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December 9, 1893, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 105 DECEMBER 9, 1893 ***

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Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 105, December 9, 1893.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



JUVENILE PESSIMISM.

First Youthful Reprobate. "'Say, Billy, 'AVE YER GOT SECHA THING AS A BIT O' 'BACCA ABOUT YER?'"

Second Y. R. "AIN'T 'AD SO MUCH AS A W'IFF SINCE LARST TOOSDAY FORTNITE!"

First Y. R. "AH! WOT A WORLD! EH?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A perusal of Captain LUGARD'S *Rise of our East African Empire* fills one with a thrill of pride at being also an Englishman. Captain LUGARD is a Soldier of Fortune, of the type of *Quentin Durward*, only, instead of lending his sword to a foreign king, he helps to carve out empire for England in the very heart of Africa. This is, however, merely an accident. He reached Massowah bent upon joining the Italian forces then fighting against the Abyssinians. This journey was undertaken for what, to my Baronite's peace-loving disposition, is the oddest reason in the world. Finding himself with his regiment at Gibraltar in December 1888, his health shattered in the Burmah campaign, Captain LUGARD came to the conclusion that nothing would do him good except a little fighting. So, with £50 in his belt, and no outfit except his rifle, he got on board the first passing ship, and sailed whithersoever it chanced to be going. This turned out to be Naples, a fortunate stroke, since Italy was the only nation that chanced at the moment to be at war. Captain LUGARD'S efforts to obtain permission to join the expeditionary force, made first at Rome, and afterwards at Dogali, were unsuccessful. He drifted into East Africa, and finally reached Uganda, with which territory, particularly interesting just now, much of the book is concerned. It is impossible even to hint at the marvellous adventures through which he made his way. They were accomplished with marvellous endurance and superb courage, the picturesque narrative being written with charming modesty. No more stirring story has been told in recent years than Messrs. BLACKWOOD publish in these two handsome volumes, profusely illustrated and enriched with maps.

A few hints to those about to marry in *Courtship and Marriage*, by ANNIE SWAN. MISS ANNIE SWAN is a Duck!

The latest "Outs" published by "INNES" are *The Dainty Books*, a charming series, containing some very pretty stories; that of a little girl, always aiming at dramatic effects, in *A Hit and a Miss*, by the Hon. EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, is most amusingly told, and *The Lily and the Water Lily* is a delicate flowery romance by Mrs. A. COMYNS CARR, in which flowers and fairies talk and act for the benefit of some little children.

Those who have bad memories should get the *Dictionary of Quotations*, compiled by Rev. JAMES WOOD. It is not a Stock Exchange memorandum, but a compilation of more than the usual stock quoted from various writers.

Distinguished for his art gems, RAPHAEL TUCK AND SON are as Artful as ever with their variety show of cards and booklets.

In consequence of the high price of coals this winter, FAULKNER & Co. have turned our eyes to summer flowers and pictures. Winter being summarily dismissed, is not on the cards.

A splendid collection of *Good Words* for 1893, published by ISBISTER, and edited by DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.; in it will be found a serial story by EDNA LYALL. "To Right the Wrong," which proves how wrong it is to write,—but read this, and right through, says the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HOW TO WRITE A CHEAP CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

From Editor to Contributor.—We are going to have a seasonable extra, but can't go to any unnecessary expense. Want a story of the old kind. Snow, ice, hunting, and plum pudding. Scene must be laid in an antiquated country-house, to bring in picture of "Dowderry Grange by Moonlight." Can you manage it?

From Contributor to Editor.—Just the thing ready to hand. Scene Burmah, but can easily bring all the characters to Loamshire. Central incident. Heroine run over by a wild elephant, easily changed into an accident on the railway. Have you any blocks you can send me?

From Editor to Contributor.—Sending you heaps of cuts by the parcels post. Choose those you like best, and return the remainder. Isn't railway incident rather stale? Better stick to elephant. Possibly introduce a topical tone. Think you will find in parcel a sketch of the bombardment of Rio. Do your best.

From Contributor to Editor.—Thanks for packet of blocks. I have kept half a dozen. Have found a fellow who will do for a hero. Only drawback he's always changing his personal appearance. However, can make him an amateur detective. Wrong about the bombardment of Rio. No picture of that incident. Think you must have taken "Illumination of Jammeripore, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee," for it. Can work in *that*, as it will do for one of my Burmese scenes. Rough sketch of plot. Hero in love with heroine, who is left alone in lonely manor-house. She meets him in a circus, where he rescues her from an infuriated elephant. Brings in three blocks nicely. Hard at work.

From Editor to Contributor.—Afraid I must ask you to send back blocks you have selected. Appears I promised them to another Contributor, who had written up to them a story called, "Farmer Foodle's Visit to the Cattle Show." However, retain the Jubilee illumination, as he says

he doesn't want it. Sending you fresh parcel.

From Contributor to Editor.—Rather annoyed, as I was getting on capitally. EDWIN and ANGELINA, on their escape from the mad elephant, were seeking shelter under the Adelphi Arches. Now come a lot of pictures of the French Revolution! However, will do my best.

From Editor to Contributor.—You are such a good-natured fellow, it's a shame to bother you. Find I had promised another chap those revolutionary subjects. He has written a story up to them, called "Nettleby's Nightmare." Have sent you a heap more in exchange.

From Contributor to Editor.—It's really too bad! I had put EDWIN in the Conciergerie and ANGELINA was trying to bribe ROBESPIERRE. And now you have altered it all! And what am I to do with a picture which seems to be an advertisement of somebody's shirts? Haven't you made another mistake. However, I have got on as fast as I can, and put a heap of subjects in a mad scene. EDWIN'S brain breaks down, and he has visions of lots of things, inclusive of some wedding-cakes.

From Editor to Contributor.—You are quite right. I *did* make a mistake. The last packet of blocks were put into my room by mistake. Please return them at once—they are required for the advertisements. Better send in your story as it is, and then I will find something appropriate. Why *will* you live in the country? If you were here, you could settle the whole matter in two twos.

From Contributor to Editor.—I stay in the country because I can't get inspiration in town. And that's my affair, and not your's. Pardon this tone of irritation, but I hate altering a story after once panning out the plot. However, I have obeyed your orders. EDWIN and ANGELINA are born in Burmah (they are cousins), and are taken to an old English country-house. Then they are told by an old crone the story of their parents' past. That brings in all the French revolutionary business. Then I get in the detective part, with a reference to the undiscovered crime in Cannon Street. You will see it is all right.

From Editor to Contributor.—I have read it, and heartily congratulate you. Just what we wanted. What do you call it?

From Contributor to Editor.—"A Lovely Devonshire Rose." It seems to me neat and appropriate; or, as it is a story for Christmas, how will "A Ray of Arctic Sunlight" do?

From Editor to Contributor.—"A Ray of Arctic Sunlight" is better for Yule Tide. I have got the very blocks for the illustrations. Belonged to a book called *Travels in the Soudan and Syria*. Could not have found anything more appropriate if I had searched for centuries. I enclose a little cheque, and offer thousands of thanks for all the trouble you have taken. It is no idle form when I wish you the happiest of Christmasses and the most prosperous of New Years!

From Contributor to Editor.—Reciprocation of seasonable compliments. But I say—hang it—you might have made it guineas!



PARLIAMENTARY FOOTBALL MATCH.—"FOWLER'S FINE SINGLE-HANDED RUN."
—(See page 267.)



A DILEMMA.

Young Sportsman (to his small nephew, the Parson's son). "HELLO! JIMMIE! WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT ON THE PONY? YOU'LL NEVER BE A MAN IF YOU DON'T HUNT."

Jimmie. "NOW LISTEN TO THAT, MOTHER! THERE'S UNCLE JACK SAYS I SHALL NEVER BE A MAN IF I DON'T. THERE'S FATHER SAYS IT'S CRUELTY IF I DO. THEN OLD JOHN SAYS I SHOULD BE LAMING THE PONY; AND YOU SAY THE PONY WOULD BE LAMING ME! WHAT AM I TO DO?"

"A SINGLE-HANDED RUN."

["It is interesting to watch the methods of obstruction.... Progress (with the Parish Councils Bill) has been slow enough, but it is impeded with an artfulness which indicates a certain division of labour among the different sections of the Unionist army. The first section includes the Liberal Unionists, whose *rôle* is ... to take no overt part in the game of mere talkativeness; the second is the official Tories, who mostly hate the Bill ... and lose no opportunity of expressing a guarded but thoroughly sincere distrust of every portion of it; the third section consists of the go-as-you-please Lowtherites—the mere guerillas, who are allowed to obstruct as much and as long as they please."—"*House and Lobby*" in the "*Daily Chronicle*."]

(*Rough, and rather amateurish, reporter's mems. picked up on the St. Stephen's Football Grounds during the progress of the big match, Midlothian United v. Unionists. See illustration, p. 266.*)

Football at St. Stephen's looking up! Fine exponents of the Rugby game. Strong combinations, "Midlothian United" and "Unionists" met to decide great—postponed—fixture. Though weather favourable, failed somehow to attract the large crowd usual at matches between these two "sides" of far-famed amateurs. Enthusiastic followers of the game, however, who turned up in adequate numbers, rewarded by sight of good, if slow and unexciting game. Both sides well represented, and the homesters, who won the toss, played first half from pavilion end of ground, having wind, which was blowing across ground, a trifle in their favour.

"Midlothian United," famous team, better known as "GLADSTONE'S MEN," play well together, and are strong lot, though less speedy perhaps than their opponents. "Unionists" indeed (made up from two admirable teams at one time opponents) an extremely clever, not to say artful, combination. As pick of anciently opposed sides, wonderful how well they are together, and how unselfishly they play the game. "Midlothian United" team (which has undergone numerous changes of late) also fairly well together, and admirably captain'd.

From kick-off, ball was well returned, and play settled down in homesters' territory. Later, game of very equal character, each side looking like scoring, but nothing definite obtained before half time. Game then ruled a bit slow. Showing good combination, the visitors' forwards caused home-side some anxiety. Forwards, however, played very self-denying game, and game largely confined to the half and three-quarter backs, and in this visitors had advantage, as "Midlothian United" do not so greatly shine in this phase of game, whereas, among their opponents, BOWLES, LONG, LOWTHER, and one or two more, very smart and tricky. FOWLER, however, the great Midlothian forward, played with fine combination of energy and judgment, made some fine runs, and proved vastly effective in scrum. BALFOUR, GOSCHEN, and H. JAMES, played very artfully indeed, and "tackled" strongly, and although that mighty forward CHAMBERLAIN less prominent than usual, still, in doggerel of football-field, it may be said that,

JOE, the Brum,
Shines in scrum.

Later BOWLES, TOMLINSON, STANLEY, LEIGHTON, LOWTHER, and HANBURY, were very active for the "Unionists," though one or two of them seemed sometimes "within measurable distance" of being pulled up for fouls. COLLINGS once made tracks but failed to pass RIGBY, who throughout played a sound game at back for the Midlothianites. Not to be denied, the "Unionists" again advanced to the attack, LONG and LEIGHTON especially being conspicuous. FOWLER deprived latter, but BALFOUR and CHAMBERLAIN rushing up relieved. Fast and even play then became order, the ball being taken from one end of ground to other with great rapidity. FOWLER broke up a determined attack by "Unionists." From a hot scrum he got possession, and put in a fine single-handed run right down centre of ground, closely pursued by those determined tacklers, BALFOUR, JAMES, GOSCHEN, and the redoubtable Brum, when—

[Here the reporter's mems. abruptly terminate, and it is presumed they were dropped—actually or metaphorically—by the evidently amateur scribe.

DIABOLUS EX MACHINA.—Dynamiting Anarchism.

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UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XVIII.—*The Drawing-room, as before. The door opens, and PHŒBE appears.*

Phœbe (to Mrs. TOOVEY). If you please, ma'am, Mrs. CUMBERBATCH—

Mrs. Toovey (in a rapid whisper). Not here, PHŒBE! Show her into the study—anywhere. Say I'll come!

Phœbe. She said she hadn't time to come in, m'm; she left her compliments, and just called to let you know the Banana Meeting will be next Friday. And oh, if you please, m'm, I wished to ask you about that dress you wore last Saturday. I've tried everything, and I *can't* get the smell of tobaccer out of it, do what I *will*, m'm. (To herself.) That'll teach her not to accuse me of hiding followers downstairs!

Althea (to herself). Mine had to be left all night in a thorough draught. Where *could* Mamma have been, unless—?

Mrs. Toov. (with dignity). I came home in a smoky cab, and you know perfectly well this is not the place to ask me such questions. Leave the room!

Phœbe (to herself, as she leaves). A smoky cab indeed! There's no smoke without fire—as Master will find out before long!

Charles. Had your cabman been giving a smoking party inside his fourwheeler, or what, Aunt?

Mrs. Toov. I don't—yes, I believe he had. He apologised for it; it—it was his birthday. (To herself.) Oh, dear me, *what* makes me tell these dreadful stories?

Mr. Toovey. His birthday! Why, if you remember, CORNELIA, you *said* the man had been drinking. That would *account* for it! But did I understand there was to be *another* Zenana Meeting, my love? That seems *rather* soon, does it not, after having one only last Saturday!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). I *must* go on, or he'll suspect something. (Aloud, severely.) And why not, Pa—pray, why not? You know what an energetic creature Mrs. CUMBERBATCH is! *Can* we do too much for those poor benighted heathen women? And there was a great deal that we had to leave unfinished the other evening.

Mr. Toov. Dear me, and you were home so late, too!

Mrs. Toov. Perhaps you disbelieve my word, Pa? If you do, *say* so, and I shall know what to think! Though *what* I've done to deserve such suspicion—

Mr. Toov. (astounded). My own love, I never for one single moment— Hem, the wife of Cæsar is above suspicion.

Mrs. Toov. (with relief). I should hope so, THEOPHILUS; not that you are *Cæsar*—but there, that is enough of a very painful subject. Let us say no more about it.

Curphew (to himself). I'm more certain every moment that this immaculate matron is lying like a prospectus, but what can I do? I've no proof, and if I had, I couldn't bring myself to— Well, I must wait, that's all.

Mrs. Toov. What I should like to know is, why Mr. CURPHEW still remains here after we have distinctly informed him that we do not desire his further acquaintance?

CURPH. Before I go, let me say this: that I have no intention of giving up your daughter until she gives up me. I am in a position to marry and support her, and if you refuse your consent, you will only reduce us to the painful necessity of doing without it.

[ALTHEA intimates her entire acquiescence in this ultimatum.]

Mrs. Toov. We will never consent to give our daughter to a notorious music-hall singer—*never!*

Curph. That objection is easily met. I am no longer a music-hall singer. I have left the profession for ever; not that I consider it any disgrace to belong to it, but I prefer to live by my pen in future. (To Mr. T.) I appeal to *you*, Sir. You had no objection before; what can you have now?

[Mr. T. opens his lips inaudibly.]

Mrs. Toov. Tell him, Pa, that in the circle in which *we* move, the remotest connection with—with a music-hall would be justly considered as an indelible disgrace.

Charles (sotto voce). No, hang it, Uncle! It's no business of mine, and I'm not going to shove my oar in; but still you know as well as I do that *you* can't decently take that line, whatever Aunt may do!

Mrs. Toov. I heard you, CHARLES. So, Pa, there *is* something you have been hiding from me? I felt positive there was some mystery about that box. Now I *will* know it. ALTHEA, leave us!

Mr. Toov. There is nothing she had better not hear—*now*, my love. It—it's true I would rather have kept it from you, but I'd better tell you—I'd better tell you. The fact is that, without being in the least aware of it—I was under the impression I was investing in a gold-mine—I—I became the proprietor of several shares in the Eldorado Music-hall.

Curph. (surprised). You, Sir! you were a shareholder all the time! Is it possible?

Mr. Toov. (bewildered). Why, but you *knew!* I consulted you at the Junction about whether I ought to retain the shares or not, and you advised me to go and judge for myself!

Curph. I assure you I thought we were talking about *my* connection with the Eldorado, not yours.

Mrs. Toov. So, Pa, by your own story you found yourself in possession of those horrible wicked shares, and you actually hesitated what to do! You considered it necessary to—to visit the scene!

Mr. Toov. Indeed. I never actually went, my love. And—and Mr. CURPHEW assured me the establishment was quite respectably conducted, under the supervision of the London County Council; and then there was the dividend—seventy per cent. on only five hundred pounds—three hundred and fifty a year, CORNELIA; it—it seemed a pity to give it up!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, impressed). Three hundred and fifty a year! Why we can keep our carriage on it! (*Aloud.*) Well, Pa, of course—as you bought the shares under a misapprehension—and I'm bound to say *this* for the Eldorado, that there was nothing positively objectionable in the performance so far as *I* could—(*correcting herself hastily*)—have ever been given to understand—why, I'm the last to blame you.

Mr. Toov. (overjoyed). Ah, my dear love! I scarcely dared to hope for this leniency. But I never would have gone—oh, never. Why, I could never have looked you in the face again if I had!

Mrs. Toov. (with a twinge). That *depends*, Pa; it is quite possible to go to such places, and yet—

Mr. Toov. Yes, but you see I *didn't* go, my dear. I found I couldn't really bring myself to visit it when it came to the point, so I went to call on LARKINS instead, as it was on his advice I had taken the shares, and I told him my difficulty, and he quite sympathised with my scruples, and most good-naturedly offered to take them off my hands.

Mrs. Toov. But surely, THEOPHILUS, you never gave up three hundred and fifty a year without so much as consulting Me!

Charles. You can't count on such dividends as a certainty, you know, Aunt, and I've no doubt Uncle got rid of them at a very good figure; they've been going up like sky-rockets!



"Well, Ma'am, this is the *last* place I expected to find you in!"

Mrs. Toov. (mollified). Of course if your Uncle did *that*, I—

Mr. Toov. Well, you see, my love, CHARLES very properly pointed out to me that there was no moral difference between that and keeping the shares, and—and LARKINS took the same view himself; so (I'm sure, CORNELIA, you will consider I have only done what was my strict duty!) I agreed to surrender the shares for just what I paid for them—five hundred pounds—and my conscience is clear.

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Mrs. Toov. If it's no clearer than your *head*, Pa— I never heard of such downright Quixotism! As if *you* could be held responsible; as if anyone here need *know*! I call it folly—sheer ruinous folly!

Phœbe (opening the door—to Mr. T.). A young gentleman to see you, Sir; says he comes from Mr. LARKINS, with a paper to be filled up. I've shown him into the study, Sir.

Mr. Toov. Ah, to be sure, yes; tell him I'll come. (*To Mrs. T.*) It's about those shares; LARKINS said he would send a clerk down to complete the transfer.

Mrs. Toov. So it isn't completed *yet*? Mr. LARKINS has been trying to get the better of you, Pa; but it's not too late, fortunately. (*To Phœbe.*) Show the young man in here. *I* wish to see him about this business. (*As Phœbe goes.*) I shall insist on the fair market value of the shares being paid before you put your signature to any document whatever; leave this entirely to me, Pa. I *think* I shall be a match for any young—

Phœbe (returning). Mr. JANNAWAY.

Mr. Jann. (to Mr. TOOVEY). From Mr. LARKINS, Sir. Brought a transfer-deed for your signature.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). Gracious goodness! It's the man whose ears I boxed at the Eldorado! What *shall* I do?

[*She seizes the current number of "The Quiver," and retires behind it.*

Alth. (to herself). He's *awfully* like the young man in that box on Saturday! If Mamma really *was* there! (*She glances at Mrs. T., in whose hands "The Quiver" is rustling audibly.*) Ah, then I *wasn't* mistaken. Oh, how dreadful if he should recognise her!

Mr. Toov. My signature? Yes, yes, yes, to be sure, just so; but the fact is, I—I've been thinking over the matter, and—and—but that lady by the window will explain my views.

Mrs. Toov. (in a muffled voice, from behind "The Quiver"). I—I shall do nothing of the sort. I—I'm busy. Sign whatever the young man wants, Pa, and don't bother *me* about it!

Mr. Jann. (to himself). That's rum. Where have I heard that voice? And "*Pa*," too! *Very* rum!

Mr. Toov. Oh, very well, my love; I only thought—but I'll sign. I'll sign. Only, I rather fancy you're sitting just in front of the writing materials, my dear.

Mr. Jann. (gallantly). Allow *me*! (*He goes towards Mrs. T.'s chair. "The Quiver" treacherously collapses at the critical moment; their eyes meet.*) Well, ma'am, this is the *last* place I expected to find you in; after 'unting for you the entire Sunday afternoon all over Upper Tooting, too!

[*General sensation. Tableau.*

END OF SCENE XVIII.

THE TYRANNY OF THE UNSUITABLE.

(*A Fragmentary Christmas Tragedy.*)

The atmosphere of the chamber is heavy with a portentous sense of paralysing dread; the fire covers in the grate, cold at its very heart; the gas-flame shudders with a shuddering not caused by water in the pipes. Mr. DREDFERLEY CORNERD, seated in his arm-chair, glares at his newspaper with preoccupied and unreceptive eye; while ever and again his hand passes nervously over his care-lined brow. Mrs. DREDFERLEY CORNERD glances furtively at him through the perforations of her fancy-work, held between tremulous fingers; her eye is dilated, while her pale brow is puckered by the lines that whisper of prescience of impending calamity. Mr. DREDFERLEY CORNERD feels that his wife's eye is upon him; he strives to avoid her gaze; but, fascinated, yields; and their eyes meet.

Mrs. Dredferley Cornerd (huskily). JAMES—

[*Thrice he raised his outspread hands in wild, unvoiced deprecation; he clutches at his throat, as if suffocating; then buries his face in his trembling hands, and, in a hollow, far-off gurgle, says "Go on!" She goes to him, and smoothes his throbbing*

[\(enlarge\)](#) *brow.*



Mrs. D. C. JAMES, let us nerve ourselves to it once more! Let us remember DUTY! Come; we will plunge at once into the thick of it. What is JANE to have?

Mr. Dredferley Cornerd (*hurling himself from his chair, his eye ablaze with unspeakable hate*). Nothing—a bottle of poison—a dynamite bomb—the cat-o'-nine tails! Hear me, MARY-ANN. One year ago, at this very season that brings this haunting, maddening torture of the selection of Christmas presents, my sister JANE sent us that ormolu clock which at this very moment glares upon us from that mantel-piece! I loathe ormolu. Had we not laboured and struggled, you and I, to furnish this, our dining-room, in perfect taste, all in old oak and Flemish pottery. Then, in the very moment of our triumph, arrived that loathsome clock of ormolu, and crushed our whole design! It *had* to

go there, lest we gave offence. I hate my sister JANE!

Mrs. D. C. Well, let us, for the moment, then, dismiss your sister JANE. Now what are we to give to JOSEPH?

Mr. D. C. MARY-ANN, I loathe that man! Well knowing how I hated summer-houses—abominations filled with creeping horrors—he gave me one just seven years ago. It makes our garden hideous to this day; I will *not* speak of him—

Mrs. D. C. Well, then, the JONESES. They gave *us*—

Mr. D. C. MARY-ANN, I know they did. We have to eat them still whenever they drop in to meals. A lamprey makes me—(*shudders*) ugh! They give us seven barrels twice a year! No, MARY-ANN; I will not threaten you, but breathe their name no more.

Mrs. D. C. Well, put them off. But now there's Mrs. BLENKINSOP.

Mr. D. C. The cat! She gave us six outrageous oleographs, all green and yellow, framed in blazing gold, and said we ought to hang them in the hall. Our hall is Japanese; we'd left six spaces for kakemonos of subdued design, and there we had to hang those oleographs. I loathe our hall—I never enter it—I come round always by the garden door! Woman, you madden me! You'll mention next the hated name of Cousin ICHABOD—!

Mrs. D. C. I was about to.

Mr. D. C. Cousin ICHABOD presented to me, fifteen years ago, a pair of silver brushes. At the time I had but little hair; that very year I lost the rest. Still those accursed brushes mockingly gibber on my dressing-table. They *must* be there, for Cousin ICHABOD drops in at unexpected moments! Once I hurled them from the window. One of them caught ICHABOD, approaching up the path, over the eye, and raised a livid bump. I writhe with detestation of his name. Would that that brush— Unhand me, MARY-ANN; see, I am calm. For years have thoughtless friends encumbered us with Christmas presents quite unsuited to our tastes and our requirements. What do we want with seven berceaunettes (our children being two), with fifteen inkstands, with twenty biscuit boxes, and thirty-five illuminated hanging almanacks? For years we've played the shameless hypocrite, pretending to adore these gruesome gifts; and now I bid you mark me, MARY-ANN; I mean REVENGE. Yes, let us to the council, and plan what gifts to such and such; the most unsuitable that we can hit on. Here's PARKER's list, and PORRINGE's, and SPRITELEY's. Come, here are wedding dresses; sister JANE is sixty and a spinster; I will send her a wedding gown—(*hysterically*) a dozen wedding gowns! Write, MARY-ANN, to PARKER for a dozen. Then JOSEPH. JOSEPH, ha! I have it; JOSEPH goes mad with fright on passing near a dog. To-morrow I will seek the Lost Dogs' Home, and pick out fifty of the savagest—all bloodhounds, mark you! I will drag the pack to JOSEPH's door, and leave them with the maid. And now the JONESES. Silence, MARY-ANN! I do not need cold water on my temples! You shall *not* stroke my head, and murmur "Shish!" You shall *not* scream for cook, and BLENKINSOP, and GEORGE, and JANE. I'm calm. The JONESES—hurr! Let me get at them! Back—unhand me! Ha!



[*He swoons. Curtain.*]

TRIOLET.

(*Written whilst you wait.*)

A woman who's late
Is, of course, in the fashion.
She's quite up-to-date,

The woman who's late.
The man has to wait,
And swears in his passion.
A woman who's late,
Is, of course, in the fashion.

WEATHER WISDOM.

"Hark! I hear the Asses bray,
We shall have some rain to-day."
So the nursery jingle goes,
Is it truthful? Goodness knows!
But if vocal donkey's strain
Brings indeed the daily rain
'Tis no marvel altogether
We are worried with wet weather.

A "Wonder-Kid."

[A licence was recently applied for to enable NELLIE WICK, aged eight years, to shave in public. Mr. DE RUTZEN, in granting the application, remarked that "the child was not likely to suffer any injury from the performance." Let us hope no one else will, either.]

The latest infant-prodigy is literally a *shaver*,
A little lady-Figaro, who'll *raze* you like the wind!
Though brave may be this barber-child, her victims
will be braver—
A *kind* of *wounder*, possibly, might prove this
"wunderkind!"

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LEAVING THE PARENTAL NEST.

The Bride's Father (to Bridegroom). "OH, JOHN, YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF HER, WON'T YOU!"

THE MODERN MEDUSA.

["The views and objects of the 'Commonweal' group of Anarchists are published in a journal called the *Commonweal* ... and by reference to which it appears that they applaud and justify the wholesale massacre of innocent persons as a legitimate method for the attainment of their ends."—*Mr. Asquith.*]

Gorgon Medusa of the snaky locks,
Whose loathly lair was 'midst the wave-washed rocks,
Thou wert less hideous than our monstrous, mad
Belated birth of Nemesis and Nox.

Gendered of vengeful hatred and blind wrath,
Crawling malign in Civilisation's path!
Venomous vermin, of relentless fang,

Foul spawn of wrong, oppression's aftermath.

Dark is the monstrous mystery of thy birth,
Sinister scourge of a time-wearied earth;
But all men's hands against thee must be raised,
Foe of all love and murderer of all mirth.

Negation of all progress, hope's chill blight,
Black bringer-back of Chaos and Old Night;
The one unfaltering foe of humankind¹
Which all that's human to the death, must fight.

With thee weak tenderness must make no truce,
Parley with thee were pity's mere abuse.
The hand that halts, the sword that shrinks or
spares,
But lets the Gorgon's snaky offspring loose.

Gorgon or Demogorgon! "Dreaded name!"²
Yet dread of thee were but disastrous shame.
Fear is thy hope, and, fronting thee, to *fear*,
Is but to court disaster and disfame.

Thou crawling horror of the coward soul!
Thy snaking convolutions furtive roll.
To track thy trail, to face thy stony glare,
And smite and slay is general duty's goal.

Civilisation armed with trenchant Law
Must play the Perseus with thy monster maw,
And all mankind be banded in the quest
Of the worst enemy mankind e'er saw.

The massacre of innocents, the blind
Blasting of the best hopes of humankind;
Hate's indiscriminate earthquake, letting loose
Of all the fiends of blood, and fire, and wind:

Sheer wreck of hearth and altar, home and State,
Rending of revered ties, love desolate,
Order submerged; these are the Gorgon's hopes,
Which Law must frustrate ere 'tis all too late.

Smite Perseus! Wield the unhesitating brand
With steadfast heart and with unfaltering hand;
And from the grosser Gorgon of our day
Free, in Humanity's cause, each harried land!

¹ "*Hostis humani generis.*"

² "The dreaded name of Demogorgon."
Paradise Lost.

AN ADVERTISER'S APPEAL.

["Mr. CAINE (who advocates prohibiting open-air advertisements in rural places) forgets that a good many people are unable to see that an advertisement of soap and pills mars the beauty of a landscape."—*Illustrated News.*]

Oh, Mister CAINE—not Sugar-CAINE, but bitter
'Gainst alcohol and opium and field-signs—
Why put poor Advertisers in a twitter
By laying thus hard legislative lines
In the defence of merely pastoral Beauty,
By levying on Field-Signs a fine or duty?

Good gracious! what *are* meadows, rocks and trees
Compared with the necessity—*absolute*, Sir!—
Of advertising Silks and Soaps and Teas,
POPKINS'S Pickles, BOODLE'S Bottled Fruit, Sir?
Or how should he King Mammon's heavy hand 'scape
Who'd sacrifice great £ *s. d.* to—Landscape?

A Nuisance? Nonsense!!! Posters and Placards,

In field or forest, serve the Public better
Than all the blatant bosh of bleating bards.
The Advertising Art would you thus fetter?
What *is* the worth of rivers, rooks, and hills
Compared with SMUGSON'S Soaps and PODGER'S Pills?

Soap, Sir, means Cleanliness, and Pills mean Health;
And Sanitation's surely more than Scenery!
Subordinate the claims of Health—and Wealth—
To sentimental love of rural greenery?
No, Mister CAINE. I wonder *you're* not wiser,
Pan is at present the great Advertiser!

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THE MODERN MEDUSA.

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NEW LIGHTS FOR OLD.

On religious instruction being entirely omitted from the School Board curriculum, the following suggestions towards the formation of a moral and physical catechism may possibly be of use:—

Question. There was at one time much debating about a so-called "Conscience Clause." Now I will ask you what are we to understand by the word "conscience"?

Answer. It is only a name for the action of the liver in its various states.

Q. What is a "troubled conscience"?

A. It may arise from indigestion, or from an east wind, or from many other causes which affect different persons, with differing livers, in a variety of ways.

Q. In what sense do you recognise "conscience" as "an inward monitor"?

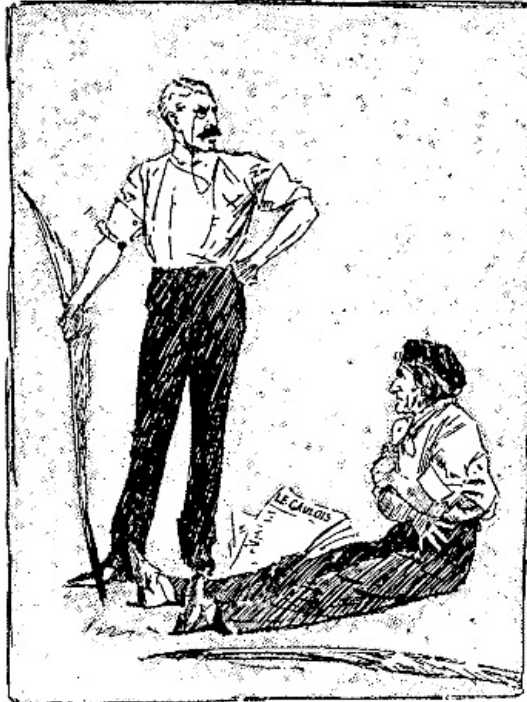
A. Its recognition as such depends on the extent of each individual's acquaintance with his own particular physical organisation as differentiated from that of others. In some cases the "voice of the inward monitor" may point to blue pill, and in others it may indicate moderated remedies.

Q. What is the moral law?

A. The so-called moral law is purely hygienic. Perfect health is perfect morality. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. "Law," so-called, is for the protection of the "good livers," and for the punishment of the "evil livers." *Voilà tout!*

THE ONLY PROFESSION WHERE THERE *ISN'T* "THE 'DEVIL' TO PAY."—The Legal.

EUROPEAN CRISIS AVERTED!!



"Touché!" Victorious Bancroft and Victorien Sardou.

Latest Intelligence.—We are glad to be able to assure our readers that, in spite of relations between the two parties being somewhat strained, it is not apprehended that serious international complications will arise out of "*L'affaire Bancroft-Sardou*;" though it is now pretty generally known that so grave a catastrophe has only been averted by the sudden change in the French Ministry.

DEPTFORD HATH ITS DARLING.

A LAY OF LOYALTY.

["Mr. DARLING, of Deptford, considers it his mission to chastise the HOME SECRETARY."—*Illustrated News*.]

AIR—"*Charlie is my Darling.*"

Deptford hath its DARLING, its DARLING, its DARLING!
O! Deptford hath its DARLING, the great Cav-il-ler!

If ASQUITH needs stern warning,
Or MORLEY wants the spur,
They'll find it in our DARLING,
The great Ca-vil-ler!
O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

As he comes striding up the House,
GLADSTONE shrinks like a cur;
He knows *his* fluency must fail
To foil the Ca-vil-ler!
O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

"With Liberty Caps upon their heads
Shall Anarchists confer
On treason in Trafalgar Square?"
Demands the Ca-vil-ler!
O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

"Now stand aside, you Liberal loon!
I'm going to raise a stir;
I'll harry you—at Question time!"
Quoth the great Ca-vil-ler!
O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

And it's by the Square's damp fountains,
And it's in their Press, with pen,
Tr-r-raitors daren't sputter treason,
For DARLING, best of men!

Deptford hath its DARLING, its DARLING, its DARLING!
O! Deptford hath its DARLING, the great Cav-il-ler!

ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

(Being Bacchanalian Ballads for the use of all Professions, Trades, Crafts and Callings, and Convivial Carols for the Classes, the Masses, and the Lasses. By Tom Moore, Junior.)

THE DOCTOR'S DITTY.

AIR—"Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen!"

Here's to the patient of hectic fifteen!
Here's to asthmatical fifty!
Here's to the port-soaked dyspeptic old dean!
And here's to the slop-swigger thrifty!

Chorus—

Let the dose pass,—
Drink, lad or lass!
I'll warrant ye'll soon love the (medicine) glass!

Here's to the charmer whom wrinkles surprise!
Now to the maid who has none, Sir!
Here's to the girl with two lungs of full size,
And here's to the nymph with but one, Sir!

Chorus—

Whoe'er they be,
Send 'em to me!
I warrant they'll prove an excuse for a fee!

Here's to "Old Purple," with port in his toe!
Now to him who's gone saffron on sherry!
Here's to the masher whose mind's on the go
Through making nocturnally merry!

Chorus—

Let the dose pass!
Drink, lad or lass.
I warrant I'll prove there's *some* use in my glass.

For let 'em be gamesome or let 'em be grim,
Ill or hearty, I care not a feather;
Fill 'em—with physic—bang up to the brim,
And let us all dose 'em together!

Chorus—

Howe'er they be,
Send 'em to me!
I warrant I'll find some excuse for a fee!

A FINE OLD GIRL AND UNCOMMONLY WELL PRESERVED is *The Bohemian Girl* by the BALFE and BUNN family, whose Jubilee, November 27th, was celebrated by the chivalrous Sir DRURIOLANUS at the Good Old House from which he takes his Latinised title, conferred upon him some years since as a reward of merit (not PAUL MERRITT, dramatist, and once upon a time *collaborateur* with PETTITT) by *Mr. Punch*. The fair Bohemian seemed "going strong," and as lively as ever. *Ad multos annos!*

NEW VERSION.—An amendment has been proposed in our National Anthem. It is suggested that instead of "Knavish," we should substitute "Navy-ish," when the line in question would read "Frustrate their Navy-ish tricks," which may be applied to a Home Governmental policy or to that of our Continental possible foes, just as circumstances may require.

TO MARJORIE.

(An Imaginary Name of a Child Friend.)

Dear little maid, who in the Circle train
Sat so demurely, daintily arrayed
In sweet old-fashioned garment of delane—
Dear little maid.

Your merry smile, your laugh all unafraid
Made me forget the daily stress and strain.
To earth your childish prattle quickly laid
The phantoms that to middle age bring pain,
And life seemed more attractive, not so staid.
Oh! some day soon ride with me once again,
Dear little maid.

"HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR —?"—Messrs. A. and F. P-RS, a name which rhymes to the first and final word of the line, "Tears, idle Tears" (by the way, what a delightful song for a Radical to sing, "*Peers, idle Peers!*"), write to *Mr. Punch*, informing him of the supreme excellence of the P-RS' Christmas Number, asking him to notice it, as he probably would do, in his pages, and adding that "*it is already out of print.*" Then what is the use of drawing attention to it? Of course, if being out of print makes it the more valuable, then lucky are the possessors of original specimens, and well indeed are they off for the material for which the Upper House or House of P-RS is famed.

THE SILK INDUSTRY (*not from the Board of Trade Returns*).—Mr. J. F. LEESE, Q.C., M.P., appointed Recorder of Manchester. *Mr. Punch* wishes this capital cricketer a long innings, and may Manchester have a LEESE that will run for any number of years without expiring.

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A CHANCE FOR THE BRIEFLESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a briefless barrister, and I wish to throw myself upon your generosity by asking you to allow me to make a suggestion which will be of great public interest, and incidentally help me to make my fortune. All London to-day is placarded with a thrilling picture of the Law-Court Scene in *A Woman's Revenge*. My suggestion is—Why not have *real* barristers? The theatre to-day is nothing if not realistic. Drury Lane has its race-horses, Ibsenity its ghosts—why should not the Adelphi take the town by storm with its barristers? The actor may, no doubt does, act the part admirably, but who can contend that he can possibly do so as well as could a real, actual barrister, who would know that he was striving not merely for the applause of the moment, but for the guinead briefs of the future? If Messrs. GATTI will undertake to accept the plan, I will undertake to provide the barristers. The programme would then run:—

Sir John Blacklock, Q.C. (Counsel for the Crown) . . . Mr. A. B.,
102, Temple Gardens, Temple, E.C.

What we briefless barristers want in these hard times is merely the chance. I look to Messrs. GATTI to give it to us. I ought to add that the above address, though, in point of fact, it is my own, is given purely by way of illustration, and in no way to advertise myself, though should anyone wish to consult—again, of course, purely with reference to this suggestion—the way to my chambers from the Strand is down Middle Temple Lane, whilst the Temple Station is just three minutes' walk. I am, Sir, your obliged servant.

L. ERNED COUNSEL.
November 30th, 1893.

No second editions for Mrs. R. She says "she'll see the *First Mrs. Tanqueray*, or none at all!"



THE SAFE SIDE.

(Problem set:—To flatter a Poet's vanity and do no violence to your conscience.)

Pownceby (a minor poet). "Es, HAVE YOU SEEN MY LAST VOLUME, LADY VERA—*THROBS AND THROES?*"

Lady Vera. "OH, YES, I HAVE."

Pownceby. "AND WHAT DID YOU THINK?"

Lady Vera. "OH, I THOUGHT—THAT YOU HAD NEVER DONE ANYTHING BETTER."

THE LOST SMELL.

[The Queen's Hall is at present free from the smell of cooking hitherto "the inseparable accompaniment of orchestral music."—*Times*, Nov. 27.]

Seated to-day at a concert,
I am weary and ill at ease,
Though LLOYD and ALBANI are singing,
Or anyone else you please;
I know not what they are doing,
For something is wanting there—
That old-fashioned concert-hall odour
Which throbbed in the scented air.

It flooded the place, like one of
BEETHOVEN'S sonatas might,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of wild delight;
It quieted pain and sorrow,
It thrilled the enraptured sense,
A song without words—or music—
That travelled one knew not whence;
It linked all delightful odours
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into soup-plates
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought—but I seek it vainly—
That one lost smell sublime,
Which came from adjacent kitchens
At dinner or supper time.
It may be that CHOPIN is severed
From scents which with music we group,
It may be that SCHUBERT is parted
For ever from odours of soup.

The Belfry of Bruges Overlooked.

["A more silent city than Bruges does not exist."—*Standard*.]

What? Bruges a silent city!
Now, nay a thousand times!
If deaf, accept our pity;
If not,—oh dear! those chimes!

NEW LEGAL WORK. (*By the author of "In Silk Attire."*)—"The Briefless Junior; or, Plenty of Stuff to Spare."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 27.—Another night with Parish Councils Bill, dull as usual, save for one thrilling moment. Happened just before dinner. HENRY FOWLER accepted Amendment making responsible for expenses or damage those who had summoned meetings in Parish School. Sudden tumult below Gangway in Radical camp; Question put from Chair that Amendment be added to Bill. LOGAN raised stentorian shout of "No!" Chairman repeated Question; hubbub increased; amid it LOGAN seen waving arms aloft like windmill that had suddenly remembered an appointment. MELLOR's face grew a shade mellerer, not to say paler. Set his lips, and there was a gleam in his eye reminiscent of BEERBOHM TREE'S when seated on the gargoyle of Canterbury Cathedral. On memorable night in summer-time LOGAN had taken him at disadvantage. Had executed flank movement, and so almost come down on CARSON'S knee on Chairman's left rear. Now, if he meant business, he would catch the Chairman's eye; and probably something else.

During interval when House cleared for division ACLAND, who, having a holiday, has been out helping FOWLER, left Treasury bench; cautiously but nimbly crossed gangway; amid buzz of admiration from assembly that ever admires personal courage, entered the LOGAN'S den. Sat down in very midst of excited Radicals; proposed to argue matter out. Effect upon LOGAN maddening. Windmill remembered another appointment more pressing than the last. Members, anxious for ACLAND'S safety, looked round for HAYES FISHER. The LOGAN Tamer not in his place; sand rapidly running out of glass on table; another minute question would be put again; if LOGAN insisted division must be taken, split manifested in Ministerial ranks, and a quarter of an hour wasted. ACLAND, undaunted, pegged away persuasively; windmill still went round, but less furiously; half a minute and last sands would run out.

LOGAN glanced towards table; Chairman's glittering eye fixed upon him. Effect magical. LOGAN slowly rose and walked towards Bar; crowd thronging in at sound of division bell respectfully opened their ranks as he approached. Like accomplished husband in case that recently occupied attention of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE, LOGAN "can use 'em a bit." Suppose he were to begin promiscuously with the crowd at the Bar! Had no such intention. At other side of the Bar he was technically out of the House. What others did whilst he stood there would leave no sear on his conscience. When question was put again, and Chairman declared "The Ayes have it," there was no responsive angry shout of "No!" The crisis was passed, but what it cost the Chairman, and how it would have been but for ACLAND'S fearless foray, who can tell?

Business done.—Reached Clause VI. Parish Councils Bill.



AN INFLUENZIAL HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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Tuesday.—The MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE in great form to-day. Original *Mr. Gridley* was, according to records of Court of Chancery, accustomed to haunt the Court, and, at close of day's proceedings, address the Chancellor. STANLEY LEIGHTON knows no such limitation. 'Tis true he is generally found on his legs at moment of adjournment, shouting and gesticulating, whilst suborned and iniquitous Ministerialists (answering to tipstaves in Court of Chancery) howl him down. That only an incident in day's proceedings. Our MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE begins as soon as his Lordship—I mean the Chairman—takes his seat. At brief intervals, which make openings for TOMLINSON, our *Mr. Gridley* is at it all through the sitting of the Court.

To-night HENRY FOWLER took mean advantage of the suitor. That person had amendment on paper which if added to Bill meant nothing worse than surplusage. Rising from his usual place at back of Court, he began prodigious speech in support of amendment. Expected, in accordance with usage, to go on for quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; FOWLER would say couldn't accept Amendment; TOMLINSON would talk for quarter of an hour; perhaps Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, having clapped the pilot in irons, would put in an oar; and HANBURY might say a few words. Then WALTER LONG or HICKS-BEACH would rise from Front Opposition Bench, protest fullest appreciation of Amendment, declare it indispensable to success of Bill, but in circumstances, observing obstinacy of Minister, and impatience of gentlemen below Gangway opposite, advise hon. friend not to press it. THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE would make another speech, thanking right hon. friend for his remarks, in deference to which he will withdraw, although—



The Persuasive Acland and the Pugilistic Logan.

Here another speech, about as long as the distance from Shrewsbury to Wem. Thus an hour pleasantly and agreeably disposed of, MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE takes breath, not that he wants it; a little later, comes up frowning with another Amendment, or a rambling speech in support of one moved by TOMLINSON.

FOWLER's strategy deprived him of this accustomed round of luxury. But if President of Local Government Board thought he had circumvented THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE he was as mistaken as the Chancellor in another court who used to stare at the ruined chancery suitor and blandly protest that, legally, he was unaware of his existence. Charm of speeches by Member for Oswestry division of Shropshire is their illimitable adaptability. Will suit any purpose, any opportunity. If not delivered at opening of sitting upon his own Amendment, will come in admirably on somebody else's Amendment to another line of Clause dealt with at later hour by another member. Thus, when GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN delivered prodigious oration in

presenting Amendment standing in the name of HULSE, THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE, bounding to his feet, waved his arms, and in them caught the Chairman's eye. A priceless opportunity this. To deliver your own speech prepared for your own Amendment a commonplace performance. To deliver it either for or against (doesn't matter which) an Amendment moved by another man, on behalf of a third man, is a luxury to be appreciated only by a *gourmet*.

THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE audibly smacks his lips over it. The other noise you hear is baffled HENRY FOWLER grinding his teeth.

Business done.—Reached Clause VII. Parish Councils Bill.

Thursday.—Some people inclined to regard as sufficient an arrangement that keeps them sitting day after day from three o'clock in afternoon to midnight listening to talk about Parish Councils. Others want a little more. CHANNING suggests House shall sit on Saturdays, and, on four days a week, shall commence business at noon, putting in a twelve hour day. BARROW assents to that, but thinks twelve o'clock Rule should be suspended, so that, for fuller luxury, House meeting at noon may, an' it please, sit all night. No one yet proposed to sit on Sunday and Christmas Day; that will follow as natural consequence. THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE, breaking out in fresh place, joins in conversation. Asks Mr. G. if he is aware that scores of Members are ill through overwork, and whether, instead of lengthening sittings, he will not rather shorten them.



The Shropshire Windmill.

Expected when Mr. G. rose he would make obvious retort that since Bill has been in Committee there is not single sitting that might not have been shortened by at least an hour if THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE had restrained his tendency to irrelevant babble. Mr. G. leaves that unsaid; is very firm about sitting till all necessary business is done; conditionally promises Saturday sitting; announces meeting of Cabinet to consider measures for expediting Bill. After this go into Committee, and succeed in not expediting progress. Night unspeakably dull.

Business done.—Reached Clause IX. Parish Councils Bill. Disposed of eight Clauses in eleven sittings. This leaves sixty-three more, not to mention new Clauses. If it takes eleven sittings to clear off eight Clauses, at what date, assuming same rate of progress, shall we be through a Bill that contains seventy-one? Small boys thinking of coming home for Christmas holidays please do this sum.

Friday.—Pretty to see Mr. G. just now explaining to Opposition that if they weren't good boys they'd be kept in to-morrow. Not that he put it in that coarse way. STOREY, coming to his assistance in task of directing business of House, had, as Mr. G. put it with a positive pang of pain in his voice, invited him to assume attitude of censor of proceedings in Committee on Parish Councils Bill.

"That," said Mr. G., with an effort recovering himself, "I am not entitled to do." All he had to say was that under present Standing Orders a Saturday Sitting would naturally follow unless a Minister interposed with Motion preventing it. MARJORIBANKS sitting by his side was looking forward anxiously to pleasure of making such a Motion. It would be cruel disappointment to an amiable man if circumstances so shaped themselves as to forbid him the pleasure and gratification of rising on stroke of midnight and moving that House do adjourn till Monday. But—here Mr. G. shook his head and his voice thrilled with infinite pathos—business must be done. If, in short, Committee passed 9th and 10th Clauses of Bill, MARJORIBANKS would move adjournment till Monday. "If unfortunately," he added, "any miscarriage should occur he would not be in a position to make the motion." SQUIRE OF MALWOOD half rose from his seat as if to catch the drooping figure of his right hon. friend overcome with emotion. But Mr. G., waving him off, sank slowly back into his seat and shudderingly closed his eyes, as if to shut out picture of gentlemen opposite spending Saturday in further consideration of Parish Councils Bill. GOSCHEN said it was too large an order. Couldn't possibly be done in the time. But it was.

Business done.—Got up to Clause X. and nearly finished it.

Transcriber's Note:

Page 265: 'advertisement' corrected to 'advertisment'.

"... a picture which seems to be an advertisement of somebody's shirts?"

The correction is also indicated, in the text, by a dotted line underneath the correction.

Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

(For some reason, in IE browsers, the normal link from the

first image on Page 269 to its enlargement does not work. Sometimes left- or right-floating images can have link problems, though usually a partial link is available. Other browsers do not seem to be affected. A discreet supplementary link has been added for users of IE browsers.)

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL.
105 DECEMBER 9, 1893 ***

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