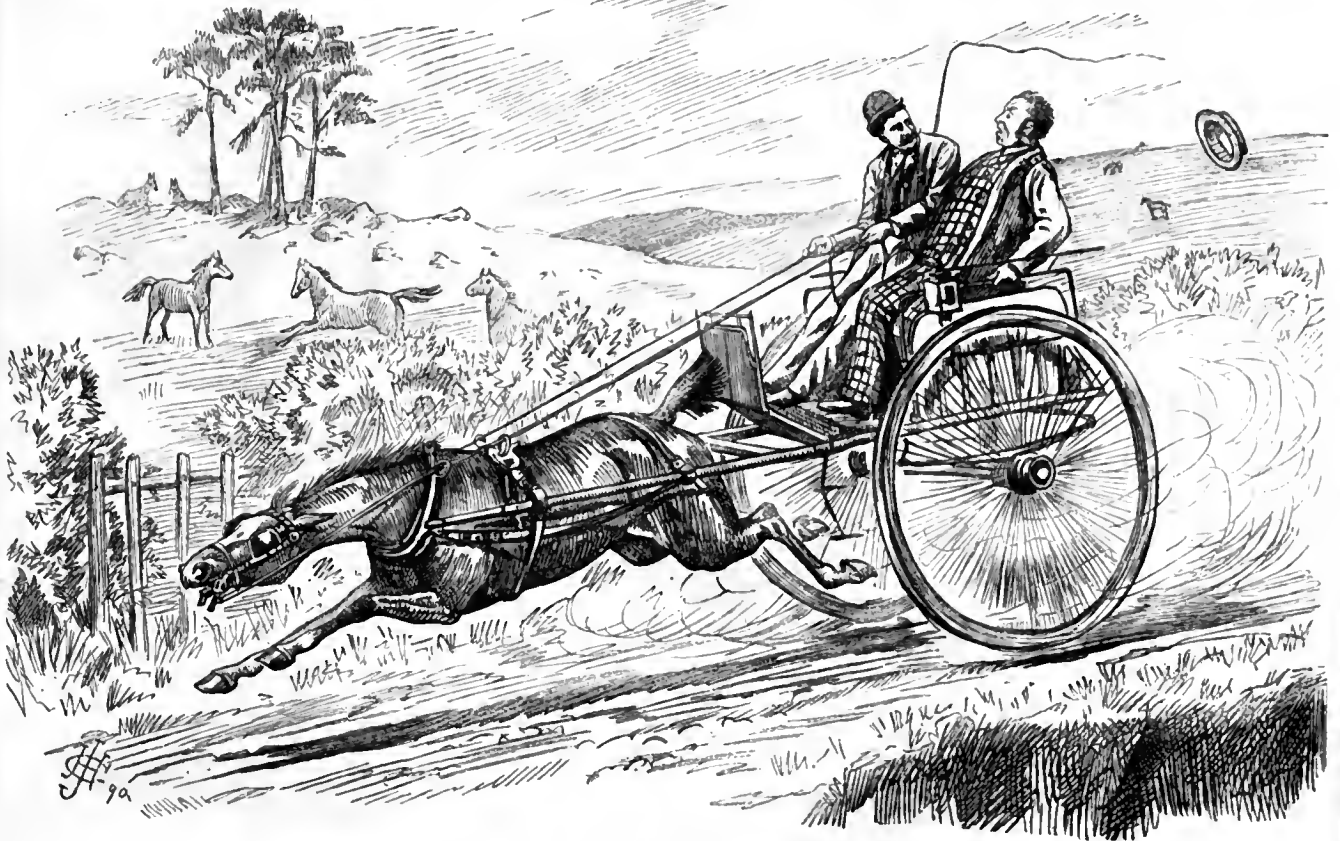
Should the Phagocyte not keep
Faithful ward, but go to sleep;
Then Bacillus, in high glee,
Works his will on you and me;
Danger were of ours to-night,
But for that same Phagocyte.

Such a tale of Science seems
Like the offspring of wild dreams;
Fiction surely, in good sooth,
Can invent no tale like truth.
Stranger story none could write
Than this of the Phagocyte.

The Astronomer desires
Worlds on worlds beyond our eyes;
'Neath the microscope weird things
Erst unseen whirl round in rings;
Hence it is that we indite
Stanzas to the Phagocyte.



“SHADOWED!”



A SPECULATIVE OFFER.

Driver. "NOW, TOM, WHEN WE ARRIVE AT THE TURN, I'LL SELL YOU THE DOG-CART FOR A SOV!"

MR. PUNCH'S SWIM ROUND THE WORLD.

(From his own Prophetic Log-book.)

Herne Bay.—The weather being extremely favourable, I jumped off the end of the new pier, and, getting the benefit of the flood tide, passed the Nore and inspected Southend. Swimming quite easily, assisted by one or two short rests.

Margate.—Reached this popular seaside place a few hours later. Swam out of sight of the sands to rid myself of a view of the excursion riff-raff thereon congregated. Sea completely smooth, but cold. Took a nip of —'s English Cognac.

Ramsgate.—Very pleased to find myself abreast of the Royal Crescent, which seemed delightful. Cape Grisnez still bearing N.E. by E. Munched one of —'s excellent Birchrod Biscuits.

Dover.—Just had a good long rest in front of Clarence Lawn, which glistened in the sunlight. Greatly refreshed after a drink of —'s Essence of Gravy beef.

Calais.—A shower of rain came on at this point. However, one of —'s excellent umbrellas kept my head dry, and, being easy to hold, did not prevent me from swimming and writing up my log.

Gibraltar.—I felt very fatigued going through the Bay of Biscay, but recovered much of my strength off the fortress by sucking one of —'s capital Kill-cough Lozenges.

Malta.—I have now been in the water six days and three nights continuously, and yet am nearly as fresh as when I started. I attribute this marvellous fact to my practice of sipping —'s Essence of Coffeetine.

Aden.—Water extremely hot, but am still confident of success. Went to sleep for an hour in the Red Sea, smoking one of —'s Anti-alligator cigarettes, which are a real preventive against crocodile annoyance.

Madras.—Am continuing my side-stroke but somewhat languidly. I half regretted that I was unable to go on shore to see the Indian curiosities. Much refreshed after partaking of the contents of —'s Patent Luncheon Basket.

Singapore.—Have now been continually in the water for six weeks. Regret that my log should be so "scrappy," but my time just now is very much occupied by other things. Tired, but confident of success. During the last fortnight have fed with great relish upon —'s *Purée de foies gras*. It is not only cheap, but excellent.

New Hebrides.—Am now within measurable distance of the end of my journey. Quite accustomed to the water. However, greatly fatigued, and very pleased to eat some of —'s Alimentary Condiment.

Pitcairn Island.—Glad to be again in these latitudes. My strokes are now very feeble. I should have to give in were it not for —'s Medicated Mutton Broth, which seems to be most nourishing.

Cape Town.—In a fainting condition. Scarcely able to hold this pen. Became better after eating —'s Digestible Plum Puddings, sold in tin canisters at 1s. 10d. per pound.

Rio Janeiro.—Terribly hot and exhausted. I have now been three months continuously in the water, which is certainly a long time. Much amused with a toy called —'s Mechanical Rabbit.

Cape Verde Islands.—Almost unconscious from fatigue. However, I can swim more easily after I have drunk a glass or two of —'s Cabbage Rose Temperance Non-Intoxicating Sherry. It is a most admirable beverage.

Madeira.—I move with the greatest difficulty, and fear I must be sinking. I obtain great strength from an occasional sip of —'s "Beef-fibre" (title registered) which seems to me worth twice its weight in gold.

Dublin.—Have now been in the water continuously for nearly half a year. Too feeble to look at Dublin. I am evidently sinking, and can only keep off a relapse by eating —'s Patent Vegetable Substitute for Roast Pork.

Herne Bay.—Returned dead—quite dead! Restored to life by inhaling —'s Vitality Producer.

N.B.—The above blanks will be filled up with real names. For particulars apply at 85, Fleet Street Advertisement Department.

A Black Business.

As stated in the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday last, the Russian Censor stamped out *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon, "From Nile to Neva," and obliterated the verses. The *St. James's Gazette* suggested that the Cartoon was thus reproduced in Whistlerian fashion. It certainly is a study in black, without any relief whatever. A Black business indeed! Who shall correct the Censor Incensed? Even *Mr. Punch* himself would be chary about visiting Petersburg, lest he should be "bound in Russia,"—and sent to Siberia.



Lord Randolph Churchillism

Effect of Hartingtonism



Harry Furniss

Sir Richard Templeism -

IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

(Effects of a Long Session in the House.)

WHAT THE TAME RABBIT SAID TO THE GRAND OLD GARDENER.

(Some way after "Alice in Wonderland.")

"The work of Major MORANT is headed *Profitable Rabbit Farming*. (Laughter.) Yes, that is a subject for merriment, probably, on account of its comparative novelty, but it is also a subject of satisfaction, which is akin to merriment, because this rabbit-farming appears to be a very good and promising description of pursuit. . . . That is the raising of tame rabbits."—*Mr. Gladstone at the Hawarden Floral and Horticultural Society's Show.*

These were the verses the Tame Rabbit recited:—

The Grand Old Man was on the stir;
 MORANT named me to him;
 He gave me a good character;
 I thought his meaning dim.
 He held me up; they thought it fun!
 And laughed; he chid their glee.
 [on,
 If he should push this matter
 What will become of Me?
 He said I was a paying game,
 Commending me as such.
 That's the result of being tame,
 And living in a hutch.
 My notion is that it is vain
 For you, you Grand Old Fella,
 To rave of rabbits in the rain,
 Beneath a big umbrella.
 Don't let them know we fatten best,
 For this should ever be
 A secret kept from all the rest,
 Between yourself and me!



AMONG THE BUNNIES.

LITERATURE AND LOTTERY.

(By a Patron of the Popular Press.)

Yes, I've "a literary taste,"
 And patronise a weekly journal;
 'Tis what is called *Scissors and Paste*,
 The paper's poor, the print's infernal.
 But what of that, when, week by week,
 High at the sight of it hope rises?
 What in my Magazine I seek
 Is just—a medium for Prizes!
 I can't be bothered to read much,
 I like my literature in snippets.
 My hope is, with good luck, to clutch
 Villas, gold watches, sable tippets.
 A coupon and some weekly pence
 Give me a chance of an annuity.
 Oh, the excitement is intense!
 I read with ardent assiduity,
 Not what the poor ink-spillers say
 In sparkling "par," or essay solemn;
 No, what I read, with triumph gay
 Or hope deferred, is—the Prize Column!
 On prose my time I seldom waste,
 And poetry is poor and pottery.
 But oh! I have an ardent taste
 For Literature when linked with Lottery!

ROBERT'S LITTLE HOLLERDAY.

My hollerday, or sum of it, was spent in Hopen Spaces. Hif anybody as has got two eyes in his hed, and a hart in his buzzom, wants for to see what can be done with about 40 hakers of land—witch the most respectfol Gardiner told me was about the size of the Queen's Park at Kilburn—let him go there on a fine Summer's Arternoon, and see jest about five thowsen children a playing about there, all free, and hindependent, and appy, with two fountings to drink when they're ot and thirsty, and a nice littel Jim Nasyum to climb up and down. They ain't allowed to play at Cricket coz there ain't not room enuf, but I did see two bold littel chaps, about six a peace, a breaking of the Law, and a playing at the forbidden game, with a jacket for the wicket and a stick for a Bat, and the kind-arted Gardiner hadn't got hart enuff to stop 'em.

He told me as how, when the Copperashun fust took possesshun of it, it was nothink but a Baron Swomp, but that, what with the spending of lots of money, and the souperintending genus of Major MAKENZIE, in two years it was maid to blossom like a rose. I spent a werry plessant arternoon there, and drove home in style on the Box Seat of a reel Company's Bus. The nex day I went to Higate Wood, another of the grate works of the good old Copperashun. And lawks, what a difference! No swarms of children a playing about on the grass, but lots and lots on 'em a racing about among the hundreds of trees, and their various fathers and mothers a looking on with smiling faces and prond looks. There is one place in the werry middle of the Wood where no less than sewen parths meets, and there the Copperashun Committee has bilt up a bewtiful Founting, and a long hinskription in praise of Water, tho I shood dout if they speaks from werry much personal experience. I was told as how, when they fust hopened the Founting, the Chairman made a bewtiful speech, and ended by saying, "Water, brite Water for me, and Wine for the trembling Debborshes," and then they all went off to a jolly good dinner.

With that artistick taste as so distinguishes 'em, they have crissened the place where the seven roads meets, "The Seven Dials." There was crowds of people there, all enjoying of themselves in a nice quiet way, and altogether it was a werry werry nice site.

The werry next day I started in the warm sunshine for pretty West Ham Park, and had a leetle adventure as ushal, for jest as I got there who shoud I meet but the rayther sillybrated Parson of the Parish—tho' judgin by aperiences I shoud have took him for the Bishop of Essex—and seeing me in my new Hat and my best black Coat, he werry naterally took me for a inquiring Wisitor, and told me all about the good deed of the Copperashun in saving the Park for the good of the People. There was some werry little chaps a playing Cricket as before despite of the Law, and they had a reel bat too, and one on 'em, seeing me a looking on apruvingly, gave the ball such a tremenjus blow that he got a toocer, so I called out braywo!

There seemed a lot of washing going on jest outside the Park, the white shirts and setters, flustering gaily in the breeze. But, as the Poet says, "they're allus Washing somewheres in the World!" The common people was ordered to walk on the footpaths, but a gardiner told me as them orders was not ment for such as me. I had a most copious Lunch for tuppence in the elegant Pawillion, and being in a jowial and ginerus mood, I treated six of the jewnile natives to a simmeler Bankwet. Then there is the sillibrated Band as the Copperashun perwides twice a week, on which occasions reserved seats is charged a penny each. The werry advanced state of the musical taste of the nayberhood may be judged by the fact, that at a Concert close by, a "Ode to a Butterfly" was to be played on a base Trombone!

The Gardiner told me as there was such a crowd of children on larst Bank Hollerday that there was hardly room to move about, tho' the Park is 80 hakers big; but as I am told that such a space wood hold about 80 thowsand, quite cumferal, I thinks as he must have slitley xadgerated.

ROBERT.

A STRIKING NURSERY RHYME.

(With a Moral.)

TILBURY, Tilbury Dook!
 The men struck—on a rock;
 For their U-ni-on
 Said, "Wrong you have
 done!"
 Tilbury, Tilbury Dook!

Tilbury, Tilbury scare!
 This "Striking" seems in the
 air.
 Conciliation
 Should free the nation
 From Tilbury, Tilbury scare!

THE PROFESSIONAL GUEST.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When I last wrote to you I was anticipatorily revelling in the sea-bathing, tennis tournaments, pier band, and evening promenades of Flatsands. Alas! that I must confess it, but, after a



fortnight's visit to that "salubrious spot" (*vide* highly-coloured advertisements), I give it as my opinion that Flatsands is a failure; and I think that, when you have listened to, or rather perused, my tale of woe, you will agree with me that it is a place to be avoided at all costs.

On the difficulties and length of my journey thither (I changed five times, and spent nine hours in doing so), I will not dwell, neither will I lay stress on the fact that, when I did at last reach my destination, a

prospect void of either Aunt, or conveyances of any kind, met my view, or that a heavy sea-mist had gathered, and was falling in the guise of penetrating, if fine, rain. After parleying with the station-master for some time, I ascertained that the station bus never put in an appearance in wet weather, and that I could not get a closed fly, because the Flatsands' conveyances were all pony-traps, and therefore hoodless. He, however, directed me towards Balmoral, which was my Aunt's address, and told me that ten minutes' walk would take me, and that my luggage should be sent after me, on a truck.

After some difficulty, for the sea-fog was very thick, I discovered Balmoral, but not my Aunt. The truculent-looking proprietor of the house, who answered the door, condescended to inform me that my relative "was the difficultest lady he'd ever had to do for. And that she'd left two days a-gone." But where she had betaken herself to, he either would not or could not tell me. "You'd best try along this row," he said, and then slammed the door in my face. Having nothing better to do, I followed his advice, and "tried along the row." I rang at Osborne, Sandringham, and Windsor. I knocked at Claremont (the bell was broken there), and walked boldly into Marlborough House, for that royal residence in particular was devoid of all ordinary means of heralding one's approach. I was just giving up my quest in despair, when through the rain, which was now falling heavily, I spied a small stucco villa standing shrinkingly back behind a row of palings, which, in spite of their green paint, looked more like domestic fire-sticks than anything else. The somewhat suggestive name of Frogmore was inscribed on the small gate, and I remembered that I quite shivered as I walked up the sloppy path, with my usual inquiry ready to hand. This time, though, I was right, and when, a few minutes later, I was sitting before a roaring fire, imbibing hot tea, and listening to my Aunt's account of her latest complaint (did I tell you she was hypochondriacal?) I felt that really and at last I was in for a pleasant visit.

The evening proved a short one, for Aunt retired at nine, for which I was not sorry, as by that time the atmosphere of the sitting-room was distinctly stuffy, and neither dinner, nor the fumes of the invalid's hot-and-strong "night-cap" improved it. Next morning I sympathised with her on the fact that, soon after she had gone to bed, the young lady on the drawing-room floor (for two other families

shared Frogmore's roof with us) had begun to sing, and had continued her performances till midnight; but I found my commiseration wasted, for she said that it had soothed her, which was considerably more than it had done me. After breakfast—which was late, on account of Aunt's health—I proposed a stroll on the Promenade, or an inspection of the tennis courts. "Bless my soul!" cried Auntie, "a person in my state of health does not go to places all over promenades and tennis courts. You won't find any such things at a nice quiet resort like Flatsands." I felt a little dashed, but replied "that perhaps she was right, and that it was a nice change to be without tennis; and that, as to promenades, they were quite superfluous where there was a pier, and a good band. "A pier, child!" she screamed. "You won't find any such abominations as piers here, or German bands either. Do you think that I should come anywhere where there was a pier?" I felt the smile on my face becoming fixed, but I mastered my feelings sufficiently to murmur something about bathing before lunch.

"You can't bathe here," snapped Aunt—"they don't allow it. The shore is too dangerous. But you can come out with me, if you like, to the tradespeople—I see my bath-chair coming along the road."

And that, *Mr. Punch*, is how I spent my fortnight at Flatsands. Walking by the side of my Aunt's chair, and giving orders to the tradespeople in the morning; walking beside the same chair and blowing up the tradespeople for not having carried out the orders, in the afternoon; sitting in a hot room from five to nine o'clock, then lying awake till midnight, listening to the drawing-room young lady singing Italian and German songs out of tune, and with an English accent.

Three things only occurred to in any way vary the monotony of my existence. The first was the arrival of the singing young lady's brother. He was seventeen, and his lungs were as thick as his boots. He tobogganed down-stairs on a tea-tray the first day he arrived; the second day he passed me in the hall and asked, with a grin, "if I was one of the mummies in this old mausoleum?" the third day he left, saying that the place was "too jolly beastly slow" for him. The second event was the sudden extraordinary mania that Aunt (did I tell you she was rich?) took for the singing lady. I discovered, much to my chagrin, I must say, that often, instead of going to bed at nine, as I believed she did, she used to ensconce herself in the drawing-room, and there sit and listen to indifferent music till all hours. It was this second event which brought about the third excitement. For having been a little imprudent one night, in the matter of "night-caps," or careless as to draughts, my Aunt was taken seriously ill. At least she chose to think herself so, though I now have vague suspicions that this singing lady knew more about it all than she cared to tell. All I know is that the doctor was sent for, and that, after a long confab in the sick room, he came to me and ordered my immediate return home. "Your poor Aunt requires perfect quiet," he said.

Having no choice in the matter, I packed my boxes; not exactly with reluctance, but still with an uncomfortable feeling of being wanted out of the way. Aunt's last words to me rather confirmed my suspicions. "Ah! you are off, are you? Well, I may pull through this time—I think I feel better already." Then, with a pecking kiss, and an inaudible remark anent the ingratitude of relations, she dismissed me. As I left the house I distinctly heard that singing creature run up-stairs and into Aunt's room.

On the way back to town I decided that she (Aunt I mean) was right—relations are *disgustingly* ungrateful.

Yours, much hurt, THE ODD GIRL OUT.

To the Champion (Cricket) County.

"SKILFUL Surrey's sage commands."

There is a cue from WALTER SCOTT!

(Not Surrey's "WALTER.") Punch claps hands,
 And sings out, "Bravo, SHUTTER's Lot!"

THEATRICAL PROBABILITIES.

New pieces by HENRY AUTHOR JONES, author of *Judah, The Deacon, &c.*:—*The Archbishop: The Salvationist, or Boothful for Ever! The Rural Dean* (a pastoral play); *The Chorister*, a stirring drama, showing how a Chorister struggled with his conscience. Of course the Rev. Mr. WILLARD will have the principal part in each piece. Then there will be special nights for the Ministers of all denominations. There will be a *Matinée of Precedence*, to which Cardinal MANNING and all his clergy will be invited. After the play is over, the Right Reverend Dr. WILLARD will preach a sermon to the Cardinal, on his duties generally.

As long as only the orthodox witness these performances all will go well. But what a first night that will be when the Right Reverend Dr. WILLARD and the Reverend HENRY AUTHOR JONES find that some play has been produced in the presence of an audience composed entirely of Dissenters! *Adieu omen!* This may never happen if only serious persons in orders, or rather with orders, are admitted.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XVIII.—THE UNDOMESTIC DAUGHTER.

THE race of daughters is large, but their characteristics, vocations, and aptitudes, are but little understood by the general public. It is expected of them by their mothers that they should be a comfort, by their fathers that they should be inexpensive and unlike their brothers, and by their brothers that they should be as slaves, submissively attached to the fraternal car of triumph. The outside public, the mothers and fathers, that is to say, of other daughters, look upon them vaguely, as mild and colourless beings, destitute alike of character, of desires and of aspirations. And it must be said that daughters themselves, before matrimony absorbs their daughterhood and relieves them of their mothers, seem to be in the main content with the calm and limited existence which their relations and the voice of tradition assign to them. Most of them after they have passed through the flashing brilliance of their first season, and the less radiant glow of their second, are happy enough to spend the time that must elapse ere the destined knight shall sound the trumpet of release at the gates of the fortress, in an atmosphere of quiet domestic usefulness. One becomes known to fame, and her friends, as being above all others, "such a comfort to her mother." She interviews the cook, she arranges the dinners, she devises light and favourite dishes to blunt the edge of paternal irritability by tickling the paternal palate, she writes out invitations, presides at the afternoon tea-table, and, in short, takes upon herself many of these smaller duties which are as last straws to the maternal back. Another becomes the sworn friend and ally of her brothers, whom she assists in their scrapes with a sympathy which is balm to the scraped soul, and with a wisdom in counsel, which can only spring from a deep regret at not having been herself born a boy, and capable of scrapes.

But there is often in families another and an Undomestic Daughter, who aspires to be in all things unlike the usual run of common or domestic daughters. From an early age she will have been noted in the family circle for romantic tendencies, which are a mockery to her Philistine brothers, and a reproach to her commonplace sisters. She will have elevated her father to a lofty pinnacle of imaginative and immaculate excellence, from which a tendency to shortness of temper in matters of domestic finance resulting in petty squabbles with her mother, and an irresistible desire for after-dinner somnolence, will have gradually displaced him. One after another her brothers will have been to her Knights of the Round Table of her fancy, armed by her enthusiasm for impossible conflicts, of which they themselves, absorbed as they are in the examination and pocket-money struggles of boyhood, have no conception whatever. The effort to plant the tree of romance in an ordinary middle-class household was predestined to failure. Her disappointments are constant and crushing. Desires and capacities which, with careful nurture, might have come to a fair fruit, are chilled and nipped by the frost of neglect and ridicule. Her mind becomes warped. The work that is ready to her hand, the ordinary round of family tasks and servicoableness, repels her. She turns from it with distaste, and thus widens still more the gulf between herself and her relatives. Hence she is thrown back upon herself for companionship and comfort. She dissects, for her own bitter enjoyment, her inmost heart. She becomes the subtle analyst of her own imaginary motives. She calls up acconcing phantoms to charge her before the bar of her conscience, in order that she may have the qualified satisfaction of acquitting herself, whilst returning against her relatives a verdict of guilty on every count of the indictment. In short, she becomes a thoroughly morbid and hysterical young woman, suspicious, and resentful even of the sympathy which is rarely offered to her. In the meantime, two of her younger sisters are wooed and won in the orthodox manner by steady-going gentlemen, of good position and prospects. The congratulations showered upon them, and the rejoicings which attend them on their wedding days, only serve to add melancholy to the Undomestic Daughter, who has already begun to solace herself for her failure to attract men by the reflection that matrimony itself is a failure, and that there are higher and worthier things in life than the wearing of orange-blossoms, and going-away dresses. It must be said that her parents strive with but little vigour against their daughter's inclination. Her father having hinted at indigestion as the cause of her unhappiness, and finding that the hint is badly received, shrugs his inapprehensive shoulders, and ceases to notice her. Her mother, persuaded that

sanity is to be found only on the maternal side of the family, lays the peculiarities of her daughter to the charge of some abnormal paternal ancestor. Having thus, by implication, cleared herself from all responsibility, she feels that she is better able to take a detached and impartial view of errors which, seeing they are those of her own flesh and blood, she professes herself utterly unable to understand or to correct.

The Undomestic Daughter thus acquires the conviction that she herself is the most miserably crushed member of a down-trodden sex. In this, and in the agreement which she exacts from two or three melancholy friends, she seeks a solace for her sufferings. After a time, however, she discovers that this is insufficient. It must be said to her credit that her energies find the outlet of a passive sorrow inadequate. She burns to prove that one who is misunderstood and despised cannot only find useful work to do, but can do it better than her humdrum domestic sisters. Unfortunately, however, she overlooks the obvious and easy duties of her home. She scans the remote corners of the world. Her bruised spirit flutters about the bye-ways of charitable effort, and at length she establishes herself as a visitor, a distributor of tracts and blankets, and an instructor of factory girls. It is unnecessary to insist that these occupations are useful and praiseworthy in the abstract. It may be doubted, however, whether they should be undertaken by one who has to neglect for them equally necessary but less attractive labours.



The Undomestic Daughter, however, rejoices in the performance of work, which, as it were, sets a seal, to her wretchedness, and stamps her as a being apart from the ruck of her sex. She now takes her meals alone, and at her own hours. She probably breakfasts at half-past seven, and dashes out to interview the Secretary of the Society for Improving the Cultivation of Mustard and Cress on the Desert Patches of the Mile End District. After this she will hasten to Lambeth, in order that mothers residing in that teeming quarter of the town may be blessed with mittens and mob-caps, and returning thence she devotes an hour or so to lectures which are to make her expert in tending the ailments of humanity. Occasionally the family arrangements are upset, in order that she may have her dinner at an hour which will make it convenient to her to attend the meeting of an Institute for Reading Historical Novels to Working Girls, and her father will lose all his available stock of good temper on finding that the moments generally devoted by him to soup are occupied to his exclusion by the apple-tart provided for his busy daughter. Hence come more storms and misunderstandings. Paternal feet are put down—for a time, and neglected excellence pines in bed-rooms.

Shortly afterwards the Undomestic Daughter discovers that nature intended her to be a hospital nurse, and she takes advantage of a period when her mother, being occupied in tending a younger brother through scarlatina cannot offer a determined opposition, to wring an unwilling consent from her father, and to leave her home in order to carry out her plan. This phase, however, does not last many weeks, and she is soon back once more on the parental hands. Thus the years pass on, the monotony of neglecting her home being varied by occasional outbursts of enthusiasm which carry her on distant expeditions in strange company. During one of these she falls in with a lay-preacher, who to a powerful and convincing style adds the fascination of having been turned from an early life of undoubted dissipation. She sits at his feet, she flatters him as only a woman can flatter a preacher, and having eventually married him, she helps him to found a new religion during the intervals that she can spare from the foundation of a considerable family. Warned by her own experience, she will never allow her daughters to be seen without their sewing or their knitting. Her sons will all be forced to learn useful trades, and it is quite possible that as time passes she may irritate even her husband, by constantly holding herself up to her somewhat discontented family as a pattern of all the domestic virtues.

Nursery Rhyme.

(Trade's Union Version.)

BAH! bah! Blackleg! Have you any pluck?
Backing up the Masters when the Men have struck!
You're for the Master, we're for the Man!
"Picket" you, and "Boycott" you; that is BURNS's plan!

THE Waterloo Monument at Brussels, in the suburban cemetery of Evère. Motto:—"For Evère and for Evère!"

PRIZE EPITAPH.

"A DEEP impression," said the *Standard*, last Wednesday, "was made on the bearers" (i.e., Prince BISMARCK's audience at Kissingen) "when, in reply to a remark by one of the guests" (remark and name of immortal guest not reported), "the Ex-Chancellor said, 'My only ambition now is a good epitaph. I hope and beg for this.'" May it be long ere necessity imperatively demands his epitaph, good or indifferent, say all of us. But in the meantime, and to come to business, how much will the Ex-Chancellor give? Why not advertise? A prize of — (we leave it to the Prince to fill up the blank) will be given for the best epitaph? With characteristic modesty, Prince BISMARCK, as reported, only asks for "a good epitaph." Why shouldn't he have the best that money can buy, and brains sell? Correspondents have already commenced: here are a few:—

"Beneath this slab the bones of this great boss are. Can Osea speak? And would they say 'Canossa?'"

A would-be Competitor sends this,—

FANCY PORTRAIT.



"THE PHYLLOXERA, A TRUE GOURMET, FINDS OUT THE BEST VINEYARDS AND ATTACHES ITSELF TO THE BEST WINES."

(From the "Times," August 27. Adapted by Our Appreciative Artist.)

"Here lies BISMARCK—
His made his mark."

A Correspondent writes:—"I haven't an epitaph handy about BISMARCK, but here's one on a billiard-marker, buried, of course at Kew:—

"'Rem acu tetigi,' let this attest,
Now he has gone away for his long rest."

Yours,
NIL DE MORTUIS."

"P.S.—I'll think over the BISMARCK one, specially if he offers a prize of anything over a sovereign, as of course it ought to be, since the Ex-Chancellor always went in for an Imperial policy, which, however, didn't insure his life. This is very nearly an epitaph—praps you'll arrange it for me."

Another says, "This is simple:—

"Ci git,
P. B."

Yes, very simple, but not good enough. Perhaps our Correspondents will improve when the amount of the prize is fixed.

FOUND IN A RUM PLACE.
—The Latest Spice discovered in Jamaica—the SPEAKER'S MACE.

THE DAMSELS OF DIEPPE;

Or, *The Legend of Lionel.*

"NEUHAVEN to Dieppe," he cried, but, on the voyage there, He felt appalling qualms of what the French call *mal de mer*: While, when the steward was not near, he struck Byronic attitudes, And made himself most popular by pretty little platitudes. And, while he wobbled on the waves, be sure they never slept, While waiting for their LIONEL, the Damsels of Dieppe.

He landed with a jaunty air, but feeling rather weak, While all the French and English girls cried out, "*C'est magnifique!*"

They reck'd not of his bilious hue, but murmur'd quite ecstatics, "Blue coat, brass buttons, and straw hat, — *c'est tout-à-fait piratical!*"

He hadn't got his land-legs, and he walked with faltering step, But still they thought it *comme-il-faut*, those Damsels of Dieppe.

The Douane found him circled round by all the fairest fair, The while he said, in lofty tones, he'd nothing to declare; He turned to one girl who stood near, and softly whisper'd, "Fly, O NELL!"

But all the others wildly cried, "Give us a chance, O LIONEL!" And thus he came to shore from all the woes of Father Nep., With fatal fascinations for the Damsels of Dieppe.

He went to the Casino, whither mostly people go, And lost his tin at baccarat and eke *petits chevaux*; And still the maidens flocked around, and vowed he was amusing 'em, And borrowed five-franc pieces, just for fear he should be losing 'em; And then he'd sandwiches and bocks, which brought on bad dyspepsia for LIONEL beloved by Damsels of Dieppe.

As bees will swarm around a hive, the maids of *La belle France* Went mad about our LIONEL and thirsted for his glance; In short they were reduced unto a state of used-up coffee lees By this mild, melancholic, maudlin, mournful Mephistopheles. He rallied them in French, in which he had the gift of rep-arteer, and sunnily they smiled, the Damsels of Dieppe.

At last one day he had to go; they came upon the pier; The French girls sobbed, "*Mon cher!*" and then the English sighed,

"My dear!" He looked at all the threatening waves, and cried, the while embracing 'em, [em!]" (I mean the girls, not waves,) "Oh no! I don't feel quite like facing And all the young things murmured, "Stay, and you will find sweet rep-
-aration for the folks at home in Damsels of Dieppe."

And day by day, and year by year, when'er he sought the sea, The waves were running mountains high, the wind was blowing free. At last he died, and o'er his bier his sweethearts sang doxology, And vowed they saw his ghost, which came from dabbling in psychology.

And to this hour that spook is seen upon the pier. If sceptical, ask ancient ladies, once the Damsels of Dieppe.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

ELECTIONEERING.

"The Party which befriends the cause of the *Working-Man*;" i.e., "The Party which (at election-tims) rather wishes it had done so."
"The Party which advocates economy and keeps down taxation;" i.e., "The Party which likes to make its opponents do the expenditure on Army, Navy, &c."

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"I remember, years ago, I used to take exactly the same view myself;" i.e., "But, unlike you, I have made some use of my opportunities and experience since then."

"But there you see you are begging the whole question," or, "My good fellow, you're only arguing in a circle;" i.e., "Rather than admit that I am wrong, I would begin the argument over again."

"Of course you remember that splendid passage in —;" i.e., "Decided score! Know you haven't ever heard of the book."

SHAKSPEARE'S "deeds" going to America? The World is the richer for his words, and certainly to the country of his birth belong the records of his deeds.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

SIXTH ENTRY.

STILL endeavouring to earn an honest, but unpleasant, penny as a (temporary) Private Tutor. Begin to be vaguely conscious that my grasp of the Latin Grammar is not as firm as it might be. Will my classical training see me through, or will "ERNIE" see through my classical training?

ERNIE (before breakfast) offers to conduct me round the grounds. Must take the youngster down a peg or two. So, when he shows me the stables, rather proudly, I remark, pityingly—"What! Only three nags?"

"Oh, I ride a pony," he replies, airily. "What can you ride, Mr. JOYNSON? Do you know how to ride—or do you generally fall off?"

Explain to him elaborately that I am rather more at home on horseback than on my legs. He winks, as if he didn't quite believe me. I can't go on, as it's certainly *infra dig.* to be praising one's accomplishments, especially to a chit like this.

"We buried NERO here," the boy says, pointing to a damp mound. "He was our Newfoundland dog, and the gardener dropped a beam on him, and killed him as dead as JULIUS CÆSAR. Oh, Mr. JOYNSON, when did JULIUS CÆSAR die?"

Happily my presence of mind does not desert me. I reply, severely,—

"What! Don't you know your Roman History better than that?"

"No," he answers—"do you?" Then a sudden thought strikes him. "Oh, I'll ask Miss MYRTLE" (Miss MYRTLE is the Governess) —"she'll be sure to know. She isn't a muff."

Query—What is the best line to take with a remark like that? Before I decide the point, HERBIE rushes out into the garden, and is immediately sent spinning into a cucumber-frame by his kind elder brother, who then disappears into the house.

Yells from HERBIE. Go in and send the Governess to him. Relief from children for about ten minutes.

At Breakfast.—Mother cross. Seems to think that I ought to have prevented ERNIE from mutilating HERBIE. HERBIE appears with head bandaged, still sobbing. French again, thank Heaven!—so children silent. Never felt the advantage of foreign languages till now.

Mamma, with a courage worthy of a better cause, asks me, "What time lessons will begin?" I reply, evasively, that I shall be in the library, and that I will ring for ERNEST (I lay stress on the word ERNEST, as excluding the two others) when I am ready for him."

I do, after a good preliminary smoke. HERBIE and JACK present themselves at the same time. I send them off to the Governess, and lock the door; Governess sends them back to me; result is, that they play about outside library all morning, so that we (ERNEST and I) can hardly hear ourselves speak.

Put ERNIE through his paces. Ask him what he knows. Process (I fear) incidentally reveals to him what I know. Hear him at lunch explaining to HERBIE (with whom he has made friends again) that I am "not bad at sums, but a shocking duffer at Latin." Pretend not to hear the remark.

Afternoon.—Find the three boys, and two girls, all waiting—apparently—to go out for a country walk with me!

What! Two-and-two! Never! "But—er—" I say, addressing the little girls, in a pleasant tone, "aren't you going out with your Governess?"

"Oh, yes!"—they both exclaim at once—"she's coming too!" The situation is becoming more and more embarrassing. I can't, in politeness, refuse the Governess's society for a walk. I solve the



WHO WOULD NOT BE A TENOR?

The Fair Bohemian Girl:—

"I HAD RICHES TOO GREAT TO COUNT, COULD BOAST OF A HIGH ANCESTRAL NAME; . . .

BUT I ALSO DREAMT, WHICH CHARMED ME MOST,

THAT YOU LOVED ME STILL THE SAME—

THAT YOU LOVED ME, YOU LOVED ME STILL THE SAME!"

(*Sketched from a Provincial Pit.*)

problem, temporarily, by telling all five children to run up to Miss MYRTLE, and ask her which way she thinks we had better go."

They perform the commission with alacrity, which gives me the opportunity of slipping out at back-door, and taking quiet ramble by myself. When will Paterfamilias himself turn up? I have not seen or heard from Mr. BRISTOL MERCHANT yet.

I am fated, however, to hear from him pretty soon; and, when I do, his communication is surprising. It comes in the form of a telegram, addressed to me. It runs thus:—

"Just heard President asked you to take tutorship. Misunderstanding. Very sorry, but have myself engaged another tutor. He will arrive this evening. Shall I tell him not to come? Awkward! Wire reply."

Awkward! On the contrary, I feel it to be almost providential. Mamma doesn't apologise, but says, frankly—"Why, if he comes, there'll be two tutors—and one is quite enough!"

I telegraph briefly to the effect that, under the circumstances, I will go at once.

Bid good-bye (after lunch) to ERNIE, in hall. He says—"I knew you would never do for the place," and ought to have his ears boxed by his fond Mamma, but hasn't. As I go down front walk, see him and HERBIE and JACK all pnting out what I think I may appropriately call their "mother tongues" at me from a top window!

Moral—for my own consumption: Never go to an uncultivated family again.

So ends my Tutorship! And I've never once set eyes on my employer all through!

After this *fiasco*, the President certainly ought to do something handsome for me.

He does! Writes and says how sorry he is to hear of the stupid mistake that has been made. He knows of another very nice family, in Cheshire, who want a Private Tutor. Shall he mention my name to them? Not for worlds!

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

WHAT means *Train de Luxe*? Peppery "PUNJAB" replies,

Two dirty sleeping-cars wherein one lies Awaiting a breakfast; to feel disgust nter

At coffee, two boiled eggs, and plain ro'l and butter, (Miscalled "*Grub de Luxe*," in the bitterest chaff.)

At the humorous price of four francs and a-half! Item: Thirty-five francs for a bottle of brandy!

(A thing that—at breakfast—of course comes in handy). A horrible dinner; no wine, and no beer,

Not even a soda your spirits to cheer;

No water to wash in at Turin—just think!

On arrival in France, not a drop e'en to drink!

What wonder poor "PUNJAB," who hails from the "Garrick,

Got hungry as VASHTI, and dry as a hayrick?

An *Edition de Luxe*, as a rule, is a sell,

But a *Train de Luxe* sure as a fraud bears the bell,

Which promises travel more oosy and quicker,

And leaves you half starved, without money—or liquor!

KILLING NO MURDER!—A Correspondent of the *Times*, protesting against the assumption of combatant rank by the Army Surgeons, writes:—"A military doctor is armed, and like others is entitled to defend himself when attacked, but that is a very different thing from giving him full licence to kill." The Correspondent evidently overlooks the powers afforded by a medical diploma!

"IT'S AN ILL WIND" &c.

"Partridge-shooting will be postponed in several districts till the middle of September."
Daily Telegraph, August, 23.



Chorus of Partridges. "LONG MAY IT RAIN!"

MISLED BY A MANUAL!

(THE LAMENT OF A WOULD-BE LINGUIST.)

WHEN on my Continental tour preparing to depart,
I bought a Conversation-Book, and got it up by heart;
A handy manual it seemed, convenient and neat,
And gave for each contingency a dialogue complete.

Upon the weather—wet or fine—I could at will discourse,
Or bargain for a bonnet, or a boot-jack, or a horse;
Tell dentists, in three languages, which tooth it is that hurts;
Or chide a laundress for the lack of starch upon my shirts.

I landed full of idioms, which I fondly hoped to air—
But crushing disappointment met my efforts everywhere.
The waiters I in fluent French addressed at each hotel
Would answer me in English, and—confound 'em!—epoke it well.

Those phrases I was furnished with, for Germany or France,
I realised, with bitterness, would never have a chance!
I swore that they should hear me yet, and proudly turned my back
On polyglots in swallowtails, and left the beaten track. . . .

They spoke the native language now; but—it was too absurd—
Of none of their own idioms they apparently had heard!
My most colloquial phrases fell, I found, extremely flat.
They may have come out wrong-side up, but none the worse for that.

I tried them with my Manual; it was but little good;
For not one word of their replies I ever understood.
They never said the sentences that should have followed next:
I found it quite impossible to keep them to the text!

Besides, unblushing reference to a Conversation-Book
Imparts to social intercourse an artificial look.
So I let the beggars have their way. 'Twas everywhere the same;
I led the proper openings—they wouldn't play the game.

Now I've pitched the Manual away that got
me in this mess,
And in ingenious pantomime my wishes I
express.
They take me for an idiot mute, an error I
deplore;
But still—I'm better understood than e'er
I was before!

A PRODUCT OF THE SILLY SEASON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

LONDON at the end of August is not particularly inviting, save in one respect—it is negatively pleasant to find that *Matinées* are all but suspended. I should say quite, were it not that the Shaftesbury Theatre on the 27th opened its doors at a quarter to three o'clock in the afternoon, for the performance of *The Violin Makers*, an adaptation of *Le Luthier de Crémone*, and the production of a "new and original Comedy sketch," in two Acts, called *The Deacon*, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES. The first piece I had already seen at the Bushey Theatre, with Professor HERKOMER, R.A., in the principal character. I had now an opportunity of comparing the Artist-Actor with the Manager-Actor, and must confess that I liked the former better than the latter. Mr. WILLARD as *Filippo*, was Mr. WILLARD, but Professor HERKOMER, shaved for the occasion, seemed to be anyone other than Professor HERKOMER. The mounting of the piece at Bushey was also greatly to be preferred to the *mise-en-scène* in Shaftesbury Avenue, and as the accomplished Artist-Actor had also supplied some exceedingly touching music to his version of FRANÇOIS COPPÉE'S Poetical Play, which was wanting two hundred yards from Piccadilly Circus, I was altogether better pleased with the entertainment served up with *saucis à la Herkomer*. I may be wrong in preferring the amateur to the professional, or I may be right—after all, it is merely a matter of opinion.

Mr. JONES is entirely justified in calling *The Deacon* a "sketch," as it can scarcely claim greater histrionic importance. I think I may take it for granted that a sausage-maker, from the nature of his employment, is usually presumed to be a man not absolutely without guile, and, therefore, *Abraham Boothroyd*, "Wholesale bacon-factor, Mayor of Chipping Padbury on the Wold, and Senior Deacon of Ebenezer Chapel," may perhaps be counted one of those exceptions that are said to prove the rule. According to Mr. JONES, this eccentric individual comes up to town to attend an indignation meeting held with a view to protesting against the conversion of Exeter Hall into a temple of the drama, and after dining with "a *Juliet* of fifteen years ago," and a new and quaint sort of Barrister, accompanies them to the play, and is so greatly pleased with the performances presented to him, that, before the curtain falls, he announces his intention of repeating his visit to the theatre every evening until further notice! This may be true to human nature, because there is authority for believing that the said human nature is occasionally a "rum un"; but, without the precedent I have quoted, it is difficult to accept the sudden conversion of Mr. *Boothroyd* as quite convincing. I could scarcely have believed that Mr. JONES, who has done such excellent work in *Judah*, and *The Middleman*, could have been the author of *The Deacon*, had not his name appeared prominently on the playbill, and had not a rumour reached me that this "comedy sketch" had adorned for years, in MS. form, a corner of some book-shelves. I think, if the rumour is to be believed, that it is almost a pity that there was any interference with that corner—I fancy *The Deacon* might have rested in peace on the book-shelves indefinitely, without causing serious injury to anyone. But this is a fancy, and only a fancy.

I may add that Mr. WILLARD made the most of the materials provided for him; but whether that most was much or little is, and must remain, a matter of conjecture. On the whole, if I had understood aright what the sad sea waves were evidently attempting to say to me, I think I would not have attended on the 27th of August a London *Matinée*. But this is a thought, and nothing more.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, yours, more in sorrow than in anger,

A CRITIC, LURED TO TOWN FROM THE COUNTRY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron has recently been reading a new work, disinterestedly recommended to him by M. ROQUES, the French publisher and French bookseller of Bond Street, entitled *L'Amé de Pierre*, by GEORGES OHNET. It is a strangely fascinating story; the picturesque descriptions transport us to the very places; and the studies of life, are, specially of certain phases of French life, most interesting to an English reader. The cosmopolitan Baron DE B. W. wishes that Frenchmen, however manly they may be, were not so easily and so constantly moved to tears. This however, is only a matter of taste. What the purpose of the novel may be—for GEORGES OHNET has written this with a purpose—is not quite evident.

Whether it is intended to chime in with the popular theme of hypnotism, and illustrate it in a peculiar way, or whether it is merely illustrating *Hamlet's* wise remark that, "There is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in your philosophy," the Baron is at a loss to determine. It is psychological, it is materialistic, it is idealistic, it is philosophical, it is . . . French. The *Vacuus Viator* may have a worse companion on a long journey than *L'Amé de Pierre*.

Talking of materialistic, "let us," quoth the Baron, "be grateful to Mrs. DE SALIS for a bookful of '*Tempting Dishes for Small Incomes*,' published by LONGMANS & Co." First of all get your small income, then purchase this book, for eightpence, or less with discount; or (a shorter and a cheaper way) borrow it from a friend. Let the Small Incomer cast his watery eye over Lobster outlets, p. 19, and Lobster pancakes: let him reduce his small income to something still smaller in order to treat himself and family to a *Rumpsteak à la bonne bouche*, a Sausage pudding, and a Tomato curry. The sign over a Small-Income House is the picture of a Sheep's Head, usually despised as sheepish: but go to p. 23, and have a *tête-à-tête (de mouton)* with Mrs. DE SALIS about *Sheep's head au Gratin*.

Rabbit batter pudding, eh? with *shalot à discrétion*. How's that for high? Let the Small Incomer get some dariole tins, mushrooms, chives, rabbits, tripe, onions, oil, ducks, eggs, and with *egg kromeskie* he'll dine like a millionaire, and be able to appreciate a real *epigram* of Lamb (not CHARLES) and Peas. Don't let the Man with a Small Income be afraid of trying *Un Fritot de Cervelle de Veau*, simply because of the name, which might do honour to the *menu* of a LUCULLUS. "Blanch the Brains" for this dish—delicious!—"and fry till a nice golden colour." Beautiful! Nice golden colour like dear BLANCHE's hair: only often that's a BLANCHE without brains. And now your attention, my Small Incomer, to *Eggs à la Bonne Femme*. This work ought to be arranged as a catechism: in fact all cookery books, all receipt books, should be in the form of Question and Answer.

Question.—Now, Sir, how would you do *Eggs à la Bonne Femme*?

Perhaps this query might be preceded by general information as to who the particular "bonne femme" (for she must have been a very particular *bonne femme*) was to whom so many dishes are dedicated. [In the Scotch McCookery books, *Broth o' the Gude-wife* would be a national name.]

Answer.—To make *Eggs à la Bonne Femme*, Mrs. DE SALIS says, "Get as many eggs as there are guests (they should all be the same size)—" Now this is a difficulty. It is not an easy matter to assemble round your table a party of guests "all the same size:" still more difficult is it to get together a lot of eggs all the same size as the guests. But, when this has been got over, read the remainder at p. 55, and then, as *Squeers's* pupils used to have to do, go and reduce the teaching to practice.

The receipt for *Potatoes à la Lyonnaise* begins with, "Mince an onion, and fry it in hot butter"—O rare! Why do more? Who wants potatoes after this? And, when you've had quite enough of it, smoke a pipe, drink a glass of whiskey-and-water, go to an evening party, and then, if you won't be one of the most remarkable advertisements for *cette bonne femme* Madame DE SALIS, why I don't live in Baronion Hall, and my name's no longer

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



THE DOCTRINE OF "HINTERLAND."

THESE THREE GENTLEMEN DO NOT PLAY THE GAME, BUT WISH TO TAKE A MORNING WALK BY THE SEA.

P.S.—So many persons have sent in touching requests to the Baron only to notice their books with one little word, that his library table groans under their weight. To about a hundred of them that one little word might be "Bosh!"—but even then they'd be pleased.

THE NEW STOCKING.

[The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has announced that the Treasury have decided to enable the small investor in Consols, upon a written request to the Bank of England, to have his dividends re-invested as they arise, and thus automatically accumulated without further trouble on his part.—*Times*]

Oh, it was the old Lady of Threadneedle Street,
And she held up her Stocking (ne'er used for her feet),
And she ups, and says she, "I've an excellent notion;
Leastways, 'tis one borrowed from COHEN by GOSCHEN;
Which nobody can deny!

"The cash that you put in my Stocking, my dears,
Will grow by degrees, if you leave it for years.
By your dividends? Ah! you draw them, girls and boys,
And spend 'em, the *Times* says, in sweets and in toys;
Which nobody can deny!

"How very much better to let 'em remain;
Re-invest 'em, in fact! An original brain
Has hit on that capital notion, at length,
And I'm game for to back him with all my old strength,
Which nobody can deny!

"Leave your dividends in my—suppose we say hose—
And the cash, snowball-like, gathers fast as it goes.
So my—Stocking (I *must* use the word) will be seen,
The latest, and best Automatic Machine,
Which nobody can deny!

"Think, children, of Ac-cu-mu-la-tive Con-sols!
Much better than bull's eyes, and peg-tops, and dolls!
Yes, this is the notion, exceedingly knowin',
Which GOSCHEN, the Chancellor, borrows from COHEN,
Which nobody can deny!

"To the Nation friend COHEN's idea 's a great gift;
It should lend such a "vigorous impulse to thrift;"
Leave your coin in my Stocking—in time it will double,
Without giving you, what a Briton hates, Trouble!
Which nobody can deny!

"Then think of the saving in potions and pills,
And the fall in that *very* bad stock—Doctor's Bills—
When your Dividends no longer spoil girls and boys
With per-ni-ci-ous sweets, and with re-dun-dant toys,
Which nobody can deny!

"So, dear Little Investors, I trust you'll come flocking,
Like bees to the hive, to my last style of Stocking,
My new, automatic, self-mending, smart hose,
In which cash, left alone, gathers fast as it goes,
Which nobody can deny!"



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Inquisitive and Motherly Old Stranger (deliberately settling herself down between Our Artist and what he is trying to sketch). "I SUPPOSE YOU OFTEN FIND IT VERY DIFFICULT TO GET NEW SUBJECTS, DON'T YOU? I HEARD A THING THE OTHER DAY—," &C., &C., &C.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

[The Emperor of AUSTRIA will leave Voecklabruck on September 2 to attend the Army manoeuvres in Silesia. On the 17th he will go to attend the manoeuvres in Prussian Silesia, and will be the German EMPEROR's guest at Schloss Rohnstock, near Liegnitz.—*Times*.]

Imperial Victim sings:—

"HERE awa', there awa', wandering WILLIE."
O WILHELM, my lad, you might well sing that song.
This stir 's getting troublesome, not to say silly,
Our "Travelling EMPEROR"'s coming it strong.
This playing at Soldiers, is 't never to cease?
There 's no rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of—Peace!

Sub tegmine fagi, in holiday Autumn,
E'en Emperors sometimes incline to take ease,
But when once he has dropped in upon 'em, and caught em,
The Tityrus rôle is all up. 'Tis a tease.
I was just settling down to my pipe and my book,
When he bursts in like this! Gives a man quite a shock!

He has stirred them up pretty well all round already.
Good Grandmother GUELF! Well, with her, 'twas just
"come and off!"
(A true British "Summer" the wildest will steady),
And then he drops in upon tired Cousin ROMANOFF.
Ha! ha! How the CZAR must have laughed—in his sleeve—
At that "capture," which WILHELM could scarcely believe!

Taken prisoner, the "Travelling EMPEROR!" Funny!
Oh, could they have kept him till Autumn was o'er!
No such luck! I must stir up, and spend time, and money,
In playing the old game of Soldiers! Great bore!
Ah, my youthful, alert, irrepressible KAISER,
When just a bit older you 'll be a bit wiser.

Voecklabruck's pleasant in genial September,
And now I must start for Silesia. Ah me!
That name gives a KAISER so much to remember— [such glee,
Would FREDERICK—THE GREAT—have "waltzed round" with

Trotting out Europe's soldiers and ships in this way?
Well, the KAISER 's a "kid," I suppose it's his play.

I wonder what BISMARCK the blunt thinks about it.
He hardly takes *Kriegspiel* views of the earth;
He may be prepared to applaud, but I doubt it.
I fancy him moved to a saturnine mirth.
I wonder where next the young ruffler will go.
I should like, if I dared, to suggest—Jericho!

"Come out, Cousin HAPSBURG, your uniform don,
And let's play at Soldiers!" Ah, yes, that 's his voice.
How glad Grandma GUELF must be now he has gone,
And how at his leaving the CZAR must rejoice!
And now I am in for it all, for awhile.
Ah, well, I must dress, and endeavour to smile.

Only if he would off it to Stamboul or Cairo,
Look up EMIN PASHA, survey Zanzibar,
Or try butterfly hunting at Kilimi Njaro,
The Crowned Heads of Europe were easier far.
But Africa's "*fauna* and *flora*" would pall—
He wants armies and fleets, or he can't rest at all.

Silesian manoeuvres! I know what they mean;
Long hours in the saddle, much dust, many hails!
An elderly Emperor's fancy might lean
To idling, or hunting the chamois with WALES.
Now, he would not worry—but grumbling 's no use,
So here 's for Schloss Rohnstock, and endless Reviews!

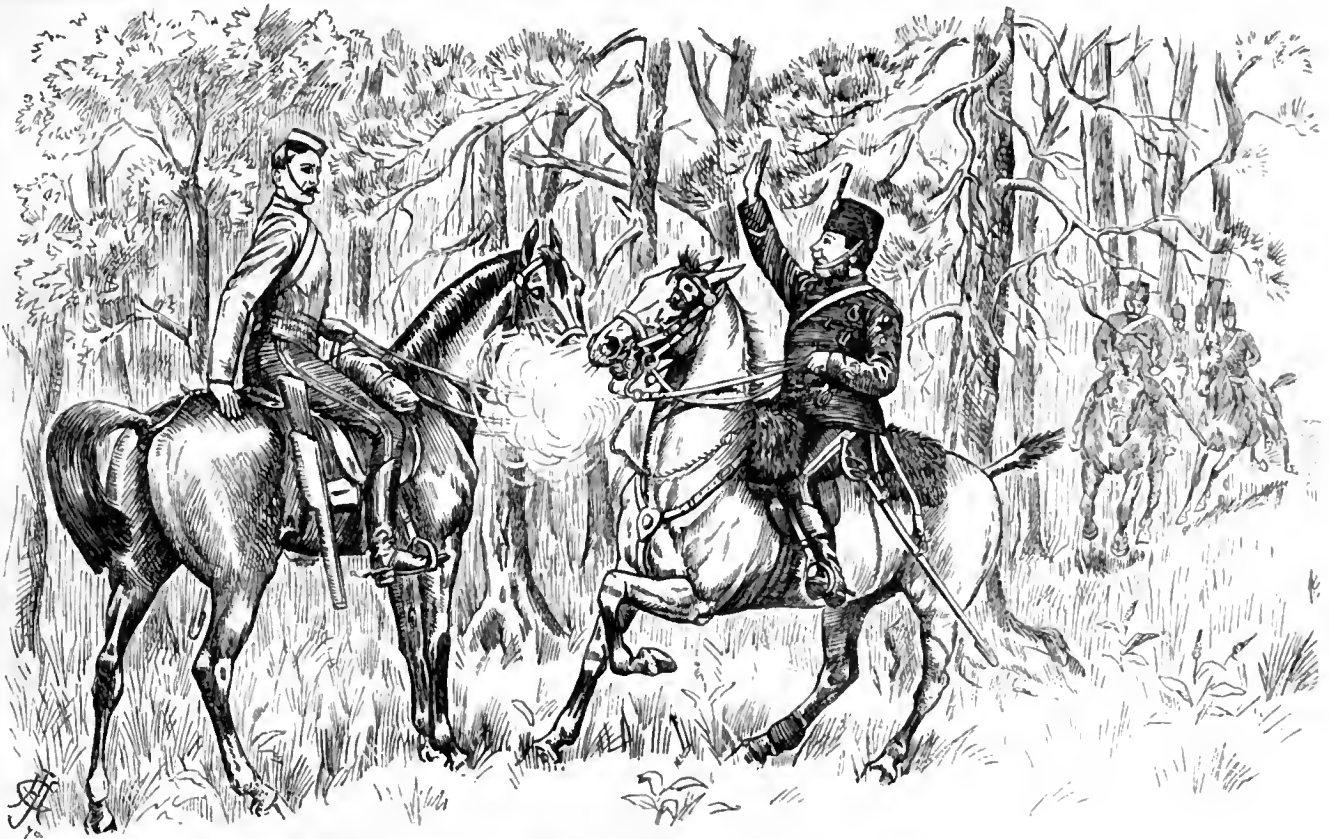
OUR FAILURES.—"One man in his time plays many parts," and JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the great American "Slogger," having lately rather failed, perhaps, as a pugilistic "Champion," has done what Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS's lyric hero so yearned to do, viz., "gone on the Stage." Decline of the Drama, indeed! Recruited from the ranks of the Amateurs, on one side from the "Swells," on the other from the "Sports," the Stage ought to flourish. "Critics," said DIZZY, "are those who have failed in Literature." Will it by-and-by be said that Actors are those who have failed in "Sassistry" and the Prize Ring, as Mashers or as Bashers?



ANOTHER VICTIM.

WILLIAM THE IRREPRESSIBLE. "NOW THEN, COUSIN AUSTRIA, PUT ON A UNIFORM, AND COME AND PLAY AT SOLDIERS!"





RATHER SEVERE.

Regular (manœuvring with Yeomanry). "GOT TO GIVE UP MY ARMS, HAVE I? UMPH! THIS COMES OF GOING OUT WITH A LOT OF DARNED VOLUNTEERS!"

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK.

MODERN NAUTICAL VERSION.

(By a Correspondent with Admiral Tryton's Fleet.)

FIT THE LAST.—THE VANISHING.

WE sought it with search-lights, we sought it with care,
We pursued it with ships and hope;
But it seemed to have suddenly vanished in air
From under the heaven's blue cope.

WE shuddered to think that the chace might fail,
And TRYON, excited at last,
Went ramping like redskin in search of a trail,
For the ten days were nearly past.

"There is Thingumbob shouting!" the Admiral said.
"He is shouting like mad, only hark!
He is waving his hands, he is wagging his head,
He has certainly found the—Snark!"

WE gazed in delight, whilst a Bo'sun exclaimed—
(Your Bo'sun is always a wag!)—
"In the East there's a wision, a mirage it's named!
That the Snark? Put yer head in a bag!"

Then Admiral TRYON he ramped like a lion,
In prospect of splendid success.
But the Snark, with a spasm, plunged in a sea chasm;
Of SEYMOUR one couldn't see less.

"It's the Snark!" was the sound that first fell on our ears;
It seemed almost too good to be true.
Then followed a torrent of laughter and jeers;
Then the words, "It is all a Yah-Boo—"

Then silence. Some fancied they heard in the air
A sigh (from the lips of J. B.)
That sounded like "—jum!" But some others declare
It was more like a half-choked big D.!

We hunted ten days and ten nights, but we found
Not so much as poor collier-barque.
By which we might tell that we steamed o'er the ground
Where CULM-SEYMOUR had handled tho—Snark!
In the depths of that two thousand square miles, they say,
'Midst the world's mocking laughter and glee,
SEYMOUR softly and silently vanished away—
This Snark was a Yah-Booh-Jum, you see!

"A VERY SHORT HOLIDAY."

FOR the benefit of all tourists in Normandy, and visitors to Le Havre, Etretat, and all round and about that quarter, I gave an account, two weeks ago, of the excellent fare provided for us by *La famille Aubourg* at Gonnevile. But on that occasion I made the great mistake of calling their curious old house—a perfect little museum of curiosities and works of Art—"a hotel." By my halidom! "Hotel," save the mark—and spend the shilling. "Hotel," quotha! "Hotel" is far too modern. Old English "Inn" more like. The kind of inn, good gossip, which was kept in SHAKSPEARE'S time by "mine host," where everyone, with coin of the realm in his purse, could take his ease and be happy. So, to put me right on this matter, M. AUBOURG sends me a *truelle* of burnished metal, on which is inscribed, "*Hostellerie des Vieux Plats, Souvenir d'Aubourg*," which *truelle*, if not large, "yet will serve" to help fish, or *pommes soufflées*, or *pommes Anna*, and, mark ye, my masters, will also serve poisson de l'Hostellerie des Vieux Plats, Gonnevile. even tho 'twere an all too short, holiday.



"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

No, c'est un souvenir d'Aubourg, une petite truelle à and, mark ye, my masters, will also serve poisson de l'Hostellerie des Vieux Plats, Gonnevile.



Mr. Punch having requested from his Parliamentary artist to get away from Turpin & Co. W. Goodnight Macmillan Behaviour

his requested from Turpin & Co. W.

he flies to the North Pole - but there they are!

He swims the Ocean to find from faces

Venice Those collars!

The Golf ball Smiles like W. H. St. John

Do feel us about dear Mr. Balfour

What is Mr. James Calk?

Is this like? What do you think of the world old?

Up in a Balloon The clouds are fairer than Portraits

FROM THE COMMONS!

AT THE COUNTRY: HEAVE

The Scotch Hills are all Campbells!

In Rome, brigands? no worse!!

Florence! Obstruction!

So are the rocks by the sea - Suicide! Save me Mr. Punch!

Harry James

His Estate in the Country is haunted

Holiday suggests

MR. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY ARTIST FAILS TO ESCAPE FROM HIS MODELS.

PICTURESQUE LONDON · OR, SKY-SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(An Extract from the "Trivium" of the Future.)

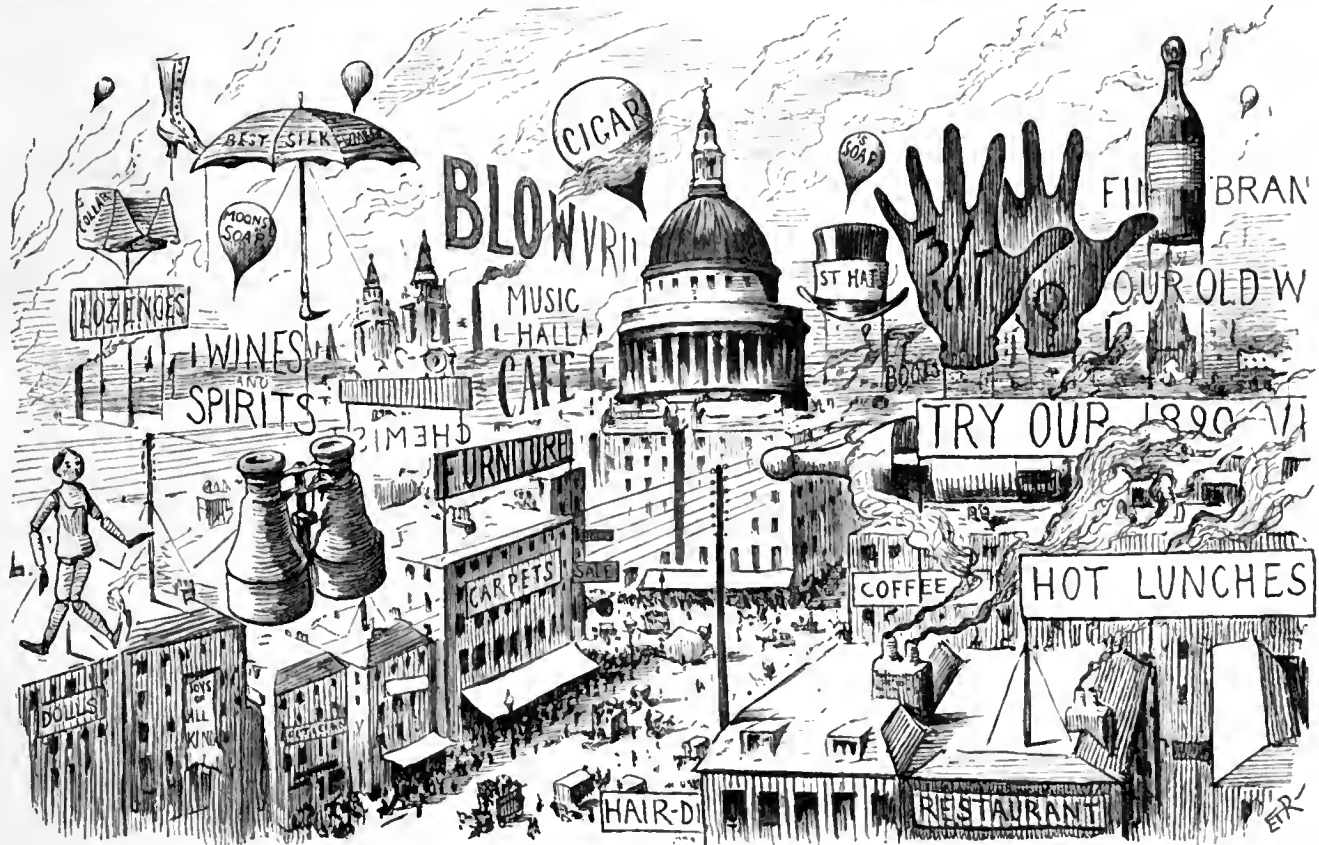
"But when the swinging signs your ears offend,
With creaking noise."

GAY'S *Trivium*; or, *The Art of Walking
the Streets of London.*

OFFEND our ears? Pedestrian Muse of GAY,
Had you foreseen the London of to-day,
How had you shuddered with ashamed sur-
prise
At "swinging signs" which now offend our
eyes!
Long have Advertisement's obtrusive arts
Pervaded our huge mazes of malls and marts;

But now the "swinging signs" of ogre Trade,
Even the smoke-veiled vault of heaven invade,
And sprawling legends of the tasteless crew
Soar to the clouds and spread across the blue.
See—if you can—where Paul's colossal dome
Rises o'er realms that dwarf Imperial Rome.
Cooped, cramped, half hid, the glorious
work of WREN
Lent grandeur once to huckstering haunts of
men,
Though on its splendour Shopdom's rule
impinged,

And plaster, had they power, kind heaven's
clear vault
With vulgar vaunts of Sansages or Salt.
Picture the proud and spacious city given
Wholly to Shopdom's hands! 'Twixt earth
and heaven
Forests of tall and spindly poles arise,
Withswinging signs that almost hide the skies.
Huge letterings hang disfiguring all the blue
To vaunt the grace of SNOBKINS's high-heel'd
Shoe.
A pair of gloves soar to a monstrous height,



Long have its letterings large, its pictures vile,
Possessed the mammoth city mile on mile;
Made horrors of its hoardings, and its walls
Disfigured from the Abbey to St. Paul's,
And far beyond where'er a vacant space
Allowed Boeotian Commerce to displace
Scant Urban Beauty from its last frail hold,
On a Metropolis given up to Gold.
But till of late our sky at least was clear
(Such sky as coal-reek leaves the civic year)
If not of smoke at least of flimsing lies,
And florid vaunts of quacks who advertise.

Not these sky-horrors, huge and noisy-
hinged,
Shamed the still air about it, or obscured
Its every view. Is it to be endured,
O much-enduring Briton? There be those
Who'd scrawl advertisements of Hogs or
Hose
Across the sun-disk as it flames at noon,
Or daub the praise of Pickles o'er the moon.
Unmoved by civic pride, unchecked by taste,
They'd smear the general sky with poster's
paste

And at Dan Phœbus seem to "take a sight."
Colossal bottles blot the air, to tell
That MUCKSON'S Temperance drink is a great
sell.
Here's a huge hat, as black as sombre Styx,
Flanked by the winsome legend, "Ten and
Six." [Socks,
Other Sky-signs praise Carpets, Gingham,
Mugg's Music-hall, and "Essence of the Ox."
Bah! GAY'S trim Muse might sicken of her
rhymes
Had she to read these Sky-signs of the Times!

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

I WAS aware that Mr. J. was a semolina-brained impostor, but I should never have conceived that even he, the jelly-faced chief of the shower-heads, could have attained to such a pitch of folly as to inform me that "the *Prix Montyon* is not a medal, and cannot be worn at Court." These are his words. Did I ever say it was a medal? I remarked that the QUEEN had given me permission to wear it at Court. That is true. But I never said that I would or could so wear it. As for Her Most Gracious Majesty's permission, it was conveyed to me in a document beginning, "VICTORIA, by the

grace of," &c., and containing the signature of Lord HALSBURY, the Lord Chancellor—No, by the way, that is another Royal communication. The Permission begins, "To our right trusty and well-beloved." What beautiful, confiding, affectionate words are these! Who can wonder that a Queen who habitually makes use of them should reign in the hearts of her subjects?
Since I returned from France I have been on a further and more extensive Continental tour, and have received more marks of distinction from various Crowned Heads. Did you hear the strange story of what took place at the meeting of the German EMPEROR with the CZAR of Russia? It was the hour of the mid-day meal. The EMPEROR, at the head of his Wyborg Regiment, had performed prodigies of valour. Mounted on his fiery *Tchinovick* (a Circassian

mustang) he had ridden into the heart of the hostile position, and with one stroke of his *Pen* (a sort of Russian scimitar with a jewelled hilt) he had captured a convey containing three thousand *Versts* (a sort of condensed food), intended for the consumption of the opposing Army. Tired with his labours, he was now lying at full length beside his Imperial host on the banks of the torrential Narva. The CZAR, in attempting to open a Champagne bottle, had just broken one of his Imperial nails, and had despatched his chief butler to Siberia, observing with pleasant irony, that he would no doubt find a corkscrew there. At this moment a tall and aristocratic stranger, mounted upon a high-spirited native *Moheoffskaia*, dashed up at full gallop. To announce himself as Lieutenant-General POPOFF, to seize the refractory bottle, to draw the cork, and pour the foaming liquid into the Imperial glasses, was for him the work of a moment. That stranger was I. In recognition of my promptitude, the CZAR has conferred upon me the Stewardship of the Vistula Hundreds, with the command of a division of the Yeomanoff Cavalry, the most distinguished horse-soldiers in Europe.

The German EMPEROR was equally impressed. His Majesty smiled, and, turning to General CAPRIVI, told him to consider himself henceforth under my orders for everything that concerned the peace of the world. I could see that CAPRIVI did not relish this, but I soon made him know his place, and when I threatened to send for Prince BISMARCK—who, by the way, has granted me the unique honour of an interview—he became quite calm and reasonable. On my way home, I called in on Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria, who offered me his Crown, telling me at the same time that he intended to take a course of German Baths. He said I should find STAMBOULOFF a very pleasant fellow; "but," he added, "you've got to know him first." I, of course, refused His Highness's offer, and accepted instead the Cross for Valour on the Field of Battle. I then hurried off to Servia. King MILAN informed me that, if I wished to take a Queen back with me to England, he would dispose of one very cheaply. Having advised the Regents as to the best method of governing the country, I departed for Roumania. The Queen of ROUMANIA welcomed me as a literary man. She writes all the Roumanian sporting prophecies in verse. The King invested me at once with the *Stonbroku* Order in brilliants, with the *Iohu* Clasp for special promise shown in connection with turf literature. I may assure you in confidence that there will be no war for the next week or two. This result is entirely due to me.

Do you want to hear about the St. Leger? I need only say that my own *Surefoot* has brought me *Alloway Heaume*. Whilst in Russia I heard about plenty of *Serfs*, but they were not saints. Anybody who proposes to wear a *Blue-green* waistcoat on the *Queen's Birthday* ought to eat *Sainfoin* for the rest of his life, and be taken *Right Away*. Finally, if *The Field* is to *Memoir* as a window-sash is to a Duchess's flounces, what chance has a crack-brained Bedlamite of munching potatoes in St. James's Palace? Answers must be posted not later than Monday. All prizes genuine. No hanks.

Yours as always, GENERAL POPOFF.

FROM THE FRENCH—AND THE ENGLISH.

CAPTAIN Thérèse, Comic Opera. Music by ROBERT PLANQUETTE, composer of *Paul Jones* and *Les Cloches de Corneville*. Book by Messrs. BISSON and BURNAND; GILBERT ABECKETT assisting in the lyrics. The Carl Rosa Company, DRURIOLANO IMPERATORE, wouldn't wait for the production of an Opera in Paris in order to bring it out here with the French *cachet*, but determined to have one done all for themselves, and to bring it out here first. So the French author began it, the English one finished it, and the Composer wrote music for original French and original English words. It is an international Opera; a new departure, and in the Operatic world an important one. It answers a question which was once the question of the day; "Why should London wait?" London, represented by Sheriff DRURIOLANUS, did not wait, and was served immediately with *Captain Thérèse*, produced Monday the 25th, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre; and the gratitude of London has justified the generosity of all concerned behind the curtain, and in front of the house. Even in



Ra-ta-Plan, Ra-ta-Flan-quette!

Angust the five million odd of those left in Town can appreciate good music, capital acting, magnificent dresses, and perfect *mise-en-*

scène. The Prince of Wales's Theatre has a reputation for level excellence in Comic Opera—it is the *spécialité de la maison*, and the new



"Ashley's" Revived!"

lyrical piece is a "worthy successor to *Dorothy, Marjorie*, and *Paul Jones*. As *Captain Thérèse*, Miss ATTALIE CLAIRE reminds mature playgoers of that "such a little Admiral" that was irresistible many years ago. She is bright, clever, and, above all, refined. Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON makes up for rather a weak voice by great strength in dancing, and Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE is genuinely comic. Mr. HENRY ASHLEY, always conscientious even in his mirth, at the end of the Second Act, is suggestive of the Astley's of the Westminster Road. Like the piece, he is very well mounted. Madame AMADI is also excellent, a genuine lady-comedian—or should it be *comédienne*? Then there is Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY, a capital tenor, and Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, silver-voiced and graceful, the *beau idéal* of the hero of a Light Opera company. For the rest, the chorus and band could not be better, and the production is worthy of DRURIOLANUS, or, rather, CHARLES, his brother, and also his friend. So Messrs. BISSON and PLANQUETTE, and their English *collaborateur*, may toast one another, happy in the knowledge that the *entente cordiale* has once more received hearty confirmation at the hands of the London public; they may cry, with reason, *Vive la France!* and Hip, hip, BRITANNIA! feeling sure that, by their joint exertions, they have obtained for the Anglo-Saxon race that blessing to the public in general, and Theatrical Managers in particular, a lasting piece.



"Flagging Energy."

"Wedded to the Moor."

THE sportive M.P., when the Session is done,
Is off like a shot, with his eye on a gun.
He's like *Mr. Toots* in the Session's hard press,
Finding rest "of no consequence." Could he take less?
But when all the long windy shindy is o'er,
He, like *Oliver Twist*, is found "asking for Moor!"

JOTS AND TITLES.—The busy persons who, in a recent Mansion House list, had found quite "a Mayor's nest" in the highly important question of a Cardinal's precedence, have recently started another scare on discovering that the Ex-Empress's Chaplain at Chislehurst has described himself, or has been described, on a memorial tablet which he had put up in his own church, as a "Rector." Evidently a mistake. If he erected the Memorial, he should have been described as "The Erector."

OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

(By our Impartial and Not-to-be-biased Critic.)

I HAD often been told that St. Margaret's Bay, between Deal and Dover, was lovely beyond compare. Seen from the Channel, I had heard it described as "magnificent," and evidence of its charms nearer at hand, was adduced in the fact that Mr. ALMA TADEMA, R.A., had made it his headquarters during a portion of the recent summer.



So I determined to visit it. I had to take a ticket to Martin's Mill, a desolate spot, containing a railway station, a railway hotel, and (strange to say) a mill. I was told by an obliging official on my arrival, that St. Margaret's Bay was a mile and a half distant—"to the village." And a mile and a half—a very good mile and a half—it was! Up hill, down dale, along the dustiest of dusty roads, bordered by telegraph poles that suggested an endless lane without a turning. On

climbing to the summit of each hill another long stretch of road presented itself. At length the village was reached, and I looked about me for the sea. A cheerful young person who was flirting with a middle-aged cyclist seemed surprised when I asked after it. "Oh, the sea!" she exclaimed, in a tone insinuating that the ocean was at a decided discount in her part of the world—"oh, you will find that a mile further on." I sighed wearily, and recommenced my plodding stumbles.

I passed two unhappy-looking stone eagles protecting a boarding-house, and a shed given over to the sale of lollipops and the hiring of a pony-chaise. The cottages seemed to me to be of the boat-turned-bottom-upwards order of architecture, and were adorned with placards, announcing "Apartments to Let." Everything seemed to let, except, perhaps, the church, which, however (on second thoughts), appeared to be let alone. But if the houses were not, in themselves, particularly inviting, their names were pleasing enough, although, truth to tell, a trifle misleading. For instance, there was a "Marine Lodge," which seemed a very considerable distance from the ocean, and a "Swiss chalet," that but faintly suggested the land renowned equally for mountains and merry juveniles. I did not notice any shops, although I fancy, from the appearance of a small barber's pole that I found in front of a cottage, that the hair-dressing interest must have had a local representative. For the rest, an air of hopefulness, if not precisely cheerfulness, was given to the place by the presence of a Convalescent Hospital. Leaving the village behind me, I came, footsore and staggering, at length to the Bay. I was cruelly disappointed. Below me was what appeared to be a small portion of Rosherville, augmented with two bathing-machines, and a residence for the Coast-guard. There was a hotel, (with a lawn-tennis ground), and several placards, telling of land to let. The descent to the sea was very steep, and, on the high road above it, painfully modern villas were putting in a disfiguring appearance. On the beach was a melancholy pic-nic party, engaged in a mild carouse. In the gloaming was a light-ship, marking the end of the Goodwin Sands.

On a beautiful day no doubt St. Margaret's Bay would look quite as lovely as Gravesend, but when it rained I question whether it would compare favourably with Southend under similar atmospheric circumstances. There was some shrubbery creeping up the white hill-side that may have been considered artistic, and possibly the great expanse of ocean (when completely free from mist) had to a certain extent a sort of charm. As I looked towards the coast of France I had an excellent view of a steamer, crammed with (presumably) noisy excursionists, coming from Margate. But when I have said this I have nothing more to add, save that you can get from Martin's Mill to St. Margaret's Bay by an omnibus. By catching this conveyance you avoid a tedious walk, which puts you out of temper for the rest of the day.

P.S.—I missed the omnibus!

Good Young "Zummeret!"

(Champion in Cricket of the Second-class Counties.)

EIGHT matches played, and eight matches won! That's what none of the First-class Counties have done. 'Tis clear that Young Zummeret knows "how to do it." Bravo, PALAIRET, WOODS, TYLER, ROE, HEWITT! Go on in this fashion, and soon you'll be reckoned Among the First-Classers, instead of the Second. Wet wickets this season, boys, seldom a rummer set, But they anyhow seem to have suited Young Zummeret!

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Mr. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

A Medical Officer (with martial manner, and well set up) introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, Sir—may I call you Colonel?—what can I do for you?

Medical Officer (smiling). I am afraid, Sir, you may give me no military rank, as it would be contrary to the Regulations.

The Com. Have I not the pleasure of addressing a soldier?

Med. Off. Well, yes, Sir, I suppose I may claim that title. I am an Army Surgeon, and in that capacity have not only to risk my life equally with my comrades in the field, but have to brave the additional danger inseparable from the fever-wards of a hospital. As a matter of fact many of my colleagues have earned the V.C., and not a few taken command when their aid was needed. I hope you have not forgotten ANTHONY HOME WYLIE and MACKINNON.

The Com. Certainly not—they are gallant fellows. Well, I am sorry to see you here, Doctor—what can I do for you?

Med. Off. I would ask your good services, Sir, to get us greater recognition in the Army. Pray understand we do not wish to be called Captain, Major, or Colonel, merely to "peacock" before civilians, but because, without official recognition of our true status, we are treated as inferior beings by the youngest subaltern in any battalion to which we may be attached.

The Com. Surely, Doctor, the title you have secured by scientific attainments, takes precedence of all others more easily obtained?

Med. Off. Possibly, in a College common-room, but not at a mess-table of a *dépot* centre. That I express the general opinion of members of my profession is proved by the fact that it is shared by Sir ANDREW CLARK, the President of the Royal College of Physicians.

The Com. Well, what would you propose?

Med. Off. That we should be put on the same footing so far as rank is concerned, with officers in the Commissariat and other non-actively-combatant branches of the Army. We are merely fighting the fight fought years ago by another scientific corps, the Royal Engineers.

The Com. But surely, Doctor, the officers you have mentioned know something of their drill?

Med. Off. If that is the difficulty, let us make ourselves equally proficient. The more we are in touch with the so-called combatant officers the better.

The Com. Well, certainly, if you are good drills (and have some knowledge of the internal economy of a regiment, and the rudiments of military law) I cannot see why you should not enjoy the rank to which you aspire. I wish you every success in your application. After all, you are masters of the situation. If your superior officers are unreasonable—physic them!

[The Witness after returning thanks, then withdrew.]



MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

"So glad you have a fine day for your garden-party. Was quite anxious about the weather;" i.e., "Hoped sincerely it would rain hard—hate garden-parties—can't think why I'm here."

"How good of you to undertake such a long drive!" i.e., "hoped it would choke her off."

"So sweet of you to have brought your dear children;" i.e., "Greedy little pigs!—gobble up everything before the real guests arrive."

"Must you really go?" i.e., "About time—you're the last but one."

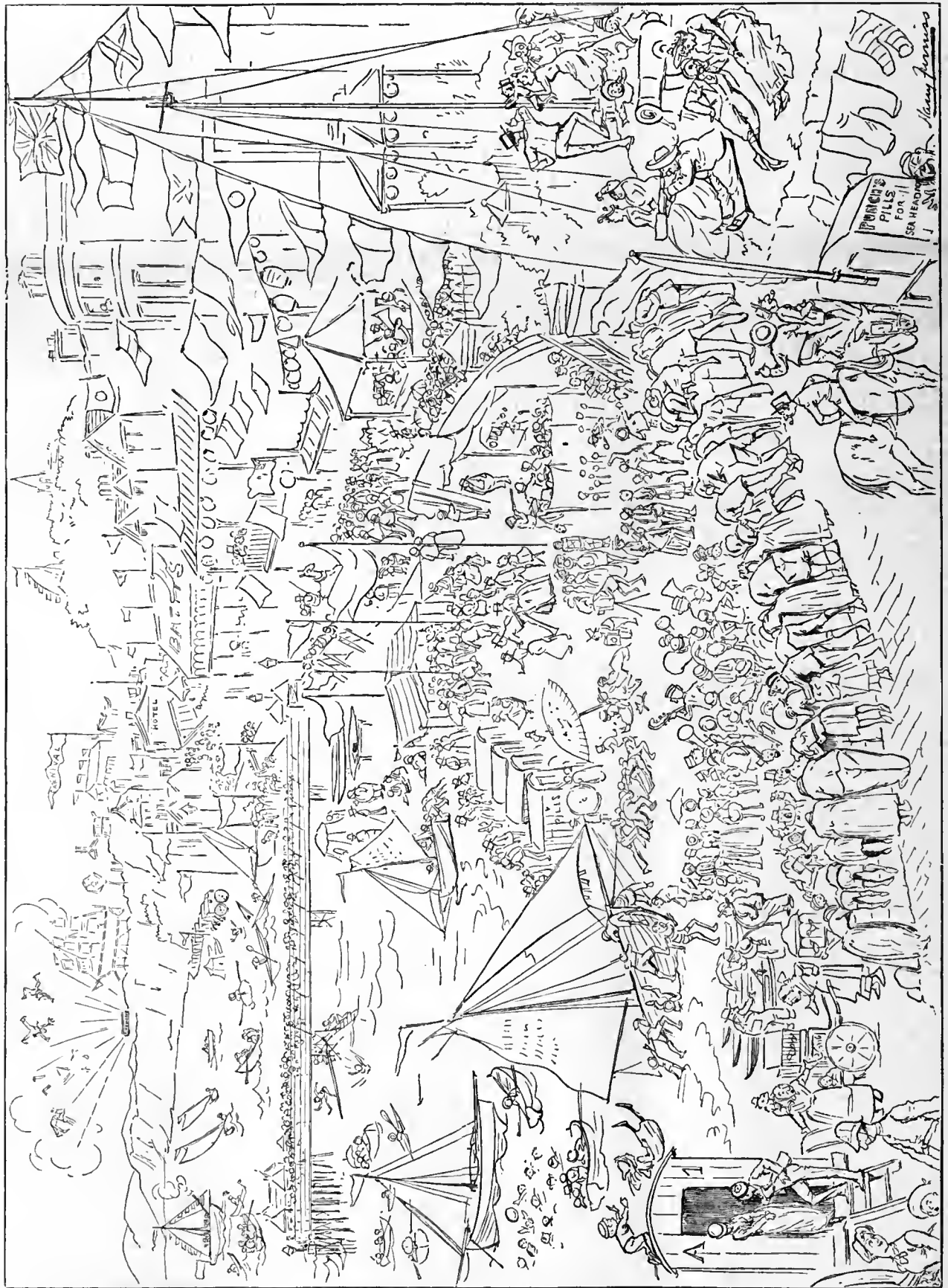
"Now mind—this is Liberty Hall—I always think true hospitality is, letting people do just what they like;" i.e., "If he's late for breakfast—and if he shirks driving with Mrs. MORSON!"

"We lunch at half-past one. But don't trouble to be punctual. Quite a moveable feast;" i.e., "If he's unpunctual, he won't forget it."

"Such a lovely drive I want to take you this afternoon;" i.e., "Must pay that call to-day."

"Going to-morrow? Oh, do stay—we had looked forward to quite a peek more. Can't you alter it?" i.e., "Quite safe. Know he's got to go."

"Such a sweet girl to have in the house!" i.e., "Slaves for her from morning till night."



A SEASIDE REGATTA.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—DAVID COX REDIVIVUS!

ALL THE YEAR ROUND;

Or, Keeping Up the Ball.

WHEN September soaks the fields,
And the leaves begin to fall,
Cricket unto Football yields,—
That is all!

Yes—in hot or humid weather,
At all seasons of the year,
Life is little without leather
In a sphere.

In the scrimmage, at the stumps,
'Neath the goal, behind the sticks,
Life's a ball, which Summer thumps,
Winter kicks.

From NAUSICAA—classic girl!
Unto RENSRAW, GUNN, and GRACE,
Balls mankind *must* kick or hurl,
"Slog" or "place."

Our "terrestrial ball" is round,
(Is it an idea chimerical?)
Man, by hidden instincts bound,
Loves the spherical.

In rotund, elastic bounders,
Plainly the great joy of men is,
Witness cricket, billiards, rounders,
And lawn-tennis.

Now the championship is fixed,
Now the averages are settled,
Spite of critics rather mixed,
Slightly nettled.

Now the heroes of the Goal
Brace themselves for kick and scrum-
mage,
Verily, upon the whole,
'Tis a "rum" age!

Wane the joys of Love, Art, Faction,
Parties rise and Parties fall,
The world's a sure centre of attraction
Is a Ball!

WARE SNAKE!

SAYS Professor ALFRED MARSHALL, of Cambridge, the great English Economist, in his luminous Address at the British Association meeting:—

"Every year economic problems become more difficult, every year it is more manifest that we need to have more knowledge and to get it soon, in order to escape, on the one hand, from the cruelty and waste of irresponsible competition and the licentious use of wealth, and, on the other, from the tyranny and the spiritual death of an iron-bound Socialism."

Here be judicious truths, skilfully *Mar-shalled* into clear order, which may profitably be noted by the angry sciolistic skirmishers on one side and the other in the great Social War now raging.

The sniffing *Laissez-faire* man, the high and dry Economist, shrieks at the enthusiastic humanitarian Socialist, whom he would fain send to Anticyra,—or further; the headlong humanitarian Socialist howls at the high and dry Economist, whom he would like to despatch finally to Saturn, or "haply to some lower level," as BOB LOVE's epitaph had it. The result is cantankerous charivari!

MARSHALL does more and better. He emphasises "the cruelty and waste of irresponsible competition," he admits "the licentious use of wealth," but he also recognises "the tyranny and the spiritual death of an iron-bound Socialism," that violent and venomous form of Socialism, which *Mr. Punch* this week has represented under the apt symbol of a coiling, hampering, and suffocating Serpent. Let the impetuous zealots who may probably demur to *Mr. Punch's* symbol—misunder-

standing it—ponder Professor MARSHALL's words, and be not precipitate in judgment. There is Socialism and Socialism. The sort pictured by Professor MARSHALL, and *Mr. Punch*, is, like the Serpent of Old Myth, not the would-be friend of labour-cursed mankind, but a deceiving and glosingly deadly "incarnation of the Enemy."

THE STRAIGHT TIP.

["There is one national duty in this connection, and only one, that is worth insisting upon for a moment. That duty is to render it impossible for any enemy or combination of enemies to interrupt our supply of food or whatever else is necessary for our well-being."—*The "Times"* on Sir George Tryon's Scheme for National Insurance of Shipping in Time of War.]

Right, "Thunderer," and tersely put!
Hammer this into BULL's big noddle,
Until he just puts down his foot
On temporising timid twaddle,
And you will do a vast deal more
To keep our drowsy British Lion
In health, and strength and wakeful roar
Than all the schemes TRYON may try on.
Battle's a not always to the strong;
The race, though, must be to—the Fleet,
With us at least. We can't go wrong
In making safety there complete.
And by St. George we can't go right
On any other tack whatever,
Until that Fleet is fit to fight
With all our foes though strong and clever.
Insurance may be all serene,
But the insurance JOHN must measure
Is safety on all roads marine
For him, his men, his food, his treasure.
And if our ships don't give us this
On Neptune's high-road wild and wavy,
JOHN BULL his chief straight tip will miss,
Aud likewise soon may miss—his Navy!



PROFESSOR MARSH'S PRIMEVAL TROUPE.

HE SHOWS HIS PERFECT MASTERY OVER THE CERATOPSIDÆ.

(See Proceedings of the British Association at Leeds.)

CUPID AND MINERVA.

(Fragment from an Autobiography that it is hoped will never be written.)

I WAS most anxious that my past should be concealed from him, as I felt that once revealed, it would come between us as a barrier for ever! So I dissembled. I adapted my conversation to his capabilities. I learned to talk of lawn tennis, cricket, politics, even cookery. Only on one occasion did I betray myself. With self-abasement I was asking for an explanation of the electric telegraph. He gave me a somewhat faulty definition.

"Dear me!" I cried. "How did they ever come to think of such a clever thing?"

"*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*," he replied, with condescension.

I could not bear the false quantity even from his lips, and I asked, "Would not *ignotum* be better, darling?"

I could have bitten out my tongue for such an indiscretion. He looked at me sharply, with a glance of covert distrust.

"What do you know about it?" he asked, somewhat brusquely.

"Nothing, nothing!" I said, confusedly. "I happened to be looking through an Explanatory Pronouncing Dictionary of Latin Quotations, and found the passage."

"Beware of consulting text-books," he returned, sententiously. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

For the moment I was safe, but I knew that the confidence that hitherto had existed between us was shaken and lessened. When he left me that day, he referred once more to the incident.

"Forgive me, SCHOLASTICA, I know I have been disagreeable. But I confess I am upset—the fact is a man doesn't care to be picked up sharp in his Latin."

"Forgive me!" I pleaded, "and you will love me?"

"*Ad finem!*" he returned, making the first vowel short. I set my teeth and was silent. He looked at me with a keen glance, as if he would read my very soul, murmuring under his breath, "if she will stand *that*, she will stand anything," and we parted! Once alone, I gave vent to my feelings in a burst of passionate weeping. "*Ad finem!*" Oh, it was hard to bear!

At length the day arrived for our marriage. Just as I was starting for the Church a letter was handed to me. I recognised in the shaky superscription (which seemed to tremble in every stroke) his handwriting. The envelope contained a printed paper! It was the Oxford Class List! Then the truth in all its hideousness dawned upon me. He knew at last that I had taken a Double First!

This occurred many years ago. Well, time has brought its compensating comforts, and I am at least able to exclaim, "*Quum multa injusta ac prava sunt moribus!*" without being guilty of using a false quantity!

"IN THE AIR!"

A PARABLE FOR THE PERIOD.

"A course precipitous, of dizzy speed
Suspending thought and breath; a monstrous sight!
For in the air do I behold indeed
An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight."

SHELLEY'S *Revolt of Islam*.

A MONSTROUS sight! Through SHELLEY'S vision rare
Of high Revolt one mighty image glows,
This pregnant symbol of the struggling pair,
So strangely matched, and wildly-warring foes,
Filling the startled air with Titan throes.
Interpret as you will that Wingéd Form,
High-soaring, keen-eyed, of imperial pose,
Or that close-clinging, coiled Colossal Worm;
'Tis an eternal type of strife amidst the storm.

The symbol speaks, though variously applied,
Of snaking sleight that soaring strength assails,
And strives to drag it from its place of pride,
And, after cruel conflict, faints and fails.
Sometimes it seems the air's strong monarch veils
His crest awhile, as, hampering coil on coil,
Insidious knot on pinion proud prevails;
Yet towering greatness crawling hate shall foil,
Nor shall the Bird of Jove be long the Python's spoil.

Strong-winged *this* Eagle, either wafter ready
To buoy and to upbear that body great,
Potent of beak and claw, of eye-glance steady,
Lord of the air, and master of its fate,
It seems, it seems, sailing in splendid state
Athwart the stretches of the skyey blue.
Yet what might be the fleet-winged wanderer's fate,
Did either pinion fail? Its flight is true
Only when level buoyed upon the plummy two.

"A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleamed therein."
Ay! and their fate's inextricably blended;
Let either faint or flag, they shall not win
Athwart the aerial azure clear and thin.
Brothered in use are they, in use and need.
See how the Serpent's many-coloured skin
Writhes hither, thither, with insidious heed,
Striving to main *one* pinion. Shall the pest succeed?

Bred far below, in dank malarious slime,
That Serpent hath no power to soar in air,
Save clinging to winged creatures that can climb
The empyrean; yet from its foul lair
It sprang to the broad wings it would ensnare,
Encoil, enshackle, hamper, break, drag down.
How swept the Bird so low that it should dare,
That Worm, to wriggle midst its plumes full grown,
And with the Air's sole monarch thus dispute the crown?

Alas! the Eagle stooped; those well-poised pinions
Faltered, and beat the air unevenly;
Nor shall the Bird maintain its proud dominions
If those wings lapse from rhythm, pulse awry.
Vain power of beak and claw, keenness of eye,
Or pride of crested head, if those broad vanes
Beat without balance true the clouded sky.
The lord of those ethereal domains,
Once wing-maimed, pitiless fate to the dull earth enchains.

That Serpent is a sinister birth of time,
The likeness of the light 'twould fain take on,
But 'tis engendered from the poisonous slime
Of hate, and greed, and darkness. Though it don
Apollo's guise, 'tis but Apollyon.
To shackle, poison, palsy is its aim.
Venom and violence never yet have won
A victory truly worthy of the name.
To call this thing Toil's friend is friendship to defame.

"An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight!"
There is the symbol he who runs may read.
The Bird is Trade, with pinions balanced right;
Labour and Capital in love agreed,
All's well; the Serpent shall not then succeed
In shackling that, or in destroying this.
The snake, a venomous worm of poisonous breed,
In vain shall coil and knot, shall strike and hiss.
Mark, Wealth! mark, Toil! The moral's one you scarce
can miss!



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.



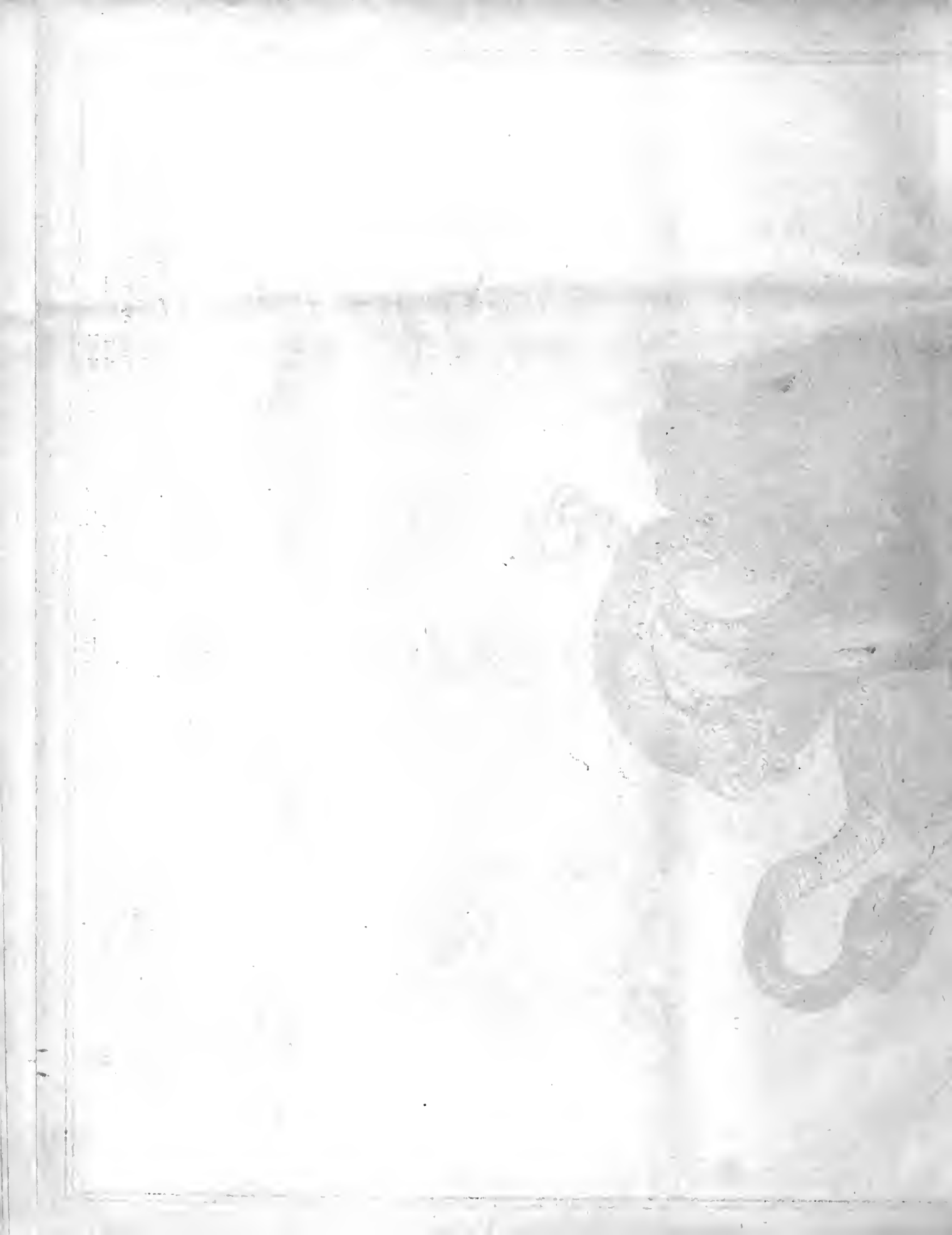


“ IN THE AIR ! ”

“ AN EAGLE AND A SERPENT WREATHED IN FIGHT ! ”
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THE BIRD IS TRADE, WITH PINIONS BALANCED RIGHT;
LABOUR AND CAPITAL IN LOVE AGREED,

ALL'S WELL ; THE SERPENT SHALL NOT THEN SUCCEED
IN SHACKLING THAT, OR IN DESTROYING THIS.
THE SNAKE, A VENOMOUS WORM OF POISONOUS BREED,
IN VAIN SHALL COIL AND KNOT, SHALL STRIKE AND HISS.

MARK, WEALTH ! MARK, TOIL ! THE MORAL'S ONE YOU SCARCE CAN MISS !

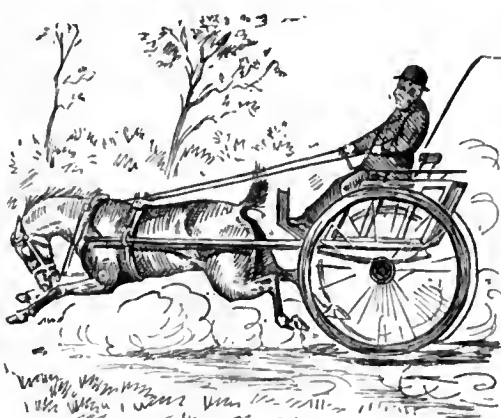


SEA ON LAND.

(A Story in Six Chapters and Two Volumes.)



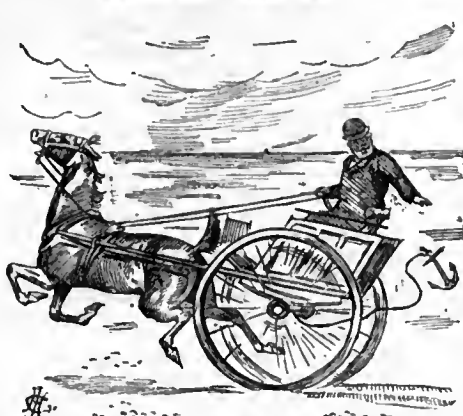
VOL. I.—CHAP. I.—Captain Bulkhead (P. & O.), home on leave, buys a Horse.



CHAP. II.—Which bolts on the first opportunity.



CHAP. III.—“I’ll teach him!” said the Captain, taking an anchor aboard.



VOL. II.—CHAP. IV.—Off again! Casting anchor!



CHAP. V.—!!



CHAP. VI.—!!!

A WORD TO JOHN BURNS.

“He was in the unfortunate position of having probably to go to Parliament at the next election, but he would rather go to prison half-a-dozen times than to Parliament once, because Labour candidates in the past had either been thrown out or tied to the coat-tail of party politics. He wished it to be distinctly understood that there must be nothing of this, but their candidates must go forth as labour candidates, and labour candidates only. He must know on what terms he must do the dirty work of going to Parliament.”—*Mr. John Burns at the Trade Union Congress at Liverpool.*]

Good gracious, how awful! The Trades were assembled,
And they all yelled together, and tempers got brittle;
And when BURNS rose and thundered, all Liverpool trembled
(Though BURNS is perhaps Boanerges spelt little).

And he laid all about him, like mules who can kick hard,
But kick without aim for the pleasure of kicking;
And he trod upon FENWICK, and trampled on PICKARD,
And his friends shouted, “Death to political tricking!”

And on one side we heard all the Socialist gang wage
A war against BROADHURST, who carried a hod once.
And BROADHURST retorted on BURNS and his language,
That BURNS might go back, since he languished in “quod” once.

And BURNS ranted back; as the French say, the mustard
Had gone to his nose, which was rather unfortunate.
“St. Stephen’s requires me, and I,” so he blustered,
“Must needs be a Member, since friends are importunate.

“But I’d rather,” he added, “go six times to Holloway”
(Will not language like this of J. B. make *The Star* lament?)
“Than go (which is dirt) to St. Stephen’s, or loll away
My time and the People’s as Member of Parliament.”

Now, BURNS, be advised; that is bunkum—you know it.
You “must be a Member”? Pooch, pooch, JOHN, I doubt you.

Short answers are best, so *Punch* answers you, “Stow it.
Stay away, and we’ll try for salvation without you.”

There’s no “must” in the matter. The goose, JOHN, who flaps his
Vain wings, though at first very fearful he may be,
If you face him at once, why, he promptly collapses;
He may hiss as he runs, he won’t frighten a baby.

Be warned in good time—why there isn’t a man, Sir,
Or at most one or two, whom the universe misses.
You strut for a moment, and then, like poor *Anser*,
You vanish, uncared-for, with splutter and hisses.

If a man cares to toil, if, like BROADHURST or BURT, he
Puts his neck to the yoke for the good of his fellows,
He will find work to do (though you scorn it as dirty),
Without all this labour of trumpet and bellows.

Surely butter must cloy, though your friends do the churning—
You are *not* the whole world, though you did win a tanner;
And *Punch* thinks it well, when your head has done turning,
You should turn a new leaf, and just soften your manner.

Railway Time-Table. Applicable all the Year Round.

- 6 Cabs—full of Passengers = 1 Dawdling Porter.
- 12 Dawdling Porters = 1 Train’s Start.
- 2 Trains’ Starts = 1 Danger Signal.
- 2 Danger Signals = 1 Stoppage on the Line.
- 3 Stoppages on the Line = 1 Late Arrival.
- 24 Late Arrivals = 1 Day’s Unpunctuality.
- 365 Days’ Unpunctuality = 1 Patient Public’s Useless Grumble.

A MURDEROUS GAME.—(Example of “Beneficent Murder.”)—
Taking a Life at Pool.



INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

"HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME, DOCTOR. I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU THIS MORNING."
 "NO; BUT I WAS CALLED TO YOUR OPPOSITE NEIGHBOUR, POOR MRS. BROWN, AND THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE."

THE BETTER THE DAY, THE BETTER THE TALK!

SCENE—Any fashionable Watering Place where "Church Parade" is a recognised institution. TIME—Sunday, 1 P.M. Enter BROWN and Mrs. BROWN, who take chairs.

Mrs. Brown. Good Gracious! Look another way! Those odious people, the STIGGINGSSES, are coming towards us!

Brown. Why odious? I think the girls rather nice.

Mrs. B. (contemptuously). Oh, you would, because men are so easily taken in! Nice, indeed! Why, here's a Major BUTTONS.

B. (moving his head sharply to the right). Don't see him! Can't stand the fellow! I always avoid him at the Club!

Mrs. B. Why? Soldiers are always such pleasant men.

B. (contemptuously). BUTTONS a soldier! Years ago he was a Lieutenant in a marching regiment, and now holds honorary rank in the Volunteers! Soldier, indeed! Bless me! here's a Mrs. FITZ-FLUMMERY—mind you don't cut her.

Mrs. B. Yes, I shall; the woman is insupportable. Did you ever see such a dress? And she has changed the colour of her hair—again!

B. Whether she has or hasn't, she looks particularly pleasing.

Mrs. B. (drily). You were always a little eccentric in your taste! Why, surely there must be Mr. PENNYFEATHER ROBSON. How smart he looks! Where can he have come from?

B. The Bankruptcy Court! (Drily.) You were never particularly famous for discrimination. As I live, the PLANTAGENET SMITHS! [He bows with effusion.]

Mrs. B. And the STUART JONESSES! (She kisses her hand gushingly.) By the way, dear, didn't you say that the PLANTAGENET SMITHS were suspected of murdering their Uncle before they inherited his property?

B. So it is reported, darling. And didn't you tell me, my own, that the parents of Mr. STUART JONES were convicts before they became millionnaires?

Mrs. B. So I have heard, loved one. (Starting up.) Come, CHARLEY, we must be off at once! The GOLDHARTS! If they catch us, she is sure to ask me to visit some of her sick poor!

B. And he to beg me to subscribe to an orphanage or a hospital! Here, take your prayer-book, or people won't know that we have come from church!

[Exit hurriedly.]

HOMO SAPIENS.

(A Question for the next Anthropological Assembly.)

["When we consider the vast amount of time comprised in the Tertiary period . . . the chances that man as at present constituted, should be a survivor from that period seem remote, and against the species *Homo Sapiens* having existed in Miocene times almost incalculable."—Address of the President of the Anthropological Section, Dr. John Evans, at the Leeds Meeting of the British Association.]

WHEN then did *Homo Sapiens* first appear?

Upon whose speculations shall we bottom us?

Contemporary he with the cave bear,

But hardly with the earliest hippopotamus.

The happy Eocene beheld him not;

That cheerful epoch when a morning ramble

Among the mammoths, without gun or shot,

Must have been such a truly sportive soramble.

The pleasant Pliocene preceded him,

Apparently, poor bare, belated *Homo*;

His spectre seems to haunt, despondent, dim,

Lakes—how unlike Killarney, Wenham, Como!—

Where dens called Dwellings may have left some trace.

Before "quaternary times"—whatever they were—

Homo appears not to have shown his face,

And then its features far from gracefully gay were.

So EVANS, who the mystery of Man's birth

Into our Cosmos carefully unravels,

He seems to view with sceptical calm mirth,

Remains of Man among the river gravels.

Well, we'll relinquish Tertiary man,

Without immoderate grief, or lasting anguish.

The Pliocene, if we can grasp its plan,

Would seem an epoch when our race would languish.

The skeletons, out animal bones, and flints,

Supposed to prove his presence, let's abandon;

But on some subjects we should like some hints;

When *did* he come, and what has Sapient Man done

To justify his advent? Take him *now*,

Apart from retrospection prehistoric,

What is the being of the lifted brow

Doing at present? Strange phantasmagoric

Pictures of his proceedings flit before

The vision of alert imagination;

Playing the brute, buffoon, "bounder," or bore,

In every climate, and in every nation!

Homo—here wasting half his hard-earned gains

Upon Leviathan Fleets and Mammoth Armies,

Spending his boasted gifts of Tongue and Brains

In Party spouting. Swearing potent charm is

In grubbing muck-rake Money on the Mart,

Or squandering it on Turf, or Gambling Table.

Squabbling o'er the Morality of Art,

Or fighting o'er the Genesis of Fable.

You'll find him—as a Frank—in comic rage,

Mouthing mad rant, fighting preposterous duels,

Scattering ordure a'er Romance's page, [Jewels.

And decking a swine's snout with Style's choice

You'll see him—as a Teuton—trebly taxed,

Mooning 'midst metaphysical suppoases;

Twirling a huge monstache, superbly waxed,

And taking pride in slitting comrades' noses.

You'll meet him—as a Muscovite—dead set

On making civic life a sombre Hades,

Shaking a knife with tyrant's blood red-wet,

Or—aping "Paris-goods" in art, dress, ladies.

You'll spy him—as a Yankee—gassing loud

About his pride, and yet chin-deep in snobbery;

Leaving State matters to corruption's crowd,

And justifying (literary) robbery.

Whilst as a Briton! Bless us, 'twould take time

To picture *Homo* in his guise Britannic.

Here he is making a fine art of crime,

There he is fussing in a Paritan panic;

Here with McMUCK he plays the prurient spy,

And there with OSCAR in a paroxysm

Of puerile paradox spreads to Cultuhaw's eye

The fopperies of "Artistic Hedonism"!

Oh, EVANS, noting Man (not Tertiary)

In Church or State, the Studio or the Tavern,

One wonders—not was he contemporary

With Danish Kjökkenmøddinga or Kent's Cavern,—

No, thinking of his work with Swords, Tongues, Pens,

Of most of which Wisdom would make a clearance,

One wonders whether *Homo Sapiens*
 Has really truly yet made his appearance!



COLLAPSE OF 'CORNER MEN.'

(As understood by Our Christy Minstrel Artist in Black and White.)

[Mr. — was a prominent operator on the Market, in connection with an attempted great "Cotton Corner." . . . The Corner ended in a collapse.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In consequence of the taking in or taking out of Nobodies' luggage, the train had been considerably delayed, and this delay had been protracted by the thirsty condition of the panting and enfeebled engine. Stopping to water the horses in the olden days took much less time, I should imagine, than stopping to supply the engine with water in our own day. Be this as it may, the stoppages had already been considerable, and the Baron was ruminating on the best method of passing his valuable time for the next two hours, when it occurred to him that in his bag he had been carrying about for some time past three books, in the hope that there might occur some opportunity, of which the Baron could avail himself, to peruse these works, and remark upon them for the benefit of the select reading public. He took up the first, read a few sketches of *Our Churchwardens*, but failing to appreciate the subject, returned it to the bag, and went in for *Monsignor*. Perhaps the weak state of health in which our engine found itself, had not been improved by the additional weight imposed on it, owing to having to carry *Monsignor*. "Uncommonly heavy," said the Baron, when he arrived at the hundredth page; "I will keep it in reserve for my lighter and gayer moments, when timely repression may be necessary." So saying, he restored this to the same receptacle, and made another dip in the lucky bag. This time he brought to the surface *The Case of George Candlemas*, by GEORGE SIMS. Very nearly giving it up was the Baron, on account of its title, so suggestive of the usual vein of shilling shockers, and very glad is he that he did not do so, as for the next hour and a quarter not only was the Baron really interested, but highly amused, and it would have done the heart of GEORGE SIMS, of *Horrible London* and other emotional tales, good to have seen the Baron chuckling over this capital short story, which is as ingenious as it is genuinely droll. It belongs to the same genus as the *Danvers Jewels*, though, in this latter, the idea of the character of the narrator is more humorously conceived than is Mr. SIMS's Baronet who acts as an amateur detective. The Baron highly recommends this story, as he also does a short tale in *Blackwood*, for this month, entitled, *A Physiologist's Wife*, by A. CONAN DOYLE.

The Baron's attention has been turned to five little volumes of *Love Tales*, English, Irish, Scotch, American, and German. They form a companion set to *Weird Tales*, published also by PATERSON & Co., and a pocketable size, most useful for travellers.

A propos of Travellers, why does not some English firm bring out a series of Guide-books, of the size, and written in the style of the *Guides Conty*, which, for travelling in France, are far and away the best Guide-books I know. The *Guides Joanne* are of course good, steady, trustworthy Guides, but they don't attract the traveller's attention to out-of-the-way places, and to the "things to do," in the same pleasant way as do the writers in the *Guides Conty*. Where

to go, when to go, how to go, how to make the most of a short visit, what to ask for, what to look for, what to take, and what to avoid, these are details for which the *Guides Conty* go in. They might be better, perhaps, in the way of maps, but this is a fault of all Guides. Wishing, when at Havre, to visit Merville-sur-Mer, and the celebrated Corneville, with whose *cloches* we are all acquainted, in vain I searched the ordinary maps, and at last found quite a microscopical place, and without the "Sur Mer," as there wasn't room for it in a map of either the *Guide Joanne* or *Conty*, I forget which. Why it seems to be generally ignored I don't know, but in this respect it is a fellow-sufferer with Westgate-on-Sea, whose name is on no sign-post that ever I've seen in the Island of Thanet, though it may by this time figure on some recent maps. The village of "Garlinge," which is on the inland side of the L. C. & D. line, is to be found on every direction-post and on every map, and the fashionable Westgate is, so to speak, nowhere. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—Just attempted to read RUDYARD KIPLING's *On Greenhow Hill*, in this month's *Macmillan*. No doubt very clever, and will be greatly admired by Kiplingites, but, for me, time is too valuable and life too short to study and appreciate it. I can't even read it: *dommage*, but I can't.

In this month's number of *The Cabinet Portrait Gallery* (CASSELL & Co.) there is one of the best photographs of JOHN MORLEY I ever remember to have seen. Not easy to take: this one is by DOWNEY. No mistaking a photo by DOWNEY, and this one of JOHN MORLEY, the Nineteenth Century St. JUST, has a thoroughly downy look about the face. Those of Lady DUDLEY and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON are not up to the DOWNEY standard, specially Lady DUDLEY'S.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. FRANK HARRIS has indeed Mr. W. S. LILLY to give us some personal reminiscences of Cardinal NEWMAN, together with some letters of the Cardinal's to him. Interesting, but too brief. Oddly enough, *a propos* of "Reminiscences," there is in this same Number a very amusing article by J. M. BARRIE on the manufacturing of reminiscences. Very droll idea. "Read it," says the Baron.

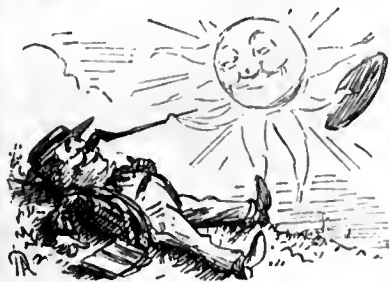
In the *Contemporary* Mr. WILFRID MEYNELL gives an interesting Memoir of the great Cardinal and his contemporaries, and Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING writes a tale entitled *The Enlightenment of Mr. Padgett, M.P.*—of which more when I've read it. . . . I have read it. It isn't a story, so I was disappointed, and about as interesting to a story-seeker as *The National Congress*, of which it treats, to the majority of the Indian natives. But the dialogue is instructive and amusing, and will enlighten many Padgetts. B. DE B.-W.

"UN PETITIT-HARRIS COMPLIMENT."—AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS and his colleague in the authorship of the new piece at the National Theatre are to be congratulated. As might have been anticipated from the title, "there is money in it."

OUT FOR ANOTHER HOLIDAY.

(By our Impartial and Not-to-be-biased Critic.)

I HAD been told that Ostend was an excellent place. "Quite a Town of Palaces!" was the enthusiastic description that had reached me. So I determined to leave "Delicious Dover" (as the holiday Leader-writer in the daily papers would call it), and take boat for the Belgian coast.



The sea was as calm as a lake, and the sun lazily touched up the noses of those who slumbered on the beach. There is an excellent service of steamers between England and Belgium. This service has but one drawback—a slight one: the vessels have a way with them of perpetrating practical jokes. Only a week or so ago one lively mail-carrier started prematurely, smashing a gangway, and dropping a portmanteau quietly into the ocean. On my return from foreign shores, I passed the same cheerful ship lying in mid-channel as helpless as an infant. However, the accident (something, I fancy, had gone wrong with the engine) appeared to be treated as more amusing than important. Still, perhaps, it would be better were the name of this luckless boat changed to *Le Farceur*; then travellers would know what to expect. But I must confess that my experiences were perfectly pleasant. The steamer in which I journeyed crossed the Channel in the advertised time, and if I wished to be hypercritical, I would merely hint that the official tariff of the refreshments sold on board is tantalising. When I wanted cutlets, I was told they were "off," and when I asked for "cold rosbif," that was "off" too. The *garçon* (who looked more like a midshipman than a cabin-boy) took ten minutes to discover this fact. And as I had to rely upon him for information, I had to wait even longer before the desired (or rather undesired) intelligence was conveyed to me. I pride myself upon caring nothing about food, but this failure to obtain my heart's (or thereabouts') yearning caused me sore annoyance.

Well, I reached Ostend. The town of palaces contained a Kursaal and a Casino. There were also a number of large hotels of the King's Road, Brighton, plus Northumberland Avenue type. Further, there were several *maisons meublées* let out in flats, and (to judge from the prices demanded and obtained for them) to flats. The *suite* of apartments on the ground floor consisted of a small bed-room, a tiny drawing-room, and a balcony. The balcony was used as a *salle à manger* in fine weather, and a place for the utterance of strong expressions (so I was informed) when the rain interfered with *al fresco* comfort. There was a steam tramway, and some bathing-machines of the springless throw-you-down-when-you-least-expect-it sort. The streets, omitting the walk in front of the sea, were narrow, and the shops about as interesting as those at the poorer end of the Tottenham Court Road. But these were merely details, the pride of Ostend being the Kursaal, which reminded me of an engine-house near a London terminus. I purchased a ticket for the Kursaal and the Casino. There was to be a concert at the first and a ball at the last. I soon had enough of the concert, and started for the ball.

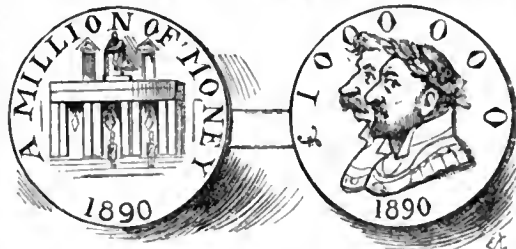
It was then that I found a regulation in force that made my cheeks tingle with indignation as an Englishman. Although the tickets costing three francs a piece, were said to secure admittance to the Kursaal and the Casino, I noticed that children—good and amiable children—were not allowed to enter the latter place. I could understand the feelings of a gentleman who attempted to obtain access for his eldest lad—a gallant boy of some fourteen summers, and a baker's dozen of winters. My heart went out to that British Father as he disputed with the Commissaires at the doorway, and called the attention of the Representative of "the Control" to the fact that his *billet* was misleading. "You are an Englishman," said the Representative of the Control, "and the English observe the law." "Yes," returned the angry Father; "but in England the Law would support one in obtaining that for which one had paid. My son has paid for admission to the Kursaal and the Casino! He is refused admittance to the Casino, therefore this ticket of his spreads false intelligence! It is a liar! It is a miserable! It should be called the traitor ticket!" But all was useless. The gallant lad had to remain with the umbrellas! I could not help sympathising with that father. I could not refrain from agreeing with him, that where such a thing was possible, something must be entirely wrong. I could not deny that under the circumstances Ostend was a sham, a delusion, and a snare! When he observed that Ostend was grotesquely expensive, I admitted that he was right. When he said that it was not a patch

upon Boulogne or Dieppe, I again acquiesced. When he asserted that every English tourist would be wise to avoid the place, I acknowledged that there was the genuine ring of truth in his declaration. When he appealed to me, as a dispassionate observer, to say whether I did not consider the conduct of the authorities arbitrary, unjust, and absurd, I was forced to admit that I *did* consider that conduct absolutely indefensible. Lastly, when he announced that he intended never to say another word in praise of Ostend, I confessed that I had come in my own mind to the same determination.

P.S.—I may add that I was accompanied by my son, who was also refused admittance. But this is a matter of purely personal interest, and has nothing whatever to do with it.

THE CACHET OF CASH AT DRURY LANE.

A Million of Money, "a new military, sporting, and spectacular Drama," is a marvel of stage management. No better things than the *tableaux* of the Derby Day, the grounds of the Welcome Club, and the departure of the Guards from Wellington Barracks for



Medal found in the Neighbourhood of Drury Lane.

remind one of Drury Lane successes in the past is not surprising, considering that one of the authors (who modestly places his name second on the programme, when everyone feels that it should come first) has been invariably associated with those triumphs of scenic art. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS has beaten his own record, and the *Million of Money* so lavishly displayed behind the scenes, is likely to be rivaled by the takings in front of the Curtain—or to be more exact, at the Box-office. The Authors, in more senses than one, have carried money into the house. But they have done more—they have inculcated a healthy moral. While Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is teaching audiences a lesson in *Judah*, that would have received the enthusiastic approval of the philanthropic Earl of SHAFTESBURY, after whom Shaftesbury Theatre is, no doubt, called, the great HARRIS and the lesser PETTIT are showing us in the character of the *Rev. Gabriel Maythorne*, a Parson that would as certainly have secured the like hearty good-will at the same shadowy hands. The *Rev. Gentleman* is a clergyman that extorts the admiration of everyone whose good opinion is worth securing. He apparently is a "coach," and (seemingly) allows his pupila so much latitude that one of them, *Harry Dunstable* (Mr. WARNER), is able to run up to town with his (the Reverend's) daughter secretly, marry her, and stay in London for an indefinite period. And he (the Parson) has no absurd prejudices—no narrow-mindedness. He goes to the Derby, where he appears to be extremely popular at luncheon-time amongst the fair ladies who patronise the tops of the drags, and later on becomes quite at home at an illuminated *fête* at the Exhibition, amidst the moonlight, and a thousand additional lamps. It is felt that the Derby is run with this good man's blessing; and everyone is glad, for, without it, in spite of the horses, jockeys, carriages, acrobats, gipsies, niggers, grooms, stable-helpers, and pleasure-seekers, the *tableau* would be aesthetically incomplete. And the daughter of the Reverend is quite as interesting as her large-hearted sire. She, too, has no prejudices (as instance, the little matrimonial trip to London); and when she has to part with her husband, on his departure (presumably *en route* to the Bermudas), she requires the vigorous assistance of a large detachment of Her Majesty's Guards to support her in her bereavement. Of the actors, Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY, as a broken-down gentleman, is certainly the hero of the three hours and a half. In Act III., on the night of the first performance, he brought down the house, and received two calls before the footlights after the Curtain had descended. He has many worthy colleagues, for instance, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, Miss MILLWARD, Mr. CHARLES WARNER, and Miss FANNY BROUGH, are all that could be desired in their respective lines. But, well cast as it undoubtedly is, the play has vitality within it that does not depend for existence upon the efforts of the company. It is good all round—scenery, dresses, properties, and effects—and will keep its place at Drury Lane until dislodged by the Pantomime at Christmas.

CHANGE OF NAME À LA SUISSE.—Tessin and its quarrelsome inhabitants to be known in future as a Can't-get-on instead of a Canton.

MORE FROM OUR YOTTING YORICK.

STOCKHOLM approached by lovely river (that is, we approached Stockholm by lovely river), with banks and hills covered with pine and birch trees, and studded with villas, where the Stockholm people live away from the town. "Studded" is a good word, but phrase

and roses, and sing and have a good time before it, just like an old Greek offering to Bacchus. I saw it. And in the evening a *fête* where they carry a child got up as Bacchus, and seated on a barrel with a wine-cup. A



Swedish Politeness.

sounds too much like "studied with SASE," as so many of our best artists did. Lovely for beating. Why don't the Swedes row? *They don't.* Lots of islands, and everybody as jolly as sand-boys, especially on Sunday. By the way, what's a "sand-boy"? Why *toujours* jolly?

Stockholm a stunning place, all built round a huge palace, copy of the Pitti Palace in Florence. Lifts to take the people up-hill, and a circular tramway all round the town for one penny. Lots of soldiers in uniforms like Prussians or Russians, whichever you like. Such swagger policemen, all tall and handsome, with beautiful helmets and lovely coats. What would an English cook say to them?

Cathedral with tombs of GUSTAVUS VASA, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and BERNADOTTE. What was BERNADOTTE doing here? Didn't like to ask. Piled up with kettle-drums and flags taken from the Russians. I noticed in Russia their churches were equally piled up with drums and flags taken from the Swedes. Exchange is no robbery.



Snack Sideboard. "Lax and Snax."

Lunch. First view of the Swedish snacks before lunch and dinner. A side-table with *ca-viare* Lax, cut reindeer tongue, sausages, brown bread, prawns, kippered herrings, radishes, sardines, crawfish, cheeses. Should spell it "Lax and Snax." Three silver tubs of spirit—Pommerans, Renadt, and Kummin—tried 'em all. All good. "We had a good time—Kummin." The Kummin was goin',—rather. Ceiling of restaurant all mirrors—self keeping an eye on self.

National Museum. Splendid collection. Stone, bronze, and iron periods. Poor pictures. No end of palaces to see, till one is sick of 'em.

Swedes have a poet, BELLMAN, evidently who wrote Bacchanalian songs. They have a national holiday on July the 26th, and go to *Fête* in a Wood, where bronzs head of BELLMAN is, cover it with garlands

regular jolly drinking procession. They have a wonderful open air restaurant called The Hasselbacken, where you dine in delightful little green ar-bours, and lots of Swedish girls about. Capital dinners, A l wine, and first-rate music with full band.



Fête in Honour of the Poet Bellman.

No charge to go in; you pay before leaving, though. Very good waiting.

The Swedes are very polite, and take their hats off on the slightest provocation, and keep them off a long time, specially whilst talking to a lady. When talking to *two* ladies, of course they keep em off double the time.



Dinner in the Arbour.

Altogether a delightful place. But they all say you should come in the *winter*. Wish I could. FLOTSAM, Y.A.

P.S.—The Swedish girls are as a rule very handsome. Tall, with long legs. Men good-looking also.

I can't very well do myself; I can "do myself" remarkably well, but I mean I cannot sketch myself in a cut; but *Mr. Punch*, in cuts I have done, is far more expressive than I can make anyone else.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON (with *Mr. Punch's kind regards*).—The most Popular of Colonial Strikers—Our illustrious guests, the Australian Cricketers.

"WANTED!"

WANTED, by a well-travelled lady, of æsthetic and refined tastes, a comfortable and congenial home with a Duchess. The Advertiser, who is a person of much intelligence, and a most agreeable gossip, regards her pleasant companionship as an equivalent for the social advantages (including carriage-drives, and an introduction to the very best society), for which she is prepared to offer the very handsome remuneration of ten shillings a week.

HORSE WANTED.—Must have been placed in a recent Derby, and show a good racing record. Thoroughly sound in wind and limb, expected to be equal to carrying 13 stone in the Park, or to doing any work from a four-in-hand down to single harness in a hearse. On the advertiser being furnished with a suitable beast, he will be prepared to put down a five-pound note for him, payable by ten-shilling monthly instalments.

HOME REQUIRED FOR AN INDIAN CHIEF.—The Advertiser, who has recently received a consignment of Savages from Patagonia, and has had to entertain their Monarch in his residence at Bayswater, as he is about to pay a four weeks' visit to the Continent, is anxious in the meantime to find a suitable home for him in some quiet suburban family, who would not object to some fresh and lively experience introduced into the routine of their domestic circle, in consideration for a small payment to defray the slight extra cost involved in his support. He will give little trouble, an empty attic furnished with a hearth-rug supplying him with all the accommodation he will require, while his food has hitherto consisted of tripe, shovelled to him on a pitchfork, and stout mixed with inferior rum, of which he gets through about a horse-pailful a-day. His chief recreation being a "Demon's War Dance," in which he will, if one be handy, hack a clothes-horse to pieces with his "baloo," or two-edged chopper-axe, he might be found an agreeable inmate by an aged and invalid couple, who would relish a little unusual after-dinner excitement, as a means of passing away a quiet evening or two. Applicants anxious to secure the Chief should write at once. Three-and-sixpence a-week will be paid for his keep, which, supplying the place of the rum in his drink (which has been tried with effect) with methylated spirit mixed with treacle, affords an ample margin for a handsome profit on the undertaking.

DEVELOPMENT.

(With acknowledgments to the Author of "Patience.")

"Even a colour-sense is more important in the development of the individual than a sense of right and wrong."—OSCAR WILDE.]

If you're anxious to develop to a true hedonic "swell," hop on a pinnacle apart,
Like a monkey on a stick, and your phrases quaintly pick, and then prattle about Art.

Take some laboured paradoxes, and, like Samson's flaming foxes, let them loose amidat the corn
(Or the honest commonplaces) of the Philistines whose graces you regard with lofty scorn.

And every one will say,
As you squirm your wormy way,

"If this young man expresses himself in terms that stagger me,
What a very singularly smart young man this smart young man must be!"

You may be a flabby fellow, and lymphatically yellow, that will matter not a mite,
If you take yourself in hand, in a way you'll understand, to become a Son of Light.

On your eraseness superimposing the peculiar art of glosing in sleek phrases about Sin.

If you aim to be a Shocker, carnal theories to cocker is the best way to begin.

And every one will say,
As you worm your wicked way,

"If that's allowable for him which were criminal in me,
What a very emancipated kind of youth this kind of youth must be."

Human virtues you'll abhor all, and be down upon the Moral in uncompromising style.

Your critical analysis will reduce to prompt paralysis every motor that's not vile.

You will show there's naught save virtue that can seriously hurt you, or your liberty enmesh;

And you'll find excitement, plenty, in Art's *dolce far niente*, with a flavour of the flesh.

And every one will say,
As you lounge your upward way,



MUCH MORE SUITABLE.

NEW UNIFORM FOR HER MAJESTY'S HORSE GUARDS, SUGGESTED TO MR. PUNCH BY RECENT CAVALRY EVOLUTIONS ON THE THAMES.

"If he's content with a do-nothing life, which would certainly not suit me,
What a most particularly subtle young man this subtle young man must be!"

Then having swamped morality in "intensified personality" (which, of course, must mean your own),
And the "rational" abolished and "sincerity" demolished, you will find that you have grown
With a "colour-sense" fresh hand-selled (whilst the moral ditto's cancelled) you'll develop into—well,
What Philistia's fools malicious might esteem a *vaurien* vicious (*alias* "hedonic swell").

And every one will say,
As you writhe your sinuous way,

"If the highest result of the true 'Development' is decomposition, why see
What a very perfectly developed young man this developed young man must be."

With your perky paradoxes, and your talk of "crinkled ox-eyes," and of books in "Nile-green skin,"
That show forth unholy histories, and display the "deeper mysteries" of strange and subtle Sin.

You can squirm, and glose, and hiss on, and awake that *nouveau frisson* which is Art's best gift to life,
And "develop"—like some cancer (in the Art-sphere) whose best answer is the silent surgeon's knife!

And every man will say,
As you wriggle on your way,

"If 'emotion for the sake of emotion is the aim of Art,' dear me!
What a morbidly muckily emotional young man the 'developed' young man must be!"

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

[An American Correspondent of *The Galvani Messenger* is very severe on the manners of his fair countrywomen.]

SHE "guesses" and she "calculates," she wears all sorts o' collars,
Her yellow hair is not without suspicion of a dye;



Her "Pappa" is a dull old man, who turned pork into dollars,
But everyone admits that she's indubitably spry.

She did Rome in a swift two days, gave half the time to Venice,
But vows that she saw everything, although in awful haste;
She's fond of dancing, but she seems to fight shy of lawn-tennis,
Because it might endanger the proportions of her waist.

Her manner might be well defined as elegantly skittish;

She loves a Lord as only a Republican can do;
And quite the best of titles she's persuaded are the British,
And well she knows the Peerage, for she reads it through and through.

She's bediamonded superbly, and shines like a constellation,
You scarce can see her fingers for the multitude of rings;
She's just a shade too conscious, so it seems, of admiration,
With irritating tendencies to wriggle when she sings.

She owns she is "Amur'can," and her accent is alarming;
Her birthplace has an awful name you pray you may forget;
Yet, after all, we own "*La Belle Américaine*" is charming,
So let us hope she'll win at last her long-sought coronet.

TIPS FROM THE TAPE.

(Picked up in Mr. Punch's own Special City Corner.)

In my last I announced that I was busily giving my mind to the launching of a new "Combination Pool" over the satisfactory results of which to all concerned in it, under certain contingencies, I had no shadow of a doubt. This I have since managed to float on the market, and, though I worked it on a principle of my own, which, for want of a better description, I have styled amalgamated "Profit and Loss," I regret to have to inform those clients who have entrusted me with their cheques in the hopes of getting, as I really fully believed they would, 700 per cent. for their money in three days, that I have had to close the speculation rather suddenly, and I fear, as the following illustrative figures will show in a fashion that not only deprives me of the pleasure of enclosing them a cheque for Profits, but obliges me to announce to them that their cover has disappeared. The Stocks with which I operated were "Drachenfontein Catapults," "Catawanga Thirty-fives," and "Blinker's Submarine Explosives." The ILLUSTRATION, I hoped, would have stood as follows:—

£100 invested in Drachenfontein Catapults, showing profit of 1 per cent.	£100
£100 invested in Catawanga Thirty-fives, showing profit of 2½ per cent.	£250
£300 invested in Blinker's Submarine Explosives, showing profit of 3 per cent.	£900

Gross Profits £1250

Unfortunately, however, the real figures came out rather differently, for they stood, I regret to say, as under:—

£100 invested in Drachenfontein Catapults, at a loss of 5 per cent.	£500
£100 invested in Catawanga Thirty-fives, at a loss of 7 per cent.	£700
£300 invested in Blinker's Submarine Explosives, at a loss of 4 per cent.	£1200

Total loss £2400

This, I need scarcely say, has at present not only eaten up every halfpenny of cover, but a great deal besides; and I am not sure that

I shall not have to come down on my clients to make good the balance. I cannot account for the result, except from the fact that a new clerk read out the wrong tape; and when I telephoned to my West-End Private Inquiry Agent about these very three Stocks, he appears not to have heard me distinctly, and thought I was asking him about Goschens, the old Three-per-Cents., and Bank Stock, about which, of course, he could only report favourably. It is an awkward mistake, but, as I point out to all my clients, one must not regard the Dealer as infallible. These things will occur. However, I am going to be more careful in future; and I may as well announce now, that on Monday next I am about to open a new Syndicate Combination Pool, with a Stock about which I have made the most thorough and exhaustive inquiries, with the result that I am convinced an enormous fortune will be at the command of anyone who will entrust me with a sufficiently large cheque in the shape of cover to enable me to realise it.

For obvious reasons I keep the name of this Stock at present a dead secret. Suffice it to say, that the operation in question is connected with an old South-American Gold Mine, about to be re-worked under the auspices of a new company who have bought it for a mere song. When I tell my clients that I have got all my information from the Chairman, who took down under his greatcoat a carpet-bag full of crushed quartz carefully mixed with five ounces of gold nuggets, and emptied this out at the bottom of a disused shaft, and then got a Yankee engineer to report the discovery of ore in "lumps as big as your fiat," and state this in the new prospectus, they will at once see what a solid foundation I have for this new venture, which must inevitably fly upwards by leaps and bounds as soon as the shares are placed upon the market. Of course, when the truth comes out, there will be a reaction, but my clients may trust me to be on the look-out for that, and, after floating with all their investments to the top of the tide, to get out of the concern with enormous profits before the bubble eventually bursts. It is by a command of information of this kind that I hope to ensure the confidence and merit the support of my friends and patrons. Remember Monday next, and bear in mind a cheque for three-and-sixpence covers £5000. The subjoined is from my correspondence:—

SIR,—I have as trustee for five orphan nieces to invest for each of them £3 18s. 9d., left them by a deceased maternal cousin. How ought I to invest this to the greatest advantage with a due regard to security. What do you say to Goschens? Or would you recommend Rio Diavolos Galvanica! These promise a dividend of 70 per cent., and although they have not paid one for some time, are a particularly cheap stock at the present market price, the scrip of the Five per Cent. Debenture Stock being purchased by a local buttermilk at seven pounds for a halfpenny. A Spanish Nobleman who holds some of this, will let me have it even cheaper. What would you advise me to do? Yours, &c., A TRUSTEE IN A FOG.

Don't touch Goschens, they are not a speculative Stock. You certainly might do worse than the Rio Diavolos Galvanica. Do not hesitate, but put the little all of your five orphan nieces into them at once, and wait for the rise.

ON THE CARDS.

(By a Whist-loving Malade-Imaginaire.)

Oh, where shall I hit on a "perfect cure"?
(What ails me I am not quite sure that I'm sure)
To Nice, where the weather is nice—with vagaries?
The Engadine soft or the sunny Canaries?
To Bonn or Wiesbaden? My doctor laconic
Declares that the Teutonic air is too tonic.
Shall I do Davos-Platz or go rove the Riviera?
Or moon for a month in romantic Madeira?
St. Moritz or Malaga, Aix, La Bourboule?
Bah! My doctor's a farceur and I am—a fool.
I will not try Switzerland, Norway, or Rome.
I'll go in for a rest and a rubber—at home.
A Windermere wander, and Whist, I feel sure,
Will give what I'm seeking, a true "Perfect Cure."

A BUBBLE FROM THE SUDS.—A Firm of Soap-boilers have been sending round a circular to "Dramatic Authors" of established reputation, and (no doubt) others, offering to produce gratis the best piece submitted to them at a "Matinée performance at a West End Theatre." The only formality necessary to obtain this sweet boon is the purchase of a box of the Firm's soap, which will further contain a coupon "entitling the owner to send in one new and original play for reading." The idea that a Dramatic Author of any standing would submit his work to such a tribunal, even with the dazzling prospect of a *Matinée in futuro*, is too refreshing! However, as literary men nowadays fully appreciate the value of their labour, the idea, in spite of the soap with which it is associated, may be dismissed with the words, "Won't Wash!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHY doesn't some publisher bring out *The Utterbosh Series*, for, upon my word, says the Baron, the greater part of the books sent in for "notice" are simply beneath it. Here's one on which I made notes as I went on, as far as I could get through it. It is called *Nemesis: a Moral Story*, by SKTON CRUWE. Its sole merit would



have been its being in one volume, were it not that this form, being a bait to the unwary, aggravates the offence. The heroine is *Lucinda*, a milliner's apprentice. Being compromised by a young gentleman under age, who suddenly quits the country, she goes to confess her sin to the simple-minded Curate, who sees no way out of the difficulty except by marrying his penitent, which he does, and after the christening of her first-born, a joyous event that occurs at no great interval after the happy wedding-day, the Curate, the Reverend Mr. Smith, is transferred by his Bishop from this parish to

somewhere else a considerable distance off, whence, after a variety of troubles, he goes abroad as a travelling watering-place clergyman. After this, his wife becomes a Roman Catholic for six months, and then develops into a thorough-paced infidel of generally loose character. She takes up with a Lion Comique of the Music-Halls, who is summarily kicked down-stairs by the Reverend Mr. Smith on his return home one evening. And at this point I closed the book, not caring one dump what became of any of the characters, or of the book, or of the writer, and unable to wait for the moral of this highly "moral story," which, I dare say, might have done me a great deal of good. So I turned to *Vanity Fair*, and re-read for the hundredth time, and with increased pleasure, the great scene where *Ravdon Crawley*, returning home suddenly, surprises *Becky* in her celebrated *tête-à-tête* with my Lord Steyne.

With pleasure the Baron welcomes Vol. No. IV. of ROUTLEDGE'S *Carisbrooke Library*, which contains certain *Early Prose Romances*, the first and foremost among them being the delightful fable of *Reynart the Fox*. Have patience with the old English, refer to the explanatory notes, and its perusal will well repay every reader. How came it about that modern *Uncle Remus* had caught so thoroughly the true spirit of this Medieval romance? I forget, at this moment, who wrote *Uncle Remus*—and I beg his pardon for so doing—but whoever it was, he professed only to dress up and record what he had actually heard from a veritable *Uncle Remus*. *Brer Rabbit*, *Brer Fox*, and *Old Man Bar*, are not the creatures of *Aesop's Fables*; they are the characters in *Reynart the Fox*. The tricks, the cunning, the villany of *Reynart*, unredeemed by sought except his affection for his wife and family, are thoroughly amusing, and his ultimate success, and increased prosperity, present a truer picture of actual life than novels in which vice is visibly punished, and virtue patiently rewarded. And once more I call to mind the latter days of *Becky's* career.

Speaking of THACKERAY, Messrs. CASSELL & Co. have just brought out a one-and-threepenny edition ("the threepence be demmed!") of the *Yellowplush Papers*, with a dainty canary-coloured *Jeames* on the cover. At the same time the same firm produce, in the same form, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Last Days of Palmyra*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*. Odd, that the first issue of this new series should be nearly all "Lasts." *The Yellowplush Papers* might have been kept back, and *The Last of the Barons* been substituted, just to make the set of lasts perfect. The expression is suggestive of Messrs. CASSELL going in for the shoemaking trade. *The Last Days of Palmyra* I have never read. "I will try it," says the bold Baron.

But what means this new style of printing on thin double sheets? One advantage is that no cutting is required. If this form become the fashion, better thus to bring out the *Utterbosh Series*, which shall then escape the critics' hands,—no cutting being required. There are, as those who use the paper-knife to these volumes will discover, in this new issue of Messrs. CASSELL'S, two blank pages for every two printed ones, so that a new novel might be written in MS. inside the printed one. The paper is good and clean to the touch; but I prefer the stiff cover to the limp, "there's more backbone about it," says the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Scarcely time to bring out a pocket edition (like those genuine pocketable and portable editions, the red-backed ROUTLEDGE'S of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, between new and the date of its production, next Saturday, at the Lyceum. But worth while doing it as soon as possible. Advice gratis.

B. DE B.-W.

P.S.—(Important to Authors and Scribblers.)—Unfortunately the Baron has been compelled to take to his bed (which he doesn't "take to" at all—but this by the way), and there write. Once more he begs to testify to the excellence both of *The Hairless Author's Pad*

—no *The Author's Hairless Pad*—and of the wooden rest and frame into which it fits. Nothing better for an invalid than rest for his frame, and here are rest and frame in one. Given these (or, if not "given," purchased), and a patent indelible-ink-lead pencil (whose patent I don't know, as, with much use, the gold-letting is almost obliterated from mine, and all I can make out is the word "Eagle"), and the convalescent author may do all his work in comfort, without mess or muddle; and hereto, once again, I set my hand and seal, so know all men by these presents, all to the contrary nevertheless and notwithstanding.

B. DE B.-W.

GREEN PASTURES OR PICCADILLY?

To the Editor.

SIR,—I see that you have opened your columns to a discussion of the relative advantages of life in London and the Suburbs. I don't think that really the two can be compared. If you want perfect quietude, can you get it better than in a place where, between nine and six, not a single male human being is visible, all of them being in town? Some people may call this dull; but I like it. Then everything is so cheap in the Suburbs! I only pay £100 a year for a nice house in a street, with a small bath-room, and a garden quite as large as a full-sized billiard-table. People tell me I could get the same thing in London, but of course a suburban street must be nicer than a London one. We are just outside the Metropolitan main drainage system, and our death-rate is rather heavy, but then our rates are light. My butcher only charges me one-and-twopence a pound for best joints, and though this is a little dearer than London, the meat is probably more wholesome from being in such good air as we enjoy. In winter-time the journey to town, half-an-hour by train, has a most bracing effect on those capable of bearing severe cold. For the rest, the incapables are a real blessing to those who sell mustard-plasters and extra-sized pocket-handkerchiefs. Our society is so select and refined that I verily believe Belgravia can show nothing like it!



Yours obediently,

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

SIR,—The Suburbs are certainly delightful, if you have a good train service; but this you seldom get. I do not complain of our Company taking three-quarters of an hour to perform the distance of eight and a half miles to the City, as this seems a good average suburban rate, but I do think the "fast" train (which performs the distance in that time) might start a little later than 8:30 A.M. Going in to business at 10:30 by an "ordinary" train, which stops at sixteen stations, and takes an hour and a half, becomes after a time rather monotonous. It involves a painful "Rush in Urbs" to get through business in time to catch the 4:30 "express" back, a train which (theoretically) stops nowhere.

COUNTRY CUSSIN'.

SIR,—No more London for me! I've tried it, and know what it's like. I have found a delightful cottage, twenty miles from town, and mean to live in it always. Do we ever have one of your nasty yellow fogs here? Never! Nothing more than a thick white mist, which rises from the fields and envelopes the house every night. It is true that several of our family complain of rheumatism, and when I had rheumatic fever myself a month ago, I found it a little inconvenient being six miles from a doctor and a chemist's shop. But then my house is so picturesque, with an Early English wooden porch (which can be kept from falling to pieces quite easily by hammering a few nails in now and then, and re-painting once a week), and no end of gables, which only let the water into the bedrooms in case of a very heavy shower. Then think of the delights of a garden, and a field (for which I pay £20 a year, and repair the hedges), and chickens! I don't think I have spent more than £50 above what I should have done in London, owing to the necessity of fitting up chicken-runs and buying a conservatory for my wife, who is passionately fond of flowers. Unfortunately my chickens are now moulting, and decline to lay again before next March; so I bring back fresh eggs from town, and, as my conservatory is not yet full, flowers from Covent Garden; and I can assure you that, until you try it, you cannot tell the amount of pleasure and exercise which walking a couple of miles (the distance of my cottage from the station), laden with groceries and other eatables, can be made to afford.

Yours chirpily,

FIELD-FARE.

GOOD FOR SPORT!—A well-known chartered accountant, with a vulpine patronymic, complains of the unkind treatment he recently received in Cologne at the hands of the German police. He should be consoled by the thought, that his persecution marked in those latitudes the introduction of Fox-hunting.



YANKEE EXCLUSIVENESS.

Young Britisher. "YOUR FATHER'S NOT WITH YOU THEN, MISS VAN TROMP?"
Fair New York Millionairess (one of three). "WHY, NO—PA'S MUCH TOO VULGAR! IT'S AS MUCH AS WE CAN DO TO STAND MA!"

THE QUICKSAND!

Is this the Eagle-hunter,
 The valiant fate-confronter,
 The soldier brave, and blunter
 Of speech than BISMARCK'S self?
 This bungler all-disgracing,
 This braggart all-debasing,
 This spurious sportsman, chasing
 No nobler prey than pelf?
 The merest "fly in amber,"
 He after eagles clamber?
 Nay, faction's ante-chamber
 Were fitter place for him,
 A trifle transitory
 To gasconade of "glory"!
 He'd foul fair France's story,
 Her lustre pale and dim.
Les Coulistes? Ah, precisely!
 They suit his nature nicely,
 Who bravely, nobly, wisely,
 Can hardly even "act."
Histrion all *blague* and blather,
 Is it not pity, rather,
 One Frenchman should foregather
 With him in selfish pact?
 In selfish pact—but silly,
 His neighbouring, willy-nilly,
 Must smirch the Bee, the Lily,
 Or stain the snow-white flag.
 Wielder of mere stage-dagger,
 Loud lord of empty swagger,
 In peril's hour a lagger,
 A Paladin of Brag!
 And now his venture faileth,
 And now his valour paleth;
Et après? What availeth
 His aid to those who'd use him?

Imperial or Royal,
 What "patron" will prove loyal
 Unto this "dupe"? They'll joy all
 To mock, expose, abuse him!
 But from the contest shrinking,
 The draught of failure drinking,
 In trickery's quicksand sinking,
 Pulls he not others down?
 Will PLON-PLON stand securely,
 The COMTE pose proudly, purely,
 Whilst slowly but most surely
 Their tool must choke or drown?
 Indifferent France sits smiling.
 And what avails reviling?
 Such pitch without defiling
 Can "Prince" or "Patriot,"
 tonch?
 This quicksand nromantic
 Closes on him, the Antic,
 Whose hands with gestures frantic
 Contiguous coat-tails clutch.
 The furious factions splutter,
 Power's cheated claimants mutter,
 And foiled fire-eaters utter
 Most sanguinary threats.
 "He Freedom's fated snekler?"
 The traitor, trickster, truckler!"
 So fumes the fierce swash-buckler,
 And his toy-rapier whets.
 But will that quicksand only
 Engulph him lost and lonely?
 The fraud exposed, the known lie,
 The bribe at length betrayed,
 Must whelm this sham detected,
 But what may be expected
 From "Honour" shame-infected,
 And "Kingship" in the shade?

THE RAVENSTEIN.

[Mr. RAVENSTEIN, at the British Association, considered the question, how long it will be before the world becomes over-populated.]

Punch to the Prophet.

PROPHET of o'er-population, your ingenious calculation,
 [mind] Canseth discombobulation only in the anxious
 That forecasts exhausted fuel, or the period
 when the duel
 Will have given their final gruel to French
 journalists; a kind
 Of cantankerous, rancorous spitfires, blun-
 terous, braggart, boyish, blind,
 Who much mourning scarce would find.
 Prophet of o'er-population, when the centu-
 ries in rotation
 Shall have filled our little planet till it tends
 to running o'er,
 Will this world, with souls o'erladen, be a
 Hades or an Aiddenn?
 Will man, woman, boy and maiden, be less
 civilised, or more?
 That's the question, RAVENSTEIN! What
 boots a billion, less or more,
 If Man still is fool or boor?
 "Seek not to anticipate" is *Mrs. Gamp's*
 wise maxim. Great is
 Mankind's number now, but "take 'em as
 they come, and as they go,"
 Like the philosophic *Saurey*; and though the
 sum total vary,
 Other things may vary likewise, things we
 dream not, much less know,
 Don't you think, my RAVENSTEIN, our state
 ten centuries hence or so
 We may prudently—let go?



SWAIN J.C.

BOULAMGASW

SW

THE QUICKSAND!

THE GILKRYAD!

2-11-25

A COPY OF THE GILKRYAD!



PREPARING FOR BLACK MONDAY.

Paterfamilias (reading School Report). "AH, MY BOY, THIS ISN'T SO GOOD AS IT MIGHT BE. 'LATIN INDIFFERENT,' 'FRENCH POOR,' 'ARITHMETIC NOTHING!'"

Tommy. "AH, BUT LOOK DOWN THERE, PAPA. 'HEALTH EXCELLENT!'"

TO A TRUMPETING DEMOCRAT.

[MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the Iron King and millionaires of Pittsburg, has been addressing big audiences in Scotland. Amongst his remarks were the following:—"It is said that in America, although we have no aristocracy, we are cursed with a plutarchy. Let me tell you about that. A man who carries a million dollars on his back carries a load. . . . When I speak against the Royal Family I do not condescend to speak of the creatures who form the Royal Family—persons are so insignificant. . . . We laugh at your ideas in this petty little country having anything to say to the free and independent citizens who walk through Canada, Australia, and America. You know how to get rid of a Monarchy. Brazil has taught you."—&c., &c.]

CARNEGIE, pray take notice, since I know that it would blister the thin skin of a democrat, I drop the title "Mr." You have talked a lot of bunkum, all mixed up with most terrific cant. But you truly said that "persons are so very insignificant;" And the author of a speech I read, part scum and partly dreggy, is perhaps the least significant—that windbag named CARNEGIE. But your kindness most appals me, Sir; how really, truly gracious, for one whose home is in the States, free, great, and most capacious, to come to poor old England (where the laws but make the many fit to lick a Royal person's boots), and all for England's benefit. To preach to us, and talk to us, to tell us how effete we are, How like a flock of silly sheep who merely baa and bleat we are. And how "this petty little land," which prates so much of loyalty, is nothing but a laughing-stock to Pittsburg Iron-Royalty. How titles make a man a rake, a drunkard, and the rest of it, While plain (but wealthy) democrats in Pittsburg have the best of it. How, out in Pennsylvania, the millionaires are panting [banting. (Though there's something always keeps them fat) for monetary How free-born citizens complain, with many Yankee curses, Of fate which fills, in spite of them, their coffers and their purses. How, if the man be only poor, there's nothing that can stop a cit In Yankeeland, while here with us the case is just the opposite. How honest British working-men who fail to fill their larder Should sail for peace and plenty by the very next Cunarder.

And how, in short, if Britishers want freedom gilt with millions, They can't do wrong to imitate the chivalrous Brazilians.

Well, well, I know we have our faults, quite possibly a crowd of them, And sometimes we deceive ourselves by thinking we are proud of them; But we never can have merited that you should set the law to us, And rail at us, and sneer at us, and preach to us, and "jaw" to us. We're much more tolerant than some; let those who hate the law go And spout seditious in the streets of anarchist Chicago; And, after that, I guarantee they'll never want to roam again, Until they get a first-class hearse to take their bodies home again.

But stay, I've hit upon a plan: We'll, first of all, relieve you Of all your million dollars that so oncrously grieve you; Then, if some loud, conceited fool wants taking down a peg, ho Shall spend an hour or so in talk with democrat CARNEGIE. For all men must admit 't would be an act of mere insanity To try to match this Pittsburger in bluster or in vanity. And oh, when next our Chancellor is anxious for a loan, Sir, He'll buy you in at our price, and he'll sell you at your own, Sir. And if you don't like English air, why, dash it, you may lump it, Or go and blow in other climes your most offensive trumpet!

ROBERT UP THE RIVER.

I ATTENDED on a Party larst week as went up the River (our nice little Stream, as the snugty Amerrycanes calla it) to Ship Lake, tho' why it's called so I coodn't at all make out, as there ain't no Ship nor no Lake to be seen there, ony a werry little Werry, and a werry littel River, and a werry littel Hiland; and it was prinsepally to see how the appy yung Gents who sumtimes lives on the same littel Hiland, in littel Tents, was a gitting on, as injuced all on us, me and all, to go there. It seems that for years parst quite a littel Colony of yung Gents as gets their living in the grand old City has been in the habit of spending their littel summer Hollydays there, but, somehow or other, as I coodn't quite understand, the master of the littel Hiland made up his mind for to sell it, and all the yung Gents was in despair, and wondered where on airth they shood spend their Hollydays in future. But they needn't have been afeard—there was a grand old hinstitushun called "The Copperashun!" as had both their ears and both their eyes open when they heard about it. So when the time came for it to be sold, they jest quietly says to one of their principel Chairmen (who is sich a King of Good Fellers that they all calla him by that name, and he arnsers to it jest as if it was the werry name as was giv him by his Godfathers and his God-mothers, as I myself heard with my own ears), "Go and buy it!" So off he goes at wunce and buys it, and the kindly Copperashun Gents as I went with larst week, went to take possesshun on it accordingly, and to see if anything could be done to make the yung Campers-out ewen more cumferabel than they ewer was afore! Ah, that's what I calla trew Patriotizm, and trew Libberality, if you likes, and that's what makes 'em so much respected.

Our Gents was all considerably surprized at the lots of Tents as was all a standing on Ship Lake Island; one on 'em, who was got up quite in a naughtical style, said as he was estonished to see so many on 'em pitched, but I think as he must ha' bin mistaken, for I didn't see not none on 'em pitched, tho' I desay it might ha' been werry usefoul in keeping out the rain on a remarkabel wet night.

By sum mistake on sumboddy's part, there wasn't not no yung Campers-out to receive us, and so fears was hentertaned that they wood have to cum again shortly; but they are bold plucky gents, is the men of the Copperashun, and they one and all xpressed their reddiness to do it at the call of dooty. Besides, we had sich a reel Commodore a board as made us all quite redly to brave the foaming waves again. Why, he giv out the word of command, whether it was to "Port the Helem," or to "Titen the mane braces," as if he had hin a Hadmiral at the werry least, and his galliant crew obeyed him without not no grumblin' or ewen thretening to strike!

By one of them striking and remarkabel ocurrences as happens so often, who shood we appen to find at Ship Lake, but one of the werry poplarest of the Court of Haldermen, and what shood he do but ask 'em all in to lunch at his splendid manahun, and what shood they all do but jump at the hoffer, and what does he do, for a lark, I serppose—if so be as a reel Poplar Alderman ewer does have sich a thing as a lark—and give 'em all sich a glorious sprea, as I owerheard one henergetick Deperty describe it, as hutterly deprived 'em all of the power of heating a bit of dinner till the werry next day, to which time they wisely put it off, and then thorowly enjoyed it.

In course, I'm not allowed to menshun not no names on these confidential ocasions, but I did hear "the Commodore" shout to "the King" sumthink about "Hansum is as Hansum does," but it was rayther too late in the heavingin for me to be able to quite unnerstand his elusions.

I am 'appy to be able to report that we every one on us arrived in Town quite safe and quite happy, xcep sum of the pore hard-working crew who are left at Marlow till further orders. ROBERT.



A FAIR PROPOSAL.

Johnson (at window—having offered to tame a vicious Horse for his Friend). "NOW, TOM, JUST COLLAR HOLD OF HIS HEAD, AND I'LL PUT THE MUZZLE ON!"

A SPORTING STYLE.

(Third Example.)

Two examples of a correct sporting style have been already laid before the public. For convenience of reference they may be defined as the mixed-pugilistic and the insolent. There is, however, a third variety, the equine, in which everyone who aspires to wield the pen of a sporting reporter must necessarily be a proficient. It may be well to warn a beginner that he must not attempt this style until he has laid in a large stock of variegated metaphoric expressions. As a matter of fact one horse-race is very much like another in its main incidents, and the process of betting against or in favour of one horse resembles, more or less, the process of betting about any other. The point is, however, to impart to monotonous incidents a variety they do not possess; and to do this properly a luxuriant vocabulary is essential. For instance, in the course of a race, some horses tire, or, to put it less offensively, go less rapidly than others. The reporter will say of such a horse that he (1) "shot his bolt," or (2) "cried peccavi," or (3) "cried a go," or (4) "compounded," or (5) "exhibited signals of distress," or (6) "fired minute guns," or (7) "fell back to mend his bellows," or (8) "seemed to pause for reflection."



Again, in recording the upward progress of horses in the betting market, it would be ridiculous to say of all of them merely that they became hot favourites. Vary, therefore, occasionally, by saying of one, for example, that "here was another case of one being eventually served up warm"; of another, that "plenty of the talent took 7 to 4 about *Mousetrap*"; of a third, that "*Paradox* had the call at 4 to 1;" and of a fourth, that "a heap of money, and good money too, went on *Backslide*." After these preliminary instructions, *Mr. Punch* offers his

Third Example.—Event to be described: A horse-race. Names of horses and jockeys, weights, &c., supplied.

Considerable delay took place. *Little Benjy* made a complete hole in his manners by bolting. Eventually, however, the flag fell to a capital start. *Burglar Bill* on the right cut out the work* from *Paladin*, who soon began to blow great guns, and after a quarter of a mile had been negotiated yielded his pride of place to *Cuddlums* with *The Policeman* in attendance, *Sobriety* lying fourth, and *D. T.* close behind. Thus they raced to the bend, where *Burglar Bill* cried *peccavi*, and *Cuddlums* having shot her bolt, *Sobriety* was left in front, only to be challenged by *Cropeared Sue*, who had been coming through her horses with a wet sail. Rounding the bend *SIMPSON* called upon *Mrs. Brady* and literally took tea with her rivals, † whom he nailed to the counter one after

* Note this sentence. It is essential.
† At first sight it would appear more natural that *SIMPSON* (presumably a jockey) having called upon *Mrs. Brady*, should take tea with her rather than with her rivals. But a sporting style involves us in puzzles.

another. The favourite compounded at the distance, and *Mrs. Brady* romped home the easiest of winners, four lengths ahead of *Cropeared Sue*: a bad third. The rest were whipped in by *Flyaway*, who once more failed to justify the appellation bestowed upon him.

Mr. Punch flatters himself that, upon the above model, the report of any race-meeting could be accurately constructed at home. In future, therefore, no reporter should go to the expense of leaving London for Epsom, Newmarket, Ascot, or Goodwood.

A CENTENARIAN.

"This is the centenary of the tall hat."
Daily News.

A HUNDRED years of hideousness,
Constricted brows, and strain, and stress!
And still, despite humanity's groan,
The torturing "tall-hat" holds its own!

What proof more sure and melancholy
Of the dire depths of mortal folly?



Mad was the hatter who invented
The demon "topper," and demented
The race that, spite of pain and jeers,
Has borne it—for One Hundred Years!

HAMLET AT THE VEGETARIAN CONGRESS.

YEA, from the table of my dining-room,
I'll take away all tasty joints and *entrées*.



All sorts of meat,
all forms of animal diet
That the carnivorous cook hath gathered there;
And, by commandment, will entirely live
Within the bounds of vegetable food,
Unmixed with savoury matters.
Yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious Meat!
O mutton, beef, and pork, digestion-spoiling!
My tables, my tables! Meat? I'll put it down;
For men may dine, and dine, and do no killing,

At least I'm sure it may be so—on lentils.
So, *gourmand*, there you are! Now to my *menu*;
It is, "*All Vegetables and no Meat!*"
I have sworn't!

INTERVIEWING À LA MODE.

(Quite at the Service of some of Mr. Punch's Contemporaries.)

ONE of our Representatives called a few days since upon Mr. BROWN, senior member of the well-known firm of Messrs. BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. The Eminent General Dealer was seated "in his counting-house," as the nursery-song hath it, "counting out his money."

"Come in, come in!" said Mr. BROWN, cordially, as he somewhat hurriedly locked up the coin in a safe out of our reach. "I am delighted to see you."

"Glad to hear it," we replied, rather drily. "We want to put a few questions to you, in the interest of the public."

"As many as you please. I am, as you know, a man of business; still, the resources of our establishment are so vast, that my place can be supplied without inconvenience to our thousands, I may say millions of customers. And now, Sir, what can I do for you?"

"Well, Mr. BROWN, speaking in the name of civilisation, I would wish to ask you if you have much sale for SMASHUP'S Concentrated Essence of Cucumbers (registered), in the larger bottles?"

"Yes, Sir, we have; although the smaller sizes are, possibly, a trifle more popular."

"What do you think of COTTONBACK'S Fleur de Lyons Putney Satin?"

"A most admirable material for home wear, although we do not recommend it for use at a party, a ball, or a reception. For festive occasions we do a very large trade in GIGLEWATER'S Superfine Velvet South American *Moiré Antique* as advertised."

"Indeed! Perhaps, you can mention a few more articles that in your judgment you believe it will interest our readers to learn about."

"Pardon me, but don't you put that sentence a trifle clumsily?"

Our Representative smiled and blushed. Then he admitted that Mr. BROWN might be right.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Senior Partner, in great glee. "You see I have my head screwed on the right way! But to answer you. GOTEYMON'S Patent Alligator's Skin Braces are attracting much attention just now, so is WIFE'S Castle 2 Imperial William Champagne, which finds (I may observe confidentially) a ready sale at thirty-two shillings the dozen. Then there are AKE'S Electric Tooth-brushes, and CRAX'S Stained-glass Solid Mahogany Brass-mounted Elizabethan Mantel-boards. Then, of course, I must not forget BOLTER'S Washhandstands and BOUNDER'S Anti-agony Aromatic Pills."

"And all these articles sell largely?"
"Very largely, indeed. And so they should; for they are well worth the money they cost."

"Indeed they are, or I should not find them in your establishment."
"You are very good. And now, *à propos* of your journal, will you permit me to pay a return compliment?"

"Certainly," we replied. "You have noticed an improvement in our columns?"
"Unquestionably I have," returned Mr. BROWN, emphatically. "I have observed that of late you have given much interesting matter in the body of your paper that heretofore used to be reserved for the pages exclusively devoted to advertisements. I congratulate you!"

And with a courteous wave of his hand and a bow of dismissal, the Eminent Pillar of Commerce delicately intimated to us that our interview was at an end.

'ARRY ON THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Your favour to 'and in deo course, as the quill-drivers say; Likewise also the newspaper cuttings enclosed. You're on Rummiker's lay.

Awful good on yer, CHARLIE, old chummy, to take so much trouble for me;
But do keep on yer 'air, dear old pal; I am still right end upwards, yer see.

You are needled along of some parties,—er course you ain't fly to their names,—
As has bin himitating Yours Truly. Way-oh! It's the eldest o' games, [was right, anyhow,
Himitation is, CHARLIE. It makes oné think DARWIN
And that most on us did come from monkeys, which some ain't so fur from 'em now.

You start a smart game, or a paying one—something as knocks 'em, dear boy, [or a sixpenny toy;
No matter, mate, whether it's mustard, or rhymes, They'll be arter you, noik over nozzle, the smugglers of notions and nips,
For the mugs is as 'ungry for wrinkles as broken-down bookies for tips.

Look at DICKENS, dear boy, and Lord TENNYSON—ain't they bin copied all round? WY, I'm told some as liked ALFRED'S verses at fust, is now sick of the sound; All along o' the parrots, my pippin. Ah, that's jest the wunst o' sech fakes! People puke at the shams till they think the originals ain't no great shakes.

'Tain't fair, CHARLIE, not by a jingful, but anger's all fiddle-de-dee; They may copy my style till all 'a blue, but they won't discombobulate me. Names and metres is anyone's props; but of one thing they don't get the 'ang; They ain't fly to good patter, old pal, they ain't copped the straight griffin on slang.

'Tisn't grammar and spellin' makes patter, nor yet snips and snaps of snide talk. You may cut a make out o' pito-h-pine, mate, and paint it, but can't make it walk. You may chuck a whole Slang Dictionary by chunks in a stodge-pot of chat, But if 'tisn't alive, 'tain't chin-music, but kibosh, and corpaey at that.

Kerrectness be jolly well jiggered! Street slang isn't Science, dear pal, And it don't need no "glossary" tips to hinterpret my chat to my gal. I take wet comes 'andy permiskus, wotever runs slick and fits in, And when smags makes me out a "philologerist,"—snuffers! it do make me grin!

Still there's fitness, dear boy, and *unfitness*, and some of these jossers, jest now, Who himitate 'ARRY'S few letters with weekly slapdabs of bow-wow, 'Ave about as much "fit" in their "slang" as a slop-tailor's six-and-six bags. No, Yours Truly writes only to you, and don't spread *hissell* out in the Mags.

Mister P. prints my letters, occasional, once in a while like, dear boy; For patter's like love-letters, CHARLIE, too long and too frequent, they cloy. I agree there with *Samivel Veller*. My echoes I've no wish to stop, But I'd jest like to say 'tisn't me as is slopping all over the shop.

It do give me the ditherums, CHARLIE, it makes me feel quite quibsy snitch, To see the fair rush for a feller as soon as he's found a good pitch. Jest like anglers, old man, on the river; if one on 'em spots a prime swim, And is landing 'em proper, you bet arf the others 'll crowd about *him*.

But there's law for the rodsters, I'm told, CHARLIE; so many foot left and right; And you 'll see the punts spotted at distance, like squadrions of troops at a fight. But in Trade, Art, and Littery lines, CHARLIE, 'anged if there's any fair play, And the "cullerable himitation" is jest the disgrace of the day.

Sech scoots scurryfunging around on the gay old galoot, to go snacks In the profits of other folks' notions, have put you, old pal, in a wax. Never mind their shenanigan, CHARLIE; it don't do much hurt, anyhow; I was needled a trifle at fust, but I'm pooty scroodnoodleous now.

I'm all right and a arf, mate, I am, and ain't going to rough up, no fear! Becos two or three second-hand 'ARRIES is tipping the public stale beer. The old tap 'll turn on now and then, not too often, and as for the rest, The B. P. has a taste for sound tippel, and knows when it's served with the best.

If mine don't 'old its own on its merits, then way-oh! for someone's as does! All cop and no blue ain't my motter; that's all tommy-rot and buz-wuz. The pace of a yot must depend on her lines and the canvas she 'll carry; If rivals can crowd on more sail, wy they're welcome to overhaul 'ARRY.



MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

No. XIX.—THE SERVANT OF SOCIETY.

THE Servant of Society is one who, having in early life abdicated every claim to independent thought or action, is content to attach himself to the skirts and coat-tails of the great, and to exist for a long time as a mere appendage in mansions selected by the unerring instinct of a professional tuft-hunter. It is as common a mistake to suppose that all tuft-hunters are necessarily of lowly birth and of inferior social position, as it is to believe them all to be offensive in manner and shallow in artifice. The coarse but honest Snob still perhaps exists, and here and there he thrusts and pushes in the old familiar way; but more often than not the upstart who has won his way to wealth and consideration finds himself to his own surprise courted and fawned upon by those whose boots his abilities would have fitted him to black, and his disposition prompted him to lick. Noble sportsmen are proud to be seen in his company, aristocratic guinea-pigs are constantly in his pocket in the congenial society of the great man's purse, art willingly reproduces his features, journalism enthusiastically commemorates his adventures, and even Royalty does not thrust away a votary whose ministrations are as acceptable as they are readily performed. Without much effort on his own part he is raised to pinnacles which he imagined impossible of access, and soon learns to look down with a contempt that might spring of ancient lineage and assured merit, upon the hungry crowd whose cry is that of the daughter of the horse-leech.

But the genuine Servant of Society is of a different stamp. Ordinarily he is of a good family, and of a competence which both differs from and resembles his general character in being possessed at once of the attributes of modesty and assurance. From an early age he will have been noted for the qualities which in after-life render him humbly celebrated in subordinate positions. At school he will have had the good fortune to be attached as fag to a big boy who occupied an important place as an athlete, and whose condescending smiles were naturally an object of greater ambition to the small fry than the approval of the school authorities. For him he performed with much assiduity the various duties of a fag, happy to shine amongst his companions as the recipient of the great boy's favours. To play the jackal without incurring universal dislike is (at school) no very easy task, but he accomplishes it with discretion and with a natural aptitude that many maturer jackals might envy.

At the age of seventeen he is withdrawn from school. His own marked disinclination saves him from a military career, and he is subsequently sent to pass a year or two upon the Continent of Europe, in order that he may first of all pass the examination for the Diplomatic Service, and subsequently foil foreign statesmen with their own weapons, and in their own language. Returning, he secures his nomination, and faces the Examiners. Providence, however, reserves him for lower things. The Examiners triumph, and the career of the Servant of Society begins in earnest. The position of his parents secures for him an entrance into good houses. He is a young man of great tact and of small accomplishments. He can warble a song, aid a great lady to organise a social festivity, lead a cotillon, order a dinner, and help to eat it, act in amateur theatricals, and recommend French novels to inquiring matrons. His manners are always easy, and his conversation has that spice of freedom which renders it specially acceptable in the boudoirs of the smart. The experience of a few years makes plain to him that, in social matters, the serious person goes down before the trifter. He therefore cultivates flippancy as a fine art, and becomes noted for a certain cheap cynicism, which he sprinkles like a quasi-intellectual pepper over the strong meat of risky conversation. Moreover, he is constantly self-satisfied, and self-possessed. Yet he manages to avoid giving offence by occasionally assuming a gentle humility of manner, to which he almost succeeds in imparting a natural air, and he studiously refrains from saying or doing anything which, since it may cause other men to provoke him, may possibly result in his being forced to pretend that he himself has been ruffled. Yet it must be added that he is always thoroughly harmless. He flutters about innumerable dovecoats, without ever fluttering those who dwell in them, and, in course of time, he comes to be known and accepted everywhere as a useful man. As might be supposed, he is never obtrusively manly. The rough pursuits of the merely athletic repel him, yet he has the knack of assuming an interest where he feels it not, and is able to prattle quite pleasantly about sports in which he

takes little or no active part. At the same time it must be admitted that he holds a gun fairly straight, and does not disgrace himself when the necessity of slaughtering a friend's pheasants interrupts for a few hours the rehearsals of private theatricals, in company with the friend's wife. Certainly he is not a fool. He gauges with great accuracy his own capacities, and carefully limits his ambition to those smaller desires which, since they exact no vaulting power, are never likely to bring about a fall on the other side. The objects of his admiration are mean; and since he mealy admires them, he comes quite naturally under the Thackerayan definition of a Snob.

Whilst he is still a year or two on the fair side of thirty, it may happen that a turn of the political wheel will bring into high office a statesman who is quite willing to be served by those who are able to make themselves useful to him, without exacting from them solidity either of character or of attainments. With him the Servant of Society, with an instinct that does credit to his discernment, will have established friendly relations. The politician was first amused and then impressed by his versatility; now, having the opportunity, he offers to him the position of Assistant Private Secretary (unpaid), and it is scarcely necessary to say that the young man accepts it with a gratitude which proves that he believes his patron capable of conferring further favours. From this time forward he begins to abandon the merely frivolous air that has hitherto distinguished him. He lays in a mixed stock of solemnity, mystery, and importance, and occasionally awes the friends of his flippant days by assuming the reticent look and the shake of the head of one who is marked off from common mortals by the possession of secrets the revelation of which might, perhaps, imperil the peace of the world. In country-houses, in London drawing-rooms, and at Clubs, where he had hitherto been mentioned with a laugh as "Little So-and-So," he comes to be talked of as "So-and-So—of course you know him—Lord BLANK'S Private Secretary." Thus he becomes quite a personage. But he is far from abandoning the rôle of Servant of Society. Indeed, he only enlarges and glorifies the scope of his ministrations, without in any way ceasing to cultivate those smaller trifles which stood him in such good stead at the outset of his career. He now has the satisfaction of seeing many of those who desire anything that a Cabinet Minister can give, oring to one whom they despise, and who rejoices in the knowledge that he can afford to patronise them, and perhaps crush them by obtaining for them that which they want.

When, in the course of a few years, Lord BLANK'S party ceases to direct the government of the country, his Assistant Private Secretary follows him into the cold shade of adversity and opposition, and stands by him with exemplary usefulness and fidelity. But, though he is often pressed, he never contests a constituency, feeling, perhaps, that it is impossible to serve both Society and the Canons. In time his name becomes the common property of all Society journals—his biography is published in one, his discreet service is extolled in another, while a third goes so far as to hint that, if the truth were known, it would be found that the various departments of the State could not possibly carry on their affairs without his enlightened counsel. He adopts an antique fashion of dress, in order to emphasise his personality. He wears a stock, and a very wide-brimmed hat, and carries a bunch of seals dangling from a fob.

At forty-five he marries the daughter of a powerful Peer, and, shortly afterwards, insures so much of the favour of Royalty as to be spoken of as a *persona grata* at Court. Henceforward his services are often employed in delicate negotiations, which may necessitate the climbing of many back-stairs. On such occasions, and after it has been announced in the papers that "Mr. So-and-so was the bearer of an important communication" from one great person to another, it is his custom to show himself in his Clubs and in crowded haunts, so that he may enjoy the pleasure of being pointed out, *digitis prætereuntium*, and of catching the whispers of those who nudge one another as they mention his name.

Finally, it will be rumoured that he has been collecting materials for the Memoirs which he proposes shortly to publish. But though he never disclaims the intention, and is even understood, on more than one occasion, to allude in conversation to the precise period of his life to which his writing has then brought him, it is quite certain that he will never carry out the intention, or bring out the book. At the age of sixty he will still be a young man, with a gay style of banter peculiarly his own. Towards the end of his life he will often talk darkly of great events in which he has played a part, and of extraordinary services which only he could have performed; and when he dies, the country will be called upon to mourn for one who has saved it from social degradation, and from political disaster.



A PIG IN A POKE.



[According to the *Standard*, by the new Meat Inspection Law, just come into force in the United States, American cattle and pigs for export to England, France, or Germany, are to be inspected before leaving America, with a view to removing the grounds of objection on the part of those Governments to the unrestricted reception of these important American exports. Should any foreign Government, fearful of pleuro-pneumonia or trichinosis, refuse to trust to the infallibility of the American inspectors, the President of the United States is authorised to retaliate by directing that such products of such foreign State as he may deem proper shall be excluded from importation to the United States.]

O SENATOR EDMONDS, of verdant Vermont,
Of wisdom you may be a marvellous font;
But you'll hardly get JOHN, 'tis too much of a joke!—
To buy in your fashion a Pig in a Poke;
Which nobody can expect!

To slaughter your Cattle when reaching our shore,
You probably think is no end of a bore;

But even your valiant Vermonters to please,
We cannot afford to spread Cattle-disease,
Which nobody can desire.

A Yankee Inspector is all very fine,
But if pleuro-pneumonia crosses the line,
And with BULL's bulls and heifers should play up the dence,
A Yankee Inspector won't be of much use,
Which nobody can dispute.

A Yankee Inspector you seem to suppose is
A buckler and barrier against trichinosis;
But trichinæ pass without passports. Bacilli
And microbes that Yankee might miss willy-nilly,
Which nobody can deny.

Port-slaughter restrictions may limit your trade.
Well, your Tariffs Protective to help us aren't made,

And we cannot run dangers to plump up
your wealth,
Until you can show us a clean bill of health,
Which nobody can assert.

And as to that cudgel tucked under your arm,
You fancy, perhaps, it will act as a charm.
No, JONATHAN! JOHN to your argument's
dull, [his skull,
And you will not convince him by cracking
Which nobody can suppose.

The Gaul and the Teuton seem much of my
mind, [find
And, despite your new Law, you will probably
That Yankee Inspectors, plus menaces big,
Rehabilitate not the American Pig.
Which nobody can affirm.

No, JONATHAN, JOHNNY feels no animosity,
He'd like, with yourself, to have true Reci-
procity; [stroke,
But neither your Law, nor a smart oudgel-
Will make him—or them—buy your Pig in a
— Poke— Which nobody can particularly
wonder at, after all; now can
they, JONATHAN?

LATEST FROM THE LYCEUM.—With a view
to supplying the entire world with the current
number, *Mr. Punch* goes to press at a date
too early to permit of a criticism of *Ravens-
wood*. So he contents himself (for the present)
by merely recording that at the initial per-
formance on Saturday last all went as happily
("merrily," with so sombre a plot, is not
the word) as a marriage-bell. There was a
striking situation towards the end of the
drama which was both novel and interesting.
Mr. IRVING received and deserved a grand
reception, and it was generally admitted that
amongst the many admirable impersonations
for which Miss ELLEN TERRY is celebrated,
her *Bride of Lammermoor* appropriately
"takes the cake!"

MY PRETTY JANE.

(Latest Version.)

[It is said that the price of wheat and the mar-
riage-rate go together, most people getting married
when wheat is highest.]

My pretty JANE, my dearest JANE,
Ah, never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the market,
When the price of wheat rules high.
The glut is waning fast, my love,
And corn is getting dear;
Good (Hymen) times are coming, love,
Ceres our hearts shall cheer.
Then pretty JANE, though poorish JANE,
Ah, never pipe your eye,
But meet me, meet me at the Altar,
For the price of wheat rules high!

Yes, name the day, the happy day,
I can afford the ring;
For corn rules high, the marriage rate
Mounts up like anything;
The "quarter" stands at fifty, love,
Which, for Mark Lane is dear.
Our wedding day is coming, love,
Our married course is clear.
Then, pretty JANE, if poorish JANE,
Ah, never look so shy;
But meet me, meet me at the Altar,
When the price of wheat rules high!

"NOMINE MUTATO." — For some weeks
there was a considerable amount of corre-
spondence in the *Times*, anent "Ecclesiastical
Titles," which suddenly disappeared. Was
the topic resumed one day last week under
the new heading, "The Symbolical Repre-
sentation of Ciphers?"



TAKEN ON TRUST.

Viscount Conamorey (whose recollections of the antique are somewhat hazy). "AW—A—WHAT
BEAUTIFUL ARMS AND HANDS YOU 'VE GOT, MRS. BOUNDER! THEY REMIND ME OF THE VENUS
OF MILO'S!" Mrs. B. (who has never even seen the Venus of Milo). "OH! YOU FLATTERER!"

AN INVOCATION.

(By a Town Mouse.)

COME back to Town! Why wander where
The snow-clad peaks arise?
Our English sunsets are as fair,
With red September skies.



Soft is the mat-
tinal mist
Through which
the trees loom
brown;
Come back, if
only to be
kist,—
Come back to
Town!

For evermore,
in days like
these,
When musing
on your face,
My sad imagina-
tion sees
Another in my
place.

Say, do you listen to his prayer,
Or slay him with a frown?
At any rate I can't be there.
Come back to Town!

Why linger by some far-off lake
Or Continental strand?
St. Martin's Summer comes to make
A glory in the land.

The river runs a golden stream
Where WREN's great dome looks down,
Thine eyes, methinks, have brighter gleam;
Come back to Town!

I hear your voice upon the wind,
In dreamland you appear;
But do you wonder that I find
The day so long and drear?
Lentis adhærens brachiis come
Once more my life to crown;
Without thee 'tis too burdensome.
Come back to Town!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF
PHRASES.

AT AN AFTERNOON CALL.

"So glad to see you at last. Now don't let
me interrupt your talk with Mrs. VEREKER;"
i.e., "If I do, I shall be let in for being
button-holed."
"Do let me get you some tea—you must
be dying for a cup;" i.e., "Know I am."
"So sorry—I fear everything is cold. Do
let me have some fresh tea made for you;"
i.e., "He can't accept that offer."

IN A NON-SMOKING CARRIAGE.

"You don't mind my cigar, do you?" i.e.,
"I know he does, but I'm not going to
waste it."
(Reply to the above query.)
"Oh, not at all!" i.e., "Beastly thing!
If he wasn't so confoundedly selfish and
stingy, he'd throw it away."

I'M AFLOAT!

(NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE VERSION.)

I'm afloat, I'm afloat on the
coaly black Tyne!
The draft licence sent me I
begged to decline;
Though other chaps had 'em,
they were not for me;
I prefer a free flag, on the
strictest Q. T.
A sly "floating factory"
thus I set up
(I'm a mixture of RUFERT
the Rover and KRUPP).
At Jarrow Slake moored, my
trim wherry or boat
I rejoiced in, and sung "I'm
afloat! I'm afloat!"
For quick-firing guns ammuni-
tion I made,
Engaging (says FORD) in the
contraband trade.
An inquest was held, but its
verdict cleared me.
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and
the Rover is free!

I fear not the Government,
heed not its law.
Much rumpus is made, we
shall hear lots of jaw:
An explosion took place on
October the third,
My sly "floating factory"
blew up like a bird.
It killed one poor fellow, and
damaged a lot,
But I am a Great Gun, and
got off like a shot;
Indeed all were well, but for
cold Colonel FORD,
Who blames me, the Rover!
Too bad, on my word!



The Pirate of Elswick shall
not be the sport
Of a fussy Commission's ill-
tempered Report.
To bring me to book is all
fiddlededee—
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and
the Rover is free!

I contraband, careless? Why,
everyone owns
That is natural, 'neath the
black flag and cross-bones.
No mere paltry maker of fire-
works am I,
But a Rover who's free,
whose sole roof is the sky.
The law of the land may the
petty appal,
But frighten the Rover? Oh
no, not at all!
And ne'er to Commission or
Colonels I'll yield,
Whilst there's Black Tyne
to back me or Whitehall to
shield.
Unfurl the Black Flag!
shake its folds to the wind!
And I'll warrant we'll soon
leave sea-lawyers behind.
Up, up with the flag! Pi-
rate's licence for me!
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and
the Rover is free!

DEFINITION OF MILITARY
MANŒUVRES. — "Peace-
work."

DARWINITES. — "The Evo-
lutionary Squadron."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SPEAKING of *Reynart the Fox*, I was made, by a slip of the printer's hand—I am accustomed to seeing slips from his hand, which is quite another thing—to say that this mediæval romance "presents a truer picture of life than novels in which vice is punished and virtue

patiently rewarded." After consider-
ing for some time what on earth I could
have meant by "patiently rewarded,"
I remembered that I had written
"patently rewarded." The printer put
my "i" out, and without an "i" it
was very difficult to perceive the sense
of the phrase.

Nutshell Novels, by that crack writer
—no, not "crack'd"—and poet, whose
verses send a frill right through us,
Mr. J. ASHBY-STERRY, are coming out.

Capital title. As SHAKESPEARE says, "Sermons in stones, novels
in nutshells, and good in everything." SHELLEY'S poems might
be brought out in pocketable form under a similar title, *Nut-Shelley
Poems*. I have not yet seen the volume in question, only heard tell
of it, and should not be surprised to hear that the central novel and
the best was a short military novel, entitled *The Kernel*. MESSRS.
HUTCHINSON & Co. are the publishers. I hope Mr. STERRY has
illustrated them himself. He can draw and paint, but he won't, and
there's an end on't. He must follow up the *Nutshells* with a volume
of *Crackers*, about Christmas time.

Just been looking through *London Street Arabs*, by Mrs. H. M.
STANLEY, published by CASSELL & Co., which firm—whose tele-
graphic address is "Caspeg, London," and a good name too—writes
to the Baron thus:—"In forwarding you an early copy"—small
and early—"of Mrs. Stanley's book, we will ask you to be good
enough"—("I am 'good enough'" quoth the Baron)—"to confine
your extracts from the Introduction to an extent not exceeding one-
third of the whole." "Willingly, my dear 'Caspeg,'" replies the
Baron, who does not like being dictated to, and, to gratify your wish to
the utmost, he will make no extracts at all from the book, a proceed-
ing which ought mightily to delight "Caspeg, London." What next?
Will publishers send to the Baron, and request him not even to

breathe the names of their books? By all means. He has no objec-
tion, as, whether sent to him for review, or purchased by him *pour
se distraire*, the Baron only mentions those he likes, or, if he mentions
those he dislikes, 'tis *pro bono publico*, and there's an end on't.
Mrs. STANLEY appreciates humour, as the following anecdote will
show—But, dear me, the Baron is forgetful—he begs "Caspeg's"
pardon; he mustn't quote. Mrs. STANLEY can be truly sympathetic
with sorrow, as the following story proves—no, "Caspeg," the
story must not follow. Never mind—the Baron's dear readers will
read it for themselves if they feel "so disposed." The Baron supposes
that all this was written and drawn while Mrs. STANLEY was Miss
DOROTHY TENNANT, because her recorded opinion, probably, as
a spinster, is (and here the Baron "quotes" not, but "alludes"),
that you can find better artistic material in this line at home, than
you can obtain by seeking it abroad; yet when she married, off
she went to Milan, Venice, and so forth. For pleasure, of course,
not work; but work to her is evidently pleasure. May happiness
have accompanied her everywhere! The drawings are pretty, rather
of the goody-good "Sunday-at-home-readings" kind of illustra-
tions. And what on earth has a sort of pictorial advertisement for
"Somebody's Soap" got to do with Street Arabs? *Washed Ashore*;
or, *Happy At Last*, might be the title of this mer-baby picture,
in which two naked children, not Street Arabs, or Arabs of any
sort, are depicted as examining the inanimate body of a nondescript
creature, half flesh and half fish, which has been thrown up by the
waves "to be left till called for" by the next high-tide, when,
perhaps, its sorrowing parents, Mr. and Mrs. MERMAN, or its
widowed mother, Mrs. MERWOMAN, arrayed in sea—"weeds," may
come to claim it and give it un-christian burial. But that the
Baron, out of deference to the wishes of "Caspeg, London," does
not like to quote one single line, he could give Mrs. STANLEY'S own
account of how this picture of the Mer-baby came to be included
in the Street Arab Collection. For such explanation the Baron
refers the reader to the book itself. "Caspeg," farewell!

I have, the Baron says, commenced the first pages of *The Last
Days of Palmyra*. Good, so far; but several new books have come
in, and *Palmyra* cannot receive my undivided attention, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—My faithful "Co." has been reading *Ferrers Court*, by JOHN
STRANGE WINTER, author of *Bootle's Baby* and a number of other

nolettea of like kind. He says that he is getting just the least bit tired of *Mignon*, and the plain-spoken girls, and the rest of them. By the way, he observes that it seems to be the fashion, judging from the pages of *Ferrers Court*, in what he may call "Service Suckles," to talk continually of a largely advertising lady's tailor. If this custom spreads, he presumes that that popular topic of conversation, the weather, will have to give place to the prior claims for consideration of Somebody's Blacking, or Somebody-else's Soap. This is to be regretted, as, in spite of the sameness of subject of the *Boote's Baby* series, JOHN STRANGE WINTER is always more amusing than nine-tenths of his (or should it be her?) contemporaries.

B. DE B.-W. & Co.

P.S. No. 2.—The Baron wishes to add that on taking up the *Bride of Lammermoor* in order to refresh his memory before seeing the new drama, he was struck by a few lines in the description of *Lucy Ashton*, which, during rehearsals, must have been peculiarly appropriate to her representative at the Lyceum, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Here they are:—"To these details, however trivial, *Lucy* lent patient and not indifferent attention. They moved and interested *Henry*, and that was enough to secure her ear." "Great Scott!" indeed! Perfectly prophetic, and prophetically perfect.

B. DE B.-W.

STALKING THE SAGACIOUS STAG.

Sporting Notes from Our Special Representative.

I HAD AN invite from JEPSON, a Stock Exchange acquaintance, who has rented a Moor for the winter months, and who, happening to hear that I and my two foreign friends were in the neighbourhood, most kindly asked me to come and have a look at his box, and bring them with me.

"I hear," he writes, "that the deer are very lively, and if you want to show your foreign friends some first-rate British Sport, you can't do better than bring them."

Need I say that I jumped at this. Coming along on the top of the coach, that takes us to Spital-hoo, the place my friend has rented, I have been endeavouring to describe what I imagine to be the nature of the sport of Deer-stalking to the Chief and the Bulgarian Count. The former, who has been listening attentively, says that, from my description, stalking a stag must be very much the same as hunting the double-humped bison in Mwangumbloola, and that the only weapon he shall take with him will be a pickaxe. I have pointed out to him that I don't think this will be any use, as in deer-stalking I fancy you follow the stag at some distance, but he seems resolute about the pickaxe, and so, I suppose, I must let him have his way. The Bulgarian Count was deeply interested in the matter, and says that evidently the proper weapon to use is a species of quick-firing, repeating Hotchkiss, and that he has one now on its way through Edinburgh, the invention of a compatriot, that will fire 2700 two-ounce bullets in a minute and a-half. I fancy, if he uses this, he will surprise the neighbourhood; but, of course, I have not said anything to interfere with his project.

We have arrived at Spital-hoo all safe and sound, and JEPSON



has given us a most cordial welcome. But I must now have once more recourse to my current notes. I have now been something like five hours on the tramp, plodding my way through a deep glen in a pine forest, but have not yet come across any sign of a stag. I started with the Chief and the Count, but the former soon went off at a tangent somewhere on his own hook, and the latter, who had got his Hotchkiss with him and found it heavy work to drag it up and down the mountain paths, I have left behind to take a rest and recuperate himself. I pause in my walk and listen. The forest is intensely still. Not a sign of a stag anywhere.

JEPSON is left at home, as he is expecting a couple of local Ministers to tea, but he has told me I'm "bound to come across whole herds of them," if I only tramp long enough. Well, I've been at it five hours, and I certainly ought to have spotted something by this time. By Jove, though, what's that moving in the path ahead of me? It is! *It is a stag!* A magnificent fellow—though he appears to have only one horn. But, how odd! I believe he has seen me, and yet doesn't seem scared! Yes, he is actually approaching in the most leisurely fashion in the world. But that isn't the correct thing. In deer-stalking, I'm sure you ought to stalk the deer, not the deer stalk you. And this creature is absolutely coming down on me. Oh! I can't stand this. I shall have a shot at him.

AN EFFECTIVE MILITARY MANŒUVRE.

"The day of cocked hats and plumes is past and gone. This head-dress is utterly unsuited for active service."—*Military Correspondent's Letter to Times.*



SUGGESTION, IN CONSEQUENCE, FOR NEW COSTUME FOR GENERAL OFFICERS—SO THAT THEY MIGHT BE MISTAKEN BY THE ENEMY FOR HARMLESS GENTLEMEN-FARMERS ENGAGED IN AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS.

Bang! Have fired—and missed! And, by Jove, the stag doesn't seem to mind! He is coming nearer and nearer. He actually comes close to where I am kneeling, and with facetious friendliness removes my Tam o' Shanter! But, hulloah! who is this speaking? "Ha, and would ye blaze awa wi' your weapons upon poor old Epaminondas, mon!" It is an aged Highlander who is addressing me, and he has just turned out of a bye-path. He is fondling the creature's nose affectionately, and the stag seems to know him. I remark as much.

"Ha! sure he does," he replies, "Why there's nae a body doon the glen but has got a friendly word for puir Old Epaminondas. You see he's blind o' one 'ee, and he's lost one o' his antlers, and he's a wee bit lame, and all the folk here about treat him kindly, when ye thought to put that bit o' lead into him just noo, sure he was just comin' to ye for a bit o' oatmeal cake."

I express my regret for having so nearly shot the "Favourite of the Glen" through inadvertence! I explain that I came out deer-stalking, and did not expect, of course, to come across a perfectly tame and domestic stag.

"A weel, there's nae mischief done," continues my interlocutor; "but it's nae good a stalking Epaminondas, for he's just a sagacious beastie altogether."

Here we are at the Lodge. But, hulloah! what's this uproar on the lawn? A herd of deer dashing wildly over everything, flower-beds and all, and, yes, absolutely five of them bursting into the house, through one of the drawing-room windows, while JEPSON and the two kirk Ministers emerge hurriedly, terrified, from the other. Crash! And what's that? Why, surely it can't be—but yes, I believe it is—yes, it positively is the Chief's pickaxe that has flown through the air, and just smashed through the upper panes, scattering the glass in a thousand fragments in all directions!

And thus ends my Stalking for the Present, and (probably) the Future!



BLACK SYRENS.

This is how the lovely and accomplished Miss B—ns (of —, Portland Place) managed to defray the expenses of their Sea-side Trip, this Autumn, without anybody being any the wiser!

O-HI-O! O-HI-HO!
 THERE NEVER WAS A FINER
 GIRL THAN DINAH,
 DOWN BY THE OHIO!"

THE BRITISH LION AND THE GERMAN FOX; OR, A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

THE SEQUEL OF A FABLE.

(See "The German Fox and the British Lion,"
Punch, November 17, 1888.)

"WHEN Fox with Lion hunts, one would be
 sorry
 To say who gains—until they've shared the
 quarry!"

Such was the Moral
 Of the first chapter of our modern Fable.
 Is the co-partnership still strong and stable,
 Or are there signs of quarrel
 More than mere querulous quidnuncs invent
 To break companionship and mar content?

Reynard has settled down into that latitude,
 Pilgrim, perhaps, but certainly a Trader.
 Does he not show a certain change of
 attitude,

Suggestive rather less of the Crusader,
 Eager to earn the black-skinned bondsman's
 gratitude,
 Than of the Bagman with his sample-box?
 Ah, Master Fox!

Somehow the scallop seems to slip aside,
 And that brave banner, which, with honest
 pride
 You waved, like some commercial Quixote—
 verily
 'Tis not to-day so valorously flaunted,
 And scarce so cheerily.

You boast the pure knight-errantry so
 vaunted,

Some two years since,
 Eh? You unfeigned Crusading zeal evince?
 Whence, then, that rival banner
 Which you coquet with in so cautious
 manner?

Hoisting it? Humph! Say, rather, just
 inspecting it.
 But whether with intention of rejecting it,
 Or temporising with the sly temptation
 And making Proclamation
 Of views a trifle modified, and ardour
 A little cooled by thoughts of purse and
 larder.

Why, that's the question.
 Reynard will probably resent suggestion
 Of playing renegade, in the cause of Trade,
 To that same Holy, Noble, New Crusade.
 "Only," he pleads, "don't fume, and fuss,
 and worry,
 The New Crusade is not a thing to hurry:
 I never meant hot zealotry or haste—
 Things hardly to the solid Teuton taste!

And Leo? Well, he always had his doubts,
 Yet to indulge in fierce precipitate flouts
 Is not his fashion.

The Anti-Slavery zeal, with him a passion,
 He knows less warmly shared by other
 traders;

But *soi-disant* Crusaders
 Caught paltering with the Infidels, like
 traitors,
 And hot enthusiast Emanoipators

Who the grim Slavery-demon gently tackle,
 Wink at the scourge, and dally with the
 shackle,
 Such, though they vaunt their zeal and ortho-
 doxy,
 Seem—for philanthropists—a trifle foxy!

RÉCLAME (GRATIS).—Where is the Lessee
 of the Haymarket? He ought to have been
 in India. He was wanted there. The *Daily
 News*, last week, told us in its Morning
 News Columns that "at a place called
 Beerbhoom"—clearly the Indian spelling of
 Beerbohm—"there was a desirable piece of
 land lying waste"—the very spot for a
 theatre—"because it was reputed to be
 haunted by a malignant goddess,"—that
 wouldn't matter as long as the "gods" were
 well provided for. Then it continues, "They"
 (who?) "did all they could to propitiate her,
 setting apart a tree—" Yes; but it wasn't
 the right tree: of course it ought to have
 been a BEERBROOM TREE. His first drama
 might have shown how a Buddhist priest
 couldn't keep a secret. Thrilling!

Woman's Happiest Hour.

(By a Sour old Cynic.)

A YANKEE Journal raises wordy strife
 About "the happiest hour of Woman's life."
 I'll answer in less compass than a sonnet:—
 "When she outshines her best friend's
 smartest bonnet!"



THE BRITISH LION AND THE GERMAN FOX ;

OR, A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE

(Vide Cartoon, Nov. 17, 1888.)

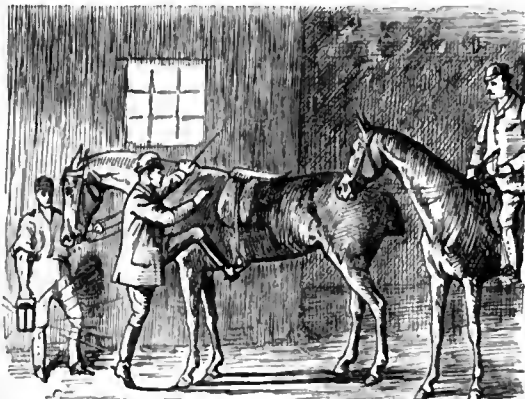
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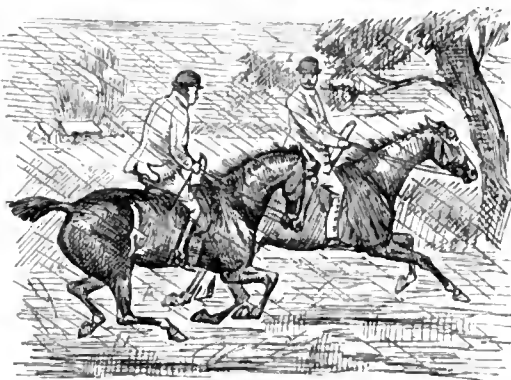
(SEE CHAPTER IV. P. 10)

THE PLEASURES OF GETTING UP EARLY TO GO 'CUBBING.'



1. The Meet was to be at Cropper's Gorse, 5.30. At 4.30 Thompson called for me. He said he knew the way perfectly.

2. After we had gone a couple of miles, a steady rain came on. I didn't think much of the beauties of early morning.



3. "Well, my man," said Thompson, "seen the hounds? This is Cropper's Gorse, I suppose?" "No, Sur; this be Cropper's Plantation. The Gorse be four miles over yonder!"

4. "Extraordinary thing I should have been mistaken," said Thompson. "Never mind. Let 'a canter on, and we'll see some fun yet."



5. "Hi! my boy, is this Cropper's Gorse?" asked Thompson. "No, Sur. This be Cropper's Common. The Gorse be five miles over yonder!"

6. Then Thompson had the decency to say, "Let's go back and have breakfast."

THE JOURNALIST-AT-ARMS.

Who would not be a Journalist-at-Arms?
 Life for that paladin hath poignant charms.
 Whether in pretty quarrel he shall run
 Just half an inch of rapier—in pure fun—
 In his opponent's biceps, or shall flick
 His shoulders with a slender walking-stick.
 The "stern joy" of the man indeed must rise
 To raptures and heroic ecstasies.
 Oh, glorious climax of a vulgar equabble,
 To redden your foe's nose, or make him hobble
 For half a week or so, as though, perchance,
 He'd strained an ankle in a leap or dance!
 Feeble sword-play or futile fisticuffs
 Might be disdained by warriors—or roughs;
 But to the squabbling scribe the farce has charms.
 Who would not be a Journalist-at-Arms?

"WANTED!"

A THOROUGHLY well appointed and handsomely furnished COUNTRY MANSION (Elizabethan or Jacobean period preferred) wanted immediately. It must contain not less than 50 bedrooms, appropriate reception-rooms, and a hall capable of being utilised for *fêtes* and gala entertainments on a large scale, and must stand in the midst of extensive timbered grounds, surrounded by orangeries, hot-houses, and beautifully kept pleasure grounds replete with the choicest pieces of statuary and ornamental fountains arranged for electrical illumination, the perfect installation of which on the premises, on the newest principles, is regarded as a *sine qua non* by the Advertiser. The shooting over four or five hundred acres, and the meeting of not less than three packs of hounds in the immediate neighbourhood, with salmon and trout fishing within easy distances of the mansion, are also considered indispensable. Particulars as to the surrounding country gentry are requested. Write also stating whether any recognised race-meeting is held in the immediate vicinity. The distance of the property from town must not be more than half an hour's railway journey, and the inclusive rent must not exceed *five and twenty shillings a week*.

RATS IN COUNCIL.

A MASS meeting of Rats was held (unknown to the Park-keepers) under the Reformer's Oak in Hyde Park, at midnight of last Sunday. The object of the gathering was to protest against the proposal made by a Correspondent of *The Times*, that the "sewer-rats who had established themselves in the sylvan retreat" known as Hyde Park Dell, should be exterminated by means of "twenty ferrets and a few capable dogs."

Mr. RODENT (Senior) was called upon to preside. He took the hillock amid waving of tails and much enthusiasm, and remarked that that vast assembly, one of the most magnificent demonstrations that even Hyde Park had ever known, would show by its orderly behaviour, that Rats knew how to conduct business. (*Cheers.*) They lived in strange times. A barbarous suggestion had been made to evict them—to turn them out of house and home, by means of what he might call Emergency Ferrets. (*Groans, and cries of "Boycott them!"*) He feared that boycotting a ferret would not do much good. (*A squeak—"Why not try rattening?"—and laughter.*) Arbitration seemed to him the most politic course under the circumstances. (*Cheers.*) They were accused of eating young moor-chicks. Well, was a Rat to starve? (*"No, no."*) Did not a Rat owe a duty to those dependent upon it? (*Cheers, and cries of "Yes!"*) He appealed to the opinion of the civilised world to put a stop—At this point in the Chair-rat's address, an alarm of "Dogs!" was raised, and the meeting at once dispersed in some confusion.



THE POPULAR GAME OF ARTHUR GOLFOUR.
 AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE MASS OF THE PUBLIC.



THE DEMON ALPS.

(Our Artist's Dream, after reading the numerous Accidents to Mountain-Climbers.)

ODE TO OZONE.

(By a Poor Paterfamilias.)

"London is a terrible consumer of ozone"
Standard.

AIR—"The Dutchman's Little Dog."

O WHERE and O where, is our treasured Ozone?
O where, and O where can it be?
From London to leeward 'tis utterly gone,
To windward but little floats free.

Since SCHÖNBEIN of Basle discovered the stuff,
We've lived half a cen-tu-ree.

If of it we only could swallow enough,
How healthy, how happy were we!

Condensed form of oxygen, essence of air
That's fresh, or electricitee,
Ozone is the stuff shaken health to repair.
'Tis for it we all fly to the sea!

Solidified Ozone they talk about now,
To be bought in small bricks like pressed
tea.

The air that is cheering when breathed on
one's brow
In cubic foot-blocks would bring glee.

How pleasant to buy one's Ozone, like one's
coal,

And store it up an-nu-al-lee!
And not fly for it to some dull cockney hol
Just because it is dug by the Sea!

Ah yes, let us have it, this needful Ozone,
In portable parcels! Ah me!
No longer need Paterfamilias groan
At the cost of that month by the Sea!

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO FOR THE NEW
UNIONISM.—(Dedicated to the Artisan left
out in the cold.)—"In the ambush of my
name, strike home!"—Measure for Measure.

TO MY UMBRELLA.

'TWERE hard indeed to try to get
A theme without some poem on it—
A vilanelle, a triolet,
An ode, an epic, or a sonnet.
CASTARA's charms were sung of old,
Both SWIFT and SIDNEY wrote to STELLA,
But mine it is to
first unfold
The praise of my
beloved Umbrella.

You are not difficult
to please,
Although no doubt
a trifle "knobby;"
Whilst I'm reclining
at mine ease,
I leave you standing
in the lobby.
I ever treat you thus,
and yet
I haven't got a friend
who's firmer;
In point of fact, you even let
Me shut you up without a murmur.



Now some seek solace sweet in smoke,
And make a pipe their AMARYLLIS;
So think not that I do but joke
In calling you my darling PHYLLIS.
And though the gossips never spare
For ill-report to seek a handle,
The (indiarubber) ring you wear
Prevents the very thought of scandal.

"Fair weather, friend," we've often heard
Used as a term to throw discredit,
Though clearly it were quite absurd
If speaking of yourself one said it.
When skies are blue (a thing that's rare)
I in the coolest way forsake you,

But when the Forecast tells me "Fair,"
Or "Settled Sunshine," then I take you.

I like to think of one sweet day
When cats and dogs it kept on raining,
(Why "cats and dogs," it's right to say,
Who will oblige me by explaining?)
When someone, who had golden hair,
And I were walking out together,
And underneath your sheltering care,
Were happy spite of wind and weather.

One day I asked a friend to dine,
The friend I most completely trusted.
We sat and chatted o'er the wine,
He liked the port—my fine old crusted.
At length we said "Good-night." He went
But not alone. For to my sorrow
My mind with jealousy was rent,
To find you missing on the morrow.

You had eloped! Yet all the same
I felt quite sure you wera his victim,
When back a sorry wreck you came,
I very nearly went and kicked him!
Did Love take wings, and fly away?
Grew my affection less? No, never!
To tell the truth, I'm bound to say
I fondly loved you more than ever!

With him—the man who was my friend—
It's pretty clear you got on badly;
Your ribs, somehow, seem prone to bend,
Your silken dress seems wearing sadly.
It's very hard, I know, to part,
And sentimental feelings smother,
But even though it break my heart,
I'm going, next week, to get another.

EPITAPH ON A PLATE OF VENISON (a
suggestion, at the service of those who collect
menu cards).—"Though lost to sight, to
memory dear!"

HISTORY AS SHE IS WROTE!

LAST week the *St. James's Gazette* published an article proving that the Bastille, so far from being a gloomy prison, was the most delightful of hotels. This historical record has, however, caused no surprise in 85, Fleet Street, because the following extract from a very old diary has for years been awaiting publication. The time has now arrived for it to see the light.

GAY MOMENTS AT THE ANCIENT BAILEY.

Newgate, September 29, 17—.—Got up with the assistance of my valet, and held my customary *levée*. The Governor of the place asked my permission to enter my luxuriously furnished apartments,



to show me an amusing set of irons that had been discovered in one of the cells used during the last two hundred years for the storage of fire-wood. The droll things were called the "Little Ease," and seemingly, were intended to create merriment. One of the officers was complacent enough to assume them, and caused great diversion by his eccentric gestures. My *levée* was not quite so successful, as is generally the case, as that tedious old gossip, GUIDO FAUX, obtained admission. As usual he had a grievance. It appears that a report has got abroad that he was executed in the days of our late lamented Monarch, JAMES THE FIRST of Great Britain, and SIXTH of Scotland. Says GUIDO, "If this be believed by the multitude there will be a demand for my expulsion, and what shall I do if I be turned out?" Condoled with him, and escaped his importunities by joining with Master JOHN SHEPPARD, and Squire TURPIN in a game of "Lorne Ten Hys," a recreation recently introduced by my good neighbour Monsieur CLAUDE DU VAL. Failed in making a goal, and put out thereat. However, regained my usual flow of spirits on receiving a polite request from the Governor to join him and his good Dame in a visit to the Tower of London, to call upon Lady JANE GREY—once Queen—and now a guest in that admirable institution. Was graciously received by Her Ladyship, who is now of advanced age. Her Ladyship was vastly amused at the news that had reached her that some chroniclers do insist that she has lost her head. "I have in good sooth lost my teeth," laughed the venerable gentlewoman; "but my head is as firmly set upon my shoulders as ever. I do verily believe that it must be some mad piece of waggery of that Prince of good fellows, Sir WALTER RALEIGH. The aged Knight is always up to some of his nonense!" After playing a game of quoits with Lord BALMARINO and the Tower Headsman (whose office is a well-paid sinecure), I returned to Newgate, greatly pleased with my morning's promenade. In the afternoon, entertained the Governor at dinner, who declared that he could never get so good a meal in his own quarters. "Strap me, no!" I exclaimed; "and, were it not that our food was excellent, who would stay at Newgate?" For I confess that, although there are pleasure-gardens, and every sort of amusement and comfort, Newgate, at times, is decidedly damp. Then I raised a glass of punch to my lips, and wished him the same luck that I myself enjoyed. "And that I had!" quoth he. "Would I were prisoner instead of Governor. But it would not be meet. I am not a man of sufficient quality!" And now I must bring this entry to a conclusion, for there is to be a theatrical performance in the dining-hall. Little DAVID GARRICK is to play the principal male character, while Mistress NELLIE GWYNE, Mistress SIDONS, and Mistress PEG WOFFINGTON, are also in the cast. The title of the piece is *Hamlet*, and I am told it is written by a young man new to

Town. The name of the author is either SHAKSPEARE or SMITH. I am not sure which, but think SMITH.

P.S.—Open my Diary once again. *Hamlet* a poor piece. It is now said that it was written by BACON or BUCHANAN. Of the former I know nothing, and posterity must discover the identity of the latter. For the rest, if again I am pressed to go to the Play—strap me! but, comfortable as I am, I will pack up my traps, and be off from Newgate—for ever!

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Mr. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

A Shareholder in a Gas Company introduced.

The Commissioner (sharply). Well, Sir, what is it?

Shareholder. I have come to complain about the Gas Companies—

The Com. I am not surprisied. They are generally causing some one or other trouble.

Shareh. No, I beg your pardon, Sir, but you misunderstand me. I am interested in the prosperity of Gas Companies—

The Com. Then I pity you, for they are certain, sooner or later, to be superseded by the Electric Light.

Shareh. Will you allow me to continue? I am annoyed that some one has been complaining in the *Times* that "A Chief of a Rental Department" (invariably a person of the highest respectability) has a right to the title of "an arbitrary cove!"

The Com. No doubt someone (who showed his wisdom in appealing to so powerful a tribunal) gave his reasons?

Shareh. Well, yes; he certainly had been served with a demand to pay £1 4s. 10d. within three days, to "prevent the necessity" of the gas supply to his premises being discontinued at a time when he and his family were out of Town, and his house was closed for the recess.

The Com. *Primâ facie*, that seems a strong order! And I suppose the complainant wrote to the Gas Company, and got no redress?

Shareh. Well, yea. But then, you see, this demand for payment within three days may have been a fine notice.

The Com. (dryly). Seems to have been very final indeed! Was there anything on the face of the notice to distinguish it from an ordinary unstamped circular?

Shareh. No, I believe not. But, then, possibly, the account had been submitted to him before.

The Com. How do you know? Speaking from my own experience, a demand-note is generally left at the house when the master is away, and the Collector does not take the slightest trouble to collect the money. He leaves it to chance whether the money is sent or not. Surely you must know that in your character of a householder?

Shareh. Well, yea; I fancy that the collector does sometimes act in a very perfunctory manner.

The Com. And that servants frequently are unable to distinguish between the open circular of a Gas Company asking for the settlement of an account, and the open circular of a touting coal merchant asking for custom? And when this happens, both find a home in the dust-hole. Is not that so?

Shareh. Well, yes—very likely—but the law is—

The Com. (sternly). The Law and its name should not be lightly taken in vain. I have seen on a Gas Company's circular the terrors of a statute invoked to secure prompt payment of a few shillings! After all, the Gas Companies (albeit monopolists) are merely traders, and the Public are the customers. If a butcher, a baker, or a candle-stick maker invariably attempted to secure immediate payment by reference on the invoice to the usefulness of the County Court, it is more than possible that that butcher, that baker, or that candle-stick maker, would speedily have to retire from business *viâ* the Bankruptcy column of *The London Gazette*. Thus Gas Companies, who adopt a like unpleasant tone, are regarded as the natural enemies of the Public generally. You have a grievance—as a shareholder of one of these Associations—but this is not the place to obtain redress. If you want to improve your position, keep your eye upon your *employés*, and teach them the meaning of that well-worn phrase, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re!* You may go!

[The Witness then retired, with difficulty repressing a painful exhibition of the most acute emotion.]



MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

NEW SERIES.—IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

THIS age has been called an Age of Progress, an Age of Reform, an Age of Intellect, an Age of Shams; everything in fact except an Age of Prizes. And yet, it is perhaps as an Age of Prizes that it is destined to be chiefly remembered. The humble but frantic solver of Acrostics has had his turn, the correct expounder of the law of Hard Cases has by this time established a complete code of etiquette; the doll-dresser, the epigram-maker, the teller of witty stories, the calculator who can discover by an instinct the number of letters in a given page of print, all have displayed their ingenuity, and have been magnificently rewarded by prizes varying in value from the mere publication of their names, up to a policy of life insurance, or a completely furnished mansion in Peckham Rye. In fact, it has been calculated by competent actuaries that taking a generation at about thirty-three years, and making every reasonable allowance for errors of postage, stoppage *in transitu*, fraudulent bankruptcies and unauthorised conversions, 120 per cent. of all persons alive in Great Britain and Ireland in any given day of twenty-four hours, must have received a prize of some sort.

Novelists, however, have not as yet received a prize of any sort, at least as novelists. The reproach is about to be removed. A prize of £1000 has been offered for the best novel by the Editor of a newspaper. The most distinguished writers are, so it is declared, entered for the Competition, but only the name of the prize-winner is to be revealed, only the prize-winning novel is to be published. Such at least has been the assurance given to all the eminent authors by the Editor in question. But *Mr. Punch* laughs at other people's assurances, and by means of powers conferred upon him by himself for that purpose, he has been able to obtain access to all the novels hitherto sent in, and will now publish a selection of Prize Novels, together with the names of their authors, and a few notes of his own, wherever the text may seem to require them.

In acting thus *Mr. Punch* feels, in the true spirit of the newest and the Reviewer of Reviews, that he is conferring a favour on the authors concerned by allowing them the publicity of these columns. Sometimes pruning and condensation may be necessary. The operation will be performed as kindly as circumstances permit. It is hardly necessary to add that *Mr. Punch* will give his own prize in his own way, and at his own time, to the author he may deem the best. And herewith *Mr. Punch* gives a specimen of—

No. I.—ONE MAN IN A COAT.

(By ARRY O. K. ARRY, Author of "Stige Fices," "Cheap Words of a Chippy Chappie," *et cetera*.)

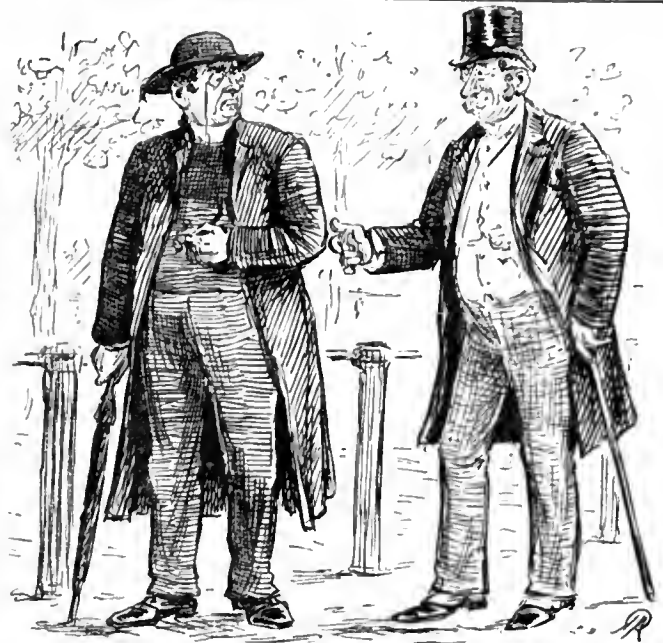
[PREFATORY NOTE.—This Novel was carefully wrapped up in some odd leaves of MARK TWAIN'S *Innocents Abroad*, and was accompanied by a letter in which the author declared that the book was worth £3000, but that "to save any more blooming trouble," he would be willing to take the prize of £1000 by return of post, and say no more about it.—ED.]

CHAPTER I.

It was all the Slavery what got us into the mess. Have you ever noticed what a way a Slavery has of snuffling and saying, "Lor, Sir, oo'd a thought it?" on the slightest provocation. She comes into your room just as you are about to fill your finest two-handed meerschaum with Navy-cut, and looks at you with a far-away look in her eyes, and a wisp of hair winding carelessly round the neck of her print dress. You murmur something in an insinuating way about that box of Vestas you bought last night from the blind man who stands outside "The Old King of Prussia" pub round the corner. Then one of her hairpins drops into the fireplace, and you rush to pick it up, and she rushes at the same moment, and your head goes orack against her head, and you see some stars, and a weary kind of sensation comes over you, and just as you feel inclined to send for the oat'-meat man down the next court to come and fetch you away to the Dogs' Home, in bounces your landlady, and with two or three "Well, I never!" and "There's an impudent 'ussey, for you!" nearly bursts the patent non-combustible bootlace you lent her last night to hang the brass locket round her neck by.

POTLE says his landlady's different, but then POTLE always was a rum 'un, and nobody knows what old rag-and-bone shop he gets his landladies from. I always get mine only at the best places, and advise everybody else to do the same. I mentioned this once to BILL MOSER, who looks after the calico department in the big store in the High Street, but he only sniffed, and said, "Garne, you don't know everything!" which was rude of him. I might have given him one for himself just then, but I didn't. I always was a lamb; but I made up my mind that next time I go into the ham-and-beef shop kept by old Mother MOSER I'll say something about "'orsea from Belgium" that the old lady won't like.

Did you ever go into a ham-and-beef shop? It's just like this. I went into MOSER'S last week. Just when I got in I tripped over



His Reverence. "DINNER, 7'30. I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S GRACE!"

His Irreverence. "THEN COMMENCE AT 7'30, AND I'LL BE THERE AT 7'45!"

some ribs of beef lying in the doorway, and before I had time to say I preferred my beef without any boot-blacking, I fell head-first against an immense sirloin on the parlour table. Mrs. MOSER called all the men who were loafing around, and all the boys and girls, and they carved away at the sirloin for five hours without being able to get my head out. At last an old gentleman, who was having his dinner there, said he couldn't bear whiskers served up as a vegetable with his beef. Then they knew they'd got near my face, so they sent away the Coroner and pulled me out, and when I got home my coat-tail pockets were full of old ham-bones. The boy did that—*young varmint!* I'll ham-bone him when I catch him next!

CHAPTER II.

LET me see, what was I after? Oh, yes, I remember. I was going to tell you about our Slavery and the pretty pickle she got us into. I'm not sure it wasn't POTLE'S fault. I said to him, just as he was wiping his mouth on the back of his hand after his fourth pint of shandy-gaff, "POTLE, my boy," I said, "you're no end of a chap for shouting 'Cash forward!' so that all the girls in the shop hear you and say to one another, 'My, what a lovely voice that young POTLE'S got!' But you're not much good at helping a pal to order a new coat, nor for the matter of that, in helping him to try it on." But POTLE only hooked up his nose and looked scornful. Well, when the coat came home the Slavery brought it up, and put it on my best three-legged chair, and then flung out of the room with a toss of her head, as much as to say, "Ere's an extravagance!" First I looked at the coat, and then the coat seemed to look at me. Then I lifted it up and put it down again, and sent out for three-ha'porth of gin. Then I tackled the blooming thing again. One arm went in with a ten-horse power shove. Next I tried the other. After no end of fumbling I found the sleeve. "In you go!" I said to my arm, and in he went, only it happened to be the breast-pocket. I jammed, the pocket creaked, but I jammed hardest, and in went my fist, and out went the pocket.

Then I sat down, tired and sad, and the lodging-house cat came in and lapped up the milk for my tea, and MOSER'S bull-dog just looked me up, and went off with the left leg of my trousers, and the landlady's little boy peeped round the door and cried, "Oh, Mar, the poor gentleman's red in the face—I'm sure he's on fire!" And the local fire-brigade was called up, and they pumped on me for ten minutes, and then wrote "Inextinguishable" in their note-books, and went home; and all the time I couldn't move, because my arms were stuck tight in a coat two sizes too small for me.

CHAPTER III.

The Slavery managed—

[No, thank you. No more.—Ed.]

FAVOURITE TOOL OF RAILWAY COMPANIES.—A Screw-Driver!

'C'EST MAGNIFIQUE! MAIS—'



Mr. Bull (Paymaster). "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Mr. Punch (Umpire-in Chief). "FINE RIDER—FINE HORSE! BUT—AS A CAVALRY SOLDIER—HAS TO LEARN HIS BUSINESS!"

["How then about the British Cavalry of September, 1890? A spectator who has taken part in modern regular war, and has watched the manoeuvres, said one day to me when I accosted him, in an apologetic tone, 'I have hitherto done your Army injustice; I will not do so again; I had no idea how well your officers and your troopers ride,—they are very fine horsemen.' There he stopped; I waited for more, but he had ended; his silence was a crushing criticism, unintentionally too severe, but very true . . . I

assert, therefore, that at this moment, our Cavalry is inefficient, and not prepared for war."—*The Times Military Correspondent.*]

AIR—"Tally-Ho!" (from the Balliol Song-Book.)

"Of all the recreations with which mortal man is blest
(Says BALLIOL'S Song) "fox-hunting still is pleasantest" and best."

A Briton in the saddle is a picture,
and our pride,
In scarlet or in uniform 'at least our
lads can ride.

Away, away they go,
With a tally, tally-ho!
With a tally, tally, tally, tally,
tally-ho!

But riding, for our Cavalry, is, after
all, not all.

To lead the field, to leap a fence, to
bravely face a fall,
Are well enough. And first-rate stuff
from the hunting-field may come,
But something more is wanted when
Bellona beats her drum,
And calls our lads to go,
With a rally, rally-ho! &c.

Good men and rattling horses are not
all that England needs;
She wants sound knowledge in the
men, and training in the steeds.
Scouting and reconnaissance are not
needed for the fox,
Nor "leading in big masses" for the
furious final shocks,

When away the troopers go,
With a rally, rally, ho! &c.

But when a squadron charges on the
real field of war,
Courage and a good seat alone will
not go very far;

Our lads must "know their busi-
ness," and their officers must
"lead."

Not with cross-country dash alone,
but skill and prudent heed,

When away the troopers go,
With a rally, rally, ho! &c.

War's field will test the Cavalry, or clad in blue or red;
In all things they must "thorough" be, as well as thorough-bred.
"Heavy" or "light," they'll have to fight; not such mad, head-
long fray,

As marked for fame with pride—and shame—that Balaklava day,
When away our lads did go,
With a rally, rally, ho! &c.

Eh? "Inefficient," Mr. BULL, "and not prepared for war?"
That judgment, if 'tis near the truth, on patriot souls must jar.
And Mr. Punch (Empire-in-Chief) to JOHN (Paymaster), cries,
"You'll have to test the truth of this before the need arise
For our lads away to go,
With a rally, rally-ho!" &c

And since that Soldier's incomplete for Duty unprepared,
Although he's game to dare the worst that ever Briton dared,
To supplement our trooper's skill in saddle, pluck and dash, [cash!
You must have more manoeuvres, JOHN, and—if needs be,—more
Then away away we'll go
With a tally rally-ho!

And never be afraid to face the strongest, fiercest foe.

HAD HE SUCCEEDED!

(A Possible Page in French History that probably will never be written.)

THE General-President had been established at the Elysée for
some three months, when his *aides-de-camp* found their labours
considerably increased. At all hours of the day and night they
were called up to receive persons who desired an interview with
their chief and master. As they had received strict orders from
His Highness never to appear in anything but full uniform (cloth
of gold tunic, silver-tissue trousers, and belts and epaulettes of
diamonds) they spent most of their time in changing their coat.

"I am here to see anyone and everyone," said His Highness;
"but I look to you, Gentlemen of the Ring, I should say Household,
to see that I am disturbed by only those who have the right of
entrée. And now, *houp-là!* You can go."

Thus dismissed, the unfortunate *aides-de-camp* could but bow,
and retire in silence. But, though they gave no utterance to their
thoughts, their reflections were of a painful character. They felt
what with five reviews a day, to say nothing of what might be
termed scenes in the circle (attendances at the Bois, dances at the



JOURNALISM IN FRANCE. JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND.

(A CONTRAST.)

Hôtel de Ville, and the like), their entire exhaustion was only a
question of weeks, or even days.

One morning the General-President, weary of interviews, was
about to retire into his *salle-à-manger*, there to discuss the twenty-
five courses of his simple *déjeuner à la fourchette*, when he was
stopped by a person in a garb more remarkable for its eccentricity
than its richness. This person wore a coat with tails a yard long,
enormous boots, a battered hat, and a red wig. A close observer
would have doubted whether his nose was real or artificial. The
strangely-garbed intruder bowed grotesquely.

"What do you want with me?" asked the General-President,
sharply. "Do you not know I am busy?"

"Not too busy to see me," retorted the unwelcome guest, striking
up a lively tune upon a banjo which he had concealed about his
person while passing the Palace Guard, but which he now produced.
"I pray you step with me a measure."

Thus courteously invited, His Highness could but comply, and for
some ten minutes host and guest indulged in a breakdown.

"And now, what do you want with me?" asked the General-Pre-
sident when the dance had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

"My reward," was the prompt reply.

"Reward!" echoed His Highness. "Why, my good friend, I
have refused a Royal Duke, an Imperial Prince, a Powerful Order,
and any number of individuals, who have made a like demand."

"Ah! but they did not do so much for you as I did."

"Well, I don't know," returned the General-President, "but they
parted with their gold pretty freely."

"Gold!" retorted the visitor, contemptuously, "I gave you more
than gold. From me you had notes. Where would you have been
without my songs?" He took off his false nose, and thus enabled the
General-President to recognise the "Pride of the Music Halls!"

"You will find I am not ungrateful," said the Chief of the State,
with difficulty suppressing his emotion.

His Highness was as good as his word. The next night at the
Café des Ambassadeurs there was a novel attraction. An old
favourite was described in the *affiches* as *le Duc de Nouveau-Cirque*.

The reception that old favourite received in the course of the
evening was fairly, but not too cordial. But enthusiasm and hilarity
reached fever-heat when, on turning his face from them, the
audience discovered that their droll was wearing (in a somewhat
grotesque fashion) the *grand cordon* of the Legion of Honour on his
back! Then it was felt that France must be safe in the hands of a
man whose sense of the fitness of things rivalled the taste of the pig
whose soul soared above the charm of pearls.

SCOTT-FREE · OR, RAVENSWOOD-NOTES WILD.

ACT I.—A grand old Castle in the distance, with foreground of rude and rugged rocks. Around the rugged rocks a quaint funeral service. HENRY IRVING, "the Master" not only of *Ravenswood*, but the art of acting (as instanced by a score of fine impersonations), flouts the veteran comedian, Howe; and, Howe attired? He is in some strange garb as a non-descript parson. Then "Master" (as the *Sporting Times* would irreverently speak of him) acquires over Master's father's coffin. Arrival of *Sir William Ashton*. Row and flashing of steel in torch-light. Appearance of one lovely beyond compare—ELLEN TERRY, otherwise *Lucy Ashton*; graceful as a Swan. Swan and Edgar. Curtain.

ACT II.—Library and Armoury. Convenient swords and loaded blunderbusses. *Lord Keeper Ashton* appears. Quite right that there should be the Keeper present, in view of *Lucy* subsequently going mad. Young *Henry Ashton*, the youth GORDON CRAIG, a lad of promise, and performance, has the entire stage to himself for full two minutes, to show what he can do with a speech descriptive of some pictures. Master alone with Keeper, suggests duel. Why arms in Library, unless duel? Fight about to commence according to *Queensberry* rules, when Master sees portrait. Whose? *Lucy's*? "No," says Master; "not to be taken in. I know *Lucy's* picture; it was done by *WARD*." The Keeper explains that this is a portrait, not of the author of *The History of Two Parliaments*, and *Fleeing Gideon*, but of his daughter *Lucy*, which has never yet been seen in any exhibition or loan collection. "Oho," says Master, "then I won't fight a chap who has a daughter like that." Ha! Mad bull "heard without"—one of the "herd without,"—Master picks up blunderbuss, no blunder, makes a hit and saves a miss; i.e., *Lucy*. What shall he have who kills the bull with a bull 'it? Why, a tent at *Cowshot*, near *Bisley*.

Next Scene.—Wolf's Crag. Grand picture—thunder—music—Dr. MACKENZIE—Mr. MACKINTOSH—"the two Macs"—doing excellent work in orchestra, and on stage—storm—Miss MARRIOTT admirable as old Witch—red light in fire-grate—blank verse by MERRIVALE, and on we go to

ACT III.—A Scene never to be forgotten—the Mermaid's Well (quite well, thank you), by HAWES CRAVEN, henceforth to be HAWES MCCRAVENSWOOD. Pines, heather, sunlight, and two picturesque lovers, Master and Miss, exchanging vows. Master gloomy, Miss lively. Miss promises to become Missus. Enter Master's future Modern Mother-in-law. Intended to be vindictive, but really a comfortable and comely body. Might be Mrs. *McBouncer* in *McBox* and *McCox*. Naturally enough, off goes Master to France.

ACT IV.—Another splendid scene. Magnificently attired, *Hayston of Bucklaw* attempts to raise a laugh. Success. Mrs. *MacBouncer* coerces *Lucy* in white satin to sign the fatal contract that will settle Master. Ah! that awful laugh—far more tragic than the one secured by *Bucklaw*! It is *Lucy* going mad! She has already shown signs of incipient insanity by calling Mr. HOWE, otherwise *Bide-the-Bent*, a "holy Father,"—much to that excellent comedian's surprised content. Contract signed. Return of "Master." *Dénouement* must be seen to be appreciated. Here MERRIVALE bids Sir

WALTER good-bye, and finishes in his own way. Last scene of all, and the loveliest. The earliest rays of the sun shining on the advancing tide! *Caleb* picks up all that is left of "Master"—



Mr. IRVING MAKING HIS GREAT HIT. 'THE BULL'S-EYE!
After such a hit,—“there is no cause for fear now!”

a feather! With Miss ELLEN, Master HENRY, McMARRIOTT, MERRIVALE, MACKINTOSH, MACKENZIE, and HAWES MCCRAVENSWOOD, here is a success which the advancing tide of popular favour will float till Easter or longer, and will then leave a new feather in the cap of Master.

AN EMPEROR'S WILL.

[The German Emperor is an accomplished Sportsman. He appears to be able to bring down his birds at will.—*Daily News*.]

Would you like to be an Emperor, and wear a golden crown,
With fifty different uniforms for every single day;
To make the nations shudder with the semblance of a frown,
And, if BISMARCKS should oppose you, just to order them away?
With your actions autocratic,
And your poses so dramatic;
Yours the honour and the glory, while the country pays the bill,
With your shouting sempiternal,
And your Grandmamma a Colonel,
And the power—which is best of all—to shoot your birds by will.
Then the joy of galloping with a helmet and a sword,
While the thunder of your cannons wakes the echoes from afar.
And if, while you're in Germany, you happen to be bored,
Why, you rush away to Russia, and you call upon the CZAR.
With your wordy perorations,
And your peaceful proclamations,
While you grind the nation's manhood in your military mill.
And whenever skies look pleasant
Out you go and shoot a pheasant,
Or as many as you want to, with your double-barrelled will.
You can always flout your father, too—he's dead, but never mind;
He and all who dream as he did are much better in their graves.
And you cross the sea to Osborne, and, if Grandmamma be kind,
You become a British Admiral, and help to rule the waves;
With Jack Tars to say "Ay, Ay, Sir!"
To this nautical young Kaiser,
Who is like the waves he sails on, since he never can be still.
Who to every other blessing
Adds the proud one of possessing
A gun-replacing, bird-destroying, game-bag-filling will.

"HATS OFF!"—MR. EDWARD CROSSLEY, M.P., is to be congratulated on a narrow escape, according to the report in the *Times* last week. During service in the Free Church at Brodick, some portion of the ceiling gave way, Mr. CROSSLEY was covered with plaster—better to be covered with plaster before than after an accident—and "his hat was cut to pieces." From which it is to be inferred that "hats are much worn" during Divine service in the Free Church, as in the Synagogue. And so no fanatic can be admitted who has "a tile off." How fortunate for Mr. E. CROSSLEY that this ancient custom of the Hebrews is still observed in the Free Kirk. Since then Mr. CROSSLEY has bought a new tile, and is, therefore, perfectly re-covered.



What Mr. Mackintosh ought to have done.
"Balancing the Feather." An entertainment on the sands.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron says that he has scarcely been able to get through the first morning of *The Last Days of Palmyra*, which story, so far, reminds him—it being the fashion just now to mention Cardinal NEWMAN'S works—of the latter's *Callista*.



Reviewing.

subsequent one, where *Dame Lightbody* cuffs the astonished little bairn's head! "As fresh to me," protests the Baron, "laughing in my chair, as I have been doing but a minute ago, as it was when I read it, the Council and Kirk-session only know how long ago!" And this farcical scene was considered so "grotesquely and absurdly extravagant" by Sir WALTER'S contemporary critics (peace be to their ashes! Who were they? What were their names? Who cares?) that the great novelist actually explains how the incident was founded on one in real life.

Now to my books. Gadzooks, what's here? Another volume of *Obiter Dicta*? By one author this time, for if my memory fails me not, the previous little book was writ by two scribes. Well, no matter—or rather lots of matter—and by AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, who represents *Obiter* and *Dicta* too. With an unclassical false quantity anyone who so chooses to unscholarise himself, can speak of him as the *O'Biter*, so sharp and pungent are some of his remarks. Ah! here is something on LAMB. For me, quoth the Baron, LAMB is always in season, serve up the dish with what trimmings you may, but, if you please, no sauce. Size and shape are the only things against friend *Obiter*. It is not what this sort of book ought to be, portable and potable, like the craftily qualified contents of a pocket-flask, refreshing on a tedious journey. Had *Obiter* been the title of either *The Handy Volume Shakespeare*, or of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE'S Redbacks—both the Baron's prime favourites—the Baron would have been able to dip into it more frequently, as he would into that same pocket-flask aforementioned.

"Next, please!" BLACKIE'S *Modern Cyclopaedia*. Vol. VII., so we're getting along. I'll just cast my eye over it; one eye, not two, says the Baron, out of compliment to the Cyclops. This Volume deals with the letters "P," "R," "S," and any person wishing to master a few really interesting subjects for dinner conversation will read and learn up all about Procyon, Pizemysi, and Pyrheliometer, Quotelet, Quintal, and Quito, Regulus, Ramazan, Rheumatism, Rhynchops, Rum-Shrub, and Rugar, Samoyedes, Semiquaver, Sahjehanpur, Silket, Sinter, and Siza. When it is known what a gay conversationalist he is, he may induce some one to put him up for a cheery Club, where he will be Blackie-balled. Still, by studying the *Cyclopaedia* carefully, with a view to being ready with words for charades and dumb-crambo during the festive Christmas-tide, he may once again achieve a certain amount of popularity, on which, as on fresh laurels, he had better retire.

"Next, please!" *How Stanley Wrote his Darkest Africa*. By MR. E. MARSTON. A most interesting little book, published by SAMPSON LOW & Co., illustrated with excellent photographs, and with a couple of light easy sketches, by, I suppose, the Author, which makes the Baron regret that he didn't do more of them. "Buy it," says the Baron. The Baron recommends the perusal of this little book, if only to understand the full meaning of the old proverbial expression "Going on a wild-goose chase." The author is a wonderfully rapid-act traveller. He apparently can "run" round every principal city in Europe and see everything that's worth seeing in it in about an hour and a half at most. In this manner, and by not comprehending a word of the language wherever he is, or at all events only a very few of the words, he continues to pick up much curious information which probably would be novel to slower oaches than himself.

Interesting account of JOSEF ISRAEL'S in the *Magazine of Art*: but his portrait makes him look gigantic, which JOSEF is in Art, but not in stature. Those who "know not JOSEF," if any such there be, will learn much about him, and desire to know more. "Baroness,"

says the Baron, "you are right: let Hostesses and all dinner-givers read 'Some Humours of the Cuisine' in *The Woman's World*." The parodies of the style of Mr. PATER, and of a translation of a Tolstojan Romance in *The Cornhill Magazine*, are capital. In the same number, "Farmhouse Notes" are to The Baron like the Rule of Three in the ancient rhyme to the youthful student,—"it puzzles me." It includes a few anecdotes of some Farm'ous Persons; so perhaps the title is a crypto-punnygraph.

All Etonians should possess *The English Illustrated Magazine* (MACMILLAN'S), 1889-90, for the sake of the series of papers and the pictures of Eton College. There is also an interesting paper on the Beefsteak Room at the Lyceum by FREDERICK HAWKINS. Delightful Beefsteak Room! What pleasant little suppers— But no matter—my supper time is past—"Too late, too late, you cannot enter here," ought to be the warning inscribed over every Club or other supper-room, addressed chiefly to those who are of the Middle Ages, as is the mediæval

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

FASHIONS IN PHYSIC.

[The President of the British Pharmaceutical Conference lately drew attention to the prevalence of fashion in medicine.]

A FASHION in physio, like fashions in frills:
The doctors at one time are mad upon pills;
And crystalline principles now have their day,
Where alkaloids once held an absolute sway.
The drugs of old times might be good, but it's a true,
We discard them in favour of those that are new.

The salts and the senna have vanished, we fear,
As the poet has said, like the snows of last year;
And where is the mixture in boyhood we quaff'd,
That was known by the ominous name of Black Draught?
While Gregory's Powder has gone, we are told,
To the limbo of drugs that are worn out and old.

New fads and new fancies are reigning supreme,
And calomel one day will be but a dream;
While folks have asserted a chemist might toil
Through his shelves, and find out he had no castor oil;
While as to Infusions, they've long taken wings,
And they'd think you quite mad for prescribing such things.

The fashion to-day is a tincture so strong,
That, if dosing yourself, you are sure to go wrong.
What men learnt in the past they say brings them no pelf,
And the well-tried old remedies rest on the shelf.
But the patient may haply exclaim, "Don't be rash,
Lest your new-fangled physio should settle my hash!"

"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR!"—Professor JOHN TYNDALL wrote to T. W. RUSSELL last week commencing:—"Here, in the Alps, at the height of more than 7,000 feet above the sea, have I read your letter to the *Times* on 'the War in Tipperary.' Prodigious! "7,000 feet" up in the air. "How's that for high?" as the Americans say. How misty his views must be in this cloudland—and that the Professor's writing should be above the heads of the people, goes without saying.

FEMALE ATHLETICISM.—If Ladies go in for "the gloves," not as formerly by the coward's blow on the lips of a sleeping victim—often uncommonly wide-awake—the noble art of self-defence can be taught under the head of "Millin-ery."



"CHANGE OF AIR—WANTED," by a party much broken up, a new tune to replace the "*Boulangier March*!" If the new tune cannot be found, we can at least suggest a change of title for the old one. So, instead of "*En revenant de la Revue*," let it be "*En révant à la Revue*." It should commence brilliantly, then intermediate variations, in which sharps and flats would play a considerable part, and, finally, after a chromatic scale, down not up, of accidentals, it should finish in the minor *rallentando diminuendo*, and end like the comic overture (whose we forget—HAYDN'S?), where all the performers sneak off, and the conductor is left alone in his glory.

THE British Fire Brigade representatives took with them a dog, to be presented to President CARNOT. Why only one dog? Two fire-dogs are to be found on the hearth of every old French Château. Why only half do it?



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Brown (whose prize St. Bernard has just snatched a fillet of Veal from a Butcher's slab). "Hi! COME AND TAKE YOUR CONFOUNDED MEAT AWAY FROM HIM! HE'S EATING THE SKEWERS!"

"DEATH AND HIS BROTHER SLEEP." *Queen Mab.*

[Major MARINDIN, in his Report to the Board of Trade on the railway collision at Eastleigh, attributes it to the engine-driver and stoker having "failed to keep a proper look-out." His opinion is, that both men were "asleep, or nearly so," owing to having been on duty for sixteen hours and a-half. "He expresses himself in very strong terms on the great danger to the public of working engine-drivers and firemen for too great a number of hours."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Who is in charge of the clattering train?
The axles creak, and the couplings strain.
Ten minutes behind at the Junction. Yes!
And we're twenty now to the bad—no less!
We must make it up on our flight to town.
Clatter and crash! That's the last train
down,
Flashing by with a steamy trail.
Pile on the fuel! We must not fail.
At every mile we a minute must gain!
Who is in charge of the clattering train?

Why, flesh and blood, as a matter of course!
You may talk of iron, and prate of force;
But, after all, and do what you can,
The best—and cheapest—machine is Man!
Wealth knows it well, and the hucksters feel
'Tis safer to trust them to sinew than steel.
With a bit of brain, and a conscience, behind,
Muscle works better than steam or wind.
Better, and longer, and harder all round;
And cheap, so cheap! Men superabound
Men stalwart, vigilant, patient, bold; [cold,
The stovehole's heat and the crow's-nest's
The choking dusk of the noisome mine,
The northern blast o'er the beating brine,

With dogged valour they coolly brave;
So on rattling rail, or on wind-scourged wave,
At engine lever, at furnace front,
Or steersman's wheel, *they must bear the brunt*

*Of lonely vigil or lengthened strain.
Man is in charge of the thundering train!*

Man, in the shape of a modest chap
In fustian trousers and greasy cap;
A trifle stolid, and something gruff,
Yet, though unpolished, of sturdy stuff.
With grave grey eyes, and a knitted brow,
The glare of sun, and the gleam of snow
Those eyes have stared on this many a year.
The crow's-feet gather in mazes queer
About their corners most apt to choke
With grime of fuel and fume of smoke.
Little to tickle the artist taste—
An oil-can, a fist-full of "cotton waste,"
The lever's click and the furnace gleam,
And the mingled odour of oil and steam;
These are the matters that fill the brain
Of the Man in charge of the clattering train.

Only a Man, but away at his back,
In a dozen cars, on the steely track,
A hundred passengers place their trust
In this fellow of fustian, grease, and dust.
They cheerily chat, or they calmly sleep,
Sure that the driver *his* watch will keep
On the night-dark track, that he will not fail.
So the thud, thud, thud of wheel upon rail
The hiss of steam-spirts athwart the dark,
Lull them to confident drowsiness. Hark!

What is that sound? 'Tis the stertorous
breath
Of a slumbering man,—and it smacks of
death!

Full sixteen hours of continuous toil
Midst the fume of sulphur, the reek of oil,
Have told their tale on the man's tired brain,
And Death is in charge of the clattering
train!

Sleep—Death's brother, as poets deem,
Stealth soft to his side; a dream
Of home and rest on his spirit creeps,
That wearied man, as the engine leaps,
Throbbing, swaying along the line;
Those poppy-fingers his head incline
Lower, lower, in slumber's trance;
The shadows fleet, and the gas-gleams dance
Faster, faster in mazy flight,
As the engine flashes across the night.
Mortal muscle and human nerve
Cheap to purchase, and stout to serve.
Strained too fiercely will faint and *sae ve*.
Over-weighted, and underpaid,
This human tool of exploiting Trade,
Though tougher than leather, tenser than
steel.

Falls at last, for his senses reel, [eyes,
His nerves collapse, and, with sleep-sealed
Prone and helpless a log he lies!
A hundred hearts beat placidly on,
Unwitting they that their warder's gone;
A hundred lips are babbling blithe,
Some seconds hence they in pain may writhe.
For the pace is hot, and the points are near,
And Sleep hath deadened the driver's ear;
And signals flash through the night in vain.
Death is in charge of the clattering train!

"WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS." (*Paterfamilias's answer.*)—Give them away! (Matrimonially, of course.)



“DEATH AND HIS BROTHER SLEEP.”

SHELLEY.

(See Major Marindin's Report to the Board of Trade on the Railway Collision near Eastleigh.)



THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE



THE CAUSE AND THE EFFECT.

Mr. — moved, "That this Mass-meeting pledges itself to support the efforts of Messrs. — & Co.'s men, by joining the Union, and further pledges itself to take all legal efforts to prevent anyone obtaining a job there so long as the dispute lasts." The resolution was carried by acclamation.

Coroner. How is it the child's father cannot get work?
 Witness. Because he has no Union card.
 Coroner. Then if men do not belong to the different Trades Unions they must starve.
Coroner's Inquest Report.

ALL VERY VINE!

(With acknowledgments to the White Knight in "Through the Looking-Glass.")

["One of the most interesting exhibits (at the Royal Horticultural Society's Grape and Dahlia Show at Chiswick) were clusters of grapes with the scent and taste of strawberries and raspberries, as grown in Transatlantic hothouses."—Daily Paper.]

I'LL tell thee everything I can;
 There's little to relate:
 I met a simple citizen
 Of some "United State."
 "Who are you, simple man?" I said,
 "And how is it you live?"
 And his answer seemed quite 'cute from one
 So shy and sensitive.
 He said, "I make electric cats
 That prowl upon the leads,
 To prey upon the brutes who raise
 Mad music o'er our heads.
 I also make all sorts of things
 Which much convenience give;
 In fact, I'm an inventor spy,
 And that is how I live.
 "And I am thinking of a plan
 For artificial hens,
 And automatic dairy-maids,
 And self-propelling pens."
 "Such things are stale," I made reply,
 "They're old, and flat, and thin.
 Tell me the last thing in your pate,
 Or I will cave it in!"
 His accents mild took up the tale:
 He said, "I've tried to make
 A sirloin out of turnips, and
 A vegetable steak."
 I shook him well, from side to side,
 To stimulate his brain;
 "You've got some newer dodge," I cried,
 "And that you must explain."
 He said, "I always willingly
 Do anything to please.

What do you say to growing grapes
 That taste like strawber-ees!
 They're showing off at Chiswick now,
 As I a sinner am,
 Some big black Hamburgs which, when
 pressed,
 Taste just like raspberry jam."
 So now whene'er I drink a glass
 Of wine that seems like rum,
 Or peel myself an orange that
 Reminds me of a plum,
 Or if I come across a peach
 With flavour like a bilberry,
 I weep, for it reminds me so
 Of Chiswick's Grape and Dahlia Show,
 And that 'cute man I used to know,
 Who could at will transform a sloe
 Into a thing with the aro-
 -ma of all fruits known here below,
 From apricot to mulberry.

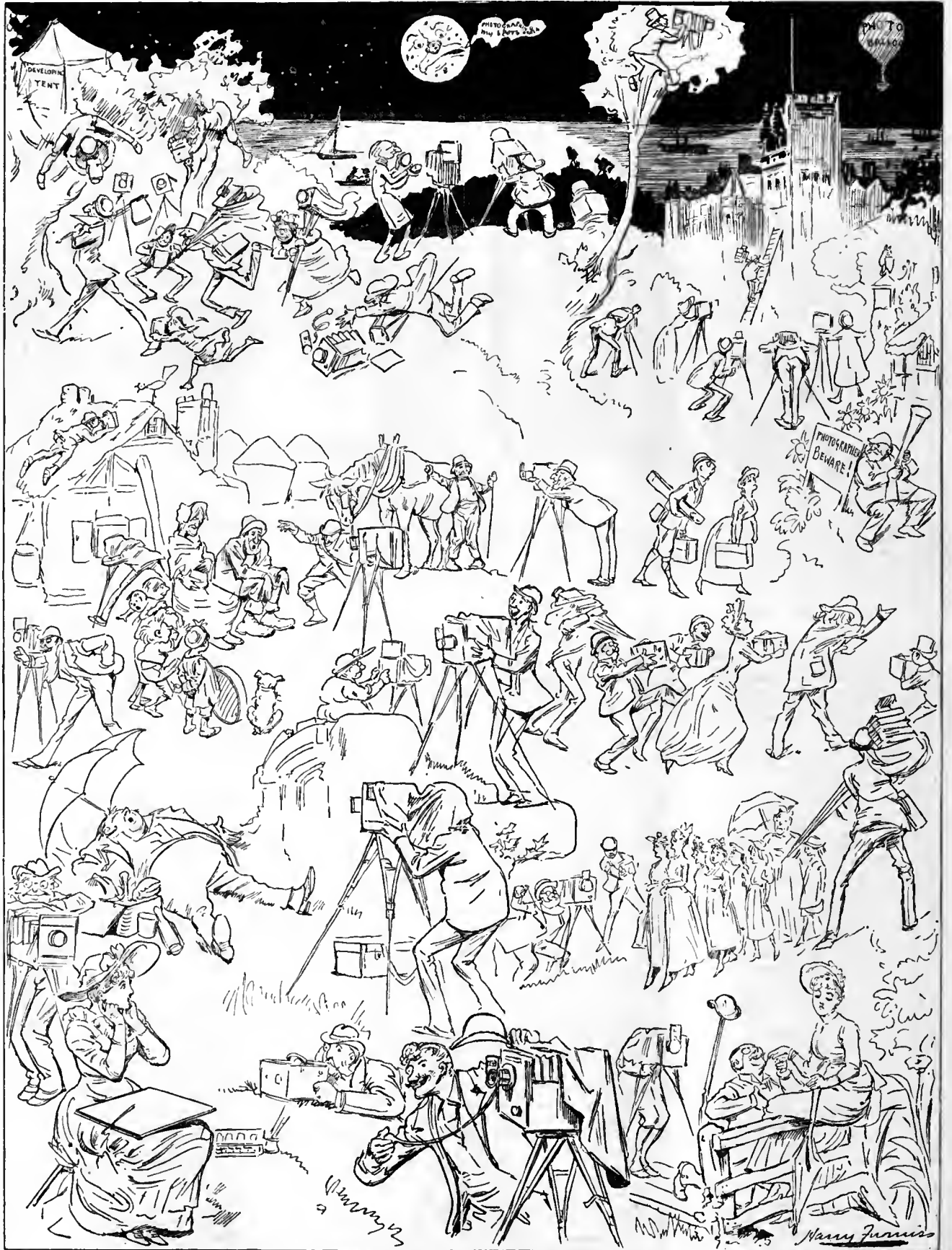
NATIVE GROWTH.

ACCORDING to a case about oysters—instead of a case, it ought to have been a barrel—heard before Mr. Alderman WILKIN,—and as the case may be still *sub-Aldermanice*, we have nothing to say as to its merits or demerits,—it appears, that in September, 1889, the price of Royal Whitstable Natives was 14s. per 100; i.e., 1s. 3d. for a baker's dozen of thirteen. Though why a baker should be allowed "a little one in," be it oysters or anything else, only Heaven and the erudite Editor of *Notes and Queries* know. But, without further allusion to the baker, who has just dropped in accidentally as he did into the conversation between Mrs. Bardell and Mrs. Cluppins, when Sam Weller joined in, and they all "got a talking," it is enough to make any oyster-lover's mouth water—no doubt the worthy Alderman's did water,—did water "like WILKIN!"—to hear that while everybody, including the worthy Alderman aforesaid, was

paying 2s. 6d., and 3s., and even 3s. 6d. for real Natives, some people were gratifying their molluscous tastes at the small charge of One Shilling and Threepence for thirteen, or were getting six oysters and a half—the half be demm'd—for sixpence. Long time is it since we paid 1s. 3d. for Real Royal Natives. They may have left Whitstable at that price, but they never came to our Wits' Table at anything like that figure. Still, to the truly Christian mind it is pleasant, if not consoling, to know that some of our fellow-creatures, not generally so well-favoured as ourselves, should have been able to take advantage of the most favoured Native clause in the Oyster Season of 1889.
 . . . By the way, in answer to a Correspondent, who signs himself "AN ARTFUL DREDGEA, WHO WISHES TO LIVE OUT OF TOWN," we beg to inform him that "Beds" is *not* a county specially celebrated for oysters.

BREAKING A RECORD ON A WHEEL!

BREAK, break, break!
 On thy "Safety" swift, oh, "crack!"
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 My thoughts on the cyclist's track.
 Oh, well for MCCRERY, the "bhoj,"
 That "records" for him won't stay;
 And well for OSMOND and WOOD
 That they break them every day.
 And the "Safeties" still improve,
 And their riders develop more skill;
 And it's oh! for the records of yesterday!
 To-morrow they'll all be nil!
 Break! break! break!
 On thy wheels, oh, S.B.C.!
 Bnt the grace of KEITH FALCONER, CORTIS,
 and KEEN,
 Will they ever come back to me?



THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PEST.

LOST HAIRS-AT-LAW.

"SEQUEL to a Breach of Promise Case" is the heading to a paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph*, recording how *Turner v. Avant* was heard before Mr. Commissioner KERR, who adjourned the case for three weeks, because, as Mr. AGABEG, the Counsel for the Plaintiff, observed, without agabegging the question, they couldn't get any information essential to the proceedings as to the whereabouts of the Miss HAIRS, who, after failing in her action against Sir GEORGE ELLIOTT, M.P., gave up minding her own business, which she sold, and retired to the Continent; and Plaintiffs also wanted to know the present address of a certain, or uncertain, Mr. HOLLAND, sometime Secretary to the Avant Company. Odd this. Not find Hairs in September! Cry "*En Avant!*" and let loose the harriers!—a suggestion that might have been appropriately made by the Commissioner whose name alone, with respect be it said, should qualify him for the Chief Magistracy in the Isle of Dogs. In the meantime the Plaintiffs have three weeks' adjournment in order to search the maps and find HOLLAND.

TITLED MONTHS.—In the list given by the *Figaro* of those present at Cardinal LAVIGERIE's great anti-slavery function at Saint Sulpice was "*un ancien ministre plénipotentiaire le Baron d'Avril.*" What a set of new titles this suggests for any creation of new Peers in England! Duke of DECEMBER! Earl of FEBRUARY! Of course, the nearest title to Baron D'AVRIL with us is the Earl of MARCH. The Marquis of MAY sounds nice; Lord AUGUST, Baron JULY; and, should a certain eminent ecclesiastical lawyer ever become a Law Lord, there will be yet another British cousin to Baron D'AVRIL and the Earl of MARCH in—Lord JEUNE.

NO MORE LAW OFFICERS!—"An Automatic Recorder on the Forth Bridge" was a heading to a paragraph in the *St. James's* last Saturday. The announcement must have startled Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS, Q.C. Heavens! If there is one Automatic Recorder in the North, why not another in the South? Automatic Recorders would be followed by Automatic Common Serjeants, and—Isn't it too awful!



RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

The Herr Professor. "ACH—BEST MISS ROSV, WILL YOU KINDLY TURN ME OVER!"

LOOKING FORWARD.

(Extract from "*The Daily Prize-fighter*," September 24, 1900.)

YESTERDAY morning LOO BOBBETT and BEN MOUSETRAP had an interview with Mr. PHEASANT, the Magistrate presiding in the North-West London Police Court. The approaches to the Court were crowded from an early hour. Amongst those in the street we noticed BILLY BLOWPROTH, and SAM SNEEZER, the well-known pot-boys from "The Glova and Wadding" and "The Tap o'Claret" Hotels, SHINY MOSES, AARON ISAACS, and SANDY the Sossidge (so-called by his friends on account of his appearance), the celebrated bankers from the West-end of Whitechapel, and a large gathering of the *élite* of the Lambeth Road. Inside the Court the company was, if possible, even more select. Mr. TITAN CHAPEL, the proprietor of the Featherbed Club, was the first to arrive in his private brougham, and he was followed at short intervals by the Earl of ARRIEMORE, Lord TRIMI GLOVESON, Mr. TOOWITH YEW, Mr. BRANDIC OHLD, Mr. SPLITTS ODER, Mr. GINCOCK TALE, and Mr. ANGUS TEWREER, with a heap more of the best known patrons of sport in the Metropolis. Little time was cut to waste in the preliminaries, and it was generally acknowledged at the end of the day that no prettier set-to had been witnessed for a long time than that which took place at the North-West London Police Court. We append below some of the more salient portions of the evidence.

Inspector Chizzlem. I produce a pair of gloves ordinarily used at London boxing matches. [Produces them from his waistcoat pocket.

Mr. Pheasant (the Magistrate). Pardon me. I don't quite understand. Were the gloves that you produce to be used at this particular competition?

Inspector Chizzlem. No, your Worship. These are one ounce gloves. The gloves with which these men were to fight are known as "feather-weight" gloves.

Mr. Pheasant. Ah, I see. Feather-weight, not feather-bed, I presume. (Loud Laughter, in which both the accused joined.) Have you the actual gloves with you?

Mr. Titan Chapel (from the Solicitor's table). I have brought them, Sir. Here—dear me, what can I have done with them? I thought I had them somewhere about me. (Pats his various pockets. A thought strikes him. He pulls out his watch.) Ah, of course, how foolish of me! I generally carry them in my watch-case.

[Opens watch, produces them, and hands them up to Magistrate.

Mr. Pheasant. Dear me!—so these are gloves. I know I am inexperienced in these matters, but they look to me rather like elastic bands. (Roars of laughter. Mr. PHEASANT tries them on.) However, they seem to fit very nicely. Yes, who is the next witness?

The Earl of Arriemore (entering the witness-box). I am, my noble sportsman.

Mr. Pheasant. Who are you?

The Earl of Arriemore. ARRIEMORE's my name, yer Washup, wick I'm a bloomin' Lord.

Mr. Pheasant. Of course—of course. Now tell me, have you ever boxed at all yourself?

The Earl of Arriemore. Never, thwulp me, never! But I like to set the lads on to do a bit of millin' for me.

Mr. Pheasant. Quite so. Very right and proper. What do you say to the gloves produced by the inspector?

The Earl of Arriemore. Call them gloves? Why, I calla 'em woolsacks, that's what I calla 'em. [Much laughter.

Mr. Pheasant. No doubt, that would be so. But now with regard to these other gloves, do you say they would be calculated to deaden the force of a blow; in fact, to prevent such a contest from degenerating into a merely brutal exhibition, and to make it, as I understand it ought to be, a contest of pure skill?

The Earl of Arriemore. That's just it. Why, two babbies might box with them gloves and do themselves no harm. And, as to skill, why it wants a lot of skill to hit with 'em at all.

[Winks at Lord TRIMI GLOVESON, who winks back.

Mr. Pheasant. Really? That is very interesting, very interesting indeed! I think perhaps the best plan will be for the two principals to accompany me into my private room, to give a practical exemplification of the manner in which such a contest is generally conducted. (At this point the learned Magistrate retired from the Bench, and was followed into his private room by LOO BOBBETT, BEN MOUSETRAP, and their Seconds. After an hour's interval, Mr. PHEASANT returned to the Bench alone.) I will give my decision at once. The prize must be handed over to Mr. MOUSETRAP. That last cross-counter of his fairly settled Mr. BOBBETT. I held the watch myself, and I know that he lay on the ground stunned for a full minute. (To the Usher.) Send the Divisional Surgeon into my room at once, and fetch an ambulance. The Court will now adjourn.

[Loud applause, which was instantly suppressed.

Mr. Pheasant (sternly). This Court is not a Prize-Ring.

“A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE” AT THE AVENUE.

FIRST of all, the title of the piece is against it. *The Struggle for Life* suggests to the general British Public, unacquainted with the name of DAUDER, a melodrama of the type of *Drink*, in which a variety of characters should be engaged in the great struggle for existence. It is suggestive of strikes, the great struggle between Labour and Capital, between class and class, between principal and interest, between those with moral principles and those without them. It is suggestive of the very climax of melodramatic sensation,



Alexander the Less and the preux Chevalier.

and, being suggestive of all this to the majority, the majority will be disappointed when it doesn't get all that this very responsible title has led them to expect. Those who know the French novel will be dissatisfied with the English adaptation of it, filtered, as it has been, through a French dramatic version of the story. So much for the title. For the play itself, as given by Messrs. BUCHANAN and HORN-ER,—the latter of whom, true to ancestral tradition, will have his finger in the pie,—it is but an ordinary drama,

strongly reminding a public which knows its DICKENS of the story of *Little Em'ly*, with *Vaillant for Old Peggotty*, *Lydie for Little Em'ly*, *Antonin Caussade for Ham*, and *Paul Astier for Steerforth*. Perhaps it would be carrying the resemblance too far to see in *Rosa Dartle*, with her scorn for “that sort of creature,” the germ of *Esther de Sélény*. Mix this with a situation from *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, spoilt in the mixing, and there's the drama.

For the acting—it is admirable. Miss GENEVIEVE WARD is superb as *Madame Paul Astier*, and it is not her fault, but the misfortune of the part, that the wife of *Paul* is a woman old enough to be his mother, with whose sufferings,—she, with her eyes wide open, having married a man of whose worthlessness she was aware,—it is impossible to feel very much sympathy. She is old enough to have known better. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S performance of the scoundrel *Paul* leaves little to be desired, but he must struggle for dear life against his—of course, unconscious—imitation of HENRY IRVING. Shut your eyes to the facts, occasionally, especially in the death-scene, and it is the voice of IRVING; open them, and it is ALEXANDER agonising. No one can care for the fine lady, stately impersonated by Miss ALMA STANLEY, who yields as easily to *Paul's* seductive wooing as does *Lady Anne* to *Richard the Third*. After Miss WARD and Mr. ALEXANDER, the best performance is that of Miss GRAVES as *Little Em'ly Lydie*, and of Mr. FREDERICK KERR as *Antonin Ham Caussade*,—the last-named enlisting the genuine sympathy of the audience for a character which, in less able hands, might have bordered on the grotesque. The comic parts have simply been made bores by the adapters, and are not suited to the farcical couple, Miss KATE PHILLIPS and Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, who are cast for them. If this play is to struggle successfully for life, the weakest, that is, the comic element, should at once go to the wall, and the fittest alone, that is, the tragic, should survive. Also, as the play begins at the convenient hour of 8:45, it should end punctually at eleven. The only realistic scene is in *Paul Astier's* room, when he is dressing for dinner, and washes his hands with real soap, uses real towels, and puts real studs and links into his shirt, and then suddenly reminded, as it were, by a titter which pervades the house, that there are “ladies present,” he disappears for a few seconds, and returns in his evening-dress trowers and nice clean shirt, looking, except for the absence of braces, like a



The Avenger.

certain well-known haberdasher's pictorial advertisement. It is vastly to the credit of the management that all the articles of *Paul's* toilet, including Soap (!), are not turned to pecuniary advantage in the advertisements on the programmes. But isn't it a chance lost in *The Struggle for Life* at the Avenue?

CITY VESTRIES AND CITY BENEFACTIONS.

I HAVE lately had the distinguished honour conferred upon me of being unanimously elected a Vestryman of the important Parish of Saint Michael-Shear-the-Hog, which I need hardly say is situate in the ancient and renowned City of London. I owe my election I believe, to the undoubted fact that I am what is called—I scarcely know why—a tooth-and-nail Conservative, no one of anything approaching to Radicalism being ever allowed to enter within the sacred precincts of our very select Body. Our number is small, but, I am informed, we represent the very pick of the Parish, and we have confided to us the somewhat desperate task of defending the funds entrusted to us, centuries ago, from the fierce attack of Commissioners with almost unlimited powers, but with little or no sympathy with the sacred wishes of deceased Parishioners.

Our contention is that wherever, from circumstances that our pious ancestors could not have foreseen, it has become simply impossible to carry out literally their instructions, the funds should be applied to strictly analogous purposes. For instance, now in a neighbouring Parish, I am not quite sure whether it is St. Margaret Moses, or St. Peter the Queer, a considerable sum was bequeathed by a pious parishioner in the reign of Queen MARY, of blessed memory, the income from which was to be applied to the purchasing of faggots for the burning of heretics, which it was probably considered would be a considerable saving to the funds of the Parish in question. At the present time, as we all know, although there are doubtless plenty of heretics, it has ceased to be the custom to burn them, so the bequest cannot be applied in accordance with the wishes of the pious founder. The important question therefore arises, how should the bequest be applied? Would it be believed that men are to be found, and men having authority, more's the pity, who can recommend its application to the education of the poor, to the providing of convalescent hospitals, or even the preservation of open spaces for the healthful enjoyment of the masses of the Metropolis! Yet such is the sad fact. My Vestry, I am proud to say, are unanimously of opinion that, in such a case as I have described, common sense and common justice would dictate that, as the intentions of the pious founder cannot be applied to the punishment of vice, it should be devoted to the reward of virtue, and this would be best accomplished by expending the fund in question in an annual banquet to those Vestrymen who attended the most assiduously to the arduous duties of their important office.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

ANOTHER TERC-ISH ATROCITY.

(By a Sceptical Sufferer.)

[An Austrian physician, Dr. TERC, prescribes bee-stings as a cure for rheumatism.]

How doth the little Busy Bee	As well try wasps to make one
Insert his poisoned stings,	well.
And kill the keen rheumatic	That TERC must be a quiz.
pain	
That mortal muscle wrings!	Rather would I rheumatics bear
	Than try the Busy Bee.
Great Scott! It sounds so like a	No, Anstrian TERC, your cure
sell!	may work!
Bee-stings for rheumatiz?	But won't be tried on me!

“IL IRA LOIN.”—Great day for England in general, and for London in particular, when AUGUSTUS GLOSSOP HARRIS,—the “Gloss-op”—portunately appears, nothing without the gloss up-on him,—popularly known by the title of AUGUSTUS DRUBIOLANUS, rode to the Embankment with his trumpeters,—it being *infra dig.* to be seen blowing one himself,—with his beautiful banners, and his footmen all in State liveries designed by LEWIS LE GRAND WINGFIELD, he himself (DRUBIOLANUS, not LEWIS LE GRAND) being seated in his gorgeous new carriage; Sheriff FARMER, too, equally gorgeous, and equally new, but neither so grand nor so great as DRUBIOLANUS The Magnificent. Then followed “the quaint ceremony of admission.” Not “Free Admission,” by any means, for no man can be a Sheriff of London for nothing. There were loud cheers, and a big Lunch. *Ave Caesar!*



MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XX.—THE DIVORCÉE.

THE Court over which Sir JAMES HANNEN presides was instituted for the purification of morals by the separation of ill-assorted couples. Matrimonial errors, which had hitherto stood upon the level of political grievances, capable of redress only after the careful and unbiassed attention of British legislators had been, at much expense both of time and money, devoted to them, were henceforth to form the subject of a special procedure in a division of the Courts of Law created for the purpose, and honestly calculated to bring separation and divorce within the reach even of the most modest incomes. The tyrant man, as usual, favoured himself by the rules he laid down for the playing of the game. For whereas infidelity on the part of the wife is held to be, in itself, a sufficient cause for pronouncing a decree in favour of the husband, a kind, though constantly unfaithful husband, is protected from divorce, and only punished by separation from the wife he has wronged. It is necessary for a man to add either cruelty or desertion to his other offence, in order that his wife may obtain from the laws of her country the opportunity of marrying someone else. But the wit of woman has proved equal to the emergency. Nowhere, it may be safely stated, have more tales of purely imaginative atrocity been listened to with greater attention, or with more favourable results, than in the Divorce Court. On an incautious handshake a sprained wrist and an arm bruised into all the colours of the rainbow have been not infrequently grafted. A British imprecation, and a banged door, have often become floods of invective and a knock-down blow; and a molehill of a pinch has, under favourable cultivation, been developed into a mountain of ill-treatment, on the top of which a victorious wife has in the end, triumphantly planted the banner of freedom.

Hence the Divorce Court, after some years of suspicion, has gradually come to be looked upon as one of the sacred institutions of the country. And, speaking generally, those who make use of its facilities, however much certain of the more strait-laced may frown, are considered by society at large to have done a thing which is surprisingly right and often enviable. The result at any rate is that the number of the divorced increases year by year, and that a lady whose failings have been established against her by a judicial decree, may be quite sure of a band of ardent sympathisers of both sexes, amongst whom she can hold her head as high as her inclination prompts her without exciting a larger number of spiteful comments than are allotted to her immaculate and undecreeded sisters. She may not have been able to abide the question of the Counsel who cross-examined her, but she is certainly free, even in a wider sense than before. She may not, perhaps, stand on so lofty a social pinnacle as the merely-separated lady whose husband still lives, and to whose male friends the fact that she is practically husbandless, and at the same time disabled from marriage, gives a delightful sense both of zest and security. On the other hand, the separated lady must be to a certain extent circumspect, lest she should place a weapon for further punishment in the hands of her husband. But to the Divorcée all things apparently, are permitted.

When she left the Court in which, to use her own words, "all her budding hopes had been crushed by the triumph of injustice," the beautiful Divorcée (for in order to be truly typical the Divorcée is necessarily beautiful) might have proceeded immediately to plant them afresh in the old soil. The various gentlemen who had sustained their reputation as men of honour by tampering on her behalf and on their own, with the strict letter of the truth, naturally felt that the boldness of their denials entitled them to her lasting regard, and showed themselves ready to aid her with their counsel. But, though she never ceased to protest her innocence of all that had been laid to her charge and proved against her, she was sufficiently sensible to give them to understand that for a time, at least, her path in the world would be easier if they ceased to accompany her. They accepted the sentence of banishment with a good grace, knowing perfectly well that it was not for long. The Divorcée then withdrew from the flaming placards of the daily papers, on which she had figured during the past week, and betook herself to the seclusion of her bijou residence in the heart of

the most fashionable quarter. Here she pondered for a short time upon the doubtful unkindness of fate which had deprived her of a husband whom she despised, and of a home which his presence had made insupportable. But she soon roused herself to face her new lack of responsibility, and to enjoy it. At first she moved cautiously. There were numerous sympathisers who urged her to defy the world, such as it is, and to show herself everywhere entirely careless of what people might say. Such conduct might possibly have been successful, but the Divorcée foresaw a possible risk to her reputation, and abstained. She began, therefore, by making her public appearances infrequent. In company with the devoted widow, whose evidence had almost saved her from an adverse verdict, she arranged placid tea-parties at which the casual observer might have imagined that the rules of social decorum were more strictly enforced than in the household of an archbishop. Inquiry, however, might have revealed the fact that a large proportion of the ladies present at these gatherings had either shaken off the matrimonial shackles, or proposed to do so, whether as plaintiffs or as defendants, whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself. The men, too, who were, after a time, admitted to these staid feasts, were not altogether archiepiscopal, though they behaved as they were dressed, quite irreproachably. To counter-balance them to some extent, the Divorcée determined to secure the presence and the countenance of a clergyman.



After some search, she discovered one who was enthusiastic, deficient in worldly knowledge, and susceptible. To him she related her own private version of her wrongs, which she seasoned with quite a pretty flow of tears. The amiable cleric yielded without a struggle, and readily placed at her service the protection of his white tie. Thus strengthened, she moved forward a little further. She revisited theatres; she was heard of at Clubs; she shone again at dinner-parties, and in a year or so had organised for herself a social circle which entirely satisfied her desires. Sometimes she even allowed herself to dabble in good works. She was accused of having written a religious poem for a serious Magazine; but all that was ever proved against her was, that a remarkable series of articles on *The Homes of the Poor* bore traces of a style that was said to be hers. Evil tongues still whispered in corners, and cynics were heard to scoff occasionally; but the larger world, which abhors cynics, and only believes what is good, began to smile upon her. She did not appear to value its smiles,—but they were useful. Whenever London tired her, she flitted to Paris, or to the Riviera, or even to Egypt or Algiers. She subscribed to charities, and acted in Amateur Theatricals. Finally, she married a gentleman who was believed by his friends to be a poet, and who certainly qualified for the title by the romance he had woven about her. With him she lived for many years a poetic and untrammelled existence, and, when she died, many dowagers sent wreaths as tokens of their sorrow at the loss of an admirable woman.

VERSES FOR A VIOLINIST.

"The violin has now fairly taken its place as an instrument for girls."
Daily News.

In old days of Art the painter much applause would surely win,
When he showed us Saint Cecilia playing on the violin.

I've no skill of brush and palette like those unforgotten men;
My Cecilia must content herself with an unworthy pen.

Fairy fingers flash before me as the bow sweeps o'er each string;
Like the organ's *vox humana*, Hark! the instrument can sing.

That *sonata* of TARTINI's in my ears will linger long;
It might be some *prima donna* scaling all the heights of song.

Every string a different language speaks beneath her skilful sway.
Does the shade of PAGANINI hover over her to-day?

All can feel the passion throbbing through the music fraught with
pain:

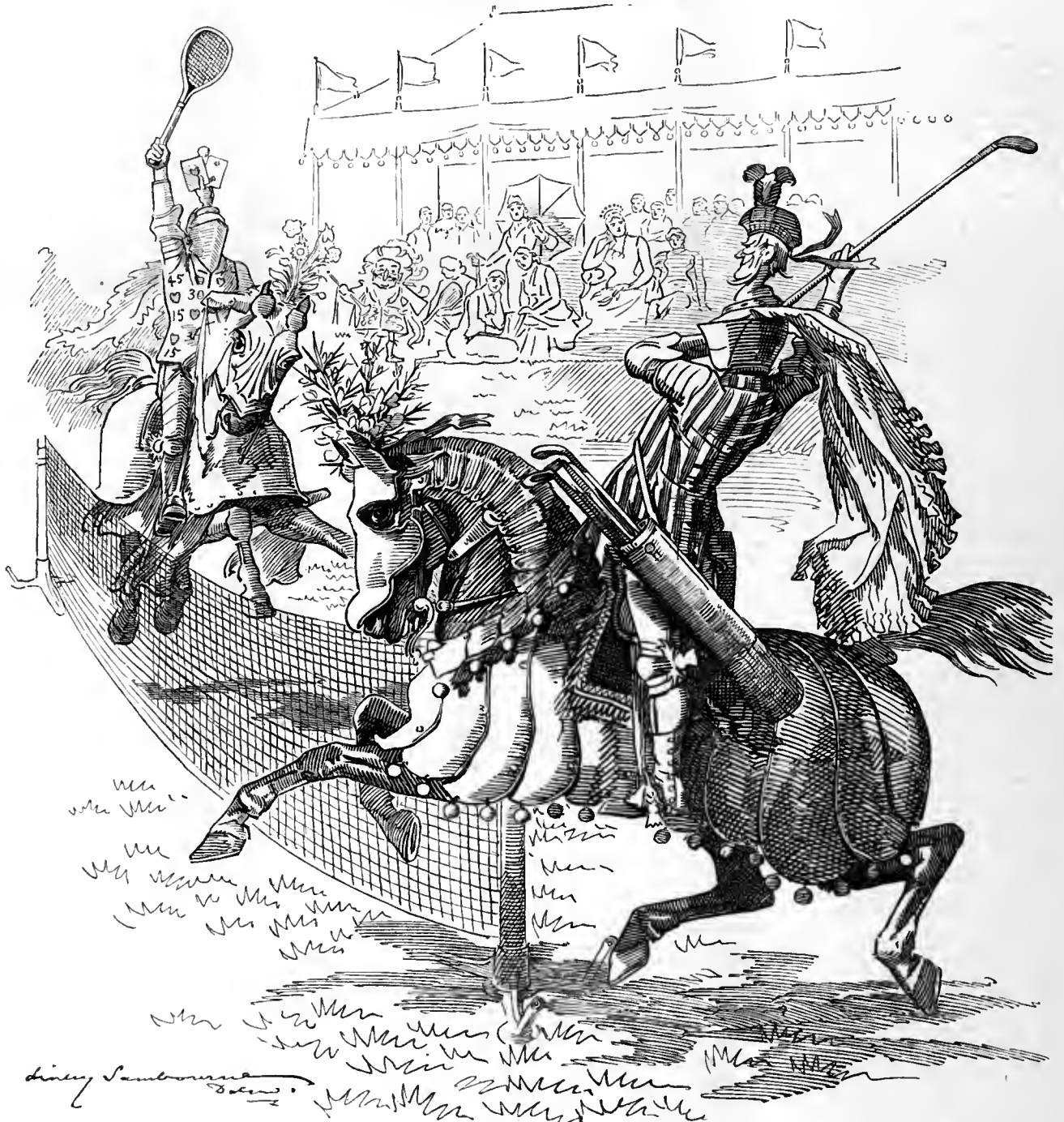
Then, with feminine mutation, comes a soft and tender strain.

Gracious curve of neck, and fiddle tucked 'neath that entrancing
chin—

Fain with you would I change places, O thrice happy violin!

THE TOURNEY.

["Golf is superseding Lawn-Tennis."—Daily Paper.]



THE Champions are mounted, a wonderful pair,
 And the boldest who sees them must e'en hold his breath.
 Their breastplates and greaves glitter bright in the air;
 They have sworn ere they met they would fight to the death.
 And the heart of the Queen of the Tournament sinks
 At the sight of Sir GOLF, the Red Knight of the Links.

But her Champion, Sir TENNIS, the Knight of the Lawn,
 At the throne of the lady who loves him bows low:
 He fears not the fight, for his racket is drawn,
 And he spurs his great steed as he charges the foe.
 And the sound of his war-cry is heard in the din,
 "Fifteen, thirty, forty, deuce, vantage, I win!"

But the Red Knight, Sir GOLF, smiles a smile that is grim,
 And a flush as of triumph has mantled his cheek;
 And he shouts, "I would scorn to be vanquished by him,
 With my driver, my iron, my niblick and cleek.
 Now, TENNIS, I have thee; I charge from the Tee,
 To the dence with thy racket, thy scoring, and thee!"

And the ladies all cry, "Oh, Sir TENNIS, our own,
 Drive him back whenoe he came to his bunkers and gorse."
 And the men shake their heads, for Sir TENNIS seems blown,
 There are cracks in his armour, and wounds on his horse.
 But the Umpire, Sir PUNCH, as he watches says, "Pooh!
 Let them fight and be friends; there is room for the two."

A LAMB-LIKE GAMBOL.

SOME little time ago we noticed with great satisfaction, that the Committee of the Sunday School Union had advertised in the *Athenaeum* for the "best Tale on Gambling," for which they were anxious to pay One Hundred Pounds sterling. The principal "condition" that the C. S. S. U. attached to their competition was that "the tale must be drawn as far as possible from actual life, and must vividly depict the evils of gambling, setting forth its ruinous effects sociably and morally on the young people of our land." Perhaps the following short story may serve as a model to the candidates. This romance must be considered "outside the competition." Here it is.

PLEASANT POVERTY BETTER THAN WICKED WEALTH!

PETER was a good boy. He went to Sunday school regularly, and always took off his hat to his superiors—he so objected to gambling that he never called them "betters." One day PETER found a sovereign, and fearing, lest it might be a gilded jubilee shilling, decided to spend it upon himself, rather than run the risk of possibly causing the Police to put it in circulation, under the impression that it was a coin of the higher value. He spent ten shillings on a ticket to Boulogne-sur-Mer, and with the remaining half-sovereign played at *Chemin de Fer* at the Casino. And, alas! this was his first straying from the path of virtue. Unfortunately he was most unlucky (from a moral point of view) in his venture, leaving the tables with a sum exceeding forty pounds. Feeling reluctant that money so ill-gained should remain for very long in his possession, he spent a large slice of it in securing a ticket for Monte Carlo.

Arrived at this dreadful place he backed Zero fifteen times running, was unhappy enough to break the bank, and retired to rest with over ten thousand pounds. He now decided, that he had best return to England, where he felt sure he would be safe from further temptation.

When he was once more in London, he could not make up his mind whether he should contribute his greatly scored fortune to the Committee of the Sunday School Union, or plank his last dollar on a rank outsider for a place in the Derby. From a feeling of delicacy, he adopted the latter course, and was indescribably shocked to pull off his fancy at Epsom. Thinking that the Committee of the same useful body would refuse to receive money obtained under such painful circumstances, he plunged deeply on the Stock Exchange, and again added considerably to his much-hated store. It was at this period in his history that he married, and then the punishment he had so justly merited overtook him. His wife was a pushing young woman, whose great delight was to see her name in the Society papers. This pleasure she managed to secure by taking a large house, and giving costly entertainments to all sorts and conditions of individuals. Poor PETER soon found this mode of life intolerably wearisome. He now never knew an hour's peace, until one day he determined to run away from home, leaving in the hands of his wife all that he possessed. His absence made no perceptible difference in Mrs. PETER's *ménage*. It was generally supposed that he was living abroad. However, on one winter night there was a large gathering at his wife's house, and, it being very cold, the guests eagerly availed themselves of the services of the linkman, who had told himself off to fetch their carriages.

And, when everyone was gone, the poor linkman asked the mistress of the house for some broken victuals.

"Good gracions!" exclaimed that Lady, "if it isn't my husband! What do you mean, PETER, by so disgracing me?"

"Disgrace you!—not I!" returned PETER. "No one recognises me. Of all the guests that throng my house, and eat my suppers, I don't believe there is a solitary individual who knows me by sight."

And PETER was right. Ah, how much better would it have been had PETER remained at school, and not found that sovereign! Had he remained at school, he would some day have acquired a mass of information that would have been of immense assistance to him when his father died, and he succeeded to the paternal broom, and the right of sweep over the family street-crossing!



TOO MUCH GENIUS.

Poet. "OH—A—I ALWAYS WRITE MY POEMS RIGHT OFF, WITHOUT ANY CORRECTIONS, YOU KNOW, AND SEND THEM STRAIGHT TO THE PRINTER. I NEVER LOOK AT 'EM A SECOND TIME."

Critic. "NO MORE DO YOUR READERS, MY BOY!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OSTRICH "FARMING."—We are afraid we cannot give you any sound or useful information to assist you in your project of keeping an ostrich-farm in a retired street in Bayswater; but that you should have already received a consignment of fifty "fine, full-grown birds," and managed, with the aid of five railway porters, and all the local police available, to get them from the van in which they arrived up two flights of stairs, and locate them temporarily in your back drawing-room, augurs at least for a good start to your undertaking. That three should have escaped, and, after severely kicking the Vicar, who happened to be dining with you, terrified the whole neighbourhood, and effected an entrance into an adjacent public-house, where they appear to have done a good deal of damage to the glass and crockery, upsetting a ten-gallon cask of gin, and frightening the barmaid into a fit of hysterics, being only finally captured by the device of getting a coal-sack over their heads, was, after all, but a slight *contretemps*, and not one to be taken into account when measured against the grand fact that you have got *all your birds safely lodged for the night*. A little arnica, and a fortnight in bed, will, in all probability, set the Vicar all right. With regard to their food, we should advise you to continue the tinned lobster and muffins, which they seem to relish. You appear to be alarmed at their swallowing the tins. There is no occasion for any anxiety on this point, the tin, doubtless, serving as the proverbial "digestive" pebble with which all birds, we believe, accompany a hearty meal. We fear we cannot enlighten you as to how you make your profits out of an ostrich-farm; but, speaking at random, we should say they would probably arise by pulling the feathers out of the tails of the birds and selling them to Court Milliners. Your idea of trying them in harness in a Hansom seems to have something in it. Turn it over, by all means. Meantime, get a Shilling Handbook on the Management of the Ostrich. We think you will have to cover in your garden with a tarpaulin as you suggest. You cannot expect the fifty birds to stay for ever in your back drawing-room; and the fact that you mention, of their having already kicked down and eaten one folding-door, is significant. They will be escaping from your balcony all over the neighbourhood if you do not take care to secure them; and as they seem fresh, very aggressive, and strong in the leg, such a catastrophe might lead you into a good deal of unpleasantness. Take our advice, and get them downstairs, tight under a stout tarpaulin, as soon as possible.

HOW IT'S DONE.

A Handbook to Honesty.

No. I.—"I'M MONARCH OF ALL I SURVEY!"

SCENE—Interior of newly-erected building. Present, the Builder and a Surveyor, the former looking timidly foxy, the latter knowingly pompous, and floridly self-important: Builder, in dusty suit of dittoes, carries one hand in his breeches-pocket, where he chinks certain metallic substances—which may be coins or keys—nervously and intermittently. Surveyor, a burly mass of broadcloth and big watch-chain, carries an intimidating note-book, and a menacing pencil, making mems. in a staccato and stabbing fashion, which is singularly nerve-shaking.

Surveyor (speaking with his pencil in his mouth). Well, Mister—er—er—er—WOTSERNAME, I—er—think—'m, 'm, 'm—things seem to be pretty right as far's I can see; though of course—

Builder (hastily). Oh, I assure you I've taken the greatest pains to conform to—er—rules in—er—in every way; though if there should be any little thing that ketches your eye, why, you've only to—

Surveyor. Oh, of course, of course! We know all about that. You see I can only go by rule. What's right's right; what's



wrong's wrong; that's about the size of it. I've nothing to do with it, one way or another, except to see the law carried out.

Builder. Ex—ack—ly! However, if you've seen all you want to, we may as well step over to the "Crown and Thistle," and—

Surveyor (suddenly). By the way, I suppose this wall is properly underpinned?

Builder (nervously). Well—er—not exactly—but, 'er, 'er—well, the fact is I thought—

Surveyor (sternly). What you thought, Sir, doesn't affect the matter. The question is, what the Building Act says. The whole thing must come down!

Builder. But, I say, that'll run me into ten pounds, at least, and really the thing's as safe as—

Surveyor. Maybe, maybe—in fact, I don't say it isn't. But the Act says it's got to be done.

Builder. Well, well, if there's no help for it, I must do it, of course.

Surveyor (looking somehow disappointed). Very sorry, of course, but you see what must be must.

Builder (sally). Yes, yes, no doubt. Well (brightening), anyhow, we may as well step over to the "Crown and Thistle," and crack a bottle of champagne.

Surveyor (also brightening). Well, ours is a dusty job, and I don't care if I do.

[They do so. Surveyor drinks his full share of Heidsieck, and smokes a cigar of full size and flavour. He and Builder exchange reminiscences concerning past professional experiences, the "tricks of trade," diverse devices for "dodging the Act," &c., &c. Surveyor explains how stubborn builders ("not like you, you know"), who don't do the thing handsome, often suffer by having to run themselves to expenses that might have been avoided—and serve 'em right too! Also, how others, without a temper above "tips," and of a generally gentlemanly tone of mind, save themselves lots of little extras, which, maybe, the letter of the law would exact, but which a Surveyor of sense and good feeling can get over, "and no harm done, neither, to nobody." As the wine circulates, it is noticeable that good-fellowship grows almost boisterous, and facetiousness mellows into chuckling cynicism of the winking, wagging, "we all do it" sort.

Surveyor (tossing off last glass, and smacking his lips). Well, well, the best of friends must part, and I guess I must be toddling. Very

glad to have met you, I'm sure, and a better bit of building than yours yonder I haven't seen for some time. Seems a pity, hanged if it don't, that you should have to put yourself to such an additional outlay—ah, by the way, what did you say it would cost you?

Builder. Oh, about ten pounds, I suppose.

Surveyor (lighting another cigar). Humph! (Puff! puff!) Pity—pity! (Puff! puff!) Now look here, my boy—(confidentially)—suppose you and me just divide that tenner between us, five to you, and five to me; and, as to the "underpinning"—well, nobody'll be a bit the wiser, and the building won't be a halfpenny the worse, I'll bet my boots. Come, is it a bargain?

[After a little beating about the bush, the little "job" is arranged amicably, on the practical basis of "a fiver each, and mum's the word on both sides," thus evading the law, saving the Builder a few pounds, and supplementing the salary of the Surveyor. Utterior results, unsanitary or otherwise, do not come within the compass of this sketch.

STRANGER THAN FICTION!

(Postmarks—Leeds, Hull, and Elsewhere.)

MR. PUNCH was assisting at a Congress. The large room in which that Congress was being held was crowded, and consequently the heat was oppressive. The speeches, too, were not particularly interesting, and the Sage became drowsy. It was fortunate, therefore, that a fair maiden in a classical garb (who suddenly appeared seated beside him) should have addressed him. The interruption reassembled in their proper home his wandering senses.

"I fear, Mr. Punch," said the fair maiden, looking at herself in a small mirror which she was holding in her right hand, "that you are inclined to go to sleep."

"Well, I am," replied the Sage, with unaccountable bluntness; "truth to tell, these orations about nothing in particular, spouted by persons with an imperfect knowledge of, I should say, almost any subject, bore me."

"The information is unnecessary," observed the young lady, with a smile. "I share your feelings. But if you will be so kind as to pay a little attention to the speakers while they are under my influence, I think you will discover a new interest in their utterances."

"Are you an hypnotist, Madam?" asked Mr. Punch.

"Well, not exactly. But, when I have the chance, I can make people speak the Truth."

Then Mr. Punch listened, and was surprised at the strange things that next happened.

"I wish to be perfectly frank with you," said a gentleman on the platform; "I am here because I wish to see my name in the papers, and all the observations I have made up to date have been addressed to the reporters. I am glad I can control my thoughts, because I would not for worlds let you know the truth. It is my ambition to figure as a philanthropist, and on my word, I think this is the cheapest and most effective mode of carrying out my intention."

Then the gentleman resumed his seat with a smile that suggested that he was under the impression that he had just delivered himself of sentiments bound to extort universal admiration.

"That is not exactly my case," observed a second speaker, "because I do not care two pence for anything save the entertainments which are invariably associated with scientific research, or philanthropical inquiry. I pay my guinea, after considerable delay, and then expect to take out five times that amount in grudgingly bestowed, but competitionally provoked (if I may be pardoned the expression) hospitality. I attend a portion—a small portion—of a lecture, and then hurry off to the nearest free luncheon, or gratuitous dinner, in the neighbourhood. I should be a tax upon my friends if I dropped in at half-past one, or at a quarter to eight, punctually, and my motives would be too wisely interpreted to a desire on my part to reduce the sum total of my butcher's book. So I merely drop in upon a place where a Congress is being held, and make the most of my membership."

"These startling statements are decidedly unconventional," said Mr. Punch, turning towards his fair companion, "and that your influence should cause them to be made, astounds me. I trust you will not consider me indiscreet if I ask for—"

"My name and address," returned the fair maiden, smilingly, completing the sentence; "Learn, then, that I live at the bottom of a well, to which rather damp resting-place I am about to return; and that in England I am called Truth."

And as the lady disappeared, Mr. Punch fell from his chair, and awoke!

"Dear me, I have been dreaming!" exclaimed the Sage, as he left the meeting. "Well, as everyone knows, dreams are not in the least like reality! But the strangest thing of all was to find Truth in a Congress!"

And it was strange, indeed.

AT THE THEATRE!

The Lyceum again. The Haymarket once more.

"GREAT SCOTT!" we exclaim,—not Critical CLEMENT of that ilk, but Sir WALTER,—on again seeing *Ravenswood*. Since then an alteration in the *modus shootendi* has been made, and Edgar no longer takes a pot-shot at the bull from the window, but, ascertaining from Sir William Ashton Bishop that Ellen Lucy Terry is being Terryfied by an Irish bull which has got mixed up with the Scotch "herd without," Henry Edgar Irving rushes off, gun in hand; then the report of the gun is, like the Scotch oxen, also "heard without," and Henry reappears on the scene, having saved Ellen Lucy Ashton by reducing the fierce bull to potted beef.

"What shall he have who kills the bull?" "The Dear! the Dear!" meaning, of course, Ellen Lucy Ashton aforesaid. After this all goes well. Acting excellent all round—or nearly all round, the one exception being, however, the very much "all-round" representative of Lady Ashton, whose misfortune it is to have been selected for this particular part. Scenery lovely, and again and again must HAWES

McCraven be congratulated on the beautiful scene of The Mermaid's Well (never better, in fact), Act III. The love-making bit in this Act is charming, and the classic Sibyl, *Ailsie*, superb. Nothing in stage effect within our memory has equalled the pathos of the final tableau. It is most touching through its extreme simplicity.

The Haymarket has re-opened with the odd mixture of the excellent French *Abbé Constantin* and the weak, middle-headed, Tree-and-Grundy-ised "village Priest," known as the *Abbé Dubois*, or "Abbé Do Bore," as 'ARRY might call him. Changes are in contemplation, and may have been already announced. Whatever they may be, it is some consolation to learn that this Tree-and-Grundy-ised French *Abbé* is not likely to be a "perpetual Curate."



MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. II.—BURRA MURRA BOKO.

(By KIPPIERD HERRING, Author of "Soldiers' Tea," "Over the Darodees," "Handsome Heads on the Valets," "More Black than White," "Experimental Ditto," &c., &c.)

[NOTE.—The MS. of this story arrived from India by pneumatic despatch, a few puffs having been apparently sufficient. In a letter which was enclosed with it the author modestly apologises for its innumerable merits. "But," he adds, "I have several hundred of the same sort in stock, and can supply them at a moment's notice. Kindly send £1000 in Bank of England notes, by registered letter, to K. HERRING. No farther address will be required."]

POLLA dan anta cat anta. What will you have, Sahib? My heart is made fat, and my eyes run with the water of joy. *Kni vestog rind. Seis sorstog rind*, the Sahib is as a brother to the needy, and the afflicted at the sound of his voice become as a warming-pan in a *för postah*. Ahoo! Ahoo! I have lied unto the Sahib. *Mi ais an dilms*, I am a servant of sin. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!*

There came a sound in the night as of an elephant-herd trumpeting in anger, and my liver was dissolved, and the heart within me became as a *Putoph Buttah* under the noon-day sun. I made haste, for there was fear in the air, Sahib, and the *Pleez Mahn* that walketh by night was upon me. But, oh, Sahib, the cunning of the serpent was with me, and as he passed I tripped him up, and the raging river received him. Twice he rose, and the gleam of his eyes spake in vain for help. And at last there came a bubble where the man had been, and he was seen no more. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!*

That night I awoke unto her as she stood in the moonlight. "Oh, sister of an oil-jar, and daughter of pig-troughs, what is it thou hast done?" And she, laughing, spake naught in reply, but gave me the *Teheke Slahp* of her tribe, and her fingers fell upon my face, and my teeth rattled within my mouth. But I, for my blood was made hot within me, sped swiftly from her, making no halt, and the noise of fifty thousand devils was in my ears, and the rage of the *Smäk duns* burnt fierce within the breast of me, and my tongue was as a fresh fig that grows upon a southern wall. *Auggrh!* pass me the peg, for my mouth is dry. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra*

Boko! Then came the Yunkum Sahib, and the Bunkum Sahib, and they spake awhile together. But I, like unto a *Berrra-bit*, lay low, and my breath came softly, and they knew not that I watched them as they spake. And they joked much together, and told each to the other how that the wives of their friends were to them as mice in the sight of the crouching *Tabbikal*, and that the honour of a man was as sand, that is blown afar by the storm-wind of the desert, which maketh blind the faithful, and stoppeth their mouths. Such are all of them, Sahib, since I that speak unto you know them for what they are, and thus I set forth the tale that all men may read, and understand. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!*

"'Twas the most ondacint bedivilmint ever I set eyes on, Sorr. There was I, blandandhering widout."

"Pardon me," I said, "this is rather puzzling. A moment back you were a Mahajun of Pali, in Marwur, or a Delhi Pathan, or a Wali Dad, or something of that sort, and now you seem to have turned into an Irishman. Can you tell me how it is done?"

"Whist, ye oncivilised, backslidhering pagin!" said my friend, Private O'RAMMIS, for it was indeed he. "Hould on there till I've tould ye. F'what was I sayin'? Eyah, eyah, them was the bhoys for the dhrink. When the sun kem out wid a blink in his oi, an' the belly-band av his new shoot tied round him, there was PORTERS and ARTHUS lyin' mixed up wid the brandy-kegs, and the houl of the rigimint tearin' round like all the devils from hell bruk loose.

"Thin I knew there'd be thrubble, for ye must know, Sorr, there was a little orf'cer bhoys cryin' as tho' his little heart was breakin', an' the Colonel's wife's sister, wid her minowderin' voice—"

"Look here, O'RAMMIS," I said, "I don't like to stop you; but isn't it just a trifle rash—I mean," I added hastily, for I saw him fingering his bayonet, "is it quite as wise as it might be to use up all your materials at once? Besides, I seem to have met that little Orf'cer bhoys and the Colonel's wife's sister before. I merely mention it as a friend."

"You let 'im go, Sir," put in PORTERS, with his cockney accent. "Lor, Sir, TERENCE knows bloomin' well wot 'e's torkin' about, an' wen 'e's got a story to tell you know there ain't one o' na wot 'll get a bloomin' word in; or leastways, Hi carn't."

"Sitha," added JOCK ARTHUS. "I never gotten but one story told mysen, and he joomped down my throaat for that. Let un taalk, Sir, let un taalk."

"Very well," I said, producing one of the half-dozen bottles of champagne that I always carried in my coat-tail pockets whenever I went up to the Barracks to visit my friend O'RAMMIS, "very well. Fire away, TERENCE, and let us have your story."

"I'm an ould fool," continued O'RAMMIS, in a convinced tone. "But ye know, JOCK, how 'twas. I misremember f'what I said to her, but she never stirred, and only loked at me wid her melaneolious ois, and wid that my arm was round her waist, for bedad, it was pretty, she was under the moon in the ould barrick square. 'Hould on there,' she says, 'ye boiled thief of Denteronomy. D'ye think I've kem here to be philandhering ather you. I'd make a better man than you out av empty kyartridges and putty.' Wid that she turned on her heel, and was for marching away. But I was at her soide agin before she'd got her left fut on the beat. 'That's quare,' thinks I to myself; 'but, TERENCE, me bhoys, 'tia you know the thricks av the women. Shoulder arrums, I think, and let fly wid the baek sight.' Wid that I just squeezed her hand wid the most dellikit av all squeezeings, and, sez I, 'MARY, me darlint, I sez, 'ye're not vexed wid TERENCE, I know;' but you never can tell the way av a woman, for before the words was over the tongue av me, the bhoys kem raging an' ramshackling—"

"Really, O'RAMMIS," I ventured to observe, for I noticed that he and his two friends had pulled all the other five bottles out of my pocket, and had finished them. "I'm a little disappointed with you to-day. I came out here for a little quiet blood-and-thunder before going to bed, and you are mixing up your stories like the regimental laundress's soapuds. It's not right of you. Now, honestly, is it?"

But the Three Musketeers had vanished. Perhaps they may reappear, bound in blue-grey on the railway bookstalls. Perhaps not. And the worst of it is, that the Colonel will never understand them, and the gentlemen who write articles will never understand them. There is only one man who knows all about them, and even he is sometimes what my friend O'RAMMIS calls "a blandandhering, philandhering, misundherstandhering civilian man."

Which his name is KIPPIERD HERRING. And that is perfectly true.

SO MUCH FOR KNOTTING'EM.—The Dean of Rochester to be henceforth known as The Dean of Knouting'em. His new motto,—

"Whack a 'Shack'
Smack on his back."

Perhaps the Dean would then like to make a Moslem of the lolloping do-nothing offender, and call him "Shackabaek."



WAITING FOR THE EXPRESS. (NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA.)

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS:—SIR GORGIUS MIDAS, LADY MIDAS, AND GORGIUS MIDAS, ESQ., JUNR.

SECOND-CLASS DITTO:—BUTLERS, FOOTMEN, GROOMS, MAIDS, &C., OF THE HOUSE OF MIDAS.

THIRD-CLASS DITTO:—THE HON. AND REV. JAMES AND LADY SUSAN DE VERE, GENERAL SIR JOHN AND LADY HAUTCASTLE, F. MADDER LAKE, ESQ., R.A., AND DAUGHTERS, PROFESSOR PARALLAX, F.R.S., &C., &C., &C.

"HERCULES (COUNTY) CONCILIANS;"

Or, "Approaching" the Hydra.

[The London County Council adopted the Report of a Committee: "That the Committee be authorised to enter into tentative negotiations with the Water Companies, for the purpose of ascertaining upon what terms the Companies will be prepared to dispose of their undertakings to the Council." The Vice-Chairman (Sir T. FARRER) thought that the Committee "would be as wax in the hands of the clever agents of the Companies." The Chairman (Sir JOHN LUBBOCK) was in favour of deferring the question.]

THAT Hydra again! Monster huge, hydrocephalous,

Haunting our city of blunders and 'obs,
Born, it would seem, to bewilder and baffle us,
Who'll give you "one" for your numerous
nobs. [you;

Many have menaced you, some had a shy at
SALISBURY stout, and bespectacled CROSS,
Each in his season has joined in the cry at you,
Little, 'twould seem, to your damage or loss.
Still you eight-headed and lanky-limbed
monster, you

Sprawl and monopolise, spread and devour.
Many assail you, but hitherto, none stir you.
Say, has the hero arrived, and the hour?

No Infant Hercules, surely, can tackle you,
Ancient abortion, with hope of success.

It needeth a true full-grown hero to shackle
Jupiter's son, and Alemene's, no less! [you,

Our civic Hercules smacks of the nursery,
Not three years old, though ambitious, no
doubt;

You'll scarce be captured by tentatives
cursory. ["spout,"

Snared by a "motion," or scared by a
Hera's pet, offspring of Typhon, the lion-clad
Hero assailed, *con amore*; but you,

Callous as Behemoth, hard as an iron-clad,
"Conciliation" with coldness will view
Fancy "approaching" the Hydra with honey-
bait,

Tempting the monster to parley and purr!
How will Monopoly look on a money-bait?

Hercules, too, who would "like to defer?"
Not quite a true hard-shell hero—in attitude—
Hercules (County) Concilians looks;

Thinks he to move a true Hydra to gratitude?
Real Leviathan chortles at hooks!

"Come, pretty Hydra! 'Agreement pro-
visional,"

Properly baited with sound *L. S. D.*,
Ought to entice you!" He's scorn and
derision all,

Hydra, if true to his breed. We shall
Just so a groom, with the bride behind him,
Tempt a free horse with some corn in a
sieve. [him,

Will London's Hydra let "tentatives" blind
Snap at the bait, and the tempter believe?

Or will the "hero"—in form of Committee—
Really prove wax for the Hydra to mould?

Yes, there's the club, but it's rather a pity
Hercules seems a bit feeble of hold.

Tentative heroes may quit modern urgency,
LUBBOCK may win where a Hercules fails.

If we new hunt, upon public emergency,
Symphalian Birds, 'tis with salt for their
tails!

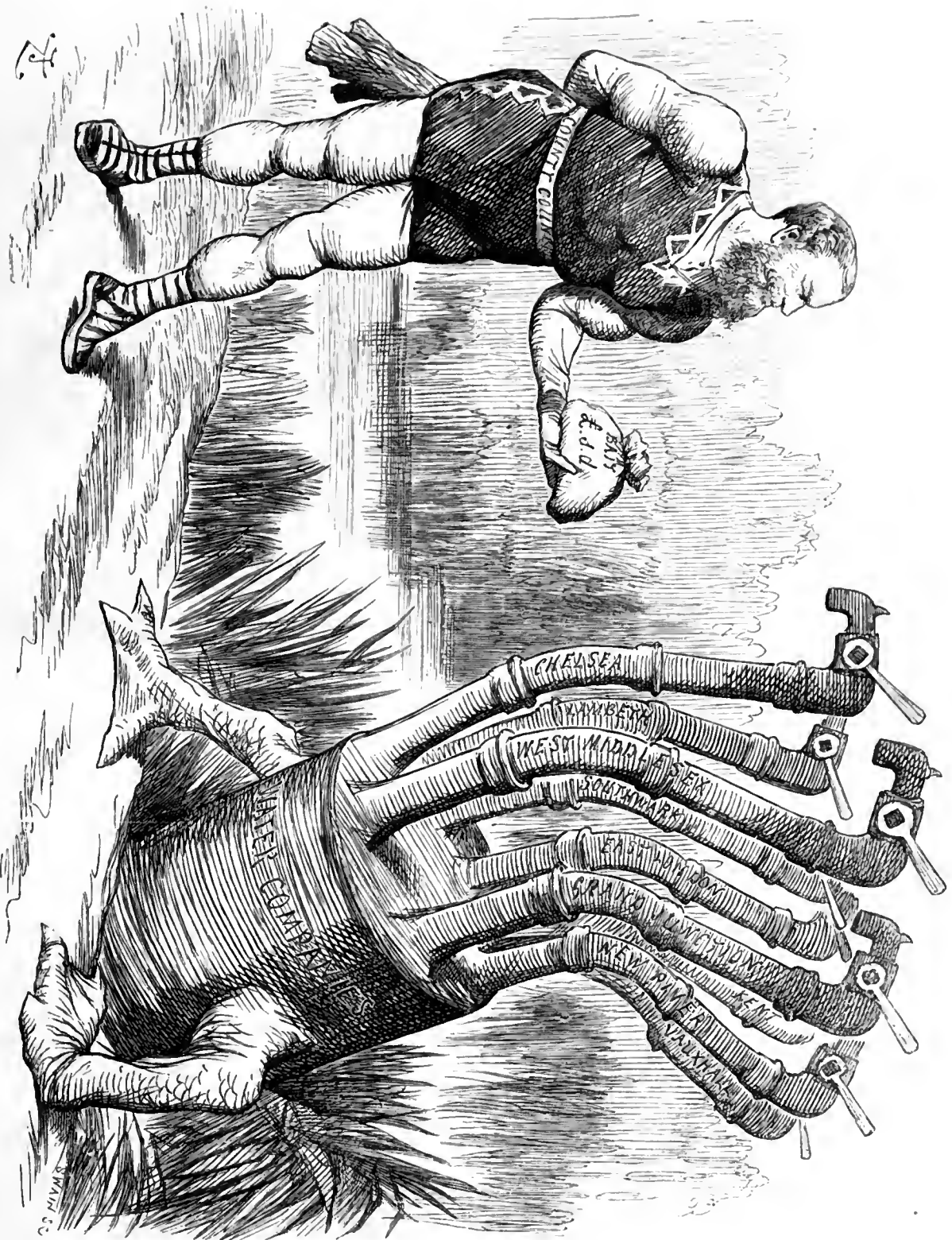
"YE GODS, WHAT A TERRIBLE TWIST!"

STATISTICS are sweet things, and full of
startling surprises. Like the Frenchman in
"Killaloe," "you never know what they'll
be up to next." Here, for instance, is a
"statement showing the decrease in price in
the United States of many articles within
the past ten years largely consumed by the
agricultural community." And among these
"many articles" "largely consumed," are
"mowing machines, barb fence-wire, horse-
shoes, forks, wire-cloth, slop-buckets, wheel-
barrows, and putty." No wonder dyspepsia
is the national disease in America. Fancy
"consuming" French staples, pie-plates
(though they sound almost edible), and
putty!!! The ostrich is supposed to be
capable of digesting such dainties as broken
bottles, and tennenny nails, but that voracious
fowl is evidently not "in it" with the
"Agricultural community" of America.

Odd.—A Correspondent says he found this
advertisement in the *Guardian* :—

RECTOR of S. Michael's, Lichfield, requires
help of a LAY-READER. Visiting, S.-school,
cottage services, ass. in choir, &c. Good salary.

The explanation, we believe, is, that "ass."
is the abbreviated form of "assisting." The
Rector had better have the unabbreviated
assistant in choir, particularly if he be
already short of choristers; unless the Rector
should be also Vicar of Bray, in which case
the "ass." could be transferred from Lich-
field to the more appropriate living.



“HERCULES (COUNTY) CONCILIANS.”

“The Special Committee on Water Supply, appointed by the London County Council, said, in their Report, ‘Before entering upon the inquiry, the Committee thought it would be desirable to approach the Water Companies with a view to ascertaining whether it would be possible for the Companies and the Council to make some provision of agreement as to the terms upon which the Companies’ Water undertakings should be transferred to the Council, if Parliament gave the necessary authority.’”—*The Times Report.*”

THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF WILTSHIRE



Printed by J. Smith, at the University Press, Cambridge. 1800.



MOSSOO IN EGYPT.

Mr. Punch (to French Guardian of Egyptian Monuments). "COME, I SAY, SIR! DO YOU CALL THIS LOOKING AFTER THE MONUMENTS? WAKE UP, OR YOU'LL HAVE TO GO!"—See "Times" Leader, Oct. 3rd, 1890.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

SEVENTH ENTRY.

To my intense surprise—shared, as far as I can see, by all my friends and relatives—I have managed to pass the "Bar Final"! I attribute the portentous fact to the Examiners having discreetly avoided all reference to the "Rule in SHELLEY'S Case."

Find that the Students who are going to be "called within the Bar," have to be presented to the Benchers on one special evening, after dinner, in Hall. Ceremony rather innereal, at *my* Inn—but not the same at all Inns. About twenty of us summoned one by one to the High Table; several go up before me, and as there is a big screen I can't see what happens to them. Only—most remarkable circumstance this—*not one of them comes back!* Have the Benchers decided to sternly limit the numbers of the Profession? Perhaps they are "putting in an execution." Just thinking of escape, when my name called out. March up to Table, determined not to perish without a spirited resistance.

To complete the idea of its being an Execution, here is the Chaplain! Will he say a "few last words" to the culprit—myself—prior to my being pinioned?

As matter of fact, Benchers at head of Table (portly old gentleman, who looks as if he might be described as a "bottle-a-day-of-port-ly" old gentleman) shakes hands, coldly, and that's all. Not even a Queen's Shilling given me, as I am conducted off to another table close by.

Mystery of disappearance of other candidates explained. Here they are—all at this table—"all silent, and all called"! It seems that this is the Barristers' part of the Hall, other the Students'.

Ceremony not over yet. After dinner we are invited, all twenty, to dessert and wine with the Benchers—or rather, at the Benchers' expense, because we don't really see and chat with these great men, only a single representative, who presides at table in a long bare room downstairs, resembling a cellar. Benchers' own Common-room above. Why don't they invite us up there?

Benchers, who has come down to preside over this entertainment, has a rather forbidding air about him. Seems to be thinking—"I don't care much for this sort of function. Stupid old custom. But must keep it up, I suppose, for good of Inn; and Benchers (hang them!) have deputed me to take head of the table to-night—probably because I look so desperately lively."

There is a sort of "disinterred liveliness" (to quote Bishop WILBERFORCE)

about him, after all. Tries to joke. No doubt regards us all as a pack of fools to join over-crowded profession—still, as we are here, he will try and forget that, in a few years, the majority of us will probably be starving.

After an interval, Bored Benchers thinks it necessary to rise and make little speech. Assures us (*Query*—hypocrisy?) that we are all extremely likely to attain to high positions at the Bar. Says something feebly humorous about Woolsack. Bad taste, because we can't all sit on Woolsack at once; and mention of it excites feelings of emulation, almost of animosity, towards other new-fledged Barristers. I am conscious, for instance, of distinct repulsion towards man on my right, who is cracking nuts, and who must be a son or nephew of our Chairman, judging by the familiarity with which he treats latter. Probably his uncle will flood him with briefs—and that will be called "making his own way in the world." Pshaw!

Wine-and-dessert entertainment only lasts an hour. Forbidding Benchers evidently feels that an hour is as much as he can possibly stand. So we all depart, except the favoured nephew (or son), who, as I suspect, "remains to prey" on his uncle (or father), and probably to be invited in to the *real* feast which no doubt the Inn worthies are enjoying upstairs.

Next morning meet a legal friend, who asks, "When are you to be presented at Court?"

"Presented at Court?"—I ask in surprise.

"Yes—Court of Queen's Bench—ha! ha! You'll have to go one of these days in wig and gown to the Q. B. D., and inscribe your name in a big book, and bow to the Judges, and come out."

"What's the good of doing that?" I want to know.

"None whatever. An old custom, that's all. A sort of legal fiction, you know." (*Query*—If a Queen's Counsel writes a novel, isn't that a real legal fiction?)

"You'll feel rather like a little boy going to a new school. Judges look at you with an air of 'I say, you new feller, what's your name? Where do you come from? What House are you in?—then a good kick. They can't kick you, so they glare at you instead. Interesting ceremony. Ta, ta!'"

It turns out as my friend says. But previously there is the other little formality of purchasing the trailing garments of the Profession. Go to a wig-and-gown-maker near the Law Courts. Ask to see different kinds of wigs.

"We only make one kind," replies the wig-man, pityingly. "The Patent Ventilating Anticalvitium. You'll find it as light as a feather, almost. Made of superfine 'orse-air." He says this as if he never got his material from anything below the value of a Derby Winner.

"Why do you call it the Anticalvitium?" I ask.

"Because it don't make the 'air fall off, Sir, as all other wigs do."

Do they? Another objection to the profession. Wish I had known this before I began to grind for the Bar Exam. Wig-man measures my head.

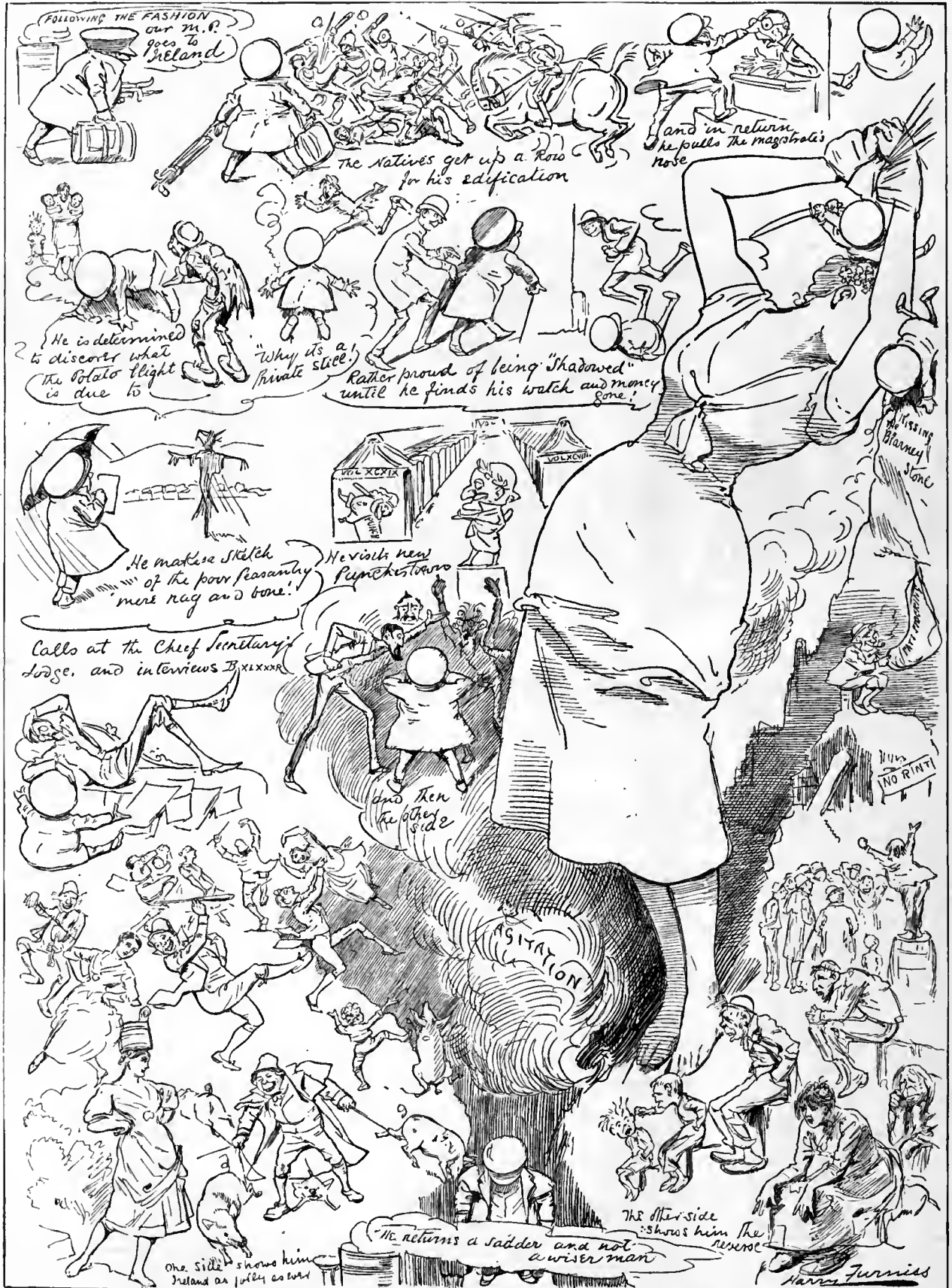
"Rather large size, Sir," he remarks. Says it as if I must have water on the brain at the very least. "Middle Temple, I suppose?"—he queries. Why? Somehow it would sound more flattering if he had supposed Inner Temple, instead of Middle. Wonder if I shall ever be described as an "Outer barrister, of the Inner Temple, with Middling abilities." Is there a special cut of face belonging to the Inner Temple, another for the Middle (there is a "middle cut" in salmon, why not in the law?) and a third for Lincoln's Inn?

Find, while I am meditating these problems, that I have been "suited" with a gown, also with a stook of ridiculous little linen flaps, which are called "bands." Think about "forbidding the bands," but don't know how to.

NOTE FOR THE NEW UNIONISM.

"UNION is Strength." Let lovers of communion Remember Strength (of language) is *not* Union!

NEW DEFINITION OF A "FEATHER-BED FIGHTER."—A Boxer with gloves over four ounces in weight. And anything over that, we suppose, must be considered a "feather-weight." This gives a new significance to the saying, "You might have knocked me down with a feather."



FOLLOWING THE FASHION our M.P. goes to Ireland

The natives get up a row for his edification

and in return he pulls the magistrate's nose

He is determined to discover what the potato blight is due to

"Why it's a private slice"

Rather proud of being "shadowed" until he finds his watch and money gone!

He makes sketch of the poor peasantry "mere rag and bone!"

He visits new Panchistown

Calls at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, and interviews B. XXXXX

and then he other side

INSULTATION

The other side shows him the reverse

He returns a sadder and not a wiser man

one side shows him Ireland as fully covered

Harry Furness

OUR M.P. MAKES A LITTLE TOUR IN IRELAND.



MR. TYMS HIRED A MOUNT WITH THE STAGHOUNDS, BUT QUICKLY CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT WAS A BRUTAL SHAME TO CHASE THE POOR DEER UP AND DOWN THOSE HORRIBLE BANKS.

A TALE OF THE TELEPHONE.

(A Story of what may happen some day in George Street, Hanover Square.)

THERE were a few minutes unoccupied before the time appointed for the ceremony, and so the Pew-opener thought he could not do better than point out the many excellences of the church to the Bridegroom.

"You see, Sir," he said, "our pulpit is occupied by the best possible talent. The Vicar takes the greatest interest in securing every rising preacher, and thus, Sunday after Sunday, we have the most startling orations."

The Bridegroom (slightly bored) said that if he had happened to live in the neighbourhood, he should certainly have taken sittings.

"But living in the neighbourhood is not necessary, Sir," persisted the Pew-opener. "Let into the sounding-board is a telephone, and so our Vicar can supply the sermons preached here, hot and hot, to residents in the London Postal District. Considering the quality of the discourses, he charges a very low rate. The system has been largely adopted. As a matter of fact the whole service, and not only the pulpit, has been laid on to the principal Hotels and Clubs."

But further conversation was here out short by the arrival of the Bride, who, led by her brother, advanced towards the altar with an air of confidence that charmed all beholders. This self-possession was the outcome of the lady being—as her grey moiré-antique indicated—a widow. Congratulations passed round amongst the friends and relatives, and then the bridal party was arranged in front of the good old Vicar.

"Have you switched us on?" said he to the Clerk.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply. "We are now in communication with all the principal Hotels and Clubs."

"That's right. I am always anxious that my clients shall have their full money's-worth." And then the Vicar read with much emphasis the exhortation to the public to declare any "just cause or impediment" to the marriage. Naturally there was no response, and an opening hymn was sung by the choir, which, containing some half-dozen verses, lasted quite a quarter of an hour. At its conclusion the Vicar, who had allowed his attention to become distracted, instead of going on with the service, again read the exhortation. He once more gave the names of "HARRY SMITH, bachelor," and "AMY JONES, widow."

"If anyone knows any just cause or impediment," he continued.

"Stop; I do!" interrupted a gentleman in a dressing-gown, who had hurriedly entered the Church. "I heard you about a quarter of an hour ago, while I was breakfasting at the Shaftesbury Avenue Hotel, ask the same question, and came here without changing my coat. Very sorry to interrupt the ceremony, but this lady is my wife! Well, AMY, how are you?"

"What, JOEY!" exclaimed the (now) ex-Bride, delightedly. "We are glad to see you! We thought you were dead!"

Then the gentleman in the dressing-gown was heartily greeted on all sides. He seemed to be a very popular personage.

"But where do I come in?" asked Mr. BROWN, the ex-Bridegroom, who had, during this scene, shown signs of embarrassment.

"O JOEY, I quite forgot to introduce you to HARRY," said the ex-Bride. "You must know one another. I was going to marry him when you, darling, turned up just in the nick of time, like a dear good old boy!"

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Sir," said Mr. JONES, shaking Mr. BROWN warmly by the hand. "And now I must go back to finish my breakfast!"

"Yes, with me," said the ex-Bride. "You must sit, darling, in the seat intended for poor HARRY. I know you won't mind, HARRY (or, perhaps, I ought to call you Mr. BROWN now?), as I have so much to say to dear JOEY. And you can have your breakfast at a side-table—now won't you, just to please me? You always are so kind and considerate!"

And, as the wedding-party left the Church, the Clerk hastily unswitched the electric communication.

"Be quiet, Sir!" he whispered, sternly, to Mr. BROWN, who had been talking to himself. "If our clients heard you, we should be ruined! We guarantee that our telephonic supply shall be perfectly free from bad language!"

PROPHET AND LOSS.—Good Mussulmen, so it is said, object to a play entitled *Mahomet* being produced in London. The objection was successful in Paris. London Managers (except, perhaps, Sheriff DRUBOLANUS, who revived *Le Prophète* this season) will be on the side of the objectors, as they would rather have to do with a genuine profit than a fictitious one. Perhaps the non-production of *Mahomet* may be a loss to Literature and the Drama.

A BACHELOR'S IDYL.

I AM not married, but I see
No life so pleasant as my own;
I think it's a good for man to be
Alone.

Some marry not who once have been—
A curious process—crossed in love,
Who find a life's experience in
A glove;

Or else will sentimental grow
At recollections of a dance;
But, luckily for me, I've no
Romance.

Of course I know "love in a cot,"—
The little wife who calls you "hub,"—
But I'm content whilst I have got
My Club.

In some fine way, I don't know how,
Some fool, some idiot, who lacks
A grain of sense, proposes now
A tax.

A Tax on Bachelors! Ah, well,
If this becomes the law's decree,
I cheerfully shall pay the *L.*
S. D.,

Quite happy with my single lot,
Convinced beyond a doubt that life
Is just worth living if you've not
A wife.

(A LITTLE LATER.)



I'll sing exaltedly no more,
But sadly in a minor key
Will tell what fortune had in store
For me.

I rather think, the other day,
That someone asked, "Should women
woo?"

I'll answer that without delay—
They do!

She came—I foolishly was glad—
She took me captive with a glance,
Of course I never really had
A chance.

And when she bent her pretty head
To ask the question, I confess
That what at once with joy I said
Was "Yes."

She says our wedding is to be
On Monday—quite a swell affair.
My wife and I shall hope to see
You there.

"Is this the HEND?"

THE following, headed *Scottish Leader*, was sent to us as a quotation:—

"The Duke of FIFE has sold the estate of Eden near Banff, to Mr. THOMAS ADAM, Deputy Chairman of the Great North of Scotland Railway Company."

If the above information be correct, this transfer of "Eden" to "ADAM" looks uncommonly like "Paradise Regained."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON must say a word about *Voces Populi*, by F. ANSTEV, author of the immortal *Vice Versa*. That the series contained in this



The Learned Baron.

volume appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of its quality, and more than this it would not become the Baron to say; but of the illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTIDGE the Baron can speak—and speak in terms of the highest admiration of them—as works of genuinely artistic humour. There are twenty illustrations, that is, ten brace of Partidges, if he will allow the Baron so far to make game of him. The book is published by LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

The Leadenhall Press has brought out, in Pocket form, *Prince Dorus*, by CHARLES LAMB, with nine coloured illustrations, following the original Edition of 1811. The lines are not very Lamb-like, but the illustrations are very quaint, and the Pocket Volume is a curiosity of literature.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A REALLY VALUABLE SUGGESTION.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

DEAR SIR,—As the conductor of the recognised organ of the legal profession, I have the honour to address you. My learned and accomplished friend, Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C., complained the other day that there was a right of appeal from the Police Court to the Bench of Middlesex Magistrates. He said that his colleagues were barristers, and gentlemen of considerable eminence, and in those characters were better able to decide upon the merits of a case than the persons who compose the Tribunal to which appeal from their decision is permissible. I have not recently looked through the list of Metropolitan Police Magistrates, but, if they have been chosen from the ranks of literature and law, as they were thirty years ago, I can well understand that they are an exceedingly capable body of men. That so accomplished a *littérateur* and admirable an advocate as my friend Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS himself should have been raised to the Magisterial bench, is a proof that the standard has been maintained. But, Sir, can nothing be done for the other tribunal?

Would it not be possible to appoint a certain proportion of stipendiaries, with ample salaries, to that body? What is wanted are men with a perfect knowledge of the law, and a large experience of the adversities as well as the pleasures of life. If they occasionally dabble in literature, so much the better. But, it may be said, where are such men to be found? I answer, in very many places, and, to encourage the authorities in their search, shall be most happy to personally head the list.

Yours, very faithfully,

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, Oct. 4th, 1890.

THE GROAN OF THE GUSHLESS.

(A Song à la Shenstone.)

["What is described as an Anti-Gush Society has, according to a Pittsburg paper, been formed in New York, its object being to check the growing tendency, especially noticeable among young people of the period, to express themselves in exaggerated language."]

Girl Member of the A. G. S. loq.:—

YE maidens, so cheerful and gay,
Whose words ever fulsomely fall,
Oh, pity your friend, who to-day
Has become a Society's thrall.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was more happy than I;
But, alas! I've left Gushing behind!

Now I know what it is to have strove*
With the tortures of verbal desire.
I must use measured terms, where I love,
And be moderate, when I admire.
No slang must my diction adorn,
I must never say "awfully swell."
Alas! I feel flat and forlorn,
I have bidden Girl-Gushing farewell!

Since I put down my name in that book
I have never called bonnets "divine,"
For our Sec. with a soul-shaking look,
Would be down on your friend with a finc.
So the milliners now I pass by;
Though dearly they pleased me of yore;
If a girl musn't gush, squirm, and sigh,
Even shopping becomes quite a bore.

For "gorgeous" I languish in vain,
And I pine for a "love"—and a "dear."
Oh! why did I vow to be plain—
In my speech? It sounds awfully queer!
Stop! "Awfully" is not allowed,
Though it will slip out sometimes, I
Oh, I might as well sit in my shroud, [own.
As use moderate language alone.



To force us fair nymphs to forego
The hyperbole dear to our heart,
And the slang without which speech is
"alow."

Is to make us a "people apart."
Oh, to say (without fines) "quite too-too!"
For dear "awfully jolly" I yearn.
I would "chuck" all my friends, sweet—
Aave you—
To the pathway of Gush to return.

Eh? "Chuck" did I say? That is Slang!
And "Sweet?" That's a decidedly Gush!
Oh, let the A. G. S. go hang!
My old love returns with a rush.
It is "gorgeous" once more to be free,
O'er a frock or a first night to glow.
Come to-morrow! Go shopping with me,
Ownest own—and we'll gush as we go!

* SHENSTONE, not *Mr. Punch*, is responsible for the peccant participle.

THE MODERN NELSON MOTTO.—At the Church Congress, Lord NELSON expressed a strong desire for the union of Dissenters with Churchmen. If his Lordship's reading of the old Nelsonian motto is "England expects that every clergyman (Dissenter or Churchman) should do somebody else's duty," then England will have to wait a considerable time for the Utopian realisation of this pious wish.

HOW IT'S DONE.

A Handbook to Honesty.

No. II.—THE STRAIGHT "TIP."

SCENE—Sanctum of "Large Wholesale House." Present, one of the Principals, a pompous personage, with imposing watch-chain, and abundant space for it to meander over, and a sleekly subservient "Head of Department." Principal looks irritated, Head of Department apprehensive, the former angrily shuffling some papers, the latter nervously "washing his hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water."

Principal. Well, Mr.—er—er—SCROOP, we—er—my partners and self, are not quite satisfied with the way in which things are going in—er—in your department.

Head of Department. Indeed, Sir. Sorry to hear that, Sir. May I ask, Sir, in—er—in what particular I have—er—failed to give complete satisfaction. (*Aside.*) On the screw again, the old skinflint—I know him.



Principal. Well, in point of fact, the profits on your branch have lately been very—have seemed—er—have been by no means—what we could wish, Mr. SCROOP, what we could wish, Sir.

H. of D. Really, Sir, I—ah, am grieved to hear it, for, upon my word, I hardly know—

Principal (*abruptly*). There must be cutting down somewhere—I say somewhere, Mr. SCROOP—where, I must leave to you. By the way, it seems to me that PUDDICOMBE'S prices are a bit high for a beginner in the trade as he is. I think his "lines" ought to run a little lower—eh?

H. of D. Well, Sir, I've suggested it to him myself, but he protested there was hardly a margin left. However, since you name it, Sir, I'll see what I can do with him. (*Aside.*) Ruthless old grinder, that's his game, is it? Wants a few "extra" pounds to play with, and means squeezing them out of PUDDICOMBE. Poor PUDDICOMBE, I've already put the screw on him pretty tightly. However, I must give it another turn, I suppose.

SCENE II.—Head of Department and PUDDICOMBE, a hard-working, struggling manufacturer, who has schemed and screwed for years to keep in with the Big House.

Puddicombe. Upon my word, Mr. SCROOP, I can't—I really can't, knock off another quarter per cent. It's a tight fight already, and I can't do it.

H. of D. (*airily*). All right, PUDDICOMBE my boy,—as you please. Plenty who will, you know.

Puddicombe. Really, Mr. SCROOP, I don't see how they can—

H. of D. (*rudely*). That's their business. I only know they will, and jump at it.

Puddicombe (*hesitatingly*). But—er—I thought, when I made that little arrangement with you, a year ago, about the trifling bonus to you, you know, I thought you as good as promised—

H. of D. (*severely*). Mr. PUDDICOMBE, you surprise me. I am here, Sir, to do the best I can for the Firm—and I shall do it. If somebody else's prices are better than yours, somebody else gets the line, that's all. Good day, Mr. PUDDICOMBE. (*Aside.*) Confound his impudence!—he shan't have another order if I can help it! Trifling bonus, indeed! One thing, he daren't split—so I'm safe.

[Exit PUDDICOMBE, despondently. Enter, presently, a hopeful-looking person, with a sample-bag.]

H. of D. (*cheerily*). Ah, Mr. PINCHER, how do—how do? Haven't seen you for an age.

Mr. Pincher. Good day, Mr. SCROOP. I heard you wanted to see me, and, as I've a very cheap line in your way, I thought, as I was passing, I'd venture to look in.

H. of D. Quite right, PINCHER. What's the figure, my boy?

Pincher (*shily*). A shade lower than the lowest you've been giving. Is that good enough?

H. of D. Well—ahem!—yes—of course, if the quality is right.

Pincher. O. K., I assure you, Sir!

H. of D. Well, we're quoted as low as forty-five. If you can beat that, I think I can place the order with you.

Pincher (*aside*). Liar! Even poor PUDDICOMBE wouldn't go under fifty. However, here goes! (*Aloud.*) Will five off meet your views?

H. of D. Say seven and a half, and I'm on.

Pincher. Done with you, Sir. (*Aside.*) With what he'll want for himself, there's "nothing in it!"—this time.

H. of D. Well—subject, of course, to our Principal's approval, I think I may say the line is yours, PINCHER. (*Aside.*) Don't know how the doose he does it! Well, that's none o' my business. Won't old SKINFLINT be pleased? Must try and spring him for a holiday, on the strength of it.

Pincher. Thanks—many thanks. (*Books it.*) Hope we shall do more business together,—to our mutual advantage. By the way, Mr. SCROOP—(*in a low voice*)—if there is any little thing I can put in your way, you know, I, er—er!

H. of D. Oh, don't mention it, PINCHER. Give me a look up on Tuesday evening, at home. You know my little place at Peckham. My good lady'll give you a little music.

Pincher. Ah, I've a good deal of influence in that line. Now, if there's anything Mrs. SCROOP might fancy—I know "perks" are not in your line, but the ladies, my hoy, the ladies!

H. of D. (*laughing*). You will have your joke, PINCHER. Well, oddly enough, the Missis was only saying last night she wanted a new piano—one of BROADWOOD'S grands, for choice—and if you—

Pincher (*mysteriously*). Leave it to me, my dear Sir, leave it to me. If Mrs. SCROOP isn't satisfied by this day week, why—never give me another line. Ha! ha! Good day, Mr. SCROOP!

[Exit, chuckling.]

ROBERT'S RETURN TO THE CITY.

I've bin jolly cumfural lately at the Grand Hotel, as ewerybody in fac seems to be, for they cums in a smilin with hope, and gow away smilin with satisfacshun, and with the thorow conwischun of soom cumming again, and sum on 'em says to me, says they,

"Oh rewor! Mr. ROBERT!" and others says, "Oh Plezzer! Mr. ROBERT!" which both means, as my yung French frend tells me, "Here's to our nex merry meeting!" but that sounds more like a parting Toast with a bumper of good old Port to drink it in, but I dezzyay as he's right. But larst week I receive a most prumptery order from the LORD MARE, "to cum back to the City, if it were eny for a week." So in coarse back I cums, and a grand sort of a week we has all had on it! I shall just begin with a reglar staggerer of a dinner at the Manshun House on Munday, given, as I was told, to all the Horthers and Hartista of Urope, who had jest bin a holding of a Meeting to let ewerybody kno as how as they ment for to have their rites in their home ritings and pieters, or they woodn't rite no more, nor paint no more!

My profound estonishment may be more heasily described than conceived when I says as they was amost all Forreners of various countries! so that when I hauded anythink werry speshal to sum on 'em they would shake their heds and say, "No mercy!" or "Nine darnker!" as the ease mite be.

Well, so much for Monday. On Toosday I spent nearly the hole day at Gildhall in surveyin, and criticisin, hay, and in one case, achsally *tasting* the wundrus collecshun of all kinds and condishuns of Frute that the hole Country can perduce, that had been collected there! I wonders how many of the tens of thousands who came to Gildhall to see the temting sight, can say the same. But ewery wise perducer of heatables or drinkables allus tries to captiwate the good opinyon of a Hed Waiter. The hidear jest ocurs to my mind to ask at about what part of the next Sentry the County Council will be a dewoting of their time and money to a similar usefool purpus! And hecco answers, Wen! The uniwersal werdick of beverybody as was there agreed in saying, that nothink like it in buty, and wariety, and size, wasn't never seen nowheres before. And then came the werry natural enquiry, what on airth's a going to be done with it all? And then came the equally nateral answer, "The Fruiterers' Company is a going to send all the werry best of it to the LORD MARE?" And then, "Hey, Presto!" as the conjurer says, and on Wensday evening there it was on the table at another Grand Bankwet at the Manshun House, and quite a number of the Fruiterers' Company a sitting a smiling at the LORD MARE'S hospitable table, and the werry head on 'em all, Sir JAMES WHITEHEAD, giving the distingwished compny sitch a delightful account of what they had bin and gone and done, and was a going to do, as made ewerybody rejoice to think that we had such a nobel Company as the Fruiterers' Company, and such a prince of Masters to govern 'em. And I feels bound in honor to say, that the black grapes was about the werry finest as ewer I ewer tasted.

ROBERT.



THE SHIELD AND THE SHADOW.



THE VICTIMS OF HIGH SPEED.

THE DREAM OF AN ANXIOUS CAPTAIN AFTER TEARING ACROSS THE FISHING GROUNDS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE SHIELD AND THE SHADOW.

["BEFORE the 'silent millions' who make up the rank and file of Hindoos discard the cruelties of their marriage system, their opinions, prejudices, and habits of thought must change. Nothing is more certain than that they will change slowly; but we hold to the belief that judicious legislation will hasten the process more powerfully than anything else."—The "Times" on Child-Marriage and Enforced Widowhood in India.]

Yes, compassion is due to thee, India's young daughter;
The sound of thy sorrow, thy plaint of Have reached English ears o'er the wide westward water,
And sympathy stirred, seldom slumbering Child-Wife, or Child-Widow, in agony kneeling
And clasping the skirts of the armed Island Queen,
Her heart is not cold to thine urgent appeal—Considerate care in her glances is seen.
Not hot as the wrings of zealotry heady
The action of her who's protectrice and guide.
Her stroke must be measured, her sympathy steady,
Whose burden's as great as her power is
She stands, Ægis-armed, looked forth calm, reflective,
Across the wide stretches of old Hindostan.
The plains now subdued to her power protective,
Saw politic ARBAR and sage SHAH JEHAN.
If ARBAR was pitiful, Islam's great sworder,
Shall she of the Ægis be less so than he?
The marriage of widows he sanctioned, his order
Three centuries since laid the ban on

And she, his successor, has rescued already
The widow from fire, and the child from the flood;
For mercy's her impulse, her policy steady
Opposes the creed-thralls whose chrim is blood.
And now the appeal of the Child-Widow reaches
The ears ever open to misery's plaint.
She thinks—for the sway of long centuries teaches
That zeal should not hasten, and patience
The child kneeling there at her skirts is the creature
Of tyrannous ages of creed and of caste;
She bears, helpless prey of the priest, on each feature,
The pitiful brand of a pitiless past.
Long-wrought, closely knit, subtly swaying,
deep-rooted,
The system whose shadow is over the
By grey superstition debased and imbruted,
By craft's callous cruelty deeply defiled.
But long-swaying custom hath far-reaching issues,
The hand that assails it doth ill to show
The knife that would search poor humanity's tissues,
Hath healing for object, not ravage or waste.
Not coldness, but coolness, sound policy pleads for,
But, subject to that, human sympathies
To aid the child-victim the woman's heart bleeds for,
For whom a msn's breast with compassion
Poor child! The dark shadow that closely pursues her
Means menacing Terror; she succs for a shield,

And how shall the strong Ægis-bearer refuse her?
The bondage of caste to calm justice must
We dare not be deaf to the voice of the pleader
For freedom and purity, nature and right;
Let Wisdom, high-throned as controller and leader,
Meet cruelty's steel with the shield of calm

MY MOTHER BIDS ME DYE MY HAIR.

[Auburn is said to be the present fashionable colour in hair.]

My Mother bids me dye my hair
A lovely auburn hue,



She says I ought to be aware
It's quite the thing to do.

"Why sit," she cries, "without a smile,
Whilst others dance instead?"
Alas! no partners ask me while
My tresses are not red.

When no one else at all is near,
And I am quite alone,

The Hazard of the Dye.

I sadly shed a bitter tear
To think the Season's gone.

But when the time again draws nigh,
The time when maidens wed,
I'm quite resolved to "do and dye"—
My tresses shall be red!

TO ENGELBERG AND BACK.

Being a Few Notes taken en route in Search of a Perfect Cure.

I don't exactly know how I got mixed up with it, but I found myself somehow "fixed," as our American cousins would say, to join a party who were going to see Old JEPHSON (the Q.C.), who had broken "down," or broken "up," or had gone through some mental and physical smashing process or other, that necessitated an immediate recourse to mountain air,—to where he could get it of the right sort and quality with as little strain or tax on his somewhat shattered nerves as might be compatible with a dash into the heart of Switzerland at the rag-end of the swarming tourists' season. "Murren will be too high for him: distinctly too high for him," thoughtfully observed the distinguished specialist who had been called in, and had at once prescribed the "air tonic" in question; "and the Burgenstock would be too low. His condition requires an elevation of about 3500 feet. Let me see. Ha! Engelberg is the place for him. My dear lady," he continued, addressing Mrs. JEPHSON, who had already imbibed the theory that every altitude, from Primrose Hill to Mont Blanc, suited its special ailment, the only thing necessary being to hit on the right one. "My dear lady, get your good husband to Engelberg at once. Write to HERR CATTANI, Hotel Titlis, Engelberg, Unterwalden, asking what day he can receive you (use my name), and then, as soon as you can possibly get off, start. I can promise you it will do wonders for our patient."

So, in about five days, we found ourselves, a party of six (including young JERRYMAN, who said that, though he saw no difference between Lucerne and Bayswater, except that Bayswater was a "howling site bigger," he would come, "if only for the lark of seeing the dilapidated old boy" (his way of referring to his invalid Q. C. Uncle) "shovelled about the Bernese Oberland like a seedy Guy Faux,") crossing the silver streak on that valued, steady-going, and excellently well-found Channel friend, the *Calais-Douvres*. Of course we made a fresh friend for life on board—one always does. We counted up fifty-seven fresh friends for life we had made, one way and another, on our way, before we got home again. This was

Lit de Luxe!

a Dr. MELCHISIDEC, who at once yielded his folding-chair to the Dilapidated One, and, finding himself bound also for Engelberg, attached himself as a sort of General-Director and Personal Conductor to our party. "Had we got our tickets through Cook, and asked him to secure our places in the train?" he inquired. "We had." "Ha! then it would be all right." And it was. On our arriving at Calais, no crush, or excitement, and fighting for places. We were met by three courteous, military-looking officials, who talked four languages between them, and ushered us to our "reserved" places. Royalty could not have fared better. "You're all right with Cook," observed Dr. MELCHISIDEC. "He's got a man everywhere; and, if there's any hitch, you've only got to call him in. A clear case of too many Cooks not spoiling the broth." And so we found it. I had always hitherto considered Cook's Excursionists as rather a comic institution, and as something to be laughed at. Nothing of the sort. "Blessed be Cook!" say I. All I know is, that we found his name a perfect tower of strength along the entire route we traversed.

And now we were whirling along towards Basle in the rather stuffy splendours provided for us by the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits, that reminded one, as much as anything of being fixed into one's allotted place in a sort of gigantic Gladstone Bag—an illusion assisted, no doubt, by the prominence of a deal of silver-plated fittings, in the shape of knobs and door-handles, all somewhat tarnished and dusty. True, the compartment, which gave on to a corridor running the whole length of the carriage, was provided with a table, an inkstand, a large pan for cigar-ash, and a colossal spittoon; but as one had no immediate need of any of these things,

and they filled up the already sufficiently limited space, one was strongly disposed, but for the presence of the military official of the Wagons Lits who paced the corridor before alluded to, to pitch them all out of the window then and there. But it was drawing on towards seven o'clock, and the question of feeding naturally came to the fore. How was the Dilapidated One to get his meal at Tergnier, the place where the military official informed us we should find "an excellent repast, 'et, and ready, with plenty of time to dispose of 'im with every facility," waiting for us.

Young JERRYMAN suggested the luncheon-basket, which he saw an American get through the other day, containing two pork sandwiches, nine inches long; half a fowl, a couple of rolls, three peaches, a bunch of grapes, a jam-tart, and a bottle of wine; but Dr. MELCHISIDEC put his veto on this, and, looking at the Dilapidated One critically, as if he was wondering how much he weighed, if it came to carrying him, came in with a judicial "No! no! I think we can manage to get him to the Buffet," which settled the matter; and with the announcement that we had all of us "vingt-trois minutes d'arrêt," we found ourselves stepping across the growing dusk of the platform, into the cheerful and brightly-lighted Station Restaurant, where a capital and comfortable meal, excellently served, was awaiting us. And, O ye shades of Rugby, Swindon, Crewe, Grantham, and I know not what other British Railway feeding centres, at which I have been harassed, scalded, and finally hurried away unfed, would that you could take a lesson from the admirable management, consideration for the digestion of the hungry passengers, and general all-round thoughtfulness that characterises the taking of that meal "de voyage" at Tergnier.

To begin with, you have about finished your soup, when a station official appears at the door and informs all the feeding passengers in an assuring and encouraging voice that they have "encore dix-huit minutes"—as much as to say, "Pray, my dear Monsieur, or Madame, as the case may be, do not hurry over that capital portion of *boeuf braisé à l'Impériale*, but enjoy its full flavour at your perfect leisure. There is not, pray believe me, the remotest occasion for any excitement or hurry." A little later on, in your repast, when you are just, perhaps, beginning to wonder whether you oughtn't to be thinking about returning to the train, the good fairy official again appears at the door, this time announcing that you have "encore douze minutes" in the same encouraging tones, that seem to say, "Now, I beg you will quite finish that excellent 'poulet' and 'salade.' Believe me, you have ample time. Trust to me. I charge myself with the responsibility of seeing that you catch your train calmly and comfortably;" which he certainly does, looking in again as Madame comes round, and you pay her her modest demand of three francs fifty for her excellently-cooked and well-served repast (*vin compris*), with the final announcement of, "Maintenant en voiture, Mesdames et Messieurs," that finds you comfortably seated in your place again, with three minutes to spare before the departure of the train. But perhaps the best testimony to the excellence of the management may be found in the fact that the Dilapidated One was not only got out, but well fed, and put back in his place, with a whole minute



"C'est tout, Monsieur?"



Nach Engelberg!

* To be continued till further notice.

to spare, without any excitement, or more than the usual expenditure of nerve-force required for the undertaking.

"I will, when Monsieur desires it, make up the bed for 'im," volunteers the military officer, towards eleven o'clock; and, as there isn't much going on, we say, "All right—we'll have it now;" and we disport ourselves in the corridor, while he works a sort of transformation in our Gladstone Bag compartment, which seems greatly to diminish its "containing" capacity. Indeed, if it were not for the floor, the ceiling, and the walls, one would hardly know where to stow one's packages. *Le train de Luxe* I know has come in, of late, for some abuse, and some grumblers have made a dead set at it. I don't know what their experience of a *lit de luxe* may have been, but, if it was anything like mine, they must have experienced a general feeling of wanting about a foot more room every way, coupled with a strong and morbid incontinence to kick off roof, sides, back, and, in fact, everything, so as, somehow, to secure it.

However, the night passed, the unceasing rattle of the train being occasionally changed for the momentary dead stillness, when it stopped, as it did now and then, at some small place on the way, for apparently no better reason than that of pulling the station-master out of bed to report it. Practically I was undisturbed, except at, I think, a place called *Delle*, where, in the very small hours of the morning, a gentleman opened the door of my bedroom *de Luxe*, and asked me in a voice, in which melancholy and sleep seemed to be struggling for the mastery, whether "I had any declaration I wished to make to the Swiss *Douanes*," and on my assuring him that I had "none whatever," he sadly and silently withdrew.

Nothing further till Basle, where we halted at 6 A.M. for breakfast and a change of trains, and where I was much impressed with the carrying power of the local porter, whom I met loaded with the Dilapidated One's effects, apparently surprised that that "was all" he was expected to take charge of. Lucerne in a blaze of stifling heat, with struggling Yankee and British tourists being turned away from the doors of all the hotels, so we were glad to get our telegram from Herr CATTANI announcing that he was able to offer us rooms that he had "disponible;" and at 3 P.M. we commenced our carriage-drive to Engelberg. Towards five we quitted the plain and began the ascent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A PROMISING series, so far, is this re-issue by Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS of "*The Barber's Chair, Etc.*," by DOUGLAS JERROLD; "*Gulliver's Travels*," by DEAN SWIFT, *Etc.*;" and SHERIDAN'S Plays. "Etc.," in both the first-mentioned books, forms a considerable portion of each volume. "Etc.," in the first includes the *Hedgehog Letters*, which are very Jerroldian; and in the second it means the immortal *Tale of a Tub*, the *Battle of the Books*, and a fragment from the Dean's correspondence.

The Baron begs to return thanks for an odd volume, one of privately printed *opuscula* of "*The Sette of Odd Volumes*," which has been presented to him by the Author, Mr. WALTER HAMILTON, F.R.G.S., and F.R.H.S., who has the honour of filling the important post of "Parodist" in the above-mentioned society or "Sette." This little odd volume epitomises the Drama of England within the last three centuries in most interesting fashion, without losing a single important point. Why it should have fallen to the lot of the "Parodist to the Sette" to do this, is only explained by the Sette being made up of Odd, very odd, Volumes. What are their rules? Do they go "odd man out" to decide who shall pay for the banquet? Must they dine in the daytime, because, being an odd lot, they cannot sit down to dinner at evening?

A list of the Odd members is given in the little book; but who cares what, or who, the Odds are, as long as they each and all are happy? 'Tis a pity that, in this *multum in parvo* of a book, the author should have spoken disparagingly of "Glorious JOHN." It would be worth while to refer to MACAULAY'S *Dramatists of the Restoration*, and to compare the licence of that age with that of SHAKESPEARE'S time, when a Virgin Queen, and not a Merry Monarch, was on the throne. And, when we come to SHERIDAN'S time, how about *The Duenna*, and *The Trip to Scarborough*, which was supposed to be an improvement on the original? However, *puris pura puerisque puellis*, as my excellent friend, Miss MAXIMA DE BETUR observes. But one ought not to look a gift pony in the mouth any more than one ought to critically examine a jest which is passed off in good company. The jest was not meant to be criticised, and the pony wasn't given you in order that you might critically express an opinion on its age. If a pony—a very quiet, steady grey pony—were presented as a mark of affection and esteem to the

Baron, he most certainly would *not* inspect its mouth, seeing that he would not be a tooth the wiser for the operation; but, if the Baron had a friendly vet. or a hipposcience at hand, he would certainly ask *him* to examine the gift cob before the Baron either drove or rode him.

Quo tendimus? In Latium? Verily, for the next work at hand is Mr. HUTTON'S *Monograph on Cardinal Newman*, which, of all the writings about his Eminence that I've lately read, I can (says the Baron, in one of his more severely sedate moods,) most confidently recommend to general readers of all denominations, and of all shades of opinion, whom Mr. HUTTON may address as "Friends, Romans, Countrymen!" That learned Theban, "JOHN OLDCASTLE," has written an interesting Biography of "The noblest Roman of them all," which forms a special number of the *Merry England Magazine*.

Margaret Byng, by F. C. PHILLIPS and FENDALL, is a clever sensational story, spun out into two volumes, which can be devoured by the accomplished novel-swallower in any two hours' train journey, and can be highly recommended for this particular purpose. It would have been better, because less expensive and more portable, had it been in one volume; but the Baron strongly recommends it for the above space of time in a train, or whenever you've nothing better to do, which will happen occasionally even to the wisest and best of us. The secret is very well kept to the end; and an expert in novel-reading can do the first volume in three-quarters of an hour, and the next in half an hour easily, and be none the worse for the *tour de force*, as he will have amused and interested himself for the time being, will forget all about it in an hour or so, and wonder what it was all about if at any future time the name of the book should be mentioned in his hearing. It's the sort of book that ought to be the size of a Tanchnitz edition, in one volume only, and sold for a couple of shillings.

The facsimile of DICKENS'S MS. of the *Christmas Carol*, published by Messrs. ELLIOTT STOCK, is a happy thought for the coming Christmas, and that Christmas is coming is a matter about which publishers within the next six weeks will not allow anyone to entertain the shadow or the ghost of a doubt. What a good subject for a Christmas story, *The Ghost of a Doubt; or, The Shadow of a Reason!* "Methinks," quoth the Baron, "it would be as well to register these two titles and couple of subjects before anyone seizes them as his own." Most interesting is this facsimile MS., showing how DICKENS wrote it, corrected it, and polished it up. Though, that this was the only MS. of this work, the Baron doubts. It may have been the only complete MS., but where are all the notes, rough or smooth, of the inspirations as they occurred? Those, the germs of this story or of any story, would be the most interesting of all; that is, to the confraternity of Authors. There is a pleasant preface, lively, of course, it should be, as coming from a Kitten who might have given us a catty-logue of the works of DICKENS in his possession.

"Thank you, Mr. B. L. FARJEON," says the Baron, "for a clever little novel called *A Very Young Couple*." Perhaps it might have been a trifle shorter than it is with advantage; and, if it had been published in that still more pocketable form which has made the Routledgean series of portable-readables so popular with the Baron, and those who are guided by his advice, the book would be still better. As it is, it is clever, because the astute novel-reader at once discards the real and only solution of the mystery as far too commonplace, and this solution is the one which Mr. FARJEON has adopted. It is the expected-unexpected that happens in this case, and the astute reader is particularly pleased with himself, because he finishes by saying, "I knew how it would be, all along."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

DURING A VISIT.

"PRAY don't move;" i.e., "He will be a brute if he doesn't."
 "I hope I am not disturbing you." i.e., "I don't care the least if I am."
 "What a delightful volume of poems your last is!" i.e., "Haven't read one of them; but he won't find it out."
 "So much in your new book that is interesting about those dear Japanese;" i.e., "Glad I happened to glance at that page."
 "Do tell me when your next lecture. Wouldn't miss it for worlds!" i.e., "Wild horses would not drag me there."
 "So sorry you are going. Mind you come and stay with us again very soon." i.e., "Unless she comes without an invitation, she is not likely to cross this threshold again."

INCOMPREHENSIBLE!—At the dinner given by the LORD MAYOR, a few days since, to the representatives of Art and Literature of all nations, a linguist, who is believed to understand seventeen languages, made a speech in the eighteenth!



Bound in Boards.



OUR COMPATRIOTS ABROAD.

SCENE—A Table d'hôte.

Aristocratic English Lady (full of diplomatic relations). "A—CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS A RESIDENT BRITISH MINISTER HERE?"
Scotch Tourist. "WELL, I'M NOT JUST QUITE SURE—BUT I'M TOLD THERE'S AN EXCELLENT PRESBYTERIAN SERVICE EVERY SUNDAY!"

A FAMILY QUESTION.

A SONG FOR THE SITUATION.

AIR—"The Chesapeake and the Shannon."

MCKINLEY, brave and bold, as the universe is told,
 Brought forth his Tariff Bill so neat and handy, O!
 And true patriots, everyone thought the business splendid fun,
 With their music playing Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
 Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
 The patriots came running, and admired MCKINLEY'S cunning,
 In the interests of Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

The Britisher might blame the new Economic game,
 That only fired the Yankee like neat brandy, O!
 If J. B. should be stone-broke by MCKINLEY'S master-stroke,
 Tant mieux, my boys, for Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
 Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
 The measure is a lark, it may transfer the British market
 To the able hands of Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

The fight has scarce begun, and the Yank has seen the fun
 Of the rush of freighted vessels to be handy, O!
 Just in time for the old duties; they competed, like young beauties
 For the smile of some young roving Royal dandy, O!
 Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
 They knew there'd be a scare if the ships didn't dodge the Tariff,
 The New Tariff dear to Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

The *Etruria* and *Zuandam* found the business quite a flam,
 The *Thingvalla*, in good time, was not quite handy, O!
 Whilst some sugar-laden ships found they'd wholly missed their tips,
 To the merriment of Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
 Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
 Yet the prudent thoughts are giving to the "increased cost of living,"
 Home-expenses burden Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

Miss COLUMBIA and her "Ma" have a fancy that Pap-pa,
 At raising "worsted-stuffs" has been too handy, O!
 Fifty per cent. on frocks, upon petticoats and socks.
 Scares the women-folk of Yankee doodle dandy, O!
 Yankee doodle, Yankee doodle dandy, O!
 "Taxing the Britisher" may yet create a stir
 In the Home-affairs of Yankee doodle dandy, O!

Pennsylvania will rejoice, but a sort of still small voice
 In the ear of Uncle SAM may sound quite handy, O!
 Wall Street may feel smart shocks at the lowering of Stocks,
 And will "Tin-plates" comfort Yankee doodle dandy, O?
 Yankee doodle, Yankee doodle, dandy O!

Lower Stocks by raising "Stockings" Ah, methinks I hear the
 "Shockings"!
 Of the women-folk of Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

Howsoever that may fare, let JOHN BULL keep on his hair,
 And Miss CANADA with flouts be not too handy, O!
 Common sense is safe commander, and we need not raise our dander
 At the Tariff tricks of Yankee doodle dandy, O!
 Yankee doodle! Yankee doodle dandy, O!
 And may it ever prove in trade fights, or brotherly love,
 BULL can keep upsides with Yankee doodle dandy, O!

"CHARGE, CHESTER, CHARGE!"—The *Times* reports that at Chester County Court last week, Mr. STAVELEY HILL, Q.C., M.P., Judge Advocate of the Fleet, was summoned for £25—for goods supplied, and that the claim was unsuccessfully contested on the score that it was barred by the Statute of Limitations. Mr. SEGAR, who represented the Plaintiff, said that the Defendant was "wrong in his law," and Judge Sir HORATIO LLOYD assented to the proposition by giving a verdict for the full amount claimed. From this it would appear that there was "no valley" (as a Cockney would say) in the point of the Hill—the Judge Advocate of the Fleet being on this occasion, if not in his native element, at any rate, "quits at sea!"



A FAMILY QUESTION.

MISS COLUMBIA. "SAY, PAP-PA, WON'T THAT BILL RILE THE BRITISHERS, SOME? ANYHOW, GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO SHELL OUT PRETTY CONSIDERABLE ALL ROUND—AT HOME!!"

A BATTLE OF BULL RUN

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN WAS FIGHTED ON AUGUST 31, 1862, BETWEEN THE ARMY OF THE VIRGINIA AND THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. IT WAS A MAJOR BATTLE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STEAM-ROLLING EXPERIENCES.
 —That you should have endeavoured to have turned the birthday-gift of your eccentric nephews to account, and made an offer to the Municipality of West Bloxham to "set" the High Street for them by going over it with the seventeen-ton steam-roller, with which your youthful relatives had presented you, was only a nice and generous impulse on your part; and it is undeniably a great pity that, owing to your not fully understanding the working of the machine, you should have torn away the front of three of the principal shops, finally going through the floor of a fourth, and getting yourself apparently permanently embedded in a position from which you cannot extricate yourself, in the very centre of the leading thoroughfare. Your idea of getting out of the difficulty by presenting the steam-roller then and there to the Borough was a happy one, and it is to be regretted that, under the circumstances, they felt no inclination to accept your offer. Their threat of further proceedings against you unless you take immediate steps to remove your machine, though, perhaps, to be expected, is certainly a little unhandsome. Perhaps your best plan will be to try and start your Steam-roller as a "Suburban Omnibus Company," as you propose. Certainly secure that Duke you mention for Chairman, and, with one or two good City names on the Directorate, it is possible you may be successful in your efforts to float the affair.



A HERO "FIN DE SIÈCLE."

Podgers (of Sandboys Golf Club). "MY DEAR MISS ROBINSON, GOLF'S THE ONLY GAME NOWADAYS FOR THE MEN. LAWN-TENNIS IS ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU GIRLS, YOU KNOW."

Meantime, since the proprietor of the premises in which your Steam-roller has fixed itself refuses to allow you to try to remove it by dynamite, leave it where it is. Put the whole matter into the hands of a sharp local lawyer, and go on to the Continent until it has blown over.

HIGHWAYS AND LOW WAYS.

THERE is evidently all the difference in the world between "The King's Highway"—of song—and the Kingsland highway—of fact. Song says all is equal to—
 "High and low on the King's highway."

Experience teaches that a sober citizen traversing the highway unfavourably known as the Kingsland Road, is liable to be tripped up, robbed and thumped senseless by organised gangs of Kingsland roughs. It seems doubtful whether Neapolitan banditti or Australian bush-whackers are much worse than these Cockney ruffians, these vulgar, vicious and villainous "Knights of the (Kingsland) Road." Is it not high time that the local authorities—and the local police—looked to this particular "highway," which seems so much more like a "by-way" not to say a "by-word and a reproach" to a city suburb?

A CASE FOR THE SURGEONS.—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, who has a great respect for the attainments of Members of the Medical profession, cannot understand why Army Doctors should be called "non-competents."

THE MODERN MILKMAID'S SONG.

(AT THE DAIRY SHOW.)

An Extract from the "Complete Angler" of the Future.

Piscator. MAUDLIN, I pray you, do us the courtesy to sing a song concerning your late visit to London.

MAUDLIN sings:—

COME live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That come in competition's field
 From reckoning up the Shorthorn's "yield."

To Town we'll come in modish frocks,
 Where swells appraise our herds and flocks,
 By days "in profit" great or small,
 All in the Agricultural Hall.

Cookneys shall come and poke their noses
 Into our churns as sweet as roses;
 And to quiz MAUDLIN in clean kirtle
 The toffs of Town will crush and hurtle.

You'll see the QUEEN, of pride chock-full,
 Take first prize with her Shorthorn bull;
 Dr. H. WATNEY, of Buckhold,
 With "Cleopatra" hit the gold.

A medal or a champion cup
 For cheese to munch, or cream to sup,
 Are pleasures rural souls to move,
 So live with me and be my love.

Butter and eggs, milch cows and churns,
 With cattle foods shall take their turns;
 If Dairy Shows thy mind have won,
 Then come with me to Islington.

Viator. Trust me, Master, it is an apt song, and arohly sung by modish MAUDLIN. I'll bestow a bucolic Cockney's wish upon her, that she may live to marry a Competitive Dairyman, and have good store of champion cups and first prizes stuck about her best parlour.

A LICENCE FOR LORDS.

[At the Blackheath Petty Sessions, Mr. LAWLESS, stated that the Trafalgar Hotel, belonged to the Lords of the Admiralty, and asked the Bench to transfer the licence to the resident caretaker.

Captain ROBERTSON-SHERSBY, J. P.: Why not transfer it to the First Lord of the Admiralty? Are there no whitebait dinners held there?

Mr. LAWLESS said that he was afraid that the days of whitebait dinners were over.

The Bench, finding the Admiralty held the hotel for charitable purposes, granted the application.]

COME, landmen, give ear to my ditty,
 I'll make it as short as I can.

There was once—was it London?—a city
 Which stretched from Beersheba to Dan.
 Of course that is gammon and spinach,
 Or, to put it correctly, a joke.
 It extended from Richmond to Greenwich,
 This city of darkness and smoke.

It had sailors who ruled o'er the ocean,
 And sat all the day upon Boards,
 And described, with delightful emotion,
 Themselves and their colleagues as "Lords."
 They had tubes that were always exploding,
 And boilers that never were right,
 But had all got a trick of exploding,
 And blowing a row out of sight.

They had docks (and, alas! they had docks),
 They had ships that kept sinking like stones,
 Which resulted in filling the lockers
 Provided below by D. JONES.
 Of their country these lineal successors
 Of NELSON deserved very well,
 When at last they became the possessors
 Of an old fully-licensed hotel.

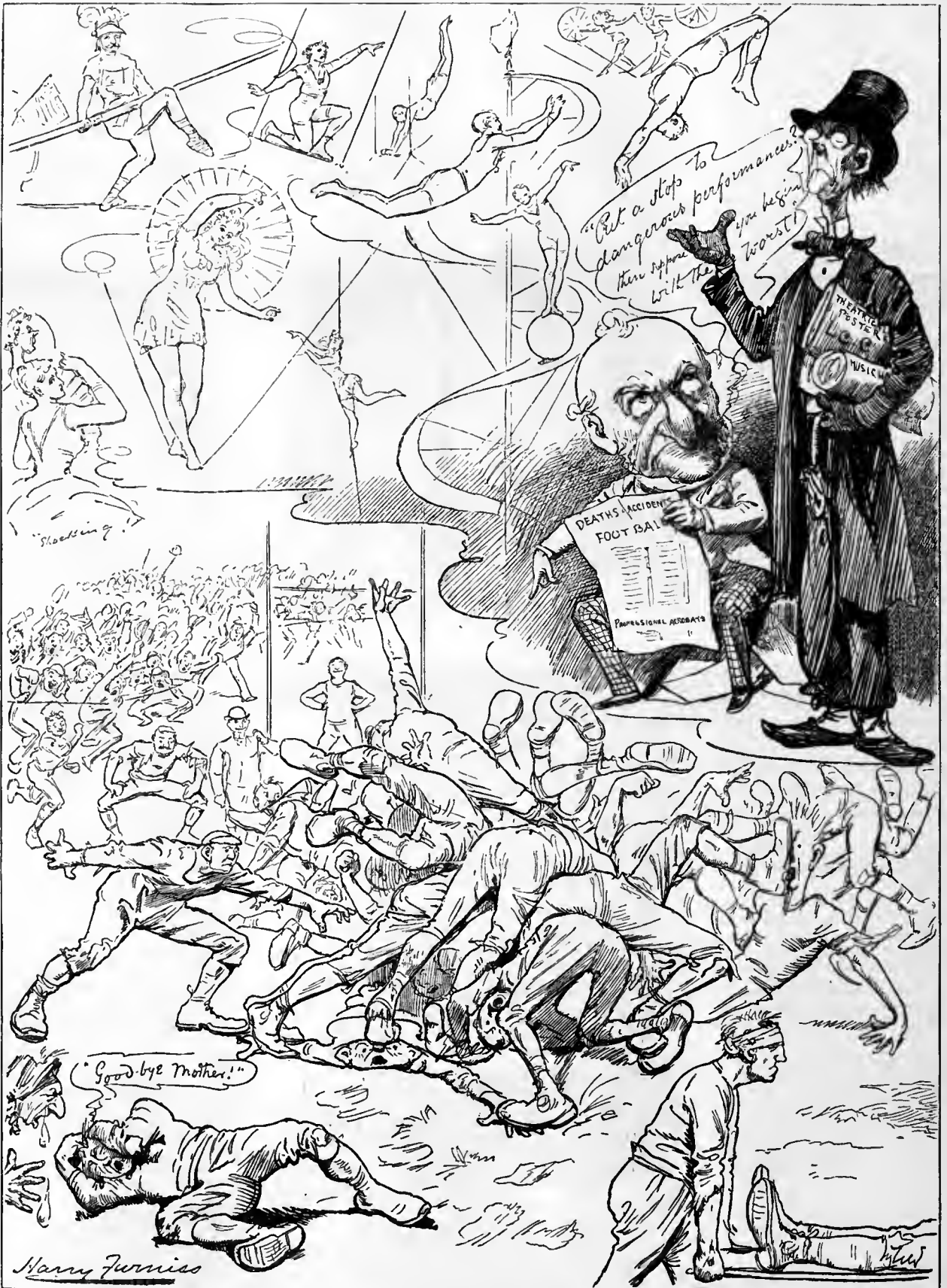
And they made up a case which was flawless,
 For the Sessions that sat at Blackheath,
 And they sent—which was strange—
 Mr. LAWLESS,
 Who was crammed full of law to the teeth.

"The days when we all lived in clover,
 With whitebait, can never revive,
 I assure you," said LAWLESS, "they're over,
 But, oh, keep the licence alive."

But the Bench, when they heard him, grew bolder—

"Make it out to GEORGE HAMILTON—he is the man who should figure as holder,"
 Said ROBERTSON-SHERSBY, J. P.
 Just to think of the head of the Navy,
 The proudest and strongest afloat,
 Cutting joints or distributing gravy,
 First Lord of his own table d'hôte!

Will their Charity be a beginner
 At home? Will they dine there each day,
 These Lords, on a succulent dinner,
 Free, gratis, and nothing to pay?
 Well, well, though we'd rather prefer ships
 That burst not, we'll take what they give.
 So we offer our thanks to their Worship
 For permitting the licence to live.



AMUSEMENTS FOR THE GALLERY—AND THE MOB!



"BEO PARDON, SIR! BUT IF YOU WAS TO AIM AT HIS LORDSHIP THE NEXT TIME, I THINK HE'D FEEL MORE COMFORBLEE, SIR!"

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. III.—JOANNA OF THE CROSS WAYS.

(By GEORGE VERIMYTH, Author of "Richard's Several Editions," "The Aphorist," "Shampoo's Shaving-Pot.")

[With this story came a long, explanatory letter. The story, however, is itself so clear and easy to understand (as is all the work of this master), that the accompanying commentary is unnecessary.]

CHAPTER I.

IN the earlier portion of the lives of all of us there is a time, heaven-given without doubt, for all things, as we know, draw their

origin thence, if only in our blundering, ill-conditioned way we trace them back far enough with the finger of fate pointing to us as in mockery of all striving of ours on this rough bosom of our mother earth, a time there comes when the senses rebel, first faintly, and then with ever-increasing vehemence, panting, beating, buffeting and breasting the torrent of necessity, against the parental decree that would drench our inmost being in the remedial powder of a Gregorian doctor, famous, I doubt not, in his day, and much bepraised by them that walked delicately in the light of pure reason and the healthful flow of an untainted soul, but now cast out and abhorred of childhood scaring on uplifted wing through the vast blue of the modern pharmacopoeia. Yet to them is there not comfort too in the symbolic outpourings of a primæval wisdom which, embodied for all time in imperishable verse, are chanted in the haunts of the very young like the soft lappings of the incoming tide on a beach where rounded pebble disputes with shining sand the mastery of the foreshore?

So, too, while the infant chariot with its slow motion of treble wheels advances obedient to the hand of the wimpled maid who

from the rear directs its ambiguous progress, the dozing occupant may not always understand, but, hearing, cannot fail to be moved to tears by the simple tale of JOANNA crossed in all her depth and scope of free vigorous life by him that should have stood her friend. For the man had wedded her. Of that there can be no doubt, since the chronicles have handed down the date of it. Wedded her with the fatal "yes" that binds a trusting soul in the world's chains. A man, too. A reckless, mutton-munching, beer-swilling animal! And yet a man. A dear, brave, human heart, as it should have been; capable, it may be, of unselfishness and devotion; but, alas! how sadly twisted to the devil's purposes on earth, an image of perpetual chatter, like the putty-faced street-pictures of morning soapbuds. His names stand in full in the verse. JOHN, shortened

familiarly, but not without a hint of contempt, to JACK, stares at you in all the bravery of a Christian name. And SPRATT follows with a breath of musty antiquity. SPRATT that is indeed a SPRATT, sunk in the oil of a slothful imagination and bearing no impress of the surname that should raise its owner to cloudy peaks of despotic magnificence.

But of the lady's names no hint is given. We may conjecture SPRATT to have been hers too, poor young soul that should have been dancing instead of fastened to a table in front of an eternal platter. And of all names to precede it the fittest surely is JOANNA. For what is that but the glorification with many feminine thrills of the unromantic chawbacon JOHN masticating at home in semi-privacy the husks of contentment, the lean scrapings of the divine dish which is offered once in every life to all. So JOANNA

she shall be and is, and as JOANNA shall her story be told.

CHAPTER II.

MANY are the tales concerning JOANNA's flashing wit. There appeared many years back, in a modest shape that excited small



interest amongst the reviewing herd, a booklet whereof the title furnished little if any indication to the contents. *The Spinster's Reticule*, for so the name ran, came forth with no blare of journalistic trumpets challenging approval from the towers of critical sagacity. It appeared and lived. But between its cardboard covers the bruised heart of JOANNA beats before the world. She shines most in these aphorisms. Her private talk, too, has its own brilliancy, spun, as it was here and there, out of a museful mind at the cooking of the dinner or of the family accounts. She said of love that "it is the sputter of grease in a frying-pan; where it falls the fire burns with a higher flame to consume it."* Of man, that "he may navigate Mormon Bay, but he cannot sail to Khiva Point." The meaning is too obvious it may be, but the thought is well imaged.

She is delightful when she touches on life. "Two," she says, "may sit at a feast, but the feast is not thereby doubled." And, again, "Passion may lift us to Himalaya heights, but the hams are smoked in a chimney." And this of the soul, "He who fashions a waterproof prevents not the clouds from dripping moisture." Of stockings she observes that, "The knitting-needles are long, but the turn of the heel is a teaser." Here there is a delightful irony of which matrons and maids may take note.

Such, then, was our JOANNA—JOANNA MERESIA SPRATT, to give her that full name by which posterity is to know her—an ardent, bubbling, bacon-loving girl-nature, with hands reaching from earth to the stars, that blinked egregiously at the sight of her innocent beauty, and hid themselves in winding clouds for very love of her.

CHAPTER III.

SIR JOHN SPRATT had fashions that were peculiarly his own. Vain it were to inquire how, from the long-perished SPRATTS that went before him, he drew that form of human mind which was his. Laws that are hidden from our prying eyes ordain that a man shall be the visible exemplar of vanished ages, offering here and there a hook of remembrance, on which a philosopher may hang a theory for the world's admiring gaze. Far back in the misty past, of which the fabulists bear record, there have swum SPRATTS within this human ocean, and of these the ultimate and proudest was he with whose life-story we are concerned. It was his habit to carry with him on all journeys a bulky note-book, the store in which he laid by for occasions of use the thoughts that roughed upon him, now feverishly, as with the exultant leap of a rough-coated canine companion, released from the thralldom of chain and kennel, and eager to seek the Serpentine haunts of water-nymphs, and of sticks that fell with a splash, and are brought back time and again whilst the shaken spray bedews the onlookers; now with the staid and solemn progression that is beloved of the equine drawers of four-wheeled chariots, protesting with many growls against a load of occupants.

He had met JOANNA. They had conversed. "An empty table, is it not?" said she. "Nowhere!" said he, and they proceeded. His "Nowhere!" had a penetrating significance—the more significant for the sense that it left vague.

And so the marriage was arranged, the word that was to make one of those who had hitherto been two had been spoken, and the celebrating gifts came pouring in to the pair.

SIR JOHN walked home with triumph swelling high in his heart. Overhead the storm-clouds gathered ominously. First with a patter, then with a drenching flood, the prisoned rain burst its bars, and dashed clamouring down to the free earth. He paused, umbrellaless, under a glimmering lamp-post. The hurrying steeds of a carriage, passing at great speed, dashed the gathered slush of the street over his dark-blue Melton over-coat. The imprecations of the coachman and his jeera mingled strangely with the elemental roar. SIR JOHN heeded them not. He stood moveless for a space, then slowly drawing forth his note-book, and sharpening his pencil, he wrote the following phrase:—"Laid Brother to Banjo, one, two, three, 5 to 4."

CHAPTER IV.

A YEAR had gone by, and with the spring that whispered softly in the blossoming hedge-rows, and the melancholy cry of the female fowl calling to her downy brood, JOANNA had learnt new lessons of a beneficent life, and had crystallised them in aphorisms, shaken like dew from the morning leaf of her teeming fancy.

They sat at table together. BINNS, the butler, who himself dabbled in aphorism, and had sucked wisdom from the privy perusal of SIR JOHN'S note-book, had laid before them a dish on which reposed a small but well-boiled leg of one that had trod the South-downs but a week before in all the pride of lusty life. There was a silence for a moment.

"You will, as usual, take the fat?" queried SIR JOHN.

"Lean for me to-day," retorted JOANNA, with one of her bright flashes.

"Nay, nay," said her husband, "that were against tradition, which assigns to you the fat."

* I guarantee all these remarks to be intensely humorous and brilliant. If you can't see it, so much the worse for you. They are screamers.—G. V.

JOANNA pouted. Her mind rebelled against dictation. Besides, were not her aphorisms anterior to those of her husband? The cold face of SIR JOHN grew eloquent in protest. She paused, and then with one wave of her stately arm swept mutton, platter, knife, fork, and caper sauce into the lap of SIR JOHN, whence the astonished BINNS, gasping in pain, with much labour rescued them. JOANNA had disappeared in a flame of mocking laughter, and was heard above calling on her maid for salts. But SIR JOHN ere yet the sauce had been fairly scraped from him, unclasped his note-book, and with trembling fingers wrote therein, "POOLE'S master-pieces are ever at the mercy of an angry woman."

CHAPTER V.

BUT the world is hard, and there was little mercy shown for JOANNA'S freak. Her husband had slain her. That was all. She with her flashes, her gaiety, her laughter, was consigned to dust. But in SIR JOHN'S note-book it was written that, "The hob-nailed boot is but a bungling weapon. The drawing-room poker is better."

THE END.

'THE GRASSHOPPER' AT THE LYRIC.

NOTHING prettier than *La Cigale* at the Lyric Theatre has been seen in London for a very long time. The dresses are perfect, and the three stage pictures which illustrate the graceful story could not be better. Then the book is admittedly a model libretto, set to music



"Turned on the Toe."
Shakespeare.

at once fresh and charming. What more could be desired? Why capable exponents. Here, again, Mr. SEDGER is in luck's way. With Miss GERALDINE ULMAR as the Grasshopper, and Miss EFFIE CLEMENTS as the Ant, who could ask for more? Without replying to the question, it may be said at once that "more" is excellently represented by Mr. ERIC LEWIS as a Duke, Mr. LIONEL BAUGH as a Lordlord (by the way the Uncle of the Ant), and Mr. E. W. GARDEN as the Bill of the Play. Perhaps on the first night the CHEVALIER SCOVEL as the *Chevalier de Bernheim* was not quite at home in his new surroundings. Accustomed to a more serious kind of entertainment, he appeared a trifle heavy, and his tenor notes (not unsuggestive of the Bank of Elegance) were sometimes of doubtful value. By this time, however, no doubt, he has regained his normal composure, and sings as successfully as any of his colleagues.

After the last Act everyone was called, inclusive of the composers and the author; the latter, being at that very moment on his way to France, could not respond to the hearty applause with which his name was greeted, and must accordingly await the personal congratulations of the audience until his return from foreign parts. Mr. CARYLL who had done so much to musically illustrate the Christmas Tree Scene (thus meriting the title of Mr. CHRISTMAS CARYLL), was also not to be found when wanted, and so the Sole Lessee and Manager had nothing more to do than return thanks for all concerned, and make up his mind to a run that seems likely to keep him on his legs until Easter.

TO MR. STANLEY.

[At a meeting of the Cardiff Corporation on Tuesday, October 7, a letter was read from Mr. H. M. STANLEY stating, that he would be unable to fulfil his engagement to visit Cardiff and accept the freedom of the borough. All preparation for the ceremony had been made, and a costly silver casket, which is now useless, was specially ordered. Mr. STANLEY'S excuse was pressure of business in preparing for his American tour.—*Daily Paper.*]

The Council at Cardiff looked angry and glum,

Their chagrin was so great it was useless to mask it,
They had only just heard you were not going to come,
And alack! and alas! they had ordered the casket!

The address had been settled; the language was tall,

The phrases were apt and so beautifully rounded,
They had told of your pluck so well known to us all,
And your praises, of course, they had suitably sounded.

And then you can't come!—But it scarcely avails

To become of excuses a common concocter,
For if "pressure of business" will keep you from Wales,
Why go down to Cambridge to pose as a Doctor?

Yes, think once again of your promise, and so
Just alter your mind, it would be much too hard if
You left unfulfilled your engagement to go
And receive (in a casket) the Freedom of Cardiff.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

NO. IV.—BOB SILLIMERE.

(By Mrs. HUMPHRY JOHN WARD PREACHER, Author of "Master Sisterston.")

[On the paper in which the MS. of this novel was wrapped, the following note was written in a bold feminine hand:—"This is a highly religious story. GEORGE ELIOT was unable to write properly about religion. The novel is certain to be well reviewed. It is calculated to adorn the study-table of a Bishop. The £1000 prize must be handed over at once to the Institute which is to be founded to encourage new religions in the alleys of St. Pancras.—H. J. W. P."]

CHAPTER I.

It was evening—evening in Oxford. There are evenings in other places occasionally. Cambridge sometimes puts forward weak imitations. But, on the whole, there are no evenings which have so much of the true, inward, mystic spirit as Oxford evenings. A solemn hush broods over the grey quadrangles, and this, too, in spite of the happy laughter of the undergraduates playing touch last on the grass-plots, and leaping, like a merry army of marsh-dwellers, each over the back of the other, on their way to the deeply impressive services of their respective college chapels. Inside, the organs were pealing majestically, in response to the deft fingers of many highly respectable musicians, and all the proud traditions, the legendary struggles, the well-loved examinations, the affectionate memories of generations of proctorial officers, the innocent rustications, the warning appeals of authoritative Deans—all these seemed gathered together into one last loud trumpet-call, as a tall, impressionable youth, carrying with him a spasm of feeling, a Celtic temperament, a moved, flashing look, and a surplice many sizes too large for him, dashed with a kind of quivering, breathless sigh, into the chapel of St. Boniface's just as the porter was about to close the door. This was ROBERT, or, as his friends lovingly called him, BOB SILLIMERE. His mother had been an Irish lady, full of the best Irish humour; after a short trial, she was, however, found to be a superfluous character, and as she began to develop differences with CATHERINE, she caught an acute inflammation of the lungs, and died after a few days, in the eleventh chapter.

Bob sat still awhile, his agitation soothed by the comforting sense of the oaken seat beneath him. At school he had been called by his school-fellows "the Knitting-needle," a remarkable example of the well-known fondness of boys for sharp, short nicknames; but this did not trouble him now. He and his eagerness, his boundless curiosity, and his lovable mistakes, were now part and parcel of the new life of Oxford—new to him, but old as the ages, that, with their rhythmic recurrent flow, like the pulse of—[Two pages of fancy writing are here omitted. ED.] BRIGHAM and BLACK were in chapel, too. They were Dons, older than BOB, but his intimate friends. They had but little belief, but BLACK often preached, and BRIGHAM held undecided views on life and matrimony, having been brought up in the ramped atmosphere of a middle-class parlour. At Oxford, the two took pupils, and helped to shape BOB's life. Once BRIGHAM had pretended, as an act of pure benevolence, to be a Pro-Proctor, but as he had a sardonic scorn, and a face which could become a marble mask, the Vice-Chancellor called upon him to resign his position, and he never afterwards repeated the experiment.

CHAPTER II.

ONE evening BOB was wandering dreamily on the banks of the Upper River. He sat down, and thought deeply. Opposite to him was a wide green expanse dotted with white patches of geese. There and then, by the gliding river, with a mass of reeds and a few poplars to fill in the landscape, he determined to become a clergyman. How strange that he should never have thought of this before; how sudden it was; how wonderful! But the die was cast; *alea jacta est*, as he had read yesterday in an early edition of St. Augustine; and, when BOB rose, there was a new brightness in his eye, and a fresh springiness in his steps. And at that moment the deep bell of St. Mary's—[Three pages omitted. ED.]

CHAPTER III.

AND thus BOB was ordained, and, having married CATHERINE, he accepted the family living of Wendover, though not before he had

taken occasion to point out to BLACK that family livings were corrupt and indefensible institutions. Still, the thing had to be done; and bitterly as BOB pined for the bracing air of the East End of London, he acknowledged, with one of his quick, bright flashes, that, unless he went to Wendover, he could never meet Squire MUREWELL, whose powerful arguments were to drive him from positions he had never qualified himself, except by an irrational enthusiasm, to defend. Of CATHERINE a word must be said. Cold, with the delicate but austere firmness of a Westmoreland daisy, gifted with fatally sharp lines about the chin and mouth, and habitually wearing loose grey gowns, with bodices to match, she was admirably calculated, with her narrow, meat-tea proclivities, to embitter the amiable SILLIMERE's existence, and to produce, in conjunction with him, that storm and stress, that perpetual clashing of two estimates without which no modern religious novel could be written, and which not even her pale virginal grace of look and form could subdue. That is a long sentence, but, ah! how short is a merely mortal sentence, with its tyrannous full stop, against the immeasurable background of the December stars, by whose light BOB was now walking, with heightened colour, along the vast avenue that led to Wendover Hall, the residence of the ogre Squire.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Squire was at home. On the door-step BOB was greeted by Mrs. FARCEY, the Squire's sister. She looked at him in her bird-like way. At other times she was elf-like, and played tricks with a lace handkerchief.

"You know," she whispered to BOB, "we're all mad here. I'm mad, and he," she continued, bobbing diminutively towards the Squire's study-door, "he's mad too—as mad as a hatter."

Before BOB had time to answer this strange remark, the study-door flew open, and Squire MUREWELL stepped forth. He rapped out an oath or two, which BOB noticed with faint politeness, and ordered his visitor to enter. The Squire was rough—very rough; but he had studied hard in Germany.

"So you're the young fool," he observed, "who intends to tackle me. Ha, ha, that's a good joke. I'll have you round my little finger in two twos. Here," he went on gruffly, "take this book of mine in your right hand. Throw your eyes up to the ceiling." ROBERT, wishing to conciliate him, did as he desired. The eyes stuck there, and looked down with a quick lovable look on the two men below. "Now," said the Squire, "you can't see. Pronounce the word 'testimony' twice, slowly. Think of a number, multiply

by four, subtract the Thirty-nine Articles, add a Sunday School and a packet of buns. Result, you're a freethinker." And with that he bowed BOB out of the room.

CHAPTER V.

A TERRIBLE storm was raging in the Rector's breast as he strode, regardless of the cold, along the verdant lanes of Wendover. "Fool that I was!" he muttered, pressing both hands convulsively to his sides. "Why did I not pay more attention to arithmetic at school? I could have crushed him, but I was ignorant. Was that result right?" He reflected awhile mournfully, but he could bring it out in no other way. "I must go through with it to the bitter end," he concluded, "and CATHERINE must be told." But the thought of CATHERINE knitting quietly at home, while she read Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, with a tender smile on her thin lips, unmanned him. He sobbed bitterly. The front-door of the Rectory was open. He walked in.—The rest is soon told. He resigned the Rectory, and made a brand-new religion. CATHERINE frowned, but it was useless. Thereupon she gave him cold bacon for lunch during a whole fortnight, and the brave young soul which had endured so much withered under this blight. And thus, acknowledging the novelist's artistic necessity, ROBERT died.—[THE END.]

WINTER SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.—Opening of Italian Opera last Saturday, with *Aida*. Very well done. "Wait" between Second and Third Act too long: "Waiters" in Gallery whistling. Wind whistling, too, in Stalls. Operatic and rhenmatic. Rugs and fur apes might be kept on hire by Stall-keepers. Airs in *Aida* delightful: draughts in Stalls awful. Signor LAGO called before Curtain to receive First Night congratulations. Signor LAGO ought to do good business "in front," as there's evidently no difficulty in "raising the wind."



His hair is of flame fizzing over his head,
As likewise his beard and eye-lashes;
His drink 's "low-test naphtha," his nag, it is said,
Eats flaming tow soaked in combustibles dread,
Which hot from the manger he gnashes.

The Fire King set spurs to the steed he beströde,
Intent to mix pleasure with profit.
He was off to Vine Street in the Farringdon Road,
And soon with the flames of fired naphtha it flowed
As though 'twere the entry to Tophet.

He sought HARROD'S Stores whence soon issued a blast
Of oil-flame that lighted the City
Then he turned to Cloth Fair. Hold, my Muse! not too
fast!

On the Fire King's last victims in silence we'll cast
A look of respectfulest pity.

But the Fire King flames on; Now he pulls up to snatch
Some fodder. The stable's in danger.
His whip is a torch, and each spur is a match,
And over the horse's left eye is a patch,
To keep it from scorching the manger.

But who is the Ostler, and who is his lad,
In fodder-supplying alliance,
Who feed the Fire King and his Steed? 'Tis too bad
That TRADE should feed Fire, and his henchman seem
glad
To set wholesome Law at defiance.

See, Trade stocks the manger, and there is the pail
Full set by the imp illegality!
That fierce fiery Pegasus thus to regale,
When he's danger and death from hot head to flame-
tail,
Is ornely callous brutality.

Ah, Justice looks stern, and, indeed, well she may,
With such a vile vision before her.
The ignipotent nag and its rider to stay
In their dangerous course is her duty to-day,
And to do it the public implore her.

"By Jingo!" cries Punch, "you nefarious Two,
Your alliance humanity jars on!
If you feed the Fire Fiend, with disaster in view,
And the chance of men's death, 'twere mere justice to do
To have you indicted for arson!"



FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

"OH, ROBERT, THE GROUSE HAS BEEN KEPT TOO LONG! I WONDER YOU CAN
EAT IT!"

"MY DEAR, 'WE NEEDS MUST LOVE THE HIGHEST WHEN WE SEE IT!'"
(Guinevere.)

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

Chorus of Arab Stall-keepers. Come an' look! Alaha-ba-li-boos!
Eet is verri cold to-day! I-ah-rish Brandi! 'Ere, Miss! you com'
'ere! No pay for lookin'. Alf a price! Verri pritti, verri nah-ice,
verri cheap, verri mooh! And so on.

Chorus of British Saleswomen. Will you allow me to show you
this little novelty, Sir? 'Ave you seen the noo perfume sprinkler?
Do come and try this noo puzzle—no 'arm in lookin', Sir. Very nice
little novelties 'ere, Sir! 'Eard the noo French Wortz, Sir? every
article is really very much reduced, &c., &c.

AT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRE.

SCENE—A hall in the grounds. Several turnstiles leading to
curtained entrances.

Showmen (shouting). Amphitrite, the Marvellous Floatin' Goddess.
Just about to commence! This way for the Mystic Gallery—three
Illusions for threepence! Atalanta, the Silver Queen of the Moon;
the Oriental Beauty in the Table of the Sphinx, and the Wonderful
Galatea, or Pygmalion's Dream. Only threepence! This way for
the Mystic Marvel o' She! Now commencing!

*A Female Sightseer (with the air of a person making an original
suggestion).* Shall we go in, just to see what it's like?

Male Ditto. May as well, now we are 'ere. (To preserve himself
from any suspicion of credulity.) Sure to be a take-in o' some sort.

[They enter a dim apartment, in which two or three people are
leaning over a barrier in front of a small Stage; the Curtain
is lowered, and a Pianist is industriously pounding away at
a Waltz.

The F. S. (with an uncomfortable giggle). Not much to see so far,
is there?

Her Companion. Well, they ain't begun yet.

[The Waltz ends, and the Curtain rises, disclosing a Cavern
Scene. Amphitrite, in blue tights, rises through the floor.

Amphitrite (in the Gallic tongue). Mesdarms et Messures, j'ai
'honneur de vous sooyater le bong jour! (Floats, with no apparent
support, in the air, and performs various graceful evolutions, con-
cluding by reversing herself completely). Bong swore, Mesdarms et
mesures, mes remerciomongs!

[She dives below, and the Curtain descends.

The F. S. Is that all? I don't see nothing in that!

*Her Comp. (who, having paid for admission, resents this want of
appreciation).* Why, she was off the ground the 'ole of the time,
wasn't she? I'd just like to see you turnin' and twisting about in
the air as easy as she did with nothing to 'old on by!

The F. S. I didn't notice she was off the ground—yes, that was
olever. I never thought o' that before. Let's go and see the other
things now.

Her Comp. Well, if you don't see nothing surprising in 'em till
they're all over, you might as well stop outside, I should ha'
thought.

The F. S. Oh, but I'll notice more next time—you've got to get
used to these things, you know.

[They enter the Mystic Gallery, and find themselves in a dim
passage, opposite a partitioned compartment, in which is a
glass case, supported on four pedestals, with a silver crescent
at the back. The Illusions—to judge from a sound of
scurrying behind the scenes—have apparently been taken
somewhat unawares.

The Female Sightseer (anxious to please). They've done that 'alf-
moon very well, haven't they?

Voice of Showman (addressing the Illusions). Now then, 'urry
up there—we're all waiting for you.

[The face of "Atalanta, the Silver Queen of the Moon,"
appears, strongly illuminated, inside the glass-box, and
regards the spectators with an impassive contempt—greatly
to their confusion.

The Male S. (in a propitiatory tone). Not a bad-looking girl,
is she?
Atalanta, the Queen of the Moon (to the Oriental Beauty in next

compartment). POLLY, when these people are gone, I wish you'd fetch me my work!

[The Sightseers move on, feeling crushed. In the second compartment the upper portion of a female is discovered, calmly knitting in the centre of a small table, the legs of which are distinctly visible.]

The Female S. Why, wherever has the rest of her got to?

The Oriental Beauty (with conscious superiority). That's what you've got to find out.

[They pass on to interview "Galatea, or Pygmalion's Dream," whose compartment is as yet enveloped in obscurity.]

A Youthful Showman (apparently on familiar terms with all the Illusions). Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall now 'ave the honour of persentin' to you the wonderful Galatear, or Livin' Statue; you will 'ave an oppertoonity of 'andling the bust for yourselves, which will warm before your eyes into living flesh, and the lovely creecher live and speak. 'Ere, look sharp, earn't yer!

[To Galatea. Pygmalion's Dream (from the mystic gloom). Wait a bit, till I've done warming my 'ands. Now you can turn the lights up . . . there, you've bin and turned 'em out now, stupid!

The Y. S. Don't you excite yourself. I know what I'm doin'. (Turns the lights up, and reveals a large terra-cotta Bust.) At my request, this young lydy will now proceed to assom the yew and kimplexion of life itself. Galatear, will you oblige us by kindly coming to life?

[The Bust vanishes, and is replaced by a decidedly earthly Young Woman in robust health.]

The Y. S. Thank you. That's all I wanted of yer. Now, will you kindly return to your former styte?

[The Young Woman transforms herself into a hideous Skull.]

The Y. S. (in a tone of remonstrance). No—no, not that ridiculous fice! We don't want to see what yer will be—it's very loike yer, I know, but still—(The Skull changes to the Bust.) Ah, that's more the styole! (Takes the Bust by the neck and hands it round for inspection.) And now, thenking you for your kind attention, and on'y orskin' one little fyvour of you, that is, that you will not reveal 'ow it is done, I will now bid you a very good evenin', Lydies and Gentlemen!

The F. S. (outside). It's wonderful how they can do it all for threepence, isn't it? We haven't seen She yet!

Her Comp. What, 'aven't you seen wenders enough? Come on, then. But you are going it, you know!

[They enter a small room, at the further end of which are a barrier and proscenium with drawn hangings.]

The Exhibitor (in a confidential tone, punctuated by bows). I will not keep you waiting, Ladies and Gentlemen, but at once proceed with a few preliminary remarks. Most of you, no doubt, have read that celebrated story by Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, about a certain She-who-must-be-obeyed, and who dwelt in a place called Kôr, and you will also doubtless remember how she was in the 'abit of repairing, at certain intervals, to a cavern, and renooing her youth in a fiery pillar. On one occasion, wishing to indeoce her lover to foller her example, she stepped into the flame to encourage him—something went wrong with the works, and she was instantly redooed to a cinder. I fortunately 'appened to be near at the time (you will excuse a little wild fib from a showman, I'm sure!) I 'appened to be porsin by, and was thus enabled to secure the ashes of the Wonderful She, which—(draws hangings and reveals a shallow metal Urn suspended in the centre of scene), are now before you enclosed in that little urn. She—where are you?

She (in a full sweet voice, from below). I am 'ere!

Showman. Then appear!

[The upper portion of an exceedingly comely Young Person emerges from the mouth of the Urn.]

The F. S. (startled). Lor, she give me quite a turn!

Showman. Some people think this is all done by mirrors, but it is not so; it is managed by a simple arrangement of light and shade. She will now turn slowly round, to convince you that she is really inside the urn and not merely beyond it. (She turns round condescendingly.) She will next pass her 'ands completely round her, thereby demonstrating the nter impossibility of there being any wires to support her. Now she will rap on the walls on each side of her, proving to you that she is no reflection, but a solid reality, after which she will tap the bottom of the urn beneath her, so that you may see it really is what it purports to be. (She performs all these actions in the most obliging manner.) She will now disappear for a moment. (She sinks into the Urn.) Are you still there, She?

She (from the recess of the Urn). Yes.

Showman. Then will you give us some sign of your presence? (A hand and arm are protruded, and waved gracefully.) Thank you. Now you can come up again. (She re-appears.) She will now answer any questions any lady or gentleman may like to put to her, always provided you won't ask her how it is done—for I'm sure she wouldn't give me away, would you, She?

She (with a slow bow and gracious smile). Certingly not.

The F. S. (to her Companion). Ask her something—do.

Her Comp. Go on! I ain't got anything to ask her—ask her yourself!

A Bolder Spirit (with interest). Are your feet warm?

She. Quite—thenks.

The Showman. How old are you, She?

She (impressively). Two thousand years.

'Arry. And quite a young thing, too!

A Spector (who has read the Novel). 'Ave you 'eard from LEO VINCEY lately?

She (coldly). I don't know the gentleman.

Showman. If you have no more questions to ask her, She will now retire into her urn, thenking you all for your kind attendance this morning, which will conclude the entertainment.

[Final disappearance of She. The Audience pass out, feeling—with perfect justice—that they have "had their money's worth."

HOW IT'S DONE.

A Hand-book to Honesty.

No. III.—GRANDMOTHERLY GOVERNMENT.

SCENE I.—St. Stephen's. Sagacious Legislator on his legs advocating a new Anti-Adulteration Act. Few M.P.'s present, most of them drowsing.

Sagacious Legislator. As I was saying, Sir, the adulteration of Butter has been pushed to such abominable lengths that no British



Workman knows whether what he is eating is the product of the Cow or of the Thames mud-banks. (A snigger.) Talk of a Free Breakfast Table! I would free the Briton's Breakfast Table from the unwholesome incubus of Adulteration. At any rate, if the customer chooses to purchase butter which is not butter, he shall do it knowingly, with his eyes open. (Feeble "Hear, hear!") Under this Act anything

which is not absolutely unsophisticated milk-made Butter must be plainly marked, and openly vended as Adipocerene!

[Amidst considerable applause the Act is passed.]

SCENE II.—Small Butterman's shop in a poor neighbourhood. Burly white-apron'd Proprietor behind counter. To him enter a pasty-faced Workman, with a greasy pat of something wrapped in a leaf from a ledger.

Workman. I say, Guv'nor, lookye here. This 'ere stuff as you sold my old woman is simply beastly. I don't believe it's butter at all.

Butterman (emeeringly). And who said it was? What did your Missus buy it as?

Workman. Why, Adipo—what's it, I believe. But that's only another name for butter of a cheaper sort, ain't it? Anyhow, it's no reason why it should be nasty.

Butterman (loftily). Now look here, my man, what do you expect? That's Adipocerene, that is, and sold as such. If you'll pay for Butter, you can have it, but if you ask for this here stuff, you must take yer chance.

Workman. But what's it made on?

Butterman. That's no business of mine. If you could anerlyse it—(mind, I don't say yer could)—into stale suet and sewer-scrappings, you couldn't prove as it warn't Adipocerene, same as it's sold for, could yer?

Workman (hotly). But hang it, I don't want stale suet and sewer-scrappings, whatsoever you may call it.

Butterman (decisively). Then buy Butter, and pay for it like a man, and don't come a-bothering me about things as I've nothink to do with. If Guv'ment will have it called Adipocerene, and your Missus will buy it becoss it's cheap; don't you blame me if you find it nasty, that's all. Good morning!

[Retires up, "swelling visibly."]

Workman. Humph! Betwixt Grandmotherly Government and Manufacturers of Mysteriousness, where am I? That's wot I want to know!

[Left wanting to know.]

TO ENGELBERG AND BACK.

Being a few Notes taken en route in search of a Perfect Cure.

THE Engineers who constructed the gradually ascending road which, slowly mounting the valley, finally takes you over the ridge, as it were, and deposits you at a height of 3800 feet, dusty but grateful, on the plain of Engelberg, must have been practical jokers of the first water. They lead you up in the right direction several thousand feet, then suddenly turn you round, and apparently take you clean back again. And this not once, but a dozen times. They seem to say, "You think you must reach the top *this* time, my fine fellow? Not a bit of it. Back you go again."

Still we kept turning and turning whither the Practical-joking Engineers led us, but seemed as far off from our journey's end as ever. A roadside inn for a moment deluded us with its light, but we only drew up in front of this while our gloomy charioteer sat down to a good square meal, the third he had had since three o'clock, over which he consumed exactly five-and-twenty minutes, keeping us waiting while he disposed of it at his leisure, in a fit of depressing but greedy sulks.

At length we moved on again, and in about another half-an-hour apparently reached the limit of the Practical-joking Engineers' work, for our surly charioteer suddenly jumped on the box, and cracking his whip furiously, got all the pace that was left in them out of our three sagacious horses, and in a few more minutes we were tearing along a level road past scattered *châlets*, little wooden toy-shops, and isolated *pensions*, towards a colossal-looking white palace that stood out a grateful sight in the distance before us, basking in the calm white-blue blaze shed upon it from a couple of lofty electric lights, that told us that up here in the mountains we were not coming to rough it, but to be welcomed by the latest luxuries and refinements of first-rate modern hotel accommodation. And this proved to be the case. Immediately he arrived in the large entrance-hall, the Dilapidated One was greeted by the Landlord of the Hotel et Kurhaus, Titlis, politely assisted to the lift, and finally deposited in the comfortable and electrically-lighted room which had been assigned to him.

"We are extremely full," announced the polite Herr to Dr. MELCHSIDEC; "and we just come from finishing the second dinner,"—which seemed to account for his being "extremely full."—"but as soon as you will descend from your rooms, there will be supper ready at your disposition."

"You'll just come and look at the Bath-chair before you turn in?" inquired Dr. MELCHSIDEC, of the Dilapidated One, "It's arrived all right from Zurich. Come by post, apparently."

"Oh, that's nothing," continued young JERRYMAN, "why, there's nothing you can't send by post in Switzerland, from a house full of furniture, down to a grand piano or cage of canaries. You've only got to clap a postage-stamp on it, and there you are!" And the arrival of the Bath-chair certainly seemed to indicate that he was telling something very like the truth.

"I don't quite see how this guiding-wheel is to act," remarked Dr. MELCHSIDEC, examining the chair, which was of rather pantomimic proportions, critically; "but suppose you just get in and try it! 'Pon my word it almost looks like a 'trick-chair'!" which



The Trick Chair.

indeed it proved itself to be, jerking up in a most unaccountable fashion the moment the Dilapidated One put his foot into it, and unceremoniously sending him flying out on to his head forthwith. "A little awkward at first," he remarked, assisting the Dilapidated One on to his feet. "One has to get accustomed to these things, you see; but, bless you, in a day or two you won't want it at all. You'll find the air here like a continual draught of champagne." "Pon my word, I believe you feel better already," and with this inspiring assurance the Dilapidated One, who had not only covered himself with dust, but severely bruised his shins, saying that "he thought,

perhaps, he did—just a little," was again assisted to the lift, and safely consigned to his room, where he was comfortably packed away for the night.

"I say," says young JERRYMAN, next morning, "what a place for bells!"

And young JERRYMAN was right, for I was awake in the small hours of the morning by a loud peal from the Monastery, as if the



A Peripatetic Peal.

Prior had suddenly said to himself, "What's the use of the bells if you don't ring 'em? By Jove, I will!" and had then and there jumped from his couch, seized hold of the ropes, and set to work with a right good will. Then the hotels and *pensions* took it up, and so, what with seven o'clock, eight o'clock, and nine o'clock breakfasts, first and second *déjeuners*, first and second dinners, interspersed with "Office Hours" sounded by the Monastery, and the sound of the dinner-bells carried by the cattle, Dingle-berg, rather than Engelberg, would be a highly appropriate name for this somewhat noisy, but otherwise delightful health-resort.

"I call this 'fatal dull' after Paris," remarked a fair American to young JERRYMAN; and, perhaps, from a certain point of view, she may have been right; but, fatal dull, or lively, there can be no two opinions about the life-giving properties of the air.

OLD JOE ENCORE.—Last Wednesday in the FARRAR v. Publisher discussion, a Correspondent, signing himself JOHN TAYLOR, of Dagnall Park, Selhurst, wrote to *The Times* to "quote an anecdote" about DOUGLAS JERROLD and "a Publisher." Rarely has a good old story been so spoilt in the telling as in this instance. The true story is of ALBERT SMITH and DOUGLAS JERROLD, and has been already told in the *Times* by a Correspondent signing himself "E. Y." It is of the same respectable age as that one of ALBERT SMITH signing his initials "A. S.," and JERROLD observing, "He only tells two-thirds of the truth." Perhaps Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, of Dagnall Park, Selhurst, is going to favour us with a little volume of "new sayings by old worthies" at Christmas time, and we shall hear how SHERIDAN once asked TOM B—"why a miller wore a white hat?" And how ERSKINE, on hearing a witness's evidence about a door being open, explained to him that his evidence would be worthless, because a door could not be considered as a door "if it were a jar," and several other excellent stories, which, being told for the first time with the *verve* and local colouring of which the writer of the letter to *The Times* is evidently a past-master, will secure for the little work an enormous popularity.

A SCOTT AND A LOT.—"Thirty Years at the Play" is the title of Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT'S Lecture to be delivered next Saturday at the Garrick Theatre, for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Thirty years of Play-time! All play, and lots of work. Mr. IRVING is to introduce the lecturer to his audience, who, up to that moment, will have been "Strangers Yet," and this CLEMENT will be SCOTT-free to say what he likes, and to tell 'em all about it generally. "SCOTT" will be on the stage, and the "Lot" in the auditorium. Lot's Wife also.

ETHER-DRINKING IN IRELAND.—Mr. ERNEST HART (bless his heart and earnestness!) lectured last week on "Ether-Drinking in Ireland." He lectured "The Society for the Study of Inebriety"—a Society which must be slightly "mixed"—on this bad habit, and no doubt implored them to give it up. The party sang, "*How Happy could we be with Ether*," and the discussion was continued until there was nothing more to be said.

CLERGY IN PARLIAMENT.—As Bishops "sit" in the Upper House, why should not "the inferior clergy" "stand" for the Lower House? If they get in, why shouldn't they be seated? Surely what's right in the Bishop isn't wrong in the Rector?

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.—The forthcoming work by the Vulnerable Archdeacon F-RR-R, will be entitled, *The Pharrarsee and the Publisher*.



“TRAIN UP A CHILD,” &c.

Enter Fair Daughter of the House with the Village Carpenter. “MAMMA, YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME THAT KIND HEARTS WERE MORE THAN CORONETS, AND SIMPLE FAITH THAN NORMAN BLOOD, AND ALL THAT?”

Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere). “CERTAINLY DEAR, MOST CERTAINLY!”

Fair Daughter. “WELL, I’VE ALWAYS BELIEVED YOU; AND JIM BRADAWL HAS ASKED ME TO BE HIS WIFE, AND I’VE ACCEPTED HIM. WE’VE ALWAYS LOVED EACH OTHER SINCE YOU LET US PLAY TOGETHER AS CHILDREN!”

[Her Ladyship forgets, for once, the repose that stamps her caste.]

THE McGLADSTONE;

OR, BLOWING THE BUGLE.

(Fragments from the latest (Midlothian) version of “The Lord of the Isles.”)

McGLADSTONE rose—his pallid cheek
Was little wont his joy to speak,
But then his colour rose.

“Now, Scotland! shortly shalt thou see
That age checks not McGLADSTONE’S glee,
Nor stints his awashing blows!”

Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form awells bold and high;
The broken voice of age is gone,
’Tis vigorous manhood’s lofty tone.
The foe he menaces again,
Thrice vanquished on Midlothian’s plain;
Then, scornng any longer stay,
Embarks, lifts sail, and bears away.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale;
The “flowing tide” is with her. Hark!
How joyous in her sail
Flutters the breeze like laughter hoarse!
The cords and canvas strain,
The waves divided by her force
In rippling eddies, chase her course,
As if they laughed again.

’Tis then that warlike signals wake
Dalmeny’s towers, and fair Beeslack.

And eke brave BALFOUR’S walls (Q.C.
And Scottish Dean of Faculty)
Whose home shall house the great McG.
A summons these to each stout clan
That lives in far Midlothian,
And, ready at the sight,
Each warrior to his weapon sprung,
And targe upon his shoulder flung,
Impatient for the fight.

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark
On a breeze to the northward free.
So shoots through the morning sky the
lark,

Or the swan through the summer sea.
Merrily, merrily, goes the bark—
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.

McGLADSTONE stands upon the prow,
The mountain breeze salutes his brow,
He snuffs the breath of coming fight,
His dark eyes blaze with battle-light,
And memories of old,

When thus he rallied to the fray
Against the bold BUCCLEUCH’S array,
His clansmen. In the same old way
He trusts to rally them to-day.
Shall he succeed? Who, who shall say?
But neither fear no doubt may stay
His spirit keen and hold!

He cries, the Chieftain Old and Grand,
“I fight once more for mine own hand;

Meanwhile our vessel nears the land,
Launch we the boat, and seek the land!”

To land McGLADSTONE lightly sprung,
And thrice aloud his bugle rung
With note prolonged, and varied strain,
Till Edin dun replied again.
When waked that horn the party bounds,
Scotia responded to its sounds;
Oft had she heard it fire the fight,
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.
Dead were her heart, and deaf her ear,
If it should call, and she not hear.
The shout went up in loud Clan-Rad’s
tone,
“That hlast was winded by McGLADSTONE!”

RUM FROM JAMAICA—VERY.—When “the hauble” was removed from the table of the House, by order of OLIVER CROMWELL, it was sent with somebody’s compliments at a later date to Jamaica, and placed on the Parliament table. What became of it nobody knows. It is supposed that this ensign of ancient British Royalty was swallowed up by an earthquake of republican tendencies. Jamaica, of course, is a great place for spices; but, in spite of all the highly spiced stories, the origin of which is more or less sus-apice-ious, it is to be regretted that, up to the present moment, what gave them their peculiar flavour, i.e., the original Maeo, cannot be found.



THE McGLADSTONE!

"TO LAND McGLADSTONE LIGHTLY SPRANG,
AND THRICE ALOUD HIS BUGLE RANG

WITH NOTE PROLONG'D AND VARIED STRAIN,
TILL BOLD BEN-GHOIL REPLIED AGAIN."

"Lord of the Isles." Canto IV.



THE JOURNAL OF THE

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WANTED—A SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF "CELEBRITIES."

WHEN some years ago EDMUNDUS EO. MUNDI first introduced to London the gentle art of Interviewing, the idea was in a general way a novelty in this country. It "caught on," and achieved success. Some public men affected, privately, not to like the extra publicity given to their words and actions; but it was only an affectation, and in a general way a great many suddenly found themselves dubbed "Celebrities," hall-marked as such by *The World*, and able therefore to hand themselves down to posterity, in bound volumes containing this one invaluable number, as having been recognised by the world at large as undoubted Celebrities, ignorance of whose existence would argue utter social insignificance. So great was the *World's* success in this particular line, that at once there sprang up a host of imitators, and the Celebrities were again tempted to make themselves still more celebrated by having good-natured caricatures of themselves made by "Ape" and "Spy." After this, the deluge, of biographies, autobiographies, interviewings, photographic realities, portraits plain and coloured—many of them uncommonly plain, and some of them wonderfully coloured,—until a Celebrity who has not been done and served up, with or without a plate, is a Celebrity indeed.



"Celebrities" have hitherto been valuable to the interviewer, photographer, and proprietor of a Magazine in due proportion. Is it not high time that the Celebrities themselves have a slice or two out of the cake? If they consent to sit as models to the interviewer and photographer, let them price their own time. The Baron offers a model of correspondence on both sides, and, if his example is followed, up goes the price of "Celebrities," and, consequently, of interviewed and interviewers, there will be only a survival of the fittest.

From A. Sophie Soper to the Baron de Book-Worms.

SIR,—Messrs. TOWER, FONDLER, TROTTE & Co., are engaged in bringing out a series of the leading Literary, Dramatic and Artistic Notabilities of the present day, and feeling that the work which has now reached its hundred-and-second number, would indeed be incomplete did it not include your name, the above-mentioned firm has commissioned me to request you to accord me an interview as soon as possible. I propose bringing with me an eminent photographer, and also an artist who will make a sketch of your surroundings, and so contribute towards producing a complete picture which cannot fail to interest and delight the thousands at home and abroad, to whom your name is as a household word, and who will be delighted to possess a portrait of one whose works have given them so much pleasure, and to obtain a closer and more intimate acquaintance with the *modus operandi* pursued by one of their most favourite authors.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,
A. SOPHTE SOPER.

To the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS, *Vernoulen Lodge.*

From the Baron de Book-Worms to A. Sophie Soper, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks. I quite appreciate your appreciation. My terms for an article in a Magazine, are twenty guineas the first hour, ten guineas the second, and so on. For dinner-table anecdotes, the property in which once made public is lost for ever to the originator, special terms. As to photographs, I will sign every copy, and take twopence on every copy. I'm a little pressed for time now, so if you can manage it, we will defer the visit for a week or two, and then I'm your man.

Yours truly,
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Mr. A. Sophie Soper to the Baron de Book-Worms.

MY DEAR BARON,—I'm afraid I didn't quite make myself understood. I did not ask you to write the article, being commissioned by the firm to do it myself. The photographs will not be sold apart from the Magazine. Awaiting your favourable response,—

I am, Sir, Yours,
A. SOPHTE SOPER.

From the Baron to A. Sophie Soper.

DEAR SIR,—I quite understood. With the generous view of doing me a good turn by giving me the almost inestimable advantage of advertising myself in Messrs. TOWER & Co.'s widely-circulated

Magazine, you propose to interview me, and receive from me such orally given information as you may require concerning my life, history, work, and everything about myself which, in your opinion, would interest the readers of this Magazine. I quite appreciate all this. You propose to write the article, and I'm to find you the materials for it. Good. I don't venture to put any price on the admirable work which your talent will produce,—that's for you and your publishers to settle between you, and, as a matter of fact, it has been already settled, as you are in their employ. But I can put a price on my own, and I do. I collaborate with you in furnishing all the materials of which you are in need. *Soit.* For the use of my Pegasus, no matter what its breed, and, as it isn't a gift-horse, but a hired one, you can examine its mouth and legs critically whenever you are going to mount and guide it at your own sweet will, I charge twenty guineas for the first hour, and ten for the second. It may be dear, or it may be cheap. That's not my affair. *C'est à laisser ou à prendre.*

The Magazine in which the article is to appear is not given away with a pound of tea, or anything of that sort I presume, so that your strictly honourable and business-like firm of employers, and you also, Sir, in the regular course of your relations with them, intend making something out of me, more or less, but something, while I get nothing at all for my time, which is decidedly as valuable to me as, I presume, is yours to you. What have your publishers ever done for me that I should give them my work for nothing? Time is money; why should I make Messrs. TOWER, FONDLER & Co. a present of twenty pounds, or, for the matter of that, even ten shillings? If I misapprehend the situation, and you are doing your work gratis and for the love of the thing, then that is your affair, not mine: I'm glad to hear it, and regret my inability to join you in the luxury of giving away what it is an imperative necessity of my existence to sell at the best price I can. Do you honestly imagine, Sir, that my literary position will be one farthing's-worth improved by a memoir and a portrait of me appearing in your widely-circulated journal? If you do, I don't; and I prefer to be paid for my work, whether I dictate the material to a scribe, who is to serve it up in his own fashion, or whether I write it myself. And now I come to consider it, I should be inclined to make an additional charge for not writing it myself. Not to take you and your worthy firm of employers by surprise, I will make out beforehand a supposititious bill, and then Messrs. TOWER & Co. can close with my offer or not, as they please.

To preparing (in special costume) to receive Interviewer, for putting aside letters, refusing to see tradesmen, &c.	3	0	0
To receiving Interviewer, Photographer, and Artist, and talking about nothing in particular for ten minutes	5	0	0
To cigars and light refreshments all round	10	6	
To giving an account of my life and works generally (this being the article itself)	20	0	0
To showing photographs, books, pictures, playbills, and various curios in my collection	5	0	0
To being photographed in several attitudes in the back garden three times, and incurring the danger of catching a severe cold	3	0	0
(*. On the condition that I should sign all photos sold, inspect books, and receive 10 per cent. of gross receipts.)			
To allowing black-and-white Artist to make a sketch of my study, also of myself	0	0	0
(*. On the condition that only this one picture is to be done, and that if sold separately, I must receive 10 per cent. of such sale.)			
Luncheon, with champagne for the lot, at 15s. per head	2	5	0
Cigars and liqueurs	0	10	0
For time occupied at luncheon in giving further details of my life and history	10	0	0
Total	£49	5	6

The refreshments are entirely optional, and therefore can be struck out beforehand.

Pray show the above to the eminent firm which has the advantage of your zealous services, and believe me to remain

Your most sincerely obliged
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

To the above a reply may be expected, and, if received, it will probably be in a different tone from Mr. SOPHTE SOPER's previous communications. No matter. There's an end of it. The Baron's advice to all "Celebrities," when asked to permit themselves to be interviewed, is, in the language of the poet,—

"Charge, Chester, charge!"

then they will have benefited other Celebrities all round, and the result will be that either only those authors will be interviewed who are worth the price of interviewing, or the professional biographical compilers will have to hunt up nobodies, dress up jays as peacocks, and so bring the legitimate business of "Interviewing" into well-deserved contempt.

PROPOSED RAISING OF PICCADILLY.

"Let the road be raised, &c. . . Only one house in Piccadilly at present standing would suffer. . . And I think the Badminton Club."
vide Letter to Times, Oct. 11.



SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE PICCADILLY GOAT TO ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, WHO IS QUIETLY DRESSING IN HIS ROOM ON SECOND FLOOR.

A CLUB ALMOST ENTIRELY DISAPPEARS. MEMBERS MAKE THE BEST OF THE SITUATION.

L'ART DE CAUSER.

(With effects up to date)

[English ladies, conscious of conversational defects, and desirous of shining in Society, may be expected to imitate their American Cousins, who, according to *The Daily News*, employ a lady crammer who has made a study of the subject she teaches. Before a dinner or luncheon party, the crammer spends an hour or two with the pupil, and coaches her up in general conversation.]

It really took us by surprise,
 We thought her but a mere beginner,
 And widely opened were our eyes
 To hear her brilliant talk at dinner.
 She always knew just what to say,
 And said it well, nor for a minute
 Was ever at a loss,—I may
 As well confess—we men weren't in it!

The talk was of Roumania's Queen,
 And was she equal, say, to DANTE?—
 The way that race was won by *Sheen*,
 And not the horse called *Alicante*—
 Of how some charities were frauds,
 How some again were quite deserving—
 The beauties of the Norfolk broads—
 The latest hit of Mr. IRVING—

Does sap go up or down the stem?—
 The Boom of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING—
 The speeches of the G. O. M.— [ling]—
 The strength of Mr. MORLEY's "strip—
 Was JONAH swallowed by the whale?—
 The price of jute—we wondered all if
 They'd have the heart to send to gaol
 Those heroes, SLAVIN and McAULIFFE!

"Oh, maiden fair," I said at last,
 "To hear you talk is most delightful;
 But yet the time, it's clear, you've passed
 In reading must be something frightful.
 Come—do you trouble thus your head
 Because you want to go to College
 By getting out of Mr. SRFAD
 £300 for General Knowledge?"

"Kind Sir," she promptly then replied,
 "Your guess, I quite admit, was clever,
 And, if I now in you confide,
 You'll keep it dark, I'm sure, for ever.
 Yet do not get, I pray, enraged,
 For how I got my information
 Was simply this—I have engaged
 A Coach in General Conversation."

SERVED À LA RUSSE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,
 WILL you allow me, as one who knows Russia by heart, to express my intense admiration for the new piece at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in which is given, in my opinion, the most faithful picture of the CZAR's dominions as yet exhibited to the British Public. ACT I. is devoted to "a Street near the Banks of the Neva, St. Petersburg," and here we have a splendid view of the Winter Palace, and what I took to be the Kremlin at Moscow. On one side is the house of a money-lender, and on the other the shelter afforded to a droosky-driver and his starving family. The author, whose name must be BUCHANANOFF (though he modestly drops the ultimate syllable), gives as a second title to this portion of his wonderful work, "The Dirge for the Dead." It is very appropriate. A student, whose funds are at the lowest ebb, commits a purposeless murder, and a "pope" who has been on the look-out no doubt for years, seizes the opportunity to rush into the murdered man's dwelling, and sing over his inanimate body a little thing of his own composition. Anyone who has been in Russia will immediately recognise this incident as absolutely true to life. Amongst my own acquaintance I know three priests who did precisely the same thing—they are called BROWNOFF, JONESKI, and ROBINSONOFF.

Next we have the Palace of the *Princess Orenburg*, and make the acquaintance of *Anna Iranorna*, a young lady who is the sister of the aimless murderer, and owner of untold riches. We are also introduced to the Head of Police, who, as everyone knows, is a cross between a suburban inspector, a low-class inquiry agent, and a *flaneur* moving in the best Society. We find, too, naturally enough, an English *attaché*, whose chief aim is to insult an aged Russian General, whose *sobriquet* is, "the Hero of Sebastopol." Then the aimless murderer reveals his crime, which, of course, escapes detection save at the hands of *Prince Zosimoff*, a nobleman, who I fancy, from his name, must have discovered a new kind of tooth-powder.

Next we have the "Interior of a Common Lodging House," the counterpart of which may be found in almost any street in the modern capital of Russia. There are the religious pictures, the cathedral immediately opposite, with its stained-glass windows and intermittent organ, and the air of sanctity without which no Russian Common Lodging House is complete. Needless to say that *Prince Tooth-powder*—I beg pardon—*Zosimoff* and *Anna* listen while *Fedor Ivanovitch* again confesses his crime, this time to the daughter of the droosky-driver, for whom he has a sincere regard, and I may add, affection. Although with a well-timed scream his sister might interrupt the awkward avowal, she prefers to listen to the bitter end. This reminds me of several cases recorded in the *Newgatekoff Calendaroff*, a miscellany of Russian crimes.

After this we come to the Gardens of the Palace Taurida, when *Fedor* is at length arrested and carted off to Siberia, an excellent picture of which is given in the last Act. Those who *really* know Russian Society will not be surprised to find that the Chief of the Police (promoted to a new position and

a fur-trimmed coat), and the principal characters of the drama have also found their way to the Military Outpost on the borders of the dreaded region. I say dreaded, but should have added, without cause. M. BUCHANANOFF shows us a very pleasant picture. The prisoners seem to have very little to do save to preserve the life of the Governor, and to talk heroics about liberty and other kindred subjects. Prince Zosimoff attempts, for the fourth or fifth time, to make Anna his own—he calls the pursuit “a caprice,” and it is indeed a strange one—and is, in the nick of time, arrested, by order of the CZAR. After this pleasing and natural little incident, everyone prepares to go back to St. Petersburg, with the solitary exception of the Prince, who is ordered off to the Mines. No doubt the Emperor of RUSSIA had used the tooth-powder, and, finding it distasteful to him, had taken speedy vengeance upon its presumed inventor.

I have but one fault to find with the representation. The play is capital, the scenery excellent, and the acting beyond all praise. But I am not quite sure about the title. M. BUCHANANOFF calls his play “The Sixth Commandment”—he would have been, in my opinion, nearer the mark, had he brought it into closer association with the Ninth!

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours, respectfully, RUSS IN URBE.

IN OUR GARDEN.



“SUPPOSE, TOBY dear boy,” said the Member for Sark, “we start a garden, and work in it ourselves. TEMPLE did it, you know, when he was tired of affairs of State.”

“Sir RICHARD?” I asked, never remembering to have seen the Member for Evesham in the company of a rake.

“No; CHARLES THE SECOND’S Minister, who went down to Sheen two centuries before the Orleanist Prince, and grew roses. Of course I don’t mean to be there much in the Session. The thing is to have something during Recess to gently engage the mind and fully occupy the body.”

This conversation took place towards the end of last Session but one. By odd coincidence I had met the Member for Sark as I was coming from OLD MORALITY’S room, where I had been quietly dining with him. JACKSON and AKERS-DOUGLAS made up party of four. It was second week of August; everybody tired to death. OLD MORALITY asked me to look in and join them about eight o’clock. Knocked at door; no answer; curious scurrying going round; somebody running and jumping; heard OLD MORALITY’S voice, in gleeful notes, “Now then, DOUGLAS, tuck in your tuppenny! Here you are, JACKSON! keep the mill a goin’!” Knocked again; no answer; opened door gently; beheld strange sight. The Patronage Secretary was “giving a back” to the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY. OLD MORALITY, taking running jump, cleared it with surprising agility considering AKERS-DOUGLAS’S inches. Then he trotted on a few paces, folded his arms and bent his head; Financial Secretary to Treasury, clearing AKERS-DOUGLAS, took OLD MORALITY in his stride, and “tucked in his tuppenny” in turn.

Thought I had better retire. Scemed on the whole the proceedings

demanding privacy; but OLD MORALITY, catching sight of me, called out, “Come along, TOBY! Only our little game. Fall in, and take your turn.”

Rather afraid of falling over, but didn’t like to spoil sport; cleared OLD MORALITY capitably; scrambled over AKERS-DOUGLAS; but couldn’t manage JACKSON.

“I can’t get over him,” I said, apologetically.

“No,” said AKERS-DOUGLAS, “he’s a Yorkshireman.”

“Tis but a primitive pastime,” observed OLD MORALITY, when, later, we sat down to dinner; “but remarkably refreshing; a great stimulant for the appetite. Indeed,” he added, as he transferred a whole grouse to his plate, “I do not know anything that more forcibly brings home to the mind the truth underlying the old Greek aphorism, that a bird on your plate is worth two in the dish.”

I gathered in conversation that when business gets a little heavy, when time presses, and leisure for exercise is curtailed, OLD MORALITY generally has ten minutes leap-frog before dinner.

“We used at first to play it in the corridor; an excellent place; apparently especially designed for the purpose; but we were always liable to interruption, and by putting the chairs on the table here we manage well enough. It’s been the making of me, and I may add, has enabled my Right Hon. friends with increased vigour and ease to perform their duty to their QUEEN and Country. The great thing, dear TOBY, is to judiciously commingle physical exercise with mental activity. What says the great bard of Abydos? *Mens sana in corpore sano*, which being translated means, mens—or perhaps I should say, men—should incorporate bodily exercise with mental exertion.”

Of course I did not disclose to the Member for Sark, what had taken place in the privacy of OLD MORALITY’S room. That is not my way. The secret is ever sacred with me, and shall be carried with me to the silent tomb. But I was much impressed with the practical suggestions of my esteemed Leader, and allured by their evident effect upon his appetite.

“Men,” continued the Member for Sark, moodily, “do all kinds of things in the Recess to make up for the inroads on the constitution suffered during the Session. They go to La Bourboule like the MARKISS and RAIKES; or they play Golf like Prince ARTHUR; or they pay visits to their Mothers-in-law in the United States, like CHAMBERLAIN and LYON PLAYFAIR; or they go to Switzerland, India, Russia, Australia, and Sierra Leone. Now if we had a garden, which we dug, and weeded, and clipped, and pruned ourselves, never eating a potato the sapling of which we had not planted, watered, and if necessary grafted, with our own hands, we should live happy, healthful lives for at least a month or two, coming back to our work having renewed our youth like the rhinoceros.”

“But you don’t know anything about gardening, do you?”

“That’s just it. Anyone can keep a garden that has been brought up to the business. But look what chances there are before two statesmen of, I trust I may say without egotism, average intelligence, who take to gardening without, as you may say, knowing anything about it. Think of the charm of being able to call a spade a Hoe! without your companion, however contentious, capping the exclamation. Then think of the long vista of possible surprises. You dig a trench, and I gently sprinkle seed in it—”

“Excuse me,” I said, “but supposing I sprinkle the seed, and you dig the trench?”

“—The seed is carrot, let us suppose,” the Member for Sark continued, disregarding my interruption, his fine face aglow with honest enthusiasm. “I, not being an adept, feeling my way, as it were, towards the perfection of knowledge, put in the seed the wrong end up, and, instead of the carrots presenting themselves to the earnest inquirer in what is, I believe, the ordinary fashion, with the green tops showing above the generous earth, and the spiral, rosy-tinted, cylindrical form hidden in the soil, the limb were to grow out of the ground, its head downward; would that be nothing, do you think? I mention that only as a possibility that flashed across my mind. There are an illimitable series of possibilities that might grow out of Our Garden. Of course we don’t mean to make money out of it. It’s only fair to you, TOBY, that I should, at the outset, beg you to hustle out of your mind any sordid ideas of that kind. What we seek is, health and honest occupation, and here they lie open to our hand.”

This conversation, as I mentioned, took place a little more than a year ago. I was carried away, as the House of Commons never is, by my Hon. friend’s eloquence. We got the garden. We have it now; but I do not trust myself on this page to dwell on the subject.

FEMININE AND A N-UTAH GENDER.—Plurality of wives is abolished in Utah. The husbands seem to have made no difficulty about it, but what have the wives said?

“QUEEN’S WEATHER.”—The weather is looking up. It was mentioned in the *Court Circular* last Wednesday week for the first time.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

No. XXI.—THE AVERAGE UNDERGRADUATE.

Those who live much in the society of the very middle-aged, hear from them loud and frequent complaints of the decay of courtesy and the general deterioration, both of manners and of habits, observable in the young men of the day. With many portentous shakings of the head, these grizzled censors inform those who care to listen to their wailings, that in the time of their own youth it was understood to be the duty of young men to be modest, considerate, generous in their treatment of one another, and chivalrous in their behaviour to women. And every one of them will probably suggest to his hearers that he was intimately acquainted with at least one young man who fulfilled that duty with a completeness and a perfection never since attained. Now, however, they will declare, the case is different. Young men have become selfish and arrogant. Their respect for age has vanished, their behaviour to ladies is familiar and flippant, their style of conversation is slangy and disreputable, they are wanting in all proper reverence, they are pampered, luxurious, affected, foolish, and disingenuous; unworthy, in short, to be mentioned in the same breath with those who have preceded them, and have left to their degenerate successors a brilliant but unavailing example of youthful conduct. These diatribes may or may not be founded to some extent in truth. At the best, however, their truth is only a half-truth. So long as the world endures, it is probable that young men will have a large allowance of follies, of affectations, of extravagances, and the young men of to-day are certainly not without them. But, in the main, though the task of comparison is difficult, they do not appear to be at all inferior in manliness, in modesty of bearing, and in reverence to the generations that have gone before. Here and there in London the antics of some youth plunged into a torrent of folly before he had had time even to think of being wise, excite the comments of the world. But London is not the school to which one would look for youth at its best. To find that in any considerable quantity one must travel either to Cambridge or to Oxford, and inspect the average undergraduates, who form the vast majority at both these Universities.

Now the Average Undergraduate, as he exists, and has for ages existed, is not, perhaps, a very wise young man. Nor does he possess those brilliant qualities which bring the Precocious Undergraduate to premature ruin. He has his follies, but they are not very foolish; he has his affectations, but they are innocent; he has his extravagances, but they pass away, and leave him not very much the worse for the experience. On the whole, however, he is a fine specimen of the young Englishman—brave, manly, loyal, and upright. He is the salt of his University, and an honour to the country that produces him.

The Average Undergraduate will have been an average schoolboy, not afflicted with too great a love of classics or mathematics, and gifted, unfortunately, with a fine contempt for modern languages. But he will have taken an honourable part in all school-games, and will have acquired through them not only vigorous health and strength, but that tolerant and generous spirit of forbearance without which no manly game can be carried on. These qualities he will carry with him to the University which his father chooses for him, and to which he himself looks forward rather as a home of liberty slightly tempered by Proctors, than as a temple of learning, moderated by examiners.

During the October term which makes him a freshman, the Average Undergraduate devotes a considerable time to mastering the etiquette of his University and College. He learns that it is not customary to shake hands with his friends more than twice in each term, once at the beginning, and again at the end of the term. If he is a Cambridge man, he will out the tassel of his academical cap short; at Oxford he will leave it long; but at both he will discover that sugar-tongs are never used, and that the race of Dons exists merely to plague him and his fellows with lectures, to which he pays small attention, with enforced chapels, which he sometimes dares to out, and, with general disciplinary regulations, to which he considers it advisable to submit, though he is never inclined to admit their necessity. He becomes a member of his college boat-club, and learns that one of the objects of a regular attendance at College Chapel is, to enable the freshman to practise keeping his back straight. Similarly, Latin Dictionaries and Greek Lexicons are, necessarily, bulky, since, otherwise, they would be useless as seats

on which the budding oarsman may improve the length of his swing in the privacy of his own rooms. These rooms are all furnished on the same pattern. A table, a pedestal desk for writing, half-a-dozen ordinary chairs, a basket arm-chair, perhaps a sofa, some photographs of school-groups, family photographs in frames, a cup or two, won at the school athletic sports, a football cap, and a few prints of popular pictures, complete the furniture and decorations of the average College rooms. Of course there are, even amongst undergraduates, wealthy æsthetes, who furnish their rooms extravagantly—but the Average Undergraduate is not one of them.

On the fifth of November the freshman sallies forth only to find, with a sense of bitter disappointment, that the rows between Town and Gown are things of the past. He will have discovered ere this that undergraduate etiquette has ordained that while he wears a cap and gown he must forswear gloves, and leave his umbrella at home, even though the rain should pour down in torrents. All these ordinances he observes strictly, though he can neither be "hauled" nor "gated" for setting them at defiance. Towards the end of his first term he begins to realise more accurately the joys and privileges of University life; he has formed his set, and more or less found his level, he has become a connoisseur of cheap wine, he has with pain and labour learned to smoke, he has certainly exceeded his allowance, and he returns to his home with the firm conviction that he knows a great deal of life. He will terrify his mother with tales of proetorial misadventures, and will excite the suspicions of his father by the new brilliance of his attire. Indeed it is a curious fact that whatever the special pursuit of the Average Undergraduate may be, and whatever may be the calling and profession of his father, the two are generally engaged in a financial war. This always ends in the triumph of the older man, who never scruples to use the power which the possession of the purse gives him in order to discomfit his son. From a University point of view, the average father has as little variety as the average son.



It must be noted that away from the University or his family circle, and in the society of ladies, the Average Undergraduate is shy. The wit that flashed so brilliantly in the College Debating Club is extinguished, the stream of humour that flowed amidst shouts of laughter in the Essay Society is frozen at its source, the conversation that delighted the frequenters of his rooms is turned into an irresponsive mumble. But as soon as he returns to the academic groves, and knows that petticoats are absent, and that his own beloved "blazer" is on his back, Richard is himself again. He has his undergraduate heroes whom he worships blindly, hoping himself to be some day a hero and worthy of worship. Moreover, there are in every College traditions which cause the undergraduate who is a member of it to believe that the men of that particular society are finer fellows than the men of any other. These traditions the Average Undergraduate holds as though they were articles of his religion.

The Average Undergraduate generally takes a respectable position as a College oarsman or cricketer, though he may fail to attain to the University Eight or to the Eleven. He passes his examinations with effort, but still he passes them. He reckons not of Honours. The "poll" or the pass contents him. Sometimes he makes too much noise, occasionally he dines too well. In London, too, his conduct during vacations is perhaps a little exuberant, and he is often inclined to treat the promenades at the Leicester Square Variety Palaces as though he had purchased them. But, on the whole, he does but little harm to himself and others. He is truthful and ingenuous, and although he knows himself to be a man, he never tries to be a very old or a very wicked one. In a word, he is wholesome. In the end he takes his degree creditably enough. His years at the University have been years of pure delight to him, and he will always look back to them as the happiest of his life. He has not become very learned, but he will always be a useful member of the community, and whether as barrister, clergyman, country gentleman, or business man, he will show an example of manly uprightness which his countrymen could ill afford to lose.

FRIS.—The last nights on earth at the Haymarket are announced of *A Village Priest*. May he rest in peace. The play that immediately follows is, *Called Back*; naturally enough a revival, as the title implies. But one thing is absolutely certain, and that is, that *A Village Priest* will never be *Called Back*. Perhaps *L'Abbé Constantin* may now have a chance. Eminently good, but not absolutely saintly. Is there any chance of the *Abbé* being "translated?"

THE SMELLS.

(Edgar Allan Poe "Up to Date.")



I.
 Look on London with its Smells—
 Sickening Smells!
 What long nasal misery their nastiness fore-
 tells!
 How they trickle, trickle, trickle,

On the air by day and night!
 While our thoraxes they tickle,
 Like the fumes from brass in pickle,
 Or from naphtha all alight;
 Making stench, stench, stench,
 In a worse than witch-broth drench,

Of the muck-malodoration that so nauseously
 wells
 From the Smells, Smells, Smells, Smells,
 Smells, Smells, Smells—
 From the fuming and the spuming of the
 Smells.

II.

Sniff the fetid sewer Smells—
Loathsome Smells!
What a lot of typhoid their
intensity foretells!
Through the pleasant air of
night, [blight!
How they spread, a noxious
Ful of bad bacterian motea,
Quickening soon.
What a lethal vapour floats
To the foul Smell-fiend who
glistens as he gloats
On the boon.
Oh, from subtterranean cells
What a gush of sewer-gas
voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
In our houses! How it tells
Of the folly that impels
To the breeding and the
speeding
Of the Smells, Smells,
Smells,
Of the Smells, Smells, Smells,
Smells,
Smells, Smells, Smells—
To the festering and the pes-
tering of the Smells!

III.

See the Spectre of the Smells—
London Smells!
What a world of retrospect
his tyranny compels!
In the silence of the night
How we muse on the old
plight
Of Kensington, — a Dismal
Swamp, and lone!
Still the old Swamp -
Demon floats
O'er the City, as our throats
Have long known.
And the people—ah, the
people—
Though as high as a church
steeple

They have gone
For fresh air, that Demon's tolling
In a muffled monotone
Their doom, and rolling, rolling
O'er the City overgrown.
He is neither man nor woman,
He is neither brute nor human,
He's a Ghoul;
Spectre King of Smells, he tolls,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,

With his cohort of Bad Smells!
And his cruel bosom swells
With the triumph of the Smells,
Whose long tale the scribbler tells
To the Times, Times, Times,
Telling of "local" crimes
In the gendering of the Smells,
Of the Smells:
To the Times, Times, Times,
Telling of Railway crimes,
In the fostering of Smells,—
Of the Smells, Smells, Smells,
Brick-field Smells, bone-boiling Smells,
Whilst the Demon of old times
With us dwells, dwells, dwells,
The old Swamp Fiend of moist climes!
See him rolling with his Smells—
Awful Smells. Smells. Smells—
See him prowling with his Smells,
Horrid Smells, Smells, Smells—
London Smells, Smells, Smells, Smells,
Smells, Smells, Smells,— [Smells?
Will the County Council free us from these

JUST NOW THE CHIEF NILE-IST IN PARIS.
—CLEOPATRA.



"ENFANT TERRIBLE."

"I'VE BROUGHT YOU A GLASS OF WINE, MR. PROFESSOR. PLEASE DRINK IT!"
"VAT! BEFORE TINNER! ACH, VY!"
"BECAUSE MUMMY SAYS YOU DRINK LIKE A FISH, AND I WANT TO SEE YOU—!"

SEEING THE STARS.

THE following paragraph appears in the columns of the *Scottish Leader* :—

"Those who were out of doors in Edinburgh at three o'clock on Saturday morning were startled by the appearance of a brilliant meteorite in the northern hemisphere. Its advent was announced by a flash of light which illuminated the whole city. A long fiery streak marked its course, and remained visible for more than a minute. At first this streak was perfectly straight, but, after it had begun to fade, it broke into a zig-zag."

The phenomenon so graphically described, though remarkable, is not, we believe, in the circumstances, entirely novel. Perhaps it is noteworthy as coming a little early in the year. We understand that on New Year's Day, "those who are out of doors in Edinburgh at three o'clock in the morning," are not unfrequently startled in somewhat similar manner.

THE TOOTHERIES. — "TOOTH's Gallery" always strikes us as a somewhat misleading appellation. It always appears to have more to do with palates than pictures, and to be more concerned with gums than gold frames. No doubt the head of the firm of Messrs. ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS is a wise TOOTH, so let him christen his gallery the "Arthurneum." He is a TOOTH that you cannot stop, he is always coming out, and this autumn he comes out stronger than ever with a most interesting and varied collection. Excellent examples you may find of J. B. BURGESS, J. C. HOOK, BASTIEN LEPAGE, TADEMA, VICAT COLE, PETER GRAHAM, MILLAIS, LEADER, C. CALTHROP, MARCUS STONE, and other notables.

THE MOAN OF THE MAIDEN.

(After Tennyson.)

GOLF! Golf! Golf!
By the side of the sounding
sea; [never
And I would that my ears had
Heard aught of the "links"
and the "tee."
Oh, well for the man of my
heart,
That he bets on the "holes"
and the play
Oh, well for the "caddie"
that carries [pay.
The "clubs," and earns his
He puts his red coat on,
And he roams on the sandy
hill;
But oh for the touch of that
golfer's hand,
That the "niblick" wields
with a will.
Golf! Golf! Golf!
Where the "hunkers" vex
by the sea;
But the days of Tennis and
Croquet
Will never come back to me!

OYSTER FEAST AT COLCHESTER.—Last Wednesday the Annual Oyster Feast was held at Colchester. Toasts in plenty: music of course. But why was there absent from the harmonious list so appropriate a glee as Sir HENRY BISHOP'S:—

"Uprouse ye then,
My merry merry men,
It is our opening day!"

Why wasn't Deputy-Sheriff BEARD asked? Is he already shelved?

THE LAST OF "MARY'S LAMB."

["A firm in Sydney have completed arrangements whereby frozen sheep or lambs can be delivered at any address in the United Kingdom."]

MARY had a little lamb,
Which she desired to send
Across the mighty ocean as
A present to a friend.

That friend was partial to lamb chops,
Likewise to devilled kidney;
So friendly MARY promptly went
Unto "a firm in Sydney."

That firm replied, "the lamb we'll send
By parcel to your cousin;
That is, if you do not object
To have your darling frozen."

Then MARY wept. She said, "My lamb
Has wool as white as snow;
But packed in ice? It don't sound nice,
No, Sydney Merchant, No!"

"Refrigerate my darling! Oh!
It makes my bosom bleed.
Still, go it must. I think you said,
'Delivery guaranteed!'"

So MARY's lamb the ocean crossed
By "Frozen Parcel Post;"
And MARY's Cousin said its chops
Were most delicious—most!

MORAL.

Science, though it pays "cent. per cent.,"
Is destitute of pity;
And makes hash of the sentiment
Dear to the Nursery ditty.

ROBERT AS HUMPIRE.

I WAS a takin of my favrit walk, larst Friday was a week, from Charing Cross round to my own privet residence in Queer Street, when a yung lad tapped me on the sholder and said to me, "Please, Sir, are you the sillybrated Mr. ROBERT, the City Waiter?" In course I replied, "Yes, most suttenly;" when he said, "Then this yere letter's for you, and I wants a emediat arnaer." Concealing my wisibel estonishment, I took him hup Healy Place, where the werry famous Lawyer lives, as can git you out of any amownt of trubbel, and then opened the letter, and read the following most estonishing words, wiz:—"Mr. ROBERT, can you come *immediatly* to the Club, as you alone can decide a very heavy wager that is now pending between two Noble Lords who are here awaiting your arrival. You will be well paid for your trouble. The Bearer will show you the way.—J. N." I coud learn nothink from my jewvenile guide, so I told him to lead the way, and off we started, and soon arived at the Club.

I need ardly say that, being all quite fust-rate swells, they received me in the most kindest manner, and ewen smiled upon me mostfreely, which in course I felt as a great comple-ment.

One on 'em then adrest me sumwot as follers, "I'm sure, Mr. ROBERT, we are all werry much obliged to you for coming so reddily at my request."

At which they all cried, "Here! here!" "You of coarse understand what we wish you to do." To which I at once replide, "Quite so, my noble swells." At which they all larfed quite lowd, tho' I'm sure I don't know why. He then said that it was thort better not to menshun the names of any of the Gents present, and he then presented me with a little packet, which he requested I woud not open till I got home, and then proseded to xplain the Wager, somthink like this. Two of the noble Lords present, it apeared, had disagreed upon a certain matter, and, wanting a Humpire of earacter and xperience to decide between them, had both agreed to a surgestion that had bin made, that of all the many men in London none coudn't be considered more fitter for the post than Mr. ROBERT, the sillybrated City Waiter!

I rayther thinks as I blausht wisibly, and I knos as I bust out into a perfuse prusperashun, but

PHILOMELA AND AQUILA.

[It is stated that Madame PATTI presented Mr. GLADSTONE with a box of voice lozenges.]



PATTI, take, PATTI, take, Grand Old Man!
Give him voice lozenges soon as you can.
Pack them, address them, as neat as can be,
And courteously hand them to W. G.!

Mellifluous Nightingale, melody's source
Our Golden (mouthed) Eagle hath grown a bit hoarse;
But though Aquila's husky with age and long fights,
His sweet Philomela will set him to-rights.

A cough-drop, a lozenge, a jube-jube, from you,
His larynx will strengthen and lubricate too. [pipe again yet;
His old "Camp Town Races" he'll Nay—who knows?—with you may arrange a duet!

The eagle is scarcely a song-bird, but still, [gale's trill!
He may have a good ear for the nighting-Fair Philomel comes to old Aquila's aid!!!
Faith! the picture is pretty, so here 'tis portrayed?

I didn't say a word, but pulled myself together as I can generally do when I feels as it's necessary to manetane my good chackter. He then said, "The question for you to decide is this: At a great and most himportant Dinner that is about to be held soon, at which most of the werry grandest swells left in London will be present, we intends to hinderduce 'The Loving Cup;' not," he added, smiling, "so much to eastonish the natives, as to stagger the strangers. The question, therefore, that you, as the leading City Waiter of the day, have to settle, is, How many of the Gests stand up while one on 'em drinks?" Delighted to find how heasy was my tarak, I ansers, without a moment's hezzitation, "Three!" One on 'em turned garstly pale, and shouted out, "What for?" To which I replied, "One to take off and hold up the cover, the second to bow, and drink out of the Cup, and the third to protect the Drinker while he drinks, leat any ennemy should stab him in the back."

The garstly pale Gent wanted to arsk more queestions, but the rest shouted, "Horder! Horder!" and the fust Gent coming up to me again, thanked me for what he called my kindness in cumming, so I made 'em my very best bow, which I copied from a certain Poplar Prince, and took my departure.

Being, I hopes, a man of strict werassity, I never wunce took ewen so much as a peep at the little packet

as the Gent gave me, but I coudn't help feeling ewery now and then to see if it was quite safe, which of course it was, and ewen when I reached my umbel abode, I still restrained my natral curiossity, and sat down, and told my wundrus tail to the wife of my buzzom, and then placed the little packet in her estonished anda, which she hopened with a alite flutter, and then perdoosed from it *Five Golden Souverings!* If any other noble swells wanta another Humpire on the same libberal terms, let 'em send to ROBERT.

CLEOPATRA IN PARIS.



The true History. Queen Cleopatra dying from the effects of several Bites of Asp-argus. Or is it truer that Quesen Cleopatra died from eating too much of something "En Aspic"? Ask Sardou, Sara, & Co.

AT THE ALHAMBRA. — *Claude Duval*, a new monologue, music by EDWARD SOLOMON. Mr. FRANK CELLI has to "stand and deliver" the lines of Messrs. BOWYER and MORTON. As the description "monologue" is not suggestive of music, why didn't the authora invent a special name for the entertainment, and call it the "Solomonologue"? Most expressive.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Dead Man's Gift, by HERBERT COMPTON; the title of which might lead one to imagine something very weird and uncanny. Nothing of the sort. Mr. COMPTON doesn't wish to "make your flesh creep" like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*. It is only the story of a tea-planter's romance, though the finding of the gift is most exciting. Interesting and well written.

The Cabinet Portrait Gallery, published by CASSELL & Co., with portraits of most of our Celebrities, by Messrs. DOWNEY, is excellent.

Christmas Books now make their appearance, and the first and principal offenders in disturbing the Calendar are Messrs. BLACKIE & SON. "Among the names," says the Baron's juvenile assistant Co. Junior, "we recognise one of our boys' most favourite authors, G. A.



"Blackie and Son."

HENTY, who this year gives them another exciting historical tale, *By England's Aid*, which deals with the closing events of the War of Independence in Holland. Also *Maori and Settler*, a story of the New Zealand War, when young England was quite a settler for the Maori. Both recommended. *Hal Hungerford*, by J. R. HUTCHINSON, is a good book for boys, and *A Rash Promise, or, Meg's Secret*, by CECILIA SELBY LOWNDES, is an equally good one for girls, and finally *The Girls' Own Paper Annual*, and *The Boys' Own Paper Annual*, are two very

handsome capably illustrated gift-books." Now the Baron's cheerful assistants have done their work, he himself, has something to say.

"No, my dear and venerable Mr. T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.," says the Baron to that eminent octogenarian Academician, whose "reminiscences" BENTLEY AND SON have just published; "if you are correctly quoted in the *P. M. G.*, your memory is absolutely at fault in describing DOUGLAS JERROLD as 'Editor of *Punch*.' He never was. Your account of the doings at the hebdomadal board of the *Punch Staff College* must be taken with several pinches of salt, as never once in your lengthy career have you been present at any one of these symposia. No matter. Your health, and book!"

Permit the Baron to strongly recommend MARION CRAWFORD'S *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance*. Slight indeed is the plot, and few the



A Cigarette-Maker's Romance.

dramatis personæ; but the latter are drawn with a Meissonier-like finish, and the simple tale is charmingly and touchingly told. The wonder of it is that so little to tell should have occupied two volumes; and a greater wonder remains, which is, that, at the close, the reader should wish there were a third. To create this desire is, after all, the very perfection of the art of novel-writing. The novelist who does not make the reader "wish as there was more on it," according to the philosophic dictum of Sam Weller on the art of epistolary correspondence, has failed. Henceforth this novel of Mr. CRAWFORD'S goes forth to the world with the Baron's best imprimatur.

This poor little cigarette-maker requires no puffing of her wares. Enough that the Baron should say to his readers, "*Tolle lege!*" You will be delighted with it, "*Il cigaretto per esser felice.*" It is a charming story, says emphatically, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HOPE FOR THE EAST END OF LONDON UNDER THE NEW MAYORALTY.—If South Kensington and the Fashionable West are now complaining of smells everywhere in the S. and S.W. district, the City and the East End may, for one year at least, rejoice in the supreme rule of the Savory. We can't write of SAVORY without adding MOORE, so we must mention that the name of SAVORY is ominous for the continuation of the Mayoralty. The Guildhall Banquets end with a Savory. *Absit omen!*

WINTER OPERA.

ROYAL Italian Opera is quite a winter rose in Covent Garden. It blossomed well, and is doing bloomingly. How lovely and of what happy omen is the name of MARIA PERI, whose *Valentina* in *Les Huguenots* is worth recording, even though it does not beat the record. It is said to be an uninteresting part, yet I remember everybody being uncommonly enthusiastic about this same *Valentina* when GRISI played it, and her "Valentine" was Romeo-like MARIO. Their struggle, his Leap for Life out of the window after the great "Tu M'ami" solo and duet, her despair, will never be forgotten. "Nothing in the part," quotha! Nothing in the person more likely. Signor PADILLA, excellent actor, is here again. Signor INENNO CORSI



Our Maggie McIntyre as "La (Prima) Donna del 'Lago.'"

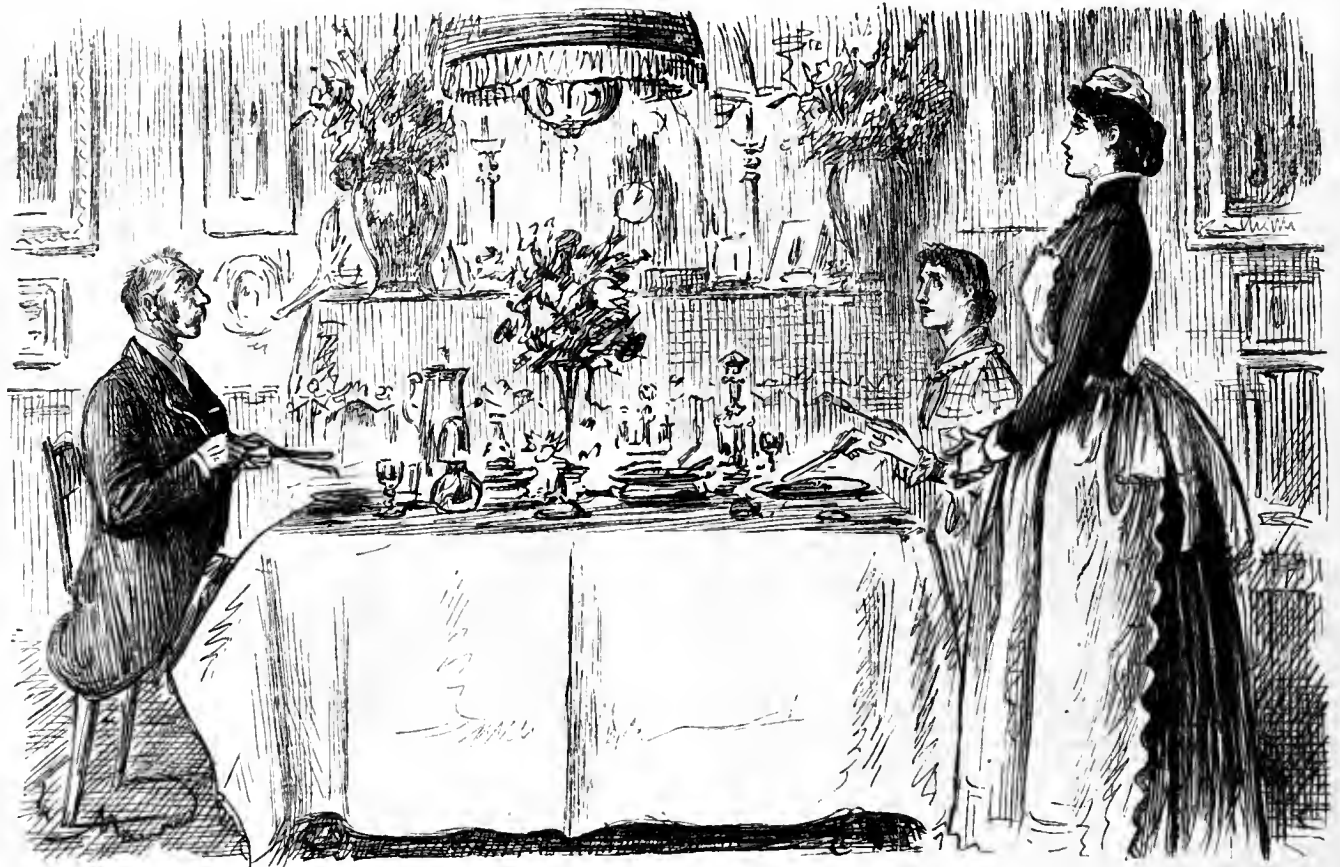
has been "lent" by Sheriff AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, and we hope he'll be returned safe, sound, and unspoilt, carefully packed, "G uppermost," in time for the Royal Italian Season. More nice names of good omen in the ballet, LOUISE LOVEBAY,—hope she'll "love-night" as well, and be always ready to dance,—and "JESSIE SMILES!"—does she! Bless her heart! Signor ARD'ITTY, as 'ARRY would say, is the energetic "Conductor," so that Signor LAGO'S 'bus "full inside—all right!" ought to go along pleasantly, and do well.

Friday.—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Mlle. STROMPFELD in the title rôle, singing well, and recalled several times by a fairly filled house. Signor SUANE, the *Edgardo*, looking better than he sang. But what a fine old crusted piece of Italianised conventionalty the Opera is, with about as much to do with Scotland as it has with SCOTT! From the general demeanour and appearance of the Chorus of "Ladies and Knights," and "Friends of Lord ASHTON," the ASHTONS evidently in a very second-rate set at Lammermoor. However, it must be admitted that their attitude, as spectators of *Lucia's* delirium, left nothing to desire on the score of repose—the VERE DE VERES themselves could not have been calmer, or less concerned. Blue chins, and sympathy expressed by semaphore action in the good old time-honoured fashion. The "Warriors of Ravenswood" in Lincoln green hunting costume, and the tombs of *Edgardo's* fathers under a marble colonnade—to give the necessary local colour.

Good house on Saturday for *Robert the Devil*,—not our "ROBERT" the Waiter. But Signor LAGO must not be satisfied with things as they are.

PROGRESS—FIN DE SIÈCLE!

- 1891. Vessels laid up by the Shipping Federation.
- 1892. The Railway Union decide to stop all traffic until labour is cheaper.
- 1893. The United Cooperative Stores secure monopoly of Trade, and then close until better times.
- 1894. Army and Navy disbanded, join the Burglar Association, of which the Police are now members.
- 1895. Publication of newspapers throughout the civilised world, suspended.
- 1896. Universal redistribution of land, and personal property.
- 1897. Conversion of every public building on the Four Quarters of the Globe into a refuge for the indigent.
- 1898. Strike of the Butchers, the Bakers and the Candlestick-makers.
- 1899. Strike of the Doctors, and the Undertakers—*Fin de Siècle!*
- 1900. Strike of the Lawyers—*Fin du Monde!*



THE SPREAD OF CULTURE DOWNWARDS.

Jones (to Mrs J). "E-SKER VOO NE PONKAY PÂU KER LA NOUVELLE FUM-DE-SHOMB AYT EXTRARDINAIRMONG JOLEE?"
Mrs. J. (who is over-considerate of her Servants). "WEE—MAIS IL NE FO PÂH PARLY FRONKAY DEVONG LEY DOMESTIEEK; CE N'AY PÂH POLKE, VOO SAVVY!"
The New Scotch Housemaid. "OH, MONSIEUR, QUANT À ÇA, CE N'EST PAS LA PEINE DE VOUS GÊNER DEVANT MOI. JE COMPRENDS ASSEZ BIEN LE FRANÇAIS!"

TIPPERARY JUNCTION.

JOHN MORLEY sings:—

AIR—"Tipperary."

OH, politics puzzle, and partisans vary,
 In holiday autumn on Albion's shore;
 But ooh! there's good business in New Tip-
 perary,
 So to take a look round I will take a run
 o'er.
 Prince ARTHUR looks proud, but his policy's
 poor—
 No doubt, he'd be happy to show me the
 door;
 But the Paddies will welcome an English
 grandee—
 They've had SHAW-LEFEVRE, they'd rather
 have me!
 So I laugh at all fears of things going con-
 trairey
 (She loves me, does ERIN, the shamrock-
 gowned fairy),
 I'm sure there's good business in New
 Tipperary!

In New Tipperary!

ARTHUR BALFOUR sings:—

AIR—"Off to Philadelphia."

Faith! JOHN MORLEY thinks he's leary,
 And he's off to Tipperary;
 My policy he thinks he'll be a thorn in;
 But before he comes away
 He will find to spoil my play
 He must get up very early in the mornin'.

Wid his bundle on his shoulder,
 He thinks no man could look boulder,
 And he's lavin' for Auld Ireland widout
 warnin'.

For he lately took the notion
 For to cross the briny ocean,
 And to start for Tipperary in the mornin'.

JOHN MORLEY sings:—

AIR—"Tipperary."

By St. Patrick, I've hit on the thing I was
 after
 (Good luck, MORLEY dear, says O'BRIEN to
 me)
 My tale BALFOUR bould, will be no case for
 laughter,
 I'll leave ye no leg for to stand on, ye'll see.
 Of course you will say that my story's not
 true,
 But who will belave such a fellow as you?
 By Jingo, I've something to talk about now!
 I'll make ye to sit up and snort, that I vow!
 I'll give ye the facts, ye can't prove the
 contrairey.
 My story and CADDELL's will probably vary,
 But I've found good business in New
 Tipperary!

In New Tipperary!

ARTHUR BALFOUR sings:—

AIR—"Off to Philadelphia."

When they tould me I must shpake a pace,
 I tried to kape a cheerful face,
 Though obvious lack of matther I was
 mournin'!

But, oh sombre-faced JOHN MORLEY!
 Ye desired to help me surely,
 When ye went for Tipperary widout
 warnin'!

Though your tale could scarce be boulder,
 Yet my hits straight from the shoulder
 Will make ye mourn the hour that ye
 were born in.

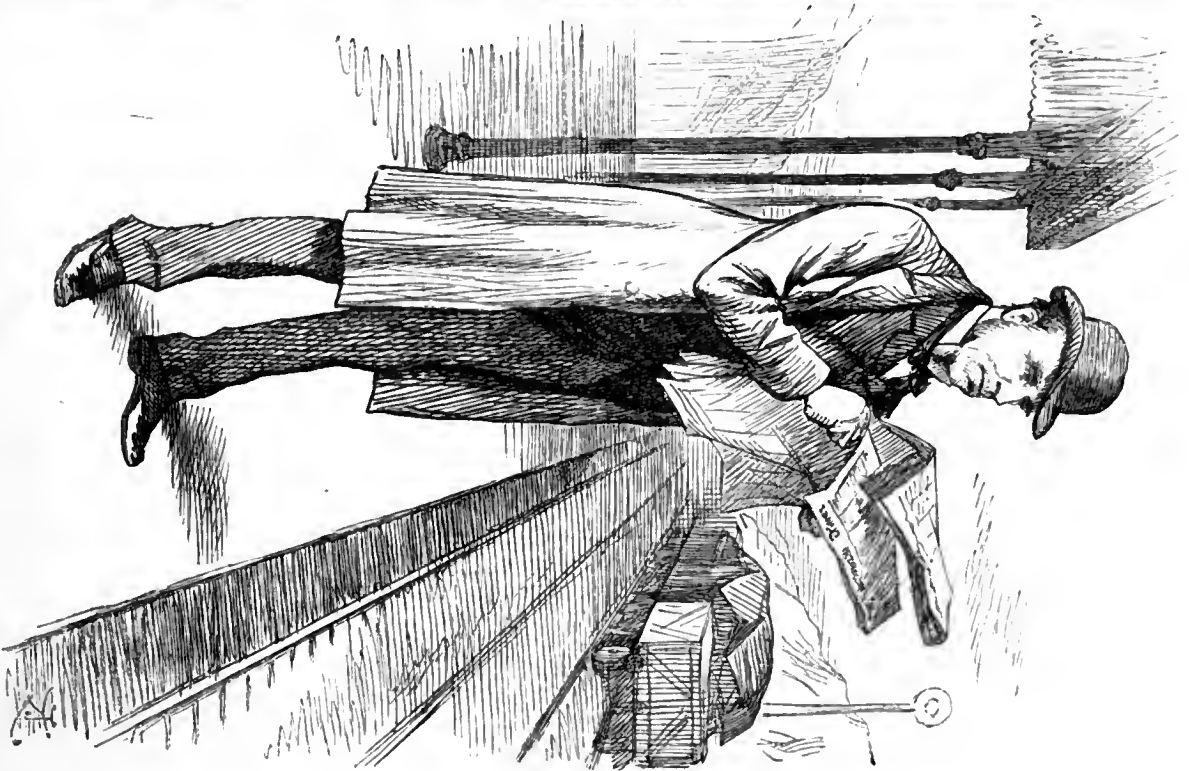
And I think ye'll have a notion
 Ye were wrong to cross the ocean.
 And raise rucktions in ould Ireland in the
 mornin'!

JOHN MORLEY sings:—

AIR—"Tipperary."

I may yet have to sail o'er the blue seas to-
 morrow,
 Once more sail away to the Isle o' the West,
 They yet may subpoena me, much to my
 sorrow,
 And then my strange tale will be put to the
 test.
 But BALFOUR shall find, when once more I
 come back,
 Of matter for speeches I shall have no lack.
 O'BRIEN and DILLON from judgment have
 flown,
 But with BALFOUR, I fancy, I'll still hold my
 own.
 That flight in the boat was a funny vagary,
 But the picture I'll paint will make
 SALISBURY soary,
 And set the bells ringing in New Tip-
 perary!

In New Tipperary!



TIPPERARY JUNCTION.

RIGHT HON. A. B. "BLESS JOHN MORLEY,—NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!"
RIGHT HON. J. M. "BLESS ARTHUR BALFOUR,—NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT!"

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TO ENGELBERG AND BACK.

Being a few Notes taken en route in search of a Perfect Cure.

"Oh! he's ever so much better. Why he only had two stumbles, and one cropper, doing his three hundred yards this morning. That beats the record, anyhow."

Young JERRYMAN is describing the effect the Engelberg air is to several people, who have either been invalided themselves, or have had invalid relatives, or met, seen, or heard of invalids who have had similar satisfactory experiences.



A Pleasant Little Excursion.

and waste quite so much time between the different courses."

And here the mild-mannered Clergyman had real ground for complaint, for the German recipe for *table d'hôte* dinner seems to be something very much like the following:—Get a room that has been smoked in, with closed and tightly-fastened windows and doors, all the morning. Light the stove, if there is one, and turn on the gas, if there is any. You begin your dinner. Take twice, thrice, or even four times of every course, glaring savagely and defiantly at your neighbour as you pass the dish. Sit over each, allowing a good quarter of an hour for its proper digestion, and keep this up till the perspiration drops from your face. Finally, in about two hours' time, having carefully mopped your forehead, quit the table for the "Conversations Saal." Here (still keeping in gas and stove, if there is one) smoke till you can't see six feet before you. Keep this up till you have had enough of it, and feel the time is getting on for you to go through a modified edition of the same process at supper. At least, this is how the German element—a very formidable one at the *Hôtel Titlis*—for the most part, conducted itself over the principal meal of the day. There were, of course, exceptions, for all Germany is not essentially German; yet it must be confessed that the prevailing features were of this guzzling, and, for the want of a more descriptive word, I would add, "sweltering" type, not fully appreciated by the ordinary travelling Briton, who, whatever else he may be, is not a gross feeder, though he does set the proper value on a breath of pure fresh air.

"Get him up? Of course we can get him up," rejoined Dr. MELCHISIDEC, warmly. This in answer to some doubts expressed by one of the more cautious spirits of our party as to the possibility of dragging the Dilapidated One over one of the stock excursions of the neighbourhood, to wit, the *Fürren Alp*. "Why, port him into a *chais à porteur*, and we could get him up the *Titlis* itself, and throw in the *Schlossstock*, and the *Gross-Spanort*, for the matter of that, as well. *Basdeker* makes only a two and a half hours' affair of it."

And so we find ourselves in due course, doing the "*Fürren-Alp*" in approved style.

"By Jove, I'll be hanged if I think it's a bit better than going up *Primrose Hill*, twenty times running: and not near such good going either," observes young JERRYMAN, after we have been struggling up a precipitous mountain path, occasionally finding ourselves sliding and slipping backwards in the bed of a disused watercourse, for about two hours and a half.

And really I think young JERRYMAN's view of the matter is not so very far out, after all.

ONE RITE, AND ALL WRONG.—The "Service of Reconciliation" in St. Paul's seems to have had the effect of setting everyone by the ears. Quite a muddle,—a Western Church, and an Easton rite.

SCIENCE AND HEART.

"A Correspondent of '*the Field*' records an experiment which he made with a wasp. 'Having,' he says, 'severed a wasp in two pieces, I found that the head and thorax with the uninjured wings retained full vitality . . . I tried to fly, but evidently lacked the necessary balance through the loss of the abdomen. To test the matter further, I cut out an artificial tail from a piece of thin cardboard, as nearly following the shape of the natural body as possible. To fasten the appendage to the wasp, I used a little oxgall . . . ; gum or more sticky substances would not do, as it impedes the use of the wings in flight. Presently the operation was complete, and, to my surprise, the wasp, after one or two ineffectual efforts, flew in rather lopsided fashion to the window. It then buzzed about for at least a quarter of an hour, eventually flying out at the top . . . it was vigorous when it flew away.'"
Extract from an Evening Paper.



The Benefit of Humour in Philosophy.

General Reflection: Attitude of Man towards the Wasp.

The Philosopher shares the prevailing Prejudice. His Method.

The Blow falls.

A Tragical Meeting.

Dignified Behaviour of the Wopse.

A Philosopher's Remorse.

The Uses of a Scientific Education.

Reparation.

His Process.

Forgiveness.

Further proceedings of the Philosopher.

Moral.

PHILOSOPHERS can always do more Assisted by a sense of humour: Witness the droll experiment Of this same scientific gent. For he, his frugal breakfast finishing, (The eggs and bacon fast diminishing) Noted how o'er his marmalade A Wasp was buzzing undismayed. We all are apt to be inhospitable to the humble Wasp— That Ishmael of domestic insects, The terror of the feminine sex! And our Philosopher, though cool, Was no exception to the rule. He let it settle on his plate; He poised a knife above—like Fate. Next—with a sudden flash it drops Right on that unsuspecting Wopse! Which, unprepared by previous omen, Awestruck, confronts its own abdomen! And sees its once attached tail-end dance A brisk *pas-seul* of independence! A pang more bitter than before racks That righteously indignant thorax, As proudly (yet with perfect taste) It turns its back upon its waist, And seeks, though life must all begin new, "Business as usual" to continue! The Man of Science felt his heart Prick him with self-accusing smart, To see that ineffectual torso Go fluttering about the floor so; Science informs him that, divided, A wasp for flight is too lopsided. So, with remorsefulness acute, He rigged it up a substitute; Providing it a new posterior, At least as good—if not superior. He cut it out a tail of card, And stuck it on with ox-gall, hard. (This he prefers to vulgar glue) And made that Wopse as good as new! Until the grateful insect soared Away, with self-respect restored To find that mutilated part of his Had been so well replaced by artifice. The Scientist, again complacent, To pen and ink and paper hastened, And, in a letter to the *Field*, Told how the Wasp, though halved, was healed. And how, despite a treatment rigorous, It left consoled—and even vigorous! The Moral—here this poem stops—is 'Tis ne'er too late for mending Wopses!

A "CUTTING" OBSERVATION.—This is from the *Daily Graphic*:—**G**ENERALS.—TWO WANTED to do the work of a small house; £14-£18; for two in family; easy place, early dinners; very little company.

How sad! At how low an ebb has our Army arrived under recent mal-administration! In time we may have even "Our Only General" himself advertising for a place, or answering an advertisement like the above. Not much "company drill"; so, if easy, it will be dull.



A SALE OF YEARLINGS.—THE VERY LAST OF THE SEASON.

A PERILOUS TUG OF WAR.



"The labouring men, as a class, are rapidly approaching to a footing of full equality with the capitalist, and it is even possible they may become the stronger of the two. . . . They must be content to have their class interests, whatever they are, judged in the light of the public interests. . . . Labour and Capital may have separate interests, yet their separate interests are little, in the long run, as compared with those in which they are united."—Mr. Gladstone at West Calder.

Federated Masters struggle, Federated
Toilers strain,
Each intent on selfish interest, each on
individual gain,
And a chasm yawns between them, and a
gnlf is close behind!
What is the most likely issue of such con-
flict fierce and blind?
Unionism 'gainst Free Labour, Capital
against mere Toil!

Is it better than two tigers fighting for some desert spoil?
"Federate" the Libyan lions as against the elephant herds,
Will the battle be less savage? Let us not be fooled by words!

Say the tenas-strained rope-strands sunder, say that either hand
prevail!

Shall not "conquer" in the issue prove a synonym for "fail" ?
"Banded Unions persecute," and Federated Money-Bags
Will not prove a jot or tittle juster. Fools! Haul down those flags!
Competition is not conflict. So the Grand Old Casuist says,
Speaking with the sager caution of his earlier calmer days.
True! Athletic rivals straining at the tense tough-stranded rope,
Strain in friendly competition, ruin not their aim or hope;
But a lethal Tug of War 'twixt "federated" foemen blind,
With a chasm at their feet, and each a yawning gulf behind,
On a precipice precarious! Truly, too, a foolish fight!
Rival Federated Wrongs will never further Common Right!

"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world"; [furl'd,
So the youthful Poet Laureate pictured it in limpid verse;
Now the Federations fight each other! Better ia't, or worse?
See, the battle-flags are flying freely as on War's red field,
And the rival hosts are lugging, straining—neither means to yield.
For the war-drums, are they silent? Nay—they're not of
parchment now,

But, with printers' ink and paper, you can raise a loud tow-row;
Be it at a Labour Congress, Masters' Meeting, Club, or Pub,
Public *tympana* are deafened with their ceaseless rub-a-dub!

Tug of War! It is a Tug, and not, alas! mere friendly war,
As when rival muscles tussle, Highland lad or British tar,
Tis a furious fight *à outrance*, knitted, knotted each to each,
Heels firm-planted, hands tense-clenching, till the knobby knuckles
bleach.

"GIVE IT TO THE BARD!"

MR. ROBERT INGERSOLL speaking of, and at, Poet WALT WHITMAN on the occasion of presenting the aged and eccentric poet with the "long contemplated testimonial," to quote *The Times*, said, that "W. W. is intellectually hospitable"—this sounds like 'ready to take in anybody'—"but he refuses to accept a creed merely because it is wrinkled, old, and white-bearded. Hypocrisy wears a venerable look; and relies on its mask to hide its stupidity and fear." Now this was rather rough on the Bard, who is described as "an interesting figure, with his long white hair falling over his shoulders." It seemed as if ROBERT INGERSOLL wished to imply, Don't be taken in and accept W. W. at his own poetic valuation as a poet, simply because he is wrinkled, old, white-haired, and wears a venerable look, which, after all, may be only a hypocritical mask? Mr. INGERSOLL couldn't have been more infelicitous if he had "come to bury 'WHITMAN,' not to praise him." Then he went on, "Neither does WHITMAN accept everything new." This clearly excepted the testimonial, which, we may suppose, was brand new, or at all events, had been so at some time or other, though having been "long contemplated" it might have got a trifle dusty or mouldy. Then finished the orator, magnificently, epigrammatically, and emphatically, thus "He" (i.e., WALT WHITMAN) "wants truth." And with all our heart and soul we reply, "We wish he may get it."

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.—No. V., "*Mignon's Mess-Room*," will appear in our next Number.

EMPLOYMENT OF CAPITAL.

SIR,—In the *St. James's Gazette* of Thursday week there was a quotation from Mr. BUCHANAN's *Modern Review*, where, in support of his opinions, he quotes "*Pope passim*." Whatever may be the outward and visible form of Mr. BUCHANAN's religion, it is dis-courteous, at least, even for an ultra-Presbyterian Scotchman, to spell the name of a Pope without making the initial letter a capital, and it is unlike a Scotchman not to make capital out of anything. Here, I may say, that Mr. BUCHANAN's contributions to recent journalistic literature have been mostly capital letters. But to return. Why *POPE passim*, and not *POPE Passim*, or *POPE PASSIM*? Is it not mis-spelt? In vain have I searched history for the name of this Pope. *Searchimus sterum*. But I must protest, in the mean time, of this particularly mean way of Bu-CHANANISING a Roman Pontiff. Please accept this as a
MEMO FROM NEMO.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—"MOIR TOD STORMOUTH DARLING" (any other names?) "Esq., Advocate, Q.C., H.M.'s Solicitor-General for Scotland"—phew!—a good mouthful all this, almost as great as "JOHN RICHARD THOMAS ALEXANDER DWYER," of *Rejected Addresses*—has been elevated to the Scottish Judicial Bench. Good. The MOIR the Merrier! TOD is the first half of Tod-dy of which the foundation is whiskey. Your health, More Toddy! STOR-MOUTH is as good a mouth as any other, whatever mouth may be chosen to store away more Toddy. And finally, "DARLING" is a term sometimes lawful, rarely legal, of endearment, and henceforth in Scotland STORMOUTH not "CHARLIE" is "our DARLING, our gay Cavalier!"

IN OUR GARDEN.



VERY odd thing. Just as we had got into Our Garden, were, so to speak, turning up our sleeves to hoe and dig, I have been called away. It is Mr. G. who has done it. The other day the Member for Sark and I were out weeding the walk—at least he was weeding, and I was remarking to him on the healthfulness of out-door occupation, more especially when pursued on the knees. Up comes the gardener with something on a pitchfork. Thought at first it was a new development of the polyanthus. (We are always growing strange things. The Member for Sark says, "In Our Garden it is the unexpected that happens.") Turned out to be a post-card. Our

gardener is very careful to keep up our new character. If the missive had been brought to us in the house, of course it would have been served up on a plate. In the garden it is appropriately handed about on a pitch-fork.

"My dear TOBY" (this is the post-card), "I'm just going up to Edinburgh; another Midlothian Campaign; You have been with me every time; don't desert me now; have something quite new and original to say on the Irish Question; would like you to hear it. Perhaps you never heard of Mitchelstown? Been looking up particulars. Mean to tell the whole story. Will be nice and fresh; come quite a shock on BALFOUR. Don't fail; Yours ever, W. E. G."

Didn't fail, and here I am, not in Our Garden, but in Edinburgh. Left the Member for Sark in charge. A little uneasy; never know from day to day what his well-meant but ill-directed energy may not achieve. At least the celery will be safe. One day, after I had worn myself out with watching gardener dig trench, Sark came along, and in our absence filled it up. Said it looked untidy to have long hole like that in respectable garden. Supposed we had been laying a drain; quite surprised we weren't pleased, when he gleefully announced he had filled it up.

Just come back from great meeting in Corn Exchange. Difficult to realise that it's eleven years since Mr. G. here in first campaign. A great deal happened in meantime, but enthusiasm just the same. Mr. G. I suppose a trifle older, but ROSEBERRY still boyish-looking. Proceedings opened with procession of Delegates presenting addresses to Mr. G. Excellently arranged; reflects great credit on PAT CAMPBELL. (Capital name that for manager of variety *troupe*.) Leading idea was to present imposing representation of Liberal Scotia doing homage to its great chief. PAT caught on at once. Engaged thirty stalwart men: none of your seedy sandwich-board fellows; responsible-looking burghers of all ages and sizes. Got them together in room at left door of stage—I mean of platform; free breakfast; oatmeal cake; unstinted heather-honey and haddock. Mr. G. seated in chair in very middle of stage, the place, you know, where great tragedians insist upon dying. Prompter's bell rings; Delegates file in, every man with what looks like a red truncheon in right hand; advance slowly along front of stage till reach chair where Mr. G. sits, apparently buried in deep thought.

"What ho!" he cries, looking up with a start.

"My liege," says the sandwich-board man—"I mean the Delegate," "I bring hither the address of the Possilpark, Lambhill, Dykehead, Camburnathen, Wishaw, Dalbeattie, Catrine, and Sorn Liberal and Radical Association. Will I read it?"

"I think not," said ROSEBERRY, quietly, but firmly, and the Delegate, handing the red thing to Mr. G., passed on. Mr. G. smiling and bowing; audience applauded; next man comes. He's from the Duntocher, Faifley, Slamannan, Cockpen, Pennicuik, Clackmannan, Carnoustie, Kirkintilloch, and Lenzie Junior Liberal Association. He also wants to read the Address, but is mercifully hustled off, and the line, ever emerging from L. of stage, crosses, and passes on. At other side, PAT CAMPBELL waiting; a little anxious lest anything should go wrong to spoil his carefully-devised plan. But everything went well.

"Get ye away now," PAT whispered in ear of the man from Possilpark, &c.

Possilpark, &c., at the *blus*, darted round rear of stage; got round in good time to L.; fell into line, and was ready to come on again. Same with the rest. Immense success! At the end of first three-quarters of an hour, PAT CAMPBELL arranged a block; pressure of innumerable Delegates so great, doncha, couldn't move off the stage in time. This gave opportunity for two of the stoutest burghers to go through quick change; reappeared, dressed in kilts. This fairly fetched down house.

"The interminable procession," as ROSEBERRY slyly called it, might have gone on till now, so perfect were the arrangements. But there was some talk of Mr. G. making a speech, and, at end of hour and fifty minutes the last Delegate slowly crossed in front of delighted audience, handed his red *bâton* to Mr. G., who, though he had entered thoroughly into the fun of the thing, was beginning to look a little fagged, and the speaking began.

This was excellent, especially ROSEBERRY'S introduction of the travelling Star; a model of terse, felicitous language. Only one hitch here. Speaking of Mr. G.'s honoured age, he likened him to famous Doge of Venice, "old DANDOLO." ROSEBERRY very popular in Edinburgh. But audience didn't like this; something like groan of horror ran along crowded benches.

"Nae, nae," said one old gentleman, momentarily taking his knees out of the small of my back, "that winna do. 'Auld WULLIE' is weel enoo, but to ca' a man Auld DANDOLO to his face gars me greet." (Often met with this phrase in songs and Scotch novels: curious to see how it was done; fancy, from what followed, it's Scotch for taking snuff.)

Barring this slip, everything went well. GLADSTONE delightful. So fresh, so informing, and so instructive! Began with lucid account of Battle of Waterloo; lightly sketched the state of parties at the period of the Reform agitation in 1832; glanced in passing at the regrettable conflict between the Northern and Southern States of America ("sons of one mother" as he pathetically put it); and so glided easily and naturally into a detailed account of the *mêlée* at Mitchelton, which, as he incidentally mentioned, took place four years and a half ago.

Audience sat entranced. You might have heard a pin drop, if indeed you wanted to. I wish the Member for Sark had been here to hear it. He would have been much more usefully employed than in that hopeless pursuit to which he has given himself up, the growing of the peelless potato. He'll never do it.

CORNWALL IN BAKER STREET.—The worst of Cornwall is, it is so far off—indeed, it has hitherto been quite out of sight. Everything comes to him who knows how to wait. We waited, and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD brought Niagara to Westminster. We waited again, and Mr. ARTHUR VOKINS brings Cornwall to Baker Street, and introduces us to a very clever young sea-scapist, Mr. A. WARNE-BROWNE—altogether a misnomer, for he isn't a worn brown at all, he is as fresh and bright and sharp as a newly-minted sovereign. Go and look at his "*Lizard and Stags*"—he isn't an animal-painter, though the title looks like it—his "*Breaking Weather*," his "*Rain Veils*," his "*Innis Head*," or any one of his thirty pictures, and say if you don't agree with Mr. Punch. The whole of them are so true to Nature, are so faithful in their wave-drawing, there is such a breeziness, such a saltiness pervades them throughout, and they so accurately convey the character of the Cornish coast, that Mr. P. felt quite the Cornishman, and is unable to decide whether he is the Tre Punch or the Pol Punch. On mature deliberation, he concludes he is the Pen Punch. There's no doubt about that!

THE WELL "PROTECTED" FEMALE.—MRS. COLUMBIA.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. V.—MIGNON'S MESS-ROOM.

(By TOM RUM SUMMER, Author of "Mignon's Ma," "Mignon's Hub," "Footle's Father," "Tootle's Tootsie," "Ugly Tom," "Your Rich Richard," "A Baby in Barracks," "Stuck," "Hoop-Lore," "Went for that Plecceman," &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.)

"This," writes the eminent Author, "is a real, true story of the life of soldiers and children. Soldiers are grand, noble fellows. They are so manly, and all smoke a great deal of tobacco. My drawl is the only genuine one. I could do a lot more of the same sort, but I charge extra for pathos. I'm a man.—T. R. S.]"

CHAPTER I.

"Three blind mice—
See how they run."—Old Song.

THE Officers of the Purple Dragoons were gathered together in their ante-room. It was a way they had. They were all there. Grand fellows, too, most of them—tall, broad-shouldered, and silky-haired, and as good as gold. That gets tiresome after a time, but everything can be set right with one downright rascally villain—a villain, mind you, that poor, weak women, know nothing about. GAVOR was that kind of man. Of course that was why he was to break his neck, and get smashed up generally. But I am anticipating, and a man should never anticipate. EMILY, for instance, never did. EMILY—Captain EMILY, of the Purple Dragoons—was the biggest fool in the Service. Everybody told him so; and EMILY, who had a trustful, loving nature, always believed what he was told.

"I nev-ah twry," he used to say—it was a difficult word to pronounce, but EMILY always stuck to it as only a soldier can, and got it out somehow—"I nev-ah twry to wremember things the wwrong way wround."

A roar of laughter greeted this sally. They all knew he meant "anticipate," but they all loved their EMILY far too well to set him right.

"Pon my soul," he continued, "it's quite twrue. You fellows may wroawr wiv laughtewr if you like, but it's twrue, and you know it's twrue."

There was another explosion of what EMILY would have called "mewrwriment," at this, for it was well-known to be one of the gallant dragoon's most humorous efforts. A somewhat protracted silence followed. FOOTLES, however, took it in both hands, and broke it with no greater emotion than he would have shown if he had been called upon to charge a whole squadron of Leicestershire Bullfinches, or to command a Lord Mayor's escort on the 9th of November. Dear old FOOTLES! He wasn't clever, no Purple Dragoon could be, but he wasn't the biggest fool in the Service, like EMILY, and all the rest of them. Still he loved another's.

In fact, whenever a Purple Dragoon fell in love, the object of his affections immediately pretended to love someone else. Hard lines, but soldiers were born to suffer. It is so easy, so true, so usual to say, "there's another day to-morrow," but that never helped even a Purple Dragoon to worry through to-day any the quicker. Poor, brave, noble, drawling, manly, pipe-smoking fellows! On this particular occasion FOOTLES uttered only one word. It was short, and began with the fourth letter of the alphabet. But he may be pardoned, for some of the glowing embers from his magnificent briar-wood pipe had dropped on to his regulation overalls. The result was painful—to FOOTLES. All the others laughed as well as they could, with clays, meerschauams, briars, and asbestos pipes in their mouths. And through the thick cloud of scented smoke the mess-waiter came into the room, bearing in his hand a large registered letter, and coughing violently.

CHAPTER II.

"The mouse ran up the clock."—Nursery Rhyme.

THE waiter advanced slowly to FOOTLES, and handed him the letter. FOOTLES took it meditatively, and turned it over in both hands. The post-marks were illegible, and the envelope much crumpled. "Never mind," thought FOOTLES, to himself, "it will dry straight—it will dry straight." He always thought this twice, because it was one of his favourite phrases. At last he decided to

open it. As he broke the seal a little cry was heard, and suddenly, before even EMILY had had time to say "I nev-ah!" a charming and beautifully dressed girl, of about fifteen summers, sprang lightly from the packet on to the mess-room floor, and kissed her pretty little hand to the astonished Dragoons.

"You're FOOTLES," she said, skipping up to the thunder-stricken owner of the name. "I know you very well. I'm going to be your daughter, and you're going to marry my mother. Oh, it's all right," she continued, as she observed FOOTLES press his right hand convulsively to the precise spot on his gorgeous mess-waistcoat under which he imagined his heart to be situated, "it's all right. Pa's going to be comfortably killed, and put out of the way, and then you'll marry darling Mamma. She'll be a thousand times more beautiful at thirty-three than she was at twenty-two, and ever so much more lovely at fifty-five than at thirty-three. So it's a good bargain, isn't it, EM?" This to EMILY, who appeared confused. She trotted up to him, and laid her soft blooming cheek against his blooming hard one. "Never mind, EM," she liaped, "everything is bound to come out right. I've settled it all"—this with a triumphant look on her baby-face—"with the author; such a splendid writer, none of your twaddling women-scribblers, but a real man, and a great friend of mine. I'm to marry you, EM. You don't know it, because you once loved NAOMI, who 'mawrried the Wrewevrend SOLOMON'"—at this point most of the Purple Dragoons were rude enough to yawn openly. She paid no attention to them—"and now you love OLIVE, but she loves PARKACK, and he doesn't love her, so she has got to marry PARKOSS, whom she doesn't love. Their initials are the same, and everybody knows their caligraphy is exactly alike," she went on wearily, "so that's how the mistake arose. It's a bit far-fetched, but," and her arch smile as she said this would have melted a harder heart than Captain EMILY'S, "we mustn't be too particular in a soldier's tale, you know."

As she concluded her remarks the door opened, and Colonel PURSER entered the room.

CHAPTER III.

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man."
Old Ballad.

COLONEL PURSER was a stout, plethoric man. He was five feet seven inches high, forty-five inches round the chest, fifty inches round the waist, and every inch of him was a soldier. He was, therefore, a host in himself. He gasped, and turned red, but, like a real soldier, at once grasped

the situation. The Colonel was powerful, and the situation, in spite of all my pains, was not a strong one. The struggle was short.

"Pardon me," said the Colonel, when he had recovered his wind, "is your name MIGNON?"

"Yes," she replied, as the tears brimmed over in her lovely eyes, "it is. I am a simple soldier's child, but, oh, I can run so beautifully—through ever so many volumes, and lots of editions. In fact," she added, confidentially, "I don't see why I should stop at all, do you? EMILY must marry me. He can't marry OLIVE, because Dame Nature put in her eyes with a dirty finger. Ugh! I've got blue eyes."

"But," retorted the Colonel, quickly, "shall you never quarrel?"

"Oh yes," answered MIGNON, "there will come a rift in the hitherto perfect lute of our friendship (the rift's name will be DARKER), but we shall manage to bridge it over—at least TOM RUM SUMMER says so." Here EMILY broke in. He could stand it no longer. "Dash it, you know, this is wevery extwraowrdinawry, wevery extwraowrdinawry indeed," he observed; "You 'wre a most wremwarkable young woman, you know."

A shout of laughter followed this remark, and in the fog of tobacco-smoke Colonel PURSER could be dimly seen draining a magnum of champagne.

CHAPTER IV.

"Hey diddle, diddle."—Songs and Romances.

EVERYTHING fell out exactly as MIGNON prophesied. But if you think that you've come to the end of MIGNON, I can only say you're very much astray, or as EMILY, with his smooth silky voice, and his smoother silkier manners, would have said, "You 'wre wevery much astwray." See my next dozen stories.

THE END. (Pro tem.)



THE GRAND OLD STUMPER.



"WHAT IS FASHION? 'AFTER A FASHION HAS BEEN DISCARDED—IF YOU HAVE ONLY PATIENCE TO WAIT LONG ENOUGH—YOU WILL FIND YOU WILL GET BACK TO IT.' LOOK AT MY COLLARS!—AND UMBRELLA!!" (See Mr. Gladstone's Speech during the recent Midlothian Campaign.)

AIR—"Wait a little longer."

THERE 's a good time coming, friends,
That flood is flowing stronger;
The reigning mode in failure ends,
Wait a little longer!
Fashion is ever on the wing,
Arch-enemy of Beauty.
Now, when we get a first-rate thing,
To stick to it 's our duty.
But no, the whirling wheel must whirl,
The zig-zag go zig-zagging;
The wig to-day must crisply curl,
That yesterday was bagging,
But good things do come "bock agen,"
For banishment but stronger
(With bonnets or with Grand Old Men),
Wait a little longer!

From Eighty unto Eighty-Five
These collars were the rage, friends;
Didn't we keep the game alive,
In spite of creeping age, friends?
But oh, that horrid Eighty-Six!
They deemed me fairly settled,
As though just ferried o'er the Styx,
But I was tougher mettled.
I knew the fashion would return
For just this size of collar.
(And that 's a lesson they 'll soon learn,
You bet your bottom dollar)
Bless you, I'm "popping up again,"
For four years' fighting stronger.
Once more I'm here to fire the train—
Wait a little longer!

I've told you all about BALFOUR,
And his black Irish soandals;
(With side-lights upon days of yore,
My bachelor life, and candles.)
I've touched on Disestablishment
(I trust you'll not say *thinly*),
On Eight Hours Bills a speech I've
spent,
And scarified M'KINLEY.
And now, to wind up, I'll explain
My favourite views on Fashion:
Big Collars will come back again!!!
I'll raise the Tories' passion.
But, with these Collars, this Um-
brella,
I'd face them, though thrice
stronger!
Friends—trust once more your Grand
Old Fella,
And—wait a *leettle* longer!

A BOOTHIFUL IDEA!

Just finished my article on "Ante-diluvian Archaeology in its relation to Genesis and the Iliad," and now all that remains to do is to carry the rest of my books down to the new library, make catalogue, consider subjects for five more speeches, write thirty-six letters and postcards, and polish off the ten last clauses of the Home-Rule Bill. This idleness is oppressive. Not used to it. What shall I do?

Piles of correspondence by morning post! What can this be about? Ah! I remember now! *Nineteenth Century* just out, of course. Glad I thought of starting "Society of Universal Beneficence." Will keep me going after excitement of Midlothian. Wonder how many people will "bind themselves to give away a fixed proportion of their income,"—also what the proportion will be, if they do. Don't know if I *should* have thought of it, if it hadn't been for General Booth's book. Remarkable person, the General. Perhaps he'd order his Army to vote solid for Home Rule, if I offered him a place in my next Cabinet? Must sound him on the subject. Salvationists quite a power now. Can't cut Field-Marshal Von Booth up in a Magazine, so must cut him out instead!

Ha! Letter from LABOUCHERE, of all people. H—m! Says he's "glad to see I've started Universal Beneficence Society. Thought of doing so himself once." Congratulates me on turning my attention to "Social Reform." Says he thinks it's an "Ecclesent idea,"—he must mean "Excellent," surely!

"Inquirer"—(post-mark, Hatfield. Curious circumstance, rather)—writes to ask for details of the Society. "Prefers at present to remain anonymous," but an answer sent to "S. Hatfield House," will always find him! Meanwhile, encloses postal order for one pound ten shillings a "fixed proportion of his income," as he sees that I've "offered to make myself the careful recipient of any assents," by which he supposes that I mean cash. A little embarrassing!

Take stroll in Park to collect my thoughts. Find two leading Belfast linen-merchants busily gathering up sawdust, &c., round tree I felled yesterday. They explain that they've

been "much interested in my novel idea of converting chips of wood into neat cambric pocket-handkerchiefs," and think that it beats General BOOTH's notion of making children's toys out of old sardine-tins hollow. I should rather think it did! Still, have to confess that I'm not ready at present to "quote them my wholesale price for neat oak-shavings delivered free on rail."

Telegram from—CHAMBERLAIN! Says he sees the new Society's one of "universal" beneficence, and supposes it includes him! Quite a mistake! Sends cheque for three pounds, and hopes I'll "keep a strict account of all sums received, and issue a report and balance-sheet shortly." Really, very injudicious of me to use word "universal"! Ought to have expressly excluded Liberal-Unionists (so-called), from my plan. That's where General BOOTH has advantage of me. He probably doesn't exclude anybody that wants to send him money. Perhaps, after all, he knows how to do this sort of thing better than I do.

Wire to him, and hand him over the money I've already received, also ask him to start a "universally beneficent" branch of Salvation Army. Receive reply, accepting my offer, in no time! General adds that he has a staff appointment in his Army waiting for me, and that he would like my good lady to become a Salvation Lass. Requires consideration and—hem—consultation!

VOCES POPULI.
AT THE PASTEL EXHIBITION.
IN THE ANTE-ROOM.

A Niece. Just one moment, Auntie, dear; do look and see what No. 295 is!

Her Aunt (with a Catalogue—and a conscience). Two hundred and ninety-five! Before we have even seen No. 1? No, my dear, no. Let us take things in their proper order—or not at all. (Perambulates the galleries for some minutes, refraining religiously from looking at anything but the numbers.) Ah, here it is—Number One! Now, ETHEL, I'm ready to tell you anything you please!

First Matter-of-Fact Person. Ah, here's another of the funny ones!

[Is suddenly seized with depression.]

Second M.-of-F. P. Y—yes. (Examines it gloomily.) What's it all about?

First M.-of-F. P. (blankly). Oh, well, it's a Pastel—I don't suppose it's meant to be about anything in particular, you know.

The Conscientious Aunt (before No. 129). "The Sprigged Frock"? Yes, that must be the one. I suppose those are meant for sprigs—but I can't make out the pattern. She might have made her hair a little tidier—such a bush! and I never do think blue and green go well together, myself.

[They come to a portrait of a charming lady in grey, by Mr. SOLOMON.

The Niece (with a sense of being on firm ground at last). Why, it's ELLEN TERRY! See if it isn't, Auntie.

The C. A. (referring to Catalogue).

"The leaves of Memory seemed to
Make a mournful rustling."

—that's all it says about it.

The Niece (finding a certain vagueness in this as a description). Oh! But there are no leaves—unless it means the leaves in the book she's reading. Still I think it must be ELLEN TERRY; don't you?

The C. A. (cautiously). Well, my dear, I always think it's as well not to be too positive about a portrait till you know who it was painted from.

[The Matter-of-Fact Persons have arrived at a Pastel representing several green and yellow ladies seated undraped around a fountain, with fiddles suspended to the branches above.

Second M.-of-F. P. "Marigolds," that's called. I don't see any though.

[With a sense of being imposed upon.]

First M.-of-F. P. I think I do—yes, those orange spots in the green. They're meant for Marigolds, but there aren't very many of them, are there? And why should they all be sitting on the grass like that? Enough to give them their deaths of cold!

Second M.-of-F. P. I expect they've been bathing.

First M.-of-F. P. They couldn't all bathe in that fountain, and then what do you make of their bringing out their violins?

[The other M.-of-F. Person making nothing of it, they pass on.

An Irritable Philistine. Nonsense, Sir, you can't admire them, don't tell me! Do you mean to say you ever saw all those blues, and greens, and yellows, in Nature, Sir?

His Companion. I mean to say that that is how Nature appears to an eye trained to see things in a true and not a merely conventional light.

The I. P. Then all I can say is, that if things ever appeared to me as unconventionally as all that, I should go straight home and take a couple of liver pills, Sir. I should!

First Frivolous Old Lady. Here's another of them, my dear.



EASY FOR THE JUDGES.

Geoffrey (to rejected Candidate for honours at the Dog Show). "NEVER MIND, SMUT! WE 'LL HAVE A DOG SHOW THAT SHALL BE ALL CATS EXCEPT YOU, AND THEN YOU 'LL HAVE IT ALL YOUR OWN WAY!"

It's no use, we've got to admire it, this is the kind of thing you and I must be educated up to in our old age!

Second F. O. L. It makes me feel as if I was on board a yacht, that's all I know—just look at the perspective in that room, all slanted up!

First F. O. L. That's your ignorance, my dear, it's quite the right perspective for a Pastel, it's our rooms that are all wrong—not these clever young gentlemen.

[They go about chuckling and poking old ladylike fun at all the more eccentric Pastels, and continue to enjoy themselves immensely.]

First M.-of-F. P. (they have come to a Pastel depicting a young woman seated on the Crescent Moon, nursing an infant). H'm—very peculiar. I never saw Diana represented with a baby before—did you?

Second M.-of-F. P. No—(hopefully)—but perhaps it's intended for somebody else. But it's not the place I should choose to nurse an infant in. It doesn't look safe, and it can't be very comfortable.

[They go on into a smaller room, and come upon a sketch of a small child, with an immense red mouth, and no visible nose, eyes, or legs.]

First M.-of-F. P. "Little Girl in Black"—what a very plain child, to be sure!

Second M.-of-F. P. What there is of it; but it looks to me as if the artist had spent so much time over the black that he forgot to put in the little girl—he's got her mouth, though.

First M.-of-F. P. Well, if it was my child, I should insist upon having the poor little thing more finished than that—even if I had to pay extra for it.

[A Superior Person has entered the West Gallery, accompanied by a Responsive Lady, who has already grasped the fact that a taste for Pastels is the sure sign of a superior nature.]

The R. L. Isn't that portrait quite wonderful! Wouldn't you take it for an oil-painting?

The S. P. One might—without some experience—which is just where it is so entirely wrong. A Pastel has no business to imitate the technique of any other medium.

The R. L. Oh, I think you are so right. Because, after all, it is only a Pastel, isn't it? and it oughtn't to pretend to be anything else. (*She looks reproachfully at the too ambitious Pastel.*) And it isn't as if it was successful, either—it won't bear being looked into at all closely.

The S. P. You should never look at a Pastel closely; they are meant to be seen from a distance.

The R. L. (*brightly*). Or else you miss the effect? I quite see. Now, I like this—(*indicating a vague and streaky little picture*)—don't you? That's what I call a real Pastel.

The S. P. (*screwing up his eyes*). H'm! Yes. Perhaps. Cleverish. Suggestive.

The R. L. (*shocked*). Oh, do you think so? I don't see anything of that kind in it—at least, I don't think it can be intentional.

The S. P. The beauty of Art is to suggest, to give work for the imagination.

The R. L. (*recovering herself*). I know so exactly what you mean—just as one makes all sorts of things out of the patches of damp on an old ceiling?

The S. P. Hardly. I should define Damp as the product of Nature—not Art.

The R. L. Oh, yes; if you put it in that way, of course! I only meant it as an illustration—the two things are really as different as possible. (*Changes the subject.*) They don't seem to mind what coloured paper they use for Pastels, do they?

The S. P. (*oracularly*). It is—er—always advisable in Pastels to use a tone of paper to harmonise as nearly as possible with the particular tone you—er—want. Because, you see, as the colour doesn't always cover the whole of the paper, if the paper which shows through is different in tone, it—er—

The R. L. Won't match? I see. How clever! (*She arrives at a highly eccentric composition, and ventures upon an independent opinion.*) Now I can't say I care for that—there's so very little done to it, and what there is is so glaring and crude, don't you think? I call it stupid.

The S. P. I was just about to say that it is the cleverest thing in the Exhibition—from an artistic point of view. No special interest in it, but the scheme of colour very harmonious—and very decorative.

The R. L. Oh, isn't it? That's just the right word for it—it is so decorative! and I do like the scheme of colour. Yes, it's very clever. I quite feel that about it. (*With a gush.*) It is so nice looking at pictures with somebody who has exactly the same tastes as oneself. And I always was fond of pastilles!

A Paveinent Pastellist (to a friend). Well, JIM, I duuno what you think, but I call it a shellin' clean chucked away, I do. I come in yere,—hearin' as all the subjicks was done in chorks, same as I do my own—I come in on the chance o' pickin' up a notion or two as might be useful to me in my perfession. But, Lor, they ain't got a ideer among 'em, that they ain't! They ain't took the measure of the poplar taste not by a hundred miles, they 'aven't. Why, I ain't seen a single thing as I'd reckon it to my conscience to perduce before my public—thers ain't 'ardly a droring in the 'ole bloomin' show as I'd be seen settin' down beyind! Put down some of these 'ere Pastellers to do a mouse a nibbling at a candle, or a battle in the Soudang, or a rat sniffin' at a smashed hegg, and you'd soon see they was no good! Precious few coppers 'ud fall into their 'ats, I'll go bail! [*Exit indignantly, as Scene closes.*]

EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.

In a recent trial for Breach of Promise, a letter was read from Defendant saying that "he must now get a monkey;" whereupon the "learned Under-Sheriff," as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, exclaimed, "A Monkey! What the goodness does he mean?" Now, isn't that better than saying, "What the deuce?" Of course, no doubt the learned Under-Sheriff is sufficiently learned to remember the old rhyme—

"There was an old man of Domingo
Who'd a habit of swearing, 'By Jingo!'
But a friend having come
Who suggested 'By Gum!'
He preferred it at once to 'By Jingo!'"

The goodness of the learned Under-Sheriff is worthy of all praise, and of general imitation.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—It is stated that one of the features of the Lord Mayor's Show this year is to be a Detachment of the Survivors of the Balaclava Charge. This is an excellent idea, that may be developed to almost any extent. Could we not have the Hero who had read every Novel that has been published during the last six months; the Brave Man who has been to every Dramatic *Matinée* since January; and the Scornor of Death, who has existed during an entire season in the odours (sweet, or otherwise) of Kensington and Tyburnia? The latter on the present occasion might immediately precede the Lord Mayor Elect, for, by association of ideas, he would certainly serve as an excellent foil to Mr. Alderman SAVORY!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—*Rentrées* of Miss MAGGIE MCINTYRE, appropriately enough as *Marguerite*. "She's Maointyrely first-rate," says our *blasé* young man, on being caught napping after the Opera, and interviewed on the spot, "but can't say much for the rest,"—except the rest he took himself.



Our Reporter huff to the Opera.

Tuesday.—Our *blasé* young man went to this, but as we only saw him for a moment passing in a cab, when he looked out, and bade us a "Good night," we can only suppose that it was "a good night" at the Opera. He writes to say that the performance of *The Huguenots* was excellent, GIULIA RAVOGLI being especially good, but the draughts too strong. *What draughts?*

Wednesday.—*La Gioconda*. A good performance all round. But the night specially memorable as being the first appearance of Miss GRACE DAMIAN on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera anywhere. It is a good omen for her that she appeared in Signor PONCHIELLI's Opera, the composer being a distant connection of the great ancient Italian family of the PONCINELLI, of which Mr. Punch is now the chief universal representative. It is a remarkable fact, too, showing the strong force of canine attachment, which centuries cannot obliterate, that the *Libretto* of *La Gioconda*, set to music by Signor PONCHIELLI (the "h" ome in



Miss Damian as La Cieca feeling her way.

when the genuine liquid "n" was dropped) was written by TOBIA GORRIO. That an Opera, written by TOBIA, or TOBY, and composed by PUNCINELLO, should possess all the elements of success, goes without saying. We welcome Signor GALASSI (a sporting title, reminding us of *Gay*

Lass), with MARIA PERI (who must appear in *Il Paradiso*), and GIULIA RAVOGLI. Her Grace of DAMIAN made a most successful *début* as *La Cieca*, and was cheered to the echo. Thank Heaven, there isn't an echo in Covent Garden—but, if there had been, Echo would have repeated hospitably the "good cheer" a dozen times, as she does somewhere about Killarney. SIGNOR LAGO stars "HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN" at the head of his bill, but it is only to say that Her Gracious MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to honour him by subscribing for the Royal Box during the present season, which is, in effect, saying that he has *let the best box in the house for a Sovereign!*

Thursday Night.—ALBANI as the unhappy *Traviata*. Big and enthusiastic House. Signor PADILLA, as the Elder *Germonth*, excellent, and just contrived most gracefully to refuse the honour of an *encore* for his "*Di Provenza*." Since RONCONI, it is difficult to call to mind an artist equal histrionically to Signor PADILLA, who is so grave and impressive as that utter bore, "the Elder *Germonth*," so gay and eccentric as *Figaro*, and so dashing and reckless as the unscrupulous *Don Giovanni*. That milksoop, *Germonth Junior*, known as *Alfredo*, was adequately played by Signor GIANNINI, whose name, were it spelt GIA—"NINNY," would partly describe the character he represented.

Friday Night.—Our *blasé* young man writes to say, "I am suffering from effects of draughts at Opera. Think it must be some Operatic air which has given me cold. It's a cruel case for yours truly."

Saturday Night.—Occasion described as "popular;" and, consequently, *Il Trovatore* announced. A little old-fashioned, but what of that? VERDI just the composer "to keep your memory green." Alas! cold once more to the front. The *blasé* one still off duty, so no reliable report to hand. No doubt everything passed off pleasantly. *Manrico* obviously, when on the stage, more of a man than *Germonth Junior*. The standing line has been, "large audience much pleased with the entertainment." Altogether a successful week.

MEM. FOR VISITORS TO LONDON.—Don't forget to look in at the bird-pictures of STACEY MARKS, R.A. *Stay, see Marks!* See Marks! They are land-marks in the history of Modern Art.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.—No. VI., "*Thrums on the Auld String*," next week.

TO ENGELBERG AND BACK.

Being a few Notes taken en route in search of a Perfect Cure.

"GIVE him another month here, and he'll be giving you all the slip, and walking back to Calais on foot." Young JERRYMAN is commenting on the wonderful restoration that has taken place in the condition of the Dilapidated One, who has just been detected having a row on the lake, all by himself. Not that this is a very prodigious aquatic feat, seeing that three or four good strokes either way take you either into the bank, or on to the heels or tails of a couple of very ill-tempered and irascible swans, who appear to think, and with some reason, that there's not too much water-way as it is, and resent the intrusion of the boat on their domain as a ridiculous superfluity. However, the effort is one that the Dilapidated One would not have ventured on at his arrival a month since, and as our time is up, and we are starting on our return journey home in about half-an-hour's time, we hail it as an indication that if he has not quite obtained the Perfect Cure, that his medical man promised him, as the result of a trip to this delightful spot, he is certainly not far off it.

But the best things must come to an end, and so we find ourselves at length, with much regret, taking our farewell of that excellent and capitably-conducted "Perfect Kurhaus" the Hôtel Titlis. And this reminds me, that in justice to that establishment, I ought to state that some comments I made last week on German feeding in general, in no way were meant to refer to the *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel Titlis, which, served in a lofty and well-ventilated *salon*, lighted by electricity, to four hundred people daily, a capitably well-appointed meal, is one of the notable features of the place. The smoke-stifed children of the Fatherland, who shut every window they come across when they get a chance, though they would dearly like to, cannot carry their tricks on here. Sometimes, but not very often, they rally in force, and render the "*Grosser Gesellschafts Saal*," a sort of Tophet to the ordinary Briton; but the "*Speise Saal*," where smoking is "*verboten*," is happily beyond their reach. But the hour of departure has come, and quitting his comfortable establishment with much regret, we bid good-bye to the courteous Herr CATTANI, and with a crack of the whip we are off, dashing down the valley, and leaving Engelberg up on its heights as a pleasant dream behind us.

And what is Engelberg? There is, first and foremost, *par excellence*, the feature of the place—the Hôtel Titlis; then the Monastery, with the Brethren of the Bell-rope; and the Street. This is unique. Set out with a *Châlet* here, a Swiss *Pension* there, a Chapel perched up on a little hill on one side, and a neatly new-made farmhouse stuck up on the other, with cattle (not omitting their dinner-bells)



Putting Up for the Winter.

dotted about here and there in the bright green meadows that creep up to, and melt into, the pine-woods stretching from the base of the grand rugged snow-capped heights that tower in every direction above, you get thoroughly impressed with the idea that the whole place is nothing but a box of toys, set out for the season (probably by the Monks), who, you feel convinced, are only waiting for the departure of the last visitor, to get out the box, and carefully pack away *Châlet*, and *Pension*, Chapel and peasant for the winter months, with a view to keeping them fresh for production in the early summer of next year.

However, whatever its fate, Engelberg is left behind us, and we find ourselves tearing down the Practical Joking Engineers' Road at a break-neck pace, and hurrying on to Calais, once more to take our places on our steady old friend, the *Calais-Douvres*, that helps to deposit us finally at Charing Cross, where we are bound to admit that the air, whatever it is, is emphatically *not* the air of Engelberg. But everybody who has seen him, says the Dilapidated One has come back "twice the man he was." So we must take it that our journey has not been in vain.

ADDITIONAL TITLE.—Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, after his brilliant letters in the *D. T.*, worthy of *The Light of the World*, will be remembered in Japan as a "first-rate sort of Jap."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WELLS, GARDNER, DARTON & Co. publish a very good selection of tales for young people. Among the best are *Tom's Opinion*, a boy whose ever readily-expressed opinion is made to change pretty often; and *Halt!* by the same author. The title is suggestive of military manœuvres, but it's only a term for obeying quickly, which is hard to do sometimes. *Gregory of the Foretop*, *Abbot's Cleeve*, and *Going for a Soldier*, are three books containing several stories suitable to more grown-up young people,—so the sooner they grow up the better for the sale of the books. They are all edited by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



FREDERICK WARNE & Co. give us *Young England's Nursery Tales*, illustrated by CONSTANCE HASLEWOOD. *Noah's Ark*, by DARLEY DALE, which is not the Ark of the nursery, but a story of the Norfolk Broads. Perhaps "Norfolk Broads" would have suggested stories that could not be told in a drawing-room. As to *Bite about Horses for Every Day*, selected and illustrated by S. TURNER,—well, what would horses be without "bits"? These are not tit-bits. Might do for a Bridle gift.

The Love of a Lady, by Miss ANNIE THOMAS, otherwise Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP, like most of this authoress's novels, is full of interest. It is in the regulation three volumes, but appears as if it had wished to be in two, and would have been had not large type insisted upon the addition of a third tome. The love of a lady is transferred, during the course of the story, from an artist, who appears in the last chapter "in threadbare clothes, with broken, patched boots on his feet" (not on his hands, *bien entendu*), to a "well-tailored" novelist. As the lady to whom "the love" originally belonged was "a popular illustrator," it was only natural that the question of appearances should play an important part in determining its ultimate destination.

Mr. W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM is never so much in his element as when he revels in gore and guilt. In *Locusta*, in one bulky volume, he tells of "the crime" and "the chastisement." The first is associated with "a house with curtained windows," "an Italian swordsman," "entombed," and "a maimed lion," and the second is developed in chapters headed, "The Hunter lets fly a Poisoned Shaft," "The Silver Dish of Tarts," "The First Victim Falls," "A Dreadful Accuser," and last, but not least, "The Vengeance is Crowned." As the story begins in 1612, and ends with the words, "HENRY, Prince of WALES, art thou not avenged?" it will be seen, that Mr. W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM has seized this opportunity to pleasantly illustrate an incident from English history.

My faithful "Co." has been revelling in the Land of Fancy. He expresses delight at two books called respectively, *Dreams by French Firesides* and *English Fairy Tales*. The first is supposed to have been written before Paris in 1870-71 by a German soldier who had turned his thoughts to his home and children in the far-off Fatherland. The second deals with British folk-lore, and is racy of the soil. Both works are full of capital illustrations. He has, moreover, read *He Went for a Soldier*, the WYNTER Annual of JOHN STRANGE of that ilk. But what had the soldier done, that "he" should "go for him"? The answer to this conundrum will be ascertained on reading the book. *Nutshell Novels*, by J. ASHBY STERRY, is also a volume that repays perusal. The Lazy Poet has turned his leisure to good account—the stories he tells are excellent.

Had the delightfully original *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Through the Looking-Glass*, never been written, I doubt much if we should ever have seen *Maggie in Mythica*, by F. B. DOVEYTON, who announces it apologetically, as "his first"—perhaps it may be his "unique" fairy story,—and he adds, that he has "kept out of the beaten track as far as possible." "As far as possible" is good, for never was there such an example of the "sincerest flattery" than in this undeniable imitation of *Alice in Wonderland*. Some of the illustrations, by J. HARRINGTON WILSON, are not quite as weak as the text, while the best of them only serve to heighten our appreciation of "Our" Mr. TENNIEL's pictures in *Alice*, and its companion volume. But the very title, *Maggie in Mythica*, recalls at once *Alice in Wonderland*, but the lovers of *Alice*, who being attracted by this title may purchase this book under the impression that "it is the same concern" will soon find out their mistake, though it may perhaps amuse a very much younger generation who know not *Alice*, if such a generation exist, which muchly we beg to doubt.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



A MORNING CALL.

The Vicar. "AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY DEAR!" Child of the Period. "WELL—YOU OUGHT TO KNOW! YOU KWISTENED ME!"

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Mr. Commissioner Punch.)

An Officer of Volunteers introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, what can I do for you, Captain?

Officer of Volunteers. Hush, Sir! If you were heard to give me my military rank, you would be the cause of covering me with ridicule!

The Com. Ridicule! Are you not a Captain?

Off. Certainly, Sir. I hold Her Majesty's Commission, and am supposed to be one of the defenders of the country.

The Com. Then why should you not be credited with the rank to which you are entitled?

Off. Because, Sir, I am only a Captain of Volunteers.

The Com. But surely the British Army is composed entirely of Volunteers?

Off. That is the national boast, Sir. But then, you see, I receive no pay.

The Com. Which does not prevent you from working?

Off. On the contrary, Sir, nearly all my leisure is devoted to the study of what I may, perhaps, be permitted to call my supplementary profession.

The Com. What are your duties?

Off. Almost too numerous to enumerate. Before I received my Commission, I had to undertake to make myself proficient in everything appertaining to the rank to which I was appointed. This entailed a month's hard work (five or six hours a day in the barrack-square), at one of the Schools of Instruction.

The Com. Well, let us suppose that you have become duly qualified to command a company—what next?

Off. Having reached this point, I find myself called upon to work as hard as any Line officer on full pay. True, I have not (except when the battalion is camping out, or taking part in manoeuvres), to trouble myself with matters connected with the Commissariat, but in every other respect my position is exactly analogous to my brother officers in other branches of the QUEEN'S Service. I have to attend numerous drills, and perform the duties, at stated intervals, of the Orderly Room. Besides this, I have to see that every parade

is well attended by the men of my company. This entails, as you may imagine, time and trouble.

The Com. May I take it that it is less difficult to command Volunteers than Regulars?

Off. That is a matter of opinion. If a Volunteer officer can bring to bear his social position (for instance, should his men be his tenants, or in his employment), he may find the task of command an easy one. But should the battalion to which he belongs be composed of that large class of persons who consider "one man as good as another, and better," no little tact is required in keeping up discipline. Besides this, he starts at a disadvantage. Every retirement from the regiment means the loss of an earner of the capitation grant; and as the maintenance of a Volunteer corps is an exceedingly expensive matter, a "free and independent private" feels that if he withdraws, or is forced to withdraw, his officers are practically the pecuniary sufferers of the proceeding.

The Com. Am I to understand then that the cost of a battalion falls upon the commissioned rank?

Off. Almost entirely. The officers have generally to pay a heavy entrance fee, and subscription, and must, if they wish to be popular, contribute largely to prize funds, entertainments, and the cost of "marching out." Besides these charges they have to be particularly hospitable or benevolent (either word will do) to the companies to which they specially belong.

The Com. Well, certainly, it seems that an Officer of Volunteers has many responsibilities—what are his privileges?

Off. Only one is officially recognised—the right to be snubbed!

The Com. And the result?

Off. That there is scarcely a corps in the kingdom without vacancies. Men nowadays, fail to see the fun of all work and no pay, play, or anything else. This very week a meeting is being held at the Royal United Service Institution, to consider what can be done to advance the interests of the officers—another word for the interests of the whole force.

The Com. You have my sympathy, and if I can help you—

Off. Not another word, Sir. The good services of Mr. Punch for the last thirty years are appreciated by all of us, and we know we can rely upon him as confidently in the future as we have done with good reason in the past. [The Witness then retired.]



“SAME OLD GAME!”

OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET. “YOU’VE GOT YOURSELVES INTO A NICE MESS WITH YOUR PRECIOUS ‘SPECULATION!’ WELL—I’LL HELP YOU OUT OF IT,—FOR THIS ONCE!!”



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

HOW IT'S DONE.

(A Handbook to Honesty.)

No. IV.—THE GRAND OLD (JOBBER) GARDENER.

SCENE—the Garden of a modest Suburban Villa. Present, Simple Citizen, with budding horticultural ambitions, and Jobbing Gardener, “highly recommended” for skill and low charges. The latter is a grizzled personage, very bowed as to back, and baggy as to breeches, but in his manner combining oracular “knowingness” and deferential plausibility in a remarkable degree.

Simple Citizen. You see SMUGGINS, things are a little bit in the rough here, at present.

Grand Old Gardener. Ah, you may well say that, Sir! Bin allowed to run to rack and ruin, this here pooty bit o’ garding has. Want a lot o’ clearing, sourryfunging, and topping and lopping, afore it’ll look anythink like. But it’a got the making of a puffedk parrydisse in it, a puffedk parrydisse it has—with my advice.

S. C. Glad to hear you say so, SMUGGINS. Now what I propose is—

G. O. G. (laying a horny hand on S. C.’s coat-sleeve). If you’ll asoune me, Sir, I’ll jest give yer my ideas. It’ll save time. (Lays down artfully the lines of a plan involving radical alteration of paths, and lawns, and beds, shifting of shrubs, cutting down of trees, rooting up of trailers, and what he calls “toppin’ an’ loppin’” to a tremendous extent.) Then, Sir, you’ll ‘ave a bit o’ garding as’ll be the pride o’ yer eye, and a tidy bit o’ profit into the bargain, or I don’t know my bizness. An’ I oughter too, seeing as I woa’ ed gardener to the Dook of FITZ-FUZZ for close on twenty year, afore the rheumaticks took me like wot you see. Hu-a-a-h!!!

S. C. Yes; but, SMUGGINS, all these alterations will run into time and—expense, I’m afraid.

G. O. G. (confidentially). You leave that to me, Sir! The fust expense’ll be the biggest, and a saving in the long run, take my word. And then you will ‘ave a garding, you will, one as that ‘ere muddled up bit o’ greenery nex door won’t be a patch on it, for all he’s so proud of it. (Gets Simple Citizen into his clutches, and works him to his will.)

SCENE II.—The Same, six months later in the Season.

S. C. (returning from a fortnight’s absence). What, SMUGGINS, still at it? And—eh—by Jove, what have you been up to? Why I hardly know the place again!

G. O. G. (complacently). I should ‘ope not, Sir. It is a bit different from when you last saw it, I flatter myself. Fact it is a garding, now. Then it wos a wildernidge!

S. C. Yes, but SMUGGINS, hang it all, you’ve cut almost every bit of greenery away!

G. O. G. (contemptuously). Greenery!!! And who wants greenery? Greenery ain’t gardening, greenery ain’t not by chorks. Any fool, even that cove nex door, can grow greenery!

S. C. Yes, but SMUGGINS, I don’t like my limeas to look like gouty posta, my branchy elms to show as bare as broom-sticks, and my fruit-trees to be trimmed into timber-screens!

G. O. G. (persuasively). No, Sir, cert’nly not. Fact is they’d bin let grow wild so long that cutting on ‘em freely back wos the only way to save ‘em. Jest wait till next year, Sir, and you’ll see.

S. C. (doubtfully). Humph! Looks beastly now, anyhow. And you’ve altered all the paths, and nearly all the beds. I didn’t tell you—

G. O. G. (emphatically). No, Sir, you didn’t. You give me cart blarnch, you did, and I’ve done my level best. The Dook



FANCY SKETCH FOR NOVEMBER 5.

MAORSTRATE LETTING OFF A CRACKER WITH A LITTLE CAUTION.

’ad the same ideas at first, but when he comes to know me, he says, says he, SMUGGINS, you’re always right, he says. If you wos to run a reaping-machine through my orchids, or a traction-engine over my turf, I should know as you wos a-doing of the right thing—in the long run! Oh, you leave it to me, Sir, and you won’t repent it. And—ahem—here’a my little haaccount, Sir,—hup to date.

[Presents dirty piece of blue paper, giving scanty details, and a spanking total. Simple Citizen pays, and tries to look pleasant.]

SCENE III.

The Same, six months later. Present, Simple Citizen, and a Sympathetic Friend.

Sympathetic Friend. Well, well, it does look a waste, APPLE-YARD.

Simple Citizen (purple). A waste! I should think it did, indeed! And to think of the pretty, green, bowery place it was when I took it! Unprofitable, perhaps, but pleasant. Now it is neither pleasant nor profitable.

S. F. And all through that rascally ravaging SMUGGINS?

S. C. (furiously). The scoundrel!—the sleek, insinuating, alanghtering scoundrel! He tore up my paths, he altered my beds, he mutilated my lawns, he stripped my trailers, he hacked my trees into bare hideousness, all to make work and money for himself and his partner in iniquity, that nefarious “dorst” friend of his. I was a greenhorn, MUMPSON, a juggins, and I let them fool me to the top of my bent. He cut up the shrubbery into those horrible flat beds, in order that I might “grow my hown wegerbles,” as he phrased it. He got money from me for the best and most expensive



“ashleaf kidneys” and “Prooshian Blues,” then planted cheap refuse from a small greengrocer’s. My “ashleaf kidneys” turned out waxy marbles; my Prooshian Blues refused to pod; I spent—or rather he received—pounds upon my vinery and cucumber frames. My grape-bunches went mouldy, and I never got a cucumber more than six inches long. His “friend, the florist,” did, no doubt. He stole my shrubs overnight, and sold ‘em back to me next morning. He bled my maidservants for “beer and ‘baccy.” In fact, it was the same all round; he had, in every way, ruined my garden, run me up exorbitant bills, and then, when the day of detection was imminent—disappeared. If ever I catch sight of that mulberry nose of his, I shall be tempted to—

S. F. (soothingly). Ah, yes, just so. But let ‘a hope that you’ll never come across this particular Grand Old Gardener—or his like—again. (Waggishly.) By Jove, APPLE-YARD, no wonder the world went wrong, seeing that “the first man” was—a Gardener!!!

LEARNED BY ART.—“Beasts in Bond Street!” “Sheep in the Salon!” Messrs. DOWDESWELLS have taken the wind out of the sails of the Agricultural Hall, and Mr. DENOVAN ADAM has given us the opportunity of seeing a superb collection of Scottish Highland Cattle. Mountain, meadow, moss and moor have all been laid under contribution. The result is we can have the chance of studying these hornymental animals without being tossed, and staring at them without being gored. In the same gallery may be seen a series of pastels of Hampstead Heath, by Mr. HENRY MUHRMAN—a merman ought to be a sea-painter by rights, but no matter! The poet has told us that, “Amsted am the place to ruralise on a summer day!” The artist convinces us it is the place to “pastelise,” and he seems to have pastelised to the tune of forty pictures very successfully.



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF THE FUTURE.

In consequence of AUGUSTUS DAVRIOLANUS becoming Sheriff, it is expected that additional lustre will be given to a future Mayoralty by the leading Members of "The Profession" taking to Civic Life.

Harry Gamble

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.

Par ci—par là!
 "A good par here, and a bad par there; here a par, and there a par, and every-where a par!" Indeed, as an Irishman would say, it is the Judgment of Pars. Let us look in at the Institute, and see the Painters in Ile, and no doubt we shall be iley delighted. We go on the pre-private view day. Not that weare parsimonious, but we prefer to see the pictures without being scrouged. "*The Release*" is a puzzler. We have taken stock of Mr. Srock's picture, and fail to understand it. Is it LULU or ZAZEL? There seems to have been an explosion, and one person, lightly attired, is blown up; and another, more warmly clad, is blown down. They will both probably catch cold. Nothing hazy about Mr. HAYES's pictures. On the contrary, fresh and brilliant—notably, "*A Grey Sunset*." If you are subject to *mal-de-*



'ARRY IN ST. PETERSBURGH.

HE TRIES TO MAKE A DROSKI-DRIVER UNDERSTAND THAT HE COULD HAVE GONE THE SAME DISTANCE IN A HANSONM FOR LESS MONEY.

mer, his seas will make you onaisy. The President, Sir JAMES LINTON, has only two small pictures, both cleverly painted, but each may be described as a little LINTON; so let us give him a little hint on the subject; like OLIVER TWIST, we ask for more. "*Too Many Cooks*," by BURTON BARBER—a Barber who knows how to dress hair. See the dogs' coats. Miss ETHEL WRIGHT is not very far wrong in her picture of a fair *canoiste*, and Mr. W. L. WYLLIE is both artful and wily in his rendering of a "*A Sou' Wester*." "*An Old Harbour in Sussez*" gives distinct evidence that LEWIS (C. J.) has been moved to the coast, and it seems to be a move in the right direction. In "*The Red Canoe*," Mr. ALFRED PARSONS delivers an eloquent sermon on the joys of life on the Thames.

The Royal Society of British Artists have fewer pictures than usual at their new show. Quality better than common. Mr. F. BRANGWYN's "*Funeral at Sea*" is excellent. Mr. R. MACHELL's "*Lakshmi*," not easy to understand. It might be "*Lakshmi*, or the Lost Bathing-dress." She might certainly say, "I lacks my *costume de bain*." "*Durham*"—good landscape by Mr. YGLESIAS. Mr. NELSON DAWSON in his "*Sunset Breeze*," gives us real sea and good seamanship. In "*Trying it Over*," Mr. LOMAX has tried it over

to some purpose, and has produced a successful little picture of an enthusiastic flautist. Mr. G. F. WATTS sends "*Lord Tennyson*." But why in ermine? The Laureate is quite good enough for us without his Peer's robea. What did HARRY THE EIGHTH say concerning HOLREIN? Anything more to see? Of course there is. But what is my text? "Pars about Pictures." And so I pass about. I mustn't linger, but remain

Yours par-ticularly,
 OLD PAR.

GOLF VICTOR!

Sir Golf and Sir Tennis are fighting like mad—
 Now Sir Tennis is blown, and Sir Golf's right above him,
 And his face has a look that is weary and sad,
 As he hastily turns to the ladies, who love him,
 But the racket falls from him, he totters, and swirls,
 As he hears them cry, "Golf is the game for the girls!"

The girls crave for freedom, they cannot endure
 To be cramped up at Tennis in courts that are poky,
 And they're all of them certainly, perfectly sure
 That they'll never again touch "that horrible Croquet,"
 Where it's quite on the cards that they play with Papa,
 And where all that goes on is surveyed by Mamma.

To Golf on the downs for the whole of the day
 Is "so awfully jolly," they keep on asserting,
 With a good-looking fellow to teach you the way,
 And to fill up the time with some innocent flirting,
 And it may be the maiden is wooed and is won,
 Ere the whole of the round is completed and done.

Henceforward, then, Golf is the game for the fair—
 At home, and abroad, or in pastures Colonial,
 And the shouts of the ladies will quite fill the air
 For the Links that will turn into bonds Matrimonial,
 And for husbands our daughters in future will seek
 With the powerful aid of the putter and cleek!

CORRESPONDENCE SPECIAL.—KNOODEL, of Knoodel Court, writes to us:—"Sir,—I have recently come across the name 'bacteriologist.' Is it a new name for a person who writes ill of another behind his back? If so, the best remedy for the mischief he causes is a criminal action." [Our advice to KNOODEL is, "Consult a Solicitor."—ED.]

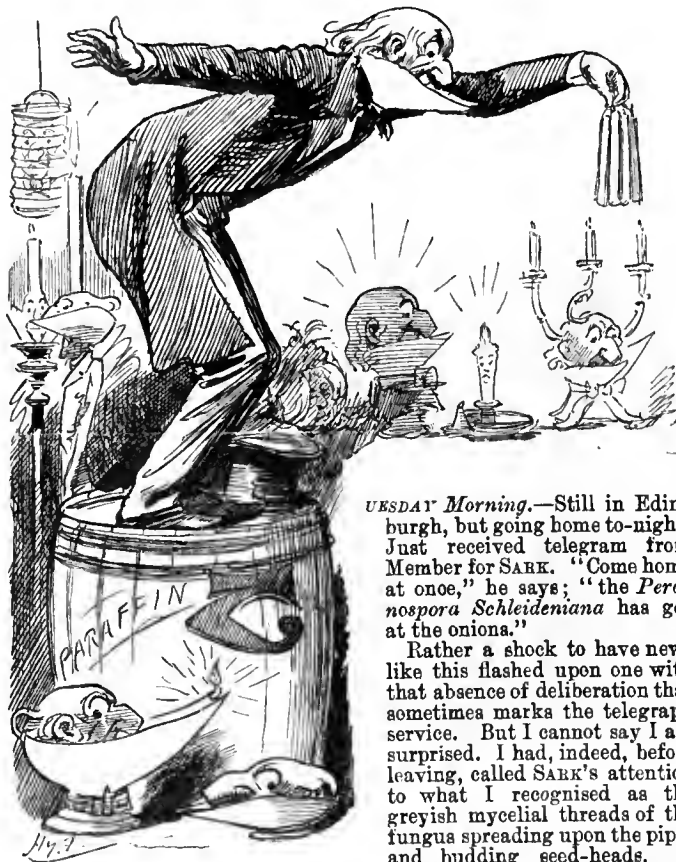
"CARMEN UP TO DATE AT THE GAIETY."—"Approbation of Miss ALMA STANLEY is praise indeed." The correct quotation adapted *à la fin de Siècle*.

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER."



Hoist with his own Petard—Guy Fawkes blown up.

IN OUR GARDEN.



WEDNESDAY Morning.—Still in Edinburgh, but going home to-night. Just received telegram from Member for SARK. "Come home at once," he says; "the *Peronospora Schleidemana* has got at the onions."

Rather a shock to have news like this flashed upon one with that absence of deliberation that sometimes marks the telegraph service. But I cannot say I am surprised. I had, indeed, before leaving, called SARK's attention to what I recognised as the greyish mycelial threads of the fungus spreading upon the pipes and budding seed-heads. If SARK had steeped the seed in

sulphate of copper before planting it, this wouldn't have happened. It's a pity, for I rather thought we would make something towards expenses out of that onion-bed. There's no more profitable crop than your pickling onions if well farmed. I know a man who made £150 an acre out of his onions. But then he wasn't hampered in his arrangements with a fellow like SARK.

Called on Mr. G. to say good-bye. He was sympathetic about the onion blight, but I could see that his mind was occupied with other and perhaps equally saddening thoughts.

"I suppose you have been made aware of the intelligence that has reached me through the usual sources?" he said. "I have had a pretty good time here. I have belaboured the Government from all points of attack. I think I managed pretty well with the Disestablishment Question. You don't think, Tony," he said, with a passing look of deeper apprehension, "that I gave myself away at all on the matter? The worst of these fellows is that they keep a record of every word I say, a custom which seriously hampers one in his movements. What I should like, if it were permitted, would be to come quite fresh to a question year after year, and say upon it exactly what happened to be convenient, without having before my eyes the certainty that somebody would dig out what I said on the same subject last year, or five years ago."

I assured him that I thought not much could be made out of his remarks on Disestablishment Question. In fact it would be difficult to prove that he had said anything at all. Brightened up at this; but cloud again deepened over his mobile face.

"Yes, perhaps I've done pretty well," he said, with a sigh. "I have steered through a very difficult position without running ashore; I have had an immense popular reception; I have stirred up the constituency, and have, if I may say so, supplied with fresh oil the sacred lamp of Liberalism. Now, just when I was beginning in some modest measure to felicitate myself, there comes news of a crushing master-stroke devised by the Government. Though I do not disguise my discomfiture, I would not withhold my tribute of admiration at the brilliancy of the stroke, of the genius of its conception, and of the completeness with which it has been dealt. I have been here more than a week, and have delivered four speeches. The Government and their friends on the platform and in the press affect to sneer at my efforts and their influence. Still, they feel it is necessary to make a counter-demonstration, and to effectually undo whatever work I may have accomplished. What course do they adopt? Why, they send down ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. He was at

Dalkeith last night, and, in a single speech, destroyed the effect of my great effort of Saturday. He will go to West Calder; he will come here; he will follow me step by step with relentless energy, tearing up, so to speak, the rails I have laid, and which I had hoped would have safely conducted the Liberal train into the Westminster station. *Sic vos non cobis*. It is cruel, it is crushing. If I had only foreseen it, I would have remained at Hawarden, and you might have averted the calamity that overshadowed your Garden."

Quite distressed to see my venerated friend broken down. Bad for him to stop at home and brood over calamity. Best thing would be change of scene and thought. He had made engagement to-day to go to Pumpherton and inspect oil and candle works. Better keep it.

"No," said Mr. G., wearily, "oil comforts me not, nor candles either. Now, if it were pork, it would be different. Few things so interesting as pork. Not from a dietetic point of view, but regarded historically. As I mentioned to a Correspondent the other day, in the course of Homeric work I have examined into the use of pork by the ancients. A very curious subject. I shall make some reference to it in the closing paper which I am writing for *Good Words* on the Old Testament. I am under the impression that the dangers which lurk beneath the integument of a leg (or airloin) of pork, are specially connected with the heat of Southern climates."

Curious to see how rapidly his aspect changed as these thoughts pressed upon his mind. When I came in, he had been sitting in an arm-chair, with his head resting on his hand, and his brow painfully wrinkled. He looked quite old—at least seventy. Now he was up, walking about the room with springy stride, his mind actively engaged in framing theories on the use of pork by HOMER's contemporaries. If I could only keep him engaged, he would forget the blow that had descended upon him, and would regain his usual equanimity. A question as to whether he thought Achilles liked sage with his pork, cunningly led him on to a long disquisition, till, in a quarter of an hour, he was quite a changed man, and set out with great energy for Pumpherton.

Fine enthusiasm along the route. Immense reception from the working men. Splendid luncheon set out at one end of the shed where we were assembled; bill of fare included crude oil, sulphate of ammonia, various mineral oils, and candles made from paraffin. There was no wine, but plenty of ammonia-water. Manager presented Mrs. G. with bust in paraffin wax, which he said was Mr. G. Also handed her a packet of dips cunningly carved in the likeness of HERBERT, the wick combed out so as to represent a shock of hair. Mr. G. delighted; standing on a barrel of paraffin, he addressed the company in a luminous speech, tracing back the candle to the earliest times. That candles existed in the Mosaic era, he reminded them, was shown by the question which had puzzled succeeding ages—as to the precise locality in which the great Law-giver stood when the medium of illumination provided for his convenience was suddenly extinguished. This was a great hit; enthusiasm knew no bounds. Hospitality of the Pumpherton people really embarrassing; they filled our pockets with candles of all sizes and descriptions, and insisted upon each of us taking away a quart bottle of paraffin oil imperfectly corked.

Never shall I forget the radiant look of Mr. G. as he left the works loaded with candles and congratulations, whilst Mrs. G., walking by his side, carefully carried the bust in paraffin wax. He had evidently forgotten all about ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

DEATH-BALL; OR, A NEW NAME FOR IT.

YESTERDAY the celebrated Midland Spine-splitter met the Ribcracking Rovers at the prepared Ambulance Grounds recently opened in conjunction with the local County Hospital. A large staff of medical men, supplied with all the necessary surgical appliances, were in attendance. Play commenced effectively, the Rovers keeping the ball well before them, with only a few broken arms, a dislocated thigh, and a fractured jaw or two. Later, however, affairs moved more briskly, one of the Spine-splitter forwards getting the ball well down to goal; but, being met with "opposition," he was carried senseless from the field. A lively scrimmage followed, amid a general cracking of ribs and snapping of spines. The field now being covered with wounded, the Police interfered, and the play terminated in a draw.

PIECE WITH HONOUR AT THE AVENUE.—The successful and pretty little play just produced at Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S theatre may be described as more "Shadow" than "Sunlight."

A SAFE COURSE.—A German physician, Dr. KOCH, hopes to benefit humanity by his new cure for Consumption. At present he is reticent on the subject, and he won't speak till he is KOCH sure.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. VI.—THRUMS ON THE AULD STRING.

(By J. MUIR KIRRIE, Author of "A Door on Thumbs," "Eight Bald Fiddlers," "When a Man Sees Double," "My Gentleman Meer-schaum," &c.

[With this story came a glossary of Scotch expressions. We have referred to it as we went along, and found everything quite intelligible. As, however, we have no room to publish the glossary, we can only appeal to the indulgence of our readers. The story itself was written in a very clear, legible hand, and was enclosed in a wrapper labelled, "Arcadia Mixture. Strength and Arema combined. Seid in Six-shilling cases. Special terms for Southrons. Liberal allowance for returned empties.]"

CHAPTER I.

WE were all sitting on the pig-sty at T'NOWHEAD'S Farm. A pig-sty is not, perhaps, a strictly eligible seat, but there were special reasons, of which you shall hear something later, for sitting on this particular pig-sty.

The old sow was within, extended at full length. Occasionally she grunted approval of what was said, but, beyond that, she seemed to show but a faint interest in the proceedings. She had been a witness of similar gatherings for some years, and, to tell the truth, they had begun to bore her, but, on the whole, I am not prepared to deny that her appreciation was an intelligent one. Behind us was the brae. Ah, that brae! Do you remember how the child you once were sat in the brae, spinning the peerie, and hunkering at I-dree I-dree I droppit-it? Do you remember that? Do you even know what I mean? Life is like that. When we are children the bread is thick, and the butter is thin; as we grow to be lads and lassies, the bread dwindles, and the butter increases; but the old men and women who totter about the com-monty, how shall they munch when their teeth are gone? That's the question. I'm a Dominie. What!—no answer? Go to the bottom of the class, all of you.

CHAPTER II.

As I said, we were all on the pig-sty. Of the *habitués* I scarcely need to speak to you, since you must know their names, even if you fail to pronounce them. But there was a stranger amongst us, a stranger who, it was said, had come from London. Yesterday when I went ben the house I found him sitting with JESS; to-day, he too, was sitting with us on the pig-sty. There were tales told about him, that he wrote for papers in London, and stuffed his vases and his pillows with money, but TAMMAS HAGGART only shook his head at what he called "such auld fowks' yeppins," and evidently didn't believe a single word. Now TAMMAS, you must know, was our humorist. It was not without difficulty that TAMMAS had attained to this position, and he was resolved to keep it. Possibly he scented in the stranger a rival humorist whom he would have to crush. At any rate, his greeting was not marked with the usual genial cordiality characteristic of Scotch weavers, and many were the anxious looks exchanged amongst us, as we watched the preparations for the impending conflict.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER TAMMAS had finished boring half-a-dozen holes in the old sow with his sarcastic eye, he looked up, and addressed HENDRY MCQUMPEA.

"HENDRY," he said, "ye ken I'm a humorist, div ye no?"

HENDRY scratched the old sow meditatively, before he answered.

"On ay," he said, at length. "I'm no saying 'at ye're no a humorist. I ken fine ye're a sarcesticist, but there's other humorists in the world, am thinkin'."

This was scarcely what TAMMAS had expected. HENDRY was usually one of his most devoted admirers. There was an awkward silence which made me feel uncomfortable. I am only a poor Dominie, but some of my happiest hours had been passed on the pig-

sty. Were these merry meetings to come to an end? PETE took up the talking.

"HENDRY, my man," he observed, as he helped himself out of TAMMAS'S snuff-mull, "ye're ower kyow-owy. Ye ken humour's a thing 'at spouts out o' its ain accord, an' there's no nae spouter in Thrums 'at can match wi' TAMMAS."

He looked defiantly at HENDRY, who was engaged in searching for coppers in his north-east-by-east-trouser pocket. T'NOWHEAD said nothing, and HOOKEY was similarly occupied. At last, the stranger spoke.

"Gentlemen," he began, "may I say a word? I may lay claim to some experience in the matter. I travel in humour, and generally manage to do a large business."

He looked round interrogatively. TAMMAS eyed him with one of his keen glances. Then he worked his mouth round and round to clear the course for a sarcasm.

"So you're the puir crittur," said the stone-breaker, "'at's meannin' to be a humorist."

This was the challenge. We all knew what it meant, and fixed our eyes on the stranger.

"Certainly," was his answer; "that is exactly my meaning. I trust I make myself plain. I'm willing to meet any man at catch-weights. Now here," he continued, "are some of my samples. This story about a house-boat, for instance, has been much appreciated. It's almost in the stylo of Mr. JEROME'S masterpiece; or this screamer

about my wife's tobacco-pipe and the smoking mixture. "Observe," he went on, holding the sample near to his mouth, "I can expand it to any extent. Puff, puff! Ah! it has hurst. No matter, these accidents sometimes happen to the best regulated humorists. Now, just look at these," he produced half-a-dozen packets rapidly from his bundle. "Here we have a packet of sarcasm—equal to dynamite. I left it on the steps of the Savile Club, but it missed fire somehow. Then here are some particularly neat things in cheques. I use them myself to paper my bedroom. It's simpler and easier than cashing them, and besides," adjusting his mouth to his sleeve, and laughing, "it's quite killing when you come to think of it in that way. Lastly, there's this banking-account sample, thoroughly suitable for journalists and children. You see how it's done. I

open it, you draw on it. Oh, you don't want a drawing-master, any fellow can do it, and the point is it never varies. Now," he concluded, aggressively, "what have you got to set against that, my friend?"

We all looked at TAMMAS. HENDRY kicked the pail towards him, and he put his foot on it. Thus we knew that HENDRY had returned to his ancient allegiance, and that the stranger would be crushed. Then TAMMAS began—

"Man, man, there's no nae doubt at ye laugh at havers, an' there's mony 'at lauchs 'at your clipper-clapper, but they're no Thrums fowk, and they canna' laugh richt. But we maun joust settle this matter. When we're ta'en up wi' the makkin' o' humour, we're a' dependent on other fowk to tak' note o' the humour. There's no nane o' us 'at's lauched at anything you've felt us. But they'll lauch at me. Noo then," he roared out, "A pie sat on a pear-tree."

We all knew this song of TAMMAS'S. A shout of laughter went up from the whole gathering. The stranger fell backwards into the sty a senseless mass.

"Man, man," said HOOKEY to TAMMAS, as we walked home; "what a crittur ye are! What pit that in your heed?"

"It juist took a grip o' me," replied TAMMAS, without moving a muscle; "it flashed upon me 'at he'd no stand that auld song. That's where the humour o' it comes in."

"On, ay," added HENDRY, "Thrums is the place for rale humour." On the whole, I agree with him.

SUGGESTIVE.—*My Musical Experiences*, by BETTINA WALKER, will probably be followed by *My Eye*, by BETTINA MARTIN.



THE YOUNG SPARK AND THE OLD FLAME.



Young Spark. "TRY ME! YOU'VE TOLERATED THAT FUSTY OLD_FOGGY LONG ENOUGH!"
Old Flame (aside). "FLASHY YOUNG UPSTART!"

"It is obvious that small tunnels for single lines, of the usual standard gauge, may be constructed some distance below the ground, and yet the atmosphere of such tunnels be as pure as upon a railway on the surface."—*Illustrated London News, on the City & South London Electric Company.*

"Young Spark" loquitur:—

Your arm, my dear Madam! *This* way, down the lift, Ma'am!
 No danger at all, no discomfort, no dirt!
 You love Sweetness and Light? They are both in my gift, Ma'am;
 I'll prove like a shot what I boldly assert.
 Don't heed your Old Flame, Ma'am, he's bitterly jealous,
 'Tis natural, quite, with his nose out of joint;

You just let him bluster and blow like old bellows,
 And try me instead—I will not disappoint!
 Old Flame? He's a very fuliginous "Flame," Ma'am;
 I wonder, I'm sure, how you've stood him so long;
 He has choked you for years—'tis a thundering shame, Ma'am!
 High time the Young Spark put a term to his wrong.
 Just look at me! Am I not trim, smart, and sparkling,
 As clean as a pin, and as bright as a star?
 Compare me with him, who stands scowling and darkling!
 So gazed the old gallant on Young LOCHIN-

He's ugly and huffy, and smoky, and stuffy,
 And pokey, and chokey, and black as my hat.
 As wooer he's dull, for his breath smells of sulphur;
 Asphyxia incarnate, and horrid at that!
 You *cannot* see beauty in one who's so sooty,
 So dusty, and dingy, and dismal, and dark.
 He's feeble and footy; 'tis plainly your duty
 To "chuck" the Old Flame, and take on the Young Spark.
 A Cyclops for lover, no doubt you discover,
 My dear Lady LONDON, is not *comme il faut*;
 If I do not woo you the sunny earth over,
 At least I lend light to love-making below.

He's just like old Pluto, Persephone's prigger;
 You'll follow Apollo the Younger—that's me!
 He's sombre as Styx, and as black as a nigger.
 His lady-love, LONDON! Bah! Fiddle-de-dee!

His murky monopoly, Madam, is ended.
 Come down, my dear love, to my subterrene hall!
 I think you'll admit it is sparkling and splendid,
 As clean as a palace, not black as a pall.
 Electrical traction with sheer stupefaction
 Strikes Steam, the old buffer, and spoils his small game.
 You're off with the old Love, so try the new bold Love,
 And let the Young Spark supersede the Old Flame.
 [Carries her off in triumph.]

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.

CLOSE upon a hundred years ago, when GEORGE THE THIRD was King, MENDOZA opened a saloon in the Strand, whereat various studies in Black and Blue might be enjoyed. To-day MENDOZA has a gallery in King Street, which is devoted to studies in Black and White. You may say, history repeats itself. Nothing of the kind. The gentleman of GEORGE THE THIRD'S time devoted himself to the pugilistic art; the gentleman of the time of VICTORIA gives his attention to graphic art. The one was the patron of fists, the other of fingers—that makes all the difference. MENDOZA the Past, closed eyes—MENDOZA the Present opens them, and, if you go to the St. James's Gallery, you will find a pleasant collection of Eye Art—open to all peepers. It is true it may not be High Art, but you will find it, like Epps's Cocon, "grateful and comforting."

Mr. McLKLAN, who has had an Art-show in the Haymarket since the days of GEORGE THE THIRD, or rather his ancestor had, is "quite up to time, and smiling," with his present collection (your Old PAR can't help using the argot of the P.R., and brings COLE, not to Newcastle, but to the Haymarket, in "A Bend in the River, near Maple Durham." He shows us the views of BURTON BARBER on "Compulsory Education," also a wondrous picture of the "Gate of the Great Mosque of Damascus," by BAURNFEIND, "A Venetian Brunette," by FILDES, and many other works that will well repay inspection, but of which there is no space for anything more to be said by yours par-enthetically, OLD PAR.

THE GENTLE ART (OF SNIGGLING).

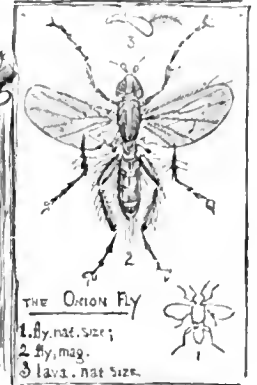
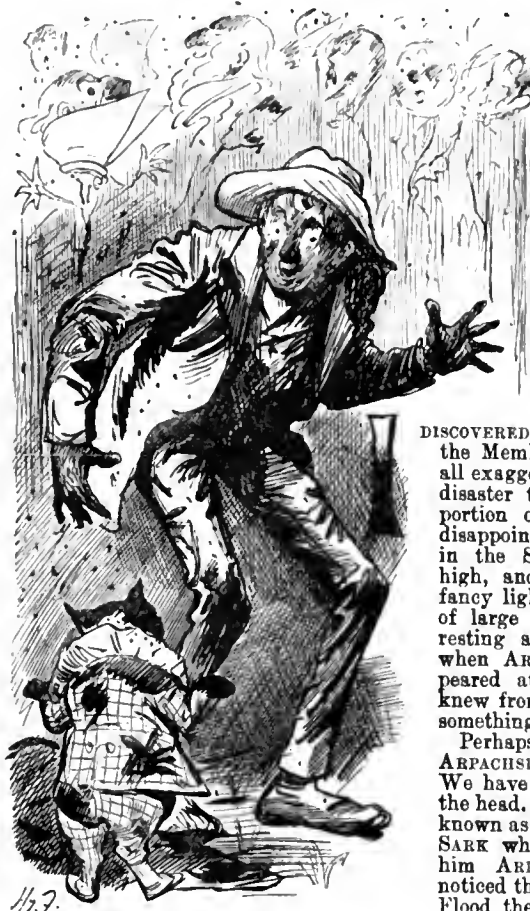
"Whoever walks beside the river (the Etrick), will observe five or six or more men and boys, equipped with gigantic wading-breeches, busy in each pool. They are only armed with rods and flies, and thus have a false appearance of being fair fishers. . . . The truth is that the apparent sportsmen are snigglers, not anglers. They drive the top part of their rods deep into the water, so as to rake the bottom, and then bring the hook out with a jerk. Every now and then . . . one of the persecuted fishes . . . is hauled out with short shrift."—Daily News.]

Oh! the world's very bad, and our hearts they are sore
 As we think of the errors and wrongs we have got to
 Endure uncomplaining, and oh! we deplore
 The things people do, that they really ought not to!
 With Courtesy dead, and with Justice "a-bed,"
 When the mention of Love only causes a giggle,—
 But we'd manage to live and still hold up our head,
 Were it not for the villain who ventures to sniggle.

With his rod and his hook see him carefully rake
 The bed of the river, and gallantly wading,
 Arrayed in his breeches, endeavour to make
 Of genuine sport but a mere masquerading.
 You might think him a fool for his trouble—but look!
 (And it's true, though at first it appears to be gammen)
 With a horrible jerk, as he pulls up his hook,
 The sportsmanlike snigglers has landed a salmon!

As a nation of sportsmen, it rouses our ire
 To hear of sport ruined by such a proceeding;
 And to snigglers we earnestly wish and desire
 To give the advice they so sadly seem needing.
 Let them think, as they work their inglorious plan,
 How old IZAAK must turn in his grave and must wriggle;
 And may they in future all see if they can,
 By learning to angle, forget how to sniggle!

IN OUR GARDEN.



DISCOVERED on returning home that the Member for SARK had not at all exaggerated the facts picturing disaster to our onion-bed. This portion of the garden had been disappointing from the first. Early in the Spring, when hope beat high, and the young gardener's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of large crops, SARK and I were resting after a frugal luncheon, when ARPACHSHAD suddenly appeared at the open window. I knew from his beaming face that something was wrong.

Perhaps I should explain that ARPACHSHAD is our head gardener. We have no other, therefore he is the head. Out of the garden he is known as PETER WALLOPS. It was SARK who insisted upon calling him ARPACHSHAD. SARK had noticed that about the time of the Flood there was singular deliberation in entering upon the marriage state. Matrimony did not seem to be thought of till a man had turned the corner of a century. SHEM, himself, for example, was fully a hundred before his third son, ARPACHSHAD, was born. But ARPACHSHAD was already a husband and a father at thirty-five.

"That," said SARK, "is a remarkable circumstance that has escaped the notice of the commentators. It indicates unusual forwardness of character and a habit of swift decision. We hear nothing more of ARPACHSHAD, but we may be sure he made things move. Now what we want in this garden is a brisk man, a fellow always up to date, if not ahead of it. Let us encourage WALLOPS by calling him ARPACHSHAD."

WALLOPS on being consulted said, he thought it ought to be a matter of another two shillings a-week in his wages; to which I demurred, and it was finally compromised on the basis of a rise of a shilling a-week. As far as I have observed, SARK's device, like many others he has put forward, has nothing in it. WALLOPS couldn't be slower in going round than is ARPACHSHAD. The only time he ever displays any animation is when he discovers some fresh disaster. When things are going well (which isn't often) he is gloomy and apprehensive of an early change for the worse. When the worst comes he positively beams over it. Difficult to say whether he enjoys himself more in an over-wet season, or in one of drought. His special and ever-recurring joy is the discovery of some insect breaking out in a fresh place. He is always on the look-out for the Mottled Amber Moth, or the Frit-fly, or the Currant Scale, or the Apple-bark Beetle, or the Mustard Beetle,—"Black Jack," as he familiarly calls him. To see, as is not unfrequent, a promising apple-tree, cherry-tree, or damson-tree, fading under the attack of the caterpillars of the Winter Moth, makes ARPACHSHAD a new man. His back unbends, his wrinkles smooth out, the gleam of faded youth reilluminates his countenance, and his eyes melt in softer glance.

"The flies hev got at them honions," he said, on this Spring afternoon. "I thought they would, and I reckon they're done for. Ever seen a honion-fly, Sir? A nice, lively, busy-looking thing; pretty reddish-grey coat, with a whitish face, and pale grey wings. About this time of the year it lays its eggs on the sheath of the onion-leaf, and within a week you've got the larvey burrowing down into the bulb; after which, there's hardly any hope for your honion."

"Can nothing be done to save them?" SARK asked. As for me, I was too down-hearted to speak.

"Well," said ARPACHSHAD, ruefully, not liking the prospect of interfering with beneficent Nature, "if you was to get a bag of soot, wait about till a shower was a coming on, carefully sprinkle the plant, and let the soot wash in, that

might save a few here and there. Or if you were to get a can of paraffin, and syringe them, it would make the fly sit up. But I don't know as how it's worth the trouble. Nater will have its way, and, if the fly wants the honion, who are we that we should say it nay? I think, TOBY, M.P., if I was you, I'd let things take their swing. It's a terrible thing to go a interfering with Nater."

But we didn't follow ARPACHSHAD's advice. Having undertaken to run this garden, we were determined to do it thoroughly; so I got SARK to sweep out the flues of the furnace in the greenhouse, in the course of which he broke several panes of glass, not expecting, so he explained, to find the handle of his brush so near the roof. We half filled a sack with soot, and carried it to the onion-bed. Then we waited for a wet day, usually plentiful enough in haymaking time, now long deferred. ARPACHSHAD insisted that we were to make quite sure that rain was coming—then sprinkle the soot over the unsuspecting onion. We waited just too long, not starting till the rain began to fall. Found it exceedingly unpleasant handling the soot under conditions of moisture. But, as SARK said, having put our hands to the soot-bag, we were not going to turn back. Nor did we till we had completed the task, ARPACHSHAD looking on, cheered only by the hope that the heavy rain would wash the soot off before it could have any effect on the fly. On the whole, the task proved productive of reward. Either ARPACHSHAD had been mistaken, and the crop had not been attacked by the fly, or the soot had done its work. Anyhow, the bed bloomed and blossomed, and, at the time I left for Midlothian, was looking exceedingly well. Then came SARK's telegram, as described in the last chapter. A ter the fly came the mildew. Close on the heels, or rather the wings, of the *Anthomyia Ceparum*, fell the *Peronospora Schleideniana*.

"It isn't often it happens," said ARPACHSHAD, rubbing his hands gleefully;—"but, when you get one on the top of t'other, you don't look for much crop in that particular year."

HOW IT'S DONE.

A Hand-book to Honesty.

[No. V.—MONEY LENT (ONE WAY AMONG MANY.)

SCENE I.—*Apartment of innocent but temporarily impecunious person.*

I. P. discovered reading advertisements and correspondence.

Impecunious Person. Humph! It sounds all right. I have heard that these Loan-mongera are sometimes scoundrels and sharks. But this one is surely genuine. There is a manly frankness, a sort of considerate and sympathetic delicacy about him, that quite appeals to one. No inquiry fees, no publicity, no delay! Just what I want. Has

olients, men of capital, but not speculators, who wish to invest money on sound security at reasonable interest. Just so! Note of hand of any respectable person sufficient. That's all right. Advance at a few hours' notice. Excellent! Let me see, the address is Fitz-Guelph Mansions, W. That sounds respectable enough. A penniless shark would hardly live there. By Jove, I'll write, and make an appointment at his own address, as he suggests.

[Does so, hopefully.]

SCENE II.—*Fitz-Guelph Mansions, W., at 11 A.M. Enter Impecunious Person, hurriedly.*

Impecunious Person. Ah! I'm a little bit late, but here's a the place sure enough, and that's the number. Fine house, too. Nothing sharkish about this, anyhow.

[Makes for No. 14, consulting his watch. On door-step encounters another person, also apparently in a hurry, and also consulting his watch. This person is perhaps a trifle shabby-genteel in attire, but genially pompous and semi-military in bearing. He makes as if to go, but stopping suddenly, stares at I. P., and addresses him.—



Ahem! I—a—beg pardon, I'm sure, but have you by any chance an appointment for 11 A.M. at this address, with a Mr. MUGSNAP?

I. P. Why—a—yes, as a matter of fact, I have.

Mr. Mugsnap. Quite so. And your name is SOFTSHELL?

I. P. Well—yes, as a matter of fact, it is.

Mr. Mugsnap (cheerily). Ah! that's all right. Well met, Mr. SOFTSHELL! *(Produces letter.)* This is yours, I fancy. The time was eleven sharp, and you're just seven minutes and a quarter behind. I was just off, for if I gave all my clients seven minutes and a quarter grace, I should lose about four hours a day, Sir. *(Laughs jovially.)* But no matter! Just step this way. *(Produces latch-key.)* But no, on second thoughts I won't go back. Unlucky, you know! We'll step across to the Wine Shades yonder, and talk our business over together with a glass of sound port, my boy. Best glass of port in London, BUMPUS sells, and as an old Army Man I appreciate it.

[They cross to "The Shades," where Mr. MUGSNAP wins upon his companion by his hearty style, and all difficulties in the way of "an early advance" are smoothed away in a highly satisfactory manner. A couple of references, of course, "just as a matter of form," and a couple of guineas for visiting them. Not an Inquiry Fee, oh! dear no, merely "expenses." Some people apply for a loan, and, when everything is arranged, actually decline to receive it! Must provide against that, you know. Within three days at the outside, Mr. SOFTSHELL is assured, that money will be in his hands without fail. Meanwhile the "couple o' guineas" leave his hands, and Mr. MUGSNAP leaves him, hopeful, and admiring.]

I. P. (strolling homeward). Very pleasant person, Mr. MUGSNAP. Quite a pleasure to deal with him. Sharka, indeed! How worthy people get misrepresented! By the way, though, there's one question I forgot to ask him. I'll just step back. Don't suppose he has gone yet.

[Returns to No. 14, Fitz-Guelph Mansions. Knocks, and is answered by smart and austere-looking Domestic.]

I. P. Oh, just tell Mr. MUGSNAP I should like just one word more with him. Won't detain him a moment.

Austere Domestic. Mr. MUGSNAP! And who's Mr. MUGSNAP, pray? Don't know any such person.

I. P. Oh yes, he lives here. Met him, by appointment, only an hour ago. Hasn't he returned?

A. D. (emphatically). I tell you there ain't no Mr. MUGSNAP lives here at all.

I. P. Oh dear, yes! Stout gentleman—military appearance—white waistcoat!

A. S. (scornfully). Oh, him! I saw such a party 'anging about suspiciously awhile ago, and spoke to the porticeman about him. But I don't know him, and he don't live here! — *[Shuts door sharply.]*

I. P. (perspiring profusely, as the state of things dawns upon him.) Phew! I see it all. "A plant." That's why he met me on the door-step. Of course he doesn't live here at all. Gave a respectable address, and watched for me outside! And the sleek-spoken shark is gone! So are my two guineas!

[Retires a sadder, and a wiser man.]

THE MAN OF SCIENCE.

[It has been suggested, with reference to an amusing article in Blackwood, on a new religion, that science is equal to it.]

PROFESSOR PROTOPLASM sings:—

I'm a mighty man of science, and on that I place reliance,
And I hurl a stern defiance at what other people say:
Learning's torch I fiercely kindle, with my HAECKEL, HUXLEY,
TYNDALL,

And all preaching is a swindle, that's the motto of to-day.
I'd give the wildest latitude to each agnostic attitude,
And everything's a platitude that springs not from my mind:
I've studied entomology, astronomy, oonchology,
And every other 'ology that anyone can find.

I am a man of science, with my bottles on the shelf,
I'm game to make a little world, and govern it myself.

I'm a demon at dissection, and I've always had affection
For a curious collection from both animals and man:
I've a lovely pterodactyle, some old bones a little craked, I'll
Get some mummies, and in fact I'll pounce on anything I can!

I'm full of lore botanical, and chemistry organical,
I off put in a panic all the neighbours I meet own: *[phorus:]*
They smell the fumes and phosphorus from London to the Bes-
Oh, sad would be the loss for us, had I been never known.

I am a man of science, with my bottles on the shelf;
I'm game to make a little world, and govern it myself.

OUR OTHER "WILLIAM."—Question by the G.O.M. on quitting the North.—"Stands Sootland where it did?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READ *The World and the Will*, by JAMES PAYN, says the Baron. Successful novelist is our "J. P." for England and the Colonies generally. "The profits blazoned on the Payn," is a line he quotes.



with a slight difference of spelling, in his present three volumes, which is full of good things; his own "asides" being, to my thinking, quoth the Baron, by far the most enjoyable part of his books. Herein he resembles THACKERAY, who used to delight in taking the reader behind the scenes, and exhibiting the wires. Not so JAMES PAYN. He comes in front, and comments upon the actions of his puppets, or upon men and morals in general, or he makes a quip, or utters a quirk, or proposes a quiddity, and pauses to laugh with you, before he resumes the story, and says, with the older romancers, "But to our tale."

Most companionable writer is JAMES PAYN. Tells his story so clearly. A PAYN to be seen through.

In the christening of his Christmas books, Mr. MERRY ANDREW LANG has hit upon a genuine Happy Thought, on which the Baron begs sincerely to congratulate him. It is a perfect little gold mine as a book-title series. Last year M. ANDREW LANG wrote, and LANGMAN'S—no, beg pardon—LONGMAN'S published *The Blue Fairy Book*. The *Blue Fairy Book*, when it appeared, however, was read everywhere, so this year the MERRY ANDREW issues *The Red Fairy Book*, which, of course, will be more read than the other. Excellent notion! Where will it stop? Why should it stop? Next year there'll be *The Green Fairy Book*; in '92 the *Yellow Fairy Book* (commencing with new version of *Yellow Dwarf*), then the White, then the Black, then the Ver-millionth edition, and so on and so on, *ad infinitum*, through all the possible stages of the combination and permutation of colour.

The Magazine of Art for 1890, published by CASSELL & Co., is one of the best of its kind for pictures and Art-articles. The Mixture as before.

"Christmas is coming"—but the Publishers seem to think that the Merry Old Gentleman will be here to-morrow. Yet we know the proverbial history of to-morrow. However, to humour the up-to-date notion, the Baron recommends to his young friends who wish to amuse their elders, *Doldom*, a dolls' opera, by CLIFTON BINGHAM, set to music by FLORIAN PASCAL. Some of the songs are exquisite. It would make a very funny play, children imitating dolls. Published by J. WILLIAMS.

BLACKIE AND SON, are going it. Here are two more, by their indefatigable writer, G. A. HENTY: *By Right of Conquest*; or, *With Cortez in Mexico*. The young Sixteenth-Century boy, by his marvellous adventures, proves his right to be a hero in the Conquest of Mexico. Of a more modern date is *A Chapter of Accidents*, which deals with the Bombardment of Alexandria. The young fisher-lad has to go through many chapters of adventure before he reaches a happy ending. *A Rough Shaking*, by GEORGE MACDONALD, is a capital boys' book, while *The Light Princess, and other Fairy Stories*, by the same author, will please the Baron's old-fashioned fairy-book readers at Christmas-time.

Whoever possesses the *Henry Irving Shakespeare*,—started originally by my dear old enthusiastic friend the late FRANK MARSHALL, and now concluded by the new volume of plays, poems, and sonnets,—possesses a literary treasure. The notes are varied, interesting, and all valuable. The illustrations exactly serve their purpose, which is the highest praise.

MR. SMALLEY'S Letters are not to an *Inconnue*. They were written to his paper, the *Tribune*, and have redressed the balance between the Old World and the New by furnishing New York from week to week with brilliant, incisive, and faithful pictures of life in London. The initials, "G. W. S." appended in their original form, are as familiar throughout the United States as are those of our own "G. A. S." in the still United Kingdom. Mr. SMALLEY goes everywhere, sees everything, knows everybody, and his readers in New York learn a great deal more of what is going on in London than some of us who live here. Most public men of the present day, whether in politics, literature, or art, have, all unconsciously, sat to "G. W. S." He has a wonderful gift of seizing the salient points of a character, and reproducing them in a few pellucid sentences. The men he treats of have many friends who will be delighted to find that Mr. SMALLEY'S pen is dipped in just enough gall to make the writing pleasant to those who are not its topic. *Personalities* is the alluring title of the first

volume, which contains forty-two studies of character. It is dangerous kind of work; but Mr. SMALLEY has skillfully steered his passage. Written for a newspaper, *London Letters* (MACMILLAN & Co.) rank higher than journalism. They will take their place in Literature.

November Number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, excellent. Wykehamists, please note Mr. GALE'S article, and LORD SELBORNE'S introduction. The COOKE who presides in this particular kitchen serves up a capital dish every month—and "quite English, you know."

My faithful "Co." has been rather startled by a volume called *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire*, written by "Anonymous," and published by the Messrs. TRISCHLER. The tome deals with Australia, rather than England, and is dated a thousand years hence; so those who have no immediate leisure will have plenty of time to read it before the events therein recorded, so to speak, reach maturity.

I notice an advertisement of a book by Major ELLIS, entitled *The Ewe-speaking People of the Slave Coast of West Africa*. These Ewe-speaking folk must be a sheepish lot. Black-sheepish lot apparently, as being in West Africa. Major ELLIS is the author also of *The Tshi-speaking People*. These last must be either timidly bashful, or else a very T-shi lot. After this, there's nothing ELLIS this week, says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"QUITE A LITTLE (ROMAN) HOLIDAY."

(An Intercepted Letter.)

DEAREST BECKY,—I have had such luck! Oh, so fortunate! Fancy, we did get in, after all! You know Mr. TENTERFORE, of Somerset House, has a friend a barrister, and this friend said, if we would be by the door of the Court at eleven, he thought he could slip us in. And he did, my dear—he did! We got capital places, and as we had brought with us some sherry and sandwiches, we had "a real good time of it," as your brother calls it! We had our work, too, and so were quite comfortable. The night-charges were such fun! A lot of men and women were brought before the Magistrate for being "drunk and incapable" (that's a legal term, my dear), and got so chaffed! One of the women was very old—such a silly frump!—she was still dreadfully intoxicated I am afraid! Very sad, of course, but we couldn't help laughing! She was such a figure before they got rid of her! But this was only the overture to the drama. After the night-charges were over, the Court was cleared, but we were allowed to remain, as Mr. WIGINBLOCK (our barrister friend) declared we belonged to the Press! He said that MARY contributed to the *Blood and Thunder News*, and I to the *Murder Gazette*! I am sure it must have been in fun, for we have never seen the papers. When lunch was over, in came the Magistrate with a number of the "smartest" people! Really, I was quite delighted to be in such good company. All sorts of nice people. And then—oh—it was lovely! We saw her quite close, and could watch the colour come and go in her cheeks! She is rather pretty! She was wearing her ordinary clothes; not the workhouse, nor the ones with the blood on them, but some that had been sent in to her since the inquest. I tried your opera-glasses. They are simply capital, darling! We were much amused with his evidence; and it was really excellent fun to listen to the howls of the crowd outside! But I am not sure he cared for them! We got away in excellent time, and I hope to go again. I am trying very hard (should it come to anything) to be present at the last scene of all! Wouldn't that be lovely? I should have to be at the place, though, at ten minutes to eight o'clock! I don't think I should go to bed that night at all! If I did, I am sure I should not sleep! It would be so very, very interesting! And now, my dearest, good-bye. Your ever most affectionate friend,



LUCRETIA.

"MINE EASE AT MY CLUB."—In its most useful and instructive theatrical column last Sunday's *Observer* (the only *Observer* of a Sunday in London!) inserted this notice:—

"Mr. H. A. JONES is to read a paper at the Playgoers' Club, Henrietta Street, Tuesday next."

Why announce it? Why not let the hard-worked HENRY AUTHOR JONES read his paper at his Club in peace and quietness? Very hard on poor HENRY DRAMATIC AUTHOR JONES, if he can't have a few minutes of peace (not "piece," *bien entendu*) to himself. Leave him alone to take his ease at his Club.

UNSATISFACTORY FOR LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS.—At a recent meeting of Anarchists at New Jersey some were arrested, but MOST escaped.



A LAMENT FROM THE NORTH.

"AND THEN THE WEATHER'S BEEN SO BAD, DONALD!"
 "OU AY, SIR. ONLY THREE FINE DAYS—AND TWA OF THEM SNAPPIT UP BY THE SAWBATH!"

THE "LAIDL Y WORM" OF LONDON;

Or, The Great Slum Dragon and Little Master County Council.

["The Worm (at first neglected) grew till it was too large for its habitation. . . . It became the terror of the country, and, among other enormities, levied a daily contribution . . . in default of which it would devour both man and beast. . . . Young LAMBTON was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudence, and immediately undertook the adventure."—*Legend of "The Lambton Worm," as related by Surtees.*]

OLD stories tell how Hercules
 At Lerna slew a "Dragon;"
 And the "Lambton Worm" (told by SUR-
 TEES)

The Durham men still brag on.
 How the "Laidly Worm" was made to
 squirm

Old legends tell (they can't lie!);
 And of MORE, of More-hall, when, "with
 nothing at all,"

He slew the Dragon of Wantley.

Our Dragon here is a bigger beast
 Than LAMBTON slew, or MORE did;
 On poor men's bodies he doth feast,
 And ill-got gold long hoarded.

He hath iron claws, and from his jaws
 Foul fumings are emitted.
 The folks, his prey, who cross his way,
 Are sorely to be pitied.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
 Held seventy men inside him?
 This Dragon's bigger, and of such force
 That none may rein or ride him.

Men hour by hour he doth devour,
 And would they with him grapple,
 At one big sup he'll gobble them up,
 As schoolboys munch an apple.

All sorts of prey this Dragon doth eat;
 But his favourite food's poor people,
 But he'd swallow a city, street by street,
 From cottage to church steeples.
 Like the Worm of Wear, this Dragon drear,
 Hath grown, and grown, and grown, Sir,
 And many a lair of dim despair
 The Worm hath made its own, Sir.

In Bethnal Green our Laidly Worm
 Hath made a loathly den,
 And there hath fed for a weary term
 On the bodies and souls of men.
 There doth it writhe, and ramp, and glower,
 Whilst in its coils close prest [Power,
 Are the things it thrives on—"Landlord
 And "Vested Interest."

Now, who shall tackle this Dragon bold?
 Lo! a champion appears.
 He seems but small, and he looks not old—
 A youth of scarce three years.
 But "he hath put on his coat of mail,
 Thick set with razors all,"
 And a blade as big as a thresher's flail,
 On that Dragon's crest to fall.

And like young LAMBTON, or young MORE,
 He to the fight advances.
 Yet looks to that Slum Dragon o'er,
 With caution in his glances.
 If he make shift that sword to lift,
 And smite that Dragon dead,
 No hero young song yet hath sung
 A fouler pest hath sped.

Now guard ye, guard ye, young County C.!
 That two-edged blade is big, Sir!
 That Dragon's so spiky, he wall might be
 "Some Egyptian poronpig," Sir,
 (As the singer of Wantley's Dragon says,
 In his quaint and curious story.)
 If this Dragon he slays, he shall win men's
 And legendary glory. [praise,

When London's streets are haunts of health
 (Ah! happy if distant, when)
 And the death-rate ruleth low, and Wealth
 Feeds not on the filthy den;
 The men to this champion's memory
 Shall lift the brimming flagon,
 And drink with glee to young County C.,
 Who slew the Grim Slum Dragon!

A "DARK CONTINENT" HINT.—Mr. STAN-
 LEY, it is said, now wishes he had gone on
 his exploration journey quite alone, without
 any travelling TROUP. It is a curious fact,
 but worth mentioning here, that, up to now,
 the only mention of difficulties with a "Tra-
 velling Troupe" is to be found in a little
 shilling book recently published by Messrs.
 TRISCHLER & Co., at present nearing its fifty
 thousandth copy, entitled, *A New Light
 thrown across the Darkest Africa*. Whether
 H. M. STANLEY will appeal to this as evidence
 remains to be seen. We must have the whole
 truth out about STANLEY'S Rear Column
 before we rear a column to STANLEY.

THE "NORFOLK BROADS," according to the
Standard, are in future to be the English
 cradle of the German "Bass." Not beer, but
 fish. There are to be "no takers" at present,
 so the cradle will not be a Bass-in-net.

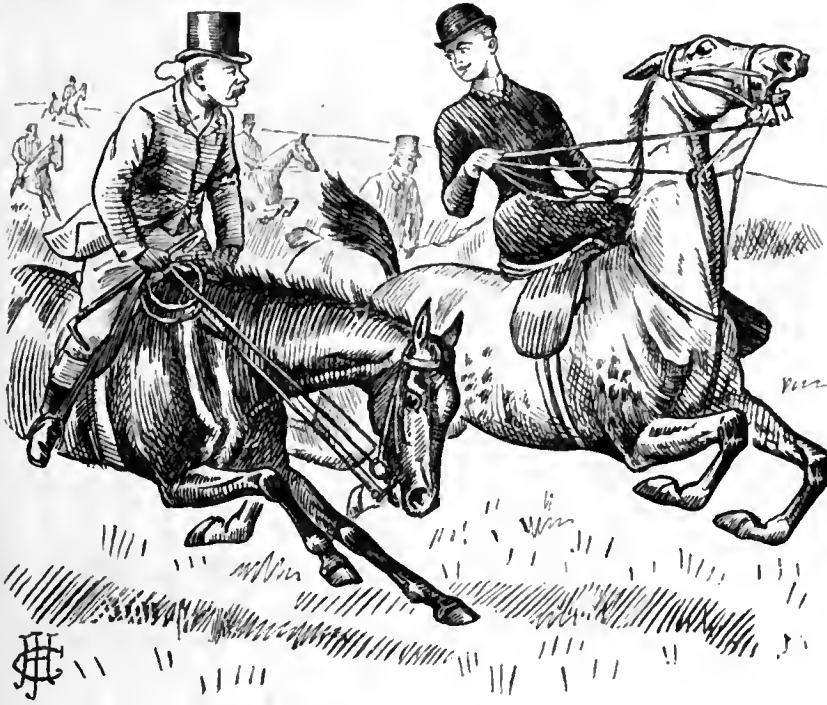


SWAIN '90

A

THE "LAIDL Y WORM" OF LONDON—AND YOUNG COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE GREAT HORN OF FENDON—THE GREAT HORN OF FENDON



HUNTING PREDICAMENTS. No. 1.

Miss Nelly (to her Slave, in the middle of the best thing of the Season). "OH, MR. ROWEL, DO YOU MIND GOING BACK? I DROPPED MY WHIP AT THE LAST FENCE!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—Welcome once more to our old friend, *Norma, the Deceived Druidess*, who was called *Norma* for short, she being an orphan, and having "nor par, nor ma." The Ancient Order of Druids, with Arch-Druid *Oroveso* in the chair, might have had a better brass band. *Norma* nowadays is not particularly attractive, and the house, when it is given, cannot be expected to be more than normal or ordinary.

Thursday.—*Orfeo*. First appearance of Milles. GIULIA and SOFIA RAVOGLI in GLÜCK's beautiful Opera, which has not been seen here for many years, but—judging from its reception by a full and delighted house—will be seen many times before Signor LAGO's season comes to an end. Enthusiastic reception of GIULIA RAVOGLI as *Orpheus*; double recall after three of the four Acts; house insisting on having "*Che favò*" all over again. Orchestra, under Signor BEVIGNANI, admirable. Recreations of Demons and Furies, when let out of Gates of Erebus for a half-holiday, peculiar, not to say eccentric. Demons lie on rocks, with silver serpents round their necks as comforters, claw the air, and trot round in circles, after which they exhibit Dutch-metalled walking-sticks to one another with sombre pride. Furies trip measures and strike attitudes in pink tights and draperies of unæsthetic hues, when not engaged in witnessing, with qualified interest, incidental dances by two *premières danseuses*. Hades evidently less dull than generally supposed.

SUGGESTION.—Curious that no enterprising shaving-soap proprietor has as yet, as far as we know, advertised his invention as "*Tabula Rasa*." This is worth thousands, and takes the cake—of soap.

QUIS NOMINABIT?

(Being a few Remarks à propos of a "British Academy of Letters.")

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I HAVE been reading with some morbid interest a series of contributions to the pages of a contemporary from several more or less distinguished literary men who have apparently been invited to express their opinions, favourable or the reverse, on the recently launched proposition to establish in our midst, after the French model, a "British Academy of Letters." Some ask, "What's the use?" Others want to know who is to elect the elected, and seem much exercised in their minds as to the status and qualifications of those who ought to be chosen for the purpose of discharging this all-important function. As to what would be the use of an institution of the kind, the answer is so obvious that I will not attempt to reply to it. But if it comes to naming a representative body capable of selecting the two or three thousand aspirants who have already, in imagination, seen their claims to the distinction recognised by the elective body to which has been entrusted the duty of weighing their respective merits—well then, to use a colloquial phrase, I may confidently say that "I am all there!"

Of course, Royalty must head it, so I head the list of, say, twelve Academic Electors, with the name of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. This should be followed up by that of some generally widely-known personage, who has the literary confidence of the public, and in this connection, I have no hesitation in supplying it by that of the Compiler of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. Several now should follow, of varied and even conflicting interests, so as to satisfy any over-captious criticism inclined to question the thoroughly cosmopolitan character of the elective body. And so I next add, Mr. Sheriff AUGUSTUS HARRIS, H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the Proprietor of PEAR'S Soap, and the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade.

It might now be well to give a distinctively literary flavour to the body, and so I am disposed to continue my list with the names of the Poet Laureate and the City Editor of *Tit Bits*, following them up with the representatives of commercial enterprise, speculative art, and sportive leisure, guaranteed respectively by the names of the Chairman of the Chelsea Steam-boat Company, Mr. R. D'O'LELY CARTE, and Prince HENRY of BATTENBERG. For the twelfth, and remaining name, I would suggest that of Mr. HENRY IRVING, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the Manager of Madame TUSSAUD'S Wax Works, Sir WILFRID LAWSON, General BOOTH, Mr. SLAVIN, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, or any other striking or notable one that arrests the eye with the familiarity of long acquaintance. With the exist-

ing deplorable position of the Pantomime literature of the country, there can be little need to question further the necessity of a British Academy of Letters. The naming of those who are to constitute that institution is another thing; but if an authoritative fountain-head, to discharge this inevitable function, is sought, and the public puts the question, "*Quis Nominabit?*" I think, Sir, you will admit that I have most satisfactorily supplied the answer. Trusting to your judicious appreciation of the full gravity of the matter at issue, to publish this communication,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A VERY POSSIBLE FUTURE ACADEMICIAN.

BEFORE AND BEHIND.

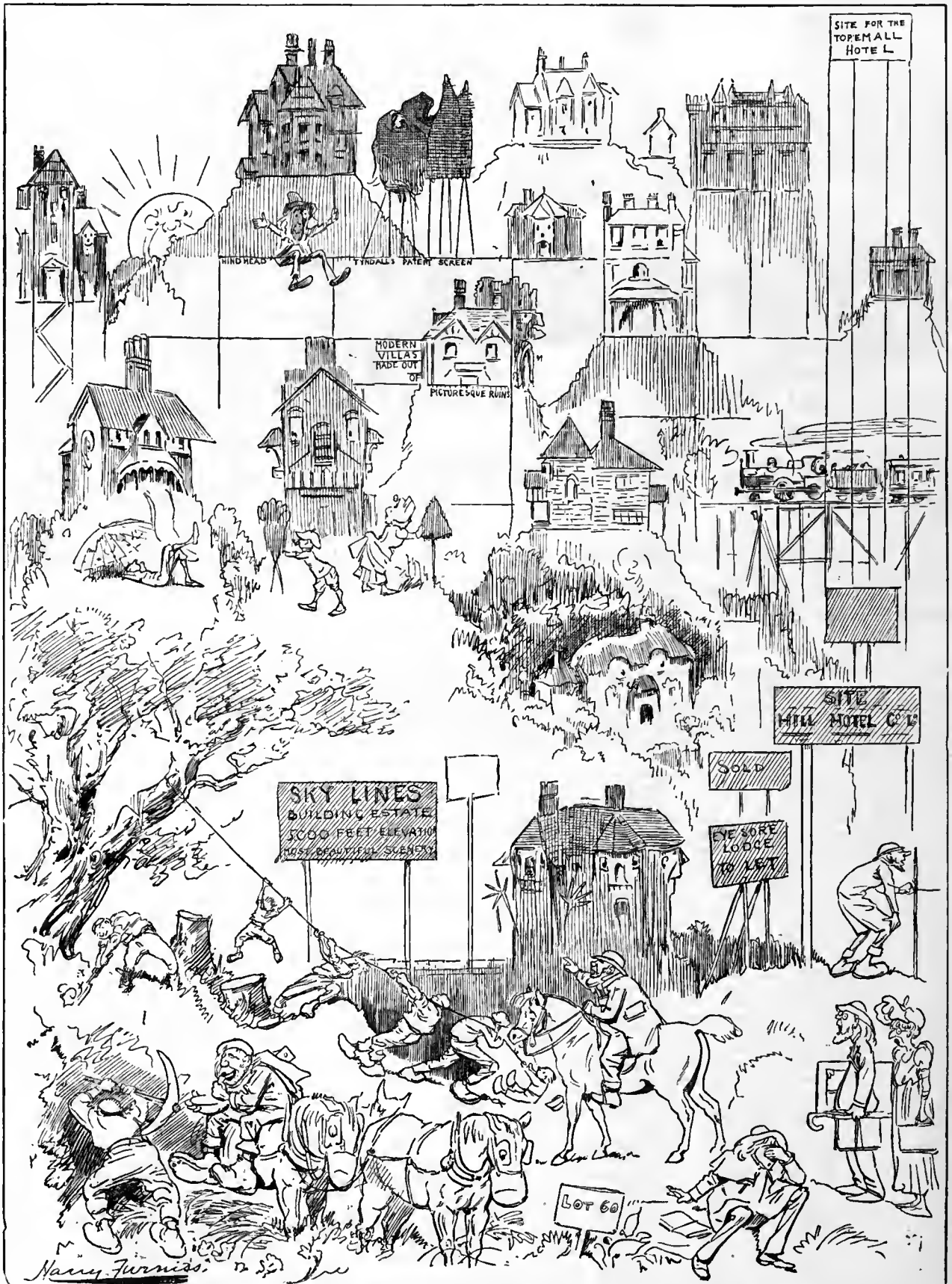
(From a Thoughtful Grammarian.)

SIR,—In the *Times'* Court Circular, on Friday last, I read that—"MR. WILLIAM NICHOLL had the honour of singing before Her MAJESTY and the Royal Family."

This was indeed an honour. I regret that the Courtly Circularist did not tell us what Mr. NICHOLL sang before the QUEEN and Royal Family, and also what the QUEEN and Royal Family sang (solo and chorus?) after Mr. NICHOLL. But suppose "before" does not here relate to time, but to position. It would have been a novelty indeed, and one well worth recording, if Mr. NICHOLL had had the honour of singing *behind* the Royal Family. And then, what a compliment if Her Gracious MAJESTY and the Royal Family had all turned round to listen to him! If I am wrong in my interpretation of the Court Circular's Circular Note, wouldn't it have prevented any possible error to have said, "In the presence of?" I only ask for information, and am
Yours,
FIDELITER.

A NEW TRACT FOR THE SALVATION ARMY.—The "General," who is the biggest BOOTH in the show, announced last week that he had been offered a big tract of land. Hear! Hear! Where? Where? "Anywhere, anywhere out of the world"—at least, out of our little world of Great Britain & Co. Let not "the General" be too particular, but accept the tract,—though he is more used to distributing tracts than accepting them,—and let him and his army, his lads and lasses, go away and leave us to enjoy our Sundays in peace and quiet.

NEW CITY FIRM (adapted from *West End* by Our Own Scotchman).—"SAVORY AND MAYOR."



SKY-SIGNS IN THE COUNTRY. (AS SEEN BY OUR ARTIST IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.)

VOCES POPULI.

AN EVENING WITH A CONJUROR.

SCENE—A Suburban Hall. The Performance has not yet begun. The Audience is limited, and low-spirited, and may perhaps number—including the Attendants—eighteen. The only people in the front seats are, a man in full evening dress, which he tries to conceal under a caped cloak, and two Ladies in plush opera-cloaks. Fog is hanging about in the rafters, and the gas-stare sing a melancholy dirge. Each casual cough arouses dismal echoes. Enter an intending Spectator, who is conducted to a seat in the middle of an empty row. After removing his hat and coat, he suddenly thinks better—or worse—of it, puts them on again, and vanishes hurriedly.

First Sardonic Attendant (at doorway). Reg'lar turnin' em away to-night, we are!

Second Sardonic Attendant. He come up to me afore he goes to the pay-box, and sez he—"Is there a seat left?" he sez. And I sez to 'im, "Well, I think we can manage, to squeeze you in somewhere." Like that, I sez.

[The Orchestra, consisting of two thin-armed little girls, with pig-tails, enter, and perform a stumbling Overture upon a cracked piano. Herr Von KAMBERWOHL, the Conjuror, appears on platform, amidst loud clapping from two obvious Confederates in a back row.

Herr V. K. (in a mixed accent). Lyties and Shentilmans, pefoor I co-mence viz my hillusions zis hevenin', I 'ave most hemphadically to reepodiate hall hassistans from hany spirrids or soopernatural beins vatsoever. All I shall 'ave ze honour of showing you will be perform by simple Sloight of 'and, or Ledger-dee-Mang! (He invites any member of the Audience to step up and assist him, but the spectators remain coy.) I see zat I 'ave not to-night so larsh an orjence to select from as usual, still I 'ope—(Here one of the obvious Confederates slouches up, and joins him on the platform.) Ah, zat is goot! I am vair mooh obligs to you, Sare. (The Confederate grins sheepishly.) Led me see—I seem to remember your face some'ow. (Broader grin from Confederate.) Hah, you vos 'ere last night?—zat exblains it! But you 'ave nevaire assist me befoor, eh? (Reckless shake of the head from Confederate.) I thought nod. Vair vell. You 'ave nevaires done any dricks mit carts—no? Bot you will dry? You nevaires dell vat you gan do till you dry, as ze ole sow said ven she learn ze halphabet. (He pauses for a laugh—which doesn't come.) Now, Sare, you know a cart ven you see 'im? Ah, zat is somtings alretty! Now I will ask you to choose any cart or carts out of zis back. (The Confederate fumbles.) I don't wish to 'urry you—but I want you to mike 'aste—&c., &c.

The Man in Evening Dress. I remember giving BIMBO, the Wizard of the West, a guinea once to teach me that trick—there was nothing in it.

First Lady in Plush Cloak. And can you do it?

The M. in E. D. (guardedly). Well, I don't know that I could exactly do it now—but I know how it's done.

[He explains elaborately how it is done.

Herr Von K. (stamping, as a signal that the Orchestra may leave off). Next I shall show you my zebrated hillusion of ze inexhaustible 'At, to gonclude viz ze Invisibls 'En. And I shall be mooh obligs if any shentilmans vill kindly favour me viz 'is 'at for ze burpouse of my experiment.

The M. in E. D. Here 'a mine—it's quite at your service. [To his companions.] This is a stale old trick, he merely—(explains as before.) But you wait and see how I'll score off him over it!

Herr V. K. (to the M. in E. D.). You are gvide sure, Sare, you leaf nossing insoid of your 'at?

The M. in E. D. (with a wink to his neighbours). On the contrary, there are several little things there belonging to me, which I'll thank you to give me back by-and-by.

Herr V. K. (diving into the hat). So? Vat 'ave we 'ere? A bonch of flowairs! Anozzer bonch of flowairs? Anozzer—and anozzer! Ha, do you always garry flowairs insoid your 'at, Sare?

The M. in E. D. Invariably—to keep my head cool; so hand them over, please; I want them.

[His Companions titter, and declare "it really is too bad of him!"

Herr V. K. Bresently, Sare,—zere is somtings ailse, it feels loike—yes, it ees—a mahouse-drap. Your haid is drouble vid moice, Sare, yea? Bot zere is none 'ers in ze 'at!

The M. in E. D. (with rather feeble indignation.) I never said there were.

Herr V. K. No, zere is no mahouse—bot—[diving again]—ha! a leedle vide rad! Anozzer vide rad! And again a vide rad—and one, two, dres more vide rads! You vind zey keep your haid noice and cool, Sars? May I drouble you to com and dake zem away? I don't loike ze vide rads myself, it is madder of dssts. [The Audience snigger.] Oh, bot wait—zis is a most gonvenient 'at—[extracting a large feeding-bottle and a complete set of baby-linen]—ze shentelman is vairy domestic, I see. And zere is more yst, he is goot business



NOSTALGIA.

"YOU SEEM OUT OF SORTS, JAMES, EVER SINCE WE 'VE COME NORTH. IT'S THE CHANGE OF CLIMATE AND SCENERY, I S'POSE!"
"IT'S WUSS NOR THAT, MARIAR. IT'S THE CHANGE OF BEER!"

man, he knows how von must hadvertise in zese 'ers toimea. 'E 'as 'elp me, so I vill 'elp 'im by distributing some of his cairculars for 'im.

[He showers cards, commending somebody's self-adjusting trousers amongst the Audience, each person receiving about two dozen—chiefly in the eye—until the air is dark, and the floor thick with them.

The M. in E. D. (much annoyed). Infernal liberty! Confounded impudence! Shouldn't have had my hat if I'd known he was going to play the fool with it like this!

First Lady in Plush Cloak. But I thought you knew what was coming?

The M. in E. D. So I did—but this fellow does it differently.

[Herr Von K. is preparing to fire a marked half-crown from a blunderbuss into a crystal casket.

A Lady with Nerves (to her husband). JOHN, I'm sure he 's going to let that thing off!

John (a Brute). Well, I shouldn't be surprised if he is. I can't help it.

The L. with N. You could if you liked—you could tell him my nerves won't stand it—the trick will be every bit as good if he only pretends to fire, I'm sure.

John. Oh, nonsense!—you can stand it very well if you like.

The L. w. N. I can't, John. . . . There, he 's raising it to his shoulder. JOHN, I must go out. I shall scream if I sit here, I know I shall!

John. No, no—what's the use? He'll have fired long before you get to the door. Much better stay where you are, and do your screaming sitting down. (The Conjuror fires.) There, you see, you didn't scream, after all!

The L. w. N. I screamed to myself—which is ever so much worse for me; but you never will understand me till it's too late!

[Herr Von K. performs another trick.

First Lady in Plush Cloak. That was very clever, wasn't it? I can't imagine how it was done!

The M. in E. D. (in whom the memory of his desecrated hat is still ranking). Oh, can't you? Simplest thing in the world—any child could do it!

Second Lady. What, find the rabbit inside those boxes, when they were all corded up, and sealed!

The M. in E. D. You don't mean to say you were taken in by that? Why, it was another rabbit, of course!



"A HIT! A PALPABLE HIT!"

"OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON! I DID NOT SEE YOU, SIR!"

"SEE ME! CONFOUND IT, SIR, YOU CAN SEE THROUGH ME NOW!"

First Lady. But even if it was another rabbit, it was wearing the borrowed watch round its neck.

The M. in E. D. Easy enough to slip the watch in, if all the boxes have false bottoms.

Second L. Yes, but he passed the boxes round for us to examine.

The M. in E. D. Boxes—but not those boxes.

First L. But how could he slip the watch in when somebody was holding it all the time in a paper bag?

The M. in E. D. Ah, I saw how it was done—but it would take too long to explain it now. I have seen it so well performed that you couldn't spot it. But this chap's a regular duffer!

Herr V. K. (who finds this sort of thing rather disturbing). Lyties and Shentilmans, I see zere is von among us who is a professional like myself, and knows how all my leedle dricks is done. Now—suddenly abandoning his accent—I am always grateful for hanythink that will distrack the attention of the orjence from what is going on upon the Stige; naterally so, because it prevents you from follerin' my actions too closely, and so I now call upon this gentleman in the hevenin' dress jest to speak hup a very little louder than what he 'as been doin', so that you will be enabled to 'ear hevry word of his hexplanation more puffickly than what some of you in the back benches have done 'itherto. Now, Sir, if you 'll kindly repeat your very hinterestin' remarks in a more haudible tone, I can go on between like. [Murmurs of "No, no!" "Shut up!" "We don't want to hear him!" from various places; The Man in Evening Dress subsides into a crimson taciturnity, which continues during the remainder of the performance.]

Mr. Punch's Dictionary of Phrases.

JOURNALISTIC.

"Inspector — gives you the impression of a particularly able and open-minded Police-officer;" i.e., "An easy prey to the interviewing correspondent."

"It could not, of course, be expected that a particularly shrewd and able young Solicitor would be very communicative about his client's case;" i.e., "Knew precious little himself, and didn't even offer me a drink."

QUOTE THE KOCH OF THE WALK.—The great Berlin Bacteriologist.

ROBERT AT BURN'EM BEACHES.

THEY is still so jolly busy at the "Grand" that I had sum differoulty in getting leaf of, habsense for Satterday, larst week, for to go with a werry seleck Copperashun Party on a most himportent hexourshun to Burn'em Beaches about cuttin all the trees down, so that then it woodn't be not Burn'em Beaches not no longer! However, by promisin for to stick to the "Grand" all thro' the cumming Winter, the too Gentelmanly Managers let me go.

The fust thing as summat staggered me, in a long day of staggerers, was the fact, that all the hole Party had a grand Royal Saloon all to theirselves for to take them to Slough, but my estonishment ceased when I saw that they was Chairmaned by the same "King of good fellers" as took 'em all to Ship Lake on a prewious occasion. They didn't have not no refreshments all the way to Slough, so they was naterally all pretty well harf starved by the time they got there, but there they found a lovly Champagne Lunshon a waiting for to refresh xhawsted Natur, and at it they went like One o'Clock altho it wasn't only arf parst Elewen. Now for the second staggerer! One of the party, a rayther antient Deputy, insted of jining the rest of the Party, declared his intenshun to take his Lunch off the Sunshine which was shining most brilliant outside the room, and accordingly off he set a warking up and down in it for three quarters of a hour, without not no wittels nor no drink! till "the King of all good fellers" coodn't stand it not no longer, and sent me out to him with sum sangwidges and a bottel of Sham. He woodn't net touch no sangwidges, and ony took one glass of wine, and told me to put by the bottel for his dinner, which I did in course; but somehows, when he asked for it arterwards, the cork had got out, and the wine had got out, but I thinks I can venture to say as that not one drop of it was wasted, and werry good it was too.

We then set out on our luvly drive, me on the box-seat of one of the Carriages, and the other pore fellers cramped up hinside. Sumhows or other, weather it was hoeing to the nobel Lunch or not, I don't kno, we lost our way, and found ourselves at larst, not where we all wanted to be, but at a most bewtiful House of call, where they has the werry sensibel custom that, when

they thinks as wisiters has had enuff drink, they won't let 'em have not a Drop More, and that is achsally the name by which the ouse is known, both far and wide! Whether it's a good plan for the howse, in course I don't kno, but Mr. FOURRES, the souper-intendent of the Beeches, says as nothink woodn't injuice 'em to alter the name. Whether that singler custom had anythink to do with it I don't kno, but our party didn't stay there long, and we soon found ourselves at bewtiful Burn'em Beaches.

In course I didn't intrewe myself when they was a settling of the himportant bizzness as they was cum about, so I strolled off to a little willage as I seed in the distance, and which is achsally called Egipt, tho it ain't much bigger than Whetstone Park, Hobern, the one of my herly birth! From a rayther hurried conwersashun with a real Native, I gathered the himportant fact that the one reason why all the great big Beach Trees of the Forest had had their tops cut off, was, that OLIVER CROMWEL wanted the bows for his sojers to carry, so as to make 'em look more than they was when he marched at their Hed to the Seege of Winsor Carsel! What curius and interesting himformashun we can get from the werry humblest of our Feller Cretars when we goes the rite way to git it!

I got back to the Party jest as they had cum to the werry senser-bil reserlushun that November was not at all the best munth to see whether Trees was really dead, or was ony shamming, so they determined, like true patriots as they is, to adjourn the matter till the 1st of next April, by which time they would be able to decide.

On our way back to Slough they all got out to see Stoke Pogies Church, where some great Poet was buried long long ago, who had wrote a most lovely Poem there, all about what could be seen from the Churchyard of an evening, and one of the party said, that the sperrit of the bewtiful seen and of the luvly Poem was so strong upon him, that, if they wond stand round the Toom, he woud try to recite some of its sweetest lines, and he did so, and I heard one on 'em say, as we was a driving back, that more than one among them had his eyes filled with plessant tears as he lissened. Ah, it isn't for a pore Waiter like me to write on these matters, but I hopes as I don't offend not anybody when I says, that praps if jest a leetle more pains was taken for to make us pore fellers understand, and feel, and share in the rasphur as such poems seems to inspire in our betters, it might help to smooth, if not to shorten, the long dreary road as lies between the Hignorant and the Heddicated. ROBERT.



DOUBLING THE PART.

Mr. S. B. Bancroft, having retired from the Stage, thinks of taking to the Booth.

"WHEN THE COE COMES, CALL ME." AW!—VERY LIKE HIM—VERY!"

[One day last week Mr. S. B. BANCROFT wrote to the *Daily Telegraph*, saying, that so struck was he by "General" Booth's scheme for relieving everybody generally—of course "generally"—that he wished at once to relieve himself of £1000, if he could only find out ninety-and-nine other sheep in the wilderness of London to follow his example, and consent to be shorn of a similar amount. Send your cheque to 85, Fleet Street, and we'll undertake to use it for the benefit of most deserving objects.]

A GOOD-NATURED TEMPEST.

It was stated in the *Echo* that, during the late storm, a brig "brought into Dover harbour two men, with their ribs and arms broken by a squall off Beachy Head. The deck-house and steering-gear were carried away, and the men taken to Dover Hospital." Who shall say, after this, that storms do not temper severity with kindness? This particular one, it is true, broke some ribs and arms, and carried away portions of a brig, but, in the very act of doing this, it took the sufferers, and laid them, apparently, on the steps of Dover Hospital. If we must have storms, may they all imitate this motherly example.

"WHAT A WONDERFUL BO-OY!"—In the *Head-Master's Guide* for November, in the list of applicants for Masterships, appears a gentleman who offers to teach Mathematics, Euclid, Arithmetic, Algebra, Natural Science, History, Geography, Book-keeping, French Grammar, Freshand, and Perspective Drawing, the Piano, the Organ, and the Harmonium, and Singing, for the modest salary of £20 a-year without a residence! But it is only just to add, that this person seems to be of marvellous origin, for although he admits extreme youth (he says he is *only three years of age*!) he boasts ten years of experience! *O si sic omnes!* So wise, so young, so cheap!

If spectacular effects are worth remembering, then Sheriff DRUBRICANUS ought to be a member of the Spectacle-makers' Company.

ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND.

(On the Ninth of November.)

[“Our difficulties are such as these—that America has instituted a vast system of prohibitive tariffs, mainly, I believe, because . . . American pigs do not receive proper treatment at the hands of Europe . . . If we have any difficulty with our good neighbours in France, it is because of that unintelligent animal the lobster; and if we have any difficulty with our good neighbours in America, it is because of that not very much nobler animal, the seal.”—Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House.]

THE Real Turtle sang this, very slowly, and sadly:—

“We are getting quite important,” said the Porker to the Seal, “For we’re ‘European Questions,’ as a Premier seems to feel. See the ‘unintelligent’ Lobster, even he, makes an advance! Oh, we lead the Politicians of the earth a pretty dance.

Will you, won’t you, Yankes Doodle, England, and gay France. Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, let us lead the dance?”

“You can really have no notion how delightful it will be, When they take us up as matters of the High Diplomacee.” But the Seal replied, “They brain us!” and he gave a look askance At the goggle-eyed mailed Lobster, who was loved (and boiled) by France.

“Would they, could they, would they, could they, give us half a chance?”

Lobsters, Pigs, and Seals all suffer, Commerce to advance!”

“What matters it how grand we are!” his plated friend replied, If our destiny is Salad, or the Sausage boiled or fried? Though we breed strife ’twixt England, and America, and France, If we’re chopped up, or boiled, or brained where is our great advance? Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you chuck away a chance Of peace in pig-stye, or at sea, to play the game of France?”

“Thank you, it’s a very amusing dance—to watch,” said ALICE, feeling very glad that she had not to stand up in it.

“You may not have lived much under the Sea” (said the Real Turtle) (“I haven’t,” said ALICE), “and perhaps you were never introduced to a Lobster—” (ALICE began to say “I once tasted—” but checked herself hastily, and said, “No, never”),—“So you can have no idea what a delightful dance a (Diplomatic) Lobster Quadrille is!”

“I dare say not,” said ALICE.

“Stand up and repeat ‘Tis the Voice of the Premier,’” said the Griffin.

ALICE got up and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of Lobsters, Pigs, and Seals, that she hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed:—

“Tis the voice of the Premier; I heard him complain On the Ninth of November all prophecy’s vain. I must make some sort of a speech, I suppose.

Dear DIZZY (who led the whole world by the nose) Said the world heard, for once, on this day, ‘Truth and Sense’ (I.e. neatly phrased Make-believe and Pretence), But when GLADDY’S ‘tide’ rises, and lost seats abound, One’s voice has a cautious and timorous sound.”

“I’ve heard this sort of thing so often before,” said the Real Turtle; “but it sounds uncommon nonsense. Go on with the next verse.”

ALICE did not dare disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

“I passed by the Session, and marked, by the way, How the Lion and Eagles would share Af-ri-ca, How the peoples, at peace, were not shooting with lead, But bethumping each other with Tariffs instead, How the Eight Hours’ Bill, on which BURNS was so sweet, Was (like bye-elections) a snare and a cheat; How the Lobster, the Pig, and the Seal, I would say At my sixth Lord Mayor’s Banquet—”

“What is the use of repeating all that stuff,” the Real Turtle interrupted, “if you don’t explain it as you go on? It’s by far the most confusing thing I ever heard!”

“Yea, I think you’d better leave off,” said the Griffin; and ALICE was only too glad to do so.

GAMES.—It being the season of burglaries, E. WOLF AND SON— (“WOLF,” most appropriate name,—but *Wolf and Moon* would have been still better than WOLF AND SON)—take the auspicious time to bring out their new game of “Burglar and Bobbies.” On a sort of draught-board, so that both Burglar and Bobby play “on the square,” which is in itself a novelty. The thief may be caught in thirteen moves. This won’t do. We want him to be caught before he moves at all.

VOGES POPULI.

AT A SALE OF HIGH-CLASS SCULPTURE.

SCENE—An upper floor in a City Warehouse; a low, white-washed room, dimly lighted by dusty windows and two gas-burners in wire cages. Around the walls are ranged several statues of meek aspect, but securely confined in wooden cases, like a sort of marble menagerie. In the centre, a labyrinthine grove of pedestals, surmounted by busts, groups, and statuettes by modern Italian masters. About these pedestals a small crowd—consisting of Elderly Merchants on the look out for a "neat thing in statuary" for the conservatory at Croydon or Muswell Hill, Young City Men who have dropped in after lunch, Disinterested Dealers, Upholsterers' Buyers, Obliging Brokers, and Grubby and Mysterious men—is cautiously circulating.

Obliging Broker (to Amiable Spectator, who has come in out of curiosity, and without the remotest intention of purchasing sculpture). No Catalog, Sir? 'Ere, allow me to offer you mine—that's my name in pencil on the top of it, Sir; and, if you should 'appen to see any lot that takes your fancy, you jest ketch my eye. (Reassuringly.) I shan't be fur off. Or look 'ere, gimme a nudge—I shall know what it means.

[The A. S. thanks him profusely, and edges away with an inward vow to avoid his and the Auctioneer's eyes, as he would those of a basilisk.

Auctioneer (from desk, with the usual perfunctory fervour). Lot 13, Gentlemen, very charming pair of subjects from child life—"The Pricked Finger" and "The Scratched Toe"—by BIMBI.

A Stolid Assistant (in shirtsleeves). Figgers 'ere, Gen'm'n! [Languid surge of crowd towards them.]
A Facetious Bidder. Which of 'em's the finger, and which the toe?

Auct. (coldly). I should have thought it was easy to identify by the attitude. Now, Gentlemen, give me a bidding for these very finely-executed works by BIMBI. Make any offer. What will you give me for 'em? Both very sweet things, Gentlemen. Shall we say ten guineas?

A Grubby Man. Give yer five.
Auct. (with grieved resignation). Very well, start 'em at five. Any advance on five? (To Assist.) Turn 'em round, to show the back view. And a 'arf! Six! And a 'arf! Only six and a 'arf bid for this beautiful pair of figures, done direct from nature by BIMBI. Come, Gentlemen, come! Seven! Was that you, Mr. GRIMES? (The Grubby Man admits the soft impeachment.) Seven and a 'arf. Eight! It's against you.

Mr. Grimes (with a supreme effort). Two-and-six!
[Mops his brow with a red cotton handkerchief.]
Auct. (in a tone of gratitude for the smallest mercies). Eight-ten-six. All done at eight-ten-six? Going . . . gone! GRIMES, Eight, ten, six. Take money for 'em. Now we come to a very 'andsome work by PIFFALINI—"The Ocarina Player," one of this



NEW EDITION OF "ROBA DI 'ROMER.'" "

With Mr. Punch's sincere congratulations to his Old Friend the New Judge.

great artist's masterpieces, and an exceedingly choice and high-class work, as you will all agree directly you see it. (To Assist.) Now, then, Lot 14, there—look sharp!

Stolid Assist. "Hocarina Plier," eyn't arrived, Sir.

Auct. Oh, hasn't it? Very well, then. Lot 15. "The Pretty Pill-taker," by ANTONIO BILIO—a really magnificent work of Art, Gentlemen. ("Pill-taker," 'ere!

from the S. A.) What'll you give me for her? Come, make me an offer. (Bidding proceeds till the "Pill-taker" is knocked down for twenty-three and a-half guineas.) Lot 16, "The Mixture as Before," by same artist—make a charming and suitable companion to the last lot. What do you say, Mr. MIDDLEMAN—take it at the same bidding? (Mr. M. assents, with the end of one eyebrow.) Any advance on twenty-three and a 'arf? None? Then.—MIDDLEMAN, Twenty-four, thirteen, six.

Mr. Middleman (to the Amiable Spectator, who has been vaguely inspecting the "Pill-taker.") Don't know if you noticed it, Sir, but I got that last couple very cheap—

only forty-seven guineas the pair, and they are worth eighty, I solemnly declare to you. I could get forty a-piece for 'em to-morrow, upon my word and honour, I could. Ah, and I know who'd give it me for 'em, too!

The A. S. (sympathetically). Dear me, then you've done very well over it.

Mr. M. Ah, well ain't the word—and those two aren't the only lots I've got either. That "Sandwich-Man" over there is mine—look at the work in those boards, and the nature in his clay pipe; and "The Boot-Black," that's mine, too—all worth twice what I got 'em for—and lovely things, too, ain't they?

The A. S. Oh, very nice, very clever—congratulate you, I'm sure.

Mr. M. I can see you've took a fancy to 'em, Sir, and, when I come across a gentleman that's a connysewer, I'm always sorry to stand in his light; so, see here, you can have any one you like out o' my little lot, or all on 'em, with all the pleasure in the wide world, Sir, and I'll on'y charge you five per cent. on what I gave for 'em. and be exceedingly obliged to you, into the bargain, Sir. (The A. S. feebly disclaims any desire to take advantage of this magnanimous offer.) Don't say No, if you mean Yes, Sir. Will you 'ave the "Pill-taker," Sir?

The A. S. (politely). Thank you very much, but—er—I think not.

Mr. M. Then perhaps you could do with "The Little Boot-Black," or "The Sandwich-Man," Sir?

The A. S. Perhaps—but I could do still better without them.

[He moves to another part of the room.]
The Obl. Broker (whispering beery in his ear). Seen anythink yet as takes your fancy, Sir; 'oos, if so—

[The A. S. escapes to a dark corner—where he is warmly welcomed by Mr. MIDDLEMAN.]

Mr. M. Knew you'd think better on it, Sir. Now which is it to be—the "Boot-Black," or "Mixture as Before"?

Auct. Now we come to Lot 19. Massive fluted column in coral marble with revolving-top—a column, Gentlemen, which will speak for itself.

The Facetious Bidder (after a scrutiny). Then it may as well mention, while it's about it, that it's got a bit out of its back!

Auct. Flaw in the marble, that's all. (To Assist.) Nothing the matter with the column, is there?

Assist. (with reluctant candour). Well, it's got a little chipped, Sir.

Auct. (easily). Oh, very well then, we'll sell it "A.F." Very glad it was found out in time, I'm sure.

[Bidding proceeds.

First Dealer to Second (in a husky whisper). Talkin' o' Old Masters, I put young 'ANWAY up to a good thing the other day.

Second D. (without surprise—probably from a knowledge of his friend's noble, unselfish nature). Ah—'ow was that?

First D. Well, there was a pioter as I 'appened to know could be got in for a deal under what it ought—in good 'ands, mind yer—to fetoh. It was a Morlan—leastwise, it was so like you couldn't ha' told the difference, if you understand my meanin'. (The other nods with complete intelligence.) Well, I 'adn't no openin' for it myself just then, so I sez to young 'ANWAY, "You might do worse than go and 'ave a look at it." I told him. And I run against him yesterday, Wardour Street way, and I sez, "Did yer go and see that pioter?" "Yes," sez he, "and what's more, I got it at pretty much my own figger, too!" "Well," sez I, "and ain't yer goin' to shake 'ands with us over it?"

Second D. (interested). And did he?

First D. Yes, he did—he beyaved very fair over the matter, I will say that for him.

Second D. Oh, 'ANWAY's a very decent little feller—now.

Auct. (hopefully). Now, Gentlemen, this next lot'll tempt you, I'm sure! Lot 33, a magnificent and very finely executed dramatic group out of the "Merchant of Venice," Othello in the act of smothering Desdemona, both nearly life-size. (Assist., with a sardonic inflection. "Group 'ere, Gen'l'm'n!") What shall we say for this great work by ROCCOPIPI, Gentlemen? A hundred guineas, just to start us?

The F. B. Can't you put the two figgers up separate?

Auct. You know better than that—being a group, Sir. Come, come, anyone give me a hundred for this magnificent marble group! The figure of Othello very finely finished, Gentlemen.

The F. B. I should ha' thought it was her who was the finely finished one of the two.

Auct. (pained by this levity). Really, Gentlemen, do 'ave more appreciation of a 'igh-lass work like this! . . . Twenty-five guineas? . . . Nonsense! I can't put it up at that.

[Bidding languishes. Lot withdrawn.

Second Disinterested Dealer (to First D. D., in an undertone). I wouldn't tell everyone, but I shouldn't like to see you stay 'ere and waste your time; so, in case you was thinking of waiting for that last lot, I may just as well mention— [Whispers.

First D. D. Ah, it's that way, is it? Much obliged to you for the 'int. But I'd do the same for you any day.

Second D. D. I'm sure yer would!

[They watch one another suspiciously.

Auct. Now 'ere's a tasteful thing, Gentlemen. Lot 41, "Nymph eating Oysters" ("Nymph 'ere, Gen'l'm'n!"), by the celebrated Italian artist VADENE, one of the finest works of Art in this room, and they're all exceedingly fine works of Art; but this is truly a work of Art, Gentlemen. What shall we say for her, eh? (Silence.) Why, Gentlemen, no more appreciation than that? Come, don't be afraid of it. Make a beginning. (Bidding starts.) Forty-



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Fond Parent (to Professional Lady). "TELL ME, MISS LE VAVASOUR, DID MY SON ACQUIT HIMSELF CREDITABLY AT THIS AFTERNOON'S REHEARSAL?"
Miss Le Vavasour. "WELL, MY LORD,—IF YOUR SON ONLY ACTS THE LOVER ON THE STAGE HALF AS ENERGETICALLY AS HE DOES IN THE GREEN-ROOM, THE PIRCE WILL BE A SUCCESS!"

five guineas. Forty-six—pounds. Forty-six pounds only, this remarkable specimen of modern Italian Art. Forty-six and a 'arf. Only forty-six ten bid for it. Give character to any gentleman's collection, a figure like this would. Forty-seven pounds—guineas! and a 'arf. . . . Forty-seven and a 'arf guineas . . . For the last time! Bidding with you, Sir. Forty-seven guineas and a 'arf—Gone! Name, Sir, if you please. Oh, money? Very well. Thank you.

Proud Purchaser (to Friend, in excuse for his extravagance). You see, I must have something for that grotto I've got in the grounds.

His Friend. If she was mine, I should put her in the hall, and have a gaslight fitted in the oyster-shell.

P. P. (thoughtfully). Not a bad idea. But electric light would be more suitable, and easier to fix too. Yes—we'll see.

The Obl. Broker (pursuing the Am. Spect.). I 'ope, Sir, you'll remember me, next time you're this way.

The Am. Spect. (who has only ransomed himself by taking over an odd lot, consisting of imitation marble fruit, a model, under crystal, of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and three busts of Italian celebrities of whom he has never heard). I'm afraid I shan't have very much chance of forgetting you. Good afternoon!

[Exit hurriedly, dropping the fruit, as Scene closes.

FROM OUR MUSIC HALL.

I HAD a fine performance at my little place last week. Gave the *Elijah* with a chorus whose vigorous delivery and precision were excellent, and except for uncertain intonation of soprani in first chorus, I think though perhaps I say it who shouldn't, I never heard better chorussing within my walls. Madame SCHMIDT-KOEHNE has a good voice, but I can't say I approve of her GERMAN method, nor do I like embellishments of text, even when they can be justified. The *Contralto*, Madame SVIATLOVSKY (O Heavenly name that ends in *sky*!) is not what I should have expected, coming to us with such a name. Perhaps not heard to advantage: perhaps 'vantage to me if I hadn't heard her. But Miss SARAH BERRY brought down the house just as SAMSON did, and we were Berry'd all alive, O, and applauding beautifully. *Brava*, Miss SARAH BERRY!

"As we are hearing *Elijah*," says Mr. Corner Man, "may I ask you, Sir, what Queen in Scripture History this young lady reminds me of?" Of course I reply, "I give it up, Sir." Whereupon he answers, "She reminds me, Sir, of the Queen who was BERENICE—'Berry-Nicey'—see?"

Number next in the books. Mr. WATKIN MILLS was dignified and impressive as *Elijah*; but, while admitting the excellence of this profit, we can't forget our loss in the absence of Mr. SANTI. BEN MIO DAVIES sang the tenor music, but apologised for having unfortunately got a pony on the event,—that is, he had got a little hoarse during the day. "BEN MIO" is—um—rather *troppo operatico* for the oratorio. Mr. BARNBY bravely batedon, as usual. Bravo, BARNBY! He goes on with the work because he likes it. Did he not, he would say with the *General Bombastes*—

"Give o'er! give o'er!
For I will baten on this tune no more."

Perhaps the quotation is not quite exact, but no matter, all's well that ends well, as everyone said as they left

Yours truly, ALBERT HALL.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. VII.—A BUCCANEER'S BLOOD-BATH.

By L. S. DEVENSON, Author of "Toldon Dryland," "The White Helon," "Wentnap," "Amis with a Candletray," "An Outlandish Trip," "A Travelled Donkey," "A Queer Fall on a Treacle Slide," "The Old Persian Baronets," &c., &c., &c.)

[For some weeks before this Novel actually arrived, we received by every post an immense consignment of paragraphs, notices, and newspaper cuttings, all referring to it in glowing terms. "This" observed the *Bi-weekly Boomer*, "is, perhaps, the most brilliant effort of the brilliant and versatile Author's genius. Humour and pathos are inextricably blended in it. He sweeps with confident finger over the whole gamut of human emotions, and moves us equally to terror and to pity. Of the style, it is sufficient to say that it is Mr. DEVENSON'S." The MS. of the Novel itself came in a wrapper bearing the Samoan post-mark.—Ed. *Punch*.]

CHAPTER I.

I AM a man stricken in years, and well-nigh spent with labour, yet it behoves that, for the public good, I should take pen in hand, and set down the truth of those matters wherein I played a part. And, indeed, it may befall that, when the tale is put forth in print, the public may find it to their liking, and buy it with no sparing hand, so that, at the last, the payment shall be worthy of the labourer.

I have never been gifted with what pedants miscall courage. That extreme rashness of the temper which drives fools to their destruction hath no place in my disposition. A shrinking meekness under provocation, and a commendable absence of body whenever blows fell thick, seemed always to me to be the better part. And for this I have boldly endured many taunts. Yet it so chanced that in my life I fell in with many to whom the cutting of throats was but a moment's diversion. Nay, more, in most of their astounding ventures I shared with them; I made one upon their reckless forays; I was forced, sorely against my will, to accompany them upon their stormy voyages, and to endure with them their dangers; and there does not live one man, since all of them are dead, and I alone survive, so well able as myself to narrate these matters faithfully within the compass of a single five-shilling volume.

CHAPTER II.

ON a December evening of the year 17—, ten men sat together in the parlour of "The Haunted Man." Without, upon the desolate moorland, a windless stricture of frost had bound the air as though in boards, but within, the tongues were loosened, and the talk flowed merrily, and the clink of steaming tumblers filled the room. Dr. DEADEYE sat with the rest at the long deal table, puffing mightily at the brown old Broseley church-warden, whom the heat and the comfort of his evening meal had so far conquered, that he resented the doctor's treatment of him only by an occasional splutter. For myself, I sat where the warmth of the cheerful fire could reach my chilled toes, close by the side of the good doctor. I was a mere lad, and even now, as I search in my memory for these long-forgotten scenes, I am prone to marvel at my own heedlessness in thus affronting these lawless men. But, indeed, I knew them not to be lawless, or I doubt not but that my prudence had counselled me to withdraw ere the events befell which I am now about to narrate.

As I remember, the Doctor and Captain JAWKINS were seated opposite to one another, and, as their wont was, they were in high debate upon a question of navigation, on which the Doctor held and expressed an emphatic opinion.

"Never tell me," he said, with flaming aspect, "that the common term, 'Port your helm,' implies aught but what a man, not otherwise foolish, would gather from the word. Port means port, and starboard is starboard, and all the d-d sea-captains in the world cannot move me from that." With that the Doctor beat his fist

upon the table until the glasses rattled again and glared into the Captain's weather-beaten face."

"Hear the man," said the Captain—"hear him. A man would think he had spent his days and nights upon the sea, instead of mixing pills and powders all his life in a snuffy village dispensary."

The quarrel seemed like to be fierce, when a sudden sound struck upon our ears, and stopped all tongues. I cannot call it a song. Rather, it was like the moon-struck wailing of some unhappy dog, low, and unearthly; and yet not that, either, for there were words to it. That much we all heard distinctly.

"Fifteen two and a pair make four,
Two for his heels, and that makes six."

We listened, awestruck, with blanched faces, scarce daring to look at one another. For myself, I am bold to confess that I crept under the shalting table and hid my head in my hands. Again the mournful notes were moaned forth—

"Fifteen two and a pair make four,
Two for his heels, and—"

But ere it was ended, Captain JAWKINS had sprung forward, and rushed into the further corner of the parlour. "I know that voice," he cried aloud; "I know it amid a thousand!" And even as he

spoke, a strange light dispelled the shadows, and by its rays we could see the crouching form of BILL BLUENOSE, with the red seam across his face where the devil had long since done his work.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD forgot to say that, as he ran, the Captain had drawn his sword. In the confusion which followed on the discovery of BLUENOSE, I could not rightly tell how each thing fell out; indeed, from where I lay, with the men crowding together in front of me, to see at all was no easy matter. But this I saw clearly. The Captain stood in the corner, his blade raised to strike. BLUENOSE never stirred, but his breath came and went, and his eyelids blinked strangely, like the flutter of a sere leaf against the wall. There came a roar of voices, and, in the tumult, the Captain's sword flashed quickly, and fell. Then, with a broken cry like a sheep's bleat, the great seamed face fell separate

from the body, and a fountain of blood rose into the air from the severed neck, and splashed heavily upon the sanded floor of the parlour.

"Man, man!" cried the Doctor, angrily, "what have ye done? Ye've kilt BLUENOSE, and with him goes our chance of the treasure. But, maybe, it's not yet too late."

So saying, he plucked the head from the floor and clapped it again upon its shoulders. Then, drawing a long stick of sealing-wax from his pocket, he held it well before the Captain's ruddy face. The wax spluttered and melted. The Doctor applied it to the cut with deft fingers, and with a strange condescension of manner in one so proud. My heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little; and on a sudden BLUENOSE raised his dripping hands, and in a quavering kind of voice piped out—

"Fifteen two and a pair make four."

But we had heard too much, and the next moment we were speeding with terror at our backs across the desert moorland.

CHAPTER IV.

YOU are to remember that when the events I have narrated befell I was but a lad, and had a lad's horror of that which smacked of the supernatural. As we ran, I must have fallen in a swoon, for I remember nothing more until I found myself walking with trembling feet through the policies of the ancient mansion of Dearodair. By my side strode a young nobleman, whom I straightway recognised as

• *Editor to Author*: "How did the glasses manage to glare? It seems an odd proceeding for a glass. Answer paid."

Author to Editor: "Don't be a fool. I meant the Doctor—not the glasses."



the Master. His gallant bearing and handsome face served but to conceal the black heart that beat within his breast. He gazed at me with a curious look in his eyes.

"SQUARETOES, SQUARETOES," said he—it was thus he had named me, and by that I knew that we were in Scotland, and that my name was become MACKELLAR—"I have a mind to end your prying and your leetures here where we stand."

"End it," said I, with a boldness which seemed strange to me even as I spoke; "end it, and where will you be? A penniless beggar and an outcast."

"The old fool speaks truly," he continued, kicking me twice violently in the back, but otherwise ignoring my presence; "and if I end him, who shall tell the story? Nay, SQUARETOES, let us make a compact. I will play the villain, and brawl, and cheat, and murder; you shall take notes of my actions, and, after I have died dramatically in a North American forest, you shall set up a stone to my memory, and publish the story. What say you? Your hand upon it."

Such was the fascination of the man that even then I could not withstand him. Moreover, the measure of his misdeeds was not yet full. My caution prevailed, and I gave him my hand.

"Done!" said he; "and a very good bargain for you, SQUARETOES!"

Let the public, then, judge between me and the Master, since of his house not one remains, and I alone may write the tale.

(To be continued.—Author.) THE END.—Ed. Punch.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Children of the Castle, by Mrs. MOLESWORTH (published by MACMILLAN), will certainly be a favourite with the children in the house. A quaintly pretty story of child life and fairies, such as she can write so well, it is valuably assisted with Illustrations by WALTER CRANE.



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE evidently means to catch the youthful book-worm's eye by the brilliancy of his bindings, but the attraction will not stay there long, for the contents are equal to the covers.

These are days of reminiscences, so "Bob," the Spotted Terrier, writes his own tale, or, wags it. Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. And here for the tiny ones, bless 'em, is *The House that Jack Built*,—a paper book in actually the very shape of the house he built!

And then there's the melancholy but moral tale of *Froggy would a-Wooing Go*. "Recommended," says the Baron.

Published by DEAN AND SON, who should call their publishing establishment "The Deaney," is *The Doyle Fairy Book*, a splendid collection of regular fairy lore; and the Illustrations are by RICHARD DOYLE, which needs nothing more.

The Mistletoe Bough, edited by M. E. BRADDON, is not only very strong to send forth so many sprigs, but it is a curious branch, as from each sprig hangs a tale. The first, by the Editor and Authoress, *His Oldest Friends*, is excellent.

Flowers of The Hunt, by FINCH MASON, published by Messrs. FONES. Rather too spring-like a title for a sporting book, as it suggests hunting for flowers. Sketchy and amusing.

HACHETTE AND C^o. getting ahead of Christmas, and neck and neck with the New Year, issue a *Nouveau Calendrier Perpétuel*, "*Les Amis Fidèles*," representing three poodles, the first of which carries in his mouth the day of the week, the second the day of the month, and the third the name of the month. This design is quaint, and if not absolutely original, is new in the combination and application. Unfortunately it only suggests one period of the year, the dog-days, but in 1892 this can be improved upon, and amplified.

No nursery would be complete without a *Chatterbox*, and, as a reward to keep him quiet, *The Prize* would come in useful. WELLS, DARTON, & GARDNER, can supply both of them.

F. WARNE has another Birthday-book, *Fortune's Mirror*, *Set in Gems*, by M. HALFORD, with Illustrations by KATE CRAFTFORD. A novel idea of setting the mirror in the binding; but, to find your fortune, you must look inside, and then you will see what gem ought to be worn in the month of your birth.

WILLERT BEALE'S *Light of Other Days* is most interesting to those who, like the Baron, remember the latter days of GRISI and MARIO, who can call to mind MARIO in *Les Huguenots*, in *Trovatore*, in *Rigoletto*; and GRISI in *Norma*, *Valentina*, *Fides*, *Lucrezia*, and

some others. It seems to me that the centre of attraction in these two volumes is the history of MARIO and GRISI on and off the stage; and the gem of all is the simple narrative of Mrs. GODFREY PEARSE, their daughter, which M. WILLERT BEALE has had the good taste to give *verbatim*, with few notes or comments. To think that only twenty years ago we lost GRISI, and that only nine years ago MARIO died in Rome! Peace to them both! In Art they were a glorious couple, and in their death our thoughts cannot divide them. GRISI and MARIO, Queen and King of song, inseparable. I have never looked upon their like again, and probably never shall. My tribute to their memory is, to advise all those to whom their memory is dear, and those to whom their memory is but a tradition, to read these Reminiscences, of them and of others, by WILLERT BEALE, in order to learn all they can about this romantic couple, who, caring little for money, and everything for their art, were united in life, in love, in work, and, let us, *peccatores*, humbly hope, in death. WILLERT BEALE has, in his Reminiscences, given us a greater romance of real life than will be found in twenty volumes of novels, by the most eminent authors. Yet all so naturally and so simply told. At least so, with moist eyes, says your tender-hearted critic,

THE SYMPATHETIC BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

WIGS AND RADICALS.

["As a protest against the acceptance by the Corporation of Sunderland of robes, wigs, and cocked hats, for the Mayor and Town Clerk, Mr. STORREY, M.P., has sent in his resignation of the office of Alderman of that body."—*Daily Paper*.]

Brutus. Tell us what has chanced to-day, that STORREY looks so sad.
Casca. Why, there was a wig and a cocked hat offered him, and he put it away with the back of his hand, thus; and then the Sunderland Radicals fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Brutus. They shouted thrice—what was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too—not to mention a municipal robe.

Brutus. Was the wig, &c., offered him thrice?
Casca. Ay, marry, was it, and he put the things by thrice, every time more savagely than before.

Brutus. Who offered him the wig?
Casca. Why, the Sunderland Municipality, of course—stupid!
Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle CASCA.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell you. It was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw the people offer a cocked hat to him—yet 'twas not to him neither, because he's only an Alderman, 'twas to the Mayor and Town Clerk—and, as I told you, he put the things by thrice; yet, to my thinking, had he been Mayor, he would fain have had them. And the rabblement, of course, cheered such an exhibition of stern Radical simplicity, and STORREY called the wig a bauble, though, to my thinking, there's not much hauble about it, and the cocked-hat he called a mediæval intrusion, though, to my thinking, there were precious few cocked-hats in the Middle Ages. Then he said he would no more serve as Alderman; and the Mayor and the Town Clerk cried—"Alas, good soul!"—and accepted his resignation with all their hearts.

Brutus. Then will not the Sunderland Town Hall miss him?
Casca. Not it, as I am a true man! There'll be a STORREY the less on it, that's all. Farewell!

"Not there, Not there, My Child!"

By some misadventure I was unable to attend the pianoforte recital of Paddy REWSKI, the player from Irish Poland at the St. James's Hall last Wednesday. Everybody much pleased, I'm told. Glad to hear it. I was "Not there, not there, my child!" But audience gratified—

"And Stalldom shrieked when Paddy REWSKI played," as the Poet says, or something like it. I hear he made a hit. The papers say he did, and if he didn't it's another thumper, that's all.

"SO NO MAYER AT PRESENT FROM YOURS TRULY THE ENTREPRENEUR OF THE FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE."—It is hard on the indefatigable M. MAYER, but when Englishmen can so easily cross the Channel, and so willingly brave the *mal-de-mer* for the sake of a week in Paris, it is not likely that they will patronise French theatricals in London, even for their own linguistic and artistic improvement, or solely for the benefit of the deserving and enterprising M. MAYER. Even if it be *mal-de-mer* against *bien de Mayer*, an English admirer of French acting would risk the former to get a week in Paris. We are sorry 'tis so, but so 'tis.

"THE MAGAZINE RIFLE."—Is this invention patented by the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*? Good title for the Staff of that Magazine, "The Magazine Rifle Corps."



UNNECESSARY CANDOUR.

Critic. "BY JOVE, HOW ONE CHANGES! I'VE QUITE CEASED TO ADMIRE THE KIND OF PAINTING I USED TO THINK SO CLEVER TEN YEARS AGO; AND *VICE VERSA!*"

Pictor. "THAT'S AS IT SHOULD BE! IT SHOWS PROGRESS, DEVELOPMENT! IT'S AN UNMISTAKABLE PROOF THAT YOU'VE REACHED A HIGHER INTELLECTUAL AND ARTISTIC LEVEL, A MORE ADVANCED STAGE OF CULTURE, A LOFTIER——"

Critic. "I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO, OLD MAN. BUT, CONFOUND IT, YOU KNOW!—THE KIND OF PAINTING I USED TO THINK SO CLEVER TEN YEARS AGO, HAPPENS TO BE *YOURS!*"

BETWEEN THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

THE Appeal's to Justice! Justice lendeth ear

Unstirred by favour, unswayed by fear;
And they who Justice love must check the thrill

Of natural shame, and listen, and be still.
These wrangling tales of horror shake the heart

With pitiful disgust. Oh, glorious part
For British manhood, much bepraised, to play [day!

In that dark land late touched by culture's
Are these our Heroes, pictured each by each?
We fondly deemed that where our English
speech [humane,

Sounded, these English hearts, of mould
Justice would strengthen, cruelty restrain.
And is it all a figment of false pride?

Such horrors do our vaunting annals hide
Beneath a world of words, like flowers that
wave

In tropic swamps o'er a malarious grave?

These are the questions which perforce
intrude

As the long tale of horror coarse and crude,
Rolls out its sickening chapters one by one.
What will the verdict be when all is done?

Conflicting counsels in loud chorus rise,
"Hush the thing up!" the knowing cynic
cries,

"Arm not our chuckling enemies at gaze

With charnel dust to foul our brightest bays!
Let the dead past bury its tainted dead,
Lest aliens at our 'heroes' wag the head."

"Shocking!" wails out the sentimentalist.
Believe no tale unpleasant, scorn to list
To slanderous charges on the British name!

That brutish baseness, or that sordid shame
Can touch 'our gallant fellows,' is a thing
Incredible. Do not our poets sing,
Our pressmen praise in dithyrambic prose,
The 'lads' who win our worlds and face our
foes?

Who never, save to human pity, yield
One step in wilderness or battlefield!"

Meanwhile, with troubled eyes and straining
hands,
Silent, attentive, thoughtful, Justice stands.
To her alone let the appeal be made.

Heroes, or merely tools of huckstering Trade,
Men brave, though fallible, or sordid brutes,
Let all be heard. Since each to each imputes
Unmeasured baseness, somewhere the black
[slain

Must surely rest. The dead speak not, the
Have not a voice, save such as that which spoke
From ABEL'S blood. Green laurels, or the
stroke [alternative

Of shame's swift scourge? There's the
Before the lifted eyes of those who live.
One fain would see the grass unstained that
waves

In the dark Afric waste o'er those two graves.
To Justice the protagonist makes appeal.

Justice would wish him smirchless as her steel,
But stands with steadfast eyes and unbowed
head

Silent—betwixt the Living and the Dead!

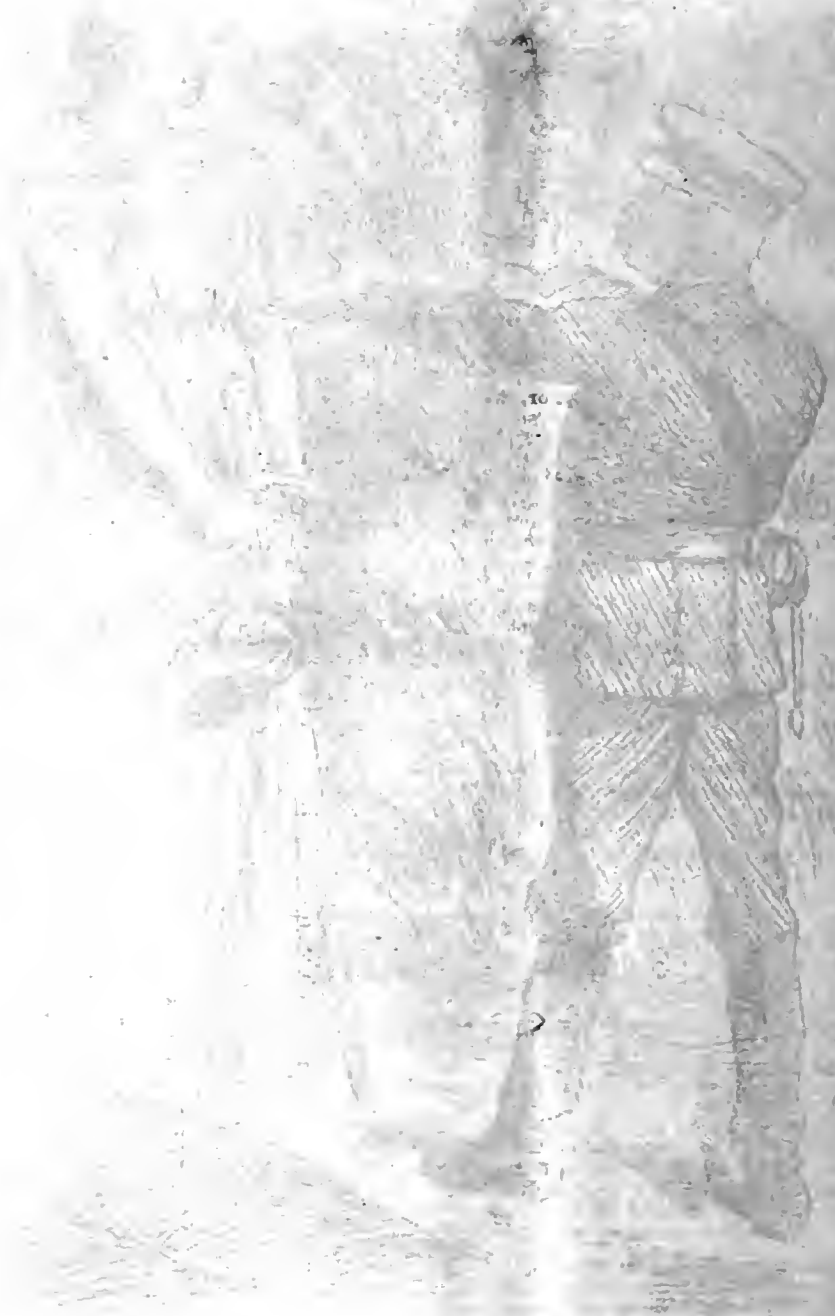
OPERA NOTES.

WHAT'S a Drama without a Moral, and what's *Rigoletto* without a MAUREL, who was cast for the part, but who was too indisposed to appear? So Signor GALASSI came and "played the fool" instead, much to the satisfaction of all concerned, and all were very much concerned about the illness or indisposition of M. MAUREL. DIMITRESKO not particularly strong as the *Dook*; but Mile. STROMFELD came out well as *Gilda*, and, being called, came out in excellent form in front of the Curtain. Signor BEVIGNANI, beating time in Orchestra, and time all the better for his beating.

"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS."—The difficulties in *The City*, which *Mr. Punch* represented in his Cartoon of November 8, were by the *Times* of last Saturday publicly acknowledged to be at an end. The adventurous mariners were luckily able to rest on the Bank, and are now once more fairly started. They will bear in mind the warning of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, as given to the boys in the above mentioned Cartoon.



BETWEEN THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.



AVENUE HUNCHBACK.

OF course there is nothing very new in the idea of a cripple loving a beautiful maiden, while the beautiful maiden bestows her affections on somebody else. SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S Hunchback, *Master Walter*, is an exception to Hunchbacks generally, as he turns out



Mr. Punch applauding Master Walter George Desmaretz.

to be the father, not the lover, of the leading lady. It has remained for Mr. CARTON to give us in an original three-act play a deformed hero, who has to sacrifice love to duty, or, rather, to let self-abnegation triumph over the gratification of self. This self-sacrificing part is admirably played by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, whose simple make-up for the character is irreproachable. That something more can still be made by him of the scene of his great temptation I feel sure, and if he does this he will have developed several full leaves from his already budding laurels, and, which is presently important, he will have added another 100 nights to the run.

Maud (without the final "e") capably played by Miss MAUDE, with the final "E") MILETT. (Why didn't the author choose another name when this character was cast to Miss MILETT? Not surely for the sake of someone saying, "Come into the garden"—eh? And the author has already indulged his pungent humour by giving "*George*" *Addis* to "*GEORGE*" ALEXANDER. Mistake.) This character of *Maud* is a sketch of an utterly odious girl,—odious, that is, at home, but fascinating no doubt, away from the domestic circle. Is a sketch of such a character worth the setting? How one pities the future Bamfield ménages, when the unfortunate idiot Bamfield, well represented by Mr. BEN WEBSTER, has married this flirting, flighty, sharp-tongued, selfish little girl. To these two are given some good, light, and bright comedy scenes, recalling to the mind of the middle-aged playgoer the palmy days of what used to be known as the Robertsonian "Tea-cup-and-saucer Comedies," with dialogue, scarcely *An de siècle* perhaps, but pleasant to listen to, when spoken by Miss MAUDE MILETT, Miss TERRY, and Mr. BEN WEBSTER.



Dr. Latimer at the Steak. Historical subject treated in Act II. of S. & S.

In Miss MARION TERRY'S *Helen*, the elder of the Doctor's daughters, we have a charming type, nor could Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD'S *Dr. Latimer* be improved upon as an artistic performance where repose and perfectly natural demeanour give a certain coherence and solidity to the entire work. Mr. YORKE STEPHENS as *Mark Denizil* is too heavy, and his manner conveys the impression that, at some time or other, he will commit a crime, such, perhaps, as stealing the money from the Doctor's desk; or, when this danger is past and he hasn't done it, his still darkening, melodramatic manner misleads the audience into supposing that in Act III. he will make away with his objectionable wife, possess himself of the two hundred pounds, and then, just at the moment when, with a darkling scowl and a gleaming eye, he steps forward to claim his affianced bride, *Scotlick*, Mr. ALFRED HOLLES, hitherto only known as the drunken gardener, will throw off his disguise, and, to a burst of applause from an excited audience, will say, "I arrest you for murder and robbery! and—I am HAWKSHAW the

Detective!!!" or words to this effect. In his impersonation of *Mark Denizil* Mr. STEPHENS seems to have attempted an imitation of the light and airy style of Mr. ARTHUR STIRLINGO.

The end of the Second Act is, to my thinking, a mistake in dramatic art. Everyone of the audience knows that the woman who has stolen the money is *Mark Denizil's* wife, and nobody requires from *Denzil* himself oral confirmation of the fact, much less do they want an interval of several minutes,—it may be only seconds, but it seems minutes,—before the Curtain descends, occupied only by *Mark Denizil* imploring that his wife shall not be taken before the magistrate and be charged



"The Shadow," but more like the substance. Collapse of Mr. Yorke Stephens into the arms of Miss Marrying Terry, on hearing the Shadow exclaim, "Yorke (Stephens), you're wanted!"

This is an anti-oxymoron, weakening an otherwise effective situation, as the immediate result of this scene could easily be given in a couple of sentences of dialogue at the commencement of the last Act. It is this fault, far more than the unpruned passages of dialogue, that makes this interesting and well acted play seem too long—at least, such is the honest opinion of
A FRIEND IN FRONT.

THE BURDEN OF BACILLUS.

Is there no one to protect us, is existence then a sin,
That we're worried here in London and in Paris and Berlin?
We would live at peace with all men, but "Destroy them!" is the cry,
Physiological assassins are not happy till we die.
With the rights of man acknowledged, can you wonder that we acquirm
At the endless persecution of the much-maltreated germ.

We are ta'en from home and hearthstone, from the newly-wedded bride,
To be looked at by cold optics on a microscopic slide;
We are boiled and stewed together, and they never think it hurts;
We're injected into rabbits by those hypodermic squirts:
Never safe, although so very insignificant in size,
There's no peace for poor Bacillus, so it seems, until he dies.

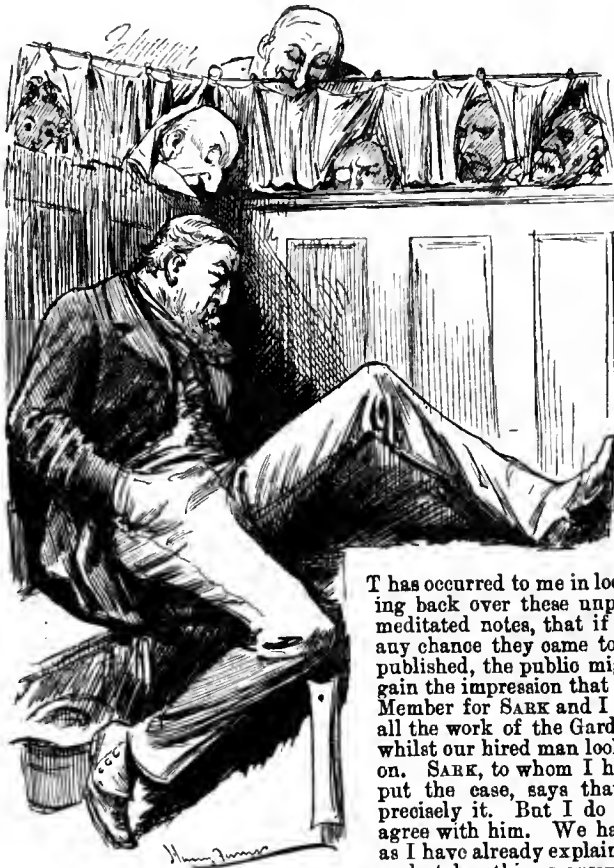
It is strange to think how men lived in the days of long ago,
When the fact of our existence they had never chanced to know.
If the scientific ghouls are right who hunt us to the death,
Those who came before them surely had expired ere they drew breath:
We were there in those old ages, thriving in our youthful bloom;
Then there was no KEECH or PASTEUR bent on compassing our doom.

Men humanity are preaching, and philanthropists elate
Point out he who injures horses shall be punished by the State;
Dogs are carefully protected, likewise the domestic cats,
Possibly kind-hearted people would not draw the line at rats:
If all that be right and proper, why then persecute and kill us?
Lo! the age's foremost martyr is the vilified Bacillus!

WALK UP!

As far as Vigo Street, and see Mr. NETTLESHIP'S Wild Beast Show at the sign of "The Rembrandt Head." Here are Wild Animals to be seen done from the life, and to the life; tawny lions, sleepy bears, flapping vultures, and eagles, and brilliant maeaws—all in excellent condition. Observe the "Lion roaring" at No. 28, and the "Ibis flying" with the sunlight on his big white wings against a deep blue sky, No. 36. All these Wild Animals can be safely guaranteed as pleasant and agreeable companions to live with, and so, judging from certain labels on the frames, the British picture-buyer has already discovered. Poor Mr. NETTLESHIP'S Menagerie will return to him shorn of its finest specimens—that is, if he ever sees any of them back at all.

IN OUR GARDEN.



It has occurred to me in looking back over these unpremeditated notes, that if by any chance they came to be published, the public might gain the impression that the Member for SARK and I did all the work of the Garden, whilst our hired man looked on. SARK, to whom I have put the case, says that is precisely it. But I do not agree with him. We have, as I have already explained, undertaken this new respon-

sibility from a desire to preserve health and strength useful to our QUEEN and Country. Therefore we, as ARPACHSHAD says, potter about the Garden, get in each other's way, and in his; that is to say, we are out working pretty well all day, with inadequate intervals for meals.

ARPACHSHAD, to do him justice, is most anxious not to interfere with our project by unduly taking labour on himself. When we are shifting earth, and as we shift it backwards and forwards there is a good deal to be done in that way, he is quite content to walk by the side, or in front of the barrow, whilst SARK wheels it, and I walk behind, picking up any bits that have shaken out of the vehicle. (Earth trodden into the gravel-walk would militate against its efficiency.) But of course ARPACHSHAD is, in the terms of his contract, "a working gardener," and I see that he works.

At the same time it must be admitted that he does not display any eagerness in engaging himself, nor does he rapidly and energetically carry out little tasks which are set him. There are, for example, the sods about the trees in the orchard. He says it's a very bad for the trees to have the sods close up to their trunks. There should be a small space of open ground. ARPACHSHAD thought that perhaps "the gents," as he calls us, would enjoy digging a clear space round the trees. We thought we would, and set to work. But SARK having woefully hacked the stem of a young apple-tree (*Lord Suffield*) and I having laboriously and carefully cut away the entire network of the roots of a damson-tree, under the impression that it was a weed, it was decided that ARPACHSHAD had better do this skilled labour. We will attain to it by-and-by.

ARPACHSHAD has now been engaged on the work for a fortnight, and I think it will carry him on into the spring. The way he walks round the harmless apple-tree before cautiously putting in the spade, is very impressive. Having dug three exceedingly small sods, he packs them in a basket, and then, with a great sigh, heaves it on to his shoulder, and walks off to store the sods by the potting-shed. Anything more solemn than his walk, more depressing than his mien, has not been seen outside a churchyard. If he were burying the child of his old age, he could not look more cut up. SARK, who, probably owing to personal associations, is beginning to develop some sense of humour, walked by the side of him this morning whistling "*The Dead March in Saul*."

The effect was unexpected and embarrassing. ARPACHSHAD slowly relieved himself of the burden of the three sods, dropped them on the ground with a disproportionate thud, and, producing a

large pocket-handkerchief, whose variegated and brilliant colours were, happily, dimmed by a month's use, mopped his eyes.

"You'll excuse me, gents," he snuffled, "but I never hear that there tune, '*Rule Britanny*,' whistled or sung but I think of the time when I went down to see my son off from Portsmouth for the Crimea. '*Rule Britanny*' was the tune they played when he walked proudly aboard. He was in all the battles, Almy, Inkerman, Ballyklaver, Seringapatam, and Sebastopol."

"And was he killed?" asked the Member for SARK, making as though he would help ARPACHSHAD with the basket on to his shoulder again.

"No," said ARPACHSHAD, overlooking the attention—"he lived to come home; and last week he rode in the Lord Mayor's coach through the streets of London, with all his medals on. Five shillings for the day, and a good blow-out, presided over by Mr. AUGUSTIN HARRIS, in his Sheriff's Cloak and Chain at the '*Plough-and-Thunder*,' in the Barbican."

HARTINGTON came down to see us to-day. Mentioned ARPACHSHAD, and his natural indisposition to hurry himself.

"Why should he?" asked HARTINGTON, yawning, as he leaned over the fence. "What's the use, as Whosthis says, of ever climbing up the climbing ways? I can't understand how you fellows go about here with your shirt-sleeves turned up, bustling along as if you hadn't a minute to spare. It's just the same in the House; bustle everywhere; everybody straining and pushing—everybody but me."

"Well," said SARK, "but you've been up in Scotland, making quite a lot of speeches. Just as if you were Mr. G. himself."

"Yes," said HARTINGTON, looking admiringly at ARPACHSHAD, who had taken off his coat, and was carefully folding it up, preparatory to overtaking a snail, whose upward march on a peach-tree his keen eye had noted; "but that wasn't my fault. I was dragged into it against my will. It came about this way. Months ago, when Mr. G.'s tour was settled, they said nothing would do but that I must follow him over the same ground, speech by speech. If it had been to take place in the next day or two, or in the next week, I would have plumply said No. But, you see, it was a long way off. No one could say what might not happen in the interval. If I'd said No, they would have worried me week after week. If I said Yes, at least I wouldn't be bored on the matter for a month or two. So I consented, and, when the time came, I had to put in an appearance. But I mean to cut the whole business. Shall take a Garden, like you and SARK, only it shall be a place to lounge in, not to work in. Should like to have a fellow like your ARPACHSHAD; soothing and comforting to see him going about his work."

"I suppose you'll take a partner?" I asked. "Hope you'll get one more satisfactory than SARK has proved."

HARTINGTON blushed a rosy red at this reference to a partner. Didn't know he was so sensitive on account of SARK; abruptly changed subject.

"Fact is, TOBY," he said, "I hate politics; always been dragged into them by one man or another. First it was BRIGHT; then Mr. G.; now the MARKISS is always at me, making out that chaos will come if I don't stick at my place in the House during the Session, and occasionally go about country making speeches in the recess. Wouldn't mind the House if seats were more comfortable. Can sleep there pretty well for twenty minutes before dinner; but nothing to rest your head against; back falls your head; off goes your hat; and then those Radical fellows grin. I could stand politics better if Front Opposition Bench or Treasury Bench were constructed on principle of family pews in country churches. Get a decent quiet corner, and there you are. In any new Reformed Parliament hope they'll think of it; though it doesn't matter much to me. I'm going to cut it. Done my share; been abused now all round the Party circle. Conservatives, Whigs, Liberals, Radicals, Irish Members, Scotch and Welsh, each alternately have praised and belaboured me. My old enemies now my closest friends. Old friends look at me askance. It's a poor business. I never liked it, never had anything to get out of it, and you'll see presently that I'll give it up. Don't you suppose, TOBY my boy, that you shall keep the monopoly of retirement. I'll find a partner, peradventure an ARPACHSHAD, and we'll all live happily for the rest of our life."

With his right hand thrust in his trouser-pocket, his left swinging loosely at his side, and his hat low over his brow, HARTINGTON lounged off till his tall figure was lost in the gloaming.

"That's the man for my money," said ARPACHSHAD, looking with growing discontent at the Member for SARK, who, with the only blade left in his tortoiseshell-handled penknife, was diligently digging weeds out of the walk.

In the Club Smoking-Room.

"LUX MUNDI," said somebody, reading aloud the title heading a lengthy criticism in the *Times*.

"Don't know so much about that," observed a sporting and superstitious young man; "but I know that '*Ill luck's Friday*.'"



HIGHER EDUCATION.

Mr. Punch. "THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT IT'S TOO DULL. LET THEM HAVE A LITTLE SUNSHINE, OR THEY WILL NEVER FOLLOW YOU."



A POSER.

Fair Client. "I'M ALWAYS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SAME SIDE, BUT I FORGET WHICH!"

Scotch Photographer (reflectively). "WELL, IT 'LL NO BE THIS SIDE, I'M THINKIN'. MAYBE IT'S T'ITHER!"

IN A HOLE.

(Brief Imperial Tragi-Comedy, in Two Acts, in Active Rehearsal.)

"Well, if it comes to fighting, we should be just in a hole."—*A Linesman's Opinion of the New Rifle, from Conversation in Daily Paper.*

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Public Place in Time of Peace.*

Mrs. Britannia (receiving a highly finished and improved newly constructed scientific weapon from cautious and circumspect Head of Department). And so this is the new Magazine Rifle?

Head of Department (in a tone of quiet and self-satisfied triumph). It is, Madam.

Mrs. Britannia. And I may take your word for it, that it is a weapon I can with confidence place in the hands of my soldiers.

Head of Department. You may, Madam. Excellent as has been all the work turned out by the Department I have the honour to represent, I think I may fairly claim this as our greatest achievement. No less than nine firms have been employed in its construction, and I am proud to say that in one of the principal portions of its intricate mechanism, fully seven-and-thirty different parts, united by microscopic screws, are employed in the adjustment. But allow me to explain. [Does so, giving an elaborate and confusing account of the construction, showing that, without the greatest care, and strictest attention to a series of minute precautions on the part of the soldier, the weapon is likely to get suddenly out of order, and prove worse than useless in action. This, however, he artfully glides over in his description, minimising all its possible defects, and finally insisting that no power in Europe has turned out such a handy, powerful, and serviceable rifle.]

Mrs. Britannia. Ah, well, I don't profess to understand the practical working of the weapon. But I have trusted you implicitly to provide me with a good one, and this being, as you tell me, what I want, I herewith place it in the hands of my Army. [Presents the rifle to TOMMY ATKINS.] Here, ATKINS, take your rifle, and I hope you'll know how to use it.

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.

YES, quite so. It's a very good excuse! Whenever I do not turn up when I am expected, my children say, "Pa's about pictures." It's just the same as a doctor, when he forgets to keep an appointment, says, "he has unexpectedly been called out." Yah! I'd call some of 'em out if I had the chance. I took French leave the other day, and went to the French Gallery, expecting to see sketches in French chalk, or studies in French grey. Nothing of the kind! Mr. WALLIS will have his little joke. The main part of the exhibition is essentially English, and so I found my Parisian accent was entirely thrown away. If it had only been Scotch, I could have said something about the "Scots wha hae wi' WALLIS," but I didn't have even that chance. Too bad, though, the show is a good one. "English, you know, quite English." Lots of good landscapes by LEADER, bright, fresh, breezy. Young painters should "follow their Leader," and they can't go very far wrong. I would write a leader on the subject, and introduce something about the land-scape-goat, only I know it would be cut out. Being very busy, sent Young Pars to see Miss CHARLOTTE ROBINSON'S Exhibition of Screens. He behaved badly. Instead of looking at matters in a serious light, he seemed to look upon the whole affair as a "screening farce," and began to sing—

Here screens of all kinds you may see,
Designed most ar-tist-ic-a-lee,
In exquisite va-ri-e-tee,

By clever CHARLOTTE ROBINSON!
They'll screen you from the bitter breeze,
They'll screen you when you take your teas,
They'll screen you when you flirt with shes—
Delightful CHARLOTTE ROBINSON!

He then folded his arms, and began to sing, "with my riddle-ol, de riddle-ol, de ri, de O," danced a hornpipe all over the place, broke several valuable pieces of furniture, and was removed in charge of the police. And this is the hoy that was to be a comfort to me in my old age!

Yours parabolically, OLD PARS.

NOVEL praise from the D. T. for the Lord Mayor's Show, during a pause for lunch:—"It is so quaint, so bright, so thoroughly un-English." The Lord Mayor's Show "So Un-English, you know"! Then, indeed have we arrived at the end of the ancient *al-fresco* spectacle.

Tommy Atkins (with a broad grin). Thank 'ee, Ma'am. I hope I shall, for I shall be in a precious 'ole if I don't.

[Flourish of newspaper articles, general congratulatory chorus on all sides, as Act-drop descends.]

ACT II.

A Battle-field in time of War. Enter TOMMY ATKINS with his rifle. In the interval, since the close of the last Act, he is supposed to have been thoroughly instructed in its proper use, and, though on one or two occasions, owing to disregard of some trifling precaution, he has found it "jam," still, in the leisure of the practice-field, he has been generally able to get it right again, and put it in workable order. He is now hurrying along in all the excitement of battle, and in face of the enemy, of whom a batch appear on the horizon in front of him, when the word is given to "fire."

Tommy Atkins (endeavours to execute the order, but he finds something "stuck," and his rifle refuses to go off.) Dang it! What's the matter with the beastly thing! It's that there bolt that's caught agin' (thumps it furiously in his excitement and makes matters worse.) Dang the blooming thing; I can't make it go. (Vainly endeavours to recall some directions, committed in calmer moments, to memory.) Drop the bolt? No! that ain't it. Loose this 'ere pin (tugs frantically at a portion of the mechanism.) 'Ang me if I can make it go! (Removes a pin which suddenly releases the magazine), well, I've done it now and no mistake. Might as well send one to fight with a broomstick. (A shell explodes just behind him) Well, I am in a 'ole and no mistake. [Battle proceeds with results as Act-drop falls.]

OLD FRENCH SAW RE-SET.—From *The Standard*, November 14:—

"The duel between M. DEROULEDE and M. LAQUERRE occurred yesterday morning in the neighbourhood of Charleroi, in Belgium. Four shots were exchanged without any result. On returning to Charleroi the combatants and their seconds were arrested."

"C'est Laquerre, mais ce n'est pas magnifique."

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. VIII.—JONNIE.

(Par DICK DODV, Auteur de "Le Nabab Boffin-Newcome," "Madame de Marneffe Jeune et Rawdon Crawley Commerçant," "Trente Ans à prendre mon bien partout," "La Lie de mon Encrier," "Rachure des Petits Journaux," etc., etc.)

I.—LE HIGLIFE SCOLASTIQUE.

Le recteur regardait avec un air égrillard le museau chiffonné de la jolie Madame COPPERFIELD, qui désirait lui confier son petit garçon comme élève dans l'institution la plus distinguée de tout Paris, une maison où chaque enfant devait apporter dans sa petite malle trois couverts en vermeille, et un trousseau de six douzaines de chemises en batiste fine; une maison où les extras, les vin d'porto, les beef-tea, les sandwich, souvent dépassaient la pension.

"Voyons, ma belle dame," dit le recteur, "comment s'appelle-t'il—ce petit mome—pardon—ce cher enfant?"

"DOMBEY, Monsieur, JONNIE DOMBEY. JONNIE sans l'H."

"Il est noble?"

"Mais, non, Monsieur. Son père était banquier, financier, que sais-je! Il faisait des affaires énormes—gigantesques! Il regardait les ROTHSCHILD comme de nouveaux venus—il—" et la gentille petite COPPERFIELD se perdait dans un labyrinthe de phrases, et se réfugiait dans une énorme houppie à poudre-Sarah, qu'elle portait toujours dans son manchon.

"Mais il n'était pas noble," dit le recteur, avec dureté; "je regrette fort, Madame, de ne pouvoir accepter votre petit gosse—votre fils—comme élève; mais cette institution scolastique est des plus *fashionables* de Paris. Si vous aviez une petite couronne de Marquise sur votre carte de visite, si vous étiez descendue d'une voiture blasonnée aux chevaux fringants, avec cocher en perruque spun-glass, mes bras de père spirituel se seraient ouverts avec effusion pour accueillir cet enfant. Mais vous portez sur votre carte un nom suspect, et vous êtes arrivée en voiture de place. Ainsi avec la plus haute considération je dois vous prier de prendre la peine de débarrasser le plancher. Adieu, mon petit bonhomme. Tu as l'air scrofuleux mais charmant."

Madame COPPERFIELD, qui était entrée comme Zéphire partit comme Borée. Sa robe de soie faisait un frou-frou prodigieux dans le vestibule. Elle monta dans la voiture au cheval étique, aux coussins moisis, tirant le petit JONNIE avec une violence hystérique.

"Parceque tu n'est pas fils de Marquis on m'outrage," elle dit, fondant en larmes. "Et pourquoi n'est-tu pas fils de Marquis, petite brute? Moi, je ne sais pas."

Le petit DOMBEY sautait sur les genoux de sa mère; il la consolait, et quelques instants plus tard mère et fils suçaient ensemble un grand morceau de butter-scotch, pendant que la petite éeuvrelée considérait le costume qu'elle devait porter le soir au Bal Bullier.

II.—UN GYMNASSE À TOUTES LES COULEURS.

MADAME COPPERFIELD ne se tenait pas pour vaincue sur cette question d'une pension pour le petit. Sa cuisinière lui soufflait le nom d'un Monsieur SQUEERS, qui habitait dans les environs de Clichy, et cette fois c'était la cuisinière qui conduisait le petit JONNIE chez son alumnus; et la cuisinière ne faisait pas de façons; c'était à prendre ou à laisser.

Le bon SQUEERS, qui avait habité auparavant le Yorkshire, avait développé une goutte de sang nègre, et s'était établi avec la seconde Madame SQUEERS (sœur cadette de la respectable Madame MICAWBER) dans les environs de Clichy. Malheureusement il n'avait pas oublié son système anglais, et quoiqu'il faisait bien des raffinements sur les rudes et franches pratiques de Dotheboys, le système était au fond le même. Il lui fallait toujours sa victime—son SMIEE. À Dothe-

boys le SMIEE était blanc, et s'attachait à NICHOLAS, le pion; à Clichy le SMIEE était noir, mais c'était toujours bien SMIEE, qui entrait dans la pension bien vêtu, ses frais payés ponctuellement, et qui tombait bien bas, jusqu'à balayer le plancher, et à servir à table. Et plus tard le SMIEE noir devait mourir accablé de cruautés, d'une mort encore plus larmoyante et plus terrible que la douce phthisie du SMIEE blanc. Il est mort dans la seconde manière de DICKENS, plus travaillée, plus tendue que le stylo jeune et fort de NICKLEBY.

III.—CE QU'ON APPELLE UN BEAU-PÈRE.

Il n'y a pas loin du premier chapitre dans la vie de JONNIE jusqu'à l'entrée de MURDSTONE—le MURDSTONE français, dur, mais poète, ainsi plus frivole que le MURDSTONE anglais. Mais, puisque pour le petit ARRIE tout ce qu'il y a de pénible dans l'histoire de son petit cousin anglais doit s'augmenter, le MURDSTONE français a des traits des NÉRON et des CALIGULA. Naturellement le jeune DOMBEY, se souvenant des escapades du cousin, fait son petit voyage d'enfant—une fuite de la pension jusqu'à la maison maternelle où la petite dame s'est installée en secondes noces avec MURDSTONE D'ARGENTON, le poète. Alors commencent l'éducation de l'enfant par le beau-père, les larmes de la mère, le martyre du petit. Que de giilles; que de dictionnaires lancés à la tête du chétif bambin!

"Faut qu'il aille quelque part gagner sa vie," dit MURDSTONE, qui s'enrageait de plus en plus, à cause de deux incommodités dans leur vie de famille, la première que lui, MURDSTONE, n'avait pas le génie d'ALFRED DE MUSSET, la seconde que l'enfant avait un rhume de cerveau incurable. "Envoyez-le laver les bouteilles chez un marchand de vins," proposait un ami de la maison.

"Mais, non, cela ne serait pas assez dur," répondit le poète. "Je suis fâché qu'il n'y ait plus à Londres ce bon système de ramoneurs-garçons qu'on faisait brûler vifs quelquefois dans les cheminées. Faute de cela je le mettrai sur la voie ferrée, à graisser les roues avec son petit pot de pommade jaune—et si par hasard il se faisait écraser par un train—tant pis pour lui."

Il était grand garçon maintenant, ce joli petit JONNIE du premier chapitre, et avant de partir pour se perdre entre les Parias du pot à graisse sur la ligne d'Est, il s'enhardit jusqu'à questionner sa mère sur un sujet qu'elle avait approché de temps en temps gentilement du bout des lèvres, en lui soufflant des idées romanesques, des visions de ducs espagnols et de millionnaires anglais.

"Dis donc, p'tite Maman, comment s'appelait-il, mon père?"

"Mais, mon chéri, naturellement, il s'appelait COPPERFIELD."

"Mais, Maman, tu me disais autrefois qu'il était DOMBEY, un grand financier, riche à millions. Se peut-il que de DOMBEY je sois devenu COPPERFIELD?"

La pauvre inconséquente sanglotait avec véhémence—"Men JONNIE, je te trompais. DOMBEY, le financier raide et hautain, n'a jamais existé dans la vie réelle. C'était un mannequin en bois. Ton père était DICKENS, le grand romancier anglais. Il est mort avant ta naissance. Sans lui tu ne serais pas."

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—We do not think you are wise to have asked a large circle of distinguished French sporting friends to bring their rods over with a view to salmon-fishing in the Serpentine. Trout, there may be; no doubt, there are, but we have some doubts about salmon. Your suggestion that if you can't get a rise you might perhaps "bang away" at the waterfowl, certainly has a more promising sound, but we would advise you to commence your sport early, for fear of hitting the bathers. You will require the permission of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. This you will get through any Park-keeper.

MR. MANTALINI ON THE LINCOLN CASE.—"And both were right, and neither wrong, upon my life and soul, O demmit!"—*Nicholas Nickleby.*



JACK CUIVRECHAMP SE FAIT RECONNAITRE PAR M^{lle}. ELISABETH TROTTEBOIS.

THE FINAL TEST.



Bellona ('to the "Times" and Mr. Stanhope). "I SUPPOSE, GENTLEMEN, YOU DON'T WANT TO WAIT FOR ME TO SETTLE THE QUESTION?"

TOMMY ATKINS, *loquitur* :—

OH, where and wot am I? A spindle-shank'd stripling,
As blue-gilled old Tory ex-Colonels protest?
Or a 'ero, as pictured by young RUDYARD KIPLING,
Six foot in my socks, forty-inch round the chest?
I'm blown if I know arter all the discussion.
But if I'm the cove as they're going to trust,
To give good account of yer Frenchy or Russian,
At least they'd best give me a gun as won't bust.

They've bin fighting this battle of barrels and breeches,—
Ah yus, from the days of our poor old Brown Bess,
And wot's the result as their 'sperments teaches?
They'd better jest settle it sharp-like, I guess.
If once of a rattlin' good rifle I'm owner,
A thing as won't jack-up or jam, I don't care.
But if they stand squabblin' till Missis BELLONER
Pats in 'er appearance, there'll be a big scare.

Ah, she's the true "Expert"; wuth
fifty Committees!
But then 'er decision means money—
and blood. [one pities
Wot price TOMMY ATKINS, then? Every-
His fate, when he's snuffed it, and
pity's no good.
Whether STANHOPE is right, or the
Times, I ain't sayin';
But here Marm BELLONER gives both
a big hint,
As it's rayther a touch-and-go game
they are playin'.
And TOMMY, he thinks she is right,—
plain as print!

"SIC ITUR AD ASTRA!"

Look out for *Mr. Punch Among the
Planets!* He is a Star of the first mag-
nitude, and the above is the title of his
Christmas Number. It will issue from,
to use astrological language, the House
of BRADBURY-AONEW-&Co., although
the sidereal and celestial subjects of the
forthcoming Christmas Number are sug-
gestive of the old days of "BRADBURY
and Heavens."

THREE TASTES.

I.

My pipe, he tastes of turpentine—
He is a penny pipe—
A taste that every pipe of mine
Has when he is not ripe.
I bought him at a little shop
Where they sell fruit and cheese,
Tobacco, toys, and ginger-pop,
And said, "A cheap pipe, please."

It was a maiden sold him me,
And she was prond and cold;
She'd briar pipes at two-and-three
For them that squandered gold;
She'd one that had a leather case,
Item, a curly stem; [face,
And cheap pipes make her shrug her
She had such scorn of them.

II.

My pipe he tastes of cherry now;
Gone, like the foam of wine,
Gone, like the mist from mountain-
Gone is that turpentine. [brow,
With the pure herb I feel it blend—
That charm of cherry-wood, [end,
And smoke him six times straight on
Because he is so good.

And yet my aunt gets up, and sniff,
And therewith wags her head;
And warns me in between the whiffs
That I shall soon be dead;
And says excessive smoking must
Debase and bring me low,
She makes herself offensive, just
Because she loves me so.

III.

My pipe, he tastes of chocolate,
And he has grown so dear so dear,
That I get up at half-past eight
And smoke till night is here.
My aunt informs me that the smell
Is ranker than before—
I could not love her half so well
Loved I not bacey more.

The female mind! The female mind!
How beautiful it is!
And yet it has to sit behind
When it's compared with this—
This taste that falls upon my pipe,
That calms when woman clacks,
In the sweet season when he's ripe,
And just before he cracks.

THE MAGIC HORSE.

(A Parallel not to be pushed too far.)



[" You are likewise to understand that MALAMBRUNO told me that, whenever fortune should direct me to the knight who was to be our deliverer, he would send him a steed—not like the vicious jades let out for hire, for it should be that very wooden horse upon which PETER of Provence carried off the fair MAALONA. . . . MALAMBRUNO, by his art, has now got possession of him, and by this means posts about to every part of the world."
"Hoodwink thyself, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and get up. . . . And supposing the success of the adventure should not be equal to our hopes, yet of the glory of so brave an attempt no malice can deprive us. . . . The whole company raised their voices at once, calling out, 'Speed you well, valorous Knight! heaven guide thee, undaunted Squire! New you fly aloft!'"—*Adventures of Don Quixote.*]

YES, "Speed you well, most valorous Knight! Heaven guide you!"—and sound sense inspires you!
Small marvel that our land's black blight
Of want and misery should fire you,
Or any man whose heart will mourn
More for wrecked lives than broken crockery.
This picture is not shaped in scorn,
Nor meant in mockery.

La Mancha's Knight, though brave, was blind,
Squire Sancho just a trifle credulous,
But our dear Don was nobly kind,
And in the cause of suffering sedulous.
If, mounting MALAMBRUNO's steed,
He showed more sanguine than sagacious,
He was not moved by huckster greed,
Or pride edacious.

But "with what bridle is he led?
And with what halter is he guided?"
Asked Sancho, rubbing his clown's head.
So they who have the least derided

Your plan for floating "the submerged,"
Colossal, costly, wide extending,
Feel some few questions may be urged,
Without offending.

Benevolence the crupper mounts,
His arms, like Sancho's, from behind
fold;
But it would seem, from all accounts,
He, like Don Quixote's Squire, rides blind-
fold;

It may be to most glorious ends,
It may be to disastrous spillings.
Sense fain would know before it spends
Its hard-earned shillings.

If all were genuine that is Big,
If all were sound that's well intended,
Quixote's wild jaunt and Sancho's jig
Would very differently have ended.
Zeal boldly mounts the Magic Horse,
Charity on behind holds tightly,
Who will not wish them skill and force
To guide it rightly?

But Human Life's a complex maze,
And Nature's laws are most despotic.
Vice is not killed by kindly craze,
Nor suffering quelled by zeal Quixotic.
Big questions the Big Scheme beset.
Bid Pity think, and do not ask it
Too blindly all its eggs to get
In one huge basket.

Philanthropy, which facts will school,
Is not a theme for mocking merriment.
As MORLEY says, he is the fool
Who never ventures bold experiment.
Against the ill our State that shake,
The spectre Vice, Want the pale ogress,
Punch hopes the Magic Horse may make
Practical progress.

RIGHT-DOING ON THE RIALTO;

OR, THE MODERN SHYLOCK.

(A Short Shakspearian Sequel.)

Enter the MODERN SHYLOCK and BARINGO BROTHERS.

Shylock. Five Millions sterling for three months? And this you say, they will advance, if you can show Sufficient guarantee?

Baringo. Indeed 'tis so.

Shy. Well, well! But how comes it about that you Whose honoured name has so long held the sway

Of all safe dealing, that men only asked,

"If a BARINGO backed it," to take up

Unquestioning the newest stock,— should thus

With sudden flash flare up and set in blaze

The whole commercial world?

Bar. Oh! press me not, Nor question me too closely! "*Argentines!*"

That fatal word sums up the evil spell

That in these latter luckless days has fallen

Upon our swaying House.

Shy. I see your case! A cry for gold finds you all unprepared,

Your capital locked up beyond the seas.

You cannot realise.

Bar. Alas! too true! That is the situation!

Shy. Badly done! Ah! it has been a sorry piece of work, Your "management."

Bar. I bow my head to that!



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, MARK, BUT I CAN'T HIT A BIRD TO-DAY!"
 "LET'S SEE YOUR GUN, SIR. AH!—WELL, I'D TRY WHAT YOU COULD DO WITH SOME CARTRIDGES IN IT, IF I WAS YOU, SIR!"

But you will lend your aid? You'll pull us through?

Shy. Listen, BARINGO. Many a time and In this English land men have rated me About my moneys and my usuries.

So say no more!

Bar (aside). Thank Heaven! That Ends our plight!

[Dances wild fandango of delight as Curtain descends.]

But that is long ago; the times have changed, And feeling in more righteous channel set, Now turns itself in flood to sweep away

The wrongs of vanished years. Nay, more than this.

But yesterday one of my ancient race,

Filled, with his Christian colleagues' heartiest will,

The civic throne; and at this very hour

A protest from all classes in the land

From low and high, from peasant and from peer,

Goes forth to plead with the despotic power

That 'neath brute persecution's iron heel

Would trample out my brethren's life. So, there,

Which way I look I meet a greeting hand.

So, not repeating here the vengeful plot

Of the old *Shylock* of the play; without

My pound of flesh or pound of anything,—

But solely for the bond of brother— That should link loyal workers in one field,

Count on my help in this your stress—for I

Will be your guarantee!

Bar. You will! Oh, thank you for such blest help!

Shy. Such help is only right,—

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HERE are some regular sea-breezy Nautical stories for our youthful Islanders. From *Middy to Admiral of the Fleet*, by Dr. MACAULAY, which is a good long story; but this is the life of Commodore ANSON. *Up North in a Whaler*, by EDWARD A. RAND; a pleasant little trip for the Summer holidays—not inviting now—but try it later. Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co. also publish "*The Low-Back'd Car*," by SAMUEL LOVER—an old Song in a fresh setting of charming Illustrations, by W. MAGRATH. "We don't kill a pig every day!" But just for once and away get *My Prague Pig*, by S. BARING GOULD. W. CLARK RUSSELL'S *Master Rockefeller's Voyage*, recommended.

To the ambitious young entertainer, *Magic at Home*, translated by Professor HOFFMAN, will be a source of delight, and if some of the experiments should lead to slight temporary inconvenience, it will only help to pass a more cheerful evening than usual.

For drawing-room plays apply to GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, who publishes a set, one of which, *Acting Charades and Proverbs*, by ANNE BOWMAN, will be found very useful. A Bowman hits the mark.

Those who know their London *au bout des ongles*, can tell you of many quaint spots of beauty, which may be seen when it is not quite enveloped in a cheerful fog, though several of the more ancient landmarks are fast vanishing; yet in *Picturesque London*, by PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A., will be found a happy collection of all the most taking parts, both in odd corners, and interesting structures. Charming illustrations by HUME, NISBET, and HERBERT RAILTON.

Christmas special numbers are not exactly up to date; they are turned out so early that by the time they ought to be seasonable, they are almost ancient history. *The Ladies' Pictorial* is filled with short stories by popular authors, which are well illustrated.

The earlier part of *My Life*, by SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., is very interesting, as must almost always be the story of the early career of such an ancient mariner as is this well-known animal-painter. There must be a halo of romance about recollections which no one living can or cares to contradict. When these biographical reminiscences come within the memory of middle-aged men, then this said memory doth run somewhat to the contrary of that of the veteran painter who put the cart before the horse, so to speak, in his artistic career, seeing that he commenced with carriages and ended with cows. As far as *Mr. Punch* is concerned, the Baron has already denied that DOUGLAS JERROLD was ever the Editor of *Mr. P.'s* paper; and Mr. COOPER'S account of the *Punch* dinners must be taken with the contents of a well-filled salt-cellar, as Mr. SIDNEY COOPER was never present at any one of them. Inaccurately he attributes a repartee of THACKERAY'S to DOUGLAS JERROLD; and the well-known retort of JERROLD to ALBERT SMITH he gives so incorrectly, that in this instance the Attic salt has lost its savour. There is too much soft-soapiness in his reminiscences of personal interviews with Royalty to please robust readers. Judging from the latter portion of the second volume, wherein, as I should take it, there is considerable "padding," it would seem that "the aged P." has already secured an excellent position among "the immortals." Hitherto it was generally supposed that of the arts Music alone would survive *in secula seculorum*; but perhaps, after all, Painting has a chance, and especially animal painting, even though the animals may be allegorical. With its pardonable defects of memory, and its occasional touch of Royal Windsor Livery complaint, the reminiscences of SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., are pleasant and, of the first volume especially be it said, interesting reading.



The Mirror of Justice.

The Auld Scotch Songs, arranged by SINCLAIR DUNN. Well DUNN, sing clair!

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

HOW IT'S DONE.

(A Handbook to Honesty.)

No. VI.—“AN ALARMINO SACRIFICE”—SOMEWHERE!

SCENE I.—A Suburban Drawing-room, old-fashionedly furnished; brightly-bound books scattered about a solid, sombre-covered table; oil portraits of elderly, stiffly attitudinising couple on the walls; a general atmosphere of simple, pietistic propriety. Present, EDWIN and ANGELINA, a modest, but deeply-enamoured pair, shortly about to be married.

Edwin (after the regulation ceremonial). My dearest ANGELINA, I have something here which I think will greatly simplify the business of house-furnishing, that has so deeply occupied us lately.

ANGELINA (flushing tenderly). Oh, EDWIN, have you? How nice, dear! And what is it?

Edwin (eagerly). Quite providential, I call it. You know, dearest, I've saved three hundred pounds for the express purpose; and here is an advertisement, according to which, for about that sum, we can secure a complete fit-out for our little villa, which, I think, will exactly suit us. Quite an exceptional chance, as the advertiser says. A gentleman, lately arrived in this country from India, is unexpectedly compelled to return immediately. Consequently he is obliged to dispose at once of his lately-purchased house of furniture, at a great sacrifice. It is as good as new, in fact, has hardly been used at all; is elegant and substantial, and can be seen any day at Vamp Villa, Barnsbury, upon presentation of visiting-card. Suppose, dearest ANGY, we run over to-morrow afternoon, and have a look at it? Such a chance—in the very nick of time, too—may never occur again!

Angelina. Oh, EDWIN, how fortunate! Should it suit us, what a lot of trouble it will save!

Edwin. And money, too, darling, for the prices seem to be very low. I'm so glad you agree, dear.

Angelina (with effusion). Of course I do, EDWIN. And (with tender glance at one of the oil pictures) how delighted dear Mamma will be!

[Oculation, appointment, and exit.]

SCENE II.—Mysterious-looking Villa at Barnsbury, permeated by strong smell of French-polish and fusty straw. Large “House to Let” boards and posters prominently disposed. Present, EDWIN and ANGELINA, and a blandly-eloquacious person, in black broadcloth, with a big foolscap-paper Inventory, and a blunt-pointed pencil.

Loquacious Person (fluently). Why you see, Madam, Mr. PAWNEE LIVERLESS 'ad to leave for Bombay early yesterday mornin', and was therefore obliged to leave the sale of his furniture in our hands. But he is an old client of ours, Mr. LIVERLESS is, and he has given us carte blanche as regards the disposition of his effects. Only they must be sold at once. A retired Colonel at Notting Hill, who seemed very sweet on the bargain, promised me a decided answer by twelve o'clock to-day. It has not come, and I am free to negotiate with the next comer for the furniture as it stands, provided an immediate settlement can be arrived at. Wait I cannot, but in any other pertikler I shall be only too 'appy to meet your views.

Edwin: I see the furniture is quite new?

L. P. (with cheery candour). Well, no Sir, not quite. Oh, I'll not deceive you! It has been in use a few months, and, as you see, is none the worse for that. Better, if anything, being fully tested as to seasoning. I need 'ardly tell you, Sir, that new furniture nowadays is a ticklish thing to invest in. Such tricks, my dear Sir, such nefarious dodges and artful fakedoms! (Sighs.) But—(taking up a chair and banging it vigorously but adroitly on the floor)—this is stuff you can depend on, and 'll be better three years hence than it is to-day. This saddle-bag sweet, Madam, is simply luxurious, good enough for any doocal dinin'-room; the carpets throughout are as elegantly hesthetick in design, as they are substantial fin fabric, whilst the—ahem! sleeping apartments, are perfect pickters of combined solidity and chaste elegance. I always say, that as a real gentleman is known by his linen, so the 'ome of a party of true taste may be tested by the bed-rooms. You'll excuse me,



Madam—(smirks)—but such are my sentiments, not as a salesman, but as a family man.

[L. P. takes EDWIN and ANGELINA the round of the house, expatiating glowingly but discreetly as he goes, and ultimately effects sale of the “furniture as it stands” for a liberally proffered “ten-pun note off the advertised sum totle.”]

SCENE III.—Interior of Greengage Villa. ANGELINA (now Mrs. CANOODLE) discovered in tears over the wreck of a “Saddlebag” Sofa, very shaky as to legs, and shabby as to “pile.”

Angelina (sobbing). And to think that dear EDWIN should have spent his long savings on such wretched stuff as this! Oh, that talkative but treacherous tout at Vamp Villa! Why, 'tis only six months since we were married—(bohoo!)—and there's scarcely a thing in the house that's not either shaky, or shabby, or both!

[Breaks down.]

Edwin (entering with a flushed face, and clenched fists). ANGY, my darling, don't waste your tears over that vile combination of unseasoned timber and devil's-dust. Rather pluck up a spirit and pitch into me, who was fool enough to be tricked by a plausible advertisement, a scheming vendor of shoddy furniture, a hired villa, a verboose villain, and the thrice-told tale of a mythical “Indian gentleman,” an imaginary “emergency,” and a purely supposititious “sacrifice.”

[Left lumenting.]

“A DANIEL!”

YEARS ago, when BRITON RIVIÈRE painted his picture of “Daniel in the Lions' Den,” which foppishly-speaking men would speak of as “Deniel in the Lions' Dan,” public curiosity was aroused by the fact that DANIEL was facing the lions with his back to the spectators.

Of course, in this instance, the publicmindianot exercised by the problem which was put to the Showman by an inquiring small boy, in the memorable formula of inquiry, “Please, Sir, which is DANIEL, and which is the Lions?” as never, for one moment, could there have existed, in the densest brain, the smallest doubt as to the identity of the Hebrew Seer. Should the question now be put



G.O.M. DANIEL in the Irish Lions' Den.

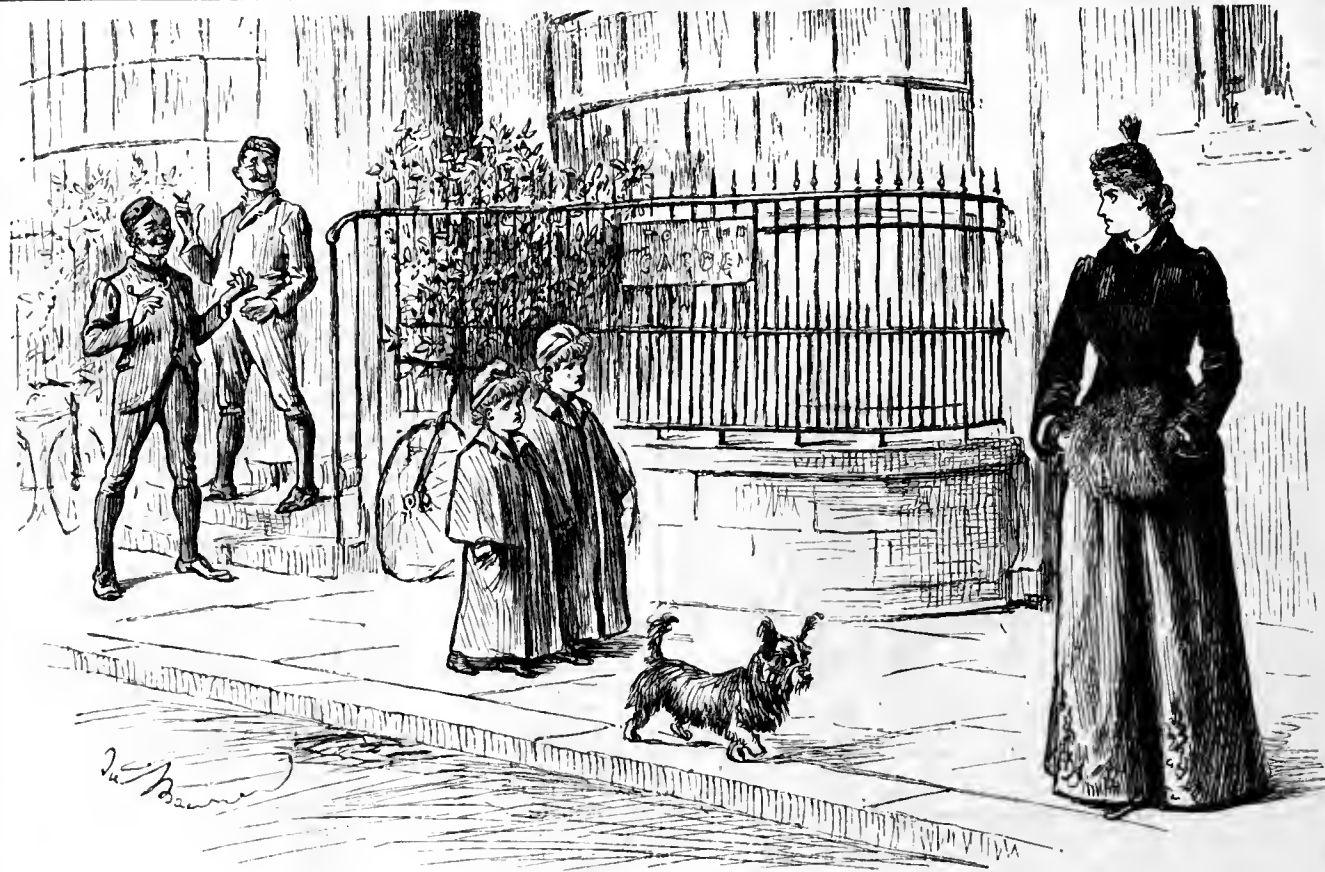
by an intending purchaser, Mr. WILLIAM AGNEW has only to give an adaptation of the historic reply, and say, “Whichever you like, my little dear; if you pay your money, you may take your choice.”

Now in this grand picture there is no sort of doubt, “no possible doubt whatever,” as to which is DANIEL and which are the Lions; but there must arise in the spectator's mind the question, *Who was the painter's model for this figure of DANIEL?* To this there can be but one answer, “the G.O.M.” This is the painter's model for DANIEL. Here he stands looking up towards the opening and seeing daylight. His hands are tied by the bonds of a majority against him. As for the Lions they may be Irish Lions, who may be thinking of another grand old DAN, the Liberator, but who, once upon a time, in the good old Kilmsinham Gaol days, would have fallen upon this G.O.M. and torn him in pieces; not so now. It is a grand picture.

“WHO'S YOUR HATTER?” OR, SIDE-LIGHTS ON ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.—Years ago, the great Ritual Case was that of Mr. BENNETT, of St. Barnabas, Pimlico. Now the most recent is the Archbishop's decision in the Lincoln Case. The two may be quoted henceforth as “The Lincoln and Bennett Cases,” which cover a variety of heads.”

“HERE WE GO UP, UP, UP!”—Mr. Punch with Time visits the Heavenly Bodies. Special Stars engaged for Christmas Entertainment. Look out for Mr. Punch's Christmas Number, entitled *Punch Among the Planets*. For once Toby will be Sirius.

SHORTLY TO APPEAR.—Companion Volume to *Oceana*. New Work, by C. S. P-RN-LL, entitled, *O'Sheana*.



BANK HOLIDAY WIT.

Mamma. "COME ALONG, DARLINGS!"

'Arry. "ALL RIGHT, MISS! JUST WAIT TILL WE 'VE 'AD A DRINK!"

THE PARLIAMENTARY "ANCIENT MARINER."

(Fragments from the Latest Rendering of the Old Rime.)

An Ancient Mariner meeteth Three Guests bidden to St. Stephen's and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner, And he stoppeth one of three. "By thy scant grey looks and glittering eye, Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"St. Stephen's doors are open wide, My duty lies within; M.P.'s are met, the programme's set, May'st hear the Irish din."

He holds him with his sinewy hand, "There was a ship," quoth he. "Hold off! unhand me, Ancient One!" Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

St. Stephen's Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the Grand Old Seafaring Man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye— St. Stephen's Guest stands still, And listens, like Midlothian's mob. The Mariner hath his will.

St. Stephen's Guest stands like a stone. He cannot chuse but hear; And thus outspeaks that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.

Our ship was cheered, the harbour cleared Merrily did we drop Below the Kirk, Tory ill-will Our vessel might not stop.

The Mariner tells how his new-launched Craft, after some adverse gales, sailed northward, with a good wind, and fair weather.

The sun arose, that erst had left Our Home-Rule argosy, And he shone bright, our course was right, The "flowing tide" ran free.

Higher and higher every day Our sun shone bright and clear— St. Stephen's Guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud "Hear! Hear!"

St. Stephen's Guest heareth that business is toward within; but the monologuing Mariner continueth his tale.

The SPEAKER hath paced into the House, Toward his lofty place; Gleaming like gold before him goes The merry, massive Mace.

St. Stephen's Guest he beat his breast, Yet he could not chuse but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The garrulous Mariner.

[But behold the tale that was told unto St. Stephen's Guest by the Ancient Mariner is now known unto all men, from repeated and prolix narrations; the tale to wit of the Mariner's startling adventure in unsailed seas on board his suddenly launched *Home Rule* Argo; how that the Ancient Mariner shot the Oof Bird (that made the (financial) mare to go, and the (party) breeze to blow); how that his shipmate cried out against the Ancient Mariner for killing the bird of good luck, which lay the golden eggs, but how, when the fog cleared off, they justified the same, and thus made themselves accomplices in the act; how "the spell began to break;" how "the Mariner hath been cast into a trance, and the angelic power" (of speech) "causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than" (ordinary) human "life could endure"; how in the Mariner's opinion the *Home Rule* Argo yet "stoppeth the way," and until it hath free course must impede the fair navigation of the (political) ocean; and how, finally, he, the Ancient Mariner, is constrained to "pop up" and repeat this tale of change and chance unto the appointed persons.]

Forthwith this tongue of mine was stirred To quenchless fluency, [tale, Which forced me to begin my As now I tell it thee.

That moment that his face I see I know the man that must hear me, To him my tale I teach.!

Since then, at an uncertain hour, This ecstasy returns; [through And till my thrice-told tale is The heart within me burns.

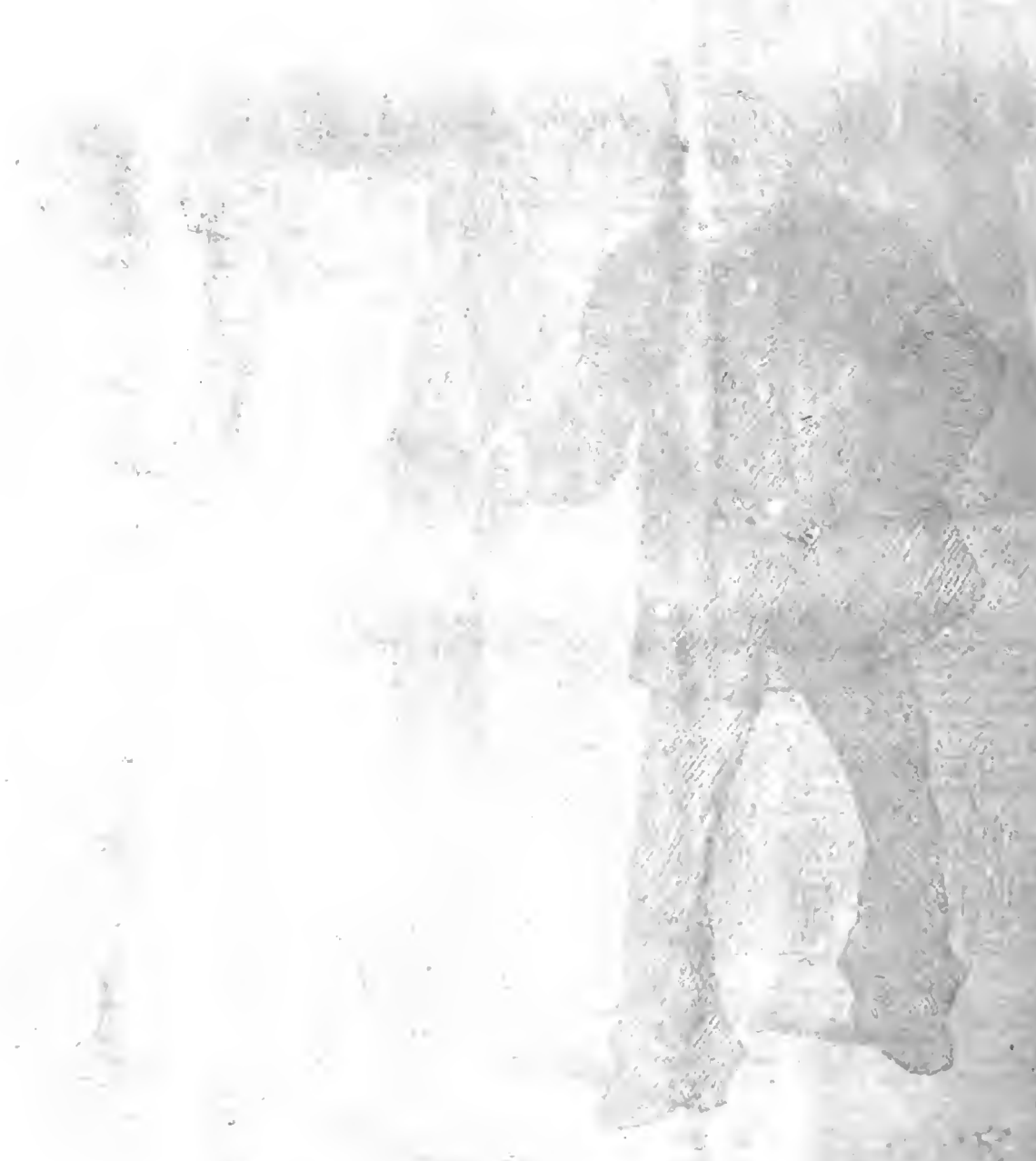
What loud uproar bursts from that door! They're at it hotly there: Will they be silenced; by the tale, Told by the Mariner? Bim! Boom! There goes Big Ben's deep bell! The SPEAKER's in the Chair!

I pass, like Puck, from land to land, I have strange power of speech;



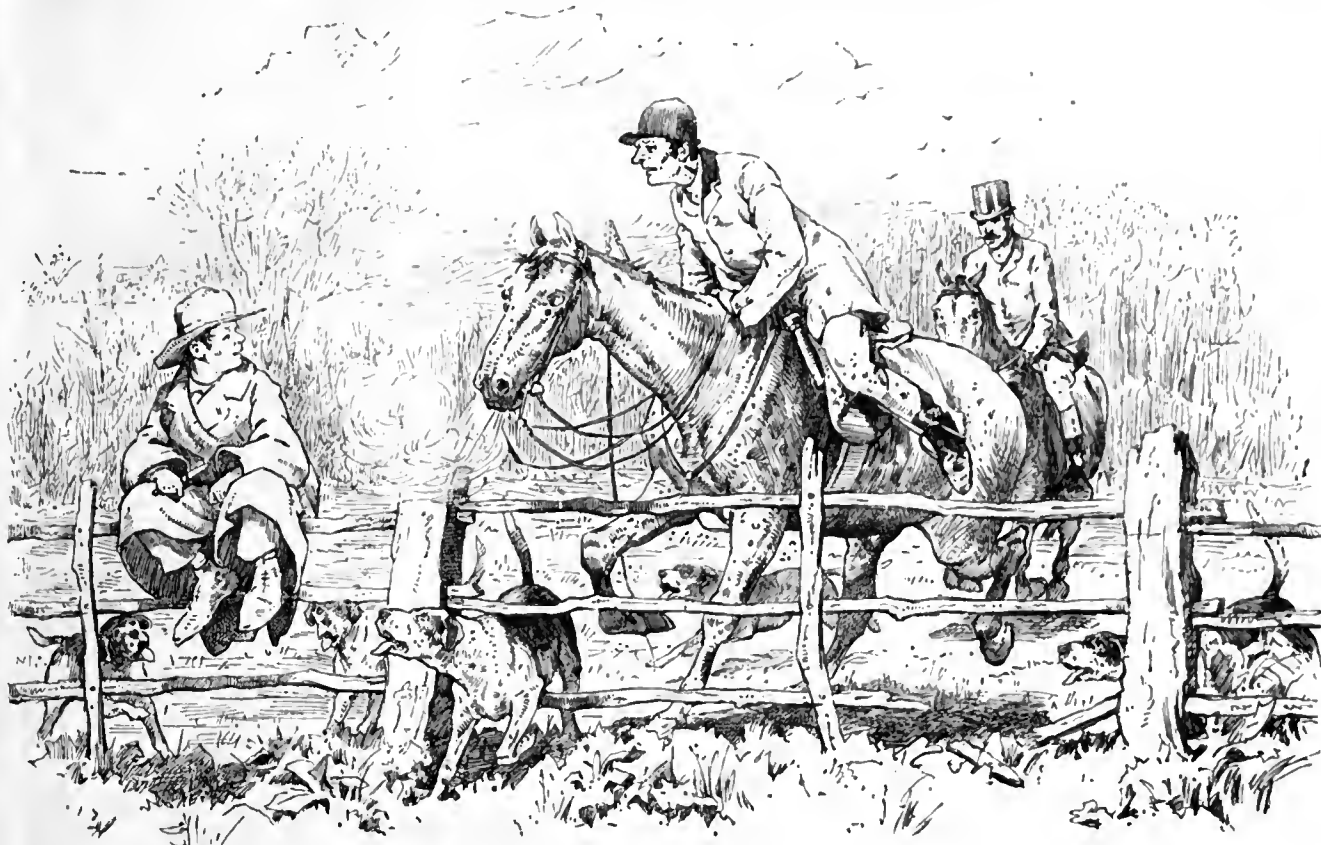
THE PARLIAMENTARY "ANCIENT MARINER."

"IT IS AN ANCIENT MARINER,
AND HE STOPPETH ONE OF THREE.
'BY THY SCANT GREY LOCKS AND GLITTERING EYE,
NOW WHEREFORE STOPP'ST THOU ME?'"



THE PARTIALITY OF THE

IT IS AN...
AND HE...
BY THE...
HOW AM...



A CHECK.

Huntsman. "SREN THE FOX, MY BOY?" Boy. "No, I AIN'T!"
 Huntsman. "THEN, WHAT ARE YOU HOLLARIN' FOR?" Boy (who has been scaring Rooks). "'Cos I'M PAID FOR IT!"

THE DEATH PENALTY; OR, WHO'S TO BLAME?

ACT I.

SCENE—House of Commons, rather sparsely attended, it being the occasion of a statement on the needs of the Army to be made by the Secretary for War.

Secretary for War (continuing his speech). And so, Mr. SPEAKER, I trust that I have justified the demand I have made for so many millions for building Barracks, and conclusively proved that the Authorities responsible for our military efficiency are thoroughly alive to the necessity not only of safeguarding the lives, but of increasing the comfort, of our gallant defenders. (Cheers.)

ACT II.

SCENE—Celebrated London Barracks. Fire just broken out in top storey of Married Soldiers' Quarters, crowded with women and children. Soldiers rushing for ladders. Some children handed up through a trap-door, which is supposed to lead to roof. No exit on to roof available, and children being slowly smothered. Screams. Great excitement.

Non-Commissioned Officer. Ha! Fire in the "Rookery!" And

it'll burn like paper, being old and rotten! Now, where's the fellow who ought to have the key of the hydrant? (Exit in search of him.)

Labourer employed at Barracks (entering hastily). Hullo! A fire! Where's that key of mine for the hydrants? Can't attend to that, however, as there's my wife and family to

be saved! (Rushes out, and hydrants cannot be unlocked for ten minutes. When they are, they are found to be without water!)

Colonel Commanding the Battalion (just arrived on scene). No water! Well, of course there isn't! Hasn't the War Office ordered it to be turned off at night, spite of my protests? Tell the Fire-Brigade men to get water wherever they can!

[Water eventually got in roads several hundred yards from burning building.]

Non-Com. Officer (directing two soldiers, who have gallantly rescued a couple of children that have been burning and suffocating under roof). Yes, take 'em off to the hospital! Poor little creatures—not much hope for them, I'm afraid! (To Colonel.) A bad business, Sir!

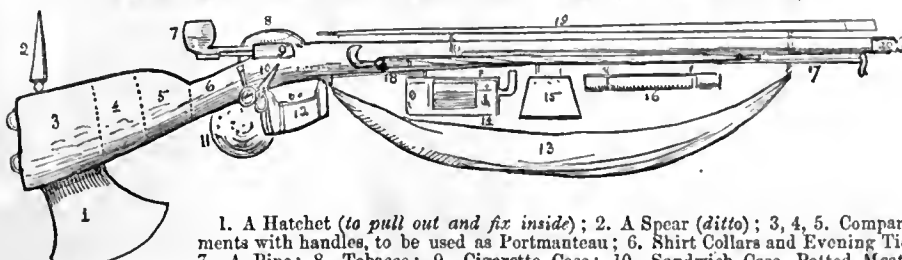
Colonel. Would have been worse if the men hadn't behaved so well, and turned themselves into amateur firemen. No thanks to the War Office that there aren't twenty-two deaths, instead of two. Why, only six months ago, I warned 'em that the place was "unfit for human habitation," and a regular death-trap in case of fire, with only one narrow wooden staircase to the whole block. I wrote that, "if a fire occurred at night, there must be many deaths." Yet nothing has been done.

Non-Com. Officer. Shocking! There's a talk that the place had been condemned by the War Office.

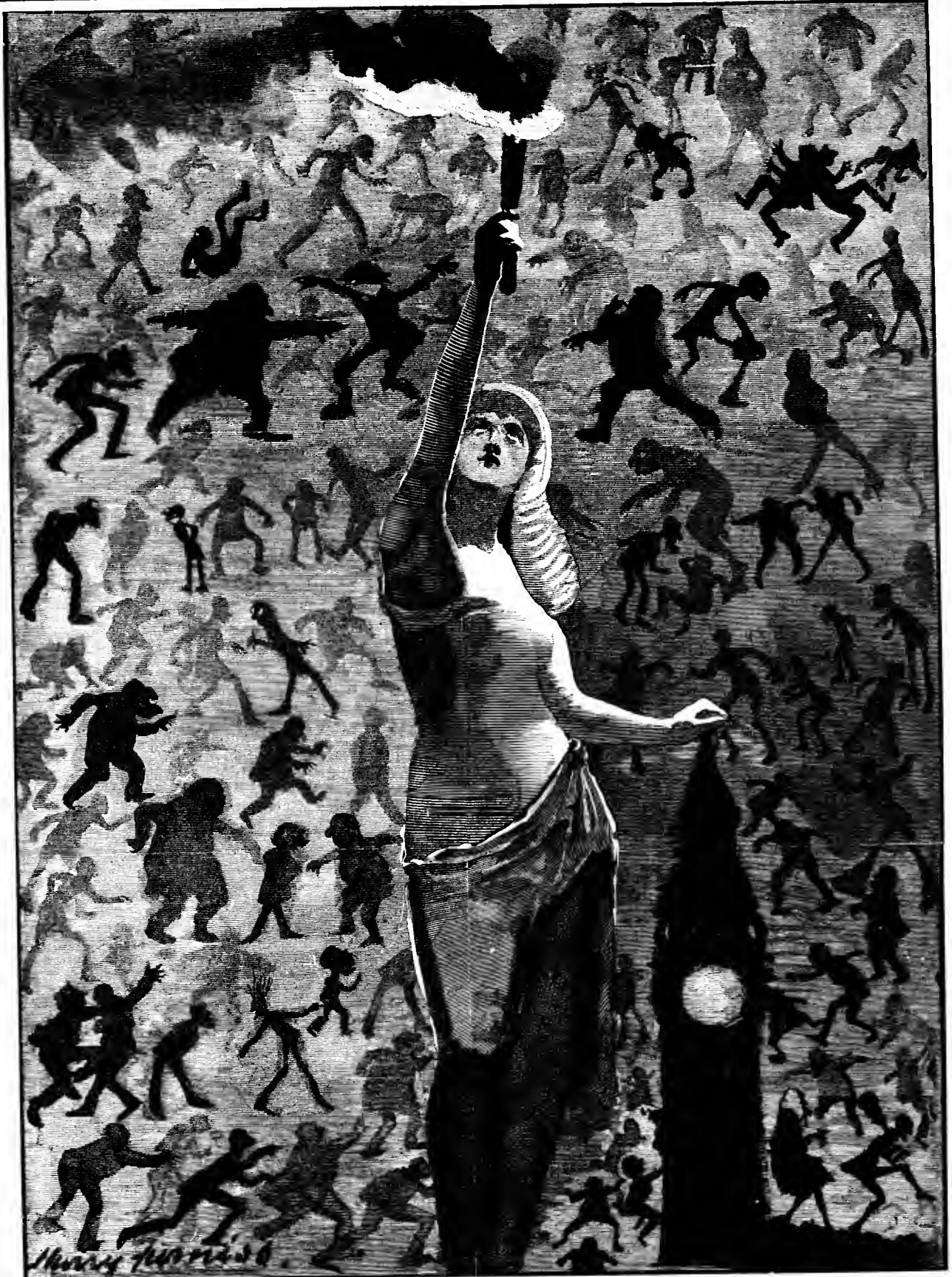
Colonel. Condemned, but not pulled down! I wonder who'll be condemned at the Inquest. Shouldn't be surprised if it were the War-Office Authorities themselves!

[And so they have been—and quite right too.]

GENERAL PUNCH'S IMPROVED MAGAZINE RIFLE.



1. A Hatchet (to pull out and fix inside); 2. A Spear (ditto); 3, 4, 5. Compartments with handles, to be used as Portmanteau; 6. Shirt Collars and Evening Tie;
7. A Pipe; 8. Tobacco; 9. Cigarette Case; 10. Sandwich Case, Potted Meats, Biscuits, &c.; 11. A Self Air-Loading Bullet Mechanism; 12. Gladstone Bag; 13. Portable Bath and Hammock; 14. Cooking Stove; 15. Cooking Utensils; 16. A Telescope; 17. A Walking Stick; 18. An Umbrella; 19. A Billiard Cue; 20. A Scent Bottle.



THE PARLIAMENTARY MEET IN A NOVEMBER FOG.

THE MODERN HERO;

Or, How to Discourage Crime.

HENRY LARRIKIN, who was recently convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of a nursemaid and infant on Shooter's Hill, is now confined in—Gaol, and is reported to be in excellent spirits. He passes his time in illuminating texts, which he presents to the Governor and Warders, and some of which have been disposed of for enormous sums. A petition has been circulated, and extensively signed, praying for a remission of his sentence, on the ground of provocation, it having since transpired that the infant put out its tongue in passing. Several Jurymen have said, that had this fact been brought before them at the trial, they would have returned a very different verdict. Much sympathy is expressed with LARRIKIN, who is quite a young man. He expresses himself as sanguine of a reprieve.

CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAM.—LATER INTELLIGENCE.

Monday.—LARRIKIN was informed this afternoon, by the Governor of the Gaol, that the HOME SECRETARY saw no grounds for interfering with the course of the Law, and that the sentence would consequently be carried out on Friday next. Two of the Warders, with whom LARRIKIN is a great favourite, on account of the affability and singular modesty of his demeanour, were deeply affected, but the prisoner himself bore the news with extraordinary fortitude and composure. His sole comment upon the intelligence was, that it was "just his blooming luck." By special favour of the Authorities he is allowed to see the comments of the Press upon his case, in which he takes the keenest interest. A statement that he had on one occasion been introduced to the nursemaid, through whom his career has been so tragically cut short, has caused him the deepest irritation. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that both she and her infant charge were absolute strangers to him.

LATER TELEGRAM.

Wednesday Morning.—LARRIKIN continues wonderfully calm. He is writing his Memoirs, which he has already disposed of to a Newspaper Syndicate for a handsome consideration. Those who have been privileged to see the manuscript report that it reveals traces of unsuspected literary talent, and is marked in places by a genial and genuine humour. LARRIKIN's great regret is that he will be unable to have an opportunity of perusing the press-notice and reviews of this his first essay in authorship, for which he expects a wide popularity.

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Thursday.—To-day LARRIKIN received a visit from an old friend, who was visibly moved during the interview, in spite of the prisoner's efforts to console him. "There's nothing to snivel about, old man," he said repeatedly, with a tranquil smile. He then inquired if it was true that there were portraits of him in several of the papers, and was anxious to know if they were like him. He has executed his will, leaving the copyright of his manuscript, his sole assets, to his father, who has been in a comparatively humble position of life, but who will now be raised to a condition of affluence. The father has been interviewed, and stated to a reporter that he has been much gratified by the expressions of sympathy which have been showered upon his son from all sides. This morning a local florist sent LARRIKIN a beautiful wreath, in which the prisoner's initials and those of his victims were tastefully intertwined in violets. LARRIKIN was much touched, and his eyes filled with tears, which, however, he succeeded in repressing by a strong effort. His self-control and courage are the admiration of the officials, by whom he will be greatly missed. All day he has been busy packing up the furniture with which, by special permission, his little cell has been provided by his many admirers, and the interior has already lost much of its late dainty and cosy appearance. LARRIKIN has been whistling a good deal,—though, as the day wore on, the tunes he executed became of a less lively character. Towards evening, however, he recovered his ordinary high spirits, and even danced a "cellar-flap" for the entertainment of his Warders. A telegram has just been handed to him from an anonymous sender, who is understood to be a person of some eminence in bird-stuffing circles, which contained these words—"You are to be hung on my Aunt's silver-wedding day. Keep your pecker up." On reading this message, LARRIKIN came more near to breaking down than he has done hitherto. He has selected the clothes he is to wear on his last semi-public appearance; they consist of a plain black Angora three-button lounge coat, a purple velvet waistcoat, soft doekin trousers, a lay-down striped collar and dickey, and a light-blue necktie with a glass pin. He has presented his only other jewellery—an oroid ring, set with Bristol diamonds—to the Warden who has been most attentive and devoted to him during his stay in gaol. He is said to have stated that he freely forgave the infant whose insulting conduct provoked his outburst, as he did the nursemaid for not restraining her charge's vivacity. This intimation, at his express desire, will be conveyed to the parents of the deceased, and will doubtless afford them the highest consolation.



THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

(What Our Architect has to put up with.)

Fair Client. "I WANT IT TO BE NICE AND BARONIAL, QUEEN ANNE AND ELIZABETHAN, AND ALL THAT: KIND OF QUIANT AND NUREMBERG, YOU KNOW—REGULAR OLD ENGLISH, WITH FRENCH WINDOWS OPENING TO THE LAWN, AND VENETIAN BLINDS, AND SORT OF SWISS BALCONIES, AND A LOGGIA. BUT I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!"

Thursday Night, Later.—LARRIKIN is sleeping peacefully. His features—refined by the mental anxiety, and the almost monastic seclusion to which he has been lately subjected—are extremely pleasing, and even handsome, set-off as they are by the clean collar which he has put on in anticipation of his approaching doom. Before sinking into childlike slumber, he listened with evident pleasure to a banjo which was being played outside a public-house in the vicinity of the gaol. The banjoist is now being interviewed, and believes that the air he must have been performing at the time was "The Lost Chord." The scaffold on which the unfortunate LARRIKIN is to expiate his imprudent act is now being erected, but the workmen's hammers have been considerably covered with felt to avoid disturbing the slumberer.

Friday Morning, 9 A.M.—All is now over. The prisoner rose early and made a hearty breakfast, and plainly enjoyed the cigar which he smoked afterwards with his friend the Governor, who seemed to regard the entrance of the executioner as an untimely interruption to the conversation. "You'll have to wait a bit for the rest of that story, Governor," was LARRIKIN's light-hearted comment. The unhappy man then—*(Details follow which we prefer to leave to the reader's imagination—he will find them all in the very next special description of such a scene).* LARRIKIN was most anxious that it should be widely known that, in his own words, "he was true to himself and the public, and game to the last."

Several reporters were present in the prison-yard, and also a number of persons of distinction, who were only admitted as a great favour. It is said that the prison Authorities were compelled to disappoint thousands who had applied for permission to view the last sad scene.

LARRIKIN's melancholy end will doubtless operate as a warning and an example to many romantic youths, who are only too easily led away by the morbid desire for notoriety, which is so prevalent nowadays, and which is so difficult either to account for, or discourage.—*(Special Descriptive Report.)*

IN OUR GARDEN.

Monday, November 24.



HARMED to have a visit from OLD MORALITY today. Most kind of him to find time to run down, seeing all he has on hand. But he's a really good fellow, of the kind who in all circumstances find time to do a friendly thing. Always from the first taken a friendly interest in our little experiment. He is, indeed, indirectly personally responsible for its undertaking. If I hadn't come across him playing leap-frog before dinner with AKEES - DOUGLAS and JACKSON, as mentioned some weeks ago, SARK

and I would never have tried this way of passing a Recess.

Hadn't heard OLD MORALITY was going to look in. Expect he wasn't sure he could get away from Cabinet Council, and so didn't write. When I came upon him he was standing absorbed in contemplation of ARPACHSHAD. ARPACHSHAD, himself, so engrossed in problem occupying his mind, that he did not notice our visitor. Had started yesterday cutting grass on lawn with machine. Getting on pretty well with it till, this morning, wind rose, blowing half a gale from Westward. ARPACHSHAD discovered that, starting with machine from the Westward, he, with wind blowing astern, got on capably; but coming back, with wind ahead, there was decided addition to labour of propelling machine. When OLD MORALITY arrived, ARPACHSHAD had halted midway across the lawn, and was looking Westward with air of profound and troubled cogitation.

"I know what he's thinking of," said OLD MORALITY, whose Parliamentary experience has made him an adept at thought-reading; he's wondering if it's possible to mow the lawn all from the Westward, so that he would have the wind behind him throughout the operation."

No doubt OLD MORALITY had fathomed depth of ARPACHSHAD's meditations. Pretty to see his manœuvring: Went down full-sail with assistance of favouring gale; tried to tack back, bearing away to the North; when he'd got a little way, slewed round to the West, going off before the wind to edge of lawn. Finally borne in upon him that the position was inexorable. He couldn't go with the wind all the time; must retrace his steps; by tacking was really covering more ground than need be; was, in fact, doing more work than he had intended. Shooked at this discovery proceeded to follow ordinary course. Presently catching sight of solitary leaf careering down walk, fetched broom, and tenderly tickled the gravel in pursuit of the leaf.

"There is," SARK sharply observed, "nothing ARPACHSHAD enjoys more than dusting the walk with a broom. It is a process that combines the maximum of appearance of hard work with the minimum of exertion."

OLD MORALITY pretty lively in anticipation of Session, which opens to-morrow. Always inclined to take sanguine view of situation. Doesn't vary now. "Oh, you leave it to us, Toby, dear boy," he said, when I expressed hope that he would not risk his precious life and health by overdoing it. "We've got a splendid programme, and mean to pull through every Bill. Didn't do much last year, it is true; but don't you see the advantage of that? If we'd passed all our Bills last Session, must have arranged a new programme this year, involving considerable labour. As it is we turn a handle, and there are all the old things once

more; homely and friendly; as the poet says, 'All, all, are come, the old familiar faces.' There's the Irish Local Government Bill, the Tithes Bill, Employers' Liability, and a troop of others. All been brought in before; everybody knows about them; if we don't pass them this Session they must come up again next."

"Ha!" said SARK; "so there is to be a next Session."

"Certainly," said OLD MORALITY—"and we would have another, if we could. In fact, I'm not quite sure whether it may not be managed. We are always suspending Standing Orders, of one kind or another. It is a Standing Order of the Constitution that no Parliament shall sit longer than seven years. Very good—in an ordinary way, excellent; though, perhaps, a little too liberal in its arrangements when Mr. G. is in power. But as you, TOBY, may, in earlier years, diligently striving after improvement in calligraphy, have had occasion to note, Circumstances alter Cases. Here we are, a contented Government, with a Parliamentary majority always to be relied upon. Why disturb an ordered state of affairs, and plunge the country into the turmoil and expense of a General Election? Why not bring in a short Bill to suspend the Septennial Act, and let the present Parliament go on sitting indefinitely? Why should the Long Parliament remain a monopoly of the Seventeenth Century? I do not mind telling you (this, of course, in confidence) that we have talked the matter over in the Cabinet. It was the MARKISS who first started it; and, though one or two objections have been raised, the idea is rather growing upon us, and I should not wonder if it came to something. You will find no mention of it in the Queen's Speech—but that is neither there nor here."

"I have noticed," said SARK, "that of late it has happened that Bills mentioned in the Queen's Speech come to nothing, whilst the Session is largely taken up with discussion of Bills which find no place in that catalogue. Last year, for example, JOKIM's Compensation Bill wasn't mentioned in the Queen's Speech; and yet it filled a large part in the programme of the Session."

"Ah," said OLD MORALITY, changing the subject, "I see ARPACHSHAD has nearly come up with that leaf. He'll be going to his dinner now, I suppose, and I think I must be off. Shall see you at the House to-morrow. Sorry for you to break up the associations of your rural life; but that only temporary."

Saw OLD MORALITY off at the station. Came back to pack up our spade and hoe, and leave some general instructions with ARPACHSHAD. He seems much touched at the approaching separation. Quite unable to continue the lawn-mowing. Followed us about with his jack-knife open, clipping here and there a dead stem, so as to keep up an appearance of incessant labour.

"Ours is only a change of occupation, ARPACHSHAD," said SARK. "We cease to labour here, but we carry on our work in another field. We go to town, leaving, as the Poet GRAY might have said, the garden to solitude and you."

"Excuse me, Gents," said ARPACHSHAD, a look of anxiety crossing his mobile face, "but you can't leave it to me altogether. I could manage well enough when you were here, helpin' and workin'. But, when you're gone, I'll have to have at least one extra man." SARK pleased at this testimony to value of our assistance; but it really means that ARPACHSHAD intends to do less than ever, running us into the expense of a second gardener.

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.

ARRIVE at Fine Art Society's Place, and there look at HOKUSAI's drawings and engravings. Who was HOKUSAI?

Why, don't you know? He was our own LIKA-JOKO's great-grandfather.

"Great-grandfather was a most wonderful man. There's none of 'em does what great-grandfather can," except LIKA JOKO, of course. Obligated to say this, because I know LIKA JOKO goes about with a Daimio's two-handed sword, and he would think nothing of giving me the cut direct. But to return to HOKUSAI—sounds like sneezing in a Dutch dialect, doesn't it?—his drawings are full of originality and humour; he was possessed of wondrous versatility and great industry. He began to draw at six, and continued till he was well-nigh ninety. Were he

flourishing now, he might illustrate the lucubrations of
Yours partially,
OLD PAR.

"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH!"—See Mr. Punch Among the Planets—his Christmas Number. In spite of its title, it is not "over the heads of the People." Look out below!

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

No. XXII.—THE MANLY MAIDEN.

THE Manly Maiden may be defined as the feminine exaggeration of those rougher qualities which men display in their intercourse with one another, or in the pursuit of those sports in which courage, strength, and endurance play a part. In a fatal moment she conceives the idea that she can earn the proud title of "a good fellow" by emulating the fashions and the habits of the robust sex. She perceives that men have a liking for men who are strong, bluff, outspoken, and contemptuous of peril, and she infers mistakenly, that the same tribute of admiration is certain to be paid to a woman who, setting the traditions of her sex at defiance, consciously apes the manly model without a thought of all that the imitation involves. She forgets that as soon as a woman steps down of her own free will from the pedestal on which the chivalrous admiration of men has placed her, she abandons at once her claim to that flattering reticence of speech, and that specially attentive courtesy of bearing, which are in men the outward and visible signs of the spiritual grace which they assume as an attribute of all women. In spite of what the crazy theorists of the perfect equality school may say, men still continue to expect and to admire in women precisely those qualities in which they feel themselves to be chiefly deficient. Their reverence and affection are bestowed upon her whose voice is ever soft, gentle and low, and whose mild influence is shed like a balm upon the labours and troubles of life. Of slang, and of slaps upon the back, of strength, whether of language or of body, they get enough and to spare amongst themselves, and they are scarcely to be blamed if at certain moments they should prefer refinement to roughness, and gentleness to gentlemen. However, these obvious considerations have no weight with the Manly Maiden. In fact they never occur to her, and hence arise failures, and humiliations, and disappointments not a few.

The Manly Maiden is not, as a rule, the natural product of a genuine country life. The daughter of rich parents, who have spent a great part of their lives in a centre of commercial activity, she is introduced to a new home in the country at about the age of fourteen. Seeing that all those who live in the neighbourhood are in one way or another associated with outdoor sports, and that the favour in which the men are held and their fame vary directly as their power to ride or to shoot straight, she becomes possessed by the notion that she too must, if she is to please at all, be proficient in the sports of men. Merely to ride to hounds is, of course, not sufficiently distinctive. Many women do that, without losing at all the ordinary characteristics of women. She must ride bare-backed, she must understand a horse's ailments and his points, she must trudge (in the constant society of men) over fallows and through turnips in pursuit of partridges, she must be able to talk learnedly of guns, of powders, and of shot, she must possess a gun of her own, and think she knows how to use it, she must own a retriever, and herself make him submissive by the frequent application of a silver-headed dog-whip.

These attainments are her ideals of earthly bliss, and she sets out to realise them with a terrible perseverance. Her father, of course, knows but little of sport. He is, however, afflicted with the ordinary desire to shine as a sportsman, and as a host of sportsmen. He stocks his coverts with game, and invites large shooting parties to stay with him. He himself takes to a gun as a hon might take to the water; although, as his daughter contemptuously expresses it, he is calculated to miss a hippopotamus at ten yards, he seems to imagine, if one may be permitted to judge from the wild frequency of his shots, that it is the easiest thing in the world to hit a pheasant or a partridge flying at ten times that distance. From such a father the Manly Maiden easily secures permission, first of all, to walk with the men while they are shooting, and subsequently to carry a gun herself.

And now the difficulties of the situation begin to make themselves felt, not, indeed, by her, for she remains sublimely unconscious to the end, but by the men who are compelled to associate with her upon her ventures. No man will ever hesitate to rebuke another for carrying his gun in such a way as to threaten danger; but, when a lady allows him to inspect the inside of her loaded gun-barrels, or shoots down the line at an evasive rabbit, he must suffer in silence, and can only seek compensation for restraining his tongue by incontinently removing his body to a safe place, where he can neither shoot nor be shot. At luncheon, however, he may be gratified by

hearing the Manly Maiden rally him on the poor result of his morning's sport. She will then favour him, at length, with her opinions as to how a driven partridge or a rocketing pheasant should be shot, flavouring her discourse with copious extracts from the Badminton books on shooting, and adding here and there imaginative reminiscences of her own exploits in dealing death. In the hunting-field she will lose her groom, and babble sport to the Master, with whom she further ingratiates herself by rating and lashing one of his favourite hounds, or by heading the fox whenever he attempts to break away. She then crosses him at an awkward fence, and considers herself aggrieved by the strong language which breaks irresistibly from the fallen sportsman's lips. Later on she astonishes an elderly follower of the hounds by asking him for a draught from his flask, and completes his amazement by complaining of the thoughtless manner in which he has diluted his brandy.

In the evening she will narrate her adventures at length, amidst a chorus of admiring comments from her fond parents, and their parasites, and will follow up her triumphs of the day by pursuing the men into the smoking-room, where she permits one of them to offer her a cigarette, and imagines that she delights him by accepting it. On such an occasion she will inform one of her friends that, on the whole, she has but a poor opinion of Diana of the Ephesians, seeing that she only hunted with women, and never allowed men to approach her. From this it may be inferred that her stock of classical allusions is not quite so accurate and complete as that of a genuine sportswoman should be. Next morning she may be seen schooling her horses in the park. She has a touching faith in the use both of spur and of whip whenever the occasion seems least to demand them, and she despises the man who rides without reins, and reverences one who attempts impossible jumps without discrimination. During the summer she spends a considerable part of her time in "getting fit" for the labours of the autumn and winter. Sometimes she even plays cricket, and has been known to address the ball that bowled her in highly uncomplimentary terms.

So the years pass on. She never learns that it is possible for a woman on certain occasions to be in the way of men, nor does her accuracy or her care with a gun increase. If she marries at all, she will marry some feeble creature who has no feeling for sport, and over whom she can lord it to her heart's content. But it is more probable that she will remain unwedded, and will develop eventually from a would-be hard-riding maiden, into a genuinely hard-featured old maid.

A MUSICAL POLE STAR.

THE Irish Polar Star Musical, yept our Paddy REWSKI, gave his last "recital" at St. James's Hall, Thursday, November 27. Bedad, then, 'tis Mister Paddy REWSKI himself that is the broth of a boy entirely at the piano-forte, but, Begorra, he's a better at the piano than the forte. He gave us a nice mixture of HANDEL, BEETHOVEN, CHOPIN, LISZT, and then a neat little compo of his own, consisting of a charming theme, with mighty ingenious and beautiful variations, all his own, divil a less. Great success for Paddy REWSKI. The Irish Pole, or Pole-ished Irishman, has thoroughly mastered his art, but if he has learnt how to master tune he has not yet perfected himself in *keeping strict time*, as he took his seat at the piano just one quarter of an hour late. Paddy REWSKI, me bhoy, when next you give us a recital, remember that punctuality is the soul of business. *Au revoir*, Paddy REWSKI!

Yours entirely,

JIM KRO MESKI.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Go and see *London Assurance*, with "CHARLES our friend" in it, at the Criterion. It has, probably, never yet been put on the stage as it is *hic et nunc*. Well worth seeing as a *curio*. But what tin-pot nonsense is the Tally-ho speech of *Lady Grace Harkaway*. And yet it has always "gone," and *London Assurance* itself, like the sly Reynard of the speech, has invariably shown good sport, and given a good run for the money.

MAD WAGGERY.—*The Chequers* is not the name of a wayside inn, but of one of those modern inventions calculated to help to fill Colney Hatch. A Puzzle it is, and it can be done—at least so say FELTHAM & Co. Anyhow, they don't sell the solution, they only provide the mystery.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS NUMBER (which is sure not to be forgotten).—Number One.



A CAUTION TO SNAKES.



"There is, however, another opinion prevalent among the less educated which gives to the Rattle-snake the vindictive spirit of the North American Indian, and asserts that it adds a new joint to its rattle whenever it has slain a human being, thus bearing in its tail the fearful trophies of its prowess, just as the Indians wear the scalps of slain foes."—*Wood's Natural History.*



MANNERS OF THE BAR.

A SKETCH IN THE LAW COURTS, SHOWING THE PATIENT AND RESPECTFUL ATTENTION OF THE COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF DURING THE SPEECH OF COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT.

"INGINS is Snakes!" And from its lair
This snake seems stirring. Who cries
"Scare!"?

Well, they who hear the rattle
Close at their heels, its spring will dread,
And wary watch and cautious tread,
And arm as though for battle.

Even to drive the keen-fanged snake
From its old home in swamp or brake

Irks sensitive humanity;
But they who know the untamed thing,
Have felt its fang, have seen its spring,
Hold mercy mere insanity;

Untamed, untameable, it hides,
Anguis in herbā, coils and glides,
And strikes when least expected,
And who shall blame its watchful foe
Who stands prepared to strike a blow,
When the swift death's detected?

In the dark jungle dim and damp
It lurks, and Civilisation's tramp
Disturbs its sanctuary.
Hard on the snake? Perchance, perchance!
But Civilisation, to advance,
Must ruthless be, as wary.

"Vindictive spirit" of the wild,
'Twixt you and Progress' pale-faced child,
Fated vendetta rages,
And Pity's self stands powerless
To help you counter with success
The onset of the ages.

Long driven, lingeringly you lurk;
Steel and starvation ply their work
Of slow extermination.
Armed once again Columbia stands,
And who'd arrest avenging hands,
Must challenge—Civilisation.

THE Archbishop of CANTERBURY's learned judgment in the Lincoln Case was very much after the style in which His Grace parts his hair. It was a first-rate example of the *Via Media*.

A PAGE FROM A POSSIBLE DIARY.

(Written in the Wild West.)

Monday.—Well, here I am. Guess I have got together a pretty tidy Army, that should beat BARNUM into small potatoes. The Arabs from Earl's Court will soon go along straight enough. They seem to miss the Louvre Theatre over yonder, where they were on the free list. Rather a pity I can't start a Show here, but I calculate the country is too disturbed.

Tuesday.—Nothing much doing. Sent along to SMALL BITE, and he has promised to come round along with a few of the Ghost-Dancers to let me see what I think of them. Fancy the *ballet* has been done before. That clever cuss GUS, must have used it at Covent Garden when he put up *Robert the Devil*. It seems like the Nun Ballet—uncommonly.

Wednesday.—SMALL BITE is here. He's friendly enough, but his terms are too high. Fancy they must have been trying to annex him for the Aquarium. The Ghost-Dance is a fraud. Nothing in it. Might fake it up a bit with national flags and red fire. But it's decidedly disappointing. Altogether small pumpkins.

Thursday.—Settlers want to know when I am going to begin. They are always in such a darned hurry. They ought to know I am the hero of a hundred fights (see my Autobiography—a few copies of which may still be had at the almost nominal price of half-a-dollar) and should rely on me accordingly. Am to visit the Indian Camp to-morrow.

Friday.—Terms agreed. SMALL BITE and fifty braves engage themselves for six months certain, sharing terms, travelling exes, and one clear benefit. I find front of the curtain and advertising, they provide entertainment, which is to include Ghost-Dance (with banners and red fire) religions rites, war-dance, and scalping expedition with incidentals (SMALL BITE says he knows "some useful knockabout niggers") and procession in and out of towns. Think I can boom it.

Saturday.—My connection with war ended. Calculate I start to-morrow with the Show across the herring-pond, to wake up the Crowned Heads of Europe!

TO THE BIG BACILLICIDE.

O DOCTOR KOCH, if you can slay
Those horrid germs that kill us,
You'll be the hero of the day,
Great foe of the Bacillus!

What champion may we match with you
In all the world of fable?

St. George, who the Great Dragon slew,
The Knights of ARTHUR's Table,

Even gallant giant-slaying JACK,
The British nursery's darling;

Or JENNER, against whom the pack
Of faddists now are snarling,

Must second fiddle play to him
Who stayed the plagus of phthisis,

And plumbed a mystery more dim
And deep than that of Isis.

For what are Dragons, Laidly Worms,
And such-like mythic scourges,

Compared with microscopic germs
'Gainst which the war he urges?

Hygeia, goddess, saint, or nymph,
We trust there's no big blunder,

And hope your votary's magic lymph
May prove no nine days' wonder.

We dare not trust each pseudo-seer
Who'd powder, purge, or pill us;

But pyramids to him we'll rear
Who baffles the Bacillus.

STRANGE TRANSFORMATION.—From the *Times* Correspondent, U.S., we learned, last week, that somebody who had been "a Bull," was now "a Bear." What next will he be?—A donkey? Or did he begin with this, and will he end by being a goose?

PROSPECT FOR CHRISTMAS.—"TUCK," i.e., RAPHAEL of that ilk. The "Correct (Christmas) Card."

"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."

THE first spectacle classic and Shakspearian: t'other burlesquian, and PETTIT-cum-SIMS. The one at the Princess's, the other at the Gaiety. Place au "Divine WILLIAMS"! Antony and Cleopatra is magnificently put on the stage. The costumes are probably O. K.—"all correct"—seeing that Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD pledges his



honourable name for the fact. We might have done with a few less, perhaps, but, as in the celebrated case of the war-song of the Jingoos, if we've got the men, and the money too, then there was every reason why the redoubtable LEWIS (whose name, as brotherly Masons will call to mind, means "Strength") should have put a whole army of Romans on the stage, if it so pleased him.

For its *mise-en-scène* alone the revival should attract all London. But there is more than this—there is the clever and careful impersonation of *Enobarbus* by His Gracious Heaviness, Mr. ARTHUR

STIRLING; then there is a lighter-comedy touch in the courteous and gentlemanly rendering of *Octavius Cæsar* by Mr. F. KEMBLE COOPER—one of the best things in the piece, but from the inheritor of two such good old theatrical names, much is expected. And then there is the *Mark Antony* of Mr. CHARLES COGHLAN, a rantin', roarin' boy, this *Antony*, whom no one, I believe, could ever have made really effective; and finally, Her Gracious Majesty, Mrs. LANGTRY, Queen of Egyptian



The Last Scene of Antony and Cleopatra.

Witchery. Now honestly I do not consider *Cleopatra* a good part, nor is the play a good play for the matter of that. I believe it never has been a success, but if, apart from the really great attraction of gorgeous spectacular effects, there is any one scene above another which might well draw all London, it is the death of *Cleopatra*, which to my mind is—after the fall of *WOLSEX*, and a long way after, too,—one of the most pathetic pictures ever presented on the stage. So lonely in her grandeur, so grand, and yet so pitiable in her loneliness is this poor Queen of Beauty, this *Empress-Butterfly*, who can conquer conquerors, and for whose sake not only her noble lovers, but her poor humble serving-maids, are willing to die.

Her last scene is beyond all compare her best, and to those who are inclined to be disappointed with the play after the First Act is over I say, "Wait for the end," and don't leave until the Curtain has descended on that

gracious figure of the Queen of Egypt, attired in her regal robes, crowned with her diadem, holding her sceptre, but dead in her chair of state. *Ca donne à penser.*

The Gaiety.—In calling their burlesque *Carmen up to Data*, possibly the two dear clever boys who wrote it intended some crypto-jocosity of which the hidden meaning is known only to the initiated in these sublime mysteries. Why "*Data*"? On the other hand, "Why not?"

However attractive or not as a heading in a bill of the play, the *Gaiety Carmen* is, on the whole, a merry, bright, and light burlesque piece, though, except in the costume and make-up of Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS as *Captain Zuniga*, there is nothing extraordinarily "burlesque" in the appearance of any of the characters, as the appearance of Mr. HOBACE MILLS as *Remendado* belongs more to Christmas pantomime than to the sly suggestiveness of real burlesque.

As Miss ST. JOHN simply looks, acts, and sings as a genuine *Carmen*, I can only suppose that her voice is not strong enough for the real *Opera*; otherwise I doubt whether any better operatic impersonator of the real character could be found. She is not the least bit burlesque, and though the songs she has to sing are nothing like so telling as those she has had given her in former pieces, yet, through her rendering, most are encored, and all thoroughly appreciated.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS as *Zuniga* is very droll, reminding some of us, by his make-up and jerky style, of MILNER as the comic *Valentine* in *Le Petit Faust*. Mr. LONNEN is also uncommonly good as the spongy soldier, and in the telling song of "*The Bogie Man*;" and in the still more telling dance with which he finishes it and makes his exit, he makes the hit of the evening,—in fact the hit by which the piece will be remembered, and to which it owes the greater part of its success.

In the authors' latest adaptation of the very ancient "business" of "the statues"—consisting of a *verse*, and then an attitude, I was disappointed, as I had been led to believe that here we should see what Mr. LONNEN could do in the Robsonian or burlesque-tragedy style. The brilliancy of the costumes, of the scenery, the grace of the four dancers, and the excellence of band and chorus, under the direction of that ancient mariner MEYER LUTZ, are such as are rarely met with elsewhere.

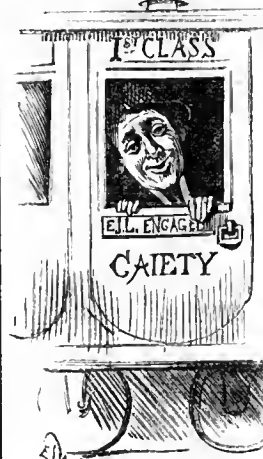
Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES may now attend to the building of his new theatre, as *Carmen up to Data* will not give him any trouble for some time to come.



The Run of Cleopatra.



Scene from the Cigarette History of Carmen.



In for a good Run on the "Bogie" System.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONLY a Penny! And well worth every halfpenny of it. I am alluding to the Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, in which appears *A Daughter of the People*, by JOHN LATEY, Junior, who is Junior than ever in December. Capital Christmas Number, and will attract an extraordinary number of Christmas readers.

The Rosebud Annual, published by JAMES CLARK & Co., is quite a bright posy for our very little ones.

Turning from novels, it is a relief to come across so inviting a little volume as the *Pocket Atlas, and Gazetteer of Canada*, which will be found of the greatest possible value to eccentric Londoners who purpose visiting the Dominion during the coming Winter.

"*Persicos odi*," but you won't agree with HORACE if you follow this "*puer apparatus*" of G. NORWAY, who, in *Hussein's Hostage*, gives us the exciting adventures of a Persian boy.

Twixt School and College, by GORDON STABLES, has nothing to do with horsey experiences, as suggested by the author's name, but is the uneventful home-life of a poor Scotch laddie, who triumphs by dint of pluck.

Nutbrown Roger and I, by J. H. YOXALL, a romance of the highway, quite in the correct style of disguises and blunderbusses always so necessary for a tale of this kind.

Disenchantment is the—not altogether—enticing title of "an everyday story," by F. MABEL ROBINSON, author of *The Plan of Campaign*. It is rather a long tale to tell, for it takes 432 pages in the unravelling. It ends with a beautiful avowal that "the heart is no more unehanging than the mind, and that love's not immortal, but an illusion." As the utterer of this truism is a young married woman, it would seem that the foundation is laid for a sequel to *Disenchantment* that might be appropriately called *Divorce*.

The Secret of the Old House, by EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, who evidently can't keep a secret to himself, will be so no longer when the children have satisfied their curiosity by reading the book.

My faithful "Co." declares that he has been recently hard at work novel-reading. He has been revelling in an atmosphere of romance. He has been moved almost to tears by *Lady Hazleton's Confession*, by Mrs. KENT SPENDER, which, he says, includes, amongst many moving passages, some glimpses of Parliamentary life. *Friend Olivia*, in one bulky volume, takes the reader back to the days of CROMWELL, when people said "hath," instead of "has," and "pray resolve me truly," instead of "don't sell me;" and "Mr. JOHN MILTON" played upon the organ. It has a fine old crusty Puritan flavour about it, which, however, does not prevent the hero and heroine, in the last page, reading a letter together, "with smiles, and little laughs, and sweet asides, and sweeter kisses." Altogether, a book to read when a library does not contain WALTER SCOTT, ALEXANDRE DUMAS pere, G. P. R. JAMES, or HARRISON AINSWORTH. *Two Masters* deals with passages in the life of a young lady who is described as "a Boarding-school Miss" in Volume I., and "a young she-fiend" in Volume III. However, it is only right to say, that the last compliment is paid to her by a gentlemanly murderer, who takes poison and a cigarette, with a view to escaping a justly-deserved death on the gallows. From this it may be seen, that the novel is at times slightly sensational. Fearing that his Christmas might be saddened by this last ghastly incident, were not the impression created by it partially removed by less highly-seasoned fare, my faithful "Co." has also read *Mary Hamilton, a Tale for Girls*, *My Schoolfellows*, and *Bonnie Boy's Soap Bubble*. He considers the first admirably adapted to the comprehension of the readers to whom it is addressed, only the girls, he says, should be very young girls. *My Schoolfellows* he intends reading again when he has reached his second childhood, when he fancies he will be better pleased with the humours of "*Guzzling Gus*" and "*Ned Never Mind*." In conclusion, he admits that he is a little doubtful about the merits or demerits of *Bonnie Boy's Soap Bubble*. He explains, that while he was reading it he "fell a thinking," and that when he woke up, the volume was lying on the floor. Since then, he adds, he really has not had the leisure to pick it up.



The Snake's Pass, by BRAM STOKER, M.A. (SAMPSON LOW), is a simple love-story, a pure idyl of Ireland, which does not seem, after all, to be so distressful a country to live in. Whiskey punch flows like milk through the land; the loveliest girls abound, and seem instinctively to be drawn towards the right man. Also there are jooled crowns to be found by earnest seekers, with at least one large packing-case crammed with rare coins. The love-scenes are frequent and tempting. BRAM has an eye to scenery, and can describe it. He knows the Irish peasant, and reproduces his talk with a fidelity which almost suggests that he, too, is descended from one of the early kings, whereas, as everyone knows, he lives in London and adds grace and dignity to "the front" of the Lyceum on First Nights and others. He is perfectly overwhelming in his erudition in respect of the science of drainage, which, if all stories be true, he might find opportunity of turning to account in the every-day (or, rather, every-night) world of the theatre. In his novel he utilises it in the preliminaries of shifting a mighty bog, the last stages whereof are described in a chapter that, for sustained interest, recalls CHARLES READE's account of the breaking of the Sheffield Reservoir. The novel-reader will do well not to pass by *The Snake's Pass*. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

RED VERSUS BLACK.

(Two Views of the same place, by Gentlemen "who Write to the Papers.")

Opinion No. 1.—Monte Carlo! One of the most disgraceful places in Europe—a blot upon our civilisation. The gambling is productive of the greatest possible misery. It is an institution that should be held up to the execration of mankind. All the riffraff of the globe are attracted to this hideous spot. The place is like an upas-tree, under which everything noble and good languishes and dies! The form of Government is absolutely immoral. It is a scandal that rates, and taxes, and public improvements should be paid for out of the private purse of the Director. He could not afford it had he not made a fortune out of his ill-gotten gains! Anyone who has watched at the tables knows that the chances are absolutely unfair—that the Direction must win. Not that this matters much. It is the general immorality of the place that is so alarming. The place should be closed at once; and persons who have lost anything, say, during the last year, should have their money promptly returned to them. And I say this without any bias, although I *did* back Red, and Black came up ten times running!

P.S.—Just won a trifle. Not so sure that my pessimist view may not be modified.

Opinion No. 2.—Monte Carlo! Without exception, the loveliest spot in Europe. The so-called gambling is the cause of numberless blessings. It is an institution that should be held up to the admiration of mankind. All the aristocracy of the civilised world flock to it to indulge in a recreation to which only the greatly prejudiced can possibly take exception. The Government is benevolent to the last degree. In what other country are rates, taxes, and improvements paid for you? If the Director were not the best of men, how could this be done? The play itself is absolutely fair. And, with a system, and a sufficiency of capital, anyone is able to realise a large fortune in less than no time. Not that this absolute certainty should be taken into consideration. It is the general morality of the place that is so encouraging. The place should never close. And it would be a graceful thing if those who have laid in a store for their old age were to return a trifle, to be expended on some charity. And I say this without any bias, although I have backed Black ten times successfully.

P.S.—Just lost all I had. Not so sure that my optimist view is not open to rectification!

BULL AND BULLION.

(On Gold, after Goldsmith.)

WHEN British Commerce stoops to folly, And finds too late that Bonds betray, What charm can soothe her melancholy, And the big rush for bullion stay?	To save herself from shameful ruin (Ask Monsieur LAUR!) her only chance Lies—full revenge for Water- loo!—in Big borrowings from generous France.
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Mr. Punch Among the Planets is the title of *Mr. Punch's* Christmas Number, vice Almanack superseded. Ask for this, and "see that you get it!"

VOX STELLARUM.—The New Comet, November 19, Boston, U.S., suddenly appeared, and was heard to exclaim, "But, soft! I am observed!"



SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—A DIOCESAN CONFERENCE.

"LOOK 'ERE, BILL! BLEST IF THESE BEAN'T A LOT 'O' PARSONS ON STRIKE!"

"SEPARATISTS."

(Fragments of a Modern "Marmion.")

"But DOUGLAS round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—

* The hand of DOUGLAS is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as MARMION clasp."

"THE hand of such as MARMION!" Ay!
Great Singer of the knightly lay,

Thy tale of Flodden field
Is darkened by unknighthly stain.
That slackened arm and burdened brain
Of him found low among the slain,
Constrained at last to yield

To a mere "base marauder's lance;"
He, firm of front and cold of glance,
The dark, the dauntless MARMION.—

The days of chivalry are gone,
Dispraisers of the present say,
Yet men arm still for party fray

As fierce as foray old;
And mail is donned, and steel is drawn,
And champions challenging at dawn
Ere night lie still and cold.

Two champions here 'midst loud applause,
Have led the lists in a joint cause

On many a tourney morn,
Have fought to vanward in the field
Full many an hour, and, sternly steeled,
One banner forward borne.

And now—ah, well, as DOUGLAS old
On MARMION looked sternly cold,

So looks this Chieftain grey
On his old comrade, though the fight
Is forward now, and many a knight
Is arming for the fray.

As "the demeanour changed and cold
Of DOUGLAS fretted MARMION bold,"
Has this old greyhaired Chieftain's chill
Fretted that man of icy will?

Who knows—or cares to know?
At least he "has to learn ere long
That constant mind, and hate of wrong"
Than steely pride are yet more strong;

That shame can strike a blow
At comradeship more fatal far
Than any chances of fateful war
When faction howled with Cerberus throat,
When falsehood struck a felon stroke,

When forgery did its worst
To pull its hated quarry down,
To dim, disarm, degrade, disown.

Against the array accurst
That ancient chief made gallant head,
Dismayed not, nor disquieted

At rancour's rude assault.
He shared opprobrium undeserved,
But not for that had courage swerved,
Or loyalty made default.

But now? The hand that reared hath razed;
And as old ANGUS stood amazed

At WILTON's shameful tale,
So fealty here must bend the brow,
And faith, though sorely tried, till now
Surviving, faint and fail;

As DOUGLAS round him drew his cloak,
So, saddened by unknighthly stroke,

The ancient chief must draw;
Nor in mere pharisaic scorn,
But in the name of faith foresworn
And honour's broken law.

"'Tis pity of him, too!" 'Twas so,
The half-relenting ANGUS, low
Spake in his snowy beard.

"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
I warrant him a warrior tried."

A foeman to be feared,
A leader to be trusted, seemed
This dark, cold chief, and few had dreamed
Of such strange severance.

And any not ignoble eye
In sorrow more than mockery
Aside will gladly glance.

'Tis pity of it! Right or wrong,
The Cause needs champions true as strong,
And blameless as they're bold.

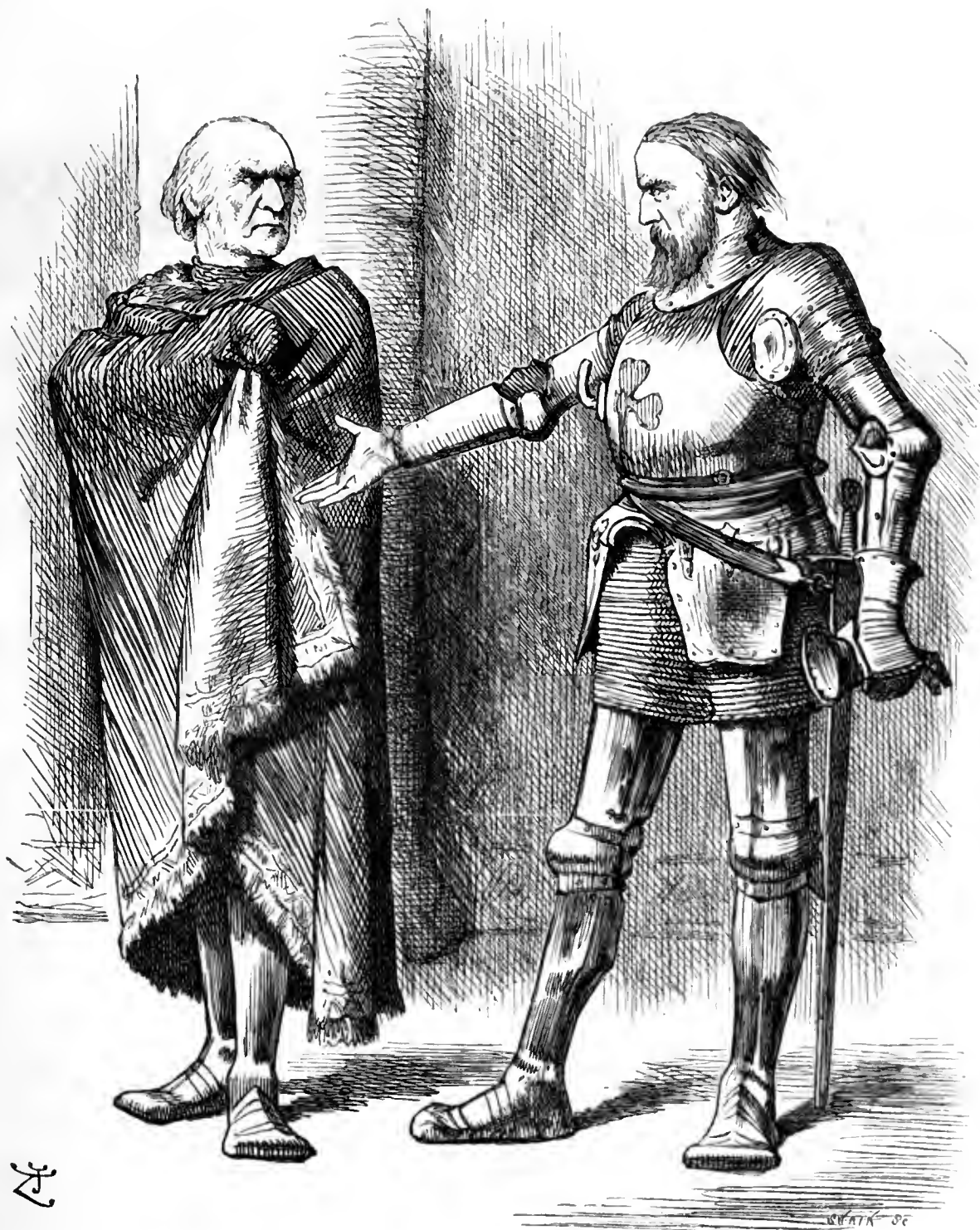
"A sinful heart makes feeble hand,"
Cried MARMION, his "failing brand"
Cursing with lips grown cold.

Let vulgar venom triumph here,
And hate, itself from shame not clear,

Makes haste to hurl the stone;
A nobler foe will stand aside,
And more in sorrow than in pride,
Not hot to harry or deride,

Like DOUGLAS in his halls abide,
But keep his hand—his own!

FROM A THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENT.—Sir,
—I know a lot about London and N. B., but
never till now did I know of the existence of
'ARRY in Scotland. The character is now
represented, as I am informed, on the stage,
by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who, in a play called
Back, impersonates the MAC ARRY. Odd,
this! for the MCCOCKNIE. P.S.—One lives
and learns. [.. If MCCOCKNIE is to learn
much, he will have to become a McMETHU-
SELAH. The piece to which he alludes is
Called Back, by HUGH CONWAY and COMYNS
CARR, and the part in it, excellently played
by Mr. TREE, is *Macari*, an Italian.]



“SEPARATISTS.”

Douglas MR. GL-DST-NE. *Marmion* MR. P-RN-LL.

DOUGLAS. “THE HAND OF DOUGLAS IS HIS OWN;
AND NEVER SHALL IN FRIENDLY GRASP
THE HAND OF SUCH AS MARMION CLASP!”—*Marmion*, Canto VI.



A LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY VERY MUCH AT SEA.

(An incident of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's recent Tour in Ireland.)

Mr. A. B. "WHY PAT, MY LAD, I SEE NOTHING TO COMPLAIN OF HERE. THESE POTATORS ARE REMARKABLY FINE!"

Pat. "BEDAD, SOR, BUT THEY'RE NOT PRATIES AT ALL, AT ALL. SHURE, IT'S THE TURNIPS YOUR HONOUR'S LOOKING AT!"

ROBERT AT THE HOPERA.

I WAS habel the other day to do BROWN a good turn by getting him engaged at won of our big Otels, so he kindly offerd to stand a supper, and then take me to the Hopera at Common Garden. We went to see *Horfay*.

It seems that wnnce upon a time, ever so many thousand years ago, before there was not no Lord Mares, nor no Shirryffs, nor not ewen no Aldermen, a Gent of the name of *Horfay* lived in Grease. He was the werry grandest Fiddler of his time, a regler JOEY KIM. Well, he married a werry bewtiful wife, of the name of *Yourridisee*, and they was both werry appy, till one day, as she was a having a run in a field, a norrid serpent bit her in her heel; so she died. Well, while poor *Mr. Horfay* is a telling us all about his trubbel, in comes a werry bewtiful young lady with a pair of most bewtiful wings on, and she werry kindly gives him a new sort of magie Fiddle, called, as I was told, A Liar! to go to—go down to *you kno where*, to git his wife baek! Off he goes, and the neks sean shows us the werry plaice, all filled with savidges, and demons, and snakes, and things; and presently, when *Mr. Horfay* is seen a cumming down, all the demona and savidges runa at him to stop him; but he holda up the Liar, and begins for to sing, and most bewtifully too, tho' I didn't kno the tune; they all makes way for him, and he gos bang into lets of big flames, and so I werry naterally thort as how it was all over. But not a bit of it, for in the werry next sean we sees him with his Liar in a most lovely garden, all full of most lovely flowers and trees, and numbers of bewtiful ladies, a dancing and enjoying theirselves like fun, until his Liar leads him rite up to his wife, and then he raps harf his scarf round her, and off they gos together, both on 'em dowtless a longing for a reel nupshal kiss, but poor *Mr. Horfay* not a daring for to look at her, becoz if he does before he gets her home, she will be ded again direkly! Was there hever such a tanterlising case ever known! When she sings to him to give her one loving look, he singa to her to say he mustn't, until at larst she sets down on a nice cumferel-looking sofy, as appens for to be in the werry middel of the street, and says, werry artfully, as she can't go not one step farther, when in course he turns round, and rushea up to her to have one fond embrace, and, thank goodness, they has it, and then she falls back dead!

Well, now, I knos as I'm ony a mere Hed Waiter, and, therefore, not xpected to have any werry fine feelings, like my betters has, but

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.

"THE Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours?" said young PAR. "Nonsense! why all the water is frozen now, and so they can't paint!" "Precisely," replied I; "and that's why it is a nice exhibition!" This so startled Young PAR that he slipped and fell. I turned into the Gallery in Pall Mall, and left him sitting on the cold hard flags outside. Inside pleasant enough. BIRKET FOSTER'S "*Island of Rum*" very comforting—should like some hot. HERBERT MARSHALL—our own City MARSHALL—has gone further afield, to "*Old Chelsea*." Should now be called the Field MARSHALL. MATTHEW HALE, in "*Gathering Blackberries*," is a hail fellow well met! "*The Corso, Verona*," by S. J. HOBSON, shows that HOBSON'S choice is a good one. HENRY MOORE'S sea-pieces—the more the merrier, say I. "*Warkworth—Sunlit Shower*," by A. W. HUNT; a walk worth taking when the hunt is up. "*Holidays Past and Future*," suggests wide subjects and open spaces. Why, then, is it painted by SMALLFIELD? "*Wreck of the Halwell*," is a terrible catastrophe. Can't be "All's Well." Possibly the painter, G. H. ANDREWS, means "all swell"—that seems a great deal more likely. ALBERT GOODWIN shows himself to be a good winner in the "*Ponte Vecchio, Florence*." DU MAURIER delights us with some clever Society sketches in pen and pencil. The veteran, Sir JOHN GILBERT, is as young, as dashing, as vigorous as ever. H. G. GLINDONI has two pictures full of humour and character. STACY MARKS' "*Cockatoo*" looks as if it had just flown in from the Zoo. "*Au Spornach*," by C. B. PHILLIP. Title difficult to understand. Landscape easy to comprehend. A close study of Nature, admirably painted. A wholesome Phillipio against namby-pamby prettiness. "*On the Thames*," by G. A. FRIPP, honestly painted, and no frippery about it. Miss CLARA MONTALBA has a large number of pictures of Venice—and Mr. RIDGE comes up and says he is the Keeper. What Keeper? He whispara, he is the Keeper of the Cold Out—What an original remark!—and will I step into the Committee Room? I do, and remain there, and continue to be
Yours par-adoxically,
OLD PAR.

I do declare that, when I saw this sad, sad end to all that grand amount of reel true Love, the tears run down my cheeks like rain, and I was a getting up to go away, when presently in came the lovely angel again, whose name I was told was Love, and told him that such love as his could conker Death itself; and she brort the pore wife to life again, and all hended, as all things shoed end, jovial, and cumferal, and happy. What a wonderful thing is Musie! It didn't seem at all strange to me that not one single word was spoke all the heavening, but ewery word sung, and in a forren tung, too, that I didn't hunderstand, the bewtiful story kep my attention fixt the hole time, and I warked home in the poring rain, werry thankful, and jest a leetle proud, that in one thing, at least, I was not xactly like BROWN, who slept earm and content thro the hole of the larst hact.
ROBERT.

The Fate of Salvation Army Generals.

"Each General is, by a deed of appointment, executed and placed in safe custody with certain formalities, &c."—*Gen. Booth's Letter to the Times, Nov. 27.*

This is dreadful! Why should the Generals be executed? What have they done to deserve this cruel fate? And what is the use of placing them in safe custody *after* they have been executed? And what are the "certain formalities"? We pause for a reply to all these questions.

SEASONABLE.—CHRISTMAS IS COMING.—In the *Morning Post*, one day last week, appeared an announcement to the effect that Madame NOËL had left one residence in the West End for another in the same quarter. Odd this, just now. But go where she will, *Le bon père NOËL* will be in London and the country on the 25th instant; so the best way is to prepare to receive Father Christmas.

So-HO, THERE!—Some persons think that the proper place for "The Pelican" ought still to be—the wilderness.

NOVELTY.—Quartette for three players—"Whist! the Dumb Man!"

NEW EDUCATIONAL WORK (BY C. S. P-RN-LL).—*The Crammer's Guide to Politics.*

A DRESS DRAMA.

(BY A PERPLEXED PLAYWRIGHT.)

I've got myself into a horrible mess,
Of that there can be no manner of doubt,
And my forehead is aching, because I've been making
A desperate effort to get myself out,
And I'm given away, so it seemeth to me,
Like a threepenny vase with a pound of tea.

I promised an actress to write her a play,
With herself, of course, in the leading part,
With abundance of bathos paraded as pathos,
And a gallery death of a broken heart—
It's a capital plan, I find, to try
To arrange a part where the audience cry.

So I quickly think of a beautiful plot,
The interest ne'er for an instant flags;
The sorrowful ending is almost heart-rending,
As the heroine comes on in tatters and rags.
It is better than aught I have thought of before,
And will certainly run for a twelvemonth or more.

Yet, alas! for my prospect of glory and gain,
She has strangled my play at its moment of birth,
For now she has written to say she is smitten
With the newest designs and creations of WORTH,
And to quote her own words—"As a matter of fact,
I've a couple of costumes for every act."

Then there follows a list of the things she has bought,
Though I'm puzzled indeed as to what it may mean.
She is painfully pat in her jargon of satin,
Alpaca, nun's veiling, tulle, silk, grenadine,
And she asks me to say if I honestly think
She should die in pearl-grey, golden-brown, or shrimp-pink?

So here I am left in this pitiful plight.
With nothing but dresses, what am I to do?
For I haven't a notion what kind of emotion
Is suited to coral or proper for blue;
And if, when she faints, but they think she is dead,
Old-gold or sea-green would be better than red.

Will crushed strawberry do for an afternoon call?
For the evening would salmon or olive be right?
May a charming young fellow embrace her in yellow?
Must she sorrow in black? Must I wed her in white?
Till, dazed and bewildered, my eyesight grows dim,
And my head, throbbing wildly, commences to swim.

'Twere folly and madness to try any more,
I know what I'll do—in a letter to-day
I will just tell her plainly how utterly vainly
I've striven and struggled to finish her play;
And then—happy thought!—I will mildly suggest
That she'll find for her purpose BUCHANAN the best.

I shall now write a play without dresses at all,
A plan, which I'm sure will be perfectly new.
Yet opposed to convention, why merely the mention
Of a thing so immodest will startle a few;
And, although it's a pity, I shrewdly suspect
The Lord Chamberlain might deem it right to object.

Better still! from the French I will boldly convey
What will be (in two senses) the talk of the town.
You insist on a moral? Well, pray do not quarrel
With the one that I now for your guidance lay down,
That of excellent maxims this isn't the worst—
Let the play, not the dresses, be settled the first!

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—What a happily appropriate name for the Chief Magistrate of so fashionable a watering-place as Brighton is Mr. SOPER! Whether he is soft SOPER, or Hard SOPER, or Scented SOPER, it matters not; it is only a pity that after his year of office, if the Brightonian Bathers can spare him, he should not be transferred to Windsor. Old Windsor SOPER—what a splendid title for the Mayor of the Royal town! No doubt he will show himself active and energetic during his Mayoralty, and that at Brighton henceforth a totally opposite meaning from the ordinary one will be given to the description of a speech as "a SOPER-ific." At least, it is 'oped so, for the sake of SOPER.



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"AND ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR MY BIRTHDAY, AUNTY MAUD?" "OF COURSE, DARLING."
"THEN DON'T LET IT BE SOMETHING USEFUL!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday Night, November 25.—New Session opened to-day. Remarkable gathering of Members in the Lords to hear Queen's Speech read. Unusual excitement, though heroically restrained in presence of LORD CHANCELLOR, supported on Woolsack by four figures in red cloaks and cocked hats, borrowed for occasion from Madame Tussaud's. HALSBURY lost his temper once when Commission being read. Tussaud's man, sent down to work the figures—make them take off their cocked hats and nod upon cue being given by Reading Clerk—was on duty for first time; much interested in arrival of Commons at the Bar; instead of lying low behind Woolsack and minding his business, kept poking his head round to peer forth on scene. At last, LORD CHANCELLOR in hoarse whisper threatened to send him to Clock Tower if he didn't behave properly.

After this all went well; figures bringing their right elbow up with a jerk, took off their hats at precisely right moment, and replaced them without a hitch. They were labelled "LORD LATHOM," "EARL OF COVENTRY," "LORD BROWNLOW," and "LORD KNUTSFORD." LORD CHANCELLOR sat in the middle. The ladies on floor of House watched them with much interest.

"Such dear old things," said one, when the figure labelled "Earl of Coventry" cleverly pretended to sneeze. "I wish they'd do it all over again; but I suppose the springs have run down."

In the Commons, everyone on the look out for PARNELL. What would he do? Where would he sit? What would he say? Or, would he come at all? Nobody knew. Some suspected last guess most probable. Towards Three o'Clock whisper went round that he was here. SARK had seen him crossing Lobby, with green spectacles and umbrella, and his hair died crimson. Was now in room with Irish Party, arranging about Leadership. Understood before House met that he was to retire from Leadership till fumes from Divorce Court had passed away. Then alliance between Home Rulers and Liberals would go on as before, and all would be well. Ministerialists downcast at this prospect; Liberals chirpy; a great difficulty avoided. Soon be in smooth water again.

Waiting in House for business to commence. SPEAKER away for cause that saddens everyone; COURTNEY to take the Chair at Four o'Clock; meeting of Irish Members still going forward. When business concluded, PARNELL would quietly walk out; they would take their places, and things would go on as if no one had

ever heard of Eltham, of alarms and excursions, of exits by fire-escapes, and entrances by back doors.

Thinking of these things, I was standing by Sergeant-at-Arms' chair; heard a scuffling noise behind; looked round, and lo! there was PARNELL entering House by Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, descending by swarming down the end pillar, which supports Gallery from floor of House.

"Good gracious!" I cried. "What are you doing?"

"I'm catching the last post," said PARNELL, smiling blandly, as, reaching the floor, he unclasped arms and legs from the pillar and quietly walked over to his ordinary place as if this were the usual way of an Hon. Member approaching his seat.

Direful news rapidly spread. PARNELL not going to retire from Leadership! On contrary, meant to stay, ignoring little events brought to light in the Divorce Court. Ministerialists jubilant; Liberals depressed; the whole situation changed; prospects of Liberal supremacy, so certain yesterday, suddenly blighted; talk of Mr. G. retiring from the fray; spoke on Address just now, but no fight left in him; the Opposition wrung out like a damp cloth; even GEORGE CAMPBELL dumb, and Dr. CLARK indefinitely postponed Amendment long threatened. By ten o'clock the whole thing had flickered out. Address, which of late has taken three weeks to pass, agreed to in three hours.

Mr. G. went off as soon as OLD MORALITY had finished his modest speech. Walked with him across the Park to Carlton Terrace. Haven't seen him to speak to since Midlothian. What a change! Then elate, confident, energetic, tingling with life to his finger-ends; to-night shrunken, limp, despondent, almost heart-broken.

"Don't you think, Sir," I said, "that, after to-day's experience, Home Rule has a new terror? You remember how, seven or eight years ago, the Irish Members used to stand up in the House and personally vilify you. Then, when you came round to their side, the very same men beslobbered you with fulsome adulation. Now, when there is another parting of the ways, when you pit yourself, your authority, and your character, against their chosen Leader, they rudely turn their backs on you, and tell you to mind your own business. How'll it be, do you think, when you've finally served their purpose, and made possible the accomplishment of their aim? When you have made them Masters in Dublin, will they care any more for the views and prejudices of you and your Liberal Party than they have done to-day?"

"TOBY, dear boy," said Mr. G., "you're a young dog yet. When you come to my age, you'll have learned that there is no gratitude in politics. But we won't talk of it any more. I'm a little tired to-night."

So we walked in silence up the steps, by the Duke of York's Columbarium.

Business done.—Address agreed to. Mr. P. flouts Mr. G.

Thursday.—House up at twenty minutes to Six, having got through rattling lot of business. Prince ARTHUR been sailing up and down floor, bringing in Land Bills and Railway Bills. HICKS-BEACH depressed with legacy of Tithes Bill.

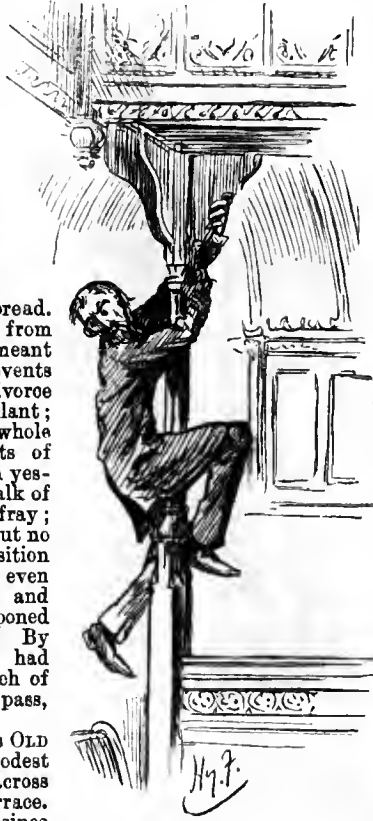
"Cheer up, BEACH," says CRANBORNE, tugging at his moustache à la GRANDOLPH; "you may depend upon me. Keep your eye on your young friend, and he will pull you through."

"Thank you," said BEACH, with something more than his customary fusive manner.

JACKSON toying round the table, packing and unpacking papers, looking at his watch and the clock, vaguely whistling, and absently rubbing his hands.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You seem out of sorts."

"Matter!" he cried. "Why, twenty minutes to Six is the



Up a Tree.

matter, and here's all the work done and the House up. It's absolutely demoralising; portends something uncanny. On Tuesday we got through the Address in a single short sitting; yesterday, after meeting at noon, had to adjourn for three hours and a half; filled up remainder of time with bringing in Bills; To-day we have an Irish Land Bill brought in and read a First Time, after a Debate confined to SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, and WILFRID LAWSON. Nothing like it seen for sixteen years. If this kind of thing goes on, you know, we'll get all the work of the Session done in three months, and perhaps done better than when it took nine. It's the suddenness that knocks me over, TOBY. They ought to be more considerate, and begin more gently."

Great commotion in Irish circles. Scene slightly shifted. It seems that Irish Members in re-electing PARNELL on Tuesday, thought he would relieve them of difficulty by forthwith resigning. Mr. P. doesn't take that view; thinks it would be rude, after having been unanimously elected, to appear to undervalue such remarkable, spontaneous act of confidence; doesn't care a rap for public opinion.

"J'y suis, et j'y reste," he says, smiling sweetly round the table, where his friends forlornly sit.

"Begorra!" says Mr. O'KEEF, indignantly, "it's bad enough to have him ruining us and the country, without using blasphemous language."

Business done.—Everything on the paper.



"Bless-you-my-child!" belongs to the Radical Party." *Business done.*—Agreed that, up to Christmas, Government shall have all the time.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—"Here we are again!" as they come tumbling in, fresh from the hands of the publishers, HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER. More artistic than ever!

A NEW BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE.—"The force o' this 'ere observation lies in the Barings of it."—*Cap'en Cuttle adapted.*

PROBABLE PUBLICATION.—*Correct to a Shade.* (A book of ghostly counsel.) By the Author of *Betrayed by a Shadow.*

WORLDLY-WISE MOTTO FOR THE WRANGLERS ABOUT "DARKEST AFRICA."—"Keep it Dark!"

ANGLO-FRENCH MOTTO FOR A THOROUGHLY RAINY DAY.—"Pour *Toujours.*"

A JOURNALISTIC CITY.—Pressburg.



Mr. P.-n turns his Back on Public Opinion.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. IX.—THE CURSE OF COGNAC.

(By WATER DECANT, Author of "Chaplin off his Feet," "All Sorts of Editions for Men," "The Nuns in Dilemma," "The Cream he Tried," "Blue-the-Money Naughty-boy," "The Silver Gutter-Snipe," "All for a Farden Fare," "The Roley Hose," "Caramel of Stickiness," &c., &c., &c.)

[Of this story the Author writes to us as follows:—"I can honestly recommend it, as calculated to lower the exaggerated cheerfulness which is apt to prevail at Christmas time. I consider it, therefore, to be eminently suited for a Christmas Annual. Families are advised to read it in detachments of four or five at a time. Married men who owe their wives' mothers a grudge should lock them into a bare room, with a guttering candle and this story. Death will be certain, and not painless. I've got one or two rods in pickle for the publishers. You wait and see.—W. D."]

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE GINSLING was alone in his College-rooms at Cambridge. His friends had just left him. They were quite the tip-top set in Christ's College, and the ashes of the cigarettes they had been smoking lay about the rich Axminster carpet. They had been talking about many things, as is the wont of young men, and one of them had particularly bothered GEORGE by asking him why he had refused a seat in the University Trial Eights after rowing No. 5 in his College boat. GEORGE had no answer ready, and had replied angrily. Now, he thought of many answers. This made him nervous. He paced quickly up and down the deserted room, sipping his seventh tumbler of brandy, as he walked. It was his invariable custom to drink seven tumblers of neat brandy every night to steady himself, and his College career had, in consequence, been quite unexceptionable up to the present moment. He used playfully to remind his Dean of PORSON'S drunken epigram, and the good man always accepted this as an excuse for any false quantities in GEORGE'S Greek Iambics. But to-night, as I have said, GEORGE was nervous with a strange nervousness, and he, therefore, went to bed, having previously blown out his candle and placed his Waterbury watch under his pillow, on the top of which sat a Devil wearing a thick jersey worked with large green spots on a yellow ground.

CHAPTER II.

Now this Devil was a Water-Devil of the most pronounced type. His head-quarters were on the Thames at Barking, where there is a sewage outfall, and he had lately established a branch-office on the Cam, where he did a considerable business.

Occasionally, he would run down to Cambridge himself, to consult with his manager, and on these occasions he would indulge his playful humour by going out at night and sitting on the pillows of Undergraduates.

This was one of his nights out, and he had chosen GEORGE GINSLING'S pillow as his seat.

GEORGE woke up with a start. What was this feeling in his throat? Had he swallowed his blanket, or his cocoa-nut matting? No, they were still in their respective places. He tore out his tongue and his tonsils, and examined them. They were on fire. This puzzled him. He replaced them. As he did so, a shower of red-hot coppers fell from his mouth on to his feet. The agony was awful. He howled, and danced about the room. Then he dashed at the whiskey, but the bottle ducked as he approached, and he failed to tackle it. Poor GEORGE, you see, was a rowing-man, not a football-player. Then he knew what he wanted. In his keeping-room were six *carafes*, full of Cambridge water, and a dozen bottles of Hunyadi Janos. He rushed in, and hurled himself upon the bottles with all his weight. The crash was dreadful. The foreign bottles, being poor, frail things, broke at once. He lapped up the liquid like a thirsty dog. The *carafes* survived. He crammed them with their awful contents, one after another, down his throat. Then he returned to his bed-room, seized his jug, and emptied it at one gulp. His bath was full. He lifted it in one hand, and drained it as dry as a University sermon. The thirst compelled him—drove him—made him—urged him—lashed him—forced him—shoved him—goaded him—to drink, drink, drink water, water, water! At last he was appeased. He had cried bitterly, and drunk up all his tears. He fell back on his bed, and slept for twenty-four hours, and

the Devil went out and gave his gyp, STARLING, a complete set of instructions for use in case of flood.

CHAPTER III.

STARLING was a pale, greasy man. He was a devil of a gyp. He went into GEORGE'S bed-room and shook his master by the shoulder. GEORGE woke up.

"Bring me the College pump," he said. "I must have it. No, stay," he continued, as STARLING prepared to execute his orders, "a hair of the dog—bring it, quick, quick!"

STARLING gave him three. He always carried them about with him in case of accidents. GEORGE devoured them eagerly, recklessly. Then with a deep sigh of relief, he went stark staring mad, and bit STARLING in the fleshy part of the thigh, after which he fell fast asleep again. On awaking, he took his name off the College books, gave STARLING a cheque for £5000, broke off his engagement, but forgot to post the letter, and consulted a Doctor.

"What you want," said the Doctor, "is to be shut up for a year in the tap-room of a public-house. No water, only spirits. That must cure you."

So GEORGE ordered STARLING to hire a public-house in a populous district. When this was done, he went and lived there. But you scarcely need to be told that STARLING had not carried out his orders. How could he be expected to do that? Only fifty-six pages of my book had been written, and even publishers—the most abandoned people on the face of the earth—know that that amount won't make a Christmas Annual. So STARLING hired a Temperance Hotel. As I have said, he was a devil of a gyp.

CHAPTER IV.

THE fact was this. One of GEORGE'S great-great uncles had held a commission in the Blue Ribbon Army. GEORGE remembered this too late. The offer of a seat in the University Trial Eights must have suggested the blue ribbon which the University Crew wear on their straw hats. Thus the diabolical force of heredity were roused to fever-heat, and the great-great uncle, with his blue ribbon, whose photograph hung in GEORGE'S home over the parlour mantelpiece, became a living force in GEORGE'S brain.

GEORGE GINSLING went and lived in a suburban neighbourhood. It was useless. He married a sweet girl with various spiteful relations. In vain. He changed his name to PUMPDRY, and conducted a local newspaper. Profitless striving. STARLING was always at hand, always ready with the patent filter, and as punctual in his appearances as the washing-bill or the East wind. I repeat, he was a devil of a gyp.

CHAPTER V.

THEY found GEORGE GINSLING feet uppermost in six inches of water in the Daffodil Road reservoir. It was a large reservoir, and had been quite full before GEORGE began upon it. This was his record drink, and it killed him. His last words were, "If I had stuck to whiskey, this would never have happened."

THE END.

"IT IS THE BOGIE MAN!"—BLACKIE'S *Modern Cyclopaedia*. Nothing to do with the Christy Minstrel Entertainment, but a very useful work of reference, issued from the ancient house of publishers which is now quite BLACKIE with age. We have looked through the "B's" for "Bogie," but "The Bogie Man" is "Not there, not there, my child!" but he is to be found in that other BLACKIE'S collection at the St. James's Hall, which Bogie Man is said to be the original of that ilk. *Unde derivatur* "Bogie"? Perhaps the next edition of BLACKIE'S *still-more-Modern-than-ever Cyclopaedia* will explain.

PARS ABOUT PICTURES (by Old Par).—At the Fine Art Society's Gallery I gazed upon the picture of "Many-sided Nature" with great content, and came to the conclusion that Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN was a many-sided artist. "Now," said I, quoting SHAKESPEARE—*Old Par's Improved Edition*—"is the GOODWIN of our great content made glorious." O. P., who knows every inch of Abingdon, who has gazed upon Hastings from High Wickham, who is intimate with every brick in Dorchester, who loves every reed and ripple on the Thames, and has a considerable knowledge of the Rigi and Venice, can bear witness to the truth of the painter. There are over seventy pictures—every one worth looking at.

"BUSINESS!"



["Business!" cries the Sweater, when remonstrated with for paying the poor Match-box makers twopence-farthing or twopence-halfpenny a gross, whilst his own profits reach 22½ to 25 per cent.—Daily News.]

Punch to the Sweating Shylock.

EH? "Business is business"? Sheer cant, Sir! Pure gammon? Of all the inhuman, sham Maxims of Mammon, This one is the worst, For under its cover lurks cruelty callous, With murderous meanness that merits the gallows, And avarice accurst.

Oh, well, I'm aware, Sir, how ruthless rapacity Loves to take shelter, with cunning mendacity 'Neath an old saw;

Sweater (to Mr. Punch). "NO USE YOUR INTERFERING. BUSINESS IS BUSINESS!"
Mr. P. "YES, AND UNCOMMONLY BAD BUSINESS, TOO, FOR THEM. COULDN'T THE LARGE FIRMS TAKE A TRIFLE LESS PROFIT, AND PUT A LITTLE PLEASURE INTO THE BUSINESS OF THESE POOR STARVING WORKERS!"

But well says the scribe that such "business" is crime,
Sir,
And such would be but for gaps half the time, Sir,
"Twixt justice and law.

Bah! Many a man who's sheer rogue in reality,
Hides the harsh knave in the mask of "legality."
When 'tis too gross,
Robbery's rash, but austere orthodoxies
Countenance such things as modern match-boxes
Nine-farthings a gross!

From seven till ten, and sometimes to eleven,
For "six bob" a week. Ah! such life *must* be heaven;
Whilst as for your "profit,"
That's bound to approach five-and-twenty per cent.,
That Sweaters shall thrive, let their tools be content
With starvation in Tophet.

To starve's bad enough, but to starve and to work
(Mrs. LABOUCHERE hints), the most patient may irk;
And the lady is right—
Business? On brutes who dare mouth such base trash,
Mr. Punch, who loves justice and sense, lays his lash,
With the greatest delight.

He knows the excuses advanced for the Sweater,
But bad is the best, and, until you find better,
'Tis useless to cant
Of freedom of contract, supply and demand,
And all the cold sophistries ever on hand
Sound sense to supplant.

A phrase takes the place of an argument often,
And stomachs go empty, and brains slowly soften,
And sense sick with dizziness,
All in the name of the bosh men embody
In one clap-trap phrase that dupes many a noddy,
That—business is business!

Business? Yes, precious bad business for them, Sir,
Whose joyless enslavement *you* take with such phlegm,
Sir,
Suppose, to enhance
Their small share of ease, such as you, were content, Sir,
To lower a trifle your precious "per cent.," Sir,
And give *them* a chance!



SOFT SAWDER.

"BUT I DON'T CALL THIS A FASHIONABLE 'AT'!"
"IT WILL SOON BECOME SO, MADAM, IF YOU WEAR IT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Camp and Studio*, Mr. IRVING MONTAGU, some time on the artistic staff of *The Illustrated London News*, gives his experiences of the Russo-Turkish Campaign. He concisely sums up the qualifications of a War Correspondent by saying that he should "have an



A Christmas Masque.

iron constitution, a laconic, incisive style, and sufficient tact to establish a safe and rapid connecting link between the forefront of battle and his own head-quarters in Fleet Street or elsewhere." As Mr. IRVING MONTAGU seems to have lived up to his ideal, it is a little astonishing to find the last chapters of his book devoted to *Back in Bohemia*, wherein he discourses of going to the Derby, a Hammersmith *Desdemona*, and of the *Postlethwaites* and *Maudies*, "whose peculiarities have been recorded by the facile pen of DU MAURIER." But as the author seems pleased with the reader, it would be indeed sad were the reader to find fault with the author. However, this may be said in his favour—he tells (at least) one good story. On his return from

Plevna to Bohemia, a dinner was given in his honour at the Holborn Restaurant. Every detail was perfect—the only omission was forgetfulness on the part of the Committee to invite the *guest of the evening!* At the last moment the mistake was discovered, and a telegram was hurriedly despatched to Mr. MONTAGU, telling him that he was "wanted." On his arrival he was refused admittance to the dinner by the waiters, because he was not furnished with a ticket! Ultimately he was ushered into the Banqueting Hall, when everything necessarily ended happily.

One might imagine that Birthday Books have had their day, but apparently they still flourish, for HAZELL, WATSON, & VINNY publish yet another, under the title of *Names we Love, and Places we Know*. The first does not apply to our friends, but to the quotations selected, and places are shown by photos.

Of many *Benevolent and Useful Lives*, you will hear "in CHAMBERS,"—the reader sitting as judge on the various cases brought before him by Mr. ROBERT COCHRANE.

Unlucky will not be the little girl who reads the book with this name, by CAROLINE AUSTIN.

Everybody's Business, by ISMAI THORN, nobody likes interference, but in this case it proved the friend in need.

Chivalry, by LEON GAUTIER, translated by HENRY FRITH, is a chronicle of knighthood, its rules, and its deeds. To the scientific student, *Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century*, by ROBERT ROUTLEDGE, B.S., F.C.S., will be interesting, and help him to discover a lot he does not know. Those who have not already read it, *A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, will have a real treat in the myths related; *Tanglewood Tales* are included, and these are delightful for all. *Rosebud*, by Mrs. ADAMS ACTON, a tale for girls, who will love this bright little flower, bringing happiness all around.

Holly Leaves, the Special Number of *The Sporting and Dramatic*, is quite a seasonable decoration for the drawing-room table during the Christmas holidays.

My faithful "Co." has been reading *Jack's Secret*, by Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON, which, he says, has greatly pleased him. It has an interesting story, and is full of clever sketches of character. *Jack*, himself, is rather a weak personage, and scarcely deserves the good fortune which ultimately falls to his lot. After flirting with a born coquette, who treats him with a cruelty which is not altogether unmerited, he settles down with a thoroughly lovable little wife, and a seat in the House of Lords. From this it will be gathered that all ends happily. *Jack's Secret* will be let out by MUDIE'S, and will be kept, for a considerable time—by the subscribers.

Girls will be the richer this year by *Fifty-two more Stories for Girls*, and boys will be delighted with *Fifty-two more Stories for Boys*, by many of the best authors: both these books are edited by ALFRED MILES, and published by HUTCHISON & Co. *Lion Jack*, by P. T. BARNUM, is an account of JACK'S perilous adventures in capturing wild animals. If they weren't, of course, all true, *Lyin' Jack* would have been a better title.

Syd Belton, unlike most story-book boys, would not go to sea,

but he was made to go, by the author, Mr. MANVILLE FENN. Once launched, he proved himself a British salt of the first water. *Dumps and I*, by Mrs. PARR, is a particularly pretty book for girls, and quite on a par with her other works. METHUEN & Co. publish these.

Pictures and Stories from English History, and *Royal Portrait Gallery*, are two Royal Prize Books for the historical-minded child; they are published by T. NELSON AND SONS, as likewise "*Fritz*" of Prussia, *Germany's Second Emperor*, by LUCY TAYLOR. *Dictionary of Idiomatic English Phrases*, by JAMES MAIN DIXON, M.A., F.R.S.E., which may prove a useful guide to benighted foreigners in assisting them to solve the usual British vagaries of speech; like the commencement of the Dictionary, it is quite an "A 1" book.

"Dear Diary!" as one of Mr. F. C. PHILLIPS'S heroines used to address her little book, but DE LA RUE'S are not "dear Diaries," nor particularly cheap ones. This publisher is quite the Artful Dodger in devising diaries in all shapes and sizes, from the big pocket-book to the more insidious waistcoat-pocket booklet,—"small by degrees, but beautifully less."

"Here's to you, TOM SMITH!"—it's BROWN in the song, but no matter,—"*Here's to you*," sings the Baron, "with all my heart!" Your comic gutta-percha-faced Crackers are a novelty; in fact, you've solved a difficulty by introducing into our old Christmas Crackers several new features.

This year the Baron gives the prize for pictorial amusement to LOTHAR MEGENDORFER (Gods! what a name!), who, assisted by his publishers, GREVEL & Co., has produced an irresistibly funny book of movable figures, entitled *Comic Actors*. What these coloured actors do is so moving, that the spectators will be in fits of chuckling. Recommended, says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

ARGUMENT.—EDWIN has taken ANGELINA, his fiancée, to an entertainment by a Mesmerist, and, wishing to set his doubts at rest has gone upon the platform, and placed himself entirely at the Mesmerist's disposition. On rejoining ANGELINA, she has insisted upon being taken home immediately, and has cried all the way back in theansom—much to EDWIN'S perplexity. They are alone together, in a Morning-room; ANGELINA is still sobbing in an arm-chair, and EDWIN is rubbing his ear as he stands on the hearthrug.

Edwin. I say, ANOELINA, don't go on like this, or we shall have somebody coming in! I wouldn't have gone up if I'd known it would upset you like this; but I only wanted to make quite sure that the whole thing was humbug, and—(complacently)—I rather think I settled that.

Ang. (in choked accents). You settled that?—but how? . . . Oh, go away—I can't bear to think of it all! [Fresh outburst.]



Ed. You're a little nervous, darling, that's all—and you see, I'm all right. I felt a little drowsy once, but I knew perfectly well what I was about all the time.

Ang. (with a bound). You knew?—then you were pretending—and you call that a good joke! Oh!

Ed. Hardly pretending. I just sat still, with my eyes shut, and the fellow stroked my face a bit. I waited to see if anything would come of it—and nothing did, that's all. At least, I'm not aware that I did anything peculiar. In fact, I'm certain I didn't. (Uneasily.) Eh, ANOELINA?

Ang. (indistinctly, owing to her face being buried in cushions). If

you d-d-d-on't really know, you'd bub-bub-better-not ask—but I believe you do—quite well!

Ed. Look here, ANOIE, if I behaved at all out of the common, it's just as well that I should know it. I don't recollect it, that's all. Do pull yourself together, and tell me all about it.

Ang. (sitting up). Very well—if you will have it, you must. But you can't really have forgotten how you stood before the foot-lights, making the most horrible faces, as if you were in front of a looking-glass. All those other creatures were doing it, too; but, oh, EDWIN, yours were far the ugliest—they haunt me still. . . . I mustn't think of them—I won't! [Buries her face again.]

Ed. (reddening painfully). No, I say—did I? not really—with-out humbug, ANOELINA!

Ang. You know best if it was without humbug! And, after that, he gave you a glass of cuc-cod-liver oil, and—and pup-pup-paraffin, and you dud-drunk it up, and asked for more, and said it was the bub-bub-best Scotch whiskey you ever tasted. You oughtn't even to know about Scotch whiskey!

Ed. I can't know much if I did that. Odd I shouldn't remember it, though. Was that all?

Ang. Oh, no. After that you sang—a dreadful song—and pretended to accompany yourself on a broom. EDWIN, you know you did; you can't deny it!

Ed. I—I didn't know I could sing; and—did you say on a broom? It's bad enough for me already, ANOELINA, without howling! Well, I sang—and what then?

Ang. Then he put out a cane with a silver top close to your face, and you squinted at it, and followed it about everywhere with your nose; you must have known how utterly idiotic you looked!

Ed. (dropping into a chair). Not at the time. . . . Well, go on, ANOELINA; let's have it all. What next?

Ang. Next? Oh, next he told you you were the Champion Acrobat of the World, and you began to strike foolish attitudes, and turn great clumsy somersaults all over the stage, and you always came down on the fist of your back!

Ed. I thought I felt a trifle stiff. Somersaults, eh? Anything else? (With forced calm.)

Ang. I did think I should have died of shame when you danced?

Ed. Oh, I danced, did I? Hum—er—was I alone?

Ang. There were four other wretches dancing too, and you imitated a ballet. You were dressed up in an artificial wreath and a gug-gug-gauze skirt.

Ed. (collapsing). No?? I wasn't! . . . Heavens! What a bounder I must have looked! But I say, ANOIE, it was all right, I suppose? I mean to say I wasn't exactly vulgar, or that sort of thing, eh?

Ang. Not vulgar? Oh, EDWIN? I can only say I was truly thankful Mamma wasn't there!

Ed. (winning). Now, don't, ANOELINA it's quite awful enough as it is. What beats me is how on earth I came to do it all.

Ang. You see, EDWIN, I wouldn't have minded so much if I had had the least idea you were like that.

Ed. Like that! Good Heavens, ANOIE, am I in the habit of making hideous grimaces before a looking-glass? Do you suppose I am given to over-indulgence in cod-liver oil and whatever the other beastliness was? Am I acrobatic in my calmer moments? Did you ever know me sing—with or without a broom? I'm a shy man by nature (pathetically), more shy than you think, perhaps,—and in my normal condition, I should be the last person to prance about in a gauze skirt for the amusement of a couple of hundred idiots? I don't believe I did, either!

Ang. (impressed by his evident sincerity). But you said you knew what you were about all the time!

Ed. I thought so, then. Now—well, hang it, I suppose there's more in this infernal Mesmerism than I fancied. There, it's no use talking about it—it's done. You—you won't mind shaking hands before I go, will you? Just for the last time?

Ang. (alarmed). Why—where are you going?

Ed. (desperate). Anywhere—go out and start on a ranche, or something, or join the Colonial Police force. Anything's better than staying on here after the stupendous ass I've made of myself!

Ang. But—but, EDWIN, I daresay nobody noticed it much.

Ed. According to you, I must have been a pretty conspicuous object.

Ang. Yes—only, you see, I—I daresay they'd only think you were a confederate or something—no, I don't mean that—but, after all, indeed you didn't make such very awful faces. I—I liked some of them!

Ed. (incredulously). But you said they haunted you—and then the oil, and the somersaults, and the ballet-dancing. No, it's no use, ANOELINA, I can see you'll never get over this. It's better to part and have done with it!

Ang. (gradually retracting). Oh, but listen. I—I didn't mean quite all I said just now. I mixed things up. It was really whiskey he gave you, only he said it was paraffin, and so you wouldn't drink it, and you did sing, but it was only about some place where an old horse died, and it was somebody else who had the broom! And you didn't dance nearly so much as the others, and—and whatever you did, you were never in the least ridiculous. (Earnestly.) You weren't, really, EDWIN!

Ed. (relieved). Well, I thought you must have been exaggerating a little. Why, look here, for all you know, you may have been mistaking somebody else for me all the time—don't you see?

Ang. I—I am almost sure I did, now. Yes, why, of course—how stupid I have been! It was someone very like you—not you at all!

Ed. (resentfully). Well, I must say, ANOELINA, that to give a fellow a fright like this, all for nothing—

Ang. Yes—yes, it was all for nothing, it was so silly of me. Forgive me, EDWIN, please!

Ed. (still aggrieved). I know for a fact that I didn't so much as leave my chair, and to say I danced, ANOELINA!

Ang. (eagerly). But I don't. I remember now, you sat perfectly still the whole time, he—he said he could do nothing with you, don't you recollect? (Aside.) Oh, what stories I'm telling!

Ed. (with recovered dignity). Of course I recollect—perfectly. Well, ANOELINA, I'm not annoyed, of course, darling; but another time, you should really try to observe more closely what is done and who does it—before making all this fuss about nothing.

Ang. But you won't go and be mesmerised again, EDWIN—not after this?

Ed. Well, you see, as I always said, it hasn't the slightest effect on me. But from what I observed, I am perfectly satisfied that the whole thing is a fraud. All those other fellows were obviously accomplices, or they'd never have gone through such absurd antics—would they now?

Ang. (meekly). No, dear, of course not. But don't let's talk any more about it. There are so many things it's no use trying to explain.

HOW IT'S DONE.

(A Hand-book to Honesty.)

NO. VII.—SELLING A HORSE.

SCENE I.—A Horse-Sale. Inexperienced Person, in search of a cheap but sound animal for business purposes, looking on in a nervous and undecided manner, half tempted to bid for the horse at present under the hammer. To him approaches a grave and closely-shaven personage, in black garments, of clerical cut, a dirty-white tie, and a crush felt hat.

Clerical Gent. They are running that flea-bitten grey up pretty well, are they not, Sir?

Inexperienced Person. Ahem! ye—es, I suppose they are. I—



er—was half thinking of bidding myself, but it's going a bit beyond me, I fear.

C. G. Ah, plant, Sir—to speak the language of these horsey vulgarians—a regular plant! You are better out of it, believe me.

I. P. In—deed! You don't say so?

C. G. (sighing). Only too true, Sir. Why—(in a gush of confidence)—look at my own case. Being obliged to leave the country, and give up my carriage. I put my horse into this sale, at a very low reserve of twenty pounds. (Entre nous, it's worth at least double that.) Between the Auctioneer, and a couple of rascally horse-dealers—who I found out, by pure accident, wanted my animal particularly for a match pair—the sale of my horse is what they call "bunnieked up." Then they come to me, and offer me money. I spot their game, and am so indignant that I'll have nothing to do with them, at any price. Wouldn't sell dear old *Bogey*, whom my wife and children are so fond of, to such brutal blackguards, on any consideration. No, Sir, the horse has done me good service—a sounder nag never walked on four hoofs; and I'd rather sell it to a good, kind master, for twenty pounds, aye, or even eighteen, than let these rascals have it, though they have run up as high as thirty q—ahem! guineas.

I. P. Have they indeed, now? And what have you done with the horse?

C. G. Put it into livery close by, Sir. And, unless I can find a good master for it, by Jove, I'll take it back again, and give it away to a friend. Perhaps, Sir, you'd like to have a look at the animal. The stables are only in the next street, and—as a friend, and with no eye to business—I should be pleased to show poor *Bogey* to any one so sympathetic as yourself.

[I. P., after some further chat of a friendly nature, agrees to go and "run his eye over him,"]

SCENE II.—Greengrocer's yard at side of a seedy house in a shabby street, shmy and straw-bestrewn. Yard is paved with lumpy, irregular cobbles, and some sooty and shaky-looking sheds stand at the bottom thereof. Enter together, Clerical Gent and Inexperienced Person.

C. G. (smiling apologetically). Not exactly palatial premises for an animal used to my stables at Wickham-in-the-Wold! But I know these people, Sir; they are kind as Christians, and as honest as the day. Hoy! Tom! Tom!! Tom!!! Are you there, Tom? [From the shed emerges a very small boy with very short hair, and a very long livery, several sizes too large for him, the tail of the brass-buttoned coat and the bottoms of the baggy trousers alike sweeping the cobbles as he shambles forward.] (C. G. genially.) Ah, there you are, Tom, my lad. Bring out dear old *Bogey*, and show it to my friend here. [Boy leads out a rusty roan Rosinante, high in bone, and low in flesh, with prominent hocks, and splay hoofs, which stumble gingerly over the cobbles.] (Patting the horse affectionately.) Ah, poor old *Bogey*, he doesn't like these lumpy stones, does he? Not used to them, Sir. My stable-yard at Wickham-in-the-Wold, is as smoothly paved as—as the Alhambra, Sir. I always consider my animals, Sir. A merciful man is merciful to his beast, as the good book says. But isn't he a Beauty?

I. P. Well—ahem!—ye—es; he looks a kind, gentle, steady sort of a creature. But—ahem!—what's the matter with his knees?

C. G. Oh, nothing, Sir, nothing at all. Only a habit he has got along of kind treatment. Like us when we "stand at ease," you know, a bit baggy, that's all. You should see him after a twenty miles spin along our Wickham roads, when my wife and I are doing a round of visits among the neighbouring gentry. Ah, *Bogey*, old boy—kissing his nose—I don't know what Mrs. G. and the girls will say when they hear I've parted with you—if I do, if I do.

Enter two horsey-looking Men as though in search of something.

First Horsey Man. Ah, here you are. Well, look 'ere, are you going to take Thirty Pounds for that horse o' yours? Yes or No!

C. G. (turning upon them with dignity). No, Sir; most emphatically No! I've told you before I will not sell him to you at any price. Have the goodness to leave us—at once. I'm engaged with my friend here.

[Horsey Men turn away despondently. Enter hurriedly, a shabby-looking Groom.]

Groom. Oh, look here, Mister—er—er—wot's yer name? His Lordship wants to know whether you'll take his offer of Thirty-five Pounds—or Guineas—for that roan. He wouldn't offer as much, only it happens jest to match—

C. G. (with great decisiveness). Inform his Lordship, with my compliments, that I regret to be entirely unable to entertain his proposition.

Groom. Oh, very well. But I wish you'd jest step out and tell his Lordship so yerself. He's jest round the corner at the 'otel entrance, a flicking of his boots, as irritated as a blue-bottle caught in a eweumber frame.

C. G. Oh, certainly, with pleasure. (To I. P.) If you'll exouse me, Sir, just one moment, I'll step out and speak to his Lordship.

[Exit, followed by Groom.]

Horsey Person (making a rush at I. P. as soon as C. G. has disappeared, speaking in a breathless hurry). Now lookye here, guv'nor—sharp's the word! He'll be back in arf a jiff. You buy that 'oss! He won't sell it to us, bust 'im; but you've got 'im in a string, you 'ave. He'll sell it to you for eighteen quid—p'raps sixteen. Buy it, Sir, buy it! We'll be outside, by the pub at the corner, my pal and me, and—(producing notes)—we'll take it off you agen for thirty pounds, and glad o' the charnce. We want it pertikler, we do, and you can 'elp us, and put ten quid in your own pocket too as easy as be blowed. Ah! here he is! Mum's the word! Round the corner by the pub!

Clerical Gent (blandly). Ah! that's settled. His Lordship was angry, but I was firm. Take *Bogey* back to the stable, Tom—unless, of course—(looking significantly at Inexperienced Person.)

Inexperienced Person (hesitating). Well, I'm not sure but what the animal would suit me, and—ahem!—if you care to trust it to me—

Clerical Gent. (joyously). Trust it to you, Sir? Why, with pleasure, with every confidence. Dear old *Bogey*! He'll be happy with such a master—ah, and do him service too. I tell you, Sir, that horse, to a quiet, considerate sort o' gent, is worth forty pound, every penny of it—and cheap at the price!

I. P. Thanks! And—ah—what is the figure?

C. G. Why—ah—eighteen—no, dash it!—sixteen to you, and easy no more about it.

[Inexperienced Person closes with the offer, hands notes to Clerical Gent (who, under pressure of business, hurries off), takes *Bogey* from the grinning groom-load, leads him— with difficulty—out into the street, searches vainly for the two horsey Men, who, like "his Lordship," have utterly and finally disappeared, and finds himself left alone in a by-thoroughfare with a "horse," which he cannot get along anyhow, and which he is presently glad to part with to a knacker for thirty shillings.]



TRIUMPHS OF THE FUNNY MAN.

Hired Waiter (handing the liquours). "PLEASE, SIR, DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH—I SHALL SPILL 'EM ALL!"

WRITE AND WRONG.

As so many private letters are sold at public sales nowadays, it has become necessary to consider the purport of every epistle regarded, so to speak, from a *post-mortem* point of view. If a public man expresses a confidential opinion in the fullness of his heart to an intimate friend, or proposes an act of charity to a cherished relative, he may rest assured that, sooner or later, both communications will be published to an unsympathetic and auto-graph-hunting world. Under these circumstances it may be well to answer the simplest communications in the most guarded manner possible. For instance, a reply to a tender of hospitality might run as follows:—

Private and Confidential. Not negotiable.

MR. DASH BLANK has much pleasure in accepting Mr. BLANK DASH'S invitation to dinner on the 8th inst.

N.B.—This letter is the property of the Writer. Not for publication. All rights reserved.

Or, if the writer feels that his letter, if it gets into the hands of the executors, will be sold, he must adopt another plan. It will be then his object to so mix up abuse of the possible vendors with ordinary matter, that they (the possible vendors) may shrink, after the death of the recipient, from making their own condemnation public. The following may serve as a model for a communication of this character. The words printed in italics in the body of the letter are the antidotal abuse introduced to prevent a posthumous sale by possible executors.

Private and Confidential. Not to be published. Signature a forgery.

DEAR OLD MAN,—I nearly completed my book. *Your nephew, TOM LESLEIGH, is an ass.* My wife is slowly recovering from influenza. *Your Aunt, JANE JENKINS, wears a wig.* TOMMY, you will be glad to learn, has come out first of twenty in his new class at school. *Your Uncle, BENJAMIN GRAHAM, is a twaddling old bore.* I am thinking of spending the Midsummer holidays with the boys and their mother at Broadstairs. *Your Cousin, JACK JUGGERLY, is a sweep that doesn't belong to a single respectable Club.* Trusting that you will burn this letter, to prevent its sale after we are gone,
I remain, yours affectionately,
BOBBY.

N.B.—The foregoing letter is the property of the Author, and, as it is only intended for private circulation, must not be printed. Solicitor's address, — Ely Place.

But perhaps the best plan will be, not to write at all. The telegraph, at the end of the century, costs but a halfpenny a word, and we seem to be within measurable distance of the universal adoption of the telephone. Under these circumstances, it is easy to take heed of the warning contained in that classical puzzle of our childhood, *Litera scrip'ta manet.*

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Mr. Punch. Well, Madam, what can I do for you?
Female (of Uncertain Age, gushing). A very great favour, my dear Sir; it is a matter of sanitation.

Mr. P. (coldly). I am at your service, Madam, but I would remind you that I have no time to listen to frivolous complaints.

Fem. I would ask you—do you think that a building open to the public should be crowded with double as many persons as it can conveniently hold?

Mr. P. Depends upon circumstances, Madam. It might possibly be excusable in a Church, assuming that the means of egress were sufficient. Of what building do you wish to complain?

Fem. Of the Old Bailey—you know, the Central Criminal Court.

Mr. P. Have you to object to the accommodation afforded you in the Dock?

Fem. I was not in the Dock!

Mr. P. (dryly). That is the only place (when not in the Witness-Box) suitable for women at the Old Bailey. I cannot imagine that they would go to that unhappy spot of their own free will.

Fem. (astonished). Not to see a Murder trial? Then you are evidently unaccustomed to ladies' society.

Mr. P. (severely). I do not meet ladies at the Old Bailey.

Fem. (bridling up). Indeed! But that is nothing to do with the matter of the overcrowding. Fancy, with our boasted civilisation—I was half stifled!

Mr. P. It is a pity, with our boasted civilisation, that you were not stifled—quite! (Severely.) You can go!

[The Female retires, with an expression worthy of her proper place—the Chamber of Horrors!]



IN DIFFICULTIES!

DISTRESSED HIBERNIA. "IF YOUR TANDEM LEADER TURNS VICIOUS, AND KICKS OVER THE TRACES,—
WHERE ARE YOU?"



FIGURE 1

PLATE I



TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent (out for a quiet ride with the Devon and Somerset). "CONFOUND THESE HARD-RIDING YOUNG RASCALS, THEY'LL BE SMASHING MY HAT ONE OF THESE DAYS!"

NONOGENARIAN NONSENSE.

(Compiled à la Mode.)

I HAVE so often been urged by my friends to write my autobiography, that at length I have taken up my pen to comply with their wishes. My memory, although I may occasionally become slightly mixed, is still excellent, and having been born in the first year of the present century I consequently can remember both the Plague and Fire of London. The latter is memorable to me as having been the cause of my introduction to Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, an architect of some note, and an intimate friend of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and the late Mr. TURNER, R.A. Sir CHRISTOPHER had but one failing—he was never sober. To the day of his death he was under the impression that St Paul's was St. Peter's!

One of my earliest recollections is the great physician HARVEY, who, indeed, knew me from my birth. Although an exceedingly able man, he was a confirmed glutton. He would at the most ceremonious of dinner-parties push his way through the guests (treating ladies and gentlemen with the like discourtesy) and plumping himself down in front of the turtle soup, would help himself to the entire contents of the tureen, plus the green fat! During the last years of his life he abandoned medicine to give his attention to cookery, and (so I have been told) ultimately invented a fish sauce!

I knew HOWARD, the so-called philanthropist, very well. He was particularly fond of dress,



although extremely economical in his washing bill. It was his delight to visit the various prisons and obtain a hideous pleasure in watching the tortures of the poor wretches therein incarcerated. He was fined and imprisoned for ill-treating a cat, if my memory does not play me false. I have been told that he once stole a pocket-handkerchief, but at this distance of time cannot remember where I heard the story.

It is one of my proudest recollections that, in early youth, I had the honour of being presented to her late most gracious Majesty, Queen ANNE, of glorious memory. The drawing-room was held at Buckingham Palace, which in those days was situated on the site now occupied by Marlborough House. I accompanied my mother, who wore, I remember, yellow brocade, and a wreath of red roses, without feathers. Round the throne were grouped—the Duke of MARLBOROUGH (who kept in the background because he had just been defeated at Fontenoy), Lord PALMERSTON, nick-named "Cupid" by Mistress NELL GWYNNE (a well-known Court beauty), Mr. GARRICK, and Signor GRIMALDI, two Actors of repute, and Cardinal WISEMAN, the Papal Nuncio. Her Majesty was most gracious to me, and introduced me to one of her predecessors, Queen ELIZABETH, a reputed daughter of King HENRY THE EIGHTH. Both Ladies laughed heartily at my curls, which in those days were more plentiful than they are now. I was rather alarmed at their lurching forward as I passed them, but was reassured when the Earl of ROCHESTER (the Lord Chamberlain) whispered in my ear that the Royal relatives had been lurching. As I left the presence, I noticed that both their Majesties were fast asleep.

I have just mentioned Lord ROCHESTER, whose acquaintance I had the honour to possess. He was extremely austere, and very much disliked by the fair sex. On one occasion it was my privilege to clean his shoes. He had but one failing—he habitually cheated at cards. I will now tell a few stories of the like character about Bishop WILBERFORCE, THACKERAY, Mrs. FRY, PEABODY, WALTER SCOTT, and Father MATTHEW.

[No you don't, my venerable twaddler!—Ed.]

THE LARGE CIGAR.

You lie on the oaken mantle-shelf,
A cigar of high degree,
An old cigar, a large cigar,
A cigar that was given to me.
The house-flies bite
you day by day—
Bite you, and kick,
and sigh—
And I do not know
what the insects
say,
But they creep away
and die.

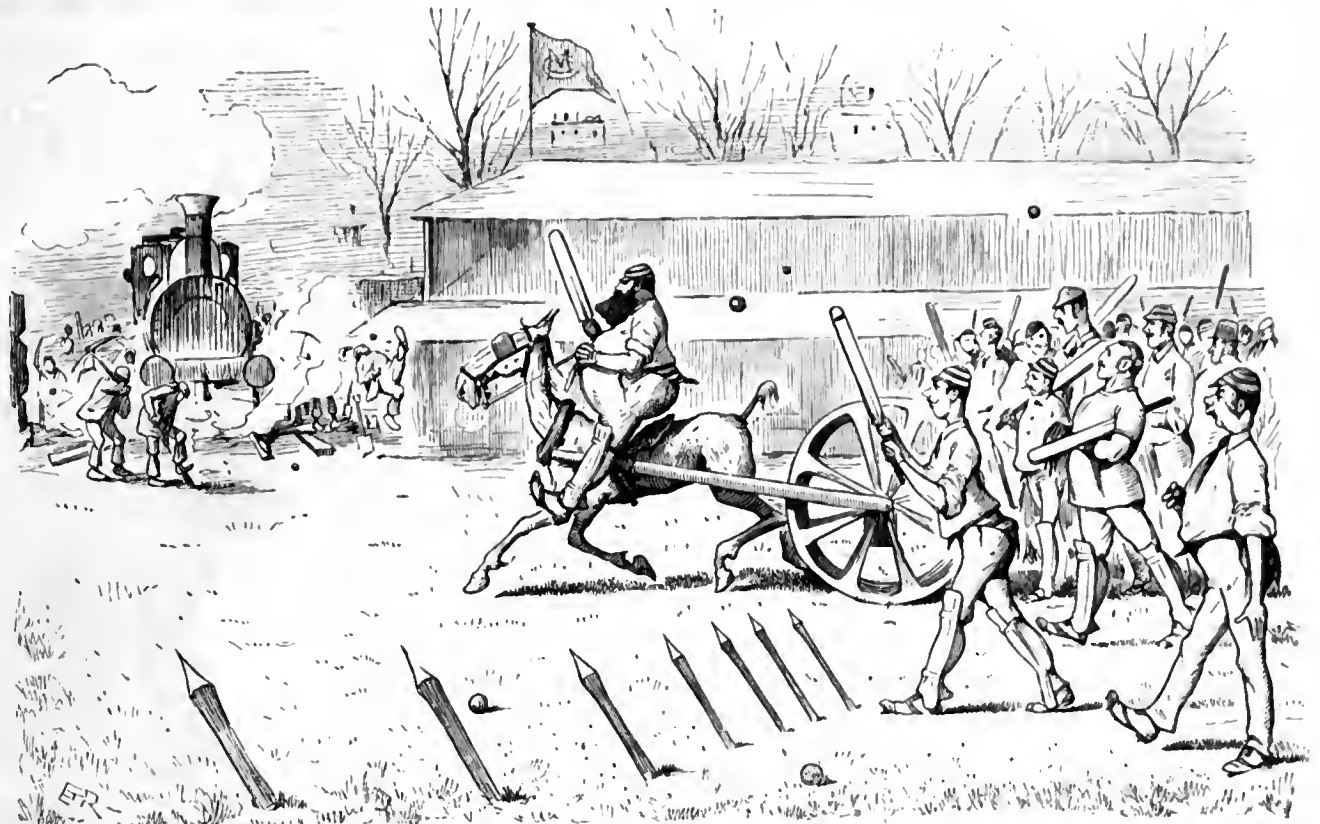


My friends they take
you gently up,
And lay you gently
down;
They never saw a weed so big,
Or quite so deadly brown.
They, as a rule, smoke anything
They pick up free of charge;
But they leave you to rest while the bulbuls
Through the night, my own, my large!

The dust lies thick on your bloated form,
And the year draws to its close,
And the baccy-jar's been emptied—by
My laundress, I suppose.
Smokeless and hopeless, with reeling brain,
I turn to the oaken shelf,
And take you down, while my hot tears rain,
And smoke you, you brute, myself.



PARNELL'S PARLIAMENTARY PUPPETS. THE STRINGS IN A TANGLE!



LORD'S IN DANGER. THE M. C. C. GO OUT TO MEET THE ENEMY.

[“ Sir EDWARD WATKIN proposes to construct a Railway passing through Lord's Cricket Ground.”]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 1.—Tithes Bill down for Second Reading. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER places Amendment on the paper, which secures for him opportunity of making a speech. Having availed himself of this, did not move his Amendment; opening thus made for STUART-RENDEL, who had another Amendment on the paper. Would he move it? Only excitement of Debate settled round this point. Under good old Tory Government new things in Parliamentary procedure constantly achieved. Supposing half-a-dozen Members got together, drew up a number of Amendments, then ballot for precedence, they might arrange Debate without interposition of SPEAKER. First man gets off his speech, omits to move Amendment: second would come on, and so on, on to the end of list. But STUART-RENDEL moved Amendment, and on this Debate turned.

Not very lively affair, regarded as reflex of passionate protestation of angry little Wales. OSBORNE AP MORGAN made capital speech, but few remained to listen. Welshmen at outset meant to carry Debate over to next day; couldn't be done; and by half-past eleven, STUART-RENDEL's Amendment negatived by rattling majority.

Fact is, gallant little Wales was swamped by irruptive Ireland. Today, first meeting of actual Home Rule Parliament held, and everybody watching its course. This historic meeting gathered in Committee-room No. 15; question purely one of Home Rule; decided, after some



Osborne Ap Morgan.

deliberation, that, in order to have proceedings in due dramatic form, there should be incorporated with the meeting an eviction scene. After prolonged Debate, concluded that, to do the thing thoroughly, they should select PARNELL as subject of eviction.

“No use,” TIM HEALY said, “in half-doing the thing. The eyes of the Universe are fixed upon us. Let us give them a show for their money.”

PARNELL, at first, demurred; took exception on the ground that, as he had no fixed place of residence, he was not convenient subject for eviction; objection over-ruled; then PARNELL insisted that, if he yielded on this point, he must preside over proceedings. TIM and the rest urged that it was not usual, when a man's conduct is under consideration upon a grave charge, that he should take the Chair. Drawing upon the resources of personal observation, Dr. TANNER remarked that he did not remember any case in which the holder of a tenure, suffering process of eviction, bossed the concern, acting simultaneously, as it were, as the subject of the eviction process, and the resident Magistrate.

Whilst conversation going on, PARNELL had unobserved taken the Chair, and now ruled Dr. TANNER out of order.

House sat at Twelve o'Clock; at One the Speaker (Mr. PARNELL), interrupting SEXTON in passage of passionate eloquence, said he thought this would be convenient opportunity for going out to his chop. So he went off; Debate interrupted for an hour; resumed at One, and continued, with brief intervals for refreshment, up till close upon midnight. Proceedings conducted with closed doors, but along the corridor, from time to time, rolled echoes which seemed to indicate that the first meeting of the Home-Rule Parliament was not lacking in animation.

“I think they are a little 'eated, Sir,” said the policeman on duty outside. “Man and boy I've been in charge of this beat for twenty years; usually a quiet spot; this sudden row rather trying for one getting up in years. Do you think, Sir, that, seeing it's an eviction, the Police can under the Act claim Compensation for Disturbance?”

Promised to put question on subject to JOKIM.
Long dispute on point of order raised by NOLAN. TIM HEALY referring to difficulty of dislodging PARNELL, alluded to him as “Sitting Bull.” Clamour from Parnellite section anxious for preservation of decency of debate. Speaker said, question most important. Irish Parliament in its infancy; above all things essential

they should well consider precedents. Must reserve decision as to whether the phrase was Parliamentary; would suggest, therefore, that House should adjourn five weeks. On this point Debate proceeded up to midnight.

Business done.—In British Parliament Tithes Bill read a Second Time; in Irish (which sat four hours longer), None.

Tuesday.—Cork Parliament still sitting upstairs in Committee Room No. 15, debating question of adjournment. We hear them



Caleb Balder (Gladstone) finding all that was left of the lost Leader, P-r-n-l-l.

occasionally through open doors and down long corridor. Once a tremendous yell shook building.

"What's that?" I asked DICK POWER, who happened to be taking glass of sherry-wine at Bar in Lobby.

"That," said RICHARD, "is the Irish wolves crying for the blood of PARNELL," and DICK, tossing down his sherry-wine, as if he had a personal quarrel with it, hurried back to the shambles.

Quite a changed man! No longer the *débonnaire* DICK, whose light heart and high spirits made him a favourite everywhere. Politics have suddenly become a serious thing, and DICK POWER is saddened with them.

"I take bitters with my sherry-wine now," DICK mentioned just now in sort of apologetic way at having been discovered, as it were, feasting in the house of mourning. "At the present sad juncture, to drink sherry-wine with all its untamed richness might, I feel, smack of callousness. Therefore I tell the man to dash it with bitters, which, whilst it has a penitential sound, adds a not untoothsome flavour in anticipation of dinner."

Even with this small comfort ten years added to his age; grey hairs gleam among his hyacinthine locks; his back is bent; his shoes are clogged with lead. A sad sight; makes one wish the pitiful business was over, and RICHARD himself again.

All the best of the Irish Members, whether Cavaliers or Cromwellians, are depressed in same way. Came upon SWIFT MACNEILL in retired recess in Library this afternoon; standing up with right hand in trouser-pocket, and left hand extended (his favourite oratorical attitude in happier times) smiling in really violent fashion.

"What are you playing at?" I asked him, noticing with curiosity that whilst his mouth was, so to speak, wreathed in smiles, a tear dewed the fringe of his closed eyelids.

"Ah, TOBY, is that you?" he said, "I didn't see you coming. The fact is I came over here by myself to have me last smile."

"Well, you're making the most of it," I said, wishing to encourage him.

"I generally do, and as this is me last, I'm not stinting measurement. They're sad times we've fallen on. Just when it seemed victory was within our grasp it is snatched away, and we are, as one may say, flung on the dunghill amid the wreck of our country's hopes and aspirations.

With that he shut up his jaws with a snap, and strode off. I'm



The Last Smile.

sorry he should take the matter to heart so seriously. We shall miss that smile.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in British Parliament. Cork Parliament still sitting.

Thursday.—Cork Parliament still sitting; PARNELL predominant; issues getting a little mixed; understood that Session summoned to decide whether, in view of certain proceedings before Mr. Justice BUTT, PARNELL should be permitted to retain Leadership. Everything been discussed but that. Things got so muddled up, that O'KEEFE, walking about, bowed with anxious thought, not quite certain whether it is TIM HEALY, SEXTON, or JUSTIN MCCARTHY, who was involved in recent Divorce suit. Certainly, it couldn't have been PARNELL, who to-day suggests that the opportunity is fitting for putting Mr. G. in a tight place.

"You go to him," says PARNELL, "and demand certain pledges on Home Rule scheme. If he does not consent, he will be in a hole; threatened with loss of Irish Vote. You will be in a dilemma, as you cannot then side with him against me, the real friend of Ireland; whilst I shall be confirmed in my position as the only possible Leader of the Party. If, on the contrary, this unrivalled sophist is drawn into anything like a declaration that will satisfy you in the face of the Irish People, he will be hopelessly embarrassed with his English friends; I shall have paid off an old score, and can afford to retire from the Leadership, certain that in a few months the Irish People will clamour for the return of the man who showed that, if only he could serve them, he was ready to sacrifice his personal position and advantages. Don't, Gentlemen, let us, at a crisis like this, descend to topics of mere personality. In spite of what has passed at this table, I should like to shield my honourable friends, Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, Mr. SEXTON, and that *beau idéal* of an Irish Member, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, from references, of a kind peculiarly painful to them, to certain proceedings in a court of law with respect to which I will, before I sit down, say this, that, if all the facts were known, they would be held absolutely free from imputation of irregularity."

General cheering greeted this speech. Members shook hands all round, and nominated Committee to go off and make things hot for Mr. G. *Business done.*—In British House Prince ARTHUR expounded Scheme for Relief of Irish Distress.

Friday.—A dark shadow falls on House to-day. Mrs. PEEL died this morning, and our SPEAKER sits by a lonely hearth. OLD MORALITY, in his very best style, speaking with the simple language of a kind heart, voices the prevalent feeling. Mr. G., always at his best on these occasions, adds some words, though, as he finely says, any expression of sympathy is but inadequate medicine for so severe a hurt. Members reverently uncover whilst these brief speeches are made. That is a movement shown only when a Royal Message is read; and here is mention of a Message from the greatest and final King. Mrs. PEEL, though the wife of the First Commoner in the land, was not *une grande dame*. She was a kindly, homely lady, of unaffected manner, with keen sympathies for all that was bright and good. Every Member feels that something is lost to the House of Commons now that she lies still in her chamber at Speaker's Court.

THE DRAMA ON CRUTCHES.—A Mr. GREEN has suggested, according to some Friday notes in the *D. T.*, a scheme for subsidising a theatre and founding a Dramatic School. The latter, apparently, is not to sid the healthy but the decrepit drama, as it is intended "to afford succour to old or disabled actors and actresses." Why then call it a "Dramatic School?" Better style it, a "Dramatic-Second-Infancy-School."

DEATH IN THE FIELD.—If things go on as they have been going lately, the statisticians who compile the "Public Health" averages will have to include, as one important item in their "Death Rates," the ravages of that annual epidemic popularly known as—Football!

"JUSTICE FOR IRELAND!"—The contest on the Chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary Party may be summed up:—JUSTIN MCCARTHY *vice* PARNELL Just out.

VOCES POPULI.

THE RIDING-CLASS.

SCENE—A Riding-school, on a raw chilly afternoon. The gas is lighted, but does not lend much cheerfulness to the interior, which is bare and bleak, and pervaded by a bluish haze. Members of the Class discovered standing about on the tan, waiting for their horses to be brought in. At the further end is an alcove, with a small balcony, in which Mrs. BILBOW-KAY, the Mother of one of the Equestrians, is seated with a young female Friend.

Mrs. Bilbow-Kay. Oh, ROBERT used to ride very nicely indeed when he was a boy; but he has been out of practice lately, and so, as the Doctor ordered him horse-exercise, I thought it would be wiser for him to take a few lessons. Such an excellent change for any one with sedentary pursuits!



The Friend. But isn't riding a sedentary pursuit, too?

Mrs. B.-K. ROBERT says he doesn't find it so.

[Enter the Riding Master, Riding Master (saluting with cane). Evenin', Gentlemen—your 'orses will be in directly; 'ope we shall see

some ridin' this time. (Clatter without; enter Stablemen with horses.) Let me see—Mr. BILBOW-KAY, Sir, you'd better ride the *Shar*: he ain't been out all day, so he'll want some 'andlin'. (Mr. B.-K., with a sickly smile, accepts a tall and lively horse.) No, Mr. TONGS, that ain't your 'orse to-day—you've got beyond 'im, Sir. We'll put you up on *Lady Loo*; she's a bit rough till you get on terms with her, but you'll be all right on her after a bit. Yes, Mr. JOGGLES, Sir, you take *Kangaroo*, please. Mr. BUMPAS, I've 'sd the *Artful Dodger* out for you; and mind he don't get rid of you so easy as he did Mr. GRIPPER last time. Got a nice 'orse for you, Mr. 'ARRY SNIGGERS, Sir—*Frar Diarolo*. You mustn't take no notice of his bucking a bit at starting—he'll soon leave it off.

Mr. Sniggers (who conceals his qualms under a forced facetiousness). Soon leave me off, you mean!

R. M. (after distributing the remaining horses). Now then—bring your 'orses up into line, and stand by, ready to mount at the word of command, reins taken up in the left 'and with the second and little fingers, and a look of the 'orse's mane twisted round the first. Mount! That 'orse ain't a *bicycle*, Mr. SNIGGERS. [Mr. S. (in an undertone.) No—worse luck! Number off! Walk! I shall give the word to trot directly, so now 'a the time to improve your seats—that back a bit straighter, Mr. 'OOPER. No. 4, just fall out, and we'll let them stirrup-leathers down another 'ole or two for yer. (No. 4, who has just been congratulating himself that his stirrups were conveniently high, has to see them let down to a distance where he can just touch them by stretching.) Now you're all comfortable. ["Oh, ars we?" from Mr. S.] Trot! Mr. TONGS, Sir, 'old that 'orse in—he's gettin' away with you already. Very bad, Mr. JOGGLES, Sir—keep those 'eels down! Lost your stirrup, Mr. JELLY? Never mind that—feel for it, Sir. I want you to be independent of the irons. I'm going to make you ride without 'em presently. (Mr. JELLY shivers in his saddle.) Captin' CROPPER, Sir; if that Volunteer ridgment as you're goin' to be the Major of sees you like you ars now, on a field-day—they'll 'ave to fall out to larf, Sir! (Mr. CROPPER devoutly wishes he had been less ingenuous as to his motive for practising his riding.) Now, Mr. SNIGGERS, make that 'orse learn 'oo's the master! [Mr. S. "He knows, the brute!"]

Mrs. B.-K. He's very rude to all the Class, except dear ROBERT—but then ROBERT has such a nice easy seat.

The R. M. Mr. BILBOW-KAY, Sir, try and set a bit closer. Why, you ain't no more 'old on that saddle than a stamp with the gum hooked off! Can-ter! You're all right, Mr. JOGGLES—it's on'y his play; set down on your saddle, Sir! . . . I didn't say on the ground!

Mrs. B.-K. (anxiously to her Son, as he passes). BOB, are you quite sure you're safe? (To Friend.) His horse is snorting so dreadfully!

R. M. 'Alt! Every Gentleman take his feet out of the stirrups, and cross them on the saddle in front of him. Not your feet, Mr. SNIGGERS, we ain't Turks 'ere!

Mr. S. (sotto voce). "There's one bloomin' Turk 'ere, anyway!"

R. M. Now then—Walk! . . . Trot! Set back, Gentlemen, set back all—old on by your knees, not the pommels. I see you, Mr. JELLY, kitchin' 'old o' the mane—I shall 'ave to give you a 'ogged 'orse next time you come. Quicken up a bit—this is a ride, not a funeral. Why, I could roll faster than you're trotting! Lor, you're like a row o' Guy Foxes on 'orseback, you are! Ah, I thought I'd see one o' you orf! Goa-ron, all o' you, you don't

come 'ere to 'play at ridin'—I'll make you ride 'afore I've done with you! 'Ullo, Mr. JOGGLES, nearly gone that time, Sir! There, that'll do—or we'll 'ave all your saddles to let unfurnished. Wa—alk! Mr. BILBOW-KAY, when your 'orse changes his pace sudden, it don't look well for you to be found settin' 'arf way up his neck, and it gives him a bad opinion of yer, Sir. Uncross sterrups! Trot on! It ain't no mortal use your clucking to that mare, Mr. TONGS, Sir, because she don't understand the langwidge—tonch her with your 'eel in the ribs. Mr. SNIGGERS, that 'orse is doin' jest what he likes with you. 'It 'im, Sir; he's no friends and few relations!

Mr. S. (with spirit). I ain't going to 'it 'im. If you want him 'it, get up and do it yourself!

R. M. When I say "Circle Right"—odd numbers 'll wheel round and fall in be'ind even ones. Circle Right! . . . Well, if ever I—I didn't tell yer to fall off be'ind. Ketch your 'orses and stiek to 'em next time. Right In-cline! O' course, Mr. JOGGLES, if you prefer takin' that animal for a little ride all by himself, we'll let you out in the streets—otherwise 'praps you'll kindly follow yer leader. Captin' CROPPER, Sir, if you let that curb out a bit more, *Reindeer* wouldn't be 'arf so naraty with yer. . . . Ah, now you 'are done it. You want your reins painted different colours and labelled, Sir, you do. 'Alt, the rest of you. . . . Now, secin' you're shook down in your saddles a bit—["Shook up's more like it!" from Mr. S.]—we'll 'ave the 'urdles in and show you a bit o' Donnybrook! (The Class endeavours to assume an air of delighted anticipation at this pleasing prospect.) (To Assistant R.M., who has entered and said something in an undertone.) Eh, Captin' 'EDSTALL here, and wants to try the grey cob over 'urdles? Ask him if he'll come in now—we're just going to do some jumping.

Assist. R. M. This lot don't look much like going over 'urdles—'cept in front o' the 'orse, but I'll tell the Captin.

[The hurdles are brought in and propped up. Enter a well-turned-out Stranger, on a grey cob.

Mr. Sniggers (to him). You ain't lost nothing by coming late. I can tell yer. We've bin having a gay old time in 'ere—made us ride without sterrups, he did!

Capt. Hendstall. Haw, really? Didn't get grassed, did you?

Mr. S. Well, me and my 'orse separated by mutual consent. I ain't what you call a fancy 'orseman. We've got to go at that 'urdle in a minute. How do you like the idee, eh? It's no god fanking it—it's got to be done!

R. M. Now, Captin—not you, Captin CROPPER—Captin 'EDSTALL, I mean, will you show them the way over, please?

[Captain H. rides at it; the cob jumps too short, and knocks the hurdle down—to his rider's intense disgust.

Mr. S. I say, Guv'nor, that was a near thing. I wonder you weren't off.

Capt. H. I—ah—don't often come off.

Mr. S. You won't say that when you've been 'ere a few times. You see, they've put you on a quiet animal this journey. I shall try to get him myself next time. He be'aves like a gentleman, he does!

Capt. H. You won't mount him, if you take my advice—he has rather a delicate mouth.

Mr. S. Oh, I don't mind that—I should ride him on the curb, o' course.

[The Class ride at the hurdle, one by one. R. M. Now, Mr. SNIGGERS, give 'im more of 'is 'ed than that. Sir—or he'll take it. . . . Oh, Lor, well, it's soft falling lnekily! Mr. JOGGLES, Sir, keep him back till you're in a line with it. . . . Better, Sir; you come down true on your saddle afterwards, anyway! . . . Mr. PARABOLE! . . . Ah, would you? Told you he was tricky, Sir! Try him at it again. . . . Now—over! . . . Yes, and it is over, and no mistake!

Mrs. B.-K. Now it's ROBERT's turn. I'm afraid he's been overtiring himself, he looks so pale. BOB, you won't let him jump too high, will you?—Oh, I daren't look. Tell me, my love,—is he safe?

Her Friend. Perfectly—they're just brushing him down.

AFTERWARDS.

Mrs. B.-K. (to her Son). Oh, BOB, you must never think of jumping again—it is such a dangerous amusement!

Robert (who has been cursing the hour in which he informed his parent of the exact whereabouts of the school). It's all right with a horse that knows how to jump. Mine didn't.

The Friend. I thought you seemed to jump a good deal higher than the horse did. They ought to be trained to keep close under you, oughtn't they? [ROBERT wonders if she is as guileless as she looks.

Capt. Cropper (to the R. M.) Oh, takes about eight months, with a lesson every day, to make a man efficient in the Cavalry, does it? But, look here—I suppose four more lessons will put me all right, eh? I've had eight, y'know.

R. M. Well, Sir, if you ask me, I dunno as another arf dozen 'll do you any 'arm—but, o' course, that's just as you feel about it.

[Captain CROPPER endeavours to extract encouragement from this Delphic response.



THE RUSSIAN WOLF AND THE HEBREW LAMB.

(After a well-known Picture.)

TIT-WILLOW.

(A New Version.)

["Last year I fed the tomtits with a cocoanut, suspended on a stick outside my window, and they came greedily. This year I forgot all about it, but, hearing a clamour in a fuchsia-bush outside my study window . . . I found myself besieged by an army of tomtits . . . Was it memory, or association of ideas, or both?"—*Rev. F. G. Montague Powell, in the "Spectator."*]

On a bush in a garden a little Tomtit
Sang "Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow'?"
"I've had nothing to eat for three days," he replied,
"Though in searching for berries I've gone far and
wide,
And I feel a pain here in my little inside,
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"

Now his poor little cheeks had grown haggard and thin,
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!
And his self was a shadow of what it had been,
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!
"By the kind Mr. POWELL last year was I fed
With a cocoanut stuck on a stick," so he said,
"And without this again I shall shortly be dead,
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"

So he gathered an army who twittered all day
"O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"
But a cocoanut soon made them all cease to say
"O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"
And the truth of my story you must not assail,
For the dear old *Spectator* has published the tale.
Though those who will read it can scarcely well fail
To say "Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"

"THE PASSING OF ARTHUR."—After *Ivanhoe*, Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's new Opera, has appeared at Mr. D'O'LYLY CARRE's new theatre, the Knightly and Daily composer will rest his musical brain for a year, and will place his Savoy throne at the disposal of Prince EDWARD SOLOMON, direct descendant of the wisest monarch ever known, save for one amiable weakness. The successor to King ARTHUR has plenty of "Savoy Faire," and a good choice has been made. The Carte will now be drawn along merrily enough, and, no doubt, it will be a brilliant time when SOL, in all his glory, comes out and shines at the Savoy.

NEW IRISH POLITICAL PARTY NAME.—For the followers of Mr. PARNELL, the best name in future would be "The *Faux-Par-nellites*."



TRUE FEMININE DELICACY OF FEELING.

Emily (who has called to take Lizzie to the great Murder Trial). "WHAT DEEP BLACK, DEAREST!"

Lizzie. "YES. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ONLY DECENT, AS THE POOR WRETCH IS SURE TO BE FOUND GUILTY."

Emily. "AH! WHERE I WAS DINING LAST NIGHT, IT WAS EVEN BETTING WHICH WAY THE VERDICT WOULD GO, SO I ONLY PUT ON HALF MOURNING!"

A PORTIA À LA RUSSE.

"I repeat that a great military Power, having at her disposal an army of two millions of well-disciplined and drilled soldiers, whom no European country dares to attack single-handed, can face calmly, and even good-humouredly, both the wild attacks of unscrupulous publicists, and mistaken protests of philanthropic meetings, though these be as imposing and brilliant as the Lord Mayor's Show itself."—*Madame Novikoff's Letter to the "Times," on "The Jews in Russia."*

The quality of mercy is o'erstrained,
It droppeth twaddle-like from Lord Mayor's
lips
Upon a Russian ear: strength is twice
scornful,

Scornful of him it smites, and him who prates
Of mercy for the smitten: force becomes
The throned monarch better than chopped
logic;

His argument's—two millions of armed men,
Which strike with awe and with timidity
Prating philanthropy that peeks at kings.
But Mercy is beneath the Sceptre's care,
It is a bugbear to the hearts of Czars.
Force is the attribute of the "God of Battles";
And earthly power does then show likest
heaven's

When Justice mooks at Mercy. Therefore,
Jew,

Though mercy be thy prayer, consider this,
That in the course of mercy few of us,
Muscovite Czars, or she-diplomatists,
Should hold our places as imperious Slavs
Against humanitarian Englishmen,
And Jews gregarious. These do pray for
Mercy,

Whose ancient Books instruct us all to
Eye for eye justice! Most impertinent!
Romanist Marquis, Presbyterian Duke,
And Angloan Archbishop, mustered up
With Tabernacular Tubthumper, gowned
Taffy,

And broad-burred Boanerges from the North,
Mingled with Pantheist bards, Agnostic Peers,
And lawyers latitudinarian,—
A Lord Mayor's Show of *Paul Pry* pageantry,
All to play Mentor to the Muscovite!
Master of many millions! Oh, most monstrous!
Are we Turk dogs that they should do this
thing?

In name of Mercy!!!

As ADLER says, with "dainty keen-edged
dagger,"
To mitigate humanity's indignation.

With airy epigram, and show old friends,
GLADSTONE, and WESTMINSTER, MACCOLL and
STRAID,

That OLGA NOVIKOFF is still O.K.
A Portia—à la Russe! Have I not proved it?

DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS!

[The ladies, who are learning Whist in New York, do not, says the *Daily News*, worry much about the rules, but rather use the old-fashioned game as an opportunity for exhibiting their diamond rings, &c.]

I PLAYED the other day at Whist,
My partner was a comely maiden,
Her eyes so blue, her pretty wrist
With bracelets and with bangles laden,
She wore about ten thousand pounds,
Each finger had its priceless jewel,
She was, in fact, ablaze—but zounds!
Her play, indeed, was "something cruel."

I called for trumps, and called in vain,
At intervals I dared to mention
How much her conduct caused me pain,
Yet paid she not the least attention.
I very nearly tore my hair,
I begged of her to play discreetly,
But no—the tricks I planned with care
Without exception failed completely.

Jewels, I have no doubt, are grand,
But even they are sometimes cloying.
I found at length her splendid hand
(Of shapely fingers) most annoying.
When next I'm playing, I confess
I'd like a girl (and may I get her!)
Who shows her hands a little less,
And plays her cards a little better.

A LAY OF LONDON.

Oh, London is a pleasant place to live the whole year through,
I love it 'neath November's pall, or Summer's rarest blue,
When leafy planes to city courts still tell the tale of June,
Or when the homely fog brings out the lamplighter at noon.

I thought to go away this year, and yet in town I am.
I have not been to Hampstead Heath, much less to Amsterdam;
And now December's here again I do not feel the loss,
Though all the summer I've not been four miles from Charing Cross.



'Twas pleasant in the office
when we'd gather in a
bunch,

A social, dreamy sort of
day, with lots of time for
lunch.

How commerce flagged Sep-
tember through, at 90,
Pinching Lane,
Till bronzed and bluff the
chief returned, and trade
revived again.

Why talk of Andalusia's
bulls, of Rocky-Mountain
bears,

Of Tyrolean alpenstocks—
though not of Alpen
shares;

Of seaside haunts where
fashion drives with cor-
netted panels,

Or briny nooks, when all
you need is pipes, and
books, and flannels.

Of orange-groves, and cloister'd courts, of fountains, and of pines,
Black shadows at whose edge the sun intolerably shines,
Of tumbled mountain heights, like waves on some Titanic sea,
Caught by an age of ice at once, and fix'd eternally.

Of quiet river-villages, which woods and waters frame,
Lull'd in the lap of loveliness to the music of their name;
Of fallow-fields, of sheltered farms, of moorland and of mere:
Let others roam—I stay at home, and find their beauties here.

Not when the sun on London town incongruously smiles,
On the news-boys, and the traffic, and the advertisers' wiles;
But when the solar orb has ceased to mark the flight of time,
And three yards off is nothingness—indefinite, sublime,—

Then in the City's teeming streets each soul can get its share,
Its concentrated essence of the high romance of air,
Whose cloudy symbols KEATS beheld, and yearn'd to jot them down,
But anybody nowadays can swallow them in town.

There are, who, fain to dry the tear, and soothe the choking throat,
Would burn those tokens of the hearth that fondly o'er us float;
They cannot trace amid the gloom each dainty spire and whorl,
But smoke, to the true poet's eye, is never out of curl.

The sardine in his oily den, his little house of tin,
Headless and heedless there he lies, no move of tail or fin,
Yet full as beauteous, I ween, that press'd and prison'd fish,
As when in sunny seas he swam unbroken to the dish.

A naut in the vasty world of waters far away,
We could nor taste his toothsome form, nor watch his merry play,
But, prison'd thus, to fancy's eye, he brings his native seas,
The olive-groves of Southern France—perchance the Pyrenees.

The brown sails of the fishing-boats, the lithe sea-season'd crew,
The spray that shakes the sunlight off beneath the breezy blue,
The netted horde that shames the light with their refulgent sheen—
Such charm the gods who dwell on high have given the chill sardine.

So when we find long leagues of smoke compacted in the air,
'Tis not the philosophic part to murmur or to swear,
But patiently unravelling, the threads will soon appear.
In cottage hearths, and burning weeds, and misty woodland sere.

The day is fading, all the West with sunset's glow is bright,
And island clouds of crimson float in depths of emerald light,
Like circles on a rippled lake the tints spread up the sky,
Till, mingling with the purple shade, they touch night's shore,
and die.

Down where the beech-trees, nearly bare, spread o'er the red-leaf'd
hill,

Where yet late-lingers patter down, altho' the wind is still,
The cottage smoke climbs thinly up, and shades the black-boled trees,
And hangs upon the misty air as blue as summer seas.

'Tis this, in other guise, that wraps the town in sombre pall,
While like two endless funerals the lines of traffic crawl,
And from the abysmal vagueness where flows the turbid stream
Like madden'd nightmares neighing, the steamers hoarsely scream.

The Arab yearns for deserts free, the mariner for grog,
The hielan' laddie treads the heath, the crotty trots the bog;
The Switzer boasts his avalanche, the Eskimo his dog,
But only London in the world, can show a London fog.

A WONDERFUL SHILLINGSWORTH.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Fresh from the country (which has been my perpetual residence for the last twenty years), I came to London, a few days ago, to visit an establishment which seemed to me to represent that delight of my childhood, the Polytechnic Institution, in the time of Professor PEPPER'S Ghost, and glass-blowing by machinery. I need scarcely say that the Royal Aquarium was the attraction, where a shilling entrance fee I imagined would procure for me almost endless enjoyment.

I had seen the appetising programme—how the doors were opened at 10 A.M., to close a good thirteen hours later—after a round of novelties full of interest to a provincial sight-seer, to say nothing of a Londoner. I entered and found the Variety Entertainment was "on." I was about to walk into an enclosure, and seat myself in a first-rate position for witnessing the gambols of some talented wolves, when I was informed that I could not do this without extra payment. Unwilling to "bang" an extra sixpence (two had already been expended) I tried to find a gratuitous coign of vantage, but (I am sorry to add) unsuccessfully. But I was not to be disheartened. Could I not see "KENNEDY, King Laughter-Maker of the World," or "a Grand Billiard Match," or (more interesting still) "the Performing Fleas"? Yes, indeed I could, but only by expending a shilling on the Mesmerist, a like sum for the Billiard Match, and sixpence on the carefully-trained hoppers. Seeing that "the Wonderful and Beautiful Mystic MURIEL" was in the building, I attempted to interview her, but was stopped at the door by a demand for the fifth of half-a-crown. A like sum stood as a barrier between me and an entertainment that I was told was "described by Mr. ROGER HAGGARD in his well-known romance, called *She*." Passing by a small bower-like canvas erection, I was attracted by the declaration of its custodian that it was "the most wonderful sight in the world," a statement he made, he said, "without fear of contradiction." But "Eve's Garden" (as the small bower-like canvas erection was called) was inaccessible to those who did not expend the grudgingly-produced but necessary sixpence. Foiled in this direction, I fain would have visited the celebrated Beckwith Family performances, but was prevented by finding that a shilling was the only passport to admission, unless I happened to be a child, when the modified charge of sixpence would be deemed sufficient. There was, however, one entertainment almost free (only a penny was charged), an automatic sight-tester, which pleased me greatly. By putting a copper in the slot, pressing a pedal, and turning a handle, I learned that anyone could discover, literally at a glance, the condition of his eyes. Had I not made up my mind to disburse nothing further than the bare shilling I had already expended, I should certainly have ascertained if the time had arrived for my regretful assumption of a pinch-nose or a pair of spectacles.

I was now losing heart, when, to my great joy, I came upon "the White Kangaroo, the Laughing Jackasses, &c.," all of which were to be seen "free gratis and for nothing." It is right, however, that I should add that I found some difficulty in distinguishing "the White Kangaroo" from "the Laughing Jackasses," and both from "S." I now made for Mlle. PAULA'S Crocodiles, but here, again, alas! I was doomed to disappointment. As I approached the Reptile-House, in which the fair dame was disporting herself (no doubt) amongst "Indian Pythons and Boa Constrictors," I was warned off by the legend, "Admission, Sixpence." It was then I remembered that, after all, I was in an Aquarium, and, consequently, had no right to expect anything but fish. So I approached the tanks, and, to my great delight, found in one of them some floating bodies, that I am almost sure must have been herrings. Having thus gratified my curiosity for the strange and the curious, I returned, well satisfied, to the country, where I purpose remaining a further term of next twenty years.

In the meanwhile, believe me, Dear Mr. Punch,

Yours sincerely,
ONE EASILY PLEASED.

SOMETHING VERY BIG.—"The principal rôle (*Falstaff*), in VERDI'S new comic Opera is 'amplified and enlarged,'" writes a special Correspondent to *The Standard*, "from the *Falstaff* of the other plays (besides the *Merry Wives*) in which he takes a part." "Takes a part!" Good Heavens! *Falstaff* "amplified and enlarged" will be something more than a part. It will be that mathematical impossibility, "a part greater than the whole." Surely, with such a rôle in it, this can't be a light Opera.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Golden Bells, rung by DEAN AND SON,—quite appropriately ecclesiastical this,—and edited by Mrs. ELIZABETH DAY, will ring forth peals of delight in the nursery, it being the Christmas number of *The Little One's Own Paper*.



Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual, by WALTER BESANT, bears the cheerful and seasonable title of "*The Demoniac*." Mr. HYNÉ's *Four Red Nightcaps* is somewhat in the style of *Three Men in a Boat*, only there are "Four men in a Yacht." Most of the Magazines have their special numbers of these. *The English Illustrated Harper's*, *The Century*, are got up with the most charming illustrations.

The Gentlewoman has her first Christmas Number, and,—so like her!—a coloured satin picture! *The Pictorial World* has two good pictures for framing.

The Baron liketh much the latest contribution to the Rosslyn Series, edited by Earl HODGSON, who is of the Peerage of Parnassus, as you won't find this Earl in *Brett's Peerage*. The Baron congratulates the Earl, and has also sent an order for a pound of laurels wherewith to decorate the brow of WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. Among the many gems of his songs let me select "A Continuation"—there would have been "a pair of continuations," could he have rivalled himself; then "*Lalage*," and "*The Chansonnette*," which, with "*Rizzio to Maria Stuart*," ought to be set to music by a gifted composer. There are also some delightful verses to "*Old Court Trinity*," which will delight all Trinitarians of Cambridge—"cum multis aliis"—to quote the ancients Roman singer, so, as a short way with our Poet POLLOCK, the classic Baron, remembering how the ancients swore "By Pollux!" adapts the ejaculation, and says, "Buy POLLOCK'S—book."

All Meredithians must possess *George Meredith, Some Characteristics*, by Richard Le Gallienne. The book is a complete and excellent guide to the novelist and the novels, a sort of Meredithian *Bradshaw*, with pictures of the traffic superintendent, and of the head office at Boxhill. Even Philistines may be won over by the blandishments of Mr. Le GALLIENNE, from whom I learn, by the way, that GEORGE MEREDITH is "the HARVEY of the Ego," and that he is not ADRIAN HARLEY. I hear, also, that "daily, from one quarter or another, come critical cuff and kick, to impress upon a numb public the latest example of its immemorial purlblindness." And the Baron adds this cufflet to the rest. Mr. JOHN LANE has added a Bibliography, which is a model of minute industry. So here's to the book of RICHARD and JOHN.

Among the Arts for obvious reasons not known to Ancient Greece is *The Art of Cooking by Gas*. In a little book under this title, published by CASSELL, Mrs. SUGG has undertaken to disclose its mysteries, and set forth its attractions. No one could be better qualified for the task, since Mrs. SUGG is the wife of WILLIAM SUGG of Charing Cross, who has thrown more light on Modern London than CAMDEN did on its ancient ways. Cooking by gas, Mrs. SUGG shows, is cleaner, cheaper, more convenient, and more artistic than the older style. So widely is the practice now established, that gas-cooking apparatus are made to suit all conditions of life, from the kitchen of the Grand Hotel to the "Little Connaught," which you can (if you like) carry about in your waistcoat-pocket; yet when properly extended it will roast fowls, and small joints, grill chops, steaks, and fish, boil eggs, and vegetables, and keep a large family in hot water. "To gentlemen residing in Chambers, or those reading for the Bar," Mrs. SUGG writes of another treasure, "this little kitchener with the two grillers will prove a great boon." If Sir HENRY JAMES had really been going to the Bench, he could not have done better than study this book, and set himself up with a "Little Connaught" or a "Double Griller." Since that is not the case; it may be asked, Would they be worth the LORD CHANCELLOR'S attention? We unhesitatingly reply, "Why, Sugg'nly!"

"Are you asleep, BUCHANAN?" inquired ARCHER. This is the first sentence of a shilling novel, by BUTIFFE SKOTTOWE, with a very sensational picture on the cover. I "read no more that day," but closed the book, dreading lest, of the two figures on the thrilling frontispiece, one should be the BUCHANAN, and the other the only ARCHER in the world of Ibsenish proclivities.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

STRUCTURAL IMPROVEMENTS IN A THEATRE.—Mr. NORMAN FORBES opens the Globe. The seats are so constructed, that they can be taken outside the theatre. Also, any person who has purchased a numbered seat need not come to the theatre to occupy it. The seats are so made as to be equally comfortable for big and little persons—for the former, they can be let out.

A CRY FROM THE CINDER-PATH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I MUST appeal to you, the unimpeachable Cæsar, in athletics as in all other matters, to secure me some small meed of public sympathy and consideration. During the, happily, almost past year, I have been the victim of gross ill-treatment at the hands, nay, worse, the feet, of athletes of various kinds. I have been out in public by some of the best performers; I have been mercilessly beaten, and persistently lowered, till it is a wonder to myself that I have any self-respect left. I am too good a sportsman at least, Sir, to complain of rough usage in a fair way, but while I must suffer for the ambition of every ped. and every wheel-man, my colleague and close relation, who is generally known as "The Standard," is put higher and higher, without really doing anything at all to deserve his elevation. I have had the people all shouting about me; I have been the subject of columns of statistical gush in the Sporting Press, and now I am constrained to appeal to a non-professional for bare justice in my crippled old age. Wishing you a happier New Year than the old one has been to me, I am yours, in disgust,
A SMASHED RECORD.

LONDON METEORILLOGICAL ARRANGEMENTS.

(FOR THE WINTER.)

Clerk of Weather Office.

Monday	Frost. N.E. wind. Light fall of Snow. N. wind.
Tuesday	Change at night to S. Thaw. Slosh. Fog. E. wind.
Wednesday	Thicker fog. N.E. wind. Frost.
Thursday	Thicker fog. E. wind.
Thursday Night.	Fog. Frost. N. wind.
Friday & Friday Night	Snow. N. wind. Sudden change to S.W. wind.
Saturday	Sun for two hours. Horrid slosh.
Sunday	Drizzle. Rain for one day.
Monday	Hard frost. N.E. wind. Traffic almost impossible.
Tuesday and following days	(Da capo, with a few variations.)

A MUSICAL NOTE.

VERY fine performance by Royal Choral Society, at my little place in Kensington, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th, of MACKENZIE'S "*Rose of Sharon*." Everything *couleur de Rose*, except the atmosphere, which was *couleur de pea-soup*. Weather responsible for a certain number of empty stalls in my hall. Madame ALBANI in excellent voice—sang throughout gloriously. E. L., the Squire of Hall Barn, says that, when the eminent soprano sings at his place, he shall announce her as Madame HALBARNI. HILDA WILSON first-rate in "*Lo! the King*." LLOYD as good as ever; can't say more. The duets between him and ALBANI, perfection. WATKIN MILLS, an impressive *Solomon*, sang the difficult music of that character artistically. The Chorus superb in one of finest choruses, written by an English composer, "*Makes a joyful Noise*"—a very joyful noise they made, and a considerable one. I consider the "*Rose of Sharon*" a masterpiece, and the greatest work of any Englishman—and, now I come to think of it, MACKENZIE'S a Scotchman. Yours truly, ALBERT HALL.

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.—On to DOWDESWELL'S—Pictures by the Newlyn School. Interesting show this—especially good in landscapes. Disappointed there is no picture of the town of Par, whence the O. P.'s ancestors came. However, let that pass. Ladies, first,—there is excellent work by Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES, Mrs. GORCH, Miss HAYES, Miss FORD, and Miss BIRD; and, be it said with all politeness, equally excellent work by Messrs. STANHOPE FORBES, FITCOMBE, A. C. TAYLER, and others. A good many of the tin mines of Cornwall are said to be worked out, but I think not a few of our young artists have found a mine of tin in this picturesque country, which they are working both to their own advantage, and that of the Art-loving public. In the same gallery may be found a small collection of pastels by Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE. This artist seems to thoroughly understand the scope of pastel—and has walked his chalks about Scotland to considerable purpose. OLD PAR.

"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY."—Nothing in Nature and Art combined is so sad as the effect of a Street Minstrel playing something with flourishes on a clarinet under the windows of your study during a yellow London fog. "This way madness lies."

"BOXING-DAY" will, of course, be kept with great festivity at the Pelican Club. The contests will be of the friendliest character, and will be genially announced as "Kiss-in-the-Ring."



HIS FIRST BIRD.

"WELL, I DIDN'T MISS THAT ONE, AT ALL EVENTS!" "NO, SIR. THEY WILL FLY INTO IT, SOMETIMES!"

THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

OR, THE ST. STEPHEN'S TRAGEDY.
An old (Ingoldsbyish) Song, to a new (Irish)
Tune.

WHEN M.P.'s were all honest and good,
(A long time ago, I'm afraid, Ma'am),
We heard of the Babes in the Wood,
Who were jockeyed, misled, and betrayed,
Ma'am.

Well, history, so we are told,
Repeats itself—varying slightly—
Once again two poor Babes have been—sold,
Let us say, just to put it politely.
Rum tididy-um, tididy-um-tay!

Two innocent cherubs they were,
Master GLADDY, and young Miss MOOR-
LEENA;

Such sweet little souls to ensnare,—
Why, no conduct could well have been
meaner.

But all things went well for a time;
The parties they trusted made much of them;
Little they fancied that crime
Would ever attempt to get clutch of them.
Rum tididy, &c.

All the same, Ma'am, before very long,
The Babes found themselves in the
Wood. It

Was that which is known in Erse song
As the Wood of Shillelagh. Now could it
Be thought that two brave Oirish bhoys
Might be found so confoundedly cruel
As to rob two wee bairns of their toys,
And then give the poor darlings their
"gruel"?

Rum tididy, &c.

But somehow one of them fell out
With his whilom pet Babe, little GLADDY,
Looked on him with anger and doubt,
And conspired to destroy him, poor laddie!
It seems that the once-admired "kid"
Was a Turk, and a roguer, and a pickle,
Who wouldn't do what he was bid,
But was talkative, tricky, and fickle.
Rum tididy, &c.

Clear case of the Wolf and the Lamb!
Said the Wolf, "I dislike, and distrust
him.

His innocence is but a sham,
I mean having the bleed of him, bust him!"
(Such language sounds vulgar and coarse,
And to put it in poesy's paintul;
But KIPLING will tell you that force
Of taste must be sometimes disdainsful.)
Rum tididy, &c.

Little GLADDY, he turned up his eyes
To his guide's now most truculent visage,
And feelings of doubt and surprise
Took hold on him, trying at his age.
Cried he, "Go away, Naughty Man!
MOORLEENA, this fellow's a roguer, he
Will kill us, I'm sure, if he can,
For his face looks as black as Old Bogey!"
Rum tididy, &c.

Oh, then the First Robber looked mad,
And he ups, and says he to the Second,
"This impudent bit of a lad
No more a safe pal can be reckoned.
Get him out of our way, or the swag
Will not be worth much when allotted.
MOORLEENA's small weasand you acrag,
Whilst I eat young BILLY's carotid!"
Rum tididy, &c.

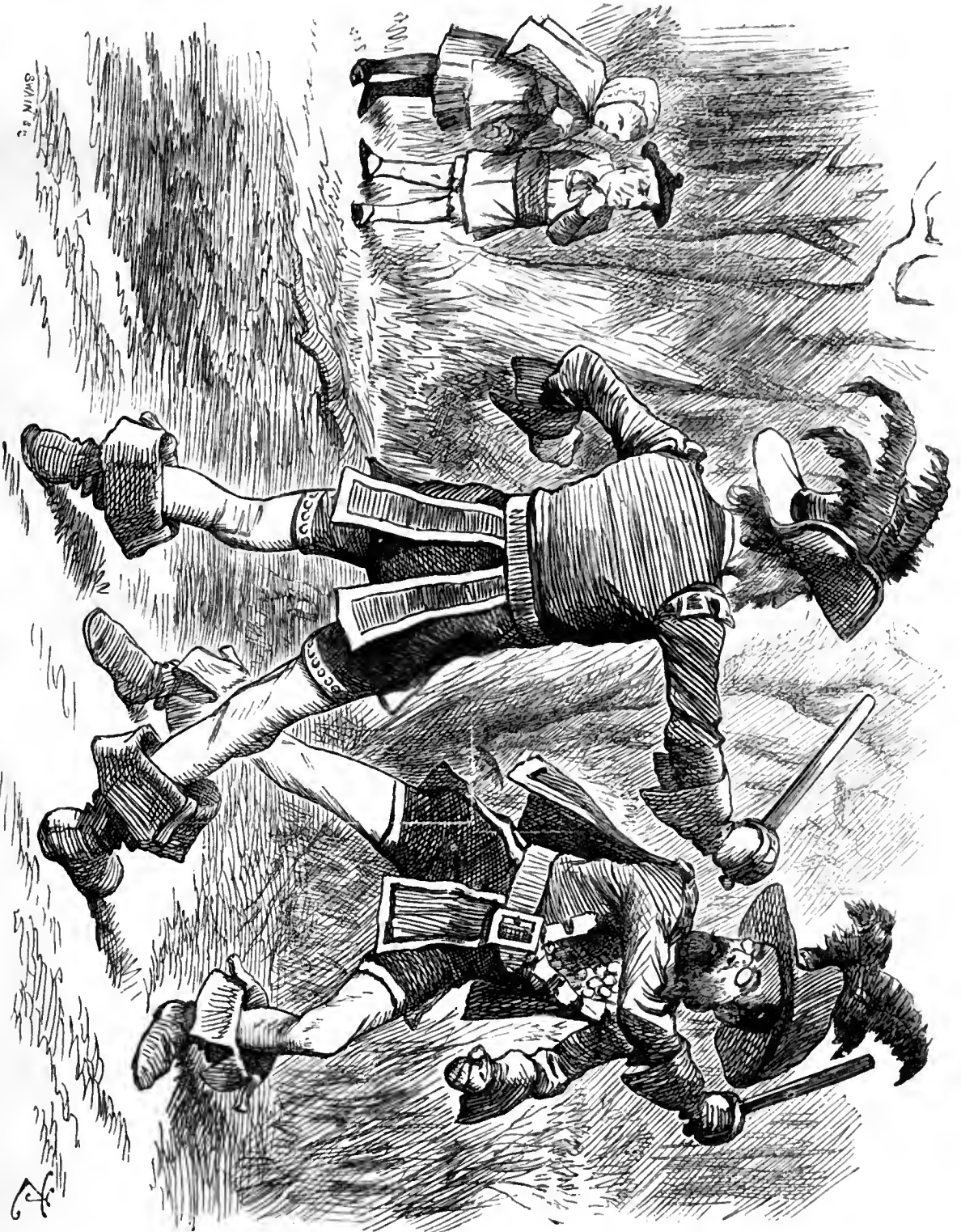
"Ha! stop!" cried the milder of mood,
"Your conduct is savage and silly.
They will search for these Babes in this Wood,
And there'll be a big row about BILLY.
Don't fancy you'll finish this job
When you've scragged 'em and stifled
their sobbings!
If these Babes we should murder and rob,
Their graves won't be left to the Robins!"
Rum tididy, &c.

Of course after language like this
Those Robbers' relations grew "squiffy."
Each drew, out and thrust, scored a miss,
And then they set-to in a jiffy.
The Babes, in no optimist mood,
Look on at the fight not unequal.
Will they safely get out of the Wood?
Well, that we shall see in the sequel!
Rum-tididy-um, tididy-um-tay!

AN Anglo-Indian journal, quoted by the
Daily News, suggests that the Ameer of
Afghanistan "might construct a telegraph
line throughout his country." Good idea.
Of course it is A-meer suggestion.

NO MORE APPEALS! NO CHANCE OF AN
ERRONEOUS JUDGMENT!! NO WRONG SEN-
TENCES!!!—The new Judge must be always
WRIGHT. Query—Can he sit in Error?

NAUTICAL AND ACADEMICAL QUESTION,
IMPORTANT FOR MARINE PAINTERS.—How
much water must such an Artist draw before
he is admitted into the Royal Academy
Harbour?



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE STORY OF THE ROAD



REPRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

THE HIBERNIAN BRER FOX; OR, UNCLE REMUS IN IRELAND.

"Now, 'bout dat time, honey," pursued Uncle REMUS, "Brer Fox he lay low pooty well all der time."

"Why was that?" asked the little boy.

"Dat," replied the old man, "was des, w'at his frends wanted fer ter know. But Brer Fox, he ain't sayin' nuthin'. Den dey sorter dallo ronn' waitin' fo' Brer Fox. En dey keep on waitin', but no Brer Fox ain't come."

"What was Brer Fox doing all this time?" asked the little boy.

"Oh, well den!" exclaimed the old man, "chilluna can't speck ter know all 'bout evs'ything. And blesa grashus, honey! some er der doin's er Brer Fox 'bout dis yer time ain't fit fer chilluna ter know. Brer Fox, I'm feared, wuz kinder simpertin' ronn' atter udder people's prop'ty, and dat's des why he lay low, en ain't say nuthin'."

"However," pursued the old man, after a pause,—

"De place wharabouts you spill de grease, Right dar yourer boun' ter slide."

And bimeby Brer Fox he sorter slid up *ker-stump*, he did, on his own slide, au' his frends dey done 'fuse m'on m'on to live naberly wid him, see'n ez he'd done broke der laws er naberly conduc' as der beastesses hold 'em. En Brer Rabbit—Ole Man Rabbit, as dey call him—he up en he sez, sezee, I ain't gwinter 'associate long er no Brer Foxes no mo', he sez; 'tain't 'spectubble, he sez. An nex time Brer Rabbit met Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit 'fuse ter 'spon ter his howdy, and dia make Brer Fox feel mighty bad, seein' ez how dey uaseter make so many scourshuns togedder.

"Hol' on dar, Brer Rabbit!" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"I ain't got time, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit, sezee, kinder mendin' his licks.

"I wanter have some oonfab wid you, Brer Rabbit, says Brer Fox, sezee.

"All right, Brer Fox, but you had better holler fum whar' you stan'," sez Brer Rabbit, "so'a der res' may hear. I sorter members

der las' time we oonfabbed togedder, sezee, when we war des as soshubble ez er basket er kittens, twel bimeby you kinder went down to der bottom kerblunkity-blunk, and den you sorter rounded on me 'bout der privit palaver, en I des don't like der way ez der sym'tums seem to sogashuate," says Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is, but you ain't gwinter boss me," says Brer Fox, sezee.

Brer Rabbit, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but he ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"I'm gwinter larn you howter talk ter 'spectubble fokes if hit's der las' ack," says Brer Fox, sezee. "Ef you don't take off dat hat, and tell me howdy, I'm gwinter to bus' you wide open, sezee, ef I busses myself at der same time," sezee.

Den Brer Rabbit he fetch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished, but he stan' on his dignitude, and he ain't sayin' nuthin'!

Den Brer Fox get mighty mad. Der never wuz a madder beas' dan he wuz des den. He rip, en he r'ar, en he cusa, en he swar, he snort, en he evort.

"What was he doing that for, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"Bressa you' soul, he wuz tryin' fer tar fling Brer Rabbit off'n his dignitude," answered the old man.

"And did he succeed?" pursued the little lad.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes—at present," replied the old man. "How de onfrennelness eventuated, I may tell you anudder time. But, as I tell you, Brer Rabbit wuz a monstus soon beas'; and, when Brer Fox look mighty biggity, atter cuttin' up mighty small, en loup roun' and make faces at

all de beastesses, en sorter rustle roun' like he wuz gwinter bus' eberything, why den, honey, fokes is apt to look on him as kinder splummy-splummy, atter all, en his endoons bimeby is boun' to be pow'ful lackin'."



BRER "FOX."

THAT FOOT-BALL.

An Athletic Father's Lament.

WHAT was it made me cricket anub,
And force my seven sons to sub-
sidize a local "Rugby" Club?
That Foot-ball!

Yet, what first drew from me a sigh,
When TOM, my eldest, missed a "try,"
But got instead a broken thigh!
That Foot-ball!

What in my second, stalwart JACK,
Caused some inside machine to crack,
And kept him ten months on his back—?
That Foot-ball!

What brought my third, unhappy TED,
To fade and sink, and keep his bed,
And finally go off his head?—
That Foot-ball!

My fourth and fifth, poor JOHN and JIM,
What made the sight of one so dim?
What made the other lack a limb?
That Foot-ball!

Then FRANK, my sixth, who cannot touch
The ground nauded by a crutch,
Alas! of what had he too much?
That Foot-ball!

The seventh ends the mournful line,
Poor STEPHEN with his fractured spine.
A debt owe these good sons of mine,
That Foot-ball!

And as we pass the street-boys cry,
"Look at them cripples!" I but sigh,
"You're right, my friends. But would
you fly
A lot like ours; oh, do not try
That Foot-ball!"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

SEASONABLE AND OTHER.

SCARIFICO is a non-emollient, detergent, case-hardening, and scouring soap polish.

SCARIFICO will instantly give the finest complexion the consistency of hardened wash-leather.

SCARIFICO, used recklessly and freely, S will rapidly flay the reigning beauty.

SCARIFICO, if applied as a head-wash, S entirely removes all the hair.

SCARIFICO should be tried on the young S infant with caution.

SCARIFICO, though regarded as an S adjunct to the toilette-table, will be found more useful in removing the rust from old fire-irons.

SCARIFICO, if used inadvertently in the S ordinary course as toilette soap, will frequently remove the entire skin of the face on one application.

SCARIFICO will be found useful in the S weekly bath of the rhinoceros.

SCARIFICO. — Dr. BLINKORN, M.R.S.V.P., writes:—"I have analysed a sample of 'Scarifco' sent me, and I find it a hap-hazard compound, in which suspended fata, brick-duat, fuller's earth, road-sweepings, and the bi-phosphate of soda are indiscriminately mixed. I cannot say whether it would be found a 'comfortable and cleansing preparation for the infant's skin,' as claimed by the proprietors, but should be more inclined to recommend it as an 'efficient mud-remover from cart-wheels and cleaning of ships' foul bottoms,' to its capabilities for which purposes they also direct the attention of their customers."

£16,000 URGENTLY wanted for a few hours in a friendly spirit. As every confidence will be placed in the lender, no inquiries will be made or expected. Moreover, this being a purely unprofessional, but strictly business transaction, as between gentleman and gentleman, no amount of interest will be objected to, and no agents will be treated with. N.B.—If lender is unable at a moment's notice to raise so large a sum, a few shillings in advance per postal order, if merely as a guarantee of good faith, can be forwarded on account, and will be acknowledged with thanks.

THE POETRY OF WINTER.—Rime. And it might be worse.



SHADOWS OF THE SESSION: OR THE LONG (FACED) PARLIAMENT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 8.—Prince ARTHUR came down to House this afternoon, with light heart, and unwrinkled brow. The first section of Session was drawing to a close; truly a wonderful time. OLD MORALITY, in arranging for its disposal, had, as usual, taken a sanguine view of his opportunities, and had crammed the space with work to be done. There were the Tithes Bill and the Land Purchase Bill, ineffectually struggled over last Session, and finally abandoned. There was the Railways Bill, successfully obstructed last Session, leading, on one occasion, to an All-night Sitting; and there was the Seed Potato Bill, innocent enough in appearance, but, like all Irish measures, capable of blossoming into portentous things. But everything had gone smoothly. Here was the 8th of December, not quite a fortnight after opening of Session, and appointed work nearly finished. To-night would read a Second Time second portion of Land Bill, and then, hey, for the Christmas holidays!

Prince ARTHUR, entering House with long, swinging stride, smiling sweetly around him, started at the prospect before him. Hitherto Benches in Irish quarter have been empty; accustomed occupants wrestling with each other in Committee Room No. 15. "For a fortnight," as SYDNEY HERBERT said, dropping into poetry as he surveyed the battle-field from the Bar, "all bloodless lay the untrodden snow." Now Prince ARTHUR, like "LINDEN, saw another sight." The Irish quarter closely packed. At the corner seat by the Gangway TIM HEALY, terribly truculent; a little further down the new Leader of the regenerate party, bent on making more History for Our Own Times.

Whilst PARNELL was yet the unowned king, he eschewed the habit of Guerilla Leaders (whether with or without a following) of appropriating a corner seat.

"For a very good reason," says WILLIAM MURPHY, once mildest-mannered man that ever built a tram or railway, now transformed into exceedingly plain-spoken politician. "If PARNELL had taken corner seat, his comings and goings—especially his goings—would have been more easily marked. Sitting midway down the Bench, amongst the ruck of Members, he was not noticeable except when he wanted to be noticed. Could sink in and out without attracting attention."

Not for that reason, but from sheer modesty, JUSTIN MCCARTHY has taken up almost identical position; Truculent TIM guards the corner seat, where he can snap and snarl with fuller freedom. Fell upon Prince ARTHUR to-night with fearsome ferocity. The Prince, having explained his measure last week, when TIM and the rest were "deliberating" in Committee Room



Surveying the Battle-field.



Not quite "O Keay!"

No. 15, he presumed to think he needn't repeat exercise, and so moved Second Reading by dumb gesture. TIM on his feet as if propelled from catapult. What! the Chief Secretary not going to make a speech

TIM moved Adjournment of Debate; wanted to discuss merits of Bill on this motion. Deputy-Speaker interfered on point of order. TIM must speak or burst. If he withdrew his Motion for Adjournment, he might get someone else to move rejection of Bill. Then his opportunity would come. Eye fell on SEYMOUR KEAY, dressed in height of antique fashion, reclining on Bench below him. KEAY always wanting to make speech. Not invariably coherent, but that no consequence. He would be only too glad to move rejection of Bill; then TIM would dive in and get off his speech.

Change of tactics too rapid for KEAY to follow. TIM's motion withdrawn; question put was, "that Bill be read Second Time." Now was KEAY's cue to rise and move its rejection; but KEAY failed to grasp situation; sat smiling with inane adulation at tip of his passionately polished patent-leather shoe, over which lay the fawn-coloured "spat," like dun dawn rising over languid lustrous sea. Not a second to be lost. Deputy-Chairman on his feet; if no Amendment were submitted, he would declare Second Reading carried. TIM stooped down, and with clenched fist smote KEAY between the shoulder-blades. KEAY, startled out of pleased reverie, turned round with frightened glance, as he beheld TIM blazing with righteous fury, glowering over him; paralysed with fear; had heard alarming rumours of methods of Debate introduced in Committee Room No. 15. This sudden assault from the rear evidently one of them. Who could say what might not be its most natural sequence?

"I expected every moment would be my next," SEYMOUR KEAY said, later, when, with still chattering teeth, he was describing the episode.

"Tut!" said TIM. "I was only asking you to get up and move that the Land Department (Ireland) Bill be read a Second Time on that day six months."

While someone went for glass of water and smelling salts for SEYMOUR KEAY, MAURICE HEALY moved rejection of Bill; Debate arose; TIM storming round the topic with undiminished vigour. But no one would rise to his tempestuous heights; Debate flittered out; Bill read Second Time; House up by Seven o'Clock.

Business done.—A lot.

Tuesday.—Dreadful rumour when House met that TIM HEALY had ready for delivery speech two hours long, on Prince ARTHUR in general, and Irish Land Bill in particular. Turned out to be only TIM's fun. Once or twice in course of brief proceedings he jumped up suddenly, and shouted out, "Bah!" but only meant to frighten OLD MORALITY. Momentarily had desired effect; soon clear that nothing serious meant. Appointed Bills advanced through stipulated stages, and OLD MORALITY, modest in mien, even after the triumph of matchless management displayed in brief Session, moved Adjournment over Christmas holidays.

Conversation as to arrangement of business on reassembling; Truculent TIM, coming to the front at least urgent opportunity, demanded that Irish business should not be taken as first Order. OLD MORALITY promptly gave desired pledge. Then MARJORIBANKS, who, to travesty TREVILYAN'S famous saying, Though a Whip, is a Scottish gentleman, broke the long pause of eloquent silence cultivated in the Lobby; protested against Scotch Members being placed in inconvenient position, by being obliged to put in appearance on first day after holidays. Welsh Members echoed plaint on their part. Why should Tithes Bill be put down for first day?

Pretty to see OLD MORALITY'S firm attitude, in face of this demonstration. Had capitulated to Irish at first sound of TIM'S low voice; quite a different thing with inconsiderable people like the Scotch or Welsh. Almost haughtily protested against possibility of alteration. "Members," he said, vaguely remembering copy-book heading, "are made for business, not business for Members." That settled it. Motion for Adjournment carried; Young GOSSET, with his beaver up, advanced to remove Mace, and House went off for Christmas holidays.

Business done.—Sittings adjourned till 22nd of January.



"Au Revoir!"

NOTE ON THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The notion of its being performed in "The Dormitory" is delightful. None of the performers could possibly be offended by the audience doing the right thing in the right place, and going to sleep.

when the new Irish Party had mustered for the first time in the history of a reeling and revolving universe? Abominable - Atrocious!! Contumeliously contemptuous!!!

PHILLALOO!

A SONG OF "UNITED IRELAND."

AIR:—"Killaloe."

WELL, I'm glad that I was born
In the land the Sassenach scorn,
For its fondness for a first-class Phillaloo,
Faix! Home Rule's a purthy scheme,
And on Thursday PARNELL came
To instrnct us how to floor the "Patriot"
crew.

I'd one Leader, that I swear,
Now there's siveral "in the air,"
And it strikes me I've a doubt which one
is thrue;
But whin things are out of jint,
To decide the tickle pint,
Faith! there's nothing like a first-class
Phillaloo!

Chorus.

Ye may talk about MCCARTHY,
As a leader sane and hearty,
For to lead the "Patriot" parthy;
But ochone! and wirrasthrue!
It seems anything but aisy
(Ask DICK POWER and Mither DEASY)
To lead for long
A parthy strong
Widout a Phillaloo!

PARNELL wiped BODKIN's eye,
And of all his toype "mads pie."
O'BRIEN telegraphed wid much surprise;
And brave DILLON "over there,"
Seemed disposed to tear his hair,
And TAY PAY inclined to pipe his patriot
eyes.

Said BODKIN, with alarm,
"This will do the paper harm,"
Said LEAMY, "I'm appointed to your
Thin on a float or dray [place."
They the papers sint away,
And scattered all the Staff, and closed the
case.

Chorus.—Ye may talk of J. M'CARTHY, &c.

Ooh, hboys, there was the fun!
But the game was far from done.
United Ireland did not yet appear;



For whilst NAGLE had stepped out,
BODKIN came wid comrades stout,
And a hamper, which was packed with
PARNELL swore an awful oath [bottled beer.
He'd have law agin 'em both,
And he came from KENNY's house in Rut-
land Square;
And he raised a Phillaloo
With the aid of followers true, [chair.
And replaced the valiant LEAMY in the
Chorus.—Ye may talk of J. M'CARTHY, &c.

To it feet and fists they wint,
As though foighting agin rint, [plex;
Says the Sassenach, "By golly, I'm per-
For when patriots, don't ye see, [next.
Foight like schoolboys on a spree,
Why, ye niver know what they'll be up to
There seems little to be said;
Let each break the other's head:
I'll mix no more in patriot affairs.
Ere that paper shall appear,
Many an Oirish head and ear
Must be 'closed for alterations and re-
pairs."

Chorus.—Ye may talk of J. MCCARTHY, &c.

"If to help poor PAT yon'd try,
Or would raise the Home Rule cry,
And change the Constitution—just for fun;
There's one thing ys've got to do,—
Just prepare for Phillaloo,
For the PATS will raise it—every mother's
It may be very fine, [son.
PAT's no enemy of mine,
But, as I think, ye'll aasily suppose,
Whatever line we take
Peace is mighty hard to make, [nose!"
When 'United Ireland' punches its own

Chorus.

Ye may talk about MCCARTHY,
As a patriot pure and hearty,
For to lead the Home-Rule Parthy,
And to keep the Liberals thrue.
But it's anything but aisy
(Ask DICK POWER and Mither DEASY)
To rule the Pats
(Those fighting cats)
Widout a Phillaloo!

A STUDY FROM THE LIFE.

(Prophetically communicated by an Interviewer of the Future.)

HAVING to describe the person and abode of the Poet PODGERS, I cannot do better than jot down in my note-book what I know about those objects on my road to the abode of genius—otherwise, 126, Bolingbroke Square, South Belgravia. That useful work, *Men of the Time*, tells me that the Poet was educated at Westminster and Christ Church—facts that in themselves suggest a column of copy about Football at Vincent Square, the mysteries of Seniors, Juniors, and Second Election, and the glories and humours of Tom's Quad. Not much trouble about that. So far, plain sailing. Bolingbroke Square, too, helps one along. Historical reminiscences, Pimlico in time of Romans, ditto Normans, ditto when ELIZABETH was Queen. All this can be worked up comfortably and conveniently in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Then the PODGERS' family history should give a good third. Father made a fortune in blacking, so daresay he recollects his grandfather. No doubt latter settled in London with the employment of junior office-sweeper,



and the capital of an eleemosynary half-crown. Need not trouble about the Heraldic Visitations, or the coat and crest. Keep those items for an interview characterised more by "blood" than "brains." Suppose he has received presentation copies of works of poetical rivals. This will give an opportunity for introducing contemporary biographical sketches, varying from three lines to half a column. Know his house, too—once occupied by a foreign fiddler, next a Cabinet Minister, lastly, a successful artist, hints (if required) for scenes on the Continent, in Parliament, and the Royal Academy. Wife and children. Domestic scene—good for two-thirds. Wife playing piano as the children spin their tops, or gambol with Collie dog. There now, I think I have got enough material for the present. And here we are at Bolingbroke Square, South Kensington.

What's this! PODGERS' servant says PODGERS declines to see literary gents! He won't be interviewed!

Won't he! With my materials, soon arrange about that! After all, seeing him was only an empty form!

Tell Cabman to drive back to my house—Butterfly Gardens. He doesn't know it! On second thoughts, he says he supposes I mean "the place that used to be called Grab Street?" Yes, I do!

CHRISTMAS AND CLEOPATRA.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, in his most useful column of theatrical information in the *Daily Telegraph*, told us last Friday, that the Princess's Theatre is now "heated by a new process," which must mean the exceptionally warm reception given every evening to Mrs. LANGTRY as *Cleopatra*. In this favourable sense of the phrase, "She gets it hot all round," and the public assists in "making it warm" for her, in return for her making it warm for them. The more than CLEMENT SCOTT writes of "extra rows of stalls," and of "money being turned away on account of the success of *Antony and Cleopatra*." Bravo! "O rare for *Antony*!" and O most rare for Egypt's fairest daughter! Of course when the money is "turned away," more money is admitted. Great thing for a theatre when all the boxes are money-boxes, and the pit a gold-mine. Those who are allowed to enter will not complain of being "let in," unless they object to being "let in for a good thing."



With its ballets and splendid *mise-en-scene*, and its splendid "Missis-en-scene," too, "There would seem no reason," continues the generous SCOTT, "why *Antony and Cleopatra* should not be regarded as what is euphemistically (a denoué of a word this) known as a 'Christmas Piece.'" By all means. Be it so. Will the fair Managers take the hint, and announce a grand Transformation Scene for Boxing Night, with the pantomimic cast thus distributed:—*Harlequin*, Colonel ANTONY COGHLIN; *Columbine*, Mrs. CLEOPATRA LANGTRY; *Pantaloon*, Mr. ENOBARBUS STIRLING; and *Clown*—a real "Shakspearian Clown," by Mr. EVERILL, who, in spite of his name, we hope will continue Ever-well, and be able to indulge the public with the good old classic song, "*Poma Calida*." Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, at this inclement season, has hit on a first-rate notion; of which, no doubt, Queen CLEOPATRA will avail herself, if necessary.

A CHRISTMAS PAR.—At this season we must mention Crackers, that's the truth—and we can't let 'em off. SPAGNAPANE'S Jewelled Crackers are A 1, and that's the truth and no cracker. While on the subject of Crackers, we are prepared for the question, What next? and are equally prepared with the echoing reply "WARD next,"—with his dainty confections in artistic cards and booklets.



"DRESSED CRAB"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE origin of the phrase, *Le Coup de Jarnac*, is interesting, and the story is well told by Mr. MACDOWALL in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Good, this, for "The Two Maes."

In *The Argosy*, edited by Mr. CHARLES WOOD, there are two good most reasonable Ghost Stories, by CHARLES W. WOOD, the "Rev. F. O. W." The first is not new, as there is a similar legend attached to several old Manor Houses, one of a Sussex Family House, the Baron had first-hand, from a witness on the premises. It lacked corroboration at the time, and is likely to do so.

The Letters passing between a fine young English Cantab, "all of the modern style," and his family at home, are uncommonly amusing. *Harry Fudger at Cambridge* is the title of the book, published by CHATTO AND WINDUS. Well, to quote the ancient

witticism in vogue *tempore EDOUARDI RECTI et DON PAOLO BEXFORDI* (the great Adelphi, or rather the great "Fill-Adelphians," as they were once called), "Things is werry much as they used to was" at Cambridge, and University life of to-day differs very little from that of yesterday, or the day before, or the day before that. "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," when, half a century hence, the rollicking author of these letters—which, by the way, first appeared in *The Granta*—is telling his *Minimus* what "a dog," he, the writer, was, and what "a day he used to have," in the merry time that's past and gone. "His health and book!" quoth the Baron.

A more muddle-headed story than *The Missing Member* I have not read for some considerable time.

The Baron sends HACHETTE & CIE.'s "*Mon Premier Alphabet*," and the moral tale of "*Mlle. Marie Sans-souci*," up to the nursery where they will be much appreciated by the little Barons.

"LET's get a Diary," quoth a Barren Jester, not the Baron DE B. W., who, had it not been Christmas time, would have expelled the witty youth. "No joke, if you please," quoth he, "about LET's Diaries. We may advertise these useful and hardy annuals in canine Latin and say, '*Libera nos!*' i.e., Let's out!"

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

P.S. I have it on the best authority that Mrs. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, author of *The Secret of the Princess: a Tale of Country, Camp, Court, Convict, and Cloister Life in Russia*, is about to produce a highly sensational work, entitled *The Bargain of the Barmaid; a Story of Claret, Cheese, Coffee, Cognac, and Cigar Life in London*.

CINDERELLA FIN DE SIÈCLE.

(A Fairy Tale for Christmas.)

THE Lady Help was busy at her domestic duties when her God-mother knocked at the kitchen-door, and entered.

"Alas, poor CINDERELLA!" said the Fairy, in a compassionate tone, "and so your stepmother and sisters have gone to the Prince's ball, and left you to cleanse the pots and pans?"

"Thank you," returned her God-daughter; "I am perfectly well satisfied to be left with my books. As a matter of fact, dances bore me."

And she carelessly glanced at some mathematical works that she had used when cramming for the Senior Wranglership.

"Nonsense, my dear," responded the well-intentioned Fairy, "Get me a pumpkin, some mice—"

"Quite out of date," interrupted CINDERELLA. "I presume you intend to turn the pumpkin into a great coach, and so forth. Eh?"

"Well," admitted the Fairy, taken aback, "ye-es."

"Quite so. Believe me, the idea is distinctly old-fashioned. Pray understand, I don't say you can't do it. Nowadays, with EDISON and KOCI, it would be dangerous to suggest that anything was impossible. No, I merely object to travel in a conveyance that will naturally be redolent of the odours of the kitchen garden, and to be driven by a coachman derived from a rodent."

"But this objection is contrary to precedent," urged the Fairy. "You ought to express unbounded delight, and then depart in your carriage with the greatest *éclat* possible."

"You are most kind, but, if I am to do anything of that sort, I would prefer leaving the matter in the hands of Mr. Sheriff AUGUSTUS HARRIS who thoroughly understands the entire business." "It seems to me," said the Fairy, "you are very ungrateful. But surely you want a magnificent costume?"

"Thanks, no; I get everything from Paris."

"And you think of the feelings of your *modiste*, and ignore those of your poor old (but well-preserved) Godmother!" And the Fairy was nearly moved to tears.

"Oh, I did not mean to pain you!" exclaimed CINDERELLA. "Stay, my dear Lady, do you believe in hypnotism? No? Well, I do, and exercise it. Pardon me!"

And as she made a few passes, the Fairy sank into a mesmeric trance. Then CINDERELLA desired that her Godmother should imagine that she had been the heroine of a Fairy Story.

"Dear me," cried the now-satisfied dame, as she regained consciousness; "and so you went to the ball, lost your slipper, and married the Prince?"

"That was the impression I wished to convey to you. And now, my dear, good Lady, I am afraid I must ask you to leave me."

And as the Fairy disappeared, CINDERELLA resumed her self-imposed tasks of making an omelette and squaring the circle.

RE—"MARKS."—New Legal Measure, "One Gill more than equal to Several Legal Pints." [Formula, 1 Gill = 1 + x pinta.]



Sir Charles Russell troubled by a Pair of Gills.

Mr. GILL objected to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's yawning in Court; but he forgot that a Queen's Counsel of Sir CHARLES's standing and reputation has a right to "open his mouth" pretty wide.

THE KNELL OF HOME RULE.—Par-nell.



Harry Furniss

A PARLIAMENTARY PANTOMIME OPENING.
(Seasonable Suggestion to Augustus Druriolanus.)

BETWEEN THE LEAVES;

OR, HOW TO LET IN THE ADVERTISERS NEATLY.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE fair girl stepped lightly into the room, and, having daintily removed the dust from her feet by wiping them on one of BILOW AND SONS' Patent Crocodile Matting Rugs (delivered carriage free within a radius of twelve miles of their establishment at Ludgate Circus) that was placed before the door, gave a hasty glance round the apartment. She saw at once from the octagonal ebouissé table three feet six, by two feet five inches, the afternoon lounge oonch (as advertised), the gent's easy shake-down chair, ladies ditto, and half dozen occasional chairs, all upholstered in rich material in Messrs. MULGRAVE & Co. of 170, Walbrook, City, E.C.'s best style, that a refined taste inspired by a wholesome economy had been exercised in the furnishing of the apartment, and she turned to the old Duke with a grateful nod of recognition.

"What," he asked, in a feeble voice, "is it my own ANOELICA? Surely it is! Come, my child, let me look at you?" He turned up the burner of a BOYCOTE'S Patent Incandescent Gas Lamp (price 13s. 9d. with full paper of instructions complete), and as he stood erect in his rich calico-lined fox-fur dressing-gown (supplied in three qualities by BAOHAM & Co, with a discount of 15 per cent. for cash), he looked, every foot of him, a worthy scion of that ancient family of which he was the last living representative. "Let me look at you," he again repeated, drawing his neatly-dressed granddaughter more fully into the light before him. As it fell upon the graceful curves of her lissom figure, it was easy to perceive that she was wearing one of Madame BEAUMONT's celebrated Porcupine Quill Corsets, which lent a wonderful finish to a two-guinea tailor-made gingham cloth "Gem" costume, braided with best silk (horn buttons included), which showed off her young form to such advantage.

He would have added more, but a sudden pallor stole over his complexion, and he reeled towards a chair.

In an instant the bright girl was on her knees at his side. "Dear Grandfather, you are faint!" she cried, an expression of alarm suffusing her beautiful features.

The Duke pointed to a small table—"My Liquid Pork!" he gasped.

"Ah! of course!" was her quick response, as she bounded across the room, and returned with an eleven-and-sixpenny bottle of "BOLKIN'S Liquid Pork, or, the Emaciated Invalid's Hog-wash"—a stimulating, flesh-creating, life-sustaining food; sold in bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 5s. 7d., and 11s. 6d.,—of which she quickly poured out half a tumbler, and raised it to the quivering lips of the staggering old nobleman by her side. "How foolish of me not to have thought of this before!" she continued, replenishing the glass, which he emptied in feverish haste.

"I save threepence-halfpenny in a sovereign," he went on, a wicked twinkle kindling in his eye as he spoke, "by taking the eleven-and-sixpenny size—and that is a consideration, my dear. If you don't think so now, with all your young life before you, you will when you come to be my age!"

He sank back in his arm-chair as he spoke, apparently about to deliver himself to the calm delights of a retrospective *réverie*. But he was not destined to enjoy it. At that moment a whiff of stifling smoke, quite choking in its intensity, forced itself under the door. In another moment the matter was soon explained. With a wild rush the butler burst into the room.

"Fly, your Grace, for your life!" he cried; "the place is on fire!"

A blaze of flame that followed the terrified menial into the room, only too truly corroborated his statement. In another moment the fire had seized hold of the new furniture, and in greedy fury, as if it were some demon spirit, licked the walls with great tongues of flame.

"In the cupboard, my dear," said the Duke, the proud blood of his race coming to his aid in a perfect and commanding coolness in the face of the terrible danger that faced him, "you will find three cans of JONSON'S Patent Fire Annihilating Essence. It is advertised as infallible. Give one to the butler, take one yourself, and give the third to me. This appears to be a good opportunity for testing its efficacy."

The quick bright girl instantly obeyed his injunction. The cans were distributed, and opened. A colourless gas was liberated. In a few seconds the flames were entirely quenched.

"Ah!" said the old Duke, flinging himself back into his arm-chair with a sigh of relief. "And now, ANOELICA, my dear, you can tell me why you came to see me!"



A FAIR WARNING.

"DADDY, I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK POCKET-MONEY!"

"I COULDN'T DO IT, MY LITTLE CHAP. IT'S TOO MUCH!"

"WELL, I MUST HAVE IT. IF YOU WON'T, I SHALL GO AND BET!"

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

(To be Represented during the Performance of the Christmas Pantomime.)
SCENE—Interior of Private Box. Grandfather and Grandchildren discovered listening to the Overture. Father and Mother in attendance.

Grandfather. Yes, my dears, I am glad to say that the afterpart is not to be discontinued. You are to see the Clown, and the Pantaloon, and the Columbine, and the Harlequin.

Chorus of Grandchildren. Oh! Oh, won't that be delicious!

Grandfather. Yes, my dears, you will see the regular old-fashioned comic business that used to delight me when I was a boy. I remember when I was about your age, my dears, seeing TOM MATHEWS, and it was so amusing. He used to sing a song—

Chorus (interrupting as the Curtain rises). Hush, Grandpa! it's going to begin! (The party subside, and direct their attention to twenty sets or so of the most magnificent scenery, illustrated by gorgeous Processions. The hands of the clock revolve, leaving Eight and reaching Eleven, when Grand Transformation takes place, amidst various coloured fires. Then enter Old Christmas Clown.)

Old Christmas Clown. Here we are again! How are you to-morrow?

Chorus of Children. Oh, we are so tired! And we have heard that before!

Mother. And I am afraid we shall miss our train.

Father. And the roads are so bad!

Grandfather. Well, well, perhaps we had better go; but in my time we all used to enjoy it so much. (Aside.) And perhaps, after all, the red-hot poker business is rather stale at the end of the Nineteenth Century!

[Exeunt the Party, plus five-sixths of the Audience.]



Peg-Top after seeing a Pantomime.

VOCES POPULI.
A CHRISTMAS ROMP.

SCENE—Mrs. CHIPPERFIELD'S Drawing-room. *It is after the Christmas dinner, and the Gentlemen have not yet appeared. Mrs. C. is laboriously attempting to be gracious to her Brother's Fiancée, whose acquaintance she has made for the first time, and with whom she is disappointed. Married Sisters and Maiden Aunts confer in corners with a sleepy acidity.*

First Married Sister (to Second). I felt quite sorry for FRED, to see him sitting there, looking—and no wonder—so ashamed of himself—but I always will say, and I always must say, CAROLINE, that if you and ROBERT had been firmer with him when he was younger, he would never have turned out so badly! Now, there's my GEORGE—&c., &c.



Mrs. C. (to the Fiancée). Well, my dear, I don't approve of young men getting engaged until they have some prospects of being able to marry, and dear ALOY was always my favourite brother, and I've seen so much misery from long engagements. However, we

must hope for the best, that's all!

A Maiden Aunt (to Second Ditto). Exactly what struck me, MARTHA. One waiter would have been quite sufficient, and if JAMES must be grand and give champagne, he might have given us a little more of it; I'm sure I'd hittle more than foam in my glass! And every plate as cold as a stone, and you and I the only people who were not considered worthy of silver forks, and the children encouraged to behave as they please, and JOSEPH PODMORE made such a fuss with, because he's well off—and not enough sweetbread to go the round. Ah, well, thank goodness, we needn't dine here for another year!

Mr. Chipperfield (at the door). Sorry to cut you short in your cigar, Uncle, and you LIMPETT; but fact is, being Christmas night, I thought we'd come up a little sooner and all have a bit of a romp... Well, EMILY, my dear, here we are, all of us—ready for anything in the way of a frolic—what's it to be? Forfeits, games, Puss in the Corner, something to cheer us all up, eh? Won't anyone make a suggestion? [General expression of gloomy blankness.]

Algernon (to his Fiancée—whom he wants to see shine). ZEFFIE, you know no end of games—what's that one you played at home, with potatoes and a salt-spoon, you know?

Zeffie (blushing). No, please, ALOY! I don't know any games, indeed, I couldn't, really!

Mr. C. Uncle JOSEPH will set us going, I'm sure—what do you say, Uncle?

Uncle Joseph. Well, I won't say "no" to a quiet rubber. Mrs. C. But, you see, we can't all play in that, and there is a pack of cards in the house somewhere; but I know two of the aces are gone, and I don't think all the court cards were there the last time we played. Still, if you can manage with what is left, we might get up a game for you.

Uncle J. (grimly). Thank you, my dear, but, on the whole, I think I would almost rather romp—

Mr. C. Uncle JOSEPH votes for romping! What do you say to Dumb Crambo? Great fun—half of us go out, and come in on all-fours, to rhyme to "cat," or "bat," or something—you can play that, LIMPETT?

Mr. Limpett. If I must find a rhyme to eat, I prefer, so soon after dinner, not to go on all-fours for it, I confess.

Mr. C. Well, let's have something quieter, then—only do settle. Musical Chairs, eh?

Algy. ZEFFIE will play the piano for you—she plays beautifully.

Zeffie. Not without notes, ALOY, and I forgot to bring my music with me. Shall we play "Consequences"? It's a very quiet game—you play it sitting down, with paper and pencil, you know!

Mr. Limpett (sardonically, and sotto voce). Ah, this is something like a rollick now. "Consequences," eh?

Algy (who has overheard—in a savage undertone). If that isn't good enough for you, suggest something better—or shut up!

Mr. C. Now, then, have you given everybody a piece of paper, EMILY? CAROLINE, you're going to play—we can't leave you out of it.

Aunt Caroline. No, JAMES, I'd rather look on, and see you all enjoying yourselves—I've no animal spirits now!

Mr. C. Oh, nonsense! Christmas-time, you know. Let's be jolly while we can—give her a pencil, EMILY!

Aunt C. No, I can't, really. You must excuse me. I know I'm a wet blanket; but, when I think that I mayn't be with you another Christmas, we may most of us be dead by then, why—(sob).

Fred (the Family Failure). That's right, Mater—trust you to see a humorous side to everything!

Another Aunt. For shame, FRED! If you don't know who is responsible for your poor mother's low spirits, others do!

[The Family Failure collapses.]

Mr. Limpett. Well, as we've all got pencils, is there any reason why the revelry should not commence?

Mr. C. No—don't let's waste any more time. Miss ZEFFIE says she will write down on the top of her paper "Who met whom" (must be a Lady and Gentleman in the party, you know), then she folds it down, and passes it on to the next, who writes, "What he said to her"—the next, "What she said to him"—next, "What the consequences were," and the last, "What the world said." Capital game—first-rate. Now, then!

[The whole party pass papers in silence from one to another, and scribble industriously with knitted brows.]

Mr. C. Time's up, all of you. I'll read the first paper aloud. (Glances at it, and explodes.) He-he!—this is really very funny. (Reads.) "Uncle JOSEPH met Aunt CAROLINE at the—ho—ho!—the Empire! He said to her, 'What are the wild waves saying?' and she said to him, 'It's time you were taken away!' The consequences were that they both went and had their hair cut, and the world said they had always suspected there was something between them!"

Uncle J. I consider that a piece of confounded impertinence! [Puffs.]

Aunt C. It's not true. I never met JOSEPH at the Empire. I don't go to such places. I didn't think I should be insulted like this—(Weeps.)—on Christmas too!

Aunts' Chorus. FRED again!

[They regard Family Failure indignantly.]

Mr. C. There, then, it was all fun—no harm meant. I'll read the next. "Mr. LIMPETT met Miss ZEFFIE in the Burlington Arcade. He said to her, 'O, you little duck!' She said to him, 'Fowls are cheap to-day!' The consequences were that they never smiled again, and the world said, 'What price hot potatoes?'" (Everybody looks depressed.) H'm—not bad—but I think we'll play something else now. [ZEFFIE perceives that ALOY is not pleased with her.]

Tommy. (To Uncle JOSEPH). Uncle, why didn't you carve at dinner?

Uncle J. Well, TOMMY, because the carving was done at a side table—and uncommon badly done, too. Why do you want to know?

Tommy. Parpar thought you would carve, I know. He told Mummy she must ask you, because—

Mrs. C. (With a prophetic instinct.) Now, TOMMY, you mustn't tease your Uncle. Come away, and tell your new Aunt ZEFFIE what you're going to do with your Christmas boxes.

Tommy. But mayn't I tell him what Parpar said, first?

Mrs. C. No, no; by and by—not now! [She averts the danger. Luter: the Company are playing "Hide the Thimble;" i.e., someone has planted that article in a place so conspicuous that few would expect to find it there. As each person catches sight of it, he or she sits down. Uncle JOSEPH is still, to the general merriment, wandering about and getting angrier every moment.]

Mr. C. That's it, Uncle, you're warm—you're getting warm!

Uncle J. (Boiling over.) Warm, Sir? I am warm—and something more, I can tell you! [Sits down with a bump.]

Mr. C. You haven't seen it! I'm sure you haven't seen it. Come now, Uncle!

Uncle J. Never mind whether I have or have not. Perhaps I don't want to see it, Sir!

The Children. Then do you give it up? Do you want to be told? Why, it's staring you in the face all the time!

Uncle J. I don't care whether it's staring or not—I don't want to be told anything more about it.

The Children. Then you're cheating, Uncle—you must go on walking till you do see it!

Uncle J. Oh, that's it, eh? Very well, then—I'll walk!

Mrs. C. Run after him, TOMMY, and tell him—quick! [Exit TOMMY.]

Mr. C. (feebly). I think when Uncle JOSEPH does come back, we'd better try to think of some game he can't lose his temper at. Ah, here's TOMMY!

Tommy. I told him—but he went all the same, and slammed the door. He said I was to go back and tell you that you would find he was cut up—and cut up rough, too!

Mr. C. But what did you tell him?

Tommy. Why, only that Parpar asked him to come to-night because he was sure to cut up well. You said I might!

[Sensation: Prompt departure of TOMMY for bed; moralising by Aunts: a spirit of perfect candour prevails; names are called—also cabs; further hostilities postponed till next Christmas.]

NOTE—PAPER CURRENCY AT CHRISTMAS.—We see that a "Riparian" note-paper has been brought out by Messrs. GOODALL AND SON. This "Riparian Paper"—rather suggestive of "Rupe Paper"—ought to be as safe as the Bank. "G. AND SON" (this suggests G. O. M. and Master HERBERT) should bring out The Lovers' Note-paper, and call it "Papier Mashy."

BLACK AND WHITE; OR, THE PHANTOM STEED!

(A Typical Ghost Story for Christmas, by a Witness of the Truth.)

I WAS walking in one of the slums in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, some years ago, and always fond of horse-flesh (I had driven—as a boy—a bathing-machine for my pleasures along the wild coast line of the great Congo Continent) was greatly attracted by a hack standing within the shafts of a cart belonging to a funeral furnisher. Like many of its class, the horse was jet black, with a long flowing tail and a mane to match. As I gazed upon the creature the driver came out of the shop (to which doleful establishment the equipage belonged) and drove slowly away. I felt forced to follow, and soon found myself outside a knacker's yard. Guessing the intention of the driver to treat his steed as only fit for canine food, I offered to purchase the seemingly doomed animal. To my surprise, the man expressed his willingness to treat with me, and suggested that I might have the carcase at the rate of 4s 11½d. a pound. Considering the price not excessive, I agreed, and, having weighed the horse at an automatic weighing machine, I handed over £100—in notes. Then the first strange thing happened. Before I could replace my pocket-book in its receptacle in my coat, the driver had absolutely vanished! I could not see him anywhere. I was the more annoyed at this, as I found that (by mistake) I had given him notes on the Bank of Elegance, which everyone knows are of less value than notes on the Bank of England. However, it was too late to search for the vendor, and I walked away as I could, leading by the bridle the steed I had so recently acquired.

It was now necessary to get quarters for the night, but I found, at that advanced hour, that many of the leading hotels were either full or unwilling to supply me with a bedroom-and-stable-combined until the morning. I was refused firmly but civilly at the Grand, the Métropole, the Grosvenor, and the Pig and Whistle Tavern, South East Hackney. At the latter caravanseri, the night-porter (who was busying himself cleaning the pewter pots) suggested that I should go to Bath. Adopting this idea, I mounted my steed (which answered, after a little practice, to the name of *Cats'-meat*), and took the Old Kent Road until I reached St. Albans.

It was now morning, and the old abbey stood out in grand outline against the glorious scarlet of the setting sun. Entering an inn, I called for refreshment for man and beast, and, having authority for considering myself qualified to act as representative of both, consumed the double portion. Thinking about the whiskey I had just discussed, as I rode along, I came to a milestone, standing on its

head, and a sign-post in the last stage of hopeless intoxication. It was here that a police constable turned his lantern upon me with a pertinacity that apparently was calculated to challenge observation. Annoyed, but not altogether surprised, I declared my opinion that it was "all right," and fell asleep. When I awoke, I found that I had travelled some hundreds of miles, and, strange to say, my horse was as good as when it had started. From what I could gather from the signs on the road (I have been accustomed to Forestry from my earliest childhood), it seemed to me that, while I was slumbering, I must have passed Macclesfield, Ramsgate, Richmond (both in Surrey and in Yorkshire), and was now close to the weirdest spot in all phantom-populated Wiltshire—a place in its rugged desolation suggestive of the Boundless Prairies and BUFFALO BILL—Wild-Westbury! Greatly fatigued, I entered a second inn, and enjoyed a hearty meal, which was also a simple one. I am a liquidarian, and take no animal or vegetable food, and have not tasted fish for nearly a quarter of a century.

When I wished to continue my journey to Bath, I found *Cats'-meat* so disinclined to move, that I thought the best thing to do in the interest of progress, was to carry him myself. He was very light—so light that I imagined the automatic weighing-machine must have been out of order when I tested it. Almost in a trance I walked along, until, stumbling, I fell, and dropped *Cats'-meat* into a well. And then another strange thing happened. The horse with its jet-black tail and mane, emerged from the water as white as snow! Apparently annoyed at the treatment to which it had been accidentally subjected, it fled away, and I lost sight of it amongst the hills that overlook Wild-Westbury. And then the strangest thing of all happened, and has been happening ever since!

In clear weather, on the side of one of these hills, *Cats'-meat*, in the habit as he stood when he left the well on that fatal day, may be seen patiently waiting until the time shall arrive when he shall receive a coat of blacking, a companion steed to share with him his labours, and a hearse! I am not the only person who has seen him thus. The spectre (if it be a spectre) is known for miles around, and has been watched by thousands. Nay, more. On occasions of great rejoicing, when merry-making has been the order of the day or night, several *Cats'-meats* have appeared to the carousing watchers strangely blended together. Speaking for myself, if I have seen one I have seen half-a-dozen—nay, more—with hills to match! And those who do not believe me can continue the journey I once commenced, and (after I have wished them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year) proceed to—Bath!



Everything comes to him who waits.



Interesting to the Medical Profession. "The Annual Indigest."

CHRISTMAS "CRACKERS."

PLUM-PUDDING never disagrees with me, however much I take of it. No more do mince-pies, no matter how many I eat. Steaming hot-and-strong gin-punch is the most wholesome beverage; so, also, is brandy-punch. It can't harm anybody who, on the Pickwickian principle, "takes enough of it." Both beverages go admirably with cigars and pipes. If you have anything like a headache on Boxing-day morning, depend upon it, it comes from abstemiousness in drinking, eating, and smoking.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.



"Hide Pa Corner."



Eatin' Plaiice.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.—It is now generally known, and, if not, it is high time it should be, that *A Million of Money*, advertised as original, is only an instance of genuine "translation" from Old Drury Lane to Covent Garden, where it ought to continue its previous success.

SHAKESPEARE AT YULE-TIDE.—Excellent arrangements at the Lyceum for Christmas. General *Ravenswood* is to be performed only on a Friday. For the rest,—no not "the rest" where so much work is involved,—for "the remainder" of the week, the Master of the Shakspearian Revels gives us *Much Ado About Nothing*, with our ELLEN and HENRY as *Beatrice* and *Benedick*, and with all its memorable glory of costume and scenery,—a Shakspearian revival well worthy to be reckoned as among the foremost of all the attractions offered by the theatres this Christmas.



CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE MOATED GRANGE.

Emily (in the midst of Aunt Marianna's blood-curdling Ghost Story). "HUSH! LISTEN! THERE'S A DOOR BANGING SOMEWHERE DOWN-STAIRS!—AND YET THE SERVANTS HAVE GONE TO BED. GEORGE, DO JUST RUN DOWN AND SEE WHAT IT CAN BE!"
[George wishes himself back at Charterhouse.]

"KEEP THE POT A-BOILING!"

(A Seasonable Suggestion.)

CHRISTMAS comes once more,
 Well-beloved Old Father!
 Though the season's hoar,
 Warm his welcome—rather!
 Parties come and go,
 True to *him* our heart is,
 With his beard of snow,
 Best of (Christmas) Parties!
 Say the day is chill,
 Say the weather's windy,
 He brings warm good-will,
 Not heart-freezing shindy.
 "Union!" is his cry,—
 Hearts and hands and voices.
 Confraternity
 His kind soul rejoices.
 When the youngsters slide
 On the frozen river,
 As they glow and glide,
 Do they shrink or shiver?
 Nay; nor dread nor doubt
 Their brisk sport is spoiling,
 Gleefully they shout,
 "Keep the Pot a-boiling!"
 Keep it? Ay, by Jove!
 We are on our mettle.
 'Tis a game we love
 More than Pot and Kettle.
 Poorish sport that same,
 Angry mutual blackening.
 Here's a merrier game. [ing?]
 Pull up there! Who's slacken-
 Not the leader, *Punch*!
 On he goes, amzing,

To the rest his hunch
 Like a beacon blazing.
 Not Old Father X!
 How the Ancient goes it!
 'Tis a sight to vex
 Malice, and he knows it;
 Not young Master BULL!
 At the game *he's* handy,
 Nor has much the pull
 Of his pal, young SANDY;
 Not that dark-eyed girl
 With her cloak a-flying,
 She can swing and swirl
 With the boys. She's trying
 Everything she knows.
 As for Master PADDY,
 Whoop there! Down he goes!
 Bumped a bit, poor laddy!
 What then? At this game
 Who would be a stopper
 Just because he ome
 Now and then a cropper?
 Up and on once more,
 Chance by courage foiling!
 Hark the jovial roar!
 "Keep the Pot a-boiling!"
 Father Christmas, hail!
 Sure 'tis flagrant folly
 Now to rave and rail.
 Truce—beneath your holly!
 Darkest England waits
 Care Co-operative;
 Mood that most elates
 Is to-day—the dative!

You we need not doubt,
 You're no "Grecian" giver.
 Many "cold without,"
 Foodless, hopeless, shiver;
 Many a poor man's pot,
 Even at your season,
 With no pudding hot
 Bubbles. Is 't not treason

Unto more than kings
 To waste time in fighting
 Whilst such ooked things
 Stand in need of righting?
 In the name of those
 Starving, suffering, toiling,
 Let our quarrels close—
 "Keep the Pot a-boiling!"

FIGHTING THE FOG.

(A Seasonable Hint)

SIR,—I have read several letters in the papers complaining of the fog, and asking not only how one is to protect the system from its injurious effects, but also soliciting information as to how one is to safeguard oneself against street accident, if obliged to quit the premises during its prevalence. The first is simple enough. Get a complete diver's suit, put it on, and let an attendant follow you with a pumping apparatus, for the purpose of supplying you with the fumes of hydro-bi-carbon (DAFFY'S solution) in a state of suspension. This will considerably assist the breathing. To avoid street accident, wear an electric (SWANN) light, five hundred candle power, on the top of your hat, round the brim of which, in case of accident, you have arranged a dozen lighted night-lights. Strap a Duplex Reflector on to your back, and fasten a Hansom cab-lamp on to each knee. Let a couple of boys, bearing flaming links, and beating dinner-gongs, clear the way for you, while you yourself shout "*Here comes the Bogie Man!*" or any other appropriate ditty, through a fog-horn, which you carry in one hand, while you spring a policeman's ancient rattle vigorously with the other. You will, if thus provided, get along ospitally. Be careful at crossings, for your sudden appearance might possibly frighten an omnibus horse or two, and cause trouble.

I haven't tried all this *yet* myself, but a friend of mine at Colney Hatch assures me he has, and found it a great success. As I think, therefore, it may prove a boon to your numerous readers, I place it at your disposal with much pleasure, and have the honour to be, Sir,
 Your obedient servant, A CAUTIOUS CARD.



“KEEP THE POT A-BOILING!”

THE CHRISTMAS COLLEGE FAIRY.

CHAPTER I.—*The Strange Visitor.*

ON the evening of the 24th of December, 1874, the Senior Dean of St. Michael's, the Reverend HENRY BURROWES, was sitting in his comfortable rooms in the Great Court. He had, for reasons of his own, decided to spend the Christmas Vacation in Cambridge. His bed-maker, Mrs. JOGGINS, had entered a mild protest, but it had been unavailing. Mr. BURROWES was a man of forbidding aspect and of unbending character. During the five years that he had held his office, he had enforced discipline at the point of the bayonet, as it were, and he boasted with pardonable pride that he had broken the spirit of the haughtiest



and least tractable of the Undergraduates. Everybody had been gated at eight o'clock. Many had been sent down. Tears and denunciations were alike unavailing. The ruthless Dean had pursued his course without flinching. A very mild reading-man had attempted his life by dropping a Liddell and Scott on to his head from a first-floor room. This abandoned youth had been screened by his comrades, and had ultimately escaped in spite of the efforts of the justly incensed Dean.

It was nine o'clock. The bells at St. Mary's were ringing the customary curfew. The Dean was seated before the fire in his arm-chair. An open book, a treatise on some abstruse question of pure mathematics, lay on the table by his side. He was meditating on his past exploits, and planning new punishments. But somehow there was a strange sinking at his heart. What could be the reason of it? The dinner in hall had been of the usual moderate excellence, he had only drunk a bottle and a half of claret. "Pahaw," he said, "this is folly. I have not been severe enough. Conscience reproaches me. I am unmanned." He rose and paced about the room. At this moment his door opened, and the familiar figure of Mrs. JOGGINS appeared.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," she said, hesitatingly, "I thought you called."

"No, Mrs. JOGGINS," said the Dean. "I did not call. Are you not rather late in College? Is it usual for you to stay—?" Here the Dean stopped abruptly. He rubbed his eyes, and clung to his book-shelf for support. His hair stood on end, and his knees shook. In fact he expressed terror in a thoroughly orthodox manner, for he had suddenly become aware that there was in the face of Mrs. JOGGINS a strange radiance, and that two goosamer wings had suddenly appeared on her back in place of the substantial shawl she was wont to wear. Mr. BURROWES gazed " * * * then consciousness forsook him.

CHAPTER II.—*A Strange Story.*

How long he lay he knew not. When he came to himself it was broad daylight, and he was walking through the Great Court hand in hand with Mrs. JOGGINS.

"See," she said, "there is Dr. GORGIAS," and sure enough there stood the redoubtable Master in the centre of one of the grass-plots in a bright red dressing-gown and alippers, with an embroidered smoking-cap upon his head. He was engaged in distributing crumbs to a congregation of sparrows and thrushes and redbreasts.

"Good morning, BURROWES," said the Master; "how 'a your poor feet? Can you catch. One, two, three, heads!" and with that he flung the crust he held in his hand at the astounded Dean, and landed him fairly on the right cheek. Dr. GORGIAS then executed a pirouette, kissed his hand to Mrs. JOGGINS, and disappeared into the Master's lodge. "From this good man," said Mrs. JOGGINS to the Dean, "you may learn a lesson of un-

assuming kindness; but time presses; we must hurry on. By virtue of the power vested in me by the Queen of the Fairies, whose ambassador I am in Grantford, I have summoned back to St. Michael's all the Undergraduates. You shall see them." In vain the miserable Dean protested that he had seen too much of them. The Fairy JOGGINS was inexorable. She waved her wand, a yard of butter congealed to the hardness of oak by the frosty morning, and in a moment the Court was filled with Undergraduates. They were all smoking, and suddenly the Dean became aware that he too had a lighted cigar in his mouth, and was puffing at it. At the same moment he discovered that he was wearing a disgracefully battered college-cap, and a brilliant "blazer," lately invented by a rowdy set as the badge of their dining Club. He shuddered, but it was useless. He put his hand in his coat-pocket. It contained a bottle of champagne.

The Undergraduates now formed a procession and began to defile past him. "Smoking in the Court, half-a-crown," said one, in a dreadful voice. "Mr. BURROWES irregular in his attendance at Chapel, gated at eight," roared a second. "Mr. BURROWES persistently disorderly, sent down for the term," shouted a third; and then they all began to caper round the hapless man whom the Fairy Queen had betrayed into their power. They taunted him and reviled him. "You have ruined our homes, poisoned our fathers' happiness, undermined the trusting confidence of our mothers. You have been a bad man. You must perish!" and thus the dreadful chorus went on while the Dean stood stupidly in the centre of the throng puffing violently at one of the largest cigars ever seen in St. Michael's. At last the Fairy waved her wand again, and in a moment the shouts ceased and the crowd disappeared. "See," she said, "the result of intemperate disciplinarian zeal!" But Mr. BURROWES neither heard nor heeded. He had collapsed.

CHAPTER III.—*Wide Awake!*

It was Christmas Morning. Mr. BURROWES was still sitting in his chair before the fire-place, but the fire was out. He woke and looked round. Mrs. JOGGINS had just come in, and was staring at him in surprise.

"Lor, Sir," she said, "what a turn you give me, sitting here in your keepin'-room. I never knew you to do sech a thing before as sit up all night." But the Dean had fallen on his knees before her, and was babbling out prayers for pardon and vows of reform.

CHAPTER IV.—*A Christmas Morn.*

IN the following term the whole system of College management was changed. Mr. BURROWES from a tyrant turned into the most amiable of men. The Undergraduates became idyllic. Even Dr. GORGIAS submitted to the benign influence of the Fairy JOGGINS. But it is noticeable that Mr. BURROWES who still resides at St. Michael's, objects to any mention of the Christmas of 1874. This is the only exception to his universal amiability.

THE END.

"A TOY TOUJOURS."—Old French motto for *Truth* distribution of Toys at Christmas time.

THE CRY OF THE CITY CLERK.

(Disappointed of a Saturday Afternoon's Skating.)

I KNEW, I knew it would not last—
'Twas hard, 'twas hopeful, but 'tis past.
Ah! ever thus, from boyhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.
I never trusted Jack Frost's power,
But Jack Frost did my trust betray.
I never bought a pair of skates
On Friday—I am in the law—
But, ere I started with my mates
On Saturday, 'twas sure to thaw!
Now, too—the prospect seemed divine—
They skated yesterday, I knew,
And now, just as I'm going to dine,
The sun comes out, the skies grow
blue,
Ere we at Wimbledon can meet,
Those horrid gaps!—that treacherous
aludge!
I shall not get one skimmer fleet,
After my long and sloppy trudge.
No go! One more lost Saturday!
To skating's joys I'm still a
stranger.
I sit and curse the melting ray,
In which my hopes all melt away—
It means soft ice, chill slop, and—
"Danger!!!"



An Ice Amusement.

ESSENCE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.
EXTRACTED FROM THE TRANSLATION OF TOBY, M.P.
(THE THOUSAND-AND-TWOTH NIGHT.)



ON frère," said DINARZADE JACQUES MORLEY to SCHEHERAZADE HARCOURT, "si vous ne dormiez pas, je vous supplie, en attendant le jour, qui paraîtra bientôt, de me raconter un de ces beaux contes que vous savez."

"Certainly, my dear JACK," said SCHEHERAZADE.

Now DINARZADE did not like this flippant tone of address. He was, as has been recorded by SHAHSTRAD (a gentleman of whose patronage he is proud) not a man you may take liberties with. For SCHEHERAZADE, taking mean advantage of a French agglomeration of letters which did not represent his name, to hail him as "JACK" was characteristic, and therefore undesirable. But, as everybody knows, DINARZADE, at the approach of each successive morning,

was obliged to make this appeal to his brother, in order to circumvent the bloodthirsty designs of the Sultan (for particulars of which, see original). So he dissembled his anger, and SCHEHERAZADE proceeded to tell the History of the Second Old Man, and the Black Dog.

"Sire," he said, "whilst the Merchant and the First Old Man, who conducted the hind, went their way, there arrived another Old Man, who led a black dog, and who forthwith proceeded to relate his history. 'We were, you know,' he remarked, leaning wearily on his staff, 'two brothers, this dog that you see, and myself. In early life we were not tied by those bonds of affection that should exist in family circles. In fact, on one occasion, I had to put my brother in prison. He had not at that period assumed the four-footed condition in which you now behold him. He walked about on two legs, like the rest of us, ate and drank, made love, and made merry. After he had been in prison some time, successful interposition was made on his behalf by a friend named Le Sieur O'SHAY. But that (as RUDYARD KIPPLING observes) is another story.

"Some time after my brother came to me and proposed to make a long journey involving close business relations with him. I at first declined his proposition. 'You have been in business some time,' I said to him, 'and what have you gained? Who is to assure me that I shall be more fortunate than you?'

"In vain he encouraged me to stake my fortune with him, but he returned so often to the charge that, having through six years constantly resisted his solicitations, I at last yielded. I realised all my property, took my brother into partnership, stocked our vessel exclusively with Home Rule goods, and set out on our voyage.

"We arrived safely, did a great stroke of business with our wares, bought those of the country, and set forth on our return voyage. Just as we were ready to re-embark I met on the seashore a lady, not at all bad looking, but very meanly dressed. She approached me, kissed my hand, begged me to take her for my wife, and conduct her to my home across the sea. This may seem to our friend JACK MORLEY a somewhat hasty proceeding. JACK is a philosopher, but I am the Second Old Man, a mere child of nature. I took her into Bond Street, and bought her a new dress, and, having duly married her, we set sail. Perhaps I should add that her maiden name was IRELAND.

"My brother and she got on very well at first, and he loudly professed to share the esteem and (considering she was my wife I may say) affection with which I regarded her. But suddenly a change came over him. One night whilst we slept he threw us overboard into the sea. My wife turned out to be a fairy, and, as you may imagine, she was not born to be drowned. As for me I was, so to speak, on my way to be as dead as a herring, when she

seized me and transported me to an isle. When it was day the fairy said to me, 'You see, my husband, that in saving your life I have not badly recompensed you. I am, as you doubtless begin to suspect, a fairy. Finding myself on the seashore when you were about to embark, I felt strongly drawn towards you. Desiring to prove the goodness of your heart, I presented myself in the disguise with which you are familiar. It was, I admit, a trifle shabby. You have used me generously. I am delighted to have found occasion to repay you; but as for that brother of yours, I am death on him. I shall never rest till I have taken his life.'

"I beg you to do no such thing," I said.

"I will sink his vessel and send him to the bottom of the sea," she insisted.

"After much endeavour I managed to appease her wrath, and in the twinkling of an eye, before you could say 'Ali Baba!' she had transported me back to my own house. On entering I found this black dog who stared strangely at me.

"My husband," said the fairy "do not be surprised to see this dog here; he is your brother. He has behaved in a most shocking way towards you. He has maligned you, misrepresented you, threatened you, even called you a Grand Old Spider. I have condemned him to remain in this state till you have concluded your little transactions in Home Rule."

"But my dear!—" I said, "I said."

At these words SCHEHERAZADE, remarking that it was daybreak, ceased to pursue his narrative.

To a Modern Minstrel.

(After Kingsley.)

Be puff'd, dear boy, and let who will be clever;
Write catchy things, not good ones, all day long,
And make a name to-day, and not for ever,
By one weak song.



FERVOUR IN THE FOG.

Unpromising Individual (suddenly—his voice vibrating with passion).
"SHE'S MOY UNNEY;
OIM 'ER JOY!"



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