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August 17, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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109, AUGUST 17, 1895 ***

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Vol. 109. August 17, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

"THE SECRET OF SUCCESS."

(Modern Version of the Story of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices.)

MR. GOODCHILD was admittedly the most successful of merchant princes—not only financially, but morally. From a boy the great trader had advanced on the road of commerce by leaps and bounds. His parents were of humble birth and in poor circumstances, and yet he had risen to the top of the tree of commercial prosperity. Mr. GOODCHILD had shops, warehouses, wharfs, and a fleet of ships. He had never had a reverse. All he had touched had turned to gold. This is so well understood that a description of his enormous wealth in detail would be entirely superfluous.

"Do you really want to know the secret of my pecuniary triumph?" asked Mr. GOODCHILD, when he was questioned on the subject.

"Why, certainly," was the reply. "How is it that your companion, the idle apprentice, came to such signal grief?"

"Because he was always reading the worst of literature. He knew the history of every felon recorded in the *Newgate Calendar*, original edition, and added chapters. That brought my 'colleague as a boy' to such dire disaster."

"And you never perused the pernicious documents?"

"Never. And I can prove my statement to the hilt."

"You never perused them! And why not?"

"Because," returned the prosperous capitalist with a gentle smile, "those in whose hands my future rested had my true interest at heart. *I was never taught to read!*"

And with this suggestive announcement (well worthy of the attention of ratepayers who can



DISCRIMINATION.

Young Man from the Country (with the affable condescension he supposes marks the Man about Town). "MORNING, COACHMAN! STREETS RATHER BUSY THIS MORNING, EH?"

Metropolitan Driver. "YUSS—A BIT THE USUAL WAY, SIR. 'OW'S 'OPS LOOKIN'?"

control the expenditure of the School Board) the history of the two apprentices is brought to a conclusion at once pleasing and instructive.

ARITHMETICAL EXERCISE.

Letter to the Editor.

"SIR,—I read in the Money Market article last week that Dumbells Co., Isle of Man, paid 17 per cent. Now, Sir, a long time ago I invested in Dumbells, and use them regularly every morning; also I recommend everybody to invest in Dumbells. But where is my 17 per cent.? I've never received it. I am certainly considerably better in health and muscular development than I was before my investment in Dumbells. But, putting this at 5 per cent. better, I still want the other twelve. I apply, Sir, to you, for further information, and am, yours hopefully,

"A. WYSE AKER."

A QUERY.

(By Omar Khayyam.)

["WANTED.—An UP and DOWN GIRL; aged 16; English; strong."—*Advertisement in "Times," August 7.*]

Tell me, mysterious maiden, when and whence
And where and wherefore and on what pretence
You're "up-and-down"—this riddle rede, I pray,
And rid my bosom of a care immense!

Does "up" mean sky-high, "down," upon the ground?
Is't on a see-saw that you bob and bound?
There's more in this than meets the eye, I fear—
I cannot rest until the clue be found.

Are you a damsel, too, that's in-and-out,
And there-and-back, and also round-about?
You may be all at once for aught I know,
For all I know is clouded o'er with doubt.

Pray, have you golden hair all down your back
A-hanging? Is there something that you lack
To play with, love, adore—as, say, a bike
Whereon to travel up and down a track?

What though I've never met you in the throng,
I'm glad you're English-born, sixteen, and strong;
Life has its ups and downs (more downs than ups),
But you're a *new* sort—hence this idle song!



JOVE'S JESTER INTERVIEWED.

(A Page of Mythology written up to Date.)

The Traveller from the Earth left his balloon and trod the cloud that seemed prepared to receive

him. As he did this there was a peal of laughter which echoed far and wide.



"Where am I?" asked the explorer in English, for he was British-born.

"You have come to the head-quarters of waggery," returned the Resident, recovering from a violent fit of merriment. "We are never dull here, we have so much to amuse us."

"Indeed! And how is that?"

"Why, I take a delight in effecting the most comical transformations imaginable. By the simplest means I can cause an inhabitant of the Earth to change his costume five times in as many hours. The jest is provocative of limitless mirth, especially amongst the doctors and the undertakers."

"And what are the simplest means?"

"Why, I will serve up on Monday a sun worthy of the most fiery day in an unusually sultry August. On Tuesday I will send a gale and hailstones, suggestive of the arctic regions at Yule-tide. On Wednesday I will resume the oppressive heat until streams dry up, and water rises to a premium. Then on Thursday I will cover the ground with snow, and finish up the week with a deluge."

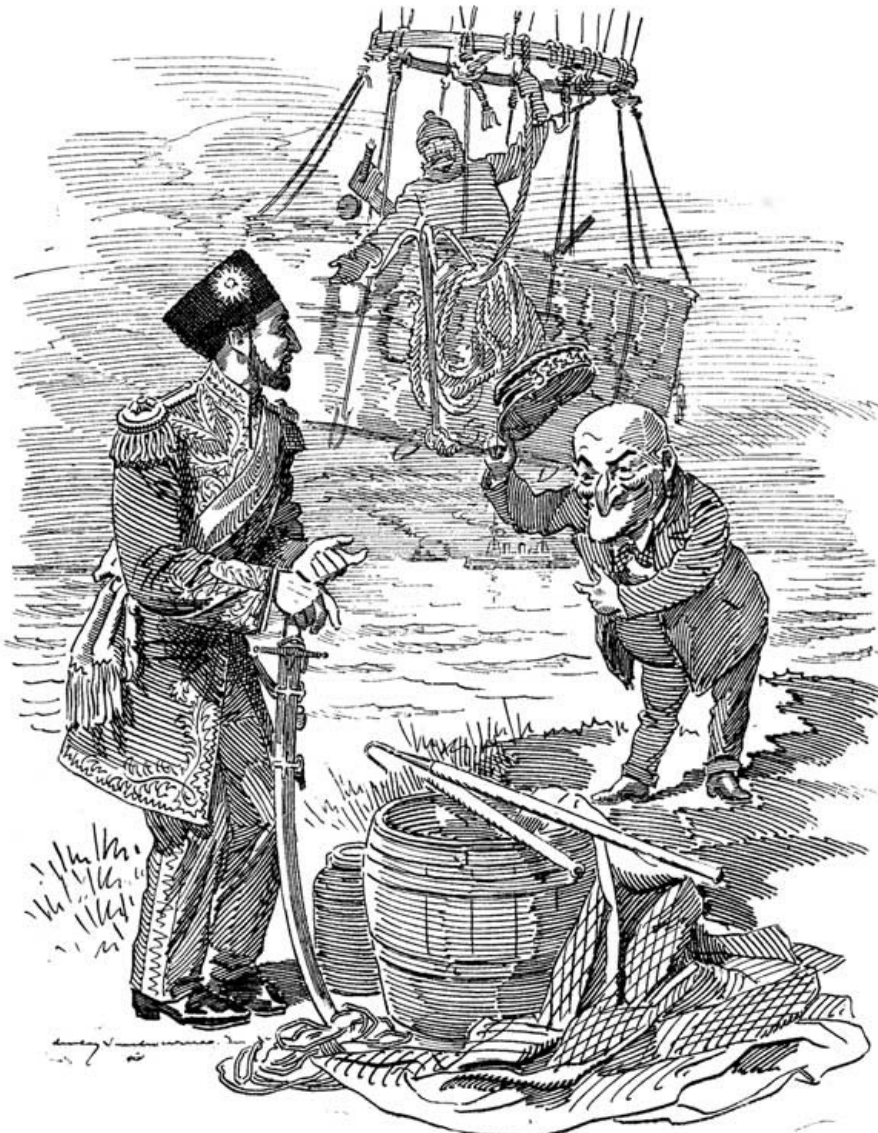
The Stranger raised his hat and answered, "The Clerk of the Weather, I presume?"

"Quite so," was the immediate response. "And now you must leave me to my work, or Englishmen will have nothing to talk about."

And the balloon once more continued its progress amidst a perfect salad of the elements.

"Very amusing," thought the Traveller, and then he added aloud, speaking incidentally the opinion of all his countrymen, "but distinctly inconvenient!"

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MERELY A SUGGESTION.

Mr Punch (to the Shahzada). "WOULDN'T YOUR HIGHNESS LIKE TO SEE THE NORTH POLE?"
["At the weekly meeting of the Balloon Society on the 6th inst., Herr S. A. ANDRÉE read a paper on the projected Polar balloon expedition.... He intended, he said, to go to Spitzbergen and wait for a southerly wind, which would take him very quickly into the Polar regions."]

Pall Mall Gazette, August 7, 1895.

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TO CHLOË.

You're mine "in haste"—and so it ends,
The usual scrambling, headlong letter;
Long vanished are the days of friends
Not otherwise more kind or better,
Who yet excelled in this respect—
In that they grudged not time or trouble
The choicest phrases to select,
Nor wrote their letters "at the double"!

You're mine "in haste." It's not your fault,
You're but unconsciously reflecting
Our modern life, we cannot halt,
The vice is now beyond correcting,
But yet we sigh for old-world days
When lighter far was toil and worry,
When life was spent in peaceful ways
Without the least idea of hurry.

You're "mine in haste"—but as I'm told
(The saying's not precisely novel)
That all that glitters is not gold,
The fairy palace proves a hovel,
So, possibly, that age was dull,
And since you've graciously consented
To live to-day—it's wonderful
And wrong, perhaps—but I'm contented!

You're "mine in haste." I must devote
Five minutes to a swift endeavour
To pen an answer to your note,
But let me sign myself, "Yours ever";
'Tis not an antiquarian taste
Which makes your phrase earn my displeasure
So much as that "you're mine in haste"
Suggests that I'll "repent at leisure"!

ONE OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.—The Venerable Archdeacon DENISON celebrated his ninetieth birthday last week. He has been in all the hard fighting, and never shirked. May he yet long be a Denizen amongst us. *Prosit!*

Mrs. R. says that, though she has known it all her life, yet she could never quite make out what is the meaning of the old saying that "One man can only stand at a door, while another may look over a house."



REASSURING.

"LOR' BLESS YER, SIR, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR! *THAT* AIN'T A FLY, SIR!
—*THAT'S* A BIT OF DIRT!"

BALLAST FOR THAT BALLOON;

Or, Rubbish to be Shot at the Pole.

Dr. ANDRÉE, if you're going to the Pole by a balloon,
(*Punch* hopes you'll be successful, and he trusts you'll come back soon.)
Could you find a little room for some companions in your car?
We have some whom we should like to see thus travelling afar.
Place aux dames! There's the New Woman whom we really do not want,
And the Female-suffrage female, and the shrieking slave of Cant;
There's the Fashionable Mother who constricts her daughters' waists,
There's the Woman with a Past, who so pollutes the public tastes;
There's the female who is masculine, the male effeminate,
The Hedonist of hollow heart and paradox-muddled pate;
There's that big bore the Degenerate, he'll turn up, devil doubt him!
And that other bore, almost as big, who writes big books about him;
There's the pedlar of Emotions, and the petty foe of Morals,
There's the stirrer up in newspapers of journalistic quarrels;
There's the thorough paced denouncer of Creation's horror—Man;
There's the muckrake wielding mauderer on the Mysteries of Pan;
There's the dirty dynamiter, the neurotic novelist!—
Oh, take them to the Pole, Sir, I'll be happy to assist,
And drop them there—and *leave* them there—"they never will be missed!"

On account of the vogue for cycling in Battersea Park this summer, the past two months will be remembered as the "Bike-at-Batterseason '95."

BY OUR NOTES-AND-QUERY-MAN.

Mem. for the next Historian of England.

It is probable, from recent discoveries in the Archives of the State Paper Office, that immediately after the time of CRANMER, in consequence of his having recanted two or three times, the See of Canterbury was to have been re-named "The See of Recanterbury." Also the question as to the origin of the name is, we believe, finally settled by the fact having come to light, that, every Archbishop, in consequence of the extent of his diocese and the necessity of his taking exercise, was compelled to be (as was Dr. TAIT, and as is the present Archbishop, Dr. BENSON) an excellent equestrian, and that the favourite pace for proceeding comfortably and expeditiously was "a canter." The origin of the "bury" has yet to be accounted for, as it has been spelt at various times "*bery*", "*berry*", "*berie*", "*burrie*", "*bury*." But Kent being an hop county, and beer the popular beverage from time immemorial, it is highly probable that as "*canter*" referred to the horse, so "*bery*" (with the "e" long "*beery*") referred to the refreshment for man (not for beast) required

during the journey. This is from an antiquarian point of view most interesting.

"THE COWES WEEK."—This, read out aloud to a dairyman and a butcher, sounds bad; as the first would be anxious as to the milk, and the second as to the veal: for he would argue, "If the cow's weak, what'll the calf be?"

THE POET LAUREATESHIP IN ABEYANCE.—Why not go to the City for our Poet Laureate? If a name be any indication, the choice ought at once to fall upon "Alderman RYMER."

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THE COUNTRY OF COCKAIGNE.

A MONOLOGUE—WITH A MORAL.

SCENE—*An airless Court in a London back street. TIME—August.*

Jimmy (aged eight, to FLORRIE, aged seven). No, I ain't comin' to the Reckreation Groun', not jess yit, I carn't.... I'm goin' ter wyte about 'ere till the lidy comes.... Why, 'er as is comin' to see my Muvver 'bout sendin' me fur a fortnight in the kerntry.... Yus, where I was larst year.... It's settled as I'm ter go agine—leastways as *good* as settled. My Farver 'e've sent in a happlication to the K'mitty, and Teacher 'e sez 'e kin reckermend me, an' Mr. and Mrs. DELVES—them as 'ad the cottidge where I went afore—they've arst fur to 'ave me agin—so yer see, FLORRIE, it's all *right*. On'y I carn't settle to nuffink afore I know when I'm goin', an' about the trine an' that. Yer 'ave ter roide in a trine ter git to the kerntry, yer know.... Wot, ain't yer never bin there?... Yer'd wanter fawst enough if yer knoo what it was loike.... There's gross there, an' trees an' that.... Na-ow, a *lot* better 'n the Reckreation Groun'—that's all mide outer old grivestones as the deaders 'as done wiv. There's 'ills an' bushes an' 'edges where yer can pick flowers. ...There ain't no perlice to *git* yer locked up.... An' everyfink smells so lovely, kinder 'elthy like—it mikes yer feel 'ungry.... Not like sassages an' inions azackly—'tain't that sorter smell.... On'y 'ere an' there, an' yer'd 'ardly tell they *was* shops, they kerry 'em on that quiet.... Yer wouldn' call it poky if yer was there. Mr. DELVES 'e *was* a kind man, 'e was; mide me a whistle outer a sickermore brornch, 'e did; an' Mrs. DELVES she lemme 'elp her feed the chickings.... They 'ad a garding beyind, an' there was rasberries an' gooseberries a growin on bushes—strite, they was—I ain't tellin' yer no lies—an' eat as many as yer like, yer could. An' they 'ad a dog—*Rover 'is* nime was—'e was a koind dog, lemme lay insoide of 'is kennel orfen, 'e would.... I'd like ter 'ave a run over the Common agen, too. I dessay as I shell—p'reps the d'y arter to-morrer.... There's a pond on it, an' geese, an' they comes at yer a stritching out their necks an' a-'i sin' thet sevidge.... Na-ow, yer've on'y got ter walk up to 'em, an' they goes orf purtendin' they took yer fur somebody else, an' wasn't meanin' no offence. I ain't afride o' no geese, I ain't—nor yet LILY wasn't neither. We sor a pig 'aving a ring put froo 'is nose one day. 'E 'ollered out like 'e was bein' killed—but 'e wasn't. An' there was a blecksmiff's, where they put the 'orse's shoes on red 'ot, an' the 'orse 'e never took no notice. Me an' LILY used ter go fur long walks, all under trees. Once she showed me a squill—"sqerl" *she* kep' a-callin' of it, till I tole 'er 'ow—an' it run up a tree zigzag, and jumped on to another ever so fur. That was when we was pickin' nuts. We went a blackberryin', too, one day.... Na-ow, there warn't nobody dead. An' LILY.... LILY DELVES 'er nime was, b'longed to them I was stoppin' wiv.... I didn't notice partickler.... Older nor you, an' bigger, an' lots redder 'bout the cheeks.... She wasn't a bad sort—fur a gal.... I dunno; I liked *all* on 'em.... Well, there was Farmer FURROWS, 'e was very familiar, said as 'ow I might go inter 'is horchard an' pick the happles up as was layin' there jest fur the arskin'. An' BOB RUMBLE, 'im as druv Mr. KENNISTER the grocer's cart, 'e used ter gimme a roide along of 'im when 'e was tikin' round porcels an' that. We'd go along lanes that 'igh yer couldn't see nuffink fur leaves; and once 'e druv along a Pork with tremenjus big trees in it, an' stagses walkin' about underneath with grite big 'orns.... Suthink like 'im as is drawed outside the public round the corner—on'y they warn't none o' them gold. I 'speck them gold ones is furrin.... An' the grub—we 'ad beefstike pudd'n o' Sundays, an' as much bread an' treacle every day as ever I could eat, an' I *was* 'ungry when I was in the kerntry.... An' when I come away Mrs. DELVES she gethered me a big nose guy fur to tike 'ome to Muvver—kissantimums, marigoles, an' dylers, all sorts there was—an' Muvver she put 'em in a jug, an' soon as ever I shet my eyes an' sniffed, I could see that garding an' *Rover* an' LILY as *pline*—but they went bad, an' 'ad to be froed aw'y at larst. I shall see 'em all agine very soon now, though,



won't thet be proime, eh?... Whatsy? 'Ere, FLORRIE, you ain't *croyin'*, are yer?... Why don't yer arsk yer Farver if 'e won't let *you* go.... Oh, I thought as yer *wanted* to go. Then what *are* yer—?... No, I ain't gled to git aw'y from you.... A-course I shall be gled to see 'er; but that ain't why, it's jest—You ain't never bin in the kerntry, or you'd know 'ow I'm feelin'.... There's the lidy comin' now. I must cut across an' 'ear what she sez to Muvver.... Don' tike on—'tain't on'y fur a fortnight, anyway.... Look 'ere, I got suthink for yer, FLORRIE, bought it orf a man what 'ad a tray on 'em—its a wornut, d'yer see? Now open it—ain't them two little choiner dolls noice, eh?... I'd rorther you 'ad it nor 'er, strite, I would!... I'll be back in a minnit.

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

No, *I* ain't bin nowhere partickler.... Settled? yus, it's all settled 'bout me goin' ter the kerntry.... To-morrer? no, I ain't goin' *to-morrer*.... Nex' week? not as I *knows* on.... You wanter know sech a *lot*, you do!... If I *do* tell yer, you'll on'y go an' larf.... Well, I ain't goin' at all—*now* I 'ope you're pleased.... What's the good o' bein' *sorry*?... Oh, I don't keer much, I don't.... Set down on this step alonger me, then, and don' you go sayin' nuffink, or I'll stop tellin' yer.... You remember me goin' in yes'day arternoon to 'ear what the lidy said? Well, when I got in, I 'eard 'er s'y, "Yus, it'll be a great disappointment fur 'im, pore boy," she sez, "arter lookin' forward to it an' all; but it can't be 'elped." An' Muvver, she sez, "'Is Farver'll be sorry, too; it done JIMMY ser much good larst time. 'E can't pay not more nor 'arf-a-crownd a week towards it, but he can manage that, bein' in work jes now." But the lidy sez, "It's this w'y," she sez, "it costis us neelly arf a suffering over what the parints pays fur each child, and we ain't got the fun's fur to send more 'n a few, 'cos the Public don' suscroibe ser much as they might," she sez. "An' so this year we're on'y sending children as is delikit, an' reelly *wants* a chinge." So yer see, I ain't a goin'. I dunno as I'm delikit; but I *do* want the kerntry *orful* bad, I do. I wish I never 'adn't bin there at all, 'cos then preps I shouldn' mind. An' yit I'm gled I bin, too. I dreamt about it larst night, FLORRIE, I did. I was a-settin' on this 'ere step, sime as I am now, an' it was 'ot an' stoiflin', like it is; an' all of a suddink I see Mr. KENNISTER's cart wiv the grey 'orse turn into our court an' pull up hoppersite, an' *Bob Rumble* 'e was a-drivin' on it. An' 'e sez "Jump up!" he sez, "and I'll tike yer back to Mr. DELVES's cottidge." And I sez, "May FLORRIE come too." An' 'he sez, "Yus, both on yer." So up we gits, an' we was droivin' along the lanes, an' I was showin' yer the squills an' the stagses, an' jes as we come to the turn where yer kin see the cottidge—Well, I don' remember no more on it. But it was a noice dream so fur as I got wiv it, an' if I 'adn't never bin there, I couldn' ha' dreamt it, *could* I, eh? An', like as not, I'll dream the rest on it anuvver night.... An' you must try an' dream your share, too, FLORRIE. It'll be a'most like bein' in the kerntry in a sort o' w'y fur both on us, won't it?

THE MORAL.—The offices of the Children's Country Holidays Fund are at 10, Buckingham Street, Strand, and contributions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer.

"Now I'm set up!" as the first page in type observed to his companion pages in MS.

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"RULE, 'BRITANNYER'!"

Being a loyal letter from Mr. Jeames, at Cowes Regatta, to Mary in Mayfair.

DEAR MARY,—"*Rule, Britannyer!*" To that sentiment I'm partial,
As there isn't not one like it, not to make a man feel martial,
Pattryotic, and all that, dear. But at this serblime conjunction—
Of ryalties and regattas—wy I hutters it with hunction.
Rule, Britannyer! As you'll understand I mean the Ryal yot!
Hah! Haitch-Har-Haitch—Eving bless him!—knows hexactly wot is wot
In the way of yots and racing; wich I'm free to own, my dear,
As I *don't*. And moresomever it do make me faint and queer
When I think of Hengland's 'Ope aboard that skittish, sloping thing,
As looks to my shore-going eyes like a white bird *all wing*.
Well, I own I'm not a Wiking; all *I* want of the blue sea
Is a kipper for my breakfust, and a winkle with my tea.
But the Guv'nor, *he's* a topper at the nortickle. Great Scott!
'Ow he *do* put on the Brayvo 'Icks when once aboard a yot!
He's a puffeck pocket Neptune, wich a chubby little chap,
Looks perticularly fetchin' in a trotty yotting cap.
Then he loves the swells—like I do—and it's sweet to 'ear him tork
Of his pal the P. of W. and his chum the DOOK o' YORK.
He's just like a locomotive on the everlastin' puff,
He enjoys hissself like fifty, and he's never 'ad enuff:
I *do* like to 'ear him patter to the cumpany ashore,
He keeps his friends a-bustin', and the table in a roar.
I on'y wish, dear MARY, I could phonygraff his chat,
And kinettyscope his haction; you would roar all round your 'at.
The Cowes Week *would* 'ave been rippin' if it 'adn't bin for rain;—
(As was bad for Ryal Princes, and likeways for Messrs. PAIN).
And them tuppenny-apenny "trippers," as did ought to be kep out
When hus gentry is a-swarmin', and there's Ryalties about.
The Solent should be cordon'd hoff for Hemperors once a year,

For a mix o' Margit manners, and Salvationists, and beer,
 Ain't no welcome for a Kyser, no, nor yet a Shazydar,
 As demmocracy is gettin' too permiskus like, by far.
 A orty OWEN ZOLLERN didn't ought to be mixed hup
 With Bank 'Olidays and bikes, when *he's* a runnin' for a Cup.
 'Tis his seventh Solent wisit, and things went a trifle rum;
 And if he took the Himperial 'Ump and nex' year *didn't come*,
 W'y it wouldn't be serprisink, and hus BULLS, and Cowes, would suffer.
 Whate'er that HEMPEROR *may* be, he ain't no idle duffer!
 The Guv'nor, he hadmires him most tremenjus; so do *hi*.
 It is suthink a'most touchin' for to see him, smart and spry
 In his simple yotting costoom, with his snowy cap an' ducks,
 A-taking it so heasy, though he'd none the best of lucks.
 And his hironclads!!! Great Gumbo—as the Guv'nor loves to say—
 They do not spare the powder, and if this is but their play,
 I don't want to see'em *workin'*. The young HEMPEROR whisked about—
 With our Guv'nor on his track, too, don't you make no sort of doubt—
 His hork-heye—the Guv's—was heverywhere. He watchin' each puff an' pop.
 From the scrubbin' of a binnycle or the twirlin' of a mop,
 To polishin' the funnel-tops with rottenstone and ile,
 Wich he said he watched each mornin', Guv was in it all the while.
 He fair shaddered the young KYSER. And the story he'd rehearse,
 With a eloquence and hunction quite like droppin' into werse.
 And he always soots the haction to the word in sech a way,
 That when fairly on the cackle he's as good as any play.
 But, O, MARY! it wos orkerd, and yumillyhating too,
 When our yot—her name's the *Polywog*—to git a better view,
 Shoved 'erself a bit too forrad, and, amidst a general skoff,
 Wos tackled by a snortin' tug, and coolly carted hoff!
 Guv swore he'd tell his pal the Dook but p'r'aps that wos his fun;
 He also said he'd arsk him why the *Meteor* didn't run.
 Owsomever "*Rule, Britannyer*" is quite good enuff for *me*
 (Though the "*Hail, Sir*" 'ad a hinnings). I am nuts on Germany,
 But when Haitch-Har-Haitch wos winnin', why I felt a bustin' throb
 Swell this buzzum, for I thinks, thinks I, "Old England's on the job!"
 Wich to see *her* rule the waves, dear, is the hackmy of *my* dreams,
 So no more at present, MARY, from your fellow-servant,

JEAMES.

At a banquet given in Bristol in honour of the invincible bicyclist, Mr. A. A. ZIMMERMAN, a reverend gentleman suggested that the Town Councillors should present the freedom of that city to the two champions W. G. GRACE and A. A. ZIMMERMAN. Another spokesman, on the same festive occasion, remarked that he had heard of a book called *Zimmerman on Solitude*. He had never seen ZIMMERMAN on Solitude, but he had beheld him on a safety. Really in Bristol their badinage is quite brilliant!

ESSENCE of PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 12.—Back in the old place. Same address; same walls; same benches; same stage in short, but almost entirely new company. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD lends friendly look to Front Opposition Bench. But there are many vacant places to right and left of him. Where is JOHN MORLEY, and ARNOLD MORLEY, and SHAW-LEFEVRE who saved our Commons but could not save his seat among them? What has become of JOHN HIBBERT, gentlest mannered man that ever repulsed attack on the public purse? And GEORGE RUSSELL and LEVESON-GOWER? Was not even a BRAND plucked from the burning? Was "BOBBY," in laager behind his collar, cut off in the full fragrance of youth and beauty?

SARK, looking round on other quarters of House, cannot refrain from dropping a salt if silent tear. "You call this the House of Commons," he said, bitterly, "and find in it no place for ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS? One black man may be as good as another, and even better; that is the MARKISS's affair. AS VIRGIL wrote of *Trojan* and *Tyrian*,"

BHOWNAGGREE NAOROJI mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

But how is Parliament going to limp along without our CONYBEARE, our SEYMOUR KEAY, and our DON'T KEIR HARDIE? I suppose it's all right. The SPEAKER will take Chair at usual hour; questions will be put and answered; Bills will make progress and 'the House will now adjourn.' But if the House of Commons is itself without the eminent persons I have mentioned, I at least shall not be able to recognise its identity."

"Oh, cheer up," said St. JOHN BRODRICK, Premier-maker, Destroyer of Majorities, sort of



Parliamentary WARWICK. "You don't know what the future may have in store for you. There are fathomless possibilities in this unfamiliar crowd. It's true no new Members, as far as I observed, came down in a brake accompanied by trumpets also and shawms. But DON'T KEIR HARDIE didn't live up to that introduction. The fact is, it probably had something to do with his distinct failure. It raised expectation too high, and even his collarless shirt, his short jacket, his Tweed cap, and his tendency to shed papers out of his over-stuffed pockets

as he walked about the premises, didn't make up what was lacking."

Whilst WARWICK BRODRICK talking, he was constantly turning over things in his pockets. Thought at first it was money. "Been drawing your salary a quarter in advance?" I asked, anxious to learn the habits of the new Ministry.

"No," said WARWICK, "it's not that. See," he said, picking out handful of small bullets; "these are what we use in the new rifles fired with cordite. Nice things you know. Will hop across two miles before you know where you are. In the other pocket got a few charges of cordite. No! Rather not see them? Well, no accounting for prejudice. I mean to keep a supply always on hand, or rather in pocket. Opposition not likely to do anything much yet awhile. But they'll try and form up by-and-by. When they do, I'll show 'em a cordite cartridge, rattle a few of these bullets, with their cupronickel jackets, and, poof! they're off just as they were when I defeated the late Government in June. Can't have too much of a good thing. What cordite's done once it may do again."

And the Financial Secretary to the War Office walked off, ostentatiously rattling the contents of his pockets as he passed CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, who visibly faltered.

Business done.—NEW SPEAKER elected.

Arcades Ambo.

The Heathen Chinees and Unspeakable Turk
Seem largely alike, in Gehenna's black work.
The earth would smile fairer, methinks, were it free
Of Unspeakable Turk and of Heathen Chinees.



IDLE SPEECHES.

"AND SO *THAT'S* HER HUSBAND, IS IT? LOOKS AS IF SHE'D WON HIM IN A RAFFLE!"

"AND AS IF THE TICKETS FOR THAT RAFFLE HADN'T BEEN VERY EXPENSIVE!"

THE OLLENDORF GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

THE CHEAP EXCURSIONIST.

Did the good neighbour go by the cheap excursion? Yes, the good neighbour did go by the cheap excursion, and so did his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children. Did he catch the cab of the early driver? No, he did not catch the cab of the early driver, but he used the omnibus of the sleeping coachman, who took him as far as half-way (half-way as far as). Had the good neighbour to finish the journey to the railway station on foot? Yes, he had, and so had his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children. Are they in a good temper, or a bad temper? They are in a bad temper, because it is raining, and because the mother of the wife of the good neighbour had not wished to go. Have they found the right train? No, they have not found the right train, but are entering carriages bound for another destination. Has the guard of the wrong train disturbed the good neighbour, his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children? The guard of the wrong train has disturbed them, and has thrust them into the bad carriages of the right train. Were not the bad carriages of the right train already crowded? They were already crowded with the hairdresser, the artist's model, the plasterers, the builders, the sweeps, the fruiterers, and the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper. Did not the entrance of the good neighbour, his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children, inconvenience the hairdresser, the artist's model, the plasterers, the builders, the sweeps, the fruiterers, and the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of the local paper? It did, and caused most of them to use bad language (*i.e.*, oaths). Did the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper use bad language? No, the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper did not use bad language, because he was in a fit. How did the good neighbour enjoy his journey? The good neighbour did not enjoy his journey, because he had to submit to the smoke of the hairdresser, the lavender water of the artist's model, the snuff of the plasterers, the smoke of the builders, the concertinas of the sweeps, the comic songs of the fruiterers, and the gasps of the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper. Did the good neighbour have to submit to any further inconvenience? Yes, he was abused by his wife, bullied by his wife's mother, and plagued by his six children. Was the weather at the destination of the good neighbour favourable? No, it was not favourable, as it rained heavily all day. Did the good neighbour find time hang heavily on his hands? Yes, he did find time hang heavily on his hands; but not so heavily as his wife, his wife's mother, and six children. Did the good neighbour, his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children get sufficient to eat? No, they did not get sufficient to eat; but they discussed the broken scraps left at a shilling ordinary (*i.e.*, ordinary price one shilling). Were they happy to get home? Yes, they were happy to get home; but had to return with the hairdresser, the artist's model, the plasterers, the builders, the sweeps, the fruiterers, but not the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper. Were the hairdresser, the artist's model, the plasterers, the sweeps, and the fruiterers more noisy at night than they had been in the morning? Yes, they were more noisy, because they had all been drinking the much-adulterated beer of the prosperous but dishonest publican. Did the good neighbour arrive at home at last? Yes, the good neighbour did arrive at home at last, but more dead than alive (*i.e.*, aliver than more dead). Will the wife of the good neighbour, her mother, and her six children go on a similar trip on the next suitable occasion? They will go, but they will not be accompanied, if he can help it, by the good neighbour. Will the good neighbour be able to help it? No, the good neighbour will not be able to help it; so he will accompany his

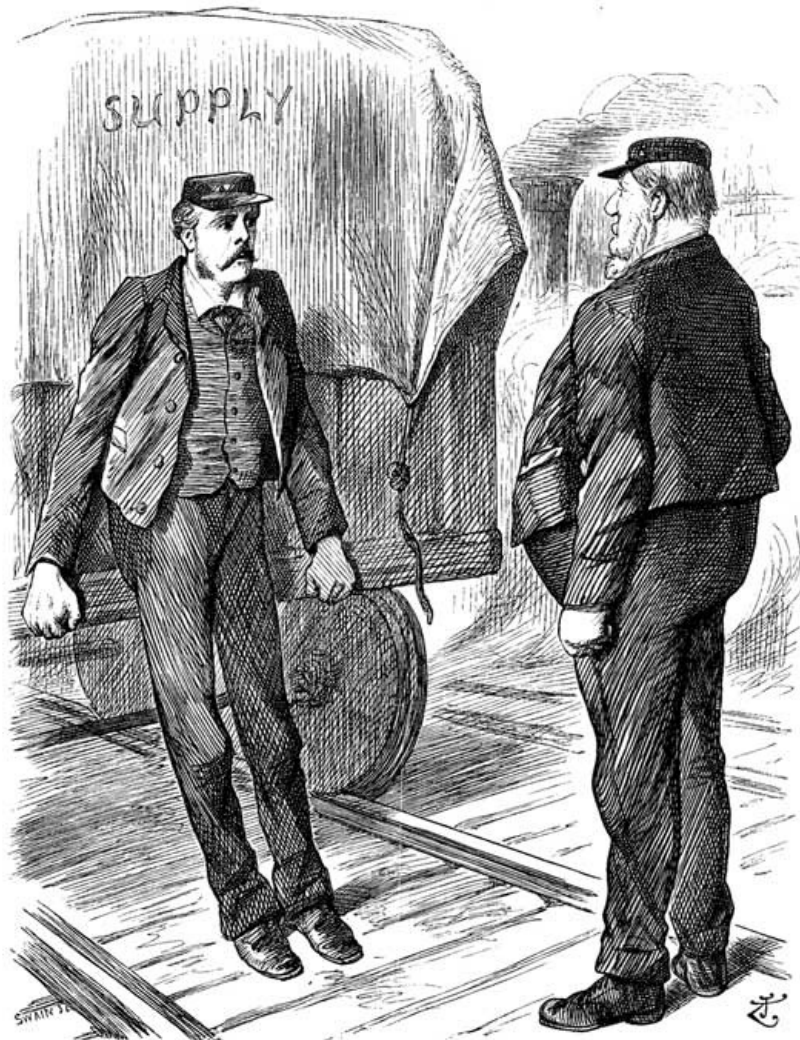
wife, his wife's mother, and his six children, protesting. Will the good neighbour use good language? No, the good neighbour will use bad language. Will the bad language of the good neighbour be very wrong? Yes, the bad language of the good neighbour will be very wrong, but it will not be unnatural.

On the Cards.

M'CARTHY a-cudgelling HEALY now starts,
And HEALY mild JUSTIN remorselessly drubs.
Alas, that long over-due "Union of *Hearts*,"
Will become a Collision of *Clubs*!

MONOPOLY.—M. MAX O'RELL, who has commonly "a guid conceit o' himsel'," and shows it, with more than Scottish—or, as *he* says, Scotch—simplicity, dislikes the monopolist egotism shown in the phrase "an English gentleman." "A gentleman of France" would perhaps less shock his fine altruistic sensibilities. He suggests that speaking of a courteous Scot we dub him "an *English* gentleman," but were he a murderer should call him "a *Scotch* murderer." Perhaps he will write a new book, and call it "JOHN BULL and his *Bile*." "It is wonderful" (he continues) "how JOHN BULL manages to monopolise all that is good, and let the rest of the world partake of what he does not want." Well, not entirely, perhaps. For example, JOHN BULL does not wish to "monopolise" MAX O'RELL himself, though, of course, he is "good," and full of "good things."

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"The Sooner the Better."

FIRST PORTER (A. J. B.) "COME MATE! PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT—WE'VE GOT TO SHUNT *THIS* BEFORE WE CAN GO OFF DUTY!"

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HARRY ON 'ARRY.

["There is no doubt whatever that a large number of Englishmen abroad conduct themselves in a manner which brings discredit on our country.... Such demonstrations, indeed, are taken to mean that our countrymen desire thereby to show their consciousness of superiority over foreigners.... We do not want "HARRYS" to disgrace us, no matter whether the "trippers" ride in first, second, or third-class carriages."

Dear BERTIE,—I *have* got the
needle, and got it
exceedingly sharp.
This 'ARRY—I mean the cad-
cockney well known to "the
'Eath and the 'Arp"—
Is becomin' no end of a nuisance
all round; but I think you'll
agree
It is playin' it pretty low down
when they mix up that
mongrel with me!

One would think the dropped
aitch and apostrophe ought
to have labelled *that* brand,
Which the Comics, in picture and
patter, have scattered all
over the land;
But surely some new Trades
Mark Act must be wanted
exceedingly bad
When HARRY, the travellin' Briton,
is jumbled with 'ARRY the
Cad.



JUSTIN THE TERRIBLE!

J. M'Carthy (with dim recollection of Mr. Penley as the "Rev. Robert Spalding"). "DO YOU KNOW, TIMOTHY, IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS, I SHALL HAVE TO GET VERY CROSS WITH YOU; I SHALL REALLY HAVE TO GIVE YOU A GOOD HARD KNOCK!"

Just glance at the cutting
enclosed. Now I travel, in
silks, as you know,
And Paris and Lyons to me are
familiar as Bradford or
Bow.
But a gent *is* a gent, though in
trade, and abroad just as much as at home,
And the manners that pass in Pall Mall *ought* to do for Berlin or for Rome!

I'm sick, my dear fellow, of readin' about British Cads on the trip,
And the way that they rough-up the foreigners. Every French barber or
snip,
With a back that's all hinges and angles, will read us a lesson on form,
And the penny-a-liners at home back him up, and we—bow to the storm!

It's rot, and there's no other word for it! *I* mean rebellin' for one.
All this talk about 'Arries Abroad, which the ink-slingers think such prime
fun,
Is all unpatriotic knock-under, poor tame cosmopolitan cant.
And as much a true bill as the chat of that sour Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT.

If there's anythin' gives me the hump, it is hearin' Old England run down;
And your Rads, and your Cads, and your Cocktails, all haters of Class and
the Crown,
Are eternally bastin' JOHN BULL on his bullyin' airs and stiff back.
O it gives me the very go-nimble to hear their contemptible clack!

They charge us with bounce and bad manners, with trottin' around in queer
togs,
With chaffin' the waiters at *cafés*, and treatin' the porters like dogs.
They say we raise shines in their churches, and mock their processions and
priests;
In fact, if you'd only believe them you'd class us as bullies and beasts.

Now *I* say a Briton's a Briton wherever he happens to go.
He has got to be "taken as written," with freedom his briar to blow,
His flannels and bowler to sport, his opinions and tastes to express,
As he would in Hyde Park or the Strand, *and he won't be contented with
less.*

He takes "*Rule, Britannia*" along with him, young JOHNNY BULL does, you bet;
And it's no use for Germans to grunt, and it's no use for Frenchmen to fret.
We've got to be *free*, my dear fellow,—no matter if welcome or not,—
And to slang us as "'Arries Abroad" *for* that freedom is all tommyrot.

That Johnny who writes about 'ARRY—in *Punch* don'tcher know—is a Rad,
I can see it as plain as he blowed; and he labels the lot of us "Cad",

If we've patriot hearts and high spirits, talk slang, and are fond of a spree,
But *his* 'ARRY's no class, and it's like his dashed cheek to confound him with
me!

He's done heaps of mischief, that joker, along of his levellin' trick,
Of tarrin' the classes and masses, without any judgment or pick,
With one sweepin' smudge of his tar-brush. Cad! Cad! Cad!—all over the
shop!—
I'm sure *he's* a bloomin' outsider, and wish *Punch* would put on the stop.

I like easy ways and slang-patter, *I*'m Tory and patriot all round,

As every true Englishman *must* be who isn't an ass or a hound,

But your ill-spellin', aitch-droppin' howler, with "two quid a
week"—as he brags—
Isn't *me*, but a Battersea bounder with big bulgy knees and loud
bags.

I did do the boulevards once in striped knickers and straw, *I*
admit;
And once in a Catholic church *I will* own *I did* laugh fit to split.
But then, foreign tastes are so funny, and foreign religions so
rum;
And if they *will* play mumbo-jumbo, how *can* a smart Johnny
keep mum?

It is all the dashed foreigners' fault. They don't relish *our* up-
and-down style;
They smirk and they play monkey-tricks and then scowl if we happen to
smile.
They hate us like poison, and swear 'tis because of our "swagger and
bounce,"
But it's BULL's fightin' weight that they funk, and by gad, they know that to
an ounce!

There! I've let off the steam, and feel better! We need "Coalition" all round,
We gents, against Cad-dom, *and* Rad-dom,—*they* don't differ much, I'll be
bound—
We've got it in Parliament—rippin'!—and if the same scheme we can carry
In social arrangements, why *then* 'ARRY won't be confounded with



HARRY.

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SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

ON A CROSS BENCH.—The Union of Hearts does not seem to have spread as far as Limerick, if the meetings of the Limerick Rural Sanitary Board are any test. One member expressed an opinion that the Conservative Government would do as much for the labourers as the Whig Government had done.

Mr. M'MAHON.—We'll give them a chance.

Mr. M'INERNEY.—We have got very little out of the Liberal Government.

Mr. MORAN.—Bad is the best of them.

The discussion then ended.

This is unkind to Mr. MORLEY. Perhaps a stave of a popular Irish melody will run thus,—

Och, these dhrivellin' Saxon Governments,
They dhrove us patriots mad!
The worst of 'em's unspakable,
And the best of 'em is bad!

"A LITTLE MORE CIDER TOO."—"The National Association of Cider Makers," says the *Bristol Mercury*, "is taking energetic measures to ensure more attention being given to the cider competitions at agricultural shows." And it can't make its measures too energetic—not even if it turns an average consumption of a pint-measure into a quart. What beverage beats cider cup—unless it be perry cup? At present the only people at the shows who are allowed to taste the cider are the judges. But the public want to taste, too—give them a taste *of* cider, and they'll get a taste *for* it in no time. And rival makers want to taste each other's products, so as to make their own better. "Cider on tap" is the motto for the shows, and the West country will thus be given a decidedly useful "leg-up."

PUERIS REVERENTIA!—The advertisement question in tram-cars is "up" again before the Glasgow bailies. The Town Council has banished these disfigurements, but it seems there are still Philistine bodies who long for the good old flaring coloured-poster days. Witness this account of a recent meeting:—

Mr. BATTERSBY pointed out that a large revenue could be derived from advertisements on the cars, and he did not see why the committee should look over such a thing.

Bailie PATON said that personally he was dead against putting advertisements on the cars. If any necessity arose they had that source of revenue. He would not spoil the beautiful appearance of the cars by vulgarising them.

Mr. BATTERSBY.—That is all sentiment of a very puerile description.

Perhaps. But as there happens to be a large balance to the good on the working of the cars, why not allow the "puerile sentiment" to have play? We could do with a lot of this kind of puerility and sentimentality down south.

GOOD OLD SAM!—Our belief even in the "respectability" of SAMUEL PEPYS is gone for ever. The Bright light recently thrown on him by the indefatigable MYNORS BRIGHT has done the trick. This skilled and uncompromising decipherer of the Pepysian shorthand will be remembered in connection with these volumes as "*Under-MYNORS BRIGHT*."

APPROPRIATE SPOT FOR A PROVINCIAL BICYCLE CLUB.—
Some Rural Wheellage in the Wheel'd of Kent.



WHAT, INDEED!

"LOOK HERE, DOCTOR, MY SON WANTS ME TO SEND HIM TO COLLEGE, AND HE SPELLS IT COLIDGE. WHY HAVEN'T YOU TAUGHT HIM BETTER?"

"AH—I'M AFRAID THAT MERE SPELLING IS NOT TAUGHT IN OUR CURRICULUM!"

"THEN WHAT ON EARTH IS TAUGHT IN YOUR CURRICULUM?"

[The Doctor suddenly remembers that the *Sixth Form* are waiting for his Lecture on *Sophocles*.]

IN RE THE I. O. C. R. V. C.

The suggestions I was permitted to make on a recent occasion concerning the future of "the Devil's Own" having been productive of a perfect torrent of letters, I hope that I may be allowed to reply, before the commencement of the fast-approaching Long Vacation, through the columns of a paper that for more than half a century has been the recognised organ of the Bench, the Bar, and the other branch of the legal profession. First let me repudiate, with the scorn it justly merits, and indignation which has moved me to tears, the contention that in calling attention to the comparatively falling fortunes of the Inns of Court I was "making a bid for the chiefship of the battalion." Although willing (no doubt in common with every other Englishman of right feeling) to shed my blood to its last drop in defence of my country, I can see no possible good in accepting "the crown and star" of the I. O. C. R. V. C. No, I prefer the "stuff" of the ranks of the "silk" of command. So the forensic wag, who apparently found time during the pauses of a contested election in a wavering constituency to depict me as a colonel with PORTINGTON as my orderly, was at fault in his conclusions. His rough-and-ready pen-and-ink sketch, although strongly resembling Sir HENRY IRVING in the character of *Don Quixote*, was not without a certain rude kind of merit. When I inspect it (and probably I shall examine it frequently) I shall be reminded of the talents of one who, had he not been a "Q.C., M.P.," might have become the rival of ROWLANDSON, the peer of GILRAY, and the modern extinguisher of the less serious of the Old Masters of the sixteenth century. But to return more immediately to the subject of my correspondence.

"The Brightest Ornament of the British Bench" writes to me to say that he considers "The Brook Green Volunteer" was the precursor of the Inns of Court. I respectfully submit to his Lordship that he is in error. The Brook Green Volunteer was the solitary representative of his battalion. I am happy to be able to say that the "Devil's Own," although no doubt reduced in numbers, has never on parade presented so insignificant a "field state." Consequently, the statement that "the regiment is likely to diminish to its original proportions" is a prophecy founded upon a misunderstanding and nourished upon a fallacy.

The proposal of "One who bows daily to his Lordship during Term Time" is excellent. My correspondent suggests that the Junior Bar, not immediately concerned in the business of the Courts, should drill silently in open Court. Of late it has been ordained by the Red-book that commands may be conveyed by gesture. Thus, a Judge trying a case, by raising or depressing his arms, or clenching his fist, might cause the not-immediately-employed Bar to "turn" to the right or left, or even to "lie down." This last command might be deemed satisfied by the Wig-wearers

"coming to the sitting posture smartly." At the close of the day's proceedings, his Lordship might raise his left arm to the height of his elbow, upon which the temporarily-unemployed might take up their dummy briefs, and hold them at "the recover." The hand of his Lordship brought towards the face, with the thumb pointing in the direction of the nose, might cause the juniors to "turn" right and left. "Then, when the senior usher raised both his arms towards the ceiling, the stuff-gownsmen might march to their front through the corridors until they dismissed without further gesture of command in the robing rooms." Altogether capital! "One who bows daily to his Lordship during Term Time" should publish his suggestions in pamphlet form, to be sold at the popular price of a penny.

"A Junior of Fifty Years' Standing" considers that no one should be admitted to an Inn of Court who was unwilling to join the "Devil's Own." He declares that he himself has done infinitely more work as a rifleman than as a counsel. "And yet," he adds, "I found the labour very light. I do not believe I attended more than one parade in the course of a year on the average." I may add, that possessing the name of "A Junior of Fifty Years' Standing," I can vouch for my learned friend's accuracy, eminence, and ability.

"A Judge who prefers Newmarket to the Law Courts," proposes that the corridors should be utilised as a drill-ground. "Let the Briefless Brigade drill therein during Term time, so that they may be ready to hand if needed." A very valuable suggestion.

"One who takes three years of practice to earn a quarter of chambers' rent" suggests that "The Devil's Own" should adopt as its regimental motto, "Retained for the Defence." Considering the numbers of the battalion, I am afraid the device would have a sarcastic significance. And now, in all sober seriousness, can nothing be done to put the grand old corps on its former satisfactory footing? It has an illustrious past—most of the best known men at the Bar belonged to it—is it impracticable to secure for it an equally illustrious future? Men who, for half a lifetime, have stood shoulder to shoulder in defence of their clients' causes can surely adopt the same satisfactory and honourable position to protect the interests of the ancient battalion. Let Bench and Bar work with a will, and "The Devil's Own" will be worthy of its title. And with this prophecy (which sounds well, but is delivered subject to counsel's revision) I bring my communication, already too long, to an abrupt conclusion.

(Signed)

Pump Handle Court, Aug. 10, 1895.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.



SOCIAL PRECEDENCE.

GENTLEMEN ENTITLED TO BARE ARMS.

A MOST SILENT AND DISCREET ECCLESIASTIC.—There is a most reverend personage who, every year, and especially during the summer season, must hear any number of *Amantium confessiones*, and his name is "Father Thames." Let lovers beware of a "babbling brook."

(See the "Daily Chronicle" of August 6.)

Reaction's in the air, and (so to speak)
 Its trail is o'er the *Chronicle's* own pages—
 Witness "An Unknown Quantity" this week,
 Whose meditative J-pen disengages
De rebus omnibus a keen critique.

Extravagance, and levity, and fads
 Have been o'erdone, it seems, since Eighteen-eighty
 (Or thereabouts); but, our observer adds,
 JOHN BULL has this year grown more wise and weighty,
 Less "new," less yellow—and has chucked the Rads.

Reaction's the reverse of retrograde,
 If we recede from decadent excesses,
 And beat retreat from novelists who trade
 On "Sex," from artists whose *chef-d'oeuvre* are messes—
 'Tis time indeed such minor plagues were stayed!

Then here's for cricket in this year of GRACE,
 Fair-play all round, straight hitting and straight dealing
 In letters, morals, art, and commonplace
 Reversion unto type in deed and feeling—
 A path of true Reaction to retrace!

CAUGHT WITH A "CATCH."—The idiotic catch-line of a Parisian Café-Concert ditty—"En voulez-vous des z'homards?" has been taken up by the citizens of the gay French capital with as much avidity as characterized their seizure upon shares in the Russian loan. The Comtesse Y., in sportive mood, twitted her butler—a very ancient retainer of the family—upon his antiquated, out-of-date manners, and chaffingly suggested that he should attempt to be more *fin-de-siècle*. The veteran *maitre-d'hôtel* assured Madame la Comtesse that he would give her no further cause for complaint. Accordingly, on the same evening, while handing round wine at the dinner-party, he promptly bellowed forth "En voulez-vous du Pommard?"

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TRIFLES LIGHT AS HAIR.

However much Kentish farmers may grumble about the agricultural outlook, their strop-and-razor colleagues, the barbers of that county, should now replace any grief in which they also may be indulging in reference to *their* industry, with great gaiety, for there is every prospect of a long and prosperous run of hirsute harvests. The High Constable has decreed that, unless his men can grow "well regulated beards or military moustaches," they are to be clean-shaven. Farewell the festive "mutton-chop" whisker and the jovial goatee! Henceforth "Bobby" will be beardless, and as he drinks the mid-day pint of that frothing beverage whose main ingredient—more or less—is malt, the upper-lip hops-tacle, upon which the foam was wont to find a brief resting-place, will be conspicuous by its absence—not lost exactly, but s(h)aved before.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.



President ANDREWS, of Brown University, has contributed to the *North American Review* an article entitled "Are there Too Many of Us?" Personally, I should answer with an unhesitating yes, especially after Bank Holidays, or *fêtes* and galas such as those with which the provinces teem. And it may be noted, by the way, as a curious fact in the natural history of amusements, that no genuine *fête* is ever found without a gala. Conversely a gala without a *fête* cannot be imagined. From the presence in your neighbourhood of one of the two you are at once entitled to infer the presence of the other.

I return, however, to Professor ANDREWS. He proves by a series of elaborate and convincing calculations that if the world started with a population of two, the increase in 3,000 years would have become "two quintillion human beings; viz., to every square yard 3,333 $\frac{1}{3}$ persons. Or the earth would be covered with men in columns of 833 $\frac{1}{3}$ each, standing on each others heads. If they averaged five feet tall, each column would be 4,166 $\frac{2}{3}$ feet high."

All this sounds highly stupendous. As I am no mathematician, I cannot compete with Professor

ANDREWS of Brown University on equal terms, but to my non-mathematical mind the only inference to be drawn from the Professor's calculation appears to be that the world is not much more than thirty years old, or, let us say, $30\frac{1}{3}$. In another ten years or so, I suppose we shall have to start work on the columns. Personally, I am not impatient. I am quite willing to let 832 of my friends get into position first. I can then climb up and complete the column. How the fractional third is to be made up I know not, unless—happy thought—there is to be an extra allowance of three tailors to every column.

The Social Democratic Federation has been meeting in conference at Birmingham. Comrades QUELCH, BELCHER, SHAYER, GEARD, TOOTH, TEMPEST, WATTS and WENLINGTON were all on the spot. Some discussion took place with reference to *Justice*, the official organ of the Federation.

Mr. BELCHER (Lincoln), in the course of discussion, thought they ought to induce the workers to take up shares, and to back *Justice* to the fullest extent. They were inclined to sneer at capitalists, but they could not carry on the Federation work without taking a leaf out of the capitalist's book. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. M'PHERSON, as one of the auditors, said the branch accounts in reference to *Justice* were a disgrace. A great deal was heard about the immorality of capitalists, but a little more morality was wanted in some of the branches in regard to the paying of accounts.

This, of course, is most lamentable. Even a Social Democrat, it seems, cannot alter hard facts or get on without money. And at present nobody seems in want of the particular kind of justice which MESSRS. QUELCH, BELCHER and other comrades are anxious to purvey.

I like to rescue from the dark unfathomed caves of ocean any gem of purest ray serene. Here is one extracted from the speech of Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P., at the recent dinner of the Birmingham Conservative Club.

Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P., proposed "The Press," and said that before he spoke of the Press he would like to correct a statement which Sir MEYSEY THOMPSON made. That gentleman thought that Yorkshire was peculiar, inasmuch as it had got rid of something objectionable in the shape of fever called Shaw-Lefevre. He put in a claim for distinction for the county of Cornwall. In Cornwall they would tell you that they had got rid of the worst kind of beer that anyone ever tasted, and that they called Conybeare.

Later on Mr. WILLIAMS said that, although the Gladstonian Press was more numerous than the Unionist Press, it had not been able to persuade the nation to swallow eighty Irish members—which is, perhaps, fortunate; since, to take only one, I am sure Mr. TIM HEALY would prove a very tough morsel to digest.

And here is a rose that, but for me, might have blushed unseen in the report of the proceedings of the South Dublin Union:—

Mr. LENEHAN moved, in accordance with notice—"That the pauper inmate nurses be removed from the male and female Roman Catholic hospitals, and also from the Protestant male and female hospitals, and trained nurses engaged to look after the sick poor." During the course of a lengthened address, delivered in a remarkably loud voice, he urged that the present system of nursing was bad, that militiamen were employed for the purpose, and that reliance could not be placed on the paupers at present engaged in the hospitals. He said that there were at present 184 inmates employed in nursing, and he proposed to put a trained nurse in each ward, that would be 43, and two nurses in each hospital, that would be 8, or 51 in all. These 51 nurses, at £30 a year, or 11s. 6d., would be a little over £29 (*laughter*), or a saving of some shillings (*laughter*).

Mr. SYKES.—What in the world is the meaning of that calculation?

Mr. LENEHAN repeated his statement amidst great laughter.

Mr. O'REILLY said he would second the motion for the sake of discussion, as Mr. LENEHAN complained that his resolutions were never seconded.

Mr. BYRNE was surprised that Mr. O'REILLY had seconded the resolution, for Mr. O'REILLY was a sensible man—

Mr. LENEHAN.—I deny that (*laughter*).

Mr. BYRNE said it was all braggadocio, and a desire to obtain notoriety, that made Mr. LENEHAN bring this forward.

After this no one will be surprised to hear that Mr. LENEHAN withdrew his motion. It must be a terrible thing to be accused of braggadocio and a desire to obtain notoriety.

And finally here is an estimate of Mr. BALFOUR from a correspondent of the Birmingham *Daily Gazette*:—

THE UNIONIST MAJORITY.—*To the Editor of the "Daily Gazette."*—SIR,—Among the many causes assigned for the above, no one, so far as I know, has suggested the following one. Is it too

much to hope that the statesmanlike character of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR has influenced greatly the country at large? His simple dignity, both in majority and minority, his pluck and energy as Irish Secretary, are still remembered. The *Spectator* publishes an article on "Mr. Balfour's Benignity," and at the reception given to the Medical Association at the Imperial Institute he and his sister were received with deafening cheers. Lastly, we shall hear nothing from himself. Surely all parties recognize and admire such a statesman, and willingly confide in his future.
—AN OUTSIDER.

But why are we to hear nothing from Mr. BALFOUR himself. As one who likes good speaking on either side of the House, I hope we may hear a great deal from Mr. BALFOUR.

There have been great doings at Cirencester. At a *fête* (and gala) in Earl BATHURST'S park, the chief attraction was the announcement of a captive balloon, which was expected to make trips during the afternoon. Unfortunately, however, the gas-main in the Tetbury Road, where the balloon was filled, was not so large as was desirable, and the result was that the balloon was not filled till after five o'clock. It was then taken to the scene of the *fête* at Pope's Seat, where every effort was made to make up for lost time. The Hon. B. BATHURST, M.P., the newly elected member for the division, made a short speech from the balloon, being received with loud cheers. The "right away" ascent was afterwards abandoned. The evening, which proved fine, closed with an excellent display of fireworks by Professor WELLS.

If a captive balloon should refuse to inflate,
And should linger too long flopping loose on the grass,
Just insert an M.P. in the car to orate,
And you'll promptly secure an abundance of gas.

TO TRICKASTA.

A note of pain was sounded when you said
That we had better never meet again.
My nerves were shattered and my heart was lead—
A note of pain.

Far other had it been when down the lane
You graciously inclined your pretty head
To listen to me. Yes, I was insane
Enough to hope that one day we might wed,
Until your double-dyed deceit grew plain.
I like to think my letter was, when read,
A note of pain.

"SITTING ROOM ONLY."—The election of Sir L. LYELL for Orkney and Shetland on Saturday last brought the General Election to a conclusion. By this final result the House became quite full, if not quite FULLERTON.

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109, AUGUST 17, 1895 ***

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