

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 93,  
October 15th 1887, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 93, October 15th 1887

Author: Various

Editor: F. C. Burnand

Release date: May 22, 2011 [EBook #36187]

Language: English

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

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 93, OCTOBER 15TH 1887 \*\*\*

[169]

---

# **PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

**VOLUME 93, October 15th 1887.**

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand.*

---

## **'ARRY ON OCHRE**



DEAR CHARLIE,

Hoctober, my 'arty, and 'ARRY, wus luck! 's back in town,  
Where it's all gitting messy and misty; the boollyvard trees is all brown,  
Them as ain't gone as yaller as mustard. I *do* 'ate the Autumn, dear boy,  
When a feller 'as spent his last quid, and there's nothink to do or enjoy.

Cut it spicy, old man, by the briny, I did, and no error. That Loo  
Was a rattler to keep up the pace whilst a bloke 'ad a brown left to blue.  
Cleared me out a rare bat, I can tell yer; no Savings Bank lay about *her*.

Yah!—Women is precious like cats, ony jest while you strokes 'em they purr.

Lor', to think wot a butterfly beauty I was when I started, old pal!  
Natty cane, and a weed like a hoop-stick, and now!—oh, well, jigger that gal!

Cut me slap in the Strand ony yesterday, CHARLIE, so 'elp me, she did.  
Well, of sech a false baggage as Loo is, yours truly is jolly well rid.

Wot a thing this yer Ochre is, CHARLIE! The yaller god rules us all round.  
Parsons patter of poverty's pleasures! I tell yer they ain't to be found.  
If you 'aven't the ha'pence you're nothink; bang out of it, slap up a tree.  
That's a moral, as every man as is not a mere mug must agree.

They talks of "the Masses and Classes,"—old Collars is red on that rot!—  
There is ony two classes, old pal, them as 'as it and them as 'as not.  
The Ochre, I mean, mate, the spondulicks, call the dashed stuff wot you please.  
It's the Lucre as makes Life worth livin', without it things ain't wuth a sneeze.

O CHARLIE, I wish I'd got millions! I *ought* to be rich, and no kid.  
I feel I wos made for it, CHARLIE. To watch every bloomin' arf quid,  
Like a pup at a rat 'ole is beastly. Some stingy 'uns *carn't* go the pace,  
But I know I should turn out a flyer, and so ought to be in the race.

Oh, it ain't every juggins, I tell yer, who's built for the bullion, dear boy!  
You must know the snide game that's called "Grab," you must know what it means to "enjoy."  
Neither one without tother's much use, but the true Ochre Kings are the chaps  
As can squeeze millions out of "the Masses." They win in life's game, mate, by laps.

That's jest wot "the Masses" is made for; *them asses* I calls 'em, old man,  
Same letters, same thing, dontcher know. Yus, Socierty's built on this plan.  
Many littles makes lots, that's the maxim; and he is the snide 'un, no doubt,  
Who can squeeze his lot out of the littles of half the poor mugs who're about.

Twig, CHARLIE, old twister? Yer sweaters, yer Giant Purviders, and such  
Is all on that lay. Many buds, and one big bloated Bee, that's the touch!  
Wy, if bees was as many as blossoms, or blossoms as few as the bees,  
Him as nicked a whole hive to hisself would find dashed little honey to squeeze.

The honey—or money—wants *massing*, that's jest wot the Masses can do —  
And the "Classes," my boy, are the picked 'uns, as know 'ow to put on the screw.  
That's the doctrine of "DANNEL the Dosser," a broken-down toff, as I know;  
And if DANNEL ain't right, I'm a Dutchman. *That's* ow yer big money-piles grow.

Rum party the Dosser is, CHARLIE—I can't make him out, mate, not quite.  
Laps beer, when he can, like a bricky, though brandy's his mark. His delight  
Is to patter to me about Sweldom, Socierty, wot he calls gammon—  
That's Ochre, dear boy, dontcher know. I suppose arf his gab is sheer mammon.

He eyes me in sech a rum style, CHARLIE, sort of arf smile and arf sneer,  
Though he owns I'm a Dasher right down to the ground—when he's well on the beer.  
A pot and a pipe always dror him, and I'm always game to stand Sam,  
For his patter's A1, and I pump 'im,—a lay as he stands like a lamb.

"You *ought* to be rich, my young Cloten!" sez he. It's a part of his game  
To call me nicknames out of *Shakspeare*, and so on; but "Wot's in a name?"

"My brain and your 'eart now together, would make a rare Dives," says "Dosser."

I don't always know wot he means, and I doubt if *he* does, poor old josser!

'Owsomever, the Ochre's my toppic. Some jugginses talk about "Thrift," Penny Savings' Bank bosh, and that stuff. Wouldn't 'ave their dashed brains at a gift.

*Save*, hay,—out of two quid a week! No, it doesn't fetch me in that shape. You must *swag* in this world to get rich; if yer carn't, it's no bottles to *scrape*.

The Turf or the Stock Exchange, CHARLIE, would suit me, I'd trust to my luck,

And my leariness, *not* to get plucked like that silly young Ailesbury duck, Wot's life without sport? Wy, like billiards without e'er a bet or a fluke, And that's wy I'd be a Swell Bookie—that is if I carn't be a Dook.

In fact if I 'ad my own chice, I should jest like to *double the part*, As I fancy a few on 'em do. Oh, Jemimer! jest give me a start. With a 'undered or two, and the Ochre I'd pile 'twould take waggons to carry.

The world loses larks, mate, you bet, when among the stone-brokers is

'ARRY.

---

TURNING TO THE LEFT.—At a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council (in the teeth of a strong opposition of some of the members of the Board) it was decided to exclude strangers and the Press during a part of the proceedings. The matter under secret consideration, it is said, was the appointment by the Recorder of the Assistant-Judge of the Mayor's Court. It is rumoured that, acting on the opinion of Mr. R. S. WRIGHT, (with him the Attorney-General) the Court decided not to confirm that appointment. But why all this mystery? What had the Councillors to fear? Obviously, they could be doing nothing wrong if they were sustained by WRIGHT!



[170]

### JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

"WHO'S THAT *TINY* LITTLE GENTLEMAN TALKING TO MAMMA, TOM?" "MR. SCRIBBINS, THE WRITING MASTER AT OUR SCHOOL."  
"AH! I SUPPOSE HE TEACHES *SHORT-HAND!*"

---

### A LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN DUBLIN.

(*A Lay of the Criminal Law Amendment Act.*)

"Shure it's BALFOUR would be troublin', meeself Lord Mayor o' Dublin,

But every charge he makes I'll meet in fashion you'll call nate;  
For I'll face the accusation that he brings against the *Nation*,  
Attired from head to foot, my boys, in all my robes of State.

"So on with hat and gown, boys, for we're goin' through the town, boys,  
And you must help your City's Chief to make a real display,"  
Thus TIM SULLIVAN he cried out, as straightway he did ride out,  
In civic pomp to near the Court on that eventful day.

And Town Councillors in numbers, woke from their normal slumbers,  
And, donning gowns and tippets, rose and put on all they knew,  
And with approbation glancing at the City Marshal, prancing  
On a hired hack, they followed him, a rather motley crew.

At length the Court they entered, when attention soon was centred,  
On a squabble that had risen about the Sword and Mace:  
For some swore they were not able to lie upon the table,  
Though the Lord Mayor hotly argued it was their proper place.

So when 'twas shown quite plainly, after pushing for it vainly,  
Beyond the "bar" the civic baubles had to be conveyed,  
With vow that none should floor them, their guardians upstairs bore them,  
And in the front seats flaunted them conspicuously displayed.

Then up stood Mr. CARSON, quite as quiet as a parson,  
And read out his indictment with a settled, stone-like face,  
Till TIM HEALY, quick replying, rose then and there, denying  
That the Counsel for the Crown had a shadow of a case.

And then as legal brother argued each against the other,  
The while TIM SULLIVAN reclined in all his civic blaze,  
O'DONEL he looked vexed there, and he seemed somewhat perplexed  
there,  
As if the matter struck him as involved in doubtful haze.

But after some reflection, with a *souppçon* of dejection,  
He announced that he had settled (though, doubtless, mid some fears  
He might stir up BALFOUR'S fury), there was no case for a jury.  
His judgment was received in Court with hearty ringing cheers.

Then, wild with exultation, up rose Mayor and Corporation,  
And, greeted by the crowd without, were cheered along the way,  
Til the Mansion House on nearing, the mob cried, 'midst their cheering,  
A speech they wanted, and would hear what he had got to say.

Then TIM SULLIVAN he spouted;—the mob they surged and shouted,  
And the upshot of the speech was this, that if, through legal flaws,  
By any chance your way you see, to battle with the powers that be,  
You're hero both and martyr if you break the Saxon's laws.

So it's no use, BALFOUR, troublin' the Civic powers of Dublin;  
For if you do, you know that they will meet you just half way;  
And if fresh accusation you but bring against the *Nation*,  
The City shure will answer with another Lord Mayor's Day!

---

## THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.*)

*An Official of Epping Forest introduced.*

*The Commissioner.* Now, Sir, what can I do for you?

*Witness.* You can confer a favour upon me, Sir, by correcting some sensational letters and paragraphs on "Deer-Maiming in Epping Forest," that have lately appeared in the newspapers.

*The Commissioner.* Always pleased to oblige the Corporation. Well, what is it?

*Witness.* I wish to say, Sir, that deer-shooting in Epping Forest, so far as its guardians are concerned, is not a sport, but a difficult and disagreeable duty?

*The Commissioner.* A duty?

*Witness.* Yes, Sir, a duty; because, in fulfilment of an agreement with the late Lords of the Forest Manors (to whom we have to supply annually a certain amount of venison), and in justice to the neighbouring farmers, whose crops are much damaged by the deer, we are obliged to keep down

the herd to a fixed limit.

*The Commissioner.* But how about the stories of the wounded animals that linger and die?

*Witness.* We have nothing to do with them—we are not in fault. I mean by "we" those who have a right to shoot by the invitation of the proper Authorities.

*The Commissioner.* But are not the poor animals sometimes wounded?

*Witness.* Alas, yes! Unhappily the forest is infested by a gang of poachers of the worst type, and it is at their door that any charge of cruelty must be laid. So far as we are concerned, we kill the deer in the most humane manner. We use rifles and bullets, and our guns are excellent shots. As no doubt you will have seen from the report of the City Solicitor, such deer as it has been necessary to kill, have been shot by, or in the presence of, two of the Conservators renowned for their humanity and shooting skill.

*The Commissioner.* It seems to me that you should put down the poachers.

*Witness.* We do our best, Sir. You must remember the Corporation has not been in possession very long. We have to protect nearly ten square miles of forest land, close to a city whose population is counted by Millions.

*The Commissioner.* Very true. Can I do anything more for you?

*Witness.* Nothing, Sir. Pray accept my thanks for affording me this opportunity of offering an explanation. I trust the explanation is satisfactory?

*The Commissioner.* Perfectly. (*The Witness then withdrew.*)

[171]

---

## THE OCTOPUS OF ROMANCE AND REALITY.

(AS MUCH FACT AS FANCY.)



**"I had one curried, and found it most excellent  
—something like tender tripe."—Extract from  
Mr. Tuer's Letter.**

"Devil-fish" of VICTOR HUGO,  
Dread *Pieuvre* of caves where few go  
But are made your palsied prey,  
Where are now your gruesome glories,  
Dwelt upon in shocking stories?  
Realism a big bore is  
"Octopus is cheap to-day!"

You who, worst of ocean's gluttons,  
Swallowed man, his boots, and buttons,  
Cooked in this familiar way?  
You who, in the tales of dreamers,  
Sucked down ships and swallowed steamers,  
Made the prey of kitchen schemers?  
"Octopus *is* cheap to-day!"

Swallowed, *you* colossal cuttle?  
 Nemesis is really subtle!  
 Carted on the Coster's tray,  
 Dressed in fashions culinary,  
 Which the cunning *chef* will vary  
 After every vain vagary?  
 "Octopus is cheap to-day!"

Your huge arms, so strong, so many,  
 Like tarantula's *antennæ*,  
 Just like tenderest tripe, they say!  
 Only wait a little longer,  
 Turtle soup—as from the Conger—  
 They will make from *you*, but stronger.  
 "Octopus is cheap to-day!"

Octopus—or is't Octōpus?—  
 Fame, that should outshine CANOPUS,  
 All too swiftly fleets away.  
 Yet our feelings it must harrow,  
 That *your* demon-fame should narrow  
 To cook-bench and coster barrow.  
 "Devil-fish is cheap to-day!"

[172]

## SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

("Is this the HEND?"—*Miss Squeers*.)



SKURRIE puts us in the train, gives us our Cook's tickets all ready stamped and dated. No trouble. Then he insists on comparing his notes of our route with mine, to see that all is correct.

"Wednesday," he says, "that's to-day. Geneva *dep.* 12, Bâle *arr.* 7.45." He speaks a *Bradshaw* abbreviated language. "Change twice, perhaps three times, Lausanne, Brienne, Olten. Not quite sure; but you must look out." Oh, the trouble and anxiety of looking out for where you change! "Then," he goes on, "Thursday, Bâle *dep.* 9.2 A.M., Heidelberg *arr.* 1.55."

"Any change?" I ask, as if I wanted twopence out of a shilling.

"No; at least I don't think so. But you had better ask," he replies. Ah! this asking! if you are not quite well, and don't understand the language (which I do not in German Switzerland), and get hold of an austere military station-master, or an imbecile porter, and then have to carry that most inconvenient article of all baggage, a hand-bag, which

you have brought as "so convenient to hold everything you want for a night," and which is so light to carry until it is packed! "Then," goes on the imperturbable SKURRIE, "you'll 'do' Heidelberg, dine there, sleep there, and on Friday Heidelberg *dep.* 6 A.M.—"

Here I interrupt with a groan—"Can't we go later?"

"No," says SKURRIE, sternly. "Impossible. You'll upset all the calculations if you do."

JANE says, meekly, that when one is travelling, and going to bed early, it is not so difficult to get up very early, and, for her part, she knows she shall be awake all night. Ah! so shall I, I feel, and already the journey begins to weigh heavily on me, and I do not bless SKURRIE and his plan. "But," I say aloud, knowing he has done it all for the best, and that I cannot now recede, "go on."

He does so, at railroad pace:—"Heidelberg *dep.* 6. Mannheim *arr.* 7.5, *dep.* 7.15. Mayence *arr.* 8.22, in time for boat down the Rhine 8.55. Cologne *arr.* 4.30. And there you are."

"Yes," I rejoin, rather liking the idea of Cologne, "there we are—and then?"

"Well, you'll have a longish morning at Cologne; rest, see Cathedral, breakfast," and here he refers to his notes, "Cologne *dep.* 1.13 P.M., and Antwerp *arr.* 6.34."

"Change anywhere?" I inquire, helplessly. "Yes," he answers, meditatively. "At this moment I forget where, but you've got examination of baggage on the Belgian frontier, and you have two changes, I think. However, it's all easy enough."

"I'm glad of that," I say, trying to cheer up a bit, only somehow I am depressed: and Cousin JANE isn't much better, though she tries to put everything in the pleasantest possible light, and

remarks that at all events "the travelling will soon be over."

SKURRIE continues reading off his paper and comparing the details with my notes, "Sunday—Antwerp *dep.* 6.34 P.M. Rosendael *arr.* 7.45—yes—then Rosendael *dep.* 8.44, and catch the 10.10 P.M. boat at Flushing. Queenborough *arr.* 5.50, fresh as a lark, and up to town by 7.55."

"But we don't want to go up to town, we want to go to Ramsgate."

"Ha!" he says slowly, giving this idea as just sprung upon him his full consideration. "Ha!—let me see—" Then, as if by inspiration, he continues quickly—"sacrifice your London tickets, book luggage for Flushing, only then at Flushing re-book it for Queenborough, and once you're there you catch an early train to Ramsgate, and you'll be there nearly as soon as you would have arrived in London. Train just off. Wish you *bon voyage.*"

I thank him for all his trouble, and ask, with some astonishment, if he is not going to accompany us?

"Can't—wish I could," returns SKURRIE, "but I've got to go off to Petersburg by night mail. Business. Should have been delighted to have looked after you and seen you through, but you've got it all down and can't make any mistake. *Au plaisir!*"

And he is off. So are we.

Oh, this journey!! Everything changes. My health, the scenery, the weather, all becoming worse and worse. Poor Cousin JANE, too.

Oh, the changes of carriage! The rushing about from platform to platform, carrying that confounded bag, and sticks, and umbrellas, and small things, of which JANE—poor JANE!—has her share, and, but for her sticking to every basket and package, I should, in despair, have surrendered to chance, left them behind me somewhere, and should have never seen them again. All aches and pains, and weariness! At last at Bâle, rattled over stones and bridge in a jolting omnibus, through pouring rain to the hotel of "The Three Kings."

Our treatment in the *salle-à-manger* of that Monarchical Hostellerie is enough to make the most loyal turn republican. A willing head-waiter with insubordinate assistants—and we are miserable.

Off early to Heidelberg. Delighted, at all events, to bid farewell to the worthy Monarchs. This trip seemed to invigorate us, and if civility, polite attention, good rooms, and an excellent *cuisine* could make any invalid temporarily better, then our short stay at the Prinz Karl Hotel—a really perfectly managed establishment—ought to have revived us both considerably. And so it did. A lovely drive to the heights among the pine woods and in the purest air went for something, but alas the knowledge that we had to rise at 5 A.M., to be off by six—it turned out to be a 6.30 train—drove slumber from our eyes, and only by means of a cold bath, the first thing on tumbling out of bed, could I brace myself for the effort. Then on we went, taking SKURRIE's pre-arranged tour.

Let the remainder be a blank.

When abroad I had bought a French one-volume novel which I had seen praised in the *Figaro*. I will not give its name, nor that of its author. If it indeed portrays persons really living in Paris, and if these persons are not wholly exceptional (but, if so, why this novel, which implies the contrary and denounces them?) then is the latest state of Republican Paris worse than its former state in the days of the *dégringolade* of the Empire, and Paris must undergo a fearful purgation before she will once again possess *mens sana in corpore sano*. I read this disgusting novel half-way through until its meaning became quite clear to me, and then I proceeded by leaps and bounds, landing on dry places and skipping over the filth in order to see how the author worked out a moral and punished his infamous scoundrel of a chief personage. No. Moral there was none, except an eloquent appeal to Paris to rise and crush these reptiles and their brood. On the wretched night when feverish, ill, and sleepless, I lay miserably in the saloon of the Flemish steamer crossing to Queenborough, I opened the porthole above me and threw this infernal book into the sea. After this I bore the sufferings of that night with a lighter heart.

---

Suffice it that I arrived at home—and how glad I was to get there—broken down, prostrate and only fit for bed—where with railways running round and round my head, steamboats dashing and thumping about my brain, the shrieks of German and Flemish porters ringing in my ears, SKURRIE always forcing me to travel on, on, on, against my will, I remained for about three weeks.

*Advice gratis to all Drinkers of Waters.*—"The story shows," as the Moral to the fables of Æsop used to put it, that when you have finished your cure, make straight by the easiest stages for the seaside at home. Avoid all exertion: and ask your medical man before leaving to tell you exactly what to eat, drink, and avoid, for the next three weeks at least after the completion of your cure.

---

While ill, but when beginning to crave for some amusement or distraction, I asked that my dear old Boz's *Sketches* should be read to me, to which in years gone by I had been indebted for many a hearty laugh. Alas! what a disappointment! Except for a little descriptive bit here and there, the

fun of these *Sketches* sounded as wearisome and old-fashioned as the humours of the now forgotten "Adelphi screamers" in which Messrs. WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD used to perform, and at which, as a boy, I used to scream with delight, when the strong-minded mistress of the house, speaking while the comic servant was laying the cloth for dinner, would say of her husband, "When I see him I'll give him—" "Pepper," says the comic servant, accidentally placing that condiment on the table. "He shan't," resumes the irate lady, "come over me with any—" "Butter," interrupts the comic servant, quite unconsciously, of course, as he deposits a pat of Dorset on the table. And so on. Later on, I tried THACKERAY'S *Esmond*. How tedious, how involved, and full of repetitions! It is enlivened here and there by the introduction of such real characters as *Dick Steele*, *Lord Mohun*, *Dean Atterbury*, and others, and by the mysterious melodramatic appearances and disappearances of *Father Holt*, a typical Jesuit of the "penny dreadful" style of literature. But the work had lost whatever charm it ever possessed for me, and, indeed, I had always considered it an over-rated book, not by any means to be compared with *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, or even with *Barry Lyndon*, which last is repulsively clever.

---

Then I asked for a book that I never yet could get through, and to which I thought that now, with leisure and a craving for distraction, I might take a liking. This was *Little Dorrit*. I tried hard, but it made my head ache even more than *Esmond* had done, and I laid it down, utterly unable to comprehend the mystery which takes such an amount of dreary, broken-up, tedious dialogue in the closing chapters to unravel.

---

I took down WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Sketch-book*, and read it with delight. Fresh as ever! It did me good. So did CHARLES LAMB'S *Essays*. And then guess what moved me to laughter, to tears, and to real heartfelt gratitude that we should have had a writer who could leave us such an immortal work? What? It is a gem. It is very small, but to my mind, and not excepting any one of all he ever wrote, the most precious in every way for its true humour, for its natural pathos, and for its large-hearted Christian teaching, is *The Christmas Carol*, by CHARLES DICKENS. Had this been his only book, it would have sufficed for his imperishable fame. [173]

---

And then what made me chuckle and laugh? Why, THACKERAY'S *Sultan Stork*, which, somehow or other, I never remembered having read before this time of convalescent leisure. It is THACKERAY in his most frolicsome humour, and, therefore, THACKERAY at his best.

---

I am almost recovered, and am finding my "Salubrity at Home."

---

## THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM AN ANXIOUS HOUSEHOLDER.

DEAR TOBY,—It was in my mind to write to you some days ago, but I have had my time much occupied with a subject of domestic interest. In fact, I have just been laying the carpet presented to me by our fellow-citizens of the ancient and important community of Kidderminster. The carpet, regarded individually, is a desirable and an acceptable thing. It is, as you have observed in the newspaper reports, woven of the wool known to the trade as the Queen's Clip. In colour it is a rich damson, and in quality Wilton. Apart from its suitability and acceptability, we here see in it the beginning of what I confess we should be inclined to regard as a pleasing habit on the part of our fellow-countrymen. As you are aware, my wife and myself have for some years been the recipients of gifts consisting of what a well-known person of the name of *Wemmick* was accustomed to call, articles of portable property. Our journeys to Scotland were always marked by the presentation of gifts that even became embarrassing by reason of their quantity and variety. We have quite a stock of Paisley shawls. Dundee marmalade is a drug in our domestic market. Plaids, snuff-boxes, walking-sticks, and, above all, axes I have in abundance. Through the medium of an interesting periodical, of which you may have heard—(it is known as *Exchange and Mart*)—we have managed to average our possessions, a process not entirely free from adventure. In one instance an unscrupulous individual, probably a member of the Primrose League, succeeded in obtaining a two-dozen case of marmalade and a Scotch plaid presented by the working-men of Glasgow, in promise, yet unfulfilled, of delivery of a bicycle warranted new. I have rather a hankering after trying a bicycle. LOWE gave his up with the ultimate remainder of his Liberal principles. But in old times I have heard him speak with enthusiasm of the exercise. When I noticed this person advertising in *Exchange and Mart* his desire of bartering his bicycle, we entered upon the negotiation which has ended so unfortunately. He has our Paisley plaid and Dundee marmalade, and we have not his





bicycle.

This, however, by the way. What I had at heart to write to you about, suggested by the Kidderminster carpet, is the new opening here offered for manifestations of political sympathy at a serious political crisis. We are, to tell the truth, towards the close of a long career, a little overburdened with articles of portable property of the kind already indicated. But our residence is large, and, if I may say so, receptive. Carpets, though a not unimportant feature in the furnishing of a house, do not contain within themselves the full catalogue of a furnishing establishment.

If Kidderminster has its carpets, there are other localities throughout the Kingdom which have their tables and chairs, their bed-room furniture, their curtains, their brass stair-rods, and their gas-fittings. History will, I believe, look with indulgent eye upon an ex-Premier, the Counsellor of Kings, the leader of a great Party, assisting at the hauling in and laying down of an eleemosynary carpet, the wool of which is made from Queen's Clip, has a rich damson colour, and is of Wilton quality. Why should

I not give a back to an arm-chair presented by an admiring Liberal Association? or walk upstairs with a bolster under either arm, token of the esteem and admiration of the West of England Home Rulers?

I throw out these thoughts to you, dear TOBY, as I sit in my study and survey the carpet of Wilton quality, which covers the floor. As you will have seen in the newspaper reports, "on entering the room where the carpet was displayed the Right Honourable Gentleman remarked that it had a quiet tone, which was so pleasant to the eye; adding that it was a great mistake, (which used to be committed about fifty years ago) when carpets were made with staring patterns." It is, I need hardly say, the growth of Liberal principles which has effected this change in the public taste for carpets. Whether indeed, suppose we were in need of a battle-cry, "Our Quiet Tones and Our Liberal Principles," would not serve as opposed to "Toryism and Staring Patterns," I am not certain. These things we must leave to the evolution of time. Meanwhile I will not deny in the confidence of a friendly letter that we could very well do with a sofa, the tone and construction of which should, of course, match the carpet from Kidderminster. If you are attending any public meeting and you find the popular indignation against the Government of LORD SALISBURY rising to an ungovernable pitch, you might gently and discreetly guide it in this direction.

Always yours faithfully,

*H-w-rd-n C-stle.* W. E. GL-DST-NE.

P.S.—A mangle and a garden-roller might later, and in due order, occupy your kindly thought.

## GENTLE SHEPHERD

*A Ballade for the Board.*

"The lobby of the Metropolitan Board of Works offices was recently the scene of a serious assault, committed by Mr. KEEVIL, upon Mr. SHEPHERD."—*Daily Paper.*

Gentle SHEPHERD, tell me true,  
 Did, selecting time and place,  
 Wary KEEVIL go for you,—  
 Hit you on the chest and face?  
 Did he, waiting on the stairs,  
 Watch until you passed him by,  
 Then adroitly, unawares,  
 Plant one on your weather eye?  
 Did, O SHEPHERD, tell me true,  
 Wary KEEVIL get at you!

Gentle SHEPHERD, answer me,  
 Say, did you, when last you spoke,  
 Language use that possibly  
 Wary KEEVIL might provoke?

If so, p'raps 'twas not too wise,  
Though it could involve no right  
To attempt to black your eyes  
In a stand-up Board-Room fight!  
Ah! sweet SHEPHERD, sure his due  
He will get who went for you!

---

PROUD O' THE TITLE."—The Bishop of LICHFIELD, in one of his speeches at the Church Congress last week, included the English Roman Catholics among the "other Nonconformists." Then his Lordship was graciously pleased to observe that he was very willing to acknowledge the QUEEN as supreme, but objected to the authority of Parliament, in Church matters. It is very evident on which side Dr. MACLAGAN would have been in the reign of the pure and pious HENRY THE EIGHTH, when that amiable monarch ordered the decapitation of those bigoted and obtuse "Nonconformists," Bishop FISHER, and Sir THOMAS MORE.

---

[174]



### HARDLY FAIR.

"OUR ARTIST PAINTS AN INTERESTING STUDY OF A FURZE BUSH."

---

## THE NEW NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

*A Colloquy on the Canadian Shore.*

*Canada.* "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

*Britannia.* The Bishop's famous line, dear, bears to-day  
Modified meaning; westward runs indeed  
The route of empire,—ours!

*Canada.* If I succeed  
In drawing hither Trade's unfaltering feet  
And *yours*, my triumph then will be complete.

*Britannia.* Across your continent from sea to sea  
All is our own, my child, and all is free.  
No jealous rivals spy around our path  
With watchfulness not far remote from wrath.  
The sea-ways are my own, free from of old  
To keels adventurous and bosoms bold.  
Now, from my western cliffs that front the deep  
To where the warm Pacific waters sweep  
Around Cathay and old Zipangu's shore,  
My course is clear. What can I wish for more?  
To your young enterprise the praise is due.

*Canada.* The praise, and profit, I would share with you.  
Canadian energy has felt the spur

Of British capital; the flush and stir  
Of British patriot blood is in our heart;  
Still I am glad you think I've done my part.

*Britannia.* Bravely! Yon Arctic wastes no more need slay  
My gallant sons. Had FRANKLIN seen this day  
He had not slept his last long lonely sleep  
Where the chill ice-pack lades the frozen deep.  
"It can be done; England should do it!" Yes,  
That is the thought which urges to success  
Our struggling sore-tried heroes. WAGHORN knew  
Such inspiration. Many a palsied crew  
Painfully creeping through the Arctic night  
Have felt it fill their souls like fire and light.  
Well, it *is* done, by men of English strain,  
Though in such shape as they who strove in vain  
With Boreal cold and darkness never dreamed  
When o'er the Pole the pale aurora gleamed  
Perpetual challenge.

*Canada.* Here's your Empire route!  
A right of way whose value to compute  
Will tax the prophets.

*Britannia.* Links me closer still  
With all my wandering sons who tame and till  
The world's wild wastes, and throng each paradise  
In tropic seas or under southern skies,  
See, Halifax, Vancouver, Sydney, set  
Fresh steps upon a path whose promise yet  
Even ourselves have hardly measured. Lo!  
Far China brought within a moon or so,  
Of tea-devouring London! Here it lies,  
The way for men and mails and merchandise,  
Striking athwart your sea-dividing sweep  
Of land; one iron road from deep to deep!  
Well thought, well done!

*Canada.* No more need you depend  
On furtive enemy or doubtful friend.  
Your home is on the deep, and when you come,  
To the Dominion's land you're still at home.

*Britannia.* And woe to him the Statesman cold or blind,  
Of clutching spirit or of chilling mind,  
Pedantic prig or purse-string tightening fool,  
Who'd check such work and such a spirit cool!  
Yours is the praise and may the profit flow  
In fullest stream, 'midst your Canadian snow  
A true Pactolus. Trade's prolific fruit,  
Should freely flourish on our Empire Route.

---

LOADED WITH PRESENTS.—In the account given in the *Times* (Oct. 7) of the unveiling of Mr. BOEHM's statue of the QUEEN in the presence of its donors, HER MAJESTY'S tenants and servants on the Balmoral Estates assembled at Crathie, there is a funny misprint:—

"At this point (*i.e.* after HER MAJESTY'S reply to the Prince of WALES's address) the soldiers saluted and fired a *feu de foie*."

As refreshments were supplied by the QUEEN's command immediately afterwards, perhaps the guns had been loaded with "*foie gras*," tightly compressed into cartridges.

---



## THE NEW NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

BRITANNIA. "NOW, FROM MY WESTERN CLIFFS THAT FRONT  
THE DEEP  
TO WHERE THE WARM PACIFIC WATERS SWEEP  
AROUND CATHAY AND OLD ZIPANGU'S SHORE,  
MY COURSE IS CLEAR. WHAT CAN I WISH FOR  
MORE?"

[177]

### SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

ETHEL DERING has not recognised me yet. Naturally she would not expect to find me being photographed on the beach with such a crew as this—but she *will* in another instant, unless,—ah, LOUISE's sunshade! my presence of mind never *quite* deserts me. There is a slit in the silk—through which I can see ETHEL. As soon as she discovers what the excitement is all about, she turns away.... Thank goodness, she is gone! I have saved the situation—but ruined the group ... they are all annoyed with me. I had really no idea LOUISE looked so plain when out of temper!

As we go back, ALF wants to know whether I noticed that "clipping girl." He means ETHEL. LOUISE says, he "ought to know better than to ask me such things, considering my situation." Agree with LOUISE.

*Evening.* I am staying at home; *nominally*, to work at the Drama (still in very elementary stage) *really*, to think out the situation. Remember now the DERINGS have a yacht; they *may* only have put in here for a day or two—if not, can I avoid being seen by her sooner or later? The mere idea of meeting *her* when I am with ALF or PONKING, and my Blazer acquaintances, makes me ill. (Not that I need distress myself, for she would probably cut me!) Can't think in Mrs. SURGE's little front parlour. I must get out, into the air! Let me see, LOUISE and her Aunt (and no doubt PONKING and ALF) will be at the Music Hall this evening, as there is a "benefit" with the usual "galaxy of talent." If I keep away from the sands (where I might see ETHEL), I shall be safe enough.



Turn into Public Gardens; nobody here just now, except a couple in front, who seem to have quarrelled—at least the lady's voice sounds displeased. Too dark to see, but as I come nearer—is it only my nervous fancy that—? No, I can't be mistaken, that *is* ETHEL speaking now! "Why will you persist in speaking to me?" she is saying, "I don't know you—have the goodness to go away at once." Some impudent scoundrel is annoying her! Didn't know anything could make me so angry. I don't stop to think—before I know where I am, I have knocked the fellow down ... he can't be more surprised than I am! It is all very well—but what is to become of me when he *gets up again*? He is sure to make a row, and I can't go *on* knocking him down! Must get ETHEL away first, should not like to be pounded into

**"Why, he's a man of whacks!"  
Shakspeare.**

shapelessness before her eyes. "Miss DERING," I say, "you—you had better go on—leave him to me," (it will probably be the other way, though!) "Mr.

CONEY!" she cries. "Oh, I am so glad!—but don't hurt him any more—*please*." He is getting up, as well as I can make out in the darkness, I am not *likely* to hurt him any more ... I wish he would begin, this suspense is very trying. He *has* begun—to weep bitterly! Never was so surprised in my life; he is too much upset even to swear, simply sits in the gutter boohooing. If he knew how grateful I am to him! However, I tell him sternly to "think himself lucky it is no worse," and leave him to recover.

Must see ETHEL safe home after this. She and her father *did* come in the yacht—they are at the Royal Hotel, and she missed her way and her maid somehow, trying to find a Circulating Library. She really seems pleased to meet me. It is not an original remark—but *what* a delight it is to listen to the clear fresh tones of a well-bred girl—not that ETHEL's voice is anything to me *now*! She "can't imagine what I find to do in Starmouth,"—then she did *not* recognise me this afternoon, which is some comfort! I should like to tell her all, but it would be rather uncalled-for just now, perhaps. We talk on general matters, as we used to do. Singular how one can throw off one's troubles for the time—I am actually *gay*! I can make *her* laugh, and what a pretty rippling laugh she has! We have reached the Hotel—*already*!

Now I am here, it would be rude not to go in and see old DERING. I do. He is most cordial. Am I alone down here? Critical, this. After all, I *am* alone—in my lodgings. "Then I must come to luncheon on board the *Amaryllis* to-morrow." ETHEL (I *must* get into the way of thinking of her as "Miss DERING") looks as if she expects me to accept. I had better go, and find an opportunity of telling her about LOUISE—who knows—they might become bosom friends. No, hang it, *that's* out of the question!

The DERINGS' private room opens on to the Esplanade; old DERING comes to the French windows, and calls out after me, "Don't forget. Lunch at two. On board the *Amaryllis*—find her at the quay." "Thanks very much—I *won't* forget. Good-night!" "Good-night!" Someone is waiting for me under a lamp. It is ALF, but I did not know him at first. "Why, where on earth!"—I begin. He regards me reproachfully with his one efficient eye, and I observe his nose is much swollen. Good heavens, I see it all—I have knocked down my *future brother-in-law*! Well, it serves him right.

He explains, sulkily; he meant no harm; never thought anyone would be offended by being spoken to civil; *he* never met girls like that before (which is likely enough); and to think I should have treated him that savage and brutal—it was *that* upset him. Tell him I am sorry, but I can't help it now. "Yes you can," he says, hoarsely. "You know this girl—this Miss DERIN," (he has followed us, it appears, and caught her name)—"you don't ought to play dog in the manger *now*—I want you to introduce me in a reg'lar way. I tell yer I'm down-right smitten." Introduce *him*—to ETHEL! Never, not if I won the V.C. for it! "Then you *look out*!"

He has gone off growling—the cub! He will tell LOUISE. On second thoughts, his own share in the business may prevent that—but it is unfortunate.



**Thrown over at a Watering-place.**



**"So many guests invite as here are writ."—Shakspeare.**

*Next Day.*—Have got leave of absence (without mentioning reason). I believe I pleaded the Drama, as usual, and I *have* jotted down a line or two. Am dressing for luncheon—somehow I take longer than usual. Ready at last; the coast is clear, I am a trifle early, but I can stroll gently down to the quay.... Turn a corner, and come upon POKING, with LOUISE. Fancy both look rather confused, but they are delighted to see me. "Was I going any where in particular?" "No—nowhere in particular." "Then I'd better come along with them—they have dined early, and are doing the lions." LOUISE makes such a point of it that I can't refuse—must watch my chance, and slip off when I can.

*Later.*—We have done an ancient gaol, the church, and a fishermen's almshouse—and I have not seen my chance *yet*. POKING determined to see all he can for his money. LOUISE, more demonstrative than she has been of late, clings to my arm. It is past two, but we are working our way, slowly, towards the quay. POKING suggests visit to Fisherring Establishment. Now is my chance; say I won't go in—don't like herrings—will wait outside. To my surprise, they actually meet me half-way! "If you want to get back to your play-writing, old chap," says POKING (really not a bad fellow,

PONKING!) "don't you mind *us*—we'll take care of one another!" Just as deliverance is at hand, that infernal ALF comes up from the quay, with an eye that is positively *iridescent!* "Oh, look at his poor eye!" cries LOUISE. I look—and I see that he means "*being nasty*." He addresses me: "Why ain't you on board your swell yacht, taking lunch along with that girl, eh?" he inquires. Exclamations from LOUISE: "Girl? yacht? who? what?" and then—it all comes out!

Painful scene; fortunate there are so few looking on. LOUISE renounces me for ever opposite the Town-hall. "She knew I was a muff, but she had thought I was too much the gentleman to act deceitful!" PONKING is of opinion I "haven't a gentlemanly action in me." So is ALF, who adds that he "always felt somehow he could never make a pal of me." There is balm in *that!*

Thank goodness, it is over! I am *free*—free to think of ETHEL as much as I like! I see now what a wretched infatuation all this has been. I can tell her about it some day—if I think it necessary. I am not sure I *shall* think it necessary—at all events, just yet.

I am a little late, but I can apologise for that. Odd—but I can't find the *Amaryllis* anywhere! Ask. A seaman on a post says "There *was* a yacht he see being towed out 'bout 'arf an hour back—he didn't take no partickler notice of her name." No doubt I mistook the moorings—better ask at hotel, perhaps. I do. Waiter says if I am the gentleman by name of CONEY, there are two notes for me in Coffee-Room.

Open first—from Mr. DERING.

"Regrets; unforeseen circumstances—compelled to sail at once, and give up pleasure, &c."

Second—from ETHEL; there is hope still—or would she write?

"Dear Mr. CONEY,—So sorry to go away without seeing you. You might have told me of your engagement yourself, I think—I should have been so interested. Your brother-in-law and his aunt thought it necessary to call and inform us. We are delighted that you are having a pleasanter time here than you gave us to understand last night. With best wishes for all possible happiness," &c.

So *that* was ALF's revenge—it was a good one! After that, I shake off the sand of Starmouth—for ever!



**A love-lorn Romeo ready for his Beer.**



**A GOOD EXAMPLE.**

John Bull (loq). "Very kind of Her Majesty to let me see Her Jubilee Gifts; but I wonder when Her Advisers will allow me to see my Own!"

## ECHOES FROM ST. JAMES'S PALACE. (JUBILEE DEPARTMENT.)

*Crowd discovered besieging entrance to Staircase. Policeman examines bags for concealed Dynamite.*

*Loyal Old Lady (presenting reticule for inspection).* Which there's nothing in it but a few cough-drops.

*Policeman (exercising a very wise discretion).* Pass on, Mother!

ON THE STAIRS.

*'Arry (to Halfred—taxing his memory).* I dunno as I was ever 'ere before—was you?

*Halfred (conscientiously).* Not to remember.

*A Deliberate Old Gentleman, full of suppressed general information (to his two boys).* Now, the great thing is not to hurry—we shall find much deserving of careful study here.

[*Faces of boys lengthen perceptibly.*

*An Aunt (to Niece).* You'd better go first, ELIZA; then you can read it all out to me as we go along.

*Confused Murmurs*—"Where's Grandma?"—"It *is* ridiklous to go pushing like that!"—"Well, the Pit's a joke to this!" &c., &c.

IN THE STATE APARTMENTS.

*Delib. O. G.* This, boys, is the ante-room, and here, you see, is a trophy presented by the Maha  
—

[*Puts on glasses, to inspect label.*

*Policeman (loudly).* Now then, Sir, don't block the way, please,  
—keep moving!

[*O. G. moves on, under protest, to secret relief of boys.*

*The Aunt (examining pair of Elephant Tusks set in carved Buffalo's Head).*

They may call them "tusks" if they like, ELIZA,—but anyone can see they're horns. They belong to one of them "Cow-Elephants," depend upon it!

[*Peers anxiously about in vain attempt to discover it.*

*Loyal Old Lady.* There's nothing here but these caskets. I thought they'd the Jubilee Cake on view!

*Visitor (in state of general gratification).* Ha! they've given her some nice things among 'em, I must say. There, you see,—an arm-chair,—always come in useful, they do!

*Female V. JANE,* come here, quick! (*They gaze reverentially on carved chest full of slippers.*) That's what I call a *nice* present, now,—but, if they were mine, I should unpick all that raised embroidery inside the soles before ever I put 'em on!

*Jane.* Well, I suppose she wouldn't only wear them when she's in *state*.

*Policeman.* Now, Ladies, please don't linger! Pass along, there!

*The Well-informed Old G.* You see this device, formed of green and yellow feathers, boys. Well, these feathers come from—

*Policeman (as before).* Don't stop the way, Sir, please!

*Old G. (hanging on obstinately to barrier)*—The Sandwich Islands, and are worn exclusively by—(*is swept on by crowd, and wedged tightly against case containing samples of woollen products—boys dive under red cord, and escape*).

*Two Ladies (from the country).* Those Policemen is like so many parrots, with their "Keep moving;" they don't give you time for a good look! *That's* a handsome pair of jugs the Crown Prince and Princess give her, a little like the pair old Mr. SPUDDER won with his Shorthorns at the Show, don't you think? Only more elaborate, p'raps. Tell me if you can see the Cake anywhere, my dear. I don't want to go away, and not see *that!*

*Intelligent Visitor.* That's a curious thing, now. Look at that label, "Presented by—" and the name left blank!

*A Jocular Visitor (seeing an opportunity).* Too bad, MARIA! I'm sure we wrote our names plainly enough!

[*Sensation amongst bystanders, who regard the couple with respectful interest.*

*Maria (who considers this*

*trifling with a serious subject*). If I had known you were going to be so *foolish*, GEORGE, I should not have come!

[*Collapse of* GEORGE.  
*A Practical Visitor*. Now, there's a neat idea—d'ye see? A crown, made all out of tobaccer. There's some *sense* in giving a thing like that!

*The Jocular Visitor (reviving at sight of embroidered Child's Frock in case)*. Pretty costume, that, eh, MARIA? But do you think HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY will ever be able to *get it on*?

*Maria (horrified)*. I tell you what it is, GEORGE, if you go on making these stupid jokes, you will get us both turned out—if not *worse*! I'm sure that Policeman heard!

*Loyal Old Lady*. They've given her scent, and little brass-nailed boots, and cotton reels enough to set her up for life. But there, she deserves it all, bless her!

*Party of Philistines (to one another.)* You don't want to go in there—there's only a lot of water-colours presented by the British Institute. Let's see if we can find the Jubilee Cake!

FINAL TABLEAU.—AT THE GENERAL EXIT.

[179]

*Crush of enthusiastic Britons, gazing at a gigantic ornament from the Jubilee Cake. Various exclamations*. "All of it pure sugar, I shouldn't wonder!"—"What do you think of *that* for a cake, JEMMY?"—"Lift JOEY up to have a look!"—"Well, I do call that grand!"

*Loyal Old Lady (forcing her way to the front—disappointed)*. But that's only the *trimmings*!

*A Bystander (correctively)*. You can't expect any Cake to keep long, with so many in the family; and, even as it is, you get some ideer what it must have been!

*All (deeply impressed)*. Ah, you do, indeed—you get that! Well, I'm glad I came; I shan't forget this as long as I live!

[*Exeunt awestruck—their places are taken by others, who gaze long and respectfully on the Cake. Scene closes in.*

---

## BOB SAWYER REDIVIVUS.

(*At the Middlesex Hospital.*)

Just been given what the newspapers call "the privileges and status of a true Collegian,"—in other words find I'm no longer to be allowed to live in the jolly old free-and-easy way, in one's own diggings, but am to be boxed up inside the Hospital instead! Hang the Authorities! Should like to cup them all.

Anyhow, got a decent room: can show it off to visitors. Visit from Oxbridge friend. Seems surprised at smallness of my apartment. Says it's "not *his* idea of living in College: more like living in *Quad*," he adds, humorously. "Do I really mean to say," he asks, "that I am to sleep in same room I live in, with only a curtain between?" Have to confess such is the intention of the architect. He says, "if he was me, he'd complain to the Dean." Don't like to show ignorance—so don't ask him if he means Dean of WESTMINSTER or ST. PAUL'S. Oxbridge friend declines my invitation to "dine in Hall," and disappears.

Ah! They've given us a Smoking-room, anyhow. Is it a smoking-room? No—a "Library and Reading-room." Disgusting! Ring for brandy-and-soda. Nobody answers the bell! It seems the "Collegiate servants" go out of College between meals. Nothing to do, so amuse myself for an hour in Dissecting-room. Pine for freedom. Go to entrance and am stopped by Porter. Porter says, "Gentlemen not allowed to leave Hospital after dark without leave of House Surgeon." Tell Porter I'm a child of nature, and that I want to visit a dying relative. Porter incredulous—proposes sending one of the resident Physicians instead. No, thanks! Retire to room and think of old rollicking days. Nothing to do. Wonder if Porter would let me bleed him. No, perhaps he's not in the vein.

*Hall Dinner*.—Hate dining in common—reminds one of the Zoo. Student next to me very *sloppy*. Brings a bone in with him, and puts it on table, studying it between courses. Tell him, pleasantly, it'll be a bone of contention if he does not remove it. He doesn't understand. Replies, quite seriously, that it's the "*os humeri*."

*After Dinner*.—Tedious. Just the time when the "Lion Comique" is "coming on" at the Parthenon Music Hall. And I can't get out to hear him!

*Later*.—Had jolly spree, after all—also after Hall. Tied new curtains together and let myself down into street, amid yells of large crowd. Rather damaged right scapula, but can't be helped. Went to Gaiety; jolly supper, met Ben Allen and a lot of chappies, who are at Bart's and haven't any of these ridiculous Collegiate regulations, and had high old time. How to get back, though? Ay, "there's the rub,"—worse than rubbing scapula, too.

Boldest plan best. Rap Porter up. Porter surprised to see me. Says it's "past one o'clock," and wants to know how I got out. Tell him I'm a child of nature, and if he reports me to House



Surgeon I shall certainly cup him to-morrow. Porter asserts, quite untruly, that I am intoxicated.

*Next Day.*—Authorities have heard how I escaped from Hospital last night. Also Porter—the idiot!—has complained that he goes in fear of his life because of my threats. On the whole, Hospital Authorities come to conclusion to ask me to leave, as "they think I am not fitted for Collegiate life," and I quite agree with them. Pack up, and pack off.



### "UNCO GUID!"

*Southerner (in Glasgow, to Friend).* "By the way, do you know McScrew?"      *Northerner.* "Ken McScrew?" "Oo' fine! A grand man, McScrew! Keeps the Sawbath, —an' everything else he can lay his Hands on!"

---

QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.—The unfortunate Vacation Judge this year has been detained at Court or Chambers five times a week instead of (as in the olden days) thrice a fortnight. He must appreciate the meaning of "getting his head into Chancery"—and his wig too!

---

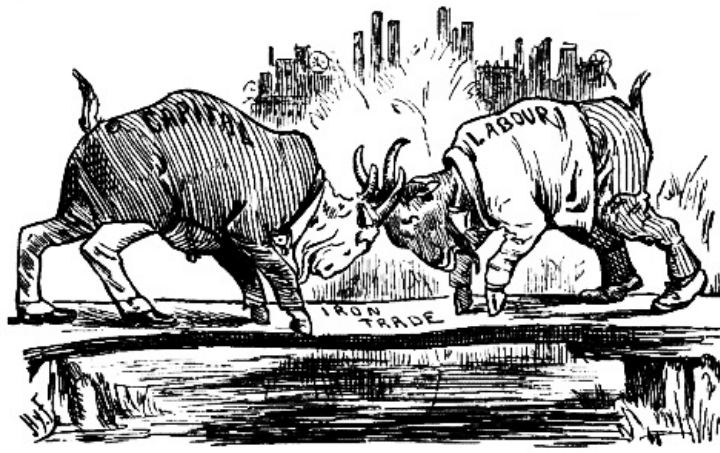
## THE TWO GOATS.

[180]

AN OLD FABLE WITH A NEW APPLICATION.

(*For the benefit of Bolton.*)

Two bellicose goats once encountered each other in the middle of a narrow bridge spanning a deep gulf and a raging torrent. To pass each other seemed (to them) impossible, at least without much more careful and courteous mutual self-adjustment than either was at all disposed for. For one or the other to make way by temporarily backing, was, of course—to bellicose goats—entirely out of the question. The only alternative was clearly a butting-match.



Our angry goats entered upon it with great gusto. Heads hotly encountered, horns angrily collided. The harder the hits the less did either feel disposed to give way.

But a narrow bridge over a deep gulf is a bad place for a battle *à outrance*. The infuriated animals quickly settled the point at issue, in a way as final as unpleasant, by butting each other over into the gulf, leaving the disputed path clear for the passage of creatures more conciliatory and less cantankerous.

#### APPLICATION.

Two objects cannot occupy the same space—even in Bolton. Battles upon bridges—even iron bridges—are bad things. A quarrel between two parties—even if they represent Capital and Labour—cannot be regarded as satisfactorily settled by the destruction of both—unless they are thieves, or Kilkenny cats. It is much easier to get into a gulf—even the gulf of Bankruptcy—than out of it. To parties expiring at the bottom of a gulf, into which they have hurled each other, it is small consolation to see more peaceful persons—though they be foreigners—making better use of the bridge which might have carried them both safely over.

---

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*A Collection of Thackeray's Letters* (1847 to 1855. SMITH & ELDER).—It must have cost Mrs. BROOKFIELD a good deal of mental anxiety before she decided upon giving publicity to this correspondence. But she has undoubtedly done well and wisely, as everybody interested in the personal THACKERAY, outside and away from his works, will gratefully acknowledge. THACKERAY was always fond of alluding to himself as the Showman with the puppets, or portraying himself as taking off the cap-and-bells when, from behind the grinning mask, peep out the sad eyes and the rueful countenance. Now in these Letters we are sometimes admitted behind the scenes, as, for instance, when he is just going to work; but, as a rule, we see him in his leisure, out for a holiday, amusing himself and others, and enjoying himself like an overgrown schoolboy full of fun and frolic, not a bit of a cynic, and there are no sad eyes and rueful countenance when the mask is off. The peculiar charm of these Letters is that they are so evidently private; there is nothing of the *poseur* about them. They were never intended to be addressed *urbi et orbi*.

One favourite style of amusing himself in writing he had, which, by the way, rather calls to mind the way *Mr. Peter Magnus* had of amusing his friends, and that was mis-spelling, and spelling in Cockney fashion. How he must have revelled in writing *Jeames's Diary*! The burlesque element of humour was irrepressible in THACKERAY, and found vent through pen and pencil. Nearly all his sketches, with remarkable exceptions, are, more or less, grotesque. Many of his Vignettes, with which he illustrated his novels, cannot fail to suggest a kind of Dicky-Doyleian humour. Two characteristics of the man are brought out strongly in these letters; first, his humility as regards his own work (he was proud in other matters), and, secondly, his generosity as exhibited in his unaffected admiration for the work of CHARLES DICKENS.

Occasionally we catch a glimpse of his religious tendencies, which are at one time influenced by J. H. NEWMAN, at another by J. S. MILL; and it is interesting to read his *naïve* utterances about Scripture, showing that whatever lectures he may have attended at Cambridge, those on Divinity, or on the Greek Testament, could not have been among them. And this indeed is highly probable. His kindness of heart is evident throughout. His laughing at himself as a Snob when affecting the company of great people is delightful, though there seems to be in this self-ridicule something of the true word spoken in jest. He makes a burlesque flourish—so like him—about sending in "his resignation" to *Mr. Punch*. As a matter of fact, he remained an honorary member of *Mr. Punch's* Cabinet Council, and retained his seat at *Mr. Punch's* table, up to the time of his death. The present writer remembers WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY being frequently present in *Mr. Punch's* Council Chamber, *Consule Marco*. A most interesting, amusing, and instructive book, especially to literary men—(some novelists must be delighted at finding THACKERAY reading over the previous portions of his own serial in order to recall the names of his characters, and his frantic joy at

hitting on the title of *Vanity Fair*)—is this collection of THACKERAY'S Letters. To Mrs. BROOKFIELD our heartiest thanks are due.

*Like and Unlike.* By Miss BRADDON. Everybody who cares about a novel with a good plot so well worked out that the excitement is kept up through the three volumes and culminates with the last chapter of the story, must "Like" and can never again "Unlike," this the latest and certainly one of the best of Miss BRADDON'S novels. Miss BRADDON is our most dramatic novelist. Her method is to interest the reader at once with the very first line, just as that Master-Dramatist of our time DION BOUCICAULT would rivet the attention of an audience by the action at the opening of the piece, even before a line of the dialogue had been spoken. This authoress never wastes her own time and that of her reader, by giving up any number of pages at the outset to a minute description of scenery, to a history of a certain family, to a wearisome account of the habits and customs of the natives, or to explaining peculiarities in manners and dialect which are to form one of the principal charms of the story. No: Miss BRADDON is dramatic just as far as the drama can assist her, and then she is the genuine novelist. A few touches present her characters living before the reader, and the story easily develops itself in, apparently, the most natural manner possible. *Like and Unlike* will make many people late for dinner, and will keep a number of persons up at night when they ought to be soundly sleeping. These are two sure tests of a really well-told sensational novel. *Vive* Miss BRADDON!

YOUR OWN BOOK-WORM.

---

### A LICHFIELD HOUSE OF CALL.

Shade of BOSWELL, awake, arise! Know that the Lord Mayor of Lichfield, Mr. A. C. BAXTER, has announced in the *Times* that the house Dr. JOHNSON was born in is put up for sale by auction on the 20th inst. Now, then, is the time for a big brewer who would like to get bigger, or any licensed victualler, with command of a moderate capital, to invest it in the purchase of the premises in which the great Lexicographer and Moralist first saw the light, and in the conversion of them into a public-house, to be called and known by the sign and name of "The Johnson's Head." A likeness of Dr. JOHNSON, copied by a competent Artist from the best of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S portraits, and mounted on the signboard, would be sure to attract multitudes of respectable people, and others, besides forming a decoration of the tavern at Lichfield, and an ornament to that town. A pub. associated with one of the highest names in literature could hardly fail to be frequented by numerous bookmakers. The memory of Dr. JOHNSON might, however, be honoured by the preservation of his home for what many may consider a nobler purpose than that of a liquor-shop; and those who are of that opinion should look sharp and secure his birthplace by coming forward, and taking care that, when under the hammer, it shall be knocked down on their own account to the highest bidder. "The man who could make a pun would pick a pocket;" true, but he might prefer putting his hand in his own to commemorate the name of the great SAMUEL, by helping to stand Sam.

---

FAVOURITE SEASONING AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET ON THE 9TH OF NOVEMBER.—*Sauce à la Maître d'Hôtel.*



NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

---

#### Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

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

P. 179. changed 'shoppy' to 'sloppy'.

P. 180. 'developes' (sic). Probably not an error. "and the story easily developes itself"

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

**START: FULL LICENSE**  
**THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE**  
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

**Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with

which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3

below.

#### 1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

## **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt

status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

#### **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

#### **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.