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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOLUME 93, JULY 23, 1887 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. VOLUME 93.

JULY 23, 1887.

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MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

No Amateur Reciter can consider himself fully equipped for the Drawing-room or Platform unless he is furnished with at least one poem in dialect, and *Mr. Punch* has accordingly commissioned from his Poet a recitation couched in the well-known vernacular of Loompshire. Loompshire, it need hardly be explained, is the county where most of the stage-rustics come from. The author of this little poem ventures to hope that philologists will find much deserving of careful study in some of the local expressions and provincialisms, while he can guarantee their entire authenticity, as they are mostly of his own invention. The phraseology is strictly copyright and must not be infringed, except by a dignitary of archiepiscopal rank for a charitable purpose. As for the piece itself, it is founded on a little anecdote related to the poet, which he believes has not hitherto seen the light in a metrical form. It has a good old-fashioned double title, viz:—

MICHAELMAS DAY; OR, HOW TAMMAS PATTLE VERY NEARLY COOKED HIS GOOSE.

Begin by explaining the situation, thus:—"This is supposed to be spoken by a Loompshire cottager, who overhears a stranger admiring the goodly proportions of his goose,"—then start with as broad a drawl as you can assume. Remember that to be effective you must be unintelligible.



"Bewty," I 'ears ya carl her?—aye, ya niver spoöke truthfuller wurröd!
Rammack t' coontry side ovver, an ya weänt see no foiner burröd!
Passon he axed ma to sell her—but I towld him, "Beänt o' naw use—
She's as mooch of a Chris'en as moäst," I sez, "if she's nobbut a guse!"
Coom, then!

(This coaxingly, to an imaginary bird—be careful not to seem to make any invidious distinctions among your audience.)

... Naäy, but she wanna! she's gotten a wull of her oän!
Looök at the heye of her,—pink an' greëy, loike t'fire in a hopal stoän!

Howsiver she sims sa hinnercent-loike, she's a follerin' arl I
 saäy:
 An' I boärt 'er at Kettleby Feär, I did, two yeär coom
 Cannelmas Daäy.
 Araminta her neäme is—but I carls 'er "Minty," fur shoärt,
 She weänt naw moor nor a goslin' o' coorse, what taime she
 wur boärt:
 But a' knawed she'd turn oot a rare 'un, to jedge by her
 weëight an' feäl,
 An' I reckoned to fat her by Michaelmas Eve, ef I buzzled 'er
 oop wi meäl,
 Mayhappen ya'll ardlly beleäve ma—but she unnerstood fra' the
 fust,
 What wur hexpected of 'er, (*with a senile chuckle*.) I thowt that
 burr'd 'ud ha' bust!
 Cram her, a' did! but she swuckered it doon, wi' niver a
 weästed drop,
 Fur she tuk that hinterest in it as she'd ruther ha' choäked nor
 stop!
 An' she'd foller wheeriver a went—till I hedn't naw peäce fur t'
 foäk,
 "'Ere be TAMMY long of his sweetart!" wur hallus the village
 joäk!
 An' I'd saäy: "'Tis ma Michaelmas denner *I'm* squirin' aboot,
 owd chap!"
 An' Minty she'd stan' up a' tiptoe, an' fluther her neck, an' flap!
 Did I 'appen to gaw of a hevenin, to looök at ma hinion patch?
 Minty 'ud coom in along o' meä, an' rarstle aboot, an' scratch,
 Cocking her heye at the bed o' saäge, with a kink as mooch as
 to saäy:
 "Wull the saäge an' th' hinions be ready fur *meä*, by toime I be
 ready for theëy?"
 Or she'd snifter at arl the windfalls as liggid i' the horchard
 graäss,
 I knawed what she wur erfter, a did—she wur pickin' 'em oot
 for the saäss!
 An' I'd roob ma ands fur to see her a ploddlin' across th' roärd,
 (*Tenderly*.) "Thee'll mak' a denner, ma pratty," I'd saäy to her,
 "fit fur a loärd!"
 Maäin an' boolky she wur as Michaelmas week coom nigh,
 "Her'll niver not bulge naw bigger," I sez, "an she art fur to
 die!"
 I knawed she wur doitlin' soomwheer by the pasture under t'
 moör,
 Sa I fetched the chopper an' fettled 'im oop—an' I went fur to
 do 'er! (*Grimly*.)
 An' I chillupped to Araminty, an' oop she rins with a clack,
 "Seeä what I've gotten to show 'ee," I sez, (wi' the chopper
 behind ma back)
 But I looked sa straänge an callow, she knawed I wur meanin'
 'er ill,
 An' she kep a sidlin' an' edgin' awaäy, an' a gaäpin' wi' hopen
 bill!
 Then I maäde a grab at her sooden—an' she skirtled off to a
 feäld,
 Wheer Squire had been diggin' fur fireclaäy—eh, but she
 yellocked an' beäled!
 Cloppity-joggle I chaäsed her, sa well as I cud, bein' laäme,
 An' flippity-flopper she kep' on ahead—an' a' squawked out
 "Shaäme!"
 (*The Amateur Reciter should find little difficulty here in
 suggesting something of the intonation of a frightened
 goose: Pause—then continue apologetically.*)
 I wur haäf asheämed o' mysen' I wur, afoor I coom to the hend,
 (*Remorsefully*.) "Ye owd ongreätful guzzard," I thowt, "to gaw
 killin' ya hoänly friend!"
 But ma friend wur a Michaelmas denner tew as I hedn't naw
 art to refuse!
 (*More remorsefully*.) An' it maäde me seeä what a gowk I'd
 beeän to ha' gotten sa thick with a guse!
 Sa I danged 'er well as I slummocked on, as ard as ma legs cud
 stoomp,
 "Waäit till I gets tha, ma laädy!" I sez,—when, arl on a sooden
 ... Boomp!
 —An I wur a sprawlin' an' floppin' in wan of the owd Squire's

pits,
 But fur t' claäy at t' bottom an' that, I mout ha bin brokken to bits!
 An' I roared fur 'elp, fur I cudn't git up, an' the watter wur oop to my chin.
 But nobbudy eerd ma a' beälin', nor thowt on the hole I wur in!
 They'd niver find nawthin but boäns, I knawed, if they'd iver the gumption to dredge,
 Then I groäned (*impressively*)—fur I eerd Araminty a tooklin' 'oop by the edge!
 (*Sulky sarcasm.*) "Wunnerful funny, beänt it?" I sez, (I wur feälin' fit for to choäk.
 To be caught loike a bee in a bottle—an' see her enjyin' the joäk!)
 (*Indignantly.*) "Hevn't ya naw moor manners," I sez, "ya greät fat himpident thing!"
 (*Pathetically.*) Fur I'd bred her oop from a goslin', I had—and theer wur the sting!
 Well, she left ma aloän at laäst, an' I hedn't a mossel o' hoäpe—
 When by coom HARRY the hedger, an a' hoickt ma oop with a roäpe!
 "Shudn't ha' heerd 'ee, TAMMAS," he sez, "or knawed as owt wur t' matter—
 Ef it hedn't ha bin fur yon guse o' thine, as coom an raäised sech a clatter.
 An' drewed ma hon in spite o' mysen—till I moinded the hopen shaäft!"
 (*Catch your breath, then brokenly.*) Aye, Minty wur säävin ma life oop theer—when I wur a thinkin' she laäft!
 Then I rooshed fur to catch her to coodle and gie her a greätful kiss—
 Eh, but I right down bloobered (*with pained surprise*)—fur she scatted awaäy with a hiss!
 "Weän't niver 'urt 'ee ageän!" I sez, "if thee'll hoänly forgit what's past!"
 She wur raäre an' stiff fur a bit, she wur—but (*with a doddering complacency*) I maäde her coom round at last!
 An' I had ma Michaelmas denner the sääme—an' a arty good denner he wur!
 Sat down coompany, tew—fur I cudn't ha' done without *her!*
 What did we maäke a meäl on? (*Shamefaced confusion here, expressed by scratching the head.*) Well,—happen thee'll think me a haäss—
 But I'll tell 'ee: (*with candour*) I dined wi Minty on the stooffin' an happle sääss!

(*Retire without ostentation, to have your jaw set at the nearest Surgeon's.*)

SCARCELY WORTH WHILE.—For some personal remarks on the Prince of WALES, utterly gratuitous and in the worst possible taste, the *P. M. G.*, as we hear, has been dropped by the Service Clubs, and subsequently by the Turf. As a mark of strong disapprobation this was right enough, but if it was intended as a punishment which would inflict loss, we are inclined to think such boycotting may have had exactly the contrary effect. How happy was THACKERAY'S title "*The Pall Mall Gazette* written by gentlemen for gentlemen!" If it is not so now, what have we got in-STEAD?

Philosophy at the Popping Crease.

"The glorious uncertainty?" why, to be sure
 That it *must* be the slowest should see at a glance,
 For Cricket, as long as the sport shall endure,
Must be in its nature a mere game of chance.
 "'Tis all pitch and toss;" one can show it is so;—
 'Tisn't science or strength rules its losses or winnings.
 Half depends on the "pitch"—of the wickets, you know,
 The rest on the "toss"—for first innings.

"GOOD BUSINESS."—An advertiser in the *Daily Chronicle* of the 12th inst., has not a bad idea of a fair profit:—

BABY-CARRIAGE Bassinette, unsoiled; 4 rubber-wheels, carriage-springs, reversible hood, handsome rug, complete, £27; cost £4 10s., last month. Mrs. W.

If "Mrs. W." has not already obtained her price, we sincerely wish she may get it. She deserves it.

"THE BANCROFT SCHOOL."—On Saturday last Prince ALBERT VICTOR laid the foundation-stone of the new buildings at Woodford. This sounds promising for the Theatrical Profession. Of course Mr. BANCROFT will take the male pupils, and Mrs. BANCROFT will instruct "the Spindle side."

SARAH B. at the Lyceum, under the management of M. MAYER. May 'er season be successful!

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"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE."

She. "BY THE BYE, I MET YOUR BROTHER AT DINNER LAST NIGHT. SUCH A DELIGHTFUL PARTY! *SUCH* A DINNER!! *SUCH* FLOWERS!!!"

He. "INDEED! WHERE WAS IT?"

She. "AT THE—A—THE—A—UPON MY WORD, I REALLY FORGET WHOSE HOUSE IT WAS I WAS DINING AT!"

A DAY OUT. (By Jacques Junior.)

A fishing, paddling pic-nic! What, to stand
On the lush margent of the gusty stream,
With feet benumbed, and watch the bobbing quill,
And then to dine *al fresco*—not for JACQUES!
Where, for the smooth mahogany of Ind,
The unplanned earth is board; for cushion'd chair
The damp earth, ant-infested, or rough root
Chafing the unaccustomed cuticle;
Where mint sauce th' insecure platter doth o'errun,
With hose and doublet playing Lucifer;
Where glasses must be emptied as they're filled,
To the great prejudice of temperance,
Or, if set down, drops me a spider in,
To spoil the fortune he cannot enjoy,
Like Sir No-Company, who makes a third.
While e'en a grumble, relishabler far
Than that keen sauce of Sparta, is denied.
For one there'll be who'll not let ill alone,
But, "I prithee try this compound; I learnt the knack
In Venice," or, "Thus in England wines are mix'd!
Pray you pronounce upon't." Another, worst,
Will keep all waiting while he spoils good food,
Concocting some vile preparation,
Calling't a Sallet. "Taste in charity,
For Fate's against me; some ingredient
Of utmost import hath been left at home."
And so the wholesome green is all besprent
With bile-disturbing mixture. Out upon't!
I'd rather find a kitten in a stew

Than one of these same preaching salad-bunglers.
What are the uses of *al fresco* meals?
Who likes a toad, ugly and venomous,—
Where's such a precious fool—upon the bread?
And they who, in contempt, the Dryad's haunts
Profane with empty bottles and loose papers,
Find tongues in tarts, ants running on their boots,
Wasps in the wine, and salt in everything!

AT THE LYCEUM.—Saturday was the last night of Mr. IRVING'S Season,—a season remarkable for the inexhaustible popularity of *Faust*, produced in 1885, and for the revival of most of the Lyceum successes, by way of airing them for American exportation. On this occasion *The Merchant of Venice* was given. MISS ELLEN TERRY'S *Portia* is one of the best examples of true comedy acting in the present day. Mr. IRVING'S *Shylock* is a marvellously subtle impersonation, full of humour, pathos, and tragic power. After the play he made a short speech bidding a temporary farewell to his friends. *Mr. Punch* replies, "Good luck go with you, *Au revoir!*"

THE QUEEN AT HATFIELD.

In days of old in Hatfield halls,
They feasted late and early,
The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
And danced beside Lord BURLEIGH.
The stars of great ELIZA'S reign,
Were seen in all their glory,
Smart ESSEX girt with golden chain,
And RALEIGH known to story.

'Tis said that 'neath a Hatfield Oak,
ELIZABETH was sitting,
When courtiers hastened there and spoke,
In lowly tones, befitting
The mighty message that they bore;
There, where the leaves waved o'er her,
They hailed her QUEEN from shore to shore,
And humbly bowed before her.

And now another QUEEN has gone
Where Hatfield lawns are shady;
The ancient oaks have looked upon,
Another gracious Lady.
Once more a CECIL plays the host,
And bows in Royal presence;
What wonder if Queen BESS'S ghost,
Looked down upon the pleasance.

The past and present seem to meet,
In those historic portals;
Methinks our modern Statesmen greet,
ELIZABETH'S immortals.
And, as the phantoms fade away,
While bells clash from the steeple,
They cry, "Long live VICTORIA,
To bless her loving people!"



VERY ANNOYING.—Just when everything was going along so smoothly, just when the Jubilee police arrangements had been so successful as to warrant a tribute from Chief Commissioner *Punch*, and a recognition from Londoners generally, to have these police difficulties suddenly sprung upon Sir CHARLES WARREN was enough to drive him wild,—enough to make him a rabid WARREN. But he has taken the right course, and much good will come out of all this trouble. Cheer up, Sir CHARLES! Anyhow *you* are not in for a CASS-tigation.

ON MESSRS. RICHARD BENTLEY AND SONS' list of books appears *Mr. Hissey's Journeys in England*. What an unpleasant visitor, if he is only true to the name of HISSEY, and makes the tour of the Theatres in London and the provinces. Managers, beware!

"MY LAWYER."

[Crown 8vo., 6s. 6d., MY LAWYER: A Concise Abridgment of, and Popular Guide to, the Laws of England. By a Barrister-at-Law.]

Who was it, when I thought I saw
In something I had signed a flaw,
Gave me my first distaste for law?
My Lawyer.

Who, when into his hands I fell,
As I my grievance tried to tell,
Around me wove some fatal spell?
My Lawyer.

Who from my mind at once all trace
Of doubt and fear did quite efface,
And made me think I had a "case"?
My Lawyer.

Who of all obstacles made light,
And, whether I was wrong or right,
Insisted that I ought to fight?
My Lawyer.

Who, as I saw the costs increase,
And wished to come to terms of peace,
Declined to let the turmoil cease?
My Lawyer.

Who daily plagued me more and more,
And every time I passed his door
Charged me straight off thirteen-and-four?
My Lawyer.

Who, liking not his little games,
When I resolved to waive my claims,
Quick added fuel to the flames?
My Lawyer.

Who, though some compromise I sought,
And did not wish the matter fought,
Before a jury had it brought?
My Lawyer.

Who, though at last I got enraged,
The battle still more stoutly waged,
And leading Counsel, three, engaged?
My Lawyer.

Who, when, of course, my case went wrong,
Because it wasn't worth a song,
Sent in a bill twelve pages long?
My Lawyer.

And who, now that I'm wiser grown,
And to this book for aid have flown,
Would still on me inflict his own?
My Lawyer.

Yet now, spite all his legal tricks,
Henceforth this work, price six-and-six,
Shall promptly be, in every fix,
My Lawyer.



"WHAT'S THE NEXT FASHION?"

"*Varium et mutabile semper Fœmina.*"

Madame France. "I WONDER WHICH WILL SUIT ME BEST, AFTER ALL. I'M BEGINNING TO BE TIRED OF THIS."

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CRICKET AT LORD'S.

Hits by Dumb Crambo, Junior.



Some fine Free Hitting.



Well Stopped!

THE LESSON OF THE ROYAL REVIEW.

(By Our Special Scientific Experimentalist.)

It was with great satisfaction that I received my orders to visit Aldershot on the occasion of the Royal Review, "to deduce from the display the exact position occupied by England amongst the Powers of Europe as a Military Nation." I felt that hardly a better man could have been chosen for the task. My experience in the four divisions of the globe, my knowledge of the wars of the last three quarters of a century, exactly fitted me for the task. I said to myself, "I am intrusted with the performance of a solemn and sacred duty. I am asked to carefully report upon the condition of a large body of men, with a view to sampling the entire British Army. The large body of men shall have my careful consideration." Actuated by these worthy motives, I left Waterloo in the early morn (it was scarcely nine o'clock), and travelled to Aldershot.

On my way down I entered into discussion with four civilians, whose interest in the day's proceedings seemed to be centred in the great question of lunch. It was in vain that I attempted

to sound them upon the efficiency or the reverse of the Auxiliary Forces (they were all more or less connected with the Volunteers), because they confined their conversation to where they were likely to find So-and-So's drag on Bourley Wood, and where the— Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Such-and-Such a Regiment was situated.

"What do you think of canvass as a shelter?" I asked, note-book in hand.

"Oh, a mess-tent is as good a place as anywhere else if the cookery and wines are all right," was the only reply I received that had the slightest bearing on the military situation. Then my companions refused to talk of anything further save the racing fixtures for the following fortnight.

At Aldershot I found a number of omnibuses drawn up, labelled "House of Commons," which were soon occupied by elderly ladies, who appeared to be excellent representatives of our Legislators. Seeing that the flymen had arranged a tariff that measured distances with sovereigns, and hours with bank-notes, I determined to walk to the Long Valley, and my example was largely followed. Smartly-gowned ladies, and men whose attire suggested the shady side of Pall-Mall, dispensed with all conveyances, and sturdily trudged to the review ground, to the intense disgust of the cabmen, whose harvest could not have been particularly lucrative. The only vehicles that we saw on the road were waggons filled with country-folk, and harnessed to heavy lumbering cart-horses, that moved very deliberately and slowly, and now and again a London coach. A specimen of the last came up to me just as I was getting out of the town—it was occupied by a company of ladies and gentlemen with an up-all-night look about them. As a matter of fact, I believe it had started shortly after midnight, or thereabouts. I recognised one of the occupants, who, until he caught my eye, had seemed rather depressed, but who, upon exchanging greetings with me, assumed a most jovial air, and seemed quite to wake up. He subsequently told me that he had never enjoyed himself so much. "Up over-night, you see, then a long drive in the dawn and early morning, getting to Aldershot before the QUEEN. Review, lunch, and home again." The last item, I fancy, must have been rather an anti-climax, although my friend would not admit it. However, I have a kind of instinct that should there be another big Review, he will choose the rail in preference to the road.

As I passed the barracks I could not help admiring the waggery of the Military Authorities in setting up placards requesting "the Public not to walk on the grass." The light-hearted Authorities (it is scarcely necessary to say to those who know the latent humour in the breasts of the Headquarters' Staff) had selected a site for these posters where no grass would grow. From the hurry-scurry observable on all sides, I gathered that the Procession was on its way—a supposition that was turned into certainty by the boom of a Royal Salute. And yet I was miles from my seat! There was only one thing to do—to force my way down a road that had been closed since nine o'clock. The entrance to this pathway was guarded by a mounted sentry. I approached him, and showed him my pass, which made me free of all "camps and bivouacs." He complained that he was not a "camp," but had nothing to urge in denial when I insisted that "then he must be a bivouac." As some dozens of others were attempting to force the passage, he allowed me to pass, and from that moment practically the British Army was at my mercy. No provision had been made to deal with spectators when once the gallant Scots Grey had been passed. Thus I was able to lead the Royal Procession, and was greatly pleased to find every one on the alert. Battalion after battalion seemed to me well set up, and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE with his drawn sabre left nothing to be desired. I inspected them all, and can certainly say that I had not to stop to re-arrange a belt or even a general-officer's scabbard. This being the case, my movements were rapid, but not faster than those of the Derby Dog. In the fearful heat I found my seat (a very comfortable one) close to the saluting point, and then was prepared to see the march-past. The bands struck up. "GEORGE RANGER" waved his sword and there was a shout. Then came the tramp of armed men, and it occurred to me that after a very long run, I could scarcely do better than close my eyes. I found by doing this that I could think the matter out. What had perplexed me on the road down was how I should find the mess of the particular regiment that had honoured me with a card of invitation for luncheon.

I soon made up my mind that I had better ask my way. This I did, and found the country Constabulary most intelligent. As I had come to Aldershot to see the soldiers, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of the table, it would perhaps be out of place to mention here how good lobster salad is when you are really hungry, and how very grateful to the palate claret cup appears when one has had nothing to drink for many hours. Enough to say, I enjoyed myself thoroughly, and catching a train to Waterloo, was once more at home.

On reading my notes I find that I have left unanswered the question with which I commenced this article. I was sent to Aldershot to "deduce from the display, the exact position occupied by England amongst the Powers of Europe as a Military Nation." Quite so. Well—but perhaps on second thoughts I had better get the Editor to send me to another review before I attempt to solve the problem.

[Certainly: try it.—ED.]

OF THE MASKE-ALINE GENDER.

The great success of the Gray's Inn *Maske*, has raised in the mind of some of the critics the consideration whether a revival of this form of entertainment could not be established. Ever ready to assist in carrying out a valuable suggestion, *Mr. Punch* begs to provide a *Scenario* for a modern *Maske*:—

SCENE I.—*The Exterior of the Castles of TORIUS and GLADSTONIUS with a view of the Palace of Westminster, seen through the gateway. Enter SESSIONIUS, who looks about him and ponders.*

Sessionius. This should not be! Such a time as this puts down a thousand pleasant schemes of summer! When a Bill, an Opposition, and a Closure are met within the Hall of great St. Stephen's! Let the Ex-M.P. bless the summer day, but Whigs, Rads, and Tories, needs must nod to the Sessions Reign.

Enter VACATIA.

Vacatia. Well, o'ertaken Session!

Sessionius. What's that I see? How dare you approach. D'ye mean to give the lie to the prophets, who say I shall not be done until October? Away, thou tempting fancy! Begone! Stay not a moment!

Vacatia. Nay, be not angry! In days gone by thou used to welcome me! Why is it?

Sessionius. Do you not see I cannot move? With Irish Members and Coercion Bills, I may stay here for ever!

VACATIA weeps, and is appeased by TRIPPIUS, who explains that they can go unto the seaside by the Sunday trains. Then all go out. Then enter the EXCURSIONISTS, who sing strange songs in praise of wine and tobacco. After a while the fun grows fast and furious, and the Scene changes to,—

THE GARDEN OF PARLIAMENTARY FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

First song, wherein the SPEAKER works a charm by which certain Irish Members dance a measure with sticks, and striking the floor, then one another's coat-tails, and, lastly, one another's heads. When this is done, HARCOURTIUS appears in the pavan, or "peacock's strut," and marches about. He disappears, and there is a Dance of Woodmen with hatchets by the Gladstonian Family. All this ends merrily with a view of VACATIA working a change as TRIPPIUS introduces a View of a possible Autumn Session.

"What I want some fellow to tell me," said Mr. DUFFER, looking up from an advertisement of a forthcoming sale at Aldridge's, "is—what the dickens is the use of a *broken* sporting dog?"



"À LA PORTE!"

IT. SPENT A LOT OF MONEY, AND ENJOYED MYSELF AMAZINGLY. TA! TA!"
Sultan. "SO SORRY YOU'RE GOING. BY THE WAY, I'LL ATTEND TO THAT
LITTLE MATTER YOU CAME ABOUT, AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT POSSIBLE.
TA! TA!"

CLEAR AS CRYSTAL; OR, ALL ABOUT IT.

Interior of a Railway Carriage on a Suburban Line. Well-Informed Politicians discovered discussing question of the hour.

First Well-Informed Politician (summing up the situation with confidence). Well, that's how it stands. DRUMMOND WOLFF has telegraphed to say that the thing's no go, and that he can't get 'em to sign. So he has put the Convention into his pocket, and is coming home as fast as his legs can carry him.

Second Well-Informed Politician (tentatively). Pardon me, but I don't think it has quite come to that, has it? He was to have left, but the SULTAN, you know, asked him to wait for an audience, or something of that sort. I saw something about it just now in the paper.

[Hunts up and down the columns of the "Times" vaguely.]

Third Well-Informed Politician. O yes, I know what you mean. Here; it's here. (*Produces "Standard."*) Ha! this is it. (*Reads.*) "Sir H. D. WOLFF was to have left yesterday, but having asked an audience to take leave, and the SULTAN not having named a day for it, his departure has been postponed."

Second Well-Informed Politician. Yes, that's it. (*Addressing First Well-Informed Politician with more assurance.*) You see there's evidently a chance of further negotiation. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that the thing was settled yet.

First Well-Informed Politician (with warmth). Stuff, Sir—there'll be no settlement—and a precious good job too! Who wants any Convention? Not England. No, we're well out of it, and, what's more, SALISBURY knows it.

Third Well-Informed Politician. You quite surprise me. Surely Lord SALISBURY had set his heart on the signing of the Convention.

Second Well-Informed Politician. Oh yes, I'm sure of that. Why, I've just been reading it—in the Vienna Correspondence, I think it was. Where was it?

[Again commences a vague hunt up and down the columns of the "Times."]

First Well-Informed Politician. Nonsense—I don't care what the "Vienna Correspondence" says. Tells a pack of lies, I'll be bound. I tell you SALISBURY'S no fool, and he knows when he has got a free hand.

Third Well-Informed Politician (slightly bewildered). But I thought the Convention, don't you know, did give him a free hand—at least, a sort of a free hand—that's to say, that's the way I took it.

Second Well-Informed Politician (brightly). Of course. Why that's the reason France and Russia put the screw on the SULTAN.

First Well-Informed Politician. France and Russia put the screw on! Stuff, Sir! Who cares for France and Russia? SALISBURY knows a trick or two worth any game they can play.

Fourth Well-Informed Politician (who has been waiting his chance, putting down the "Daily News"). I don't suppose *this* country will play any game, at all events, till the Grand Old Man's in again.

First Well-Informed Politician (hotly). What! The Grand Old—! Why, Sir, what do you mean? Why it's he who's responsible for every blessed muddle and mess, including this Egyptian business, that has overtaken the country for the last twenty years. Bless my soul, Sir, I can't understand your having the face to put forward such an opinion.

Fourth Well-Informed Politician (doggedly). Oh, you may bluster, but you won't change my view of things, I can tell you. GLADSTONE'S the man for Egypt, and for everything else.

First Well-Informed Politician (boiling over). Confound it, Sir. Do you wish to insult me. I'll tell you what it is, Sir, I'll— I'll—

[Left throwing more light on the situation as scene closes in.]

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

[Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL said that the loss of the North Paddington Election might prove a "blessing in disguise" to the Unionist Party.]

Unhappy Unionist loquitur:—

Oh, GRANDOLPH, GRANDOLPH, was it all your chaff?
I for your *real* thoughts would give a penny.
Of such strange "blessings" we could spare one half;
We have so many.

There's SMITH; no doubt *he* is a blessed boon;
His dash, his sparkle, and his tact are wonders.
But why *does* he "disguise" them late and soon
As awkward blunders?

Then BALFOUR; he is courtesy's pure pink,
But why will he persist in masquerading
As cynic rudeness? Such "disguise," I think,
Is most degrading.

MATTHEWS, again! Yes, he *au fond* would bless
A Cabinet of angels! 'Tis surprising
To see him as a muddler in a mess
Himself "disguising."

Then you yourself, my GRANDOLPH! Blessings flow
From your bold eyes and trim moustache so tufty,
But why, sweet benediction, choose to go
So much in *mufti*?

When you to spot our blunders use those eyes,
And of our errors turn astute detective,
Whate'er the "blessing" may be, the "disguise"
Is most effective.

The "Union" Cause our Country's cause remains,
But oh! how long shall we remain its bosses,
If all our blessings come disguised as banes,
Our gains as losses?

Is it, sweet optimist, too much to ask
That you, and all our failures, muddles, messings,
Should, just to comfort us, throw off the mask,
And come *as* blessings?

We were glad to hear that the charges brought against the London Scottish rested upon the slightest possible foundation. There let them rest. They will not now change their title to the London Skittish.

DUMB CRAMBO AT WIMBLEDON.



Bar'll cool her



An excellent Range-Finder.



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Little Tommy (who has never been out of Whitechapel before). "Oh! Oh! Oh!"
Kind Lady. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOMMY?"
Little Tommy. "WHY, WHAT A BIG SKY THEY'VE GOT 'ERE, MISS!"

AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Neptune (to Vulcan). Hillo, Mate, you here?

Vulcan. Yes, my hearty; why *not*?

Neptune. Well, my ancient monopoly's all gone to pot.
 You've been "inching it in," for a number of years;
 Your Lemnos no longer has charms, it appears
 To detain you on shore. Once a Naval Review
 To a smithy-smoked game-legged land-lubber like you——

Vulcan. Oh, avast heaving there, Mate!

Neptune. By Jove, he's as pat
 At our nautical patter as DIBDIN, that's flat.
 Can't you tip us "*Tom Bowling*"?

Vulcan. Aye! (*sings*) "Here a sheer hulk"——

Neptune. Oh, stop! *What* a voice for a chap of your bulk!
 'Tis as shrill as a file-squeak, and equally mellow.

Vulcan. Oh yes, you old Stentor, a big breezy bellow
 Is your *sole* idea of a song.

Neptune (offering his 'baccy-box amicably). Have a quid?

Vulcan. I don't care if I do. But you know as a kid
 After leaving Olympus——

Neptune. Ha! ha! A fair "chuck."
 Poor Juno! She felt she was quite out of luck,
 To bear such a skinny young dot-and-go-one.

Vulcan. Oh, if these are your manners——

Neptune. Pooh! Only my fun.
 Fire away with your yarn. Let's see, where had you got to?

Vulcan. You know that I lived some nine years in a grotto,
 With Thetis, that *belle* of the Ocean, and therefore
 I'm *not* such a land-lubber. Not that I care for
 Your coarse briny flouts, my old Mulberry-nose.

Neptune. Humph! You've turned a teetotaller now, I suppose,

And should I sing "Hey! Ho! and a bottle of rum,"
You'd not join in the song—or the swizzle?

Vulcan. Oh, come,
We have no WILFRID LAWSON in Sicily yet;
All my Cyclops would strike. Yes! I'm game for a "wet."

Neptune. That's hearty. Now, then, you young TRITON, look slippy,
Fetch up t'other bottle. I feel rather nippy.
And then the occasion! BRITANNIA'S my dear,
We must drink to her health in this Jubilee Year.

Vulcan. I'm glad you say "We."

Neptune. Well, I own you are "in it."
I wouldn't dispute your fair claims for a minute,
But they're thundering ugly, your new Iron Walls,
And when a big fight comes,—well, look out for squalls.
This playing at battle is all very grand,
But I think twelve-inch metal much fitter for land.
Wood's the stuff for the sea; that's a point in my *credo*.
That "mount" of yours safe? I don't think a torpedo
A patch on a Sea-horse, or even a Triton.

Vulcan. All right! 't isn't charged, so there's nothing to frighten.
Things are not now done in your toasting-fork way.

Neptune. Humph! My trident enabled BRITANNIA to sway
In a style that's admitted on every side;
Whilst your guns and torpedoes remain to be tried.
Your ARMSTRONGS and WHITEHEADS may give themselves airs,
But they don't seem to stop periodical "scares."
Perhaps you may wish, when it *does* come to war,
For the old Man-of-war and the old pig-tailed Tar.
However, old boy, here's the grog. That's a bottle
That might have glug-glug'd down my NELSON'S brave throttle;
It's been in my cellar since Trafalgar.

Vulcan. Truly?

Neptune. Yes. 'Tis a big day,—let us honour it duly;
A splendid wind-up to the Jubilee *fêtes*.
Well, manhood and pluck are not matters of date.
Let us hope, when it really does come to a tussle,
That brave British spirit and stout British muscle
May have the same pull as they did in the days
When "yard-arm to yard-arm" was JACK'S favoured phrase,
When death-stored torpedoes and Titan-lipped guns
And steel in huge masses, and fast-flying tons
Had never been dreamed of. Ah! Vulcan, your reign
Has played up rare pranks with my briny domain;
The jolly old days of DRAKE, BENBOW, and NELSON.
Success to Old England, short shrift to her foes;
My favourite, spite of all change, I confess her.
A bumper, my boy! Here's the QUEEN, and God bless her!



SPITHEAD, JULY 23rd, 1887.

FATHER NEPTUNE (*cheerily*). "WHAT—VULCAN, MY HEARTY! WELL, WE'RE SHIPMATES NOW, SO HERE'S 'THE QUEEN!'—GOD BLESS HER!!"

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LANE AND GARDEN.

"Oh, TODGERS's could do it when it chose! mind that." AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS can "do it," too, when he chooses, mind that, and his production of *Les Huguenots* on Monday the 11th was a convincing proof of this assertion. The *mise-en-scène* was as perfect as if the Opera had been a brand new one. The costumes were gorgeous, the scenes brilliant, and the *jeu de scène* original and artistic.

Monsieur MAUREL was an ideal *Count de Nevers*, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. Miss ENGLE won all hearts as *Marguerite de Valois*. "*Non 'Engle' sed 'Angel*," as the POPE didn't say.

The Page was rather weak, but made up in action and archness—the archness was not confined to the eyes, but was also strikingly exhibited in another feature—for whatever might have been lacking vocally; and then of course there were the two brothers, JEAN and EDOUARD DE RESZKE, always ready to come to the resky. We stopped till the end, and congratulated ourselves on having heard the very last of the *Huguenots* for the first time in our chequered career. We saw Signor FOLI, as *Marcel*, perform a marriage ceremony between *Valentine* and *Raoul*, from which fact we gathered that the *Count de Nevers* must have been shot, otherwise *Valentine* would be a bigamist; and, in fact, the moral position of the three parties would be an extremely unpleasant one, in view of their hurried departure from this wicked world, which the muskets of the soldiers, executing the victims and the dramatist's design at the same time, compel them to make. The band and choruses were excellent.



At the Garden, on Tuesday the 12th, the new Opera, *La Vita per lo Czar*, was produced and placed on the stage by Signor LAGO, as if it had been brought out at the beginning of the season instead of the finish. An eccentric Opera. The first Act fresh as the newly-painted scenery: full of life, colour, and melody. It started well with a chorus which was unanimously and enthusiastically encored. Mme. ALBANI was never in better voice. GAYARRÉ and DEVOYOD were excellent. The First Act was an undeniable success, and everybody was happy.

Then came the Second Act, all chorus, hops, and Poles. No ALBANI, no GAYARRÉ, no DEVOYOD. Music pretty, but as TOBY in the *Essence of Parliament* puts it, "Business done. None." Curtain down: people a bit scared. Not accustomed to an Act without Principals. Evidently such an Unprincipal'd Act must be wrong. Act Third revived all hopes. ALBANI the bride, GAYARRÉ the bridegroom, SCALCHI the best boy, DEVOYOD the best boy's father, a venerable grey-headed peasant, the very reverse of the mild old gent in LEECH's picture who was represented by the 'Bus cad as "a cussin' and a swearin' like hanythink," inasmuch as he is always either blessing somebody,

uttering patriotic sentiments about the CZAR, or down on his hands and knees with his nose in the dust saying, or rather singing, his prayers.

Third Act pleases everybody, raises our hopes, and then in the Fourth Act we discover, to our amazement, that we are only to see SCALCHI once again, that we have bidden farewell for ever to ALBANI and GAYARRÉ, and that the remainder of the Opera is to be carried on right up to the end by the heavy father, a chorus of Poles,—all acting well, and not a stick amongst them,—and a transparency representing the Coronation of the CZAR. And though the absence of ALBANI, SCALCHI, and GAYARRÉ made everyone's heart grow fonder, though we all missed them, yet we "pitied the sorrows of the poor old man," admired his acting and singing in a most difficult situation, and agreed with everybody that this strange Opera was a decided success. The Second scene of the last Act might be curtailed with advantage. This is speaking only dramatically; perhaps on a second hearing we should change our opinion.

However, so ends the Covent Garden Opera Season; it has finished first,—a good first.

The New Silver Coinage will be re-named, until it is re-called, "The Silber-Goschen."

VERB. SAP.

(*To a Wandering Star.*)

"I am willing to throw in my lot with that of my friend HUXLEY, and 'to fight to the death' against this wicked and cowardly surrender. A desperate gamester miscalled a Statesman, has chosen to invoke ignorant foreign opinion against the instructed opinion of his own countrymen."—*Professor Tyndall's last Letter to the Times.*

TYNDALL, TYNDALL, learned star,
How we wonder where you are!
Fizzing up like penny pop,
Coming down on GLADSTONE flop!

"Desperate gamester!" TYNDALL mine,
Such invective is *not* fine.
Have *you* not a card to trump,
Rattling RANDOLPH on the stump?

Science in her calm retreat
Ought that sort of bosh to beat;
She, whose words should drop like gold,
Must not ape an angry scold.

Party scribes who rage for pay,
When most rabid write that way,
Politicians of the pot
Perpetrate that sort of rot.

Just suppose that W. G.,
Fancying your remarks too free,
Dubbed you, in polemic rage,
"Sciolist miscalled a sage."

How you *savants* would cry "Shame!"
Why should Science only claim
Right to be exceeding rude,
Sourly false and coarsely crude?

"Wicked! Cowardly!" Oh, bless us!
Hercules in the shirt of Nessus
Did not rage in wilder fashion
Than our TYNDALL in a passion.

Difference exists no doubt;
Let us calmly fight it out;
But to call each other names
Is the vulgarest of games.

Honestly one view you hold;
If to differ one makes bold,
Is it fair, Sir, to infer,

That he's rascal, traitor, cur?

Pooh! That's Party's puerile plan.
Wisdom, Sir, should play the man.
Drop these tart polemic pennings,
Leave that sort of stuff to JENNINGS.

ROBERT AT THE GILDHALL BALL.

Afore the Jooblee Seesun is quite gone, I wish to rikkord my sediments with regard to the show at Gildhall. I never, even in my wildest dreams of rapshur, xpected to see sitch a site as I seed there. I have, in my long perfeshnal career, seen lots of Kings, and Queens, and Princes, and setterer, but in them cases, I mite say, in the grand words of the old song, "Their Royaltys came by twos and twos, hurrah, hurrah!" But on that okashun, they acshally cum by shoals; and when they was all assembled they mustard no less than sixty-wun true-born Royalties. Wat a site for a treu-blew Conservatif! The mere common compny, such as Common Counselmen, and setterer, was railed off at a respectful distance, but they stood by the hour a gazin at 'em with rapshur, altho' none of 'em hadn't no chairs to sit on. How they all seemed to envy the mortal happyness of the Committee-men, who, with their long wands, was alloud to stand inside the sacred inklosure. I didn't see the Royal Quadreel, tho' I was told as it wasn't anything werry pertickler as to the dancing, not at all equal to the dancing at the Hopera. The ginerall compny seemed to suffer terribly from the want of cheers. As I passed under the Gallery I seed one most charming Lady, drest jest like a Princess, acshally a sitting on the floor from fatigue, and her husband a watching over her like a garden angel, tho' he was a Feild Marshall!

The world may be surprised to learn that Royalty wants its supper jest like meer common peepel, so there was sum difficulty about waiting on 'em, as of course they had to sup alone, with only the Lord and Lady Maress with 'em. But one of the most xperienced gentlemen in all London offered to do it for nothink if he mite slect his staff.

"I must 'ave ROBERT to wait on me pussunally," says a certain Illusterious Personidge. "I'm there, your Royal Eyeness," I says, as I persented the rosewater on my bendid nees.

I had the almost crushing honner of anding ewery dellycassy of the season and amost ewery kind of the grandest of Shampains to such a supper party as praps Urope has never before witnessed. I have nothing to reweal of the many strange things as I herd on that memroble occashun, becoz we was all sworn to secrecy, as usual, on a Carving Nife. I breaks through no law when I says that Royalty werry much enjoyed its supper.

I wundered to myself what the feelinx of Royalty must be when they knows and sees that all they has to do to give thowsands of most respectable people a feeling of rapshur amost imposserbel to realise, is for 'em to stand still and let 'em gaze at 'em by the hour! One wood think it might paul upon 'em after a time, but one would be rong.

With the dipparcher of Royalty the great charm of the nite was gone, the sun had set and the moon had not risen, to speak pohetically, but the recklecshun of the Blaze of Royalty that they had been alloud to gaze on, will last them for long ears and be told to children yet unborn as the crowning glory of their blessed lives.

ROBERT.



HOPE FOR ALL.

"Coach" (to Volatile Pupil). "ARE YOU AT THEOREM B OR C, MR. TITTERBY?"
Mr. T. "T' TELL Y' TH' TRUTH, SIR, I'M 'AT SEA'—AT SEA, SIR,—COMPLETELY."
[Chuckles. (He turned out an utter failure, was plucked at College, and had to take to ART-CRITICISM!)]

"MARGARINE."

(A Middleman's Lament.)

"For the protection of the public, all consignments of the spurious compound that has hitherto, under the title of 'Butterine,' passed current in the market for genuine butter, will in future be distinctly labelled and known as 'Margarine.'"—*Trade Intelligence.*

Ah! tell me not they've changed thy name,
So long a sweet decoy,
By which I've made my little game,
And palmed off thy alloy.
Of chemicals and horses' fat,
And things not nice or clean,
You were composed; but what of that?—
You looked like butter in the pat.
Why call you "Margarine"?

Ah! why the public undeceive?
They bought thee with a will,
And in thy virtues so believe
That they would buy thee still!
Why have such meddling measures framed
By legislation mean?
Alas! thy origin's proclaimed;
No more with butter art thou named,
But henceforth "Margarine"!

INÆSTHETIC ÆDILES.

Bad luck to the Board of Works in their project of demolishing the steps, and disfiguring the platform of St. Martin's Church, on the mere pretence of widening the entrance of the proposed Charing Cross Road. All my eye and BETTY—namesake, but no relation to the Saint. Convenience is a mere cloak for their unnecessary Vandalism, a cloak which St. Martin would never have divided with tasteless beggars.

LARKS FOR LEGISLATORS.

"There would be no departure from the most highly respectable precedents in holding open-air sittings of the House of Commons, while its advantages in the hot weather, as

regards not only physical comfort, but mental and moral fitness for the work of the senator, are too obvious to need enumeration."

Daily Paper.

SCENE—*The Grounds of the Crystal Palace. The House of Commons assembled in the Rosary; Reporters (armed with speaking trumpets) in the Band Stand and on branches of Trees.*

The Speaker (in his shirt-sleeves). Order, order! I must request Members to abstain from touching the Fireworks till the evening.

Dr. Tanner. I rise to a point of order, Sir. What are we to do if it rains? I see no preparation for rigging up an awning over us, and I must protest against this cowardly attempt on the part of the Government to stifle, or perhaps I ought to say drown, discussion, and—

The Speaker (interposing). If the Hon. Member talks of rain before it comes, I shall have to suspend him—ahem!—from the nearest tree. (*Laughter.*) The first Order of the Day is the Adjourned Discussion on the London Local Government Bill.

Sir W. Harcourt. Before the discussion begins I should like to ask your opinion, Sir, whether it is in order for the First Lord of the Treasury to go off to the tobogganing slide instead of stopping to answer questions? ("*Hear! hear!*")

The Speaker. The question is one of some difficulty. I have carefully examined the precedents, but there is no mention of tobogganing in the records of this House. I must therefore leave the matter to the good sense and powers of self-restraint of Hon. and Right Hon. Members. (*Cheers.*)

The Attorney-General (resuming the Debate on the London Government Bill). A very much better idea of the different municipal districts into which the Metropolis will be mapped out can be obtained by ascending the great Water-Towers, and I therefore propose an adjournment of half an hour for that purpose.

[*The Motion is agreed to without a Division. On the expiration of the time an Hon. Member, who is indistinctly heard by the Reporters, is understood to propose that the selling of lemonade at sixpence a glass, without ice, to Members of Parliament constitutes a breach of the Privileges of the House, but is ruled out of order.*]

The Speaker. I call on the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to resume his speech.

[*Ineffectual search, made all about the Rosary for the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.*]

An Irish Member. Try the Switch-Back Railway.

[*Laughter, and cries of "There isn't one!"*]

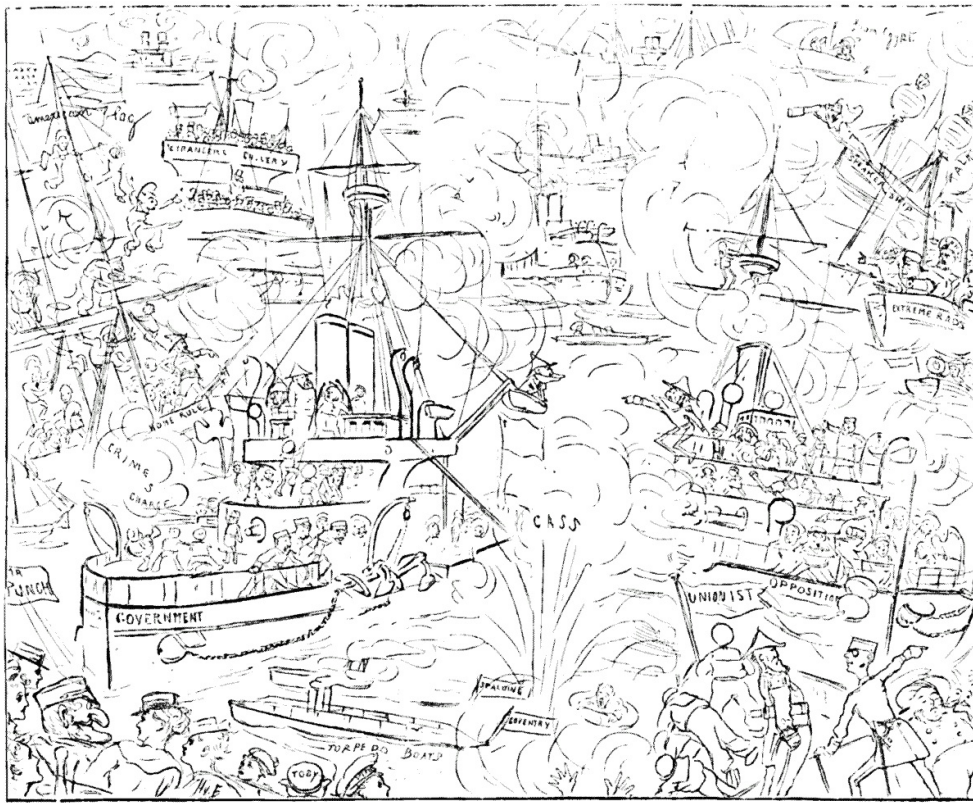
Another Member thought that very probably the learned Gentleman had looked in behind the scenes at the Open-air Ballet.

[*More Laughter.*]

The Member for the Tower Hamlets (resuming the discussion) proceeded to dilate on the necessity of more communications being established between the North and South banks of the River, in any scheme for Municipal Reform, and alluding to the Tower Bridge erected in the grounds, remarked that of course Members knew that in half-an-hour the time would have arrived for it to be illuminated, and for the "Fire-Portraits of Mr. PARNELL and all his followers" to be lighted (*general cheering*), and he therefore moved, as a matter of urgent public importance, that the House do now adjourn, especially as he had felt a few drops of rain, and had forgotten to bring his umbrella.

The Speaker. Those who are in favour of adjournment say "Aye." (*No response.*) Those who are against it—why, bless me, there's nobody left! Even the Sergeant-at-Arms has gone off to see the ballet! How Unparliamentary! Surely those figures coming down the toboggan-slide can't be Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, racing Mr. SMITH and the HOME SECRETARY? Why, I believe it is so. How exciting it looks! Well, this adjourning at nine o'clock is much nicer, after all, than the old late hours. *Al fresco* sittings rather a success. Feel rather all-frisky myself. Think I'll go off and try a toboggan.

[*Left sliding.*]



MR. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY NAVAL REVIEW.

(Fac-simile of Sketch made by Our Special Artist on the spot.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11.—Another Child of Victory up to-day in person of BALLANTINE, who won Coventry for the Liberals. "We shall have quite a family soon," said GLADSTONE, who sat on Front Bench, arrayed in wonderful summer suit. "Blessings in disguise," GRANDOLPH calls the new recruits to Opposition forces. But it comes to same thing.

Old Morality created sensation by openly avowing himself a Separatist. Is firm with respect to Union with Wales and Ireland, but weak on Scotland. Confession made in connection with promised Boundary Bill. PULESTON asked whether Wales was to be included in measure.

"I have not been able," said RITCHIE, with fine sarcasm, "to separate Wales from England in my own mind."

"Is Scotland in the Bill?" asked ANDERSON.

"No," said Old Morality.

"Then," said TIM HEALY, "you separate Scotland in your own mind?" This was awkward; but the truth must be told, and Old Morality told it.

"I separate Scotland in my own mind," he said, in a voice low but firm.

Profound sensation on Ministerial Benches. Things looking bad for Ministry lately, what with Spalding, North Paddington, Coventry, and Miss CASS. But now, Leader of House having avowed himself a Separatist, outlook black indeed.

Elated with having brought out this damaging fact, TIM HEALY went on rampage for rest of sitting. ARTHUR BALFOUR moved Second Reading of Irish Land Bill. CHAMBERLAIN, breaking long silence, delivered speech in support of measure. TIM kept up running commentary, growling, laughing spasmodically, and interjecting remarks. CHAMBERLAIN an ugly customer to tackle when at bay. Gave TIM as much as he brought. Wrangling getting a little high, when SPEAKER interposed, threatened to name TIM.

"Name away!" TIM sang out, cheerily; but knowing from experience that SPEAKER not to be trifled with, presently subsided.

On the whole a small House, and only whilst CHAMBERLAIN speaking any evidence of interest in proceedings. Next to the unexpected disclosure of Old Morality's falling away, most startling event of the evening was announcement by FERGUSON that WOLFF's pic-nic had already cost the country £27,000.

"£27,000!" exclaimed CODDINGTON, making his maiden speech, and that *sotto voce*. "I'll undertake to say that if it had been proposed to him at first, WOLFF would have taken the odd seven thousand and closed the bargain, leaving the tax-payer a clear gain of £20,000." And the Member for Blackburn softly whistled, and feebly rattled the loose change in his pocket.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill introduced.

Tuesday.—WOLFF at door of both Houses. In fact he's there every night now. Peers and Commons are Unionists in desire to know when the pic-nic will be over, or, as BRYCE put it to-night amid cheers, "When will finally and positively terminate the unparalleled and undignified position in which the country is placed?" In Lords the Markiss disowned a capital retort the reporters invented for him. On Monday, ROSEBERY understood to ask whether WOLFF was supposed to be in a state of suspended animation what time the SULTAN made up his mind. The Markiss reported to have replied that WOLFF was "rather in a state of animated expectancy." Capital capping of a joke, only it appears Markiss isn't personally responsible for it.

"It would," he said, with a wink at GRANVILLE, "be disrespectful to use language like that with respect to Her Majesty's Ambassador."

HERSCHEL says, Markiss is only mad because he didn't think of it at the time, and is jealous of the more nimble fancy of the reporters. In the Commons, BRYCE announces that he will continue nightly to inquire about WOLFF till he gets satisfactory answers.

A hot dull night and the Irish Land Bill again. JOHN DILLON had the best of it, delivering a lively speech to full audience. After this, Members began to go to dinner, and forgot to return. A full muster on both Front Benches. GLADSTONE again in summer costume, with a rose in his coat and a gleam in his eye. Has grown ten years younger in the last fortnight. Spalding wiped off five years, North Paddington two, and Coventry the rest.

"A few more triumphs at the poll," says JOHN MORLEY, "and he'll be younger than any of us."

After dinner, GORST made a speech on behalf of Bill. Shrewd, pointed, and weighty with argument. "Another proof of fatuity of Government," said PARNELL, who has come back in a brown billycock hat, "that they don't make more use of GORST. Worth a bushful of GEORGY HAMILTONS, GIBSONS, MATTHEWSES, or even SMITHS."

When spirits of House properly attuned, H. C. E. CHILDERS appeared on the scene, and delivered prodigious speech, through which the few Members present gently dozed.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—Cheerful presence of ASHBOURNE diffused over Ministerial Bench in Lords to-night. Not often here. Has given up to Dublin what was meant for mankind. Always unfeignedly delighted to get back to Westminster. Business to-night to move the Second Reading of Coercion Bill. Considerable gathering of Peers, expecting debate, and possible division. Amazed to find Front Opposition Bench almost empty. GRANVILLE rises to explain that it is useless to fight measure, and therefore don't intend to raise debate. ARGYLL furious. Had meant to smash Opposition, and they had run away! SELBORNE sleekly sarcastic. Admitted he, too, had speech ready, but would wait for audience on Front Bench opposite. General feeling of disappointment. Several Peers who had come down, expecting lively entertainment, wanted their money returned at the doors. Markiss referred them to GRANVILLE, but GRANVILLE had already smiled his way out. Bill read Second Time, and sitting comically collapsed.

Commons crowded. GRANDOLPH's name underlined on the bills. Understood he meant to "go for" the Government. Expectation fully realised. Took the Land Bill out of BALFOUR's hands, publicly danced on it, kicked it up and down floor of House, and finally tore it to shreds.

"I trust," he said, when, at end of hour's exercise of this kind, nothing was left of the Bill but its title, "that I have not by these observations added to the difficulties of the situation."

"Not at all, not at all," said Old Morality, polite to the last.

After GRANDOLPH's finished performance, HARCOURT a little heavy. Humour rose to highest level when he alluded to JESSE COLLINGS as "the Member for Three Acres and a Cow." HENRY JAMES deeply

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"£27,000!"



H(ere) C(omes)
E(verybody) Ch-
ld-rs.

offended at levity of HARCOURT's tone. This last hit too much for him. Rose and quitted House amid hilarious cheers from Parnellites.



"That's the worst of these fellows."

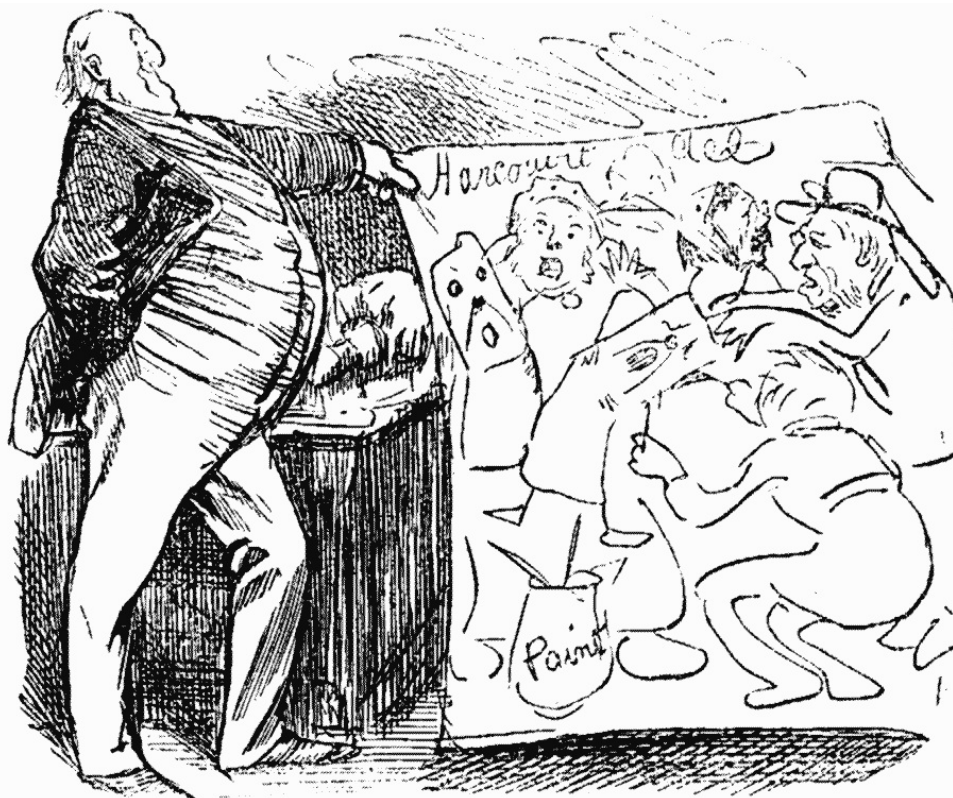
"That's the worst of these fellows," said Mr. LEAHY, looking on reflectively from the Bar. "Now they've begun to associate with gentlemen, our company's not good enough for them."

More speeches, including one from PARNELL and another from GLADSTONE. But GRANDOLPH's speech worth more than a division; so Second Reading of Land Bill passed without challenging one. *Business done.*—Lords read Coercion Bill Second Time, Commons the Land Bill.

House of Lords, Friday.—Glad it's all over, and nobody shot. At one time homicide seemed imminent. GRANVILLE, taking note of complaint of absence of Opposition on previous night, skilfully touched a chord of human nature. Explained that he had been present till eight o'clock, an hour which suggested dinner. More than one mouth watered, and a sob of sympathy was heard from Bench where new Peer, formerly known as SCLATER-BOOTH, sat. NORTHBROOK, however, obdurate. Introduced statement, which drew from GRANVILLE quiet remark, "That is not true." NORTHBROOK hotly resumed his seat, as he said, to give GRANVILLE opportunity for explanation. Here was a pretty go! LORD CHANCELLOR, with great presence of mind, adroitly, and apparently accidentally, covered Sword of State under heap of papers. Who could say what might happen if a bloodthirsty eye rested on this fortuitous means of attack? GRANVILLE, cool and self-possessed, repeated his abrupter ejaculations in more delicate, round-about fashion.

"I certainly," he observed, defiantly eyeing NORTHBROOK, "said, as far as my knowledge goes, the statement is inaccurate."

A moment's breathless silence. The offence was repeated, with the added insult of mocking phrase. Would NORTHBROOK ask GRANVILLE to "come outside," or would he swallow the affront? NORTHBROOK looked a moment at the veteran Leader, noted his resolute look, his straightened figure, and the forefinger of his right hand dallying with a corner of a paper containing the Orders of the day, as if he were playing with pistol-trigger. On the whole, he thought he'd change the subject; which he did, to the relief of the excited ring of spectators. *Business done.*—Lords passed two stages of Coercion Bill right off. Commons in Supply.




SIR WILLIAM'S SKETCH OF THE GIPSIES ON THE TREASURY BENCH, JULY 14.

"Gipsies, said the play, disfigured the children they stole in order that they might pass them for their own. (*Laughter.*) The gipsies on the Treasury Bench (*renewed laughter*) stole the

New Novel, dedicated to Dr. JACKSON of New York: *The Coming Man; or, The Lost Hair of the Ages.* By BALDER DASH.

Mrs. RAM says, of all uniforms she prefers that of the Horrible Artillery Company.

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