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PUNCH



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

1881.



"WELL, Gentlemen, I'm very glad to see you both," said the genial and sportive Sage, pushing a box of picked *Trensdides* towards his distinguished guests, "and I shall be delighted to hear your best news. How have things been going with you?"

The host eyed his visitors benignly as he addressed them, and Tony sat up all attention. The visitors looked at each other with a smile, and there was a short pause.

Then the American spoke.

"Wal," he said, stretching himself out with comfortable satisfaction, "I am inclined to think, Sir, that the business I have been doing is not bustin' bad. That three boss I sent to your Epsom Downs I guess would do credit to a Gressed Lightning Company, of which the Chairman had not been officially got at."

"He would," said Mr. Puzon, heartily. "*Loquax* is a fine creature, and his form at the finish on the celebrated First was splendid."

Tony wagged his tail approvingly.

"You air a generous people, and no mistake," replied Uncle Sam, acknowledging the high compliment with an affable bow.

"And I think we are not less so," interrupted the Frenchman, with a placid smile. "Did we not greet your Forkall with cereals, unmined with the *cheyvin* natural to digest?"

"You air the politest nation of customs outside Wall Street on settling day that I have had the pleasure of meeting," returned the transatlantic courtier gracefully, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"We are," replied the Frenchman, with confidence.

"And what is more," threw in the Sage cheerily, "you have among you, Monsieur, those to whom defeat not only brings, to use your own phrase, no chagrin, but to whom it is positively salutary."

"Yes, Bitters is real grit; that's sure," continued the American, reflectively; "and the worst-mannered Opossum that I ever knew intimately, had had his training mostly on neat Melaneses."

"There was not much stay in that critter, I calculate," rejoined Mr. Puzon, relapsing into the purest Bostonian accent, with good-humoured urbanity; "yet the best judges will sometimes put their money on strange brutes—eh, Monsieur le President!"

There was a general laugh, and Torr barked merrily.

"Well," said the hero of Cahoon, accepting the sally with genial dignity, "I admit, to use the language of your turf, that I may have dropped heavily with *Scrutin de Liste*; but I have something in my stable with more stay in him. *Oui, Monsieur*, I tell you I stand to win the *plus grand prix* of all, with *Dictateur*. Come, *voyons*, will you give me your odds?"

He pulled out his tablets as he spoke.

The American produced his book.

"Stay," said Mr. PUNCH, intervening, as they were preparing their pencils for business. "Put those things up, and make sure of your money. Whatever odds you give or take, there'll be a loss somewhere."

"*Parfaitement*," responded the coming President.

"You are right, Sir," echoed Uncle SAM.

"Why, certainly," rejoined Mr. PUNCH, with much confidence. "I have had some little experience in book-making, for I have a settlement every six months; but, whatever events may have come off in the interval, I invariably win largely."

The host rose, and took from the pocket of a sporting-coat a package carefully done up in silver paper. His distinguished guests watched his movements with respectful interest.

"You do invariably win?" asked the President of the Chamber, in a tone of thoughtful inquiry.

He was answered by a Parisian bow. The American nodded his head in cute approbation.

"Then, Sir," he said, "I calculate that that thro' book of yours is always a *certainty*?"

The Prince of Book-makers smiled, and unfolded his parcel.

"Always," he said, disclosing something very attractive in green and gold as he spoke; "and, if you would like to see how I manage it,—here you are!"

And so saying, the now radiant Sage produced his

Eightieth Volume!





THE CALENDAR.

January xxxi Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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April xxx Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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July xxxi Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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October xxxi Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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February xxviii Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
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May xxxi Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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August xxxi Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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November xxx Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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March xxxi Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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June xxx Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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September xxx Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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December xxxi Days.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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"PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY."

English Author (on this side of the Fens). "Hi, DONALD! COME OVER AND HELP ME TO LAY OUT A THIRTY-FOUR I'LL SWORE—"
 Highland on the other. "IT WOULD TAKE 'O A LARG TINE TO LAY THAT FINE ON Y'ER EARS, SIR, WESTWELL!—HE HAS DRICKED THE KONDON O' AULD HIGHLAND!"

MOORE MODERNISED.

"QUANT and QUENT WERE THE
 GENES SHE WORKS."

(See—"Ain't and rare over the past the
 soon.")

QUANT and QUENT were the genes
 the wain. A golden "pig" in each ear she
 bore; She'd flax and beetles and snake-
 shaped hands, And the ruminant rings on her
 snow-white hands.

"Lady, why dost thou spoil, I pray,
 Thy loveliness in this hoastly way?
 Can moose-lovers be bought—or
 sold, By making in silver or wine in
 gold?"

"Sir O'Connell! I feel not the least
 alarm; For a party-banquet or a pendant
 charm, The entomologist's quite "the
 thing," And a reptile in bonnet as
 broad as ring."

On she passed with a radiant
 smile, Adorned in this very opibelian
 style; For it's one of Fashion's fassiest
 fies To dock our maidens with snakes
 and pigs!

FORNICATION FOR FURNITURE BY
 The month opens cold and raw,
 No fire, no warmth.



SPARKLERS.

(Sheep about disingenuous stories, carefully
 selected by our Sirs and-and-the Door.)

As the PREMIER, one morning
 last week, was quitting the Staffed
 Birds Department of the British
 Museum, the guardian directed
 his attention to a peculiar kind
 of Eastern goose, the advent of
 which on any coast was always,
 he said, "supposed to denote bad
 weather. Fortunately," added
 the official, turning out his dis-
 tinguished visitor, "it is, as the
 Latin Grammar has it, *vir, a rare
 bird, and you, therefore, that we
 have no wish to see added to the
 European family.*"—"I under-
 stand," replied the PREMIER,
 quietly handing his unembla-
 ticket to the attendant. "As my
 friend, Lord HAZARDWATER would
 say, it's a case, then, of '*Monte-
 signore Significa Dole-cipia.*'"

COLWELL HATCHNEY
 RIDDES FOR THE YEAR.

WHY does the description of a
 proud but illiterate personification
 showing his wife, JANE, the ex-
 torious lower regions of a recently
 built house resemble the First
 Month?

Because it's "*Jane—new story*"
 (January.)

WHY might the appropriate nick-
 name bestowed upon a out-
 producing collector called HENRY by
 his Country associates resemble
 the Second Month?

Because it might be "*Foo-her*"
 'Arcy' ("February.)

CHERRY MEMS.

By an *Historical Grevier*.

AUTUMN.

Monday.—DE FOR stood in the pinery.

Tuesday.—CHARTERTON committed suicide.

Wednesday.—MILTON sold *Paradise Lost* for £1. Was MILTON rather more sold than the book?

Thursday.—OTWAY died of starvation.

Friday.—FIELDING was thrown into a sponging-house.

Saturday.—ANDERSON sold up BREKEK's horse and furniture.

SPARKLERS.

(Ship about disengagement being, *carefully edited by our Sea-Boat and Sea-Boat*.)

Lord STRATHAVEN'S habit of sending round a Fire-dot Tropic, which he wrote when a mere boy, regularly to every stage-door in London, as soon as he supposes that most of the ravine dramatics en-those on at the seaside, is well known to his intimates. The piece, however, has never yet been accepted; but on a report reaching Homburg the other evening that it was at last going to be done at a theatre, at King's Cross, a literary

"STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES."



January.

February.

Peer, who had himself a play or two of his own on hand, commented with some acuity on the fact, that the work had again been "dig out" of its resting-place. "Ah!" said Lord CHILCHESTER, who happened at that moment to look in for a glass of water, "if that's the case, and it is going to be re-arranged at last, I hope there will be room enough for the Author himself in the vehicle!"

CHERRY MEMS.

By an *Historical Grevier*.

BUTCHERS.

Monday.—Cattle disease broke out.

Tuesday.—American beef was first imported.

Wednesday.—JOHN JONES was fined for selling bad meat.

Thursday.—Co-operative food stores were started.

Friday.—JOHN JONES was imprisoned for selling bad meat.

Saturday.—The Great Britain was hired to deliver meat in England at eight-pence the pound.

RIDDLE FOR OCEAN ROVERS.—Q. Which is the propellant piece to cast your sheet-anchor in? A. The Bed of the Sea.



"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER"—ALAS!

"Oh, Maria, how it has changed since before sixteen came!" "Why, what's the matter?" "Well, you're not the same now, and your hair has got out of a lady's hands!"

MEN AND MOTTOES.

Lord Sherwood (spill of broken liquor)—
"All the wheels of being Loose."
TENNYSON.

Greenhill (looking at his minority in the Lords)—
"Regard the weakness of thy Peers."
TENNYSON.

Devon— "Follow his orders."
"Would he were fatter."
"My native English must I now forgo."
SHAKESPEARE.

Sir HINGED LAMON (holding Permittive Bill)—
"They will delight in sitting still
With that old dagger of thy BIL."
TENNYSON.

And such wet circumstance of water-his words—
SWINBURNE.

Lord Hoopline—
"The Lord of lute and lay."—PRAED.

Gladiolus (with leaflet)—
"The complete sum and secret of my Will."
"His old man."
That still would manage the authorities
That he had given away."
SHAKESPEARE.

"Oh, well for him whose WILL is strong."
TENNYSON.

Wigner—
"You shall not bob us out of our
Mobly."
SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Smith, M.P.—
"The Smith a mighty man is he."
LONGFELLOW.

Mr. Jester—
"And try your hap against the Irish-
man."
SHAKESPEARE.

Tragony—
"The shadow creaked from head to foot."
TENNYSON.

"The Myth slinger of an empty day."
W. MORRIS.



NINCOMPOPIANA.

(A Poem)

The Author: "I BELIEVE IT'S A 'NINCOMPOPIAN'."
PRAED: "Oh, NO! PUNCH IS IT IS NOT A 'NINCOMPOPIAN' BEFORE A
NINCOMPOPIAN I AM NOT!" (The Spectator writes it over.)

Mr. Farsell—
"And it—to some useful end."
TENNYSON.

Sir John Bennett—
"Nor had in Watch-words overmuch."
TENNYSON.

Alfredon McArthur—
"Also! you've been dining with Peers."
PRAED.

Levy (of the B. F.)—
"And then thou loved me, for my
name is WILL."
SHAKESPEARE.

"And kiss the B in Benjamin."
THOMAS HOOD.

Mr. Breadloaf—
"Let me in and be seated."
LUTTRELL.

Lobster—
"But out on the World! from the flowers
It shifts out the sunshine of Frank."
PRAED.

F. Archer—
"The sportive Antenna claimed by right
An Archer."
THOS. CAMPBELL.

F. Greenwood—
"And how vastly gaudier, my dear
tender, this is—
Than wigner Fall-Mail!"
TOM MOORE.

Charles Wigner—
"Drink, pretty creature, Drink!"
WORDSWORTH.

Arthur Sullivan—
"Our Arthur kept his best until the
last."
TENNYSON.

Mr. Caper Baster (of Gey's)—
"I am too old to fawn upon a Jester."
SHAKESPEARE.

Sine Acres—
"He who uttered nothing less."
TENNYSON.

Lord Ederlyte—
"Oh! my offence is rank."
SHAKESPEARE.

Sir William Hecwert—
"A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod!"
PENG.



CHERRY MEMS.

By an *Habitual Greaser*, who thinks the country's going to the Doom.

SOLDIERS.

Monday.—The English Army was routed at Fontenoy.

Tuesday.—The English Army surrendered at Saratoga.

Wednesday.—The English Army got locked at Bergen-op-Zoom.

Thursday.—The English Army got "what for" at Probsthern.

Friday.—The English Army evacuated Dunkirk in a hurry.

Saturday.—The English Army ran away from the Zulus.

GENEALOGICAL REVELA.

An equal claim to antiquity of descent is advanced for both Mr. BARR and Mr. ALBION, the renowned SEVERUS. It is certain that those two great Sea Kings, one alike with the other, can trace their pedigree up to CONSTANTINE PALAEMOLOGUS. Their various curly corresponding weights in the Council of Barton-on-Trent.

"STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES."



May.

June.

COLWELL MATCHES RIDDLES FOR THE YEAR.

Why is the sensible answer of a pretty girl to the conundrum-constructor's request for permission to take a kiss like the Fifth Month?

Because it's "May!"

Why does Parisian light comedy actor resemble the first day of the Sixth Month?

Because he's a "June premier!"

CHERRY MEMS.

By the *Victorian Daily*.

THE CRIMINAL CLASHER.

Monday.—Justice Hawkins was long.

Tuesday.—RUSE was long.

Wednesday.—PALMER was long.

Thursday.—THURTELL was long.

Friday.—GREENACKER was long.

Saturday.—BARRON BRAMWELL was born.

LATES FOR LITTLE BOYS.

—MAGNUS BOWEN, a Titan; a great thing, and a good thing; Magnus Malon, a big, but no bad thing; a Monster Pippin, a great and good Apple, *Deter dignior.*



"GLASSES ROUND!"

Original from

SPARKLERS.

(Being short diamond stories, carefully selected by our own far-and-the-best.)

The peculiar fancies of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE has for turning up unexpectedly in odd places—a fancy which he is never so fond of indulging as during the height of the dull season—led him, the other morning, quite by chance, into a capital bit of repartee. Having determined suddenly to see the sea rise from the top of the Duke of York's Column, he found himself inside the cage that crowns the monument, waiting away the few hours that precede the dawn naturally enough over a little political and social gossip with the custodian on duty. The conversation happening to turn on the Prince's recent acceptance of the presidency of the yachting interest, the official, looking hard at his august visitor, said, respectfully, "Your Royal Highness professes to like a center in the row at this time of year. I should have thought you would have found a more agreeable *style* opposite *light*board." The Duke smiled, looked thoughtfully for a few moments, and then pointing to the milk-stall beneath, quietly replied, "You don't understand, my good man. What please me best is to lounge here comfortably in sight of *Green*." Then this and got down to the *skirt*, the Commodore, who chanced to be on the spot, and is never slow in recognizing a really good thing when he hears it, had every flag in the place run up half-mast high for a couple of days.



THE LAST RESOURCE.

Short-legged Customer. "How I—Then you don't think you've any stronger than these?"
 "Yes," he stammers.
 "No! And what good will you do the shop. Look at the job on the counter."
 Short-legged Customer. "You are? Well, then, I can't see what more is to be got out of a *long-legged*—*long-legged*—*long and strong*, Sir!"

MOORE MODERNISED.

"THE PLATE THAT ONCE THROUGH FASHION'S HALLS"
 (Act 1.—"The story that once through Time's halls.")

The plate that once through Fashion's halls
 Adorned the noblest of men,
 Now hangs upon the kitchen walls
 Its ancient glory dead.
 So pass the fashions of former days,
 So Fashion's whim is o'er.
 Old China that was once the crown
 Now "ferishes" fossils no more.
 No more State-chiefs and ladies bright
 The Crochery-mania takes;
 Beady Eyes—China bowls,—no flight
 The tale of rain wales.
 Thus Fashion plays queer tricks
 With taste,
 Not long Art-hobbies live;
 For what their thousands shazaps
 would waste
 Not twopence now they'd give.
 (N.B.—The poet—*late Carlyle*—
 is also *over*, and this poem is prophetic.)

THOUGHT FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.—The return of the Anniversary of All Fools may serve to awaken the reflection that the worst of all our fellow-creatures' follies are those which put ourselves to inconvenience and expense.

CLAMOR JUTTING FOR JULY.—Dog Days, why so called? (See, why?)

BOVEN JAMES AND THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

THREE bold Seafarers all went a-sailin'
 Out into the Northern Sea,
 And they steered Nor-West
 Till they came to
 Norway.

They was three
 bold men as
 ever you'd see,
 And those was
 their Christian
 names:

There was long-
 legged BILL and
 Curly DICK,
 And those was
 Bo'ven
 JAMES!

And they went to
 catch the Great
 Sea-Serpent,
 Which they wished
 for to stop his
 games.

Long-legged BILL was in the main-top e-
 welskin!
 For Sea-Serpents, stern and grim,
 When through the lee-scupper bold Curly DICK
 peeped,
 And he says, says he, "That's him!"

Then quick down the rattles the long-legged 'un
 slid,
 Which pale as a shog was he,—
 While DICK he called forward into the Cuddy,
 Where Bo'ven JAMES happened to be,
 For JAMES he was what you'd call the ship's Cook,
 And he was a-sneakin' the tea.



Then says Curly DICK, says he, "Hess my
 poppers!"
 (Which his words was not quite those.)
 "Hess's the Great Sea-Serpent's scum!" aboard,
 With a wart upon his nose!

Which his head 's as big as the Jelly-bush,
 And his mouth 's as wide as the Thames,
 And his mane 's as long as the best lower cable,
 And his eyes like blazin' flames—
 And he 's comin' aboard right through the lee-
 scupper!"

"Helay there!" says Bo'ven JAMES.

However, bold Bo'ven
 he went down to
 leeward,
 While Curly DICK
 shook with fank;
 And Long-legged BILL
 he hid in the
 Cabin,
 A-pollit! "We'll all
 be sunk!"

You might a-snoot
 heard a marin-
 epic drop
 As Bo'ven JAMES he
 looked out,
 Then down through
 the scupper his
 head it went,
 And there came a
 tremor-jon aboard,
 "Sea-Serpent be blowed, ye darsed landlubber!
 Who's left this here mop hangin' out?"



ONE OF BEN TROYATO'S.

EVERYONE who is AROUND in the theatrical
 world knows MR. DICK ROYCEFULLY BY sight,
 Haven look, jet mustache, and a bearing
 like Louis, or, to be strictly accurate, in the
 advantage of Louis, in possessing two boxing

eyes. Judge, then, the surprise of an acquaintance
 of his coming across him suddenly on the
 stage of the Adelphi, with grey hair and white
 mustache.
 "Hess'n! that can't be DICK!" exclaimed
 the other.
 "It is," returned the eminent DICKSON,
 "It's a lot of DICK on it."

In fact, he was just going on the stage in a
 new character, and was "making up."
 "Made up! Like what?" "Why—like this
 story."
 Original from
 THING NOT GENERALLY IMAGINED.—That
 Kewpie's Magazine (N) is the best dressing for
 said.

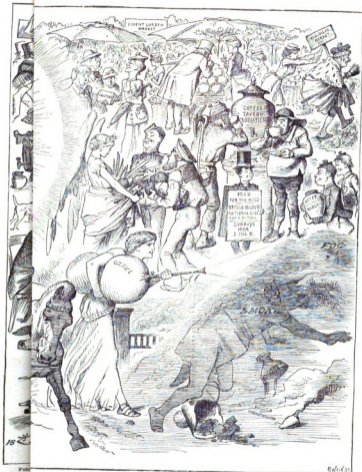


Illustration by E. W. Horn, 1901.

CHERRY MEMO.

By a Gossamer.

ROYALTIES.

Monday.—CHARLES THE FIRST of England was executed.

Tuesday.—LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH of France was executed.

Wednesday.—The Emperor PAUL of Russia was murdered.

Thursday.—EDWARD THE SECOND of England was murdered.

Friday.—HENRY THE THIRD of France was murdered.

Saturday.—HENRY THE FOURTH of France was murdered.

COLWELL HATCHNEY RIDDLERS FOR THE YEAR.

Why do the *expressos veri* and the *suppositio facti* of a money-lending gentleman in the Hebrew persimmon resemble the Seventh Month?

Because they're a Jew lie! (July.)

Why does the loud breathing of a half-starved cat munching a barto horse resemble the Eighth Month?

Because it's a grass gut! (August.)

"STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES."



July.

August.

CHERRY MEMO.

By a Wagoner.

CLEVERNES.

Monday.—The Rev. Dr. DODD was hanged.

Tuesday.—The Rev. LAURENCE HENNESSY died in a fit.

Wednesday.—The Rev. NICHOLAS RIDLEY was burnt at Oxford.

Thursday.—HUGH burnt—but not 't, thank Goodness.

Friday.—The Rev. THOMAS CHAMBER was burnt at Oxford.

Saturday.—A Meeting was held of the Disestablishment of the Church Society.

ASTRONOMY FOR BEGINNERS.

HIGH-INDOLE-INDOLE, the Sun in the middle Of the Planet, the Earth, and the Moon;

The little Boy laughed to hear each truth, As 'twas told by a great Buffoon.

A TRUTH FOR THINKERS.—Homeopathy wasn't cure herring.

A PRESIDENT PROVERB.—" 'Tis a good wind that blows nobody ill."



THE LATEST—THE SIXTEEN (OR FIFTEEN?) STONE PUZZLE.

HOW WILL HE MANAGE IT!

MEMO OF MOUNTAINERING.—There is no rapid set of climbing to compare with climbing up a hill. But mind, and because of a post-hole when you get to the top. Climbers, accept this caution from the Land of Ben Lomond.

WINTER LEAVE.—Now the New Year has come, people say, "I shall turn over a new leaf." So it is all a reasonable resolution. There are no resolutions whatever at this time of year on any of the trees except evergreens.

AN APPEAL FROM THE POLICE.—A Clown at a refreshment-bar calls for a glass of sherry, and pays for it. He drinks the sherry, pockets the glass, and argues that he's bought the glass, as well as the sherry. What does the Bench say?

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE-BOOKS IN A NUT-SHELL.

No. 1.—EXHAUSTIVE GUIDE-BOOK TO FRANCE.

Amiens.—Resting-place of the Emancipator. Boasting in all its branches. Correct estimate of native. "Yell's" name"—hating-oxen, Bassein and a French horn.

Boulogne.—Pronounced "Bo-long," because the impetuous English residents of the port used to draw the "long bow" here when talking of their lost possessions. Motto of the Victors addressed to the Municipality, and founded on the well-known characteristic of the quay—"What's Paris to you is death to us."

Chartres.—A noted spot for *ressou* of all sorts. Good place to go in after dining well in Paris, to get a cup of black coffee, a cigar, and a *liquor*. Travelers acting upon this advice, should appropriately enter the green variety of the pleasant capital.

Dijon.—On account of the excellent bathing, usually called by the English, "Dij." As the natives make a number of articles out of ivory, our countrymen alight to the place as "*ivory* here."

Evreux.—A town delightfully situated two and a half miles from Tynpat. Cardinal de Richelieu is reported once to have observed to his Secretaire a paper of the charming site—"Just the place for his nose." Louis von Trarupinski smiled at the wit of his Minister, but never forgave the sarcasm.

Fontenay.—When visiting this medieval town (which is 61 miles from Toulouse), the traveller should not forget to take with him his "pink" and "top." According to the other Guide-Books, it is said that the place can be approached by porphyry copious by judicious means through the mountains. This is perfectly true. One of the most popular spots in the North of France is "Fontenay-bathing."

Geneville.—Not to be confounded with the barons of Hamsgate or the Four of the cinque Ports. The "Geneville Express" associates with this town is a steamboat, and not a despatch-box. Although intimately connected with foreign affairs, it starts on January, and not from Downing Street.

Mont.—Thirty-six miles from Amiens. Savoury pies may occasionally be obtained at the "Hôtel de Ville at Ham." In 1846, NAPOLÉON THE THIRD escaped from the Hotel de Ham, and (not unassisted) never arrived at Sandwich.

Nantes.—In Auvergne. A very small town much scathed by its larger neighbours. It is a consequence.

maids, who speak in their quaint broken English, "that they like to be near Le Mass."
Mass.—Supposed to be of Scotch extraction. A very melancholy spot. The people are universally known by their wims.
Nice.—Not to be confounded with the neighbouring Monaco—which is naughty. This is Nice.
Orleans.—Excellent place for buying every sort

Paris.—A city between Havre and the capital. In the neighbourhood of the Abbey Church of Cantelm is much out of repair—unquestionably on the road to Rouen.
Paris.—Seventy miles from Paris. It is said THOMAS A BUCKLEY took refuge here. The Archbishop had a great respect for the intelligence of the inhabitants. He is supposed to have considered them the most assiduous people in France.

Paris.—A hydropathic establishment 1200 feet above the level of the sea. It is scarcely necessary to repeat, for the thousandth time, the derivation of the name. All the world knows that youth is allowed by the inhabitants ample time for a bath, but that veterans are treated with harsh irritability. Hence the unenviable title, "Vary age!"
Paris.—The last time on the present list. A rather well-up bathing-place. For this reason it is sometimes called, by disgraced Cockneys, "Vicky vicky."

SPARKLEES.

(Being about disengaged Britain, and about the Duke and the Duke.)

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON'S weakness for calling public attention to his connection with the Four-in-Hand Club, by sending his own coach every morning round the now deserted Park, crowded with any celebrities he can get together on the roof, is well known. The other day, just as the coach was being taken, at a sharp corner, across the ornamental shrubberies that divide Albert Gate from the Row, one of the leaders, who was a little fresh, got his off foreleg over the iron bar reserved for the passage of water-carts, and, by his struggles to extricate it, for a few moments threatened the safety of the vehicle and its occupants. There being among the latter several Colonial Bishops, a distinguished vendor of patent medicines, the Lord Chancellor, the two Aquarian Ginnis, the Turkish Ambassador, and Mr. MATHEW ARKOLD, the reporter, when it was suggested that some one "ought to get down," was fast and furious. The merchant somewhat subsiding, Mr. ARKOLD, who had hitherto kept his communication, turned to Lord St. Leonards, and in his quietest manner, said, "I think, my Lord, this is your business. You already know what it is to be called by the 'Her.'" "No," was the prompt and



"MOST UNFORTUNATE!"

Billie: "What a shame! He is in a short skirt in the North." "AY! WHAT ARE YE DASH' TO MARRIAGE THEM, MARRIAGE THEM?"
 Jack: "Ye-dash-out! No, nothing particular. I've no engagements."
 Billie: "AY! NO DASH HERE!"
 Jack: "AY! ON FRIDAY! THE MARRIAGE IS DONE WITH THE BROTHERS."
 Billie: "HEAR, HEAR! A BETTER! AY! WAS SAID 'AY! YE TO 'TAKE THE DRESSER 'WY ON 'FRIDAY!'"

of manufactured article. The Maid of Orleans has ever been famous for goodness.
Paris.—Branch establishment (in France) of Leicester Square. From the earliest days to the present time Venus and her well-dressed sex have bowed to the Judgment of Paris. The Bois de Boulogne is not properly in the city, but is close to the Bois de Boulogne, as close as the ivy to the oak. And yet in spite of this assertion, the spot can be

witely ugly," but for all that I see not a *Londoner* either. When, by the common consent of the party, they drew up a little table opposite the Knightbridge Barrows, and repeated this *not* to the Duke, who, as was his wont, was riling *clans* inside, with the *shakes* up, he got out and walked home!
 RING AND TRUMPETS.—Have not, too

CHEERY MEMS.*By an E.N.P.*

Monday.—Mr. PARNELL was elected.
Tuesday.—The Sandwich Commission was opened.
Wednesday.—Mr. O'DONNELL was elected.
Thursday.—The Oxford Commission was opened.
Friday.—Mr. BROWNE was elected.
Saturday.—The Manchester Commission was opened.

COLWELL HATCHNEY RIDDLES FOR THE YEAR.

Why do the words immediately following "nothing left" in a carefully accurate description of the remainder of a burnt-out wood fire resemble the technical names bestowed upon barrels of table ale brewed during the Ninth Month? Because they are "except amber" (X September.)

Why would the conversion of a light Rhine wine into a popular much beverage containing alcohol resemble an alteration in the title of the Tenth Month? Because it would be changing "Hoek to beer!" (October.)

"STROUT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES."

September.

October.

CHEERY MEMS.*By the Leviathan De Phoenix.***RACING MEN.**

Monday.—Capt. WELSH was born.
Tuesday.—The St. Lager Favourite was nobbled.
Wednesday.—Dancing Eric was the Derby.
Thursday.—BROWN was warded off Newmarket Heath.
Friday.—JONES was warded off Newmarket Heath.
Saturday.—ROBINSON was warded off Newmarket Heath.

WISEACRE'S WEATHER WINDOM.

On Michaelmas Eve if the Goose should crow,
 In December expect neither frost nor snow;
 But at Michaelmas Tide, on the donkey boy,
 It may freeze and snow both upon Christmas Day.

MEDIAEVAL MEDICINE.—On sale at all Apothecaries—Elixir Tm.

A FINANCIAL GUY FAWKES.—A Man of Straw.

**THE PHOTOPHONE.**

Monday Photo (Fille de la Falaise, Boulogne) "Oh, CHARMANTE Maman! Au larm!" "Mia Angolina (The Zoo Palladium) "Hush, Mamma! Venga!-boy so loud!" "We answered as Virgin of our Charade!" (St. Mary Angelina!)"

CHERRY MEMS.

By one of the Wooden
Heads of Old England.

SAILORS.

Monday.—H.M.S. Dea-
dwood went aground.
Tuesday.—H.M.S. Stupid
and H.M.S. Now Then came
into collision.
Wednesday.—H.M.S. In-
competent was wrecked.
Thursday.—H.M.S. Blas-
phemer surrendered to the
Americans.
Friday.—H.M.S. Despair
taken by VAN TACOR.
Saturday.—H.M.S. Pot
Valiant surrendered to DE
KUTTER.

COLWELL, HATCHNEY
RIDDLES FOR THE
YEAR.

Why might the last Two
Months cause perfectly
groundless apprehension in
the mind of an abnormally
suspicious hypochondriac?

Because their initials
supply two-thirds of "and,"
and their finals commence
"her-environment!" (Novem-
ber and December.)

[*] Colwell Hatchney
Correspondent having been
kicked into the middle of
next week, now writes to
say, that he is a century in
advance of his time, and
wishes to remain there.

"STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES."



November.

December.

CHERRY MEMS.

By a Deputy Portolan.

TREETALLERS.

Monday.—Hops were in-
troduced into England.
Tuesday.—BASS was
elected a Member of Par-
liament.
Wednesday.—PITY drank
three bottles of port.
Thursday.—ALIBEG was
elected a Member of Par-
liament.
Friday.—FOX drank three
bottles of port.
Saturday.—GUINNESS
was made a Peer.

DARWIN'S LAST.

In his latest production
of philosophical research,
MR. DARWIN demonstrates
that no hard and fast line
can be drawn between
plants and animals, and
shows them to be shaded by
definite gradations into
each other. He adduces
many remarkable illustrations
of the sensibility by some
subjects of the vegetable
kingdom; but amongst
these instances, he makes
no mention whatever of
any approach to vision dis-
covered in the eyes of pla-
tonians.

HAWKES'S EVENING
POTION.—PUNCH.



Original from



ALL ABOUT IT.

(From Our Irresistible Catechist.)

Question. Well,—have you seen the Queen's Speech yet?

Answer. I have. Here you are:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I have received really handsome Christmas Cards from Mr. PARNELL and nearly all the other Great Powers of Europe.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

You will have, whether you like it or not, as usual to pay for everything.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

My Government will submit to you a proposal for the more comfortable settlement of Irish landowners in the Canal Islands.

They are also preparing a message which will enable me to cover the whole of this discontented portion of my empire with wood pavement; an arrangement which I confidently trust will, under the superintendence of an experienced Stage Manager, afford to popular agitators ample and agreeable room for their frequent performances.

You will also be called upon to consider the nature of fog.

—And that's all.

Q. Thanks. And now, who on earth are the Boers?

A. Half Dutch; but in their present attitude just equal to Double Dutch; and evidently on their own Dutch mettle.

Q. What do they want?

A. More Pynchold-room. Anything. Everything. How should I know. Perhaps BARKER FARRA's head!

Q. Dear me, you surprise me. By the way, who is Sir BARKER FARRA?

A. An escaped South-African Emperor who has written to the Times. In early life he was a Mastodon Minister, but now he is to be seen daily, from ten to four, anywhere for nothing. Will that do for you?

Q. Thank you, capitally. And now can you tell me Mr. FORSTER's very last joke about the withdrawal of Lord Chief Justice MAY?

A. Certainly. He said that though justice in Ireland had often

been measured out to order, he had no wish himself to see it really *measured*.

Q. Quite so. And on the point of this being fully explained to the PARLIAM at the last Cabinet Council by all the Members in turn, did he see it and laugh?

A. No, he didn't.

Interrogator. Thank you. And now I think that that will perhaps be enough for this week!

TEMPERANCE AND TRUTH.

Dr. ESPERANCE in a letter to the Times, has advanced the claims, and notified the merits of the London Temperance Hospital, to which he is Senior Physician. The rule enforced in this institution, although "the medical staff are in no way restrained from the use of alcohol," as an exception, is that of the entire disuse of spirituous and fermented liquors in both food and physic; in fact, the practice of Total Abstinence. Now, "Intemperance" is "moderation opposed to gluttony and drunkenness." As synonymous with Total Abstinence, and opposed to Moderation, the word Temperance obviously conveys the intimation that Moderation is Intemperance. All possible success to the London Temperance Hospital, and to a similar Charity about to be established in the Hampstead Road; but let things be called by their right names, and not anything by a name which implies an illogicality.

Unseasonable Announcement.

THE Times' City Article the other day contained the statement that—

"There has been no business done in King's Lane this usual so far Christmas."

Of course, for the minute piece, of which, perhaps, many more than usual were eaten. Good!

BY NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A GENTLEMAN of whom we hear a great deal to-day is "Tom Orrow."

Original from

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

INTRODUCTION OF A FIFTH PARTY.



TREAR'S one member of this establishment who, with the exception of a little work done in the Christmas week, has passed a long life of idleness. We allude to Toby, and will add, that we no longer intend that he shall bear the reproach of being a lazy dog. Casting about for some means of occupying his time with credit to himself and benefit to mankind, we have determined to make him a Member of Parliament. He will represent us chiefly; but as prejudice must be respected, and it is necessary for Members having seats in the House to derive their title from some recognised constituency, we have determined to return him for Berkshire.

Of course, it would have been equally easy for us to have sent him to Parliament for Panchestown, the Isle of Skye, or even the Isle of Dogs. But apart from the circumstance that those places are not enfranchised, a county is more respectable. Toby will, therefore, sit for Barke, which we give notice to Parliamentary husbands of all sorts, will not be worse than his bits. In politics Toby has strict instructions to be a Punchite—that is to say, he will speak what he thinks, regardless of Whig or Tory, Radical or Conservative, Home-Ruler or Fourth Party. "Tous Zyniasque n'ont sans discernement agiter" will be his motto, to the disappointment of superficial persons who will at once suppose it would be "Case cases!"

Toby has already been favoured with notice from Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. STAFFORD NORTHCOLE, informing him that Her Majesty set has been pleased to fix the Sixth of January for the assembling of Parlia-

ment. It is added, that "business of the first importance will at once be proceeded with," and it is hoped it may suit Toby's convenience to be in his place on the day named. Toby begs to inform his distinguished correspondents that it certainly will. But it may save trouble and postage-stamps if, on the eve of taking his seat, the Whigs on either side are once for all advised that they need not send to the Fifth Party reminders to be present and vote on occasions, great or small. He will always be in his place, and will vote as he pleases, being animated solely by a sense of his duty to his world-wide constituency and his life-long master.

It is a general practice for the Whigs on either side to assist in the ceremonial of introducing new Members. In the case of the Member for Barke, an arrangement has been come to which will, we trust, prove satisfactory to all, and will clearly stamp his position of perfect independence of party. He will be brought up to the table to take the oath, by the Leader of the House, and the Leader of the Opposition. As this is a circumstance unparalleled in Parliamentary history, it has been found desirable to have a rehearsal of the same, which enables us in advance of the meeting of Parliament, to furnish a sketch of the historical incident.

We shall next week publish our first extracts from Toby's Diary, which, under the usual heading "Essence," will be continued from week to week throughout the session, and will probably throw a fresh and cheerful light on Parliamentary Proceedings.



A CRY FROM THE HEART.

Little Dancer (looking up suddenly from her History book). "Oh, MYRMIDON DARING, I DO SO WISH I'D LIVED UNDER JAMES THE SECOND!"
Manana. "WHY?" *Little Dancer. "BECAUSE I SEE HERE THAT EDUCATION WAS VERY MUCH NEGLECTED IN HIS REIGN!"*

MORE FROM MADEIRA.

Sir,—I am making a tour of the world, which I dare say you may know is novel, and have only just got the papers of a year and a half ago. In one of them I find that you have informed a Correspondent, by means of a post-card, that in your opinion "the office of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod might conceivably be dispensed with without entailing the destruction of the Empire."

Now, Sir, as I am not in my place in the House of Lords to inspect you for this atrocious language, and as I don't think that Lord Salisbury would undertake the job if I were to write and ask him, I am forced to tell you that a Minister of your high gifts of eloquence cannot be supposed to be indulging in idle platitudes. You were not on your first hustings, nor indeed on any hustings at all, when you made this odious remark. You were then, little though you might think it, inaugurating a leveling and destructive policy, incompatible alike with your duty to the Crown and your fame as a politician.

I will not go into history, as doubtless you would be unable to follow me there; and as I only happen to have with me a sixpenny abridgment of *Mrs. Morokan*, but I could show you that the office of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod is indissolubly bound up with all that is high and holy in our Constitution.

I will only add that I conceive in all humility—a quality which is, I hope, conspicuous throughout this letter—that a Minister of the Crown is bound to show respect to any and every office and institution in the land,—the bad as much as the good, if not more. You may perhaps urge that this would render all reform impossible, and all proposals of reform treasonable, and so it would. Why should you reform anything? I've written to J. B. of Kockdale. Haven't seen the papers, so don't know if he has replied. I am quite happy here, and will only indignantly subscribe myself

Your obedient servant,

C-K-SYON.

The Right Hon. W. E. G. de-...

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1881.

(Proposed and Carried Unanimously.)

1. To pay cash.
2. Not to stay so long at the Club.
3. To give up everything that disagrees with me. (Mrs. First find out exactly what does disagree with me.)
4. To cut down my consumption of cigars.
5. To take the girls and manna abroad, instead of sending them to Harrogate, and going to Blomborg by myself.
6. To have no opinions as to the favourite for any race.
7. To wear out my old clothes.
8. To cultivate a modest opinion of my ability as a whist-player.
9. To eschew suppers.
10. To ignore Harroton, and patronise the Underground Railway.
11. To hear old stories with a smile.
12. To know the aristocracy without mentioning the fact.
13. To let the girls stay for the last dance at a ball.
14. To believe that I am sometimes wrong.
15. To improve what mind I have left.
16. To agree with my wife on all subjects.

Impossible Inconsistency.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON has, of course, not thought it necessary for him to repudiate the declaration ascribed to him in divers reports of a recent speech of his:—

"Rather than see my fellow-subjects in Ireland drenched in blood and crushed down by the military, I, for one, will heartily go in for a separation from England."

It must appear to anybody far too absurd to be credible, that the idea of a possible Repeal of the Union could ever have been contemplated in any circumstances by the President of the United Kingdom Alliance.

Original from

FROM THE RANKS.

I.

"Badger and Badger."



Sir—You'll excuse me intruding, but I'm a bit of a scholar for my rank in life (which wuzn't be confounded with the "Load of Hay" at Paddington, where I'm usually to be found), I've bin asked by my pals to put it to you straight that there are other noosons about town to taly up bodies cabbage-stalks. We London Calibos are a useful body of men who ought to be considered, and maybe, just to begin the New Year with, you'll take our part, we should be more respected and less ragged at.

There's no end, Sir, to the aggravations we're exposed to except smiling, and we're thinkin' a wonderful deal consider'd—but let's just do over our souls on, and think out our subject proper.

We've bin had the consoling of horses was demoralizing, therefore we've bin let to get other perther; but I never heard that engines were depraving, did you? Put, bless your heart, what's the use of arguing? I never argue when an old lady waves her umbrella at me. I only admire the prospect on the other side of the road. I'd just like to have a bit of chawing with you on the quiet about the trial of a real trouble of a Cobby, and if you'll promise to help to put 'em right, I'll be glad to drink to look at your expense. Grievances! There are heaps of 'em, sure; some false, some a deal too real. Think o' the long winter nights, with no one to talk to and nothing to drink, and nobody to carry, and nuthin' to think of but the little little rev with the Missus; and then there's the police, who are our natural enemies, and stalk us as they do the steps up north, and enjoy the stirring of us up when we're doing no harm whatever; and the fares who have no consciences and no milk of human nature, and are disgracefully ignorant of distances but pretend they're not; and the old girls who want to be called "mildly," and would like a footstool and a glass of water and an inspection of all the sights between St. Paul's and the South Kensington for a tanner; and the ramshackle cabs and broken-down horses we're given by our masters to earn a living withal. Now I'm out of breath, hein' wheezy.

There now—that's grievance No. 1, the you wuzn't think much of it, I darsay. People talk of masters and servants, and have they ought to work together like doves in a cage. With us it ain't possible, I say; for tho' we're servants we ain't paid wages as your footmen is in that swell house of yours. I know it, for many a set down have I had at that there door. We pay the gov'ner so much a day for the loss of a carriage or a shafel and a pair of horses, and whatever we make over and above that we keep. And oh the dreadful tumbled-down things that some of us get from those swell heartless men! Slave-drivers I call 'em. My master's name is "Old SKINSUR," which is short for Skin-em-alive-on—his yard is out Kensington way—and he do skin us that's a fact—the Vampire. It's like being sent to die in a field with a broken spear. I must 'ave my money," he says, "whether you've any to take 'em or not. You're a lazy scoundrel, for the Inspector's passed the trap, and he ought to know." What does he care so long as he can get the Inspectors to pass the shandrydens and hoodwink the Cruelty to Animals Society? And then heurin' him there's the horsekeepers—a set of hargies—who won't clean up the notes on harness unless they've yard-money, or take the mud off the crany carriage without being paid for it. And the public, when they get in a fourwheeler as smells like a family vault as hasn't been opened for a century, and rinks with diseases in its every cushion, and settles 'em by the throat and shakes 'em, don't you know those who've passed it just to make themselves agreeable like to old SKINSUR, and take it out of me by cutting off the extra expense as makes all the difference at the end of the day. And upon my word, I've not the spirit sometimes to have it out with 'em. A jolly good wrangle is good for all of us, now and then. It keeps the blood flowing and the lungs in order and the wits straight. But if poor I'm to come, Sir, and don't like sneers. I object to cheap 'em. I'm a democrat, though a

fewing fellow-creature I despise. If I'm set to drive a slap-up let I'm as pleased as the gentleman on the outside of your paper, Sir, and can give and take and keep the best a-civiling as can I rattle like a greased lightning by a pal in the street; but when Old SKINSUR owes me one (when I've made a joke for instance about his red nose and old breaks full of holes like crumpea, and he's overheard me), why then I bang my head—I do, honor, Sir—and choose all the meanest and most rancorous streets which the dev's a crossing inside, let a pal should be ungenerous, and chaff. Just at this present time I'm in bad luck, Sir, for (and it breaks my heart to think of it!) I'm driving as second horse a beast that makes me blush and look t'other way, which leads to awkward collisions sometimes, and accidents, and them people say I'm drunk, while, may be I've not earned so much as would permit me to stand at a public bar or wine-house. If t'other chaps are standing drinks, of course I'll do the same, or else I shouldn't have no business to be there. For if poor I has no money. No, Sir—it ain't drink as does it. It is that the sight of that lony back and them drooping eyes give me the horrors like—a kind of trinitamine—and so I ain't always one what's coming when my eyes are shut. The father of that horse was a snob, and his mother was a noobing, I know; and I got insulted by the gentleman when I stop between two streets cross, and put up a finger with an appealing grin, as a man must condoned to do in the dead season or starve—never! I wuzn't hardly no choice to be, with a fever in his buttocks and a straw in his mouth, and his nose in the air, and a noble white hat with a narrow black band in Jugs and Jugs, and the people toss their heads and giggle, while the Bobby roars, "Move on!" with a sigger of contempt as if to say that me and my shabby lot ought to be sweep from the face of the earth. And I'm not prepared to say he's wrong; but it's my fault, I'd like to know, if my master's spite turns me out a laughing stock; and if after grinning and nodding up a finger all day, till the water gathers in my eyes to think there's another treat a coming, I get home worried out by nightfall, with a sad heart and nothing in my pocket to buy bread with for the precious kids, and my dog—well as long as a shawl-whip? Oh! The way I'm to be let to be insulted by some of my far, who I looked on as honest—but that's another grievance, and I'm trespassing on your valuable space, and so will tell you all about them blackguards another time.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS HOUGHAM

(Better known in the trade as TOMMY THE TOFF).

"THE (UN)-FORTUNATE ISLE."

A Masque (after the fashion of *RAY DYMNER* and *LEWIS MORRELL*), written by *WILL SHAKESPEARE* and *RAY DYMNER* for performance at *St. Stephen's on Tuesday Night, 1881.*

SCENE—Without the portals of *St. Stephen's*, the Masquers, westered, are being marshalled by *PROSCENIUS*, Master of the Reels.

Proscenius. He! gentles all and gallants, welcome!

Sir Will (fetching a deep sigh). Thanks!

Yet would you spare some players from our ranks,

Whose motley will would near the pyrote manna.

Ben Dymner. Ah! my *Proscenius*, your lip may talk

His ill-advised Orator's utmost skill.

Proscenius (gravely). Gentles, in the season of good-will,

Sir Cecil (graciously). Married by a WILL that's fat, behold him!

Squire Anselm (sagely). Yes!

BEN DYMNER sole we'er made to cross a mass

Of Masquing.

The Masquers (wryly). 'Tis not our motley! He's a mamma

Bury to the melody. We'll the season of Summer

On Letimes know him to an lasting show.

As round the stoney shepherd!

Squire Anselm. Well, Ben's sheep

Follow his crook, at least, but t'other flock—

Proscenius (wryly). We've here no masquers, and not to speak.

Lord of Mirville (pertinaciously). Wharres! Who prates of

the Unfortunate Isle?

Behold us Lord!

The Wield Knight (sagely). Too true!

(Enter reproachfully the *Ben Dymner*.)

Sir Will (snatching the head of an ant for awhile,

Ever the Masquers end there's one I need not say,

Shall play the new *Dr. Petrich*, and your games,

O melody *Anselm*! stopped, the tale shall be

At one from you and from *masquers* free,

And never may name.

Ben Dymner (sagely). Ah! may I suggest

New Antiqua?

Mother Skipton. Faith, a subtle jest! Well hit, *BEN DYMNER*!

Sir Cecil. Bellevered best

Is wanted in the West as in the East

To purge rock policy!



Squire Randolph. And collation too.
Mr Broadbent. Young sprigsid, herb o' grass might better soo.
Welsh Knight (offering a stoup). Try some Madeira. You look something too.

Mr Broadbent (sings). Nay, good my Lord, the liquor likes me not.
Lord of Mirval's (addressing) with fantastic flourishes and loud yells. Hurroo! Make way there! Mine this Maqueo, and mine
 The honours of this Twelfth Night master!

Mr Will (sings). *Thine?*
Lord of Mirval (sings). Let the lady's voices say!
 [Punches towards portal.
 Back, braggart, back!

Mr Will (repulsing him).
 Too long, perchance, a tetter something sleek
 Hath let your nose lord that late, which yet
 Hath other wares than Mirval's. You fret,
 But shall not fail.

Punch. Exactly so. Give way!
 Your shinky wares; list another lay!
 Sono.
 Wake, Albion, Ruler of the Seas,
 Holding of many ports the keys,
 And to your Neptune toll
 That Erin, greenest of the isles,
 Shall greet us yet with joyful smiles,
 Content with us to dwell.

CURIO.
 Then think it not a common cause
 That to reach early madder draws
 The Swells of Parliament.
 Together let them tune their notes,
 Or answer to the Public Votes
 That Members hither send
 Head all the wisdom of the Waige,
 And all the Tories' nose;
 Rats' race restraint from o'er rash lips,
 The patience of the House;
 Add all the favour of the Court,
 The Public's interest, and, in short,
 Mingle all wit, raised Anarchy's senate,
 That none may say Justice's Triumph fails,
 Swear Law goes lame, or pitifully smile
 On hapless Erin as the unfortunate Isle!

The Maqueos dance their Entry. The Revs follow.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



We had rather a grand Night on Tuesday at Merchant Tailors All, when we made Sir FREDERICK BURNETT a Freeman and a Tailor, and proud he must be felt at the honor. We are very particular we Merchant Tailors is who we make free of our Kraft, and no wonder, for as we has no less than 6 Members among 'em. We had regular swell Company including the Lord Mare, Lord LITTLE from Islay, who knows

wanted to purchase me was only a Foot, but I wasn't quite so green as to believe that rubbish, I or 4 Judges lot of M.F.s 5 Masters of Company had no less than 6 Aldermen! That was something like a Company that was. The Song Book told 'em the old story about "God save the Queen," how it was composed by Dr. JOHN HULL and written by Ben Jonson for the Merchant Tailors' Company, just after their Fox's little job was found out. Wonders how many 'em have loved it! As if every fool didn't know he had a right to QUEEN



CHERRY UN-RIPE.

ROBERTED BY A YOUNG ARTIST (AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS) FOR A GRAPHIC COMPANION (PUBLISHED BY MR. MELLAN CHAMBERLAIN) "CHERRY RIFE."

when GUY FOX was blowed up. The Master when he proposed General Burnett's health, told him that not only was he now a Free Tailor, but that we meant to stick his Arms in one of the Windows, which I should think must rather have astonished him. However he didn't seem quite so avowed with the idea as I should ha' thought he would, and returned thanks as calmly and as coolly as if he'd been a Lord Mare instead of a mere General. I never heard a man talk so little about himself. It was all about his Seljers, which have nobel fellows they was, what short commons they enjoyed without no complaints, and what temptations they withstood without a murmur. Why I've heard Majors and Captains talk away all about themselves, and what they did, and what they meant to do next time, that best Sir FREDERICK Keller, and even Captains of Volunteers goes on sometimes in a way that astonishes even us Waiters, about what they means to do when the Enemy lands, and often talks louder and longer than he did.

— Lord LITTLE spoke out like a real Lord, and called us a Warranted Company, which it's quite a new name to me. I hope as nobody ain't gone to worry 'em. And so say all of us.

We then went thro' the usual Rites of battered Toasts, and then they all got up and went away, Sir FREDERICK leavin on his plate some of the finest grapes as I ever tasted.

Ah, what a different world it would be, and what different people lots of people would be, if all that's said in after-dinner speeches was true!

Real Ass-ass-ins.

In the Times, Friday, Dec. 31, 1880, we read:—

"A Correspondent states that the doxies on which Lord and Lady LANGFORD's little children were in the habit of riding when they were at Devon House, Kenmare, has been scuttled, and its cars out of."

Perhaps before our comment appears Lord SHARPLEY will have retracted his latest opinions on the Irish question. If not, this wretched outrage on one of his proteges should rouse his righteous indignation.

OUR MERRY-GO-ROUNDER AT THE CHRISTMAS SHOWS.

"The children are at home for the holidays," says jolly old Pantaloonias Pook, "let's give 'em a round of amusements and the pick of the Fantonimes." So here goes for all the fun of the Fair, or as much of it as we can compress into a limited space. First, of course, comes Old Drury.



THE GOOSE AND A LITTLE ONE ANDER'S.

Here the children's old friend, Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD has illustrated the story of *La Belle au Bois Dormant* (as the playbills have it) in a grand Christmas Annual. With such a present, "The Lane" should be a long one "without a turning" from success. A young lady called *Louise Adèle* is *Mother Goose*, and is more than an Adèle-quate representative of that frisky matron. Mr. HENLEY is "the Goose"—no end of a Goose in fact—and that there is not a Greater Goose in all Pantomime Land, we can assure you. As to society, the audience has full charge for its money. Nothing could be better than "*Mother Goose's Farm in Leather Anodis*" with its Dances of Dolls by the "Children of the National Training School." Good again is the Royal Nursery with "working pictures." Miss KATE BASTLEY, Misses MARY and ANNE, and the assistance of a ROBERTS and a JULIAN GRABER. Splendid scenery, good acting, and a capital "book." Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON is to be congratulated on the costume, bright, fanciful, and novel.

Covent Garden—*Fantasia and Orson*.—Magnificent! The Lane has the Goose, but the Garden has the TAYLOR, that is, Mr. JAMES TAYLOR, who is invaluable as *King Pippin*. And then there is



THE COVENT "GARDEN PARTY."

Master LAURE, who represents a Young Bear, and is the very dearest of Cubs. When *Queen* is "endowed with reason," he insists on this Cub being shaved like a poodle, and then dressed as a gay young dog about town. "Cupid's Home in Watteau Land" is emphatically the most magnificent picture ever presented on a stage. If Mr. HENVELLY had not been covered for nearly half a century with a perfect forest of triangular evergreens, this scene would give him enough laurels to serve him for a couple of hundred bowers. The Hall of Chivalry, with its hundreds of brilliantly attired Knights and Ladies, can scarcely be surpassed; and the glade in "the New Forest," where Covent Garden is turned into a perfect Bear-Garden, is the very acme of scenic deception. Bravo HICKS! Here the VOICES finally appear to the greatest advantage. VICTORIA is a palpit *Falstouche*, singing, dancing, and playing as well as ever. Mr. FAWCEN is eccentric as usual, and as for Mr. FREE, there is no necessity to say that he has fallen upon his legs, and is, therefore, excellently "supported." To finish with, Mr. FREE FATES is a really humorous *Cavan*.

The Surrey.—*Hop o' my Thumb*, or, *Harlequin Nobody*, *Sombody*, *Bugbody*, and the *Wicked Ogre* with the *Seven League Boots*, a title, which in its crispness, reminds one of the old days of the *France* at the *Grand Theatre*. By the bye, the *Wicked Ogre* with the *Seven League Boots* wouldn't he a bad name for an Irish Pantomime? The juveniles of the *delighted* will be enchanted with the

choruses of infantile harvesters, jolly waggons, blithe and gay milkmaids, bantams, brewers, and postmen. In the same scene is given a very pretty and novel ballet of glassers, clothed in straw, and poppies, and cornflowers. Good fun is contributed by Mr. FRANK WOOD, and the Brothers WOOD. Miss MARY HENVELLY has several choruses for her songs, and "Miss Queen Mab," works the house into an ecstasy of delight by her romances.

The leading idea of the piece is the conflict "twixt *Ogre-et-Arns* and *Hop o' My Thumb*. To say



HOLLANDER.

the former is played by GEORGE CONQUEST JUN., and that the *Pantomime* has been looked after by the GEORGE CONQUEST, is sufficient to indicate the excellence of *Ogre*. He is eleven feet high, with a mouth as large as Robert's Park, and such a wicked, winking eye! *Hop o' My Thumb* is played by Master CHARLIE ANDERSON, while fighting the *Ogre*, finds time to woo and win *Daisy*, played by Miss ESTER ANDERSON. The two combined might be six feet high, and these little ones are the stars of the piece. Bright, pretty

children, deserving every round of applause that greets them, and the only answer to the vociferous exclaims of "Let us Dak," and "Dak us," is that the young voices are not strong, and exclaims are simply cruelty. And the scenes run on merrily until we are in a glade of trees. The time is winter. The band plays that melody the authorship of which is vexing dramatic critics. The *Ogre* enters. He is stifled in evening dress; the only *Ogre* on record who has worn such a costume, and the effect is ludicrous in the extreme. But see, here comes Mr. INTING—I mean Master CHARLIE ANDERSON—likewise in evening dress. Coats and waistcoats are taken off. Handkerchiefs—the *Ogre's* is large enough to serve for a table-cloth to a family of thirteen—are unrolled, and the fight with penny swords commences. The *Ogre* breaks his, but no matter. *Hop o' My Thumb* cracks his across his knee, and with dagger brandish in the adjacent handkerchiefs, does the deed for him. The *Ogre* is slain, and away we go to the Abode of *Alcibi* and *Favos*, and then the tremendous clashing and slapping of hands prove that Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND has scored another success at the Surrey.

The Alhambra.—A ballet *Fantasia* called *Hawasia*, a capital dish, with dressing by Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON. Spruced music by the experienced Mr. CONNOR. Scene—somewhere in Spain, exterior of a church. Ballet-dancers at play. Enter a sort of Archbishop with banners

—one blisser and two banners—who gives the ballet his benediction in pantomime, and so illustrates the genuine good feeling existing at this particular period of Spanish history between the Church and the Stage. Enter suddenly *Mlle. TH. DE GILLERY* as *Sombody*—a young gentleman, name unknown. The plays a game of *diamonds* with her before the Archbishop, who cleverly guesses the word, and then retires from the world. Thus a flirtation dance between *Mlle. FANTASIE* and *GILBERT*. They go away and are wrecked. The *Queen of Hawasia* falls in love with the charming youth, but as his heart is true to *POISE*—he means *Mlle. FRETOLDI*—the *Queen* orders him to be tied up to a tree. He is liberated by a noble squire, and is rescued by *Mlle. FRETOLDI*, by the aid of a rope, leaps across a chasm of vapours, which is apparently ascending from a steam-laundry somewhere below. Decidedly a success.

The Imperial.—*Le Fugace en Suisse*. The whole entertainment is just the thing for Christmas. What does it matter that the "Frolicful Village of Linneton, Devonshire" (sic) is backed by a range of mountains, twenty-two thousand feet high if they see an



SHOWING A-GILLERY-V.

lash? What, too, does it matter that, within sound of a railway whistle, the male part of the population of this favoured locality are habituated with a scrupulous attention to minor details in the costume of the latter half of the reign of JAMES THE SECOND?

The HAYDON Brothers and their capital confederate, MISS ANNETTE, are marvellously artistic positionists. Every movement intelligent, every gesture expressive, and the whole so perfectly rehearsed, that



THE HAYDON-BROS MAKING A HIT.

the most outrageous situations, succeeding each other with an incredible rapidity, appear as mere ordinary incidents of daily life, the only peculiarity of which is that they are not met with even more frequently.

The *Forty Fives* at the Gaiety in three Acts is full of good things. *Piece our shaves!* Miss NELLIE FARENS is all "go" as *Geeson*, *An Babe's* son, who is "getting a big boy now," and dancing *Morpheus* is, of course, Miss KATE VANDERLIP, whose singing of "You are such a wicked pretty man, you are!" addressed to *Hassoree* (Mr. BOUCE) when his attentions are too demonstrative, is the most spirited bit of vocalization Miss KATE has given us since, as *Beauty* at the *Fincham's*, she sang "Oh say, do for shame!" to a somewhat similar melody. Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST is, I should say, the fascinating Lieutenant of the *Thieves*, who represent the three F's as "Fair, Fine, and Forty." Mr. TERRY is very funny as *An Babe*, who, under the most trying circumstances, is always making atrocious puns, and exclaiming: "We're a merry family!" His Turkish trousers are literally "impassable," and his imitation of CHARLOTTE's singing of *La premiere Jennie* is a real hit. One of the best things in the evening burlesque duet and dance to the tune of "He's got 'em on!" by Miss NELLIE FARENS and Mr. TERRY. The "Fifteen Puzzle" song, capably sung by Mr. DALZIEL, was deservedly cheered. Altogether it is a sparkling Christmas Extravaganza. Clapper Miss LOTTIE VEEN is now here,



"BOSS JACOB!"

MONTGELAS AND MYSTERY.

The following "dy-lid from a diary" has been forwarded to us, not necessarily for publication, but, in confidence, on the guarantee of our good faith. We subjoin it, therefore, with pleasure.

Constantinople, April 1.—Received letters in cipher from Lord GRAYVILLE, Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir C. D. LEEK, several other Members of the B-r-t-h C-b-n-t, and a Distinguished Foreigner, requesting ample information as to probable policy of Embassy. Chagras on account. Payment of balance to be by results. To bed thinking it out.

April 2.—Let my Chief down a well in a bucket, with Sandwiches to last him six months; carefully placing a dummy at his window, with no hat on, leaning over a head at cribbage to hide his face and disarm suspicion. Then off to London by night Mail, with all the *forwards* of the Embassy in baggage, disguised as an independent gentleman.

London, May 15.—Attended meeting of Cabinet. Inset that I ought to have more than fourpence a pound for Archives. Much unappreciated over this. Went to Madame Tussaud's. Kicked out of six Clubs. To bed, thinking it over.

Constantinople, Nov. 5.—Back in Constantinople. Furniture replaced. Inquiry for Archives. Know nothing about it. Invitation to Vienna. Kicked out of Embassy. Kicked out of Constantinople. To bed, thinking it over.

Vienna, Dec. 30.—Kicked into Vienna. Can't make it out. Determining to tell whole story, with scenes, in next number of *Police News*. Some talk of kicking me into a fortress! Now, Tell all this to D. T. Correspondent. To bed, thinking it over—and kicking.

SQUID MOTTOES FOR TWELFTH-NIGHT CRACKERS.

For Greece.

THE violet waits the sunshine. Hint emblematic,
An Attic emblem that is emblematic.

For Mr. Tennison.

LAUREATE, thy lyric seldom sweetens lack,
And thy discreet worshippers will say
The schoolboy motto, that is bad for JACK,
Is good for ALFRED—"All work and no play!"

For Thomas Carlyle.

LONG, long, true THOMAS, you your peace have holden,
Yet can we scrape esteem your silence golden.
Your silver words would brayen babble cease,
Heaven bless your silvery age with golden peace!

CONCERN FROM CONGRESS.

A WELL-MEANT Resolution is about to be proposed in Congress by Mr. KING, Member for Louisiana, that the American Secretary of State be instructed to inform her Britannic Majesty's Government that it is highly expedient reforms should be introduced immediately tending to the permanent pacification of Ireland, and be presented in a kindly, considerate, and pacificatory spirit." It is earnestly to be hoped that an amendment, obviously requisite, on this resolution, will be moved by some competent American Statesman. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues do not want to be informed how expedient it is for them to introduce in a kindly, considerate, and still rather in a pacificatory spirit as they once reforms immediately and effectually tending to the pacification of Ireland; what they do want to know is, what reforms are likely ever to succeed in effecting that end. Perhaps some Member of Congress, with a wiser head on his shoulders, than even Mr. KING's, will, in a well-warranted improvement upon that gentleman's motion, let them know.

FROM THE GREEK.

IMAGINE the delight of Lord MAYOR MAC ARBERTH at receiving the telegram from Greece, informing him that a "Victorious Pallas" had just been unearthed, and was considered a genuine work of PHIDIAS. His Lordship, who would have insisted on paying for the telegram, had not the expense of the message been already defrayed, observed that he should have liked to decorate somebody for the discovery of this work of Art, had it not occurred to him that to show any preference would be an in-Phidias task. (Oh, your Lordship! Oh!)

FRESH FROM THE CASE.

WHEN a very thirsty man requires some Beer, what musical instrument will be call for B-The Bass soon!



"WE ARE A MERRY FAMILY!"

and will, no doubt, soon assist in keeping slight "the sacred lease of burlesque" at Mr. JOHN HOLLINGHEAD'S Theatre.

The only addition to the *Lyceum Entertainment* is written by ALFRED TENNISON, and entitled *The Cup*. It sounds sporting. According to the latest betting, Miss ELLEN TERRY is decidedly First Favourite for *The Cup*. More ahead—when we've seen it.

SCOUNDRELRY FOR *Le Follet*.—January—"Pretty things in Pockets."—Herald.



SUBTLE DISCRIMINATION.

'Ed! (to Jack, who has been put into the Corner by the next Governor). 'I'M SO

SORRY FOR YOU, JACK!'

Jack. 'DON'T WINK CARE! THIS AIN'T A REAL CORNER, YOU KNOW!'

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 1.

Good behaviour is the art of behaving good. It comprises deportment, dress, language, and other important details.

Deportment may be natural or acquired. If natural, as in the case of the late lamented *DEAN BUCKELL*, and his sacred Majesty *GEORGE THE FOURTH*, there is nothing to do but to look on, admire, and copy. If acquired, it must be according to the canons laid down by *MISS MANN* of Bath, and religiously preserved by several generations of teachers.

In entering a room you must turn out your toes, and must not put your hands in your pockets. If nature has turned your toes in, you must correct nature, even at the cost of physical suffering. Nature is a thing to write poetry about, but not to drag into the drawing-rooms of polite society. As an employment for the hands, which are difficult to deal with, art has provided small-boxes, canes, and eye-glasses for men, and fans, smelling-bottles, and eye-glasses for ladies. In your salutations you must never forget that it is unparliamentary to shake hands with the two extremes of society. You kiss the hands of *FRANCES DUKIN*, and *PRIME MINISTERS*, and you present your hand to be kissed by *footmen*, *crossing-sweepers*, and *poor relations*. You must never stoop in polite circles, even at the expense of bursting a blood-vessel; and if you find a hot potato in your mouth in the same society, you must swallow it at the risk of your life, rather than break the rules of good behaviour.

In the matter of dress you are spared the trouble of thinking. Society appoints one or two tailors, and one or two dress-makers, and you present your head to be kissed by *footmen*, *crossing-sweepers*, and *poor relations*. You must never stoop in polite circles, even at the expense of bursting a blood-vessel; and if you find a hot potato in your mouth in the same society, you must swallow it at the risk of your life, rather than break the rules of good behaviour.

In the matter of language, we enter a much wider field. There

are *GRAMMARS* and *PRONOUNCING DICTIONARIES*, but Society sometimes creates rules of its own, which are not strictly in accordance with the received authorities. To side with the authorities is to be a *snob* and a *pedant*; to side with Society is to be a *model of good behaviour*.

It would be extremely vulgar to say "Wassail!" to *messmates*, but such a pronunciation might become fashionable from a variety of causes, and then it would be your duty to follow the fashion. When you are introduced to a *Duchess*, and she asks after your health, it is hardly polite to say you are "right as a trivet," or "A 1!" but it is quite possible for a popular member of the aristocracy to bring such expressions into use, in which case you would probably be right in using these peculiar idioms. A great deal will depend upon the time and nature of the introduction, the surrounding circumstances, &c. It is almost impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule which will be applicable at all seasons.

In the pronunciation of words, some north-country dialects are much favoured, but the Scotch dialect is the most favoured of all. It is fortunate for *ROBERT BURNS* that he was born a Scotch poet, as it more than doubled his chance of rhyming. When he could not make a *malicious couplet* with *swag*, he wrote *swag*, and when the word *ponny* would not lend itself easily to his song, he wrote *bonnie*, and skipped *guy* over the difficulty. *Scottish*, however, should be used as sparingly as possible in the drawing-room—as sparingly as the *bagpipe* is used at public concerts. Of course this remark only applies to the state of things as they exist at the present moment. A change in fashion—the transfer of the Court, and all its belongings, to *Scotch*—might make the *Scotch* the language of the time, and the *Scotch* the national instrument. Our mouths and ears would then have to be tuned to different notions of grammatical and musical propriety, and our text-books altered to suit the occasion.

REPORT OF A CANON.—Note, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.—"Might go *FARRER* and *gay* (sh.)" twice.

"George Eliot."

(GROSVENOR GARDENS, DECEMBER 20, 1880.)

LARGE woman soul, sense of unfeeling boys,

It little boots o'er thy too early tosh

To puff our little breaths of passing praise—

Dead in the deepest of Midwinter's gloam.

Ever thine own *ARTHUR*'s mellow fruitsage failed!

We mourn a Larger Light, eclipsed too soon

By the all-darkening Shadow; we who hailed

Its rise, its rounding to the pinnacles

Of finished form and chastened grace, lament

The passing of a Flower. These perishes

Beamed it all sustained, as still unspent,

To spheres uncoloured by earthy circumstances.

So be it! Not among the tricky names

Who glitter out a glow-worm's hour and fade,

Faint into this large-orbed glory of our time,

Who, whilst good store of lesser lights are laid

In ege King's *SEPIOLITE*, make royal ground

Of that green Northern Graveyard's simplest mound.

MISREPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

In these stormy days it is as well to dip into statistics, and see how we are represented. The House of Commons numbers 652 Members: 489 of these belong to England and Wales, 60 to Scotland, and 103 to Ireland. We are not inclined to advocate an increase of Members, because we consider the present lawless power of Parliament to be more than sufficient for a thousand Sessions to slay a million Philistines. We are inclined, however, to alter the distribution of these Members. The whole electors of the United Kingdom are somewhat over three millions. Scotland possesses less than 500,000 electors for 60 representatives, and Ireland 400,000 for 103 representatives. In this unequal distribution London is very badly treated. With more than 370,000 electors, it is only allowed 25 Members. Of course, London electors and Metropolitan Members are far inferior in sense, patriotism, and willingness to Irish and provincial snobs and Members, but some little respect ought to be paid to quantity in the distribution of voting. We want more jawbone power for London.

CUP AND BALL AT THE LYCEUM.

THIS is the division of the Lyceum programme.—*Cup first*, and *Ball afterwards* in the Second Act of the *Comicos Brothers*.

Since the failure of the Laureate's poor—very poor—*Queen Mary* at the Lyceum, and since the disappearance of that light and airy trifle *The Follies*, mis-called a play, from the St. James's, the *Ball's* dramatic work has slightly improved. He is still reckless of construction—was not the immortal *Widow* also reckless in this respect?—and he needs congratulation. But who is to congratulate a Laureate? Not even our *LYCEUM* of the Unknown Tongue could venture on this.

We were wrong in our anticipations. *The Cup*, however suggestive of the Turk, has nothing whatever to recommend it. It is a tragedy in two Acts and five *tableaux*; and while, after one hearing, it is impossible to do justice to its merits in detail, it is easy to point out its defects, and pleasant to record our favourable impression of it as a whole. Subsequent familiarity with the text may or may not lessen contempt; and, to take a single striking instance—the speech of *Amyra* about the *Lion-hunt*—we confess to feeling considerable disappointment at reading these lines, printed in the *Daily Telegraph*, after having heard them finely declaimed by Mr. *LYCEUM* on the Stage. In fact, this speech and his own extempore address to the audience before the *Curtain*, were the two best delivered and most distinct utterances we have heard from Mr. *LYCEUM* for some considerable time. The speech about the *Lion-hunt* is effective on the Stage, as is a similar passage in *Bombast's Fortune*—but on examination it is mere sound, signifying nothing.

The Cup, which certainly does not chafe, lacks that one touch of human nature which has given life to worse plays, and without which the most poetic drama ever written must be doomed to oblivion. *Edison* has a piece seen so magnificently and so artistically played on the Stage as *The Cup*. *The Temple of Artemis* is of itself alone worth a visit; the movement and the grouping being most beautiful. *Soldan*, too, has Miss *ELLEN TERREY* being, throughout the play, to greater advantage than in the character



"A FAIR GALL ASIAN IN HER HARRY HOME."

of *Comicos*; and seldom has she been heard to less advantage than in the last Act. She is sweetest and light, and classic grace, and everything that is lovely, but she is not a *tragic* heroine, and when the call is made on her tragic powers, she fails. *Comicos*, the sweet, loving wife, she is; and *Comicos*, the outraged wife, she is; but *Comicos*, the avenger of blood, as she should be in the extreme situation of the Second Act, she is not, and never can be. Yet granting this natural defect, which is not counterbalanced by her art, her *Comicos* is a fine performance, and it would be difficult to name anyone—the divine *SARAH* included—who could play it altogether better and certainly no one—the divine *S. B.* again included—who would be so powerful an attraction. Of course, all the *Hurra*-*Joanisms* and the aesthetic pagans will rave about her in her classic drapery as "consummate," and about Mr. *LYCEUM* in his leopard-skin and then in his regal robes, as "effier; too precocious!" and so forth. If the tragedian of this school could win a piece, the fate of *The Cup* would probably be sealed within a month.

Mr. *LYCEUM* as *Amyra*, the ex-Tetrarch—a title which enlightened scholars, before they had read up the subject, thought had something to do with *Tom-Tom* in reference to the *Cup*—did not at once convey the idea of his being "such a dog" as to have got himself kicked out of all decent Galatian Society, so that no gal Asian could be allowed by her parents or guardians to speak to him, and who in consequence of this piquety of disposition had his license withdrawn by the Roman Governor. On the contrary, his expression was more *bang-dog* than *ray dog*, and his style of incarnating himself with *Comicos*, when left alone with her five minutes by her husband the suspicious *Sensations* of Mr. *LYCEUM*, was ex-

thing but that of an irresistibly fascinating deceiver, or even a deceiver of ostentatiously gentlemanly bearing. The Laureate makes *Amyra* say that he "never put met the woman he couldn't wheedle," or words to that effect—the actual word "wheedle" being used—but anything less like a "wheedler" than Mr. *LYCEUM* as the wicked *Sensations* it would be difficult to imagine. Taking this defect of manner with Miss *TERREY*'s lack of power in the Third Act, and allowing that for certain phases of the two characters no two actors could be less fitted, while for others no two actors could be better fitted, we still have to acknowledge in both parts a remarkable performance, and we are able to congratulate them on a distinct success, to which, it is fair to add, the admirable mounting and the excellent stage management very largely contribute.

The plot is briefly this—*Amyra* sends *Comicos* a High-Art *Cup*, which she takes, as an offering, to the Temple of High Art, and on her return thence she is waylaid by the gay *Amyra*, who, remaining her husband's unexpected interloper, claims him on the spot—a vital spot—and, a year after, *Amyra*, now King of Galatia, comes to offer his hand and half-a-crown (so to speak) to the widow of *Sensations*, very much as *Richard the Third* did to the lovely *Lady Anne*. *Comicos* accepts him, but being as artful as she is vindictive, puts poison into the high-art-loving-cup out of which they are both to drink at the celebration of the nuptial—or



"THE CUP! CHANFARON! CUP! NOT 'TIS REAL PAIN CUP—
I'LL WALK IN OVER!" [Sings.]
captive—rites.

Amyra very soon feels uncomfortable, has an attack of the staggers, and exclaiming that he recognizes the woman whom he had "had a touch of" in Rome, adds that he will "walk it off"—or words to that effect put into his mouth of this terrible crisis by that grim humorist *The Laureate*, who will have his little joke.

Amyra—
The bucket kicks,

And so, about five minutes afterwards—it seems an age—does *Comicos*.

So there is an end of one, two, and three—
TERREY and *LYCEUM* and *ELLEN TERREY*.

And then *The Comicos Brothers* (not Limited) is played as a Christmas afterpiece. It's a cheerful bill altogether. So, for a little light, after all the shade, we cross the road to the Galaxy, and see the last Act of *The Forty Thieves*.



"CATS GARDEN" AND THE FORTY-THIEVES TRUANTS.

NEW YEAR'S CARDS.—Exchanging cards used to be a prelude to a duel. Newspapers everywhere announce cards with everybody else, and the only lights are Tom-Tom's. As told to Mr. BRADSHAW.



POSTLETHWAITE ON "REFRACTION."

Gripping. "HELLO, MY JELLYBAG, YOU HERE! COME AND TAKE A DIP IN THE BRINY, OLD MAN. I'M SURE YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WANTED IT!"

Postlethwaite. "THANKS, NO, I SHYER RATHER. I ALWAYS SEE MYSELF SO DEEPLY BURIED FOREBENTWARD IN THE WATER, YOU KNOW!"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS—No. 2.

To resume the subject of language. There are many expressions which are perfectly within the rules of grammar and the usages of good society, but which can hardly be quoted as models of elegance. For example, it is not uncommon for persons of position and education to ask you if you object to dine off a leg of mutton. Your natural impulse would be to answer "No, as long as it is not too far off the leg of mutton;" but in this, and in all similar cases, you must check your natural impulses, and become discreet, common-place, and even dull. Repartee is only allowed on the stage in fashionable comedy; in society it leads to the street-door.

In alluding to any article of food, or in drawing up what is vulgarly called a "bill of fare," you must always use the French language. You may not understand it, your guests may not understand it, and the servants will certainly not understand it, but for all this it must be used. You must never call soup anything but *potage*, your steak must be christened a *steak*, and the vulgar chop must be softened into the more aristocratic *côtelette*. The dinner itself is always described as *dinner à la Russe*. This does not mean that there is one

person dining who is very chilly, or is dressed in the Russian costume, nor does it mean that the dishes, or rather fragments of dishes, are served up cold. Any person who thinks that the traditional cold mutton is the real dinner *à la Russe* is thoroughly mistaken. The dinner *à la Russe* is a dinner at which you never see the joints, and are led to believe that you are dining off Christmas-trees, flowers, glass, and Lovelace's Arcturion toys. Small pieces of food are brought to you from behind a screen, which are called *entrées* not *entrees*. The roast meat is called *rôt*, which is not a vulgar expression, although it looks very much like *rot*, and being pronounced rather sadly. The fish is always called *poisson*, another curious expression; while beans are called *haricots*, suggestive of a blow off on musical instruments, and a certain red wine has a name which sounds like French for pomatum. The curiosities of the menu, as it is called in place of "bill of fare," are so numerous that they are worthy of a separate lecture.

The abbreviations sanctioned by custom, which ought properly to come under the head of slang, can hardly be neglected. From the time of the three R's, until a very recent period, this somewhat mechanical form of humour showed no tendency to increase, but lately fashion has moved in this direction, and fashion, as we have said before, must be respected. The three P's are now added to the list; to-morrow we may have the three G's, and the following day the three H's. It is curious to notice how manners change with the times. Our grandfathers had a favourite toast or phrase, "Wine, Women, and Walnuts," and when they were in a jocular mood, they altered this to "Vins, Vomen, and Valnests." This was their simple notion of humour, if they had been as clever as we are, they would have alluded to this toast mysteriously as the three W's, and in moments of overwhelming hilarity as the three V's. We have much to be thankful for.

THE MOAN OF THE MEMBER.

Back to the House and Committee,
Back at the back of the Whip;
Feeling entitled to pity.

Why can't I give them the slip?
Leaving the woodcock and pheasant,
Kept up till two or till three;
Life in the country was pleasant—
Why was I ever M.P.?

Back to each weary division,
Back to the men who display—
Eloquence held in derision.

By Party papers next day,
Arguments each growing weaker,
Fuzzling as riddles to me;
I never trouble the SPEAKER—
Why was I ever M.P.?

Back to the bores, and obstruction,
Back to the rage it reveals;
Some birds can live upon scraps,
I must die twice for my meals.
Here is the old hurly-burly,
And is the world I most dread,
Why was the Session so early—
Why was I ever M.P.?

WHERE IS HE NOW?—Mr. PARKER has equalled Sir BOYLE ROCHE's celebrated bird, as he is in two places at once, being a prisoner at the bar in Dublin and a Member of Parliament at St. Stephen's. But what's the use of going on with the play of *Hamlet* when *Hamlet* is left out? Better postpone the performance which tends to become a mere farce.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Thursday, January 6.—I have often heard people talking in at 45, Fleet Street, say that the House of Commons is the pleasantest Club in London. As far as I have gone through it, I think the praise is not overdone. Everything seems very cozy, and, what is more, the Members are clubbable men. Everyone has been as glad to see me, as if I were his own brother; in some cases (Colonel Boscawen's for example) more so. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Mr. GLADSTONE, unless it were that of Sir STAFFORD NORDBROOK. They stood at the bar talking to me for some time before the SPEAKER called out. "Members desiring to take their seats, will please come to the Table." They pointed out all the historic points of the place, including the Mace, on which Dr. KENNEDY knocked his umbrella whilst he took the oath; the particular spot where Mr. FLEMING stood on one leg, and shook his feet at the Prime Minister, and the pathway, along which the matting is worn out by Mr. BRADLAUGH's footsteps, as he walked up to the table demanding to take the oath, and meeting refusal. Also, they pointed out the celebrities of the place, and I noticed that whilst Mr. GLADSTONE was particularly anxious to draw my attention to Lord RAYNOLPH CECIL, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. GOSSET, and one or two gentlemen on the left of the SPEAKER, Sir STAFFORD seemed to find more interest in Sir WILFRED LAWSON, and some other Members below the gangway on the Liberal side, who I believe occasionally prove a thorn in the side of the Government.

"Give you a day's sport with the hares and rabbits," said Sir WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW, as he passed us on the way to the Treasury Bench, on which he sits so large a space.

"Thank you, Sir V.," I replied with a wink, "I'll wait till close time."

It was not long before I was personally made acquainted with Lord RAYNOLPH CECIL. He came up to me immediately after I had shaken the SPEAKER's paw. He said he had observed that the

Leader of the House, and the titular Leader of the Opposition, had brought me up to the Table; which was very right, he said, though perhaps it had been just as well, in this case, if the established rule had been stretched a little, and three Members had taken part in the ceremony of introduction.

"We are all proud of you, Toby," he said, "and it would have been well if effect had been given to this feeling by the real Leader of the Opposition publicly associating himself with your reception."

I thought this was very nice indeed. But I presently discovered that it was intended to cover a little scheme which this astute young man had elaborated. In brief, he wanted me to join the Fourth Party.

"The fact is, Toby," he said, "I feel the need of a right-hand man. WOLFE is very well in his way, but he is a bit heavy. GOSSET is not good form, and I never hear him speak in the House of Commons but I expect next morning to receive a bill of costs, beginning: 'To attending and receiving your instructions to go to GLADSTONE'S

6s. 8d.; to attending at House of Commons, and asking whether it is true that, under the present Administration, Dockyard men are to be numbered like convicts, 6s. 8d.!

"SALTO RO, don't you know? Then NORBORTH is a nice young man, and has an uncle. But he is so lady-like in his manners, and drives a nice man by sitting on his shoulder-blades, with his legs more than half-way across the House. I want a fellow like you, Toby, who will—"

"HARRINGTON," I said, "you have spoken frankly to me, more particularly about your nearest friends, and I will be equally plain with you. You are a nice young man, clever and amusing, perhaps more amusing than clever. You have hit upon a new thing, and deserve to profit by it. Men who kick over the traces are common enough on the other side of the House. The new delight you have given to be the spectacle of an undisciplined Turf, but he will not spit upon a new thing, or command, and who snaps his fingers at his Captain. I cannot join yours or any other party in the House, for the sufficient reason already explained by PUNCH. I am a Tory myself."

"CAUTION ON THE MAR."

I am the Fifth Party. But if I were to be numbered about for alliances, I would not join you. You won't last long, HARRINGTON. You are rather funny than witty—more impudent than important. The joke of your setting up to lead the great Conservative Party tells by reason of its supreme absurdity and by the central spectacle of a good man like HARRINGTON NORBORTH struggling with the adversity of your existence. That joke will fall by-and-by. The Conservatives will see that you are doing for them what is being continually done by ardent young men on the Liberal side, who are always striving to break up their party. You don't come within a thousand miles of the civility of Lord and are not nearly so clever as poor HARRINGTON, and you know how he became. When your side comes back to power, you will probably be gagged with an Under-Secretaryship, and will become even so than roystering spirits of an earlier age—CANTONMENT and JAMES LOWRYMAN."

"CANTONMENT" went off without saying a word. I fancy he was baffled. I cannot imagine what he had to bear his opinion. I do not wish to give to too hasty opinion, but, to tell the truth to myself, I must admit that I found the other proceedings of the day a little dull. Just before two o'clock I was contemptuously passing the Octagon Hall, when I heard behind me a great shout and the rush of many feet. The speech was repeated, and a line of police kept a crowd of people back. Of course as a Member, though not yet sworn in, I was privileged to walk inside the ropes. I had been told about something which happens on the Derby Day when a dog innocently strays across the Course, and I confess that when I heard the shouts and saw the people staring at me, a sickening sensation crossed my mind.

But presently I saw the STRAKER coming along in wig and gown, and behind him a stout, pleasant-looking gentleman, with shapely legs, carrying a gold stick on his shoulder. Now I saw what was the matter. He had stolen the handle, this pleasant-faced gentleman, and this carrying vessel behind him would presently come up with me, and assuredly could I not join the Party of Law and of Order, and nip him by the calf? It was well I did not follow my natural generous instinct. A nice start for a new Member to be found with his teeth in the left leg of the Sergeant-at-Arms!

No, I was quite wrong. This noisy, ranting crowd was only the Commons of England, presided by the STRAKER and MARSHALL, crossing the Hall to hear the Royal Speech read by Commission in the House of Lords. Royalty itself was not there, Royalty very wisely preferring Osborne and leisure to Westminster and business. Instead of Royalty there sat on the bench before the Throne five of the oldest objects I ever saw out of a pantomime. They were dressed in red cloaks rather like the women of Gloom. The cloaks were slashed with ermine, and on their heads they carried each a cocked-hat. These they were always taking off and putting on, sometimes severally, occasionally all together. It was a pretty show, and doubtless has something to do with the British Constitution.

At night we had a good deal of talking—something about Greece, a favour of Mountbatten, a touch of the Transvaal, and all the rest of Ireland. I was astonished to see GLADSTONE and STAFFORD NORBORTH, who had been so pleasant together as we stood chatting at the Bar, now only the breadth of the Table off tearing each other's hair; I [added from NORBORTH'S observations] (which were rather long) that GLADSTONE had done more than any other man with a fancy for Afghanistan to Athlone; and I was sure from GLADSTONE'S reply

that NORBORTH would have done the same, or even worse, if he had had the opportunity.



"WE NEVER PERFORM OUT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS."

I was disappointed with the Irish speaking. There was a great deal of it, but it was doubtfully dull. Where through those long speeches were the humour, the wit, or the eloquence which I have heard are parts of Irish speech? A person named FERRIS spoke for nearly an hour in a style I have not been accustomed to hear, though it is true I belong to an earlier development of race. A sullen hatred of England and of all things English burned through his speech. Yet to me was a penny the worse, or indeed seemed to pay my attention. The only thing English that Mr. FERRIS loves is the English language, over the shorter syllables of which he lingers with a touching affection. As he would say, "be re-ger-ter-to-re-linguish" his hold on his shortest syllables. This has an odd effect, undesirable because it lengthens his speech.

The speech of the evening [was delivered from the Gallery. It was brief and to the point, and why the Hon. Gentleman should have been so promptly and ignominiously expelled passes my comprehension. Perhaps, like SIR HARRINGTON GIFFARD when last elected he came up to be sworn in, he had forgotten to bring his papers with him.

On Friday the LORD MAYOR and Corporation in their robes reviewed us with a little bit of colour, and then came the debate on Irish affairs, when FERRIS was present and FOSBERG firm.

"All right up to now," but can't report progress.

FROM THE RANKS.

II.—"A Weather-Eye."



sir's it "Bika," Sir, as I was to palver about to-day? Well! I could go on upon that subject till doomsday, and not have done them. A Galley won't be a wary fowl, and a shrewd judge of character, and be able to reckon people up straight-off while they're getting in, and make no mistake, and give me on a clever jockey does his horse, giving way a trifle, then giving his rein a sharp twist. It's the young drivers that get into rows, and lose their tempers, and get had up before the look for abusive language. An old stager never loses his temper—

—he knows his way about, and can tell at a glance what line to take. When my oldest takes to driving, I shall draw up a set of rules for him like that post-did, who wrote letters to his son about manners. I shall say to him, "Never carry a lady, or a pair of ladies, if you can get a gent; for ladies nuzzle their heads affable-like, but they always try to cheat you in the end, and if you object, sing out like one o'clock for the sappers—that's the police—and kick up a hobbley. Ladies have no compassion for a poor man with a family, for they always think they're being done. Never let anybody get out [I



shall tell my hopeful at the Burlington or Leather Arcade without paying, but even if he's a Bishop in gaiters, the money's short, and the Arcade has two entrances as are tempting to save a shilling. Never run up bills with anybody, or open accounts, except with young Gentlemen. Encourage them as much as you like, for they grow up at having to part with gold out of their pockets, but two or three pounds more or less on a cheque doesn't rattle their feathers. Be suspicious of country persons, for I've taken many a bad half-crown from a parson. Ho! cheer—cheer, and don't know bad money from good."

The worst bill I ever got, was once when I took a Lady and a Gent to Croydon. It makes me feel all goose-skinny when I recall that humiliating day! It was a youngish gent, with cheeks like apples, and a middle-aged lady. I was driving a shoful then, and peeping down the trap, I saw her cuddling him drowsal, and putting his hands, while he sighed and looked pensive, betwixt her neck the girls, and up-and-down. When we got to Croydon he woke up a bit, and seemed more cheerful, and ordered a private room, and a nice little dinner, and then came into the stable to have a chat with me. He was an uncommon pleasant gent, with a sweet voice, and white hands, and a manner as if to say, "Tho' I'm your better, yet you're a fellow-man, and I won't treat my species like dirt." So we got on first-rate, and he asked me what I thought of the Lady, and when I said she was a crummy bit of goods, he laughed in a quiet way, and grew less green about the girls, and invited me to dine with 'em. I tried to excuse myself, for I know my place. Gents have objections asked me to pick a bit, social-like, but I don't find at home with ladies, somehow. But, however, he would have it so, and to make a long story short, we had a nice dinner and some cham., and dessert,—pineapples and expensive things, all topping—a grove quite jolly. And the Lady said the next week was going to marry her as soon as he could settle up some business as bothered him, and he looked grave and green again at that, but didn't deny it, and I wished 'em joy, and then he passed the bottle. And then he had a smoke (shilling cigars) and a stroll, and came in again for tea, and while the Lady was making the tea, the Gent went away for a minute. I didn't think much of that at first, but the tea grew cold and the Gen nervous, and then I went out to look for him. Imagine my surprise and horror! Here was a kettle of fish! He'd bin and borrowed a saddle, so the horsekeeper said, and, leaving a note, had gone off on my pony. I took the note up to the Gen, and she laughed right away. "What a scoundrel!" In the note he said that he was obliged to fly the country, and had chosen to take the train at a distance from town, because his constabulary was all watched. And as he'd borrowed my horse to ride upon, he said, but (as exchanges was no more) had left me the Lady instead, as he didn't think, on consideration, he was worthy of such a blessing, and he'd noticed as I selected her.

I'm your judge of the mess I was in. Miles away from London, with a middle-aged Lady in hysterics, and a cab and no horse to draw it, and a swinging bill for dinner and private room, and champagne, and what not,—and only tea—and-expense between the two of us! That was a lesson to me, Sir. But they don't catch me again at the same game.

Respectfully yours,
T. H. (alias TOMMY THE TOPP).



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL-BOY.

Mamma. "I AM DEEPLY DISAPPOINTED WITH YOUR REPORT THIS TERM, GEORGE! WHEN, AT YOUR AGE—THIRTEEN—DEAR PAPA HAD TWO TOP SCHOOLMANS; AND A FEW YEARS LATER HE WAS SENIOR WRANGLER!"

Dear Papa (winking out of stage). "YES, MY BOY, AND IF I'D BEEN A LATE DUTCH BIRD YOU'D SINGLE HAVE GROWN TO HEADS OVER SIX FEET IN HEIGHT, AND FORTY-SHORT INCHES BROAD VERT CHEST (AS YOU WOULD); AND BY THIS TIME I SHOULD HAVE BEEN LORD GREAT JUSTICE AT LEAST (AS YOU MAY, IF YOU ONLY GO ON); WHEE—WHEE—"

[Sings heartily, and relapses into stage.

THE LOWER-HOUSE MAID.

It appears, from a recent announcement in the *London Gazette*, that "the situation of Housemaid in the House of Commons" has been "added to Schedule B of the Order of Council," but that no applicant will be required to pass any particular Civil Service Examination. This is an advantage, for the duties of the post are distinct and peculiar. The sooner, therefore, some such paper as the following is issued, with a view to qualification, the better:—

1. How do you answer a Division bell?
2. If ordered by the SPEAKER to get him some beer, would you object to fetching it yourself from the bar of the House?
3. If you have been in a situation where you have taken your meals with the Governess, do you think you can conduct yourself properly if you have to dine with the Under?
4. Can you, if requested, make a Cabinet pudding? If so, do you mix it on the notice-board, or serve it with the Mess?
5. Ministers have sometimes to be whitewashed. Describe how you would set about cleaning the great.
6. Can you keep a Sergeant-at-Arms at arm's-length?
7. You will not be expected to entertain the politician in the Lobby. Reconcile this with the conduct of a Governess, who expects fellows.
8. Do you object to Irish Members?
9. The House is in the habit of adjourning for the Derby. Is this the day you would select for the Sweep?
10. Are you sufficiently good-tempered to put up with the Cross benches?
11. When private Members call with their "little bills" at inconvenient moments, what answer would you give them?
12. Is the umbrella-stand the proper place for a Government Whip? If not, what is? Answer the above questions carefully, and lastly, say whether you are prepared to fill a situation where everything is noticed, and a couple of tellers are continually employed on the establishment.

Original from

THE GREAT HEASTERN RAILWAY AND KIPPING FOREST.

HEAVEN made the country, and the Arch-bishop equity of man's happiness planted it with "Scotch-detached Villas." That no "speculative builder" has been hanged at the entrance of one of his hideous settlements, may be due to the forbearance of the multitude. Wherever there is a spot of beauty within reach of London, the covetous hand of the demon is stretched out to grasp it. To-day High Beach is threatened—tomorrow it will be Burnham Beeches, and the next day the small remaining portion of Hampstead Heath.

The Corporation of London, once the opponent of forest annexation, is now the ally of the Great Eastern Railway, which wants to make High Beach "more accessible." Who are the land-jobs at the bottom of this scheme, or the squatters in "eligible mansions," who wish to have a railway running into their bedrooms? Mr. HAYDON, who deserves so well of the people for his work in Kipping Forest, must look to this also. People who are afraid to walk or drive two miles in all weathers, should live in Harley Street, Grosvenor Street, Victoria Street, or some other London pent settlement,—they are not fit for foresters.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—Gout from Gluttony.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 14.



FLOWERS OF "CULTURE"; OR, A SWINBURNE-JONES CUTTING.

PROVERBIAL REFORM.

The weekly Bills of Mortality present, at the conclusion of the last and beginning of the present year, a great decrease of the average death-rate. Hence is inferred the fallacy of the old saying that "a good Year makes a fat kirk-yard." It would seem rather that a mild Christmas makes a thin cemetery. How many more of our good old people will have to be removed in this way? "A stitch in time costs nine." "The worm picks up the early bird." "Late to bed and late to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." The observance of this rule would probably make him so wise that he would alter his mode of life within six months. "Waste and never want." "Nothing venture, nothing have." "What is one man's meat is another man's medicine." "Every one to his liking, as the young man said when he kissed his partner under the mistletoe." "No smoke without a fire." "It is not the work speaks." May those be regarded as examples of the amendments which progressive enlightenment will require to be made on the alterations we have hitherto fondly imagined to express the wisdom of our sagacious ancestors!

MARITAL NOTE.—(By an Antiquary.)—The Art of Illumination was brought to perfection just exactly when it was most needed—i. e., in the Dark Ages.

THE GROS-VENEUR GALLERY AT A GLANCE.

(By Our Artistic Critic.)

PAINTING and decorative designs "by Living Artists" on view daily. This announcement outside was a great attraction. "Living Artists!" All alive! Walk up! Walk up! Being such an artless thing, I expected to see the "Living Artists" actually at work—perhaps like those of *France* gentlemen who execute the most brilliant decorative designs on our street-pavements—on a side, by the way, which seems to have struck some of their more fortunate aesthetic brethren of the trunk whose works appear on the walls of the Gros-veneur Gallery. I was disappointed. There were no "Living Artists" at work, and I regret to see that one of the "living artists" is described in the Catalogue as "The Late Mr. So-and-So"—as my readers can see for themselves.

So new for the pictures and walk round. Nothing new from No. 1 to No. 25, when your attention must be arrested by

No. 26. "Cypria," painted by a foreigner, G. DUBUË, which might be appropriately translated into English as *Da Huff*. Pass on to

No. 27. *Break Fast*. J. WHITE. Dedicated, of course, to Sir W. V. HAMBROCK. Were there a few more of such landscapes by Mr. WHITE and G. G. we would not be over-Whitened by them. It should be hung next to Mr. KIDNEY'S, No. 52, a doting dance, as the beholder might make him jump up and show as if those legs really belong to his body or not.

No. 28. *An English Landscape*, J. W. NORRIS. South by North probably. Judging by the eccentric perspective, and the horse evidently painted from a horse's point of view in the leather-tracks stable.

No. 29. *Twilight*. E. WALKER COOK. Wake Cook by all means, for this is sleepy enough.

No. 30. *Battle and Skatboard*. E. T. POTTER, R.A. Slippery marble floor, and lots of *bric-à-brac* about. There'll be an accident with this one or there never. The girl is striking, but not so striking as the marble columns.

No. 31. *The Parting*. F. R. MORGAN, A.R.A. Two such very watery-colour persons, that a good storm would wash them right out of the clerical landscape.

No. 32. *Morning in Tuscany*. Miss E. JACKSON. It would

be rude to suggest a lady's age, but, judging by this work, it might be quite five and a half, if not a little more. Good for a beginner. Hope somebody will give the young lady a new box of paints as a New Year's present, and take away her toy horses and toys.

No. 34. *As it Fell upon a Day*. H. BATEMAN. *Petit Prix de Calcutta* Medal. (Not the *Grand Prix de Harwell* which is reserved for works of more profession.)

No. 35. *The Gentle Craft*. C. G. KILMURCH. Girl fishing for compliments. No craft in sight, and the gentle is invisible,—so why the title?

No. 36. *Love's Leap, on the Dart*. Devon. W. H. MANN. Neatly point to drop on the Dart. No fall is shown—only a river. No. 37. *A Nervous Colic*. J. M. DENNIS. Good, sketchy, or half done.

No. 38. *Early Morning*. De laud. H. H. COX. Belshazzar is evidently a misprint for "Breakfast."

No. 39. *On the Eve, Yorkshire*. T. OSBORN, who has also painted No. 238, *Near Asparagh, Yorkshire*; or *Orv another!*

No. 40. *Cearly George*, and No. 328, *Margaret Bore George*. A. STOKES. See only *George!* I do. Margaret Bore George by all means, and then go into the next room and burn Jones.

No. 41. *Even*. Miss L. V. BLANDY. Charming flowers of speech. But, my dear lady, excuse me, "I rise," not "I rize." However, *Genius* is above finances.

No. 42. *The River Male*. A. MORLEY. Will he give to his companion, *The Water Rat*.

No. 43. *The Minister*. F. J. SKILL. What's in a name? Skill. It is also shown in the picture—I mean in the signature.

No. 44. *Corle Castle*. J. C. ROBINSON. A black and white dose, Corle no more. ROBINSON.

No. 253. *Stanzas in Green*. G. F. WATTS. Well, of all—two mere dashes, their presence here only to be explained by a probable extract from a possible letter—"Haven't time to send more. Dashed off in a jiffy. Call 'em whatever you like. Stop—why not *Stanzas in Green?* Sounds well; and my studies in *Green* are quite as valuable as my paintings in (O!) Yps. G. F. WATTS, R.A."

Then we come to the Burns-Joneses works.

No. 326. *A Sea Nymph*. Intended probably for a picture outside a cucumber where a real live Mermaid was being exhibited, but rejected by the Proprietor, as calculated to injure his property.

No. 328. *A Wood Nymph*. A wooden nymph; stamped!

Those two and *Capit's Hunting Ground*, of course, obtained the *Grand Prix* de *Honour*.

Mr. BURKE JONES has been hard run by other competitors, including Messrs. HOLLAND, WALTER CRANE, and RICHMOND.

No. 331. *Design for a Frieze*. WALTER CRANE. One young person asked between two others in noisy despatch. It's more like a "Design for a violent chill" than "for a Frieze."

What a reaction there will be on the part of these children, when they grow up whose nurseries have been covered with these semi-aesthetic wall-papers all about *Boj Blue, Bo Popo, and Song of Sappho!*

No. 367 and 368. *Decorative Panels*, by J. MUCKLEY are admirable.

No. 359. *Coloured Designs for Mosaic in the House of Lords*. E. J. FORTNER, R.A. Will probably be introduced there when some eminent Mosaic is raised to the *Ferrara*.

I haven't patience for any more Grosvenor Gallery. Farwell, BREKE JONES & Co. I leave you there, and take a little Holiday—which is quite enough for me.

PLAYERS AND PAYERS.

II. "FLOWING FEES."

SIR—there is another grievance, not wholly unaccounted for, Mr. MACKENZIE would have said, with the pocket, which I look on as altogether monstrous, and without the shadow of an excuse. And here, I think, even Sir GURNEZ himself may go with me: for I have a notion, that, though his great Patron, GEORGE THE FOURTH, of pious memory, he may once not have so easy, and how large, are the cheques to which he subscribes his august name, he has a fond regard for his small change. The grievance I allude to, is that series of petty extortions, which may be generally classed under the head of Fees.

Let it be in fairness allowed, that at many of what we are vaguely accustomed to style our best theatres—using the phrase, I suppose, in the same sense as we talk of a Drawing-room, where there are always to be found the best people—at many of these, I say, this inquisitorial tax has been wisely abolished. The little High-and-Mitey, as it was the first to set one bad example as did KEATS of old, over his little High-and-Mitey, as it was the first to set one bad example as did KEATS of old, over his little High-and-Mitey itself, also not Lancelot, but another—at all these places of entertainment, this vile custom is honoured only in the breach. Here the victim is not subjected to slow tortures, but he is not slighted, either, as a man. He pays his half-guinea, if he can, and, as *Banquet* observed on a somewhat different occasion, this ends it.

But what are these among so many? The happy nature, all the world over, to copy only too faithfully the bad example of our model; the bad example that the leading Managers have set, has been followed by their less splendid brethren with



EDUCATION.

Lady (paying her Christmas Milk-Bill, complains of the institution of the Carrier). "AND I SHALL BE OBLIGED TO WITHDRAW MY CANTON IF IT CONTINUES!"

MILKMAN. "I'M REALLY VERY SORRY, MA'AM, AND I'LL ENDEAVOUR THAT IT SHALL'VE YOURS AGAIN. BUT YOU SEE, MA'AM, IT'S THEIR INSURANCE—(Coughs hoarsely.)—NOW, YOU AND ME'S EDUCATED—EDUCATED PEOPLE WOY'N' CARRY MILK—AND SO WE 'AVE TO EMPLOY THE LOWEST SORT!"

a unanimity that would have delighted Mr. Puff's heart, but the good has been eschewed with equal resolution. These latter have raised their prices, but they have not abolished their fees. Even at the Phoenix, which has sprung from its old ashes, a remarkably smart bird, and which has its own little band of Education, though selected, I am afraid, for a lower remove, this hateful custom still flourishes. I say it is a vile practice; what Policeman X. would most justly have styled "a inquisitorial Jobb." And what makes it vile still, is that it has been commonly entrusted, with a *faux pas* cunning, to the hands of lowly women, against whom no man, though persecuted beyond all control, may venture to lift his hand, save it is for the purpose of getting sixpence in fees. To be plundered under the guise of courtesy, with a smiling face, and a pretty welcome—this is too impudent a job!

Let us take the little *Banquet* Theatre down in the Strand as an illustration. Heaven forbid that I should "take" a Theatre at all—I mean let us visit it and observe. Well,—

having dispersed your half-pence, and made your way through the crowd of Gilded Youth—a little rabble, perhaps, some of that gilding new—who are wangling over the rival charms of Miss BOLLINGBROKE, Miss LOCKIE, or Miss CARPERDOWN, you mount the stairs amidst anticipation of the "unprecedented success" you are about to witness. As you reach the lobby a horde of smiling damsels comes forward to greet you. "Pretty creatures!" you murmur—I am supposing that you are for the nonce, Sir, a bachelor—and are much touched by the compliment. Poor fool, you are soon undeceived. With outstretched hands and hungry looks these beseeching daughters of the Harp—Loch are round you. One thrusts a programme into your face, and demands a shilling. Another requests you to hand over to her your hat, coat, stick, goodness knows what, and as the stalls at the Bandbox would scarcely be considered roomy by General MITTS or Mademoiselle ZARATE, you probably in your ignorance consent to be relieved of these encumbrances—and of more exigencies.

Consider, my dear Peterkin, for a moment seriously. Suppose you decide on treating yourself and Mrs. P., with young Hopeful, home for the holidays, and pretty Miss F., still radiant from the triumphs of her first ball, to a visit to the Bandbox, or any one of the theatres for which the Bandbox may stand for a specially uncomfortable sample. First come the heels, four or half-a-dozen a-piece, two guineas; programmes,—though on pleasure bent, I know you are of a frugal mind, and will content yourself with two, one

shilling; attendance of the Hours at the party, say half-a-crown, and you may think yourself lucky if you get off for that; then there are the retrospectives if you choose to take them, not forgetting the waiter who never has change; and then there is the man who calls a cab, for Miss P.'s pretty shoes were not meant for the muddy streets, and Master F., in conformity with his book-marks. A very small exercise of that financial skill, for which you are so justly remarkable, will give you, my dear P., a pretty good guess at the cost of your night's pleasure.

In this matter I say the remedy is in our own hands by flatly refusing so much as a single shilling for any civility on the part of the attendants. They are worthy of their hire, no doubt, like all other labourers whatever their labour may be, but that is a matter between them and the person who has hired them, and in such a theatre as the Bandbox we already pay him more than enough to enable him to settle that little matter by himself. Whether you may flatly refuse payment for your programme I am not certain of a lawyer to decide, and possibly you may not care to have that issue tried at your own expense. But should the law prove to be against you, and Thomas, we all know, in a great way in her way, there still remains one untailing remedy, and that is to carefully scan all the theatres where these insidious extortions are still practised. You will very likely have to pay so much for entrance into those houses which have given them up; in you will certainly find greater comfort, greater civility, and, in most instances, far better entertainment.

THE COUNSEL OF PALLAS.

(A *Neo-Classic* Fragment.)

[At the opening of the New Year, information was telegraphed to the Mansion House that a statue of Pallas Victorious, supposed to be the work of FRIDIDA, had been discovered at Athens.]



"ΘΙΣ 'ΙΕΑ 'ΟΑΕ."

The Original Inscription found on the Pillars of Un-truth, at the Per-Phidias Greek States.

To whom the Goddess—? Moral, exact thou her
A well-timed counsel with a willing ear?
Pallas Victorious oved her victories quite
As much to policy as power of fight.
Hence to fall promptly, to learn alarms
Which shall the field at the shock of arms,

But Mars is a brute blunderer, coarse and crass,
E'en HOKER lines him as a blatant ass,
Ready in onset, howling in retreat,
In victory vaunting, skilful in defeat.
Take my perjurial tip, and treat him so,
He backed the Trojans, and they went to pot.
Don't fight—if you can help it. 'Twas advice
From bold MINERVA? Well, a little too
Is good in so-called love. I could urge
Young DIAMOND to valor's very verge.
What then couldst thou counsel? And yet dissemble
The God of War himself from his own trade
When Jove and Fortune frowned. I There's warmth
work

Out out for you if you attack the Turk.
Best bide your time, and let his Europe play
The part of Menon. PERICLES to-day
Would tell TRISTRAM that the Violet Crown,
Thrown as a gag too violently down,
Might get more-trampled. FRIDIDA, when he posed
Pallas Victorious, knew that in no clod
Bastardcraft with valour, pluck with patient nose;
Facts which, perchance, in London's Mansion House
May have been missed by that high Civic cove
Who read the tidings of the treason-trove
With much-awed mind and slightly muddled brain,
Hovering 'twixt *Lempriere* and *Minsing Lane*.
And though the treason-trove should prove a haze,
You'll find in Ponce your new Palladium.
A doubtful omen? Well, of this be sure,
If Pallas runs over, her saggy way may cure
More ills than ever checked by lasty wars.
And the best headship of all—starring Mars!..

† *Iliad*, Book V. ‡ *Iliad*, Book XV.

"Nigger" Emancipation.

THERE is still a prejudice against the black man in Scotland. The Rev. Mr. BISHOP, of the Free Scotch Church, Peterhead, has resigned his Presidency of the Temperance Society in that town, because thirteen members played at "Christy Minerva" at the Annual Festival. He thought they ought to have "expressed in their natural state." How few of us, even in the pulpit, appear in our natural state, and why not extend a little toleration to the harmless if dirty Christy? A man who puts snuff on his face must, at least, wash himself thoroughly after the performance, and cleanliness is the neighbour of something better than narrow-mindedness.

"Disturbed Ireland."

UNDER this title Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. publish the interesting letters written by Mr. BERNARD H. BECKER, the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*, where those letters have recently appeared. The same publishers brought out a volume about the *Belgian Riots*, which volume should be in connection—"The *Becker Riots*." Motto for MACMILLAN,—"Keep up your Becker!"

SUCCESSFUL "BOYCOTTING" AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

ACTRESS and Actors are to be congratulated on the success of *The Money-Spinner*, an interesting two-act play by Mr. A. W. PINNER.

Mr. KENDALL has scarcely been better suited than with *Lord Kensington*. Mr. HARR reveals in the *Baron Crocodile*, and never since *All for Her* has Mr. CANTON given us such an artistic performance as his *Harold Baggott*—a most unfortunate and risky name just now. Had the piece been weak and the acting indifferent, one voice from the gallery, when the old gods are not yet dead, shouting out "Boycott!" would have been fatal to the chances of a first night. Luckily no malicious duty was present, and even had he been there, the strength of the piece and the excellence of the acting, would have been too much for him.

As *Julius Fisket*, Mr. MACKINTOSH took us by surprise. The character is perhaps a trifle overcharged, but it must be borne in mind that he is placed in three distinctly strong melodramatic situations, and above all, it must be remembered that *Julius Fisket* is a Detective, and, therefore, bound by all stage rules to be perpetually "dissembling," and so to be always exciting suspicion and attracting attention. Taking this conventional view of the Detective into consideration, and remembering also that it is a French Detective who is being represented to an English audience, great allowances must be made for exaggerated action, where so much unhappily for truthful art—would be expected. Those who are familiar with M. LECOCQ, the real French Detective at the head of his profession, as drawn by GILBERT, will at once recognize what a subtle performance Mr. MACKINTOSH might have given us—for he has the power—but he and the Author only dared to brave the conventional theatrical tradition.

As it might have been, it would have been perfect; and taking it for what it is, and judging it by the usual standard, it is as good as it possibly can be. Mrs. KENDALL's *Millicent Baggott* is faultless; even her little mannerisms are neat and parcel of the character. She is the lady mentioned by the poet, who—
"Makes sunshine in a glassy plain."
And, truth to tell, the dramatic personae are very shady but indeed. But of this—more soon. An *Archie*, like KATE PHILLIPS is a strong contrast to her sister. But the vulgarity is just a little too markedly "cockney" for a young woman who has been all her life in Paris. Mrs. GILBERT MURRAY is a good international *concealer*; and the very small part of the *Father*, by a real *live* *Francis*, M. DE VANKY, is intensely appreciated by everyone among the audience who has been for at least two days in *Douglas*, and still more so by those who haven't.

And now comes the wonder—namely, that an author should have chosen such materials for a piece, have managed them so skilfully, and have had the luck to put it so perfectly played as to cause its objectionable character and its wrong moral to be not noticed in the real interest awakened by the personages in the short drama. The story briefly is this:—*Harold Baggott*, to possess his father from some difficulties (probably in Ireland as he is never seen), robs his employers. A Detective is set to watch him, discovers the felony, and the story ends.

Our artist paid a second visit to *Meister Goose*, and sends us—
THEATRICALS AT ST. STEPHEN'S.
LORD RAYNSFORD CHITRELL (by kind permission of Mr. JACOB BRIDGE) will appear in *Woodcock's Little Goose*, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



CONSOLE'S CONSOLE.



DUMINA, THE BEAUTY SPINNER, AND MULL-TENNENT, THE BEAUTY-SPINNER.



MILLY DE-WILLIAMS; OR, CHATINGS NEXT FRIDAY'S LON.

from *Lord Kensington*, her former lover now engaged to her sister, at *Archie*, and unable to do it by fair means, she cheats, and is discovered by the Detective. This leads to an all-round explanation. *Kingslake*, for her sake, makes up her husband's deficiencies; the Detective gets a "slap stick of the head" from *Baggott* for insisting that his wife cheats, never receives an apology for the violence when his charge is proved, loses his case, and is virtually kicked out of the house.

Let us take the moral worth of these characters: *Lord Kensington*, or *Kingslake*—not such a bad as he looks—while still evidently deeply in love with his old love, sees Mrs. *Baggott* express herself to her sister, and naïvely asks, "Is it very wrong to marry a person because she resembles some one else, with whom I have been, and shall always be in love?" There are not the exact words, but they convey the true idea of the motive. *Harold Baggott* may be dismissed at once as an unrepentant man, who, at the first suggestion, robs the till. Of course, the basis is weak, but the author cares very little for that, as long as he secures his strong situation. *Baron Crocodile* is simply a thorough old swindler, who is colour-blind to morality, with his eye on the main chance and his mouth to the brandy-flask. *Millicent* has all the makings of a genuine *Boddy Story*, and after being found out by her first attempt, it is impossible not to mistrust her altogether. When *Lord Kensington*, on leaving, gives her that



KENDALLER BOYCOTTING BOYCOTT—"LET ME KISS HER FOR HER SISTER."

him by *Baggott's* permission, she takes it so demurely, and has previously evinced such evident admiration for this young spouse, that no wonder her sister feels a pang of jealousy, and *Baggott* looks uncomfortable. Were there a sequel to this play, we should see the vulgar *Dorothea*—who is delighted to catch a Lord, even though she knows that he only takes her because he can't get her sister—an utterly unfit wife for *Kingslake*, whose home would be miserable, whose relations would have cut him, and who would probably go off with Mrs. *Baggott*—while *Harold*, much deeper and deeper in the mire, would play the rôle of *Raffles Cromley* when he surprised my Lord *Styve* with *Mrs. Baggott*.

All these are miserable creatures, uncapable true to nature, as were *TRACERELL'S* characters who were never quite bad all at once. The only upright honourable man in the *French Detective* who, faithful to his employers, conscientiously discharges his most unpleasant duty and suffers for it. But apart from the admirable acting, which might have earned an inferior work, the faithful portrayal of the wife's weakness under strong temptation, elicits our sympathies and makes the success.

As to the construction, easily as the action moves after the first *marocco* quart of *Archie*, yet the opening is so awkward, the explanation so broad, and the introduction of characters so abrupt, that it seems as if a pre-fatal Act, necessary to a clear understanding of the plot, had been set. This *Act* should have shown *Baron Crocodile's* gambling saloon, and presented the *Crocodile* family and the Detective to the audience.



GENERAL (ARTHUR) ROBERTS, FRANK FLORENZ, AND THE E-LCO-TAITH HELL.



THE DIFFUSION OF AESTHETIC TASTE.

Mrs. R. (after Flax in Picture-Gallery). "WHEAT IS A NOCTURNE, MR. R.!"
Mr. R. (replies). "A NOCTURNE IS—AREN'T—A—A—A SORT OF NIGHT MUSIC, I BELIEVE, MY DEAR."

Mrs. E. "THEN YOU MAY DEPEND UPON IT THAT YESTERDAY'S BLACK-AND-YELLOW ENDS WE COULDN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF MEANT THE PAGES!"

THE WRECK OF THE "INDIAN CHIEF."

OUTWARD bound in the *Indian Chief*, with skipper, and pilot, a Northern man, thirty all told from the Yorkshire coast, we sailed for the Channel, to make Japan.

Idly cold from the *nor-nor'-east*, the wind like an arrow went whistling by: The stars stood sharp by a frozen moon; and the moon stared white in a frosty sky.

And the skipper he cried, as we changed the watch, "Keep a good look-out—do you understand?"

We must strain our eyes for the bright Knock light, and clear the surf of the Goodwin Sands.

"I've sailed on a foggy night, my lad, but many a vessel has come to grief, in spite of the light of the 'Kentish Knock.' Still, here's good luck to the *Indian Chief!*"

It seemed so strange that a starlit sky, should look so calm on a seething sea; And a frazier wind never skinned the skin, or made the mast like a bending tree. We were well within sight of the Hamsgate Pier, and our course set clear of the Kentish Knock.

When the ship gave a lurch like a frightened horse, and then came a crash and a sickening shock:

We knew what it meant when, without any fuss, the skipper and pilot folded hands.

And the rockets went up in the pitiless sky—we had struck on the bar of the Goodwin Sands!

What was the use of the compass now, or sail or rudder? No treacherous reef, Could ever imprison with firmer grip, than the sands that swallowed the *Indian Chief!*

It didn't take long for the end to come, when the waves washed savagely over our deck,
 So we lighted a flare, as a desperate chance, to guide brave men to our hopeless wreck.

The pilot, the skipper, his brother the mate, and the thirty odd souls in a desperate plight. Crept into the masts in the searching cold, looking death in the face, on a New Year's night.

One by one, as the masts gave way, they dropped like birds from a frozen tree.

When the skipper, who clung to his brother the mate, went out,—"Thank God! There's the Lifeboat! See!"

We thought him mad, with his fingers stretched to a distant speck, like a floating log:

"'Tis a branch of olive!" the pilot cried, and the message is—"Hope for the *Indian Chief!*"

Lashed to their oars, in the blinding storm, out they had come in a steamer's wake.

Especially men, with never a care for a sailor's death, for a sailor's sake.

Out there followed from Clacton coast, Aldborough, Harwich, a score of hands.

When the tidings travelled,—"An English ship is breaking her back upon Goodwin Sands!"

'Twas a race for life, and the *Bradford* won! But when the boat down the tug was cast,

The sea stood in front of the Hamsgate men, as they heard the shrieks from the sinking mast.

Shouts of snamour across the waves, and cries of agony just belied.

What is the use of a Lifeboat manned, when the sea has a prize in the *Indian Chief!*

The skipper lay dead by his brother the mate, with a smile on his face for the wife at home.

And the mourning broke to the moon,—"How long?" and the endless cry,—"Will the Lifeboat come?"

But the evening closed on a conquered sea, and masts where never a sailor clings.

And they run to the end of the Hamsgate Pier, to see the prize that the Lifeboat brings.

It isn't in money, or gold, that's paid the terrible debt of the enemy sea.

But flesh and blood of a shipwrecked crew is a richer reward, you'll all agree.

Many a ship, as the year rolls on, with skipper, and pilot, and faithful hands.

Will sail from home on a winter sea, and drift to death upon Goodwin Sands.

But when the plea for the Lifeboat comes, there'll not be many to grudge relief.

To the men who survived its duty's call, and stood by the wreck of the *Indian Chief!*

JACOBINISM.

THE Member for Manchester—he should have said Manchester—presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and in consequence of the recent success of his humorous *Jeune Anglaise*, is willing to become a Sub-Jester—He should have said Sub-jester of functions slips for various M.P.'s. Includes are a few names—

Mrs. Evelyn Ashby. I have listened with attention to the soft and persuasive tones of the Hon. Member for the *Oh—ha! ha! I should say, Isle of Wight!*

Mr. Algar. An apology is certainly due from the Hon. Member for *Care—ha! ha! I should say, Cork!*

Mr. Callow. We surely have had enough of the long and monotonous rhapsodies of the Hon. Member for *Merrill—ha! ha! I should say, Leath!*

Mr. Donald Currie. To be pleasant and good-tempered to both sides is the object of the Hon. Member for *Merrill—ha! ha! I should say, Perth!*

Mr. Zedg. Of course, on a great of dissatisfaction could be expected from the Hon. Member for *Perth—ha! ha! I should say, Cork!*

Baron de Verres. I trust I shall not be considered guilty of disrespect when I say we all know the gammon of the Hon. Member for *Spincock—ha! ha! I should say, Greenwich!*

And so on, and so on! How's that, eh?

ON THE EDGE OF IT.—HELEN GARDNER has been suddenly placed by the Ports at the head of its foreign secretariat department. If this does not look like war to the knife, what's in a name?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THURSDAY Night, Jan. 11.—Straggled back to the House after dinner, and found Mr. CHAPLIN on his legs. I suppose I am not naturally tender-hearted; but I was deeply touched at the evident signs of woe with which the Hon. Gentleman had surrounded himself. He had, as it were, sat down by a window and weeping Erin, and only constant sobs upon his manhood prevented him mingling his tears with hers. Mr. CHAPLIN'S voice and figure admirably lend themselves to an aspect of woe, and he was all crape to-night. For my own part, I felt as if we, the Commons of England, were assembled at the grave-side over which had already been lowered the British Constitution, and that this was the Chaplin delivering the funeral oration.

Perhaps his remarks lost something of their force from the fact that they were not all audible. This was due to occasional bursts of emotion which swept across the tall figure attired in somber black and sank its voice to a whisper, like the wailing of wind round many tombstones. Some Hon. Gentlemen on the Ministerial benches affected to laugh; but it was a very hysterical kind of mirth. Mr. NEWBOLT produced a very large red pocket-handkerchief, and unaffectedly dried his eyes. Lord RANDOLPH CROSSLAND nervously fidget with his moustache. Mr. WATSON took prodigious pinches of snuff in a vain attempt to hide his emotion; and Mr. BISHOP wiped away the unbidden tear with the back of his cuff. As for me, after withstanding the impulse as long as possible, I threw back my head, and gave vent to my feelings in a prolonged and melancholy howl, such as you may occasionally have heard in the dead midnight night, when the rain is on the roof, and there is a newly-chained dog in your neighbour's back-yard. The Sergeant-at-Arms came over to me, and, gently leading me out, explained that that sort of thing is unparliamentary.

It seems we can make all sorts of noises save this particular one. We may laugh contemptuously or hilariously; we may call out, "Oh! oh!" like Mr. WATSON; we may grunt like the late lamented Admiral; we may pipe a shrill "Hear! hear!" like Mr. BISHOP, or emit a highly-pitched and sonorous "Yah! yah!" like Mr. MOSE; or we may even go out behind the Speaker's Chair, and caw thrice, like Her Majesty's former Judge Advocate-General. But the line must be drawn somewhere, as Captain GOSSET says; and it is fixed at rather an awkward place for me.

Mr. CHAPLIN'S touching oration was on the Amendment to the Address, which we have been debating four nights now, and appears to be a little further of the end than when we began. It seems to me the debates on Irish subjects are like the claret at the farmers' dinners. You take a great deal, but you "get no furrard."

11 P.M.—There is enormous excitement in the House. Everyone is running after everyone else to tell him. One hears the news echoing in the Hall and rumbling through the corridors.

Mr. JAMES BRISTOL has made a job!

Everyone says that the Hon. Member didn't know it, hadn't intended it, and couldn't help it. But that is just the way with a

new planet when it is discovered. It didn't mean it, didn't know it, and couldn't help it. But there it is, and astronomers watching on distant heights flash to each other the glad intelligence.

JACOB was slowly and painfully musing his Ladder of proof that creation was a very bad thing, when he had to make incidental reference to Lord HANFORD CURCHILL, who, as everyone knows, sits for Woodstock. Mr. JACOB BURTON in the continuation of the moment tripped over a syllable, and alluded to the young statesman as "the Noble Lord, the Member for Woodstock." It was not precisely a flash of wit. But there was something irresistibly comical in the last name of the young statesman as "the Noble Lord, the Member for Woodstock." One of three men whom the House most



Mr. BOSTON (in Aims?)—
"JOSEPH K. IS ALL."

dearly loved to poke fun at is Lord HANFORD CURCHILL. The conjunction coming on a dull night, one of a series, was received with hilarious gratitude, and the sorrow of a nation is temporarily eclipsed by the inveterate delight with which men dwell on what will probably hold a place in history to the remotest time as—"JACOB BURTON'S JOKE."

Wednesday.—The air is full of electricity to-day. The political atmosphere is run up, and presently we shall have rains from N.E., blowing to E., accompanied by snow and sleet. The business is beginning perhaps a little early. I am told that when Mr. GLANSTONE came into power in 1868, it was quite two years before Gentlemen below the gangway began actively to work in the direction of bringing back the Tories. I saw scarcely a year has passed, and the work is already nobly going on. There are private meetings upstairs and downstairs, and in the young ladies' chamber where tea is dispensed. The gentlemen whom everyone here calls "PETER," but who is known of Barley as Mr. RYLANDS, has been walking about with long strides, looking unutterable things.

"PETER is the stormy petrel of politics," Mr. BURTON said, just now. "Whenever I see him walking busily about the House, with long strides and right arm swinging at his side, I know there is something wrong up on the front bench but better look out."

As far as I can make things out, it's all about F. At first I thought the initial letter was intended to represent "Judge." But it is worse than that. It seems they want three F's. Why, I don't know, and have not yet been long enough in Parliament to have acquired the habit of talking on matters of which I am absolutely ignorant. What I am certain of is, that, up to now, people seem to have got along pretty well with one F. Even in China, where labour is cheap, and where they have two thousand letters in the alphabet, they have only one F. But now PETER and the rest will have three F's—or Blood and Flow.

The worry is very plainly telling on Mr. GLANSTONE. He is a great man, and can do almost everything but take matters quietly. He sits all night in his place, listening anxiously, and won't go home and be put to bed by twelve o'clock as he should. He passed me in the Corridor just now, looking five years older since the Session opened.

"TORY," he said, wearily, "what would you do if your tail tried to wag you?"

"Sir," I replied, "I would sit on it."

"That's not a bad idea," the PREMIER said, walking off with fresh vigour in his stride.

Thursday Night.—I like Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN'S Speech, as far as I can understand it. Perhaps some objection might be taken to his statistical attitude. I don't suppose HENNINGSEN was accustomed to address his countrymen with both hands in his trousers' pockets. If indeed, he were any argument that positively answered to the modern parliament. Nor was Mr. GLANSTONE ever known to restrain the force of his gestures by the limits of his pockets. Mr. BISHOP, sometimes, and Lord HANFORD CURCHILL, when speaking out a perfectly impracticable joke, has, I am told, been known to have both hands in his trousers' pockets, elegantly disposed in his coat-bell pockets. These examples, however, do not go all the way to excuse Sir PATRICK'S preference for his pocket, or prevent classic his favourite attitude.

But the Speech is the thing, and the Speech was magnificent. It was like a picture of TUNNEY, all hands and fragments of objects animate and inanimate. Regarded in detail, and with embarrassing intrusion to look up the sense of things, it was perhaps open to criticism. You begin here and finish there, and reverse the order, or in the next period, or in the furthest planet. But as no one would take a foot-rule and an Ordnance map to check off one of TUNNEY'S pictures, so none but a pedant would too curiously inquire what Sir PATRICK might mean by this emphatic and luminous speech delivered at midnight. It was possible, however, to receive such a poem as we might expect from Mr. ROBERT BROWNING if he set up his pulpit in Parliament. Sir PATRICK himself saw it all clearly. His whole figure trembled with indignation, as he denounced somebody or something. His face flushed with honest indignation as he regarded the depths of indelicacy into which something or somebody had fallen; and his listener examined his own heart to discover whether it was possibly he at whom the Hon. and eloquent Baronet, with stern visage and corrugated brow, pointed the finger of pitiless scorn.

Mr. NEWCOMEN (who, I am glad to see, has got over the effects of his little tap in the House the other night) tells me a pretty story about Lord ALTHORPE, whom he remembers, as he knows a man whose great-great-grandfather's father-in-law was in Cromwell's Parliament. It seems that one day Lord ALTHORPE, being Chancellor of the Exchequer, had occasion to make a certain statement, which he had intended to bear out by some figures he had tabulated. Copying down to the House in a hurry, he had forgotten his papers, and mentioning the necessary circumstances to the House, added that they must take his word for it that if he had his notes with him they would demonstrate his case. The House believed in Lord ALTHORPE, as it believes in Lord HARTINGTON, and at once accepted his statement.

This it is with Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN'S. Sense and executive meaning are omitted in being written. But the House listening to his rambling periods, notes his earnest manner, and vaguely sharing his moral indignation, takes them for granted, and fully believes all he is understood to have meant to say.

Saturday, 1.30.—It is over at last! The division has been taken, and by 435 votes to 57, the House of Commons has declared its preference for the Queen's Government, as against the Government of the Lord Leaguers. It has been a famous week, and, perhaps no one that I can hear of has got the three F's, we have all felt the influence of the three D's, Doleful, Drowsy, Dull. Five Mr. FORSTER has scarcely had heart or time to brush his hair, and has sat on the Treasury Bench night after night, in a condition of accumulated depression. As the three blind mice run after the farmer's wife, to conceal their own error on the misadventures of the service here, so these mysterious and omnipotent three F's have chased Mr. FORSTER through the dull hours of the week.

The joy of deliverance is shaded by the knowledge, that on Monday, as early as possible, we shall begin it all over again. Scarcely had the roar of starting members in search of what is called out of the House, when Mr. JAMES MCCABERT was on his feet, moving the adjournment of the debate with deadly intent to renew it on Monday. Everything runs in three just now, and naturally there are three Amendments to the Address; also we should have three opinions of Sir ARTHUR, which seems to answer the question, whether life is worth living. For my own part, reviewing the long hours of the week, and venturing to slightly alter the eloquent phrase of Mr. GRAY, which so delighted the House just now, I should say that three-quarters of it was certainly not, whilst one half is only partially so.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

(Continued from p. 10.)

The mightiest campaign that United Europe had witnessed for six centuries was over at last. The struggle was ended.

On they marched, the thin but heroic battalions that led a feet-night snore had sped down that self-same thoroughfare, with blithesome step and full-shouldered ranks, amid the thronging adulation of a misguided but sanguine people. It was as usual!—Then there is a terrible hush, a reverberate of the living representative of the glorious 1868, an officer with the rank of Major, whose form and glistering uniform gleams like a beacon of fame in this river of post-up fire, with head erect and brightening eye, passes between the scolding masses of his fellow-countrymen.

The only survivor! He must have fought like a lion!" cries one.

The Major, the great survivor, has faced the Presence, and received the reward. A veteran, who remembers WELLINGTON, overcomes, is speaking thickly to him. "Ha!" he said, trying to compose the nervous escape, "I see! You were not wounded: for had you been I could have kept your head here." "Keep me here, Sir!" rejoined the other, quickly—"why, Miss you, I've never been out of it! Indeed, Sir, don't you know that I'm a Parliamentary Major?" (Fall from



"PETER" FOR THREE—A
REVENUE.

"A BIT O' MEAT."

A Back-Street Ballad.

"*Buy! Buy! Here's your quality, Ladies!*" Now, were I a bit of a wife,

And not merely a butcherman's toot, I could laugh at my cry. "Pretty 'gag"; To go calling our customers "ladies," poor souls! Well it don't do to fool. I have got to be sharp as my career, and well nigh as hard as my steel.

How your heart, if I give way to pity, those "pieces" might go at a price. That would rough up old Herricks' sleek hair like a porcupine's. Eh! Don't look nice!

'Praps not in the quality eye, but the poor aren't particular, you know. You should just see the women a-swearing around 'em when prices rule low.

Wouldn't quite sell a dillnot fancy to see how they handle and sniff; Have to shout at 'em sharp pretty often; they think I'm a regular gruff; But one woman did come round me, somehow. I've never regretted it,—no, but I wouldn't have Herricks to hear it, not for the best head in the Show.

Pinched figures, pale faces, and coughs 'mongst the women I serve, aren't so rare That hers should have fetched me so sudden; but somehow her soft pleading stays.

Her thin tight-drawn shawl and clenched fingers, all trembling, and blue, and the sigh

With which she held out that three ha'pence, upset me—I hardly know why.

I suppose if she hadn't been pretty,—no 'twas all a soft corner for that. Rather rough on the dowdy ones, ain't it?—I might have refused her plump fat. "It is all I have got, every bit,—and my husband, Sir"—here she broke down.

And I tumbled quick into her basket what cost me a level half-crown.

I squared it with BRIFLES, oh! trust me, no doing the kind on the sops; But I think that the look which she gave me made up for the bit of a loss. "This may just save my husband," she said, with large eyes in which gratitude shone.

Like those of a half-starved street car when you flag him a sloop of a bone.

I saw him that evening, her husband, I mean. Such a broken-down wretch. Three months out of work, six weeks ill, and he'd pinched, so she said, for the taste (of a bit of fresh meat, after days and short commons so long. That, you know, is a longing the poor often have, stick or well, when the money runs low.

There's heaps of 'em scarce ever have it, not twice in a twelvemonth. I'm told Nature wants it in climates like ours—working hard in the wet and the cold. Well, I know Nature don't always get it, and so you may't wonder, perhaps. That their women-folk swears round our trays of what pos't I sell miscevery scraps.

They made that poor soul a rare meal. I not watching him cut it, I did: Seemed to string up those limp shrunken limbs stretched out 'neath the old coverlid.

Enjoyment? I've seen swells a-feasting, but never a sight to compare. With that bricklayer's supper of scraps in that garret dim-lighted and bare.

He did in a fortnight from that; too far gone, don't you see. Were all known "Starved to death" were a frequent veridical than some folks are willing to own. For a strong chop soon starve right enough upon sops, bread and scraps, and such like;

And when death isn't sudden or public, the crowder don't get on the track.

But there's hundreds of "natural deaths" as cheap meat might prevent, and cheap meat

Has been promised the poor pretty often; but butchers are run 'ems to best. I could tell some queer tales if I cared to. If you think BRIFLES cares one brass button,

So long as "prime" prices are fetched, how he robs the poor man of hisutton!

Foreign stuff was to bring down fine faggers, but then, don't you see, if it's sold As genuine British, top price, why the poor gets left out in the cold. Whilst old BRIFLES bags extra shiners, and chuckles at night o'er his till, And eager-faced woman must bargain for tainted block-croissants still.

Now Yanks and the Big Ship, they say, mean to lower our prices all round, And lay down prime Texas in England at something like thencepence a pound. Old BRIFLES cries "Walker!" and winks. Trade is trade, as he says, but BRIFLES fair.

And I know what "the odd copper" means too when there's only a copper to spare.

No person, Sir. You should ha' seen that poor Brisky a wailing his treat; Should know what it means, that same longing of such for a bit of fresh meat; Should see the lugged shawl and clenched ha'pence, the half-hoping gleam of the eye,

In woman for whom but too oft there's more made in the butcher's "*Buy! Buy!*"

OUR LITTLE GAMES.



VIOLETS-DE-DE.



BRIFLES.



LA GRASSE.



RUMORS.

"FOURTEEN OCCUPA PORTUM."

It appears there has been a Sanitary Inspection of the Port of London. The information comes from the *Shipping Gazette*, so it is apparent what port is meant; but why should there not be a sanitary inspection of port wine? What a fine field of labour would lie before the Sanitary Committee which undertook such a task. The revelations which it would make, would, no doubt, be painful, but the information gained could not fail to be of value. It would discover, perhaps, that such unscrupulous trifles as sugar, logwood, elderberries, litmus, beet-root and rhubarb, entered into the composition of port wine, varied with carbonates of potash, soda and lead. The flavour so much appreciated would be found to be due to tannin, and the bouquet to laural water, while the wine would give conclusive evidence of fortification with raw spirit of the lowest class, ordered by the British wine merchant, who, as a high authority states, is chiefly to blame for "all the corrupt practices pursued in the sophistication of wine."

The unhappy Committee would also discover that wassy absolutely spurious ports were in the market, which are made with a beautiful crust, which a venerable appearance is cleverly imparted to new works. Somebody must drink such counterfeits, or they would not be made, and therefore somebody suffers. It is probable also that the Committee would suffer, and the family doctor would be in request after every hour of inspection. But still we might hope to find a gradual improvement in what CHRISTOPHER NORTH called a "sound constitutional episcopal" wine; and even Sir WILFRED would hardly object to that, for he it is noted, that adulterated stimulants never yet did anything for the temperance cause.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FORTIFICATION.—As the day the King of GREEK went to the City to take up his freedom was the only day in 1869 when the Strand was cleared of its mud by the local authorities, the inhabitants would do well to get another King to go to the City. The Strand is in this therefore is as extinct as the Dodo.

Original from



THE FAMOUS PORTRAIT.

Lady Midea. "NOW FOR YOUR OPINION, DEAR!"

Ernest Raphael Spely. "YES—YOUR GARDEN SPINNS, MRS. DE TUMKINS.

Gorgina Midea, Junior. "AS A FRIEND OF BOTH PARTIES, YOU KNOW—SAY, MRS. T.?"

Mrs. Jeannette de Tompkins (sneak, as usual, to the occasion). "WELL—AS A MERE WORK OF ART, IT SURPASSES ANYTHING I HAVE EVER SEEN EITHER BY TITIAN, REMBRANDT, OR VELASQUEZ, AND WILL LIVE FOR EVER! BUT—AS A LIKENESS OF MY DEAREST LADY MIDEA, IT IS—YOU WILL FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING SO, MR. RAPHAIL?"—(The artist bows)—"A LABEL!"

[*Shouts all to dinner, in the best of spirits, and just as E. R. Spely is on the point of offering to paint Mrs. T. for nothing, Sir Gorgina gives him a Commission for two full-length Portraits of that admirable woman, one for her, and one for himself and "re Ladyship."*

LILLIPUT TO THE RESCUE!

THERE was a little man
Had a little forty shan,
Of which he was regarded as the head, head, head;
Neither Tory quite nor Whig,
Nor numerically big,
Oh, how bravely, how consummately 'twas lod, lod, lod!

This little man was young,
But he had a little tongue,
Which glided and audaciously he'd wag, wag, wag.
And his followers—there were three!—
Cheered his talk with noisy glee,
And the Universe defied their mouths to gag, gag, gag.
And the Universe looked on,
Rather tickled at the fun;
Fock-Demurgous really wasn't in it, in it, in it.
Like four Minnows amidst Tritons
Dwelt that quaint quartette of Cristinos,
And the Tritons were not troubled for a minute, minute, minute.

Then a crisis there arose,
And, as one might well suppose,
The little man that craves rose to meet, meet, meet;
Gave his looks a dexter curl,
His moustaches a tighter twirl,
And pitched his vocal pipes to accents sweet, sweet, sweet.

With one hand upon his hip,
And the other with a grip,
On his little—very little—sword of lath, lath, lath,

He thrasonically cried,

"Tithons, I am on your side;
So you needn't fear the lions in your path, path, path.
"Though you look so tall and strong,
You're good giants quite gone wrong,
And you really, really are not a success, case, case.
From your simpering and sarging,
I'm afraid that four is urging
You to measure that will land you in a mess, mess, mess.
"But there, don't you be afraid!
I am coming to your aid!
If you'll only up and do the thing that's right, right, right.
Just you range yourselves behind me,
And come on! By George, you'll find me
A much more than modern Malbrook in the fight, fight, fight.

"On! There's nothing I won't dare!
Can you hear my voice up there?
I must get a pair of stilts—yes, that's the plan, plan, plan!
Don't be frightened! Trust to me!
Why, I'll call up my brave Three,
And we four will fight for you—aye, like one man, man, man!"
Then those Titans twin looked down—
They were giants of renown—
At that perky, piggish Paladin below, low, low,
And one of them gave a puff
Of derision. "Twas enough,
Lo! the Lilliputian vanished with the blow, blow, blow!"

HINTS FOR "BLAIN'S BERKONS" (*Latest Wiggins or Turgidons Edition*).—"Caravary" not *carve*. *Reverence* is not *contious*.

Original from



THE GIANTS AND THE PIGMY.

THE LITTLE FOURTH PARTY. "HAVE NO FEAR, VALIANT SIRS!—BEAR IN MIND THAT YOU HAVE MY SUPPORT!!"



Confidential Friend (to elderly and not unattractive Epitaph). "So, DEAR, YOU'VE GIVEN UP ADVOCATING WOMEN'S RIGHTS!"

Elderly Epitaph. "Yes, I NOW GO IN FOR WOMEN'S LEFTS."

Confidential Friend. "WOMEN'S LEFTS! WHAT'S THAT!"

Elderly Epitaph. "WIDOWERS, MY DEAR!"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 3.

THE object of all education, as you are doubtless aware, is to soften your manners and suffer you not to be brutal. The kind, good, and patient reprobate, who finds the money to refine you, is under the impression that he or his children will reap the benefit of this refinement in a decrease of criminality, or rather idleness, and its consequent expenses. Let him not live and die under a false impression. Soften your manners to the consistency of pap. Never let your angry passions rise beyond the level of gentled indignation; never let your nose or less little boots, and the nose or less little feet that are in them, be found jumping on a sister or a mother. Check virily speech. Your little tongues were never formed to make disrespectful observations about each other's eyes.

I say check virily speech. I may go further, and say never use language that is not largely diluted with water. Never say you loathe a thing, when you have such a harmless word as dislike. Never call people vicious when you can describe them as faulty. Never accuse a man of impudence when you can say he has a little too much confidence; never say he is headstrong when you have such a word as venturesome. Remember that nothing is atrocious, it is only notorious; that no one is callous, he is only unamenable. Remember that no one cheats, he only begins; that no one is criminal, he is only illegal; that no one commits a murder, he is only guilty of an error of judgment. Things that coarse people would call trash, you must speak of as trifles; things that coarser people would call filth, you must speak of as dirty; things that both would call gaudy, you must speak of as glittering. Never forget that people are not fools or fools, they are simply simple; that they are not vulgarly fat, but pleasantly adipose; that not one person, but only five himself, that swarthy is softened into despatch; that live meat always be called fish, and the man who creates live must be called a slobber.

This is only general politeness, which you will show to all sexes

and all classes; in the case of ladies you are bound to be even more careful. Let me impress upon you that a woman is never ugly, she is only hammy. If she is accused of being forward, you must say she is progressive; if she go further and say she is free and easy, you must alter those words to liberal and unretrograded; and when the Post (I think it is SHAKESPEARE) insists upon giving her the name of freedom, you must alter this offensive word to imperfection. Do all you can to so regulate your speech that no one will notice or care to remember what you say, and above all, avoid the abstruse language which I am sorry to say is creeping even into most respectable journals. I need do no more than allude to the diabolical attacks which have been made in Punch on that great and good man the Duke of MONTAGU. When such an ornament of the vegetable kingdom is held up to unmerciful ridicule, we naturally ask what next, and next?—and pause for a reply.

* And may be made again.—Ed.

The Conspirators in Bombay.

WHEN the Professional Magicians employed by the Indian Conspirators failed to bring up money out of the earth by their charms—they were evidently not young lady magicians—they very wisely recommended another way of raising money, *viz.* by subscription. They would have proved themselves better conjurers had they begun with this method, which the cookery books would call "another and a shorter way."

NEW FRENCH.—"Boycotting a Landlord" is now accepted. To describe the means used to prevent citizens from serving on a jury, or to intimidate them when they do, the owners, the phrase "En-purchasing the jury" might be used. For a witness perjurying himself under intimidation, we might have as an expressive phrase "taking his Hall-a-Davit," original from

THE CORRUPT PRACTICES BILL.

SIR HENRY, you're hard on the British Elector; In future a vote will be not "worth a rap;" Of bribery you're a ferocious detector, And politicians even must turn off the tap. If this Bill should pass, a man's out of his senses, Whoever a Candidate's views may promote; Why, hang it, you won't allow any or express,— So, pray, what's the use of an Englishman's Vote?

The days are all fled when the free, independent Elector gratuitous grog would imbibe; He—re-riden son and ambly-eyed descendant Will go off to prison for giving a bribe. Time was when the Candidate's affable manners Were sought without gold, and a vote was a boon. No more can we charge for our poles and our banners, Farewell to the future to "Men in the Moon."

No more will elections be festival seasons, But dull as the water that lies in a ditch; And Members won't bribe, for the best of all reasons— Your penalties—making the poor like the rich. Oh, England, my country; in silence and sorrow I bemoan thy poor state, and your woes I bewail. I'll give up my right to the franchise to-morrow, For what's a Vote worth if it isn't for sale?

For Value Received.

FROM *The Academy* we learn that Lord SUTTON'S famous *La Virgine aux Rochers* by LEONARDO, has been secured for the National Gallery for £9,000. Bravo! Exactly one thousand less than *Esmeralda*. Lamentably not to have paid for *Esmeralda*. What will be the value of Lord BRACONSTED'S work when it attains the age of LEONARDO'S pictures? Give it up: insalubrious.

JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

As the clause concerning flagging has virtually dropped out of the Whitechapel Act, Sir V. HARRINGTON'S new Bill, into which such a clause must be introduced for the benefit of the dirty mischievous genius, might be called, for all purposes of allusion and quotation, "The Blackley Act."

OUR NEW BOGEYS.

Ours is called a Fenian; the other a Nihilist. The Fenian is the most dreadful, so he is a House or domestic demon. His water-pipes to burst, the Thames to overflow, and the gas to burn badly; he crosses the legs to choke and blind us, and the mud to spoil our clothes. He corrupts saloons and makes them abominable and overcharges us, he makes servants insolent, and theatrical attendants rapacious. He encourages the Billingsgate whoring in their dirt, and the Duke of Mironopol in his obstinacy and obstinateness. He inspires the Middlesex Magistrates with restrictive notions and contempt for *Magnus Charta* and the Bill of Rights. This may seem Anti-Fenian, but it is a peculiarity of Extremists to be a little inconsistent. He upholds the Water-Monopoly and their extravagant demands, and he stands in the way of author and fair and sensible copyright. He does all he can, in fact, to make life not worth living.

The Nihilist is a foreign demon, with a curious passion for clock-work. He is credited with many offenses of which he is probably not guilty. He is accused of placing dynamite on railways, of setting fire to Custom-houses and other outrages; and he and his brother Bogey, the Fenian, have caused the Volunteers to look sharply after their arms, and the policemen after their truncheons.

NEW DEPARTMENT AT SCOTLAND YARD.—The Criminal Investigation Department.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 15.



CAPTAIN SHAW—THE FIRE-KING.

"Through fire
I do wander everywhere,"
Missumar Night's Dream.

"Oh, did you never hear of a jolly young fireman?"—*Bullied adapted.*

A NEW IRISH MELODY.

(As Sung by the Premier.)

AIR—"Break, break, break!"
Talk, talk, talk,
In thy cold calm tones, O "P. P.!"
And I would I might utter the language
That sometimes occurs to me!

O well for Lord B. that he sits
As a Peer among the Peers!
O well for the Radical "Reds,"
With their "swappings," and
worry, and jowls!

And the stately Whigs go on
Demanding a moderate Bill.
But O for a prison for PARKELL
and DILLON,
That the Land-Laguers' voice
may be still!

Talk, talk, talk,
In thy cold calm tones, O "P. P.!"
But the tender grace of your style
just now
Shall never banish me!

A Capital Title.

A MEETING of West Kent Farmers was held the other night at Bromley in Kent, "under the auspices of the Farmers' Alliance, in support of Mr. J. B. Stanswick's Bill to amend the Extraordinary Tithe Act." This Tithe Act "imposes a tax upon improved cultivation of the land." It certainly has, in a sense, the advantage of an extraordinarily good name. As an Act discouraging Agricultural improvement, the Extraordinary Tithe Act must be allowed to be an extraordinary Act indeed! Such an Act should be amended altogether.

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

(Sittings Resumed after Christmas Holidays.)

THE BRADLE.

Our Commissioner, FRAY, Sir, what are you?

Bradle. I am the Bradle of the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders.

Q. C. What are your principal duties?

B. They are so numerous as to be rather difficult to describe.

Q. C. More numerous than important, perhaps.

B. That, Sir, will be for you to judge.

Q. C. Describe some of them.

B. I have to deliver all notices of meetings to the Master, Wardens and Court of Assistants, and occasionally to the whole of our Livery.

Q. C. But could you not send them by Post?

B. It has never been the practice of the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders to employ mere Postmen, except in very extreme cases.

Q. C. And why not, for goodness' sake?

B. We shouldn't consider it consistent with our dignity.

Q. C. Ah, I see. Proceed.

B. I live at the Hall, and have to see that it is kept in proper condition, and the rooms prepared for all customary meetings.

Q. C. Don't you keep any servants then?

B. Oh, yes, plenty of 'em, but I superintended them.

Q. C. Proceed, Sir.

B. I have to arrange with our Contractor for our various State Banquets, and to act as waiter on those important occasions, so as to be able to touch, from actual experience, that the early peas, the early strawberries, the early sparrows, and the early grapes, are what they profess to be.

Q. C. Dear me, that must be a very trying duty.

B. It is so, Sir; but it is a duty from which I never shrink, and

never will. Why, I have sometimes paid as much as two guineas a pound for grapes, so I am obliged to see we are not imposed upon.

Q. C. Two guineas a pound for grapes!

B. Yes, but they were remarkably fine, and a Royal Dock even praised them.

Q. C. Did he indeed! What else?

B. I have to get the cheques changed into 25 notes and half-crowns for the Court's Fees.

Q. C. Why in that particular form?

B. They each receive a 25 note and two half-crowns. It used to be the custom to put the half-crowns into the Poor Box, but, some time ago, one of them moved that 250 should be put in at Christmas, out of the Company's Funds, instead of the half-crowns, so now they wrap them up in their 25 notes, and quietly pocket the lot.

Q. C. From what I gather from the Master and from you, the Company seems to have an enormous income.

B. Fortune has smiled upon the Worshipful Bellows-Menders.

Q. C. So it seems. Can you give me any special case?

B. Yes, Sir, I can. The one Member of our Company whose name we reverence above that of all other men, is STACY STACY, who, as I have often heard our Reverend Chaplain say, "is the true spirit of a patriotic Bellows-Mender" left us £20,000 "to enjoy ourselves," and, as our Worshipful Master would say, we devote every shilling of it in accordance with the will of the pious Donor.

Q. C. No doubt of it.

B. We held a Grand Festival on St. Simon's Day every year, and drink in solemn silence to his pious memory. On one occasion, I remember, when we had a rather unlearned Master, he made a curious mistake, and actually proposed the health of St. Simon!

Q. C. Some of your Masters are, I suppose, what are called self-made men?

B. Yes; but I always take charge of them at dinner, keep them straight with the Toasts, and never leave 'em till it's all over.

Q. C. Have you any singular customs in connection with your Company?

B. Well, we have one that is rather strange. One of our Liverymen, who lived in the reign of that most religious and gracious Monarch, King HENRY THE EIGHTH, of blessed memory, wishing to show his extreme repugnance to the unnatural custom of Fasting, left a certain sum of money to the Company, the interest of which is to be devoted to a magnificent Banquet to be held during Lent, and it is certainly one of our very best, though we do call it our "Lenten Entertainment." Ah, Sir, men adopt various ways of showing their pious opinions; but where, I should like to know, outside a Livery Company, would you find such a combination of earnest zeal and a capital dinner?

O. C. Is there no distinction whatever made on this rather unusual occasion?

B. Oh, yes; we are rather particular in regard to the music. We draw the line at Comic Songs.

O. C. Ah, well, that's something. Pray what is your Salary?

B. Something under £200 a year.

O. C. Any perquisites?

B. A few fees of quite insignificant character.

O. C. Are you boarded as well as lodged?

B. Oh no, certainly not; but the Court always have a spacious Lanch, after their frequent meetings; and it would be considered derogatory to return any portion thereof to our Contractors.

O. C. Ah, I see. I should think upon the whole yours must be a particularly comfortable position.

B. I make no complaint, Sir. I am one of those fortunate men who are easily satisfied. I seek no change, for it might be for the worse. I do my duty as a Herald. I enjoy my rights as a Liverymen of London, and I have my full reward in a clear conscience and a good digestion.

O. C. You may retire.

[He retires triumphantly.]

A BRADLAUGHABLE AFFAIR.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S decisive refusal to accept M. LAMONT'S challenge before the moment, terminated the "incident," the following further correspondence on the subject may be confidently expected:—

GENTLEMEN,

If the difficulty is Mr. BRADLAUGH'S modesty in naming a couple of friends to represent him, we write to say that we shall all be delighted to act in that capacity, and are prepared to arrange for a meeting on any terms forthwith.

We are yours, &c.,

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY THREE
MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GENTLEMEN,

We were confident that chivalry was not dead in your great country. On what terms do you propose that the encounter shall take place?

Be assured, &c.,

CAMILLE PELLETAN, Chief Editor of
"La Justice."

LOUIS GUILLET, Deputy of the *Idre*.

GENTLEMEN,

As the provocation seems to us, we frankly admit, to have been most grave, we should suggest *butcher's Antelope* for us to *Arms-and-Lie*: the duel to take place in a *driving-bell*, in the dark.

We are yours, THE TWO HUNDRED, &c.

GENTLEMEN,

Though at present unfamiliar with this method of conducting an *Chair* on



DISPLACEMENT.

Old Gentlemen (Military man, *ghost of the Spain's*, conversing with smart-looking Youth).
"WOUNDED IN THE GUINEA WERE YOU? BOLDY!"

YOUTH. "THE BULLET HIT ME IN THE CHEST, BROTHER, BUT AS' CAME OUT AT ME BACK!"

Old Gentlemen. "THE BULLE! COME, COME, FINE, THAT WON'T DO! WHY, IT WOULD HAVE GONE RIGHT THROUGH YOUR HEART, MAN!"

YOUTH. "OCH, FAIX ME HEART WAS IN ME MOUTH AT THE THROCK, BROTHER!"

honour, our principal is so keenly sensible of the insult passed on him by Mr. BRADLAUGH, that he is prepared to wipe it out in the manner you indicate. Be good enough to inform us when you propose the encounter should take place, and

Be assured, &c., CAMILLE PELLETAN.

GENTLEMEN,

At the very earliest moment possible. Thanking you most sincerely for your kind assistance in this matter.

We are, THE TWO HUNDRED, &c.

LEGAL RECEIPT.—How to make a Lord Chief Justice of Queen's Bench.—Take a Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas, and a Lord Chief Baron; mix well, roll into one, and serve as a Lord Chief Justice of Queen's Bench.



DIGNITY.

Prattly Coats. "WELL, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE WOODFORD, BERRY?"
Bob Sander (Gentlemanly Caled). "OH, IT AIN'T BAD!"
Prattly Coats. "AND WHEN DO YOU GO BACK?"
Bob. "A-AT WOODFORD WE DON'T GO BACK,"—WE-A-JOIN!"

THE AID TO CRIME.

SCENE—A *Parasitoider's* Premises.

Dramatis Personae—MR. WILLIAM SILKES, Burglar; MR. AARON SIZZO MOSES, Parasitoider.

William Silkes. Are you the pur'nor of this 'ere shop?
Aaron Sizzo Moses. Yeh, I'm the proprietor of these spathions premises.

W. S. That's right, as I've got a little job in your way; goin' to put a bit o' varnish up the spout, yer know.

A. S. M. I 'speak ath' 'ow yer 're a respectable man.

W. S. Respectable! Yab, look 'ere!

[Takes a piece of roof from his pocket, by which sign the Parasitoider is made aware of the profession of his client.]

A. S. M. That's all rimes and respectable. I then you 're an 'useful man; but to business, ma 'ear—'to business!

W. S. Well, 'ere yer are. A little thing of my old 'ooman's. She got a bit tired of it, yer know, as women will.

A. S. M. Of course, of course; but hein't I then think afeer?

W. S. Never passed it afeer in my life.

A. S. M. Ah, 'eh, but, eh I know, I have then it. Vy, it's the Crown of England, out of the Tower of London!

W. S. Right you are! I saw it down there, and my old gal she like it, so I buys it for her, and now she's sick of it. How much?

A. S. M. Well, on the Crown of Hingland I might give you five pence.

W. S. All right, and look 'ere, 'ere's a shanant she!

A. S. M. Vy it's picturish, oh vet picturish. Who'th they by?

W. S. They calls him RAFFLES, those are his Cartoons.

A. S. M. And theth picturish are fourth?

W. S. No, they are my daughter's. My gal Sarah's, she took a fancy to 'em down at South Kensington, so I bought 'em for her, and now she wants summat else; so how much?

A. S. M. Well, ath you 're quite the gentleman, she two pound ten.

W. S. And it over!

TAKE CARE OF YOUR COMMONS.

MOST EXCELLENT MR. PEPPER.
 You have always found *Toby* a good house-dog, and will doubtless find him a good House-of-Commons dog. What is very much wanted in that House, is a suitable dog to do the work of a watch-dog.

The purpose for which a watch-dog is requisite in Parliament, and especially the Lower House, is that of keeping a look out on Private Bills, which very often get smothered through it to the privation of the Public.

Amongst those Bills, some of the most objectionable and injurious Bills are Railway Bills, through which Public Land is expropriated by Private Associations.

Attention is due to an alarming statement, which you may have seen, that drives Railway Companies designs to obtain Acts enabling them to annex, or encroach upon, sundry Commons in the neighbourhood of London.

In particular, Wimbledon Common is named as one of the Commons threatened by Railway Companies with spoliation. A sharp, thorough, wide-awake parliamentary watch-dog is needful to protect that most beautiful of the Commons and most valuable of the open spaces about the Metropolis from devastation.

It is to be hoped that *Toby* will not have too much else to do than keep his eye on a watch-dog on Private Bills. His two eyes are as good as a hundred, and there is no other dog equally endowed with optical organs, up to snuff, and vigilant, except indeed your Ancient Canine Friend,

CERBERUS.

P.S. Guard well against every attack on the Lungs of London; or, considered as open spaces radiant with enjoyable sunshine, we might call them, London Lights,
Chorus *Kennel, Halls House, Spireshire.*

NOT "IDLE RANSOM."

THE Prince and Princess of WALES, and a "Select Party"—(who's this?)—have been staying at Oakham. It shows a strong bias in H.R.H. the Prince towards active employment, that having so many charming country residences, sports, and pastimes to choose from, he should go into the country and pick Oakham!

LUTHERS-ARCADE.—Ireland under the Right Hon. JAMES LUTHERS, according to his own opinion.

"Mr. AARON SIZZO MOSES, the pawnbroker with whom the Crown Jewels and the Cartoons of RAPHAEL were pledged, the recent robbery of which has created such excitement and alarm, stated in his evidence that he had made every inquiry as to the character of the person who had pawned the priceless articles at his establishment. —Times Police Report.

THE IRISH JURYMEN.

TWELVE Irish Jurymen trying Princesses seven.
 One had a frightened wife, and then there were eleven!
 Eleven Irish Jurymen consulting up in a pen.
 One of them had oxen got, which left but only ten!
 Ten Irish Jurymen brought there by a fan.
 One drowned "Boycotting" if their names were but nine!
 Nine Irish Jurymen listening there in state.
 One got a threatening note, and then there were but eight!
 Eight Irish Jurymen not without some loaves.
 One had had a Landlord, then there were but seven!
 Seven Irish Jurymen sitting in a fan.
 One feared the high way shab, and then there were but six!
 Six Irish Jurymen in the legal live.
 One knew a murderer, then there were but five!
 Five Irish Jurymen springing from the poor.
 One of them half-witted, leaving only four!
 Four Irish Jurymen without to be "Three."
 One spotted treason, and then there were but three!
 Three Irish Jurymen softly whispering "Fook!"
 One looked on of it, and then there were but two!
 Two Irish Jurymen loving not the fan.
 Tossed up a halfpenny, then there was but one!
 One Irish Jurymen a verger, and then there were no!
 Nobby said "Not Gully," and was allowed to live!

N.B.—From the Banks, and "Peyson and Poyson," will be resumed "in our next."



AMATEUR PALMISTRY.

(How *Jessie* became converted to a belief in the same.)

Miss Supt. "I SEE HERE GREAT PHYSICAL COURAGE UNITED TO AN INDEN-
TERABLE WILL. BRAVE TO ACKNOWLEDGE, YOU HAVE NEVERFORN IMMENSE
SELF-CONTROL, AND THROUGH GENEROSITY TO A FAULT, YOUR FINGER MARKS YOU
CONCEAL IT. YOU HIDE A POET'S SENSITIVENESS BENEATH A RESERVE AND
SOMEWHAT RATHERLY DEMENTED, AND A REGULARLY POWERFUL INTELLECT
GENERAL YOU TO HOLD IN YOUR CHIEF FASHIONS STRONGER THAN THOSE OF THE
GENERALITY OF MEN——"

Jessie. "BY HEAVENS, IT IS WONDERFUL!"

THE CLÔTURE IN PARLIAMENT.

MY DEAR SIR,

LIKE MYSELF, you have doubtless read the report published
on the various methods of shutting up Members of the Parliaments
of the civilized countries of the world. They are all more or less
useless. Allow me to give my experiences. I have travelled much.
At one period of my life I sojourned among the Sioux Indians, to
whom I was honorably known as Paw-paw-da-ka-to, the Big Bear
with the Red Hair. They were accustomed to meet in council,
Did any member speak for more than a minute and a half—the Red
Man, I may tell you, is not given to loquacity—he was bound to a
tough stake, a slow fire was ignited round him, and his political
opponents chopped him with tomahawks. This method of repressing
verbosity and distraction was certain. Again, when I was with my
friends the Patagonians, I studied their parliamentary procedure
closely. Did any man make himself obnoxious to the majority of the
house, the majority of the house incontinently took him out and ate
him. That the adoption of either of these systems would effect a
marvellous change in the working of the Assembly of St. Stephen's
is the sincere belief of
Yours perfectly truly,

Red Lying Street, London. MANDIE MURCHISON FINTS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Men will never do that which women can do better. If you
wish to silence excessive talkers in the House of Commons, admit us.
We could talk an ordinary Member of Parliament down in five
minutes, and an Irishman in a quarter of an hour.

Yours sincerely,

LUCIA MATILDA SPOONSTON.

The Office of the Society for Pining Women
where Men Is; but Oughtn't to be.

THE DEAN OF THE ARCHES.

(A *Canzonet* for Canterbury Hall.)

JUDG' SPIRITUAL I, PENANCE,
Am posted in a special station,
Thou' bear a name, but by mistake,
Lack any local habitation.

In Lambeth Library I sit,
And there a Judgment did deliver;
But out of place was railed on that
Site by the margin of the River.

Then in a Court on t'other side,
A case within the Lords' Committee
Room, 'tis avowed, I wrongly tried
And so my own case claims your pity.

Dean of the Arches I am right,
But I've no Arch to lay my head in;
Worse than the wanderers of the night,
Who Arches find and go to bed in.

No Railway Arch for me, no dry
Arch of a Bridge can I sit under,
And so my sentence, oh be!
Get voided through a formal blunder.

And then delinquents go exempt
From penalties by me awarded,
And my committals for contempt
Contentiously are disregarded.

In the New Law Courts, much I fear,
No place for me has been provided,
Thence that I may cause hear,
And they be legally decided.

How shameful that a learned Judge,
A Lord Judge in the Land of Britain,
Should have his fate turned to fudge
Because he has no room to sit in!

Corporation Measure.

FIVE HARD FROSTS make one Fall of Snow.
Three Falls of Snow make one Street impassable.
No hundred Streets impassable make one Newspaper
Leader.

Twenty Newspaper Leaders make one Public Howl.
Five thousand Public Howls don't make one Municipal
Government move!

MY DEAR PUNCH,

THE remedy is simple. It lies in the hands of the Press.
These men don't speak for each other, but for their constituents.
Abolish parliamentary reporting, and they will be dumb. This will
be for the good firstly of the papers, which, instead of devoting
columns to dreary dreary reports of twaddling speeches, will be able
to give us pleasant articles on social life, reviews of books and music,
and lengthen their reports of the police cases.

Yours visionarily,
Layton Villa, Singapore's Wood. COPESMITH JONES.

SIR,—I am a business man. England is a business nation. Let
us start on a commercial basis. Let Parliament be conducted on the
same simple rules by which the Telegraph Office are governed, but
for the sake of convenience let Time, and Words, be the commodity
charged. Here is my scale:—

A speech of fifteen minutes before 12 P.M.	6 s. 6.
Any speech after 12 P.M., per minute	. . . 2 30 0
	. . . 1 0 0

From this rule, Sir, I should except all past and present Cabinet
Ministers. You may say that none but the wealthy will be able to
address the House. Precisely so; the man who is clever enough to
make money for himself, or having money is clever enough to keep
it, is sufficiently intelligent to help govern England, and is the man
for my money.

St. Swilkie's Lane, E.C.

JOHN SMITH.

ADAPTED QUOTATIONS.

Last Week's Winter (August).—"My name is Ab-Normal on the
Princess Hill."



UNREASONABLE!

Our Deliverance (in dismay). "Ere's the PUMP FREEZE UP NOW! AND YET IF MILK RISES A 'SPENNY A QUART, BRING PUBLIC GRINDERS!"

WHISTLING FOR CABS.

It is quite pitiful to see and hear the Club-porters whistling for cabs, which either come not or pass them by with contempt. "Whistle—and I won't Come to You, my Lord," is the burden of the Cabman's song,—the only burden he carries gratis. It is not that the roads are much worse after a heavy snow-storm than in the height of the muddy season, but snow is the one thing that thoroughly upsets official rules and regulations, Scotland Yard, the licensing system, and the beautiful hard and fast price of sixpence a-mile. The timid cabman strikes, and go home to bed; the more courageous come out, and ask a pound an hour, and get it. Government trading is bad, but Government interference with trade is ten times worse. Perhaps the Seldom-at-Home Secretary will make a note of this.

No CROCK!—Are the Fogs to be relegated to a Select Committee? What do King Coal, The Fog Fiend, Baron Bronchitis, & Co., care about Select Committees? The subject ought not to be chok'd off in this manner.

THE TALE OF THE TELEGRAPH
CLERK:—

With aching eyes and fingers worn
By private crane and public crash,
I sit and stare from night to morn,
And do my turn at "dot" and "dash."
I see that some are free to roam,
To rest a little while, and laugh;
But this small office is my home,
Where, I've to work the Telegraph.

The messages come pouring in—
From ALICE "love": a grovel from
DOCK:

I know what horse is bound to win;
But still this everlasting dick
"At home, my dear, I cannot dine,"
Wires craftily some better half;
Would his reversion could be mine,
But I've to work the Telegraph.

My fingers spin the ball that whirrs
The world's roulette from dawn to dark;
I plead for broken-hearted girls,
And catch the unresponsive clerk;
I'm messenger of birth and death,
The voice of fate, the voter's chaff;
'Tis mine—the universal breath—
Whilst I command the Telegraph!

Within my breast securely lock'd,
I hold the secrets of the town;
Life hangs on me when lines are block'd,
Without me commerce tumbles down.
The great world stops when work is done:
There's rest for managers and staff,
But for the operator—none!
He still must work the Telegraph.

In summer time I sweat the breeze
That comes from mountain and from sea.

I seem to hear the wailing trees
Conveyed by electricity;
I "touch" the towns where maidens skate,
And long, these winter days, to laugh;
Why moan? when I manipulate
The Departmental Telegraph!

Oh, fellow-workers! we but ask—
Not as a favour, but a right—
Some slight compensation in our task.
A penny by day, some rest at night,
We beg for bread, and not a stone—
The whole of prospect, not the half.
Come! earn the blessing, not the groan,
Of men who work the Telegraph!

Wire-drawn Salaries.

THE giggling girls, precocious boys, and half-starved clerks, who form the Telegraphic Staff of that money-grabbing department of Government—the Post Office, have petitioned for a slight increase of pay, and have been officially scolded for their pains. They have petitioned for six or eight years, and for eight years they have received no answer. The Manchester clerks were too wise to petition. They struck, and their demands were at once attended to.

The Straight Tip.

Is a clever and interesting book called *Roads and Horses*, by "FREE LANCE," if being taken as proved that shoeing is a mistake, "tipping" the hoof is suggested as a compromise. This is a practical application of "Money makes the mare go." To effect this, lithpots, most people have had to "tip" the coachman. The farrier's answer to the query "Shall the horse have shoes or not?" must be, "Whichever you shoes, my little dear, you tip and you takes your choice."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

FRIDAY, January 18, 1 A.M.—It seems that the practice of doubling parts, highly popular in the theatre elsewhere, has extended to the stage at Westminster. Mr. FARNELL cannot oblige the House with a reproduction of his oratorical manner of speech when addressing Gentlemen in Ireland, whose souls he has already excited to the lofty height of determination not to pay their rent. But so fowing is the wealth of his genius, that he can on two nights afford Hon. Members two opportunities of fresh study. Last night, speaking on Mr. MCCABER'S Amendment to the Address, he treated the House, not for the first time, to an exhibition of almost touching humility. He threw himself (in a Parliamentary sense of course) upon his knees before Hon. Gentlemen, and pleaded ad misericordiam for an audience. "Strike, but hear me for a down-trodden but law-abiding people" was the burden of his prayer. To hear him you would have thought that butter would not melt in his mouth—though why that should be made a test of meekness of disposition I never could quite make out.

It is pretty to see on these occasions how the House rubs its head, stares about, and pinches itself to see if it is awake or the victim of phantasmagoria. Is this the man who has set Ireland in revolt, and has stung a foreign country for the sinews of war? Is this the man who has poured into the ear of the Irish peasant a stream of bitterest denunciations of all things English? Is this the man who from his place in the House has uttered the foulest calumnies against

statesmen like Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BENTON, who have given up a great portion of their life to the help of Ireland? I don't know; but listening to his dialect tones, observing his apologetic manner, and lending an ear to his appeal to the generosity and sense of justice of the House, I should say not.

I liked Mr. FARNELL'S last manner better, as seeming, if one may say so, a trifle more honest. It was at one o'clock this morning. The House was full and eager for the division, lapsing at last from the miraculous patience with which it had listened all night to infinite drowsing. Mr. GLADSTONE, like a sensible man, had gone home at eight o'clock, and was now, where we all ought to have been, safe in his kennel. But before departing, the PREMIER had delivered his soul in some few burning sentences that had grievously scorched the Irish Members. Lord HARTINGTON was pretty good last week; but Mr. GLADSTONE, by grace of greater energy, was better last night. The diminishing number of Irishmen who follow the lead of Mr. FARNELL had sounded not less from the glowing periods of the PREMIER than from the cheers of the House that their cause was very nearly up. They were dull and dispirited, and so far forgot themselves as to make short speeches.

It was in this mood of depression that Mr. FARNELL had made his earlier speech, and to it had succeeded a feeling of desperation. When, just before one o'clock, Mr. LALOR moved the adjournment, the pall of exasperation with which the proposal was received by the House,

was followed by a few words from Lord HARRINGTON, the more telling by reason of the absence of passion with which they were spoken. Then Mr. FARNELL rose, and the House beheld a strange transformation. His tall, slim figure was literally trembling with passion, his hands were clenched, his teeth were set, and it was with difficulty he could frame his words. Once it seemed as if he were about to throw off the restraint of his long associations, by which he has been able to stop just when on the verge of traversing the utmost limits of the elastic rules of order.

"You are going to strike down the liberties of the Irish people!" he hissed through his teeth, turning fiercely upon the SPEAKER, while his hands convulsively moved in a way that suggested anxiety to soothe themselves in the folds of the Right Hon. Gentleman's wig.

The SPEAKER has a manner providentially designed to give excited orators time for reflection. Rising with slow movement from his seat, and standing erect with hands clasped before him, he solemnly warned Mr. FARNELL that he was disregarding the authority of the Chair. Perhaps this took not more than sixty seconds in the passage, but it was time enough for Mr. FARNELL to master his frenzy before he had proved fatal; and when he rose again he had once more put on the delectable manner and assumed the smooth speech which are the indispensable adjuncts of successful obstruction.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday Night.—Mr. WARTON is so gratified with the success of his recent appearance as a poet, that he has some notion of devoting himself to the business. His Muse has indulged in a fresh flight suggested by the condition of affairs in the House of Commons, and I am gratified at the opportunity of lightening the pages of my Diary with it:

"The Hap that once thronged Stephen's Halls
The soul of honour shed,
Now hangs as mute upon its walls
As if that soul were dead."

Mr. WARTON explains, what is hardly necessary, that he means the Irish Members of the present day are sovery degenerated, as compared with their predecessors; and I think the poet is right.

We have had another sight of Irish oratory, and it has proved heavier than the snow-storm, and, in point of obstruction, equally successful. There is something about the articulate Irishman, which altogether prevents him from being fair. But, as just mentioned, the proportion of grains of truth to bushels of chaff, is as ridiculously small. There was Mr. MARSH just now who suddenly dashed forth a perfectly charming notice. It was denouncing to the score of Members present the unadmitted habit of newspaper writers and others who, it seems, have spoken disparagingly of the loyalty of the Land League. Mr. MARSH had a triumphant proof in refutation. Once he was at a Land League dinner, and amongst various remarks presented when the whiskey was brought in was "The Queen and the rest of the Royal Family." What more was needed to prove the loyalty of the League? Only one thing; that Mr. MARSH should respond on behalf of the Queen and the other members of the Royal family, and this he did. Mr. MARSH is a Gentleman, with a red face and a loud voice, who reminds me of a commercial traveller I have met somewhere. He related this little story without the slightest suspicion that there was anything unusual in the notion of his responding for this particular toast; which made the episode charming. But it was a heavy penalty to pay for a fall better of otherwise unadmitted MARSH.

Mr. O'DONNELL'S fervid fancy has accidentally hit upon a new shining order for dealing with obstruction, that seems to go to the root of the whole matter.

It is the AXE in the Lobby!
"H," said the Hon. Member, just now dropping his voice to deprecate trophy-notes, "if the AXE were dropping in the Lobby at this moment for Irish Members, it would not deter them from doing their duty."

The House, which has a sharp eye for better, laughed consciously at itself in consideration. It is thought that the AXE waiting in the Lobby might, if wielded in strong or skillful hands, do good service to Ireland and the Empire. If it were to shatter by a bold blow, the ignorance, vulgarism, and the sordid crimes of the great attempt to stir up enmity between IRISH, a greater amount of good might be

effected than is usual with so small a measure of compensating evil. Mr. GLADSTONE has been out of practice with the axe of late; but perhaps he might be induced to bring one down to complete the furniture of the Lobby.

Business done.—Mr. McCARTHY'S Amendment, proposing that the Executive should divest itself of the power of carrying out the law, negatived by 75 votes to 45.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Some Member who sits within the influence of Mr. WARTON'S snuff-box, has just made a most remarkable and useful contribution to debate.

I have a pardonable pride in mentioning the circumstance that at first there was a general disposition to think it was the snuff-box for Berkshire who had thus interpellated his maiden speech. This was an error; though I am bound to say that if I had spoken in this language I could not have given more eloquent or fuller attention to my views. It finally occurred to Hon. Members that the sound did not come from that part of the House where I usually sit; and Mr. GIBBS, a provincial turn to suspicion by hailing Mr. WARTON as the contributor of what is certainly the most useful and most pointed speech in a debate almost ten days long.

Mr. WARTON is, however, the senior Member of the House of Honour, and though it would have been easy for him to have appropriated the wits that belonged to the anonymous orator, he at once frankly disclaimed the honour. But the orator was as modest as he was gifted. He persisted in maintaining his anonymity; but as it would not satisfy much sense, I may as well give a verbatim report of the speech. Said the Hon. Member, "Shut up!"

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—To-night for a brief space, the House of Commons has resumed its old functions as a Debating Assembly. It was not a very lively discussion which Sir WILFRID LAWSON raised. Nobody wants to hear just now about the war in Bantoland, nor so far as expression went, did anyone seem to have very grave distrust of the ability and honest intention of the Government to deal with the question. If Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S speech would have kept, (and there were singularly few jobs in it) it might have been as well. But these things were overlooked in the sense of relief and mental exhilaration felt at once more hearing men really discuss a question with evident intent to arrive at a conclusion which argument might mould, and facts influence. Though not calculated to further any practical purpose, the discussion really assumed the form of Parliamentary debate. The House liked it too. But it was scarcely common to find some poor Sir GEORGE BARRERE in the way either. Sir GEORGE has been dumb all the Session, and this was the very earliest opportunity he had of making a speech. But so common had he opened his mouth, that on one occasion the House roared for a division, and Sir GEORGE, after feebly battling with the storm, dropped his wings, and lowered his back, sinking back into its seat with the strange notion of a message that has fallen upon evil days.

Business done.—Address agreed to. Report on Address carried.

Friday.—Mr. KILGARDY really meant to be good this Session; but circumstances are sometimes too strong for the best intentions. He has for so many years had charge of the affairs of the Universe, that when that portion of them which falls within the limits of the British Empire is cared for by a man in whom he has the fullest confidence, he has made himself a habit of not interfering. Every one will give him credit for the truth of his assertion, that when he put down, at the beginning of the Session, a Resolution on affairs in the Transvaal, he did not mean to do anything that would be inconvenient to anybody, much less to the Government. Of course, after gratifying himself with the look of the thing on paper, he might have taken it off or might have said he might be called upon when supply was called on, and his Amendment became possible. But the golden opportunity was too much for him. He had his speech ready; in an evil moment he delivered it, and for the rest of the night was in a perfect fever of excitement, but some one should shake him at his own, and he sat down upon a division. Sir WALTER LAWSON, who had his job, manfully challenged a division; and so after FIVE got up and leave the House when it was called, followed by Mr. CARSWORTHY, who had purchased the right to make a speech at the cost of working the Amendment, was a cheerful conclusion to a dreary week.

Business done.—FITCH'S Amendment (from which he ran away) rejected by 129 votes against 33.



MR. WARTON, THE BARD OF BRISTOL, WHO DIDN'T SAY "SHUT UP!"



MR. O'DONNELL'S REPRESENTING A REVIVAL OF THE ORIGIN OF PARLIAMENT.

PLAYERS AND PAYERs.

III.



SOME few years ago, four, it maybe, or five, a little pamphlet was published by the London Fire Brigade. It was the 15th-Guardsmen of amphitheatrical fame, but a more practical guardian of our life, Captain Straw, of the London Fire Brigade. It was an *Fire as Theatre*, and a most sensible and timely little work it might have been, seeing, as it did, a strong well-directed stream of good sound advice on what may truly be styled a burning question. I may have been, for unfortunately too large a part of it came a little late. The staid had been stolen before the Captain undertook to show us the best sort of fastenings for the stable door. His ideal, then, was, indeed, a little paradise of comfort and safety; but, as ill-luck will have it, here stand our theatres, very grave reasons, and very good ones about them,—for though tolerably easy to get into, they are unconsciously hard to get out of; and if the bard who sang "The Loves of the Angels" knew anything of his subject, 'twas just the reverse with Paradise in "that time of bloom" commemorated by the late THOMAS MOORE. Here stand our theatres, I say, and it would, perhaps be asking too much to insist they should all be pulled down and built up again on Captain STRAW's most excellent plans. In any case I could name were pulled down and not built up again on any plan, I do not know that we should be great losers.

The Captain gave, moreover, plenty of advice which we can profit by, and ought to be allowed to profit by, but it seems absolutely business that we should. One might suppose it to be the Lord Chamberlain's, and I think I can remember an emanation from that august source, following close on the Captain's heels, which entailed tremendous penalties on all Theatrical Managers or Licensees who should dare permit to neglect certain sensible and sensible regulations framed to ensure the safety of Her Majesty's loyal subjects. But I am not aware that the threatened penalties paid much heed, and I think that his Lordship, after these extraordinary signs of vitality, pretty soon dropped off to sleep again. Twice a year, I have been told, an official inspection is made of all the theatres and places of public entertainment within the Bill of Mortality, and a report furnished, so I imagine some sort of presentations against us are supposed to be taken. But what they may be, I don't know, nor what the penalty of their violation; the latter I take to be some such as honest *Daphney* instructed his watchmen to enact. Indeed, I sometimes wonder whether, in this one of his many capacities, his Lordship has any real existence, or is not rather a venerable myth, in the words of the poet, "the sort of thing one reads about, but very seldom sees."

I say then, we must perforce make the best of the theatres we have already got, and I allow, that in a few of the latest additions to our Temple of the Drama, some slight regard has been paid to the safety, as well as to the comfort and variety of the visitors; as much, perhaps, as could, in the circumstances, have been expected, for these have rather been altered than rebuilt. But the Phoenix was altogether rebuilt; was that builded on the Captain's plan? and if not, why not? Most of our Theatres date from a time when we were not so wise, nor so careful of our precious lives as we are now. But surely in no time, no, nor so old but that one can trust itself and care of itself in a crowd, yet I protest I always feel vastly thankful to find myself again in the upper air, sound in limb and stout, if not in wind, for I admit, I don't find this getting up-stairs as easy as I did once. For PIONEER, with all the immortals on his side, there is the laborer, that is, the actor, who is the most nearly concerned, that it shall be? The Official Circular, I remember, indeed, I happen to have a copy by me, made it a particular point that "all gangways,

passages, and staircases, intended for the exit of the audience, are to be kept entirely free from obstructions, whether permanent or temporary." Surely a most wise rule and simple, for it must be obvious to the capacity of even a Theatrical Manager, which is not always, I fancy, so capacious as his house, that a passage through which you cannot pass is not of any particular value in cases of sudden emergency. Now, this is a rule which I think most players, poor or rich, will be glad to observe, as it honours the breach. There is another I make bold to say, a theatre in London where this simple and most necessary precaution is not recklessly disregarded, not once, maybe, nor twice, but over and over again, whenever some lucky hit happens to draw the lawn in larger numbers than the architect bargained for. It would be useless to expect the lucky Manager to turn away the visitor with money in his hand, in deference to a rule which he has every reason to laugh at as a dead letter, so long as any hole or corner can be found in which to stow him. No doubt every precaution is taken behind the curtains, and the regulations framed by Captain STRAW, much after the fashion of those prescribed on board ship, by which every servant of the theatre would know what to do in case of fire, and how, and where to do it, would be observed. But in front of the curtain we, without whom Manager, servants, theatre, could have no existence, must shift for ourselves. And so, wherever a chair or stool can be set down, wherever, often, even a couple of legs can get standing room, there you may find them, I shudder as I think of the effect of a jolt in the seats of the little Bandbox Theatre. In one theatre I know of, the passages between the rows of the dress-circle are fitted with permanent seats, that can be let down by a spring whenever the press is greater than ordinary!

I do not say that these things are done everywhere, nor always in the same proportion; but I do say it is a shame they should be suffered anywhere. Some day, I suppose something will be done—which will be very soothing—for the sufferers. They say we shall never have done with railway accidents till a Director is smashed: the gentle singing of a Lord Chamberlain might, perhaps, be found an efficacious remedy for this evil.

THE CLAIMS OF GREECE.

THE Claims of Greece! The Claims of Greece!

No doubt Miss RATTUS loud and sung.

But how can Europe help the power,

The wily Greek and Turk among:

Eternal summer may be there,

But none of war is in the air.

The nations look on Marathon,

And wonder sometimes will there be

A fight like that which erst we met on

Between the mountains and the sea:

Where Turk and Greek may find a grave,

If neither party will behave.

A HERMANN sat with furorewed brow,

And scanned the Treaty of Berlin,

Quoth he, "There'll be a fearful row,

My interference must begin.

My arbitrage! He speaks, when he!

Beh Greece and Turkey answered: "No!"

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks!"

Was BYRON'S oft remark to Greece;

He bid the Hellenes close their ranks,

Their only hope for full release,

They've 'ta'en in his name! it would seem;

Yet surely 'tis an idle dream!

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,"

Whatever Samian wine may be;

And still let Grecian temples shine,

Whence inviolate and free:

But ne'er shall Greece be free!

Be jealous for the claims of Greece!

Bare Birds at Romney.

WHOMSOEVER, if anybody, shall write a *Natural History of Herpetology*, may, or may not, therein please to insert the following extract from a local journal of the 15th instant:—

"BARE AVIAR.—A few days since several swallows were to be seen in the neighbourhood of Romney, some on the Broadlands estate and some near the Abbey Church."

We know that "One swallow doesn't make a summer," and it is now perfectly clear that neither do several swallows. Some way may, peradventure, have written to a newspaper, saying he had seen swallows out in mid-winter and affording that information with a view to a lark of a species not described by naturalists.



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

Artist. "AND NOW, HOW MANY SETTINGS SHALL YOU REQUIRE OF MY NIECE, MR. SPARKS?"
Our Artist (a modest but most infamously peevish). "Oh, not more than THIRTY or FORTY, or PERHAPS FIFTY,—WE WILL SAY SIXTY IF YOU LIKE, OR SEVENTY—AT ALL EVENTS ENOUGH OR NINETY AT THE UTMOST, OR—"
Artist. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHY, YOU PAINTED ME IN FOUR!"
Our Artist. "No!—DID I REALLY THROUGH! Ah, BUT I CAN SEE AT A GLANCE THAT YOUR NIECE'S EXPRESSION WILL BE PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT TO CAPTURE, YOU KNOW!"

MUFTI NO MORE.

FAREWELL to thee, Mufti, now never again
 Shall great VIZO adorn me in exquisite style,
 Oh, where are the waistcoats that set off the chain,
 And the trousers an ascetic's heart might beguile?
 Oh, where are the dittos in mixtures and browns,
 And the faultless frockcoat that he built me of yore?
 My clothes were the glory of garrison towns,
 But now I shall put on my Mufti no more.

I march in full dress to the concert or ball,
 With my red tunic buttoned up tight to my throat;
 Egad, Sir, I'd much rather not go at all,
 For there's nothing I hate like my uniform coat.
 And what's recreation? I give you my word,
 We're to dress up like gypsies when we go for a ride.
 One General declares—it is not too absurd—
 That a soldier should skate with a sword by his side!

The Subaltern moaned as he looked at each vest,
 With his coats of all patterns that tailors unfold;
 Let us hope that the Queen's Regulations be best,
 When he put on his full dress to go for a stroll.
 Time was when the soldier was proud of his gear,
 But his uniform now is considered a bore,
 What wonder civilians at scarlet should sneer,
 When the moan of the Army is—Mufti no more!

OBSTRUCTIVE PADDYISM.

ACCORDING to some sage authorities, History never repeats itself. Others affirm that it does repeat itself sometimes. How far is History going to repeat itself in the House of Commons? In a measure it has repeated itself already. Obstruction has repeated itself. For Obstruction is a matter of Parliamentary History. There appears to be also a remarkable, and really curious coincidence between a case of Obstruction which occurred once upon a time, and the particular Obstruction offered by Nationality to Legislation in the present day. Correspondents of the *Times* relate that:—

"On the 10th of May, 1864, Sir WILLIAM PARRY, entering into a 'bore' speech, it was agreed for a rule that 'if any man speak not on the matter in question, the SPEAKER is to moderate.'"

And so, of course, PARRY was moderated. That was one PADDY. Now at this present there are numerous Paddies habitually creating Obstruction. The House of Commons in time past moderated an Obstructive Paddy. Now then, will the Parliament of Queen VICTORIA prove itself equally well able, with that of JAMES THE FIRST, to put an end to Obstruction by moderating the Obstructive Paddies? Let us hope that Parliamentary History will so far repeat itself.

NOT FROM LIMA.

News of the Chileans! Latest Intelligence!!—London is full of 'em! Chilly 'uns everywhere! This, by a reference to the barometer, can be—as a melodramatic heavy villain would say—"easily perceived."



“BOYCOTTED!”

MR. BULL. “HI! HERE! WILLIAM! HOW CAN I GET TO BUSINESS IF THIS ISN'T REMOVED? TALK OF COERCION—!!”

FOURTEEN. “ALL RIGHT, MR. BULL—I'VE GOT MY EYE ON 'EM!!”

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

(A Military Story for those whom it may concern.)

"We must secure him as a Volunteer, to fill up the Regiment ordered abroad, to a respectable strength," said the Secretary of State for War.

The Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief bowed submissively, but shrugged his shoulders. This almost imperceptible demonstration of incredulity, seemed to lash the already excited Cabinet Minister to absolute fury.

"Confound it all, your Royal Highness!" he began.
 "Say, Sir!" returned the Hero of the Crimea, calmly, but firmly: "I am aware that you are my official chief, but for all that, I cannot consent to listen to an impression! Your language makes me shudder!"

The Secretary, seeing that he had gone too far, scrambled an apology. He gave the Report a second perusal.

"You will only open this, Sir, when all other arguments have failed to convince him. I trust that your mission will end in a considerable addition to the strength of the Battalion, now under orders for the stormy coast of Timbuctoo."

The Field-Marshal bowed and retired. Within six hours or so, he had entered his Stuncheon Theatre, driven down Pall Mall, and had seated himself in a room in the Horse Guards overlooking St. James's Park.

"I want to see Private THOMAS ATKINS," said the Duke.

The Warrior was sent for, and appeared. ATKINS possessed features which were described by the poet in his books, was either fifteen or fifty, and in fact presented the variety type of a British Soldier!

"ATKINS," said the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, "England is in danger. We are passing through a serious crisis. You must assist us to reorganize our Land Forces. And first, what is your Regiment?"

"Sergeant said as how it was the 108th, or Putney Flungers, Sir," was the hesitating reply.

"A gallant corps, indeed!" commented H. H. H. "The fact, that nearly all the rank and file were recruited in Canada, I have no doubt, does not in the least detract from the love they must bear to their native place—Putney the Pride of the Thames!"

Private ATKINS was silent—perhaps overcome by the Duke's eloquence.

"THOMAS," continued the Field-Marshal, "the 108th Sherwoodish Slushers are ordered to Timbuctoo, to save the flag and honor of the English name being plucked by the hand of the ruthless invader. For various reasons (for which, of course, we are none of us accountable) the Establishment of the Slushers has been reduced to one bugler, three sergeants, and the usual complement of officers. The Slushers have a vacancy for a private. Will you volunteer to accept that unique appointment?"

ATKINS was silent, and scratched his head.
 "How long have you been in your present regiment?" asked the Duke, noticing the soldier's hesitation.

"I don't rightly know, Sir; but counting the time I have spent in hospital and cells, it may be about three weeks."

"Three weeks!" exclaimed His Royal Highness. "Then I can well understand your peculiarly interesting! In three weeks you have learned to love your officers, and they have learned to love you! In three weeks you have mastered all the glorious traditions of your gallant corps! You would not give up the proud privilege of wearing one button short on your Norfolk jacket—no, not for worlds! In three weeks you have mastered the sword—how in the Peninsula a Flunger fired a bullet, instead of a bullet, at the enemy, and killed his Colonel (an indolent commanding officer) in mistake for a French General. How this saved the battle, and won the day!"

ATKINS admitted that he had heard "summat" about it in the Canton, but didn't understand what it was all about.

"And knowing this, you refuse, of course, to volunteer out of your own regiment! Brave lad! Good fellow! There is something in *esprit de corps*, after all! My gallant youth, you can go!"

THOMAS ATKINS bowed, and turned on his heel.

"Stay!" cried the Royal Duke, as he suddenly remembered the sealed packet that had been given to him by the Secretary of State for War, to be used as a last resource. "I have yet something to do. It is my duty. Listen while I read to you."

His Royal Highness opened the letter, and smiled disdainfully as he perused the contents.

"I do not like to insult you," he said, "but I am ordered to offer you a bounty of a pound—"

"Bounty of a pound!" ejaculated ATKINS, in a fever of excitement.

"London no for causing you so much warmth," continued the Duke, indignantly, "because of a pound if you change your present regiment for another. My good fellow, of course you con-

mission me to say that you refuse his offer with respectful (irony) and dutiful contentment? You will never barter your *esprit de corps* for a paltry sum—"

"Won't I, though?" shouted Private ATKINS. "Why, I would sell almost anything for a pot o' beer!"

The Duke faintly. But it was all for the best.

The next day the Sherwoodish Slushers sailed to Timbuctoo with their new private, and—the country was saved!

THE THEATRES.

"REPRESENTATIONS of WIGGANS—no were delighted to notice this heading to a paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph*, but were disappointed when, on reading it, we found it referred to the election, and not to the capital comedian who has been unaccountably absent from the boards for a long time. The last 'Representation of WIGGANS' we ever remember to have seen was his *Hamlet* at the Theatre in the *Ticket-of-Lance* Men; and before that, in *Essex's* *Wigwags*, his *Chickens*, his *Antiphrases*—was a Tipton-slashing performance."



MR. TAYLOR AND MASTER MR. TAYLOR. TWO OF THE GARDEN PARTY.

who, years ago, worked up the *Philharmonic* at *Islington* into a success. He has produced *Le Fille de Toulon* Major, which went marvellously enough at the *Albion*. It is what Mr. ATKINS FOREMAN would call "strictly proper"—not *Cosmopolite*, but nice.

The late Mrs. BATHMAN was a devoted mother and a thoroughly good woman of business. We sincerely wish Miss *Isabel Bathman* all success in her management of the *New Sadler's Wells Theatre*.

We have also to deplore the loss of Mr. SOTHERS, who died last week. He will be famous in theatrical annals as the creator of *Lord Dunsinore*, the typical *Pogopog* of *JOHN LEECH's* time. He had a very strong sense of humour, was a most genial companion, and a flyer in the *hunting-field*. He was an excellent stage manager, was impatient of tradition, and detested conventionalism. Alas! poor Yorick!

Our Special Representative wrote to us last week to this effect—"Not all the *Old Hoses*, nor all the *King's Men*—including the *Provost Fellows*, and *Scholars* in residence at *Cambridge*, who are evidently the *King's Men* of the *Humpy Dumpty* ballad—would have succeeded in dragging me away from the *Academy*, or, to be accurate, the *fire-front*, on either *Monday* or *Tuesday* last week—certainly not *Tuesday*—to witness *Ma. Boers*, first at *Osborne* and then at *Isle*. With the very slightest hesitation necessary for the *fox de seat*, I said to myself, 'I go—no not to night'; and, let me add, being a man of my word, I didn't. I saw the *eminent* American actor in my mind's eye. *His* *is*, and well out of all *franchise*. The *weather* must have been peculiarly rough on the *Theatres*. *His* people who have got *carriages* and *horses* won't take them out, *have* a *drum* of *cabs*, and won't ride in 'busses; *while* busy people, glad to get away from *business*, walk *briskly* home, and stop there. *Lags* and *grogs* were the order of the *night*, and their *Majorities*, *King Log*, and *King Coal*, *quite* of all *his* *smoke* were *wisely* welcomed by their *chorus* subjects. The *greatest* success in the *Theatrical* World can't win much, when the *Clerk* of the *Weather* turns up *Zero* very often."

Lags and Grogs indeed! The Idea of a Critic preferring the *Chicney Currier* to *Osborne*!

Supposed Correction.

A CORRECTION written to the Spectator, pointing out that when Mr. STOFFORD BLAIR—the poisoned section man—used the word "emancipate," which we much tickled Sir W. V. HARDING'S sense—and our own—he had SHAKESPEARE'S authority for its use. *Fide Henry the Fifth*, Act V, Sc. 2. True; but in whose mouth does SHAKESPEARE place it? Why, in the French King's, whose speech of course can't be taken as model English. *Hamlet* or *Coriolanus*—but Mr. Spectator ought to have seen this.

DEEPER THAN THE SNOW.

Telegram from Mr. Larkhall (of the Firm of Briggs and Larkhall, Freshwater Street) to Mrs. Larkhall, Bournemouth, 25th, Marshfield Heath, Herts.

"Roads impassable; no cabs, no trams, no omnibuses; all railways blocked with snow-drifts. Shall stay in town, and clear up office areas till weather breaks. Will telegraph 12 messages. Don't be alarmed. Address Farnstock Hill."

Note sent by Messenger to young Mr. Sparkhall (of the Firm of Sparkhall, Dobba, and Sparkhall, Mincing Lane).

DEAR DICK.—This snow's a godsend. Shall get two or three days—perhaps more—in London, for a spree, which I want badly after six months at Marshfield. The country's healthy, but dull. Let's dine together to-night at the "Ship and Turtle," and do a theatre or a couple of misanthropic topicals. We can wrap up at the "Fay," with supper, and smoke till all's blue.

Yours,
TOM.

"FROM THE BANKS."—Our esteemed Contributor, "TOMMY TAY" called in to say that the weather has been so hard on him he could hardly hold a whip let alone a pen, but we might depend on his giving us his number (three) next week for certain.

ALL FROZE OUT;

OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(From a Glacial Diary.)

January 21.—Glorious, healthy, bright, brisk bearing weather. Thermometer five degrees above zero. Have just cut following from Daily Telegraph:

"There have been great changes of the world's climate before now, and we may be sure there will be again. . . It is a whimsical thought amid the hush of the snow-barred metropolis, to remember, that once upon a time, our London parks and English waters were the pleasure-grounds of Arctic animals, and that they might become so again—if the frost continues long enough.

Believe there is something in this. Hope there is. Buy a damaged lot of indiarubber hat bottles at two and sixpence a piece, and fifty tons of prime cods at thirteen and six, on the strength of it. Mercury still falling. Hoary! Exchange shower-bath for its weight in ginger lozenges. To bed, seeing my way to a good thing.

January 31.—Tenth day of thermometer thirty degrees below zero. Effects of continued cold tremendous. Saw thirty-two feet deep in Lewthor Arcade. Thames frozen to the Bone. Wolves at Romesville. Admittance to gardens reduced to fourpence. Sold my last ton of coals to a Royal Duke, for £15,000, a Scotch moor, the Order of the Garter, and five basket matches. To bed in an authentic stove.

February 10.—Glacial period rapidly developing. Shot my first mastodon in Cranborne Street. Left it to be studied at the Haymarket Stores, and purchased an Hereditary Dukedom in Pall Mall, later in the day, for a hot bottle. Sun rises 11:45; sets at 12:15. Met a batch of frozen-out Fours in the Crosswell Road, gave them into custody, and wrote to the Charity Organisation Society. Came home in a hansom drawn by a couple of steam-engines (handful). Current prices (this day):—Hot potatoes, 425 species (without discount); doxide baths, four a penny. The attendants at Madame TOWNSHIP'S frozen, and permanently added to the Catalogue; 572 Members of Parliament congealed in the Lobby. The Debate on Peace Preservation Bill continued in hot baths. Many people with weak chests ordered to the North Pole. Grey shirtings rather dull.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 16.



"THE STORY OF LEFEVRE,"

THE FIRST MAN AFTER ADAM AS COMMISSIONER OF WORKS.

NEAT, AND APPROPRIATE.

THE eloquence of Mr. McDONOVAN, Q.C., during the Land League trial produced a startling effect on the Court; is the report of his speech given in the Freeman's Journal, January 14, the Learned Counsel is represented to have said:—

"That question struck the Government of the country, but was first prompted by the question who you are asked to send to jail. They were the first to ask the question: they were the first to hearken to the cry of distress, and they were the first who came to the relief of the starving people.—The Court thus adjured for lench."

The Court couldn't stand the touching picture—at least it couldn't sit any longer. It rose as one man—one very hungry man—and went to luncheon. Did Mr. McDONOVAN really try to study somebody's legal Digests?

Inexp-ah-ent Accommodation.

A LITTLE coercion is wanted in the City, just to make the Corporation apply some adequate remedies to the Edilgogate Market nuisance. Are Aldermen and Common Councilmen so better than a multiplication of Dual Mufflers? As it's a Fish market in question, couldn't the Fishermen of Whales throw his weight into the scale?

LANGUAGE OF "FLOWERS."—

"Forty shillings and costs."

February 21.—Paleolithic pterodactyl shooting commences. Gas extinct. Westminster Abbey lighted by fireworks. Sell my last damaged hot bottle to a distinguished personage for a magic lantern (lamp trimmed). Polar bears, without being admitted above seven, appear in the pit at the Haymarket Theatre, and are addressed courteously by the Management.

March 1.—A Primalval man seen in Rotten Row, and subsequently put up at the Bookstall Club, and twice black-balled. The whole parish of London, from the Surrey Hills to Hampton, a silent wilderness of dark and frozen desolation. Low pecks still verna at the Drawing-room. "Hot Cuddies" by unanimous consent, declared the National Anthem. Several foreign expeditions in search of the North West passage go into winter-quarters in Upper Wimpole Street, and are never heard of again. A most eventful day.

March 11.—The glacial period fully established under KING-GOTTER the First. Hearing that Punch was now being published in the oasis of Vauxhall, and finding St. James's Park full of icebergs, sold my remaining shares in the Chelsea Waterworks Company to the door-keeper of the Christy's Minstrels, who still performs in town.

April 1.—Up to town once more, on hearing that the Dean and Chapter had opened St. Paul's as Turkish Bath. Exchanged two ginger lozenges for a Life Member's ticket, sit in the Crypt, and determine to read book numbers of the Daily Telegraph until the next cold period.

CAPTAIN FOGAN.

MR. FARSELL dropped his Whip last week. This threatened mischief to the Obstructionist coach. It was evident he must have him back, paved *en face*, any way.—Nolan's notes.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The Kyrie Society meets to-morrow—Prince LEOPOLD in the Chair. Several Kyrie-papers will be read. The Society has a great many irons in the fire. Speeches will be made in various barbarous tongues.



SEASONABLE WEATHER, 1881—SO DELIGHTFUL!

Old Gout, "NOW, YOU BOYS! I WILL NOT HAVE—" (*Snowball!*)

TRANSVAALIDITY.

(*A Word in Season.*)

At a time when Mr. Paasek has been in company with all their best friends, watching, not without some anxiety, though with every confidence, the course pursued by Her Majesty's Ministers, in dealing with certain exasperating troubles near home, he is the last to put forward any suggestions likely to cause them embarrassment further afield. Yet the latest advices from the Cape, have set him thinking rather seriously: for, eagle-eyed, and clear-headed as Mr. Paasek admits himself to be, he is compelled to avow, that of all the difficult and delicate problems he has, for some years, been called upon to examine and solve, this Boer business seems to him to be about one of the very worst.

The threads are in an almost inextricable tangle, and rights and wrongs are so jumbled up, that the excellent law-abiding people who would stand off a British army of 15,000 men to "crash out a rebellious enterprise," are no nearer a just estimate of the situation, than are Mr. RICHARD and his enthusiastic friends, who would give "a struggling community their legitimate liberty." The last-named gentleman would, if logical, dissolve the whole British Empire in about five minutes, while the former would entangle it with something rather less than the apoplexy of a Darwin. But the *justus medianus* is not evident.

Would it, then, surprise Mr. Paasek's friends, who do not read Blue Books, to learn that these heroic Dutchmen, who are appealing to their sympathy, have in times past, by their brutality to the natives, their total inability to govern themselves, and their general selfishness either to establish or extend civilisation, as understood by its greatest pioneer, the British Colonist, almost jeopardised the hold of the white man on South Africa altogether? Would it again surprise his friends further to learn that, notwithstanding these social, political, and other rather unattractive drawbacks, Mr. PRITCHARD and his following are unquestionably within their rights in denouncing the Proclamation of Sir THOMAS BARNARDISTON, of April 12th, 1877, as invalid, since he might just as legitimately, by a similar instrument, have tacked on to the possession of the Crown of England the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street?

To put the matter, as Mr. Paasek usually does, into a nutshell,—there is wrong and right upon both sides. Before the matter is allowed to take the proportions of a disastrous and bitterly-contested campaign, Mr. Paasek trusts that some wise and comprehensive basis for a settlement may be arrived at by a Cabinet not deficient either in the ready pluck which deals with pressing danger, or the quieter courage that is not afraid of timely compromise.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.—III. GEOLOGY.

Sir, Mastodon, say, how you wandered of yore,
Till the Red Crag of Suffolk on Pliocene shore;
The Ichthyosaurus was gone when you came,
With the strange Pterodactyl, what wonderful game!
But the mild Dinotherium rose on your view,
And the festive Rhinoceros lived with you too.
Did you ever conceive with a sort of a shock,
Eosaurus had lived in Laurentia rock?
And then came the fishes with very fine scales,
While the Trilobite waltzed in the waters of Wales.
In the coldest large Labyrinthodons walk,
Till the Ammonites came with the oozes of chalk.
Oh! Mastodon, tell when your troubles began,
From the flat-headed arrows of cave-dwelling man;
Those swells of the Stone Age were perished, one oars,
For we've proved that they often enjoyed narrow-boats.
While the size of their joints would make modern men stare.
How Striscin of Mammoth would please the Lord Mayor!
Now we'll bid you adieu, and we'll read how, in sooth,
The Thecodontosauri could boast a queer tooth;
How DARWIN has told us with labour well spent,
That live types and old fossils have common descent;
With our LABEL we'll loosen how man first had his birth,
And with MURCHISON study the crust of the earth!

OBSCURE CASES (*part heard*).—*See v. Civilization; Medford (Duke of) v. Metropolitan Estopages; Parsell v. Gladstone.*



THE ANTI-SEMITIC MOVEMENT.

From *Mr. P.'s Memorabilia*. "WHAT A SHAME, THIS PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN BELGIA!"

Sir George Miles (speaking up). "SHEARS! SERVE 'EM RIGHT, I SAY! THEY'RE ALL VERY WELL SO LONG AS THEY 'BE KN' UNDER, THEM 'EJEWERS ARE; BUT WHY YOU LET 'EM GET THE TYER 'AND, THAT'S 'ALL!—AND THEIR SHIRAZERS, THEIR HONESTATIONS, AND THE BAINS THEY GIVE 'EMSELVES KNOWN BY BUCKLES!"

Baron von Meyer (like *Miles* himself, on the strength of his personal experience, snarls at one one-eyed his origin). "HEAR! HEAR! SHE CORRUPT! YOU SHEPHERD SMOKE A DUTCH-YOFT SAN EAT!"

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 4.

In addressing people there are many daily blunders which you should strive to avoid. If you are addressing your superiors, you should try to do credit to the Board; if you are addressing your inferiors, you should set them a good example. You should always tone down your adjectives, and place them as close as possible to the nouns they qualify. You should never speak, as house-owners do, of an "antique gentleman's residence," but should say a "gentleman's antique residence," showing that the house is old and not the gentleman. The side of a church is pronounced "ile," but oil has not by any means the same pronunciation. Always should not be written "always," but should always be written *always*. You should be very careful in the use of negatives. It is not elegant or correct to say, "I never care and nothing (sometimes mispronounced *nothing*) for anybody." If you have to ask for these things, you call them bronchial troubles, and you pronounced the words "bronchial troubles." Though is pronounced "dash," but wash is pronounced "loff," and borough is pronounced "berrow." We must take things as we find them. Derby is "Derby," Berkeley is "Barkly," and Colchester is "Con." In writing yourself, you only use one *I*; in writing somebody you use two. There is pronounced "sup-ber," and curial "on-erel." Guillotine may easily be confounded with guinea, unless you are careful; and Bourgeois, if it means a middle-class Frenchman, is pronounced "hempower;" if it means a certain kind of type, it is pronounced *burgeois*. Japs is pronounced "Yah-oo," whether the performer is bad or good, and Jacques is "Jahk" in French, and "Jaks" in English, except on the stage, where it becomes "Jaks-quess." Permutation should never be pronounced "prescription," though that is even better than saying "a wack of sweat." Radish, even if it is rotish, should not be pronounced "rotish." Bains, reigns, and rains are easily confounded, if you are not careful, though their different meanings must be evident to the most sagacious. A wife of furniture is pronounced "swet," whether the furniture

comes from GILLOW or Tottenham Court Road, and this shows the folly of importing French words into a language so rich as the English. The use and abuse of the letter *H* are subjects I could say much upon, but until the authorities have settled the correct pronunciation of hospital, hart, and humour, I prefer to remain silent.

SEASONABLE WEATHER.

(A *Stick-About Ballad*.)

THEE here of those shafts-from sounds in my ear;—
Or is it the wail of the driving wind?
There, in the Park, all was gladness and cheer,
And the blast, that was blowing my old eyes blind,
Faded the cheeks of the laughing girls,
As they bent to its gusts and in frolicsome whirl
Flew—flew—flew!—And my girl lies there!
White as the winter, still as the snow,
And, but for a few rays of sunlight, as bare
As the wind-swept flags below
And that lone boat like in my half-faded brain
To her moon of pain—to her moon of pain,
Till my lips could whistle with a madman's curse
At the sound, half ghastly, that seems to link
The rich world's joy and its gold-plumed pain
With a scene like this! Ah, so to think, to think
Of those helpless hands—they are dead with cold—
That have no more power, alas! to hold
The thing they love, than that empty grate

To warm this garnet hair;
And I dream if the rich folk regarding there
Knew half the pangs of Poverty's fate,
When streams are frozen, and the blood runs slow
In frost-chilled veins, and the cruel snow,—
Aye, cruel, though white as an angel's wings,—
Kicks the way of truth to each drudge as we,
It would shock, which were pity, their noisy glee!

Yes, they'd shiver, and sigh—"Four things!"
As a passing thought of us rubs their laugh
Of a ripple or so, they will shudder, then quaff
A little deeper the warning wine;

And how should they guess how a lot of fire
Would make my girl's eyes wide and shine?

Well, a three-fold tale will tie,
And Poverty's wail
Is a three-fold tale.

Hark! here it blusters, the driving rain
Lancing the snow-lust, fiercer than rain,
Wearing its way through the frost-encased pane;
And the shrunken dice, as though eager, mad,
To pluck yet bluer our frost-scathed face.

There is wild work sun-ward to-night,
And watchers and workers on shore are glad
To crowd in corners, and yet to see
On sea or on land, in a fair hard fight,
Cold on the cliff or the wide white snow;

Cold in the streets, 'gainst the baremost rear
Of the blackest North-wester that ever blew
Were better: 'twere better and battle will warm
The stagnant blood in the frailest form.
But hapless Poverty huddled alone
By an empty grate, with a sick girl's moan
Bosting its ears in a vain appeal
For one ray of warmth, for one crumb of meal
Were unendurable, but that a frost-giant's brain
Is all too sluggish for planetary's train.

Not a crust on the cupboard—no!
Not a stick to kindle—none!
And when will that North wind cease to blow,
And the falling flakes have done their
Their soft white devil-dance? Hark! 'Twere brave
Did they only dance it over our grave,
Then the steady hum of those skates might sound
Cheerily on; as the very voice
Of wealth and comfort, that does rejoice
When the bitter winter the pools has bound,
Nor like child mockery leat in my brain
Blent with the wail of the sick girl's pain.

WEATHER AND WELL-BEING.—The frost will "give" sooner or later. Let the Well-to-do be beforehand with the frost, and give freely to the much-suffering poor.



Master Tom (whose Galsgates has come to take him for a great treat to the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy). "BOTH THE OLD MASTERS! JUV' AS IF I HADN'T ENOUGH OF THEM AT SCHOOL! USE I-PRECIOS! ABOUT TOO MUCH!—JUV' WHEN THERE'S A TALK OF JULY FOR ABOUT TOO—"

(Gossiping "ad lib.")

DIARY OF THE PREMIER ON SHORE.

Monday Morning of my Noel.—Let me see! What's the Parliamentary business for to-day? Oh, Ireland, of course. Why can't they be satisfied with my Land Bill of 1870? Read a book of the *Galsgates*, to console me. Find it doesn't console me at all. Query. Aren't sufferings of *Ulysses* exaggerated by Homer? Did *Ulysses* ever listen to an Irish Obstructive? Write sixteen post-cards, and rattle off a parallel (for *Amos* or *Castar*) between much-suffering *Ulysses*, troubled with *Strens*, and myself ditto with *Home-Rulers*. Send it over to *Foster*. *Foster* returns it, with thanks; says he never heard *Bonasa* attack a *Siva* before—nor did I. I think I shall write an Epic entitled "The *Achil* Enduring *Ulysses* (myself) and *Imagined* Parallels."

11 A.M.—Boy comes to say, Deputation of Irish Members wants to see me. Don't want to see them. Query. Can it be "Impudent PARSELLOFF" and *Salters* in a fit of remorse?

No; only moderate *Home-Rulers* come to ask me to "re-consider Land Bill." Say they're afraid there won't be anything about the "Three F's" in it. I say I don't know at present what will be in it. They ask if I don't believe in the "Three F's." This pertinacious curiosity disgusting. I reply by some general remarks on the state of the weather, the prospects of the potato-crop, the Gulf Stream, &c. They leave, apparently quite satisfied.

Tuesday.—Very disturbed night. Dreamt I was cutting down a *Ujas-tree*. Mention it to *Doctor*. He says it is caused by a slightly abnormal extravasation of the lower clavicle of the cerebellum. It may be. He also wants to know what a *Ujas-tree* is; says he never saw one. Nor did I! Says I must leave off reading *Ujas*, and orders a course of post-cards instead.

10 A.M.—Rather heavy correspondence awaiting me this morning. Angry letter from "Greek patriot," wanting to know why I didn't at once give *Thessaly* and *Epirus* to Greece. Send post-card, referring him to *GABRIELLA*. Twenty-six *Middleton* electors want my autograph, my opinion on "Sabbath travelling," and my views—if any—on hypochlorite. Very flattering communication from a *Home-Rule* organisation in *Denegal*. "perfect confidence in me; feel sure I'll never rob Irish tenants of advantage they've gained by constitutional agitation," &c. Find the advantages they've gained so far by constitutional agitation are that they pay no rent, and that their landlords are either

starving in England, or "Berrotted" in Ireland. Dictate conciliatory post-card. Nothing like our *postcard*, after all. 10.30.—Read newspapers for half-an-hour. All of 'em urging strong measures "and blasting me! Query—who was it who said something about character of irremovable frivolity?" Must have been a very clever—ah, Lord B., to be sure! Ah, well—rather a vulgar remark, after all.

11 A.M.—Been closeted with *THOROLD ROGERS* and *SPRAKER*. Former has lots of proposals. It seems *SPRAKER* is right person to interfere with Obstructives. *SPRAKER* says he'd rather I did it. I'd much rather he did it. We both suggest that *THOROLD ROGERS* should do it.

5 P.M.—Wire to *GORTCHAKOFF*, asking him what they do with Obstructives in Russia. Wire back "Siberia." Too stringent. Wire to *GABRIELLA*, asking ditto in America. Reply—Lucrative office in Post Office or Custom House. Good idea, rather.

7 P.M.—*PARNELL* just quoted *BURTON*—"force is no remedy." Stupid thing of *BURTON* to say. Post-card to *BURTON* asking if he wouldn't like to repudiate the remark. He says, not at all. Then won't he explain that he only meant that force and remedy were two different things, and that former must precede latter? No.

Next Morning.—Feel rather fatigued on rising. Must take quiet exercise, &c. &c. Write last five chapters of my *Life of Lord B.* Also article for magazine on "Eudymion Legend, and Degrading Modern Curiosities of Same." Also postcards to *KETTER*, *COLLET*, *GORTCHAKOFF* (with congratulations on his retirement from public life), &c. Then into St. James's Park with wife. Deputation, consisting of *Pack-keeper*, *Doctor*, and *First Commissioner of Works*, imploring me not to cut down trees. *Doctor* says that over-exertion may superinduce cerebral phlogmatosis.

Thursday (I think, but the days here get so mixed).—Feel rather fatigued. Read *Lead* through to refresh me. *Doctor* suggests composing *Smaght*. Tell him I repudiate suggestion. Says he doesn't know what I mean by "repudiate;" if I mean I'll take it, that's all he wants. I say I do mean that. *Doctor* complains of my ambiguous language. I tell him, not half so ambiguous as his. *Master's* quarrel with one *Doctor*, for to bed, and dream of *Grasshopper Castle*. Would I were in it now!

BRUNSWICK'S FATED CHEFTAIN.

(A Tale for the Schoolboys in the City of London.)

Once upon a time a pet-son called the Duke of *Brunswick* died, and left much money to the City of *Gun-ova*, which made the people very glad, for they were a-ble to bean-ti-ly their City; and, being grate-ful people, they built a fine sta-tue of the Duke. But they built it on a wor-ss; and now we read in the pa-pers that it is stick-ing, and will soon dis-appear al-to-geth-er, and never be seen a-gain.

And once upon a time the Cer-po-ration of Lon-don, being there on poor peo-ple want-ing mon-ey or food, spent ten thou-sand pounds in build-ing a ve-ry ar-ly thing they call-ed a Ho-mo-ni-ol, but which all a-ther peo-ple call-ed a *Folly*. They did not build it on a wor-ss, and it will not go a-way; at least not just yet. Don't you wish it would?

Questions for the Kyrle Society.

ONE of the objects of the Kyrle Society, which held its first meeting last Thursday, under the presidency of Prince LEOPOLD, is the preservation of open spaces for the people. Was it with this view that Prince LEOPOLD assisted in putting up the obstructive Temple Bar Memorial? And was it as a compliment to this Society that the sculptor made the Griffin's tail Kyrlye?

A Sum.

If there are thirty street-crossings between Man-rough House and St. Martin's Church (and there are quite that number), each provided with a beseeching sweepster, and you give ten pence to each sweepster, how much will you save by not taking a cab at sixpence a mile, with the usual bonus of a shilling for snow and parochial negligence? *Sum*



A SCARE!

WHAT APPEARED TO OUR TERRIFIED ARTIST LAST WEEK (JAN. 24) IN THE APPROACH OF THE "GLACIAL PERIOD," AND THE DEPARTURE OF THE ESK.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, Jan. 24.—Regarded as an oratorical composition, Mr. FRASER'S speech to-night was excellent. It had just enough of grandeur to justify the position taken up. More would have been tedious, seeing that the world has been saturated with proof for weeks; less would scarcely have been decent. There was a hearty, honest, uncompromising ring all through. No cry of exultation, as if a bloodhound long held in leash, at length slipped on its prey; but rather the tone of a man who has at last made up his mind to do an undesirable and distasteful task, and who, having put his hand to the plough, will certainly not look back.

Business done.—Bill for the Protection of Life and Property (Ireland) brought in. Debate adjourned.

Tuesday, Midnight.—A feeling of gloom prevails among the Gentlemen from Ireland. Mr. HAZEL is tearing his hair. The Rev. Mr. FRASER sits all in a lump by the Cross Benches with his hands hanging limp before him, and his chin pressed on his chest. Mr. DILLON smokes tightly closed his lips, and Mr. O'DONNELL keeps a

tight grip on his eye-glass, knowing full well that should he let it fall there will drop with it a tear. Mr. UNWIN, whose nature has gifted with peculiar vocal advantages for the task, gives sorrow tongue. He is addressing the House in general, and the Treasury Bench in particular. "Let us," he says, with a tear in his voice, "adjourn till our little party is complete."

It is the old old story told with more or less monotony of incuriousness since the time of MILTON:—

"The LUTHERAN is dead, dead on his prime,
Young LUTHERAN, and hath not left his peer."

Here a moment in the full bloom and strength of Parliamentary vigour; the next:

"Come the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-own lid."

It was a touching moment, the grief of the Irish Members losing nothing of its pathos by reason of contrast with the immobility of

the English and Scotch. The last touch was given to the impressiveness of the scene by the fact that the Parliamentarily disembodyed LEYDAS looked down upon it, heard the lament of his faithful friends, and watched the scornful attitude of his hereditary enemies. Though the body of Obstruction was under halberds on the floor of the House, his soul had gone aloft to the Strangers' Gallery. Here he sat—known in the flesh as Sir BROGAN, in poetry as LEYDAS—whose untimely and his compatriots' besonneted. But a short time since he was standing over there, buttressed about with blue books. He had come in full of hope and statistics. Great things were expected of him, and he meant to equal expectation. Illustrations are often spared on to desperate acts by rivalry with themselves. Mr. BROGAN had made his Parliamentary fame by a speech of four hours' length. That was while his career was yet opening. Now it had long and gloriously established, and it became the veteran to outshine the deed of the youth.

So Mr. BROGAN entered, weighed down on one side with blue-books, and with a gleam in his eye, which told of coming conflict. When his turn came he rose with the grace that distinguishes every movement, and, holding out his right hand, shook it with fingers loosely down-dropped in the direction of the SPEAKER. This is a semaphore signal with which Mr. BROGAN is only too long acquainted. It means that, for an indefinite period, all Parliamentary traffic must be stopped. Stopped it was now, whilst Mr. BROGAN spread about him his papers, and having fixed his glasses astride his nose, and suspended his right hand by the thumb hook in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, began to discuss matters generally. He had not gone far before the SPEAKER called him to order. Mr. BROGAN occupying the few seconds of interval thus supplied, by re-arranging his papers. Once more on his feet, he travelled a little further and was again called to order. This happened three times, Mr. BROGAN, growing accustomed to the process, utilising it more obviously and with greater satisfaction in looking through his notes, and preparing fresh extracts for present reading as soon as the SPEAKER would be pleased to sit down. It appeared to him, however, that it would be as well, rather in the general interest than in his own, if he should have authoritatively settled a question that was always arising. What was order? It was not like a side of bacon, that you could feel and weigh, and smell, and if need be, taste. It was an abstract something, now here now there, but always evaded the clutch, like the ghostly dagger that haunted Marlow. Would it not be well to have this matter settled, and was there any time better than the present? Mr. BROGAN thought not; and so, laying down all his papers to the end that he might look both hands and the thumb within the hospitable recess of his waistcoat, and with head cocked a little on one side, he proceeded in his endeavour to solve the difficulty.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said, the metallic tones of his voice modified by earnest inquiry. "Now, what is order?" For all reply the SPEAKER named Mr. BROGAN; and before that grand name quite knew where he was, he found Mr. FOSTER's putting the question that he is suspended from further service in the House. To some men it might have occurred that since by some sudden turn of fortune he had become the object of personal and particular discussion, a dignified course would be to leave the company. Mr. BROGAN took another view of his duty. Perhaps he



SCENE FROM THE "BROGAN'S ORELA."

longer, the SPEAKER would tell him what order was. Instead of which the SPEAKER, observing the Hon. Member for CAVEN in his place," requested him to withdraw, which he did with a graceful snarl, and a few cherty words to the benefit of Sir Brogan, who was so polite as

to show him to the door. A few minutes later he was discovered up in the Strangers' Gallery in friendly converse with the doorkeeper, himself quonvored, while below his betrayed friends filled the dark night with illimitable lament.

Woe no more, woe! Shepherd, woe no more;

For LEYDAS your sorrow is not dead;

Yet though he be beyond the woe-fy floor,

To stain the day-star in the noon beam,

And yet none repair his drooping head,

And break his forehead, and with new spangled

Flashes in the forehead of the morning sky:

In LEYDAS, our law, was sooted high.

Business done.—Mr. BROGAN suspended.

Thursday Night.—The House of Commons is very like what I fancy the sea must be. Sometimes you look over the expanse of green benches and everything is quiet, even handrails. Suddenly a breeze comes from the west, fills the place. Members, hurrying in, crowd up the seats and stand at the Bar. The storm blows with ever increasing fury, and sometimes, as happened on Tuesday night, Mr. BROGAN is flung like a piece of seaweed on the rocks there represented by the Strangers' Gallery. After a while the storm goes even as suddenly as it arose, and the next evening, when you come to look on the scene, by the wind is hushed, the waves are stilled, and the stranded seaweed, sun-dried during the day, has dropped off the rock, and is once more gently rooking in the summer sea.

Thus it is to-night. The House is full but quiet, and eminently respectable. Mr. BROGAN has been restored to its bosom, and occupies his usual seat thereon. He, too, assumes it to be Mr. GLADSTONE, bears the slightest trace of having sat up all night. The PREMIER, truly, looks ill and worn, and has the restless movement which tells how sorely his nerves have been overworked. When in his usual good health he finds it impossible to sit still and listen to inanity or impertinence with the imperturbability which is characteristic of Lord BRAGGFIELD. When mind and body are overwrought this absence of self-control is more painfully marked, and to-night those who hold the PREMIER's life precarious, watch him with even more anxiety than they do when Mr. O'CONNOR POWER is speaking, and anon interpellate remarks inaudible above the din of the Representatives of Ireland who sit below the gangway opposite, and make mock of the man who delivered their country from the fangs of the Channel, and a great new war upon the delimitation of its land from the grip of the rock-rotter.

"If GLADSTONE could only keep himself quiet!" Lord HARTINGTON grovels, as he thrusts his hands into his pockets, tips his hat over his nose, and begins to take charge of the ship, which on the stroke of midnight the PREMIER hands over to him. Then the mocking chords outside, the interruptions cease, and the broad smile that betokens the lower part of Mr. BROGAN's expressive countenance disappears. The Irish Members look across at the Treasury Bench; and, knowing that they might as well attempt to remove the Griffin in Fleet Street by battering it with their heads, as try to disturb Lord HARTINGTON with their clamour, they subside, and presently go home.

Business done.—None.

Friday Night.—The debate on the First Reading of Mr. FOSTER'S first Coercion Bill was to be concluded to-night, and, alas, Members came down prepared to do their duty. But it appears that as yet we had only touched the skirts of the question. There are scores of gentlemen ready to boil over with words of outrage, and floods of eloquence. It seems we don't know nearly enough yet of the views of the Irish Members; and that if, after talking of the one thing for three weeks and a night, a decision which every one is prepared to give, were straightway to be taken, it would be an undue limitation of freedom of speech. Freedom of speech is already strictly limited to one side of the Channel; and to-night, when Mr. GLADSTONE proposed to state his views, he was rudely and violently interrupted from the Irish quarter in a way I can't tell the like of which has not hitherto been seen in the House.

Business done.—None.

UNIVERSITY WEATHER.—Sixteen degrees of frost were registered one morning last week, and ninety-six degrees in the Cambridge Senate House for the Mathematical Tripos, when Mr. FOSTER, of Trinity, appeared as Senior Wrangler. Bad weather for those who were plucked and left out in the cold.



"WELL, I'LL SAY!"



"IMPATIENT PAR-
WELLONS."

THE THEATRES.

HEP-LL! Here we are in a stall at HENKELS'S, moving or rather resting in the very best of Circus, capital entertainment being contributed, "for man and beast," by "Jove the Performing Bull," who, with the aid of two Spanish gentlemen, in gay costume, a horse-wing, a halberd, and an occasional mouthful of dog biscuit, successfully, though not without a severe intellectual struggle, grapples with the intricate problem of standing contemplatively for a considerable time on two inverted milk-white man-tubs. Watching the intense thought brought to bear by this redolent creature—who, for mere steak, must be worth at least two-and-sixpence a pound—upon facts which a couple of years earlier in the programme, and a monkey, subsequently, disposed of with a facility bordering on contempt, one was inclined to ask oneself whether Jove would not, after all, be more completely at home panned up, and slightly overfed, with a ticket, at a Circus show. However, his performance was very creditable even in a programme filled with good things, and including "Six Merry Gnomes."



CIRCUS-DROMAIRE REMARKS.

Singer's.—After *Messop* comes the *Pantomime of St. George and the Dragon*, or, *The Beauty and the Beast*. Capitally mounted, well acted, and with never a flapping instant, we pass from the Cave of the Enchanted Chameleon to the Limpid Lake in the Land of Loos (what a title for Mr. SWANBURNER!), from the City of Somewhere to the Palace of Humpty Fizz, from the Terrace of the Palace to the Hall of Nations; and this is a good scene. The Hall is handsomely painted. Armies of troops of all nations look on the stage till it is well nigh full; but this is but half of what we have to see. Here comes the *Mosses*, *NANKERS*' chances, and they avail themselves of them. So less than twenty grossly apparelled knights ride in on real live horses; Eastern warriors on real live camels; and half-a-dozen real live elephants. Then rides in St. George, mounted on a white charger. From above descends the *Beast*, a gruesome monster, who threatens *Beauty*. St. George and the *Dragon* fight. The great *Beast* is slowly overcome, and sinks to the ground, where St. George gives him his final death-thrust. *Bravo, Messrs. G. & J. SANDER!*

The weather has been something fearful for Managers. They sped the departure of the Unwelcome Guests, Frost and Snow, and hailed the first appearance of the work by a new and seasonable Dramatist, whom they saluted with cries of "Au-thaw! Au-thaw!"

TO SER WILFRED LAWSON.

"THE best base for a firm of wine-merchants that I ever heard of," observed an eminent tomatist, "is WINDON AND WARTER." An Irish Gentleman remarked that there must be some mistake in the second syllable of the first name, which ought to be "key."

THE GRIFFIN! GOING! GOING!

(1st Ed.) Birmingham, January 27, 1881.
Our firm does a large business in South Sea securities, and we are prepared, if the figure be not too high, to take the Griffin of your hands. A *Kajiwawa* potentate writes us, that having sent his god to the Paris Exhibition, it was honourably mentioned, but never returned. He also encloses his ostentatious order for another. We offer £5, a very good second-hand price.

Yours, &c.,

GIBBLEY, MOULD, AND CARTER.

(2nd Ed.) Bury, January 27, 1881.
I HAVE been commissioned by an Austrian nobleman to supply you with a wedding-sake, of handsome proportions; and it has occurred to me that the City Griffin, carefully coated with white sugar, would make an effective cent-piece. If you are willing to take 15s. 6d. for the animal, as it stands, and throw in the chalk tea-relics, I am prepared to treat with you.

Yours, &c.,

J. DUFFIN.

(3rd Ed.) Paris, January 27, 1881.
GLOUCESTER FRATERNITY.—Is not the memory of your Temple far immortalized by the display of the head of CHARLES THE FIRST? This consecrates St. Francis kisses the Griffin. Send it, carriage prepaid, and complete our solidarity. Blessing your embraces.

Yours, &c.,

VICTOR HUGO.

(4th Ed.) Eddystone Lighthouse, January 27, 1881.
Look here. There ain't nought going artistic down this way from one year's end to another. Send 'em 'ere; there's room for 'em on the rock.

Yours,

THE KEEPER.

(5th Ed.) Bury, January, 1881.
I AM capable of being filled with the memory of your Temple and mechanics' shop, I have a part that will just suit the mystic creature in my new Opera.

Yours, &c.,

RICHARD WALKER.

(6th Ed.) GIVE it to the Duke of MONTGOMERY to mark the site of Covent Garden when the rubbish is cleared away.

J. T. BIRDFOOD.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.

Dialogue in the Manager's Private Room.

Mr. Forster (the Author of a New Sensational Irish Drama). Then you will keep the piece?

Mr. H. E. GARDNER (Manager of Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's). Decidedly. It must be done in two good strong Acts. Act I.

Coordin. Act II. Remission.

Author. Yes. And I'll take care in the first to allude to certain important points in the second.

Manager. Of course. They must be carefully laid up to.

Author. The reading will occupy some time.

Manager. It will play sharper than its reads. I'll experiment the rehearsal, and depend upon me to cut out all useless scenes, which only waste time, try the patience of the public, and delay the action.

Author. I think it'll be a success.

Manager. I hope so. [Exeunt severally.]

The Police and the Public.

"Charges of assault preferred against Policemen have of late been lamentably frequent."—Standard.

THE Police should protect us, and do well enough 'Gainst assaults of the burglar and raids of the roust; But it seems, as reward, that they wish to go out And on a prosecution to knock us about; So 'tis clear if this sad state of things should increase, We must call in the burglars for aid 'gainst the police!

Bumbledom, Fumbledom, and Grumbledom.

GRUMBLDOM is always complaining of Bumbledom, when it ought to attack Fumbledom. Fumbledom will not attend to its own affairs, but hands them over to Bumbledom. Bumbledom consists of three members, Ignorance, Emptiness, and Incompetence, and these have the administration of Forty Millions sterling a year—or a sum equal to one half of the Imperial revenue. If Grumbledom and Fumbledom were to unite their forces and destroy Bumbledom, London would have fifty thousand newspapers the same as Paris.



A FLY WITH THE DRAGON.



"DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE!"

Mature Mrs. (reckly pulling up her "idle totterer"). "AR! NOW WHICH OF YOU IS GOING TO PUT ON MY SEATERS FOR ME!"
(Momentary Association amongst the Goodwives—what, no doubt, is half-famous.)

STRANGLING THE MONSTER.

Extract from a forthcoming New Edition of Lemperic. (Irish Version.)

The O'Carus was a famous deprederator, son of O'Tellus and Eris (or Diacordia) by some erroneously condensed with the nymph Erin, and bearing a marked family resemblance to his grandparent Chao. Like Polyphemus as described by Virgil, he was—

"Monstrum horrendum, inferne, ligens, q̄i lunam ademptum."

He was a three-headed monster, and from his several and unshut-up-able mouths vented forth fire and fury on all such as opposed or angered him. For twenty-four hours at a stretch had the Ogre been known to spout out unintermittent lava floods from his inexhaustible vocal volcano. He resided for the most part in Hibbernia, and ever plotted to plunder the surrounding country. He dwelt in the gloomy recesses of the Hills (his *de* called them) of Erin, was vengeful as the Eriyres themselves, and the Avenue of his Avenue was strewn with the remains of slaughtered cattle, and with dead men's bones.

When Hercules returned from the conquest of Ben D'Ynion, the O'Carus "enveloped" some of his Bulls (for the most part of the breed known as John Bulls, though some were Hibberian ones) and dragged them into his cave, terrifying them into subservience by the most dreadful and mysterious menaces. Hercules, after partaking of Makartha's hospitality, was on the point of proceeding quietly on his way without discovering the extent of the difficulty into which the O'Carus had drawn him; but his John Bulls' loud bellowings were answered feebly from the Cave of the O'Carus, and the hero thus realised his loss and the new labour before him. He therefore attacked the O'Carus, and, after a desperate conflict, during which the Monster vented forth even more fire and fury than was his pleasant wont, strangled him in his arms, and erected the Ara Maxima to Jupiter Liberator, in commemoration of his victory.

It is thus the poet describes the encounter between Alcides and the O'Carus:—

The oven of the O'Carus, heed to sight,
 Glowed with the fire of late-admitted light:

The long-pout vapours with a thunderous sound
 Hissed from beneath and shook the rocks around.
 The Coalsmen, kneeling, as the light they view,
 Hail'd from their seats and wish'd the desperate true.

Gracious O'Carus's three mouths expire
 Mixture of lurid smoke and lambent fire;
 In hope the hero to obstruct his way,
 And so prevent his taking aim aright,
 But great Alcides through them fought his way,
 For turned nor passed until he grasp'd his prey.
 The monster opening foully flung he forth,
 Gripp'd his three throats, and raised him from the ground.
 Choked in mid air, his crippled members curl'd
 In a close knot, the fire-breast was fold'd.
 The Bulls, now freed, breath'd open air again,
 Safe from the depot warder of the den.
 The wondering populace, with glad surprise,
 Behold his triple head, his horrid size,
 His mouth that spout no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.

"CLIPPING!"

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following clipping from *The Glasgow Herald*:—

WEST-END SCHOOL OF COOKERY, Corporation Buildings, 2, Buchanan Street. Mrs. BLACK, will COMMENCE a COURSE of DEMONSTRATIONS in SCOTCHMAN COOKERY on THURSDAY, 27th January, at 11 o'clock. The First Lesson will be Clear Starching and Ironing. Ticket for Course, 10s.; Admission, 5s. Syllabus of Lessons on application.

Is Mrs. BLACK introducing a new School of Cookery? Does this lady propose to commence a dinner with a basin of "thick starch," and one of "clear"? And then the "ironing"? What has this to do with a dinner? In view of a course of clear starch and fat iron, a weak constitution would require a considerable amount of ironing to stand it. Previous Black joke this, though.

GRAND IDEA FOR UNPARALLELED BENEVOLENCE IN THE CITY.—A Turtle Soup Kitchen!!



STRANGLING THE MONSTER.

FROM THE RANKS.

III.—*Fire and Unfire.*

Yes, Sir. It's cruel to have to say it, but "Babe" in the hands of the Billers" is about what we are. We ought to have eyes in the backs of our heads, and three of them, at least, to avoid the shells and find out what are spread to trip us up. Ah, Sir! there's the affectionate blirk. What do you think of that? I've seen several specimens of that blirk. There was a lady as had just returned from India, to look at her blessed husband's tomb. Did I know the way to Brampton

Cemetery? Of course I did. She had a smile like a sardine. And then she wanted a nice quiet lodging, with a bit of garden, and we were several days looking for it, and when we weren't looking for it, she had tears in her eyes, and smiled at me dreamily as she thought of her dead husband. I took quite a fancy to that sweet lady as loved her husband so, and it stuck in my throat to bother her for a few shillings when she was so pleased and so sorrowful, and not settled with her things. And then when she did get settled, and I called, she asked me into the parlour, instead of leaving me on the door-mat, and made me sit down, and wanted to know what I thought of the carpet-pattern and of the portrait of the lost one, who was a stout gen, over the chimney, with a bull neck, and in uniform, and when I said something about my own work she looked wild and spoke of her shoe-book and how great a privilege it was to be able to do a little good to those we love—and cried a bit—and then cheering up, asked me to go and fetch the cab and take her for a drive, being so low-spirited, for I'd have cause to blame her some day. So I took her for great a fool as my letters for lots of drives and shopping and that, and got into awful scrapes at home and deep in debt to old SKENNOR, and was obliged to pawn my Sunday suit and the few things I had, to keep it all above water, and not get the sack, and I don't know where it would have ended, if I hadn't one day seen the bill put up "To Let" in three windows where she used to sit smiling that intoxicating smile. All the tradesmen were shouting round the door. She owed me many pounds, of which I never saw a farthing, and that served me jolly well right for being such an old fool as to be took in by a artful woman's flatterin' rubbish; and the months of hard work it took me to pull myself together after she had bolted his face, was a judgment on me.

But if there's so much of the ugly side to be met with in the suburbs, why do honest men turn cobby? Well, because there's a fascination in the uncertain life, and the liberty. You can go where you like, and smoke a pipe when you like, and be at no-one's beck and call. What? A public servant, and bound to obey? Fush! If you see a pretty bail you, and don't like his face, it's easy to say you've got to change horses, or if he persists, to pretend to cast a stone, or if he will get inside, you've only to crawl till he's exasperated and too delighted to get out again. One day a prize, the next a blank, taking the bad and the good together, like a sort of lottery. You start on a bright morning, like a rover searching for adventure; without knowing what'll come of it. You feel your wife are pitted against other wives, which is exhilarating if you begin as a gutter-squire. You'll tussle against queer people during the time you're out, and you'll be set raking your brains as to who and what they are; and you'll see 'em do things as'll make your hair stand on end—for sometimes they don't count nobody as anything more than a bit of fun. And so, and they'll do things that time which they'd be ashamed to do except in secret. It's courtiering sometimes to see their shamelessness. They lay bare the black parts of their lives to you, some of 'em, with a consciousness that's wonderful. If I was a detective, and wished to study a man, I'd disguise myself as a cobby and throng myself in his way. His money's shabby for a coat or two, but if played properly he'd blow hot, and there of the mask

before me. I'd be so useful and obliging that he'd order me again and again as many a guest does who takes a fancy to his driver. Mr. VINCENT of Southard Yard, please copy. Fuh! How I hate the name of Bobby!

Yours respectfully,
T. H. (write TOMMY the Torr).

TALK FOR THE TUNNEL.

"The impossibilities of yesterday, thanks to science, become the certainties of to-morrow; and such a spirit of commination with no doubt, before long revolutionise all the traditions of travelling."—*Weekly Paper.*

REPORT STARTING.

DID I understand you that the fare to Paris and back was only half-a-crown?

Dear me—my mother-in-law will now survive the Channel passage!

What do you say to taking the children for their summer holidays to Constantinople?

Is that hole in the pavement a receptacle for coals, or the entrance to the station?

I do not think the horse of the four-wheeler can comfortably descend this circular staircase.

As we are now seven hundred feet below the surface, you may as well tell the cabman at the top, that I decline to pay him an extra eighteen-pence.

Will these tickets admit of our getting out for a fortnight on the Goodwin Sands?

Yes, I should like to come back by the new route under the North Pole.

DURING A JOURNEY.

Why have we come to a dead lock, with the lights out, and experience a considerable difficulty in breathing?

Is it sea-water that is pouring down my back in gallons?

If I had purchased a complete Diver's suit, with an air-pump, at the bookstall, this inconvenience could not have occurred.

As there appears to be a hole seven feet in diameter in the roof of the tunnel, I shall certainly, as soon as I get out, write to the Press.

Will you kindly detach the six-and-sixpenny lobster from my check?

Guard! remove the shark to the third-class compartment.

The fancy man in the corner says the tunnel ought to have been lined with blotting-paper.

I wish the Shareholder wouldn't tear his hair out in such large handfuls.

If this goes on much longer, this will certainly be the very last time I shall patronise the Company.

FAREWELL TO FESTIVITIES.

A FEATHERED DUTY.



The dark days of dinners are over,
When payments were gathered indoors,
And we both are fairly in clover,
Though comrades have perished by scores.
A plague on the festival season!
May all men who eat be ill!
And go, and with very good reason,
In search of a dose of Blue Pill!

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

The next series of *Tidbiters Fivoids* (the vulgar call them *Poets' Pinnacles*) at Mrs. SKY-LARK'S are already arranged, and we believe we are violating no secret in divulging the subjects.

"*Queen endowed with Rosses.*" This will be represented by a distinguished Middlesex Magistrate desiring to license a London Casino.

"*After defying the Lightning.*" This will be represented by a distinguished London Theatrical Manager desiring not to close his house during the late elemental strife. He will recite a new version of WAGSWORTH'S poem, beginning

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A snow-storm in the sky," &c.

"*Season carrying the Gates of Gaea.*" This will be represented by a distinguished Journalist removing the barriers of the Duke of MICHURIN'S estate in Gloucestershire.

"*My Mother bids me lead my Hair.*" This will be represented by a distinguished member of the House of Lords carrying out the will of PRYNGWATER.

"*Romulet making disrespectful observations to his Mother.*" This will be represented by one of the Members for the Tower Hamlets.

THEATRE AND TELEPHONE.

CONSERVATIVE Members might be expected from a Government in which there is such a display of Force; viz., Force-rod in Ireland, and Force-it at the Post Office.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 17.



ANTONIUS THEOPHILUS.

AUTHOR OF THE LAST CHRONICLES OF CANINA.

*O Bare for Antony!—BRANFLEUR.

OLD FRIENDS.

MARCO'S-NEST and Gibbonochie are remarkably active at the present moment. Marco's-nest knows a man who knows another man who says he saw, with his own eyes, a sacred postcard outside the Working House, advising the public to lay in a fortnight's provisions, as seven days of perpetual frost are expected, and the snow will be seven feet deep. Gibbonochie immediately spreads this report, and Marco's-nest bolshism. Sometimes they predict fifteen days of frost and seven feet of snow, and sometimes seven days of frost and fifteen feet of snow. When the weather fails them, they leave the Fenian scare to fall back upon The Bank of England, the British Museum, the Marlborough Club, the Patent Office, according to Gibbonochie, are all guarded by detachments of soldiers. Marco's-nest knows that the Insurance Companies have not booked a policy for several weeks, and he is very sweet on the subject of Mother England. It is a pity that so much inventive talent cannot find harmless occupation in legitimate works of fiction.

A Trying Wait.

A consequence of the Gladstones that the Public who attended the Weighing-Machines in the Metropolitan and District Railway Stations, are kept at their posts from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., and on holidays till 11 p.m. Fourteen hours of sleepless vigilance! "Try your weight!" indeed. Poor lads! The British Public would hardly care to try their wait—if that is its length.

SCHOOL-BOARD PAPERS.—No. 5.

BEFORE taking leave of you and this subject, perhaps you will allow me to say a few words on the virtue of humility. You must not despise your elders who were born in an age when ratepayers were not benevolent, and the rule in matters of education was—"the devil take the hindmost." You must not look with contempt on your father and mother, or your uncles and aunts, because they had a difficulty in separating the letter H, in asking for a bookbinder at Bologna, or in spelling or pronouncing words of more than two syllables. If you correct them when you notice their shortcomings, it must be in the most delicate manner. If you know they are wrong you must not say so, but must gently hint that authorities differ on certain points, and that the generally received spelling or pronunciation of certain words is so-and-so or so-and-so. You must behave with the utmost politeness to the working classes. You must not order them to work as if they were slaves and you were a slave-driver, but you must ask them if they will kindly oblige you by executing a certain task at their own time and pleasure for a remuneration quite inadequate, though generally considered liberal. You must anticipate their weakness for the dinner-hour by requesting them to take it much earlier and prolong it much later. You must be liberal in the matter of beer, and not obstinate in the matter of tobacco, even during the hours of labour. Instead of leaving them to assert their claims to a half-holiday on Saturday and a late arrival on Monday, you should request them not to work after sunset on Friday night until midday on Monday. Leisure is the gift of the gods, and no man should be deprived of it. Do not enquire too curiously how this leisure is utilized. One man may distribute tracts which he does not read; another may read tracts which he does not distribute. One man may prefer the simple game of skittles to the elaborate frivolity of chess; and another man may despise both, and prefer to spend his time and money in increasing the Excise revenue of his country. Beated, as you are, on a lofty pinnacle in the upper regions of education, you can afford to look down with

charitable tolerance on the weakness of those who were born before you. Their intellect may be equal to yours, but their training is inferior, and it is in your own fault if the world is not governed in future by able-minded parsons.

THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.

The Telegraph Monopoly—popularly known as the Post Office—is proving, if any proof were needed, that no man or manhood can be trusted. Tory, Conservative, Liberal, or Radical, are all alike when the law gives them, or leads them to believe that it has given them, unlimited powers as traders. The so-called Post Office, having made a bad and ineffectual bargain with the Telegraph Company, is determined to break its bargain, and earn an evil reputation as the champion of overrating stagnation. If the honest investors of the Telephone have been made aware of this in a court of law, and are now made even more bitterly aware of it in their subsequent negotiations with the Government.

In the first place they are told they must be taxed, and this is a concession which you hardly be astonished at. Next every living thing in this country is taxed, except vermin—the child in its cradle, the dying-man on his bed. The only thing practically exempt, is the corpse in its coffin. However stingy the Government may be, the tax-payer is superhumanly active. A Government that once takes the light of Heaven, can see no injustice in taxing a Telephone wire. In the second place, the important inventors are told that their reeds must be limited.

Because the Government wanted ten millions of public money in 1868, the Telephone Company may carry their wires to Stoke-Pogies and as far ther. The Cook-a-doodle-do policy in one department of Government, necessitated a money-grubbing policy in another. If this Government, that Government, or that Government, had bought the Water Companies, half the kingdom would have been dying of thirst; and if they had bought the Stage-coach interest, railways would never have been built; or if built, would have been allowed no farther than Hampton and Camberwell.



AN ULTIMATUM.

Cobby (Master of the Situation). "TAKE UP YOUR MASTER AT CAVELINE SQUARE! NOW, LOOK 'ERE, YOUR GOV'NER 'A BEV TO COME HIMSELF,—AND TELL 'EM THERE HE WANT TO GO, AN' HE CAN MAKE 'EM A HOPPER!"

THE END OF IT;

Or, Last Leaves from a Cuning "House" Journal.

September 20.—Two hundred and fiftieth day of the debate. Led staggering, but gently to my chair by Usher and Sergeant-at-Arms about P.M. Seems a fine morning, but feel I can't keep my eyes open much longer. Think I might manage if I could wear a wet towel round my Speaker's wig; or, better still *sooter* it. Wonder if the fatigue kills me, whether I shall be buried, like the other seven Speakers who have filled the post and succeeded since April last, in Westminster Abbey? Not that I care about it! I would far rather go home. Notice that the Irish Secretary seems to have been asleep without moving since last Tuesday week. Hope he's all right. Perhaps they wake him when I get delicious. Finishing, towards 11.30 p.m., that the Reporters' Gallery appears to grow purple and to commence waltzing, I get the Mace Bearer to ring a distant's bell in my face wherever I hob. Try to make signs to the PREMIER that I can't stand *no* longer, when am immensely relieved to see the

Deputy Speaker carried in on a notice-board by his five medical advisers. Just time to observe he has had his head shaved. Then collapse, and am borne out senseless into the tea-room.

October 31.—Another month gone, and business but little advanced. Seventeen more Irish Members, thank goodness, removed progressively to Sidney-Place, but resentment still seems in fair condition. Am carried in my chair into the House, amid a respectful hush. Afraid I'm breaking, though large Turkish towel, steeped in vinegars, under my wig, is an immense relief. Avoid "ruling" as much as I can, for fear of saying silly things, and laughing weakly afterwards. Catch myself asking a Member below the gangway, out of order, an obscure French exordium. Feel there's no precedent for this, and begin to cry quietly. Rise "cheer" and "congratulate cheer." Cue! help it. Cheer away! Saved from a fit of hysterics by the new standing order, that enjoins that "The Officers of the House shall every five minutes, or more frequently, if it be necessary, enter a pallid or cold Thomas water over the head of every Member or Members engaged in the debate." Wonderfully refreshed for half a minute, and nod to a friend in Strangers' Gallery; but seeing the Deputy Speaker brought in on a wooden (borrowed from "another place") to relieve me, go suddenly off my head, and am carried out into the Lobby, singing cheers, and last verse of "I hope that they won't tell Jenniss."

November 5.—Am brought into the House still singing. "I hope that they won't tell Jenniss." HOME SECRETARY explains to me that in a Committee of the whole House, my doing so officially has been voted "not out of order." Everybody very kind. Notice that all the striking apparatus from the Clock Tower has been arranged over the heads of the reporters in their gallery. It seems to keep people awake. Find the ice helmet under and over my wig an immense benefit. Observe that the whole of the front benches are dancing a fandango on my table. Smile and say nothing. Am told by Sergeant-at-Arms, who is crying like a child, that last Irish Member has been taken in a cab to Bodiam, and that debate is over. Try to cheer, but am overcome. Remember nothing more till I find myself going up Parliament Street towards Charing Cross, in my chair, amidst a tremendous mob singing something about the *Gift of Snow-ber.* Am hit with a halfpenny from a third-floor window, and so to sleep for a fortnight, thankful the Session is over.

A Word with Mr. Vaughan.

NO, MR. VAUGHAN, the Cabinet's charges were not exorbitant, and Cabinet, as a rule, are not extortionists. If you had applied this language to the Parochial Authorities, who literally rob the public of money for services that are never rendered, no one could have envied at your judgment or doubted your justice. Instead of fining the poor Cabinet, who deserved a reward for coming out at all in such weather, you would have done well to have caught a few Vestrymen, and put them on their trial for Hobbey.

THE LOWEST DEPTH.

TRAVELLING down crumbs for the frost-bitten in order that you may see your cat catch them.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Taxophilic Grounds, Regent's Park.

In the summer time I imagine the Taxophilites are rather a quiet body. They possess a sort of neglected kitchen-garden in the Regent's Park. To make up for their not very productive "red property" (from its position I fancy it must have been a gift from the Crown) they have erected a kind of pocket edition of a baronial hall in a secluded portion of the grounds. This pocket edition of a baronial hall is chiefly remarkable for stained-glass windows, antlers, gargoyle inscriptions, and an enormous fire-place. The architect no doubt was told that he must "round it in the hands, and he seems to have strictly obeyed his instructions. The fire-place was evidently intended to silence the important suggestion "that, after all, the baronial affair was only a summer-house." When I saw it, it was closed, its place being

taken by a German stove, connected with the original structure by a yard or two of steel iron piping. Very likely this departure from the first idea had been necessitated by the discovery of some other domestic calamity of a kindred character. For the rest the stained-glass windows indicated the King of the Forest had been an archer, a fact that made it a subject of sincere



FOUR MANKS!

regret that a portrait of His Majesty had not been taken for the Club in fall. Both blood costume, in truth, for the Taxophilites, who have given up their grounds to the Shooting Club.

In spite of the snow it was not difficult to find my way to the rink. Numbers of nice young Ladies and determined-looking middle-aged Gentlemen were going in the same direction. I followed them.

A wooden gate was opened by a brisk Commis-sionaire, who welcomed me with a military salute full of courtesy.

His eagle sense divined in a moment that I (like Mr. Winkle) was a "little awkward" on a pair of skates. I passed him with an assumption of dignity, and came to the rink. It seemed to be a flooded lawn. It was surrounded by snow, out of which peeped here and there an aged target, which apparently had been left there in the summer by some taxophilite, too languid to carry it back promptly to the Archer's Hall with him, as a trophy of the chase. But these targets had their value. Round the frozen water were one or two aged ladies, who shivered, and cast glances at rosy-cheeked damsels who were seen disporting themselves gaily on the ice in the distance. Now and then these damsels gleefully approached the veterans downwards, and cheerily asked them "how they were getting on?" The aged dowagers then attempted to hide their shiverings, and added more or less merrily. In a moment, the rosy-cheeked damsels were off to another part of the rink, and the dowagers were once more alone. Then the targets came into requisition. The dowagers explored their ample leisure in prodding them thoughtfully with an umbrella.

Leaving these "and cove," (as they would have been called in the English libretto to an Italian Opera) to their own morose reflections, I came to a much more cheerful sight.

A young lady of singularly prepossessing appearance was performing some extremely intricate evolutions round what should have been—and no doubt was—a very happy ocean. The young lady now advanced coquettishly, then retired with graceful curves. I thought she was gone for ever, when, in a moment, with a gentle glide, she was once more close to me. She hovered about that orange like a bee upon a flower. As I noted her charming performance, I came to the conclusion that I was watching a very pretty figure. I felt almost amazed when she was called away by a short stout gentleman, to form a party of four with two other extremely disagreeable-looking persons to take her place, in what seemed to me to be a sort of mad quadrille. Having now nothing better to do, I turned my attention to the antics of two Clubblots of the male sex. All on the rink were adorned with tiny silver skates, showing that they had passed the qualifying



A PARTY FASCIA.

examination for Membership. The two gentlemen I was now watching, did not look the desperation, or I should have imagined that one of them at least was in *stato perillero*.

"Can you do this?" asked the first of the other, and he started off as if he had been subjected to an electric shock, which had deprived him temporarily of all control over his legs. Fortunately his next members seemed to be on kindly terms with the remainder of his body, and, after two or three awkward moves, brought him round in a circle, without causing him any serious injury. His friend shook his head, and adopted a feeble smile, apparently assumed with the intention of dissuading criticism.

"I don't know, but I will try," he murmured, as he attempted to imitate the movement. The effort entailed great labour, but was perfectly successful. He struck off with an energy born of resignation, and his legs, too, carried him round in a circle out of danger. Then he absolutely beamed with satisfaction, and boldly stooped down to place the inevitable orange in another position.

"Very good!" said his instructor, with an air of intense patronage. "Now we will try something else!" I heard at my elbow, and noticed that the Champion Skater was on the eve of re-assuming his instruction. He appeared to be watching me through the corners of his eyes.

"I am not quite sure you will be able to manage this just yet," said he to his disciple. "It is very effective, but requires practice. But you can do it at my side."

He glanced at those near him as if inviting their serious attention, and observing cheerily, "I shall cut a pretty figure," was taken by his legs into the air, and—set down! He did not lose his composure. He was up in a moment, with an agility regarding much familiarity with the manoeuvre, and adding "I had you it was rather difficult, but take my word for it, with a little practice, you will do it as well as I do!" And at this point of his lecture I thought it time to leave, and return to a comfortable fire-side at home.

A GROWL.

(From a *Steam-and Traveller*.)

SEN.—We all have been more or less affected by the inclemency of the season, singly, distemper, frozen members, and pitfalls in the shape of slides artificially manufactured by wretched mechanics. I do not recollect excellent coal-fires as I invariably make. But what have I done that I am compelled to trust myself once a week to the tender mercies of the South-Western Railway Company? Are my social relations so grave that I should expiate them by leaving in travel, for an hour and a half, a chance that on most other lines would be done in half that time, in a first class carriage that must have been purchased second-hand from the Midland Railway Company at the time they discarded their second class compartments. Granting the South-Western Railway Company a monopoly of dirty and uncomfortable carriages, why should not the hapless travellers on this line have at least the consolation of knowing that they will arrive at their destination within half-an-hour of the time specified in the Company's Time-table? Or, allowing even the privilege of arbitrary delays to the Company, might we not expect, in this somewhat trying weather, our poor feet to be conducted by the grateful foot-warmer during the occasional twenty minutes wait between stations? I admit that I have seen a foot-warmer on this line. It was provided for a young lady. She was young and lovely. I am another,—but that's all the more reason I should have had the foot-warmer.

As the authorities of the London and South-Western Line seem to have a ready willingness for getting the travellers into hot water, why don't they put a lot of it into hot bottles for the long-suffering public, before the latter cries out threateningly, "We'll warm you!"

Yours,

AS UNREASONABLE TICKET-HOLDER.

Forms and Seats.

HOME-BUILDERS are apter at noise than at noise. But at least they've accomplished the strangest of feats; They have managed, by straining the forces of the House, To fix it for twenty-two hours to its seats!

REPLY OF THE IRISH STATE PRODUCTIONS.—All engaged in these acquitted themselves—entirely to their own satisfaction.

NEW PROCEDURE (ANTI-SEMITIC) FOR THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.—The Old Clap-net.

A PURSRY who had been reading *Gulliver's Travels*, was asked which place in the book he preferred? His reply was *Le poster*.



ADJUSTMENT.

Our Station-Master (to old Jinks, whom he had kindly provided with a first-classer on a journey down the Line to see his sick Daughter). "WELL, DID YOU FIND THE SECRECY OF IT, MASTER JINKS!"

Old Jinks. "OH, AY, THANKS, MA GREEN! THA' THREE BOX O' HOT WATER THA' WOE' UNCOMFORT'ABLE, STEE-LY! I SAF ON 'N THE WHOL' O' THE WAY, AN' THA' DID WALK ME UP TO-EIGHTS, I CAN TELL 'ER!!"

SUNDERLAND OR BLUNDERLAND?

WE are led to ask this question as to the proper name of the great northern town by the proceedings of its Board of Guardians. The workhouse children were invited to see the *Pantomime*, as most poor workhouse children in most dull towns are invited at this season. Mr. YELLS—who is evidently no descendant of Yale-Ing, whatever branch of the great Ing family he may belong to—objected to the children being contaminated by contact with theatres. This sentiment, once started, found plenty of supporters, who overruled the more liberal dissentients, and the Alderman Chairman, by his casting vote, deprived the hungry little proppers of a meal of pleasure. There is evidently no more need to send Aunt to Sunderland than there is to send coals to Newcastle. Towns that give themselves those virtuous airs are not always shining models of propriety. Once upon a time there was (and is still) a semi-religious, half-Scottish periodical, conducted by an editor with broad views and generous sympathies. To make his magazine popular, he admitted, amongst a host of minor persons, a few writers of the worldly school whose names were familiar to the public. This excited the indignation of a number of busybodies in an obscure Scotch town, called Something-Bogie, who burnt the magazine in a corner called the market-place. One of the worldly writers was so stirred by this that he made a few searching inquiries about Something-Bogie, and found that it possessed the highest rate of illegitimacy of any place in the known world. Perhaps Sunderland has just as much right to throw stones at the theatre, as Something-Bogie had to burn the productions of worldly writers?

FRANK BOKKA-MIA.—Motto for Five o'clock Tea-drinkers.—Dance out Tea-sippers in line.

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Thomas Carlyle.

BORN, 1796. DIED, 1881.

Shut fast the door! Let not our vulgar din
Vex the long rest of patriarchal age;
But one step more eternal peace to win,
England's Philosopher! old Choices' Sage!

How they will greet him! When he nears the home
Where dwell the deathless spirits of the dead—
GENTLE and SCULLERS, "sovereign souls," will come
To crown with *concordia* his honored head.

Out from the unknown shore, the heroes past—
CROWNSHIPS of England, FENCIBLES the Great—
Will lead the great procession, and repeat
The roll of names that he joined so late.

What will his message be, from life to death
Grand hero-workshops of your age?

"Is England true?" they'll ask him in one breath.
"Faithful to history?" He'll answer No!

To this indictment he must pledge his word,—
What warrant else could an historian sign!—
He lived through England's triumph, but he heard
With dying ears the shudder of decline.

Perchance the revolution and the shame
That like black shadows crossed the Commons' floor,
Were spared him dying! Whisper not their name!—
Shut fast the door! He's sleeping. Close the door!

A Very Vulgar Incident.

SCENE—A Public-house in Eastgate Highway.

Professional Sharpster. Vet do I call you? Vy, I calls you a blank old fool; and if you says you ain't, why I'll knock yer blank old 'ad off yer blank old shoulders.

Professional Rector from Licensed Premises. Now, then! Now, then! This 'ere language won't do 'ere! It ain't Parliamentary.

Professional Sharpster. A begging your pardon, which you 'aven't a-road the Debate, or you'd 'know it was the most regular Parliamentary language.

Professional Rector from Licensed Premises. Which pardon is granted, and I begs of yours. Your language is Parliamentary. But out you goes!

[Struggle, and vehement adoption of the editors.

A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.

SWITZERLAND on the 27th instant was visited thrice during the day, in several places, with a touch of the earthquake reported by wire. It caused both a lateral and vertical oscillation, preceded by a subterranean rumble, made the clocks of churches to strike and their bells to toll, shook books off their shelves, detached pictures from the walls, and, in Evree, for one place, threw down more than one hundred chimneys; but beyond that, appears not to have done any notable damage. The people, therefore, who experienced the shock, were much more frightened than hurt; but so much frightened, some of them, that—

"Children and teachers ran pell-mell from schools, and all study had to be given up for the day."

"Steady given up for the day!" Oh, won't English school-boys wish there were occasional Earthquakes about. The Head-Master of Eton would grant a holiday, or even an extra week, for an earthquake, if it only quaked enough. How merry the proverbial "merry Swiss boys" must have been on the occasion.

Shakespearean Valentine, Adapted.

(From Mr. G's—Gee to Michael Davitt.)

I'LL HAVE OUR MICHAEL DAVITT on the hip.

How comes it, MICHAEL, you are thus forgot?

Michael. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Original [Aunt MICHAEL, in custody.



MAUDLE ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Maudle. "HOW CONSEQUENTIALLY LOVELY YOUR SON IS, MRS. BROWN!"

Mrs. Brown in Philadelphia from the country. "WHAT! HE'S A SWEET, MERRY BOY, IN TWO YEARS THAT, MR. MAUDLE. HE HAS JUST LEFT SCHOOL, YOU KNOW, AND WISHED TO BE AN ARTIST."

Maudle. "WHY SHOULD HE BE AN ARTIST?"

Mrs. Brown. "WELL, HE MUST BE SOMETHING!"

Maudle. "WHY SHOULD HE BE ANYTHING? WHY NOT LET HIM REMAIN FOR EVER CONTENT TO ENJOY HAPPINESS?"

[*Mrs. Brown determines that at all events her Son shall not study Art under Maudle.*]

A CHILD'S REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I am only a school-girl home for the holidays, but I am told that you are very fond of young people, and always ready to listen to their little grievances, and I have a grievance which is anything but a little one. Dear, dear, how dreadfully disappointed I was last Thursday!

My Uncle has lately become a Counsellor somewhere down in the City, and, as he has no children of his own, he very kindly took me with him to the Children's Party at the Mansion House! I had thought of nothing else for a week before, and Mamma had bought me such a beautiful dress, such as I never saw anywhere except at the Theatre. Well, we got there at seven o'clock precisely, so as to be in time for the first dance, but almost the first thing we heard was that there was to be no dancing! No dancing! And a beautiful band of soldiers playing such nice music, and plenty of partners, and plenty of room, and no dancing!

Of course Uncle wouldn't believe it at first, but it was too true, the Lord Mayor told him that some of the most important people there would not have come if he had not promised there should be no dancing!

Dear Mr. Punch! I am nearly fifteen, I quite love dancing, I was most beautifully dressed, and there were lots of partners, and yet what do you think were the only things provided for my amusement? There were three or four very plain people with their faces chalked,

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.

IV.—BOTANY.

WHAT rock I though she be fair
If the flowers are not her care;
If she ponder not upon
Many a Diocletian;
If she have no admiration
For all forms of activation.

Let her learn through happy hours
Properties of plants and flow'rs;
Know how Watercress should be
Baked with the Crucifera;
How the Sandew, without question
DARWIN tells us, has digestion.

If perchance her ardour burns
For the Cryptogamic forms;
She will see how spores become
Cases in the Inductus;
And how wondrously you vary
Succopendium vulpate!

She shall calmly learn to state,
Clover is tri-foliate;
And describe in words exact,
Awn and axis, blade and tract:
No shall I in her quest presence,
Find my love bath inflorescence.

BURTON ON TRIESTE.

BURTON we know stands on the Trent, and Mrs. BURTON, traveller herself, and wife of a great traveller, has been standing three-quarters of an hour in Trieste, lecturing those who have not, and rewarding those who have distinguished themselves for humanity to animals. Mrs. Burton is converting Italian Irreligion into Endowed Italy. And may her good work prosper. In future it is to be hoped that Care Gattuso will reap "Beware of the dogs, the oxen, and the horses you possess, and do not best them so lazily as you have been in the habit of doing, or you will receive no praise for humanity from Mrs. BURTON, who, by the bye, wants two hundred pounds to reward you this year." Address, Mrs. RICHARD BURTON, Trieste.

ADVICE TO BUSINESS MEN.—Keep your good name without a single Speck.

dressed up like statues. There were four dreadful-looking men with their faces blacked singing comic songs; there was one terrible-looking black man who seemed to be imitating a poor paralysed negro, and who was so horribly ugly that a poor little fellow had to be carried out of the room in a perfect agony of fear, and, worst of all, there was a hideous-looking black man dressed up in women's clothes! and trying to sing like a woman! After that there was Punch and Judy and a Conjuror, and all that sort of rubbish, and that's all!

Oh, it was so dull! One little fat gentleman told us, that if we waited till 11:30, a Mr. Stranmore would come and speak to us, and after that we should be allowed to dance, provided all the young ladies danced with young ladies, and all the young gentlemen with young gentlemen! But that isn't my idea of dancing, and so, by eleven o'clock we were all so tired and so sleepy, that we went home.

Oh, dear Mr. Punch, if this is what is called a Children's Party at the Mansion House, what dreadful stories some of my friends must have told me about last year's.

Yours almost ready to cry with disappointment,

PART.

SIXTY PER CENT.

AN indignant Traveller, who, during the late snow-storm, thought he was overcharged by a Cabman, said he felt he was in the hands of the Jehus.

Original from

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

THE NEST ABOUT THEIR CARES

MONDAY Night, Jan. 31.—It was one of the few sitting things in the proceedings that, the echoes of midnight having long rolled away into the still night, a gentleman named GARBETT rose to move the adjournment of the debate on the First Reading of the Protection Bill. As far as family usage went, this was all very well. But the House is at length tired of this travesty of freedom of debate, and uproariously cheered when Mr. GLADSTONE, in the fewest possible words, announced that the Motion would be resisted.

This was what all the real business of the evening has led up to. The SPEAKER has been in the Chair, the Mace has been on the Table, the Sergeant-at-Arms has worthily presided in the Vice-Chair; all the accustomed sights and sounds of a sitting in the House has been observable. But it is outside in the Lobby that the real business of the night's sitting has been accomplished. Here Lord RICHARD GOSWELL, working harder and for longer hours than would be possible under the Factory Acts, is making arrangements by which Members may come and Members may go, but the sitting shall run on for ever, or at least till the division on Mr. FORSTER'S Bill be taken. At the door, invigorated by a too brief Sunday in the country, cherry Mr. CORN, with book in hand, is ticking off Members as they come and go, cautiously sounding them as to their preference for sitting up all night or getting up early in the morning, and presently looking them for one of the other. *Sir WILLIAM*

DREW, whom everyone is glad to see back in the House, turns up in the Lobby to-night, having snuffed the bottle from afar, and now revels in the prospect with the delight of an old war-horse.

It seems, when you come to think of it, a funny way of passing an Act of Parliament, but just now there is none other; and if Irish Members were as wise as they are ignorant, they would take note of this stern enthusiasm that is silencing all parties and sections

of parties, making the one common bond of union a desire to re-establish authority in the House of Commons.

Business done.—Got ready to sit all night.

Wednesday.—Mr. NEWSHAM, smiling knowingly, throws up his hands, shakes his head, and beats his knees, in token of arrival at the conclusion that there never were such things seen in the House of Commons—whether at the corner end of the fourth bench below the gangway, or elsewhere. It is midnight, and the House has now been sitting, without intermission, for thirty-two hours. The Irish Members, few in number, but confident, for the considerations that ordinarily maintain discipline among bodies of gentlemen, have taken that time-honoured institution, the British House of Commons, by the throat, and have essayed it ignominiously on its back, and have been mercilessly kneeling on its chest. One might say that this, the so-called mightiest assembly in the world, is like Gulliver in Lilliput.

Just now there are signs of movement in the sleeping giant. Oddly enough,—though I believe such things sometimes happen in the Fantasia and in real life,—the first person to feel the weight of re-awakened authority, is one of the most insignificant. Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN, though not lacking in courage, has neither the ponderosity of speech that distinguishes Dr. CHURCHILL, nor the petulance that makes Mr. DILLON inoffensive, nor the coarse valourity that in the person of Mr. HERALD lifts up the floor of the House of Commons to the Irish peasant class. Yet it is on Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN that the big guns of the Opposition suddenly brought into play, open fire. Of course, *Adieu* followed. The SPEAKER could not rise. Mr. SULLIVAN sat at once, and the well-aimed, but ill-directed attempt failed. Mr. MILLERAN, murmuring to the excitement of the movement, and seeing double, jumped up when Mr. DILLON had been twice called to order, and declaring that he had four times been cautioned invoked the thunder of the Chair. But the Chair, rather embarrassed then resisted by these wild attacks, declined to act, remained immovable when Mr. STAFFORD NORTHCOCK braked the sides of its intent, and was not to be incited to premature action, even when Mr. W. H. SMITH made, from the front Opposition Bench, the chief appeal.

Then came chaos, and departed the Leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition. They had thrice warned the Chair, and now in accordance with the spirit of Parliamentary discipline, they proceeded to punishment. With angry gesture the usually mild and pliable Mr. STAFFORD rose, and with still obstinacy to the Chair, left the House, accompanied by Mr. MICHAEL HICKS-BOOTH, Mr. W. H. SMITH, and some others. At the gangway the Fourth Party, who but yesterday plumed their port too pleased Ministry, joined their forces to the out-going stream, as, ever broadening, it reached the door and passed out amid thunderous cheers from the House-riders; Mr. PARSELL himself standing pale and motionless the while, waiting for opportunity to speak. Then Mr. MILLERAN, standing well out on the floor of the House, waving his hat as if it were a drawn sword, cheered on His Majesty's Ministers to the support of the Chair. His enthusiastic denunciation drew forth from some gentleman opposite a chilling remark of a personal character. This brought up Mr. MILLERAN again with hat outstretched and denunciatory gesture towards Mr. BROWNE, whom he accused of altering the unparliamentary phrase. Then, somehow or other, and the occasion a Division being, and when the Tellers came back Mr. BROWNE reported to the Deputy Speaker that Mr. MILLERAN had walked across the floor of the House and observed to him (the Member for Cavan) "Mr. BROWNE, Sir, you are an impudent scoundrel." "I should like," Mr. BROWNE said, "to have your opinion as to whether he is justified in this opinion." This was not quite what Mr. BROWNE wanted to say; but nobody was at the moment saying what he meant, or doing what he should, and the appearance of Mr. CHURCHILL with evidence of possession of notes for a Division, and the fact of his having already welcomed as

an opportunity for everyone to go out and reflect upon what we are seeing to.

Business done.—Prepared for another all-night sitting.

Thursday.—By kind permission of the SPEAKER, the House adjourned this morning at half past nine, having sat 41 hours and 41 minutes. Everyone went home, a thorough good sleep, a bath, a canter in the Park, or a walk right to the top of Constitution Hill, winding up by breakfast to the fork. Back again nightly refreshed at seven, to begin another sitting, which might as well last to Sunday morning, as there is no use in making much of the time at a charity. This morning we passed the First Reading of the Protection Bill. The afternoon we were to have passed the Second Reading, but the Irish Members objected, and the afternoon agreeably wore away with discussion on motions for adjournment. As I left the House, the last thing I saw was Mr. BROWNE and Mr. FINLAY, after evicting Ministers from the Front Opposition Bench, in possession of their holding, and with a nice impartially objecting to everything. Everyone says to everyone else, that we had a great triumph, and scouted Obstruction this morning. Certainly this has some look of the kind.

Business done.—Leave given to introduce Protection of Persons and Property (Ireland) Bill.

Thursday Night.—Gulliver has awakened, and Lilliput lies low. What happened yesterday morning turns out to have been merely a restless movement of the half-sleeping giant. Now he has moved in good earnest. It was a fine dramatic scene. It opened admirably. A few introductory remarks from Mr. PARSELL; then Mr. DILLON suddenly discovered standing with folded arms, dark browed and defiant. Mr. DILLON's action was morning, as there is no use in making much of the time at a charity.

The House of Commons, after long experience, has thought what it should do with various kinds of Obstruction; but it never occurred to it that it should be presented to it for solution the difficulty of an Hon. Member standing silent and motionless, with folded arms, as if he were having his photograph taken. Poor Mr. GLADSTONE was hovering between the Treasury and the Table like a hen on a hot gridiron. Beckoned forward by the SPEAKER, pulled back by the HOME SECRETARY, cheered on by the Ministers, howled down by the Home-Idlers, and all the while fixed upon him the basilisk eyes of this silent man with folded arms. The FINLAYIN had an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour.

JOHN DILLON proposed, of Mr. FINLAYIN's original gesture, to stand upon being made a martyr of. The House hastened to oblige him, and the unfortunate PREMIER had once more commenced his speech when Mr. FINLAYIN came forward and claimed attention. The SPEAKER was now waiting to his work. Mr. GLADSTONE had perfunctorily got possession of the slip of paper on which were written the terms of the Suspensory Order, and Mr. FINLAYIN was working off in a twinkling. But if they were in a hurry, Mr. FINLAYIN was not.

"Mr. SPEAKER," he said, "I re-spectfully do-desire to do-part except in a 0-balance to re-perfor force." Nothing could be refused to a gentleman so effable in his intonation. Superior force was forthcoming in large quantities—as many as six of the oldest and most infirm attendants of the House marching in with pale faces and trembling knees. But Mr. FINLAYIN was not particular to a few more years. He gracefully surrendered his sword and re-tired. Then the fun got fairly started. In one sweep and the next twenty-eight Gentlemen were caught. It was here the piece began to drag, and here where a judicious cutting down might be effected. Each man was suspended separately. Each declined to go, speaking a few lines with more or less effect, and to each severally and separately the Sergeant-at-Arms addressed himself, sometimes with his merry man and sometimes without, and a trifle swartsome when the twentieth man had played his part, and by the time the twenty-eight was reached, one began to feel as if he were dining exclusively off pickles. But at last they were all gone, and then the House of Commons for the first time for many years, soberly and sensibly settled down to its work. *Business done.*—Parliaments suspended. Mr. GLADSTONE'S new Sessional Order passed.

Friday Night.—Irish Members cow'd. No more bulls. Mr. BROWNE below the gangway roaring as go gently as a sucking dove. Mr. DILLON in Ireland. Mr. DAVITT in prison. Mr. PARSELL nowhere. House eminently respectable and decidedly dull. *Business done.*—Second Reading of Protection Bill moved.



TAKING OFF OUR COATS.



THE O'GORMAN MAN—GLADSTONE.



MOVEMENT BY SULLIVAN (ONE ANOTHER).

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8 NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WARRIOR.



look at some picture books. There's a good book that I myself am rhyther fond of looking at called *My Family Tree*, that has pictures of all our Public men, and speaks 'em all like *Madam, or Lanerick, or Monkeys*, drawn by a sort of the name of *Ape*. I'm not werry anxious myself, and that book's a grate comfort to me. I wonder some werry ill-natured feller don't try a similar book of our beautiful Ladies, for all the plain women would be sure to buy it.

WILLIAM is rather fond of Wonderful Histories, such as *Galileo's Travels*, *Baron Munchausen*, *STANLEY'S Expedition*, and the *Robbie's Knights*, and some of the things as he reads in them and tells us of afterwards, are real staggerers. My Missus nobbly says as she don't believe half an 'em; but then, unfortunately, her edification was a good deal neglected.

I shouldn't think myself it could well be considered a kind of wicked dishonour to go to the British Museum and see all the wonderful things there; but no, it's all shut up, and so is the National Gallery with all its beautiful pictures. To be sure there's plenty of City Churches open in the afternoon, but they don't seem much used. For instance, me and WILLIAM went into a nice little Church in Chopsade one Sunday, and there was only one person besides us, and she was only a old woman. The service was one of the regular old sort, with the Clerk in a little box all in himself, to say Amen, and after it was over, he came to me and he said, if we werry much wished it, the Vicar would preach as a sermon, but there was a capital preacher over the way, and should we mind going there. So up we got and went out, and didn't trouble the capital preacher over the way.

Well, as we was a going home, who should come dashing along but the Lord Marc in his beautiful Carriage with his 2 Footmen, and the Sheriffs in their beautiful Carriage with their footmen, and a Bishop in his beautiful Carriage with his footmen, and the hunder Sheriffs and lots of Common Councilmen and Churchwardens, all going off to the Mansion House to see the King.

"Hallo," says WILLIAM, "this seems a fun job! We can't go to a Library or a Museum or a Picture Gallery because we're told it would make people work on Sunday, but how about the Cockshun and the Footmen, and the Cook and all the rest on 'em at the Mansion House Luncheon! Ah," says he, "if you ought to belong to a Club, and then you can have anything you like at any time, that's Club Law; or, says WILLIAM, you ought to be a Bishop, and lunch with the Lord Marc.

Bobby was a werry intelligent man, and told to that some of the Chemists in the neighbourhood, made up poisonous for thirty shillings that werry few people would know from *Straw* and *Water*, and

over change? not as a rule I doesn't; but I begins to think on something might be done, and I goes out one day in London just a little more choertful. Of course I don't mean none of your Continental wickedness as I've heard some of your folks, even as *Horse Racing and Theaters*; no, no, nothing of that dreadful sort; but I certainly do wish as our Sundays wasn't quite so dreadful as they are. Now here am I and my two boys, of course we've no professional engagements on this day, and what on earth to do with ourselves we don't know. If it happen to be fine, of course, after church, we goes for a walk, but it seems every year that we has to go further and further, and to get into the country, and as everybody knows, about three times out of four the wether's something how disagreeable. Then what are we to do? There ain't no Library open, or we should go there and

all we had to do was to ring the bell and ask 'em to make up Dr. WALKER'S prescription of preserving of English Gallery! As I don't want to get nobody into trouble, I says no more, except this, that where there's a will there's generally somebody over the way.

I was having a chat the other day with a poor fellow Walter who had his dinner from a West end house because he wouldn't pay a lot of fines for the most trifling things. For instance, fancy finding poor Walter 2s. 6d. for helping himself to the wine of a foot, and 1s. for agreeing with a Kitchener that the fish wasn't so fresh as the butter, and 5d. for reading *Punch*, and 6d. for looking at it, and 1s. 6d. for smoking, and this in a kind of freedom! He assures me it's all fact, and his fine come to 31s. in a fortnite, and as he wouldn't pay he was asked, and he said, well, we was a talkin about *Smoking*, and to show what a strange sort of chap he is, he nobbly said that he thert a man showed as much thankfulness and gratitood by looking apsy and enjoyin himself, as he does by looking miserable and being as miserable as he looks, 'grape more, but of course he's only a ignorant Frenchman! Why he come went so far as to say that Religion ought to make us cheerfuller and apyer. Ah, I wonder if he's ever been to Glasgow!

I remember werry well when I was first married, I was engaged at the White Act of Winner, and many a time have I took my Missus on my arm and gone on a promenade, as the wether on a Sunday afternoon, while a fine Military Band played lots of jolly tunes for our amusement.

I also knows I can see plenty of pictures, if I goes to Ampton Court, but Ampton's a long ways off, and Winner's longer, and I wants my maternal enjoyment here, in London. If it's all wrong, it must be werry wrong everywhere. If it's all right, why make it so difficult to get at!

I pines for a Reply.

Let the Queen's Bench of Bishops stare if they can.

VALENTINES.

(From Lord Randolph Churchill to Mr. Gladstone.)

With your party 'I'll combine,
Take me for your Valentine.

(From an Excellent Firm of Solicitors to "The Sergeant.")

On a brief your name we'll sign,
You shall be our BALLANTINE.

(From Mr. P. P. P. Priest to the Academy Hangars.)

You must hang me on the line,
For I am your Valentine.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

The Mystery in Palace Gardens. By Mrs. RIBBELL. The mystery as a puzzle is a good specimen of a RIBBELL. We won't give it up till we've quite finished it. (BAILLEY & SON.)

Miss Coble on the Duties of Women. Miss COBLE on her hobby. The object generally is to show that, like the Grey Mare, the COBLES is the better horse. (WILLIAMS & NORBATH.)

The Spirit of the Matterboro. A Poem by Lord QUINBERN. Ought to be the story of a climb, showing how the Spirit-dank was used in the ascent of the Matterboro, and what that Spirit was. (HEWIT & BLACKETT.)

Mrs. LEBROTH asked her place to read out a list of books to her. The letter commenced with *The Life of Cicero*, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

"*Stony Ross*," repeated Mrs. LEBROTH. "Oh, one of TROLLOPE'S heroines. What else?"

"*Broken Lights*," read out the niece.

"*Whisper a Girl*," exclaimed Mrs. LEBROTH. "Might as well call it *How to Keep a Cat on a Parthing a Day*." The worthy lady refused to listen to any explanation.

Our Future Highway. By V. LOVETT CAMERON. (MACMILLAN & Co.) To judge by the title, this should be a book most dangerous to the morals of our juvenile offenders, who would learn from its pages how to become *Future Highwaymen*. Oddly enough "LOVETT" was the pseudonym adopted by the celebrated PAUL CLIFFORD, the history of whose gallant career has produced many a successful and unsuccessul imitator.

Incredible History. By the Author of *Unknown Highway*, is not in the Press.

Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, will, of course, follow up *The People's Comedy*, with *The Comic Progression*. He has not yet announced whether the first of the series will be Mr. JEVINS, or Mr. TOSSE.

The Power of Sound. (SMITH, ELDER, & Co.) Sound and sensible. The present known link of the power of Sound is when the Telephone Company comes in contact with the Government.



MODESTY THE CROWN OF MERIT. (A LECTURE ON DEPARTMENT.)

Professor Dubois (from Paris). "I AM LAZY, SIR HÉBERT! I CAME FROM TO DINE WITH DE DUKE OF SULLY, AND HE—"

Sir Pongey Beld (Bald, Florida, & Co.). "I CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR PROFESSOR! I AM TOLD HIS GRACE'S HOSPITALITY IS TRULY SPLENDID. BY THE BYE, TROUBER, LET ME CAUTION YOU, AS A FRIEND. IT IS NOT CUSTOMARY, IN GENERAL ENGLISH SOCIETY, FOR A PROFESSIONAL MAN TO MENTION THAT HE HAS DINED WITH A DUKE."

Professor Dubois. "DANGER! YOU ENGLISH ARE ALREADY SO DEMOCRATIC AS THAT!"

Sir Pongey. "ON THE CONTRARY, MY FRIEND. WE MAY AT LEAST FLATTER OURSELVES OVER HERE, THANK HEAVEN! THAT TO BE THE GUEST OF A TITLED MEMBER OF OUR ARISTOCRACY DOES STILL CONFER A SOMEWHAT ENTIRELY PERSONAL DISTINCTION—BE—"

Gripoly. "LIKE PERSONAL BEAUTY, YOU KNOW, OR TRIUMPH IN LOVE, OR PROGRESS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE—"

Sir Pongey. "EXACTLY. AND, THEREFORE, TO ESCAPE THE BRAGGADO OF SELF-LAUDATION, AND, MOREOVER, TO AVOID WOUNDING THE SUSCEPTIBILITIES OF OTHERS AN INDISCREET, PEERLESS, BUT LESS FORTUNATE, IT IS WELL TO DRAW THE VEIL OF RETICENCE—BE—"

Gripoly. "OVER THE EFFULGENCE OF CONSCIENTIOUS ACHIEVEMENT!"

Sir Pongey. "PRECISELY!"

[*Thinks well of Gripoly, whom he has not met before.*]

AT LAST!

AFTER a month of Donnybrook Fair, miscalled an early sitting of Parliament, the Ministers responsible for the government of England have cleared the House of the Irish Obstructionists, miscalled Members of Parliament, and have re-arrested the convict DAVITT, who ought never to have been let loose from prison. The cause of this sudden outburst of energy is not far to seek. As long as Irish landlords only were cowardly murdered from behind hedges, and findings were dashed in their blood; as long as Irish ladies only were assaulted by cowardly ruffians, who had before a lace-wig; as long as Irish households only were threatened with a state of siege, and only full-blooded, generous, honest Irishmen, pretended they were not able to pay their just debts, because they were frightened by a secret band of rascals scoundrels, the English Ministers, comfortably seated at home, or smoking on the well-stuffed benches of the House of Commons, were content to do nothing but respect the rules of "Parliamentary practice." The moment the agitation came nearer home, when English tenants found it was easy to repudiate the payment of rent, and a few anonymous writers of Fanian romances raised the military in and round London to be confined to barracks, and the fire-brigade to be in a ferment of expectation, the situation was changed, and the necessity of action was apparent, even to the meanest Government capacity.

The Cockney mind is still a hopeless Imperial splitter.

MR. SPEAKER'S COMMENTARIES

To himself—during a recent historical crisis.

I WONDER whether PLAYFAIR really feels as fresh as he looks.

What a fool I was to refuse that fifth cup of green tea!

Why, the weight of this confounded wig is enough to have settled Angus!

Halloo! I certainly was off that time. Curious,—but I thought BRIDGES' voice was a kettle boiling.

Thank goodness, here's GOSSET coming to ask me another conundrum.

I should rather like to see SEXTON play ROMEO.

If it wasn't for the snuffling-sniffs and GOSSET's capital side splitters, by Jove, this would begin to be serious!

Well, I never! Solid from W. E. G. in this shape! Really, but for the look of the thing, I would get on the top of my chair, dash my own wig, and wave the Mace.

Now for it!—I fancy this will wako 'em!

Done it! I don't believe there's any precedent. But—I've done it. No idea I had so much pluck about me! Result decisive anyhow. Hoopay!

Finished! Now, all I want is a nice little thirteen hours' nap, and I shall be as bright and as breezy as a bird, for my official spread this evening!

Original from



“ URGENCY ! ”

WHISTLER'S VENICE; OR, PASTELS BY PASTELTHWAITE.

MR. WHISTLER is the artful Doge of Venice. TURNER made "studies" from which he subsequently developed his pictures; but Mr. WHISTLER is the "Chief among ye taking notes"—in colour, and, unable to keep them to himself, he exhibits them in the most progress and self-effacing way to the public generally. It is very kind of him; perhaps it is very deep of him. Does he want to discourage his leather artists from going to Venice? He may have conceived a violent animosity to Mr. COOK, and has hit upon this method of deterring intending tourists from visiting the "Pride of the Sea."

Whatever the motive for the exhibition, the artist seems to speak for himself, and say—'Well, Sir, I'm Master JAMES WHISTLER I am, and if I can do this sort of thing with a shilling box of points from the Louvre Arcade, a few sheets of blotting paper, and some brown-paper covers of the family jam-pot, I could do bigger work with improved materials, you bet.'

This address evidently conveys the suggestion that he should be forthwith presented by his friends and admirers with a real colour-box and the entire artistic paraphernalia. In furtherance of this design, we place before our readers our own "Notes" in black and white, suggested by those of Master WHISTLER.

No. 1.—Visitors are requested to observe the principal figures, on which we only allow ourselves to touch lightly, and compare them with those in the brown-paper Cabinet. These notes being intended for practical guidance, every viewer should take them to the Gallery as a suggestive commentary which will be of the greatest assistance to him in appreciating the collection in detail.

No. 1. *Sotto Portico, San Giacomo.* A sort of portico. Pretty dear so far.

No. 7. *The Little Back Canal.* Subject from the celebrated *Trionvirato, Corio e Rario.*

Sopra le Rocce. Don't be angry, Gostiano. There used to be a Little Back Canal here.

Stato e Stato (together). Then put it up! [GOD BUCKEROO.]



No. 10.

alone—say a pair of Tit's.

No. 16. *Nocturne of a Hotel.* Curious specimens of shoes left outside the bedrooms doors to be cleaned. Suggestion for the Boots.

No. 21. *Fish Market, San Barnabe.* Suggestion of trade being very dull.

No. 23. *The Old Marble Palace.* We "dreamt that we dwelt in marble halls," and awake with a severe cold. About this period we came to the conclusion, that if we visited Venice—WHISTLER'S Venice—we should soon become what Mr. MASTALINI described as a "demon's most uncomfortable foot." Suggestion for a soup in the—this isn't in the Note—it's out in the desolate country, a truly-stupid-Lido sort of place.

No. 27. *Compagno di Lido.* Suggestion for a picture of "there were three widows of Bristol City, Who took a boat and went to sea."



No. 20.

No. 25. *The Gondolas—Winter; grey and blue.* Uncomfortably suggestive of a nervous man bent on taking a header.

No. 35. *The Skinnosee; note in red.* Suggestion that this note "should be taken as red."

No. 38. *The Cemetery.* This is what Master JAMES calls it. We prefer to consider it as representing a scene in some

Pantomime of *Gulliver*, representing *Gulliver's* cocked-hat adrift off Lilliput or Water-Lilliput.

No. 37. *Swamped Baiterops.*

No. 38. *The Red Doorway.* Suggestion for the Home of BARTON, R.A.

No. 39. Suggestion for a view of the Polar Regions "from the steps of the Piazzetta."

No. 43. *A Red Note.* Suggestive that heave waltz answer.

No. 47. *Awfully Good!* Suggestion for a picture representing three unfortunate Pierrots who, returning from a fancy ball in the country, have lost their way and struck in a post-hole.

No. 51. *Compo Sta. Martia—If after Evening.* Note in Red Jam, or "Venice Preserved."

No. 53. *The Brown Morning—Winter.* Master JAMES means the Brown-paper Morning.

And lastly, what in nature is this curious specimen that appears in every picture?

It's not a Goat; it's not a Mosquito. Can it be a—? but this suggestion of Venice is unpleasant for travellers. Did Master JAMES stay in the Palace of the Doge, and at midnight was he aroused from his hammock in a snow, and compelled to rise from the nearest bed, light a candle, and—but we will not pursue the subject further.

[Venetian Voice! "When found make a note of." *Mess. by J.W.*]

10 TRIUMPH!

[A GOSSETT PEEK.]

"SEE, they number thirty-six—

Thirty-six, and I bet one!

I'D confound their knavish tricks!

Never yet did GOSSETT run!

Thus—the hero to the Chieftain,

BRAND replied, "The iron's hot!

Strike you shall; and,—time to spare,

Shall I lunge and scow the lot?

Come, how will you have it done?"

Whispered GOSSETT,—"Ose by ose!"

Then grew fierce the deadly strife,

And fell thirty-five at bay

Fought for dear obstructive life,—

Fought,—MOSLOT though ran away.

And from rafter, roof, and floor

Rang the cheer, as GOSSETT's band,—

Six attendants from the door,—

Clear'd the House. Then, up spake BRAND,

"What—clear'd! Bless me, how was it done?"

Quoth GOSSETT, smiling,—"Ose by ose!"

Kurds and their Ways.

It appears from an advertisement in the daily papers that the "wild and terrible" Kurds, as they are called, in the intervals of their wildness and terror, are in the habit of making Persian carpets for the English market at very low prices. Perhaps if they were less wild and terrible, they would make worse carpets and charge higher prices. Civilization is sometimes a great demoralizer.

Thanks for You!

TALK of unparliamentary speech, who? I had example? Bedad, Sir, you gave it! Very fine at our swearing to scorch, Sir,—When you've just after taking our Darned!

Perfect Agreement.

"I FIND it so difficult to pay calls," said a busy Lady, the mother of a large family, to her husband.

"So do I," he replied, as he thought of his large investment in the shares of the Mizianan Endow Company which hasn't yielded anything except a half-penny report of their "Divids."

A SANITARY MILLENNIUM.

Has the Millennium arrived? After the late hard frosts, with the thermometer, as a young lady said, waiting about below zero, after a thaw which burst our pipes, caused our sidewalks to collapse, and brought upon us the frequent visits of the assiduous plumber, we are told it would be quite easy to build houses which would defy the variations of our climate. Professor HULLY and JENKIN presided over the meeting the other day, and then when each man present must have possessed a *sermo sanctorum* uttered, and wondered when a flood would come down through the drawing-room, Mr. RAWLINSON rose and blandly said, "It was quite possible so to arrange a building upon the largest scale, that there should not be one single pipe within its walls; and as to carrying away apparatus for carrying water that it should need the intervention of no plumber! No pipes, and no plumbers! The Sanitary Millennium has come at last!"

Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

The Turk is ill-tempered to the stars and hells.

Those who live in glass-houses should not take repairing lessons.

A gift-horse in the hand is worth several in the bush.

You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's-wester.

You should not look a bird in the hand in the mouth.

There is reason in sucking eggs, if the eggs are fresh.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 18.



DR. LYON PLAYFAIR.

THE DEPUTY-SLEEPER IN THE CHAIR. A FAIR IMITATION OF THE SINEURE HEADS.

NO PIPES FOR PAUPERS!

THE proverb entirely declares Virtue to be its own reward. On the contrary, in so far as Virtue is arduous and painful, it is its own punishment. Vice is its own reward indeed, when pleasurable, which makes it so common; Virtue not only punishes itself, but is also liable to be punished. See, in the subjected police case, what an exemplary paradoxical officer got by a virtuous excess of duty:—

"A decision of some importance to paupers and workhouse authorities has just been given by the Magistrate at Leeds. An old pauper, by name HARRY, in the Leeds workhouse, was lately forbidden by the taskmaster in the act of smoking, and being taken before the taskmaster was ordered to be imprisoned in the cell where tramps break stones. HARRY had to be forced into the cell by the taskmaster, who, he alleged, held his head by clamping it against the wall, and his friends therefore suspected the taskmaster for assault. The Magistrate decided that no more violence was used than necessary to get HARRY into the cell, but questioned the right of the workhouse master, even when backed up by the constables, to deprive a pauper of his liberty. He declared it was proper that the master had the right under the provisions of the Act 5 Geo. III., cap. 57, sec. 5. The Magistrate, however, said that neither that nor any other Act empowered a workhouse master to imprison a pauper, and accordingly fined the defendant 5s. and costs."

There was an official philanthropist fined for a slight over-assertion of true benevolence; a benevolence during the late inclement weather peculiarly seasonable. And so Virtue was punished. Benevolence is a virtue vulgarly much mistaken. It goes not consist in merely giving. There is a Positive Benevolence, which gives, and a Negative Benevolence which denies. The latter is the Benevolence with which Political Economy requires Paupers to be treated, for the sake of others—the Employers, and for a warning also to others on the other hand—the labouring classes. Therefore, the Poor Law forbids pipes to Paupers, old or young. Tobacco is an anesthetic. The narcotic influence of a pipe blunts a pauper's sense of his situation, and alleviates the discomfort to which he has been charitably condemned for improvidence in not

A GALLANT ARRAY OF NEW A.R.A.'S.

MR. FRANK DICKESS. Well deserved. The last man to assert himself, but he can now write himself A.R.A. on his own "Ipsy-dixies."

MR. HANS THORNTON. For scripting. The Hierarchy Council evidently consigned the present losses of "Hans," and arrived at the first person plural, "Hansians Thornton,"—and the thing was done.

MR. BRETT. Not a Brett Harris, but a true Brett 'em. Tell this to the Martines, and they'll be delighted.

MR. GOV. No job to be made about him? Oh, Governing with you! (Hoary!)

MR. BRASS. Archibald. Never performs out of the Hall of Burlington House. No, that's Brass & Moore further down in Possibility: this is Brass—and no more.

Timely.

THE Member for Woodstock has been getting up a Memorial, very amerciously signed by the Members, for enlarging the accommodation of the House. There are proposals for a new Smoking-room and a new Luncheon, a new Anti-toilet-room, &c., &c. The latest suggestion is a paddy's room for the more violent Irish Members.

TO PURCHASERS OF BLENDING.—One snow-storm does not make a winter.

having effectually taken thought for the morrow. Negative Benevolence denies the pauper a pipe, precisely as Justice orders the gutterer a flogging. Allow the pauper tobacco? As well let the gutterer be flogged under chloroform.

But might not paupers reduced to want by pure misdeeds be, without prejudice to politico-economical principles, permitted the occasional solace of smoking? Negative Benevolence says decidedly "No." The least enjoyable of the inmates of a workhouse must not be elevated into an order enjoying an indulgence not considered even to first-class misdeeds in a goal. These are the uncomprehending views and sentiments of Mr. Zouche.

ECHO IN THE CITY.

- Q. Can we to Corporation look for help in time of snow?
A. No!
- Q. What is the last thing they can do, who should from misery shade us?
A. Aid us.
- Q. Who is the real Anticrist at any glacial crisis?
A. For us.
- Q. How shows the management of our big-wigs of bulky salary?
A. All awry.
- Q. What is the only answer comes when one has for a Cab sent?
A. About!
- Q. What are they, those officials high, who Jack Frost's freaks should bridle?
A. Lid!
- Q. And what the great Panjandrums who bring London to such passes?
A. (with care). Axes!

AT THE PRINCE OF WALMS' THEATRE.
"The Colonel," says the *Globe*, "is well mounted." So he ought to be, so he commands a sprightly regiment. Theatres next week.



"STEADY!"

Citizen (who had been driving with his "Chumpus"). "HERE, CARRA, AN' ME DRIVE I—'I'AS UN'TAKE TO MAKE HIM GO!"
Cally. "No, no, Sir—NOT IF I KNOW IT! IF YOU WANT TO GET IN BOTE 'WARDROBES'!"

BEAUTY NOT AT HOME.

A Back-Street Ballad, dedicated to the Kyrie Society.

THE ceiling was cracked, and the walls were bare,
There was mud on the floor, there was ice on the bed;
For "the tide had been in," and, in piteous snare,
The mother and hairs from their "home" had all fled.
And he stood, midst the wreck of his flooded-out dwelling,—
"Twas fourteen feet square and three feet underground,
And few cellars were dirtier or evilly smelling.
In London, the dull and unlovely, are found.
He was only a labourer, heavy and coarse,
He'd been trying to sweep out the slime from his floor,
An' I perhaps 'twas the damp that had made him so hoarse;
But a spick-and-span person who peeped at the door,
And who looked like an angel who'd folded his wings
Under broadcloth, leaped forth, "Now this really might give
A suggestion to those who love Beautiful Things.
How—how can our dear poorer brethren—a—live
Lives so unesthetic, so short of True Beauty?
Now here is a capital opening for them,
Who—like our Society—hold it their duty
To bring Beauty home to the People.—Ahess!"
The labourer lifted his head at the grunt—
For a Kyrie's darling's cough "his perhaps a coarse term—
And exclaimed, "Wot's your game?"—these low men are so blazt—
"Here ain't nothink to tempt yer, unless yer a wozn.
If yer partial to mud, like a wriggler, all right;
You'll find lots on it here. I don't like it myself.
I would any 'Takes a seat," as it only pacifies.
But yer can't ax a policeman to sit on a shell."
Then the Kyrie man stepped in, all a-tiptoe, and stood
With a crook in his neck, and a kink in his waist,
And he said, "My poor friend, I would fain do you good.
I'm a humble apostle of Calicut and Yacht."
"Wot's them?" asked the labourer.—"Sement to get?
Or likely, this weather, to keep off the cold?"

Said his victor, "Ah! They give Light, they are Sweet!"
"Oh! like fowl and run wild, if I may be so bold."
Said that fustian-clad Philistine; "don't sound arf bad.
Why, I took yer for one o' the kind I cuts short,—
Meaning Trunks!" Sighed the Kyrie Man, "This really is sad!
What would FORTLEUWAITE make of a scene of this sort?"
Then aloud, "Friend, the worst of this terrible scene
Is its stink unrelaxing, Beauty's a boon
That makes even the desert of Poverty green.
Now a dabo, you see, or a simple-sweat toon,
Were it only 'Bo-Pop' on a comb, don't you know,
At this moment would make all this misery rest
Into raptures, and banish this odor,—although
I want ova 'tis the nastiest ever I smelt.
Take a sniff at this Lily, or only a look,—
We can live upon looks, if directed aright.
I will leave it you, friend, with Miss HILL's little book.
What you want's mural paintings, and sweetness and Light,
Lilies would not grow here, though there's plenty of mud,
And for frescos your walls, I admit, are scarce fit;
But just think of the Beautiful, not of that food,
And you'll grow quite resigned to things—after a bit,
Has your wife, now, a good Poscock's feather? What, no?
Oh, there's comfort arised in a fine Poscock's feather!
"I'll make her forget the high tide, the deep snow,
And the wreck of her home, and the state of the weather;
Believe me —" But here, from a sound that ensued,
The Mass very much loose that Kyrie man got kicked out.
Were the poor not such Philistines, hoarse, and rude,
He'd have done, oh! a great deal of good there—no doubt!

PARLIAMENTARY LEGACY.—We have heard a great deal lately of
"The Will of the House." Is Parliament moribund? If it calls in
its legal advisers and makes its will, it will, of course, have every-
thing to the SPEAKER. The "Will of the House, however, just
now seems to be WILLIAM GOSCHING. *from*



ENCOURAGEMENT.

John talks has just added the last finishing touch to his Picture.
"WELL!"

"WELL, YOU'RE JUST GOT IT INTO A CAPITAL STATE TO BEGIN WORKING UPON!"

VERY CIVIL WAR!

(A Page from the Diary of a British Officer in the Prisoners.)

Monday.—Received instructions to "treat prisoners with courtesy, but not to afford them the rights of belligerents." What on earth does this mean? Looked up the Queen's Regulations and the Articles of War. Can't find anything to meet the case. Seems to me that a fellow must be either a rebel or an enemy. Powder and shot for the one; soda and brandy for the other! Hope I shan't take a prisoner. If I do—hanged if I know what I shall do with him!

Tuesday.—Everything going on all right. Playful skirmish with enemy. Quarry, or the rebels, or what? (Give it up—never was good at answering conundrums! Fortunately they rode away before we got up to them. In consequence, no prisoners on either side. Had another turn at the authorities, and went to sleep over them. Write this before turning in. All right up to now.

Wednesday.—As I expected! In for it! Just before ending as unsuccessful, and consequently cheerful day, a prisoner was taken by an over-zealous colour-sergeant! Should like to break the fellow for his folly, only I suppose it was his duty! Nice man though! What am I to do now? Decided not to see the prisoner to-night. He will keep—or rather, we shall have to keep him—until to-morrow morning.

Thursday.—The prisoner was brought before me. Not half a bad fellow. He had strayed into our lines by mistake—wish he had made another mistake, and had strayed out again! He speaks English fluently, and appreciates my few de mots about "What a how!" He has read all the London papers. He knows my instructions, and feels for me. Asked if he would prefer being handcuffed, he says, "Not at all—oblige me." Arranged to know, but explained I was in no end of a fix. Awfully good fellow! Saw him to his cell. Gave him my socks, and lent him a dressing-gown. Awfully cheery fellow! Knows a lot of fellows I know. Looked

up the Articles of War, to see if I could make him an honorary member of the Mess.

Friday.—Dear old PETER (my prisoner) had breakfast with me. Asked him, as a friend, what he thinks I ought to do with him? He doesn't know. He is, however, under the impression that I should be going too far if I shot him. So am I. He quite sees my difficulty, and wants to help me. He suggested that he might keep up the spirit of the thing by picking some books. He says that he believes "that is the proper and correct form." With some rage and an old pair of kid-gloves, he says "he will be quite the cheerful convict!" Awfully good fellow, PETER! The most obliging chap I ever met! Looked him up in the evening. He says "oaking-sicking not half bad fun." No more it is! Tried some myself. But PETER I would pick a round before he got through eight ounces. Was, by Jove, in a cunner! PETER (awfully good fellow, PETER) paid up like a man!

Saturday.—Glorious news! No end pleased! PETER escaped this morning! Got a letter from him later in the day, telling me that he thought it would save us both a lot of trouble if he bolted. He added that he had got shot through the arm by a sentry. It was only a scratch, and he was going on all right. Not to be bothered about him. Thanks for all my courtesy and kindness. Had had a very jolly time with me, and was sorry he was obliged to be off. "Ta, ta! and love to all old pals!" Dear old PETER, one of the best fellows I ever met! Shall certainly put him up for my Club when I get back home!

IN Memoriam.

(Monumental Verse for St. Stephen's.)

HERBERT SICKLES

(With one Eye wide open)

THE LONG-ESTABLISHED PROCEDURE OF PARLIAMENT.

Curious, Capricious, and Characteristic;

Yet, owing to its gradual Development

To a jealous Watchfulness over the Liberties of the Many

Rather than

To a boundless Consideration for the Licence of the Few,

It gave, for all time,

HAMPDEN, PITT, AND PALMERSTON

To the Worship of a Grateful Country,

And assigned, one Tuesday Morning,

MR. BIGGAR

To the Custody of the Secret—*at Arms.*

Thus, while fulfilling simultaneously

The Purpose of History,

The Duties of the Policeman,

And,

Sir MICHAEL HENRY BRACE being hailed to Stumber,

The Functions of a Narcotic,

It nevertheless

Handed over to several courteous Gentlemen from Ireland,

Apparently absolutely and for Ever,

The Legislative Machinery of the Three Kingdoms,

The Contents of the Tax-Books,

And the Nervous System of Mr. BEAUFORT,

Inconspicuously, therefore,

WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The Production of Papineau's,

The Installation of Torture,

And the Extinction of Debate.

IT COLLAPSED,

After one-and-forty Hours of doing Dignity,

Summarily and sweetly,

On the Appearance of Mr. GLADSTONE,

Who,

Having slept and breakfasted,

Hurled it suddenly,

To the Delight of the Reporters,

The Consternation of Mr. FARRER,

And the Jubilation of Everybody,

Into the Depths of the Official Avenue,

Where,

MOCKED BY A DUNCAN BY ENTIRELY ELEGANT MIMICRY,

It is earnestly to be hoped

It will rot undisturbed

IN IMPERIAL BUT PERMANENT PEACE.

A BYE, WORD, or Good.



"THRU FOR YOU!"

Major O'Sullivan, M.P. "WELL, TIM, THE BOYS HAVE GIVEN THE OLD HOUSE O' COMMONS A SHAVEN THIS TIME!"

The O'Sullivan. "OCH, SURE THEY HAVE! NOTHING LIKE A BOO FINEG O' NAAL 'IRISH BLAGIARDS' FOR THAT, SORE!"

A RUSE À LA RUSSE.

[Extracts from the Diary of a very Illustrious Personage.]

July 16th, 1878.—Berlin Treaty signed yesterday. "Eternal friendship between England and Russia, &c., &c.," the inevitable consequence! And now to business. Dear old BRITANNIA! bless her! fast asleep as usual! Have promised her "that Afghanistan shall always be considered outside the sphere of Russian influence." Must have my joke! Funnier part of it—got her to believe me! Let us see how we stand. "We have got 20,000 men at Samarkand as a base of operations against India." Been there since April, and want to be on the move. KAUFMANN (sharp fellow, KAUFMANN!) initiated the opening day of the Conference destined to "cement the eternal friendship between England and Russia," by giving SHIRAZ ALI a draft treaty in my name, promising him every kind of support against the English! We are to protect him from invasion, recognize his heir (whoever he may be), and lie for him like an Emperor of Russia! All he has to do is—nothing!—except (as an after-thought) by our advice! Have written to KAUFMANN (sharp fellow, KAUFMANN!) to get on with the affair as quickly as possible. Latest news from London—BRITANNIA (bless her!) still fast asleep!

September 22nd.—Open diary to say that STOLITSEFF is on his way to see me. He has written to that poor old donkey, SHIRAZ ALI, to tell him "that he hopes that those who want to open the gates of Cabul from the East will see that the door is closed." He added, "that they would tremble!" Eternal peace in the meanwhile going on between Russia and England—beautifully! What a war I am!

October 6th.—Had a long chat with STOLITSEFF. Sent a message to the AMER "A move laid in diplomacy compared with me," I said in English to STOLITSEFF, who answered in it that, "I, the great Emperor, was a true friend to his end to Afghanistan." To prove this, I added, "that I would do whatever I thought necessary." Nice vague phrase this, which tickled STOLITSEFF (who has a keen sense for humour) immensely. Suggested that he (STOLITSEFF) should say that "our Government was as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove." STOLITSEFF delighted. Thinks it the most beautiful poetry he ever heard in his life! So &c! Gave him some more hints for his letter to the

AMER. Poor ALI, to be advised to forgoeth with the SULTAN, and "to look to his brothers over the river." Request also to be made to him to tell plenty of lies, "to perplex the enemy's mind, and give up his intention of fighting him." STOLITSEFF read over the draft, and said, "that with a little blasphemy—which always pleases the Afghans—it would do very nicely." News from London—BRITANNIA asleep, but with one eye open. Send all sorts of friendly assurances. Result, BRITANNIA snoring!

December 1st.—SHIRAZ ALI becoming a bore! He is getting the worst of it, and he wants me of all persons in the world! to help him! Never heard of such a thing! Have ordered KAUFMANN (rather a donkey, KAUFMANN!) to tell him we can't be bothered with him during the winter. Still, if he likes to keep alive until the spring, we will see what those 20,000 men at Samarkand can do for him. In the meanwhile—Russia and England were never better friends!

December 10th.—Really SHIRAZ ALI is becoming an intolerable nuisance! STOLITSEFF's injudicious sort of fellow, STOLITSEFF! followed me all the way to Livadia from Afghanistan with despatches! Of course the idea of upsetting BRITANNIA is an excellent notion. No doubt about that—must be done as soon as may be! But SHIRAZ ALI is played out. However, sent love to him through STOLITSEFF (persistent fellow, STOLITSEFF!), and authorised him to say, distinctly, "that, after the cold season was over, the Russian Government would come to his assistance." Recommended the usual amount of lying, with hints about the intervention of the SULTAN, and a Congress at St. Petersburg. This to be sent to SHIRAZ ALI (stupid dog, SHIRAZ ALI!) with the conventional blasphemous invocations. Eternal friendship between England and Russia, &c., &c. Eternal peace over!

January 3rd, 1879.—Bang that sounded, SHIRAZ ALI! He actually wanted to visit me! This when he was officially told by KAUFMANN (slow sort of fellow, KAUFMANN!) that "it was impossible to assist him with Russian troops." Told them to look after him. Curious coincidence—on reaching the House yesterday he said! So much for SHIRAZ ALI! Bored with the whole affair, and shall leave plotting against England in the hands of my Ministers. They will do it just as well as I shall! Other things for me to do! I have to bury my first wife, marry my second, quarrel with my family, accept the explosion of the Nihilists, and to finish it all up with a nice trip during a storm in the Levadia. Consequently, close my Diary until I have done enjoying myself!

February 16th, 1881.—Open this book after a long pause to write that I have found a greater joy than sleep. The London papers have just published our secret negotiations with SHIRAZ ALI. The plot to overturn the British Empire in India—hatched while we were swearing eternal friendship to England—has been discovered. Upon this, the Duke of ARBUTHNOT says that "three papers produce a feeling against Russia!" Ha! ha! ha! His Grace will be the death of me!

NEW RULES OF PROCEDURE.

Enlightening the Sergeant-at-Arms.

15. THAT when the SPEAKER has to name a Member for expulsion, the Sergeant-at-Arms shall be allowed to look at him first through the door, and see what he is like, before proceeding to extremities.

16. That the Member so named need not say, when touched on the shoulder, "Do you know, Sir, that I carry a couple of revolvers in my pockets to such purpose?" "Do that again, Sir, and you'll make acquaintance with the floor of the House!" Have ye ever seen dynamite in the lump, Sir? or make any other remark calculated to agitate or distress the arresting officials?

17. That a Division on any important Irish question being in contemplation, it shall be lawful for the Sergeant-at-Arms to take immediately six lessons in prize-fighting, with or without the assistance of Black Rod, in the Lobby, and supply himself with three gallons of hot brandy-and-water before entering the House. To that end this last be at the sole expense of the SPEAKER.

"LIVING IN SKIN,"—Russett Diplomacy.

Original Form.



AFTER THE PARTY.

Elderly Coquette. "AND I'M SURE YOU NAUGHTY GIRLS SAT UP EVER SO LATE, TALKING US OVER! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE MYSELF BEHIND A SCREEN AND HEARD IT ALL!"
Horrid Boy. "No, YOU WOULDN'T!"

AFTER THE SCARE.

(Anticipation Intelligence in advance.—April 1.)

THE series of efficient precautionary measures taken by the authorities, in the earlier part of the session, having, as might have been expected, rendered the execution of any single one of the many daring schemes of outrage, then in contemplation, not only difficult, but, impossible, a very large stock of "explosives" has been gradually accumulating in the market. Whether, however, it be due to the fact that buyers seen shy of anything like remunerative prices, or that there happens to be, just now, a glut of this class of goods, the demand for them has been far from brisk. Recourse, therefore, has been had to the hammer; and yesterday, the crowded condition of Messrs HITCHCOCK & SHERIDAN'S rooms, where the lots of a very interesting catalogue were taken in succession, testified to the wisdom of the experiment.

After several tons of hand-grenades, six-chambered revolvers, spring knives, loose powder, and other purely defensive material, had (owing to extensive commissions to purchase, from inhabitants of the Grosvenor Road), been disposed of with some remarkably lively bidding, a few of the more important lots were put up to the table.

Among these perhaps the most noticeable was (91). "Twenty self-acting mechanical infernal machines; each warranted, simply, to blow up a public building twice as large as St. Paul's, and, optionally, with or without warning."

Several of these ingenious and excellent articles, all bearing the name of a highly respectable American firm, were headed about for inspection, and a lively contest ensued; a nobleman well-known in society for his hearty devotion to practical joking, materially raising the figure. The lot, however, was eventually knocked down to the President of a South American Republic, amid a round of applause, for £4 16s.

The following leading lots were then put up, in their turn, and disposed of severally as under:—

119. *Self-propelling Land Turbines*; warranted, when set, to borrow straight through any thickness of stone wall, and explode as per indicator. Purchased by the Channel Tunnel Co. (£1 2s. 6d.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.

Mr.—I send you a cutting from a contemporary:—

TURTLE SOUP.—Thick, Clear, Invalid's Green Fat, in Queens, Fests, Indigestion. Made exclusively from the West Indian Turtle, imported by themselves every fortnight, by Royal West Indian Mail Steamers.—G. & A. FAINTER, Ship and Turtle Tavern.

Why, these turtles must be as green as the fat. But, they ought to be encouraged in their self-sacrificing and disinterested enterprise.

Yours,

LATUCELLOT GOBBLE. (OF GOBBLE AND CHICK, Portico Ward, E.C.)

The Royal Academy can't give us such specimens as these PAINTERS ORN, eh?

A Case for Clemency.

There was little need for the memorial designed by Irish and some other Members of the House of Commons for presentation to Sir W. HARCOURT, requesting him to use his influence to have DAVITT, whilst in prison, treated as a first-class misdemeanant. Solicitor for law and order in the imprisonment which keeps DAVITT out of mischief. A considerate Government must wish not to be too hard upon a one-armed man, seeing that their next Irish Bill is to put down carrying any arms at all.

A Good Spirit.—"I. L." Whiskey—Irish Whiskey. N.B.—"I. L." stands for Lord-Lieutenant, not for Lord League!

135. *Steel Revolver-proof Shirt, Leggings and Back-board to match. The "Anti-Assault's Suit," as advertised. Captain GOSSET. (£15 15s.)*

174. *Tin Cornet, drilled top; whippers, cog-wheels, and charge of powder complete. A most admirable machine. This fell to Mr. LANOCHER (purchased by him for presentation to the Fleet Street Clearance Committee), and went, after a spirited contest, amidst several rounds of applause, for 12s. 6d.*

207. *A Bag of diamond Dynamite, a fine fine (directions lost), and a bag of explosive balls, beautifully past and ready for use (see excellent Christmas present for a Literary and Scientific Institution). The Greek Government. (£9 5s.)*

205. *Thirty-six Compositors' Cloaks, slouched hats, doggers, dark-lanterns, forms of work, and gun-cotton parchment-kilnery, &c. All in excellent condition. Mr. J. L. TOOTH. (£1 16s.)*

311. *A Letter in Cypher (without the key). The Editor of Notes and Queries. (1s.)*

347. *A Subterranean Plan of the House of Commons, showing exact position of Celler under Speaker's chair; with wires, battery, signal, secret passage, and explosive material, complete. A sensational lot. The Westminster Aquarium Co. (£10s.)*

Several other interesting articles further on in the list occasioned eager competition; but the excitement culminated when the great feature of the Catalogue (429). A silent, three months' slow-progressing Railway Terminus Alchemist—in first-class piece of Philadelphia work) was put up amidst tremendous cheering. The Auctioneer, in calling attention to this "remarkable lot," pointed out that it had been accidentally "set off" somewhere about the first of January, and that it must therefore be, as he expressed it, "in fine condition for purchase" at the present moment. Notwithstanding the anxiety of a gentleman representing the Turkish Government, that the bidding should commence without any delay, this announcement created a panic which it became impossible to control, and, by general consent, the "slow progresser" had just been taken to the preceding Magistrate at New Street, in order that he might express his opinion as to what had better be done with it, when our parcel went to press.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



TOUGH WORK

Morning, Feb. 7.—Have found a new humorist. He turned up in the most unexpected place—in the Tory side, and not only on the Tory side, but amongst the Ulster Tories! Name, MacNAUGHTEN; county, Antrim; species, dry.

When Mr. MacNAUGHTEN presented himself to the House, no one for a moment expected the joy of this rare discovery. Everyone knows it is not the Ulster Custom to make jokes, nor did Mr. MacNAUGHTEN'S appearance suggest the possibility of variation from established usage. Not being personally known to the House, he was taken for another of those members of the Clergy with whom Ireland, always odd, has dowered the new Parliament. There was no reason for this perhaps, except that he looked very grave, spoke in a solemn voice, and had that disposition to conceal his shirt-front which appears inseparable from Holy Orders. Mr. MacNAUGHTEN'S jokes will probably not tell very well in paper currency; they are rather of the kind that require the mint-mark of manner and voice. Perhaps the greatest joke of all was the uncertainty that prevailed whether he really knew he was funny, or whether he marvelled why the House should, from time to time, break into rurs of laughter. So much played over the visage of the Member for Antrim, viz, indeed, was there suggestion of any other emotion. If it had been the wooden figurehead of a ship set up at the corner seat below the gangway, there could not have been upon its features less of responsive flicker to the increment of the House. The tone and manner of Mr. MacNAUGHTEN'S delivery are precisely akin to that of a Carate reading his sermon on a sultry Sunday afternoon. There was the slow rise and fall, the nasal intonation, the indrawing of breath in fitful hope of humanity, and the outbreathing in something like a sigh of hopeless despair.

Yet both the matter and the style were far beyond the average Sunday afternoon sermon in quiet places. Mr. MacNAUGHTEN was talking strong common sense, and, as often happens with men so gifted, his thoughts found expression in simple, well-turned

sentences. But the intonation was irresistible, and when having expressed from gratification he added, "I will not return to the charge of Mr. Justice FITZGERALD," the effect was so indelibly borne of the House went into paroxysms of laughter, whilst Mr. MACNAGHTEN stood waiting an opportunity to continue, looking out straight before him, as the ship's figurehead stares with unalterable regard over the immeasurable expanse of the sea.

Business done.—**Debate.**—**Second Reading of Protection Bill resumed and again adjourned.**

Tuesday Night.—"You'd better go in, Toke; there's Jan Cowan rubbing the House of Commons' back the wrong way."

It was the kindly voice of Sir CHARLES DOLBEK that thus addressed me as I was trotting meditatively down the corridor leading to the library, glad to be away from the din of the Chamber, to talk things over with the House in spite of new-awakened Speakers and Brand-new votes. I have had my back rubbed the wrong way myself, and felt some curiosity to know how the House of Commons voted the operation. I meant say it got through on the wrong side.

The gentleman whom everyone calls "Jor," standing on the floor of the House, pouring forth a flood of picturesque and occasionally biting eloquence. Jor was, to use a phrase familiar in the Gargery and Gargery in the ramparts. As he admitted, he felt strongly as the question of the Corcoran Bill, and to do him justice, he spoke strongly. It was real eloquence, unparochially, by the lower set of the House. A member rose to the speaker and said, "The House has no votes, and even the little scrap of paper that Mr. O'CONNOR and Mr. BRIGHT set to the table with them on great occasions. In a continuous unintermitted unobscuring stream poured forth the sea of indignation, and the sea of indignation, and his by no means unattractive scorn.

It was a difficult task, requiring a dauntless spirit, to stand on the floor of the House of Commons and utter this unpalatable speech. Nor did the peculiar reception of it make the task easier. At some times the House would have roared, and I can fancy that the born orator having a very nervous system, as he was, he would have been torn to shreds by the cheers from the Irish benches that anyone can buy with a phrase. In times past Jor has spoken amid this angry silence on his own side of the House whilst the rafters have rung to the acclamations of the party, and the speaker, apart from foreign policy, all his life has been devoted to thwarting, and who one to his points, his tireless energy, and his lavish devotion of money, the memorable defeat they suffered in the North of England in the Election of '80. But now even these voices were silent, and his old friends of the Beaumont-fish-and-Glory era stared straight before them with an unmistakable "Don't know you" air.

Only on the Treasury Bench was this story silence broken, this strange rigidity of muscle varied. When Jor rose, Mr. O'CONNOR, with a foreknowledge of what lay before him, in his seat, closed his eyes, and put on a pretty affectation of slumber. But the mask fell off after a few seconds, and from the first benches, attempts to retain it. Presently the PREMIER was sitting bolt upright, with eyes wide open, and a look of Jerry-like depression on his face. As Jor thundered along, hitting out right and left, now bestowing on Mr. BRIGHT a "cur," now turning aside to rain blows on the PREMIER, Mr. O'CONNOR'S indignation swayed all heads of voters, and in a voice audible to those near him, he from time to time turned to Mr. BRIGHT, and characterized Jor and his speech with a frankness unbecoming even by the Northumbrian criterion. On the whole rather a painful scene.

Business done.—**None.**

Wednesday Afternoon.—Eld this afternoon at half-past four, forty days, the debate on the Second Reading of the Protection Bill. The happy event might as well have occurred on Monday, or even on Friday, for all use the extension of its existence has been to mortal. A spirit of vexation has kept it alive so long, and in dying it characteristically endeavored to vex as many people as possible. What undertakers call "the sting" was not expected to take place

until half-past five; but after staggering weakly along, borne down under the measureable weight of words, the debate dropped down and quietly breathed its last an hour before the appointed time. The consequence was great consternation in the Lobby. No one would stay in the House who could possibly be out of it whilst the poor wretch was pausing and moaning to its inevitable end. The more profound and heavy was the protection of the protectors of the House, and when the bell rung were in time to the Committee of the House, and something in the City" or elsewhere, timed their movements so as to be back at five o'clock, and were, just privileged to see their colleagues streaming into the Lobby, having recorded their votes.

I can tell that any inaction in the debate inside the House was compensated for by the vigorous language used by those *Pari* shut out from the paradise of the Division Lobby.

Business done.—**Second Reading of Protection Bill carried by 339 votes against 56.**

Thursday Night.—One of those nights which appreciably shorten life by the wear and tear of conflicting emotions. Not since Mr. CHARLES made his memorable and memorable speech have I been so deeply engaged, or felt the Committee so involved in the indignation of the Serpant-at-Arms against indignance in an occasional hour.

First of all there was the case of the Irish Members, about whom somebody has been saying something in print. It is quite natural that gentlemen like Mr. FARRER, Mr. O'CONNOR and his countrymen, who are below the gangway should resent personal attacks, and should have no hesitation in sheltering themselves behind the avenging rules of the House of Commons. They themselves are so punctilious in the matter of not supporting their views, so polite in their manner, so conscious of their position, that one hears not without a thrill of indignation that some one has been attacking them. Moreover, their distress is more real and more deeply seated than mere sentiment. It appears that some one has been saying that they proceed to speak a week from the Land League, whereas they don't. Mr. O'CONNOR'S plaintive manner in making this contradiction must have moved the hardest heart to pity. Mr. FARRER is unfortunately away just now, no one exactly knows where he is, but he has been saying such a word in his ear. If I could only convey to him a tenth part of the emotion with which Mr. O'CONNOR declared that the statement was not true, or sea-fish of the indignation with which Mr. McCOLL confirmed the denial, something might be done.

This was one thing that touched a heart naturally tender. But I was quite broken down when some hours later Mr. WATSON rose and dropped a tear over the practically accomplished extinction of the Chiefships, and the proximate Abolition of the Honorary. Whilst Mr. FARRER was speaking, I fancied I heard a peculiar snuffling from the back bench behind ex-Ministers. I thought it was only Mr. WATSON taking snuff; but it seems he was struggling against his emotion. He was "touched," he tells us, "aye, deeply touched," and though the effect of contact does not appear to have operated in the direction of adding adherency to his ideas, the emotion does credit to his heart. The House was touched too, but it was under the fifth rib, and it laughed as unbecomingly as if Mr. WATSON, instead of struggling with his emotion, had been physically tickling it. Mr. FARRER, who has been in better spirits to-night than for the last fortnight past, laughed immoderately as this bulwark of the British Constitution, snuff, law in kind, and pari-occluded pocket-handkerchiefs, to reserve, in essence, the essence of old things, and the Americanizing of the Law Courts by the introduction of such titles as President and Vice-President.

No one quite knew what it all meant; but it was a pleasant change after the thunder and lightning of Mr. Wolvenhampton FOWLER, who played the part of the preservation of the picturesque possibilities of the Chiefships with all the fervour of diction and gesture that are so useful in moving a jury to a verdict in a breach of promise case.

Business done.—**House went into Committee on Protection Bill. Abolition of Chiefships agreed to by 178 votes against 110.**

Friday Night.—Considering that Mr. FARRER has mysteriously disappeared, that Mr. O'KELLY has vanished into thin air, and that Mr. HEALY has taken to his heels, we are not getting on so well as might have been expected in the protection of the Protection Bill. There has been a great deal done in the way of protestation and very little in the way of Amendments. After two nights' work we have got through less than one-tenth part of the Amendments on the paper.

Business done.—**Not much.**



Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR.

DICK WELLSFORD.

his heated sympathy, and



Mr. BROUGHTON—
—VERY FREE
AND ANGRY
MANNERS.



Mr. COWAN—
THE YOUNG MAN
MEMBER.

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

The Churchwardens.

Our Commissioner. You are, I believe, a City Churchwarden?

Churchwarden. I am.

O. C. Of what Parish?

C. I would rather not mention the name.

O. C. Certainly. Is it a fair average specimen of a City Parish?

C. Yes, quite so, as regards the Division within the City gates; that is, from Aldgate, in the East, to Newgate, in the West.

O. C. How many inhabitants have you?

C. About two hundred.

O. C. Do they reside?

C. Oh, no; nearly the whole of them sleep out of town.

O. C. What Parish Office have you?

C. We have a Rector, three Churchwardens, three Overseers, one Poor Law Guardian, a Vestry Clerk, an Organist, an Organblower, a Sexton, a Beadle, and two Pew Openers.

O. C. What an establishment! Is your church well attended?

C. Pretty well.

O. C. What may be the average number?

C. About twelve.

O. C. That's less than the number of officials. Have you many poor?

C. When the City was divided into several Unions, we used to keep a couple of Paupers, to prevent our being united to some poor parish, but now that there is but one Union we do not find it necessary.

O. C. Have you any Parochial Funds?

C. Oh, yes, certainly. We have about £1000 a year.

O. C. £1000 a year, and no Poor! What do you do with it?

C. A considerable portion goes in paying the officials.

O. C. How much?

C. About a third.

O. C. How about the rest?

C. Some portion we devote towards payment of the Poor Rate.

O. C. Whose pocket does that serve?

C. Well, of course, it reduces the charge to the Rate Payers, but we really don't know what else to do with it.

O. C. Continue, Sir.

C. It has been the custom, from time immemorial to serve wine and light refreshments at all meetings of Vestries and of Parish Officers, and once a year, sometimes oftener, we have a Parish Dinner at the Crystal Palace or Greenwich, paid for out of these funds, which we find very conducive to good will and harmony; consequently we visit our Parish Estates to see that they are in good condition, and the Carriages and then Banquet come to a considerable sum.

O. C. Anything further of the same kind?

C. Yes. At certain periods we perambulate the Parish, what is technically called, "beating the bounds," and on these occasions our labours are rewarded by a banquet at Greenwich or Richmond.

O. C. Is the income that you administer in so very extraordinary a manner increasing or diminishing?

C. Oh, increasing very rapidly. When an old lease falls in the rental is increased at least four-fold.

O. C. Have you any accumulation?

C. Oh, yes, to a very considerable amount. In fact we find it extremely difficult to dispose of our present income; and what we shall do with it a few years hence, when it will be largely increased, I cannot form an idea.

O. C. Perhaps some means may be suggested to relieve you of your difficulty.

C. Trust, Sir, you do not allude to any possible scheme of confiscation. We do our best under very difficult circumstances to spend the income provided by our Pious Ancestors, and if we fail, it is because we are beaten by circumstances beyond our control.

O. C. How do you mean?

C. We have money to expend for bread, but no recipients; we have money for apprenticeship, but no Apprentices; we have gifts for the Poor, but no Poor to receive them. What can we do?

O. C. It seems to me that the money that should be spent in Bread for the Poor, is actually expended in costly Banquets for the Rich; that the money that should relieve the Poor, is applied to relieve the Rich Estates; and the money that should be applied to apprenticing Poor boys, is expended shamelessly, wastefully, extravagantly, and uselessly. And I can only express a hope that when Her Majesty's Government are relieved from their present embarrassment in regard to the poverty of the poor Irish, they may be able to turn their attention to a state of things perfectly wonderful by contrast and wholly new in the history of this country, as well as described by the present Premier, when he speaks of the City of London as being "gorged and bloated with charity." You may retire, Sir.

A MANAGER says that the first full row of summer is not half as pleasant a sight as the first full row of the stalls and circle.

FROM THE RANKS.

IV.—A Coburn's Trouble.



he should have been earning his living. Even when the Board convicts, he only makes the defendant pay the amount claimed, the cost of the summons, and *over-and-above* for Coburn's loss of time, isn't that a genuine grievance, now?

And here's another thing as happened to me once which helped to make me lose my faith in human nature. I'm sure that no respectable things as mean low microscopists are capable of! What do you think of a respectable-looking chap laying snares to steal my twopenny haltpenny traps? This is how it was. A genteel-looking person engaged me one evening and ordered me about from place to place and gave me a cigar, as many of 'em will, to get you off the scent and make you drowsy, and asked me to sit down, and the family, and said as how he had little 'uns of his own, till I was quite took in by his blarney. Well! We got on as jolly as sandboys, had a glass here and a glass there until I felt that if I didn't look out I should appear before the Beak, not of my own accord, and get my license endorsed.

So says I, "Look here, old chap. It's very kind of you, and I'm much obliged by your hospitality, but I'd rather have no more. Give me an extra bob to take home." "Just one more," says he in his delirious way, "a stirrup-peg, and then you'll drive me home and I'll pay you." So I gulped down that last glass to his jolly good health, which tasted a bit sweet and didn't seem, somehow, to fit comfortably into the inside, and started off. It was pitch dark by this time, and I did feel uncommon queer to be sure. I was all of a perspiration, tho' it wasn't hot. The road was a waving up and down, and the lamps was making faces, and posseting one to the other and blinking and bowing and whirling round and round, and in and out till I felt as if I was bewitched. But I set my teeth and knitted my brows in hopes as the fresh air would bring me round, and took a tight grip of the reins, which seemed to be slipping away from me—but it was all to no purpose. The face inside seemed to be hollowing out and saying something like I couldn't hear distinctly what, for the singing in my ears. All at once the road gave a great lurch, and the cab gave a lurch, and all the lamps came in a body and banged me in the eye, and water rushed up into my head till I was all wet and drowning, and blessed if I could remember any more.

When I came to, it was the grey of morning, and I was sitting inside the cab with a friend bathing my temples. "What cheer?" says, chuckling. "I've had a job to prevent your being collared by the coppers. You stumped 'em, how come you to get so bloated?" "Where am I?" says. "On the Load of Hay rank," he says, "where you ought to be." "Where's my fare?" I says, beginning to remember a bit what had passed. "And where's my eye, and my neck, and where's my eye and my neck, and my money—oh murder—where's my silver watch and chain, as father gave me on his death-bed?" I saw it, all, and so did my old pal, who looked grave. That heartless well-dressed scamp had stooped to drag a wretched coburn's beer in order to rob him of the few poor trifles he possessed!

Respectfully Yours,

Original, T. H. (alias TOMMY THE TOY).



ÆSTHETIC LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Miss Bibliologic. "YIS, DEAREST JOSEPH! I AM GOING TO MARRY YOUNG PETER FILOS! WE SHALL BE VERY, VERY JOSE! INDEED NOW WE ARE GOING TO LIVE, I CANNOT TELL!"

Mr. Clumber Brown. "OH, MY BEAUTIFUL MARILINA, HOW NICE OF YOU BOTH! NEVER MIND NOW, BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO LIVE?"

Miss Bibliologic. "OH, IN DEAR OLD KENSINGTON, I SUPPOSE—EVERYTHING IS SO CHEAP THERE, YOU KNOW!—FRANCE FEATHERS ONLY A PENNY A-PIECE!"

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

Last Thursday the following information from Constantinople appeared in the *Times*:-

"A great deal of interest and speculation has been created here by a rumor that the SULTAN has received from the German Emperor an autograph letter containing some advice about the Greek question. The rumor has very little solid foundation. The SULTAN has, indeed, received from Berlin a letter signed by the Emperor WILHELM, but it had nothing to do with politics, and was simply a formal expression of thanks for a musical composition by the Sultan's pianist, which His Majesty had sent to the Emperor by Count HANDELBERG."

We here give the Emperor's reply—verbatim, of course:-

CHEER UP!—*Comment rose? Portes-roses?* Thanks for your pianist's composition, which is better than anything in the way of Turkish Notes I've ever seen. I'm not much of a hand at the piano myself, but, as far as one finger goes, I can back myself against anybody—including HIRSHACK, who has practiced with one finger in every pi-ano for years, while I've only done it on a limited scale. I see it's written in the key of "G"—[you're expecting GOSCHEN every day, ah?]-which is a valuable one, as it keeps one sharp, and has no other accidentals. Love to the HAVEN-season generally.

Yours harmoniously,
SWEET WILLIAM.

Pessimismus Triumphans.

"**SENIORIAN COLLEGE.**—In the recent examination for the Mathematical Tripos, Miss CLERKE, of Newnham College, attained the standard of a Senior Optima.

Wet Blankets predicted that the establishment of colleges for the instruction of the female mind in the exact sciences would result in smoke. The honor of Senior Optima, taken by a young lady, has obviously confuted those Pessimists.

THE PLEASING BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Entertainment for February.

- MOTTO.**
For a Host or Hostess. 166A. "For solitude is sometimes best society."—MILTON.
- For a tall Man. 176B. "Often the cockfist is empty in those whose Nature hath built many stories high."—FELLER.
- For a Customer, for choice not his of your own district. 184B. "The Customer went into more public-houses than any man living."—DUCKENS.
- You had better be careful whom you choose for this. 196B. "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."—YOCUM.
- For a Literary Man. 206B. "Most authors steal their works, or buy."—POPE.
- For a Railway Director. 216A. "Creep in one dull line." POPE.

"Gloria Mundi Fumus."

[A memorial, signed by 220 Members, has been presented to Mr. BRAWLEY, asking for increased accommodation in the smoking-rooms of the House of Commons.]

WHEAT WOULD Her Majesty's Commons should need more extensive apartments for using the weed: You may a smoking-room must be no joke, When one half the debates, as we know, end in smoke!

GREENS OF QUAKER STREET, ASTORER.—Coffee Grounds.



“THE IRREPRESSIBLE NIGGER!”

KING COFFEE. “YA—MASSA BULL! DIS COLOURED GENELUM MUS’ TRUBBLE YOU FOR HIM OLE FAMILY
UMB’LELLA, SAR!”

Original from

"THE COLONEL" IN A NUT-SHELL.

A Philistine and Maude visit the Prince of Wales's.

I went to see *The Colonel* at the Prince of Wales's, and I took MAUDE with me. I had some trouble in persuading him to accompany me, for at first he flatly refused to go to any theatre but the Lyceum, but at last he consented. Then another difficulty arose,—should he take his lily with him. I had heard something about the play, so I said decidedly not, and commending himself with the reflection that the night air might not agree with the "precious" thing, and bidding it an affectionate adieu, we departed for Tottenham Street.



NUDS ON THE COLONEL.

according to the prevailing mania, with hangings in "art-colours" and smoothers, plates and pottery, and mediæval furniture; his

"arrangements" in brick-red and sage-green, and even attire his poor little sister in peacock-blue, while they religiously endeavour to live up to their knickerbockers. And that is not all. The presiding genius of the house is a Professor of Æsthetics, a certain Leonard STRONG, who is, to the eyes of all but his duxes, a ghastly old bump; while with him is his nephew, Basil GORDON, once a chemist's assistant, but now a painter. B. G. has executed a work of art, which hangs in the place of honour, and I can only say it is so deliciously like the anatomical caricatures of Mr. HENRY-JONES, that it ought to be secured at all hazards for the Ormeau Gallery. The "Arrangement in Gold" is, I have heard, the work of a rising young artist—Mr. FORTNER—not an Æsthet. When we saw all this on the stage MAUDE was delighted; he echoed the language of the play, declared it "quite too stier," and regretted he had not brought his lily.



"AND LONGER."

Meanwhile, we saw poor *Forrester's* misery when, to his great joy, in came his old friend, Colonel WOOD, of the U.S. Cavalry, and this gentleman at once saw how the land lies, sums up Mr. STRONG in an instant, and determines to save his friend from this intolerable bondage. At first, however, victory remains with Mr. STRONG and his infatuated disciples, for while *Forrester* is very anxious that his friend should stay with him, *Lady Thompson* determines to get rid of the Philistine, and the obedient wife, though sorely against her

will, allows the *Colonel* to be sent to an hotel. So ends the First Act in which the tone of æsthetic society is preserved with such satirical fidelity that it made me shudder and delighted MAUDE, who wildly proposed "two lilies and a split soda," if that refreshment were attainable: which, happily, was not the case.

In the Second Act we are in a very different atmosphere. Here, on a fourth floor flat, furnished with a total disregard for Æsthetic principles, lives pretty Mrs. Blyth, a gay widow, who wins all hearts, and with whom we discover that Mr. *Forrester*, calling himself *Faker*, is stirring outrageously. He introduces the *Colonel* to Mrs. Blyth, and it turns out they are old lovers separated through a misunderstanding; and it was, indeed, to seek out the lady that the American came to Europe. Then occurs an alarming complication. Mrs. *Forrester* arrives to enlist Mrs. Blyth's co-operation in an Æsthetic scheme, is followed by her mother and Mr. *Streple*, and discovers her husband, whom she had supposed to have started for the country, and the Act winds up on a telling situation.



AN OLIVER AND A LITTLE PICKLER.

Third Act. *Streple* and his nephew fall out, and we hear of a bill run up by the pair for all sorts of luxuries at a neighbouring restaurant, while they pretend to live on the contemplation of lilies. Mrs. *Forrester* has appealed to the *Colonel*, who hosts *Streple* with his own petard, opens *Lady Thompson's* eyes, reconciles husband and wife, is accepted by Mrs. Blyth, arranges an impromptu carpet dance after the fashion of an American "serenade," when the ladies return to the guests of criticism, and the play winds up merrily with the discomfiture of the Æsthete, and the triumph of common sense.

MAUDE was, and is, very angry. He sat in sullen silence until the end, and then the inextinguishable laughter roared him into speech. He said he considered the Author a person of no culture, a Philistine of the Philistines, and devoid of sweetness and light and of any feeling for what is most precious in Art. I have shown



"THE LONELY FANTASTIC."

this to MAUDE, who admits it is a fair account of the piece, but adds, that he wonders the brain did not curdle within the cerebrum of the perpetrator of such an outrage. As he quitted the theatre he sighed out, "We are not all impostors." I at once admitted the truth of this remark, as certainly MAUDE ought to know of some exceptions. Then he called homewards, and conferred himself with my old lily, Mr. FATE.

The acting is admirable. Mrs. LEON MURRAY and Miss MYRA HOLME, as *Lady Thompson* and Mrs. *Forrester*, have caught the postures and trick of speech of the school to the life; while Miss AMY HOSKELL'S Mrs. Blyth, and Miss GRAHAM'S *Aggie*, were masterly performances. Mr. COCKLE'S *Colonel* is a vulgar caricature of a soldier in the U.S. Army, and gave every line with telling effect. Mr. FERNANDEZ created a *Streple* out of his own inner consciousness, which made MAUDE wild. Mr. HOWLAND HUCKSTONE was amusing as Basil *Gordon*; while Mr. HENRY was a very fresh and nearly representative of Mr. *Forrester*. Mr. BOSTON'S Æsthetic interiors are of a truth "consummately precious," and the Æsthete, on the whole seemed to have rather the best of it in dress and decoration. That, indeed, was MAUDE'S opinion, and I am bound to believe him, though I see only



"CONSCIENCE!"

A PHILISTINE.

Original from

COX AND DOX AT BERLIN.

HERR VON BENSINGEN and Herr von LUDWIG, Members of the Prussian Parliament, quarrelled. So Herr von BENSINGEN immediately took the part of Cox, while Herr von LUDWIG chose that of Dox. In MADRIDER CORNER's immortal farce this bit of dialogue will be remembered—
 Von Bensingen Cox. Can you fight?
 Von Ludwig Dox. No.
 Von Bensingen Cox. Then come on!

But Von Ludwig Dox would not come on, "on political grounds," which are doubtless more pleasant to come on than the "ground." But, inspired by the success of his rival, Von Ludwig Dox asked Von Bensingen Cox to come on, who would not, however, "fight a man who had so lowered himself by his conduct." So Von Bensingen Cox is to be given a grand dinner. What Von Ludwig Dox is to receive we do not yet know, but we should suggest a dinner also. And then these very men of the sword might be together, in the tag of *Boniface Ferron*, slightly adapted from the English:—

"It were better far
 Than to end all sorrow;
 And, if ever false please,
 We'd die again to-morrow."

The Fourth Party.

LORD RANDOLPH, of Woodstock, in his recent speeches, has generally alluded to himself as representing the party as "W. A." An Hon. Member suggested that another "a" to the premier would make the description perfect. The "WEE PARTY."

MARKED MEN.

How to deal with Obstructionists in future—Boycott 'em?—No, brand 'em.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 19.



COLONEL HENDERSON.

SOLO.

Air—"The little wee Dox."

Oh where and Oh where is the little Buzgler?
 Oh where on earth can he be!
 With his hair cropped short, who is all night long
 Consulting some burglar-or?
Chorus of Merry Men. Oh where and Oh where, &c.

MY KIRBY GREEN.

(*"London Gazette"*) killed, *pong* with great success by the Chancellor of the *Order of St. Michael and St. George*.)

"To be ordinary Member of the Third Class, or Companion of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, WILLIAM KIRBY GREEN, Esq., Her Majesty's Charge d'Affaires in Montenegro, and Consul-General in Albania." *London Gazette*, February 8.

Meow odd now, that I should quite forget him!

But, what has he said, — or done, — or been?

I must have remembered, had I met him, —

A man with a name like KIRBY GREEN!

Quite odd! for its ring is so suggestive,

"Matchus" or "Blackings" or, have I seen

Those words allixed to a new "Digestive"?

Where have I met my KIRBY GREEN?

Ah! wait a moment! — I think I've got it! —

A farse I once saw played at the Strand;

There was "Duxie Green" — no, no, that's not it —

Stay! Isn't there "KIRBY GREEN's Striped Band"?

Or, didn't he write *The Mighty Doller*?

Have n't I bought his Sewing Machine?

I haven't! Well, here's a third-class collar

To grace the neck of my KIRBY GREEN!

HINDER.—Why was Lord BRON a humane father?—Because he never beat his Child Harold.

RECENT MARVELS OF SCIENCE.

At the Royal Institution a few days ago, Professor EDWARD A. SCHAFER, commencing a course of lectures on "The Blood," delivered an instructive discourse, in which he mentioned that a German Professor, whose name he did not name, "had found that if the blood of an animal were removed, and the blood-vessels filled with milk, or a weak solution of salt, the animal continued to live without apparent inconvenience." Wonderful, if true; for how it was that when the blood of an animal had been removed for the purpose of replacing it with milk or brine, the animal did not die from being added to death before the brine or the milk could be injected, requires to be explained; but if a learned physiologist ascertained the fact, it must be all right of course.

In the Second of Professor SCHAFER'S lectures, "the method of measuring the diameter of blood-corpuscles was explained according to the processes of Mr. GULLIVER and Professor VÄGNER." After having pondered the previous statement about the substitution of milk or salt-and-water for blood in a living animal, it is difficult to suppress the suggestion that the Christian name of the former of those two gentlemen of science was, perhaps, LAUTZ, and that the process in which he co-operated according to the letter of the patent conducted in a laboratory at Laputa. Nevertheless, no doubt the results of their scientific labours are all right.

AN IM-PUG-NATION.—Mr. POUND'S Amendment to the Protection of Life in Ireland Bill was rejected last Thursday by a considerable majority. It was in fact "pugh-pugh'd" by the House.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF BURGLARS.

"That burglary should have grown to the dimensions of a Science, is a disagreeable feature in modern civilization."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE CHAIRMAN, and President of the Association, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD SMITH, in opening the proceedings, said that he hoped they would all make themselves at home. As a matter of fact, they generally did—"Here! Here!"—whether in their own particular kennel—he begged pardon, Chalk,—the pantry of the retired tradesman—he meant, of course, retired for the night,—or the dining-room of the stambling Peer. (Laughter.) He trusted they would pass the champagne freely—it came, without permission, from the cellar of a tilled connoisseur,—and put away the Cider of a brand which some of them would remember having smoked for the first time during the small hours in the Conservatory of Cumberland House. (A laugh.) Burgling had become a Fine Art; its study was a branch of the higher education about which we now heard so much. Burgling had now its mechanics, its diplomacy, and its aesthetics.

Mr. SMITH next said he agreed with every blooming word—he begged pardon, every opinion—which their Chairman had uttered. The method of Fagin was as obsolete as flint-locks. Culture and the revolver were the order of the day, or rather the night. A Burgler who didn't know Hize Chalk from common connoisseur, or couldn't tell a Rembrandt from a Whistler, was a worthless brute. A Housebreaker now must be a Virtuoso also. ("Here! Here!")

Mr. CHARLES BATES said that important as was virtuosity in the aspiring Burglar, diplomacy was more so. Law, of course, was a



RECRIMINATION.

Clater (who had been having "swobs" with Swift Catchem). "WHY, WHEN I KNOWNED YOU ASKED, 'YOU WAS A-BELLIN' FENNER; AN' NOW YER 'ERE GOT A VENERABLE SITUATION YOU DON' KNOW 'OW TO BEHAVE YOURSELF. 'BEAMED OF YER!'" [Delight of bystanders.

turnip-headed old Bogey, Bobbies were as easy to dodge as a blind elephant, and as open to "squaring" as a Railway Porter. But to nibble a groon, or palaver a pretty housemaid, required knowledge of human nature, and taking ways.

Mr. JOSIAS OUSTAKE may be 'usibly bergered padding for wastering to hindered himself on such a occasion. He knowed jolly well he wasn't in it, being hoosly a unfortint worn-out Critchermaker of the old school, born afore the days of Codd's revolvers and Cutlather. But he was pleased to see the pursioner a prosperin' and a progressin' in a style as him and his pals on the old lay could never have imagined possible. Thanks to Science and the Bobbies—"Rises 'em!"—burglary was becomin' a easy, safe, honoramental, and 'ighly profitable recreation. Only wished he was young and leary enough to have a fresh cut in himself. In his days the risk was mostly large, and the swag small. Cutlather seemed to 'ave haltered all that. He wished it back!

Mr. LARRY KOTT said that burglary was nearly the only respectable occupation left for a gentleman who had a patriotic word of dradgery, and a love for Assese and the fine arts. Pensioners were too hard-worked for his taste, and lady-dandy swells didn't get enough

fun and excitement. Burgling was the thing, the last of the romantic professions! To feel a Perler was as good sport as boting an Ambassador; he'd as soon flirt with a pretty housemaid as handle a political refrigate, and as to taste whether articles of epicurean, who had better opportunities for indulging it gratis than the happy housebreaker? Not LUCULLUS and JOHN BROWN rolled into one! The wooden impotence of Polidocum, and the utter and helpless funk of the Public in presence of the new state of affairs, were simply delicious to the humorous mind. Oh yes, he'd heard all about that little put-up job with the poor Chemist. It didn't disturb him, not an atom. If the Poolem amused themselves with tempting cheap pill-quacks into breaking the law, they'd have still less time even than now to devote to the bold burglar who made a business of defying it. Nasty, mean, un-English game, of course; but it was better for the Bobbies to be manufacturing what was called crime, than detecting it. ("How! Aw!")

After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the Meeting separated, each member going to somebody else's house in the fashionable quarter now known as Burglaria.

"NOT FOR JOE!"

THE crochety COWEN, who backed up the

Tank, Declares the Coercion Bill never will work; 's he spouted against it, a Radical hourly, And once more deserted the Liberal party. But "Canny Newcastle" can't quite understand.

The way that he plays his political hand, Can it be into Office he's trying to get?—For that's often the aim of your rabid Free Lance.

Let us hope, if he is, he will find it no go, And that GLADSTONE will blantly remark, "Not for Joe!"

A DANGEROUS PET.

A MAN may keep almost any kind of pet as long as he is not a nuisance to his neighbors. He may harbor cats or crows, mice or monkeys, he may take to his heart the gentle griffin or the amiable armadillo, may teach the festive stea to perform feats of strength, or keep an elephant in his back garden. But he may not keep living Colorado beetles, and for the very simple reason that they are liable to escape, and might bring a terrible plague on the country. Thus it happens that a farmer in a bright village in Devonshire known as Yealinton, has been fined for having twenty of these dangerous insects in his possession, and we are told he frequently exhibited them, so that nothing was more probable than the escape of one or more of these pests. He has been very properly punished, and agriculturists who care whose provisions had better be home-forded curb their passions for living specimens of the Colorado beetle.

A Chieftain to Children.

THERE has been considerable excitement lately about "Beneches of Privileges" in Parliament. The Irish have raised the cry; but the Scotch will not be silent when there is a question about teaching their distinctive arms, which I have seen you to recollect, Sir, must be ranked under the assese title. Think twice before you venture on abolishing the Tartan, which my countrymen have gloriously worn in time of war or in time of peace.



TENDER CONSIDERATION.

Fair Little Stranger (suddenly). "WHAT A CLEVER ARTIST YOU ARE!"

[*Our artist is beautiful, and blushes in silence.*]

Fair Little Stranger (after a long pause). "DO YOU NEED BEING CALLED AN ARTIST?"

[*Our beautiful artist blushes deeper still.*]

TWO-PENCE-HALFPENNY REWARD.

We live in an age of revolvers. The world began it by revolving on its axis, and new every pocket is armed to the teeth with Brammings five-shooters, sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation at less than five pounds a dozen. Every shopkeeper is fitted up like a pirate or the captain of a press-gang, and it would probably not be safe to assume that even a pew-sparer is unprovided with the fashionable weapon. This being the case, it is not surprising that the ordinary crew-speak, the prowler about unfinished houses, includes a revolver among the implements of his trade. The only persons who are astonished at this are Mr. HOWARD VINCER and the Detective Police, who live in an atmosphere of panic and ignorance. The wretched creature who shot a policeman and a postman at South Kensington is not an isolated ruffian, as the Detective Department of Scotland Yard seems to suppose, but is simply a sample of a hopeful crowd of would-be burglars, who are not to be captured, reformed, dissuaded or exterminated by a reward of Two-pence-Halfpenny.

It may not be advisable to trust the police with firearms, so that they can return shot for shot, but it is certainly advisable to show a determination to stamp out crime of violence. A chamberlain-shop policy in Scotland Yard and at the Seldons-at-Home Office will not do this, but will encourage the thieves. In the same way as Irish crime and obstruction were lately encouraged, if well-paid officials think they owe no duty to the public in this matter, they had better say so at once, let the public take care of themselves—which they are quite capable of doing,—and not waste print and paper in offering rewards that are disgraceful and ridiculous. In the meantime, it would be as well if they protected their humble instruments, the police, who are not paid to be shot down in the execution of their duties.

A Westminster Hall Dialogue.

[*On the abolition of the two Chlophojaks.*]

Friend, Hallo, old boy, what's the matter?

Friend (aged sixty, still meeting his opportunity). Matter! Why a fellow has no chance now! They've taken away the two great prizes of the Profession!

[*Exit Junior, moodily.*]

A KYRLEY TALE.

Am—"A Nervous Tale."

On a curious tale I am going to tell
Of the singular fortunes that befell
A family which into rosiad
In a slam by High Art much derided.

They never dreamed of the Weird Intense,
Though a family of undoubted sense,
Till a Kyrle Man came with his lyre and lily,
And drove that unfortunate household silly.

He came, soft crooning "Lo! I come!
My mission's the bringing of Beauty home!"
Aid he opened the door, and he led her in,
A weariful damsel pale and thin.

With eyes as dark as the veil of Isis,
Like an incarnation, she seemed, of Pithitis.
When he was ushered this spectral Psyche,
The family's comment all round was "Criskey!"

But the spell was on them, they stood and gazed
Till their souls grew dim and their sight grew dazed;
Even the youngest child to the father busy
Their views of life, straight before, grew Kyrley.

The father—he was a heartstone vendor—
Strive to make his street-cry as subtly tender
As a Chariv Notturno, and pined to a shade,
And raised his voice, and lost his trade.

The mother—she used to go out to "char"—
Fell madly in love with a Japanese Jew,
The poet, with cold curls, in her basket left,
And was quondam for taste, which the law called theft.

The eldest son—and he carried a hod—
Yearned his ladder to meet with the grace of a god
In attic story, but failed and fell
From the attic story, and ne'er got well.

The eldest daughter—a work-girl plain—
Would tangle her hair and wear grime in the rain;
Caught and sought care in a peacock's feather,
And died of High Art and the state of the weather.

And the other children, of whom there were nine,
For Compassionate Beauty did seek and pine;
To the Kyrle Man's goddess they clung, and quickly,
Like her, grew fussy and false and sticky.

One sunflower grew in their bare back-yard,
One boy—a book-black—caused the bard
That spidery blossom be-hymned and cherished,
And, when oats killed it, he perished and perished.

Bookish another declined to bite,
Because not "precious" nor "awfully quite";
Even the youngest gurgled with broad-and-better,
Because, though wholesome, it was not "utter."

So man, and woman, and boy, and girl,
They victims fell to that Man of Kyrle,
For Beauty languid and lachrymatory
Drives people crooked, and sick, and crazy.

And to bring her home to the poor man's shanty,
A pallid scarecrow in garments scanty,
Is fearless folly foredoomed to fail—
That's the straight tip to the Kyrle tale.

"Privilege."

WHEN the more or less honourable Members for St. Giles's rise in their places, and take exception to newspaper abuse, we may at least ask that in and out of Parliament they will moderate the manner of their tongue. An Irish Member or an English Member is not a sacred being above and beyond criticism; and if in those hot-headed times a little mis-statement creeps into newspaper articles, it is encouraged by the violence of men whose skin appears to be too thin for the business they are engaged in.

SKETCHED FOR MR. SPEAKER.—MR. STICHER.



JUST T'OTHER WAY!

Demosthenes. "I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT REVIEW OF MY CUB—"

CUB. "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'M JUST WRITING IT DOWN—"

Demosthenes (shuddering). "FRESH!—NO, NO! FOR GODSAKES' SAKE DON'T DO THAT! WRITE IT UP, DEAR BOY!—WRITE IT UP!!"

THE GOOD CITIZEN'S DIARY.

January.—Send to the parochial authorities, and ask them for particulars of the rates they require for the year. Send to the Surveyor of Taxes for similar information. Take out dog licence; pay insurance, and receive dividends (if you have any to receive), less income-tax.

February.—Balance your books, and make a liberal estimate of your profits a year in advance—a date about six months after the threatened destruction of the world, so as to send in a good return to the Income-tax Commissioners.

March.—Receive an assessment from the Surveyor of Taxes with Christian leniency, although it puts your profits at three times the amount of your return. Tax-collectors always assume that they are dealing with a nation of liars.

April.—Pay the year in advance assessment of the Surveyor of Taxes, without appealing, and send a little conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Do this on the first, if possible.

May.—Pay second assessment of Local Rates.

June.—Pay General Taxes—inhabited House Duty, &c. Receive notice from parochial authorities as to the payment of rates, &c.

July.—Pay Fire Insurance, Water-rates, &c. Pay Poor-rates before 25th to preserve your right of voting.

August.—Prepare for Autumnal assessments.

September.—Communicate with parochial authorities as to increase of assessments under the hands of School-Board, Metropolitan Board of Works, &c.

October.—Pay increased assessments without appeal.

November.—After paying Highway-rates, prepare to remove your own snow and mud.

December.—If you have any cash left, send a little more conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and after that pay rent and look over your tradesman's bills.

VIA GIBBS AND NEWBAM.—The nearest approach to women wearing the "slim" unmentionables—is when a Gipsy or a Newshamite goes in for "bustle." Our girls are getting sleeker and sleeker.

DADO!

A High Art Comic Song for the Common People, published under the auspices of the Kyrie Society.

Ant.—"Dado!"

Oh, sweet adornment for a cottage wall,
Dado! Dado!
Oh, poverty's cure when what's over befall,
Dado! Dado! Dado!
To dream of thee all night,
To gaze on thee all day,
Is the proletarian's supreme delight—
Dado! Dado!

Though the floor be dirty and the walls be damp,
Dado! Dado!
Though thy lines be bitten by no High Art lamp,
Dado! Dado! Dado!
Thy "tones," thy tricky twain,
Will make the workman gay,
His boys will polish, and refine his grin—
Dado! Dado!

When the grate is empty and the cupboard bare,
Dado! Dado!
When the Briton's tugging at his wife's back hair,
Dado! Dado! Dado!
How restless to work,
Thy raptures of green or gray,
Where the furthest dip dispels the day's dim dark—
Dado! Dado!

When the penny bluster's on the breakfast board,
Dado! Dado!
And the weak washy coffee from the cracked jug's poured,
Dado! Dado! Dado!
To watch the blue-eyed fish
That on thee dive and play,
Must add a relish to the morning dish,
Dado! Dado!

When sickness haunts the den on mud-swamp built,
Dado! Dado!
And the chill damp striketh through the tattered quilt,
Dado! Dado! Dado!
Thy lilies lank and waxy,
Each stick, each sawdust spray,
Must come as cordial to the starved sick man,
Dado! Dado!

"Arrangements horizontal" in the Japanese style,
Dado! Dado!
And vertical vagaries that might make a Trappist smile,
Dado! Dado! Dado!
Will lend aesthetic grace
To the parrot spin and gray,
Though there's hardly any furniture at all about the place,
Dado! Dado! Dado!

Oh, excellent invention of the "Utter" school!
Dado! Dado!
Philanthropy most palpably to thee is but a fool,
Dado! Dado! Dado!

Whilst sanitary measures give way
And Science waxes away
To thee, oh final outcome of the Cult of the Intense—
Dado! Dado!

Limited Subscription?

An advertisement lately put forth in the *Times*, notifying that the Resident Secretaryship of the Charing-Cross Hospital would shortly become vacant, induces us to those whom it might concern that "Considerable numbers of members of the Church of England," has been justly represented as equivalent to the intimation that "No Dissenter need apply," but, of course, the Governors and Committee of Charing-Cross Hospital are in consistency prepared also to announce that "No Dissenter need subscribe." Only perhaps they consider that announcement sufficiently implied by the other.



INSULAR PREJUDICE.

"AND IN FRANCE, YOU KNOW, PARKER, THEY SPEAK FRENCH. INSTEAD OF SAYING 'FEE,' FOR INSTANCE, THEY SAY 'MERE.'"

"LOO, MISS! HOW FAULTY!"

MORE CANDOUR ABOUT CANDAHAR.

The following replies have been received at 85, Fleet Street, in answer to some letters—

(Post Mark—*De-marché—Berlin.*)

Of course I will tell you all I know about it! SIR LEWIS PELLE shall not give me a lesson in frankness! As you are aware, I always play with my cards on the table, and an incapable deceiver! You ask, "Can I give any information about the Russian negotiations with SHERKIE ALE, and what do I think about the retention of Candahar?" *Good questions* as regards the last! Must have my joke, you know—no offense? As to the first part of your question, I got the whole story out of my friend and colleague, the Russian Chancellor, who made me *roar* over it! It was such a capital anecdote that I could not help retelling it to that arch-farmer, HERRINGSYD, who declared it was the best thing he had heard in his life! I told him the story from beginning to end one evening at Berlin, as we sat listening to the nightingales under the *Aude*? Your fastidious compatriot suggested that the narrative was incomplete without a sequel. He said he would add the sequel himself—and did! Now you know all about it!

Yours affectionately,

THE HON. B.

(Post Mark, *St. Petersburg.*)

THE Emperor presents his most generous compliments to Mr. PEARCE, and has the greatest possible pleasure in explaining the misapprehension that seems to have arisen about Cabul. His Majesty has been more than annoyed at the malicious spreading of so many false reports. SHERKIE ALE (who, His Majesty regrets to say, forged all the documents recently published), spent the whole of his life in attempting to create ill-feeling between England and Russia.

This misguided Asiatic^o was constantly making proposals to the Emperor—proposals that His Majesty repudiated with loathing, hatred, and contempt! The Emperor regrets that the late ASKER should not be now in a position to corroborate His Majesty's solemn declaration. But as Mr. PEARCE is aware His Majesty's words are as good as his bonds—if not better! As to the retention of Candahar, the Emperor will be glad to discuss the matter fully with Mr. PEARCE, if that Gentleman will be so good as to meet His Majesty by appointment—in Siberia!

(Post Mark, *Constantinople.*)

THE SCULIAN hastens to thank Mr. PEARCE for the handsome discourse which reached His Majesty at a moment when it was more than usually serviceable. Mr. PEARCE is quite right in believing that the SCULIAN is always ready to exchange a State Secret for a pecuniary consideration. His Majesty knows a great deal about the Cabul affair—more than the Czar, the late ASKER, and even Mr. LEWIS PELLE himself. For the present, His Majesty would only hint that the SCULIAN has been offered half British India and the whole of Afghanistan in exchange for Constantinople. His Majesty is fully aware that he has only to make this known to the Government of Her Britannic Majesty to receive compensation for the very considerable monetary loss his indignant refusal entailed upon the Imperial exchequer. His Majesty has already mentioned the matter to Mr. GOCHREN (a singularly agreeable person), who has kindly promised to see what can be done for him.

The SCULIAN, in conclusion, would point out that he is in possession of a vast number of diplomatic secrets nearly affecting the constitution of every Governed Head and Prime Minister in Europe. His Majesty has also in his collection several deeply interesting stories about the Emperor of BRAZIL, the Mikado of JAPAN, and General GRANT of the United States Army. In justice to himself, however, the SCULIAN has been forced to adapt as his Imperial motto, "No more pay—no more startling disclosures!"

A NEW DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS.

On a Park Pie—

"I arise from dreams of thee in the first sweet sleep of night."

SHELLEY.

For an Jewell—

"Is thou chaste as ice and pure as snow thou shalt not escape coldest."

SHAKESPEARE.

On an Actor—

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

WORDSWORTH.

For a Greedy Boy, after visiting a Confectioner's—

"In such a moment I but ask that you'll remember me."

BUNN.

On Burlesque Dramas, of the *Geiny*—

"Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute."

MILTON.

A PRIOR CLAIM.

"THOUGH" Mr. PRIOR," says a contemporary, commenting on that gentleman's appointment to a vacant superintendency of Factories, "has received a sound elementary education, yet, as he has not mastered those higher sciences in which Factory Inspectors have to pass, application has been made to the Privy Council for an order to dispense with certain portions of the customary examination." Why? If an acquaintance with the "higher sciences" is essential to a proper discharge of the duties of a Factory Inspector, why appoint Mr. PRIOR to the post without it?

In these competitive days everybody is examined, and some standards of merit must be fixed; and if fixed, adhered to. To insist that the Boodle in the Burlington Arcade must be prepared to "take up" a sort of dancing, single-stick, rhetoric, and a familiarity with the minor poets, and then to dispense with a good half of those accomplishments, is at once to open a broad question.

Possibly, familiarity with minor, or even major poets, may be no more necessary to an Arcade Boodle than the "higher sciences" are to a Factory Inspector. But if this be the case, why insist on either? Anyhow, if the Privy Council mean to "dispense" anybody, they had better turn the matter over. The claim of Mr. PRIOR may be a reasonable one, but a precedent once set on foot for its extension, the Privy Council may confidently look to a lively time of it.

STRICTLY APPROPRIATE.

A LEADER in the leading journal expressed his opinion that "Obstruction is scotched, not killed." "Scotched!"—very Irish this.

THE NEW RULES.—"The bearings of these observations lays in the application on 'em."—Commander BURNET-GLASTON.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, Feb. 14.—Had a chat this evening with Mr. BISSAN, in whom I had fresh reminiscence to some of our great men. I am told that upon closer acquaintance it has been discovered that RICHARD THE THIRD was quite a mild and plausible personage, and that OLIVER CROWELL was not nearly so black as he has been painted in Ireland and elsewhere. Similarly, upon closer acquaintance, I find Mr. BISSAN genial, affable, and well-informed.

At first a little misunderstanding arose owing to my ignorance of foreign languages. I was standing in the Lobby, wondering what Mr. CHARLES FORSTER was looking for, when Mr. BISSAN passing me, with a friendly smile, said,

"Face silly looking?"

"Sir," I said, with what I flattered myself was a manner calculated to take an Irish Member down, "I shall submit the question to the SPEAKER whether it is Parliamentary, even in the Lobby, to address to another Hon. Member such a remark. When a dog has lived so long without acquiring a bad name, you may as well not hang him."

But it was all a mistake. Mr. BISSAN explained it with great clearness. It was French, and meant, "You're pretty well, aren't you?" I asked Mr. BISSAN not to talk in foreign languages any more, I being wholly ignorant of them, and he said he would not. It appears he has been to Paris, whence this fancy. He told me a good deal about the city, how the Tordesillas are still in ruins; how they call the streets *boulevards*, and how at least one is nearly as wide as Stokville Street; how the shops are open on Sundays, and the churches every day; how nice-looking girls go about their business in black dresses and as bonnets; how some of the cabmen wear white-glassed hats, and none are able to understand French. In fact, this last was a peculiarity which I

BISSAN most forcibly. "They are thoroughly ignorant of their own language," Mr. BISSAN says.

Amongst other incidents of travel he told me how, on entering a cab, he had said to the man, "*Ahais!*" which, it seems, it is necessary to do when you want to take a cabman by the hour; that is, such a cheap Mr. BISSAN says. He entered the cab at ten minutes to eleven on Sunday morning at the stand by the *Madryloves*, and it was twenty minutes past eleven before the cabman could make out that he wanted to go to the *Red Postoffice*, which, I understand, is not an incentive to crime, but the name of a street. Several men with cocked hats and swords came up, and quite a crowd of men and women, who jabbered at each other whilst Mr. BISSAN sat reclining in the cab.

"I was thoroughly comfortable," Mr. BISSAN said, "and in the House, you know, we always let the other side talk when they will, so it helps us to pass the time. So I sat there and said nothing except '*Ahais!*' Also *Postoffice!*" Finally there was a great

bricking in the crowd. Benson had, it seemed, understood his own language at last, and the cab went off. Mr. BIGGAK had other places to go to, and when the round was finished, the man wanted to charge this thirty minutes spent at the outset.

Mr. BIGGAK declined to pay him. Finding that there was no hope of the stupid man understanding his own language, Mr. BIGGAK



"LE PETIT M'AMBI BIGGAK PEUT GRAND QUE SA."

leaped into the Ulster tongue, and stated his views with his customary succinctness. In the end he was hooted into his hotel. But he had not paid the extra shilling.

"One franc twenty-five they call it in their language, you know, M. TURT," (he called me M. TURT all through, though I was christened neither M. or N.); "but I shall a shillin' a shillin'; for I would nearly as well deal with a Saxon as a Franco."

This and many other pleasing incidents Mr. BIGGAK related to me, filling me with a great desire to see this great city. The only question on which he was dumb was as to his business in Paris, and his interview with Mr. PARSONS and other interesting persons of whom, as Sir W. HARCOURT says, "some of them live in Ireland and a great many in America." When I touched on this subject Mr. BIGGAK always leaped into French, and though there seemed a familiar ring about the language, I could not catch the meaning of particular words.

"O *plaquez*," Mr. BIGGAK said, as he moved lightly away whistling, "Quand le boner *plaquez*!"
You'd I'v'amin'!

Tuesday Night.—Great sensation on the Opposition Benches to-night, owing to the reappearance of JACK HOOKER, better known to the public as Sir JOHN HOOKER, Attorney-General in the last Administration. JACK has never taken very kindly to his seat in the House, partly because when it was filled on the Treasury Bench there was as little of it. There is a great deal more space in those times for leaders of the Conservative party; but JACK has not been able to overcome his old prejudices. Being back to-night he thought he would have a little flutter, and succeeded.

I wrote this in my diary, under the date Tuesday night, for the convenience of the officials of the State Paper Office, in whose hands the manuscript will, I suppose, eventually fall. It was actually at one o'clock to-morrow morning that J., looking in on his way home from a consultation, thought he would stir up the Committee. Perhaps the idea did not occur to him till after he had been asleep on the Front Bench for a quarter of an hour. He dropped off, after voting with the Government against a proposal made by Mr. STANFIELD that Mr. FAYELL, or anyone else appointed under the Act, should have full particulars of the time, place, and character of his crime set forth on his warrant.

This dropped off, by a majority which J. victoriously swelled. Mr. O'DONNELL rose and moved an Amendment, which, by ordinary sense, seemed unaccountably like that just decided upon. However it be J. suddenly awaking, and seeing before him the present Attorney-General, FORSTER, BARNES, and several other of his natural enemies, with a sudden inequality, lent his great head, and ran amok at the Treasury Bench. Amid wild cries, hurrying from the Irish patriots, J. declared for the new Amendment, and with

quivering voice protested his unfeeling affection for the British Constitution. Then he sat down, feeling he had rather done it.

And so he had. HENRY JAMES, not always an effective Parliamentary speaker, saw his opportunity, and used it unmercifully. He, he pointed out, had voted against Sir GEORGE'S Amendment, and now declared for O'DONNELL'S. "What did he mean, or what did he want? It began to dawn upon J. that there was a mistake somewhere, and as Irish Members, pleased at the prospect of capturing a Conservative ex-Attorney-General, insisted upon a division, the only thing for him to do was to clear out; which he did with great alacrity, leaving the British Constitution to take care of itself.

This would have been very well if he had new ground home, or, if it was too early, if he had attended another consultation. But with that curious fate that sometimes draws men on, he was lured back to the House, and another Amendment, again like the first, being proposed, J. manly dashed in again, waving the Royal Standard, and declaring his determination to spend the last drop of his blood on behalf of the Constitution, which had borne the battle and the brunt on the rocky plains of Greenland's icy mountains and amid the swart desert of the tropic zone. More cheering from the Irish Members, and then re-enter this troublesome JAMES with polite inquiry as to what his son, and learned friend was going to do a request and Amendment freshly advocated? "Was he going to vote for it, or was he again going to run away when the division-bell rang? Happily, J. was saved further trouble by the Amendment being withdrawn. But he had had a high old time, and felt that Forster would be proud of him.

Business done.—Very little.
Wednesday.—The papers publish to-day a statement that "The Boers have been helped both with money and men by the Fenians."

Asked DILKE what it was. He says not. Thinks rumour arose from the simple fact that just now the conflict is gathering round Bignarberg, a branch of the Birmingham cause, not far from Newcastle.
Business done.—Nothing to speak of.

Thursday Night.—I never saw a crab walk, though a blood relation of mine once did. In fact, the crab walked with him, having his claw settled to the same job with which my uncle had attempted to turn over what was to him at that time quite a new thing he had discovered under the assular at the Schomberg's. Apart from this exceptional occasion, I understand that the crab walks backward; in which case, the mode of progress is certainly akin to that of the Protection Bill in Committee. When we started with the Amendment placed on the table, it was tolerably full, but there were seven pages fewer than to-night, now we have been seven days engaged upon the Bill.

To-night it seemed for half-an-hour as if deliverance were at hand. For a week past, with clearer hourly growing as the evil increased, the SPEAKER has been brought in some forward and deliver the House, and Mr. GLADSTONE has been abused for the lack of firmness which has rendered possible a continuance of this worthless scandal. Neither has been in any hurry to commit himself, perhaps forecasting that would happen. As length they are moved to action, and the SPEAKER the SPEAKER announced a particular course which would meet Obstruction by the only authority it acknowledges. To hear men about with joy at the prospect of this deliverance, I thought it was all over; and when Mr. GLADSTONE moved his Resolution, I rather expected to see him lifted shoulder high, and carried in procession round the Chamber. The Irish Members thought as too, and regarding this as their last opportunity, they determined to make the most of it. But presently it began to be whispered that matters were going wrong. There was a flaw in the Rules, which made them an attack on the rights of minorities. In short, they would not do; so the gallant Duke of YORK having marshalled his job at the hour of five o'clock in the afternoon, at two o'clock in the morning many of them dove again, and Obstruction, after shaking in its shoes, flung up its cap.

Business done.—Nine hours more in Committee on the Protection Bill. Taking it up on last word of first Clause, left it on the first Clause at the last word.

Friday Night.—Another nice hours on the Protection Bill. End not far from home. Mr. FAYELL. Presently remarks that Mr. FORSTER remains kin of General HENRIK.



MR. LANGCREECH, TREATING AN OPEN QUESTION, ASKED IF THE LETTER OF THE LAW IS TO BE APPLIED TO THE LAW OF THE LETTERS.



MR. FORSTER (No Albany)—
WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOODS TO
THERSON
OFF HER ODDS AT ONCE TO FERRIS.



BADINAGE.

Bowler. "WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT ON A CLEAN COLLAR AFORE YOU LEFT 'EM THIS MORNIN'?"

Song. "CAUSE YER MOTHER HAVEN'T SENT BACK MY DIRTEN SHIRTS FROM THE WASH THIS WEEK!"

WHAT REALLY WAS SAID.

Rocheport. *Bon jour, Monsieur! Ecrivez de faire votre commission.*

Parrell. Ah, vos, tray lang. *Bon jour, Monsieur!* (*Aside.*) I wonder where O'KELLY has got to! Where's my phrase-book?

Rocheport. *Est-ce que vous rendez—* (*Aside.*) *Suppose!* mon fire, oil out-it? *Parrell* (*aside.*) Now then for him! (*Aloud.*) after a glance at his head.) *M'Écrivez de ses affaires!* (*Aside.*) So, hang it, that comes out of the scolding phrases. This will never do. Why isn't O'KELLY here? He said he could speak French.

Rocheport. *Tenez!* May I not be allowed to carry as shure my carpet-bug? (*Aside.*) *Tenez!* 'est 'il obligeant?— *mais n'importe.*

Parrell (*aside.*) There n'ozn't what 's he talking about? Where's the place? (*Aloud.*) Oh, here! hi! I say, *Monsieur.* Combien faudrait-il que je paye pour des chereux of you change? (*Aside.*) That's good! That's "travelling by steamboat"—slightly inapplicable, but French all the same.

Rocheport (*aside.*) *Mon Dieu, qu'il est bête!* (*Aloud.*) *Mais attendez,* I've 'ad 'is 'ere for true meant in my stable, 'ave ridden him frokently, and never found 'is faculty. (*Aside.*) "Four selsker on four on chereux." Oa *proverbe de des questions politiques!*

Parrell (*aside.*) The sooner I am out of this the better. (*Aloud.*) Sir, you there! *Any two lay amartes der REEDHOVER pour piano, aree accompagnement der ending at der sale!* (*Aside.*) Begorra! that's a "dialogue with a Musician."

Rocheport. Take us first street to us left that will bring you into er square cross over. (*Aside.*) "Four desander son cheunis desas une rale." *Quod dicit?*

Parrell. *Mercy, hoodoo.* Ould Ireland for ever! *Bon jour, Monsieur!*

Rocheport. *Je suis tout a fait de vot' avis, mon Monsieur, en plainis!* (*Expresses severely, the one to blow up O'KELLY for not being ready with some correct French phrases; the other to evade from his inner consciousness an account of the political discussion between himself and Mr. PARRELL, and to put those illiberal words, "Mr. PARRELL can read, write, and understand French, but cannot speak it."*)

AN ITEM OF ARMY REGIMENT. New Regiment to be called the R.A.'s, or Royal Artificers, to be composed of artificers.

THE LAW COURTS' CLOCK.

THE First Commissioner of Works promises a new time-piece for the New Law Courts—not "you as has no works in it," like Mr. Weller's piano, but one that will be really useful, supplied with works from the First Commissioner's own office. It is to be in its place in that vague time known as "The course of the year." Name the exact date, Mr. STAG LAWRENCE, and tell us the exact time. In the meanwhile we present the public with the time—

"A good time coming, Says!"

There's a good Time-piece coming, Says,
A good Time-piece coming,
With hands, and wheels, and lever,
From Mr. STAG LAWRENCE,

This Time-piece coming!
Other clocks may chime ding-dong,
This will chime ding-dong—
Such a clock you all will see—
Wait a little longer!

You (*quavers*); and when it has come, let us hope it will go. The sooner the present dummy goes the better. And when it is up, then, as some one says in the old melodrama of *One o'Clock* or, *The Wood Demon*:—"The clock shall strike, and you shall hear it." And when you do hear it, you can join in chorus.

Chorus. There's a good Time-piece going, Says,

A good Time-piece going;
It's mated to the place,
We see clearly on the face
Of a Time-piece going;
And its works are very strong—
Nothing could be stronger—

(Suddenly interrupted by the First Commissioner.)

First Commissioner (*sings*)—

Time is not yet up—'s come on—
Wait a little longer!

"CAUGHT IN THE 'ACT.'"

"Mr. MUNTRELL said that 'Colorado Doves were in his department.'"



How doth the little busy bee
Devote his fields in
But longer he shall not be—
Here goes for his arrest.

FEW AS IT SHOULD BE.

AT a recent meeting on a question of Army dress—the changing of tartans in Highland regiments—the chair was appropriately taken by the MASTER OF MACELOCH. This whiskey-and-waterproof distain went to the very man to provide against a rainy day.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

(Told us very nearly by a Conservative agent.)

The Duchess (suddenly recognizing F.): "Oh, now s'y'no! I'm so glad to meet you, Mr.—Mister—A——"

Told us (hastily dropping Mrs. Orange, wife of the Radical Member for Spitefields): "Oh, DUCKERS! How nice of YOUR GRACE TO SAY so!"

The Duchess: "A—I CAN'T SEE MY FOOTMAN ANYWHERE. WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO FIND OUT IF THE CARRIAGE HAS COME?"
(And poor F. in search of the Duchess' carriage.)

THE BOYS' OWN HISTORY.

A THREE CHAIN OF EVENTS.

(Revised by The O'Moonday.)

The crisis came at last. Vindictive as had been the mood in which the majority had left the House, the mood in which they returned to it was more vindictive still. The debate had only reached its seven-twelfth night. But the Government in the meantime had not been idle. DAVITT was on the rack at Portland. PARKER had been sent to the Tower in thumb-screws, and shown, with the crown jewels, on the payment of an extra shilling. LAZOUERIE was hiding among the figures at Madame TISSOT'S. COWEN had had to consult a solicitor. Not was this all. BROWNE had been detected after dusk letting out the carnivorous animals from the Regent's Park collection with a false key. Twenty-seven were met, the next morning, by a policeman in Solo Square, and brought before the presiding magistrate at Marlborough Street. The excitement in court was tremendous. BROWNE was warned, and fined a shilling.

The news spread like wildfire. At four that afternoon, as the SPEAKER was about to leave his dressing-room, an intruder, hysterical and covered with mud, burst, without knocking, into his presence. It was GOSSETT. The tale was soon told. In another minute, both the great officials were shaking each other's hands in silence, and had fallen, weeping like children, upon each other's necks. But the House was waiting. BREAD was a man of some parts, had taken lessons in deportment, and forty years ago had been known as the pier at Margate for his knowledge of parrotfish. To-night he mounted the step leading to his chair with a Turkish towel in his waistcoat pocket, a hair-brush in each hand, and his wig reversed.

The House was in no mood for satire. Swearing from former displeasure, and, with regard to the present, with implacable

resentment, confident of irresistible strength, it rose, as one man, 39 its feet, and roared. The SPEAKER was equal to the occasion. He "named" the whole House. Nobody heeded him. There were some feeble cries raised for "GOSSETT." But it was whispered in the lobby that GOSSETT was already in a four-wheeled cab, well on his way to Wapping. Men who remembered the first French Revolution shook their heads. Those who did not, looked out of window. But all were unanimous on one point. It was clear that the Executive was coming to the end of its tether.

And a remarkable circumstance had led to this. It had long been known to the FAIRIE MENTORIA that the Duke of York's Colonnade had been mined, and was but waiting the signal that was to witness its swift and complete destruction. The plot was diabolical, but comprehensive. An accident revealed it. A member of the Beefsteak Club found a fifty-ton dynamite revolving detonator, fully wound up and in motion, in the umbrella-stand of the establishment. He had just paid his subscription, and had come to dine. He did not hesitate what to do. He sent the infernal machine, by a messenger, to Downing Street. The parcel arrived in the middle of a Cabinet Council. It was hurriedly dispatched, with a bag of bombs, to the water-ford in the neighbouring Park. But the Ministry clearly saw that the outrage had given them an opening. And they determined to take it. That night HARBONY was smuggled, with an empty martiniade pot, a pair of scissors, and a jug of hot water, into the General Post-Office.

The success which crowned this manoeuvre was not less marked than the daring that organized it. HARBONY was a known lunatic. His love of frolic was insatiable. He came down to the House shaking with laughter and covered with gum, and was seen whispering earnestly to Mr. SPEAKER. Before half-an-hour had passed, two-and-forty Irish Members, together with GOSSETT, who had been captured in Thamey Street, were removed in a furniture-van to Newgate. And this was the beginning of the end.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

General Bonaparte . . . The Cockatrice-of-Crest.

André . . . Mr. C-e-a-s-u-r.

Abolitionists . . . John Bull.

General [Napoleon] "IS SHORT, SO LONG AS WE YOUR FAVORITE CLAIM."
 Yessum [Napoleon] "I-N-SHORT, OR 'LONG SERVICE' IN TO US THE NAME!"—Bonaparte Press, No. 1.

"MASKS AND FACES."

A PIERCE more perfectly placed on the Stage than MOORS, TOX TAYLOR and CHARLES READE'S *Masks and Faces* at the Haymarket it would be difficult to imagine.

It is, we venture to say, perfect down to the slightest detail, and each character, however small, appears in the present revival an importance that years ago it would have been impossible to obtain. The costumes have been most artistically designed by the Hon. LEWIS WINDFIELD.

The outline of the story is this—*Mr.*

Joseph Pegg—a very weather-cocky young man from the country, where he has left his wife, *Mabel*, comes to Town, and, meeting the fascinating Actress, *Pea* *Widdowson*, immediately, that is, from "When first he saw sweet *Pea*,"



A VAIN APPEAL TO A SPEAKING LISTENERS.

—falls over head and ears in love with her, and she with him. *Pea*, charmingly played by Miss MARY TERRY, erroneously, learns the true state of affairs, and interviews Mrs. *Widdowson*, imploring the Actress to give up her husband—as if he were a riddle, which he isn't a bit.

Pea is deeply touched by the wife's pleading, and decides to restore to its lawful owner the property which she cannot legally keep. Not without a struggle, she rightly concludes that *Joseph Pegg's* heart is not worth keeping; and perhaps she is so certain of her hold over him, that—

"She knows when she likes the car which him took,"

as, having once had the smallest taste in life of the pleasures of the town, he will probably soon weary of provincial monotony. However this may be, *Mistress Margaret Widdowson* dismisses him, embowers *Mabel* as a sister, and comforting herself with the reflection that there's a very little valuable ore in that *Pegg*, renounces him for ever, and adorning as if her heart would break, rests her aching head on her poor friend *Triplet's* shoulder.

Mrs. *BANCROFT*, as the *Pea* on which the whole plot hangs, in charming in her double character of actress and true woman. Through the artificial airs of the accomplished comedian she has to show her proud woman's heart to show itself, and when she would give much to yield to her best impulses, she has to disguise them and assume the mask of Comedy. The best instance of this is in the Second Act, where she foils *Sir Charles Pansador's* design by her own ready wit.

The piece is full of real comedy situations, but the best of all are, to our thinking, her scenes with *Triplet* and with the *Triplet Family*, none of which can be seen by anyone who is not adorned of a silent tear trickling down the side of his nose, without that uncertain sort of quivering sensation in the throat, and eyelids which, in sensitive natures like our own, results in a very evident application of the pocket-handkerchief to the nasal organ, under cover of which movement we, like the soldier who "leant upon his sword"—

"—in fact, several tears,



THE BURNING FOOTMAN (TO GO WITH THE RUN OF THE PIERCE), AND THE HAPPY VALLEY, OR COOL-RANGER.

which unobtrusively followed each other, tickling and trickling down our burnished cheeks. At all such scenes in *Masks and Faces*, you are, we mean we were, either crying or laughing, or doing both together, and were delighted with, at the end of the Act, we were laid away by a friend in the enjoyment of coffee and a cigarette in the smoking-room, which, we may add, this opportunity of stalling, is

like that of the House of Commons, not a quarter large enough for its visitors.

In *Triplet* the poor Author, Mr. *BANCROFT*, gives us a touching portrait of a broken-down Gentleman of education—a Jack-of-all-trades, yet never master of one—who, by force of circumstances,



THE YOUNG PEGGY AND THE OLD COLLEGE.

has come to be a literary hack, writing comedies in a garret, while his children are about his crying for bread, and his wife is a helpless invalid.

"We have given honestly every chance," he cries, in despair. "No, JAMES," replies his wife, "not yet—not till we have died as you have lived."

Then comes in the merry lady, *Pea*, and the little black page with a pin, and the children are fed, and the wife is comforted, and there is sunlight in the house, and we are warmed by that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and which in this sense alone would secure *MOORS, READE* and *TAYLOR's* comedy to the Stage for any time to come.

Triplet, as represented by Mr. *BANCROFT*, and as drawn by the Authors, reminds us forcibly of *Newcomb Noyes* in *Nickolas Nickleby*. "I was a gentleman once," says poor *Noyes*; and *Triplet*, in taking leave of *Mabel Pegg*, hopes that "throughout the interview he has behaved as a gentleman."

Space will not permit of further details. The performance all round is as good as it can be.

Mr. *CONWAY* as *Pansador*,

Mr. *SHERRILL* as *Colman*,

the exquisite *Sir Charles*, and the illustrious exquisite gentleman's gentleman; and, finally, the admirable miniature portrait of *Calley Colley* given us by Mr. *ARTHUR CECIL*. What a marvellous old boss! Taking



A PRO-TOPPER! ON MEN'S INTERVIEWERS.

for granted that our neighbour in the stalls knew all about *Colley*, we whispered to him, "Isn't *ARTHUR CECIL* wonderful as *Calley*?" "Whosoever our intelligent friend replied, "What, that old blot *COLLEY*! Then I don't wonder there's such a noise in the *Transvaal*."

We have not yet seen Mr. *CHESS* as *Triplet*, and consequently, as they alternate the parts, we have not seen Mr. *BANCROFT* as *Calley Colley*. This necessitates another visit to the Haymarket, to which we look forward with considerable interest.

To all "Dear Boys"

Who remember the days of old at *FRANK'S*, comical "PARRY." It has come to our knowledge that a daughter of our good old friend is, through an oversight of hers, in absolute want. For a copy, Subscriptions will be gladly received here, addressed to the Editor, *Passé Office*. Original from

MODERN DINNERS.

THE new arrangement of dinners is excellent. First, soup, recommended by Sir Henry Thompson as a sort of private which "softens the savage beast," and, like the culture of the fine arts, "softens the manners, and does not allow us to be any longer ferocious"—then, next course, Fish; and then, without any inter-mediate flirtation with entrees, comes the *poire de resistance*, the Joint.

It comes exactly when it is most wanted. The hungry man has not frittered away a good appetite on "kickshaws," and is ready to tackle his beef or mutton with a will. Then follows a tiny kickshaw, if you will; a separate course of vegetables, certainly; then a bird with a salad. Choose to finish. Sweeten superfluities. One thing more.—let the "Menu" be the "Bill of fare," and let everything that can be in English be in English. So go it, ye gourmands!

As it Ought to Be.

LAST week, Mr. DUMFRIES, Mill-owner at Oldham was charged with "employing a number of women after legal hours," but as he had personally taken every precaution to prevent any infringement of the law, his Magistrate, the real culprit in this instance, was, by a provision of this Act, substituted as defendant and fined 50s. and costs. The right man in the right place for one; and the Factory Act is so far, at all events, a Salus-factory Act.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 20.



CAPTAIN GOSSETT.

THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS REPRESENTING "SUPERIOR FORCE."

CURIOSITIES.

THE *Athenaeum* informs us that the concluding part of Dr. ISOLLEY'S *Shakespeare; the Man and the Book*, will contain an essay on "The Tongue of SHAKESPEARE." Odd subject to choose, but then we notice that the author is a Doctor. The same journal also announces that

"Prof. LADDON will deliver next week the first four of a series of supplementary lectures upon the solar system at the Grosvenor College."

Does "the solar system at the Grosvenor College" differ from the solar system elsewhere? If it is a better one, why shouldn't it be universally adopted?

"Refreshers."

DEAR Mr. CLARKE.—The Incorporated Law Society wants to abolish "Refreshers." What, Sir, if you are virtuous, are there to be no more cakes and ale? Isn't the very reason of the existence of a plentiful supply of Refreshment? Noman objects to "Corrupt Practices" more than I do; but if I can stand those corrupt theories, dash the legal wig of yours truly, HENRY JAMES.

TELEPHONE.—The Burglar's objection to telephonic communication between private houses and the nearest police-station is that "The Telephone will tell of us." But they needn't be in the least alarmed, as a Federal Government, by heavily taxing inventive genius in this direction, thoughtfully protects its worst citizens, the Burglars.

A RUM STORY.

"NORFOLK like leather?" PAMMAMOROUS? No. You cannot get out of Pammamorous what you can get out of leather—shoe-leather; old shoe-leather.

By some of the latest accounts from America, there is, among certain "Curious Industries in New York," a particular industry pursued in the collection and utilization of old shoes, especially those found lying cast about the streets in New York and Brooklyn.

Some of these old shoes are patched, if needful, and if needful also, mended. Of some old pairs one portion only is worn out; that pair is divorced, and the shoe that still has wear in it is assorted with another similar old shoe, paired and repaired both, in case they want mending. The odd old shoe unfit for mending is cut up for patching, and some residual old shoes are applied to a purpose to which you can't be a Pammamorous. The mactable and patchable having been patched and mended—

Next, the shoes not worth patching are cut into pieces: the good bits are used for patching other shoes, and the worthless bits are converted into Jamaica rum by a process known only to the manufacturers. It is said they are boiled in pure spirit, and allowed to stand for a few weeks, and that the product for purposes Jamaica rum made in the ordinary way.

The footings for a superior Jamaica rum thus furnished by effete old shoes must at any rate contribute to the constitution of a rum spirit. This one hardly however be said to be a compound of spirit and sole, as it is apparently prepared from the "upper leathers." Sherry Cobbler has long been celebrated as an American drink, but who has hitherto ever heard of Old Shoe Rum? The proof of the rum is of course in the drinking; and rum consisting of proof spirit flavoured with old shoes may be delicious, but one would think that even a Professor Pommor would hardly drink it if he knew it, although the Professor did once drink the contents of a naphthalene lamp spirit-can, not knowing it, but taking it for whiskey.

The Temperance League the other day interviewed Lord NORTAMOROUS with a view to ameliorate the lot of our sailors by procuring the stoppage of their pittance of grog. In the endeavour to wear

Jack Tars from grog, the Admiralty might perhaps hope to succeed by issuing grog-cans composed of American Old Shoe Rum. Only, if that product is really "far superior Jamaica rum made in the ordinary way," few women would be likely to be deterred from drinking it by being told the manner of its production. The generalty of sailors would too probably recommend their informant to "sell that to the Marines," and would go on drinking the so-called Old Shoe Rum, as the saying is, "like Old Boots."

MR. SPEAKER'S VERY OWN.

Being publicly the last Intestment of the new Supplementary Rules.

PROCEEDINGS OF MR. SPEAKER IN PRIVATE COMMITTEES.

1. That, on all previously devised methods of giving effect to a declaration of "supervy" failing, it shall be competent for MR. SPEAKER to arrive early at the House, close the doors in the face of all the Members, and, sending the Mace to Mr. ATTENBOROUGH'S, order the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS to supply him with such refreshment as he may require for the evening, through one of the ventilators.

SUSPENSION OF CONSTITUTION WITHOUT CONSIDERATION.

3. That the legality of the above proceedings being questioned by a majority of not less than nine-tenths of both Houses, assembled for the purpose in the adjoining lobby, he shall forthwith invest himself with the Garter, place the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS upon the retired list, suspend the Constitution, and, accompanied by "delicately" through the keyhole, get out of a back window quietly with his Chair, and repair to Scotland Yard.

PROGRESS OF THE CHAIR.

3. That, on a Motion still being made that "Mr. SPEAKER do now leave the Chair," he declines to do so; but that again reinvesting himself formally with all deliberative, legislative, and executive functions, he shall avail himself of such Parliamentary trains as he think fit, and travel about with the Constitution in his pocket, reporting his own progress, till further notice.



A TESTAMENTARY DISPOSITION.

Father. "NOW, MY BOY, I'VE BEEN MAKING MY WILL, AND I'VE LEFT A VERY LARGE PROPERTY IN TRUST FOR YOU. I MERELY WISH TO ASK YOU IF YOU'VE ANY SUGGESTION TO OFFER?"

Son. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW THAT I HAVE, SIR—UNLESS—SIR—"*(Pondera.)*—"QUEEN'S IS—AS THINGS GO NOWADAYS, WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO LEAVE THE PROPERTY TO THE OTHER FILLAR, AND—AN—FOUNT IN THE TRUSTEE!!?"

THE CHANT OF THE CHAPERON.

I AM old, and I'm bound to confess that I'm grey,
And the talk of the ball-room seems rapid and this;
Yes, I queen'd it myself, but I've long had my day,
And I watch how the debutantes gaily begin.

As I sit by the side of the ball-room, I see
Who is likely to win in the warfare of life;
All the moves on the board are made—careless of me,
And I watch the fair combatants arm for the strife.

Here's a face that should never be covered with smiles,
But how jealously darkens that brow with a frown;
There I recognize those too professional wiles,
That have made yonder Beauty the talk of the Town.

Here's the catch of the season—a gallant young Duke,
Who has just come of age, and has thousands a year;
How they angle for nuptials, with same in rebuke,
Till the first flush of morning begins to appear.

And it seems to me now that the girls of to-day
Are far faster than those that I laughed with of old;
There is more calculation—will this or that say?
And more mad is the rush both for titles and gold.
While the forms that I see at the concert and ball
Are as fair as the lady who rose from the foam,
They seem made, to my thinking, without hearts at all.
There's my charge—Yes, my dear, I'm quite ready for home.

NOSE MUD AND LOW WATER.

THERE is compensation in all things. A river has disappeared in Derbyshire, but a bog has again made its appearance in the Strand. The mud is a foot deep on the roads and pavements. Will some King kindly come over and go to the City?

CONSOLIDATION.

THE Incorporated Law Society, in its recent address to the House, says:—

"That your petitioners regard with satisfaction a proposal which is now under discussion in Parliament to abolish the offices of the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

"Your petitioners desire to express their opinion in favour of the abolition of the offices referred to, tending as it does to consolidate the various Divisions on the Common Law side of the High Court of Justice into one Division, thereby placing the whole under one Presidency, which your petitioners consider to be in conformity with the object and intention of the Legislature on passing the Judicature Acts."

Excellent notion! But why "consolidate" in only one department? Why not "consolidate" everywhere? Let us go on "consolidating."

Instead of any number of Judges—roll 'em all into one.
Instead of hundreds of Barristers, let there be only one Barrister.
Let the entire Army be "consolidated" in one soldier; and the same for the Navy.

The Police Force could be consolidated into one Policeman, and the Criminal Classes be consolidated into one Burglar. Then let 'em fight it out. The Consolidated Burglar would—if captured—be tried before a Consolidated Judge, prosecuted and defended by a Consolidated Counsel, found guilty by a Consolidated Furrman, and the sentence of transportation for life could be consolidated into hanging.

Only—if the burglar wasn't captured? Perhaps the Incorporated Law Society will suggest a remedy for this difficulty.

NOVEL APPLICATION.

INSTEAD of "Treason-felony," the name for the Irish species of this crime against the state will, under the Coercion Acts, be called "Rigger-my."

Original from



AN ANTIDOTE.

"WHO'S THAT FELLOW TALKING TO AUNT JULIA, AND GIVING HIMSELF SUCH AWFUL AIRS?"

"Oh, Jack! Why it's Mr. PARNELLWAITE! He's the GREATST POST THAT EVER LIVED!"

"WHO TOLD YOU SO?" "A GENTLEMAN CALLED MATRIL." "

"WELL, EVEN IF HE IS, THAT'S NO REASON HE SHOULD GIVE HIMSELF AIR! LOOK AT RUSSELL, HOW HE DON'T GIVE HIMSELF AIR, AND HE'S THE CAPTAIN OF OUR PIPPERS!"

PARNELLITES IN PARIS—PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

(Leaves from a Home-Ruler's Diary.)

BARCELONA.—Gave the thirty-five detectives the slip at the Casino Buffet. Have good reason to suppose they are now diligently tracking a party of antiquaries to excavations under Thermopylæ pass. No public recognition at Nord Station—given E.M. instructions to prevent any; but created some little effect by knocking our hats in, and pulling our coat-tails off, and explaining that that was the condition in which Irishmen invariably escaped from the House of Commons. (Direct here—O'KELLY's the only one speaks French; put us down professionally in hotel-books as "apostates," and they made us pay in advance for table d'hôte. Discussed investments in evening, and almost decided upon starting a *café* chateauf. RUSSELL says he has a good voice.

Monday.—Not nearly such a hospitable city for democrats errant as we thought. Asked to smoke in convenient by hotel; O'KELLY been telling the waiters that we wished to abolish all landlords. Landlord of hotel sent in our bill at once, and said he didn't want to be abolished. Explained that we didn't mean hotel landlords, and paid him something on account. Landlord only half satisfied. Hans landlords! Got DILLON to take a two-franc fifty franc lesson; O.K. not being by any means O. K. as a translator. Breakfasted with LOUISE MITCHELL. Afraid we can't introduce her to the Misses PARNELL. Found a couple of Brenchats at Belleville in the afternoon, and dined with GILLES TRINCHET at the *Marchand de vin*

at the corner of the Rue Transversee. Toasts red and wine blue. RUSSELL would go to Baille.

Monday.—BROOK stiff; says rheumatism; suspected to have been dancing the *Cancon* / Breakfast with ROCHFORD, and founded a Brench at Montmartre. Rather disappointed to find League generally looked upon as a kind of humorous freemasonry. Refused invitation to dinner with reactionary GARNETT, and had quiet evening at forty-four francs a head at Café Anjalais. Suggestion that it should henceforth be called Le Café Irlandais. Nobody seems to see it. DILLON disappointed; have reason to suspect FOLLEN-BERGERS. Decided to invest funds in a comic *Intermarque*.

Tuesday.—Called on GRIFT. Not at home. Left card. Call again on return. Breakfasted with staff of *Le Galliciste* at Vermonceux; charmingly inebriated rather present, and blarney and substs a trifle startling at first. Didn't tell 'em I'd called on GRIFT.

Wednesday.—Off to dine with HUGO. * * * * Capital dinner. Beginning to talk French—I mean French like native—First-rate chop, HUGO. He knows whiskey when he tastes it. Hoorsah! . . . Doh!

Next Day.—Headache. HUGO's headache. Land Leaguers seem to say they don't subscribe for us to be enjoying ourselves in Paris. Off by next train. Jolly time of it.

THE MANIFESTO OF VICTOR O'HUGO.

THE illustrious Poet having found it necessary, owing to Mr. PARNELL's imperfect command of French, to take some notes as a guide to him in his forthcoming composition, "L'Oppresseur et l'Opprimé" has collected the following to state with *la plus exacte précision*—Premier Roi d'Irlande tué à la bataille d'Acting.

La Validation de Gréghaire.—(Rapport de lecture, en usage par CHARLES THE FIRST, GEORGE THE FOURTH, SIR BRANK, et Mister-Specker), phrase de BRANKSHAW.

Le Hebeau-Chepus.—Nom de plume de Le Lee Maire.

Bogger.—Président du Union (ou Home-Ruler) (ou Home-Ruler) (ou National).—La Crickette Irlandaise.

One-Rule.—Fantasme de GALADONNE, approuvé par le Prince de GALLES et "the Members of the Royal Society."

Gesset.—Nom du Dragon tué par St. George.

"Ere!" "er!"—Cet élan Fontaine (surgisse) par le Magna-Charta).

River Road.—Comité de la Tour (ou London. (Amis de Das de CAMBRIDGE, et Chevalier de Land-Longue.)

"Report Progress."—Bon mot politique du Lord Chamberlain; et *Cession Bill.*—Mouvement supporté par M. PARNELL et 25,000,000 de ses Compatriotes.

The following sketch of the Poet's forthcoming manifesto, written in a curiously untidy hand, was found near the Avenue d'Eylan the morning after the dinner given at the Home-Ruler's.

Yes, I pronounce with all my heart for Ireland! I welcome with all my strength every invitation that reaches me to tread the tail of a coat!

My duty is to perform his mission! It is the mission of man to tread the tail of a coat! It is grand—possible—"entirely illigant!"

In the name of France I welcome Ireland! The Abstruse of God embraces the "Faints Todd" of Erin! They fraternize, they reveal, they mix!

What the Shillalah of the Patriot has commanded, the Fox of the Foot shall slash! Yes, I have dined well, very well, gloriously well! I have drank many "grops," danced many "jigs," learned many Irish words! And what is my duty?

My duty is to denounce England! I do denounce England! I swear that the descendants of the Anglo-Normans shall be crushed, shall be ruined—in a word—shall be "bothered" (to wit!) I register a vow!

When a vow is registered it is sacred. Not only sacred! It is also registered!

Where am I? "Super Père!"—"est un illustre Irlandais." The language of the Celt is grand, solemn, unique! Indeed! Also—"be aye!" "Eh-woah," look there now! A time comes for all things!

A time has now come for further refreshment!

"Faints Todd" grand! *Magnifique! Pyramide! Virent les Home-Rulers! Vire in potibus! Virent l'Oppresseur et l'Opprimé!* Non—*est pas ça.* In no case as we appeared—*non quod non.* Je vois un cochon. Hurroo! *Le feu brûle les œufs d'or!* Les maîtres—*surgent de lottes—ha! ha! Hurroo!* Ould Ireland for ever! *Je me couche couché.*

BELLIGERIES OF THE BEANIE.

The *Armed Beanie's* Menu.—An entrée (burgherious), and a *piece de résistance* (dis-abstract).

SCENE OF AFFAIRS IN THE TRANSVAAL.—MELAN-COLLEY.

THE "BUSY B" AT THE GAUITY.

It is the fashion with some learned Critics of the present day to deplore the absence of true Comedy from the modern stage, and to recommend to our present Dramatic Authors the study of the fine old crusted Comedies, which, like good port, ought to be all the better for keeping—if not kept too long. Miss LITTON, inspired by a happy thought, has undertaken to put a series of these venerable and highly estimated compositions before our eyes, and has chosen as her theatre the temple where the sacred fire of burlesque is constantly kept burning by night, while the afternoon is consecrated by our fair High Priests to keeping alive the dying embers of the "Light of Other Days,"—or the Light Comedy of other days,—and fanning them without any puffing—into a flame. Miss LITTON and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSWORTH have given the playgoing public, critics, and dramatists the opportunity of seeing what had been so much talked of, so little studied, and so highly praised. Their efforts have been, we trust, crowned with success. Playgoers and players, some critics, and most authors will thank her for the revelation—especially those authors who, in this degenerate age, have been bold enough to describe their comedies as comedies, and their comedies in which the farcical element has predominated, as "farcical comedies."

Let us take **SENNARH OENLIVRE'S** "Comedy." *The Dumbbody*, capably played at the Gauity. Had it been the work of a modern dramatist, the characters would have been pronounced "impossible," the plot and situations "extravagantly farcical," and the "business," as "accruing means of pantomime and the best poker than of true comedy." Much of the dialogue might have been described as "sparkling," and much more as tedious; while the occasional breaking into blank verse and rhyming couplets would have appeared more in place in an eccentric entertainment of the *Pinocchio* pattern, or in a burlesque.

The scene with the dumb lady—admirably performed by Miss LITTON, Mr. KYRIE BELLEW (and of the Kyrie Society), and Mr. HOWE—is utterly farcical. The Fourth Act, where the lover secretes himself first in the chimney, then behind a door, then behind a screen, might have been legitimate in such a piece of modern tinsel as *Refrain*, but would have been condemned as a blot on any play of the present time promising to style itself a Comedy. The perpetual whackings bestowed on *Marpol* (Mr. BROWNE) by the various characters, "have anticipated," some critics would have said, "the pantomime season; the old men are mere Pantaloon, one of the lovers a Harlequin who jumps through a window, and *Marpol* himself simply a Clown, without the sauces and the beefsteak-side." But because all this occurs in an "old comedy," it is admirably described as "buffing." Farcical improbability in old comedy is "easily condoned," but in a comedy *de nos jours* it is unpardonable. The construction would have been justly blamed as feeble, or, owing to certain omissions which curtail the time of representation but confuse the action, the last Act of this version



EXERCISE WITH A DUMB BRILL.

seems rather the commencement of a new play than the finish of the so-called Comedy.

Dramatic Authors have reason to be grateful to Miss LITTON, and may continue with a safe conscience to study such of their works as have as much hitting and "practical business" as this *Dumbbody* "Comedy," though probably any one of the fraternity would have honestly qualified such a piece as "farcical." The French include all laughable pieces, except *vaudeville* and the head of *Comédie*. As there are *Comédians* and *Low Comédians* and *Eccentric Comédians*, so are there various species of the genus Comedy which cannot be classed under either *laine* or *laineuse*.

The Dumbbody is well worth a visit. With the exception of *Sir George Argy*, none of the characters, male or female, are supposed to belong to the high society in which *Lord Ophely* or *Sir Peter Tassle* moved. *Sir Francis Grigg* (Mr. HOWE) is an old "hunks"

of a moneylender; *Sir Jealous Traffick* apparently "something in the City," sagaciously interested in some Spanish commerce—*onions*, perhaps; *Marpol* is, according to Mr. BROWNE'S view, a kind of *Young Esomph*; and *Miranda* a ready-witted, artful young woman, who gives very little evidence of a polite education. The great merit of Miss LITTON'S performance is that she lets us see at once how natural gifts shine through her defective training, and what a genuinely good wife she might become in the hands of a good man, though her future career as my *Lady Argy* is doubtful.

No better representative of *Sir George Argy* could have been found than Mr. KYRIE BELLEW, both as to appearance and acting; his only fault being too much real earnestness for such a bitterly galling part. Mr. HOWE is very good as *Sir Francis Grigg*; Mr. BROWNE quite hilarious and sprightly enough for *Sir Jealous Traffick*, though what may be his position in life it is difficult to determine



WHAT THEY DO IN A "BUTTLING" OLD COMEDY. NOT AT ALL "PANTOMIMICAL" OF COURSE.

from his manner, dress, or style of residence, of which the exterior resembles a barn converted into a dwelling-place, and the interior, to our intense surprise, a veritable mansion. However, one must never judge by exterior, and this is a case in point.

Mrs. INCREDIBLE, in her preface to *The Dumbbody*, informs us that "this comedy, which has survived one hundred years, was, by the Actors who performed it, expected to die on the first night." Again Modern Dramatists have much to be thankful for. She adds, that "*Marpol* is the sole support of this comedy," which is not the case with the present version, in which *Marpol* is a droll but certainly not a strong part. The performance pleasantly occupies two hours—from three to five. We trust the series will not be discontinued. *She Would and She Would Not* has been announced—but perhaps "she would not," and so has been deferred side die.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BERLIN.

To the Editor.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM VICTOR ALBERT, born Of quiet furnished chambers in a Schloss, MARRIAGE ANNUITY, also called VICTORIA. Say, shall we see her likeness by IVY MATTHEW?

(Reply.)

FOR LIKENESS OF VICTORIA and Prince VICTOR See *News* and *Graphic*,—both will have a pictur'.

AN EXTRAFECTE DIALOGUE.

TIME—After the Third Reading. SCENE—The Smoking-Room of the House.

Conservative M.P. (condescendingly). It was necessary for us to assist the Government in Coercion against Obstruction.

Liberal M.P. (laughing). And our combined forces have been victorious.

Liby, M.P. (Independent). Better say Wig-tory-oua.

[And they agree to say no in consequence.

VICTOR HERO, on his birthday, to be christened VICTOR BOO.



HARE AND HOUNDS—AND MAY THEIR SHADOWS NEVER GROW LESS.

Mrs. Minion. "HOW EXHAUSTED THEY LOOK, YOUR FELLOWS! FANCY DOING THAT SORT OF THING FOR NINE PLEASANT!"
 Little Timothee (his hands writhing with national pride). "AH, BUT IT'S ALL THROUGH DOING THAT SORT OF THING FOR NINE PLEASANT, MINE YEC, THAT WE ENGLISH ARE—WHAT WE ARE!"
 [Daily for little Timothee!]

THE SULTAN'S DIARY.

Monday.—Mr. GOSCHEN called upon me. He was rather reserved, but declared "that England had no *active power*." Then he asked me if I could suggest anything. On the spur of the moment I hinted that a pension of half-a-million sterling a year out of the British Civil List and the provision of the Crystal Palace, might serve as a basis for further negotiations. He said he would consider it. Was astonished to find that he had not a spare fifty-pound note about him which he was able to lend for a month!

Tuesday.—Asked GOSCHEN to lunch. He was still very reserved. He said that he was sure that the House of Commons would object to my suggestion about the British Civil List Pension and the revolutionary interest in the Crystal Palace. Still, he was most anxious to make the "solution of the question satisfactory, as far as possible, to both parties." Upon this I proposed that I should surrender all my rights in Egypt (with the exception of those attaching to the title) to the King of the Hellenes, on condition of receiving, as an equivalent, the whole of Greece. Before we parted I was amazed to learn that he had not a spare twenty-pound note about him which he could lend for three weeks!

Wednesday.—Asked G. J. GOSCHEN to dinner at his *fourchette*. He came late, and said that he had already lunched! Unhandsome! He was more reserved than ever, and seemed depressed. The Egyptian suggestion emphatically would not do—had I anything else to propose? With a smile I brought out a map, and pointed out the frontier line on it, to which I said I would agree. On finding that I had given him an old chart of North America with the title erased, he was much annoyed. G. J. G. has no appreciation of general humour! Before taking leave, he informed me abstractly that he was quite sure he had not a spare ten-pound note about him which he could lend for a fortnight!

Thursday.—GOSCHEN called on me to visit. I don't go to him, as I object to paying anything—*even a visit*. I told him I was prepared to adopt the King of the Hellenes. He would, he said, see what could be done. In the meanwhile, I was grieved to learn that he had not a spare five-pound note about him which he could lend for ten days!

Friday.—GOSCHEN GOSCHEN looked in. Told me that the adoption idea was impossible. Asked him confidentially as a friend if he could suggest anything. He proposed that the King of Greece should have three-fourths of our united sovereignty. I immediately consented, on the condition that I should be allowed nine-tenths of the same territory. Goschen appeared to think that there might be some mathematical difficulty in carrying out this sensible arrangement. Finally agreed to see him to-morrow. In the meanwhile, was rather hurt at discovering that he had not a spare guinea about him which he could lend for a week!

Saturday.—The person I had grown accustomed to regard as "my dear old friend GOSCHEN," looked in as usual. Admitted the solution of the mathematical problem had been too much for him. And yet he calls himself a financier! At his invitation made further suggestions. Here are three of them:—Things to be restored to the condition in which they were before the Turkish-Russian War; the Great Powers to pay the Turkish National Debt in consideration of the recognition of the neutrality of Athens by the Sublime Porte; a free gift to be made of the whole of Asiatic Turkey in exchange for the property and goodwill of the Banking Corporation at Monte Carlo. He objected to everything! He actually refused point blank to lend me the ridiculous sum of seven-and-sixpence, to be repaid punctually by half-past eleven o'clock on Monday morning! I have consequently broken off all further communication with him in disgust!

More about the Tartan.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, speaking of the dress of the 74th Highlanders, says that Lieutenant-Colonel LEARD'S "own preference seems to have been for the trews over the phibber." *HURROO!* What an extraordinary dress! The trews over the phibber! Well, phibbergers mustn't be choosers, but it is to be hoped that by no intendment from Colonel LEARD will any Highlander be allowed into wearing so absurd a costume.

THE Fanny Man at a wedding-breakfast, looking at the jellies, said—"Come where the dippy quivers?!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Lord Shaftesbury. "THE DEAR ARCHBISHOP WAS QUITE RIGHT WHEN HE SAID THAT BATTERSEA PARK ON A WET SUNDAY AFTERNOON WAS FAR MORE ENJOYABLE THAN THE BRITISH MUSEUM."

Lord Cairns. "IF WE COULD BUT GET A DROP OF HOT GIN-AND-WATER SOMEWHERE!" *Duke of Argyll.* "OR WHISKY!"

Monday Night, Feb. 21.—Gone through another crisis to-night. The question was, whether the Opposition were going to stand by the Government in carrying Gladstone's Resolution, whereby, at the stroke of midnight, Obstruction should disappear much after the way in which ghosts in story-books vanish at cock-crow. Opposition apparently not quite made up their minds. Earthquake in the

Fourth Party, reducing it to RANDOLPH. "You're quite a quarter-master now," I say, pleasantly. But RANDOLPH only twisted his massive moustache, and looked into space. Curious how obtuse he is sometimes. Irish Obstruction again scotched, which shows how useful was the Union. It was very pretty at midnight to see the way business

begin to move. Impossible Amendments voted on straight off, and got rid of. Irish Members fighting to the last. When poor LYON PLAYFAIR (heavily dead with fright at having incidentally proposed to report progress instead of to report the Bill) managed to leave the



"DEVOTION."

Chair, his work being finished, they would not let him, and took a division on the question, so indeed they did on everything else. But when Mr. GLADSTONE is resolved there is no escaping his Resolution; and at twelve o'clock Obstruction was within measurable distance of temporary extinction.

Business done.—Protection Bill through Committee.

Tuesday Night.—Looked in at the House of Lords. Much more lively here than in the Commons. Great gathering of Bishops in late evening dress; almost night-dress, being chiefly composed of white linen gown boldly pocketed at the elbows. Thought at first it was a Confirmation Service, but it was only a Motion by Lord DUNRAVEN to open Picture Galleries and Museums on Sundays. Bishops dreadfully shocked. Set together all in a heap to the right of the Woodcock, with the palms of their hands gently down, finger tips slightly touching, and eyes cast down. This, whilst Lord DUNRAVEN was speaking. Smart man, for a Peer, Lord DUNRAVEN. Made an effective speech, though he thought it necessary to play a little to the gallery of Bishops. ROBERTS made useful speech. No Tattonham Corner in the centre of his oratory. Made straight for the post riding over prejudices and misrepresentations as if they were blades of heather. SHAPPEBERRY sometimes, CAIRNCROSS, ARDILL, Presbyterical. Saw an Archbishop for the first time in my life. Can't understand why STURGEON SMITH should have crumpled his beard as he sat in company of one at dinner. DR. TAYLOR, a mild, sensible Gentleman, with his hair parted down the middle. Looks as if he could not hurt a curlew. Touchingly tender in his welcome for impertinent youth like DUNRAVEN and ROBERTS.



JUSTIN MCCARTHY—MAKING HIS STUDY OF OUR OWN IDEAS.

They were all the while, saying nothing, but looking serious. What a splendid Archibishop he would have made! To-night his face is a study; pained when DUNRAVEN crated; pained that a man who had married a KOTCHICKO should speak as ROBERTS did; pained as CAIRNCROSS did; frown ruffled the good man's brow. But memories of old animosity faded as the Duke went on showing how shocking a thing it is for any man under a certain degree to see pictures on a Sunday. When the Duke sat down, DUKE went on his pocket-handkerchief, gently applied it to his eyes, and was heard to murmur, "Kiss the Duke of ARDILL!"

Business done.—Motion rejected by 43 votes against 36. Majority only 7. Fancy, the thin end of the wedge has been inserted between the doors of the Picture Gallery, and that they will shortly be pried open on Sundays!

Wednesday.—Mr. GLADSTONE called in the morning, as he crossed

the Lobby just now, stopped to inquire after the health of my great master, Mr. PASEA, as he never fails to do. "And how are things going on here?" he asked, after expressing pleasure at my report. "Same old game," I said, "pull Parmentiers, pull Fowlers." "Ah," said W. E. G., "they're a busy lot. Reminds me of the bees you read of in your Virgil. But—"

Hi motus animarum, stygo hinc certamine tantum.

Palatinis esquis parvo commissa quiescent."

"Hear! hear! hear!" I cried (not because I understood this, but because I had noticed that when Mr. GEORGE MORRIS, or any other great scholar introduces a tag of Latin, Mr. MACDONALD always leans forward in his seat and vigorously cheers).

"Now I'm going to throw the dust," said the PREMIER, moving into the House. Followed and heard him give notice that to-morrow he will move that if debate not over by seven o'clock, the SPEAKER shall turn it off—as if it were the gas in a lodging-house and the hour bell-time. Suppose the foreign language used in the Lobby was Latin for the Resolution.

Thursday.—Sometimes I have felt a little out of my element here. Cannot write, dare not howl, and to bark I am ashamed. But when it comes to legislation by racing through the Lobby, erect roars, and begin to feel that this will be a grand day for Berks. Nine laps to-night in hundred and ten minutes, and I came in first in every run. Lots of the matches made in the matter of hand-picking, think I did it handsomely. GAVE T. B. POTTER a start half-way. Passed him in a canner at the third writing table. Could not give carte as usual to BROWN of Wexford. Those heavy Guardsmen are often in training. But he had a good start, and handsomely admits he was nowhere at the finish. Incidentally we passed the Protection Bill through stage of Report, and made a dash at Mr. Lord Reading.



"EYES TO THE RIGHT, NOSE TO THE LEFT."

Affair did. Some old speeches scarcely wrapped up. "Handed in as it were with bits of the old brown-paper wrappers sticking to them. Scumbled over Major NOLAN just now standing in the doorway looking out into the Verreux with his hat off, a wet cloth round his head. "How had news, from your history, Major?" I said, for he looked so woeful. I thought he was in trouble. "No," he replied, wearily. "I was that that. I've heard J. P. O'CONNOR's eighteenth speech since Monday at four o'clock."

Business done.—Protection Bill reported. Third Reading moved. **Friday Night.**—Never saw FOSTER so helplessly ramped. Looks more than ever as if he had got up in the dead of the night to move an Amendment on the Protection Bill, and put on the wrong man's clothes. In the end he was not, but the road still there. Nothing to equal the wealth of similitudes which the other side did for FOSTER. Last week he was like General HAYMAN; to-night he pleasantly recalls to Mr. COWEN's mind the late Mr. ROSEBERGIER. Pity Dr. KENYALL is not alive now. This is the sort of gas at which he would have beaten everybody hollow. HENRIEPP HOPE (a great word for a long time) says KENYALL once wrote a play in which there were more nice names on a page than you could hear in Billingsgate in a week. Here's a couple he remembers:

"Spetch-dick, horn-head, cockatrice, edgah,
Tow's a pretty too-doo lodge!"

In Dr. KENYALL's absence we got on as well as possible. MACDONALD misty, but magnificent. Longueux glowing, ideas other people's, arrangement mixed. If this is a fair sample of the working-man on whom we trample, let us go on trampling. "Thank Heaven for a Lion!" says ASHMEAD-BARTLET. "Thank Heaven for Mr. BURN!" the working-man may say when he thinks of his representative in Parliament.

FOSTER almost speechlessly angry with COWEN. Wrath blazed all his more because he could not find COWEN below the gangway to sit him with his eye whilst he rasped him with his tongue. Looked down the passage whose COWEN had spoken, glared angrily up and down the benches behind it, towered all the time writing quickly in the shadow of the gallery just behind the Treasury Bench, trying to look as if it wasn't him.

Business done.—Protection Bill through at last!



BILLS.

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"I DON'T. I'M COMING IN TO WIN!" Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



"READY, AYE READY!"

Friend (who has kindly caught the Sporting Editor's horse). "I SAY, I SHALL TELL YOUR PARISHIONERS YOU'VE TURNED BARTER, AND GONE IN FOR 'TOTAL IMMERSION'!"
Sporting Editor (just out of it). "THEY WON'T BELIEVE YOU, AS I SHALL BE 'HIDE AND DRY' BEFORE YOU GET BACK."

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

What Sir William Harcourt really found in the Post-Office.

DEAR P.,
 Office of President of Board of Trade.
 CONGRATULATIONS on your French trip. Don't be alarmed about the detective. We need send none after you, just to keep up appearances, don't you see? Perfectly safe man—come from the Criminal Investigation Department; never discovered anything in their lives. Capital speech of yours at GENEVA. That's it—give it the lion's share, Cabinet talk except Whigs and Homecoming with you to a man. When shall we start our English Land League? No end of fun. Fancy HARTINGTON, SELWYN, &c., when they hear of it! They'll be furious! Let 'em be! BRISLEY looking over my shoulder—quite agree—"force no remedy"—original joke. BRISLEY says, must exempt poor old FORSTER a little, but he'll take care none of our friends touched by Coercion Act. Now for Land Bill! It will be a sweep. Your line is to say it's not half strong enough—then it'll look moderate. Last reports of DAVITT, quite comfortable, enjoys his new sofa, also cigars and champagne Government sent him; doesn't think much of Miss HAZLTON's last—would be glad of some really amusing literature. Sent him Cabal papers, and ABBOTT's speech about 'em. He's screaming over it. No more at present. Andre goes, GLADSTONE didn't want FORTY of Tonnes—except in office, ha! ha! Bit of a Whig about GLADSTONE; he got a bit of a wigging, too, I can tell you, from me and BRISLEY, and soon given in.
 JULIA'S and my kind regards to EUGENIE when you see him. Only initials now, as HARGREAVES—fussy, slightly fellow, HARGREAVES will open the wrong letter sometimes.

Yours devotedly,
 J. C.
 DANCING STREET, FEBRUARY 25TH.

DEAR KATHERINE,

THANKS for your last wife my BRAIN. Glad you were all so amused by my joke about "repulsive." CHATELAIN'S is just done a screw—begin to read it, only CHATELAIN'S is not a

Rebel? Answer by next post, if you can't guess it. Now to business. Very sorry to have had to shoot any of your men, but COLLET is so impetuous. Won't you give us peace now? You've beaten us badly so far—why not take qualified independence, right to flag your own Kaffirs, British over at Pretoria, and have done with it? Would offer complete independence at once, but papers here wild about "resisting Queen's authority." Kind regards to FREDERICK, &c. No, our SPEAKER no relation to President of Free State. Have wired COLLET to accept any terms you offer, so don't be too hard on us. Yours unconditionally, W. E. G.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

"THE Sergeant"—Sergeant BALLANTINE of course—was never in better form than when cross-examining witnesses in the recent case of *Diamond v. The London and North Western*. His "eye of a hawk"—clearer even than the eye of a HAWKING—defeated a fatal flaw in the evidence when he ventured to distrust an account of events current in August 1878 entered, at the time of occurrence, in a diary for 1880! The Sergeant is to be congratulated on his having lately recruited his forces to some purpose, and the Incorporated Law Society will be delighted to notice the investigating effect of *Refresher* on the learned Sergeant's constitution. His appearance in Court suggested a triling advertisement of a stage-diamond in *Market*. "Enter a blooming Sergeant." As *Market* says—

"This is the Sergeant
 Who like a good and hearty soldier fought—
 And we finish with *Market's* salutation, "Hail, brave friend!"

Dust from "The Maid of Honour."

"WHERE are you coming from, my pretty Maid?" "Coming from Giffen, Sir," she said. "Then I will not marry you, my priggish maid." "Nobody asked you, Sir," she said. She was a Senior Wrangler.

SUNDAY "POPS."

A GREAT success has been achieved in Paris at one of the "Sunday Classical Concerts" by an Austrian violinist, one M. PUFFER, enthusiastically applauded in the performance of a fantasia, "Le Joueur," so entirely composed by himself. In London the proper observance of Sunday, as by Law proscribed, shuts up all places of intellectual and spiritual recreation like Concert-Halls, so as entirely to preclude the possibility of any such entertainments as Classical Concerts on that holiday; but there is no just cause to debar us from the pleasure of hearing M. PUFFER, ere long perhaps, at the "Monday Pops."

Those Concerts also consist mainly of Classical Music, which, as peculiarly tending to refine and elevate the mind and feelings, is esteemed particularly suitable in England to any day of the week except Sunday, and may therefore be performed by M. PUFFER at the "Pops" either on Monday or Saturday without the slightest in-Popularity.

PIG-CULLIAN PEOPLE.

THE Germans examine every American pig to detect its Trichinosis. Do they adopt a similar plan with the offending Jews, and persecute the race on account of its striking nose?

IMPERIAL BRITAIN.—A country on which the sun never sets—and seldom rises.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 21.



MISS M. E. BRADDON.

"JUST AS I AM!"

THE DUNRAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY.

We are surprised that a nobleman of Lord DUNRAVEN'S ability should have made a more or less organised attack upon the Substantive liberty of Club life, and that he should have been seconded by the Earl of ROXBOROUGH, Lord DUNRAVEN and Lord ROXBOROUGH may not care to visit Clubs on Sunday, nor to see them for the purpose of billiard and card-playing, but why should they attempt to force their views upon numbers of persons who hold different opinions and act upon them? Why this passion for proscription and uniformity? A Club is a large place, and may easily afford shelter to the Puritan Nonconformist and the sinner. Lord SHAPTEHOPE and other philanthropists who have saved London—especially the East-End—with good intentions, were quite right to oppose and defeat such a movement. It must be clear to the momentary capacity that if Clubs were closed on Sunday, the working-man would have to labour seven days for six days' wages, instead of labouring five days, as he does at present.

A Voice from the Waste-paper Basket.

Opined and Faggioli Friend (to Editor). I suppose you often get good things sent you?

Editor. (Unhappily). Occasionally.

Opined Wag. Ah!—but they never appear.

Editor. (Chuckles). Disappointed Contributors always tell me.

[List separately.]

THE GOOD EARL'S HOLIDAY.

(Being No. of an Entirely Original Comedy, recently picked up in the Lords' Lobby.)

"And yet the very men to whom these places are accessible for the education of their minds, the training of the heart, and the elevation of the human being, are the men who burst the Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries, and committed many other excesses. No such, then, for the influence of science and art on Sunday upon the cultivation and improvement of the mind of a people."—Lord BRANTFORTH.

SCENE.—A delightful and refreshing back-street in the neighbourhood of the Mill End Road. *Time*.—A few minutes before the opening of the public-houses on Sunday morning. Groups of highly respectable British working-men walking about with their families, merrily breaking away the snow-flakes that fall in showers on their upturned faces, as they try, now and then, to get a glimpse of far-off lines sky through some rift in the London columns of stifling atmosphere that hangs, like a pall, about the roiling and latticed chimney-pots of the locality, and shuts out all sunshine, light, and life from that who grope beneath. As Curtain rises, a cherry church clock chimes the hour of one: when the door of an attractive Gin Palace opens, and discovers the proprietor, ready on the step, offering gallons of adulterated alcohol gratis, to any who will only seek some trying relaxation on his premises. As he does so, several Model Sunday-observers turn away in public disgust.

First Model Observer. No, no, my good Master: spite the attractive prospect you present to us of being made both very drunk and very ill for nothing, we must decline your attentions. *(Surveying the scene.)* Here are at hand vigorous delights, compared with which, coloured potations through excellent in the way, is a mere beggarly! It is not so, my mates!

All. It is! *(They turn away and inspect the puffers.)*
Publican *(despairingly)*.—Just surely a little group at the bar, a look at the back members of the Press *(News)* and later, perhaps, a

free fight, in the Bottle and Jug Department.—this, with pewter pots? Surely, this, at least, might tempt you!

Second Model Observer. Say, Mr. Publican, I grant you it is an attractive picture. But you forget we have stronger attractions elsewhere. *(With feeling.)* Think you, on this, the one holiday of our toiling week, we can tear ourselves from our dear dirty, damp, dismal old Street! Never!

All. Never! *(They retire up and wipe away a furious tear.)*

First Model Observer. No, indeed, not! For after the grinding strain of six days of constant labour, what more delicious, more exhilarating, nay, more respectable method of spending our one interval of rest, than by losing about listlessly in the grime and filth of our beloved locality!

Second Model Observer *(brightly)*. Staring at the dark walls and smudged panes of our sitting room.

Third Model Observer *(with enthusiasm)*. Watching our Mincey and young 'uns,—beaten blow 'em!—growing as limp as putty, and as white as paste-pots for want of a breath of fresh air!

First Model Observer. And singing the praises of the good Earl of BRANTFORTH, who has done so much to secure us a permanent enjoyment of this blessed life, by saving us from the moral, social, and intellectual degradation awaiting us surely beyond the portals of a Sunday Museum! *(A blaze of fire, and shouting of mob without.)* Ha! This is most a propos. Just as the good Earl hinted. So, these people have found a tin of petrol upon the neighbouring church, chased the good Vicar and the warden and of a forceps, and are now prepared further to spread Society. *(A rattle and rattle in.)* You are, are ye not, my friends?

Mob. We are!

First Model Observer. Quite so. And I presume this is the result of inspecting stuffed animals instead of drinking inferior gin?

Mob. It is!

Second Model Observer. And even now you may be purposing a visit to some collection of oil-paintings? No doubt, at this moment you all of you carry vouchers for private admission to the Grosvenor Gallery in your waistcoat-pockets?



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Street Boy (appreciatively applying the popular phrase to a "dazzling object"). "He's got 'EM ON!"

Mod (producing them). We do! Down with everything!
[They proceed to attack the public-house and scower a stray gentleman.]

First Model Observer (astonished). Alas! DICKINSONS has troth to answer for—very much!

All. He has! He has!
First Model Observer. Indeed, he has, my friends! But as I see it is now close on two, and we have enjoyed six hours usefully doing nothing on the flags we hoist without, what say you to getting through the other ten, as cheerily enjoyed, amidst the squall that waits us within?

All (with a shout). That's the ticket!
First Model Observer. It is, my worthy mates! So now, wishing each other a long continuance of this exulting existence, let us retire to our battered tabernacles, with a cheer for the name of SHREFFINSLEY!

Third Model Observer. Yes; and an admission that of all the national, edifying, instructive, hopeful spectacles—

Second Model Observer.—There is nothing at all to loath—

First Model Observer.—The Good Earl's Holiday!

Curtain.

Mem. not Undated.

In the Report of the meeting of the Debt Coffee Company, which appeared as a prodigious advertisement in the Times—the papers have been inundated by them lately—a shareholder is represented as asking—

"Whether there was likely to be any fear of competition from a sixteen which, it was rumored, was to be made from eggs?"

Such a question, if not satisfactorily answered, as it was by the Chairman, might have brought all the Shareholders to their legs with one great cry of—"In the name of our Proff—Figs!"

We understand making money, but not coffee, out of dates. In fact, we do not see the reason *why* of this Company's existence; but then—N.B.—we are not Shareholders.

CABINETS AND CATALOGUES.

M. TROUQUET, Under Secretary of State for Fine Arts, is establishing at Paris a Museum on the Model of that at South Kensington, and, to have something to put in it, as a start, has conceived the happy idea of emptying the Government offices of certain "old cabinets and furniture," which a contemporary alleges are at the present moment entirely "thrown away on Ministers and subordinates, who would actually prefer modern and less artistic fittings."

The conception is excellent, and if Officials on this side of the water is only in the mood for "new fittings," steps should be taken immediately to give it some practical shape, for a Ministerial "collection" at Brompton would be invaluable.

- (1) "Waste-paper basket, used by Mr. GLADSTONE after reading the Turkish Despatches,"—for instance; or
- (2) "Gum bottle and hot water-can, supplied to the Home-Secretary during his raid on the General Post-Office," and
- (3) "Extra mug prepared for the SPEAKER, in case of riot in the House of Commons on promulgation of the New Rules,"

are interesting items that at once suggest themselves as a good "go off" for any Catalogue. There is practically no limit to what might follow; for anything from a common office poker, waved in triumph at a Cabinet Council, down to a patched, re-covered, and worn-out workbox, would have a special historic interest. The idea is capital. It is to be hoped something will come of it.

"Paddy's" Daughter.

We beg to thank publicly the senders of several subscriptions, which we have privately acknowledged, for this sad case. If all the "Dear Boys" who at every visit used to help themselves out of Paddy's chowsey offered snuff-box would now help our good old friend's daughter, they would, indeed, be proving themselves true friends at a pinch. Address Cheques or Post-Office Orders to Editor of PUNCH, 85, Fleet Street, E.C. So E.C.—we should say, to Kaye—to do. *His dot, do.* Original from



A CAPITAL CHOICE.

Graphic.—“So YOU HAVEN’T MADE UP YOUR MIND YET WHAT PROFESSION YOU’RE GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, BOBBY?”

Bobby.—“WELL, YES! I DON’T EXACTLY KNOW WHAT IT’S CALLED, YOU KNOW, BUT IT’S LIVING IN THE COUNTRY, AND KEEPING LOTS OF HORSES AND DOGS, AND ALL THAT!”

[*Bobby’s Papa is a Cleric, with £200 a-year.*]

“YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!”

ALTHOUGH the obstructive representatives of St. Giles’s will succeed in stopping all domestic legislation during the present Session of Parliament, there is one thing they cannot stop, and that is TAXATION. We are always sure of a Budget—the governing classes will fight for that, if for nothing else—and we are fortunately in a position to anticipate what is called the “financial statement.” The Post-office will be reformed, and instead of trying how much money it can make by “overcharging” its servants, it will be taught that a Government Department is not exactly in the same position as a Household Shopkeeper. Several highly paid and ornamental servants of the Office will be discharged—without a pension—and the money will be divided amongst the people who do the work. The Income-Tax will not only be retained, but re-adjusted, and temporary and perishable incomes will not be taxed at the same rate as properties which last for ever. The Local Commissioners will be abolished, and it will no longer be in the power of the elevated chameleon, or the sanctified grocer to pry into his neighbour’s profits and losses. A little more consideration will be shown to the noble army of pub-

licans—who subscribe nearly one-third of the National Revenue—in spite of the attacks made upon this body by the Miscellaneous Bill in Parliament. The credit of the three circulation of goods and more will be removed by the abolition of the Railway Passengers Duty, the Hackney Carriage Tax, and similar impost, or impositions. All taxes on food and temperance will be repealed, and tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, dried fruit, &c., will be at last thoroughly free. The prohibitive duty now levied unfairly only on personal property, will be extended to real estate, and the legacy and succession duties will be dealt with in a similar spirit.

The Customs, especially those more honoured in the breach than the observance, will be overhauled, and the thirty-seven Custom-Houses in which nearly thirty thousand a year is spent to collect about fifteen thousand, will be at once let out as sailors’ lodging-houses. The free-born and sea-sick Briton, who has the costly privilege of belonging to a Kingdom on which the sun never sets, will be spared the humiliation of having his dirty shirt and socks examined on his return from less privileged countries, while he is kept standing on a slippy gateway in a temper of wind and rain.

THE FATE OF THE FOUR.

A WOEFUL BALLAD OF LORD WOODCOCK.

Air—“*Have Swainsome give a harp!*”

LORD WOODCOCK had a Party,
Of high heroic strain;
They held the Liberal lot were naught,
And Gladstone’s writings vain,
They had principles of the patriot type,
True Non-Tory Blue,
And when in master fall they met
They numbered—just twice two!

LORD WOODCOCK had a Party;
Those Four were ever found
In the deadly breach with wit and speech,
When the word for fight went round,
The onlooker Four in all the House,
There was RALPHOE, WOLFEY, and GOBEY,
When WOODCOCK led those three to war,
Their foes might dread the worst.

LORD WOODCOCK had a Party;
Those Four were void of fear,
And, when they rose, men shrunk: their foes,
Whilst their friends felt parous queer,
But when they started the Treasury bench
The Tory host would roar,
And swear so stout a Party
Had ne’er been known before.

LORD WOODCOCK had a Party,
Which, led with nerve and soul,
Was GLADSTONE’S fall, Sir STAFFORD’S cross,
And the terror of the House,
They called old Tories Tories,
All discipline they’d despise,
And frankly go for the free-lance lay,
And the Unconquittish line.

LORD WOODCOCK had a Party,
But oh, that Party split;
Small loam have they, alas! to-day,
Save the bench on which they sit,
The rival had laughs loud and long,
Sir STAFFORD smiles to see
The Four, for solidarity,
Too numerous—by three!

LORD WOODCOCK had a Party,—
Where is that Party now?
Where is the hyacinthine crop
That decked young DUFFY’S brow?
Where is ADAMSON? where BOB LOWE,
That star of free-lance light?
All gone with the March of yesterday’s “fig”
Away “in the twilight.”

THE DEFENSIVE POLICE.—In the Army it is customary to emblazon shields and inscribe flags with the names of victories; in the Police it ought to be the custom to record failures in a similar manner. We should write BLOOMSBURY, GARDEN STREET, CORNH STREET, HORTON, EASTON SQUARE, BURTON CROSSROAD, and HARLEY STREET. Shall we have to add CHELSEA to the list? Most likely.



A NOTE AND QUERY.

Wife (given to Literature and the Drama). "GOSH, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE EXPRESSION, "GO TO!" YOU MEET WITH SO OFTEN IN SHAKESPEARE AND THE OLD DRAMATISTS!"

Husband (not a reading Man). "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE, DEAR, UNLESS—WELL,—"HAIN HE WAN GOING TO SAY—BUT TROUGHT IT WOULDN'T SOUND FRESH!"

FRAGMENTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED BLUE BOOK.

From Somebody in Command Abroad to Nobody Responsible at Home.

I THINK it my duty to inform you that there are signs of disaffection in this Colony, that may, if not met soon by a prompt and energetic display of force, possibly lead to serious consequences. On good authority, I hear, that if the situation becomes acute, we may expect fully 6,000 well-armed men in the field against us. As I have at present under my command but one company and a drummer-boy of the 60th, a mountain gun, the ammunition for which has not yet arrived, and five men of the Naval Brigade, I should be glad to know that Her Majesty's Government realized the gravity of the situation.

From Nobody Responsible at Home to Somebody in Command Abroad.

YOUR ridiculously almost despatch to hand. How often shall I have to impress on you that what you describe as the "gravity of the situation" abroad, must depend solely on the look of the Estimates at home? We are, you must be thoroughly aware, pledged not to spend money.

The arrival of your communication is, therefore, all the more untimely, as orders had already been issued for the return of half the company, together with the gun, now at your disposal. I trust by the date this reaches you that the sensational rumours will have been satisfactorily dispated.

Somebody in Command Abroad to Nobody Responsible at Home.

I RECKON to inform you that I was attacked yesterday by an overwhelmingly superior force, and am in consequence now holding this Colony, as well as I can, in Her Majesty's name, with the assistance of my Aide-de-Camp, the drummer-boy, and a couple of friendly natives. I really must impress on you the necessity of sending out some reinforcements.

THE SONG OF PAHTAHQUAHONG.

"THE REV. HENRY PAHTAHQUAHONG CHASE, hereditary Chief of the Ojibwa tribe, President of the Grand Council of Indians, and missionary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society at Hurony Town, Ontario, Canada, has just arrived in England, on a short visit."—*The Standard.*

STRAINS from the Big-Sun-Water,
From the Portals of the Sunset,
From the prairies of the Red Men,
Where Saggens, the mosquito,
Makes the aggravated knaster
Scratch himself with awful language;
From the land of Hiawatha,
Land of wigwags, and of wampum,
Land of tomahawks and scalping,
(See the works of J. F. COOPER.)
Come the mighty PAHTAHQUAHONG,
Come the Chief of the Ojibways,
Wot ye will, we'll give him welcome,
After manner of the Pale Face,
Show him all the old world's wonders,
Griffins in the public highways,
Germanising corporations,
And the Market of Mud-Bald,
Show him, too, the dingy Falanx,
And the House of Talkes-Talk;
Where the Jomakooks—the prophets—
And the Chieftains raise their voices,
Like Iago the great boaster,
With immemorable gabble,
Talking much and doing little,
Till one wishes they could vanish
To the kingdom of Pomeh—
To the Land of the Hereafter!

We will show him all the glories
Of this land of shame and swindles,
Land of such adulation,
Dusting tea and sending sugar,
And of goods not up to sample;
Till disgusted PAHTAHQUAHONG,
Till the Chief of the Ojibways,
President of Indian Council,
Missionary swell, and so forth,
Cries, "Oh, let me leave this England,
Land of Bumbledom and Boddies,
Of a thousand Boards and Vestries;
Let me cross the Big-Sun-Water,
With Kewawayin—with the Horse Wind,
And go back to the Ojibways!"

Nobody Responsible at Home to Somebody in Command Abroad.
YOUR despatch inappreciable. It simply means another £100,000 on to the Estimates. This is most annoying. However, as the situation seems embarrassing, you will be strengthened at once by the re-despatch of the half company, an additional drummer-boy, and the ammunition for the mountain gun.

Somebody in Command Abroad to Nobody Responsible at Home.
I RECKON to have again to inform you, that I have been overwhelmed by superior forces, and after being utterly routed, am now holding this Colony, in Her Majesty's name, by myself, disguised, in a ditch. I attribute this result to the deficiency I expressed in regarding the enemy that the force I have hitherto had at my disposal, represented, in reality, the tremendous might of an Empire that could hold its own, if necessary, against half the civilised world. I shall be glad of reinforcements.

Somebody (vice Nobody resign) at last Responsible at Home to Nobody in Command Abroad.

CASES fully appreciated by H.M. Government. You will have 15,000 men at your disposal within three weeks, and a further 25,000 (if necessary) whenever you write for them. This will cost the country not a penny under Ten Millions. But never mind. We should like, though, to know (in confidence) who is to flower for the miserable dribbling system which has led to all this disaster, and now colonial outlay.

Anybody in Command Abroad to Nobody (at last) Responsible at Home.

THANKS for the reinforcements. We can now probably effect with twenty thousand men what, three months since, we could have managed with four. In strict confidence (if don't wish this to go further), Nobody was really responsible for the miserable dribbling to which you refer.



AT A SCHOOL FEAST

Teacher.—“NOW, YOU THESE LITTLE GIRLS, ARE NOT YOU GOING TO GET DOWN AND HAVE TEA?”

Scholar.—“NO, TEACHER. WE ALWAYS HAVE LATE DINNER AT ‘ALF PAST SIX WITH PAE AND MAE!”

ANOTHER CRY FROM CLERKDOM.

THE following is assumed to be the form of letter addressed to a successful candidate for the post of Telegraph Clerk under Government; and Mr. Pascoe need scarcely say it is received with tears of honest gratitude by the father of a family of seven, who, having half starved himself to educate his children, sees his eldest lad, the young hopeful of the family, appointed to a position of respectability and trust:—

SIR,

I AM directed by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General to inform you that you have been selected from several hundred candidates, after a competitive examination in which the rudiments of scientific telegraphy are included, to fill the post of Telegraph Clerk, and you are required to take up your duties immediately.

In order distinctly to mark the difference between your position and that of the ordinary members of the Civil Service in general, your hours of daily attendance will be eight instead of seven; you may be expected to be called upon to continue to serve at the office, whether fatigued or not, at the close of your ordinary labours; your Sundays and the ordinary holidays of the year, such as Christmas Day, Bank Holidays, &c., must be cheerfully accorded to the State that so graciously employs you; and it is expected that your services will be available on ordinary days from seven o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night.

Your position differing so entirely from the ordinary Artisan who has so many interruptions in his labour, and who spends the whole of Saturday in dawdling, drinking, and getting paid, you will have no holidays at all throughout the year, and as payment in cash for overtime is considered derogatory to your position, your overtime will be occasionally credited to you as leave to be taken at hours most convenient to the Service and not to yourself.

As your official superiors are anxious to avoid representations of inefficiency by means of grumbling letters in the public papers, you will be liable to instant dismissal for the slightest inaccuracy caused by the hurry of business and the illegible handwriting of transmitters of messages; and as you will be constantly harassed by seductive bribes for revealing information to newspaper tout and private detectives, you are warned that penal servitude is the consequence of any breach of official trust.

On occasions of public rejoicing and national emergency, when provisions are dear, and bread at a premium, you may be ordered down to a distant part of the country to aid in the transmission of news, speeches, and descriptive reports, in which case you will be necessarily compelled to leave your wife and family, and your subsistence allowance will be *tempore suo*.

Being deprived of any holiday, and compelled to work in unhealthy offices, and in a stifling atmosphere, you may be liable to sickness, in which event, unlike the other members of the Civil Service, you will only receive two-thirds of your pay.

By reason of the possession of special qualifications such as honesty, industry, and punctuality, you will be paid at the rate of £65 a year for eight years—less wages than that of a common labourer, and after twenty years' service, when you may expect to be married, settled, and educating your children, your *Compensation* will be £150 per annum.

You will be required to affix your signature to these conditions, and understand that any complaint, agitation, unjust meeting, or conference will be treated as a breach of discipline, and render you liable to instant dismissal, and the stigma attached to removal from the Public Service.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

THOMAS DUCKETT (Secretary).

On handing this death-warrant to the promising lad, the father of the family congratulates himself on freedom from an incubus, and halls one of the many blessings of a paternal government.

THE WEATHER.

(By One who is much affected by it.)

What made me careless, cheery, gay,
What made me throw ten pence away,
And cheerfully some large bills pay?
The Weather!

What made my head feel iron-bound,
What made me kick my faviour round,
Quarrel with wife and friends all round?
The Weather!

What made me open wide my coat,
And get into a penny boat,
And talk of Springtime like a "Pete"?
The Weather!

What made me suddenly feel ill,
What gave me such a fearful chill,
That I went home to make my will?
The Weather!

Disinfected Dialogue.

(After the first report of the Accident to Mr. Gladstone.)

First Person (delighted). *Boiled* then, "Corrosive HILL" 's got it this time. He 's shot.

Second Person (contemptuously). *Shot!* Man alive! Give 's a bit! He 's only had an ugly fall, and he 's all right again.

First Person (positively). I tell you he 's shot! Didn't I hear them say how he was wounded in the head, and that the last *boiled* in was got out yesterday, and there wouldn't be another?

A Matter for Regret.

"Home education in Paris is, as a rule, impossible."—Daily News.

Amongst the Parisians, wherever we roam,
For Girls' education there 's no place at home.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

SOLO—L-ED B-C-NSE-LD.

Att—“Lo-fi-de!”

Six wears a splendid jewel in her crown,
Can-do-har!
Expensive Afghan jewel in her crown,
Can-do-har!
Can-do-har!

If we give it up, there's Quetta,
(LITTLE OWNS) as good or better;
But then—where's our Imperial renown?
Can-do-har!
But then, where's our Imperial renown?

"Like Cressidene on the burning deck," said Sir WILKIE LAWSON. "Like WILKINGTON in 'Cherry Chase,'" said EARL FRAXY (who prides himself on his personal resemblance to "the stout Earl of Northumberland," and is said to wear armour in the robes); "WILKINGTON, don't you know, the Party who fought on when he had lost the members that supported him:

"For WILKINGTON needs must I weigle,
As one in dolor dampen,

For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps!"

"Like his impudence!" HARROLD growled; for HARROLD was girding at him lustily.

Original from

Smart speech for HANSDOLPH. But not nearly so good as the SPEAKER'S, delivered two hours later, when he said the Division must be taken forthwith.

Business done.—ARMS Bill read a First Time, by 188 votes against 24.

Wednesday.—Talking etymology with the HONOR SECRETARY just now, he tells me of a new word added to the English language. It comes from Ireland, whence we have the verb "to Boycott." New verb, "to Farnell." "To Farnell," HANSDOLPH explains, is to get people into a mess, and then to clear out yourself for fear of personal consequences. A man who "Farnells" is a man who clears out at the right time. "For example," HANSDOLPH said, kindly desirous of making it quite clear to me, "supposing the engine-driver of a passenger-train takes it into his head, that instead of slowly entering a busy station, he will dash through it at full speed. When he comes within sight of the station he dexterously drops off, sending the train along. That is 'to Farnell.' Much easier than saying he jumped off, and giving all the particulars."

Second Reading of the ARMS Bill moved. Went over to the Lords, and saw the Royal Assent given to the Protection Bill. Most curious. Two boys in plain clothes and the right-hand benches, two more on the left, and five in red gowns and wigs playing chesses on a bench before the Throne.

Thursday Night.—GLADSTONE back again. Came in holding his hat in his hand, and wearing on his head a black skull-cap. Reminded me a little of a blind man I have somewhere seen in the same attitude. Everyone glad to see him back. Take him for all in all, he is the most important and comprehensive BILL introduced into the House of Commons for forty years. Irish Members, thinking he had been dull at home, obligingly got up a little row for him. By special permission of the Dublin Lord Leaguers, JOHN DUNLOP appeared at Theatre Royal, Westminster, for this night only. Fine dark-red, black-headed conspirator is JOHN. Looks so if he really meant business. HEARD more than ever vulgar



A MOMENT OF SUFFERING.

The Judge then assumed the Black Cap, and sentenced Mr. Healy to imprisonment.

by comparison. Everyone quite glad when SPEAKER laid HEALY by the ears, and he was finally but gently shown the door.

When the critical moment arrived, the usual difficulty about the book containing the terms of the resolution of expulsion. All sorts of volumes headed up to the PRINTER by excited colleagues near him, including a copy of Cassell's on *Wales*, which accidentally lay on the table. At last proper book forthcoming. Quite touching to see the PRINTER put on the Black Cap and sentence Mr. HEALY to be suspended. House divided, Mr. HEALY voting for himself. Showed no disposition to withdraw when the will of the House was declared. Captain GOSSET began to feel for his sword, and the six elderly attendants (who are drilled day and night in one of the courtyard) put themselves in battle array. HEALY was shot. Mr. HEALY,

ordered by the SPEAKER to withdraw, rose, and, as he passed the Chair, gave the SPEAKER a friendly nod, such as costermongers greet each other with on occasional occasions, and vanished by the doorway.

Glad to see no one has ventured to lay a hand on Mrs. DAWSON. Gotten this from finding Mr. D. here as eloquent as ever. It has already been officially announced that should anyone find irresistible impulse to lay a hand on his wife, they would have to take their pleasure sadly over the dead body of the husband. An Hon. Member says, one might stride over Mr. DAWSON'S dead body without knowing it. That does not affect the argument. Mr. DAWSON not only here, but alive and speaking; would be a Curse if contingency always allied to his language. *Business done.*—Mrs. DAWSON still safe, and Mr. DAWSON lives to welcome Mr. CHAPLIN to "our ranks." Mr. CHAPLIN blushes with pleasure. The House roars with delight.

Business done.—Mr. HEALY suspended.

Saturday Morning.—The daughter of the CEAR is rich, and probably is not to be tempted by a small coin of our realm, otherwise she should be glad to give a penny for her thoughts as she lies not all night listening to the debate on Lord LITTON'S Motion. By her side the Duchess of TECK, with tiers of diamonds flashing in her hair, and pendant from her neck, another stream of light sparkling down her black dress. FRANCES HART, the actress of Peverness opposite, evidently thinks while thing a bore. The CEAR'S daughter listens eagerly, less so word of the thunderous eloquence of Lord CRAWFORD, of the lighter sallies of Lord HILBRAYN, and the dark sayings of Lord HILBRAYN FIELD. Perhaps with greater pleasure Her Royal Highness heard the Duke of ARNOLD demolishing everybody, and the gently-spoken but incisive speech of Lord GRANVILLE. Must have been pleasing to hear some of the things said about Russia and things Russian. But only less interest could make possible sustained attention to those stupendous orations.

Noblesse oblige! Lord CRAWFORD'S speech was longer than the average oration of Mr. HILBRAYN, but the Duke of ARNOLD got Mr. ARNOLD O'CONNOR'S verbosity to shame.

But the success of the evening happened in the morning. As noble Lords streamed back into the House after the Division "cackling with delight as if they had laid an egg" (said the works of a great novelist), DIZZY, his head in the clouds, by reason of this great triumph, crossed the gallery the evil one, and, wasting on the coming restoration, when BERKELEY shall have his own again, walked slowly to his old seat on the Ministerial Bench, whence but a year back he, the mightiest Minister in Europe, was wont to speak.

"An Omen! an Omen!" the Bishop of PERRANCOMBE cried.

It was worth stopping up this hole of the morning to see the old warrior laugh when he discovered his mistake.

Business done.—Peers passed votes of censure upon Eastern policy of the Government by 165 votes against 76.

"VIANDE DE CHEVAL."

It was decided long ago that horse-flesh was good to eat, and ever since the ingenious M. GUYOTON DE ST. HILAIRE thought it under the notice of his countrymen, it has been constantly eaten in France. In Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, and Vienne in Belgium, horse is consumed in large quantities, but the taste for it does not seem to spread here; and a shop opened some years ago in Piccadilly as a restaurant wherein "Viande de Cheval" could be consumed, was a failure. True, at certain or two of the dinner given here and in Paris, gentlemen speak enthusiastically of "Potage au Consommé de Cheval," "Soufflé de Cheval," "Cheval à la Mode," "Filet de Cheval," and even of "Solete Moutarde à l'huile de Cheval," which last dish we should be inclined to hold, as Mr. BARRETT did himself, "is objectionable."

But the taste for horse-flesh did not spread, nor is it likely to do so when the flesh of the noble animal is once more introduced to the public after the fashion adopted by a Mr. HUNTER, a butcher of Manchester. This ingenious individual was not content with offering horse-flesh for beef, but the animal had unfortunately died from disease of the lungs, and the carcass was unfit for food. This brought the eminent expert upon the digestion of the men of Manchester under the notice of the police, and Mr. BARRETT has been condemned to the solution of a prison for the space of one calendar month. There in the intervals of hard labour he may ponder upon the old axiom that "honesty is the best policy;" and when next he tries to sell horse-flesh let him kill a fresh animal, and call it by its proper name.



"THE HOUSE ROSE."

FROM THE RANKS.

V.—Un-luxurious Treatment.



he had no right, and invested in a new rag and a moustache like driven snow (excuse poetry, because apt to a driver). All the old Ladies in Fidelity wagged their umbrellas at him; but when he shall I drive, my Lord," says Bos. (He knew he was a Lord—his boots were so shiny.) But his Lordship was not well, and really didn't care. He took a dyspeptic view of life. "To say Club about!" he muttered faintly; and so he spent his afternoon. And so he spent all the rest of that season, Sir. Bos was ordered every day at eleven, at the rate of two guineas per diem, and no night-work, with the option of putting up in his Lordship's stables till wanted, when the wind was too cold for his horse. You'll scarcely believe me, Sir, I daresay, when I inform you that Bos sat smoking his pipe in them stables sometimes till it was time to take my Lord out to dinner at eight P.M. I. His cab had had no wear and tear, his horse had been very exercised, and down the aristocratic thoroughfare, and fed on his Lordship's oats, while Bos had a cozy feed on his own accord in the housekeeper's room. Bos, with cheese and colery, in a overgrown wine-glass. And this not once or twice, but four days out of six. Wasn't that a good berth to tumble into? And there are many of the smart, good-looking young fellows who have jobs like that.

But in Bos's case he had too much of it. And we middle-aged coves as can't quite say we're young or good-looking, were not so sorry as we ought to've been. His Lordship went so hard at his London life that he broke down—got seriously ill—and collapsed like a spent balloon—could not get out at all. But like many invalids, he liked to coax himself into the idea that his gash-like illness would pass off, and that he'd be better by-and-by. The cab wasn't allowed to stop in the stable now. It had to be a standing in front of the hall-door in all weathers—rain, snow, or sleet—just my Lord might take a faggy, all of a hurry, for a drive, and his dog stick a napping up and down for ever. He spent three of the newspapers read a book, with an occasional beseeching glance at his Lordship's bedroom-window, in hopes that he might really be coming out, or send him away. But there was my Lord crowded all of a heap, more goggle-eyed than ever, wrapped in a blanket, stirring gruel. Sometimes a pal would whisk by, and a jabsome of his eyes would get out, "Why, Bos, how's your thing? Are you contented to that there paving-stone?" And then Bos, driven mad by the chipping, would ring the bell, and ask if he might go. Not a bit of it! His Lordship liked to see the cab, and there the cab must stand for his friends as came to sympathize to stare at the window-blind. So in course of time Bos got the horses—just as I do when I look at my second horse—are wanted to turn it out. The work was done by a pleasant change from the monotony of that. "He knew by heart all the stains upon the flag, all the grim-smeared spots," Bos watched the old

milksman over the way growing stouter and more bald about her parting. He felt getting like *Ay's* Poor Widdle in the play I once saw when a good woman gave me an order for the gallery—mathematical and moon-grown and withered—and he didn't dare look up at his Lordship's window as time went on, for his Lordship was getting thinner and thinner and whiter and whiter, and more hollow-eyed as summer gave way to autumn, and the leaves came dribbling down. It seemed like some awful nightmare, and the poor young chap became quite melancholic and to a doleful-like from mere depression of spirits, and terror of this slow death, and groaned every morning when it was time to get up, instead of springing out of bed as fresh as a daisy, and grooming the old horse as it was a pleasure, and rubbing up the brass furniture till it shined again. His life was a burthen in spite of the two guineas per diem, and the grub tasted like bran—for there was my Lord fading, fading like a crumpled-up sheet, and he felt it would be a relief if the coffin was to come round the corner with the notes—let alone the snazers and the chips of his brother cabbies who were crisscross.

But he wasn't such a fool as to give it up. He had lately married, and, just as a beginner, did all that his pretty young wife asked of him. She liked the choice for twelve people every week, and spent a good deal of it on bonnets and baby-linen. Unfortunately coves like me, who, with a disreputable old growler, can't manage to scrape together more than fifteen shillings a day, out of which *Bos*'s waste eleven, must not think of bonnets, and must trust to the parish for the linen when required; and so, in a friendly sort of way, I told him not to quarrel with his portmanteau, or make too very a face if it burnt his mouth a bit. And there he is still—grows sicker and worse. You may see him any day—wet or dry—piping up and down in front of that gloomy tannery mansion, blowing his fingers or whistling, or stamping with his foot—the most obstinate man the face of all creation, while his Lordship looks through the glass of the upper window, mauling his cadaverous jaws over his gruel, or pulling at a little cigarette, gathering his blanket round with shuddering fingers, as he looks wistfully down at the slip-up sheet that he'll never get into any more, and wonders at what hour he'll go out.

Respectfully yours,
T. H. (alias TOMMY TEE TUFF).

RARE BIRDS.

ONTOLOGICAL "HOW" GIVEN TO CELEBRATE THE COMING INTO OPERATION OF THE WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT. CHAFFINCE "NOT IN IT."

"Welcome, Little Stranger!"

A NEW journal, called the *Carlin*, is announced, to which we wish every success, at the same time that we clear up a few misconceptions regarding its character. It will not be a "word of floss," nor particularly up-lifting to the "married car," as its reports of divorce and similar cases will not be so long and not half as intricate as those of some of our contemporaries. It is quite time that the names of birds should be given to a journal, when so many newspapers are busy earning the title of parrots. As there are old birds that are not to be caught with chaff, we hope this young bird will not be irritated by badinage.

ARMY REFORM.

CORPORAL PARLIAMENT is to be abolished, but every indentment is to be held out to Privates for obtaining the Strip.

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY



INVERTED MAXIMS.

"In the good fortune of our best friends we always find something which is not pleasing to us."—ROCHEFUCAULT.

Jin. "ELLO, JACK! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AN AGE, OLD MAN. TELL ME, WHO IS THAT SOFTY GIRL?"

Jack. "MISS BELLINGHAM GOLDMORSE."

Jin. "WHAT, THE GREAT HUSBAND?"

Jack. "OH, IT'S ONLY TWENTY OR THIRTY THOUSAND A-YEAR! BUT SHE'S AS CLEVER AS SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, AND AS GOOD AS SHE'S CLEVER!"

Jin (*who has lately married one of the Strong-minded Sisterhood*). "I SAFF! HE'S A LUCKY CHAP THAT GETS HER, HAY, OLD MAN!"

Jack. "I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO. SHE'S JUST ENGAGED TO BE MY WIFE!" *Jin.* "!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

ON THE MANJUBA HILL.

"They in vain tried to withstand that awful hail of lead. . . . Our poor fellows broke, and rushed for the crest in the rear."—*Times' Correspondent*.

They broke! All in vain that long climb through the night,

Male and brethren, o'er dunes and boulder;

In vain the stern stand and the desperate fight

Of our Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder.

The foe, five to one, and as brave as our best,

Stormed up the steep ridges and crowded the crest.

They broke! Clean and close shot the Dutchman, and fast,

Right and left, fell our men, dead or dying.

What fash could stand firm 'gainst that force fiery blast,

That hot hail of bullets straight flying?

They broke, sturdy Britons led blindly to death,

Their thin lines swept flat as by Aesop's breath.

They broke! Dumfries STUART, stout FRASER in vain

Their torn ranks might rally and muster;

In vain did they gather again and again,

Teeth set, in fierce knot and close cluster.

They broke! Ah, the pain of that pitiful rush,

Down the Spitzkop's steep ridges o'er boulder and bush!

They broke! Whose the fault? Gallant COLLET lies dead,

Brave, generous, loved,—all men sorrow.

To-day we must praise the slain heroes he led,

We'll portion the blame on the morrow.

'Tis scarcely disgrace to such fagmen to fall.

'Tis pity such fagmen are fagmen at all!

THEATRICAL NEWS.

MR. BOOTH, the American Tragedian, is to join MR. IRVING at the Lyceum, where this programme is under consideration:—

THE CORSIAN BROTHERS.

<i>Fabian dei Franchi</i>	Mon., Wed., and Friday	MR. IRVING.
<i>Louis dei Franchi</i>	Tues., Thurs., and Saturday	MR. BOOTH.
<i>The Ghost of Louis</i>	Mon., Wed., and Friday	MR. BOOTH.
	Tues., Thurs., and Saturday	MR. IRVING.

To be followed by MORRIS's celebrated Farce, entitled

BOX AND COX.

<i>John Box (a Journeyman Printer)</i>	Mon., Wed., and Friday	MR. IRVING.
	Tues., Thurs., and Saturday	MR. BOOTH.
<i>James Cox (a Journeyman Hatter)</i>	On the above nights	MR. BOOTH.
		MR. IRVING.

MR. BOOTH MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD.

Mr. Dillon's Speech.

(Thursday, March 3.)

HIS speech about DEVOT was full of trosson,
Dressed alike of argument and reason.
When Members cry "Divide!" the word employed
By devotees will be "Di-vo'y'd! Di-vo'y'd!"

"PAUCA VERBA."—Trinitarian Notes.—"Pip-Stickers Beware!"



THE PIG THAT WON'T "PAY THE RENT!"

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THE PILOT AND THE PURL.



THINKING THINGS HE 'LL 'GIVE THE ENGLISH A LEAD!"



THIS IS HOW HE DOES IT!

LES AMBASSEDEURS S'AMUSENT.

(See the Times, March 3.)

FRANCE. But who was she?
Russia. I don't know from Eve, but she was the prettiest woman I have seen in this place.
Greece. Is this business?
Germany. Yes, of course it is. We wouldn't do things in a hurry. Don't you think a little tobacco would help us in our deliberations?
Italy. Most certainly. I intend to have a cigar now.
England. Is that one of those *Ciceros* one gets in Rome?
Italy. Not likely. Try one of mine.
England. Thank.
France. Don't you think that Turkish tobacco makes the mouth very dry?
Russia. Turkish business does. [All laugh.]
Turkey. Then let us have some sherbet up!
England. I haven't tasted sherbet since I was at school, but if my memory serves me it is very nasty. [Sherbet is brought.]
Greece. The claims of the Greeks, Gentlemen, from the days of HOMER—
England. Oh, don't go on that tack! If you had been fagged over HOMER as often as I have, you would loathe his very name.
Italy. Is anything more dreary than his catalogue of the shops? HOMER exists for schoolmasters.
Germany. Of course. What wretched weather we've been having!
Turkey. It is unending to reflect that it is worse elsewhere!
Greece. Gentlemen, the descendants of THEMISTOCLES—
Italy. Oh, that was the man who held the pass of Thermopylae, or said he did, wasn't he?
England. No, surely he was an orator, or an I mixing him with EURYPIDES?
Germany. No, EURYPIDES was the orator; THEMISTOCLES wrote plays. At least I think so. But you, GREECE, can tell us.
Greece. How on earth should I know? [Privately to England.] Do let us get to business!
England. Well, Gentlemen, I suppose we can knock off work for the day? I say, GREECE, come in and take pot-luck one night this week. No ordinary, you know. 'Ta! 'ta! [Exit ENGLAND.]

Greece [privately to RUSSIA]. What are you going to do for us?
Russia. You'll see. Don't be in a hurry. Look in any time you are passing. Good day! [Exit RUSSIA.]
Greece [privately to ITALY]. What is going to be done for us by you?
Italy. What do you think? as GREECE says. Always something on in the middle of the day. Remember that. [Exit ITALY.]
Greece [privately to FRANCE]. You'll of course be on my side?
France. Do you know that it is four o'clock? By the bye there is always a spare seat at breakfast. [Exit FRANCE.]
Greece [privately to GERMANY]. Will it be men or money?
Germany. Ha! ha. Why don't you bring out a book of confessions? Well, good bye. Come and try that wine. [Exit GERMANY.]
Greece [privately to TURKEY]. Are you going to do anything?
Turkey. Certainly.
Greece. Well, what? What?
Turkey. Go home and have a nap. Good bye. That sherbet makes one feel sleepy. [Exit TURKEY.]
Greece. I am hanged if I think one of these men is in earnest. I must write to GUANSTON and call him HOMER. It will please him, though I am bowed if I don't think he reads the *Jihad* with a crib. I must wire the Lord Mayor of London, and call him THEMISTOCLES. That will make him happy, though I am bowed if I think if he knows any more than I do, who THEMISTOCLES was. What a lot of humbugs! [Exit GREECE in a rage.]

'Arry 'ad—for Once.

SCENE—Exterior of St. James's Hall on a Schumann and Fochkin Night.

'Arry [meeting High-Art Musical Friend, who has come out during an interval after assisting at Madame Schumann's magnificent reception]. 'Ulla! What's up? What are they at now?
 High-Art Friend [consoling programme]. Let us see. They've done "Op. 12." Ah, yes! They've just got to "Op. 44."
 'Arry [astounded]. "Op. forty-four!" St. James's 'All got a dancin' license! Hoosy! I'm all there! I'll go in for "Op. forty-five." What is it, a waltz or a polka? [Asks to be pay-piece.]

SUNDAY POPS.—If you want Sacred Music, go to—CHAPELL.

WHAT IS A "RUN"?

This is not a Sporting Correspondent; no Foxhunter need reply. We allude to a Theatrical "Run."

An eminent Musical Composer, an equally eminent Dramatist and Author, a Joint-Stock Company, a number of distinguished Managers and Actors, a Chansery Judge, and a host of Chansery Barristers, have been spending much time and money within the last week, in trying to discover the exact meaning of the theatrical term "run." Dictionaries were searched in vain, and no wonder, as the theatrical profession has a jargon of its own.

"Run" is a word used in dramatic circles to signify the number of consecutive performances of a certain piece at a particular theatre. It is used to represent as of equal importance the most disproportionate results. It is applied to one hundred nights at a theatre not much larger than a furniture van, in the same sense that it is applied to one hundred nights at a theatre the size of a Roman forum. If the stage appealed to the imagination behind the curtain, as it sometimes appears before the curtain, the poetical drama would not be such a rarity.

Mr. JURY DULLEY thinks that he will be one of the first to be arrested under the Patent Preservation Act. His friends, it is said, share his present conviction. We hope they won't share his future one.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 22.



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

WE WELCOME HER MAJESTY TO ENGLAND, WHILE A PLAUSITIVE VOICE IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE, SAYING,

"Come back to Eric, MARYANNEN, MARYANNEN!"

A FEW PENANCES FOR LENT.

Mr. Gladstone.—To superintend the enforcement of the Irish Coercion Acts.

Mr. Forster.—To assist in the forthcoming evictions.

Mr. Bright.—To consent to the sending of further reinforcements to the Cape.

Lord Beaconsfield.—To read *Andromeda* from beginning to end.

Lord Shaftesbury.—To visit Hampton Court Palace on a Sunday.

Lord E. Chesham.—To reconstitute the Fourth Party.

Prince Von Bismarck.—To get well when he wants to be ill.

Mr. Goschen.—To make things pleasant between Turkey and Greece.

Mr. Buckle.—To learn English.

Mr. Farnell.—To understand French.

Mr. Victor Hugo.—To keep his eighteenth birthday seated in a draught at an open window over again.

Sir Evelyn Wood.—To welcome Sir F. ROBERTS on his arrival at the TRANSVAAL.

Sir F. Roberts.—To explain matters satisfactorily to Sir EVELYN WOOD.

And (most of all) the Irish Obstructionists.—To stay in their native country!

CONSCIENTIOUS.

Of course Sir GANNY WOLGAST avoids any Church on Sunday where there's a certain besides the usual morning prayers. He still objects to long service.

WITH THE WYNNSTAY.

Punch to the Empress of Austria.



A WELCOME to the Kaiserin, who rides as straight and well,
No other lady in the hunt from her
may bear the belt.
From Austria's old Imperial halls she
comes to English land,
And not a rider in the field has lighter
bridle hand.
So gallantly she races on through all
the livelong day,—
And who would think his fenses when
an Empress leads the way!

The hunt was fixed for CHEVYCHURCH, the
hounds were WATKIN WYNN'S.

An old dog fox was quickly found, and "Yoicks!" away he spins;
Fast lashed on to Hall he ran for Wilkesay like the wind,
Fast there upon the Coombe at Ask the hounds were close behind;
Heads up they ran, before them fled the fleet fox for his life,—
In sooth it was a "crowded hour" of not inopportune strife.

So fared we with the Wynnstay Hunt, and over in the van,
Though MIDGLEDY and BELKIRBY rode, an English sportsman ran,
Upon her grand old horse *Hard Times*, the Empress mild away,
The dark-blue habit alone for us an Oriflamme that day;
She topped the fence,—she drew the brook,—now sound the fox's knell,
And off the cap, and hand the brush, the Empress wits so well!

On the scene for VICTOR HUGO'S banquet,—*Irish Stew* is in franchise, none FARNELL SINGS, but with *Jingy*. Not both together.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

(By Our Own Special Reporter.)

Author and Composer of *H.M.S. Pinafore v. Opera Company, Limited*.

THIS was a peculiar case, the Plaintiffs having made joint arrangements for a pleasant "run" together, were suddenly tripped up by the Defendants. They had not said liked it, and so had brought the present action. On the case being called, Mr. Justice FAY, who took his seat on the Bench amidst several rounds of applause, which he acknowledged with repeated bows, notified his intention of taking the evidence on either side with pepper-mustard accompaniment.

Mr. C. BROWELL, Q.C., on behalf of the Bar, thanked his Lordship in a few feeling and well-chosen words, for the suggestion, which, he said, "he thought would materially assist the progress of the case."

A grand piano was then brought from the Exchange Division, and, after a little good-humoured bodgeage in the well of the Court, was finally placed on the bench by the side of the Judge.

Mr. Justice FAY.—I think if Mr. SULLIVAN will stop up here, he can give me some substantial assistance; for while I weigh out justice, he can provide me with the scales. [Laughter.]

Mr. W. S. GILBERT.—You want him, my Lord, I suppose, to teach you your own *Notes*.

A JURYMEN here rose and said that if the Plaintiff would not only mind his own business but undertake also to teach them theirs, they would be happy to sing an opening chorus.

Mr. Justice FAY (addressing the Jurymen).—Then you propose to supply us with a musical box? Well, Gentlemen, I am quite agreeable; but I think, if you "permit me, I may as well first tell you "How I came to be a Judge."

Mr. NOBLE, Q.C., on behalf of his clients, objected. They came there prepared to tell the Bench how they came to be producers of Comic Operas.

Original from



A "LOOPHOLE."

Plaintiff (with a flourish). "BUT I SEE HERE—(pointing to Bill)—THAT IT'S STRICTLY FORBIDDEN!"
 Writer (for Bill and Page, &c.). "AS, BUT WE NEVER MADE NO STRANGERS OF YOU, SIR, 'N' AN'K, SIR!"

[Usual result.]

Mr. Justice FRY.—Very well, brother NORTH. (Laughter.) I am not in very good voice, so am quite agreeable. By all means, let Mr. SULLIVAN take his place at the piano, and Mr. GILBERT stand on the Clerk's table, and give us a verse or two.

[Prolonged applause, during which Mr. SULLIVAN was assisted over the Customs' Annot, on to the Bench, while Mr. GILBERT received the table amidst some roisterous banter from friends at the back of the Court.]

Mr. W. S. GILBERT said:—

When we, good friends, discovered that "Fame"

"Spelt" "impersonious party,"

We winked to each other, and said, "This game

is a vast deal too High-Arty."

So we turned in our minds to *Agnes Aps*,

And to *Sergeant Bussell's* story,

CUT HANDEL, and SHAKESPEARE, and stormed Scho

With a new sort of *Trial by Jury*.

The Plaintiffs were about to proceed with a second verse when Mr. ERSKELL interposed. He said he did not see the good of continuing this. They were met there this morning for the sole purpose of having a good stare at a whole host of theatrical celebrities, and he was most anxious for his part to produce his thirty odd likenesses at once.

Mr. Justice FRY.—Certainly, Mr. ERSKELL; let them all stand in a row on the Bench. I should like to have a look at them myself. Which is Mr. BANCROFT?

Mr. ERSKELL.—You shall see him, my Lord. (To the Clerk.) Show Mr. BANCROFT to a Public Box. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. BANCROFT then entered the witness-box. He said a company of Walking Gentlemen could manage a run between them. He had seen it done. One of the best runs he ever had was with a *Mare* at the Prince of Wales's.

Cross-examined.—Yes, he had known a run cut short from simply doing his duty. He did not mean absolutely his own duty—but somebody else's. A volcano in the pit of a theatre need not stop a P.M. All the manager would have to do would be, freely to admit

paper into the crater after seven, and send down the prompter with the book in a fire-escape.

Mr. Justice FRY.—Excellent. Now let's look at somebody else.

Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD was the next examined. He had never stopped the run of a piece in his life. On the contrary he had acted on the principle that a piece that couldn't run, and wouldn't run, ought to be made to run. His management was very simple. He never, if he could help it, allowed a piece to try to run without legs. (Laughter.)

Mr. Justice FRY.—I suppose, Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD, you see so 'arise is that?

Mr. ARTHUR BELLVIAN was the next witness. He said he was first led away from the paths of virtuous High-Art oratorio-writing by a gentleman who did the libretto of *Car and Bar*. He would prefer not to mention names. Regretted it exceedingly. Yes, he had not stopped there. Meeting with his brother Plaintiff in the present proceedings—they had gone step by step further away from the Albert Hall. (Here the Witness was raptly applauded.) Had, he admitted, found this "deceitful *Agnes*" remunerative. Orestes,

as a rule, did not run anything like five hundred nights, and so were never very satisfactory to the composer. He should say that the market-price of a first-class oratorio, fully scored, with the head parts copied out, would be about £4 10s.

Cross-examined.—It was easy to stop the run of an oratorio. If you didn't pay the band, and the chorus, and the organist, and the principal singers, and the conductor, an oratorio would not run long.

Being asked whether, notwithstanding this, he was sorry to have met with Mr. W. S. GILBERT, the Witness burst into tears, and said a scene of indescribable confusion, was carried out of Court.

After a few minutes' consideration, the Jury returned a verdict for the Plaintiffs.

Mr. Justice FRY.—Well, Gentlemen, that will be sixpence to each of you!

Upon the verdict being known, all concerned in the proceedings joined in a break-down dance and potter-chorus, the Plaintiffs

handsoomely commemorating their intention of giving the Jury a cold jarrahon on the damages. Original from



SEASONABLE ADVICE TO ALL.

SAYS ALEX TO MOSES, | SAYS MOSES TO ALEX,
 "I'VE GOT THIRTEENING!" | "YOU SHOULD'N'T PORK FARM ON."

THE MILITARY CORRESPONDENT OF THE FUTURE.

MR. PUNCH, feeling the full weight of the recommendation of H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, that Newspaper Correspondents at the seat of war should never to secrets of military importance, has engaged his "Own Special Special." That Gentleman has been requested to send only such intelligence as can be given to the public without injury to British interests. The following is the first communication that has been received from him:—

Head-Quarters.

Here I am. I cannot tell you exactly where, because that would be playing into the hands of the enemy; nor can I give you any date, for the same excellent reason. Doubtless you would like to learn the number of forces under the General's command. But then, "which General?" you might ask, and I certainly should be unable to satisfy you. So if I cannot give you the name of the chief officer, it would be absurd going into details about the force he has the honour to command. In this I am sure you will agree with me.

You want to know, no doubt, how we are off for infantry, and I frankly admit that I have means of gratifying your curiosity to the utmost. But then restricting steps it and bids me hold my pen. If I give you our "Sold state," it would be published in the morning in London, to find its way over here before the close of the same evening. So you see that I should be guilty of a great breach of duty if I said a single word upon the subject. I may hint, however, as the most guarded manner possible, that perhaps we have one battalion, perhaps two hundred dozens. I must leave you to decide which number is most likely to be with us. This will be a little exercise for your intelligence and ingenuity.

As to cavalry, you can scarcely expect me to say much about them. As you know the duty of mounted soldiers is to act as scouts. In a pitched battle they sometimes charge. Of course such a force would be useful here, as it would be useful anywhere. But have we such a force? And here you press me too closely. I must respectfully decline to say another word on this subject. I trust you will appreciate

this reticence. If your readers are disappointed, they must console themselves with the reflection that what I do is done for the best.

Artillery, too, is not an uninteresting topic. There are many, no doubt, who would like to learn whether we have any guns with us. Perhaps we have, perhaps we have not. If we have, our cannon can scarcely fail of securing attention sooner or later. Sooner or later, I repeat; and heartily hope that by fixing this date I have not been guilty of indiscretion. Should you have any doubt upon this point, please show my despatch to a military expert, and be guided by his opinion upon the subject. You will not offend me by entering the passage out.

Send remittances—which are "the Sins of War"—addressed to me *Post Restante*, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau. I will take care that it shall reach me safely. In the meanwhile do not be surprised at finding the envelope of this letter bearing the Paris post-mark. As I have already told you, and as I tell you again, my chief object in life is to puzzle the enemy!

OUR ADVERTISING WEATHER FORECASTS.

Monday, Daytime.—Bright, clear, and sunny. Temperature delightful for out-door exercise in London and country all day. Some on coast. Some everywhere. (N.B.—Fine opportunity for tailors' and dressmakers' advertisements—Cut your cloth according to your weather.)
Evening.—Capital weather for going to theatres, whether walking or driving. (N.B.—This should be a good opening for theatrical advertisements. Accommodating weather forecasts being guaranteed, so that everyone can book a month in advance.)

Tuesday, Daytime.—A trifle unsettled. Showery. (N.B.—Here could come in umbrella-makers' advertisements.) Open to competition. Also waterproof-coat-makers and mackintoshists can apply.)

Evening.—Clear. Dirty under foot. Slippery. Occasional peaking storms, wetting you through in a second. (N.B.—This is just to show what we could do if we liked. Theatrical Managers, beware!)
Wednesday, Daytime.—Dull in town, but delightful at Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, Southey, Putney, Barbican, Kempton Park, &c., &c. (N.B.—First-rate opportunity for advertising excursion trains, race meetings, &c., &c.)

Evening.—Mark and commandant in London. Charming at Crystal Palace and Alexandria. (N.B.—Evident chances for advertisers.)



ROYAL PRACTICAL JOKE.

We are delighted to see that our beloved GREEK is in excellent spirits. Nothing, even in good times, has given us greater pleasure than reading in the *Court Circular* of Thursday last how HER GRACE MAJESTY assembled a Council at Windsor, and then, when the gravest possible business was being transacted,—

"Her MAJESTY picked the Sheriff at the Council."

How those Sheriffs (Shaw 'em!) must have jumped and roared again! and how ERIC SCIENCE, SIDNEY, and Mr. JOHN BASHBY—who were "all three"—must have screamed with laughter.

Ah! to quote MR. TREARY, in *At Home*, "We are a merry (Royal) Family—we are!—we are!"

FROM THE LOBBY.

If the Solicitor-General for Ireland is, according to MR. DAWSON, "the Junior Freshman of the Ministry," Sir W. V. HAMBERT, it is said, has already come out as "Senior Wrangler."

ACADEMICAL.—Combine the two Colleges, Girton and Newnham, under the title of "The Sixty University."

FAUST AND FURIOUS.

(A Night of Berlin, and an Afternoon with Three Popular Performers.)

THE Musical Public is now paying BERLIN nothing more than what it barely owes him. His *Faust* is a grand work.

Why in Oratorio or in the musical rendering of a Dramatic Legend is it necessary for the performers to keep the words-and-music-books in their hands? Of course, singers are required to hold their notes, but not in this way. Is their memory so very defective that, no matter how often they may have sung their parts, they cannot get on without these worthless? Is it a greater effort to remember a dramatic legend, or an Oratorio, than an Opera? Fancy on the operatic stage the Artists going through an Opera holding the score of each Act before their eyes, or Mr. IRVING, Mr. DOVEY, and Miss ELEANOR TRENT playing *Othello* with books of the play in their hands!

The book of a Dramatic Legend which is to be sung and not acted, should not be interspersed with Stage directions. For example—Part I., Sc. 1.—“*They disappear in the air.*” They—Messrs. LYDZ and SARTLEY—don’t do anything of the sort; they sit down quietly on each side of Mr. HALLÉ. Again—“*They are borne through the air upon Faust’s cloak.*” This applies to the same gentlemen, who simply resume their seats, and the only air they are taken through in the one conducted by Mr. HALLÉ, and played by the Orchestra alone; and a most balmy air it was. The Hungarian March is effective; the “*Genevieve’s Galop.*” disappointing; and “*Genevieve’s*—”

Mr. SARTLEY AS MARYSWEETIE.
“The Place of Darkness is a gentleman.”—*Lier*, Act III., M. 4.

nothing to equal GUYTON’S *Soldier’s* *Chorus*. Miss MARY DAVID, charming as *Maryswee*, is the only one of the performers who appears in proper costume. If not quite the *Maryswee* dress, it was a sufficient indication of it, and the idea might be adopted by Mr. LYDZ and Mr. SARTLEY, who, in future, could suggest a notion of the characters they are assuming by appearing in a portion of the appropriate costume. As *Maryswee*, Mr. SARTLEY could be in evening dress as far as the waistband, and then he could be continued in tights à la *Myotis*; and Mr. LYDZ as *Faust* might reverse the attire, and come out in dress trousers, with doublet, clock, and collar. A *propos* of costume, in the present libretto *Faust* is evidently particular as to his dress, the Author having made him ask *Maryswee*,

“What boots to-morrow, *Faust*?”

To which inquiry, however, his diabolical companion returns an answer, implying by his silence that the To-morrow will come—*never*.

The most stirring, most dramatic, and, we should say, the one



ST. JAMES'S HALLS CONDUCTING MARYSWEETIES AND FAUST THROUGH THE AIR.

song likely to achieve permanent popularity, is the diabolically reckless *serenade* of *Maryswee*. It was magnificently given by Mr. SARTLEY—that is, it was magnificently sung. *Maryswee* in evening dress really gave this *serenade* with such an infernal relish that it would not have surprised us had she afterwards hopped about

the platform, like *Bernady Rudg's* raven, shrieking out at the top of his voice, “I’m a devil! I’m a devil! I’m a devil!” There was, indeed, a sort of *serenade* experiment displayed by Mr. SARTLEY as *Maryswee*, in running off the platform after Mr. LYDZ as *Faust*, which, though no doubt only the effect of their both



MADAME SCHUMANN AND HERZ JOACHIM DOING A LITTLE “Oh” TOGETHER.

being in a hurry to catch a last train, or to avoid the crush, suggested something terrible at the finish. Probably *Maryswee* caught him up at the door, and said, “I’m going your way; I’ll take you.”

The last part is the best of all, barring the *serenade* above-mentioned. The wild weird ride is thrillingly exciting. Then comes the *obituary*—

Maryswee. His soul is mine for evermore!

Faust (naturally enough). Oh horror!

“*They plunge into the abyss*”—*La*, MESSRS. LYDZ and SARTLEY sit down comfortably, the former occupying his time *as usual* enough in talking to Miss DAVID.

The Dramatic Legend ends with an Epilogue and a chorus of Celestial Spirits, followed by loud acclamations from a delighted audience.

Last Saturday Madame SCHUMANN gave us her last appearance (but six!)—to quote the advertisement, which reads like a sort of stage “*side*.” Were the line written dramatically it would be—

“High Art-Air Chappell (sob). Her last appearance! It”—(winking aside)—but six.” (Exit *side*.)

Her reception was enthusiastic, as usual. Yet there is always a certain shade of melancholy that must tinge the pleasure of any one who attends at a concert of celebrities, arising from the fact, not of it being their last appearance but six (why not “*bar six*” when speaking of musicians, Mr. CHAPPELL, or is it too sporting?)—but of being present for the sole purpose of witnessing their execution! Boldly, yet modestly, Madame SCHUMANN, HERZ JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI stepped on to the scaffold—we mean the platform—and their execution was as glorious a triumph as that of any Martyr of *Pravda*—*no*, Mr. RUSKIN, we should have said *Artistic*. The *Martyr* of *Pravda* would be a Little Afternoon Political Opera. The selection on ART—SMALL AND EARLY Saturday deserved to be rewarded rather than justly executed, it being about the dullest thing we’ve heard for some time. By way of relief, a pale purple gentleman of feeble appearance, but with a fairly strong voice, sang HANDEL’S light and airy trios, “*Avenge Thyself*,” which had quite an enlivening effect. We recommended everyone to go to all “*Last Appearances* but Six”—(why stay away from the six, though? ah, Mr. CHAPPELL?)—of the gifted pianist, Madame SCHUMANN.



The Voting Market.

WHAT are called the “legitimate expenses” of elections yield some curious results, and show that the cost of *Voters* varies like the cost of *bed* or *labour*. At Oldham a good substantial Liberal voter could be had for 10*s.*, while a Tory cost 1*s.* 6*d.*, and the same articles at Wolverhampton cost respectively 3*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* 1*d.* At Hackney Radicals were as low as 10*s.*, and Conservatives so high as 3*s.*, and in nearly every borough the Tories were considerably higher in price than the Liberals. The nearest approach to an equality was at Manchester, where the Liberal fetched 4*s.* 6*d.* and the Tory 4*s.* 11*s.* 6*d.* These are the lowest ready-money prices for the political article, and no reduction is made on taking a quantity.



THE APPALLING DIFFUSION OF TASTE.

Much as he hates a job, Sir Pompey Boddle has a still greater loathing for Nature, Poetry and Art, which he chooses to identify with Parakeets, Manilla, & Co.; and Grippy's life-like imitation of these gentlemen—namely, by the bye, Sir Pompey has never seen—here so gratified him, that he honours our fancy friend with a call.

Sir Pompey (aghast).—“What, Mr. Grippy, can this ROOM REALLY BE FOUND—WITH A DADO!—AND ARTIST'S WALL-PAPER!—AND A BRASS FENDER!!!—AND, GRACIOUS HEAVENS, A SUNSHINE OF LILIES IN A BLUE POT!!!!”

Grippy. “THEY’RE NOT FOR LEITCHES, SIR POMPEY; THEY’RE ONLY TO SMELL, AND TO LOOK AT, I ASSURE YOU! LET US COVER YOU ONE!” [Beats a solemn retreat.]
Sir Pompey. “NOT FOR THE WORLD, MR. GRIPPY!”

ATHLETE AND ÆSTHETE.

Being brief excerpts from the Diaries of Jack Bramish and Tristram Moleward.

Monday (Jack). Awful prig that Moleward! Languishes round LILY VAYANUSIN like a limp cat. Jolly nice girl, Lily. Saw my sing for six out of the crowd, and asked Moleward whether he wouldn't like to be a Hercules. Said he'd rather be Antinous. Could have kicked him.

Monday (Tristram). Quite too awfully utter Philistine that JACK BRAMISH! Spoons LILY VAYANUSIN like a moonball. LILY is Consummately Quite! There is one little curve directly under her left ear which is distinctly precious. Could gaze at it for hours, only she tilts and asks if I see a snail or a spider.

Tuesday (Jack). Lily asked me what I was going to be. Moleward said that “to be and to be beautiful were, strictly speaking, identical.” I asked him when he was going to begin to be. He twined his legs in another pattern, and replied that of course I could not understand him.

Tuesday (Tristram). With LILY and BRAMISH on the river. BRAMISH palled. I arranged myself in stony in consummate attitude. Lily asked if I wasn't afraid of getting the cramp. BRAMISH laughed brutally. I pointed to a tangle of woodbine, and asked if they supposed that got the cramp. Had the Philistine there!

Wednesday (Jack).—Lily silly asked me whether I ever got any time for reading in the intervals of athletics. Said that though I wasn't a “sup,” I hoped to satisfy the Pater. “What! do you read Pater!” squeaked Moleward, emerging from a moon. “Not if I know it,” said I. “Ah!” sighed he. His “Ah!” is like a small smooze, and

suggests infinite impudence. “And what do you intend to do for a living?” I asked. “Lies,” said he with an ostentatious wriggle. If only he wouldn't squirm so!

Wednesday (Tristram). Got LILY to myself for an hour to-day. Showed her designs for a dachshund. Lily—purred. She thought it pretty, but just a bit lackadaisical. Explained, that the Intense ever seemed marbled till the Soul was attuned to it. Just as she was beginning to understand BRAMISH rushed in and challenged her to a game of Lawn Tennis. And she went!

Thursday (Jack). Explaining “springs” to LILY. Moleward, lolloping on a bench in a tangle, said, “All haste is unwise.” Asked him what was more exhilarating than lively action. He said, “lovely emotion.” My emotion was not lively—in fact, I felt sick. Wonder what LILY felt.

Thursday (Tristram). Still endeavouring to explain to LILY the nature of the Intense. Fine positive susceptibility to subtle seasons of abnormal emotion. As illustration instanced rapid hungering rapture with which I found myself absorbed in contemplation of a minute mole on her neck. Lily gave a little quick shiver. Purred missing! How few understand the subtle too quietly utter ecstasy of a shudder!!!

Friday (Jack). LILY going to-morrow! I'm hard hit. Must tell her! Surely LILY can't like that squinting, attitude-including business SIMONSON? And yet—

Friday (Tristram). We leave on Saturday. Glad to get LILY away from that blatant Philistine, BRAMISH. Upsets my plans of culture by laughing at Blue China, and Brower's “Ballads, AND LILY only needs Æsthetic Culture to make her Consummate!

Saturday (Jack). Hoony!!! LILY loves me, and loathes the Wriggler! Told him the passion for Blue China was an effeminate craze, and that Brower's “Ballads” were woefully wicked! Straight tip, that! LILY left this afternoon. Must go and write to her!

Saturday (Tristram). Bah! LILY—loves BRAMISH! Bathos! Fity, too! A possible Pycnis confounded to Bootia! Ah!—Pycnis in Bootia! Splendid stuff for a sonnet. Go and write it at once!

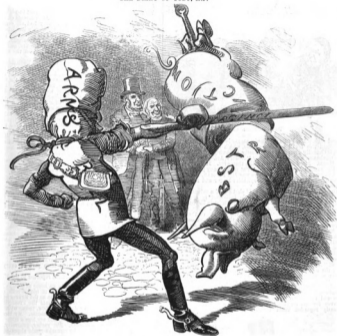
ALDERMAN ROBIN HOOD, M.P.

In Robin Hood had been alive at the present day, he would have lived in Sherwood Forest, but instead of sailing out at intervals and robbing castles, he would have acquired forest-land by various means, would have become an Alderman of his Corporation, and a Member of Parliament for his County, and would have suggested and promoted railways through the forest to give a new value to his “eligible manor” and “semi-detached villas.” Evidently we live in more honest times, and though we hear that the sanctity of Epping Forest is about to be invaded at the instigation of charitable brewing Baronets and the “City Conservatives,” we cannot believe them to be moved by the fact that they possess land, houses, and public-houses in the heart of the threatened district.

“Le Printemps.”

It is evident, from the recent disastrous fire in Paris, that there is one thing they don't manage better in France, and that is their Fire Brigade. They want to come to our English Salva for that.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, March 7.—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in charge of the Arms Bill in Committee to-night. Head evidently made up his mind to safely designing rumours current to the effect that he is of a rapping disposition. People say that he would sacrifice the Ministry for the success of a joke, and that if the passage of a Bill in which he was concerned depended upon his smothering a retort, he would let the Bill perish.

"It is my business as Home-Secretary," he is reported to have said, "to put down crime. Homicide, fratricide, matricide, and suicide. I punish; and shall I myself commit jocoside?"

This is an invention of some enemy. As to the character sketched above and assigned to HARCOURT all a mistake. He is the mildest tempered man that ever had charge of a Coercion Bill. Mr. FORSTER by comparison loses through the lurid light of Irish denunciation as a relentless tyrant. Sir WILLIAM brought down with him to-night a delicate little cough which played a large part in the proceedings. When Mr. HEALY accused him of having never been in Ireland, he gently coughed, as who should say, "How can you expect a man

with a delicate chest like this to cross the Irish Channel?" When he was not speaking, he sat with hands folded before him and head bowed backwards, so that he might, with sweet expression, regard the illuminated roof that reminded him of a home far away, where the meek and long-suffering shall find rich reward. If he had to refuse any of the many demands made, he did it with an expression of pain that showed how deeply it wounded him to hurt an Irish Member. If he gave, he gave with both hands, adding grace to bounty. Whether speaking or silent, standing up or sitting still with this far-away look in his eyes, he was a touching spectacle, a sight that softened even Mr. HEALY.

As for Mr. BIGNALL, he was simply spell-bound. Sat silent, staring at the Right Hon. Gentleman, and never so much as opening his mouth—in itself no small victory. Some talk of Irish Members signing a petition to the PREMIER, asking him to place Mr. FORSTER at the Home-Office, and give to them the gentle creature who now rules there.

Business done.—Arms Bill in Committee. First Clause agreed to.