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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 107 JULY 7, 1894, BY VARIOUS ***



PUNCH VOL CVII

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SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's *Sanctum* at "the Season of the Year." Enter Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Dr. SYNTAX.

"You may not recognise me, Mr. PUNCH?" quoth the old Knight, with stately modesty.

"Not recognise Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY?" rejoined Mr. PUNCH, urbanely. "Why, even disguised as a Saracen's Head—ha! ha! ha!—I should know those well-loved lineaments."

"I perceive, indeed," said the Knight, with scarcely-veiled complacency, "that you have perused my friend ATTICUS-ADDISON'S all-too flattering account of me and my several adventures."

"I know my *Spectator* by heart," replied Mr. PUNCH. "Nor," added he, turning to the quaint, black-vestured, bob-wigged figure at Sir ROGER'S elbow, "are Dr. SYNTAX'S Tours unfamiliar to my memory. Like yourself, I can say—

'You well know what my pen can do,
And I employ my pencil too.

I *ride*, and *write*, and *sketch*, and *print*,
And thus create a real mint;

I *prose* it here, I *verse* it there,
And *picturesque* it everywhere."

"Marvellous man!" cried Dr. SYNTAX, lifting his eyebrows until they almost met the downward curve of his tilted wig.

"TOBY," cried Mr. PUNCH, "call for clean pipes, a roll of the best Virginia, a dish of coffee, wax candles, and the Supplement (otherwise my Christmas Number). Tell them, TOBIAS, to follow with a bowl of steaming punch—my own particular *merum nectar*—and Sir ROGER shall see what I have forgotten of his story, his tastes, and the duties of Amphitryon!"

In two minutes the Illustrious Trio were "making the centuries meet" under the benignly blending influences of Good Tobacco, Sound Tipple, and Cheery Talk.

"And how fares 'Our Village' (to quote Miss MITFORD) in these revolutionary days?" queried Dr. SYNTAX.

Mr. PUNCH smiled, and promptly quoted:—

"And liquor that was brew'd at home
Among the rest was seen to foam.
The Doctor drank, the Doctor ate,
Well pleased to find so fair a treat.

Then to his pipe he kindly took,
And, with a condescending look,
Call'd on his good Host to relate
What was the Village's new state."

"Exactly so," cried the pursuer of the picturesque, profoundly flattered by Mr. PUNCH's prodigious memory.

"Aye, prithee, Mr. PUNCH," said the old Knight, seriously, "tell us what means all this new-fangled nonsense of Parish Meetings, Village Councils, Hodge pitchforked into power, and Squire and Parson out of it, and I know not what revolutionary rubbish and impious absurdity?"

"It means, my dear Knight," replied Mr. PUNCH pleasantly, "that power and responsibility, otherwise the Village Vote, are, like a new IPHIGENIA, to rouse the rustic CYMON into manhood and manners, till he of whom it was said that

'His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair,'

shall learn to rule not only himself, but his own village. You remember your DRYDEN, Sir ROGER?"

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"Humph!" groaned the Knight, "too well, too well!

'A judge erected from a country clown'

might do well enough in poetry, but may mean ruin in practice. My misguided and stubborn friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, should have lived to see this day, and acknowledge the prescience of the testy old Tory he was wont to deride."

"Tilly-vally, my dear Sir ROGER," returned the host, cheerily; "trouble not thine honest soul with such gruesome forebodings. 'The old order changeth, yieldeth place to new.' But 'tis 'lest one good custom should corrupt the world.' CYMON, *with* a vote, will not capsize the Commonwealth, any more than the British workman hath done, despite the prognostications of BOB LOWE and other cocksure clever ones. I'll see that the 'Good Old Times' are not banished, save to give place to Better New Ones! The New Village, Dr. SYNTAX, may not be quite as picturesque—in the old artistically dilapidated, damp, dirty, disease-gendering sense—as the old one. As you yourself said—

'Though 'twill to hunger give relief,
There's nothing *picturesque* in beef.'

No, nor are cleanliness, sanitation, education, fair wage, an independent spirit, and the capacity for self-government. These things, dear Doctor, make the Man, not the Picture, and Man-making is—or should be—the aim of modern statesmanship."

"Mr. PUNCH," said Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY earnestly, "my only wish is that Merry England, in going in for the New Politics may not lose the old humanities and humours and heartinesses."

"As described, Sir ROGER, in your own words, of which your presence and the festive season, remind me:

'I have often thought that it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to everyone that calls for it.'

(*The Spectator*, No. 131, Tuesday, July 31, 1711.)

"Trust me, gentlemen," continued Mr. PUNCH, "all that was really good—like this—in the Good Old Times you know can be preserved in the Better New Times we hope for. There will be plenty of work for the Sir ROGERS, the Dr. SYNTAXES, for your humane Vicar, Doctor, and your Squire HEARTY and Squire BOUNTY, in the New Village as in the old one. We love the old country customs, but our country dance cannot for ever be to the same old tune—even the loved and time-honoured one of '*Sir Roger de Coverley*'!"

"Sir," said the good old Knight, gladly, "you are doubtless right—as you always are—and I shall return to the Shades greatly solaced both by your good cheer and your good counsel!"

"Sorry to lose your company so soon!" cried the Fleet Street Amphitryon. "I perceive, Dr. SYNTAX, that your old grey mare, *Grizzle*, awaits you at the door. '*Vale! O Vale!*' You ride pillion-

wise, Sir ROGER, I suppose. Well, to cheer your journey, brighten the Shades, and reassure ye both as to the safety of the New Village under the guidance of the Old Counsellor, take with ye my

One Hundred and Seventh Volume!!"



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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 107.

JULY 7, 1894.



MR. PUNCH AT WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND.
"DON'T MAKE A NOISE, OR ELSE YOU'LL WAKE THE BABY"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

About the reminiscences of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA there lingers a before-the-Flood flavour which abashes my Baronite. In *Things I have Seen, and People I have Known*, two volumes, published by CASSELL, there is nothing merely modern. The only thing G. A. S. doesn't appear to have seen was the world in the state of chaos, and almost solitary among the people he has not known was METHUSELAH. That is an imagesion due to the art of the writer, for, as a matter of fact, his recollections commence in the year 1839, when he was a boy at school in Paris, snubbed,

filipped, tweaked, punched, and otherwise maltreated, by way of avenging Waterloo in his person, and redressing the petty injuries inflicted upon NAPOLEON at St. Helena by SIR HUDSON LOWE. MR. SALA has not only lived long, but, like ULYSSES, has travelled much, and has had singular good fortune in being around when things were stirring. Thus, for example, in the year 1840, as he happened to be strolling down the Rue de la Paix, he saw a carriage draw up at a jeweller's shop, escorted by a troop of shining cuirassiers. In it were two handsomely-dressed ladies, "in cottage bonnets, with side-ringlets." There was also a Norman peasant-woman, and in her lap reposed a greatly glorified baby. One of the ladies was the Duchesse D'ORLEANS, Consort of the Heir Apparent, and the bundle of pink flesh was the Comte de PARIS, who seemed at the time to have nothing to do but to grow up to man's estate, and take his place among the kings of France. Sixteen years later, in the Rue de Rivoli, MR. SALA saw another carriage; more glittering cuirassiers; another little pink face; again two little pudgy hands, and a surrounding wave of lace. Baby number two was the Prince Imperial, and the scenes culled from the flowery field of the great journalist's memory mark two memorable epochs in French history. A mere list of the people MR. SALA has known, and the things he has seen, form of themselves an enticing, even an exhilarating chapter. THACKERAY and DICKENS he knew, and worked with, and he throws some fresh light on their characters. Soldiers, actors, statesmen, kings, murderers, and *habitats* of debtors' prisons, have all come under his observation, and live again in his pages. He is careful to make it clear that this is not his autobiography. On that he is still engaged. This work, presented as a sort of *hors d'œuvre*, effectually serves to whet the appetite, and makes the world hope he will hurry up with the remaining dishes in the rare feast. "So says my Baronite, and the Court is with him."

In reply to a question, which is "*not* a conundrum," at least so says an Inquirer, as to "why the Baron spells 'sherbet' with two 'r's' instead of only one," the Baron would remind his interlocutor that, *firstly*, "genius is above all rules"; that, *secondly*, the Baron would rather err with two "r's" than have anything to do with a "bet" when it can possibly be avoided; *thirdly*, that being of a generous disposition, in this hot weather he loves prodigality in liquids; not ashamed of avowal. *Finally*, he states that he unconditionally withdraws the "r" in the second syllable of "sherbert," because in "sherbet" there is no 'ert' to anyone. So here's to his eminent Inquirer's jolly good health, says

THE BOUNTIFUL B. DE B.-W.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

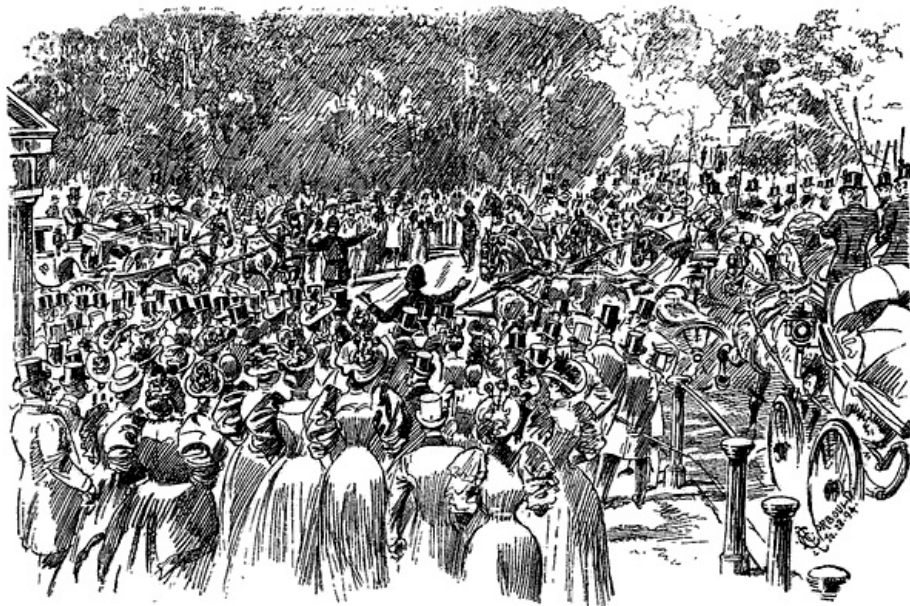
One of the most pleasing incidents at the opening of the Tower Bridge was the introduction by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN of the Recorder of London to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. "Our Own Special" was not sufficiently near to hear the dialogue that passed between them, but he has reasons for believing that Lord CARRINGTON observed to H.R.H., "Sir, I have the honour to present to your notice Sir CHARLES HALL." Not to be outdone in courtesy, the Recorder immediately added, "And I, Sir, am delighted to make known to your Royal Highness Lord CARRINGTON." Then returned the Prince, with his customary gracious kindness, "I am rejoiced to meet two officials of so much distinction; but, do you know,—I fancy we have met before! Indeed I am certain that the excellent make-up of Sir CHARLES' wig and the easy carriage of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN could only have been acquired by long practice on the boards of the Cambridge A.D.C. I congratulate you my Lord, and you Mr. Recorder upon the excellent use to which you have put the educational advantages that you and I have derived from our common *Alma Mater*." At this point the Tower guns began to be fired, and consequently the remainder of the conversation was lost in the reverberations of heavy artillery.



"OLD KASPAR."

(Vide Poem, "The Battle of the Budget.")

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THE SOCIETY CRUSH AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

Constable (in foreground, regulating Carriages and Pedestrians going North and West, to comrade ditto going East and South). "OLD ON THAT LOT O' YOURN, BOB, WHILE I GITS RID O' THIS STUFF!"

[Indicates with his left thumb the crush of Loungers who are patiently waiting his leave and help to get across to "The Ladies' Mile."]

THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET.

(Some Way after Southey's "Battle of Blenheim.")

"Old Kaspar" ... Sir W. V. H-RC-RT.

I.

It was a summer evening,
 Old KASPAR's work was done;
 And he before his cottage door

Was resting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
BUNG's little daughter, WITLERINE.

II.

She saw BULL's youngest, JOHNNYKIN,
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the village pump
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III.

Old KASPAR took it from the boy,
And winked a wary eye;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"This is some Landlord's skull," said he,
"Who fell in our Great Victory!

IV.

"This jug of ale, my WITLERINE,
Seems rather thin and flat!
Eh! 'Budget-Beer,' of the new tap?
Watered, and weak at that!
Humph! With it, then, I mustn't quarrel,
It is that sixpence on the barrel!

V.

"There is some comfort in this skull.
Hope there'll be *more* about!
Death has its Duties, may have more,
As rich folk will find out;
For many wealthy men," said he,
"Were 'hit,' in our Great Victory!"

VI.

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young JOHNNYKIN he cries;
And little WITLERINE looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us of that Budget war,
And what they whopped each other for."

VII.

"It was the Rads," old KASPAR cried,
"That put the Nobs to rout.
But what we whopped each other for
Some people can't make out.
But 'twas a long, hard fight," quoth he,
"And we'd a well-earned Victory!

VIII.

"Eaton Hall, Chatsworth, Blenheim, then
Raised quite a Bitter Cry;
Dukes said their dwellings they'd shut up,
(Though that was all my eye!)
They'd be hard put to it (they said)
To keep a roof above their head.

IX.

"With protests loud the country round
Was ringing far and wide;
Our 'Predatory Policy'
(As usual) was decried.
But such things will attend," said he,
"A Democratic Victory!

X.

"They said it was a shocking sight
After the fight was won
To see rich Landlords quake with fear—
And to their lawyers run!
But things like that, you know, *must* be
After a Liberal Victory.

XI.

"Great terror seized on Brother BUNG;
The brewers all turned green."
"That was a very cruel thing!"
Said little WITLERINE.
"Nay, nay, you naughty girl!" quoth he;
"It was a—People's Victory!

XII.

"And everybody praised the Knight
Who such a fight did win!"
"But what good comes of it—to *us*?"
Quoth little JOHNNYKIN.
"Ah! *if you live, you'll learn!*" said he;
"But 'twas a Glorious Victory!

XIII.

"I don't quite like this Budget-Beer,
It savours of the pump.
But—there's a meaning in that skull
Will make the Landlords jump,—
Both Peers *and* Bungs; and *that*," quoth he,
"Makes it a fruitful Victory!"

A great many young ladies have a literary taste just now, and during this warm weather are *rushing into print*.

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LYRE AND LANCET.

(*A Story in Scenes.*)

PART I.—SHADOWS CAST BEFORE.

SCENE I.—SIR RUPERT CULVERIN'S *Study at Wyvern Court*. *It is a rainy Saturday morning in February*. SIR RUPERT *is at his writing-table, as Lady CULVERIN enters with a deprecatory air*.

Lady Culverin. So *here* you are, RUPERT! Not *very* busy, are you? I won't keep you a moment. (*She goes to a window*.) Such a nuisance it's turning out so wet with all these people in the house, isn't it?

Sir Rupert. Well, I was thinking that, as there's nothing doing out of doors, I might get a chance to knock off some of these confounded accounts, but—(*resignedly*)—if you think I ought to go and look after—

Lady Culv. No, no, the men are playing billiards, and the women are in the Morning Room—*they're* all right. I only wanted to ask you about to-night. You know the LULLINGTONS and the dear Bishop and Mrs. RODNEY, and one or two other people, are coming to dinner? Well, who ought to take in ROHESIA?

Sir Rup. (in dismay). ROHESIA! No idea she was coming down this week!

Lady Culv. Yes, by the 4.45. With dear MAISIE. Surely you knew that?

Sir Rup. In a sort of way; didn't realise it was so near, that's all.

Lady Culv. It's some time since we had her last. And she wanted to come. I didn't think you would like me to write and put her off.

Sir Rup. Put her off? Of course I shouldn't, ALBINIA. If my only sister isn't welcome at Wyvern at any time—I say, at *any* time—where the deuce *is* she welcome?

Lady Culv. I don't know, dear RUPERT. But—but about the table?

Sir Rup. So long as you don't put her near me—that's all *I* care about.

Lady Culv. I mean—ought I to send her in with Lord LULLINGTON, or the Bishop?

Sir Rup. Why not let 'em toss up? Loser gets her, of course.

Lady Culv. *RUPERT!* As if I could suggest such a thing to the Bishop! I suppose she'd better go in with Lord LULLINGTON—he's Lord Lieutenant—and then it won't matter if she *does* advocate Disestablishment. Oh, but I forgot; she thinks the House of Lords ought to be abolished *too!*

Sir Rup. Whoever takes ROHESIA in is likely to have a time of it. Talked poor CANTIRE into his tomb a good ten years before he was due there. Always lecturing, and domineering, and laying down the law, as long as *I* can remember her. Can't stand ROHESIA—never could!

Lady Culv. I don't think you ought to say so, really, *RUPERT.* And I'm sure *I* get on very well with her—generally.

Sir Rup. Because you knock under to her.

Lady Culv. I'm sure I don't, *RUPERT*—at least, no more than everybody else. Dear ROHESIA is so strong-minded and advanced and all that, she takes such an interest in all the new movements and things, that she can't understand contradiction; she is so democratic in her ideas, don't you know.

Sir Rup. Didn't prevent her marrying CANTIRE. And a democratic Countess—it's downright unnatural!

Lady Culv. She believes it's her duty to set an example and meet the People half way. That reminds me—did I tell you Mr. CLARION BLAIR is coming down this evening, too?—only till Monday, *RUPERT.*

Sir Rup. CLARION BLAIR! never heard of him.

Lady Culv. I suppose I forgot. CLARION BLAIR isn't his *real* name though; it's only a—*an* alias.

Sir Rup. Don't see what any fellow wants with an alias. What *is* his real name?

Lady Culv. Well, I know it was *something* ending in "ell," but I mislaid his letter. Still, CLARION BLAIR is the name he writes under; he's a poet, *RUPERT,* and quite celebrated, so I'm told.

Sir Rup. (uneasily). A poet! What on earth possessed you to ask a literary fellow down *here?* Poetry isn't much in our way; and a poet *will* be, confoundedly!



"What on earth possessed you to ask a literary fellow down *here?*"

Lady Culv. I really couldn't help it, *RUPERT.* ROHESIA insisted on my having him to meet her. She likes meeting clever and interesting people. And this Mr. BLAIR, it seems, has just written a volume of verses which are finer than anything that's been done since—well, for *ages!*

Sir Rup. What sort of verses?

Lady Culv. Well, they're charmingly bound. I've got the book in the house, somewhere. ROHESIA told me to send for it; but I haven't had time to read it yet.

Sir Rup. Shouldn't be surprised if ROHESIA hadn't, either.

Lady Culv. At all events, she's heard it talked about. The young man's verses have made quite a sensation; they're so dreadfully clever, and revolutionary, and morbid and pessimistic, and all that, so she made me promise to ask him down here to meet her!

Sir Rup. Devilish thoughtful of her.

Lady Culv. Wasn't it? She thought it might be a valuable experience for him; he's sprung, I believe, from *quite* the middle class.

Sir Rup. Don't see myself why should he be sprung on *us.* Why can't ROHESIA ask him to her own place?

Lady Culv. I daresay she will, if he turns out to be quite presentable. And, of course, he *may,* *RUPERT,* for anything we can tell.

Sir Rup. Then you've never seen him yourself! How did you manage to ask him here, then?

Lady Culv. Oh, I wrote to him through his publishers. ROHESIA says that's the usual way with

literary persons one doesn't happen to have met. And he wrote to say he would come.

Sir Rup. So we're to have a morbid revolutionary poet staying in the house, are we? He'll come down to dinner in a flannel shirt and no tie—or else a *red* one—if he don't bring down a beastly bomb and try to blow us all up! You'll find you've made a mistake, ALBINIA, depend upon it.

Lady Culv. Dear RUPERT, aren't you just a little bit *narrow*? You forget that nowadays the very best houses are proud to entertain Genius—no matter *what* their opinions and appearance may be. And besides, we don't know what changes may be coming. Surely it is wise and prudent to conciliate the clever young men who might inflame the masses against us. ROHESIA thinks so; she says it may be our only chance of stemming the rising tide of Revolution, RUPERT!

Sir Rup. Oh, if ROHESIA thinks a revolution can be stemmed by asking a few poets down from Saturday to Monday, she might do *her* share of the stemming at all events.

Lady Culv. But you will be *nice* to him, RUPERT, won't you?

Sir Rup. I don't know that I'm in the habit of being uncivil to any guest of yours in this house, my dear, but I'll be hanged if I *grovel* to him, you know; the tide ain't as high as all that. But it's an infernal nuisance, 'pon my word it is; you must look after him yourself, *I* can't. I don't know what to talk to geniuses about; I've forgotten all the poetry I ever learnt. And if he comes out with any of his Red Republican theories in *my* hearing, why—

Lady Culv. Oh, but he *won't*, dear. I'm certain he'll be quite mild and inoffensive. Look at SHAKSPEARE—the bust, I mean—and *he* began as a poacher!

Sir Rup. Ah, and this chap would put down the Game Laws if he could, I daresay; do away with everything that makes the country worth living in. Why, if he had his way, ALBINIA, there wouldn't be—

Lady Culv. I know, dear, I know. And you must make him see all that from *your* point. Look, the weather really seems to be clearing a little. We might all of us get out for a drive or something after lunch. I would ride, if *Deerfoot's* all right again; he's the only horse I ever feel *really* safe upon, now.

Sir Rup. Sorry, my dear, but you'll have to drive then. ADAMS tells me the horse is as lame as ever this morning, and he don't know what to make of it. He suggested having HORSFALL over, but I've no faith in the local vets myself, so I wired to town for old SPAVIN. He's seen *Deerfoot* before, and we could put him up for a night or two. (*To TREDWELL, the butler, who enters with a telegram.*) Eh, for me? just wait, will you, in case there's an answer. (*As he opens it.*) Ah, this *is* from SPAVIN—h'm, nuisance! "Regret unable to leave at present, bronchitis, junior partner could attend immediately if required.—SPAVIN." Never knew he *had* a partner.

Tredw. I did hear, Sir RUPERT, as Mr. SPAVIN was looking out for one quite recent, being hasthmatical, m'lady, and so I suppose this is him as the telegram alludes to.

Sir Rup. Very likely. Well, he's sure to be a competent man. We'd better have him, eh, ALBINIA?

Lady Culv. Oh, yes, and he must stay till *Deerfoot's* better. I'll speak to POMFRET about having a room ready in the East Wing for him. Tell him to come by the 4.45, RUPERT. We shall be sending the omnibus in to meet that.

Sir Rup. All right, I've told him. (*Giving the form to TREDWELL.*) See that that's sent off at once, please. (*After TREDWELL has left.*) By the way, ALBINIA, ROHESIA may kick up a row if she has to come up in the omnibus with a vet, eh?

Lady Culv. Goodness, so she might! but he needn't go *inside*. Still, if it goes on raining—I'll tell THOMAS to order a fly for him at the station, and then there *can't* be any bother about it.



BLASÉ.

Kitty (reading a fairy tale). "ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FROG
—"

Mabel (interrupting). "I BET IT'S A PRINCESS! GO ON!"

SONGS OF THE STREETS.

No. I.—BOUQUET DE BABYLON; OR, THE CITIZEN'S EVENING WALK.

Pheugh! Doctors may talk, but—I've *been for a walk*, which
they swear will keep down adiposity,
And preserve your liver from chill and shiver, or growing a
shrivelled callosity.
So I put on my hat—for I *am* getting fat!— and I've *been* for a
walk—in the City.
The result of that walk? Well my mouth is like chalk and my
eyes feel all smarting and gritty;
I've got a sore throat from the matter afloat in the air. It may
sound like a fable,
But I'm game for betting that London is getting one large and
malodorous *stable!*

Dear days of McADAM! If *only* we had 'em, with all
disadvantages, back again!
Oh! to hear the rattle of well-shod cattle upon the old granite-
laid track again.
But this wooden pavement, e'en after lavement is simple
enslavement to nastiness,
For when it is dry 'tis foul dust in your eye, and when moist
mere malodorous pastiness.
Oh, slip-sloppy Cabby, this *Bouquet de Babylon* sniffs of
ammonia horridly,
And stable-dust flying is terribly trying when Phœbus is
pouring down torridly!

My palate quite hot is, my larynx and glottis feel like an
Augean Sahara,
I'm frantic with drouth, and the taste in my mouth is a mixed
Malebolge and Marah.
The water-carts come; but they're only a hum, for the sun and
the wind dry it up again,
And then on manure in a powder impure the pedestrian's fated
to sup again.
It's worse than a circus. If men from the "Vorkus" were turned
on to keep it well swept up,
There *might* be improvement. But there's no such movement;

the dire thorax-torture is kept up.

Manure-desiccation sets up irritation and then inflammation
will follow,
Your tonsils get red, you've a pain in your head, and you find it
a labour to swallow.
And as to your nose!—well, I do not suppose for that organ
reformers feel pity,
Or I really can't think every species of stink would find such
ready home in the City.
There's nothing more foul than your grim Asphalte-ghoul, —
save that dread Tophet Valley of BUNYAN'S!—
And then manhole whiffs! Or nose-torturing sniffs from the
shops that sell "Sausage-and-onions"!!

What everyone knows is the human proboscis this *Bouquet de
Babylon* bothers.
Surely pavements of wood cannot be very good when they lead
to such stench and smothers.
Ah, Sir, and dear Madam, I'm sure old McADAM —though
scientist prigs may prove sceptic—
Would be welcomed back by the sore-throated pack. Mother
Earth is the true Antiseptic!!
And so ends my talk on a late evening walk, and the woes of
this dashed wooden pavement,
Which worries my nose, sets my thorax in throes, my nostrils
stuffs up, till I'm like a pug pup, all snorts, sniffs, and
snuffles; my temper it ruffles; gives me a choked lung,
and a coppery tongue, a stomach at war, and a nasal
catarrh; a cough and a sneeze, and a gurgle and wheeze;
a thirst quite immense, and a general sense that the bore
is intense; and a perfect conviction, beyond
contradiction, that till the new brood paved our city with
wood, and its air made impure with dust-powdered
manure, I never was sure that at last I had hit on one
poor true-born Briton who *was* for a sore-throated slave
meant!

CABBY'S ANSWERS.

(To Mr. James Payn's *Conundrum*.)

["Why does a cabman always indignantly refuse his proper fare?"—JAMES PAYN.]

Oh well, becos fare is *not* fair!
Becos sech lots o' fares is shabby!
Becos yer Briton is a bear,
Or else a blessed ignerent babby!
Becos bare fare comes bloomin' 'ard,
And wot is 'ard cannot be "proper"!
Becos we're worried by the "Yard,"
The British Female and the "Copper"!
Becos if yer takes wot is guv
Yer fare thinks 'e's too freely "parted"!
The more *you* shows yer "brotherly love"
The more the fare gets 'arder 'earted.
Becos if one bob for two mile
You takes, wivout a botheration,
Fare sniffs a diddle in yer smile;
(That's wy we puts on hindignation!)
Becos "strike-measure" do *not* pay,
In sububs lone, with fare's wot's shabby.
Becos—well fin'lly. *I* should say,
Becos Fare's Fare, and Cabby's Cabby!



OUR DECADENTS.

Flipbutt (the famous young Art-Critic). "ULLO! WHAT'S THIS PENCIL SKETCH I'VE JUST FOUND ON THIS EASEL?"

Our Artist. "OH, IT'S BY FLUMPKIN—THE IMPRESSIONIST FELLOW ALL YOU YOUNG CHAPS ARE SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT, YOU KNOW. CLEVER, AIN'T IT?"

Flipbutt. "CLEVER! WHY, IT'S DIVINE! SUCH FRESHNESS, SUCH NAÏVETÉ! SUCH A SPLENDID SCORN OF MERE CONVENTIONAL TECHNIQUE! SUCH A——"

Our Artist. "ULLO, OLD MAN! A THOUSAND PARDONS! THAT'S THE WRONG THING YOU'VE GOT HOLD OF! THAT'S JUST A SCRIBBLE BY THIS LITTLE SCAMP OF A GRANDSON OF MINE. HIS FIRST ATTEMPT! NOT VERY PROMISING, I FEAR; BUT HE'S ONLY FOUR!"

"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!"

ENGLAND TO FRANCE.—JUNE, 1894.

Aye! Long live the Republic! 'Tis the cry
 Wrung from us even while the shadow of death
 Sudden projected, makes us catch our breath
 In a sharp agony of sympathy.
 Her servants fall, but she—she doth not die;
 She strideth forward, firm of foot as Fate,
 In calm invincibility elate;
 The tear that brimmeth, blindeth not her eye,
 So fixed aloft it lowereth not to greet
 The writhing reptile bruised by her unfaltering feet!

Vive la République! How can we who love
 Fair France's charm, and sorrow at her sorrow,
 Better bear witness, on the bitter morrow
 Of her black grief, than lifting high above
 Even the mourning that all hearts must move,
That cry, blent of goodwill and gratulation?
Vive la République! In the whole stricken nation
 Doth not the dumbness of Pretenders prove
 The land's possession by that cleansing fire,
 Which purges patriot love from every low desire?

Sister in sorrow now, as once in arms,
 Of old "fair enemy" on many a field,
 In valiant days but blind, we will not yield
 To any in that sympathy which warms
 All generous hearts, or love of those gay charms
 Nature and Genius gave you as your own
 To wear, inimitable and alone;
 And now the asp-hearted Anarch's mad alarms
 Make monstrous tumult in the midst of peace
 We cry "let brothers band till Cain-like slayers cease!"

The slaughtered son you bear from forth the fray,—
 Like some winged Victory, or a Goddess high,
 With steps unshaken, glance that seeks the sky,

Such as your glorious sculptors shape from clay,—
Was noble, brave, and blameless; him to slay
Was the blood-blinded phrenzy of black hate.
Through him the Anarch struck at your high state,
Fair choice of France, but baffled crawls away.
Prone at your feet your faithful servant fell,
But you stride calmly on, unscathed, invulnerable.

So may it be till Anarchy's stealthy blade
Falls pointless, shattered, from its palsied grasp,
And helpless, harmless as a fangless asp
It slinks from freedom's pathway, foiled, afraid,
Whilst the Republic, strong and undismayed,
With robe unsmirched, its hem no longer gory,
Strides proudly on the true high path of glory.
Take, France, a sister's wreath, before you laid,
In honour of you, and of your hero brave.
Love's garland shall not fade on gallant CARNOT's grave!

A PUZZLER.

SIR,—I enclose a cutting from the *Manchester Guardian*, June 25.

"Yesterday the Darwen police arrested THOMAS BECKETT, a weaver. During a disturbance in a local public-house on Saturday night BECKETT was kicked under the chin, and died immediately."

Query when was THOMAS BECKETT arrested? What became of the man who, in the "disturbance," kicked BECKETT under the chin?

Yours, SNIPPER.

"THE NEW BOY."—Doing wonderfully well. "Going strong."—*White Lodge, Richmond*.



"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!"

"THE TEAR THAT BRIMMETH, BLINDETH NOT HER EYE,
SO FIXED ALOFT IT LOWERETH NOT TO GREET
THE WRITHING REPTILE BRUISED BY HER UNFALTERING FEET!"

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GAIETY "SANS-GÊNE."

Madame Sans-Gêne, represented by Madame RÉJANE, at the Gaiety Theatre, has made a decided hit. The plot of the piece by Messieurs SARDOU and MOREAU is poor, but it shows what an experienced dramatist can do with meagre materials and one strikingly good notion. It seems as if the plan of the play was started from the idea of an interview between the great NAPOLEON, when Emperor, with a washerwoman whose bill for washing and mending he, when only a poor lieutenant, had been unable to discharge. This scene is the scene *par excellence* of the piece. It is here that both Madame RÉJANE and M. DUQUESNE are at their very best. Besides this, and the scene between *Napoléon*, *La Reine Caroline*, and *Madame de Bulow*, when there is a regular family row admirably acted by M. DUQUESNE, with the tongs, and Mlles. VERNEUIL and SUGER with their glib tongues, there is very little in the piece.

M. CANDÉ, as the sergeant who rises to *Maréchal*, is very good, as is also M. LERAND, as *Fouché*. Madame RÉJANE is a thorough *comédienne*, but it is most unlikely (good as are historically the stories told about this same washerwoman elevated to the rank of Duchess) that she, in an interval of nineteen years—*i.e.*, between 1792 and 1811—should not have been able to wear her costume with, at all events, some grace and dignity, and it is most improbable that the clever *blanchisseuse* of 1792 should, in 1811, have found any difficulty in managing her Court costume without rendering herself outrageously ridiculous. All this hitching up of the dress and kicking out of the leg "goes" immensely with the audience; and this must be the *comédienne's* excuse for overdoing the farcical business of her chief scenes, save the best of all, which, as I have already surmised, was the motive of the piece, namely, the scene with the Emperor in the Third Act. Here



Madame Sans-Gêne "going Nap."

she is perfect, only just assuming so much of her old manner as would naturally come to her when chatting with "the little Corporal" over old times.

As to M. DUQUESNE as *Napoléon premier*,—well, middle-aged play-goers will call to mind Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER as a far more perfect portrait of the great Emperor than is M. DUQUESNE, but the latter has the advantage in manner, and realises the Emperor's traditional eccentric habits in a way which at once appeals to all conversant with the story of the eccentricities of the Great Emperor when he chanced to be in a very good humour. Perhaps nowadays there are very few who read LEVER'S works, but a dip into *Charles O'Malley*, with PHIZ'S spirited imagestrations, will give exactly the phase of NAPOLEON'S character that Messrs. SARDOU and MOREAU have depicted in this piece.

The play is well mounted, and the acting of all, from the leading parts to the very least, is about as good as it can be. The incidents of the drama are not particularly novel, but they are safe, and to every Act there is a good dramatic finish. Madame RÉJANE may congratulate herself and "Co." on a decided success in London.

MRS. R. was driving lately in a friend's barouche, which seemed to swing about a great deal, and made her feel rather uncomfortable. She was not surprised at this, however, when she heard the carriage was on "Sea" springs!

ROBERT ON THE WONDERFUL BRIDGE AGAIN.

I reely begins for to think as how as a truly onest Waiter, as knos his place, and his wariou dooties, and is allers sivil and hobligin, gits more respected and more thort on the holder he gros. Here have I bin atending at the werry best houses both at the West Hend, and also at the pride of all Hed Waiters, the onered Manshun Ouse, for nearly twenty long ears, and I can trewly say as I allers gets a sivil word from everyboddy. And when sumboddy was speshally wanted the other day to sho that most himportent Body, the London Press, all over the Wunderfool Tower Bridge, so that they coud give a trew and correct account of all its wunders for the newspaper peepole to read and wonder at, who did the clever Chairman select to help in that most himportent hoffice but me, tho I am only ROBERT the Citty Waiter! And when the thowsends and tens of thowsends of peepole red the gloing accounts as filled the Press a day or too arterwards, they little thort perhaps of the many risks as the pore Waiter ran to save hissself and the reporters from the fallin Grannit, and the blocks of mettel, as every now and then fell about us!

One of the werry biggest and blackest of the hole lot fell within about six foot of where I stood, so jest another six foot mite have put a hend to a Waiter who, I fondly hopes, has done his duty like a man and a Brother, tho many peepole did sumtimes larf at him.

Strange to say, only jest 2 days before my honered wisit to the wunderfool Bridge, I was arsked to take a jurney to Boolong, which I bleeves is in France, and back again in the same day! but I aint a werry good Sailer so I thort I had better decline it. So BROWN went in my place, and werry much he says he injoyed it, tho he didn't git home till eleven o Clock at night!

I don't think as he's a werry good sailer, so, if he did enjoy it, the sea must have bin werry uncommon smooth, and both ways, too! He says it ways a butiful new wessel, and called the *Margerreet*, which, strange to say, was his Grandmother's name, which may account for its treeting him so smoothly.

Most of the Gents of the London Press on their wisit to the Big Bridge seemed to think most of the opening and shuttin of the enormers shutters as they opened and shut all of their own acord to let the big ships go thro, and werry wunderfool they suttently was, but to my poor mind, ewery body as reelly wants to see the most butiful part of the hole show shoud have hissself took up in the lift to the walk along the top, which is only about 240 feet high, and then he can have such a grand view of our butiful river Tems as werry few has ewer had since it was fust made. One of the Press Gents, seeing me staring at it with wonder and admiration, came up to me and sed, "Why, Mr. ROBERT, you've most suttently picked out the most lovely view of the lot. I don't know what enormus distance we can see, but if you looks just where I'm a pinting you will see the Kristel Pallis, and it don't look more than a mile or two away!" No more it did! And as for the crowds of ships as we coud see with our naked eyes, I schod have thort they was more than ewer entered the River in a month or two, and all round was the butiful hills and grand houses, and everythink looking chock full of bussel and prosperity, and all quite reddy to make use of the butiful Bridge as soon as ever it was opened! as it was by the nobel Prince of WALES on the following Saterdag.

WHITHER AWAY?

Must it be Margate?
 Shall it be Dover?
 How hit the target,
 Spend summer in clover?
 Why not to Filey
 Flit, or to Yarmouth?
 Will the Welsh rile me
 If I try Barmouth?
 South Coast's entrancing,
 East builds and braces;
 Blue waves are dancing
 At hundreds of places!
 Soon must I settle,
 Unless I'm a craven,
 And grasping the nettle
 Decide on a haven.
 Fine hills at Malvern;
 Harrogate haunts me;
 Lynmouth is all fern;
 What is it daunts me?

Well, to speak truly,
 There's no place like London,
 In March or in July,
 When well, or when run down!
 Train in a twinkling
 Brightonward bears me;
 If I want sprinkling
 In the face a "chute" stares me.
 Summer's delightful
 In Town—nerves feel regal;
 Cabbies not spiteful
 Offered what's legal!
 Yes, I'll take holiday
 When it grows chilly;
 Why at *this* jolly day
 Flee Piccadilly?
 Is the end vapid?
 Can't help it!—Next snow-time
 By "P. L. M. *Rapide*"
 I reach Nice in no time!

BEWARE!—As wood pavement is said to be injurious to throats, specially in summer time, it would be advisable not to reside in the Northern district, as the roads there must be all St. John's Wood pavement.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that Henley Regatta was not anticipated in Earliest Times.

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THE LOWER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

What are the duties of a cook? Do these duties differ from those of (a) a housemaid, (b) a parlour-maid, and (c) a general servant?

2. Can money be saved by a deposit account at the stores? If so, compare the store prices with the charges made at a West End shop for beef, mutton, potatoes, muslin, and mixed biscuits?

3. If a dinner (with wine) for four costs £6 10s. at a club, how much should a dinner for eight (four males and four females) cost at home?

4. What do you know of the School for Cookery?

5. Give briefly the best way of living on £500 a year on the basis that your husband is a clerk in a Government office, and your family consists of a daughter, aged fourteen, and a son rising seven.

HISTORY.

1. Give a short account of the life of any one of the following eminent wives who were a comfort to their husbands—CATHERINE PARR, Queen MARY, and HENRIETTA MARIA, Consort of CHARLES THE FIRST.

2. Point out the mistakes of MARIE ANTOINETTE in special regard to the career of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

3. Give some of the reasons why Queen ELIZABETH preferred celibacy to marriage, and prove that those reasons were fallacies.

4. Give a short account of the married life of DAVID COPPERFIELD, and criticise the *ménages* of his first and his second wife.

GENERAL.

1. What are the duties of a wife and a matron?

2. Supposing your husband to have come home weary from a hard day's work, should you read him your latest novel, or see that he gets his supper?

3. In your opinion which is of greater importance, your gown, or your knowledge of Greek?

4. Write an essay upon the respective merits of being known as the wife of your mate, or your poorer-half being called "Mrs. So-and-So's husband."



POOR VENUS OF MILO!

"WHAT! YOU DID THIS, AND YOU NEVER TOLD ME BEFORE! HOW CARELESS OF YOU, MARY!"

"WELL, MA'AM, I THOUGHT IT DIDN'T MUCH MATTER, AS THE ARMS WERE BROKEN OFF ALREADY!"

A SOFT ANSWER.

(An Unpublished Letter to a Whistorical Wesleyan, which shows the infinite possibilities of historic parallels.)

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your letter, in which you call my attention to the widespread practice of whist-playing, and in particular to the deteriorating effect of threepenny points.

May I remind you of the fact, which I make no doubt you have temporarily overlooked, that JOHN WESLEY'S favourite game was whist? Like JOHN WESLEY, I play whist, and I do not mind confessing that when I get a good hand I am none the worse pleased. Believe me, Yours faithfully,

R-S-B-RY.

BALLADE OF IMITATIONS.

(With Apologies to Miss Loftus for calling her "Cissie.")

The weary worldling of to-day
Uneasy wanders to and fro
To find in all things, grave or gay.
Just nothing that is "worth a blow,"
(Forgive the curious phrase,) although
It's absolutely certain, this—he
Will praise in phrases all aglow
The imitative charms of CISSIE.

The orchestra begins to play,
The lights are high that once were low.
Then CISSIE comes without delay,

Her simple dress tied with a bow.
How kind of Fortune to bestow
On us this captivating Missie.
'Twere vain to try to overthrow
The imitative charms of CISSIE.

Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN's artless way,
Miss YOHÈ in her ballad "*Oh,
Oh, Honey, Honey!*" or JANE MAY
As *Pierrette* and *Pierrot*,
YVETTE GUILBERT's superb *argot*,
Miss LETTY LIND in "*Kissie, Kissie*,"
Are all invoked to help to show
The imitative charms of CISSIE.

L' Envoi.

Friend, if you chance to find it slow,
And seek a joyous form of dissipation,
quickly get to know
The imitative charms of CISSIE

PARTIALLY UNREPORTED DIALOGUE.

"A DEANE should be more reverend," said Mr. WILLIS, Q.C., in the BETTINI case.

"Where there's a *Will is a way*," retorted Mr. DEANE, Q.C. "If you will be honest with me, I will be honest with you."

"The whole matter is very clear," interposed the learned Judge, severely. "Mr. BETTINI-WILLIS expects from the DEANE, chapter—"

"And verse," interposed Mr. DEANE, Q.C., and straightway broke out melodiously with—

"'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis good to be thorough and true,
If you will be honest with me,
My Q.C.,
Then I will be honest with you!"

Chorus of everybody. Harmonious proceedings, and Court adjourned.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 25.—Asquith back on Treasury Bench quite a changed man. Anxious air that marked his appearance through last week disappeared. Painful to watch him as he then sat on Bench with one eye on the door. Started at rustle of paper of amendments. Half rose from his seat if a book fell.

"Yes TOBY," he said, when I congratulated him on the happy accomplishment of the event; "it's not the kind of thing I should like to go through every six months. Till he's tried it, no one knows what it is to have a steam engine stationed at his front door night and day with steam up ready to whisk him off to White Lodge at a moment's notice." HOME SECRETARY managed to keep much cooler than the Mayor of RICHMOND. This morning the papers ablaze with telegrams from that functionary. SZLUMPER is his name, Surrey is his county. As soon as notification made of birth of prince, SZLUMPER took off his coat and set to work. First telegraphed to happy Duke and Duchess of TECK at White Lodge. Then bethought him of happier father; so Duke of YORK hears from SZLUMPER who "trusts Her Royal Highness and son are doing well." SZLUMPER's appetite growing with what it feeds upon, he next approaches HER MAJESTY with "loyal and sincere congratulations." Finally, the Prince and Princess of WALES at Marlborough House hear from him. SZLUMPER always signs his name *tout court*, like a peer of the realm.

"He's splendid this SZLUMPER," said the Member for SARK. "Reminds me of a story I heard in America about Judge HOAR. He had great dislike to WENDELL PHILLIPS. When the great orator died they gave him a splendid funeral. A friend meeting the judge on morning of event said, 'Aren't you going to the funeral?' 'No,' said HOAR, 'but I approve it.'"

It wasn't SZLUMPER's accouchement. But he approves it.

Still on Budget; getting near end of first part, which deals with death duties. The Busy B.'s, seeing the close of opportunity at hand, dash about with redoubled vigour.

Oh! 'tis BARTLEY and BOWLES and BYRNE,
And BYRNE and BARTLEY and BOWLES.
Till the throbbing pulses burn,
And BUTCHER piles on the coals.

[Pg 11]



The Four Busy (Budget) B's.

Business done.—Clause XVIII. added to Budget Bill.

Wednesday.—GRANDOLPH sails to-day in the track of COLUMBUS, only going much farther. He will cross Continent and Pacific to pay a morning call on the MIKADO; afterwards to India and Burma.

"I want," he says, with certain proud pathos, "to see the frontier I extended, and Burma which I annexed."

You remember the old French song written about GRANDOLPH's great ancestor? It was sung as a lullaby to the little son of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH, and NAPOLEON never mounted his horse for the fight without humming the air,—

MARLBROOK s'en va-t'en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
MARLBROOK s'en va-t'en guerre ...
Ne sais quand reviendra!
Ne sais quand reviendra!
Ne sais quand reviendra!

There is a sad last verse to the old ballad. But we all hope to see our GRANDOLPH back again, bringing his sheaves with him in the shape of renewed health and strength. *Business done.*—Budget.

Thursday.—DON'T KEIR HARDIE confided to House to-night the interesting fact that in particular he Don't Keir for the Royal Family, and is "indisposed to associate himself" with effort to do them special honour. Like old *Eccles* in *Caste*, he upbraids the baby in the cradle with being a young aristocrat. Yet there are limits even to his uncompromising Republicanism. The question before House is the presentation to HER MAJESTY of address of congratulation on birth of son of Duke and Duchess of YORK. "If I had the opportunity of meeting the parents," says DON'T KEIR, "I should be pleased to join in the ordinary congratulations of the occasion." He did not hesitate, standing in his place in Parliament as representative of the electors of 'Am, to add that he "had been delighted to learn that the child was a fairly healthy one." Beyond that, stern principle would not permit him to pass.

Note that he felt constrained to modify even this approval of proceedings at White Lodge by introduction of the word "fairly." ASQUITH, who knows all about it, seemed for moment inclined to resent this aspersion on the perfect soundness of the object of his recent attentions; on reflection

he let it pass. SAUNDERSON, of whom House has seen lamentably little of late, was under less complete self-restraint. When DON'T KEIR turned his attention upon Prince of WALES, proposing to appraise his value to the nation, SAUNDERSON leaped to his feet, and moved that "the hon. Member be no longer heard."

A difficult moment this. The Motion being made, the SPEAKER must put it from the Chair. Many Members, whilst justly angered with DON'T KEIR's grotesque performance, would have felt bound to resent what might be construed as attempt to throttle free speech. There would have been long and angry debate; a succession of scenes; and DON'T KEIR HARDIE would have been triumphantly advertised. Happily, though, strictly considered, irregularly, the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD interposed; expressed hope that Motion would not be persevered in. SAUNDERSON perceiving his mistake acquiesced, and DON'T KEIR HARDIE went on to final ignominious collapse. When in crowded House question put that Address be presented, a solitary cry of "No" answered the loud shout "Aye." House cleared for division; but when opportunity of taking final step presented itself, it turned out that HARDIE Didn't Keir to take it.

"Now if this were France in the days when the Empire was tottering to its fall," said SARK, "I should suspect the secret police to have put up DON'T KEIR to play their game in stirring up embers of popularity of Imperial Family. In England to-day, of course, no necessity for such manoeuvre. But if by outside influence the popularity the Prince of WALES has worked out for himself could be increased, DON'T KEIR HARDIE's the man to do it."



Scene from "Caste," adapted for representation in the House of Commons.

Eccles (played by Don't Keir H-rd-e) addresses the Royal Infant. "Everybody in the House is sacrificed for you! And to think that a Working Man, a Member of the House of Commons, and one of the Committee of the Banded Brothers for the Regeneration of Human Kind, by means of equal diffusion of intelligence and equal division of property, should want the price of half a pint, while you are lying in the lap of luxury!" &c., &c., &c.

Business done.—QUEEN congratulated on birth of latest great-grandson.

Friday.—Been much struck through week by appearance of stranger in Speaker's Gallery. Every night about quarter of an hour after questions over he has come in; gone out again a little after eight, about time SPEAKER, when in chair, leaves for his chop. Comes back punctually in half an hour; remains till fifteen or twenty minutes before progress is reported, and Chairman of Committees makes way for SPEAKER. Something about him familiar, though never before that I remember have I seen that stubby red beard, or those green, goggly spectacles. Quite fascinated me. To-night went up and sat in gallery behind him.

At ten minutes past eight, amendment before Committee disposed of, the stranger rose; heard him exclaim under his breath, "Order! Order!" saw him clutch at imaginary robe, and

stride forth with stately tread. Truth burst upon me with a flash.

It was the SPEAKER!

"You're a dangerous person to have about the premises, TOBY," he said as we made our way by circuitous route to Speaker's Court. "Every day for last fortnight I have written out myself an order for the Speaker's Gallery, have passed the doorkeepers unobserved, and remained hour after hour unnoticed. Then your eagle eye falls upon me and all is lost. Pray don't let the secret go any further. Fact is, for weeks and weeks I've been shut out of my proper place by this Budget Bill. Questions last half an hour or an hour. Then House goes into Committee, and I'm shunted save for few moments after midnight, when I adjourn the House. Couldn't stand it any longer. Might as well be in Kamtchatka. So have had recourse to this innocent device, and have thoroughly enjoyed my evenings."

Business done.—Once through Committee on Budget Bill. Pick up dropped threads next week.

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Transcriber's Note:

Added a few punctuation marks missing in the original, without further note.

On page 12, corrected "embers of popularity" to "embers of popularity."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL.
107 JULY 7, 1894, BY VARIOUS ***

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