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**Title:** Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 93. July 30, 1887

**Author:** Various

**Release Date:** June 16, 2010 [EBook #32839]

**Language:** English

**Credits:** Produced by Neville Allen, Malcolm Farmer and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOLUME 93. JULY 30, 1887 \*\*\*

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. VOLUME 93.

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JULY 30, 1887.

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



A NATURAL anxiety that his pupils should be furnished with as complete a repertory as possible, has prompted *Mr. Punch* to command one of his spare Poets to knock off a little dramatic piece founded (at a respectful distance) upon a famous Transatlantic model. The spare Poet in question—all reluctant as he felt even to appear to be competing with the inimitable—had, as the minion of *Punch* the Peremptory, no option but to obey to the best of his powers. The special merit of the present production will be found in the care with which it has been watered down to suit the capacity of amateurs for whom the original would offer difficulties well-nigh insuperable. This poem is particularly recommended to diffident young ladies with a suppressed talent for recitation. Some on reading it may imagine that its rough but genuine pathos is scarcely adapted to feminine treatment—but wait until you hear some young lady recite it! *Mr. Punch*, for his part, is content to wait for almost any length of time. The Author calls it:—

HASDRUBAL JOPP.

*The Reciter is supposed to be in the Strand, facing the audience. As you come on, the idea is that you are suddenly attracted by an advertisement borne by the last of a string of Sandwich-men. You stop him, and begin as follows. By the way, as you are enacting an American, you will of course be careful to speak through your nose, whenever it occurs to you. Now then:—*

H'yur, you! bossing them boards—Jess you fetch up a spell!

[*Rough good-nature expressed by forefinger.*

Don't go twitching your cords! (*Impatiently.*) Lemme look at ye well: (*Genial amusement.*) Why, I'm derved ef ye don't look as skeered as a tortoise growed out of his shell!

What's the style of your show? This yer pictur looks gay:  
Why, ye don't tell me so! (*Homely gratification.*) It's a *Murrican* play!  
And you mosey along with the posters—wa'al, now, do ye find the job  
*pay?*

(*With a kindly curiosity.*) Say, what was it—*drink?* As has led to it....Stop!

Wa'al, on'y to *think*—Ef it isn't *his* shop!  
This identical theater as hires ye. Hev ye heerd on him?—HASDRUBAL JOPP!  
So ye *hev*, I declar! Oh, it's likely the same,  
Which I knew him out thar (*indicate the United States by a vague jerk of your thumb*). And I reckon it's *Fame*,  
If a broken-down blizzard like you—(No offence!)—kin look *so* at his name!

*(By the word "so" you should suggest a movement of pleased surprise on the part of the Sandwich-man.)*

Can't ye stay for awhile—Till I've opened my head?  
So he's bin an' struck ile? Which the same's what *I* said—  
Fur I see him in *Fish outer Water*, and sez I (*sententiously*), "A Tragedian *bred!*"

Yes, I allays allowed, As he must make a hit;  
And not at all proud—No, *Sir*—all on him grit! (*Affectionately*).  
Jess you wait till he hears *I'm* around, and you mark the reception I git!  
For us two were such chums As ye don't often find.

Lord! the way it all comes Scrouging in on my mind!—  
(*Abruptly*.) This dern sun is that pesky an' strong, it's enough for to strike a man blind!

*(Here you should convey the idea that this is a mere excuse for a not unmanly emotion; this is generally done by wiping the eye surreptitiously on the coat-sleeve.)*

A freehandedder cuss Never stepped on a street.  
Which he'd raise such a fuss, When we happened to meet—  
I could see he'd be hurt in his feelins ef he warn't not allowed to stand treat!

So he's managed to climb To the top of the tree!

*[Homely, unselfish satisfaction.*

But I'll bet every time—Big a boss as he be—  
He remembers his pardner in Frisco—Yes, he don't forgit little old Me!

*[This proudly, but tenderly.*

*(Here the Sandwich-man is supposed to make some sort of assent. You turn upon him savagely, with an irritation assumed to conceal deep feeling.)*

What on airth do *you* mean? By a' sayin' "*You're* sure Of it." (*With half recognition*.) Seems like I've seen Those yer featur's afore!

*[Hand to chin, dubiously.*

A mistake? (*Roughly*.) Well then, *you* hold yer hosses, and don't interrump' me no more!

*(The Sandwich-man here makes another attempt to escape; you put out two detaining fingers.)*

Come, you ain't going yet? (*Heartily*.) H'yur, you lem me run on!

Why, we've on'y jest met—And you want to be gone!

I must hev *some* critter, I tell ye, to practise chin-music upon!

No, theer don't seem a doubt—He is cock of the school;

And the stuffing's knocked out Of your IRVING and TOOLE!

*[Outburst of rapturous exultation.*

Jest, to think o' JOPP busting up BARRETT!—thar, call me a soft-hearted fool!

*(Second emotional display; half turn, and use your handkerchief with ostentation; the Sandwich-man is also affected, which you observe with some surprise.)*

Why, you *air* lookin' queer! Derved ef *I* kin see why!

Sho! you thought 'twas a *tear* As I've got in my eye?

*[Rough shame at your own weakness.*

No, *I* don't take no stock in hydraulics—it's on'y a dod-gasted fly!

*[Resume with a proud anticipation.*

He'll be chipper an' smart.—But, fur all he has riz,

He will open his heart And a bottle of fizz

Right away when he sees me! (*Here you seem to detect a lurking doubt in the Sandwich-man's eye*.) Hightoned, *Sir*? You'd better believe that he *is!*

*I* ain't feared o' no change: JOPP'll be jest as *true!*

*[Stop abruptly, and stare glassily.*

*(In a husky whisper.)* Blame my cats—but it's strange! (*Take a step backwards*.) What in thunder!... JOPP it's—YOU!!!

*[With a shout.*

*(Crestfallen tone.)* So ye're not *on* the boards, but between 'em! (*Change to hasty and somewhat confused apology*.) ... Ye'll excuse me—I've suthin' to do!

*[Go off hurriedly, with air of a man recollecting an appointment.*

It is hardly necessary to advise you that the effect you should aim at is the securing of your audience's sympathy for *yourself*—as the victim of such an unfortunate mistake—don't let them trouble themselves about the unseen Sandwich-man.

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**DR. TANNER'S RECONCILIATORY COUPLET.**

THIS the burden of my song—  
Love me little, love me, LONG!

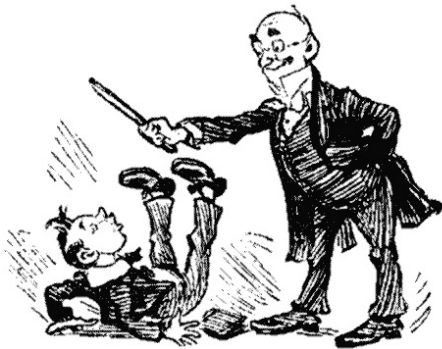
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**DUMB CRAMBO'S SCHOOL-BOOK REVIEW.**

THE following book, advertised in Messrs. RIVINGTON'S list, has attracted the attention of our Mr. D. C.:—

**A SCHOOL FLORA.** For the use of Elementary Botanical Classes. By W. MARSHALL WATTS, D. Sc. (Lond.), B. Sc. (Vict.), Physical Science Master in the Giggleswick Grammar School.

**A SCHOOL FLORA (ILLUSTRATED).**



**The Knock-down Blow. (One specimen.)**



**The Birch. (Second Specimen.)**



**"The Master of *Physical Science*."**



**Giggles-wick Grammar School.**



### MODERN CRAZES.

(*The Last Thing in Musical Prodigies.*)

"THE BABY BOTTESINI."

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## DESPATCH WITH ECONOMY.

(*Minutes relative to a Misdirected Telegram, found not a hundred miles from the G.P.O.*)

ORIGINAL TELEGRAM:—

*From Lucy to Flutterby, Peacock's Priory, Battersea.*

"Ask JACK to dine with us at eight."

*First Minute.* This Telegram was sent to Peacock's Rest, but there refused as Mr. FLUTTERBY was not there. It was re-directed to what was supposed to be his address, "Morton's Repository, Whitechapel." It was again refused. We cannot recover the sixpence. (*Official Initials.*)

*Second Minute.* Who re-directed the Telegram, and why was it not paid for before delivery? (*Initials as before.*)

*Third Minute.* We cannot ascertain the name of the person who re-directed the Telegram, and did not receive the sixpence because the Telegram was never accepted. (*Initials as before.*)

*Fourth Minute.* Who sent the Telegram originally? (*Initials as before.*)

*Fifth Minute.* We have sent an Officer to inquire, and find that LUCY lives in Flower Cottage, Kensingbridge—she is the sender's wife. She says she knows nothing about the telegram. (*Initials as before.*)

*Sixth Minute.* Cannot the address of the sender be ascertained? (*Initials as before.*)

*Seventh Minute.* We believe the sender must also live in Flower Cottage, Kensingbridge. Shall we send an Officer to inquire? (*Initials as before.*)

*Eighth Minute.* An Officer from the Head Office had better be sent. (*Initials as before.*)

*Ninth Minute.* An Officer from the Head Office has been sent. The sender of the telegram is either out or says he is out. His wife declares she knows nothing about it. (*Initials as before.*)

*Tenth Minute.* Has the sender no other address besides Peacock's Priory, Morton's Repository, and Flower House, Kensingbridge? (*Initials as before.*)

*Eleventh Minute.* What is being done about that missing sixpence? A week since last reply. Its

non-payment interferes with the Estimates. (*Initials as before.*)

*Twelfth Minute.* Nothing has been done. What can be done? (*Initials as before.*)

*Thirteenth Minute.* An Officer should call upon the sender of the telegram and demand payment of the sixpence. (*Initials as before.*)

*Fourteenth Minute.* An Officer has called several times, and cannot find the sender in. His wife repeats she knows nothing about it, and declines to give information. (*Initials as before.*)

*Fifteenth Minute.* Has the sender no other address? He must pay the sixpence. Let him be told this. (*Initials as before.*)

*Sixteenth Minute.* We have found him at another address, but he still declines to pay the sixpence, he says he has never received the telegram. (*Initials as before.*)

*Seventeenth Minute.* Try again. Let him be informed that if he does not pay the sixpence, no further telegram of his will be directed. (*Initials as before.*)

*Eighteenth Minute.* He has been told so. He says he does not want his messages re-directed. He has not as yet paid the sixpence. (*Initials as before.*)

*Nineteenth Minute.* Ten days since last communication. Has that missing sixpence been recovered? (*Initials as before.*)

*Twentieth Minute.* No. The sender of the telegram, we believe, has gone abroad. (*Initials as before.*)

*Twenty-first Minute.* Month since receipt of last information. Has that missing sixpence been recovered? The sender must be asked for it again if it has not been received. (*Initials as before.*)

*Twenty-second Minute.* An equivalent to the money due on re-directing the message has been recovered. The sender has given an Officer of the Department a French franc. (*Initials as before.*)

*Twenty-third Minute.* Let the French *franc* be exchanged for English money and paid into the account of the Department. Account of expenses to the Department for collecting the sixpence should now be sent. (*Initials as before.*)

*Final Minute.* In compliance with instructions, account of expenses incurred in collecting the sixpence will be forwarded forthwith. Some time will be required in setting out the details. Being rather large, it has been considered advisable to send the packet by Parcels Post. (*Initials as before.*)

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## JACK'S RESPONSE.

(*Spithead, July 23, 1887.*)

[In replying to a Naval Deputation which waited upon the QUEEN with a Jubilee Album and Address, HER MAJESTY said, "she felt certain that the Navy would always uphold the honour of the Kingdom."]

RIGHT Royal Lady on the throne!  
From stem to stern, from top to keelson,  
The British Fleet is all your own,  
To-day as in them times of NELSON.  
'Twill help you still to rule the wave,  
Though swabs may croak and lubbers twaddle;  
That Album MILNE our Admiral gave,  
Shows many a change in rig and model,  
But could they hail us at Spithead.  
To-day, old DRAKE, or HOWE or HOWARD,  
They'd find the race as never bred,  
To scour the brine, traitor or coward.  
What the old *Victory* did of old,  
The *Ajax* or the *Devastation*  
Would dare to-day, and JACK makes bold,  
In this here year of Jubilation,  
To answer to his Sovereign's trust,  
Like every British son of ADAM,  
(Midst the enthoosiatic bust  
Of loud hoorays) *his* "Aye, aye, Madam!"



LORD CHURCHILL, KNOWN AS GRANDOLPH, AT THE BATTLE OF THE ESTIMATES.

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## SEEING HIS WAY.

THE *Times* Correspondent at Berlin lately alleged that the cautious and diplomatic attitude of Prince FERDINAND of Coburg had somewhat damped the enthusiasm of the deputation that waited on him to offer him the Bulgarian Throne. The following are a few of the "posers" that His Serene Highness is said to have put to the delegates on the occasion in question.

What sort of a place is Sofia? Does the climate resemble that of Hampstead, will it support two Italian Operas in the Season, can it boast an Underground Railway, and does it contain any respectable agent for the sale of Turkish cigarettes?

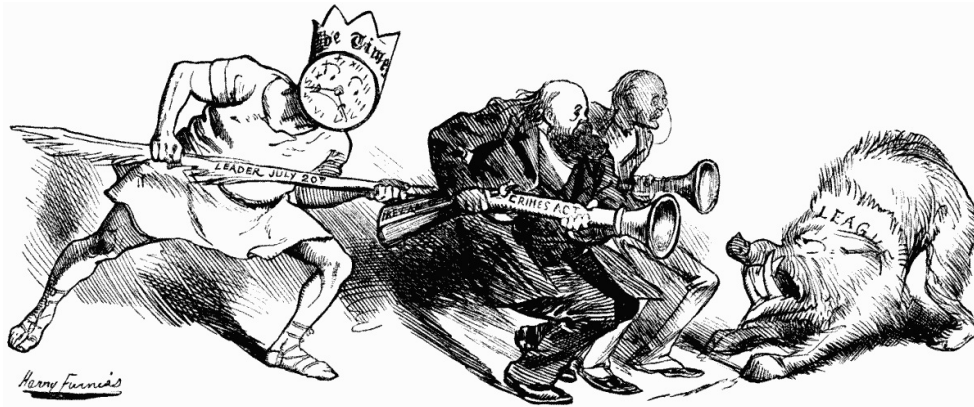
Does the Palace want repapering? Does it contain a throne, regalia, and other royal appurtenances, left by the late tenant; and, if not, could the deputation recommend any local emporium where these and other suitable and necessary things could be temporarily secured at advantageous terms on the three years' hire system?

Will the Royal Salary touch £300 a year, and will it be paid regularly in cash, and not in promissory notes at uncertain intervals? Will the great Sobranje vote an additional sum to the civil list for boot-cleaning and the expenses of a weekly charwoman for the Royal household? Will the Prince's cab-hire, on the occasion of his attending Official banquets, be forthcoming from the same source?

Will the National party raise any objection to the Prince counting five Russian Generals among the members of his Cabinet, as a slight means of securing the amiable consideration of the CZAR?

In the event of a sudden night *émeute* threatening the stability of the throne, would it be the business of the Prime Minister to arouse the Prince, bring him his boots and shaving-water, and, providing him with a trick-wig and comic disguise, point out to him briefly in a local *Bradshaw* the best available trains starting before dawn for the frontier?

Finally, if the Prince consented to accept the throne, and hired his crown and coronation-ropes from a well-known costumier's for the occasion, would the great Sobranje defray the cost, or, if with a view to the situation being a permanency, he could secure them at the price of second-hand goods, would they be prepared to come to some arrangement for their purchase?



**PRODDING THEM ON.**

*Times* (loquitur—to S-l-sb-ry and B-lf-r). "NOW THEN, WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? YOU'VE GOT YOUR WEAPON; USE IT. OR, IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL CATCH IT FROM ME!"

**AN EPITAPH**

TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE EGYPTIAN CONVENTION.  
IT WAS AN ILL-STARRED INSTRUMENT,  
CONCEIVED IN DOUBT, MATURED IN PERPLEXITY,  
AND  
COMPLETED IN CONSTERNATION,  
IT WAS ULTIMATELY DRAFTED WITH THE IMMEDIATE BUT  
AMUSING EFFECT OF  
SENDING THE DUC DE MONTEBELLO INTO HYSTERICIS,  
CAUSING AN ICY INDIFFERENCE ON THE PART OF M. NELIDOFF,  
AND  
INDUCING THE SULTAN TO SING  
ONCE AND FOR ALL STRAIGHT OFF  
AN ENTIRE ENCORE VERSE OF  
"OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!"  
THUS  
HAPPILY AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME  
HAVING FULFILLED THE TRIPLE PURPOSE  
OF  
RAISING THE PASSING SMILE OF DIPLOMATIC EUROPE,  
THROWING SIR H. DRUMMOND WOLFF INTO A CONDITION OF  
"ANIMATED EXPECTANCY,"  
AND  
COSTING THE BRITISH TAX-PAYER £28,000 STERLING,  
TO THE PERMANENT ASTONISHMENT OF ITS AUTHOR,  
THE SMOTHERED SATISFACTION OF THE SUBLIME PORTE,  
AND THE GENERAL REJOICING OF THE EGYPTIAN BOND-HOLDER,  
IT RETURNED AT LENGTH TO THIS COUNTRY,  
UNCRUMPLED, BUT UNSIGNED,  
TO BE RELEGATED COMICALLY, BUT EFFECTUALLY,  
TO A WASTE-PAPER BASKET AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE,  
FROM WHICH IT IS THE DEVOUT HOPE OF THOUGHTFUL POLITICIANS,  
THE SETTLED VERDICT OF PUBLIC OPINION,  
AND  
THE DETERMINED RESOLUTION OF LORD SALISBURY,  
THAT ITS SHATTERED FRAGMENTS  
SHALL NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES,  
AGAIN EMERGE.

**Foul is Fair.**

*(A Parliamentary Song of Sixpence.)*

THE Irish M.P.'s, who are born to the manner,  
Can't see any harm in the language of TANNER.  
In war for ould Ireland they boldly declare  
That the course they pursue is quite (Donnybrook) fair;

And with joy each impulsive Milesian howler  
Cries, "If 'TANNER' be foul, there's 'BOB' that is FOWLER."  
But Stooping to Conquer is always their plight;  
Sir ROBERT'S, at worst, the Mistakes of a Knight.

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## THE GREAT THIRST LAND.

WHY, in this clever age,  
So "point-device,"  
Is there no beverage  
Cool, cheap, and nice?  
It's safe to rile ye,  
Dog-days being here,  
When you're charged highly  
For iced ginger-beer.

Who can be placid  
When sixpence is paid  
For sweet citric acid  
Dubbed lemonade?  
Is there no substitute  
Which we may quaff  
For tea with milk dilute,  
Or shandy-gaff?

A sheer abuse is  
Ice joined to beer;  
Our gastric juices  
Hate it, and fear;  
Half-pint-partakers,  
When weather's hot,  
Barons or bakers,  
All go to pot.

Should spirits tempt you,  
Need it be said  
Nought can exempt you  
From a racked head,  
Just like poor SISERA?  
Soda's a snare?  
Milk clogs the viscera;  
Of "fizz" beware!

Brandy each new nipper  
Maketh go mad;  
Juice of the juniper,  
*You're berry bad!*  
Now that so many men  
Counsel "Abstain!"  
It's *rum* that any men  
Drink to their bane.

In this heat tropical,  
He's a true friend  
Who, philanthropical,  
Bids our thirst end.  
Will no inventor  
Try a new shot?  
Here our hopes centre:  
Who is our WATT?

Our British livers  
Don't care a rap  
For "corpse-revivers,"—  
A nauseous tap!  
Drink for the Million!  
Nor dear or heady;  
Bring me a chilly one—  
*But none is ready!*

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## THE COURT CIRCULAR.



THE Levée held by Mr. JOHN CLAYTON, and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, on Friday night, was numerously attended. Excellent specimens of Mr. PINERO'S work were presented in the first Acts of the recent Court successes—to wit, *The Schoolmistress*, *Dandy Dick*, and *The Magistrate*. Mr. CLAYTON made an excellent speech, which was enthusiastically applauded, and Mrs. JOHN WOOD and Miss NORREYS received special calls. After a brief interval, during which Court favour will be extended to King William Street, Strand, a more spacious palace will be erected for the reception of Courtiers in Chelsea, where a new Comedy, by Mr. PINERO, will be presented. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, though retiring from managerial cares, will, when the new Theatre is finished, undertake what would be a difficult task for anybody else, to fill his usual place on the boards.

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MAGAZINE TITLE (*applicable to the Police Station where Miss Cass was temporarily locked up*),  
—"Cass-cells."

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[Pg 41]

## STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIX.—A LADY DRAMATIST.

"You must do it at a *Matinée*," said her little crowd of five o'clock tea-visitors, "and get Mr. ELLISTON DRURY to play the Roman Poet."

One of the company was in earnest. Miss ELMIRA JENKS believed in her hostess and friend. The others thought it "fun" to "egg on" Miss DE GONCOURT to make herself ridiculous.



"And why not take the part of the heroine yourself, dear?—nobody in all your intellectual set recites so well. Why not act in your own Tragedy—how delightful it would be!"

"But you forget," said the Lady Dramatist, pouring out for her friend a fresh cup of tea from a delicious specimen of Nankin blue into an equally artistic cup of Oriental white. "You forget that I am thirty."

On the contrary, their memories were excellent.

"Thirty-five, if she's a day," was the silent verdict; aloud, it ran thus:—"My dear, a woman is no older than she looks. You are twenty-five, and, in the classic dress of the Roman Maiden, you will appear twenty—not a day older."

"You are very kind," she said; "but flattery is pleasant when it encourages one's dearest hopes."

"We do not flatter—we speak as critics, and friends," they replied.

Mr. ELLISTON DRURY, the new Tragedian of the Parthenon Theatre, who had come from the Provinces to astonish London, was the only Actor who had given Miss DE GONCOURT any real encouragement to persevere in the direction to which her ambition pointed; but he was full of sympathy, and knew what it was himself to fight against prejudice, not to say conspiracy. He had literally hewn his way through the ranks of his opponents to the position he now held at the Parthenon. It was not a very high position, it was true, but he had been seen and heard; and the future was before him.

Similarly, he had argued, in the interests of Dramatic Art, Miss DE GONCOURT must fight her way. He used the aggressive verb metaphorically, of course, and in its moral sense; but he meant it to imply all that was fearless in the conduct of an earnest woman conscious of her literary and dramatic power—she must fight her way! It had fallen to his lot to read many original Dramas, but among all the unacted works of his time, none were so full of promise as Miss DE GONCOURT'S *Before the Dawn*. He could wish himself no better fortune than the opportunity of creating the leading rôle at a West End Theatre.

Miss DE GONCOURT hung upon the music of his words. At least such was her confession to Miss ELMIRA JENKS, her admirer and satellite, (every dramatic student has a human satellite, or a confiding dog, and the latter is generally the most constant) who agreed with her that in Art, sympathy is everything.

Miss DE GONCOURT may be said to have served an amateur apprenticeship to the art of the playwright; it had begun at school with Charades; it had progressed through several seasons of amateur theatricals; it had culminated in five Acts of blank verse; and apart from the epistolary appeals that had been made to London Managers, to save the reputation of native modern dramatists by its immediate production, Miss ELMIRA JENKS had discussed the work in a certain

lady's journal, to which she contributed, assuring the world that *Before the Dawn* was worthy of the noblest efforts of dramatic poetry. Miss DE GONCOURT was also put forward as an honour to womanhood, having preferred the higher life of Art to the lower mission of Matrimony; and all that she and her friends now desired, was a fitting opportunity for the demonstration of the integrity of her ambition, which was to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. INCHBALD, JOANNA BAILLIE, and other distinguished lady dramatists. Miss DE GONCOURT was a spinster and an orphan, with a settled income of three hundred and fifty pounds a year; and she sat in her little Bedford Park study from day to day, with a pen in her hand, and a smile on her lips, a smile of hope and confidence.

It was a dainty room, with a grey dimity dado, that marked off a few old engravings of poetic and dramatic subjects. The over-mantel was green and white, with busts of SHAKESPEARE, SHELLEY, JOAN OF ARC, and FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, upon its little shelves. There were bookcases and cabinets here and there, containing favourite authors and relics of great actresses, such as hair-pins used by HELEN FAUCIT, a shoestring belonging to RACHEL, and a brooch which had been worn by Mrs. SIDDONS. Had not these geniuses, watched, waited and suffered? Then what right had she to be impatient? It must have been a sweet nature that could philosophise thus in face of an entire cabinet of rejected plays, bound in white morocco, emblematic of their purity, though destined, it might be, to revolutionise the present frivolous stage as soon as the production of *Before the Dawn* should send both actors and managers to their author's door ravenous for the right to give her other works to an astonished and delighted public.

This day of triumph might be nearer than either friends or scoffers anticipated. Mr. ELLISTON DRURY had taken a warm interest in her work; had indorsed the advice she had received to try *Before the Dawn* at a *Matinée*; had consented to play the leading character; and, what was more interesting still, had volunteered to coach her in the part of the heroine, if she was willing to impersonate that poetic and self-sacrificing creation. Miss DE GONCOURT was willing to place herself in the hands of Mr. ELLISTON DRURY; Miss DE GONCOURT did place herself in his hands; and oh the rapture of hearing her words read to the assembled company of "Artistes" in the Green Room of the Parthenon Theatre on the day when the parts were distributed! The delight of those first rehearsals! She felt so much at home on the Stage, that she began to dream of a pre-existence in which she had been a priestess of Art, somewhat after the manner of her Roman girl who, crowned with a poisoned diadem, was sacrificed in the Temple, but to live again with the gods in a sublimated world of song. Mr. ELLISTON DRURY accompanied her to the train after each rehearsal, and paid her so much homage, that she began to associate him in her tender feminine mind with the Roman youth for whose love she was martyred at the shrine; and, long before the eventful morning came, Mr. ELLISTON DRURY (who had received a fortnight's notice at the Parthenon, but still had the future all before him) had made up his mind to hang up his hat, for good, in the æsthetic little hall of the DE GONCOURT inside the blue-and-white palings of the Bedford Park Estate.

"Was it not a success, then, *Before the Dawn*?" Ask the ring of authors, the conspirators, the tribe of envy, hatred, and malice assembled on that memorable occasion to crush the new authoress. Ask the leading actors, who had always dreaded the day when Mr. ELLISTON DRURY should play a star part in a Metropolitan Theatre. No, Ladies and Gentlemen, *Before the Dawn* was a failure. Certain prominent critics were suborned to say so; and one of them, more cruel than the rest, declared that all the humorous range of modern Burlesque did not supply a reminiscence so positively comic as the scene in which the Roman Maiden, staggering under her poisoned crown (which would fall into an irresistibly funny angle with the Actress's un-Roman nose), hurled back upon TIBERIUS CÆSAR the curse of the avenging gods.

But they have a consolation, the Lady Dramatist and her illustrious husband (he did hang up his hat, and his coat, he had little else to move from his garret in the Strand), in having possibly found a more useful field of duty than that of an active participation in the work before the footlights. It has been sarcastically, and we believe wrongfully asserted by a Tory Earl that critics are men who have failed as authors; but a similar calumny has been perpetrated by Miss ELMIRA JENKS (whose satellitship came to a violent end with the marriage of her bright particular star to Mr. ELLISTON DRURY) who has not hesitated to declare in her unscrupulous paper that the modern teachers of elocution are ladies and gentlemen who have failed as actors and actresses. Mr. and Mrs. ELLISTON DRURY nevertheless pursue the even tenor of their way; their elocution classes are well attended; Mrs. DRURY'S afternoons never lack interesting visitors; and her husband's occasional Shakspearian recitals at Hammersmith and Putney, inspire the local critics with eloquent expressions of regret that the degenerate condition of the stage should condemn so rare an actor to the drawing-room and the platform.

Mr. ELLISTON DRURY finds this a sufficient balm for his bruised soul; and his admiring wife declares that walking along the vale of life hand in hand with ELLISTON, is after all bliss enough, without the added and questionable joy of being a popular Lady Dramatist.

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"THE SATURDAY REVIEW" AT SPITHEAD.—Our Special's account is too late for this week. He went away on Friday last, and was last seen on board the new P. & O. ship *Victoria*. Wire just received says, "Steamed through Fleet in tug. Tender reminiscences. Big guns everywhere. We're the biggest. Salutations." That's all!

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Mrs. R. says she is glad her nephew became a good horseman before he was called to the Bar, as he is always now going on Circus.



### FELINE AMENITIES.

TWO CASES OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

*Mrs. de Vere Jones (rushing up to Mrs. Stanley Brown, whom she hates). "Oh, HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR LADY WRYMOUTH?"*

*[Lady Wrymouth is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Peerage!]*

*Mrs. Stanley Brown. "VERY WELL, THANKS, DEAR MRS. CORMORAN. HOW ARE YOU?"*

*[Mrs. Cormoran is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Empire!]*

### MAKING IT EASY;

OR, THE SHOEMAKER AND THE CONSIDERATE CUSTOMER.



### MAKING IT EASY.

*SHOEMAKER (most accommodating). "THE OTHER FITS ALL RIGHT, M'LORD—THIS ONE WAS A BIT TIGHT,—BUT NOW I'VE EASED IT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WEAR IT WITH PERFECT COMFORT. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE YOUR CUSTOM, M'LORD!"*

*Shoemaker.* Lord S-L-SB-RY. *Customer.* Lord H-RT-NGT-N.

*Customer.* H-o-w-o-u-g-h!!!

*Shoemaker (solicitously).* Beg pardon, m'Lord! Hurt you, m'Lord?

*Customer.* Hurt? I should think it did, indeed.

*Shoemaker.* Very strange, m'Lord. 'Tother one seems to fit you to a nicety. (*Aside.*) Fancied *that* might be a tight fit now.

*Customer.* Humph! I can make shift with that. But this won't do at all. Tight across the instep and pinches the toes awfully. (*Aside.*) Hang it! it's a beastly bad fit everyway; but that it wouldn't suit to me change just now, I'd throw the confounded things on his hands and go elsewhere.

*Shoemaker (aside).* He looks grumpy; I must mind my eye, or I shall lose his custom. And that wouldn't suit my books a bit—just now. (*Aloud.*) Awfully sorry, I'm sure, m'Lord. We must try again.

*Customer.* You ought to have got the measure of my foot better than this, especially when I handed you my old lasts.

*Shoemaker.* Well, m'Lord, you see, you've a bit—ahem!—*outgrown* 'em like, don't you see, m'Lord?

*Customer.* *Outgrown* them? What do you mean? Feet don't *grow* at my time of life.

*Shoemaker (aside).* How shall I put it so as not to huff him? Bunions *are* a growth; so are corns—of a kind. (*Aloud.*) Why, m'Lord, I think—I—a—fancy your last pair—Gladstone highlows they were—weren't they?—trying shoes for tender feet, m'Lord—must have been just a trifle too small, and—ahem!—compressed your feet a little, *at the joints*, m'Lord.

*Customer (aside).* By Jove, he's right. G.'s tight fits have galled me for some time past, and the last pair he made me I simply couldn't get on. (*Aloud.*) Hang it, man, what has that to do with it? Your business is to fit my feet as they are. If you can't do it—

*Shoemaker (hastily).* *Can't*, m'Lord? No such word in our shop, m'Lord. I flatter myself we could fit the biggest beetle-crusher ever bunion'd into the shape of a giant potato or a Californian nugget. Much more *your* shapely foot, m'Lord, which, if it has been nubblified a leetle by misfits, will soon recover its proper proportions—under proper treatment.

*Customer.* Well, off with this boot, anyhow. You'll have to make it longer and wider, ease it here and slacken it there, before *I* can wear it.

*Shoemaker.* Very good, m'Lord. (*Aside.*) Doosed imperative, but I can't afford to offend him. Though I never expected an old-established high-class firm like ours would have stooped to tout for any of botching G.'s old customers. There's Mr. JOSEPH BRUMMAGEM, now, fancy my having to kneel at *his* feet, and take *his* measure! More particular than this one, if anything, and puts him up to half his objections, I believe. Well, well, trade's bad, and we mustn't be too scrupulous, I suppose. Besides, some of G.'s old customers seem drifting back to the old shop we thought was just about shutting up, and that won't do at any price.

*Customer (irritably).* What are you muttering and murmuring about?

*Shoemaker.* Murmuring, m'Lord? Oh dear no, m'Lord. Not at all, m'Lord. Quite *the* contrary. I was only blessing that there G. for spoiling the Trade as he has done. Brought us down from Wellingtons, and even his own smartly cut Oxonians to borough Bluchers and rustic highlows; and now wants to set a new fashion all on a sudden, and make us all take to his confounded badly cut Irish brogues. Yah! Chaps like G. ought to be boycotted—ahem!—I mean Primrose-Leagued out of the profession. Wonder any gentleman can condescend to deal with him. Now, *my* customers, as your friend Mr. JOSEPH kindly acknowledged t'other day, are gentlemen to a man, and for cut, style, finish and polish, I *will* say—

*Customer.* Oh, yes, no doubt. But the point just at present, my good fellow, is *fit*. If you miss that you miss all.

*Shoemaker (eagerly).* Oh, have no fear on that account, m'Lord. Elastic's the word, m'Lord. We've any number of different trees, and our leather is warranted to stretch to any extent. We'll even alter our favourite old-fashionable cut to suit such customers as *you*!

*Customer.* Thanks. The fashion *is* changing a little, I fear. I don't want to leave you, and I won't go back to G.—if I can help it. If his brogue should become the vogue—but there, it's shocking to think of it. Give us a decent fit which we can wear in public without reproach, and we'll stick to you. But how about this boot?

*Shoemaker (with effusion).* Oh, we'll alter it to *any* extent, to suit your taste, m'Lord, though it isn't exactly the cut upon which our House has always prided itself. There! It *was* a bit tight, but now I've eased it you'll be able to wear it with perfect comfort. We can't afford to lose *your*



**THE CONVENTIONAL  
MISSIONARY WHO  
COULDN'T CONVERT THE  
SULTAN.**

"Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF'S  
Mission is at an  
end."—*Papers generally.*

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**'ARRY ON ANGLING.**

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are yer, my arty, and 'ow does this Summer suit *you*?  
Selp me never, old pal, it's a scorcher! *I* lap lemon-squosh till all's blue,  
And then feel as dry as a dust-bin. Want all SPIERS and POND'S upon trust,  
For it do make a 'ole in the ochre to deal with a true first-class thust.

But it's proper, dear boy, yus it's proper, this weather is, took on the 'ole,  
And for 'oliday outings and skylarks it sets a chap fair on the roll.  
Where d'yer think as I spent my last bust up? I know you'd be out of the  
'unt  
If you guessed for a 'ole month o' Sundays. I passed it, old pal, *in a punt!*

"O Walker!" sez you, "that's 'is gammon!" No, CHARLIE, it's righteous, dear  
boy.  
It's quite true that to chivvy Thames hanglers is jest what we used to  
enjoy.  
Rekerlek that old buffer at Richmond, and 'ow we shoved foul of his  
swim,  
And lost him a middlin'-sized barbel and set his straw tile on the skim?

Hangling isn't my mark, that's a moral, and fishermen mostly is fools;  
To chaff 'em and tip 'em the kibosh is one of my reglaresst rules;  
And it ain't our sort only as does it, you take the non-anglers all round,  
An you'll find that in potting the puntist they're 'ARRIES right down to the  
ground.

All our chicest stock-jokes and pet patter they mops up, like mugs as  
they are,  
For they *might* cut their own chaff, eh, CHARLIE? not borrow it all from the  
bar.  
But I've seen little toffs in white weskits a slinging *our* lingo to rights,  
About colds, and cock-salmons, and shop 'uns; it's one of the rummiest  
sights.

Of course they all trot out SAM JOHNSON; you know the fine crusted old  
wheeze.  
I chucked it one day at a cove as lay stretched at the foot of some trees.  
"Fool at one end and worm at the other"? sez he. "Ah! that's neat, and *so*  
new,

And as you seem to be worm *and* fool, one may say 'extremes meet,' Sir,  
in *you*."

'Owsomever *I*'ve 'ad a day's 'looking at last, and it wasn't arf bad.  
You know since I turned Primrose Leaguer I've mixed with the Toppers,  
my lad;  
And one on 'em, pal of the Prince, I believe, got JACK JOLTER a pass  
For some fine preserved waters; no pay, mate, and everythink fixed up  
fust-class.

JACK arsked me and BELL BONSOR to jine him, and seein' it didn't mean tin,  
And the 'ole thing seemed swell, with good grubbing and lots o' prime  
lotion chucked in.  
I was "on" like a shot. BELL's a bloomer, and JACK, though a bit of a jug,  
Is too long in the purse to let slip; so the game looked all proper and  
snug.

JACK's a straw-thatched young joker in gig-lamps, good-natured, and nuts  
on the sport.  
He turns up with four rods and two bait-cans, and tackle of every dashed  
sort.  
Such rum-looking gimcracks, my pippin; lines coiled up in boxes and  
books,  
And live-bait, and worms all a-wriggle, and big ugly bunches of 'ooks.

*I* was a'most afraid to set down, for the things seemed all over the shop,  
And BELL she kep startin' and squeakin', a-settin' me fair on the 'op;  
Fust a fish as dabbed flop on her 'at, then a 'ook as got snagged in 'er  
skirt,  
It was one blessed squork all the time, mate, though nothink much  
'appened to 'urt.

Pooty spot; sort o' lake green and windin', with nice quiet "swims" all  
about.  
Though I must say *I* missed the Thames gammocks, the snide comic  
song, and the shout.  
No larks at the locks, no collisions, no landings for lotion, you know,  
And, but for Miss BELL and the bottle, it might a bin jest a bit slow.

But the prog was A 1, and no kid. Though JACK stuck to his tackle like  
wax,  
BELL and me was soon stodging like winkles; that gal *did* make play with  
the snacks.  
"*Strike!*" cries JACK—"you've a *bite!*" "Yes, I know it," sez I, with my  
mouth full of 'am.  
"Wot do *you* think, Miss B.?"—and she larfed till 'er cheeks went like  
raspberry jam.

JOLTER looked jest a mossel disgusted, and turned a bit rusty, for *him*,  
When we made the punt rock in our romps, which he said was  
"disturbing the swim."  
And when he had hooked a fine perch, and Miss BELL made a dash at the  
line,  
And the fish flobbered back with a flop, JACK's escape from a cuss cut it  
fine.

Then he pulled in his "trimmer," and, scissors! a jolly big jack came  
aboard,  
Wich flopped round us, and showed his sharp teeth, till Miss BONSOR went  
pasty, and roared.  
Reg'lar shark; made a grab at my pants when I tried to cut in to BELL's  
aid;  
And I'm blowed if she didn't turn raspy, and chaff me for being *afraid*.

Arter this things appeared to go quisby; BELL's skirt 'ad got slimed,  
dontcher see.  
And she vowed it was spiled, while JACK looked jest as though he could  
scrumplicate me.  
So sez I, "Let us turn up this barney, and toddle ashore for some grub;"  
And we pulled up the stone and the hanchor, and made a bee-line for our  
pub.

The dinner soon smoothed down our feathers, though JACK 'ad a sad sort  
o' look.  
Selfish fellows these hanglers are, CHARLIE, they carn't keep their heye off  
the 'ook.

Bless yer 'art, 'cos we struck arter dinner, and chucked up the perch for a spree,  
 And took a turn round, me a pulling, that JACK looked as blue as could be.

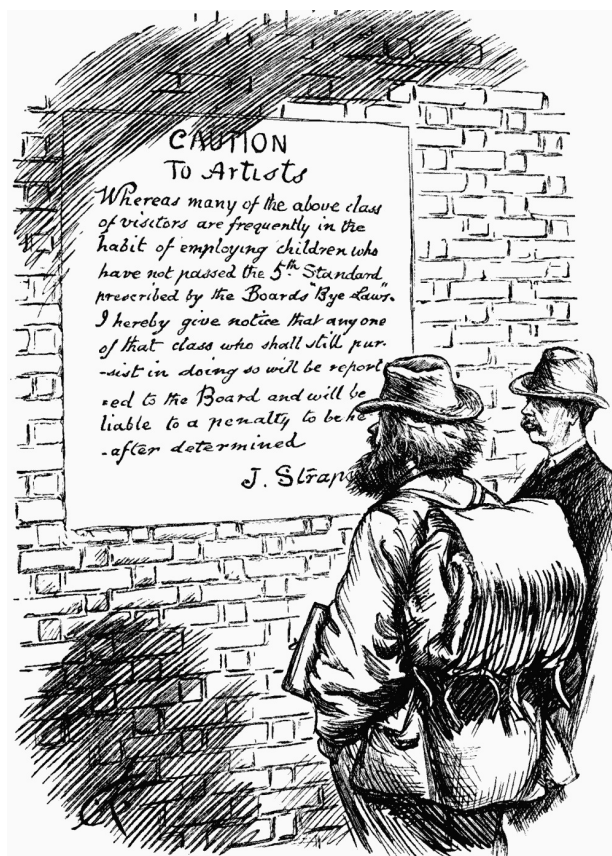
'Owsomever we chaffed 'im a good 'un. Miss BELL and yours truly got thick,  
 Wen I told 'er 'er lips was true "spoon"-bait, *she* twigged wot I meant pooty quick.  
 "Oh, I carn't abide anglers," she whispered, "they're flabby and cold like their fish,  
 'Ow I wish JACK would jest sling 'is 'ook, and leave hus,—well, *you* know wot I wish."

"Oh. I'm fly, dear," sez I, with a 'ug. So I nobbled the Guard with a tip,  
 And we managed to nip in fust-class, and so gave Master JOLTER the slip.  
 It give 'im the needle in course, being left in the lurch in this way,  
 But the petticoats know wot is wot, and so wot's your true dasher to say?

JACK 'as cut me since then at the "Primrose Club," bust 'im! I don't care a toss;  
 Your angler is *always* a juggins, so *he's* no pertikler big loss.  
 BELL BONSOR is mashed on me proper, and *if* I'd a fancy to marry,—  
 But *if* there's a fish as *ain't* easy to 'ook it's

Yours artfully, 'ARRY.

[Pg 46]



**"MODEL" LEGISLATION.**

*Wandering Student (to his Companion, after reading Poster). "CLASS OF VISI—' WELL, I'M—WHAT ARE THE ARTS IN THIS COUNTRY COMING TO, JIMMEY!?"*  
*[Exeunt depressed!]*

**THE COUNTRY-COUSIN'S VADE MECUM.**

*Question.* So you have conscientiously done the Jubilee?

*Answer.* Certainly. For the last month I have scarcely ever been to bed.

*Q.* Why?

*A.* Somehow I have not retired to rest before it has been time to get up.

Q. Did you go to the Abbey?

A. That I did! Most touching! Shall never forget---

Q. Thank you. I think I can supply as much as you want of that sort of thing. I will not trouble you for any descriptions. Were you at the Guildhall Ball?

A. I was, and saw all the foreign Royalties.

Q. How did the LORD MAYOR get through it?

A. On the whole, well; although the Remembrancer, in a full-bottomed wig, rushing about, in a very energetic fashion, was suggestive of *Fusbos* in *Bombastes Furioso*.

Q. Were you at the Royal Academy *Soirée*?

A. Certainly. It was a very large gathering.

Q. And who did you see there?

A. The same persons as those I had noticed in the Abbey.

Q. And they were---

A. The persons I had seen at the Reform Club Ball.

Q. And they?

A. Were subsequently found at the Inner Temple Ball, the Gray's Inn Maske, and the laying of the foundation-stone of the Institute.

Q. Was the *Maske of Flowers* a success?

A. A very great success; but it was all I could do to keep awake—I was so dead beat—in the Gray's Inn grounds at the Garden Party afterwards.

Q. And the Volunteer Review—how did you like that?

A. Oh, splendid! Nearly thirty thousand men all marching past.

Q. And the Review at Aldershot?

A. Magnificent! Nearly seventy thousand men marching past.

Q. Did they all pass you?

A. Yes, all. They took three hours or more in doing it. They were all alike. Seventy thousand men, all alike, for three hours. It was deeply interesting.

Q. Did you see the QUEEN?

A. I saw where she was, but HER MAJESTY was concealed from view by the Long Valley dust.

Q. Did you go to the Lincoln's Inn Garden Party?

A. To meet Lord HERSHELL, his friends, and the Prince and Princess? Certainly. It differed from other Garden Parties in having in the grounds a sort of bath containing a fountain, ducks, and (to the best of my belief) turtles.

Q. Have you been to many Garden Parties?

A. Oh yes, to a large number. I have been to nineteen with Indian Princes complete, and two without.

Q. Did you go to the Naval Review?

A. Oh yes; in the middle of the night. I came back before the dawn on the following morning.

Q. Was it very beautiful?

A. Very—what I could see of it.

Q. What did you see of it?

A. Not much.

Q. Have you done anything else?

A. I have been in a chronic state of dinners, balls, operas, laying of foundation-stones, fireworks, and marches past.



Q. Are you at all confused?

A. So much confused, that I have just head enough left to try, in a feeble manner, to get back to the country.

Q. And if you do get back to the country, when shall you again visit town?

A. Well, it is my impression, not just immediately!

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## SIDONIAN SHAKSPEARE.

IN a deep and dark recess, among the sepulchral chambers of Sidon, on a splendid Sarcophagus in black stone, the delvers of the Palestine Exploration Committee lately discovered an ancient Phœnician inscription, which has been translated in a Beyrout newspaper as follows:—

"I, TALNITE, Priest of Astarte, and King of Sidon, son of ESHMUNAZAR, Priest of Astarte, and King of Sidon, lying in this tomb, say:—Come not to open my tomb; there is here neither gold, nor silver, nor treasure. He who will open this tomb shall have no prosperity under the sun, and shall not find repose in the grave."

If the explorers who unearthed TALNITE'S epitaph had been able to read it, they might have been fit to shake in their shoes; only that no Archæologist now makes any bones whatever of rifling an ancient tomb. Hereafter, perhaps, the Australian emissary of a British Exploration Fund will not be deterred by a commination similar to the foregoing from opening the tomb of SHAKSPEARE, and perhaps removing both that Sarcophagus and its contents, should he find any remaining, to a Melbourne Museum.

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THE OTHER "G. O. M."—G. OSBOURNE MORGAN. ("Mr. G." must copyright the initials.)

[Pg 47]

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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



**DR. SPEAKER BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG  
PARLIAMENTARY FRIENDS.**

**GIVING IT THEM ALL ROUND.**

*Monday, July 18.*—Pretty incident in Lords to-night. Debate on Third Reading of Coercion Bill. In middle of proceedings DENMAN remembered four other lines for quotation from late Lord HOUGHTON'S poems. Last time he recited from this source the reporters, as he complained, had not reproduced the quotation. Evidently in strong force in Gallery to-night; working away at high

pressure. Now the time, or never. So DENMAN rose and began—

"My name is NORVAL——"

Unfortunately GRANVILLE rose at same moment. Didn't seem at all interested in further biographical details, and recurred to Coercion Bill. DENMAN not to be turned aside.

"——On the Grampian hills,"

he continued; whereupon the Markiss rose and moved formal Resolution that GRANVILLE be heard.

Evidently some misunderstanding; but DENMAN too polite to insist on pushing himself forward; resumed his seat, and patiently awaited conclusion of GRANVILLE'S speech. Thereupon promptly rose again, and approached the table. So did the Markiss, and the two Statesmen stood and glared at each other across the table.

"My name——" DENMAN began.

"My Lords," said the Markiss.

"Order! order!" shouted the Peers. Then GRANVILLE remembered what the Markiss had done for him in similar circumstances, and, interposing, moved that the Markiss be heard. House agreed, and *Norval*, retiring from the Grampian hills, withdrew to the Lowlands by the Bar.

In Commons GRANDOLPH turned up in his favourite character as Economist. Crammed to the moustache. Figures which he rattled out show that First Lord and Board of Admiralty are spendthrifts. Quite a marvellous store of learning, which hampered HAMILTON, baffled BERESFORD, riled REED and flurried FORWOOD.

This, the serious business of the sitting, prefaced by a privilege case which of course attracted much more attention. LONG complained that on addressing TANNER in Lobby after debate of Friday, Member for Mid-Cork had turned upon him and abused him in coarsest language. Old Morality moved that TANNER be suspended for a month. Many Members of opinion that O. M. need not have been so precise. As they *were* hanging him up, a month or two more or less would make no difference. Others laid the blame on LONG, who opened the conversation.

[Pg 48]

"If a man touches pitch he must expect to be defiled," said Lady PARKER, gyrating coquettishly in the Lobby. SEXTON moved adjournment of debate till Thursday. In course of speech fell upon GENT-DAVIS standing at Bar, "smiling," as SEXTON bitterly said, "in such a superior manner." Finding a head there, SEXTON brought down shillelagh on it. Suddenness of assault took away G.-D.'s breath. Very indignant when he recovered.

"What business had he to attack me?" he asked. "I'll interpolate the SPEAKER, and see if this, too, isn't a Breach of Privilege."

*Business done.*—Supply.



"If a man touches pitch," &c.

*Tuesday.*—Seems TANNER not the only Member who has been "saying things" in the Lobby. Alderman FOWLER accused of having sinned in a similar way against HOWELL. Irish Members gleefully taken up case. SEXTON gave notice that on Thursday, when Motion for suspension of TANNER comes on, he will move that FOWLER be also suspended for a month. "They can go away together for a month in the country," TIM HEALY says; "or might take a trip to Norway. Anyhow, they'll be able to pair for the remainder of the Session."

FOWLER makes light of the threat, but not at all a pleasant thing. Parliamentary life, as a whole, getting rather a weariness to the flesh. Only the other day he was sat upon in connection with the manufacture of bogus petitions, now is to be brought up for using bad language in the Lobby. Wishes he'd been made a Jubilee Peer.

After questions, gallant little Wales came up, piping its eye. Thirty-one men been arrested in connection with Tithe Riots near Ruthin. Government, having got into swing in Ireland, proposed to change the *venue*, and try prisoners by Special Jury. ELLIS moved Adjournment in order to protest. Backed up by OSBORNE MORGAN, HARCOURT, DILLWYN, and others. On other side, ATTORNEY-GENERAL justified course taken, and SOLICITOR-GENERAL declared OSBORNE MORGAN'S speech "a scandal to the House of Commons." Idea of OSBORNE MORGAN creating a scandal shocked the House; CLARKE obliged to withdraw remark, and apologise.

Gem of the evening was SWETENHAM'S speech. Delightful the ease and fluency with which he pronounced such words as Llanymrech and Llan-saint-fraid, and others guiltless of a vowel. Delicious the way in which he ogled OSBORNE MORGAN, slyly insinuating his intimate knowledge of the criminal classes. What with his remarks, and the accusation of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, House began to think there was more in OSBORNE MORGAN than met the eye, and that it had, unawares,

been nursing a viper in its bosom.

*Business done.*—Supply.

*Thursday.*—Dr. TANNER and Alderman FOWLER both in their places at Question Time. First business on paper was Adjourned Debate on Old Morality's Motion to suspend TANNER for a month. SEXTON gave notice to haul up the Alderman on charge similar to that which hung over meek head of TANNER. TANNER in apologetic mood, but the Alderman defiant. In course of debate HOWELL, alleged victim of Alderman's minatory observations, attempted to introduce the subject. TANNER debate been on for hour and half; began to flag a little. Time seemed opportune for serving up the Alderman. But SPEAKER peremptorily interposed, and would have none of it. Sufficient for the day was the TANNER thereof, and so the Alderman, a pillar of the Church, a mainstay of the State, must go down to posterity under charge of having used naughty words in the Lobby.



"Scandalous!"



"We've lost two hours' precious time."

TANNER episode proved lively enough. TANNER apologised for language used to WALTER LONG, and duly expressed his regret. All eyes turned upon Old Morality. Expected, as Leader of House, to interpose, and bring unsavoury proceedings to swift close—and so, let us go to business. But O. M. let LONG slip in with correction of TANNER'S version of what had passed. Squabbled for half-an-hour as to what had really been said. House got its back up. Opportunity for controlling it passed. Storm grew higher as moments slipped by. HARCOURT in his element, thumping the table and shouting at top of his voice in effort, sometimes vain, to make himself heard amid clamour on opposite benches. Finally, WHITBREAD appealed to SPEAKER to give his opinion. This awkward for SPEAKER, who must needs offend one or other of angry parties. Acquitted himself admirably. With infinite tact expressed his opinion that, as contended from Opposition Benches, TANNER'S apology "formal, distinct, and unreserved." Rather a snub this for Old Morality and HARTINGTON, who had backed him up. But decision unanimously accepted, and the smile which BIGWOOD reported he had "seen on the countenance of Dr. TANNER" when first addressed in Lobby by LONG, returned.

"We've lost two hours' precious time," said KENNAWAY, walking out, "and the only person that's made anything out of it is TANNER. A week ago was in low water, snubbed by his own friends, for whom his conduct was too bad.

Now elevated to position of persecuted hero, made the subject of elaborate debate, dragged Government into fresh muddle, and brought upon them rebuke from highest authority in the House."

*Business done.*—Got into Committee on Land Bill.

*Friday.*—House assembled this afternoon at Waterloo Station, bound for Portsmouth and Southampton, to see the Review.

*Business done.*—Took return-tickets.

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"DEAR me!" said Mrs. RAM, "I always thought that Margarine was a foreign title. Wasn't there a Margarine of Hesse?"

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## GOOD-WOODCUTS.

*By D. Crambo, Junior.*



"Ham?—Steaks!"



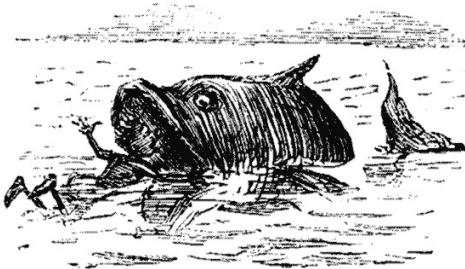
"Rich! mon!"



Fin-don.




Little Time was lost in getting to the Post.



Taking Inside Place.



Drawing Out Clear.

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