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93. August 6, 1887, by Various**

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Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 93. August 6, 1887

Author: Various

Release Date: September 7, 2010 [EBook #33669]

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. AUGUST 6, 1887 ***

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

AUGUST 6, 1887.

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Now that your own particular theatrical adviser and follower, Mr. NIBBS, has left London for a trip abroad, I venture to address you on matters dramatic. I am the more desirous of so doing because, although the Season is nearly over, two very important additions have been made to the London playhouse programme—two additions that have hitherto escaped your eagle glance. I refer, Sir, to *The Doctor* at the Globe, and *The Colonel* at the Comedy—both from the pen of a gentleman who (while I am writing this in London) is partaking of the waters at Royat. Mr. BURNAND is to be congratulated upon the success that has attended both productions. I had heard rumours that *The Doctor* had found some difficulty in establishing himself (or rather herself, because I am talking of a lady) satisfactorily in Newcastle Street, Strand. It was said that she required practice, but when I attended her consulting-room the other evening, I found the theatre full of patients, who were undergoing a treatment that may be described (without any particular reference to marriages or "the United States") as "a merry cure." I was accompanied by a young gentleman fresh from school, and at first felt some alarm on his account, as his appreciation of the witty dialogue with which the piece abounds was so intense that he threatened more than once to die of laughing.



"How happy could he be with either."

I have never seen a play "go" better—rarely so well. The heroine—the "*Doctoresse*"—was played with much effect and discretion by Miss ENSON, a lady for whom I prophesy a bright future. Mr. PENLEY was excellent in a part that fitted him to perfection. Both Miss VICTOR, as a "strong woman," and Mr. HILL, as—well, himself,—kept the pit in roars. The piece is more than a farce. The first two Acts are certainly farcical, but there is a touch of pathos in the last scene which reminds one that there is a close relationship between smiles and tears. And here let me note that the company in the private boxes, even when most heartily laughing, were still in tiers. As a rule the Doctor is not a popular person, but at the Globe she is sure to be always welcome. Any one suffering from that very distressing and prevalent malady, "the Doleful Dumps," cannot do better than go to Newcastle Street for a speedy cure.



The Colonel.

The *Colonel* at the Comedy is equally at home, and, on the occasion of his revival, was received with enthusiasm. Mr. BRUCE has succeeded Mr. COGLAN in the title rôle, and plays just as well as his predecessor. Mr. HERBERT is the original *Forester*, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* are worthy of the applause bestowed upon them. To judge from the laughter that followed every attack upon the æsthetic fad, the "Greenery Yallery Gallery" is as much to the front as ever—a fact, by the way, that was amply demonstrated at the *Soirée* of the Royal Academy, where "passionate Brompton" was numerously represented.

The Bells of Hazlemere seem to be ringing in large audiences at the Adelphi, although the piece is not violently novel in its plot or characters. Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE ceases to die "every evening" at the end of this week at the Opéra Comique until November. I peeped in, a few days since, just before the last scene of *As in a Looking-Glass*, and found the talented lady on the point of committing her nightly suicide. Somehow I missed the commencement of the self-murder, and thus could not satisfactorily account for her dying until I noticed that a double-bass was moaning piteously. Possibly this double-bass made Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE wish to die—it certainly created the same desire on my part. Believe me,

yours sincerely,

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

HOLIDAY INQUIRIES.

ELIGIBLE CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING COMPANION.—A D.C.L., B.M., and R.S.V.P. of an Irish University, is desirous of meeting with one or two Young English Dukes who contemplating, as a preliminary to their taking their seats in the House of Lords, passing a season at Monaco, would consider the advertiser's society and personal charge, together with his acquaintance with a system of his own calculated to realise a substantial financial profit from any lengthened stay in the locality, an equivalent for the payment of his hotel, travelling, and other incidental expenses. Highest references given and expected. Apply to "MASTER OF ARTS." Blindhooky. County Cork.

INVALID OUTING. EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.—A confirmed Invalid, formerly an active

member of the Alpine Club, who has temporarily lost the use of his legs, and has in consequence hired a Steam-traction engine attached to which, in a bath-chair, he proposes making a prolonged excursion through the most mountainous districts of Wales, is anxious to meet with five other paralytics who will join him in his contemplated undertaking, and bear a portion of the expense. As he will take in tow two furniture vans containing respectively a Cottage-Hospital and a Turkish-bath, and be accompanied by three doctors, and a German Band, it is scarcely necessary for him to point out that the details of the trip will be carried out with a due regard to the necessities of health and recreation. While the fact that a highly respectable firm of Solicitors will join him *en route*, will be a guarantee that any vexatious litigation instituted against him by local boroughs for the crushing and otherwise damaging their gas and water-mains, or running into their lamp-posts will, if it occur, be jealously watched and effectually dealt with. In the not unforeseen, though by no means expected event of the Traction Engine becoming by some accident permanently wedged in and unable to move from some inaccessible pass, it is understood that the party shall separate, and that each member shall be at liberty to return home by any *route* he may select for himself as most convenient and available for the purpose. For all further particulars apply to X. X. X., Struggle-on-the-Limp, Lame End, Beds.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. RARE OPPORTUNITY.—An impecunious Nobleman, whose income has been seriously reduced owing to the prevailing agricultural depression, would be willing to let his Family Mansion to a considerate tenant at a comparatively low rental. As half the furniture has been seized under a distress-warrant, and as a man in possession is permanently installed, under a bill of sale, in charge of the rest, a recluse of æsthetic tastes, to whom a series of rooms entirely devoid of furniture would present a distinct attraction, and who would find a little friendly social intercourse not an altogether disagreeable experience, might discover in the above an eligible opportunity. Some excellent fishing can be had on the sly in the small hours of the morning by dodging the local Middle-man to whom it has been let. Capital rat-shooting over nearly an eighth of an acre of wild farm-yard buildings. Address, "MARQUIS." Spillover. Herts.

THE BEST PART OF HALF A PACK OF HOUNDS FOR SALE.—A Midland County Squire, who, through having come into a Suburban Omnibus business, is about to relinquish his position as a county gentleman, is anxious to find a purchaser for what is left of a Pack of Hounds, of which he has for several years been the acknowledged Master. The "remnant" consists of a Dachshund, a Setter, slightly blind of one eye, two Drawing-room Pugs, a Lurcher, and a French Poodle, who can tell fortunes with a pack of cards, jump through three papered hoops at a time, walk round the room on his fore legs, and take five o'clock tea with any assembled company. Any enthusiastic huntsman wishing "to ride to hounds" in the middle of August, could, with a little preliminary training, scarcely fail to find in the above all the elements that would provide him with a capital run, even at this comparatively early season of the sporting year. With a red herring tied on to the fox, they could be warranted not to miss the scent; and, failing their performances in the field, might be safely relied on as a striking feature in any provincial Circus. The advertiser would be glad to hear from a respectable and responsible sausage manufactory.—Apply, MASTER, Packholme, Kenilworth.

[Pg 50]



ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETS.

"A CYCLE OF CATHAY."

SOME MORE OFFICIAL JILLS.

(Whom Mr. Punch, with his characteristic sense of justice and fair-play, is proud to recognise as no less representative than his earlier types—although he could wish he had the pleasure of encountering them a little more frequently.)

SCENE—A large Branch Post Office. The weather is oppressively warm, and the Public slightly irritable in consequence. Behind the counter are three Young Ladies, of distinctly engaging appearance, whom we will call Miss GOODCHILD, Miss MEEKIN, and Miss MANNERLY, respectively. As the Curtain rises, Miss GOODCHILD is laboriously explaining to an old lady with defective hearing the relative advantages of a Postal and a Post Office Order.

The Old Lady. Just say it over again, so that a body can hear ye. You young Misses ought to be taught to speak *out*, 'stead o' mumbling the way you do. *Why* can't ye give me a Postal Order for five-and-fourpence, and a'done with it, eh?

Miss Goodchild (endeavouring to speak distinctly). A Post Office Order will be what you require. See, you just fill in that form, and then I'll make it out—it's quite simple.

Old Lady. Yes, I dessay, *anything* to save yourselves a little trouble! You're all alike, you Post-Office young women. As if I couldn't send five-and-fourpence to my boy down at Toadley in the 'Ole, without filling up a parcel o' nonsense!

Person behind (with a talent for grim irony of a heavy order). Can you inform me whether there are any arrangements for providing luncheon for the Public—because, as it appears I am to spend the entire *day* here—

Miss Goodchild (sweetly). I'm so very sorry to keep you waiting, Sir. As soon as *ever* I have attended to this lady!—

Old Lady. If you *call* it attending—which I don't myself. There's your form.

Miss Goodchild. Oh, but you haven't told me whom you want the order made out to!

Old Lady. I did—I told you it was my son. If you hadn't been woolgathering, you'd ha' heard me. I'm sure *I* speak plain enough!

Miss Goodchild (laughing good-humouredly). Oh, yes, you speak *very* plainly—but I want the name in full, please, to put in the instructions.

The Person with the Irony. When you have *quite* concluded your little conversation—

Miss Goodchild (as she fills in the order). Now, Sir, what can I do for you?

The Person with the Irony. Well, I should be glad to be informed what you mean by requiring me to take out a licence for a dog that died of distemper a fortnight after I had him—and I had a warranty with him too!

Miss Goodchild. Oh, but that isn't my department, you see. You must go—(gives him elaborate instructions as to the place he is to apply to.)

The Person. Ah, if you had had the common courtesy to tell me all that before, I should not have wasted my time like this!

[Exit in wrath.]

A Feeble Lady (to Miss MEEKIN). Oh, I just thought as I was passing by—may I put my umbrella here—and these parcels? thank you. I daresay you can tell me. Does the Mail for New Heligoland touch at Port Sandune? They go every other Friday, don't they? or is it changed to alternate Tuesdays now? and will there be anyone on board who would look after a box of Japanese rats if I sent them?—they'll want feeding, or *something* I suppose.

[Miss MEEKIN disentangles these inquiries, and answers them categorically to the test of her knowledge, information and belief.]

Feeble Lady (disappointed). Oh, I *quite* thought you would know *all* about it! Then you *wouldn't* send the rats, you think?

Miss Meekin. No, I don't *think* I should send the rats, without someone in charge.

Feeble Lady. Oh, well, but I call it very unsatisfactory—did I put my umbrella down in this corner, or not? Oh, (*slightly annoyed*) you have it ... there must be another parcel, do see if you haven't put it away by mistake! No? Then it will be all right about the rats?

A Conversational Man (to Miss MANNERLY). Warm, isn't it?

Miss Mannerly. Very warm. What can I do for you?

Conv. Man. Wait a bit. Give a man time to get his breath ... phew! (*In an injured tone.*) Why, the mercury in this office of yours must be over eighty at least!

Miss Mannerly. I daresay ... you wanted—?

Conv. Man. Daresay! Haven't you got a thermometer—you can easily look for yourself!

Miss M. I'm afraid there isn't one. If you will tell me what you came for?

Conv. Man. Ah, you wouldn't be in such a hurry if I was a nice-looking young chap! You'd be ready enough to talk all day then—I know what you young ladies are like!

Miss M. Perhaps we are not all alike—and I really have no time to talk to anybody.

[Turns away and weighs a parcel for somebody else.]

Conv. M. So that's the way you treat a civil remark, is it! I tell you what it is—you young women want taking down; a little showing up will do you *good!* Perhaps you haven't seen *Punch* lately? Well, you look out—I could give *Punch* some wrinkles if I liked! Ah, I thought *that* would make a change in you! What do I want? Well, 'pon my soul I forget what I came in for. I'll look in when you're in a better temper.

[Exit with the consciousness of having scored.]

A Testy Man (to Miss MEEKIN). Look here, this is simply scandalous! I've brought it to show you. My little girl in the country sent home some silkworms to her sister in a light paper-box. They were marked "fragile, with care"—and *this* is how they arrived! (*Thrusts a crushed packet, unpleasantly stained, upon Miss MEEKIN'S notice.*) That's your *stamping*, that is!

Miss Meekin. I'm sure I'm very sorry.

Testy M. Sorry! What's the use of *that*? The silkworms are *dead!* dead through culpable negligence on the part of someone in this office—and if you'll give me a sheet of paper, I'll let the Postmaster-General know what I think of you here. (*Miss MEEKIN supplies him with paper and an envelope; he dashes down a strong-worded screed with a gold pencil-case.*) There, you'll hear more of that—I'll bring these silkworms home to somebody, if I have to do it through Parliament! good-day to you.

Miss Meekin (as he is opening the door). Sir, one moment!

Testy Man. No, I'll listen to no apologies—disgraceful, *disgraceful!*

Miss Meekin (a little roused). I wasn't *going* to apologise—only to tell you you've left your pencil-case on the counter.

[Pg 51]

Testy Man. Oh—er—have I? much obliged. (*Disarmed.*) And you may give me back that letter—I'll think over it!

Miss Goodchild (to Mrs. QUIVERFUL—a regular client). Oh, Mrs. QUIVERFUL, do you know, you never put any stamp on that letter to Wurra-Gurra? I saw it was in your handwriting.

Mrs. Quiverful. Dear, *dear* me! how careless—and my boy expecting to hear as usual! So you couldn't send it?

Miss G. Oh, yes, it *was* sent—I thought you wouldn't like to miss the Mail.

Mrs. Q. But he'll have to pay double at his end—he'll think I grudge the expense, poor boy!

Miss G. (timidly). I—I thought you'd rather it went stamped, so I—I took the liberty of stamping it myself.

Mrs. Q. Did you? Then you're a darling, and I don't care what unkind things *Mr. Punch* chooses to say about you—there!

Mr. Punch (in background). If they were all like her, he would never have said any unkind things at all, Madam. *O si sic omnes!*

Mrs. Q. (in some alarm). A—quite so, I'm sure. What a very singular person!

[Scene closes in.]



AN APPEAL FROM SCIENCE.

"AM I NOT WORTH OF AS MUCH CONSIDERATION AS MUSIC AND GEOLOGY! WHY SHOULD NOT *I* HAVE A MUSEUM?"

HORATIAN MOTTO FOR MR. STANSFELD & Co.—"*Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.*" "The humane gent plunges headlong into impropriety."

THE BEST "DRESS IMPROVER."—A Pretty Girl.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE NAVAL REVIEW.

I HAD never seen a Naval Review. It was to come off on the Saturday, and this was the Thursday previous. When therefore in answer to a modest inquiry, I received a wire from Mr. RICHARD ROSSHER, Chairman of the Great M. & N. Steamship Company, saying, "Come aboard our new boat, *Regina*, to-morrow, Friday; tickets and instructions by post," I made up my mind on the spot to accept, if I could return on the Saturday night, as business of the utmost importance demanded my presence in London on Sunday morning. What that business was is nobody's business but mine, so I need not explain. Suffice it to say that to miss a certain appointment on Sunday morning, would have been fraught with most disastrous consequences to myself and others.



I answered ROSSHER's telegram, "Yes, with pleasure, if you can land me Saturday night." To which the reply was, "Think it can be managed; try to come." To this I wired, "Instructions and tickets received. Am coming." Within two hours I got a message from a Clerk in the M. & N. Office, City, "ROSSHER on board at Southampton. Too late to wire."

What this was meant to convey I did not understand, but my mind was made up, and very soon my bag was packed, and I was ready for the start. At all events, there was the utter novelty to me of being a guest on board one of the largest vessels afloat in the Indian Merchant Service (I believe it is the Indian Merchant Service, or, as OLLENDORFF would put it, "the Service of the Indian Merchant,") with a select party, limited, I supposed, to about a dozen "jolly companions every one," and in being taken in and done for *en prince, en prince indien*.

"Immensely kind of ROSSHER," I said to myself (and subsequently said it to him) as I alighted at the Waterloo Station, and proceeded at once to the wrong platform. I do not remember ever having

been to Waterloo Station without having been to the wrong platform to begin with.

Bag in hand, and coat over arm—the wary sea-dog provides against probable squalls—I strode to another platform—wrong again. "The M. & N. Special," I panted to a porter, who was so taken aback by being appealed to suddenly, that for a few seconds he could only mop his heated brow and stare at me vaguely. Then after repeating my question twice, once to me and once to himself, he shook his head as if he were giving up a conundrum, whereupon to interest him personally in my proceedings I handed him my bag to carry. This looking like real business, he showed himself a man of vast resources by stopping an official in a buttoned-up uniform and a tall chimney-pot hat, and obtaining the information from him. Across the bridge and then second on the left. Off we go. Here we are. Board up labelled "M. & N. Special. *Regina*." A crowd is pouring in at the wicket-gate. Can they all be going by the M. & N. Special? Yes. I hear the question put, and those not possessing the proper tickets are sternly rejected. Some are sent off to another platform where there is another "M. & N. Special" for the *Italia*.

I present my ticket. It is examined, clipped, and I am passed in. Seeing a number of people ahead and an empty smoking-carriage close at hand, I jump into this, stow away my bag, and find myself with a quarter of an hour to the good. I get out to look about me. Enter Sir PETER PORTLAND (looking younger than ever, as he always does whenever I meet him) in decidedly fashionable yachting-costume, cap and all (he once owned a yacht), carrying a brown-paper parcel. Delighted to see one another. He secures a seat in my carriage. So does another fellow, name unknown, but evidently a gallant seaman with a weather-beaten countenance. At the last moment hurries up Sir THOMAS QUIRCKE, also in full yachting-costume, cap and all, only not so bright and gay as Sir PETER, who I observe has on an evening white waistcoat and patent leather shoes, which combination gives a light and airy and hornpipy appearance to the wearer, which mere navy blue serge can never convey.

We, including the unknown man in the corner, with the weather-beaten face—the Knight of the Bronzed Features—congratulate ourselves on being the guests of the M. & N. Sir PETER produces his card of invitation. So does Sir THOMAS; so does the Weather-beaten One. I feel in all my pockets. No. I've left it behind me. Sir PETER, Sir THOMAS, and the Weather-beaten Stranger eye me suspiciously. There is a lull in the conversation. I tell my story, and try to interest them. It strikes me that they don't believe it; but my railway ticket proves my veracity. They brighten up again, but are evidently still far from clear that they are not travelling with an impostor.

"I don't see your name on the list," says Sir PETER, scanning a large card through his glasses.

"What list?" I ask, somewhat disturbed.

"List of guests," replies Sir THOMAS, examining his card.

Weather-beaten Man hasn't got a list; he asks to be allowed to examine Sir PETER'S. Aha! the Weather-beaten Man's name is not there. Sir THOMAS and Sir PETER eye *him* with suspicion now. He explains and tells his story. If my name had been on the list I should have disbelieved him; but as it isn't, I only think that his account of being here at all is not so plausible and clear as my own.

"You've got the number of your berth?" asks Sir THOMAS, looking round at me doubtfully, as if he were giving me a last chance.

"Berth!" I exclaim. "No, I haven't. You see I only telegraphed——" and here I am about to repeat my entire explanation, when Sir PETER and Sir THOMAS cut it short by shaking their heads ominously. "I'm going away on Saturday night," I say, as if the prospect of my leaving them soon would soften them a bit.

"Saturday!" returns Sir PETER, with a chuckle. "'Pon my soul I don't see how you're going to do that." And he smiles derisively.

"No one goes on shore till Monday," observes Sir THOMAS, with decision. "Certainly not," says the Weather-beaten Man, who is not on the list, turning against me; "and, for my part, I don't care how long I stay in such good quarters."

After this there is an uncomfortable silence. Sir THOMAS says there are two hundred and fifty guests. Heavens! and I had thought it was a small and select party of genial bachelors! We read our papers, the Weather-beaten Man in his corner, I in mine. Sir PETER and Sir THOMAS smoke, and then both fall asleep. Waking up, they fall to conversing about a trip they have already had on the *Regina*, comparing notes of comfort and so forth. I'm out of it. So is the Weather-beaten Stranger. I begin to wish I hadn't come, or, at all events, that I had brought my invitation card as proof of my identity, and a verification of my statement. Wish, too, I'd brought ROSSHER'S telegram. No good wishing. I haven't. I'm not there yet; but what frightens me is, that as there are two hundred and fifty passengers, if I am the only one who wants to go on shore on Saturday night, they will never upset all the arrangements for the sake of sending me off in a launch or a gig, or whatever they have in use. And if I can't return Saturday——However, here I am, and I'll go through with it.

Southampton, directly alongside of the *Regina*. Magnificent vessel. Crowd trooping in out of train. Men in uniform at gangway, directing everyone to go below and get billeted. I join the

crowd descending the companion. As everyone comes to a table where certain M.& N. officials are standing, each person shows his or her invitation-card, and receives a number. Then they disappear, some singly, some in couples, as if it were the Ark, and ROSSHER were NOAH settling it all. Evidently the first thing necessary is the invitation-card. Ha! there is ROSSHER in the distance, at the far corner of the table. I wave my hand to him in the heartiest manner, expressive of my delight at seeing him, and I am sincerely grateful, for I feel at this moment that ROSSHER is the only friend I have in this strange world, from which I am liable at any moment to be summarily ejected, being unable to show my *raison d'être* in the shape of the invitation-card.

"Name?" says a sharp man in ordinary civilian's dress, from whom, judging by his tone and business-like manner, I feel confident I can expect no mercy. "I haven't got one," I reply, whereat he frowns as if he didn't mean to stand any nonsense, and I apologise humbly for having mistaken his question. *I* thought he was asking for my card. "No," he says, eyeing me suspiciously. "Name! Where is it? Down here?" And he hands me the confounded list, at which I make no pretence of looking, but cast an appealing look towards ROSSHER, who at that moment, most fortunately for me, comes up, having finished shaking hands with two hundred out of the two hundred and fifty arrivals.

"Ah! you here!" he exclaims, with an air of cheery surprise. "That's capital. Didn't know you were coming."

I am considerably staggered. "Why," I say to him, protesting, "I telegraphed——"

"Ah!" says ROSSHER in an off-hand way, "then I didn't receive it. You wait quietly here, and we'll see what can be done for you."

I catch Weather-beaten Stranger's eye. He is waiting, also, with his back against a cabin-door, most patiently. I meet several friends. I explain to them all, over and over again, my melancholy story, and while I do so I stand as near the table as possible, so that the sad tale may reach some of the officials, and excite them to pity and immediate action on my behalf. My friends nod at me pleasantly, hope it will come all right, and leave me, to see after their own comforts. What a selfish, unsympathetic world this is!

"Hallo!" says a young man, not in naval costume, but evidently an official of some sort, blithely turning towards me and mentioning my name inquiringly, which I immediately acknowledge, whereupon he continues, "I'm delighted to meet you. My name's CRICK." I smile, and shake his hand warmly, as if congratulating him on his appellation. "Where's your berth?" Then I have to explain it all over to him. I'm becoming sick of these explanations. They're asking me for the number of my berth, as if they wanted an extract from my baptismal-register, or my marriage-certificate. "Don't know what you'll do," says CRICK, smiling as if the whole thing were a good joke. And I thought he could help me! "Where's your dinner-place?" he asks. Good heavens! I don't know—how should I? Where's *his* dinner-place? "Oh," he replies, "mine's aft. If you like to join us, we'll find room. It's very jolly. Not so swell, you know." No, I don't know, and haven't an idea what he means. But if I can't get dinner "forward," I'll dine "aft" with pleasure. ROSSHER comes up.

"All right," he says to CRICK. "Just take this gentleman" (meaning me) "to the Saloon; there are several spare places." ROSSHER pats me on the back, encouragingly. Oh, how grateful I am to ROSSHER! CRICK says, "Yes, Sir," (what is CRICK?) and takes me to the Saloon—beautifully laid out for two hundred and fifty guests—and finds me a capital place. Why didn't he do this before? No matter, it's settled now. First bell sounds. CRICK directs me to the wash-and-brush-up. In ten minutes I have made my toilette, including opening my bag and getting out a dark serge for dinner wear, and I walk into the Saloon as the convives are assembling, with the air of a man who is well within his rights.

Happy Thought.—I won't ask ROSSHER anything more about berth and cabin until after dinner. After dinner is always a good-natured, complaisant time.

Excellent dinner. Amusing company. Chiefly stories about long voyages, rats and cockroaches. From what I hear I should not like a long voyage in an old ship. We disperse over the vessel. Music, coffee, cigars, and conversation. Lovely sight. Still, it will be lovelier if I am quite certain where I am going to sleep. I find ROSSHER. "Ah!" he cries out, cheerily, as if he had quite forgotten my particularly sad case, "how are you getting along? All right? Eh?" And he is just going on to join a lively party of distinguished visitors when I detain him sharply, as the Ancient Mariner did the guest, and hold him with my glittering eye.

"How about the berth?" I say, with as little show of anxiety as the desperate circumstances of the case will permit.

"The berth!" he repeats. "Why, haven't you got a berth yet?"

"No," I return, abjectly, as if I were a poor stowaway, without a friend to speak up for me. He meditates a moment. What can he be thinking about? Putting me on shore at once? Getting rid of me politely, as a sort of Jonah. I await his decision nervously.

"Come to the Purser," he says. I follow him.

The Purser is in his counting-house, counting out his billets. Aha! at the sight of me he knows what we have come about. "You're all right," he says to me. "Your berth is No. 273."

"There!" exclaims ROSSHER, triumphantly, exulting in the capabilities of the M. & N.'s new ship *Regina*. "Now you're fixed up." I am. I could go on my knees to ROSSHER; I could bless the Steward, Purser, I mean,—whatever a Purser is,—but I content myself with concealing my agitation, thanking ROSSHER simply but warmly, and then I follow a black man dressed in white, who carries my bag to No. 273. A lovely outside cabin, airy as if it were on deck, with an electric light, and three empty bunks (I think they are called "bunks,"—but am not certain) besides mine. How four persons on a long voyage, or a short one, can live, move, and have their being in this, I don't know; but how *one* can is evident, and temporarily I am that privileged one. I hope I shall remain so. I do; and have it all to myself.

Up on deck again. Evening spent happily—chiefly in smoking-room. Turn in at twelve. Up next morning at 5:30. Awoke by the light, and fresh breeze. Lovely marble bath—then early coffee. Breakfast *à la fourchette*, at 9:30. Everything as I had anticipated, *en prince indien*. Lounge on deck. Newspapers arrive. More lounging. Refreshments. Chatting. Then luncheon. The Review becomes quite a secondary consideration. Ships everywhere, bunting and flags all about. Weather lovely—scene gay. At three what is called "the fun" is to commence. The "fun" for the coloured seamen in white, consists in their having to stand in a row on the yards up aloft for about an hour and a half. If this is nautical etiquette, I'm very glad I'm not one of the coloured sailors. I suddenly remember that I have to get away. Now begins my trouble again. I find four other persons to whom getting away is an absolute necessity, and not one of them knows how he is going to achieve it, and not one of them likes to broach the subject to ROSSHER. We try the Captain, a bluff seaman, who replies, with a pleasant sort of sea-doggishness, that "he is ready to take the ship wherever Mr. ROSSHER orders him." At present Mr. ROSSHER hasn't issued any orders, but he (the Captain) thinks he means sailing for Cherbourg to-morrow (Sunday) early. Cherbourg!! The Purser, on being asked, can't say any more.

For one moment I see ROSSHER. I remind him that he promised to land me. "Did I?" he says, with an air of quiet astonishment which is most provoking. "Well, I don't know how I'm going to do it. We'll see—after the QUEEN has gone." I catch at a first chance, and say, cajolingly, as if suggesting a plan that he could have adopted long ago if he had only thought of it—"Couldn't you send us off in a launch or the tender?" I had ascertained the existence of these two boats in attendance, "After the fireworks?" ROSSHER looks at me, thunderstruck. He simply says, "Impossible!" and turns on his heel.

The fact is, when you get out to sea on board a great ship, the visitor is in the power of the owners of the vessel, who have settled all their arrangements for the comfort and amusement of two hundred-and-fifty persons, and if a proposition is made which will interfere with these laws of nautical Medes and Persians in the smallest degree, it is like suggesting the slightest possible alteration, *pro tem.*, in the solar system. No help for it. I make up my mind philosophically. If they can't put me on shore, they can't. It's a serious matter, it's the loss of thousands, it's misery for a year, perhaps, it's ruin to a family, but—I shall see the fireworks and illuminations, and have a cruise to Cherbourg, where I don't particularly wish to go. In the meantime let us look at the Review. I am temporarily resigned.

The Review.—Which are the War-vessels? Where is the QUEEN? How silent it all is. The yards are manned everywhere. Very pretty. Firing and smoke in distance, hardly any noise, and though there must be cheering somewhere, yet the wind blows it away from us and we hear scarcely a sound. Dull. Through the glass we see the QUEEN'S Yacht passing along: then as the ship swings round we turn and turn, and everybody gets more or less of a stiff neck. The Band stands ready to play "*God Save the Queen*," but two hours elapse, and HER MAJESTY is nowhere near us, and never will be; most of the Band are fast asleep, the violoncello, having gone off first, is nodding over his instrument. The ladies yearn for five o'clock tea, and gradually disappear to get it. The party watching the QUEEN dissolves.

Aha! the Tender! The four separatists are to be put on shore, and to do this a large party, wishing to see the ships of war, the torpedo-boats, and gun-boats, will accompany us on the tender. We steam down the line, we dodge in and out, we see all the ships, and this is the liveliest and most interesting part of the day's proceedings. Then comes the most melancholy, when we steam back, and allow the other guests to re-embark for dinner on board ("Wish you'd stop," says ROSSHER, heartily, and I as heartily wish I could; so do we all), and then the four separatists, waving their *adieux*, are conveyed on board the tender to Southsea. In the crowd I lose the other three. I see no illuminations. I am thankful for what I have seen, and am content to imagine the rest, which I do as, in a carriage all to myself, I am taken up to London, stopping only once—at Guildford—*en route*, and am finally at home by 1:30 A.M., when I find the card of invitation of the M. & N. Co. on my desk. It is over. It is an experience. *Vive la Compagnie!*

HENRY MAYHEW.

BORN, 1812. DIED, 1887.

"THE MAYHEW BROTHERS." A familiar phrase

On all men's lips in *Punch's* earlier days,
 Suggesting pleasant wit and genial mirth.
 Green grow the grass and lightly lie the earth
 Above the latest of the brilliant band!
Punch's first pages knew that skilful hand.
 HENRY the shrewd, and gentle HORACE both
 Watched o'er its birth, and helped its budding growth,
 Not long indeed, yet lovingly. Farewell!
 The record of the age's course will tell
 Of him whose name a double honour bore,
 Comrade of *Punch*, and champion of the poor.

[Mr. HENRY MAYHEW was never at any time Editor of *Punch*. He assisted the first Editor, Mr. MARK LEMON, in his work at the commencement, and made many valuable suggestions. His connection with *Punch* was not of long duration.—ED.]

PROFESSIONAL CRICKETERS.

Fancy Portraits by Dumb Crambo.



Burton. (Middlesex.)



Read and A-bel. (Surrey.)

[Pg 54]



OUR DEFENCES.

*Mr. Punch. "HOORAY! NOT SO VERY BAD, AFTER ALL!"
 Portsmouth, Saturday, July 23, 1887.*

DIFFICULT NAVIGATION;

OR, THE PROUD SKIPPER AND THE PATIENT PILOT.

A (more or less) Nautical Ballad.

I.—AT SEA.

THE Government Yacht (with a rather mixed crew)
Sing hey, sing ho, and a capful of wind!
Sets sail to crack on with a will till all's blue.
Ho! the breeze blows brisk o'er the billow!
The Skipper is stout, if his *looks* are a clue
(But you mustn't trust them, you may err if you do),
And the smart second officer carries the blue
Like an amateur yachtsman at Margate. Woohoo!
The sea is as soft as a pillow.

The Government Yacht it sets sail in full state,
Sing hey, sing ho and a well-caulked deck!
And what do you think of that canny first mate?
Ho! the sky is as bright as a beryl.
That canny first Mate is a smart Volunteer,
And to look at his jib and to list to his cheer,
You would think as a hero he hadn't a peer,
Superior wholly to flurry or fear
In the tryingest moment of peril.

With a Skipper so stout and a Mate so astute,
Sing hey, sing ho, and an even keel!
The course of that yacht can't be hard to compute,
Ho! the sky shines fair in the offing!
SALISBURY dauntless, and SMITH debonair,
And GOSCHEN a Nautical Ajax who'll dare
All the lightnings on hand—at least so he'll declare!—
How finely with such a fine crew they should fare,
In spite of the land-lubbers scoffing.

Hooray!—Humph! By Jove that's a suddenish squall,
Sing hey, sing ho, and a spinnaker boom!
The Skipper, he doesn't look steady at all,
Ho! there's something amiss with the compass!
Whilst SMITH, the first Luff, looks a little less smart,
And GOSCHEN—by Jove, can *he* be losing heart?
He swears there's some blessed mistake in the Chart,
Is his not the cool imperturbable part?
Then why should *he* kick up a rumpus?

It's hard navigation midst quicksands and rocks;
Sing hey, sing ho, and a chopping sea!
The hull has been strained by some smart little shocks,
Ho! the sky looks black in the offing!
Is this the plain-sailing you promised, my Lord?
Why the rival Skipper will swear he has scored.
What say you, Chief Mate? It won't do to be floored,
Don't you think we had best take a pilot aboard,
In spite of piratical scoffing?

II.—ON SHORE.

There's a smart Cockney Tar with his glass to his eye,
Sing hey, sing ho, and a Brummagem salt!
And what does the trim longshore yachtsman descry?
Ho! he's spying like Robinson Crusoe!
The Pilot in pose imperturbable stands,
With slouching Sou'wester and pocketed hands,
But his eye's on the Yacht and he quite understands,
The fix of the Skipper—poor chap!—who commands,
Or at least is imagined to do so.

"Hillo!" cries the Cockney; "they're signalling now,
Sing hey, sing ho, and a flag to the peak!
If the Yacht runs aground, Mate, there will be a row.
Ho! the Pilot is peacefully winking.
I've an interest in her myself; can't afford
She should seek Davy Jones, not at least till *I've* scored.
How is it, my HARTY—beg pardon!—my Lord!
They signal a pilot; shall you go aboard
To save 'em from striking or sinking?"

[Left considering.



DIFFICULT NAVIGATION.

(FOG COMING ON.)

CH-MB-RL-N. "I SAY, MY HARTY, GOVERNMENT YACHT
SIGNALLING FOR A PILOT!! ARE YOU GOING ABOARD?"

THE SAILOR'S SLIP.

(AIR—"The Sailor's Journal.")

SPLITHEAD, SATURDAY, JULY 23RD, 1887.

Lord Ch-rl-s B-r-sf-rd sings:—



'Twas when the Great Review was o'er,
To signal Lady C. I started.
Oh, etiquette's a horrid bore!
I erred, and hence am broken-hearted.
The whole huge Fleet the signal read—
Confound that thoughtless act of folly!
What could I do but bow my head,

And bid a long (?) adieu to SOLLY?

I hear my name's on every tongue
As a true Sailor, brisk and cheery;
That like a breeze my voice has rung,
And waked the Commons, dull and weary.
I'm little now to mirth inclined,
I'm not, as usual, gay and jolly,
But care I'll whistle down the wind,
And try to make it square with SOLLY.

You see 'twas getting on for night,
And true-bred tars, e'en midst carouses,
Think with considerate delight
About their sweethearts or their spouses.
Up went my signal, frank and free,
(A breach of rule most melancholy)
To "give the tip" to Lady C.,
And now I have to part with SOLLY.

"Tell Lady CHARLES to go on board
The *Lancashire Witch*, where I will join her"—
And all the Fleet read this and roared.
Well—of strong words JACK's a free coiner,
But never mind what I remarked
When I perceived my act of folly.
They'll think the Naval Lord has larked!
Hang it! I'll say good-bye to SOLLY.

Such games aboard the Royal Yacht!—
Although I am a chartered rattle,
The Big-wigs won't stand this. 'Tis rot,
But with red-tape who, who can battle?
A private message to my wife
By public signal! Oh, what folly!
It *is* a lark, upon my life!
But—I'll resign my berth, dear SOLLY!

Will our good QUEEN accept? She *may*,
The Public doubts it altogether.
A sailor's slip on such a day,
A stretch of discipline's tight tether,
Is scarce a heavy fault to score
Against a sailor frank and jolly.
Still, I'll resign when once ashore,
And leave it to my QUEEN and SOLLY.

ROBERT AT SPITHEAD.

THE question as prayed on my mind during the long waits at the Rewiew on Saturday, and which not ewen the Marines couldn't anser, and for which I dessay as I shall have to wait till the next Jewbilly afore I gits it sattisfactoryly xplained, is, why must these sillybrations be all begun so uncommon hurly? There may be sum werry singlar peeples as likes hurly rising. Having probberbly nothink werry pertickler to do of a heavening, they natrally goes to roost hurley, like powltry, and plowmen, and such like, and having probberbly nothink werry pertickler to do in the morning, they natrally gits up hurley to do it, like the powltry aforesaid. But to Waiters in ginerall and to Hed Waiters in pertickler, nothink is so hawful as hurley rising. As late as you like at nite and as late as you likes in the morning. Them's my sentiments and I means to stick to 'em. And I suttently thinks as I never seed sitch a sleepy-looking set of gents as assembled at Warterloo Stashun at about arf-past seven, Hay. Hem. on Saturday Morning. However, we most of us had a nice refreshing slumber on the way down, and then pulled ourselves together for the gorgeous specktable.

My werry fust thort was, how about the foaming billows? and I'm bound to say as they behaved theirselves uncommon steady. There was no playfool game of pitch and toss, but they were as quiet as Chelsea Reach. The number of great big ships as we seed was enuff to make ewen an Hed Waiter proud of his country, but I confesses that I carn't say much as regards their beauty, for I thinks they was about as hugly a lot of black-looking monsters as ever tried to rule the waves.

Having properly attended to my offishal dooties, I learned from a most respectable-looking Marine that it wood be at least two hours afore the QUEEN came, so I thort I wood seize the hoppertoony of increasing my nollodge of ships and shippery by arsking my frend a few naughtical questions. Of course I begun with the Anker, and arkst him when it was last weighed

—he said, about a week ago. How much did it weigh? Just 2 tun, 4 pound, 6 ounces. Why did they weigh it so offen? To see if it wood stand the shivering of our timbers when we fired our big gun. Had he spliced his mane brace lately? Not during the last fortnite. Having got on so well with him, I thort I woodn't not arsk him no more questions, for fear of betraying my hignorance, and I seed him afterwards a pinting me out to sum grinning Sailers, ewidently as the werry reverse of a mere Land Lubber.

He had kindly shown me the best plaice to stand to see the QUEEN'S Pursession pass, so I quietly warked up to it about 3 a clock, wen she was xpected to start, and there I waited till 4 a clock, and then we heard the gun fire as told us the QUEEN had started; and then began such a deffening noise with all the ships a salooting, as they calls it, and such a blinding smoke arterwards, that I wished myself miles away: and then, jest as the Percession was a gitting in site, there cum a order from the Hed Hofficer, "All below!" witch I soon found out meant as no one of us laymen was to stop on deck to see the QUEEN, for fear as the QUEEN mite see us, witch wood have bin agin the rules! So we was all bundled down stares, ladies and all, and a few was kindly allowd to peep through the Port Holes, as sumbody called 'em, though, as there wasn't no Port served out, I carnt make out what that means.

I amost forgot to menshun the heat, but it really was that hot that when a going for to lean cumferably against the Capstain Bar, I think they calls it, it amost burnt a ole in my and! Speaking about this to my frendly Marine, he told me as they didn't think nothink of that, for when they went to the Troppix, wherever that may be, they allers cooked their stakes and chops on the Fokestal by the heat of the Sun, which did 'em to a turn, and then roasted their Appels for desert, and then biled the Kettel for Tea. What a grand thing is Nolledge! for I am free to confess as I was quite hignorant of all these fax afore. But then it's werry easily accounted for in my frend's case.

He isn't like a mere common Sailer a got to look after the Ship. A Marine is of that shuperior class of man as is allers seleckted to receeve the most himportant hinformation. When anythink of a werry striking charackter occurs it is allers reckomended that it should be "told to the Marines," so they is naterally allays brim full of hinformation, and allers reddy to communicate it troothfully and onerably, as my frend did to me, and without which I shoold have remained in my prewious state of hignorance.

If arsked for my reel opinion as to the Naval Rewiew, truth would compel me to say that what with the noise, and what with the smoke, and what with being ordered below jest as the QUEEN went past, I didn't see werry much of it, and what I did see didn't strike me as werry himposing, like a Lord Mare's Show for instance, or the Drewry Lane Pantomime. But it gave me the oppertoonty of bragging about it to them as wasn't there, and that's about the cause of most peepel going to such things, I rayther fancies; but after all, there's such a fine feeling of purfect safety on Terror Firmer, as nothink can't equal on the bounding Sea, so I hopes when the next Naval Rewiew is held, that they'll have it on Shore.

ROBERT.

AMENDMENT TO LAND BILL.—"That any tenant unable to pay his rent should sell his holding before the next gale day. That this process should be known for the purposes of this Act as 'The Sale before the Gale.'"



A CAUTION TO THE UNWARY!

He. "ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOU IN TO SUPPER."

She. "OH, DO WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK—THERE'S THAT MAN PROPOSING TO MAY THISSLEDOWN ON THE BALCONY! I MUST SEE WHAT SHE SAYS!!!"

A CHESS-SHIRE CHEESE.

FRANKFORT.—Had no end of a good time over here, at the Chess Congress. Played all the cracks, and beat 'em all! You mayn't have heard of this in the newspapers, because, for reasons which would not be of any general interest, I felt bound to *enter under a false name*. BLACKBURNE said he'd "never seen such gambits as mine." ZUKERTORT was so irritated at my beating him three times running, that he actually exclaimed, "Gambit all!"—Excuse the force of the expression; perhaps he thought he was in the Lobby of the House of Commons.—"I'll never play that fellow again as long as I live!" You'll see from this that, though the games weren't drawn, some of the competitors were.

There were two Russian chess-players present. I played one, got him on to a dispute about the Afghan frontier, and adroitly took his Queen off the board when he wasn't looking. He seemed surprised, but I assured him it was all right, and scored an easy win.

Herr HARMONIST *might have* beaten me, but as it was a very hot day, I proposed playing under a tree in the hotel-garden. Then I purposely took a long time over each move. The worthy Teuton became thirsty. Lager beer began to flow. It flowed so much that after five hours the Herr didn't know the difference between Bishop and Pawn! That was *my* move. Of course he was badly beaten.

Only time *I* was beaten was one game with BLACKBURNE. He offered to play me blind-fold; I took the opportunity, while he was thinking over his plan of campaign, to relieve him of his watch and purse, and was just going to pull off his boots when he called "Check-mate!" However, I think I got the best of the encounter on the whole. I call it (in private) the "rook gambit."

I ended up by a marvellous *tour de force*. I played every one of the competitors—twenty-one in all—at the same time, and beat the entire number of them! The Frenchman retired from the contest, *simply because he was piqued at my superior skill*. He said—most unfairly—my proceedings were "not above board;" also said he objected on principle to a game with a King and Queen in it. Would you believe it, but professional jealousy actually prevented my being declared the Chess Champion! Never mind! Got my board (and lodging) gratis. Had high jinks, and free drinks, at the Frankfort *pawn*-shop—see the joke? You'll hear of me at the next International

SUMMER BOATING SONG.

SUN on the slumbrous meadows,
Sun on the sleeping trees;
Massy and deep the shadows
Stirred by no vagrant breeze.
Rhythmical in the riggers,
Oars with a steady shock
Tell how we work like niggers
For a cool in the plashy lock.

And it's oh, for the neck of the camel,
The ostrich, snake, giraffe!
And what if to-morrow I am ill,
To-day it is mine to quaff.

Bother my rates and taxes!
Crown me the mantling bowl;
The world has gone off its axis,
It's nothing but Life and Soul.
To-day, like the books of the Sibyl,
Is waningly dearer still,
As the sunset echoes wibble
From a cloud-clean saffron hill.

Calm is the solemn surface
Of waters that woo the skies,
And tenderly calm is her face
Who gazes with larger eyes
At the deepening purple above her,
While over her, small and white,
There leans, like a courtly lover,
The sweetness of all the night.

All day in the sun we boated,
How can I tell how far?
For years in the sun we floated,
For ages that yellow star
Behind the poplar has trembled,
And down to the wine-dark deep,
While softer day dissembled
The Midsummer call to sleep.

And it's oh, for the neck of the camel,
The ostrich, snake, giraffe,
What though to-morrow I *am* ill,
To-night I am fain to quaff.

NOT QUITE ON THE SQUARE.—The Story of the Round Table.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday Night, July 25.—Peers received important accession of strength to-night. Gentleman long known in Commons as "Old Mother HUBBARD" been translated, and will henceforward be known to history as Lord ADDINGTON. His early impression was that he should have been CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Admiration for DIZZY, and respect for STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; but always thought they were out of place at the Treasury whilst he sat below the Gangway, fain to be content with criticising their schemes. Markiss didn't really know what to do with him. Couldn't appoint him CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in succession to GRANDOLPH. Yet HUBBARD felt he must have something. Markiss, thinking it over one day, recalled the fact that HUBBARD had absolutely safe seat in City.

"Good," he said. "Let's make him a Peer."

So here he is to-night, swaggering up floor of House of Lords, with little ambulatory swing of coat-tails, familiar for generations in House of Commons. Markiss looks on, pleased with fulfilment of his happy thought.

"Nice old gentleman," he remarked, *sotto voce*. "Prosy when he starts, and always something of a bore. But he'll do for the House of Lords. Moreover, have now finally shut him up. Figures are his forte, Finance his foible. Finance is the only subject that may not be discussed in House of Lords. So, where HUBBARD was voluble, ADDINGTON must be dumb."

Great muster on Opposition Benches in House of Commons. Conservatives not yet back from festivities in the Solent. Old Morality depressed with consciousness that it will be impossible for him to move the Closure. ARTHUR BALFOUR quite conciliatory in manner. Progress accordingly comparatively rapid and altogether peaceful. At outset, threatened encounter between SEXTON and JOHNSTON. SEXTON made inquiry as to whether any chance of City Charter being granted to Belfast? JOHNSTON jumped up with cry of "Stop thief!" On the Fourteenth of June—(didn't mention hour, but precise as to day)—he had put similar question, and had, he said, been waiting ever since for answer. Detected in SEXTON's movement attempt to secure monopoly of popularity. Not going to stand that. House only laughed, and incident went no further.



THE PARLIAMENTARY ALPINE CLUB.

Later, to intense delight of Parnellites, HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN differed on point raised in Irish Land Bill and voted in opposite lobbies. "Beginning of the End," said JOSEPH GILLIS humorously clawing at TIM HEALY.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in Committee.

Tuesday, 3 A.M.—Late enough to be here. Would have been later still but for the presence of mind of the SPEAKER. HOUR ago STUART, running in with pile of papers moved Second Reading of Bill to legalise Langworthy and other marriages celebrated at Antwerp by one POTTS. Debate followed, TOMLINSON moving adjournment. House divided, 75 for adjournment and five-and-seventy against. Everything now depended on the SPEAKER. If he gave casting vote against adjournment, might go on merrily far into morning. SPEAKER took another course. Quite time to go home. So supported adjournment, and rest of business speedily wound up.

[Pg 60]

Tuesday Evening.—CHARLIE BERESFORD about House to-night in unusually limp condition. Avoided Treasury Bench. Wouldn't even enter House. "Only come down," says he, "to signal postmaster to hand over letters." Rumour gathers that CHARLES has had difficulty with his colleagues. Perhaps feels remorse about Crimes Bill, or can't stomach Land Bill. However it be, it is confidently whispered that he has resigned. All the Naval Captains on Conservative side make a point of loitering about Treasury Bench, and, if possible, exchange a word with Old Morality. If there is vacancy at Admiralty, will want a substitute. No harm in reminding him of the existence of one or two.

Presently made clear that it is for domestic, not political, reasons that CHARLIE has resigned. Seems that when at Review on Saturday, he, being on Queen's Yacht, filled up idle five minutes by signalling to his wife on another ship. This grave breach of etiquette shakes naval force of Great Britain to centre. Can be atoned for only by offender sacrificing his professional position and prospects. So CHARLIE sends in his resignation, and BRITANNIA, dissolved in tears, weeps over her errant son. Procedure of course only formal. Can't spare gallant and capable sailor like this on account of breach of etiquette.



"Stop Thief!!"

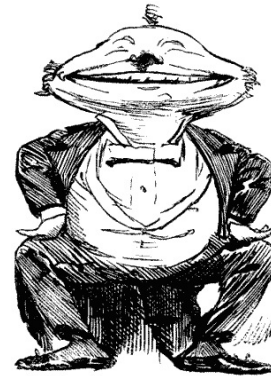
Thursday Night.—TIM on the rampage. SAUNDERSON set him agog at Question time, by rubbing him down wrong way. But it was BALFOUR who completed work. As TIM frankly admits, cannot sit opposite BALFOUR, smirking on Treasury Bench, without losing control of himself.

"I know it's wrong, TOBY," he said to me after, in the Lobby, "but there is only one way to prevent it. I must quit the House, and go out for a walk on Terrace. To see BALFOUR sitting over there on the small of his back, sneering whilst we are trying to do our best for Ireland, is too much for me."

Having had back put up by BALFOUR, Conservatives below Gangway opposite completed transformation of TIM from peaceable citizen into an infuriate. HENNIKER HEATON, charging himself only half postage, sent frequent irritating messages across floor of House. TIM made show of taking off coat, turning up sleeves, and harrying HENNIKER. Chairman interposed with threat of "Naming." TIM defied him, but presently gave in, and withdrew offensive remarks.



Here's Timothy Healy, Who spoke too freely.



Here's Mr. de Lisle, Who "didn't even smile."

(A Fancy Portrait.)

Seemed all over now. DE LISLE proposed to offer few observations. Smartly rapped on head by COURTNEY, and resumed seat. Then Division. Whilst House cleared, DE LISLE took opportunity to have little conversation with COURTNEY. TIM watched him with lowering eyes. The Division takes about ten minutes. Supposing he and DE LISLE were to pair, go on the Terrace, and have it out? Happy Thought. Suggest it to DE LISLE. Swooped down on him while talking to COURTNEY in chair, and plainly propounded proposition.

"Come out!" he said, in blood-curdling whisper. "Come out, if you are a man. If you interrupt me again, I'll break your neck."

This conclusive, but as argumentative process not recognised in House. DE LISLE went out by a door other than that affected by TIM. Chairman said nothing, but as soon as Members returned from Division Lobby sent for SPEAKER, and reported circumstances to him. So TIM was suspended. Now partially anticipating the Recess. House practically empty. To-night filled up for this scene. After it was over, Benches cleared again, there being nothing more interesting than business to the fore.

Business done.—Committee on Land Bill.

Friday.—Captain Bunsby appeared in House to-night. Took familiar and graceful form of RICHARD TEMPLE. Some one questioned him as to what would London School Board do if the Pensions Bill promoted by it did not pass this Session? Would they terminate engagements for purpose of compelling their servants to come within provisions of Bill?

"Sir," said Sir RICHARD, casting killing glance at Ladies' Gallery, "whether the Board shall see fit to exercise their power is a question which no man can answer; and, if so be, wherefore? Why, Sir, because the Board will never form a decision on contingencies which have not yet arisen."

House delighted. Roared with laughter.



"When found, make a note of for *Tit Bits*," said NEWNES; and he did.

**"When found,
make a note of for
Tit Bits."**

Land Bill in Committee again. Getting terribly dull, though wakes up now and then when HARCOURT interposes. Tremendous scene at Half-past Two this morning, when Old Morality rebuked him. O. M. accused HARCOURT of making charge against Ministerialists.

"I don't know what charge I have made," said HARCOURT; "but I am prepared to maintain all I have said."


That, of course, settled matter, and Members went home.

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee.

GROUSE PROSPECTS.



TWO "BIRDS'-EYE" VIEWS.

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