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December 10, 1887, by Various**

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**Punch,  
or the London Charivari  
VOL. 93.**

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**December 10th 1887**

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*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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

**FROM THE ROCHDALE RASPER (LATE THE BIRMINGHAM  
PET).**

*One Ash, Rochdale, Saturday.*



DEAR TOBY,

The address from which I write to you is familiar in the public ear in connection with a long series which, such is the ignorance of mankind, I have heard described as petulant, querulous, self-adulatory notes. I have often wondered that it has not occurred to any one to notice the singular appropriateness of the name of my humble home. It is not for me, at my time of life, to claim anything like prescience of affairs. I may have been right in my views of the succeeding events of the past half-century, or I may have been wrong. I will just mention that my friend, T-NN-S-N, who has a pretty faculty for poetry, once summed me up in a couplet which I venture to think is not without its charm. "J-HN BR-GHT," he wrote—

J-HN BR-GHT  
Is always right.

He told me in confidence that he had at one time contemplated a eulogistic poem of some seventy or eighty lines, price to the *Nineteenth Century* a guinea each. But, having thrown off this couplet, it appeared in itself so sufficient, so comprehensive yet so precise, that amplification would have rather reduced than increased its value. Therefore it remains a brilliant fragment.

But I am wandering from the theme, which, in the present instance, is not myself but my country address. What I thought might be interesting to point out is the curious felicity of the nomenclature, and the remarkable foresight of which it is proof. More than a generation ago it received this singular appellation. At that time nothing seemed more remote from ordinary apprehension than that in this year I should be what we call "a Unionist," an ally and supporter of Lord S-L-B-RY, pulling in the same boat as the H-M-LT-NS, and marching shoulder to shoulder with ASHM-D B-RTL-TT. In those days I was wont to pour forth torrents of angry contempt upon the Conservative party. D-SR-LI was my wash-pot, over the Markiss I cast out my shoe; but even then my address was One Ash, Rochdale. Do you begin to see what I mean? One Empire, One Parliament, One Ash! Some of my old colleagues and disciples among the Radicals scoff at me because of my new companions. But, as usual, I have been right from the first. I have always been what the *Marchioness* called a "wonner." What has happened is that the Liberal Party and my old companions have moved away from me, whilst the Conservatives have moved towards me. I am the same to-day as yesterday, or as these fifty years past. "J-HN BR-GHT, always right," and any change of relationship or appearance is due to the ineradicable error and fatal foolishness of others.

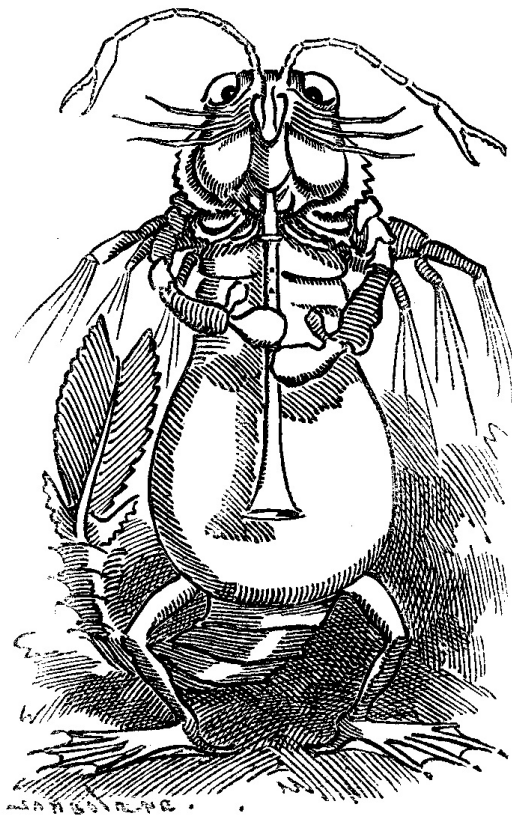
What I feel, dear TOBY, in reviewing a long and honourable life, is the terrible feeling of monotony. I sometimes find myself envying ordinary men like GL-DST-NE, who, looking back over their past life, can put their hand down and say, "There I blundered, there I was misled by circumstances." For a long time GL-DST-NE kept pretty straight—that is to say I agreed with him. But he has gone wrong lamentably on this Irish Question, and all the righteous acts of his life—that is to say, steps in which he has chanced to walk in time with me—are obliterated. It is true that, at one time, it was I who was the foremost Apostle of Irish National feeling. At this date people with inconvenient memories are constantly raking up passages in my speeches about Ireland, and the English yoke which, except that they are too finely cut, and of too noble a style of eloquence, would exactly suit GL-DST-NE to-day. I said these things then, it is true, and then they were right. I do not say them to-day, and therefore they are wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* (You will observe that since, with a distinguished friend, I have joined the political company of gentlemen, I have forsaken my old habit of keeping to the Saxon tongue, and sometimes, as here, I drop into Latin. Occasionally I fall into French. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*)

My nearest approach to human frailty, is, perhaps, to be found in a certain measure of absence of suavity. It is perhaps possible that my temper was,—I will not say soured, but—not sweetened by the vile attacks made upon me personally by Irish Members in Parliament during the last ten years. You remember what B-NT-NCK said about me? I don't mean Big Ben, or Little Ben, but Lord GEORGE B-NT-NCK. "If BR-GHT," he said, "had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter." I think there is about the remark some suspicion of lack of respect. But, also, it is not without some foundation of truth. I admit an impulse to strike back when I am hit; sometimes when I am not. Through two Parliaments the ragged regiment that live upon the contributions of their poor relations in domestic service in the United States have girded at me in the House of Commons. This was my reward for the rhetorical services I did for Ireland a quarter of a century ago. They pummelled me, kicked me, dragged my honoured name in the dust, and spat upon me in the market-place. That gross ingratitude I could never forgive, and if in reprisal, the cause I once advocated suffers, can I be held blameable?

But this seems to be running into the groove of apology, and I never apologised to anyone for anything in my life. For fear I should begin now, I will close this letter, remaining,

Your friend, J-HN BR-GHT.

P.S.—I observe that in my haste I have not called you a fool, or directly stigmatised as such anyone alluded to in this letter. I am afraid this will be regarded as a sign of growing weakness. But I will bring up the average in the next letter I write for publication.



**DARWINIAN ANCESTOR**

*Composing the Song, "For O it is such a Norrible Tail!!"*  
 "Our ancestor was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, and an imperfect skull."—*Darwin to Lyell.*

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**THE BABES IN THE CHRISTMAS WOOD. "The Cry is still they come!"**

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**THE BABES IN THE CHRISTMAS WOOD.**

## The Publishers' Cantata.

*Various well-known Publishing Firms in the guise of Forest-trees discovered shedding their leaves.*

### GENERAL CHORUS.

See Christmas is upon us and the world around us living,  
Seeks us and asks the pretty gifts it soon would fain be giving.  
The stories thrilling, tender, sweet, to suit all tastes and ages,  
All gleaming with their covers gay and picture-covered pages;  
The dainty illustrated leaf, the paper softly tinted,  
In type, to suit young eyes and old, all exquisitely printed:  
Of artist's pencil, author's pen, the choicest, fairest flower,  
Behold as the glad season comes we thus upon you shower.



### MESSRS. BLACKIE & SONS.

Christmas leaves? Would you pick up the handsomest ones,  
First look at these scattered by BLACKIE & SONS.  
Here tales of home life and adventure in plenty,

Have good names to vouch for them. Take G. A. HENTY,  
In "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "Orange and Green,"  
He lays first in Scotland, then Ireland his scene,  
And thrills you with reading the hairbreadth escapes,  
Of the heroes he rescues from numberless scrapes.  
But while in "For the Temple," he ventures to tell  
How in ages long past great Jerusalem fell;  
Yet if less ancient horrors are more to your mind,  
In the reign of the "Terror" material you'll find;  
And if you would learn how pluck never goes wrong,  
You've but to go straightway to "Sturdy and Strong."  
Next ELIZABETH LYSAGHT in "Aunt Hesba's Charge,"  
On the virtues of old Maiden Aunts doth enlarge,  
And relates in "Our General" by a small head,  
How a family through all its trials may be led.  
Then J. PERCY GROVES in "The War of the Axe,"  
Tells a stirring Cape story of Caffre attacks,  
And "The Seven Wise Scholars" supply ASCOTT R. HOPE,  
For knocking off seven good tales, ample scope,  
He in "Old Renown" stories, too, brilliantly writes  
Of the deeds done of old by brave heroes and knights;  
While E. BROOKES harking back with his "Chivalric Days,"  
Of the boys and the girls of old times sings the praise.  
"Girl Neighbours," allows SARAH TYTLER to say,  
On the whole she prefers the girl of the day;  
In "Miss Willowbrown's Offer," how traitors may fail,  
SARAH DOWDNEY describes in a well-written tale.  
With "The Babbling Teapot," to a little girl changed,  
MRS. CHAMPNEY has well into Wonderland ranged.  
Out of "Willie," who here "Gutta Percha" is named,  
GEORGE MACDONALD, an excellent story has framed,  
And has shown how he finds life's troubles prove plastic,  
Possessing a brain which his friends deem elastic.  
In "The Princess" and "Goblin" he tries a new scheme,  
And sweeps you along with his mystical theme;  
But when she meets "Curdie" he now and then treads  
On ground that is over his young readers' heads.  
If a truant's adventures, fair reading you find,  
The good ship "Atalanta," you'd bear in your mind,  
And you'll follow "aboard" it, the hero whose fate  
HENRY FRITH's thrilling pages know how to relate.

### PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

*She.* "AND DO YOU STILL SQUEEZE UP THE LADIES' FEET IN YOUR COUNTRY?"

*He.* "ON THE CONTRARY, MADAM! THAT IS A CHINESE CUSTOM. WE IN JAPAN ALWAYS ALLOW THE LADIES' FEET TO GROW TO QUITE THEIR FULL SIZE. NOT THAT ANY WOULD EVER RIVAL YOURS, MADAM!"

*[Is delighted with his neat little Compliment!]*

Next in "Chirp and Chatter" from field and from tree,  
 Young children taught lessons by L. BANKS you'll see.  
 "Queen Maud," with her "orders" by LOUISA CROW,  
 Shows pride in a haughty young maiden brought low:  
 While in the "Squire's Grandson," J. CALLWELL proves how  
 A small boy can make up a family row.  
 The stories of WASA and MENZIKOFF tell  
 Two historical tales, and do it right well.  
 In his "Dick o' the Fens," one Fen,—MANVILLE FENN,—  
 Gives some capital studies of Lincolnshire men;  
 But in "Sir Walter's Ward," the age of Crusades,  
 Mr. WILLIAM EVERARD brightly invades.  
 The "Girlhood" of "Margery Merton" relates,  
 The struggle that oft a young artist awaits,  
 And how in the end her brave efforts prevail,  
 ALICE CORKRAN unfolds in her well-written tale.  
 And if "Clogs," well selected for children to wear,  
 You're in need, AMY WALTON will find you "a pair."  
 If the "Secret" of "Rovers" is more to your taste,  
 HARRY COLLINGWOOD follow,—your time you'll not waste.  
 In field, forest, or stream, would you "Insect Ways" learn,  
 For their "Summer Day's" life to J. HUMPHREYS turn.  
 But to close:—GORDON BROWNE, whose famed pencil so skilled,  
 Of the foregoing pages so many has filled,  
 Crowns the whole by contributing last, but not least,  
 His new "Hop o' my Thumb" and "The Beauty and Beast."

### GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

Are you seeking for young children picture-books to please the eye?  
 Then your need GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and his Sons will readily supply.  
 Here's "Little Wide-Awake," designed to suit the earliest age,  
 Bound brightly, with a picture too on nearly every page;  
 And then there's "Sunny Childhood," with its colouring so gay,  
 Where Mrs. SALE BARKER has such pleasant things to say;  
 And in "Our Friends" and in "Our Home" she takes them by the hand,  
 And talks to little readers in the words they understand.  
 "Our Darlings," too, by MARS, show how our little darlings fare  
 Who by their MARS (and Pa's as well) are taken everywhere.  
 If "Fairy Tales" you're seeking, LABOULAYE'S collected lore,  
 With new ones, and unheard before, will furnish up your store.  
 And if young heroes of all climes should come within your scope,  
 You'll turn to "Youngsters' Yarns," and will have faith in ASCOTT HOPE.  
 Then "Herbert Massey's" doings in "Eastern Africa" you'll find,  
 Told by Commander CAMERON, quite of a thrilling kind.  
 "The Children of the New Forest," that MARRYAT wrote of yore,  
 PAUL HARDY and JOHN GILBERT join to illustrate once more.  
 "Round Nature's Dial," by H. M. BURNSIDE, tells full and clear  
 The shifting story of the times and seasons of the year.  
 The "Annual" for "Every Boy" affords all boys a treat,  
 Which, thanks to EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, may be held as quite complete.  
 Here "Caldecott's last 'Graphic' Pictures" come in handy guise,  
 While by her "Book" consulting, the "Young Lady" may grow wise.  
 How good we'd be if all, before they do, to think would tarry  
 On what Miss EDGEWORTH taught to "Lucy," "Rosamond," and "Harry."  
 "Natural History," Illustrated "for Young People," must do good,  
 As a text-book for young children, ably done by F. G. WOOD.  
 The "Funny Foxes and their Feats" and doings "at the Fair,"  
 With some of ERNST GRISET'S happiest efforts may compare.  
 "The 'Shall Nots' of the Bible" and "Loving Links" combine,  
 In page illuminated, human verse and text divine.  
 "Play and Earnest" tells of children who their playing much enjoy,  
 In a story quaint and charming of a plucky little boy.  
 Then "Sunbeam Stories," "Storm" and "Sunshine," told in prose and rhyme,  
 And "Stories" for a "Holiday," as also "Pets' Pastime."  
 These, with "Sindbad's" famed Adventures, new to many we suppose,  
 With KATE GREENAWAY'S bright Almanack our list must fitly close.

### MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co.

Surely "Little Miss Peggy" will work you the spell  
 Mrs. MOLESWORTH'S charmed pen weaves so deftly and well,  
 For this quaint little lady, with ways sweet and bright,  
 Her small nursery readers can't fail to delight.

In "An Unknown Country" pen and pencil beguile  
Him who tempts it to visit his own Sister Isle.  
The text he'll find art a true handmaid to wait on  
In the exquisite work of F. NOEL PATON.

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## Christmas Cards.

Of Christmas Cards a splendid show  
This year! Wherever you may go  
You see them. When you're told, you know  
    They're Christmas Cards.  
In such a game of Cards the thing  
Before the eyes of all to bring  
Is Christmas, but they're Summer, Spring,  
    Most Christmas Cards.

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Taking high rank among the Christmas Cards,  
The artistic reproductions, MARCUS WARD'S,  
Of two of RAPHAEL'S best-known Madonnas  
Must, at this season, carry off the honours.  
Both from one Pitti Palace—need we name them?—  
    'Twould be a thousand pities not to frame them.

### (AIR—"King of the Cannibal Islands.")

Here's an "Opal Souvenir,"  
Lovely *mem* of present year,  
And it comes from, as we hear,  
    HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER.  
Among the Cards the best designs  
Are those by WEEDON, WILSON, HINES,  
BOTHAMS, DEALY also shines,  
KILBURNE, DRUMMOND, on like lines,  
WILLIAMSON, MAGUIRE too,  
SIGIMUND, artistic crew,  
All at work their best to do  
    FOR HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER.

### (AIR—"Rare Ben.")

RAPHAEL TUCK!  
Here's luck!  
    Rejoice! no dumps!  
    Why, all your Cards are trumps!  
    And all applied  
    To merry Christmas-tide!  
    In these un-Christmas days,  
    *Punch* says 'tis greatly to thy praise.  
So, RAPHAEL TUCK,  
    My buck,  
Here's luck!

### *To Mr. Punch.*

"Such books, cards, and crackers," cries Poet, perplexed,  
"As remain on the list, I will give 'in our next."

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## OUR DEBATING CLUB.

*An apology—Eloquent Peroration by our Vice-President—NAYLOR offers some critical remarks, and KIRKSTONE relates a humorous anecdote.*

I am in a position this week to redeem my promise, and raise the hitherto impenetrable veil that has long shrouded the proceedings of the Gargoyle Club from the Public Eye. In the exercise of the discretion with which I have been entrusted, I have somewhat departed from the form of report originally contemplated, and selected only the more striking and characteristic deliverances of my fellow Gargoyles, interspersed with such short notes and descriptions as may best serve to bring out their several mannerisms and idiosyncrasies. Should I offend by this I shall deeply regret it, but I find that there are traditions and customs in the management of a facetious periodical which, however exacting and absurd in themselves, must be respected by those who would furnish it with literary matter.

Having thus apologised in advance to any honourable Gargoyle who may consider himself misrepresented or insufficiently reported, let me present, as the first instalment of these papers, some extracts from notes taken at a most instructive debate last session upon the motion (brought forward by PLUMLEY DUFF; opposed by GASPARD HARTUPP), that:

"In the opinion of this House, Science has been productive of more real benefit to the Human Race than Art."

Somehow, although I know that DUFF's speech was compounded of plain common sense interspersed with abundant facts (all DUFF's speeches are like that), I did not begin to take notes that evening until HARTUPP had reached his peroration, which was in this form:—

"Sir," said HARTUPP (*with an inflection of unspeakable pathos in his voice, which ought to make PINCENEY shed tears—but does not*), "before I sit down—before, Sir, I resume my seat,"—(*this solemnly, as if he has a deep presentiment that he may never resume another seat*)—"let me ask the Honourable Member who is responsible for the Motion on the paper this evening—let me put to him this single inquiry, this solitary question—and I shall await his answer with considerable curiosity." ... (*Here HARTUPP gazes with an air of challenge at DUFF, who, however, is drawing EUCLID's first proposition upon his blotting-pad, an occupation which seems to absorb the whole of his faculties for the moment.*) "Is he here to-night to deny the existence of any good that is not visible, that is not tangible, that cannot be measured with a tape, or weighed in scales? *Sir*, that is the philosophy of the volatile sparrow, of the soulless hog, that skims the vault of the azure empyrean, and wallows content in the mire of his native sky—I *should* say" (*with an air of careless concession to prosaic accuracy*), "stye! That bird, *Sir*, that pig, like the Honourable Proposer himself"—(*a titter here from the more frivolous; DUFF rubs his nose, and evidently wonders whether HARTUPP has been saying anything worth noticing*)—"would find the universe none the poorer had PRAXITELES carved nothing more immortal than an occasional cold fowl; had HOMER swept his lyre, not in commemoration of the fall of an ancient Troy, but to celebrate the rise of a new soap (*HARTUPP rather prides himself on his talent for antithesis*); "and had TITIAN lavished all his wealth of glowing colour and gorgeous hues upon the unretentive surface of some suburban pavement! But, *Sir*, I hope that we, by our vote to-night, will afford no encouragement to the gross and contemptible materialism which is the curse of the present day, and of which, I am compelled to add," (*here he glances reproachfully at the unconscious DUFF, who is sharpening a pencil*), "we have been afforded so melancholy an example this evening. Let us proclaim to the world without that we, as Gentlemen and as Gargoyles, repudiate, that we loathe, that we abhor, that we abominate," (*HARTUPP seems to be screwing all these verbs out of himself, and throwing them defiantly at DUFF,*) "the grovelling tendency of our animal nature to ignore the joys of the soul and the pleasures of the intellect, and place its highest enjoyment in the ignoble pursuit of creature comforts!"

[*Here HARTUPP sits down amidst applause, and applies himself diligently to his whiskey-and-water.*

At a later period in the evening, just as the debate was beginning to languish, NAYLOR started to his feet with a long strip of paper which, being shortsighted, he held close to his nose. NAYLOR invariably takes elaborate notes, with the intention of pointing out and refuting the errors of all previous speakers. Unfortunately, as he cannot always read the notes, and seldom remembers the objections he meant to urge, his criticisms are not as effective as could be desired. On this occasion, NAYLOR said:—"I'm not going to make a speech, *Sir*, I only want to point out one or two things which struck me as requiring to be met. I'll take them in their order." (*Here he fumbles with his strip of paper, which will get upside down when he wished to refer to it.*) "Oh, here it is! There was a Gargoyle who said—I believe it was the Proposer of this motion—*didn't* you?" (*To DUFF, who shakes his head in solemn disclaimer.*) "Well, it was somebody, anyway, but he told us that—." (*Here NAYLOR again refers to his notes.*) "I'm afraid I can't exactly make out what he did say—but I don't agree with him. Then there was another speaker who said, (I took it down at the time) that he'd rather have a good traction-engine than the finest poem ever written! Well, my reply to *that* is—." (*here NAYLOR has another wrestle with his notes and comes up triumphant*) "that's *his* opinion. I wouldn't. Next, someone asked, 'What practical use was SHAKSPEARE to any man?'" (*A pause.*) "I've got an answer to that on my notes, somewhere, only I can't find it. But, anyhow," (*cheerfully*) "I know it was rather sticking up for SHAKSPEARE, to a certain extent. Then, didn't someone else say, 'Music elevated the mind?'" (*A Member acknowledges the responsibility of this bold sentiment.*) "Well, I don't say it doesn't—only, *how?* you know, that's the point!" (*A long pause, during which NAYLOR and his notes appears to be getting inextricably involved.*) "There was a lot of other things I meant to say, but I'm afraid I don't quite remember them at this moment."

With this, NAYLOR sat down suddenly, apparently very little depressed by the total absence of applause—he knew that a fearless critic is never popular.

After that we had a little speech from dear old KIRKSTONE, who rose to tell us an anecdote, which the subject had suggested to him. Appropriate anecdotes are always occurring to KIRKSTONE, and he applies them in the neatest and happiest manner, being gifted with the keenest sense of humour of any one in our Society. In fact, the very keenness of KIRKSTONE's appreciation operates almost as a disadvantage, as will be seen from the following extract, taken on the spot.

*Kirkstone (rising, and playing with his watch-chain).* "Sir, whilst listening to the speeches of Honourable Members this evening, I could not help being reminded of a story I heard the other

day." (*Here a slight spasm passes over his ample cheeks, and we all settle down in delighted anticipation*). "There was an old farmer—one of the regular old-fashioned sort." (*Faint preliminary chuckle down in KIRKSTONE'S throat.*) "Well, he had a daughter, who—*tchick!*—played on the—*tehee!*—the piano, and one day he was induced to go in for a"—(*convulsion, followed by sounds like the extraction of a very refractory cork*)—"for a Steam-plough! Soon afterwards he happened to meet a friend—another farmer, or the parson, I forget which, and it don't signify. Well, and the friend asked 'how he got on with his Steam-plough.' And the old farmer says—*hork-hork!*—he says, 'Don't talk to me 'bout no Steam-plough—*ki-hee-hee!*—when there's my darter at home, and she—*crick, crick, criggle!*' (*KIRKSTONE proceeds gallantly, but is unintelligible until the close*)—'with her darned pianner—*haw-haw-haw!*' Well, the House can apply the moral of that themselves—I thought it was rather to the point myself. That's all I got up to say."

I am afraid KIRKSTONE thinks we are all of us rather dull.

## A DRAMATIC ORATORIO.



Mr. FREDERIC H. COWEN'S dramatic Oratorio, *Ruth*, was produced last Thursday at St. James's Hall, and the verdict on the entire work from "bar one" to bar last was emphatically favourable. The Composer has nothing to regret on this score. The workmanship throughout is thoroughly good, and in some instances admirable, though the First Part is not distinguished by any very striking originality.

In the Second Part, which begins appropriately with Harvest or "Half-est time," Mr. BOAZ LLOYD gave a very trying *scena* magnificently. But why does he pronounce "excellent" as "exceellent?" Perhaps he has ascertained on undeniable authority that this is the way *Boaz* would have pronounced it. *À propos* of this eminent tenor, on one occasion, not this, there was very nearly being a duel about his identity. An Irish gentleman, turning to his friend, informed him, "That's SIMS REEVES," whereupon his better informed companion returned, "He! LLOYD!" which, but for a toimely explanation, begorra, would have led to a challenge!

To resume. The "Dance of Reapers and Gleaners" must have sounded rather out of place in Worcester Cathedral, where *Ruth* was first produced. In the Chorus of the Reapers and Gleaners, who were not in the least out of breath with their dance—but perhaps these had only been delighted spectators—full justice was done to the finest number in the Oratorio—at least, so it appeared to the humble individual who had the honour of representing you on this occasion. Then in the duet,

LLOYD and ALBANI  
As *Boaz* and *Ruth*,  
Were perfect, no blarney,  
I'm telling the truth.

The applause was enthusiastic: indeed, not only in this instance, but throughout the performance, these two sang magnificently. *Boaz* must have been a very kind man; at all events, as *Boaz* and *Ruth* are invariably heard of together, it is clear that he could never be accused of being Ruthless.

Now, just one question: the Book of Words with musical phrases, is sold in the room, and on the title-page we read that "the words are selected,"—most judiciously too—by Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, and "the Book of Words" is fitted "with analytical notes by JOSEPH BENNETT,"—though we should have thought that Mr. COWEN'S notes were sufficient by themselves. Then we find the analytical Noter saying at the end of Part I., "*The assertion may safely be made, that no poetical situation in dramatic Oratorio, has been treated more successfully than the foregoing.*" Now, suppose this were a book of a new Opera, would it be right and proper for the librettist who had adapted the subject from SHAKSPEARE, for example, to give his opinion on the work of his *collaborateur*? Wouldn't this be taking an unfair advantage of his position? It doesn't matter in this case, as I perfectly agree with him, but it is the principle, whatever it may be, for which I contend, and sign myself,

Your Musical Representative,

PETER PIPER.

UNCLE REMUS ON C. S. P-RN-LL.—"Brer Fox he lay low."

## SHOWS VIEWS.

Amongst entertainments of a pleasing character the performances of "Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED" hold their own gallantly. At the present moment a little play called *Tally Ho* is occupying the boards, much to the delight of those serious pleasure-seekers who consider a box at a theatre wicked, but find no particular harm in the stalls of St. George's Hall. Mr. ALFRED REED and Miss



FANNY HOLLAND are as amusing as ever, and the music is all that could be desired. The dialogue of the piece, or entertainment, or whatever it is, is not too new. I fancy the author must have seen *London Assurance*, and listened to *Lady Gay Spanker's* description of the fox chase. And having seen the piece and heard the speech, possibly read the burlesque thereon by the late GILBERT ABBOTT A BECKETT, in the *Scenes from Rejected Comedies*, published as long ago as the forties. "How time flies!" as a lady behind me observed, after expressing her opinion that Mr. CORNEY GRAIN was better than his pupil—JOHN PARRY! "I remember him as far back as a quarter of a century," continued the fair dame, "and didn't you hear him say he was over fifty years old when he sang that song calling himself an old fogey?" Mr. GRAIN fails to do himself justice when he assumes an elderly air inconsistent with the number of his summers. Such an assumption can but cause pain—to his contemporaries!



On Thursday last *The Woman Hater* was produced for the first time in London at Mr. TERRY'S Theatre (on the grounds that familiarity breeds contempt, I prefer to allow the actor to retain his titular prefix), with more or less success. On the whole I condole with our country cousins if they have been allowed to see this strange play very frequently. Personally I would not care to form a part of any audience at Mr. TERRY'S Theatre during its run, which I am bound to add I am afraid will not be a long one. The construction of the three-act farce (as it is called) is feeble in the extreme, and suggests that the author, from a literary point of view, has a great deal to learn. I do not think (unless his future pieces are very unlike *The Woman Hater*) that he will have much chance of gaining a permanent position in the Temple of Fame. This is merely a matter of opinion, but, speaking for myself, had I a theatre (which I should call of course Mr. Thingembob's Theatre, or the Theatre Royal Dash Blank, Esq.), I believe I should somehow or other instinctively avoid the works of Mr. DAVID LLOYD for some time to come. That is to say if he confined his pen to farce and comedy. It is quite possible he may be much more at home in tragedy. As a fact, there is a sort of gloomy glamour about *The Woman Hater* that suggests the reflection that, after all, the play might have been more exciting if a murder had been skilfully introduced into Act I., and it had been written throughout in blank verse. I think the lover, *Tom Ripley*, might thus have been murdered with or without (for preference, with) his sweetheart. Early in Act II. the character very nicely played by Mr. KEMBLE might have committed suicide, with one or two others; for choice, others. Act III. might have been allowed (after the necessary alterations had been made to fit it to the requirements of the novel development of the original plot) to stand as it is. In its present form the incidents connected with the spiriting away (after a desperate and revolting fight with the keepers) of the hero to a Lunatic Asylum, are, to say the least, unpleasant. Mr. BISHOP, as the psychological specialist (the resident medical superintendent of the licensed house), was excellent. It is a question, however, whether those well-intentioned representatives of the LORD CHANCELLOR, the Commissioners in Lunacy, would have been entirely satisfied with his action in connection with the incarceration of one sane patient in the place of another patient equally free from mental disease. But that is a matter affecting the author rather than the player. Miss M. A. VICTOR, as a widow lady of great wealth and superior position, was, of course, quite in her element, and gave an admirable sketch of a British matron from Belgravia or Mayfair. Mr. TERRY, too, deserves a word of praise for his own droll performances, which caused more than once, on the first night, a burst of hearty laughter. Pleasantry apart, in spite of the acting, good all round, I fear *The Woman Hater* will soon have to return to the provinces, to make room for something just a little better suited to the London requirements of Mr. TERRY and the audiences of Mr. TERRY'S Theatre.

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NEW BOOK.—*The Green Ways of England*. By a Warwickshire Man.

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**SO VERY LIKELY.**

*Small Rustic (to Brown, whose Champion North-Caspian Bear-hound has just gobbled up one of Farmer Rackstraw's Prize Rabbits, which had got out of the hutch). "IF YER'LL GI' ME TUPPENCE, ZUR, I'LL SWEAR IT WOS THE RABBIT AS BEGUN IT!"*

**ON THE WRONG SCENT.**

***Master of Hounds, loquitur:—***

*"Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouths like bells.  
Each under each." So SHAKSPEARE'S Theseus tells  
The merits of his tuneful Spartan pack.  
Would I could echo it concerning mine!  
Tut, tut! They're off again on their own line.  
Come back, ye fools, come back!*

I envy *Theseus!* Just the sort of hounds  
For a true Tory huntsman; kept in bounds  
By discipline none ventures to defy.  
With such a pack I should be well content;  
But some of mine are keen on a false scent,  
And off on a wild cry.

Oh, these young dogs! They think disorder's dash;  
Heedless of horn, rebellious to the lash;  
Just now, too, when our quarry is so clear!  
Oh, hang the howling, yelping, whimpering lot!  
On a fine herring-trail the fools have got.  
They'll spoil the chase, I fear.

Come back! Come back! What, "VINCENT," "BARTLETT," ho!  
This sort of thing won't pay at all, you know.  
We are not, now, after *that* sort of game.  
Ah, sweet *Sir Roger*, our *Spectator's* friend.  
What would you say to this? Come, let it end.  
For shame, ye curs, for shame!

ADDISON'S "good old Knight" was happier far.  
In his well-ordered pack the casual jar  
Of a raw dog or "noted Liar" met  
No recognition; no, "he might have yelped  
His heart out," but the row had nothing helped  
The hounds astray to set.

Here be "notorious Liars" in full force  
(The epithet is technical, of course).

"TORRINGTON," back! Back, "STANLEY"! "ECROYD," back!  
Heed "the old hounds of reputation" here.  
This shindy must be stopped, or 'twill, I fear,  
Demoralise the pack!

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## THE OLDEST SKETCHING CLUB IN THE WORLD.

At the house of NAT LANGHAM young men were taught how to use their hands skilfully years ago; at the home of *the* LANGHAM their hands are trained with equal care and discretion, with a different end in view. At the former they were excited, at the latter they are soothed. The spirits of the last are finer, if less ardent, than those of the first. Friday cannot be unlucky, for all their sketches are produced on that proverbially unfortunate day. A subject is given, and in two hours, over pipes and coffee, it is completed. Marvellous these rapid acts of sketchmanship! The Impressionists nowhere! The result? Well, go to the Gallery, 23, Baker Street. Look at the collection of pictures—on the two hours' system—by Messrs. STACEY MARKS, CALDERON, FRED WALKER, HODGSON, CATTERMOLLE, B. W. LEADER, CHARLES KEENE, E. HAYES, H. MOORE, VICAT COLE, FRANK DICKSEE, E. DUNCAN, C. J. LEWIS, F. WEEKES, CARL HAAG, and other clever gentlemen, and see if *Mr. Punch* is not right in his commendation. The Langham Sketching Club has existed over half a century, and this is its first public exhibition. Ah! well, it is never too late to mend.

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### The Winter's Tale at the Lyceum.

There's a charm in her innocent glances,  
A charm in her step when she dances,  
    For *Perdita*, "nary  
    A one," like our MARY,  
The sweetest of Sweet Willum's fancies.

To those who may not have heard it, a  
Chance most distinct will be *Perdita*.  
    So, see now, we say,  
    MARY ANDERSON play,  
You'll regret, when too late you've deferred it, Ah!

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### The Latest and Best from Berlin.

The Crown Prince was reported last week to be decidedly better. May it be so, and so go on. "His Imperial Highness," wrote the Correspondent of the *Standard*, "continues to express the fullest confidence in Sir MORELL MACKENZIE." And *Mr. Punch*, in the name of all Englishmen who are uninfluenced by any feeling akin to professional jealousy, "says ditto," to the Crown Prince. *Prosit!*

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Mrs. R. is astonished that the English do not name streets and places after the names of their great Poets and their works. She says she only remembers two exceptions; one was a *Hamlet* in the Country, and the other was *Wandsworth*; the latter being so called after the Poet who wrote *The Excursion*,—probably, she thinks, a cheap excursion to this very spot, which is within a cab-fare of town.

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The Third Edition of Mr. FRITH's Recollections is now out. We hear it is dedicated to Archdeacon SUMNER, and that the motto selected is the nautical quotation, "Port it is!"

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**ON THE WRONG SCENT.**

LORD SALISBURY, M.F.H. "CONFOUND THOSE YOUNG HOUNDS!—THEY'RE TAKING A LINE OF THEIR OWN!!"

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**PIG-HEADED ATTACK ON THE IMMORTAL  
BARD.**

## **A DISPUTED WILL.**

DEAR SIR,—MR. DONNELLY'S cryptogram, showing BACON to be the author of all SHAKSPEARE'S plays, is a wonderful discovery. The principle only needs to be applied with sufficient ingenuity and perseverance, to revolutionise the whole field of literary history. I myself have only had time to apply it in a few instances, but have already got the really valuable result that NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA wrote most of the works of MILTON. DAY and MARTIN LUTHER wrote *Sandford and Merton*, and Sir WALTER SCOTT wrote the ballad with the refrain "*Two Lovely Black Eyes*." CHARLES THACKERAY'S works were entirely written by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE DICKENS. Hence the cryptogrammatic name. I am working as hard at the theory as the somewhat unelastic rules of this establishment will permit, and this morning I caught a cryptogram crawling up the window-pane. Aha! excuse my glove, I must dissemble,

*Colney-Hatchwell.*

Yours, THE "B" IN BOTH.

SIR,—You are performing a truly noble and philanthropic work in throwing open your columns to a subject which must inevitably seem "*caviare* to the general" (BACON). To myself, personally, the raising of the controversy at the present time is annoying, because I happen to have hit independently on exactly the same idea as Mr. DONNELLY'S; viz., that there is an underground narrative running through SHAKSPEARE. DARWIN and WALLACE, you may remember, discovered the origin of species simultaneously, so why not I and DONNELLY the origin of SHAKSPEARE? But my cryptogram leads to an entirely different result from Mr. DONNELLY'S, who has, I am certain, being led off on a false scent. Instead of multiplying every 270th word, as he does, by the number of full-stops in the page, and then dividing the result by the number of years during which ANNE HATHAWAY is supposed to have resided at Stratford-on-Avon, he should first have discovered the total quantity of words in all SHAKSPEARE'S plays and sonnets, and after that the quantity in the *Novum Organon*; then reducing the probable salary which BACON received as Lord Chancellor, *each year*, down to farthings, he should have divided (*not* multiplied) them all into each other, and brought them to decimals, and then applied *that* result to the plays. The process is a little complicated, but I can't make it clearer at present. Anyhow, the entrancing interest of the story so obtained can be judged from the headings of the chapters.

"Lord BACON arrives at Stratford disguised as a bargee. His midnight visit to SHAKSPEARE'S house. The poaching plot hatched. In the churchyard. The Ghost among the tombs. The Ghost discovered to be Queen ELIZABETH, who had followed BACON to Stratford disguised as a Tilbury fish-wife. The Queen buried alive in Stratford churchyard by BACON and SHAKSPEARE. The good Vicar bribed. Their scheme to dress up ANNE HATHAWAY as Queen. Its success. ANNE HATHAWAY reigns twenty years, everybody taking her for ELIZABETH. SHAKSPEARE (stricken with remorse) appears suddenly at the bedside of BACON. Threatens to disclose all. BACON murders SHAKSPEARE. Takes all SHAKSPEARE'S Plays (hitherto unacted, having been rejected by the Managers of the period as 'wholly devoid of dramatic power') out of his pocket, and produces them next day as his own. Success of this plot also. How BACON repents at last. Invents the Cryptogram. Inserts it in the Plays on his deathbed."

You will see from this abstract that there are elements of far greater interest in my theory than in Mr. DONNELLY'S, and my publishers sincerely trust that you will insert this letter, as a gratuitous

advertisement may help the sale of my forthcoming work, entitled, *Who Killed Shakspeare and Queen Elizabeth?*  
Your obedient servant, ARTFUL PLODDER.

SIR,—Surely it is impossible to doubt any longer that BACON wrote *Hamlet*. Why, in that play you find him actually confessing his cowardice in not claiming the authorship of his own plays! What else *can* these words mean?

"What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are *arrant knaves all*."

Then occurs this truly remarkable sentence:—

"God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another."

Given *whom*? Why, BACON himself! Did he not make his face into another's, namely, SHAKSPEARE'S? The case is as clear as noonday. Let the insular cavillers at DONNELLY, just because he is an American, hide their diminished heads.  
ANTI-HUMBUG.

DEAR SIR,—Would one of your readers kindly inform me how Friar BACON could have written SHAKSPEARE? I see by *Little Arthur's History of England* that the former lived three hundred years before SHAKSPEARE was born. This seems to be a conclusive proof that Mr. DONNELLY is wrong; but though I am very fond of history, I do not profess to be a great historical critic. TILLY SLOWBOY.

SIR,—In looking over *Macbeth*, I have found a really remarkable confirmation of Mr. DONNELLY'S cryptographic story. The story relates how, when CECIL told Queen ELIZABETH that SHAKSPEARE'S plays were treasonable, she "rises up, beats HAYWARD with her crutch, and nearly kills him." In Act III., Scene 4, of *Macbeth*, occurs this line,—

"It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood"—

*i.e.*, Queen ELIZABETH, being a person of good blood, or high lineage, *will* have blood, *i.e.*, from the head of the person she beats with the crutch.

A few lines further on is a striking confirmation of this.

*Macbeth* says,—

"How say'st thou, that MACDUFF denies his person  
At our great bidding?"

*Macduff* here is cryptographic for SHAKSPEARE. When summoned by the Queen to answer CECIL'S charge, SHAKSPEARE *did* deny his person at her bidding. Mr. DONNELLY'S is a great discovery. The world *does* advance, in spite of Lord SALISBURY.  
Yours, RADICAL.

DEAR SIR,—How long will the British public allow an impudent Yankee to lead it astray? Mr. DONNELLY has evidently never read my historical novel, *A Tale of the Invincible Armada*, which somehow failed to meet with the enthusiasm it deserved, or he would know that CECIL valued SHAKSPEARE most highly. In my book he never addresses the Bard without saying, "Marry, Gossip," or "I' faith, good coz." I am sure your readers will be glad of this information; also to hear that I am bringing out a cheap popular edition of the same book, price only three-and-sixpence. Order at once,  
Yours, M. AINCHANCE.

SIR,—Perhaps, after all, the best solution of the SHAKSPEARE-BACON puzzle is one analogous to that suggested by a learned Don in the HOMER controversy—*viz.*, that the person who wrote the plays was not SHAKSPEARE, but another man of the same name.

Yours, COMMONSENSICUS ACADEMICUS.

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### LORD SALISBURY'S SHAKSPEARE.

"The policy of worry' shan't be strained;  
They'll drop it in my gentle reign next Session."

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**"AN OPPORTUNIST."**

*He.* "OH, EMIL—MISS CRUMPCHER—CAN—HAVE YOU EVER LOVED?"  
*She.* "N—NOT THIS SEASON!"

A WOULD-BE "LITERARY GENT."—The following is from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

**L**iterary.—A gentleman who erst wrote for recreation, is driven, through cruel misfortune, to resume his pen for a livelihood. Fugitive lines, reviews of English, French, and Italian literature, topics of the day.

What a condescension! How good of him! He "first wrote for recreation"—whose?—his own probably, and that of his friends who were as easily amused as were those of Mr. PETER MAGNUS,—who signed himself P.M., or afternoon, for the entertainment of his correspondents,—and now he is "driven through cruel misfortune to resume his pen." Very cruel! Perhaps already his friends are beginning to suffer from this spiteful freak of Fortune. But as he can knock off with ease a variety of literary work, he is rather to be envied than pitied; and already he may be on the high road to literary fame which he will despise, and solid wealth which he will appreciate.

THE NEW SIXPENCE.—On the face is to be the QUEEN'S effigy with inscription, and on the reverse its value inscribed, surrounded by an olive-branch and an oak-branch. More appropriate for the face would have been the QUEEN'S effigy surrounded by olive-branches.

M. PASTEUR is the man for the successful treatment of hydrophobia. Does the Australasian Government appeal to him for assistance because it finds itself in a rabbit state?

**O'BRIEN'S BREECHES.**

*(Humbly imitated from Henry Luttrell's "Burnham Beeches.")*

A Bard, dear Muse, who pluck would sing,  
Your friendly aid beseeches.  
Help me to touch the lyric string

On—brave O'BRIEN's breeches!

What though the splendour of my lines  
 To SWINBURNE'S height ne'er reaches?  
 The theme, if not the thrummer, shines;  
 That theme's—O'BRIEN's breeches!

They wouldn't let O'BRIEN talk,  
 Or make "seditious" speeches.  
 They quodded him, his plans to baulk,  
 And—tried to bag his breeches!

But brave O'BRIEN's blood did burn  
 (Say, who his pluck impeaches?)  
 He up and swore in accents stern,  
 "I *won't*—wear convict breeches!"

Those gaolers deep about him hung,  
 They stuck to him like leeches.  
 But he, the eloquent of tongue,  
 Stuck to—O'BRIEN's breeches!

If "sermons be in stones," I'll bet  
 A prison patience teaches.  
 The prisoner to bed must get;  
 They watched—and boned his breeches!

The captive of the cold complains,  
 His breechless bones it reaches.  
 But yield? No, rather he remains  
 In bed—without his breeches!

In vain the prison-clothes they show;  
 Badge of dishonour each is.  
 Patriots prefer to lie below  
 Bed-clothes—without their breeches!

But friends unto the dungeon hie,  
 No gaoler marks (or peaches),  
 They hand O'BRIEN, on the sly,  
*Another* pair of breeches!

Black BALFOUR's myrmidons are fooled!  
 A lesson high this teaches:  
 A plucky people is not ruled  
 By—stealing patriot's breeches!

BRIAN BORU they sang of yore,  
 But when her goal she reaches,  
 Erin will sing, from shore to shore,  
 O'BRIEN—and his breeches!

Her bards will praise the patriot true,  
 His long and fiery speeches,  
 His bearding BALFOUR's brutal crew;  
 But, above all,—his breeches!

Oh, ne'er may the potheen pass round  
 But—Erin so beseeches—  
 The Isle may with one theme resound,—  
 O'BRIEN—and his breeches!

Hold! Though I'd fain be jingling on,  
 One rhyme, experience teaches,  
 You can't ring on for aye! I've done.  
 Farewell, O'BRIEN's breeches!

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## The Shakspearian Question.

*An Actor's opinion on the Bacon v. Shakspeare controversy, expressed in a strictly professional cryptogrammatic style.*

"SHAKSPEARE written by a chap called BACON, my boy? Very likely; I always found 'lots of fat' in it."

*Another (at Brighton, by an Ancient Mariner who sticks to the "Old Ship").*



"BACON wrote SHAKSPEARE? Well, perhaps he did. He was a clever chap, was dear old ARTHUR BACON; but still, somehow, I don't think he wrote SHAKSPEARE. At least not all of it."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 54.



THE PARLIAMENTARY CATTLE-SHOW.

ON THEATRICAL PICTURE-POSTERS.

SIR,—I used to be a very regular attendant at the Theatres. I am not so now, and I find that by staying away, I have time at my disposal, which I never had before, for reading, study, and social intercourse. I save my money and preserve my health. And for this I have most sincerely to thank the Managers of our London Theatres, who, within the last few years, have adopted a style of pictorial advertisement, which, though possibly attractive to simple-minded folk, or restless youth, exercises a singularly deterrent effect on the middle-aged playgoer, and on all imaginative and timid persons, especially of the feminine gender.

For example, speaking as a mediævalist, or one of the middle-ages, if I see a huge coloured picture on a hoarding representing several sensational situations which form a frame for the culminating horror of the play in the centre, as an old stager I know that play from beginning to end, and take in the whole plot at a glance. I can imagine the dialogue without doing much injury to the author, and, as I have seen the principal actors and actresses, I can, in my own mind, furnish the piece with a cast probably far superior to that at the particular theatre where the melodrama, thus pictorially advertised, is being performed. The scenery and costumes I have before me on the hoarding. This applies to several theatres. As to timid ladies they shrink from seeing the realisation of the terrible situations depicted on the picture-poster. They have seen quite enough: they will wait until something less startling shall be substituted for this display of crime, cruelty, and violence.

It is really very kind of the Managers to provide for outsiders in this way, but the outsiders remain outsiders, and have no desire to enter these chambers of Dramatic Horrors. As a supporter of shows and exhibitions, with considerable experience, I know well enough that the representation outside the booth is very much superior to the reality within; for example, the outside picture of a Fat Woman exaggerates the corpulence of the Lady on view inside the caravan; the Mermaid is most attractive in the picture, probably floating about playing a harp, while the reality is a dummy figure composed of a monkey's and cat's skin sewn together and stuffed. I hope the Managers will develop their pictorial advertisements still further; I speak selfishly, as if everyone takes my view, where will the audiences be?

The only advertisements that ever attract me, and cause me to say, "Ah! I should like to see *that!*" are those which, on closer inspection, I find to be only the artistic trade-marks of some new soap, beetle-powder, peculiar whiskey, sewing machines, or soothing syrup. Pray, Sir, do all you can to encourage Theatrical Art in Mural Decorations, and save the time and money of,

Yours, PATER FAMILIAS.

P.S.—I shall take my boys in holiday time the round of the hoardings, and tell them all about the plays. Cheap entertainment, eh?

Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M. P. elect for Dulwich—not by any means a dullidge sort of constituency in the opinion of the Conservative Candidate's Agent—is to be congratulated on attaining his majority. When he has prepared his maiden speech for the House, he may hum to himself:—

"Now I'm furnished, Now I'm furnished for my flight!"

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## THE FUTURE POSITION OF THE ARMY.

*A Sketch founded on the Suggestions of "The Greatest Briton."*

### PART I.—*Before the G. B. took the matter in hand.*

"I am heartily glad you have come," said the Commander-in-Chief (patented), throwing down the *Fortnightly*, "because this article upon the present condition of the Army, by the Author of *Greater Britain*, has put me out completely."



"En Retraite."

"I glanced at it, but could not get through it," replied *the* Field Marshal. "What does he say?"

"Well, so far as I can make out, that in the time of war all the Militia will be drafted into the Army, and all the Coast Guards into the Navy, and both will disappear together with the Army and the Navy in the first battle."

"Anything else?"

"Well," continued GEORGE RANGER, re-opening the Magazine, "he seems to think that we have got enough men, if we can't get more, but that we must defend India with the aid of compulsory service, although, for various 'religious and commercial reasons, almost peculiar to England, the non-adoption of Conscription is certain."

"From this I take it the article is slightly mixed?"

"It is—and I am bothered entirely!" replied the poor Duke, who had a habit, when worried, of returning to the brogue he used as Prince GEORGE in Ireland, in his youth. "What will I do? Look there now, we have cut down everything to starvation proportions, to please Lord GRANDOLPH, to say nothing of upsetting the entire machinery of the War Office, to save the salary of the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. Sure, what more will I do?"

"Read this," replied *the* Field Marshal, giving to H. R. H. a packet. "If War is declared, open it, and act upon the orders contained in it."

And, with this, *Punch*, the greatest modern strategist, bowed, and retired.

### PART II.—*After the G. B. took the matter in hand.*

Two months later Europe, shaken by the mightiest conflict of this century, was beginning to regain her composure. It would be unwise (for it might offend foreign susceptibilities) to give the names of the victories that had added fresh lustre to the British arms. Suffice it to say that not a single reverse had been recorded. Once more *the* Field Marshal entered the room of the Commander-in-Chief (patented).

"Well, GEORGE, how goes it?" asked the foremost soldier of the age. The Commander-in-Chief (patented) fell upon his knees and kissed the spurs of his master's boots.

"Nay, this show of gratitude is pleasing, but embarrassing. Remember, GEORGE, you are of Royal Blood," and *the* Field-Marshal gently and kindly assisted the Patented One to rise.

"I cannot help it," returned GEORGE, with a burst of almost painful emotion. "You have done so much for us."

"Not at all," observed *Punch* with a smile, "that packet certainly contained a few suggestions of some value."

"Why, they saved the country! How should we have horsed the Cavalry and Artillery, if we had not entered on peace contracts with the Directors of Pickford's, the London General Omnibus Company, the Road Cars, the Tramways, and the Herne Bay Bathing Machine Owners. The last were not easily persuaded to act with us, as somehow the requisition of their quadrupeds seemed to interfere with the success of the Thanet Harriers."

"But they gave in at last?"

"Certainly, patriotism was the rule without exception. Then the compulsory service of their *employés* in the Volunteers, insisted upon by all the West End Tradesmen and employers of labour throughout the land, had the best effects. Why some of the finest troops in the world came from SCHOOLBRED'S, WHITELEY'S, the Army and Navy Stores, and SMITH AND SONS."

"And the Inns of Court, the Universities, and the Medical Colleges also insisted upon continued efficient service in the Volunteer ranks to secure the advantage of audience in the Courts and Registration as Doctors, didn't they?"

"Certainly! Oh, it was grand! Then we got as much Cavalry as we required from the farmers, and the Yeomanry, and purchased the entire stock of guns from the Continent.—Just as you told me to do."

"Quite right," said *Punch*, "after all, guns and ammunition are only a question of figures. I suppose the British Army in India was recalled home and distributed amongst the Colonies, as I suggested, and the Native Troops that were not quite trustworthy treated in the same manner?"

"Assuredly, yes, and they have given an admirable account of themselves in Australia and Canada." Then GEORGE hesitated. "But you would not tell me how you supplied their places in India. You merely asked for transport for your Army of Reserves."

"Quite so," said *Punch*, with a smile. "But, now that peace is decided upon, and all but declared, I need keep silence no longer. The fact is, I fought the Russians with an Army of Germans and Italians, under the command of my friend Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS."

"Germans and Italians! Where *did* you get them from?"

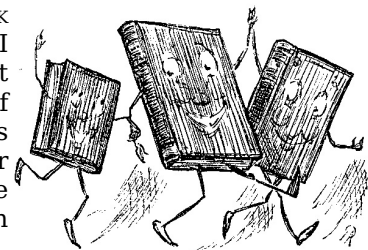
"From places where they were ruining our working-poor and doing themselves no permanent good. I shipped them from Hatton Garden and Whitechapel. My country saved, the welfare of the world in general demands my restored attention. It shall have it."

And full of this truly benevolent intention, *Mr. Punch* returned to Fleet Street.

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## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM *The Personal Remembrances* of Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK (MACMILLAN & Co.) I had, I confess, expected a great deal more than I found in the two volumes. And I hold that I had a right to expect something more than usually interesting from the Remembrances of the Queen's Remembrancer. What Sir FREDERICK remembers as Remembrancer to the QUEEN is very little, though quite sufficient for the office; but his own recollections as his own Remembrancer are very pleasant reading, being full of information given in an unpretentious conversational style, about Cambridge University life, the Bench and the Bar, and Literary Society generally. There is a good deal of eating and drinking recorded—not too much, perhaps, for the necessities of social life; and the "C. C. S.," or Cambridge Conversation Society seems to have been very regular in its intellectual gatherings at various places where good food is provided. This Club, limited to twelve members, was called somewhat profanely "The Twelve Apostles," though of what they were Apostles I cannot make out. They have evidently an Apostolic Succession, as the Club is still in existence, I believe. Altogether, among this sudden glut in the market of literary confidences in the shape of ducal, journalistic, artistic, and egotistic recollections, this may be taken up as a chatty and readable book.



Odd Volumes.

*Woman's World* for December, edited by our OSCAR WILDE, is full of woman's wit, and some of the

illustrations, especially in the department of The Fashions, are charming. What a change from the old style of painted doll inanities, dressed up in a style never seen in real life! The picture of the three pretty women preparing for a ball is a candle to attract male moths—"male moths" being obviously the opposite to "ma'am—moths," as that undefeated punster SAMUEL JOHNSON would have said under certain circumstances. Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED's account of Royat is very amusing; but, though I have been several times up to La Charrade, yet never have I had the good fortune to come across Madame GRENON, who, if her portrait, as given in this number, is a genuine likeness, ought to be one of the attractions of the environs of Royat. Good, honest, kindly faces I saw at Charrade, but why this uncommonly pretty one hid herself, as she must have done whenever she saw this distinguished water-drinker coming to Charrade is a charade to me. The general remarks on the Stage by the lamented Authoress of *John Halifax*, whose recent loss we all deplore, are very interesting, as recording the impressions of a good, pure-minded woman, whose acquaintance with the *vie intime* of the Theatre was limited. The portraits of Miss ANDERSON are not particularly flattering—rather shady, which is the one thing that no one shall ever unchallenged say of our sweet and gentle *Perdita* in the hearing of your rather deaf

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