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December 3, 1887, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI

Volume 93

December 3, 1887.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

Mansion House, Dublin, Saturday.



DEAR TOBY,

The news from Ireland, not all of which finds its way into your daily papers, grows in excitement. The exploit of Mr. DOUGLAS P-NE, M.P., of Lisfinny Castle, has taken root, and all the landed gentry among the Irish Members are fortifying themselves in their castles, and hanging themselves outside the front-door by ropes to deliver addresses to their constituents. The regular thing now is to hang out our M.P.'s on the outer wall. I do not see accounts of these proceedings in your London papers. I was, as you know, a Journalist before I was Lord Mayor; so, if you don't mind, I'll send you a few jottings. If there is anything due for lineage, please remit it anonymously to the Land League Fund "From A Sympathiser."

Foremost in this band of heroic patriots is the *châtelain* of Butlerstown, JOSEPH G-LL-S B-GG-R, M.P., Butlerstown Castle, as everyone acquainted with Ireland knows, stands on the summit of a Danish rath, and was once the seat of an O'TOOLE. Now it is the den of JOSEPH G-LL-S. For some time he has been practising a flying leap from the eastern to the western turret, a distance of fifty feet over a yawning abyss, amid the cavernous depths of which the petulant plummet has played in vain. It is thrilling, whether at early dawn, or what time the darkening wing of Night begins to flap, to hear a shrill cry of "Hear, hear!" to see a well-known figure cleaving the astonished air, and to behold JOSEPH G-LL-S, erewhile upright on the eastern turret, prone on that which lifts its head nearer the setting sun. To be present on one of the occasions when JOEY B. reads a Blue Book for three hours to a deputation shivering in the moat, is enough to convince the dullest Saxon of the hopelessness of enthraling a nation which has given birth to such as he. As JOSEPH himself says, quoting, with slight variation, my own immortal verse,—

"Whether on the turret high,
Or in the moat not dry,
What matter if for Ireland dear we talk!"

But the affairs at Butlerstown should not withdraw our gaze from a not less momentous event which recently happened in the neighbourhood of Cork city. Mr. P-RN-LL, as he has recently explained to you, has not found it expedient or even necessary to take part in our recent public proceedings in Ireland. But this abstention is to a certain extent illusory. It is no secret in our inner circles that our glorious Chief was but the other day in close communication with his constituents in the city of Cork. He arrived shortly after breakfast in a balloon which was skilfully brought to pause over the rising ground by Sunday's Well. At the approach of the balloon the trained intelligence of the Police fathomed the plot. The Privy Council was immediately communicated with. Sworn information was laid, and the meeting was solemnly proclaimed by telegraph. In the meanwhile, Mr. P-RN-LL had addressed the meeting at some length and met with an enthusiastic reception. The Police massing in considerable numbers and beginning to bâton the electors, the Hon. Member poured a bag of ballast over them, and the balloon, gracefully rising, disappeared in the direction of Limerick. The proceedings then terminated.

I expect that the success of this new departure, or perhaps I should say this unexpected arrival, will encourage our great Chief to pay a series of flying visits to Ireland. His adventure was certainly happier and more successful than one which befell our esteemed friend TIM H-LY, and nearly brought to an untimely conclusion a life dear to us and of inestimable value to Ireland. TIM was announced to take the chair at a mass meeting summoned under the auspices of the local branch of the Land League of Longford. A room was taken, the word passed round, and all preparations made for a successful meeting. The Police, however, got wind of it, and of course the meeting was proclaimed. But TIM, as you may happen to know, is not the man to have his purpose lightly set aside. It was made known that TIM would make his speech and the Police might catch him if they could. You know, may be, the big factory in the thriving town of Longford—the one with a tall chimbley? Well, the word was passed along again that the bhoys were to assemble about the factory. "Would they bring a chair or a table," they said, "for TIM to stand on?" "No," said TIM, wiping his spectacles, "you leave it to me."

Meeting announced to take place at eight o'clock. On the very strike of the hour, a stentorian voice, not unfamiliar in the House of Commons, floated over the assembled multitude. "Men of Longford," it said, "we are assembled here in the exercise of our privilege as free men." First of all they could not tell where the voice came from. Looking up, behold! there was TIM planted inside the top of the tall chimbley, using it like a Bishop's pulpit. It was a capital idea, and worked admirably for half an hour, with the Police all throbbing and raging round, and TIM eyeing them quite calmly, and all the crowd roaring and cheering, and throwing up their hats, and B-LF-R getting it hot. Somehow, whether from treachery or accident no one knows, and perhaps never will know, but in the middle of one of his best sentences, TIM suddenly vanished from sight, and was a clear three minutes later picked up from among the cinders in the furnace below. The proceedings then terminated.

There is a good deal more I could tell you, TOBY, my bhoys, if time permitted. I should like above all to tell you of Major O'G-RM-N's magnificent oration delivered from the main shaft of the sewer in Waterford, with his former constituents hanging on his lips and the grate of the sewer. But I am just off myself to address a meeting of my fellow citizens. This too, is of course, proclaimed, and equally of course that makes no difference. I get on the top of the Lord Mayor's coach, leaning on the Mace, and supported by the Sword-bearer. The horses move at walking pace, and I address the crowd. It's wonderful what a lot one can take out of B-LF-R that way.

Yours faithfully, T. D. S-LL-V-N.

AMEN!

"In deepest reverence and sincere love, the Reichstag is mindful of His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince. May God protect the dear life of our beloved Crown Prince, and preserve it for the welfare of the Fatherland."—*Telegram from the Reichstag to the Crown Prince.*

"So mote it be!" That deep and reverent prayer
In all true hearts finds echo everywhere;
Not least in those that flush with British blood.
Prince, a loved daughter from our Royal brood,
In trouble as in joy, is at your side,
Sharing your sorrow as she shared your pride.
For her dear sake, and for your own not less,
We wish you, gallant soldier-chief, success
In a dread struggle keener, sterner far
Than those you faced in the fierce lists of war.
We know—have you not proved it?—that 'twill
 be
Met with the same cool steadfast gallantry
As marked your bearing in more martial strife.
Punch joins in that warm prayer for "the dear
 life,"
And echoes, from a far yet kindred strand,
The pleading voices of the Fatherland!

As among the best books for a young man who had to be the architect of his own fortunes, some one in Mrs. RAM's hearing mentioned THOMAS À KEMPIS. "Oh yes," exclaimed the worthy lady, "I know. He built a great part of Brighton which was named after him."

A REAL "ORLEANS" PLUM.—**The forged letters.**

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 4.



SIR W. V. HARCOURT AS FALSTAFF.

"THERE'S NO MORE VALOUR IN THAT *GOSCHEN* THAN IN A WILD DUCK.".... "A PLAGUE OF ALL COWARDS STILL SAY I!" *Henry the Fourth*, Part I., Act ii, Scenes 2 and 4.

Mrs. RAM, at this time of year, takes a great interest in the state of the weather, and studies the daily Meteorological chronicle. She says that she always reads the reports from Ben Nevis's Observatory. She hopes that, one of these fine days, this learned astronomer will be made a Knight. Sir BENJAMIN NEVIS would be, she considers, a very nice title. "Of course," she adds, "judging by his name, he must be a Jew. They're such clever people. And, let me see, ain't there a proverb, or something of that sort, about 'the Jew of Ben Nevis'?"

BISHOP AND PORT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

In my Autobiography, which I am glad and proud to say, has met with your cordial approbation, I have recorded how the late lamented Bishop, Dr. SUMNER, said to me, "I have drunk a bottle of port wine every day since I was a boy." Well, his son, the Archdeacon, is annoyed at this statement. Now, my memory is a very good one, and if I am wrong in one point so circumstantially narrated, why not in several, why not in all? If the Bishop did not say this, to me, *who did?* Somebody said it, that I will swear. Who said it? If my memory fails me, is it not also likely that the Bishop's memory was not particularly good, and consequently, that he was mistaken in thinking that he had drunk a bottle a day since his boyhood? I have little doubt that the Bishop only imagined it, and perhaps he was joking. Perhaps he was playing on the words "bishop" and "port." "Bishop" was a hot drink, I fancy, made with port wine. I have no hesitation in comforting his Archidiaconal offspring by assuring him that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, his father, the Bishop, did not drink a bottle of port every day since his boyhood. He was a very fine old clergyman—I forget whether he was exactly portly or not, or whether he resided in

Portman Square,—and I should say that first-rate port, such as the *elixir vitæ* that made a hale centenarian of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, taken frequently, would have tended to make him the genial prelate he was. Had he only gone into port once, that would not have sufficed to have produced such a Bishop, for "One swallow does not make a SUMNER."

Yours ever, W(ITHDRAW) P(ORT) FRITH.
P.S.—The Archdeacon is satisfied, and if he will only come round to see me and bring a bottle of the port the Bishop didn't drink, why, on my word as an artist, *I'll draw the cork.*

"*What shall he have who kills the Deer?*" Why, something to eat, of course. At least this was, among others, the notion of the poor starving Cottars. And they have now given up venison-eating because the food is deer.

TWO FRENCH PRESIDENTS ROLLED INTO ONE.—M. GRÉVY, on being told that he must resign, wept copiously. This showed a want of resignation. Curious sight, GRÉVY and Tears!

Sir CHARLES WARREN has been presented with the freedom of the Leathersellers' Guild. Capital motto for Policemen in a mob, "Nothing like leather! Leather away!"

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ROBERT AT KILBURN.

I had the cureosity one day to arsk a lerned gennelman on whom I was waiting, whether the poor fellers who lived in the world ever so many hundred years ago had got any Copperashuns. He pretended not to understand me at fust, and said, with a larf, as he dared say as they was made much as we was; that is to say, sum with large ones, and some with little ones; but when I xplained what I reely meant, he told me as they had, speshally among the Romuns as lived in Ittaly. He was a werry amusing Gent, and when I arsked him what langwidge the Romuns torked, he tried to gammon me as they all spoke Latin, ewen the little children and all, but in coarse I wasn't quite such a hignoramus as to swaller that, as my son WILLIAM, who isn't by no means a fool, learnt Latin at Skool for three year and tells me as he carn't speak it a bit. The lerned gent also told me as it was such a rum tung to speak that they hadn't not no word for "Yes!" So that if a Gent of those long days had bin a dining at the "Ship and Turtle" an bin a waited on by an Hed Waiter, like me, and had said to him "Woud you like arf-a-crown, Waiter?" the pore feller woodn't have been able to say, "Yessir!" I was jest a leetle shocked at his torking such rubbish to me, it was hardly respekful, speshally as he had ony drunk one pint of Bollinger and one of our 63 Port, but its astonishing how heasily sum peeples heds is affected. I was in hopes as he woud have tried the experymint on me, but he didn't, but went smiling away.

I shoold werry much have liked to have heard a good deal more about them werry old Copperashuns, and weather they was to be compared to that werry old 'un as I nose so well and respecs so ighly, for good deeds as well as good living. Take their werry last one as a sample. Earing of what was a going on down at Kilburn on Guy Fox day, and finding as the return train would bring me back in time for my perfehnl dooties, I went there and found thowsands of peeples all met in a nice little new Park, that the old LORD MARE was a coming down to fust of all crissen, and then throw open to the publick. And down he came accordingly in his full state Carridge, and his full state Footmen, and his full state Sherryiffs, and their full state Carridges and Footmen, jest for all the world as if he was a going to make a call on a few Royal Princes and Dooks, insted of opening a new Park surrounded by numbers of the reel working-classes. But he always has bin a reel gennelman, and never makes no difference atween rich and poor when he can do some good. I wasn't quite near enuff to hear what he said when he made his speech, but a werry respectable reporter arterwards told me, that the LORD MARE had written a letter to QUEEN VICTORIA to ask if he might call the Park after her. And she had wrote to him in reply, "Deer HANDSUM, as there's alreddy a Wictoria Park, you may call this here one the Qween's Park. Pleas to remember this 5th of Nowember, Yours trewly, W. R. I."

When the LORD MARE enounced this pleasing intelligence, thus simply exprest, lorks how we did all cheer, and a little band that had bin hid in a little tent, struck up the hole of arf a werse of *God Save the Queen*, at which we all took off our hats, footmen and all, and braved the bitter blarst with our bare heds. Ah, that's wot I calls trew loyalty, and long may it continue, not the cold bitter blarst, but the warm sweet loyalty, for I'm sorry to say as the unusual xposure guv me a bad cold.

I got back just in time for the Bankwet. The LORD MARE with his usual kindness had let the Chairman of the Committee, the sillibrated Mr. WOODBACON, the grate bookseller, take the Chair, and a remarkabul good un he made, setting so good a xample as regards short speeches as made ewerybody follow suit.

And now what was this hole proceeding all about? This is what I learnt from what was said:—

It wood seem then, that at Kilburn where it was wunce all green feelds, there has growed up a reglar crowd of working peeples with far more than their fair share of children and as the feelds has all come for to be bilt over, the poor little children afoursaid have been obleeged to do their

playing in the streets, and the nateral or rather unnateral consequence has follered, as that numbers of the poor little deers was run over and killed. So a nice little Park has been made for 'em all to play in, where they can enjoy their fresh hair and releeve their poor Mother's minds, and grow up red and strong and harty, instead of white and weak and wan. And the old Copperashun having put it all ship shape, and promist to keep it all in order for hever, arsked the LORD MARE to go down and open it, as he did, and in sitch full state that one of the natives said as it was like a lot of sunbeams suddenly cumming out on a clowdy day. So the LORD MARE finished his long list of good deeds by adding one more to 'em, and the Copperashun added one more Open Space to the many they has either secured or helped to secure. So wenever I hears a sneer at 'em I shall say, "Please to remember that 5th of November!"

ROBERT.

BARNUM'S Show burnt. Of course he will rise like an American phœnix from the ashes. He will advertise it as Burnum's Show.



"PRAVE 'ORTS."

"BY THE BYE, DEAR PROFESSOR, WHICH WOULD YOU SAY—ABIÖGEN-ESIS, OR ABIÖGENËS-IS?"

"NEITHER, MY DEAR MADAM, IF I COULD POSSIBLY HELP IT!"

AN IMPORTANT SUMMING-UP. (*By Our Own Special Reporter in the recent case of Somebody or Other v. Another Person of the name of BARLEY*).—Mr. Justice MATHEW regretted being compelled to decide against BARLEY on the question of "quantities." Of course, there had been an error on the part of the highly respectable Corporation of Ramsgate, which might be characterised as a "sin of commission," while the neglect of their clerk to enter their arrangement with BARLEY on the minutes was a "sin of omission." All the witnesses in this case must be believed, as they had, à propos of BARLEY, taken their oats—he should say their oaths. Perhaps when the present statute came to be revised, Mr. BARLEY might act for the town, for which it appears he had done good service, and BARLEY would not have to hide under a bushel. It was clear that this sort of BARLEY was worth more than the present price of 28s. a quarter. Counsel on both sides had made an eloquent display of wheat—he begged pardon, he meant "wit"—and if in this judgment he had to tread on anyone's corn, he assured them that to do so went against the grain. As an official, BARLEY would have the sack, but sack and all could be taken up to another Court, and there, as a German speaking French would say, *On beut Barley*, about it still further. (The Jury thanked his Lordship, and all the parties left the Court much pleased, humming *All about the Barley*.)

"They acted a Greek Play at Cambridge, my dear," said Mrs. RAM to a friend, "and fancy, it was written, as I am informed, by a young lady, Miss SOPHIE KLEES. I suppose she is a student of Girton. How clever! I couldn't write it, I'm sure."

The "Quart d'heure de Rabelais," if translated into Anglo-French, may be taken to express a bad time of it with the roughs in Trafalgar Square, *i.e.*, a *mauvais quart d'heure de Rabble—eh?*



THE NEW SCHOOL.

**Schoolboy (aged 16). "Good-bye, old Chappies!
Can't waste any more time with you. 'Good
business!'"**

TOM BROWN & CO.'S SCHOOL DAYS.

A Glimpse at the Commercial Education of the Future.

Twelve o'Clock struck, and the Fourth Form at St. Dunstan's left its class-room with a rush. The old hour of leaving off the morning's studies was still preserved. Yet, in conformity with the spirit of the times, the venerable foundation of St. Dunstan's had recently witnessed great changes. The Governing Body had taken the matter in hand, and had gone to work with a will. The teaching of Greek and Latin had been entirely suppressed, polite literature eliminated, and the whole curriculum of the school arranged solely to the provision of that glaring want of the times, a sound commercial education. To effect this, some radical changes had been necessary. The Rev. JABEZ PLUMKIN, D.D., Oxford Prizeman, through whose unwearied exertions, for the past five-and-twenty years, St. Dunstan's had been gradually acquiring an increasing fame in the Class-lists of both Universities, had been forcibly ejected from the Head-Mastership, and his place filled by a leading member of a well-known firm of advertising stock-jobbers, and the Assistant-Masters had all been selected on similar lines.

"Company-floating," was taught by a late Promoter, who had had much experience in the creation of many bubble concerns, and "Rigging the Market" was entrusted to a Professor who was known, in his capacity as Accountant to a wholesale City Cheese Warehouse, to have contracted a thorough familiarity with this important subject of the new commercial education. Everything was done to foster a spirit of keen speculative enterprise in the boys. The whole traditions of the school were changed. The old idea of honour had died out. How to over-reach each other by sharp practice was the one idea that animated every youthful breast from the senior in the Sixth to the junior in the Under Third. The tape was always working at the Principal's desk. The study-tables were covered with Stock and Mining Journals. Even the playground was turned into a Money Market. Cricket had been banished to make way for the more exciting game of "Bulls and Bears," and the Principal passing through occasionally, would sometimes stop and say, "That's right, my boys, learn to do each other, and remember the motto of your School, 'Monies maketh man.'" Posted up upon the gates, communicated by telegraph hourly from the City, were every day to be found the latest prices. And it was to get a first look at this that the Fourth Form had just left its class-room with a rush.

A crowd of eager faces were anxiously scanning the latest quotations, and notes were being taken in a score of pocket-books, whipped out for the purpose. TOM BROWN & CO.—he had earned this *sobriquet* from his companions for his shrewd business capacity—did not, however, join the throng, but stood a little way off, looking on, and waiting for the excitement to abate. Gradually it calmed down, and the boys broke up into little knots and groups, discussing the state of the market. Then he spoke:—

"Look here, you fellows," he said, "I've got a good thing on here, that, I fancy, will be more worth your attention than even the latest prices." He pulled a prospectus from his pocket. An interested crowd closed round him at once. "It's 'Old Mother NOGGINS, Limited,'" he went on, reading from the paper before him, "This Company has been started for the purpose of acquiring at wholesale prices all the tarts, bull's-eyes, apples, toffy, and ginger-beer, forming the present stock-in-trade of Old Mother NOGGINS's store, and for retailing the same at a figure, that will, after paying the guaranteed interest on the fourpenny debenture shares, admit of the declaration of a dividend of

14 per cent. on the ordinary paid-up share capital of the Company.

A buzz of excited admiration went up from the throng. The Fourth Form at St. Dunstan's had not for a long time had such a good thing put before it.

"I know," continued TOM, producing a bundle of forms of application from his pocket, "that you fellows, would like to hear of it. Who'll go for it?"

There was a loud responsive shout of "I!" and a dozen hands were at once stretched towards the speaker. Business commenced, and sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns were pouring into TOM's pockets faster than he could cram them there. He was making a very good morning's work of it. Presently, a dull, heavy-looking boy joined the group.

"Hullo, FLOPPER!" cried TOM, addressing this last arrival, "why don't you put that ten bob your Uncle sent you into this thing? I'll be bound he told you to turn it over. You won't get such a chance every day."

"What is it?" asked FLOPPER.

A chorus of voices instantly joined in a brief explanation of the advantages of investing in "Old Mother NOGGINS' Limited."

"By Jove!" said FLOPPER, "I don't know that I won't."

"Not if I know it," cried an authoritative voice, breaking in upon the scene. It was SNAGSBY, the "Sharper" who spoke. There was a general look in his direction, and a disposition to make way for him as he approached. He had been mixed up disadvantageously in a recent "corner" in marbles, and had from time to time floated several concerns that had never paid any dividends, and was generally regarded as a "queer" customer in consequence. It was for this reason that he had been nicknamed the "Sharper."

"And what do you want him to do with his money?" asked TOM, stepping forward in a defiant attitude.

"He'll put every blessed halfpenny of it into my 'General Pen-knife Supply,'" was the laconic reply. "He signed for the allotment last night."

"But I've changed my mind," pleaded FLOPPER, helplessly, and he handed the half-sovereign to TOM.

"You give that up!" cried the Sharper, menacingly.

"You try to take it!" replied TOM, grimly.

In another instant the Sharper had flown at TOM. There was a brief struggle. TOM hit out at him, and caught him in the face.

"Oh, that's your game, is it!" shouted the Sharper. "You'll fight me for that."

"Fight you? When and where you like," replied TOM.

There was a general cheering and throwing up of hats.

"Hooray! There's going to be a fight between the Sharper and TOM BROWN & CO.," shouted the Fourth Form. They hadn't had such good news for a long time.

The whole School was there, and the third round had been fought. Betting had been fast and furious, and there had been several attempts made by the supporters of both champions to break the ring and put an end to the contest when the fortunes of the day seemed to be going against their own special favourite. But now a curious thing happened. After a little preliminary sparring in the fourth round, TOM BROWN & CO., suddenly dropping on one knee, went to the ground.

In a few seconds the surprising news was known that he had given in. The sponge was thrown up, and the Sharper declared the victor. TOM was quickly surrounded by his friends, and led off the field. FLOPPER ran up to him. "I'm so sorry, TOM," he said, "that you should have fought in my quarrel, and have got licked."

There was a twinkle in TOM's eye. "My dear fellow," he replied. "Don't imagine I wouldn't have thrashed him; but business is business, and I got a good price for not doing so. Didn't you twig that *I sold the fight?*"

That night TOM BROWN & CO. wrote home an enthusiastic account of his day's doings to his parents. The next morning, TOM BROWN, Senior, referring to the letter with a glow of pride on his commercial face, remarked to his better-half that the boy's training seemed perfect, and that he was destined to turn out remarkably well. "I can't tell you," he added, "how I long to see that boy loose upon the Stock Exchange. He will be a credit to the family."

A book has been recently published entitled *The Amateur's Guide to Architecture*, by SOPHIE BEALE. Sophie shows us how a house should be Beale't. But just imagine an Amateur Architect!!

The complaint of the Charity Organisation Society, slightly varied from SHAKSPEARE, is that "The quality of Mercy is not *trained*."

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SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.



What can be more dismal than the fourth day of a Fancy Bazaar for a "Sale of Work," in aid of a parochial charity? Honestly, I do not know. I fancy that even the proverbial "Mute at a funeral," must be livelier. That is my present opinion, and it was the same last Thursday, when lured by a programme quaintly printed in "old-faced" type, and having "ye" in lieu of "the," and "Maister" instead of Mister, I made my way to the Portman Rooms in Baker Street, (formerly Madame TUSSAUD'S) and sought admission to "Old Marybone Gardens, A.D. 1670." Outside the ex *depôt* of Waxworks, were two persons in the costume of the last Century distributing circulars, and later on I met another couple similarly appalled heading a procession of Sandwich-men walking down Waterloo Place. In the Hall of the Bazaar lads in the same sort of dresses, were selling programmes (marked sixpence) for twopence. I entered by a small canvass-cottage "y'clept" (as the Sale of Workers would call it) "the Rose of Normandy," and found myself in the once famous "Hall of Kings" without the figures. I discovered two or three dwarf trees, some lattice-work and a lot of canvass-covering. I must confess it did not cause me much surprise to find only a few spectators. The moment I appeared, a lady advanced and asked me in a tone of authority to take a button-hole. I refused with courtesy suggestive at once of the gallant and the miser, and the Sale of Work-woman retired rather crest-fallen. Then two girls, costumed as two females of a past but vague period, dashed at me as I turned away, and breathlessly explained that if I bought a half-crown ticket I should be entitled to a chance in a raffle for a five-guinea sofa-cushion. I slightly frowned as I expeditiously refused the invitation, and the ladies disappeared into a corner—I trust more in sorrow than in anger—to read the evening paper. In the centre of the room was a "fish pond" full of presents, where a mild-looking curate was feebly attempting to secure a prize. On the whole the entertainment was scarcely exhilarating. The programme promised "from V to VI of ye clocke" (how silly!) "a *séance* of Mesmerism," in two "partes," (how really stupid!) and "Maister CHARLES BERTRAM" (Why "Maister?") was to appear later on. Then at eight "of ye clocke" (dear, dear! *how* idiotic!) "the Welbeck Dramatic Club" (what a name!) was "to performe ye Comic Drama by L. S. BUCKINGHAM, y'clept" (of course!) "*Take that Girl away*." Later still "Mistresse JARLEY" was to give her waxworks with the assistance of "Maister SIDNEY WARD," (tut, tut!) the Festival finally closing with "Music" at "X of ye clocke" (stuff and nonsense!). It will be seen that I cannot even now look at the programme (priced at sixpence and sold for twopence) without some signs of impatience. The afternoon was too young to allow of my assisting at any of these toothsome merry-makings, so after mooning about for a quarter of an hour I came away. As I left, a newly-arrived dame of mature years was putting on a nurse's cap hurriedly, evidently with the view to starting in hot pursuit of me to secure my custom for some toys. The ladies with the cushion looked at me languidly as I passed them, and then returned to a perusal of their paper. When last I had had the advantage of paying a visit to "the Portman Rooms, formerly Mme. TUSSAUD'S," I had seen nothing but waxwork figures in eccentric attitudes. On the whole, I think the former denizens of the place looked more at home in their quaint costumes than the Sale of Workers "from Tuesday, November 22 to Saturday, November 26, inclusive!"

Finding myself in its neighbourhood, I could not help taking a turn in the present palace of the eminent "Portrait Modelling." I paid the necessary shilling and the optional sixpence, and renewed my acquaintance with "The Kings and Queens," "The Coronation Group," and "The Chamber of Horrors." A group representing a reception at the Vatican was quite new, if I except two or three funeral attendants, who, I fancy I remember, made their last (but one) appearance at the Lying in State of Pio Nono. After examining a rather cheerful presentment of the latest assassin in "The Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy" (as the Chamber of Horrors was once, for a short period, "y'clept"), I passed through a turnstile, and entered the Refreshment Department. Here I noticed that an "overflow meeting," consisting, amongst other more-or-less-interesting exhibits of Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD'S historical costume-wearers (from the Healtheries), and that now rather-imperfectly-remembered worthy, the late Sir BARTLE FRERE (from the rooms above), had been humorously arranged, no doubt with a view to provoking healthy and hearty laughter. Having refreshed my mind with a hurried inspection of this delightful, albeit, somewhat miscellaneous gathering, and my body with a twopenny Bath bun, I gracefully retired, greatly pleased with the afternoon's entertainment.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

What a set these Emperors, Empresses, Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, &c., &c., and all such great people everywhere seem to have been, according to the *Memoirs of Count Horace de Viel Castel* (published by Messrs. REMINGTON & Co.), who was a kind of small French PEPYS, a great snob, and a Parisian *Sir Benjamin Backbite*. Yet there is in this HORACE something of the Horatian satirist, only without the poetry.



"But HORACE, Sir, was delicate, was nice," which is not exactly the characteristic of the writings of M. DE VIEL Castel, who tells us

Reviewing the Pages.

"Of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten HOLLINSHEDS, or HALLS, or STOWES.
When the QUEEN frowned, or smiled, he knows;
and what
A subtle Minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom:"—

And such like tittle-tattle *ad nauseam*, not sparing his own father and brother. Imagine the sort of man who, night after night, could sit down and chuckle over the composition of this precious diary! "With the exception of the President and the Princess" (MATHILDE, at whose house he was perpetually dining), he says, "all the (BUONAPARTE) family are good for nothing."

Of the *bourgeois* class he writes, "They are always the same stupid, craven-hearted, vain race." He was shocked at the production of *La Dame aux Camelias*, and considered it as a degradation of the French stage and a disgrace to the Public that patronised the performance. To have shocked M. DE VIEL CASTEL was a feat indeed. FOULD "the foxy Jew" got ten millions out of the Cr dit Foncier; so the public was fool'd also. D'ORSAY was "a ridiculous old doll," and the Duke of BRUNSWICK "an old fool." He sneered at England, but considered at the moment that an alliance with us was the best policy. The Empress at one time went in for spirit-rapping, and consulted a table which told her a variety of lies about the result and duration of the Crimean War. Such a table must have been very black and supported by blacklegs, though it had sufficient french polish about it to be silent in the presence of a bishop. It is not until the last page of the *Memoirs*, 1864, that the name of M. DE BISMARCK appears. I suppose that "Society," high, low, or middle-class, has always gone on in much the same way, more or less openly, according to the spirit of the Court, since what is called "Society" came into existence; and invariably with a VIEL CASTEL, or a GREVILLE, or some one even less particular and more observant "among them takin' notes" for future publication. Mr. Bousfield, the translator, seems to have done his work with a judicious regard for a certain section of English readers. It strikes me that he has had the good taste to omit a few anecdotes about some of our own exalted personages which would not have been received with unmixed satisfaction in every quarter. This is only a surmise on my part, as I am unacquainted with the original work.

Let me recommend everyone who values a powerful study of character more than a merely cleverly-constructed story, to read *Marzio's Crucifix*, by MARION CRAWFORD. I do not know what special opportunities the author had for the work, but the characters are individually, masterpieces. The scene between *Marzio* and *Don Paolo*, when the latter is wrapt in devout contemplation of the artist's *chef d'œuvre*, is most striking, and would have been more so had *Marzio* carried out his intention of knocking his brother down, and disposing of him out of hand.

With Mr. SAUNDERS'S *The Story of some Famous Books* (ELLIOT STOCK) I was rather disappointed, in consequence of there not being enough "famous books," and not much more story than the needy knife-grinder had to tell. Still, I thank him for introducing me to a delightful name—"THEOPOMPUS of Chios"—whom, for this present, I will take as my godfather, and sign myself,

Yours, THEOPOMPUS, BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS.—The Specials.



AN EYE FOR "ELECTIVE AFFINITIES."

Sir Edwin. "HULLO, ANGY? STEW-PAN? APRON? TRIPE AND ONIONS? WHAT ON EARTH'S UP?"

The Lady Angelina. "YES, DEAREST! SINCE YOU'VE BECOME A SPECIAL CONSTABLE, I'M DOING MY LITTLE UTMOST TO BECOME A SPECIAL COOK! I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BIND US STILL CLOSER TOGETHER!"

Sir Edwin. "MY OWN LOVE!!!"

LIGHTING THE DUBLIN BEACON.

(A Ballad of the Brave Old Sort.)

"It was all for the Union
 We left fair Albion's land.
 It was all for the Union
 We first saw Irish land,
 My Boy!
 We first saw Irish land!

"All must be done that man can do.
 Shall it be done in vain?
 My G-SCH-N, to prove that untrue
 We two have crossed the main,
 My Boy!
 We two have crossed the main!"

He turned him round and right-about
 All on the Irish shore.
 Said he, "We'll give P-RN-LL a shake,
 And make the Rads to roar,
 My Boy!
 And make the Rads to roar!"

He was a stout and trusty carle.
 Said he, "A flare we'll raise,
 And, spite the Leaguers' angry snarl,
 We'll make the Beacon blaze,
 My Boy!
 We'll make the Beacon blaze!

"Who says our friends a handful are,
 Our foes a serried host?
 Our Beacon, blazing like a star,
 Shall check the blatant boast,
 My Boy!
 Shall cheek the blatant boast.

"Not all are to sedition sworn,

Or shackled by the League.
Cheer up! We'll laugh, their hate to scorn,
And baffle their intrigue,
My Boy!
And baffle their intrigue.

"Puff, G-SCH-N, puff! Like Boreas blow!
And I the logs will pile.
The Beacon, now a slender glow,
Shall blaze across the Isle,
My Boy!
Shall blaze across the Isle.

"Eh? What? The wood is damp, you say?
There comes more smoke than flame?
Nay; pile, and poke, and puff away!
We'll not give up the game,
My Boy!
We'll not give up the game.

"If we should let this fire die out
All on the Irish shore,
To Unionism stern and stout
Adieu for evermore,
My Boy!
Adieu for evermore!"

THE TWO CANONS AND BEAN-BAGGERS.—The Bean-baggers are likely to come badly off with two such big guns against them as Canons LIDDON and McCOLL. Let the matter be settled amicably by agreeing that whatever it was they did see was a "What-you-McCOLL-it."

HOW TO ESCAPE THE FOG.

Fogs? Nonsense! Fogs are always mist. And the way to miss them is to go to the Institute of Painters in Oil. That will oil the wheels of life in this atrociously hibernal weather, and make existence in a fog enjoyable. There, in the well-warmed, pleasantly-lighted rooms, will you find countless pleasant pictures—delightful sea-subjects, charming landscapes, and amusing scenes, by accomplished painters, which will infuse a little Summer into the dull, depressing, brumous, filthy atmosphere of a weary London Winter. If you cannot get away to Monte Carlo, Mentone, Nice, or Rome, hasten at once and take one of Sir JOHN LINTON'S excursion *coupons*, and personally conduct yourself—if you don't conduct yourself as you ought, you'll probably be turned out—round the well-filled galleries in Piccadilly.

Sir DRUMMOND is ordered off to Teheran. "Well, we're successful in keeping one WOLFF from our door," as Sir GORST, Q.C., observed to GRANDOLPH. "Poor WOLFFY!" sighed GRANDOLPH. "I shall write a fable on 'The WOLFF and the Shah!'"

SARDOU AND SARA.—SARA B. has made a hit in what is reported to be a poor play called *La Tosca*, by SARDOU. But in consequence of SARA'S acting, it is in for a run. *Che Sara sara, i.e.* (free translation), "Who has seen SARA once will see SARA again."



LIGHTING THE DUBLIN BEACON.

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A DOWN-Y PHILOSOPHER;

Or, Memoirs of a Missing Link.



Seal making a Deep Impression.

I've no particular reason to think an account of my life will interest anybody. That being so, I don't know why I write it. But I do. I suppose it's Chance. H-XL-Y (who *is* such fun!) calls my Memoir, because I'm a F.R.S., a case of "*Fellow-De-Se.*"

Talking of Chance, everything that has ever happened to me *has* been Chance!

For instance, what could have been more a matter of luck than my choosing a house at Down? H-XL-Y says something about being "Down on my luck." (What a master of style old H-XL-Y is, to be sure!)

Then there was that voyage on the *Sea-Mew*. If it hadn't been that my Uncle kicked me six times round his garden at Shrewsbury, because I said "I'd be jiggered if I went," I don't believe I should ever have had courage to accept the appointment of Naturalist to the expedition. That voyage gave me an object in life. My nose had *made* me an object in life before that (*vide Portrait*), but Natural Selection triumphed over my nose, and so I became in due time famous, and an Ag-nose-tic!

MY SCHOOLDAYS.

At school I was an exceptionally naughty boy. I cannot conceive what induced me to tell another little boy that I had often produced crab-apples by taking a dead crab and burying it in an orchard, but I did. My little friend, I recollect, didn't believe me, and indeed pulled my nose (always a sore point with me, but he made its point much sorer) for telling what he called "beastly crams." We had a fight, I also remember. Perhaps I ought to call it a "struggle for existence." He was much the "fittest," and he survived. *I* got licked.

CHOICE OF CALLING.

My extreme naughtiness continued unabated when I became a young man. Nobody expected I should ever "do" anything—except six months' hard labour! At Cambridge I was so shockingly "rowdy," that my father declared, there was no alternative but to send me into the Church. But as I was hunting with the College drag at the hour when I ought to have been in for my Ordination Examination, the Bishop failed to see matters in the same light. I then decided to be a Doctor. If I had stuck to this profession I fancy that my turn for trying experiments would have landed me in some exalted position—possibly at Newgate. As it was, after attending a lecture on Surgery, I was discovered in the local Hospital trying to cut off a patient's leg on an entirely new principle, with a pair of scissors and an old meat-saw, and I was nearly "run in" for manslaughter. I decided to give up Medicine, and a slight shindy over a supposed error of mine in calculating a score having prevented my becoming a success as a Public-house Billiard-marker, I thought I would make my mark in another way, as a breeder of race-horses. Being, however, forcibly chucked out of Newmarket Heath one day for an alleged irregularity which I never could understand, I began really to wonder what profession I *was* fitted to adorn.

I BECOME A NATURALIST.

It was at this time that the Captain of the *Sea-Mew* offered me that post of which I have before spoken. I accepted it, and began at once to lower the record in sea-sickness, being never once well on board ship *for three whole years!* It was a new experience, and altered me a good deal. From being rowdy and idle I became quiet and abnormally diligent. If you don't believe this, ask H-XL-Y (who is such fun!). On returning to England I at once settled Down, and began to write books.

THE "ORIGIN OF SPECIES."

This work is my title to fame. It only took me thirty-three years and six months to write. I felt quite glad when it was finished. People who have read it tell me they feel the same, The row it caused was frightful! If you want to see "SOAPY SAM'S" slashing *Quarterly Review* article pulverised, read H-XL-Y's reply. (But, query—isn't this scientific log-rolling?) The remark which was made, after perusing the book, by that eminent Botanist, my friend Professor HOOKEY, was—"Walker!" But he was soon converted.

MY WAY OF WORKING.

This, also, can't interest anybody, yet I give it. I get up at 4 A.M., and take a walk. From 7 to 10 I work. After dinner—with champagne—I take another stroll. I have made most astonishing scientific discoveries at this time. I could, point out the exact spot in the road where I became convinced that *the whole country had been elevated sixteen feet since the morning!* H-XL-Y, who was with me, quite agreed, and said that we must all have been elevated at the same time, without knowing it.

MY FAVOURITE AUTHORS.

These are, of course, LYELL on *Lias*, and HOOKEY on *Herbaceous Foraminifera*. They are far superior to SHAKSPEARE, who bores me. I like novels, the trashier the better. Only let 'em end well, and I don't care how they begin, or whether they begin at all. In newspapers, the best part, I think, is the Parliamentary Debates. In reading them I have often got valuable hints as to the "Origin of Speeches," and they frequently afford conclusive evidence of the "Descent of Man." I thought of bringing Parliamentary manners in as a chapter in my book on "Earth-worms," but H-XL-Y advised me not to, and I didn't.

MY NOSE.

I think I've mentioned this feature before. It troubles me. It is undoubtedly of a low type, yet it

has survived! Why have I not been fitted with a fitter one? It is another instance of the fact that everything—including my fame—has come to me by sheer luck. H-XL-Y says "there's a Dar-winning modesty about this last remark." Also says, "I've found the 'Philosopher's Tone.'" (What screaming fun H-XL-Y always is!)

MY PORTRAITS.

Perhaps I may be allowed to say one word as to the Photographs preceding these volumes. *They aren't the least little bit like me!* In Volume One I appear as the unmistakable "Country Butcher." In Volume Two I am "The Gorilla Asleep," or "Beetle-brow Napping" (after a beetle-hunt, probably). Volume Three represents me as the Typical Brigand of Transpontine Melodrama.

Why, too, has the Photographer insisted on bringing out that unfortunate feature of mine so prominently?

Why? indeed! Who nose?

THE LARKS AND THE ROSES.

(Ballad, by Milton Featherly Jonsone.)



Rose on the Swell.

The roses were blowing, like whales in the sea
Where the apple-bloom icebergs plunged
fearless and free,
And the larks carolled madly their high jubilee
In the ether.
The daisies ran riot in sunshine and shade,
And the call of the cuckoo was heard from the
glade,
Where Summer with mellow monotony play'd
On her zither.

Tempo di Valse.

Ho, larks and roses!
Hey, the bonny weather!
Hey, we rose at morning prime;
Ho, we lark'd together!

'Mid roses and larks in our shallop we glide
By Inglesham poplars, on Teddington's tide,
Where the water of Thame under Sinodun slide,
And at Marlow,
By Cliveden's green caverns, and Abingdon's
walls,
Where wirgles the Windrush, where Eynsham
weir falls,
By Sonning, or Sandford (whose lasher recalls
Mr. Barlow).

Con tenerezza.

Oh, larks, and ro(w)ses
On the shining river;
Silver water-lilies, love;
Love will last for ever!

But the blooms turn'd to apples for urchins to
munch,
And the roses were sold at a penny a bunch,
And the larks were served up for an Alderman's
lunch,
Dead and cold, love;
And the lustre has faded from tresses and cheek,
And the eyes do not sparkle, the eyes that I
seek,
And the temper is strong and the logic is weak
Of my old love.

Con tenerezza.

Oh, larks, and ro(w)ses
On the shining river;

Silver water-lilies, love;
Love will last for ever!

But the blooms turn'd to apples for urchins to
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And the roses were sold at a penny a bunch,
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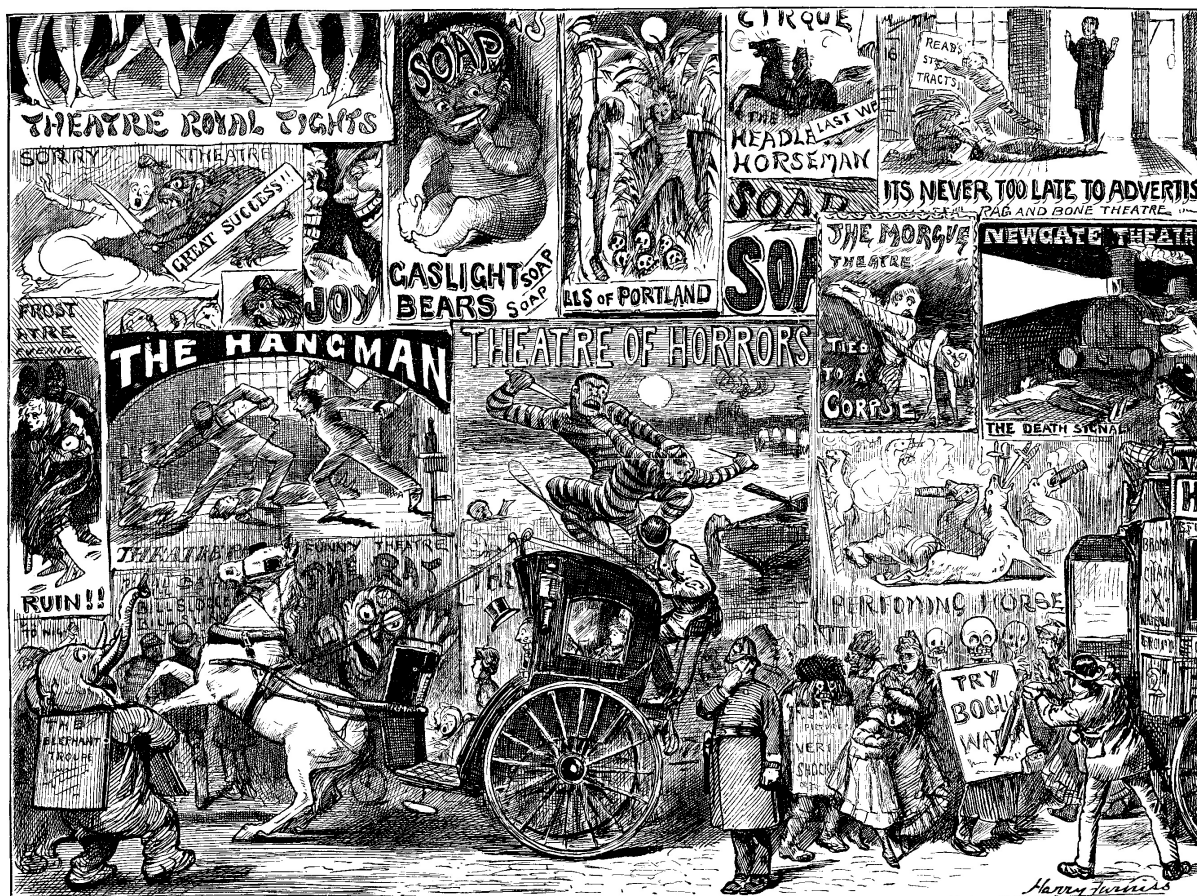
Snuffiamente.

No larks and roses
In a winter gloaming;
Ruby-red love's nose is;
Chilblain time a-coming'.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE SUGAR-BOUNTY CONFERENCE.—"England expects that every man (and woman) will pay an import duty."

LATEST FRENCH COOKERY.—Spilling the GRÉVY.

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HOW WE ADVERTISE NOW.

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"SABLES."

Pastor. "HOW I DO REGRET, MY DEAR MADAM, TO SEE YOU WEARING THESE SAD HABILIMENTS OF WOE!"

Widow. "M YE-ES. BLACK NEVER DID SUIT ME!"

THE PALACE OF (ADVERTISING) ART.

(A Long Way After the Laureate.)

I found myself a huckster's pleasure-place,
Wherein 'twas horrible to dwell.
I said, "O Soul, *the* object of our race
Is ever one—to sell."

A huge-walled wilderness of ways it was,
With hoardings of exceeding height,
Which no one without pangs of fear, could pass,
And spasms of affright.

Its purpose, though, was plain; 'twas simply pelf;
Whether a woman wild of glare,
Or a colossal man shaving himself,
All, all meant money there.

"And while the world rolls round and round," I
said,
"Advertisement is the one thing
Which need concern the wise and worldly head
Of huckster, histrio, king."

To which my soul made answer readily,—
"In patience I must fain abide
In these vast vistas of vulgarity.
Stretching on every side."

Full of long-reaching bulks of board it was,
Where, glaring forth from ghostly gloom,
Were gibbering monkeys grinning in a glass,
In a dame's dressing-room.

And some were hung with daubs of green and
blue,
As gaudy as a cheap Cremorne,
Where actors postured in the public view,
Some frantic, some forlorn.

One seemed all glare and gore—a stabbing
hand,

A woman flopping with a groan;
An ill-drawn idiot trying to look grand,
Big-nosed, and high in bone.

One showed an ochre coast and emerald waves;
You seemed to see them rise and fall,
As infant supers—wretched little slaves—
Under the canvass crawl.

And one a full-faced, flashed comedian—low—
Showing his teeth, with nervous strain,
With queer goggle-eyes striking like a blow,
And causing quite a pain.

And one a miser, hoarding fruits of toil,
In front a bony beak, behind,
Wisps of grey hairs all destitute of oil,
Blown hoary on the wind.

And one a foreground with three hideous hags,
Each twice as tall as life, or higher,
Medusa-monsters, clothed in wretched rags,
And crouching round a fire.

And one an English home—lantern-light poured
On a forced safe, skeleton keys,
Whilst gloating o'er the family plate there
stored,
Glowered the murderer, PEACE.

Nor these alone, but everything to scare,
Fit for each morbid mood of mind;
Murder and misery, want and woe were there
As large as life designed.

There was a fellow in a pretty fix,
"Tied to a corpse," all wild alarm,
Struggling across a sort of sooty Styx,
The "body" on his arm.

Or in a snow-choked city wretchedly,
Dead babe at breast, with bare blown hair,
A ruined woman crawled with quivering knee;
Two bobbies scowled at her.

Or, posing in a footlight paradise,
A group of Houris smirked to see
Young fools with clapping hands and ogling eyes
Which said, "*We* come for ye!"

Or else a lost and deeply wounded one,
In a wild swamp all bilious greens,
Came on a corpse a bare branch dangling on;
The ghastliest of scenes!

Holloaed a half-choked boy with horrid fear,
A brute the rope about to draw;
A second with a knife and axe was near
To give the first Lynch Law.

Or in a railway-tunnel, iron rail'd,
A man lay bound; his blood ran ice
Who looked thereon, an engine shrieked; he
paled,
And fainted in a trice.

A monkey by her hair a woman clasp'd;
From her poor head it seemed half torn,
One ape-hand dragged it back; the other grasp'd
A steel blade's haft of horn.

A hideous babe in nauseous nudity,
Huge-headed, grinning like a clown,
Advertised Soap. A vile monstrosity,

The terror of the Town!

Nor these alone; but every horror rare,
Which the sensation-poisoned mind.
Imaged to advertise vile trash, was there—
As large as life design'd.

Deep dread and loathing of these horrors crude,
Fell on my Soul, hard to be borne,
She cried, "Why should these *incubi* intrude
And plague us night and morn?"

"What! is not this a civilised town," she said,
"A spacious city, cultured, free?
Why give it up to dismalness and dread,
Murder and misery?"

In every corner of that city stood,
Unholy shapes, and spectral scares,
And fiends, and phantoms, brutal scenes of
blood,
And horrible nightmares.

"We are shut up as in a tomb, girt round
With charnel scenes on every wall;
Wherever echoes of town-traffic sound,
Or human footsteps fall.

She cried, "By Jove, it is a pretty game
That Man, the Advertiser's thrall,
Should have these scenes of grimness, gore, and
shame,
Shock him from every wall.

"The very cab-horses go wild with fears!
I rather fancy it is time
To stop these poster-terrors, placard-tears,
And advertising crimes.

"Yes, yes, pull down these pictured screens that
are
All dedicate to gore and guilt.
Not solely for Soap-vendor or Stage-star
Was our big Babylon built!

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VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*A Promenade Concert. Interval between Parts I. and II. Crowd collecting before Platform.*

Highly Respectable Matron (to female Friend). As to being *beautiful*, it's not for me to say, but they're clean-limbed, healthy children, thank Heaven! and what more do you want? (*The Friend makes a complimentary protest.*) Well, it may be so; but, to come back to her. I don't like her present home so well as I did her first—not so tasty, to my mind. She's got nice things about her, though, I *will* say—a nice sideboard, a nice ... (*Inventory follows here.*)

The Friend (darkly). All the same, it's a constant wonder to me how she can ever bring herself to sleep in *that* bed!

The H. R. M. I couldn't myself; but (*charitably*) we've not all the same feelings. (*Crush increases; Female Promenader with very yellow hair passes, with apologies.*) "Excuse me, Madame" (*with attempt at mimicry*); ah—and she *needs* it! The orchestra's coming back now. I didn't notice that young woman among them before—what's *she* going to play, I wonder?

The Friend. Whatever it is, she might look more pleasant over it!

The H. R. M. So she might—we can't all be good-looking, but we can all be pleasant—but they wouldn't have engaged her here, if she hadn't her gift!

The Friend. Oh, you may depend on it, she's got a gift—but I do call her plain, myself.

A Man with a very red nose (to Companion). And then, you see, I've this special advantage—my *immense* knowledge of the world. Think there's time for another before they begin again, eh?

[*Companion is of that opinion; adjournment to bar of house.*]

Second Part begins; Lady Vocalist retiring after Song.

First Promenader. Brayvo! Engcore! What, she won't sing no more—sssh! [Hisses furiously.]

The H. R. M. There's the orchestra themselves clapping her—and *they'd* know what's good.

Her Friend. She was dressed very nice, I thought.

The H. R. M. I never care to see hair done up that style myself.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Ladies of Chorus tripping up from below Stage for the Vocal Valse.

Ladies of Chorus (all together). Am I too black under the eyes, dear? Mind where you're going, Miss, please! Treading on people's toes like that—the great clumsy thing! I'm next to you, aren't I? I do feel so funny, my dear, don't you? For goodness sake, don't go setting me on the giggle now!

[They range themselves modestly in a row at edge of platform.]

Rude Person (in upper box with Punch squeak). Rooti-too-ti!

[Roars of laughter.]

Ladies of C. (indignantly). Beast! I wish they'd give him something to make him rooti-toot, I do!

Conductor-Composer (from behind). Now, Ladies, ready please—keep the laugh steadier than you did last time, and wait for me at the repeat!

[He taps on desk: each Lady of Chorus stiffens herself perceptibly and makes a little grimace.]

One Lady (in whisper), Oh, dear, I wish I was at home with my Ma! [Her companions giggle.]

The H. R. M. It's as much as they can do to sing for laughing—they're called "Laughing Beauties," though. I like this one's face up at this end—she's so quiet and lady-like over it, and pretty too; they put all the pretty ones in front, but there's one quite an old woman behind. They're having all the fun down at the other end—how they are going on, to be sure!

[End of Vocal Valse: loud applause. Ladies of Chorus retire after encore with air of graceful dignity.]

The Person with the Squeak. Goo'-bye, duckies!

[Roars of laughter again: renewed indignation among Chorus. Person with Squeak feels like SHERIDAN and THEODORE HOOK rolled into one.]

IN THE GRAND CIRCLE.

A Young Gentleman (who has set himself to form his fiancée's mind, but finds it necessary to proceed very gradually). Now, CAROLINE, tell me—isn't this better than if we had gone to the Circus?

Caroline (from the provinces; unmusical; simple in her tastes). Yes, JOSEPH, only—(timidly)—there's more of what I call variety in a Circus—more going *on*, I mean.

The Y. G. (with a sense of discouragement). I quite see your meaning, dear, and it's an entirely true observation; still, you *do* appreciate this magnificent orchestra, don't you now?

Caroline. I should have liked it better with different coloured curtains—maize is so trying.

The Y. G. (mentally). I won't write home to them about it *just* yet.

Orchestra begins a "Musical Medley" with Overture to "Tannhäuser."

The Y. G. (who has lost his programme). Now, CAROLINE—this is WAGNER—you'll like WAGNER, darling, I'm sure.

Caroline (startled). Shall I? Where is he? Will he come in here? Must I speak to him?

The Y. G. No, no—he's *dead*—I mean, this is from his *Opera*—you must listen to this.

[He watches her face for the emotion he expects; "Tannhäuser" melts suddenly into "Tommy, Make Room for your Uncle."]

Caroline (her face absolutely transfigured). Oh, JOSEPH, dear—WAGNER's perfectly lovely!

The Y. G. (gloomily). I see, I shall have to put you through a course of BACH, CAROLINE!

Caroline (alarmed). But there's nothing whatever the matter with me, JOSEPH! I'm not flushed am I?

[*Young Gentleman suppresses a groan.*]

IN A BOX.

(Musical Medley still in progress.)

A Lady (not much of an Opera-goer, who has been given a box at the last moment, and has insisted on her husband turning out to escort her). It was silly of you to drop that programme, ROBERT—I should like to know what this piece is, it seems quite familiar—(*Orchestra playing "Soldiers' March" from Faust*)—I know—it's Faust, ROBERT, GOUNOD's Faust!

[*Much pleased with herself for recollecting an Opera she has only heard once.*]

Robert (sleepily). I know, my dear, all right.

[*Faust melts into air from "Pinafore."*]

His Wife. Do you mean to say you don't remember that, ROBERT? how exquisite PATTI was in the part, to be sure!

Robert. Umph!

[*"Pinafore" becomes "La ci darem"—which transforms itself without warning into "Two Lovely Black Eyes."*]

The Lady. There's nobody like GOUNOD! [Clasps her hands.]

Robert (captiously). GOUNOD'S all very well, I daresay, my dear; but it don't seem to me he's altogether original. I've heard something very like this tune before, and I'll swear it wasn't by him!

The Lady. That's very likely; all the best airs get stolen nowadays, and dressed up so as to be quite unrecognisable; but that's not GOUNOD'S fault, is it?

[*Fans herself triumphantly, after vindicating her favourite Composer. ROBERT slumbers.*]

BEHIND THE PLATFORM.

Erratic Promenader. Beg your pardon, Sir—tha' shtick, not 'tended meet *your* eye, Sir—'nother gerrilm'n's eye, Sir.

Fair Promenader (to Lady Friend). And I'm sure I don't know how it is, but I'm always crying now for just nothing at all, whenever I'm alone.

The Lady Friend. That's because you give way to it, dear. Come and have something to cheer you up—you'll be a different person after it. [Advice taken; prediction verified.]

The Err. Prom. I shay, here'sh lark! see tha' Bobby over there? he thinksh I'm tight! (*Waltzes up to him solemnly*). Kn'ive pleshure nexsht dansh you, Sir Charlesh?

The Policeman (severely). You keep your 'ands off of me, will you, and take yourself home—that's my advice to you!

Err. Prom. (outraged). You 'pear me to under 'preshionthish is Hy' Par' or Trafa—(*with an effort*)—Trafa-ralgarar Square. I'm goin' teash you, free Briton not goin' put up with P'lice brurality!


[*Hits Policeman in the eye, and is removed, smiling feebly. Scene changes.*]

An Open Question.

Lord SOLLY, at Paddies presuming to rail,
Must sneer at their "brogue," which the Markis
finds stale.
Does he think a poor fellow must fain be a rogue
Because, born in Erin, he speaks with a brogue?
Celtic ears finds the drawl of the Saxon Swell
flat,

And a Cockney may chaff at the *patois* of PAT.
But which is in fault—is it *really* so clear?—
The Irishman's tongue, or the Englishman's ear?

In a recent case on appeal, *HAMMOND & CO. v. BUSSEY*, Mr. Justice BOWEN was understood (by Our Special Reporter) to say that a judgment relating to coals must be decided by the principles of COKE. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice FRY concurred; the latter observing that in winter a coal merchant must always be a BUSSEY person, though his Lordship admitted that this had nothing to do with the case. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice BOWEN at once concurred.

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