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**PUNCH,
OR, THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

VOLUME 98.

APRIL 5, 1890.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

JOURNALISTIC.

"*The Prisoner, who was fashionably attired, and of genteel appearance;*" *i.e.*, An ill-got-up swell-mobsman.

"*A powerful-looking fellow;*" *i.e.*, An awful ruffian.

"*A rumour has reached us*"—(in the well-nigh impenetrable recesses wherein, as journalists, we habitually conceal ourselves).

"*Nothing fresh has transpired;*" *i.e.*, The local Reporter's invention is at last exhausted.

"*The Prisoner seemed fully alive to the very serious position in which he was placed;*" *i.e.*, He occasionally wiped his mouth on his knuckles.

"*The proceedings were kept up until an advanced hour;*" *i.e.*, The Reporter left early.

SOCIAL.

"*I'm so sorry I've forgotten to bring my Music;*" *i.e.*, I'm not going to throw away my singing on these people.

"*Dear me, this is a surprise to meet you here! I didn't, you see, know you were in Town;*" *i.e.*, By which I wish her to understand that I hadn't seen that prominent account of her Mid-Lent dance (*for which I had received no invitation*) that appeared in last Thursday's *Morning Post*.

"*Never heard it recited better. Wonder you don't go on the Stage;*" *i.e.*, Then one needn't come and hear you; now one can't keep out of your way.

FOR SHOW SUNDAY.

"*Shall you have many Pictures in this year?*" *i.e.*, He'll jump for joy if he gets one in.

"*Is your big Picture going to Burlington House or the Grosvenor?*" *i.e.*, They wouldn't have it at an East-End Free Art Show.

"*By Jove, dear boy, Burne-Jones will have to look to his laurels?*" *i.e.*, Green mist and gawky girls, as usual!

"What I love about your pictures, dear Mr. Stodge, is their Subtle Ideal treatment, so different, &c., &c.?" i.e., "Tisn't like anything on earth.

"Best thing you've done for years, my boy; and, mark my words, it'll create a sensation!" i.e., Everybody says it'll be a great go, and I may as well be in it.

"Entre nous, I don't think Millais' landscape is to be compared with it?" i.e., I should hope not—for MILLAIS' sake.

"Fancy hanging him on the line, and skying you! It's too bad?" i.e., His picture is.

"Glad you haven't gone in for mere 'pretty, pretty,' this time, old man," i.e., It's ugly enough for a scarecrow.

"My dear Sir, it's as mournfully impressive as a Millet;" i.e., Dull skies and dowdy peasants!

"Well, it's something in these days to see a picture one can get a laugh out of;" i.e., Or at!

AUCTIONEERING.

"Every Modern Convenience;" i.e., Electric-bells and disconnected drain-pipes.

"Cheap and Commodious Flat;" i.e., Seven small square rooms, with no outlook, at about the rent of a Hyde Park mansion.

"A Desirable Residence;" i.e., To get out of.

PLATFORMULARS.

"And thus bring to a triumphant issue the fight in which we are engaged;" i.e., Thank Heaven, I managed to get off my peroration all right.

"Our great Leader;" i.e., "That's sure to make them cheer, and will give me time to think."



SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Mrs. Scrooge. "I'M WRITING TO ASK THE BROWNS TO MEET THE JONESES HERE AT DINNER, AND TO THE JONESES TO MEET THE BROWNS. WE OWE THEM BOTH, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Scrooge. "BUT I'VE HEARD THEY'VE JUST QUARRELLED, AND DON'T SPEAK!"

Mrs. Scrooge. "I KNOW. THEY'LL REFUSE, AND WE NEEDN'T GIVE A DINNER PARTY AT ALL!"

"MY CURATE."

[The *Law Times* mentions that a photograph of a well-dressed and good-looking gentleman has been sent to it, with the words "My Advocate" beneath. On the back are the name and address of a Solicitor.]

SCENE—*Drowsiham Vicarage.* Vicar and Family discovered seated at breakfast-table. Time—Present.

The Vicar. I only advertised for a Curate in last Saturday's *Church Papers*, and already I have received more

than sixty applications by the post, all of them, apparently, from persons of the highest respectability, whose views, too, happen to coincide entirely with my own! Dear me! I suppose these may be called the "Clerical Unemployed."

Elder Daughter (giddily). Pa! Have any of them sent photos?

Vicar. Yes, all of them. It seems to be the new method to inclose *cartes-de-visite* with testimonials.

Younger Daughter. Now I shall be able to fill up my Album!

Elder Daughter (who has been running her eye over the pictures). This is the pick of the lot, Pa. Take him! Such a dear! He's got an eyeglass, and whiskers, and curly hair, and seems quite young!

Younger Daughter (thoughtfully). It's a pity we can't lay in *two* Curates while we are about it.

Vicar. Hem! A rather nice-looking young man, certainly. Let's see what he says about himself. The new system saves a lot of trouble, as candidates for posts write down their qualifications on the back of their photographs.

Elder Daughter (reading). "Views strictly orthodox." Oh, bother views! Here's something better—"Very Musical Voice"—the *darling!* He *looks* as if he had a musical voice. "Warranted not to go beyond fifteen minutes in preaching." Delicious!

Vicar's Wife. I don't know if the parishioners will like *that*.

Both Daughters (together). But *we* shall!

Elder Daughter (continues reading). "Quite content to preach only in the afternoons. No attempts to rival Vicar's eloquence." What *does* he mean?

Vicar (cordially). I know! I think he'll do very well. *Just* the sort of man I want!

Elder Daughter. Ha! Listen to this! "Can play the banjo, and twenty-six games of lawn-tennis without fatigue." The pet!

Younger Daughter. Perfectly engaging! Oh, Pa, wire to him *at once!*

Elder Daughter (turning pale). Stop! What is this? "Very steady and respectable. *Has been engaged to be married for past three years!*" Call *him* engaging, indeed! No chance of it. The wretch!

Younger Daughter. A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing! Can't you prosecute him, Pa?

Vicar (meditatively). I might—in the Archbishop's Court. Really this new self-recommendation plan, though useful in some ways, seems likely to disturb quiet households. And I've fifty-nine more photos to look at!

[Retires to Study, succumbs to slumber.]

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER has been announced as in preparation at the Criterion and the Vaudeville. Miss MARY MOORE v. Miss WINIFRED EMERY as *Miss Hardcastle*. Which is to "stoop," and which to "conquer?" Why not run it at both Houses?—and, to decide, call in a jury of "the GOLDSMITH'S Company."

THE MAYFAIR ROW.—GOODE, BAIRD, and very indifferent.



Emperor. "I'M ONE OF YOU!" *Socialist.* "ALL RIGHT, MATE. THEN—TAKE OFF YOUR CROWN!"

The Kaiser swears that he can work;
 So can I! So can I!
 Strain and long hours he will not shirk.
 Nor do I, nor do I.
 But he may work at his sweet will;
 So they say, so they say.
 Whilst I must toil my pouch to fill;
 A long day, a long day!
 So there's *some* difference I see
 Betwixt the Emperor and me.

He hath his army and his ships;
 Great are they! Great are they!
 Their price, which my lean pocket nips,
 I must pay, I must pay.
 Yet here he comes to grip my hand;
 That's his plan, that's his plan;
 And at my side to take his stand,
 Working-man, working-man!
 Strange that such likeness there should be
 Betwixt the Emperor and me!

BISMARCK, it seems, he does not trust;
 Nor do I, nor do I.
 He thinks the toiler's claims are just;
 So do I, so do I.
 He's called a Conference of Kings,
 Novel scheme, novel scheme!
 To talk of Socialistic things—
 Pleasant dream, pleasant dream!
 What difference, now, would KARL MARX see
 Betwixt my Emperor and me?

The "International" they banned.
That was vile, that was vile.
 But now a similar thing *they've* planned,
 Makes me smile, makes me smile.
 Labour world-over they'll discuss,
 Far and near, far and near.
 Will it all end in futile fuss?
 That's my fear, that's my fear.
 A difference of view I see
 Betwixt the Emperor and me.

But here he comes to grip my fist,
 Fair and free, fair and free.
 Thinks he the chance I can't resist?

We shall see, we shall see.
I wear the Cap and he the Crown—
Awkward gear, awkward gear!
Is he content to put it down?
No, I fear; no, I fear.
If Workman I as Workman he,
Perhaps he'll just change hats with me!

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—Oddly enough the French Gallery contains but a small proportion of French pictures. Possibly Mr. WALLIS thinks it is not high-bred to appear too long in a French *rôle*—perhaps he fancies the public would get crusty or the critics might have him "on toast." Anyhow, he has taken French leave to do as he pleases, and the result is very satisfactory. He does not lose our Frenchship by the change. There are three remarkable pictures by Prof. FRITZ VON UHDE, and two by Prof. MAX LIEBERMANN, which ought to make a sensation, and there is an excellent MUNKACSY, besides a varied collection of foreign pictures.

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN, author of that annually useful work, *Academy Notes*, is announced to give lectures at Kensington Town Hall, April 13. One of his subjects, "Sketching in Sunshine," will be very interesting to a Londoner. First catch your sunshine: then sketch. Mr. BLACKBURN will be illuminated by oxy-hydrogen; he will thus appear as Mr. White-burn; so altogether a light entertainment.



AT THE "ZOO."

Arabella. "OH, AUG— MR. BROWN, LET'S GO TO THE APEIARY. I THINK THE MONKEYS ARE SUCH FUN!"
[*He did not Propose that afternoon!*]

THE WAY TO THE TEMPLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Willesden Junction.

Having been assured by a Phrenologist that my bump of locality is very highly developed, I attempted the other day—although a perfect stranger to London—to walk from Charing Cross to the Temple without inquiring the route. I had absolutely no assistance but a small map of Surbiton and the neighbourhood, from which I had calculated the general lie of the country, and a plain, ordinary compass, which I had bought cheap because it had lost its pointer. I am not sure that the route I took was the most direct. But when, after several hours' walk, I found myself at Willesden Junction, I was assured by a boy in the district, whom I asked, that I could not possibly have gone straighter. He advised me to take a ticket at once for Chalk Farm, as I still had some way to go, and said that he thought I might have to change at Battersea. He was a nice, bright little boy, and laughed quite merrily.

I have now been at Willesden Junction for eighteen hours, and I have not yet secured a train for Chalk Farm. There have been several, but they have always gone from the platform which I had just left. So I have camped out on the 101th platform, and I intend to stop there till a train for Chalk Farm comes in. Of course the porters have remonstrated, and tried to explain where and when the train really does start. But I would sooner trust my natural instincts than any porter. That bright little boy has been twice to see how I am getting on. He brought two other boys last time. They all told me to stick to it, and seemed much amused—probably at the stupidity of those porters. But really, *Mr. Punch*, Willesden Junction ought to be simplified.

It may be all very well for me, with a phrenological aptitude for this sort of thing; but these different levels, platforms, and stairs must be very puzzling to less gifted people, such as the green young man from the country.

But the last suggestion which I have to make is the most important. There ought to be a great many more doors *into* the refreshment-room, and only one door out of it. I lost the thirteenth train for Chalk Farm by going out of the wrong door. One door out would be ample, and it should certainly be made—by an easy arrangement of pivots and pneumatic pressure—to open straight into the train for anywhere where you wanted to go. If this simple alteration cannot be made, Willesden Junction must be destroyed at once, route and branch; or removed to Hampton Court, to take the place of the present absurdly easy Maze. I am, *Mr. Punch*,

Your humble and obedient Servant,

PHRENITIC.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(*New "Physical Examination" Style.*)

OXFORD, April 1, 1890.

The Regius Professor of High Jumping will commence his Course of Lectures, accompanied, in the way of illustration, by a practical exhibition of several physical *tours de force* on the spare ground at the back of the Parks, at some hour before 12 o'clock this morning. Candidates for honours in Hurdle Racing, Dancing, and Throwing the Hammer, are requested to leave their names at the Professor of Anthropometry's, at his residence, in the new Athletic Schools, on or before the 3rd inst. The subject selected for the next Term's Prize Physical Essay Composition, which will have on the reading to be practically and personally illustrated by several feats of the successful candidate himself, will be "*Leap Year.*"

LIGHT AND AYRY.

Rejected! in bad grammar I declare
I can't forget this year, nor yet that Ayr!

THE RECORDING ANGEL IN THE HOUSE, OR THE GAL IN THE GALLERY.—"*Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette 'galerie.*"

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MODERN TYPES.

(*By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.*)
No. VII.—THE PATRON OF SPORT.

In order to qualify properly for the patronage of sport, a man must finally abandon any vestiges of refinement which may remain to him after a youth spent mainly in the use of strong language, and the abuse of strong drink. The future patron, who has enjoyed for some years the advantages of a neglected training in the privacy of the domestic circle, will have been sent to a public school. Like a vicious book, he will soon have been "called in," though not until he has been cut by those who may have been brought in contact with him. Having thus left his school for his school's good, he will find no difficulty in persuading his parents that the high spirits of an ingenuous youth, however distasteful they may have been to the ridiculous prejudices of a pedantic Head Master, are certain to be properly appreciated by the officers of a crack Regiment. He will, therefore, decide to enter the Army, and after pursuing his arduous studies for some time at the various Music Halls and drinking saloons of the Metropolis, he will administer a public reproof to the Civil Service Commissioners, by declining on two separate occasions to pass the examination for admission into Sandhurst.

He will then inform his father that he is heavily in debt, and, having borrowed money from his tailor, he will disappear from the parental ken, to turn up again, after a week, without his watch, his scarf-pin, or his studs. This freak will be accepted by his relatives as a convincing proof of his fitness for a financial career, and he will shortly be transferred to the City as Clerk to a firm of Stockbrokers. Here his versatile talents will have full scope. He will manage to reconcile a somewhat lax attention to the details of business with a strict regularity in his attendance at suburban race-meetings. Nothing will be allowed to stand in his way when he pursues the shadow of pleasure through the most devious windings into the lowest haunts. For him the resources of dissipation are never exhausted. Pot-houses provide him with cocktails, restaurants furnish him with elaborate dinners, tailors array him in fine clothes, hosiers collar him up to the chin, and cover his breast with immaculate fronts. The master-pieces of West-End jewellers, hatters, and boot-makers, sparkle on various portions of his person; he finds in a lady step-dancer a goddess, and in *Ruff's Guide* a Bible; he sups, he swears, he drinks, and he gambles, and, finally, he attains to the summit of earthly felicity by finding himself mentioned under a nickname in the paragraphs of a sporting organ.

Having about the same time engaged in a midnight brawl with an undersized and middle-aged cabman, he appears the next morning in a Police Court, and, after being fined forty shillings, is hailed as a hero by his companions, and recognised as a genuine Patron of Sport by the world at large. Henceforward his position is assured. He becomes the boon companion of Music-hall Chairmen, and lives on terms of intimate vulgarity with Money-lenders, who find that it pays to take a low interest in the pleasures, in order the more easily to obtain a high interest on the borrowings, of reckless young men.

In company with these associates, and with others of more or less repute, the Patron of Sport sets the seal to his patronage by becoming a member of a so-called Sporting Club, at which professional pugilists batter one another in order to provide excitement for a mixed assemblage of coarse and brainless rowdies and the feeble toadies who dance attendance upon them. Here the Patron is at his best and noblest. Though he has never worn a glove in anger, nor indeed taken the smallest part in any genuine athletic exercise, he is as free with his opinions as he is unsparing of the adjectives wherewith he adorns them. He talks learnedly of "upper-cuts" and "cross-counters," and grows humorous over "mouse-traps," "pile-drivers on the mark," and "the flow of the ruby." Having absorbed four whiskeys-and-soda, he will observe that "if a fellow refuses to train properly, he must expect to be receiver-general," and, after lighting his tenth cigar as a tribute, presumably, to the lung power of the combatants, will indulge in some moody reflections on the decay of British valour and the general degeneracy of Englishmen. He will then drink liqueur brandy out of a claret glass, and, having slapped a sporting solicitor on the back and dug in the ribs a gentleman jockey who has been warned off the course, he will tread on the toes of an inoffensive stranger who has allowed himself to be elected a member of the Club under the mistaken impression that it was the home of sportsmen and the sanctuary of honest boxers. After duly characterising the stranger's eyes and his awkwardness, the Patron will resume his seat near the ropes, and will stare vacuously at the brilliant gathering of touts, loafers, parasites, usurers, book-makers, broken-down racing men, seedy soldiers, and over-fed City men who are assembled round the room. Inspired by their society with the conviction that he is assisting in an important capacity in the revival of a manly sport, he will adjust his hat on the back of his head, rap with his gold-headed cane upon the floor, and call "Time!"—a humorous sally which is always much appreciated, especially when the ring is empty. After witnessing the first three rounds of the next competition, he will rise to depart, and observing a looking-glass, will excite the laughter of his friends and the admiration of the waiters by sparring one round with his own reflection, finally falling into the arms of a companion, whom he adjures not to mind him, but to sponge up the other fellow.

After this exploit a supper-club receives him, and he is made much of by those of both sexes who are content to thrive temporarily on the money of a friend. He will then drive a hansom through the streets, and, having knocked over a hot potato-stall, he will compensate the proprietor with a round of oaths and a five-pound note.

In appearance the Patron of Sport is unwholesome. The bloom of youth vanished from his face before he ceased to be a boy; he assumes the worn and sallow mask of age before he has fairly begun to be a man. His hair is thin, and is carefully flattened by the aid of unguents, his dress is flashy, his moustache thick. In order the more closely to imitate a true sportsman, he wears a baggy overcoat, with large buttons. Yet he abhors all kinds of honest exercise, and, in the days of his prosperity, keeps a small brougham with yellow wheels. Soon after he reaches the age of thirty, he begins to feel the effects of his variegated life. He fails in landing a big *coup* on the Stock Exchange, and loses much money over a Newmarket meeting, in which he plunges on a succession of rank outsiders, whom a set of rascals, more cunning than himself, have represented to him as certainties. His position on the Stock Exchange becomes shaky, and he attempts to restore it by embarking with a gang of needy rogues on a first-class "roping" transaction, in connection with a prize-fight in Spain. Having, however, been exposed, he is shunned by most of those who only heard of the swindle when it was too late to join in it.



This is the beginning of the end. He becomes careless of his appearance; with the decrease of his means his coats become shiny, and his cuffs more and more frayed. Eventually he falls into a state of sodden imbecility, relieved by occasional flashes of delirium tremens, and dies at the age of thirty-six, regretted by nobody except the faithful bull-dog, whose silver collar was the last thing he pawned.

A New Opera (in Preparation).

Librettist. Now here's a grand effect. They all say, "We swear!" Then there's a magnificent "Oath Chorus!" How do you propose to treat that?

Composer. Oath Chorus? In D Major.

A PAGE FROM AN IMPERIAL NOTE-BOOK.—So far so good. Got rid of the Grand Old Chancellor and the rest of *that* crew—without much of a row! Been civil to my English Uncle, the Pope and the Democrats. Can't be idle, so what shall I do next? Why not take a trip to America where I might stand for President? If I propose extending trip to Salt Lake, would have to go *en garçon*. Or I might see if I could not get a little further than STANLEY in Africa. When I returned might write a book to be called, *The Extra Deep-Edged Black Continent*. Or why not turn painter? With a little practice would soon cut out all the Old Masters, native and foreign. And if I gave my mind to poetry, why GOETHE and HEINE would be simply nowhere! How about horse-racing? A Berlin Derby Day would make my English cousins "sit up." And sermons, there's something to be done in sermons! I believe I could compose as good a discourse as any of my Court chaplains. And then, possibly, I might be qualified to do that which would satisfy the sharpest craving of my loftiest ambition—I *might write for Punch!*

[So he shall. He shall "write for *Punch*," enclosing stamps, and the Number shall be sent to him by return.—Ed.]

PLAY-TIME.

SINCE the first night, if hearsay evidence can be accepted, as I didn't see the *première*, Mr. SUGDEN must have immensely improved his *Touchstone*. He plays it now with much dry, quaint humour, and when I saw him in the part last week, every line told with a decidedly discriminating but appreciative audience. His scenes with that capital *Audrey*, Miss MARION LEA, and with *William*, were uncommonly good. I confess I was surprised. Mr. BOURCHIER—but now an amateur, now thus—gives *Jaques'* immortal speech of "All the world's a stage," in a thoroughly natural and unconventional manner, chiefly remarkable for the absence of every gesture or tone that could make it a mere theatrical recitation by a modern professional reciter at a picnic. Mrs. LANGTRY'S *Rosalind* is charming, her scenes with *Orlando* being as pretty a piece of acting as any honest playgoer could wish to see. And what a pretty Lamb is she they call BEATRICE who plays *Phœbe*! What a sweet, gentle, restful play it is! How unlike these bustling times! To witness this idyllic romance as it is put on at the St. James's, is as if one had stepped aside out of "the movement," had bid adieu for a while to the madding crowd, and had plunged into the depths of the forest of Arden, to find a tranquil "society of friends," among whom, under the greenwood tree, one can rest and be thankful.

I was curious to see how ALEXANDER "the (Getting) Great" would comport himself as the hero of light farce, associated as he has always hitherto been with heroes of romance and high comedy. The theatre-going public and his admirers—the terms are synonymous—may breathe again. ALEXANDER is surprisingly good as *Dr. Bill*, and the serious earnestness with which he invests the part intensifies the drollery of the complications. And to think that the adapter of this gay and festive piece should be none other than the sentimental troubadour, song-writer and composer, author of a Lyceum Tragedy and other similar trifles, Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ!! "Sir," in future will HAMILTON AIDÉ say, when being interviewed by a Manager, "I will now read you my Five Act Tragedy entitled—" "Hang your tragedies!" will the Manager exclaim, "Give me a farce like '*Dr. Bill*,' my boy!" And once more will the poet put his pride and his tragedy in one pocket, and all the money which the Comic Muse will give him in the other. I back the *argumentum ad pocketum* against the Tragic Muse.

How capitally it is played! Miss BROUGH excellent; and so also is Mr. CHEVALIER, who entirely loses his own identity in his make-up, and is not to be recognised at all, save for a few mannerisms. Charming housemaid is pretty MISS MARIE LINDEN; and the idiotic youth, *George Webster*, played by Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER,—two Websters rolled into one,—is very funny. But they're all as good as they can be. I congratulate ALEXANDER the (Getting) Great, who, for pecuniary reasons, I should like to be, were I not



The Kan-Kan (-garoo) Dance.

DIOGENES OUT OF THE TUB.

The Bitter Cry of the Dramatic Critic.

'Tis the voice of the Critic
I hear him complain,
"One more afternoon!
Fools! they're at it again!

These dull *Matinées*!
Wretched plays I must see!
But, alas, 'tis no play,
And there's no peace for me!"

"Le Sport" in Bouverie Street.

THE excellent columns of "This Morning's News" in the *Daily News* the other day were endowed with fresh interest by an announcement made with respect to the Emperor of AUSTRIA. It runs thus:—

"When informed that on the Imperial preserves in the neighbourhood of Vienna the first snipe had been seen, *the passionate huntsman* said, 'I am exceedingly sorry, but I've no time for them this week.'"

Every one has heard of "The Hunting of the Snark;" but this is the first time reference has been publicly made to the hunting of the Snipe.

AT THE FIRST BOTANIC GARDEN SHOW. MARCH 26.

HIMANTOPHYLLUMS and Cyclamens were there to be seen,
And some pretty baskets full of strawb'rries from Englefield Green.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

HIGH LIFE, COMMERCIAL, TRADING, AND OTHER.

THE BEST SCREENED DUCAL KNOBBLES.—As supplied direct from the ancestral estates of His Grace the Duke of WAGOVER.

THE BEST SCREENED DUCAL KNOBBLES.—This fashionable coal, throwing down a pleasing and prettily-coloured but plentiful light blue ash, is now confidently recommended to the general public, by His Grace the Duke of WAGOVER, who begs to inform his numerous patrons and clients that he has now completed his final arrangements to enable him entirely to relinquish his duties in the Upper House of the Legislature, for the purpose of being free to devote the whole of his time to the personal supervision of the working of the lucrative seams recently discovered on his family estate. Orders, that should be accompanied by postal orders or cheque, may be sent direct to His Grace, addressed either to Wagover Castle, or to his town residence in Belgrave Square, S.W.

THE BEST SCREENED DUCAL KNOBBLES.—N.B. Customers are respectfully invited to note that the Ducal Arms, Coronet and Family Tree, are properly blazoned on every sack on delivery, as a guarantee that the coal supplied is that now offered at the extremely low figure of 28s. a ton as "Ducal Knobbles," screened under the immediate supervision of His Grace's own eye.

THE EARL'S PICKLED PIES.—These delicious breakfast-table delicacies (now the rage everywhere) can be obtained by special arrangement, at any pastrycook's, cheesemonger's, or grocer's in the Three Kingdoms. A Noble Earl having by an agreement with his head-keeper and chief tenants, secured the right of shooting his own ground game, has commenced on his own estate the manufacture, for which he has taken out patent rights, of the above celebrated "rabbit" pies, the demand for which has so increased that for the last six months his house has never contained a shooting-party of less than ten guns at a time, that have all been busily engaged at making a bag for their manufacture, continually, from morning till night. An analyst, writing to the *Stethoscope*, says, "*I have examined a sample of the pie sent me. It appears to be all rabbit. I cannot discover a particle of cat in it anywhere.*"

THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY INTRODUCTION SYNDICATE. With the above appellation, a Company has been organised, under the Direction of an Impecunious Duchess, assisted by a Committee of Upper Class Ladies, whose want of ready money has become urgent, for the purpose of selling, at a fixed sale of prices, to any low-bred *parvenue* who can afford to pay for it, the *entrée* to those exclusive and hitherto unapproachable circles to which they, by the accident of their birth and family connections, possess the privilege of offering and securing an introduction.

HIGH CLASS SOCIAL PRIVILEGES.—THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY INTRODUCTION SYNDICATE beg to direct the attention of enterprising and ambitious aspirants to the advantages of an introduction to various social privileges of a High Class and Exclusive character, to the fact that the following "items," that have been carefully thought out, and priced according to scale, conformably with the present condition of the social market, are now offered for their consideration:—

	£	s.	d.
Invitation and admission to a "crush" in the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square (without introduction to Host or Hostess)	21	0	0
Ditto, ditto, (with introduction)	31	10	0
Ditto, ditto, at Bayswater, or West Kensington	1	11	6
Five o'clock tea, including introduction to Leading Actor, Royal Academician, Distinguished Literary Man, or other celebrity	10	10	0
Same privilege enjoyed at select little dinner-party of eight	26	5	0

Other "Social Privileges" provided according to the special requirements of the case. Underbred people, with no position, but possessing means, may be launched under the protection of carefully selected Chaperons, into the very best Society, on applying personally to the Manageress.

DINING WITH A DUCHESS.—THE EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY INTRODUCTION SYNDICATE beg to inform their patrons and clients that their charge for satisfactorily securing them this eminent and obvious social advantage is, at the present moment, through the rare opportunity due to financial losses incurred recently by several distinguished Noble Families, only one hundred and fifty guineas. This sum does not include any personal introduction, but the latter may be arranged for with or without three minutes' conversation over a cup of tea later in the course of the evening by the payment of the comparatively small additional fee of fifty guineas extra.



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

"THE GIFT HORSE."

Niver look a gift horse in the mouth? Moighty foine,
 But how if the crayture is not worth its kape?
 Faix, it isn't the nag for a stable o' moine.
 Oive doubts of its blood and oi don't loike its shape.
 What! we ought to accipt it and think it an honour?
 We moight do that same did we not know the donor!

Oh, I grant ye it's big, and I grant ye it's bould,
 A blood-looking Bucephalus ivery inch;
 But its oi if ye look, Sorr, is cruel and could,
 And that big aff-hind leg has a fidgety flinch.
 Oi'd git out av the way av its heels moighty quick,
 For I fancy the baste has a botherin' kick!

It looks all very well in the front, to be shure,
 Though I don't loike the way that it lays back its ears,
 But your sate in the saddle had need be secure
 If it lash out behoind, as it *could*, oive me fears.
 By the sowl of St. PAT. oi'd as soon risk a spill
 From those blayguard buck-jumpers of BUFFALO BILL!

Gift horse? Oh, by jabers *that's* not what we're afther,
 We'd breed for ourselves if they'd give us a chance.
 BALFOUR, ye stand there wid an oi full o' laughter.
 Ye divil, we know that cool optical dance.
 Come the comether on us then, would ye, ye wag,
 Wid this "ginerous" gift of a dangerous nag?

All shenanigin', that's what it is, sheer purtence;
 But ye don't catch us ould Oirish birds wid such chaff!
 Ye'd loike us to take it,—and take no offence.
 And thin it's yourself as 'ud just have the laugh.
 It may do for the North, but won't suit us down South;
 So, PARNELL, my boy, *take a squint at its mouth!*

FASTER AND FASTER.—In France there is now a Fasting Girl. If she beats the record, and if the winners, who back her staying powers against those of Succì, give her a handsome *dot*, she will be known as *La Jeûnesse Dorée*.

DUNRAVEN.

(Verses from the Very Latest Version.)

Once on a Commission dreary sat DUNRAVEN, worn and weary.
 Hearing many a snuffling Hebrew, many a Sweater's victim poor,
 Oft he nodded, nearly dozing, but, on the Commission's closing,
 Schemed out a Report, supposing that by such Report he'd score.
 "Tone it down," his colleagues muttered; "like a sucking-dove let's

roar,
Gently purr, and nothing more."

"Be those words our sign of parting!" cried DUNRAVEN, swift upstarting;
"Sweating's an accursed system, but if now our toil is o'er,
We leave twaddle as sole token of the swelling words we've spoken.
Public faith in us is broken! Bah! I quit, I "bust", boil o'er!
Take my seat, sign your Report, about such bosh my spirit bore?"
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

ROBERT TRIHUMFUNT!

I only hopes as most of my thousands of readers took my strait tip last Wensday morning, and got their 9 to 4 against the winner, if not it most suttenly wasn't my fault. My directions was as clear as daylight. "Dark morning, dark blew carnt lose." And wosent it a dark morning? and wosent it luvly arterwuds? Any of my winners may send my 5 per sent commishun to the hoffice as ushal, and they will all receive a copy of my emortle Book by post.

It was a puffeckly lovely race! fust Cambridge got fust, then Hoxford got fust and Cambridge second, and so on all through, but in course Hoxford wun as I proffysized.

I seed all the River Tems Conserwatives, with the Right Honnerabel the LORD MARE at the hed of 'em all, a laying carmly at rest in their bootifool Steam Bote, a trying for to look as if they wasn't responsibel for all the hundreds of thousands of people as lined all the banks of the River a gitting ome safely. Many on 'em I remarked kept on a disappearing down below ewery now and then, probberbly to seek that strengthening of the system so werry nessessery under such trying suckemstances. Upon the hole, I wentures werry humbly to pronounce it to be one of the werry sucksessfulest races of moddun times, which I bleeves means about 6 years. ROBERT.

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"THE GIFT HORSE."

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TIT FOR TAT.

Captain Pullem (having just effected a "Swop" with his Friend). "Now, I'll be STRAIGHT WITH YOU, OLD MAN. THAT HORSE YOU'VE GOT FROM ME IS A BIT OF A CRIB-BITER!"

Friend. "Oh, DON'T MENTION IT, OLD CHAP. YOU'LL FIND MINE TO BE A CONFIRMED RUNAWAY!"

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

(A Delightful "All-the-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.)

EXAMPLE II.—SHOWING HOW CURIOUSLY RETENTIVE IS THE LOVER'S MEMORY.

'Tis ninety years ago, love!
 It seems but yestermorn
 We sat upon the snow, love,
 And watch'd the golden corn!
 I mind the bitter wind, love—
 I mind it well, although
 The wind I say I mind, love,
 Blew ninety years ago!

The plough stood on the hill, love—
 The horse stood in the plough!
 And both were standing still, love—
 I seem to see them now!
 The lamb frisk'd in the glen, love—
 A stranger *he* to *whoa!*
 And so was I—but then, love,
 'Twas ninety years ago!

The roses by the way, love,
 Were large and, oh, so fair!
 And so they are to-day, love,
 For all I know—or care!
 And softly unto thou, love,
 While yet among the snow,
 I breathed that fatal vow, love,
 Of ninety years ago!

A "FISHING INTERROGATORY."—"What's this new French book on angling?" asked Mrs. R., who is not very well up in the French language and literature. "I believe," she went on, "it is called *The Bait Humane*. I do hope it is against the cruel practice of putting live worms on a hook, which is so cruel."—[It is supposed that our dear Mrs. R. has heard some mention of *La Bête Humaine*.—Ed.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ADVICE to those who are about to give Easter presents—send to MACMILLAN'S for "The Nursery 'Alice,'" who re-appears "as fresh as paint," that is, with twenty-four of "Our Mr. TENNIEL'S" illustrations, coloured by Miss GERTRUDE THOMSON, under his direction.

The *Universal Review* is specially noteworthy for a short play by Mr. W. L. COURTNEY, entitled, *Kit Marlowe's Death*. Mr. BOURCHIER of the St. James's, so it is stated, is going to add this "Kit" to his theatrical wardrobe. Some of the stage-directions,—such, for instance, as "*They pour out wine in his cup, which he swallows,*" and "*The others laugh at NASH'S expense,*"—are well worth all the money that the spirited purchaser may have paid for this almost priceless work. In the same Magazine, the coloured frontispiece of "*Count Tolstoy*

at Home," showing the Count, not labouring in the fields of literature, but simply guiding the plough, is as good as the article on the *Kreutzer Sonata* is interesting; and interesting also is the paper entitled, "Musings in an English Cathedral," by the Dean of GLOUCESTER,—henceforth to be known as "A Musing Dean."

Mr. ANDREW LANG in *Longman's*—or rather *Lang-man's—Magazine*, is still stopping at "The Sign of The Ship"—[The Baron moves "that the words 'and Turtle' be inserted after 'Ship'"]—and as he has recently been delighting us with wanders in the land of Ham, it will gratify his readers to learn, that he is now ceasing to be "All for 'Hur,'" in order to join the author of *She* in a plot for a new romance. They are undeterred by the eye of Detective RUNCIMAN. I wish success to Merry Andrew Languid in this collaboration. In this same *Lang-man's Mag.*, Mr. VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A., having temporarily dissociated himself from the paint-brush and canvas, by which he has made his name and fame, continues his novel *Virginie*. In the present chapter he incidentally gives a description of the service of Mass in the good *Abbé Leroux's* parish church, which is a triumph of imagination and subtle humour. No wonder "the *Abbé Leroux* was scandalised," when the service had been turned topsy-turvy, the *credo* put before the *gloria*, and a young person among his congregation, topping all other voices, was singing a solo! Where was the Beadle? or a Churchwarden? or an Aggrieved Parishioner? Three cheers for Facile PRINSEP'S novel!

In *Plain Tales from the Hills*, by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, the jaded palate of the "General Reader" will recognise a new and piquant flavour. In places the manner suggests an Anglo-Indian BRET HARTE, and there is perhaps too great an abundance of phrases and local allusions which will be dark sayings to the uninitiated. But the stories show a quite surprising knowledge of life, a familiarity with military, civil, and native society, and a command of pathos and humour, which have already won a reputation for the author. Few can read *Beyond the Pale*, *The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly*, *The Story of Muhammed Din*, *The Germ Destroyer*, and *The Madness of Private Ortheris*, for example, without admiration for the versatility which can cover so wide a range, and impress, amuse, or touch with the same ease and epigrammatic conciseness.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

(*The Sporting M.P.'s Straight Tip to Trevelyan.*)

In the intervals of Sport
M.P.'s vamp the country's work,
Therefore cut the Sessions short,
Supplementary Sessions shirk.
Must have time to pot the grouse,
Must have time to hook the salmon,
Spoil our Sport to help the House?
Gammon!!!

LOST, somewhere between Land's End and John O'Groat's, a highly-treasured heir-loom, known as the "British Sense of Fair Play." It disappeared immediately after the issuing of the Report of the Parnell Commission, and has never been seen or heard of since. Many applicants have claimed to have re-discovered it; but, from Sir R-CH-RD W-BST-R and Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT, to L-RD D-NR-V-N, and (last and least) Sir W. M-RR-TT, all have absolutely failed to substantiate their claims. Any Public Man, of whatever party, who can prove his possession of the lost treasure, by making a speech embodying a judicial survey of the Judges' Report, without party-feeling, special pleading, or paltry spite, will, on applying personally to *Mr. Punch*, be HANDSOMELY REWARDED!!!

PUT THIS IN YOUR PIPE.

[Pipe-Major McKELLAR has thrown doubts upon the pretty and pathetic story of "JESSIE BROWN of Lucknow."]

Our faith to the winds you would chuck now,
Concerning that Legend of Lucknow.
That sweet Scottish girl
Never heard the pipes "skirl?"
Come! This is mere sceptical muck now!

The Ross-shire Buffs' slogan I'll wager
Will survive many stories much sager.
Our faith in the tale
Is confirmed, and won't fail
At the word of a single Pipe-Major.



TIME WORKS WONDERS.

(Mr. Punch's Suggestions, à propos of the recent Discussions about Mr. Gladstone's Head.)

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MUSICAL NOTES.

I have just received FLORIAN PASCAL's Music composed for *Tra la la Tosca*, published by JOSEPH WILLIAMS of Berners Street. Justice was not done to it on the stage at the Royalty, but there are two *morçeaux* in it which ought to become popular; one being a song entitled "Her Eye," which, were it wedded to serious words, would be highly popular as a contralto song, just as SULLIVAN's charming "Hush a bye Bacon," in *Cox and Box*, became "Birds of the Night." Then the Gavotte in this book is as graceful and catching as the *Gavotte de Louis Treize*, and would be in great request with orchestras and bands everywhere.

KLEIN's *Musical Notes of the Year*, a useful and trustworthy historical record, was sent to me, and not "de-KLEIN'd with thanks." I have just heard that there is a new pick-me-up called "Zingit." What it is I don't know, and I haven't as yet come across the inevitable big advertisement; but what I have ascertained is, that Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, who is now wearing the diamond scarf-pin presented to him by the Guards whom he led on to victory in their recent burlesque engagement, has composed a polka or waltz which bears the name of "Zingit," and which might bear on the wrapper, "If you can't play it, or dance it, Zing it."

(Signed)

OTTO PICCOLO (DU CONSERVATOIRE).

Mr. HUBERT VOS requests the honour of our company at his studio near Vauxhall Bridge. Very sorry: couldn't get there. "*Sic Vos non vobis.*"

A "SCRATCH COMPANY."—A Cat Show."



**WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH—
AND HOW HE RETALIATES.**

She. "OH, HE MAY BE A *GENIUS*. BUT I CONFESS I DON'T CARE FOR THE SOCIETY OF GENIUSES!"

He. "HOW VERY PERSONAL OF YOU! IT'S AS IF I WERE TO CONFESS I DIDN'T CARE FOR THE SOCIETY OF HANDSOME WOMEN!"

WHERE MARRIAGES ARE MADE.

The application for a licence to marry at St. George's, Albemarle Street, made by the JEUNE PREMIER, Q.C., on behalf of the Rev. Dr. KER GRAY, was opposed by Canon CAPEL CURE, of St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hymeneal Temple *par excellence* of the Metropolis. Dr. TRISTRAM, with traditional Shandyan caution, said he would "take time to consider his decision." Should Dr. Time be adverse to the opponents, then will the Minister with the sad-dog name of "KER GRAY" become the Canon's *bête noire*. If the decision be t'other way, then KER GRAY may twit the Canon with being "a regular Cure," and might compose a chant on the old lines of

"A Cure, a Cure, a Cure, a Cure,
Oh isn't he a Cure!"

While the Canon could retaliate with a parody on "*Old Dog Tray*."

"The chapel's far too near,
But p'raps another year
May put a stop to old KER GRAY."

In the meantime, the affair being *sub (Punch-and-) judice*, we refrain from further comment, and wish luck to both Reverend Gentlemen.

SENTENCE RE-VERSED.

'Gin a body meet a body
On the Queen's highway,
And a body kiss a body,
Won't a body pay?
Mony a lassie has a temper.
Mony a beak is stern;
At six weeks' quod, and fourteen bob,
The lesson's hard to learn.

TOO MUCH A MATTER OF COURSE.—Cruelty to Hares.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted From the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 24.—Prince ARTHUR explained in speech nearly two hours long the bearings of Irish Land Purchase Bill. In course of his exposition the happy accident by which civilised man is furnished with two coat-tails was strikingly illustrated. On the Treasury Bench, behind Prince ARTHUR, sat, on either hand, OLD MORALITY and JOKIM. Supposing the Prince had had only one coat-tail, differences might have arisen between his two right hon. friends; sure at some period of the prolonged speech to come into personal contact if both pulling at same rope. But the liberal sartorial arrangements which ARTHUR shared in common with less distinguished Members provided a coat-tail apiece; so when idea or suggestion occurred to him, OLD MORALITY tugged at the right-hand one, and when JOKIM had a happy thought he hauled away on the left.

As both their minds were seething with ideas, ARTHUR had a lively time of it, and complications of Bill grew in entanglement. Just as he was assuming, for the sake of argument, that an advance of 30 millions had been made under the Act for the Purchase of Land in Ireland, and that seventeen years was about the average value under Lord ASHBOURNE'S Act, there was a sudden tug of the right coat-tail; Prince leaned over in that direction; OLD MORALITY whispered in his ear.

"Exactly!" said the Prince; "I was just going to show that the instalment of 4 per cent. on the advance of 30 millions is £1,200,000 a year. Very well; suppose that in one year, though the hypothesis is utterly impossible, that not one single sixpence of annuity is paid. How would that be?" (Here the left coat-tail was observed to be violently agitated, and ARTHUR leaning over, JOKIM half-rising, eagerly explained something.)

"Precisely. My right hon. friend reminds me, what indeed I was just about to show, that there would be first the £200,000 reserve fund; secondly, there would be the £200,000 annual probate grant; thirdly, £40,000 of the new Exchequer contribution, and £75,000 of the quarter per cent, local per-centage, and there would be besides that £1,118,000 of tenants' reserve. So that without touching the £5,000,000, which was the landlords' fifth, and without touching a sixpence of the contingent portion of the guarantee fund, you would have £1,633,000 to meet the call of £1,200,000."

This prospect of boundless wealth, more especially the familiar way of putting it, making it quite a personal matter for each Member that *he* would have £1,633,000 to meet a call of £1,200,000, was designed to have soothing effect on audience; would, indeed, have succeeded in that direction but for the coat-tail accompaniment.

"JOKIM," said HARCOURT, "is too susceptible in his paternal feelings. We know now who is the father of the progeny. Arranged that BALFOUR shall bring it in for christening ceremony; shall dandle it in his arms, and dilate on its excellences; but everyone can tell from the excited manner, the eager interruption, the restless hovering round the cradle, that JOKIM is the father."

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—WILFRID LAWSON sprang a mine to-night. House, as everyone knows, engaged for nearly fortnight in discussing question whether it should thank Judges for their services in connection with Parnell Commission. A desperate struggle finally resulted in decision to pass Vote of Thanks. LAWSON wants to know whether OLD MORALITY has conveyed the thanks to the Judges; and if so, what had they said in reply? Question put without notice. Rather startles OLD MORALITY. Fact is, never occurred to him that anything had to be done in supplement of passing Vote of Thanks. There it was; Judges might, in passing, call in and take it home with them; or it might be forwarded, at owner's risk, by Parcel-Post or Pickford's. Very awkward thing thus springing these questions on a Minister. Couldn't even, right off, say where the Vote of Thanks was. Gazed hopelessly at mass of papers on Clerk's table. Might probably be there. Perhaps not. Vote passed some days ago; desk cleared every morning. OLD MORALITY moved restlessly on bench; looked picture of despair. Best thing to do, not to take notice of question; pretend not to hear it; but House laughing and cheering; all eyes bent on him; no escape. So, rising, holding on to table, putting on most diplomatic manner, and speaking in solemn tones, OLD MORALITY said, "MR. SPEAKER, Sir, it is no part of my duty to the QUEEN and country to convey to anybody a Resolution of this House."

LAWSON up again. More cheering and laughter. Asked SPEAKER whether *he* had conveyed Vote of Thanks to Judges? No; SPEAKER had had no instructions on the matter.

Where is the Vote of Thanks? Who has it in his possession? Certainly not the Judges; one of those things nobody had thought about; various people's business to see to it; accordingly no one done it; no wonder Brother DAY, sitting on Bench, has looked forth with stony stare, his heart consumed with secret sorrow. Whilst everyone congratulating Judges on rare honour done to them by both Houses of Parliament, the distinction has proved illusory. World pictured each learned Judge with copy of Vote of Thanks, framed and glazed, hung in best parlour; and behold! they have never had it at all!

House laughed when truth dawned upon it. But it was a hollow laugh, ill-concealing prevalent feeling of vexation and shame-facedness. Turned with affectation of keen interest to question raised by MUNDELLA of iniquities of Education Department in connection with School Supply of York and Salisbury. But could not keep the thing up. Even rousing eloquence of HART DYKE, on his defence, fell flat. Ever rose before Members the vision of the three Judges, daily expecting receipt of thanks which they read had been voted to them; too proud to complain of neglect; HANNEN taking on a sterner aspect; SMITH affecting a perky indifference; and over the solemn features of Brother DAY ever stealing the deepening twilight of deferred hope. House gladly broke away from scene and subject, getting itself Counted Out at a Quarter-past Nine.



"Where's the Vote of Thanks?"

Thursday.—"Talk about DIZZY," said HARCOURT, perhaps not without some tinge of envy, "if OLD MORALITY goes on in this style, DIZZY won't be in it for persiflage."

House laughing so heartily, could hardly hear HARCOURT's whisper. JOHN MORLEY began it; Lunacy Laws Consolidation Bill with 342 Clauses and 5 Schedules gone through Committee like flash of lightning. Nothing been seen like it since, the other night, I and seven other Members voted Four Millions sterling in Committee on Navy Estimates. COURTNEY put Clauses in batches of fifty. No one said him nay. Natural supposition was, that House in agreeing to this critical stage of important Bill knew all about it. Every line of its 342 Clauses must be familiar to every man present; otherwise how could he lay his hand on his heart, and say, "Aye," when COURTNEY asked him should he knock off another fifty Clauses?

When it was over, JOHN MORLEY rose, and gravely expressed hope that OLD MORALITY would inform his friends, accustomed to say that Opposition persist in obstruction, how this piece of legislation had advanced by leaps and bounds. This meant to be a nasty one for OLD MORALITY, prone to go into the country in Autumn and protest how he is hampered in performing duty to QUEEN and country by obstruction of Members opposite.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the Liberals, "JOHN's got him there. A hit, a palpable hit!"

But no one yet fathomed the tranquil depths of OLD MORALITY. Rose from other side of table and, with equal gravity, promised that he would tell all his friends "how the Opposition had given greatest possible facility for passing the Lunacy Bill." This joke one of kind whose exquisite flavour evaporates on paper. But House enjoyed it immensely, none more than OLD MORALITY. For an hour after, as he sat on Treasury Bench, his face from time to time suddenly suffused with genial smile, and his portly body gently shook with laughter.

"Ah!" said J. G. TALBOT, mournfully regarding him through his spectacles; "he's thinking of the Old 'un," meaning the late joke.

Tithes Bill on for Second Reading. PICTON rallied scattered forces of Opposition, and led them to attack. Slashing speech; soaring eloquence; tremendous energy.

"Reminds me," said Admiral FIELD, "of his grandfather, General PICTON, who fell at Waterloo. Remember him very well; was in charge of Brigade of Marines there, you know; attached to PICTON's Division. Never look on Member for Leicester without thinking of my old comrade in arms;" and the sturdy salt brushed away the reluctant tear.

PICTON reminded HICKS-BEACH of someone else—"his great predecessor in spoliation, HENRY THE EIGHTH."

"Yes, but better looking," said PLUNKET, always ready to put in a kind word.

Business done.—Tithes Bill Debate.

Friday Night.—Tithes Debate, which has had general effect of depressing the human mind, acted upon CRANBORNE like electric shock. Astonished and interested House tonight by vigorous speech delivered in favour of Bill. With clenched hands and set teeth declared that he "meant to fight for Established Church till death." He put it to the piratical PICTON and other marauders, whether, seeing that in such case the conflict must necessarily be prolonged, they would not do well to seize this opportunity of settling Tithe question?

Business done.—Second Reading Tithes Bill agreed to by 289 Votes against 164.

"A (NOT) AT HOME."—Last week a paragraph appeared in an illustrated paper contradicting the report (published in an earlier issue) that a certain titled Lady had been present at somebody's party. This novel departure should be useful as a precedent to the *crème de la crème* of suburban society. In future, such announcements as the following may be expected to be frequently found in the "Fashionable Intelligence" columns of the more aspiring of our Penny Socials:—"On Thursday last Mr. and Mrs. MADEIRA TOP-FLOOR SMITHIES entertained a small and select party at their new residence, The Hollies, 24A, Zanzibar Terrace, Peckham Rye, East. Amongst those present we did not notice H.S.H. the Prince of TECK, the Duke of WESTMINSTER, Lady BURDETT-COUTTS, and the LORD CHANCELLOR. In the general circle, Lord CROSS, the Countess of CLARENDON, and the Bishop of LONDON, were also conspicuous by their absence. It was rumoured that neither the Duke of CAMBRIDGE nor Mr. GLADSTONE were expected to join the company before the close of the entertainment."

DINNER SCARCELY À LA ROOSE.—Dear *Mr. Punch*,—I am a poor man, but I like a nice dinner. Now I have discovered how to enjoy a good meal, and yet keep the cost of living within reasonable limits. Here is my method. I order and eat, a lobster, two pounds of pork chops, a large-sized pot of *pâté de foies gras*, a dressed crab, and three plates of toasted cheese. Having finished this dainty little dinner, I find, that I can eat nothing more for at least a week! That the pleasing fare does not make me ill, is proved by my friends declaring that I look like a picture of health. They do not say whether the picture is a good or bad one—but that is a matter of detail.

Yours sincerely,

THE FOUNDER OF THE MORE-THAN-ENOUGH SOCIETY.

UTOPIAN.—Neither noise, vibration, nor dust! That's what the BRAMWELLS, the WATKINS, and the GALTONS claim for that partly-developed but promising—much promising—invention of M. GIRARD's, the *Chemin de Fer Glissant*, or Sliding Railway. *What a happy ideal!* By all means, "Let it slide!"

A CHANCE FOR A NEW MEMBER.—"Rookeries," said Mr. HENRY LAZARUS in his evidence at Marylebone, "abound in



Tearing up the Tithes.

St. Pancras, and it is a scandal to civilisation that they should continue to exist." Now, Mr. BOLTON, M.P., can't you have your legal and parliamentary finger in this Rook pie?



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