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November 5, 1887, by Various**

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Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. 93, November 5, 1887

Author: Various

Release date: September 17, 2011 [EBook #37465]
Most recently updated: January 8, 2021

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Punch, or the London Charivari, Malcolm Farmer,
Nigel Blower and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team
at <https://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 93, NOVEMBER 5, 1887 ***

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 93.

November 5th 1887.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM AN INTENDING EMIGRANT.



Liverpool, Saturday Noon.

DEAR TOBY,

My boat is on the shore, And my bark is on the sea, But before I go, To-BEE, I will write a line to thee. I am here to join the bark aforesaid, which will presently convey JOSEPH and his fortunes to the United States. As far as one can judge from the Press news telegraphed here, the reception that awaits me is not very cordial. I have all my life been conscious of a tendency to rub people down the wrong way. Unhappily the consciousness is borne in upon me only after the evil is effected. No succession of experience has effect upon my conduct. HARTINGTON and I are pretty good friends now, but I daresay you will remember the night, now a dozen years dead, when I rose from a seat below the Gangway in the House of Commons and, amid frantic cheers from the little Radical Party of which I was then a humble ornament, denounced him as "*late* the Leader of the Liberal Party." The Markiss is now my friend and ally, and I might almost say patron. The time is too short for me to recall a tithe of the nasty things I have said about him and others who toil not, neither do they spin. With GLADSTONE the process is reversed, but in the end is much the same. I began by adulating him, and now no one can say that that is my precise attitude towards him.

It is more or less well as far as individuals are concerned. But I am afraid I put my foot in it when, in defiance of historic warning, I framed an indictment against a whole nation. Going out to the New World on a mission of peace, I began by aggravating Canada and setting up the back of the United States. When I reflect how easy it would have been for me to say nothing, I stand amazed at my own indiscretion. The only recompense I find in the situation is the chagrin of the Markiss and his friends. They thought they had done a nice stroke of policy in engaging me on this business. It is, of course, not a new procedure. If I were still on the other side, I should take delight in showing that herein, as in the matter of the Convention with France just completed, they have taken a leaf out of the book of their political opponents, and re-issued it with their own imprimatur. The last time a Commissioner was sent out from England to reason with the United States, GLADSTONE was in the Markiss's place, and he selected STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as the agent. It was an excellent device, tying in advance the hands of the enemy, who could scarcely denounce a policy for the initiation and direction of which one of their principal men was chiefly responsible. But what a difference between STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and me!—a difference which the Markiss is already beginning to realise. The proposal suited me well enough. It would take me away from the country at a time when my presence here only involves me in embarrassing controversy. Moreover, if I made a great hit, and insured a successful Treaty, it would pave the way for my return to my old position in the popular esteem. As for the Markiss, my acceptance of the work would secure for him an ally on the Opposition benches in the event of future debate arising out of the Treaty, and would draw into close, personal union with his Party what only natural modesty prevents me from alluding to as a formidable antagonist. That was the little game; and for the sake of saying something bitter, under the temptation to gird at an adversary that had affronted me, I hopelessly spoiled it.

Writing to you, *cher* TOBY, in the confidence of friendly correspondence (I suppose your letters are not opened at the Post Office, Barkshire not being an Irish county) I will confess that I really could not help it. It is not that I do not know better, but my temper is perhaps a little peculiar. I am essentially a fighting-man. If any one bites his thumb at me I will know the reason why, and no considerations of what is politic will prevent me from returning a blow. I know that some people think I'm almost to be pitied because (as they put it) I have hopelessly thrown away a position which no one but myself could have destroyed. They think I am politically done for. We shall see. However it be, I shall not forget the wild joy of battle that the events of the past year have purchased for me. I like it best with my back to the wall in the House of Commons, when my old friends jeer and howl at me, and the rapturous cheers of the Conservatives testify their pleasure at seeing me of all men playing their game—as they think. I confess things at the moment are not from any point of view very bright. But I can afford to wait, strong in the assurance that I can do better without the Liberal Party than the Liberal Party can do without me. They call me a Dissident, which reminds me of a story I once heard about an aboriginal resident in the great country whither I am now hastening. A red man was found wandering in the depths of the forest with signs of perturbation manifest beneath his manfully calm exterior. "Are you lost?" he was asked. "No," he answered, "me no lost. Me here. Wigwam lost." It is not I that am a Dissident Liberal; it is the Liberal Party that is the Dissident.

Now here is the Mayor come to say that luncheon's ready, and so, dropping into poetry again, I will say good-bye, With a sigh to those who love me, And a smile to those who hate, And, whatever sky's above me, Here's a heart for every fate. Yours faithfully,

J. CH-MB-RL-N.

BOUNTIES TO FOREIGNERS.

First Passenger (in Underground Railway). We're such a frightfully *insular* nation! Ignorant, exclusive, say-nothing-to-nobody sort of people! Think there's nothing beyond Straits of Dover—or Atlantic Ocean.

Second Ditto (agreeing out of politeness). Horrible? By the bye, that's a nice picture of the Paris Hippodrome, isn't it?

First Passenger (indifferently). Is it? But, as I was saying, insularity is our—

Second Ditto (startled). Hullo! By Jove!—no, it can't be true! Yes, it is—here's an English newspaper taken to giving a column, a whole column, of French news *in French!* (*Humorously.*) Very insular, isn't it?

First Passenger (not understanding the point). Very. And, as I was saying, it's our besetting sin. We hide our heads like ostriches, and refuse to recognise the existence of foreigners. Then what does this insularity mean? It means we're *isolated*—cut off from Europe—hated by everybody.

Second Ditto (roused at last). I don't know what you call being insular and isolated. French Plays are on at a London Theatre. An Italian Exhibition's coming to Earl's Court. We get our music from Germany, our singers from Italy, and our butter and eggs from Belgium and Brittany; and, on the whole, don't you think London's about the most Cosmopolitan Capital to be found anywhere? Ah, here's my Station. Good morning!

[*Jumps out in time to escape indignant retort. Exit.*]

MAGAZINES IN BULK.—It is as impossible to "sample" a magazine by a monthly number as it is to estimate the quality of a wine by the glass. If you take a bottle you know something about it. Thus when we see the *English Illustrated* in volume we are fully able to estimate its worth. The present volume is in every way equal to its predecessors. Volume Fourteen of *St. Nicholas* is one of those good gifts that Brother JONATHAN sends us. It is a delightful collection of child-poems, child-pictures, and child-lore. The editor, Miss MARY MAPES DODGE knows full well how difficult it is to please those keen critics, the children, but she has "dodged" it.

THE MAC BATTENBERG.—*Mr. Punch* is delighted to hear that mother and child are doing well, and congratulates the Infant Princess on being the first of the Royal Family to be born in Scotland since 1600. Could not the next be born in Ireland? "The O'BATTENBERG," would be a splendid title.

LATEST FROM LICHFIELD.—DR. JOHNSON loved "a good hater." He ought to have flourished next year—Hatey-hate! Ha! ha!

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"EMPLOYMENT."

First Loafer. "'SAY, MATE, IF THEY WAS TO PUT A SHOVEL IN YER 'ANDS, AN' TELL YER TO GO TO WORK, WOULD YER TAKE IT?'"

Second Loafer. "'COURSE I WOULD.'"

First Loafer. "'WOULD YER USE IT?'"

Second Loafer. "'COURSE I WOULD?—LIKE A SHOT! I'D SPOUT IT!'"

ROBERT ON LUXURY.

Alderman Sir RENERY KNIGHT, late Lord Mare, and one of the werry best as we ever had, and so was his good wife, the Lady Maress, hapening for to be a setting at the Manshun House when the

LORD MARE was gorn out for a ride somewheres, had to receive what I thinks is called a Deputytashun—though not a bit like reel Deputyts, who is all werry rich—of poor working-men as ain't got not no work to do, and, like the kind gennelman as he is, he gave 'em sum such capital advice as to the utter stoopidity of making theirselves noisy and disagreeable when they wants to make people kindly dispoged towards 'em, and as to the well-known factk, that the best friends of the working-classes is them as spends their money the most freest and the most liberalist, that he set the hole City a ringing with it, and as always happens alike in exacly similar cases, up starts a mere upstart of a Pollytickle Economist—how I hates the werry sound of that larst word, which is ony another name for stingyness and meanness and sham forgitfulness of the pore Waiter—and says as it ain't true! Like his imperance I think, but of coarse ewery body has a right to his own opinion, however ridicklus it may be. But being a Lecturer, and therefore I spose acustomed to use his tung pretty freely, he mite have been xpected to have kept a civil one in his head when he rote his reply to Sir RENERY. Instead of which he fust calls him incorrygible, which I beleeve means that he carnt be convicted, as if a Alderman and Magistrate could be! He then writes of his "Colossal ignorance!" I don't quite know what it means but I'm quite sure that however small the Alderman's may be, the Lecturer's is ever so much bigger, as I'll prove from my own pussonal knowledge.

He acshally has the ordassity to advise the Rite Honorable the LORD MARE not to employ so many cooks! Poor hignoramus! has he ever dined at the Manshun House on a trewly grate ocashun? Most suttently not, or he never would have written such a silly, not to say cruel sentence. Not so many cooks indeed! Does he think that the Chef who has given his whole mind to the preparing of the Thick and Clear Turtle, is not so utterly xhausted that he has to drink two or three glasses of werry old Madeary, and then lay down on his sophy and recover hissself by slow degrees. Does he think that the Fish Cooks, with praps six differing kinds of Fish to prepare, is fit for anything else? and how about the Sauce Artists, let him try to emagine, tho' he'll try in wain, what they has to go through in the tasting line. Then there are the French gentlemen who superintend the production of those wunders in what they calls the guestronommick line, wiz.: the *Ontrays!* Is it supposed by this "curlossal" hignoramus, that they can, after achieving brilliant success in these wunders of hart, condescend to turn their attention to such werry small deer as poultry and jints? Suttently not, the thing's absurd. But they requires cooks, tho' of coarse, not of the same hi horder as the Hartists.

But, strange to tell, ewen this is not the wust. Not only is the LORD MARE advised not to employ so many Cooks, but the trewly wonderful reason is given, becoz he can then employ more railway navvies! Shades of FRANK HURTELLY and SWOYHAY, rest tranquill in your long graves!

But what a dedly hinsult to one of the werry noblest of all noble perfessions, to compare for usefulness a mere railway navvy to a great Chef. Is this strange economist aware that the great Earl of SEFTON, prais to his memory! used to allow his Chef £300 a year and a Horse and Broom for the Park! But all sitch conclusive arguments is I fear utterly lost upon him.

However, there is just one matter for which I have to thank him. I confess that my face werry possibly turned gashly pale as I read his orful letter, I fornatrally thort if he is going to recommend less Cooks he may werry posserbly be a going for to recommend less Waiters! But no, he had the good taste to draw his line there, and for that I thanks him. What a treat it is to turn from the wild projecks of the Lecterer to the wise counsels of the Alderman. No doubt, he says, we could all do without luxuries, but what would become of the millions who produces them? No doubt, he says, we could all live on plain food and drink water—what orful words for a Alderman to write down!—but then what would become of the millions who earns their living in preparing them, and he might have added, as a clencher to his staggering argument, and what would become of Hus? If there is one picter that presents itself to my orrified imagination, that more than any other staggers it, it is that of the hole splendid Army of London Waiters, with their full dress black coats a gitting jist a leetle shabby, and their lovely white chokers jist a leetle shady, a parading the London Streets, and a singing in Chorus, "We've got no work to do!" But no, I feels as that orful dream will never live to be realised, but, to use the classic langwidge as the Lecturer quotes from some frend of his, and which I supposes as he intends as a complement, "let the idol rich still take their proper place as drones in the hive, gorging at a feast to which they have contributed nothing," and he might have added, and never never forgetting the Waiter.

ROBERT.



MR. PUNCH was pleased to notice that a certain noisy Salvationist, who would insist on playing the cornet—did he profanely call it "The horn of salvation?"—to the disturbance of quiet citizens, was made to move on, and treated as a common street-organ nuisance by the Magistrate. Wanted, as soon as possible, an Act to stop all unauthorised Processions, be they what they may.

The disastrous fire at WHITELEY'S occupied the entire attention of thirty-four steam fire-engines, "leaving," says the *Standard*, "about a dozen for the rest of London." The "rest" of London will be considerably disturbed if this state of things continues. We are under-police'd and under-fire-brigaded. If GRANDOLPH the Great is afraid of becoming one of the Unemployed, and so getting into

mischief, let him turn his attention to supply and demand in this direction, and the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer may do some good.

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THE NOT-AT-ALL-AT-HOME SECRETARY.

Mr. General-Inspector Punch. "NOW THEN, MATT, MOVE ON! DON'T INTERFERE WITH THE POLICE IN THE EXECUTION OF THEIR DUTY."

"The change of tactics last week on the part of the Police, in permitting a Meeting in Trafalgar Square, was said to be due to the interference of the Home Secretary."—Daily Papers.

T'other and Which; or, an Old Saw re-set.

The Showman at Nottingham or Islington (exhibiting figures of G. O. M. and Orchid Joe). Here you see the Separatist Party as large as life!

Dubious Elector. Please, which is the Separatist Party?

Showman. Whichever you please, my little dear. You pays your money, and you gives your vote.

FREE AND VERY OPEN.—In Canterbury Cathedral, the other day, there was only one worshipper present at the Service! The occurrence is declared to be unprecedented, four having been the previous low-water-mark of attendance. It might be described as "one-man rule," only it isn't the rule, but the exception, it seems. If this sort of thing spreads, the craze for restoring our Cathedrals ought to give way to a cry for restoring their congregations. Was the Service altered

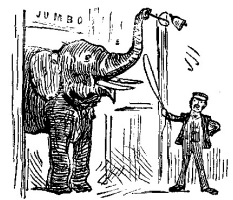
SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.



M. COQUELIN is at the Royalty with an efficient French Company appearing in a round of his best-known characters. He has already taken part in *Un Parisien*, *Don Cæsar de Bazan* and an entirely new piece (first time in London and elsewhere) *L'Aîné*. This last I had the pleasure of seeing the other evening, and was delighted to find that it was a play that could be safely recommended as a fit entertainment for their charge to the guardians of that apparently very easily-influenced infant, "The Young Person." It is rather suggestive of several English original pieces, amongst the rest *Miriam's Crime* and *Faded Flowers*. The adopted daughter (rescued as a child from the gutter) of a millionaire, after her protector's death, undertakes the reformation of her benefactor's brother, who takes, through intestacy, the whole of his senior's estate. To carry this out effectively, the young lady prevents the heir from drinking his *chasse* after his coffee, and playing a game of *écarté* with an old friend, for love, and finally offers to marry him. The heir is as quiet as a lamb under these inflictions, until he discovers that his *fiancée* loves some one else, when he proposes, at the earliest possible moment, to commit suicide. This inconvenient intention is prevented, the adopted daughter marries the man of her choice, and the heir goes back to America, thus all ends happily. COQUELIN, as the heir, was seen to very great advantage in the less sentimental parts of the character, but was not quite so successful when he commenced crying over the portrait of *L'Aîné*, which, by the way, was a very excellent likeness (without the eyeglass) of the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. For the rest Madame MALVAU was rather a mature adopted daughter, M. ROMAIN (as "*Georges*—her friend") a little too heavy in more senses than one as the superfluous lover, and M. DUQUESNE a very excellent lawyer. There is nothing particularly brilliant in the writing, and only one line raises a laugh. When the vagabond friend of the heir extends his hand, *M. Vivien*, without a movement, merely asks, "*Combien?*" But on its repetition this admirable joke did not "go" quite so well. Still there is a freshness in the central idea of the play which is welcome. As a rule every one on the French stage weeps over somebody's mother, but in this case the tears were reserved for somebody's brother. It is said that the Author of the piece, M. PAUL DELAIR, is a novice at stagecraft. This seems to me very likely, as had he had more experience, I fancy he would have allowed (especially if he had known that the character was going to be played by M. ROMAIN) *M. Georges* to have been shot dead in the First Act. This would have been really a great improvement, especially had *Yveline* (the adopted daughter) been allowed to expire from grief early in the Second. Joking apart, *L'Aîné* is not half a bad piece, although I cannot conscientiously go so far as to say that it is half a good one. Before the engagement of M. COQUELIN is over, the talented actor has promised to play *Gringoire*. No doubt this will be produced for the benefit of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who richly deserves the compliment.

The Paris Hippodrome has once more taken possession of Olympia, where it seems likely to remain until well into next year. The entertainment is of the customary quality, which is saying a great deal in its praise. There are excellent *troupes* of acrobats and performing dogs (with a wonderful black poodle that is the best clown that has appeared in a Circus for many a long year), chariot-races, and horsemanship in all its branches. This season the Ladies have it all their own way. The last time M. HOUCKE visited us, Gentlemen drove the team of thirty-two, and jumped over the hurdles with the tandem of three; now their places are supplied by members of the fairer sex. The horses who take part in these feats are so admirably trained that the element of danger is entirely eliminated, and, consequently, the change is an improvement. Then an accomplished cob and an elegant elephant take a turn together in more senses than one, for they dance *vis-à-vis* a waltz and a polka. The novelty of the Show, however, is kept for the second part, and is apparently a page from the Algerian experiences of General BOULANGER. The attention of a tribe of Arabs (seemingly on their road to church) having been attracted to a military train containing a bugle-band of Turcos and some half-dozen soldiers of the French line, devotions are temporarily abandoned for a pitched battle. The Arabs fire upon the Europeans, who, however, after a lively skirmish, succeed in "taking up a position" with the bugle-band, and then retire. The Arabs bearing no ill-will, dancing follows, and the fighting being quite over and forgotten, General BOULANGER, accompanied by a Staff, swaggers in and assists at further military exercises. Then the bugle-band heads the procession of French and Arabs, and, after marching past BOULANGER, *exeunt*. The attack upon the train, if a little perplexing from a purely historical point of view, is capitally managed, and very exciting. Since the opening night the large hall has been very well attended; and now that the American Exhibition is closed, may be expected to be crowded—and a crowded audience at the Addison Road cannot be recorded in less than five figures. "The Wild West is gone—long live Olympia!"



A second visit to the Royal Westminster Aquarium has not improved my opinion of "the Wolves, the Wolves, the Wolves!" (see Advertisement) as a pleasure-insuring entertainment. I have

already said that the tricks of these animals cause a "creepy" sensation, and when I made this observation I referred to the "kissing act," wherein a wolf embraces the portly person in the Polish lancer's uniform who has trained it. But the fights between master and brutes are even less tolerable, as may be judged to be the case when I say that, on a recent occasion when I was present, the trainer seemed to be a good-half-hour (no doubt it was an infinitely less period of time) in getting one of his wild beasts into its allotted cage. It is not at all a nice sight to see a man beating a snapping and yelping wolf with a whip, for one feels that there is the element of cruelty on both sides. Take it allround, I prefer "the *belle* FATMA,"—that is, taking her all round, on which I need hardly say I should not venture,—to "the Wolves, the Wolves, the Wolves!" And I sincerely hope that FATMA (the old lady near her looks more like Fat Ma) may always be able to keep the wolf from her door.

GENTLE JOHNNY BULL.

The way with "demonstrations" tyrants used to take was brief—
Justices gave a rioter the guerdon of a thief!
Not only durance vile—our gentler nature how it shocks—
But whipping-cheer, and oh! they set their Brother in the Stocks!

In those days a Stump-Orator had reason to take care,
How he denounced, derided, and defied the Powers that were.
And if he talked High Treason—Imagine this, my dears!
They put him in the pillory, and sometimes clipped his ears.

A People's Friend, unless he took good heed to what he said,
Was liable to answer for his language with his head.
How venerable soever, a too talkative old Cock,
His eloquence might bring him, though a Statesman, to the block.

But happily we, Brethren, now are men of milder mood,
And not, as were our ancestors, vindictive, stern, and rude.
So much has done the milk of human kindness to assuage,
The bile of British hardihood in this forbearing age!

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

SIR,—You are wrong in supposing that the term, "Old Fireworks," was originally applied to myself. I am of opinion, though I speak under a certain amount of correction, not such, however, as my young friend, GRANDOLPH, would like to supply, that the term Old Fireworks was first applied to the celebrated *Mr. Pickwick*, though upon what occasion and by whom I cannot at this moment call to mind. To your second question, as to whether I approve of the conduct of *Mr. Samuel Weller* in resisting the Head Constable *Grummer*, I should say that, considering the provocation offered, *Mr. Weller* seems to have acted with remarkable self-restraint.

Yours faithfully, G. O. M.

P.S. Chips, real good chips, warranted quite dry, and only waiting for a match to set them in a blaze, may now be had at Hawarden Lodge at the ridiculously small charge of three-pence a piece, or two shillings and five-pence halfpenny per dozen. Immediate application personally or by letter is recommended. Also a copy of Nottingham speech and the Mitchelstown telegram, which, should any difficulty be experienced in kindling a bonfire, will at once set the heap into a splendid blaze. My song and chorus—

Remember, remember,
The Mitchelstown ember,

and so forth, ought to be ready at all respectable music-publishers by November 3rd. 2s. 6d. per copy. Great reduction for clubs, schools, &c. Chips! Chips! in the name of the Profit! Chips! G. O. M.



"LIKELY TO GET ON IN LIFE."

Papa. "IF I GIVE YOU SIXPENCE, AND TELL YOU TO BUY FIVE PENNY PAPERS, HOW MUCH CHANGE WILL YOU BRING BACK TO ME?"

Sharp Boy (considering). "WELL, PAPA—LET ME SEE—IF YOU GAVE ME SIXPENCE——"

Papa. "YES—YES. HOW MUCH CHANGE TO BRING BACK TO ME?"

Sharp Boy (readily, and with decision). "NONE—NOT IF YOU GAVE ME THE SIXPENCE!"

[*Papa determines to put the question in a different way next time.*]

TO THE INCOMPLETE (POLITICAL) ANGLER.

O BRUMMAGEM JOSEPH, my boy, will you halt on
 Your sturdy, but scarce diplomatical way,
 And take from an ancient disciple of WALTON
 A few friendly hints about patience and "play"?
 As an Angler you have *Mr. Punch's* best wishes,
 But *do* you consider it wise, ere you start
 To throw stones in the water, and stir up the fishes?
 That's scarcely the right piscatorial art.
 No, stillness and silence, and delicate tact, Sir,
 Are needed for handling the rod and the reel.
 You may pelt and may splash, but you'll find it a fact, Sir,
 Who frightens the fishes will not fill his creel.

HADWICE GRATIS.—The Vaudeville Theatre announces a new play by Mr. ENERY HAUTHOR JONES, called *Heart of Hearts*. To popularise it for Town use, much better call it '*Art of 'Arts* at once.

NEW ORDER (*not issued from the Horse Guards.*)—The entire British Army to be submitted to a Fortnightly Review for the next three months at least.

MEM. FOR POLICE BY GENERAL-INSPECTOR PUNCH.—Stop the Orators in Trafalgar Square, and let the Fountains be the only ones to spout.

'ARRY STRATFORD-ATTE-BOW'S FRENCH MOTTO FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.—"*Toujours Guy.*"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

INVERTED, EDUCATIONAL, MEDICINAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED, BY AN INCORRIGIBLE LITTLE BOY, whose Parents have threatened to send him away from home on account of his perpetually insufferable conduct, a suitable domicile, where he will be afforded every facility for continuing it without hindrance and interruption. A quiet old country clergyman, and his wife, both a little short-sighted, and hard of hearing, occupying a retired Vicarage, that is in want of a little waking up, might write. House must be conveniently arranged for the setting of booby-traps, possess a good old-fashioned striking-clock, with accessible inside, a get-at-able upstairs' cistern, a dinner-gong, and plenty of bells. Bedroom might be furnished with a view to an occasional display of fireworks. Staircase with good top-to-bottom slide-down balusters indispensable. Would be glad to hear if there is a powerful garden-engine, in good working-order, on the premises; and also whether there is a decent sweetstuff and gunpowder-shop within easy distance. Apply by letter to "TARTAR," Scarum Hall, Flingover, Notts.

THE PRINCIPAL OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S ACADEMY, who has, in turns, been a Stock-jobber, a Solicitor struck off the Rolls, a Light Comedian, an Undertaker, a Professor of Calisthenics, and a Hansom-cab Driver, and has now taken to the Education of Youth as a last resource to make ends meet, is anxious to hear from a sufficient number of dupes, in the shape of parsimonious Parents, to enable him to start his scheme, and see whether he can make anything out of it. They must be fools enough to believe that a thoroughly high-class, commercial, and classical education, including instruction in five modern languages, fitting the recipients for immediate entry into either the Church, the Army, or the Bar can be furnished, together with the use of an extensive swimming bath and gymnasium, and an unlimited supply of the very best diet, without any charge for washing, books, or extras, for twenty guineas per annum. The fact that a retired waiter from a Boulogne Restaurant takes charge of the Modern Languages, while the Higher Mathematics and swimming are entrusted to a late Custom House Officer, and the Classical and other Departments, are under the immediate supervision of the Principal, may be taken as a guarantee that the advertised curriculum is scrupulously and efficiently carried out. Apply for further Particulars to "PRINCIPAL," Uncertificated Tutors Association, S.E.

WANTED, BY THE PROPRIETOR OF A PATENT MEDICINE, a nervous and confiding Client who after reading a whole newspaper advertising column of diseases, and persuading himself that he is afflicted with most of them, will believe that by an outlay of 1s. 1-1/2d., he can entirely cure himself of the whole lot of them on the spot. He must not be disheartened if the first trial produces no effect. On the contrary, if the nostrum appears to develop fresh and disagreeable symptoms, he must manfully persevere, and face in turn neuralgia, rheumatic gout, fever, lumbago, sciatica, incipient paralysis, and even greater complications, rather than relinquish the remedy when he has once had recourse to it. In this way, it is obvious, he will not only be able to afford a permanent support to the sale of a dangerous and deleterious compound, but will, by its continual use, effectually and completely succeed in ultimately shattering his own constitution. Apply, "PROPRIETOR," Jollop's Specific Restorator, Patent Medicine Works, Pill Hill, N.E.

WANTED, A QUITE INEXPERIENCED HORSEMAN, to purchase, on the recommendation of a tricky Job Master, a thoroughly unsound and spavined Bay Cob that will be represented as having been "parted with" by its late owner, "a sporting Duke," for "no fault whatever." The creature, however, that is short in the wind, swollen at the hocks, an ugly stepper, and has not a single good point about it, having recently, when in the funeral business, kicked in a hearse, it has been decided to palm it off on the first unsuspecting purchaser that turns up as "quiet to ride" and going "nicely in harness," and it may confidently be relied upon to throw an unskilful or aged rider, or smash up a brougham at the very earliest opportunity. As it has also, at a previous period in its career, served as a trick horse at a Circus, and will, on meeting a German band, sit down on its haunches, it might be safely secured by any equestrian to whom some astonishment and a little music mingled with his morning's ride might prove a pleasing experience. Can be seen at GULLY'S Stables, Blinder Street, S.W.

A FEW THOROUGHLY UNSUSPECTING TENANTS wanted by a Jerry Builder, who has just run up a terrace of new houses anyhow, and is anxious to see if anybody can manage to live in them. None of the doors shut, all the windows let in draughts, and there are practically no drains. As the walls are one brick thick, and the playing of a piano can be heard through six houses, neighbours of a conversational turn might find a residence in them advantageous. Warranted to come down with a run in a high wind. Apply, "Builder," Dustbin Terrace, Killingham Road, E.



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Guest. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN!—AND YOU'VE REALLY GOT A VERY NICE LITTLE PLACE HERE!"

Host. "YES; BUT IT'S RATHER BARE, JUST NOW. I HOPE THE TREES WILL HAVE GROWN A GOOD BIT BEFORE YOU'RE BACK, OLD MAN!"

CONVENTION-AL POLITENESS.

Madame France (with effusion)—

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends?"

I trust I have quoted with textual accuracy your so charming, and to the actual situation happily appropriate poet?

Mr. Bull (avec empressement). It does—or perhaps I should say doth—indeed, Madam. As to the bit from the bard—well, may its appropriateness never be less! How much pleasanter than the grim dictum of an elder rhymester, who referred to your people as those

"Whom nature hath predestined for our foes,
And made it bliss and virtue to oppose."

Madame France. The barbarian! Oppose, indeed! Why should we oppose each other, dear Monsieur BULL?

Mr. Bull. Why, indeed?

Madame France. True, your bellicose Lord PALMERSTON did oppose my great FERDINAND'S grand idea, and that from motives the most insular and unenlightened. Just as some few poltroons in your sea-girt isle at present oppose the Channel Tunnel, which yet, in good time, will doubtless become as benign an actuality as the Suez Canal itself.

Mr. Bull. Humph! PAM had perhaps his reasons, which, in the light of subsequent events, one must admit not to have been without their weight.

Madame France. Oh, Monsieur BULL! "Greater freedom of intercourse between nations is the tendency of our industrial and social development, and the tide of human intelligence cannot be arrested by *vague fears*." So I read in a pamphlet on the Tunnel. How true, is it not?

Mr. Bull. Doubtless; as true as that the tide of invasion could not be arrested by cosmopolitan cant.

Madame France. Invasion? Fie, Monsieur BULL! In the new lexicon of international amity there is no such word.

Mr. Bull. If the excision of the *word* could absolutely abolish the possibility of the thing, all would be well—between you and Germany, for instance.

Madame France. Sacre-e-e! I beg pardon. Expletives should also be banished from civility's lexicon. But BISMARCK is a *monstre*, a *miserable*,—whereas you—! [Bows sweetly.]

Mr. Bull. Inarticulate flattery, Madam, is irresistible—and unanswerable. The renewal—if, indeed, it was ever *really* interrupted—of the *entente cordiale* between us, is a blessed boon not to be matched in value by a hundred—Tunnels!

Madame France. And this Convention is the sign and seal of that renewal, *n'est-ce-pas?* I *knew* you never intended to stop in Egypt.

Mr. Bull. Longer than was necessary—assuredly not, Madam. And I was *certain* the New Hebrides had no real charms to permanently arrest your feet.

Madame France. Though a *pied à terre* in Raraita, of course—you comprehend, Monsieur!

Mr. Bull. Perfectly. The questions of Egypt and the New Hebrides, of our post near the Pyramids, and your Protectorate near Tahiti, have, of course, no real connection.

Madame France. Obviously, Monsieur! Are they not dealt with in separate Conventions?

Mr. Bull. Ah! if all quarrels—I beg pardon, political problems—could as easily be settled by a Conventional Act!

Madame France. How welcome to you, Monsieur, to all parties in your Parliament, to the "rescuers" as to the "retirers," to your Lord CHAMBERLAIN, as well as to your Grand Old GLADSTONE, must be the prospect of an early, not to say immediate withdrawal from the Land of the Pharaohs! Surely the fugitive Israelites of old never left it with such pleased promptitude as *you* will—"scuttle out" of it! Have I accurate memory of the Beaconsfieldian phrase, Monsieur?

Mr. Bull. Your memory, Madam, is miraculous. The forty centuries—*or, however, many more there may happen to be there at the moment of my departure*—will doubtless, in the words of your own great phraser, "look down from the Pyramids" with emotions not less marked than my own—and yours, Madam.

Madame France. My emotions at the present moment—and yours, I hope, Monsieur—are simply of supreme joy at the so happy removal of difficulties and the so complete restoration of amity between us by this charming Convention, so satisfactory in its actual terms, so much more so *in its promises for the future*. I felicitate you, dear Monsieur BULL.

Mr. Bull. And I, Madam, reciprocate your felicitations. (*Aside.*) It pleases her, apparently, and I do not see that it can possibly hurt me! [Left bowing.]



CONVENTION-AL POLITENESS.

JOHN BULL. "DELIGHTED, MY DEAR MADAM! IT PLEASES YOU, AND—(Aside)—IT DOESN'T HURT ME!!"



SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST.

Host (who has trod on the Lady's Skirt). "Oh! FORGIVE ME! YOU SEE IT'S MY NATURAL INSTINCT TO DETAIN YOU!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*My Autobiography and Reminiscences*," by W. P. FRITH, R.A. The Modern Hogarth, painter of "*Ramsgate Sands*," "*The Derby Day*," and "*The Road to Ruin*," can use his pen as well as his pencil. "Where got thou that goose-quill?" as *Macbeth* would have said, had SHAKSPEARE wished him to do so. How is it that Mr. FRITH has never employed his goose-quill before? Sometimes it is soft-nibbed, and occasionally hard-nibbed, but it is almost always well pointed; and, though he writes with an overflowing pen—for he frequently has to check his impulsive waywardness—yet there is scarcely a blot on the paper throughout the two volumes.

Mr. FRITH is, first and foremost, a humorist, and, in his humour, so like THACKERAY, and so unlike DICKENS, that it is no wonder, considering the consistent inconsistency of human nature, he should have loved the latter, and disliked the former. Yet, with all his aversion to THACKERAY, personally—and "all his works" too, apparently, as he hardly mentions them—he records something very remarkable about the Satirist of the Snobs which could not be guessed at from THACKERAY'S OWN letters, nor from the anecdotes told about him. And it is this; that THACKERAY could make, and on occasion did make an excellent after-dinner speech. At the Macready banquet with BULWER LYTTON and DICKENS present, Mr. FRITH tells us, "THACKERAY also spoke well and very humorously." And there are three other instances; so that THACKERAY, who has recounted his own failure at the Literary Fund dinner, and whose utter collapse at the Cornhill Magazine dinner is a matter of Literary history, was not always a mistake as an after-dinner speaker. The modesty exhibited by Mr. FRITH in this autobiography is an exhibition as novel and attractive as was FRITH'S other exhibition in Bond Street,—because few autobiographers possess so keen a sense of humour as to be able to laugh at themselves, and to be candid about their own foibles and follies. Indeed some persons may think, and indeed he inclines to this opinion himself, that he goes too far in his frankness when narrating the practical jokes of that unscrupulous and cruel *farçeur* SOTHERN the actor, in some of which the autobiographer appears to have played a small, but not altogether unimportant part. In his way Mr. FRITH is as frank and open in his revelations as to his past career, as was Cardinal NEWMAN in his straightforward *Apologia pro suâ vitâ*. In fact in these SOTHERN latitudes—there was a great deal of latitude in that quarter—Mr. FRITH'S work is suggestive less of an autobiography than of a naughty-biography. He owns that he feels "humiliated and pained" at recounting THACKERAY'S rude jocularities towards himself, and from the apologetic tone with which he introduces some of SOTHERN'S caddish practical jokes, in which Mr. FRITH had no share, and of which he was not the victim, it may be inferred that he had already begun to feel "humiliated and pained" at having given so much space to such stories. How glad he must now be that he kept a "dear Diary," which has been an invaluable aid to his memory.

Another great merit in the book is that, without ever sacrificing its character as an Autobiography, it is never egotistical; egoism being the great "I-sore" of such works. Should the

humble individual who writes this necessarily brief notice ever arrive at the time for publishing his Recollections, he is perfectly sure that the book will be unequalled as a work of imagination. Mr. FRITH tells us how he improved his pictures by touching them up,—some people, too, are occasionally improved by the same process, if the "touching up" is only done judiciously,—and his self-restraint is therefore really admirable when he rejects the temptation to embellish, or spice, a story which no one is likely to contradict. For instance, in what may be called the Sass-age portion of his early life, he has some amusing anecdotes about Mr. JACOB BELL, then an Art student. BELL drew a man hanging, and SASS, the master, told him to leave the studio, "as such a career," as the man hanging, "is a bad example to your fellow-pupils." Now Mr. FRITH ought to have given BELL a triumphant exit speech—he ought to have said to SASS, "Sir, I was only illustrating what should be the fate of every one of your successful pupils—to be hung on the line. Good day." Exit BELL. Then he recounts how JACOB BELL, who, like SOTHERN, had a taste for such practical jokes as are utterly indefensible on the score of good taste and gentlemanly feeling, dressed up as a woman, and went to a Quakers' Meeting House, where he sat among the female portion of the congregation. Thinking he was discovered, this nice young man "took fright," and bolted. Here Mr. FRITH should have made the jovial JACOB subsequently explain that "he left because the women were all jealous of him, as he was the only 'BELL' among them." Mr. FRITH, full of his fun, jests, and humour, must be congratulated on having stuck to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

And if anyone wants a first-rate ghost-story for the coming Christmas time, let him get Mr. FRITH's book, and read how the prosaic and sensible Mr. WESTWOOD saw a ghost. It is simply but exquisitely told, and were it not that Mr. FRITH had previously owned to his complicity with SOTHERN in some of his "spiritualistic" demonstrations, there would be no sort of ground for suspecting him capable of joking on such serious subjects. The book is full of good stories, among which *The Mysterious Sitter* and *Beckford at Fonthill* are about the best. There is already a rail round MUDIE's counter, and in front of all SMITH's stalls, to keep off the crowds from taking away FRITH's latest production without paying. Many of us are eye-witnesses to the fact of the rails in front of SMITH's bookstalls all the way down the line wherever a train runs. Mr. FRITH's very good health, and, as his friend *Rip-Van-Winkle* JEFFERSON used to say, "May he live long an' prosper."

De Omnibus Rebus, by the author of *Flemish Interiors*. An odd book to be taken up at odd times. Amusing and chatty with a good deal of shrewd observation. He who rides may read; and as it is published by NIMMO, this firm in this instance might adopt the old Latin motto, "*Nimmo' mortalium omnibus horis sapit;*" i.e. "NIMMO is wise to bring out a book for the omnibus hours of mortals."

OUR OWN BOOKWORM.



Madame PATTI's house, in some unpronounceable Welsh place, was broken into by burglars. We hope they didn't rob her of any notes. The thieves came from Town—they were not Welshmen, oh no! *Mr. Punch* has always asserted of the Welsh,—

"Taffy's not a thief."

And it wasn't Taffy who went to PATTI's house and stole a matter of seven pounds' worth of French francs. They found a box of M. NICOLINI's cigars. But the thieves knew where to draw the line, and chucked the lot away in the garden, among the other weeds. They were "up to snuff," but not to tobacco in this form. Query, will M. NICOLINI's friends be delighted to accept cigars from his case in future?

The Centenary of *Don Giovanni* was celebrated at the two Universities by a banquet of the principal Dons.

BARTLETT'S BABY.

Welcome little Stranger! You
 Are the darling of the Zoo,
 BARTLETT'S babe, the public pet.
 Lucky, lucky Zoo to get,
 At a cost scarce worth the mention,
 Living proof beyond contention
 Of—oh! well, of whatsoever
Savants sage and critics clever,
 On their controversial mettle,
 May—or maybe may *not*—settle.
 Six-and-twenty years ago
 (Buffers elderly may know)
 Rose the great Gorilla feud;
 Dr. GRAY was rather rude,
 Rather on DU CHAILLU down,

And the shindy stirred the Town.
OWEN, great on brains and bones,
Lectured it in learned tones;
HUXLEY to the battle rushed;
Mutually they "pished" and "tushed"
In that calm and courteous way
Savants have, when they're in fray.
Mr. Punch, with ample reason,
Called you "Lion of the Season,"
Great Gorilla. Now 'tis plain
The old fame revives again.
Happy BARTLETT! Lucky Ape!
Fortune comes in curious shape.
You perchance, oh simian child!
Might have roamed the Afric wild,
Like a nigger unreclaimed.
Unobserved, unknown, unnamed,
Fame concerning you quite dumb,
Even your "colossal thumb,"
By the scribes who columns vamp us,
Undescribed; your "hippo-campus"
(Whatsoever *that* may be)
Not of notoriety.
Now!—Ah, infantine Gorilla,
Every small suburban villa
With your rising fame will ring;
All the sort of folk who bring
Buns unto the prisoned bear,
To your cage will come, and stare.
Buns? Oh, BARTLETT,—master sage,
Autocrat of den and cage!—
Nothing will begrudge, I'm sure,
That may nourish, please, or cure
His prognathous little pet.
Half the luxuries you'll get
Would leave satiate and cloyed
Any hungry "Unemployed."
Cakes—and, if you like it, Ale—
Oh, Gorilla, will not fail;
GUNTER'S you may sack at will,
Or, if you prefer to fill
Otherwise your dainty maw
Than with sweeties and stick-jaw,
Like the indiscriminate bear,
You may choose your Bill of Fare.
Toys? Ah, bring them, baby, quick;
Will a monkey on a stick
Touch a sympathetic chord?
Well, let's hope you won't be bored,
Baby Ape, by BARTLETT'S love,
And the crowds who'll stare and shove;
Long for Afric wild but free,
And a station "up a tree,"
Watching, with prehensile thumb,
For—whatever food may come.



"HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!"

OR, THE BABY GORILLA AT THE ZOO.

Nurse Bartlett. "HE SHALL HAVE A FIFTEEN-SHILLING PINE, HE SHALL! AND FINEST ENGLISH HOT-HOUSE GRAPES, HE SHALL! AND GOLD-DUST TOO, IF HE CRIES FOR IT, THE LITTLE DARLING!"

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*The People's Palace; In Building set apart for Poultry, Pigeon, and Rabbit Show. Stream of Visitors inspecting animals in zinc and wire pens.*

Amandus Milendius (to Amanda Milendia: coming to a halt before cage containing "roopy"-looking fowl, with appearance of having been sent out on pair of legs several sizes too tall for it). They've 'ighly commended 'im, yer see.

Amanda M. (who does not converse with facility). Um!

[Looks at bird without seeing it.

Amandus. Yes, they must ha' thought 'ighly of 'im before they'd commend him like that, yer know!

Amanda (wishing she was readier of response). Ah! (The fowl winks slowly at her with his lower eyelid). Come away—I don't like him!

[They move on.

The Exhibitor (coming up and inspecting his bird with pride). 'Ere—JOE! (Fowl shuts both eyes with a bored expression). B'longs to me—that bird, Sir! (To Bystander.)

Visitor (from the West; anxious to be agreeable). Ha, a fine bird—magnificent!

Exhibitor. Bred 'im myself, Sir—he's a bit sleepy just now. (*Apologetically*). Wake up, ole chap! (*Fowl half opens one eye, and closes it immediately on perceiving proprietor.*) Knows me, yer see!

Visitor (with fatal rashness). A—a Brahma, isn't he?

[Wonders what made him say that, and tries to think what Brahmas are like—when they are not locks.

Exhibitor (in tone of pitying reproach). No, Sir—no.—Black Red Bantam, Sir!

Visitor (wishing he had remained vague). Oh—ah, just so—good evening.

A Cock (derisively). Crocky—rorky—roo!

AT THE RABBIT PENS.

Another Exhibitor (accompanied by Friend with Catalogue). I ain't come across my Buck yet. He

took a prize, I heerd. (*Stops at Cage.*) Ah, this looks like him.... Third Prize, yer see—not so bad, eh? [Chuckles.]

The Friend. Hold on a bit! (*Refers to Catalogue.*) "Number seven 'underd and two. PARTON. Buck. Eight months." *Your name ain't PARTON.*

Exhib. Then it's mine in the next. *Second Prize!* Better'n Third, that, ain't it?

The Friend. They've got *that* down as PARTON's too.

Exhib. Well, I *thought* some'ow as—*this* is him anyway. Look 'ere! *First Prize!* And deserves it, though I sez it myself!

Friend (not without a certain satisfaction). No—no, you're wrong again. I'll show you where *you* are. See. "Seven 'underd and five. W. CROPPER. Buck. Ten months." *That's* you!

Exhib. (incredulously). That? that ain't never *my* cream buck! (*The rabbit remains wrapt in meditation.*) I'll soon show yer. (*Blows in rabbit's face. Mutual recognition. Tableau.*) It *is* my buck! And only 'ighly commended! (*Recovering himself.*) Well, I arsk you if he oughtn't to ha' done the other—him as they've given the First Prize to? Why, there ain't no comparison between them two rabbits!

The Cock (encouragingly). Crorky-rorky-roo!

The Friend (losing all further interest). Well, it's all chance like. Let's go and 'ave a look at them Lops.

Crowd of Admirers around pen containing gigantic gander.

First Admirer. That's *WILKINSES'* gander, that is.

Second Admirer. A fine-grown bird, I *will* say.

[*Handsomely, as if he would hardly have expected such a person as WILKINS to produce anything as good as that.*]

Third Admirer. Monster, ain't he? Why, yer might *ride* on him!

Small Child (pointing delightedly at the Gander). 'Ook, Mozzer, pitty duck!

Fond Parent (admiringly). I declare it's wonderful how quick he gets the names—it *is* a fine duck!

The Cock (with a touch of correction). Crorky—rorky—roo!

A Connoisseur (inspecting pigeon). Now, *there's* a nice pigeon—that *is* a nice pigeon; but I tell yer what it is—he ain't got the space to do hisself justice in there. Give him a bigger pen, and a brick to stand on, and you'd soon see the difference!

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Fellow Conn. They ought to ha' give him more room to show off his tail in—else what's the good of a bird '*aving* a tail, come to that?

First Conn. (sententiously). Ah, you've 'it it.

Competitor (apparently, unsuccessful). I say, (*with bitter sarcasm*) 'Are yer seen the pair as take a Fust? Birds I wouldn't pick up if I found 'em in the street—no, *that* I wouldn't! Fust Prize to them—hor-hor! Well, the world's comin' to a pretty pass, I must say! Arter *that!*—
[*Eloquent aposiopesis.*]

Amandus (tolerantly, to Amanda). Well, pidgings *are* pretty much alike, unless you've been brought up to know the differences. I 'ad a *Uncle* a breeder.

Amanda (feeling that her ignorance is no longer a discredit). Then *you'd* know! [They go out arm-in-arm, silent but sympathetic.]

THE FOUR NOBLE BURGLARS.

A Baron, a Marquis, a Duke, and an Earl
 Were dining together one evening at White's;
 They were all overdone by the worry and whirl
 Of a long London season's amusements and sights—
 By the luncheons that stupify, dinners that tire,
 Dull rides in the Row, deadly five o'clock teas,
 At which fashion condemns you to gasp and perspire
 While draining the cup of *ennui* to the lees.

No pleasure they took in the joys of the table;
 Though stalwart, they recked not to breakfast or sup—
 E'en to plunge at *bézique* they no longer were able,
 For the fact was these nobles were deuced hard up!
 Moaned the Marquis, "We're all in a state of depression;
 As for me, my existence is simply a bore;
 Let us strike a new line out—adopt some profession
 Which no British Peer ever practised before."



Then the Baron cried, "Listen, old chappies; I've hit
 On a notion that's brilliant and perfectly new;—
 Why shouldn't we four try to burgle a bit,
 And wrest from the wealthy what's fairly our due?
 Garotting is vulgar, and cruel to boot,
 The pickpocket oft is despised when detected;
 But burglary's just the profession to suit
 A lover of enterprise, highly connected."

A paper was fetched, and his Grace read aloud
 The following paragraph:—"Criminal Tips!
 Young Nobles and Gentlemen under a cloud
 Apply to Professor JEHOSEPHAT FIPPS,
 At his residence, 2, Sheppard Buildings, E.C.,
 Where he nightly gives lessons, from seven till nine,
 To youngsters of spirit, from prejudice free,
 In arts which amusement with profit combine."

Next evening the Peers, fully dressed for their parts
 In moleskin and highlows and flat beaver-caps,
 Sought out the Professor with quick-throbbing hearts,
 Their courage all but in a state of collapse.
 Mr. FIPPS gave them seats; then politely inquired,
 If aught to oblige them perchance he could do,
 And replied, when they told him what 'twas they required,
 "All right, noble sportsmen!—I'll soon put you through!"

He taught them to handle the jemmy with grace,
 To frisk with the centrebit, toy with the file—
 To flourish the fitful dark-lantern apace,
 And wield the gay crowbar in elegant style;
 With skeleton-keys to pick counting-house locks,
 To ply the dumb saw and the chisel that's cold,
 To prize up the lid of a banker's strong-box,
 And the portals of burglar-proof safes to unfold.

When their Lordships were thoroughly versed in their trade,
 And had passed their exams, in a masterly way,
 They agreed that a dashing attempt should be made,
 Their expertness to test without further delay.
 Should they first try their hands at a light, easy job,

Not too risky, but graceful, artistic and neat,
Or essay a bold stroke the Exchequer to rob,
Or the merry Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?

At last they resolved that the best thing to do,
Was to try an experiment, just for a lark,
(And to keep their hands in for a lucrative *coup*,)
On a workman's abode near Victoria Park.
They hankered for something quite simple and plain,
Both suburban and poor, for their trial essay;
So they picked out a one-storeyed house down a lane,
Which they learned had been empty for many a day.

They commenced their attack in the dead of the night,
Scaled a wall, dug a tunnel, and cut through two floors,
Wrenched a lock off with stern, irresistible might,
And broke open some thoroughly unsecured doors.
For booty they hunted below and on high—
But naught could they find save a chunk of cold veal,
Till, down in the basement, they chanced to spy,
Near the back-kitchen sink a huge trapdoor of steel.

In a second the trap from its fastness they tore,
When, heaped up pell-mell, of all shapes and all sizes,
The gratified Peers beheld score upon score
Of grand and legitimate housebreakers' prizes,—
Tiaras of rubies and diamond *rivières*,
Superb jewelled bracelets and brooches and rings,
Great emerald, sapphire, and pearl *solitaires*,
And all manner of precious, magnificent things.

As they gazed on these treasures with glittering eyes,
Lightly handling the gewgaws with delicate touches,
The Duke softly murmured, "Oh! what a surprise!
Why, some of these trinkets belong to the Duchess!"
"By Jove!" said the Marquis, "this carcanet here
Has been worn scores of times by my dowager-aunt!"
And the Baron rejoined, "It seems perfectly clear
That this squalid abode is a regular plant!"

"What a joke!" cried the Earl. "We have chanced on the ken
Of professional brethren, our seniors in guile,
And I think that, for young inexperienced men,
We have collared their plunder in workmanlike style.
Let us cull and remove these nefarious hoards—
We can turn the whole lot into cash at our leisure;
A delightful career is before us, my Lords,
A bright future of usefulness, profit, and pleasure!"

The next day they disposed of their swag for a plum,
And invested the proceeds in Spaniards and Turks,
After nobly deducting a moderate sum
For the Burglar's Relief Fund and other good works.
They paid all their creditors, kept up their rank.
Betted ponies and monkeys like regular "toppers;"
Till one night, as they'd just broken into a bank,
These deserving young nobles were nailed by the "coppers."

The Old Bailey was crowded one sunny May morn
With ladies arrayed in superlative frocks,
When the jury who sate on our nobles forlorn,
Found them guilty at once, without leaving the box.
And it thus came to pass, I regret to relate,
That these earnest, industrious, well-meaning Peers,
The pride of their order, the stay of the State,
Were condemned to pick oakum for twenty-one years!

A WORD FOR THE WAR-OFFICE.—MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says it's all very well to talk about the parsimony of the War-Office; but she hears that the soldiers are provided with fatigue jackets, and thinks it's really kind of the Authorities to supply the men with something special to wear when they are tired.



SUGGESTION FOR UTILISING A NOW WELL-KNOWN
MURAL DECORATION(?)



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