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June 7, 1890, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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# **Punch, or the London Charivari**

**Volume 98, June 7th 1890**

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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## **VOCES POPULI.**

### **AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**

#### **IN THE VESTIBULE.**

*Visitors ascending staircase, full of enthusiasm and energetic determination not to miss a single Picture, encounter people descending in various stages of mental and physical exhaustion. At the turnstiles two Friends meet unexpectedly; both being shy men, who, with timely notice, would have preferred to avoid one another, their greetings are marked by an unnatural effusion, and followed by embarrassed silence.*

*First Shy Man* (to break the spell). Odd, our running up against one another like this, eh?

*Second Shy Man.* Oh, very odd. (Looks about him irresolutely, and wonders if it would be decent to pass on. Decides it will hardly do.) Great place for meeting, the Academy, though.

*First S. M.* Yes; sure to come across *somebody*, sooner or later.

[Laughs nervously, and wishes the other would go.

*Second S. M.* (seeing that his friend lingers). This your *first* visit here?

*First S. M.* Yes. Couldn't very well get away *before*, you know.

[Feels apologetic, without exactly knowing why.

*Second S. M.* It's *my* first visit, too. (Sees no escape, and resigns himself.) Er—we may as well go round together, eh?

*First S. M.* (who was afraid this was coming—heartily). Good! By the way, I always think, on a first visit, it's best to take a single room, and do that thoroughly. [This has only just occurred to him.

*Second S. M.* (who had been intending to follow that plan himself). Oh, do you? Now, for my part, I don't attempt to see anything *thoroughly* the first time. Just scamper through, glance at the things one oughtn't to miss, get a general impression, and come away. *Then*, if I don't happen to come again, I've always *done* it, you see. But (considerately), look here. Don't let me drag

you about, if you'd rather not!

*First S. M.* Oh, but I shouldn't like to feel I was any tie on you. Don't you mind about me. I shall potter about in here—for hours, I daresay.

*Second S. M.* Ah, well (*with vague consolation*), I shall always know where to *find* you, I suppose.

*First S. M.* (*brightening visibly*). Oh dear, yes; *I shan't* be far away.

[*They part with mutual relief, only tempered by the necessity of following the course they have respectively prescribed for themselves. Nemesis overtakes the Second S. M. in the next Gallery, when he is captured by a Desultory Enthusiast, who insists upon dragging him all over the place to see obscure "bits" and "gems," which are only to be appreciated by ricking the neck or stooping painfully.*

*A Suburban Lady (to Female Friend).* Oh dear, *how* stupid of me! I *quite* forgot to bring a pencil! Oh, *thank* you, dear, that will do *beautifully*. It's just a *little* blunt; but so long as I can *mark* with it, you know. You don't think we should avoid the crush if we began at the end room? Well, perhaps it *is* less confusing to begin at the beginning, and work steadily through.



### IN GALLERY NO. I.

*A small group has collected before Mr. WYLLIE'S "Davy Jones's Locker," which they inspect solemnly for some time before venturing to commit themselves to any opinion.*

*First Visitor (after devoting his whole mind to the subject).* Why, it's the Bottom of the Sea—at least (*more cautiously*), that's what it seems to be *intended* for.

*Second V.* Ah, and very well done, too. I wonder, now, how he managed to stay down long enough to paint all that?

*Third V.* Practice, I suppose. I've seen writing done under water myself. But that was a tank!

*Fourth V. (presumably in profound allusion to the fishes and sea-anemones).* Well, they seem to be 'aving it all their own way down there, don't they?

[*The Group, feeling that this remark sums up the situation, disperses.*

*The Suburban Lady (her pencil in full play).* No. 93. Now what's *that* about? Oh, "*Forbidden Sweets*,"—yes, to be sure. *Isn't* that charming? Those two dear little tots having their tea, and the kitten with its head stuck in the jam-pot, and the label and all, and the sticky spoon on the nursery table-cloth—so *natural*! I really *must* mark that. (*Awards this distinction.*) 97. "*Going up Top*." Yes, *of course*. Look, *Lucy* dear, that little fellow has just answered a question, and his master tells him he may go to the top of the class, do you *see*? And the big boy looking so sulky, he's wishing he had learnt his lesson better. I do think it's *so* clever—all the different expressions. Yes, I shall *certainly* mark that!

### IN GALLERY NO. II.

*The S. L. (doubtfully).* H'm, No. 156. "*Cloud Chariots*"? Not very *like* chariots, though, *are* they?

*Her Friend.* I expect it's one of those sort of pictures that you have to look at a long time, and then things gradually come *out* of it, you know.

*The S. L.* It may be. (*Tries the experiment.*) No, I can't make *anything* come out—only just clouds and their reflections. (*Struggling between good-nature and conscientiousness.*) I *don't* think I *can* mark that.

### IN GALLERY NO. III.

*A Matron (before Mr. DICKSEE'S "Tannhäuser").* "*Venus and Tannhäuser*"—ah, and is that Venus on the stretcher? Oh, *that's* her all on fire in the background. Then which is Tannhäuser, and what are they all supposed to be doing? [*In a tone of irritation.*

*Her Nephew.* Oh, it tells you all about it in the Catalogue—he meets her funeral, you know, and leaves grow on his stick.

*The Matron (pursing her lips). Oh, a dead person.*

*[Repulses the Catalogue severely and passes on.*

*First Person, with an "Eye for Art" (before "Pysche's Bath," by the President). Not bad, eh?*

*Second Person, &c. No, I rather like it. (Feels that he is growing too lenient.) He doesn't give you a very good idea of marble, though.*

*First P. &c. No—that's not marble, and he always puts too many folds in his drapery to suit me.*

*First P. &c. Just what I always say. It's not natural, you know.*

*[They pass on, much pleased with themselves and one another.*

*A Fiancé (halting before a sea-scape, by Mr. HENRY MOORE, to Fiancée). Here, I say, hold on a bit—what's this one?*

*Fiancée (who doesn't mean to waste the whole afternoon over pictures). Why, it's only a lot of waves—come on!*

*The Suburban L. LUCY, this is rather nice. "Breakfasts for the Porth!" (Pondering.) I think there must be a mistake in the Catalogue—I don't see any breakfast things—they're cleaning fish, and what's a "Porth!" Would you mark that—or not?*

*Her Comp. Oh, I think so.*

*The S. L. I don't know. I've marked such a quantity already and the lead won't hold out much longer. Oh, it's by Hook, R. A. Then I suppose it's sure to be all right. I've marked it, dear.*

*Duet by Two Dreadfully Severe Young Ladies, who paint a little on China. Oh, my dear, look at that. Did you ever see such a thing? Isn't it too perfectly awful? And there's a thing! Do come and look at this horror over here. A "Study," indeed. I should just think it was! Oh, MAGGIE, don't be so satirical, or I shall die! No, but do just see this—isn't it killing? They get worse and worse every year, I declare!*

*[And so on.*

#### IN GALLERY NO. V.

*(Two Prosaic Persons come upon a little picture, by Mr. SWAN, of a boy lying on a rock, piping to fishes.)*

*First P. P. That's a rum thing!*

*Second P. P. Yes, I wasn't aware myself that fishes were so partial to music.*

*First P. P. They may be—out there—(perceiving that the boy is unclad)—but it's peculiar altogether—they look like herrings to me.*

*Second P. P. Yes—or mackerel. But (tolerantly) I suppose it's a fancy subject.*

*[They consider that this absolves them from taking any further interest in it, and pass on.*

#### IN GALLERY NO. XI.

*An Old Lady (who judges Art from a purely Moral Standpoint, halts approvingly before a picture of a female orphan). Now, that really is a nice picture, my dear—a plain black dress and white cuffs—just what I like to see in a young person!*

*The S. L. (her enthusiasm greatly on the wane, and her temper slightly affected). LUCY, I wish you wouldn't worry so—it's quite impossible to stop and look at everything. If you wanted your tea as badly as I do! Mark that one? What, when they neither of them have a single thing on! Never, Lucy,—and I'm surprised at your suggesting it! Oh, you meant the next one? h'm—no, I can't say I care for it. Well, if I do mark it, I shall only put a tick—for it really is not worth a cross!*

#### COMING OUT.

*The Man who always makes the Right Remark. H'm. Haven't seen anything I could carry away with me.*

*His Flippant Friend. Too many people about, eh? Never mind, old chap, you may manage to sneak an umbrella down-stairs—I won't say anything!*

*[Disgust of his companion, who descends stairs in offended silence, as scene closes.*

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"EMBARRASSING!"

## IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

I AM told that many of the millions who have read with delight the brilliant sporting articles that have appeared from my pen week after week expect me to utter a few words of seasonable advice as to the chances of the various animals engaged in the Derby and the Oaks. If I were one of the chowder-headed numskulls who cackle for hire, the task would doubtless be an easy one. Mr. J. has performed it yearly with that magnificent want of success which attends all his addle-pated efforts. But, praise be to Heaven! I am not Mr. J., or one of his crew. I am only a humble writer, distinguished alike for his unerring sagacity, his undeviating accuracy, and his incisive force of expression. My task is, therefore, stupendous, but I will perform it.

### THE DERBY.

There are many horses in for the Derby. Some people fancy *Surefoot*. Fancies are not, of course, facts, but the name is good. Keep your eye on the black and cerise of LIDDIARD. *Sainfoin* is not generally supposed to cover grass, but there are generally exceptions. I have not heard the angels calling *Le Nord* lately, but they may begin at any time. A man may get *home*, so may a horse, and I am bound to say that if I were *The Beggar* I should give the lie to the crack-brained puddling proverb, and be a chooser of first place. *Bel Demonio* should be all there when the first part of his name rings, so that he may go like the second, if he wants to be one, two, or three. *Rathbeal* rhymes to heel. Has he got a clean pair to show? *Orwell* should score well; and you must never, tie your *Garter* too tightly, unless you want to stop your circulation. *Golden Gate* is not always as open as might be wished; and *The Imp* is sometimes a hindrance. Good old *Polonius*! As for *Kirkham*, *Alloway*, *Martagon*, and *Loup*, all I can say is, Mum's the word. How about the Field? Monkeys are often made there. So much for the Derby.

### THE OAKS.

Who said *Semolina*? Passion, passion take advice, fill your pockets fall of *Semolina*. Ha, ha! *Signorina* ought certainly not to miss the mark by more than a mile. *Mémoire* might do *pour servir*, and *Goldwing* sounds well for a flyer. Those who cross the *Ponza (sinorum)* generally go further with ease, and *Dearest* is certainly superlative. The Field a monkey. Who said that? Whoever he was, let him beware! That is all I have to say in the meantime, but anyone desiring further information is requested to apply to me by letter at the office, enclosing twelve clean stamps for a reply. All who are not in a state of niddy-nodding, anserous, asinine, gruel-brained, pumpkin-faced, gooseberry-eyed imbecility, will, of course, do so.

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## A Shaftesbury Song.

OUR Author JONES has come out strong  
With a *Judah!* With a *Judah!*  
Original drama, three Acts long,  
*Judah! Judah!* pay!  
It's bound to run each night,  
And many a *Matinée*.  
I'll lay my money on the WILLARD nag.  
Ev'ryone will see the play.

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**PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S LATEST  
PORTRAIT OF MR. C.,**

*Executed with Scientific Accuracy and  
Considerable Restraint of Tone.  
(Guildford, May 28.)*

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**"EMBARRASSING!"**

*Or, The Political Scipio and the East African Charmer.*

"Though the topic of Africa is said to be 'embarrassing and inconvenient,' it need not occasion any uneasiness at all; but if the British Government surrenders any portion of the territory reserved for the sphere of British influence, it may become most terribly embarrassing within a measurable period of time."—*Stanley's Reply to Lord Salisbury.*

**STANLEY, loquitur:—**

HISTORY repeats itself! Perhaps it may do,  
But "with a difference." The moral Sages  
Think that if anyone holds wisdom, *they* do;  
But not all sense is stored in pedant's pages.  
Historic parallels, from PLUTARCH downwards,  
Are rather pretty fancies than realities.  
I am no book-worm, have no leanings gownwards.  
And set small store by moralist's banalities.  
To pose as SCIPIO, that pudent Roman,  
So praised by pedagogue POLYBIUS, seemingly  
Pleases a Tory Premier. Well, our foeman  
Won't slumber whilst *we* choose to doze on dreamingly.  
SCIPIO at New Carthage was a hero  
Of virgin virtue and high generosity;  
But hopes in Africa will fall to zero,  
If "policy" means virtuous pomposity.

The chaste Proconsul turned his visage blushing,  
 From what with him was personal temptation;  
 But what's good rule for one will fall quite crushingly  
 If 'tis adopted by a mighty nation.  
 SCIPIO, no doubt, was splendid in his modest  
 And generous dealings with those Spanish hostages;  
 But SALISBURY-SCIPIO? Picture of the oddest!  
 Imperial rule is not all Penny Postages,  
 Dainty diplomacies, generous concessions  
 To Teuton tastes and Hohenzollern fancies;  
 Or faith in bland CAPRIVI'S fine professions,  
 And wandering WEISSMANN'S roseate romances.  
 Kilimi-Njaro, Masai-Land, the Congo,  
 Should satisfy your thirst for abnegation;  
 And now, methinks, dear Lord, you cannot wrong go,  
 If you go in for—let's say "exploitation."  
 SCIPIO the Elder was not given to letting  
 The Carthaginians get too much the best of him.  
 Now on the Teuton it is even betting;  
 To squeeze you north, or south, or east, or west of him.  
 Out of the Congo State on the west border,  
 Out of the Southern Soudan on his north one!  
 By Jove, my Lord, that seems a biggish order!  
 To stop it needs some struggle, and 'tis worth one.  
 That poor East African Company's affronted,  
 While Iron-clads and soldiers help the Teuton.  
*Must* they then be from the Nyanza shunted,  
 And *must* I all their miseries be mute on,  
 Because plain speech is what you call "embarrassing."  
 Because unto the Teuton you're so tender?  
 Must Englishmen in Africa stand harassing,  
 And stoop to a calm policy of Surrender,  
 And all that a proud Premier at Hatfield  
 May play the SCIPIO—in this feeble fashion?  
 My Lord, we did not win our spurs in *that* field.  
 Upon my soul, it puts me in a passion;  
 And not me only, but, as you'll discover,  
 A lot of Englishmen who watch this drama.  
 SCIPIO was not an indiscriminate lover,  
 But it was he licked HANNIBAL at Zama.  
 I bring you, SCIPIO, the East Afric beauty  
 Captured and chained, but opulent and charming.  
 You turn away! From sacred sense of duty?  
 From fear of your (political) virtue harming?  
 No! SCIPIO seemed ruled by honour's laws  
 When to the captured beauty he was lenient,  
 You turn away, sham SCIPIO, because  
 She seems "embarrassing and inconvenient!"

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## BEER.

[MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND say in a letter in *The Daily Telegraph*, that "bottled beer is really what the great majority of the public want when they are out for a holiday."]

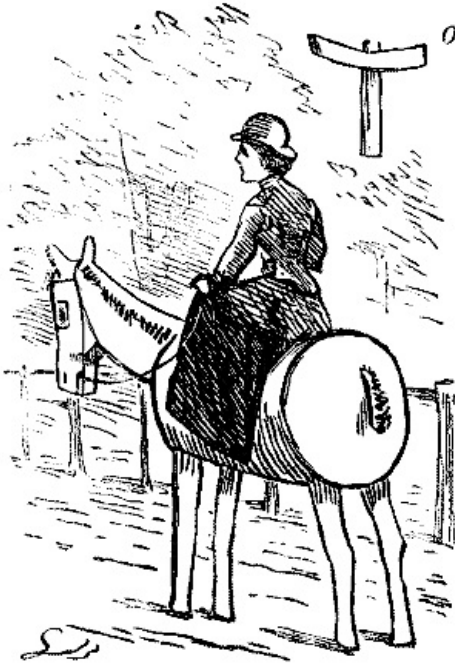
MENTION not the wines of Medoc, nor the vintage of Bordeaux,  
 Or the Burgundy that rivals e'en the ruby in its flow;  
 Though the growers of Epernay and the merry men of Rheims,  
 Pour champagne that holds the sunlight in exhilarating  
 streams;  
 There's a finer nobler tippie, that the Briton's heart doth cheer,  
 And he clings with fond affection to his draught or bottled  
 beer.

Amber Rudesheimer charms us wandering by the haunted  
 Rhine,  
 Sparkling Hock near Ehrenbreitstein is a mighty pleasant wine;  
 In agreement with the German we have vowed we loved full  
 well,  
 To behold the bubbles flashing on a goblet of Moselle;  
 But the Briton hugs his tankard, and would count the man an  
 ass  
 Who held not in highest honour nectar from the vats of BASS.

Port is worthy of acceptance, once men made the bottle spin;  
Sherry hath a welcome flavour when the filberts have come in:  
Scotsmen have been seen imbibing in the mountains of the  
north,  
What is known as whiskey-toddy in the lands beside the Forth:  
But the Englishmen will tell you that for really sterling worth—  
Bass's beer can beat all liquids that were ever made on earth.

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## THE BITTER CRY OF THE LONDON RIDER HAGGARD AND JADED.



0 *the Chief Commissioners of Works, The Ditto of Police, and to "George" Ranger.*

WHY not open up rides in Kensington Gardens? Say one good one under the trees from South-West to North-West, and connect Kensington with Bayswater? Will any benefactor to unfortunate Metropolitan Equestrians force this North-West passage?

There is a meagre ride at the side of the road in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park. Why not a good ride right across Park? From considerable observation and experience of Kensington Gardens and Regent's Park, it may be confidently asserted, that such rides as are here proposed, would not interfere with the comfort of a single (or married) nurse or governess with children in her charge. Both places are comparatively unfrequented, and the proposed rides would not infringe upon the recreation of the London boys.

We strongly recommend the Chief Commissioner to visit Paris, and, mounted upon a comfortable horse, let him make the acquaintance of the delightful *sentiers* laid out as rides in the Bois de Boulogne. This will be a first-rate

French exercise for him, and he will learn a great deal from it. The DUKE, who is fond of equitation, especially in Battersea Park, must admit that the equestrians of London are very badly off for variety. Up and down Rotten Row, once into the siding by the Barracks, once to the dismal ride on the North side, and once back again by the ride that opens on to the Mausoleum-like Magazine,—which of all London Magazines is the dreariest,—this, and only this, is the daily burden of the patient London rider's song. "How long? How long?" as Mr. WILSON BARRETT used to be always exclaiming in *The Silver King*, or *Claudian*, or both. How long—will mounted London put up with this, which is the reverse of a merry-go-round?

Then we have to be thankful for the small mercy of a narrow strip of a ride, barely room for one, along Constitution Hill, and for that other strip, a trifle wider, in Birdcage Walk, which is always crowded with children, and one might as well be riding through nursery grounds. Why shouldn't there be here a cut right across the grass, from The Walk of the Birdcages to middle of Piccadilly?

If GEORGE RANGER, the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the Chief of the Board of Works would combine, we might get something done which would benefit the riders—riders haggard and jaded—and materially assist the smallest circulation (possessed by those who ride to live) in the world. There is one thing that ought to be put down, and put down with a strong hand,—and that is plenty of gravel at all the gates; but especially round and about the Marble Arch, which is a most dangerously slippery pass.

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THE "SILK" EXHIBITION.



WHAT OUR ARTIST EXPECTED TO FIND THERE.

## RAILWAY UNPUNCTUALITY REPORT;

*Or, What it may probably come to.*

THAT the new Legislation has begun to tell favourably on the conduct of the traffic of the leading lines cannot for a moment be doubted after glancing at the thirteenth Bi-weekly Record, published at the Companies' expense, according to the Provisions of the recent Act, on the back of all their passenger-tickets. It is satisfactory to note how, in something like six weeks, punctuality in the train service seems really almost established, the only train arriving one minute late being one of the Edinburgh Expresses, of which the boiler of the engine blew up at Grantham, thereby causing a little delay, which, however, was picked up before the conclusion of the run by extra steaming. The heavy penal system which the new Legislation has introduced, is, of course, answerable for this delightful change; but a glance at the following table for the six weeks since the Act has come into operation, will show how effectively and rapidly it has worked:

	Trains late.	Chairmen put in Irons.	Directors sentenced to Penal Servitude.	Station Masters sentenced to Hard Labour.	Other Officials sent to Gaol and Fined.
First week	1725	9	95	192	2004
Second, Do.	3	1	3	17	143
Third, Do.	2	..	2	11	88
Fourth, Do.	1	1	1	3	15
Fifth, Do.	....	..	1*	..	..
Sixth, Do.	1	1	2	5	10

\* Precautionary sentence.

The list of officials, as furnished in the above Schedule, undergoing their various periods of punishment, is an encouraging sign to the travelling public, and it is satisfactory to notice that the old unpunctuality that marked the first week, followed up as it was *by a rigorous application of the new law*, instantly disappeared as if by magic, when the Companies began really to understand their responsibilities and their penalties under the new Act. It is confidently, therefore, to be hoped, that next week's record may possibly be an entirely clean one, and that, *the only method of ensuring punctuality*, namely, the infliction of a penalty on the Authorities who can control it, may be found in practice to be entirely successful.

SUGGESTION GRATIS.—Why doesn't some enterprising publisher engage Sergeant PALMER of the 19th Knowles's Century Powder Magazine to write a Military Romance? There has been nothing of the sort worth mentioning since CHARLES LEVER. The Sergeant could write under the *nom de guerre* of *Micky Free, Redivivus*.

(Signed) BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Q. If several Householders who love peace and quietness on Sunday, should combine to put down



## THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.



Marguérite Nordica  
Slybootzen coming home  
from church.

*Monday, May 26.*—Faust. Faust-rate performance as far as JACK and NED DE RESZKÉ are concerned. Madame NORDICA is far too knowing a *Marguérite*. The simple *Faust*, just beginning life, is evidently no match for this guileless young lady. Being "no match for her" is probably the reason for his not marrying her. NORDICA charming vocally, but dramatically there is too much of the *Becky Sharp* about her, and she is merely in a plot with *Martha* to let in the rich and spoony Juggins called *Faust*. New man, FRANCESCHETTI, as *Valentine*, not quite the thing: perhaps nervous seeing DAN DRADY in front looking at him. Good house for Whit Monday, though of course The Brilliances are absent. Choruses excellent. What capital match-boxes the old men in the Old Men's Chorus would make! Good contrast between Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Martha*, and NED DE R. as *Mephistopheles*.

*Tuesday.*—Glorious Opera, *Les Huguenots*; French title with Italian names, such as *Valentina*, *Margherita di Valois*, *Urbano*, &c. First appearance of Monsieur Ybos. *Why Boss?* Always thought DRURIOLANUS was Boss of this Show. Better change name to *Y-not-bos*, and the answer will come from DRURIOLANUS himself, "Iboss." Monsieur YBOS belongs to the school of SIGNOR VIBRATO. Energetic but too angry with *Valentina*, when she confesses that she loves him. ELLA RUSSELL magnificent as sleeveless *Queen*. NED DE RESZKÉ the best possible *Marcello*. AS DRURIOLANUS, dropping into poetry, observes—

He is the very best *Marcello*,  
With a voice like the deepest violoncello.

Monsieur DUFRICHE as *San Bris*, "quite the *brie*," or cheese. Madame TETRAZZINI a dramatic *Valentina*. DAN DRADY a first-rate *Conte di Nevers-too-late-to-mend*. Curfew-Watchman in perfect tune. Soldiers' rataplanatory chorus very nearly perfection at finish, though starting shakily. Little PALLADINO danced so delightfully as even to bewitch the Hug-me-not soldiers. I've seen this Opera any number of times, and I have been at considerable trouble and expense to master the plot. An idea strikes me. I shall publish *Examination Papers on Popular Operas*. What the prize will be for the one who answers correctly from memory, without reference to any *libretto*, is a matter for further consideration. Here is a specimen of examination paper on the *Huguenots*:—

ACT I.—Why is *Raoul* blindfolded?

What is *Miss Valentine* doing in somebody else's house?

Why does *Raoul's* servant come in and sing a hymn?

Why is he apparently pleased when *Raoul* is blindfolded and taken away?

ACT. II.—Account for the dresses of the bathing-women who come in and dance before the Queen. Where are the machines?

What is the Page's song, "*No, no, no, no!*" about?

Is *Raoul* in love with the Queen, or the Queen with *Raoul*? In either case account reasonably for the subsequent conduct of each of them.

What is the Queen singing about at commencement of Act?

ACT III.—What is *Valentine* doing out in the streets, in a wedding-dress, late at night?

Why do the women turn their backs on the church when they kneel in the streets to say their prayers? Is there no more kneeling-room inside the church? If so, why are people still being admitted while the women are kneeling outside? What service should you say was going on?

Where do the Maritanas with tambourines all come from? And why? Are they the bathing-women in another costume? If so, show their connection with the plot.



*Raoul di Nangis Ybos.* "'Tu m'ami!' How dare you! 'Tu m'ami!' I can't tell you how angry I am with you. I'll *vibrato* you!"  
[Shakes himself, and her at the same time.]

After the curfew has sounded, and a man with a lantern has sent everyone to bed, why do all the people suddenly come out of bed again, every one of them all dressed and ready for anything?

What is the Queen doing riding about the town at night on a white horse?

ACT IV.—Don't you think the Conspirators are very simple-minded people, not to look behind the curtain where *Raoul* is hidden? What have the nuns to do with the blessing of the daggers? Wouldn't they be rather in the way in a conspiracy?

On what storey does the action of Act IV. take place, and what is the height from the ground that *Raoul* has to leap when he jumps out of the window?

There used to be a Fifth Act, with a grand *trio* and *chorale*, what has become of it? If played, does anyone stop to hear it? If not played, can audience sue the management, or demand their money back?



Unexpected effect. Sudden appearance of representative of Katti Lanner.

*Thursday.*—Memorable for two *rentrées* and one first appearance. *Rentrée* of Madame ETELKA GERSTER, *rentrée* of RAVELLI, and first appearance, on stage, this season, of Covent Garden Cat. Trying position for the sleep-walking heroine in bed-room scene, when the Covent Garden Cat (who was in front last Tuesday night, when she ran round the ledge of the pit tier in humble imitation of little LAURIE at Pantomime time) suddenly rushes from under the bed, and after nearly frightening into fits naughty little LISA BAUERMEISTER, who happens to be hiding there, walks with tail erect quietly across the stage, and makes a good exit R. 2. E. Count EDOUARD, in commencement-of-nineteenth-century hat and coat, finished off with trousers and patent-leather boots of date A.D. 1890, much amused. *Amina* supposed to be walking in her sleep, can't possibly take notice of animal, but House in chuckles, as an audience always is, whenever the harmless and quite unnecessary cat appears upon the stage. *Rentrée* of RAVELLI, in first-rate voice. Everyone charmed with him, and with NED DE RESZKÉ. Signor RINALDINO an amusing *Alessio*, and Madame SINICO tunefully affectionate as the devoted and sympathetic Mamma of the Amiable heroine. Melodies of our childhood, delightful to hear them again; and the good old-fashioned Italian Opera terminations to the choruses admirably rendered.

*Friday.*—"Dr. Faust, I presume?" I wasn't there. Opera went on, I believe, in my absence.

*Saturday.*—*La Traviata*. ELLA RUSSELL at her best. Tenor MONTARIOL not quite at his best as that despicable character *Alfredo*. M. PALERMINI (why not "Old Pal"?) very good as *Giorgio Germont*. The magnificently-attired chorus enjoy themselves amazingly at supper in Act I., for *Violetta*, when she does do the thing, does it well, and there are certainly not less than four bottles of champagne among a hundred guests.

*Questions for Examination Paper.*—At whose house does this supper-party take place? Why do all the guests leave at once? Why is everyone in a Charles the Second costume except *Violetta*, who is in fashionable evening dress of 1890? Who is the young lady whom *Violetta* so affectionately kisses? and what, if anything, has she to do with the plot?

*In Act III.*—Is it a *bal masqué*? If not, what is it, and where? What is the simple game of cards which *Alfredo* plays with such enthusiasm? Who wins? and how much?



**CAUTION.**

*Married Sister.* "AND OF COURSE, LAURA, YOU WILL GO TO ROME OR FLORENCE FOR YOUR HONEYMOON?"

*Laura.* "OH DEAR, NO! I COULDN'T THINK OF GOING FURTHER THAN THE ISLE OF WIGHT WITH A MAN I KNOW LITTLE OR NOTHING OF!"

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**"DOUBTFUL!"**

**OWNER.**

OUR Stable's a bit out of form  
    (Says more than one usual backer),  
The pace will be made pretty warm,  
    And the finish will be a rare cracker.  
By Jove! we must put our best goods in the front,  
Or possibly we may be out of the hunt.

**TRAINER.**

Come, Sir, don't go talking like that!  
    Cantankerous critics will chatter.  
Our 'osses can go a rare "bat,"  
    Theirs funk it, Sir! *That's* what's the matter!  
Eh, RITCHIE, my boy? Oh, the crack that you ride  
Will *go*, when he once settles into his stride.

**JOCKEY.**

My opinion's of little account,  
    But I don't mind admitting, yer honour,  
I am *not* dead nuts on my mount.  
    Some say he's as good as a goner.  
Though the Witlers are on him, of course, to a man,  
His own brother warn't placed the one time as he ran.

**OWNER.**

The *Brother Bung* stock, *entre nous*,  
    All show soft, when it comes to close racing.  
This horse looks a bit of a "screw,"—  
    There, GOSCHEN, no need for grimacing.  
I mean no offence; he's well trained, and *might* win;  
But—well, backers seem cautious in planking their tin.

**TRAINER.**

Humph! Pencillers *have* been at work;  
    They'll muck the nag's chance, if they're able.  
Fatty CAINE—the fanatical shirk!—

Seems inclined to abandon the Stable.  
But still *Compensation's* a horse to my mind.  
He will finish with fewer before than behind.

**OWNER.**

Ah! but that's not quite good enough, G.  
Just now what we want's a clear winner.  
Our new string of cracks numbers three;  
There's *Tithe* (who's a timid beginner),  
*Land Purchase*, a nailer, and this, your pet nag.  
The question is, which is the best of the bag?

*Land Purchase*, now, comes of sound stock  
(By *Tenant-Right* out of *Coercion*),  
And then I've such faith in his Jock!  
Nay, RITCHIE, I mean no aspersion.  
You ride very nicely indeed for a "pup;"  
But BALFOUR! All's right when the cry's "ARTHUR'S Up!"

**JOCKEY.**

Oh! he's a fair scorcher, a brick,  
With the long legs—and luck—of the "Tinman."  
But when of the mounts you've the pick,  
It's hard if you can't score a win, man.  
You stick me on *Land Purchase*, guv'nor, and see  
If the "pup," as you call him, ain't in the first three!

**OWNER.**

Ah, there it is, GOSCHEN, you know;  
That justifies what I was saying.  
I fancy this animal's slow,  
Not sure that his specialty's staying.  
I think, if we value our Stable—and tin—  
That we should declare with *Land Purchase* to win.

[*Left discussing it.*]

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**DERBY DISAPPOINTMENTS.**

**To go to Epsom with a view to a day's enjoyment.**

To imagine that there is any sport on the road down, and ditto returning.

To believe that a heavy lunch of lukewarm lobster salad and simmering champagne can be taken with impunity.

To fancy that one can get into a train bound for the Downs without losing one's temper.

To think that there is any fun in listening to the ribald songs of street nigger minstrels and Shoreditch gipsies.

To expect that, after taking part in half a dozen drag sweeps, any one of them will turn up trumps.

To presume that you will neither be choked with dust nor drenched with rain before you get home.

Lastly, to back the Winner for £10,000, payable by the Bank of England, to draw the right number at all the West-End Clubs to which you belong, becoming in consequence betrothed to the only and lovely daughter of a millionaire Duke, and then (on waking) to find it all a dream!

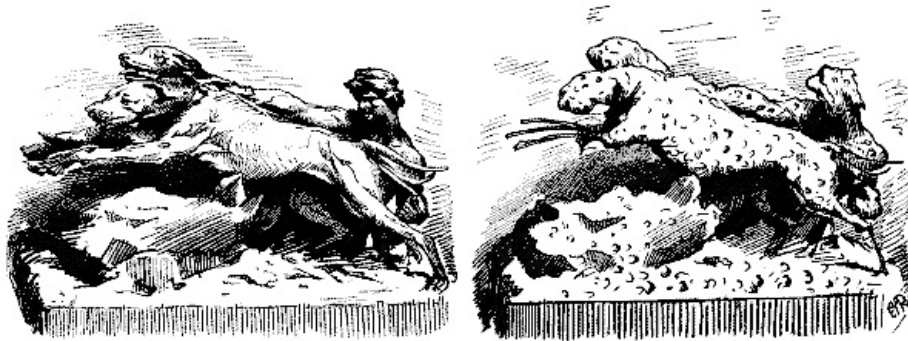


**"DOUBTFUL!"**

LORD SALISBURY (*to Trainer*). "H'M!—DON'T QUITE LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM. BETTER DECLARE TO WIN WITH *LAND PURCHASE!*"

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**A WARNING IN WAX.**

WHAT THE STATUE LOOKED LIKE WHEN IT LEFT THE SCULPTOR'S HAND FOR EXHIBITION.

ITS APPEARANCE WHEN THE BRITISH PUBLIC HAD ASCERTAINED, BY EXPERIMENT, THAT IT REALLY WAS IN WAX.

**THE BALLAD OF THE EARL'S BREEKS.**

"I am wearing a pair of Co-operative trousers."—*Lord Rosebery, at Congress of Delegates from the Co-operative Societies of Great Britain and Ireland, meeting at Glasgow.*

TALK of Dual Garmenture! Here's a picture, to be sure,  
 That a pleasanter, more potent lesson teaches.  
 Croakers given to foolish fright might take courage at the sight  
 Of Lord ROSEBERY'S Co-operative Breeches!  
 For our Earl's a canny chief, and the timidest must feel  
 That by what he advocates no sort of hurt is meant;  
 And if anybody wants true co-operative pants,  
 He'll be glad to read Lord ROSEBERY'S advertisement.  
 Co-operation now frightens very few, I trow,  
 (Who wear trousers); but a few years earlier? Bless us!

Such breeks would have been bogies to a lot of frightened fogies,

They would just as soon have donned the shirt of Nessus.  
Now an Earl to Glasgow goes, 'midst the men once thought our foes,

And about Co-operation learns—and also teaches;  
And receives with genial glee from the Tweed Society

A pair of Tweed Co-operative Breeches!  
Why eighty-six per cent. (at Clackmannan) are intent,  
(Nearly nine-tenths of all its population),

In a fashion fair as stout, upon fully working out  
The principles of true Co-operation.

Yet there are no earthquakes there, and Lord ROSEBERY in the chair

At the Congress of Co-operative Delegates,  
Talks in tones of hearty cheer, and the very thought of fear  
To a Limbo Fatuorum calmly relegates.

Members One million men, with a capital of *Ten*,  
And an annual sale of close on *Thirty Seven!*  
Two millions more each year! Yes, it's truly pretty clear  
That the State feels the co-operative leaven.

And though it is mere hum to see the Millennium,  
Because Co-operators cheerfully co-operate,  
Yet it *is* a mighty movement, and our hopes of Earth's improvement

May rise with it, at a prudent and a proper rate.  
Pooh! the pessimistic dreams of pragmatical Earl WEMYSS  
May well excite this sager Earl's derision.

Forty Millions total profit! No, we are *not* nearing Tophet,  
Any more than we are touching realms Elysian.  
Those on Co-Ops so sweet and shopkeepers need not treat  
Each other like the cats of old Kilkenny,  
From each other they might learn, live together and all turn,  
With sagacity and skill, an honest penny.

There's no need for any gush, but "The Principle" will push  
As Lord ROSEBERY foreshadows to high places;  
And it was not all his fun when he hinted we might run  
Our Empire on co-operative bases!

They who want to understand what is stirring in the land,  
Should peruse PRIMROSE'S pithiest of speeches,  
Meanwhile *Punch* drinks good health to the "Labourer's  
Commonwealth,"

And long wear to those Co-operative Breeches!

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## WEEK BY WEEK.

*Monday.*—Preparing for the Derby. Mr. STANLEY goes out of his way to meet Lord SALISBURY. Lord SALISBURY goes out of Mr. H. M. S's. way.

*Tuesday.*—More preparations for Derby.

*Wednesday.*—The Derby. *Mr. Punch* out for the day. Party at Foreign Office to meet Mr. STANLEY unavoidably postponed.

*Thursday.*—Trying to recover from Derby Day.

*Friday.*—Private Eclipse of the Sun. For tickets to view, inquire at Timekeeper's Office, Charing Cross. Only a limited number will be issued.

*Saturday.*—Lord SALISBURY'S first dance to meet Mr. STANLEY.

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SOCIAL festivities which were much disturbed by the Whitsuntide holidays, have now been resumed in all their splendour. The Mile End Athenæum yesterday held their annual reception in the palatial institution designed for the accommodation of the intellectual *élite* of the district. The rooms were crowded from an early hour. Proceedings began with an address on "The *Æsthetic* Position of Mile End," delivered by the President. This was followed by some graceful step-dancing, executed by two stars from the neighbouring Hall of Variety. Later on the guests, having, as is usual, exchanged over-coats, and tossed with the Club halfpenny for umbrellas, separated to their homes.

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Lady CLEMENTINA CROPPER has issued cards for a musical evening at which all the most eminent performers are expected. The Whistling Quintette and the Whispering Choir have been engaged. Her Ladyship's parties are famous for the animation and brilliancy of their conversation.

It is understood that the Stewards of the Jockey Club at their last meeting resolved to suppress the use of all strong language on Derby Day. Any owner discovered in the act of saying "blow" will be confined to barracks for a fortnight. Anything more violent will involve perpetual suspension, with the loss of all the privileges of a British Citizen. Any jockey denouncing his neighbour's eyes will be converted into an automatic toffee-distributor. If he repeats the offence, he will be forbidden to vote at the next County Council Election. These salutary regulations will be strictly enforced.

The Railway Companies anticipate no difficulty in conveying visitors to Epsom within two hours of the time fixed for their arrival. Much interest attaches to some novel experiments in shunting, which are to be carried out between Epsom and London to-day. The point is to discover whether an excursion train loaded with passengers at the rate of thirty to a carriage designed for eight, can be shunted into a siding so as to clear an express moving at a constant velocity of fifty miles an hour, drinks included. The pace of the excursion train may be neglected in the solution of the problem.

"I have never understood," says a Correspondent, who signs himself "PUZZLED," "why a dog should always use his left hind-leg for the purpose of scratching his left ear, and *vice versa* his right leg for his right ear. Can any of your readers enlighten me?"

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### GROSVENOR GEMS. (SECOND VISIT.)



No. 180. Littler and Littler.



No. 36. W. Qrious Jaundiceson, R.A.



No. 140. "Mr. Stanley, I presume?"



No. 102. Marvellous Acrobatic Feat.



No. 109. The Dairy Maid and the Butteries.

### EXCHELSIOR!

TOLD that I can "assist the progress of Military Science" if I go up in a "War Balloon" at Chelsea. Don't know anything about ballooning, but do want to assist Military Science.

Arrive at Chelsea Exhibition Grounds. See the Balloon being inflated. Disappointed, as a "War Balloon" seems to be exactly the same as a Peace Balloon. Expected it to be armour-plated, or fitted with aerial torpedoes, or something of that sort. Ask Professional Aëronaut if I mayn't take a bomb up with me, and drop it, as practice for war time? Aëronaut scowls fiercely. Asks, "If I want to blow the Balloon to smithereens?" Also asks, "If I have any bombs about me now?" Looks as if he would like to search me! Drop the subject—not the bomb. Still, I *should* like to know how I can "assist Military Science." Take my place in car nervously.

Somebody shouts, "Let go!" What an extraordinary sensation! Feel as if I had suddenly left digestive portion of my anatomy a mile below me. Have felt same sort of thing in crossing Channel. Look over edge of car. Appalling! Wish I hadn't been such a fool as to come. Ask Professional Aëronaut, "What would happen if a rope broke now?" He replies, sulkily, "your neck would break too." Not comforting. Question is—How long will this last without my being sea-sick?

Also, How am I "assisting progress of Military Science?" Balloon calmer, and *not* wobbling, thank Heaven! Begin to enjoy the view. How beastly cold it is up here, though! Passing over St. Paul's—suggest to fellow passenger that with a bomb, or better still a pistol, one could "pot" the Dome. Passenger (funny man) says, "Why not try a *parashoot*?" I laugh heartily, and nearly fall over side. Aëronaut, roughly, "wishes to goodness I'd keep still." *I wish to goodness he'd make the Balloon keep still—don't say this, however.*

Somewhere over Essex. See distant sea. Aëronaut says, "There's no end of a wind springing up." Heavens! Believe we are drifting out to sea! But I didn't want to "assist progress of *Naval Science*"—only "Military." Tell Aëronaut this. He says, he's "just going down." Talks as if he were "going down" to breakfast—after "getting up," as we have done! Rather a good joke for mid-air. But is it mid-air? We are descending rapidly. Digestion this time left up in clouds. Tearing along over fields. Balloon pitching and tossing violently. Grapnel thrown out. Catches a cow. Cow runs with us. Idiot! Why can't it stand steady?

Awful crash! Bump, bang, whack! Balloon explodes with fearful report. Yet no reporters present! Remember nothing more. Wake up, and find myself in Hospital of an Essex town. Query—Have I, or have I not, "assisted the progress of Military Science?"

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## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Marsh King's Daughter.* One of WARNE & Co.'s publications for children's amusement, but the illustrations by JESSIE CURRIE are too highly curried, or rather coloured, and the effect is hard and theatrical. By the way, Miss CURRIE'S genius is a trifle wilful; for example, take this situation, which she has chosen to illustrate,—*"She ... pointed to a horse. He mounted upon it, and she sprang before him, and held tightly by the mane."* Now, asks the Baron, taking for granted the "sprang" is for "sprang up," how would ordinary talent depict this scene? Why, certainly, by showing the girl mounted on the horse, holding on by the mane in front of the man, and the man up behind. Not so Miss CURRIE. She puts the good man—apparently an Amateur Monk—astride the horse, and she riding behind, holding lightly as it appears, with one hand the broad red crupper, and, with the other, probably, some portion of the Amateur Monk's dressing-gown. But genius must not be fettered.

*Æsop Redivivus* is delightful, if only for the reappearance of the quaint old woodcuts—some of which, however, the Baron is of opinion, never belonged to the original edition—yet, with a polite bow to MARY BOYLE, he would venture to observe that, in his opinion, the revivification is an excellent idea rather thrown away. Whether it would have been better for more or less Boyleing, he is not absolutely certain, but perhaps the notion required a somewhat different treatment. The best of the fables is *The Sly Stag*, which, according to the woodcut, ought to have been a goat. But there may be some subtle humour in the frequent incongruity between a fable and its pictorial illustration.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

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GRANDOLPH VICTORIOUS.—Rather fresh Easterly-windy weather for racing, last week; glad, therefore, to hear that GRANDOLPH "had a lot on." His *Abbesse de Jouarre* was not to be stopped by any *Father Confessor*, and came in first. What will he name his next probable starter? *John Wesley*?

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RECENT letters to *The Times* represent Tangiers to English tourists as the most Tangierble point for a holiday trip.

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### A MINE OF INFORMATION.

"WHAT'S A CENTAUR, PAPA?"

"A CENTAUR, MY CHILD, IS A FABULOUS CREATURE, NOW  
EXTINCT!"

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### MORE ABOUT TALLEYRAND.

*To the Editor of "Punch."*

DEAR SIR,—You have on many occasions honoured me by inserting my contributions, and consequently it is to you I turn in the present difficulty. A few days since an appeal was made in the columns of one of your contemporaries which it is hard to resist.

*À propos* of the Talleyrand Autobiography a gentleman, who had given some extracts therefrom, wrote—"What I have quoted shows the charm and interest of the work, but does not discount its publication; and this, I hope, will be enough to enforce on the custodians of the Memoirs the obligation of reflection before continuing to suppress and to frustrate the legitimate curiosity of the public." I have reflected, and, without making any admission, I submit that possibly the following passages may attain the end which the gentleman in question seemingly suggests.

When TALLEYRAND, in 1801, was at Amiens, assisting JOSEPH BONAPARTE in conducting negotiations with Lord CORNWALLIS for the final ratification of peace, he had an interview with the representative of England. I give a translation from a paper in my possession:—

"It was already the everlasting opposition of maritime and manufacturing towns that prevented this consummation. When Milor (CORNWALLIS?) observed, with insular bluntness (*bonhomie*), 'The outcome will be a new throne (*encore une chaise bien décoré*) for J. B.' I replied, 'This will certainly not be to the advantage of Son Altesse JOSEPH (*pas pour Josê*).'"

Does not this read as if written yesterday? Five years later TALLEYRAND entered into a direct communication with Fox by letter, and this led to a personal interview with Lord YARMOUTH. I make a second quotation:—

"I told Mister-for-laughter (*esquire pour rire*) that there would be no difficulty in restoring to England Hanover, which was then in possession of Prussia. The Englishman (*l'Anglais*), who had been imbibing some generous wine (*vin ordinaire à dix sous*), stammered out that he considered the suggestion piscatorial. 'Milor,' I retorted, with a polite bow, 'to a YARMOUTH accustomed to bloaters all things must appear fishy!'"

Considering TALLEYRAND'S flexible mind, and the ease with which he resigned himself to blunders when they did not seem to him dangerous, this judgment, expressed with surprising emphasis, is the most striking condemnation which can be passed on the tone adopted by the British negotiator. With rare skill TALLEYRAND avoids the dryness usual to memoirs of a personal character. As an instance of this, I give a description of the desertion by the wily diplomatist of

NAPOLEON in 1814, when the Emperor had consented to retire to Elba. That this passage may have additional force, I give it in the original, possibly very original, French:—

"Je n'aime pas lui. Je pensais de cet homme qu'il était un espèce de polichinelle (*a quaint sort of puppet*), qu'il n'était pas la valeur de son sel (*not the value of his salt*), et voilà la raison pourquoi je lui vende (*why I offered him for sale*). Il n'a pu supporter la bienfaisance avec satisfaction, ni les choses bien désagréables avec complaisance."

"He could not bear the things that were disagreeable with complacency." Volumes might be written on that phrase, which at this moment, if we look around us, suggests numerous parallel instances. I have heard a man growl when a plate of soup has been poured by a careless waiter on his dress waistcoat, I have noticed a lady frown when I have myself accidentally torn her train from its body, by treading upon it at an evening party. TALLEYRAND knew NAPOLEON—"He could not bear the things that were disagreeable with complacency!" And yet BONAPARTE is sometimes called "*Le Grand!*" (The Great!)

Here I pause, as I feel that I may have already gone too far. It is not for me to say how the document from which I have quoted, came into my possession. But before I satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the public further, I consider it my professional duty to consult the Bar Committee, the Council of the Incorporated Law Society, the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, and the LORD CHANCELLOR, many of whom are unfortunately still absent, enjoying the Whitsuntide Vacation. I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

*Pump-handle Court, June 2nd, 1890.*

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## A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

How a few hundred pounds may be easily and honestly earned is a problem which daily exercises the imaginations of thousands. I was fortunate enough to hit upon a plan which I now feel it to be my duty to make as widely known as possible for the benefit of those whose need is greater than mine; for, curiously enough, not only did my work bring me in that direct emolument, upon which I not unwarrantably reckoned, but an elderly lady of unstable views was so taken with the chaotic benevolence of my book, that she bequeathed to me a very handsome legacy indeed, and almost immediately enabled me to realise it. Thus does the absolutely unexpected serve as the handmaid of the perfectly unintended, and enterprise retires from the lodgings of struggle to the villa of repose. My plan briefly was to write a quasi-religious Novel with a Purpose. I knew nothing about religion, and had no literary experience, but the purpose I had, and that purpose was, to make enough money to spend six weeks at Herne Bay, a locality to which I am passionately addicted.

A brief sketch of my proceedings will be the best explanation and guide to others. I first bought a sixpenny scrap-album, a pot of paste, and a pair of strong scissors; and a shillingworth of penny novelettes of various kinds and dates, and a shillingworth of cheap manuscript-paper completed my outlay. I then took the goods home and got to work. Glancing through the pile of novelettes, I soon found an opening that struck me as most suitable, cut it out, and pasted it in the scrap-book. Now came the chief literary exercise of my task. I had to go carefully through the passage, changing the names of the places and people, and making a few necessary substitutions, *e.g.*, "The cuckoo was calling, and the dove cooing from the neighbouring woodland," would stand in my version "The cuckoo was cuckooing, and the dove calling from the adjacent thicket," while a sky described as "azure" in the original, would figure as "lapis lazuli," or, even blue.

The introduction safely engineered, I took another novelette from the pile, and holding it firmly in the left hand, I grasped the scissors with the thumb and forefinger of the right, cut three or four extracts at random, of rather more than half a column in length, and pasted these in the album, leaving about space enough for a couple of pages of three-volume novel, between each section.

Thus I dealt with my twelve novelettes, and then went through them again, and even again. Then the hard work began. I had to draw up a list of names of my own, and then to go carefully through the extracts, assigning the speeches to the best of my ability to the most suitable of my own characters. This, however, was infinitely less trouble than inventing dialogue, a process for which I always entertained an insuperable aversion. I was also confronted at times by adventures in my extracts which were quite unsuited for the novel with a purpose, which, according to the justest canons, should never get beyond a sprained ankle; and even that has to be handled with the greatest discretion—generally by the wavering curate. So I had in several places to tone down precipices, stay the inflowing tide with more success than King CANUTE, and stop runaway horses before they had excited alarm in their fair riders, or brought the discarded lover out into the road, saying in a tone of quiet command, "Stop! This cannot be allowed to go any farther."

Next, through the kindness of a friend, who was a householder, I procured a reading ticket for the British Museum Library, and from the writings of HERBERT SPENCER, HUXLEY, EMERSON, MATTHEW ARNOLD, RUSKIN, Dr. MOMERIE, and Mr. WALTER PATER, and largely from the more pretentious Reviews and Magazines, I made copious and tolerably bewildering extracts, which I apportioned among

the vacant spaces in my story, with more regard to the length than to the circumstances. I next went carefully over the whole, writing in a line here and there to make things smooth and pleasant, and artfully acknowledging the quotations in an incidental manner. The result was a surprisingly interesting and suggestive work, and when I had copied it all out in a fair, clerkly hand, I found no difficulty in disposing of it, to good advantage, to a publisher of repute. The book caught on immensely. I became for one dazzling season a second-rate lion of the first magnitude. I was pointed out by literary celebrities whom nobody knew, to social recruits who knew nobody. I figured prominently in the Saloons of the Mutual-exploitation Societies, and when my name appeared in the minor Society papers among those present at Mrs. OPHIR CROWDY'S reception, I felt what it was to be famous—and to remain unspoiled.

A word of advice to those who will act upon my suggestions. Pitch your story in the calm domestic key, upon which the depths and obscurities of essayists, philosophers and divines, will come with pleasing incongruity. Thus:—

## CHAPTER I.

"An English Summer day; old *Ponto* has been lying in the shade of the great elm at the Rectory Gate, too lazy to make even a vigorous snap at the flies, who are circling with mazy persistency round his great, good-humoured head. At the sound of wheels coming along the road, he pricks up his ears, and moves aside just in time to avoid being run over by the chaise from the Hall." Then the rattle of teacups, and the merry voices of tennis-players are interrupted by the barking of *Ponto*, and the incident of the tramp, lectured by the Rector, and relieved by LIONEL, the philanthropic Atheist.

"I love the Human, I resent the Divine!" said LIONEL, carefully shutting his purse.

"Why, really," began the Rector, 'I don't know what I have done to incur your resentment.'

"Pardon me, Sir," said LIONEL, grimly. 'I am speaking of the Divine with a big *D*.'

"We never use a big, big *D*," laughed NETTIE, gaily shaking her curls.

"Hush!" said MABEL, raising a warning finger at her little rattle-brain."

After this sally you may give two or three pages of discussion, letting the Rector have a good show with some of the Fathers, while NETTIE and LIONEL reconstruct things, human and divine, in the gloaming. You may carry your party to town in the season, and tantalise your frivolous readers by taking them just up to the Duchess's door. "Here LIONEL and Mr. CRUMPETTER left the ladies, as they had some important business in hand, promising to return for them at six o'clock. They had to go to an architect's office in Great George Street, to inspect the plans of the new Laundry, which LIONEL had persuaded the Earl to erect on the waste ground where he had had his memorable conversation with the tinker."

This plan might advantageously be applied to the fashionable, the military, the sporting, and the adventurous novel. Indeed, most writers seem to think that it has been. Meanwhile, nobody need starve while they can turn their scissors to intelligent use. Yours obediently,

THE RETIRED CLIPPER.

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## SKETCH AT A CONCERT.



VARIATIONS ON THE ORIGINAL HAIR.

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## MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

### JOURNALISTIC REPORTING.

*"Applause in court, which was instantly suppressed;"*

*i.e.*, Some foolish people made a noise at the wrong moment, and applauded the wrong person.

*"The case excited the greatest interest, and from an early hour in the morning the approaches to the court were thronged by a vast press of individuals, representing a large proportion of the rank, fashion, and intellect of the Metropolis;"*

*i.e.*, A crowd of loafers and London busy-bodies came to hear an offensive trial.

### A LITTLE MUSIC.

*"Well, I just put a song or two in my pocket, on the off-chance, you know;"*

*i.e.*, "I've half-a-dozen, but he's so jealous he'll take precious good care I shan't sing 'em all."

### PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

*"No, my dear old chap, you must play the Baron. You see, anybody, why I myself, can rattle through the Count. Plays itself, don'tcherknow. But the Baron, that wants an Actor. No, no, you must play the Baron;"*

*i.e.*, "He play the Count, at his age, and with his figure, and cut me out of my favourite part! Put a spoke in *that* wheel."

*"With a song! Oh, but is my voice good enough to go with Miss Seetop's?"*

*i.e.*, "Scraggy screamer; she'd spoil SIMS REEVES at his best."

*"What I'm anxious about is the love-scene. You see I'm hardly up to the Romeo rôle;"*

*i.e.*, "With such a Juliet!"



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### Transcriber's Note:

page 267: 'pudent' (sic) retained ... possibly adjective from noun: pudency, n. Modesty. (f. LL pudentia) (Oxford Dictionary)

or,

from Latin Dictionary: Pudens, pudentis, modest; bashful. Pudenter, modestly, bashfully.

"To pose as SCIPIO, that pudent Roman,"

page. 270: 'millionnaire', the French spelling of 'millionaire', has been retained.

### Errata:

Obvious punctuation errors have been repaired.

The remaining corrections made are indicated by dotted lines under the corrections. Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

page 265: 'Fiançé', 'Fiancée' corrected to 'Fiancé', 'Fiancée'.

page 268: 'Brition' corrected to "Briton". "But the Briton hugs his tankard,"

page 268: 'responsibilities' corrected to 'responsibilities' "when the Companies began really to understand their responsibilities"

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