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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI

VOL. 104.

March 18, 1893.

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"WELL MATCHED."

Medico (pathetically, with a view to touching the Dealer's heart). "Now, Mr. Bobbs, what *do* you think I could get a thoroughly good useful Pair of Horses for, eh? Price not stiff."

Mr. Bobbs. "Lor' bless you, Sir, to find Horses—nothin' easier. but, as regards *Price*—well—you can have 'em at all Prices, just as you can Doctors!"

MIXED NOTIONS.

No. VII.—PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

(*Scene and Persons as usual.*)

Inquirer (to First Well-Informed Man). I say, have you ever been in the House of Commons?

First W. I. M. (shortly). No, you know I haven't.

Inquirer. Oh, I don't mean as a Member. Of course I know you wouldn't stand the rot of all these Constituents, or whatever they call themselves. But have you ever been there as a visitor while a debate's going on?

First W. I. M. Yes, once—some years ago. But why do you ask?

Inquirer (producing an order of admission). Well, you see, I got old Jenkins to give me a ticket for to-night, and I'm hanged if I know how I'm to get there, or when I'm to go, or anything about it. I thought you might be able to tell me how it's done.

First W. I. M. Let's have a look at your ticket.

[*Both the Well-Informed Men inspect it with an air of critical sagacity.*]

First W. I. M. (after a prolonged pause). I don't see where your difficulty is. You just present this at the door.

Inquirer. Ah, I daresay!—but what door? That's what I want to know. The place looks as if it had about fifty thousand doors, you know. And then I believe, if you make any mistakes, they march you off, in two-twos, as a dynamiter, or a Socialist, or an agitator, or something. You know old Bonker. Well, he went there once with a black bag, in which he'd got some sandwiches and cake, and, just because he wouldn't open it, they made no end of a row, and shoved him in the Clock-tower, or something, until he apologised. I don't want any of those games, you know.

Average Man. Don't take a black bag then. They won't want to search your pockets.

Inquirer (relieved). Won't they? That's one comfort, at any rate. Do you think I ought to go in at the big entrance?

First W. I. M. Of course you ought. The others are only for Members.

Inquirer. Ah! And I suppose I ought to get there pretty early now that they've changed their hours. (*With determination.*) I'll go about half-past eleven.

[*A pause. They read papers.*]

Inquirer (suddenly, with intense alarm). Oh, I say, look here, you chaps. Here's old Gladstone gone and suspended the Twelve o'Clock Rule. What does that mean?

Second W. I. M. It means that they start everything at twelve o'clock in the day.

First W. I. M. No, it doesn't. It means that they don't start anything till twelve o'clock at night.

Second W. I. M. (pityingly). My dear fellow, where have you been all these years? They *always* go home on the stroke of midnight now.

First W. I. M. That's just where you're wrong. Midnight to two in the morning is just jolly well their best time now.

Second W. I. M. I'll bet you half a thick 'un you're wrong!

First W. I. M. And I'll bet you half a thick 'un I'm right!

[*The argument continues for some minutes in this strain.*]

Inquirer. I wonder if they'll have any obstruction. I should like to see some of that. I believe it's no end amusing.

Second W. I. M. Oh, you may trust this Opposition for that. Their only notion for employing time is to obstruct everything and everybody.

First W. I. M. (with a deadly calmness). Ah! you call it obstruction, of course, because you want to rush your iniquitous Bills through the House. But you don't think we're going to stand that, do you?—because we're not, and the Country's with us. Just look at Grimsby.

Second W. I. M. All right! Suppose you look at Cirencester.

First W. I. M. What do you say to Stockport then?

Second W. I. M. And what do *you* say to Walsham and Hexall, and all the rest of them? (*At the suggestion of the Average Man, they abandon this fiery debate. A pause.*)

Inquirer. Who's Speaker now?

First W. I. M. Sir Robert Peel.

Inquirer. Will he be there to-night?

First W. I. M. Of course he will. He's got to be there.

Inquirer. But then what does the Chairman of Committee do?

First W. I. M. Oh, ah,—um, let me see; the Chairman of Committee does—— (*Brightly.*) He's only appointed, you know, when they want a Committee about something.

Second W. I. M. I fancy he has to read the Bills.

First W. I. M. (gathering assurance as he proceeds). Not when they're read a first time. Somebody else does that—I forget what they call him. The Chairman reads 'em a second time, and takes 'em up to the House of Lords.

Inquirer. So he does, of course. I ought to have remembered that. But I'd got a sort of notion they didn't really read the Bills at all—just chucked 'em into a bag, and called it a Second Reading.

First W. I. M. (condescendingly). That's how they used to do it about ten years ago; but they had to alter the whole thing after they got Bradlaugh into the House.

Inquirer. Why was that?

First W. I. M. Well, he wouldn't take an oath, you know; so, after that, they altered everything.

Inquirer (with admiration). By Jove, what a chap you are for recollecting things!

[*Terminus.*]

QUEER QUERIES.

A New Poll-Tax.—Would somebody inform me of the easiest way of getting into Parliament? I see that Members are soon going to be paid, and that would be very useful to me, as my present yearly expenses are £1,500, and my income barely £150. Had I better try as a "Labour Candidate"? I feel that I may claim the title, on account of the labour—twelve hours at least *per diem*—which I have to expend on getting out of the way of my creditors. I presume that, before long, there will be Parliaments all over the place, for England, Wales, and Scotland, as well as for Ireland, and I want to get into *all!* At least, I want to get into all where the excellent system of payment of Members is adopted, with salaries "On the higher scale," as they say in the Courts. It is curious that, when I explain to my creditors this most promising source of prospective income, they don't seem to see it! But creditors always were a purblind race.—Would-Be Legislator.

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THE "WITLER" AND THE "WASSER-MAIDEN."

A Ballad of Bungdom. (After Hans Breitmann's Ballad of the Mermaid.)



Der noble Witler* Bungo
 Von Schvillenschviggenop,
 Rode out mit shpeer und helmet,
 Und he coom to de panks of de
 Schlopp,

* Licensed Victualler.

Und oop dere rose a Meer-maid
 Vot hadn't got nodings on.
 Und she say, "Oh, Witler Bungo,
 Where you goes mit yourself alone?"
 Und he says, "I rides mine high-horse,
 Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
 Till I gooms unto mine Gasthaus,†
 Where I sells goot wine und peer."

† Tavern, or Wine Shop.

Und den outspoke de Maiden
 Vot hadn't got nodings on:
 "I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh
 Dat cares for demselfs alone.
 You'd petter coom down to de Wasser,

—
 'Tis de pest trink ash you'll see,—
 Und haf a wholesome tinner
 Mit Schlopp-Vash, along mit me."
 "Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin!
 Und dere healthy efery one."
 So sang dis Wasser-Maiden,
 Vot hadn't got nodings on.
 "Your shtrong tipplesh cost mooch
 money,
 Dere ish death in de trinks you've sold;
 [Pg 123] Und you helps yourself, by
 doonder,
 To de Vorkmansh hard-earned gold.
 "Shoost look at doze sodden wretches,
 White schlafes of de Witler Rings!
 From dere 'trunks' you vill your
 pockets,
 Und you rob dem like efery dings.
 "Vot *dey* vantsh mit your schnaps* und
 lager,
 Vitrioled gin and doctored wine?"

Smash your pottles, and preak your
parrels,
Und try dese Schlopps of mine!"

* Drams, drinks.

Vill *dat* fetch him! He standsh as
shpellbound!
She vould pool his coat-tails down.
She von't draw *him* oonder der Wasser

—
Dat Maiden mit nodings on!



"WHERE A FOOTMAN IS KEPT."

"But why do you want to Leave, Sarah? It's not a Hard Place, and John does most of your Work?"

"Yes, Ma'am! But—a—John has no Conversation?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Thank you, Mrs. Hungerford (says the Baron, bowing his very best to the talented authoress), for one of the cheeriest, freshest, and sweetest—if I may be allowed to use the epithet—of one-volume'd stories I've read for many a day. The three daughters are delightful. I question whether you couldn't have done better with "two only, as are generally necessary;" but perhaps this is ungrateful on my part. Anyway, two out of the three lovers are scarcely worth mentioning, so I don't think I am far wrong, for the team was a bit unmanageable, well as you had them in hand. Excellent, too, is the sketch of *Dad*, though that of *Aunt Jane* is a trifle too grotesque, and will, perforce, remind those of your readers, who are theatre-goers, of Mr. Penley in petticoats, now actually playing "*Charley's*" irresistibly comic *Aunt* at the Globe Theatre. But it is all good, and not too good to be true. Likewise, my dear Madame, you have given us two life-like sketches, one of a car-driver with his vicious mare, and the other of *Molly's* little dog. In conclusion, I congratulate you, Mrs. Hungerford, as also the publisher, Mr. Heinemann, on having secured so good a specimen of the material for sale in this Hungerford market, says

The Baron de B.-W.

HOME, CHEAP HOME!

"Thine be a cot beside a hill,"
Hums Mrs. Haweis in our ear;
"Such cots are in the market still,
At only thirty pounds a year.
"Then, as for furnishing the fold,

Another fifty pounds will do it;
But mind you stick to what is old,
Nor carry modern rubbish to it!
"Your chairs must all be
Chippendale,
Your tables of the native oak,
Your sofas"—but of what avail!
To further urge this little joke?
For in this cot the chairs may be
Much chipped, but hardly
Chippendale,
Unless the lady will agree
To costs "upon the *hire* scale."

Said a prim Bachelor, in a nasty temper, after a struggle with an ultra-stiffened clean shirt, "I should like to indict my laundress at the Old Bailey, charge her with murdering my linen, and, as evidence, I'd produce the mangled remains in Court."

Mrs. R. has been studying architecture, She says that "all Schoolmasters' Houses ought to be built in the Early Perpendicular Tutor style."

LIQUID AIR.

A learned Professor, the other day,
At the Royal Institution,
Explained, in a quite scientific way,
How, helped by a contribution
From the Goldsmiths' Company, he'd prepare
Some liquid oxygen—you're aware
This is what plain English folks call "air"
Unspoilt by smoky pollution.
No doubt he meant well, and the Goldsmiths too,
In their noble work together;
But was it the very best thing to do,
In that showery, soaking weather;
When drizzle, or downpour, of dogs and cats,
From the "liquid air" made us all drowned rats,
And ruined our clothes and our best top-hats,
And spoilt boots of the stoutest leather?
Professors and Companies, if you would
Invent some sort of appliance
To dry "liquid air," on which we could
Repose implicit reliance,
Arranged to diminish this H₂O,
Which, as every schoolboy ought to know,
The Germans call *wasser*, the French call *eau*,
We should bless your chemical science.

CON. FOR CAPITALISTS.

Q. Why is it clear the Sparrow is an advocate of Free Competition?

A. Because his everlasting cry is, "Cheep-Cheep!"

"The Gothenburg System."—Mrs. R. warmly espouses the cause of Temperance. She is very strong on what she has heard is called "The Gotobed System," in Sweden.

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PILL-DOCTOR HERDAL.

(Translated from the Original Norwegian by Mr. Punch.)

SECOND ACT.

Dr. Herdal's *Drawing-room and Dispensary*, as before. It is early in the day. Dr. Herdal sits by the little table, taking his own temperature with a clinical thermometer. By the door stands the New Book-keeper; he wears blue spectacles and a discoloured white tie, and seems slightly nervous.

Dr. Herd. Well, now you understand what is necessary. My late book-keeper, Miss Blakdraf, used to keep my accounts very cleverly—she charged every visit twice over.

The New B. I am familiar with book-keeping by double entry. I was once employed at a Bank.

Dr. Herd. I am discharging my assistant, too; he was always trying to push me out with his pills. Perhaps you will be able to dispense?

The New B. (modestly). With an additional salary, I should be able to do that too.

Dr. Herd. Capital! You *shall* dispense with an additional salary. Go into the Dispensary, and see what you can make of it. You may mistake a few drugs at first—but everything must have a beginning.

[*As the New B. retires, Mrs. Herdal enters in a hat and cloak with a watering-pot, noiselessly.*

Mrs. Herd. Miss Wangel got up early, before breakfast, and went for a walk. She is so wonderfully vivacious!

Dr. Herd. So I should say. But tell me, Aline, is she *really* going to stay with us here? [*Nervously.*

Mrs. Herd. (looks at him). So she tells me. And, as she has brought nothing with her except a tooth-brush and a powder-puff, I am going into the town to get her a few articles. We *must* make her feel at home.

Dr. Herd. (breaking out). I *will* make her not only *feel*, but *be* at home, wherever that is, this very day! I will *not* have a perambulating Allegory without a portmanteau here on an indefinite visit. I say, she shall go—do you hear, Aline? Miss Wangel will go! [*Raps with his fist on table.*

Mrs. Herd. (quietly). If you say so, Haustus, no doubt she will *have* to go. But you must tell her so yourself.

[*Puts the watering-pot on the console table, and goes out, as Hilda enters, sparkling with pleasure.*

Hilda (goes up straight to him). Good morning, Dr. Herdal. I have just seen a pig killed. It was *ripping*—I mean, gloriously thrilling! And your wife has taken a tremendous fancy to me. Fancy *that*!

Dr. Herd. (gloomily). It is eccentric certainly. But my poor dear wife was always a little—

Hilda (nods her head slowly several times). So *you* have noticed that too? I have had a long talk with her. She can't get over your discharging Mr. Kalomel—he is the only man who ever *really* understood her.

Dr. Herd. If I could only pay her off a little bit of the huge, immeasurable debt I owe her—but I can't!

Hilda (looks hard at him). Can't *I* help you? I helped Ragnar Brovik. Didn't you know I stayed with him and poor little Kaia—after that accident to my Master Builder? I did. I made Ragnar build me the loveliest castle in the air—lovelier, even, than poor Mr. Solness's would have been—and we stood together on the very top. The steps were rather too much for Kaia. Besides, there was no room for her on top. And he put towering spires on all his semi-detached villas. Only, somehow, they didn't let. Then the castle in the air tumbled down, and Ragnar went into liquidation, and I continued my walking-tour.



"Beautiful rainbow-coloured powders that will give one a real grip on the world!"

Dr. Herd. (interested against his will). And where did you go after *that*, may I ask, Miss Wangel?

Hilda. Oh, ever so far North. There I met Mr. and Mrs. Tesman—the second Mrs. Tesman—she who was Mrs. Elvsted, with the irritating hair, you know. They were on their honeymoon, and had just decided that it was impossible to reconstruct poor Mr. Lövborg's great book out of Mrs. Elvsted's rough notes. But I insisted on George's attempting the impossible—with Me. And what *do* you think Mrs. Tesman wears in her hair *now*?

Dr. Herd. Why, really I could not say. Vine-leaves, perhaps.

Hilda. Wrong—*straws!* Poor Tesman *didn't* fancy that—so he shot himself, *un*-beautifully, through his ticket-pocket. And I went on and took Rosmersholm for the Summer. There had been misfortune in the house, so it was to let. Dear good old Rector Kroll acted as my reference; his wife and children had no sympathy with his views, so I used to see him every day. And I persuaded him, too, to attempt the impossible—he had never ridden anything but a rocking-horse in his life, but I made him promise to mount the White Horse of the Rosmersholms. He didn't get over *that*. They found his body, a fortnight afterwards, in the mill-dam. Thrilling!

Dr. Herd. (shakes his finger at her). What a girl you are, Miss Wangel! But you mustn't play these games *here*, you know.

Hilda (laughs to herself). Of course not. But I suppose I *am* a strange sort of bird.

Dr. Herd. You are like a strong tonic. When I look at you I seem to be regarding an effervescing saline draught. Still, I really must decline to take you.

Hilda (a little sulky). That is not how you spoke ten years ago, up at the mountain station, when you were such a flirt!

Dr. Herd. Was I a flirt? Deuce take me if I remember. But I am not like that *now*.

Hilda. Then you have really forgotten how you sat next to me at the *table d'hôte*, and made pills and swallowed them, and were so splendid and buoyant and free that all the old women who knitted left next day?

Dr. Herd. What a memory you have for trifles, Miss Wangel, it's quite wonderful!

Hilda. Trifles! There was no trifling on *your* part. When you promised to come back in ten years, like a troll, and fetch me!

Dr. Herd. Did I say all that? It *must* have been *after table d'hôte!*

Hilda. It was. I was a mere chit then—only twenty-three; but I remember. And now *I* have come for *you*.

Dr. Herd. Dear, dear! But there is nothing of the troll about me now I have married Mrs. Solness.

Hilda (looking sharply at him). Yes, I remember you were always dropping in to tea in those days.

Dr. Herd. (seems hurt). Every visit was duly put down in the ledger and charged for—as poor little Senna will tell you.

Hilda. Little Senna? Oh, Dr. Herdal, I believe there is a bit of the troll left in you still!

Dr. Herd. (laughs a little). No, no; my conscience is perfectly robust—always was.

Hilda. Are you quite *quite* sure that, when you went indoors with dear Mrs. Solness that afternoon, and left me alone with my Master Builder, you did not foresee—perhaps wish—intend, even a little, that—H'm?

Dr. Herd. That you would talk the poor man into clambering up that tower? You want to drag *Me* into that business now!

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Hilda (teasingly). Yes, I certainly think that then you went on exactly like a troll.

Dr. Herd. (with uncontrollable emotion). Hilda, there is not a corner of me safe from you! Yes, I see now that *must* have been the way of it. Then I *was* a troll in that, too! But isn't it terrible the price I have had to pay for it? To have a wife who— . No, I shall never roll a pill again—never, never!

Hilda (lays her head on the stove, and answers as if half asleep). No more pills? Poor Doctor Herdal!

Dr. Herd. (bitterly). No—nothing but cosy commonplace grey powders for a whole troop of children.

Hilda (lively again). Not *grey* powders! (*Quite seriously.*) I will tell you what you shall make next. Beautiful rainbow-coloured powders that will give one a real grip on the world. Powders to make everyone free and buoyant, and ready to grasp at one's own happiness, to *dare* what one *would*. I will have you make them. I will—I *will!*

Dr. Herd. H'm! I am not quite sure that I clearly understand. And then the ingredients—?

Hilda. What stupid people all of you pill-doctors are, to be sure! Why, they will be *poisons*, of course!

Dr. Herd. Poisons? Why in the world should they be *that*?

Hilda (without answering him). All the thrillingest, deadliest poisons—it is only such things that are wholesome, nowadays.

Dr. Herd. (as if caught by her enthusiasm). And I could colour them, too, by exposing them to rays cast through a prism. Oh, Hilda, how I have needed you all these years! For, you see, with *her* it was impossible to discuss such things. [*Embraces her.*]

Mrs. Herd. (enters noiselessly through hall-door). I suppose, Haustus, you are persuading Miss Wangel to start by the afternoon steamer? I have bought her a pair of curling-tongs, and a packet of hair-pins. The larger parcels are coming on presently.

Dr. Herd. (uneasily). H'm! Hilda—Miss Wangel I *should* say—is kindly going to stay on a little longer, to assist me in some scientific experiments. You wouldn't understand them if I told you.

Mrs. Herd. Shouldn't I, Haustus? I daresay not.

[*The New Book-keeper looks through the glass-door of Dispensary.*]

Hilda (starts violently and points—then in a whisper). Who is *that*?

Dr. Herd. Only the New Book-keeper and Assistant—a very intelligent person.

Hilda (looks straight in front of her with a far-away expression, and whispers to herself). I thought at first it was.... But no—*that* would be *too* frightfully thrilling!

Dr. Herd. (to himself). I'm turning into a regular old troll now—but I can't help myself. After all, I am only an elderly Norwegian. We are *made* like that.... Rainbow powders—*real* rainbow powders! With Hilda.... Oh, to have the joy of life once more!

[*Takes his temperature again as Curtain falls.*]

PROFESSOR WHITEWASH'S GUIDE TO HISTORY.

Question. Who was William the Conqueror? *Answer.* The Managing Director of an Exploration Company composed of the most respectable shareholders.



The Professor.

Q. William Rufus, Henry the First and Richard the First?

A. Rufus, a worthy son of a worthy father; Henry, a scholar, who strongly objected to over-cramming; and Richard, a mild-mannered man, who modestly shrank from canonisation.

Q. And what do you know about King John?

A. That he gave to a grateful country the Magna Charta.

Q. And all the intermediate monarchs' being equally good, what have you to say about King Henry the Eighth?

A. He was a model monarch, and worthy to be the father of Mary and Elizabeth.

Q. How about the Royal ladies you have last mentioned?

A. The first had as large a mind as the other a heart.

Q. What do you think of the Stuart Family?

A. It was famed for its fidelity, trustfulness, and gratitude.

Q. Were William and Mary, and Anne, pleasant Monarchs?

A. Most pleasant. As witty as they were beautiful.

Q. And how about the Georges?

A. All that could be desired—and more. Indeed, all our monarchs have been of the most exemplary character, against whom the most scandal-loving would utter no word of complaint.

THE ENGLISH-FRENCH EMBASSADORE AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.



Well, we've bin a going on much as usual at our grand old Manshun House under our trewly liberal Lord Mare, but I ain't had nothink werry new to tell about, till a few nites ago, when we had what I can truthfully call a reel staggerer, and no mistake. It seems as it's allers the custon, when a Embassadore, who has made hisself werry poplar, is gitting jest a leetle tired of us, and begins to si for Ome sweet Ome, for the principalest Gent in London to give him sitch a grand Bankwet as he ain't never seen afore, and ain't never likely for to see again. So the Lord Mare, hearing as the French Embassadore was in that werry dellicate sitiuation, arsked about three hundred of the most hement Gents in all London to come to the Manshun House to meet him, and they all came, as in course they woud do, and that was one of the werry grandest Bankwets as regards silly brated Gests as ewen I ewer had the honner of waiting on.

And now for the staggerers! Just to begin with, why the French Embassadore is no more a Frenchman than I am! for his name it's Woddington, and so was his Father's before him, and strange to say, thanks, I spose, to the splendid dinner, *et setterer*, as was guv him, he acshally told us as he rowed in the Winning Boat at the Uniwersity Boat-race at Putney, ewer so many years ago! Werry like a Frenchman, suttently, or, as I should prefer saying, werry like a Whale! Of course all the Gents present, being reel Gents, looked quite as if they beleaved it all; but, when he afterwards went on to say that his Grate Grandfather took his most religious and grayshus Majesty, King Charles the Second, right up into the Hoak Tree, and so saved his preshus life, I saw sum two or three of the werry hiest on 'em trying in wain to look quite serious, as if they bleeved it all; and one werry smart young feller near me said to his friend, "Why not call it the Hoax Tree"? I didn't kno quite what he meant, but they both had a quiet larf over it.



"Robaire" à la mode
de Parry.

He gave us a few more staggerers, but not quite equal to the King Charles one, and of course we coud all make allowances for him, as it was his last chance in such a party as that was. But he made up for it all before he left, by speaking of the Grand Old Copperation as one of the werry noblest bodys in the world, and as having made its mark in the history of this great Country, and how artily he hoped it would continue and flurrish for ever! I don't suppose as there was any county counsellors among so distingwisht a Body, or I should like to know what they thort of the Embassadore's opinion of us! An I'm thinkin of wizitin Parry myself and cummin out strong. And wy not? They tell me it will make me kwite young again, for I shall go over there a helderly henglish waiter and reappear in Parry as a "garsong" which is french for "a young man."

Robert.

BRIGHTON BOORS.

[Mr. Gladstone was mobbed by an immense crowd on Sunday, the 5th.]

O Brighton, it isn't a thing to be proud of
That people, the fat uns as well as the bony uns,
Should squeeze an old Gentleman, crushed in a crowd of
Brightonians.
All watering-places you claim to be Queen of,
As proud as the Tyrians or the Sidonians?
Your manners don't match; such behaviour seems green of
Brightonians.
You scare away visitors, who are affrighted
By folks rude as Goths, Huns, or wild Caledonians.
Such staring shows that in two ways you're short-sighted
Brightonians.

Our Booking-Office.—Chatto and Windus have published, in handy form, cloth bound, and handsomely printed, an edition of Justin Mccarthy's novels. There are, ten in all, going at half-a-crown a-piece, and well worth the money. The literary style is excellent—not a matter of course in the writing of novels—the tone wholesome, whilst on every page gleams the light of genuine, if gentle humour. In looking through the pages of this charming little library, my Baronite is inclined to regret that Mr. Mccarthy should, to some extent, have given up to Politics what was meant for Literature.

B. de B.-W.

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AN EFFECT OF SHYNESS.

Proud Mamma. "Which do you think Effy's most like, Mr. Jinks?—her Father, or Me?"

Mr. Jinks. "Oh—a—I should say she's a Plain Likeness of her Father—I mean—a—
Handsome Likeness of her Mother—a—I mean—a—a—" [*Stammers hopelessly,*
upsets his Tea, and wishes himself unborn.]

THE ASSAULT!!

Beleaguers babble around the Battering-Ram:—

Balfourius (musingly). "Heroes tall
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall."

Chamberlainus (sardonically). Heroes tall, indeed! Have the distressed defenders of this untenable Citadel any such? Gladstonius is a sort of hero, perhaps, but hardly tall; Harcourtius is tall indeed, but no hero. Aha!

Saundersonius (sharply). Yes; and we have had too much of that "tortoise-creeping" business. Sharp's the word now, I hope. Balfourius's Battering-Ram—though the murderous ruffians—I mean excited politicians—*did* denounce it, is better than all your tortoises!

Balfourius (completing his quotation). "Lances in ambush set."

Saundersonius. Oh yes, they're all very well—in their way. A School of Strategy for our "young bloods," with secret *séances*, and—ahem!—*Fagin*-like rehearsals, is not a bad notion. But on the whole I agree with *Moloch*:—

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More inexpert, I boast not: there let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to arise, sit lingering here,
Prisoners of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury all at once,
O'er these high towers to force resistless way,
Turning Obstruction into horrid arms
Against the Obstructor; when to meet the noise
Of his 'iniquitous' engine, he shall hear
Ulsterian thunder; and for lightning set
Green fire and rockets shot with equal rage
Among his 'items;' and his seat itself
Shake with Tartarean tactics, 'dirty tricks,'
His own invented dodges."

Grandolphus (tugging at Balfourius's tunic-tails). Ha! ha! ha! Well quoted, my Orange-plumed Hyperborean hero!
(*Aside: I must read up the bards a bit. Didn't know they were so practically pertinent. How handy that "senesque" bit came in the other day!*)

Balfourius (fidgiting). I say, Grandolphus, if you'd tug at the rope, instead of my tails, I fancy you'd tire me less, and have more effect on the Ram.

Grandolphus (cheerily). Ah, my old friend, I assure you I intend to stick to *you* "loyally and unhesitatingly."

Balfourius (drily). Oh—*thanks!!!*

Chamberlainus. Never *were* such a United lot as we are:

(*Sings sotto voce.*)

*For I love dear B. as a brother, I do,
And dear B. he worships me;
But we'll both be blowed if we'll either be
stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see!*

Balfourius. What's that you say?

Chamberlainus. Oh, merely humming "Birds in their little nests agree."

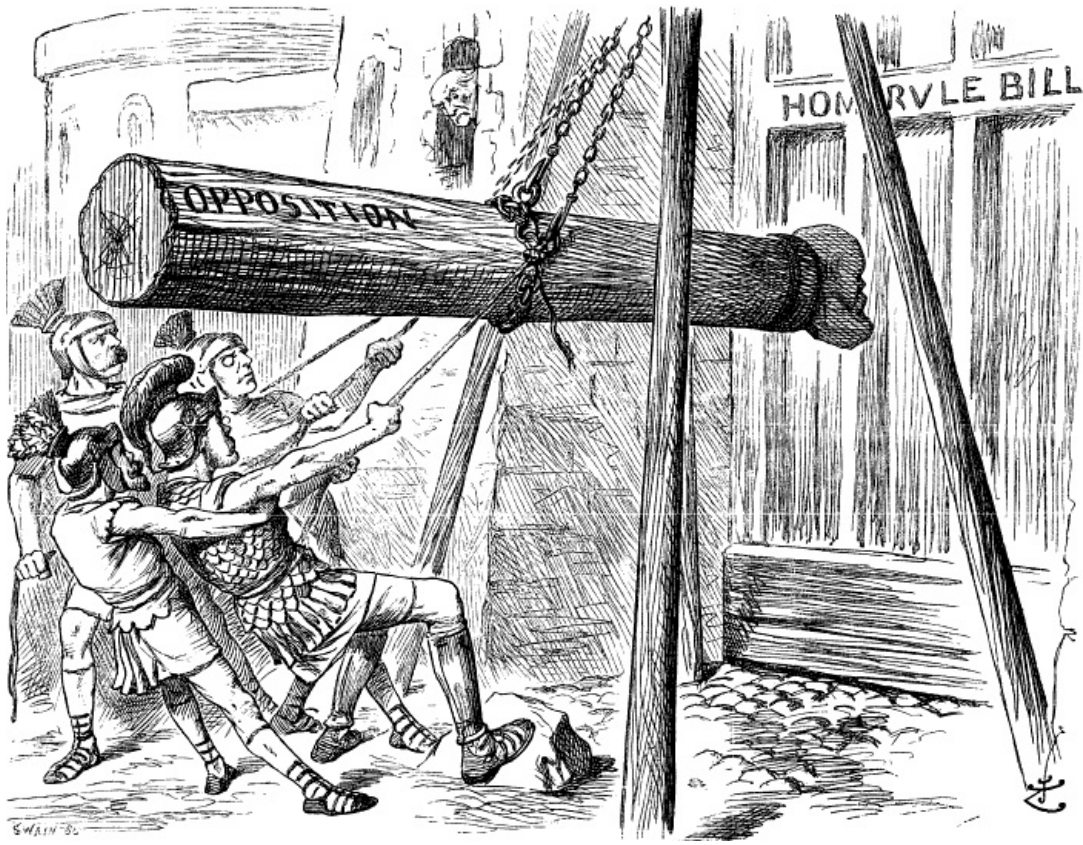
Balfourius. Ah, as the Chief says, there'll be plenty of opportunity for personal sacrifice and pulling together before we're through with this siege. To work this Battering-Ram with effect, unanimity and simultaneity of effort are especially essential.

Saundersonius. Quite so! So bear a hand—at *the rope*, Grandolphus, if you please. Now then, boys—*all together!!!*
Bang!!!!!!

Grand Old Voice (from within). "When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful." Wonder if that gate will stand the shock! Must disable that Rampant Ram of theirs—somehow.

[*Left keeping his eye on 'em.*

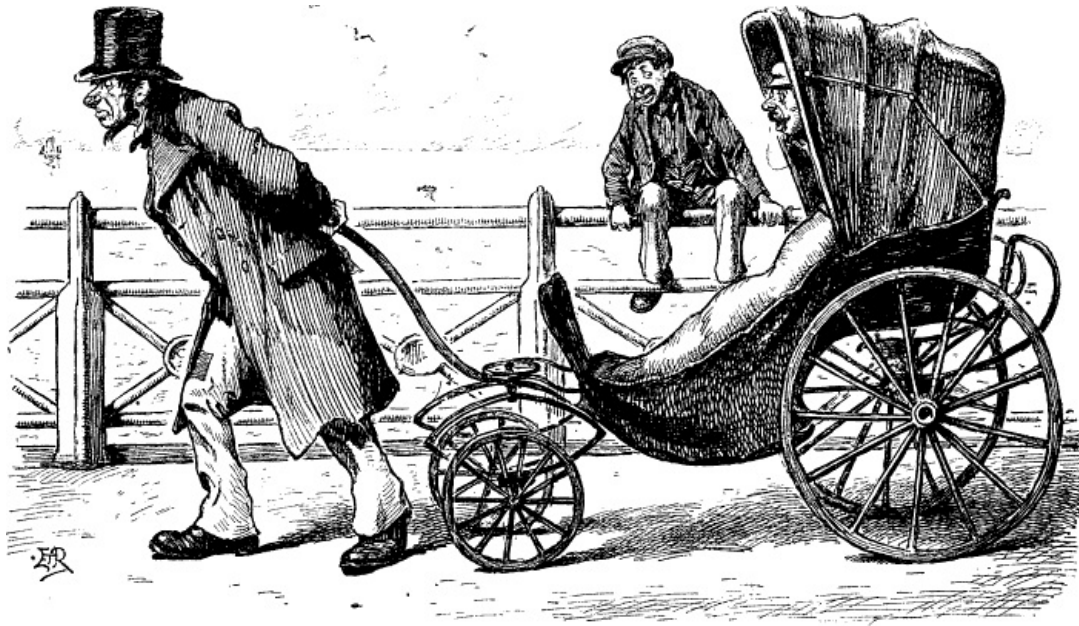
Sufficiently Antique.—Said Tomkins, "I won't say my ancestors were in this Country before the Flood, *but* they came in with the High Tide."



THE ASSAULT!!

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TRIALS OF A CONVALESCENT.

*Tompkins (in a feeble voice, for the fourth or fifth time, with no result). "Chairman!!!
Chairman!!!"*

That Awful Boy. "Lydies and Gentlemen——!!!"

A FYTTE OF THE BLUES.

By an Old "Crock."

(After reading the rattling verses of "Tis," entitled "Good Luck!" in the "Granta.")

Good old *Granta!* They set the blood glowing,

Your verse-grinder's galloping lines,
There seems rare inspiration in Rowing!
The Muse, who politely declines
To patronise pessimist twitters,
Has smiled on these stanzas, which smack
Of health, honest zeal, foaming "bitters,"
And vigour of brain and of back.
Good luck to the Light Blues! That burden
Befits rattling rhymes from the Cam,
Their "movement" might rouse a Dame Durden,
Or fire a cold victim of cram.
Why it stirs up "old Crocks" to peruse 'em—
Slashing lines on "a slashing octette"—
They feel, though 'tis hard to "enthuse" 'em,
There *must* be some life in 'em yet.
Old Crocks! Oh, exuberant youngers!
You "guy" "the old gang" as "played out,"
As fogies, and fussers, and funkies,
You've over-much reason, no doubt.
But, great Scott! as your rowing-rhymes rattle
And lilt lyric praise of the Crews,
We too sniff the air of the battle!
We too have a Fit of the Blues.
It's oh! just to "swing behind Lewis,"
A "youngster as strong as an ox!"
Or be one who true Boss of the Crew is,—
Your "pet Palinurus"—the Cox!
To feel all the blood in one glowing,
And—heedless of love, toil, and "tin"—
Know naught in creation save—Rowing.
Deems nothing worth much save—a Win!
Five minutes, my boys, of such feeling,
When rivals look beaten and blown,
When the nose of your ship is just stealing
Ahead, when your muscles have grown
To thews, that—*pro tem*.—are Titanic,
Are worth a whole year of *our* lives,
Whose waistbands are—well, Aldermanic,
Who've wrinkles, and worries, and wives!
Well, here's to the two tints of azure,
The Dark Blue as well as the Light!
At least there's one thing we can say sure,—
There'll be no blue funk in their fight.
And here's to the Bard of the *Granta*,
Who sings without "side," "sniff," or "shop."
May he live (if he wish it), to plant a
Big bay on Parnassus's top!

TIM O'HOWLIGAN'S LAMENT.

Air—"Arrah! darlints, we can't do without ye!"

Ah! shure boys, the world has gone crazy,
And there's plinty of throuble in shtore,
Ivery mornin' I wake up onaisy
Bekase I can't shleep any more.
'Twas Cromwell, bad scran to 'im, done it,
Him that murdhered King Charles, ochone!
And since the black villin begun it
Ould Erin's done nothing but groan,
And moan,
It would soften the heart of a shtone.
By the poker, I'm boilin' with passion
Whin I think of the laws that they make;
At a fair the bhoys heads ye can't smash in,
Nor get dacently dhrunk at a wake.
There's only twelve pince in a shillin',
And not more than two pints in a quart,
Unless you are cliver at fillin',
And can make it hould more than it ought.
Don't be caught,
Or, be jabers, they'll make you pay for't.
Where's the kings and the princes of Erin
That lived on purtaties and point,

And niver saw year out and year in
The divil a taste of a joint?
Thim toirants now buy all our bacon,
And the linen, and butther, and that,
All that grows in the counthry is taken
From Antrim to Mullinavat.

Poor Pat
Has to sell at a profut, that's flat.
Well, honies, I'll give ye a hint,
And let ivery one do it who can;
When the bag of thirteens is all spint,
Set up for a Parliament man.
Thim's the boys that gets lashins of drinkin',
And they dine wanst a week wid the Queen,
Where the glasses are niver done clinkin',
Wid the Royalties jokin' and spreenin',
Jubileein',
And such doins as niver was seen.

A Complaint and Simple Remedy.— Among the Requests in our ecclesiastical contemporary, *The Guardian*, recently appeared one asking for an effectual way of "exterminating dry rot, and preventing its re-appearance in a church." "Why doesn't the reverend inquirer try somebody else's Sermons? Or have no Sermons at all?"

Nothing more delights our old friend than to get hold of a real good word, and use it with effect. "I wish I knew what is going to win the Derby this year," observed her Niece. "Ah, my dear," replied her Aunt, "I might be able to tell you if I were a Vaccinator."

Best Day in the Week for making a Proposal of Marriage.—In London, Monday is the most appropriate, as being dedicated to the "Monday Pops."

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Mr. Moriarty. "Look here, Ada, how much longer, for goodness' sake, are ye goin' to be Dressin' yourself?"

Voice from the Heights. "Only Ten Minutes, dear!"

Mr. Moriarty. "Well, all I can say is, if I've got to wait here Ten Minutes, I'll —I'll be off this Blessed Moment!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 6.—"The Speaker took the Chair at three o'clock." That is an extract from the *Journals of the House*, a fascinating literary work, ably edited by Mr. Palgrave with the assistance of Mr. Milman, much in favour at Mudie's. Last time I saw Speaker rise from Chair was Banquet at Mansion House given by way of farewell to M. Waddington. Very remarkable scene it was. In ordinary times Speaker of House of Commons is personally unknown to outside public. He takes no part in debate; never goes on Midlothian Campaigns; belongs to no faction; has no political following; and should have no enemy. British public, regarding with close attention the fascinating arena at Westminster, have evidently formed clear opinion of its present President. When list of guests whom Lord Mayor delighted to honour read out by Toastmaster, name of Speaker received with enthusiastic and prolonged applause. House of Commons men present, of whom there was large muster, evidently taken by surprise. They know the Speaker, because they daily live with him. How outside public should have been seized with such keen appreciation of his worth was more than they were prepared for.

This may have been, probably was, to some extent a *succès d'estime*. Mr. Peel's speech was genuine triumph; very brief, the shortest of the series, but incomparably the best; lofty in tone, perfect in delivery, saying just the right thing at the right moment in the right way. Its effect at Mansion House something like that which electrified House when Mr. Peel, standing on steps of Chair, faced it for first time as its Speaker, revealing, even to those who had known him long, the full depths of his nature and the towering height of his capacity.

"*Mon Dieu, Tobee,*" said an eminent Frenchman, "the world in both hemispheres has always envied you the possession of your House of Commons. Now we know you have a Speaker worthy of its best traditions."

Banquet a great success; certainly the most brilliant galaxy of guests drawn together in same place since Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, said farewell in memorable speech. Much struck with completeness of arrangements. Even the waiters imbued with consciousness of great occasion.

"Hope you enjide your dinner, Sir?" said one to me, when dessert placed on table.

"Excellent," I said; "perhaps the whitebait done a little too much; showed tendency to present itself in fragments; but 'twas nothing."

"Yessir," said the Waiter, diligently brushing off imaginary crumbs. "I'm going now, Sir."

"Ah," I said; "then I suppose you don't wait to hear the speeches; flow of reason, you know, quite a treat."

"Yessir," said he, still pegging away at the spotless table-cloth. "Can I get you anything more, Sir?"

"No, thank you," I said, quite touched at the man's considerate attention, the more marked since, as far as I recognised him, I had not seen him before. "I've done excellently."

"Yessir. I'm going now." Hardly seemed able to part. Not sure whether, in circumstances of international amity, I shouldn't have shaken hands with him. Made half advance in that direction. He quickly advanced his hand, but after glance at my extended palm, as rapidly withdrew it. Perhaps he was right. Not usual to shake hands with Waiter, though really, on occasion like this, one might disregard conventionalities. Waiter lingeringly withdrew, still keeping his eye on me, as if expecting me to call him back. Nodded a friendly farewell, and pensively peeled an orange, thinking how one touch of nature makes us kin. This good Waiter and I quite subdued by the graceful, generous thought of Lord Mayor Knill, who has added one more link to the chain that binds in amity two nations that have fought all the way from Cressy to Waterloo.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Navy Estimates. In the Lobby sort of rehearsal of new Battle of Boyne. The other night Saunderson said something disrespectful of Irish Members. Willie Redmond, from his proud position among nobility and gentry above Gangway, called out, "You wouldn't say that in the Lobby." "Say it anywhere," responded the Colonel, ever ready to oblige.



"SCENES IN THE LOBBY."

Design for Our Own Historical Painter.

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Next day wrote letter to Redmond, incidentally mentioning that if he wanted to hear the words over again, should meet him in Lobby to-night after questions. Nothing nearer Redmond's heart's desire. At five o'clock Colonel, accompanied by another military gentleman, carrying his cloak, a pair of pistols, a stiletto, a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, a sponge, and a clothes-brush, sternly strode into Lobby. Carefully counted paces till he was standing as nearly as possible on centre tile; folded arms, and wished that Night or Redmond would come. Colonel Waring, with military accoutrements and cloak; stood a pace and a half to the left rear. Presently entered Redmond, accompanied by J. J. O'Kelly, also carrying cloak. Secreted in folds were shillelagh, bottle of whiskey, pair of spurs, a toothpick, and a freshly-minted crown-piece. This last, at suitable moment, to be flung across Lobby; (friend secretly told off to be on alert to pick it up.) Action to be explained as typical of throwing King's Crown into the Boyne. The principals approaching, Redmond, after manner of schoolboys, who edge up to each other, each hoping the other doesn't want to fight, asked Colonel to "say it again." "Certainly; but say what?" Here difficulty began, which spoiled whole business. Redmond insisted upon being called a murderer. Saunderson punctilious on minor points, wouldn't go quite so far in his desire to oblige. Angry altercation followed; Members, to number of something like hundred, formed ring. Redmond, with right shoulder aggressively hoisted, spoke over it at the Colonel. Colonel stood erect, with hands loosely hanging by his side, ready for emergencies. Crowd grew thicker and more excited. "Expected every moment would be our next," as Clancy breathlessly put it. But in the end storm blew itself out. Nothing happened, and crowd disappointedly dispersed.

Ulster will fight,
But—*not to-night.*

Thursday.—Opposition mustered to-day in high spirits; meeting at Carlton yesterday addressed by Markiss and Prince Arthur; Grandolph, looking in, took back seat in his customary retiring fashion. Meeting insisted on his coming to the front; made spirited speech; scarcely a dry eye in the Club when, looking shyly across at Prince Arthur, he alluded to him as his "old political friend," his "brilliant and esteemed Parliamentary Leader."

"I think," said the Markiss, as meeting dispersed, "this will drive nail in coffin of Home-Rule Bill, and make things pretty hot for Mr. G. As Hart Dyke epigrammatically puts it, 'We Unionists, above all others, should be united.'"

This, as I mentioned, happened yesterday. This afternoon Opposition mustered in anticipation of aggressive action by Mr. G. Had given notice to move suspension of Twelve o'Clock Rule, in order to make progress with Estimates.

"Not if we know it," said Right Hon. James Lowther, commonly called "Jemmie."

Mr. G., previous to moving Resolution, explained there was no intention of sitting late; Suspension Standing Order was matter of precaution designed to prevent arbitrary carrying over of Amendments when adequately discussed. Prince Arthur's keen eye discerned that this might be so construed as to convey no advantage to Government. When twelve o'clock came Debate might be diverged on to lines of wrangle round Question of Adjournment, and so House up and nothing done. On this understanding he declared he would not resist Motion of Leader of House. Then Jemmie, rushing to the front, made the running. Did Mr. G. intend, in any case, to take Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill on Thursday

next? Mr. G. nodded assent. "Very well, then I'll divide against you," Jemmie roared across the pained figure of his esteemed Leader. Not to be moved by blandishment or argument from this position. Prince Arthur, seeing matters hopeless, haughtily strode forth, Grandolph loyally accompanying him. But more than half his old colleagues stayed behind with Jemmie Lowther who got Opposition soundly beaten by majority of 85.

"There's only one thing we want to run our majority over 100," said Squire of Malwood, smiling beneficently from Treasury Bench. "Another meeting of the Party at the Carlton Club will do it."

"What did you mean by to-night's performance?" I asked Jemmie, later.

"Mean? I meant business. I'm a little tired of lurking in background seeing men come to front who haven't half my ability, political acumen, or Parliamentary knowledge. I intend to have a Party of my own. There has been a Fourth Party, and before that there was a Tea-room Party, and a Cave of Adullam. I shall eclipse them all."

"And under what name do you think history will know your faction?" I asked, much interested.

The Right Hon. took up a piece of paper, and on it wrote the words, "Lowther's Arcade."

Business done.—Wolmer's Amendment on the Navy Estimates negatived.



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

["As persistent attempts are being made to show that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are at variance respecting the tactics which should be adopted by the Unionist Party in Opposition, we may state that more thorough accord never existed than at the present moment."—*The Times*, March 8, 1893.]

Gargery Chamberlain. "You know, Pip, as you and me were ever the best of Friends!"

Balfour Pip. "Dear Jo!"

Friday.—Prince Arthur, and Statesman to whom Austen Chamberlain distantly alludes as "My Right Hon. friend," sit separated by width of House. But, in assaults on Government, they are not divided. Idle stories about differences of opinion arising between them quite unnecessarily denied.

"I never look at them," said Trevelyan, "without recalling to mind a passage in what is, I think, my favourite among Dickens's novels. You remember the scene in *Great Expectations*, where *Joe Gargery* visits *Pip*, in his day of prosperity, in London? 'Ever best of friends,' says Joe (Chamberlain). 'Dear Joe,' says Prince Arthur. 'You know, Pip,' says Joe, 'as you and me were ever friends, and it were looked forrerd to betwixt us as bein' calc'lated to lead to larks.'"

The expectation not lacking of past fulfilment; full of promise in days near at hand.

Business done.—Sat from two to seven discussing whether we shall sit to-morrow in order to make progress with public business. Finally decided we shall. Meanwhile, morning sitting slipped away.

Vino Italiano Con Temperanza.—Signor Vitali, of the Italian-Wine-in-England Mission, writes to us to say that Sir Wilfrid Lawson might temper his favourite beverage of *Aqua Pura* with half a gallon flask of *Vinum Purum Italianum*, such as Chianti, and he would be none the worse for it. We are inclined to agree with the Signor Vitali, as, in our opinion, there is small likelihood of any Italian wine-drinker "getting any forrader." Of course Signor Vitali, being somewhat interested in the matter, and therefore, most hopeful that his enterprise will result in orders for any number of flasks, and not end in an empty *fiasco*, would not fail to point out that Italian wine is likely to have a prolonged existence in this country, as it is not lacking in Vitali-ty.

TONE AND TINT.—(By a Wearer of the Green.)

Your Orangeman swears—he's a terrible fellow!

—

They shan't set the Green o'er his favourite
Yellow.

His shout's "No surrender!" And is he so Green
As to think we'll turn Yellow because of his
spleen?

No, no! He may vow in his last ditch he'll die,
But—we're not to be scared by a *Hue* and a *Cry*!

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