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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 109, JULY 6, 1895 ***



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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 109.



A COLLOQUY IN CLOUDLAND.

SCENE—*Cloudland, nigh to midnight of the last day of the Old Year. The Incomparable Sage of Fleet Street and "La Mancha's Matchless Knight" mounted on their respective wooden horses.*

Mr. Punch (spurring the Spotted One). Yoicks! Tallyho!! Hark forward!!! Something like space-consuming speed this, eh, my dear Don? Who talks now of a Horseless Age?

Don Quixote (turning the peg of Malambruno's magic steed). Only your scientific and sensational journals, who, dryasdust dogs! are, after all, endless leagues behind Merlin the Enchanter, and the magic-aided heroes of old romance.

Mr. Punch. Kim up, my timber-built timber-topper, and spotted space-devourer! As though the much-talked of motor-carriage, auto-cycle, or petroleum-propelled tram-car of these mouthing days of modernity might compare with the Trifaldi's steed, my spotted Pegasus, or even the peripatetic carpet of Persian story! Speed you well, valorous knight!

Don Quixote. Heaven guide thee, undaunted Sage! Hah! How you fly aloft! How you cut the air more swiftly than an arrow!! How you mount, and soar, and astonish the world below!!!

Mr. Punch. Haha! Ours is no imaginary, bellows-blown flight, as was yours, worthy knight, when seated with SANCHO on the wooden crupper of Clavileno, pressed aforetime by the valourous PETER of Provence, and the fair MAGALONA!

Don Quixote. Nay, indeed, Sir Knight of the Spotted Bucephalus—for thou art no chivalry-scorning TRIFALDI—we are not now blindfolded, and *thy* Pegasus, *thy* Brilladoro, *thy* Bayarte, *thy* Frontino, *thy* Clavileno el Aligero—or Wooden-Peg the Winged—might give a lead even to my renowned Rosinante!

Mr. Punch. Blindfolded? Nay, dear knight, I am the Dazzling Illuminator, not the Bewildering Blinder!

Don Quixote. I plainly perceive that thou art a Progressive.

Mr. Punch. I am a Progressive Moderate and a Moderate Progressive. Badge me not therefore in any less comprehensive fashion, O Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

Don Quixote. I presume, Sir Sage, that those same Progressives, however, who claim to initiate all the forthright movement of the Age, did originate and invent the motor-carriages, auto-cycles, and other the horseless locomotive vehicles of which we spake but now?

Mr. Punch. Who better than yourself should know, my dear Don, that all are not Progressives who make a stir about Progress? Like the circumgyrators in the game of "Giant's Stride," many of them ramp round in a circle, and "get no forrader." *I* am the only true and trustworthy Progressive, and my auto-motor cuts *all* records!

Don Quixote. And is it propelled by petroleum?

Mr. Punch. By nothing so crude, flaring, and fuliginous, dear Don. It is "motived" by—LIGHT!

Don Quixote. Wondrous machine! How would I like to mount it! Is it in likeness of a horse?

Mr. Punch. Say not the wittings and wiseacres that we are on the verge of a Horseless Age?

Don Quixote. They do. But, by the bones of my beloved Rosinante, the idea liketh me not. The horse is indeed a noble animal—

Mr. Punch. And will continue to be "useful to man," our current cyclo-and-auto-motormania notwithstanding. The cycle doubtless hath its utility, and even charm, though in certain of its characteristics it seems qualified to give mankind the hump!

Don Quixote. And womankind the wobbles!

Mr. Punch.

When lovely woman stoops to wheeling,
And finds too late that bikes betray,
Beauty, and grace, and finer feeling
She'll see the sex hath chucked away!

Don Quixote. Verily, had my peerless DULCINEA herself bestraddled a spinning-wheel in ungraceful posture and unseemly garb, I, her sworn knight, should have deemed her the victim of diabolic enchantment. Why, even the afflicted duenna, with her fair cheeks beard-begrown by enchantment, she whom SANCHE called the Countess Three-Skirts, would not—save under dire compulsion—have donned the modern divided skirt and mounted the man-saddled steed of steel. Art sure, Sir Sage, that after all it is *not* enchantment that hath so far unsexed your afflicted damosels and duennas, and that 'tis not my duty in their defence to lay lance in rest—

Mr. Punch. Nay, sweet soul of chivalry, Mayfair is not La Mancha, and you may safely leave its fair denizens to the defence—or, if need be, chastening—of that knightly lance of to-day, my own invincible and unerring *bâton*. But, verily, 'twere a punishment not ill-deserved by certain of our mannish maidens and male-mimicking matrons did MALAMBRUNO clap bristly scrubbing-brush hairs upon them as upon your distressful Duenna of Toledo.

Don Quixote. Verily, Sir Sage, we are mounting skyward, dawn-ward, New Year-ward in a wondrous manner! Thy spotted steed is surely Pegasus itself, for Skyworld is full of myriad voices of wisdom and melody.

Mr. Punch. But my Auto-Motor, comparable only with the Sun God's glowing chariot, shall outsoar and outshine even our present empyrean flight.

Voice (suddenly sounding behind them). Wuff! Wuff! Wuff!

Don Quixote (looking round). Saints preserve us! What is this new marvellous enchantment? Hath Sirius itself broken loose?—doth the Dog Star follow our trail?

Mr. Punch. What seest thou, Sir Knight?

Don Quixote (with awe). I behold, as it were, an aerial fire-wheeled car, shapen in the guise of a Titanic Tome, coruscating comet-like in its career, whereon is mounted—yes, verily—a Dog—a Dog of Dogs! What, Sir PUNCH, may be this portent?

Mr. Punch. Why, my dear DON QUIXOTE—who seems scarcely the Quixote Quicksight of the nursery rhyme—what *should* it be but TOBIAS himself with that promised specimen of my Auroral Autocar, or Mirific Motor-Carriage, self-impelled, self-steered, self-lighted, self-heated, the most peerless outcome of the true Progressive spirit, the true acme of sure and speedy Progress; in other words, dear Don, and at your entire service, my

One Hundred and Ninth Volume!!!



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Volume 109, JULY 6, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



A PATH OF PEACE.

(The Baltic Canal, June 22, 1895.)

[*"Peace reigns over the whole fleet," &c.—"Daily News" Special.*]

A work of Peace, whereto from near and far
Gather the iron-bosomed brood of war,
Like new Stymphalian birds, whose claws and
wings
The warrior welcomes and the poet sings.
Oh, gentle Peace, how strange in our strange
day.
Thy mailed retinue, thine armed array!
Those flower-deck'd obelisks, that silken rope,

Bright illustrations of the Tales of Hope,—
 The royal speeches and the loyal cheers,
 Disguise misgivings as they silence fears.
 But Denmark's memories, and the thoughts of
 France,
 As through the stream that yacht's white bows
 advance,
 Breaking that slender cord from bank to bank,
 Might move reflections strange. Yet let us
 thank
 Adventurous skill which gives our ships to-day
 A shorter passage and a safer way!
 Not war alone, but trade, will take the track
 That shuns the wild and stormy Skager Rak;
 And may Brunsbüttel's now familiar name
 Be little linked with Empire's big War-Game
 May battle-echoes in the Baltic cease,
 And the Canal be a new Path for Peace

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Our B. A. (*i.e.*, "Baron's Assistant") begs to congratulate Mr. GERALD CAMPBELL very heartily on the success of *The Joneses and the Asterisks* (JOHN LANE). It is no easy task to write a story in a series of what may be called monological dialogues,—dialogues, that is to say, in which only one party speaks while the rest are understood,—and yet to keep that lightness of touch and that sparkle of wit without which dialogues become mere barren boredom. This is the task that Mr. CAMPBELL has brilliantly accomplished. *The Joneses and the Asterisks* is as keen and telling a piece of social satire as it has been the B. A.'s good fortune to come across for many a long day.

Thursday. June 27, Mid-day. The Baron opens ventilators, doors, windows. Then, at haphazard, he takes up a book. Its title, *What is heat?...* Answer immediately given by thermometer, "95° in the shade." That's heat! And if that isn't, what is? The second title of book is, *A Peep into Nature's Most Hidden Secrets*. But the Baron is not *Paul Pry*; he doesn't want to peep; at all events he cannot undertake any exertion until about November, say, when he will be delighted to peruse the work of Mr. FREDERICK HOVENDEN, F.L.S., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.,—"Three single Fellows rolled into one." "Let me descend to the ice-cellar, or in cool grot let me sit, with a soothing iced beverage and a choice Havannah; let me read there *About the North Pole*, and *Gunter's Tales of Ices*," quoth the

BURDENED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE SITUATION.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus MR. CH-MB-RL-N.
Tullus Aufidius L-RD S-L-SB-RY.
Act IV., Sc. 4. Antium
 (*Downing Street*). *Before Aufidius's House*.

Cor. O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
 Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
 Whose hours, whose bed, whose meals, and exercise,
 Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
 Unseparable, should, within this hour,
 On the dissension of a doit, break out
 To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
 sleep,
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
 And interjoin their issues. So with me:
 My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
 This enemy town. * * * *

Auf. (*entering, Sc. 5*). Say, what's thy name?

Cor. My name is CAIUS MARCIUS, who hath done,
 To thee particularly, and all the VOLCES,
 Great hurt and mischief... Now, this extremity,
 Hath brought me to thy hearth.

Auf. O MARCIUS, MARCIUS!
 Each word thou has spoken hath weeded from my
 heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter

Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'Tis true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble MARCIUS.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grainèd ash a hundred times hath broke.

.... I do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.... Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee

We have a power on foot.... O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands....

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say "Yea" to thy desires. A thousand welcomes
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, MARCIUS, that was much. Your hand! most
welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

TOBY'S MEM.—*Wednesday, July 3.*—"Dog Days begin." Go down to coast. "My bark is on the sea!" Avoid going south for fear of the Muzzle-man.



IN THE SHADE.

Lord R-s-b-ry. "WHO'D BE A MINISTER?"

Sir W. V. H-rc-rt. "WHO, INDEED? WHY I WOULDN'T DO IT IF THEY ASKED ME!"



HOW ROMANTIC!

She. "I SAY, *THIS* IS PRETTY AWFUL! POOR LITTLE MISS MESSUP!—IT SAYS HERE THAT 'SHORTLY AFTER THE WEDDING SHE DISCOVERED HE WASN'T REALLY A BARON!'"

He. "WELL. THINK OF THE POOR JOHNNY WHEN *HE* FOUND OUT SHE WASN'T REALLY AN HEIRESS!"

THE CANDIDATE'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Why do you desire to enter the House of Commons?

Answer. Because, if I am honoured by my fellow-men by being chosen to represent them, it is my ambition to serve them faithfully and maintain in all its glorious integrity the time-honoured heritage of this mighty empire.

Q. Yes, so you have said in your address to the electors; but have you no other reason for wishing to occupy a seat in Parliament?

A. Certainly. The prestige bestowed by the letters "M.P." is pleasing, and if the honour ultimately culminates in a baronetcy or a knighthood the distinction will be gratifying to my wife.

Q. Then you would not be adverse to receiving promotion in the line to which you have referred?

A. No; because I should consider that I acted merely as a trustee to my constituents—that I, in fact, appeared in the character of their personal representative.

Q. Yes, you said something of the sort the other evening at a canvassing meeting in reply to a question put to you by one of your voters; but surely the decoration would be desirable for some other consideration?

A. It undoubtedly would have a certain market value in the City in the eyes of promoters of public companies of limited liability.

Q. What measures have you taken to secure election beyond issuing the very admirable address to which I have, more than once, referred?

A. For the last two or three years I have assiduously nursed the constituency.

Q. What do you mean by nursing a constituency?

A. Obtaining a stake in the shape of land and a house in the division, and making myself generally popular amongst my fellow-ratepayers.

Q. How can you become popular?

A. By subscribing largely to local charities and institutions, laying foundation stones, and opening fancy bazaars with untiring energy.

Q. What considerations weigh with you when you are invited to add your name to a subscription-list?

A. I take care to make the sum I give a little larger than that contributed by my opponent, and take it as a general rule that lawn tennis is of more importance than dispensaries, and polo, from a benevolent point of view, takes precedence of associations established to relieve dire distress.

Q. Is there any other method which may be adopted with advantage by those desirous of nursing a constituency?

A. Speaking frequently in assembly rooms, taking nursery gardens for the same purpose, and generally improving trade in the neighbourhood.

Q. Then the money paid for the hirings to which you refer is commercially popular?

A. It is, and (joined of course to the eloquence of my friends and myself) should distinctly influence the election.

Q. And should you be elected, what do you suppose you will have to do?

A. To thoroughly enjoy the honour of being able to treat the House of Commons as a club, and being asked by the leaders of my Party to all their entertainments. I shall see my name in every newspaper report when I have happened to take part in a popular function. I shall find that I have mounted the social ladder by leaps and bounds, and be able to pleasurably patronise or cut direct those who now become my inferiors.

Q. And what consideration will support you in your general demeanour?

A. The conviction that all I do, and have done, is and has been actuated by the purest patriotism.

"DALY NEWS! SPECIAL!"

Once again we welcome the return of Miss ADA REHAN, with JAMES LEWIS the Lively, and Mrs. GILBERT the Good, to DALY'S, in Leicester Square. But so short is their season, and so many are the pieces announced, that to take more than a snap-shot at any one of them is impracticable, seeing that the Daly changes are weekly. Ere anyone sees these lines AUGUSTIN DALY'S train of thought will have passed over, and beyond them. *The Railroad of Love* will have served its purpose, and become a siding. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* will be travelling first-class on Shakspearian main line leading to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, with its fairy revels and its music, will represent the terminus of this short journey. When will DALY & Co. come to stay?

THE SOMALIS AT SYDENHAM.

IN THE STABLES.

Miss Simplicia Simpson (looking at the native saddles on brackets). I suppose those are what they put on the ostriches!

Her Companion. They don't *ride* ostriches.

Miss Simpson (in a tone of pity and reproof). That only shows you've never read your *Swiss Family Robinson!*

A Gobe-mouche. Well, I never see a white lamb with a black 'ed before; that *is* a curiosity, ain't it'?

His Phlegmatic Friend. Not arf such a curiosity as if it 'ad 'ad a black 'ed be'ind.

A Censorious Lady (before a row of baby elephants). Oh, *aren't* they horrid! Look at their horrid little eyes. (*As one of them protrudes a predatory trunk.*) Oh, get away, *do!* They are *the* most hideous creatures I've *ever* seen! *Look* at that one, all wrinkled and baggy like an old man. See, it's wagging its head about like a Chinese doll! I do think they're *quite* loathsome, don't you?

Her Companion (a more Tolerant Person). I daresay they would'nt look so bad if they were varnished up a bit.

IN THE OSTRICH FARM.

The Keeper (who apparently considers his Show as moral as ARTEMUS WARD'S—to the Public generally). I've came over here From California, whose golden waters kiss The mouth of her Sunny Sands, and where there air strawberries all the year round. On the farm where I live there were only fourteen days in all of lasst year when we had no strawberries. The most Glorious climate In the World; and, if anyone don't believe it, all they've got to *do* is to die; and then, if they've been good, they'll go there, and find out for themselves. I'm not under Con-tràct To say a single word here, but I want to talk to you about these birds, because they're generally misunderstood. They walk en-tirely From the Toe, which gives them the graceful, springy action you see. They air all named after the greatest people now living on airth. This one close to the rails is called JIM BLAKE. Mark well the Peculiarities, Life, Habits, *and* Characteristics of the Ostrich, and you will all of you go away And lead A moral life. The only absolootly Purrfect Being

on This ole Universe is the bird now passing in front of me. Her name is GAIL HAMILTON, and She has The Smallest Feet of anyone here present, *and* the Smallest Head. She has only one ounce of brains inside of it, and that is Sufficient for her requirements, and nobody would have any use for more if they did not suffer From swelled heads.... Yes, little girl, you're purrfectly right—the ostrich *does* run zig-zag, which is A Fact that is Unknown to many Scientific men. The kick of the ostrich is as quick as lightning—*quicker* 'n lightning, be-cause you can see lightning, but you *cann't* see an ostrich's kick, which is four kicks to the second, and kills a man every time. At certain seasons it is Impossible to go among these birds except On horseback, and pro-vided with a stout pole with a fork at the end for Self-defence. All of these birds are here on Sale, and there is a large demand for them for Gentlemen's Parks and Country seats.

A Suburban Humourist (to his Wife). What d'ye say to gettin' a pair on 'em fur our back-yard, eh?

His Wife. 'Ow you *do* tork, 'ENERY! 'Oo do *you* suppose is goin' to 'ang the washing out with two o' them great houtlandish beasts lolloping around? Not *me*, and so I *tell* yer. I've enough work on *my* 'ands without no austridges!

[*She fans herself violently with her programme, and 'ENERY is reduced to explain that his suggestion was not seriously intended.*

IN THE STANDS—DURING THE NATIVE DISPLAY.

Mrs. Keyveve (to her brother, Mr. FREDERICK FRIVELL, as the Somalis are performing a marriage dance). It seems a curious kind of wedding, doesn't it, FRED? Can you make out which are the bride and bridegroom?

Mr. Frivell. Fancy that's the bride in red cotton, with her hair down, prancing with maidenly gaiety between the first bridesmaid and the best man, while the bridegroom, becomingly draped in a bath-towel, may be observed capering up and down clapping hands with the officiating clergy. A simple but impressive ceremony.

Mrs. Keyveve. Very. I wonder if they get any wedding presents.

Mr. Frivell. Rather. The sportsman in the rusty wig gave 'em BROWNING's poems and an afternoon tea-kettle, and the Johnny with the feathers in his wool presented her with a dressing-bag. The photo-frames, card-cases and carriage-clocks are all laid out in one of the huts, according to the savage custom of the country, guarded by a detective in the disguise of a wedding guest, armed with poisoned spears.

Mrs. Keyveve. How silly you are! Look, they're rolling along a great wicker-basket. What *can* they have in it—the bride's luggage, perhaps?... Why, it's an enormous snake! See, it's crawling out!

Mr. Frivell. It's the bride's going-away dress, that's all. Someone ought to tell her that boas aren't worn this season, though.

'Arriet (in the Sixpenny Promenade, to 'ARRY). What are they miking all that row about—are they supposed to be *torking*, or what?

'Arry (vaguely). I expect they're declarin' war—against *somebody* or other.

'Arriet (reflectively). I wonder if that little bit of 'air stickin' up grows out of that feller's 'ed like that. Look at all them little nippers runnin' about—(*with an air of discovery*)—I expect they *belong* to some of 'em.

[*The Somalis perform a war-dance, which seems to consist in squatting down opposite one another in a double row, chanting "Razza-Ho! Ho-hoâ-ho-ho!" or words to that effect, while two of the party dodge between the ranks and cluck like poultry, after which all rise, knock their wooden shields together until they lose further interest in the affair, and stroll away satiated.*

Mrs. Keyveve. Is that really their war-dance? It's very much the same as the *marriage* dance, isn't it?

Mr. Frivell (a contented bachelor). Yes; subtle beggars, these Somalis.

'Arry (during the Sham Fight). 'Ark at one on 'em 'owlin' "Oo-oo-oo!" he's took bad *agen!* Good ole Mop 'Ed got one in *that* time! "Olla-olla-olla!"—he's sayin' the other bloke 'it 'im on the jor.

'Arriet. There's one keeps sayin' "Pudd'n" as plain as possible. There *agen*—"Pudd'n!" d'jear 'im? They orter bring that young SHAZARDER chap to see this; he'd feel at '*ome* 'ere, among all these Injians, wouldn' 'e?

'Arry. They ain't Injians—they're *Afrikins*, didn't you know *that* much?

'Arriet. Oh, you're so partickler, *you are!*

Mrs. Keyveve (*during the Dromedary Race*). How seasick one must feel on those wobbly camels!

Mr. Frivell. The Camel has been beautifully called the "Ship of the Desert."

A Husband (*confidentially, to his neighbour*). Yer know, the Missus ain't *enjoyin'* all this, *she aint*—you see. I'll arsk her, and you 'ear what she sez. (*To his "Missus."*) 'Ow d'yer *like* it, eh, Mother?

His "Missus" (*with self-repression*). Oh—middlin'.

Husband (*insistently*). Ah, I know what *that* means; yer don't *care* about it. Now, *do* yer?

His "Missus." It's well enough—in its way. (*With irrepressible candour.*) I'd sooner see the Mow'ork Minstruels.

Husband (*to his neighbour, with a mixture of chagrin and complacency*). Didn't I *tell* yer? That's where it is. I don't know a more severer criteek anywheres than what my ole woman is!

Miss Simpson. Look at those dear ostriches running after one another and opening their beaks. Now *that's* not imitation, you know!

'Arry (*with his characteristic eye for analogy—as the entire caravan parades past in procession*). There they *are*, yer see—*Comin' 'Ome from Southend!*



"There they *are*, yer see—*Comin' 'Ome from Southend!*"

SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.—Our excellent contemporary the *Northern Whig* allows a correspondent to call attention to the nuisance of cycling in Malone Park. Apparently our "fellow-subjects of the sister kingdom" have followed the lead of "the beginners of Battersea," and "made themselves a source of annoyance to the majority of people resident in the locality." If "the nuisance" is permitted, the correspondent suggests the Park will soon be deserted. When this happens, the cyclist can appropriately alter his ride (by cutting off a letter) around Malone to Alone.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Another two "turns" and PATTI is off. Delightful to see and hear her as *Zerlina* in immortal Opera *Don Giovanni*. "*Patti Patti*" with "*Batti Batti*," "*La ci darem*," and all old friends admirably given and heartily encored. After one of the encores MAGGIE MACINTYRE walks off suddenly as if in search of lost pocket-handkerchief. In most serious moments ever a twinkle in MAGGIE'S eye, and twitch at the corners of MAGGIE'S mouth, as if giving audience clearly to understand that she is "only purtendin'."

Second Act. Enter PATTI; sings, pauses; wonders; sings note, like nightingale summoning mate; pauses; again wonders. "Some one had blundered!" BEVIGNANI beaming but bothered. "He cometh not," they said. Exit PATTI, shrugging shoulders. Curtain drops. Very short Act. Audience, amused, applaud. Curtain up again. BEVIGNANI brightens. Re-enter PATTI with merry *Masetto*, who privately explains that for a few moments he had lost his voice and had been looking for it. Fortunately, voice found; in chest; quite safe. Surely a little modern dramatic polish might be used to furbish up utterly idiotic old-fashioned stage-business of this ancient Italian Opera? Eh, Signor DRURIOLANUS?



Zerlina Patti accompanied by her Squire on the violoncello.

In the trio at end of Act II. somebody got off the line, and audience, determined that they would be better for a little more practice, called Ma'am ADINI, Miss MAGGIE, and Master BROZEL before the curtain, and then made them go through their exercise once more. Nothing like practice, to make perfect.

The Statuesque *Commendatore* to be highly commended as represented by aristocratic MANNERS.

New Italian Opera proverb "Manners makes the Commendatore." PATTI at premium. Royalty Restored to Box. Brilliant night. Crammed, jammed house.

In Lobby.—Much agitation among ancient Opera-goers on hearing report that MARIO is to sing here on Saturday afternoon. "MARIO!" they exclaim; "impossible!" Not at all: it turns out that *this* "MARIO" is a character in a new Opera by "ALICK MACLEAN" (pretty name, but nicer if it were "A WASH MECLEAN"), entitled *Petruccio* (not SHAKSPEAR'S *Petruchio*), in which one *Mario* is "*Elvira's little brother*;" and so, possibly, he was quite an infant when sister *Elvira* was cruelly treated by *Don Giovanni*. Also in this new Opera appears "*Elvira's mother*." In fact, it is rather lucky for *Don* that he has gone below with *Stony Commendatore* to *Stony Stratford*, or elsewhere, as the talented *Elvira* family, with whom is associated *Rubino*, a gentleman "formerly betrothed to *Elvira*," would make it rather too hot for him.

Tuesday.—GLÜCK'S *Orfeo*. "Gen'lm'n," if overtaken with wine, as was *David Copperfield* on a notable occasion, would say, "G'luck t' you," that is, could any gentleman in such state be possibly admitted to *Covent Garden*, and could dare to address JULIA RAVOGLI, admirable as *Orfeo*, *Cavalleria* to follow.

Thursday.—Madame SEMBRICH nice as *Violetta Traviata*, "were t'other dear charmer away!" Very hot night. MANCINELLI must for once have wished himself a non-conductor? Result, MANCINELLI Melted.

Friday.—*Adelina Zerlina Patti-cake* and the Im-Maurel *Don G*. Why not in such hot weather give opera with ice in it; PATTI in skates "*en Patti-neuse*."

Saturday.—Welcome to Madame ALBANI, our *Valentine* in what WAGSTAFF calls "*Lay Hug-me-nots*." "Not bad title," he explains; "after crowd of ecclesiastics in swearing scene, pleasing to find two principal characters are 'lay': not 'lay-figures' but lovers not permitted by hard Fate either to embrace each other or any opportunity of eloping together; so '*Hug-me-not*' curiously applicable." So far, WAGSTAFF. Strong cast this with GIULIA RAVOGLI as *Urbano* the page of music, MELBA as *Margherita* the Queen with the top-notes in her air; JUPITER-PLANÇON as *Marcel*, TAM AGNO as *Hug-me-not Raoul*, and ANCONA as *Conte de Nevers-say-die*. Conducting orchestral army to victory, Marshal MANCINELLI is Merry and Meritorious.

THE BOY AND THE BAT.

["Who may describe a small boy's passion for his bat?"—*Daily News*.]

Jemmy Bilkins, aged Thirteen-and-a-half, loquitur:—

I've won it, BILL, I've won it! And it's pooty nigh full size!
Leastways, anyhow, it *looks* it. O, I tell yer, it's a prize.
Yaller-backed, BILL, and cane-'andled, and its got a sort o'
feel,
As yer swing it wot reminds yer of a STODDART *or* a STEEL.
Last Saturday as ever wos I turned out afore six,
And practised in our back yard, wiv three lumps o' deal for
"sticks."
Young POLLY she bowled to me, and I drove 'er, and I cut,
And "swiped over the Pervilion"—which I mean our water-
butt.
POLL can do a fair round-armer *for* a girl and no mistake,
And she'll 'ave you, middle-stumpo, if yer don't look wide
awake.
'Twos the day of our School Match, BILL, and our gaffer,
Mister BLORE,
'Ad promised a cane-'andler to the boy as made top score.
Oh I tell yer I meant 'aving it, if *practisin'* would do,
But *my* bat 'ad split a lump off, and it seemed to 'it askew.
'Ow *can* yer "keep a straight bat" when your bat itself aint
straight?
But we did our level best, BILL, me an' POLLY.
At our *fate*
Out at Petersham I tell you as we done the thing to rights,
None o' yer 'at-an'-coat piles for the wickets, as is sights
A cricketer cocks snooks at, when 'e knows the *real* game.
No penny injy-rubber and a club! Though, all the same,
Wiv a second-'and stripped tennis-ball, a little on the lop,
Or even a ha'penny woodeny, an' the chump end of a mop,
And my jacket on a stick for stump, I've 'ad a lot of fun,
And wiv such on Gosling Green, BILL, I fust larned to 'it an'
run.
But to-day we did it different. Real stumps was pitched O.
K.,
We'd a scoring-sheet, *and umpire!* We'd a red new ball to

play,
As it seemed a sin to slog at, 'cos it took the pooty out;
But I tell yer we forgot that wiv the fust good 'it and shout.

Lanky STEVE 'e made that 'it, 'e did. It scooted past long
slip,
At forty mile a hour or so. That STEVE *can* make 'em skip.
He tops me by a 'ed, too, and I feared he'd cop the bun.
Yus, I thought the Bat was his'n when he'd piled up
twenty-one!
I wanted fanning, BILLY, when I ups and takes my block,
And the ball came thunderin' at me like a little earthquake
shock.
Seemed heverywhere, yet nowhere, if you understand me,
BILLY.
And pitched just in that orkud spot as always knocks yer
silly.
Coming off the pitch like pickles, as though aiming at yer
heye;
But I pulls myself together for a volley, an' let fly.
And fust thing I knowed I heard it busting 'ard agin the
fence;
And I felt I'd scored a boundary, and the cheering was
emense.

Then BILLY I lammed into 'em! They came as easy then
As little POLLY's easiest lobs. BILLY, they called *hus* "Men!"
"The next man in wos BILKINS" the reporter sez—that's me!

—
"An' e's a young phernomenon, a infant W. G.
Who piled his quarter-century in fair Doctorial form!"—
Just fancy! But them scribbling chaps *can* pile it thick and
warm.

I won that Bat 'owever with a score of twenty-five,
And POLLY—in the Press-tent!—wos the 'appiest girl alive
While as for *me!* O BILLY, when I drawed it from the baize,
Caught the whiff of the fresh willow!—well the world
looked all a haze.

If "the Doctor" feels much 'appier when *his* Testimonial
comes—

Well, though 'e's the pet of England, me a urchin from the
slums,

I jist guess he'll hunderstand me! Ony wish I'd got a bob
To send the *Telygraft*, BILL. I should soon be on the job.
Ain't GRACE a 'Oly Stunner; and the Pride o' the Pervilion?
Well I 'ope 'is Testymonial will run up to a Million!!!
And when *he* makes his next "Century" may *I* be there to
see!—

Wich the Master says he'll take me, now I'm called "Young
W. G."

HOW TO FIX THE HAPPY DAY.—*Q.* When's the best day for a wedding? *A.* Why, of course, "A *Weddin's*
day."



UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

Host. "YOU'LL HAVE A NICE DRIVE HOME!"

Guest. "YES; THAT'S THE BEST OF IT!"

DRESS À LA PREMIÈRE MODE.

(*A Dialogue Pastoral and Sartorial.*)

SCENE—*A Boudoir.* PRESENT—*A Lady and her Modiste.* TIME—*The passing hour.*

Modiste. No, Madame, it is utterly impossible for you to wear silks and satins. They have quite gone out.

Lady. But hasn't alpaca come in a little?

Modiste. Scarcely. It may be used for divided skirts at Battersea Park, but it is not really recognised.

Lady. Then what am I to wear?

Modiste. Flowers, Madame, flowers. Of course they should be fixed on foundations, but they are the only materials used at the present time.

Lady. Are they not rather expensive?

Modiste. Well, no. I shall not charge more for them than velvet or brocade. And, of course, if you choose to wear your dresses more than once, your maid can get them renovated with new flowers at an almost fabulous reduction.

Lady. I do not think a gown ever looks well when worn a second time.

Modiste. Quite so, Madame; quite so. Well, would you like a charming dress of pink hyacinths, with bishop's sleeves of Gloire de Dijon roses? The skirt would be of variegated lilac.

Lady. But could you get the material for the floral combination?

Modiste. Oh dear yes, Madame! Since the fashion for real flowers has come in we are supplied daily from all parts of the world, and have a large stock always at hand on the premises. Why, our greenhouses are the finest in London. Will you want any other costume to-day?

Lady. Only one for a small dance to-morrow. I want something cool and quiet.

Modiste. You can scarcely do better than wear a costume *d'Eden*, or as it is facetiously termed in England, "a dress for EVE." It is an arrangement in oak leaves and apples *à la mode de la première femme du monde.*

Lady. Very well. Let me have it home by eleven.

Modiste. You can depend upon my punctuality, Madame. If you are careful not to dance too much it will last until 2 A.M., and permit of your partaking of supper. I would not say this with confidence of all the gowns I turn out, but in this instance you will find leaves stronger than flowers. And now, Madame, permit me to take your measure.

[Scene closes in upon mysteries of the toilet.]

AFTER THE CONGRESS WAS OVER.

(A Strange Fragment dealing with a Mystery.)

Every important question that could be considered had been thoroughly examined and decided. The delegates, who had come from North, South, East and West, had expressed their satisfaction with everything they had seen in London. As for the British Empire generally, their admiration knew no bounds. "It was magnificent." "It was beautiful." "It was grand." And yet when they prepared to take their departure there was a shade of disappointment upon their expressive countenances.

"I wish I could have understood it," said one.

"It would have been a triumph of ingenuity to have comprehended it," observed another.

"The queries of the Egyptian Sphinx were the easiest of conundrums in comparison," added a third.

And others chimed in to the same effect. But to the very last the delegates tried their best to solve the problem. At length the company departed. The hall in which the great assembly had been held was empty. There was one striking object in the deserted apartment. It was a book—a yellow-covered book. Evidently it had been much read. But, in spite of the fingering, there was no distinct evidence that the full meaning of its contents had been grasped by anyone.

In the quiet of the night the moonbeams illuminated the title-page.

The volume that rested so securely with its knowledge carefully concealed between its paper covers was *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*.

WHO WOULDN'T BE AN ALDERMAN?—I have often wished to be an Alderman, and, after reading the following extract from the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, I have fixed upon West Bromwich as the scene of my aldermanic labours. It must be glorious to joke with such ease:—

"A WEST BROMWICH ALDERMAN'S JOKE.—Yesterday morning when the West Bromwich guardians entered the Board Room at the West Bromwich Workhouse, the blinds were all drawn, and as a consequence the room presented a very gloomy appearance. The business was about to be commenced, when Alderman R. WILLIAMS objected to the blinds being lowered. He inquired whether their lowering had a political significance, and whether the house was in mourning for the death of the Radical Government. If his assumption was true he considered they should not commence the business until the blinds were raised (*Laughter.*) Two of the largest blinds were then raised, but six others were allowed to remain down."



THE GREAT POLITICAL COMBINATION TROUPE.

S-L-SB-RY (THE STRONG MAN), B-LF-R, DUKE OF D-V-NSH-RE, AND JOE CH-MB-RL-N (THE "CLIMBING BOY").



OMNISCIENCE.

Son of the House. "I'M GOING TO OXFORD FOR A WEEK, MARY, SO MIND AND SEND MY LETTERS THERE. YOU KNOW WHERE OXFORD IS?"

Mary Elizabeth Jane (the smart new Parlourmaid who knows everything). "YES, SIR. CAMBRIDGE, OF COURSE!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

Some of us like our English short, others prefer it expanded. Some of us, for instance, might say

that "NERO fiddled while Rome burnt." But this bald statement is obviously quite unsuited to the decorative instincts of the age, for in the *Daily Telegraph*, only last week, I read that "a notorious Roman Emperor is credited with the performance of a violin solo during the raging of a serious conflagration in the heart of his capital." The omission of NERO's name gives to this sentence a delicate parliamentary flavour, which brings it absolutely up to date.

But what a noble example it is! Henceforward, for instance, if it should ever fall to my lot to write about HENRY THE EIGHTH of England, I shall feel a mere fool if I state that he married seven wives. No, no. A British monarch, celebrated in the books of the historians as the Eighth, and hitherto the last of his name, is reported, on the authority of the Ecclesiastical registers of his time, to have entertained so warm and overpowering an affection for the connubial condition commonly known as matrimony, as to have entered into it with a comparatively light heart on as many occasions as would equal the sum total of predecessors bearing his name who have supported the burden of the crown of these realms. For a very slight increase of salary I am prepared to double the length of this sentence without adding a single fact to it.

Here, too, is a delightful extract from a gorgeously illustrated volume issued by a firm of house-agents in praise of what they very properly term "an imposing structure in red brick." "It is difficult," they declare (and after reading their description one can well believe it) "to conceive a more replete Town Mansion, embodying such artistic and delicate schemes of decoration, one where wealth has wrought such a revelation of harmonious and fitly fitments, or where the studious consideration of the minutest detail contributing to health, enjoyment and comfort has been more completely manifested. This, combined with its advantageous position removed from any main thoroughfare with its accompanying turmoil, renders it a perfect dwelling and an idealistic London Home."

No more by White Star or by Guion
I leave my native land to roam.
I've purchased and I occupy an
Idealistic London Home.

Last year my London I to quit meant;
But now, with all an owner's pride,
I gaze upon each fitly fitment,
And, lo, desire for flight has died.

Place me where schemes of decoration
Give both to Art and Health increase,
Where Wealth has wrought a Revelation

I ask no more, I rest in peace.

Next let us contemplate a pure gem of descriptive English from a sporting contemporary. It occurs in an account of the athletic contest between Cambridge University and the United Hospitals:—

Scarcely a cloud flecked the blue heaven yesterday afternoon, and a dazzling sky burnished the Stamford Bridge grounds into an acre of reflected sunshine. What a pleasant spot the tryst of the premier athletic club on which to hold athletic revels! It was not to be expected that the people would show a front at the carnival. So much to do nowadays, what with cycling at Hurlingham, and the Beauty wheel show on the Row in Battersea Park. Equal to the occasion though proved many English girls, and it was pleasing indeed to note their presence in the pavilion and enclosures. Bold as Britannia as a rule in this, the nineteenth century. And don't forget this, innocent as a posy all the while.... Think of this now. W. MENDLESON (C.U.A.C.), but by birth a New Zealander, figuratively speaking, gazed on the ruins (long jump ruins, of course) of Britishers at Stamford Bridge. It was with a quickened pulse that one watched the Hurdle Race. 'Pon our soul 'twas a difficult problem to solve a few steps from home to tell which would win, PILKINGTON or LOWE. The flag went up for the visitor from the banks of the Cam. Nevertheless, no one can assert but that the medical banner remained hoisted at the truck in honour of their representatives. Gallant seconds!... Of course H. A. MUNRO gave us a taste of his quality in the Three Miles. Verily he ran as though able to keep up pacing from sunrise to sunset. 'Twas a glorious victory that he gained. Neither must the plucky bid made by HORAN be forgotten. Ah! if he had only been MUNRO! But he wasn't, so there was no use in thinking about that.

How melancholy are these might-have-beens. If NAPOLEON had only been WELLINGTON. But he wasn't. So there was no use in thinking about that.

HENLEY Regatta, I understand, is to be an international festival this year. A Dutch crew has entered for the Thames Cup, but it is not stated that they carry a broom in their bows. Nor is it to be inferred that they will make a clean sweep of the prize. Besides many English crews they will

meet a crew from France. Then from Toronto come four Argonauts sailing not for the Golden Fleece, but for the Stewards' Challenge Cap; and from Ithaca, N.Y., eight modern Trojans, undergraduates of Cornell University, have set out intent on the capture of the Grand Challenge Cup. To all of them *Mr. Punch* extends the right hand of good fellowship, though, being British to the backbone, he cannot wish for their triumph over his own gallant oarsmen. And amongst these he especially welcomes Mr. C. W. KENT, the Hero of Leander, who, having four times stroked his crew to victory, is once more seated on the slide of honour to defend possession of the Grand,—KENT, the pride of joyous Moulsey, whom at his birth the Fates endowed with the triple gifts of cunning, resource and courage, bidding him wield an indomitable oar in undefeated crews. As when a fox, emerging from the tangled covert—But I cannot pursue the Virgilian method any further. Let the event next week speak for itself. Here's luck all round, and may the best crew be an English one. In any case, may the best crew win.

The gentlemen from Cornell have brought over with them, in addition to their boats and oars, a terrible battle-cry, "Cornell, yell, yell, I yell Cornell." Manifestly the members of the London Rowing Club cannot model themselves on this, for to cry, "London, done, done, I'm done, London" would, I trust, be as inappropriate as it would certainly be discouraging.

My recent investigations into the condition of some of our great provincial cities lead me to the depressing belief that something is always wrong with some of their streets. Here, for instance, is "NEMO" writing to the *Manchester Guardian* to complain that "on Saturday evening the Bury New Road was filthy, whilst the odour was equal to that of the Ship Canal, but different. Formerly there seemed to be an effort made to have the road brushed up on Friday ready for Saturday and Sunday, when thousands of well-dressed and happy people—Jew and Gentile—promenaded it on their way to breezy Kersal Moor." But why, may I ask, should there be no well-dressed and happy Christians promenading on their way to Kersal Moor? It may be that they have followed "our local representatives," who, "NEMO" suggests, "are enjoying their holidays, or are immersed in golf," which I take to be a delicate euphemism for bunkered.

A LATE-AT-NIGHT RIDDLE.—*Q.* Why is it probable that the supper provided by the Royal Academicians for their guests at their *soirée* would be chiefly or entirely vegetarian?
A. Because all the dishes are "R. A. dishes."



THE TRUE TEST.

First Screever (stopping before a Pastel in a Picture-dealer's window). "'ULLO 'ERBERT, LOOK 'ERE! CHALKS!"

Second Screever. "AH, VERY TRICKY, I DESSAY. BUT YOU SET THAT CHAP ON THE PIVEMENT ALONGSIDE O' YOU AN' ME, TO DROR 'ARF A SALMON AN' A NEMPTY 'AT, AN' WHERE 'UD 'E BE?"

First Screever. "Ah!"

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

Is it well to temper justice with jokes? This important question has been settled in the affirmative in many courts of law, but it has been left for his Honour, Judge EDGE, to use his own name (instead of somebody else's) in the playful manner requisite to excite "laughter in the Court." A solicitor recently took upon himself to argue with his Honour in the Plymouth County Court a question of costs in respect of a case heard some months since. He conducted his argument with much warmth and inaccuracy. This combination of bad law and bad temper enabled the Judge to score an easy victory. "Stand down," said his Honour; "if you play with edged tools you must pay for it." Thus triumphed the Law and the Judge, and once more "unquenchable laughter arose amongst the blessed gods" up in the gallery.

The British earthquake has been sadly neglected. Therefore Mr. CHARLES DAVISON, M.A., F.G.S., of Birmingham, is writing a *History of the British Earthquakes of the Nineteenth Century*. With a view to add to the completeness of this work, he has appealed to the readers of the *Western Daily Mercury* for "notices of British earthquakes, either past or future, of any kind and from any place whatever." He specially desires to become acquainted with earthquakes "of which descriptions appear in the local press, or entries are made in private diaries." All local papers should at once start a special earthquake column—"Earthquakes Day by Day," or "Yesterday's Earthquakes"—and writers of diaries would do well to dive into the past. There are so many remarkable phenomena not otherwise recorded. Here is one. "Dined with BROWN last night. Insisted on walking home, instead of taking BROWN's advice and a cab. Had not gone far when strange thing happened. Pavement suddenly upheaved and hit me violent blow on forehead. Fell prostrate. Taken home in dazed condition by friendly policeman. No time to observe affect of earthquake on adjoining houses. Shock very short, but exceedingly severe. In bed all day. Large bruise on forehead. Headache, &c." There must be many interesting entries of this kind in diaries which will afford valuable material for Mr. DAVISON's work. As to "notice of future earthquakes," which he requests, perhaps the Meteorological Office, the Geological Society and Zadkiel will kindly oblige with probable dates and other information.

WIZARD AND WITTLES.—Long life to the Glasgow Sir Walter Scott Club! It "promotes the study of Sir WALTER's life and writings, and encourages a more familiar acquaintance with the localities rendered classic by his pen." Ninety members set off the other day to Edinburgh, and drove in four-in-hands to the "beechy grove" at Melville Castle, the Esk and DRUMMOND's Hawthornden, and then on to the castle and chapel at Roslin. Lunch at Dalkeith, dinner at the Balmoral Hotel at Edinburgh, and back rejoicing at eventide to Glasgy, "after the happiest and most successful excursion in the history of the club." This is the way to keep up the dignity of literature. Far better than knighthoods! An excursion "under the presidency of the genial Sheriff SPENS," too; no Sheriff SAVES *this* time; and a dinner at the Balmoral to wind up—it's a Talisman to make the heart of Midlothian leap up!

A MUSICAL TREAT. A PRONOUNCEMENT AND A HINT.—Herr NIKISCH's performance is so brilliant, and has so much real fire in it, as to have given rise to the suggestion that, to express the *diablerie* of his effects, both syllables of his name should be short, and that his style should be henceforward known as the "Old Nickish" manner. When the chance recurs, go and hear the symphony by TSCHAIKOWSKY. Only be prepared. To pronounce this name correctly you must take pungent snuff and sneeze violently while trying to utter the word "Whisky." Take care to have a medical man ready at hand; also a tailor, with needle, thread, and buttons.

FROM the *South Wales Daily News*:—

As Groom, Coachman, or Groom-Gardener, plain; wife good Cook; or otherwise, if required. Good references.

"Or otherwise, if required," is delicious. She would be a bad cook or an indifferent one "if required." So convenient!

Half-and-Half.

(After Reading some recent Political Speeches.)

Although in the queer Party story
There's many a turn, and many a twist;
'Tis strange to see JOSEPH half Tory,
And SALISBURY half Socialist!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.



Jesse, the Pilot-Engine, clears the Line!

House of Commons, Monday, June 24.—Back to-day from the booming Baltic to wan Westminster. Given up the company of Kings and Queens which formed Don CURRIE'S daily fare; descended to level of Commons. And what a state of things to come back to! Left less than a fortnight ago, with House in almost comatose state. Even the Busy B's had ceased to hum. TANNER no longer disturbed at hour of midnight by poignant curiosity as to when the Dook would retire. SILOMIO, his head bandaged after latest buffeting by EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON, temporarily silent. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS for awhile content with management of House by "my right hon. friend the CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER." In a moment, in the twinkling of ST. JOHN BRODRICK'S eye, crisis and chaos come. Ministry blown up with charge of cordite, surreptitiously brought in; concealed under Front Opposition Bench; fired in the dinner hour.

"Cordite?" said TOMLINSON. "What is this cordite they're all talking about? Thought it was something they made trousers of."

"No, no," said Private HANBURY, up in all military matters. "You're thinking of corduroy."

House crowded from furthest bench of side galleries to gangway steps on floor. A buzz of excitement completes fulness of chamber. Only two empty seats. These on front benches, where SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and PRINCE ARTHUR were wont to face each other. JOSEPH'S seat below gangway filled by COURTNEY, who, in honour of occasion, has put on a white waistcoat and a smile. Wears both throughout proceedings. A loud cheer welcomes arrival of PRINCE ARTHUR looking graver than usual. Three minutes later another rings forth, and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD enters with slow step and countenance set, suitable to the obsequies of an assassinated Ministry. JESSE COLLINGS comes in; startled by cheer from Irish Members.

"JOE'S not far off," said TIM HEALY, grimly. "In times like these sends JESSE on ahead, like the pilot-engine that goes before CZAR'S train. If there were any murderous plot on hand, by JUSTIN MCCARTHY or any other brigand, the blameless figure of JESSE would be blown into space, and JOSEPH would proceed on his journey with his hair unsinged."

On stroke of half-past three SQUIRE OF MALWOOD made formal announcement of familiar fact that Government had resigned; THE MARKISS had been sent for; Ministers kept their places only till their successors were appointed.

"I would ask leave to say," the SQUIRE, with unwonted tremor in his voice, observed, bringing to close his brief, business-like speech, "that for every man who has taken part in the noble conflict of Parliamentary life, the chiefest of all ambitions, whether in a majority or in a minority, must be to stand well with the House of Commons."

How in this respect the Leader of the House through two Sessions of peculiar difficulty stands with both tides, testified to by a ringing cheer, repeated when PRINCE ARTHUR, who always does these things well, voiced the common feeling as he recognised in the blushing SQUIRE "one of the greatest ornaments of this House."

"That's all very well, TOBY," said the SQUIRE, when I offered him my congratulations on deliverance from a situation long become intolerable. "You put it prettily. But I hope the experience of the last fortnight will be a lesson to you. You hadn't been gone a week and two days when the cordite bomb was exploded. Never forget what you must have learned in your nursery kennel:

When the dog's away,
The rats will play."

All business set aside. All Bills dropped save Seal Fisheries. This Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, master of himself though Ministers fall, proceeds to discuss as calmly as if nothing had happened. Whilst other Members already have their eyes on their constituencies and their faces towards the door, TOMMY, buttonholing Time as it were with his hooked arm, leisurely discusses the close season for Seal Fishing.

Business done.—The Government's.

Tuesday.—House met again, expecting further particulars about the Ministerial crisis. Benches full, but not so crowded as yesterday. Again the SQUIRE, PRINCE ARTHUR, and JOSEPH absent. The two

latter not expected. When they reappear they will sit side by side on Treasury Bench. But where was the SQUIRE?

Preliminary business finished. House waiting for next move. Must be made by SQUIRE. Where was he? Members tossed about on seats. All eyes strained towards space behind SPEAKER'S chair, whence Ministers approaching Treasury Bench emerge. Minutes passed; SQUIRE still tarried. Horrible rumour that cordite had done fresh stroke of work. FREDERICK MILNER said he distinctly heard sound of explosion in neighbourhood of room of Leader of House. Another report was that SQUIRE had been kidnapped, shipped off to distant colony by direction of new SECRETARY OF STATE. Whilst probability of these wild guesses balanced, SQUIRE entered, whole and hale. Had been waiting to hear from THE MARKISS. Nothing had come, so must adjourn.

Business done.—House adjourned.

Wednesday.—All settled: SQUIRE announces that MARKISS has undertaken to form new Ministry. Writs moved for elections to fill vacancies consequent on acceptance of office. Amongst them West Birmingham, JOSEPH having undertaken to care for the Colonies. Prospect of "Our JOE," as SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE affectionately calls him, sitting in Cabinet Council with THE MARKISS, strangely moves House. Irish Members in particular give vent to feelings in cries that forebode lively times for new Minister.

House lost crowded appearance of earlier days of week. Interest already transferred to constituencies. GORST among absentees. SARK looking for him everywhere. Been reading article in magazine where GORST writes:—"A lady resident in East London informed me that she once knew a man who was attending fourteen doctors at the same time. The man died."



Cap'en Tommy
Casabianca Bowles.

SARK wants to know what was the matter with the doctors? Why the man was attending them? And whether this is cited as case of overwork, or of death resulting from infectious disease?

The worst of SARK is that his curiosity is almost feminine in its intensity.

Business done.—Foundation stones of new Ministry laid.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Quite a crowded House. THE MARKISS, not seen in his place since he became Prime Minister, now there faced by ROSEBERY. Large attendance and eager interest explained by attempt to purloin Seals of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. In dim and distant future this likely to rank with the Diamond Necklace Affair. SARK, who has been reading Radical newspapers on incident, tells me all about it.

As soon as Vote of Censure passed on CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, MARKISS became possessed of uncontrollable passion for instant possession of his seals of office. How was it to be done? CAWMELL a Scotchman; not easy to get loose property out of his grip. MARKISS, instinct with influences of spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH, not to be trifled with. Clapped his hands. Enter faithful henchman, one SCHOMBERG. A stoutly-built man of herculean strength, bowed legs, grizzled beard, short thick hair like hand-spikes standing up above pair of ears resembling nothing so much as Tower Bridge when, in opening, either flap stands out at angle of forty-five degrees. A certain piquancy given to his features by front tooth protruding like tusk of wild boar.

"SCHOMBERG," said THE MARKISS, hoarsely, "I want CAWMELL-BANNERMAN'S Seals. His address is 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W. He comes home late, with a latch-key. Take twenty stout fellows, as like yourself as the country produces. Await his coming. Take the Seals. If he resists, a slit weasand will scarcely be noticed in a population of (according to the last census) 4,349,166. *But bring the Seals.*"

That is SARK'S idea of the episode after reading the papers. THE MARKISS'S version differs in some details.

Business done.—THE MARKISS, challenged by ROSEBERY, says new Ministry have no policy at present. However, since ROSEBERY seems anxious on point, will send over to WHITELEY'S and see what can be done.



THEIR NEW SUITS.

Admiral G-sch-n. "Oh, I say, Joey old man, what a comical costume! It does make me laugh!"

Colonial Ch-mb-rl-n. "Well, hang it, Jokey old boy, you can't say much!"

Irish Members in particular give vent to feelings in cries that forebode lively times for new Minister.



SUNDERED LIVES.

Bertie. "I THOUGHT YOU TWO NEVER MET WITHOUT KISSING.
ANYTHING THE MATTER? THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER?"

Muriel. "No, YOU SILLY! HATS!"

A DISCOVERY IN LIQUEURS.

SIR,—You remember *Mr. Squeers's* system of theoretical and practical teaching, "'*W-i-n-d-e-r-s.*' Go and clean 'em"? Of course you do; and if the quotation is not letter perfect, it is its "spirit," which is more suited to my present theme, at all events. Well, Sir, "them's my principles." Accordingly, after reading your advice as to taking a Summer Sunday trip to Calais and back by *Calais-Doüvres*, or one of the large boats in L. C. and D. service, I acted upon it, and went. The *trajet* was simply perfect! Such weather! Sea so calm! Breeze refreshing! Company distinguished! Commander WATTELBLED, and First Lieutenant CARINI, with all hands, waiting to give us (at a price as fair and moderate as the Channel breeze on this occasion) excellent refreshment. But to sing their praise is not my point; they do their duty, and pay it too, as we *voyageurs* have to do, on cigars, teas, and tobacco. I had time to refer to hotel's list of wines and liqueurs, and among the latter there appeared a name which brought tears to the eyes of the wanderer far from his English home; and that name, Sir, coming after "Kümmel, and Marasquin, and Whisky," was "*Old Tom-Gim*"—"Tom Gim" with an "m." How far superior to "Gin" with an "n." It brought to mind early days of catechism, "*M. or N., as the case may be.*" This was a case of liqueurs. How preferable the soft liquid "m" to the less soft "n" in making "Gin" into "Gim"! And how much one would like to alter the spelling, and make it "*Old Tom Jim.*" Would he not be seized upon by a French librettist as the very name, *par excellence*, for a typical Ancient English Mariner in an opera? Don't you see it? "*Capitaine John Smith; First Mate Old Tom Jim*" with song (nautical). *Vive Gim!* Now, with my discovery, I regain the good ship, and, once aboard the lugger ... by the way, there is an eighteen-penny tax now levied by the French on those who land at Calais. "*Happy Thought.* Don't land." But, *Unhappy Thought*, if we don't land in the *pas-de-Calais*, the result will be *pas de déjeuner*. So—"bang goes sax-pence," for "We don't kill a pig every week."

Yours,

THOMAS LE VIEUX.

P.S.—And another one-and-sixpence extra on landing at Dover! All the "fun of the fare," eh?

Transcriber's Note

Page 12: 'Cawmel-Bannerman' corrected to 'Cawmell-Bannerman' (a.k.a. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry (1836-1908), Scottish statesman, M.P.)

"SCHOMBERG," said THE MARKISS, hoarsely, "I want CAWMELL-BANNERMAN'S Seals."

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