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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 98, MAY 17, 1890 \*\*\*

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOLUME 98.

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MAY 17, 1890.

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ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Whilst you were feasting in Burlington House amongst the Pictures and the Royal Academicians, I was seated in the Stalls of the St. James's Theatre, lost in astonishment (certainly not in admiration, although of old the two words had the same meaning), at the antics of a minority of the Gallery, who amused themselves by shouting themselves hoarse before the performances commenced; but not satisfied with this, they continued their shrieking further: they howled at the overture of the first piece, they jeered at the scene, they yelled at the actors. However, as it happened, *The Tiger* had been already successfully played on two occasions last year, so a verdict was not required at *their* hands. Had Mr. SOLOMON, the composer, conducted, he would have taken *The Tiger* away, and left the howlers to their howling. Since Saturday the piece has, I am informed, "gone" with what the Americans call a "snap." The music is charming. Mr. CHARLES COLNAGHI made his bow as a professional, and played and sang excellently, as did also Mr. J. G. TAYLOR, in spite of the riotous conduct of the "unfriendlies."

Then came *Esther Sandraz*. Mrs. LANGTRY looked lovely, and played with great power; but what an unpleasant part! Until the end of the First Act all was right. The sympathy was with the heroine of the hour, or, rather, two hours and a half; but when it was discovered that *Esther* loved but for revenge, and wished to bring sorrow and shame upon the fair head of Miss MARION LEA, then the sentiments of the audience underwent a rapid change. Everyone would have been pleased if Mr. SUGDEN had shot himself in Act II.; nay, some of us would not have complained if he had died in Act I., but the cat-and-mouse-like torture inflicted upon him by *Esther* was the reverse of agreeable. Mr. SUGDEN was only a "Johnnie," but still "Johnnies" have feelings like the rest of us. Mr. BOURCHIER was rather hard as a good young man who does *not* die, and Mr. EVERILL (steady old stager) kept everything well together. If the play keeps the boards for any length of time, it will be, thanks to the power of Mrs. LANGTRY, the natural pathos of Miss MARION LEA, and the unforced comedy of Mr. EVERILL.

On Monday Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE produced *Theodora* at the Princess's Theatre with some success. It cannot be said, however, that Mlle. SARA BERNHARDT has at length found her rival, but, for all that, the heroine of the moment might have been worse. "SARDOU's masterpiece" (as the programmes have it) was very well staged. The scenery and costumes were excellent, and great relief was afforded to the more tragic tones of the play by entrusting the heavy part of *Andreas* to Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, who is a thorough artist, with just the least taste in life of the brogue that



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THE FASTING CHAMPION continues to receive visitors as above from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M. daily, and may be inspected, watched, stared at, pinched, questioned, and examined generally, by his admiring friends, the British Public, in his private *sanctum* at the Royal Quartpotarium, till further notice.

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## IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

CARDINAL RICHELIEU once observed to Madame DE ST. GALMIER, that if Kings could but know the folly of their subjects they would hesitate at nothing. Mr. JEREMY evidently knows thoroughly how stupendously cabbage-headed his readers are, for he never hesitates to put forward the most astounding and muddy-minded theories. For instance, he asks us this week to believe that *Saladin* ought to have won the Shropshire Handicap, because he was known to be a better horse, from two miles up to fifty, than the four other horses who faced the starter. If this stuff had been addressed to an audience of moon-calves and mock-turtles it might have passed muster, but, thank Heaven, we are not *all* quite so low as that yet. Let me therefore tell Mr. JEREMY, that when a horse like *Saladin*, whose back-bone is like the Himalaya mountains, and his pastern joints like a bottle-nosed whale with a cold in his head, comes to the post with two stone and a beating to his credit, and four hoofs about the size of a soup-tureen to his legs, he can never be *expected* to get the better of slow roarers like *Carmichael* and *Busby*, to say nothing of *Whatnot* and *Pumblechook*. It is well known, of course, that the latter has been in hard training for a month, and a better horse at cornbin or bran-mash never stepped. *Saladin* won, I know, but it was for reasons very different from those given by Mr. JEREMY.

There is nothing new about the Derby horses. I believe they are mostly in training, but I reserve my opinion until I see what the addle-pates who own them mean to do.

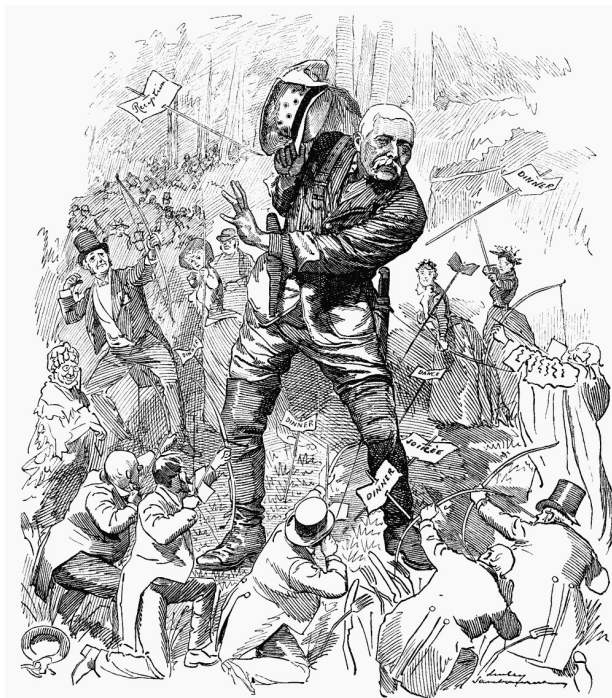
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"A SELF-MADE MAN," said Mrs. R., thoughtfully, "is the artichoke of his own fortunes."

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## THE MODERN HERCULES AND THE PYGMIES.

(Extracts from the Diary of an Explorer in the Society Islands.)



From the bears, apes, and foxes with which the thickets of the great forest of Societas abounded, it is but a step to the Pygmy tribes whom we found inhabiting the tract of country between the Uperten and the Suburban rivers. The Pygmies are as old as Sweldom, as ubiquitous as Boredom, the two secular pests of the earth. You will remember that Hercules once fell asleep in the deserts of Africa, after his conquest of Antæus, and was disturbed in his well-earned rest by an attack of a large army of these troublesome Lilliputians, who, it is recorded, "discharged their arrows with great fury upon his arms and legs." The hero, it is added, "pleased with their courage, wrapped a great number of them in the skin of the Nemean lion, and carried them to Eurystheus."

I was not "pleased with their courage," but plagued with their importunities. HERODOTUS described the capture of five young explorers from Naasamoves while they were examining some curious trees in the Niger basin, and tells how the little men took them to their villages and showed them about to their fellow Pygmies. So, in a sense, the Pygmies of Societas "captured" me, and showed me about to their fellow denizens of this Land of Lilliput. They "discharged their arrows" (which they called "In-Vites," and each of which was branded with the mystic letters, R.S.V.P.) at me in swarms, and though they rather tickled than hurt, yet after a time their minute but multiplied prickings became no end of a nuisance.

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Let us pause a little, and pay such honour as is due for persistence and importunity to these "little people," who have outlived the wise men of Egypt, the prophets of Palestine, the magicians of Persia, and the sages of Greece and Rome. They have actually been able to hold their own from the days of HOMER, through those of HORACE, down even to those of HAGGARD. I have seen the wear and tear of the Pyramids of Egypt (which is nothing to that of a lionised hero in Societas); I can certify that the Sphynx presents a very battered appearance indeed (though not so battered as mine, after the "little people" had done with me), but the Pygmies of to-day in Societas appear to be as plentiful and as perky as those that thousands of years ago swarmed in Æthiopia, built their houses with egg-shells, made war upon the Cranes, and attacked the tired hero Hercules.

You will understand that I, who have always professed to love humanity, even in the form of mannikins, better than beetles and butterflies, was as much interested in these small creatures as was Hercules in the skinful of midgets he carried to the exacting Eurystheus. As I looked at them, and thought how these represented the oldest race on the globe—namely, the Inquisitive Quidnuncs—my admiration really went to greater lengths than scoffing cynics might have expected.

These Pygmies of Societas, though small, are cunning, and wise in their generation. For the most part they toil not, (save at pleasure-seeking and lion-hunting), neither do they spin (anything beyond the edifying yarns they call "after-dinner stories"). But they manage to live on the fat of the land. The larger aborigines (called the Whirkirs) are very industrious, and form the clearings and cultivate the various produce of the place. The Pygmies appear to be aware that the plantations and powers of the Whirkirs are practically inexhaustible, and to think that they have as much right to the produce as the aboriginal owners and tillers. Therefore, they cling tightly to these plantations, and make the larger and more laborious natives pay dearly for the honour of their acquaintance. In another manner they perform valuable service by setting fashions, receiving strangers, and assisting in the defence of the settlements; they also hunt game, and supply the larger natives with plenty to do in working for and waiting on them. It appeared to me that the Pygmies were regarded somewhat as parasites (though highly ornamental ones, like orchids) whose departure would be more welcome—to the aborigines—than their vicinity. But a

race which has survived so much and so many things is not easily to be got rid of.

Anyhow, *I* couldn't get rid of them, though sometimes I felt inclined to imitate Hercules. With their arrows and their unblushing importunities they had me at advantage, and even as *Gulliver* became the victim of the midgets of Lilliput, so did I of the innumerable, inquisitive, imperturbably impertinent Pygmies of Societas.

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## THE FIRST FIGHT.

(Between the Seventh Team of Australian Cricketers and an English Eleven, begun at Sheffield Park, on May 8, 1890.)

A HAZE hung over the Surrey Downs  
In the early morning; but Nature's frowns  
Broke up in smiles as the day advanced.  
And the grey mist cleared and the sunbeams glanced  
On MURDOCH bold, and his merry men.  
When hundreds of optics, and many a pen  
Were on the alert, at Sheffield Park,  
The valiant deeds (between wickets) to mark  
Of the Seventh Australian Cricketing lot.  
MURDOCH and LYONS, BARRETT and TROTT,  
Lads of their inches in flesh and bones;  
TURNER and WALTERS, BLACKHAM and JONES,  
GREGORY, CHARLTON and FERRIS too;  
A sterling Eleven, second to few.  
Whilst "odd men" TRUMBLE and BURN and BOYLE  
"Stood out" of the first big match's toil,  
'Gainst GRACE and STODDART, NEWHAM and READ,  
SHERWIN and SHREWSBURY, stout at need,  
LOHMANN and HUMPHREYS, and BRIGGS and PEEL,  
And ATTEWELL with the nerves of steel.  
No need to tell how they met and fought,  
And bowled, and batted, and stumped, and caught;  
But *Mr. Punch*, who has seen all six  
Of the other Elevens before the "sticks,"  
And cheered them victors, or vanquished cheered,  
Shoots forth his fist, as the lists are cleared,  
To welcome back to an English wicket  
These champions fresh of Colonial Cricket.  
He will not "butter" you, boys, for *that* you'll hate.  
Only he must most sincerely congratulate  
His old friend MURDOCH on starting so well.  
Go it, Sir, keep it up, W. L. !  
Here's wishing the lot of you health and pluck,  
Decent weather and level luck.  
And when your last "four" to the boundary flashes,  
Take all good things home with you—saving those "ashes."



"SUCCI DOESN'T SEEM ANY THE WORSE FOR HIS LONG ABSTINENCE, MARIA! DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING TO BRING UP A FEW OF OUR YOUNGER CHILDREN AS FASTING MEN AND WOMEN? WE MIGHT BEGIN TRAINING THEM ALREADY, YOU KNOW!"

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## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READ "As Haggards on the Rock" in *Scribner's* for May. It is a weird tale, but nothing whatever to do with "HAGGARD" ("RIDER" of that ilk), which may or may not be an additional attraction, according to the taste and fancy of the reader. "Never do I see *Scribner's Magazine*," quoth the Baron, "without wishing to change its name, or start a competitor under the style and title of '*Scribbler's Magazine*.' If the latter isn't 'a colourable imitation,' it must be done, and that speedily."

*Woman*, though appearing weekly, comes out peculiarly strong. "A really entertaining, interesting, and chatty publication," says the Baroness.

One of the best volumes of the Badminton Library series is that on Golf, recently published, written chiefly by HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, with capital contributions on the subject from the great ruler of Home-Rulers, ARTHUR BALFOUR, M.P., and the ubiquitous and universally gifted MERRY ANDREW LANG, to whom no subject, apparently, presents any difficulty whatever, he being, like Father O'FLYNN, able to discourse on Theology or Conchology, or Mythology, and all the other ologies, including, in this instance, Golfology, with equal skill and profundity of wisdom. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and the scent of the LANG Y LANG, is over all periodical literature generally. Let not the elderly intending student of Golf, on opening the book, be deterred by seeing a chapter headed "*Clubs and Balls*," which may induce him to say, "My dancing days are over." The illustrations, by Messrs. C. L. SHUTE, T. HODGE, and H. FIERY FURNISS, are excellent. The vignettes in A. LANG's paper—especially one happily taken from an "Old Miss-all," where several players are represented as not making a hit—are both interesting and amusing. On the whole—on the Golfian Hole—a capital volume. *Mr. Punch* drinks to his Grace of BEAUFORT in a cup of Badminton.

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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 5.*—Next year is my Jubilee—mine and *Mr. Punch's*. Pup and dog, have known House of Commons for nigh fifty years. Of course not so intimately as within the last eight or nine years; but ever since I took my seat on piles of bound volumes at feet of the MASTER, have kept one eye on Parliament.

Never saw a scene to equal what took place to-night. When House met, good deal of talk about yesterday's Labour Demonstration. Everybody agreed it was enormous, unprecedented, momentous. The Working Man demands a day of eight hours' labour, and will see that he gets it. Still talking about the matter in whispers. Second Heading of Budget Bill under discussion; SHAW-LEFEVRE on legs, protesting against increased expenditure on Army and Navy. Undertakes to show it is absolutely unnecessary. Beginning his demonstration when hand of clock touched hour of Six. SPEAKER rose with cry of "Order! Order!" SHAW-LEFEVRE resumed seat; afraid he had, in exuberance of eloquence, committed some breach of order. Members crowded in to hear what SPEAKER had to say.

"This House," he said, as soon as silence restored, "will now adjourn. At least I must withdraw; and unless it can be shown that Deputy-Speaker has been in bed all day, or otherwise idling his time, you cannot go on. Under ordinary circumstances, House meeting at Three o'clock, we should have adjourned sharp at Eleven to-night; but the fact is, my day's work began at Ten this morning. That is a necessity of my position. With interval of hasty meals, I have been accustomed to work a maximum of twelve hours a day, often running up to fourteen. That, however, now over. Settled by Working Man that Labour Day should not exceed Eight Hours. We will, therefore, now break up. I daresay some of you Hon. Gentlemen, engaged at the Bar or in affairs in the City, commenced your work even earlier than Ten?"

"Sir," said OLD MORALITY, "I do not know whether I am in order in speaking after the clock has struck Six, and so extending our legal day. I will, however, promise to be brief. In fact, I rise merely to confirm your view, Sir, of our position. For my own part, I have been closely engaged in the business that pertains to performance of my duty to the QUEEN and Country, since an hour earlier than Ten this morning, and I think I may say the same for my friends near me on this Bench. [ASHMEAD-BARTLETT: "Hear, hear!"] We were, as usual, prepared to go forward with our work, to sit here till whatever hour was necessary to accomplish it. Without abating one jot or tittle—"

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT: "The Right Hon. Gentleman probably means one jot or tittle."

OLD MORALITY: "In accordance with my habit, Sir. I meant what I said. As I was saying, when perhaps somewhat unnecessarily interrupted by the Right Hon. Gentleman, I do not abate one tit or jottle of my desire to perform my duty where duty is doo; but since our friend the Working Man has declared in favour of a labouring day confined to Eight Hours, we must needs follow him."



**Bolton bolting.**

OLD MORALITY packed up his papers; JOKIM locked up red box containing papers relating to Budget Scheme; HARCOURT rose to continue discussion; discovered that SPEAKER had gone, and Serjeant-at-Arms removed Mace; so, at few minutes past Six, got off with plenty of time to enjoy that recreation, and cultivate those family relations, not less dear to a Member of Parliament than to the more 'orny 'anded son of toil. Odd at this early hour to hear cry of Doorkeeper, "Who goes home?"

"Well," says Member for St. Pancras, "I think *I'll* be BOLTON." And he bolted. *Business done.*— New Eight Hours' Day arrangement came into operation. Entirely successful.

*Tuesday.*—RITCHIE a mild-mannered man, six feet high, and of genial temperament. But there are some things he can't stand. One is, to assume that Government Bill dealing with Local Taxation involves Compensation for disestablished publicans.

"I must say," he observed, just now, glaring on CALEB WRIGHT, "that I object to the word Compensation which the Hon. Gentleman has used in his question."

What Government had done was to propose measure for the extinction of licences. Of course, a little money would pass. JOKIM, in Budget Scheme, made provision to enable County Council to buy out publicans. "But to call such a transaction Compensation is," RITCHIE added, his left eye twitching in fearsome manner on CALEB WRIGHT, "preposterous."

That being so, House went into Committee on Allotments Bill, and drummed away till sitting suspended.

At Evening Sitting, BOB REID brought on Motion raising sort of British Land Question. Wants to empower Town Councils and County Councils in England and Scotland to acquire, either by agreement or compulsorily, such land within their district as may be needed for the requirements of the inhabitants. House naturally shocked to find a Member proposing to discuss any phase of Land Question apart from Ireland. Interposition of Great Britain in this connection regarded as impertinence. Compromise arrived at; agreed to leave out Scotland. On these terms Debate went forward.

CHAPLIN in charge of case for Government. At last, in his natural position, temporary Leader of the House.

CHAPLIN (*aside*), "Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! the greatest is behind."

How different from ancient days and nights, when he sat below Gangway in corner seat, that is, when he could get it. Couldn't always; sometimes presumptuous person forestalled him. Even when there, with notes of treasured speech in swelling breast pocket, by no means certain he would find opportunity of convincing House. Others step in, and edge him on into ignominious dinner hour. Now a Minister of the Crown, with a new Department created for his control; to-night in charge of Government business. OLD MORALITY off early, full of restful confidence.



**The Emphatic Noes.**

"CHAPLIN's looking after things," he said, as he made himself comfortable in his room. "Needn't bother; all will go right. Great thing for a First Minister to have a man he can thoroughly depend on."

"At least, TOBY," CHAPLIN said, "those were his remarks as reported to me. I will not deny that they are gratifying."

At the proper time—at his own time—the Minister for Agriculture rose, and, positively pervading the premises, utterly demolished BOB REID, his supporters, his arguments, and his resolution.

"CHAPLIN," said JOHN MORLEY, watching him with admiring glance, "always reminds me of VICTOR HUGO's description of the *Rev. Ebenezer Caudray*. You remember him in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*? Haven't the book with me, but translation runs something like this:—'He had the gracefulness of a page, mingled with the dignity of a Bishop.' Never knew that VICTOR HUGO was personally acquainted with CHAPLIN; but he certainly here hits off his characteristics in a phrase."

*Business done.*—Miscellaneous, and not much.

*Thursday.*—"Where do you put the Cow?"

"Was ever man interrupted with such a question in such circumstances?" asked JESSE COLLINGS, unconsciously quoting *Tristram Shandy's* father.

Circumstances sufficiently strange to make a man quote STERNE, even if he'd never read his masterpiece. House in Committee on Budget Bill. STOREY moved Amendment on Clause 26, dealing with exemption from Inhabited House Duty of tenement buildings. CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER taken part in the Debate. CHARLES RUSSELL said a few words. House in most serious, not to say depressed mood. Subject particularly inviting for JESSE; always advocated welfare of Working Classes; now seized opportunity to descant on theme. Detailed with growing warmth arrangements desirable for perfecting sanitation of houses for Working Classes; when TANNER, crossing arms and legs, and cocking head on one side, with provoking appearance of keen interest, suddenly submitted this problem:—

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"Where do you put the Cow?"

Opposition laughed. Ministerialists cried, "Order!" Various courses open to JESSE. Might have assumed air of interested inquiry. Cow? What Cow? Why drag in the Cow? Might have slain TANNER with a stony stare, and left him to drag his untimely quadruped off the ground. But JESSE took the Cow seriously. Allowed it to get its horns entangled amid thread of his argument. Glared angrily upon the pachydermatous TANNER, and having thus played into his hands, loftily declared, "I do not propose to take any notice of the insult."

"It makes me smile," said SWIFT MACNEILL, walking out for fear GOSCHEN should hear his smile and clap a penny on his Income-Tax.



"It makes me smile."

A long night for JOKIM, wrestling for his Budget. Ominous gathering on Front Bench. Mr. G., not seen lately, comes down. To him foregathers HARCOURT. Assaults on Budget begun from below the Gangway. Proposed to postpone clauses on which Local Budget Bill will be built up. JOKIM shakes his head. Mr. G. amazed at his refusal to listen to reasonable suggestion. HARCOURT rises, meaning to run atilt at JOKIM. Chairman of Committees puts out his foot, nearly trips him up. HARCOURT turns and bends on COURTNEY expressive glance. Never much love lost between these two. Now COURTNEY in official position can snub HARCOURT—and does. Shall HARCOURT go for him? Shall he take him up in his powerful arms and tear him to pieces with delighted teeth? A moment's pause, whilst HARCOURT, towering at table, toying nervously with eyeglass, looks down on Chairman who has just ruled him out of order. Shall he? Struggles with his suddenly awakened wrath, gulps it down, turns aside to talk of something else.

Not to-night, but some night there will be wigs (especially COURTNEY's) on the green.

*Business done.*—Budget in Committee.

*Friday.*—Met MARKISS walking with weary footsteps from Lords. Curiously depressed air. "Anything happened at East Bristol?" I asked. "But you cannot have heard yet."

"No; nothing to do with bye-elections," said the MARKISS, with sob in his throat. "It's WEMYSS; touched me to the quick; was to have made speech to-night on Socialistic legislation of last two years. Hadn't slightest idea what he meant. Came down to-night a little late; found House up. WEMYSS wouldn't deliver his speech in my absence; thing didn't come off; so Lords went home. That's what I call personal devotion. Supposed to be hard cynical man, but you see I have my soft places, and WEMYSS has touched me."

Not a dry eye between us as the MARKISS moved off.

*Business done.*—Pleuro-pneumonia in House of Lords.

## CONVERSATION MANUAL. (ANGLO-FRENCH.)

FOR USE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE Aunt, the Uncle, and the Cousin (*£*) all desire to go to the top of the tall hill.—There is no road to the top of the tall hill.— Why is there no road?—Because they (*on*) do not permit it.— Will they permit it to-morrow?—No.— Will they permit it in several (*plusieurs*) days?—Certainly not.— When shall we be able to go to the top of the tall hill?—When Mr. BRYCE'S Bill (the Measure of Mr. BRYCE) receives the approval of Parliament.— Is it probable that Parliament will approve of it the day after to-morrow?—It is not probable that Parliament will approve of it the day after to-morrow, or for many years.— I see through the telescope of the neighbour (*m.*) a



man at the top of the tall hill. Why is he there?—He is guarding (he guards) the red deer.— Are the red deer then permitted (do they permit the red deer) on the top of the tall hill?—Yes.— The Aunt, the Uncle, and the Cousin (*f.*) would like to talk to the beautiful deer.—But the owners (*Messieurs les Propriétaires*) of the tall hill would not like it.— Why would the owners not like it?—Because they desire to shoot the beautiful deer.— Where then may we walk (*promener*)?— We may walk where we will along the high road (*grand chemin*).— But the high road is dusty, and from it there is no view.—It is sad that there should be no view from the high road.— We came (are come) to Scotland to climb the tall hills. As we cannot climb the tall hills, we will now leave Scotland. If we now leave Scotland the hotel-keepers (keepers of hotels) will be sorry.—The keepers of hotels must speak to the owners of the tall hill.— There are now two men on the top of the tall hill; I can see them plainly. One has seized the other by the scruff of the neck (by the neck). Why has the bad man seized somebody by the scruff of the neck?—The man who has been seized (whom they have seized) by the scruff of the neck must be a Tourist.— How has the Tourist done wrong (*faire mal*)?—He has done wrong because he admires the view.— The Aunt, the Uncle, and the Cousin (*f.*) are now glad that they did not go to the top of the tall hill.

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## TWO VIEWS OF THE SODGERIES.

NO. I. BY A GENTLEMAN WHO GOT A BAD SEAT AT THE INAUGURATION.

It seems rather a high-handed proceeding to deprive the inhabitants of South Belgravia, Old Chelsea, Pimlico and Battersea, of about half of their recreation grounds. This certainly has been done to find a site for the Sodgeries. Whether the Sodgeries will be worth the trouble is another matter. It may be as well to glance hurriedly at its contents.

Certainly, very hurriedly, when one comes to the Ambulance Department. A most ghastly show! Lay-figures reclining in the most realistic fashion on a field of battle, with surgeons and vultures(!) in attendance. If anything could choke off an intending recruit, it would be this. I consider the display as inimical to the best interests of the Army.

Then the Battle Gallery? Can anything be less interesting? Here and there the portrait of a General! But such portraits! One veteran warrior is actually shown in the act of playing upon a fiddle! As for the pictures of the victories, there is scarcely anything new worth looking at. Same good old Inkermann, by Lady BUTLER, as of yore; and the same good old recollections of Egypt from past Academies. For the rest, the room contains some comfortable chairs. They are more inviting than the relics! Then the remainder of the Exhibition! Well, the advertisers have their share, and the restaurant people are all over the place. There are some figures sent over by nigger chieftains, and a little armour. Finally, the grounds are imperfectly illuminated at night with paper lanterns and the electric light. Plenty of military music for those who like it, but who does?

The arrangements for the comfort of the Press at the opening ceremony (when I was present) were unsatisfactory. But this is a detail.

NO. II. BY A GENTLEMAN WHO GOT A GOOD SEAT AT THE INAUGURATION.

Nothing could have been more judicious than to enclose some of the grounds of Chelsea Hospital for the holding of that excellent exhibition known as "The Sodgeries." The inhabitants of South Belgravia, Old Chelsea, Pimlico, and Battersea must bless the Authorities for their kindness in selecting a site so close to their doors. That the Exhibition may be properly appreciated, it may be worth while to glance hurriedly at its contents. A difficult matter to hurry when one comes to the Ambulance Department. A most interesting display. Here we have the battle-field capitably painted, and illustrating how our doctors and nurses do their good work. If anything could confirm an intending recruit to take the Queen's Shilling, it would be this *tableau*, so suggestive of succour to the wounded. I consider the display decidedly in the best interests of the Army.

Then the Battle Gallery! Can anything be more interesting? Numerous portraits of Generals—not only in full uniform, but as they are to be seen at home in the bosoms of their families. Every picture of a victory is full of interest, and the relics are priceless. One case contains the identical cloak worn by the great Duke at Waterloo, and another the celebrated panorama of his funeral. The latter, I fancy, was drawn by that well-known artist, who signs himself, when he drops into literature, "G. A. S." If I am right in my conjecture, I may add that I believe all the numberless figures in the admirable composition are wearing Wellington boots. For the rest, the room contains comfortable chairs, but who cares for chairs when such relics are on view!

Then the remainder of the Exhibition! It would take pages to catalogue its hundreds of interesting exhibits. Arms, figures, manufactures, musical instruments. What not? And the grounds! At night a perfect fairy-land, beautifully illuminated with hundreds of gleaming lanterns, and the electric light. Finally the best military music in the world, for those who like it, and who does not?

The arrangements for the comfort of the Press at the opening ceremony (when I was present) were satisfactory to the last degree. But this is a detail.

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**THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.**

"PLEASE LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS. I KNOW IT'S HARD; BUT IT'S ONLY FOR A MOMENT!"



**"BABY BUNG."**

NURSE RITCHIE. "THERE YOU ARE, MY LITTLE DEAR,  
—THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!"

**"BABY BUNG."**

*Nurse R-tch-e loquitur:—*

WHICH no doubt at the best it's a bothersome babe; though my bounden  
 duty it were to make much of it;  
 I'm free to say, if I had my way, it's the dickens a bit I should come  
 within touch of it.  
 'Tis a greedy child, and a noisy too, of a colicky turn, and pertikler  
 windy;  
 And, wherever the blessed infant's found, you may bet your boots there'll

be stir and shindy.

The family is a rucktious one from their cradles up, and the plague of nusses.

You may cosset and cordial 'em up as you will; though you calls 'em "blessings," you finds 'em cusses.

Many a monthly they've worritted out of her life, almost, with their fractious snarlings,

Though it's most as much as your place is worth to aggerawate 'em—the little darlings!

And this one—well, it would raise a yell you might fancy came from a fog-horn's throttle,

If it wasn't for that there soothing-syrup I've artfully smuggled into its bottle.

It's strongish stuff, and I've dropped enough in the Babby's gruel to prove a fixer;

For this kid's riot you cannot quiet with LAWSON'S Cordial or CAINE'S Elixir.

Them parties think they can mix a drink as'll take the shine out o' GODFREY OR DAFFY,

But they're both mistook, *they* don't know their book, though one is "genial," and t'other chaffy.

They'll raise a row when they find out how I have managed to silence the child, by drugging.

Wot's the use of fuss? Where's the monthly nuss as can manage without a bit of 'umbugging!

And now, havin' fixed the hinfant up, I'm a going to drop him in somebody's doorway.

Hullo! Here's the house of that County Council! I fancies now it is rather in *your* way!

You're up to everythink, you swells are, from "Betterment" to the claims of Cabby.

You've a lot to learn; so jest have a turn—as I hope you'll like—at this Blessed Babby!

It "turns up on a doorstep unbeknown," like the child referred to by DICKENS'S *Sairey*.

Come! Here's the Babby, and there's the Bottle! I'm no monopolist—quite contrairy.

Without its Bottle I couldn't leave it; the babe might 'unger, wich Evins forbid of it!

But, havin' purvided for it so nicely, I'll shunt it on you, gents,—(*aside*)  
—*and*

*glad to get rid of it!*

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"ALLOWED TO STARVE."—The Editor begs to acknowledge remittance from "Miss G. D." and "W. M.," in aid of the Balaclava Survivors, which he has handed to the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, who is in charge of this Fund.

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## WARE BRUMMAGEM!

"As sure as a gun" is a worthy old phrase  
That doesn't quite seem to apply in our days;  
And that man is a cynic, or talking in fun,  
Who says he's "as sure as an 'African' gun."  
The Birmingham gun-makers loudly protest  
That their products are good, if they're not quite the best.  
*Mr. Punch* with the Brummagem boys will not quarrel,  
But all guns should be trustworthy, stock, lock and barrel;  
Be the game one is after an Arab or pheasant,  
The chance of a barrel that bursts is not pleasant.  
Good work brings good pay, as it always has done;  
That (in the old sense) is "as sure as a gun!"

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MRS. R. has been uncommonly humorous lately. She observed, "What a foolish remark it was of Dr. JOHNSON'S to say that 'who makes a pen would pick a pocket.' "Unless", she added, struck with a brilliant idea, "he was thinking of 'steel pens.' But I don't think there were any in his time."

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on 'em!

*Joe.* They doan't git naw toime for it, I reckon, allus on the rord as they be.

*The Lecturer.* Illow me to request yar kind hattention for a moment. (Stand back there, you boys, and don't beyave in such a silly manner!) We har now arrived at the Haswail, or Sloth Bear, described by BUFFON as 'aving 'abits which make it a burden to itself. (*Severely.*) The Haswail. In the hajoinin' cage observe the Loocorricks, the hony hanimal to oom fear is habsolootly hunknown. When hattacked by the Lion, he places his 'ed between his fore-legs, and in that position awaits the honset of his would-be destroyer.

*Joe's Wife.* I thart it wur th' *hostridge* as hacted that away.

*Joe.* Ostridges ain't gotten they long twisted harns as iver I heard on.

*His Wife (stopping before another den).* Oh, my blessed! 'Ere be a queer lookin' critter, do 'ee look at 'en, JOE. What'll he be now?

*Joe.* How do 'ee suppose as I be gooin' to tell 'ee the name of 'en? He'll likely be a sart of a 'arse.

[*Dubiously.*]

*His Wife.* They've a let 'en git wunnerful ontidy fur sure. 'Ere, Mister (*to Stranger*) can you tell us the name of that theer hanimal?

*Stranger.* That—oh, that's a Gnu.

*Joe's Wife.* He says it be a noo.

*Joe.* A noo *what?*

*His Wife.* Why, a noo *hanimal*, I s'pose.

*Joe.* Well, he bain't naw himprovement on th' hold 'uns, as *I* can see. They'd better ha' left it aloan if they couldn't do naw better nor 'im. Dunno what things be coming to, hinventin' o' noo hanimals at this time o' day!

#### BEFORE ANOTHER CAGE.

*A Boozed and Argumentative Rustic.* I sez as that 'un's a fawks, an' I'm ready to prove it on anny man.

*A Companion (soothingly).* Naw, naw, 'e baint naw fawks. I dunno what 'tis,—but taint naw fawks nawhow.

*B. and A. Rustic.* I tell 'ee 'tis a fawks, I'm sure on it. (*To Mild Visitor.*) *Baint'e* a fawks, Master, eh?

*Mild Visitor.* Well, really, if you ask me, I should say it was a hyena.

*The Rustic's Comp.* A hyanna! ah, that's a deal moor like; saw 'tis!

*The Rustic.* A Pianner? do 'ee take me fur a vool? I knaws a pianner when I sees 'un. Farmer BROWN, 'e 'as a pianner, and 'tain't like naw fawks! I'll knack th' 'ed arf o' thee, tryin' to stoof me oop i' that way. Wheer be th' man as said 'twas a pianner?

[*Mild V. has discreetly lost himself in the crowd.*]

#### ON THE ELEPHANT'S BACK.

*Second Boy.* Sit a bit moor forrard, BILLY, cann't 'ee!

*First Boy.* *Cann't*, I tell 'ee, I be sittin' on th' scruff of 'is neck as 'tis.

*Third Boy.* I can see my vaither, I can. 'Ere, vaither, vaither, look at me—see wheer I be!

*Fourth Boy (a candid friend).* Shoot oop, cann't 'ee, ya young gozzle-'ead! Think ya vaither niver see a hass on a hellyphant afoor!

*Fifth Boy.* These yere helliphants be main straddly roidin'. I wish 'e wudn't waak honly waun haff of 'en at oncest, loike. What do 'ee mean, a kitchin' 'old o' me behind i' that way, eh, JIMMY PASSONS!

*Sixth Boy.* *You'd* ketch 'old o' hanything if you was like me, a slidin' down th' helliphant's ta-ail.

*Fifth Boy.* If 'ee doan't let go o' me, I'll job th' helliphant's ribs and make 'im gallop, I will, so *now*, JIMMY PASSONS!

*Various Speakers.* Wheer be pushin' to? Carl that manners, screouging like that!... I cann't see nawthen, *I* cann't, wi' all they 'ats in front ... What be gooin' arn, do 'ee know?... A wumman gooin' in along o' they lions and tigerses? Naw, ye niver mane it!... Bain't she a leatherin' of 'un too!... Now she be a kissin' of 'un—maakin' it oop, loike ... JOHN, you can see better nor me—what be she oop to now?... Puttin' 'er 'ed inside o' th' lion's? Aw, dear me, now—*theer's* a thing to be doin' of! Well, I'd ruther it was 'er nor me, I know *that* ... They wun't do 'er naw 'arm, so long's she kips 'er heye on 'em ... What do 'ee taak so voolish vor? How's th' wumman to kip 'er heye on 'em, with 'er 'ed down wan on 'em's throat, eh?... Gracious alive! if iver I did!... Oh. I do 'ope she baint gooin' to let off naw fire-arms, I be moor fear'd o' pistols nor any tigers ... Theer, she's out now! She be bold, fur a female, baint her?... She niver maade 'em joomp through naw bla-azin' 'oops, though ... What carl would she hev fur doin' that? Well, they've a drared 'er doin' of it houtside, that's ar! I know ... An' they've a drared HADAM outside a naamin' of th' hanimals—but ye didn't expect to see *that* doon inside, did 'ee?... BOB, do 'ee look at old Muster MANDERS ovver theer by th' hellyphant. He's a maakin' of 'isself that familiar—putting biskuts 'tween his lips and lettin' th' hellyphant take 'em out wi' 's troonk!... *I* see un—let un aloan, th' hold dootler, happen he thinks he's a feedin' his canary bird!

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## NEW GALLERY NOVELTIES.



No. 237. THE HARMONIOUS FAMILY.

*Gentleman Amateur (looking at music, aside to himself).* That's the note she ought to be singing.

*Lady Amateur (thinks to herself).* I can sing without music. Rather! I'll give it 'em!

[Sings fortissimo.]

*Little Boy Amateur (toying low with violin, to himself).* Yah! Go on! I'll cut in presently with my fiddle. That'll make 'em squirm!



No. 186. Eminent Solicitor disturbed at work by anxious and indiscriminate public. (*Vide Letterpress.*)



A Blow Out; or, Pipes in a Small Room after Dinner. Mr. G. is arguing the question with fair hostess. Lord Rosebery is regarding the Piper with ill-disguised horror.



No. 141. Il Cigaretto; or, Should Women Smoke? After her first attempt.



No. 105. "How It's Done;" or, Her First Toys. Worked with strings.



No. 113. "Will It Bite?" What does she see? A white mouse? Delightful this. Mr. Boughton, A.R.A.

No. 8. Symbolical Theatrical Picture. Production of *The Tiger* at St. James's Theatre. Tiger coming out strong, suddenly finds himself in presence of furiously antagonistic Gallery audience, represented by a venomous hissing snake, which has been waiting for him, like *Chevy Slyme*, round the corner. Snake also emblematic of "reptile press." Situation portrayed by J. T. NETTLESHIP.

No. 1,146. Sale of Stanhope Forbes' effects. Artistic effects excellent. Should fetch high price.

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No. 213. John Burns as the Italian Tenor, Signor Masharoni.





No. 98. Small and Early Architecture. Showing how to set up a boxful of the new building toy bricks.



No. 82. Evidently a Female Succ, or Fasting Woman.

Nos. 39 and 43. Admirable portrait of Sir JOHN PENDER (43) severely lecturing THOMAS HAWKSLEY, Esq. (39) and evidently telling the latter that he ought to be more careful. Both admirable portraits, by Professor HERKOMER, A.R.A., Master of Bushey, F.A.S., M.A., Oxon.

No. 66. "Good morning, Ma'am! Have you used SQUEERS'S soap? No. I thought not. Try it." Suggested for Advertisement by EDWIN WARD.

No. 76. *Undisguised Alarm*. "What *have* I sat on!!" Perhaps you can tell us, Mr. R. W. MADDOX.

No. 99. "*My Eye!—I mean my left eye!*" J. J. SHANNON.

No. 108. *Dog Stealing; or, what will they do with it?* R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

No. 114. "*Out! Out! Damp Spot!*" HERBERT DALZIEL.

No. 119. *Raised under Glass*. Preserved Pheasant to be wound up and go off with a whirr-r. Can't make game of this. Your health, Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.

No. 122. *Question of taste*. "Do these trousers go well with my Academicals? No. So I'll only show just a little bit of 'em, *knee plus ultra*. That'll please the artist." J. J. SHANNON.

No. 144. "*When Earthly Shapes are wrapped in Gloom.*" Miss A. ALMA-TADEMA.

No. 160. "I blacked my face last night to play the part of a female Christy Ministrel, and I haven't quite succeeded in getting it off this morning. Isn't it a pity, eh, Mr. EDWIN WARD?"

No. 162. *The Playful Monster*. C. N. KENNEDY.

No. 164. "*Coming a Quiet Chuckle.*" Old Gentleman thinking over a good story, on which he calculates being asked out for the entire season. PERCY BIGLAND.

No. 185. *The Ferry.* Charming! Ferry much so. G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

No. 186. Dialogue overheard in front of this:—

*He.* Is that a portrait?

*She.* Yes; I think so.

*He.* Whose?

*She (after referring to catalogue).* GEORGE LEWIS.

*He (suddenly, after a pause).* Who's GEORGE LEWIS?!!!!

What the reply was we don't know,—the question was too much for us, and we were caught in an attendant's arms, taken upstairs tenderly, and treated with care in the refreshment room. Who could imagine such ignorance possible in this "so-called Nineteenth Century!" "Who is GEORGE LEWIS!" ... "Ask a policeman."

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## MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

### JOURNALISTIC CRITICISM.

"*This piece must come off at once;*" *i.e.*, "I've got one which would just come in nicely, and could let 'em have it cheap."

"*The dialogue is poor, the plot badly constructed;*" *i.e.*, "These are the two things for which everybody is going to praise this dramatic author. So I'll have my knife into him."

"*The music is pretty enough, though some of the principal melodies irresistibly call to mind the popular works of other composers;*" *i.e.*, "He'll be praised for his originality. Bah! I've written things just as good as these."

"*A most amusing Article, but a little of it goes a long way;*" *i.e.*, Is tired of his subject, and wants to turn his attention to something else.

### SOCIAL.

"*It's a very curious fact;*" *i.e.*, "Now to pile on the embroidery."

"*Now, do drop all formality, and look in to dinner quite in a friendly way. But you must take us just as you find us;*" *i.e.*, "It counts as a formal invitation, and he's sure not to come."

"*You can't come! Oh, I'm so sorry!*" *i.e.*, "Didn't even know I'd asked her."

### PLATFORMULARS.

"*If at any time, by one jot, or one tittle, or one hair's breadth, or in the very slightest degree, or in the least;*" *i.e.*, "What, oh, what was I going to say? Can't go on like this for ever."

"*Never was the country menaced with a more critical danger; never was our Party more enthusiastically united in confronting it;*" *i.e.*, "It won't make a bad cry, and may pull the stragglers together a bit."

"*An oration which for a splendid combination of close reasoning and moving eloquence, is scarcely paralleled even among the many masterpieces of the illustrious speaker;*" *i.e.*, "An average speech from the point of view of the speaker's journalistic supporters."

"*Its loose logic, ineffective rhetoric, and undignified petulance, furnishes a pitiful proof of the intellectual and moral decadence of a once great name;*" *i.e.*, The same oration seen from the other side.

### FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"*His knowledge of music is something quite phenomenal;*" *i.e.*, "He knows, and can talk about, absolutely nothing else."

"*Would be quite lovely, but for a certain je ne sais quoi which repels most people;*" *i.e.*, "Beautiful beyond all criticism that is not vaguely venomous."

"*You dear thing!*" *i.e.*, "You inconsequent little noodle!"

"How quite too weirdly quaint!" i.e., "What an uncanny horror of archaic ugliness!"

"How quite too awfully kind of you to take all this trouble!" i.e., "Foolish old faddist! What is bliss to him is boredom to me."

"How fearful you must be of fire!" i.e., "Oh, for a lucky conflagration!"

## RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall enjoy it immensely," i.e., "He can't talk any more than a semaphore, and looks as sleepy as an owl."

"What! You go right on to-day without changing? That is nice," i.e., "Confound it! I thought there would be a chance of a cigar after the Junction."

"Oh yes, plenty of room, and pleased to have you;" i.e., "Old nuisance! will quite spoil my promising tête-à-tête."

## PREPARING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"You see you have just the figure—slim and graceful you know—for Signor Dumcramboni, which is the great thing;" i.e., "Must flatter him a little, or he'll kick at the one-speech part."

"Oh, I leave myself entirely in your hands;" i.e., "Wait till I'm fairly in, and I'll show him!"

"Really, the prodigious passion that Mr. Elderberrie throws into the declaration-scene quite disconcerts me;" i.e., "Preposterous old pump-handle!"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what we should do without You! You put us all right;" i.e., "Fussy old idiot! Once spoke to MACREADY, and fancies himself no end of a Manager."

## TRADE EMBELLISHMENTS.

"Champagne. Grand Vin. Special Brand. Cuvée Reservée, 1874. Offered at 28s. the Dozen. Only a few dozen of this magnificent wine are left;" i.e., "A dangerous home-manufactured compound of apple and gooseberry, that could not be safely offered even at a funeral."

"The 'Indian Sunrise' Rheumatic Vinegar, distilled in the far East from the choicest Oriental herbs;" i.e., "Some stuff made in Shoreditch of common blue vitriol and turpentine."

## OVER THE BABY.

"Oh, how like!" i.e., "Like?—Yes, like every other baby."

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**WEEK BY WEEK.**

*Wednesday.*—Mr. Punch appears. Up and out early. Rejoicings. Banquets to Mr. STANLEY generally.

*Thursday.*—Old Half-Quarter Day, New Style. Anniversary Dinner, at the Goose and Serpent, of First Night Theatrical-Wreckers' Club. Mrs. SNOOKS' Dinner, to meet Mr. STANLEY.

*Friday.*—Nothing particular, except meeting Mr. STANLEY.

*Saturday.*—Close time for Salmon in Serpentine begins. Mrs. NEMO's first dance with Mr. STANLEY.

*Sunday.*—Everyone in Hyde Park to meet Mr. STANLEY. Rev. Dr. HONEYMAN'S Sermon to Mr. STANLEY. Museums closed. Flowers open, free.

*Monday and Tuesday.*—Much as usual. To meet Mr. STANLEY.

*General Forecast.*—Weather unsettled at first. More so afterwards. N.E.E. Gales to meet Mr. STANLEY. Snow, followed by violent Cyclones, unless dry, warm, and 91° in the shade. Depression over the whole of the British Dominions.

*Wednesday.*—Depression entirely relieved by appearance of Mr. Punch. Rejoicings all day. Squibs, Fireworks at night. In the evening, Somebody meets Mr. STANLEY.

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**SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.**



Cromwell Row'd S.W.



"May Fare, W." Lamb Salad and New Peas.  
A picture of Still Life.

### STATE OF MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.



JUTE.—A quiet feeling, with small Sales.

Lady HENRIETTA SHIMMERS' long-talked-of Dance came off yesterday evening, at her *recherché* little mansion in North-west Bayswater, and was a great success. A handsome second-hand slip of Dutch carpet was laid down on the pavement outside the Hall-door, and from an early hour in the afternoon afforded a theme for much favourable comment in the immediate neighbourhood. The staircase had been, with the aid of half-a-dozen night-lights and a profusion of homemade paper flowers, turned into a perfect fairyland, the illusion becoming the more perfect the further the spectator receded. The one purple and green Hungarian, who attended with his trombone to represent that celebrated band of musicians, supplied the dance music with much spirit, while those noted *viveurs*, capable of expressing an opinion on the subject of supper, declare that the South-American tinned oysters, and the seventeen-shilling Roumanian champagne, with which they washed them down, were both, in their way, respectively, in the shape of refreshment, quite the most remarkable things they had met with anywhere this season. The company was select and distinguished. Mrs. JIPPLING, who brought her two chubby-faced, pretty daughters, both in ditch-water-coloured cotton, was a simple blaze of Birmingham paste and green-glass emeralds, and with her *pompadour* of yellow satin bed curtain, trimmed with *chiffons* of scarlet bell-ropes, looped up tastefully with bunches of *cordons d'onions d'Espagne à la blanchisseuse*, was the centre of pleasurable astonishment wherever she went. LADY PICKOVER also created quite a sensation, being a perfect dream in orange worsted. Miss MUGALLOW attracted a good deal of notice, wearing the celebrated heavily enamelled plated family Holly-hocks, and several *débutantes* in bright arsenical Emerald Green, who had not much to recommend them in the way of good looks, came in for a fair amount of cynically disagreeable comment. The dance terminated at an early hour in the morning, it being eventually brought to a conclusion by a little riot in the hall, caused by the linkman (who, owing to his potations, had not been very steady after midnight) endeavouring to make off with the hat-and-umbrella-stand, a feat which brought the police on to the premises with a suggestion, that "as things seemed getting a bit lively inside, perhaps the concern had better come to a finish." The proceedings shortly after this, were brought to an abrupt conclusion.

Two young men of aristocratic appearance, and otherwise faultless dress, were observed in the Park on Monday, in boots of ordinary leather. This breach of the *convenances* has excited much comment in the fashionable world to which they belong.

A curious sight was yesterday witnessed in Piccadilly. A gentleman well known in Society and in Politics lost his hat, which was run over, but not otherwise damaged, by a passing omnibus. The Honourable Gentleman's exclamation has been the subject of considerable remark in the Lobby of the House.

A careful investigator has been occupied in calculating the amount of roof accommodation available for the cats of the Metropolis. Dividing London according to Parliamentary districts, and subdividing these parochially and by streets (due allowance being, of course, made for wear and tear and removals), he has reached the remarkable conclusion, that every cat can command exactly one two-hundredth part of a roof. In this calculation kittens have been neglected.

---

What is this I hear about the Officers of the Sheriff of a County not a hundred miles from the Metropolis, refusing to be present at Mrs. LEO HUNTER'S grand reception in Lower Chelsea, to meet the youngest son of His Highness the Rajah of Jamjam, ALIKHAN INDOORE? Was it because Mrs. H. forgot to ask their wives?

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The great feature of Mrs. DUIT CHEEPELEY'S Fancy Dress Pic-nic at Burnham Beeches will be, that every guest will bring his own hamper. The hostess herself, as Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty, will provide the corkscrews only.

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Lieut.-Colonel CONTRE JUMPERE, of the 28th Volunteer Battalion of the Diddlesex Regiment (Shoreditch Sharpshooters), on Saturday last entertained the officers under his command at a *déjeuner à deux plats* in the palatial restaurant of which he is Managing Director.

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Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON have met Mr. STANLEY. Mr. STANLEY is reported to have said that he will *not* meet them again.

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At the last moment it is reported that the engagement of the great African Explorer with Mrs. SNOOKES to meet at five o'clock tea Sir JOSEPH and Lady SMUGGINGS is indefinitely postponed.

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"ROBERT" writes to us about "The Ewents of the Week." He says:—

"The City Acaddemy, which it's on the Tems Embankment, opened on Toosday, and I'm told as about a thowsend pupils went a scrambling in there, as hurly as 9 a clock, with their shiny morning faces, and with their scratchels on their backs, as the Poet says, and with their lunches in 'em, as praps the Poet didn't kno of; and arterwards, the LORD MARE and his Sherryffs went to Epping Forest and dined at a Pick Nick with a lot of Werderers, whatever they may be, and some common Counselmen, but, strange to say, they didn't have no Wenson! so they made Game of one another. They didn't arsk that Mr. PERCY LINDLEY, who's allers a finding fault with 'em for cutting so many trees down and then cutting 'em up. They ort to have known from their long xperience, that a jolly good dinner woud most likely have made him hopen his mouth, and shut his eyes, and hold his Tung, like a gennelman."

"At a meeting at 'Good Old Bethnal Green,' as a werry lowd woiced gennelman called it, it was enounced that Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS, the howner of the howdacious hapenny 'Hecko,' had promised to give 'em £20,000 to bild 'em a new Library with! when the lowd woiced gennelman ginerously enounced that he woud buy a cobby of that paper the werry next day! If that isn't grattitude, what is?"

---

A Cambridge Mathematician of repute has just concluded a careful and exhaustive calculation, by which he maintains that if all the pork-chops eaten in London in a week were placed in a row, they would reach from Camberwell to the Isle of Wight; and if piled in a heap on each other, would form a mound half as high again as Primrose Hill.

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NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

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\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
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