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May 25, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 108, MAY 25, 1895 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Volume 108, MAY 25TH, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN, AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

[*"Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman."* C. R. LESLIE, R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1831.]

A MARK AGAINST DENMARK.—At the beginning of last week it was midsummer weather, and *not* to have cast off winter clothing and donned light attire would have been deemed "Midsummer madness." But by Thursday "*on a changé tout cela*," except the clothes, and we were in

midwinter! The *Daily Telegraph's* weather-clerk observed, that all "this resulted from a deep depression in Denmark." It certainly caused deep depression here; and there must be "something rotten in the State of Denmark" which ought to be looked to immediately. Ere these lines appear we hope—sincerely hope—that we shall have retraced our steps towards summer.

QUERY SUGGESTED.—We read in the *Financial Times* that "A corner in camphor is, it is stated, being arranged." Is to be in "a corner in camphor" as good as being "laid up in lavender"?

A CENTURY OF CENTURIES.

[By scoring 288 in the match Gloucester v. Somerset at Bristol, on May 17, Mr. W. G. GRACE, now nearing his 47th birthday, made his hundredth innings of 100 runs or over in first-class matches.]

"O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
Sang *Punch* on the seventeenth instant May,
With a true Jabberwockian chortle,
As he saw the swipe, on the Bristol ground,
Which worked GRACE'S hundred of centuries
round;
A record ne'er equalled by mortal.

"My beamish boy"—of nigh forty-seven—
There isn't a cheerier sight under heaven
Than W. G. at the wicket.
When your "vorpal" bat "goes snicker-snack,"
Punch loves to lie, with a tree at his back,
And watch what *he* calls Cricket.

And now, as a topper of thirty years,
After many hopes, and a few faint fears.
(Which *Punch* never shared for a jiffy.)
You've done the trick! Did your pulse beat
quick
As you crept notch by notch within reach of
the nick?
Did even *your* heart feel squiffy?

Punch frankly owns *his* went pit-a-pat
While he followed the ball and watched your
bat
As the nineties slowly tottled;
And the boys of the Bristol Brigade held
breath,
In an anxious silence as still as death.
But oh! like good fizz unbottled,

We all "let go" with a loud "hooray"
As the leather was safely "put away"
For that hundredth hundred. Verily,
Now you're the "many centuried" GRACE!
And for many a year may you keep top place,
Piling three-figure innings right merrily!

GAME FROM THE HIGHLANDS.—A "Scotch Golfer of Twenty Years' Standing" (poor man! he certainly ought to be invited to take the chair at any Golf meeting!) writes to the *Liverpool Daily Post* complaining that novices in England will persist in sounding the letter "l" in the title of the sport, "although on every green from John o' Groats to Airlie it remains silent in the mouth of player and caddie alike." As the Golfer "puts" it, the name should be "goff," or even "gowf." As long as there is plenty of acreage for the game, an "ell" is not worth mentioning.

MUSICAL NOTE of "Herr WILLY BURMESTER"—or "Our" WILLY. "Bless you!" as the old salt said; "he fiddles like a angel!" Of course, like all violinists, the hair of his head is peculiar, but his airs on his violin are marvellous in execution.

UNIVERSITY PRIVILEGE NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—When a resident Oxonian is suffering from a bronchial attack he is entitled to the professional attendance (gratis) of "The Curators of the Chest."

THE WAIL OF THE WALWORTH WOTER.

["Many of our men have certainly been got at."—*Walworth Liberal Agent.*]

"Got at," my boy? Well, that's a fack;
Yet not by LANSBURY, READE, OR BAILEY.
But by the burdens on our back,
As seem a-gettin' heavier daily.
Trade's bloomin' bad, and rents is high;
Yet more and more the Guv'ment axes.
Progress, old man, is all my heye,—
As means raised rents, and rates, and
taxes.
School Boards, Free Liberries, an' such,
With County Council schemes, *look*
proper;
When they *too* 'ard poor pockets touch
On them the poor *must* put a stopper.
Fust we 'ave got to live, I say;
To pay our way, and grub our young
'uns.
Will Rads make that more easier, hay,
Than wot you call "Bible and
Bung'uns"?
By Jingo, if you want our wotes,
You'll git 'em, not by playing peeper,
Or wetoing beer from our poor throats;
But—making life easier and cheaper!
Got at? Wy, yus, by want o' grub,
And rents an' taxes too extensive;
And so we'll weto—*not* the Pub,
But "Progress" wot comes too
expensive!

PARTIES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Besides the usual number of parties, there will always be, during the fine summer weather, Tea-parties.

CONTRADICTION.—Tremendous "Crushing Reports" come in from the mines, and, in spite of this, mining shares are better than ever.



HERCULES AND OMPHALE; OR, PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

Hercules (Prince Bismarck). "I BELIEVE THAT FEMALE SYMPATHY WITH OUR POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS IS A MUCH STRONGER BULWARK AGAINST SOCIAL DEMOCRACY THAN OUR REVOLUTION BILL WOULD HAVE BEEN



New Assistant (after hair-cutting, to Jones, who has been away for a couple of weeks). "YOUR 'AIR IS VERY THIN BE'IND, SIR. TRY SINGEING!"

Jones (after a pause). "YES, I THINK I WILL."

N. A. (after singeing). "SHAMPOO, SIR? GOOD FOR THE 'AIR, SIR."

Jones. "THANK YOU. YES."

N. A. "YOUR MOUSTACHES CURLED?"

Jones. "PLEASE."

N. A. "MAY I GIVE YOU A FRICTION?"

Jones. "THANK YOU."

N. A. "WILL YOU TRY SOME OF OUR——"

Manager (who has just sighted his man, in Stage whisper). "YOU IDIOT! HE'S A SUBSCRIBER!!"

WAITING FOR NASRULLA.

["The original arrangements for NASRULLA KHAN'S reception in London have undergone considerable alteration."—*Daily Paper.*]

"Of course we ought to act on precedent." said Wise Man Number One. "We can't be far out if we do that."

"I am not so sure," replied Number Two of the Series. "When the SHAH came over we gave him a prize-fight at Buckingham Palace, and the entertainment subsequently caused much hostile criticism in Clapham."

"It is to be regretted," sighed the Third, "that the Polytechnic Institution no longer exists. It would have amused his Highness to have descended in the diving bell."

"No doubt," put in the initial speaker; "but something of the same effect might be obtained by conducting NASRULLA either to the Museum of Mines in Jermyn Street or the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House."

"Quite so. And what do you say to the Natural History Museum, and a special visit in semi-state to the top of the Monument?"

This suggestion was well received. Then a trip to Kew, and a ride on the Elephant at the Zoo were considered not unfavourably.

"Shall he go to any of the theatres?" was the next question.

"It may be a little dangerous to his morals if he understands English," seemed to be the popular answer.

Then a visit to a music-hall under the immediate supervision of the London County Council was

proposed.

Then a Wise Man (less sage than the majority of his fellows) proposed a little "slumming."

"He might visit the East End, and pass a night in a Casual Ward."

Fortunately for the honour of the British Empire the proposal was negatived without the formality of a division.

"Could he be exhibited at a side show, either at Sydenham, Earl's Court, or West Kensington?"

Again there was a shout of "No." The visit of the Representative of the Ameer was not to be made a source of income to the Imperial, or, if it came to that, any other Exchequer.

"Besides," said the initial speaker, "the British Public does not care for paying for its raree-show. When we *do* get hold of a native, we like to find him on view free, gratis and for nothing."

Then it was agreed that NASRULLA should appear at the Queen's Birthday Parade, and other "features" were discussed with animation.

"But what the KHAN will ultimately do, Sir," murmured an experienced official at the conclusion of the confab, "only Time can show—with the assistance of the Government."

A NEW TERROR.—Politics on the stage. In ENRY HAUTHOR JONES's *Bauble Shop* at the Criterion we were taken into the House of Commons and got somehow mixed up with Party Politics; but in *The Home Secretary*, Mr. CARTON, it appears, has attempted to drag his audience, with Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, into the inner circle of Parliamentary life. What next? A debate on the Budget in Four Acts? Or shall we have, in five Parliamentary Acts, with a Prologue and Epilogue, the Comedy with a short Jonesian title called *Home Rule for Ireland: or, how the O'Reillys, the Maguires, and the Kellys went into the Opposition Lobby, and how one Government came in and the other went out, &c. &c.*? Save us from politics on the stage! There was just enough of the political element in *Dora* to give it a peculiar interest. But then *Dora* was written by VICTORIEN SARDOU.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.—The initials being "R. M. T." will *not* be descriptive of the state of the seats in the Agricultural Hall during the performance. The announcement will be "Are Quite Full," not "R. M. T."

QUOTATION FOR LONDONER LAST WEEK, ON SEEING THE DUKE OF YORK IN PALL MALL.—"I know that man, he comes from Sheffield."

THE NEW COINS.—It was announced that the reverse was to have been altered. On the contrary, it is quite the reverse.



THE POET AND HIS INTERVIEWERS.

I do not dwell in a back-attic with the windows pasted up with brown paper, neither do I wallow up to my eyes in a litter of manuscript with flue on the carpet and dust on all the furniture. If ye, or the Public, have any such impression, ye are very much mistaken. I may be a literary person and a prose-poet; but I live quite respectably, and have everything handsome about me. Come and see!

Ye will find the doorsteps freshly scoured, and the door-handle brightly polished—which ye will make a note of after ye have rung the bell.

A trim parlourmaid—whom ye will allude to as "a neat-handed PHYLLIS"—will open the door, and request ye to wipe your dirty boots upon the doormat in the passage—which ye are expected to mention as the "spacious entrance hall."

I shall stand on the threshold of my dining-room, and receive ye with as much surprise as if the visit were not by previous appointment; shall accompany ye through all my rooms, and tell ye interesting facts about the china and the chimney ornaments. I shall not object to your bringing a camera and taking views of my "cosy corner" and my hat and umbrella-stand.

They are exactly like those of everybody else, so they are sure to be pleasing to an art-loving Public.

Ye will find in the drawing-room the perfume of many flowers—provided I do not forget to send out for some penny bunches of violets beforehand—and ye can take a photograph of the cottage piano and my pet canary (which usually has its habitation in the kitchen, as I loathe all birds—but this is *not* for publication).

I will show ye the stand of wax-flowers fashioned by my maternal grandmother—which will give ye an opportunity of commenting upon the heredity of genius in my talented family—and ye may peer into the silver *épergne* that was presented to my Uncle at the Cattle Show for a prize pig. Ye will probably think it necessary to make a copy of the inscription.

In the study—to which I shall humorously allude as my "den"—there is little of general interest except my old carpet slippers. Mayhap ye will point to a few pipes that lie on the mantelpiece; but they are merely "properties," for the public expects all striking literary personalities to write with pipes in their mouths.

Come to me! I fear ye not. It is ye who confer celebrity. I know ye so well. I shall follow ye out into the garden, and ye shall carry stylographs in your waistcoat pockets, and I will relate to ye my early literary experiences, give ye my theories on the Social Question, and let ye kodak my child in its perambulator.

I know ye; ye will convey a totally false impression of my views, which I shall have to write to all the leading journals to correct. Ye will force me into the publicity and self-advertisement from which my sensitive soul shrinks. Ye will describe the insides of my rooms, for the benefit of the buzzing swarm which has hitherto shown no overwhelming curiosity concerning the insides of my works.

Still, I do not mind your coming, provided that ye give me an opportunity of revising a proof of the interview. Ye are necessary nuisances.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

["The insertion of advertisements at enhanced prices in the very body of a magazine is the noblest achievement of journalistic enterprise. This intrinsically beautiful idea, however, admits of considerable development in the near future, unless, as is improbable, the reading public declines to take its romantic literature in piebald strata."—*The Type Worm*.]

A TWENTIETH CENTURY IDYLL.

Lazily, dreamily, we floated down the pellucid stream, ASPASIA at the single thwart, I, her loved one, at the tiller. The last gleaner had left the fields. Over the grave of the dead sun I saw the eye of Hesperus, early and thoughtful. The words of the Poet Laureate came back to me; it seemed that "in yonder Orient star a hundred spirits whispered

[KEEP YOUR HAIR ON! Try our own Fertiliser. The Next-of-Kin-but-One to the Hohenpfefferkorn dynasty writes:—"I have tried your lotion for a vacancy

in the crown, and should in all human probability have succeeded, but for the birth of an infant in the direct line. Make what use of this you like. It has been none to me."

"Peace!" Now the light shallop trembled to the stroke of ASPASIA'S sculls, and the brawny muscles lifted beneath her flannel suiting. Myself so frail, I adore the pride and prowess of womanhood, that moves through the world conquering and to conquer. This life of the open air, so free, so expansive, that despises the thought of

[*COHESIVE CORSETS.—Supply the want, or disguise the existence, of adipose deposit. Send immediately a plaster cast of your bust. Insure against fracture in the Parcel Post.*]



control or seclusion, how different from that of men, studiously repressed in a hothouse atmosphere of fashion and traditional proprieties. We only guess of their world from hearsay or from books. And most of these are by women for women, and Papa says they are not fit for innocent men to read. And so we have to be content to study dress and the lures that fascinate the other sex. But they—they go forth to fight our battles, make our laws, have their part in the stir and excitement of

[*THE BENEFICENT COVER SYSTEM.—You pay your money and we pocket it. No further liabilities whatever.*]

the world, while we sit at home and tattle over the tea-things and marry when we're asked. And, *à propos*, how I longed to tell ASPASIA that my heart is hers! But I am a man; it was for *her* to speak.

At last she pulled herself together with the self-assurance of a woman who knows that

[*OUR MATCHES STRIKE ONLY ON THE TROUSERS.*]

the weaker sex is at her mercy. "Dear ARIEL," she began, and her deep mulierile notes vibrated through my fluttering chest; "dear ARIEL, this halcyon eve, this ethereal air that breathes the subtle incense of eucalyptus—all, all, invite me to offer you

[*LITTLE TEASERS.—For the liver. As used in the Russo-Japanese negotiations. The Arch-Prince General VON SCHPLITVISKI sends us the following despatch:—"Plenipotentiary ITA BINO had a difference with me on the question of a peninsula. Two of your LITTLE TEASERS, however, came home to him, and he is now more amenable. You have my authority for stating that your system of internal adjustment has averted a disastrous and even stupid war."*

[*Left advertising.*

OPERATIC NOTES.

Opening of Opera. Monday, May 13.—Crowded house. *Grand Otello Co.* unlimited. The Orchestra has been sunk four feet, thus giving Stalls clear view of stage. DRURIOLANUS proposes a puzzler "Orchestra lowered," he says, "yet all performers in it *hired!*" Royal Highnesses present. DRURIOLANUS, taking happy musical publishers' points of view, looks towards Royal Box and murmurs "'Royalties' on music." ALBANI surpasses herself as *Desdemona*: quite wonder that *Otello-Tamagno* has the heart to smother her with pillow after her song about the willow. Signor PESSINA as *Iago*: rather a ponderous villain. Pecuniary operatic prospects exceptionally good: at all events, possessing JEAN DE RESZKE, TAMAGNO, and BERTRAN, DRURIOLANUS has "three tenners" in hand to start with.



Vocal and Orchestral. Marguerite and Strauss.

Tuesday.—BOÏTO'S *Mefistofele*. "An opera that 'grows on you,'" says LOUNGER in the Lobby. "If there were a probability of many such growing on *you*, my dear LOUNGER," quoth Sir DRURIOLANUS, with satirical affability, "you would be worth cultivating." The advantage of a long opera, with disconnected acts, is, that you can "pick 'em where you like," as the coster says of the walnuts, and come in anywhere for something good. MAGGIE MACINTYRE is "getting a big girl now." Charming as *Margherita* and *La belle Hélène*. Signor DE LUCIA a rather timorous and bashful *Faust*, with one eye for MAGGIE and the other for NELLI (short for MANCINELLI), as if praying the latter to conduct him safely and keep him from temptation to go wrong. *Faust* in situation of TOOLE in *The Houseboat*, when he used to exclaim, "SARAH! I'm slipping!" PLANÇON equally good as *Jupiter* or *Mefistofele*; this time it is *Mefisto*.

Wednesday.—Le Prophète. In spite of name, unprofitable opera. Signor TAMAGNO (or familiarly TAM AGNO), as *Jean of Leyden*, rather over-laden, but bearing burthen bravely. TAM receives big *encore* in Star-spangled Banner Hymn. The two CORSIS and CASTELMARY ably represent Liberator Firm of *Jonas, Zaccaria, Mathisen & Co.*, always ready to draw on their false prophet in order to save their own credit. Two CORSIS and dessert to follow. Beaming BEVIGNANI conducts invisible orchestra.

Thursday.—Sudden change from summer to winter. Comparatively thin house. Ladies as wrapperees in furs. Everyone welcoming *Pagliacci, or the Mummers*, as pantomime suitable to season. In spite of this, warm welcome to *Pagliacci* and to Madame FANNY MOODY as *Nedda*. She is quite the character: Moody yet lively. ANCONA and DE LUCIA good and dramatic as ever as *Tonio* and *Canio*. *Début* of Miss MARIE ENGLE, who, whether German or French, will be a favourite with the Engle-ish, starting uncommonly well as *Little Bo-Peep-Baucis*. *King Jove-Plançon* and *Vulcan-Castelmary*, the limping Olympian, excellent as usual. Everyone suffering from wintry blasts in stalls envies *Vulcan* rubbing his hands and warming himself at *Bonnard-Philémon's* fire. Such a night in May is enough to knock any piece to shivers. The conductors of the operatic 'bus were, for the first journey, Soothing SEPPILLI; and for the second, Beaming BEVIGNANI.

Friday.—Still wintry. Italian-German opera *Lohengrin*, with Cosmopolitan Caste, going stronger than ever. House full and fully satisfied. Hard to please if it had not been so, with ALBANI as *Elsa*, —(says WAGSTAFF, affecting a drawl, "Nobody else-a can touch her in this"),—*Jupiter-Plançon* as a King, not of gods but men, and BERTRAN, from La Scala, as a *First-Knight Lohengrin*. As to intruder *Ortruda* and Terrible *Telramonda*, these heavy weights are lifted by Mlle. OLITZKA and Signor ANCONA. Monarchical MANCINELLI treats Time like a dusty carpet, beating it strongly.

Saturday.—Crowded house to welcome old friend *Trovatore*. PESSINA as the wicked nobleman; and TAMAGNO—now known as "TAM"—in splendid voice for the *Trovatore* himself. "TAM" doubly encored after "*Di quella pira*." JULIA RAVOGLI not quite the *Azucena*. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER'S first appearance this season: as heroine's sympathetic companion BAUERMEISTER combines the "*utile*" with the "*dulce*." MAGGIE MACINTYRE vocally good, dramatically puzzling. House happy: DRURIOLANUS delighted. Fine finish to first week.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

There is only one Parish Council in England which is presided over by a lady. Her name is JANE SHAKESPEARE, and she rules the parochial deliberations of Netherseal in Leicestershire. No doubt it will be found by her councillors that JANE hath a way with her, and thus she will be brought into line with her illustrious namesake.

[At Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, Mr. DEW declined to undertake the duties of cemetery superintendent for a salary of £5, and Mr. HOWE was consequently appointed to the post.]

Mr. DEW, when he heard of the offer, looked
blue;
He considered a fiver was less than his due.
How do it? The question gave rise to no row,
For Miss Echo replied, and her answer was
HOWE.



Congratulations to Mr. F. Mitchell, of Cambridge University, on his innings of 191 runs against Somerset.

The men of the county had studied their pitch ill;
They did what they could, but they couldn't bowl
MITCHELL.
His masterly cutting the bowlers appals,
For the grass being short, he makes hay of their
balls.

A writer in *The Manchester Guardian* declares that the main road between Bolton and Bury is in a shocking condition. What is the road between Bolton and Bury? Bolton suggests that he who fights and runs away lives to fight another day, but Bury seems to indicate a path of glory leading to the grave—which things are a paradox. In any case, I endorse the writer's suggestion—

That Alderman HULTON should harness his colt
on,
And drive o'er the road between Bury and
Bolton.
The chock-holes and paving are terrible—very,

And he may find his tomb e'er he comes back to
Bury.

There was a gas explosion the other day in Dublin at the house of a Mr. ATOCK. The report states that Mr. ATOCK's injuries were dressed and he and his family afterwards left for the house of Mr. ATOCK senior, at Phibsborough. Phœbus, what a name! As the capital city of the regions of, shall we say, perverted veracity, nothing could be fitter. In any case, condolences to Mr. ATOCK. Is the Blarney stone in Phibsborough?

What is "dockisation"? Whatever it is, they have been debating upon it at Bristol, and the proceedings are described as "decidedly lively." The protagonists were Mr. DE RIDDER and Alderman PROCTOR BAKER.

Dockisation, I think, is a question of docks,
And at Bristol it lately gave rise to hard knocks.
"Let's be rid of a scheme which is bad for the
town,"
Said DE RIDDER, whose statements excited a
frown.
But they smiled on beholding this argument-
maker
By a Proctor well caught and done brown by a
Baker.

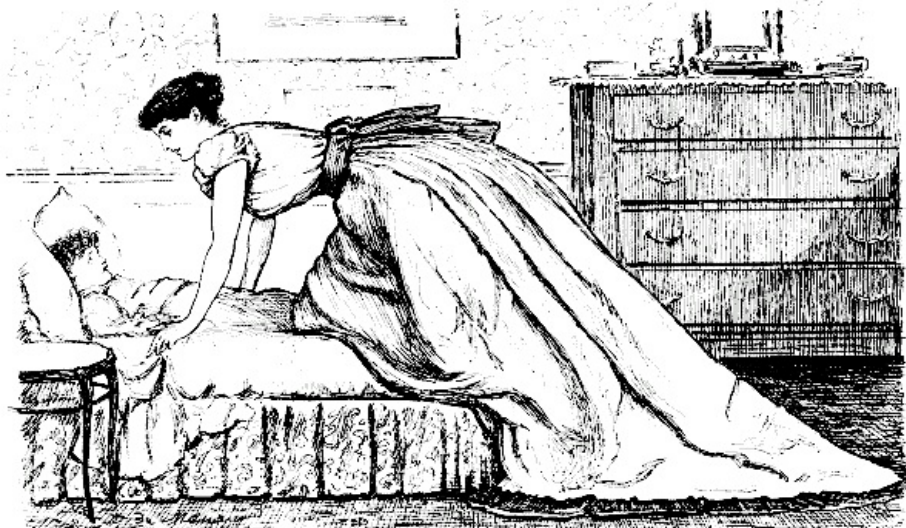
LEEDS LEADS!

Or, Welcome News from the North.

["The tenor of market reports concerning all the main industries out of which the citizens of Leeds make their living ... suggests the advent of a turn for the better, commercially, that may almost claim to rank as an industrial revolt."—*The Yorkshire Post.*]

Hooray! Food for hope the Tyke Town surely yields.
The "Sun of York" shines on the Cardigan Fields
(Which now should be called the Elysian).
The Capitalist and the Builder unite
To throw light upon Leeds. Let's sing, "Leeds! kindly
light!"
(Which we hope will not shock the precisian.)
Oh! Bradford and Huddersfield, Dewsbury, Batley!—
(These Yorkshire names fall into rhythm most patly)
—
Your returns and reports Trade is heeding,
In hope that the storm, like the North, we may
weather,
With WALKER AND SONS (there is nothing like leather!),
Those great "Men of (Leeds) Light and
Leading!"

APPROPRIATE.—Fixed service for "Tied Houses" should be the bounden duty of Tide-waiters.



AN EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

"WHY HAVE YOU GOT SUCH A BARE NECK, MUMMIE?"

"I'M GOING TO A DANCE, DARLING. ONE *HAS* TO DRESS LIKE THIS FOR A DANCE!"

"DO THE LADIES DANCE IN ONE ROOM, AND THE GENTLEMEN IN ANOTHER, MUMMIE?"

THE PREMIER'S CRUISE.

Portsmouth, Monday.—Thank heaven! Got rid of politics for a season. Off to Cowes, as guest of SPENCER, on board *Enchantress*. Admirable institution, an Admiralty yacht; reconciles one to Naval Estimates, almost. But there!—must *not* think of Estimates now. Must try and remember this is a holiday, to get ozone and sleep—especially sleep.

Cowes.—SPENCER really *very* nautical. Talks of fast cruisers and water-tube boilers all the time. Great on torpedo-destroyers. Says the *Havoc* "goes twenty-five knots an hour." Well then, why can't HARCOURT get up the same pace with our Bills? Wish he'd turn into a Parliamentary *Havoc*. Mention this to SPENCER, who laughs, and says, "It's the Opposition who indulge in twenty-five Nots an hour." Believe SPENCER means it as a joke. Turn in, and think of HARCOURT and SPENCER's joke and Twin-Screw Cabinets and Water-veto-boiler Bills. Wretched night!

Portland, Tuesday Morning.—Rather unfair of SPENCER. Now he's got me safely on board, he's always trying to persuade me that Navy wants more money spent on it. More money! Refer him to HARCOURT, the "inexorable *Jorkins*." Try to hide from SPENCER. No good. He finds me behind a coil of rope on half-quarter-deck—*is* it half-quarter-deck? Not sure, and don't like to ask—and begins again. Seems he would like a few more millions for guns. Thought we had heaps of guns. Talks about a ship he calls *The Heeckler*. What a name! Reminds me of every political meeting I've ever attended. Why will Lords of Admiralty give such names? SPENCER explains—seems it's *Hecla*, not *Heeckler*. Oh! All right. Fear SPENCER begins to think me rather a land-lubber. Got me at an advantage here. Wait till I take him to Newmarket Heath!

Off Plymouth.—Down in engine-room. Tell head stoker that House of Lords is an effete institution. Stoker winks. *Can* he be a Tory? Tell him it's a "gilded prison." Stoker seems surprised, and asks, "Why I don't chuck it up, then?" Curious—no repartee handy. And I am so good at them, generally. Must consult "*Fridoline*," *traduit de l'Anglais de "Happy Thoughts*," to see what would be a "repartee to a stoker." Bed. SPENCER won't hear of it as bed; talks of "turning-in to his bunk." What an enthusiastic "First Lord" SPENCER does make! Thinking of First Lord, wonder who'll be Last Lord? Go on wondering till dawn. What a noise swabbing the deck makes! Wish I were back at the Durdans!

Scilly Islands, Wednesday.—Blue sea, lovely weather. Delightful to have left all worries, all politics, far behind, and to— Boat seen approaching from land. Man says he has a telegram for me! Oh, hang telegrams! Wish I were well out at sea. What can it be about? Japan? Siam? Chitral? No. Only to tell me result of Walworth and West Dorset elections! Hem! Seems I *am* at sea—politically. Thoughtless of ASQUITH to have wired me on the subject. HOMER handsomely beaten. Why didn't he stick to his Iliad? And READE—deserves the Old Bailey for being licked by the new one! Question now is—where's our majority? Ask SPENCER. SPENCER replies it's "as plain as a marlinspike." Says Walworth lost because not enough money spent on Navy. Assures me Navy "much more important than Army; in fact, it's the Predominant Partner." This is *too* much! Ask SPENCER, as a favour, to maroon me on some desolate isle—say Lundy. Won't do it. Bribe a sailor. Landed at Lizard. Off to town! Next time I want sea air, shall run down to Clacton on the "Belle."

OXFORD DEGREES.—Certainly Messrs. DAN LENO and ALBERT CHEVALIER should have Masterships of Arts conferred on them. The "*Voces Stellarum*" at the Oxford Observatory (otherwise Music Hall) are well worth hearing. Mr. BURNETT (J. P.) has just issued a brochure on this Music-Astronomical subject, chiefly remarkable for a brief essay on "The Pantomimic Art," by PAUL MARTINETTI, whose right to speak on such a theme, as an authority, may be arrived at by any one who sees this most artistic pantomimist in a short melodramatic piece—a piece which thoroughly tells its own tale without words—now being performed nightly at the Oxford. It is admirable. If action can do so much, then why not a Shakspearian play in action, and "the student" could read the words to himself at home? We recommend the idea to Mr. PAUL MARTINETTI, and should advise him to rearrange *Don Quixote*, as "a piece without words," for Mr. HENRY IRVING, who now looks and acts the part to perfection; the piece itself might then be of the actor, that is,—if action were substituted for its very poor dialogue.

POLITICS À LA PERKYN MIDDLEWICK.—The Radical wire-pullers now regard the middle-class Walworth voters (for Mr. BAILEY) as "Shop 'uns," and the county division which returned Colonel WILLIAMS as "inferior Dosset"!



"GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WO(O)L-MER!"

BATHING WOMAN. "COME ALONG, MASTER SELBORNE, AND TAKE YOUR DIP LIKE A LITTLE NOBLEMAN!"

THE SCARLET PARASOL.

SCENE I.—Terrace in front of quaint old country house. VIOLA TRAVERS and MURIEL VANE on garden-chairs. VIOLA is twenty, dark-eyed, and animated; she holds a scarlet parasol. MURIEL is eighteen; she has very fair hair, parted with puritanical precision; the naïve innocence of her manner is not without a suggestion of artistic premeditation.

Muriel (embroidering). It is a marvel to me, VIOLA, that you can ever have a discontented moment in a house so Elizabethan as this.

Viola. It is lovely, MURIEL; a background for mystery and romance. And I have no romance. I have everything else; but I have not a romance.

Muriel. You have ALBERT.

Viola. You know that ALBERT is not a romance.

Muriel. Once——

Viola. Ah, when everyone opposed our marriage. I married him for love, and because he was poor and "unsuitable." How could I know that his uncle would die and leave him money and a country house? Everything has turned out so well! It is rather hard to have made "a good match," as they say, without intending it. Of course, I never reproach him.

Muriel. No; you have been very nice about it.

Viola. ALBERT is perfectly happy, playing at being a country gentleman. He was so amazed to find there were real ducks and fowls in the country—and buttercups! He tells me everything. He boasts we tell each other everything. Oh! I should so like to have some little thing to conceal from him—some secret, just for fun! Of course I should tell him all about it afterwards, you know.

Muriel. I am sure you would, dear. You have dropped your handkerchief.

(MURIEL picks up handkerchief, book, and paper-knife, and gives them to VIOLA.)

Viola. Dear MURIEL, it is so nice to have you here. You are so calm, and soothing, and decorative, and you never take anyone away from anyone else!

Muriel. I think I *have* been rather unfortunate lately, VIOLA. No one seems to like me but middle-aged married men—often, too, with whiskers!

Viola. You mean poor Mr. AVERIDGE? He has been married so long that he has forgotten all about it. To-night CLAUDE MIGNON is coming to stay with us. He is the most accomplished idiot in London. He sings, plays, paints, plays games, flirts—I think his flirting, though, has rather gone off. It is getting mechanical. By the way, have you an ideal, MURIEL? I wonder what is your ideal?

Muriel (promptly and cheerfully). A man past his first youth, who has suffered; with iron-grey hair and weary eyes, who knows everything about life and could guide me, and would do exactly what I told him.

Viola. And *mine* is a young man of genius, just beginning life, with the world before him, who would look up to me as an inspiration—a guiding star!

Muriel. You have dropped your handkerchief again, VIOLA. Who is this coming out?

Viola. It is only Dr. ROBERTS. He has been to see JANE, the housemaid. She has been rather ill.

Muriel. I suppose she had a housemaid's knee.

Viola. You are quite wrong. She had writer's cramp, poor thing!

Muriel. How absurd, VIOLA! How are you, Dr. ROBERTS!

[Dr. ROBERTS *has iron-grey hair and dark eyes. As he joins them*
MURIEL *leans down to pat a dog with all the graceful self-*
consciousness of youth. Dr. ROBERTS *looks at VIOLA admiringly.*

Viola. I hope poor JANE is better?

Dr. Roberts. Oh yes; she is quite out of the wood now, Mrs. TRAVERS. In fact, I don't think I need see her anymore. (MURIEL *looks up.*) Perhaps though, I had better just look in—say—on Thursday?

Viola. Do; and stay and have some tennis.

[Dr. ROBERTS *accepts with evident enthusiasm, and takes leave with*
obvious regret.

Muriel (watching him drive away). Dr. ROBERTS admires you dreadfully. Is that a romance?

Viola. For him perhaps—not for me! And it isn't a mystery!

[*A telegram is brought in.*

Viola. Oh, how delightful! ALAN ROY, the wonderful boy harpist, is coming down! He's coming by the early train! He'll be here directly!

Muriel. You never told me you had asked him! I suppose you forgot it—or remembered it. Doesn't he profess to be even younger than he is? I mean, when he was four, didn't he say he was three? I wonder if he'll come down in a sailor-suit.

Viola. He's quite nineteen. Here are those tiresome AVERIDGES again! I thought I got rid of them for a long drive. (*Aloud.*) Ah! Here is dear Mr. AVERIDGE!

Mr. Averidge (ponderously, to MURIEL). And how is Miss VANE to-day? Looking as she always does, like a rose in June.

Muriel (coldly). Yes, Mr. AVERIDGE?

Viola (to Mrs. AVERIDGE and ALBERT, who are coming up the steps of the terrace). ALAN ROY is coming down, *the* ALAN ROY. He will be here directly.

Albert. All right, though I don't approve of child artists. Poor little chap!

Viola. He is very nearly quite grown up, ALBERT! He has golden hair and any amount of *usage du monde.*

Muriel. ALBERT will call it *cheek*—I daresay!

Mrs. Averidge. He is most amusing. I met him at Lady BAYSWATER'S. He looks quite an angel playing the harp.

Albert. I hope he'll bring his halo in a hat-box. What is that text about "Young lions do lack——"

Muriel. Oh, ALBERT!

Servant. Master ALAN ROY!

Albert (aside). Now, don't make the poor child shy.



"Enter Alan Roy."

Enter ALAN ROY. Tall young man, in light grey suit. He wears a turned-down collar, a pink button-hole, and carries a little stick.

Alan. How are you, Mrs. TRAVERS? So sweet of you to ask me! Isn't it a *dear* day!

[*Greetings.*

Mr. Averidge. And how did the infant prodigy manage to get here all alone?

Alan. I pushed myself in a perambulator. MISS VANE, you look like a Botticelli in a Paris dress. I didn't bring my harp, *does* it matter?

[*Chorus of sham disappointment and real relief.*

Alan (smiling). It was dreadful of me! But I have been keeping the poor thing up so late; I thought a rest—

[*Lunch is announced. MURIEL stoops to collect VIOLA'S handkerchief, &c.*

Alan (to VIOLA). Oh, what a *sweet* scarlet parasol!

Curtain. End of Scene 1.

(*To be continued.*)

NEITHER FREE NOR EASY.—The Larne Town Commissioners cannot make up their minds whether they shall acquire the McGarel Town Hall which apparently (to judge from a report in the *Northern Whig*) appears to be in the market. The room, it seems, would be used for a free library. The Committee, after a very lengthy discussion, have adjourned the consideration of the question to some distant date for further information. In the meanwhile, no doubt, they will appropriately adopt for the municipal motto "Live and Larne."

CYNIC TO POET.

[The great lack of the Age is its want of distinction."
COVENTRY PATMORE.]

Alas, our poor Age! How against it we rage!
In the seat of the scorner the critics ne'er sat
more.
If the pessimist bore would master her lore,
We've only to send him to Coventry
—PATMORE!
The bards do not love it. But how to improve
it?
That question the poets, like that of the
Sphinx, shun.
Distinction my lad? If the Age is so bad,
I think its "great lack" is not that, but
extinction!
'Tis easier far to abuse it than mend it,
Must we try MORLEY'S other alternative—end
it?

A MUSICAL NOTE.—Such has been the success of Mlle. YVETTE GUILBERT, that, *on dit* (French must be used when speaking of this *lionne comique*), it is not improbable she will be engaged to appear in a part in the forthcoming Sullivan Savoy Opera, in which the relation of librettists to composer is to be as two to one. If this be so, then once more at the Savoy will there be a Sullivan-and-Guilbert Combination.

"WHITAKER."

[Mr. JOSEPH WHITAKER, founder and chief proprietor of *Whitaker's Almanack*, died on the 15th May, aged 75.]

Gone! His praises to rehearse
Might engage a friendly verse.
Time, for whom he did so much,

Surely dealt with gentle touch
With this man, of lucky star,
Who the famous calendar,
Schemed on an ingenious plan,
Gave to ever-grateful man.
Millions now would feel the lack
Of the wondrous Almanack.
To adapt BEN JONSON's phrase
To a worthy of our days,
One might say of our lost brother,
Death; ere thou hast slain another
Good and useful as was he,
"Time shall throw his dart at thee."

CHAMPIONS.—Sir EDWARD GREY, M.P., ought to be a great acquisition at a dance if his prowess as a tennis champion is any indication. "The power with which he often finished the ball" was recently highly praised. His opponent, Mr. GRIBBLE, seems a dangerous man among the ladies, having at Cambridge "won the singles." Quite a Pasha among the "Love sets!" But he could only take one single out of the singles he won.

ODD.—"Doctor GREEF" is advertised to give three pianoforte recitals. If his performance is equal to what we hear of his promise, then those will experience considerable pleasure who "come to GREEF."

SMALL BUT HARMONIOUS FOOTBALL TEAM FOR SUMMER.—"The Shinner Quartette."



WHAT OUR ARCHITECT HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Architect (spotting Sixteenth Century gables). "THAT'S AN OLD BIT OF WORK, MY FRIEND!"

"OI, SIR, YEU BE ROIGHT THEER, THAT YOU BE!"

O. A. (keen for local tradition). "YOU DON'T KNOW EXACTLY HOW OLD, I SUPPOSE?"

"WELL, NOA, SIR; BUT OLD IT BE! WHOI, I'SE KNOWED IT MESELF THESE NOINE YEARS!"

ODE TO AN OVERCOAT.

(By a Shivery Person, in Spring-time.)

"Cast ne'er a clout till May be out,"
The old Scotch proverb says.
Thee, did I doff, "Immensikoff,"
For three most sultry days.
But wind and dust, in gruesome

gust,
Search bosom, back and throat;
And to my nose I button close
My fur-lined Overcoat.
The Merry May has such a way
Of blowing hot and cold,
That fur and cloth I'm always loth
Away, in Spring, to fold.
Gr-r-r! There's a blast! I'll hold
thee fast
Dear friend on whom I doat;
Nor lay thee by till—say—July,
My own, my Overcoat!

LEGAL NOTE.—It is presumably unfortunate for the prisoner-at-the-bar when, as is constantly announced in the papers, "Mr. So-and-So, Q.C., will appear to defend SNOOKS." Hard on SNOOKS when his Counsel only *appears* to defend him. But what a sweet surprise for the unhappy SNOOKS should the Counsel, who only "appears to defend him," *really* defend him and be victorious!

"VOX CLAMANTIS."—The voice of the Claimant is heard once again. No joke; no Wagga-Waggery. He is publishing his "Entire Life and Full Confession" in the *People* newspaper. According to his own statement, his claim to the Tichborne estates might be described, not only as a fraud, but as a "Wapping" one.

TO A COUNTRY HOST.

(A Candid Answer to a Hospitable Invitation.)

You're kind enough to bid me spend
The "week-end" at your country seat,
You offer tennis and a friend
You feel I'm sure to like to meet.
I hope you will not think me rude—
You're very kind to ask me down—
But if the simple truth be told,
I much prefer to stay in town.

You tell me that the ground is bare,
And only gets by slow degrees
Recovered from our Arctic spell,
That leafless still are all the trees.
Well, here, in spite of smoke and soot,
And all the bustle and the hum
Of men and things, we don't await
The Spring—because the Spring has
come.

Each morning as I go to work
I take my 'bus to Marble Arch,
And thence amid a wealth of flowers,
And air perfumed with odours, march
To Hyde Park Corner. Tell me where—
I honestly should like to know—
The much belauded "country" can
Produce a comparable show?

Our grass is green, though yours is
brown.
On every tree the lovely bud
Is bursting into lovelier leaf,
The Spring runs madly in one's blood.
To leave such joys I can't consent,
Too great a struggle it would be,
But just to show you don't resent
These lines—come up and stay with
me!

HOW (OF COURSE) IT IS NOT DONE.

(Imaginary Sketch of impossible Incident.)

SCENE—*Editor's Room.* TIME—*Within measurable distance of publication.* Editor discovered in consultation with his Chief Sub.

Editor. We can't find room for everything.

Chief Sub. Quite so, Sir; still it seems a pity to slaughter this telegram from the front.

Editor. Does it make very much?

Chief Sub. No, Sir. If you will allow me, I will run through it. (*Reads.*) "Yesterday the Loamshire Regiment, headed by its Commander, Colonel SNOOKS, made one of the gallantest charges on record."

Editor. Sure it was SNOOKS?

Chief Sub. Oh yes. We verified it in the *Army List*. SNOOKS went out with the Second Battalion when they were ordered to the front. (*Continues reading.*) "The soldiers dashed forward over the Tam-Tam river, and up the steep sides of the Yah-Yah mountains, carrying all before them."

Editor. Sure of those names?

Chief Sub. Yes, Sir; verified them on the map. (*Resumes reading.*) "Nothing could withstand the rain of lead and the row of steel. The Chutnese attempted to use their 'pungarees'—a rude sort of pruning knife—but without the slightest effect. Uttering their weird yells of 'Tomata, tomata,' and beating their drum-like vessels known over here as 'bang-wangs,' they faltered, floundered and fled."

Editor. Sure that those names are correct?

Chief Sub. Quite, Sir. We verified the local colouring with MOKE's *Six Months in Chutney on the top of a Camel*.

Editor. Very good. Is there much more?

Chief Sub. About a third of a column, describing the taking of the native village, the storming of the stockade, and the bivouac by moonlight after the victory at Pennavilla.

Editor (after consideration). Well, it might give us an effective line for the bill. (*A whistle is heard: Editor listens at a speaking-tube.*) Afraid we must sacrifice it. Manager tells me there is another rush of advertisements, so space is more precious than ever. You had better boil it down into a three-line paragraph.

Chief Sub. No need to do that, Sir. If there's a scarcity of room we had better give the original telegram.

Editor. The original telegram?

Chief Sub. Yes, Sir; from which we have worked up the extended account. Here it is. (*Reads.*) "Loamshire, after a skirmish, has reached Pennavilla." That, with a suitable heading, will just complete the column.

Editor. Quite so.

[*Scene closes in upon the arrangement.*]



A MOAN IN MAYTIME.

By a Weary Waltonian.

Oh, Maytime is a gay time for the artist and the dangler,
The pretty girl, the parson, and the scout;
And it ought to be a time of rosy rapture for the angler,
In the capture of the delicate May trout.
But though SMUDGE, R.A., "feels fine" with his six upon the
line,
And the dangler "does" the galleries with delight;
Though white-chokered clerics muster amidst eloquent
fluster,
And our girls salute the Season sweet and bright;
Though the "Cattylog" vendors shout, and cab-runners
scout and tout,
The disciple of Old IZAAK is not gay,
For although the "Grawnom" 's off, and the trout at
"Alders" scoff,
The May Fly—drat it, does *not* rise in May!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 13.—"Well," said the Member for the Otley division of Yorkshire, "I suppose I've gone through as many vicissitudes as most men. First I was a BARRAN, now I'm a baronite. Really, I don't know but what, if they'd made me an earl, I wouldn't go and sit in the House of Lords. Not because, as good Radical, I don't despise them, but just to give them advantage of my company, and place in their way a useful example. Instead of which, here's WOLMER become Earl of SELBORNE, and insists upon continuing to sit with us!"

Incursion of the Pirate Peer effectively managed. Those old campaigners, GEORGE CURZON and ST. JOHN BRODRICK, took the business in hand. The thing was to be a great surprise. Accordingly, took the SPEAKER into confidence, also the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (The Little Minister, MACFARLANE, who has just been reading BARRIE, calls him), PRINCE ARTHUR, JOSEPH, and a score or two others. The Pirate Peer was to come down in hansom at four o'clock, to be met by BRODRICK in Palace Yard; CURZON, armed to the teeth, standing at fifty paces nearer entrance to House of Commons.

BRODRICK, who likes to do the thing thoroughly, suggested that the Pirate Peer should fly a black flag out of port-hole at top of cab. CURZON liked idea, but thought it would attract inconvenient attention. Finally compromised by arrangement that cabby should tie bit of black ribbon on his whip. Effect symbolic without being obtrusive.

Everything went off excellently. Not a hitch in the arrangements. Whilst questions still going on GEORGE CURZON, with frock-coat lightly but firmly buttoned over a belt teeming with pistols, sauntered in from lobby. Glanced carelessly round House. Accidentally, as it were, placed himself between unsuspecting Sergeant-at-Arms and glass door giving entrance to House. If the armed official attacked Pirate Peer it should be across his (CURZON'S) body.

At preconcerted signal BRODRICK rapidly entered; hustled down to Front Opposition Bench. Attention of Members thus attracted, the Pirate Peer followed, strode with firm step down House. "Just as if he were walking the plank," said DONALD CURRIE, looking on admiringly. Before House knew what had happened, there he sat, smiling and blushing, between those pillars of Law and Order, JOE and COURTNEY. Never since Parliaments began had British Constitution received such a staggering blow. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, whilst anxious to see destruction of House of Lords,



The Pirate's Convoy. Penny plain, Twopence coloured.

is not disposed to have stray fragments incorporated with fabric of Commons. Called SPEAKER'S attention to presence in their midst of the Pirate Peer. Asked what they were going to do with him?

An anxious moment. GEORGE CURZON tugged nervously at the arsenal scarcely concealed under his frock coat. ST. JOHN BRODRICK involuntarily stretched forth his hand in direction of Mace. Suppose he were to seize it, sweep the Treasury Bench clear at a blow, whilst GEORGE CURZON, with pistol in either hand, and dagger between his teeth, let fly a volley or two? We might have had a revolution. Quieter counsels prevailed. SPEAKER directed Pirate Peer to withdraw below Bar whilst his case was being discussed.

SELBORNE obeyed the mandate, and the ground thus left clear, JOE and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had a tussle. JOSEPH accused the SQUIRE of acting in a fit of temper. The SQUIRE retorted that it was not only untrue, but that at the time of offering remark JOSEPH was perfectly well acquainted with its entire freedom from the trammels of truth.

"Dear me," said Pirate Peer, looking round uneasily. "I hope they don't talk like that in the House of Lords."

Business done.—Clause I. Welsh Disestablishment Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—Pirate Peer in the offing again. Ran in, as before, under protection of guns of consorts, GEORGE CURZON and ST. JOHN BRODRICK. Lay to under gallery whilst question discussed at large. House never able to keep up interest in this kind of thing over successive days. Novel and exciting enough yesterday; steam not to be got up for second day. Only for JOE, business would have come to conclusion after formal proposal by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD to refer whole matter to Select Committee. JOSEPH'S interposition led to inevitable row. Wanted, for some inexplicable reason, to drag in CARMICHAEL. Quoted *Debrett* to establish his claim to dormant Earldom of Hyndford.



Evidently a Dormant Duke!
(Mr. Kn-tchb-ll-H-g-ss-n.)

JOE left alone in advocacy of this line. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had rare good time. Read passage from JOE'S speech of last year, when question to succession of Coleridge Barony under discussion. Had said then exactly the reverse of what he to-day averred in respect of succession to Selborne Peerage, and status of new Peer in House of Commons.

"The fatal thing about JOSEPH," said SARK, "is that when he makes a statement on one side of a case or the other, he does it with such point, in such felicitous phrase, with such convincing emphasis, that it sticks in the memory. When, twelve months or nine years later, circumstances lead him to other side of question, he delivers himself on it with same incomparable gifts of point and lucidity. The bringing out of his former assertion is not so conclusive as you would think, because the two—affirming a thing is white one day, protesting on the next it is black—are so evenly balanced that the case stands exactly where it did. This sharp confronting of JOSEPH denying with JOSEPH affirming would be fatal to some men. To our JOE it is not even embarrassing. House roars with delight. He sits silent, apparently unconcerned, and somebody else will suffer by-and-by."

Business done.—Committee appointed to inquire into case of the Pirate Peer.

Thursday.—The longer Major RASCH lives, the fainter grows his faith in the nobility of human nature. To-night brought down with him a few carefully selected, choice specimens of the American pea-bug. Naturally expected everybody would welcome the little stranger. Especially interesting to Minister of Agriculture. Being a man of taste, Major had installed the insects in dainty *bon-bon* box; swung it lightly between forefinger and thumb as he inquired what HERBERT GARDNER meant to do about it? "Will the right hon. gentleman," he said, "have consignments of peas coming from America marked as such, and put in bond, so that the bugs may develop there, and not in the British market garden?"

At this way of putting it, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD pricked up his ears. To quick instincts of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER bugs in bond suggested new field of taxation. Made a note of it.

The GRAND YOUNG GARDNER smiled at the claims of long descent put forward by RASCH on behalf of the tenants of his *bon-bon* box. "Nothing new in it," he said superciliously. "Known the creature all my official life. Your so-called American pea-bug is nothing more than the pea and bean weevil. Came over with the Conqueror. Agricultural Department even now publishing leaflet describing manners and customs of the early settler, and suggesting various ways of soothing its last moments."

This hard; sorer still conduct of Members immediately near the Major. Began to sheer off, putting him, so to speak, in quarantine.

"I don't care," said TOMLINSON, "whether its American pea-bugs or the pea and bean weevil. What I do say is that no man has any business to bring such things with him into the social circle."

"I may have been Rash," said the Major humbly.

"You are," said TOMLINSON tartly.

Business done.—Coolness sprung up between TOMLINSON and Major RASCH. Budget Bill read second time.

Friday.—"Pity the sorrows of the poor postman, whose wandering steps has brought him to your door." Thus KEARLEY, in a long speech, from which it appeared that if there is a down-trodden fellow-creature whose state looks hopeless, it is the postman. The story of the man in Wales who trudged seventy miles a day, including the diurnal ascent of a mountain 7,000 feet high, sent thrill of horror through House. KEARLEY subsequently explained he meant 700 feet high. But that a detail. Seven seems to be this man's fateful number, for his pay is seven shillings a week—a shilling a day, including the mountain.

ARNOLD MORLEY, on other hand, showed that the lot of the postman is truly idyllic. Handsomely paid when on duty; booted and uninformed; is accustomed to retire in the prime of life on pension amounting to two-thirds of his salary.

"Why," said WILLIE REDMOND, thinking regretfully of days that are no more, when JOSEPH GILLIS carried the bag, "as things go now, it's better to be a postman than an Irish Member." Finally decided to appoint Committee to inquire into truth of these conflicting statements.

Business done.—Didn't get into Committee on Civil Service Estimates.



"I may have been Rash."

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERB. (*For the Use of Local Optionists.*)—One Vetoist may keep a toper from his favourite pub; but fifty cannot make him drink—water.

"THE IMMORTAL WILLIAMS" ON THE ANTI-BRITISH MOVEMENT IN EGYPT.—"Oh, my prophetic soul, DELONCLE!"—*Shakspeare, adapted from the French.*

Transcriber's Note

Page 245: 'consequently' corrected to 'consequently'.

"... and Mr. HOWE was consequently appointed to the post."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 108, MAY 25, 1895 ***

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