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## **PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

**Volume 109, OCTOBER 26, 1895.**

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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### **WINTER COVENT GARDEN OPERATIC NOTES.**



SIR AUGUSTUS ANGLO-OPERATICUS has done well at Covent Garden, and will probably go one better. To Miss ALICE ESTY, as *Elsa*, in *Lohengrin*, we say "*Esty perpetua*." All are good: and the houses have been apparently as good as the company. A season of German-French-Italian Opera in English is a risky venture for a winter season; still, if successful, and at popular prices, there is in it good promise for the future. The conductors are Messrs. FELD, HENSCHEL, GLOVER, and Mr. C. HEDMONDT, which sounds like an English rendering of *Tête Monté*. A *Tête Monté* can carry many a project through triumphantly where a *Tête moins Monté* would fail.

*Tuesday*.—Excellent *Faust*. Mr. PHILIP BROZEL, first time in English, decidedly good. Sir DRURIOLANUS thought the old opera "wanted a fillip," and so gave us PHILIP BROZEL. KATE LEE a capital nurse, and FANNY MOODY a delightful *Marguerite*. OLITZKA a pleasing *Siebel*, and conductor GLOVER, as his name implies, keeping all hands well employed, and ready to give fits to any hand that might be "difficult." The remainder of the week "going strong."

In the interests of English opera, or rather of opera in English, we wish DRURIOLANUS COVENT GARDENSIS OPERATICUS, with *Messieurs Tête Monté et Cie.*, every possible success.

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### **THE AMNESIA BACILLUS.**

IT was an alarming state of affairs. The first indications of the new epidemic were noticed in the autumn of 1895. A lady who mislaid her identity at Brighton, and failed to recover it for a whole week, had the doubtful distinction of being the initial case. Her example was very shortly after followed by a servant-girl who "lost her memory" at Three Bridges Railway Station. Not being properly labelled, there was naturally some delay before she was returned to her superfluous and sorrowing mistress. Then the plague spread.

Among the first to suffer were the numerous class of persons who had been so unfortunate as to borrow money. The simple operation of transferring a half-crown or a fiver seemed to carry contagion with it. From the instant that the fatal coin was in the palm of the innocent and

unsuspecting borrower, all recollection of his previous personality vanished. The unhappy victim had no resource but to start life afresh as he best could, with new struggles to face, new lenders thus to victimise him—and new capital (a paltry equivalent!) wherewith to mourn his hopeless loss of memory. It was observed that these sufferers were subject to recurrent attacks of the *amnesia bacillus*. Some scientific alienists went so far as to maintain that the complaint was no new one, but had been prevalent, in a more or less virulent form, ever since the first leather coinage was invented.

The Woman with a Past was the next to succumb. She was not quite so much *en évidence* as in the two or three previous years; still, a considerable number of her carried on a contented, if obscure and occasionally chequered, existence. She only rarely imitated the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in putting a violent end to her career. Then all at once she, too, caught the disease. All the romance fled out of her life, all the deep insight into masculine character, all the love-souvenirs, so interesting to herself—and to her female acquaintances. (*They* did not forget any of these entertaining details, however.) But as far as she was concerned, her Past completely vanished, and, poor thing, like the half-crown borrower, she had to begin all over again. It was weary work, converting her future into a Past, or series of Pasts, and if she frequently failed in her task, we must put it down to the deadly and character-destroying bacillus.

Then the New Women took it severely, and quite forgot themselves. However, they have been so completely advertised and satirised of late, that there is no necessity to describe the symptoms of this class of patient any further. We might add, though, that in some cases the *sequelæ* of the complaint aged the subject by ten or twenty years.

It was distressing to note that even the respected occupants of the Bench did not invariably escape; but they received the infection in a mild form. They fairly well managed to retain their dignity and personality, but they could *not* remember the names of such common objects as an "oof-bird," or the meaning of so familiar a term as "going tommy-dodd." This was inconvenient, as it necessitated the employment of cockney interpreters.

It was a case of "dunno 'oo they are" with a good many other individuals and sections of the community.

One reverend gentleman had it badly, and turned litigant on the spot. Quite oblivious of his sacerdotal functions and character, he imagined that he would be a public benefactor if he went about suing unoffending 'busses for obstructing a minute portion of their window-lights with advertisements and notice-boards. This amused the public at first, but after a while he was voted a nuisance and a bore. Then the Salvationists caught the bacillus *en bloc*. One and all they thought they were musicians, and, as such, entitled to make Sunday a Day of Riot.

Amongst other unfortunate specimens of humanity were the shop-lifters, who fancied they were shop-walkers; the burglars, who habitually mistook their home address; the quarterly tenants, who, on the other hand, forgot to remain at home at periodical intervals; and our old friend 'ARRY, who forgot his manners and his h's.

The list of victims might be indefinitely extended. Once it was thought that they were responsible for their actions; but now, thanks to the progress of medical science, the *amnesia bacillus* has been identified. It only remains for a new PASTEUR to invent some counteracting microbe.

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## CRAZY TALES.

The Duchess of POMPOSET was writhing, poor thing, on the horns of a dilemma. Painful position, very. She was the greatest of great ladies, full of fire and fashion, and with a purple blush (she was born that colour) flung bangly arms round the neck of her lord and master. The unfortunate man was a shocking sufferer, having a bad unearned increment, and enduring constant pain on account of his back being broader than his views.

"POMPOSET," she cried, resolutely. "Duky darling!"

(When first married she had ventured to apostrophise him as "ducky," but His Grace thought it *infra dig.*, and they compromised by omitting the vulgar "c.")

"Duky," she said, raising pale distinguished eyes to a Chippendale mirror, "I have made up my mind."

"Don't," expostulated the trembling peer. "You are so rash!"

"What is more, I have made up yours."

"To make up the mind of an English duke," he remarked, with dignity, "requires no ordinary intellect; yet I believe with your feminine hydraulics you are capable of anything, JANE."

(That this aristocratic rib of His rib should have been named plain JANE was a chronic sorrow.)



"Don't keep me in suspense," he continued; "in fact, to descend to a colloquialism, I insist on Your Grace letting the cat out of the bag with the least possible delay."

"As you will," she replied. "Your blood be on your own coronet. Prepare for a shock—a revelation. I have fallen! Not once—but many times."

"Wretched woman!—I beg pardon!—wretched Grande Dame! call upon DEBRETT to cover you!"

"I am madly in love with——"

"By my taffeta and ermine, I swear——"

"Peace, peace!" said JANE. "Compose yourself, ducky—that is PLANTAGENET. Forgive the slip. I am agitated. My mind runs on slips."

The Duke groaned.

"Horrid, awful slips!"

With a countenance of alabaster he tore at his sandy top-knot.

"I have deceived you. I admit it. Stooped to folly."

A supercilious cry rent the air as the Duke staggered on his patrician limbs.

With womanly impulse—flinging caste to the winds—JANE caught the majestic form to her palpitating alpaca, and, watering his beloved features with Duchessey drops, cried in passionate accents, "My King! My Sensitive Plant! Heavens! It's his unlucky back! Be calm, PLANTAGENET. I have—been—learning—to—*bike!* There! On the sly!"

The Duke flapped a reviving toe, and squeezed the august fingers.

"I am madly enamoured of—my machine."

The peer smoothed a ruffled top-knot with ineffable grace.

"Likewise am determined *you* shall take lessons. Now it is no use, ducky. I mean to be tender but firm with you."

The Potentate gave a stertorous chortle, and, stretching out his arms, fell in a strawberry-leaf swoon on the parquet floor, his ducal head on the lap of his adored JANE.

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"HAPPY THOUGHT."—*Mem. (from note-book of careless man).* When nothing else to do, wind up my watch. It saves time.

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#### TRAFALGAR'S TEACHING.

*Nelson (receiving the wreath, October 21, nineteenth anniversary of Battle of Trafalgar).* "THANKS! BUT YOUR DUTY TO-DAY IS TO SEE YOU HAVE PLENTY OF SHIPS AND LOTS OF *MEN* TO FIGHT THEM!"

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## SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

MOUNT THE BUTTER-TUB!—Irish butter is on its trial, it seems. It has managed to get a bad name, because some of the makers or dealers become so attached to it they won't part with it for a month or so after it is churned—and when they *do* part with it they pretend it's new. So the trustees of the Cork butter market suggest a "date-brand" as a means of restoring the damaged reputation of the Hibernian cow. It is quite obvious that if butter is to keep, it mustn't be kept—which sounds like a bull, but it's true. Now is the time for Irish patriots to come to the rescue of their firkins—to form a "Brand League" if necessary—and prevent the produce of Irish dairies being evicted from the markets of England.

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WHY SHOULD GLASGOW WAIT?—The average time taken by a telegram to get from Glasgow to London, or *vice versâ*, is twenty-nine minutes, and the cry of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, in consequence, is "More wires!" The Chamber does not mind if they are overhead wires; all it objects to is, overdue wires. There has been a railway race to the north; but a telegraph race seems still more wanted just now. And the worst of it is that the lordly Stock-Exchange folk are specially provided with a wire that sends *their* telegrams in five minutes. *Punch's* advice to the Chamber of Commerce is—"wire in!"

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### JUMPING POWDER.

(Mr. Twentystun having a Nip on his way to Covert.)

*Small Boy.* "OH MY, BILLY, 'ERE'S A HEIGHTY-TON GUN A CHARGIN' OF 'ISSELF AFORE GOIN' INTO HACTION!"

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BUMBLEDOM AND BRISTLES.—A strike of barbers has occurred at the Cork workhouse; no inmate cares to undertake the duty at the pay of one shilling a week; and the guardians are thinking of getting in outdoor relief for the chins of their paupers. Why not an "Irish Melody," to this effect?—

The barbers have struck, farewell to the shave,  
And the rate-supplied soap on the cheek of the  
brave.

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A MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITY.—The enormous hotel, the neighbour and, it may be, the friendly rival of the Savoy Hotel *à la Carte*,—for friendship in opposition is possible though improbable,—is almost completed, but apparently it is still "a deed without a name." What is it to be called? The board, not of directors, but of advertisement outside, says, "*This Magnificent Hotel*," &c., &c. Well, gentlemen proprietors, why not take this description as the title? It does not look bad in French, "*L'Hôtel Magnifique*." And in plain English "*The Magnificent*" is a striking title, which can become popular as "*The Mag*." Mr. *Punch*, as General Hotel Inspector and Universal Board Adviser, offers the above suggestion.

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## "FINIS."

*(By an Old-fashioned Novel-reader.)*

Oh! when we finished a tale of old,  
The thing was through, and the story  
told.  
But when we shut up a tale that's "New,"  
There's little told, and there's nothing  
"through."  
With neither beginning, middle, nor end,  
We do not part with the book as a friend.  
*Finis!* The word seems ironical sport,  
It is not finished, but snapt off short,  
Like the poor maid's nose by the  
blackbird's beak  
In the "*Song of Sixpence.*" *That* tale was  
weak,  
Ending in nought, like an alley blind.  
But our story-spinners appear to find  
Their moral there. Their tales don't  
close,  
But break off short—like the poor maid's  
nose!  
Ah me! for a few of the fine old chaps  
Who gave us meals, not mere dishes of  
scraps!

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"POST OBIT."—The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* announces that the first piece of patronage in the district which has fallen to the new Postmaster-General is now being competed for. It is that of medical officer to the local post-office. Our contemporary announces that the applications, which are said to be very numerous, have all gone in. It is generally understood that the gentleman ultimately selected to undertake the duties of the post will not necessarily be connected with the Dead Letter Department.

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## A CLERICAL MISTAKE.

*(Fragment of a Romance found shortly after the holding of the recent Clerical Meetings.)*

"You are most kind," said the guest, getting down from the dogcart and assisting the retainer to carry his portmanteau into the house.

"Not at all," was the reply. "If you are so good as to wait a moment, I will take the vehicle round to the stables and then show you your room."

The guest bowed his head gratefully, and yet with some embarrassment. Who was this retainer? He seemed to be a man of education, and yet— He had no time for further thought, as the subject of his meditations returned to him.

"I was as speedy as possible," said he; "as I knew you would like to dress. The rector dines rather early, and is sure to be punctual to-night. This way."

And then the two young men marched up the staircase, and entered together the spare room.

"There!" exclaimed the retainer, as he finished laying out the contents of the guest's portmanteau. "Now all you have to do is to look sharp and get down into the drawing-room, before the arrival of the bishop. I shall try and snatch a few moments' doze, as I have been busy from the early morning."

"I really cannot sufficiently thank you," said the guest, hunting in his waistcoat pocket for a shilling. "But if you will allow me——"

"Oh, no thank you," interrupted the retainer, with a slight blush. "I really do not require a tip."

"But surely, from your multitudinous duties, you must be the butler?"

Then came the solution to the mystery.

"Oh dear no! I am not the butler! I am only the curate!"

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## A NEW SWAN SONG.

[MISS ANNIE SWAN says—"What appears to be required is, that the wife should

have something of her own, given to her freely by her husband for her own use and benefit, absolutely apart from other moneys, that she should spend it as she chooses."]

Oh! give me something of my own,  
In which Man has *no* part;  
Which I may hoard, or spend, or  
loan,  
And it shall ease my heart.  
And if you ask me whence 'twill  
come,  
And what will be my plan,  
I answer that that private sum  
Should come—of course—from  
Man!  
I'll grab it quick, I'll hold it tight,  
That welcome L. S. D.,  
Concerning which Man's only right  
Is—*just to give it Me!*

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PROBABLE.—New edition of "*Cornelius Nepos*," with notes by Lord HALSBURY, assisted by Mr. HARDINGE FRANK GIFFARD, *Sec. Comm. Lun.*

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PROVERBIAL CONSERVATIVE PHILOSOPHY.— Sow Local Government in Ireland and it will come up Home Rule.

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## "COLLAR WORK"; OR, THE UNAPPRECIATED ENTERTAINER.

SCENE—*The after-deck of an excursion-steamer, which is on its return to Scarborough from Bridlington, where the excursionists have employed a shining hour in laying in copious luncheons at various restaurants and eating-houses. Owing to the tide, they have had to land and re-embark in small boats through a rather choppy bit of sea, the consequence being that the majority of the party—though not indisposed—are inclined to prefer meditation to moving about, probably on the principle of "letting sleeping dogs lie." After Flamborough Head has been rounded, a young man in a frock coat and a cloth cap, who has hitherto been regarded as perfectly inoffensive, suddenly brings out a pair of plush-covered tables from behind the funnel, and reveals himself in the unwelcome character of a professional conjuror.*

*The Young Man (clearing his throat and pointedly addressing a group of torpid tourists on the centre seats). Ladies and gentlemen, with your very kind permission, I will now endeavour to amuse you by exhibiting a few simple feats of ledger de mang to which I invite your closest attention (the persons addressed instantly assume an air of uneasy abstraction), as I find that the more carefully my audience watches my proceedings the less able they are to detect the manner in which the trick is performed.... I 'ave 'ere, ladies and gentlemen, a gingerbeer bottle, just a plain stone gingerbeer bottle of a pattern no doubt familiar to you all. (He produces it, and it appears to be generally unpopular, as if it called up reminiscences of revelry which some would willingly forget.) I will now pass it around in order that you may satisfy yourselves that it is what it appears to be. (To a Somnolent Excursionist in a corner.) Will you oblige me, Sir, by kindly taking it in your 'and?*

*The Somnolent Excursionist (who seems to be under the impression that he is being offered refreshment). Eh? gingerbeer? No, thanky, never take it.*

*[He closes his eyes again.*

*The Y. M. (to a Grumpy Excursionist on a campstool). Perhaps, Sir, you will oblige me by examining this bottle.*

*The Grumpy Excursionist (wrathfully). Hang it all, Sir, do you suppose I'm any judge of gingerbeer bottles; take the beastly thing away!*

*The Y. M. (cast down, but undeterred). Well, you are all satisfied that it is an ordinary earthenware bottle. Now I take this tin case—made, as you perceive, in two parts to fit closely round the bottle. I will just give you an opportunity of 'andling the case so that you may convince yourselves of its being perfectly empty. (He proffers it for inspection, but everybody seems willing to take it on trust.) I enclose the bottle in the case—so—I make one or two passes—hey, presto—and, on opening the case, the bottle will be found to have vanished. (It has—but nobody appears to regret its disappearance.) I close the case, which you all saw to be empty, once more, and what do I find it contain! (He pulls out yard after yard of coloured ribbon, which falls absolutely flat, but if the tin case had emitted a column of smoke and a genuine Arabian djinn, it would probably fail just now to produce any deep impression.) I shall next produce a pack of ordinary playing cards, from which I will ask you, Sir, to be good enough to select a card, without*

letting me see it or mentioning which it is (*to the Grumpy Excursionist, who brushes him away irritably as he would a bluebottle*).

Madam, will you kindly—? (*to the Stout Lady, who turns a shawled shoulder and feebly requests him "Not to come bothering her"*). Perhaps you, Sir—? (*to a Cadaverous Tourist, who intimates that he "never encourages cardplaying under any form"*). Thank you very much (*to a Rubicund Tourist, who accepts a card out of sheer good-nature*). Now I shuffle the cards again, cut them, and (*exhibiting a court-card with mild triumph*) unless I am mistaken, Sir, *this* was the card you chose!

*The Rubicund Tourist*. Was it? I dessay, I dessay. I didn't notice particularly myself.

[*Upon this the Young Man recognises that his conjuring fails to charm, and retires to the funnel in apparent discomfiture.*

*Excursionists (to one another)*. Card-tricks are all very well in their proper place; but, when you come out for a blow like this, why.... If it had been a little *music*, now, or a song, or soomat o' that soart, it would ha' been nahce enoof.... (*With dismay.*) Why, danged if he isn't going to give us anoother turn of it!

[*The Young Man reappears, carrying two dismal old dummies with battered papier-maché heads, and preternaturally mobile jaws.*

*The Y. M. (after planting these effigies in such a position as to depress as many as possible)*. I now 'ave the pleasure of introducing to your notice two very old friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. JEREMIAH JORDLES. (*The audience, not having energy enough to escape, submit in sombre resignation to these fresh tormentors, which goggle at them with cheerful imbecility.*) Well, Mrs. JORDLES, Ma'am, and how do you find yourself this afternoon? I 'ope you're enjoying this most delightful trip.

[*He bends his head deferentially for the answer, with a sympathetic movement of his own lips.*

*The Female Figure (with a wagging jaw, and in an impossible falsetto)*. No, I ain't enj'yin' this most delightful trip, so there. I believe I'm going to be ill in a minute. I feel that queer, I do.

*The Male Figure (in a voice scarcely distinguishable from his introducer's own)*. Queer? And no wonder, after taking all them pickled wornuts with yer sooet pudden!

[*The Stout Lady's ample cheeks are contorted by a transitory spasm, and the Cadaverous Tourist passes his hand across his mouth, which the Ventriloquist construes as reluctant tributes to his facetious powers.*

*Female F.* Well, you needn't talk, after all them jam puffs and the prawns you swollered, 'eds and all!

*Male F.* Ah, I 'ad a appetite. And I 'ate waste, I do. But lor, when I see her a swallerin' down that sorcer o' cockles just after clearing out the 'okypoky barrer, I knew she'd live to be sorry for it!

*The Stout Lady (to the Cadaverous Man)*. They didn't ought to be allowed to go on like this. Downright vulgarity I call it!

*The Cadaverous Man*. You are right, Mum It's quite enough to upset anybody. If he's going to make either of them images purtend to be unwell, I shall call the Captin and put a stop to it.

*The Y. M. (with a tardy perception that he might have chosen a more generally agreeable topic, and meanly throwing the blame upon the innocent dummies)*. There, Mr. JORDLES, Sir, that'll do. We don't care to hear what you and your good lady took by way of a relish; tell us about something else.

*Male F.* All right. There was a quart o' winkles, as wasn't over—

*The Y. M. (shaking Mr. JORDLES up, and stopping his mouth)*. 'Ush, Sir, 'ush! Beyave, now, and see if you can set quiet while Mrs. JORDLES sings us a little song.

*Male F.* What? 'Er sing! 'Ere, chuck me overboard, will yer? I've 'eard her.

*The Grumpy Exc. (in a savage undertone)*. For heaven's sake chuck 'em *both* overboard, and follow them!

*Female F.* Oh, dear, me sing? I'm all of a flutter like. Well, what shall I sing? Oh, I know. (*Quavering.*) "Where are the friends of Child'ood now?"

*Male F.* Why, in gaol, doing time!

[*Mr. Jordles is reprov'd and corrected as before, but his senile flippancy only excites general disgust, and when he proceeds to boast that a beautiful young lady he met in Bridlington has fallen violently in love with him, the audience*

clearly resent the statement as an outrage to their intelligence. The Ventriloquist perseveres a little longer, though even his own belief in the dummies seems to be shaken, and at length he gives them up as hopeless, and carries them off ignominiously, one under each arm. Whereupon the party breathe freely once more, only to gasp in impotent horror the next moment, as the irrepressible Young Man returns with a smaller figure, modelled and dressed to represent an almost inconceivably repulsive infant. He perches himself on the bulwark, and placing this doll on his knee, affects to converse with it, until its precocity and repeated demands for a cheesecake render it an object of universal loathing and detestation. However, its pertness suddenly begins to flag, as beads gather upon the Ventriloquist's pallid brow, and allowing the figure to collapse in a limp heap, he rises unsteadily to his feet.

The Y. M. (in faltering tones). Ladies and gentlemen, such a thing has reelly never 'appened to me before in the 'ole course of my professional career; but I feel compelled to ask you kindly to excuse me if I break off for a few minutes, 'oping to resume—and with your kind indulg—

[Here he staggers feebly away and is seen no more, while a faint smile may be observed for the first time to irradiate the faces of the company, as they realise that their sufferings are more than avenged.]



"I feel compelled to ask you kindly to excuse me."

## CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

### No. IX.—PECKERS-UP!—ANTI-PRIG PHILOSOPHY—"TOMMY THE THUMPER"'S TALES —THE HAUNTED CAB.



CABBY may be this or that; 'e's a chap as the world is much given to slang or to chaff;

But there's one blessed boon as is usually 'is, 'e can do—what your prigs seldom can—a fair laugh.

'e've known a good few of all sorts in my time; some scarce fit for to tool a old SAWBONES'S gig,

Some as smart as they're made; but I never yet met a true Cabby as answered percisely to "prig."

'ou look at a rank at a time fares is off, and the nosebags is on, and you find the chaps all

'anging around with their 'ands in their pockets, 'ard by their pet pub, or close under a wall.

They're looking about 'em, and passing the patter, and doubling sharp up at a wheeze or a joke;

"Sort o' parson they may look on the lollop, but not on the sulk, nor they don't 'ang their 'eads like a ill-tempered moke. true."



But life's not *all* laugh with 'em give you my word; summer's not all a beano,  
while winter is worse,  
And many a chap must drive 'ard through a sleet-storm when fur better fitted for blankets and  
nurse.  
Your fare snugged inside *may* be grumpy and growly, a crack in the winder will give 'im the  
'ump;  
But *you* mustn't cuss, though you're soaked to your socks, and the rheumatiz racks your poor  
back at each bump.

Stillsomever to take the lot smilin' 's *our* motter, though sometimes the smile sets a mossel  
askew.  
Old "TOMMY THE THUMPER"'s just left me. Queer egg! Sort o' parson one time, if all stories is  
true.  
But rum 'ot and religion don't mix none too well, as tomater-nosed TOMMY 'as reason to know.  
Still 'e 'as got the gift o' the gab, and no error, 'is yarns when 'e's on, make yer creepy and  
low.

TOMMY is one o' that mildewy sort as are gen'rally gloomy and down on their luck.  
'E will tip you 'is graveyardy tales of old times, till you stand 'im a nobbler, or give 'im the  
chuck.  
Remembers the old body-snatchers, TOM does, and the BURKE and HARE yarns make you cold as  
a dab;  
But what 'e reeled out o'er 'is rum-'ot to-night was a gospel-true tale of a old Haunted Cab.

"Gospel-true, on *my* davy," is TOMMY's pet clincher. "Ah, JACK," 'e grumped out, as 'e stoppered  
'is bowl  
With a forefinger brown as a rusty old spike; "you young chirpers ain't go neither fancy nor  
soul.  
Hagnostical lot, you smart 'Ansoms, as think you are HUXLEYS on wheels, I 'ave not the least  
doubt,  
But why ain't a cab just as like as a castle to 'ave its own ghost? Tell me that, 'GINGER GROUT!"

"GINGER" shook 'is red 'ead and said nothink. Says TOMMY, "Old 'BARNEY THE BUNCH' was the  
sulkiest sort,  
'E 'adn't no heart for a pal in distress, and 'e never liked 'parting' for friendship *or* sport.  
But what 'e most shirked was all haccident cases. Well, Cabbies don't cotton to *them*, as a  
rule,  
But 'BARNEY THE BUNCH' was a bit *extr*y-brutal; a reg'lar old flint-hearted, foxy-eyed fool.

"Bunched up on 'is box all alone one cold evening, when not a four-wheeler, 'cept 'is, was in  
sight,  
Old BARNEY was 'ailed by a poor shrieking creetur as 'eld a small girl in 'er arms, taller-white,  
With a small crimson cut on 'er poor little temple, arf hid by 'er goldian ringlets shook loose:  
'The orspital—quick—for 'ev'n's sake!' pants the mother; 'Oh! don't lose a hinstant.' Lor,  
'twasn't no use!

"BARNEY whips up 'is 'orse, and trots off, most deliberate, grunting as 'ow that 'is cab worn't a  
'earse.  
Most superstitious old griffin the 'BUNCH' wos. Well there, the child died. But if ever a curse  
'Ung over a cabby *and* cab it wos 'isn. Oh yes, you may grin o'er your corfee and toast  
In this 'ere cosy shelter. But strange fares, at night-time, do not like to ride number two—with  
a ghost!

"All fancy? Then wy did *all* talk of a kiddy with goldian curls, and of wild-woman cries?  
And wy did fares pull BARNEY up on the suddent, and scuttle with shuddersome looks and  
skeart eyes?  
And wy did old 'BARNEY THE BUNCH' take to boozing, and wy wos 'e found stony-stark *in* 'is cab  
With eyes fixed on—nothink? Yus, *nothink*, of course! 'TOMMY THUMPER"'s a fool to you young  
'uns to blab."

Shut up like a rat-trap, and trotted off twist-ways, the "THUMPER" did,  
huffed in 'is boozy old style.  
A ghost-seer's dignitude does stand on end if 'e twigs that 'is cackle is  
met with a smile.  
But *I* didn't grin—not contempuously, leastways; I've seen fur too much  
to be big on the boast,  
And this I *do* know, that your 'ard-'earted hunks will one day git 'is gruel  
—if not from a ghost.

Conscience, I tell you, can build spooks like Guy Foxes, or as the jim-  
jams makes green rats or snakes.  
*Real?* Wot's "real"? Who's goin' to be cocksure wot's actual facks and  
wot's fancy's queer fakes?  
Only your ignerant, stuck-uppish shaller-pate. I never shirk no true  
orspital case;  
And if any ghost *should* make free with my Forder—I 'ope I could look



"She is a fare

the spook fair in the face.

as I'd not loose  
for somethink."

I 'ave saved lives by a hopportune hurry-up; so I imagine 'ave most of  
my mates.

'Ansoms are everywhere, like London sparrers, and five minutes' start sometimes dodges the  
fates.

Gratitude don't grow on every gooseberry bush, and to 'ave just saved a life *or* a leg  
*Mayn't* mean a fiver, or even a fare, but wot flavour it gives your next corfee and hegg!

I 'ave one "regular," crippled but rich, as I saved—so 'e says—from a fur worser fate.  
Only a fluke, as I tell 'im each Christmas, but somehow 'e won't wipe that job off the slate.  
Many a nice little extry it lands me; and as for 'is daughter, a brown-eyed young dove,  
Well, she is a fare as I'd not lose for somethink, *though* bob-less; I'd much sooner drive 'er for  
love!

---

At the Aquarium the highly trained and well-educated horse, *Alpha*, finishes a wonderful  
performance by being dressed up as a nurse, and wheeling a pony, *Little Beta*, about in a  
perambulator. Clever *Alpha* shouldn't be allowed to end by making such a donkey of  
himself. One of these days he'll be beaten by little *Beta*.

---

Mrs. R.'s nephew writes from Harrow that his aunt on returning from Homburg, observed  
cheerfully, "My dear, I feel as jolly as a sandbag."



#### SMALL SOCIAL AGONIES.

*Hostess.* "It's BUT A POOR LUNCH I CAN GIVE YOU! BUT MY COOK HAS GOT INFLUENZA!"

*Enfant terrible.* "OH, MUMMY, YOU ALWAYS SAY THAT!"

---

#### NOW AND THEN.

##### *A Morality (after Morris) in Hyde Park.*

"O, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!"  
Sang Captain CHARLES MORRIS. But he was a  
swell,  
Filled with cockney, no doubt anti-democrat,  
spleen,  
At "an ass on a common, a goose on a green."

But what had he said had he lived in our days  
Of the scenes that Hyde Park in the season  
displays?  
Where the "goose on the green" is a Socialist  
scamp,  
And the "pig on the dunghill" a somnolent  
tramp.

O sweet *rus in urbe*, our London delight!  
A Ghetto by day, a Gehenna by night!  
Who cares for the meaningless trill of a lark,  
When the shriek of the sputer is heard in

Hyde Park?

"In London the spirits are cheerful and light,"  
O MORRIS, your lyre is not up-to-date—quite.  
You knew not how coarse *Boanerges* can bawl,  
Saw not on the turf filthy vagrants asprawl.

In Liberty's name what strange license is  
shown  
To the scoundrels who swear, and the zealots  
who groan;  
On turf that is tender, 'midst leaves that are  
green,  
The sights are repulsive, the sounds are  
obscene.

Yes, MORRIS, that's what we now make of our  
Park;  
And as to the deeds that go on after dark,  
They would be far too gross for *your* liberal  
Muse,  
And to sing them e'en satirists now must  
refuse.

You fancied each object in town a fresh treat;  
Had you seen a tramp huddled upon a park  
seat,  
You might not have felt so "revived by *that*  
whim,"  
And you certainly had not sat down after *him!*

Full many a trait of the times of gross GEORGE  
Makes humanity shrink, raises Liberty's gorge;  
But certain things now that to Park and Pall  
Mall come,  
In Freedom's name, truly are more free than  
welcome.

In a Park that is spacious, umbrageous, and  
green,  
Seats, sprawlers, and speeches, at least,  
should be *clean*.  
And oh what avail that 'tis fragrant and floral,  
If loungers are frowsy and manners immoral?

"In London, thank heaven! our peace is  
secure"  
You sang; and your London you knew, to be  
sure.  
But whether by daylight, or whether by dark,  
*Our* peace is by no means secure—in Hyde  
Park!

Ah, MORRIS, we're freer, more human, more  
kind,  
Since you found your London so much to your  
mind.  
But, though to your days we've no wish to  
return,  
In the art of park-keeping we've something to  
learn.

---

THE POET-LAUREATE STAKES (*by "Our Special Commissioner"*).—There is not much to choose between the competitors for the above unimportant fixture. Ever since the publication of the weights *Sir Edwin Arnold* has held the position of first favourite. He appears to have derived no harm from his recent journey to "India"; indeed, on visiting him at his new quarters in "the Tenth Mews" we found him in the pink of condition. Although *Mr. Austin* has, owing to a strained cæsura, and consequent restriction to walking exercise, gone back in the betting, he is, nevertheless, looked upon in some quarters as a likely candidate; while *Sir Lewis Morris* is very much fancied—by himself. A somewhat sensational wager of £3000 to £10 was booked against *Sir Lewis* and *Mr. Henley* "coupled."

---

CAUTION IN RIGHT DIRECTION.—Dear *Mr. Punch*,—The direction, written by a correspondent, on an envelope I found on returning from a short trip, suggested to me exactly the description of a sly

puss (which I am not) of a young lady (which I am) who would be a perfect model of propriety ("that's me") in her own domestic circle, but

"Forward if away from home!"

There's a nice description! So misleading! I mention this as *something to be avoided* by any one writing to a nice girl of his, or her, acquaintance, and placing *special posting directions on the envelope*.

Yours ever,  
LALAGE.

---

COWARDLY ACTION ON THE PART OF A SOLDIER.—To "strike a tent."

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## RESCUE!

BLUEBEARD . . . TURKEY.

FATIMA . . . ARMENIA.

THE THREE BROTHERS . . . ENGLAND, RUSSIA, FRANCE.

---

## THE PROBLEM PLAYWRIGHT'S VADE MECUM.

*Question.* Has the Problem Play a solution?

*Answer.* Certainly; it answers the purposes of the author and the manager.

*Q.* From this I take it that it is invariably successful?

*A.* Well, it is never a failure; or, rather, hardly ever.

*Q.* Can you make your meaning a little plainer?

*A.* If it is not invariably a triumph of coin, it is a success of esteem. The house is crowded for a couple of months.

*Q.* And after?

*A.* The Problem Play is not expected to have an after.

*Q.* What is the essence of such a creation?

*A.* The unconventional treatment of the conventional.

*Q.* Give an example?

*A.* Two men tossing up for a lady. In *Box and Cox* the transaction was conducted with the assistance of a sixpence in the politest fashion imaginable; in a later version the affair could not

be arranged without a pack of cards and much forcible language.

Q. Was the scene the same in both, like the situation?

A. No, in *Box and Cox* the spot was a second-floor back; in the other, the interior of an observatory on the summit of a mountain.

Q. Can you mention any other characteristic of the Problem Play?

A. The dramatist should be daring. People should say of his work that it would have surprised their parents and startled their grandmothers into fits.

Q. How can this desirable end be attained?

A. By the playwright causing his heroine to throw a pocket-bible into the fire, or perform some other act of parallel eccentricity.

Q. Should the heroine have any peculiarity?

A. As a rule she should be a woman with a past.

Q. But has not this type been worked to death?

A. It has certainly seen much service, to that the newest kind of heroine is to be preferred.

Q. What is the newest kind of heroine?

A. The woman who, without having a past, has, under the influence of drink, seriously damaged the possibility of enjoying a future.

Q. When does the leading situation arrive?

A. At the end of the second act. What goes before and comes after that climax is, to a large extent, immaterial.

Q. What is the customary fate of the heroine after the leading situation?

A. On rare occasions, suicide "off." But the usual exit is a retreat in rear of the clergy.

Q. What is the customary effect of the Problem Play?

A. That for a considerably longer time than nine days it is a wonder. Every one talks about it, and many see it during that period. When the wonder is exhausted according to precedent the cause of the amazement is forgotten.

Q. And, when this last season arrives, what does the author do?

A. A dramatist, having written one Problem Play, usually writes another.



"DON JOSÉ."

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PROFESSIONAL AND JOURNALISTIC.—The Editor of an illustrated paper says that his only difficulty with his artists is "the Initial Difficulty." He now has on hand an illustrated alphabet ready for all emergencies.

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## THAT TUNE!

(*Sad Story of a Victim of "D—d Iteration."*)

*Tum-tum-tum-tiddle-um-tum-tum!*  
'Tis ground out twelve times over!!  
My nerves all twitch, my brain seems  
numb,  
Faith! I'm a music-lover;  
But that infernal organ-grind,  
With hideous iteration,  
Is driving me out of my mind,  
Into sheer desperation.  
*Tum-tum-tum-tiddle-um-tum-tum!*  
*Tum-tum*—O this is maddening!  
It may be in some gloomy slum,  
The organ-grinder's gladdening.  
But to a poor suburban scribe,  
Intent on scribbling copy,  
'Tis torture! Shall I try a bribe?  
Or seek oblivion's poppy?  
*Tum-tum-tum-tiddle-um-tum-tum!*  
*Tum-tum-tum-tiddle*—Gracious!  
Those "tums" will split my tympanium,  
Eternally sequacious.  
Free country? Bah! When an organ-  
strain  
May blast, and blight and bore you,  
Till you get "tum-tum" on the brain?  
Ah! There's a picture for you!  
*Tum-tum-tum-tiddle-um-tum-tum!*—  
(The writer, once thought clever,  
Is now at Hanwell, doomed to hum  
That hideous tune for ever!)

---

A STORY ANENT THE NORTH.—According to the *Dundee Advertiser*, Colonel NORTH has paid cash to the King of the BELGIANS, not for concessions of land near Ostend, but for similar advantages on the Congo. It has been rumoured that the purchase-money was ostensibly (or should it be Ostensibly?) handed over for the possession of the former, and not the latter. But the rumour must be taken with reserve. Perhaps the report may have arisen from the fact that the Belgian watering-place is situated on the North Sea—a locality naturally associated with the name of the King of the Nitrates. Be this as it may, the gallant Colonel is certain to command the confidence of volunteers in the future as in the past. So far as he is concerned, shares (plough and other varieties) will be as popular as bayonets.

---

## Stones in Sermons.

"Sermons in stones," the poet says; and when  
Smelfungus scolds, and rails, and girds, and  
groans at us,  
We feel that worst of sermonising men  
Is—throwing stones at us.

---

Mrs. R. observes of a respectable young man among her acquaintances, that she was sorry to hear he was incremented in a recent swindling case.

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## BIKE v. BICYCLE.

*Some Tennysonian Bouts-rimés.*

[Mr. ERNEST SHIPTON, Secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club, protests against the term "bike" as being unmitigated slang.]

Bike, bike, bike,

By your leave, oh C. T. C.  
Quite too long for my tongue to utter  
Is "bicycle"—*bike* for me!

O well for the slang-loving boy,  
That he "bikes" with his sister at play!  
O well for the lass or lad  
Who don't Mr. SHIPTON obey!

For, in spite of him, "bikes" go on,  
Thus called, over dale and hill;  
And "bicycles" soon will be vanished,  
and  
The voice of the pedant still.

Bike, bike, bike,  
*Mr. Punch* says, oh C. T. C.  
And the tender grace of a term that is  
dead  
Will never come back to me!

---

TO SQUIRE PUNCH.—SIR,—I don't quite know how to spell the gentleman's names, whether its "TYCHO" or "TYKEO BRAHE," but, anyhow, he was a sharp chap, and all I want to learn for certain is, was he one of the good old genuine "Tykes," and a Yorkshireman?

Yours,  
JOHN BROWDIE'S GRANDNEPHEW.

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**THE LATEST LITERARY SUCCESS.**

"THE WOMAN WHO WANTED TO."

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## **A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.**

### **CHAPTER I.**

The great reform had been effected. Thanks to the Matrimonial Tripos Act, passed a few years previously, it was no longer left to blind chance to decide what women should receive the privileges of matrimony. All those who aspired to them had to enter for the Tripos held once a year under the supervision of the State, and to pass a rigorous examination in Household Arithmetic, Domestic Economy, Etiquette, and other subjects. Only those who obtained a first class were allowed to marry noblemen or millionaires, those who got a second might mate with a peer's younger son or a baronet, while those hapless ones who failed to get a third were absolutely prohibited from matrimony, although occasionally one or two who narrowly missed taking honours were allowed a detrimental by the examiners. And no maiden was permitted to enter for the examination more than three times in all.

It was the knowledge of this last fact which cast a shade of troubled anxiety upon the faces of

STREPHON SMITH and AMARYLLIS JONES as they paced up and down the garden on the eve of the annual examination. Their engagement had been a long one, for twice had AMARYLLIS entered for the Tripos, and twice had been hopelessly ploughed. Should she fail once more on the morrow

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"Nay, my AMARYLLIS," cried the faithful STREPHON, "look not so downcast. Failure? it is impossible! Have not I coached you carefully in all the subjects? Come, repeat once more, to give you confidence, the formulæ of poultry-rearing."

AMARYLLIS smiled sadly. "It is unnecessary," she replied; "I remember them well. And yet my mind misgives me. Should that hateful MELIBOEUS BROWN foil us once again——"

"Speak not his name!" exclaimed STREPHON, grinding his teeth. "True that he has vowed that we shall never marry; true that at your first attempt, under the mask of friendship, he inscribed all the wrong dates upon your dainty cuff, while on the next occasion he bribed the candidates sitting next to you to jog your elbow and to upset the ink over your papers; but on this occasion he will be powerless. With the knowledge which, thanks to my assiduous coaching, you now possess, you are certain to pass. A month hence, my AMARYLLIS, and we shall be wedded."

AMARYLLIS flung herself into his arms. "If only I am not ploughed! But, darling STREPHON, I have a request to make of you. I implore you to sit in the gallery to-morrow throughout the examination, and so, looking up to your face, I shall gain fresh courage."

"Sweet, I will do so," cried STREPHON. "And—you know the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, I think? If so, and an answer has slipped your memory, perhaps——"

"Nay," said AMARYLLIS, firmly. "'Tis unnecessary. And we must run no risks."

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## CHAPTER II.

The great examination had begun. Ranged at the long rows of tables sat the fairest of England's maidenhood; some conning the paper with painful perplexity, while others scribbled down the answers with feverish haste, or gazed imploringly up to the gallery whence their anxious lovers regarded them. Amongst these was plainly visible the heroic form of STREPHON SMITH.

Seated on a daïs at the end of the room was Professor PLUMBOSS, the chief examiner, the same who had ploughed no fewer than 5428 candidates at the last examination. Perhaps it was the effect of the constant terror of assassination in which he lived, but on this particular morning the Professor seemed ill-at-ease. Ever and anon he pressed his hand firmly on his head, as if he wished to retain a wig in its place; now and then he fumbled mysteriously with his beard. Could it be a false one?

But AMARYLLIS had no leisure to observe such trifles. With unfaltering pen she dashed off the answers to all the questions without a moment's hesitation, and she had finished a good half-hour before the appointed time. With all her wondrous grace of movement she tripped lightly up the room, and handed over her papers to the Professor. Surely there was an ill-disguised twinkle of elation in his eyes as he took them. And then, when AMARYLLIS had left, with her papers in his hand, he edged nearer and nearer to the fire-place. As if by accident, he prepared to drop them into the flames.

Little had he recked that the eagle eye of STREPHON SMITH was upon him. With a single bound that intrepid hero leaped from the gallery to the floor, rushed upon the Professor, with one resolute sweep of his hand knocked off his wig, spectacles and false beard, and disclosed the pale and trembling features of his hated rival, MELIBOEUS BROWN!

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## CHAPTER III.

And so the plot was discovered just in time. The nefarious BROWN had kidnapped the Professor on his way to the hall, had stolen his robes, and disguised himself so as to play the part of the examiner himself. Another minute, and his wicked plan would have succeeded, AMARYLLIS's papers would have been burnt, and she and STREPHON would have been separated for ever. Thanks to the latter's courageous action, the impostor had been detected, and was subsequently sentenced to several years' imprisonment.

When the real Professor had been liberated and came to look over AMARYLLIS's work, a slight difficulty arose. The law insisted that one who had answered with such perfect correctness must marry a peer, while STREPHON was but a humble commoner. However, a grateful nation rescued him from this dilemma by awarding him a dukedom.

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## A TRIO.

[AIR—"Three Blind Mice."]



Three new peers!  
Good ev'ry one!  
A. BORTHWICK, PLUNKET, H. DE WUMS,  
Are all conservatively chums,  
We hail with cheers in our col-lums  
The Three New Peers!

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QUERY FROM A CORRESPONDENT.—Please, Sir, can you tell me where I can obtain a work entitled "*Balmy on the Crumpet*"? I have heard it frequently mentioned, but up to now have searched the lists at the British Museum and (with the exception of the works of one "*Balmez, a Theologian*,") all in vain. I presume the work in question is a treatise on some department of the baking industry. Is there also another work entitled *Balmy on the Muffin*? In fact, I should very much like to collect all the treatises of this author on bakery.—Yours, OLD ROWLEY.

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"OVER!"—At last "GRACE before wicket" has received his five thousand pounds' worth of shilling testimonials, and has returned thanks to the indefatigable Sir EDWARD LAWSON, who initiated and carried out the idea in the *Daily Telegraph*. Your health, Dr. GRACE, and song, which of course would be "*Sing O the Green Willow!*" And his motto, "*There's nothing like leather!*" Will the celebrated batsman give a ball to celebrate the occasion?

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## ROUNABOUT READINGS.

A strange report reaches me, a rumour which (if such a course may be predicated of a mere report) opens up illimitable vistas. The dramatic critics, it would appear, have been for some time past in a state of dissatisfaction. A newspaper proprietor has been turned into a peer; editors in profusion have journeyed down to Windsor as very plain misters, and, having been tapped upon the shoulder with cold steel, have returned to the bosoms of their families as knights; a novelist, a mere teller of stories, has undergone the same process, not, it is well understood, for his own glory, but for the greater honour of Literature (capital L please); and, worst of all, an actor has survived the blood-curdling ceremony of the *accolade*, and has received the congratulations and gifts of other members of his profession.

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*Quæ cum ita sint*, the dramatic critics have been very naturally asking one another why they alone should toil and moil (the "midnight oil" irresistibly suggests itself as a pleasing and perfectly appropriate rhyme) without any recognition beyond the vulgar one of a money-payment, sufficient, no doubt, to keep them in bread and beer, ties, clothes, collars, and cuffs, but utterly inadequate when considered as a reward for the services they perform on behalf of Art and the Drama. One thing led to another (it generally does); there were conversations, interchanges of ideas, meetings, and so forth; and eventually matters came to a head in the formation of a society, the members of which pledged themselves to promote by all legitimate means the claims of dramatic critics to knighthoods, baronetcies, privy-councillorships, peerages, and other rewards.

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The final meeting, at which the rules were discussed and passed, and the officials appointed, began harmoniously enough. Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, proposed by Mr. ARCHER, and seconded by Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, was unanimously voted to the Chair. His opening speech was marked by great fervour. For years, he said, dramatic critics had been engaged in the thankless task of educating the public taste, and of instructing dramatic authors in the true principles of the construction of stage-plays. At last, thank heaven, they were beginning to be appreciated at their proper value. Their names were becoming household words. The average reader, when he opened his *World*, turned first to the article signed "W. A." The same, or a similar person, rushed breathlessly through *The Speaker* until he was arrested by the magic initials "A. B. W." At this point Mr. ARCHER intervened with the remark that for himself, he might say there was only one article, the dramatic, in the *Daily Telegraph* that absolutely fascinated him; and Mr. WALKLEY, rising immediately afterwards, observed that, having studied the essays of M. LEMAITRE, he had no hesitation in saying that the pungent critiques of the *Telegraph* were equalled, he would not say surpassed, by the masterly *aperçus* of stage-craft to be found in *Truth* and the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT was visibly affected, and having with difficulty mastered his emotion, proceeded to shake both his colleagues by the hand, and in a voice broken with sobs thanked them for their tributes. He himself, he added, had endeavoured to make the stalls and the dress circle fit places for the flower of English maidenhood, for those beautiful, blushing British girls who were at once the joy of their families and the pride of our race. He then called upon all the members present to state what titles they preferred, intimating that, by the express desire of the committee, he himself was willing to become a Duke.

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Mr. ARCHER and Mr. WALKLEY having declared their preference for Marquises, Mr. MOY THOMAS said that an Earldom would satisfy his modest needs. Mr. BENDALL thought Viscount sounded attractive, and chose that title; while Mr. A. E. T. WATSON intimated that all he wanted was to be a Baron—Baron BADMINTON OF BEAUFORT. Mr. BERNARD SHAW stood by his life-long principles, and

declined everything except a Privy-Councillorship. Various other gentlemen having spoken, and a complete list of titles having been arranged, the meeting was about to adjourn, when Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT rose again to make a few parting observations.

"My Lords," he began amidst deafening applause, "it only remains for me to state briefly the principles by which we shall be guided. We shall not truckle to the nauseating rubbish purveyed by any Norwegian charlatan." What else he would have said must for ever remain a matter of guess-work, for at this point he was immediately set upon by Lord ARCHER, and torn forcibly from his chair. Baron BADMINTON, however, gallantly came to His Grace's assistance, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Strawberry leaves were torn to tatters, and several handsome property coronets were ruthlessly trampled under foot. Order was, however, at last restored by the arrival of Sir HENRY IRVING with a strong force of dramatic authors armed with problem-plays. In the conflict that followed many heads were broken, but eventually the hall was cleared. It is understood that, notwithstanding this deplorable incident, the agitation is to be vigorously pursued. I shall publish any further information that may reach me.

## SIR E. CLARKE AND THE BAR—AN EXPLANATION.

SIR,—The paper you edit with so much advantage to the public is the recognised organ of the legal profession. This being so, I appeal to you on behalf of the Bar. Sir, it will not have escaped your attention that on a recent occasion Sir EDWARD CLARKE, in returning thanks for his colleagues of the Law List, referred to the custom observed by some counsel of accepting briefs indiscriminately. The ex-Solicitor-General (shortly, I trust, to become "Mr. Attorney",) related an anecdote concerning the last of the Barons—Mr. Baron HUDDLESTONE—to the following effect. You will remember that Sir EDWARD, when only a stuff-gownsmen, was "with" the eminent Bencher of Gray's Inn in a case. "I trust, Mr. CLARKE," said the coming Baron's assistant to the then promising Junior, "that you will be able to attend to it if Mr. HUDDLESTONE fails to put in an appearance." "I suppose," replied the future Sir EDWARD, "that Mr. HUDDLESTONE is not coming." "Well, he *may* be away," was the reply, "because to-day he has briefs in thirteen other actions." Then Sir EDWARD wittily explained that the fault lay with the public. Suitors could select their own advocates, and there were plenty of men practising at the Bar who would gladly accept a brief, for a very moderate fee, should the services of a better-known colleague be retained in some other matter. Mr. ex-Solicitor is perfectly right. There are such men. For instance, I myself, should Sir EDWARD wish it, would willingly assist him. If he has an overflow of pink-tape tied parcels, let him send them to me, and I will give them my best attention. I shall be delighted to pick up, so to speak, the documentary crumbs that fall from his brief-encumbered table. But that is a matter which chiefly concerns Sir EDWARD and myself. It is not entirely with a view to making the above suggestion that I address you. No, Sir, I have other than personal interests at heart.



I am convinced that, although every counsel has the right to be "retained" in every case, but a comparative few exercise the privilege. I have known the late Serjeant PARRY (with whom I have had the honour to act—while taking a note in the temporary absence of a learned friend—on more than one occasion) return his brief, with its accompanying honorarium, when unable to attend to the former, and thus earn the latter. Speaking for myself, I made it a rule, shortly after I was called, never to "devil" in two places at once. But to come to the point. As a matter of fact—and a grain of true testimony is better than a ton of theory—I can deliberately declare that, during a long forensic experience, extending over several decades, I have never had two cases on the same day. And what has been my experience no doubt has been the experience of many others. I would not for worlds have it thought that I neglect my duty because I have a plethora of professional work. And here I must stop, as I have to give my most careful attention to a consent brief, which appears to me to bristle with technical difficulties. However, as I am desired to acquiesce, I shall no doubt carry out my client's instructions with the customary formalities.

*Pump-handle Court, Oct. 21.*

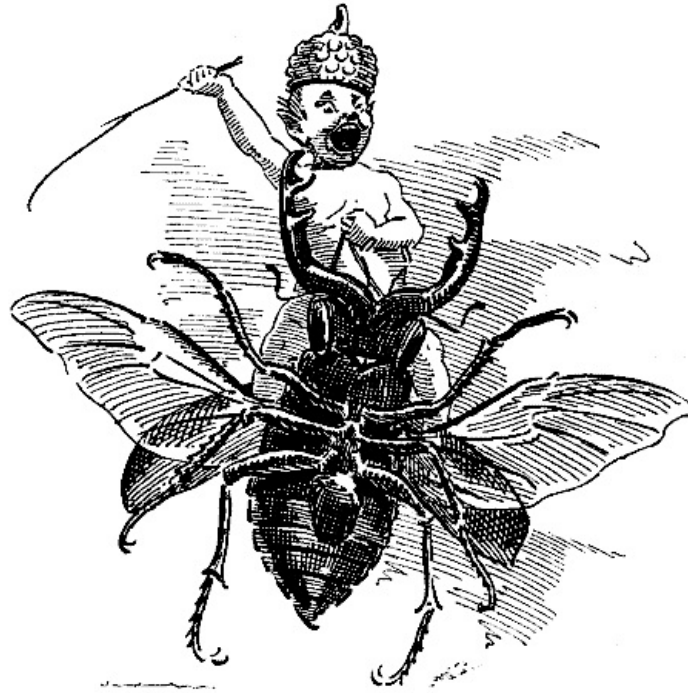
(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

## HOW KIPPER SLEW THE NEW FOREST HORNET.

### CHAPTER I.—*The Recluse.*

Once upon a time there was a little goblin called KIPPER, who lived the life of a hermit in a hollow oak-tree in the New Forest. He never made merry with the elves, and had a positive dislike to fairies; and, if any of them presumed to address him, he would curl himself into a ball like a hedgehog, and refuse to straighten himself until he was left alone again. Various rumours were current in Fairyland as to the reason of KIPPER's moroseness. Some said that he had been robbed by an unscrupulous brother of a valuable iron mine, situated under Hengistbury Head; others,

that he had been crossed in love; while there was a third party in Fairydom which stoutly maintained that he had been expelled from Goblinland on account of his desire to upset the king and queen, and establish a republic. Be that as it may, KIPPER was no favourite in the country of his exile. Not that he need have been unsociable, for, when he first arrived, the greatest attention was paid to him by his neighbours. The most important personages in Fairydom called upon him, he received invitations to the Court balls, and he was bidden to several jolly bachelor parties given by the elves on the sward which surrounds Rufus's Stone.



"He thought nothing of taking a clump of dock leaves."

But KIPPER made no response to these advances. He showed that he meant to be unsociable, and, little by little, the notabilities and landed gentry ceased to take any notice of him. Occasionally some of the sportsmen of The Court, when out hunting the slow-worms and the bumble-bees, would come across KIPPER, mounted on a huge and vicious looking stagbeetle, which he managed with considerable address, but he never deigned to respond to their salutations, but passed on his way with a malevolent grin. Even the forest pigs and ponies took a dread of him at last, and would scamper away through the bracken directly they saw him approach. As to the deer, the pheasants, the rabbits, and the hares, they would just as soon have faced a poacher. It will be seen, therefore, that KIPPER was not the sort of person to whom an elf or a fairy would appeal in case of distress. If he had a heart at all, it was like that of an artichoke, all choke—and very little arti. As far as human beings went, KIPPER had a lofty disdain for them and their ways. He smiled contemptuously when the stagbeetle told him how the elves had stolen this cottager's milk, or robbed that verderer's garden of its gooseberries. And his sarcasm was equally pronounced when he heard how a fairy orchestra had serenaded the parson's pretty daughter on Midsummer Eve, or that some good-natured fays had collected the swarming bees of a hard-working farmer, and driven them home against the wishes of their queen. KIPPER looked upon men, women, and children as wretched beings, who worried themselves without any necessity—poor creatures, whose only object in life appeared to be to endeavour to make one another miserable, and discontented with their very existence. Therefore he regarded them no more than he would newts and lizards. Indeed, he often told the stagbeetle that he had far more respect for a newt, because he could develop an orange waistcoat, whereas a man could not keep his chest warm without robbing another animal of its skin or wool. As to the lizards, they only came out when they could bask in the sun; whereas a man had to pick up and kindle sticks to keep his ugly body warm, and cook his poisonous food.

Now if KIPPER could be said to enjoy anything, it was the leaping of big obstacles when mounted on the stagbeetle. He thought nothing of taking a clump of dock leaves, or of flying or sailing over a thick bush of prickly gorze. It cannot be said that the stagbeetle enjoyed the jumping as much as his master did; but inasmuch as the gnome had broken him in at an early age, and never rode without a pair of stout hawthorn pricks on his heels and a bramble switch in his hand, the coal-black steed had to make the best of a bad job. One fine day, however, when KIPPER had partaken somewhat too freely of some fine wild honey, which he had found in an old oak, an accident occurred to the reckless, rash rider. On his way home he had to pass by Stoney Cross, and it so happened that the road was being mended, and a huge heap of granite lay by the wayside. Nothing would satisfy KIPPER but that he must leap this mound, and so he told the stagbeetle to put forth all his strength. The poor creature besought his master not to risk both their lives, but KIPPER was as hard as a pond after a six weeks frost. Gathering his rush-reins in his hands, and ramming the hawthorn pricks into the sides of the stagbeetle, he cried, "Hi! over," and went for the granite. The stagbeetle did his best, but just before he made his effort he

faltered in his stride. The next moment he was kicking out with his hind legs, and his horns were sticking between two great stones on the top of the hard hillock; while a yard on the other side, among the moss and wild thyme, there was lying quite still the body of the luckless KIPPER.

(To be continued.)

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### THE ONE THING WANTING.

A year ago my hand I tried,  
I wrote for you a verse or so,  
To sing your praises far and wide  
A year ago.

And, though your nature scarce could  
grow  
More sweet, in you I then espied  
An incompleteness. I was slow  
To comprehend the thing denied  
To make you perfect. Now I know—  
A bicycle you did not ride  
A year ago!

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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—"*Boconnoc*." What a name! It is a "Romance of Wild Oatcake." It might almost be of Mild Oatcake. It is the story of an unprincipled boy, a flighty young married woman, and a sottish husband. The first third of the book is somewhat interesting, and pleasantly written. The second third is dull; and the last revives the reader's interest just a bit. But, on the whole, to quote *Sir Charles Coldstream*, in *Used Up*, "There's nothing in it." It is disappointing to those who expect much more than this from the author.—B. DE B.-W.

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The school-boy of to-day—what, after all, is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?—is no longer to *waste* his time in poring over the musty classics! "He is to take an intelligent interest in other subjects than the dead languages," says *Truth*, which proceeds to give "as well worthy of being held up as a model for imitation elsewhere," the contents of an *up-to-date* examination paper, upon current events, recently set at Rugby school. This modern move is, doubtless, an excellent thing, but one which may be carried too far; and it would, we venture to think, be a pity if schools were to be, in the words of *Mercutio*, "too much afflicted with these new tuners of accents, who stand so much on the *new form* that they cannot sit at ease *on the old bench*." What if PINERO and ZANGWILL were substituted for PLATO and XENOPHON?

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TRIFLES LIGHT AS "EYRE."—The trustees of a St. John's Wood property may certainly be said to be "after the brass." If, however, their learned counsel is successful in obtaining the colossal amount claimed, he might then say, with HORACE, "*Exegi monumentum Eyrë perennius*."

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"UNPLEASANT LITTLE INCIDENT."—So the *P. M. G.* styled it. As the GERMAN EMPEROR and EMPRESS were passing through Metz, somebody, from a café window, shouted, "*Vive la France!*" Several arrests were of course made, but apparently nothing more was heard of the *Vox et prætereā nil*. This recalls a similar incident that occurred during the trial of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, "Put it down a 'we, my Lord!' a voice in the gallery exclaimed, aloud. Search was made. Nobody. "If you could have pointed him out," said little *Mr. Justice Stareleigh* to *Sam Weller*, "I would have committed him instantly." Whereat "*Sam* bowed his acknowledgments," and the incident ended.

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"FALLS OF FOYERS."—A correspondent writes:—"I have seen a good many letters in the *Times*, headed "*The Falls of the Foyers*." Here and abroad I have seen many Foyers, and only fell down once. This was at the Théâtre Français, where the Foyer is kept highly polished, or used to be so. If the Foyers are carpeted or matted, there need be no "Falls."

Yours, COMMON SENSE.

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"*Winter Comes*" as a companion picture to "*Autumn Leaves*."

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#### Transcriber's Note

Page 193: 'distingued' corrected to 'distinguished'.

"... raising pale distinguished eyes to a Chippendale mirror..."

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