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November 19, 1887, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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

**Vol. 93, November 19th 1887**

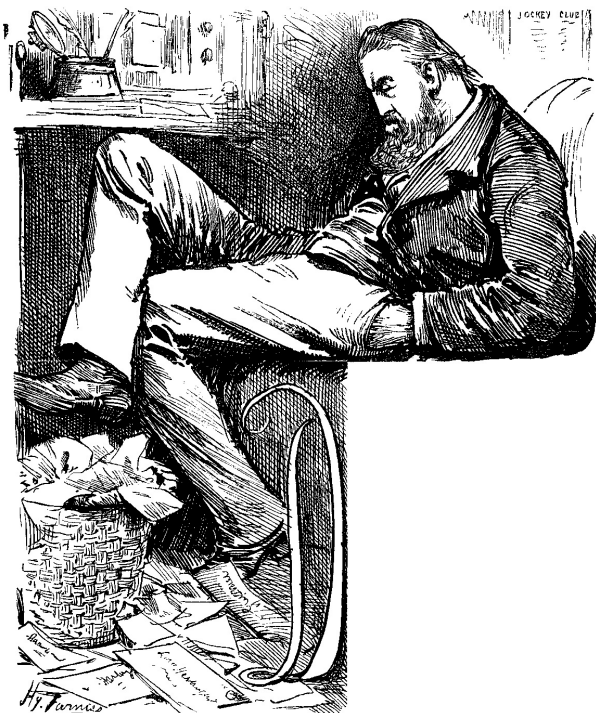
**edited by Sir Francis Burnand**

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

FROM A DEJECTED LETTER-WRITER.

*D-v-nsh-re House, Saturday.*



DEAR TOBY,

I daresay you will have been expecting for some time to hear from me, and it is quite true I owe you a letter. But the fact is, I'm sick of letter-writing, which, always a bore, has of late been invested with fresh terrors. The way I am being used up by our Conservative friends is perhaps a

little audacious. It certainly is quite embarrassing. Whenever any of their men get into a tight place, or embark upon a difficult enterprise, they write to me for a character, quite regardless of my personal predilections, and even of my actual pledges. You will have seen a good deal of this, including the latest production touching the Aberdeen University Election, where G-SCH-N hopes to ride in on my back.

But that was nothing to the letter they got me to write about the Glasgow University Rectorship. That was, unhappily, not my first production on the subject. Months ago I was asked what I thought of R-S-B-RY as Rector, and I let them have my opinion straight. A better fellow, take him all round, there isn't in either House. Just the man to be Lord Rector of a Scotch University, if he cares to undertake the office. Since then, however, L-TT-N comes along, and with that stupendous ambition for personal distinction which I don't understand, not satisfied with being Ambassador to Paris, wants to be Lord Rector of Glasgow University. Of course they come to me to back him up,—a peculiarly hot corner to put a fellow in. It happens not only that I have published my opinion about R-S-B-RY, but all the world knows what I think of L-TT-N. Still, as the M-rk-ss says, we must keep out GL-DST-NE from Downing Street; and so we'll put in L-TT-N for Glasgow University. A hard pill to swallow, but I gulped at it, and the letter was written. But between you and me, TOBY, I felt nearer being mean than I ever did in my life, and would go a long way round rather than look a Glasgow University lad in the face.

Still, it is no new experience for me to be persuaded to do things I don't like. I'm swallowing hard pills in the Conservative interest now, but many a box I've cleared out in former days to make things pleasant for GL-DST-NE. You've seen me, I daresay, reluctantly brought up to the box on the table of the House, patted, pushed, placed in position, and made to support all kinds of things, which a few months or weeks earlier I honestly believe I loathed. As I write I see GL-DST-NE nodding encouragingly as I proceed. I hear the rapturous cheers of the Radicals, delighted to find me won over. I am conscious of the chilling silence on the benches immediately behind, and I am roused to more desperate declaration by the satirical cheers of my friends on the benches opposite. I recall, as it were but yesterday, the effect H-RC-RT's cheer used to have upon me—the strong temptation to turn round, publicly chuck up the whole business, and go back to the expression of my opinion on the particular topic before GL-DST-NE took me in hand.

That's all over now, at least in that particular development. But it's the same old thing over again in altered circumstances.

After I had consented to support GL-DST-NE's last Land Bill, he sent me a gushing letter, in which he said that, turning over the pages of T-RT-LL-N, he had come upon a passage which might well be engraved on my tombstone. I thought at the time it was, in chronological circumstances, rather cool his preparing a tombstone for me. But that by the way. Here is the epitaph:—

"Sic vita erat; facile omnes perferre ac pati;  
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere;  
Eorum obsequi studiis; adversus nemini,  
Nunquam præponens se aliis.—"

But that was, of course, before I bolted on the Home-Rule question. I fancy he has found another passage since.

I know I'm not a person of any conspicuous ability. If I had not been born a C-V-ND-SH I would never have been even a CH-PL-N. But as things fell out, I am like the boy in the middle of the balanced plank, at the end of which two others sit. According as I move to the right or to the left, one end of the plank goes up, and the other down. So the friends on either side constantly shoulder me one way or the other; which is all very well for them, but rather a nuisance to me.

It is part of this perpetual little game by which I am used for the convenience of others, that you get all the talk about my being Premier. I am not at all sure that I should not be shouldered into *that* by-and-by, if it were not for GR-ND-LPH. I do not pretend to see further through a ladder than an ordinary passer-by; but it is clear to me that you can never have a Government rival to the regular Liberals (observe, I do not say a Conservative Government) without GR-ND-LPH. It is no secret that I have never hankered after GR-ND-LPH, neither liking him, nor believing in him. You know what Dr. J-HNS-N said about C-LL-Y C-BB-R. I don't exactly, but it was something to the effect that "as for CIBBER, if you take away from his conversation all that he should not have said, he is a poor creature." That is a way of putting it curiously applicable to GR-ND-LPH. If you take away from his political speeches all that he should not have said, he is a poor creature, a presumptuous rattle-trap, the *gamin* of Conservative politics. But if I undertake the titular headship of the Conservative Party, I shall have to deal with him, and that, as they say in a circular space of which I now see too little, is not good enough.

That is my present opinion. But, bless us all! I may be talked round on this point, and used by a Party as I was when I made my first appearance in the House of Commons nearly thirty years ago, and, a mere stripling, was made the instrument of turning out a powerful Government. Yours dejectedly,

H-RT-NGT-N.

(By a *Disappointed Sportsman*.)

The plane's broad plates of weather-beaten gold  
Lie shrunk and sodden in the miry way,  
Never around the dappled trunk to play  
Again with tricky beams, and breezes bold.

Night swathes the sober light in thickening fold,  
Like a grey moth, webb'd in a prison grey,  
And the wan willow to the dying day  
Gleams like despair, unsoled and untold.

Now from the village tow'r the bells begin  
Their sad-soul'd chiming, as a sullen boy  
Wails on in wantonness. Oh, to greet again  
Thames's bright Strand, his theatre-studded joy,  
The postman's frequent rap, the newsboy's din,  
The constant cab, the ever-circling train.

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"IN THE SO-CALLED NINETEENTH CENTURY."—When giving three Bishops a little touching up in Mr. KROWLES'S *Nineteenth Century*, why does the playful Professor always write "*à priori*" instead of "*a priori*?" As no one would accuse Mr. HUXLEY of falling into a "clerical error," the explanation must be that he had nothing to do with it, or didn't know any better, or his printer would have it so, or the Printer's Devil possessed him, or Bathybius got loose and played the mischief with the type. Perhaps it is we who are wrong, if so, we ask has it anything to do with the new accent which is to be used in the pronunciation of Latin? A trifling matter—but for a Professor so "acute" such an accent may be considered a "grave" mistake.

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**THE GLADSTONE BAIT.**

"As regards Home Rule for Ireland, I may say I am prepared to go as far as Mr. GLADSTONE'S own words warrant," &c., &c.—*Times*, Nov. 9.



*Joe, the Incomplete Angler (to himself), "I THINK I'LL CATCH 'EM WITH THIS!"*

*The Incomplete Angler singeth:—*

It was all very well, when afar from the "swim,"  
 With tackle unready, and plans rather dim,  
 To go in for splashes and plunges.  
 Though, whether Lord S-L-SB-RY thought it so well,  
 I am not quite assured. How the papers did yell  
 At my whirls, and my whisks, and wild lunges!

But now, on the spot, with the fish all about,  
 The Waltonian *rôle*, there is not the least doubt,  
 Befits a diplomatist Angler.  
 I must not dance war-dances, shy heavy stones,  
 Or talk in the strident stentorian tones  
 Of a partisan public-house wrangler.

I frighten the fish with my shindy? No, no!  
 I will show there's a fisherman's tact about JOE.  
 I make a *fiasco*? No, thankee!  
 I'll be as discreet as *Piscator* could wish,  
 In a style will enchant the Canadian fish,  
 And utterly ravish the Yankee.

But now, as to bait? Well, ahem!—yes, I fear,  
 The Gladstonian minnow is popular here,—



It's a bait I abominate wholly.  
And yet—if I fish as I fancy—I feel  
I perhaps may go home with no fish in my creel,—  
And that would be most melancholy!

I am sure my own patent assortment of flies  
Ought to make *any* fish in the universe rise;  
My spoon-bait is terribly killing  
In some Irish waters. But here,—well, my hook  
Must be hidden with something from Hawarden's old book,  
Though to use it I own I'm unwilling.

Ha! ha! Yes, I have it. I've made up a bait  
That some will think Old, and that some will think Great,  
And all will deem Grand—if it nicks 'em.  
It's green—shot with orange; the fins have a look  
Of a pair of big collars. Great Scott, what a hook!  
Yes, this, I am certain, must fix 'em.

It is—and it isn't—the very same bait  
That the Nottingham fellows—as anglers so great—  
Consider the pink of perfection.  
Why, WILLIAM himself might well capture a dish  
With this bait; did he use it, I'm sure, not a fish  
Would so much as think of rejection.

Now, my Starred-and-striped beauties! Canadian pets!  
Crossed-Irish, so doubtful of hooks and of nets!  
I drop it in—so! Won't it rummage 'em?  
Some sneer at my angling. How savage they'll be  
When the secret of my great success they will see  
Is Gladstonian bait—à la Brummagem!

[Left winding and winking.]

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By GEORGE!—A first-rate speech was made by the new Patent Commander-in-Chief GEORGE RANGER, Duke of CAMBRIDGE, at the dinner of Volunteer Sergeants, Justice Cotton,—Gun-Cotton on this occasion—in the Chair. "I have always stated," said the Brave old Chief, "that the best way to avoid war, is to be so strong that nobody would think of attacking you." Hear! Hear! *F. M. Punch* likes this sort of strong language from GEORGE RANGER, and hopes that His Royal Highness will be made Patent President of the International Arbitration Court.

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**THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.**

"WHY DID THAT POLICEMAN TOUCH HIS HAT TO YOU, AUNTY? HAVE YOU GOT ONE AS WELL AS NURSE?"

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## NOTICE!

In consequence of the great success attending the sale of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "Chips," the Grand Old Chief is in future to be known as "the Last of the Ochipaways!" But he refuses to bury the hatchet.

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### New Version.

O'BRIEN the thin his own breeches would wear,  
And have nothing to do with the Government pair.  
"If my patriot legs they those pants would thrust in,  
They must do it themselves," said O'BRIEN the thin.

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On the 22nd, the *Ædipus Tyrannus* is to be produced at Cambridge. One of the members of the A. D. C. wanted to bring out an old burlesque on *Ædipus* at the Club Theatre on the same night, but Mr. J. W. CLARKE of Trinity, General Manager and University Entrepreneur, immediately objected that it would be irreverent to turn the awful story of *Ædipus* and *Jocasta* into a jest, "For," said he, "you certainly cannot 'joke as ta' that." The Master of Trinity has summoned the Fellows to consider what ought to be done to the other Fellow.

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A NEW LIFE.—Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, author of *Clytie*, and quite recently of *The Gay World*, a novel which has created a considerable sensation, is coming out as the biographer of "Friend TOOLE." Author and Actor have been about together a great deal lately; in fact so much so, as to give rise to the report that Mr. J. L. TOOLE was dreadfully afraid of catching cold, as he was never seen anywhere without his Hat on.

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The British Mission in Abyssinia seems to have got into difficulties. The Negus won't listen to the Queen's English as contained in HER MAJESTY'S letter. This Negus evidently is not so sweet as usual: a little punch-in' his head would do him some good. At all events this Negus must be stirred up and taken down pretty sharply.

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## THE TOWN MOUSE'S TRIALS.

[Dr. MILNER FOTHERGILL has published a pamphlet on *The Effects of Town Life upon the Human Body*.]

O Doctor MILNER FOTHERGILL, it's hard to hear you state,  
That people who must dwell in towns will all deteriorate;  
We all live at too fast a rate, and ought to be more placid,  
And, like the Ichthyosaurus, we develop too much acid.

Moreover the good Doctor, too, this sad assertion makes,  
The dweller in the country can enjoy his Banbury Cakes;  
But here in town he warns each man his constitution's undone  
By flour and fat, and so adieu to pleasant cakes in London.

We're getting smaller, too, in size: our Mentor bids us go  
And pit ourselves 'gainst effigies we see when *chez* TUSSAUD;  
And then he ventures on what seems a terrible assertion—  
He says we've ta'en a lower form, and calls it "retroversion."

Our nervous system's too much forced, like early hot-house peas—  
Our children are inferior to bumpkins, if you please;  
In fact this pamphlet quite enough to give a man a fright is,  
With all its nasty prophecies of childish *meningitis*.

Town life is most unnatural; but, hang it, Doctor, you  
Know somebody must live in town, and so what shall we do?  
Why, just forget your catalogue of city-bred diseases,  
And let each fellow eat and drink exactly what he pleases!

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Mr. CHAMPION (not one of the Seven of Christendom) writing to the *Times* in defence of the Socialists—and writing very effectively too—said, "Of OLDLAND, who has been committed for trial, I know nothing, except that he is a total abstainer." Is he? Then why didn't he abstain from attending a disorderly meeting in Trafalgar Square?

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MORAL GOVERNMENT REQUIRED.—We are always reading of Vice-Presidents everywhere. Are there no Virtue-Presidents?

## SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.



Rather a Close Shave.

*The Arabian Nights*, at the Globe, is a piece chiefly remarkable for the performances of Messrs. HAWTREY and PENLEY, and Miss LOTTIE VENNE. The play is an adaptation from the German. It has been "done into English" at least once before, when, under the joint authorship of a lady and gentleman, a version was produced with the very appropriate title of *The Skeleton*. The Comedy in Newcastle Street, Strand, is more than a framework, for it has sinews, and resembles, to some extent flesh and blood. Miss LOTTIE VENNE has not been seen to so much advantage since she embodied *Betsy* at the Criterion; and Mr. PENLEY, in his get-up, suggests that he has not altogether forgotten a character he played years ago in *Our Club*. The part now taken by Mr. HAWTREY was, I believe, originally intended for Mr. WYNDHAM. The plot is of the usual character. A married man, in the absence of his wife, gets involved in a more or less innocent flirtation with some one else, and, to escape from this entanglement, on the return of his better half, has to trust to his power of invention as a substitute for a plain statement of facts. Mr. HAWTREY, as the embarrassed husband, was guilty of verbal equivocation (to use a pleasant substitute for "lying") with an earnestness that insured success. This is very like somebody's piece called *Truth* at the Criterion. *The Arabian Nights* is a kind of piece that will be the better for "working up," and indeed it is a joke which will be improved by repetition. Some of the lines are so daring, that only a male GRUNDY could have written them. If the well-known lady of the same name had heard them, I fancy they would have been erased by request. On the first night, however, all went well, and I can only trust that every succeeding audience will be equally appreciative, and not more exacting.

I frankly admit that the Royal Westminster Aquarium has a terrible fascination for me. It is not the fact that years ago it was opened by the Duke of EDINBURGH, as a tribute to the memory of the late lamented Prince CONSORT, that attracts me, nor do I think that the recollection that the Survivors of the Balaclava Charge take their annual dinner in commemoration of the battle of the 25th of October on the second-floor back favourably impresses me—no, I imagine that I am drawn towards it by the posters. Certainly the hoardings persuaded me to see *La Belle Fatma* and to assist at a *séance* with the Wolves. The other evening I was lured within its highly illuminated walls by the announcement that those who were present in the stalls in front of the Central Stage at ten o'clock would see a Shaving Contest. Two barbers were to shave a number of members of the public for the stakes of £50 or £100 (I forget which) a side. I arrived in good time and was told (I fancied rather contemptuously) that the contest was to come off in "the Balloon Room." I made my way to this mysterious apartment, which proved to be a hall decorated with charts and maps and not too brilliantly lighted by one gas-jet. A small man, assisted by a smaller, stood in front of several chairs, behind which were ranged toilet necessaries. A mildly-spoken gentleman in evening dress and a neck scarf then addressed the audience (chiefly composed of persons in pot hats), and told them (so I understood him to say) that "the Management" had considered it better to have the entertainment in the Balloon Room instead of the Central Stage as more appropriate. He then was loud in his admiration of a patent American razor, which was passed from hand to hand for inspection amongst the audience. After a while some youths were induced to come up to be shaved, and were shaved by the small barber whose eyes had been covered with a bandage before the commencement of the operation. When the first youth was "done," the mildly-spoken gentleman observed that he had great pleasure in announcing that the gentleman had been shaved by Mr. So-and-so, (I forget the barber's name) blindfolded, without having been cut! This encouraging information was received with cheers, but I could not help fancying that the audience was not subsequently quite so eager to assist by submission to the razor in contributing to the blindfolded barber's triumph. Then the mildly-spoken gentleman announced that the contest would not come off, for some reason that was not quite clear to me. Hereupon a rather aggressive person claimed to be shaved—and shaved he was, also another person of an older growth than the first applicants. The aggressive person turned upon his co-shavist (if I may be allowed to coin a word) and feeling his chin declared him to be only half shaved. Then several other persons felt the man's chin and expressed the same opinion. Then there was a "scene," which I understood the mildly-spoken gentleman to declare to be "an unseemly altercation," and officers of the institution in uniform were introduced. The aggressive person continued his aggressiveness, and claimed to be the Champion Shaver of a large territory including (I think) both the inhabited and uninhabited portions of the globe. Then a gentleman in morning dress, connected with the Management appeared, and we were all requested politely to leave. I followed with the crowd, for I had an idea (no doubt it was a foolish fancy) that if I had not I should have been "chucked out." I spent the rest of the evening in admiring a lady who claimed to be one of the strongest women, if not the very strongest woman in the world, and wondering why, before having a cannon fired off, from the support of her shoulder, she should think it necessary to wave the British flag and appear in the costume of BRITANNIA.

The Lord Mayor's Procession was also a "Show," and a very important Show of the week. It has

been so fully described that it requires only a passing notice. The cars on their return were more pleasing than on their first appearance, for when seen with the horses' heads turned westwards the poor creatures, engaged to grace our London holiday, were shivering in the heavy downpour. Even Father Thames (who should have been in his element) seemed dissatisfied. When dismissed at the Royal Courts, and told they might make the best of their way home, the thinly-clad representatives of Music, Prosperity, and Commerce, were allowed to assume shawls and wraps, and other protections from the weather. Why before starting were they not all supplied with umbrellas? It is true that BRITANNIA would have looked a little incongruous with a *parapluie*.—I put this in French in honour of the Brave Beige Mi LOR DE KEYSER,—but, on the other hand, she did not seem *much* like England without one. The Show was like all its predecessors, inasmuch as it served once more as an excuse for a subsequent luncheon party in pleasant company, and again afforded the populace a glimpse of the LORD MAYOR and Corporation in their not very frequently assumed characters of the wealthy Unemployed.

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### Strictly Private.

(From Mr. Secretary B-If-r.)

STOKES! STOKES!  
No more of your jokes,  
In sending O'BRIEN to gaol.  
For what we're to do,  
With *him*—all through you—  
Is a puzzle; you've shown *trop de zèle*.

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### More Reminiscences.

We've scarcely done *with*  
Our bright Mister FRITH,  
When out comes a dollop  
By T. DOLLY TROLLOPE.

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PROFESSORS OF THE "DECORATIVE" ARTS.—General CAFFAREL and Madame LIMOUSIN.

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A BURLY GENTLEMAN.—The Moral out of the Hurly-Burleigh affair is this, When an Editor commissions one of his "salaried assistants," as Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY might term them, to report the proceedings of such a meeting as that held in Trafalgar Square, he should apply to the Chief Commissioner of Police for a *passe-partout*, which would serve as a trump card to be played when in doubt. It was rather hard on the doughty Soudan Correspondent, who is every inch a soldier—round the waist included—to be Soudanly "run in." It is one thing to be taken up by the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and quite another to be taken up by the Police. Still as *Mr. Weller Senior* persisted in asking, "Why worn't there an Alleybi?" so we cannot help regretting that Mr. BENNETT BURLEIGH had not been furnished with proper credentials.

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### Rather Mixed.

*Pugilist Enthusiast (to Musical Ditto)*. I'm glad they gave SULLIVAN a bouquet.

*Musical Ditto (on the wrong tack)*. He deserves it. I see they've put his *Pinafore* on again.

*Pugilistic Enthusiast (puzzled)*. His pinafore! What's that for?

*Musical Ditto*. To give him breathing time, I suppose, before he makes his next hit. Ta Ta!

[*Exit Musical Ditto without further explanation.*]

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Mr. WALTER BESANT wrote to the *Times* last Saturday to deny having signed a petition in favour of the Chicago Anarchists. He admitted that he had received such a petition, to which he had not returned any answer. Mr. BESANT, in his dealings with "all sorts and conditions," should remember that "silence gives consent"—an aphorism (is this all right, Mr. MORLEY?) naturally attributed to TACITUS.

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## OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

*Monarchs I Have Met*, by BEATTY KINGSTON (CHAPMAN & HALL), is a title which recalls the old story in SMITH'S *Irish Diamonds*, and reproduced in another form by CHARLES LEVER, of the little crossing-sweeper who ran home to his mother and recounted how he had met WILLIAM THE FOURTH. "Mother, sure I've met the King this mornin'! An' he spoke to me!!" "Did he now? Bless his Majesty! An'



what might the King have said to yez, PATSY?" "What did he say to me, is it? Sure, he said, 'Get out of the way, ye dirty little blackguard!'" Not that the Monarchs were so rude to Mr. BEATTY KINGSTON, whose entertaining society was rather thrust on the Monarchs by his employers than sought by the Royal Personages themselves. If Mr. KINGSTON was entertaining in one sense, so were the Monarchs in another. The first volume is especially festive. Within the first 183 pages there is more eating and drinking than in any other book I can call to mind since *Pickwick*. These pages must be not only read, but well digested. The writer congratulates himself on "not having let anything escape him;" and certainly nothing eatable or drinkable seems to have done so. He seems to be always smacking his lips over reminiscences of the savory and the succulent—"Savory and More" should be his motto—and it is sad to record that apparently—but I

trust I am mistaken in my deduction—he glories in iced champagne, which is rank heresy, and an abomination to the true epicure. His stories are told in an amusing, rough-and-ready, barrack-like, swaggery-Germany-soldiery style; and *rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur*. He witnesses the ceremony of anointing the King of Hungary, and describes the function as the Primate "oiling" his Majesty, as if the latter were having his locks Macassar'd, and the Archbishop were the hair-dresser. Mr. BEATTY KINGSTON, according to the Book of B. K., or "the B. of B. K.," seems to have been generally entertained in the "most sumptuous manner" wherever he went in Germany and Hungary—he is very German, and always very Hung'ry—and writes of his sojourn in these countries with a full heart. Then, in the second volume, he finds himself in Rome, where there was "nothing fit to eat," "food bad," "cookery abominable, and the wine worst of all." If the perusal of the first part of the B. of B. K. causes many a mouth to water, his wretched plight in the second will draw tears from the eyes of the least sympathetic. He complains,—indeed, it is his first and most important grievance,—"*Imprimis*, there was not a bit of clear ice to be had in the Eternal City. Whatever liquid was cooled at all had to be inserted in salt snow." What a cruel hardship for any man to bear, especially a rollicking epicure who revels in "*Roederer carte blanche* of Alpine coldness." However, there was a good deal for him to swallow in Rome, and for lack of better food, he seems to have taken it in with all the alacrity of a dutiful Special with an appetite for gossip. The book finishes with less solid eating, but there is smoking perfumed golden tobacco, preserve-tasting, hot coffee drinking, an interesting account of LESSEPS, and also of Prince MICHAEL of Servia. Altogether, these are the volumes of a Voluble Voyager, containing the amusing tales of a Talkative Traveller, who can run on by the hour, with no one on the spot to interrupt or contradict him.

I received, some time since, a charming little book, daintily bound in vellum, called *The Joyous Neighbourhood of Covent Garden*, for which I have to thank Mr. CHARLES EYRE PASCOE. It is styled "a literary souvenir," and, I fancy, is not intended for publication. It was brought out early this year, but at the time of its first appearance I did not see it. If still unpublished, it is to be hoped that it will not remain so for long. His account of EVANS'S in the days of PADDY GREEN must revive in not a few of us whose memory is still "green," the reminiscences of many a cheery evening, though Mr. PASCOE seems only to have visited EVANS'S when it was enlarged, and not in the good stuffy old days, when PADDY GREEN himself took the chair. The author says that Mr. JOHN GREEN was "the personification of a stout, cheery, open-hearted, kindly English landlord." Not "English, you know"—"PADDY" GREEN could not well be that, though he might, I admit, "personify" the character. Anyone wishing to learn as much as he can possibly carry away with him at a sitting should get Mr. PASCOE'S book, and if it is not published, I only wish he may get it.

In the *Dublin Review* (BURNS AND OATES) for this quarter, there is a most interesting review of the various Jewish and anti-Jewish books, which within the last two years have made a considerable stir on the Continent, especially in France. The Ancient Hebrew Race are, it appears, to possess the earth,—ultimately. In all persons with a spark of genius, nay even with only a talent for music, for drama, for any art whatsoever, there is—nay, say some enthusiastic Judaizers, there must be—Jewish blood. Most Christians will be inclined to grant the artfulness of the race, traditionally. The Jews claim every great Genius. At this, *Mr. Punch* will put his finger to his nose, and meditate whether he too has not his share in the *damnosey hæreditas*. A footnote to the article quotes G. DE PASCAL as stating that, "CROMWELL proposed to sell Ireland to the Jews for 2,000,000 sterling a year." Then why didn't he do it? Because the Jews wouldn't buy it, I suppose. If they had, at this present time the English Government would have been dealing with the O'ROTHSCHILDs, the O'LEVYS, and so forth, and on the National flag, the Harp of Erin would have become the Jews' Harp. That SHAKSPEARE was a Jew, and that his real name was MOSES, is a theory which the notes of the new edition of SHAKSPEARE, now being brought out by MESSRS. HENRY IRVING and FRANK MARSHALL, will probably go some way towards establishing.

YOUR OWN BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

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## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

*Brief Tragi-Comedy for the Times.*

ACT I.—A West End Club Smoking Room. Philosophic Philanthropists discovered disposing of question of the hour.

*First Philosophic Philanthropist (putting down Times).* Well, I'm sure nothing could be more satisfactory, and it's all clearly set down here. Not a single soul in the Metropolis need pass the night in the streets. Here's the whole thing set out, chapter and verse. It seems the Police take the matter in hand, and there's a decent night's lodging provided for every single tramp who's in want of it.

*Second Philosophic Philanthropist.* Just so. Of course one knows there's no end of exaggerated clap-trap talked about the matter. The thing's as simple as can be. They're drafted off to the Casual Wards, where there is clean, wholesome, and comparatively comfortable accommodation; and the system works perfectly, and is capitally organised.

*First Philosophic Philanthropist (warmly).* Capitally!

[*Are left mutually congratulating each other on the ample provision made by the Authorities for the nightly shelter of the homeless Metropolitan poor as the scene closes in.*]

ACT II.—*Exterior of a Casual Ward. Time 9 P.M. Thirty Shivering Creatures in charge of Practical Policeman, discovered waiting outside in the wind and rain.*

*First Shivering Creature.* I say, Bobby, d'you think we shall git in 'ere? I'm almost froze, and am that drippin' there ain't a bloomin' dry rag upon me.

*Practical Policeman (who has already been to three other Casual Wards with his "charges" but has found them all full).* You wait a minute; perhaps we shall have luck here. (*The Master appears.*) Well, Mister Master, have you got any room?

*Master.* No; full as we can hold. (*Surveying the shivering crowd.*) How many are you? Twenty or thirty! Hum—well, I might squeeze in five. Pick 'em out.

[*First Shivering Creature and four others are passed into a damp close, stone-paved room, crowded with human beings, some of which are lying on a few wooden benches, the majority being huddled in heaps upon the floor.*]

*First Shivering Creature.* Wot! Call this a night's lodging? Why, quod's a pallis to it! [*Sinks down in a corner, and huddles himself to sleep with the rest.*]

*Master (concluding his address to Policeman).* Well, good-night to you. Your best game would be Wapping, I should say—not, though, that I think they'll be able to help you.

[*Shuts door on Policeman and his "charges," who try Wapping, from which place, being "full," they are directed in turns to several other Wards in different parts of the Metropolis, but after trudging about for hours and finding no room anywhere, they eventually draw up outside a Casual Ward in the Bermondsey district at 1 A.M.*]

*Practical Policeman (coming to the point).* Well, as I can't get you in 'ere, nor, as it seems, anywheres, I must leave you to shift for yourselves. [*Retires pensively.*]

*Second Shivering Creature.* Well, mates, there ain't then nuffink for it but the "Square" agin; so I'm hoff.

[*Straggles aimlessly westward, followed at intervals by other Shivering Creatures as Curtain descends on "capitally organised" Tableau.*]

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MOST APPROPRIATE EVIDENCE.—Mistress MARGARET DILLON, Midwife and Monthly nurse, who brought an action against the Irish Secretary for slander, had determined to produce in Court several most respectable wet-nusses to character.

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MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS advertise *Jack the Fisherman*, by Miss PHELPS. A catching title, and which sounds like a continuation of *Exchange for a Sole*, by Miss LINSKILL.

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### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Her Ladyship.* "I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE COMING TO OUR CONCERT IN THE SCHOOLROOM TO-NIGHT, PRICE! MISS DAVEY, THE GREAT CONTRALTO FROM LONDON, IS COMING TO HELP US, YOU KNOW!"

*Old Servant.* "YES, MY LADY, WE WAS A SAYING IN THE SERVANTS' 'ALL AS WE FELT VERY HANXIOUS ABOUT 'ER. THEY DON'T APPRECIATE ANYTHING REALLY FUST-RATE DOWN 'ERE. NOW YOU AND MISS HEMMAR ALWAYS TAKES BEAUTIFUL, MY LADY!"

## THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE FUTURE.

*Skilled Mechanic of Old School loquitur:—*

It's a nice pretty state of affairs, if you look at the business all round!

If someone don't alter it somehow, Old England must come to the ground.

I've thought it all out a good bit, for it touches us home, don't you see;

It puzzles the swells, so, no doubt, it's too much of a twister for me.

But I look at the thing from a side which they can't have their eye on,—not close,—

A fair forty year at the bench ought to give one the tip, I suppose.

If me and my mates and the masters, the Book *and* the Bench, could combine

To take the job fairly in hand, I suppose we could strike out a line.

Odd luck if we couldn't, at least; but we *don't* pull together, you see:

Pull devil pull baker's the game,—it's a mad one, as most will agree.

The Book and the Bench! There's the nip. And a fellow will see—if he'll look—

That although the three R's are good value, a man cannot *live* by the Book.

True, Bench without Book may be blindish, but Book without Bench may be worse,

To read penny papers won't feed you, if you haven't pence in your purse.

Men can't live on cackle not nohow, the bulk of 'em that is to say;

A few gassy spouts can, of course; for *they* prate, don't you see, and *we* pay;

But *that* rule will not work all round, thanks be!—a skilled hand, a sharp eye

Are the artisan's proper rig-out; and as for the rest of it, why

Mr. Schoolmaster there does his best with his 'ologies, 'isms, and things,

But if a man's lot is to trudge, it is small use a-fitting him wings.



No, I 'm not against learning, not me; but life's battle means  
gumption and tools,  
That is for the general ruck, and the saps who deny it are fools.  
I remembered my father, old Millwright, in days as no more will be  
seen,  
When a man put his soul in his work, a mechanic was not a  
machine.  
It would take lots o' "technical" teaching to bring our lads up to his  
trim,  
Or make our mere chippers and filers a match for such workmen as  
*him*.  
He *had* been through the mill, a rare grind, for apprenticeship then  
meant it's name.  
I have known him take ten quid a week, only wish I could earn half  
the same.  
Times altered? Of course; so have systems, and not for the better  
some ways.  
I've read, for I *can* read, you know, of the wild old apprentices' days,  
When the shout of "Clubs! Clubs!" roused the town, and political  
feelings ran high,  
And the stiff Spanish courtiers went weak in the hams at the  
ominous cry.

Wild blades!—but the youngsters could work, knew their craft; but  
you pale, loose-limbed lout,  
The sort of crammed hobbledehoy that the School-Board appears to  
turn out,  
Who can spell out Sedition in penn'orths, and howl it out hot in the  
Square,  
If you give him the "Work" that he yells for with so much wild  
blather and blare,  
What sort of a fist will he make of it? Which of the blustering band  
Has a really sound head on his shoulders, a really skilled craft to his  
hand?

And Capital wrangles with Labour, each hating the other like  
snakes;  
And the Foreigner creeps in and up, and the Board Agent comes  
and he takes  
Our boys, and he crams 'em with kibosh as makes 'em too big for  
their breeches;  
But real true bread-winning knowledge—the stuff that the Bench  
only teaches—  
They don't find set down in their books, with their 'isms and  
'ometries—no;  
But the nipper's turned out in the world, and then what shall he  
turn to?—where go?  
Cheap clerking, or rule-of-thumb drudgery, bands, and black flags,  
and that rot?  
They may give it what fine names they like, but it simply means  
going to pot!  
And the swells snarl and sneer, and the bobbies are bid to be sharp  
with their staves,  
And the dupes who get all the cracked heads are informed if they  
don't they'll be slaves.



### THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE FUTURE.

*(And the sooner we get him the better.)*

BRITISH WORKMAN: "BOTHER YOUR 'OLOGIES AND 'OMETRIES, LET *ME* TEACH HIM SOMETHING USEFUL!"

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Seems to me all a muddle all round. Half the Masters are grinders  
and grabs,  
And the men, when not cynical churls, are too apt to be shirkers and  
blabs.

I don't see it's a lively look out for my mates, in the country or town,  
With "Standards" and School-rates still rising, and most other things  
going down.

Nice thing for the nippers too, ain't it? The boys may be stuffed at  
both ends,  
Without "technical" knowledge they're wasters; them as tells 'em

this truth are their friends.  
 There 'aint no true "Apprentices" now; seven years of sound  
 teaching don't please.  
 But the masters and workers appear to be sweet upon freedom and  
 ease;  
 Old "Indentures" are too long and tight, so they just shuffle on and  
 slop through,  
 And it's diamond cut diamond all round, till Trade seems just a  
 regular do.  
 I was trained in a different school, and my motto's good work for  
 good wage;  
 But the sweaters and spouters between 'em spoil *that* in this book-  
 learned age.  
 Mister School Teacher just take my tip, I can tell you you're on the  
 wrong lay;  
 You get paid, so I've heard, by results; the results, Sir, are bad, and  
*don't* pay.  
 Boys learning to read, and then spending their pence upon  
 "Highwaymen" trash;  
 Lads knowing the *pons asinorum*, who can't make a door or a sash;  
 Louts lolloping round on the loose, spouting fragments of Socialist  
 stuff;  
 Mobs of "workmen," played shuttlecock with by the ranter, the  
 "red," and the rough;  
 True hands by the thousand left idle, poor mouths by the myriad  
 unfilled,  
 Because Wealth's so hard upon Labour, and Labour's so often  
 unskilled;  
 These are rummy "results!" See this lad, now; he's pale; he's well-  
 packed, I suppose  
 With the stuff that your "Standards" require; well, his schooling  
 must come to a close;  
 To stuff him, and lots of his like, rate-collectors must put on the  
 screw.  
 Well, when you have done with the nipper, the question comes,  
 what can *he* do?  
 Will his bag of books stand him in stead, when he ought to have  
 tools in his bag?  
 Are your "Standards" quite up to the mark, if they lead to the Black  
 or Red Flag?  
 Oh, bother your 'isms and 'ologies! Excellent things in their way;  
 But bread-winning wants something else, and the 'isms without it  
 won't pay.  
 Yes—"Technical Knowledge" they call it—means practical gumption  
 and skill,  
 Or used to when I was a youngster; it may be a sort of a pill,  
 But if you'll stand aside and let *me* teach the lad something useful,  
 my friend,  
 Old England may yet hold her own, which some think a desirable  
 end!

## ROBERT ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.



Determined to have a good long gaze at what I was told was to be a  
 reglar stunning Lord Mayor's Show, such as they has in sum of the  
 low countrys of Urope on werry high occasions, I got a old friend of  
 mine, who's a reglar tribble Bob Major of a bell ringer at a City  
 Church, to git me a ticket for a lovely seat in his boarded Church  
 Yard, oppersite Newgate, and near the Hold Bayley, so there was  
 plenty to cheer us hup afore the Show cum, and plenty to emuse us.  
 Of course the best fun of all was to watch the poore chaps in the  
 crowd below us a being scrowged and shoved and pushed about,  
 while we sat in our bootiful crimson seats just like so many hement  
 swells in the theatre, a looking down on the common fellers beneath

'em.

I don't think, upon the hole, if I had my choice, that I woud choose to be a Perliceman on Lord  
 Mare's Day. Ony to think of the diffrence betwixt them and hus! They begins hurly, we begins  
 late; they is, aperiently, on their poor feet all day long, we merely spends a hour or two in the  
 hevening on them useful xtremes; they has to snatch a bit of quite plane food and drink anyhow  
 and anywheres, while we—but no! I draws a whale over the thrilling contrast; there's sum things  
 as is best left to the emadgination, speshally such things as them things. And when at length they  
 seeks their tired homes, what has they to console 'em for their long day's pushing and scrowging?

Nothink! What have we, for our day of ministering to the luxyurious wants of the helegant and refined? Sumthink, but how much, depends upon suckemstances over which unfortnitly we haven't not no control. And I thinks that upon the hole, the libberality of mankind is not a increasing helement, more's the pitty!

What a percession it was when at full length it came at last! It begun with the flags and the principle officers of no less than 8 City Washupfool Companies. And which of the Officers was it as first fixt my gaze, and held it firmly? Need I say it was the Beedles in their butiful Clokes of office. There was a quiet dignerty, not to say a degree of subblimmity in their demeener, as quite affected me, and I at once confess, amost arowshed my henvy. Wat a termination to my great career! But keep quiet my throbbing buzzom, and pass on. Of the four bootiful Cars drawn by 6 strong horses, I gives my wote without no hezitation to the Epping Forest one. It was xactly like life, specially the gents a pretending to carry partridges on their fistes, which was all probbably washed off by the rain.

The late Lord Mare was in werry good time, and passed by amid our shouts, looking jest as good-tempered as he did last year, when he was our Rising Son of power. At last came the Ero of the day in his grand old Coach of State, and then came one of the principle ewents of the journey, for the Carridge and all its six horses was stopt, and about harf-a-dozen most respectabel looking gents, all of whom I was told was Churchwardens and Owerseers of the werry hiest quality, all drest in their werry best close, and wearing butiful reel gold Badgers, went bang up to the State Coach and sed something werry kind to the LORD MARE, and gave him something for hissself, at which he seemed werry much pleased, and said sumthink werry nice in reply, and then we all cheered so artily that the 6 horses got impashent and insisted on going on. So on they went, and I seed 'em no more.

There was a good deal of grumblng about the rain, and it suttently *did* rain. I did try to pass it off as a mere passing shower, but that didn't do after about two hours of it. Sum of the wet higneramusses wanted to make out as it was all the LORD MARE's fault. Well, I wasn't a-going for to stand that gross injustice while I was comfortably a setting in my rheumatic churchyard, so I boldly said as how as all the derangements for the weather was always left to the Hed Waiter, and that after giving my whole mind to the subject, I had decided that, of the two, rain and peace and quietness was far more better than sunshine and row, at which they all larfed, but it put a stop to all the grumblng, so I reckoned that was one to me.

Perhaps the most saddest specktable as was seen by any one pare of eyes on that orful wet day, was the poor gennelmen of the Lord Mare's ousehold a picking their dellicate way through the middle of the muddy road with their butiful wands of office, and striving in wain to keep their lovely pink silk stockings from being soiled by the wulger mud. What their feelings must have been how few can no, specially when they found theirselves the sport of the ribbald jester. I didn't think as the frantic efforts of the hundereds of children to sing "*Rool Britannier*" was werry much helped by the accompanymnt of the passing Band playing werry lowdly, "*All Werry Fine and Large*;" but then, in coarse, tastes differ.

The Bankwet was werry much as usual; that is to say, about the werry grandest thing in the world; but I cannot report the speeches, coz we was all on us all turned out of the All directly as they begun, more's the pitty, but I was priviledged to hear some of the shouting and hollering.

I'm not quite sure whether it's right even of Committee Gentlemen to make fun of one of the werry sacredest of human hinstitootions, wiz., the nessessery refreshment of the xhausted body, and yet I heard one on 'em say to a reel fine tall Cabbinet Minister, who arsked him the werry nateral question, whether they had their dinner afore or after the gestes? "Both, and a little snack after breakfast, and a quite lite supper when it was all over." Praps the xaggeration wasn't werry great, but still there was xaggeration, and xaggeration is the Waiter's cuss!

It rained as I went to my reserwed place in the frendly church-yard, it rained as I went to the Bankwetting All, and it rained as I sort my nupshal couch at about one o'clock, Hay. Hem., and it recalled to fond memory the words of the Royal Hanthem, "Long to rain over us!" ROBERT.

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### **A Line for Browning.**

Who'd write an epic for the age  
Would need a title for his page.  
For one he'd not have far to look—  
"The (Prize) Ring and the (Betting) Book."

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A CHANCE FOR THE SOCIALISTS.—Parliament Hill and other lands adjoining Hampstead Heath to be turned into a People's Park for ever. Five hundred acres in which to congregate and speechify. How delightful for Hampstead!

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### **Obviously.**

Rascality would break the peace,

Would insolently do and dare;  
 Its motto is "Square the Police,"  
 And ours must be "Police the Square."

SWEETS OF OFFICE.—To be appointed one of the British Delegates at the Conference on the Sugar Question.

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**"INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY" IN IRELAND, WITH "INSTANTANEOUS RESULTS."**

[A Letter to the *Times* recommended Instantaneous Photography for the purposes of detection and evidence at proclaimed meetings.]

**NEGATIVE RESULTS.**

[From the Diary of an Irish Instantaneous Photographic Detective.]

*Monday.*—Arrived in Dublin. Consider the first thing to do is to get the goodwill of the Authorities. Make for the Castle. Stopped by a Sentinel. Focus him in two positions, and rush past him before he has time to recover himself. Hurry along corridors, and through passages and ante-chambers, knocking over domestics and Equerry, and two Private Secretaries, and finally burst in upon the Viceroy. Find him at breakfast. Instantly focus him. Take him in the act of putting a piece of hot kidney in his mouth, while Lady LONDONDERRY stands in the background pouring out a cup of tea. He shifts his position, puts down his knife and fork, and stares at me in mute surprise. Lady LONDONDERRY also pauses with the teapot, and regards me with astonishment. The pose is graceful. I at once focus them again. A couple of lovely pictures! They seem even more astonished. Explain my mission, and say that I thought it as well to look in at the "Castle," and see that "things were going on all right." They ring the bell, and give me into custody. Manage, however, to convey to the people at the Police Station that, acting on a suggestion made by Mr. W. H. MALLOCK in a letter to the *Times*, I had come over in the interests of the Government, and didn't think there was any harm in introducing myself familiarly at head-quarters. Add that I think BALFOUR knows what I'm up to. This seems to influence them. Am let out with a caution.

*Tuesday.*—Determine next to look up the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and see how he is getting on. Make for his official residence, hurry upstairs, and present myself. By way of introduction, say I've already been to the "Castle." Jumps up at this, and shouting out "the devil ye have!" seizes the

poker and makes for me. I whip out my camera and focus him. Succeed in taking him in five positions. (1) Yelling at me and jumping over a chair. (2) Throwing an inkstand at my head. (3) Tumbling over a table in pursuit. (4) Bounding out after me on to the landing. (5) Kicking me downstairs. Capital pictures, all of them. Fancy they'll come out well. Escape with my life.

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*Wednesday.*—Hear there's to be a popular meeting at Ballymoonin. Take the train there at once. Find the place crowded. Platform opposite the Town Hall, with speakers on it. Capital subject. Proceed to take an instantaneous photograph, when somebody cries out, "Begorra! shure he's a spy!" Am assailed with a shower of brickbats. Focus several of them. Hit over the head. Appeal to Mounted Policeman. His only reply is to back his horse on to me. Horse plunges and kicks out at my camera. Manage with a little manœuvring to take a fine picture of his hoofs. Riot begins. Am pelted out of Ballymoonin, and rush to station taking occasional instantaneous photographs of rabid pursuers as I fly.

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*Thursday.*—Attend a proclaimed meeting of the Land League at Kilhoolish. Manage to get inside room, and focus the Chairman, when somebody asks me what's my "business there at all." Explain that I've just come to take an instantaneous photograph of the proceedings, in a friendly way. Chairman takes off his coat, and jumps on to the table. Focus him again. Shouts out to me, "Is it a frind ye call yerself? Thin, bedad, me boy, it's jist out of the window we'll put ye." A rush is made at me. Seize camera, and hurriedly take pictures of scuffle in seventeen positions. Am ultimately hurled out of window. Camera thrown after me Never mind. Have secured several excellent pictures of legs, arms, flying chairs, and shillelaghs. Limp off as fast as I can, to develop them.

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*Friday.*—Turn up at Glencreagh to witness an eviction on Lord DOLLIBANNIN'S property. One hundred and fifty Police and two squadrons of Cavalry engaged in supporting Bailiffs. Farm vigorously defended by infuriated natives. Propose to take an instantaneous photograph of interior of premises. Approach window with camera. Am instantly covered with boiling meal, and felled by a crowbar. Endeavour to focus my assailant. Pursues me to garden-gate. Turn on him with camera. Sends me flying over the wall. Pull myself together, and creep off, not altogether disappointed. Find I have succeeded in taking a very fair negative of a pitchfork.

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*Saturday.*—Make for Tullamore, meaning to finish up with an instantaneous photograph of O'BRIEN. Call on Governor of Gaol and explain that I should like to take his prisoner, "clothes and all, just as he is, having a meal, if possible, so as to satisfy the outside public as to his general condition and appearance." Bids me mind my own business, and endeavours to slam the door in my face. Tell him I shall certainly photograph *his* attitude in the matter. Focus him. Makes a rush at me, kicks me into the street, and smashes my camera. So can't even take the sole of his boot. Pity. It would have made a pleasing and striking picture. However, on the whole, not a bad week's work. But must rest now for repairs. Am looking forward with confidence to next.

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### STARTLING!

*He (rapturously).* "AND NOW THAT'S ALL SETTLED, DARLING, WHAT KIND OF ENGAGEMENT RING WOULD YOU LIKE?"

*She.* "OH, GOLD THIS TIME, I HOPE, DEAREST! I'M QUITE SICK OF WEARING IMITATION ENGAGEMENT RINGS!!"

[Tableau!]

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## THE DUSTMAN AND THE BARGE-OWNER.

(A River Carroll.)

"Mr. AKERS DOUGLAS assured Baron HENRY DE WORMS that a system had arisen of London barges, laden with tin kettles, old iron, pots, crockery, and even iron bedsteads, emptying this refuse into the sea near the Isle of Sheppey, and that the Whitstable oyster-beds were in consequence being ruined."—*Daily Paper.*

The Dustman and the Barge-owner  
Were very fast allies;  
They wept like watering-pots to see  
Such rubbish-heaps arise,  
Including iron bedsteads, and  
Pans of enormous size.

"If any householder in Town  
Told me to move this 'ere,  
Do you suppose," the Dustman said,  
"That I should get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the Barge-owner,  
"Unless they gave you beer!

"But I've some barges on the Thames;  
So here's a jolly spree—  
We'll take this lot of tins and pots,  
Also the crockeree;  
And when we're out of sight of land,



We'll drop 'em in the sea!"

The Dustman and the Barge-owner  
They loaded barges four,  
And when they got to Whitstable  
They anchored near the shore;  
The Barge-owner said nothing but  
"Why should we voyage more?"

"But, wait a bit!" an Oyster cried,  
Turning quite blue with dread;  
"You surely would not empty here  
Your refuse on my head!  
I do not want a bedstead, though  
This *is* an *Oyster-bed*."

"The time has come," the Barge-owner  
Remarked unto his mate,  
"To talk of Barking outfall, and  
Our Vestry's last debate,  
And whether pots or liquid slush  
The Oysters most do hate."

"It seems a shame," the Dustman said,  
"To spoil the Oyster breed,  
Considering that, when nice and fat,  
They're very good indeed,  
Eaten with bread-and-butter, brown,  
And flowing bowls of mead."

"I weep for them, I do, I'm sure,"  
The Barge-owner replied;  
Then sorted out the nastiest things  
His rubbish-ship supplied,  
And, winking to his dismal friend,  
He chucked them o'er the side!

"O Oysters dear!" the Dustman cried,  
"Our business we have done.  
I hope you'll find the bedsteads fit."  
But answer came there none;  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd perished every one!

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## THE SHRIMP CURE.

(By Pegwell Bey.)



SIR,—My title is Oriental; but I am a British subject. I address you as an expert. This is the time of Cures—you have the Grape Cure, the Whey Cure, the Water Cure, the Bath Cures, the Cures by German waters—another and a shorter Whey Cure—and the Cure by French watering-places. You have the Homburg Cure, the Wiesbaden Cure, the Royat Cure; indeed, every kind of Cure, except the only Perfect Cure, which I assert to be the "Shrimp Cure!"

I know that the pages of *Punch* are read by all, and, for the benefit of all mankind, I give these notes from my note-book, which is that of a physician who has had great experience all over the world, and especially in the East End of Europe, in order that rich and poor, prince and peasant, may read, and happily find that true balsam, which will so far purge his complaints, that he may become whole and well, and a comfort to his family circle, and the pride of his country. Yes, Sir, come to PEGWELL BEY for a cure, and P. B. exclaims, "In the

name of the Profit! Shrimps!"

A few explanatory words about my installation in the locality. I wanted a Sanatorium. An unfinished row of villas about a mile-and-a-half distant that had long been on the hands of a local speculative builder struck me as the very thing. I took the whole terrace forthwith, speedily instituted a bathing machine fitted up as an ambulance to meet the down-train, and here I am in three months literally turning patients away. I may as well add that to enable me to procure a fresh and constant supply of shrimps for the necessities of my establishment, I have managed to secure the services of a Retired Smuggler, who says he knows the coast, and thinks with a lawn tennis net cut up into pieces, and the assistance of one or two donkey-boys, or even patients, he

can undertake to keep me supplied. But to revert to my experiences.

No. 1. I commence with one of my first cases. I wish to be truthful. It was not a successful one at first. A. B., æt. 45, of nervo-bilious temperament, complained that his nights were fearful; no sleep, pains everywhere, an uneasy sensation as of billiard-balls being poured down his back, a horror of society, and distaste for pastry. I had him placed in the establishment, and began by giving him three pints of shrimps every four hours. For the first twenty-four hours he improved wonderfully, he increased in weight and strength, and his appetite was greater—no other food than shrimps is allowed; but on the second day I found him with a temperature of 205° Fahrenheit, a pulse of 270, respirations 76 in the minute, and in fact in a critical state. I remained with the patient, I sent for my electric lamp and other instruments. I made an examination—a careful scientific examination—and I found that he had eaten the *heads* and *tails*. What was to be done? I called in the Retired Smuggler, and asked his advice. He immediately suggested warm greengage jam. After many anxious hours, this had the effect of completely soothing the system, and my patient breathed again. What relief! Having learnt by experience, I sat with that patient days and days, saw each shrimp carefully peeled and dipped in weak solution of carbohic acid—the result was wonderful. All his hair came off, he looked twenty years older, and completely lost the use of his legs, but he is now able to pursue the laborious occupation of an Art Critic with pleasure to himself and gratification and edification to his numerous readers.

No. 2. The case of a woman in an active stage of consumption is also remarkable. She consumed everything, from a periwinkle to a Perigord pie. In other respects appetite normal. Received her into the establishment—fed her on shrimp-sauce, in quart pots. She came back like the rebound of a watch-spring. She only remained three days—said she was quite well, and suddenly left, unfortunately without giving her address, and so her account remains unpaid. I do not think she will return. The Retired Smuggler is of the same opinion.

No. 3. My next case presents singular features of interest. My patient in this instance was an aged Duke, whose symptoms were unique and peculiar. He had deafening noises in his head, like the explosion of heavy foot artillery, coupled with a continual sensation of descending rapidly, as in a diving-bell out of order, accompanied by sudden and unexpected seizures in the spine, as if he were violently run into in the back by an omnibus-pole. His sight was also affected, magnificent displays of fireworks taking place between him and his morning paper whenever he attempted to look at the leader. I saw at a glance that there was congestion in the case, and at once ordered a massage bath of hot potted shrimps. This was followed at first by the exhibition of some feverish symptoms, but, by a persistent recourse to it uninterruptedly for six consecutive months, they gradually disappeared, and I consider him now in a much improved condition. It is true that his faculties appear to have left him, and that he addresses me as "King of the Coloboo Islands," and, whenever he gets a chance, puts things on the sly across the railway lines to upset the trains, and eats his newspaper; but I fancy the noises in his head have disappeared. I have lately sent him out in charge of the Retired Smuggler, who assures me that, beyond bonneting a middle-aged lady on a donkey with the shrimping-net, beginning a war-dance in a neighbouring public-house, and pushing a shortsighted naturalist who was collecting zoophytes at the end of the pier into the water, there has been nothing at all to distinguish his behaviour from that of any ordinary nobleman making a short stay at the sea-side. I have him now watched, for I think it as well, by six attendants night and day, but I consider him quite my showcase. The more I look at him the more it is brought home to me what wonders the shrimps have done for him.

I could, of course, continue my extracts, but my space is limited, and I must stop here. I think, however, I have revealed enough of the new treatment to induce any waverer to no longer hesitate, but to get it at once, and put himself or herself unreservedly under the careful charge of your highly scientific and circumspect correspondent, PEGWELL BEY.

## "MI LOR MAIRE."



A Brussels Sprout.

The new Belgian Lord Mayor of London, Monsieur POLYDORE DE KEYSER, is, it is said, a proficient in several languages. "English as she is spoke," being one of them. Let us rename him "POLYGLOT DE KEYSER." Every dog must have his day, and so must a Lord Mayor, and a precious bad one Poor POLYGLOT had for making a show of himself on the Ninth. It is rather hard on any Lord Mayor, Mi Lor Maire le Brave Belge not excepted, that the ninth should follow so close upon the heels of the fifth of November. But if a British Lord Mayor must take his chance of the weather, even so must the Brave Belgian

Who in spite of all temptation  
To belong to his own nation,  
Did become an Englishman!  
Yes! an English Alderman!

Even as our latest Lord Mayor, he cannot expect to be exempt from the penalties which a British climate enforces from all citizens of London. During the twelve months reign of POLYGLOT it is probable that

the tune of *The Roast Beef of Old England* will not be heard at Civic festivities, but instead, a new Waltz will be performed entitled *Brussels Sprouts*, which, as a matter of course,—third or fourth course,—will be a favourite dish at the Munching House.

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VERY POLITE.—A certain Civic dignitary who enjoyed the Guildhall Feast on the Ninth, felt uncommonly unwell the next day. Out of compliment to the New LORD MAYOR'S nationality, the worthy citizen, in answer to kind inquiries, sent to say that he was only suffering from *Mal de Maire*.

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IN GOOD HANDS.—"Electric lighting," it is said, "is still in its infancy"—for which fact we could not have better authority than its NURSEY,—we mean the Past-President of the Society of Engineers.



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Transcriber's Notes:

Alternative spellings retained, punctuation normalized.

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