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# PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 93.

AUGUST 13, 1887.

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## AT THE OVAL.

SURREY *VERSUS* NOTTS. AUGUST 1ST, 2ND, AND 3RD 1887.

(By One of the Fifty Thousand.)

*Enthusiastic Surreyite loquitur:—*

*Hooray!* Oh, you *must* let me holloa. I'm one of the famed "Surrey Crowd,"  
And a roar for a win such as *this* is, *cannot* be too long or too loud.

Won by four wickets! As good as though WALTER  
had scored half a million,

Great Scott! what a rush from the ring! what a  
crowd round the crowded Pavilion!

LOHMANN! MAURICE READ!! SHUTER!!! they  
shouted. KEY!!! KEY!!! LOHMANN!!!  
LOHMANN!!!

"Took down the number" of Notts, Sir, and  
*she's* a redoubtable foeman.

We haven't licked her for years, and she  
crowded, Sir, and not without reason;

And now, under SHUTER, we've done it at last,  
Sir, and twice in one season!

After a terrible tussle; how oft was my heart in  
my mouth, Sir.

Luck now seemed to lean to the North, and anon would incline to the South,  
Sir.

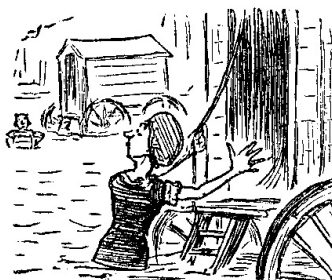
Game wasn't won till 'twas lost. Hooray, though, for Surrey! 'Twas *her* win.

We missed our WOOD at the wicket, Notts squared it by missing her SHERWIN,

Both with smashed fingers! Rum luck! But then cricketing luck *is* a twister.

And SHERWIN turned up second innings. *Did* you twig his face when he missed  
her,

That ball from J. SHUTER, our Captain? It ranked pretty high among matches,  
But Surrey *did* make *some* mistakes, Sir, and Notts—well, they *couldn't* hold  
catches.



**Lo! man!**

SHUTER shone up, did he not? Forty-four, fifty-three, and *such* cutting!  
Hooray! Here's his jolly good health, and look sharp, for they're close upon  
shutting.

Partial be blowed! I'm a Surreyite down to my socks, that's a fact, Sir.

*Must* shout when my countymen score, and  
don't mind being caught in the act, Sir.

Cracks didn't somehow come off. ARTHUR  
SHREWSBURY, Notts' great nonsuch,  
Didn't make fifty all told, and our WALTER—the  
world holds but *one* such—

A poor twenty-five and eighteen—a mere  
fleabite for W. W.

Still, he's our glory; and *if* you can spot such  
another, I'll trouble you.

*GRACE?* Why, of course, in his day he was cock  
of the walk—that's a moral.

I won't say a word against *him*; but our WALTER!  
—well, there, we won't quarrel.

I'm Surrey, you know, as I said. I remember JUPP, HUMPHRY, and STEVENSON,  
Burly BEN GRIFFITH, and SOUTHERTON! Well, if it ever was evens on  
Match, it was surely on *this* one. Oh, yes, *I* gave points, six to five, Sir,  
But then I have always backed Surrey, and *will* do so whilst I'm alive, Sir.  
And t'other was Notts, don't you see, so *I* couldn't well show the white  
feather.

Ah! well, 'twas a wonderful match; such a crowd, such a game, and such  
weather!

K. J. K. (that's Mr. KEY) showed remarkably promising cricket—  
*I did* feel a little bit quisby when SHERWIN snapped him at the wicket.

'Twas getting too close, Sir, for comfort; two  
hundred and five takes some making—

When BARNES nicked READ, SHUTER, and  
HENDERSON, 'gad, there were lots of hearts  
quaking.

Seventy-eight for a win, Sir, and five of our  
best wickets levelled.

Notts then began to pick up, and I own I felt  
rather blue-devilled;

But Surrey has got a rare team, and you see,  
when the toppers do fail, Sir,

They look at it this way, my boy,—there is all  
the more chance for the "tail," Sir.

That's what I call true cricket pluck, and so,  
even when MAURICE READ quitted him,

That's what young LOHMANN perceived; the place wanted cool grit—and it  
fitted him.

His thirty-five, and not out, was worth more, Sir, than many a "Century."

Played like an iceberg, he did; style neither too tame nor too venture-y.

Poor crippled WOOD backed him bravely, and he made the winning hit, he did.

Won by four wickets! Hooray! Gallant Surrey at last has succeeded

In knocking the dust out of Notts. I've hoorayed till my tongue feels quite  
furry.

Yes, *I* like the best side to win,—but I'm thundering glad, though, it's  
Surrey!!!



**Shrews—bery!**



**Gunn and Barnes.**

---

"OVER THE WATER WITH LAWSON" (*Change of Name*).—Jack Tar to be known in future as Tom Fool.

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## PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.

*House of Commons for August.*

DISORDERS OF THE DAY.

Legalised Duels (England) Bill—Report.

Shillelagh (Irish) Supply Bill—Second Reading.

Ways and Means (Assaults)—Committee.

Speaker's Wig Destruction Bill—As amended to be considered.

QUESTIONS.

*Mr. Dillon.*—Whether Her Majesty's Government contemplate allowing Mr. DE LISLE to smile, and

if so, whether any precautions will be taken to prevent his receiving a thrashing.

*Dr. Tanner.*—To ask the Chief Secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant whether he has any objection to tread upon the tail of his coat.

*Colonel Saunderson.*—To ask the First Lord of the Treasury as to the condition of the eyes and noses of certain Members of the Nationalist Party.

#### NOTICE OF MOTION.

*Mr. T. Healy.*—Physical Force, House of Commons (England)—Bill to facilitate the establishment of a Bear Garden in St. Stephen's.

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## HAVOC!

In wrath redundant SWINBURNE turns and rends  
The "good grey" bard. Alack for SWINBURNE'S "friends"!  
He worshipped once at thy red shine, Revolt,  
Now thou'rt a mark for his Olympian bolt;  
But when he rounds on poor barbaric WALT,  
One can but gasp, and wonder where he'll halt.  
Coupled with BYRON in one furious "slate"?  
O poor Manhattan mouther, what a fate!  
ALGERNON'S blunderbuss is double-barrelled;  
Down at one shot go "*Drum Taps*" and "*Childe Harold*."  
Just fancy being levelled down to—BYRON!  
Alas! what woes the poet's path environ.  
What next, and next? BYRON called SOUTHEY "gander."  
But then the lordly rhymester railed at LANDOR,  
One of the SWINBURNE fetishes, enough  
To prove that all he wrote was soulless stuff—  
But stop! Who knows that SWINBURNE, on the ravage,  
May not, next time, pitch into WALTER SAVAGE?  
The idols he once worshipped now he'd burn,  
So e'en MAZZINI yet may have his turn—  
Nay, since the hour for palinodes has struck,  
At Hugomania he may run amuck;  
And, VICTOR being laid upon the shelf,  
There'll be but one to round upon—himself.

---

## ELEGANT EXTRACTS BY EMINENT MEN.

A very interesting article appears in the current number of the *Fortnightly Magazine*, in which the favourite "quotations" of many celebrated persons are introduced with much effect. Always ready to take a hint, *Mr. Punch* has asked everyone he knows to furnish him with his predilections. The following is the result:—

Mr. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR, of Pump-handle Court writes, "I have carefully considered the circular you have forwarded to me, and am distinctly of opinion that my favourite reading is, 'With you the Attorney-General.'"

"ROBERT" says that his favourite phrase is, "'Ere's 'alf a sovereign for yourself, but you deserves more!"

"ARRY" says he can't think of anything more "fust class" than, "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill."

And (more or less) the whole world declares that there is no pleasanter announcement than "*Punch, or the London Charivari*, is published every Wednesday."

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## Mem. for Our Muddlers.

It *cannot* be in the interests of peace that we turn our swords into—corkscrews, and our bayonets into—button-hooks. That extremely secular reading of a sacred passage, appears to be the accepted one, however, in Ordnance Departments, and other places where they play the fool.



### GERMAN ENGLISH.

*German Belle.* "ACH! YOU ARE FONT OF YACHTING! ZEN I ZUPPOSE YOU ARE A GOOT SALESMAN?"

---

## THE END OF THE JUBILEE.

I've been to the Abbey, the Naval Review,  
The Maske at Gray's Inn and the Institute too;  
In fact I feel just like the Wandering Jew,

Or other historical rover:

I've turned day into night and the night into day,  
In a regular rollicking Jubilee way,  
And now I can truly and thankfully say,  
I'm uncommonly glad that it's over.

I've been to a number of Jubilee balls,  
And I'm really worn out by the parties and calls;  
I've fed in the City 'neath shade of St. Paul's,

And ate little fish by the river:

I've been to big picnics both up and down stream,  
I've wallowed in strawberries smothered in cream,  
Which, following lobster, most doctors would deem  
Was remarkably bad for the liver.

I've read all the Jubilee articles, loads  
Of Jubilee leaders and Jubilee odes,  
And seen how each poet his Pegasus goads,

Though gaining but slight inspiration;

A chaos of Jubilee Numbers I've seen,  
And Jubilee pictures and lives of the QUEEN,  
And the Jubilee coinage that's greeted, I ween,  
With anything but jubilation.

But, now all is over, sincerely I trust  
The Nation no longer will kick up a dust,  
The Jubilee really has done for me just

As "*Commodious*" scared *Mr. Boffin*:

Any more jubilation would finish me quite,  
As it is I've a horrible dream every night  
That a Jubilee demon is screwing me tight  
Down into a Jubilee coffin!

---

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH says:—"The one thing certain about Tory-Democracy, besides its origin, is, that it is the card of a political gamester." It may perhaps help the ponderous Professor, in a future philippic, to know, in addition, that the associations of Tory-Democracy at once suggest "Clubs," and the game it is playing, the "deuce."

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## THE PARLIAMENTARY BALLYHOOLY.

AIR—"Ballyhooly."

There's a dashing sort of bhoy who was once his country's joy,  
But his ructions and his rows no longer charm me,  
He often takes command in a fury-spouting band  
Called the "Ballyhooly" Parliamentary Army.  
At Donnybrook's famed fair he might shine with radiance rare,  
A "Pathriot" he's called, and may be truly,  
It is catching, I'm afraid, for when *he* is on parade  
There seems scarce a sober man in "Ballyhooly."

*Chorus.*

Whililoo, hi ho! Faith they all enlist, ye know,  
Though their ructions and their shindies fail to charm me,  
Bad language, howls, and hate put an end to fair debate  
In the "Ballyhooly" Parliamentary Army.

The SPAYKER, honest soul, finds they're quite beyond control,  
Discussion takes a most extended radius,  
It's about as fine and clear as the stalest ginger-beer,  
But the "bhoys," they never seem to find it "tadyious."  
And what is worse, to-day all the Army march one way,  
That is in being ructious and unruly,  
If a Mimer in debate wants to argue fair and straight,  
Faith they howl him out of court in "Ballyhooly."

*Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.*

They're supposed to hould debate in the interests of the State,  
Which one and all they do their best to injure;  
I have said their talk's as clear as the stalest ginger-beer,  
And they mix the vilest vitriol with the ginger.  
The bhoys are not alone, for in sorrow one must own  
The young Tories are as noisy and unruly,  
And the Rads they rave and rail till one longs to lodge in gaol  
The intemperate brigade of "Ballyhooly."

*Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.*

There's a moral to my song, and it won't detain yez long,  
Of Party spirit e'en the merest "nip" shun.  
It's poison, that is clear, Ballyhooly "ginger-beer,"  
As ye'll own when I have given the prescription.  
You take heaps of Party "rot," spirit mean, and temper hot,  
Lies, blasphemy, and insult; mix them duly;  
For sugar put in salt, bitter gall for honest malt,  
Faith, they call it "Statesmanship" in "Ballyhooly."

*Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.*

*Encore Verse.*

Since you're kind enough to crave just another little stave,  
I'll explain the furious ferment that now leavens  
A tiple once so sound is just Party spite all round,  
And of course *my* Ballyhooly is St. Stephen's.  
'Twill be very long before you will wish to cry "Encore!"  
To the row that makes our Parliament unruly;  
For good sense would put a stop on the flow of Party "Pop"  
That makes a Donnybrook of "Ballyhooly."

*Chorus.*

Whililoo, hi, ho! 'Tis a huge mistake, ye know,  
To let ructions and recriminations charm ye.  
If they don't abate their hate, they'll bring ruin on the State,  
Will the Ballyhooly Parliamentary Army.

---

## Very Like a Wales.

The zeal of the Actor who blacked himself all over to play *Othello*, is at last outdone—by Mr. GLADSTONE, who, it is stated, is learning the Welsh language, under the tuition of Mr. RICHARD, M.P., in order to deliver his speech at the forthcoming Eisteddfod in TAFFY'S own tongue. "Not for CADWALLADER and all his goats," as *Pistol* says, would an ordinary politician go through such an ordeal for such an end. "Gallant Little Wales" will, however, no doubt be duly grateful, and, by lending its support to her adroit flatterer, enable him to say, with *Gower*, to the opponents of Home-Rule, "Henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition."

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### UN DUEL DE CAFÉ-CONCERT.

*MM. Boxe et Coxe.*

*M. le Général Boxe.* "SAVEZ-VOUS VOUS BATTRE?"

*M. Coxe (homme d'état).* "NON!"

*M. le Général Boxe.* "EH BIEN, ALORS! ALLONS-Y-DONC!"

(*Translation.*—"Can you fight?" "No!" "Then come on!")

## Jest in Earnest.

(*What might have happened.*)

*Monday.*—The Fleets started on their manœuvres. Before leaving, the Ironclads ran down, accidentally, all the unarmoured vessels in the harbour.

*Tuesday.*—Collision. Sinking of the *Ajax*.

*Wednesday.*—Mistake in steering. Foundering of the *Minotaur*.

*Thursday.*—Error in seamanship. Loss of the *Neptune*.

*Friday.*—Misapprehension of signal. Ramming of the *Devastation*.

*Saturday.*—Something wrong somewhere. The remainder of the Fleet goes to the bottom.

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## MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

It is a charming characteristic of the Young Amateur Entertainer that—whether he possesses or not the smallest acquaintance with any language beyond his own—he is always prepared to impersonate a foreigner of any given nationality at a moment's notice; and *Mr. Punch* is confident that the most backward of his Pupils will be perfectly at home (and how his audience will envy him!) with the following Anglo-German recitation, which may be given under the following title:—

PROFESSOR BOMPP RELATES A LITTLE ANECDOTE.

(To do this effectively, you must assume an air of childlike candour.)

I deach my dong in Engeland for dventy years and more;  
And vonce I dvell at Vigmore Shtreet, ubon ze  
zegond floor—

(Pull yourself up suddenly.)

Bot dat has nodings hier to zay—zo, blease,  
(*professorial air for this*) you vill addend!  
I gom to dell you gurious dings vat habbened mit  
a vriend.

He vas a hanzom-headed man, zo like me as a  
pea,

And eferyveres I walk about he gom along mit  
me;

Bot all ze efenings, beaceful-quiet, he shtay in-  
doors and shmoke.

And choggle at himzelf at dimes in hatching out  
a yoke;

Ontill von day his chogging stobbed—he'd  
tombled deep in lôf,

And he bassed ze dime vith gissing at a leedle vemale glôf!

Ubon two shpargling eyes he dink, von deligate cock-nose—

Dill zoon his dinkings vork him op mit gourage to bropose.

Zen, ach! zat nose vas dilted more, and gruel vorts she shpoke:

"I vill not dwine aroundt no heart vat shmells zo shtrong mit shmoke!

Vor you yourzelf I might, vith dime, bersuade myzelf to gare—

Bot nevare mit no ogly bipes vill I avection share!"

(*Pause, and glance round your audience with a slightly pained air.*)

I dink I hear zom laty make a symbathetic shniff—

You Englisch shendlevomens dreats a shmoker var too shtiff!

For look—meinzelf I shmoke a bipe, mit baintings on ze bowl,

I shtoffs him vith dat sheepstabak vat's dwisted in a roll,

I gif my vort it ton't daste pad—zough yust a leedle veak—

Shtill, ven I schmokes inzide a drain,—I vinds zom laties seeck!

(*Amiable surprise, as you mention this instance of insular intolerance.*)

Bot, zere, you makes me chadderbox, and dakes op all my dime!

I vant to dell you how mein vriend behafed himself sooblime:

"If you vill pe mein Braut," he zaid, "tobaggo I'll renounce,

And shvear to nefer puy no more von solidary ounce!"

Zo she gif him out her lily hand, and shmile on him zo shveet:

"Vith sodge a sagrafice," she zaid, "you brove your lôf indeet!

And I dakes you—on your zolem vort mit shmoking to ged rid,

Pe off and purn your bipes and dings!" vich—boor yong man, he—did!

Dree sblendid bipes he sacrificed, in china, glay, and vood,

He vatched zem craggle in ze vlames—I vonder how he *could!*

And mit zem vent his brime zigars of pest Havana prandt,

Imborted hier vrom Hampurg, in his own dear Vaderlandt!

[*With sentiment.*]

Henzefort he lif a shmokeless life, vor vear to lose his bride,

And nefer vonce gomblained to her of soferings inzide!

Bot—zough she gif him zentiment and rabdures ven zey met—

Zomdimes he vish she wouldn't mind von leedle zigarett! [*Pause.*]

Now game along ze night pefore his veddings was to pe—

And he dried to galm his jomping soul mit bonderings and tea—

Ven, zoddenly—he hear a zound, as eef zom barty knock,

And it gom vrom his tobaggo-jar, long embdy of its shtock!

"Gom in! I mean—gom *out!*" he cried (he was a vidy chap!)

[*Here you should be convulsed with inward laughter.*]

"For nonn of your nockdurnal knocks I do not gare von rap!"

Bot—vile he yoked—ze lid fly off, and sblash into his cop,

[*Business here.*]

And a kind of leedle voman's form inzide the jar sbring op!

Her face vas yust the golour of a meerschaum nod quide new,

And her hair vas all in ribbling vaves—like long-cut honnydew!

In golden silber she vas roped, all shpangled o'er mit shtars,

For it zeemed as eef she dress herzelf mit baper round zigars,

And like an eel his bagbone squirmed, his hair god up erect,

For beoples in tobaggo-jars is tings you ton't exbect!



"Bervidious von!" she shpeak at him, zo broud as any queen,  
 "Pehold your homage-objects vonce—ze goddess Nigodeen!  
 I galls to know ze reason vy you leafs my aldars cold,  
 And nefer purns me incense like your bractice vas of old?"  
 "To bay you more resbecks, I must," he plurted out, "deglie,  
 For I'm vorshibing at bresent mit an obbosition shrine."  
 "And zo you makes yourzelf," she gries, "a dankless renegade  
 To von who, oftendimes invoked, yet nefer vailed her aid  
 To charm away your lonely dimes, and soffogate your care!  
 If dat's your leedle games, mein vriend, dake my advice—bevare!"  
 "I'd gladly zend mein zoul inzide a himmeldinted gloud,  
 Bot as a Penedick," he zaid, "I vill not pe allowed!  
 I dells you vrant"—(I haf explained he vas a vonny vellow!)—  
 "Mitout mein bipe, ze honnymoon shall nod daste guide so mellow!"  
 "Enoff!" she said, "you vatch your eye, and zee vat vill bekom!"  
 She bopped inzide ... he search ze jar—'twas embdy as a drom!  
 And zen he vipe his sbecdagles, and shtare, and rob his head,  
 (*Business.*) And dink he'd grown too vanziful, and pedder go to bed.

[*Impressive pause, and continue in lowered voice.*]

Vell, next day, on ze afternoon, his honnymoon pegan—  
 And Dandalus vas nodings to zat boor dormented man!  
 For ven he dry to giss his vife ubon her lips zo ripe—  
 Petween his own brojected fort a pig soobyectif bipe!  
 And efer more, in sbite of all ze dender vorts he zay,  
 Ze sbegtral image of a bipe kept gedding in his vay!  
 Ondill ubon ze burple sky shone out ze efening shtar—  
 And zen ze bipe dransform himzelf, and change to a zigar!  
 Bot, vorst of all, his vife vould veel no bity for his fate!  
 She dink it all a hombogsdrick—and zoon zey sebarate;  
 And benidently he returned, and zaid to NIGODEEN:  
 "Forgif, and nefer more I'll pe ze vool I vonce haf peen!  
 I lôfed my vife—but now I vind I gares for you ze most—  
 And I'm dired of shmoking dings vat is no pedder as a ghost!"  
 Zo NIGODEEN she dakes him back, begause his vife vas gone,  
 And now ze bipe he shmokes is *nod* an immaderial von!  
 You vonder how I goms to know?—Brebare yourzelves to jomp!—  
 (*Sensationally.*) I vas zat yong boor man meinzelf—der Herr Professor BOMPP!

---

## THE TRAVELLER'S VADE MECUM.

*Question.* I understand that you are leaving Town. Why?

*Answer.* Because it is the fashion.

*Q.* Have you any plans?

*A.* I am a little undecided. At first I thought of going to an English watering-place, but abandoned the idea because the papers said I should be sure to be laid up with typhoid fever, German measles, or something equally pleasant.

*Q.* Had it not been for this dread, should you have gone?

*A.* I suppose so. We are acclimatised to the discomforts of seaside lodgings, the discords of second-rate German bands, and the disillusionings of country views.

*Q.* For the sake of argument, abandoning the English watering-place—where shall you go?

*A.* My wife says Paris—and means it.

*Q.* Do you object yourself to the gay capital?

*A.* Well—just now—yes; chiefly because it is not gay.

*Q.* I suppose you would prefer the principal theatres to be open?

*A.* If I could attend them without being sure that I should find the "hot room" of a Turkish bath considerably cooler. Not that there would not be a risk of being grilled to death on the Boulevards and bored out of my life by running across hundreds of personally-conducted tourists.

*Q.* Then why should you go?

*A.* Because my wife wishes to see the bonnets.

*Q.* Could she see them nowhere else?



A. Not to her satisfaction, although I believe she could find their counterparts in Tottenham Court Road and the Westbourne Grove.

Q. After Paris where shall you go?

A. Either to Switzerland, Italy, or Holland.

Q. Do you expect much amusement?

A. Not much, because I know them by heart. Still I know the best hotels, or rather the best *table d'hôtes*.

Q. Is that all you care for?

A. Nearly all. However it is a languid satisfaction to compare St. Peter's with St. Paul's to the disadvantage of the former, and to think there is nothing in Switzerland to equal the Trossachs, Loch Maree and the Cumberland Lakes.

Q. But the Art treasures?

A. May be found *en bloc* at the South Kensington Museum.

Q. Then you travel in rather a gloomy mood.

A. Rather. Still I am buoyed up with a delightful prospect in the future.

Q. A delightful prospect! What prospect?

A. The prospect of returning home!

---

SCARCELY "BUTTER."—To change the nickname of MADGE to Margarine.

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## LADIES' LAW.

Some little while since a book was published for the exclusive benefit of the fair sex, which purported to teach men's mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts, the advantages bestowed upon them by the Married Women's Property Act, and other statutes of a like character. No doubt the volume was an excellent guide to females fond of litigation; but still there are many who prefer, in spite of everything, to retain their own fixed opinion on the subject of law. For that feminine majority the following congenial hints are published:—

If a woman makes a will, she can never revoke it, and is likely to die soon afterwards, as it is not only unnecessary, but unlucky.

A marriage without bridesmaids is nearly illegal. This applies, in a lesser degree, to marriages where children, dressed in Charles the First costumes, are not employed to hold up the bride's train.

A mortgage is a sort of thing that causes a house to become the possession of a dishonest Agent, who is usually a Solicitor.

The best way of settling a County Court summons, brought in the absence of the master of the house, is to ask the man into the dining-room, and tell him about the accomplishments of the children. This will soften his heart, and get him to prevent the Judge from sending everyone to prison.

A nice Solicitor never contradicts a Lady, and therefore knows the law infinitely better than the disagreeable fogies, who are so obstinate. And, lastly, the best way to learn the real provisions of the law, is to study a modern novel by a lady Authoress.



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## SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

"*Salubrities at Home*" (*pace* Mr. ATLAS, who will recognise this temporary adaptation of his world-renowned title) I should say are Buxton (for most people), Bath (for some), Harrogate (for others), and,—besides a variety of North, South, East and West, too numerous to be mentioned in these notes,—Ramsgate for nearly all.

"*Salubrities Abroad*" are Homburg, Aix-les-Bains, Carlsbad, &c., &c., and Royat, where I find myself again this year. "Scenes of my bath-hood, once more I behold ye!" There is "A Salubrity at Royat," which people of certain tendencies cannot easily find elsewhere. It is a cure for eminent persons of strong Conservative tendencies. Lord SALISBURY was here last year, and my friend

Monsieur ONDIT, who is in everybody's confidence, tells me that his Lordship will revisit a place where the *traitement* did him so much good. I believe he underwent the "Cherry-cure," at all events his Lordship was seen in public constantly eating them out of a paper-bag. *What did he do with the bag?* My answer is, "he popped it." Down went the cherries, and bang went the bag and fifty centimes. Well, did not Royat effect some change in his conservatism? What has been the result? But I am not here to talk politics.

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Everybody is talking of the BOULANGER-FERRY incident. This is Aug. 4, and nothing has happened.

"Il n'y a pas de danger,"  
Dit Général BOULANGER;  
"Tout va, je crois, s'arranger,  
Chez FERRY, mes amis."

I haven't time to proceed with this, but, so far, the idea is at any poet's disposition to continue as he pleases, my only stipulation being that the air to which it is to be sung shall be "*Marlbrook*."

My other friend, BENJAMIN TROVATO, of Italian extraction, tells me that BOULANGER is half English, and had an English education. BEN informs me that the General has never forgotten the rhythms he learnt in his happy English nursery; and that, when he read that M. FERRY had called him a "*St. Arnaud de Café-Concert*," he sang out, recollecting the old catch,—

A Note, a Note!  
Haste to the Ferry!

in which his friends were unable to join, owing to their ignorance of the words and tune.

When driving through Clermont-Ferrand from the Station up to Royat, we (three of us) had a small omnibus to ourselves. One of the party (a wag, of whom, and of the circumstances of our meeting, more "in my next") insisted on our calling out, "*Vive BOULANGER!*" We did this several times in the most crowded parts, but the cry obtained no response, and aroused no excitement, as, being uttered with the greatest caution (at my instance), nobody heard it.

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But what a thing to fight about! If duelling were an English fashion, how fruitful of "incidents" this Session would have been. How often would Mr. TIM HEALY have been "out"? And Mr. DE LISLE's life would have hung upon a Lisle thread!

---

Note for strangers about to visit Royat.—The Continental Hotel has lost a little territory, as half of what was its terrace has been returned to the present proprietor of the hotel next door, with whom we Continentals have no connection, not even "on business," it not being "the same concern" and under one management as it was last year. But what the Continental Hotel has sacrificed in domain, Monsieur HALL, our obliging landlord, has more than made up in comfort and cooking. Dr. BRANDT sees his patients in a charming Villa of Flowers. The weather is lovely.

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We are all surprised at seeing one another here. Each person (or each couple or party) seems to think that he alone (or they alone) possess the secret of Royat's existence. We certainly are not a mutual admiration society at Royat. When we come upon one another suddenly, each exclaims, "Hallo! what are *you* here for?" is if the other were a convict "doing his time." Everyone thinks he knows what he is here for, but very few tell what he thinks he knows. And, by the way, the best-informed among us doesn't know very much about it.

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In the Reading-room of the *Cercle* there ought to be (as advertised in a local journal) at least three English newspapers daily. I have not seen them as yet. The only London paper arriving here regularly, and to be purchased every day early at the Newsvendor's, is the *Morning Post*. *Vive* Sir ALGERNON! Can this be the attraction for Lord SALISBURY? Why come out so far afield to read the *Morning Post*? Or wasn't it here, during Lord SALISBURY's visit last year, and is he still ignorant of its having been subsequently demanded and supplied this season? And when he comes and finds it—"O what a surprise!"—no, thank goodness, we have escaped from this song—for a time, at least.

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Too hot to write any more journal. The hundredth bell is sounding for the fiftieth *déjeuner*. My *déjeuner* is finished. There are bells here perpetually. All day and all night. In vain would Mr. IRVING as *Mathias*, put his hands to his ears and close the windows. The bells! The bells! Distant bells, near bells, sheep-bells, goat-bells, a man with pipe (not tobacco but tune, or what he and the goats consider a tune), dinner-bells, guests'-bells, servants'-bells, church-bells (not much), chapel-bells (early and occasionally), horse-bells, donkey-bells, breakfast-bells, supper-bells, arrival-bells, departure-bells, tramway bells, crier's-bells, with variations on drum or trumpet, and several other bells that I shall notice in the course of the twenty-four hours, but have forgotten just now.

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The "*petits chevaux*" have not been stopped by the Government; they are running as fast as ever. There are two bands, playing morning, afternoon, and evening. The *Casino Samie* is as lively as ever, or, as my waggish acquaintance at once expressed it, in that vein of humour for which he is so specially distinguished, "The Samie old game," and to sit out in the garden, with a fragrant cigar and coffee, before retiring for the night, is indeed a calm pleasure, or would be but for the aforesaid waggishness, of which more anon.

Soldiers about everywhere, Boulangering. Up in the hills is a splendid echo. This morning, having caught the very slightest cold, I went up into the mountains to get it blown away. Suddenly I sneezed. Such a sneeze! It reverberated all over the mountain like the firing of a battery. Again! again! These sneezes nearly shook me off the rock, and sent me staggering on to the *plateau* below. The effect must have been alarming, as the third sneeze fetched out the military, horse and foot, at full gallop, and the double. *L'ennemi? C'était moi!* They scoured the mountain sides, but I did not sneeze again. I have a sort of idea that my sneeze upset the entire preconcerted arrangements for a review. The Boulangerers retired—so did I.

'Tis the hour of *douche*. RICHARD, the attendant, will be there to give it me. *Douche-ment, douche-ment*. Gently does it! O RICHARD, O *Mon Roy-at!*... *Au revoir!*

Mrs. R. went to see the *première* of a new piece about which there had been considerable excitement in the theatrical world. "It was quite a novelty for me," said the good lady to a friend; "every literal person was there of any imminence, and my nephew, who is connected with papers himself, told me that the stalls were full of crickets. He pointed them all out to me. Most interesting."

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### "LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE."

*Miss Ponsonby de Tomkyns (just out).* "OH, PAPA! SUCH AN *EXQUISITE* CONCERT IT WAS AT LADY MIDAS'S! THE DUCHESS WAS THERE, AND THE MOWBRAY-MASHAMS, AND LORD AND LADY WROTTENHAM, AND COUNT EDELWEISS, AND CAPTAIN DE COURCY, AND SIR MAINWARING CARSHALTON AND HIS WIFE, AND—IN FACT EVERYBODY ONE CARES TO MEET."

*Mr. P. de T.* "INDEED! AND WHO PLAYED AND SANG?"

*Miss P. de T.* "WHO PLAYED AND SANG? WELL—A—A—REALLY, DO YOU KNOW, I DON'T REMEMBER!"

### "GLASS FALLING!"

*Head of the House, loquitur:—*

Dear me! Going back? I can hardly conceive it.

I thought we were in for a spell of "Set Fair."

A serious change? No, I will not believe it;

I *can't*, I declare.

I've tapped it with confidence morning by morning,

This glass which has never deceived me before;  
And now to go wrong in this way, without warning!—

It's really a bore.

Of course it's too bad to be *true*, for the weather  
So settled has seemed, and has promised so well,  
And why it should go and break up altogether  
Nobody can tell.

Tap! Tap! Yes, it's true, it is certainly dropping.  
Things seem—for the moment—a bit out of joint,  
For of course there is not the least fear of its *stopping*  
At such a low point.

No, no, that's absurd; the idea makes one pallid.  
This many and many a day from my door  
Without a top-coat or a gingham I've sallied;  
And now, will it pour?

O nonsense! The omens have all been so cheery;  
*The Times*, in its forecasts, have been so cock-sure.  
Can we all have been wrong? Nay, a prospect so dreary  
I cannot endure.

Some local disturbances truly I've heard of.  
Our foes make the most of such little mishaps;  
But then they mean nothing; it's really absurd of  
The ignorant chaps.

At Spalding or Coventry weather may vary;—  
And yet, when the "area of change" gets too wide,  
Men fancy it's more than a passing vagary;—  
Ay, even *our* side.

Tap! Tap! Yes there *is* a perceptible tumble.  
One can't "square" the weather or "get at" the glass.  
A storm? Oh! 'twas merely the least little rumble,—  
'Twill probably pass.

Yes. Up in the North there 'tis always unsettled;  
I fancy we shan't be so shifty down South.  
No, really there's not the least call to be nettled,  
Or down in the mouth.

I'll take my umbrella,—a useful possession,  
Yes, even in summer with wind in the east.  
But this—oh! it's merely a "local depression";—  
I *hope* so, at least!

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## THE HAZARD OF A—DYE.

Supposing that when our soldiers and sailors were armed with worthless bayonets and useless cutlasses, a war had broken out.

And supposing that our Army had been defeated on account of those worthless bayonets.

And supposing our sailors had been slaughtered by hundreds on account of those useless cutlasses.

And supposing the country had been successfully invaded because the nation had improper arms of defence.

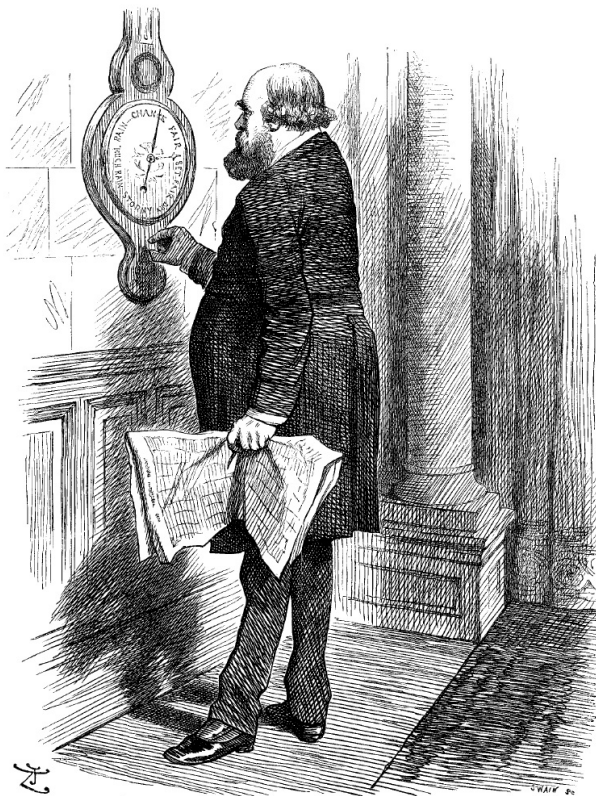
And supposing, wild with ruin, revenge, and misery, the remains of the Army and Navy had met Sir JOHN ADYE.

Supposing they had. Well, what then?

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PRIZE PARLIAMENTARY PUZZLE.—"The End of the Session."

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"GLASS FALLING!"

"HM!—GOING BACK! AH!—ONLY A *LOCAL*  
*DEPRESSION!*"

[pg 68]

[pg 69]

## A SOOTHING SONG FOR AUGUST.

Far from placid pleasure  
Fashion's nomads roam;  
Wisdom finds the treasure  
In its fullest measure  
Peacefully at home.

Free from by-the-way bores  
Of hotel and train,  
Rest we from our labours,  
With our fair young neighbours  
Round us once again.

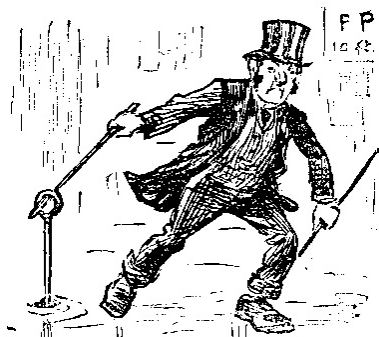
Bees in drowsy fettle  
Lazy lilies rob;  
Slumbrously they settle,  
Thrumming like a kettle  
On the Summer's hob.

Flies their mystic mazes  
Intricately thread,  
Where the sunshine blazes  
Through the cedarn hazes,  
Just above my head.

Pussy, with her fur feet  
Curled beneath her breast,  
Drowzes where the turf-heat  
Soothes her with a surfeit  
Of delicious rest.

Now a laughing quarrel  
Stirs the stilly air,  
Where, beyond the laurel,  
With their white apparel  
Glistening in the glare,

Boys and girls together



**Taking a Pull on the Watery  
Main.**

Make a gallant crew,  
Boys in highest feather,  
Girls like summer weather,  
Bright and sweet and true.

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## OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

SOME MORE HOLIDAY INQUIRIES.

NOVEL YACHTING EXPEDITION. UNIQUE CHANCE.—A Gentleman of marked nautical proclivities, who has lately, through the demise of a great-uncle, come into the possession of a Penny Steamer in a very fair condition of repair, is anxious to meet with one or two persons of similar tastes who would be disposed to start with him on a Summer Tour, for the purpose of leisurely navigating the vessel, in a tentative fashion, round the British Isles. As he would not take a Pilot with him, but proposes when in doubt either to ask his way from the nearest Coastguard by signal, or run in shore and get out and walk, he thinks the voyage would not be without excitement and variety, and would be likely to afford some novel seafaring experience to the naval amateur in search of pleasing adventure. The course, as at present mapped out, would be from Putney Bridge to Margate, Plymouth, Holyhead, Skye, Aberdeen, by the German Ocean past Hull, Yarmouth, Clacton-on-Sea, Southend, back again, finishing the journey at Battersea Reach, but it would probably be varied by wind and weather, the exigences of which would naturally have to be taken into account. The crew will consist of three experienced Channel stewards, a bargee, a retired pirate, and a cabin-boy, and will be under the command of the advertiser, who, though fresh to the work, has little doubt but that, with a friendly hint or two from his fellow-yachtsmen, he will be able to manage it. N.B.—Each Passenger provided with a Royal Humane Society's drag. For all further particulars apply to "PORT-ADMIRAL," 117, Rope Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

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EXCEPTIONAL PSYCHOLOGICAL OPPORTUNITY. HAUNTED CASTLE TO LET.—A Baronet, in the North of England, who can himself stand residence in it no longer, is anxious to meet with a suitable Tenant for his Family Mansion likely to appreciate the mysterious horrors with which, owing to the crimes of his ancestors in times past, it is now nightly associated. The chief manifestation consists in the appearance, after midnight, in an oak-panelled bedroom, of a huge black wolf, accompanied by a little old man in a bag-wig and faded blue velvet coat, who, looking sadly at the occupant, and saying, in a mournful voice, "I've lost my return-ticket!" vanishes suddenly, together with his swarthy companion, into the linen-cupboard. As this apparition is frequently followed by the sound as of a man in a complete suit of armour falling head-over-heels down six flights of stairs, and ultimately, amidst prolonged and piercing shrieks, apparently lodging in the coal-cellar, a member of the Society for Promoting Psychological Research could not fail to find the whole experience a singularly pleasing one. Several people having already been frightened into fits through passing a night in the castle, a practical joker, who wished to have a little fun at the expense of an aged and invalid relative or two, could not do better than ask them down for a week, and let them take turns at sleeping in the bedroom in question. Address, "BARONET," Goblynhurst, Howlover.

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TIGER-SHOOTING AT HOME. PRIME SPORT WITH BIG GAME.—A Country Clergyman, who, having taken charge of a Menagerie for an invalid friend, has had the misfortune to let nearly the whole of it escape and get loose in his parish, would be glad to have the assistance of several Sportsmen of wide Indian and African experience, who would be willing to join him in an effort either to kill, or, if possible, recapture it at the very earliest opportunity. Though the Advertiser has succeeded in temporarily securing three lions, a chimpanzee, a couple of hyænas, and a young hippopotamus in the Vicarage drawing-room, and has managed to envelope a boa-constrictor in a lawn-tennis net, yet, as five full-grown Bengal tigers, and about thirty other wild beasts of a miscellaneous character are at large in the village, and have, to his knowledge, already devoured the Postman, the Curate, a School Inspector, and both the horses of the Local Railway Omnibus, he feels that no time ought to be lost in replying to his appeal. One or two Experts, armed with Hotchkiss Guns, would be of use, and might write. Would be glad to hear from a Battery of Horse Artillery. Address, The VICAR, High Roaring, Notts.

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AERIAL VOYAGE. ADVANTAGEOUS EXPERIMENT FOR THE SHORT-SIGHTED.—A Gentleman who has long been suffering from a chronic affection of the eyes, and has been recommended by his medical adviser to try the stimulating effect of mountain air, having conceived the idea of procuring it for himself by making an ascent in a second-hand and slightly damaged balloon that he has purchased for the purpose, will be glad to hear from one or two thoroughly skilled and experienced Aëronauts similarly afflicted, who would regard the beneficent results of being able to accompany him as an equivalent for the professional services they might render to the carrying out of the undertaking. As the Advertiser's idea is to start from some convenient Gas-Works in the Midland Counties, and keep a steady northward course by holding on, before the wind, with a line and grappling-hook to the system of telegraphic wires running alongside one of the great central railways, and as he proposes merely stopping occasionally *en route* to unroof the house of some local medical man when any of the party are in need of advice, he confidently

anticipates that the trip will not be devoid of novel and exciting features that will invest it with a distinctively fresh and exhilarating character. For full and further particulars of the enterprise, which have been carefully thought out, apply, by letter, to "IN NUBIBUS," Uppingham Lodge, Mount-Rising, Ayrshire.

THREE THOUSAND BLAZING ACRES TO LET.—A Scotch Laird, who has, by some accident in celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee, managed to set fire to his entire property, the whole of which, after smouldering for a season, has since burst into a violent conflagration, which he can neither diminish nor control, would be willing to let it at a comparatively low rental to a London Sportsman sufficient novice in grouse-shooting not to be surprised at picking up his birds already roasted in the heather. As at the end of a day's trudging in the blinding heat of a Sahara through smoking covers, accompanied by a powerful steam fire-engine, he will probably discover that he has only succeeded in making a bag consisting of one singed "cheeper," the "shooting" is likely to prove more attractive to the amateur unfamiliar with the rifle, but accustomed to the tropical heat of a Central African Summer, than satisfactory to a professional marksman counting on dispatching from a breezy moorland fifty brace or so to his relatives and friends.—For terms, &c., apply to THE MAC SALAMANDER, Flaimhaugh, Glen Blayse, N.B.

## By a Canterbury Belle.

(Song at the End of the great Cricket Week.)

Fine weather, fair cricket, the bold "Men of Kent"  
To flirt and bet gloves—thirty pairs are my winnings!—  
Why, yes, on the whole I'm extremely content;  
'Tis the nicest of *outings* to witness such *innings*.

*Chorus*—A Cricketer *should* be an excellent match  
Because he is certain to be "a good catch."



### SNAP-SHOTS FOR THE TWELFTH.

An Extended Tract of Moor.

A Second Laying.

Heavy Bags are Difficult to Secure.

[pg 70]



## ANTHROPOPHAGOUS.

*Little Nephew.* "UNCLE, YOU MUST BE A SORT O' CANNIBAL, I  
—"

*Uncle (on a visit).* "A WHAT, SIR!? WHA'D'YER MEAN, SIR?"

*Nephew.* "'CAUSE MA' SAID YOU WAS ALWAYS LIVIN' ON  
SOMEBODY!"

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## FOREIGN (LANGUAGE) COMPETITION.

CARE EDITOR,—SENTIO obligatus scribere ad te propter extraordinariam novam departuram quam Gubernator recenter fecit. (Scribo Latinè, quia si ille legit hoc, *non poterit intelligere!* Prætendit intelligere Classica perfectè, sed habeo graves dubitationes de illo. Hoc est inter nos.)

Sunt nostri holidays nunc, ut tu sine dubio es awarus; et, alio mane, Pater subito nunciavit suam intentionem detrahere me de Etonis, et mittere me ad aliquem Tutorem in Germaniâ, "in ordinem ut discam modernas linguas, sic importantes (ille ait) in cursu vitæ nunc-dies."

Fui attonitus, ut tu potes imaginare. Nam Gubernator, ut totus mundus noscit, semper fuit laudator Classicorum. ("Omne ignotum pro magnifico," intelligis; habeo illum illic, nonne? Hoc quoque est inter nos.) In factò, pro momento ego fui "percussus omnis cumuli," ut dictum est. Habere linqere Etonas, tam jolliam scholam! Et ire ad istos Teutones, qui non possunt ludere vel cricketum vel footballum, et sunt generaliter horribiles muffi! Id est nimis malum pro verbis.

Vide explanationem paternæ inconsistentiæ! Forsitan vidisti, O PUNCHE, quomodo aliqui journalales pestilentes recenter abusi sunt Classicas linguas. Bene, Gubernator legit hos journalales, et nunc odit Græcum et Latinum. Ego ipse odi Græcum, sed Germanum est multo pejus, si possibile. Ut pro Gallico, non est ita difficile, exceptâ pronunciatione, quæ est bestiissima res umquam inventa. Sed "malo mispronunciare ad Etonas, quam in Continenti rectè dicere," ut CICERO dicit.

Protestavi contra novam ideam Gubernatoris tantum quam audeo; sed habeo esse cautus, quia Gubernator non amat contradictionem. Fit cereus, si contradicatur. Argui tamen ut obliviscar omnia mea Classica in Germaniâ celerius quam potes dicere "Johannes Robinson;" nam unum caput non potest tenere Græcum, Latinum, Germanum, *et* Gallicum. Gubernator iracundè respondit ut "*meum* caput non potest tenere aliquam rem, ut videtur." Hoc est abominabilis libellus (inter nos iterum).

Tunc posui ante eum pericula duellorum. Juvenes Teutonici omnes ineunt pro duellis, ut habeo auditum. Pater (crudelis!) fecit extremè leve hujus periculi. "Si redeam sine naso, quid tum?" dixi. "Erit propria pœna," Gubernator sarcasticè respondit, "pro negligente NASONEM ad scholam." Ille, percipis, "ridet ad cicatrices, quia nunquam sensit vulnus." Laudat Caput-Magistros Marlhurienses et Harrovienses et Winchesterenses pro expellendo Græcum de Intranti Examinatione pro illis scholis. Sperat ut "in nullo tempore ero bonus Germanus scholaris"; sed ego dubito. Dixi ad eum ut sola Germana verba que nosco sunt "Die Wacht am Rhein." Gubernator respondit ut meus Tutor donaret mihi "die whacks am Rhein" si negligo curriculum studiorum. Jocus est extremè pauper. Admiror si Tutor verè donabit id mihi calidum? O care Editor, nonne potes facere aliquam rem pro retinente me ad Etonas? Tuus disconsolatus,

TOMMIUS.

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## SEA-DREAMS.

*By John Bull à propos of the Naval Manœuvres.*

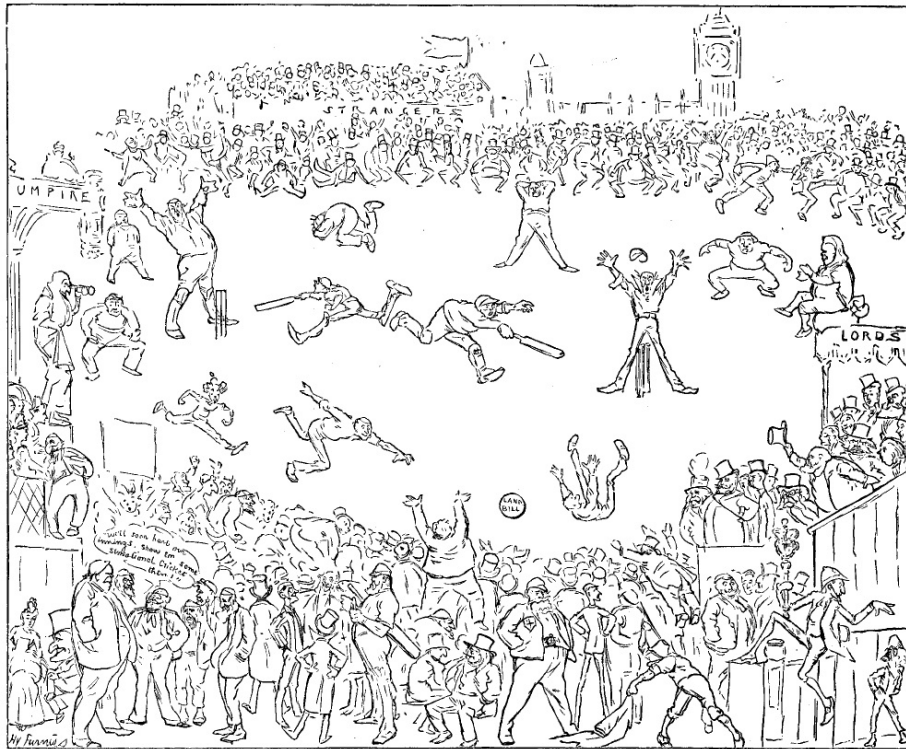
FALMOUTH in flames! By Jove, that *sounds* a stunner!  
FREMANTLE'S given HEWETT a fair "oner,"  
Somehow I feel I'd rather by a hantle,  
HEWETT had given toko to FREMANTLE.  
I dare say it's all right; yet there's no telling,  
What might be the result of *real* shelling.  
Like the far-famed young lady of Devizes,  
FREMANTLE'S *forte* appears to be surprises,  
Splendid no doubt, but, after all expenses,  
I feel more interested in *defences*.  
Of course for FREMANTLE to dumfog HEWETT,  
(And show a world of watchers *how to do it*)  
Is first-rate practice; an eye-opener verily;  
Only I fancy I should laugh more merrily,  
If *my* eyes were the only optics gazing,  
Upon a feat that's no doubt most amazing;  
The Thames' mouth occupied by a fine fleet!  
The sight—as the fleet's mine—of course is sweet,  
But there's one thought that rather makes me blench:—



"BOOTIFUL."—The good people of Stafford have given HER MAJESTY as a Jubilee present a cabinet containing about two hundred pairs of boots and shoes. Evidently the stock is intended to last until HER MAJESTY reaches her next Jubilee, when, no doubt, the gift will be repeated!

STRIKING EFFECTS.—For further particulars, apply to the Midland Railway Company.

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INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 50.

GRAND PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET MATCH.  
(Facsimile of Sketch by Our Electric Special.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



E. H. P-ck-rsg-ll.

Monday Night, August 1.—Prince Louis of BATTENBERG had better be making inquiries as to return trains for Germany. W. REDMOND "has had his attention called to him," and PICKERSGILL has his eye upon him. German Prince been appointed to command of *Dreadnought* over thirty British Officers who had precedence for promotion. W. REDMOND elicited more general cheering than usually falls to his lot when he wanted to know what reason could be given for so extraordinary a mark of confidence? GEORGY HAMILTON explained that there was best possible reason. Prince LOUIS a heaven-born sea-Captain. No one like him among ordinary Britishers. Appointed to *Dreadnought* simply because he was best possible man. Then PICKERSGILL came to front. Couldn't object to First Lord's personal preference, but gave notice that if Prince LOUIS were confirmed in command of *Dreadnought* he would move that his salary be disallowed. More cheers. Idea of German Princeling holding office, however honourable, without drawing a salary struck Commons as comical. Subject seemed to drop here. But COMMERELL, having by this time had another question on other subject put and answered, collected his thoughts, rose and begged to say that "Prince Louis of BATTENBERG served under me, and a more efficient officer——" Here sentence came to abrupt conclusion. Angry cries of "Order!" stormed round gallant Admiral. COMMERELL a man of proved valour, as the Victoria Cross worn on his breast on Jubilee Day and other high festivities testifies. But his bronzed cheek blanched under this assault. He stared round a moment speechless, and resumed his seat.



M-cl-n interposes.

House in Committee through long hours on Irish Land Bill. Dulness enlivened towards midnight by encounter between CHAMBERLAIN and GRANDOLPH. CHAMBERLAIN began it; GRANDOLPH by no means backward. Rebuked CHAMBERLAIN for "characteristic sneer," upon which CHAMBERLAIN smartly retorted. The interesting episode concluded by HARTINGTON announcing his intention to vote against CHAMBERLAIN and with the Government. HARCOURT much pleased.

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"This is only the beginning," he said. "GRANDOLPH and CHAMBERLAIN have evidently quarrelled. HARTINGTON doesn't bind himself to go with CHAMBERLAIN; and altogether the Unionist Party seems a little disunited."

*Business done.*—Irish Land Bill in Committee.

*Tuesday.*—Questions over there was a pretty scene. JOHN DILLON complained of allegation in provincial newspaper that he had applauded a statement that in a riot at Belfast several children and a young lady school-teacher, the daughter of Lord SLIGO's Agent, were seriously hurt. Hadn't proceeded far with explanation when voice from neighbourhood of Treasury Bench called out, "It is true!"

"Who says it's true?" shouted JOHN, flashing a baleful glance on Treasury Bench.

At first he thought the interrupter was Old Morality, but his air of perfect innocence repulsed suspicion. Was it DE WORMS, turning as, it is written, his family sometimes do? EDWARD CLARKE looked more guilty, so JOHN "named" him; denied the soft impeachment. HALSEY admitted it, and was backed up by half-a-dozen Members, including MACLEAN. Bore personal testimony to having heard the applause when incident was mentioned.

"I say it is true!" they repeated one after the other.

"And I say it is false!" JOHN DILLON roared, and proceeded to denounce Members opposite in language which speedily brought up the SPEAKER.

After a while MACLEAN again interposed. Demanded to be heard whilst he asserted in detail the general accuracy of the newspaper paragraph, whilst of course acquitting DILLON "if he said he did not join in applause." Parnellites, oddly enough, left all the fighting to JOHN, who was finally put down by SPEAKER. After this pleasant interlude, House resumed Committee on Land Bill. Proceedings dolorous, and House empty. At one time sitting nearly brought to end by a Count.

*Business done.*—Irish Land Bill.



**Enter Tr-v-ly-n.**

*Thursday.*—Enter TREVELYAN; exit EDWARD RUSSELL, the latter carrying with him the consciousness of that rare possession—popularity with both sides of the House. Everybody sorry he has gone, especially "the Dissident Liberals." As PLUNKET says, "He was the gentlest-mannered Radical in the House." Crowded House. TREVELYAN brings his sheaves (1401) with him, in shape of rattling majority won at Glasgow. Everybody there but HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN. Meeting in such circumstances with old colleague would have been too touching. But older colleagues, under wing of GLADSTONE, in full force. Determined to kill the fatted calf for the returning prodigal. GLADSTONE would, of course, play the part of Aged Parent; TREVELYAN the repentant son. But



**Exit R-ss-II.**

who was to stand for the fatted calf? General impression that HARCOURT best suited by natural gifts for the character. HARCOURT's habitual modesty not to be overcome. "Wouldn't," he said, "like to play such a prominent part." Finally agreed that they should "imagine the calf." All went admirably well. Might have been managed by that veteran strategist the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

CHILDERS and CAMERON (both out of step with new Member) personally conducted him to Table. Enormous cheering, which CHILDERS gently deprecated. "No, my good friends," he said. "This is very kind of you. But there's really no credit due to me. I bring our young friend up because I, too, am a Scotch Member. Perhaps my success at Edinburgh may have given fillip to Liberalism in the Lowlands. But pray don't mention it. Any little services I may have rendered are overpaid by this magnificent ovation."

More cheers when new Member was introduced to SPEAKER. Delighted to see him. Had often heard his name. Pleased with this opportunity of making his personal acquaintance. Should be sure to know him again if he met him. All this lively and entertaining. But great scene artistically conceived for end of play. TREVELYAN, passing round back of SPEAKER's chair, proceeding in search of quiet seat, beheld strange spectacle on Front Opposition Bench. There was the Aged P. signalling from his tent. Signal taken up by retainers and carried down crowded bench. Only in the place of honour must the new Member sit. Never made so much fuss of before. Last time took

oath and seat, no particular notice taken of double event. What had happened in meantime? Had he grown more eloquent; had he performed some conspicuous service; or had he increased in personal esteem of those who know him? The latter impossible. In the former no change. He had merely kicked over traces and was now come back to run in them. Thought of this with some bitterness. But reception well meant. There was the Aged P. violently beckoning with venerable forefinger, and the errant son made his way up to him, fell on his neck and kissed him—this of course in a Parliamentary sense.

*Business done.*—Army Estimates.

*Friday.*—House of Lords rent to its centre by deadly, blood-curdling, butter-melting controversy. Question is, shall it be Butterine or Margarine? The usually hostile camps streaked with enemies. A Noble Lord, who stands stoutly for Butterine, finds himself seated with another Peer, who swears by Margarine, and *vice versa*. When division comes there is woful cross-voting. It is BASING who appropriately brings on subject, and WEMYSS who moves that the compound be called Butterine, instead of Margarine. Everyone in high spirits, sustained by a free collation, served out at the door. This attraction rather militated against full success of debate. Noble Lords "asking for more," of course having to linger outside till they'd eaten it. BASING (long known to us as SCLATER-BOOTH) revelled in his subject, and thanked the Markiss he was made a Peer in time to take part in discussion. ARGYLL brought his massive mind to bear on Butterine; GRANVILLE toyed with the subject; and WEMYSS was more than usually emphatic. BRAMWELL had promised to speak for Butterine. Place empty when turn came.

"Where's BRAMWELL? He should be up next," said WEMYSS.

"Ah," said ROSEBERY,

"Would you know where last I saw him,  
He was eating bread and butterine."

Messengers despatched to corridor and BRAMWELL brought in with his mouth full. A stirring debate, but Butterine was nowhere. BRAMWELL having demonstrated Margarine was "not the correct name for the substitute known as Butterine," their Lordships by large majority voted for Margarine.

*Business done.*—In Commons Land Bill again.

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## A NEW WERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

(By a thorough Port-soakian.)

The LORD MARE leads an appy life,  
He has no cares of party strife,  
He drinks the best of hevry wine,  
I wish the LORD MARE'S lot was mine.

And, yet all appy's not his lot,  
Although he has his title got;  
He hardly once alone can dine—  
would not that his lot was mine.

A Alderman more pleases me,  
He leads a life of jollitee:  
He nobly dines, has naught to pay,  
And has his health drunk ev'ry day.

And though he has to sham delite  
At weary speeches nite by nite,  
And to administer the Law  
Without no blunders or no flaw,

Still, though I but a Waiter be,  
The LORD MARE'S life would not suit me,  
But, while I drains my flowing can,  
I'll fancy I'm a Alderman!

ROBERT.

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POETRY OF PARLIAMENT.—A debate in the House of Commons corresponding to the verse named Alexandrine—"Which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

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SEASONABLE FIELD-SPORT.—Leather-hunting.

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\*\*\* Transcriber's Note: "I" inserted into the beginning of the last line of the sixth stanza of "Glass Falling", page 66.\*\*\*

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