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October 29, 1887, by Various**

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VOL. 93, OCTOBER 29, 1887 \*\*\*

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

**Vol. 93.**

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**October 29th, 1887.**

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## **QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.**

EXTRACT FROM A GRAND OLD DIARY. MONDAY, OCT. 17.

Self, wife, and HERBERT started early to escape our kind-hearted, clear-headed admirers; so early, that I scarcely had time before leaving to write thirty post-cards, seventy-six pages of notes for my next magazine article, and to cut down half-a-dozen trees. Train announced to leave Chester at 10:30, but got off at the hour. This little joke (WATKIN'S notion) caused much amusement. Through opera-glasses we could see bands of music, deputations, &c., constantly coming to the railway-stations to meet our train after it had passed. Too bad! However, to prevent disappointment, and as CHAMBERLAIN has been imitating me and vulgarised my original idea, I knocked off some speeches, in pencil, and HERBERT threw them out of the window as fast as I could write them. So far as we could make out with a telescope, some of them reached their destination, and seemed to be well received.



Master Willie Gladstone  
"really enjoying, and in

Awfully pleased to meet Mr. WILLIAM AGNEW at Manchester. Odd coincidence of Christian names. I shall speak of him and allude to him as "The Other WILLIAM." He promised to keep by me, and show me all the pictures worth seeing.

"T'Other WILLIAM," said I, "you are very good. As you know, I take a great and sincere interest in pictures and works of Art, although I know very little about them." T'Other WILLIAM protested. "No, T'Other WILLIAM, I am right. You have been the means of providing me with a commodity most difficult of all others to procure if you do not possess it yourself—that is to say, you have provided me with brains." Further protests from T'Other One. "No, T'Other WILLIAM, hear me out; for you know in all cases where a judgment has had to be passed upon works of Art, I have been accustomed to refer a great deal to you, and lean upon you, because you have been constantly the means of enabling me really to see, and really to enjoy, and in some measure to appreciate and understand, all that you have shown to me."

I was so pleased with this little speech that I made HERBERT take it down as I repeated it to him privately when T'Other was looking in another

some measure appreciating and understanding," our Mr. Agnew's lectures on Art.

*Vide Times Report, Oct. 18.*

direction. When I brought it out afterwards, at luncheon in the Palm-house, it went wonderfully. So it should, because I felt every word of it. T'Other WILLIAM is one of the kindest and most courteous of my friends. I was very pleased with the Exhibition, although perhaps (I am not certain of this) I might have seen it better had not about four thousand visitors followed our little party everywhere, cheering vociferously. I was consequently obliged to keep my attention most carefully fixed upon the exhibits, as when I caught any stranger's eye, the stranger immediately (but with an eagerness that did not exceed the limits of good behaviour) called upon me to make a speech then and there upon the subject of "Home Rule." I am sure I should on each and every occasion have only been too delighted, had not Sir ANDREW warned me not to indulge too much in that sort of thing. The crowd, however, had its decided advantage, inasmuch as we were carried off our feet everywhere. In this luxurious fashion we were wafted to Messrs. DOULTON'S Pottery Manufactory, to Mr. JESSE HAWORTH'S loan exhibition of Egyptian antiquities, the name "JESSE" recalled to me the poor misguided JOE'S "JESSE," the second fiddle, but *toujours fidèle*, and to a great many other shows of almost equal interest.

But of course *the* feature of the Exhibition was the collection of pictures. I was absolutely delighted. T'Other WILLIAM explained everything, and amongst other portraits showed me one of myself by MILLAIS. I imagine that everybody must have thought it very like, because when they observed me inspecting it, they cheered more vigorously than ever. For my part I can't help feeling that Sir JOHN might have done more with the collars. He has not (to my thinking, although I confess I may be wrong) put quite enough starch in them. This is my own idea, as I did not consult T'Other One upon the subject. Great as my reliance is upon him concerning works of Art, I reserve the right of using my own judgment in the matter of collars. Passing through the galleries I was delighted with everything I saw. The only drawback to my pleasure was the fact that I was followed (as I have already hinted) by a cheering crowd, who occasionally, and, no doubt, accidentally, drowned the voice of my kind Mentor. Under other circumstances I should have drawn the distinction between the Mentor and the Tor-mentors. Think this, but don't say it. For instance, when we were standing in front of "*Ramsgate Sands*," this is what reached my ears eager for instruction:—

"'*Ramsgate Sands*,' by FRITH—('Hooray!')—who, as you know, has just written—('Speech! Speech!' 'Home Rule!' 'Three cheers for MORLEY!')—full of anecdotes of all sorts of interesting people. If you went to Ramsgate now, you would find—('We are going to give you another carpet, old man!' 'Hooray, hooray, hooray!' 'Three Cheers for Home Rule!—An extra one for Manchester!')—and practically the sand-frequenter we are carefully examining in this picture are of thirty years ago. ('Speech! Speech!') You must know—('Hooray, hooray, hooray!')

And at this period my dear friend was silenced by our being carried away in an irresistible stream to the Palm-house, where we took part in an excellent luncheon. Here I delivered my speech, which I pride myself was first-rate. I called Manchester the Modern Athens, explaining, however, that no offence was intended to the capital of Midlothian. Take it all round, then, in spite of the "exuberant interest" shown in me by my fellow-citizens, I have had a very pleasant day, thanks chiefly to T'Other WILLIAM.

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## A PROGRESSIVE PROGRAMME.

*October 25.*—Lecture by amiable Police Magistrate to six hulking rowdies, who have been assaulting the Police, on the duty of "bearing distress patiently." Tells them "not to do it again," and dismisses them with aid from the Poor Box and his blessing. Surprise of rowdies.

*October 26.*—Unemployed employ themselves in sacking portion of Bond Street, during temporary withdrawal of Police for a little rest.

*October 27.*—Sitting Alderman at Mansion House gives a Socialist Deputation some sympathetic and fatherly advice, and recommends them to "study laws of supply and demand." Invites them to Lord Mayor's Banquet. Deputation accepts invitation readily, and, on emerging into street, is chivied down Cheapside by infuriated mob of other Socialists, who have not received invitations.

*October 28.*—New Leaders of Mob (*vice* Deputation, resigned) denounce sympathetic Alderman as a "bloated exploiter." Nelson Monument pulled down. Ten leading tradesmen, in neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, unable to do any business, owing to streets being blocked with rioters, go into bankruptcy.

*October 29.*—Gathering of "Unemployed" in Westminster Abbey. Unemployed complain bitterly because chairs have no cushions. The Dean, conducted to pulpit under strong police escort, preaches very conciliatory sermon on duty of Upper Classes, all, except Deans, to give most of what they possess to poor; advises poor to wait patiently till they get it. Retires under heavy shower of hymn-books. Unemployed "remain to prey."

*October 30.*—Westminster Abbey sacked, in consequence of Dean's conciliatory sermon. The Canons go off.

*November 1.*—Mansion House Relief Fund started. Fifty thousand pounds subscribed the first day by leading philanthropists who have had all their windows broken. Trade paralysed, and numbers of Unemployed consequently increasing. Speech by celebrated Statesman, contrasting disorder and lawlessness in Ireland with universal contentment and order existing in England.

*November 2.*—Mob helps itself to chief pictures in National Gallery, on ground that they "belong to the people." Raffle organised for the Raffaelles. Fifteen policemen have their ribs broken.

*November 3.*—Whole Police Force disabled by angry mob armed with bludgeons and revolvers. Sympathetic Alderman at Mansion House ventures to ask Government if "matters are not really going a little too far," and is ducked in Thames. All the West-End shops in-vested by looters.

*November 4.*—Prime Minister declares that "much as he regrets the depression of trade and want of employment, yet he thinks that on the whole, recent proceedings have not been quite creditable to Capital City of Empire." Military called out, and streets cleared in no time. Ringleaders of mob arrested, and given a year's imprisonment with hard labour. Trafalgar Square railed round and planted with prickly cactus. Business resumed and confidence restored. Government begins to think of a Bill to deal with *real* London grievances—such as rack-rents, slum-dwellings, and foreign pauper labour. [And high time too!]

A CLOUD OF YACHTS.—The account of the British owner published last week, confirms the notion that the much-talked-of superiority of the *Thistle* over the *Volunteer* was mere vapouring. This is not surprising. All that could be appropriately expected from such a weed was smoke!

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### MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 3.



DON CHAMBERLAIN QUIXOTE AND SANCHO JESSE PANZA.

*Sancho Panza (to himself).* "I CANNOT HELP IT,—FOLLOW HIM I MUST: I HAVE EATEN HIS BREAD, I LOVE HIM: ABOVE ALL I AM FAITHFUL."—*Don Quixote*, Part ii., Book iii., Ch. xxxiii.

# THE NEW QUIXOTE.

*Fragments from a forthcoming Romance of (Political) Chivalry and (Party) Knight-Errantry.*

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The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a keen, not to say hatchet-like visage, a very early (and rapid) riser, and a lover of the orchid.

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His judgment being somewhat obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any naturally astute person. This was a belief that it behoved him, as well for the advancement of his own glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant (though, indeed, there was, perhaps, about him more of the errant than the knightly), and traverse the northern parts of Hibernia, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, redressing every species of grievance save such as were not found in his own list, or "programme," which latter, indeed, he would by no means admit to be "grievances" at all. The poor gentleman imagined himself to be at least crowned Autocrat of Orangeia by the valour of his arm; and thus wrapt in these agreeable illusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his design into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armour which had done service in the time of his great-grandfather, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and furnished up as well as he could, but he found one great defect—it would not in any part stand one stroke from modern steel, much less one shot from modern gun. However, as he was rather fired with the yearning to attack than impressed with the necessity for defence, this deficiency troubled him but little.

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In the next place he visited his steed, which though but a hobby of wooden aspect and no paces, yet in his eyes it surpassed any charger that the Achilles of Hawarden ever bestrode, or the Automedon of Derby ever handled. Many days was he deliberating upon what name he should give it; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent appertaining to a Knight so famous should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavoured to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was; nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. Failing in this endeavour, he called his hobby, provisionally at least, *Ne Plus Ulster*, a name which if it suggested a sorry joke, was so far fitting that it was bestowed upon a sorry nag.

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In the meantime our knight-errant had brought his persuasive powers to bear upon a humble labourer in the fields which he himself had lately left, a neighbour of his, some said of his own distant kin, and an honest man, but somewhat shallow-brained and self-important. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him, and serve him in the capacity of a Squire. Among other things, DON QUIXOTE told him that he ought to be very glad to accompany him, for such an adventure might some time or the other occur, that, by one stroke, an Island might be won, where it was within the bounds of possibility that he, the Squire, might one day become Governor, or at least Viceroy. With this and other promises SANCHO PANZA (for that was the rustic's name) left his well-beloved three acres at home, not to name a favourite cow, for a time at least, and engaged himself as Squire to his ambitious neighbour.

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Engaged in friendly discourse, they came in sight of eighty-five or eighty-six windmills; and as DON QUIXOTE espied them he said to his Squire, "Fortune favours us. Look yonder, friend JESSE—I mean SANCHO—where thou mayest discover some more than eighty disloyal giants, and monsters of sedition, whom I intend to encounter and slay." "What giants?" said SANCHO PANZA. "These thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long and far-reaching arms, for some are wont to have them of the full length of a league. Fly not, ye cowards, and vile caitiffs!" he cried, "for it is a single Knight who assaults ye! Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it!"

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And the story, so far as it has gone (it is "to be continued"), leaves DON QUIXOTE making a prodigiously plucky assault upon the League-limbed "giants," with what result the sequel will show.

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### TORSION.

*Irish Waiter (to Bow-legged Traveller in the Coffee-room).* "BIG PARDON, SOR. HADN'T YOUR HONOUR BETTER MOVE A LITTLE FURTHER FROM THE FOIRE?"

*Traveller (fiercely).* "EH? WHA' FOR? WHA' D'YE MEAN?!"

*Irish Waiter.* "OCH SHURE, SOR, YER LEGS IS WARPIN'!—OCH! PHEW! MOST TURRIBLE!"

### TO A LADY DENTIST.

[It is announced that Ladies are to be enabled to take diplomas in Dentistry.]

Lady Dentist, dear thou art,  
 Thou hast stolen all my heart;  
 Take too, I shall not repine,  
 Modest molars such as mine;  
 Draw them at thine own sweet will;  
 Pain can come not from thy skill.

Lady Dentist, fair to see,  
 Are the forceps held by thee;  
 Lest those pretty lips should pout,  
 You may pull my eye-teeth out;  
 I'm regardless of the pangs,  
 When thy hand extracts the fangs.

Lady Dentist, hear me pray  
 Thou wilt visit me each day;  
 Welcome is the hand that comes—  
 Lightly hovering o'er my gums.  
 Not a throne, love, could compare  
 With thine operating chair.

Lady Dentist, when in sooth  
 You've extracted every tooth,  
 Take me toothless to your arms,  
 For the future will have charms:  
 Artificial teeth shall be—  
 Work for you and joy for me!

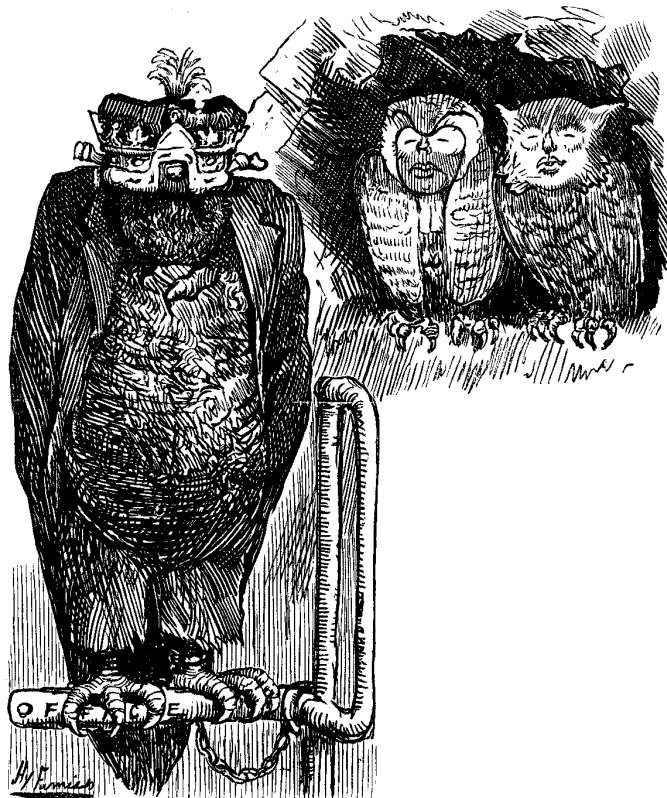
ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—The Statesmen used to be called "Pillars of the State." *Pillars!* They now seem to contribute to its support little but endless (newspaper) *columns!*

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

FROM A HOODED EAGLE.

*H-tf-ld House, Friday.*

DEAR TOBY,



After a too brief holiday I am back again to H-tf-ld and to L-nd-n, and take an early opportunity of dropping you a line. I call the interval since the House was up a holiday for convenience sake; but what with the daily arrival of despatch boxes and the delivery of the morning papers, the repose has been intermittent. I fancy that since the days of Old PAM the recess has always been a mockery for the Premier of the day. D-ZZY had some bad times from 1874 to 1880, and GL-DST-NE's subsequent Premiership was not a bed of roses, even in the recess. But they at least had the satisfaction of feeling that they were in power as well as in office. If they decided upon a particular line of policy, they could initiate it without first inquiring how it might suit half-a-dozen people. Moreover, each was in varying degree supported by capable colleagues, able to hold their own on the platform or in the House. For unhappy Me things are quite otherwise. I may devise a policy for Ireland and elsewhere, but before I can announce it, I must humbly learn how it suits my

Lord H-RT-NGT-N and my good friend CH-MB-RL-N. As for my colleagues and the help I receive from them—well, that is a matter of which of course I cannot write, even in the confidence of correspondence with you. But I may tell you that over at Châlet C-c-l I found some little time for reading other literature than Blue Books. Looking through SHELLY once again, I came upon the line descriptive of COLERIDGE, “flagging wearily through darkness and despair,”

“A hooded eagle among blinking owls.”

I don't exactly know why, but when I think of some things that have taken place lately, I have a strong feeling of personal sympathy with the hooded eagle.

But this is a trifle melancholy, and will make you think I am in low spirits, or even that there is truth in the newspaper rumours of failing health. Nothing of the sort, dear boy; never better in my life. Full of health and spirits, of hope for the coming time, and eagerness for the fray of next Session. How I have envied GL-DST-NE going about the country making speeches which would have been twice as effective if they had been half as long, receiving the homage of the masses, and driving in state through the streets of Derby, with his led Captain, H-RC-RT, on the box-seat of his carriage! What a curious man is GL-DST-NE, the Elephant of our political life, who can in the morning crush a Ministry, and in the afternoon achieve a petty economy by selling waste timber. There has been a good deal written about NAPOLEON whilst involved in his fatal campaign in Russia occupying spare moments in drawing up regulations for the Opera House at Paris. But what is that compared with GL-DST-NE marching through the Midlands to upset my Government, and, *en route*, drafting an announcement that timber felled at Hawarden by his own hand would be on sale “at a uniform charge, viz., 1s., 6d. for a small log, or 3s. per cubic foot, exclusive of railway carriage.” Of course I know that WILLIAM HENRY has gallantly rushed into the breach, and avowed the authorship of this remarkable proclamation. But if W. H. is allowed to do this kind of thing without consultation or authority, all I can say is that discipline at Hawarden is fatally faulty. Besides, amiable and engaging as he is, I do not believe that W. H. is equal to the unassisted concoction of this incomparable production. However it be, no one but GL-DST-NE could stand the ridicule of the thing, and he doubtless doesn't feel it.

How is GR-ND-LPH getting on? Not so well as he used, I fancy. His new attitude of friendly neutrality does not suit him, and is, moreover, not nearly so attractive with the people as what I may call his Malayan manner, when he used to run amuck at everybody, including myself. It was a very dull speech he made at Sunderland on Thursday. He must certainly wake up, if he means to keep his old place. Perhaps he is, like me, getting weary of the whole thing, and wishes he were well out of it. If I had my will, I would cut the whole business, and spend my days and nights in the laboratory here. But that cannot be, for the present at least. So you will hear from me soon in the midst of the fray; and, in the meantime, mind you understand that I am in the best of

Yours, faithfully, S-L-SB-RY.

### “COLD ID BY DOZE.”

I've got such a hoddible cold id by head,  
Upod by word, I wish I was dead;  
I really thig I shall go to bed,  
Ad tallow by doze, as the Doctor said;  
He's cubig agaid this afterdood;  
Why, it's half-past three, he'll be here sood,  
Ad gib me sub bore of his beastly drugs,  
Ad tell me to keep warb udder the rugs.

Achoo! Achoo!

Oh! what shall I do?

I've coughed ad sdeezed till I'be dearly blue,  
Ad by doze is so sore,  
I card blow it bore,

It feels as tedder as if it was raw;  
Subbody told be he'd heard of sub stuff  
Which you'd odely to sdiff, ad that was eduff;  
What did he call it? Alkarab,  
I'll sedd for sub—I suppose it's a shab—  
They always are. Achoo! Achoo!  
I thig I'be dyig! Oh! what shall I do?  
Yes, this is the stuff that fellow said  
Was sure to cure a cold id the head;  
Two or three sdiffs the beggar swore  
Would bake you as well as you were before.

(*He sniffs.*) Upod my soul, I believe he's right,  
I'be gettig better—it's wonderful quite,  
I allost feel as if I bight  
Go out and dide at the Club to-dight.

(*He continueth sniffing.*)

I really will, I feel quite well,  
As fresh as a rose, and as sound as a bell,  
And I'll always swear that the only balm  
For a cold in the head is Alkaram.

“Here, JOHN, put out my evening clothes.”

I'll take my grub  
To-night at the Club.

Soup, fish, and a bird, with a pint of Larose,  
I think that ought to complete the cure,  
And make assurance double sure.

Achoo! Hullo!

Why here's a go!

Achoo! Atishoo! Oh dear! Oh dear!  
It's all begiddig agaid, I fear;  
You card get rid of a cold like bide  
By sbellig a bottle of bedicide!

Soup ad fish! it's absurd,  
Or to thigk of a bird,

When you card prodoudce a siggle word,  
Ad as for Larose, the tippie for be  
Is a cup of boilig lidseed tea.

I'll go to bed,  
Ad wrap a red

Welsh fladdel baddage roud by head,  
Ad stay at hobe for a budth at least,  
Till this beastly widd's do logger East.



*South Kedsigtod.*

### PRO BONO PUBLICO.

A Mob-Cap was once upon a time a picturesque finish to a pretty face, and it was of home-manufacture. Now the Mob-Cap is a red abomination, typical of bloodshed and crime, of foreign make, and is mis-called the Cap of Liberty, which, properly translated, is the Cap of Licence. It certainly is not “The Cap of Maintenance,” as it is adopted by those who would disdain work, even if it were offered them.

Not for the first time has *Mr. Punch* raised his voice against Street Processions, which have developed into one of the greatest nuisances of the present time, destructive of trade, detrimental to every kind of regular business, and a disgrace to our orderly and respectable London. All processions in London ought to be prohibited, with the exception of such State, Civic, or Ecclesiastical processions as may be deemed essential to the dignity of authority, and which have been, and still are, a source of real pleasure to the Londoners, who dearly love a show, when there is due and proper occasion for it.



If the Salvationist Army processions, with their tambourines, drums, and inharmonious bands, are permitted on Sunday (which English people were wont to observe in peace and quietness), then consistently a Socialist procession must be allowed. And what other processions? Freemasons, Religious Guilds, Clubs,—why should not the members of the Reform, the Athenæum, the Conservative, the National Liberal, organise processions? Why not the Garrick Club, headed by Mr. HENRY IRVING and Friend TOOLE, with banners emblazoned with playbills? No. “Reform it altogether.”

And as to the liberty of out-of-door public meetings. Let Trafalgar Square be explicitly forbidden to these mischievous anarchists, of whom the majority are the dupes and tools of firebrand foreign Communists. Let certain places be allotted to them for “airing their grievances,” and let each of these places be at least four miles distant from Charing-Cross. Our Parks are the “Lungs of London,” and if these Lungs be congested, the health of London will materially suffer. How many hundreds are now prevented from entering the Parks by the fear of King Mob and his rabble rout? Children and nursery-maids dare not take their recreation in our Parks. Think of that, ye Privates of the Cavalry and Infantry, and to a man you will be the first to declare for the freedom of the Parks. Let one of the first enactments of the next Session be a Bill to Regulate Processions and Out-of-door Meetings. Let it be a liberal measure—in the true sense of liberal; that is, showing due consideration for everybody—and let it come into operation as soon as possible.

PUNCH

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## KNIGHT THOUGHTS.

Sir HENRY KNIGHT seems to be of opinion that luxurious living, Aldermanic and otherwise, must be a good thing for the poor, because “Money spent in entertainment goes into the pockets of the working classes.” If that is so, Dives, in order to benefit Lazarus, can hardly do better than go on faring sumptuously every day. And yet somehow, as a matter of fact, the more Dives feeds the more Lazarus famishes. How is this, O Knight of the Round (Dinner) Table?

“Neither luxury, nor anything else,” says the philosophical ex-Lord Mayor, “can be indulged in without purchasing the materials which contribute to or from which the luxury is obtained.” *Argal*, the more luxury among the rich the more money in the pockets of the poor. Cheering thought!—for civic *gourmands* and fashionable fine ladies! Did not a great financier once suggest that England, which fought itself into debt, might drink itself out of it? Here seems to be a chance of eating ourselves out of poverty, of dining ourselves out of destitution. Are there any real “Unemployed” about? Let those who have money spend more of it in “entertainments” and the problem is solved without recourse to Mansion House Funds, Public Works, Eight Hour Movements, or other schemes philanthropical or revolutionary.

KNIGHT’s panacea for poverty, this proposal to cure it by “entertainment,” is certainly, in one sense, entertaining. But it is to be feared that it can hardly be entertained.

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## OUR ADVERTISERS.

INVERTED DOMESTIC AND OTHER.

A GOOD PLAIN MISTRESS WANTED by a competent and highly experienced Cook. Must be a thorough lady, accustomed to making herself generally agreeable, and to not prying into household matters which do not concern her. She will not be expected to visit her own kitchen, inquire into the amount of her own weekly books, keep the key of the beer, or object to the occasional visits of members of the local Police Force, in which the advertiser has several near relatives. A little dinner on a small scale now and then will not be objected to, but seeing much company cannot for a moment be entertained. An unexceptionable character from the three last cooks who have filled the place, indispensable. Apply, M.B. Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

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TRAVELLING NOBLEMAN WANTED. A Courier who has a slight acquaintance with the French and German languages, and wishes to air them in the course of a pleasant and enjoyable little outing, is desirous of meeting with a well-recommended aristocrat of unquestionable



antecedents, who wishes to visit the leading towns of the Continent in thoroughly first-class style. The advertiser, who would select the routes, generally direct the character of the tour, and expect to have charge of the cheque-book, would stipulate that under no circumstances should any question be raised on the score of expense. None but Noblemen of a confiding disposition, that can be vouched for by testimonials from their near relatives, need apply. Communicate with A. X., Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

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A REAL GENTLEMAN, who isn't too particular, wanted immediately by a Coachman, who will, when sober, undertake to drive his carriage and pair for him anywhere he likes about the Metropolis, and beyond, without smashing him up. Mustn't be hasty and close over stable expenses. Any quiet old duffer, who has been accustomed to let things go their own way without interfering, preferred. Apply to JEHU, Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

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A LADY OF TITLE WANTED by A COMPANION who would undertake to offer her Society in consideration of sharing the carriage, home, recreations, pleasures, friends, and general social *entourage* of her employer. As the Advertiser has for some years figured prominently as a garrison hack, and has been somewhat blown upon in consequence, she will not be too particular as to the character of the particular "Set" into which her new surroundings may introduce her; but as she has, by outliving her income, already run through the little money she possessed, she will expect a salary of not less than £100 a year, to enable her to dress up to the false position she has in contemplation to occupy. No recognised old Dowagers, who live a quiet and retired life, need answer this Advertisement. No references expected or offered. N. W., Eligible Family Agency, Walker Street, W.

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SOFT-HEADED NOBLEMAN OR GENTLEMAN wanted by a shrewd, shifty, pushing, out-at-elbows Adventurer, desirous of filling the post of Private Secretary, and so worming himself into an assured position of intimate family confidence. Would suit a Duke threatened with incipient paralysis. Apply, DIPLOMATICUS, Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

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CHEERFUL AND WILLING MISTRESS WANTED by an Under-Housemaid who wears a fringe and latest form of Dress-Improver, and considers herself generally attractive. State number of Men Servants, and furnish particulars of the sort of society that may be expected down-stairs. Advertiser will expect to receive her own friends on the afternoons of not less than three days in each week. Mistress may refer to servants at present staying in house, who can speak favourably as to her character. Apply, HILDA, Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

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USEFUL AND ACTIVE MISTRESS REQUIRED by a General Servant who will expect her to do her fair share of the work. Master must clean the windows and his own boots, and as advertiser is not an early riser, get up when necessary, and let in the sweeps. Entire Sundays expected out and no interference with visits of the Marine Store Dealer. Character Mutual. S. S. S., Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

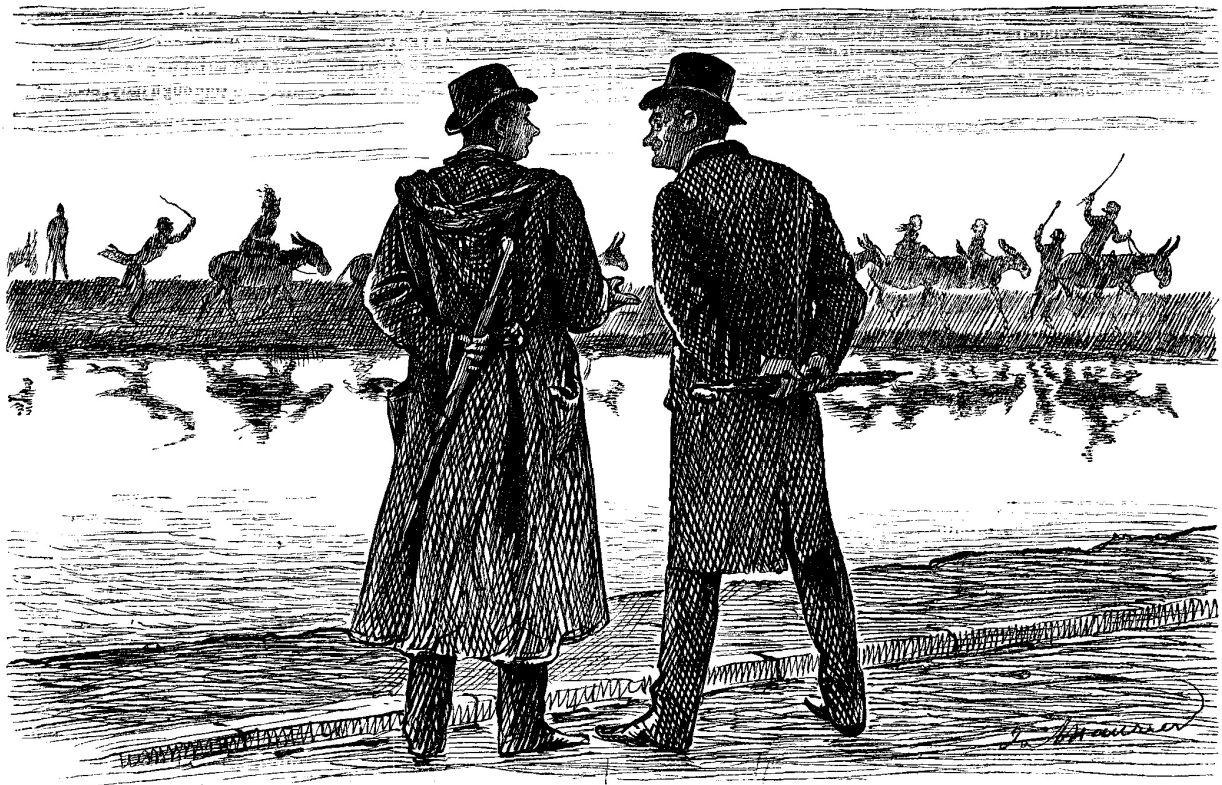
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THE ELIGIBLE FAMILY SUPPLY AGENCY undertake to provide exacting and particular modern Domestic with thoroughly satisfactory Masters and Mistresses.

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THE ELIGIBLE FAMILY SUPPLY AGENCY have at the present moment applications from several Invalid Gentlemen who require care and solicitude, and will be glad to hear from Widows with an eye to the main chance, and "Superior" Housekeepers desirous of getting hold of an unquestionably good thing.

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### HAPPY THOUGHT.

*Jones (of Hampstead).* "THIS IS ONE OF OUR CELEBRATED PONDS. YOU'VE HEARD OF THEM, EH, GRIGSBY?"  
*Grigsby (who has never been to Hampstead before).* "HEARD OF 'EM? I SHOULD THINK SO—EVER SINCE I WAS A BOY! WHY, THE PONDS ASINORUM, OF COURSE!"

## THE TWO VOICES.

"That this representative body of Working-men, representing the *bonâ fide* Unemployed Workmen of the East and South-East of London, beg to place on record their entire want of sympathy, and their utter condemnation of the recent conduct which has been made in the name of the Unemployed."—*Resolution passed at a Meeting of Representative Workmen, held in Whitechapel, for the purpose "of considering the present position of the Unemployed Workmen, and the grave events of last week."*

The Unemployed? Well, here I stand,  
 Have stood for many weary weeks,  
 With sinking heart and idle hand,  
 Hunger's white ensign on my cheeks.  
 I raise no howl  
 Like yon plump ruffian with the bull-dog jowl;  
 But the smug swells, with pleasure's honey cloyed,  
 May see in me the real Unemployed!

Oh, yes! this hand is used to work,  
 The hardness has not left its palm.  
 I'm no black-coated spouting shirk,  
 Like him upon the tub there. Calm?  
 By Heaven, I choke!  
 Could I but fell the gang at one sharp stroke,  
 Ranters who rail, and roughs who watch for spoil,  
 'Twere one good blow in the true cause of Toil.

How shall I make my poor Voice heard  
 'Midst this brute shindy, brainless, mad?  
 The slime-deeps of the town are stirred,  
 All that's bloodthirsty, blatant, bad,  
 Comes, surging up;  
 And I—ah! I hang back and drain the cup  
 Of bitter want in silence, blent with shame  
 At this base smirching of a Man's good name.

And then the cynic cacklers crow  
 In their snug cushions; crow and cry:  
 "Oh, the whole thing's a farce, you know.

The old sham play of Poverty,  
Pushed just once more  
Upon the public boards. An awful bore!"  
So (whilst we starve) the well-fed idlers scoff  
At the spoilt tragedy, and cry, "Off! Off!"

Ah! the sleek fops should take a turn  
At the long, weary foot-sore tramp,  
In search of work, till sick hearts burn,  
Till the cold flags or footways damp,  
Of London seem  
The endless mazes of some devilish dream,  
And tempting visions haunt the fevered head,  
Of the sharp knife-edge or the river's bed.

Wrong? Oh, of course! Our duty lies,  
In dull endurance to the end.  
The faces pale, the pleading eyes,  
Of wife and children, looks that rend  
A fellow's heart,  
And make hot curses from his cold lips start,  
These should not madden men unto the pitch,  
Of *violent* despair. So preach the rich!

And yonder yelling fools contrive  
To lend some truth to Mammon's text.  
The laziest larrikin alive,  
With babbling tongue and braid perplex,  
Can help do *that*;  
Whilst I?—a broken head or beaten hat  
Will not so help me in my present state  
That I should greatly care to "demonstrate."

Only if such a Voice as mine  
Could penetrate the public ear,  
Deafened with all this windy shine,  
And muddled 'twixt contempt and fear;  
I rather think  
I would tell some truths might make the scoffers shrink.  
But *I* compete with yonder wolf-eyed brute?  
No; I can easier suffer and stand mute.

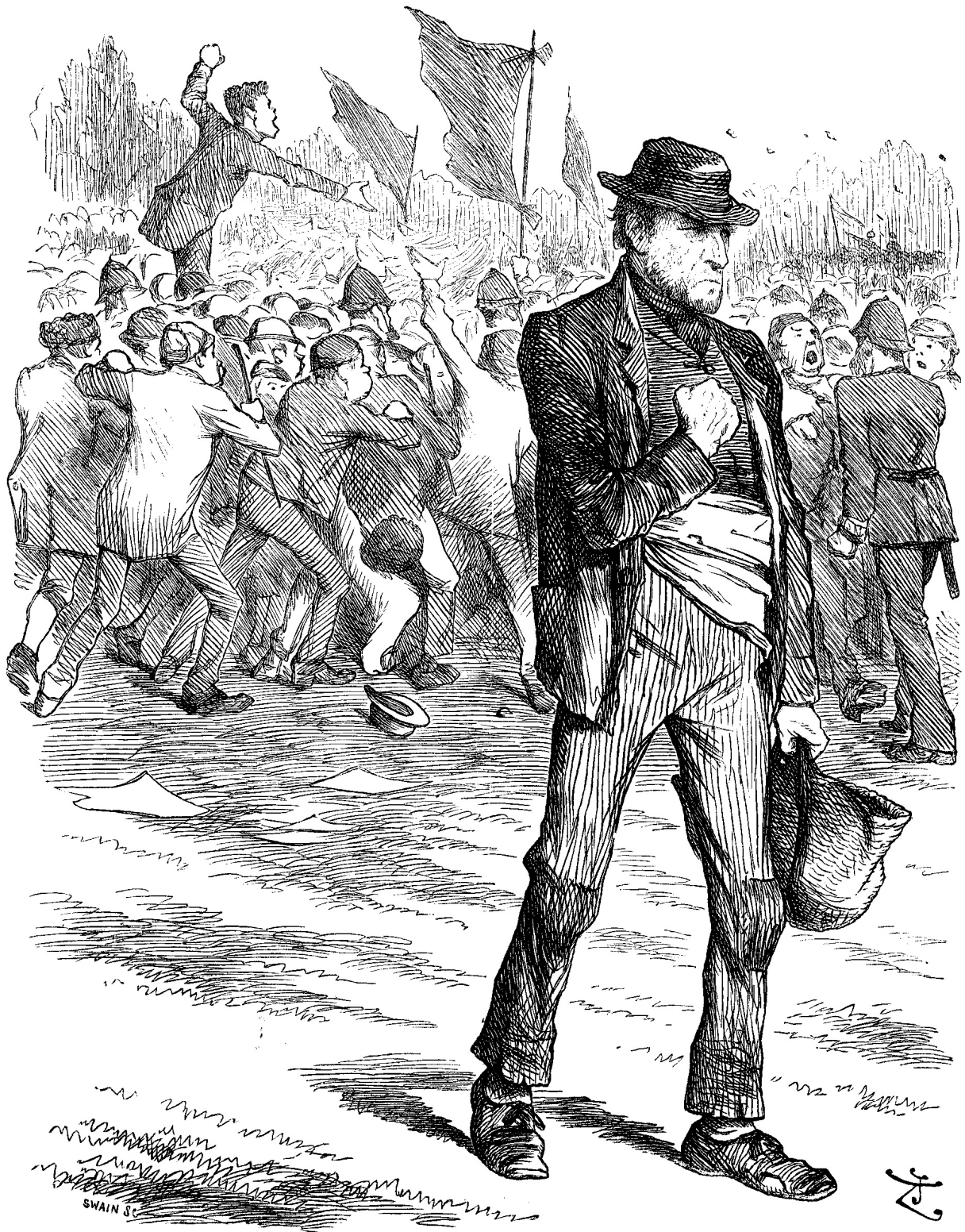
If that's a strong, well-ordered state,  
Where tens of thousands like myself,  
With willing hands, must starve and wait,  
Whilst piles of swiftly growing pelf,  
Sweated from toil,  
Swell for the lords of capital and soil,  
Then—you may rear a city on foul slime,  
And build Society on want and crime.

My Voice! Men will not listen—yet;  
And when they open ears at last,  
Bludgeon won't cure, nor bayonet.  
Meanwhile yon brayer at full blast  
Belies my cause,  
'Midst foolish jeers and foolisher applause;  
And preachers prose, and statesmen tinker on,  
And we—we starve in gold-choked Babylon!

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"My Nephew, who is very fond of pictures," said Mrs. RAM, "has just purchased the finest Pot o' Jelly I have ever seen." Can it be possible that the dear old lady meant Botticelli?

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### THE TWO VOICES.

ONE OF THE REAL "UNEMPLOYED."—"HOW AM I TO MAKE *MY* VOICE HEARD IN THIS BLACKGUARD ROW!!"

[pg 201]

### VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*Trafalgar Square. Several thousand loafers and roughs discovered asserting right of free speech, free meeting and free procession. A few hundred genuine artisans out of work standing about moodily. Lines of Policemen drawn up in reserve look on impassively.*

*A Lover of Liberty.* As an Englishman, Sir, I'm disgusted—it's *un-English*, that's what it is, "dragooning" an inoffensive assembly like this! I *used* to think freedom of speech and action was the right of every Briton—but it seems we're to be overawed by the Police now—confounded impertinence on the part of the Government, I call it!

*An Orator (leaping suddenly on parapet).* Feller Citizens, are you *Men* that you stand by with folded 'ands, while unlimited food and wealth lays within a stone's throw? I want yer—



"HOOKY WALKER!"

"... The Leaders, H. George, and the man whose name was said to be Walker, put up their coat-collars and sneaked away under the trees."—*Newspaper Report.*

*Constables (behind).* Ah, and we want you—off you go!

[*Disappearance of Orator in direction of Police-station.*]

*Lover of Liberty.* Shame! Is a man to be punished for his opinions? Oh, England, England!

*Person in Search of Sensation (disappointedly).* Well, there doesn't seem much doing,—so far.

*Squalid Vagabond (recognising Stalwart Constable, whom he has apparently met before in a professional capacity).* 'Ow are yer, pretty bobbish?

[*Nods to show he bears no malice.*]

*Stalwart C. (good-humouredly).* I'm much as usual, thankee.

*Companion Constable (to S. C.).* Well, you *do* know some rough 'uns, I must say!

*Stalwart C.* Go on—that gentleman's a West-Ender.

*Professional "Hook" (to line of Policemen).* So you're 'ere, are you? Well, me and my pal must take *our* little prominade some hother arternoon, that's all!

*Sympathiser (to Loafer).* And so you've actually been out of employment since last January? Monstrous! The Government ought to find you work!

*Loafer.* Jes' what *I* say, Guv'nor. Let 'em gimme work, and I'll *do* it fast enough. *I* don't want ter be idle. I ain't on'y my one trade to earn my bread by—but I'll work at that, if I'm let!

*Sympathiser.* Exactly, my poor fellow, and what *is* your trade?

*Loafer.* Why, I'm a skate-fastener, I am; puts on parties' skates for 'em,—and 'ere I am—not 'ad a job for months!

*Truculent Ruffian (to Quiet Observer).* Hunemployed?

*Quiet Obs.* Yes—at present.

*T. R.* Too many o' them bloomin' Coppers about, to *my* mind—I'd like to slug the lot—they're the ruin of *our* bisness!

*Quiet Obs.* Ah, you're right *there!*

*Demagogue (to Police Sergeant).* Now, don't you interfere—that's all *I* ask. *I'll* speak to them—I have them thoroughly in hand just now, but, if you offer them the least opposition, I—(*with much solemnity*) well, I won't be responsible for what happens. (*He is allowed to address the multitude.*) Friends, you are met here in this peaceful but imposing manner in the teeth of a brutal and overbearing Constabulary, to show the bloated Capitalists, who are now trembling behind their tills, that we mean to be taken seriously! Yes, in our squalor and our rags—

[*Throws open frock-coat, and displays thick gold watch-chain.*]

*Mob.* Yah, pitch us over yer red slang! take orf that ere nobby coat! Harristocrat! Yah!

*Dem. (complacently).* It is true that I myself am not in absolute destitution.—But what of that, my friends? Can I not *feel*—

[*Here a turnip strikes him in the eye. Yells of "Down with him!" "Duck him!" "Spy!" "Traitor!" Mob pulls him down and attempts to take him to pieces.*]

*Dem. (faintly).* Here, hi, Policemen, help! Why the devil don't you use your staves? [Is rescued and assisted home by Police.]

*A Rough (to Policeman).* Keep moving? ah, *I'll* move! [Kicks him on the knee-cap. Policeman draws truncheon and hits back.]

*Crowd (indignantly).* Boo! Coward! Strikin' a unarmed man—down with 'im! [They beat brutal Constable to a jelly.]

*The Truculent Ruffian (to Quiet Obs.)* Are you game for a merry ole lark?

*Quiet Obs.* You *try* me—that's all!

*T. R.* Then, as them cowards of cops 'ave as much on their 'ands as they kin do with, now's the time for a bit of a loot! Pass the word to them mates o' yourn—"Pall Mall and no tyranny!"

*Quiet Obs.* I've done it—they're only waiting for you.

*T. R. (suddenly producing red handkerchief).* There—now, boys! "Remember Mitchelstown and no brutal perlice!" Foller me!

*Quiet Obs. (arresting him).* No, you'll follow us, please—you won't do no good kicking, all right, mates, we've got him.

*T. R.* Oh, please, I didn't know you was a Policeman, Sir, or I shouldn't ha' spoke! Strike me dead I was on'y in fun! (*Whimpers.*) And I've a good ole mother at 'ome, Sir.

*The Person in Search of Sensation.* What, another arrest? and simply for showing a red handkerchief! I shall write and describe these atrocities. How abominably these police are behaving—actually defending themselves, the blackguards!

[*A Policeman accidentally lifts his arm, whereupon about fifty youths scurry like rabbits; in the rush, the Person in search of Sensation is hustled and slightly trampled on. He becomes annoyed, and hits out right and left—eventually striking a Constable in his excitement.*]

*Const. (who has been without sleep for the last two days and has just had his cheek laid open by a stone).* 'Ere, you come along with me, you're one of the wust, you are!

*The Person.* But I assure you, I just came to see what there was to be seen!

*Const.* Well, you come along with me, and you'll see a Magistrit presently.

[*The Person resists; struggle; arrival of reinforcements; exit party, in "frog's-marching" order, conveying him to fresh sensations.*]

*The Lover of Liberty (emerging from crush).* My hat ruined, my coat split down the back, and my watch gone! I *told* the crowd I was with them heart and soul—and they hit me in the stomach! What do we keep our police *for*, I want to know?

*Professional (emerging in opposite direction).* Three red clocks, two pusses, and a white slang, I ain't done so dusty! 'Ooray for the right o' Free Meetin', I sez!

*Genuine Unemployed (wearily).* Well, I dunno as I see what good all this 'ere is a goin' to do *hus!*  
[*And no more does Mr. Punch.*]

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## FROM MR. HENRY IRVING'S NOTE-BOOK.

(*Published without permission.*)

*Stratford-on-Avon, October 18.*—Speech at the Opening-of-Fountain ceremony went very well. Some distinguished Americans were not there, notably Mr. ABBEY. In consequence, had to omit all reference to "Abbey Thought" and "Fountains Abbey," which, as J. L. T. suggested in his letter, would have lightened the entertainment considerably. Also very annoying, but I never thought of it till too late; I quite forgot to say anything about BUFFALO BILL. CODY will be hurt; but I shall be in America before he gets back there, so it doesn't much matter. Yet it was a chance lost. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, WILLIAM CODY, Buffalo BILL, Swan SHAKSPEARE. No matter, keep it for another time. And at the last moment I could not make out what I had written on my wristband as a mem. for speech. It was *à propos* of Mr. CHILD's gift. I see now it was something about "Child's the father to the man." And then an allusion to the sympathy between America and England as not being mere "Child's-play." Very odd, how I forgot that. Still, speech couldn't have gone better.

And how on earth I omitted to make any mention of Miss MARY ANDERSON I can't understand! Yet the fact that this fair American is now playing at the Lyceum ought to have stuck in my memory which yet holds its seat in this distracted brain. And, dear me, there was the American Minister present, and yet—bother it!—it never occurred to me, till I was dressing this evening, hours afterwards, that I ought to have remarked on the fact that America was represented here on this special Dramatic occasion by a gentleman bearing a name so honoured alike by English and American actors, and so dear to the theatrical profession as must always be that of "PHELPS." But this will keep, too, for another time. And, after all, in spite of these omissions, which of course nobody noticed, the speech went admirably.

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## Nottingham v. Sunderland.

"There's *no* Liberal Party!" cries GRANDOLPH the bold.  
"Hooray!" shout the Tories, "the straightest of shots!"  
But the faithful who flock to the G. O. M.'s fold.  
Say, "Our old party bonds are re-tied now—in *Notts!*"

---

# THE AXE PREMIER'S AUCTION.



*Auctioneer.* "FINE CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK, GENTLEMEN! SPLENDID SPECIMENS OF THE HAWARDEN TIMBER, IN THE SALE OF WHICH, GENTLEMEN, I ASSURE YOU, I HAVE 'NO INTEREST WHATEVER.'" ("Hear! hear!") "Now, GENTLEMEN, HOW MUCH SHALL WE SAY FOR THIS CHIP, WHICH I LOPPED OFF WHEN I WAS LEAVING HAWARDEN—WHEN I WAS 'CUTTING MY STICK,' IN FACT." (*Laughter.*) "WHO BIDS FOR THIS? DON'T BE ALL FAGOT-VOTING AT ONCE!" (*Laughter and Cheers.*) "Now THEN,—FIFTEEN SHILLINGS, TEN SHILLINGS, SEVEN, FIVE, EIGHTEENPENCE,—ANY ADVANCE ON EIGHTEENPENCE? GOING! GOING! GOING! GONE! GONE FOR EIGHTEENPENCE, AND CHIP AT THE PRICE!" [*Auction Continues.*]

## HINTS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

SIR,—Excellent as is the suggestion of your Correspondent, "ONE WHO WOULD ELEVATE THEM," that the Unemployed should be forthwith put into the hands of some competent Ballet-Master, and after a proper course of instruction, despatched to all the Board Schools in England for the purpose of teaching every pupil who has passed the Sixth Standard, dancing and deportment, yet I do not think he goes far enough. Why stop at this comparatively subordinate art? Why not make them musicians, teach them to play WAGNER, and despatch them straightway through the length and breadth of the land as enthusiastic Apostles of the great Master? What a glorious prospect to turn the three or four thousand idle loafers who have lately been hulking about Trafalgar Square for the purpose of breaking the peace, into a mighty army of skilled fiddlers eager to wake the glad strains of the spirit-stirring Music of the Future in every quiet village green through the three Kingdoms. And the accomplishment of such a task need not be set aside as the wild vision of some hopeless dreamer. I am convinced, Sir, that if the authorities of the Royal College and Guildhall School of Music, but set their shoulders to the wheel, the thing will soon be an accomplished fact. Such, Sir, at all events, is the opinion of one who believes firmly in

"THE SOUL OF THE MASSES."

SIR,—Why not paint the whole of London, public buildings and all?—I'm sure they want it. The latter might be done in different colours. St. Paul's, for instance, might be orange, Westminster Abbey pea-green, and the Houses of Parliament a bright blue. If the effect were found unsatisfactory, fresh colours could be tried, until something were hit upon that should be considered suitable. This would afford the additional advantage of providing fresh work for the Unemployed. I don't see what else can be done. Everybody can use a brush, and with a couple, or say, three coats all over the Metropolis, there would be plenty to occupy everybody for the next six months. As to expense, an extra 15s. tacked on to the rates would soon settle that, and I'll be bound there's many a householder willing to face that trifling alternative, together with

SIR,—I cannot but think that, if BUFFALO BILL were to introduce the "Unemployed" into his Show, he would score a big success. The introduction might take the shape of a contest between the "Wild East" and the "Wild West." The former might be armed with brickbats and park-railings, and the latter with their usual weapons; and, were it known that a little genuine blood would be drawn in the entertainment, it might be safely counted on to draw all London. I throw out the suggestion for what it is worth.

Your obedient servant,

"A COMMERCIAL WELL-WISHER."

SIR,—As at the present season of the year nothing is more common than to find the stalls of most of the leading West-End theatres empty, a fact which has a very chilling effect on the efforts of the players, why not fill the empty places with the so-called "Unemployed"? A warm bath, a suit of evening clothes, clean shirt, and white tie would instantly fit the veriest outcast that has recently come into collision with the police in Hyde Park or elsewhere, at least outwardly, for the social atmosphere of the place. A central committee might at once be inaugurated for the supply of these necessary preliminaries for admission, and a thousand or two excellent substitutes for the ordinary *habitués* forthwith launched nightly among what is at the present moment left of the fashionable play-going world in the Metropolis. The advantage would cut both ways. Not only would the Management be blessed by the appearance of a perfectly full house, but the loafers, professional thieves, and ruffians who produced it would, no doubt, endeavour to play up to their clothes and surroundings, and, on receipt of a small retaining-fee of 3s. 6d. a head for their attendance, be proportionately softened and civilised by the process. This, Sir, seems to me a very legitimate, humane, and philosophical method of dealing with the present crisis, and as such I trust it will as powerfully recommend itself to your readers as it has to

Yours thoughtfully,

"A PLEASURE-SEEKING SOCIALIST."

SIR,—What are the authorities about that they do not at once embark the river on both sides up to Richmond, and span it with five bridges between this and Gravesend? Then there's the whole of Piccadilly to come down and be rebuilt with the road properly levelled, to say nothing of a great Central Terminus in Soho Square uniting the Midland, North and Great Western, Great Northern with the Great Eastern, and all the Great Southern lines. Add to this, that the entire gas-piping of the Metropolis ought to come up bodily, and make way for the installation of the Electric Light, to say nothing of the fixing in all the leading thoroughfares of overhead railways on the New York principle, and you have enough work at least to begin upon and meet the present crisis. Let the Board of Works and the various Vestries set to work at once, and as soon as Parliament assembles let it be asked to vote Five-hundred Millions towards preliminary expenses. This, Sir, is, I am convinced, the only reasonable and efficient way of dealing with the present unsatisfactory aspect of the labour question. Such is the opinion of

Yours energetically,

"A ROUSED ALARMIST."

SIR,—When the Police have fairly and effectually cleared off the loafers, not-do-a-stroke-of-work gentry, and the sedition-mongers, then we can turn our attention to the wants of the genuine Unemployed. Their case is by no means beyond us. It only needs the active and intelligent co-operation among the administrators of charitable funds and agencies, the Poor-Law Authorities, employers of labour, and others, to give immediate and practical effect to the wide-spread sympathy felt for them by all classes of their more fortunate fellow-countrymen, including your quite sober-minded and charitably-disposed Correspondent,

"COMMON SENSE."

---

## DERBY AND GLADSTONE.

(A Speech summarised in a Stanza.)

AIR—"Darby and Joan."

DERBY, dear, I am old and grey,  
Fifty-five years since my opening day,  
"Ins" and "Outs" are for every one  
As the world goes round.  
Derby, dear, I must fain admit  
I've altered my mind, just a little bit.  
But I learnt freedom's lesson in Forty-five,



And I mean to be true to it whilst I'm alive.  
Always the same,  
Derby, my own,  
Always the same  
Is your old GLADSTONE!

---

## THE ACTOR'S PROGRESS.

Within the last half-century, the education of actors has advanced in an extraordinary degree, inasmuch as some have been known to take a degree, or try to, at the University. Therefore the following advertisement in the *Era* will probably cause little surprise:—

WANTED, for La Comédie Anglaise, a Light Comedian, for a few Weeks, while a Member of the Company returns to Oxford to take his degree. Must be a gentleman. Address, &c.

This gentleman, to use the language of the *Era*, seems inclined to “combine leading business with general utility.” It is to be hoped he will get his degree, and return to be an ornament to the stage. But if this kind of thing goes on, we shall probably eventually see announced in our theatrical contemporary—“Senior Wrangler and Light Comedian open to engagement in first-class Company.”

---

“THE REVERSIBLE PEN-CLEANER,” recently invented by DE LA RUE & Co., will be most useful to Leader-writers, Politicians, Journalists, and everybody in the habit of using “reversible pens,” or pens that can write equally well on both sides. Such pens must occasionally require cleaning; and to be cleaned in this pad they must remain upright.

---

“A WINTER'S TALE.”—That of poverty and distress, which we must do our best to relieve.

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### MIDDLE AGE.

“YOU'RE GETTING LONG-SIGHTED, DEAREST. YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR GLASSES.”

“STUFF AND NONSENSE! IT'S NOT MY SIGHT THAT'S LONG—IT'S MY ARMS THAT AREN'T LONG ENOUGH!”

---

EUTHANASIA.—In a certain Western newspaper we read the following startling announcement, in relation to the decease of a certain lady whose obituary notice appears in its columns:—

“More or less an invalid for a considerable time past, latterly she has been under the care of Mr. — and Mr. —, and her death was not therefore altogether unexpected.”

What a lift for the two Medicos mentioned! They, no doubt, are now blessing that Western Editor for inserting this gratuitous tribute to their curative skill. Their motto for the future should be —“*Removals* conducted with punctuality and dispatch.”

## STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXX.—MR. ALDERMAN SLOCOACH.

What a strange, unreal, almost incomprehensible life must that of a City Alderman be at the present time. Regarded in the light of centuries ago, it all seems in accordance with the fitness of things, and neither ludicrous nor out of place. But now, in these days of earnestness and common sense, what a great sham it seems to the merely superficial observer, and yet, however great an anomaly it may appear, when tested by results it seems to work fairly well.

Suppose we take Mr. Alderman SLOCOACH as an example. He was taken from his warehouse, some years ago, and made an Alderman by the votes of some three or four hundred of the rate-payers of his Ward, the majority of whom knew little or nothing about him, and probably cared less, and in a week or two, he found himself seated on the Magistrate's Bench at Guildhall, to declare the Law, of which he literally knew nothing, and to administer Justice under circumstances so apparently absurd as to be hardly credible. Being probably a conscientious man, and knowing his utter ignorance of the duties that his position demanded of him, what was he to do? What he did was probably the best he could do under the circumstances, and thinking, as he told an old friend with whom he conversed on the matter, that it was better, as err he must, to err on the side of mercy, he made it a point always to consult the Clerk of the Court, and whatever amount of punishment he advised him to inflict, he generally halved it.



Having long since got thoroughly accustomed to the whole matter, and having acquired a certain amount of dignity of demeanour, he is able to go through the wondrous ceremony with comparative ease, but is still greatly troubled with certain qualms of conscience in certain special cases. For instance, when fining a poor working-man five shillings for drunkenness,—he having met an old friend and been persuaded to take more than was good for him,—and that amount probably constituting a full day's income, his thoughts will revert to that particularly jovial banquet with his worshipful Company the previous evening, and whether some one or two of the guests not sufficiently seasoned to these matters, were not quite as guilty as the poor workman he had just fined, and how they would like to have to pay a day's income for this folly, amounting in one case to probably £100! and yet possibly the workman had the better excuse of the two! And then, again, there is that very awkward and puzzling question, that so troubles some of his more conscientious brethren as well as himself, that of punishment for gambling. When inflicting some of those very heavy fines and penalties, which he is told it is his bounden duty to do in the case of betting in public houses, his thoughts must revert to those two most intimate friends of his who are regular visitors at TATTERSALL'S in the height of the racing season; and also to the fact that he himself, as his stock-broker well knows, after leaving the Bench, occasionally wends his way to Capel Court, and buys or sells for the account to very very large amounts; and, though he probably tries his best, as others do, to convince himself that there is no doubt a very great difference between the cases of Mr. BUNG and Mr. TATTERSALL, and between playing cards for half-crowns, and buying or selling £50,000 Consols for the account, it was not until his conscience had lost its natural elasticity that he succeeded, and, even now its twinges are, occasionally, very sharp.

When Alderman SLOCOACH was first elected to his high position, his great delight was to attend at the Old Bailey, and occupy a seat on the judicial Bench, and enjoy the supreme satisfaction of feeling that, without his absolutely useless presence, the whole proceedings must necessarily come to a stand-still, and fond memory still looks back to the occasion on which one of Her MAJESTY'S Judges actually said to him, in quite a friendly manner, “Shall we say twelve or fifteen months, Alderman?” On the other hand, he will probably remember, to his dying day, the look of mingled anger and contempt with which he was received by another of Her MAJESTY'S Judges, of rather irascible temper, when he rushed breathless into Court, having, by his absence, delayed the proceedings for more than an hour.

Naturally, the one particular event to which an Alderman looks forward with the most especial anticipations of honour and renown, is the year of his Mayoralty, when he will have his otherwise humble name associated with those of the famous men who, in very different times to those in which we live, ruled the great City, with courage and discretion.

Much, however, depends upon the public events of his year of office, as to its importance, or want of it, to himself personally, and Mr. Alderman SLOCOACH was not particularly fortunate in

that respect. There was no European Monarch on a visit to this country, whom the Corporation was requested by the Government to honour, with the customary satisfactory result to the Lord Mayor of the day; there was no public ceremonial of unusual importance that required the brilliant surroundings of Civic pomp to give it full *éclat*, and as his year of office approached its termination, his solemn look became more solemn, and his hopes evidently grew fainter and fainter. But fortune was kind to him, and a change of Government, which made it desirable to gain the City's sweet voices, brought him the coveted honour.

Like most of his colleagues who have what is technically called "passed the Chair," he takes things very coolly, probably thinking that nothing remains to be done after having passed through such an ordeal. But there is one especial duty still left for Aldermen to perform from which he is seldom absent. They have been deprived of their control over prisons, and of their government of the Royal Hospitals, their control of the Police is almost nominal, but they still have charge of City Lunatics, and it is said that Alderman SLOCOACH is seldom absent from the official visits to them, when the reciprocity of feeling manifested between the poor patients and their visitor is described as quite touching. He is also often seen at City Banquets, and is always quite ready to return thanks for what he calls the Grand Old Corporation, and repeats with painful iteration the old bit of twaddle about the infallibility of Aldermanic judgments and the increasing popularity of their order; but he is wonderfully good-natured, devotes a great deal of time to the gratuitous performance of public duties, assists very efficiently in brightening up many an otherwise dull scene with the brilliancy of his handsome scarlet robe, and would, with his worshipful Brethren, be much missed if deprived of those civic functions that have been performed by them, and such as they, for many centuries past, and which entitle them in all respects to the esteem of their fellow citizens as a trustworthy, sober and honourable body of men.

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## IMPERIAL INSTITUTORS.


Sir F. ABEL, the organising Secretary of the Imperial Institute, recently issued a very agreeable and pleasing memorandum to the Chairmen of Provincial Committees and others who have assumed an active part in support of the undertaking. After describing the "large measure of success" that has attended the efforts of the local Committees throughout the country, Sir FREDERICK goes on to say that a "considerable number" of them have "signified their willingness to prolong their operations with the especial object of obtaining additions to the 'Endowment Fund' of the Institute which is about to be created." This is but natural. Taking into consideration the fact that in many quarters a handsome subscription to the funds of the Institute has been regarded as a sure passport to honour, and that the non-distribution of titles right and left among a lot of small provincial celebrities has already occasioned a good deal of heartburning and disappointment, this new lease of life, affording them, as it does, a fresh opportunity of struggling for their much-coveted prize, cannot but be hailed by the yet unsatisfied "Chairmen of Provincial Committees and others" with genuine joy and thankfulness.

That plain Mr. JOHN BOPKINS, or Mr. PETER PICKLETUB, Mayor, should suddenly blossom out into Sir JOHN BOPKINS, and, possibly, Sir PETER PICKLETUB, Bart., would only seem to those indefatigable gentlemen an appropriate finish to their labours in furtherance of the interests of the Institute. Their readiness, therefore, to prolong their operations, as it may be measured by the fact that it will have the special object not only of "procuring additions" to the Endowment Fund, but also of tacking them on to their own names, is likely to be both hearty and enthusiastic. Whether anything will come of their hopeful perseverance, remains to be seen; but it is tolerably certain that if some sort of bureau for the sale of decorations, after the latest French model, could be instituted on this side of the Channel, there would be no lack of clients ready to besiege it. But —we manage these things much better in England.

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When the Deputation waited on him, Mr. MATTHEWS was the "Not-at-Home Secretary." Quite right too.

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