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August 5th 1893, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 105, AUGUST 5TH 1893 ***

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Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 105, August 5th 1893

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

THE DIRECTOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is your duty as a Director?

Answer. To give my name to a prospectus.

Q. Is there any necessary formality before making this donation?

A. Yes; I am to accept a certain number of qualifying shares in the company obtaining the advantage of my directorial services.

Q. Need you pay for these shares?

A. With proper manipulation, certainly not.

Q. What other advantages would you secure by becoming a Director?

A. A guinea an attendance.

Q. Anything else?

A. A glass of sherry and a sandwich.

Q. What are your duties at a Board Meeting?

A. To shake hands with the Secretary, and to sign an attendance book.

Q. What are your nominal duties?

A. Have not the faintest idea.

Q. Would it be right to include in your nominal duties the protection of the interests of the shareholders?

A. As likely as not.

Q. Would it be overstating the case to say that thousands and thousands of needy persons are absolutely ruined by the selfish inattention of a company's direction?

A. Not at all—possibly understating it.

Q. I suppose you never read a prospectus to which you put your name?

A. Never.

Q. Nor willingly wish to ruin any one?

A. No; why should I?

Q. You are guilty of gross ignorance and brutal indifference?

A. Quite so.

Q. And consequently know that, according to the view of the Judges, you are above the law?

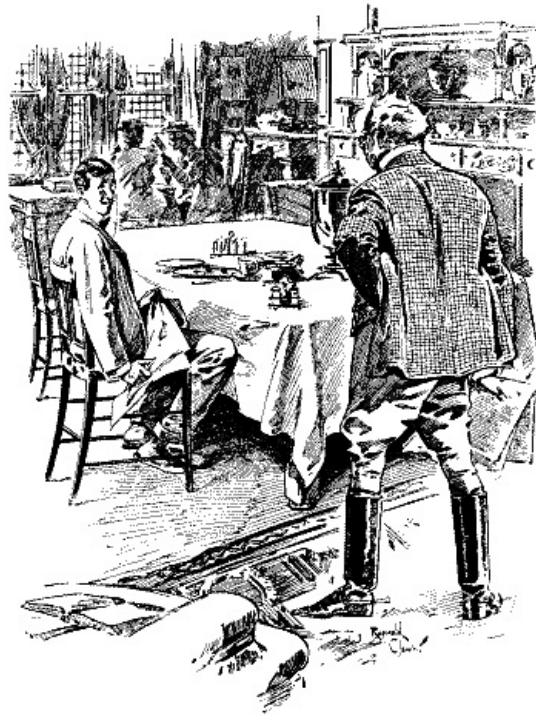
A. That is so.

Q. And may therefore do what you like, without any danger to your own interests?

A. To be sure.

Q. And consequently will do what you best please, in spite of anything, and anybody?

A. Why, certainly.



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Stern Parent. "NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO SEEDY AND FIT FOR NOTHING. I HEAR YOU CAME HOME SO VERY LATE LAST NIGHT!"

Youth (who is having his fling). "BEG YOUR PARDON, DAD, I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT. I CAME HOME VERY EARLY!"

At a meeting of the International Maritime Congress "M. GATTO read a paper on Harbour Lights." Does this mean that one of the Adelphoi GATTI read the paper (extract from the play, or perhaps a play-bill) on *Harbour Lights*, which was an Adelphi success? Of course one of "the GATTI's" would be in the singular "M. GATTO." The paper was much applauded, and GATTO *prends le gâteau*.

FROM SPIRIT LAND.—The Spirits or Spooks from the vasty deep that can be called and will come when Stead-ily and persistently summoned will not be the first to speak. The "Spooks" well-bred rule of politeness is, "Don't spook till you're spooked to." Also, "A good Spook must be seen and not heard."

MUSIC FOR THE MULTITUDE;

OR, BELMONT ON THE EMBANKMENT.

A Morality (adapted from the "Merchant of Venice") for Men in Municipal Authority.

["The music on the Embankment during the pressman's dinner-hour is a much more important matter than it seems to be. It would be a most beneficial institution for all indoor labourers; for it is not the long hours of labour—though they are bad enough—so much as its monotony that makes it

so wearisome."—Mr. James Payn in "Our Note Book."]

Lorenzo . . . A Journeyman Printer.
Jessica . . . His "Young Woman."

SCENE—*The Thames Embankment Garden.*

Lorenzo. Sweetheart, let's in; they may expect our coming.
And yet no matter:—why should we go in?
The Toffs at last, have had compassion on us,
Within the house, or office, mewed too long,
And bring our music forth into the air.

[*They take a seat.*

How bright the sunshine gleams on this Embankment!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft green and Summer sunlight
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, JESSICA: look, how this green town-garden
Is thickly crowded with the young and old:
There's not the smallest child which thou behold'st
But by his movements shows his young heart sings,
As though poor kids were young eye'd cherubim:
Such love of music lives in simple souls;
But whilst grim pedants and fanatics sour
Have power to stop, they will not let us hear it!

[*Musicians tune up.*

Hullo! The *Intermezzo*. Like a hymn
With sweeter touches charming to the ear,
The soul's drawn home by music.

[*Music.*

Jessica. I'm always soothed like when I
hear nice music.

Lorenzo. The reason is your spirits are responsive.
For do but note a wild and wanton mob
Of rough young rascals, like unbroken colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and blaring loud,
Which shows the hot condition of their blood;
If they, perchance, but hear a brass-band sound,
Or harp and fiddle duet touch their ears,
Or even *Punch's* pan-pipe, or shrill "squeaker,"
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their wandering eyes turned to an earnest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore poets
Tell us old Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since naught so blockish, hard, insensible,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man who would keep music to himself,
Grudging the mob all concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for Bedlam, not the County Council!
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections cold as Arctic bergs.
Let no such man be trusted!—Mark the music!
(*Left marking it attentively.*)

A Northern Light.

(Dr. JOHN RAE, *the venerable and valiant Arctic Explorer, is dead.*)

The Arctic Circle and far Hudson's Bay
Bear witness to the glories of JOHN RAE.
The darkened world, with deep regret, will own
Another RAE of Light and Leading gone!

Mrs. R. thinks she will not go abroad for a holiday tour. "You see, my dear," she says, "I don't mind owning that I am not well up in French and German, and I should not like to have always to be travelling about with an Interrupter."



"THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FOR WESTMINSTER, BY W. E. G.

["Would his right hon. friend excuse his suggesting an analogy of the character which he bore with that which was systematically assumed, he believed, under ancient rules, in the Court of Rome ... when it was proposed, in consequence of the peculiar excellence of some happy human being who had departed this life, to raise him ... to the order of the saints ... there was always brought into the Court a gentleman who went ... under the name of devil's advocate. His peculiar function was to go through the career of the proposed saint, to seize upon and magnify every human failing or error, to misconstrue everything that was capable of misconstruction.... That was the case of his right hon. friend."—*Mr. Gladstone on Mr. Chamberlain.*]

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A TRIAL OF FAITH.

Bertie (at intervals). "I USED TO—WHAT THE—DO A LOT OF—CONF—ROWING, ONE TIME!"

"THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

Old Parliamentary Pictor soliloquiseth:—

"As when a painter, poring on a face,

*Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."*

Aye, my ALFRED, there you hit
The portrait-painter's function to a hair;
And here I hit the essential inner JOE.
And so he'll live. But "ever at his best,
And fullest?" Humph! His Brummagem retinue
Will scarce acknowledge *that*. Some call him "JUDAS,"
But that is rude, and leads to shameful rows.
Chaff is one thing and insolence another;
E'en caricature may pass, so that its impulse
Be humorous not malevolent; but coarse spleen,
Taking crude shape in truthless graphic slander,
Is boyish work,—bad manners and bad art!
And so TAY PAY transgressed the bounds of taste,
And led to shameful shindy. HEROD? Humph!
That flout "lacked finish," as great DIZZY said,
He pricked, not stabbed, was fencer, not brute-bruiser,
But he of Brummagem hath much to learn
In gentlemanly sword-play.

"Devil's Advocate!"

That hits him off, I think! *Not* Devil,—no!
(Though angry blunderheads will twist it that way)
But ruthless slater of the pseudo-saint!
The pseudo-saint, I own, looks limp and floppy,
Half-fledged and awkward at the cherub *rôle*.
Poor saint! He's had much mauling, must have more,
Ere he assumes the nimbus, and I would
That he looked less lop-sided. Yes, my JOE!
You'll spot some "human failings" I've no doubt.
To exercise your "double million magnifyin'
Gas microscopes of hextra power" upon.
Your "wision" is not "limited" by "deal doors"
Or "flights o' stairs," or friends, or facts, or fairness,
You hardly need suggestions diabolic
From that hook-nosed attorney at your elbow
To urge you to the attack; erect, alert,
Orchid-adorned, and eye-glass-armed, you stand
The sharpest, shrewdest, most acidulous,
Dapper and dauntless "Devil's Advocate"
That ever blackened a poor "saint" all over
Othello-wise, or robbed a postulant
For canonisation of a hopeful chance
Of full apotheosis, and the right
Of putting on the nimbus.

There, 'tis finished:

And—on the whole—'twere well I had not limned it!
'Twas tempting, yes, and pleasant in the painting,
But—well, I've paid for it, and much misdoubt
If it was worth the price. Followers applaud,
I—suffer. Oh, that mob of scuffling men,
Clawing and cursing, while the gallery hissed!
Hissed—not a pothouse outpour in full fight,
Not clamorous larrikins, or rowdy roughs
By prize-ring or on race-course fired with drink,
But England's Commons settling—with their fists
A Constitutional Contest! Shame, O shame!
And much I fear my Art must *somewhat* share the blame!

[*Left lamenting.*

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"Mrs. Tanqueray has left town."

THEY talk of ALEXANDER
And Mrs. *Tanque-ray*,
Now who would raise my dander
Will just abuse that play.
For few there are
That can compare—

Well,—if so, give their names,—
With *Mrs. Tanque-ray*
Who has just gone away
From the Theatre of St. James.

Mrs. R. says that of all SHAKSPEARE'S plays produced at the Lyceum, she liked *Henry the Eighth* the best, because of the character of *Cardinal Bullseye*, which Mr. IRVING played so sweetly.

STATUES OF THE TWO NEW PARLIAMENTARY GIANTS TO BE ERECTED AS GUARDING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—
Gag and Maygag.

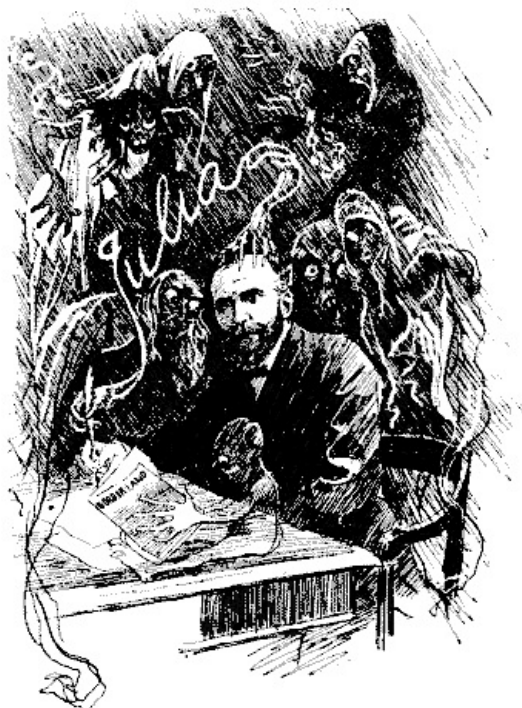
THEATRICAL PEDESTRIAN MATCH.—Match between two "Walking Gentlemen." Date not yet fixed.
Stake-holder "Walker, London."

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A VISIT TO BORDERLAND.

I called on Mr. STEAD last week, at least I seemed to call,
For in this "visionary" world one can't be sure at all;
And when I reached the great man's house he shook me by the
hand,
And talked, as only STEAD can talk, of Spooks and *Borderland*,
I own that I was tired of men who live upon the earth,
They hadn't recognised, I felt, my full and proper worth;
"They'll judge me much more fairly," I reflected, "when they're
dead,—
So I'll go and seek an interview with WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD."

The reason why I went to STEAD is this: the great and good
Has lately found that English ghosts are much misunderstood;
Substantial man may swagger free, but, spite of all his boasts,
STEAD holds there is a future, and a splendid one, for ghosts.
And so he has an office, a sort of ghostly COOK'S,
Where tours may be contracted for to *Borderland* and Spooks;
And those who yearn to mix with ghosts have only got to go
And talk, as I conversed, with STEAD for half an hour or so.



The ghosts have got a paper too, the *Borderland* I spoke of,
Where raps and taps are registered that scoffers make a joke
of:

A medium's magazine it is, a ghostly gazetteer
Produced by WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD, the Julianic seer.
And everything that dead men do to help the men who live,
The chains they clank, the sighs they heave, the warnings that
they give,

The coffin-lids they lift at night when folk are tucked in bed,
Are all set down in black and white by WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD.

While wide-awake he sees such shapes as others merely dream
on;
For instance there is JULIA, a sort of female dæmon;
Like some tame hawk she stoops to him, she perches on his
wrist—
In life she was a promising, a lady journalist;
And now that death has cut her off she leaves the ghostly
strand
And turns her weekly copy out by guiding WILLIAM'S hand.
Yet, oh, it makes me writhe like one who sits him down on tin
tacks
To note that happy ghost's contempt for grammar and for
syntax.

Well, well, I called on STEAD, you know; a doctor's talk of diet is,
And STEAD'S was of his psychic food as cure for my anxieties.
I thought I'd take a chair to sit (it looked to me quite common)
on,
"You can't sit there," observed the Sage; "that's merely a
phenomenon."
Two ladies, as I entered, seemed expressing of their gratitudes
For help received to Mr. STEAD in sentimental attitudes;
They saw me, pirouetted twice, then vanished with a high kick.
"It's nothing," said the Editor; "they are not real, but psychic."

These things, I own, surprised me much; I fidgetted uneasily;
"Why, bless the man, he's had a shock!" said Mr. STEAD, quite
breezily.
"We do these things the whole year round, it's merely knack to
do them;
A man who does them every day gets quite accustomed to
them.
This room of mine is full of ghosts,"—it sounded most funereal
—
"I've only got to say the word to make them all material.
I'll say it promptly, if you wish; they cannot well refuse me."
But my eagerness had vanished, and I begged him to excuse
me.

"Now JULIA," he continued, "is in many ways a rum one,
But, whatever else they say of her, they can't say she's a dumb
one.
She speaks—she's speaking now," he said. "I wonder what
she'll tell us.
What's that? She says she likes your looks; she wants to make
me jealous."
That gave me pause, and made me think 'twas fully time I
went; it is
A fearful thing to fascinate these bodiless non-entities.
Of course when people go to Rome they act like folk at Rome,
you know,
But flirting didn't suit my book—I've got a wife at home, you
know.

Well, next I felt a gust of wind, "That's Colonel BONES," my host
said;
"He's dropped his helmet" (think of that, a helmet on a ghost's
head).
"I don't much care," he whispered this, "in fact, I can't endure
him;
Dragoons do use such awful words; I've tried in vain to cure
him."
I ventured to suggest to STEAD that rather than be bluffed I
Would make this cursing soldier-ghost turn out in psychic
mufti;
He couldn't drop his helmet then, nor threaten with his sabre.
"I've tried to," said the Editor, "it's only wasted labour."

"I've sought advice," continued STEAD, "from CANTUAR and EBOR,
They hinted that they couldn't stand a she-ghost and a he-bore.
I tried to get a word or two from men of arts and letters,
They said they drew the line at Spooks who made a noise with
fettlers.

And when I talked of bringing men and ghostly shapes together
The Bishops tapped their foreheads and conversed about the
weather.

In fact"—he grew quite petulant—"in all this world's immensity
I'd back the Bench of Bishops to beat the rest in density."

And so he talked, till suddenly—(perhaps he's talking still;
In talking of his own affairs, he has a wondrous skill)—
There came a noise, as if Old BONES had let off all his blanks at
once,

As if a thousand theorists were turning all their cranks at once;
It seemed to lift me off my legs, and seize me by the hair,
And sweep me mute but terrified through all the spook-filled
air.

And, when I got my senses back, I vowed no more to tread
The paths that lead to Borderland, nor ask advice of STEAD.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Pietro Ghisleri is another success for that charming writer MARION CRAWFORD. The style is everything. The story is not of so thrilling a nature as to be absorbing, but it is sufficiently interesting—for the Baron, at least, with whom M.C.—"Master of his Craft"—is a great favourite. "Odd, though," murmurs the Baron to himself, and he seldom murmurs about anything; "odd that a writer like our MARION should, in Vol. II., p. 35, pen such a sentence as this: "There are plenty of others whom you may care for more than I." Of course the author intends *Maddalena del' Armi*, who utters these words, to convey to her listener and to the reader that "There are plenty of others for whom you may care more than (you care) for me." How does "than I" get into this sentence, unless it is to mean "There are plenty of others for whom you may care more than I care for them"—*quod est absurdum*." It is unfortunate that the pivot on which the plot turns is so highly improbable as to be almost impossible, for is it not most unlikely that any Catholic, educated or uneducated, should ever *write* her confession to her confessor, and send it by post, instead of going to him, and making it by word of mouth? She must have known that, in so doing, she was making no confession at all, *i.e.*, in the restrictedly religious sense of the word. While she was about it, she might as well have inclosed a stamped and addressed envelope for the absolution to be sent by return. This is the hinge of the story; and it is a very weak one. Mr. CRAWFORD recognises this when his other characters casually discuss the probability of *Adèle's* having done such a thing. However, grant this, which is almost as easily done as granting superhuman strength to a Ouidaesque hero, and the book—in three of MACMILLAN's blue volumes—is fascinating. Such is the candid opinion of

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

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THE SPIRIT LEVEL.

Relentless Youth. "'ULLO 'ERE, GUV'NOR, WHAT 'YER UP TO
NAOW? TYKIN' A HORDNANCE SURWEY O' THE DISTRICT, I SUPPOSE!!!"

TO A PARISIENNE.

["Paris est le centre du bon goût."—*Les Précieuses Ridiculis*,
Scène X.]

By Jove, what festive tints you wear, *chère* Madame!
These *fin-de-siècle* furbelows of la dame
Would scare the very simply dressed *Père* ADAM.
 On you they're charming;
But when the fashion spreads to distant quarters,
And far across the Channel's choppy waters
They glow on England's humble, tasteless daughters,
 They'll be alarming.
Bright blue, gay green, loud lilac, yelling yellow—
Yelling for *criard*, pray forgive a fellow
For using words that time has not turned mellow—
 Must not be worse made
Than in your costumes, gracefully assorted.
Think what these tints will be, transposed, distorted,
By English laundress, flower-girl, and sported
 By cook or nursemaid!
Our eyes! Oh, save them then with shades or goggles!
For reason totters on its throne, which joggles.
In choosing tints the Englishwoman boggles;
 "*Chacun à son goût.*"
You're always *comme il faut* from boots to bonnet.
For Paris, praised in song, and ode, and sonnet,
Is still, as when *les Précieuses* doated on it,
 "*Le centre du bon goût.*"

MERRY MARGIT!"—"I was at Margate last July," sang THOMAS BARHAM, when telling of the *Little Vulgar Boy*, and so were we, this July, for the purpose of passing a few happy hours at the renovated Cliftonville Hotel under the government of Mr. HOLLAND, vice-regent for MESSRS. GORDON & CO. No need now to quit the shores of England for Antwerp, Rotterdam, or any other of the Rotterdamerung Cycle, as visitors to Margate will, on our own shore, find HOLLAND. In the menu Sauce Hollandaise is avoided, and Politesse Hollandaise is substituted, to the satisfaction of everybody.

"Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi
Dans la Gazette de Hollande!"

Which couplet the Manageress might sing, as they are words from *The Grand Dutchess*.

THE MAN MAKES THE TAILOR.

(*Fragment from a Seasonable Romance.*)

It was towards the close of the London season of 1893 that a man in a strange garb was seen at an early hour in the East End of London. He attracted considerable attention. It was a rough part of the City, still, those who lived there were conventional in their costume. They wore black coats, and there was a certain respectability about their hats. But the man to whom we refer was eccentric in the extreme. His straw hat was worn at the back of his head, his cut-away coat was thrown open, showing a huge, collarless coloured cotton shirt. He had flannel trousers tucked into digger's boots. No one knew whence he came, whither he was going.

"Have you noticed him?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes, Sir," replied the Police Constable, "he's got white hands, so if he belongs to the dangerous classes, he is a smasher, or a forger, or something genteel in that line."

"Well, keep your eye upon him."

"I will, Sir."

And the strange-looking person continued his way. As he walked through the City, the merchants regarded him with surprise, but there were those amongst the stockbrokers who seemed to receive him with recognition.

"I fancy I have seen the Johnnie somewhere before," observed one Member of the House to another. "I am almost sure I know the cut of his suit."

And the man walked on until he reached Knightsbridge. There he was stopped by an elderly, well-dressed, well-to-do individual, who had evidently just come up from the country. The two pedestrians started back when they met face to face.

"What are you doing in that hideous disguise?" asked the senior of the junior.

"It is no disguise, father," was the reply; "it is only the customary get up of a young man of fashion between the hours of nine and eleven when he proposes to walk in the park."

And, with these words, the strange apparition crossed over the road, and entered Rotten Row. And here he was soon lost in a crowd quite as eccentrically garbed as himself.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE CITY.

SCENE—*Board-room of a Public Company.* TIME—*A few minutes after the close of a General Meeting.*

PRESENT—*Chairman of Directors and Secretary.*

Chairman. Well, I think I got in all that was wanted?

Secretary. Could not have been better, Sir. You had the figures at your fingers' ends.

Chair. (laughing). You mean on a sheet of paper in front of me.

Sec. And everyone was satisfied, Sir.

Chair. As they should have been, considering my flaming account of the prosperity of the undertaking. By the way, *is* it flourishing?

Sec. Well, Sir, that is scarcely in my department. You must ask the auditors.

Chair. Oh, never mind; it is a matter of no importance.

Sec. I daresay if you wanted any information, Sir, I could get it for you.

Chair. No, thanks, I don't want to increase my work. I am sure I do quite enough for my wretched two or three hundred a year—don't you think so?

Sec. Certainly, Sir. You do a great deal more than some Chairmen.

Chair. Yes, I suppose I do. Come here once a year, and preside over an Annual Meeting, and draw my fees. What more *can* I do?

Sec. I'm sure I don't know, Sir. A knowledge of the duties of a Chairman of Directors comes scarcely within the scope of my required services.

Chair. Quite so; and now I will say Good-bye!

Sec. See you again next year, Sir?

Chair. Certainly. If I don't sell out in the meantime. And now I must be off. I am due at another meeting, and have to get up the necessary figures in five minutes. Do you think I shall do it in the time?

Sec. Certainly, Sir. You managed the task in less here.

[*Scene closes in upon the valuable pair—and the security of the Public.*]

"FRIENDLY RIFLERY."—"MELLISH has followed his miss with an inner and two bullseyes." Very kind of MELLISH. We hope "his Miss" accepted the two bullseyes. "BOYD and GIBBS got magpies." Whatever sort of pies these may be, it is evident that, with "pies" and "bullseyes," our riflemen are fond of sweets.



MAGNA EST VERITAS.

"MY DAUGHTER WILL NEVER GET ANOTHER PLACE WITH THE CHARACTER YOU'VE BEEN GIVING HER, MY LADY!"
 "I'VE ONLY TOLD THE *TRUTH* ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER, AND NOTHING *BUT* THE TRUTH!"
 "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, TOLD ABOUT *YOU*, MY LADY?"

THE FRENCH WOLF AND THE SIAMESE LAMB.

An Old Fable with a New Setting.

A little lamb lived by a flowing stream.
 A great temptation, when the heat was torrid,
 To thirsty souls that water's limpid gleam.
 At least so thought a Wolf, of aspect horrid,
 Who, having for some time abstained and fasted,
 Desired to learn how lamb—and water—tasted.
 He felt with pinching want his paunch was pining,
 Early he'd lunched, so longed the more for dining.
 A Cochin China rooster, lank and thin,
 Or something indigestible from Tonquin,
 For a big, sharp-set Wolf, are snacks, not meals;
 So down the sparkling river Lupus steals,
 Quite uninvited, but intent on forage,
 Fronting the fleecy flocks with wondrous courage;
 For whether in the Southdowns, or Siam,
 By the near Medway, or the far Menam,
 Your Wolf is most courageous—with your Lamb!
 With joy the Lamb he spied, then, growling, said,
 "Sirrah! how dare you thus disturb my drink?"
 The Lamb, in answer, meekly bowed its head—
 "I trouble not the water, Sir, I think,
 Particularly as I'm sure you'll see
 It flows—observe the drift—from you to me!
 You're welcome in the stream to slake your thirst,
 But, may I just observe, *I was here first!*"
 "Oh! you chop logic!" cried the angry brute.
 "I can chop, too:—you've done me other wrong.
 Young Mutton, best with *me* not to dispute!
 You've given me already too much tongue.
 Are *you* the home-born boss of all Siam,
 Of fleet Mekong, and many-creek'd Menam?"
 Mildly young woolly-face replied, "I *am!*"
 His optics orientally oblique,
 Rolling in manner sheepish, soft, and meek.
 "Oh, *are* you?" snarled the Wolf. "*We'll* see about it!
 'Twixt Western Wolf and Oriental Lamb
 Equality is a preposterous flam:
 Do you—as Tonquin did—presume to doubt it?
 Fraternity? Well, I'm your elder brother;
 And Liberty—to you—means nought but bother.
 See, silly-face?" "Well, no," the Lamb replied,

"Such reciprocity seems all one side.
 Not six o' one and half a dozen o' 'tother!"
 "Pooh!" snapped the Wolf. "Logic's clear *terra firma*
 Is not for Lambkin, but for Wolf or Lion.
 If you such little games with me should try on,
 I'd treat you—well, as Bull did little Burmah.
 I have imperative claims; I'm going to state 'em
 With lupine brevity in an ultimatum.
 That—after some two days—must stand as Law;
 If after that you give me any jaw,
 My little Mutton—well, beware my maw!"

MORAL.

This truth my simple Fable doth attest,
 He who has strongest jaw argues the best!

AT DALY'S.—The Comedy *Love in Tandem* ought to have been in three shorter Acts. Mr. LEWIS excellent, so is Mrs. GILBERT, who has not more than ten words to say, but a lot to act. Spanish widow also good. Mr. BOURCHIER is a marvellous example of the "Walking Gentleman," being perpetually on the move. It is gratifying to see him sit down for even a few seconds. Like the engineer of the penny steamboat in the burlesque of *Kenilworth*, he "has very much to larn"; but this fact need not discourage him, any more than it did Mr. HENRY IRVING, according to Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD'S recently published book of Irvingite Recollections, at the commencement of his career. Miss REHAN is, *par excellence*, the life and soul of the piece; and when there has been, in her absence, a dull moment or two, she re-enters and Reanimates the whole.

"Swimming has been much neglected in the British Navy," observed Mr. PHILOOLY. "When there's a Parliament in Dublin we'll pass a law that not a sailor shall leave *terra firma* till he can swim."

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THE FRENCH WOLF AND THE SIAMESE LAMB.

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THE SCHOPENHAUER BALLADS.

No. I.-THE AQUARIUM OCTOPUS.

The world is full of pretty things
 That everyone admires,
 And beauty, even though skin-deep,

Is what the world desires.
I'm handicapped I feel in life,
For very obvious reasons,
And yet my family always think
I'm lovely in all seasons!

My time is principally passed
In caverns under water,
My family are mostly sharks,
Except a mermaid daughter;
She sings her songs and combs her hair
To tempt unwary whalers,
And when we lure them down below
It's bad for those poor sailors.

I cannot say I like the sea,
The bottom, top, or middle.
It's always asking, night and day,
The same confounded riddle:
"Why was I made, except to drown
The surplus population?"
This is the sad sea wave's remark
At every sea-side station.

It makes me think about myself—
Octopus too unsightly—
Which are my arms and which my legs
I never can tell rightly;
I frighten children—old and young—
Without the least intention,
I saved a school from drowning once,
But that I mustn't mention!

I'm now at the Aquarium,
A "side-show" much belauded,
My antics, shown three times a day,
Are very much applauded;
The pay is not extremely large—
A weekly bare subsistence;
I take it meekly, for it breaks
The boredom of existence.

BALLADE OF EARLSCOURT.

I've really been extremely gay—
I've done most things (I mean, in reason)—
And, though "it is not always *May*,"
It has been, during my first season.
At balls and parties I've had fun;
I've listened to Home-Rule disputes;
There's only one thing I've not done—
Alas! I've not been down "the Chutes"!

With screams and laughter from the height
I saw men splash their nice new suits;
It seemed to cause them great delight;
But still—I have not shot the Chutes.

I've been to all the good first nights,
I've cried at DUSÉ, laughed at PENLEY,
I have seen all the London sights,
I've been to Sandown, Lord's, and Henley.
At IBSEN I've serenely smiled,
While suffering torture from new boots;
GLADSTONE I've met, and OSCAR WILDE—
But ah! I've not been down the Chutes!

Envoi.

Prince, one regret I feel on leaving
For country air, and flowers, and fruits—
I quit gay London only grieving
To think I have not shot the Chutes!

"A deuce of a mess between France and Siam," observed a Bow-window Politician of Clubland. "A deuce of a mess?" repeated the other Bow-window man. "You mean, as far as France is concerned, it's the very DEVELLE!"

WHY ELINOR IS EVER YOUNG.

(By a *Fiancé à la Mode.*)

["... The women they might have married—the girls whom they danced with when they were youths—have grown too old for our middle-aged suitors."—*Standard.*]

I'm just engaged: I'm forty-five—
Our modern prime for wedded blisses.
The age *par excellence* to wive
With blooming *fin-de-siècle* Misses;
I'm very happy; so's my Love;
I don't regret that long I've tarried;—
And yet I can't help thinking of
The damozels I might have married.



Yes; there was JANET, slim and pert;
I took her in last night to dinner,
And cannot honestly assert
That years conspire to make her thinner;
Yet once we cooed o'er tea and buns;
She quite forgets how on we carried,
Nor owns, with undergraduate sons,
That *she* was one I might have married.

And LILIAN, emanation soft,
Fair widow of the latter Sixties,
Ideal of the faith that oft
With earliest homage intermixt is;
I used to dream her, oh! so young;
She's wrinkled now and bent and arid;
It almost desecrates my tongue,
But *she* was one I might have married.

A truce to recollection sore;
I'm still considered smart and youthful;
And trusting, darling ELINOR
Assures me so with passion truthful;
In my fond eyes she'll wither ne'er,
Because—the fact can scarce be parried—
I shan't survive to see her share
The fate of those I might have married!

Mixed.

I'm Chargé d'Affaires—"Siam?" *Oui*.
Pour England je don't care one "d."
Je prig le Mekong,
Si je keep it not long—
They call me "Brigand!"—*Je le suis*.

MIND YOUR PEASE AND Q.'s.—*Q.* "Why did Sir DONALD CURRIE pair with Sir JOSEPH PEASE?"—No; we are not going to say anything about "PEASE and CURRIE" going together—we scorn getting a rice out of you that way—besides, this dish has been overdone. But the simple answer is, that as Sir DONALD couldn't get any other pair this one was a "*Pease aller*." [We're better now. "Pax!"]

THE RULE OF THE SEA.

(For the Use of Admirers of the Admiralty.)

Question. What is your duty as a sailor in Her Majesty's Fleet?

Answer. To carry out the orders of my superiors.

Q. If you were told that black was white what would you say?

A. That white was black.

Q. If you were informed that two and two made five would you believe it?

A. Certainly, and insist that those who thought four was the proper answer had been gravely misinformed.

Q. Would you believe a captain to be always in the right?

A. Yes, from a lieutenant's point of view. Although, of course, I should consider him the weakest of authorities in the presence of an admiral.

Q. Would you ever act upon your own responsibility?

A. Never; as such a course would be destructive to good discipline.

Q. Then, if you were told to perform an impossible manœuvre you would attempt to do it?

A. Certainly.

Q. Even if you saw that the result must be disaster?

A. Yes. I should choose the lesser of two evils.

Q. To what two evils do you refer?

A. Loss of life by my obedience, and loss of discipline by my disobedience.

Q. Which would be the smaller of the two disasters?

A. The loss of life.

Q. But did not NELSON solve a problem of a somewhat similar character by using his blind eye?

A. Yes; but then NELSON was unique.

AN AUSTRALIAN A B C.

A is Australia, the land of their birth.
B for BRUCE, BANNERMAN, batsmen of worth.
C is young CONINGHAM, more than a learner.
D is the Demon, once SPOFFORTH, now TURNER.
E the Excitement to see them all play,
F is the Four on the ground all the way.
G is for GRAHAM, the GIFFENS, and GREGORY,
H is a Hit that's maybe in the leg or eye.
I is the Interest that's caused in the cricket,
J is for JARVIS, who sometimes keeps wicket.
K is the Kangaroo, bold and defiant,
L is JACK LYONS, who hits like a giant.
M is McLEOD, and was MURDOCH of yore,

N are the Nets, where they practice before.
 O their Opponents, delighted to meet them,
 P for the People, so ready to greet them.
 Q is the Question, "How's that"—Out or Not?
 R is that terror of batsmen—a Rot.
 S their success, making Englishmen humble,
 T is for TROTT, and stands also for TRUMBLE.
 U is the Umpire, to whom they all shout,
 V is the Voice, in which he cries "Out!"
 W the Wickets, our land does not lack 'em,
 X is their Xcellent keeper—friend BLACKHAM.
 Y is the Yorker, that's fatal to some,
 And Z shows the ending has really come.

The Great Ferris Wheel at Chicago Exhibition can "complete a revolution in seven minutes."
 Valuable this in Paris. No military required.

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FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

SCENE—*Editor's Sanctum, "The Halfpenny Slater."*

Critic. "WHAT A PITY SHAKSPEARE'S DEAD! IT WOULD BE SUCH A SCORE TO PITCH INTO HIM AS AN OVER-RATED OLD IDIOT! IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE YET THAT I KNOW OF!"

Editor. "AH! CAPITAL IDEA! I DON'T SEE THAT HIS BEING DEAD MAKES ANY ODDS!"

Critic. "OH YES—FOR THE READER! DEAD 'UNS DON'T FEEL, YOU KNOW, AND THERE'S NOBODY BIG ENOUGH LIVING NOW TO BE WORTH POWDER AND SHOT, CONFOUND IT!"

FROM OUR ISLAND SPECIAL.

"I come to Cowes," quoth the German Emperor right merrily, "as the greatest compliment I can pay to JOHN BULL. But where are the Royal carriages and Royal personages to receive me?" Admiral COMMERELL steered himself along the main roads, and played the part of the look-out man to perfection. "Nothing in the offing," he reported to the Emperor. "I hope," returned His Imperial Majesty, with a smile, "that this sort of thing doesn't offing happen." Everybody in convulsions of laughter, which just filled up the time till the appearance on the scene of the Duke of CONNAUGHT on the top of the cabin, in the full uniform of a General of the Horse Marines. "You're too punctual by half a minute," called out the Duke to the Admiral. Then the Admiral piped his eye, and the Royalties lighted cigarettes. "Here are the carriages! step in!" quoth the Duke. "Aha!" cried the Emperor gaily, in his perfect English. "Here is the carriage and the 'oss, so now we shall be borne by the 'oss to *Os-borne!*" Every one in convulsions, and amid roars of laughter the Duke and the Emperor drove off.

CURIOUS CRICKET ANOMALY.

When a batsman has piled up a hundred, or more,

JUST SUE!

When a smart cove "sues" a sweet girl, for her hand,
Then sueing is soft and as sweet as a peach.
But e'en sueing comes bitter, you'll all understand,
When he bolts, and *she* sues *him*—"for Breach!"
A true suitor may suit her, but, faithless, the brute
Deserves what he'll get, a complete change of suit!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 24.—Haven't heard much of House of Lords this Session. Will take the floor presently, and show Commons how Legislation should be conducted. For weeks and months they've been slaving round Home-Rule Bill. Noble Lords, with fuller experience, and heaven-born aptitude, undertake to polish it off in a week. Meanwhile have had less work than usual to do. Might even have made long Summer holiday. Patriotically insisted upon meeting four times a week, to show, to whom it may concern, that at least they are ready for work.

To-night suddenly blazed forth with amazing vigour. Old friend EVELYN BARING, taking his seat under new style, Lord CROMER, agreeably surprised; House almost full; Opposition in high feather; cheered CADOGAN and the MARKISS with rare enthusiasm.

"I suppose the question is either the Church or the Land?" said CROMER, looking up his Orders of the Day. "Heard in Egypt those were only subjects that made you sit up."

"There's one other," said CARRINGTON, to whom remark was addressed; "though you will say it practically comes to the same thing. It's Mr. G. Anything connected with him ruffles House with sudden storm. Mr. G. made HOUGHTON Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. HOUGHTON a charming fellow; popular in both camps; but being Mr. G.'s selection for the Viceroyalty, we—I mean they—are bound to go for him."

Went for him to-night hammer and tongues. CADOGAN, not usually a peer of bloodthirsty aspect, clenched his teeth with ominous vigour when he discovered HOUGHTON was not present. Had sent him special invitation, he explained. Had even gone so far as to leave to him choice of date for his execution. "And now," cried CADOGAN, glaring round the appalled House, "his Excellency is not here!"

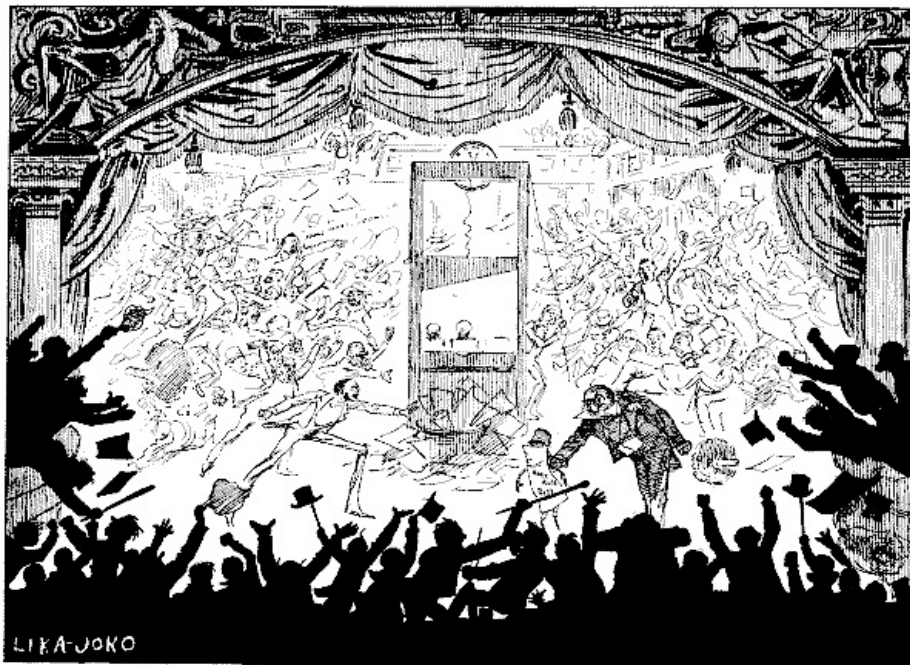
His absence commented on with towering vigour. Lord Lieutenant's procedure, in his dealing with addresses, "dishonest, dishonourable, discreditable to all concerned," said CADOGAN, by way of final shot, intended to sink whole Ministerial Bench.

MARKISS, not to be outdone, denounced Mr. G. as "a despot," and his colleagues in the Government "a well-trained company of mutes." As for something Lord SPENCER had said, MARKISS described it as "a pure invention," which is much politer than Mr. MANTALINI'S way of referring to similar lapse as "a demnition lie." House sat as late as half-past six, and went off home in high good humour. "Quite a long time since we wet our spears," said the MARKISS. "Just as well sometime, dear TOBY, to show you fellows in the Commons what we can do."

Business done.—In Commons Financial Clause to Home-Rule Bill passed Second Reading.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—DON'T KEIR HARDIE on again with fresh inquiry as to misadventure to one ARTHUR WALKER on day of Royal Wedding. Mr. WALKER (of London) it appears had difficulty with mounted officer in command of company of troops. Officer says that when ordered to fall back WALKER seized his horse's rein. ARTHUR says "Walker!"; didn't do anything of the sort. That remains in dispute. What is clear is that WALKER got slight scalp wound, inflicted by the warrior's sword. DON'T KEIR HARDIE wants sworn inquiry into case. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN puts whole case in nutshell. "An accident," he says, "a regrettable accident; entirely owing to fact of the sharp edge of the sword meeting the man's head, instead of the flat edge."

That was all; but WALKER seems to think it was enough. Carried out on a larger scale, before and since Waterloo, similar accidents have had even more direful results. But CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, by voice and manner, succeeded in throwing into explanation an amount of conviction that communicated itself to House, and even quietened DON'T KEIR HARDIE. The choice of the word "meeting" was perhaps most exquisite touch in answer. Without venturing upon assertion, it conveyed impression that responsibility for regrettable occurrence was fully shared by Mr. WALKER. Meeting implies advance from either side. To accomplish the contact, Mr. WALKER'S head must have advanced in the direction of the sword, which at the moment happened to be going the other way, unfortunately with the sharp edge to the front. Hence, between the two, the abrasion of Mr. WALKER'S skull.



**VIEW OF "COMMITTEE STAGE OF THE HOME-RULE BILL." "CALL"
FOR THE AUTHOR AND MANAGER.**

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN did not add another word, but everyone who knows his kindness of heart will understand his unuttered wish that when in future WALKER takes his walks abroad he will be more careful. At least, if his head insists upon meeting swords going the other way, he may be expected to note whether it is the sharp edge or the flat that is out for the day.

Business done.—Financial Clause Home-Rule Bill in Committee. A long dull night, flashing forth at end in encounter between JOSEPH and his "right hon. friend." Mr. G. in tremendous force and vigour. In its way it was CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S story over again, JOSEPH'S blameless head meeting the sharp edge of Mr. G.'s sword. Where difference came in was in circumstance that no one seemed to regard accident as regrettable. On contrary, whilst the Home-Rulers whooped in wild delight, the Opposition crowded the benches to watch the fun.

Friday, 1.20 A.M.—If there is in the world at this moment a thoroughly astonished man it is JOHN WILLIAM LOGAN, Member of Parliament for the South (Harborough) division of Leicestershire. Just now LOGAN'S mind is disturbed and his collar ruffled by an incident in the passage of Home-Rule Bill; but he is capable of giving perfectly coherent account of events. At ten o'clock MELLOR rose as usual to set in motion machinery of guillotine. Question at moment before Committee peremptorily put. LOGAN, unguardedly descending from serene atmosphere of side gallery, reached floor of House; was passing between table and Front Opposition Bench towards division lobby when he beheld vision of VICARY GIBBS skipping down gangway steps shouting and waving his arms. LOGAN, a man of philosophical temperament and inquiring mind, halted to watch course of events. Something apparently wrong in the City; things either gone up or gone down; VICARY GIBBS certainly come down; was now seated beside PRINCE ARTHUR, with hat fiercely pressed over brow, excitedly shouting at Chairman. As everybody else was shouting at same moment, Chairman wrung his hands, and spasmodically cried "Order! Order!" LOGAN had presence of mind to note that whilst VICARY in any pause in the storm cried aloud, "Mr. MELLOR, I rise to order," he was sitting down all the time with his hat on.

That was LOGAN'S last collected idea before personal affairs entirely engrossed his attention. HAYES FISHER, in ordinary times mildest-mannered man that ever helped to govern Ireland, took note of LOGAN still standing in passage between Front Bench and table; effect upon him miraculous.

"Yah, LOGAN!" he yelled; "get out. Bah! bah! go to the Bar."

Contagion of fury touched CARSON, who had hitherto been shouting at large. He now turned on LOGAN. "Gag! gag!" he yelled. "Gang of gaggers." Then, in heat of moment, he cried above the uproar, "Gag of gangers."

This too much for LOGAN. Hitherto stood everything; now sat down in contiguity to CARSON. Here is where the surprise came in. Front Opposition Bench not his usual place, but was nearest available seat. His standing up objected to; it was certainly against rules of law and order that prevail in the House of Commons. Very well then, he would sit down. This he did, taking vacant place by CARSON. But, like the bo'sun and the sailor strung up for forty lashes, hit high or hit low he couldn't please them. The scene that followed has no parallel since similar disturbance took place in Dotheboys Hall when *Nicholas Nickleby* revolted and "took it out" of *Squeers*. HAYES FISHER leaning over clutched LOGAN by the back of the neck and thrust him forth. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, seeing opportunity of winning his knightly spurs, firmly fixed his eyeglass, and felt for

LOGAN in the front.

That the table and front Opposition Bench were not "steeped" in LOGAN's gore, as were the forms and benches at Dotheboy's Hall in that of *Fanny Squeers's Pa*, was due to diversion raised from another quarter. Irish members below Gangway, seeing the scrimmage, and noting CARSON had something to do with it, moved down in body with wild "whirroo!" SAUNDERSON, providentially in his place, sprang up and advanced to intercept the rolling flood. CREAN being on crest of advancing wave found his face, by what CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN would describe as a "regrettable accident." in contact with the Colonel's fist. Moreover, it was the knuckly end, scarcely less hurtful than the sharp edge of the sword which laid WALKER (of London) low. CREAN drew back, but only *pour mieux reculer*, as they say in Cork. Whilst the Colonel was standing in the attitude of pacific impartiality he later described to the SPEAKER, CREAN dealt him an uncommonly nasty one on the chops; the thud distinctly heard amid the Babel of cries in the miniature Donnybrook below Gangway. Amid moving, struggling mass, SAUNDERSON's white waistcoat flashed to and fro like flag of truce, to which, alas! there was no response. What became of LOGAN in this crisis not quite clear. Fancy I saw WALROND extricating him from the embraces of FANNY-SQUEERS-ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Mr. G. looked on with troubled face from Treasury Bench. BARTLEY standing up on edge of scrimmage, pointed accusatory forefinger at him, was saying something, probably opprobrious but at the moment inaudible.

"So like BARTLEY to go to root of matter," said GEORGE RUSSELL, who surveyed scene from sanctuary of Speaker's chair. "Others might accuse JOSEPH of being responsible for disturbance by likening his old colleague and chief to iniquitous King HEROD at the epoch when the worms were waiting to make an end of him. VICARY GIBBS and good Conservatives generally are sure it was TAY PAY's retort of 'JUDAS! JUDAS!' that dropped the fat into the fire. Only BARTLEY has cool judgment and presence of mind to point the moral of the moving scene. A striking figure in the inextricable *mêlée*. When his statue is added to that of great Parliamentarians in St. Stephen's Hall, the sculptor should seize this attitude."

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill through Committee; but first a real taste of Donnybrook.



AFTER THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN. EXPLANATIONS.

Friday Night.—House a little languid after excitement of last night. Attendance small; subject at morning sitting, Scotch Education; at night, Agriculture. Dr. HUNTER thinks it would be nice to have Committee of Inquiry into origin and progress of last night's row. Nobody else takes that view; general impression is, we'd better forget it as soon as possible.

Business done.—TREVELYAN explains Scotch Education Vote.

THE ANGEL (IN THE HOUSE)'S ADVOCATE.—MR. WOODALL.

Transcriber's Note:

Sundry damaged or missing punctuation has been repaired.

The corrections listed below are also indicated in the text by a dashed line at the appropriate place:

Move the mouse over the word, and the original text appears.

Page 49: 'gâteau' corrected to gâteau'.

The paper was much applauded, and GATTO *prends le gâteau*.

Page 51: "it's" corrected to "its".
(... so that its impulse
Be humorous not malevolent;)

Page 57: 'responsility' corrected to 'responsibility'
(Would you ever act upon your own responsibility?)

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