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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Vol. 93.

NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A HOME-SICK SECRETARY.

By Guildford, Saturday.





EAR TOBY

I HOPE YOU will forgive my not being more precise as to my whereabouts. The fact is if I can get away from London for a day or two without leaving my address, I am only too glad to do so. I was at the Cabinet Council on Thursday, afterwards ran down here, *et j'y reste*, at any rate over Sunday. I am getting more and more tired of London, and the office sardonically called "Home." It has never been a sweet resting-place, and of late has grown absolutely intolerable. I used once to have Sunday to myself; but now, owing to the new-born church-going fervour of the Unemployed, Sunday is the worst day of the week. So when opportunity offers, as just now, I cut the whole business and get me into the sweet seclusion of Surrey.

I see by the papers that I am about to resign office, and retire into that private life, upon which during the past twelve months I have looked back with increasing affection. Perhaps the statement is true, and perhaps the Markiss would say it is "not authentic." We shall see. In the mean time, at this distance from Parliament Street, I get the advantage of perspective in regarding the office of Home Secretary. Down here it seems odd enough that it should be so much hankered after by men of various temperaments. H-NRY J-M-S wanted it at the time H-RC-RT secured it. It had a strange fascination for L-WE, and I am disclosing no secret when I mention that my old friend and patron, GR-ND-LPH, fancies it would suit him down to the ground. I only wish he would try it. If I were certain that he would come in, it might have some effect in hastening my decision on the question of resignation. Of course GR-ND-LPH and I remain on terms of friendliest regard. I am indebted to him for a sudden promotion exceeding the hopes of the most sanguine politician. Still, I would like to see him at the Home Office, if only for a short six months. He is serenely confident he could grapple with the situation. JOHNNY RUSSELL was quite a nervous, modest person, compared with GR-ND-LPH. I should really like to see my old friend in my old chair.

The post, of course, has its attractions. It is no small thing to be principal Secretary of State, with a seat in the Cabinet, and an adequate salary. But, to tell the truth, dear TOBY, the Home Secretary lives too near the People to have an uninterruptedly pleasant time. He is too close to, and too frequently under, the public eye. It is like working in a glass hive. A Foreign Secretary labours in secret in the Samoan Islands, or some equally remote quarter, and months elapse before the publication of the Blue Book places his labour under the criticism of the public. The Secretary for the Colonies works under similar conditions, whilst the First Lord of the Admiralty and the War Secretary, except upon rare occasions, have only their respective Services to deal with.

But the Home Secretary is, necessarily, always at home to impertinent lookers-in, or idle callers who have not sufficient business of their own to attend to. If anything goes wrong with the water or the gas, if a country Magistrate makes a more than usually particular ass of himself, if a policeman arrests the wrong woman in Regent Street, if there is a procession through the parks or a meeting in Trafalgar Square, it's ever the Home Secretary that is wrathfully turned to for explanation. When things go well with London or the Provinces, you never hear the Home Secretary's name mentioned. The condition of affairs may be due to his admirable administration, but there is no recognition of his agency. On the other hand, if the least thing connected with his department goes wrong, he is held personally responsible, and the fiendish newspapers fall upon him.

That is my experience after a little more than twelve months in office, and if I am a little wearied of it who shall blame me? Why should I remain the butt of all the captious critics throughout the country? I have no hour, except these stolen ones, that I can call my own. All the pleasures and recreations of private life are swallowed up in official cares. Why should I longer submit to be engulfed in this state of slavery? I am not in the absolute prime of youth; but still, as we Statesmen go, I am not old. For example, I have seen but two summers more than that elderly young beau, H-NRY J-M-S. Someone once said of me, that for my recorded age, I had the youngest-looking body in the House of Commons. That is a subtle distinction, the value of which I cannot grasp. I know that I have been a buck in my time, and if I only get my time to myself once more, I

may again become as ornamental as I am now useful. I will think it over, and probably in the course of the next few weeks you may hear what resolution I have taken.

Yours faithfully, H-NRY M-TTH-WS.

A BLACK AFFAIR AT HAYTI.

The Foreign Office, whether represented by Lord SALISBURY or Lord ROSEBERY,—two "berries," so that we are to judge of the worth of our Foreign Office by its berries, not by its fruits,—ought to be hauled over the coals—the victim's name being suggestive of this process—by the British Public. Mr. COLES was innocent of the charge brought against him, was convicted in the face of evidence; and as there was no one to screen COLES, poor COLES—COLES down again!—was shovelled into a black hole, which was, *pro. tem.*, a COLES cellar. After sixteen months of Haytian bonds, and being kept in durance by Haytian Black Guards, the energy of the British F. O. obtained for the unfortunate prisoner a free pardon! But no further redress, except the offer of £500, which COLES couldn't be "cokes'd" into accepting. Now this matter of Hayti and COLES is a very black affair. What is going to be done? Do we leave COLES and scuttle? Surely so gross a wrong perpetrated in Hayti ought to have been put right in Hayti-seven.

THE MOST LITIGIOUS PERSON ON RECORD.—The man who had all his invitations properly stamped at Somerset House, and then brought an action against his hosts for breach of agreement if a dinner happened to be put off.

"MUMPSIMUS!"



Reminiscence of a celebrated and highly popular picture, adapted to the painful circumstance announced last week by *Truth*; namely, that the Chorister Boys at a certain Cathedral have all got the Mumps.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS.



OWEN MEREDITH, ALIAS LORD LYTTON, TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH.

Lord L-tt-n sings:—

Love's Metamorphoses I sang of late,
 "My Ungleneverilled Glenaveril"
 Puzzled the Public's unpoetic pate.
 Wit, like my sire's imaginary *Vril*,
 Is thaumaturgic. I have served the State
 In various ways with elegance and skill;
 But *my* "last Metamorphosis," I opine,
 Out of Glenaveril's wholly takes the shine.

From "OWEN MEREDITH," of Servian song,
 Translator (who said through the French?) to this!
 The course, like my Serb falcon's flight, is long.
 The proletariat possibly may hiss.
 I scorn the anserine Gladstonian throng,
 Whose mouthpiece is the *Gaily Dew's*. I wis
 That nickname shows a polish and a fire
 Of wit well worthy my prodigious Sire.

When I wrote *Aux Italiens* long ago
(And *Trovatore* rhymed with purgatory)
I little thought Paris one day should know
The bard in an Ambassador's full glory.
Ah! I shall miss the Oriental show
Of Ind—but that is scarce a pleasant story,
And, after all, I fancy that my *Charis*
Had always, more or less, a touch of Paris.

"*Lucile*," for instance! Well, I've wandered far
From my old *Wanderer* days; *tout mieux*, perchance.
Better to be a diplomatic star
Than a poetic shade. Beloved France,
To ape thy *jeunesse dorée* will not jar
Upon my spirit, which is all romance:
I love the blend of the sublime and finical,
Of chivalry, choice cookery, and the cynical.

CHAMBERLAIN—*did* I dub him once a scold,
A leaner, later *Casca*? I was wrong—
Is off to Canada, and BALBO bold
(I called him bilious once, but 'twas in song)
Is with us now, I hope the league may hold.
Who now dubs JOSEPH—though of course he's strong—
"The secret despot of a Cabinet,
That dare not disregard his faintest threat?"

Forgive the thought, *Cæcilius*! Whether JOE
Has put his foot in it, and bowed still more
Your "large Olympian forehead," I don't know;
But I can see that it must be a bore
To have your diplomats run wild. I go
With other purpose to a nearer shore;
And soon I hope your confidence to win,
And prove no ass, though in the LYONS' skin!

The "Wild West" finished up rather tamely. Lord LORNE and others, with, we presume, the Honourable BUFFALO BILL CODY, palavered about an International Arbitration Court. If the Hon. and Rev. BILL—"Reverend" because, as he tells us, he once performed the part of a clergyman and married a couple, pronouncing a formula which, being a close parody on the words of the solemn rite, need not be repeated here, though they evidently struck him as a bright idea,—has anything to do with it, we shall hear of the rules of this new Court (not Earl's Court) being at once codified.

RESTITUTION WITH RESIGNATION.—M. WILSON gave up 40,000 francs' worth of postage. Will M. GRÉVY give up the post altogether?

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS.—He does not say, "Peace with Honour," but "Piece with MERRITT."

"THE ROUGH ELEMENT"—last week, was—the Sea.

Jenny Lind.

Born at Stockholm, October 6, 1821. Married Herr Otto Goldschmidt, February 5, 1852. Died, November 2, 1887.

"She never lost her interest in the two chief objects of her life, music and charity."—*Times*.

Music and Charity! Of all things mortal,
What sweeteners of our lives may match these twain?
What draweth hearts nearer the heavenly portal
Than mercy's impulse, melody's moving strain?
Well chosen, singer sweet!
Great gifts, and the large love of giving meet,
Well harmonised in JENNY LIND's career;
These made her life delight, these make her memory dear.

Punch, of well-fitting phrases ready minter,
Christened his favourite forty years ago;

Hailed as "The Nightingale that Sings in Winter,"^[A]

The Swedish songstress whom the voice of woe
Moved ever, as her own
Moved the applauding multitude; alone,
Amidst the stars of Opera's tuneful quire,
To succour ever prompt as potent to inspire!

"Dear JENNY LIND!" So then his song addressed her
Who still is "JENNY LIND," and still is dear.
Though Genius praised, and Fashion's crowd caressed her,
She sank not, like some stars, below her sphere
Into those darkening mists
Whose taint the true and tender heart resists.
Her nature fame was powerless to soil,
Whom splendour hardened not, and puffery could not spoil.

How the crowd rushed and crushed, and cheered and clamoured,
Forty years syne, to hang upon her song!
Of *La Sonnambula's* heroine enamoured,
Thrilled by the flute-like trillings sweet as strong
Of their dear Nightingale.
Amina, Lucia, Alice, each they'd hail
With fervent plaudits, in whose flush and stir
Love of her silvery song was blent with love of her.

And each well earned! The crowd would press and jostle
To hear their favourite warbler, from whose throat,
Clear as the lark, and mellow as the thristle,
The limpid melody would soar and float.
Now like a shattered lute,
The Nightingale who sang in winter's mute;
But long remembered that pure life shall be,
To Music dedicate and vowed to Charity.

^[A] See *Punch*, Vol. XVI., p. 15.



"THE LABOUR MARKET."

First East Countryman. "SHALL YEAOU VOOTE FOR THE DIS'TABLISHMENT O' TH' CHU'CH?"

Second Ditto (firmly). "No; thar I 'on't, Bo! Work's scass enow as 't is —BUT IF WE WAS TO HEV ALL THEM PARSONS TU'NNED OUT, AN' GOIN' 'BOUT PLOUGHIN', AN' HEDGIN', AN' MOWIN', AN' HARVESTIN', WE SHOULD BE WUSS OFF

"THE BEARING OF IT LIES IN THE APPLICATION."

"Spare no efforts to maintain the magnificent inheritance which has descended from your forefathers," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, when bidding a temporary good-bye to Birmingham.

Well, it is a magnificent inheritance, and most certainly it is our duty, as well as our interest, to maintain it. But how? Magnificent as it is, it has certain incumbrances; memories of wrongs unredressed, actualities of mismanagement unremoved. To maintain *these* is not to improve the inheritance, and enable us to hand it down better worth maintaining by those who will inherit it from us. As stewards of the splendid patrimony of empire, we must not only keep it together, but properly—that is, justly and sagaciously—administer it, which, indeed, is the only sure and safe way of maintaining it. The accumulated mortgage of our ancestors' errors and misdeeds is, unfortunately, but inevitably, a part of our "inheritance." To pay it off may seem a burdensome duty, but a duty it is, in the resolute doing, not the haughty ignoring or cowardly shirking, of which we shall be at least as truly "maintaining our inheritance," as by stroke of sword, or statute of coercion. *Verb. sap.*

We see a book advertised by Messrs. KEGAN, PAUL & CO., called *Tertium Quid*. Ask an Eton Boy, about Christmas time, or when he is going back to school, what is the translation of *Tertium Quid*, and he will probably hold out his hand and reply, "The third sovereign—but I'll take one to go on with, or to go off with." Well, you can "owe him one" for that.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The person who ought to write a weird Christmas story is, evidently, the Author of *Bootles' Baby, That Imp! &c.*, JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—"*Aut Keyser aut nullus.*"

THE FISHERS.

(*Some way after Kingsley.*)

The Fishers went sailing North, South, East, and West,
 And they raised lots of rows ere the sun went down.
 Each fancied the foreigners' waters the best,
 And wished in those waters to let his nets down.
 And Commissions must work and Statesmen must weep,
 And weary with trying the peace for to keep,
 Whilst the Public heart is groaning.

The Smack-owners rush to Lord SALISBURY'S side,
 And genial JOSEPH'S to Canada gone;
 And the end of this selfishness, temper, and pride,
 Will be a great big all-round fight ere all's done,
 Unless men will try their hot tempers to keep,
 And establish some rule of fair-play on the deep,
 For which honest hearts are all moaning.

POLITICAL SEPULTURE.—The Senior Member for Northampton lately told his constituents that:—

"The Conservatives were digging their own graves, and it was about the only good and sensible thing they possibly could do."

But if they wanted an interment, the Home-Rulers could supply them with a SEXTON ready and willing to save them that trouble.

"THE SCARCITY OF HARES."—It is so stated. But it's only a bald statement.

LETT'S DIARIES.—There are two sorts of Letts: The Out-Letts for 1887, and the In-Letts for 1888. Letts get 'em.

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.



Last week was remarkable for a number of *Matinées*. There were two, each with a new Play, at the Vaudeville, in preparation apparently for the disappearance of *Sophia*. The Author of one of the pieces was, I fancy, Mr. JONES (the name fixed itself on my memory), but I am not quite so sure about the others. I rather think the first play was written in collaboration possibly by Messrs. BROWN and ROBINSON to complete the immortal *trio*. However, the morning performance *par excellence*, was the production of a new and original poetical drama in five Acts, called *Nitocris*, by GEO. GRAVES, at Drury Lane. This was really a very interesting occasion, as we were taken back to B.C. 1420, and I must admit that I too was rather taken aback when I found the Early Egyptians talking of the "Pharmacopœia," and many other matters of a yet more recent date. I supposed this was

local colouring, and when I saw the "Banqueting Hall in the Palace," I felt sure that the Egyptian Court represented belonged to the Nineteenth Century, and could be easily discovered (either by season ticket or on payment of a shilling) in Sydenham. The Author supplies a note in the official programme, in which she informs the World that AMUN-MYKERA NITOCRIS was "handsome among women, and brave among men, and governed for her husband with great splendour and much justice, though she is rebuked by several of the ancient historians for her cruelty and sensuality," and no doubt these facts have suggested the five long Acts of the more or less poetical play. What story there is shows how the adopted son of and apprentice to an Embalmer, after being left to die in the Palace of *Nitocris* for refusing to join in an unpatriotic toast, escapes, and twelve weeks later is lured back once more to the Royal realms to reject the suddenly-kindled love of the Egyptian Queen in favour of the affection of a Grecian orphan called *Soris*, who happens to be staying on a visit with her swarthy Majesty. Then *Soris* gets half-poisoned and entirely stabbed, and *Nitocris* and the Embalmer's Apprentice repair to a "stretch of desert in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids," to be drowned in an inundation which is much talked about but never seen. As the Embalmer's Apprentice, Mr. J. H. BARNES fostered the impression that he was either a very slow and dull pupil, or that the art of embalming had taken him a middle-aged lifetime to thoroughly acquire. In the last act he looked like a portly Friar of Orders Grey sadly in need of the fast rising Nile. Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN was good as a nigger *Quasimodo*, who apparently had nothing in particular to do save to murder Miss ALMA MURRAY when that popular young *tragédienne's* sorrows became monotonous and required curtailment in the interests of the audience. Mr. FERNANDEZ too was useful as Chief of the Magi, and Mr. BERNARD GOULD'S performance would have been more pleasing had he really died at the end of the Second Act, instead of living to see the final fall of the curtain. But this last was rather the Author's than the actor's fault. Personally I should have been better satisfied had every one died at the end of the First Act, but I confess I am a little exacting. On Wednesday, after the "principals" had been called and received more or less applause, there was a cry for the Authoress, when to my surprise a lady in a semi-masculine costume and seemingly in her "teens," made her way before the curtain. This was young "CLO,"—a most charming person to judge from her personal appearance. There was a further "call" when a gentleman of much maturer years was seen bowing. I do not know if he was also a "CLO,"—if so, he was unquestionably a much older "CLO"—in fact, quite an elderly "CLO." Ages ago a wonderful piece called *Nitocris* was played at Drury Lane for a few nights with moderate success. In it was represented an inundation, that, if it did not precisely resemble the waters of the rising Nile, at any rate was a capital realisation of green-coloured muslin sprinkled with spangles. I am afraid that young "CLO'S" poetical play will not keep the stage much longer than its predecessor.



Full in Front.

It was my good fortune to be present at the opening of the Manchester Exhibition (which *Mr. Punch* very appropriately christened the "Gem of the Jubilee,") and on Thursday last I again paid it a visit with about sixty-five thousand other persons. In spite of the hurricane of the preceding Monday, the building was in an excellent condition, and the reproduction of the old part of the ancient city had weathered the storm as if it had been intended to remain for a thousand years instead of half-a-dozen months. I was much struck with the extreme good-nature of a Lancashire crowd. In the afternoon a severe shower of rain, which I fancy must have come down from Town by the 10.10 Express from Euston (a train which maintained the tradition of the L. & N. W. R. by arriving to the minute) drove all the pleasure-seekers from the grounds into the building, and for a moment there was an "ugly block." Immediately the police and the other officials organised a stream right and left, and when it was found that there were many schools amongst the sight-seers, a cry of "Make way for the children!" secured the safety of the little ones. The picture galleries were as popular as ever, and I observed that the crowd generally gathered in dense masses near the paintings with historical events as their subjects. The arrival of the Princess of WALES at Gravesend was particularly favoured, and some regret was expressed that the Benchers of the Middle Temple had required the return of the portrait by HOLL of their Royal Treasurer. The splendid display of the works of Mr. WATTS did not attract much attention, one lady observing that it was "a pity that they had not been finished," and their opposite neighbours by Mr. BURNE-JONES, were also a little above the heads (in more senses than one) of the average shilling public. But LANDSEER, MILLAIS, POYNTER and HOLMAN HUNT had thousands of earnest admirers, and there were always enthusiastic groups in front of "*The Derby Day*" and "*Ramsgate Sands*." It was delightful to walk through the galleries devoted to this unique, this magnificent collection of purely native Art, only saddened by the reflection that such an opportunity would never offer itself again. The machinery, from another point of view, was nearly as interesting. I have been present at many

Exhibitions, but have never seen anything to equal the display of "works in operation." Both visitors and "hands" seemed to be equally in earnest; the first to watch, and the second to work. Then the music was excellent, as, indeed, it was obliged to be to satisfy the requirements of Manchester connoisseurs, who are not to be put off with second-rate bands. Lastly, the illuminated fountains were absolutely fairy-like with their colours reflected from below the water-line. And this reminds me there was also something else fairy-like—the *table d'hôte* dinner served in the Conservatory, which seemed (with its many courses, of the daintiest proportions) to be exactly suited to the wants of *Titania* and (if he took the hint printed on the menu, and "requiring extra quantities of any of the dishes," asked for more) of the robust *Oberon*. The captious might certainly have objected that the dessert would have been more satisfactory had nut-crackers been supplied with the walnuts. I asked for a pair, but was told by my waiter that he could get me none. No doubt this little defect will be remedied when the contractor fulfils his intention of catering next year at the Brussels Exhibition. But this is a detail. For the rest, the Manchester celebration of the Fiftieth Year of Her Majesty's reign has been worthy of the occasion; and my second visit has fully confirmed the opinion (that was expressed in May last) that the leading town of Lancashire has produced the Gem of the Jubilee.

JAW-HOLDING.

At the dinner of the Nottingham Mechanics' Institution, the other night, Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, advocated the establishment of a Professorship of Silence in schools and colleges. Good! There is too much latitude given to jabberers and chatterers in the present day. Politicians do nothing but prate, and the talking man nowadays has taken the place of the working man. We might begin our reform in the House of Commons. The Sergeant-at-Arms might appoint a beadle to bridle the tongues of the everlasting talkers, and an official with a large extinguisher should make them harmless after they had bored the House for five minutes.



Hold your Jaw!

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—"Fox the Quaker." It is not true that the birthday of this excellent man is celebrated in his native place by an annual "meet." Fox was occasionally hunted, but though a Quaker, it is not on record that he ever quaked. Our Correspondents' mistake arises probably from Fox having been a man of *pax*. But in this case his memory would be honoured by all card-players.

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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

There is no better form of book, providing always the print be clear and distinct, than the volume which is adapted practically in price and size to the pocket. One man's pocket is more capacious than another's, as one man's purse is longer than another's, and the latter can purchase a volume more expensively got up than the small, useful, charming travelling companions that *Mr. Punch* has at this moment actually in view while others are in his mind's eye, Horatio. *The Handy-Volume Shakspeare* (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), which in every way is the model of a pocket-volume, the model *par excellence*, is a member of a family all in one case, a perfect Christmas present. But if one volume is lost, the set is spoilt, and the missing book cannot, in the ordinary course of bookselling nature, be replaced. Consequently only a very careful and methodical person can venture upon travelling about with one of these volumes as his pocket-companion. A little Shakespeare is a dangerous thing. And this is why the small books belonging to *Cassell's National Library*, price threepence apiece, ought to find favour in the eyes of those who can read in a cab, in a coach, in a train, or even walking. As to a man running and reading the thing's almost impossible, and whoever saw a man on horseback reading a book, except in an old print of *Doctor Syntax*? As the snail carries his shell about with him, so every Englishman can carry his own *Cassell*, and get rid of it too—which is more than the snail can—and can lose it—and can replace it for the small sum of threepence, or if secondhand (for being in limp covers they soon become "secondhand" in appearance) for considerably less. With a volume from this library carried always in the tail-pocket of his coat—the very place to carry a short tale—no one need ever be idle, and every spare moment, as long as he is wearing the coat, can be well occupied. These bits of books are our modern *Curiosities of Literature*.



Handy Vols.

Nor must we forget the DICKENS series of MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE, who have just brought out a dainty little edition of the *Cricket on the Hearth*. This is a lasting work got up in a lasting manner. And so whether the tale be long, or short, pointed or not, every man for a small sum, in some instances a very small sum, can be his own talebearer: only the tale isn't his, it is somebody else's, but his by purchase.

Among the handiest of handy books must be included the Pocket Diaries for 1888, numbered, respectively, one, two, three,—of which No. 3 is "A1,"—brought out by JOHN WALKER & Co. of Farringdon House, and admirably adapted to all walkers, who can now bring them out for themselves every day in the new year. One novelty there is in WALKER &

Co.'s division of pages, and this is that two are set apart for "Addresses"—not political ones, of course—and two others for "Visits"—(such an idea could only have struck a Walker who wanted an object for his walk)—these being subdivided into columns headed "*Name*," "*Reception Day*," "*Visit Received*," "*Visit Returned*," which in itself is quite a little manual, or *Walker's Dictionary*, of politeness. To "Cash" is devoted a great deal too much space; but, of course, if there is sufficient cash to fill it, so much the better. If we might suggest a "rider" to WALKER, it would be that, as many persons, who pay nothing else, are often most assiduous in "paying their addresses" and in "paying visits," an equal space might be given to business as represented by "Cash," and to pleasure as represented by the two other items. The pencil is a triumph of ingenuity, and the binding of No. 3 proves the truth of the old adage, that there is nothing like leather, specially when the leather is Russian.

HUMILITY.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its account of the consecration of Truro Cathedral, stated how—

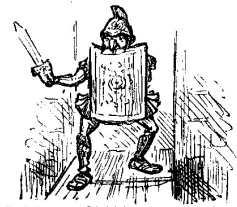
"The Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of TRURO received the Prince of WALES at the Phillpotts porch, and conducted His Royal Highness to a footstool placed for him in the choir. Every available inch of space was crowded."

Poor Royal Highness! only a "footstool" to sit upon. He was His Royal Lowness on this occasion. If, however, for "footstool" we read "faldstool," His Royal Highness's apparently uncomfortable position becomes intelligible.

MORE REALISM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Will you not help us to make a stand even now against the encroachments of realism in the pronunciation of Latin? My evening paper has been full of it lately. Why, Sir, it is well known that the Britons understood the Romans, and the Romans the Britons, and if the Romans had said their repetition in the absurd foreign fashion that a few modern-side pedants advocate, is it likely that the Britons would have understood them, much less that they would have had so much respect for them as to admit their garrisons, and their Mayors, and their Corporations, and what not for four or five hundred years? And if our early ancestors had spoken Latin in this eminently unmanly un-English fashion, why should we naturally and instinctively pronounce it in our own way now, as if there were no natural piety linking the chapters of our rough island story together?



The Cambridge Augustan Johnnies (Dr. SANDYS at least, being a Johnian, may excuse the term) set great store upon the fact that all over the Continent the language is pronounced in the foreign manner. Why, Sir, it is well known that the Norse tongue in Iceland, being icerlated, has remained nearly unchanged since its introduction in the ninth century. And England is an island; therefore the Latin tongue, introduced by the Roman colonists, must have remained unchanged also. For my own part, I own I have no patience with this degradation of the hallowed traditions of our school-days to the level of languages which can be got up in *Ollendorff* and fluently pattered by couriers and waiters. "Wenny, weedy, weaky." Good gracious! Is that the language of a conquering, masterful race? The matter does not admit of serious argument.

Yours, wondering what next, ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE LAST OF THE GO-HE-CANS.—The *Times* for November 1, in giving a list of the Masters of Foxhounds, mentioned the Rev. E. M. REYNOLDS as "the only clergyman who can append M.F.H. to his name." Of course this does not mean that no other clergyman "can" do so, or the Clergy would indeed be an uneducated set, but that the Rev. E. M. REYNOLDS is the only successor of the Rev. JACK RUSSELL who has the right to append M.F.H. to his name. How often does his pack meet? Is it *Reynolds's Weekly*? If the hounds are a trifle mixed, it may be known as *Reynolds's Miscellany*.

Captain STOKES, who peremptorily ordered Mr. O'BRIEN off to prison, seems to be the sort of a man that CHARLES DICKENS described as a "Harbitrary Gent." Quite a despotic Turk. As the Nationalists call the Castle Officials "Bashi-Bazouks," let them allude to the gallant Captain and Magistrate as "STOKES BEY."



International Punch.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.—Should difficulties ever arrive at this peaceable solution—(so likely!—ahem!—but always a Bright Dream)—then there could not be a name of better omen for a representative of British Interests than "LYON PLAYFAIR."

Trafalgar Square may be "the finest site in the world," but the Mob in it isn't.

A ROW IN THE GALLERY.

What does it all mean? "Pitch 'em over!" cries Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY of his "salaried assistants," and perhaps Sir COUTTS would like to pitch Messrs. COMYNS CARR and C. E. HALLÉ all over, and make them come out uncommonly black after the process. But apparently the "salaried assistants" have thrown over their munificent patron of the Arts, and turned themselves out. But this is "no new thing," for whenever we have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. CARR or Mr. HALLÉ, they have always been uncommonly well turned out, and not a speck on either of them. Evidently the CARR has been upset, and HALLÉ has walked off, showing himself a "Hallé Sloper." The two "salaried assistants" will not go to swell the ranks of the "Unemployed," and, in order to prevent the re-entrance of the "salaried assistants," Sir COUTTS now keeps guard at the Gallery door, armed with a Pike.

SUMMARY OF THE ENDACOTT-CASS AFFAIR.—A Miss-take.

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HAVING A GOOD TIME

Mamma. "It's VERY LATE, EMILY. HAS ANYBODY TAKEN YOU DOWN TO SUPPER?"

Fair Débutante (who has a fine healthy appetite). "OH YES, MAMMA—SEVERAL PEOPLE!"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

No, no! A natural alarm, but needless!
'Tis true subversive dolts in these sad times
Do call on you to flourish and to feed less,
And hint that pomp and turtle soup are crimes.
The sour fanatics!
Scribblers who'd set the world straight from their attics.
But they will never dare—the dastards, No!—
To stop the Lord Mayor's Show.

Your fright, my Lord, 's a pardonable error.
The Proclamation can't apply to you.
No one, I'm sure, can take you for a Terror,
Red, white, or any other tint or hue.
Are you "disorderly"?
No; you within legality's trim-kept border lie;
From touching you even almighty Law
Would shrink with utter awe.

True you "perambulate the streets." What noddy
Objects? You do not "break into a run,"
And as to "terrorising" anybody,
No one could hint at that, except in fun.
"Hooting and yelling"
Are not your vocal habits. WARREN'S belling
The Cat of Anarchy; he'll tell you that.
You are not quite that Cat.

It's claws are showing, and they may want clipping,
And shindy in the streets is just a pest;
But Law, though lately once or twice found tripping,
Won't interfere with the calm Civic nest.
MATTHEWS seems heedless,
And "shoves his oar in" in a style most needless;
But even he would hardly raise his clutch
The sacred Ninth to touch.

No, a good rule may have a good exception.
You're popular, pass on! Rowdies and raff
Need raps. Let him in civism adept, shun
The spouter's bawling, and the Bobby's staff.
Mad mobs in Town
Are a vile nuisance that must be put down;
But you're not a "Procession," don't you know,—
You are—a "Show"!

"CHARLES OUR FRIEND."

Bravo, Sir CHARLES WARREN! The roughs may consider you a Rabid Warren, but what does that matter to you, or to us, or to any lover of order, peace, and quietness in this vast Metropolis? You're not a weasel to be caught napping, and your recent Proclamation is admirable, if its provisions be only justly and exactly carried out. Your arrangements too—talking of provisions—for housing the houseless, seem to be remarkably judicious. *Mr. Punch* trusts that the Processions which you mention, and "the wandering bands perambulating the streets," which you are going to consider as disorderly, will be taken to include those disturbers of our Sunday Quiet, calling themselves Members of the Salvation Army, who, it is to be hoped, in every district wherever their presence is not welcome to a majority of the respectable residents, will be summarily dispersed and their noise stopped. On working days let perambulating bands come out for air and exercise, only let them take care that their "air" be always in tune. That schools and clubs should have their bands is an excellent thing. But there are six days in the week for noise, and the Salvationists can let us have our Sunday in peace. *Mr. Punch* is all for freedom of speech, and so he speaks out freely. He is all for the liberty of the subject, but the subject must remember that he is a subject, and *Mr. Punch* takes the liberty to remind him of it. At the meeting of real working men of business to protest against these meetings in Trafalgar Square, Mr. FREDERICK GORDON spoke up for his Metropole-itan interests in Grand style. The HOME SECRETARY, it is to be hoped, carefully pondered the speeches of these practical gentlemen. Mr. ATTENBOROUGH, too,—*"O, my prophetic soul, my uncle!"*—gave distinct evidence of the injury done to trade in and about Trafalgar Square. The Rev. Mr. KITTO moved a resolution, and Mr. BIDDULPH seconded it,

Saying ditto
To Mr. KITTO.

And *Mr. Punch* once more expresses his hope that the first Act of next Session will be one to regulate meetings and processions in and about London, whereby orderly citizens may enjoy their rights undisturbed. Trafalgar Square and all our great thoroughfares should be "proclaimed districts," as regards the loafers, roughs, and rowdies whose object is plunder, and whose end is—or, at least, should be—punishment.

Punch.

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ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

LORD MAYOR. "EH!—WHAT!—PROCESSIONS!—WHY—"

SIR C. WARREN. "OH, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MY LORD,—YOU'RE NOT A 'PROCESSION'—YOU'RE A 'SHOW.' YOU WON'T 'TERRORISE THE INHABITANTS'!!"

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"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Old Friend. "HULLO, DICK! HOW ARE YOU? I WISH YOU'D COME AND DINE WITH ME TO-NIGHT. BUT NOW YOU'RE A LORD, I SUPPOSE I MUSTN'T CALL YOU DICK ANY LONGER, OR EVEN ASK YOU TO DINNER?"

Noble Earl (who has just come into his Title). "LORD BE BLOWED! LEND ME A FIVER, AND YOU MAY CALL ME WHAT YOU LIKE—AND I'LL DINE WITH YOU INTO THE BARGAIN!"

SCARLETINA AT TRURO.

The æsthetic Archbishop BENSON has an eye for colour. At Truro, the *Times* report says, "he wore his scarlet robe and train, which, as he moved from place to place in the Cathedral"—very restless of him, by the way—"was upborne by two little acolytes clad in scarlet cassocks and dainty surplices of lawn, and wearing tiny scarlet caps upon their heads." The Archbishop is the big scarlet, and the tiny acolytes might be called the scarletini. And to think that years ago this sudden outbreak of archiepiscopal brilliancy would have been inveighed against as trifling with the "Scarlet Lady." H.R.H. made an excellent speech on the occasion, and, with the effect of colour still in his memory, he could not resist reminding the æsthetic Dr. BENSON that "seven years and a half ago"—nothing like being exact—"he (H.R.H.) was enabled to lay the foundation stone of this Cathedral with Masonic honours." "Archbishop in scarlet, forsooth! scarlet tiny acolytes!" (such was evidently the rebuke conveyed in H.R.H.'s speech)—"you should just see Me as Most Worshipful Grand Master, with my Wardens, Deacons, Chaplains, and Tylers! Why, in comparison with that blaze of splendour, you and your scarlet are nowhere. However, Ladies and Gentlemen, I came here on this occasion, not 'to oblige BENSON,' but to visit this ancient Duchy in my popular character of Duke of CORNWALL. *Au revoir.*"

Monsignor PERSICO, *Truth* says, stayed with Archbishop CROKE, and dined with the witty and popular Father JAMES HEALY, P.P. of Little Bray. Well, Monsignor PERSICO must have heard a great deal of croke-ing, but let us hope he has got some remedies for healy-ing the wounds of the distressful country from *Mr. Punch's* good friend, Father JAMES, of Little Bray, and precious little bray about him.

A MYSTERIOUS PAPER.

The near approach of Christmas, with its fireside stories, has suggested the following list of questions for examination that may be put to himself by any intending *raconteur*. As he may be sure that if he can tackle them satisfactorily he will be able effectually to enchain any family circle he may come across during the coming festive season, he may be safely recommended to go at them in all confidence:—

1. What is a "spook"? Have you ever met one in society? Define "telepathy." Can you send a "telepathigram"? If so, do you think it would cost more than a halfpenny a word?

2. Write a short biographical notice of MESSRS. MYERS AND GURNEY. State which of the two you would rather be, and give, if you can, your reasons for your answer.

3. Furnish a brief abstract, that must not exceed 300 pages, of their joint work, *Phantasms of the Living*. What would be the present price of the two volumes on MUDIE'S Second-hand List?

4. A certain Mr. BROWN knew a Captain JONES, who knew a Major ROBINSON, who one night sitting at Mess at a hill-station in the Central Provinces of India, thought he saw a figure on the verandah and felt a sudden dig in the side as if somebody had pushed him with his elbow. He had been mixing his wines rather freely, but turning to his neighbour, he said, "I am almost sure something has happened to my Uncle JAMES." He subsequently wrote a dozen letters to England on the subject, but could never get any answer; and to this day, though his Uncle JAMES is known to be alive and quite well, the matter remains a mystery. To what class of "inconsequent warnings" could you refer this experience?

5. At Bansbury House, Buckinghamshire, a phantom omnibus full inside and out of headless passengers, drives three times round the central grass-plot on the eve of the day on which the heir orders a new dress-coat. Account for this, if you can, and compare it with the reported apparition of the famous luminous elephant said to be visible to the Lairds of Glenhuish whenever the amount of their butcher's-book reaches the sum of £20.

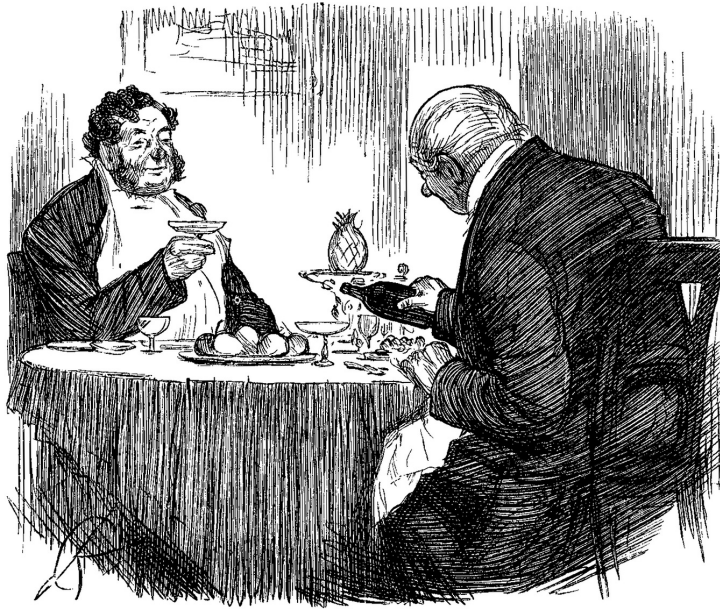
6. Detail the circumstances that are said to explain the curious conduct of the celebrated little old man in the bagwig and faded blue velvet coat, that haunts the principal guest bedchamber at Tokenhouse Manor. To what is he supposed to refer when after mournfully shaking his head three times he says, "It's the mustard that did it!" Examine this, and give some reasons to account for the fact that he invariably disappears in the linen cupboard.

7. Give the various popular versions of the secret which imparted at Rheums Castle to (1) the heir, on his attaining his majority, (2) the family butler, and (3) a select circle of intimate friends who may have chanced to attend on the occasion regarding the matter as an excellent joke, instantly turns their hair white, causes them to look thirty years older, and makes them talk in whispers, and wear an expression of melancholy terror for the rest of their lives.

8. The hall of a well-known modern villa at Brixton is haunted by the spectre of a coal-heaver, who carries his head under his arm; and, whenever it is opened, he is visible on the mat, just inside the front door. Tradesmen, therefore, calling with their accounts, rush away, terror-stricken, without waiting for payment, and visitors coming to five o'clock tea are carried off in violent hysterics to the nearest chemist's. As the landlord cannot induce any bailiffs to cross the threshold, the tenant who is, notwithstanding their ghastly condition, quite cheerful on the premises, is several quarters in arrear with his rent. State, under the circumstances, what proceedings, if any, you would take to "lay" the ghost.

9. It is well known that the celebrated gallery at Bingham Place, Somersetshire, is haunted, after midnight, by the apparition of a knight in full armour, who heralds his approach by the clanking of chains and cannon-balls, and who, after flinging about the boots and hot-water cans standing at the doors of the various guest-chambers, tumbles head-over-heels down-stairs, shrieking the refrain of a thirteenth century hunting-chorus, and having thoroughly awakened everybody sleeping on the premises, finally disappears with a loud unearthly wail, in the butler's pantry. State what you think would be the probable result of waiting for the appearance of this spectre, and then suddenly hitting it hard over the knees with a cricket-bat.

10. Give the story of the well-known "haunted house" in Belgrave Square. How would the unconscious tenant who had taken it furnished be likely to account for the punctual appearance, at half-past nine every evening, among his guests in the back drawing-room, of the eyeless baronet, in a dressing-gown, dragging the two elderly females by the hair of their heads about in a deadly struggle, and, after continuing it for three-quarters of an hour, ultimately vanishing, as if exhausted, apparently into the grand piano? Would you advise him to take his guests into his confidence, and apologise for the intrusion, or pretend to notice nothing unusual in the phenomenon, and simply ignore it? Examine the situation, and conclude your paper by dealing with it in the shape of a short essay on "the position of the Ghost considered in relation to Society."



"LUXURY."

(According to the latest Edition of "Knight Thoughts.")
 Alderman (to his Guest, after a good dinner). "ELP Y'SHELF! RECOLLEC'
 EVERY BO'LE O' CHAMPAGNE WE DRINK, PROVI'SH EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WORKIN'
 CLASSHESH!!!"

AT HAWARDEN.

"Mr. GLADSTONE gave Earl SPENCER and Earl GRANVILLE a specimen of his skill with the axe yesterday. With Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE to assist him, the Right Honourable gentleman, stripped to his waist, attacked a tree in most vigorous fashion!"—*Times*, Nov. 4.

Said SPENCER to GRANVILLE,
 "Like strokes on an anvil."
 Said GRANVILLE to SPENCER,
 "He'll catch influenza."
 Young HERBERT, brow mopping,
 Cried, "Letter from Dopping!"
 Growled GLADSTONE, not stopping
 In chopping, "Blow Dopping!"
 And so went on lopping.

"REFUSAL TO PAY A LEVY IN IRELAND."—This was what Mrs. RAM saw as the heading of a paragraph in an evening paper. "Well," said the good lady, "if they won't pay a LEVY, why not send a MOSES, and see if *he* will get it."

The Plentiful Lac.

[The Rajah of Kupurthala, emulating the Nizam, has offered five lacs towards the defence of the frontiers of India.]

The Laureate, patriot of sense,
 Writes with a pungent pen
 Of "That eternal lack of pence
 Which vexeth public men."
 But India's public men, with pride,
 In Princes such as these,
 Will find their "lack of pence" supplied
 By—a lac of rupees!

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*The Thames Embankment. Crowd discovered, waiting for Lord Mayor's Show.*

Female Pleasure-seeker (whose temper is apt to be a little uncertain on these occasions, to her

husband). We ought to have started at *least* an hour earlier—just look at the number of people here already! You *would* dawdle—and it wasn't for want of speaking to, *I'm* sure!

Her Husband (mildly). It certainly was *not*. Only, as the Show can't possibly pass for two hours, at least—

She. Two hours! Am I to stand about in this crowd all *that* time?

He (with a feeble jocularly). Unless you prefer to climb a tree.

She. Then, John, all I can say is, I wish I had stayed at home! (*John murmurs a silent, but fervent assent.*)

A Practical Pleasure-seeker. Now I tell you what we'll *do*, MARIA—you take WEETIE, and keep close to me, and I'll look after DUGGIE, and we'll just stroll comfortably up and down till the very last minute, and drop comfortably into front places, and there we are!

Patriotic P. What I like about occasions like this, is the spectacle of a thoroughly good-humoured, well-behaved British crowd—you don't see that on the *Continent*, y'know!

More Patriotic P. (thoughtfully). No, that's perfectly true; and what I say is—we don't want all these police about. Trust more to the general spirit of decency and order—let the people feel they *are* trusted!

A Socialist. Ah, you're right. Did you year what one of the Orators said in the Square the other afternoon? He told 'em Sir CHARLES would 'ave to be as wide awake as what he was 'imself, to prevent a Unemployed Demonstration to-day. "Let him remember," says he, "it's in our power to do that within arf a mile of the Mansion House, which would make the 'ole civilised world ring with 'orror," he says. And it's men like that as they're trying to silence and intimerdate!

The P. P.'s (edging away a little nervously, to one another). Well, I hope the Police are keeping a sharp look-out. I—I don't seem to see so many about as usual, eh?

A Speculator (with two tubs and a board) to Female P. 'Ere you are, lydy, hony two shellin' fur a fust-rate stand—you won't see no better if you was to pay a suvring!

Female P. You may say what you *like*, but I'm not going to tramp about any longer, and if you're so mean as to grudge two shillings—why, I can pay for myself!

Husb. Oh, hang it—get up if you want to!

The Practical P. Well, MARIA, it's no use worrying *now*—we must go and ask at the Police-Stations afterwards—it was a mistake to bring them!

The Patriotic P. Of course one is *told* there's a good deal of rough horse-play on these occasions, but anything more entirely—

[A "larrikin" comes up behind and "bashes" his hat in; a string of playful youths seize each other by the waist and rush in single file through crowd, upsetting everybody in their way; both the Patriotic Pleasure-seekers go home by the Underground, without waiting for the Procession.

The Female P. (on the stand). JOHN, I'm sure this board isn't safe. We should see ever so much better on one of those carts—they're only asking sixpence, JOHN. You *are* the worst person to come out with—you never give yourself the smallest trouble—I have to do it all! *You* can stop here if you choose, *I'm* going to get into one of those carts! [*She and JOHN descend, and mount upon a coal-cart which is being driven slowly along the route.*

Later; Procession approaching, distant music.

Crowd (jumping up and down like "skip-jacks" to see better). 'Ere they are, they're coming!

[*The way is cleared by trotting mounted Constables.*

Stout Lady. Well, if I wanted to faint ever so, I couldn't now—where are you, my dear?

Another Stout Lady (cheerfully). I'm all right, Mrs. PORTER, Mum. I've got tight 'old of this nice young Perliceman's belt—don't you fret yourself about me!

Experienced Sightseer (catching hold of little DUGGIE and placing him in front, then pushing forward). Make room for this little boy, will you, please, I want him to see.

Crowd good-naturedly make way, affording unimpeded view of procession to DUGGIE—and the Experienced Sightseer, who troubles himself no further.

A Superior Sightseer. To think of the traffic of the first city in the world being stopped for this contemptible tomfoolery!

[*Fights hard for a front place.*

Procession passing.

Impertinent Female (to gorgeous Coachman). 'Ow you 'ave altered!

Well-informed Person (pointing out City Marshal). That's Sir CHARLES, that is!

Unemployed (smarting with sense of recent wrongs). Yah, toirant!

[*The C. M. beams with gratification.*

Open carriages pass, containing Aldermen in tall hats and fur-coats.

Critical Crowd. Brush yer 'ats! There's a nose! Oh, ain't he bin 'avin' a go at the sherry afore he started, neither! 'Ere comes old "Sir BEN"—that's 'im in the white pot 'at!

[*They cheer Sir BEN—without, however, any clear notion why.*

Allegorical Cars pass.

Crowd. Don't they look chilly up there! 'Old on to your globe, Sir! Don't ketch cold in them tights, Miss! They've run up agin somethink, that lot 'ave. See where it's all bent in—eh?

Lord Mayor's Coach passes.

Crowd. 'Ooray! That's 'im with the muff on. No, it ain't, yer soft 'ed! It's 'im in the feathered 'at a-layin' back. Whoy don't yer let 'im set on yer lap, Guv'nor? &c., &c.

A block. Lady Mayoress's Coach stopping.

Crowd. There's dresses! They must ha' cost a tidy penny!

Agitator. Wrung out of the pockets of the poor working-man! *I'd* dress 'em, I would! Why should sech as you and me keep the likes o' them in laziness? If we 'ad our rights, it's *us* as 'ud be ridin' in their places!

Artisan (after a glance at him). Dunno as the Show'd be much the prettier to look at for *that*, mate.

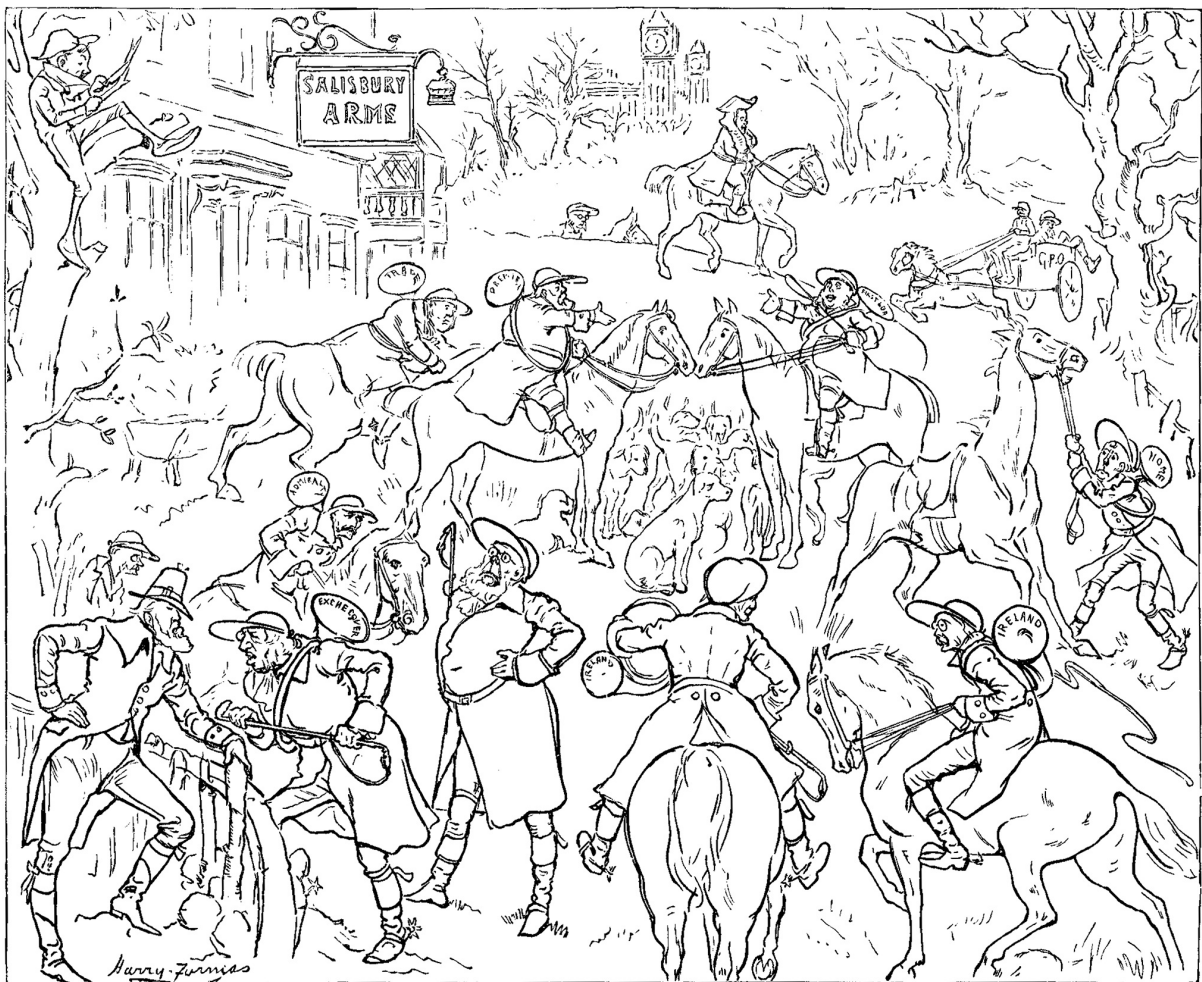
After the Procession.

Practical Pleasure-seeker (who has been pushed into a back row, and seen nothing but the banners, to DUGGIE and WEETIE, miraculously recovered). Thank Heaven, they're found! Children, let this be a lesson to you in future never to—What? Seen the Show beautifully, have you? (*Boiling over.*) Oh, very well—wait till I get you home!

The Female P. Now, don't say another word, JOHN,—anyone but an *idiot* would have *known* that that cart would be turned down a back-street! If I hadn't *insisted* on getting out when I did, we should have missed the Show altogether. Policeman, is the Show ever coming? Shall we get a good view from here?

Policeman. Capital view, Mum—if you don't mind waiting till next November! [*Tableau. Curtain.*

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 53.



THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

The Ingratitude of Grandolph.

Many terrible things have our patriots seen;
 They have seen their dear DIZZY extending the suffrage,
 And versatile GLADSTONE a-wearing the Green,
 And HARCOURT defending Home Rule and the rough-rage;
 And Disintegration approaching our realm,
 And Rads—so they fancy—inviting invaders;
 But that which their souls must with woe most o'erwhelm
 Is—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL a-chaffing Fair Traders!

"*Jam' satis*," as our Schoolmaster had just breath enough to murmur when he escaped from out of the midst of a Socialist Meeting in Trafalgar Square.

Unfortunately, the great enemy of the Teetotal Temperance Societies is—the British "Public."

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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

(A Contribution towards a Future History, by Macaulay Stiggins, C. C.)



The LORD MAYOR was the first Privy Councillor created, and has remained so ever since that auspicious event. On the death of the Monarch, he presides at the meeting that is immediately summoned, and appoints the new Cabinet, generally from the members of the late Government, but on one memorable occasion he appointed all the members of the Court of Aldermen who had passed the Chair, and although they were afterwards induced to resign, it was noticed that during their short administration matters went on much as usual. This was called the Cabinet of Absolute Wisdom, after Alderman WOOD, the Prime Minister, who was the First Lord of the Treasury who ever left more in it than he found there. His beautiful daughter, MARIA, was the reigning Toast of those hard-drinking days, and gave her

well-known name to the magnificent City Barge that periodically conveys the City Fathers, together with the City Mothers, on their several important inspections of the Silver Thames, in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Twickenham. The matters they have to discuss on these occasions are of so weighty a nature that they are compelled to have five or six horses to draw them. On one occasion, and one only, they managed to get as far as Oxford, an account of which celebrated voyage was written by the Lord Mayor's Chaplain of the time, under the title of "Alderman WENABLES' Woyage to Hoxford," a copy of which is still preserved in the Bodleian, among their most cherished treasures, and can only be seen on special application, as fabulous sums have been offered by the Court of Aldermen for its destruction, it being the only copy that escaped when the whole edition was ordered to be bought up and destroyed. This unique volume is said to contain such astounding revelations as must be seen to be believed, and would possibly not be believed even then.

Before the newly-elected Lord Mayor is sworn in, he has to produce a Certificate from a Wine Merchant, "residinge in ye Cittye," and a Freeman of the Vintners' Company, that he has placed in the capacious Cellar at the Mansion House, provided for that purpose, ten Tuns, or one thousand dozen of good wine, for the year's consumption, and whatever is left, *if any*, is distributed among the Royal Hospitals, the quantity being carefully recorded by the learned Recorder, which record is placed under the control of the equally learned Comptroller, and remains for all time, as a witness to the liberality or stinginess of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of that particular year.

The Sheriffs are the most ancient officers of the Corporation, having been first elected in the reign of King NEBUCHADNEZZAR. A singular custom still prevails, originating, it is said, in their association with the grass-eating monarch. They are entitled, by virtue of their office, to the first six bundles of sparrow-grass—as it was originally spelt, and is still called by Members of the Corporation—that are brought into Covent Garden Market: and his Grace the Duke of BEDFORD is always courteously invited to partake of it, at a sumptuous banquet called "the Grass Festival." (*Vide Stow*, cap. 23 of BELL'S ed.)

The City Marshal was formerly a personage of great importance, being in fact of the same rank as a Field Marshal, the only difference being that one acted in the City and the other in the Field, whence their names. The City Marshal was the City Champion, and always rode into Guildhall, fully armed, on Lord Mayor's Day, at the commencement of the Banquet, and, throwing down a glove, dared anyone to mortal combat who disputed the rights of the Lord Mayor. If no one accepted his challenge, he quaffed a flagon of sack to his Lordship's health, and then cleverly and gracefully backed out of the Hall. It is recorded that on one occasion his challenge was accepted by a gallant Common Councilman who had been fulfilling the important duties of Wine-taster, and who, when called upon to name time and place for the deadly encounter, said, in the memorable words of the great ALFRED, "Here and now!" which so astonished the Champion that he pleaded sudden indisposition, and withdrew. The custom has since been discontinued. The gallant Common Councilman was made Deputy of the Ward of Port-soaken.

In ancient times the LORD MAYOR, as every one knows, had a Fool all to himself, and he was the only Fool permitted in the City. The appointment was open to all by competitive examination. On the occasion of a LORD MAYOR making a Fool of himself the office was abolished by the Common Council from motives of economy. In memory of this ancient privilege the LORD MAYOR once in the season has a fool—a gooseberry fool—all to himself.

A NAPPY HOLIDAY.

Any Time in August.—Just been reading capital article in *Nineteenth Century*, by Dr. JAMES MUIR HOWIE, on the "Nerve Rest-Cure," which says—"For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed." Why not several days in bed? In fact one's whole summer holiday? "Better than climbing toilsome mountains," he remarks. Quite so—and much better than toilsome trip to Ramsgate with one's whole family in tow. (Think of the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. *She* had all her family in *toe*. Laugh feebly at my own joke. Really my nerves must be *very* bad.) Best feature of new holiday plan, however, is its *cheapness*. Was quite at a loss how to afford our annual trip till HOWIE came to rescue with his "(y)early to bed" cure. Announce to family that I intend following Dr. HOWIE'S advice. Family seems too stupefied to say anything.



Going Nap.

Evening.—Family has found its voice. Protests unanimously and quite fiercely against new holiday plan. Wife "sure I can afford trip to sea-side." If not, *where* does my money go to? Argument forcible, but unpleasant.

First Day.—Holiday begins. Sleep till 11 A.M. Scrumphous! Should have slept longer, but two hurdy-gurdies stop outside, playing different airs. Not only murder the tunes, but "murder sleep" as well. Listen for ten minutes—nerves terribly shaky. Oughtn't to get out of bed, HOWIE says, but must. See my eldest boy, HENRY, giving Italian fiends money! What does this unwonted generosity mean?

Afternoon.—Dinner in bed not a success. Everything underdone. Tell wife. She says, "Cook and

servants in bad tempers; thought we were all going to Ramsgate, and they would have rest." Rest means clandestine kitchen parties. Feel angry—bad for nerves, but can't help it. Sleep impossible, as bed full of crumbs. Wonder HOWIE didn't think of this. Send HENRY for evening paper—perhaps it will soothe me.

It doesn't. He brings back one three days old. Says shopman gave it him! Send him again, and shop closed for night. Nerves actually *worse than ever*.

Second Day.—Had disturbed night, owing to lack of my usual exercise yesterday. Still must stick to HOWIE's prescription. Terrific row in house. Wife comes up after breakfast (in tears) to say children, deprived of sea-side trip, are ungovernable; pretend to be buffaloes and Cowboys *in drawing-room!* Already two valuable vases wrecked. Hang the children! Hang Colonel CODY too! Still even paying for new vases cheaper than Ramsgate lodgings. Read morning paper. Just dropping off to sleep over somebody's important speech on Ireland, when—

Three hurdy-gurdies outside! Rush to window, open it, and bid men avaunt. They won't avaunt. Say "they've been ordered to come every morning for a month by the young gent." This must be HENRY's "Plan of Campaign." Send for him, and find he has prudently gone out. Nothing for it but to stuff cotton-wool into ears till men go. Cotton-wool in ears for a whole hour *shatters* nerves.

Third Day.—Much worse. Though I've given strict orders that no letters or bills are to be sent up to my bed-room, find Tax-Collector's little "Demand-Note" wrapped in fold of morning paper! Annoyed. Perhaps, after all, HOWIE wrong. Hullo! what's that? Somebody on my window-sill! Burglars? No, can't be. How bad all this is for my nerves. Spring up in time to see HENRY disappearing down rope-ladder, which he and his brothers have let down from roof. How horribly dangerous! Ring violently. Hear heavy thud in garden. Talk of "Nerve Rest-Cure"—rest of my nerves gone long ago, none left to be cured.

Wife (in tears again—awfully bad for nerves this) says the thud was not HENRY falling; boys have pulled down part of chimney, which has smashed the front steps—that's all. She suggests that perhaps, after all, this holiday plan in bed is not so good as—

Five hurdy-gurdies to-day! Maddening! Hired by HENRY, wife says. Send *him* to bed for whole day; we'll see how he likes "Rest-Cure" for *his* nerves. Get up gloomily, dress, and go downstairs. Pitch *Nineteenth Century* into waste-paper basket. Feel nerves better after it. Decide on Ramsgate, as usual, and so ends my holiday in bed—my "Sleepy Hollow" day!

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Transcriber's Notes:

Passages in italics were indicated by underscores.

Passages in bold were indicated by =equal signs=.

Small caps were replaced with ALL CAPS.

Throughout the document, the œ ligature was replaced with "oe".

Throughout the dialogues, there were words used to mimic accents of the speakers. Those words were retained as-is.

The illustrations have been moved so that they do not break up paragraphs and so that they are next to the text they illustrate.

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