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June 29, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 108, JUNE 29, 1895 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 108. JUNE 29, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Tannhäuserites disappointed. Signor VIGNAS indisposed. *Tannhäuser's* understudy *Faust* put up. House good. Performance better. PLANÇON,—once *Jupiter* now *Mephistopheles*, the extremes meeting in one singer,—excellent. MELBA quite the German Fräulein. BEVIGNANI, C. B., *i.e.*, "Conducting Beautifully," in the chair.

Tuesday.—Many other attractions, yet heart is true to Opera. M. VICTOR MAUREL, as *Iago*, adds another leaf to his victor's wreath of Laurel. MAGGIE MACINTYRE makes distinct advance, and sings, "O Willow, we have missed you" most melodiously. TAM AGNO as *Misther O'Tello*, the Irish darky singer, uncommonly powerful. RICHARD GREEN, *Montano*, greener than ever: quite fresh. PERCY MORDY a good *Roderigo Randomo*. The highly Pole-ish'd OLITZKA a fair representative of *Emilia*. And this cast, with Merry MANCINELLI manipulating musicians, makes the Opera a delight to the *fine fleur* of the Covent Gardenian Hot House.



Pagliacci.

Wednesday.—House crammed to see and hear ADELINA PATTI as *Rosina* in the ever delightful *Barbiere di Siviglia*. ROSSINI for ever! "Whar's your WULLIE WAGNER noo?" PATTI's acting worth a third of the money; her singing makes up t'other two-thirds. "Bonus" to audience in "*Home, Sweet Home*." Wrapt attention! Here we are all of us out for the night, so to speak, in silks and satins and jewels rare, and with feathers and diamonds and all our war paint on, off afterwards to routs, balls and supper-parties, and yet all hushed, conscience-stricken as it were, in the midst of our gaiety, by sweet voice warbling so distinctly "Home! Home! Home! Sweet Home! Wherever (including the Opera Covent Garden) we wander (and we can't wander when our attention is riveted on *la Diva*) there is no-oh-o-o place like Ho-ome!" And then, second verse finished, a storm of rapturous applause bursts over the singer! Yes! those are our sentiments. "Home! Home!" by all means. Only—excuse us—we "*won't* go Home Sweet Home till morning, till daylight doth appear." But why, ADELINA *mia*, didst thou sing at the end of the Opera that remarkably anti-climaxious waltz of TI-TO-TUM MATTEI'S? TI-TO-TUM all very well in his way, but not a ROSSINI. And then you sang it from a paper in your hand as though doing penance in a music sheet? A mistake, ADELINA, don't do it again, spin your TI-TO-TUM at a concert, but not in ROSSINI'S *Barbiere*. BERTHA

BAUERMEISTER obtained a rapturous encore, but shook her finger at the audience as who would say "too late! too late!" So BEVIGNANI bowed, and on we went again merrily. PINI-CORSI good as pantaloon *Bartolo*. ANCONA a capital *Figaro*, looking like one of *Cruikshank's* comic characters. 'ABRY MUNDY, fine *Basilio* done in Italian oils; M. BONNARD, light and airy French count, more of larker than lover. All Home-Sweet-Home-ing (or elsewhere) about midnight, many being detained by the singers at the Opera from getting to the SPEAKER'S "at Home," Sweet Home.

Thursday.—*Pagliacci*, with Miss PAULINE JORAN appearing as *Nedda*, and playing it in first-rate style. "Gee up! *Nedda!*" *Query*. PINI-CORSI good as *Tonio*? *Answer*. 'CORSI was. T'others not much, but Opera still charming. Yet this evening's programme too trying for emotional persons. *Pagliacci*, tragedy; *Cavalleria Rusticana* tragedy also; tragedy from beginning to end; even the celebrated *mezzo* very like a wail! Not kind of DRURIOLANUS to afflict us thus. Madame BELLINCIONI, "the original *Santuzza*," admirable. Honours easy between Madame CALVÉ and BELLINCIONI. The latter played it first abroad; but the former had the start of her *here*. In some of the action peculiarly characteristic of the type, BELLINCIONI wins, not by a neck, but by two hands. CALVÉ more striking (hands down) in her jealous agony. Signor VALENTINE FIGARO ANCONA excellent as *Alfio*; the situation when VIGNAS, going strong as *Turiddu*, catches *Alfio's* ear, in order, as he says in Sicilian, "Tu-rid-u of his presence" by subsequently killing him, more dramatic than ever. GIULIA RAVOGLI admirable as quite the gay *Lola* of the Sicilian Seven Dials. After *intermezzo* Bowing BEVIGNANI declines *encore*.

Friday.—Child *Harold* allowed to sit up late for another night. Composer COWEN ought to sing, "I love my ALBANI with an A, because she's Admirable." *Harold* improveth on representation. *William Malet* played by RICHARD GREEN. Nice of the librettist, Sir EDWARD MALET, to keep the memory of his ancestor Green. It must make singers rather nervous to have the composer *vis-à-vis* conducting his own work; as WAGSTAFF observes, "in this instance it must have the effect of Cowin' them." 'Nother week gone.

A SIESTA.

How sleepy I feel! It is this beastly influenza cold and headache. The best thing to do for a headache is to have a little doze and sleep it off. Not a very easy thing to do in a big Paris hotel in the afternoon. However, it is quiet enough in my room, looking on to the courtyard, away from the noises of the Boulevard.

Just dropping off. Crash! Only someone shutting a door. That is not an unusual sound. In these big hotels no one closes a door, no one glides along a passage, no one speaks in a soft voice, but everyone bangs, and stamps, and shouts. If it is a woman, she screams. Another crash! The man in the next room just come in. That's the Frenchman with the awful cough. No one but a Frenchman could have a cough like that. Lie and listen to his cough for some time. Various other doors banged. But at last sink into unconsciousness. Good Heavens! What's happened now? Oh, it's the American trunks being dragged out of the room on the other side. Well, at any rate I shall not hear the American voices now through that miserable door of communication, which, locked and bolted ever so carefully, does not keep out sounds. But there is someone talking there now. Of course the new comers. It must be two people. No, twenty people. By Jove, they are Germans! And there's the Frenchman's cough again. I shall never get to sleep. Yet somehow the sounds get confused, I fancy the Germans are coughing and the Frenchman is saying "*Ja, ja, ja,*" and then

There, now I am awake again. Why, there's someone knocking at the door. "*Pardon, monsieur, avez-vous reçu votre linge?*" "*Mais, oui, je l'ai reçu hier.*" "*Pardon, monsieur, il y a des faux-cols.*" "*Non, je les ai reçus tous.*" "*Mais, monsieur—*" "*Mais qu'est-ce que vous me chantez là? Laissez-moi tranquille.*" "*Mais, monsieur, le monsieur en face m'a dit que monsieur a reçu des faux-cols que monsieur—*" Confound the collars! Get up, let in the *garçon*, examine my collars and the collars of the *monsieur en face*, who is just packing up, rectify the mistake of the washerwoman, and am again alone. Now is it worth going to sleep or not? Will try once more.

What's that? "MARIE!" It's someone shouting outside my door. How fond they are of shouting outside my door! "MARIE! *De l'eau chaude.*" I hope she won't think it's for me, or she'll wake me up if at last I get a chance of dropping off. Then silence. Positively, absolute silence. The coughing Frenchman must have been suffocated; the Germans—no, nothing could stop the Germans from talking, only they have gone out of hearing. And the *femme de chambre* has hurried off to fetch that hot water for somebody, and the *garçon* is not banging his broom about in this *couloir*, and there is no baggage coming or going, and no door crashing; and, in the midst of profound peace, I think drowsily of quiet country afternoons, when one hears only the humming of the bees, and the whispering of the aspens, and then, and then—Hullo! What's up now? There's someone else knocking. My last chance gone. My head is aching more than ever. "*Eh bien?*" "*C'est l'eau chaude que vous avez commandée, Monsieur.*"

THE ADVERTISEMENT FIEND.

(Written in the Train by an Irate Traveller.)

["The English landscape is being transformed into a dumping-ground for catchpenny eyesores."—See the "Nineteenth Century" for June.]



For Soap and Pill each English slope and hill
Is now a background, and the cry is, "Still
They come;" these public nuisances, that mar
The fair earth's face, like some unsightly scar.
Who possibly can care, I ask, to learn
That Juno Soap Saves Washing, or to turn
A gaze disgusted on some blatant board,
By which the devious tourist is implored
To try the Lightning Pill that never fails
To spot the Spot, or cure whatever ails?
JOHN BULL, his missus and the kids, I hope,
Do not entirely live on pills and soap.
And yet you'd surely think so, when you've
scanned
The nostrum-signs that so adorn our land!
Oh! heavily I'd tax 'em, if I might!
And keep the landscape clear. Am I not right?

[Terminus. Exit, fuming.]

SOCIETY'S NEXT CRAZE.

(As foreseen by Mr. Punch's Second-sighted Clairvoyant.)

It is the summer of 1896—or possibly '97. The scene is a road skirting Victoria Park, Bethnal Green, which Society's leaders have recently discovered and appointed as the rendez-vous for the Season, and where it is now the correct thing for all really smart people to indulge, between certain prescribed hours, in sports and pastimes that have hitherto been more characteristic of the masses than the classes. The only permissible mount now is the donkey, which must be ridden close to the tail, and referred to as a "moke." A crowd of well-turned-out spectators arrives from the West End every morning about eleven to watch the brilliant parade of "Mokestrians" (as the Society journalist will already have decided to call them). Some drive slowly up and down on coster-barrows, attended by cockaded and disgusted grooms. About twelve, they break up into light luncheon parties; after which they play democratic games for half an hour or so, and drive home on drags.

Mr. Woodby-Innett (to the Donkey Proprietor). Kept a moke for me? I told you I should be wantin' one every mornin' now.

The Donkey Proprietor (after consulting engagement-book). I've not got it down on my list, Sir. Very sorry, but the Countess of CUMBERBACK has just booked the last for the 'ole of this week. Might let you 'ave one by-and-by, if Sir HASCOT GOODWOOD brings his in punctual, but I can't promise it.

Mr. Woodby-Inn. That's no good; no point in ridin' after the right time. (*To himself, as he turns away.*) Nuisance! Not that I'm so keen about a moke. Not a patch on a bike!—though it don't do to say so. Only if I'd known this, I'd have turned up in a tall hat and frock coat; and then I could have taken a turn on the steam-circus. Wonder if it would be any sort of form shyin' at cocoa-nuts in tweeds and a straw hat. Must ask some chap who knows. More puzzlin' what to put on this year than ever!

Lady Ranela Hurlingham (breathlessly to Donkey Proprietor). That's mine, isn't it? Will you please put me up, and *promise* me you'll keep close behind and make him run. (*Suppliantly.*) You will, *won't* you?



The Donkey Proprietor (with a due sense of his own value). Well, I dessay I can come along presently, Lady 'URLINGHAM, and fetch 'im a whack or two; jest now I can't, having engaged to come and 'old the Marshiness of 'AMMERCLOTH's on 'er moke; but there, you orter be able to git

along well enough by yourself now—you ought!

Captain Sonbyrne (just home on leave from India—to Mrs. CHESHAM-LOWNDES). Rather an odd sort of idea this—I mean, coming all the way out here to ride a lot of donkeys, eh?

Mrs. Chesham-Lowndes. It used to be rather amusing a month ago, before they all got used to riding so near the tail; but now they're all so good at it, don't you know.

Capt. Sonb. I went down to Battersea Park yesterday to see the bicyclists. Not a soul there, give you my word!

Mrs. C.-L. No; there *wouldn't* be *this* season. You see, all sorts and conditions of people began to take it up, and it got too fearfully common. And now moke-riding has quite cut it out.

Capt. Sonb. But why ride donkeys when you can get gees?

Mrs. C.-L. Oh, well, they're democratic, and cheap, and all that, don't you know. And one really can't be *seen* on a horse this year—in town, at least. In the country it don't matter so much.

First Mokestrian (to second ditto). Hullo, old chap, so *you've* taken to a moke at last, eh? How are you gettin' on?

Second Mokestrian. Pretty well. I can sit on his tail all right now, but I can't get into the way of keepin' my heels off the ground yet, it's so beastly difficult.

Fragments from Spectators. That's rather a smart barrow, Lady BARINRAYNE'S drivin' to-day.... Who's the fellow with her, with the paper feather in his pot-hat? Bad style, *I* call it.... That's Lord FREDDY FUGLEMAN—best dressed man in London. You'll see everybody turnin' up in a paper feather in a day or two.... Lot of men seem to be using a short clay as a cigarette-holder now, don't they?... Yes, RODDIE RIPPINGILL introduced the idea last week, and it seems to have caught on. [*&c., &c.*]

AFTER LUNCHEON; AT THE STEAM-CIRCUS, AND OTHER SPORTS.

Scraps of Small-talk. No end sorry, Lady GWENDOLIN; been tryin' to get you a scent-squirt everywhere; but they're all gone; such a run on 'em for Ascot, don't you know.... Thanks; it doesn't matter; only dear Lady BUCKRAM has just thrown some red ochre down the back of my neck, and ALGY VERE came and shot out a coloured paper thing right in my face, and I shouldn't like to seem uncivil.... Suppose I shall see you at Lady BRABAZON'S "Kiss in the Ring" at Bethnal Green to-morrow afternoon?... I believe she *did* send us cards, but we promised to look in at a friendly lead the Duchess of DILLWATER is giving at such a dear little public she's discovered in Whitechapel, so we may be rather late.... You'll keep a handkerchief-throw for me if you *do* come on, won't you?... It will have to be an *extra*, then, I'm afraid.... Are you goin' to Lord BALMISYDE'S eight o'clock breakfast to-morrow? *So* glad; I hear he's engaged five coffee-stalls, and we're all to stand up and eat saveloys and trotters and thick bread and butter.... Oh, I wanted to ask you, my girls have got an invitation to a hoky-poky party the VAVASOURS are giving after the moke-ridin' next Thursday, and I'm told it's quite wrong to eat hoky-poky with a spoon—do you know how that is?... The only *correct* way, CAROLINE, is to lick it out of the glass, which requires practice before it can be *attempted* in public. But I hear there's quite a pleasant boy-professor somewhere in the Mile End Road who teaches it in a single lesson; he's *very* moderate; his terms are only half a guinea, which includes the hoky-poky. I'll send you his address if I can find it.... Thanks *so* much; the dear girls *will* be so grateful to you.... I *do* think it's *quite* too bad of Lady GERALDINE GRABBER, she goes and sticks her card on the only decent wooden horse in the steam-circus and says she's engaged it for the whole time, though she hardly ever takes a round! And so many girls standing out who can ride without getting in the *least* giddy!... Rathah a boundah, that fellow, if you ask me; I've *seen* him pullin' a swing boat in brown boots and ridin'-breeches!... How wonderfully well your daughter throws the rings, dear Lady CORNELIA, I hear she's won three walking-sticks and five clasp knives.... You're very kind. She is quite clever at it; but then she's had some private coaching from a gipsy, don't you know.... What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon?... Oh, I'm going to the People's Palace to see the finals played off for the Skittles Championship; bound to be a closish thing; rather excitin', don't you know.... Ah, Duchess, you've been in form to-day, I see, five cocoa-nuts! Can I relieve you of some of them?... Thanks, they *are* rather tiresome to carry; if you *could* find my carriage and tell the footman to keep his eye on them. [*&c. &c.*]

Lady Rosehugh (to Mr. LUKE WALMER, on the way home). You know I *do* think it's *such* a cheering sign of the times, Society getting simpler in its tastes, and sharing the pleasures of the Dear People, and all that; it must tend to bring all classes more *together*, don't you know!

Mr. Luke Walmer. Perhaps. Only I was thinking, I don't remember seeing any of the Dear People *about*.

Lady Rosehugh. No; somebody was telling me they had taken to playing Polo on bicycles in Hyde Park. So extraordinary of them—a place nobody ever goes *near* now, you know!

THE LAST TOURNAMENT

(OF TENNIS—IN THE NORTH).

By a Manchester Enthusiast of Tennis-onian Tastes and Hibernian Sympathies.

["For once in a way the Northern Tournament, which has long boasted of being second only to Wimbledon, has not proved an unqualified success.... The withdrawal of Messrs. PIM and STOKER must for some time be severely felt by tournaments of first-class importance."—*Bradford Observer.*]

AIR—"The Battle of the Baltic."

Of Tennis in the North,
Sing the—more or less—renown!
But—some champions of worth
From the netted lists are flown;
The Great Brethren from the verdant courts
are gone!
Once they mustered a brave band,
LAWFORD long, and LEWIS grand,
Whilst the RENSHAWs, hand o'er hand,
Smashed—and won!

Now the other—BADDELEY—twins
Have it nearly their own way;
And they score repeated wins,
Though the ALLENS, too, can play,
And can send a swift one down the centre line.
When those twins are on the job
It is little use to lob.
Then there's BARLOW,—bet your bob
He is fine!

But the might of England flush'd
In those courts of emerald sheen.
WILFRID flew, and H. B. rush'd.—
Oh! the wearing of the Green!—
Where is Irish PIM, where STOKER, that great
gun?
Though they smashed and volley'd madly,
The Hibernians murmured sadly,
"Faix! Auld Erin's beaten—BADDELEY
At this fun!"

Then there's sweet Miss DOD again!
Oh, how sad it seems, and odd.
To survey the chalk-marg'd plain
In the absence of Miss DOD,
Who they say is wholly given up to GOLF!!!
Shall the links then lick the Court?
Tennis champions run short?
And the slaves of the Scotch sport
Jeer and scoff?

True MAHONEY and Miss MARTIN
Did their best our sport to save;
And Miss COOPER took stout part
In mixed doubles—which was brave:
But where was Mrs. HILLYARD, "whom we
knew?"
(As Ulysses said of him
In the Shades.) Oh, STOKER, PIM!
E'en bright Manchester looked dim
Missing you!

Still, joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of your might!
Yet we hope that Golfing craze
Will not come, like a big blight,
And seduce our DODS and RENSHAWs any more.
For to mar the sweet content
Of our Northern Tournament,
By much time on links misspent
Were a Bore!!!

"THE SEELEY LECTURERS."—We have a wholesome dread of lecturers generally. Perhaps the more learned the lecturer, the greater the boredom to the listeners, specially if the latter be frivolously inclined. But in any case, if lectures must be, then we would rather hear a *Wise* lecturer than a *Seeley* one. On second thoughts, the only entertaining Seeley Lecturer that we know is the one at the Zoo, who discourses on, while exhibiting, the seal.



AT A FRENCH HOTEL.

"TELL HIM TO CLEAN YOUR BOOTS, JOHN—AND MINE TOO."
"ALL RIGHT. ER—GARÇONG, NETTOYEZ MAY BOT, SI VOO
PLAY—ET AUSSEE MAH FAM!"

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

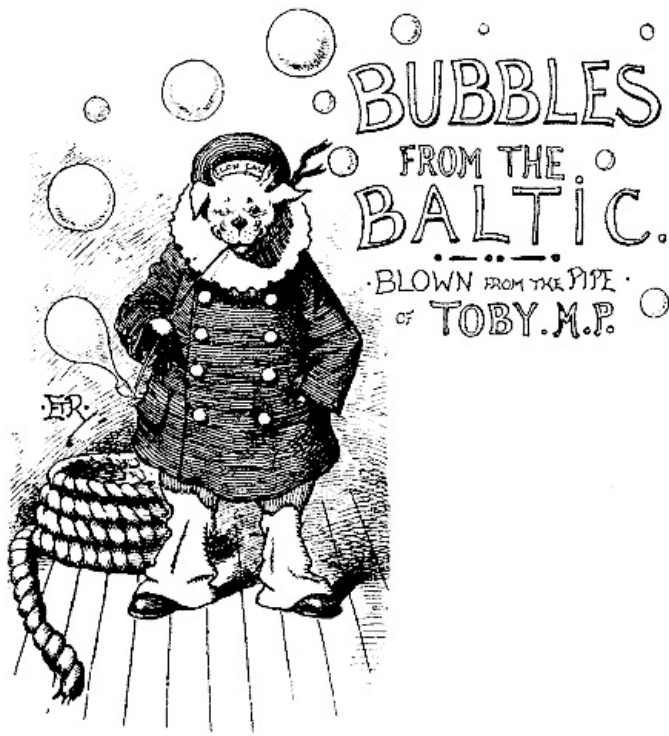
Mr. H. T. WADDY, the Liberal Candidate, has been telling the voters of the Truro-Helston division of Cornwall stories about those wicked publicans. At one of the bye elections they got out posters, which read, "If you vote for the Liquor Traffic Bill, this house will be closed," and displayed them in their premises. But the Radical humorist was on the warpath, and, having provided himself with copies of the poster, attached them to the respective doors of the prison, the lunatic asylum, and the workhouse. This was quite excellent. But Mr. WADDY might have carried the joke a little further, say as far as London. There, at all events, the Bill may possibly lead to the early closing of one public house, where business has for some time been in a very bad way. This would of course be a source of great satisfaction to Mr. WADDY—and his leaders.

In connection with the course of lectures given at Truro by Mrs. THWAITES, principal of the Liverpool School of Cookery, a large Company recently dined in the Concert Hall, at the invitation of the directors of the Truro Gas Company, when the advantages of cooking by gas were put to practical test. Truly there be epicures at Truro who know what's what. Cooking by G. A. S. must have been a great success, and Truro will look forward to a repetition of this cook's excursion. In any case, it will have added to the list of the good things it has seen and people it has known.

BUBBLES from the BALTIC.

BLOWN FROM THE PIPE OF TOBY. M.P.

Off the Elbe, Wednesday Afternoon.—Got up steam, weighed anchor and laid our course East by North half South for Hamburg. Don CURRIE, whose knowledge of ocean life is extensive and peculiar, tells me no well regulated ship puts to sea without first ascertaining the weight of her anchor. Much interested at this peep into nautical life. But what has the weight of the anchor to do with the voyage of the *Tantallon Castle*, or even with the opening of the Baltic Canal? Well, the Don is not sure. Anyhow, it is an old custom. Sailors are superstitious, and if this preliminary



to a voyage were omitted, they would turn rusty, and might even want to throw someone overboard. So, to prevent possible unpleasantness, the anchor is weighed—"To an ounce," Don CURRIE says severely.

Suppose before we turn in we shall be told how much it weighs. Wish I knew what is the average weight of a really good anchor. So awkward if a man comes upon you suddenly, and says "The anchor weighs just over a ton"; or "What do you think? the anchor turns the scale at fifty-two lbs. ten dwt." Is one too much, and is the other surprisingly little? Haven't the slightest idea. Shall, in either case, say "Ha!" That is, at any rate, noncommittal.

Mr. G. will know what an anchor ought to weigh in given circumstances. He knows everything. Shall try and find opportunity of asking him.

Hamburg, Friday, 5 A.M.—"I am very fond of the German tongue," said the Member for SARK, paying me an early

morning pyjama-call. "The language in which GOETHE wrote and HEINE sang is sacred. Still, when it is emitted from the throats of half a score of steam-whistles, one feels there are limits to passionate desire. Have often heard siren song of steam-whistle in and about the Thames. That's bad enough for the sensitive ear. But when it comes to steam-whistling in German, you begin to understand why people sometimes commit suicide."

For my part, I like it. Few things more charming than to be wakened at daybreak by a steam-whistle spluttering in your larboard ear. Before you have quite drunk in the fulness of the music, another shrieks in your starboard ear. Then, far and near, all round the harbour, they pop off in different keys. Some angry; some whining; some in anguishing pain; some mocking; some wailing; one ingenious contrivance, moved by a master-hand, managing to imitate a burst of maniacal laughter, in which, if you didn't bury your head in the pillow, you feel you must join.

Then there's the effect on the man on deck. Don't know who he is; fancy he must be the Supercargo. At first shriek of the earliest whistle, he puts on the heaviest boots (those with the clump of steel at the toes, the wedges of iron at the heel, and fat-headed nails all over the sole). He gives preliminary stamp precisely over your head; all right; steam-whistle shrieks; others respond; Supercargo is off; stamps to and fro just the length of the deck immediately over your berth; leaps up height of two feet; drops exactly over your head; steam-whistles go faster; Supercargo clatters off; fetches from somewhere a plank, a rough-hewn plank studded with nails; this he dashes on the deck over your head; got the range to a nicety; never misses; steam-whistles go off simultaneously; maddening effect on Supercargo; he rages to and fro, charges over your berth, banging the plank with mad delight. You get out of your berth, dash to side; just going to plunge over; when Quartermaster seizes you and leads you back to cabin, locking you in.

And SARK says he doesn't care for early morning effects in Hamburg harbour!

Saturday Morning.—Steaming down Elbe, meaning to anchor at its mouth. (Not at its elbow, as SARK told the pilot. Pilot didn't see joke. Stared at him, and said, "*Hein?*" which made SARK look foolish.) Last night citizens of Hamburg entertained us at dinner. Banquet spread in what they call the Zoologischer Garten. Odd how the way of pronouncing a familiar word grows upon some people after dinner.

Feeding time seven. No extra charge to the public, who are kept outside. Excellent dinner; but general arrangement more suited to time of Methuselah than our shorter-lived day. Sat down at 7.30; finished by 11.30. Peculiarity of *menu* was the interpolation of cold speeches among the hot dishes. As soon as we swallowed our *Klare Schildkrötensuppe*, and toyed with our *Forellen, blau mit Butter*, Chairman rose and proposed toast to Emperor. Next came on the table (sideways, of course) *Helgoländer hummer auf amerikanische Art*. Before the dish was removed, another gentleman on his legs proposing health of Mr. G. So on through the meal: first a bite and sup, then a speech. Practice interesting, though apt to induce a coolness on part of some of the dishes. Suppose cook calculates that gentlemen proposing particular toast will speak for ten minutes; he takes twenty, or, if of a fearless nature, half an hour. Where's your next dish? Why, cold or burnt. Nor can system be recommended on score of economy. Consequence of sitting through four hours dining off sort of speech-sandwich, is that you begin to get hungry again. The absent-minded man, offered an ice, says he usually begins his dinner with soup. If two hundred follow his example, and insist upon going all through the dinner again, it is not only embarrassing, but becomes costly.

Off Jutland, Sunday.—Don CURRIE last night gave return banquet on *Tantallon Castle* to Hamburgers. Done in princely style. Over two hundred sat down in brilliantly lighted saloon. Had our speeches, as usual with *nous autres*, served with the dessert instead of as *entrées*. Few, short, pithy, and one historical. Don CURRIE proposed toasts to his fellow Sovereigns, the Queen of ENGLAND and Emperor of GERMANY. Burgomaster of Hamburg toasted Mr. G., who responded in speech, lofty in sentiment, eloquently simple, admirable in delivery. Dog and pup, I have, during the last twenty years, heard nearly every one of his great speeches in the House and out. Declare that in all the qualities that go to make a perfect oration, it would be hard for even his record to beat this impromptu speech, delivered amid such strange surroundings.

After dinner, a dance on deck. The waltzing and polkaing commonplace enough. But pretty to see JOHN LENG, M.P., and the LORD OF THE ISLES do a sword dance, whilst RAMSAY, M.P., like them, clad in national garb, played the bagpipes. This struck the German guests more than anything. Their papers full of it.

Copenhagen, Tuesday.—King and Queen of DENMARK, with rest of Royal Family, had day out to-day. Came aboard *Tantallon Castle* for luncheon.

"You talk about your Roshervilles, *cher TOBEE*," his Majesty said, as we smoked cigars with our coffee; "but to my mind, the place to spend a happy day is the *Tantallon Castle*."

"There is," I said, "the drawback of the absence of shrimps. But then even kings cannot have everything."

"True, TOBEE," said the grandfather of our kings-to-be and of other people's. And for a moment the royal brow was "sicklied o'er with pale cast of thought."

It cleared as he caught sight of our two rival Kodakesses, who had simultaneously got him in focus. Pretty to see King arrange his hair, give little twist to moustache, and assume look of abstraction, just as common people do when they suspect someone is taking a snap-shot at them. As SARK says, "One snap of the Kodak makes the whole world kin."



An admirable spot for a little quiet reading, although perhaps the firing does make it a leetle difficult to concentrate one's thoughts wholly upon the matter in hand.

In afternoon, Don CURRIE having entertained Kings and Queens and Crown Princes, threw open all the gangways of the ship to the people of Copenhagen. They flocked in by hundreds, increasing to thousands. In endless streams they passed along the decks peering and poking their noses into



Mr. Punch regrets to hear (from a thoroughly [un]reliable source) that some confusion has been caused at Keil owing to the great physical resemblance between his representative on the *Tantallon Castle* and His Imperial Majesty the GERMAN EMPEROR!! In fact, some doubts are expressed as to which of the two it was who opened the Baltic Canal!

Oddly enough, there were speeches at the luncheon. Mr. G. having got his hand (or rather his voice) in at mouth of the Elbe, delivered two charming addresses. One in proposing health of King and Queen of DENMARK, the other in responding to toast to his own health, given by King. A new thing this for Old Parliamentary Hand to serve as after-dinner speaker. Listening to his graceful, gracious phrases, one almost regrets he should have given up so much time to Irish Land Bills, Home Rule, and the like.

After luncheon a stroll on deck, and, incidentally, a memorable scene. In addition to the Kodakesses, who have taken everyone on board, except each other, we have a regular artist with a camera. Don CURRIE, having a moment to spare, thought he would have his likeness taken. Got into position; operator's head under the cloth fixing him; in another moment it would have been done. As SHAKSPEARE wrote long ago, "Nothing escapes the eye of royal Denmark." The King, seeing what was going on, quietly led up the Queen, and stood by her in focus; the rest of the Royal Family, as our toast lists have it, closed in, forming a group near the Don; and when the astonished operator removed the cap and exposed the plate he found upon it the Royal Family of Denmark and one simple Highland gentleman distinguished in such company by his plain estate.

every nook and cranny. On upper deck they had a great find. Sitting in his state cabin, with door open, was Mr. G. reading about the Vikings in their own tongue, which he has lately added to his list of acquired foreign languages. The Danes, men, women, and children, stood there at gaze. Mr. G., with his back turned to door, read on, unnoticing. Crowd growing unmanageable with ever-increasing numbers, a handy quartermaster rigged out ropes, and made sort of handrail, guarding either side of cabin, keeping back crowd. But it filled the deck all through the afternoon, ever changing, but ever one in its passionate, yet patient desire to catch a glimpse of that figure in the cabin, that went on reading as if the world outside were a mere wilderness.

Wednesday.—At Kiel. Harbour and approaches filled with fleets of all nations, every ship bristling with guns, and longing to be at somebody. For the closing years of the nineteenth century of the Christian Era, this is, as SARK says, most encouraging. It is the completest achievement, the proudest thing civilisation has to show us.

From the *Manchester Guardian*:—

SIR CHARLES HALLE'S CHOIR PICNIC. FINAL REHEARSAL and for TICKETS at Messrs. &c.

How is a picnic rehearsed?



HIS IDEA OF IT.

Native. "IS'T NO A DAFT-LIKE PLACE THIS TAE BE TAKIN' A VIEW? THERE'S NO NAETHING TAE BE SEEN FOR THE TREES. NOO, IF YE WAS TAE GANG TAE THE TAP O' KNOCKCREGGAN, THAT WAD SET YE FINE! YE CAN SEE *FIVE COONTIES* FRAE THERE!"

THE LEADING MOTIVE OF THE "W. O.," WITH VARIATIONS.

The General Idea (supplied at Pall Mall). That, although the British Army costs (exclusive of extras) £57 per man, the War Office is the best *bureau* in the world. The establishments over which the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief preside, are necessarily incapable of improvement, as they are absolutely perfect. This being so, nothing more need, can, and should be said.

Commentary No. 1 (supplied by Printing House Square). That the General Idea of the War Office is ridiculous. That were Pall Mall to be occupied by the staff of a merchant's office, the nation would be saved millions, and the £57 (exclusive of extras) per man arrangement would soon be regarded as an extravagant product of the wasteful past.

Commentary No. 2 (supplied by a military writer). That civilians cannot possibly know anything about the working of a Government Office. As Pall Mall says it is perfect, it is to be presumed that it is. Why not leave well alone? And as for £57 (exclusive of extras) per man, why, is not that arrangement less than £60?

Commentary No. 3 (supplied anonymously). Opinion of military writer not worth the paper containing it. Look abroad. Does the foreign service cost £57 per man, exclusive of extras? Not at all. Then what can be done on the Continent, can, and should be done in England.

Commentary No. 4 (supplied by the working-classes). What! pay, £57 (exclusive of extras) for a soldier? Much better abolish the Army, and reduce the price of beer!

Commentary No. 5 and last (supplied by Private THOMAS ATKINS). What, I cost £57 a year, exclusive of extras! Well, all I can say is, that precious little of the money or the perquisites gets into *my* pockets! Worse luck to it!

MRS. R. ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.—"What's this I hear about Mr. G.?" inquired Mrs. R. "That he is returning to the House in town, and giving up his Villiers in the country?"



UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!" SAYS THE BASHFUL JONES TO FAIR BRIDE ON THE OCCASION OF HER THIRD MARRIAGE.

ARS EST CELARE NATURAM.

The GERMAN EMPEROR having expressed a wish to visit a non-existing island at Hamburg, the tasteful citizens have constructed one by means of wirework, canvas, plaster, and cement.

It is stated that the SULTAN is bored by the Bosphorus. The whole surface of the water will therefore be covered with planks, painted green, to represent meadows.

The KING of the BELGIANS is said to have remarked that Brussels would be improved by a distant view of the sea. The municipal authorities propose to cover the high ground, seen from the palace windows, with tin-foil. It is hoped that this will give the effect of the sea gleaming in the sunshine.

The PRESIDENT of the French Republic having thought that it would be a pleasing compliment to Russia if some specimens of Russian architecture could be erected in Paris, it is believed that the *Commission des Monuments Historiques* will cover the Louvre with laths and canvas, painted to represent the Kremlin, and by similar means will transform the Champs Elysées into the Nevsky Prospect, and will give to Notre Dame the appearance of the forts at Cronstadt.

The KHEDIVE has expressed an opinion that the Pyramids look old and shabby. If the English and French government will authorise the expenditure, the whole surface of the stone will be made perfectly smooth, will be painted and grained in imitation of oak, and will finally be varnished. The face of the Sphinx will be washed, and will then be used for an advertisement of an English soap. The enormous rent paid for this will be added to the KHEDIVE'S pocket money.

The Queen of HOLLAND is dissatisfied with the flat surroundings of the Hague. It has been pointed out to HER MAJESTY that the city contains a hill, called, we believe, the Vijverberg, which rises at least three feet above the level of the sea, but she has replied that this is not enough. It is therefore proposed to surround the whole city with a gigantic panorama of the Bernese Oberland.

The other day the King of SPAIN perceived a reflection of the moon in a pond, and was much

annoyed when his attendants failed to bring it to him. It has now been arranged that all the ponds in the neighbourhood shall contain an aluminium moon, which can be pulled out by a specially appointed Grandee of Spain, if commanded by HIS MAJESTY.

"B-O-M-B—BOMB!"

FRIDAY, June 21. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE resigned his Commander-in-Chieftaincy, and the Government was suddenly scattered by a "*Brodrick Patent Cordite Exploder*," which reduced the Secretary of War's salary by a hundred pounds.

"A hundred pounds!
Ha! Thou hast touched me nearly."
The Critic.

The Witness Protection Society and General Legal Reform Union has been holding its Annual General Meeting. Among the numerous objects of this estimable body the chief appears to be to protect witnesses in law courts from insult by counsel. Captain PARKIS, having expressed himself as willing, was voted to the chair, and the members settled down to have a good time. "Heated discussion," "further disturbance," and a well-sustained fire of "protests," lent an air of gaiety to the proceedings, which culminated in "various gentlemen abusing one another across the table." With such excellent practice, the members of the W. P. S. G. L. R. U. should be able to hold their own in court. The Bar trembles. Even the Bench feels a little uneasy.

L-CKW-D, no longer drawing, will be
drawn,
Even the piercing eye of CL-RKE will
quail,
C-RS-N be "spacheless," G-LL will almost
fawn,
And sturdy W-BST-R falter and turn
pale,
Because the witness, taking heart of
grace,
Will "go for him" with candour
strangely new,
And brandish, cross-examined, in his
face
The W. P. S. G. L. R. U.!

"MEMORABLE SAYINGS AND HISTORICAL EVENTS."—There must now be added to the long list Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's languidly jocose remark on Friday night last. "Thank Heaven," he is reported to have said, "there is one night on which we need not fear a crisis." And while yet the laugh was on their lips, the bells rang, and subsequently the Four Tellers announced what could not have been Fore-told. And who laughs last?



"WILLIAM! AHOY!"

OPEN-MINDED WILLIAM (*having come ashore from "The Stormy Petrel"*).
 "AVAST THERE, MESSMATES! THE STATESMAN WHO WOULD LAY HIS
 HANDS ON A STEEPLE-HATTED FEMALE IN DISTRESS,—*SAVE IN THE
 WAY OF KE-INDNESS,"* &c., &c.

[*The "Messmates" "avast" accordingly.*

** "Mr. G." withdrew his pair with Mr. VILLIERS in order to keep "an open
 mind" on the Welsh Disestablishment Question.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.



MESSES. ARKWRIGHT, CUNLIFFE, and WARNER have received their blues from the Captain of the Oxford University Eleven. In other words, these gentlemen will help to represent their University in the cricket match against Cambridge. My congratulations, though they come late, are none the less hearty and sincere. Can any years of success in after life efface the memory or outrival the delight of that crowded moment of glorious life which comes to a young man when his Captain tells him he may get his blue? Thenceforward he is made one with the great company of old blues, who year by year meet and exchange reminiscences, the honour of his University is in his hands, his father becomes less rigorous in his financial views, and his mother is confirmed in her opinion that her darling is the brightest and best and handsomest of created beings. These keen joys come but once in a

lifetime, and only to a few.

That man's a good bat who can time, judge, and
 mark right

The ball as it flies from the right hand of ARKWRIGHT.
 And the Oxford men cheer as they see the stumps
 fall

When the Magdalen bowler delivers the ball.

"My team," said G. MORDAUNT, "requires only one lift;
 If I get it the Cantabs may go and be Cunliffed."
 And I think he was wise in awarding, don't you,
 To this tricky left-handed young bowler his blue.

And lastly the Captain, he put in his thumb,
 For he very much wanted to pull out a plum:
 "I have it," he cried, like a modern Jack Horner,
 And he promptly scored one as he pulled out Plum

WARNER.

When I was a freshman at Cambridge (*eheu fugaces!*) I remember being both impressed and terrified at having pointed out to me a tutor of a certain College who was said to be the hero of a Bacchanalian incident. The story went that the tutor, returning from some feast with a party of friends, fell, by mischance, into one of the narrow streams of water that flow at the side of the Cambridge streets. Striking out vigorously, he shouted, "Save the rest, I can swim." No doubt the story is still told, for the supposed hero of it is still alive. Indeed, when a caricature of him was published some years ago in *Vanity Fair*, the biography by JEHU JUNIOR closed with the words, "He can swim." Yet the story, as affecting Mr. DASH, of Blank College, is manifestly false, for it is older than the century. The curious may find it in its original form in the lately published volume of S. T. COLERIDGE'S letters. The poet relates it of an undergraduate of his day who had taken part in a drunken revel.

But the ways of stories are at all times inscrutable. I have myself—I confess it without a blush—deliberately invented and spread abroad a story about a semi-public dinner. I did so merely because it struck me as containing elements of humour. Besides, it not only might have happened, but ought to have happened. A year or two later six gentlemen, who had been present when the incident did not occur, related it back to me, each one with a little special embellishment of his own. Some of them were magistrates, most of them were fathers of families, and all were honourable men. Yet they were all prepared to stake their reputations on the absolute veracity of this myth; and, what is even more curious, they retailed it to its inventor and disseminator.

Lytham is troubled. I read that "the musical attractions at the Pier Pavilion have been fairly patronised, and dancing on the pier is to be resumed." This latter attraction, it appears, has not met with the entire approval of the Lytham people, who contend that it will bring Lytham into disrepute. "The Ratepayers' Association have had the matter under consideration, and have disclaimed any connection with the innovation. The directors, however, have had the question under discussion, and have decided to continue the dancing."

Said the pier-man to the tourist, "Lo, the tide is flowing
free;
Won't you come and join the dancers in our Temple by the
sea?
See how mazily the Harries and the Harriets advance,
Will you won't you, will you won't you, won't you join the
dance?"

"We have cornets, flutes and fiddles, and we always play
in time,
And the triangles at intervals triangularly chime.
Hark, the bold bassoon is booming, every dancer gets a
chance,
Come and trip it, pretty tourist, in our gay Pavilion dance."

But the tourist paused a moment; then addressed the pier-
man, "Brute,
Such proceedings bring poor Lytham into awful disrepute,
Besides, I'm here for pleasure, and I do not want to
prance.
As the rest of them are doing, in your gay *al fresco* dance."

And the ratepayers considered it, and angrily replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side:
Take your dancers far from England, take them bodily to
France;
We disclaim the least connection, and we will not join your
dance."

I note from a correspondence in *The Scotsman* that a considerable amount of feeling has been aroused by the erection of the new North British Railway Hotel in Princes Street. Lord WEMYSS, apparently, has declared not only that it will spoil the view, but also that it will "pierce the vault of heaven." Another correspondent adds that it will have "a Jennerised, unrepurposeful front." That ought to settle the matter at once. Someone else complains of "those terrible advertisements of drugs and fluid beef which extend in gigantic letters along the side of the lower part of the Carlton Hill, and which catch the unwilling eye of anyone looking from the Bridges, from the Mound, and indeed from any part of the Old Town." What with advertisements of drugs and fluid beef, and a new hotel possessing a Jennerised, unrepurposeful front, obviously Edinburgh is in a bad way.

Mr. C. J. WALTON, of Wolverhampton, writes to the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* with reference to a recent appeal on behalf of the victims of the "Liberator" frauds. "I fail entirely to see," he says, "how a member of the Church of England can be expected to make the slightest sacrifice (except on the principle of Christian charity), seeing that the whole idea of the 'Liberator' scheme was to find funds for the agitators whose sole aim was the robbery and destruction of the Church of England as a national institution, and to get hold of its funds for secular and non-religious purposes." Dear me, dear me, how strange, how terrible, how muddle-headed. This poor politician has evidently got mixed up between the Liberator and the "Liberation Society." Let him take the hint, and send in his subscription.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Convict Ship, CLARK RUSSELL'S latest novel (CHATTO AND WINDUS), is redolent of the sea. There is no writer, not forgetting MARRYAT, who has such close companionship with the sea in its multiple forms and its many moods. The temptation to transfer some of the ever-varying pictures of the sea which sparkle in these pages is great but must be resisted. Here is a glimpse of night at sea, chosen not because it is best, but because it is shortest:—



"The mighty shadow of the ocean night was majestic and awful, with the wild, flashful colouring of lightning in the south, and the dustlike multitude of stars over the three glooming spires of our ship."

One would suppose that, sitting down to write, CLARK RUSSELL had just come home from a long trip foreign, or at least lived his life somewhere within sight and sound of the sea. The pity of it is, my Baronite tells me, that this incomparable student of the sea, of ships that go down upon the waters, and of those who people them, lies at anchor on his sofa in an inland town. He has not looked upon the sea for a dozen years, nor smelt its brine, nor watched a ship coming or going. This makes the more marvellous the power of description of sea life in all its forms here displayed. Beyond this special gift, fascinating to some people, Mr. RUSSELL has a story to tell, a good stout sea story, full of life and adventure, through the devious movements of which we meet real men and one woman. Remembering that CLARK RUSSELL now ranks as a veteran novelist, it is pleasant to bear testimony to the fact that he seems to have saved his best wine to the last. *The Convict Ship* is, take it from stem to stern, the best work he has yet turned out.

THE B. DE B.-W.

"N.B."—Glasgow will have to look after its parks. Here is the Town Council actually dreaming of "feuing" some of "the recently-acquired Camphill grounds" for building purposes! These grounds belong to the people, and adjoin the South Side Park, and "the amenity of that park would be destroyed" by building operations. One protester says South Side Park is the prettiest in Glasgow, and "more like the London parks, which I regard as the finest in the kingdom." Thanks, worthy Scot! The view of it, "as seen through the railings in the Pollokshaws Road," reminds him of "the fine view of Hyde Park which is to be had through the railing in that busy and lovely thoroughfare—Oxford Street." Thanks again, thrice worthy Pict! But Oxford Street a "lovely thoroughfare"—well! At any rate, the Glasgow Bailies when next they are disposed to "feu," should think of the "Many" instead.

RHYME FOR RECORD-MAKERS.

Rattle-it, rattle-it, "Biking" man;
Make us a "record" as fast as you can;
Score it, and print it as large as life,
And someone will "cut" it ere you can
say knife!

GERMANY AND FRANCE AT THE THEATRES.—Capital fun at DRURIOLANUS'S Drury Lane, by the Ducal Court Company. Farcical Comedy, HASEMANN'S *Töchter*, played by the Ducal Creatures. How we have been going it in the theatrical world! SARA in French! DUSE in Italian! and now the clever people of Saxe-Coburg-and-Gotha ("You'll Go-tha and see 'em!") to finish with. By the way, SARA not to be beaten by anybody as *La Tosca*. Fascinating and terrible as ever. In the knife, corpse, and candle scene, awful. Fine play, but—"Horrible! Most horrible!" Quite comforting, when curtain descends on that Act, to remember that "it's only purtendin'."

A singular entry was on Tuesday, June 18, made in Mr. INGLEFIELD'S visitors' (House of Commons) book. "Mr. DISRAELI—Mr. GLADSTONE." It was Mr. C. DISRAELI introducing as a visitor a Mr. GLADSTONE of Liverpool. A very "singular entry" indeed, had it been the

DR. W. GRACE'S FAVOURITE DISH.—"Batter pudding."



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," &c.

Sissy. "MAMMA, DOES *DEMI-TOILETTE* MEAN *HALF-DRESSED*, LIKE MRS. ROBINS IS WHEN SHE COMES HERE TO DINNER?"

MERRY MAY OUR KIEL GROW!

(BY A WEE GERMAN LADDIE).

AIR—"The Keel Row!"

As I sailed through the Baltic,
The Baltic, the Baltic,
As I sailed through the Baltic,
I heard a German sing, O!

"Merry may our Kiel grow,
Our Kiel grow, our Kiel grow,
With ships from sea to sea, O!

"The Vaterland reposes,
As though on beds of roses,
Whilst we hold up our noses,
Among the Naval Powers, O!
Merry may our Kiel grow, &c.

"The Frank desires to mizzle,
His Panama's a fizzle.
BULL, in his land of drizzle,
Is jealous as cm be, O!
But merry may our Kiel grow,
&c."

Mr. F. J. HORNIMAN, F.R.G.S., tea-merchant, has accepted the invitation to oppose Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK, Conservative M.P., for the united borough of Penryn, Flushing, and Falmouth. It is anticipated, says the *Western Daily Mercury*, that he will make a good candidate. Certainly he ought to be able to suit the constituency to a T, unless it continues faithful to its CAVENDISH, in which case his candidature will end in smoke. Mr. HORNIMAN, no doubt, hopes for an early general election, because the longer he stands the greater prospect of his getting what schoolboys call a "tannin'."

NEW SONG.—"Goodness' Nose," By the author of "Beauty's Eyes"!!

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

A COMIC RAILWAY JOURNEY.

Miss Prunes-Prism. And now, my dear charges, I trust you have utilised the hour that has been hypothecated to enjoyment profitably.

Emily. Indeed we have, dear governess. I have read to my brother and sister a most amusing account of a railway traveller who wished to get from Bangor to Euston in five hours, and was baffled in the well-intentioned attempt by the clever ingenuity of the railway companies!

Miss Prunes-Prism. You refer, no doubt, to the gentleman who, having left Bangor at 7.55, reached Llandudno at 8.5, Colwyn Bay at 8.41, Abergele at 8.52, Rhyl at 9.2, and Chester at 9.56.

Margaret. Yes, dear Miss PRUNES-PRISM; and it is at that point the fun of the railway companies came in. Having arrived at 9.56 he found that the train for London had already left. It was timed to depart for the metropolis exactly one minute before the arrival of his train at 9.55!

Emily. Indeed, dear governess, the story is vastly entertaining. Then there is a similar arrangement at Crewe Junction. At that centre of popularity a train arrives from a provincial source at 10.48, just one minute later than the advertised time for the departure of the London train. Those who have the framing of these traffic arrangements must be wags of the first water!

Miss Prunes-Prism. No doubt they are. And now, my dear CHARLES, supposing your dear papa wished to get from Bangor to Euston, what would you advise him to do?

Charles. I should recommend him to walk.

Miss Prunes-Prism. I think, my dear child, that your counsel would be sound. And now, my dear charges, having enjoyed our chat, let us return with renewed energy to the consideration of the principal incidents of *Magna Charta*.

SERIES TO SUCCEED "THE PENNY POETS."—"The Tuppenny-Ha'penny Poetasters." To include the lays of the Logrollerites, and the leading aspirants to the Laureateship.

ENCORE VERSE.

(See Song, "*The Two Graces*," in last week's "*Punch*.")

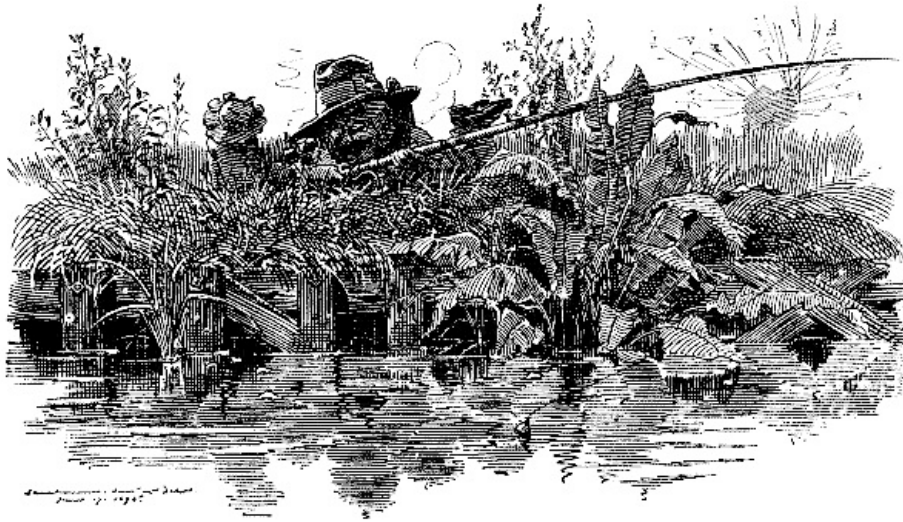
[In the first innings of the Jubilee Match, "I Zingari *versus* Gentlemen of England," W. G. GRACE, Sen., scored 34, and W. G. GRACE, Jun., 79].

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,
"Seventy-nine, my potent pater, Seventy-nine!"
Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,
"That beats mine, sonny WILLIAM, that beats mine!
A. G. STEEL does little cricket, but he made hay of my
wicket;
How we used to run the score up, he and I, long
ago!
But I told you you would do it, if you only dared stick
to it;
And we *know*, we old 'uns, WILLIAM; yes, *we* know!"

There has been much excitement in Sheffield about the School Board. The unsectarian party had a chance of converting a minority of one into a majority of the same extent, owing to the retirement of one Church member, and the serious illness of another, Father BURKE, who was thereby prevented from attending the Board meeting for the election of a new member. Mr. CHARLES HOBSON, however, refused to take advantage of an accident to reverse for the next two years and a half the policy of the Board laid down by a majority of the ratepayers, and chose what he considered the better part of pairing with Father BURKE. Therefore was the chairman enabled to give a casting vote in favour of the Church candidate. But "Hobson's Choice" has not pleased his candid friends, who think, and say, that it is "not war," nor even magnificent. The blades must needs keep up the credit of their native place by making cutting remarks. They come from Sheffield.

Who Threw It?

Joy in the Church, confusion in the chapel,
And contradictory clamour everywhere!



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