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April 26 1890, by Various**

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## **Punch, or the London Charivari**

**Volume 98, April 26th 1890**

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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### **MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.**

(CONTINUED FROM P. 145.)

#### **No. IX.—UNDER THE HARROW.**

*A Conventional Comedy-Melodrama, in Two Acts.*

ACT. II.—SCENE—*Same as in Act I.; viz., the Morning-room at Natterjack Hall. Evening of same day. Enter BLETHERS.*

*Blethers.* Another of Sir POSHBURY'S birthdays almost gone—and my secret still untold! (*Dodders.*) I can't keep it up much longer ... Ha, here comes his Lordship—he does look mortal bad, that he do! MISS VERBENA ain't treated him too well, from all I can hear, poor young feller!

*Enter Lord BLESHUGH.*

*Lord Bleshugh.* BLETHERS, by the memory of the innumerable half-crowns that have passed between us, be my friend now! I have no others left. Persuade your young Mistress to come hither—you need not tell her *I* am here, you understand. Be discreet, and this florin shall be yours!

*Blethers.* Leave it to me, my Lord. I'd tell a lie for less than that, any day, old as I am!  
[*Exit.*]

*Lord Bl.* I cannot rest till I have heard from her own lips that the past few hours have been nothing but a horrible dream ... She is coming! Now for the truth!

[*Enter VERBENA.*]

*Verbena.* Papa, did you want me? (*Recognises Lord B.—controls herself to a cold formality.*) My Lord, to what do I owe this—this unexpected intrusion?

[*Pants violently.*]

*Lord Bl.* VERBENA, tell me, you cannot really prefer that seedy snob in the burst boots to me?

*Verb. (aside).* How can I tell him the truth without betraying dear Papa? No, I must lie, though it kills me. (*To Lord B.*) Lord BLESHUGH, I have been trifling with you. I—I never loved you.

*Lord B.* I see, and all the while your heart was given to a howling cad?

*Verb.* And if it was, who can account for the vagaries of a girlish fancy! We women are capricious beings, you know. (*With hysterical gaiety.*) But you are unjust to Mr. SPIKER—he has not *yet* howled in my presence—(aside)—though I very nearly did in *his*!

*Lord B.* And you really love him?

*Verb.* I—I love him. (*Aside.*) My heart will break!

*Lord B.* Then I have no more to say. Farewell, VERBENA! Be as happy as the knowledge that you have wrecked one of the brightest careers, and soured one of the sweetest natures in the county, will permit. (*Goes up stage, and returns.*) A few days since you presented me with a cloth pen-wiper, in the shape of a dog of unknown breed. If you will kindly wait here for half-an-hour, I shall have much pleasure in returning a memento which I have no longer the right to retain, and there are several little things I gave you which I can take back with me at the same time, if you will have them put up in readiness.

[*Exit.*

*Verbena.* Oh, he is cruel, cruel! but I shall keep the little bone yard-measure, and the diamond pig—they are all I have to remind me of him!

[*Enter SPIKER, slightly intoxicated.*

*Spiker (throwing himself on sofa without seeing VERB.)* I don' know how it is, but I feel precioush shleepy, somehow. P'raps I did partake lil' too freely of Sir POSHBURY's gen'rous Burgundy. Wunner why they call it "gen'rous"—it didn't give *me* anything 'cept a bloomin' headache! However, I punished it, and old POSHBURY had to look on and let me. He-he! (*Examining his hand.*) Who'd think, to look at thish thumb, that there was a real live Baronet squirmin' under it. But there ish!  
[*Snores.*

*Verb. (bitterly).* And *that* thing is my affianced husband! Ah, no, I cannot go through with it, he is *too* repulsive! If I could but find a way to free myself without compromising poor Papa. The sofa-cushion! Dare I? It would be quite painless ... Surely the removal of such an odious wretch cannot be *Murder* ... I will! (*Slow music. She gets a cushion, and presses it tightly over SPIKER'S head.*) Oh, I wish he wouldn't gurgle like that, and how he does kick! he cannot even die like a gentleman! (*SPIKER'S kicks become more and more feeble, and eventually cease.*) How still he lies! I almost wish ... Mr. SPIKER, Mr. SPI-KER!... no answer—oh, I really *have* suffocated him! (*Enter Sir POSH.*) You, Papa?

*Sir Posh.* What, VERBENA, sitting with, hem—SAMUEL in the gloaming? (*Sings, with forced hilarity.*) "In the gloaming, oh, my darling!" that's as it should be—quite as it should be!

*Verb. (in dull strained accents).* Don't sing, Papa, I cannot bear it—just yet. I have just suffocated Mr. SPIKER with a sofa-cushion. See!

[*Shows the body.*

*Sir Posh.* Then I am safe—he will tell no tales now! But, my child, are you aware of the very serious nature of your act? An act of which, as a Justice of the Peace, I am bound to take some official cognizance!

*Verb.* Do not scold me, Papa. Was it not done for *your* sake?

*Sir P.* I cannot accept such an excuse as that. I fear your motives were less disinterested than you would have me believe. And now, VERBENA, what will *you* do? As your father, I would gladly screen you—but, as a Magistrate, I cannot promise to be more than passive.

*Verb.* Listen, Papa. I have thought of a plan—why should I not wheel this sofa to the head of the front-door steps, and tip it over? They will only think he fell down when intoxicated—for he *had* taken far too much wine, Papa!

*Sir P.* Always the same quick-witted little fairy! Go, my child, but be careful that none of the servants see you. (*Verb. wheels the sofa and SPIKER'S body out, L.U.E.*) My poor impulsive darling, I do hope she will not be seen—servants do make such mischief! But there's an end of SPIKER, at any rate. I should *not* have liked him for a son-in-law, and with him, goes the only person who knows my unhappy secret!

*Enter BLETHERS.*

*Blethers.* Sir POSHBURY, I have a secret to reveal which I can preserve no longer—it concerns something that happened many years ago—it is connected with your *birthday*, Sir POSHBURY.

*Sir P. (quailing).* What, *another*! I must stop *his* tongue at all hazards. Ha, the rotten sash-line! (*To BL.*) I will hear you, but first close yonder window, the night air is growing chill.

[BLETHERS *goes to window at back. Slow music. As he approaches it, LORD BLESUGH enters (R 2 E), and, with a smothered cry of horror, drags him back by the coat-tails—just before the window falls with a tremendous crash.*

*Sir P. BLESUGH!* What have you done?

Lord Blesh. (*sternly*). Saved *him* from an untimely end—and *you* from—crime.

[*Collapse of Sir P. Enter VERBENA, terrified.*

*Verb.* Papa, Papa, hide me! The night-air and the cold stone steps have restored MR. SPIKER to life and consciousness! He is coming to denounce me—you—both of us! He is awfully annoyed!

*Sir P. (recklessly)*. It is useless to appeal to me, child. I have enough to do to look after myself—now!

[*Enter SPIKER, indignant.*

*Spiker.* Pretty treatment for a gentleman, this! Look here, POSHBURY, this young lady has choked me with a cushion, and then pitched me down the front steps—I might have broken my neck!

*Sir P.* It was an oversight which I lament, but for which I must decline to be answerable. You must settle your differences with her.

*Spiker.* And you, too, old horse! *You* had a hand in this, I know, and I'll pay you out for it now. My life ain't safe if I marry a girl like that, so I've made up my mind to split, and be done with it!

*Sir P. (contemptuously)*. If you don't, BLETHERS *will*. So do your worst, you hound!

*Spiker.* Very well, then; I will. (*To the rest.*) I denounce this man for travelling with a half-ticket from Edgware Road to Baker Street on his thirteenth birthday, the 31st of March, twenty-seven years ago this very day. [*Sensation.*

*Blethers.* Hear me; it was *not* his thirteenth birthday! Sir POSHBURY's birthday falls on the 1st of April—*to-morrow!* I was sent to register the birth, and, by a blunder, which I have repented bitterly ever since, unfortunately gave the wrong date. Till this moment I have never had the manliness or sincerity to confess my error, for fear of losing my situation.

*Sir P. (to SPIKER)*. Do you hear, you paltry knave? I was *not* thirteen. Consequently, I was under age, and the Bye-laws are still unbroken. Your hold over me is gone—gone for ever!

*Spiker.* H'm—SPIKER spiked this time!

[*Retires up disconcerted.*

*Lord Bl.* And you did not really love him, after all, VERBENA?

*Verb. (with arch pride)*. Have I not proved my indifference?

*Lord Bl.* But I forget—you admitted that you were but trifling with my affection—take back your pin-cushion.

*Verb.* Keep it. All that I did was done to spare my father!

*Sir Posh.* Who, as a matter of fact, was innocent—but I forgive you, child, for your unworthy suspicions. BLESHUGH, my boy, you have saved me from unnecessarily depriving myself of the services of an old retainer. BLETHERS, I condone a dissimulation for which you have done much to atone. SPIKER, you vile and miserable rascal, be off, and be thankful that I have sufficient magnanimity to refrain from giving you in charge. (*SPIKER sneaks off, crushed.*) And now, my children, and my faithful old servant, congratulate me that I am no longer—

*Verbena and Lord Bleshugh (together)*. Under the Harrow!

[*Affecting Family Tableau and quick Curtain.*





### BLANK REFUSAL.

*B-lf-r.* "QUITE EASY TO GET THE MONEY, IF YOU'LL BACK THE BILL."  
*P-r-n-l-l.* "NO, THANK YOU!"

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Sir JOHN GILBERT leads off with an excellent landscape "*Autumn*," which is full of his best quality. The presidential key-note thus struck, seems to have been taken up by the rest of the exhibitors, for in the present show there is certainly a preponderance of landscapes. Among the most notable contributions may be named those by Messrs. BIRKET FOSTER, A. D. FRIPP, T. LLOYD, C. B. PHILLIP, HEMY, SMALLFIELD, MARSHALL, GOODWIN, WATERLOW, E. K. JOHNSON, STACY MARKS, HENSHALL, J. D. WATSON, T. J. WATSON, HENRY MOORE, CARL HAAG, MISS CLARA MONTALBA, MRS. ALLINGHAM and Miss C. PHILLOTT. The exhibition, though it appears to be not so large as usual, is a very interesting one.

"AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE."—One of the clever young men who assist in that excellent *Daily Telegraph* salad, "London Day by Day," without which, served fresh and fresh every morning, life would not be worth living, said, last Tuesday, that "the latest on 'Change is that STANLEY declares he never saw EMIN PASHA. Why? Because there's no M in Pasha." *Mr. Punch*, December 21, 1889, originated it in this form:—

A MYTHICAL PERSON: EMIN PASHA.—Why this fuss about a man who does not exist? There's no *M* in "Pasha."

"It's of no consequence;" only, given as the latest quotation on 'Change, was not quite up to date for "London Day by Day."

### AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

WHAT *is* a "Sphere of Influence"?  
 Say, warlike WISSMANN; tell, pugnacious PINTO  
 (Whom England had to give so sharp a hint to).  
 The talk about the thing is now immense.  
 JOHN BULL, the German, and the Portuguee,  
 Claim each a "sphere," and that alone makes three;  
 But what and where are they upon the map?  
 And do they intersect or overlap?  
 One wonders what they are and where they *can* lie.  
 STANLEY flouts EMIN, EMIN rounds on STANLEY;  
 On Shire's shore raid Portuguese fire-eaters;  
 Somewhere it seems the problematic PETERS  
 Stirs troubles still in toiling for the Teuton.  
 FERGUSSON'S diplomatically mute on  
 The matter, but it scarcely seems chimerical  
 To say these rivalries are mostly *spherical*.  
 Delimitation's talked of, and indeed  
 'Tis needful, in the face of grabbing greed.

Perhaps a pair of geometric compasses  
Might stop these rival rumpusses;  
For in these "Spheres of Influence" *Punch* hears  
Anything but the "Music of the Spheres."

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### INTERESTING NOVELTY.

LADY MAIDSTONE announces "an 8-30 o'clock" (to adapt the Whistlerian title when he did his "ten-and-sixpenny o'clock") at the Westminster Town Hall, for April 26, for the production of an entirely new play, entitled *Anne Tigony*, by a new and original dramatic authoress of the name of SOPHIE KLEES. It is, we understand, a domestic drama illustrative of Greek life. The great sensation scene is of course "when Greek meets Greek." This tragedy, we are informed, "refers to what, in the Greek way of thinking, are the sacred rites of the dead, and the solemn importance of burial." It is, therefore, an Anti-Cremation Society drama. The *tableaux* are by Mrs. JOPLING, the conductor is Mr. BARNEY, and the leading *rôle* of *Anne Tigony* herself is to be played by my Lady MAIDSTONE. We wish SOPHIE KLEES every possible success, and a big and glorious future. Beware the Cremationists!—they might try to wreck the piece.

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#### A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"OH YES, SIR GUS, MY HUSBAND'S AS WELL AS EVER, THANK YOU, AND HARD AT WORK. I'VE HAD TO COPY OUT HIS PAMPHLET ON BI-METALLISM *THREE TIMES*, HE ALTERS IT SO! AH, IT'S NO SINECURE TO BE MARRIED TO A MAN OF GENIUS. I OFTEN ENVY YOUR DEAR WIFE!"

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#### A RUM SUBJECT.—The Budget.

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### THE TIPPLER'S TRIUMPH.

(See Mr. Goschen's Budget Speech.)

ALAS! we deemed him purposeless; the vinous smile that  
flickered up

Across his glowing countenance was meaningless to us.

We only saw a drunkard who addressed us, as he liquored up,

Not always too politely, and in words that sounded thus.

"All ri' you needn' 'shult me, I'm a berrer man than you;  
Mr. GOSCHEN couldn' shpare me as a shource of revenue."

And when we led him home at night we scorned the foolish  
antic all

That flung him into gutters, made him friendly with a post;  
And we snubbed him when he told us—we were always too  
pedantical—

That he saw a thousand niggers dressed in red on buttered  
toast.

He was better, now I know it, than our soberheaded crew,  
We who added not a farthing to the country's revenue.

And, oh, the folly of his wife, I scarcely can imagine it,  
When to his room he reeled at last and went to bed in boots.  
And she, with all the bearing of a Tudor or Plantagenet,  
Said royally, "We loathe you; you're no better than the  
brutes."

Shame upon her thus to rate him, for philanthropists are few  
Who as much relieve our burdens, or increase the revenue.

But now we know that Surpluses will come to fill the Treasury,  
If only, like the sea-port towns, we all keep drinking rum;  
And he who swills unceasingly, and always without measure,  
he

Is truly patriotic, though Blue-ribbonites look glum.  
For to him, above all others, easy temperance is due,  
Since he cheapens tea by twopence as a source of revenue.

Then here's to those who toasted well the national prosperity,  
And swelled the Surplus, draining whiskey, brandy, gin, or  
beer;

And the man who owns a bottle-nose he owns a badge of merit;  
he

Takes *Bardolph*, and not RANDOLPH, as a patron to revere.  
Here's your health, my gallant Tippler, may you ne'er have  
cause to rue

That you blessed our common country as a source of revenue!

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## THE LAW AND THE LIVER.

[Two Magistrates have decided that selling coffee "containing 80 per cent. of chicory" is not punishable under the Adulteration Act.]

EVER since drinking my morning cup of what my grocer humorously describes as "French Coffee," I have suffered from headache, vertigo, and uncontrollable dyspepsia. I wonder what can be the cause?

Perhaps the fact (inscribed on the bottom of the tin in very small letters) that "this is a mixture of coffee and chicory," has something to do with it.

Only as the chicory is in a majority of four to one, would it not be more correct to describe it as "a mixture of chicory and coffee?"

I see that, in accordance with the Adulteration Act, my baker now sells bread which he labels as "a compound of wheat and other ingredients." Other disagreedients, he ought to say.

"Partly composed of fresh fruit," is the inscription on the jam I purchase. This means one raspberry to a pound of mashed mangold-wurzel.

We shall be taking chemically-coloured chopped hay at five this afternoon. Will you join us?

If I purchase my own coffee-beans and grind them, can my breakfast be properly termed a bean-feast?

Yes, as you say, I can no doubt guard against adulteration by keeping a couple of cows in my cellar, growing corn in my backyard, tea-plants and sugar-canes on my roof, and devoting my best bed-room to the cultivation of coffee, fruit, and mixed pickles; but would my landlord approve of the system?

And, finally, is this what they mean by a "Free Breakfast Table," that every grocer is "free" to poison us under cover of a badly-drawn Act of Parliament?

## OLD TIMES REVIVED.

"RETURNING TO OLD TIMES.—The new coaches, which are to carry the parcel mail between Manchester and Liverpool nightly, ran for the first time tonight. The coach from Manchester for Liverpool started punctually at ten o'clock from the Parcel Office, in Stevens Square. Some thousands of people had assembled to witness the inauguration of the service. The van, which has been specially constructed for the service, was well-filled with parcels, and a guard in uniform, an old soldier, took his seat inside it, armed with a six-shooter and a side-sword. The departure of the coach, which was announced by the blowing of a horn, was loudly cheered by the crowd of people, and the vehicle was followed down the main streets of the city by some hundreds of spectators. There are three horses to the van, and relays of horses are provided at Hollins Green and Prescott. The coaches are timed to do the thirty-six mile journey in five and a half hours, arriving in Manchester and Liverpool respectively at 3.15 A.M."—*Daily Paper, April 14, 1890.*



PROBABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE FUTURE:—"ATTACK ON MAIL COACH!"

SKETCHED BY ARTIST OF *DAILY GRAPHIC* ON THE SPOT.

## ON THE SWOOP.

FAR from its native eyrie, high in air,  
 Above the extended plain,  
 The Teuton Eagle hovers. Broad and fair  
 From Tropic main to main  
 Stretches a virgin continent vast, and void  
 Of man's most treasured works;  
 No plough on those huge slopes is yet employed;  
 The untamed tiger lurks  
 In unfelled forest and unfooted brake;  
 Those streams scarce know a keel;  
 Through the rank herbage writhes the monstrous snake;  
 Dim shapes of terror steal  
 Unmarked and menacing from clump to clump,  
 Whilst from the tangled scrub  
 Is heard the trampling elephant's angry tramp.  
 The frolic tiger-cub  
 Tumbles in jungle-shambles; in his lair  
 The lion couches prone.  
 What does that wingéd portent in mid-air,  
 Hovering alert, alone?  
 Strong-pinioned, brazen-beaked, and iron-clawed,  
 This Eagle from the West;  
 Adventurous, ravening for prey, unawed  
 By perils of the quest.  
 Beneath new clouds, above fresh fields he flies,  
 Foraging fleet and far,

With clutching talons, and with hungering eyes,  
Scornful of bound or bar.  
Winged things, he deems, may safely oversweep  
Landmark and mountain-post.  
The Forest-king may fancy he can keep  
His realm against a host  
Of such aërial harpies. Be it proved!  
Till late the Imperial fowl  
Not far from its home-pinnacles hath roved;  
Now LEO on the prow  
Must watch his wingèd rival. Who may tell  
Where it shall strike or stoop?  
LEO, your lair must now be warded well;  
AQUILA'S on the Swoop!

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## THE LAST CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(*Brought by the Survivors against those—who might have looked after them.*)

"But we are all getting older every year, and with the lapse of time, while many have died, a good number have fallen into dire misfortune.... LORD CARDIGAN'S words to the survivors of the Six Hundred the morning after the charge have been repeated to me, although I wasn't there to hear them. He said: 'Men, you have done a glorious deed! England will be proud of you, and grateful to you. If you live to get home, be sure you will all be provided for. Not one of you fine fellows will ever have to seek refuge in the workhouse!' Now, you perhaps know how that promise has been kept. I cannot tell you, even from my secretarial records, the full extent of the misery that has fallen upon my old comrades in the Charge of the Light Brigade; but I can give you a few details that should be made widely public."—*The Secretary of the Balaclava Committee.*

FORTY years, Forty years,  
All but four—onward,  
Since to the Valley of Death  
Rode the Six Hundred;  
Since the whole country cried  
"We will for you provide,—  
Blazon your splendid ride,  
Gallant Six Hundred!"

Yet now the Light Brigade  
Stands staring much dismayed  
For they can plainly see  
Someone has blundered.  
For here are they, grown old,  
With their grand story told,  
Left to the bitter cold,—  
Starving Six Hundred!

Workhouse to right of them,  
Workhouse to left of them,  
Workhouse in front of them!  
Has no one wondered  
That British blood should cry,  
"Shame!" and exact reply,  
Asking the country why  
Thus it sees droop and die  
Those brave Six Hundred!

As they drop off the stage,  
Want, and the weight of age—  
Is this their only wage?—  
Home rent and sundered!  
And is their deed sublime,  
Flooding all after-time,  
Now but a theme for rhyme,  
Whispered—and thundered  
Where, from the pit and stalls,  
Theatres and Music-halls,  
Greet their "Six Hundred!"

Can thus emotion feed  
On the heroic deed,  
Yet leave the doer in need,—  
Of his rights plundered?



"No!" the whole land declares  
Henceforth their load it shares,  
Spite those who blundered.  
They shall note wants decrease,  
Of comfort take a lease  
Till all their troubles cease  
And to their end in peace  
Ride the Six Hundred!

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## MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

### SOCIAL.

"*How sweetly that simple costume becomes your style of beauty, dear!*"  
*i.e.*, "Cheap dress suits a silly dowdy."

"*Ah! Here we are again! Thought I should come across you presently;*"  
*i.e.*, "How he must tout for it! And what a relief it would be to go somewhere where he does *not* turn up!"

"*Yes, capital story I know,—but pardon me just a minute, old chap. I think I see Mrs. Mountcashel beckoning me;*"  
*i.e.*, "What an escape! Doesn't buttonhole me again to-night if I know it."

### MILITARY.

"*The Mess rather prides itself upon its cellar;*"  
*i.e.*, The host is a little doubtful about what the Wine Committee have in hand for the benefit of the guest he has asked to dinner.

"*The Regiment at the Inspection, although a trifle rusty, never did better;*"  
*i.e.*, The Senior Major clubbed the Battalion, and the Commanding Officer was told by the General, with an unnecessary strong expression, to "Take 'em home, Sir!"

### LEGAL.

"*The Will of the late Mr. Dash is so complicated that it is not unlikely to give employment to Gentlemen of the long robe;*"  
*i.e.*, Administration suit, with six sets of solicitors, ten years of chamber practice, three further considerations, and the complete exhaustion of the estate in costs.

"*Mr. Nemo, as a Solicitor in his office, is a very able man;*"  
*i.e.*, That although Mr. NEMO, away from his profession, would shrink from doing anything calculated to get himself turned out of the West-End Club to which he belongs; in his *sanctum* he would cheerfully sell the bones of his grandmother by auction, and prosecute his own father and mother for petty larceny, arson, or murder, always supposing he saw his way to his costs.

### EPISTOLATORY.

"*A thousand thanks for your nice long, sympathetic letter;*"  
*i.e.*, "Great bore to have to reply to six pages of insincere gush."

"*Please excuse this hurried scrawl;*"  
*i.e.*, "That'll cover any mistakes in spelling, &c."

"*Only too delighted;*"  
*i.e.*, "Can't refuse, confound it!"

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ON THE SWOOP!

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## IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

THERE was some good racing at Newmarket last week, and, as usual, every single race proved up to the hilt the extraordinary accuracy of my forecasts. I said a year ago that "*Bandersnatch* was a colt who hadn't a chance of winning a first-class race. Only a March hare or a Bank-holiday boozier would think of backing him." *Bandersnatch's name never even appeared on the race-card last week*. Mr. JEREMY says the colt is dead, as if that had anything to do with it; but of course if the gullish herd chooses to cackle after Mr. JEREMY it's no use trying to help them.

The hippopotamus-headed dolts who pinned their faith to *Molly Mustard* must have learnt their lesson by this time. Of course *Molly Mustard* defeated that overrated sham *Undercut*; but what of that? When *Undercut* was placed second to *Pandriver* at the North Country Second Autumn Handicap two years ago, I warned everybody that *Wobbling Willie* who is half-brother to *Rattlepate* by *Spring Onion*, ought to have made a certainty of the race if the gruel-brained idiots who own him had only rubbed his back with DAFFY'S Elixir twice a-day before going to bed. As it was *Wobbling Willie* rolled about like a ship at sea, and Brighton Pref passed him in a common canter. That scarcely made *Molly Mustard* a second *Eclipse*. The fact of the matter is she is a roarer, or will be before the season is over, and those who backed her will have to whistle for their money. All I can say is, that I hope they will like the trap into which their own patent-leather-headed imbecility has led them.

*Corncrake* is a nice, compact, long-coupled, raking-looking colt, with a fine high action that reminds me of a steam-pump at its best. He is not likely to bring back much of the £3000 given for him as a yearling by his present owner, but he might be used to make the running for his stable-companion *Catsmeat*, who was picked up for £5 out of a butcher's cart at Doncaster.

For the Two Thousand I should have selected *Barkis* if he had been entered. Failing him, there is very little in it. *Sandy Sal* might possibly have a chance, but she has always turned out such an arrant rogue that I hesitate to recommend her. Mr. JEREMY plumps for *Old Tom*, and the whole pack of brainless moon-calves goes after him in full cry as usual. If *Old Tom* had two sound legs he might be a decent horse, but he has only got one, and he has never used that properly.

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### A TRAVELLING TRIBUNAL.

Why not Cyclist Judges and Clerk and Marshal going all the year round, to be met by local Barristers?

### THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL.



ALL the grate LORD MARE'S and the good Lady Maress's hundreds and hundreds of little frends had their annual peep into Paradise last Wensday heaving, at the good old Manshun Howse, on which most interesting ocashun all their fond Mas and their stump-upping Pas sent them into the famous Egipshun All in such a wariou combenashun of hartistick loveliness and buty as ewen I myself never seed ekalled! Whether it was the rayther sewere coldness of the heaving, or the niceness of the several refreshments as the kind Lady Maress perwided, or whether it was that most on 'em was amost one year older than they was larst year, in course I don't know, but they suttently kept on a pitching into the wittels and drink in a way as rayther estonished ewen my seasoned eyes, acustomed as they is to Copperashun Bankwets, and settra. One little bewty of a Faery, with her lovely silwer wand of power, amost friten'd me out of my wits by thretnening to turn me into sumthink dredful if I didn't give her a strawbery hice emedeately, which she fust partly heated, and then drunk, as their custom

is, I spose. Then there was a lot of all sorts—niggers and sodgers, and three young ladies as magpies. Which last made me think that a young gent fond of using his fists might do wus than go as a burd prize-fiter. By the way, one likes condesenshun, down to a certain xtent, but whether it should hinclude a most bewtiful Princess a dansing with a pore littel white-faced Clown, is what I must leave others to deside; I declines doing it myself.

We had *Mr. Punch* in the course of the heaving, and both hold and young larfed away as ushal at his rayther rum morality. Then we had two most clever gents who dressed theirselves up before a large looking-glass to look like lots of diffrent people. The best couple I was told was two Gents named BIZMARCK and BULLANGER, one was said to be a reel Ero, and the other, a mere Sham, but I don't know werry much about such Gents myself, xcept that BROWN tried werry hard to make me beleve that BIZMARCK, who was the reel Ero, used to think nothink of pouring a hole Bottle of Shampain into a hole Pot of Stout and drinking it all off at one draft, like a ancient Cole Heaver! We finished up with a lot of German Chinese, who jumped about and danced about and climbed up a top of one another, and then acshally bilt theirselves up like a house, and then all tumbled to pieces, reelly quite wunderfool, and not only the lovely little children, but ewen Common Councilmen, aye and ewen ancient Deputys, all stood round and larfed away and enjoyed theirselves, recalling to my sumwhat faltering memory the words of the emortel Poet, "One touch, of Nature makes the hole World grin."

ROBERT.

### AN ECHO FROM THE LANE.

LAST week the Carl Rosa Opera Company (whose Managing Directors are AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS,

future Sheriff of London, with Sheriff's officers in attendance, to whom he might, on some future emergency, entrust the charge of Her Majesty's) continued its season of success with a solitary addition to the programme, *L'Etoile du Nord*. *À propos* of this novelty, it may be hinted that although the *Catherine* of Madame GEORGINA BURNS does not make us entirely forget ADELINA PATTI in the same character, the performance is, from every other point of view, completely gratifying. As "little Peter," Mr. F. H. CELLI is (as the comic songs have it) "very fine and large." Mr. JOHN CHILD, whose *Wilhelm*, in *Mignon*, lacked distinction, is more in his element as *Danilowitz* the pastry-cook. The stage management (as might have been expected with AUGUSTUS to the fore) is admirable, the battle-scene at the end of the Second Act filling the house with a mixture one-tenth smoke to nine-tenths enthusiasm. By the time these lines are before the entire world, if all goes well, *Thorgrim*, by Mr. FREDERICK COWEN, will have been produced. As the work of a native composer, it should receive a hearty welcome, particularly on the boards of the National Theatre; but, sink or swim, the Carl Rosa Opera Company cannot possibly come to harm with its present popular *repertoire*. And, as good music is a boon to the London public, such a state of things is distinctly satisfactory.




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"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!"—It is a pity that Mr. LAW, the author of *Dick Venables*, did not take a little more trouble in the construction of his new piece at the Shaftesbury Theatre. It just misses being an excellent drama, and deserving the valuable assistance it receives from all concerned on the stage side of the Curtain. That the wife of a convict should take a house next door to her deeply dreaded husband's prison, that a jewel-collector should keep his precious stones in a side-board, that an Archdeacon should apparently have nothing better to do than play the kleptomaniac at Dartmoor, are facts that seem largely improbable; and yet these are the salient points of the latest addition to the playgoer's *repertoire*. For the rest, *Dick Venables* is interesting, and admirably played. But whether, after the first-night criticisms, the piece will do, is a question that must be left to the future for solution.

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[pg 202]

## HYPNOTIC HIGH FEEDING.

(Being some Brief Diary Notes of a Coming Little Dinner (New Style), jotted down a few years hence.)

"YOUR dinner is served. Sir!"

It was the Professorial Butler who made this announcement with a solemn and significant bow. He had undertaken, for the modest fee of half-a-crown, to throw my four guests,—an Epicurean Duke, a couple of noted Diners-out, and a Gourmand of a high order well known in Society,—into a profound hypnotic sleep, under the influence of which, while supplied with a few scraps of food, and slops by way of drink, they were to believe that they were assisting at a most *recherché* repast, provided by a *cuisine*, and accompanied by choice vintage wines, both of the first excellence.

I felt a little nervous as we proceeded to the dining-room, but as the Professor adroitly passed his hand over the head of each as he descended the stairs, and pointed out to me the dazed and vacant look that had settled on the features of all of them, I felt reassured, especially when they fell mechanically into their places, and began to peruse, with evident delight, the contents of the *Menu*, which ran as follows:—

### SOUP.

Toast-and-water and Candle-ends.

### FISH.

Herrings' Heads and Tails.  
Counter Sweepings.

### ENTREMETS.

Rotten Cabbage-stalks.

### ENTRÉE.

Odds and Ends of Shoe Leather.

### ROAST.

Cat's Meat.

### SWEET.

That they didn't all rise like one man with a howl of execration on reading this was soon explained when the Professorial Butler set down a soup-plate before the Epicurean Duke and with an insinuating smile, simply announced it as *Tortue claire*. It was clear from this that they were under the impression that they were partaking of a first-class little dinner, and had read the *Menu* at the will of the Professorial Butler, as he subsequently explained to me in such fashion that the toast-and-water soup, in which the candle-ends played the part of green fat, appeared to them in the light of the finest "clear turtle." "And how about the Herrings' Heads and Tails?" I asked. "They take that for *Saumon de Gloucester, sauce Pierre Le Grand*," was the bland reply, a fact which at that moment the Gourmand endorsed, by smacking his lips and with an ejaculation of "Sublime salmon that! I'll take a little more," holding out his plate for a second helping. The Cabbage-stalks figured in their imagination as "*Asperges d'Italie, en branches glacées à la Tour d'Amsterdam*," while the pennyworth of plain cat's meat, passed more than muster as "*Filet de Bœuf en Diplomat, braisée à la Prince de Pékin*." The Shoe-leather and Jam-pot Scrapings brought the *Menu* to a triumphant close, with "*Ris de Veau pralinée au boucles Menschikoff*," and "*Bombardes Impériales de Péru*" respectively.

I confess, when I heard one of the Diners-out asking for Champagne, and saw his glass filled with Harvey's Sauce and water, with the announcement that it was *Dry Monopole Cuvée Réservee*, I felt some momentary misgivings, but they were speedily put to flight on my noticing the evident gusto with which he emptied his glass, at the same time pronouncing it to be "a very fine wine," which he assigned to the vintage of '76. I own too I felt a little nervous when the Professorial Butler, I think not without a sly twinkle in his eye, gave all the party a *liqueur* of petroleum for Green Chartreuse, but they certainly seemed to find it all right, and so my apprehensions disappeared.

Thus my "Little Dinner" came at length to a conclusion. That it was an undoubted success, from a financial point of view, there can be no sort of doubt, for fourpence more than covered the cost of the materials, to which, adding the Professorial Butler's fee of two shillings and sixpence, brings the whole cost of the entertainment up to eightpence-halfpenny a head. It is true I have not heard whether any of my guests have suffered any ill-effects from partaking of my hospitality, but I suppose if any of them had died or been seized with violent symptoms, the fact would have been notified to me. So, on the whole, I may congratulate myself. I certainly could not afford to entertain largely in any other fashion, but, with the aid of the Professorial Butler, I am already contemplating giving a series of nice "Little Dinners," and even on a more extended scale. Indeed, with the assistance of Hypnotism, it is possible, at a trifling cost, to see one's friends. And in the general interests of Society, I mean to do it.

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### FANCY PORTRAIT.

(After reading the Correspondence on Fruit and Birds in the "Morning Post.")



THE BRIGAND BULLFINCH.

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## BULLYING POOR "BULLY."

SAYS the Blackbird to the Bullfinch, "It is April; let us up!  
We will breakfast on the plum-germs, on the pear-buds we will  
sup."

Says the Bullfinch to the Blackbird, "We'll devour them every  
bit,

And quite ruin the fruit-growers, with some aid from the Tom-  
tit."

Then these garden Machiavellis set to work and did not stop  
Till the promise of September prematurely plumped each crop.

Ah! the early frost is ruthless, and the caterpillar's cruel,  
But, to spifflicate the plum or give the gooseberry its gruel,

To confusticate the apple, or to scrumplicate the pear,  
Discombobulate the cherry, make the grower tear his hair,  
And in general play old gooseberry with the orchard and the  
garden,

Till the Autumn crop won't fetch the grumpy farmer "a brass  
farden,"

There is nothing half so ogreish as the Bullfinch and his chums,  
Those imps of devastation—as regards our pears and plums.

Poor "Bully," sung by COWPER in his pretty plaintive verse,  
It is thus thine ancient character they (let us hope) asperse.

"The gardener's chief enemy," so angry scribes declare,  
And the cause why ribstone pippins and prime biggaroons are  
rare.

Little birds, my pretty "Bully," should all diet upon worms,  
And grub on grubs, contented, not on fruit-buds and young  
germs

Vain your pretty coat, my "Bully," beady eyes, and pleasant  
pipe,

If you will not give our fruit-crops half a chance of getting ripe.  
Let us hope that they traduce you, all this angry scribbling host  
Of horticultural zealots who abuse you in the *Post*.

The Reverend F. O. MORRIS takes the field in your defence,  
But they swear, though picturesquish, he's devoid of common-  
sense.

*Punch* inclineth to the Parson, and he doesn't quite believe  
All the statements of the growers and the gardeners who  
grieve

Over "Bully's" depredations, for he knows that, as a rule,  
The birds' foe is a fashionable fribble, or a fool.

From the damsels who despoil them for their bonnets or their  
cloaks,

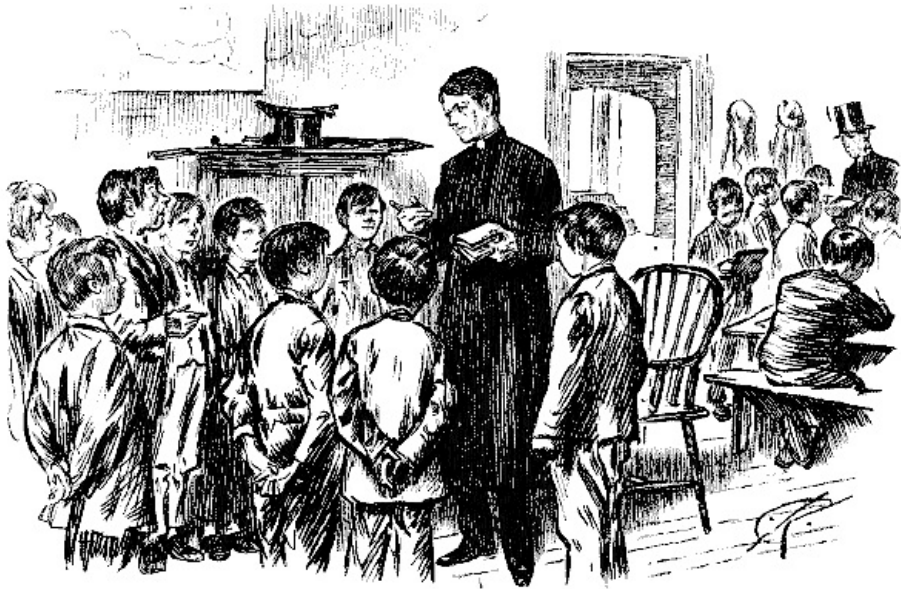
To the farmer who exterminates the dickies, and then croaks  
O'er the spread of caterpillars and such-like devouring vermin,  
They are selfish and shortsighted. So he'll not in haste  
determine

The case against poor "Bully," or the Blackbird, or Tom-tit.  
Though they put it very strongly, *Punch* would warn them—  
Wait a bit!

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SPORTIVE CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART takes a somewhat new departure in *Without Love or Licence*. There is less racing than usual in this novel, and there is a very ingenious plot, which we are not going to spoil the pleasure of the reader by divulging. The secret is well kept, and one is put off the scent till well-nigh the final chapter. The whole story is bright and dashing, abounding with graphic sketches of such people as one meets every day. The author is in the best of spirits—he evidently has a licence for spirits—and keeps his audience thoroughly amused, from start to finish.



**A STABLE UNDERSTANDING.**

*Curate (who had often explained to his Class that Heresy was "an obstinate choice").*  
 "NOW BOYS, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY HERESY WAS?"  
*Several Boys.* "OBSON'S CHOICE, SIR!"

**A SHORT SONG IN SEASON.**

*AIR—"Ballyhooley."*

PHILLIPS thinks—(you're right, my boy!)  
 Dingy London would enjoy  
 More music, and proposals make (which charm me)  
 For a Great Municipal Band,  
 Which, under wise command,  
 Might prove a sort of music-spreading Army.  
 The critics all declare  
 English taste for music rare,  
 But the "Parks and Open Spaces" sage Committee  
 Hold a very different view,  
 And, to prove their judgment true,  
 Want a Metropolitan Band for the Big City.

*Chorus.*

London-lovers high and low,  
 Let us all enlist, you know,  
 For the County-Councillor's schemes extremely charm me.  
 Let us raise Twelve Hundred Pounds,  
 And we soon shall hear the sounds  
 Of the Music-lover's Metropolitan Army!

There's a moral to my song  
 And it wont detain ye long;  
 To PHILLIPS, L.C.C. send your subscription,  
 (North Park, Eltham, S.E.), for  
 That sagacious Council-lor  
 Is a patriot of a practical description.  
 When the money he has got,  
 (And Twelve Hundred's not a lot,)  
 Right soon he'll form a strong and sage Committee!  
 And it will not be their fault  
 If there's any hitch or halt  
 In the Metropolitan Band for our Big City.

*Chorus.*

Stump up, Cockneys, high and low  
 We must all enlist, you know,  
 For the sum required is nothing to alarm ye.  
 So just do as you are bid,  
 And subscribe Twelve Hundred "quid"

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## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Joints in our Social Armour*, by a Mr. JAMES RUNCIMAN, has an amusing "Dedication to W. S. and G. N. S." "Gentlemen," writes this seemingly new member of the brotherhood of letters, "this little book contains many things which have already pleased you, and all that may be good in them has really come from you." After this frank confession, one naturally desires to have the "good things" of "W. S. and G. N. S." first-hand, instead of what presumably must be a *rechauffé*. As the "good things," however, have to be picked out of a volume of 342 pages of wearisome reading about "The Ethics of the Drink Question," "The Social Influence of the 'Bar'" (Public-house, *bien entendu*), "Genius and Respectability," &c., &c., it is not an easy task to find them. For the rest, to the intelligent reader, the joints of Messrs. W. S., G. N. S., and JAMES RUNCIMAN are likely to prove veritable pieces de résistance. A cut from the joint in this instance is accordingly strongly recommended.

*The Colonial Year-Book for 1890* supplies a want that has long been felt by Britons in every quarter of the globe. Mr. TRENDELL, C.M.G., the author of this interesting work, deserves well of the Empire.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

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## A FABLE FOR FANATICS.

THERE was a stream, now fast, now slow,  
But given at times to overflow;  
A freakishness that played strange pranks  
With the poor dwellers on its banks.  
There came two engineers. One said,  
"Embank it!" Wagging a wise head  
In the austere impressive way  
Of dogmatists, as who should say,  
"If there's an Oracle, I am it."  
The other answered, "Nonsense! *Dam it!*"  
They did, and stood with hope elate,  
But presently there came a "spate;"  
The swollen torrent, swift and muddied,  
All the surrounding country flooded,  
Put a prompt stop to prosperous tillage,  
Drowned fifty folk, and swamped a village.

MORAL.

Some men's sole notion of improvement  
Is simply to arrest all movement.  
This craving crass the spirit stirs  
Of Tsars and of Teetotallers,  
Eight-Hour fanatics, and the like,  
Friends of the dungeon and the dyke.  
"*Dam it!*" That is their counsel's staple.  
(Mark, LUBBOCK; also, BLUNDELL-MAPLE!)

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NEWS FROM AIX-LES-BAINS.—"*Fireworks were let off.*" As mercy is the Royal prerogative, we are glad to learn that it was exercised in the case of FIREWORKS on the birthday of the Princess BEATRICE.

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BY ORDER OF F.M. COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF, PUNCH.—The Grand Military Exhibition, Chelsea Hospital, to be known as "The Sodgeries."

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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

### EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 14.*—Boys came back after Easter Monday; Head Master punctually in his place.

"Yes, dear TOBY," he said, as I respectfully shook his hand. "I am nothing if not a man of business.



Done my duty to the country round Henley; now come up to do my duty in town at Westminster."

Not all the boys here. Some, including Oldest Boy, extending their holiday. Prince ARTHUR not turned up yet, nor GRANDOLPH, nor CHAMBERLAIN. Wide empty space on Front Opposition Bench where HARCOURT went to sit. A dozen Members on Ministerial Benches; a score on Opposite side; others in ambush, especially on Ministerial side.

"AKERS-DOUGLAS, like *Roderick Dhu*, need only blow his horn and the glen is filled with armed men," said Colonel MALCOLM, who knows his Walter Scott by heart. The DOUGLAS being a man of modern ideas, doesn't blow his horn: would be unparliamentary; might lead to his being named and relegated to the Clock Tower. Effect brought about when bell rings for Division; then Members troop in in fifties. "What's the Question?" they ask each other, as they stand at Bar. Nobody quite sure. Some say it's wages of Envoy Extraordinary at Buenos Ayres; others affirm it's salary of Chaplain of Embassy in Vienna. A third believes it's something to do with the Nyassa region; a fourth is sure it's Turks in Armenia; whilst Member who has heard portion of one of several speeches delivered by SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, says it's Motion made to provide a Chaplain for DRUMMOND WOLFF, whose forlorn condition, planted out amid Mahomedans in Teheran, SAGE has been lamenting. Few quite sure of actual question; fewer still heard it debated. But no time to lose. House cleared for Division. Must go in one Lobby or other; so Ministerialists follow each other like sheep; Opposition flock into other Lobby. Amendment (whatever it is) negatived by 134 Votes against 69.

In conversation about Vienna Chaplaincy WINTERBOTHAM comes to front. "Why," he asks, "should we support an English church in Vienna more than in other Continental towns, where the residents provide the funds? Not many months ago I was in the church at Vienna; called upon to hand the plate round, and there were only a few shillings to hand over to expectant parson."

"Very good story," said WILFRID LAWSON; "but if I was WINTERBOTHAM, wouldn't tell it again. *What became of the money?*"

*Business done.*—Diplomatic and Consular Vote obtained.

*Tuesday.*—OLD MORALITY proposes forthwith to take morning sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays. Private Members in state of burning indignation. Scarcely anything left to them but Tuesdays. On Fridays Government business takes precedence. Notices of Amendment may be moved on going into Committee of Supply; but so hampered that hardly any use as outlet for legislative energies of private Members. On Tuesdays have it all to themselves. May move Amendments, take Divisions, and generally enjoy themselves. NOW OLD MORALITY comes along "Like the blind Fury, with abhorred shears," says COZENS-HARDY, dropping into bad language, "and cuts us off our Toosday."



Comes the blind Fury."

Nothing in the world less like a blind Fury than our dear Leader, as he sits on Treasury Bench bearing brunt of protest from every side. Very sorry; desirous of meeting convenience of Hon. Members in whatever part of House they sit. But duty has first call. Duty to QUEEN and country demands partial sacrifice of Tuesdays.

Motion carried, and this the last Tuesday Private Members will enjoy. Must make the most of it. COMPTON on first, with Motion setting forth grievances of Postal Telegraph Clerks. Excellent Debate, and Division over by eight o'clock. Still four hours' work. MARK STEWART has next place. STEWART has Marked necessity for Reform of Constitution in proceedings of Fiars Courts in Scotland. Thinks functions of Fiars' Juries should be extended. Rare opportunity for House of Commons to master this question. True, it is dinner-time; but what is dinner compared with the national interest smouldering under these Fiars? Besides, it's our last Tuesday.

"We must make the most of this," says ALBERT ROLLIT to RICHARD TEMPLE. "Yes," says RICHARD TEMPLE, with effusion. "Glad you're staying on. Wouldn't do to be Counted Out to-night."

ROLLIT, thinking he's got TEMPLE all right, walks off by front hall door; TEMPLE, certain that ROLLIT will stay, executes strategic retreat by corridor, leading past dining-room to central hall. Same thing going on in a hundred other cases, "Must see this through," One says to the Other. "By all means," the

Other says to One. Then One and the Other saunter out of the Lobby, quicken their steps when they get into outer passage, and speed out of Palace Yard as quick as Hansom would fly.

MARK STEWART still puffing away at the Fiars; House gradually emptying, till no one left but the LORD ADVOCATE and GEORGE CAMPBELL. Presently CAMPBELL strides forth. Somebody moves that LORD ADVOCATE be Counted. SPEAKER finds he's not forty. ("I'm really forty-five, you know," LORD ADVOCATE pleads.) No Quorum. So at a quarter past eight House Counted Out. "Hard on you, STEWART," the LORD ADVOCATE said, as the two walked through the deserted chamber. "Must have spent good deal of trouble on your speech. Subject so interesting, too; pity to lose it; advise you to have it printed in leaflet form, and distributed. So in your ashes would live your wanted Fiars, as was appropriately remarked by BURNS." STEWART said he would think about it.

*Business done.*—COMPTON'S Resolution declaring position of telegraphists unsatisfactory negatived by 142 votes against 103.

*Thursday.*—"Better have a nip of something short," said JACKSON, friendly Bottle Holder, to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, he too in JOKIM'S room finally revising notes for Budget Speech.

"No," said JOKIM, shaking his head, and wistfully regarding the Port decanter; "it wouldn't do. Think of what I have to say in my speech about the drink traffic. It's drink that has created our Surplus. Can't help the Surplus, but must say a word in condemnation of drink. Would never do to have me enforcing my argument with sips out of a tumbler. Suppose, when I came to the question, 'Who drinks the rum?' TANNER were to point to the tumbler and shout across the House, 'You do.' Where would we be? Where would Her Majesty's Government be? No, JACKSON, old fellow, you mean well, and a sip of Port, with or without an egg, in course of three hours' speech, is a comfort. But it mustn't be;" and JOKIM turned resolutely away from decanter.

JACKSON kind-hearted fellow; deeply touched at his chief's heroic self-denial. "You leave it to me," he whispered, as they left JOKIM'S room and strolled off to Treasury Bench.

Just before JOKIM rose to commence Budget Speech JACKSON came in carrying tumblerful of dark liquid; might be extract of walnut, printer's ink, anything equally innoxious. JOKIM saw it, and recognised the '51 Port.

"JACKSON," he whispered, tremulously, "you shouldn't do it; but since you *will*, leave the bottle on the chimbley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed, and then I will do what I am engaged to do according to the best of my ability."

No chimbley-piece handy. So JACKSON cunningly tucked away the tumbler in among the Blue Books and papers where it innocently rested till JOKIM, well under way with speech, and feeling round for notes upset it; agonised glance as the ruby fluid ran over the unresponsive table on to the heedless floor. Heartless persons opposite tittered.


"I hear a smile pass over the face of the Right Hon. Gentleman," said JOKIM, fixing glance somewhat venomously on HARCOURT. House burst into roar of laughter. JACKSON took advantage of diversion to mop up spilled Port with blotting-paper. Only GRAND CROSS in Peers' Gallery, sat stern and unresponsive.

"I call that pretty mean, TOBY," he said, talking it over afterwards. "It was I who first saw the smile in House of Commons. My greatest oratorical success; and here comes JOKIM, coolly appropriates it, and House laughs as if it were quite new!" Never saw GRAND CROSS so terribly angry. JOKIM will have bad quarter of an hour when they meet. *Business done.*—Budget brought in.

*Friday.*—Bi-metallism the matter to-night. SAM SMITH brings on attractive subject in one of those terse, polished, pregnant orations for which he is famous. Nevertheless, the few Members present yawn. OLD MORALITY—"nothing if not man of business"—finds topic irresistible. Whilst subject *caviare* to the General (GOLDSWORTHY and others), seems matter of life and death to a select half-dozen; these glare at each other across House, as if arguments advanced *pro* and *con*. affected their private character. Prince ARTHUR plunges in; declares in favour of Bi-metallism; Irish Members share common ignorance on subject; but this settles them; go out in body to vote for Mono-metallism; SAM SMITH'S Motion for Conference negatived by 183 votes against 87.



I hear a smile pass over the face of the Right Hon. Gentleman."

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**Transcriber's Note:**

This book contains some dialect.

Page 196: Both 'wingéd' and 'wingèd' were used in this book, and both have been retained:

"What does that wingéd portent in mid-air,"

"Must watch his wingèd rival. Who may tell"

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