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May 3, 1890, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 98, MAY 3, 1890 ***

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

VOLUME 98.

MAY 3, 1890.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.



No. X.—TOMMY AND HIS SISTER JANE.

Once more we draw upon our favourite source of inspiration—the poems of the Misses TAYLOR. The dramatist is serenely confident that the new London County Council Censor of Plays, whenever that much-desired official is appointed, will highly approve of this little piece on account of the multiplicity of its morals. It is intended to teach, amongst other useful lessons, that—as the poem on which it is founded puts it—"Fruit in lanes is seldom good"; also, that it is not always prudent to take a hint; again, that constructive murder is distinctly reprehensible, and should never be indulged in by persons who cannot control their countenances afterwards. Lastly, that suicide may often be averted by the exercise of a little *savoir vivre*.

CHARACTERS.

Tommy and his Sister Jane (Taylorian Twins, and awful examples).

Their Wicked Uncle (plagiarised from a forgotten Nursery Story, and slightly altered).

Old Farmer Copeer (skilled in the use of horse and cattle medicines).

SCENE—*A shady lane; on the right, a gate, leading to the farm; left, some bushes, covered with practicable scarlet berries.*

Enter the Wicked Uncle, stealthily.

The W. U.

No peace of mind I e'er shall know again
Till I have cooked the geese of TOM and JANE!
But—though a naughty—I'm a nervous nunky,
For downright felonies I feel too funky!
I'd hire assassins—but of late the villains
Have raised their usual fee to fifteen shillin's!
Nor, to reduce their rates, will they engage
(*Sympathetically*) For two poor orphans who are under age!
So (as I'd give no more than half a guinea)
I must myself get rid of TOM and JENNY.
Yet, like an old soft-hearted fool, I falter,
And can't make up my mind to risk a halter.
(*Looking off*). Ha, in the distance, JANE and little TOM I see!
These berries—(*meditatingly*)—why, it only needs diplomacy.
Ho-ho, a most ingenious experiment!

[*Indulges in silent and sinister mirth, as JANE and TOM trip in, and regard him with innocent wonder.*]

Jane.

Uncle, what is the joke? why all this merriment?

The W. U. (in guilty confusion).

Not merriment, my loves—a trifling spasm—
Don't be alarmed—your Uncle often has 'em!
I'm feeling better than I did at first—
You're looking flushed, though not, I hope, with thirst?

[*Insidiously.*]

SONG, BY THE WICKED UNCLE.

The sun is scorching overhead: the roads are dry and dusty;
And here are berries, ripe and red, refreshing when you're *thusty!*
They're hanging just within your reach, inviting you to clutch them!
But—as your Uncle—I beseech you won't attempt to touch them?

Tommy and Jane (dutifully).

We'll do whatever you beseech, and not attempt to touch them!

[*Annoyance of W. U.*]

The W. U.

Temptation (so I've understood) a child, in order kept, shuns;
And fruit in lanes is seldom good (with several exceptions).
However freely you partake, it can't—as you are young—kill,
But should it cause a stomach-ache—well, don't you blame your Uncle!

Tommy and Jane.

No, should it cause a stomach-ache, we will not blame our Uncle!

The W. U. (aside).

They'll need no further personal assistance,
But take the bait when I am at a distance.
I could not, were I paid a thousand ducats,
(*With sentiment*) Stand by, and see them kick their little buckets,
Or look on while their sticks this pretty pair cut!

[*Stealing off.*]

Tommy.

What, Uncle, going?

The W. U. (with assumed jauntiness).

Just to get my hair cut!

[*Goes.*

Tommy (looking wistfully at the berries).

I say, they *do* look nice, JANE, such a lot too!

Jane (demurely).

Well, TOMMY, Uncle never told us *not* to.

[*Slow music; they gradually approach the berries, which they pick and eat with increasing relish, culminating in a dance of delight.*

Duet—TOMMY and JANE (with step-dance.)

Tommy (dancing, with his mouth full).

These berries ain't so bad—although they've far too much acidity.

Jane (ditto).

To me, their only drawback is a dash of insipidity.

Tommy (rudely).

But, all the same, you're wolfing 'em with wonderful avidity!

Jane (indignantly).

No, that I'm not, so *there* now!

Tommy (calmly).

But you *are*!

Jane.

And so are *you*!

[*They retire up, dancing, and eat more berries—after which they gaze thoughtfully at each other.*

Jane.

This fruit is most refreshing—but it's curious how it cloys on you!

Tommy (with anxiety).

I wonder why all appetite for dinner it destroys in you!

Jane.

Oh, TOMMY, you are half afraid you've ate enough to poison you?

Tommy.

No, *that* I'm not—so there now! &c., &c.

[*They dance as before.*

Tommy.

JANE, *is* your palate parching up in horrible aridity?

Jane.

It is, and in my throat's a lump of singular solidity.

Tommy.

Then that is why you're dancing with such pokerlike rigidity.

[*Refrain as before: they dance with decreasing spirit, and finally stop, and fan one another with their hats.*

Jane.

I'm better now that on my brow there is a little breeziness.

Tommy.

My passing qualm is growing calm, and tightness turns to easiness.

Jane.

You seem to me tormented by a tendency to queasiness?

[*Refrain; they attempt to continue the dance—but suddenly sit down side by side.*]

Jane (*with a gasp*).

I don't know what it is—but, oh, I *do* feel so peculiar!

Tommy (*with a gulp*).

I've tumults taking place within that I may say unruly are.

Jane.

Why, TOMMY, you are turning green—you really and you *truly* are!

Tommy.

No, *that* I'm not, so *there* now!

Jane.

But you *are*!

Tommy.

And so are *you*!

[*Melancholy music; to which TOMMY and JANE, after a few convulsive movements, gradually become inanimate. Enter old Farmer COPEER from gate, carrying a large bottle labelled "Cattle Medicine."*]

Farmer C.

It's time I gave the old bay mare her drench.

[*Stumbles over the children.*]

What's here? A lifeless lad!—and little wench!
Been eatin' berries—where did they get *them* ideas?
For cows, when took so, I've the reg'lar remedies.
I'll try 'em here—and if their state the worse is,
Why, they shall have them balls I give my 'erses!

[*Carries the bodies off just before the W. U. re-enters.*]

W. U.

The children—gone? yon bush of berries less full!
Hooray, my little stratagem's successful!

[*Dances a triumphant pas seul. Re-enter Farmer C.*]

Farmer C.

Been looking for your little niece and nephew?

The W. U.

Yes, searching for them everywhere—

Farmer C. (*ironically*).

Oh, *hev'* you?
Then let me tell you, from all pain they're free, Sir.

The W. U. (*falling on his knees*).

I didn't poison them—it wasn't *me*, Sir!

Farmer C.

I thought as much—a constable I'll run for.

[Exit.

The W. U.

My wretched nerves again! *this* time I'm done for!
Well, though I'm trapped and useless all disguise is,
My case shall ne'er come on at the Assizes!

[Rushes desperately to tree and crams himself with the remaining berries, which produce an almost instantaneous effect. Re-enter TOM and JANE from gate, looking pale and limp. Terror of the Wicked Uncle as he turns and recognises them.

The W. U. (with tremulous politeness).

The shades of JANE and TOMMY, I presume?

[Re-enter Farmer C.

Jane and Tommy (pointing to Farmer C.)

His Cattle Mixtures snatched us from the Tomb!

The W. U. (with a flicker of hope).

Why, then the selfsame drugs will ease my torments!

Farmer C. (chuckling.)

Too late! they've drunk the lot, the little vormin'ts!

The W. U. (bitterly).

So out of life I must inglorious wriggle,
Pursued by TOMMY's grin, and JENNY's giggle!

[Dies in great agony, while TOMMY, JANE, and Farmer COPEER look on with mixed emotions as the Curtain falls.

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RECIPROCAL HOSPITALITY.

First Distinguished Colonist. "BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF THAT NICE YOUNG FELLOW, LORD LIMPET, SINCE YOU CAME TO LONDON—THE MAN WHO STAYED WITH YOU SO MANY MONTHS AT YOUR STATION LAST YEAR?"

Second Ditto, Ditto. "OH YES! I MET HIM THE OTHER NIGHT AT LADY BOVRIL'S RECEPTION, AND HE KINDLY BESTOWED UPON ME THE UNUSED HALF OF A SMILE WHICH HE HAD PUT TOGETHER FOR A PASSING

THE NEW DANCE OF DEATH.

"Starving to make a British holiday"—
And plump his pockets with the *gobemouches'* pay!
A pretty picture, full of fine humanity
And creditable to the public sanity!
"Sensation" is a most despotic master.
First HIGGINS and then SUCCI! Fast and faster
The flood of morbid sentiment rolls on.
Lion-kings die, and the Sword-swallower's gone
The way of all such horrors, slowly slain
By efforts to please curious brutes, for gain.
What next, and next? Stretch some one on the rack
And let him suffer publicly. 'Twill pack
The show with prurient pryers, and draw out
The ready shillings from the rabble rout
Of well-dressed quidnuncs, frivolous and fickle
Who'll pay for aught that their dull sense will tickle.
Look on, crass crowd; your money freely give
To see Sensation's victims die to live;
For Science knows, and says beneath her breath,
That this "Fast Life" (like other sorts) means Death!

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN LABOUR MEETING.

(Compiled with due regard to the International Idiosyncrasies.)

French.—That France contains the World, and Paris France.

Belgium.—That on the whole, the Slave Trade should be discouraged, as it cannot be made to yield more than a safe 7 per cent.

Germany.—That the best way of showing love for the Fatherland is to live in every other part of the universe.

Spain.—That it will be for the benefit of mankind to exterminate the Portuguese.

Portugal.—That the interests of civilisation will be advanced by the annihilation of the Spanish.

Russian.—That dynamite literally raises not only the mansions of the nobles, but betters the homes of those who have been serfs.

British.—That the equality of man is proved by the fact that one Englishman is worth a dozen foreigners.

American.—That everybody (except citizens of the U.S.A.) pay half a dollar to the Treasurer right off the reel slick away, and that the sum so collected be equally divided amongst those present.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"*Yes; it is a sovereign you owe me—but any time will do;*" *i.e.*, "If he has the least spark of honour he'll pay me now."

"*Never saw you looking better! Magnificent colour!*" *i.e.*, "Evidently ripening for apoplectic fit."

"*Pray bring your friend;*" *i.e.*, "Doesn't he know how overcrowded my rooms are already?"

"*To be perfectly candid;*" *i.e.*, "Not sorry to rub it in."

JOURNALISTIC.

"*As yet nothing has transpired;*" *i.e.*, The reporter was too late to obtain any information.

"*Detective Inspector Muggins is actively pursuing his inquiries;*" *i.e.*, Reporter thinks it as well to keep in with MUGGINS, who, may be useful in future.

EPISTOLATORY.

"*In great haste;*" i.e., "Must make some excuse for scrappiness."

"*We were all so shocked at hearing of your sad bereavement;*" i.e., "None of us knew her but myself, and I thought her a Cat!"

AT A DANCE.

"*Let me get you a partner, Mr.—'er—'er Smith;*" i.e., "He'll do for dowdy Miss JONES, who has only danced once the whole night."

"*Shall we take a turn round now?*" i.e., "She can't waltz any more than a crane, and parading is better than hopping."

"*Not dancing to-night, Mr. Sprawle? Now, that's very naughty of you, with so many nice girls here;*" i.e., "What an escape for the nice girls!"

A LITTLE MUSIC.

"*I hope you brought your Music with you, dear;*" i.e., "If *only* she had left it in the cab!"

"*I would with pleasure, but I've such a shocking cold that really, &c.;*" i.e., "I want a little more pressing, and then I'll come out strong, and astonish them, I fancy."

"*Oh do! We have been looking forward to your Banjo-solo all the evening;*" i.e., "With horror!"

CURIOMANIA, ETC.

"*How delightful it must be to have such a hobby!*" i.e., "Thank heavens, I am not so afflicted!"

"*It must have cost you a heap of money;*" i.e., "How he's been 'done!'"

"*What a wonderful collection of pictures you have here!*" i.e., "Must say something. Wouldn't give ten pounds for the lot."

RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"*So glad you got into the same carriage. A little of your conversation so lightens a long journey;*" i.e., "He'll talk my head off, and render a nap impossible."

"*Would you like to look at the papers?*" i.e., "May keep her tongue still for a few minutes."

The Busy "B."

[Mr. BANCROFT has just settled one theatrical difference, and now he is engaged on a "far more delicate matter"; i.e., a dispute between a Manager and an Actor.]

How doth the little busy "B"
Employ each leisure hour?

By arbitrating all the day
With great dramatic power.

EXTREMES MEET.—"*The Darkies' Africa*" is an Eastern entertainment at Weston's Music Hall.

Couldn't Slander and Libel causes be appropriately heard in Sir JAMES HANNEN'S Admiralty Court, as "Running Down Cases?"



THE CHEAP FARES.

Passengers. "WE'RE FULL—THERE'S NO ROOM!"

Conductor. "WE MUST MAKE ROOM FOR 'ER. THERE'S ROOM FOR ONE ON THE NEAR SIDE 'ERE. B'SIDES YOU'RE ALL SHORT PENN'ORTHS, AND SHE'S A FOURPENN'ORTH—GOES THE WHOLE WAY!"

"THE PROMISE OF MAY."

(As the Proletariat paints it.)

"Since it is incredible that the economic balance can be universally disturbed by local changes, and always in one direction, we must assume a kind of moral contagion as an efficient agent in the wide-spread demand for a revision, of wages and hours of labour. Identical theories and demands, preferred simultaneously in Austria, Germany, France, England, and America, must be largely due to the force of example operating through the modern facility of communication. A universal movement in favour of shorter hours would seem best fitted to secure the amelioration of the labourer's lot."—*The Times.*

Enthusiastic Operative to his Bench-Mate, loquitur:—

We must wake and turn out early, bright and early, comrade dear;
To-morrow'll be the biggest day of all the sad New Year;
Of all the sad New Year, mate, the biggest, brightest day;
For to-morrow's the First of May, chummy, to-morrow's *our* First of
May.

There'll be many a dark, dark eye, chummy, by Thames, and Seine, and
Rhine,
There'll be SALISBURY, and CARNOT, and *Caprivi* to peak and pine.
For there'll be a stir of the Labourer in every land, they say,
And Toil's to be Queen o' this May, chummy, Toil's to be Queen o' *this*
May.

I do sleep sound at night, chummy, but to-morrow morn I'll wake;
The Cry of the Crowd will sound aloud in my ear ere dawn shall break.
'Twill muster with its booming bands and with its banners gay;
For to-morrow's the Feast of May, brother, to-morrow's our Feast of
May.

They've kept us scattered till now, comrade; but that no more may be:
Our shout goes up in unison by Thames, Seine, Rhine and Spree.
We are not the crushed-down crowd, chummy, we were but yesterday.
We're full of the Promise o' May, brother, mad with the Promise of
May!

They thought us wandering ghosts, brother. Divided strength is slight;
But what will they say when our myriads assemble in banded might?
They call us craven-hearted, but what matter what they say?
They'll know on the First o' May, brother; they'll learn on the First o'

May.

They say ours is a dying cause, but that can never be:
There's many a heart as bold as TELL'S in the New Democracy.
There's many a million of stalwart lads who toil for poorish pay;
And they'll meet on the First o' May, brother, they'll speak on the First
o' May.

The tramp of a myriad feet shall sound where the young Spring grass
is green,
Yon Emperor young shall hear, brother, and so shall our gracious
QUEEN,
For Labour's hosts to all civic centres shall gather from far away;
The Champs de Mars shall greet Hyde Park on this glorious First o'
May.

The lime is budding forth, brother, lilac our cot embowers,
And the meadows soon shall be a-scent with the snowy hawthorn
flowers;
But a bonnier sight shall be the tramping crowds in fustian grey,
Flushed with the Promise o' May, brother, the new-born Promise o'
May.

A wind is with their march, brother, that threatens old claims of Class,
And the grey Spring skies above them seem to brighten as they pass.
Pray heaven there'll be no drop o' rain the whole of the live-long day,
To sadden our First o' May, brother, to sadden our First o' May!

The labourers of Paris, and the toilers of Berlin,
Will throng to shout for shorter hours, homes happier, and more "tin."
Why even the chilly Times, chummy, is almost constrained to say
There is sense in our First o' May, chummy, hope from our First o'
May.

The Governments are a-gog, brother, *Figaro* owns as much;
Property quakes when the countless hands of Labour are in touch.
And from Bermondsey to Budapest they are in touch to-day,
Linked for the Feast of May, brother, linked for the Feast of May!

So we must wake and turn out early, bright and early, comrade, dear;
To-morrow'll be the grandest day of all the green New Year;
To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For Toil's to be Queen o' the May, brother. Labour is Queen o' *th's*
May!

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MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-writer.)

No. X.—THE MARTYR *INCOMPRISE*.

The Martyr *Incomprise* is one who, having in her home erected a stake, ties to it her husband, and then having set alight the faggots which her own hands have piled round him, calls the world to witness the saint-like fortitude with which she bears up under the sufferings inflicted upon her by her lord and master. She will have been married to a man who, though he does not pretend to be above the ordinary frailties and failings of human nature, tries honestly, for many years, to make her happy. Time after time does this domestic Sisyphus roll the stone of contentment up the hill of his wife's temper, and time after time does it slip from his hands, and go clattering down into the plain of despair. The Martyr is a very virtuous lady, yet she is not satisfied with the calm and acknowledged possession of her virtues. She adds them to her armoury of aggravation, and uses them with a deadly effect. Her morality is irreproachable. She studies to make it a reproach to her husband, and, inasmuch as her temper is equally compounded of the most persistent obstinacy, and the most perverse and unaccountable caprices, it is unnecessary to say that she succeeds marvellously in her undertaking.



As a girl, the Martyr will have been distinguished by a keen sense of wrong, and a total lack of all sense of humour. Having been rebuked by her mother for some trifling fault, she will persuade herself that her parents detest her, and desire her death. She will spend the next few days with

her breast luxuriously against the thorn of her fancied sufferings. She will weave romances, in order to enjoy the delicious sensation of looking on as she withers under injustice into a premature coffin, and of watching her cruel parents as they water the grave of their victim with unavailing tears. A somewhat lax method of bringing up will have enabled her to read many trashy novels. Out of these she constructs an imaginary hero, all gushing tenderness and a tawny moustache. Having met a young man who fully realises her ideal in the latter particular, she promptly assumes his possession of the former, and accepts his proposal of marriage. After having all but thrown him over on three or four occasions for an insufficient display of romantic devotion at dances and tennis parties, she eventually marries him. Soon afterwards she discovers that he is not a chivalrous wind-bag, but a Man, whereupon she shatters his pedestal, and abandons herself to misery amidst the ruins.

And now the full joys of her married martyrdom begin. She withdraws even from the affectation of interest in her partner, his friends and his pursuits. She spends her mornings in the keeping of a diary, or the writing of a novel, in which she appoints herself to the post of heroine, and endows her creation with a superhuman combination of unappreciated qualities. From the fact that her husband spends a large part of each day away from her, either in attending to his business or in following a sport, she infers that he has ceased to love her. When he returns in the evening, she locks herself into her room, and, having thus assured to herself solitude, she converts it, by an easy process, into the studied neglect of an unfeeling husband.

She now gathers round herself a select company of two or three female friends, whom the easy good-nature of her husband permits to stay in his house for months at a time. Into their sympathetic ears she pours the story of her woes, and gradually organises them into a trained band of disciplined conspirators, who make it their constant object to defend the wife by thwarting the husband. They have their signs and their pass-words. If the callous male, for the enjoyment of whose hospitality they seem to gain an additional zest by affecting to despise and defy him, should intimate at the dinner-table that he has ventured to make some arrangement without consulting them, they will raise their eyebrows, and look pityingly at the wife. She will inform them, in a tone of convinced melancholy, that she has long suspected that she was of no importance to any one, but that now she knows it for certain. She will then tell her husband that, as she is no longer allowed to interest herself in what he does, she has of course no opinion on the matter in hand, and that, if she had one, she would never think of offering it when she knows that all interference on her part is always so bitterly resented. Her husband's temper having exploded in the orthodox marital manner, she will smile sweetly upon him, and, the butler and footman having entered with the fish, will implore him, in a voice intended rather for the servants than for him, to moderate his anger, lest he should set a bad example. She will then weep silently into her tumbler, and her friends, after expressing a muttered indignation at the heartlessness of men, will support her tottering steps from the room. If her husband should invite one or two of his friends to dinner on a subsequent occasion, she will amuse herself and madden him by recounting to them this incident, in which she will figure as a suffering angel, whose wings have moulted under the neglect and cruel treatment of an unangelic spouse. If, while her story is in progress, she should observe her husband writhing, she will inform him that she is sure he must be sitting in a draught, and will order the butler to place a screen behind him. Having thus called attention to his discomfort, and to the care with which she watches over him, she will take offence when he countermands the screen; and, after giving the company in general to understand that she is not allowed to give orders in her own house, she will, for the rest of the evening, preserve a death-like calm. This will be followed, on the departure of her guests, by showers of tears and reproaches, the inevitable prelude to twenty-four hours of salts and seclusion in the privacy of her bed-room. It is curious to note that, although the Martyr, at an early period of her married life, develops a distaste for going into society, which she attributes to the persecution of her husband; yet she always contrives to spend as much money as those who live in a whirl of gaiety. Her bills, therefore, mount up, and, in a moment of unguarded pecuniary prudence, her husband will remonstrate mildly with her upon her extravagance. She will, thereupon, accuse him to her friends of meanness, and avow her determination never again to ask him for money. For a short time she will pay portions of her own bills, but, finding her pin-money insufficient for the purpose, she will sell some jewels, and spend the proceeds on a new tea-gown. Her increasing liabilities will afford her no anxiety, seeing that her sense of martyrdom increases in proportion, and that in her heart of hearts she knows that her husband is prepared to pay everything, and will eventually have to do so.

After some years of this life her husband will have acquired the reputation of a domestic ruffian. Friends will shake their heads, and wonder how long his sweet wife will bear up against his treatment. It will be reported, on the authority of imaginary eye-witnesses, that he has thrown a soup-plate at her, and that, on more than one occasion, he has beaten her. He will find himself shunned, and will be driven for society and pleasure to his bachelor haunts. His wife will now rage with jealousy over a defection she has done her best to cause. After a time she will hire the services of a detective, and will file a petition in the Divorce Court. The case will probably be undefended, and the Court having listened to her tale of cruelty, the imaginative boldness of which will startle even the friend who corroborates it in the witness-box, will decree to her a divorce from the supposed author of her sufferings. She will then set up for a short time as an object of universal pity, but, meeting a bluff and burly widower, she will accept him as her second husband. After having wearied of her constant recital of her former misery, this husband will begin to neglect and ill-use her in good earnest. Under the tonic of this genuine shock, her spirits may revive; and it is as likely as not that she will enjoy many years of mitigated happiness as the

wife of a real tyrant.

MORE NOVELTIES.—Sir,—The Fasting Man seems to have been a great success. Why shouldn't he be succeeded by The Stuffing Man, The Eating Boy, and The Talking Man. The last of these would be backed to talk incessantly on every possible subject for forty days. In the Recess, what a chance for Mr. GLADSTONE, or, indeed, for any Parliamentary orator, who, otherwise, would be on the stump! Instead of his going to the Country, the Country, and London, too, would come to him. Big business for Aquarium and for Talking Man. Then there would be The Sneezing Man, The Smoking Man, The Singing Man, The Drinking Man, and so forth. It's endless. I only ask for a per-centage on gate-money, and I place the idea at the disposition of the Aquarium.

Yours,

THE OTHER MAN.

YET ANOTHER QUARTERLY.—*Subjects of the Day*—sounds like an Algerian publication—is a quarterly review of current topics. The motto of this new quarterly review of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE'S is "*Post Tenebras Lux*" which, being freely translated, means, "after the heavy reviews this comes as a little light reading!" Ahem! the subject of No. 1 is Education, and to study the essays in this volume will keep any reader well occupied till the appearance of No. 2.

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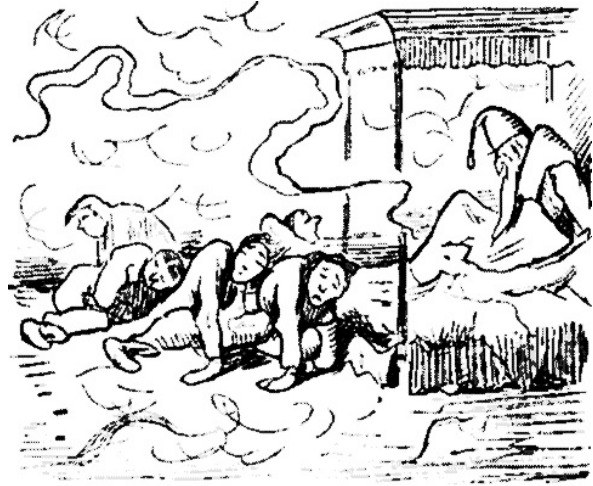
THE LEGEND OF THE BRIAR-ROOT.

(Suggestion for companion subject to "*The Briar Rose*," by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., now exhibiting at Messrs. Agnew & Sons' Gallery, Bond Street.)



THE BRIAR-WOOD PIPE.
EFFECT ON THE SMOKERS.

The fateful odour fumes and goes
About the angle of the Nose.



THE BED-ROOM.

They smoked and smoked a pipe a-piece:
Thus did their drowsiness increase.



SHORT CUT THROUGH THE GARDEN.

The Maidens thought the pipe to fill:
They smoked, and now they all lie still.



THE NOSE BOWER. *La Belle Pipe-en-Bois*
DORMANT.

'Twas five o'clock, the hour of tea;
But, having smoked, they're as you see.

TIPS FROM THE TAPE.

(Picked up in Mr. Punch's Own Special City Corner.)

EVER since it became known that, in conformity with the general interest in the condition of the Stock and Share Market, now manifested by all classes of readers, you had determined to start your own special "Corner," for the purpose of keeping your eye on the matter, and had appointed me as your "City Commissioner," if I have been flooded with applications from Stock-jobbers, tendering their advice, I may say I have been literally overwhelmed by applications from clients and outsiders, asking me for mine. With five tapes always on the move, telephonic communication with everywhere, and my telegraphic address of "Panjimcracks," comfortably installed in a third-floor flat in commanding premises, within a stone's throw of the Stock Exchange, I flatter myself that, at least in all the surroundings of my position, I am, acting under your instructions, well up to the mark.

You would wish naturally to know something of the state of the market, and would doubtless like to hear from me, if there is any particular investment that I can recommend as safe for a rise. I have been giving some attention lately to

PATAGONIAN CROCODILES,

but from news that has reached me from a private and most reliable source (I hear that the Chairman and Directors, who have gone off with the balance-sheet have disappeared, and have not been heard of for months) I should strongly advise, if you hold any of it, to get rid of it, if you can, as soon as possible. I have a similar tale to tell about

HERNEBAY Z'S.

This Stock has been run up by purchasers for the fall; and, though in October last it somehow touched 117-3/8, it is now standing at 9-1/4, and, spite the rumours of increased traffic receipts (due to the fact that a family drove up to the station last week in a cab), artfully put into circulation by interested holders, I would certainly get out of it before the issue of the forthcoming Report, which I hear, on good authority, not only announces the payment of no dividend on the Debenture Stock, but makes the unwelcome statement to the shareholders of the prospective seizure of the whole of the rolling stock under a debtors' summons, a catastrophe that must land the affairs of the Company in inevitable bankruptcy. Under these circumstances, I do not think I can conscientiously advise you to "hold;" still, you might watch the Market for a day or two; but, at any rate, take my advice, and get rid of your "Crocodiles."

I subjoin some of my correspondence:—

DEAR SIR,—I am in the somewhat embarrassing position of being responsible for £5000 under the marriage settlement of a niece, that, owing to my want of financial knowledge, has, I fear, been somewhat injudiciously, if not absolutely, illegally invested by my Co-Trustee. Though the settlement stipulates that only Government Stocks and Railway Debentures are available, I find that the money at the present moment is thus disposed of:—

		Purchasing	Present	Last
	Security.	Price.	Price.	Div.
£1000	Kangaroo Copper Trust	193	13-1/8	None
2000	Bursters' Patent Coffin Company	157	4	None
1000	Battersea Gold Syndicate	235	7-1/2	None
500	International Balloon Transit	170	Nil.	None
500	Bolivian Spasmodics	194	9-1/8	None

You see it is not so much the depreciated value of the Securities, which certainly read well, but the absence of the Dividend which perplexes me. What would be your advice? Should I sell, or continue to hold?

A PUZZLED TRUSTEE.

We should certainly hold.

SIR,—Acting on the advice of a friend who is in the Directorate, I have largely invested in the Automatic Hair-cutting Company. Owing, however, to the fact that customers, who will not hold their heads properly, have on several occasions latterly had their ears trimmed, and a pattern cut on their necks, several actions for heavy damages have been brought against the concern. These having been successful in every case, the Company is virtually ruined, and the shares are, in consequence, almost unsaleable. What should I do with mine?

AN ANXIOUS SPECULATOR.

Hold. The Company has evidently touched bottom. Wait for the rise.

You will see from the above specimens, taken at random from a heap of others, that I utterly deprecate panic. "Never cut losses" is the wholesome and cheerful advice I give all my clients. There cannot be a doubt about it being thoroughly sound; for it stands to reason if no one were to sell out, no securities would ever fall. So, to nine out of ten who ask my advice I invariably say, "Hold." Though I have several stocks in prospective, the movements of which I am watching most attentively, I have, I confess, hardly got things into proper working order yet, but I have a grand scheme on foot that will, I fancy, take the wind out of the sails of many hitherto successful Stockdealers. In my new system three-and-sixpence will cover £500! Here will be a chance for even the schoolboy to taste the delights of Monte Carlo. But more of this later. Suffice it to say, that I have a "Combination Pool" in my eye, that if I can only carry out with the right sort of stock, ought to make the fortune of every one concerned.

THEATRICAL SHORT SERVICE BILL.—CHARLES THE SECOND (WYNDHAM) is following in the footsteps of CHARLES THE FIRST (MATHEWS) and beginning to play several short pieces as one entertainment, instead of giving a three-act farce or comedy, and one brief and unimportant curtain-raiser. At least, he is *Trying It On*. How far preferable, in the summer and autumn season, would be an evening bill of fare consisting of three *entrées*, each of a different character, and all of first-rate quality. The patron of the drama could pick and choose, and be satisfied with an hour, or two hours, or three hours' entertainment. How much better for the actor's art, too, by way of varying his *rôles*. The stall people would rather pay the present price of half a guinea for anything, however short, which it was the fashion to see, than for a long piece which only bores them. To see short pieces, they might come two or three times instead of once, and the management could make a reduction on taking a quantity.

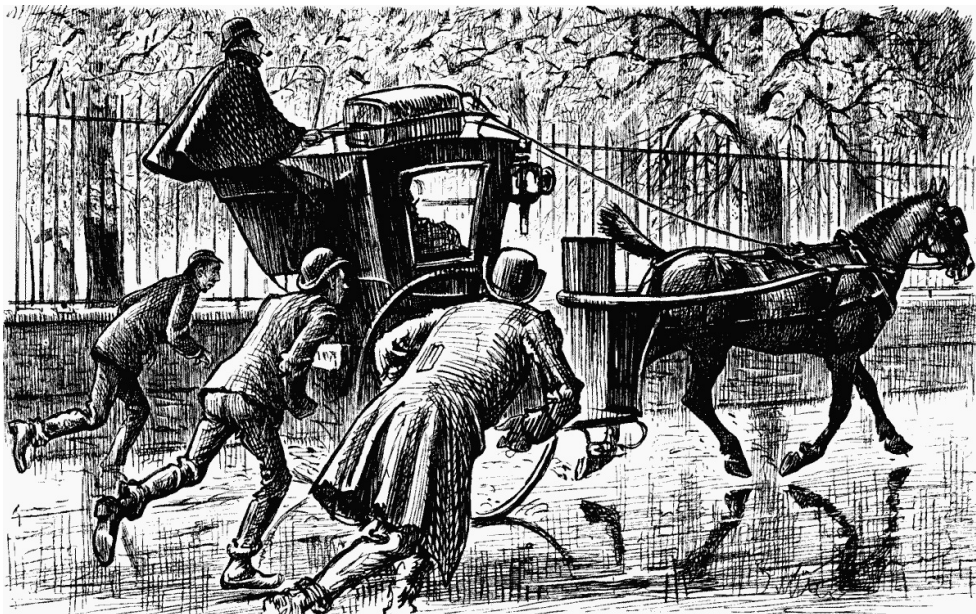


Charles
Wynd'em Up.

There is a small fortune waiting for this CHARLES, or t'other CHARLES, 'yclept HAWTREY, whichever may take up the idea and work it.

AUDI MAGISTRUM PUNCHIUM.

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WINDOW STUDIES.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. (THREE CAB-RUNNERS AFTER ONE SMALL PORTMANTEAU.)

STANLEY AFRICANUS!

Mr. Punch loquitur:—

"MR. STANLEY, I presume!" Well, the crowd will fuss and fume,
 From the mob you'll get, no doubt, a noisy greeting;
 But I'm pleased to take your hand on the threshold of the land;
 This is truly a most gratifying meeting!
 Nay, no need for you to blush, for I am not going to gush
 There are plenty who'll indulge in fuss and flummery.
 Heroes like to be admired, but you'll probably be tired
 Of tall-talk ere this spring greenery shows summery.
 "An illustrious pioneer," says the Belgian King. 'Tis clear
 That at any rate you've earned that appellation.

True words tell, though tattlers twist 'em, and a "mighty fluvial system"

You have opened up no doubt to civilisation.
Spreading tracts of territory 'tis your undisputed glory
To have footed for the first time (save by savages),
The result will be that Trade will there supersede the raid
Of the slaver, and the ruthless chieftain's ravages.
That is useful work well done, and it hasn't been all fun,
As you found in that huge awful tract of forest,
And you must have felt some doubt of your chance of winning
out
Of all perils when your need was at the sorest.
Mortal sickness now and then, and the pranks of lesser men,
Must have tried your iron health and steely temper.
But, like SCIPIO of old, you 're as patient as you're bold,
And you turn up tough and timely, *idem semper!*

STANLEY AFRICANUS! Yes, that's a fitting name, I guess,
For as stout a soul as PUBLIUS CORNELIUS;
And now, probably, there's no man will not dub you "noblest
Roman,"

Though you once had many a foeman contumelious.
Have them still? Oh yes, no doubt; but just now they'll scarce
speak out

In a tone to mar the laudatory chorus:
Though when once they've had a look, HENRY mine, in your Big
Book,

They with snips, and snaps, and snarls, are sure to bore us.
Well, that will not matter much if you only keep in touch
With all that is humane, and wise, and manly.
Your time has been well spent in that huge Dark Continent,
And all England's word to-day is, "Welcome, STANLEY!"

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STANLEY AFRICANUS!

MR. PUNCH (*saluting*). "MR. STANLEY, I PRESUME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE

In his *By Order of the Czar* Mr. JOSEPH HATTON exposes the cruelties of Muscovite rule in the most trenchant yet entertaining fashion. The headings to the chapters (to say nothing of their contents) are exciting to a degree, and consequently it is not altogether surprising that the Russian officials, possibly hearing that the three handsome volumes might cause a revolution, should have refused them admission to the Emperor's dominions. Be this as it may, in each of the aforesaid handsome volumes appears a slip of yellow paper, announcing that "it is prohibited by the Government of the CZAR from circulation in Russia." How fortunate—not, of course, for the

Russians, poor things, to be deprived of this treat—but how fortunate that it is not prohibited *here!* With Mr. JOSEPH HATTON continuously in his thoughts, the BARON has sung ever since—not only "*In the Gloaming*," be it understood, but during the following day, and well into the succeeding night—"Best for him (J. H), and best for me (B. DE B. W.)." The novel should have a large general circulation, in spite of the boycotting to which it has been locally subjected in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Siberia.

Miss JEANIE MIDDLEMASS has made a step in the right direction by publishing *Two False Moves*. Like all her work, the new novel is deeply interesting. As it is full of "go," it is sure to be continually on the march in the circulating libraries.

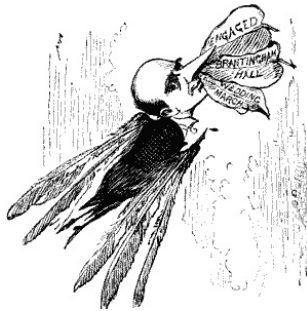
In *Miss Mephistopheles*, Mr. FEARGUS HUME gives us a story much in advance of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. It is better in construction, its character sketches are more life-like, and its literary style is superior—therefore there is every chance of its not being so successful with the general public.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

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COURT NAPPING.



Court in the Act; or, Mag-Pi-nero flying to a Wood with a few leaves from the Gilbertum Topsyturneycum Bookum.

MRS. WOOD can't expect to be always the lucky possessor of a *Dandy Dick*, nor can Mr. PINERO hope always to be up to that really good farcical standard. The good PINERO has nodded over this. *The Cabinet Minister* is an excellent title thrown away. The Cabinet Minister himself, Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, in his official costume, playing the flute, is as burlesque as the General in full uniform, in Mr. GILBERT'S "*Wedding March*," sitting with his feet in hot-water. The married boy and girl, with their doll baby and irritatingly unreal quarrels, reminded me of the boy-and-girl lovers in *Brantingham Hall*. The mother of *The Macphail*—the wooden Scotch figure (represented by Mr. B. THOMAS) still to be seen at the door of small tobacconists,—is a Helen-Macgregorish bore, curiously suggestive of what Mr. RIGHTON might look like in petticoats. Mrs. JOHN WOOD'S part is a very trying one, and not what the public expect from her.

Though the piece begins fairly well, yet it is dull until Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, as *Joseph Lebanon*, comes on the scene in the Second Act, when everyone begins to be amused, and ends by being disappointed. *Joseph* remains the hero of the situation, and, cad as he is, the behaviour of the ladies and gentlemen towards him reduces them to his level, so that, in spite of its being a farce, we begin to pity him as we pity Mr. GUTHRIE'S *Pariah*, and as those who remember THEODORE HOOK'S novel have pitied that wretched little cad, *Jack Brag*. The part is not equal to *Aunt Jack's Solicitor*, and had Mr. GROSSMITH, by the kind permission of Mr. PINERO, departed from the conventional Adelphi and Drury Lane type of comic Hebraic money-lender, he would have done better. The piece is played with the burlesque earnestness that characterised the first performances of *Engaged* at the Haymarket, which piece the Scotch accent recalls to the playgoer's memory. No one can possibly feel any interest in the lovers.

As a rule Mr. PINERO'S stage-management is simple and effective: but here the design is confused and the result is an appearance of restless uncertainty. Drumdurris Castle seems to be a lunatic asylum, of which the principal inmates are two elderly female patients, one, like a twopence-coloured plate of some ancient Scotch heroine, with a craze about Scotland, and the other mad on saying "Fal-lal," and screaming out something about "motives." If eight of the characters were cut out, "they'd none of 'em be missed," and if the play were compressed into one Act, it would contain the essence of all that was worth retaining, and, with a few songs and dances, might make an attractive *lever de rideau* or "laughable farce to finish," before, or after, a revival of *Dandy Dick*.

AMICUS CANDIDUS.

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBS UP TO DATE.

An acre of land in Melbourne is better than two miles in the bush.

Not enough at the Aquarium pays better than a feast.

You may start a train punctually from the terminus, but you can't get it to keep its time *en route*.

You can't make an English purse out of an Irish Land Bill.

A Tea Duty will annoy for ever.

It is the early Tram-man who holds the morning meeting.

Look after the wire-fences for the horses and the hounds will take care of themselves.

A man may go nine times to Holloway for contempt, and after the tenth visit come before the Official Receiver and be broke.

A School Board is soon parted from its money.

Give a dog a muzzle and you needn't chain him.

"NOTHING WHEN YOU'RE ROOSE'D TO IT,"—We've heard plenty about *diner à la Roose*, and the *Here and There and Everywhere and Fare of London Life*, but now we are to have *Fasting à la Roose*. Vide article in May number of *New Review* on Fasting, by Dr. ROBINSON CRUSOE,—beg pardon,—should have said Dr. ROBSON ROOSE O. Article not variation on ROOSE O's Dream, but thoroughly practical.

WEEK BY WEEK.

Wednesday, April 30.—Mr. *Punch* rises early and appears everywhere. Whole holiday. General rejoicings. Grand Banquet in the evening as usual. Private Reception of Mr. STANLEY, I presume. No one admitted without orders—on his uniform. Great reception of Mr. H. M. STANLEY by his Hairdresser.

Thursday, May 1.—Headaches. Chimney Sweeper's Day. Sootable occasion for Sweeping Reform Meetings everywhere. N. B.—Edinburgh Exhibition. Scots wha' hae. Reception of Mr. H. M. STANLEY by the eminent Explorer's tailor, bootmaker, and hosier.

Friday, May 2.—Strictly Private View of the Pictures at Burlington House. Admissions limited to not more than 100,000 patrons of Art. Quiet day. Everybody preparing speech for the Academy Banquet to-morrow. Deputation to Mr. H. M. STANLEY from Aquarium, to ask if he will take SUCCI's place.

Saturday.—Great Cooking Match at the Café Royal, Lunch Time, Trial Steaks. Opening of the front door by Mr. H. M. STANLEY. Snug little dinner at Burlington House. Sir FREDERICK, P. R. A., in the chair. Musical entertainment by Mr. WHISTLER. Fireworks by Mr. H-RRY F-RN-SS.

Sunday.—Dies Non. No Day!! Curious effect. Gas lighted everywhere. Private Banquet to Mr. STANLEY, who discovers the sauce of the lobster, and takes it with his salmon. Rejoicings.

Monday.—Ceremony of changing sentinels at Buckingham Palace. Every sentinel very much changed after the operation. Opening of a New Book by Mr. H. M. STANLEY. Mrs. SNOOKS's first dance, if she has learnt it in time for to-night.

Tuesday.—Preparations for to-morrow. The Platelayers' annual festival, ROBERT, the Waiter, in the chair. Reception by Mr. H. M. STANLEY, of a parcel from his tailor's. Usual banquets, dances, races, excursions, alarums.

Wednesday.—Mr. *Punch* comes out stronger than ever. Congratulatory telegrams from all parts of Europe. Banquet as usual.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Tuesday, April 22.—Mr. BENNETT's Libretto of *Thorgrim* good from literary point of view; poor from dramatic ditto. Composer COWEN not possessing dramatic power sufficient for two, cannot supply the want. Sestett and Chorus, end of Act II., skilfully worked up, and received with acclamation. Opera, in a general way, Wagnerish. Orchestration shows the hand of a master, Master COWEN. Local colour good, but too much local colour spoils the Opera. Mr. MCGUCKIN is *Thorgrim* to the life; singing, acting, and make-up admirable. Miss ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN highly commendable. Miss TREMELLI, mother of *Helgi* (an ugly name and scarcely mentionable to ears polite), loud and leading as a lady-villain. *Helgi* and *Arnora* are first cousins (not once removed) to *Telramond* the Tedious and *Ortrude* the Orful. Mr. CELLI as *King*, a sort of Scandinavian BEAU BRUMMEL, imparts light comedy touch to Opera, which, but for this, might have been a trifle dull. COWEN called, came, congratulated. H. R. H. Prince of WALES, setting the best example, as he always does, to Opera-goers, came at the beginning and remained to the end.



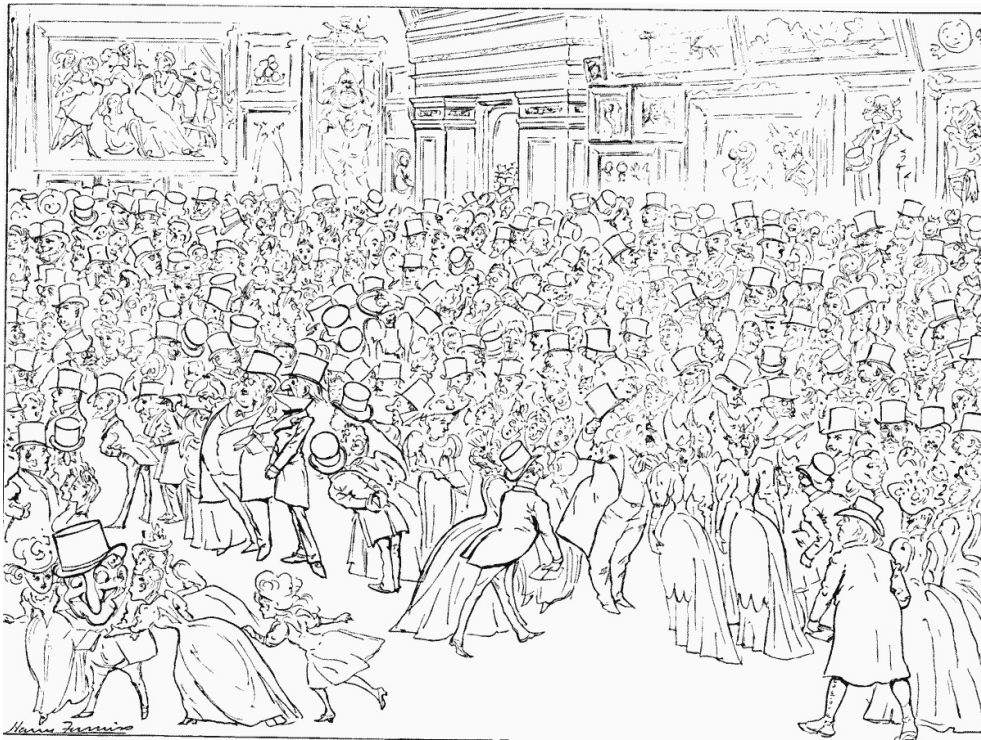
The Scandinavian Composer.

April 23.—*Maritana* delighted everyone. Miss GEORGINA BURNS splendid. Mr. JOHN CHILD, as *Cæsar*, good child. Mr. LESLIE CROTTY good for *José*.

April 26.—*Lohengrin*. King played by POPE with considerable amount of temporal power. F. DAVIES good as the *Herald*, but which *Herald* he is, whether the "Family" or "New York" not quite clear. Incidental music by amateurs in the Gallery, who, in lengthy interval between Second and Third Scenes of Last Act, whistled "*We won't go home till morning!*"

Carl Rosa Opera season soon over, then Drama at Drury Lane, and Italian Opera at Covent Garden. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS COUNTICOUNCILLARIUS (Sheriff *in posse*, Alderman *in futuro*, and Lord Mayor *in futurissimo*) keeps the ball a rolling at both Houses.

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STRICTLY PRIVATE VIEW, ROYAL ACADEMY.

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IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

The Duke of DUMPSHIRE seems to have been much annoyed by my statement that he killed two trainers with his own hand, for being caught watching a trial of his Derby horses, and that the Jockey Club took no action. I beg to inform his Grace and those who approve his methods, that I care no more for their annoyance than I do for the muddy-minded lucubrations of Mr. JEREMY and his servile tribe of moon-calves. I have public duties to perform, and if, in the course of my comments on racing, I should find myself occasionally compelled to run counter to the imbecile prejudices of some of the aristocratic patrons of the turf, I can assure my readers that I shall not flinch from the task. I therefore repeat that, in the middle of last month, the Duke of DUMPSHIRE killed two trainers, and that up to the present time the Jockey Club have not enforced against him the five-pound penalty which is specially provided by their rules for offences of this sort. When Mr. JACOBS, who has no aristocratic connections, ventured to lynch a rascally tout on Newmarket Heath last year, he was made to pay up at once. The contrast is suggestive.

A lot of jannering nonsense has been talked about *Bazaar* by the Will-o'-the-Wisps who mislead the long-suffering public in turf matters. *Bazaar* is by *Rector* out of *Church Mouse*, and in his pedigree are to be found such well-known roarers as *Boanerges* and *Hallelujah Sal*—not much of a recommendation to anybody except Mr. JEREMY. His own performances are worse than contemptible. As a two-year old, he was placed second at eight stone to *Candlestick* in the Warmington Open Welter Handicap. After that he sprang a curb in the middle of his back, and the fools who train him actually brought him out to run in the All-aged Selling Plate at Ballymacwhacket. He won the race easily enough of course, but only an impostor, whose head was stuffed with horsehair, would attach the least importance to that. Since then he has eaten two pairs of spurs, a halter, and half of a jockey, which scarcely looks like winning races. I have now relieved my conscience on the matter, so if the puddle-brains wish to back him, their loss must lie at their own doors.

The Marquis de MILLEPARDON has bought *Chowbock* for £2000. At the last Epsom Meeting *Chowbock* showed himself a fine pace-maker in an East wind, having cantered in from *Sister Mary*, who as good as walked round *Vilikins* when the latter was being tried without his pasternpad on the Cotswold Hills. At the same time it must be remembered, that *Sister Mary* only got

home by a length from *Smockfrock*, after having been double-girthed and provided with a bucket of POCOCK'S antiseptic, anti-crib-biting condition balls for internal application over the Newmarket T. Y. C.

Next week, I may have something to say about Derby prospects. For the present, I can only advise would-be investors to steer clear of Mr. JEREMY and his quacking, goose-headed parasites.

CHANGE OF NAME.—M. SUCCI, having succeeded in existing for forty days on water alone, will henceforth be known as Water-SUCCI.



FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

"IS THIS A DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME?"

HOW I WELCOMED STANLEY.

(Notes of a Very Important Journey.)

Left Victoria by special train. On my road met my dear old friend BROWN. We were boys together. Nothing I would not do for him. BROWN says the dearest object of his life is to welcome STANLEY. Can't I take him with me? (This on learning the nature of *my* expedition.) He is off to Canada tomorrow—early. More sorry than I can say—impossible. Only invitation for "one." One, myself. He sighs and we part—it may be for years, it may be for ever. Sorrowful, but cheered up by party in special train. Everybody in great spirits going to welcome STANLEY. Dearest object of everybody's life. To pass the time tell one another stories of adventure. Man who was in the Franco-German War explains how he would have defended Metz if he had been BAZAINE. Man who went through the Soudan (perhaps a trifle jealous), says if he *had* been BAZAINE he wouldn't have defended Metz at all, because BAZAINE was a traitor. Row imminent, so cut in with my adventure in a life-boat. Graphic account. Ship springing a-leak; men at the pumps; boats given up to the women and children. The good ship—well, never mind the name of ship; have forgotten it—lurches, gives one long roll, and sinks! Remaining passengers, headed by myself, swarm up the rigging to the mizzen-top. High sea, thunder and lightning. Great privations. Sun sinks in red, moon rises in green. All hope gone, when—hurrah, a sail! It is the life-boat! Slung on board by ropes. Rockets and coloured lights let off. The coxswain calls upon the crew to "pull blue," or "pull white." Startling adventures. On the rocks! Off them! Saved! Everybody pleased with my story. Keep to myself the fact that I have only once in my life been on board a life-boat—when it was practising off Lynton. No more stories after mine. Company (disheartened) break up into groups. Pleased with the scenery. After all, there is no place like Dover—when you stop there. Glad I am not going to welcome STANLEY on the other side of the Channel. London, Chatham and Dover Railway arrangements capital, especially when you are travelling *en prince*.

Ah, here we are at Dover! Meet JONES—of course, he is going to welcome STANLEY. So are SNOOKS and SMITH. And, as I live, old TOMPKINS! Well, this is very plucky of old TOMPKINS. Thought he was dead years ago. Says he would not miss STANLEY for worlds. More would I. Great privilege to welcome him. Feel it most deeply. The greatest explorer of the age. But sea-air has made me a trifle hungry and thirsty. I daresay lunch is going on somewhere. Find it isn't! Deputation of

Vergers, seemingly from Canterbury Cathedral, headed by a beadle, carrying an ear-trumpet, forcing their way through crowd. Police arrangements the reverse of satisfactory. Distinguished proprietor of influential newspaper hustled—possibly mistaken for EMIN PASHA, who would be *de trop* on such an occasion. But must have lunch. Not up to form of Signor SUCCI. So avoid the brilliant but giddy throng, and find out a favourite little restaurant close to the Lord Warden. French *plats* and some excellent *Grave*. Know the *Grave* of old—seldom asked for, and so kept long in bottle. Order a nice little luncheon and feel rather sleepy. Luncheon ready. Do it justice, and fancy suddenly that I am in charge of the lamp in a lighthouse. Rough night. Ah! the life-boat! manned by old TOMPKINS (adventurous chap old TOMPKINS) SNOOKS, JONES, SMITH and BROWN. Thought latter had gone to Canada! Open eyes with a start. Waiter and bill. Bless me, how late it is. Must be off at once to welcome STANLEY. Meet old TOMPKINS, SNOOKS, JONES and SMITH instead. They tell me that they have all welcomed STANLEY. Found him being "run into" the train by two policemen! Thought him looking very well. Didn't I? Ask, where is he now? Don't I know? Why gone back by the special! Thought I must have missed it on purpose. Hurry away in bad temper. May catch him up. Pop into fast train just starting. Scenery bad. Weather horrid. Fellow travellers unsupportable. Ah, here we are at last at Victoria. One satisfaction—BROWN didn't travel him either. Why here *is* BROWN on the platform—do him a last good turn—describe STANLEY. I tell him that the great explorer looks younger than ever, wears big cap, white suit, revolver and field-glasses. Every inch a portrait in the *Daily Graphic*! BROWN says, "That's strange, as he didn't look like *that* when *he* saw him!" Appears BROWN put off trip to Canada to welcome him. Can't be helped! Shall meet STANLEY somewhere (movements advertised daily in the *Times*) and when I *do* won't I give him a bit of my mind, for not waiting long enough to let me welcome him!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 21.—House really beginning to fill up. HARTINGTON back from the Riviera. First time he has appeared this Session; lounged in with pretty air of having been there yesterday and just looked in again. Blushed with surprise to find Members on both sides welcoming him with cheer.

"We all like HARTINGTON," said SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "Of course we liked him better when he agreed with our opinions; but we can't all keep straight, and he's gone wrong. Still, we bear him no malice. Sorry he was ill; glad he's better. Must encourage this benevolent attitude towards him, since it enables us, with fuller vigour to denounce CHAMBERLAIN. You see, when we howl at CHAMBERLAIN, they can't say we are simply moved by personal spite, because here we are cheering HARTINGTON as he returns to the fray."

JOHN DILLON back too; bronzed with Australian suns; ruddy with the breezes of lusty Colorado. Everyone glad to see JOHN back; first because everyone likes him; next for reasons akin to those which the SAGE frankly acknowledges when cheering HARTINGTON. Even in the evil days when JOHN DILLON used to fold his arms and flash dark glances of defiance on Speaker BRAND, House didn't include him in same angry, uncompromising, denunciation as hurtled round head of WILLIAM O'BRIEN, TIM HEALY, and dear old JOSEPH GILLIS. JOHN DILLON sometimes suspended; occasionally sent to prison; but the honesty of his motives, the purity of his patriotism, always acknowledged. Mistaken, led astray (that is to say differed from us on matters of opinion), but meant well.



"Yes, TOBY," said the SAGE, lighting another cigarette; "always well when you're going it hot for a Party to have some individual in it whom you can omit from general implication of infamous motives. Gives one high moral standpoint, doncha know. Thus, when I want to suggest that THE MARKISS is a mere tool in hands of BISMARCK, I extol honest purposes of OLD MORALITY; hint, you know, that he is not so sharp of perception as he might be; but that gives him the fuller claim upon our sympathy, seeing that he is yoked with a colleague of the natural depravity, and capable of the infinite iniquity, which marks the MARKISS's relations with public affairs. The great thing, dear TOBY, in public controversy is to assume an attitude of impartiality. When you have to suggest that a political adversary was privy to the putting-away of his grandmother, do it rather in sorrow than in anger, and if you can find or make an opportunity of saying at the same time a kind word for one of his colleagues, seize it. That's why we cheer HARTINGTON to-night, and why the Tories sometimes admit that JOHN DILLON's an honest man."

The Sage. *Business done.*—Parnell moved rejection of Land Purchase Bill.

Tuesday.—COURTNEY on in his famous quick-change scene. One minute he is discovered in recesses of canopied chair as Speaker; the next is seated at table as Chairman of Committees. SPEAKER, everyone sorry to learn, is ill in bed. So COURTNEY doubles his part. Proceeding watched with profound interest from Strangers' Gallery. At ten minutes and ten seconds to Seven House in Committee of Supply. COURTNEY in Chair at table; Mace off the table; TANNER on his legs. As hand of clock falters over the numeral ten, COURTNEY gets up, says never a word, wheels to right out of Chair and marches to rear. TANNER stops midway in sentence and resumes seat. Sergeant-at-Arms bowing thrice advances, lifts Mace on to table, and retires.

Stranger in Gallery wondering what has become of COURTNEY, appalled by discovering him in SPEAKER'S Chair, quite a new man. On these occasions marks his swiftly varying condition by altered tone of voice. As Chairman of Committees, assumes piping treble voice, as Deputy-Chairman drops occasional observations in profound bass.

"Only thing left to me, dear TOBY," he said, when I congratulated him on his treble. "Haven't time to change dress, even if it were permissible; must do something to mark wide gulf fixed between Chairman of Committee and SPEAKER; so hit upon this scheme. Glad you like the treble; a little out of my line, but practice makes perfect."

At Evening Sitting question of Labour and Capital brought on by BARTLEY. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM let House see what a terrible fellow he is. Doesn't look the part; but after speech to-night no question of his innate ferocity. *Sim Tappertit* not in it for such blood-curdling remarks. "I have," he said just now, "often interfered between Capital and Labour; but, thank Heaven! I have never interfered in the character of a conciliator."

"Ha, ha!" he cried, a little later, *à propos* of nothing. "You talk of inciting to violence. I have never incited to violence, and wherefore? Because, in present state of affairs, with society a vast organised conspiracy, violence would recoil on the heads of the Working Classes. But, Sir, the time will come when things will be otherwise, and the very moment that power is in the hands of the Working Classes I shall incite them to violence."

After this House took early opportunity of adjourning. Pretty to see Members stealing across Palace Yard in the dark, looking furtively right and left, not sure that moment was not come, and SIMON CUNNINGHAME TAPPERTIT GRAHAM was not hounding on his "United Bulldogs" against the Classes. "We must look out, BROADHURST," said JAMES ROWLANDS, nervously rubbing his hand. "It's all very well of your retiring to Cromer. I think I shall practise with a revolver; shall certainly carry a sword-stick."

Business done.—Budget Resolutions through Committee.

Thursday Night.—HOME SECRETARY came down to-day in unusually good spirits. Nothing happened of late to give enemy occasion to blaspheme. Crewe affair seems quite forgotten; nobody going to be hanged when he ought to be reprieved, or reprieved when he ought to be hanged. Seems almost as if, after all, life for HOME SECRETARY would be worth living. Whatever embarrassments ahead belong to other Departments of Ministry. Land Purchase troubles, not the HOME SECRETARY, nor Bi-Metallism either. RAIKES been doing something at the Post Office. GOSCHEN been tampering with tea, and sinning in the matter of currants. Something wrong with the Newfoundland Fisheries, but that FERGUSON'S look-out. True, ELCHO wanting to know about some prisoners taken from Ipswich to Bury in chains. Sounds bad sort of thing; sure to be letters in newspapers about it. But HOME SECRETARY able to lay hand on heart and swear the chains were light. ELCHO blustered a bit. Irish Members, naturally interested in arrangements for going to prison, threateningly cheered; but after what MATTHEWS had suffered in other times this affair lighter than the chains themselves.

Incident had passed; questions on paper disposed of; soon be debating Land Purchase Bill; all would be well for at least another day. Suddenly up gets HARCOURT; wants to know who is responsible for the design of new police buildings on Thames Embankment? Flush of pride mantles brow of MATTHEWS. This red-hot building—its gables, its roofs, its windows, its doorways, and its twisted knockers—was designed under his direction. It is his dower to London, set forth on one of its most spacious sites. What does HARCOURT want to know about it? Why is PLUNKET so studious in repudiating all responsibility for the thing? Wherefore does crowded House cheer and laugh when HARCOURT gives notice to call attention to building on Home Office Vote? Can it be possible that here is another mistake? Ought he to have hanged the architect instead of encouraging him? Always doing things for the best, and they turn out the very worst. Been occasionally misunderstood; but did, at least, think that London would be grateful for this emanation from the heated architectural mind.

"Looks so like a carbuncle suddenly developed on Embankment, with the stately Thames swirling below, that I really thought they would like it," said HOME SECRETARY, mopping his furrowed brow. "But there are some people, TOBY, who are never pleased, and prominent among them are the people of London."

Business done.—Debate on Land Purchase Bill.

Friday.—Things rather in a muddle to-day all round. At Morning Sitting didn't get Supply which everybody expected would be order of day; didn't proceed with Allotments Bill, which was first on Orders. At night, PROVAND on first with Dried Currants; McLAREN to follow with Woman's Suffrage, neither turned up, and at half-past eleven by dint of Closure, got into Committee of Supply. GEORGE CAMPBELL cruising up and down in New Guinea steamer; finally docked. Then ARTHUR WILLIAMS moved to report progress; more discussion; OLD MORALITY pounced; Division on Closure; COURTNEY named SHEEHY as one of tellers; SHEEHY in Limerick; House couldn't wait for him to return; so WADDY brought out of Lobby to tell with TANNER. When Closure carried, it was ten




Sergeant-at-Arms
(and Legs).

minutes past one. House bound to rise at one o'clock; Chairman equally bound to put the question, which was to report progress. Motion for progress negatived, which meant that the House would go on with business; but it being a quarter past one Deputy-Speaker must needs leave Chair, and so sitting collapsed.

"Dear me!" said BOLTON, "this is hard to understand. Must go off to the Garrick and think it over."

Business done.—None.

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