LONDON:
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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1879.
HERE was nothing else for it, they said at the F. O. and the C. O. It had been Sir Garnet’s last wish, as he stepped on board the transport at Portsmouth, to have me at his elbow. I had promised him to think about it. I had thought about it. I had handed over the charge of the Office to Tony —transferred the Editorial Chair to the oldest Contributor—kissed Jundy and embraced our child—bought a solar topee and a Kharkoo jacket—detached from the trophy, of which it forms the central ray, “le sabre, le sabre, le sabre de mon pére”—and, to cut a long story short, I was there!

“Push on to the front,” said Sir G.; “and see if you can’t set things straight with Cetewayo.” To hear was to obey. I am not particular about Commissariat or personal comforts. My habit is not to make difficulties, but to overcome them. I waive the tale of my insmannings and outmannings, my struggles over spruits and drifts and dongas, my weary veld-marches, my breakneck kopje-climbs, my gauntlet-running of Zulu ambushes, my defiance of all imps of darkness, and impis of deeper darkness still. Enough that I was there, at last—in the black presence—front to front with the formidable son of Panda. I will not say that my interview had not been facilitated by a letter of my friend and Cetewayo’s, worthy Bishop Clando.

“Let me introduce my old friend Punch,” he wrote, concisely. “If anybody can make things straight between you and the English Government, he will. Only listen to what he tells you, and do it.”

I have no very distinct recollection of how I came into the Royal presence. My recollection on this point is, I own, confused. It could not have been the Caffre beer. I had kept it up late, I know, with the chief poet and head witch-finder, but they assured me there was not a head-ache in a hundred calabashes; and I was cool, quite cool—in fact, in something like a cold chill—when I was told by a black Chamberlain in cow-tail garters, and a court-dress of a bead-belt and head-ring, that Cetewayo would be glad to hear anything I had to say to him; that I was his father; and that he hoped I would adopt him as my son, and teach him, now that he had washed his spears, how to dry them.

To my astonishment the Zulu monarch was not alone when I reached the presence. He was surrounded with representatives of all the Powers England has been at odds with during the last twelvemonth. No wonder the kraal of audience was crowded. As I stood there—my topee on my head—I had notified to the Chamberlain that I would no more stoop to take off my hat before the Royalty of Ulundi than our Burmese Envoy his shoes before that of Mandalay—the sabre of my father under my arm, “in act to speak, . . . and graceful waved my hand,” I was enabled to identify, on the other side of the estrade which divided me from my auditors, types of Afghan and Burman, Sclav and Bulgar, Egyptian and Greek, Turk and Skipetar and Montenegrin—representatives of almost as many races and bloods as there are divisions of opinion in the Irish Home-Rule party.

“And these are the races we have been fighting—or at least quarrelling with when we were not fighting!” I thought with pride. “What an illustration of that ‘peace’ which we have, at last, learnt to reconcile with ‘honour’!”
My self-congratulations were interrupted by Cetewayo springing nimbly to the front, and clashing his assegai against his shield by way of enforcing attention.

"Speak, oh PUNCH!" exclaimed the sable monarch. "What should Cetewayo do?"

"Cetewayo should listen to the Missionaries England has sent him."

"England is very kind. But why send all to Cetewayo? Why not keep some at home?"

"We have not left ourselves altogether without reverend counsellors of the same cloth," I replied, "if not the same name."

"But if you have Missionaries left at home, why do they not teach you the same things they teach me? They tell me I must not invade Englishman's country. Englishman invade mine. They forbid me to wash my spears in Boers' blood. Englishman wash his bayonets in Zulus'. They teach me I must not keep up my army of young men. Englishman keep up his army of younger men than mine. They say I must not kill Zulu. Englishman kill Zulu. I must not take your cattle. You take mine. I must not settle on Englishman's or Boer's land. Englishmen and Boers settle on my young men's."

"Hear! hear!" rang loud from the delighted Representatives of hostile or aggrieved Nationalities, who had hung on the thick lips of the sable Sovereign.

"Ditto to Cetewayo!" they cried, as with one voice. "Do as you would be done by, and you will not do as you have done."

I found it harder to answer the naked Savage's argument than I had expected; and felt that to go into a detailed reply would be hopeless. But I at once saw my way to a short cut—like our own High Commissioner.

"You will find my answer there!" I answered, pitching right in the face of the Zulu Monarch. It took him unawares; broke down the feeble guard of his cowhide shield, and laid him on his back, prostrate and helpless.

Seizing my opportunity, I leapt on the Volume, and executing a wild war-dance, strove, with emphatic entrechats, to drive its contents into the prostrate Zulu. In the violence of this exertion, I awoke—and lo! it was a dream! And the sound I had heard was the clamour of the Printer's Boy craving "copy" for the Preface of
A YEAR'S GOOD WORK.

People may grumble about the management of Charities, doubt the good of Soup-Kitchens and Asylums for the houseless, or even venture a query whether the great good of Hospitals is not diminished by serious physical and economical drawbacks which might be lessened by wiser management; but there is one institution whose work, and whose way of doing it, nobody, so far as Punch knows, ever questions, and that is the National Lifeboat Institution.

Its battle is with the sea and the storm is never-ending. But if the ocean can score to its side an awful list of casualties,—dead, wounded, and missing,—the gallant Institution whose head-quarters are at 14, John Street, Adelphi, can boast its victories, too, and reckon up the lives saved by its gallant army of life-saving craft, and their life-risking but life-destroying crews.

Its roll of brave deeds bravely done in 1878, shows—

"A total of 471 lives rescued by the Society's Lifeboats, in addition to 17 vessels saved from destruction. In the same period the Lifeboat Institution voted rewards for saving 145 lives by fishing and other boats, making a grand total of 616 lives saved last year, mainly through its instrumentality. Altogether, since its formation, the Society has contributed to the saving of 26,051 shipwrecked persons, for which services it has granted 980 Gold and Silver Medals, besides pecuniary awards to the amount of £56,850. The lifeboat services has varied much, some having been rendered during the darkness of the night, others in the daytime; but nearly all have been rendered during stormy weather, which would have prevented any open boat from accomplishing the rescue. Again, it is most satisfactory to know that, notwithstanding the peril and exposure incurred by the gallant crews, not a single life was lost last year from the 269 Lifeboats of the Society, although about 12,000 men were out in them on all occasions."

And all this saving of life, with not one life lost in the act of salvage, terrible as were the enemies in whose teeth all these victories were won!

It is something to be proud of—better—something to be thankful for,—and in no way can our gratitude to the gallant salvors, and the heads that station and equip them for their warfare, be shown, than,—as they respond to the cry "Man the Lifeboat!"—by responding to the cry "Money the Lifeboat!" for even the saving of life costs money, though incalculably less than the destroying it.

Then let Punch, too, send round his cap and bells, in aid of the work and wants of the National Lifeboat Institution!
A VENIAL IMPOSTURE.

Sketch of a certain Bold Major, just home from India on Sick Leave, taking (as he declares) his first lesson in the art of Skating. (We recollect the B.M. in days gone by. He was the champion of at least three different Skating Clubs.)
T ime's river flows without a break or bridge,
The moments run to days, the days to years:
Strange how we pause on the dividing ridge,
Which 'twixt Old Year and New our Fancy rears!
There, with divided mind, see England stand,
Between the chill of fear, the flush of hope,
Scanning the cloud that lies about the world,
For rift that way to light may open.
With backward survey o'er the dark "has been,"
With forward gaze into the dark "to be:"
Summing the good and ill that we have seen,
As if God's purposes stood plain to see—
As if 'twere man's to reach Heaven's far-off ends;
To reckon up Time's harvest in the seed;
To write off gains of good and ill's amends—
The balance of their books as traders read.
As thick a fold between us and the past,
As e'er between us and the future, lies:

The ills we grieve for may work good at last:
Out of our seeming good what ills may rise!
Only one thing we know, that over all
A wise and loving Power holds sovereign sway:
This knowing, let us stand between the years,
Bent but to do the duty of the day;
Speaking the truth and holding to the right,
As we the truth can reach, the right can read:
Their notion the hand that steers, through dark and light,
By His lode-star, not ours, to ends decreed.
Between our larger and our lesser worlds,
Of self, home, city, state or continent,
There is no variance of far or near,
Of great or small, in that Guide's measurement,
Twixt strokes of policy that hit or miss,
And slightest of skill that make or mar a cause.
Then, grateful, take his gifts, his strokes, submiss,
And look to Man for rule, to Heaven for Laws.
**UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.**

(Practical and Post-Classical Period.)

OXFORD.

The Mecchi Professor of Steam-ploughing will commence his mid-winter course of lectures as usual on Port Meadow on the first day of the coming term. Members of the University wishing to attend are requested to call, with their machines, stalkers, coke, and farmers' certificates, on the Professor at Christ Church, not later than Wednesday next.

The subjects selected for the examination in the final school (Libera Domestica) are as follows:

Projects of the Civil Service Co-operative Society.

List, 1845–79, the British Postal Guide, Bradshaw, and any other works on Postage, Drainage, the Cheese Trade, Coal Building, or the History and Ironmongery, at the option of the Candidate.

CAMBRIDGE.

The subject for the York Prize is "The Rise and Fall of Haircutting as a Fine Art." Candidates, who must be members of the University, and have taken the degree of "Bachelor of Dancing," will be expected to send, together with their composition, two or more life-sized barbers' busts in a sealed packet marked with the title motto, by which their names may be subsequently recognised. The Regius Professor of Haberdashery will continue his course of lectures on the "Striped Stockings of Western Europe," immediately after the commencement of the approaching Term.

At a congregated held yesterday, the ad eundem degree of D.B.P.M. (Doctor of Prime Butcher's Meat) was conferred on Mr. William Silverdene, of Smithfield University.

The Examination for the Tiger Hunting Tripos will commence on the First of April next.

**OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.**

(He visits the Alhambra to see "La Poule aux Grufs d'Or," and Covent Garden for "Jack and the Beanstalk.")

Six, "La Poule aux Grufs d'Or"—why not an English title?—belongs to the class of pieces which, in my humble opinion, ought, if ever to rise, to be produced in this country. The subject, characters, situations, and scenic effects of the piece are adapted to our dramatic styles; and it will be seen that not only is the story well told, but the settings, costumes, and acting, are all excellent. The piece has a good deal of farce in it, and is well suited to the pleasure of the audience. The music is charming, and the acting is excellent.

"Sailors' Hornpipe," which everybody in the house can hum or whistle, and to which everybody in the house feels, individually, inclined to get up and dance. The good old-fashioned hornpipe, thoroughly well danced—for the English public is most exacting on this point, as every one in the audience flatters himself that, however ignorant he may be on other points, he is quite an expert on this. This hornpipe never so well to a new tune and its success is a result, because the public is puzzled. No, M. Jacob, you are, for once, in error,—"ne nos bodine pas acce le Hornpipe.

For combination of colour, for grouping, and for the figures of the ballet, there is not a more effective show in London than the Union of the Nations, and the Bird-Ballet in the Second Act of "La Poule aux Grufs d'Or.

It is a pity the libretto should have been printed before the first day of the coming term. It is a fine piece of work, giving you not only plenty for your money, but a great deal too much, and occasionally something too little, as, for instance, in the omission of the French words, and the capital medley sung by Miss Losey and Mr. Rienton, which was three times encored, and would have been encored three times more if the Music-Hall airs, of which it is most popular, had been composed, had been brought down the other week. This duet is a fair example, of the style of comic music exactly suited to the Alhambra audience. Other specimens may be selected, such as the duet in French, between Mlle. Citizen, who admirably executes a "sallat after the Caffe Chanteur receipt, and M. Buffet, and also Urban's song, "I'm not in Wealth," a very taking air, composed by M. Jacob, and well sung by Mr. of course, M. Jacob, and well sung by Mr. of course, M. Jacob.

Miss Soldé is the dashing Princess Frenschufle, but in this piece she has not the chances which Genevieve de Brabant afforded to her in "La Poule aux Grufs d'Or." Miss Enter is the Miss Lowry sings charmingly. So perfect is her "I'm not in Wealth," a very taking air, composed by M. Jacob, and well sung by Mr. of course, M. Jacob.

I'm afraid Mrs. Belino will swoop down on the Alhambra one of these days, and claim her as a thorough "shaker." She has taken a bon-ennu (Ennui) off the audience, rather at a loss for an appropriate musical comparison.

The magical and amusing changes of scene, from a grotto to a boudoir, from boudoir to a garden, from garden to a boudoir, are exquisitely managed; while the arbour that gradually rises until it becomes a sort of tower of three storeys, with a lever in each compartment anxiously waiting for the Prince, who ascends from the ground floor to the attic, receiving the attentions, en passant, of all three, is a specimen of such practical fun as is thoroughly to the taste of the audience. All the transformation tricks are good, and as, in their opening Scenes, the Pantomimes of Drury Lane and Covent Garden seem to have discarded their mechanical devices, without which a pantomime loses half its charm—it is quite a treat to meet them in full force in "La Poule aux Grufs d'Or." There is a harmony in all the movements, a grace in all the figures, and a beauty in all the costumes. The piece is entirely successful, and is a perfect example of pantomime at its best.

"La Poule aux Grufs d'Or" is a case of "flags" from beginning to end, the stage mechanism being well managed. There is a glittering crowd, but that is nothing new. The pantomime is well managed, and the audience is thoroughly satisfied. The piece is a perfect example of pantomime at its best.
SEASONING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

11 A.M. From Editor to Contributor (per snow).—PLEASE write reasonable article. You know the sort of thing—holly, snow, mistletoe.

Contributor to Editor.

All right. The article is in hand. Coming out well, I think.

1 Noon, Editor to Contributor. —Very sorry. But there is a thaw. Change tone to suit weather.

Contributor to Editor.

All right. Will fit in beautifully. Just what I like.

1 P.M. Editor to Contributor.

Much distressed. Another change. November fog. Must keep the article up to date. Thaw your frost, and melt your snow.

Contributor to Editor.

All right. Altered to order. Thaw works in well. But how about working in fog without damping climate?

Will this Do? (By Book Post.)

Christmas! Yule-tide extending well into the New Year! What memories rise before us! Father Christmas—the dear old snow-barded man, with his evergreen sceptre, redolent of the green buds of the coming spring, and wrapped in his mantle of Scotch mist—Father Christmas lingers with us for many a week after the children have returned to school. Cherry, beery, sneezy, snowy, old Father Christmas! In this gladsome, merriest England of the sort of thing—the jolliest of Christmas!—take out the table-cloth, and shake down the crumbs, whilst I lead my catapault, and get ready to have a shy at them by the time she comes back, and they are all comfortably settled, and pitching in.

G. W.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

For those who give quiet little dinners, the following rule of precedence, from the "Answers" in the "Queen," will be found eminently useful:

1. TERRIORITY.—The host must take the Marchioness; the Bishop, the Earl's daughter; the Earl's younger son, the Dean's wife (daughter of Viscount); the Privy Councillor, the Queen's wife (daughter of Baron); the Earl, the wife of K.C.M.G.; the K.C.M.G., the Baronet's daughter; the Marquis, the hostess. There seems no lady provided for the Colonel; if there is a daughter of the house, he would take her.—\textit{Young Matron}?

All young Matrons should study this. Any one of them may find herself in just such a trying position. It makes one shudder to think what the consequences would be if the Colonel took down the Marchioness, the Marquis the Privy Councillor's wife, the General the Earl's daughter; and if by any dire mischance the Dean's wife (daughter of Viscount) and the General's wife (daughter to a Baron) fell to the K.C.M.G. and the K.C.M.G.!! Or if it was the Bishop instead of the gallant Colonel that was left single-handed to bring up the rear. This is really quite too awful to contemplate; yet if the young Matron lost her head, in such trying circumstances, it might so happen.

\textit{Frit a Poor Roof.}

\textit{(A Cry From St. Alban's;)}

Here I am! Some are hot to stone me.

Others with a view to "lone me—

Want to lead or copper-plate me;

Others at least cost would slide me.

Is it call, "twixt stone, slate, copper, lead—

That I should still be off my head?

THE FORCE OF A GREAT EXAMPLE.

Among the notices given in the House of Commons the first night of the Session, was one "To introduce a Bill for the Improvement of Spirits in bond." Does this point to further "rectification"?

ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF OUR INDIAN POLICY.—To convert Sheer Ali to sheer enemies.

PROPER DECORATION FOR A "BLOCKED" LAW COURT.—Bar-relief.

SYPATHY WITH SMALL BIRDS.

\textit{Please, Sir, don't you call this a jolly case—the jolliest of all the late cases—of benevolence to little birds? I copy it from a letter in the "Times," signed "E. C. T."—}

"The bad weather may return, and hints are valuable. A Lady in Hammerson, has, during the recent severe weather, left open the door of her greenhouse, and every night twenty birds—thrushes and blackbirds—have come in and rested in the vines inside."

I only wish during the next cold weather I could persuade the Governor to leave open the door of his greenhouse and let the birds in to roost—and be roasted, or made a pudding of, twenty or fifty and-twenty thrushes and blackbirds baked in a pie." But don't I wish I may catch him at it. I can't understand that old Lady in Hammerson being so green to leave her greenhouse door open in the cold, unkindly of the plants and the vines inside; for I don't suppose she did it to catch the thrushes and blackbirds; but if so, she doubt her idea of a trap beats everything of that kind in the Boy's Own Book, or anywhere else for knowledge of your admirable youthful reader.

GILBERT WHITE, JUN.

P.S. How pleasing to see the cock-sparrows collected in the elder-bush, outside the back-door, waiting till breakfast is over, and Carstairs takes out the table-cloth, and shakes down the crumbs, whilst I lead my catapault, and get ready to have a shy at them by the time she comes back, and they are all comfortably settled, and pitching in.

G. W.
PARADOXICAL.

Ethel. "It was a most wonderful performance, Aunt Tabitha! First, she was shot out of a cannon's mouth on to a trap-door fifteen yards above the orchestra, and then she swung herself up till she stood on a rope on one leg at least a hundred and twenty feet above our heads!"

Aunt Tabitha. "Am! I always think a woman lowers herself when she does that!"

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Benjamin (hugging his casket). Call that a New Year's Gift? Just look at mine!

William (feeling the edge of his axe). Oh, you were always caught by show and shine. The simple and substantial suit my taste.

Benjamin. You've no imagination!

William. On flashing, fleetling figures.

Benjamin. Don't be tart; But own that this most gorgeous Work of Art Excites your envy. You are vastly clever; But you'll admit that Eldorado never Stirred at your voice, or offered at your shrine.

William. Tribute from Midas is no wish of mine. I only filled the Empire's money-bags. You empty them, and so the "glittering crags And golden rivers" greet you—tis most fit.

Benjamin. Such sorry irony you take for wit, And think you're brilliant when you're only bitter.

William. In gibe that gleam and epigrams that glitter, I humbly own I'm not a match for you. My axe is no stiletto.

Benjamin. Roderick Dhu Trusted to ponderous strength 'gainst supple skill: You recollect the issue, my dear WILL? William. Quixite. But good sword-play's not all trick, and then You're scarcely a Fiz-James, my dandy Bax.

Benjamin. My dodges, though, have brought you many a cropper. I'll back my slight against your silver chopper, Gift of a small scratch Caucus, whom to know Argues oneself unknown. It is no go!

William. Farewell! (aside.) A very odd, all slime and twist! (Exeunt severally, hugging their respective gifts.)

You're too parochial. Greatness is a corner Of the foregatherings of Hole-cum-Corner. But you—have you not strength your ears to shut E'en to the peddling praise of Lilliput?

William. Its small revellings I can scorn, and do, Even when echoed by a wit like you.

Benjamin. But do look at this casket, and admit The People's William might be proud of it.

William. Perhaps; did conscience tell him that the cause In which 'twas earned was worthy of applause.

Benjamin. Oh, when you come to conscience, that, of course, Is your monopoly. With deep remorse I own I'm the Black Bogeys which you paint, And you are a serene and snowly Saint. Only you see the Saint is scarce the winner: The wicked world, of course, prefers the Sinner: Conscience is not much liked when it turns sour. (William is about to expostulate.) Shut up!—and if you please—my worthy WILL, Don't perorate. An antihilious pill Would do you heaps of good. Jaundice, I'm sure, Distracts you, and demands a drastic cure. Try exercise, and your new axe. You're good, They say, at cutting down. I own my mood Leads more to setting up.

William (grimly). I hold that he Does better who brings down a rotten tree, Than he who tears a bough.

Benjamin. Chop away! Your axe bodes no one harm—or, so you say; At least I'm certain that it won't hurt me. Ah, William, don't you wish I were a tree? Ha! Ha! Ta! Ta! (aside.) Grim, acid egotist!
NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

Master Benjamin. "LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL GOLD CASKET!"

Master Gladstone. "AH!—BUT LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL, SILVER AXE!"
HAMLET AT THE LYCEUM.

It is pleasant to see any one who has laboured earnestly, honestly, and in a difficult and honourable career, attain the end for which he has worked. None of Mr. Irving's public could have sympathised more sincerely than Mr. Punch with Mr. Irving, when, standing before a crowded house, thrilling with enthusiasm, and tumultuous with applause, after more than four hours' close attention, the play that, above all other plays, taxes the mind, he was roused to eloquence, and Cambridge Colts against Obligebways and Esquimaux, Gateley to be given to Mr. Empyre's Emigration Fund, for supplying English unskilled throughout the States and Colonies.

Friday.—Butterfly Shooting at the Gun Club, and a Grasshopper Hunt at Hornsey. In the River Swimming Competition, the Championship of the Serpentine; to be decided in three heats, provided that the temperature be not below freezing-point.

Saturday.—Ladies' Lawn-racing at Wimbledon; to be followed by a pic-nic on the Common, and at fresco Fancy Ball, with comic songs, charades, and archery by moonlight.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

January 11, 1879.

SPORTING FIXTURES.
(The Present Variable Weather Permitting.)

Monday.—An Ice Regatta at Henley. Sledges races on the Thames, to be conducted by a skaters' committee, as will be advertised in the sporting columns of the journals. Mr. Jack Treat will officiate as Master of the Ceremonies.

Tuesday.—North Polo Match upon the lake at the Walsh Harp, which, it is confidently expected, will play the occasion, United Arctic and Baltic Bluesouses.

Wednesday.—Meeting of the Drags of the Royal Horse Guards Society, in order to provide the suspended thaw in all the parks, and rapid liquefaction of the ornamental lakes.

Thursday.—Grand Cricket Match at Lord's, and Cambridge Colts against Obligebways and Esquimaux. Gateley to be given to Mr. Empyre's Emigration Fund, for supplying English unskilled throughout the States and Colonies.

It is no sufficient reason for showing the apparition in the third scene of the "dreadful summit of the stage," that he may tempt Hamlet thither. Ghosts are strictly local institutions. They always haunt particular places; and the Castle of Elsinore is the place of the late Majesty of Denmark, who "at the gapes of the moon." But the change gives us an impressive and effective stage-picture, and is an immense improvement on the close setting of the play out in by mountains which choked the "ocean's breath.

Punch must still protest in as unqualified terms as ever against the absence of visible pictures in the Ghost Scene. "Counterfeitism" can by no means be words of base to mean the image of his father and of his uncle which Hamlet carries in his mind's eye. The passage is shorn of its best path and point and effect on the audience when visible pictures are dispensed with. The only recommendation of this novelty, as far as Punch can make out, is its singularity. What does Mr. Marshall say to it? Another reading of Mr. Irving's, which seems to Punch equally irreconcilable with the text, is Hamlet's sinking down when the Ghost disappears, thus making his "siews grow instant old," at the very moment when he calls upon them not to do so, but "to bear him stiffly up.

Nor can the transfer of the fencing-scene to an open gallery looking on the Palace orchard be reconciled (as Mr. Moy Thomas has pointed out), with Hamlet's cry—"Ho! let the door be locked." Though, here again, we get a pretty stage-picture, which may well excite the disquisition on Hamlet's words.

The discovery of the Gravediggers at their work instead of letting them walk on, is decidedly a change for the better, even if Mr. Irving and Mr. Marshall have not the first to make it.

After Hamlet, Ophelia, and the Ghost, the Lyceum Gravedigger's is the best acted. So Mr. Punch declares. As the name is new to Punch, played without any of the conventional false emphasis and exaggeration which have crusted over this, like most overworked parts, in Shakespearian adaptations, Mr. Irvine's is its Sager. What does Mr. Marsnart say to it? Another discovery of the Gravediggers at their work instead of letting them walk on, is decidedly a change for the better, even if Mr. Irving and Mr. Marshall have not the first to make it.

The Gravedigger's entry, is in the line of the general idea of Mr. Marshall's production. It is a Manager's memory may outlive his life forty years. It is not so.

Mr. Maxnart says to it. Another entry, is in the line of the general idea of Mr. Marshall's production. It is a Manager's memory may outlive his life forty years. It is not so.
"THE PROUD (POLICE-)MAN'S CONTUMELY."

Constable (to Old Wiggins, who has come down on a piece of Orange-peel and a Slide). "THE PROUD (POLICE-)MAN'S CONTUMELY."

"THAT'S NOW, I OPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!—SERVES YOU JOLEY WELL RIGHT!—IF I CATCHES YOU A SLIDIN' ON THE PAVEMENT AGAIN, I'LL RUN YOU IN—SHARP!"

All this Mr. Irving shows us in his Hamlet, but—to borrow Hamlet's own words to the Players—a rather cruel but just Nemesis—in such a fashion, "that you would think some of Nature's journeymen had made a man, and not made him well—he imitates humanity so abominably."

It would, in short, be difficult to find a better Hamlet, in conception, or a worse, in execution, so far as that depends—and how far does it not depend?—on elocution or action. Surely these glaring faults of elocution and action cannot be beyond cure in a man evidently so earnest and so intelligent as Mr. Irving. If one thought them so, it would be as cruel as useless to dwell upon them. But it cannot be necessary that a man should go on with this heartless vivisection of lines and sentences, cutting off verbs from their nouns, substantives from their adjectives, antecedents from their relatives, and prepositions from the words they govern; that he should make "God" rhyme to "mad," or "ghost" to "lost," with a host of other tricks of pronunciation just as outrageous. If these things can be cured, they ought not to be endured; and that they can be cured Punch does most potently believe. It is with tricks of movement as of speech. Are there not drill-sergeants and dancing-masters for the one, as well as professors of phonetics for the other?

There is so much thought and meaning, such sincerity of self-abandonment to the passions of his parts, and such evidently high aims in Mr. Irving—which are the matter and marrow of the Actor's business—that it is intolerable to find the words through which this must be conveyed set to such marred music of utterance and movement—which are but the manner and mask of it, but a manner that cannot be dispensed with, and a mask that cannot be laid aside.

It is quite excusable in the young enthusiasts who are indebted to Mr. Irvine for a keener and deeper insight into certain great parts and a fuller realisation of some great creations than the stage of their time has afforded them, to overlook, and even to admire and imitate his tricks and eccentricities, awkwardsnesses and mannerisms. One sees and hears young actors by the dozen doing so.

This is one bad effect of these tricks, besides their greater mischief of making intellectual stage-work—so rare in England—unpalatable, by faults which are capable of correction, if the Actor were made sensible of them. Actors should be models in these points. In speaking of the Ophelia of this memorable night, there needs no such qualification. In Ellen Terry's hands the execution of the part—but for the fright that on the first night almost strangled her singing in both mad scenes, and weakened the whole effect of the second—was as consummate, as its conception was subtle and complete. It was an ideally beautiful presentation, jarring in no point of look, movement, or speech with the image called up by Shakespeare's exquisite creation.

A propos of this very performance, Punch lately read the very acrid criticism, that "Ophelia is a part into which it is impossible to put much fresh significance." He especially admires this wise saw, when he thinks of the entirely fresh significance put by Ellen Terry into the great scene of the Third Act, in which Hamlet does his best to wrench the love of her out of his heart, and breaks her in the effort;—when he retraces the delicate shades by which this admirable actress distinguished the pangs of despised love from the worse pangs which follow the discovery that the noble mind she has so worshipped is overthrown—a misery summed up in the exquisite closing lines of the scene, which are the epitaph, not of her lost love, but of Hamlet's shattered reason.

If anything more intellectually conceived or more exquisitely wrought out has been seen on the English stage in this generation, it has not been within Punch's memory. When Miss Terry conquers her fright enough to be mistress of her voice and herself, her mad scenes will, no doubt, be as pathetically, if not as passionately, beautiful as her scene of heart-break. And if, on the first night, her "sweet bells were jangled out of tune," they were never harsh, and their muffled music was not, perhaps, the more appropriate voice to her piteous sorrow, and more piteous mirth.

Mr. Irving's Hamlet, with its beauties and its blemishes, its great merits of conception, and its grievous sins of execution, we knew already. Ellen Terry's Ophelia we did not know. That is the revelation for which we have to thank the new management of the Lyceum.
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT—PRO AND CON.

BRILLIANT IMPROVEMENT, OF COURSE; BUT, IF YOU TURN NIGHT INTO DAY, HOWEVER WILL THE POOR BIRDS KNOW WHEN TO GO TO "BYE-BYE"!

Strange Signs of the Times.

What are we coming to, Mr. Punch? The question which controversialists in the Times are now raising, I understand to be whether the language to be excluded from University Education at Oxford or Cambridge shall be Latin or Greek? Are we all going mad, Sir?

A Bewildered Country Gentleman.

Medical Equivalents.—Bon vivant—bad Liver.

Worse than Worsted.

As investments, except for the lower extremities, old stockings have, until lately, been discarded, even by grandmothers, for new Stocks. But recent calamities may have suggested a partial return to the smile system of banking. Yet in the case of Stockings as well as Stocks, it is quite possible to put both your money and your foot in it at the same time.

Any Cook to any Policeman.—"Robert, to qu'aime."
friends at a distance.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

visit the first.—chapter ix.

On the Greatness of Legend—To our guests—Haunted Chamber—The first—A difficulty.

"Tate!" Lexelaim, "* surely it's not past twelve." '' The time by month, and," he adds, taking out his watch, "I very rarely sit up before it is exactly thirty-five minutes past, but then I always keep my head on one side, as much as to say, 'Well, what are you going to do now?'

"No, it wouldn't do to tell everybody," I return, taking his remark as highly flattering to myself.

"But," he says, pausing, after taking half a dozen steps down the passage. "But, it is curious that this should be the eighth of the month, and," he adds, taking out his watch, "I very rarely sit up as late as this talking, least of all on such a subject."

"Late!" I exclaim, "surely it's not past twelve."

"The time by me," he replies most impressively, "is exactly twenty-five minutes past twelve.

I refer to my own watch. Yes, that is the time. At least, by me, it is exactly thirty-five minutes past, but then I always keep my watch ten minutes fast.

I am staggered. I find myself murmuring, "So it is," and I am conscious of the mechanism at work again in my head on the two muffled words "Very strange—Very strange—Very strange!"

JosseyN is waiting for me at the end of the passage. Until I, as it were, woke up and saw him I was unconscious of standing still.

To say "Go on; I follow," occurs to me; but, like Macbeth's answer, it sticks in my throat, for I remember they are Hamlet's request to the Ghost. Very strange—Very strange—Very strange!

"Here's your room," says JosseyN, throwing open the door.
January 18, 1879.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

The Old, Old Story!

The following has not yet been sent to Mr. Punch from the India Office for publication.

From ViceroY, January 18, 1879.

Smith reports from Jones continues of harassing attacks. Troops have behaved splendidly. Defences are all taken at point of bayonet, and enemy only prevented from being driven over crown of pass through ration for three and a half days not having been given out owing to an oversight.

Accounts from Robinson encouraging. Troops sleeping in open without great-coats. Thermometer far below zero. Only 72 per cent. frost-bitten. Spirit excellent.

Means to move forward as soon as supply of great-coats, boots, and slouches to hand.

Brown advanced within sixteen miles of Muckerabad. Waiting for transport. Had to eat artillery and horses of personal staff. Enthusiasm of troops remarkable. 11th and 15th (Duke's Own) Native Regiments, without any officers present, owing to casualties. Have directed advertisements in local papers. Native chiefs still respectful.

The above, printed in English, Pushtoo, Persian, and Hindustani, was posted in camp yesterday, and produced an excellent effect.

An easy feeling prevails in official circles at Calcutta.

A Submarine Tunnel between Liverpool and New York, as light as day and as warm as summer, is now regarded as an unquestioned certainty, only awaiting Mr. Edison's leisure to attend to the details.

His ordinary dinner hour is six, but as it is his inflexible rule never to sit down to table until he has produced six hours, he never once removed his gaze from the lamp in the carriage, and was "good" from the beginning of the journey to the end. The term of some great discovery in the future may have been latent in that prolonged stare.

As he grew older, his favourite toys were miniature lamps and candlesticks, and little speaking-trumpets, and tiny telescopes, and he was never tired of playing at telegraphs with his brothers and sisters and their young companions.

"The child is father of the man"—so before he was eight, the future inventor of the phonograph, the micro-tasimeter, the megaphone, and the ephorphone, had devised considerable improvements in the ordinary pea-shooter, whereby its range was greatly extended and its momentum increased, and had added more than one note to the compass of the Jew's harp.

Some of the greatest men have set a different estimate on their productions from that entertained by the outside world.—Milton, for example, is said, thought more highly of his Paradise Regained than his Paradise Lost—and in Mr. Edison's case it is well understood that his next cherished invention, and the one on which he rests his surest claim to fame and fortune and the future Presidency of the United States, is his Electric Pen-wiper.

Thomas A. Edison is a young man, but little over thirty, and a great future lies before him, in which he may be expected to electrify both the Old and New World with his inventions.
ATTAINING HER MAJORITY.

John Bull to La République.

Bravo, ma belle! You've done right well; The hope of many straggling days Has grown to solid actuality; Accept my warm felicitations! You've silenced fears, extorted praise, This hour should ring reaction's knell, By moderation and legality. And silence faction's fulminations. 'Twill not, I fear; but you, my dear, But fight it out on that same line, Have now attained your right majority, Without reserve of either party. But to the shouts of hate or fear May show a calm superiority. Have not one true heart thro' out our land, Calm! Let elation's fiery thrill And the Red Spectre's laid for ever. Not stir you from that patient standing, But there are those amongst your foes On simple right with steadfast will, Who'll seek that Bogy's resurrection, Which makes your attitude commanding. And their dark workings to oppose, Will need your wariest circumspection.

John Bull to La République.

Pardon this preachment at a time When peans might appear more proper; The caution of a cooler clime Of sympathy is no estopper. Not one true heart throughout our land, Without reserve of rank or party, But sends by Punch's clasping hand, Congratulations warm and hearty!

Bismarck's New Drastic Treatment for Germany.—Iron v. Blood (suspended pro tem.)
THE PEACOCK TRAIN.

"YOU JUST PULL A STRING, AND THERE YOU ARE!"

THE RAILWAY PASSENGER'S CATECHISM.

(Prepared for use of the Public by the Executive Committee of the United Railway Companies.)

Q. Define a "Railway Traveller."
A. A greatly-favoured person, enabled by the help of the Railway Companies to move from place to place with the least possible comfort at the highest possible charge.

Q. Give your reasons for holding that the Railway Traveller is greatly favoured in being carried from place to place on these conditions.
A. Because this is the opinion of the Railway officials; and the Railway officials are the best judges of such matters.

Q. Do you think it would be better were trains to keep advertised times, ticket-clerks to be more civil, and guards and porters to look less after tips, and more after their duties?
A. Certainly not.
Q. Give your reason for this opinion?
A. Because any reform in Railway management with these objects must cause a great deal of wholly unnecessary trouble.

Q. What is an accident?
A. Something that cannot, as a rule, be avoided.
Q. How do you divide accidents?
A. Into important and unimportant.
Q. What is an unimportant accident?
A. One which causes damage or death to a few employés and third-class passengers.
Q. What is an important accident?
A. One which leads to such large demands for compensation that they affect dividends and lower the price of shares.
Q. Who ought generally to be blamed for accidents?
A. The parties who suffer by them. More particularly, when any servant of the Company is killed, the blame should always be laid on his shoulders. This does him no harm, and averts unpleasant consequences from others.

Q. Whose fault is it when Railway Companies suddenly raise their tariff?
A. The Government's.
Q. Why?
A. Because they have for many years been overtaxing the Railways.
Q. Would this be a valid plea in the case of a tradesman who should suddenly raise the prices of his goods?
A. Certainly not. Railway Companies are not tradesmen.
Q. How do they differ from tradesmen?
A. They are public servants—the holders of special powers and privileges secured by Act of Parliament.
Q. On what consideration were these powers and privileges granted?
A. On that of ministering to the public convenience.
Q. What has become of this consideration?
A. It having been found that the public convenience is really identical with that of the Companies, the former consideration, as a separate matter, has been very generally lost sight of.
Q. Have the public any right to complain?
A. Certainly not. Their interests are the same as those of the Companies in the long run identical.
Q. Can you give any other reason why complaints should not be made of what are called shortcomings in Railway management?
A. Complaints cannot be necessary, as there is no wrong in this country without its legal remedy.
Q. How is this remedy to be pursued?
A. By fighting a wealthy corporation, single-handed, through all the Law Courts up to the House of Lords.
Q. Would not this often entail ruin upon the assailant of the Company?
A. Very often.
Q. Then what do you infer to be the wisest course for those who have to complain of anything in connection with railway management?
A. To grin—and bear it!
The citizens bear the following testi-
momory to the wisdom and discern-
cement of certain of its fellow-citizens, in touch-

"FREE TRADE AND RECIPROCITY.—An im-
trumously large number of signatures have already
been affixed to the Memorial which is to be
presented to the Lord Mayor urging him to con-
vene a public meet-
ing in the Guildhall with regard to the pre-
tant system of Free Trade."

One would imagine that the fact
able of seriously proposing the revival of Protection as a remedy
for the depression of trade, must be as small in number as insignif-

In our City.

"From inspection of the document itself we are enabled to state that the signs
atures include many of the largest firms of the City, wholesale warehouse-
men, bankers, and merchants of the highest standing."

The Protectionist panic of these old i
have been quietly taking on the City! What a number of old

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In our City.
though she is, somehow, a very old friend of mine, and I am, apparently, a dear old intimate friend with her; and there is thin person at table, who seems to be all shirt-front, and no features. Suddenly there appears before the Lady a dish for her to carve. She and the featureless guest both laugh, and I declare that I am not to eat rat with white sauce. I argue the point with somebody. It is a strange dish; it has a body like a chicken, but smothered in white sauce, and the head and tail of a rat. I am aware (how I don't know) that there is nothing else coming, and immediately the dish appears, with the head and tail of a rat, to be shot. I say farewell to a number of people in bright blue coats, and the word is given for the guns to fire. They fire; and I am awake by the most tremendous thud on the floor. I startup. It is perfectly dark. I can see nothing. I will swear to the thud on the floor, with the force of a sledge-hammer.

I wait anxiously for a repetition of the sound. No; a distant clock— I have not previously noticed the sound of a clock—four. I wish it had been five, or six. The fire is out. I do not know where to find the matches. But the thud! Could it have been the cat? Impossible, or I should hear it. I put my finger to my ear, and imitate the sound. A bird drops down the chimney? No, or it would be fluttering in the room. And to have made such a noise the bird would have had to be as big as an ostrich and as hard and heavy as a piece of granite. Where in a room above, or below? No. Not a sound in the room. Sleep is out of the question. I know what it will be, I shall remain feverish till daylights, then draw out my sound sleep into a sound slumber, for I ought to be getting up. No further noise. Clock strikes five. Before six I am once more asleep, undisturbed by dreams, and on waking, knock at the door, and feminine hands suddenly vainly turning the handle. It is Good with the hot water. He reminds me that breakfast is at twenty-five minutes past eight.

When up, I examine the room. Not a sign of anything having fallen. The noise is inexplicable.

I don't mention it to Jossey at breakfast. In fact I do not intend to tell him anything that I think in doing so would disappoint him, which matter may be my fancy. As Mrs. Tyrroon does not come down, we are alone. Jossey hopes I slept comfortably. Oh! most comfortably. Did I see any ghosts? "Ghosts! Oh dear no," I reply cheerfully, "ghosts don't bother me." I am sure he is disappointed.

I consult the train-book, and suddenly become impressed with the absolute necessity of my returning to town immediately to keep an appointment, which requires my personal presence, as no substitute will do as well, nor can the matter be arranged by telegraph, or put off, without loss to one of the parties. An interview with my hairdresser constitutes in reality the appointment in question—he expects me always on a certain day, at a certain time; and as over his door he writes himself 'Hairdresser', I always make the appointment, and he keeps it. But I don't let Jossey Dyke into the secret.) And, so with thanks on my lips, and with hopes of seeing him again, that I will come down whenever I feel inclined to which I reply heartily, "I will, certainly," I get into the fly, with my watch. I know I shouldn't have held it, and when I get to Snap, Griffith, and their gloomy master, Josstyn Dyke, of the Old Mote House, Moss End.

Happening to meet my old friend Milfred, I recount to him my extraordinary experience in the haunted room at the Mote. Milfred is utterly wanting in reverence. I tell him that I distinctly heard a bang.

"Yes," retorts Milfred rudely, "so do I now: and you tell it!" Then he goes off in a roar of laughter, shaking me violently by the elbow, hits me in the ribs, and says, "Oh, I dont' do' here, my boy. It's not the first bang you've heard in your life which you couldn't account for, eh? And not the first you've told, either, eh? Ha! ha!

Then away he goes in a perfect whirlwind of laughter, taking with him two men, who had been inclined to listen gravely to my story, and treat me with respect and consideration, but who now have a broad grin on their faces, and who henceforth, when they meet me, will only treat me as a farceur, and refer to this story of mine as a baseless or absolutely true narrative of my own experience,—with a wink and a smile on a loose joke, an occasion which has never, until now, in its history, left them with what Milfred has politely called a "bang."

My old friend never tell Milfred anything serious again.

**THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.**

In Prince Disraeli's "Parliamentary Discipline" Law, the word "discipline" appears to be used in the old monastic sense of a scourge. Hence, the phrase "discipline" authorising "a condition, that any hint may be taken from the work of abridging and altering a "Scourge."" Hence, the phrase "discipline in the way of punishment, shall be subjected to appropriate punishments." Hence, the phrase "discipline detrimental to discipline in the way of punishment, shall be subjected to appropriate punishments.

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A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

Mamma. "Papa dear, the children have been asked to the Willoughby Robinsons' on the Eleventh, the Howard Jones's on the Fifteenth, and the Talbot Brownes' on the Twenty-first. They'll be dreadfully disappointed if you don't let them go! May I write and accept, dear Papa?"

Dear Papa (savagely). "Oh, just as you please! But, as Juvenile Parties should always be taken in time, you had better write to Dr. Squill too, and tell him to call on the Twelfth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-second."

"THE WOLF AT THE DOOR."

No time for festal chant!
A monster grim and gaunt.
Ramps at the threshold of Britannia's home,
Where she, with straining hands,
The savage thing withstands,
Fiercer than wolves that Tartar snow-wastes roam.

Not Hercules, whose might
Faced strong Death's self in fight,
And pale Alcmania from his clutches rest,
More strenuously strove,
The children of her love
To keep from harm, though weary, faint, forspent.

Will her great strength avail?
Or must the effort fail?
The lank-joined beast has crossed her path before.
But little heed she,
Those only thought must be
This day to keep the terror from her door.

That is the hour's one task.
What boots it now to ask
Whose fault has loosened the teeth-wolf yet again?
She'll talk of that anon,
When the dread beast is gone,
With baffled jaws, thrust back to its foul den.

There's sorrow in the air,
That soon may be despair;
Ask not what heads have erred, while needs so cry!

When Hunger bites, and Cold,
This ill-timed talk withhold
Of Nemesis on Error's heels still nigh.

No time for festal chant!
Help every heart and hand!
The future of the land,
Duty, and Christian love, all make appeal.
Work, brotherly good-will,
These hungry mouths to fill,
And organise the power to help and heal.

Millions should be as one
When fighting must be done
Against a common foe, and one is here
To tax our best defence,
 Ere he be driven hence
By help of all who hold our England dear!

Factions and feuds bid cease,
Let parties hold their peace,
While work grows saner, and distress grows more;
Join hands and purses round,
In strong alliance bound,
To thrust the Wolf of Want from England's door!

A Card.

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Mr. Woolrych and begs to congratulate him on his courageous common sense of his decision that a tradesman selling an adulterated article to a public analyst does so "to the prejudice of the purchaser." Mr. Punch hopes and trusts that the Superior Courts, if the question is brought before them, will decide it with as much common sense as Mr. Woolrych.
"THE WOLF AT THE DOOR."
LOTS FROM THE LOTTERY.

Un-desirable, Family Mansion, with im-
mediate possession, in Cabil—SHEER ALI.
A Hundred Alphabets, of Oriental Portraits of a Celebrated Beauty, in all her fa-
vourite Attitudes, Dresses, and Decorations—Mr. LANSEY.
A Slang Dictionary—The LORD CHIEF
JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
Old, Egyption Books (Papyri from the Tombs of the Kings of Thebes)—The
KREWE.

Twenty square miles of Patent Good-
Intention Pavement. THE SELFR.
An I. O. C. for a Hundred Millions of
Turkish Livre, and a Life-Preserver-Jacket
to be worn under the outer clothing—The
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

A Policy in the Accidental Insurance
Company. SHELLEY'S FAMIL.
A 300-Ton Krupp Gun. MR. JOHN
BRIGHT.

Grand Prize, a new Volume of Punch—
The Whole World.

Following a Good Example.
The only member of our House of Com-
mons, whom we have heard requested to
address House in verse, was the late
member for Peterborough, who,


was often upon

ferences \(\text{M. Victor Hugo is about to}

emerry cases of Fireworks stated in our respectable contemporar

e€ Athengum, that when the Frene

A White Elephant — Lord| Chambers meet, he intends to bring out

em™eA Ten dozen pairs of Stays. Ditto, Six dozen pairs of

fortune in Gas —: ag ™ 4

Aqueur Case, a Cask of Sherry, Two Hundred dozens
of Bottled Stout, and a gross of false noses (red with

Punch, or the London Charivari.

Fancy Costumes. A Bull-fighter and a Harlequin—Major O'GORMAN.
A Case of Golden Opinions (Canadian Manufacture)—The Marquis of Lorne, and the
Princess Louise.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At the Gaiety—Mlle. Arna the Bounding Sister—A few remarks on
a Professor.)

Sin,

The most graceful thing I've seen for some time is the
performance of Mlle. Arna in the Gaiety Pantomime. This Lady
has perfected a system of invisible wires, by which she can fly down
from a bridge at the back of the stage, fly up from the boards
without the jerk of a catapult, or any thudding noise, and disappear
in something over a jiffy (this being the shortest space of time within
my experience—there being, I believe, sixty jiffies to a second) in the
flies, and all this as gracefully, as easily, as naturally as though she
were a delicate Ariel, or an electric Puck. By the way, how well this
invention might be applied to such a piece as The Tempest, or the
Midsummer Night's Dream, when Mr. Holllingshead revives these
two Shakespearian extravaganzas.

Curiously enough, so perfectly is the mechanism of Mlle. Arna's
performance conceived, and so concealed by its absence, is any-
thing like effort, that at her first appearance, and, indeed, during the
greater part of the time, she is on the stage, the audience being
puzzled and inclined to take all her flying about and general bird-
like behaviour as a matter of course, actually let her pass without a
band. She does not startle them, like Mr. Groner Conquest, who
comes up from below with a bang and a whook, and who is always
frightening his audience into fits, by appearing suddenly in unex-
pected corners, and breaking violently out of "star traps" and
"vampires." No; Mlle. Arna floats about in an ethereal way,
and only elicits vehement applause on her unexpected disappearance by
"going aloft," like the better part of poor Tom Bowling, when,
for the first time, the audience begin to realize the extent of their
loss, and are eager to recall her once more to the glimpses of the
moon.

It is a pity that this scene was not somehow worked into the story
of the Pantomime itself, as, coming at the end of the comic business,
**DISAPPOINTMENT.**

_Squire (on Christmas-Eve, to Bachelor Curate of his Parish)._ "Do you Dine at Home to-morrow, Mr. Smallpay!"

_Curate (in grateful anticipation of an invitation to the Hall)._ "Yes——"

_Squire (who is Horticultural)._ "Then I'll take care that your Table is well supplied with Celery!!"

fortunate Giants at Covent Garden haven't had a fair chance. They've nothing to do; but at the Gaiety, the Giant's Kitchen is good pantomime fun, and the Page, Temoloso, is capitally played by Mr. W. Exron. Including those at present playing in Jack the Giant Killer, Mr. Hollingshead has quite the best burlesque company in London.

One noticeable feature in the Gaiety Pantomime—and among the prettily dressed peasants there are several noticeable features—is the music. In spite of its being only a 'Mime, the music is never common-place; and very often Herr Meyer Lovitz has actually brought in descriptive and dramatic bits to illustrate the actions even of Clown and Pantaloon. In most Pantomimes the music, consisting of what sounds like—scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, tiddley-iddley, tiddley-iddley (then lower), scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, tiddley, tiddley (running down lower), iddy, iddy (then up again), scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, and so on—could be played by the fiddlers fast asleep.

Professor Morley has been lecturing on the Stage, as it was, and as it is. He does not seem to know much about it "as it is"; that is, if he pretends to speak as an outsider. He appears to be practically unacquainted with the Stage "as it is;" but then, of course, one must remember that as a Professor he only "pro-

P.S.—I should like to have written at greater length on this interesting topic, but a Manager has just dropped in with a French Play that he wants me to adapt, and—and—I must get to work at it at once.

Let me add a suggestion for some competent adapter to work at. Let him see The Two Orphans at the Olympic. Then let him simply modernise the story, making the two Orphans two silly housemaids, and turning the wicked old woman, and her son, the Bully, into Italian Organ-grinders, living at Brook Green, and the thing is done. It will make a first-rate burlesque play, and for models from the life, the poetical adapter will only have to seek inspiration from "The Mews"—the Alexandra Mews—Brook Green, Hammersmith.

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**De l'Opposition Politique.**

In the shop-window of a trunkmaker in the Strand may be seen the inscription, "Cowhide Gladstone," in conspicuous letters. Such incitements to violence cannot be too severely reprehended. Eulogues himself carried his opposition politique no further than the throwing of refuse over the wall into the Prince's Garden.
THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Mrs. Lyon Hunter. "How do you do, Mr. Brown! Let me present you to the Duchess of Stilton! Your Grace, permit me to present to you Mr. Brown, the distinguished scholar!"

Her Grace (affably). "Charmed to make your acquaintance—re-Mr. Brown!"

Mr. Brown (with effusion). "Your Grace is really too kind. This is the twentieth time I've enjoyed the distinction of being presented to your Grace within the last twelve months; but it's a distinction I value so highly, that without trespassing too much on your Grace's indulgence, I hope I may be occasionally permitted to enjoy it again!"

[Boos, and absequeultations.

A New Juliet.

The début of a young girl of eighteen, in the part of Juliet, on the huge stage of Drury Lane, is not such an event as Punch would usually feel called upon to chronicle. But when the débutante is the daughter of an old friend and comrade, Charles Kenny, disabled by ill-health from fighting his own and his children's battles, and when such a judge of histrionic promise as Bennett has given the most hopeful and encouraging opinion of the aspirant, the début acquires such a special interest for Punch, and, he trusts, for the public, as justifies him in hoping that the afternoon of Thursday, the 23rd, will find old Dury crowded with those who, for the father's sake, will look kindly on the child's first essay of an arduous part, and her first step in a difficult career.

AN EASY MARCH.—General Roberts, we hear, is marching into the "Khost" country. So, we fear, are the other Generals, as we shall find when the Bills come in.

TENS AND A KNAVE.

Let those who refuse to admit what they cannot account for, deny the fact that a curious fatalty is sometimes observable in the sequence of numbers. The Morning Post nevertheless relates that at Scarborough Quarter Sessions, on conviction of one Edwin Bell, alias John Watson, alias Edwin Rawson, for breaking into the house of the Rev. H. Blake, and stealing therefrom a diamond ring, a gold chain, and many articles of jewellery—

"The Recorder, in passing sentence, said that at the age of 10 the prisoner was sentenced to 10 days' imprisonment and 10 years in a reformatory. When that sentence expired, prisoner was convicted of assault, and in 1870 he was sentenced at Manchester to 10 years' penal servitude for sacrilege, after which came the crime he was now to be punished for."

With that his Honour sentenced the culprit to another ten years' penal servitude, to be followed by five years' police supervision. It does not seem to have occurred to him, as a happy thought, that he might as well have given him five years' more of the supervision, so as to complete the series of tens which have distinguished his remarkable career. A character who has kept the even tenor of his evil way, in real principally, during successive periods represented by the number ten, can hardly be expected to amend his life; and the probability that ten years' police supervision would not be too long for him is, at least, ten to one.

Sir Stafford's Readings.

Sir Stafford Northcote, in a Devonshire public reading, has charmed his audience, first with the scene from the Vicar of Wakefield of Moses and the gross of green spectacles, and then with Browning's well-known poem of the "Pied Piper."

Factious opponents might easily draw an offensive parallel between what a certain illustrious pair brought back from Berlin, and the gross of green spectacles, with their copper rims thinly washed with silver, which Moses brought back from the fair. But it would be still more offensive to find an allusion between the Pied Piper and Sir Stafford, who has often had to pipe in such a very pie-bald fashion to bring his notes into tune and time with those of his Leaders.

Different Translations.

M. Gambetta, in his last appearance at the Bar on behalf of M. Chante-Lacour, a Senator, grossly libelled in La France Nouvelle, quoted as the motto of the Republic, "Sub lege libertas," which he and Punch would, of course, translate "Liberty under theegis of law." Prince Bismarck proposes the same motto for Germany, but with a different translation—"Liberty under the heel of Law."

CLASSICAL COMFORT FOR THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC (among the fight of Railway Companies and their Servants.)—"Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi."

"Officials quarrel, travellers are smashed."
THE NEW CHARITY.

(A Good Hint for a Bad Season.)

OFFERING over his second, and last, hannah, Mr. Punch, at the close of his day's labours, had occasion to write an article on the prevailing distress, when the door of his sanctum opened.

"What is it now, Toby?" he asked, surveying that faithful minor not at a loss for a word, the usual blue smoke.

"A crowned head or two, some dock labourers, a deputation of artists or actors, agriculturists or statesmen?"

"A queer set of people, who say they're out of work," responded the accurate Toby. "Do you receive?" he added.

"Times are hard. Show them in, whoever they are," was the large-hearted response. Toby disappeared.

A few seconds, the most remarkable audience chamber in Europe was filled with a motley crowd of Ladies of rank, swelling the first water, diners-out, distinguished men of science, scientific men of the highest repute, members of our leading clubs, young gentlemen from Eton home for the holidays, in search of expedients, regular members of the company, charming little representatives from several West End nurseries, crowded forward in well-bred confusion.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired Mr. P., a little perplexed, but with his always courteous bow. "I thought I heard something aboutguiing subscriptions now, Sir, as scholarly criticism is at length to be brought into the discussion."

"Indeed!" responded Mr. Punch from the well-filled audience, and concluded, turning benevolently to the smiling Duchess, "General Cheritre."

Mr. Punch's face visibly reeked of knowledge, like an unction, which is evidently a mythic forerunner of some of the most recently discovered truths of the great Darwinian Doctrine of Evolution. This is all reasonable enough. But a slipper of glass—the thing is preposterous! The word was clearly not above, but below, for which see OGRICHTER, and other authorities.

And now, Sir, as scholarly criticism is at length to be brought into the discussion, I would beg to suggest to Mr. Punch's learned and thoughtful correspondents that proof may usefully be called for.

1. That the fast-growing plant referred to as the plant of the poor is one of the expensive family, that may be cultivated in any sheltered aspect of a temperate locality at the present day, with results little less rapid, if not exactly so startling, in the way of development.

2. It may be contended, I think, with much plausibility, that Cassin was not brutally cut up by the Forty Thieves, but simply quartered on them, in a fashion still common in the East, in the military sense of the word—half as associate, half as spectator.

3. There is a strong ground for the view that the Yellow Dwarf was probably suffering from some chronic affection of the liver; and that the apples which figure prominently in the story will be found to refer to some vegetable remedy for the liver complaint, which it might be well worth while to investigate.

It may be contended, I think, that the appendage of fine evidence, which we think and documentary evidence may yet be forthcoming in the Archives of Brittany, that Blue Beard owed the peculiar colour of the hair on his chin to some cosmetic element, hitherto unsuspected in the historical records of that country. There is a great deal more, Sir, for which I should like to offer or invite proof, if you would give me space. It is high time that gross misstatements, tending to foster nothing but the most discreditable credulity, should be driven from the nursery by votaries of accurate knowledge, like yours, iconoclastically,

SMELTFUNGUS DRYASPIRITUS.

Race Chance for a Christian.

The depression of the times has evidently reached the domestic level, if we may judge from the following Advertisement in the Daily Chronicle.

GENERAL SERVANT.—Wanted an active, decided Christian, between thirty and fifty, without encumbrance; private family; four persons; Christian privileges; great liberty; unfurnished room, kitchen, fire, lights, and 3s. weekly, without board.

It must be a very active and decided Christian indeed who could contrive to feed herself and enjoy her unfurnished room, great liberty, and Christian privileges, on 3s. a week.

A TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. Kirby wears a remarkable feather in his Hamlet's bonnet. 'Will that do?' he asked. Yes, it was the idea, and to him with 'another feather in his cap,' in the form of Punch's discriminating praise. Let him plunge himself on this.
A BLIND CORNER.

EMILY HAD NO IDEA THAT THIS WAS FRED'S FAVOURITE STYLE FOR JUMPING HIS NEW HORSE.

"LET ME WRITE MYSELF DOWN AN ASS!"  

A SPECIALIST paper, which, from its name, The Textile Manufacturer, seems to be an organ of the industry whose name it bears, has thought fit to fall foul of Mr. Punch for falling foul, in an article called "Millers and their Men," of manufacturers who weigh their calicoes with size and clay, till they become practically China-clay manufacturers rather than cotton-spinners. "The veteran Joker, " he is assured by the Textile Manufacturer, "blunders wofully"; and "...to use language he would not hesitate to employ" (certainly not, in the proper quarter—Mutato nomine de te, O Textile Manufacturer,—fabula narratur)—"has made a stupendous ass of himself." The T. M. then goes on to instruct Mr. Punch in this graceful fashion:

"We do not consider it our province to instruct London office-boys in the rudiments of manufacturing; but as this specimen of the species may possibly be some day promoted to the exalted post of Mr. Punch's factotum, we will go a little out of our way for his edification, and we hope he will henceforward acknowledge the source of his instruction. The Fall Mill Gazette may likewise take a lesson at the same time. The object of sizing is to strengthen the warp, and thereby to facilitate the operation of weaving. The chlorates of zinc and magnesia are never used in size, but the chlorides of zinc and magnesium are; the first as an antiseptic for preventing mildew, and the second with the same object, although it is not an antiseptic according to some authorities. The presence of size is objectionable. Chemistia, as such, are not used to give weight and body—they would be too expensive: but China-clay is employed for this purpose. The idiotic outcry made about the latter is a conspicuous instance of the want of 'sense and truth' shown by the professed instructors of the public. Suppose affairs were really as black as they are constantly being painted, is it not with a declining trade, the quixomance of folly to publish to the world that we are a set of scoundrels, and that our goods are spurious or adulterated? The poverty-striken Hindoo prefers to buy the heavily-sized cloths, in both grey and white qualities—and purifies both by a trade mark—"To be Said or Sung.

In the recent controversy about Church Music, reference is made to the direction which prejudices are taking. Lessons "should be sung in a plain tune, after the manner of distinct reading"—i.e., monotone. We have certainly got rid of the monotone, but only to substitute for it, too often, monotony.

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FIREWORKS AND FIREWORKS.
(Lord B.'s remonstrance to Sir W. V. Harcourt.)

Though fireworks, my dear Vernon Harcourt,
Are much to my taste, as you know,
Your squibs I would sooner by far court
If they'd rather less in them of "go."

Are you sure you've not mixed, here and there—
As your stock pyrotechnic so large is—
Play-rockets, mere flight, fizz, and glare,
And war-rockets with damaging charges?

Common fireworks go off and go out,
And leave me in calm unmoored;
But yours have not helped my gout—
As, I'm sure, you'll be sorry to learn.

Bear in mind, when one's snatching a rest
'Twixt twinges to come and gone by,
One don't thank 'em the friend one likes best
For banging a squib in one's eye.
FINANCING.

Tommy. "Oh, Gran'pa dear, I've been counting what my Christmas presents will cost, and it just comes to Ten Shillings. I've saved up One and Sevenpence. Can you advise me where to get the rest?"

All the more when, like your squibs and crackers, They are not the small innocent things One associates with Guy Fawkes, but whackers With a loading of hard fact that stings.

Then—rockets, with me, just at present, Are things that less prompt smile than frown; For if they've a sky-flight that's pleasant, They have also a stick that comes down.

And when a man, too-tired, must stick To physis and regimen spare, He's apter to think of the stick, Than of the rush up through the air!

PLEDGERS AND PLEDGEES.

Nothing like pledges, whether in matters Parliamentary or Parochial. Tie up every man who aspires to serve his country or his parish in a public capacity as tight as you can, and you know where you have him. In times like these, when "movements" are rife, and organisations for promoting them are many and active, this is doubly necessary. The principle of pledging is of common application. The great point is that every candidate should be pledged to something—and the more things the better. Only in this way can we be sure that he will represent in the Collective Wisdom an ascertained and prescribed amount of the Dispersed Wisdom of the constituencies. On this principle we should be delighted, at the next General Election, to find that no candidate would have any chance, unless he be prepared to pledge himself (as the case may be)

(a) To the Radical Five Hundred, to support the movement for the impeachment of Lord Beaconsfield as the cause of the recent bank failures, and generally as a traitor to his Country and the Constitution.

(b) To the Conservative Five Hundred, to support the movement for raising a national monument to the Right Honourable the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., in acknowledgment of his high character, higher statesmanship, highest genius, &c., &c.

(c) To the Strong-minded Seventy-Five, to support the movement for placing the downtrodden women of England in every respect on an equality with their male tyrants—except in liability to serve in the Army, Navy, or Reserve Forces.

(d) To the Indignant Three Hundred and Eighty-Two, to support the movement for bringing all Civil Servants having any connection with a Co-operative Store under a scheme of nine hours' daily office duty, at ninepence per hour. Grumbling to be followed by instant dismissal.

(e) To the Virtuous Forty-nine, to support a movement for making the consumption of all alcoholic drinks and fermented liquors penal.

(f) To the Emerald Seventy-five, to support any Parliamentary movement, constructive or obstructive, leading to the emancipation of Ireland. Nor unlike pledges, whether in matters Parliamentary or Parochial.

(g) To the Hitherto Six Hundred, to support any and all movements emanating from Dr. Kentzky.

(h) To the Nonconformist Hundred-and-ten, to promote the movement for the Disendowment of the Church of England.

(i) To the High Church Twenty-five, to support the movement for the increase of the Episcopate.

With liberty to add to their number, as movements are set ageing, and pledgees present themselves.

Fio, for Shame, Sandy!

(A Rebuke to Glasgow Bank Sufferers.)

A hair of the dog that bit you: Starting a lottery to pay your losses at Unlimited Loos!

SIGN OF A HARD WINTER.—Mr. Parnell is on a tour for organisation of the English Home-Rule Associations.
OUR AMERICAN SHIPRIGHTS.

The Government has, according to the Times, materially augmented the strength of the Navy by the addition of—

"THE HERRESHOFF TORPEDO.—A small torpedo-boat, which has just been constructed by order of the English Board of Admiralty at the well-known Herreshoff Manufactory Works, at Bristol, Rhode Island, U.S.A."

This vessel is described as, though little, a multum in parvo, and a marvel of ingenuity and destructive power. Her acquisition reflects very great credit on Mr. W. H. Smith and his colleagues; the rather that, like men of business, they have purchased her in the cheapest market. But fancy that market being an establishment at Bristol, Rhode Island, U.S.A. When the Government cost to America for a torpedo-boat, what is likely to become of the British ship-builder, unless he looks mighty sharp after himself?

A Question to be Very Much Asked.

There has been another of those terrible pit-explosions, attended with wholesale loss of life, but too frequent in the mining districts, at Dinas Colliery, in Glamorganshire. It is stated that Mr. Churce, whose certificate as manager of the pit in which the explosion has taken place was a short time ago suspended for six months by the Inspector of Mines, after careful judicial inquiry, in consequence of gas having been allowed to accumulate in the workings, has still been virtually left in authority, though the management has nominally been changed. This allegation will, of course, be closely inquired into. If true, it may be said to be a case not only of a Churce's lock, but of a Churce's dead-lock, on life-preserving mining legislation!

A Hasty Conclusion.

"Just what I've been expecting, this ever so long!" roared stout Sir Anthony Absolute, stout High Tory and fine old English Gentleman "all of the olden time," on hearing that "The American Constitution had gone to Old Harry!" He was much disgusted to learn that it was not a case of that offensive Democratic Government collapsing, but merely of one of her frigates, the Constitution, grounding off Swanage, on the Old Harry Rock.

GREAT FIRES MADE EASY.

If you have fire-buckets, always hang them too high to be got at, or they may be tampered with by mischievous people. If your water-pipes are frozen, wait till they thaw, rather than put yourself to the cost and trouble of keeping water ready within reach, which will be useless as soon as the frost (always brief in this country) is over.

If you have an Extincteur on the premises, see that it is kept well out of the way, as the sight of it may put the thought of "fire" into nervous people's heads. In the event of your keeping a private engine, do not keep crying "Wolf!" by perpetually practising your people in the use of it.

Generally, trust to the action of the moment, and the stimulus of the event of your keeping a private engine, do not keep crying "Wolf!" by perpetually practising your people in the use of it.

In the controversy lately raised concerning Church Music, one very strong argument for intoning was unaccountably omitted. If a Clergyman of a guessing disposition had to intone the Marriage Service, he would not read it in what reporters of a "Marriage in High Life" commonly describe as "an impressive manner"—a manner of exaggerated pathos and affected solemnity. It is perhaps a pity that sermons are not more generally intoned.

Intoning v. Mis-Reading.

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OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Visits the Collection of Old Masters, and reports thereon.)

ST. - Would I miss the Old Masters when they make an exhibition themselves? No! not for all the young Missuses in the world. So with a shifting for entrance fee and another shifting for the Guide-book and pencil, I presented myself in the hall of Burlington House.

One Old Master took my umbrella. This will be a valuable picture. I wish I could get an Old Master to take me, full length, gratis, and let me sell it for my own benefit at Christie's.

In the Catalogue preface explanations are given; for instance-

"The numbers follow from left to right."

Now, when I was there, numbers were not present, and the visitors did not follow from left to right—which zigzag action would have been as puzzling as a kilt-out's cradle—but went straight along.

"The Portraits are described under four sizes: the head and shoulders, 4 ft." &c.

Why doesn't a fishmonger adopt this convenient abbreviation? Instead of "fine Cod's head and shoulders, to-day, Ma'am," why not, "fine Cod's Bust, Ma'am?"

This is satisfactory; specially r. for right and l. for left, though, perhaps a little arbitrary.

"In the sizes of the Paintings the height is always placed before the width."

This is the only puzzler. Why should a preference be given by any painter to a tall man over a broad one? Why should height be always placed before width? In a Picture Gallery, or theatre, nothing is more objectionable than for a tall man, full length, to be placed before me, who am only a three-quarter figure? No—but as I see on the first page of the Catalogue that it is still "under revision"—which seems to imply that all the information is given "under correction"—I venture to move the alteration of this rule by omitting the word "always." so that, some allowance being made for exceptions, the breadth may sometimes be placed before the length. This is but fair, and then the rule will be as broad as it's taken by & Some, ve Rg do better than ones me er re)

No. 12. Portrait of Warren Hastings. JOSEPH ZOFFANY, R.A. In such a figured waistcoat! More like a farmer—a rabbit—Warren Hastings—than a Governor-General of India. He might indeed have said to Zoffany, as OLIVER WELLS to me, "Paint me as I am, or I won't give you a shilling," only for a man who was so mixed up with a Begum, this certainly was a most un-Beguining dress to be taken in. Perhaps the waistcoat, from this point of view, is symbolic of his innocence. Poor man! the looks dull and serious; and the portrait possesses the merit of being more like a Hastings than a Bright'um. Pass on, Gentlemen, pass on! No. 13. Portrait of Lady Whickshode. THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. Ah! what a dog!—not the Painter, but the animal represented with his paw in my Lady's lap. The Spitz dog shows real panting as well as real painting; it is perfectly natural.

No. 17. Charles James Fox. Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. Quite the Fox populi. But it is Fox after dinner. The Fox and the Grapes. He has had more than his usual quantity—perhaps a maximum instead of a magnum—and seems to be quite unable to pronounce distinctly "British Constitution," and much less the title of the Bill lying on the table, "For the Better Regulating the Affairs of the East India Company,"—in this condition, Fox could only have sat for his portrait; to represent him as standing, except for an election, must have been a piece of Sir Joshua's flattery.

科学 Made a Little Easier.

Now modern Geologists, as deep under ground, Have Brachydactylatherian * found; Let those who for crass jaw names care not a fig, Rechristen it, "Antediluvian Pig!"

* The name given to a new genus of Eusphydermous mammals, recently found in the Rose Rooms beds of Transylvania. (See Science Gossip for November, 1878.)

Wants.

The world knows nothing of its queerest wants, any more than of its greatest men. If we want to learn more of the strange forms taken by the former, we cannot do better than consult the Beasoor, in a recent number of which instructive medium for communication between those who have and those who seek, we read—

WANTED, six young common pullets, not laid yet. Exchange for Gentlemen. (Blackheath.)

Evidently at Blackheath, Gentlemen must be a drug, or unlaid pullets a rarity.

MOTTO FOR THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR NORTH NORFOLK.

"Tytys, tu patiunt recensas sub tegmine Pagi!"" Bruxolis Birkbeck, 'neath big Beech reeline, And 'ditto' swear to all he may oppose."

WOMAN LUCK !

The severe season has brought the wolves into the fields in France. England is worse off still. The hard times have brought the wolf to her door.

PERIODICAL FROM THE WASH.

Mr. Smelvyns has adopted into his wardrobe the title of a popular miscellany. He calls his clean shirt "Once a Week."
WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Some aesthetic person has suggested that a familiarity with the splendours of Greek art should be fostered in the young, by means of plaster casts from the antique, and so forth.

This is all very well, but what is to become of modern burlesque and opéra-bouffe, if the rising generation is to derive its notions of female loveliness from the Venus of Milo, for instance, or the Elgin Marbles? And where is the rising generation (with its eye for beauty thus corrupted by early precept and example) to spend its evenings when it reaches maturity and old age? We protest emphatically!

OF ONE MIND. (FOR ONCE!)

At one for once! It seems a curious chance
That finds such constant foes in coalition?
Roundhead and cavalier in friendly dance
Were a faint parallel of their position.
A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,
A common foe creates uncommon friends;
Yet it looks strange to find these two combined,
To seek by divers means a common end.

Fear makes queer comrades: when the prairies flame
Panther and fawn huddle or fly together.
Luo and Orso playing the same game
Proclaim approach of storm, and dangerous weather,
So two wayfarers on a winter’s day,
When winds and water-spouts combine a pelt,
In any covered alley on their way,
Together find a momentary shelter.

But fear’s a brittle bond. The burly Prince
Would keep the door against a dread intruder.
Luo may at his ruler-rudeness wince,
Yet seems the common foe might prove still ruder.
Orso may cry di Fusile! in battle’s press,
Yet like not his auxiliary, while Luo,
Loving not Orso more but danger less,
Lifts for his help a quavering Laus Deo!

Partnership limited to try, pro tem.,
The drastic, or Sangrado style of treating;
While, like twin Partingtons, they strive to stem
A tide whose rise may shake both in their seating.

The twain awhile may hold, or seem to hold,
The door they deem the soldest of porches;
But ’tis not so they’ll guard each his own fold,
Or quench the fire of those intrusive torches!

Push Prince, push Pontiff! set your thews on strain
‘Gainst Democratic sect and Social schism;
Repression and anathema are vain;
Brute force we’re put down an insurgent “ism.”
The secular and spiritual arm,
Full many a time before have joined their forces.
But despotism and dogma cannot charm
Opinion’s tide from its predestined courses.

Panther and fawn huddle or fly together.
Luo and Orso playing the same game.
Proclaim five of storm, and dangerous weather,
So two wayfarers on a winter’s day,
When winds and water-spouts combine a pelt,
In any covered alley on their way,
Together find a momentary shelter.

And your joint effort to secure the breach
Is an effort, weak, if made the most of.

* The gracefully humorous Chancellor so describes his processes of ruthless suppression and expulsion.

The Force of Example.

The London Phoenix Gas Company, to show what gas can do, have lately been ameliorating the illumination of a stretch of Waterloo Road. Let both Company and Public give thanks to Mr. Exon, whose essays at dividing the Electric Light are raising the Gas Companies to discover how much they can do to improve their Lights of other days.
"OF ONE MIND." (FOR ONCE!)

The solution to all the evils for which "Socialism seeks a revolutionary remedy," is reconciliation to the Church, which, by ordaining almsgiving of the rich, corrects the poverty of which Socialism is so impatient, and thus reconciles the poor to the wealthy.—The Pope's Envoys!

In Germany no pains are being spared to crush out Socialism. Up to the end of the year the number of injunctions issued for this purpose was 457, applying to 186 clubs and societies, 58 periodicals, and 215 non-periodical publications. In addition, 62 persons have been expelled.—German Letter.
SAFE AS A BANK.

Hints for the Times.

Put all your eggs into one basket, and watch it.

If you hold Railway Stock, no matter at what misconception, live on the line. To enable you to do this, become General Manager, or Superintendent, or Country Station-Master, or something. Rather than not be on the spot, take a signal-box—anything. Once installed, look personally after your own property. To do this—

(1) Daily count the whole of the rolling stock, and see there is all there;

(2) Get hold of the Cashier in the evening, pump the average daily receipts out of him, and put them down on your coffee-cup.

(3) Study several standard works on "Economic Averages," "Wealth and Tax," "The Coal Question," "Labour and Capital," "Metallurgy," and "Popular Recreation," and then find out, by Algebra, your chance of a dividend within six months; and

(4) Keep on good terms with your brother Shareholders, by asking them to a blow-out occasionally, as a set-off to any blows-up they may be treated to on the line.

Having done this, or as much of it as you can, you will at least know where you are in a crisis, and not be at the mercy of a mere half-yearly cooked Report.

If your property is in a Mine, live at the bottom, and never leave it. Examine every shovelful of ore, or anything else that may turn up. Do this in company with two analytical chemists and a practical engineer, and take care that you never, all four of you, go to sleep together at the same time. This is your only chance of safety in a mining investment. When you have got 175 per cent. on your money once or twice, it is better to sell out and end your days in the elegant security of the Three per Cents.

If you have got anything in a South American Republic (guaranteed), go over at once, foment a revolution, and assist at an armed attack on the Treasury; you will thus forfeit your capital, but if prompt in your movements, and not shot, you may possibly secure one dividend of three per cent.

Should you have been persuaded to try a Joint Stock Bank at home, do not lose a moment, but marry your daughters, or your sons, or your nearest female relations, to influential members of the direction. Then, while there is yet time, and they are off their guard, sell your shares and withdraw your deposits. This is the only safe way of investing in a Joint Stock Bank.

Finally, if at a loss, as things are, what to do with your money, bury it in your garden, and sit over it with a loaded revolver.

You will thus be in a position to meet any sudden call without panic.

Squander!

The Lord Mayor has declined to give up Guildhall for the advocates of Protection to proclaim England’s deadly distresses, and to preach their own exploded nostrum of tying one hand behind you that you may work and spin. No application so fitting for this short-sighted party as the Damper. For once the voice of the City should say ditto to Whetman.

The Prince Chancellor in his Part.

The Prince of actors on the political stage of Europe is undoubtedly Prince Bismarck. He may be said to be facile Princeps. In sustaining so dexterously a part, however, that of the Chancellor in the Farse of the Federal Diet, we may be allowed to regret that Bismarck should have taken to "gagging."

A FLOWER ON THE ROADWAY.

This is the time of year for practical suggestions connected with locomotion, never more difficult than when alternations of frost and thaw test to the quick the qualities of roads, and aggravate the risk of accidents to horses.

We have all heard the proverb of "Locking the door when the horse is stolen." Its reasonable version is "Roughing the shoe when the horse is down."

But "roughing" is, after all, a rough way of giving Jack Frost the go-by. Screw-pegging is the thing, not pegging away at your screws, but pegging your screws with screws. Germany has shown us the "dodge," and ought this to have taught us the practice—

if our English grooms were not so much too clever to learn, and masters so much too careless to insist, and farriers so much too knowing to alter the ways they are familiar with, and that bring them in jobs besides.

Yet it does not seem so difficult when your horse is shod to insist that holes for screw-pegs should be made in the shoes, to be kept free from soil by a button-screw when the wearers do not need "screw-pegging" to keep them on their legs, and in seasons of slippery streets to be filled up with the screw-peg that serves the purpose of roughing with twice the effect, and lasts as long as the shoe. Let every master of horses insist on this being done, and he will be forced to see it, and farriers to do it—even at the humiliation of taking a hint from the "poor ignorant farrier."

But besides the danger to horsemanship from slippery road-ways, which is confined to the brief and interval between Jack Frost, there is another and worse danger, to which we are always subject, from ill-laid roads, which wear into hills and hollows, make driving a misery to the drivers, horses and man, and increase the pull on rates as much as on horses.

Let any poor soul, whose needs take him on wheels along the Embankment, bear witness to the jolting discomfort due to the irregularities of the road-way. It couldn’t be worse, if it had been laid as many years as it has weeks.

For the cause and remedy of this we invoke the testimony of our excellent old friend and counsellor, E. F. Flower—the Flower of Stratford-on-Avon, the Flower of Hippophiles, who has done more than any man to deliver our carriage-horses from the cruelty of the gag-bearing-ruin. He has been bombarding the dull ear of the town with letters on the disgraceful state of our London road-ways, to the truth of which all who have to drive over them can bear witness—

"The London streets," he writes to the Daily News, "are now repaired with stones of nearly three inches gauge, on which is heaped a large quantity of gravel to fill up the interstices; then a heavy coating of gravel is spread, which is crushed down by the steam iron roller, which makes the surface of the road smooth for the moment, but as soon as the traffic begins to wear the road, the sand works up, which is forced to be scraped off and removed in carts; then the pressure of the heavily laden vans upon the larger stones only, instead of crushing them, produces the holes and inequalities on the surface."

"Macadamised" these sort of pavements are said to be. But these layers down of three-inch-gauge road-metal take Macadam’s name in vain:—

"We have all heard the proverb of "Locking the door when the horse is stolen," which is confined to brief intervals between Jack Frost, when the road smooth is thrown upon the stones one way, instead of crushing them, produces the holes and inequalities on the surface."

"Macadamised" these sort of pavements are said to be. But these layers down of three-inch-gauge road-metal take Macadam’s name in vain:—

Screw, knew Macadam well," writes Mr. Flower. "His roads were invariably good, and even, and wore well. His gauge for the size of the stones was never more than two inches; but surveysors soon became careless, and allowed the contractors to increase the size of the stones; of course they reap the benefit in the loss of wages paid for breakages; but the subsequent needless expenses and discomfort falls upon those who use the roads."

The weight of stones recommended by Macadam, to all sons of Adam the safest of all guides in the matter of mending their ways, was 5 oz. Now, the bits of granite, laid down on our roads are often times as heavy.

Let Mr. Flower "keep pegging away" at the subject, till something is done, and Mr. Punch will promises to help him. Two such peggers ought to peg to some purpose; but if Magna est veritas, major est inertia—and it takes a mighty deal to get a horse’s shoes screwed, or London road-metal broken to the proper size.

To owners of horses, and payers of rates, we recommend the matter. They, if they please, can drive our pegs home.

EATING A GREAT DEAL TOO HEAVY FOR OUR WHISTLE.

In JOHN RUSKIN’s resignation of the Slade Professorship at Oxford, to be in any way connected with the verdict in Winter v. Ruskin, then Mr. Whistler may boast that he has done a good deal more than a farthing damages to the cause of Art in England.
FAMILY PRIDE.

Street Arab. "They couldn't take my father up like that—it takes six policemen to run 'im in!"

DIRECTORS' BALM OF GILEAD.

Great General North-East and Great Western Terminus, London Bridge, Waterloo Road, Bishopsgate Street Without.

CIRCULAR No. 2.037.

The Directors of the Great G. N. E. and G. W. Railway Company having given full and careful consideration to the numerous complaints which have reached them, through both public and private channels, of shortcomings in the management of the Lines under their control, as well as the able representations to the same effect of many eminently respectable deputations, feel it their duty to acknowledge that these complaints and representations have very considerable foundation in fact.

That the Directors have come to the conclusion that the case can be more satisfactorily met by an expression of sympathy on their part. They, therefore, hereby beg leave to express their sincere sympathy with the public under annoyances caused by circumstances over which they, the Directors, like the public, have no control.

(Signed) SMITHERS, Secretary.

"WE SHOULD BE SEVEN."

(Adapted, with apologies to the shade of Wordsworth.)

"The truth is (said the Lord Chief Justice) that this Winter Amuse has brought the whole of our proceedings into a state of confusion."

"Mr. Serjeant Farley asked in what way the Court was going to proceed—as to the order of business."

"The Lord Chief Justice—Upon my word, I have not myself the most distant idea."

"Mr. Waddy, Q.C.—May I ask whether there will be any Nisi Prius sittings?"

"The Lord Chief Justice—That, I may say, is perfectly impossible. My brother Hawkins has to go to the Central Criminal Court on Monday, and has to leave for circuit on Wednesday. There will then be only two Judges available—my brother Pollock and myself—to sit in Court, as my brother Field will be at Chambers (Sir Fitzjames Stephen, being occupied on the Criminal Law Commission). Therefore, Nisi Prius sittings would be impossible."

"Mr. Waddy said that this, even though it was only negative information, was of some value in the present state of chaos."

"The Lord Chief Justice—Meanwhile I find that the arrears in the Courts are such as to require the constant sitting of the Court in banc; but there are only two Judges available, and the Nisi Prius sittings must be suspended for six weeks though there are 850 cases entered for trial."—Sittings in Bank, Queen's Bench Division.

A legal Sage, Who'll blaze up with a breath, And thinks the Bench is sat upon, And loses his reins to death.

I met a Judge, of Judges pearl— So everybody said— His wig was thick with many a curl, That clustered round his head. He had a testy, reasty* air: In silk robes he was clad; His patience spare, and very spare, Its shortness made me sad.

"You and your brothers, here arrayed, How many mute you be?"

"How many? Seven, at least," he said, And fiercely scowled at me. "How seven? Are two upon the shelf?"

"How seven? Are two upon the shelf?"

"How seven? Are two upon the shelf?"

"How seven? Are two upon the shelf?"

"From Chambers one, At Codifying two;"

"From Chambers one, At Codifying two;"

"From Chambers one, At Codifying two;"

"How seven? Are two upon the shelf?"

Then did that testy Judge reply—

"Seven. Don't you to me;"

"Seven. Don't you to me;"

"Seven. Don't you to me;"

"Don't you to me;"

"Don't you to me;"

"Don't you to me;"

"With less than seven no Nisi Pri-

us sittings shall we see."

"Then how will Courts and Causes sit?"

"Then how will Courts and Causes sit?"

"Then how will Courts and Causes sit?"

"Pray what is that to me?"

"Pray what is that to me?"

"Pray what is that to me?"

"In chaos of arrears I sit, That cleared at once should be."

* Stubborn. Used of a horse that backs against its food—North Country Glossary.
"Way, should have been—they may be seen"—
That testy Judge replied—
"Behind the door—six sheets and more
Of cause-lists side by side!
My brows before them oft I knit,
With many a peevish hem,
And often feel disposed to sit,
And scold in front of them!
"And often when the sitting's up,
And the Court set all square,
I squeeze the bitter in my cup,
And sip it slowly there.
"There's brother Field in Chambers staid,
And better so, say I,
By wild attorneys' clerks though bayed,
That fight all ways but shy.
"Of Lush's work I should be fain,
And Stephen's—it seems play,
Making the Criminal Law again
As good as new, they say.
"Hawkins on circuit's free to go,
And here let chaos slide;
And brother Pollock's temper's slow,
He can arrears abide."
"How many are you, then?" said I,
"If their four hells are heaven
Compared to yours?" He made reply,
"You say five—I say seven."
"You're five, you said—with you for head—but five—including Stephen."
"Two was throwing words away, for still
That testy Judge would have his will,
Five, but we should be seven!"

Building Up and Keeping Down.
After studying Professor Skeff's Life of Stein—the corner-stone of the Prussian Constitutional edifice—
The great Statesman who regenerated Prussia after the First Napoleon's attempt to crush out its national life under
his heel; and then thinking over what Prince Bismarck
has done, first to consolidate, and now to control, Germany,
Punch is struck by one thought—that if Germany, in
her distress, is asking for bread, Prince Bismarck, at
least, is not the man to give her a "Stre.

Better a word than a blow.
The German Press is very sore at the English comments on the Bismarck Parliamentary Discipline Bill.
Better be sore under the sting of British comments than
under the lash of Bismarck's Discipline.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.
(In Preparation for the next General Election.)
1. What is the first preliminary to offering yourself as a candidate for Parliament?
2. Having appointed an agent, define, as summarily as you can, your duties to him, and his to you.
3. Describe the process of organizing an "influential deputation" of free and independent electors.
4. State briefly the manner of receiving such a "deputation," applicable to different styles of reception—(a) Modest, (b) Cocky, (c) Serious, (d) Facetious, in answer to the request that you will allow yourself to be brought forward as a Candidate for Parliamentary honours.
5. Draw up an Address to the electors in each of the above three styles of reception—(a) Liberal and Anti-Jingo, (b) High Jingo and Imperialist, (c) Neutral and Safe.
6. What would you consider a reasonable charge per line, for the insertion of such Address in the columns of the local journais?
7. Give, in totals, the expenses of bill-posting per square mile of hoarding? How many dozen board-men, per mile of street, would you consider sufficient for the proper dissemination of your political opinions?
8. How would you conciliate the following interests—(a) the Licensed Victuallers, (b) the "Working Men," (c) the Retail Shopkeepers, (d) the Home-Rulers, (e) the Nonconformists, (f) the Church-Union, (g) the Women's-Rights-men and women?
9. Denounce in effective language for the hustings the Permissive Bill and the Civil Service Stores.
10. Describe in outline the duties and rights of a Committee.
11. In what proportion of public-houses to population are rooms required for the proper performance of these duties, and the proper enjoyment of these rights?
12. Describe the various modes of canvassing. How would you proceed with (a) a leading vestryman; (b) a strong-minded female; and (c) a baby in arms?
13. Give in algebraic symbols the amount of pressure which will render it incumbent on a candidate (a) to shake hands with a chimney-sweep; (b) to partake of five o'clock tea in the back parlour of a leading undertaker.
14. In what proportion should you subscribe to the following local institutions:—The Hospital, the Racecourse, the Regatta, the Town Hall, the Artisans' Toad-and-Water Mutual Improvement Society, and the Ladies' Cough-Lozenges-for-the-Indigent-Deserving Fund?
15. How many rooms would you engage in the Party Hotel for the election, and what would you be prepared to pay for them?
16. How would you treat an elector if he called upon you suddenly at your London Club?
17. If returned, how many irrelevant questions would you undertake to ask in the House, and how many superfluous returns to move for in the course of a Session?
18. Express algebraically how disagreeable you are prepared to make yourself to the Government or the Opposition as the case may be.
19. And, last and most important of all—can you produce a really satisfactory banker’s balance, in proof of the soundness of your opinions?

THE CIVILEST KILKENNY CATS.
A Striking Correspondence.
Peabody Buildings, Block A 1.
December 1, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR,

This comes, asking your pardon for troubling you with a letter upon rather an unpleasant subject; but I hope you will not think it is any affront to your kindness, when you call the subject of wages an ‘‘unpleasant’’ one.

In reply to your request, and that of your mates conveyed through Mr. Worke, and your esteemed family are necessary to perpetuate the memory of perfect health, I remain Yours most respectfully,
(Signed) A. WORKMAN.
M. PLOTER, Esq.
Stewallington Park.
December 3, 18—.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

There was no occasion to apologise to me. I am always delighted to hear from the good fellows I am happy enough to be able to employ. You do not do yourself justice, when you call the subject of wages an ‘‘unpleasant’’ one.

In reply to your request, and that of your mates conveyed through Mr. Worke, and your esteemed family are necessary to perpetuate the memory of perfect health, I remain Yours most respectfully,
(Signed) A. WORKMAN.
M. PLOTER, Esq.
Back Parlour, 22 Araminta Villas, East.
January 1st, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR,

I write to tell you that circumstances over which I have no control have forced me to give up my nicely-furnished rooms. This letter is headed with my new address.

Still I cannot help wishing you a Merry Christmas.

Yours most respectfully,
M. PLOTER, Esq.
Back Parlour, 22 Araminta Villas, East.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

You are very kind to think of me in these trying times. As we have been obliged (for reasons of a pecuniary character) to give up Swellington Park, and are in the confusion of moving to our new residence, you must not expect a long letter. Yet let me say, ‘‘A Happy New Year to you and yours.’’

Yours most sincerely,
MR. WORKMAN.
(Signed) M. PLOTER.

FIRE-WORKS AT WOKING.

The movement not long ago started to substitute ‘‘Cremation’’ for interment appeared to have come to a standstill. But a ‘‘Cremation’’ has been established, and is now actually in working order.

It is already in course of erecting, under the name of ‘‘Crematorium,’’ a regular ‘‘Bustum’’ at Woking. ‘‘Bustum’’ or ‘‘Crematorium’’ is the preferable term which I believe the better in advertisements and railway time-tables ‘‘Woking Crematorium,’’ or ‘‘Woking Bustum’’? The worst of ‘‘Bustum’’ is the disagreeable sound suggestive of ‘‘bodies upon.’’

Whether destined, however, to be denominated ‘‘Crematorium’’ or ‘‘Bustum,’’ the Cremation Works at Woking are indignantly denounced by the Vicar of that parish and by certain of his flock. They appear to look upon Cremation as a burning shame, if not sin.

Strange to say, too, the London Necropolis Company has thought it necessary to repudiate all interest in the matter. The Secretary declares, in the Times, that—

‘‘The Necropolis Company in no degree favour such preparations as are now being made in the vicinity of Woking for incinerating the dead. They regard Cremation as the residuary of the parish regard—namely, with abhorrence.’’

Naturally. In the sight of the Necropolis Company, and a business point of view, one would think there could possibly grow no plant more detestable than a Crematorium or a Bustum on Woking Common; although, for the people in the neighbourhood, instead of a poisonous plant, this would seem to be, on the contrary, distinctly a hygienic one.

It seems superfluous of the Necropolis Company to disavow connection with a Cremation Plant. But that plant happens to be the head of a land which, was formerly their own. Hence the need to explain that—

‘‘It is true the land now in possession of the Cremation Society of London originally belonged to the Company, but it was purchased from them in the ordinary way, and they never once anticipated that it would pass into the hands of the Cremation Society, to be used for a funeral pyre. Had the Company had the faintest idea that the ground would be conveyed to its present possessors, no inducement would have compelled them to part with it.’’

But the world is more than wide enough at Woking for both the Crematorium and the Necropolis. Persons looking forward to the freedom of that subterranean City may be gratified by the assurance that—

‘‘The mode of interment now widely known as the Earth-to-Earth’’—or ‘‘Bustum’’ theory, or ‘‘Cremation’’ theory, or ‘‘Necropolis’’ theory, is the preferable term which I believe the better in advertisements and railway time-tables ‘‘Woking Crematorium,’’ or ‘‘Woking Bustum’’? The worst of ‘‘Bustum’’ is the disagreeable sound suggestive of ‘‘bodies upon.’’

As to ‘‘Funeral Reform,’’ in fact, the Company’s views are Liberal—Conservative. But they protest—

‘‘The Company cannot countenance the disposal of the dead either by burning or by subjection to the action of quicklime.’’

No doubt quicklime is as bad as Cremation, and both the one and the other must be equally painful, at least when employed for the decomposition of insensitive organic remains. Quicklime is only a sort of earth, a little more expeditious in its action than common earth, but it would pass into the hands of the Cremation Society, to be used for a funeral pyre. Had the Company had the faintest idea that the ground would be conveyed to its present possessors, no inducement would have compelled them to part with it.’’

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‘‘The Company cannot countenance the disposal of the dead either by burning or by subjection to the action of quicklime.’’

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor does not hold himself bound to acknowledge, return, or pay for Contributions. In no case can these be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Copies should be kept.
THE ART OF QUARRELLING.

Quarrelling, carmes populo, having become one of our recognised fashionable amusements, like billiards or lawn-tennis, some rules for its conduct, secundum artem, may not be without their utility. The following general instructions are deduced from a careful consideration of the many conspicuous games with which the public has lately been entertained.

In the first case, as a sort of preliminary training for this pastime, it is essential to divest yourself of all sense of good-feeling, fairness, and self-respect; and get rid of all such fatal weaknesses as courtesy and openness to conviction. The art of disputing with dignity and if it ever existed, is a lost one, arbitrary and irrational better for the special interest in contemplation. The conviction or assumption that you are the greatest, wisest, and best of mankind, is a very promising principle to start with. You must then discover somebody, of a contentious turn of mind, whose pet opinion is diametrically opposed to your own. You will have no difficulty in doing this.

Your next step is to tell him, with dogmatic directness, that he is wrong, and suggest, with unmistakable obviousness, that he is an objectionable idiot for not agreeing with you. Unless he be a wise man—an improbable contingency which need hardly be considered—he will certainly retort in kind, and then the game is fairly set going.

You thereupon sit down and carefully elaborate a scornful and uncomplimentary rejoinder. This is the easiest thing in the world, given time, pen and ink, and a free freedom from gentlemanly scruples. Your object will, of course, be to say not what is true, but what is telling; not what you honestly think to be pertinent, but what you shrewdly imagine will be painful. Any sense of fairness or of kindly feeling would rob your invective of half its sting. You must be smart and scathing at any cost. Every sentence should be so shaped as to imply your own serene superiority, and your adversary’s utter inadequacy. This, which in ordinary circumstances might seem odious conduct, is a sine qua non in quarrelling, which, like patriotism, covers a multitude of sins. The “yah-ho” style of derision in favour of street-boys, and the “you’re another” fashion of retort, characteristic of silly women on the wrangle, will be found valuable auxiliaries. Comparisons, the more literally “odorous” the better, are also essential. The suggestion, more or less subly conveyed, that your opponent is of obscene extraction or simian descent is effective, though, from constant repetition, a little stale. Entomological epithets and reptilian analogies, greatly in favour with fervid men of genius, are more offensive, and therefore more eligible, weapons of assault. It has been truly said that there is nothing like hitting a man with a frying-pan; if it does not hurt him, it may dirt him. Abuse suggestive of foul sights and evil smells is sure of some effect, if only upon your opponent’s eyes and nose. The sum of your jeremiad may be beside the mark, the epithet may smile at one of the lamp and the gutter, but that does not matter. You will have the sweet consciousness of having censured a crusher, and may complacently await a reply.

It will come, and will probably be yet more irrelevant in its arguments, laboured in its diction, malodorous in its epithets, than your attack. It is de rigueur on each side to maintain a fine show of indifference to the prick of their adversary’s pungencies. The transparent insincerity of the assumption adds greatly to the zest of the squabble.

This sort of thing can be continued until one party or the other gets tired of it, or resolves upon an appeal to the law. In the first case he will simply have wasted a deal of his time, in the second he will probably waste also a considerable amount of his money.

Such are in outline the chief rules and regulations of the new Round Game of Unlimited Shindy. It is a game only fit for noodles and cads, but has attained a considerable, though it may be hoped fleeting, popularity among ill-advised gentlemen and misguided men of Art and Letters.

SHOPKEEPERS V. STORES.

A Deputation of London Tradesmen waited yesterday on Mr. Punch to solicit his intervention to rescue them from the ruin they believe themselves threatened with by the competition of Co-operative Stores. The Deputation was headed by Mr. Tilkins, who expressed their fears in prolix and piteous terms.

Mr. Punch said he had himself no dealings with Co-operative Stores. He continued to patronise the tradesman he had employed all his life. They supplied him with the best of articles on the lowest possible terms; and were content with the honour of serving him, as he never asked credit. As long as they fulfilled these conditions, they would preserve his custom. In what way could he assist the respected gentleman he saw before him? Mr. Comptt said that the Government allowed Co-operative establishments to be carried on under the names of Departments, and entitled Civil Service, Naval, and Military Stores. A word from Mr. Punch, he was sure, would compel the authorities to prohibit this unwarrantable assumption.

Mr. Punch thought such prohibition would do more good than harm to the Co-operative Stores. For his own part he always felt rather prejudiced than otherwise against an establishment with a high-sounding name—which, to him, would rather, if he didn’t know better, suggest piquery.

Mr. Tilkins would ask Mr. Punch to request the Government to consider its duty to prevent the abuse of official titles. Co-operative Stores competed with public offices, either by materially reducing the salaries of public servants, or increasing their hours of service, so as to leave them no time to practise any employment but what they were paid for with the public money.

Mr. Punch said that nothing could prevent Civil Servants from subscribing to or taking shares in any commercial undertaking, and the more their salaries were cut down, the greater would be the necessity for their buying in the cheapest market.

Mr. Fishter observed that Free Trade had been enriched in the balance, and that of course the game is fairly set going.

With that, Mr. Punch bowed the Deputation out of his office, and Toby courteously saw them down-stairs.

Peace, Peace!

Punch begs to implore the mercy of his Correspondents, who keep on ringing the changes on the name of Peace till Punch seems to say, “He who has often said before, that he won’t have Peace at any price.”

REASSURING.

The “Patent Railway Raek” is not, as might be imagined, a new torment for the long-suffering railway traveller, but an ingenious arrangement for displaying advertisements in railway carriages by aid of mirrors.
"TIENS TOI DONC TRANQUILLE!" (With Apologies to M. DALON.)

Demand and Supply.

The cadging gangs who have lately been making suburban neighbourhoods vocal with the information that they "ve "got no work to do," may hear of something to their advantage by applying to the nearest police-court, where they may be provided with "work to do" in the shape of a few weeks' turn at the crank, with intervals for refreshment in the shape of oakum-picking.

Distress without Disturbance.

The prevalent distress is undeniable; but where are the Riots? We should very soon see, had not Free Trade made the necessaries of life as cheap as they well can be for the masses. The renewal of disturbances would pretty soon be effected by the restoration of Protection under the name of Reciprocity.

WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.

With a view to re-establish the Imperial Legend in France, the French Imperialists are naturally going in for their familiar policy, Divide et impera.
THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

It was a bright frosty New Year's morning, with a gentle East Wind!—and this Old Gentleman had turned out to catch the Early Postman, expecting the usual letter from his Son-in-Law about the Hamper from Town—instead of which he receives an application for a subscription to the Crackbrained Lunatic Asylum. No wonder he looks out of temper!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Be a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

Visit the Second.—Chapter XI.


An invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Felix Pilto to visit them at their country house, The Hutch, Halfshire. I had accepted Pilto's invitation in Town some time ago.

Two things came upon me as a surprise in connection with Felix Pilto. The first is that he is only "Mister." I always thought, till now, that he was a "Captain." At the Club, the hall porter and the waiters have always spoken of him as "Captain Pilto;" and every one has always called him Captain. I had not looked in the list to see if that was his title, and if never occurred to me that, for years, people could go on calling a man "Captain" unless he were a Captain. Had I been asked by a stranger, who might have seen me walking with Pilto, "Who's your military-looking friend?" I should, with some pride, have answered, "That is Captain Pilto!" I had the inquiry been pressed further, and had I been called upon to mention the Captain's regiment, I should—in the absence of any definite information on the subject—have answered the question, as implying a doubt of my friend's character. When you tell any one that a friend of yours is "Captain So-and-So," you naturally expect to be believed implicitly. To be asked, immediately afterwards, "Cap-?" sounds like a sneer, not only at your friend, but at yourself. It's as much as to say, "What! you know a Captain? A pretty sort of Captain he must be! Get out! he's no more a Captain than you are!"—at least, that is the impression that such a question leaves on my mind. Still, I admit that I've never been able to answer it. I have replied in an off-hand manner, "Oh—
Eminent Person's coolness in battle—for to be standing quietly with your horse, in an attitude, having your portrait painted behind a curtain, while one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world is raging outside, within a few yards of you, does certainly denote a vast amount of coolness both on the part of the model, and the artist,—or whether the whole thing was ideal, and the Eminent Person was not a General at all, any more than my friend Peter is a real Captain, is only known, I suppose, to the painter. But however this may be, my notions of a Hussar have always beenregulated by this picture; and when I am asked, "What is a Captain?"—or any friend of mine, who calls himself Captain, "is a Captain?" I invariably reply, with a touch of profound astonishment at the ignorance of my questioner, "In the Hussars!"

I say to other friends, "I always thought Peter was a Captain." They return that they had always thought so too. No one had ever taken the trouble to inquire. We had always preferred to think of him as a Captain, and it is a surprise to everyone, when I inform them that he is not a Captain. Another surprise—for me, at least—comes out on the occasion of this invitation—and that is that Phiz is a married man. "Oh yes," says Peter, who knows everything about everybody, without anybody knowing anything at all about him, "Phiz's been married for eighteen years, or more. Why, his eldest daughter is quite seventeen."

"We ask Peter to tell us, 'What's Peter a Captain in?'

"Some Yeomanry regiment," replies Peter, readily. "I think it's Lord Melville's Royal Dragoons. There are about sixty of 'em: Gentlemen farmers, and landowners. They go out about twice a year, and have a dinner, and an annual ball. It's more to encourage the breed of horses in the county than for anything else. But it's a handsome uniform."

"We are satisfied. Phiz is a Captain, when he's at home. And he is a Captain in order to encourage the breed of horses."

Peter is supposed to be an Irishman. On occasion he affects a strong Irish accent, but no one can fix his county, if Irish, nor can anyone be positive as to his nationality. He is consulted on everything by everybody as an authority, and is presumed to have access to authoritative sources of information on most subjects connected with politics and finance; and as he possesses the art of pretending to conceal his profound knowledge, and at the very crisis of an animated discussion about the Government policy, when appealed to, cogently, with, "Come, Peter, you can talk us," will shake his head knowingly and walk away as if silently begging you not to press him, and, with a smile, will be intrusted with such secrets as might determine the fate of empires, and make the fortune of any speculator in foreign stocks.

Phiz considers himself fortunate to have secured Peter, who, I have always heard, is full of anecdotes, and the very best of company. Clearly a treat is in store.

I go down to the Hutch, Halfshire, and find a considerable party assembled. Peter is anxiously expected. The Hutch, Halfshire, is a pretty house, in a charming, well-wooded situation, and, like Rome, was evidently not built in a day—by which I mean that the Hutch has been, probably, put together, at different times, by different people with different opinions. The oldest portion is of the early and very plain English farm-house type, with pointed roof, and plenty of waste space for box-rooms and lofts. Then came someone who thought it would be cheaper to add than rebuild, and who had a taste for alterations by turning the hall into the wing-room, converting that into a window, and making the entrance on the east side, under a verandah. This gentleman's successor evidently considered both, and at once decided that the drawing-room must be where the kitchen was, that the hall should take the place of the drawing-room, that the front door, with carriage drive, should be on the West, that the verandahs should remain, and a garden door should occupy the place of the dining-room window.

Then came Phiz, who took the Hutch because, he said, "He saw what could be done with it"—which, apparently, was to transpose a large door into a window, and to add a staircase somewhere. His one idea is the absolute necessity in every house of an iron spiral staircase. It is so convenient, and so inexpensive, and so useful in case of fire, and then he adds, as a recommendation, "It looks so light." The advantage of such an appearance apparently being, that, in the event of some dishonest person being struck by the practicability of feebly abstracting it, like Phiz, the gates of Gaza, he would find, to his astonishment, that, though it looked light, it was uncommonly heavy.

Beyond plans, Phiz has done nothing. The last owner had added a wing and a storey, and offices and a stabling. The place has been built by someone who had a fancy for variegated tiles, and who was satisfied with the effect of these relieved by Swiss chalet woodwork balconies, and who in the end was in admiration contrast to the architectural notions of the previous builder.

"I object," says Phiz, "to regularity and uniformity in a country-house."

Phiz is inclined to burinldes and boldness. He likes putting his hands in his pockets and objecting. Not much ever comes of his objecting, and very little from his not objecting. As a rule he objects, without proposing an amendment. He seldom commits himself to a decided opinion, but usually either represents himself as objecting, or not objecting. Mrs. Phiz is a quiet person, who never as if she had been shrivelled up by a north-east wind, and was ready for a shiver at any moment.

[Happy Thought (but not for the person whom it most concerns). A constitution knocked all to shivers.] Mrs. Phiz is always languidly projecting, and Phiz, who is a decided optimist,-projecting. The result is, that they stop where they are, at the Hutch.

They don't quarrel. The girls—three of them with ancient Saxon Christian names, indicative of Mrs. Phiz's aristocratic ancestry, for she has rather come down in the family's estimation by marrying Phiz (at least so Peter informs me)—the girls side with their mother on every question; they all project, and Phiz objects, and Mrs. Phiz goes on objecting.

Phiz objects, and Mrs. Phiz goes on objecting. The result is, that they stop where they are, at the Hutch. The girls—three of them with ancient Saxon Christian names, indicative of Mrs. Phiz's aristocratic ancestry, for she has rather come down in the family's estimation by marrying Phiz (at least so Peter informs me)—the girls object to the family going to London, so Mrs. Phiz projects a party at the Hutch. Phiz projects to too large a party. Mrs. Phiz projects a moderately sized one. "It's for the girls," says Peter, absurdly.
I arrive, with Peter, in time for dinner.

Pilout shows me to my room—a bachelor's room—with, so to speak, scratch furniture.—Pilout having objected to unnecessary expense.

"It's not a warm room," says Pilout, standing before the empty grate, with his hands in his pockets; "but I object to a warm room: it's unhealthy."

I say politely that I also object to too warm a room; and I glance at the fire-place.

"We tried the fire," says Pilout, "and it smokes horribly; perhaps it's only in this wind, or perhaps the chimney's a bit damp. But I said to my wife that you wouldn't mind, just for once and away, not having a fire."

"Oh, dear no!" I reply, with a serious smile, wishing to good- ness he had told me when he invited me that he was going to put me in a small room without a fire, furnished with a small chest of drawers, which has to serve for a toilet-table, and a washing-stand, on which there is no room for a water-bottle or even a bath-sponge.

"You'll find the bed all right," he adds; "it's only a small iron chair-bed." I see that, and hate it; "but," he goes on, "I don't object to a small iron chair-bed myself."

No, perhaps not; but then why is it there?"

(Happy Thought.)—"I hope when I do sleep on it, I shall think better of it."

Pilout, it appears, doesn't object to a small washing-stand, he doesn't object to the top of the chest of drawers serving for a toilettable, he doesn't object to no fire in the room, nor to one candle to dress by, nor to the blind having being done half-way down, nor to there being no bell, nor to the draught from door to window, nor to my catching cold—in fact, he doesn't appear to object to anything probable that may happen to me. And I suppose he doesn't object to my leaving to-morrow, as I certainly shall, if I'm not more comfortable.

"HOW WE WRITE NOW."

(Adapted from W. S. Gilbert, Esq.)

Scene.—An Enterprising Manager's Sanctum. Enterprising Man- ager (incoherent, sitting in a room with a hat and a cigarette, and turning over leaves of MICHIEL LEVY FRIESE'S latest Cata- logue.)

Enter W. SHAKESPEARE, Jun.

Enterprising Manager. Ah! how do, my boy? Well, what can I do for you?


Enterprising Manager (looking towards a shelf loaded with MSS.). Well, it will take its turn with the rest, my boy. I give them all a fair chance;—take six home every night, and read them before I go to bed. (Fiddling with his stick.) By the way, what was it?

When did you send it in? I don't remember.

Shakespeare, Jun. You've had the scenario this three months. Suppose we run over it?

Enterprising Manager (rising). Can't just now, my boy. Very sorry. I've an appointment at twelve, and it's only a quarter to some other day.

Shakespeare, Jun. Really this is rather cool. I've come up all the way from Stratford by train.

Enterprising Manager. Fact is, my boy, scenarios are no good. You write your five Acts and send 'em in (looks at watch), and then we can do business.

Shakespeare, Jun. But is work done no guarantee for work pro- mised? Surely after writing some thirty stock-plays—

Enterprising Manager. Yes, I know. Capital, every one of 'em. But you're just as likely as not to tip us a fright to-morrow. There's no relying on what a man has done, or what he's going to do, nor what he does that fills the house. That's why we go to Paris. A man knows what he's about there.

Shakespeare, Jun. (redreaming). Oh! I see.

Enterprising Manager. Don't you twit? The whole thing's done to your hand—scenery, business, lingo—everything! It's stealing one's buns ready made, all but the mere English colour, in- stead of the French polish, on the handle. But, look out, don't you cut up rough. I'll tell you what I'll do for you. (Takes up book of new French pieces.) Here is the last big thing at the Palais Royal. I've secured the English rights.

Put it in your pocket, and run over it, or, better still, run over there and see it yourself, and then do it into English for us. The less you talk the better, but work up the comic business, and make the patter as spicy as you can.

I was going to give it to Jones: but you shall have the job, my boy. Your name will make a good line in the bill,—and that's always something to the good—eh?

Puts him affably on the shoulder. Exit W. S., Jun., with what appetite he may for his adaptation job.

PROGRESS BY RECIPROCITY.

(From Captain F. Burnaby's Prophetic Protectionist's Primer.)

1880. Ten great principles, that "The community exists only for the benefit of the trader, not the trader for the necessity of the community," universally recognised by all enlightened Statesmen. The abrogation of Commercial Treaties begins.

1881. Samun Champagne sold at Public Auction, at £25 10s. the dozen. First bottle of British Château Margaux, made at Birmingham, and condemned as "highly dangerous to health" by pub- lic analyst. Porter-drinking at Weddings and Evening Parties common.

1882. "Raw Material, Retaliatory Bill" passed. Import of sugar by 50 per cent. Paper Sandwiches worn at the Opera, and hair-brushes, walking-sticks, dressing-case, furniture, and cricket-bats of cast-iron, come into general use.


1884. Spirited policy of the Government towards America. Importation of foreign corn stopped. The half-quarter loaf sold at 8d. The half-quarter loaf is the "American" loaf. The half-quarter loaf is the "American" loaf. The half-quarter loaf is the "American" loaf. The half-quarter loaf is the "American" loaf.

1885. Serious bread-riots in the dining-room at the Carlton. Rye, oats, and Rye oats, publically sold in Hyde Park, the London Squares, and Temple Gardens.

1886. "Sugar, spices, and dry food" retaliatory measure carried. Glycerine first taken with tea. The Lord Mayor's Banquet held as usual—the menu consisting of "red herrings, calf's liver, and beet- root dumplings."

1887. "Anti-retaliator" writes to the Times newspaper from "Araminta Road, North Kilburn," to complain, that though his family consists of four, and meat is only "seen in the house on one Sunday in six," he finds, with present prices, he spends over £4,000 a year.

1888. Chocolate and Mutton Chop smuggling commences. Ex- tinction of the iron, cotton, hard-ware, and other industries. Uni- versal emigration. Peers have to fetch their own coals from the pit's mouth. The Lord Chancellor takes Drury Lane Theatre for an amateur performance, and reads CAMPELLE'S Last Man to an empty house.

1889. Wolves appear in South Kensington. Five-pound Notes sold in the streets at the rate of four-dozen for one walnut. General exodus of everybody. Last performance but six of Our Boys.

1890. England ceases to be a recognised portion of the "habitable Globe." Departure of the Beside of the Burlington Arcade for Monaco.

CLERICAL CANT.

Or behalf of the Rev. Mr. Carter, Vicar of Claver, charged with introducing Ritualistic performances into the Church Service, a plea has been founded on the alleged "elasticity" of the Church, which gives full play to its different "schools of thought." As to "elasticity," the question is, how much farther the Church, by Law Established, will stretch without breaking away from the Law, with which its relations have long been strained? The Church had no elasticity in the old days which preceded the modern influx of India Rubber within its pale. Neither did it then present any "schools of thought," properly so-called. If it had any "schools," they were not schools of thought, but schools of Service and dogmas. If the Church of England were really divided into schools of thought, it would hardly present the present pitiable and painful spectacle of schools in an uproar.

A MAD BULL.—Anybody insane enough to buy for a rise in Turks.
A CHAPTER ON NATURAL HISTORY.

Jack. "Just look at that sneak of a Robin! Wouldn't I catapult him if I had a chance!"

Clara. "Catapult a Robin! For shame, Jack!"

Jack. "Oh, it's all very well, but if there is a bird I hate more than another, it's a Robin. They come sneaking up to you in the Winter, when they want crumbs—just like the fellows at school when you've got a hamper—and then, in the Summer, when they've got their hamper, they won't look at you!"

DEAR CHARLIE,

The pictures you sent me were proper—my style to a touch. I've had 'em hung up in my den, and my pals like the style of 'em much.

That gal in Turk togs is a screamer. Wot eyes! and her figure!—well there!

She's as spicy as them there Swell photos, as set arf the town on the stare.

That's Art, my dear boy, and no gammon; but lots as now goes by that name.

Is no better than riddles to me, and I'm blowed if I'm fly to its game.

"Wot of that, festive bloater?" sez you. "Taint the sort for your kidney, old pal."

Right you are, but I've bin in it lately, was luck, all along of a gal.

She's a kind of a sort of third cousin of ours, in town on a visit to dad:

So I've had to come the star-walker. She has got the rummiest led:

Exhibitions and galleries and that is her mark. Just imagine, old man!

Stone images, pictures, engravings, and such-like artistic stuff;

The things that I've seen this last fortnight! I 'ate exhibitions like sin:

Yawn-shops every one; but then Loo has prime eyes, and her Guv'nor has tin.

And so I've bin doing the rounds, and, though I mayn't be much of a judge,

Seems to me, for a chap up to snuff, your 'Igh Art is just out-and-out fudge.

Elevating the masses be blowed! Wot's the good of your blooming Anteek?

A lot of old scarecrows in blankets, barefooted, and big in the beak.

I would rather a jolly long shot see the poses or Madame Two-swords,

And I ventured to say so to Loo, who declared she was shocked at my words.

Stone gals ain't my mark, not a mite; only fit to stick up in the squares,

Or hold lamps in a Music-'All lobby. The stone-chippers give their-selves airs;

But sandals, and swords, and rum togs, all atwist and chucked on anyhow,

Though they might have been nuts to the Greeks, ain't the right sort of thing for us now.

Such togs are a flooer to me. I asked Loo how she 'd cotton to wear

A rig-out like Venus or Physic, or some such a name as that 'ere:

(Loo rhymes it to Crikey, I fancy. Ain't Sikey a neat sort o' name?)

Of course she just sniffed and shut up, but it nailed her, old man, all the same.

I like limbs as is limbs, my dear Charlie, and faces as ain't got the chalks;

A fig for your Classical attitudes, wobbles, and slommocking walks!

Slavantinical saints on theoggie, and mooney young women in grey,

With their muslins all twisted tight round 'em don't elevate me, I must say.

Loo says I'm a regular Philistine; I fancy she means that for chaff.

Gollath was of the Chango inches, and I ain't five foot and a half,
Hercules and the Waggoner.

Hercules: "Put your shoulder to the wheel, my lad; and try co-operation. You seearians":—Old Fable.

Hercules: "Put your shoulder to the wheel, my lad; and try co-operation. You seearians":—Old Fable.

My lad! and try 'co-operation' yourself!

"—Old Fable.
February 1, 1879.

Punch, or the London Charivari.

But if he preferred the Police News to pictures of gals in a faint, set me down as a match for Guiltath in that respect, blowed if I ain't.

When I see those old fogies in marble, I think not a lark it 'ud be To paint 'em sky-blue, or dab on a moustach, on the strictest G. T. You remember the spree we once 'ud, when they'd showed us some %

"Or I waited till no one was looking, and just chipped my name on %

You penal the spree we once 'ad, when they 'd showed us some %

The masses won't get "elevation" from things as they don't under-stand.

Wot we want Ae a picter is flavour and "fitch," and yours give it %

Loo may valk, but the whole Classic lot ain't worth one of your %

pleasure to preside at that meeting, as he was a thoroughly English %

necessarily assumes a somewhat vague and shadowy character.

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( oh — ) _He would now pause to take a gc breath and

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of machinery for spinning cotton-yarns, had comple %

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The Chairman having retired to the Shades, the Ghost of a

voices of the dark.

(A Meeting of Commercial Ghosts was held a few nights since on the Thames Embankment, to protest against the Civil Service Stores and to offer a shadowy sympathy to the London West End tradesmen following the example set by the retail traders of to-day, these unquiet spirits of a bygone time elected to preserve their incognito, and our representative was supplied with no names. Under these circumstances, the report of the proceedings necessarily assumes a somewhat vague and shadowy character.

The Ghost of a Gentleman with a red nose and a very hourous voice was called to the Chair. He said that it gave him the greatest possible pleasure to preside at that meeting, as he was a thoroughly English Ghost. As an out-and-out Englishman in the flesh, he had loved sound port and unsound argument. He admitted that he did not know very much about the subject occupying the attention of the assembly. But what of that? He had seen a report of a meeting of some of the opponents of Co-operation; he considered Co-operation an un-English practice, and thought the speeches delivered at that gathering eminently English and simply admirable. ("Hear, hear!") Co-operation was a curse. (Cheers.) Co-operation was a snare. (Renewed cheering.) Co-operation was the favourite instrument of tyrants. (Great cheering.) Co-operation was the invention of slaves. (Immense applause.) He would how pause to take a little breath and some refreshing drink at the Chair. (Applause.)

The Chairman having retired to the Shades, the Ghost of a Hand-loom Weaver addressed the meeting. He said he could but too well understand the tradesmen's objection to Co-operation. About a hundred years ago a Derbyshire barber, called Askwaziit, had ruined his (the speaker's) trade. He and another, by their invention of machinery for spinning cotton-yarns, had completely thrown out of gear every honest hand-loom in the North of England. (Cries of "Skewze!") Yes, it was a shame. And what did the Government of the day do? Why, as they now allow the over-paid and under-paid Clerks in the Public Offices to crush the retail tradesman—the very men from whose hands earnings are wound by the saline salaries they receive for warming themselves at roaring fires and reading the Times for five hours a day—so they then allowed the wool and iron of Askwaziit's Threshers; to paralyse the backs and sinews of a whole country-side, and to silence the whirring shuttles of a whole region of industrious looms for the benefit of a few monster mills and their bloated owners. They even knighted the man who had done this mischief. ("Hear, hear!") It was then prophesied by all clear-sighted people that the cotton manufacture of the North of England would never recover from the blow thus inflicted upon it. And those who knew the country that languishes under the smoke-clouds of Manchester and the other unwholesome cotton capitals, could say how completely that prediction had been fulfilled. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

The shade of a Stage-Coachman, with a very red face, and weing a many-caped droll great-coat, then addressed the meeting. He said that there were a great many things he did not believe in. First and foremost, he did not believe in Railways. When he was on the box, he had always said that Railways would be the ruin of the country. And had they not been? Look at the times he remembered, when a traveller would be four days on the road between London and York. Why, he looked, say, his eighteen regular meals on the road then, besides snacks and brandies-and-waters. But how was it now? Why, a man could breakfast at the great Midland Hotel, in St. Pancras, and dine at the York Refreshment Room the same day. He heard it said that people ate as many meals as ever. That was very true. But where did they eat 'em? Why, in their own houses, and what good would that be to anybody, he would like to know? (Immense cheering.) England would never be Old England again, till Railways were put down by Act of Parliament. But what of that? He had seen a report of a meeting of some of the speakers grumbled) turned "niggly," had come upon the speakers grumbled) turned "niggly," had come upon theCEs.) He for, one preferred t ¢

A Country Innkeeper's Spirit, of the last century, said that it wasn't so much the Railways, as the putting down of the posting business, that had done the mischief. And yet he knew that the Railway Station Hotels, he was ashamed of 'em. No landlord could make a decent living out of 'em; and yet every one of 'em chopped up as much custom as would keep the old established houses. It was disgusting! Talk of "Managers!" "Mis-managers" he called 'em. He repeated he was ashamed of them, and Co-operation was a chip of the same block, no wonder he was ashamed of it too. (Cheers.)

The pale-faced Shade of a Tallow-chandler said the preceding speakers had not thrown so full a light on the subject as was to be desired. They had said nothing of the mischief that had been caused by the introduction of gas, and the disappearance of the good old oil-lamps from the streets. (Cheers.) He understood and believed that the workhouses were full of decayed Chandlers. The Whity and Hull whaleheadishing fleets were no more; and you could not obtain a pint of wholesome, sweet whale-oil for love or money. (Cheers.) So much for their new lights. He for one preferred the light of other days! (Loud and long-continued cheering.)

The Chairman having now resumed the Chair, said that, it having been proved in his absence that Invention was the mother of Stavour- tion, and Progress the road to Ruin (cheers), he would ask the meeting to bear with him for a moment in reference to their late angry discussion. He was at a loss to pronounce, by a firm's or a railway's, that old thing would be much better off without power-looms, railways, gas, and last, but not least, Co-operation. (Cheers.) England had been brought to the verge of ruin by Free Trade. Millions were now starving because of the influx of cheap corn, grown by the miserable serfs of Russia and the savage tribes of North America. Even so under the curse of Co-operation——

At this point the meeting was interrupted by the crowing of a cock, which, in consequence of the electric light having (as one of the speakers grumbled) turned "night into day," had come upon the spectral throng unexpectedly, and the Ghosts melted not "into thin air," but their more congenial atmosphere.dense fog!

France in a Fever.

The late crisis in France terminated in a vote of confidence in M. Devarès, by a majority of 222 to 121. That is to say, if this last crisis be indeed the last crisis France has experienced, if that lightly crucial country has not got over, or is not now going through another. So frequent have crises come to be there, if we may trust "Our Own Correspondents," that the case of France seems to be something of continued fire, and we are hearing from the "opportunity" of Gramet, which did not come out in this late collision.

Contradiction in Terms.

Twentv-Five Millions Floating Debt, like winking
Run up! A Sinking Fund, beyond aggression
Let's hope our Floating Debt may soon be sinking, One day for the other, what a ever the other.

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PARRIED.

Facetious Parson (to Parishioner, who is not believed to be a rigid Abstainer). "Ah, Mr. Brown! Fools stand in slippery places, I've heard!"

Mr. Brown (the footpath was in a frightful state). "So I see, Sir; but I'm splinter if I can!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Drury Lane for a Début—The Court—Coming Operas—A Reminiscence.)

The appearance of Miss Kenny, daughter of Charles Lamb, at Drury Lane, as Juliet, was the event in the theatrical world last week. Miss Kenny, being entirely unschooled, has, naturally, much to learn, and to commence her career with Juliet was a bold stroke—to bold, perhaps. She speaks distinctly, and with remarkable intelligence, which is more than I can say for young Mr. Comtet, who seems to have become an Irvingite—I mean as far as the unknown tongue goes.

The best part of Miss Kenny's performance was the balcony-scene, which was giriish, graceful, and natural. The scenes of more violent passion, as was inevitable in the case of so complete a novice, were the least satisfactory. By the time she reached the death-scene, she had lost full command of her voice, and the wonder was that she had kept it so long. Her organ has still to gain the power and variety which practice, guided by intelligence, will give. The want of stage-training was, of course, very apparent in the comparative ineffectiveness of the death-scene. But for one who, as we are assured, never even saw the play acted, and who played the part in that huge theatre without any professional teaching and with very insufficient rehearsals, her self-possession, and the intelligence of her reading and bye-play, were nothing short of wonderful. Still, as yet, this is only promise, though uncommon promise, and for its fulfilment we must wait.

The scenery was funny. The apotheosis, apparently, lived in a Palace—rents being low—and had spent all his spare cash in façades and architectural embellishments. If there were any people about, a casual passer-by must have been attracted by his conversation with Romeo. All secrecy was avoided. Romeo seemed to consider that "giving" at the knees was expressive of emotion. The more he was mentally upset, the more he gave at the knees. At the beginning of the play, he had been a very upright young man. Limpness was, at the last, the prevailing impression he left on me.

A more business-like Friar than Mr. Ryder I never remember. Certainly the play lasted five o'clock, and if Mr. Ryder had to appear as some one of that sort, there wasn't much time left for dinner, and, therefore, I can quite understand the uncommonly short work Honest Jack Ryder (as the Friar) made of the last scene. Let any one, who does not remember the details, refer to the play, where, in scene last, the "comfortable Friar"—Honest John aforesaid—enters "with lantern, crow, and spade," complaining of having barked his shins by stumbling over the graves. To him, Balthasar, they converse: then, gradually, he discovers Romeo, then Paris—County Parvis in the cupboard, not the capital of France—and finally wakes up Juliet. All these are in "the monument."

But with the dinner-hour, probably, in view, or out of consideration for the feelings of the audience, not wishing to harass them up too much on such a bitterly cold day, the "comfortable Friar" entered abruptly, saw the state of affairs at a glance, exclaimed, "It is proposed to erect a statue of William Cobbett at Farnham, his native town."

Observe, the writer of the above paragraph says "a statue of William Cobbett." Not of "the late William Cobbett," as some of your leatherheaded penny-a-niners would have stupidly said. No; because he perceived what a set of boohoes could never have discovered, the ridiculous absurdity of calling a man the late when that man is acknowledged by all instructed and sensible people to be immortal.

To be sure, the numerous and useful works of that incomparable Author, whose birth has given Farnham celebrity throughout the civilized world, are monument enough for him. But if, besides, the admirers of excellence choose to assuage his also a molten or grave image, by all means let them.

Perhaps, in order to further the execution of a work of Art which will reflect the highest credit on all concerned in it, you will, if you can, inform its promoters where an authentic cast of Farnham's illustrious native above-mentioned is to be found. Anything of the kind I myself can think of is the well-known waxen effigy at Madame Tussaud's, clothed in the dress he habitually wore, and deliberately rolling its head from side to side by means of ingenious mechanism. A copy of it in bronze or marble, surmounted with an awning to keep the rain out of the works, would serve for a Lifelike statue of your disembodied but constant reader.

Botley, Hampshire, Hades. WILLIAM COBBETT.

END OF AN ADAGE.

A CONTINENTAL telegraph announces that American coal is beginning to be sold at Geneva. Perhaps they will soon be on sale at Newcastle.

OUR GREATEST ROAD-CONTRACTORS (IN ABERDEENSHIRE).—The Snow-storms.
THE (DEAD) LETTER OF THE LAW.

GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville, a kindly man, whose heart had been moved for the neglected, ill-cared-for, and too often ill-used wives and children of our bargemen—that large but little known and often recurring neglect—has been reduced into his part, when he was playing in his own version of the same piece—and being his own version, "gay" was I suppose, pardonable. It was, I think, in the last Act; Charles Mathews was the Colonel and Mr. Hows the Jealous Husband. The Colonel wanted to conceal the letter, or tell somebody something—I forget what the precise situation was—but at all events the line he had to say was, "Well I must tell her, but how?"—when, at that moment, the few audience, and in a very distinct aside to the public, and with a knowing wink said, "Ah, here's Hows!"—which was received with a shout. Of course the "gay" became stereotyped, but the way he gave it was inimitable.

The Opera and another visit to the Old Masters must next occupy the attention of your Representative.

DRUNK, OR DYING?

Always practical, and always humane, Mr. Punch is glad to ventilate a very simple and most needed remedy for a very painful and often recurring neglect. We are continually reading of inquests on poor folks, who, having been run in as "drunk and incapable," turn out to be dying, and incapable even of saying so. Such cases of incapability are now left to the tender mercies of the police, generally as "incapable" of distinguishing drunk from dying as those they take up—and the comfort of the cell, which, at best, is very cold comfort indeed, and often turns out to be "dying" for all concerned—both the moribund run in, and the repentant runner-in, who meant no harm, but whose sphere of duty was narrowed all round, by his ignorance first, and the Station accommodation afterwards.

Mr. J. H. HILL, Surgeon, of Abercorn Place, N.W., stirred by a very sad recent case of this cruel confusion of drink and disease, writes to the Daily News, suggesting—

"That at each police-station there should be a suitable room, containing a
few beds, provided for the reception of doubtful cases such as the above, or of persons inevitably drunk. Those on duty at the police-station could attend to them under the direction of the police-surgeon, who ought in every case to be called in to examine cases of danger or doubt, and after a few hours any doubt in a given case would have passed away. Such an arrangement would provide the police with a means of safely detaining many of their cases of drunk and incapable which cannot humanly or without danger be placed in a cell, and it is many instances to the present system to transfer to a hospital or workhouse infirmary, where, as I know from long experience, they not only fill up ill-spared beds, but greatly distress the much-winded-and-rost of a large number of sick persons, coming as they often do in the middle of the night.

Punch presents his respectful compliments to Sir E. Henderson, and begs earnestly to recommend Mr. Hill’s humane suggestion to the Police Commissioners.

MORE “HECKLING” FOR HAWARDEN.

“IN response to an invitation from us, Mr. Gladstone has answered some questions which it was thought would throw light upon obscure portions of his biography”—The Biographer.

REASONS with which it is unnecessary to trouble our readers induce us to believe that all the questions which were proposed to Mr. Gladstone have not been published, and we are glad to have the opportunity of supplying the omitted queries. They are as follows:

— Be good enough to give the name of the street and the number of the house in which you were born at Liverpool, and to state on which side of the street the house stood, and whether, to your knowledge, an enamelled tablet has been let into the wall (as it ought to be) to acquaint present and future generations with your exact birth-place.

What was your allowance at Eton, and did you roam about the Playing Fields revolving in your mind the first germ of the Disendowment and Disestablishment of the Irish Church?

Did you drive tandem at Oxford? Who was your “Conch” at that University, and was your tutorial connection with your advantage to him when you held the reins of office? Were you first led to reflect on Church and State from seeing the Eureka Bells presented to the Vice-Chancellor with their silver pokers along the High?

When you were a Candidate for Newark in 1832, did you select the “Clinton Arms” as your hotel because it bore the family name of the Duke of Newcastle? Were you not pleased with the accommodation in that hostelry, and what did you give the head waiter when you left?

When you were a Lord of the Treasury in Sir Robert Peel’s Ministry, did you frequently visit at Drayton Manor, and can you recollect in what room you slept? Do you remember on one occasion lying awake “in the early, early morning,” and picturing to yourself the time when you should be Prime Minister?

Before you accepted office as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, did you make a little tour through Australia, New Zealand, Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, the Bermudas, and Canada?

When President of the Board of Trade, did you make yourself acquainted with all the duty-paying articles then in the Revenue tariff, and did you devise a Memoria Technica, and hang it over your shaving-glass, to enable you to fix these articles indelibly in your mind?

You have been Chancellor of the Exchequer two or three times, and you have also been Prime Minister—your opinion therefore as to the comfort and convenience of the official residence in Downing Street will carry great weight. Were the rooms draughty, did the chimneys smoke, and were you ever called upon to remonstrate about the possible adjustment of the windows?

When you finally separated yourself from the Conservative party, what did you say to them, and did they give you a farewell dinner?

When you were solicited to aid a great metropolitan movement for the re-establishment of Greenwich Fair, and can you remember the reasons you adduced (on a post-card) for declining to countenance such an agitation?

Did you discharge a footman in 1873, and for what precise reason was he dismissed? Is it true that he was (on the maternal side) an Irishman, and had his enforced retirement from your establishment in connection with the rejection of the University Education (Ireland) Bill?

Was Sir Robert Walpole or Lord Liverpool your model “in the principles, or the administrative art in politics”?

In the event of your remaining in office in 1874, should you have abolished the Income Tax, disestablished the Churches of England, Wales, and Scotland, introduced a Universal system (including, the female), repealed the Game Laws, swept away Primogeniture, and bought up all the Railways, Waterworks, Gasworks, and Ceme-

One Flower has blossomed into a Bouquet. Not content with his own praise, and Punch’s solitary—piercing—an eye of the Paddington roads—would the fault be confined to that eminently respectable parish?—has he enlisted a phalanx of good drunks, true, devout—the-like—such a phalanx, as look in on Hyde Park, to take up his cry, and to memorialise the Tyr- burnian Vestry in support of it.

Memorial is a model of temperate but plain speaking, and close keeping to the point. It includes two counts:

1. That the granite cubes for some time used in the road repairs are of excessive size and weight.

2. That, even if the cubes were of proper size, the repairs are done in an unscientific, and, consequently, extravagant manner.

Next comes the evidence in support of the first count:

“For two months past the ratepayers have been taking active notice of the road repairs in the parish and the materials used, and on various occasions and in various streets granite cubes have been picked up—which can be laid before you, if you require them—of huge size and weight, much larger than the smallest size.

“The cubes in question have not been specially selected, but are fair samples of the bulk of the heaps from which they were taken on the roads, whilst some have been taken from the heaps of granite cubes in the Vestry’s own stone-yard."

Then follows a statement of palpable facts, in support of these numbers:

“The roads are not repaired after Macadam’s principle—even putting aside for the moment the size of the cubes.

“Huge layers of granite cubes many inches deep are spread over the road that is under repair, and find their own level, filled in for the time with fine gravel and sand. The gravel in course of time works up into mud, which has to be carted away, and the result is, holes for water to lie in, ridges for horses and foot passengers to trip over, and great danger to springs and wheels.”

Witness to this, all ribs, and frames, of drivers and driven, to say nothing of horses and carriage, traversing Tyburnia.

The Memorial winds up with a fair statement of the extent of the grievance, and—of all—a plain, practical, and practicable suggestion:—

“The grievance affects all classes of society in the parish, the tradesmen’s carts and horses, the rich man’s carriages and horses, the omnibus companies, and the foot passengers. We conclude with a practical suggestion, viz. :—That the advice of a professional pupil of Macadam’s should be obtained forthwith by the Vestry, in order that the present bad system may give place to a new and better one."

Punch need not stay to “tot” up the united ratings of the Memorialists. He contents himself, as a frequent traveller in this huge layer of granite cubes many inches deep spread over the road, that is under repair, and find their own level, filled in for the time with fine gravel and sand. The gravel in course of time works up into mud, which has to be carted away, and the result is, holes for water to lie in, ridges for horses and foot passengers to trip over, and great danger to springs and wheels.”

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February 8, 1879.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

A BURNING SHAME.

The Anti-Cremationists of Woking have been opening the fiercest of fires on the proposed "Bustum," before the Home Secretary. "Trains," they say, already "run into the heart of the Cemetery," and now here is a "Bustum" about to be run into the hearts of the Cemetery shareholders. Their difficulty is to get hold of somebody to fire at. Failing other offending bodies which may hereafter be brought to the "Bustum," the only offender they can find to par their vials of wrath over, is a Mr. Easy, a Civil Engineer, who says he has instructed to erect the necessary apparatus in a secluded spot.

So, at least, the outrage is not going to be thrust offensively under the eyes and noses of the public. But, admitting this, the Woking Anti-Cremationists still consider that Mr. Easy's proceedings have been much too free and easy. The maid forlorn, so fair of face, seems so at home in his shreds and patches. For all his shreds and patches, he has served his purpose.

A Good Example.

We observe, in the interesting proceedings at the Caucus, held by the "Southwark Liberal Two Hundred"—whoever they may be—that the Candidates, after being trotted out, are put through the ballot, and retire in succession, the one with fewest votes first, so that the last in wins, as in that other and earlier form of Caucus, a donkey-race.

MIDDLE-AGE MUSINGS.

Suggested by Mr. Caldecott's Charming Illustrations to "John Gilpin" and "The House that Jack Built."

"Ah! 'twas not so when I was young,"
Those words from the mouth of an ancient tongue,
At modern modes and manners flung,
Have fallen, and in fact, I
Whose hair is thin and tinged with grey,
Feel ever strengthening, day by day,
The senile tendency to play
Laudator temporis acti.

But while in pleasant guise
Jack builds, or lackless Gilpin flies,
Those words upon my lips arise
With quite another meaning,
It was not so, in very sooth,
Art illustrated in my youth
The nursery legends on whose truth
Young faith delights in leaning.

"Look on this picture and on that!"
My old book 'a here; I gaze thereat,
The house, the cow, the dog, the rat,—
Coarse daints and out of drawing.
But, sketched by Caldecott, the scene
Is nature; LANdR's self I ween
Ne'er drew a cat more sly and keen,
Or naturally clawing.

And then that dog!—but mark his eye,
His ear, his full fatuity
Of crossest self-compoiseney,
Unwarmed of nearing Nemesis!
It tickles one almost to tears,
This touch of nature, which endears
The comedy of hopes and fears,
Played out on Jack's new premises.

That tattered all-a-diptoe man,
Bucolic yet Bohemian!—
His artful cutisatory plan
Success from now on matchless.
The maid forlorn, so fair of face,
With such a gentle rustic grace,
Seems so at home.

'Tis deep philosophy. What kiss
To lips comes much amiss?
It is deep philosophy. What kiss
To lips comes much amiss?

Another time that maid forlorn
 Might have repulsed him with scorn,
But in the suit he pleads this morn
Forgets the suit he's wearing.

And Gilpin! Oh! for time and space,
In daintiest detail to trace,
The mingled traits of fun and grace,
The snatches of sweet scenery:—
The luckless Cill's long equine strife;
His buxom, fair, well-favoured wife,
That homely eighteenth century life,
Unmarred by grim machinery.

And beauty lends a grace to joke,—
That charming girl with Gilpin's cloak,
That milkmaid with her pail and yoke,
Are things of joy for ever.

A Flaxman of the fireside here
Hits each home-trait to Britons dear,
With charm spontaneously clear,
As classically clever.

More power to those swift, That fancy far too full for thrift
May nae 4 fashion many a gift
Or happy yea treasure;
Which, nursery-bound, will yet engage.

A very natural destination for the Marshal.
(See Daily Telegraph.)
"J'EN SORS!"

A CHANGE IN THE CAST.

"Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi!" Such was the phrase in which, when kings reigned, a High Court Functionary proclaimed the going down of one crowned head, and the uplifting of another. Just as short and simple is the process under the Republican régime. Only they do not wait for a king's death and a king-at-arm's proclamation. The new stage-direction is simply, "exit President Number One; enter President Number Two." Exit and entry were on Thursday got over in the time that it took to read the Marshall's letter of resignation, and to drop 536 tickets into the Balloting Urn for M. Grévy, against 99 for General Chanzy. At half-past Three the letter was read. By a quarter to Seven the tickets had been deposited, counted, and the result declared.

"Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi!" 

It is even easier to shift a President, than to change a Sovereign. The name of Grévy seems to have acted on the mutinous class of Frenchmen like a spell, or as the appearance of Virgil's Worthy Court Functionary proclaimed the going tranquilised the populace in an uproar:

"Tum, pestis gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem Consuerere, silent, auctorisque auribus astant."

May this quiet and regular beginning of the new Presidency be the augury of its quiet and regular continuance.
UNSEEMLY INTERRUPTION.

The New Footman (stentoriously). "Mrs. Montgomery Jenkins's Carriage!"
Mrs. Montgomery Jenkins, "Tell the coachman to wait."
New Footman. "Please, ma'am, he says he can't. He says he's got another job at twenty minutes past eleven!"

Nothing in the Marshal's official life has become him like the leaving of it. The Marshal was a brave soldier, and an honest, short-sighted man. His successor is as brave, as honest, and less short-sighted. He foresaw the coup d'état, and did his best to prevent it. And he has been a consistent Republican as far back as his record runs.

There could not be a better guarantee that he will do his duty in this new state of life to which it has pleased France to call him.

With which, Mr. Punch takes off his cap and bells to the new President of the Republic.

BANQUETS FOR BISMARCK.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "comparisons are odious. Sir, the Whigs make comparisons." Nevertheless, we may venture on a comparison between two celebrated personages, one of them being Dr. Johnson himself, the other Prince Bismarck. As Dr. Johnson had his Boswell for a biographer, so has Prince Bismarck his Dr. Busch. Further, Prince Bismarck is a man of great abilities and strong common-sense, expressed in forcible language. As is Boswell's hero in these particulars, so was Boswell's. Here is a comparison which cannot vex Dr. Johnson's shade. It is not one of those comparisons which the Whigs are addicted to making; but a comparison after the manner of PUNCH rather than the Edinburgh Review.

There is another special point of similarity between the Great Lexicographer and the Great Chancellor. The former despised simpletons who affected "a foolish disesteem of eating." Glancing down at such noodies, he once said, "Sir, the man who will not take care of his belly will hardly take care of anything else." He reduced this dogma to practice by continuance in good living generally, and, in particular, by habitually eating lobster-sauce with his plum-pudding.

Prince Bismarck, also, by the account of Dr. Busch, is distinguished by a large and extraordinary appetite. He regaled himself one day, as part only of his repast, on boar, champagne, turtle-soup, and boar's head, with a mixture of mustard and raspberry jelly. He once ate eleven hard-boiled eggs at a meal. On another occasion he dined off onion-soup with port wine, saddle of wild boar with beer, Irish stew, and turkey and chestnut. His usual drinks are porter mixed with champagne, hot tea with champagne and sherry, and red wine to any amount besides. Had Bismarck been Johnson's contemporary, he might have been able to put him up to some admixture even more original in its way than plum-pudding and lobster-sauce.

Suppose one were to have the honour of entertaining Prince Bismarck at dinner, considering what peculiar combinations commend themselves to his guest's palate, one might endeavour still further to gratify it by the invention of a few novelties, and pretty little tiny kickshaws, in which opposites might be combined. As, for example—Oysters and orange-marmalade; hare-soup, blanc-mange, and tipsy-cake; turbut and trifle, black puddings and custard boiled in bitter ale; fried sausages and sweet omelet; calf's-liver and bacon with caviare and gooseberry-fool; boiled woodcock with veal stuffing; widgeon with parsley-and-butter; tripe with tare and onions; bubble-and-squash with guava-jelly and macaroni boiled in brandy-and-oil; olive-pudding and anchovy sauce.

Out of a menu such as the above, Prince Bismarck could possibly contrive to make a dinner. It might conclude with welsh-rabbit—a dainty he once tasted at Hull. It is one of the few good things for which he gives credit to England. Perhaps his Highness might like stewed cheese better, or perhaps preferring it simply toasted, as being then of a tougher and more coriaceous consistence.

To return to the parallel between two great men and amazing eaters,—Johnson was occasionally troubled with indigestion. So is Bismarck; and so he ought to be, if he goes on at this rate.

Minister v. Minister.

Brave in the cannon's mouths! He ventures much,
Onslaught of Dean and Chapter singly stemming!
"Wasn't pretty clear his courage isn't Dutch.
Although he may be fighting for a Fleming."
BULL AND HIS BURDENS.

Who led the way?
"I," cries the Rose.
"All this sight, failure, fuss,
Springs from me,—so they say."

Who followed suit?
"I," replies the Turk.
"And your Bull dare not shift
My dead weight—patient brute!"

Who came behind?
"I," says the Master.
"Strike, and trading—disaster
Bad burdens had I find."

Who jumped on next?
"I," growls the Man.
"Strikes may lead to cold screen,
But I stick to my text."

Who's this next him sworn?
"I," shrinks the dark Spectre
Of Glasgow Doctor—
For Bull's back's sure load!

And who's this I see?
The Zulk, with a spring,
On the long back dock floor
Shouting "Just room for me?"

Who bears the load?
"I," groans the poor Bull,
"But my back's about full.
Stand much more I can not!"

Exquisite and Exciting.

A certain enthusiast has lately been writing letters to the Times in advocacy of Vegetarianism, or more correctly, as an etymologist suggests in answer to him, "Ceratism." He more particularly recommends lentil, with an irrational vehemence that suggests, to medical readers at least, the expediency of feeling his pulse, if not of eating it.

Florent Rosa! may he be not the "last Rose of Summer," deserted by his blooming companions, but a perennial flower, a hardy annual, and so, as the drinking chorus has it—

"Here's to you, John Brown,
Here's to you with all my heart!"

and, once again, Florent Rosa!

Of course there must have been a great rush for the cheap edition of Bulwer's "Rienzi" when the Opera was announced. So many people remembered having read it, "years ago, when they read all his others," and, in drawing-rooms, and "places where they sing," the conversation, a few days previous to the production of the Opera, would take this form:

First Young Musical Amateur (to Lady Musical Ditto).—Gosh! how could you ask me? Of course, I always go to anything that the locale had decided her.

Second Young Musical Amateur. Oh, of course (enthusiastically).—Yes, I thought it was an old Opera of Bulwer's, set by Balfe or something of that nature.

Second Young Amateur (superciliously).—My dear fellow! Bulwer and Balfe! Why, it's Wagner's. Lady Musical Amateur (who has not seen it at this time before).—Ah! so it is! (Enthusiastically and reproachfully to First Young Amateur.) How could you ask me? Of course, I always go to anything of Wagner's.

First Young Amateur (who has merely thought of it as an English Opera).—Wagner's? (confessing his ignorance). I don't know. I thought it was an old Opera of Bulwer's, set by Balfe or somebody.

Second Young Amateur (impudently).—My dear fellow! Bulwer and Balfe! Why, it's a German Opera translated into English. Elderly Gentleman (warmly).—I beg your pardon. The German Opera was founded upon Bulwer's English novel.

Elderly Lady (who has been a great novel-reader).—Of course, I remember it very well. It came out among his first. The Last Days of Rienzi. Grassini Etc.

First Young Gentleman. No, no, no. You're thinking of The Last Days of Pompeii.

Elderly Lady. Ah! yes. So it is. But he wrote so many. But I remember this one—it was called Rienzi.

Elderly Gentleman (thoughtfully).—Yes—it was—but what it was about (puzzled)—let me see. There was something mysterious. Some-
IS BURDENS.
body discovers the elixir cite—and are there Ghosts, and an awful "scream of the Threshold.,"

begins to wander in his mind back to scenes of his childhood, and

suddenly thinks confusedly of a hundred other things.

Second Young Amateur (with a similar reminiscence of a cheap re-

issue of Bulwer). Yes. You're right. It was Belzoni.

First Young Amateur (a little embarrassedly). I thought Belzoni was a celebrated

traveller or explorer? I'm not certain—but——

Elderly Gent (pulling himself together with an effort). Yes, of

course he was. Bulwer never wrote a novel called Belzoni—(hes-

cconfidently), at least not that I'm aware of—but (reassured by there

being no contradiction) he did write Rienzi—and (by a sudden in-

spiration to First Young Amateur, who had suggested "Belzoni."

You mean Zanoni—that's what you mean.

First Young Amateur. That was it. You're quite right, Zanoni,
or the Last of the Barons.

Elderly Gent (who remembers it all now). No—no—no! Rienzi,
or the Last of the Tribunes. That's

First Amateur. Yes. And Wagner set it to music.

And then they all make a party to go and hear it.

Rienzi is excellently put on the stage, the scenery being remark-

ably good, and no expense has been spared except in the Armory's

department. There are so many suits of complete armour, residen-

tial uniforms, citadels, after it seems as if the glorious days of

the funds of the People's William—beautiful title, Rienzi Gladiators:
or, The Last of the People's Williams! Operas, in Three Acts, by

BuLWer). Yes. You're right. It was Belzoni.

Young Lady (dreadfully). There are so many suits of complete armour—

visions of their

numbers contain any hidden mean-
ing. Under these circumstances he

publishes a few

If you dream that you are putting a

well-dressed people to the rack, it means that you will win a

grand piano.

If you dream that a North American squaw claims you as a

woman and a sister, it means that you will win a box containing every

requisite for the toilette.

If you dream that you are walking about on stilts to the disgust

of mankind in general, and to the sorrow of your particular

capital. I loved them both, specially the Orsini, who ought to

have had his Orsini bomb to blow up Rienzi, instead of attempting

his assassination with a stiletto.

The part of Raimondo, the Papal Legate, was well rendered by

Mr. Henry Pope; and it is not often in history one sees a Pope

disguised as a Papal Legate. It is to be seen at Her Majesty's.

To d discrimination returns prevented my being present at Piccino,

but as Rienzi is, after all, and before all, the musical event, and was

the inauguration of the Carl Rosa season, it has proved quite

sufficient for, at all events, one notice from

THE LAST OF THE LOTTERY.

Drawn the drawing for the prizes of the Paris Exhibition

Lottery strange dreams have been the order of the day,
or rather night. Mr. Punch has been bothered,—if he should

not rather say ho-

poured,—by number of fair Corre-

spondents holding

tickets, applying to

him to learn if the

visions of their

numbers contain

any hidden mean-

ing. Under these

circumstances he

publishes a few

If you dream that you are putting a

well-dressed people to the rack, it means that you will win a

grand piano.

If you dream that a North American squaw claims you as a

woman and a sister, it means that you will win a box containing every

requisite for the toilette.

If you dream that you are walking about on stilts to the disgust

of mankind in general, and to the sorrow of your particular

capital. I loved them both, specially the Orsini, who ought to

have had his Orsini bomb to blow up Rienzi, instead of attempting

his assassination with a stiletto.

The part of Raimondo, the Papal Legate, was well rendered by

Mr. Henry Pope; and it is not often in history one sees a Pope

disguised as a Papal Legate. It is to be seen at Her Majesty's.

To d discrimination returns prevented my being present at Piccino,

but as Rienzi is, after all, and before all, the musical event, and was

the inauguration of the Carl Rosa season, it has proved quite

sufficient for, at all events, one notice from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

University of Southwark.

Pass Examination in Political Principles.

Moderators and Examiners—John Brown, William Jones,

Theodore Johnson, and 177 others.

First Class: Rogers. Second Class: Williams, Brereton. Third Class:

Leicester.

A Sequitur.

The deed's done for which France has looked!

Through crooked turns and courses way

Now that the Marshal's nose is cooked,

Tis natural to call for Gripst.
"A PLEASANT PROSPECT."

Our-Driver (to New Agent). "Brooke, the wonder is he wasn't shot long before—but, shure, they say, what's everybody's business is nobody's business!"

A COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

My Lord,

Government House, Black River Settlements.

It is with regret that I hasten to inform you of the alarming turn that affairs have taken in this Colony since the despatch of my last communication. The hasty action of the Local Legislature has had the result I feared, and our hitherto friendly neighbour, Mashi-Wahi-Wheiski, Chief of the Borroobooloo tribe, breaking off all further negotiations, is now crossing the frontier at five different points, with a picked force of 300,000 warriors. As they are organised on the Prussian system, are supplied with Remington rifles, nine-pounders of our own make, and the best pebble powder, the trade in which has for some years past so fratriculously stimulated the commerce of these settlements with the Mother Country, and as they took the "sacred emetic" before starting, I hope, rather than expect, that they will retire without giving us serious trouble. We have at present only half a company of the 97th Buffs ready to take the field. Please send some reinforcements and advise as to what I had better do.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

The Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Downing Street.

Sir,

Colonial Office, Downing Street.

The simultaneous arrival at this Office of several equally pressing applications from other Colonial Governors obliges me to be brief. I am, however, happy to inform you that Her Majesty's Government have determined to despatch to these settlements another army of 12,000. I regret that this force will not include Cavalry, and that the Household troops will not be represented in it, as at the present moment they are engaged on a similar service in the islands of the South Pacific. A Staff, however, has been placed at your disposal, and a new class of rockets, superior in calibre to any yet employed on field service, has been put in hand at Woolwich for the Black River Expeditionary Force. I regret that, as they have all hitherto burst in proving, they cannot accompany the present contingent. The despatch of reinforcements, together with the excellent bands of the regiments already on their way, may pacify local irritation, and strengthen those bonds of good feeling which are of such priceless value to the Mother Country. I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

His Excellency, the Governor of the Black River Settlements.

Sir,

Government House, Black River Settlements.

The troops have arrived, and it is again with regret that I have to inform you that both their number and quality have occasioned the most profound disappointment throughout the Black River Settlements. The Local Legislature, representing the Colonists who have hitherto with much firmness declined to take any steps to defend themselves, are of opinion that at least 30,000 men should have been despatched at this critical juncture. Moreover, they feel acutely the absence at such a moment of all arms of the service except the line, as they had expected a selection, at least, of the Household troops. In stating this, I am, of course, only the mouthpiece of the Local Legislature. But from what I hear on all sides, it is my duty to point out to your Lordship, that if the connection of this Colony with the Mother Country is to be maintained, the Home Government must show a keener regard than it has hitherto done to the susceptibilities of the small but energetic community among whom I have the honour to represent Her Majesty's Government.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

His Excellency, the Governor of the Black River Settlements.

My Lord,

Government House, Black River Settlements.

The troops have arrived, and it is again with regret that I have to inform you that both their number and quality have occasioned

Sir,

Colonial Office, Downing Street.

The troops have arrived, and it is again with regret that I have to inform you that both their number and quality have occasioned

His Excellency, the Governor of the Black River Settlements.
Cruel.

Fair One (during an interval in the Waltz). "You're very fond of dancing, ain't you?"
Brown. "Yes. I go in for it a good deal."
Fair One. "I wonder you don't learn how to dance!"

There are a good many degrees of charitable duty at this time between Mr. Charterton's indiscriminate dole of cocoa and bread and buttoning one's pockets. The Rector of Whitechapel, writing from twelve years' experience among the poor of the East End of London, may help to remind us of the right mean between giving that makes or helps idleness, and giving that makes the pinch of poverty, wishful for work, but unable to find it.

Punch cannot turn his publicity to better account by reprinting some words of the Rector's, well worth weighing.

"The able-bodied idlers who bawl out their wants in West-End squares, and then relieve them in the nearest pauper's charity, are beneath contempt, and should be taken care of by the police; but let us be careful lest the biterless obtrusiveness of pretended want should cause us to withhold our sympathy and help from the members of the patient, uncomplaining, suffering poor who often need our sympathy, but whose wants are never so keenly felt as in hard times like the present."

Coming Down.

The Electric Lamps in Billingsgate.

"They throw a glare on the fish," are unfavourable to the complexions of the fish-salesmen, who, under this uncompromising illuminating power, might be detected in blushing for the manoeuvres of the fish-ring, and the extortionate retail prices charged by the fishmongers.

Colonial Boredom.

Of all our Colonies the Cape is the most plague and the least profit. The Boers of the Transvaal provoke the Kaflirs to come down upon them, and then expect us to fight their battles. In short, these confounded Boers are about the greatest bores in being. John Bull is very much disposed to swear that he can't and won't stand such a set of bores any longer.

Amalgamation Extraordinary.

A THEOLOGICAL Miscellany has been lately started under the title of the Catholic Presbyterian. The incongruity of this denomination will probably be imitated in dissenting literature by the production of periodicals after the like fashion, entitled the Independent Wesleyan, the Unitarian Baptist, the Moravian Methodist, and the Moravian Calvinist. To these might be added the Nonconformist Churchman, though the word might really be a very accurate alias for a Ritualist parson. All right; and here's a health to the Ministers of all denominations—not even excepting those of the Party now in office!

A New Name for the New Manager.

"M. Halanen has resigned the management of the Opera—an event hailed with satisfaction by all interested in music, for his rule has long contributed to the decline of the Art. He was satisfied with depending for large receipts on the staircase, which being now familiar to everybody, his successor must really be a very accurate alias for a Ritualist parson. All right; and here's a health to the Ministers of all denominations—not even excepting those of the Party now in office!

Considering the large part played by the staircase in the first success of the Paris Opera House thus far, why should not that theatre be rechristened with the new supersratno La Scala?"
A VICAR ON STRIKE.

The Bishop of Rochester has addressed the Rev. H. A. Walker, Vicar of St. James's, Hatcham, a fathery admonition on Mr. Walker's conduct, in having, because his Churchwarden had procured and two candlesticks from a shelf in the Church on the previous Sunday, refused to perform both morning and evening services. If the Rev. Mr. Walker's manstands corrected, good. In that case the Bishop has said enough to him. Otherwise he might have to speak more severely.

He might have pointed out to him that in practically placing his parishioners under an insolvency, he was making a Medieval Joke of himself—an extravagance less in place at St. James's, Hatcham, than it would be at Colney Hatch.

The Bishop might also have informed Mr. Walker that, in declining to officiate from mere displeasure with his Churchwarden, he had, in fact, struck work against his flock, and lowered himself to the level of a stupid trades' unionist on strike—one strike resembling the other in mischievous results—officiate from mere displeasure with his Churchwarden, he had, in fact, struck work against his flock, and lowered himself to the level of a stupid trades' unionist on strike—one strike resembling the other in mischievous results—

With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the framers of the Bankruptcy Act (that is to be).

A MEETING OF EXTREMES.—The Vegetarian's Ideal—Co-existence.

"ARCADES AMBO" (IN TWO ARCADIAS).

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the framers of the Bankruptcy Act, that is to be.)

D'IDDLER.

A MEETING of the Creditors of Mr. J. D'IDDLER was held on Thursday last, to consider how that Gentleman's estate should be dealt with in the interest of his Creditors. It was announced that unsecured Creditors had claims upon the property to the extent of £45,000, and that Messrs. Worry and Wagg (the well-known solicitors), held Bills of Sale upon the insolvent's furniture. The remaining assets were valued at £262 10s. 4d.

A creditor wished to know if the insolvent's furniture had been guilty of fraud. Mr. Wagg (of Messrs. Worry and Wagg), repudiated any such insinuation. Their client was the very soul of honour. Mr. D'IDDLER had been a most energetic and enterprising successful trader. In this great commercial country an unsuccessful trader, he was sorry to say, was not an uncommon occurrence.

The creditor was not satisfied. Had not Mr. D'IDDLER started without a single penny? Had he not driven about in a hired carriage ordering goods of all who were fools enough to trust him? Had he not made himself to his own use? Had not Mr. D'IDDLER made use of the proceeds to his own ends, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use?

Mr. Wagg warned the speaker to be careful not to bring himself within the law of libel. It was the pride of his client that he commemorated business (like many of our merchant princes) with Threepence in his pocket. It spoke volumes for the confidence he had created in his industry and intelligence, that he now stood in the proud position of owing Fifty Thousand Pounds.

A creditor observed that his question had not been answered. Was it true that Mr. D'IDDLER had made away, at a ruinous rate, with the goods he had obtained upon credit? Mr. Wagg said that his client, acting as an intelligent man of business, on the principle of "small profits and quick returns," had certainly sold his stock at a reduction. But throughout his commercial career he had acted on his (Mr. Wagg's) advice, and he (the creditor) might be sure that Mr. D'IDDLER clear of the Central Criminal Court.

A creditor said that the business of the bankrupt, so called, looked very much like swindling, or in other and perhaps pleasanter terms, obtaining money on false pretences, an insinuation which was indignantly repudiated by Mr. Wagg.

Another creditor wished to know if the insolvent had not settled on his wife the bulk of the property thus dishonestly realised. Mr. Wagg was happy to answer in the affirmative. Mr. D'IDDLER was a most affectionate husband. He had settled a very considerable sum upon his wife; and it would be found that the deed bore a date which, he believed, would make it perfectly good in law.

Mr. Wagg said that Mr. D'IDDLER considered that, in his position, it was his business to consider rather than to make suggestions. He might add, however, that he held proxies from Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, three of the largest creditors, who were prepared to vote for the estate going into liquidation. A creditor wished to know who were Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

Mr. Wagg said that they were affectionate relatives of Mr. D'IDDLER—three of his uncles, in fact, who had made large advances in the hope of tiding him over the recent period of commercial pressure to which he had unfortunately succumbed.

A creditor said he supposed there was nothing to be done about it. Mr. Wagg supposed that was about it. His partner, Mr. Worry, had been appointed liquidator. He might add that as the expenses of liquidation already exceeded the amount of the assets, the creditors would be put to no further trouble in the matter. Mr. D'IDDLER then drove home in his wife's brougham.

JERRY SNEAK AGAIN.

This well-known impostor was once more charged at the Police Court. It appears that the Prisoner had obtained goods to the amount of £2 3s. 4d. from various tradesmen on the pretence that he would pay for them by drawing upon his account in the Post-Office Savings Bank. Some of the goods were detained at the Pawnbrokers, with whom they had been pledged by the Prisoner's wife.

It was proved that the Prisoner had no account with the Post-Office Savings Bank.

On being asked for his defence, the Prisoner said he was starving. The Magistrate replied that that was no excuse. He had never had before him a clearer case of obtaining money under false pretences. It was a crime that could not be overlooked, and he should have been sent up for trial.

Bail having been refused, the Prisoner was removed to the House of Detention in the Police Van.

Impati Passi!

THOUGH DEET on resisting York
Sets hard his heavy right foot,
On Durham, buoyant as a cork,
He comes down with a Lightfoot.
AN EVERGREEN VEGETARIAN.

We imagined that our old 'friend the Fonetik Nus had long ago, as the Reporter said, of an elephant in the Zoological Gardens, departed this life. But no. The Times, five days since, published a letter bearing the signature of Elwin Pym, and dated from the "Fonetik Institut," Bath. This communication Mr. Pym has written "fonetically," as he says is his custom. It is mainly a commendation of Vegetarians and Testotvism, which he, being now "sixty-six years of age," has practised for the last forty years. He testifies that:

"Three forty years have been spent in continuous labor in kuenosis with the invenisons and propagans of my semic system of fonetik shorthand and fonetik spelling, konstruct and, the editoral deuts of my weekli jurnal."

His "weekli jurnal" is of course the Fonetik Nus, still alive and kicking, as the People say—kicking against etymology and common sense. Its longevity seems even more wonderful than its editor's survival of his "forty years'" regimen to the "ajj" of "sixty-six." His circulation has been maintained on that regimen, but what can be made that he had a Spelling I: REvY to keep Silliness's sauce at flood-tide flowing! Six waste-paper-baskets loaded—out of those two names alone!

And Punch is to keep silence e'en from bad words—and not groan! Customs—the oldest not to pay Turkish Debts. February 15, 1879.

The following letter, apparently from one of the speakers at a recent "Anti-Co-operative" meeting, has been sent to the Times, for publication:

Mr. Punch,

I can scarcely write for indignation! Parliament is about to meet and there is to be no Queen's Speech! Sir, it is disgraceful, scandalous! Lord Beaconsfeld should be turned out of his situation. We, the shopkeepers of England, pay him, Sir, and we have a right to insist upon his giving us money's worth for our money. His salary, and the salaries of all his fellow Civil Servants should be cut down. It is high time we should touch Civil Servants in their most sensitive point—their pockets. Cabinet Ministers and Civil Servants should henceforth be placed upon the same footing. Both are dependants of the public, from whose hard earnings they receive their enormous salaries, and both should be equally liable to dismissal for flying in the face of those who pay them; in too many cases for doing nothing, or worse than nothing.

The shopkeepers of this great Metropolis—that great class to whom Britain owes the sovereignty of the waves, the roast beef of Old England, and the flag that braved for a thousand years the battle and the bronze—expected a Queen's Speech. That expectation is to be disappointed! Again I am forced to pause—I can scarcely write for indignation!

Surely it will not be pretended that there was no subject calling for public remark. Hardly, when the shopkeepers of London—that body of men who form the very narrow and sins of the nation—are crying trumpet-tongued for justice. And when—unless justice is done them—the sun of the British Empire is in all probability about to set for ever.

But the overpaid Cabinet shall have no excuse. Doubtless Lord Beaconsfeld and his labour-shirking colleagues are spending the hours they charge to the public in writing novels, reading the papers, or tearing various parts of their persons at roaring office fires, kept up at the expense of the retail tradesmen of the country. We know but too well what goes on in those luxurious resorts of the Civil Service. But they shall have no excuse. As Lord Beaconsfeld has neglected to prepare a Queen's Speech, I have supplied the omission, and would suggest as appropriate to the present crisis—

"My Lords and Gentlemen, I feel bound to address you upon a matter of the most urgent importance. A gigantic scandal exists in this Metropolis—the Civil Service Stores. I expect that you will immediately suppress this most pernicious, not to say, infamous institution."

I regret to say that hostilities have broken out between my troops and the Zulus. This untoward event is entirely owing to the abominable Civil Service Stores. As you know, England is a nation of shopkeepers, and the question thus becomes one of eminently imperial interest.

"It is unnecessary to point out that the prevailing distress, the unusually severe winter, the recent failure of several banks, and the many bankruptcies at Blackheath are largely, if not entirely, owing to the insidious influence of the Civil Service Stores, though time will not allow me to trace the connection at present."

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons, you will be asked to vote an enormous sum for Supplies. The Estimates that will be placed before you would have been far smaller had it not been for the existence of the Civil Service Stores."

"My Lords and Gentlemen, I must request that you will suspend all petitions at Legislation until you have dealt with the all-important subject of the abominable Civil Service Stores. As you know, I have already taken steps to have the shops of shopkeepers, and the question thus becomes one of eminent interest."

I now dismiss you to your duties. When I address you again at the close of the Session, I hope I shall be able to congratulate you upon the utter stamping out of the plague of Co-operation, that insidious Black Death which threatens England with consequences just as fatal as those with which the plague menaces Russia!"

That, Mr. Punch, is the sort of Queen's Speech we want. And if we don't have it, let Lord Beaconsfeld and his colleagues tremble, at the wrath of a JESTLY INDOXANT TRADESMAN.

AUTOMATIC COUPLINGS._—Scotch marriages.
GENTLE! Great Punch and Toby here entwine
For ye a mystic floral Valentine.

Mist flowery emblems hid, the searching eye
Most clear and pregnant meanings may spy.
FEBRUARY 18, 1879.]
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

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**AT FIRST HAND.**

_Country Connoisseur._ "Now, you are quite sure those are real 'chromos'—"

_Country Dealer (Draper and Grocer, &c.)._-"Oh yes, sir—we always was 'em direct from his studio, sir!"

**TWO QUALITIES OF MERCY.**

(Unstrained.)

(For Passing Sentence on a Bank Clerk.)

**PRISONER AT THE BAR.**

I have not the slightest doubt about the justice of the verdict. You have disgracefully betrayed your trust. You have been found guilty of forgery—a crime which only a few years ago was punishable with death. You forged a document, by which you would have received five pounds had not your deception been detected in the very nick of time. It has been urged that you have a wife and six small children dependent upon you for support. In my eyes, this is an aggravation of your crime. Not only have you brought ruin upon yourself, but upon your family. It has also been urged, that as your crime was detected in its incipient stage, you did not actually receive any profit by the transaction. I need scarcely observe, that this is quite beside the question. You are punished that others may take warning from your fate, and thus avoid your evil courses. However, as the Jury have rather strangely recommended you to mercy, I will not be harsh. I award you eighteen years—to be passed in penal servitude.

(Stressed Carefully.)

(For Passing Sentence upon a Body of Bank Directors.)

**PRISONERS AT THE BAR.**

For this, painful as it may be to my feelings, I must call you. A Jury of your countrymen, after a long trial, have, with whatever reluctance, found you guilty—a word I use with the greatest possible regret. It is not for me to comment upon the harshness of the language used in the indictment. I sit here as Judge, not as public prosecutor, and I am deeply thankful that the cruel duty of the prosecution has not devolved on me. It is to me a source of deep satisfaction that you have not been proved to have received in your own name, and on your private accounts, any identifiable portion of the large sums obtained by the publication of false balance sheets, and other documents of a misleading character, which you have been found guilty of fabricating and issuing. Had you been distinctly traced in putting into your own pockets, all, or most, of the money obtained by means of these highly coloured publications, I should have considered your conduct (I trust you will pardon me for saying so) decidedly open to severer animadversion than I feel it necessary to apply to it under the actual circumstances of the case. May I be permitted to hint, that it would have been better if you had not paid so many millions into the accounts of firms so closely connected with your own body. I cannot help thinking, that the advocate who has conducted the prosecution, has (no doubt unconsciously) exceeded his duty. He has painted—with a strength of colouring which it might, perhaps, under the circumstances, have shown better taste to have toned down—the ruin flowing from what he calls your misdeeds. You have thus been put to a great deal of, what I must call, superfluous suffering. I do not, for my part, quite see what the wholesale ruin of widows and orphans has to do with the matters at issue in this case. However, I must take the law as I find it; and the law, I am afraid, with its habitual sternness, p's guilty. The verdict of the Jury to that effect has been received with a great deal of unseemly applause, which it was my duty, however reluctantly, to repress. It is my painful task to remind you that you are about to be punished, that others may take warning from your fate, and thus avoid what I trust you will allow me to call your evil courses. Under these circumstances, I feel it my duty to sentence the two most blameworthy of you to eighteen, the less culpable—and I am happy to add, the most of you—to eight months imprisonment—of course, without hard labour, in both cases.

**EDISON EXTINGUISHED.**

The real modern Aladdin's Magician is Mr. Sowe, who, by means of his improved burner, gives us 'new lamps for old ones.' See the Waterloo Road and Waterloo Place. 'O, si sic omnia'—if all gaslights were like these, who would ask for...
SUNDAY CLOSING AND CRIME.

Mr. Punch, in your Honors,
In the course of a speech delivered at the Lord Mayor of Dublin's recent Banquet, the Duke of Marlborough made these notable observations:

"He was sorry to say that crime had increased, both in offences against property and person. Drunkenness, he hoped, would be diminished by the recent and useful Act for Sunday closing."

In the meanwhile, Mr. Punch, has drunkenness, in fact, been diminished? If drunkenness is a principal cause of crime, then, Sir, surely increase of crime ought not to have accompanied diminution of drunkenness. Or, to put it the other way, "both in the offences against property and too? Has it, or hasn't it, Sir?" His Grace was pleased to add that—

But we do not intend to be chommed like this. We will meet, and palaver, and howl, and hiss, and write to the papers about our position, and Parliament's aid in the matter petition. And the Member who will not support our cause, won't win our votes however he jays. Oh, I wish him sorrow, wheresoever he dwells, who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE SECOND.—CHAPTER XII.

A JOLLY EVENING AT Pilton's.


The looking-glass in my room at The Hutch is unique of its kind, at least I hope so. It is a very small glass, in a thick, heavy, papered frame. Its surface is shaped like the letter "S," the curve at the base of each pillar being fixed into an imitation mahogany stand. The glass itself is about six inches in height, and the glass is on which it stands being only about two feet from the ground, I have either to bend over the glass, with a candle in one hand and a hair-brush in the other, or to slip the glass into the floor, and kneel down before it, at the imminent risk of dropping the wax on my head, and, probably, getting my parting all wrong. In neither case is the result satisfactory, and the effort of trying to get a view of the top of my head gives me a headache. The difficulty, however, is to induce the glass to remain in any fixed position for more than two seconds. There is a screw loose somewhere at the side, but the only remedy, apparently, is by inserting a wedge of paper, which process occupies the greater part of my valuable dressing-time. My daytime the glass reproduces my face tinted with a curious sea-green colour, and my hair is reflected as a sort of washed-out whity brown; the whole picture representing, the Portrait of a Gentleman in an advanced stage of blueness. Pilton says he "doesn't object to this sort of glass," but then he hasn't to use it. I have.

"We shall have a jolly evening," says Pilton to me before dinner. "Peter Dermot's capital company. There's a pinch, too—a very amusing fellow—and his sister, one of the best musicians you ever heard."

I am glad of this. According to Pilton's account, the evening promises well.

"Object," says Pilton, in a tone of annoyance, as if I had been contradicting him, or proposing some ungenial theory, "I object to ordinary people in a house. I object—he will use this formula—"to your namey-parny,"—what a way!—then I'll break out of tune, and play school exercises on the piano."

I hasten to disabuse him of any idea, which he apparently entertain—for he is talking of me as well as to me—"to my having a predilection for squeaking girls, and unmusical exercises. In fact nothing bores me so much. He takes no notice of my answer, but continues in the same strain, as though I were entirely opposed to him.

"I object," he says, with increasing irritation—he is really making himself angry about nothing—"I object to fellows who can't do anything—who have no conversation, who talk about the weather, and can only come into the drawing-room after dinner, and sit and talk about something—like stuck pigs." I warmly protest that no one can object to such proceedings, on anybody's part, whoever they may be, more than I do. The more completely I agree with him, the more emphatic he becomes: so that it really seems as if he wished me to take up the opposite side, for the sake of argument.

"I object to more tattle-tattle, and gossip," he goes on; "like some fool after dinner."

I assure him that, personally, I shan't stand in his way, as from his manner he appears to anticipate my turning out a sort of kill-

"I object to doing nothing after dinner," he says, as he leaves the room.

I comfort him with the prospect of our doing something. What does he want us to do? Fireworks? Dances? I suppose I shall find out; but somehow he seems to have aroused within me the very spirit of opposition to amusement to which he "objects" so strongly. If there is one thing I shue another, it is being forcibly driven into amusing oneself, or other people. If the amuse-
ment arises spontaneously, "then," as I say to Pilton at dessert, "it is wise to look for everybody to amuse themselves by inspiration, we should have to wait a long time. You must be a live wire," I go on.

The female Piltons—Mrs. Pilton and three daughters, who are not so much chips of the old block, as dried-up shavings from the poketas and the expression on their four countenances, which must be as vulgar, in the entertainment of a higher class. They look chilly; and their sentences are frozen up short. They talk in a whisper, as if they were not quite sure of their own ideas, and none of them are worth stating, or to appreciate it when done. They are as stiff as cold, and as highly polished on the surface as new drawing-room poketas; and the expression on their four countenances, which must be produced on most people's faces by the sudden and unexpected swallowing of hot soda-water. When they do laugh, which is quite exceptional, it is as though they were, for the nonce, tolerating something vulgar, in the absence of getting any entertainment of a higher class. They look chilly; and their sentences are frozen up short. They talk in a whisper, as if they were not quite sure of their own ideas, and none of them are worth stating, or to appreciate it when done. They are as stiff as cold, and as highly polished on the surface as new drawing-room poketas; and the expression on their four countenances, which must be produced on most people's faces by the sudden and unexpected swallowing of hot soda-water.

"Oh!" retorts Pilton, "if we're to wait for everyone to amuse themselves by inspiration, we should have to wait a long time. You must be a live wire," I go on.

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THE LAY OF THE DEMON PLUMBER.

(A Seasonable Poem.)

It's ho! and oho! for the jolly Jack Frost,
And the pranks he plays up, to my Customers' cost.

'Tis a precious ill wind as blows nobody good,
And a nipping North-Easter is most to my mood;
When it freezes the cisterns, and plugs up the pipes,
Oh, I laugh till the tears from my hoptics I wipes;
For it's followed in course by the loveliest thaw.
And then there's such gammocks as never you saw.

They all sing the same song, but I dordles along;
To expect me to 'urry is coming it strong!
And when I arrives, oh! the blokes and their wives.
And the slaveys nigh worried out of their lives!

My turpin and egg-iron, solder and oil,
My tapper, and rosin, and whitelead, and oil.

Home-Ruvers nor at Home.—In England.
"HOT WATER, SIR!"
AT THE SHRINE OF ST. VALENTINE.

THE CROWN AND ITS SERVANTS.

A Comedy of Real (Co-operative) Life (According to the Middle-Man).


First Servant. Come, Plantagenett, my boy, another glass, and then we can just lounge down together, and look in at the Shop.

Second Servant. As early as this, Cholmondeley, old fellow? Why, I never show at the place before a quarter to four, and then only for the purpose of writing a few private letters on Government paper, and saving the postage. Ha! ha! that is the way I serve the Crown.

First Servant. Serve it out, you should say, rather. Excellent! But I wasn’t referring to the Tooth-pick and Collar-button Office. No, I haven't set my foot in there for nine months, except to play forfeits with my Chief. I meant the Shop—the Shop we swear by and boast.

Second Servant. Ah, the Shops! Then I’m your man. Many are the six hours at a stretch that I have passed there, day after day, week after week, year after year, idling the time that I owe to the tax-payer over the merry invoices and the festive balance-sheet. Ah, Cholmondeley, it is a wild and stirring life!

First Servant. Yes, in truth, and enables us, while we live like Dukes, to do so, if at some sacrifice of principle, at least at a moderate cost. Ay, it is a stirring life! Many a ton of lemon-drops and bird-seed have I had in without wanting them, merely to annoy the upstart tradesman, who would sell them to me at an exorbitant profit.

Second Servant. Ha! ha! Not so loud! See, in the street below, another omnibus—full of respectable shopkeepers—passes on its way to the Workhouse. There is the thirteenth I have counted this noon, Ha! ha! we triumph! Did they think to battle with wealth like ours?

First Servant. You are right, Plantagennet. Let the dogs bark. It wants some more than the ruin of the whole trade of England to touch the roistering, reckless, spendthrift Crasuses, who like you and me, touch not a penny less of the public money—

Second Servant. Than £220 a year apiece, rising by £5 annual increment to £300!

[They finish the Chartreuse as the Curtain falls.]

Choice by Caucus.

It may be doubted if the proceedings of ‘The General Committee of Two Hundred of the Southwark Liberal Association’ the other day in Caucus assembled, and holding a Competitive Examination for Members of Parliament, are likely to benefit the Liberal interest. Yet they may not, perhaps, prove to be altogether without their use. The majority of the respectable inhabitants of the Borough may be so influenced by the selection of the Caucus, as to conclude that the men of their choice is, in all likelihood, the Candidate not to vote for.
"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS."

Perplexed Old Lady (at Scotch Junction in a Fog). "AH HAE MA BUNDLE—AN' AH HAE MA TECK'T—BUT FA'S THE DER-SIDE REL-BO'D !!"

SCIENTIFIC CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

Mr. Punch,

My ignorant and sluggish mind has been roused to some semblance of activity by certain communications to the Public Press touching the influence of the Spots on the Sun on the Iron Trade. I rejoice that this theory has been propounded—I hope not ironically—because it seems to point to an explanation of other mysterious influences which have long defied the astronomer, the philosopher, the biologist and the natural historian.

Why (for example) are earthquakes invariably followed by commotions in the South American Republics?

Why is the planet Venus shining with particular brightness on St. George's, Hanover Square?

Why is a parhelion, or mock sun, a link with the Viscosity of Ireland?

Why is a landlip simultaneous with the failure of a bank?

Why are the craters in the moon affected by the depression of trade?

Why are a blazing comet with a long tail and a brilliantly successful novel in three volumes so often coincident in their appearance?

Why is the ebb and flow of the tide connected with the increase and decrease of marriages in the United Kingdom?

Why is a falling star coupled with Albert Grant's failure?

Why does the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights?

When I ponder the connection between the Spots on the Sun and the Iron Trade, I do not despair of finding in due time a solution of these and many similar problems which shall be overwhelmingly convincing even to an Ignoramus.

The Palace of Art.

I built myself a high-art pleasure-house
For my sick soul at peace therein to dwell.
I said, "I have the true aesthetic nose,
And can design it well."

'Twas dull red brick, with gables set gaiou.
And little light did through the windows pass,
For 'twas shut out by thick lead frames that bore
Quarrels of grey-green glass.

The dadoed walls, in green were stained, no tint
Which common blue and yellow mingled make;
But green y-wrought—of sepià without stint—
With indigo and lake.

Nor grained panel nor enamelled slate
Was there to jar on my artistic sight;
Plain ebon woodwork framed the open grate,
And over,—blue and white.

Two lovely griffins, made of burnished brass,
I found, to guard the fireplace on each side,
With curling tails (though one was lost, alas!),
And mouths that gaped and glared in either case.

All round the rooms were shelves of black-dyed deal,
On which stood pots and plates of every hue;
Whilst far apart two lilied angels kneel
In Robbia white and blue.

One deep recast, sergo-covered, like a lawn,
 Held on a brass-nailed shelf, its seat of state,
Apart from other pots and pans withdrawn,
An ancient kitchen-plate.

"Hence whilst the world runs round and round," I said,
"I will send forth my wits to gather wool;
With task or toil I will not wring my head;
But on that plate feed full."

So day and night upon that plate I gazed,
And strove to fix thereon what thought I had;
Until my sight grew dim, and my sense dazed,
And my digestion bad.

My brain shrunk like a nut and dried;
I felt that I was not at all myself,
And longed to lay my dwindled wits beside
That plate upon that shelf.

That ancient plate of willow-pattern blue,
Which so absorbed had my every thought,
I seemed to live therein, and slowly grew
Confucian, clear of thought.

One year I gazed upon that much-loved plate,
Till at the last the sight began to pall.
I said, "How know I 'tis of ancient date,
Or China-ware at all?"

So when one year was wholly finished,
I put that willow-pattern plate away.
"Now rather bring me Satsuma!" I said,
"Or blue-green Cloisonné."

"For I am sick of this pervading hue,
Steeped wherein this Earth stream, and sky,
To my heart-wearied question, 'Is all blue?'
I said, 'Yes, all is blue,' reply.

Yet do not smash the plate I so admired,
When first my high aesthetic house I built;
I may come back to it, of Dresden tired,
And Sévres gaily gilt."

Beati Possidentes.

It is announced that the Emperors of Germany and Austria have agreed to declare the stipulation of the Treaty of Prague reserving to North Schlesvig the right to elect its nationality null and void. Prince Bismarck, like Falstaff, doesn't like back. The Great Chancellor never refunds. Considering the messes His Highness has accustomed himself to swallow, the wonder is that he can live without.
THE COMING LION.

There appears to be a treat in store for the British "Population." They have reason to expect the arrival, shortly, of a great Lion—not a Lion imported by Mr. JAMRACH, or destined for the Zoological Gardens. Whenever this Lion goes forth he will afford the Masses the gratification of blocking the streets in their thousands to stare at him. It is a Lion of the Teutonic breed; an European Lion: perhaps as great a Lion as any to be seen at Madame Tussaud's.

Newspapers announce that:

"The rumour is again in circulation that Prince Bismarck will this year pay his long-deferred visit to England. The Prince, gossip says, will not reside with Lord Salisbury, nor with any of the statesmen who have offered him hospitality, but take apartments at Brighton or Scarborough, like a common mortal."

Here again, should Prince Bismarck honour this country with a visit, he will evince another point of resemblance to the late and great Dr. Johnson. Quite open to accept a generous private hospitality, Johnson nevertheless avowed a decided preference for the accommodation of a well-appointed public-house. "Sir," said he, "in an inn the more trouble you give and the more good things you call for, the more welcome you are," —you can order anything without scruple—"whereas, Sir, nobody, unless he is a very impudent fellow indeed, can feel himself quite as much at ease in another man's house as he can in his own."

Though modesty may not be the Great Chancellor's most remarkable virtue, yet nobody, perhaps, would go quite so far as to say that he is "a very impudent fellow indeed." His table-talk, as it may well be called, has shown him to entertain peculiar predilections; but he would perhaps hardly have check enough to bring his own cook with him to a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, in order to gratify them.

The advent of an distinguished will of course create a sensation amongst philosophers addicted to strange food. For some time past, omittle hes been on book of hippophagy. Should the Lion Bismarck come over here, his arrival will perhaps reawake a dormant enthusiasm; and hippophagists, anxious to ascertain the Lion's opinion of horse, may invite him to dine with them off the Noble Animal. Whether he would care to eat horse-flesh or no, he might like horse-mushrooms enough to take part in a banquet, season permitting, of those and other varieties of Pilz und Schamann, known to mycologists as esculent fungi—vulgarly called toadstools.

From England if Prince Bismarck extend his progress North of the Tweed, of course the Scotch will be extremely anxious to know what his Highness thinks of haggis, Athole brose, cocky-leekie, sour sowans, pease bannocks, singing sheep's head, and rizzared haddies. It may be presumed that, on trial, his estimate will be highly favourable.

The Great Lion of Varzin is an animal whose known peculiarities in respect of prowl will naturally create in many minds a special curiosity to see the Lion at his mess. The carnivores in Regent's Park, we know, are restricted to raw meat; he is accustomed to feed himself on a variety of delicacies. Every Lion to his liking, biped and quadruped alike.

No Trust!

There was a prosperous Parsee, Who earned, by present payment, fame. An appellation thence took he By way of prefix to his name.

Co-operative Stores, his pastime, dear. Dear friends, invite you to employ, And save, and thrive, as did that man High REAPMONY MORTINOT.

The Scotch Game.—Beggar my Neighbour.
OUR FASHIONABLE CRIMINAL INTELLIGENCE COLUMN.

[With Mr. Punch's Acknowledgments to his Daily Contemporaries.]

Mr. William Sikes is paying a round of visits to the Governors of several of Her Majesty's Gaols in the Southern and Western Counties. He has just left Portland for Dartmoor, and may soon be expected at Millbank. Mr. Sikes has recently directed his attention to mat-making, and expresses himself much interested in the manufacture. F

Mr. Charles Bates has been gallantly going on with his great oakum wager. On Thursday last he worked up no less than five pounds of the material. This is understood to be a fact rarely outdone.

Mrs. Sarah Snoox, the well-known Baby-Farmer, has been slightly indisposed. She has been removed to the infirmary, and ordered an improved diet. A relative of this interesting and unfortunate Lady visited her last week, and had a short but earnest conversation with her. Mrs. Snoox is engaged on her own Memories, which will contain some very curious reminiscences and revelations, both of fashionable, professional, and criminal life, especially from both of fashionable, professional, and criminal life, especially from

Mr. Jeremiah Sneak has been attending a course of Lectures on "Christian Experiences" by the Rev. James Chadband. It is said that the term of Mr. Sneak's detention is about to be shortened at Mr. Chadband's recommendation. Mr. Sneak has received a presentation copy of Mr. Chadband's well-known brochure, "Pies and Pasty; or The Pastrycook of Putney."

Mr. Fagan has, we regret to say, lost a week's marks for purchasing from a fellow-prisoner a plug of tobacco, supposed to have been surreptitiously introduced to the B. Gallery by connivance with one of the Assistant Warders. The Authorities are on the qui vive.

Master Dodger made a very successful début on the Treadmill on Thursday last. Master Dodger's style is firm and graceful; and with a few weeks' practice he may be expected to reach a high rank among the most skilful practitioners in the art of always going up stairs, and never getting to the top.

Mr. Howler's second entertainment entitled "A Quarter of an hour with the Cat o' Nine Tails," is fixed to come off on Friday next. Mr. Howler will be assisted by two Warders, and the Prison Doctor will be in attendance.

The condemned cell will be tenantless on Monday morning next, the present occupant having arranged with the Sheriff to give up possession of the apartment on that day at five minutes to eight o'clock.

We are requested by the late Mr. Scrogins's Solicitors to state that his last breakfast included pork chops, coffee, buttered toast, and a couple of fresh eggs, and was supplied from the "Pig and Whistle" Restaurant. Their distinguished client expressed himself much pleased with the style and quality of the déjeuner.

In Due Succession.

"At a full meeting of the Council of the Zoological Society, on the 5th inst., Professor William Henry Flower, F.R.S., Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, was unanimously elected President of the Society, in succession to the late Arthur Hay, Marquis of Tweeddale. The new President is one of the most learned zoologists and anatomists of the present day."—Times.

O'er the Animal Kingdom the Vegetable hath power,
Now Birds and Beasts and Fishes are presided o'er by Flower.
"Better fresh blossom than dried grass," the Fellows well may say,
When they thus set up Flower in successorship to Hay.

Food for Fellow Creatures.

The wise and valuable communications of Mr. Ward to the Times, extolling an exclusively vegetable diet, derive confirmation from a popular saying relative to a certain quadruped which subsists entirely upon vegetable food, and exhibits, somewhat in analogy with Mr. Ward's estimate of the partial vegetarian, though at times evincing rather a desire to "a bottle of hay," and an impression that "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow." This quadruped,—by the way,—so well-calculated for vegetarianism,—is so generically distinguished by longevity, as to have occasioned, from time immortal, the common observation, that nobody has ever beheld its defect remains.

To Correspondents.—The Editor does not hold himself bound to acknowledge, return, or pay for Contributions. In no case can these be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Copies should be kept.
NEVER SPEAK IN A HURRY.

The Hospitable Jones. "Yes, we're in the same old place, where you dined with us last year. By the bye, old man, I wish you and your wife would come and take pot-luck with us again on the——"

The Impulsive Brown (in the heat of his determination never again to take pot-luck with the Joneses). "My paam fattow! So sorry! But we're engaged on the——on the——on that evening!"

Poor Jones (pathetically). "Well, old man, you might have given me time just to name the day.

THE BEST POSSIBLE INSTRUCTOR OF THE PERIOD.

Home and Foreign Intelligence.

(By Electric Telegraph and Special Despatch.)

Several meetings of much importance to the Army, the Navy, and the Legal, the Medical and Commercial classes, were held yesterday, but we regret that the great demand upon our space prevents us from giving any report of these very interesting proceedings.

We hear of further strikes in various parts of the country. The crowded condition of our columns renders the publication of details at present impossible.

We are forced to reduce our Parliamentary Intelligence to-day to a quarter of a column.

Very interesting news reaches us from America, Australia, Africa, and Asia. We are compelled by pressure of matter to defer its publication to a future occasion.

Our Law Reports, Money Market, and University Intelligence are unavoidably crowded out.

Charles Hope.

(From Our Special Commissioner.)

It is scarcely necessary to say that the proceedings of this extraordinaryburger are still attracting universal attention. All classes of the community are equally eager to learn the latest news about his movements. The Governor of the gaol in which he is incarcerated spends the whole of his time in answering inquiries, and the business of the prison has come to a standstill. The warders are visited daily by scores of members of the Press, and all "fixtures" for floggings, &c., have had to be postponed. There is no one to attend to the machinery of the treadmill, so for the present the prisoners have had to forgo their customary exercise. Oakum-picking, too, is all but suspended.

Yesterday Hope breakfasted at half-past nine. He complained of the weakness of the tea, and asked for another egg. After an extra spoonful had been put in the pot he became quite cheerful, and joked with the attendant warders. He made several very amusing puns upon his own name and that of Mr. President of the French Republic.

At eleven o'clock Hope received a visit from the Governor, with the information that the Authorities had refused the application of his third cousin once removed for admission to an interview with him. The applicant is considered by the Authorities to have been led to ask for the interview rather by a morbid curiosity than any other and higher motive.

At twelve Hope was visited by the Doctor, who, we are glad to say, is much pleased with his patient's improvement in weight, stamina, and spirits, under the soothing influences of regular hours and a carefully-arranged dietary. Hope remained in conversation with his Medical Adviser for more than an hour, and seemed to be deeply interested in the progress of the Russian Plague. He expressed his pleasure on learning that there was little chance of the terrible disease reaching England. It appears that the spread of the Plague, and the probability of its visiting our shores, had caused him considerable alarm.

In the course of the afternoon the Prisoner continued his autobiography, one of the Warders acting as his Amansensis. He also sent the following letter to his wife:

Her Majesty's Gaol.

My dear wife and children,

I don't know where you are; but this leaves me well hoping you are the same. Please repent, and do your best to get me off. It is perjury to say I killed six. I only killed five. I am writing a book of private devotions, which please send to the newspapers for publication. Your affectionate father and friend,

Charles Hope + his mark.

The Warder declares that this was the sense, if not exactly the words, of the letter dictated by him, without the slightest hesitation. The communication will be read by all who have watched the career of this wonderful man with the greatest interest. The Governor of the Gaol believes that the devotional work to which Hope alludes will be finished by Thursday.

At two the Chaplain sent in his mel, but the Prisoner declined to see him, on the score that he was much fatigued and wished to take a nap. On learning this the Reverend Gentleman apologised and retired.

(The remainder of this interesting article will be found on pages 5, 6, 7, 8. Further particulars will be published in our future editions.)

How ever He has Stood Is so Long!

Sir Henry Layard is coming home with his nerves shattered, and his patience prostrated. What wonder! Even the Sipare Bull was no match for the impossible, impulsive, imperturbable, and impomous Turk.

"Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed spe cadendo."

THE BANKING REFORM NEEDED.

To substitute the (comparatively) limited liability of Directors, (Vide Glasgow Bank revelations.)

THE REAL KING OF CONNAUGHT.

If Lord B. wants to make Ireland as loyal and as pleasant to Royalty as Scotland, let him shift "Arthur's Seat" to Dublin.
Ministerial explanations are, at least, as bad as one Queen's Speech. A half-hour of Lord Beaconsfield, cold-drawn, in the House of Lords; an hour of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, diluted ditto to Beaconsfield, in the Commons, are hardly an improvement on even the time-honoured maximum of words to a minimum of meaning put into Her Majesty's mouth as the right sort of introduction to her Collective Wisdom.

'For what we have not received'—i.e., for no Queen's Speech—*Punch* might be expected to say, 'let us be thankful.' But two.

No; if even Queen's Speech be but silvern, it is not Ministerial speech, but silence, that is golden. And now, more than ever, 'only silence seemeth best,' to those who sit, sorrowful, in the shadow of a great National disaster; one sad sympathy in all hearts with the mourners.
AWFUL CONDITION OF THE UNEMPLOYED

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE LATE FROST.

in so many homes; one great, common grief over so many of the brave, the loved, and the lost: one common misgiving as to the unavoidableness of the war in which they have fallen, and the foresight of those who should have made provision for its needs at home, and guided its operations in the field.

In the meantime, England's sorrow uttered, and her tribute to the brave dead duly paid, for which she can count on eloquent tongues on both sides of the Houses, her only thought is, how best to retrieve her National honor, and fill up the places of her brave dead with brave avengers.

These thoughts so pre-occupied all in both Houses on Thursday night that the speeches in both fell flat. Vaunt and vituperation, threat and pury, attack and defence, seemed equally spiritless.

In the Lords, Lord Beaconsfield blew his trumpet with bated breath. After a few first notes of sorrow over the disaster that lay heavy on all hearts, he set to work cautiously picking such bits of couleur de rose as could be extracted from the most roseate view of the past, under its now familiar aspects of the Berlin Treaty, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, the future of Cyprus, and the Afghan War, (which, we are glad to know, has achieved all the Government ever wanted), and then passed to the most promising view of the future in the shape of Bills,—or rather promissory notes,—of the Session, including an amended Mutiny Act, not meant to oust Parliament of its Army-control, Bills for Criminal Law Consolidation, Bankruptcy Amendment, County Boards, and new Valuation in England, Grand Juries in Ireland, and Poor Law Amendment in Scotland.

Lord Granville did his cavilling as gingerly, as Lord Beaconsfield had done his praising and promising gently. The Opposition hammers, he declared, had not smitten with undue heaviness on the Official anvil. He contended, in the teeth of the bolts forged by the Admiralty Minciber, that he and his friends had had a policy on the Eastern Question. Lord Beaconsfield was to be congratulated for not having supported the suggestion of the quack medicine of Protection as a panacea for the existing distress; and under the Zulu disaster the Government might count on the aid of the Opposition for the repair of losses and the supply of needs. Still, the sufficiency of the case for the war with Cetewayo was open to question on the Papers, and it was odd that when Sir Battle Freere so pressed the need of cavalry, the Government had sent none.

Lord Cadogan said the Government had sent all that Lord Clarendon had asked for. He had said nothing about Cavalry.

Lord Carnarvon, from his Colonial Office experience, believed the war to have been both just and inevitable. But we must wait for papers before committing ourselves to an opinion on that point, or many others. Only one thing is certain—we must strike now our hardest and fastest, lest we should increase alike the cost, the danger, and the area of the war.

Lord Kimberley doubted whether the annexation of the Transvaal had not been the determining cause of the war and the disaster. But though we might differ about the policy of the Government, Home or Colonial, there could be no doubt what the honour of the Mother-Country, and the safety of the Colony, demanded in the present emergency.

With which, a dull night's dull talk went out prematurely, at twenty minutes after seven, for sheer want of fuel. Everybody, in fact is out of spirits, and nobody wants a row.

(Commons.)—Mr. Blake got a laugh—flat as the House was—by asking whether it was right for the Clergy of the Established Church to set up in the grocery and tobacco business?

Who have so good a right to make their sixpences go as far as they can on the way to skullings as the most poorly paid body of men in the kingdom?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered himself of a languid and long-winded echo of his Principal in the Lords. One bit of information he did give. India insists on paying the cost of our war with the Amur. The utmost it will accept from us is the loan of Two Millions, without interest, to cover loss by depreciation of silver—a little present of about £30,000 a year.

Sir C. Dilke performed the work of vivisection on Sir Stafford's very colourless creation with rather more spirit than Lord Granville had done the same office on Lord Beaconsfield's. The Chelsea Pet showed no small skill as a smart hitter, even amid the prevailing dulness of the evening. He particularly pressed for an answer to his awkward questions.—What were the Government going to do in Afghanistan? Where were they going to stop? With whom were they going to treat? By what magic did they propose to leave an "independent and self-governing Afghanistan" behind them, after breaking up the only power that held the...
country in political cohesion? Easier asking than answering questions of this nasty sort.

All Sir Stafford, or his master, can say, is, that they have made up their minds to get out of the Afghan power as soon as and as cheaply as possible; and that those who wish to commit the Government to the occupation of Cabul, or even Herat, will find they have a weighty work to put accepted. They have quite occupation enough on their hands already.

Sir W. Harcourt delivered an amusing lecture on Cyprus, illustrated with maps and a model, as a pendant to the Lord of the Admiralty's picture of that interesting island. On Lord of the Admiralty's picture of that interesting island en rose, if not through a bung-hole, and with very much the same hollow used Ireland—the voice that we have hitherto heard out of a Burr topies of time—the A t ar, the Treaty of Berlin, he ringing about it.

And so, drearily and wearily, the House dispersed, somewhere between twelve and one, with a feeling modified from Trrvs's—country in political cohesion? Easier asking than answering questions of this nasty sort.

The Marquis of Hartington, after languidly turning over the topics of the time—the Afghan War, the Treaty of Berlin, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the Zulu Disaster—succeeded submissively to the flatness of the evening.

The First Lord of the Admiralty imparted a momentary flicker to the smouldering embers of the night's talk, by insisting on the importance of the settlement of their grievances in the Government by the maxim—"the country in political cohesion? Easier asking than answering questions of this nasty sort."

"I am going to bring you to Marwood Hall next week. It will be quite fun. The men will shoot Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and on Friday we will all drive over to the Assizes, and hear the trial of that quite too awfully interesting creature, Sires, for the murder of his wife and their three little children. Mr. Rant, Q.C., who is the Counsel for the Crown, says that he cannot possibly get off, and Tom has got the Sheriff to promise us the best seats in the front row of the reserved seats on the Bench, so that we shall have a capital view of the Prisoner's face when he is sentenced. On this day that Mr. Justice Downwright (who, I hear, is quite a daring) is going to try the case, and that he is a Hangman. We will make a regular day of it, and take luncheon with us, so that we shall not miss anything. With a thousand kisses to your charming girls, and as many loves to yourself, believe me, my dearest Dr., Yours devotedly,

Charity Swellington.

P.S.—Don't forget to put your Opera-glasses into your travelling-bag.

GERMAN GRAB-VEREIN (UNLIMITED).

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This Association has been formed for the purpose of affording its Shareholders the maximum of profit with the minimum of payment. As the Directors have secured the services as Manager of a gentleman of large experience in Conveyancing operations of the most skilful and successful character, they confidently anticipate success.

Money obtained on false pretences at all hours of the day and night.

Bargains made and repudiated with punctuality and dispatch.

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Conveyancing executed on the largest scale, and in all its branches, Political and Diplomatic.

John Acting Manager—Prince Vor Bismark.

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Sir Stafford's Last—and not Best.

Sir Stafford got a smart facer from the Chelsea Pet—and deserved it—for connecting the present wide-spread distress with the late severe weather, and being silly enough to express the hope that the barrier of property might go up with the rise of the weather-glass. He will yet have to learn that distress like the present is distress, whether or no.
BETSY P R I G  A N D  T H E  T H U N D E R E R.

Betsy. Which I'm happy and proud to observe you've come over complete to my side.

Jupiter. I've seen my good woman? You joke! Come now, don't go a tryin' to ride.

Betsy. The 'Igh 'Ome any more, my dear J. 'cos we see in the same boat, and I got in it fast, you must own; 'tis but lately you've altered your note, and the 'concentra is precisely agreed. Drat the man! I'd open as, somehow, he would cut himself loose from old Gladding. I give 'm the 'int, potty straight, which I've patted his back all along, and pertended in every debate to perceive that at heart he was with us, sometimes it was oaks, my dear. When he 't hit a little bit 'ard, and worked up to a Radical cheer.

Still I praised him for being so mod'rit, and 'oped as he 'd yet to the line; but I fear he's been at and nobbled, in spite of your warnings and mine.

Jupiter. Well—must say, it is most annoying. The Party is going to pot.

The country will stand much more, but will certainly shelve the whole lot.

I have told them so only to-day.

Betsy. Yes; a-colchin' what I've bin sayin' for months.

Jupiter. Mrs. P., you're offensive! The Thunderer, Jupiter, playing the rôle of an Echo! Absurd!

Betsy. Well, I don't mean the 'penny one, whose notice is that shall 'tis more suited for J o n e I n a g g i n g . My fun; my dear J., so don't linger them bolts in that tidy kind of a way; 'cos you know that damp rockets don't 'urt, and my 'brella 's their match any day!

Jupiter (Jungar). Improper female!

Betsy. There! there! Why should partners like hus go and quarrel?

The Libs is a waxin' up sharp, and mean lightin', dear J., that's a moral.

The 'concentra s'pose we've piped too much, but to dance to our tune they decline; and the 'concentra surely will be they'll be walloped along the whole line.

And be out in the cold, lord knows how long. That Gladding has smashed away.

I'm afraid there's no help for 'em now, as my weary last 'ope was in Har t.

And now as a gone wrong, like the rest—which them Liverpool speeches raised cheers.

But they 'arrowed this patriot buzztim and moved me and Sarrey to tears.

To think as the a, Dy ve fought for should round on Old England like so!

Turnin' anti-Imperial traitors!—I tell you, dear J., it's a blow.

Can you lend me a dry pocket-handkercher, Jupiter? Mine is that—

Betsy. Hush! For Heaven's sake, Madam, dry up, and whatever you do, do not gush.

It's such shocking bad form!

Betsy. 'Oity-toity! You're orful stuck-up, I declare! Do you think I ain't learnt elercution, or studied that dear Lemprrkre?

— Not at all. But emotion, like the a, or making a right about face, needs finish, a delicate blending of subtle tion and grace; you see, your sentiment erery Sens toning, your cat-in-pan turns are 'too swift. The trick of and ratting, you see, is a very rare gift.

Betsy. Jom i some say as you've lost it. But there!—no more words.

In backin' up Becket like winking—leastwise till there's ruther more sign Of—you know, my dear J. P'raps you'll put it in your own artistic style:

Jupiter. Till the country grows tired of the Ins, and means trying the Oule for awhile.

Betsy. Jest so. Well, ta-ta! for the presink! (Aside.) A pompous, uplifted

Jupiter. I've the honour to wish you good morning. (Aside) A frowzy, vulgar trump!

B E T S Y  P R I G  A N D  T H E  T H U N D E R E R.

A VERY DELICATE SUBJECT.

"Painters are in peculiar relations with purchasers, and, unlike agents or men of business, the old, as a rule, cannot at the moment of sale enter without constraint into all the details that would be necessary to protect their interests."—Memorial of the Royal Academy concerning Artistic Copyright.

"Punch, ever considerate for highly-strung and sensitive natures, offers the following useful hints to considerate picture-buyers,

The intending haser never for a mo Trine He his will do 'well eae chitng ahh bum exp. a das sa n an in us a ma) taken that d 4 oe ilbeden an in us a ma)

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FEBRUARY 22, 1879.]  PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI 17


THROUGH THEM NEW RULES, INCARCERATION, &c.

To prisoners of superior station—

Astonomed to enjoy good cheer.

After all their lives in featherbeds lyin',

To have to sleep on a wooden plank,

In case they find it uncommon tryin' as a last resort, one of the Glasgow Bank,

In the 'abits of that is all that's good in,

For breakfast allowed a pint of gruel,

And their dinner—bread, 'taters, and suetty puddin'—Weighed out by the ounce, they must feel it cruel.

But the ground 's werry often a sojer' hed be ints gab ae tnattness to tuve bis Leck; And he sometimes wish he was no wus fed, And slep arf as on his bivooac i us every day.


A Swell offender again the law,

In terror of only one month's time,

Might make up his mind to chest no more,

And pause in his line of respectable crime.

But I never was must in Luxury's life, leastways,

So yer see my feelings ain't quite so fine, And wenever I'm lagged, I takes my nap,

As I must, on my plank, wish I don't repine.

Suppose it 'ad been my ' asleep jet

From honesty's path for to sleep astray,

Wen to purple and fine linian used I 'g ot,

'Leiva always faced me with pictures.

'Ow unpleasant I likewise should find the Jug,

If, in penal servitude sent to dwell,

Where now I sleep comparatively easy.

On my timber bed, in my tidy cell.
DIRTY WEATHER.

Aye, aye, Sir! Punch replies, "that tone
Than weak eyes-piping better fits you.
Hold on that tack, you'll hold your own,
Though o'er the bows a stiff sea hits you.
Queer steering may have helped storm's work.
No matter. Taut keep duty's tether,
Let none his share of that dare shirk.
And we'll ride safe through mist and mire
Of dirty weather.

"We've lost some hands—God rest each soul!
Swept swift to death,—it sorely grieves us.
Their fate which thins our muster-roll,
A bigger share of duty leaves us.
Keep up your hearts! I hold the helm.
Blow high, blow low, straight on we go,
Preserve good watch, and pull together;
No angry seas shall yet o'erwhelm
The stout old barkey, British Realm,
Nor dirty weather!"

"Tell that to the Marines."

We want sober, steady, strong, and seasoned men, to supply the grievous gap left by defeat and disaster in our line of Southern African defence. The Marines,—2,000 of the best infantry and 800 of the best artillery, in the English service,—are ready and willing to volunteer for this ugly and urgent duty.

"Per mare, per terras"—is the motto of the Corps, the most unflinching, unwavering, unconquerable, incorruptible, and unfavoured body of men in the British Army.

"You are wanted at the front." Tell that to the Marines, and in the front you will find them.

"You are like to be out-numbered and over-matched." Tell that to the Marines, and they will turn a deaf ear; or if they hear, they won't believe you.

THE REAL 'ART OF MID-LOTHIAN.—Catching the Constituency.
"DIRTY WEATHER, JOHN!!"

"Dirty weather, John!!"

"She's threshed through worse!!"
FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.
Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE SECOND.—CHAPTER XIII.

A JOLLY EVENING AT Pilton's (Continued).


Fisher still fondly clings to the hope that Fisher will do something to amuse us. Fisher, however, carefully avoids all topics leading in this direction.

The conversation flags. We are becoming mercifully tiresome, and constantly checking the clock on the mantel-piece in our watches. Then, in answer to Fisher's obvious intimation, "Shall we play games?" we rise, and put down our napkins, and declare that we'd all just finish our dinner, and declare we've never before heard Fisher play the piano. Fisher's tunes gradually become less and less coherent, he plays jerky at short intervals, like a musical-box out of order, and, at last, in even amusing himself, he finally submerges into private life, in his old career, with the photograph book.

We only discover that he has ceased playing by the gradual cessation of conversation. We sit about, dozing in the corner, and feeling we shall all soon be dismissed. One more we all unreticently consult our watches, as though we were playing some game of mental arithmetic against time, or anxiously expecting an important visitor. No; time isn't up yet, and we must eat out another half-hour, at least, in some sort of conversation.

Pilton, finding his jovial evening becoming intolerably dull, suggests "Games." So we ask everyone if anyone knows a game. No; one knows a game. It dashes across me suddenly, that I once was told of a game—I think it was a game—called "Cockamaroo." But, if we do play this game, there is no party too small for it; and, if we do not play it, the evening is wasted.

Pilton promises himself from the depression into which our obstinacy has plunged another one has thrown him. He rubs his hands, and as much heartily as he can assume, and promises music. He is coming out as a revivalist.

Everybody immediately appears frightened. No one likes to be the first.

Mrs. Pilton appeals to a lank Lady, with a short waist, "Wont she sing?" No, thank you, she would rather not. "Wont she play something?" No, she doesn't play. She would if she could; but she has left her music at home, and doesn't play from memory.

"But," she spiritually retaliates, "surely your daughter will." Mrs. Pilton's daughters—looking like three Lot's Wives, in the process of being frozen into salt-pillars—gave three little sidelong glances, and protest, one after the other, with three little signals of distress, in the way of coughs, that they really can't sing, as since the last wind set in, they've entirely lost their voices.

[Happy Thought (by the audience much relieved). It's an ill wind that blows no one any good.]

Miss Fisher, on being requested to favour the company with some musical tributes, which exhaled sounds as if Pilton had asked her to do anything, no matter what, as long as it's something on the piano just to fill up the time—regrets that she can neither play nor sing, at least not from memory, and she has so much to do, that she just caught her up stairs in a box, that she won't fetch it; but found this out next day.

Fisher, his brother, can... Yes know he can, Mr. Fisher; he plays, appearing to her best, with a sweet shrillness, and declaimed, with the utmost grace, the line of the words, "You direct it." says Pilton to Fisher, with an air of importance, and playing off Fisher against young Fisher, who now appears inclined to patronise Fisher, rather officiously.
Thereupon BILLY diffidently apportions the "Hishes," the "Hashes," and the "Hoshes," among us. Three are to say "Hish," three to say "Hash," and three to say "Hosh," and so on.

It takes a good deal of arrangement, and some argument and explanation, as to whether the words are to be said simultaneously, or one after the other, and so forth.

These knotty points having been decided, and PETER DERMOD having been aroused to a sense of the importance of the occasion, PILTON wishes BILLY to stand on the hearthrug, in front of us all, and give the signal, which he does. Also, if young FISHER, who has nothing whatever to do with this game, beyond playing it, will kindly get off the hearthrug, and get a seat in a corner, anywhere, PRITON will be much obliged. Snub for young FISHER.

Are we ready? Yes. Then off! Whereupon we all say, "Hish, hash, hosh!" together, as one word, and then stare at one another to see the result.

"Is that all?" asks PILTON, much disappointed.

"Yes," answers BILLY, nervously, "that is all.

"But that's not a game!" PILTON protests, with evidently a sense of injury.

Poor BILLY seems to be suddenly convinced of this himself. He only returns, "No, I don't say it's much of a game, but I thought it would amuse you.

After this BILLY retires. Triumph for young FISHER. BILLY has strutted his five minutes on the hearthrug, and now "is heard no more"—like the "Poor Player"—which, in my opinion, serves any poor player right.

Everyone is irritated with him and his game. PETER DERMOD, angry at having been woke up, declares that such an amusement is only fit for an idiot asylum.

However, we've eked out the time. The carriages are announced, the outdoor guests leave, thanking the host and hostess for "a very pleasant evening," and the indoor guests retire for a pipe to the smoking-room, where, after young FISHER has retired, PILTON lays all the blame on his shoulders, "because he can be so amusing if he likes, but he wouldn't; and he wouldn't dress up."

When PETER DERMOD has gone to bed, PILTON remarks that he is not as amusing as he used to be. I apologize for my own shortcomings, and regret my inability to remember "Cockamaroo," which, I am sure, from the sort of vague impression I have of it when I last saw it played, would have caused endless amusement. Everybody regrets that I couldn't think of "Cockamaroo" in time. Tomorrow, when I shall have left, PILTON will confide in Mrs. PILTON, and the three young Ladies, how disappointed he is in me, and he is sure to finish by saying—

"I object to people who can do something to amuse, and won't."

He will then probably add with a deep sense of injury, "Why, he (meaning me) "remembered a game called Cockamaroo, only he wouldn't tell it."

"When I want a jolly evening, nothing shall induce me to go to PRITON'S," says PETER DERMOD to me next day, on his way back to town.

I have got two or three more friends to visit. This is fortunate, as there is something the matter with the roof of our Old House at home, where my forefathers, &c., and they are mending and painting. MILNER, being a good-natured wag, will, of course, spread the report that "there's a tile off, chee-ha," and at all events, for the present I am roofless. This gives me, as it were, a title to my friends' hospitality.

Happy Thought.—New title, Sir WILLIAM ROEBLES. Sounds historical.
FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

MODEST ASSURANCE.

Young Spanke. "What, not Skating, Mrs. Marrable?"

Mrs. Marrable (a fascinating Widow of over nine-and-forty, but who doesn't look it). "No; I'm too old for that Sort of Things."

Young Spanke. "Too Old? What do you call 'Too Old', Mrs. Marrable?"

Mrs. Marrable (modestly). "Don't you call Twenty-Eight too Old, Mr. Smythe? I do!"
THE PITH OF SMITH.

(A Poetical Précis taken at Westminster Palace Hotel.)

MY LORD DUKE AND GENTLEMEN,

'Tis with surprise
At the curious course of events that I rise;
I'm a plain man of business, and not fond of speaking,
And even this occasion is not of my seeking:
But the cry of electors has called me, and, therefore,
I'll tip you four columns—so much as you'll care for.
The voice of the Country—let some bar-suiters,
Who always run cross—backs Her Majesty's Ministers.
Quite right: we have crowned it with honours and glories.
The Rads do deny it—but then they tell stories.
So much for one Bogey. Bad Trade is another.
Aye the working-men's savings expand on the whole;
Trade very soon show a surprising revival,
And now dear Lord B. has brought Honour and Peace.

In no case can these be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THE PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

February 22, 1879.

BE IN TIME!

HORSEMONGER Lane Gaol is being sold and carted away piece meal.
Murdersoners, be on the alert! Here are the stones hallowed by the presence of that sweet couple, the MA
RIGA, and the most of the other inhabitants, who have left their memories behind them on their Murderers' March from dock to scaffold. After Newgate, in these Peace-loving days, it would be hard to point out to our criminal sensationists a richer mine of relics. What the Catacombs have been to the Christian Church, Horse
monger Lane Gaol should be to that large branch of the Church-Criminal established in Her MAJESTY's dominions, and its devoted adherents.

Our Little Busy Bees and their Very Busy American Cousins.

There has lately been a vehement protest of the British Beekeepers against the influx of American honey. All flying insects in the States we know are called "Bugs." Naturally enough, indignant English Apiarians call the Yankee Bees—Hum-bugs.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.

Owing to the general and growing distrust of Banks, we may look out, ere long, for a revival of an important branch of the Nottingham trade—Long Stockings.

A VOICE FROM MIDLOTHIAN.

Tree-felling, my foes class among my brain-maggots;
But better, I tell you, fell trees than make foggots.

SAUNDERS'S DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY OF "A SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER."—To prevent the Afghan gunn Aff.

REAL LUCKY.—Trust the Crescent.
COSMOPOLITANS AND COOK.

T

he Geographers of France have done a generous thing. On the night of Friday the 14th instant, the French Geographical Society assembled and met together to commemorate the anniversary of the death of Captain Cook. Few, perhaps, of Cook's countrymen are aware that St. Valentine's Day is also Cook's Day, or St. Cook's Day for the matter of that, since, from all that is known of him, Cook seems to have been probably as good as St. Valentine. There was a time when the average Englishman, if he inquired of a Frenchman, who should it be? for I move that (As Performed, to the tune Fr hteen Millions a Year, the Lonilon Chair.

met here to receive the Trustee's statement of the liquidation in that case. We have been forced to three sales by auction to wind — property of the debtor peculiarly difficult to realise—business as you all are—that this has been a most troublesome estate in fact, I may y call it one of the toughest jobs, though of trifling character as regards assets and liabilities, I have ever taken in hand in all my long and varied experience. The assets, as some of you may remember, were stated at £36,000. The liabilities, oddly enough, stood at precisely the same figure—a very rare and gratifying feature in the case. We have been forced to three sales by auction—very troublesome things always. One was of furniture, valued by Mr. Burrery's Liquidation.

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Brown (a plethoric large Creditor). We all know what we're here for. I move that Mr. Jones, as Principal Creditor, do take the Chair.

Robinson (another still more full-bodied large Creditor). I beg to second that motion. 

Action put, and carried unanimously.

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Brown. A SCREAMING PARCE.

(As Performed, to the tune Fr hteen Millions a Year, the Lonilon Chair.

Slight—t the latter I look for support, under these cruel and undeserved aspersions. Ask your legal adviser.

Hawksley. Better not waste your money, Mr. Jones, if you'll allow me to advise you. I am not amenable to any Court—(with solemnity), except that of my character and my conscience. To the former I appeal—to the latter I look for support, under these cruel and undeserved aspersions. Ask your legal adviser.

Jones. Is that so, Mr. Smooth?

Smooth. Undoubtedly. Good gracious! Didn't you put yourself into his hands? Didn't you give him full power? The Lord Chancellor himself couldn't do anything.

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Monday, February 17 (Lords).—Earl Delawarr and the Lord Chancellor have two Bills prepared for making masters responsible for managers, in cases of accidents to workmen. Earl Delawarr's was read a First Time, and is then to stand over for consideration of the Government Measure. It is a nice and difficult matter, needing legislation principally to do away with the legal fiction of "common employment," and the sooner it is settled the better.

The Lord Chancellor, in the favourite Parliamentary part of Sisyphus heaving once more the great stone of Bankruptcy Law up the Hill of Difficulty! The changes he proposes all tend in the right direction—to stop the pickings of the thriving birds of prey who now fatten themselves and feather their nests out of bankrupt estates, under various titles, and to make it worth the creditors' while to look after their debts, which they now seldom care to do when once Bankruptcy or Arrangement has set in to the work of dividing assets for the benefit of creditors' agents, instead of creditors. In short, the Act is a well-meant—if not ambitious—attempt custodiare custodes. But it stops far short of the only drastic remedy—to punish fraudulent Bankruptcy as a crime, and to treat as fraud all the various well-known forms of robbery under the mask of business which are now the opprobrium of English trade.

Lord Penrhyn is of opinion that much of the blame now thrown on Bankruptcy Laws is due to the supineness of creditors. Punch would rather put it, that much of the supineness of creditors is due to the blame now attaching to the Bankruptcy Laws. Justice is said to be blind. She can hardly be so blind as she looks, while we see her winking so very hard in the Bankruptcy Court.

(Commons.)—The Major cannoned the Claimant on the Glasgow Bank Directors. He means to demand release for the British Bart., or mitigation of sentence, in consideration of the inadequate punishment of the Scotch delinquents.

In answer to Mr. Stackpole, Sir Stafford Northcote said the Government knew nothing of any intention to carry out Mr. Punch's suggestion for the removal of Arthur's Seat to Dublin, by making the Duke of Connaught Permanent Viceroy of Ireland. Sir Stafford said the Government did not enjoy Mr. P.'s confidence. That is perfectly true, as it may be true that he does not know of any such intention. Perhaps Lord B. does. Perhaps Mr. Stackpole should have left out "permanent." We are answered by the card nowadays, and should ask accordingly.

The Attorney-General could not give Mr. Blake any encouragement for the view that taking shares in stores for the sale of tea, tobacco, or "other Church furniture or necessaries," would subject the Clergy to proceedings at Common, or Ecclesiastical Law—though as to the last Sir John could not be quite sure, speaking with the terror of Chief Justice Cockburn before his eyes—unless they personally served behind the counter, or perhaps even as Directors and Managers.

We are promised a Flood Prevention, and a Copyright Bill, and all the Gas and Electric Light Bills are to be referred to "one strong committee," charged a fumo darse lucem. It ought to be strong.
A GOOD WORD FOR HER LAST PLACE.

Young Person (applying for Housemaid's place). "A young Lady as lived with you as Cook, Mum, told me as you was a very nice woman to get on with!!"

if it is to get light out of the darkness now prevailing on the subject.

The House cheerfully wasted two hours over the question whether it should at once consider Sir Stafford Northcote's Resolutions for saving the time of Parliament, or wait awhile. Sir Charles Dilke was for waiting: so were Mr. B. Hope, Mr. Mitchell-Henry, and others. Contro, Mr. Mowbray, Mr. Newdegate, and the Marquis of Hartington. Mr. Walter and Mr. Rylands were for taking the Resolutions in Committee. After two divisions Sir Stafford got his first Resolution before the House—that in Monday Committees of Supply or Ways and Means, the Speaker shall leave the Chair without any question,—in other words, that "grievances," on one night in the week, shall not be begged in head and shoulders before Supply.

Mr. Dillwyn proposed to cut this down by leaving out "Ways and Means," which, Sir Stafford, on the "Half-a-loaf" principle, was fain to agree to, as he did to Lord Hartington's further limitation of the Resolutions to the ordinary Army, Navy, or Civil Service Estimates. And so, "with much ado, and after mighty long talk," as Mr. Pepys would say, what was left of one Resolution of the five was got through, between one and two o'clock.

But if Sir Stafford thinks the wary old birds of the House mean to allow him to put Executive salt on their tails, he is mistaken, and Punch warns him.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord Cranbrook assured Lord Ripon that the Government knew nothing of General Roberts having annexed the Kurum Valley—when they did, they would tell the House. Perhaps General Roberts prefers annexing on his own hook, like Sir Bartle Frere?

The Lord Chancellor brought in his Bill for enlarging the jurisdiction of the County Courts from debts of £50 to £200, and to any amount, without limit, if both Plaintiffs and Defendants agree. This, my Lords, is what comes of asking for more Judges. Your business is taken from you, and flung to the one-horse Bench. How does that please your Ladships? And how will the Bar like it?

Lord Cairns does not agree with the Lord Chief Justice that there is any "block" which calls for more high-priced judicial razors to cut it. The Assizes difficulty will settle down; and if Judges will buckle to their work one-horse fashion, instead of in the more dignified unicorn team, there is no reason why Themis should be long twitted with arrears—or why Minos should not be trusted to do the work in which he has hitherto had Aeacus and Rhadamanthus for his assessors. But that a Lord Chancellor should strike the blow!

"Et tu Brute?—then come down, Cockney!"

(Commons).—Mr. Dillwyn moved his Bill for his New Patent Parliamentary Civil-Service-Estimates-sifter, in the shape of a Select Committee.

Mr. Baxter liked it—being out of Treasury office, and confessing to the fun with which he used to watch poor private Members hunting for their needles through the official bottles of hay. But the more practical business brain of Harnett, and the sense of official proprieties of Selwyn-Isberton, Lowe, and Lewis, and the sturdy Sussex common-sense of Bartelot—all pool-pocked the Dillwynian-sifter. So, with all these to oppose, and Rylands and Parnell to support, no wonder the sifter was shunted—into the natural home of sifters—the dust-hole.

The House renewed the 12°30 rule, which prevents opposed business being taken after midnight. Men in office don't like it, but private Members do—as the rule saves them many a weary snooze on the back benches, or waking wait in their places.

And then the House was Counted Out while discussing the appointment of the Public Accounts Committee. How can it face its own account, after truanting so soon in the Session?

Wednesday.—A Count Out last night: a talk out this afternoon.

Mr. Halpurn's Burials Bill makes one in a quartette of which Mr. O. Morgan's Bill is No. 1, taking as it does the broad ground that everybody has a right to be buried in his parish churchyard, and with the service his family and friends like best. Mr. Halpurn's Bill substantially makes the same concessions, but tries to guard them by dykes which the first high tide will sweep away. Naturally he disgusts Church without conciliating Chapel, and so is talked out.

How long do the short-sighted Church champions mean to keep up this fight over the grave? The most intelligent among them know they must be beaten. Will it be much consolation that they have waded to defeat through a sea of bad blood?

Thursday (Lords).—The shameful subject of the importation of firearms and ammunition into Zulu-land was broached.
"PITY THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTERS!—WE HAVE NO WORK TO DO!"

That eagle's fate and theirs is one,
Who, on the shaft that made him die,
Beheld a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

For "shaft" read "gun," and for "feather" read "Tower-mark,"
and the parallel is complete. It is English traders who supply nine-tenths of the rifles and powder with which the Zulus have taken the brave English lives whose loss England is now mourning. "Trade for ever, and hang sentiment!" says the British shopkeeper.

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Renewed attempt of the CHancellor of the Exchequer to put salt on the Speaker's tail—in other words, to narrow the great Parliamentary privilege of wasting time in talk. Latet anguis in herba. A sturdy minority will see the Parliamentary gag under Sir Stafford's inaudible flowers of speech. Nothing carried; and Debate adjourned.

Better drop your Resolutions, Sir Stafford, and fall back on Mr. E. York's pithy suggestion—

"To meet Obstructions by a courageous application of existing rules. If a Member was guilty of Obstruction, the Speaker could call the attention of the House to the fact that he was guilty of contempt; and, on a Motion by the Leader of the House, or any Member of sufficient authority, the offender having been heard in his defence, the House could inflict an adequate penalty. If that course had been taken, they might long ago have dealt with Obstructions more efficiently than by new rules, which would abridge the legitimate opportunities of bringing forward grievances, and prevent Members doing what it was their duty to do. The rules would be insufficient to prevent Obstruction, and mischievous so far as they affected the legitimate business of the House."

This paragraph, in Mr. Punch's humble judgment, contains the marrow of all the talk that has been inflicted upon the House since the Resolutions were introduced, with the "tediousness" taken out.

At five minutes to two the House was Counted Out, re infected.

Friday (Lords).—If Lord Airlie thinks the Glasgow Bank Directors have got more than their deserts—as the LORD CHANCELLOR seemed to infer from his question about admission to bail in cases of fraud—the head of the bonny House of Airlie, we should say, stands alone. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF did his best to satisfy their Lordships—which should be enough to satisfy us Commoners—that all had been for the best in the shipment of troop-horses with the troopers who have sailed for South Africa. People talk about "salted" horses—as if the men wouldn't have enough salted horse in their messes going out, without finding it waiting for them in Natal.

(Commons.)—In Supply Mr. Rathbone opened up a not unimportant matter. Would it not be well that School Inspectors should go into training a little before being left to themselves—have a term of preliminary instruction how to float and strike out, under the eye of an elder Inspector—a "Salted Inspector," as he might be called in these South African times—before plunging into the deep water of School Inspection all by themselves? There is much to be said for this suggestion, which ought not to be lost sight of, though reasons of expense may plead against it for the present.

Mr. Samuelson invited the House to the consideration of the two biggest plagues of Egypt—its Debt and its Khedive. He asks, with Mr. Cartwright, "si deble allons-nous faire dans cette galère?" and thinks we had better have steered clear of Suez Canal Shares and Financial Commissionerships, and generally kept our hands free of Egyptian Bonds altogether. This Punch is not inclined to dispute; but—being in—what is now the best way out? That seems to be the question at this moment. As for the last move in the Khedive's little game, we are glad to be assured by the CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer that France and England are at one, and that neither English nor French Minister has resigned, or is likely to resign. While they keep an eye on the Khedive, that "serpent of old Nile" may wriggle, but will find it hard to wriggle out of his engagements.

House Counted Out at half-past eight. Only eight Members cared to hear Sir John Lubbock on "Ancient Monuments." We are such practical people.
FAR-OFF WARS, AND HOW TO BRING THEM HOME TO US.

(A Forecast from the Latest Examples.)

Further papers were published yesterday, throwing new and startling light on the Chinese difficulty. They contain 178 despatches, most of them dealing with the complaints of several influential junk merchants at Shanghai, but the more important referring to the sudden removal of our High Commissioner for the missionary replies in a lengthy and spirited despatch, dated the same afternoon. After illustratively describing the generally debased social condition of the Mongolian races from the year 2334 n.c., down to September, 1878, he concludes:

"It may possibly occur to Her Majesty's Government that even if the hour has come to humanise, educate, wash, and otherwise civilise this peculiar people, the task is one that they ought not to undertake without some opportunity for deliberation. If this is their view of the matter, I cannot say it is mine. On the contrary, surveying the world from a sufficiently elevated standpoint, I am convinced that the sooner the enterprise is set on foot the better. I have, therefore, sent an ultimatum to Pekin, which I flatter myself will precipitate a crisis that ought, in my opinion, to be brought to a head, and the sooner the better. The 80,000 men I mentioned should be forthcoming by return. If Her Majesty's Government do not like the situation, all I can say is they must jump it. They are not on the spot. I am.

To this the Colonial Secretary replies in a brief despatch:

"There is no doubt that, in adopting your formidable and succulent style, 'You are on the spot.' Without any further reflection on your bold and benevolent scheme for the summary regeneration of the Chinese Empire, I am to convey to you the general feeling of Her Majesty's Government that more is the pity.

A few telegramms, which appear to have reached their destination too late to have been of any use, here follow:

Clerical Co-operation.

(By Our Cambridge Grocer.)

Wou'd Grads and Undergrads enjoy their bliss to whom no debt is scored, Be ReapymonEy MortIBoy Be Reapymon Ey Mortar-Board.

FOX-HUNTING AND FOX-EATING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THOUGH the length and breadth of the Green Isle, the hunting circles of that sporting country have been lately shaken to their centres by a question of the gravest moment; namely—whether "a dug fox" "ought to be," then there, "eaten by a Master, on the earth," or not.

Several well-known Masters of Hounds assert that he ought, while one influential Squire, at least, thinks differently. I foal that you would be rendering an important service to the sporting world by deciding this momentous point, on which a humble one like myself dare not even form an opinion, much less criticise statements like the following:

From Lord Pinkerton, M. F. H.

"If my hounds required blood, and I ran the last fox in a country-side to ground, I would dig him out and eat him on the earth."

From Mr. Braysher, M. F. H.

"You acted perfectly right in eating him on the spot."

Not being a M. F. H. myself, I am quite bewildered when I read of disposing of foxes, whether dug or run out, in this savage and summary fashion.

As a man of but feeble powers of digestion, and with a stomach turned, I feel thankful I have never had to look on while an M. F. H., however much he may have liked it, went through the disgusting feat of "Eating a Fox on the Earth," after digging him out of the hole in which he had hoped to find a safe shelter from such a horrible end.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, yours,

Varminstown, King's County, Ireland.

[From Punch, February 15, 1879.]

FOURTH, and 1879.

ATCHAM v. HATCHAM.

Mr. Power has, unwittingly, drawn down a sore visitation upon an unfounding clergyman, the Incumbent of "Atcham," near Shrewsbury, all along of the letter (published in his number for Feb. 15,) from an "Agrieved Parishioner," of "Atcham, Surrey," naturally exasperated by the late Ritualistic vagaries and still more discreditable Anti-Ritualistic riotings and indecencies, of which that church has been the scandalous scene. We need hardly say that that letter had nothing to do with the innocent and orthodox Incumbent of Atcham near Shrewsbury, who escues all such aspersions with a scornful and scholarly essay, from the pen of the High Commissioner, on "The Manners and Customs of the Early Tartars," to which is appended a postscript announcing the commencement of a Chinese way.

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Coronatus, Non Pileatus.

"The Pope, much to his credit, has respectfully offered Dr. Newman a Cardinal's Hat. The venerable Doster, equally in his credit, has respectfully declined the honour."

A Cardinal's Hat! Fancy Newman in one! For the crown o'er his Seege gene 'Tis the good and great that honour the hat, Not the hat that would honour the head. There's many a priest craves it: no wonder he waive it, Or that we, the soiled head-cover...
A LESSON.

"Fas est ab hoste doceri."

John Bull soliloquises.

I can't stand being lessoned. 'Tis not nice
At any time from foes to take advice;
And when the heart is hot with rage and grief,
That in swift vengeance pain would seek relief,
The preachers of cool caution, and good heed,
With their trite text of "more haste, and worse speed,"
Appear, to those who crave revenge's balm,
More lukewarm counsellors of craven calm.
Yet, oft 'tis true that patience asks more pluck
Than fierce and fiery haste to run a-muck.
To fervid patriot zeal and pride of race
Facts are at times e'en harder foes to face
Than those bloodthirsty hordes, fierce, vengeful, swift,
To my heroic handful at Rorke's Drift,
Or red Insandula! Thoughts of that rain
Of murderous assegais will fire my brain!
Avenged? Ay, ay! There is no need to pule,
Still less, to spur me like a stubborn mule,
Or hound my eager war-dogs on the trail
Of the swart slaughterers. They will not fail,
When with the foe they close in eager fight,
To balance the account and set things right.
"Right?" 'Tis a wishful word, not always clear
To the distem' gaze of hate and fear.
From noble indignation, in its heat,
Fails sometimes of a purview quite complete.
Panders, who dub me the world's paragon
Whose will makes right, would blindly spur me on
To vengeance indiscriminate, and claim
Monopoly of patriotic fame.
I fancy all that sort of thing looks small
To the Eternal Eye that measures all,
And has one standard, accurate and fair,
For me and the stark savage in his lair.
I hear the still cool voice of patriot sense;
Yes, though, midst fumes of flattery coarse and dense,
Loud self-laudation, swaggering round the land,
Would howl it down, I hear and understand.
First I must honour, and avenge, the slain;
My brave five hundred must not die in vain.
Not for the first time Blunder has given scope
To British valour;—would that I dared hope
'Tis for the last! That sadly glorious scene
Should teach rash headiness and stiff routine
Some needed lessons. On revenge's track
Those who watch o'er my war-dogs are not slack.
I hope they're sure and safe as they've been swift.
Yet wise prevention is far better thrift
Than cure, howe'er complete; nor is it wise
Rashly to make, or recklessly despise,
E'en savage foesmen. They are fools who spurn
Sound lessons, though a foe's. I'm game to learn!

An Adaptation from the French, for the French.

Danton's advice to the Republicans in 1793. "De l'audace, et de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!"
Punch's advice to the French Republicans of 1879. "De la patience, et de la patience, et toujours de la patience!"

A Rash Inference.

"I did swallow my studs. As they were gold, I thought they would have some effect in curing a pain which I had in my stomach."—Plutarch's Evidence in Nunn v. Hemming.

Pronounce him mad because he took for pills
The gold that's held by most to cure all ills!
“BEAT! POSSIDENTES.”

Canvasser (to Thrifty Rustic, who has recently taken a Little Farm).

Well, Thomas, you’ll give your vote to Squire Shoppy at the next election?”

Thomas. “No, I shan’t.—I ha’ got un, and I mean to keep en myself—I shan’t a goin’ to ’un to nobody!”

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XIV.

Invitation—A name—Topsy-turvy—Accepted—Incident—Sensational—Sprightly servant—Luxury—Poetry—Arrival.

A letter of invitation comes to me from—

“My Dear Fellow, Meadowswert Manor, Tricklington.

I shall be delighted to see you, if you’ll only come and take pity on a poor hermit in his cell. We are right away from all amusements—ten miles away from anywhere—so if you can summon up courage to make the venture, you are hereby forewarned that you’ll have to entertain yourself, the livelong day, as best you can. But come, by all means.

Yours truly,

C. MOSTHYN DICKIE.”

MOSTHYN DICKIE is a good all round grumbler. I don’t wonder at it, with such a name. He starts, as a cart-before-the-horse man. With him everything has gone right in spite of himself. But to hear him talk, to judge by his correspondence, you would think that everything was invariably going as wrong as possible with him.

His name is enough to have put him out of all his calculations in life. There should be a law against the use of a Christian name as a surname. One ought no more to be permitted to use a Christian name as a surname, than one is able to use a hat as a waistcoat. Any one doing the latter, frequently, would be locked up in a lunatic asylum; and the lunatic tailor would soon be sent for to show the unfortunate man what kind of waistcoat he would have to be fitted with for the future.

MOSTHYN DICKIE is so evidently Dickie Mosthyn topsy-turvy, that it is quite irritating to hear it, and still more to see it, on paper. When his friends call him “Dickie,” it sounds ridiculous—or ri-dick-leous,—while to speak of him, or to him, as “Mr. Dickie,” is even more absurd. It is like talking to a canary in a man’s hand.

“Well, Mr. Dickie, how are you this morning?” which you expect to hear followed up with a chirrup, and a “Sweet, sweet, swe—ee-ee-e-e-ee!”

All his intimates call him Mosthyn. This sounds all right, but it puts a stranger, so to speak, on entering, on the wrong scent. You would suppose that those who call a man “Dickie,” and “Mr. Dickie,” are his nearest acquaintances, while those who call him Mosthyn are his most intimate friends? How did it begin? Two noble genealogists, as to its ancestral root, and there would probably be found a Richard at the bottom of it. He came over with the Conqueror, or without him, as Richard, simply Richard. His own son called him “Dickie.” His grandson called him “Dick.” His great grandson called him “Dick.”

“Dick.” An eccentric old Norman baron called him “Dickie.” This old Norman baron was rich. He quarreled with his family, left his money and estates to his boon companion, whom he had only known as “Dickie.” This fixed the heir’s name. Henceforward he and his heirs were Dickies. They went on and prospered, in spite of, as the vulgar phrase has it, or has to have it (and can have it again as far as I am concerned), in spite of “the being all dicky with them.”

The above is a hypothetical history of the Mosthyn Dicke family. Some Dicke in the Sixteenth Century married into the Mosthyn family—whence, probably, owes its origin from some ancient one of his seeing one of his ancestors’ names. His name is Mosthyn Dickie, and it shows itself a Mosthyn topsy-turvy, that like Julius Caesar, considering lean men as dangerous to the State, he at once designated him as Most Tin, and gave him some fine封建 qualms to adjust on. “Most Tin” then became Mosthyn, and from that time forth a rich, happy family, and stout supporters of Royalty.

[Happy Thought.—Write a Hypothetical History of the Origin of English Family Names and childbirth. Could the English families have subscribed largely to make it worth my while not to do it. Either notion’s remunerative.]

Oh well, I accept Mosthyn Dicke’s offer.

Here, on route for the Manor, I must note what would be sensationally announced in some American papers thus—

AN INCIDENT AT THE STATION.

I am in the waiting-room. I see the bald head and eyes of a short man in a great coat. I see no more of the short man than the bald head and eyes, because he has got his hat off, and is, to put it nicely, mooning in his pocket-handkerchief.

From the bridge of his nose, to the second button of his great-coat, all is enveloped in a silk cloud of mystery, i.e., in pocket-handkerchief. What I do see of him—mentioned above—i recognise. I go up to him with outstretched hand and a smile on my expressive countenance. I am about to say, “Hallo, Von Schmidt”—that being the name of the individual I expect to find behind the pocket-handkerchief. From the bridge of his nose, to the second button of his great-coat, all is enveloped in a silk cloud of mystery, i.e., in pocket-handkerchief. What I do see of him—mentioned above—i recognise. I go up to him with outstretched hand and a smile on my expressive countenance. I am about to say, “Hallo, Von Schmidt”—that being the name of the individual I expect to find behind the pocket-handkerchief. What I do see of him—mentioned above—i recognise. I go up to him with outstretched hand and a smile on my expressive countenance. I am about to say, “Hallo, Von Schmidt”—that being the name of the individual I expect to find behind the pocket-handkerchief.
"IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!"

Small Boy (to timid Younger Brother). "Come on, Bill! 'Ere's the End of 'im at last!"

In I get, and off we go.

From this moment I see I can relieve myself of all responsibility. I feel more than at home, as I lounge back in the pair-horse brougham comfortably, most comfortably rugged and wrapped. The sensation is "This is mine! I am monarch of all I survey (I can't see out of the windows for the steam, which makes them into ground-glass), and emancipated from trouble, or responsibility, the poetry comes out of me thus:

I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
I know that I've nothing to pay—
A sum which my pocket will suit.

Happy Thought.—Poetry in me is a sort of Ballon Captif. The ropes are the responsibilities and troubles. Cut the ropes, and the Poet soars aloft. How about coming down again? Let the gas off. But—well we must not press a simile so far.

Mostyn Dickie's carriage is delicious. We are at the gate of the Manor House. In a few minutes we are at the Mansion itself. Mansion! Yes, quite a Mansion! It is of the Italian Portico style, and with its steps, pillars, and capitals, it gives you the idea of a Public Library, or Club, having stepped out of St. James's Square, or Pall Mall, or a British Museum Junior which had forwarded itself down here for a little change of air.

Country House! Not a sign of it. That is, according to the received Old English type—the sort of thing, for example that Mr. Caldecott loves to illustrate, and wherein he excels. But at Meadowweet Manor there should be a surrounding of Italian gardens, of Signori and Signoritas, with mandolines and guitars, greyhounds stepping daintily with one foot up in the air, monkeys led by black boys, in turbans, silks and satins, and a scowling Italian hiding behind a pillar of the portico, fumbling at a stiletto in his best doublet, while he eyes a young couple in whom he evidently feels the very deepest interest.

This is the scene suggested by Mostyn Dickie's Manor House. But this picture is for summer, and now the snow is on the ground except where it has been carefully swept away from the drive and from the steps, which are exactly like those leading up to the British Museum, or the National Gallery, only without the policemen or the sentries; and under the portico above are wide glass doors, more than ever suggesting the idea of some public Exhibition—say, for example, the "Old Masters" at Burlington House—so that I can scarcely refrain from asking the official in plain clothes—the Beadle—whether it is a free day, or whether the admission is by payment; and, having resigned myself to this sort of Exhibition idea, I am looking round to see where are the respectable individuals, who, as at Burlington House, live in pews in the hall, and play at pawnbreaking all day by giving tickets for umbrellas deposited with them. (Happy Thought. My Uncle!)—and where the man who takes the money, and who won't give change, is to be found, when, as a footman, takes me out of my great coat, I hear a hearty voice coming along the hall, exclaiming—

"Bravo! I never thought you'd come in such dreadful weather!" and Mostyn Dickie has come out of his sanctum, and is grasping my hand heartily.

THE KHEDIVE'S LITTLE GAME.

That slipperiest of sovereigns, the Khedive, has tried to wriggle himself out of the bonds to which, in the pinch of insolvency, he had voluntarily submitted for the benefit of his creditors and the good of his country. But instead of dismissing his Minister, Nabat Aswa, he gets up an émeuté of dismissed officers against him and his English right hand, Mr. Rivers Wilson, and so forces the resignation of the one, and, as he, no doubt, hopes, the retirement of the other. He may find that England and France, who have taken something very like the position of official liquidators towards this dodgy Egyptian bankrupt, decline to see this little game through the Khedive's spectacles. He may yet have to accept "Winchester measure," as inscribed on the walls of William of Wykeham's school-house:

"Act disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia, cadit." (Learn your own bonds to bear, or quit.)

Inscription and Description (for Parliament).—Satis eluentia, sapientia parum.
"THE QUILL-DRIVER."

WHAT WE OUGHT, AND WHAT WE OUGHT NOT, TO SEND OUT TO ZULU-LAND, ACCORDING TO THAT VERY KNOWING AND UBQUITOUS BIRD WHOSE WISDOM CRIES SO LOUD JUST NOW FROM THE NEWSPAPER COLUMNS, IF NOT ON THE HOUSE-TOPS.

Advice to the Clergy.
(By a Retail Dealer.)

On taking Orders.—Think twice before you take them to the Clergy Co-operative Stores.

Imperialism in Excelcis.
Dr. Johnson Amended.

Deft mankind from Russia to Peru,
And then annex—from Afghan to Zulu.
SOME PASSAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT
EASTERN LOAN.
(From a Special Correspondent in future, somewhere in the East, somewhere about the
Middle of Next Year.)

The Minister of Finance, surrounded by his army, to-day received a flag of truce from the
International Commissioners of Inland Revenue. Under the arrangement which will thus,
it is hoped, be facilitated, the revenue is likely to be materially increased.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

English Composer in Paris—Musical World—Haymarket—Crystal
Palace—Advises gratis.

Dr. Arthur Sullivan’s Overture Étiquetée, “Je Memoir,”
has met with a most cordial reception in Paris. “C’est une œuvre
de valeur bien écrite,” says M. Henri de Lacomperaye, “qui révèle
un esprit clair, mélodique, et une imagination fort poétique.”

Bravo, Dr. Arthur!—“If you don’t like the point, you can atone for such a deed, points to the mark which the blow has
taken; and once, or twice, a bull’s-eye is scored.

What must have been a very strong scene in M. AvGrer’s original
production, has cut off all communication between
the new Loan will, it is oat con-
considered to be much going on. I should recommend the Chairman and
Directors to consider the words on the packages by rail,
and can make of it.

Then the motive for Haidée’s quitting the Denhams’ house is too
plain to the eye. Burst of enthusiasm from French audience, which has waited
and can make of it.

The Crisis is scarcely
coming in when it does, it seems to me to belong, somehow
and somehow, to the epigram target,
and will be in readiness at all the gas-taps to turn them out on
then account it is worth seeing. There are four or five sharp-pointed
lines in it, but there is a perpetual shooting at the epigram target,
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The Crisis is scarcely
a happy title for it. Considering the subject, wouldn’t it have been
better, when it was once removed from France, and Les Fourchambaults
dropped, to have called it, It’s a Wise Child that Knows Its

Our Representative.

Miss Louisa Moore, as Mrs. Goring, and Mr. Kelly as her son—
allowing for an over-somberness which occasionally weights an
excellent conception rather heavily. Another capital perfor-
manen is that of Mr. Davie Fellow, Junior, as Lord William Whit-
head,—a very weak name by the way. Mrs. John Wood is certainly
very funny; Miss Eastlake very graceful and intelligent, full of
good humor; which is rapidly ripening into performance. In her absence,
the part was charmingly played by Miss B. Henri. Indeed, taken
all round, the representation of the piece leaves scarcely anything to
be desired. In fact, were it not for the good acting, the play would
never have taken any hold of the public at all. But solely on this
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lines in it, but there is a perpetual shooting at the epigram target,
and, once, or twice, a bull’s-eye is scored.
**THE PRINCE'S TIP.**

*"We Englishmen may be justly proud of the character for mental and physical strength and capacity which our artisans bear all over the world; but our pride is sadly dashed by accompanying criticisms on the ignorance and the indifference to anything which needs thought, which too often render that native vigour of intelligence a comparatively useless thing." — Prince Leopold at the Birkbeck Literary Institution.*

**THE CLEW.**

The Child was evidently lost!—cried bitterly—could not tell us where his Parents lived, or whether she was an Orphan, or what her Father was—or where she went to School.—Enter Intelligent Policeman.

**Policeman (in a friendly whisper),** "WHERE DOES YOUR MOTHER GET HER GIN, MY DEAR?"

[And the mystery was solved!]

**Punch.** Why, take the Prince's tip. You are a man, have less of force and grip, Which, well directed, have cause to fear The test of competition far or near. But a blind Titan simply wastes his force; And you are blind, though strong. You bluff, of course, But your first lesson, which you're apt to spurn, Is just to learn that you have much to learn. Ay! much that even foreigners may teach. There, no bad language, spare your parts of speech! Unseekeck that nose contemptuously up-curl'd. Conceit means ignorance. Those who think the world Spins on a British axis? Many a gift, Intelligence, taste, temperance, and thrift, Deftness, adaptability, —are found Riper on British than on English ground. Just have the sense and pluck that fact to face, And well dig as. It is no disgrace To learn, even from a rival.**

**Policeman.** Or a foe?

**Punch.** Twixt you and "foreigners" that blind ill-will, Which stamps you 'duffer.'**

**British Workman.** Choose it! That's too bad, You hit so hard.

**Punch.** To work you up, my lad. I am no foe, and if you'll learn from me, And learn in time, you may escape, d'ye see, Much harsher lessons from a harsher master, Armed with the whip of shame, defeat, disaster. Such sharp home-truths perhaps may make you wince, But Punch says ditto to our sage young Prince, In words more sharply ground to pierce a hide, Made callous by stupidity and pride. British Workman. What, mine d'yer mean?

**Punch.** I do. A silly goose Was never manufactured, by mistake, Out of such splendid stuff, as you. There, there, Few dare to tell you that the plain, You hate, of course, To learn, e'en from a rival. But Punch says ditto to our sage young Prince, In words more sharply ground to pierce a hide, Made callous by stupidity and pride. British Workman. What, mine d'yer mean?

**Punch.** Perhaps; but you must feel

**British Workman.** Oh yes! the longer you begin to crow. The sneakin' prigs! We taught 'em all they know. British Workman. Why, ain't we fust?**

**Punch.** To learn. Now listen! Times are changed, my lad, Have built your brawn up, but befogged your brain; But work a square stiff job straight through? No fear! That only comes of British beef and beer.

**British Workman.** Cheese it! That's too bad,

**Punch.** Rightly, if roughly, put. But one thing know,

**British Workman.** Not foes, your foolish scorn and hate to move,— Out of such splendid as you. There, there,

**Punch.** To learn. Now listen! Times are changed, my lad, Have built your brawn up, but befogged your brain; But work a square stiff job straight through? No fear! That only comes of British beef and beer.

**British Workman.** Oh yes! the foreign lot in to crow. British Workman. Why, ain't we fust?**

**Punch.** Rightly, if roughly, put. But one thing know,

**British Workman.** Of Work and Workmen? Never did a stroke Preachin' to 'orny-handed— ——

**Punch.** To learn. Now listen! Times are changed, my lad, Have built your brawn up, but befogged your brain; But work a square stiff job straight through? No fear! That only comes of British beef and beer.

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MONDAY, February 24 (Lords).—It is a great comfort to have a paternal Government keeping an eye on the Plague for us. At the same time, as the Duke of Richmond reminded Lord Stanley of Alderley, it can’t be necessary to impose the same restrictions on Russian bottoms from the Baltic as on those from the Black Sea, seeing that Jack Frost is still doing that for us.

Lord Cottrell finds a voice for the British Dairyman—now writhing under the oppression of the “Dairies, Cowsheds and Milk-shops Order, 1879.” The noble President of the Council reassured him. The Order was only meant to secure the public against tainted milk. It did not even press on the cow with the iron tail. If we can’t have milk that is all milk, and not half milk and water, at least we may fairly ask to be secured against typhoid with our milk and water.

Lord Tauro drew a contradiction from Lord Bury of the report that men under twelve months’ service had been excluded from the Cape reinforcements, but with it an admission that the 91st and 94th Regiments had both been made up—the one by 300, the other by 360 volunteers—from their “linked regiments,” the 72nd and the 89th. All our regiments, in fact, are on the “death and glory” principle—only more so. The Lancers carry only skulls and cross-bones on their shakos, but our Infantry regiments go the entire skeleton. Naturally their dry bones want clothing with flesh and blood when suddenly called on to move. We would suggest the Valley of Jehoshaphat as the site of the great central British Army depot.

(Commons.)—Among the questions and answers the most fun was got out of the little story of Ducane at the Prison Door, brought out by Mr. Horwood’s statement and Mr. Cross’s admissions. The only parallel is the old French story of Napoléon and the Sentry, immortalised in Horace Vernet’s famous picture “On ne passe pas!” Only the Sentinel was promoted, while the Warden, who had the audacity to hold the door in the First Commissioner’s face, was “put on probation for six months.”

If Sir Edmund had been only a Prison Commissioner, the Warden who refused to admit him would have been acting strictly within rule. As he was also a Visiting Justice, the Warden ought to have admitted him—if he knew it. But did he? And if he didn’t, was he to blame? In any case, Mr. Cross was compelled to own that the man, if he had sinned, had sinned through over-zeal, and did not deserve punishment, and that Sir Edmund was therefore to blame for insisting on it, even more than for losing his temper so much as to shake not only the gate but the gatekeeper, in the attempt to take the keys from him.

It is true that on this point there is some discrepancy. Perhaps Sir Edmund only touched the keys, and not their keeper; but as they were in the keeper’s hands, that does not mend matters materially.
The important fact is that Sir Edmund, like Hamlet, is very sorry
that to the Keeper (Laertes) he forgot himself:

"Prisons' quis inspector
Se quoque inspectat P".

After the Questions, the House having no other business, presumably, got to the business of the House, and wasted the rest of the
evening. But Punch, not wanting to be hauled over the Commons' coals, and having before his eyes the fear of Mr. Mitchell-Henry,
and the terrors of Privilege, is compelled to lurk, like that villain
Dolus at law, "in generalibus," and leave his readers to guess who
was busiest in doing nothing, and who worked hardest at helping him.
The upshot is that several hours were spent in the little game of
dividing over the Resolution till between one and two, when
the other Resolutions were postponed till Thursday week.

Mr. McKenna—amidst a chorus of disapproval—attempted to
check the flow of deposits into Bank tills, by requiring deposit
receipts with a two-shilling stamp.

Mr. Hankey protested against the House of Commons trying to
teach Bankers their business, and the Motion was withdrawn amidst
a general agreement in the principle that, as water will find its level,
so money will run where interest is offered for it.

Mr. Howard tried to put a spoke in the Manchester water-wheels by interposing a dam, in the shape of a Royal Commission,
between the demands of Manchester and the domains of the Ladies
of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland. Alas! what are
all these Ladies and their lovers to one rich and thirsty Cottonopolis?

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all these Ladies and their lovers to one rich and thirsty Cottonopolis?

"Bibat Mancunium, siccentur lacus."

Mr. Sclater-Booth said a Commission was superfluous; that Blue
Books enough had been pumped from the lakes already; and
Members, Playfair, Forster, and Raikes chorussed him. So the
House of Howard was fain to hide its diminished head; the Motion
was withdrawn, and the House Counted Out, more suu, at twenty
minutes past eight. Who dares say Parliament talks too much?

Mr. Mosely has hit upon the unhappy thought of converting the
quartette of Burial Bills into a quintette, by a Bill for the addition
of a Dissenter's patch to an unhallowed ground," in which Chapel may inter its dead after its
own heathenish fashion.

Mr. Forster supported the Bill, against which Mr. Osborne
Morian protested as "a miserable and pitiful stop-gap and make-shift."

Mr. Beresford Hope declared that it would be "killing the
Dissenter's pet snipe," — cutting away the burial ground from
under his solitary surviving grievance.

Mr. Hubbard argued that the Dissenters only wanted to get the
burial-grounds to plant in them their batteries against the Church.

Who dares say Parliament talks too much?
The withdrawal of the Bill, as no settlement of what must soon be settled, he was entirely in the way: and Mr. Diggan, after a candid enumeration of all the reasons against the Bill, declared his intention of voting for it! It might do some good, and really be a thing that need divine harm. Mr. Diggan was thoroughly ashamed of himself by such support, pleased in vain for leave to withdraw his Bill, but had to sit and see it thrown out by 160 to 129, and serve him right. But Ash Wednesday is a day of humiliation.

Thursday (Lord's).—Lord Carnarvon called attention to some silliness on a serious subject lately voiced at the Epidemiological Society by a Gentleman connected with a Public Department, about the desirability of having one or two cases of the plague here, in order that they might form the subject of scientific observation. He had hoped that the Government would keep themselves clear of the "all the nonsense of quarantine." The President of the Council very properly disclaimed all the nonsense of this Gentleman, and gave him a well-merited rap over the knuckles to boot. Plague is too serious a subject for flippancy doctrinaire.

(Commons.)—After an hour over miscellaneous matters, including an attempt by Dr. Kennedy to lug in the British Bunt, on the shoulders of alter and Lord H. (exemptions by Pluck's dying confession.) the murder of a Manchester policeman, and an assurance to the Major from the Secretary at War that six Guardsmen to three vacancies in the 24th Regiment, Mr. M'Kean-Henry brought on his great question of privilege against the Times for accusing him, incitement of Sir Starvina's Resolutions last Monday night. Punch will not rush in where the Times has not feared to tread, and will only say that any Member more incapable of obstruction than Mr. M'Kean-Henry, and, indeed, all the Home-Rulers—Messrs. Biggar and Parkell, O'Donnell and O'Connor Power, in particular—he has never seen in the House of Commons, and that only wishes that every evening of the Session was as well employed as last Monday. He hopes that will satisfy Mr. M'Kean-Henry.

With this, Punch withdraws himself gracefully under the wings of the Skibbereen Eagle, an organ of Erin which can make Mr. Shaw, as he confessed, and even greater than he, "tremble in his shoes."

In Supply.—Oliver asking for more. Besides £2,751,000 to cover Exchequer Bonds falling due, Sir Stafford Northcote wants a Million and a half at once for the Zulu War,—to say nothing, for the present, of the little bills of the future. As "coming events cast their shadows before," Sir Stafford prepares for a black Budget, by confessing to a deficit of a Million in his own pleasant way of putting it; but which is really, as Mr. Childers made out but too clearly, a deficit of more than six millions. We have been stepping the gap by Exchequer Bills and Bonds, till floating and unfunded debt together, we have more than Twenty-four Millions of our State paper "out," which will have to be "met" somewhere later. Sir Stafford is accustomed and keen in the discussion of between varieties of debt as the cook, no doubt, was in varieties of sauce, when the geese stupidly ventured to express a preference on the subject. But if Britians will be lighted on the second or third glory waits her, she has no right to grumble at the cost of the candles. Let grovelling "unimperial" administrations look to the authorities seem disposed to listen, since the 38-tonner burst impossible. Every sort of animal, including a Flanders dray-horse, out enjoying themselves in the grounds, oy of Noah's residence of the period, peeing in its own park-like surround-ings. Noan and family probably inside, packing up. I suppose he put a pair of everything in his pee: socks, boots, handkerchiefs,—but how about hats Refer to CoLenso, who now represents the Unorthodox Cocker. The Ark, like the British in the Critic, "is out of sight," geepedly at its moorings.

The index-finger like a truncheon Points the shortest way to luncheon.

No. 86. The Eve of the Deluge. JAN BRUEGHEL. Summer's evening, somewhere, or summer, where,—Summer's town by sunset, perhaps. Every sort of animal, including a good Flanders dray-horse, out enjoying themselves in the grounds, I suppose, of Noah's villa, which is visible in the distance, represented as an eligible residence of the period, standing "in its own park-like surroundings." Noah and family probably inside, packing up. I suppose he put a pair of everything in his portmanteau; socks, boots, handkerchiefs,—but how about hats Refer to Colenso, who now represents the Unorthodox Cocker. The Ark, like the British in the Critic, "is out of sight," probably at its moorings.

No. 58. Portrait of a Man, said to be General Ve...
Herr Von Joel, the onseigneur at Evans's, used to exclaim about his Thursday dinner, "Pootiful! Pootiful! Ask! Pootiful!" It belongs to Lady Eden, and is quite lovely for Thursday dinner. Let me see in this year's Academy the Board of an Oyster. What daring young shaver will do it? No. 141. A Hunting Scene. By Tintoretto. Description:—One elderly and one middle-aged Gentleman in black, seated at a table, under an awning, with a Lady of a certain age. Two younger Ladies are standing. Three rather effeminate-looking young men, accompanied by four hounds, have just returned from the exciting sport of the chase, bringing with them one small hare, in not particularly good condition, which they are exhibiting to the assembled family party above-mentioned, who, perhaps, expecting guests, are debating among themselves the best way of having the game dressed, so as to make the most of it, among seven of them. The elderly Gentleman in the corner is evidently asserting his right to eat it all himself, a proposition indignantly rejected by the others, who foresee that they will be heavily off, anyhow, at dinner-time. The picture might be called "The Hare—and Many Friends." In the distance is another figure starting for another hunt. No notice is taken of him, so let us hope that his return with a little game of some sort, will be an unexpected, but pleasant surprise. Had a Young Master instead of an old one painted this picture, would the Art-critics have gone into raptures over it?

GALLERY NO. VII.

Here are the Miniatures, which appear, like barristers, in various cases. A visit just now is specially suitable, as they are all Lent. And if the present unseasonable season is Lent to us, the sooner it is returned, and we get something more pleasant, the better for all.

Case B.

No. 6. Portrait of Jean Petitot, who "might be called," says the guide, "the inventor of enamel miniature." Might be called! Then call him so. It won't be offended. Jean Petitot you can look back with pleasure on your great feat!

Case F.

Edward the Sixth as a Boy. Hans Holbein. "As a Boy!" Well, he was a boy, and not a bad sort of boy—for his age. Head and Hands were at work here.

Case G.

Samuel Butler, Author of "Hudibras." Samuel Cooper. Fit and proper for the Cooper to paint the Butler.

Case L.

No. 10. Group of Ladies, full length, in various costumes. In the manner of Hollar,—evidently expecting a caller. Capital! "Hollar! Boys, Hollars!" And last of all,—

Picture of a Gentleman Going Out—By Himself.

(Exit, down-stairs; bid a long farewell to "my Uncle," who return me my umbrella on my giving back the ticket, and so out into Piccadilly.)

Prince Leopold's New Order.

Prince Albert could pass his mantle of the Garter, with the other insignia of that illustrious fraternity, to some succeeding brother of the Order. But his mantle of brotherhood in that higher Order of the wise and good, who think and work for the welfare of men, has since his death remained without a wearer. It has found one, where he should have been looked for, in his son Prince Leopold. Long and sorely tried by sickness, this young Prince, we rejoice to learn by his recent public utterances, has learnt in suffering what he now teaches in speech, if not in song. The genial and energetic elements of a Ruling Race were already in the genial and energetic elements of a Ruling Race, the genial and energetic elements of a Ruling Race, the genial and energetic elements of a Ruling Race. And now the genial and energetic elements of a Ruling Race have at last been bestowed on the Prince of Princes and Workers for Culture, who, though not of the Order of Princes and Workers for Culture, remained for the youngest, Punch hails his assumption of this his true toga virilis.

Punch to a Plenipotentiary.

"Sir Henry Layard has reached Trieste from Constantinople."—Mail of March 1st.

Got as far as Trieste? Well, you've well earned a rest. My excellent Ninveh Bayard! And now you've tried, last, or succeeded the least. To try West you'll do best, my dear Layard.

BRITANNIA TO BULGARIA (as the last addition to the Family of Nations).—"Welcome, little stranger!"

PENANCES FOR LENT.

ORD BRACONFIELD.

To prepare a defence of Free Trade.

MR. W. E. Gladstone.—Total abstinence from possets, ink, and post-cards, and to pick out of Punch's waste-paper basket all the jokes about The Heart of Midlothian. The Prince Imperial of France (in his way to Zululand).—To find out Lord Canning's plan of campaign. The Prince Imperial of Germany.—To cultivate cordial relations with Prince von Bismarck. Bismarck.—To come to an understanding with the Pope. Lord Dufferin.—To learn Russian. The Emperor of Russia.—To give the cold shoulder to Lord Dufferin. The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—To frame a Budget that will please nobody. The Knedeis of Egypt.—To issue acting orders to the English and French men-of-war now anchored off Alexandria. Sir Thomas Chambers.—To find an argument that will hold water against Civil Service Stores. One of our Lord Chief-Justices.—To lose his temper. Another of our Lord Chief-Justices.—To keep his temper. And Prince Leopold's New Order.

AN EGYPTIAN ACCOUNT CURRENT.

The following statement of expenditure has been picked up in Cairo, and forwarded to 85, Fleet Street. It is signed "Ismael." Should the owner have any further use for it, he may obtain the original by application to the Punch Office.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Expenses of the spontaneous deputation of 200 village Sheikhis, including donkey-hire, and Caravanserai charges</td>
<td>£12 17 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Backshish to 300 boys for shouting in front of Wilson's Office</td>
<td>£7 10 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional to ten very bad boys, for yelling at the French</td>
<td>£3 9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunchback for making a face at the Minister of Finance</td>
<td>£10 9 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bribing the Army</td>
<td>£12 8 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Backshish to Generals of Division</td>
<td>£7 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four hours of shouting to 400 Officers, at 1s. 6d. an hour</td>
<td>£6 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colonel for tearing Wilson's coat</td>
<td>£10 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal for spitting in Nubar's face</td>
<td>£4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Widow of Soldier who was shot (as by arrangement)</td>
<td>£8 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For manifestations of popular enthusiasm for the Khedive</td>
<td>£14 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decayed Vegetables, Eggs, &amp;c. (for use of Mutineers)</td>
<td>£25 7 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sundry payments to Generals, Tax-Collectors, Clerks, &amp;c., for Mahometan movements</td>
<td>£10 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sundry (Personal Expenditure)</td>
<td>£3,479,942 19 10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total £3,479,942 19 10

Let a Bishop be One Having Discretion.

Hans's the Bishop of Oxford, in saecul et propriis persona, appearing before the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division in Bankruptcy! No wonder such a spectacle has crowded the Court. Of course only a digna vindice nodus could have drawn down such a dignitary from his Episcopalian Olympian throne. Which the Bishop appears to contend for is that Bishops have discretion—confined, it is true, in this particular case, to actions under the Church Discipline Act. But if they are allowed to have discretion for that, who knows but it may in time extend to other things? What a good time the Church will have of it then!
ETYMOLOGICAL.

"WHAT LOTS OF PETS you've got, LADY CIRCUS! HAPPY KRECHWAHS!"

"NOT HALF ENOUGH, CAPTAIN JINKS! I'm going to START AN APIARY!"

"AN APIARY! You don't mean to say you're fond of Monkeys—AW!

AN ECHO OF THE TIME.

(Being the right sort of Leader to balance any number of columns of Peace gossip, set forth with any amount of large-type sensation headings.)

It is indeed a hideous satire on the boasted civilisation of our time, a strange trophy of the victory claimed for it in the Culture-kampf,—for which if Germany has found a name, we claim our own battlefields, and our own glory-roll—that this abandoned and reckless ruffian should be made the hero of the hour, the nine days' wonder of that parasitical curiosity which can be reached by no stimulant less potent than the basest, coarsest, and most realistic sensationalism.

From the columns of our contemporaries for some weeks past it might have seemed that England boasted of but one hero, that the Empire supplied but one subject of interest, that Society had but one topic of conversation—the career of a conspicuously villainous burglar and specially reckless taker of human life.

For the moment, House politics and Imperial interests are alike thrust into the background, the debates of the House of Commons dropped for the highly-wrought descriptions of the press-room—more appropriately ever so named, now that the reporter is the only one besides the prison-officials and the hangman admitted to its high and hallowed mysteries.

We may be told that this morbid craving of the 'many-headed monster' must be catered for; that this prurient taste for the criminal and the vicious, the harrowing and the horrible, must be pandered to. If even business-like John Bull for awhile forgets the counting-house for the condemned cell, and Britannia lays down her trident to help in the adjustment of the hangman's hemp—if Markwood, for a moment, becomes the man of the hour, in co-partnership with the wretch whose sallow face he draws the white cap,—what right, it may be asked, has the public organ to refuse to the same topic its 'faculty of eyes and ears' and the service of its busy and ubiquitous hands?

We boldly put in our demurrer to this plea in confession and avoidance, and while we blush to have even to maintain our obligation to a nobler view of the duty of the Public Instructor, we loudly proclaim that this unwholesome interest in the life and death of a criminal, fed as it has been by all the channels of publicity, is a disgrace to the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century.

Our space will not allow us to dilate further on this disgusting topic.

In our second, third, and fourth pages will be found a full and graphically descriptive account of the birth, boyhood, manhood, crimes, accomplishments, amours, adventures, hair-breadth escapes, incredible disguises, apprehension, trial, conviction, prison-conversation, conduct, and confession, last hours and execution of the contemptible miscreant whose career has served as a text for this much-needed protest.

"Fas est et ab Hoste Doceri."

"Certain Russian journalists," we are informed by the Times, "have formulated the project of a literary 'Council of Honour,' with the view of placing a restraint on the excesses of newspaper controversy."

We recommend the example to our own anti-Russian organs. Perhaps, on application, and presentation of their credentials of excess in the shape of articles, they might be taken into the Council.

A Necessity of the Times.

The Standard says that 50,000 copies have been issued since 1875 of the Archbishop of Canterbury's authorised form of Prayers in Stormy Weather. They are said to be for the use of those at sea. Does this mean Her Majesty's blue-jackets, or Her Majesty's Government?

THE EXHIBITE TO HIS CREDITORS.

Wriggle me, wriggle me, wriggle me free—
If my hands were but loose, I would soon let you see!
FAST AND LOOSE.

"AVAST HEAVIN', MISTER KHEDIVE! YOU TIED THEM ROPES YOURSELF! WE MEAN TO HAVE A TURN AT 'EM NOW!!"
Voices of the Angels.

In a new "Symphonic Requiem," by a French Composer, lately performed by Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, we have the novelty of Angels introduced among the executants, the celestial voices singing without words.

Criticism of the Times describes—in a succession of "hm's," interrupted by an occasional "Hummums" as the abode of the Angels, and that "Heathen Chinee" Au-Srne as their "music-master.

This sort of utterance would seem to suggest the old nothing of the far-bonhomme about him.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaims, in a bluff, good-humoured tone.

"For you are sure," asks Mortshy Dickie, with searching emphasis, as though he were examining me on my oath.

"Yes, I'm quite sure. It's my nice," I say; and I drink it, in a tone that evokes an instant of profound silence; but just because it is my nice, and which I notice has an especial attraction for them, I repeat, "Well, this is kind of you to come," as though I were in some awful difficulty, and I just arrived in the nick of time to save him.

"Ah!" he exclaims—it is a very broad "Ah!"—much relieved.


Evidently, I've got into good quarters at Mortshy Dickie's. I intimate, modestly, that if a cup of tea can be obtained without trouble—mind, without trouble.

But I have not to say another word. He does not clap his hands, and a thousand ebony slaves appear, as, since my arrival, there have been two or three servants awaiting my commands in the hall, with absolutely nervous anxiety.

At the mention of tea, one of them has disappeared, through a side-door, which swings—to noiselessly.

"Now, what's he gone for?" asks Mortshy Dickie, who, as I have said, slightly deaf, has not caught my expression with tea.

"Eh, what?" exclaims Mortshy Dickie, spreading out his hands, and appealing to me in the utmost despair, as if everything in the world had fallen suddenly, and he had lost his fortune at one fell swoop. "There! Did you ever see such a set of idiots! That's what I'm surrounded by—Idiots!" (present company excepted.) "They, for orders; but just because it's his tea-time, off he must go! I tell them, he continues, in a deeply injured tone; "I tell them, when you arrive, to wait until they know if anything is wanted; but no—they go—he is working up himself into a fury—and once for all, I won't have it!"

At this point James returns with the tea, and I am able to explain that this is what he had been for fetch for me.

"Oh," says Dickie, with the air of a man who, out of politeness, has been compelled to receive the thing. "Oh, all right! One more—oh, all right! One more!" The second hand thrusts both hands into his trouser-pockets, and turns round full on me as if he were going to put a regular poser to me this time, at all events, "Why didn't he ask?

I really have no answer for this. The two Servants—the offending James and another—are still standing there in the hall, but they both shut up, and as I do not sign, and as I do not signify, hold a brief for them, I am silent, and occupy myself with the tea.

The two Servants are just on the point of withdrawing, when Mortshy Dickie stops them suddenly and peremptorily. His manner is startlingly fierce, and I tremble lest the men should be involved in another difficulty on my account, in which case they'll go to the Servants' Hall and express themselves in very decided terms on the subject of my visit.

Mortshy Dickie turns to me, frowns, and, in a tone of the most intense earnestness, asks,

"Do they give you any sugar?"

These words are given so tragically, as to impress me with the idea that I am listening to a quotation from some Shakespearean treatise, perhaps Hamlet.

So despotic is his whole bearing that, though I don't look at the Servants, as I am facing the stove and they are behind me in the room, the Hall, I can fancy, and I can fancy, and it makes them shudder; the two men who are still standing there in the hall, with their hair standing on end (especially if they are comic servants), tremblingly awaiting my answer, which will decide their fate, as, evidently, were I obliged to own that the sugar had been omitted, the Tyrant would instantly exclaim, "Off with their heads!" and there'd be an end of them in a twinkling.

I reply, therefore, a little nervously, I admit—"Yes—thank you—plenty!"

I fancy I hear a suppressed sigh of relief from the two servants.

"You are sure?" asks Mortshy Dickie, with searching emphasis, as though he were examining me on my oath.

"Yes, I'm quite sure. It's very nice," I say; and I drink it, in proof of monastic ascetism, while he watches me narrowly, as if to see whether any irrepressible spasm should contradict my statement.

No. After disposing, as pleasantly as possible in the circumstances, of half the contents of the cup, I look round at him, and smile, as I was wont to smile.

Because," he says, still eyeing me distrustfully, as though expecting me to recount my opinion, and refuse to swallow any more tea, unless it were immediately sweetened—"because Mrs. Pount always forgets either the sugar or the milk, or something. She's got no head—not a bit!—most extraordinary phenomenon Mrs. Pount, whoever is she—she always forgets, either the sugar—or the milk—or, he adds suddenly as a climax—"Oh!—the tea! Eh? Forget the tea! Ha! ha! ha!"

Whereupon the servants, seeing that the storm has blown over, discreetly disappear through a noiseless green-lace screen.

"Now you'll have something?"

"Quite sure?" he asks, still detaining my hand, and scrutinising me in a way that implies he is accustomed to inscrutability on the part of newly-arrived guests.

He is right. I am not quite sure.
ANY ONE TO DISCOVER, IN LESS THAN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN THIS HOUSE, THAT THESE Sudden Outbursts of MOSTYN DICKIE'S Are Simply His Way, Which Really Alarm No One who Is Acquainted to Them, and That, in Spite of All His Grumbling, He Is Absolutely Idolised by Every Dependant on the Establishment.

He Is a Widower, and the Lady of the House Is, I Find, His Daughter—Mrs. de Breslin—who, With Two Young Children, Usually Reside at Meadowswell Manor.

The People About Address Her as "Madame de Breslin," or Simply "Madame," and From Mrs. Fond (the Housekeeper) "Without a Head!"] I Soon Ascertain Enough of the Family History to Make It Evident to Me That the Less Said about Monsieur de Breslin the Better. He Is Spoken of as "Compelled to Travel a Great Deal on Various Important Foreign Missions."

I Have Just Received this Information from Mrs. Fond, the Housekeeper, Who Is the Real Manageress of the Entire Establishment, When Mostyn Dickie Enters My Room.

A PROMISE AT PARTING.

"But I Understand That the Acceptance of That Post Is One That Has Been Accompanied by the Most Perfect Conditions of Allegiance to His Party."

Speech of Lord Granville at the Reform Club Banquet to Lord Dufferin.

When Along Neva's Frozen Banks
My Sledge-bells Cleave the Air,
It May Be I Shall Turn with Thanks
To Him Who Sent Me There.

Yet Deem Not That the Arts of Ben
Have Bonds of Party Cleft—
Mine Be the Measures of the Men
Who Dined Me Ere I Left—
And Still,—My Light Through Snow and Storm,
Shall Shine That Spread at the Reform!

It May Be, in a Month or Two,
When I'm Thought "Well in Hand,"
Lord B. May Think, "By Jove, He'll Do!"
There's Nothing He Won't Stand.

But If Some Jingo Point to Score
They Have a Sudden Mind,
And Wire to Me, Then All the More
I'll Think of Where I Dined
And,—Like a Beacon Through the Storm,—
Shall Shine That Spread at the Reform!

"MILLERS AND THEIR MEN" FOR THE LAST TIME—(WE HOPE).

Our Friend, the Textile Manufacturer, Is Not Daunted Even by the Late Verdict Against His Friends the Millers and Their Men. He Returns to the Subject in a Long and Bouncy Article, Riding Off on the Difference Between "Sizing" and "Stiffening;" and Contending That as There Is a "Demand" for Sized and Stiffened Goods, There Can Be No Harm in Supplying Them.

He Forgets That the "Demand" Comes Not from the Customers Who Wear, But from the Dealer Who Sells the "Loaded" Goods. It Does Not Lessen the Dishonesty of Selling, for Cotton, Cloth Half Cotton Half China Clay, That an Unscrupulous Draper Asks an Unscrupulous Manufacturer to Supply Him With Such Half-and-Half Wares. Nobody, We Should Suppose, Ever Thought of Excusing Melter Moss by Pleading the "Demand" for the "Brummagem" Fivers with Which He Supplied the Market. It Remained for the Textile Manufacturer to Set Up This Plea.

WHAT WESTON MAY SAY NOW HIS WALK Is Over—"Oh, My Poor Feet!"

ALARMING SPREAD OF IMPERIALISM!

Uncle (Who Has Passed all His Military Life in India, and Just Returned), "Off, Already, George! What's Your Hurry, My Boy!"

Nephew. "Why, You See, Uncle, I've Got a Speaker's Order for the House of Commons. I Want to Hear—"

Uncle. "Dear Me! You Don't Mean to Say That Old Rubbish Is Going On Still!"

Mostyn Dickie Continuing to Relish This Joke Without Reference to Me, I Take the Opportunity of Looking Round the Hall to Get Some Further Idea of What Meadowswell Manor Is Like.

Judging from What I Can See of the Italian Style, Portico and Pillars Without, Tessellated Pavement Within, Polished Marble (or Imitation) Columns, and Loffy Whitewashed Ceilings Ornamented with That Sort of Fancy-plaster Work Which the Decorative Art at the Confectioners Seems to Consider as an Indispensable Finish to the White-sugared Top of a Children's Twelfth-cake,—Judging, I Say, from the General Shiness and Polish, I Begin to Think I Am Realising the Vision of the Operatic Poet Who Sang

"I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Mar-ble Halls,
With Vases and Seris at My Si-ci-lay.
And I Add to Myself, That I Feel Pretty Sure I Shall "Be Happy Yet." For It Is Easy for Any One to Discover, in Less Than a Quarter of an Hour After His Arrival in This House, That These Sudden Outbursts of Mostyn Dickie's Are Simply His Way, Which Really Alarm No One Who Is Accustomed to Them, and That, in Spite of All His Grumbling, He Is Absolutely Idolised by Every Dependant on the Establishment.

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WHAT WESTON MAY SAY NOW HIS WALK Is Over—"Oh, My Poor Feet!"
Patchwork: Or, Making up a British Regiment.

Secretary for War. Ah! we shall make him up.
Commander-in-Chief. Oh yes, no doubt. But 'tis a nuisance that these skeins run out. Doesn't look uniform—tints don't quite blend.

Secretary for War. Motleyish, eh?
Commander-in-Chief. Stitch on! We're near the end. Not a bad makeshift, really, as things go. But as for following our pattern!

Secretary for War. Oh!
Commander-in-Chief. Well, they may; but hurry-scurry Patchwork does not pay.

For once, the job may pass without a wrangle, but botching haste might end in a bad tangle.

Steps in the Christian Walk.

Young Prince Louis Napoleon received his "baptism of fire" at the taking of Saarbriick. He is now about to proceed to Zulu-Land for his confirmation. Punch feels bound in fairness to add, that he is a brave, bright lad, and has won golden opinions from all, both officers, professors, and comrades, with whom he has been brought in contact in his Woolwich training, and during the manoeuvres in which he has taken part.
OFFERS TO OPPONENTS.

The general burst of satisfaction with which the appointment of Lord Dufferin to the post of ambassador at St. Petersburg has been hailed by men of all parties, has induced Her Majesty's Government to make further application of their conciliatory principle in the following offers, several of which, however, have been firmly, but courteously, declined—

Earl Granville to be Her Majesty's Special Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Chosin.

The Marquis of Hartington to be Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

The Duke of Argyll to the conduct of a Literary and Scientific Mission in Afghanistan.

Mr. Gladstone to be Plenipotentiary (Extraordinary) at the Court of the new Prince of Bulgaria.

Mr. Fowler to be Special Local Inspector for the North Pole Fisheries.

Sir Bartle Frere to be Her Majesty's Representative in the Cape of Good Hope.

And Mr. Parkes to be Permanent High Commissioner of all Her Majesty's territories at the back of the North Pole, as the head-quarters of Cold Obstruction.

WORK FOR THE WAR OFFICE.

We have heard a great deal lately about Skeleton Regiments. Wanted: Somebody with a genius for organizing to make these dry bones live.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF IN BULGARIA (ask for the Assembly at Tirnova).—To set things straight.

RAILWAY LIABILITY.

See, in divers law reports, the case of Foulke v. the Metropolitan Railway Company, lately tried before the Lord Chief Justice. This was an action for compensation of injuries received by the plaintiff in getting out of one of the defendants' carriages on the platform of the South-Western Terminus at Richmond. A jury gave him £500 damages. Defendants, however, subsequently, on the other day, in the Queen's Bench Division, obtained a rule nisi for a new trial on the question of liability as between themselves and the South-Western Company—rule ultimately, on cause being shown against it, refused. As to liability, perhaps, that question might have been more aptly settled out of Court by an amicable arrangement concluded upon in a little quiet.

CHAT BETWEEN RAILWAY CHAIRMEN.

Chairman Hobson (to Chairman Jobson). Well, how goes traffic?

Jobson. Better too. Times on the mend. By the bye, old man, we must mend our ways. We, that is both of our Companies, who, for mutual accommodation, are using each other's lines.

Hobson. What's the matter?

Jobson. Our platform is fully two feet below the level of your carriages. That is as much our fault as yours. Let us pay half.

Hobson. Well, if you like. Certainly your platform and our carriages caused the accident between them. The carriages are provided with footboards so awkward that people must jump down from them upon some of the platforms to avoid slipping and getting maimed or killed.

Jobson. What's the matter with your platform?

Hobson. What's the more? Our platform is fully two feet below the level of your carriages. That is as much our fault as yours. Let us pay half.

Jobson. Then it's a difficult question. That which we have now to meet is but pecuniary. No more than a thousand pounds. Five hundred only for each Company. A couple of mere fleabites.

Hobson. The sooner the better; for in the meanwhile our liability is frightful.

Jobson. I shudder to think of it. That which we have now to meet is but pecuniary. No more than a thousand pounds. Five hundred only for each Company. A couple of mere fleabites.

Hobson. Let us double it. Let us make it a thousand each. Our carriages are no less than two feet below the level of your platforms.

Jobson. Our platform is fully two feet below the level of your carriages. That is as much our fault as yours. Let us pay half.

Hobson. Well, if you like. Certainly your platform and our carriages caused the accident between them. The carriages are provided with footboards so awkward that people must jump down from them upon some of the platforms to avoid slipping and getting maimed or killed.

Jobson. What's the more? Our platform is fully two feet below the level of your carriages. That is as much our fault as yours. Let us pay half.

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PHRASE-BOOK FOR THE USE OF GENERAL OFFICERS.

"Oh, learning that an Army has been cut to pieces.—Dear me! You don't say so!"

Mr. Bixx said he were in the same profession as Mr. Heep, which was—(Shame, Shame!)—his cry was, "No eddicashun for nobody. ("Ear! "Ear!" "Ear!"") and what he added to them as 'ad got propuitty and wouldn't care, was, "Down with the dust!" (Loud cheers, amid which the speaker resumed his seat.)

Mr. McEvedy wished to say as he was a Scavenger, and considered it a moral, likewise a huseful profession. ("Ear! "Ear!" "Ear!") He would vote agin' eddicashun. (Prolonged cheering.) Wot was eddicashun to im?—Nuffin. (Great excitement.) He wanted Re-form—no 'arf measures—he made a great pint of sayin' "No 'arf measures!"—(Cheers)—and they wasn't to be put off with mere showelvin' eesigns. ("Ear! "Ear!" "Ear!") What was the good of schools to Scavengers? Didn't he know enough without that there? Rather! ("Ear! "Ear!" "Ear!"") Couldn't he tell his boys and gals all as—he wern't afeard to say it—as Discontented Dammy-Gogs! (Great sensation.) That was the result of eddicashun! ("Ear! "Ear!" "Ear!")

THE GHOST OF GEORGE ROBINS.

This irrepressible spirit is not yet laid. It still haunts the columns of the Provincial and Colonial Press. As the dark hour is the season for Ghosts, no wonder this spirit should appear through the war-cloud now lowering over South Africa, and even draw substance from its shadows. We find one of its latest appearances thus recorded in a Natal paper:

"A HORSE SALE, on Saturday, at Eleven O'clock, we shall sell Mr. Pettiton's BLACK HORSE "PRINCE," stands about Fifteen hands; handsome, clean-limbed, well-ribbed, strong, enduring, fast, easy, pleasant nag. He would suit a Volunteer on the War Path; has pluck enough to charge a column, and would never be caught if the order was reversed; be livable at night, and to have no fear of bis being ashamed of making a rash. All round he's the smartest nag out, and is only sold because his master has no use for him. We fancy he might want something shorter; however, that's his business. This horse has to be sold on Saturday, at Eleven O'clock. BOURNES & Co., Auctioneers.

Quite Low enough.

QUOT Y Finitality Bon—

"When John Bull has got to LOWE, Why should he go lower?"

The Disease of Debt.

A PATENT Medicine Proprietor advertises in a Journal 'some circulation among the poorer classes a specific under the denomination of "The Pill."" The best tick-pill will be found to be dealing at Co-operative Stores, where you must pay ready money.

ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ACCOUNT.

With regard to the operations of General Roberts in the Khos Valley, Punch fears that if their "Valley" be doubtful there is no doubt about their Khoist.
MARDAY, March 3 (Lords).—Lord BEACONSFIELD took the House again after his illness, and was warmly congratulated. Chacun a son gout; and the public—in Parliament, if not out of it—has just now le gout du Lord BEACONSFIELD.

The new Bankruptcy Bill was read a Second Time. The ex-Chancellors and the Chancellor talked it over, and agreed that it goes in the right direction. Punch wishes it went further. Roguish bankrupts would fare worse, and creditors would fare better.

(Commons)—Sir Stafford Northcote, on a plea of more Blue Book forthcoming, staved off for the evening the inevitable discussion on the Zulu War, and the conduct—or misconduct—thereof.

Mr. Anderson having introduced the subject, Sir Stafford was obliged to admit that the "counts" since the Session began, like Wordsworth's little family, were seven. He did not think naming names would do any good. Members, like managers, must find attractive programmes, if they wanted to draw Houses.

First-fruits of the new rules: the House got into Committee of Supply on Army Estimates by seven. The consequence was that most of Colonel Stanley's speech was delivered to empty benches.

The Government—he told his handful of hearers—had hoped to effect a reduction of four thousand men, but, under present circumstances, felt it would have been a reduction ad absurdum. Recruiting had been brisk; so had desertion. It cost the army nearly three thousand men—and the country, as it would seem from a computation in the Daily News, in all probability rather over, than under £20,000—peevily. Shepherds have their marks for sheep; why can't our wise heads of cows devise one for their black sheep? All recruits are revaccinated; why should not the operation be performed in a special pattern? Soldiers ought to be the last to object to baring arms.
SAINTS IN THE SHIRES. (A LENT MEET WITH 'THE DUKE’S'.)

"I SEE YOUR SISTER IS NOT HUNTING TO-DAY."'

"NO, POOR DEAR! SHE HAD ONLY THE PONY TO RIDE, SO SHE HAS GONE TO CHURCH!"

We are going to create an Officers’ Reserve—to be tapped at times of military pressure. Localisation and Short Service together have made patchwork (see Punch of last week) inevitable. Before the 91st could be sent to South Africa, it had to receive 374 men from eleven regiments; the 21st, 386 from eight; the 58th, 197 from four; and the 4th, 518 from nine. This is "elasticity" with a vengeance. If esprit de corps be the wonderful thing we are told it is, what regiments these should be, with their combined and concentrated esprit de placeur corps! But if our cadres be defective, our military clothing establishment is in superb order. It took us a fortnight to turn out 8,000 men, but we had turned out 17,000 garments in a week! No botching in that department of military tailoring! We have 62 Localisation dépôts, and our linked battalion system threatens to turn our Army into a chain—which all know is only as strong as its weakest link. But it is a comfort to learn that no works had been ordered that could be shunted, and that the Estimates had been cut down to the quick—without permanent injury, Punch hopes, to the claws of the British Lion.

Sir W. Harcourt poked fun at the small figure cut by Cyprus in the Estimates—that "strong place of arms," with such a weak array of arms to guard it. But at least he was glad to see a liberal provision of doctors. After the Colonels had a good talk over military matters in general, rather than Colonel Stanley’s Estimates in particular, the House was Counted Out again—at the respectable hour of twenty minutes to two.

Tuesday (Lords).—Somebody has drawn a City of Glasgow Bank Bill, to hand over questions arising on liquidation of that precious concern from the Courts to an Arbitrator appointed ad hoc. No wonder the House declined to negotiate a Bill which, on the face of it, looked fishy. The Bill was ostensibly promoted by only two shareholders, though Lord Rosse said an Irish had approyved of it. It was postponed for two months—for which term read "sine die," and may be marked "No Effects."

Lord Arundel having drawn attention to the prevalence of desertion, Lord Birkenhead said the Government did not see their way to branding, or vaccination-marking, or any mode of marking whatever—except remarking. They meant to wait and see what the new Army Discipline Act would do.

Lord Tauro thought excessive punishment and vexations petty tyranny had a good deal of desertion to answer for. The Duke of Cambridge said young non-commissioned officers were certainly disposed to be "cheeky," and old ones were harder and harder to get, in these short service times. The habitual deserters have improved on Lord Cardwell. They have organised a shorter Army service even than his.

In answer to Lord Walsingham, Lord Cranbrook tried to lighten official grey by the black shadow of famine impending over the Punjab and Cashmere. The winter rains had failed, but he hoped—"he did not give us any reasons for hoping—that the consequences would not be serious. Government was going to send four thousand tons of grain to Cashmere (it being important just now to keep the Cashmeres in as good humour with us as possible).

(Commons).—The Government is going to give Sir C. Russell a Select Committee to inquire into the Civil Service Stores. Sir Stafford was able to assure Mr. Blake, without inquiry, that only one of them, the Civil Service Supply Association, did not pay Income-Tax—being registered as a provident and industrial society—and that all paid Receipt-Tax. So much for one. The Select Committee must do good by clearing up misapprehensions.

Mr. Trevelyan brought forward his hardy annual, for extending household suffrage to counties with the needful redistribution of seats. His speech was mainly an effective and amusing description of the business of faggot-vote making, lately so active in Midd.

Sir Charles Dilke, as seconded, contended that our present system of representation was the worst in the world. Bad may be the best, my Chelsea Pet, but if ours is the worst, all Punch can say is, that the worst is not so much worse than the best. "Black’s not so black, nor white so very white."

Lord Clive Hamilton fired off a rattling broadside from guns of the old High Tory pattern—more dangerous to the gunner than anybody else. There was nothing but the County Franchises between us and universal deluge, with the Spinners’ suffrage for crest of the wave. He recommended the Members of the seventy-five small Boroughs to think how much smaller they would look if there were none. Mr. Cowen had been the first gigantic Faggot-vote manufacturer—as the Devil, according to Dr. Johnson, was the first Whig. Then look at Ireland—a nice House that would be, with a chorister of Irish Members, singing "Home, sweet Home!" to the airs set by the bigoted and ignorant Roman-Catholic peasantry—Home-Rulers of the Home-Rulers. The quality of the House had
TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

Assailant's Old Gent (to well-known Civil Servant). "Quite Christmas Weather again, Mr. Paddocks!"

Irish Postman. "Quite so, Sore! quite so!"—(Improving the occasion.)

"Remember the Postman, Sore!"

[He'd brought it on himself, so he "stumped up" like a "Gentleman."

Certainly Lord Cliaud has not shrunk from such misapprehension:

"The day might come when Parliament in its wisdom would think fit to make some extension of the county franchise; but he trusted that day was far distant. They had to-day a distinct duty to perform—a duty from which he hoped no Hon. Member would shrink from a misapprehension of the true nature of this proposition."

It was a proposal designed to subvert the whole fabric of our Constitution, and to trample under foot the ancient traditions of the British House of Commons. (Cheers.) He begged to move, 'That this House is of opinion that it is inexpedient to re-open the question of Parliamentary Reform at the present time.'

Mr. Osborne Morgan laid down the revolutionary doctrine that "nothing could be politic which was not just," and that it was not safe or comfortable to sit down on an inclined plane. (All depends on the inclination, Mr. Morgan. Some people like it—see the Montague-Hume-siders, and the patrons of "tar-boozer.""

Mr. Wheelhouse dodged his budget of costs, in the first of a series of see-saw speeches, by Mr. Colman (pro) and Mr. Elliot (con.), and Messrs. Britton and Waddy (pro) and Mr. Leighton (con.). The latter has discovered that Mr. Trevelyan's "Reform" Bill would disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholders and yeomen (once "their country's pride"), then the farmers, and lastly the agricultural labourers themselves. The one triumphant figure left "to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm" would be the wire-puller! Mr. Layman did not see the deterioration in the House which had so struck Lord Cliaud. ("Without and within," he passed Lord Cliaud—reflecting apparently on Honourable Member's talents, as well as their talk.) He congratulated Mr. Goschen that there would be just room for him to stand alongside of Mr. Lowe in that Right Honourable Gentleman's grotto. Instead of the last stage of England's downfall, as prophesied by Lord Cliaud, this extension of the suffrage would usher in a new departure for England on the way of good government.

It is a comfort to have the two sides of the shield painted for one in this fine bold fashion.

Sir W. Hartley put forward the bluff county John Bull view very roundly. A man might be anything but a unit to, be as unit to, the franchise as the biggest blackguard. (Quite true, Sir Walter."

Mr. PappiEs!

No man should have a vote who did not pay direct taxes. Very much inclined to agree with you, Sir Walter."

What right had men to a vote who would not pay even for the education of their children? (If they call, Sir Walter, but it's not so easy out of 10s. a week.) Making faggot votes!—poor!—that was an old business, and had always been carried on, by Whigs and Tories. (Not a doubt of it.) Mr. PappiEs retorted by a fiery protest against Lord Cliaud's calumny of the Irish people as bigots. Didn't it stand to reason—no—Mr. PappiEs! sitting for an Irish Roman-Catholic constituency?

Mr. PappiEs that this may be "not because they love Catholics less, but where they love Obstructivists more."

Mr. LowE turned out the less brilliant side of the shield, and with a vehemence of protest, delivered a speech in a tone of intense conviction, which kept his own side silent, but roused a storm of cheers from the opposite Benches, set forth the lamentable deterioration of constituents under an unbridled democracy. (The Right-Hon. Robert should know, having tried to sit, one, and become familiar with its paces in Australia.) Once begin lowering, and we must go on till we have got to the bottom; and who knows, if in the depth of our deep, there may not be a "lower depth still." Why Government should not have moved the previous question, he could not understand, or on what principle they had saddled their Amendment with "at the present time." Deterioration was deterioration; and no time could be the right time for that. (But suppose the County Clod enfranchised by the same great mob-tamer who enfranchised the Town-Cad.)

As Mr. BirenKersel felt the distinction of county and borough franchise could not be maintained; but the assimilation should be accompanied with a provision to prevent the swamping of minorities. That was the key of the position.

[Mr. CountE retorted by a fiery protest against Lord Cliaud's calumny of the Irish people.]

Mr. Browne did not see the deterioration in the House which had so struck Mr. Layman. ("Without and within," Mr. Browne retorted by a fiery protest against Lord Cliaud's calumny of the Irish people.) Mr. BirenKersel felt the distinction of county and borough franchise could not be maintained; but the assimilation should be accompanied with a provision to prevent the swamping of minorities. That was the key of the position.

[Mr. Browne retorted by a fiery protest against Lord Cliaud's calumny of the Irish people.]

The House, he thought, had deteriorated—mainly from populosity-hunting and dependence on the masses. It was tending to mediocrity, gerronctocracy, and pluto-cracy—"that is, as Mr. P. P. is pleased to explain for the benefit of the ladies, "old butterum and rich butterum"—and would sink deeper and deeper into the slough, if not pulled out by the "cumulative vote," which would secure representation to all, and then, "every class of thinkers being fairly represented in the House, without extinguishing independence, you might reconcile the progress of democracy with the maintenance of individual liberty." (Very well put, indeed, Mr. CountE. There is more common sense in such "crocheties" than is covered by other gentlemen's coats of arms—party-per-pale.)

The CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer and the Marquis of Hertford sum up the pro and the cosse of the debate very much as men might be expected to do, the one of whom was opposing the Motion as if he might one day have to move it, and the other supporting the Motion as if he only wished he was free to oppose it. Neither leader was much concerned for the present, as the question stands without limit, to look the more foolish when the time comes, as come it must, for accepting Honorables within the voting pale, and have to put up, as usual, with the reproach of "crochetadies." But he hit straight and hit hard. They should have no more mumbo-jumbo, but make it make us as to get all the good, and strain out the bad, as far as their ability...

The Division was 291 to 226, the CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer and the Marquis of Hertford sum up the pro and the cosse of the debate very much as men might be expected to do, the one of whom was opposing the Motion as if he might one day have to move it, and the other supporting the Motion as if he only wished he was free to oppose it. Neither leader was much concerned for the present, as the question stands without limit, to look the more foolish when the time comes, as come it must, for accepting Honorables within the voting pale, and have to put up, as usual, with the reproach of "crochetadies." But he hit straight and hit hard. They should have no more mumbo-jumbo, but make it make us as to get all the good, and strain out the bad, as far as their ability...
Wednesday.—"John Anderson, my Jo, John!" already a favourite with the married women of Scotland, ought to be more of a favourite than ever now he has got his bill read a Second Time for putting their right to their ain bawbees—earned or inherited—on the level of their English sister's. Think of its ever having been less! Could it be that there was to be a march on the Scottish matrons? But Mr. Anderson has put all that right, and then, so unprecedentedly rapid had been the dispatch of business that nobody was ready with anything, and the House had to rise—to the popular air of "We've got no work to do,"—at Twenty Minutes after One. For what it may have escaped we trust that it is truly thankful.

Thursday.—The Lords, that continuous brake-power in British politics, are naturally interested in their Railway equivalent; and the country will be glad to hear that Lord Sandom has a Bill to deal with this and other Railway desiderata in the course of the Session.

(Commons.)—Sir Trevor Lawrence backed up the demand of the Kew Pater-, or rather Mater-familias that the Botanical Gardens should be opened at ten every morning for the exercise of the Kew nurserymen and their little charges. The First Commissioner put in the counter-plea of Dr. Hooker, backed by five hundred of our first scientific authorities, that to do this would be incompatible with the use now made of the Gardens for educational study, with no counterpart of good to the public.

Mr. Fawcett took the side of the Kew residents against his brother Professors.

But Playfair played fair, and stood by his Order. Mr. Fawcett feels bound to prefer the Kew Gardens to the Kew Nursery-grounds. To the best of Mr. P.'s judgment, Science has it hollow against Paterfamilias, who does not always mind his P's and Q's when he is unexpectedly put on the spot.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy rose to complain of the limitation of Irish Offices with a seat in the House, to one. Ireland had produced Irish Officers in something like proportion to Irish Members.

Mr. Lowther didn't see it. If Ireland had more of the Augustan stable than the Lawther Arcadia about it, he would take care that all that was needful was done in the way of mussing it out; but he flattered himself he was enough for that.

Messrs. O'Connor Power, Weldon, Major Nolan, Parkhill, and Sullivan were for one unanimous in the great National Cause of Irish Offices for the Irish. Then the House got to the Supplementary Civil Service Estimates.

Friday (Lords).—The Duke of Richmond brought in his Bill for the constitution of new "conservators" Boards, to supersede the existing ones, which, on the baccus a non levendus principle, seem to be at present too often called "conservators." He was not "conservators" of the rivers within their jurisdiction. It is easier to appoint such Boards than to get them to work. The Duke's Bill, if it does not do much to improve our rivers, will, at least, improve the highways of a certain place, "whose pavement is of good intentions made."

(Commons.)—A fierce fight over a proposed sewage farm at Staines; and that stain, at last, averted from the district by 168 to 146.

The Ladies' Battle, just now so successful on Saturday afternoon at the Court, was less successful on Friday night in the Commons. Mr. Courtney was leading man for the Ladies; Sir H. James (the most gallant of men) against them. He had the hardihood to declare that a woman's only profession was marriage. That is not a profession, Sir Courtney; it is a performance, and a very serious one, in many cases. It may be all very well for Mr. Sullivan to look forward to the enfranchisement of women. But he has come to think any form of Home Rule preferable to the status quo; but it is to be feared that most of the present Lords of Creation shrunk from a House of, or by, Ladies, and would prefer to go along with Messrs. Beresford Hope, Forster, Newdegate, Raikes, Hanbury, Heywood, and the rest, who side with the Scotchmen for putting their right to their own bawbees—earned or inherited—on the level of their English sister's. Think of its ever having been less! Could it be that there was to be a march on the Scottish matrons? But Mr. Anderson has put all that right, and then, so unprecedentedly rapid had been the dispatch of business that nobody was ready with anything, and the House had to rise—to the popular air of "We've got no work to do,"—at Twenty Minutes after One. For what it may have escaped we trust that it is truly thankful.

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EPISODE IN HIGH LIFE.

(From Our James's Sketch-book.)

The Lady Kerosine de Colza. "I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM TO MEET YOU HERE, DR. BLINKINSOP, AND ESPECIALLY TO GO DOWN TO DINNER WITH YOU."

Dr. Blenkinsop (an eminent Physician, much pleased). "YOU FLATTER ME, I'M SURE, LADY KEROSINE!"

Lady Kerosine. "OH NO! IT'S SO NICE TO SIT BY SOMEONE WHO CAN TELL YOU WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID, YOU KNOW!"

SAVINGS IN PROSPECT.

With the greatest possible difficulty the Militia has hitherto managed to pick up, and keep up, the rudiments of drill in twenty-seven days' annual training. This year, for economical motives, the time thus expensively employed by this branch of our Reserve Force in learning its military business is to be reduced by one week.

As the penny-wise principle has been applied in this case, it ought surely to be carried further. Mr. Punch would humbly suggest that—

In future, on Her Majesty's Ships of War arriving in harbour, the pay of Chief Engineers and navigating Lieutenants should be stopped.

That cannon, during the summer months, should carry no rounds, and in winter should send their sails into store.

That the Royal Horse Artillery should cease to be a mounted force, and return to the least half their guns to Woolwich.

That the Mountain Batteries should carry no rounds, and that it is at the discretion of the Authorities, to be returned to the Tower.

That the brigade of Guards should be decreased by half its rank and file, and the number of its commissioned officers considerably augmented.

That considerable saving should be effected in the expenditure on tar in Her Majesty's Dockyards.

That seadogs without swords should be served out to the Cavalry for the future, till they are ordered on active service.

And lastly, that the great expense of Naval and Military Audit should be reduced by the abolition of the department hitherto charged with that troublesome branch of the public service.

LENT AND LIGHT.

To the faithful, Lord Cardinal Manning has sent The Church's instructions how to keep Lent.

How on Monday and Tuesday an egg we may eat,
On Wednesday some butter or lard as a treat;
How on Thursday a small bit of fish may be tried;
But on Friday no nothing, boiled, roasted or fried;
On Saturdays cheese with your bread (both cut thin),
While flesh-meat on Sundays don't count as a sin.

Will the great Lord Cardinal kindly make known
On what day, if any, our souls are our own;
On what days we may ride, and on what days may walk;
On what days hold our peace, and on what days may talk;
On what days it is lawful our noses to blow;
On what days to shave beards, and on what let them grow;
On what days, if any, the nails may be pared,
And on what days the Church allows shirts to be aired?

Also, would the great Cardinal put any doubt
That private nations are babies, if babes don't shoot out,
And nonsense from sense mayn't be taken to know?

Turn and Turn About.

Professor McAlister has lately been lecturing before the Royal Dublin Society on "The Ancestry of the Monkeys." We are glad to learn that there was a large attendance. But what will there be, when, as we may perhaps not unreasonably hope in these Darwinian days of Evolution, we have a Monkey lecturing on "The Ancestry of the Men?"
Mr. Poon.

"Well, my Lord, you educated your party up to that! Don't you think you might educate them up to this!!"
THE SMOCK-FROCK AND THE SUFFRAGE.

Hawpunch sings—

MOSES MATTHEW's WORKS ON "THREE
SQUIRES' FARM.

Some laram's praps oon't
done Moses no harm.

'A was sent to play secon-
row instead o' to school.
And breed up as a plough-
boy, like any born fool.

As I was a gwain 'cross
Dumbeldore Down,
I mates that there middi-
ple of a true country clowns.
A shoulder's his whip as in
a smock-frock a strole,
Longraise of a part in the
midst of the road.

"How be, Moses?" I see
'm. "Young Moses,
how be?"

"Purdy chuffish, Mate," Moses made answer to me.

"Wot's the best news?" he axed.

"Most news is so sad," I replies, "that the best on 'is but 's the last bad.

"The County Reform Bill the House his' throw'd out.

"Cave they won't yield the Frances' bill, they says, to the Lt."

"The Franchise?" see Moses, at sea all about.

"Ah! The Franchise," see I, "I, for to gie thee a vote."

"Yes!" cries he. "All cares for a vote this is: Here:

I's a drink to the ovate and
For a quart 'gin a pint: 'gin a quart for a man:

They as stood most Lib'ral be they as should ha'n."

"A fine feller dat be, then," see I, "for to vote;

All the good as thee'dt ha' from a go down thy drot.

But if voters their reason was all to cuss:

There'd be lots w't, no better, if not worse than this.

"If they only was franchised as know'd who was fit,

And oom honestly vote for the men as should sit,

Wot a small and select band the voters 'ood be!

As it is, there's few, Moses, much fitter nor thee.

"But thee now for the franchise wi' patience must 'bide,

Till the Tories be fair to outbid 'other side.

And enfranchise when Party's occasion shall call,

Roughs, cads, tag-rag, bobtail, chod-hoppers, and all."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Adelphi to see the new Rose-manile Melodrama,

Mr. CIVIL—And in his parish, I shoud say Mr. Savile Row—ha's divorced himself from his partner, Mr. Bovt Row, and taken unto himself, as collaborateur, a Mr. E. MAWEL, of which union the first result has been this Crooms Cross, at the Adelphi. What the division of work may have been is uncertain, but I fancy that Mr. Rowe did the thinking labour, and the other author the manual labour.

After the First act a well-informed friend told me the play was written in blank verse. Had I then been listening to blank verse for nearly an hour without perceiving it? Indeed, I had. Bless me, how remarkably stupid of me not to have noticed it! I promised my friend that I would look out for it in the Second act, with a view to selecting something valuable out of the Romantic—or Rowe-Manuelic drama. The pearls may have been thrown broadcast before the swine in the auditorium—quorum pars parva fuit; but, as to the lines that fell, in pleasant places, right under my very nose, I own they seemed to me to be mostly blank, and not prize verses.

Before describing the piece to the best of my playbillator, I will venture to say that I have never seen Miss NELSON appearing to greater advantage than in the part of Isabel, Queen of Bavaria. Were personal attractions to be relied upon for success, then that of this drama would be assured by those of its principal heroine, to which the Authors might raise a "Nelson Column."—In some theatrical journal—in tokens of their gratitude for services. 'Tis in the Drama divided into "Chronicles" instead of Acts. Un-fortunately, from first to last, they have but "chronicled small beer."

The First Chronicle is an Evening Chronicle, the Second a Morning Chronicle, early edition, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on. Acting on this hint, my friends and partner might give us the First, a Morning Chronicle, and the Second a Morning Chronicle, and so on.
Obstinate Juryman (Licensed Victualler). "What! Give a verdict against Mr. McLarny! Not if aw sit here a' night! We'll see ye a' stared first! He's one o' the finest gen'lemen i' the Toon, an' comes to ma billiard-table every night, and a' nights whilsts!"

Nor if aw sit here a' night! He's one o' the finest gen'lemen i' the Toon, an' comes to ma billiard-table every night, and a' nights whilsts!

Disappearance of Martin (Luther or Chuzzlewit). Offer accepted by Perrinet. Disappearance of Martin (Luther or Chuzzlewit).

D'Almanack appears. Perrinet is punished with eight whacks on the back with the flat of a sword, and vows vengeance. Jacqueline enters, dressed as a page in tights—why, I cannot make out, but, I suppose, because she likes it—and, on parting with Perrinet, calls him "Lion-hearted," very much after the style of Mr. Crummles when he bade farewell to Nicholas Nickleby, "Good-bye, my noble, my lion-hearted boy! Adieu!"

Enter Mr. Forster-Robertson from torture. Released by Perrinet, who disappears, he stupidly stops to fight with D'Almanack, who kills him, and so whatever interest the plot may have had up to this point, seems now to have entirely disappeared with the unhappy fate of poor Boisredon, the guileless lover of the Matchless Ecstasy. End of Second Pint of the S. B. Chronicles.

Small Beer Chronicle No. 3. First Half-Pint. — The Queen's Tent. Enter Queen, accompanied by faithful Ballet, Second Line Division. The Matchless Ecstasy, speaking of her husband, observes kindly, "The very scabs mock at him whilst calling for his Queen!"

Here I should say that the individual I have hitherto called Almanack is Count D'Armagnac (so I wasn't so far out), Constable of France. The second title of the piece ought to be Outrunning the Constable. The Creechurch says what is set down for him, and exit.

Perrinet—who, as far as the metal buttons go, looks far more like a policeman of France than the Constable himself—and has a scene, in blank verse, I think, with the Queen.

Then D'Almanack has a scene with her, and, getting into difficulties, observes, blank-verse aside, "Will she dare slay me? She dare do anything!" which is dreadful to contemplate, even in the case of a Matchless Ecstasy, when she once gets the chance of striking on something more than her own matchless box. Mr. Vezin (D'Almanack) tells her that Boisredon (who is really dead) is "suffering nightmares in barrels"—at least that was all I could take down, at haphazard, without being a proficient in shorthand; and then the Queen, after a great deal of talk, signs a paper. Exit Vezin with the truly poetic and thoroughly original observation, "Farewell, proud Queen! but we shall meet again!"—a line which, of course, ought to make the fortune of any play.

Then arrives Perrinet. He explains—like Jingle—"very sorry—all a mistake—crimson cross—Martin Chuzzlewit, or Luther—bleeding body—in the Seine." Queen asks him what will he do now? Perrinet calls Miss Compton "Little one!"—she is five feet ten, if an inch—and promises to open the gates of Paris.

Second Half-Pint of Chronicle.—Gates of Paris. Enter Constable D'Almanack and the faithful Ballet,—like four Mrs. Micawbers who "never will desert Micawber,"—and reads a proclamation, which, except for economy's sake, one would have thought the Constable of France could have paid a herald, or some official to do for him. All retire for the night. Poor old "Pretty-Souls" is arrested on suspicion, and the Low Comedian (Mr. Patman) is placed in charge of the gate-house, by order of the Constable D'Almanack, who evidently has not got the slightest sense of humour. Why, one might as well place the Clown in charge of a Fishmonger's shop, and expect "business to be carried on as usual."

Perrinet, having heard the Low Comedian musing in the previous Act about "roast goose," is suddenly seized with the idea of a practical joke, which consists of setting fire to the gate-house, and roasting that poor goose of a Low Comedian, who is locked in
on the first floor. No sooner said than done. Gates of Paris opened. Enter Burgundians and the Matchless Ecstasy on horseback, while the poor Low Comedian is being roasted. Funny situation, and seeing the last the Low Comedian. But no such luck. audience in great good humour under the impression that they are of the Third Small Beer Chronicle. has spokes slightingly of him as a 'hecatomb'—a similar case to is brought in by D’Almanack, and placed in a chair before the fire. TON, in a very limp state,—like a Guy on the Fifth of November—does come, he will give it them all round and strong,—and long. Then the Burgundians enter in full force. Old Seventeenth—(a total arrived at, by adding Louis Eleven to Charles Six)—can stand it, or sit it, no longer. He won't have it: the bruised worm, bullied by blank verse, turns at last; and then he goes in for his speech, which he has been preparing all the time—the artful old boy!—and it gives it 'em a good 'un.' It is a really powerful speech, which he gives effectively, and so wins the blank-verse honours of the evening. Then Old Seventeenth asks the Matchless Ecstasy a conundrum, which she on to the Constable, say- And frightened this wicked old Fogey. Phenomenal Power of Digestion.

We used often to see tremendous achievements in the way of eating announced in the good old days under the stereotyped head of "Disgusting Feat." But which of them can compare with the performance which has just come off—at digesting twenty-four volumes of Law Reports! This feat, which has taken three years to accomplish, has just been performed by the Council of the Law Reporting Society. No wonder they proclaim it with pride!

A DISENCHANTMENT.

Very Unsophisticated Old Lady (from the extremely remote country). "Dear me! He's a very different-looking person from what I had always imagined!"

"COUVERT DE GLOIRE ET DE FARINE."

Voltaire, of Le Roi de Prusse.

"So the whole night through, this heroic handful kept the Zulu thousands off the only rampart one of meal bags hastily piled up."

—Our Own Correspondent’s Description of the Defence at Zululand's Drift.

FREDERICK, in age fear-proof, Passed his first battle's hour, 'Neath a mill's sheltering roof, Behind the sacks of flour.

How he won glory there "Every school-boy" knows, And how the flour told where— Whitening the royal clothes.

With keen shot and sharp steel Wonder in a few hands of right breed, Behind their bags of meal— Bromhead and Curd to lead—

Those lads of the Twenty-Fourth Who beat back the Zulu. Covered, like Fritz, come forth With meal and glory too!"

Latest Crisis in France.

M. de Marcette, Minister of the Interior, has been forced to resign, owing to a difficulty about M. Gisot, Prefect of Police. No wonder people suppose there to be some connection between gipsies and Grèvy.

RACKETS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—For the game of French Fives.
HOSPITALS AND HOMES.

O be sure, as a rule, there is no place like home. But in case of illness requiring first-rate medical care, unless your home is a very exceptional one indeed, there is no place like a hospital. Soon, however, it will be possible to combine the advantages of a home and a hospital. An institution being organized, under the denominations of a Home Hospital. Its organizers have got themselves incorporated and registered as "The Home Hospital Association for Paying Patients." But the patients will pay for something more than value received; prime cost. The members of the Association are to draw no dividends whatever from its revenues. Though a proprietary Company "limited," it is strictly a benevolent Union. For terms of subscription see its First Annual Report just published by HARRISON AND SONS, St. Martin's Lane.

In attempting to cross a London street you are likely to get run over and have your limb broken, or worse. There is then no place like a hospital for you. It is the object to be taken to a common hospital. But in case of illness requiring first-rate medical care, unless your home is a very exceptional one indeed, there is no place like a hospital. Soon, however, it will be possible to combine the advantages of a home and a hospital. An institution being organized, under the denominations of a Home Hospital. Its originators have got themselves incorporated and registered as "The Home Hospital Association for Paying Patients." But the patients will pay for something more than value received; prime cost. The members of the Association are to draw no dividends whatever from its revenues. Though a proprietary Company "limited," it is strictly a benevolent Union. For terms of subscription see its First Annual Report just published by HARRISON AND SONS, St. Martin's Lane.

BIGGAR'S FENIANISM AND FAITH.

The newspapers, Mr. Brogar, M.P., report a discourse delivered by yourself, Sir, to a meeting of Irishmen in Bembridge the other Sunday evening, on "The Future of the Irish Race." In your idea it seems the Irish race is less a matter of country than of creed. "By the Irish Race" Mr. Brogar said he meant to include all Irishmen of the Roman-Catholic faith wherever they be to be found. Protestants he did not consider Irishmen at all. They were merely West Britons, who had by accident been born in Ireland; and from his own experience he could say they were the bitterest enemies of Ireland. He rejoiced that Irishmen had clung to their faith." You cling to your own then, Mr. Brogar, of course. Accordingly, as an Irishman and therefore a Catholic, you proceeded to eulogise Fenianism and Physical Force, on this wise—after your wisdom:—

"Now he, Mr. Brogar, would not say whether he himself was a Fenian, but if any one called him a Fenian he would answer that he did not count that any disgrace. Physical force was the one thing for which the English governing classes cared. They cared nothing for reason; they cared nothing for reason, they cared nothing for the Rights of the people, Irish or English. They were moved only by their fears. He did not mean their fears for their personal safety... But it was possible—he would not say probable—that some day the democracy would break loose, that the London warehouses and Manchester factories would be reduced to ashes, and the shipping in the Thames and the Mersey set on fire; and that was an outlook which the English governing classes did not like. At present the English democracy was entirely unrepresented in the House of Commons."

Entirely, Mr. Brogar? Surely not quite so. Resdy, as you describe it, for riot and arson, is not the English democracy represented in some measure at least, by one Irish Member? The Fenians are all Irishmen; therefore, by your account, all Catholics. But what does your Holy Father, the Pope, say to your Fenians? Does he own them for a Catholic confederacy, or condemn them as a secret society? Do you suppose that His Holiness would have approved of the following recommendation of democracy and Fenianism combined, if he had heard you utter it?—

"He"—that is, you—"urged all Irishmen to unite in some organization—he did not care which—and make as much noise as possible..." You seem to have forgotten that among the greatest results which flowed from the Fenian murders at Manchester and Clerkenwell, they could not doubt of their ultimate success. They was entirely unrepresented in the House of Commons."

THE SHIP FOR THE SILVER STREAK.

"Though the Calais-Douvres," said Mr. J. S. Forbes, at the recent Cannon Street Hotel Meeting, "has done her work admirably, she is not a cheap ship. She is not a cheap ship. She has carried 55,000 passengers, and I venture to say that she has made many converts to the Calais route... an average of 715 per day was carried in her, with the minimum of inconvenience. That is, she has done her work admirably, as an Irishman and therefore a Catholic, you proceed to eulogise Fenianism and Physical Force, on this wise—after your wisdom:—

The Chancellor's Kickshaws.

PRINCE BERNARD, the other Saturday, gave his first political dinner. It is said that one of the specialties of the menu was a great success—anchovies swimming in custard. Another, equally relished, is stated to have been a medley of red currants, jelly, raspberry jam, beer, brandy, cream, and curds.

Pen-Feathers.

(From a Collection of Old Saws.)

Take the Calais-Douvres.
On your way to the Louvre.
She is an improvement;
On board her you can sit,
Nor make a sie transit,
Unconscious of movement,
When in her you cross.
If she plays "pitch-and-toss,"
She does it without detection;
For which bless the orbs,
Of Mister Fores,
Of the L. C. and D. direction.
(Signed) L. C. AND D-OVER THE SEA.

Pen-Feathers.

(From a Collection of Old Saws.)

From Geese pinions taken,
Geese opinions to maken.

The Khedive's Glee (as sung by the hands of his International Administration).—"Brothers, rose!"
"GOOD INTENTIONS."

Scot (on Waterloo Bridge). "Hear! To my God now A BAWBEE EVERY time I cross the sowny Bric! Time I Gano' THE King!"

LIGHTS THAT REALLY ENLIGHTEN.

The most needed and newest lights of the time are the lamps in the Cromwell Road and Queen's Gardens district. They not only throw a light on the streets, but on their names, which are, at last, legibly painted on one side of the lamps at recurring intervals. When one remembers the chaos this region used to be, after dark, to hapless diners-out and their drivers, the comfort of steering by the present luminous chain of distractions on the lamps is not to be described.

As Punch has been preaching up this simple provision for the public convenience, for months past, he can only express the hope that now that one local authority has led the way in this small and most useful, but very real improvement—whether persuaded by Punch's preaching, or not, matters little—other local authorities will go and do likewise.

Only one more improvement is wanted even in the enlightened Cromwell Road region—that the numbers of the houses should be painted, at intervals of ten, on the same lamps which now bear the names of the streets.

ARMS FOR THE ENEMY.

Some indignation has perhaps been somewhat unduly created by statements which appeared in a daily paper, stating that a firm in Whitechapel, and another at Manchester, are manufacturing arms for shipment to the Zulus. But the idea so afforded to a savage enemy may not by any means be as serious as it seems. Dealers can have no interest in sending Cenewy and his soldiers any better firearms than the worst manufactured for exportation at Birmingham. The worse, the cheaper, therefore the more profitable for the vendors. Parties engaged in selling the Zulus rifles so bad as to be sure to burst in their hands, as in the Zulus, and are driving a trade which is the reverse of unpatriotic, however unscrupulous. Punch therefore hesitates to say that the fellows ought to be hanged.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO HAPPINESS?

I'll just pit it in the place they're there? What do you say to the road from Windsor Castle to Claremont?

PUNCH'S GREETING TO THE YOUNG COUPLE.

ARTHUR PATRICK, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND PRINCESS LOUISE MARQUETITE, MARRIED, THURSDAY, MARCH 13.

O'er your heads Punch don't want any gush to be shedding, but he smiled on your wooing, and blesses your wedding.

For the Bridegroom is one of the right sort, he hears, and he sees that the Bride is a duck among doves.

So though the old boy cannot gush, he feels glad, as he throws his old shoe after bright lass and lad, and sends you all present—of value untold.

Beyond Royalty's diamonds, or Courtier's gold—

And then is the earnest good word and good will of a heart that it takes who knows how much to fill.

For Britannia smiles under guard of his hunch, and when Punch bids "God bless you!" says "Ditto to Punch."

That the Bridegroom bears names of good open 'tis clear—Brave Arthur's of England, that Frenz without peer, and with it the Saint's who the Green Isle set free, sweeping all that was venomous into the sea.

As gallant as Arthur, with sword, upon steed, as pure as St. Patrick in word and in deed, may his gentle young bride and his country still find him who this day for Manhood leaves Light Youth behind.

May the Mother, whose sorrow seeks set-off of joy in the weal of each loving girl and brave boy, among all her good estate—she has never made a mis—Find none with a future more cloudless than this.

SOMETHING LIKE A LOAN.

AMONGST the many schemes for the financial regeneration of Turkey the following (which Mr. Punch has reasons for believing is the only one that will be supported by the Sublime Porte) has as yet been withhold from the public. Now, the De Tocqueville Scheme has been set aside as impracticable it may have a chance.

1. Turkey, England, Russia, France, Italy, Austria, and the German Empire, to enter into a thorough good understanding.

2. Turkey to give the utmost ample support to all the Powers for her performance of her part of the accompanying conditions.

3. The unfunded debt of the Porte to be paid in full, in ready money.

4. All arrears of interest on the Turkish Funded Debt to be made good, with a 10 per cent. bonus, to compensate for the annoyance to which the F承担holders have for years been subjected.

5. The Russian indemnity to be immediately discharged.

6. The personnel of the Turkish Military, Naval, and Civil Services to receive two years' pay in advance, with arrears and interest on arrears.

7. School Boards, the Permissive Bill, the Volunteer Movement, Trial by Jury, and all the recent improvements in the French Civil Service and English Parliamentary Organisation to be forthwith introduced.

8. The Revenue to be reorganised, regularly paid up, and remitted without deduction to Constantinople.

9. Baackshish to be abolished in all public offices—Metropolitan and Provincial.

And lastly (10). France and England to advance on the security of the Ottoman promise to pay, and the prospects of Reform under the Anglo-Turkish Convention, a liberal margin on the amount required for carrying out these financial arrangements, so that the Sultan may have a little to go on with.

REMAIN UNIMPEACHED.—The Ministry of the 10th of May, and the good sense of the Republic of the 5th of January.
**PUNCH’S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

(Monday, March 10—Lords.)

Vussia seems to have lent us a chapter out of her book. Our High Commissioners and Commanders appear to have a general authority to “Go in and win—or lose,” as the case may be. Sir Bartle Frere has been declaring war on his own hook in South Africa; and now we learn from Lord Cranbrook’s answer to Lord Ripon’s interpolation that General Roberts has been annexing, on his own hook, in the Kurram Valley. And “what for no?” The Ministers of an Imperial policy have their rights, as well as their duties—and the first is “to go a-head.”

Lord Beaconsfield’s “standing order” might be condensed into Horace’s line—

“Rem bene si poteris, si non, quocunque modo, rem.”

“Push our Empire, wisely and honestly, if you can; but push it, anyhow.” As Lord Nelson told his Captains, “No man can be far wrong who has the ship alongside an enemy.” Lord B. would seem to lay down the direction, “No man can be far wrong who quarrels with somebody, and annexes something!”

Lord Lawrence is puzzled to understand when and where, if we go on annexing Cabulwards, we are to come to Lord B.’s “Scientific Frontier,” maintainable with a large reduction of existing forces. Nor did Lord Napier of Magdala—who has descended from his Rock to give Government the benefit of his Indian lights—condescend to tell him.

Lord Napier explained that henceforth we meant to defend India beyond the passes. How we were to defend its defenders he did not explain. Perhaps the next year will show.

(Commons.)—A night with the Naval Authorities.

Mr. Goschen wanted to know what Lord Smith could not tell him, Why, in our South-African need, have we not drawn on that promptly available force, the Marines? What can the Horse-Guards, who have the bottling-off and demounting of the choicest military port, be expected to care about empty bottles? Mr. Smith promises the Jollies shall be the next to go to the front. That is something. The First Lord had a pleasant piece of news, to take out the taste of his rather perfunctory answer to Mr. Goschen. Hearing of Isandula at St. Helena, Captain Bradshaw of the Shah at once shipped the little island’s little garrison, and sailed for the Cape with them and the Shah’s own Naval Brigade of four hundred Bluejackets. Punch will not say Pshaw—but, Bravo Bradshaw! to this plucky piece of promptitude. That is helping, on your own hook—better than declaring war or annexing on it.

Mr. Samuda pleads for improvement in the position of Naval Ship-Carpenters. How about the Engineers, Mr. Samuda? Surely, with steam and iron coming everywhere to the front, our “Chips” can hardly hold his own with those who superintend our Stokers and Pokers. “Suppose we improved their pay and position a little?”

Mr. Vans Agnew complained of stagnation in naval promotion, which he perversely ascribed to the new and hard Retirement Rules. These rules, no doubt, do superannuate many good and serviceable officers, and are only defensible (as Mr. Smith and Mr. Childers both explained) on the plea that they stir, instead of stagnate, promotion. To find out how in piping times of peace to keep the tide of promotion running merrily in a service whose strength must be kept equal to the strain of war, would take many Vans-loads of ingenuity.

Lord C. Beresford wants more Naval Barracks, to keep paid-off men together. So does Mr. Smith, and is providing them.

Mr. Horwood wants amendment of the Naval Discipline Act, like that we are to have of the Mutiny Act. Mr. Secretary Ewart does not see his way. It would not be like a Secretary of the Admiralty if he did. Why should he see his way better or further than his masters? Though the Cat’s claws have been clipped, he is still kept in the boatman’s bag; and lurks in naval minds and naval codes, setting up his back against change, and looking fondly back to the times when there was no limit, of law or practice, to his fleshing his claws in the backs of our A.B.’s.

Mr. Surra loves in the Navy Estimates, as Colonel Stanley did the Army Estimates the other night, to empty benches. This comes of being so confoundedly early with things. Estimates clash with eating; and the House empties, that its Members may be filled. Mr. Smith shows a nominal reduction of near half a million, but admits that this is without reckoning the expenses of Cape transport. We may reckon ourselves lucky if we get off with last year’s Eleven Millions. As it is, the figures have been kept down chiefly by docking a thousand Marines; about the most improvident piece of docking, as it seems to Punch, that could have been done, as a drilled and disciplined Marine is the valuable and costly product of a special and slow training.
A DIGNIFIED PACE.

Lady Gay Speaker (to her Husband). "Oughtn't we to be trotting on, dear?"

Small Man on Donkey. "Ta-ta for the present, then! I don't like riding fast to Coventry!"

We have been building under our mark of armoured ships, but over it of unarmoured; we have had a heavy bill for repairs; and we are doing all we can to perfect our naval guns and torpedoes.

A shorter speech has seldom been made by a First Lord. "Least said, soonest mended," holds good, no doubt, of Estimates speeches as others; but silence, unluckily, is not "golden" in this one case. Speech, or no speech, bills must be paid.

Mr. Brassey was complimentary, and Mr. Bentinck depreciating; Mr. Rylands carping, and Mr. Shaw-Lefèvre critical, as is their nature to.

Mr. Goschen complimented the First Lord on his business-like speech; but, like Ajax, wanted more light—unconscionable man! Altogether Mr. Smith faced his empty benches with a courage and a spirits worthy of a better audience. But it is quite wonderful how dead the House is! It wants something to "ginger" it. A lively bout of personal sparring might quicken its suspended animation.

Tuesday (Lords).—A talk about Irish Railways—the Duke of Marlborough maintaining that narrow gauges and bogie engines were the only things to pay on many Irish Lines. We should have thought poor Ireland had bogies enough, without introducing them on her Railways.

The Medical Act was read a Second Time. Lord Ripon is looking closely after it, and wisely presses the importance of not letting the really weighty question of qualifications wait for settlement of the professional squabbles about the Medical Council and its constitution. If Doctors can't look after their own Constitution, how can they be expected to look after ours?

The Commons. The fullest House of the Season. Burgo, and Bungo's friends, in full force. Sir Wilfrid—that artfullest of dodgers, and most humorous of hobby-riders—brought in our old friend with a new face, and Mr. W. W. Riptey no livelier in caggersen his acquaintance.

The Carlisle Baronet was as lively as ever in recommending his old friend with a new face, and Mr. Wheelhouse no livelier in depreciating his acquaintance.

Sir M. W. Ridley was the mouthpiece of the Government in Opposition. Yet Sir Wilfrid had found a Seconder in Mr. Birkley, a supporter of the Government. So the Marquis of Hartington, who opposed on the ground that those who supported the Measure meant different things by it, did not scruple to go into the lobby against Mr. Forster. So it was all through the Debate and in the Division—a real case of Measures—spirit, wine, and beer—not Men. The House (by 252 to 154) said "No" to "Local Option," as decidedly as it has, hitherto, to Permissive Bill. Punch hopes it is with the House as with him in his opposition to Sir Wilfrid—not that they love Sobriety less, but that they love Liberty more.

Wednesday.—No House made till one o'clock. Really Hon. Members are getting like Zim Moore in Power's Farce of The Irish Lion. "The clock at the Bull is half-an-hour too fast, and the clock at the Lion is three-quarters-of-an-hour too slow; so I have my work by the clock at the Bull, and I come to it by the clock at the Lion." Not that there was much to make a House for—only Dr. Lush's Medical Act, which, of course, had to stand aside for the Select Committee soon about to have a whole armful of Medical Bills to meet in consultation over, and Mr. Goldney's Bill for enabling persons to sit in the House without first pulling off their cassocks. The Act of 1870 allows them to do so. A representative trio, Bungo, and Bungo's friends, and the Commons won't have it. Speaker's orders may admit to the House, but Holy Orders by 135 to 66 will continue to exclude as they do now. Clergymen (say the majority) make quite mess enough with their ecclesiastical hot-water, without being allowed to make a splash with political.

Thursday (Lords).—Their Lordships rattled Bankruptcy and Supreme Court of Judicature Acts through Committee in a brace of shakes, and were up and away by a quarter to seven.

(Commons.)—No question that questions must stand over when Ministers are at a Royal Wedding.

The Admiralty called over the oars for delays in coaling of transports at St. Vincent. Strange to say, no excuse was forthcoming.

Mr. Bouke admitted that the Government knew of 881 musquets
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

"On Saturday last some very interesting experiments in reflected signalling were successfully conducted by Lieut.-

The play is a study for its well preserved balance between the pathetic and the comic. Its acts are so many April days, passed in

time, they had told him they thought it undesirable he should resign. Government would never claim any right of interference in Egypt. At the same time, they felt it was not desirable that Egypt should be allowed to fall into anarchy and confusion, to be followed by emigration and bankruptcy, &c., &c., &c., through a rigmarole of slip-slop and see-saw.

Mr. O'Donnell, in the teeth of repeated attempts to count him out, insisted on his being classed only by his own cabinet, and claimed into the languid ears of a House of eight the evils of 'mixed' Colleges and Universities. Religous teaching, at least, must be undiluted, and all history treated with religious questions. That mixed instruction must be muzzled instruction, was the burden of Sir J. McKenna, Major O'Brien, Messrs. Sullivan, O'Connor, Town, Mitchell Henry, and Biddulph, Colonel Colhurst, and Dr. O'Leary.

Sir W. Harcourt said that as Government sanctions and sup-

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [March 22, 1879.]
The Lag Ayes pest is sometimes too apparent in Caste, as for instance, in the marked contrast between Captain Hawtree and Sam the Gasman, which is forced on the audience unnaturally, but taken as a whole, with the acting at the Princes of Wales’s, past and present—for here, as I suppose, the acting, except what is done by a clever actor, is forced on the audience—more complete play of its kind has been seen within the last twenty-five years. It says of its kind, advisedly, for not belonging to the First of its kind, advisedly, right to the First of a it takes a high opinion of the opinion, division of... 

Men may come and men may go, 
Let Caste run on for ever; 

for no one will ever be tired of seeing Mrs. Bancroft as the younger daughter of the irreproachable Mr. Eccles, who, with all his faults, is a clever man, if he had but some, to Mrs. Bancroft, Ma’am, don’t you never go for to do this thing, as to give up this character; for when you give it up, when you refuse to give it life, Polly Eccles, on the stage, will have ceased to exist. Has Old Eccles (Mr. George Hovett) become a greater blackguard than he was years ago, or have I become a wiser and a better man? I hope, secretly, the latter. I trust there is improvement where it was needed, and not deterioration where it most certainly was not needed. Never was there such a drunken old vagabond, such an old such a brute, such a maudlin old scoundrel, who has beaten his eldest daughter, and would throttle her baby if he had the pluck, as this abominable Old Eccles. True to the life, in Mr. Tom Robertson’s ion, somewhat over-coloured, in Dag Honey’s effective but offensive picture.

Mr. Crayton is a good piece of the honest, impulsive young soldier, George D Alroy, who, for himself as a fool, and a auth, I admire him because ’tis his tongue is too big for his mouth. Good-looking young Dobbin, from the Va Fair, without that excellent officer’s powers and quite bears out Sam Gerber’s description of him 

two bits of acting in Mr. Crayton’s Sam Gwendre are when he shakes hands with Major Hawtree, and where he sits by the piano following, in his intense excitement, every action of Polly Eccles, in the Ballet of The Soldier’s Return. Here Mr. Crayton is admirable.

Mr. Bancroft’s Captain Hawtree, is to this time as well known to play-goers as Mr. Sothern’s Lord Dundreary. His conscientious “Yaas,” and his well-considered and equally conscientious “No,” are as basso profondo and imperceptable as ever.

Miss Rosell plays with much delicacy and feeling, especially in the Second and Third Acts. In fact the acting is all good, and the Comedy is one that will bear being seen over and over again.

This is true also of Goldsmith’s She Stoops to Conquer, which is now being performed every afternoon, at three o’clock, at the Aquarium Theatre. Taking it all round it is capitally acted, and a better Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle cannot well be imagined than Mr. John Honey and Mrs. Sterling. In the lives known in the first with Constable and Tony, and then with Tony alone, Mrs. Sterling is excellent; while Mr. Ryers, in his scene with young John Honey, can see nothing that excels his wife. The whole performance, exhibited the fine old English Gentleman’s hot temper breaking out almost beyond control, and yet restrained in time with such dexterity as to make the audience, on the whole though conflicting elements, their votes being dictated by their opposite passions and prejudices, could politicallynullify one another. Yes, Sir, I refrain from vote giving as to whether they are biding their time to dish the Liberals by conceding Universal Suffrage to Democracy. In the meanwhile, Sir, hooray for Female Political Emancipation!
ENGLAND'S THANKS.

'Tis not success that sends
Blood to the heart, and water to the eye,
That stirs all England to accordant cry,

"How shall we make amends
To them that nobly win or nobly lose?"

Not by deed's issue, but by deed we choose.

There is death in defeat,
That shows far nobler than victorious life.
Honour to those who weave their crowns of strife
In Peace's garland sweet,
But honour, too, to those whose crowns are clenched
In death-stark hands, with high hearts' life-blood drenched.

Take England's praise and thanks,
You, brave young Officers, brave Rank and File,
Who beat back Zulu strength, failed Zulu guile,
On Buffalo's bare banks,
A handful 'gainst a host, through a long night
Of desperate leaguer and unequal fight.

Take thanks and honour too,
You that, o'er-swept by sudden-sweeping waves
Of savage foes, in their slain heaps found graves;
_ And of them chiefly, you,
Young pair of Pins, who clave your way,
Bearing the colours from that fatal fray.

Coxhill and Melville—names
That need no stone, in English hearts writ deep;
Upon the Buffalo's scorched bank they sleep,
Two boys—in mortal fame!
One heart flag-folded, one as brave, I wis,
That in its last beat knew no pang but this,
'Twas his friend's prouder fate,
To wrap those Colours round his bleeding breast,
His, knee to knee to strive and strike his best.

Compunctious Charity.

It is gratifying to learn that the Barristers' Benevolent Society,
which held its sixth annual meeting in Lincoln's-inn Hall the
other day, has prospered during the past year. Let us hope that
among the objects of this excellent charity are included the too
numerous persons who have been reduced to ruin by involuntary
litigation.

SHAKESPEARE ADAPTED FOR CLEWER.

"BLOW LOW! Come wreak!
At least we've got MACKABOSS at our back!"
F.-M. Ponson.

LIEUTENANTS CHARD AND BROMHEAD IN THE NAME OF YOUR COUNTRY I THANK YOU AND ALL THE DEFENDERS OF RORKE'S

A VOTE OF THANKS.

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—22nd MARCH 1879.
impresses me with the idea of my having heard the line before somewhere in Shakespeare, probably Hamlet.

Mrs. Pound replies, smilingly, that she is perfectly happy in her mind on all these points. Such an assurance would be to any one more than a matter of fatality coming from Mrs. Pound, who, in herself, is an embodiment of the spirit of tidiness and comfort, and whose voice and manner are those of one of the kindliest, motherliest, and most gentle of women.

But MOSTLY DICKIE will have his grumble. It's quite enough for him to be the most warmest-hearted friend, and most indomitable master without showing it. He likes to look upon himself as a tyrant, as a man who will "know the reason why," though he never succeeds in obtaining it. His hobby is, that nothing escapes his notice; "Do what they will," he says, as though everyone all round were trying to deceive him from morning to night, "I see it all, though they don't think I do."

For instance, he has walked up to my dressing-table where every article has been most carefully laid out, and turning on Mrs. Pound, explains, as though he were doing an injury to himself by suppressing the violence of the emotion with which the reckless and ungrateful conduct of his Housekeeper has inspired him,—"Now, Mrs. Pound,—there are no pins!"

Unacustomed as yet to MOSTLY DICKIE, and anxious for Mrs. Pound's position (I am not aware at this moment that she has been in the family for twenty-five years), I listen to point out at least a dozen pins in the cushion, and add, that were they not there, it would be so no less to me, as I really do not absolutely rely on pins, either for dressing or washing.

MOSTLY DICKIE turns a deaf ear to my plea for Mrs. Pound.

"No!" he exclaims, haranguing me, in a powerful oratorical manner, with his left hand in his pocket, and his right pointing in the air. "No! She will not put one in the cushion! She won't do it. I beg and pray of her to do it, and she won't."

"Oh, Sir!" remonstrates Mrs. Pound, quite cheerfully.

"Oh, why won't she?" he continues emphatically; "she won't do anything she's told. She forgets all. She forgets everything."

Then he turns to her: "You've got no head—you know you haven't got to put a cap on, and that the dressing-bell has rung, and that the welleran air for dinner, adding, that Miss CLAUDINE is not at all well to-day, and oughtn't to be kept waiting. With this advice, she disappears.

"Ah, well, Sir!" replies Mrs. Pound, with perfect good temper, as she goes towards the door, "if I'm no use, Sir, you'd better get rid of us!"

"Get rid of you!" he exclaims, in utter surprise at such an extravagant proposition,—"get rid of her!" he repeats, turning to me; "why couldn't I get rid of her, if I tried! She wouldn't go!"

Mrs. Pound shakes her head, smiles, hopes I'm quite comfortable now, and quite the room, not, however, without reminding her master that the dressing-bell has rung, and that the welleran air for dinner, adding, that Miss CLAUDINE is not at all well to-day, and oughtn't to be kept waiting. With this advice, she disappears.

"Ah!" repeats Dickie to himself. "True! She's not well. No. Mrs. Pound's right."

Then to me, "I don't think you know my daughter CLAUDINE. Madame de BERNY is her married name, but that stupid old idiot, Mrs. Pound, always calls her Miss CLAUDINE. She was her nurse, and brought her up. And so she finishes in a tone implying utter despairing hopelessness in desiring that the stupid old idiot, Mrs. Pound, always calls her Miss CLAUDINE. She was her nurse, and brought her up. And so she finishes in a tone implying utter despairing hopelessness in desiring that the stupid old idiot, Mrs. Pound, always calls her Miss CLAUDINE. She was her nurse, and brought her up. And so she finishes in a tone implying utter despairing hopelessness in desiring that the stupid old idiot, Mrs. Pound, always calls her Miss CLAUDINE. She was her nurse, and brought her up.
"A SOFT ANSWER," &c.

Female Epicure. "Oh, Mister, I'm sure that was a bad one!"

Oyster Salesman (indignantly). "What do you mean? Then you shouldn't 'a' swallowed it, Mum! I've been in this trade a matter o' ten years, and never——"

Lady. "Well, it certainly left a nasty taste——"

Salesman ( mollified). "Well, there's no denying that some of 'em is 'igher in flavour than others!"

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

Now that the Budget is closely impending, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is no doubt on the look-out for ways and means of increasing the revenue. Mr. Punch, always ready to lend a helping hand to the Government, begs to suggest the following licences and taxes, as likely to be not only very productive, but—what few licences or taxes are—distinctly beneficial to the community.

A LICENCE

To Amateur Tenors, to sing not more than two songs a night, £20 a month. For songs of a patriotic or ultra-sentimental character, £5 a month extra. The National Anthem to be free.

To Amateur Actors, to play one part a week, £30 a month extra. "Stiff Little Fingers," £5 a week extra.

To Professional Diners-out, to tell the same stories at three dinners a week, £10 a month. Before the renewal of licence, a new, batch of stories to be submitted to the Commissioners. Stories in the Irish or other brogue, £5 a week extra.

To Bachelors, under five-and-thirty, to carry a black enamel-handled stick to the theatres, sixpence a quarter. To bachelors visiting music-halls, a halfpenny a week extra.

To Bachelors, over thirty-five, wishing to dance one round and four square dances a night, £10 a month. "Sir Roger de Coverley," or one other country-dance to be endorsed on the licence, free.

To Spinster, to be "girls" for life, after five-and-thirty, 15s. 6d. To use rouge, hair-dye, and pearl-powder, £5 a week extra.

To Married Men, to flirt for ten minutes once a day, £20 a month. Married Men, above thirteen stone in weight, and under five feet six in height, to flirt as much as they please, 2d. a fortnight.

A TAX

Upon Wedding Presents, according to value, to be paid by Bridegroom.

Upon Members of Clubs, to be assessed by a Committee of young Wives, and middle-aged Spinsters.

Upon Photographs, Visiting Cards, Menus, high-art Furniture, and Three-volume Novels, to be paid by idlers in general, and Lady-twaddlers, in particular.

Upon Voluntary Contributions, sent to Punch, to be paid by the would-be Contributors, of whom a list shall be sent to the Central Criminal Court, accompanied by the contents of the waste-paper basket. This, it fairly assessed, should bring in at least as much as the Income Tax. Convicts, under sentence of penal servitude, might be employed to verify these contents, and make up the list of their authors.

An Apropos in Advance.

Wines, like wines, may acquire flavour by some years' keeping. We'd dig up this sentence, written by Miss Edgeworth, circa. 1800. (Belinda, chap. iii.)—

"They say the Torpedo, the coldest of cold creatures, sometimes gives out a spark."

We should just think it did!

Wisdom in a Walnut Shell.

(To MM. Louis Blanc, Floquet, M. de Montjau, et Compagnie.)

Don't rub up old sores.

Do rub out old scores.

A WORD TO SIR WILFRID.—The Best Temperance Resolution—Resolution to abstain.
PREACHERS IN PARLIAMENT.

Is it likely that any removal of clerical disabilities would have the effect of inducing more than a few exceptional Clergymen to enter Parliament? Would not the habit of holding forth to a congregation tend to incapacitate a Parliamentary ex-parson for addressing Mr. Speaker? A pulpit orator is not accustomed to be interrupted with ironical laughter and cries of "Question!" and "Oh! oh!" Such interruptions would be very likely to disconcert an honourable and no longer reverend gentleman on his legs out of the pulpit. The Bishops, it is true, get on tolerably well in the Lords, in spite of having been accustomed to preach; but then the Bishops are select Senators as well as select Parsons, and, besides, the Upper House of Parliament is not the Lower.

THE ONLY "ROUND'SUM."—A cipher.

QUERY—ACCORDING TO SOME INDIAN AUTHORITIES.

Considering what things were in India under John Company, and what they are under the rule that he has made room for, can John Bull honestly say, that his Room is better than his Company?

COALING AND CALLING OVER THE COALS.

"FRANCE, Spain, and Egypt," we are told by Eastern telegraph, "are still coaling," should it not have been "Egypt is being called over the coals"?

SPECIALY SEASONABLE.

Best stock for our soupe mauge, among seasonably sent ill's. Of all Man's given blessings there's none that equals Lent-ils.
THE MILITIA IN THE MILL.

The commanding Officers of Militia Regiments are obliged to keep a Diary, — "militia battalia," to the log of a ship at sea. In this record appear all the principal events of the day. Now that Colonel-Secretary Sneake has braved great training to twenty days, the record will be more than usually interesting. Mr. Punch keeps a prophet on his premises at 85, Fleet Street, and by his aid is enabled to give a specimen of one of these Diaries in futuro. It will be seen that the regiment of which this is the record will be materially benefited by the economy of the Government:—

FIRST WEEK.

Monday.—Regiment assembled by twos and threes. The guardroom full of "drunk and disorderly" by a quarter to four o'clock. No work done.

Tuesday.—Gave the men their clothing, and took their rags into store.

Wednesday.—Fitting on uniforms. Very hard at work all day with the regimental tailors.

Thursday.—First parade in uniform. Distributed arms, and read the Military Act. Some confusion, but it raised heavily, so dismissed the battalion.

Friday.—Squad-drill of an elementary character. Officers loughed about doing nothing.

Saturday.—Inspection of clothing, and Saturday half-holiday.

Sunday.—Church parade in the morning, and dismiss.

SECOND WEEK.

Monday.—By order of the Secretary of State commenced musketry course. Men drilled in aiming at nothing in particular.

Tuesday.—Men still being drilled (by numbers) to aim at nothing in particular.

Wednesday.—Wet day. Nothing doing. Battalion dismissed at 10 a.m.

Thursday.—Musketry course continued. Blank-cartridge firing. Excellent joke for the men—rather slow for the officers. Doctor has little or nothing to do now that ramrods are abolished.

Friday.—Target practice. Target hit once in every fifty shots. Capital result. End of musketry course.

Saturday.—Inspection of clothing, half-holiday, and dismiss.

Sunday.—Church. Holiday for the rest of the day.

THIRD WEEK.

Monday.—Drill in earnest. The whole regiment employed in the last stage, having had to miss the first, second, and third. Not very well grounded in consequence.

Tuesday.—Making up for lost time. Everybody working at high pressure. Battalions attempted before anyone has learned his a b c. Result—general confusion and a great deal of shouting.

Wednesday.—Preparing for the inspection. Busy with pay-lists, companies' ledgers, &c., &c.

Thursday.—Inspection. Eccentric manœuvres. Inspecting officer using language not to be found in the Queen's Regulations or the Field Exercises of the Army. Great loss of temper on all sides.

Friday.—Uniforms taken into store, and rags returned to their owners.

Saturday.—The battalion disbanded, having gained in four days through a musketry course requiring six weeks, and learned the whole duty of a soldier in rather less than fifteen hours. Result—to be discovered hereafter!

Sir Wilfrid's Prophecy.

They may say my Hobby's foundered,
And that I, his rider, silly am;
But Permissive Bill, now foundered,
Will be yet the People's William!

Sir Charles. "I ought to take you down to dinner, Duchess; but the staircases of these London houses are so absurdly narrow, you know!"

Horatius, and London Bridge.

A Lay made about the Year of the City, 1879.

The Common Council sitting,
Props of the City's State,
How London Bridge to widen
 Held long and deep debate.
The Fathers of the City
 Had uttered all their groans
 O'er carriages, cab, and waggon block,
 Then called Horatius Jones.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The City Architect.
He simply said—"Good gracious!"
 And but said what you'd expect—
"Widen the Bridge, O Council,
 With all the speed e may.
The City Architect,
 How brave Horatius spoilt the Bridge,
In future City chronicles,
 With all the speed e may.

So Artists may be vexed;
 Some ramrods are abolished.

"Horatius," quoth the Council,
"As thou sayest let it be.
Go, order bricks and mortar,
Nor spare the £ s. d.
Some ases may oppose us,
Some Artists may be vexed;
But if we once can win the bridge,
 What mayn't we go at next?"

Punch smiled upon Horatius
A smile serene and high;
Some Artists may be vexed;
But if we once can win the bridge,
What mayn't we go at next?"

"The Bridge gives scope for movement
To cab and cart and coach.
No! If you want improvement,
Best widen each approach.
In future City chronicles,
Oh, let it not be told
In the dark days of old.

Sir Charles. "I ought to take you down to dinner, Duchess; but the staircases of these London houses are so absurdly narrow, you know!"

The Commander-in-Chief for Africa.—General Capability.

AW TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor does not hold himself bound to acknowledge, return, or pay for Contributions. In no case can these be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Copies should be kept.
MARCH 29, 1879.,

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

MONODY ON THE DECEASED "MERMAID."

From her close tank's infection, Passed from dullness to dissection, Under Science's inspection — Poor Manatee !

From Trinidad's broad, tepid waters, To the Aquarium's cramping quarters, Last-born of oceanic martyrs — Poor Manatee !

Uplift thing could hardly meet your Gaze, rake, in form and feature; Lumpish, heavy, lumbering creature: Poor Manatee !

Laden were her eyes and tiny, Dull and dead instead of shiny; Slug-like sluggish of the briny: Poor Manatee !

Hair she'd none, in glass to comb her Like old Ocean's fish-tailed roarer; Mermaid was a strange mimicer — Poor Manatee !

But bad looks, by those that saw 'em, Can't be helped, though they bemoan 'em: 

Nul de mortuis nisi bonus: Poor Manatee !

THE RORKE'S DRIFT ROLL-CALL.

"An Officer" writes to Punch—

"In your Cartoon, of March 28, you, as worthy head of the Army, thank Lieutenant-Colonel GRAND and BROWNMORSH for their brave defence of Rork's Drift. In the background are seen some men of the 24th Regiment, and scattered honours of commissiaries. The cartridge box of the officer who first found the corpse of the only officer who was killed that night while gallantly doing his duty, Assistant-Commissary BURNES? Should you ignore the only officer severely wounded, to whom all were indebted for his advice and skill in turning his supplies of flour and biscuits into parapets—Assistant-Commissary DALTON? Or the young officer who gained the admiration of all by erecting the last defence under a heavy fire, Assistant-Commissary BUNN orSurgeon REYNOLDS, who only laid on one side his rifle to attend to the wounded?"

Punch only wishes his Cartoon was as large as his gratitude, in which case he would certainly have found room not only for these gallant officers—combatant or non-combatant, who assisted in the defence of Rork's Drift—but for every man who piled a biscuit-box, fisted a mealie-bag, or bayonet on that memorable night. But pages have their limits, though gratitude has none, and so Punch and his artist have been fain to lump under the names and presentments of the most prominent of those noble defence all the officers and men who contributed to it, in their several ranks and capacities. He rejoices that "An Officer" letter, in mentioning many of the names, secures a record of them in his immortal pages.

A BACKER FOR BLACKIE.

In these anti-slavery days all are bound to hail BLACKIE as a man and a brother. The Professor, most strenuous of "poor scholars" with the begging-box (that time-honoured article of the scholar's equipment) has raised £300 a-year to remove the oppression of Scotland—its four Universities and never a Professor of the Celtic family of speech; the tongue which, if Erse erudition and enthusiasm may be trusted, is spoken in Paradise in which has now been mysteriously relegated to what some will consider the other earthly extreme—the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Highlanders, Man, and Brittany. Even taken together these ragged regions can hardly be considered a fair equivalent for the Garden of Eden, with its apple and its pair.

The Professor now asks the Treasury to supplement the annual £300, raised by his earnest and energetic appeals, with another hundred, to complete a decent stuffing and lining for a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh. Not even the most enthusiastic and modest of Celtic scholars can be expected to sit comfortably on less than £400 a-year.

It is a reasonable request, and should and will we hope, be granted. Lord BRACONSFIELD is at hand, for he is among the prophesies of the poets of a decreed and down-trod'en race, and BLACKIE's Celtic predictions have quite as much a right to their Professor as BRACONSFIELD's Semitic ones.

THE KINNDRY'S LITTLE GAME.—Spoiling the Egyptians.
not quite as coolly, already, that with our complicated and costly gigantic guns, hydraulic loading, electric firing, and turret-mounting arrangements, nothing is more likely than that the tell-tales may not tell their tales, the recording apparatus may not act, the electric-firing machinery may miss fire, the hydraulic rammers may not ram, and the hydraulic washers may not wash, with the result of blowing ship and crew to smithereens. To prevent this upshot of scientific progress, we have to depend on the perfect working of a great variety of most elaborate and intricate appliances of steam, electricity, and mechanism, under a complicated system of signals, worked by three sets of men, out of sight and hearing of each other. The wonder would seem to be, not that accidents do happen in the best regulated turret-ships, but that they don’t.

LORD ELPHINSTONE was eminently candid and clear in his account of how we load and fire now, and the way in which the accident had probably come about, according to the unanimous conclusion of a pre-eminently scientific Committee. The only difficulty of the Committee would seem to have been to choose, among the vast variety of ways in which the accident might have happened, the way in which it most likely did happen—at least according to the best of their judgments—viz., because a second charge was rammed down before the first was fired off. Henceforth, it is satisfactory to be assured that we are going to “search” the gun after firing, to see that it has been fired, and before loading, to see that we are out with the old charge, before we are in with the new. Are we going to trust scientific tell-tales, again, for the intelligence, or is a wretched powder-monkey to be told off, to creep up the gigantic tube reeking.
PERMISSIVE SLAUGHTER.

(Five Thousand Shunting Accidents in Five Years!)

First Shunter (with coupling-link, awaiting Engine backing). "I SAW POOR JACK'S WIFE AND KIDS LAST NIGHT, AFTER THE FURTHER. POOR THINGS, WHAT WILL BE DONE FOR 'EM!"


with pestilential gases? A tremendous bore it will be for him, poor little beggar!

"Suppose," BRITANNIA (always disposed to kick at Science) will be apt to whisper to JOHN BIBLE, "we came back to our honest old hearts of oak, with their plain and primitive broadsides, that never harmed any but an enemy!"

It really looks rather like it.

If not, as no doubt this unscientific suggestion is not to be listened to for a moment, we shall want another sweet little cherub to sit down below, as well as the one already told off to sit up aloft, to keep watch over the life of poor Jack.

(Commons.)—Mr. Cross having satisfied himself as to the corroboration of Punch's confession of the murder of Cock the Manchester Policeman, has released WILLIAM HARROW. He is even going to compensate the Convict, and do what, to the best of Punch's recollection, no Secretary of State ever ventured to do before, compensate an innocent man, as far as money can, for physical and mental sufferings during two years and eight months; first through accusation, trial, and sentence of death for murder, and afterwards under the commuted mercies of penal servitude. Lucky for the Treasury that William Harrow's gauge of compensation is a lower-class one.

Punch congratulates him on his release, and Mr. Cross on the courage of his admission that in such cases compensation is the least atonement that can be made.

An Irish free-fight over the Army Estimates.

Sir P. O'BRIEN and Mr. O'DONNELL exchanged several rounds.

Sir PATRICK suggests a Regiment of Irish Guards. Punch hail the idea. Is there not the Major to the fore—ready made? For the Coloneley, why should not the senior candidates take the nod for it, in the good old Milesian fashion? The great difficulty would be not about officers—"that would be an empress de richesse,"—but about the rank and file. Of course if Messrs. PARKIN and BIDOS are to have anything to do with it, the Regiment will be disciplined on Home-Rule principles, and "treading on the tail of me cat," will be a leading manoeuvre.

In the meantime, the Irish Guard on Monday confined itself to protecting the British purse in the interests of Ireland, and wasted as much of the night as was devoted to Supply in resisting the demand. However, for once, PARKIN spoke to the purpose, and practically rebuked that irrepressible obstructor, Mr. O'DONNELL.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord BEACONSFIELD administered a sharp rebuke to LORD TRURO for asking whether the Government had duly considered the transmission of the Queen's message of sympathy with, and confidence in, Lord CHELMSFORD and his troops, and whether they concurred in it. The message, Lord Beaconsfield said, was not an expression of unlimited confidence in the Commander-in-Chief, but of sympathy first, and then of confidence in the South African Commander and his men to maintain Her Majesty's name and honour. This message, like any other public act of the Sovereign, had been sent on the responsibility of Her Majesty's Ministers. To delay it would have been to deprive Her Majesty's act of the spontaneous grace of consolation.

Lord Truro was thankful for the explanation, even at the cost of his wigging.

(Commons.)—But to show how differently the game of question and answer is played in Lords and Commons, Sir R. PEER, on asking the same question as Lord Truro, was informed by Colonel STANLEY that he alone was solely responsible for transmission of Her Majesty's message, which he had forwarded without consulting his colleagues.

We leave our readers to reconcile these answers. No doubt the Queen's message was the spontaneous result of Her Majesty's kindly and natural desire to comfort a General under defeat, and troops under disaster; and was neither meant to express any opinion of the General's merits, nor to forestall the conclusions, nor impede the action, of the Government in relation to him and his command.
Mr. CARTWRIGHT may be congratulated on having wrung from the Government their slow leave to a Select Committee to inquire into the Wine Duties. He, in an able and weighty address, strongly deprecated the policy of the Government, which, he contended, was a drift towards the establishment of an excessive system of duties on foreign wines. He argued that the Member for Oxfordshire, was untenable—did not keep out branded wines, and stood in the way of natural ones. Spain had to pay the increase. We had handicapped the trade, and high differential duties on British goods were a natural retort.

Mr. BOUGER gave, at great length, all the reasons against any change in the mode of levying the Wine Duties or any expectation of benefit from such change, and concluded, with old official logic, by praying the Select Committee.

Mr. MILTON tried to extract a little Protectionist capital out of the concession.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER would not allow any such inference, and hoped the inquiry would be into the Wine Duties, and those only. The Chairman of the Exchequer repudiated any intention of initiating any change in our established commercial policy. If we were about to take a leaf out of the book of Spanish policy, it would be only for the purpose of tearing it up.

Mr. DELAHUNTY gallantly charged the House on his currency-hobby, and just cleared a Count Out to find that he was allowed a "walk over." The House accepted his Motion, "That a free circulation of specie currency, with a free and adequate circulation of paper currency convertible into specie on demand, is necessary for the promotion and development of manufacture, commerce, and trade;" all which, though the House most potently believes, yet holds it not necessary to have it so set down, seeing that nobody doubts or disputes Mr. Delahuntys pomposo platitudes.

Still-born—Mr. Sclater-Booth moved his County Boards Bill, which was defeated by the desire of pleasing every course pleases nobody. Punch need not discuss it, as it has not the remotest chance of ever becoming law. A real County Representation Bill would be too big a birch for a dying Parliament.

Wednesday.—Another Ministerial concession: Scotch Hypothec— the aggravated form of English Distraint—doomed at last. The Government, with an eye to Scotch Elections in general, and Midlothian in particular, not only allows, but supports the Second Reading of Mr. Vans Agnew's Bill.

Lord Elcho attempted to rally the English landlords to the rescue, on the plea that Hypothec was the "burden of Scotch small tenants. As, however, all Scotch tenancies are against it, no wonder Lord Elcho talked to empty air as well as empty benches.

Thursday (Lords).—Vivisection of Medical Acts by Medical Corporations. They have forced in a provision that even after a student has passed examination application for a diploma must precede registration—though if the application be refused, registration—though if the application be refused, registration must be granted. A most ridiculous concession to the Medical Corporations, but introduced, as the Duke of Richmond explained to the Marquis of Ripon, at their demand, and Punch is forced to infer mainly from jealousy of feminine practitioners.

Second Man. Strasford. Norcotes pleased to honour Members in misericordiam to postpone their Motions for this night, and to the supplies or antedate the Appropriation Act.

Of course Honourable Members were compliant, there being, happily, no Irish notice on the list.

In answer to Mr. Braght's questions, Sir Stafford had to own that Canada was about to pass out of the dominion of Free Trade and common-sense to that of Protection; and that poor old Mother Country can do nothing—however much she might have to say—to stop her headstrong child. You'll have to take 'em back—so look alive, mates.

First Man. There's something wrong about the money for these desks, and stand no 'umbug, and if the money wasn't forked out at once, I warn you that we're a-going to stand another sack till he ta his money.

Teacher. Fire? Certainly. Why haven't they lighted it, I wonder? In the heat of my enthusiasm I had not noticed the fire. Someone's been round and stopped 'em. The party said as how the Board was so much short with the coal merchant, and as how he wasn't a-going to stand another sack till he ta his money.

Harooman. Please, Sir, there ain't no coals and no wood. Somebody's been round and stopped 'em. The party said as how the Board was so much short with the coal merchant, and as how he wasn't a-going to stand another sack till he got his money.

Teacher. Cool on his part, and on ours. Boys that have overcoats put 'em on. The rest can run about outside, in detachtments of ten, for a quarter of an hour in succession.

Pupils. Hooray! [Enter Upholsterer's Foreman with Assistants.] Teacher (cheerfully), Annoying, but we must make the best of it! Happily we can sit upon the desks, and for a black-board I must make shift with the back of a door, as it will save our historical studies. What can any boy tell me about WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

First Pupil. Please, Teacher, it's so jolly cold, we can't tell you nothing about nobody. We're a-starving. Please mayn't we have a fire?

Teacher. Fire? Certainly. Why haven't they lighted it, I wonder? In the heat of my enthusiasm I had not noticed the omission. What? ho! within there! [Enter Charwoman.] Woman, why is not the fire lighted?

Charwoman. Please, Sir, there ain't no coals and no wood. Somebody's been round and stopped 'em. The party said as how the Board was so much short with the coal merchant, and as how he wasn't a-going to stand another sack till he got his money.

Teacher. Cool on his part, and on ours. Boys that have overcoats put 'em on. The rest can run about outside, in detachtments of ten, for a quarter of an hour in succession.

Pupils. Hooray! [Enter First detachment, joyously. Teacher (cheerfully), Annoying, but we must make the best of it! Boys that have overcoats put 'em on.

Teacher (with resignation). Is it even so? The classes can stand.

[Enter Second Upholsterer's Man with Assistants.]

Teacher. Most sorry to trouble you, Mister, but Master says that we didn't ought to be left these here desks without the money.

Teacher. That's not my business. Your Master should have sent it in his account to the School-Board.

Second Man. He have done that a lot of times. But, bless you! it ain't no manner o' use. He says that there School-Board ain't no better than this. They ain't got a Shilling of comfort and they ain't again' to put up with it no longer. So I was to be sure and stand no 'umbug, and if the money wasn't forked out at once, I was to take the gotta desks back again.

Teacher (with resignation). Is it so even? The classes can stand.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

[Scene—The Interior of a School Room under the London School Board. Enthusiastic Teacher discovered with newly assembled Pupils.]


First Man. There's something wrong about the money for these desks, and stand no 'umbug, and if the money wasn't forked out at once, I warn you that we're a-going to stand another sack till he ta his money.

Teacher. Fire? Certainly. Why haven't they lighted it, I wonder? In the heat of my enthusiasm I had not noticed the omission. What? ho! within there! (Enter Charwoman.) Woman, why is not the fire lighted?

Charwoman. Please, Sir, there ain't no coals and no wood. Somebody's been round and stopped 'em. The party said as how the Board was so much short with the coal merchant, and as how he wasn't a-going to stand another sack till he got his money.

Teacher. Cool on his part, and on ours. Boys that have overcoats put 'em on. The rest can run about outside, in detachtments of ten, for a quarter of an hour in succession.

Pupils. Hooray! [Enter First detachment, joyously. Teacher (cheerfully), Annoying, but we must make the best of it! Boys that have overcoats put 'em on. The rest can run about outside, in detachtments of ten, for a quarter of an hour in succession.

Pupils. Hooray! [Enter Second detachment, joyously. Teacher (cheerfully), Annoying, but we must make the best of it! Boys that have overcoats put 'em on.
(Cheerfully.) But the inconvenience is only for the moment! (Aside.) The School-Board, at any rate, treats its officers with propriety; and whatever I may do in after days, my salary is safe (joyously). And to-day is Saturday. Now, for the fourth time, what can any boy tell me about William the Conqueror?

Fourth Pupil. A telegram for you, Teacher; (Hands in dispatch to Teacher.) What's this? From Assistant-Secretary of Board! (Reads.) "Very sorry. Be money. Best kind Starred deferred." Thank him and his reign till a future occasion. (Aside.) I must see to and my Missus she suits, this at once. I suppose the Committee Rely geod Association My Landlord og RLY 'taste in the matter o' boots. will be taking i iat action. I must see the Secretary. (To Pupils.) The School is dismissed—till further notice! (Pupils cheer, and exit tumultuously. Scene closes in.)

A BRITISH FARMER'S THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS.

I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred," Though I've never a white face, nor yet horns on my head. I live quiet and snug, on a sizable farm; And to never a neighbour I wish any harm.

Time was when, from sunrise till close of the day, Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head. I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred," Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head. I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred," Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head.

Time was when, from sunrise till close of the day, Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head. I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred," Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head. I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred," Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head.

Time was when, from sunrise till close of the day, Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head. I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred," Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head. I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred," Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head.

Time was when, from sunrise till close of the day, Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head. I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred," Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head. I'm an old British Farmer, and "Hereford bred," Though I've ne'er a white face, nor yet horns on my head.
AESTHETIC DISENCHANTMENTS.

Lucy has posed the little Rustic Model, and Mary, Maud, and Madeleine sit, pencil in hand, ready to catch and transfer to paper the child's expression of wonderment and delight as it listens, for the first time in its life, to the murmur of the shell.

Lucy. "Now, darling, put the pretty shell to your ear, and hark to what it says!"

Rustic Model. "Lo! is that all! why, a Beer Jug can do that!"

THE OLD SWORD.

I little thought to take you down, old sword, from well-earned rest,
Under the brave old banner, beside the old "back and breast"—
Weapons at once and trophies of well-fought fields of old,
When hair was dark, and blood was hot, that now are grey and cold.

There's your armour, my old Captain and comrade brave and true,
With the dints of sight upon it, bidding old days live anew,
When side by side, and sword by sword, we smote their men of war,
And drove Protection's serried ranks before us fast and far.

The Free Trade flag above our heads, our good blades strong of sway,
That through the foemen's fence and force sheared on their forlorn way,
And er' the strong set up the weak, and er' the false the true.

Till their Captains called a parley, and their garrisons gave in,
And through the land there seemed for us no victory left to win;
And when the great Chief, that had led their battles long, came round,
And was proud to wear our colours, and took up our fighting ground—

And when not only England through, but far across the sea,
All used our watchwords, flew our flag, and sworn our men to be,
No wonder that we deemed our cause was won, our warfare o'er,
And to buckle breast-plate, or handle broadsword more!

But lo, the malignants lift up their heads again,
I always said the serpents were only scotched not slain.
Hark! far and near their hiss I hear, their rattle sounds afar;
They have hoarded up their venom, and their cry again is war.

And he is gone, my Captain, my comrade true and tried,
That with me bore the burden of those battles side by side,
And he, too, the great Chieftain, that to our cause came in,
While still was many a stroke to strike, and many a hold to win.

And I am left alone, and old, and my blood keeps no more
The hot and heady current that it kept in days of yore;
The sword is sharp as ever, but the arm is not the same,
That through the foemen's thickest cloud let daylight where it came.

But old or young, and strong or weak, for the fight I still am fain;
And my sharp sword, clear of dust and dust, in front shall gleam
While there are lances to level and fallacies to floor—
Up, fair old flag! out, brave old blade!—our warfare was not o'er.

The Ends of Cremation.

The deputation of the Council of the Cremation Society that bespeaks the Home Secretary, the other day, on behalf of the process which they propose to substitute for interment, informed the Right Honourable Gentleman that their objects were purely sanitary, social, and scientific. A suitable legend, therefore, for the Cremationists would be the "Three S's."

Tempora Mutantur.

Writ till and tourney Kings of old
Graced cities on their journeys;
But now see Belgium's king enrolled
In Turners' ranks—not tourneys!'

WUT FOR SCOTCH WAGS.

Some call the Law of Hypothec the Scottish Lien. Should it not rather be called the Scottish Bore?
THE OLD SWORD.
O my surprise, one morning a perfect gentleman unexpectedly knocked, and said, "Go to India?" With that ready wit for which I am socially celebrated, I replied, at once, "Go to Jericho!" And I turned round in bed, and closed my eyes.

The unexpected gentleman did not instantly quit my apartment, but repeated what sounded to me like a Royal command: "Go to India!" I sat bolt up in bed.

"Do you mean it?" I asked, just giving a sidelong glance to see what was handy to throw at him, in the way of a bootjack or slippers, should he reply, in the negative.

"Mean it!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless you, I come from—" Here he lowered his voice, and pronounced a name that I never hear without taking off my hat (if on) and bowing profoundly. When my hat is not on, I act as the inspiration of Commissions—not one, but several—so that I might be in the Light Horse, Dark Horse, Mounted Rifles, Infantry, Artillery—anything—all once and always attached to every staff—then, my heart bounded within me, and holding the bed-clothes tight up to my throat, as not to catch cold, I inquired. "And to how many uniforms shall I be entitled?"

"As to that," answered the Envoy, blandly, "you can please yourself." "Hear! hear!" I replied from under the bed-clothes, for I began to find sitting up rather cold to the back.

"And when will you go?" he asked.

"As soon as possible," I replied; if you'll have the goodness to clear out.

"Good!" he said. Then partially re-opening the door, to put in his head, he inquired—

"You will go to India?"

"Not till I've been to Bath," I returned; as, sitting the action to the Author, I bounded from the spring mattress, and took one magnificent bound into the plunge—twelve feet deep, and monarch of our raths, with a wane—twelve feet deep, and monarch of our raths, with a wane—twelve feet deep, and monarch of our raths, with a wane—twelve feet deep, and monarch of our raths, with a wane—twelve feet deep; where I was dressed in may, Velveteen sperm, and, indeed, I had been up late at the Rumpsteak Club the night before, and wasn't quite well trained—followed with my pipe—the "judicious Hooker," as I always say to any appreciative friend who has never heard the joke before.

"Yes," I murmured to myself as I sat on my divan—I always sit on my divan after my dice—(this sets a table in a roar—warranted si litter)—"Yes, my boy" (to myself), "you will go to India for what's to under per from going?" (I've tried this side-splitter fifty times in fifty different places, and it has never once missed fire. Never!)

When I was dressed in my velvet morning dress, and had been sparkling up to five—"Yes, I shall find loyal and imperial subjects. But they cannot be my subjects. There must be an Imperium in Imperio." I felt sure of this quotation, and made it boldly. It saved him, although his name—

Prefatial Note by Editor.—The Editor has great pleasure in announcing to the Public that he has secured the sole right of publishing, under the above admirable title, a series of most deeply interesting papers, illustrated by sketches, taken on the spot, by a gentleman most eminent in the Literary and Artistic world, who, under another pseudonym, did India during the Prince's visit, and "went for a ramble across the Keep-it-Dark Continent." The Editor has the Author's assurance—which ought to go for a good deal, as he has never met anyone with a greater amount of that quality—that these papers are perfectly independent of a book recently published in one Imperial quart-o, entitled Imperial India, by Mr. V.R. FRENKE. The Editor took great pains to ascertain this, having been struck by the similarity of the title and the name of the Author, which he is positively informed is the nearest coincidence.

which I mustn't mention here in full—did begin with a big B.

"You will have a number of Commissions," he went on.

"Ah!" I cried, overjoyed with the prospect, for the Army had always been the dream of my youth, and my one regret in life, quite lately, had been that I was not a soldier. And, indeed, I had been up late at the Rumpsteak Club the 'night before, and wasn't quite well trained—followed with my pipe—the "judicious Hooker," as I always say to any appreciative friend who has never heard the joke before.

"Yes," I returned, my ready wit as bright and bubbling as ever, "Do you mean it?" he exclaimed. "I bless you, I come from—" Here he lowered his voice, and pronounced a name that I never hear without taking off my hat (if on) and bowing profoundly. When my hat is not on, I act as the inspiration of Commissions—not one, but several—so that I might be in the Light Horse, Dark Horse, Mounted Rifles, Infantry, Artillery—anything—all once and always attached to every staff—then, my heart bounded within me, and holding the bed-clothes tight up to my throat, as not to catch cold, I inquired. "And to how many uniforms shall I be entitled?"

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DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

Jack Dragoon (who has made a miss). "I say, Bill, that last shot of mine is like deferred pay—gone into the bank, and Divel only knows when it 'll come out again!"

of paints, was amusing himself on a blank canvas by sketching what I saw was intended for a head of a great political opponent.

"That," I said, laughingly, absolutely chucking him one of my brightest gems of wit, "is a deep satire."

He stared. He wished to be informed "in what way a satire?"

"Why," I answered, "you should call the picture "The Coming Election." And I added, pointing to the outline of W. E. G.'s cranium, "There you have your adversary's poll—and a blank canvas!"

The Envoy was staggered. He grasped my hand warmly; tears were in his eyes. "I shall use that bon-mot," said he, "to business!"

"And now," said he, "to business!"

"Volunteers!" said I, with that fluent command of the French language which is at once the surprise and delight of my friends, and the charm of my personal intercourse.

Whereupon he took his seat, and pulled out his note-book.

Here endeth the First Chapter.

DEVELOPMENT.

(Being University Intelligence of the Future. See Recommendations of Cambridge Board of Classical Studies.)

The Layard Professor will commence his Summer Course of Lectures on Babylonian Bricks among the Mounds of Kouyunjik on the first day of the October term. Members of the University wishing to attend are requested to call with their portmanteaus, tents, waterproof sheets, Cook's coupons, and doctors' certificates on the Professor at Downing College, not later than the first of April.

The subject for the Evolutionary Prize is "The Nursery Rhymes of the Early Runic Races." Candidates will be expected to have written not less than two works of European reputation on the Archeology of the Prehistoric Period, and must not have exceeded their seventeenth term of residence.

The Regius Professor of Practical Mythology will continue his course of Lectures on "The Domestic Arrangements of the Demi-gods," immediately after the commencement of the approaching term.

The Vice-Chancellor's Prize for a Poem in Tamul, subject "Twixt Weeds and Wees; or the Subtlest Suitue," open to Heads of Houses, has been awarded to himself.

At the Congregation on Thursday next, a Grace will be offered for the appointment of a Syndicate to consider the advisability of making a six months' residence in the immediate neighbourhood of Stonehenge, and a thorough familiarity with the administrative system and ceremonial of the Druidie Church compulsory on all candidates for Honours in the British History Tripos.

The Examination for the ancient Egyptian light-literature Tripos will commence on the Fifth of November next. Mummies, Sarcophaguses, Papyri, Sepulchral images, and other illustrative material, to be left at the Senate House not later than the commencement of the Dog-days.

QUEEN'S PARDON.

(To William Hareon, March 17, 1879.)

True Justice. "Queen's Pardon!" What do these words signify? Legal Justice. Mere form,—a pardon from the Queen. True Justice. What signifies a pardon from the Queen? To one who's innocent? Legal Justice (in explanation). "Tis her prerogative To temper justice with the balm of mercy. True Justice (indignantly). Nay! here's no "tempering justice." Hareon lay Condemned unjustly,—what you call "Queen's Pardon" Is simply Reparation for injustice. Queen, Witnesses, Judge, Jury—all alike, Need "Hareon's Pardon" for this fearful wrong!

COLORITS AND CAFFRES.

A PANIC appears to have been excited at Natal by the prospect of a possible Zulu invasion. It is to be wished that the people of Natal had the proper spirit and ability to defend their natufal solnum.
AFTERNOON! March 29, 1879.

To Kew Gardens! Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain heights. Perhaps the idea arises in my mind from Mrs. Pound's of the sweetest and brightest smiles it has ever been my lot to see on time to time, on her handsome features until it is chased away by one

Madame—Guests—Boy—Dinner—Grumble Again—

Young Lady (who has never travelled by this Line before). "Do you go to Kew Gardens?"

Booking-Clerk. "Sometimes on a Sunday, Miss, on a Summer's Afternoon!"

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Visiting the Third. Chapter XVII.

Madame—Guests—Boy—Conversation—Dinner—Grumble Again—Pleasure.

Madame de Brestiw is a quiet, elegant lady, above the middle height. Perhaps the idea arises in my mind from Mrs. Pound's story, but I fancy I remark a shadow of melancholy that rests, from time to time, on her handsome features until it is chased away by one.

Our company to-night consists of Mostyn Dickie, our host, Madame de Brestiw and her daughter Florence, Mr. McANister, a Scotch gentleman evidently retired from some business with money—his own, of course—and not intending to go "book agen"; and a Mr. Denson, a man about fifty, with his son Horace, a handsome lad, dark as a Spaniard, with a half shy, half sulky, dissatisfied air, as though he had been brought down to Meadowweet Manor much against his will, and would at that moment give a trifle to be miles away. These two last have arrived only a few hours before myself, and they are leaving to-morrow. Mostyn Dickie possesses, I have always heard, immense influence somewhere—where, I never knew; but within the first few minutes of our meeting in the drawing-room Mr. Denson has informed me, more or less confidentially, that he is looking out for something for his boy. I find him always "looking out for boys." And he adds mysteriously, as though I were, of course, in the secret, "you know how I can do something in that line; I wear his hands, and nod his head at me like one of the German figures on the top of a bon-bon box. Being evidently supposed to know all about it, I nod and waggle back again, completing the resemblance, on my part, to the bon-bon box figure by observing a discreet silence.

Mr. Denson goes on to inform me, quite gratuitously, that his boy has had an excellent education, and I catch myself replying, "Indeed!" in a surprised tone, which implies that I should not have gathered the fact from the youth's manner and bearing.

"He was at Eton," says his father, proudly.

"Near Eton," interposes his son, sullenly, and with marked emphasis.

"Well," his father resumes, a trifle abashed, but maintaining a smiling countenance, "at a most excellent school near Eton, where they pursue the Eton system, and have matches like the Eton boys, and so on at Eton grounds, and so on may really say he was at Eton."

Of course I am ready to admit he may say anything, but I merely bow politely, and observe, "Yes, naturally," which seems to chime in quite pleasantly with Mr. Denson's notions.

Then," he continues, finding he has got a listener, "he went to a private tutor's, and then he went abroad—"

"Only Boulogne," interposes the lad, sourly.

"Well," returns his father, deprecating the interruption, "that is abroad."

"I don't call it so," mutters the boy, sourly, "it's regular English."

"But it's in France," answers his father, triumphantly, which statement even his son, whose mission is clearly to gainsay and contradict his parent on every possible occasion, is compelled to allow as being geographically true.

"He has studied for several examinations, but I have come to the conclusion that business is the best thing for him," says Mr. Denson, Senior, winding up the subject somewhat abruptly, it having possibly occurred to him that I am about the last person likely to be able to forward his views as to his son's career in this particular line.

The lad is evidently favourable to any scheme not involving an examination. He seems to be scanning me furtively, as though suspicious of my being an Examiner, in disguise, ready to tackle me with a pose at a moment's notice. On being introduced to me, formally, he shakes hands, as though he had not forgotten the time when he used to hold out his palm for the cane, and, after withdrawing it as rapidly as possible, he stands swaying about, scrutinising the carpet, as if to discover some means of slipping suddenly through a hole in the pattern, and so escaping all chance of being tackled with posers. Mrs. Breslin comes to our relief. She apologises for being so late, and wonders if Papa is aware of the second bell having been rung.

At this moment Papa himself—Mostyn Dickie—enters in a fuse and a fury. They never told me," he stands at the door declaring indignantly—"they never told me. Not a soul ever came to tell me. My dear fellow," (this to Mr. Denson, but addressed to us all as we stand in a semicircle), "I keep a houseful of servants, and not one of them can come and tell me that the dinner is ready!" Then he adds, despairingly, "I don't know what to do! They're all alike! And, as usual, he throws up his hands, as if life were no longer worth living, and that, all things considered, the best thing to be done is to go to bed and have no dinner.

Mrs. Breslin reminds him that the bells rang as usual; but as he replies to this that he didn't hear them as usual, no one ventures to make any further observation.

The waiting staff consists of a butler and two servants. The table is arranged perfectly. But, somehow or another, with Mostyn Dickie nothing is right.

After grace he criticises the menu. That's all wrong.

"I told her not to give us a fricandeau, and she does! I don't know what to do. I can't get what I want! Ah, well, well!"

"I told her not to give us a fricandeau, and she does! I don't know what to do. "Ah, well, well!"

Mr. McAnister, just in time to grasp, as he is working hard with his spoon. If there is anything seriously wrong with the soup, it's too late for Mr. McAnister now; his doom is sealed.

Mr. McAnister pronounces it excellent. Upon which Mostyn Dickie—who is really highly pleased with our verdict, and who would
THE LORDS ON NOT IN LIQUOR.

ONE AS A LORD should now take the place of "Drink as a Lord," to judge by the Report of their Lordships' Committee on Temperance and on behalf of the inhabitants, but so that no individual shall have any pecuniary interest in, or derive any profit from, the sale of intoxicating drinks, and that the should keep a supply of

The Birmingham Town Council has shown its willingness to adopt this scheme by 40 to 10. It has been unanimously approved by the town council.

The disadvantages claimed for the plan are:

1. The control of the local authority over the issue of licences.
2. A great diminution in the number of public-houses and an improve-

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The deprivations of the Phylloxera in the vineyards of Portugal are said to threaten to put an end altogether to the production of Portuguese wines, and as a result to cause a great rise in the price of port. The Phylloxera may destroy all the Portuguese vines, but Punch will take odds there is still as much port made in England as there is a demand for.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [MARCH 29, 1879.

TO Correspondents.—The Editor does not hold himself bound to acknowledge, return, or pay for Contributions. In no case can these be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Copies should be kept.
'ARRY ON THE 'IGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I'm down in the doldrums; bin landed, my boy, and no kid; Never thought I'd be buried out so clean by a petticoat, bowled if I did.

Me as done the Don Juan premination, a 'Ladies' Man' at the scene, ground, Who could boast of as many fun four tunes as any big Swell knocking round!

You remember my mentioning Loo, 'er so as fatted on pictures and that? Well, I wasn't much took with the Lady at first, thought her rather a flat;

But, yer see, toddlin' round with a gal always leads to the old sort of tunes. And, by time she was ready for home, I began to feel precious like.

Thinks I—"She has been in 'er bonnet, of that there is not the least doubt, Only when she is once fairly spilled, all that nonsense can soon be knocked out.

She is pretty, her yaller's got tin—mine's dead nuts on the notion. Here goes!"

I haven't a taste you can share, and can't understand half what you say. '* Why,' x," she sez, '* I shan't suit you; a barmaid is more in your way; With my handkercher smothered in musk, and fresh lemon-pommade on my 'air!

But she o her option and skews her pigps in a rum sort of —-

I felt certain she'd jump at me, CHARLTIE— only come once in a Redikulus, my boy, ain't it? And no doubt you 'll be tempted to larf; I thought she was larking, in course, and so tipping my knowingest wink,

Education 's the cuss o' these times; real s gits shoved to the wall;

If a chap knows his way about town, and can balance his betting-book well,

But I tell o boy, these 'ere women is getting too uppish by arf. Mathemattieks and Jography 's rot he may leave to the Sap and the Swell.

I was not educated enough, but too much of the loud Cockney Cad;

As for gals, too much knowledge jest spiles'em. You teach a mere moko Park-

They 'll round on us, Cagis, they 'll round on us, jest as that Loo did on me. Teach the women to take the men's measure, and that's jest a trifle too much.

And so, if we men let the women go stuflin' their brain-pans, you'll see

To draw the attention of the Theatre-going Public to what is going to happen at the Haymarket Theatre on the afternoon of April 9th.

I've not anything to say about theatres this week, except to recommend the performance of The Hunchback at the Adelphi, where, on Saturdays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, when Mr. Neville plays Sir Thomas Clifford, and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, when Mr. Neville plays Master Walter, Mr. Vezin plays Sir Thomas Clifford, and on

Like Bax and Coz, Mr. Vezin (Bax) is always going up stairs when Mr. Neville (Coz) is coming down, or coming down when Mr. Neville (Coz) is going up.

It is a pity that this variety has not been extended to the remainder of the cast, Mr. Flockton playing Modus when Mr. Harcourt played Lord Tingle, and Miss Lydia Poole exchanging her Helen for Miss Nelson's Julia, three days a week.

Our Representative Man.

The Cobden Club is said to be going to publish a letter written by Sir Louis Maller to Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., on "Reciprocity"—of course in conclusion of that economical heresy. If this letter prove worthy of the writer's name, it will be a regular smasher for the Reciprocatarians, and Sir Louis Maller will have made himself a name as a modern home-bred, aggressive statesman.

Reciprocity might almost be said to be synonymous with pusillanimity; but reciprocating nations counter with commodities instead of blows, and the Protection involved in it is, at worst, an erroneous theory of the noble art of self-defence.

A Smasher.

Yours, 'arry.

A certain Mr. Archus, Conservative, summoned the Mayor of Birmingham for having had him turned out of the Town Hall because he persisted in interrupting a Liberal meeting, will now be arrested by his name, a little bow with a Conservative bent.

Costumed for the Cold Weather.—John Bell with his Cape on his back!
A Number of Punch published during the Boat-Race week would manifestly be incomplete without some description of the aquatic contest of the Rival Blues. Unfortunately, however, from circumstances over which even the Sage of Sages has no control the account has to be anticipatory. Mr. Punch is, therefore, forced to content himself and his readers with a mere sketch of the "event," which can be filled in according to fancy. Perhaps when the race is rowed, the report emanating from 85, Fleet Street, will be found about as novel, as vivid, and as instructive as the records published by most of Mr. P.'s illustrious contemporaries.

FULL DESCRPTIVE, &c., &c., ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT, &c., &c.
(By Mr. Punch's Own Special, &c., &c.)

At an early hour London woke in a fever of excitement, &c., &c., to welcome the day sacred to, &c., &c. The Blue Riband of the
THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

Old 'Bus-Driver. "Now, there's a lot o' nice girls in this 'Ouse 'ere o' the off side, Sir. Their 'Ma dresses 'em out, their 'Pa drives 'em out, and I brings 'em down young men of a Sunday, you see, and yet they don't seem to go off, somehow!"

At any rate London had no scruples, &c., as the morning broke and the early toilers, &c., &c. Those who could snatch a holiday in this busy life of ours, &c., &c. Of course the Ladies muttered, &c., &c. Blondes sisters with brothers up at Oxford, or brunettes with cousins at Cambridge, may have regretted, &c., &c. But for all this, &c., &c., and their eyes, &c., &c., merry laughter, &c., &c. Even the Houses of the Legislature, &c., &c. There was one who, &c., &c. Near him his great rival, &c., &c. Happy for a day, the thought-worn, &c., &c., and their eyes, &c., &c., &c., menhood and muscle, &c., &c., playing-fields of Eton, &c., &c., Waterloo, British Empire, &c., &c. The police are never so popular as when, &c., &c., and their eyes, &c., &c., and the Home of Civilisation and the Wonder of the World! The usual question was, &c., &c. Before the hour appointed for, &c., &c., a clear course was, &c., &c. The police are never so popular as when, &c., &c., before the hour appointed for, &c., &c., a clear course was, &c., &c. It was not a little instructive to watch, &c., &c. Law-loving people. Yes, pessimists may say, &c., &c., but, &c., &c., the Home of Civilisation and the Wonder of the World!

The critical moment now, &c., &c. A boat had been moored, &c., &c. The usual question was, &c., &c. The enthusiasm, &c., &c. The scene was, &c., &c. Old Blue athletes, &c., &c. Young Blue beauties, &c., &c. There was but one opinion, &c., &c.

Off the Soap Works, &c., &c. At Hammersmith Bridge, &c., &c. Before the leading eight arrived at Chiswick, &c., &c. Here a small boat, &c., &c. In vain, &c., &c. But they soon, &c., &c. Under Barnes Bridge they, &c., &c. Here the stroke of the, &c., &c., made one, &c., &c. Up Mortlake Reach, &c., &c. It was very generally remarked, &c., &c. A veteran, &c., &c. Then, as the leading boat dashed past the "Ship," &c., &c., and the all-absorbing event of the day was decided, &c., &c. The banks of the river, so crowded an hour ago, &c., &c. There was nothing left to remind, &c., &c. Blue flag waving, &c., &c. University Boat-Race of 1879 was a feature of the past, &c., &c., had added another leaf to her laurels!

PROJECTS SUBMITTED TO PUNCH.

(Political, Protectional, Philanthropic, and Pedagogic.)

1. Project for giving popular novelists gratuitous instruction in French and Music.
2. Project for the extermination of all the savage tribes bordering upon the outlying portions of the British Empire, and their subsequent civilisation by the introduction of Christianity and clothing.
3. Project for a universal method by which teachers may be taught to teach, as soon as an agreement can be arrived at by the projectors, whether the capital to be raised for the method shall be invested,
   (a) In assorted cane and birches, or,
   (b) In moral influence tracts.
4. Project for compelling railway companies to invent a system of perpetual motion at an insensible velocity, capable of being at once checked by means of an infallible brake, and to abolish human liability to fatigue or oversight, carelessness, or stupidity.
5. Project to maintain the balance of wealth in the pockets of fools who hope to make money with their eyes shut, from the pockets of fools who have no objection to lose money with their eyes open, to be realised by the formation of a Commercial Failure Lottery Company. Capital, eighteen millions, with a carefully devised legal machinery for making away with assets and destroying dividends.
Economies.—(1) In cost of raw material; (2) in cost of transport from the interior to the seaboard; (3) in cost of dye, as the raw material is of a natural, agreeable, and fast colour.

7. Project for a company to do everybody else's business.

INJUABLE INJIA;

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY FUZZELI PRINCES.

Chapter II.

How the Specially-Commissioned Received Instructions and went off, and how very one heard the Report—Arrived in India—First Adventure.

"And with the means at your disposal" (here he pointed to my sketch-book and box of paints) "you will have admirable opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of the populace generally."

"You wish to drive the natives," I remarked, quietly.

This sent him into convulsions. On his recovery, I continued—

"I cheerfully accept the mission. In the service of my Imperial Sovereign toil is a pleasure. Hitherto I have only taken the boards of "natives," henceforth I will take their heads."

And once more he was seized with such writhings of laughter that I thought there wouldn't have been a single button left on his Court suit.

In brief, I arranged terms, to which, as a matter of delicacy, I make no further allusion here, except to say that "promotion money," and that if I am consorted with a baronetcy, it will be nothing more than is absolutely due to me; and if I am not, I shall be compelled to make the whole affair public, and ask whether I have been justly treated. If it's to be an Indian title, I should choose to be Sir Eliz Jethro, of Punpipe. Motto—"In the Service of the Tamil."

But to return—or rather to proceed. The terms were arranged—so much down on starting, and so much a head afterwards. I was to be limited as to heads. Of course, not for one moment did I expect that any difficulty would arise—exaggerating my character for honesty and veracity, or I should never have gone.

However, I had been summoned, and when a brave man, and a man, whose word is his bond, is called out—noblese oblige—he must go!

Suffice it, that I went.

The day of my departure from London will always be remembered in the annals of English history, whenever they come to be written by some competent person.

I stepped on the platform, prepared to enter the train, and made a few short speeches to the guards and porters, who crowded round to bid me farewell. Then the bells rang out merrily, the signal was given, there was one despairing shriek—whether from the engine, or from some person in the crowd who had fainted—poor girl!—I could not stop to inquire.

"India's mine oyster," I said to myself—not a bad audience for a quotation)—"and I'll astonish the Native in his little bed."

In the course of the intracnal narrative on which I was annually obliged to speak of myself, the reader will kindly forgive what is almost a necessity laid on me by the nature of the case. I determined to keep a journal, but finding I couldn’t keep it, I flung it away, week by week, to a friend in town, from whom I expected to receive it entire on my return. Ah! that friend! First, when I came back, he "denied ever having received it at all!" But on being informed that a reward would be given for its discovery, he found it himself in a secret drawer, and consented to deliver it to my agent, on condition—first, of my paying the postage, which he declared I had invariably omitted; secondly, of my reimbursing him for his trouble in reading and correcting it; thirdly, for its house-room; fourthly, the wages of an extra man who had to take it by turns to sit up all night, so as not to miss a post from India; and fifthly, something for himself.

My agent agreed to these terms, and my own MSS. once more came into my possession.

The reader will find here no thrilling adventures of the chace—though I was more run after than any Englishman who ever set foot on Indian soil—and but few camel's-hairbreath escapes by flood and field; though, let me say, in all humility, that what the reader will find here, of this kind of thing, is far more exciting than the narratives of the most daring travellers, and—need I add?—infinitely more trustworthy. Pencils went to America—Pencils went to India. First was a Quaker; the latter never quaked in his life. I am a jolly fellow, a good fellow, a kind, noble, generous, lion-hearted! I have been trained like the hardy Norseman, whose house of yore was on the stormy sea; and there are few things I cannot do thoroughly well, though I must apologise for mentioning these apparently unimportant details. Yet, if I don't, who shall?

Not to dwell on personal matters, needlessly, I will simply say that I have seen more of India than any one man ever yet saw who was unable to be in more than two places at once, or who could not avail himself of such opportunities as were offered to me of seeing double.

Quad scribblae, scribblae—& the terse, emphatic, hearty, impressive, familiar, diplomatic English of my jovial Journal in Injiable India, the reader will find, as it leaves me at present, unimpaired by time, unpolished by touching-up, unpretentiously, unpretending. If, in telling tales out of school—in my time we were whipped for telling tales in school, when we should have been at our task, then, if I, say, in doing this I have unwittingly offended anybody, no matter who She be or He be—a cup of nectar, Hebe, and forgive yours truly—I humbly apologise, as a howe by somebody says in some play or other, that "no offence will be taken where none was ever intended."

But I have told how the Rajah of Hellebore poisoned two of his wives, his kind uncle, and a few relations one morning at breakfast, and how, subsequently, he himself nearly died of laughing at the effect of the practical joke; how he was so well, and how, so well, that he had to take it by turns to sit up all night, so as not to miss a post from India; and how, as somebody says in some play or other, that "no offence will be taken where none was ever intended."
I have hesitated to print some of these funny stories, of which the above is a specimen, as many of them—such as roasting the Nizam's Grandmother, getting up a match between a Begum and a Bengal Tiger, to amuse a visitor, and so forth—were done with the best possible intentions, and my mentioning them again might be considered a breach of hospitality. If it is, I beg pardon; for I am not going back again to India, and I don't care!

As to my spelling, I choose what pleases me, and that’s enough. They want me to remain in India and be their Draughtsman. But I said “No; I do not want to interfere with native talent; and if you have a draughtsman among you, he ought to be a Black Draughtsman.” This was a side-splitter that sent twenty Begums into convulsions, and made two Englishmen roar.

But ring the bell. Up goes the curtain, and discovers Cousin Dick’s Diary.

First Day in India,—Hot. Hired a servant. His name is Rummi. He calls me Jholi Sahib. I understand enough Hindoostanee, though I have to brush it up a bit—and this is the first use of my brush in India—to tell him that I feel ill Jholi.

But early with Sheik Al Eer, the well-known donkey-driver. Caught cold. Surprised at this, as though there was no cold in India. Though not much of a sportsman, of course I’m certain of bagging my two hundred and fifty brace on the Mocres, but on the Moore is one thing, and among the Indians is quite another pair of shoots—so I brought out my gun here just to have a shot at a rajpoot in a sort of wild duck, and very good eating, and anything else, that, when stuffed, might be of service to me as a model. Of course to what use I may put it, whether as a model, or as an entrée, depends on the stuffing.

3 A.M.—Shot a rajpoot. Rummi cooked it, and—confound him!—Rummi ate it. Evidently conscious of having done something wrong, Rummi disappeared. Epigram on this occasion—

RUMMI COOKD IT, 
Ate it, hoak'd it.

After breakfast, walked about India looking for Rowr. Here it is:

This is a mere sketch, but, I choose Rg leases me, and that’s enough. I remain in India and be their Draughtsman, and that’s enough.

I hope have heard the last of that.

What happened on the first.

Recruting commenced for the Royal Irish Brigade of Guards. Somebody started (voluntarily) a society to publish his novel, The Witch Lady of Wormley (in three volumes), at his own risk. Young Hartman married on £60 a year. The Irish Obstructive M.P.’s held a meeting, and entered into a solemn League and Covenant not to purchase any refreshments within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament until Home Rule was conceded by the Government. The Khedive of Egypt dreamed that he had negotiated a fresh loan for a considerable amount in England. Tom Clodsbury sent in his picture—"The Apotheosis of Gold"—(16 feet by 10) to the Royal Academy. Young Hartman married on £60 a year. McRipples’ Bills for the total and immediate suppression of Co-operative Societies, were submitted to both Houses of Parliament. Walkemshaw, the unrivalled pedestrian, commenced his great task of hopping twice round London, the second time backwards. Simplemore asked his butcher (Old Briskett) to give him his unprejudiced opinion about American beef. Holders of gas shares strengthened each other in the comforting belief that electric lighting was an impossibility; at least, in this generation.

Dick Wheatear took a farm—poor soil, insufficient capital, indifferent landlord, and ground game in swarms. Little Fryer had his hair (thin at the top) cut, and was induced to buy a bottle of Electric Gold Balsam (6s. 6d.). Applications were made for shares in several new Companies, including Cyprus Coffee-Taverns, Fiji Saw-Mills, and Metropolitan and Suburban (Lavender) Water Carts.

Old Lawaburt instituted an action for the balance of a disputed account amounting to £11 odd.

Nina, Nona, Brenda, and a good many more foolish girls and women, painted—their own faces.

Unmerited people, as usual, gave to beggars, became security, bought great bargains (which they did not want), lent umbrellas, made promises, ate and drank too much, read polomatical Divinity, wrote grievance-letters to the papers, arranged for the publication of their Poems, and contributed to Mr. Punch’s waste-paper basket.
INFORMAL INTRODUCTIONS.

Apple-Cutter. "Here you are, Gents! All four of 'em Sweet and Fresh as can be!"

SHALL SIR BARTLE HAVE A TESTIMONIAL?

As Mr. Punch can hardly doubt that the return to the bosom of his country of Her Majesty's enterprising High Commissioner in South Africa (if it can only be brought about), deserves and will receive, whether spontaneously, or at the small end of the wedge, prompt and conspicuous commemoration at the hands of a relieved World, a comforted Cabinet, and a grateful British Tax-payer, he would suggest an inscribed monolith on Wormwood Scrubbs, the Thames Embankment, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall Place, Clerkenwell Green, or some other equally favourite national site.

The following sketch of an inscription has been submitted to Mr. Punch by his Sixth Form Correspondent. If a little on the lines of a well-known classic model in the Abbey, it may, he hopes, be worth the consideration of any Committee who may take the matter up:

BARTLEI FRERE,
PHILOSOPHI, PHILANTHROPI, PERCULSORIS,
AUC PRAC. AFRICANORUM GENTEM
QUI NULLAM PERE NON TETIGIT,
NULLAM QUAM TETIGIT NON TURNAVIT,
IVS FINIS EMERT MOVENDI,
IVS LEVIS,
PACTORUM,
CALLIS APUD AUDACIS INCURATEGENSIS,
INGENII, IMPERII, INTEGRITATIS,
ORATIONE, CONCIITATI, TORRENTI, ORNATI,
DOMUM REDITUM,
EUROPA, AFRICA, AFRICANAE REMISSI,
EXCEMA PUBLICIS GENTIBUS REMISSI,
RECTITABILI BRITANNICIS JUBILATIS,
HOC MONUMENTO
CONCELEBRANVERUNT.

CAPE W(rib).—Lord Chelmsford's despatch of the 9th of February.

A NEW LIGHT GUN.

Gentlemen of the Gun Club, it may perhaps interest you to know that a French Captain, M. Vassex, has proposed, in La Nature, an idea, said to have been originally conceived by M. Maziére, of a "photographic gun." As you may suppose, this invention is so named from being designed "for fixing birds in their flight."

"This gun, which is fitted with Bertam's automatic camera obscura, is actuated by means of a trigger, but this trigger, instead of the usual action, releases a rectangular sliding screen, which has a round aperture in the centre to let the light pass, whilst it intercepts its two extremities. Should it be desired to produce at one operation a series of successive attitudes, the construction of a 'photographic revolver' would offer no greater difficulty than the gun described."

There, Gentlemen and Sportsmen, is a kind of gun by which you may be enabled to shoot live birds on the wing without hurting them. You bring down their photographs, and not themselves, but of course it must require at least as steady and skilful an aim to photograph them as it does to shoot them, so that the sport is all the same; and as for the fair damsels who countenance your exploits by their charming presence, they would surely derive additional enjoyment from seeing you hit off the pretty pigeons without killing them.

"What's in a Name?" indeed!

If a Gentleman is unlucky enough to bear the name of "Bake-
well," he should really not write letters to the newspapers in advocacy of Cremation, or see the consequence! Punch's obvious punsters will be set a-going, and the three extra waste-paper baskets will have to be put into requisition!

Do, Mr. BAKEWELL, have a little consideration, and recognise the obligations your name imposes upon you!

By a BEASTLY OLD BACHELOR.—A Married Man's fate (in brief).

Hooked, Booked, Cooked.

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Hooked, Booked, Cooked.
HOT PIES!

Master Bensamin.

"THANK YOU, NO MORE AT PRESENT! WE'VE QUITE AS MUCH AS WE CAN MANAGE. THANK YOU!"
GOX TO CREW.

EADY now! Steady now! All in with sweeping stroke! Dash away! Flash away! Eight good men on keeping stroke. Ding-dong! Swing along! Eight blades below the waves! Hissing back, kissing back, gurgling, laughing go the waves! Gliding on, sliding on, see the willows sitting by.

On the banks, in crowded ranks, see the girls sitting by! Duty calls! Beauty of the camp, good ship leap along! With forward spring and backward swinging at sixt—arm-power; sweep along!

Heads aloft, caps all doffed, pull yourselves together! With a flash, on we dash! Even with your feather, men! Well done, Stroke! Bravo, Stroke! Call upon 'em cheerily! One good spur won't much hurt, though backs and arms ache wearily. Water rough? Sure enough! What's a little wetting, though? Stiffish breeze? Better ease. If she gets upsetting though, let her go! Better go to Davy's locker pluckily! Never funk! If she's sunk, we can all swim, luckily!

Nearer now, clearer now looms the goal in front of us! Hear 'em there, cheering there! Show 'em pluck's the wont of us! Where's our foe? There they go—creeping up with steady stroke. Cut 'em out! Shut 'em out! For a spurt be ready, Stroke! One good spurt; and win! The hard-fought victory! Ours the hard-fought victory!

CIVIL AND MILITARY.

LORD CHELMSFORD, before entering on the Zulu "campaign," published a handy little pamphlet for the information of his officers and men, in which he gave rules for conducting hostilities in Africa. From the desponding and doleful tone of some of his recent despatches, his Lordship's retirement from his command seems not an impossible contingency. It would be a pity if his recent despatches, his Lordship's retirement from his command should carry out this intention till he has appended an additional chapter to his instructive and (when followed) no doubt useful brochure: something to this effect:—

CHAPTER LAST.—How to Insure a Defeat, and how to behave under it.

Having carefully perused and mastered the above rules for successfully engaging the Zulus, all that now remains will be deliberately to march in their teeth.

Knowing that a strongly-fortified camp is the key and nucleus of defence against this vigilant and active enemy, the commanding officer should quietly move off with the bulk of his force, leaving the tents unretrenched, and the wagons unparked in lasage. He may, at the same time, send verbal orders that the camp is to be defended.

If the enemy presents himself, he cannot do wrong to follow him up. It will be time enough when the enemy proves himself a wight of the Wisp, whose object has been to mislead and draw away the opposing force, to treat him accordingly.

While advancing, he had better not weaken his force by dashes against reconnaissances, and should turn a deaf ear to all such disguising reports as that firing is going on in the direction of the camp he has left behind him.

There will be no harm in, in order to show his sense of the responsibility of his position, he, later in the day, order one of his Staff to go to the top of a hill with a telescope, and look towards the camp.

WEAPONS OF WAR.

From some recent controversy in some of the newspapers respecting the swords supplied to the British Cavalry, it appears that the steel scabbards of these weapons are so ill made that the edge of any good sword would very soon get blunted by one of them through the mere act of drawing the weapon and sheathing it. But this, if, as further appears, the British Cavalry sword will not cut, of course does not signify. For that sword a steel scabbard is as good as any other could be. In the meanwhile, the sword of the British Cavalry soldier seems to be of about as much use to him in action as if it were a cudgel or a club. Eight blue steel scabbards as well seem to be needed in order that our cold troopers may smite their enemies with the edge of the sword more effectually than they could with the back of.

EGYPTIAN BONDS AND BONSMEN.

The peasantry of the land of Egypt appear to be in a state of destitution perfectly disgraceful to their Master. Exortion, leaving them scarcely the means of existence, threatens to reduce the "Nile Population" to misery at least. "Nile bloom and fruit." Such nihilism is even worse than that of the Russians. Talk of the flesh-pots of Egypt, when some poor Egyptian Fanatics have scarcely bread to eat, much less flesh! The peasantry of Egypt are in suffering, in more senses than one, under Egyptian bondage. The modern Egyptians may own their forefathers beneath whose Pharaohs it was the Jews, and not the Egyptians themselves, who groaned under Egyptian bondage. The Egyptians of to-day revere the memory of the Jews, who rule the money-market, in bitter bondage to their own Pharaohs.

A Close Shaver.

From a North Country paper we extract the following advertisement, from one who evidently knows how to move with the age, and is determined to cut his chins according to his times:—

Notice.—Important REDUCTION of 50 per cent. in SHAVING. To all who are suffering through the present Depression of Trade, and are willing to shave twice when they only shaved once, the above reduction will be made by —— Hairdresser, Todmorden.

He will, of course, be satisfied by the assurance of the Staff officer "that he thinks it's all right." If late in the evening he sees reason to suspect that the enemy have been playing him a trick, as savages will, his best course will probably be to fall back on his camp, and should he find the camp defended, the stores plundered, and its defenders slaughtered to a man, it will be his duty to put up with this extremely disagreeable state of things with all the equanimity he can command.

Now is the time for extreme caution. Should there be reason to conclude that the enemy is moving off, and that he must be encumbered with spoil, the best plan will be to let him pass unmolested.

On the other hand, should he come across a handful of men who have hold a position of the utmost importance against overwhelming odds for a long winter's night, he may safely "thank them very much." An advertisement in the paper.

After this, he should lose no time in instituting a strict Official Inquiry how the mischief has come about. Should it be proved by "supplementary testimony," (furnished by officers of his personal staff, that the Commander-in-Chief is not responsible, and that somebody else has been to blame, all the better for the Commander-in-Chief, and all the worse for somebody else.

Having brought matters to this point, he will stand aside and wait for events.

BROTHERS IN ADVERSITY.—CHELMSFORD ET FREE.
CAPE SMOKE.

What if we were to condense all the South African Blue-books and all the South-African Debates into this?—

Her Majesty Queen Victoria (per Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner, &c.) to Cetewayo, King of Zululand.

I demand that you alter the law of your kingdom which prohibits your Majesty's military subjects from marrying, and that within three weeks from the date hereof you permit the whole of your Majesty's military subjects from marrying, and that within forty thousand celibate gladiators to marry freely, as a term of the trade: thieves' Latin. Beware of Bosh, avoid and eschew Bosh of all kinds, but particularly Bosh the counterpart of Butter. As fine words butter no parsnips, so neither can Bosh; and just now, when salt fish is in season, persons fasting on that luxury should take special care that Bosh is not made to do duty for Butter in their egg-sauce.

Experience and Wisdom.

Here is a suggestive little cutting from a contemporary—

"The Daily News correspondent at Rangoon telegraphs that it is not intended to send any ultimatum to the King of Burman. The policy is to wait for the movement of Burmese troops.

Just the opposite policy to that pursued by Sir Bartle Frere in South Africa. Experientia docet.

"Arms and the Man."

It is suggested by Mr. Mitchell Henry that the Secretary of State should give Harbin a landed estate. If so, he had better give him a Coat of Arms with it. May we suggest for a crest a Death's head, with Harbin on a label issuing out of the mouth, Cross-bones, and motto, Requisitis in Pacis.

A SAW FOR THE SEASON (see recent Weather Reports).—March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a Nottingham lamb.

CYPRUS FOR 'ARRY (definition a la Dike).—A place of more 'arms than 'elps.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.—The Duke and Duchess on their travels.

CAFE SMOKE.

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I demand that you alter the law of your kingdom which prohibits your Majesty's military subjects from marrying, and that within three weeks from the date hereof you permit the whole of your forty thousand celibate man-slaying gladiators to marry freely, otherwise my troops will be ordered to advance and kill as many as possible of your soldiers (who must want to be married), in order to obtain this most desirable and moral privilege for them.

His Majesty King Cetewayo to Victoria, Queen of England, &c.

I have received your Majesty's demand, per High Commissioner Sir Bartle Frere. When I am assured that the men of your Majesty's own Army are permitted to marry freely, I shall be happy to accede to your Majesty's request.

Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner, &c., to Sir M. H. Beach, Her Majesty's Secretary of State, &c.—(Extract).

"As a result of the foregoing indirect communication, our troops advanced into the territory of King Cetewayo, and on the 22nd January, at a position named Isandlana, eight hundred British and Colonial soldiers (married and unmarried) after killing three thousand Zulu soldiers (unmarried), were themselves slaughtered, leaving some hundreds of widows and children, the burden of whose maintenance will, no doubt, be readily borne by a grateful country.

"As the inhabitants of Zululand still decline acceptance to my conciliatory proposals, I must urgently request the despatch of reinforcements of English soldiers to take the place of their slaughtered comrades, in what will, I fear, be a most bloody and prolonged struggle.

"I regret that my views should be, as you inform me they are, in direct opposition to those of Her Majesty's Government. But I trust Her Majesty's Government will not interfere with my work, either of civilization or of defence, in this highly interesting country.

I have the honour to be, &c.

P.S.—It would be better, if possible, to send out only unmarried men. I find there is something to be said for a force of celibate man-slaying gladiators, after all.

DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE!

Here is an advertisement to which it is the duty of Punch, as a "friend of humanity," to give all the aid of his publicity. But the embarras de choix this amiable advertiser is preparing for himself! Unless, indeed, his object is merely to gauge the heights and depths of human folly. If we could only give him the run of our waste-paper basket, he would find there are fools in the world not unlike to take him au sérieux—

COUNTRY BOARD and RESIDENCE OFFERED, thirty miles from London. A small, quiet, wealthy family, possessed of a fine, comfortable mansion, situate high and dry. The park and pleasure grounds beautifully wooded, twenty-five acres. Fine ranges of stables, every article of the trade: thieves' Latin. Beware of Bosh, avoid and eschew Bosh of all kinds, but particularly Bosh the counterpart of Butter. As fine words butter no parsnips, so neither can Bosh; and just now, when salt fish is in season, persons fasting on that luxury should take special care that Bosh is not made to do duty for Butter in their egg-sauce.

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CYPRUS FOR 'ARRY (definition a la Dike).—A place of more 'arms than 'elps.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.—The Duke and Duchess on their travels.

AWAKENED CONSCIENCE-MONEY.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of five shillings from 'Arry, as a fine for having cut his name on a national monument.
is a strain of triumph at the happy termination of the Caffre War then just concluded, and of events, as Lord Cutchmore had asked for a Major-General, the Duke has sent him four. African prospects and retrospects, political and strategical, still wants clearing. At all gratitude to the Duke for giving him such a command. Has the ass gone astray, or is the Duke oblivious, or Lord Cutchmore obfuscated? This point, like other points in South-watchful Lord Stratheden and Campbell) because it had no excuse for staying. ments, and so have we; and Thess is no reason to anticipate that either mean to break. (This seem, as Atemus Ward used to say, to be meant sarcastic) in Lord Salisbury's.

Our Fleet has retired from the Sea of Marmora (as Lord Salisbury explained to sedulously prolonged exertion, bodily and mental, because, as it is unjust and unequal mischievous taxation, buy out the Sultan, spend revenue in much needed improvements, make the island a free port, lay down roads, drain towns and marshes, supply public works, and plant forests—in short, work in the spirit thus condensed by Colonel Warren:

"You may not approve of our being here; but we have to labour to make England's name—her oun Congress, to set matters to-rights as between Britannia and Aphrodite and her respective isles, for good, and all."

So Punch does. He says dito to Mr. Brassey and Colonel Warren. But forced labour has an ugly look. It is un-English, because, as a rule, it is unjust and unequal in its pressure: so the less Sir Garnet Wolseley trusts to it, even for so good a purpose as road-making, the better. There can be no worse road even to the best end than by covey.

In the spicy little professional pitch-in' with the gloves between Sir W. V. Halsey and Sir John Holker—on the legal mess we have got ourselves into, by consenting to hold the island as existing under its locum-tenentes, till between English and Turkish law we find ourselves hung up, like Mahomet's Coffin—Sir William got home heavily in several rounds, but Sir John came up smiling under punishment.

The Chanceller saw Mr. Punch didn't see the practical good of the night's discussion. Nor does Mr. Punch. But that is no reason why the House should not find the House in a few hours from the froth from which she sprang. But why doesn't Col. Wisdom alive? Why don't Honourable Members engage Mr. Hepworth Dixon to give them a lecture on the island he has taken under his pen and his protection, and to set matters to-rights as between Britannia and Aphrodite and their respective isles, for good, and all.

Tuesday. — A field-night in the Lords. Royal personages as tight as preserved peas in a cannister. Foesters in the Gallery as close-set as Sowers at a Horticultural Show.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, in a logical, incisive, searching, and exaggerated speech, supported the indictment against Sir Bartle Frere, first, for declaring war against the Zulus without imperative necessity, adequate preparation, or proper authority; and, secondly, against Her Majesty's Government, for censuring without recalling him.

This was the opening of the case which, in both Lords and Commons, has occupied the whole week of the time of Parliament and the attention of the country.

Both the wisdom of Sir Bartle Frere's policy, and the propriety of his official conduct, are at issue. He has made war on his own hook, at which the Government think, unnecessarily, or, at least, unseasonably, and, worse still, as we all know, unsuccessively. He has made a very good case for making a Jonah of him, and they have chosen not to throw him over.

Lord Carnarvon is just the man to defend a policy which looks high-minded as well as high-couraged. The Motion was a Vote of Censure, and it must be met with a negative. Sir Bartle Frere should have submitted his ultimatum before sending it to Cetewayo, but the policy of war was defensible. Attack might be the best defence. The Colonel is such a splendid man, though the Government didn't.

They were for avoiding war, and abstaining from annexation. But even if Sir Bartle had made a mistake, his antecedents entitled him to condemnation, not condemnation.

Lord Blachford said the Government had blown the right note, but had not blown it long enough.

So Lord Blachford imitated the Government, and was invisible in the Gallery. Lord Carnarvon supping at Sir Bartle Frere. That capable and long-tried servant was Frere by name and Frere by nature—alike disposed to look black as a man and a brother. Lord Carnarvon hoped he would not throw up
from Mitchell Henry, the extra-Hibernian Galway boy, to Broomey-Davenport, the wag of Warickshire.

But Lord Sandon was against pulling up the plant to see how the root was getting on. The Act was only three years old. Had times been better upon the farmers for four years. There may be a good time coming—for British innoculums, only let them "wait a little longer."

Lord Hartington was an Anti. The agricultural shoe did pinch, wondrously, and the Committee might find where the pinch was. The Act was a dead letter, and the Committee might bury it, with all the honours of a blue-book. He hoped the farmers would take a wider view of their political responsibilities and see their way to throw over their coördinated friends, the Conservatives, and go in for support of the Liberals and overhauling of the whole Landlord and Tenant question.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer—

"A jee to his jeering gave him back."

Government couldn't be responsible for bad harvests and low prices: and there was quite enough in that way to explain the farmers' distresses, without lugging in the poor Agricultural Holdings Act.

Motion negatived by 166 to 115, and debate adjourned on Mr. O'Donnell's Amendment, which ingeniously hitched Irish tenant's grievances on to the tail of English farmers' wagon-load of woes.

Wednesday.—Sir J. McKenna wants to get rid of an old relic of the dark times of 1798—the "Irish Convention Act"—which was framed, it seems, to make penal all public meetings pretending to be "Parliaments," and taking in a great many more public meetings than it was aimed at.

The Government agrees to support a Bill for confining this old remnant of penal laws and revolutionary times to its consummate limits; and Sir J. McKenna content with this concession, withdraws his Bill.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord Beaconsfield brings in a Bill to transfer the Irish Synod of Divinity from Trinity College, Dublin, which has cast its sectarian slough, to the representative body of Ireland; and nobody seems able to give any very good reason why not.

(Comment.)—The battle of Sir Bartle, already fought in the Lords, fought over again in the Commons on exactly the same lines, and with the same weapons. Sir Charles Dilke opponent, Sir M. Hicks-Beach respondent. Why should Punch go over the well-beaten ground—particularly as the debate was adjourned?

Mr. E. Stanhope was blocked by Messrs. Forster and Goschen in a rather bumptious way, and in the small hours, a very big little Bill for enabling the Indian Government to borrow ten millions in this country, and thereby intensify every financial ailment from which India is suffering.

Friday (Lords).—The Marquis of Huntley moving for a Select Committee on agricultural distress, Lord Beaconsfield gave the best reason why it was likely to do the farmers any good, and explained, much as Lord Sandon did on Tuesday, how Free Trade, by keeping down prices, may have aggravated the farmers' suffering from bad harvests, in the same proportion as it has loused the pinch of the farmers' customers. (Comment.)—The South-African Debate continued. Fierce assault on Sir Bartle Ferees and Lord Chelmsford by Sir Robert Peel, Sir Henry Holland, a friend and office-holder under the Government, obliged to go against them. Debate again adjourned. It is plain that though Government will of course have their majority, the Debate has damaged them, and perplexed not a few of their supporters. It is becoming but too clear that the Cabinet have made a mull altogether of South-African matters, civil and military, and have not the place to right either.

A Pious Wish.

(By a Moderate Baronet, in his Cups—of Tee.)

"The Government are planting gum-trees in Cyprus."

The gum-tree, rich in leaf and blossom, Forms the home of the Opossum; The Government soon may I see In Cyprus safely up that tree! W. L.
THE FARMER'S FORTUNES.

(A Fancy Picture, after reading a great deal of Correspondence on Agricultural Projects, from the Landlord's point of view.)

Here he sat—

"Farmer" B. Griss, for a change, in spite of the aristocratic presence of a gentleman's plate in the drawer, was as humble as he usually was, and still called himself the same old farm in a luncheon room—just bolted without a word about the farm—in a really luxurious sort of a place—just bolted—without a word about his station. Of course it was all a dream, he supposed.

"Do you see those portraits?" he shouted. "I mean, Mother, you organise a site well! We bay peep, Aaah, asked a lot of Trinity men to up here for a month or so. So do Gavnot?" he said, in a tone that seemed to rin Christchurch bridge so soon said Mrs. De Griss, fondly returning her sons' names.

Guy'nor, suppose we overhaul your clothes? He would certainly make a better man of it. If you tell me, my dear, about your station, I'll teach you how to make butter and cheese and home-brewed beer and gooseberry wine. How they would have laughed at the idea of keeping a German governness, or ofoustache sommo shuttling about with breechloaders in their hands, or riding to hunt with a buckstaff and hounds. But they knew how to keep the wolf from the door, and to defy the competition of foreign farmers. You are looking at the pictures of your grandfather and grandmother—the masters of your fortunes!

"We have them a fortune," said Mrs. De Gries, with a sigh of relief.

"Oh," thundered the old man, "you haven't! What with extravagance, show, and neglect, my account at your bankers has dwindled down to nothing. There now, the secret's out, and I wish you were dead!"

The members of the family were very pale—the Ladies sobbing the boys decided ill at ease. The last Plankensmart plucked up courage to ask a question, "What do you intend to do, Father?"

There was a pause, and then came the words which filled the family with feelings of distress, dismay, despair:

"What do I intend to do? Why, give up this tomfoolery, and, here the voice of the old man faltered as he announced his terrible but necessary resolution, "and, in point of fact, to return to business!"

Mrs. De Gries and the Misses De Gries threw up their arms, gave three piercing shrieks, and fainted!

PICTURES (NOT YET) ACCEPTED FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Asking for More. A silly boy who has broken all his tin soldiers, requests his elderly nurse to entice him back to the toy shop. The picture contains portraits of a eminent warrior and a yet more eminent statesman. Artist, Sir R.—B.—ET P.—T., Bart.


a Pair of Pumpa. Portrait of Sir Wilfred L.—N—ting standing near the famous erection in Aldgate. Artist, Mr. B.—?—M. P.

The Honest Thief. Historical painting of His Highness the King of Egypt, sternly insisting upon paying the Coupons of the Unified Debt in full. Artist, Mr. R.—Y.—E—W—L—S.—N.


A Swap.

Sir Bartle Frere, Roi des Zulus, And my Lord Chelmsford with his sword on, We'll throw o'er, my Kheereet, to you, If you'll throw us your Colonel Gordon.

A Test of Totality.

It is announced that Sir Wilfred Lawson (assisted by some twenty Members of Parliament) is to lay the foundation-stone of a Temperance Hospital on the 8th of May. Let us drink success to the Temperance Hospital. If patients affected with delirium tremens are admitted, it will here be seen whether such cases can be successfully treated without a hair of the dog that bit them.

Right Hat on Right Head.

Wine, Hope to give, and worthy Priest to take.

The Hat, to wear which duly asks a true man; We'll throw o'er, my Kheereet, to you, Though there's no need of it to make a Newman.
KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Mrs. Penanby de Tomby (into voice to her husband), "POSHURY!" "Yes, my love." "Who is that, singing so divinely?" "Shriker Jenkins, my love, the famous new tenor." "Shriker Jenkins, is it? Then get yourself introduced to Shriker Jenkins as soon as he's done his song, and secure him for Monday fortnight." "But, my love, Shriker Jenkins charges forty guineas!" "Tell Shriker Jenkins that it's to meet the Duchess of Stilton, and he won't charge anything at all." "But, my love, the Duchess of Stilton will never come to see the likes of us!" "She'll come past enough to hear Shriker Jenkins! Do as I tell you!"

(Penally did as she told him, and everything happened as she had anticipated. The Duchess came, and a good many more smart people besides; and the singer sang for nothing, but to the inexpressible honour and glory of the House of Tomby. Oliver Mrs. P. Y.)
Lord Lytton may be in the habit of making the country pay for "wiring" to Her Majesty; but if so, the messages are private and confidential, and Government has no official knowledge of them.

Zulu debate continued under pressure. Twenty-two Liberals, said Sir J. Goldsmid, and twice as many on the other side, had something to say, and wanted to say it. Sir Stafford Northcote said they must cut their debate according to their time. As there wasn't another night to spare, they must get to division to-night.

Mr. Courtenay re-opened the fight. He claims the honours of a prophet of evil. All the ill—and more—which he foretold from annexation of the Transvaal have come. Encouraged by this distinct fulfilment of prophecy, Mr. Courtenay proceeded to prophecy other unpleasant things. When we were off with Cetewayo and his Zulus, we should be on with Sekoceni and his Caffres, and with Joubertin.
Mr. O'CONNOR Power took the wrongs of Zululand as text for a "discourse" on the wrongs of Ireland. He entered his protest against the combined cruelty and hypocrisy of English policy in South Africa.

Mr. Gosset didn't see why Government should resign if the House carried the Resolution. The fact was, that the Government could not be said to have lost its head as a Colony. They wanted to make the best of a bad case. Sir Bartle's was a very bad case. But if it hadn't been for the disaster at Isandhlwana, they would never have heard anything of a censure on Sir Bartle. He should vote for the Resolution. It would get rid of Sir Bartle, without doing any great harm to Her Majesty's Government.

Sir W. V. Harcourt said there was no fear of that. The Government had laid down the principle that public servants who had received the severest censure should stay at their posts. Sir William proceeded to cut up Sir Bartle and his Blue-Book, then to spit him on a sharp and well-pointed argument, and finally to roast him at a smart fire of effective epigram. The original mischiefs were not the annexation of the Transvaal, but that when we annexed it we did in Boerdom as the Boers did. Sir Bartle's arbitration was like Nast's delivering an ultimatum to Napoleon. He said the Zulu lands must be given back, but that the wrongful occupiers must not be disturbed. He stood condemned by his own words and deeds as well as by the Government that employed him. His acts were those of a man of experience, ability, and judgment; and judgment would not have committed. His despatches were alike devoid of logic, temper, and dignity—mere special pleadings, in overcharged language, in favour of foregone conclusions. The Government could not take Sir Bartle for a small boy, and so Sir Runsome SHEPSON, recall Sir Bartle in even plainer terms. The Resolution, if filled with pliant officials; and the Colonel was glad Government had resolved to meet it with an emphatic "No!"

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pay from £110 to £135, and seventy-five officers' sons who at £81 10s, | therewith, and not under Common Law! Think of that, O buried

Mr. PARKES, as one of the Public Schools' Commission, would
advise the House to approach the subject in a judicial and judicious

Mr. Gladstone, whose son-in-law, Dr. Benson, is Head Master, naturally

The son-in-law, Dr. Basson, is ob Master, ny on her products, is

Mr. Youse said...
Mr. Robewett moved for the law...
PITY A POOR CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

It should have been better, yet might have been worse.
The man who of Ministers calls or most pity
Is hard-pressed Pill-Garlic, who carries the purse,
And has to conciliate the Court and the City.
Ah me! I have ne'er been allowed half a chance
To swell by one page the romance of finance!
On statistical wings it were pleasant to soar,
Make a Budget as thrilling as any new novel.
When Gladstone—but such sunny times are no more;
I must painfully potter and proudly grovel.
There is little to stir one to eloquence sweet
In the arduous effort to make both ends meet.

No sensation finance! Well, that's all very fine,
I appreciate safety and steady sobriety;
Fine phrases and fireworks are scarce in my line,
Yet a good bouncing Surplus would make a variety.
I could dream of a Budget that Bon L'oeuvre bewilders,
And scrunches up Gladstone, and Goschen, and Childers.

That dream for the Beaconsfield régime reserves
Remission of taxes, and lus and glitter:
My schemes have been spoilt by this Zulu affair,
And my balance upset by that beastly Cetewayo.
Lord B. says 'twill be all square, but as yet
All the credit seems his—I've to look to the debt.

Heroic finance I'm not free to essay:
The reverse would involve me in instant hot water
With Liberal critics, in hostile array.
Who's too watchful by half, and would give me no quarter.
By the Zulu—confound him!—of surplus bereft,
A safe ris médin's all that seems left.
Ticklish treading! But bills will not look quite so large
If I spread 'em a little and put off their payment.
The Country might start at full sight of the charge
For Imperial airs, and the requisite raiment.
I leave them a handle my scheme to abuse:
If that does not content them, it ought to amuse.

'Tisn't easy to pay for Lord B.'s little wars,
And for giving the Afghan and Zulu hot toko,
By a trifle of twopence a pound on Cigars,
And a—ah, to be sure—a small duty on Cocoa.
As for raising the Income-tax, that might tell—*
So there's only one method of trimming my scales
I we lay the Micawber, and deftly postpone,
I'm free to admit it's a rôle I don't relish.

But think it is safe, if they'll let me alone,
Though a deficit does not a Pyrrhus embellish.
'Tisn't couleur de rose, but if things do look blue,
It is mainly the fault of that—something—Zulu!

PROOF AND POSITIVISM.—Why are Positivist dogmas like absolute alcohol?—Because they are above proof.
UPSETTING HIS BALANCE.

Mr. Bull. "Balance all right, I hope?"

Bank Manager. "It was, Sir. But there's that cheque of Mr. Ketchwayo's, you know—"!!
A FYTTE OF THE BLUES.

Rowing Undergrad. Iinquirit.

Or style and strength of limb and length,
Catch, feather, slide, and swing.
How much I've read, how much heard said,
All of the same old ring.

From morn till night, 'twixt Dark and Light,
I've steeped my brains in blue:
From one to eight—style, size, and weight,—
Have "reckomed" either crew.

Boat-race I've thought, boat-race I've sought,
'Twixt ears that are, and were;
Pondered each slip 'twixt eup and lip,
That odds might more than square.

'Twixt oars that are, and were;
The day has come at last!
They 're there—they 're here—they 're past!
The shadow on Dark Blue!

A flash of oars, a crash of roars—
But a stout stern-race helps to thin
That Light Blue scores a hollow win,
To style plus strength is due;

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.
Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XVIII.
At Mostyyn Dickie's—After Dinner—His Difficulties—Denson, Junior—A Happy Father—The Real Facts—Conclusion for the Present.

After dinner the conversation turns on the advantages of the Country over Town. Every one congratulates Mostyyn Dickie on his being in the Country, which is questionable as a compliment, as his visitors reside in Town.

Mr. Denson—whose son occupies himself in demolishing the dessert in a quiet, but determined manner—observes—

"What is he to get from cows?" Nobody seems to know. Or if everybody knows, no one likes to make the evident answer, "Milk." Young Denson Junior, who has just emptied a dish of almonds and raisins, says, sullenly, "Calves!"

His father looks at him, much as Israel must have stared at his donkey when it gave him a bit of its mind; then he looks round with a supreme pious smile, as much as to say "This isn't a boy! Ain't he wonderful! He'll get on—he will! Only give him a chance!"

"What is he to get from cows?" returns Mostyyn Dickie, as much as to admit the entire truth of the proposition. "Well—yes—calves.

And how many calves?"

"On the cows," says Denson Junior, taking a large bite out of an apple.

His father is immensely delighted with his boy. What a career is worse before him? What obstacle is there that Denson Junior will not overcome? Is it of such stuff as this that Chancellors are made, for Chancellors have been boys once, eaten almonds, raisins, and apples, and been none the worse for it—intelligently.

Mostyyn Dickie surveys the youth through his spectacles. He is pleased—evidently pleased.

"It's right," he says, turning to Denson, (who is immensely gratified, and at once assumes such an air of superiority, as is intended to convey that "This is the style of son I bring up—it's all my doing—I'm his clever father—his good, kind, clever father—")

"Well," returns Mostyyn Dickie, as though not quite prepared to admit the truth of the proposition. "Well—yes—calves.

But you sell them?"

"Sell them! No, they sell me!" he retorts, Whereat we all laugh except the boy Denson, who is now hard at work sucking viciously at an orange. Evidently, whatever young Denson goes in for, he gives all his mind to. All his mind is now in the orange.

A shade passes over his father's countenance. In his system of education he has forgotten to instruct his son when to laugh, with whom to laugh, and of whom to laugh. If Denson Senior could kick Denson Junior under the table, I fancy, from Denson Senior's expression of countenance, he would do it now—with a will.

When we have all recovered, Mostyyn Dickie continues,—

"How much I've read, how much heard said,
From morn till night, 'twixt Dark and Light,
Through talk and print, through work and stint,
The day has come at last!
A flash of oars, a crash of roars—
They're there—they're here—they're past!
That Light Blue scores a hollow win,
To style plus strength is due;
But a stout stern-race helps to thin
The shadow on Dark Blue!

Not knowing much about agricultural matters generally, but being always ready to learn, I inquire, in a comparatively off-hand manner—

"But you keep cows, don't you?"

"After saying cows, it occurs to me that I ought to have said 'bullocks.' Before I can move an amendment, that the words 'and bullocks' be inserted, Mostyyn Dickie retorts—

"Well, my dear fellow, and what am I to get from cows?"

I consider. "Milk," seems absurd; and yet, what is he to get from cows, if not milk? It can't be eggs—and it certainly isn't mutton. There's cream, but he must have the milk first.

"But you keep cows, don't you?"

"But how about chickens?" I ask, having a vague idea on the subject of poultry generally. My knowledge is limited to the outside of a shilling book entitled How to Make Poultry Pay. Personally I can't conceive poultry paying anything, unless they are a very wealthy sort like Guinea Fowls. But this suggestion would be beyond me:

"Chickens!" replies Mostyyn Dickie, smiling with quiet contempt at the very idea. "Chickens! I never see a chicken. Never, I've about a hundred and fifty, and I never get any one quite prepared to remove a fresh egg I have to buy it, and each egg in the country costs me double what it used to in town. Why, he continues, "I never get a spring chicken till nearly Michaelmas day. That's not a chicken, is it?"

"No, he is right, Michaelmas is not spring, and it is the time for geese—not chickens. But I remark at all events in the matter of vegetables the country does offer advantages ?"

He interrupts me at once. "What advantages?"

"Well, on the spur of the moment, I don't know. But say "growing them and getting them fresh."

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"Chickens!" replies Mostyyn Dickie, smiling with quiet contempt—

"But how about chickens?"

Nothing, in general, can come to my knowledge about it. Why of all the deceptive things in the country, growing fresh vegetables, I am staggered. First of all, I want a fresh egg I have to buy it, and each egg in the country costs me double what it used to in town. Why, he continues, "I never get a spring chicken till nearly Michaelmas day. That's not a chicken, is it?"

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A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Mamma. "Now, Arthur, be a good boy, and take your medicine, or Mamma will be very angry!"

Arthur (after mature deliberation). "I would rather Mamma was very angry!"

INJURABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
BY FUZZELLI PRINCES.

CHAPTER III.


NEXT DAY.—Aurora, flushed and ruddy, prepares the way for glorious Phoebus Apollo, the heavenly alchemist, in his Eastern chariot of burnished gold. He comes like a luminous orange, brilliant, magnificent, glorious, gorgeous, superb, jolly! Such a sunrise awaited me—I was a little late, but that it was—"as I turned the corner of Hydepark, Pikkah-Delhi. In such language (as I have above written) I described the effect of colour, to my servant, Rumi, to the Begum of Durajah, who archly observed that I should be called in her own tongue agushar, i.e. a classical poet. But though I have my gifts as a poet, painter, author, sportsman—rider, boxer, and so forth, don't boast; the only reply "Me voila! I am a real jolly good fellow, and so say all of us, with three Indian cheers, 'Hipp! Hipp! Hippo! Hoorajah!''"

Some Day.—Called on Holkar. He was delighted to see me, as a Note from F. P. to Editor.—Here's your real classic style, eh? Something extra for this.

Editor to F. P.—Very good. A little over the heads of the Public, which prefers plain unvarnished tales.

F. P. to Editor.—Right you are! The Sun is over the heads of the Public. I don't varnish tales; I varnish pictures. No matter; shall drop the classical. "Luminous orange" is effective, isn't it? Even Penny Whistler might relish this.
we had not met since the occasion of the Prince's visit, and now I came with an introduction from The Holkar in England. Holkar couldn't attend to me himself, but introduced me to Polkar, who was sitting at tiffin with Sir Jabez Oorphus Saloo Joo, the Chief of the Great Oriental Record Office, a most entertaining person, who, in his own inimitable way, was telling Polkar the tales of wonder and other marvellous stories, which kept Polkar entranced, with a bit of muffin in one hand, and a fork, with a morsel of pickle on it, in the other, and his mouth and eyes wide open, with nothing in either. Sir Jabez Oorphus Saloo Joo was in the meantime enjoying himself immensely, as he found no difficulty in telling a taffun and taking in tiffin at the same time.

When His Excellency Saloo Joo had retired (leaving very little behind him except dirty plates, six shrimps, and the crusts), Polkar's musicians, the Pipers, came in, for Polkar is a great dancer, and always indulges in the poetry of motion after tiffin. They were all learning different airs on the bagpipes. I asked Polkar if he would give me a sitting. He replied that he would not, as it would be beneath his dignity, but that one of his Pipers would oblige, who, thereupon, at a sign from Polkar, handed me a seat.

I protested that this was not what I had meant by "giving me a sitting." Then he replied—he is a very stupid man—"There is English Church here, and Parson. Polkar no Parson. Polkar Parsee. Parsee give no sittings. Parson sell sittings. You go to Parson, buy sittings." Whereupon he walked out, in high dudgeon, accompanied by all his Pipers.

Rummi might have smoothed matters for him, but somehow he wouldn't. Indeed I heard afterwards that he had infuriated Polkar against me by telling him that "I wanted to catch his nose," which Polkar resented as a personal insult. Indeed, had I stayed any longer, he would have had my head before I got his.

All this time Rummi was pretending the utmost concern at the failure of my first endeavour. Raised Rummi's wages conditionally.

[Entry in Private Diary—Must get rid of Rummi.]

Krammah—a small town not far from here. My friend Khan Ralli Sidoo's house is 1700 feet high, surrounded by a grove of apricorns (a sort of twisted fir) twenty feet deep at least; and though there is a gulf-stream at the back which is very convenient, yet, on the whole, we are not well off for water. Geologists tell me that at some time of the world's history, the mountains, inhabited by tribes owing allegiance to Nawr Khan, an impossible fellow, were certainly higher than the plain. Now here, in India, the mountains are themselves quite plain. But I don't understand geology; though if there were a science of good fellowship called Jolligry, I should be head swell at it, and in the chair every night.

This morning (two days after) called on the Khan of Pawthah, a stout little chap, of rich brownish black colour, rather a frothy style, and with such a head! He belongs to a peculiar sect, and the public service is conducted by a set of Priestesses called Beandesses, who are very popular as ministering spirits in India.

The Khan of Pawthah is a dirty sort of fellow, but I began by using soft soap with him, and, as I gave him enough of it, he swallowed it, and liked it immensely. Old Pawthah refused flatly to be drawn. There was no help for it, and I retired.

I fancy Rummi has been at work here. He swears he hasn't. Shall I raise his wages, if he'll tell me the truth? Think over it. Still, if I have come here to paint portraits of the Natives, I can't return without something. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall do them in black profiles, with a pair of scissors. Made Rummi a handsome present of a hat and umbrella,
which I had taken by accident out of the hall, after Polkar's party. [S.B. — Must get rid of Rumi.]

To-day.—Asked an intelligent Native his opinion of the Imperial Proclamation and the Durbar.

He replied, "Shamâna, Sahib, shamâna."

"I am very much of your opinion," I replied, politely, in excellent Hindustani.

This morning crossed the Dawb country—very little of which is plain, and all the inhabitants coloured—in order to be introduced to the celebrated Hezan Arajan Valmâlah Bechuchum, who, years ago, had been an Englishman, but having been at an early age taken up by the Natives, had lived in tents, had accustomed himself to canvas, and become a naturalised Indian. Being naturally quick and clever, with a certain touch of genius, he at once dissented from the popular mode of worship as practised by the Hindoe and Moslem, and, taking a little from both, he proclaimed another prophet in opposition to Mahomet, whom he styled Eoomet. The Eoomedians hold illiberal opinions, but do not interfere with anybody as long as they are allowed to do exactly as they please. The sect has been of late years spreading widely; and it is now rare to visit any part of India without coming across some of the Eoomedians of Eoomet. The temple is in the form of a gigantic Greek tetra.

How the Greek architecture came here I do not pretend to know—nor do I care. But whatever archæologists may say to the contrary, here it undoubtedly is. The Hezan Arajan, it is confidently hoped by his admirers, will soon be raised to the rank of full Rajâum. It is said he paints. This may be so; but he has a wonderful complexion, his colour is striking, and, if he does paint, all must admit that he does it very well. Ars est celare artem. He has a taste for dramatic literature, and, in order to induce him to give me a sitting, I pretended great interest in a manuscript play of his, which he called All Dickey; or, Cussing Richard. This I promised him, and took with me to England, and showed to the Manager. I have been as good as my word. I have "shown it to several. Could I do more? Here is my portrait of the distinguished Hezan Arajan Valmâlah Bechuchum. It is considered a wonderful likeness. The Valmâlah Bechuchum stands six feet ten, and my picture is life-size, so do not think I shall enlarge it, unless for a travelling carvan. But that's a spec. in future; and whenever Valmâlah Bechuchum may visit this country shall make the most of it.

Next Day.—Called at the Admiralty. Saw Admiral Sir Flôtan Hoy. Hoy was in the head ground swell of the Indian Navy, which will one day be of the greatest service to the Empire. His portrait was very difficult to obtain, for I had to entice the old Admiral out to sea in a boat, and induce him to spin yarns, while I sat in the stern sheets making a thumbnail sketch. Had he caught sight of me at work, he would have given me to "Chuck the Painter overboard," and a few of his too faithful attendants would have sent me head over heels to dive for pearls in the Indian Ocean. One good portrât deserves another. And what reparâtion would the Imperial Government have demanded?

Simply, the Imperial Government would have been satisfied with the official explanation to the effect that,—"The boatwain, having misunderstood the Admiral's orders, applied the name of Painter to the person, and not the rope, and had chucked the former, and not the latter, into the sea. For a precedent that the Imperial Government is referred to Fijjghây Millâqsh, p. 143, edition 1540."

However, I sketched the Admiral, and the portrait is one of the finest likenesses I've ever made, though perhaps I say so who the truth.

Day after Yesterday.—Up early, sketching. Everything going on jolly. It's jolly hot.

Here is my sketch of the town of Pownpore, where my uncle, Sir Poppetpan Ahrbomtnony, is Political Resident, and is held in high respect by all classes. His house—the Spechôr—is thronged from morning to night, and as for his receptions, there is such a rush for tickets, that I've known all sorts of meanesses practised in order to obtain one of them for a friend.

The above sketch has been greatly admired, and I shall, in all probability, enlarge it for the Academy, or for exhibition, at a shilling a head, in some Gallery in Bond Street. I like a Gallery. It is an appeal to the Jolly Gods. Hoorây! It is startlingly life-like, and I should like to see anyone dare to offer me a thousand pounds for it.

Saturday Afternoon.—Went to tea with Sir Bopptpan Jammibhoy. Made a sketch of him.

This is one of my best pictures. I propose enlarging it for exhibition, specially on account of the drapery, which has been much admired.

"If, on my return from India, the Imperial Government would like to send me anywhere as Colonial Governor—or, if I was not going to stop long, as a Semi-Colonial Governor—I should be happy to accept the situation, and go out as Sir Bartley Fayre, K. C. B. (**) K. C. B. means Kan Come Back."

I think it a good jolly title, and wouldn't Sir Bartley Fayre come in for a Show! Ahâl all there, when the bell rings! Rumi came in to tell me that a jolly big reward has been offered for the discovery of the man who took the umbrella and hat from Polkar's. The penalty of taking an umbrella and hat from Polkar's is death by strangulation, or poison, if preferred. Compelled to square Rumi. Umbrella and hat destroyed.

"[Note in Private Diary.—Believe Rumi put the advertisement in The Bengali Tiger himself about the reward. Have written to my solicitors, Mészârs, Pette and Mien, for advice as to how best to get rid of Rumi. Anxiously await answer.]

A Radical Reformer's Prayer.

"Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., heads of the Cleveland iron workers, have at last, by an adaptation of the Bessemer process, succeeded in making steel from Cleveland iron, without any cost beyond that attendant upon the conversion of the richest hematite ores."

See Cleveland Figs from flaws made pure,

By potent Bessemer coercion;

For human pigs could we secure

Such swift easy process of conversion!
COMMON LAW GHOSTS DEPARTING.

SHAKESPEARE, my Common Barrator! Nor longer eye the world askance; The law now opens wide its door To Chancery and Maintenance. No great crime in Embracery! And our good friend, "the Common Scold," For blood from turnips none shall draw Henceforth by screw of Common Law! Barry behind, gad Buacksury rush, With Srepnen and the force of Lusn. Shall lay indictments at your door! The stirring soul who hates the night May work a fog-horn as of right, Of some pale hadamanthine realm! Poor Common Law! Thy pride is o'er, By the large threats of Common Law! Not they; their mark is Woman's Rights and Cries of Struggling Sisters.

A DISQUALIFIED LEADER.

On the word of a "Soldier," we have it stated, that Colonel Gordon, C.E., notwithstanding all his abilities and exploits as a military leader, "would never have been allowed to hold a Commission or even a batman staff-appointment in the English service; merely because he is an officer in the Engineers, and not in either the cavalry or infantry." As the "Soldier" naturally remarks:—

"It is almost incredible, yet strictly true, that Colonel

Gordon, who has shown his power of conquering for the Khedive in North Africa, would not be interested with the command of his troops, and in the office of Assistant-General, in a force of his own countrymen operating against Zulus!"

Why, everybody supposed the British Army to have been reorganised the other day; and yet, whilst engineering is now acknowledged to be of the first importance in warfare, as a sure, relieving, and indispensible element in the office of Assistant-Adjutant General. Is not this a survival from the days of "creak" regiments, consisting, for the most part, of dandies and dunces? Mr. Brough's paper delivering of a different British Army; a new development, with a competitive struggle for existence, and a survival of the fittest? Does he now awake to the War Office and the military authorities still tied up with red tape as ridiculous as a "Soldier" represents them to be?

ON A LOWE VIEW OF LITERATURE.

(By the Boy at the Bookstall.)

"Everybody knows those lovely yellow books with the beautiful red backs—that charm the eye in half a year's time of your hand before you to Kilburn. They are inseparably connected in the mind of every true-born Briton with a railway journey. ... An improvement in this direction might be to the public advantage."—Mr. Lowe at the Annual Dinner of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

Bob Lowe be blowed! My stall-mate, Taff, who checks the old City chap so, says:—"Treat respectable talking in that style of Statesmen. Fraps so; but when M.P. goes and spoits bout this thing to the man who's seen the world—like me—his bunkum must make fun of. Yes, seen the world. No sniggering! Don't the world by rail now travel? There ain't many as a book there isn't many things as a book there isn't many things that a book isn't many things that a book isn't many things. What says 's Mister Lowe has missed his tip, and come a cropper; Which he does often, in a style rayerh verdant, for a topper.

Yellow books, with scarlet backs, that come off, you say, 'instantanter.' Now, really, that's the stale, stale chaff of the conventional cent: Quite in the Cockney comic style of tuppenny Timon smartness. You drop into now and then, for all your classic tartness. Why, bless your innocent old heart, here's Taff and I could sell you Off our own stall a batch of books none so dusty, I can tell you. We've the MILL and MALLOW, TYNDAHL, TARVE—stiff enough for any reader. As well as BRADDON, TROLLOPE, WOOL, and her BURMAN calls "WEBBER." Then if a traveller wants to do a grind by rail, I'll venture he, Unless i Sap,' won't want to fly above The Nineteenth Century; Or should a sweet Blue-Stocking wish to make her spin pass lightly, She must be precious hard to please if she sneer at the Fortnightly. Books, my buffer, well-nigh all the news and news of London Lies on our stalls, we see the best in Science, Art, or fun done. I keep my eye upon the lot; and, for human nature, why Sir, There's precious few of its games to which us two aren't fly, Sir. Statesmen, scholars, novelists, poets, them as thunder, them as tinkle, I'll bet you two to one that we could show them many a wrinkle. A man *s seen the world—like I am make fun of. Or should a sweet Blue-Stocking wish to make her spin pass lightly, Not they; their mark is Woman's Rights and Cries of Struggling Sisters.

A HOMEOPATHIC CURE (for the half-drowned people of Szegedin).—WHEETHAM.

IT WILL NEVER DO.

The fatal objection to the Electric Light is that it shows things in their true colours! What a world it would be if that alarming result should ever come to pass, Punch need not waste time, ink, and eloquence in insisting.
LAST spoonful before the recess.

Monday, April 7.—Kitchewato—Why not write that distinguished Monarch's name as it is spoken?—says he is ready to make peace, but we don't believe him. So Sir Michael Hicks Beach informs Mr. Richmond—that respectable Quaker being as prone to put faith in the first symptoms of peaceful proclivity in Zululand as cynical officials to distrust them.

But the transports with troops have begun to arrive at Durban, and a relieving column will soon be on its way to Pearson and his beleaguered force. Soon we may hope to have Ewane answering more distinctly than she hastily has been doing, England's anxious questions about the Buffs and Blues—their gallant comrades of the Naval Brigade. "Buff and Blue" is an honoured combination of colours that all Whigs, at least, will say ought to win.

Second Reading of the Army Discipline and Regulation Bill.

Mr. E. Jenkins is dissatisfied with its shortcomings, and wants to get rid altogether of secret Courts of Inquiry, and so moves an Amendment.

Colonel Alexander and Sir H. Havelock, Sir J. Hay, Colonel Muby, Major O'Reilly, Major Nolan, Mr. Holmes, and Sir G. Balfour criticised the details of the Bill, from various military and pseudo-military points of view. But all these minute points of amendment, those apices juris militaris, as Sir W. V. Harcourt pointed out, are for Committee.

Colonel Stanley admitted that public Courts-Martial were preferable, per se, to private Courts of Inquiry—if the two admitted of comparison, which they don't. Courts of Inquiry are confidential investigations necessary for the guidance of commanding officers. As to Mr. Brown's objection to the Volunteers being placed under the Mutiny Act while drilling with Regulars, Volunteers, so situated, were soldiering and not playing at soldiers, and must accept this among other liabilities of the soldier's calling.

The Bill moved on to a Second Reading over the body of Gine's Baby, and the House adjourned for the Easter recess.

Much good may its brief holiday do it! If weariness and weakness ever earned a fortnight's interval for refreshment, this House has earned it! May its Easter eggs prove pregnant of chickens! And may its Hot-cross buns have a sweet savour to...
AN EXPLANATION.

Sylivia. "I wonder what that old woman meant by saying her cup was overflowing, when mamma gave her the cold chicken?"

May. "I suppose she meant her mouth watered."

Compensate for their hotness and cross-ness! Poor Premier, he will have anything but an easy Easter of it!

Hot they come, and ever hotter, buns their various crossness bearing,
More than o'er his strength can carry, past o'er his power of not caring;
Hot-cross buns of Zululand, with Kettama's cross imprinted;
Hot-cross buns of Afghanistan, with Yakob's cross deeply dinted;
Hot-cross buns of Boumelia, with Cross and Crescent saltire-wise;
Hot-cross buns of Thessalia, with Greek Cross and Slavic saltire-wise;
Then the hot-cross buns baking in Burma, Egypt, all about;
Whose crosses Ministers can't brag, and don't like to sing small about,—
'Tis evident that Balaclavas has of hot-cross buns his hands full,
And that his recce of anything but peace and quiet stands full!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN EGYPTIAN ENNUYE.

Monday.—Rose to "Rule Britannia" from my private brass-band. Had roast-lump-pudding, and mince-pies for breakfast, to which I invited the English Minister of Finance. Had a long and confidential chat with that intelligent foreigner. Explained that I loved the English, respected Queen Victoria, and worshipped the Lord Mayor. Informed the Minister that I had entered horses in my own name for the Derby, and desired above all things to be a member of the Tatton Hall's. Suggested a Cattle Show at Cairo in December, and a University Boat Race on the Nile. Hints that France and England were natural enemies, and that Egypt looked to England for protection from France. Suggested that the English Minister had a right to unlimited backsheesh, and proposed a new loan. The Minister listened to all I had to say, and told me that he could only act in concert with his French colleague. Much annoyed, courstashed my household, and kicked my eldest son.

Tuesday.—Rose to a selection from the latest French Opéra bouffe produced at my Opera-house. A very recherché déjeuner à la fourchette served up by my chef, to which I invited my dear comrade the French Minister for Public Works. Had a long and confidential chat with that intelligent foreigner. Explained that I admired the French, believed in all the glories of France, and thoroughly appreciated Republican Institutions. Informed the Minister that I wished to be naturalized a Frenchman, and desired to be buried in Paris as the centre of civilisation. Hints that England and France were natural enemies, and that Egypt looked to France for protection from England. Expressed my surprise that no attempt had been made to wipe out the stain of Waterloo. Suggested that a French Minister had just as good a right to make his fortune on the banks of the Nile as on those of the Seine, and proposed a new loan. The Minister listened to all I had to say, and told me he could only act in concert with his English colleague. Much annoyed, gave my household the 'stick, and kicked my second son.

Wednesday.—On waking ordered my private hand to play a patriotic air of Austrian, German, and Russian national airs. Sent for all the Foreign Consuls (with the exception of the English and French), and entertained them at a banquet. Had a long and confidential chat with them. Explained that I was passionately fond of German sausages, Russian caviare, Austrian dampf-nédeln, and Italian macaroni. Said that I considered it an honour to be connected with the Turk, and was, therefore, keenly interested in the Treaty of Berlin. Hints that the Western Powers were the natural enemies of the rest of Europe, and that Egypt looked for protection from England and France, and Italy assisted by the Triple Alliance. Lamented that the Crimean and Franco-Austrian Wars should have caused so much damage to Russia and Austria. Pointed out that France was recovering from the blow dealt her by Germany, and that it was a rival to Italy in the Mediterranean. Suggested that there would be very pretty pickings for an English Consul General to have a cordial support to native and natural Egyptian authority in Egypt. Finally proposed a new loan. The Minister listened to all I had to say, and told me that they could do nothing without consulting their
Thursday.—Got up early, and organised riots in the streets, mutiny in the Army, and a strike in the Public Offices. Sent telegrams to insult the English and French Ministers, and to turn out the Members of my Cabinet. Rehearsed speeches to my troops in the morning, and practised them in the afternoon. Alarming outbreaks, which I suppressed. On restoring order, proposed a new loan. The English and French Ministers laughed in my face, and the Foreign Consuls turned their backs upon me. Much annoyed. Spent the evening and a great part of the night in kicking my household and all my sons.


Sunday.—General collapse! Packed up my portmanteau.

INJYABLE INJIA;
OR,
NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
BY
FUZZELI PRINCES.

CHAPTER IV.
A Little Sport—July—Turban—Rammini—Spee—Tin—Difficulty.
Solicitors—More Razaks—Smassas—Hipposomone—Injyable.
Marriage—Mekynper—Simba—Riddle—Another Bustah.
Difficulty—Forward.

Monday.—Called on Sir Jeebeekeep Djoekhroy, who is getting up the Kilapoo Felah Stoeple-Chaos. A great sportsman, and a regular Howick (i.e. tit-top Indian swell) is Sir Jeebeekeep. I advised him strongly not to ride himself. If he did, I entreated him to abandon his gigantic turban. He’s as obstinate as a mule. And the more I pressed him not to ride, the more he would. So what was left for me but to bet against him strongly, and make the best out of him I could? I attended Sir JissExsEx, and I promised him a handsome percentage of all the ladies of the Zenana, who dare to smile on anyone save their liege lord. And she was smiling at me like winky! But I am adamant.

N.B.—Private Note, Must get rid of Rumi. His jokes—Bustahs—Local Colour—Expression—Sidoodle “Barly.”

Solicitors—More Rajahs—Smashas—Hippodrome—Injyable.

If he did, I entreated him to abandon his gigantic turban. Had the wind versed round, with equal force, to the opposite quarter, he might have been carried by his attendants. There was a high wind blowing directly at him, and as he came at full speed, it caught his jolly old turban, which was firmly glued on to his bald pate, and literally turned on his head. Had the wind versed round, with equal force, to the opposite quarter, he might have been saved, but fate had ordered it otherwise, and he fell at his third fence. Everything was red in his eyes, and was thus embedded in this abominable turban. However, ‘tis an ill wind that blows no one any luck; and on going round to collect my debts, I found I had made a cool thou. one way or another. Unfortunately, my success was discounted by Rumi having taken upon himself the office of Collector before I began, and when I came to settle up with him afterwards, he presented me with such a list of bills, which he swore he had paid for me since I had been in Injia, that I was quite staggered; and, as they were all receipted, I could not dispute his word, and was compelled to take twenty-five pounds, ready cash, as representing all that remained to me of my winnings after payment of just debts.

Private Note in Diary.—Must get rid of Rumi. As yet no reply from my solicitors, Messrs. Pettie and Miek.

Wednesday.—Asked Bizzar, the Maharajah of Chatobore, to sit still, but he wouldn’t, and nearly talked me to death. I tried to fix the blame Shriker, but having been one frightened by a phobic grapher, he always hid himself at my approach, and my only chance was to take a one-eyed view of him through a keyhole. I found, however, the weather too courageous to trifle with Shriker; as the photographer in question had been beaten to death by the Smashas (a sort of flat spade, with a bamboo handle, used for killing flies) carried by his attendants.

Thursday next.—Called on Her Highness Bhoos. She is very showy, as is everything about her, and the style in which she lives reminds me, as I observed to Rajah Ghiokr, “of some splendid scene in a grand sensational drama at Myexs’s Hippodrome, which,” I added, “is a Circus everyone ad-myers.”

Ghiokr understands English, and screamed with delight. Then he clapped his hands, and a thousand ebon slaves rushed in, to whom he told the joke, which, I must say, is a first-rate one, and made me laugh at it myself, which shows it must be a regular bustah, as we say in Injia. They all bowed themselves to the earth with laughter, holding their hands to their sides, all except one man, who was immediately taken out and executed. Subsequently, it was discovered that he was deaf.

“What it matter?” exclaimed Ghiokr, carelessly. “Here to-day, gone to-morrow! Don’t hear to-day, gone same day! Eh?”

It was a stupid joke, but I screamed like a macaw, out of compli-

ment to Ghiokr, and also remembering the fate of the man who didn’t laugh at the right time. Such is life—in Injyable Injia! Here is my portrait of Ghiokr. One of the best things I’ve ever done.

The following Day.—Followed Her Highness Bhoos wherever. She is a beautiful creature, but very shy and reserved. Through a grating in the palace she whispered to me, “Me like you. You nice-pisque. Followers no allowed.”

I said, “O beautiful Bird of Paradise, whose eyes are like the morning star, and whose nose is like the setting sun, let me take you.”

She replied, simply, “Whar?”

“Here!” was my answer. And in less than half a jiffy I had produced pencil, paints, canvas, etcetera.

“More than head worth,”

she cried, pointing to her own. “It will be when it’s finished.” I replied, painting away with all my might and soul.

“If head seen at grille,”

she murmured faintly.

“There will be a chop,” I interrupted, knowing the fate of all the ladies of the Zenana, who dare to smile on anyone save their high lord. And she was smiling at me like winky! But I am adamant.

“I am un stake worth it?” she asked, archly.

I pressed one hand to my heart, while with the other I dashed her eye on to the canvas.

Searcely had I dotted her eyes, than she uttered an exclamation of horror, and disappeared.

Behind me stood the Parcharjah Frouker-shah, her lord and master, a horrid old fellow, followed by his favourite, Mustiphia Wizea. Their “capa-

rios are odorous.”

I secreted my sketch adroitly, and whistled a tune. But it was a narrow escape. I have known a man strangled for less.

I caught my servant Rumi outside, laughing. He belongs to a sect called the Chuk-

bars. They take a cyni-

cal view of life, and enjoy the misfortunes of others.

N.B.—Private Note.

Must get rid of Rumi. Wite Pettie and Miek.

Saturday.—I make this a s’s rule, my Sitterday—if I can get any-

one to sit. A notion has struck me, which I shall try to carry into effect—Mummery or chloroform for sitters. Patent the idea.

This afternoon tried it on Ghiokr, not the laughing-gas, and under pretense of giving him something to drink, made him inhale
it. The effect was electrical. But he wouldn't sit. No. The laughing-gas was electrical. But he wouldn't sit. No. He danced, ravaged, roared, ranting, laughed, and made such a noise that all the Court rushed in to see what was the matter.

Fortunately, Selinda, the chief of the Brahmins—whose duty it is to laugh, and now a wobbler chief—looked at me, and held up a rupee, unseen to the rest, to which I replied, significantly by spreading out three fingers of one hand. He understood me, and, calling for silence, he explained to them that Gheringlar was now at the well. They all went to the water, and I paid Selinda three rupees down on the nail, and bolted. Life was cheap at the price. I don't try laughing-gas again. N.B.—Rummi not in it this time. I'm getting too jolly clever by half.

I didn't pay for the pharry, but left whispering "Gharry-owing," while Rummi informed the man that we should be back again soon, if he'd wait, and in the meantime he could put it down to me.

The Rajahs generally wear slippers. They are a slippery lot. (Syderpalish this. I roared at it when I first made it. Even now I can scarcely repeat it without a smile.)

Early marriages are the curse of the country—not of the town. Every marriage takes place—Est. 4 A.M. I always get myself up in first-rate style for a wedding; but to get myself up at 4 A.M. is rather too much.

The wedding to-day was to take place at Malhugur, which is to the Indians, what Gretna Green used to be to us. Here we saw several Chota Mirza's, hever forty, who had arrived, clandestinely, with their young and devoted lovers.

Well, I am quite safe here, for I cannot forget—But no matter. Oh, my heart—Lord! All at Malhugur are "persons about to marry," and only waiting to take their turn, when the Spies (the ministers licensed to marry any one—I mean licensed to form the marriage ceremony) are ready to operate.

Drove on from Malhugur to a well-known spot, where I said to Polkar, who had just dropped in (what was he doing here, the slippers?)—"Why is one place in Injia like another?"

Polkar replied, "Me not know dat, Sar."

"Because," I answered, "it's all the same."

He had never heard it before, and bought it on the spot. Rummi was very nearly interfering, but I said (on my fingers), "Halves!" and he held his confounded tongue.

Private Diary.—What on earth shall I do with Rumer? I can't form him, or re-form him; I must chloro-form him, and leave him behind. My solicitors, Fitter and Mix, don't answer. When I find my solicitors don't answer, I change them. My lawyers, I mean about the same thing.

Tuesday after.—Visited the Sacred Well. The well is very deep—several thousand fathoms; and at the bottom, they say, is the Truth hidden. Of course I couldn't get at the Truth. The picture.

From Editor to F. P.—Sir, I don't like this expression "merry blazes." Let me erase it—Yours sincerely, E. P.

F. P. to Editor.—Dear old boy, no jolly error. The expression is quite harmless. It is the only way to speak. The price; it gives local color.

If I wrote like anybody else, what should I be worth? Eh? I won't swear that I haven't heard a very revolting pai of mine unse precisely the same expression in, or chuck it up, and then where are you, oh, my boy? Yours heartily, F. P.

Women's Work in the Parish.

Canny Yorkshiremen are far too Norrth to do anything unwise; we may therefore rejoice to learn that—"In the Backrose Division of the East Riding of Yorkshire the Magistrates have appointed Mrs. Ann Simpson as Surveyor of Roads for the parish of Kirby Grindalby, on the Wolds."

Let us hope that the influence of Woman will induce the parochial authorities of Kirby Grindalby to mend their ways.

A Seat of Learning.

Ignorames says he wonders that accidents do not more frequently happen at Cambridge, where, what with Classical and Mathematical Tripos, there must be the constant danger of coming down between two stools.

A Straight Tip for the Spiritualists.—The thing to lay Ghosts with:—A Spirit-Level.

Joint Occupation.—Carving at a School-table.

Showman, who is always in tears, makes a lac per diem, by exhibiting the well.

"Aha!" I exclaimed, immediately this was told me, "That's why it is always weeping. His cry must be 'Alack and a well-a-day.'"

All India resounds with this bustah (a most laughable jeu de mots), and Rajahs who had a previous knowledge of English are already beginning a course of instruction in order to come out with this in the best society. I am becoming famous for bustahs.

As the Rajahs insist on sitting for their portraits as early as 4 A.M., I am compelled to be up at three every morning. That's the only way they can get a rise out of me. Aha! Another bustah!

I thought I had over the difficulty by sitting up all night with my servant Rummi, who had to mix my colours and cut my pencils. I think he must have mixed my colours too strong, as I have a vague recollection of having sketched several Rajahs at once. Here's one of them, at all events:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>My Sketch of Radhman Rajah after I had Stay up Till 4 A.M. to Paint Him.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I can't quite recognize my own signature. Still, the picture is undoubtedly clever, and, when enlarged, will draw a heap of coin into the treasury of Yours Truly.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Tuesday Evening.—Just received a private note from Burro. She asks me to fly sane her. Not if I know it. Write back to say, "Very sorry—can't. Engaged."

I must leave this and get on, when a slighted Princess gets madly jealous, she has more than two strings to her bow, and one of 'em might be round the neck of my cavalier before he can say knife. Off to next place. Early.

A Duck of Ten Thousand.

We read in a recent number of the **Berwick Advertiser** that "The Duke of Northumberland has promised £10,000, and the Bishop-Elect of Durham £3000, towards the foundation of the Bishopric of Newcastle."

We have often heard of the "Cock of the North," but the Duke of Northumberland is quite a novelty. It is a comfort to know he means to take the new Bishopric under his wing.

An Excellent Substitute for "Cabbage."—The "every-day practice between tailors and customers," confessed by one of the former of re-supplying servants with their old liveries as new ones, and charging their masters full price a second time.

Hard Work for the Egyptian Bond-holders.—To hold their Principal to his Bonds, and to get their interest out of them.

Awaiting Lord Chelmsford.—Victoria Cross.
AT MADAME ALDEGOND’S (REGENT STREET).

First Dressmaker. "Do you—wear chamois leather underclothing?"
New Customer. "No; certainly not."
First Dressmaker. "Oh! then pray take a seat, and I will send the second dressmaker!"

POOR FELLAH!

Poor patient victim of a grinding yoke!
Mirth at thy piteous plight repents its joke.
Since Israel’s children in the self-same land,
Under the harsh taskmaster’s heavy hand,
Toiled, groaning at their toil in dumb despair,
What human beast such burden ever bore,
With limbs so weak, and sinews so relaxed,
By ruffians tortured and by rogues o’ertaxed?
Before them ever, whatsoever shift
Of rulers promises the load to lift.
The Turk long tortured thee; now East and West,
In cold co-partnership of interest,
Combine to crush thee with a double load.
Promise to spare the burden or the goad
Awaits thee little yet, that hope in vain
Mercy from Mammon, help from false chieftains.
Pashas and politicians counterscheme,
Bondholders beg, and wily statesmen dream,
Spotters declaim now,ists denounce,
But is thy burden lightened by an ounce?
The lure, the lash, have they not both one end?
The bait, the bastinado, both but tend
To the same issue of more toil for thee.
But there are Englishmen who blush to see
Britons, in name, mixed with the motley league
Of grasping greed, and infamous intrigue.
Without firm footing on the side of right,
Or power unshackled with shrivelled wrong to fight,
John Bull’s befogged; he knows not how he stands,
Mixed with the pecking plots of far-off lands.
Like Gulliver, with myriad threads ensnared,
Reaching all ways, yet ever unprepared.
’Tis not his function freedom to oppose,
Or to strike hands with that poor Fellow’s foe,—

Aid arch-roguish Israel in his ruthless rule,
Or, duped by him, play the check-mated fool.
Bound in an unsought yoke to appear,
Or to throw up the cards in shame or fear.
And yet, entrapped in Policy’s sly maze,
Half-blinded by Imperialism’s craze,
He knows not, hour from hour, what fate part
May be prepared for him by statescraft’s art,
But loses hold on all his high traditions,
Prey to a policy of false positions.

A WORD TO THE CRAFT.

Among the candidates for one of the annuities in the gift of the Freemasons, under his own obscure name of Richard Henry Marx, is Mr. Henry Marston, so well-known to all London players of a few years ago, as one of the leading actors in the company of Samuel Phelps, during the palmy days of Sadler’s Wells Theatre. In age and poverty, disabled by rheumatism from following his profession, and with a wife and daughter dependent on him, he now seeks the aid of that Masonic charity which never fails the deserving.

Punch has been asked, as one of the perpetual Grand Masters of the Order, to urge the case on the attention of the brethren, and does so with hearty good-will, in the name of good Stage-Art, in one of its worthiest and bravest enterprises.

Not so easy.

One of the ceremonies at the consecration of a new Prince of the Church, is that known as “opening and shutting the Cardinal’s mouth.” In Cardinal Newman’s case, the Poor won’t find it so easy to perform the latter operation. If he opens his mouth, he will do it to good purpose; and if he shuts it, it will be, not at any third party’s bidding, but because he sees no good reason for opening it.
AND PLENTY STICK!

Poor Fellow!

HE'S A BERRY FINE DONKEY WHEN I'M LOWED TO RIDE HIM MYSELF.

Israel Kuep-Dive (the Egyptian Donkey-Driver), "CLAR DE WAY, YOU GIAROUI! HE'S A BERRY FINE DONKEY WHEN I'M LOWED TO RIDE HIM MYSELF, AND PLENTY STICK!"

Punch or the London Charivari—April 1879.
were appended to this notice, purporting to come from an ideal Jones, and an imaginary Suirn; but they possessed no interest, thousand to the Weather Office, has drawn up a few specimen conversations is the weather, are sure to pour in their telegrams by the messages, all within the prescribed limits, which he hopes may be

Example I.—From Rose Eleanor Darling, Scowden, Brenchamleigh, North Devon.—"Will there be sunshine here next wish to address inquiries to the Clerk of the Weather." Here the message to the Meteorological Office the reply.

Example II.—From E. H. G. Baily (Captain of the Eleven), Admirals, Bishopsgate, Herts.—"Mamma wishes to ask the Betts, CayMe-Extises, Buisstyttons, and other friends, to lawn-tennis."

Example III.—From Millicent Mary Frances Hammerton, Windover.—"Committee very anxious for splendid weather for First stone of new Town-Hall to be laid, with Masonic honours, etc." Here the inquiry must not exceed twenty words in length, and must be addressed, "Meteorological Office, London." Examples of the sort of telegram to be addressed to the Meteorological Office are the following:

Example IV.—From Mrs. Posselwhyte, 4 Cranberry Street, W. Section of one of the daily papers advocates the employment of elephants in Africa. We have at least one white one, and there are others there, and the Government have several on hand elsewhere—in Afghanistan, for instance. Could not something be done with these elephants in these hard times? Burmah might mean a few of our hands. The elephant is a highly priced there, which is more than can be said of it anywhere.

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Our White Elephants.

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Village Doctor. "Well, are you better? Have you taken your medicine regularly, and eaten plenty of animal food?"

Patient. "Yes, Sir, I tried it, and so long as it were beans and oats, I could manage pretty well, Sir; but when you come to that there chopped hay, that right-down choked me, Sir!"

couple of months. Such is the glorious uncertainty of Thesitrical Management; and though everything is prepared for Amy Robsart, she will not, in all probability, be required for some time to come.

The Spring seems to be giving quite an impulse to the theatres.

Our Boys make way—as a matter of politeness, place aux Dames—for The Girls, at the Vaudeville. Esmeralda, brave new, brilliant and beautiful, smiles on Mr. John Hollingshead's "Jeunesse stage-dame;" and Truth is in a well of which they have not yet reached the bottom at the Criterion.

A new Burlesque on the Lady of Lyons is to be given at the—no, not Lyceum—at the Aquarium, and Madame Selima Dolano—whose name always calls to my mind the chorus of Lilliburlero.

Diet.

Express From London to Chelmsford.

The Giant amongst military Pigmies—Lord Blunder-bore—opens the Folly Theatre with Les Dragons de Villars—that's the name, I think. It looks formidable and promising until you remember that the French Dragons are only dragons. Success to her troupe and her troopers!

At the Court The Ladies' Battle is admirably played by night, and for his audiences Mr. Hare announces The Queen's Shilling, which is, I fancy, our old friend The Lancers in a new uniform—or, if the uniform is not entirely new, the buttons have been furnished, up a bit. Mr. Edgar Bruce and a talented company will soon appear at the Royalty with a new farcical comedy, original, by Mr. Sims (without the Reevies), and Dr. Sullivan's The Zoo revived for the occasion. The fate of Drury Lane—poor Done-Dreary Lane—is still undecided, but, as there is already a Court Theatre, why not re-open Drury as "The Bankruptcy Court Theatre?"

Not a bad title. Commissioners in Bankruptcy to take the tickets and passes, sheriffs' officers in full uniform to replace the sentinels on duty outside, and, of course, the first revival to be, A New Way to Pay Old Debts. The Drury Lane Renters could assist by persecuting London as Sandwich Islanders carrying bills. By the way, it is a libel on the men of Sandwich—that ancient loyal port—to style the board-men—"Sandwich-men." Poor Sandwich Islanders, poor day-boarders!—

Hereditary Boardmen! know ye not, Who would be free themselves must strike—for wages.

But they are earning an honest penny, and diffusing useful knowledge, and, if uncertain of their lodging, they are at least provided with their board.

The Strand produces a French Opéra bouffe, called Madame Resart—of which I know nothing, and so can only observe that one may go Fauve and fare worse; and this jeu de mot proving that I am in extremis, I conclude my enlightened remarks by signing myself now as always, Your Representative.

SUMMUM JUS SUMMA INJURIA.

The liability of trustees holding shares for their cestus que trusts in companies of unlimited liability to the full extent of their own property, as well as that of their cestus que trusts, confirmed by the judgment in Muir and Others v. The Glasgow Bank and Liquidators, is no doubt good law according to the decision of the House of Lords in Lumsden v. Buchanan.

That such is the law, according to the decided cases, is the best reason why the law should be altered as soon as may be.

Now that the gulf between Law and Equity has been bridged over in Courts Procedure and Forms, it seems absurd that a decision, which to the naked eye of law reason is in the very teeth of Equity, should continue to be good Law. Let the House of Commons step in to right the grievous wrong which the House of Lords has pronounced to be Law in the case of trustees holding shares in unlimited Banks. Better still, let it lay its axe to the root of the tree, and cut down such unlimited companies into limited, ones as soon as may be, and that in the interest of creditors quite as much as of shareholders.
FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

Visitor. "Mrs. Borstol AT HOME!"

New Irish Footman. "Mrs. Borstol IS NOT AT HOME, Sir. BUT I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW IF SHE WON'T SEE YOU!

CAIRO-MANCY.

(A Prophecy à l'Egyptienne.)

The Khedive, in a commendable fit of patriotism, having announced his intention of making several personal sacrifices with a view to restoring the financial integrity of his country, Mr. Punch suggests the following historic forecast:


1880. The Coptic Patriarch first seen walking about in calico on a week-day.

1881. Pensions after fifty years' service pronounced a luxury, and abolished. "Faust" played at the Grand Opera at Cairo without a corps de ballet, and with a chorus of four.


1883. Progress of economical reforms. The Ministry of Finance abolished by Firman. Personal collection of taxes by the Khedive.

1884. Solvency of the State inaugurated by a public banquet of Revalenta Arabic and Imperial Yop. Three generals of division receive an instalment on account of arrears of pay for the year before last amid indescribable enthusiasm.

1885. Popular prosperity commences. The Khedive suddenly collects six years' taxes in advance, purchases five ironclads, builds three new palaces, and produces *Le Prophète* at the Grand Opera, with a full band, and chorus of three hundred and seventy.

1886. Prosperity at its zenith. Patent leather boots reappear at official receptions. The new Consolidated National Twenty-five per Cent. Loan offered on advantageous terms to a banking-house in Copenhagen, and declined.

1887. No signs of decrease in national prosperity. The use of fireworks on holidays made compulsory. Third era of new financial reforms begins. The Khedive again collects personally another three years' taxes in advance, and mortgages the Nile and its Banks to the House of Rothschild after a solemn religious function by the Grand Ulema.

1888. Offensive and defensive National Alliance concluded between Egypt and Monza. Failure of the Khedive to prosecute further financial reforms. Panic.

1889. General exodus of everybody for the interior of Africa; and first appearance of the late Viceroy in Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's Entertainment at the Egyptian Hall favourably noticed in the Sunday papers.

But Mr. Punch need not continue his prophetic research much further; the above, no doubt, being quite enough for the moment to satisfy the most sanguine believers in the astute ruler whose "pledged word" has just proved of such marketable value at Cairo, and elsewhere.

PHRASES FOR ENGLISH TOURISTS TRAVELLING IN ROUMELIA DURING THE MIXED OCCUPATION.

*To be Translated into German and Russian.*

I have only come to see the country, and have no intention of proclaiming myself King of Bulgaria.

I do not wish to seize the Treasury, or to upset the Administration, or to raise a revolt against the Sultan, I only want to find a respectable hotel.

The three Ladies (one of them elderly), two Boys, and the Man, are merely my family. I most solemnly declare that they are not troops in disguise.

I do not wish to take the Capital by surprise, but merely to discover a good table d'hôte.

I have the greatest possible respect for the Treaty of Berlin, and would not embroil the Signatory Powers in a dispute for worlds. I may say the same for my wife, daughters, sons (both of them travel-ling half-prices as under twelve), and my servant, who is a native of Hackney.

I love the Austrians with all my heart and soul, and feel that while England and Austria are united, nothing is to be feared from Russia.

I know that the Austrians were pleased to hear of our victories in the Crimees, and that they hate the Russians as much as we do.

It certainly was delightful that the Russians should have been kept out of Constantinople by a British Fleet.

What England has done once, she will do again, when the time comes.

What! Are you taking me to be shot? What have I done? I had no intention of giving offence! You a Russian! On my word of honour, I believed you to be an Austrian! Please, Sir, let me off this time; and I won't do it again!

Extravagance or Economy?

Some landlords have been complaining of the extravagance of the farmers in keeping Governesses for their children. But is there any domestic "slavey" as cheap as a Governess? If they had complained of the farmers keeping cooks!

Read this from the Daily Telegraph of the 4th inst.:

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GOVERNESS WANTED (daily), hours from nine to six, to teach the rudiments of Latin, French, Music, and English, and to take charge of two little boys, ages six and eight. Salary, 45s. Apply, by letter, A.

And this offer comes from the eminently genteel region of the Regent's Park, too. Punch would be glad to know what servant in that Regent's Park household is expected to do as much work for as little pay as the Daily Governess.

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AFTER READING LORD HARRIS'S LETTER TO THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Punch's advice to Australian Cricketers:—Do unto Lords as Lord's did unto you.

MIXED PICKLE.—Joint Occupation of Eastern Roumelia.
LITERÆ HUMANIORES.

(NEW MODEL.)

HE perusal of certain official correspondence having suggested to Mr. Punch that even the most "complete letter-writer" may be the better for a supplement, he begs to offer a few models for the use of those who are as yet inexperienced in the new but useful Government art of combining "severe censure" with "unlimited confidence."

I.

To an Enterprising Architect who has improved on his instructions.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is now, I think, about nine months since I commissioned you to prepare me the plan, get out the prices, and settle the contract for the erection by a respectable local builder of an eight-roomed villa, the whole cost of which should not exceed the sum of £200. You may imagine my surprise, therefore, on going down to-day to look at the work and find that, owing, I presume, to your desire "to do something original" at my expense, you have built me a stately mansion with five Italian façades, a campanile, and the largest ball-room but six in London, on account of which an eminent firm of London contractors are, as I write, requesting my cheque "by return" for £10,000! Of course, as you have made this strange mistake, and the thing is built, there is nothing more to be said about it. But I must add, that I think you have been a little injudicious in not letting me know what I was probably in for. However, I have no wish to distress you by any recrimination, and am, believe me, though somewhat dazed,

Still yours with all confidence, &c., &c., &c.

II.

To a spirited Captain who has lost his Ship through an over-sanguine temperament.

MY DEAR SIR,

Never mind. I am your Admiral, and can understand it all. The fact is, you know, you would take her in too close, though you were warned off by the chart, by every rule of experience, and by reiterated orders. However, it's done now, and there's an end of it; and it's no good crying over spilt milk. She will cost the country a trifle over a quarter of a million, for she was a fine ship, well found, and no mistake. However, we must set our Lords to find another for you, and see what you'll do with her. Meanwhile, take the advice of an old salt, and, when you do get her, don't go running along on an iron coast in a gale of wind with three fathoms under your keel. Let your attendant, better luck next time, and believe me always yours cheerfully, &c., &c.

III.

To a speculative Stockbroker who has ruined his Client.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

You ought to have put it all into the Three per Cent., as I instructed you. It is such a disagreeable surprise to me to discover suddenly that every halfpenny I possess in the world has disappeared in a South American mine! However, I know that the Rio Brígante Thirty per Cent. Consols were always a hobby of yours, and I can not reproach you. I suppose I shall have to take to a "crossing"—mas que voulez-vous? Stockbrokers will be there for you, and see what you'll do with her. I am always yours most truly, &c., &c.

IV.

To an active Agent who has been a little hasty.

MY DEAR MR. HAMPED AND DIRECTED ENVELOPE.

I see that instead of announcing my intention of remitting the Spring rents, out of consideration for the hardness of the times, you have evicted everybody in the shortest time possible. As I write, this has perhaps been a slightly mistaken policy on your part, as my house was yesterday evening burnt down over my head, while to-day, as I was inspecting the ruins, I have been shot at four times, and badly hit three. I do not, of course, complain of this, for I am quite satisfied that you have ideas of your own as to the management of my affairs. Should anything more serious occur, I have made all arrangements that you should be duly communicated with by telegraph; for I am convinced that whatever happens, you have done your duty like a conscientious and energetic, if—I hope you will excuse me—somewhat too proud and energetic an agent.

Believe me, &c., &c.

V.

From a Secretary of State to a High Commissioner who has set a Colony in a blaze.

MY DEAR SIR,

Injurious, perhaps. But there—never mind. Have another innings.

Yours, &c., &c.

CETEWAHO AND KETCH.

The Zulu Monarch's name, by its lettering, to speak,
As if 'twere a proper name, Latin or Greek,
And pronounce CE—TE—WAY—, is not the right way;
We are told that Ketchwayo is what we should say.

Ketchwayo's accounted a barbarous wretch;
And his name also puts us in mind of Jack Ketch.
In one thing King Ketchwayo and Jack Ketch agree;
They were both little babies once, even as we.
My, and both of those babies their nurses, perchance,
In their arms were accustomed to dandle and dance,
And hush them, and rock them, and lullaby sing,
And cry "Ketchy-Ketchy" to each little thing!

OUR CONSUMPTION OF CLARET.

It is stated that our consumption of French wines in only about half per cent. of the total production of wine in France. That may well be, notwithstanding any quantity that may be drunk of Grocers' Gladiolas.

THE COMMANDER WE ALL WISH TO SEE SUPERSEDED IN SOUTH AFRICA.—GENERAL INCOMPETENCE.

WHERE THE FELISH'S SNEE-FINCHER.—Where the Corn used to be—in Egypt!
Bells and Their Baptism.

The Author of "Flemish Interiors," in a note on the performance, in certain Protestant Churches of a ceremony called the "Blessing of Bells," informs us, respecting those solemn summations, that "in Catholic countries they are still practised. In what way bells can be any the better, or made capable of bettering anybody, by their baptism, is a question perhaps not to be asked in a country where it is customary to christen the Queen's ships.

There are a few other inquiries, however, in reference to the baptismal rite as applied to either kind of vessel, sonorous, or sailing or steaming, which we have no reason to refrain from asking. What conditions are necessary to the validity of their baptism? Will lay baptism, masculine or feminine, suffice for either in point of orthodoxy, or is it absolutely necessary that the christening of a ship should be performed by a lady? With what matter are bells to be baptised? Could wine be used in the baptism of church bells; and would water do to christen a man-of-war? If the ship's bellers of the masters' terms, or do they remain unbaptised, so as to be free and fiercely uttered against the 'blacklegs,' as non-unionist workmen are called. Durham where 8,000 miners are on strike:—'I find that more than one-third would gladly embrace the strike, but are afraid to do so, under the threats of violence with the unionists in other parts of the county. Many tradesmen have closed their doors against credit.' "—Birmingham Daily Post.

A punch verse, written during the week, has become so alarming, that they decided to cease work, and win in their lot. There are thousands of men, women, and children at these collieries quite destitute, and freely and fiercely uttered against the 'blacklegs,' as non-unionist workmen are called. Durham where 8,000 miners are on strike:—'I find that more than one-third would gladly embrace the strike, but are afraid to do so, under the threats of violence with the unionists in other parts of the county. Many tradesmen have closed their doors against credit.' "—Birmingham Daily Post.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

RETURN of the Commons (Thursday, April 17) from their country quarters—not smiling. Weather broke up with the House, whose holiday has been as dreary as its work before the holidays has been wearisome and wasted. 

First night was all question, and no answer. It was astonishing how many things Hon. Members wanted to know which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could not tell them. First, Mr. Fawcett wanted to know if MAUDE'S Column had been ordered to advance on Cabul. Government didn't know, but hadn't given any orders for such advance.

(Sir BARTLE FRERE should have taught them that the advances of the servant are not always limited by the orders of the master.)

Dr. KENNEDY wanted to know if Mr. Cross wasn't going to do something for his unfortunate client. Mr. Cross did not mean to reopen either the cell, or the case, of the Claimant, who, we fear, will soon be a CLAMANT in DESERTO, in spite of the irrepresible Doctor and his Hyde Park Demonstrations.

Then Sir JUTIOn GOATSBY wanted to know no end of things. Whether Mr. RIVERS WILSON had refused to take his discharge without consent of his own Government. Whether the SULLIVAN had been asked to give the KhEDIVE the sack. Whether the Government proposed any, and what, action in Egypt in conjunction with France. 

Gin's Baby wanted to know whether persons, throwing light on Egyptian darkness, would shortly be laid before Parliament, and whether the Italian Government had made representations, or expressed opinions on the subject.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER didn't know anything about anything, or anybody, in Egypt, except what the wires had told everybody.

"So the Egyptian plague—spite of questioning close and unwearying—Continues to be, as it was in Moses' time, darkness Cimmerian."

On going into Supply, Mr. CARTWRIGHT temperately, but forcibly, presented the indictment against the Government for obtaining the forbearance of Greece on false pretences; inducing her to refrain from open hostilities to Turkey by promises to back her claims on Epirus and Thessaly, and then throwing her over—fobbing her off with the "recommendation" of a rectified frontier at Berlin, and now pointing out to her that the recommendation was not binding on anybody in particular, least of all on the Turks.

Lord E. FITZMAURICE supported the indictment.

Mr. GLADSTONE showed that to the long list of unredeemed pledges scored against the present Administration must be added their unfilled promises to the Greeks. He warned the Government that Greece had many friends in England, who were disgusted with the treatment she had received, and would take an early opportunity of showing it. If Greek at home would not meet Greek abroad in a better spirit, the tug of war would come with a vengeance. Let them carry out the one right requirement of the Berlin Treaty—the rectification of Greek frontier.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER pleaded "not guilty"—or, rather, as the proceedings are civil, and not criminal—"in confession and avoidance." Government were for friendly relations of Turks and Greeks; thought a rectification of frontier necessary to such relations; but thought the best road to such rectification would be by direct communication between the Powers. This they were promoting, and hoped it would be successful.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

If, after all their disappointments in re Turk, the Government can still get up a hope out of Constantinople, it would be cruel to throw cold water on it.

"Hope on, ye sanguine dreamers, while ye may, Till the light comes, that drives all dreams away."

SIR CHARLES DILKE said hard things of the Government—that they were the worst obstacle in the way of the arrangement they professed to be promoting. Mee's, MONT, BAXTER, and SAW-LEVERETT followed suit; and SIR WILLIAM HARcourt dressed up the case against the Beaconsfield Cabinet and policy with the spice and sauce in the use of which he shows himself so consummate a chef. If he who peppers most highly is sure to please, SIR WILLIAM should be the most popular performer in the House.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL essayed to answer the EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL—with more of Manners than meaning.
"BUT, LORD! THEIR CONFIDENCE!"

Peppys' Diary.

"I've sent sixteen pictures in to the Academy."

Paintor (Professional—aghast). "But, madam, think the academicians themselves are only entitled to send eight!"

"Oh, then, they can choose the best eight of mine."

Mr. Cartwright's Motion was narrowly negatived, by 63 to 47—a division too near to be pleasant.

Sir H. Selwyn-Issettson explained to Mr. Ritchie the delay in reorganisation of the Customs; and Mr. Lownher postponed his defence of mixed education in Ireland.

More "mixed occupation" for the Government!

Friday.—In Committee of Supply. No demand for seats. A handful of Members and a night of small things, including the outlay on the old Ladies' apartments at Hampton Court, the rabbits in Richmond Park, and the Police in the House, whom Mr. Jenkins would like to have replaced by liveried attendants. He has seen the sort of thing he wants at Versailles, where he found that the friends of Deputies "were treated with every consideration, irrespective of sex." Has Bobby in the lobby been uncivil to any of Mr. Jenkins' Dundermicas—or their guile-wives?

The House, such as it was, fought over a big batch of builders' bills—a class of items not more satisfactory in public than in private accounts.

GOING FARTHER AND NOT FARING WORSE.

It looks very much as if the Khedive was about to have the best of it as regards the slap of the face which he has so pluckily given France and England. "Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère," seems to be the question that comes to the public lips, rather than the one anticipated on the Stock Exchange of London and Paris—"Whom is the covering to begin?"

Suppose, having gone so far, the Khedive were to go a step further, and answer the threats of his European threateners by throwing over his European creditors altogether? The Sultan has done so, and what is he the worse for it? It is true, he can't get the Giaours to lend him any money; but no more he could before his repudiation. Why should not his most respectable subject the Khedive imitate his successor, and follow up his dismissal of the French and English Ministers by applying the sponge to his French and English debts?

We really see no very sufficient reason. And only think what a relief it would be to the poor Fellahs under his authority to be thus left under the weight of Egyptian bonds only, and not of European ones as well?

THE ILLS OF GREECE.

Jingo Leader loquitur.

The ills of Greece, the ills of Greece! By glowing Glaucos warming sung!

Lord B. brought honour back with peace,

And Greece's isle is coolly sung.

For wider boundaries yearning yet,

Which don't she wish that she may get?

Vague promise might awhile amuse,

Make her for fight less resolve;

Now help or counsel we refuse,

And even Sympathy is mute.

We've urgent others East and West,

And Greece's claim may be—well, blist!

Lord B. Lord Salisbury looks upon,

And Salisbury looks on Lord B.

"Our promise? All my eye!" says one.

"Aid?" cries the other; "Fiddle-de-dee!"

"Hellas expect we'll stir to save—

The wildest joke, the merest 'shave!'"

We have to look to our own fame,

To power and pelt, prestige and place;

Uphold the Jingo-patriot's name,

And what is left the statesman here?

For Greeks a joke—for Greece a jeer.

And what is left the statesman here?

Humanity don't count at all.

Your teeth for British interests set;

What odds where British honour's gone?

Of two possessions, why forget

The safer and more paying one?

Some one supremacy must have,

Better the Turk than Greek or Slave?

Fill high the bowl with Cyprus wine!

Hang hopes of Nationalities!

The Sultan's much more in our line,

He serves some scheme of 'cute Lord B.'s.

A tyrant?—Well, perhaps; but then

He plays our game, my countrymen!

Look not for freedom to John Bull,

He has a Premier Sharp at polls.

He wants to keep his coffers full,

To charm the Jingoes and the Swells;

And Turkish force, stock-riggers' fraud,

He serves some schemes of 'cute Lord B.'s.

And even sympathy is mute.

And Greece aside is coolly flung,

And even sympathy is mute.

Saxissury looks on Lord B.

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And Turkish force, stock-riggers' fraud,

And even sympathy is mute.

And Greece aside is coolly flung,

And even sympathy is mute.

Saxissury looks on Lord B.

"Aid?" cries the other; "Fiddle-de-dee!"

"Fill high the cup with Cyprus wine!

Hang hopes of Nationalities!

The Sultan's much more in our line,

He serves some scheme of 'cute Lord B.'s.

A tyrant?—Well, perhaps; but then

He plays our game, my countrymen!

Look not for freedom to John Bull,

He has a Premier Sharp at polls.

He wants to keep his coffers full,

To charm the Jingoes and the Swells;

And Turkish force, stock-riggers' fraud,

And even sympathy is mute.

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Saxissury looks on Lord B.

"Aid?" cries the other; "Fiddle-de-dee!"

"Fill high the cup with Cyprus wine!

Hang hopes of Nationalities!

The Sultan's much more in our line,
of Notes and Queries, and, in a word, all who are treading the sterner heights of history, geography, chronology, and general information. They will see the most poetical megalophony, as well as the latest novelties in printing and Summer visit; the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces during alternate fortnights. Due notice will be given of their exhibition, by advertisement, and by placards in London, on the Monument, the Duke of York’s Column, and the pillars in front of the Royal Exchange; and in the country, outside Town Halls, and on the School Boards which have been kindly lent for this special occasion.

The prizes will be awarded by judges selected from the Professors at our Universities, the Head Masters and Mistresses of our Public, Grammar, Collegiate, and High Schools, the Atheneum Club, and the Committee of Privy Council on Education. The answers to the Questions may be sent through the General Post-Office.

Questions and Quotations.

1. Who wrote The Beggar’s Petition, and what answer was returned to it by the Mendicity Society?

2. Give, this fine Spring weather, passages from the poets introducing the daisy, daffodil, violet, primrose, cowslip, and buttercup.

3. “I saw him die.” These are the closing words of one of the stanzas of an old and pathetic ballad. Supply the rest of the verse.

4. Point out the probable source (in one of our Cavalier poets) of the following lines:—

“I could not love thee, Jane, so much,
Loved I not Jenny more.”

5. Give the date and duration of the reign of King Copnerva, both in Arabic and Roman numerals.

6. Who was it that declared that, when she died, “Servants” would be found written on her heart?

7. Who is the Author of the apothegm, “Punctuality is the thief of time”?

8. About what period was H.R.H. Duke Humphrey giving his recherché dinner-parties?

9. One of the most famous characters in the masterpiece of Spanish fiction, Don Quixote, invokes a blessing on “the man who first invented sleep. Who was this Man?

10. Who is said to have had a “pair of black wretched stockings which his maid darned so often with silk that they became at last a pair of silk stockings”?

11. “And one could whistle and one could sing, The other play.”

On what instrument?

12. Where do we find mention of Messrs. Bowley, Fowler, Gavame, and Siracide, and what was the Christian name of the senior partner in the firm?

13. Calculate the exact height to which the elderly female ascended who was “tossed up in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon.”

14. Give the latitude and longitude of the island of Barataria.

15. A great orator very recently introduced in one of his speeches this quotation—“A matchless intrepidity of face.” What one word, indicating a feature in the human countenance, would convey exactly the same meaning?

AN UNPREMEDITATED DUET.

Mr. BRIGHT at Birmingham.

Mr. HARDCOURT at Sheffield.

Bright. Meeting “Drums” once again; a delight beyond measure.

Harcourt. I’m “York,” and to the rest of brother, “York” is a pleasure.

Bright. We’ve assembled, of course, to pitch into the Tories.

Harcourt. Five years of bad trade, costly wars, and sham glories!

Bright. Making mischief abroad, doing nothing at home.

Harcourt. New rows from fresh quarters continually come.

Bright. That mad Russian bogey’s at bottom of all of it.

Harcourt. Repose? Why, we’ve had one perpetual row of it.

Bright. They’ve lowered our character, squandered our cash;

Harcourt. Pollywogs in finance, and in policy rash.

Bright. They face out bad bargains with braggard and bray;

Harcourt. These Imperial powers can’t pay their way!

Bright. He, whilst blunder on blunder comes faster and faster,

Harcourt. Debt, danger, dismay, distress, and disaster;

Bright. The street of a bully, the soul of a sneak.

Harcourt. But the Jingoes, they’ll yet cast his lock.

Bright. Our North-African policy’s nought but a do.

Harcourt. In South Africa things look exceedingly blue.

Bright. We have treated the Afghan ill, there’s not a doubt of it;

Harcourt. Having entered his land, we don’t see our way out of it.

Bright. As for India, at present, it’s scarce worth its salt;

Harcourt. Its Government’s helpless, finances all at fault.

Bright. We’re proposing to lend her two millions of money,

Harcourt. And loans, without interest, always look funny.

Bright. So our credit is lost, and our money spent.

Harcourt. To help would-be snatchers of sixty per cent.

Bright. We are shirking or swagging all over the maps,

Harcourt. To the good of no soul, save the stock-jobbing chaps.

Bright. Our thirty-four millions can’t stand such a strain.

Harcourt. Peace with honour, on tick, brings nor glory, nor gain.

Bright. With blood they have stained this serene reign of peace.


Bright. They’ve been foolish at home, they’ve been wicked abroad,

Harcourt. Ever sapping our strength, and increasing our load.

Bright. And, in fact, they are quite the worst Government out.

Harcourt. Rather in; but their terrace runs short, there’s no doubt.

Bright. Still I would not have to ‘reminisce’

Harcourt. Though we fervently hope they may soon go to pot.

Bright. My eloquent scorn on such wind-bags why waste

Harcourt. Or my epigrams Attic, or rhetoric chaste?

Bright. Let the Nation decide, as it will speedily do!

Harcourt. But the Jingo, like Pistol, will yet eat his leek.

Bright. In South Africa things look exceedingly blue.

Harcourt. In South Africa things look exceedingly blue.

Bright. In South Africa things look exceedingly blue.

Harcourt. To help would-be snatchers of sixty per cent.

Bright. It’s all at fault.

Harcourt. And, in fact, they are quite the worst Government out.

Bright. They’ve been foolish at home, they’ve been wicked abroad.

Harcourt. Ever sapping our strength, and increasing our load.

Bright. And, in fact, they are quite the worst Government out.

Harcourt. Rather in; but their terrace runs short, there’s no doubt.

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Harcourt. Though we fervently hope they may soon go to pot.

Bright. My eloquent scorn on such wind-bags why waste

Harcourt. Or my epigrams Attic, or rhetoric chaste?

Bright. Let the Nation decide, as it will speedily do!

The May Meetings.

We understand that these Annual Festivals of the various religious Societies will not be held this year. Those who usually play first fiddle ( clerical or lay) in the Exeter Hall orchestra, in this month of merriment (May) meetings, feel that until the Scientific Frontier in Afghanistan is settled, the Zulu War disposed of, and the history of both forgotten, the less said for the spreading of the Book which prohibits the removal of land-marks, steepling, or even coveting our neighbours’ goods, the better.

With regard to Africa, in particular, the case is the more awkward, as the various Missionary Societies were on the point of combining to dispatch a considerable relay of labourers to the recently discovered vineyards in the interior of the Dark Continent. It is felt that this is not the time to preach Christianity with effect in these benighted regions, whether on the spot, or in Exeter Hall.

“Just the Man for ’Em.”

“The Khedive has issued a decree appointing General Swayne Pasha Director of the Land Survey, to Mr. Colvin.”—Daily News Telegram, Tuesday, April 15.

The poor Fellahs have been asking for Bread, and naturally, the Khedive has given them a Stone.

The Burmese Massacres, in Brief—“Le Roi s’amuse.”
NINE REASONS WHY.

IMMEDIATELY after dismissing his English Ministers, the Khedive dispatched to his high and mighty Suzerain, the Sultan, a confidential Envo," Pasha Talat, charged with the Khedive's reasons for taking so decisive a step. The approval by the Padishah of the Khedive's action was prayed on the following grounds (inter alia):

1. Because sauce for Egypt was sauce for Turkey.
2. Because the Khedive, as an admiral, servant, and humble imitator of the Father of the Faithful, held his faith very dear; and could not bear to think that any of his creditors should lose a farthing of their guaranteed interest.
3. Because if Egypt failed to pay her debts, the credit of Turkey would be seriously impaired.
4. Because the English and French Ministers would insist on wearing hats, thus insulting the Sultan as well as the Khedive, who never wear anything but the fez.
5. Because the Khedive could really feel no confidence in the representatives of Powers who had failed to assist the Sultan with men during the late Russo-Turkish War, and with money since its termination.
6. Because the Khedive was under the impression that Mr. Rivers Wilson and his French colleague did not believe in the prospects of the Ottoman Empire, or look forward hopefully to the execution of the Anglo-Turkish Convention.
7. Because the financial reforms of the European Ministers did not include an increase in the amount of tribute paid by the Khedive to the Padishah.
8. Because Mr. Rivers Wilson had declined to advise the house of Rotchielo to float a new Turkish Loan.
9. And, lastly, because of the very weighty, and, as the Khedive trusts, sufficient reasons contained in the eight chests which Talat Pasha is charged most respectfully to place at the feet of the Padishah.

HONOUR AND BUSINESS.

Mr. Punch, Sir,

A NOTE has been sent me from the French Embassy pointing out that the Cross of the Legion of Honour is not to be confounded with the medals distributed by the Exhibition Judges, I am expected not to use it as a means of attracting attention or obtaining publicity, and to avoid representing it in my advertisements, invoices, labels, &c.; although I am at liberty, if I think fit, to add my title as Chevalier of the Legion of Honour to my signature on my commercial papers or bills. Certainly I shall think fit; else what's the use of the Cross of the Legion of Honour to me? I beg to differ altogether from the French Embassy, as I consider a colossal representation of that Distinction would form a most Attractive Element in a Poster, and would be a Addition as Ornamental to the Public View as useful to the Interests of, Sir, Your Most Obedient Humble Servant,

Crispin Snobleton,

Boot and Shoemaker, and Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.

The Golden Last, April 18, 1879.

For the Home-Rulers.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE and The O'Connor Don have formally notified the secession from the Home-Rule party in Parliament. If Biggar, Parnell, and O'Donnell would but follow their example! A prospect opens to the Party at last!

"NOT A FOOT BETWEEN 'EM."

What is the difference between an M.P. and a Bargoe? One follows the healing, the other the towing, path.

COBDENITES V. CANADIANS.

"It is impossible to contemplate the new Canadian Tariff without a feeling of shame and humiliation."

So reads Mr. Punch in his Times of Friday last, and, in his capacity of Zeus Oikonomos, casting his eye over the tariff in question, he is inclined to acquiesce. As, however, he finds in another part of the same paper that "it would be a great addition as ornamental to the public view as useful to the prospects of the Ottoman Empire, or look forward hopefully to the execution of the Anglo-Turkish Convention."

COBDENITES V. CANADIANS.

Mr. Punch's Weather Forecast.

One of the most respected of Mr. Punch's contemporaries now daily furnishes its readers with a tip about the coming weather. The Sage of Sages has determined, after much consideration of the subject, to follow this example. The following is his weather forecast to the middle of next week.

1. Scotland, N. South-easterly winds, with fog, thunder, intense heat, and sharp snow-showers at intervals.
2. Scotland, E. Sleet and rain; cold south-easterly winds, with intervals of ethereal mildness.
5. Channel Islands. Wind blowing from the N. and S.
6. Scotland, W. Nice dry summer weather, with an occasional hard frost at noon.
8. England, S.W. Showers of shooting stars, with waterpots, occasional whirlwinds, and rapid variations of temperature.
9. Ireland, N. Intense heat, followed every half-hour by intense cold.
10. Ireland, S. Same as Nos. 6, 7, and 3, 4, 5.
11. Ireland, S.W. As Nos. 6, 7, and 3, 4, 5.

8 P.M.—The above programme is subject to alteration as the Clerk of the Weather may decide.
TIT FOR TAT.

Mamma (to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "Please"). "YOU MAY COME OUT NOW, HAMILTON!"

Hamilton. "NOT TILL YOU SAY 'PLEASE,' MOTHER!"

"ON VIEW."

"THE PEOPLE'S TRIBUTE TO THE PREMIER. — The gold Laurel Wreath intended for presentation to the Earl of Beaconsfield, as the People's tribute to the Premier, may now be seen, by ticket of invitation, at Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's, 156, New Bond Street. Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, whom with the idea of presenting this Wreath originated, wished it to be entirely the gift of working men and women throughout the United Kingdom, and the amount of each person's subscription was limited to one penny. The Wreath, which has been executed by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, is valued, cost-price, at £220, and it will therefore represent the contributions of 52,800 persons. The Wreath weighs rather more than 20 oz., and the gold used is 22 carat—of the same fineness as a sovereign, only the alloy in the Wreath is silver instead of copper. There are forty-six leaves, and on the back of each may be seen, on turning over the Wreath, the names, one, two, or three on each leaf, of the eighty towns in the United Kingdom that have sent or promised contributions. As subscriptions continue to come in, it is proposed to add a stand for the Wreath, an oaken casket, and an illuminated address, and the names of future contributory towns will be engraved on these. Arrangements have been made to exhibit the Wreath publicly at the Crystal Palace soon after Easter, namely, from Saturday, April 19th, to Saturday, April 26th, inclusive." — Times (not of April 1st., but April 12th).

(Tait's Reflections at Hunt and Roskell's.)

"A CHARMING Wreath! — But bay-leaves? — Parnassus bellus? Of Peace with Honour scarce appropriate guerdon. Had I seen Mr. Tracy Turnerelli,
The choice of leaf I should have had a word on. Why not a sprig of cypress intermingled,
Plucked near the foam-born Goddess's blue bays? At touch whereof Britannia's ears had tingled,
To hear another foam-born Godhead's praise? But cypress smacks of mourning—testa Horræ,
At this, the Turnerelli tribute fair,
Should not be ranked among mementos-moria,
But with moments of successes rare,
Long life, large honours, orders, titles high,
Golden deserts set forth, as fitting in gold,

"Twenty-two carats—extra quality,—
By Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, so I'm told.
"Forty-six leaves, two towns to each they say,
Twas to leaves fairy-gold, of yore, would turn;
Which leaves to dust would shrivel, soon away;
Their sole reward who sought such gold to earn.
But though this gold be to its purpose suited,
Twenty-two carats, fine as fine can be,
Query the copper whence it is transmuted
By Tracy Turnerelli's alchemy?
"Are the fifty-two thousand pennies there?
Not promised only, but cashed down—
Tribute in real bronze to brass paid fair,
Solid substratum of less solid crown?
For that we've only Turnerelli's word—
Doubtless as good as Turnerelli's bond—
"All's gold that glitters—wherefore probe beyond:"

Tilley Slowboy.

Mr. Tilley, Canadian Minister of Finance, has distinguished himself by drawing up a Protectionist Tariff more than commonly tending to raise the cost and so diminish the consumption of the manufactures he designs to encourage. Tilley-valley! but a good deal more Tilley than "valley." Commercial views more worthy of a narrow-minded shopkeeper than an enlightened statesman denote Mr. Tilley more competent to a till, than an exchequer.

Botanical Fancy.

At the "Working Men's College," Great Ormond Street, the other evening, a free lecture was delivered by Mr. Francis Darwin on "Self-Defence among Plants." As plants peculiarly distinguished for this self-defending power, may be mentioned the thorns, the thistles, and the stinging nettle. But, perhaps, the best emblem of self-defense in the vegetable kingdom would be Box.
"ON VIEW."

(At Hunt and Roskell's.)

"'WREATH'?—H' M! INTERESTING OBJECT!
"'FIFTY-TWO THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED PENNIES'—GRATIFYING TRIBUTE!!
"'TRACY TURNERELL'—REMARKABLE NAME!!"
in my stably unusual collection I do not number the sort of animal that would carry a person of your dimensions and ponderosity.

"When I say a 'pony,' Sir Salar Jang means twenty-five pounds." 

"Now I see you are jesting. Why, Sir, no pony weighs so little as twenty-five pounds; and if you wish for such a rarity, it is my deliberate opinion that you should first make every reasonable endeavour to find a donkey. When you have secured the latter, I have little doubt but that the former will soon be within your reach."

"Why, Sir Salar, you can lend me twenty-five sovereigns till to-morrow?"

He is a wonderful fellow, and has a really marvellous command of the English language. I doubt, though, whether he always understands everything that is said to him. I mean when given in colloquial English. For example, I will reproduce a short conversation I had with him yesterday:

"Ah, Sir Jarge! How are you? Jolly?"

"I present you, my dear Mr. Fuzzeli Princeps, with the assurances of my most distinguished consideration, and I am enabled, from interior knowledge, to assert without fear or favour that I am in the present enjoyment of the most perfect salubrity."

"Glad to hear it, Sir Salar Jang. Things looking well in the City?"

"Why, Sir, the shares which a benign Providence has allotted to me in various estimable and trustworthy associations of honourable merchants, as I am informed by those with whom no dread of confidential sequences would prevail as against the interests of truth, have risen to a height of profit rarely exceeded in the history of mercantile transactions."

He is delighted to hear it, my dear Sir Salar Jang, as I can now ask you to lend me a pony, which I assure you shall be returned punctually next Saturday afternoon."

"I regret, my dear and accomplished Mr. Fuzzeli Princeps, that
THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

**Put (who has come to London with a view to emigrate).** "**Sure, I've come about that situation yer'er advertisin'!**"

**Newsvendor.** "**What situation do you mean?**"

**Put (pointing to poster).** "**It's this wonk in Egypt I'm after!**"

**Newsvendor.** "**Poo! That's on the state of affairs—**"

**Put.** "**Devil a ha'porth I care whose estate it's on! I'm bad, I'll take it!**"

SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Wednesday of this week is the Saint's day of St. George, which is also the birthday of Shakespeare. On this day, sacred to England's chief of Saints and first of men, will be first put to use in Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon—that remote and rustic little town in the Midlands, which owes all its interest to the house in which Shakespeare was born, and the grave in which he is buried—the new building in which is sought to commence, in a form more permanent than Jubilee or Tercentenary boards and canvas, the most memorable work ever wrought by mortal brain—the work done between the birthplace and the grave which make Stratford-on-Avon a place of pilgrimage for the English-speaking world. Mainly by strenuous local labour and large local liberality there has been built, and this week will be opened, in Stratford, a Theatre, not large, not unsuited, as regards elegance and convenience, for presentation of the plays of Shakespeare's great son. A series of these plays, including Hamlet, Much Ado about Nothing, and As You Like It, with a recital of the Tempest and a Concert of Shakespearian music, will be given in the new theatre between the 23rd of April and the 3rd of May. Miss Helen Faucit and Miss Wallis, Mr. Barry Sullivan and Mr. Brandon, among others, will give their services for acting and reading; Messrs. Arambel Goddard and Antonietta Sterling, Mrs. Gooden, Miss Mary Chatterton, Miss Kate Field, Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs. Santley, W. Shakespeare, Cumming, and Cowen, for music and song.

England is invited to assist at this festival of her greatest poet. Unluckily, England, always very busy, is just now very low in heart and pocket, and very little in the mood for inaugurating anything but unwelcome economies, and tax-repealances. However, we hope she will still find a public for the inauguration of the Shakespeare Theatre in Shakespeare's native town. The Theatre is to be associated, in due time, with a Library, a Gallery, and a Museum—in which the books, pictures, and other objects of interest shall have, as a right, first and chief reference to the immortal William. There are designs, too, which many will call dreamy, and more, over-ambitious, of a Dramatic School to be associated with the Theatre. Whatever may come of these hopes and projects, the Theatre is a fact, and the £12,000 that have been spent on it are a fact also. Both of these facts have chiefly to thank for their achievement the Scions of the same good stock, which bore the heaviest burden of all that was done in honour of Shakespeare at the Tercentenary Festival, and which links the name of Flower with more good works, local and Imperial, than Punch has here room or need to catalogue. The name is one of sweet savour; and the works of the venerable head of the family that bears it are of the kind that, after he is gone, will—"Smell sweet, and blossom, in the dust." Among these titles to respect he and his have a right to reckon the enthusiasm—the religio loci—which has taken form in the Shakespeare Theatre this week inaugurated at Stratford-on-Avon. Everybody can give the best reasons why nothing of the kind should have been attempted, and why nothing of the kind which may have been attempted and done can ever be of the slightest use. Punch may have something to say on these topics hereafter. The point with the House of Flower, and their friends and fellow-labourers, was to get the thing done. That they have achieved so much already is greatly to their credit. That they may carry out all they contemplate for the study, illustration, and honour of Shakespeare, in the quiet town in which he was born, and where he closed his days, should be the wish of the myriads who, in their several ways, find their highest and most profitable pleasure in Shakespeare's work. If they carry their good wishes further than the wishing stage to substantial help, much the better. Twelve thousand pounds have been raised and spent; twenty thousand pounds are asked for, to complete the group of buildings, of which the Theatre is to be the centre. Good use, they may rely upon it, will be found for every pound with which they think fit to assist the Messrs. Flower and their fellow-workers.
WE ALL EXPECT A GENTLE ANSWER," &c.

Mrs. Fanny Dyneley writes:—"My dear Mrs. Talbot Brown, we are so dreadfully distressed; but a horrid previous engagement prevents us from accepting your quite too delightful invitation to dinner on the—" (Vindicta.) "Ponsonby!" "Yes, my love." "What day was it those Talbot Brown's people asked for?" "The nineteenth, my love." "The month, or next?" "Next month, my love." (Writes.) "Fifteenth of next month. I can't tell you how wretched we both are in consequence; and with our kindest regards to you both, &c., &c., &c."" (See the Prayer of Achilles in the Iliad.)

In London, so says the Daily News,—by way of much needed ditto to Mr. Punch,—"the names of the streets are posted up so rarely, that it is only by favourable chance that the inscription can be found. When found, it is next to impossible to make a note of it, being written in characters too small, and at a height too great for the range of ordinary eye-sight."

If the numbers of the houses could be painted up by tens below both grounds it is impossible that I can continue calmly to listen to, and to answer him—by doing as has been done already in the Queen's Gardens' district, till lately one of the most labyrinthine in London, but now comparatively easier to find and chart, thanks to the names painted on the street-lamps. Without such inscriptions, these now serve little better purpose than to make darkness visible: than to guide the latest improvements of lamp-posts and burners, they make the darkness, at some points, a little more visible than it used to be.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"

The Co-operative Movement and the National Anthem.

DEAR PUNCH,

My signature will show that I must, as a matter of course, hate the Co-operative mania as much as I love my Queen. On both grounds it is impossible that I can continue calmly to listen to, and to answer him—by doing as has been done already in the Queen's Gardens' district, till lately one of the most labyrinthine in London, but now comparatively easier to find and chart, thanks to the names painted on the street-lamps. Without such inscriptions, these now serve little better purpose than to make darkness visible: than to guide the latest improvements of lamp-posts and burners, they make the darkness, at some points, a little more visible than it used to be.

Yours truly, 

An Indignant Tradesman.

Wanted, a "Flaught" of Fire-damp.

The Ironmasters in Cleveland are "damping down" their furnaces in consequence of the scarcity of coal and coke, produced by the strike of the Durham coal-miners. If only common sense and hard necessity combined would "dampen down" that among the hewers and cutters of our Northern Black Diamond district!
BOYS AND GIRLS, CAME OUT TO PLAY!

vnr irrepresible wags, the
happy Managers of the
Vauvelite, with a fine
irony, announce to the
friends that, "notwith-
standing the continued
popularity of the
Comedy of Our Boys, its
career must be 'cut short,'
with a battle room for Our
Girls."

"New" Comedy is a
relative term. Most people
would call Our Boys the
oldest Comedy recorded in
the dramatic register of
births. It is all very well
for Messrs. James
and Troc to talk of cutting
short its career, after they
have cut it longer than
any career ever run on the
boards since theatres came
into being. We do not
know that we should wish
to risk our chance of
getting a longer one.
"Old Girls" may live as
long; nor are we sure that
such a life would be the likeliest to bring
either of gain or glory, to Our Girls' parents, authorial and
managerial.

"Old Girls" are not, as a rule, so popular as "Old Boys." At
a certain stage they pass, perforce, into the disagreeable
category of "Old Maids." Better "A short life, and a merry one," than as
long a one as Middlewick's or Methuselah's, with that terminus
at the end of it. Is it not so? Punch puts it to "Our Girls"
throughout the kingdom.

ART-MEDICINE!

(Caecio in vul. arts.)

A MEETING of the Members of the General Scientific and Artistic
Association for the Promotion of Mixed Occupations was held a few
weeks ago to listen to the reading of a Paper by Mr. HERIERS
SCURRY (the well-known painter), upon "Medicine from the point
of View of an Outsider." The room was well filled. Mr. Punch
occupied the Chair.

The Chairman expressed his great pleasure in joining that
evening's gathering. He dearly loved a joke, and considered the
idea that persons eminent in one profession should
lecture upon matters connected with other professions was a very
happy one, and could not fail to subserve the higher
Pape of
his views upon manceuvring an army in the field in a country in-
gy my —s, Rage to jot vey: Lay
upon the manning na ting a P. an le
steamer from Sou to Bombay. It would thus be seen that
a rich harvest of amusement, if not instruction, was in store for the
expect soon to find the levelling institutions of America acclimatised
any career ever run on the boards since theatres came
into being. We do not
know that we should wish
to risk our chance of
getting a longer one.
"Old Girls" may live as
long; nor are we sure that
such a life would be the likeliest to bring
either of gain or glory, to Our Girls' parents, authorial and
managerial.

"Old Girls" are not, as a rule, so popular as "Old Boys." At
a certain stage they pass, perforce, into the disagreeable
category of "Old Maids." Better "A short life, and a merry one," than as
long a one as Middlewick's or Methuselah's, with that terminus
at the end of it. Is it not so? Punch puts it to "Our Girls"
throughout the kingdom.

RANK AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

As a strenuous supporter of the British Aristocracy, a
firm believer in the Blue Blood of England, and one who counts
himself lucky upon "The Upper Ten," I cannot but express
my regret at the publication, in a recent trial, of a letter from Her
Grace the Duchess of Westminster giving a character to a person
known to the extremely plebeian name of Jomw. Why, Sir, that
note might have been written by ninety-nine middle-class mis-
tresses of a house out of every hundred. There was nothing in
it, it regrettted extremely to observe, showing that Her Grace
deservedly appreciated the duties and privileges of her exalted
station. This is not the way, Sir, to preserve the gloss and glory
of the strawberry leaves! Were every Duchess to write in the
same quiet, lady-like, if slightly ungrammatical manner, we might
expect soon to find the levelling institutions of America acclimatised
amongst us. What is the use of the Morning Post, Sir, at that
organ of the Old English Aristocracy, if Ladies of real rank
are to stoop in their epistolary correspondence to the level of
Mrs. Brown, Jones, or Robinson?

You will, perhaps, ask what is the use of diagnosing the disease,
unless you can suggest the remedy? Allow me, therefore, to jot
down my idea of the sort of letter that should have been sent on the
occasion to which I have alluded. Of course, it ought not to have
been written by the Duchess herself, but by her Servants' Hall
Secretary's Assistant Secretary, in something like this form:

MADAM,

I am desired by the Secretary of the Servants' Hall of Her
Grace the Duchess of Westminster to inform you that Her Grace
has a faint recollection of having once had a person in her service
of the name you mention. To the best of Her Grace's belief, she
has a faint recollection of having once had a person in her service
of the name you mention. To the best of Her Grace's belief, she
has a faint recollection of having once had a person in her service
of the name you mention. To the best of Her Grace's belief, she
has a faint recollection of having once had a person in her service
of the name you mention. To the best of Her Grace's belief, she

I am, Madam, yours, &c.

(Signed)

Assistant Servants' Hall Secretary of Her Grace
the Duchess of Westminster.

Had Her Grace directed such a letter as the above, the prestige
Nobility would have been maintained, and I should have been
satisfied.

Yours, Indignantly,

PLANTAGENET MONTMORENCY FISGINS.

Pinchbeck Lodge, Good Queen Anne's Road,
Kensal Green, North Kensington.

"Another Star Gone Out, I Think."

At Berlin, Dizzy's star in the ascendant,
On tinsel "Peace with Honour" shone resplendent;
Now with Zulus and Battle Freen to master,
His star is dimmed, and must be spelt Dis-aster!
The Rev. Alpsie Tonher (going round his new Parish). "Of course, you observe Lent, Mrs. Rickyard?"

Mrs. Rickyard. "Oh, yes, sir, we allus hay pancakes & shrove Tuesday!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

The Girls—The Hunchback.

Sir.—Of course it was absolutely necessary to go and see The Girls as soon as possible. Misusing the enthusiasm, or prejudice, of a first night, I waited till the third representation; but I could not shake off the feeling that, play what they would, it couldn't help being, somehow or other, a pendant to Our Boys. Up to the very last I indulged in a vague hope that Mr. Davy-James would throw off his wig, whiskers, and moustache, and appear as Perkin Middlwick, acknowledging that, after all, he had only been "pertinent." But no—he never appeared as Perkyn Middlwick, but remained Mr. Plantagenet Potter to the end. As to Mr. Thorne, I had seen him in some such part before—in what I forget—but I think in some piece of Mr. Albert's, where a carpenter, or a bookbinder, or something between the two, he got up a ladder in a library, and from the top of it informed the company generally that he was guilty of some frightful crime, which had really been committed by Mr. Davy-James—familiarly known in the piece as "Old Snowball"—and then slid down the ladder, had a fit, and the Curtain descended on this touching tableau. Well, whatever the character in that piece, Mr. Thorne's part in The Girls is much the same as the one just mentioned, only without the ladder, the accusation, and the tableau.

The character of Plantagenet Potter is a libel on the ordinary City man. So let us hope he is not a City ordinary, but an importation from some "Tholky-per-thent—my-boy" establishment. He is not even a type of the class to which he is supposed to belong. Then what people he knows, as for instance "Alderman Jumbo"—which sounds as if the Corporation of the City of London had selected as a member of their Order one of these London blanka who do always perform out of St. James's Hall, and generally on the Downs and at the doors of public-houses.

The names are not in the Author's happiest vein. Potter recalls Old Potter in Still Waters, and Judson is to everyone unfortunately suggestive of "dyes." Long life to The Girls,—but Judson dies. About omen!

The Girls has not that genuine touch of nature in it which undoubtedly made the success of Our Boys. The title, unfortunately, invites comparison, to the advantage of our old friend. Yet Mr. James is so irresistibly droll as this Israelitish Tholky-per-thent—my-boy cad, that everyone in search of several hearty laughs—at intervals—will undoubtedly get them at the Vaudeville. The best Scene in the piece are in the First Act, where the bashful Judson, here Judson blues, and his cheeks are dyed,—it's inevitable—proposes to Mr. Fareen for one of The Girls is accepted, and immediately afterwards Potter the Met-Angel—tholky-per-thent—muthie—al Thwell, enters to propose for the other.

The contrast is striking, and the entire scene between the moneyed Mother—all "Arry and Clench would be still funnier, and might be even truer to nature, were Mr. James representing the sort of man I have just named. But to be quite true to nature, Mr. Clench would have kicked him out of the house. Even as it is, Mr. Byron has been forced into making Clench say, aside, "I could strike him," or words to that effect, and hesitate about accepting such a thorough-going repulsive cad for his son-in-law, so as to tone down, to some extent, the outrageous character of an amusing scene.

Miss Larkin is as good as ever—always staid, yet always larking; and Miss Kaffy Bishopp plays the elder of the girls charmingly, and Miss Cluny-Richards in, of course, the Chambermaid in the usual Third Act poverty-stricken scene, where all begins miserably, and ends happily.

What has induced Mr. Irving to produce the Lady of Lyons? His success as the Courier of Lyons? Or is it that he is in truth taking up residence at it all Claude Melnotte? However, this must stand over.

The Woman of the People was a good start for Easter, for the Olympia, and the Public House of Mr. Joseph, and the success of The Hunchback is not one whit atoned at the Adelphi, where it will continue its career with four nights of Mr. T. H. A. and two of Miss Bella Pateman in the same character; then three nights of Mr. Neville, then three nights of Mr. Verney, as Master Walter. A mad world, my masters! Messrs. Gaity should publish a theatrical version of Who's Who in 1879. No Adelphi are Messrs. Neville and Verney. With which I commend myself to your graces, and am Your Representative.

SHALL LORD BYRON HAVE A STATUE?

Not if the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, know it—that is, within their district. They resolved on this last week, by 33 to 30. It is no loss to London, unless the statue could be guaranteed as far better than anything of the sort we possess at present, or than all the specimen of the British Dramatic Exhibition in the Albert Hall. But the ground of the refusal-causing the refusal of the ground by its proprietors—was that the best grain of the bequest was an opposition to any piece of art unless held by this great poetic genius ought not to have a memorial in any Christian parish. What a howl would this very Vestry have raised against Papal intolerance, had the Cardinal-Vicar in Rome opposed the erection of a statue of Luther within the Square of St. Peter's! Lord Byron should have a statue, as a poet, not as a distinguished member of the Established Church.

Quoth the Jolly J.P.'s of Aberystwith.

"Sir W. Lawson asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether his attention had been called to the proceedings of certain Magistrates at Aberystwith, who are alleged to have attended a supper which was lately held at the Lion Hotel in that town, and, when the hour of eleven approached, were stated to have there and then signed an order for an extension of hours for the sale of drink on the premises, in order to conclude the festivities of the evening."

Who with Law should make free,
If not with J.P.?

Being Cynricus of blood and convivial of habits?

The statute let's shelf.

And keep open till two o'clock.

The house where Welsh lions wash down their Welsh rabbits!

Back again from Bayeux!—London to Victoria—

"Welcome, little stranger!"
DISASTROUS RESULT OF BEAUTYMANIA.

The last new beauty, having an innocent cast of countenance, has been painted, sculptured, and photographed with her head on one side, sucking her thumb.

[N.B. — The gentlemen are joining the ladies after dinner.]
(Monday, April 21.)

Lords met, and up and away by twenty-five minutes past five. In those few minutes they had managed to exact a disclaimer of an intention to advance upon Cabul, and to forward several Bills a stage. O si se M.P.'s.

"Division of Labour our System affords—
The talk to the Commons— the work to the Lords."

(Commons.)—Oh ye Delixes and Jillwirte
of little faith. How often must the Government organs play over to you—

(Air—"We Don't Want to fight")

"We don't mean to advance upon Cabul—if we do, The pine will tell the House, and for an advance ask too."

Sir Stafford Northcote explained to Sir J. Goldsmith that Mr. Rivers Wilson had not "refused to be dismissed." A man can't "refuse to be dismissed," any more than he can refuse to be kicked down-stairs. There was no question of refusal on his part, or sanction on ours.

In Supply—on Civil Service Estimates. Vote of Costs of Civil Service Commission all but docked by the Salary of a Commissioner. The odour of robbery still hangs about the appointment of Lord Hawrow, though all his colleagues and ex-colleagues declare he is a model of administrative activity and efficiency at eighty-one. Nevertheless, his salary was only carried by 100 to 94. Such a Division means that the thing is really too strong to be defended much longer. People are beginning to feel that the Examination hobby is being ridden more than a little too hard when he is trotted out to carry Office messengers to their situations round by the Office of the Civil Service Commission. Some picking at the increased expenses of the Audit Office and the Local Government Acts Office, but no hole picked in either vote. Scotland asks for more than the £10,000 now voted to her for medical charity—not that she troubles herself to prove that she
THE DANGERS OF DILETTANTISM.

Mr. Snippe (of "Swipe and Padwell," Pall Mall). "GOOD AFTERNOON, MY LORD. I'M PROUD TO SEE YOU LOOKING AT MY HUMBLE SKETCHES."

Noble Client. "SUGGEST, SWIPPE! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THESE CARICATURES ARE BY YOU?"

Mr. Snippe. "YES, INDEED, MY LORD." [Modestly.] "THEY OUGHT TO BE, MY LORD. I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY MIND TO THEM."

Noble Client. "THE DEVIL YOU DO! IT'S A PITY YOU DON'T PUBLISH THEM TO THE WORLD, SWIPPE."

Mr. Snippe (much flattered). "I DARE SAY I SHALL SOME DAY, MY LORD."

Noble Client. "AH, I WOULD, IF I WERE YOU, AND LOOK HERE, SWIPPE, WHEN YOU DO, I'LL BUY A SET. BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF YOU SHALL EVER MEASURE ME FOR ANOTHER COAT!"

requires an increase, but because she is not getting her fair share with England of "what's gaun" in the way of bawbee to the M.D.'s and G.P.'s. The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in his Bill to facilitate the lightening of unlimited Joint-Stock Banks of their first syllable—a change which Punch hopes needs only to be commenced to the common sense of J. B., to be at once, in all cases, insisted upon, alike in the interest of bank shareholders and bank creditors. It means, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the substitution of a liability limited by some multiple of the value of the shares for a liability limited by some multiple of the value of the shares, but note-issuing banks are not to be allowed to re-register when they have an establishment in any other part of the United Kingdom than that where their principal office is situated.

This is a side-stroke at the Scotch banks established in London. These Scotch banks, which are banks of issue, have, with Scotch sharpness, stolen a march on the English banks, which are not permitted to issue notes. The Scotch banking interest will kick, and it is a strong one. But it is the deficiency of Scotch banking principle which has upset the coach, and brought the law about the bank's ears.

The banking organs in the House generally, though guardedly, approved the Bill. It is one of the few cases in which everybody says that something must be done, yet in which the doing of something seems really necessary. No doubt there will be an attempt made to limit the liability of trustees by special provision.

TUESDAY (Lords).—The good news of the relief of Colonel Pearson at Ekowe read to the House, with the chequered news from Colonel Wood, and the list of the killed and wounded. Their Lordships were glad—in their lordly manner.

The Earls of Renfrew and Kimberley, the Duke of Manchester, against the Duke of Richmond and the Marquises of Ripon and Hertford, on the principle that if it is a duty to prevent upland owners to prevent lowland floods. Their Lordships held owners liable by 41 to 19.

COMMISSIONS.—The Zulu news received. Cheers for Colonel Pearson's recovery. The House feels like John Bull, that it has much to be thankful for, nothing to be triumphant about. It hails the not disastrous issue of the first stage of a business ill begun, with no very visible good consequence in prospect.

For the choice of its Select Committees, the House prefers its Whips to anything that the House can put in their place. Not like knowing who to beat, the batters and barker, and see that the scoundrel dogs are well kept up to their work.

Mr. Bache moved to introduce the small end of the protection-wedge in the sugar-cask—in the shape of a Select Committee. "Candid inquiry" is all the ought-teeing interest asks, of course. But if the candid inquiry were to result in a proposal of a duty to counterbalance the Foreign Bounties which are so bountifully enabling the British consumer to buy his sugar at one farthing a pound cheaper, Mr. Bache considers that such a duty would be in perfect accordance with Free Trade principles.

Dr. Cameron and Mr. Sampson Lloyd are quite clear on that point.

Mr. Samuda doesn't agree with them, but would shut out all Austrian and French sugar not refined in bond.

Mr. Byrke, for Government, promised the Select Committee, but protested against countervailing duties and exclusions.

Messrs. Courtenay and Lowe pointed out the cloven hoof of Protection under the disguise of "Candid Inquiry." Sir R. Erskine, Mr. Northcote, and Mr. Charles, for Government, against countervailing duties. Mr. McIver protested against "Bonnamag and one-sided free-trade." How about your friends' untold Bounties which are so bountifully enumerated?

Mr. Forster asked the Government to back their disclaimer of "compensatory duties" by an exclusion of them in the terms of reference; but Sir Stafford: "You'm not in the Mist; but you're not in the Mist.

After speeches from Mr. Marten, Sir J. Hogg, Mr. Balfour, and Sir J. Leadbe, in favour of inquiry, the Committee was created on the Government terms of reference, and the small end of the Protection wedge driven home by Mr. Stafford, with due disclaimer.

WEDNESDAY, given up to the carrying—misable—dictum—of one Irish Bill, for the Registration of Voters, and the almost carrying of another, for the introduction into Ulster tenant-right, from the English Agricultural Holdings Act, of the presumption in favour of tenants' right to improvements.

Mr. Rennel, Mr. J. Lowther, Mr. Gregory, and Mr. D. Pe{

196 PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [May 3, 1879.
A fight between Narrow and Broad Gauge on Irish lines.—LORD LUFFTON Champion of the Broad, Lord REDSEDA, as of right, of the Narrow.

Lord CRANBROOK interposed with a modification, in the spirit of the old "Horns" oath at Highgate, allowing the narrow gauge in cases where the broad would be sufficiently uneconomical.

(Commons.)—RYLANDS the Rasper introduced his famous Resolutions condemning the increase of the national expenditure, dispensing Her Majesty's Government for reducing it, and that last year's expenses were £37,000,000, the largest sum ever spent, except when the country was in the throes of a great Continental war.

The CHANCELLOR had tried to "bubble" the country by his Budget, which shirked payments and postponed liabilities. The depression of trade and commerce throughout the country was aggravated by the uncertainty of peace, engendered by the "Imperial policy" of the Government, consisting of annexation, interference, and aggression.

Mr. BAXTER seconded the Resolutions, quoting statistics to show the rapid decline of English trade and agriculture, the growth of pauperism, the falling off of traffic and business activity, and the loss of old colonies. "There was no time like the present, and the time of the Budget, we were trifling with the one, and increasing the other."

The FIRST LORD OF THE ADJUTANT, most intrepid of the large family of Smith, fit foster-father of iron-clads, advanced against the Rylandian slawhammer and the Baxterian blade, his breast clad in oak and his hands in the wreath of "Peace, Retrenchment, Reform," contended that nobody had a right to twist Government with extravagance, seeing that large majorities had sanctioned every measure which had been for peace, from £73,000,000 in 1870 to £97,000,000 in 1878. As to new taxation, the Government had only put in the poor man's pipe an extra twopenny on his pound, and the national interest could not have been guarded, and the national honour maintained for less than the Government was spending.

Mr. GOSCHEN's Budget as an operation in thimble-gig. Mr. HUBBARD quite approved the Budget, and didn't see his way to reduce Army or Navy.

Dr. KEENLY gave the Government the benefit of his support, maintaining that, after the House had repeatedly approved ends, it would be self-stultification to stint means.

Mr. KITCHIN argued that the Resolutions ran in the teeth of the truth, seeing that the pressure of pauperism, crime, and taxation had not increased.

Mr. DOBISON dissected Mr. SMITH's estimate of the financial situation—contended that the Debt had increased, in spite of Sinking Funds; denied the existence of a Surplus, and doubted if the extraordinary exchequer expenditure, denying that any Government could diminish the Army by a man, or the Navy by a ship. The charge of the great armaments had been £33,000,000 more than the expenditure, from £73,000,000 in 1870 to £97,000,000 in 1878. As to new taxation, the Government had only put in the poor man's pipe an extra twopenny on his pound, and the national interest could not have been guarded, and the national honour maintained for less than the Government was spending.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH maintained that the Government had done its best under difficulties—and that the Resolutions amounted to asking for a new Government, not of the Ministers, but of the Majority and the Country.

Sir J. LUBBOCK put the figures the other way, insisting that the extraordinary exchequer expenditure, example of the Government was unnecessary, and its policy prejudicial commercially, without countereffect of political advantage. Mr. GRANTHAM maintained that taxation had diminished under the present Government, and the debate was adjourned on Mr. GOSCHEN's motion.

Friday (Lords).—Arms cirrumpens. Lord CADOGAN said the Government knew all about the sale of arms in Africa, but it would be unfair to name the man or men who sold them before the Zulu War; and they had taken measures to prevent the same.

Whether Pot had turned on Kettle; in other words, whether the Sultan had offered to sell the Khedive. We infer from Sir CAVENDISH's speech, that he could not say "No."

We are on looking at an achievement of perfectly disciplined human senses, and human muscles, their natural keenness sharpened, and strength strengthened by consummate temper and self-control, by regularity of habits, by mastery of appetites—in, short, by keeping down the base, and keeping uppermost the higher, of the two natures, which doubtless claim their part in Sir ARTHUR in the rest of the world.

He throws the breeze almost as dexterously as he aims the ball; and I am told is as consummate a master of the bow as of the rifle. There is, however, nothing like the great-bowman in what he does with the more formidable weapon.

PUNCH asked for a novelty at the Crystal Palace. He has got two in one—a shoemaker, unequalled by any other exponent unique among Yankee performers—a modest, quiet, and unobtrusive doer of things even more wonderful in the reality than in the description.

Egyptian Loans and Egyptian Banks.—Ill-lent and Lentill.
THE TABLES TURNED.

Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere) is subject to fits of Radicalism. After suddenly informing her daughter Gwendoline that kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood, she gives her permission to go and play with "those nice daughters of the People."

Gwendoline Robinson. "YOU MAY PLAY WITH ME, LITTLE GIRLS!"

Small Daughter of the People. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISS, MOTHER DON'T LIKE US TO PLAY WITH STRANGE CHILDREN!"

"AUT CæSAR, AUT NIHIL!"

Or, Tyrant v. Terror.

A DREAD alternative! Yet one which is

Autocracy's eternal Nemesis.

Poor Cæsar! Though he pose as present God,

Though serf-born serfs stand trembling at his nod,

Though purchased cheers and prayers his ears salute,

Though long the voice of Mutiny be mute,

There comes a moment when Hate's whispers swell

From muffled murmur to triumphant yell.

And Cæsar, though his sword be swift of stroke,

And his tense hands lay weight upon the yoke,

Yet, in the darkened chamber of his mind,

Dreads the grim shadow which no bonds can bind,

More than the solid ranks of leagued foes,

Whom steel may smite or policy oppose.

Lo, Cæsar Liberator, where he stands

Clutching the fetters! But the hundred hands

Of that pervading phantom mock his gyves.

A foe that fears not death hath many lives.

When you can shackle shadows, bind the cloud,

Or prison the north wind when piping loud

Over your frozen wastes, then, Cæsar, hope

With the raised spirit of Revolt to cope

By chain, and gag, and scourge. The thing is bred

Of age-long tyranny: its hopes have fed

On food you furnished when your hosts went forth

To fight for freedom, and so learnt its worth.

'Tis blind and bloody, as are all things born

Of cold oppression and of callous scorn.

As is the tyrant, must his victim be,

First, sacrifice, then scourge of tyranny.

Sedition's spirit but reflects the mood

Of the oppressor; hate breeds hate, and blood

Is bloodshed’s bitter spring. The grisly shade

That darkens o'er your path is but arrayed

In your own terrors, and its acts are fraught

With the bad lessons Tyranny has taught.

Cæsar, this is no ghost, which you may lay

In the Red Sea of State revenge, or stay

With bonds or barriers. Secret, steadfast, stern,

As is the rule it aims to overtop,

Wide-ranging, subtly spread, hid deep from sight,

As some swift-growing poisonous parasite,

Twill paralyse the arm that strikes at it,

Or, smitten, swift its severed joints re-knit,

Nor die till ordered freedom's healthier growth

Supplants the Tyrant and the Terror both.

National Tribute to Lord B.

(Reduced to £. 8. d.)

The Subscribers to the Tracy Turnerelli Wreath—in for a penny.

The Subscribers to the Taxation of England—in for a great many pounds.

Hint to a Hero.

My GARIBALDI, rest content,

Let your friends look at home;

To wage war for Trieste and Trent,

Might be the loss of Rome.

The Patron Saint of Railways.—St. Pancras.
"AUT CAESAR, AUT NIHIL!"
COLLOQUIAL METEOROLOGY.

It has long been 

real for people 
who wish to 
say something 
one another, 
but 
are at a loss for 
some 
subject, to 
talk 
the 
weather. 
On 
this topic there 
were formerly 
but few ideas to be 
interchange-d, 
and therefore 
not 
said, 
but 
now the progress 
of 
the 
meteorol- 
ogy 
thus 
is 
complete.

Noakes. Ditto this morning over the whole of the south-east of 
England.

Styles. Thermometer last evening on south-west coasts and at 
London 51°; Lowest.

At Shide, down to 40°; Lowest; very low.

Styles. Mean temperature five or six degrees below the average of 
the month. Sama
dorly.

Noakes. Wind in northern parts easterly. A gale.

Noakes. Northern Hemisphere.

Noakes. Rolling towards south in Bay of Biscay, South and 
orthern.

Noakes. Rough, of course.

Noakes. Barometer rising slightly in the west of Peddyland.

Noakes. First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea. Fair in 
old Ireland.

Noakes. Erin go bragh! Slight recovery this morning at Hurst 
Castle.

Noakes. Elsewhere mercury falling, though. Yah!

Noakes. General depression, barometrical and business.

Styles. Let us hope things will look up. Band of high pressure 
lying over North Sea. Too 

Noakes. You may say that. Any ozone in the atmosphere?

Noakes. Clerk of Weather Office doesn't say. No meteors last 
night.

Noakes. What, the sixty-two to 

Noakes. Cyclone to reach these coasts in a day or two; thunder 
and lightning, and then fall of temperature. Down again!

Noakes. As if it wasn't low enough below the average of 
the sea.

Noakes. Expect the Derby this year will be run in a snow-storm.

Styles. If a continued black frost doesn't prevent its being run at 
all.

Noakes. By the way, which is the favourite for the Newman 
Spring Meeting?

Here the dialogue, by a natural transition, turns on Horses, 
and themes extends to things in general.
202 PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

[May 3, 1879,]

IN TRAVAIL OF A TRIBUTE.

It is too bad, because a man has a name that sounds absurd, and has inaugurated a Tribute that seems absurd to the Statesman of his idolatry, that he should be charged with putting to the credit of the people’s pennies what is really due to their wire-pullers’ pounds.

Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI, who, so far from shrinking observation, has shown the utmost desire to direct the full blaze of publicity upon himself and his doings, has published a “detailed statement” of sums received, “exclusively for wreath” up to April 16th, to the amount of £181 12s. 6d., in amounts ranging between the magnificent £10 of Bristol, with £7 9s. 7d. as a second contribution from that “London of the west,”—to Bursl’s modest six bob, and Birley’s cheerful eight-fourpence.

This record is followed by a list of towns which have “guaranteed or promised, some £5, some smaller sums,” to the amount in all of about £100, “dependent,” as Mr. T. T. cautiously adds, “on promises given.”

Towards “Accessories,” garnish, or trappings of the Tribute, i.e., Casket, Address, &c., the sum of £5 10s. has been “contributed by friends,” who seem hardly to have “parted” so freely as the friends of the great T. T. The Tribute-founder might have been expected to do.

The expenditure “made, or required,” we are informed, with that admirable mixture of candour and exactness which characterises Mr. T. T.’s utterances throughout, is as follows:

3. The Illuminated Address, £15. 4. Outlay made by Committee up to above date, £76.

Making a total absolutely required, £355.

Putting what is required against what has been received or promised, we have as result, Deficit £73 7s. 9d.

A Deficit is not exactly the dominant feature for a Triumphant Overture to close upon, and, therefore, we cannot wonder if Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI should spend an appeal and a suggestion in it to which Punch is glad to give all the benefit of his feeling that he owes Mr. T. T. at least as much as this in return for the Cartoon with which the T. T. T. last week supplied him.

“TRACY TURNERELLI,
Chairman of the People’s Tribute.”

So, let the word be, “Advance pennis!—Presidents, Secretaries, and Editors!”—and then “Present Tribute! Attention! Eyes—right! Take the word and the movement from TRACY TURNERELLI!”

AT LEAST TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

From the Point of View at Berlin—

“Peace with Honour.”

From those in Afghanistan and South Africa,—“War with Dishonour.”

THE COURSE OF RIVERS.—From the National Debt Office in Cairo, back to the National Debt Office in London.

CAVALRY OFFICERS’ FIRST CHARGERS.—The Military Tailors and Outfitters.

REVENGE IS SWEET!"

Party (who had rung the night-bell at 3 a.m.). “Oh, so sorry to disturb you at this hour; but this prescription”—beseechingly—“if you’ll kindly—It’s a matter of life.”

Tradesman. “Who are you?”

Party. “Oh, I live at No. 4 in the Crescent. My name is—”

Tradesman (recognising former customer). “Oh—ah—to be sure—I know. Well—you go and knock ‘em up at your Co-operative Stores!”

Shuts window viciously.

TO FIND THE RANGE-FINDERS.

Custodes custodes is an old standing official difficulty. To find the Range-finders seems the last new form of it. To Lord Truro’s questions on the supply of this very important and long-pigeon-holed aid to effective firing, Lord Bury was instructed to reply that “a great many Range-finders had been served out to the troops.” General Wray writes to the Times:—

“Forty-four or forty-five instruments have been made, or are in hand, for infantry purposes, including twelve for the Government of India and a few for private issue. Altogether twenty-one sets had up to a few days ago been ordered for Imperial service, just sufficient for the same number of companies.”

Now twenty-one companies is better than nothing, but it is hardly “a great many,” having regard to the companies in the British Army. Unless Lord Bury claims an official right to exceed all ordinary limits of deviation allowed in the case of Range-finders, he had better keep closer to facts in his future answers on this matter.
INJYABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
By FUSSELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER VI.

Indore—Games—Dodges—Chess—Mate—Sans-bans—maree—Nautch—
—Chance—Accepted—Beautiful—Description—Poetic—Charming—Jolly—
—Rummy—Jam Sukee—Archbishop—Canterbury—Apparitor—Nash—
—Khan-Khan—Danced—Disguise—Kid-Right—Drums—Trumpets—Rio—
—Millah—Summi—Pootih Sing—Jealousy—Whiskers—False—Sneekhar—
Next Day—Breakfast—Day After—Zeana—Doodohor Shah—Mode—
—Chancellors—Notes—Eminent Models—House Surrounded—Peelaha—
—Treachery—Danger—How to Escape—Peril—Away.

If notice is given three times beforehand of your fair
adversary's intention, then you either refuse to play, on
the spot, or, if she wins, it is a genuine case of Ban-
morre. If notice is not given, then your adversary
aim at Sans-bans-maree, and this requires some dex-
terity. No one, who has never seen it played by adepts,
can form any idea of the skill required. On the 4th—
Took the opportunity, and called on AZURE HIRZA, and asked him to sit. He asked me to sit. I
sat. While we were chatting, old MURTAJ SCHMOW
came in with HIRZA and me.

They invited us to a nautch, which was to take place
the same evening in MURTAJ's apple-grounds. A

"nautch" in a nautchard (that is, apple-garden).

I accepted at once. Here is a chance!

Some Evening—Went with AZURE HIRZA to MURTAJ-
SCHMOW's. Both of these the rummiest old coxes
I've met for some considerable time.

A lovely scene! Imagine a Nautchard, bright green
with full-blown red roses, and ruddy golden pippins
such as the Dragon might have eaten in the garden
when the Hesperides were not looking, while, in the blue
distance, pale lemon-coloured bulls disported themselves,
friskily, over the saffron-clad meadow, and crimson
Hedge-Hogs (the half-sacred pigs of the country) were
feeding on luscious, sunset-tinted, full-ripe porky-pines
(a diet that gives the bacon here such a
flavour), and revelling among the variegated colours of
the peacocks' outspread fantails, as they strutted about
the auburn gravel-path, or perched on the red sandstone
cells of the jail. The gorgeousness of the scene was mellowed
by the deep-toned bay of the nunnu-mawny watch-dog, as
it announced the arrival of strangers. Never before,
ever since, have I beheld so fair, so strange, so en-
chanting a scene! It was like a magnificent spectacle
at the Victoria Theatre on Boxing-Night!

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" I cried, enthusiastically,
as, forgetful of time and place, the tears rose to my eyes,
and I clapped my hands aloud with joy. In rushed a
thousand nautch-girls!

MURTAJ SCHMOW smiled; for, by clapping my hands, I had
given the signal before the appointed time.

It was a marvellous effect of light and shade; and
the foregoing sketch conveys a very correct idea of the
entertainment.

Oh, that Nautch-girl, RIL JAM SUKEE! My! didn't
she dance! What eyes! What feet! What a stunner
altogether! And one of the jolliest girls I ever met any-
where! No blooming affectation!

There's nothing improper in a Nautch dance—nothing.
I wouldn't mind dancing it, myself, before the Archbishop
of CANTERBURY and with his Apparitor in the Jersey-
shere Chamber private sence. By the way, until I know him
personally, I had always thought there was something
shyly about the Apparitor. I think I considered him
as a male shyster, the female being termed an
apparition. However, this has naught to do with the
Nautch. So on we go again, jolly as ever—or as jolly
as The Jolly Nash.

A propos of Jolly Nash, I've seen a dark-skinned
beauty in a rage show her white gleaming teeth, and
give such a "jolly gnash" with them! My! Forwards!
Being called on for a song, I gave them—

Go away, Nautch ga! Go over so far!
You are so awfully awful, you are!
in my raciest style. They enjoyed it immensely. Which
was the prettier of the two, I don't know—RIL JAM
SUKEE, or Pootih Sing.

DOODHNER ED RULL is uncommon cocoa-nuts on the
latter, and thinks of making this captivating little gipsy
his Sultana—

A Ghana
His Sultana.

But—Well, at present I think there's a sweet little
cherub of the true British breed who smiles up stof, and
who keeps his eye on Pootih Sing, who, in turn, if I
mistake not, is rather spoons on the Bold British Artist.
When I say, as above, "little cherub," let my readers
think how they are speaking of a little Cherubs in St. Peter's at Rome, and then they will
have some idea of my meaning. Aha!

The Nautch was on the top step (so to speak)
towards the great religious sain of the Fakewazaks,
called the Bel Mosque. Everyone goes in disguise. The
great dance of the evening derives its name from the

ROUGH SKETCH, MADE ON THE SPOT, OF OUR THREE SELVES SEEING THE
BLANCE OF A THOUSAND NAUTCH-GIRLS BY TORCHLIGHT.

remarkably well, as an inexperienced band might find himself landed in as tight
a fix as if he had been united to a blushing beauty by special licence at St. Bride's.
It is difficult to describe all the dodges in the game. It is not unlike chess
as far as the object goes, which is to mate in as few moves as possible.
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

[May 3, 1879.

fact of its being performed by the Khans eminent for piety, and is called the Khan-Khan. If anyone, except a native, is found dancing it, he is at once shahere'd on the spot. The place where the Bél Mosque is held is reached by several steps downwards. It is something like one of our London underground theatres, where you ascend in order to reach the Upper Circle; and, in fact, you can only the Upper Circles are allowed here. No jolly error. But it's the rummest place I was ever in—taken as a hole.

This is to my disguise, and my thorough acquaintance with Fakawatah manners, customs, and dialect, I went to the Bél Mosque, and danced it with pretty Ral Jam Sreek, executing the great step, Khik-Uphi, so admiringly, as to draw rounds of applause from the usually stolid natives. Whack went the drums, clang went the cymbals, while the trumpets sounded a fanfare of triumph. Just as I was doing the Khik-Uphi for the last time, Pootru Srxe¢ had disappeared. But in another second the whole Bél Mosque would have been alarmed, and I should have been sacrificed to the fanatical fury of the Fakawazahs, had I not known my way about, and when Sreekar had engaged the Peelahs (Indian Police), as much as a day to discover me, and bring me to justice. Failing this, within a certain time, Sreekar and Rummii would both be executed, as having attempted to deceive Justice.

No boat can live in that awful current. I don't care whether a "boat can live in that boiling current"—the question is, can I live in it; that is, sufficiently long to live out this night? I see my way—Ha! I see my way—see the plan! I am a man of resources—lend thy furious hold!

Next Evening.—Breakfasted on charpoy (that is, a pie made of black, took a portrait of him, highly coloured. Noticed about the court-yard several fine, jolly-looking fellows, who would have made handsome fortunes as models in London. It is not perhaps generally known that one of the most lucrative professions in town is that of a model. Almost all the Chancellors and most of the Judges began life as models, and I trust they will always continue to be models until the day they die. One eminent Judge was known as Apollo Belvidere, another as Adonis, and a third as Hercules. The most extraordinary example of a professional model is the M.P. who sits for Parliament.

On returning to my bungalow, I heard a confused murmur. What could it mean? "No jolly larks?" I whispered to myself. Rummits voice!! The native Judge (that is, Indian Police) were searching for some one. Me! by jingo! Sreekar had been only half chloroformed, had woke up, and told the whole story of the Bél Mosque. Pootru Sreehad quarrelled with Rummii, and charged him with the crime, but Rummii had pledged himself to find the true culprit, and Sreekar had engaged the Peelahs (Indian Police), at so much a day to discover me, and bring me to justice. Failing this, within a certain time, Sreekar and Rummii would both be executed, as having attempted to deceive Justice.

The Peelahs are hammering at the door. Down it must come to a crash. And then—I am a lost man. Come, desperation, lend thy furious hold! Ha! I see my way—I see the plan! I am a man of resources—and in another second—

LIBERTY À LA BUSSE.

Now that the worse half of Russia is under martial law, and the citizens of the more important towns have to provide spies to watch their own houses, other coercive measures may be confidently expected. Without pretending to share the secrets of the Czar, Mr. Punch may hint, that the following regulations will be shortly promulgated:

1. Agents of the Government will be placed under the dinner-table at banquets of six or more persons.
2. Every keyhole will be furnished with an observer, whose duty it will be to listen and take notes for the Third Section of the daily records of meals, amusements, conversations, businesses, and pleasures, which the residents will be required to keep, on pain of arrest and imprisonment in a fortress.
3. A Register of Diaries will be appointed to every ten houses.
4. All letters will be opened at the Post Office, and copies kept on file, with the exception of correspondence passing between government persons.
5. An Inspector of Diaries will be appointed to every ten houses, whose duty it will be to read and take notes for the Third Section of the daily records of meals, amusements, conversations, businesses, and pleasures, which the residents will be required to keep, on pain of arrest and imprisonment in a fortress.
6. When a person is suspected of disaffection to the Government, an agent will be stationed in his house (at the expense of his family) to listen to any remarks he may make in his sleep. Remarks of a compromising character will render the speaker liable to arrest.
7. Births, deaths, and marriages, will not in future be permitted.
8. All persons will be required to think aloud in the presence of a Government official.
9. A licence will be required for everything—the right to pay taxes included.

The Island of Matacong.

"SIEGRA LEONE, April 7 (via Liverpool).—The French authorities still hold Matacong, and the excitement here has not subsided. It is rumoured that General Row is going over to again hoist the British flag on the island."

A War with France about Matacong! The One Thing wanted—to complete the Imperial Cycle.

[From Editor to Puccioli Princeps.—Dear F.—When you say "Zenana," you are perfectly right. If you have alluded to already in the papers as a harem, the Sultanas reside. I just drew your attention to what seems a mistake, and am yours very truly, Taz Epiror.]
A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.

“Sir W. Fraser asked the Vice-President of the Privy Council whether his attention had been called to the evidence taken at the inquest on the body of Emily Hubert, who died of glanders, showing that a younger sister died of the same disease, and that fourteen glandered horses had been kept and sold by Bacon, cab-proprietor, of Colville Mews, Bayswater, and whether he considered the system of inspection of cab-horses, particularly as regards night use, to be effectual.

Lord G. Hamilton explained that the case referred to had been under the consideration of the Privy Council, whose chief veterinary inspector had investigated it. As the result of this investigation, and that of the Medical Officer to the Board of Health, the local authorities had decided to prosecute Mr. Bacon for frequent violations of the regulations laid down in the Act of last year. The inspection of cab-horses was not within the province of the Privy Council, but within that of the Home Office.”

WHY EXALT HYGIENE TO THE HEAVENS,
To hold importunities on the cows
Of babes, packed, sixes and sevens,
Over stables full of glandered horses?

Turkish horrors no one excuses,
And Russ rule is not the thing;
But of glandered children our Mewses
Have got their own song to sing!

And it isn't a pleasant song
For a people great in the Arts,
And in the Sciences strong,
And with what’s called “blood” in their hearts.

And as Punch breathes the Mawses’ breath,
And hears of our careful inspection
To save swine and kine from death,
It awakes in him this reflection—

If those mothers and children there
Over those poisonous stables pent,
Had a little of the care
On the swine and the kine that’s spent!

An Easy Mistake.

Quoting the Daily Telegraph—“As a matter of fact, the Berlin Treaty is to-day marching step by step towards assured success.” Query if our friend the D. T. has not mistaken for “marching step by step,” the movement called “marking time”? Or perhaps it was the goose-step he describes.

I can build bathing-machines at Birmingham at twenty-five pounds per piece, and the same thing, and better, can be turned out in Belgium for just half the money, what am I to do? Starve?

First Political Economist. Yes, that’s what every consumer says. The fact is (boldly) it’s the very going of trade to the dogs which proves it’s most flourishing. (With more caution). At least, that’s what I make of Fawcett.

Second Political Economist (who has read Adam Smith). Ah! that’s just where you’re all wrong. You don’t understand. The fact is (boldly) it’s the very going of trade to the dogs which proves it’s most nourishing. (With more caution). At least, that’s what I make of Fawcett.

Third Political Economist (impressed). Just so. Still, if your imports exceed your exports, where are you?

First Political Economist. Of course. That’s the point. It’s the excess of imports that does it. (Bitterly). Look at sugar!

Third Political Economist. Exactly. Look at sugar. What’s happening to that?

Second Political Economist (slightly nettled). Well, I don’t exactly know—or care—but beyond that it’s twopenny-halfpenny a pound at the stores.

First Political Economist. Yes, that’s what every consumer says. It ought to be double the price. It’s beggarly.

Third Political Economist. And ruining the trade. How is the producer to live, I should like to know?

Second Political Economist (warmly—with a flash of Fawcett). Well, I’m not as a commercial pauper supported by other people’s charity.

First Political Economist. And you call yourself a political economist! Why, it’s as plain as A, B, C. Let me put a case. Suppose
HEN Lord Bury had snubbed Lord Truro for asking more questions about range-finders, he gave General Wray something as like the lie for speaking the truth as a young War-Office official could give an old General. The art of official answering has been very conspicuously illustrated this Session. Lord Bury seems to have even bettered Lord Salisbury’s instruction.

The sufferings of cattle in sea-transit exercised the humanity of Earl of Ranelagh, and the explanatory euphemism of the Duke of Richmond. He declares the arrangements for cattle-carrying between this country and the United States are most satisfactory, but that the Atlantic will take liberties, and that “accidents will occur in the best-regulated ventilating apparatus.”

It is a great comfort to think the poor bullocks are being looked after; but how about John Bull, in transitu across the Channel, when the double-ship is not running!

Lord Stratheden wants to make the Militia moveable. He forgets what it has cost us to make the Army mobile.

“Donna e modo, my Lord, if you like” (says Lord Bury) but not Militia-man. He “savour of the soil,” as the old law phrase ran, and can only be shipped over sea, at his own good pleasure, as a volunteer; and there are always plenty of Militia regiments to volunteer when wanted.

So Lord Stratheden and Campbell, as usual, having elaborately beaten the air, and been good-humouredly wigged by the Duke of Cambridge—whose wigging are not mortal—retired re infecto.
REVOLTING MEANNESS!

Nurse (examining Christening Present, just received). "Lo, Ma'am, if Mr. Macintosh hain’t sent dear Baby the cup his Cochin-China Fowl won at the Poultry Show!"

(Continued)—Adjudged Debate on the Rylands Resolutions.

Mr. Gosc-Hen, the great gun of the Debate, thus far, fired off the heaviest charge that could be fired against the Government, packed into forty minutes.

"The First Lord of the Admiralty asked, with much emphasis, whether if the Liberals were in office they would diminish the armaments by a single man or a gun. He would answer that question. If it were his duty to do so, he would not be deterred. But the Government had been in power for ten years, and the armaments had been increased by the Liberals as much as by the Conservatives. The Liberals had increased them by six millions, and, if they had contemplated a reduction this year, it was a case of wishing and wishing."

"But the Liberals had their own way of increasing the armaments. They had increased them by six millions, and then they had to provide for garrisoning Roumelia in consequence of engagements at Berlin; if, possibly, they had to send men to Cyprus in order to meet their engagements in Asia Minor,—no, he certainly should not think of reducing the armaments with which he had to face those engagements."
would see personal responsibility brought home in all cases, and this, he thought, would come to much the same thing as compulsory inspection. In short, better let boilers burst.

With inspection ad libitum, That law should say "must," the engine might be set on fire.

Wednesday.—Sir Robert Peel much annoyed that he was not allowed to couple a side-long sneer at Mr. Gladstone with a savage onslaught on Russia, in a question mixing up Mr. Gladstone’s complaint of Neapolitan prison-horrors in 1851-52 with the Nihilist terror and the state of siege under the martial law of the Czar Alexander in 1879.

The Speaker somewhat gave Sir Robert to understand that even he must observe the rules of the House as to questions.

Mr. Sullivan tried to crown the edifice of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill—shot the rural Irish public at eight, and the town public at six. One would have thought Irish Members had had enough last month over liquor-limitation law, but they managed to keep up a very party scrimmage over Mr. Sullivan’s Bill till Mr. Callan talked it out by a quarter to six.

Thursday (Lords).—Ought landlords, or tenants, or both, to be responsible for the conservancy of rivers? A nice debateable point, with a great deal to be said on all sides. “Landlords,” says the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Ripon, and early their Kimpercey, Gattoway, Morey, and Repespate; “Both,” say their Committee-rooms into the House to make a quorum?
The Speaker said it was so laid down in the books. He could sec no reason the Sergeant-at-Arms without the Mace to ask Members out of their Committee-rooms into the House to make a quorum?

At the end of the debate, Sir Walter Havershaw offered to issue regulations binding on these Members out of their Committee-rooms. The competitors to take their rest in chairs, during the remainder of the time they will be permitted to hop on one leg. If a small one.

Friday (Lords).—All Government can tell Lord Granville about our South-African High Commissioner and the chances and terms of Peace is that he has been expressly warned, “Don’t want to fight.

And, by Jingo, if you do!”

Her Majesty’s Government have had more South Africa than they can digest, and positively “won’t take any more.” So let Sir B. put that in his pipe.

As to terms of peace—Good heavens! how should Her Majesty’s Government know anything about them! Let Sir B. settle it the best way he can, with no care for the business, which has been more bloody and annoyance and danger to the Government credit and prestige than it can ever be worth.

In the oft-threshed matter of poor men’s payments to Friendly Societies, Earl Fortescue tried in vain to get their Lordships to follow him along the strait way of Poor-Law principle, from the broad and dangerous path of humanity. Their Lordships stand by the last settlement of the matter, which, it is to be hoped, they will accept.

Poor men’s payments in the hands of Clubs and Friendly Societies, will not be forfeit to Boards of Guardians, if they come to “the House” by pinch of sickness, loss of wits, or any other of the ills flesh—and poor man’s flesh above all—is heir to.

(Athletics As They Ought To Be.)

FIELING to the consideration that it is their mission to test the endurance of humanity to the utmost, the Directors of the Urbs-in-URBE Company have decided upon holding in their spacious premises, A GRAND SCIENTIFIC AND ATHLETIC CARNIVAL on a unique description. Hitherto, only races of comparatively short periods of time, and under easy conditions, have been presented to the athletic public. On this occasion, A SIX MONTHS’ RACE OF THE MOST REALLY TRYING CHARACTER will be inaugurated. The following will be the Rules and Regulations.

1. The competitors during the first month will walk upon their knees.

2. No competitor to be allowed to sleep more than one hour in twenty-four. The competitors to take their rest in chairs. During the first month the chairs to have no arms.

3. Competitor accepting the services of a doctor, to be disqualified.

4. When the Public are present, the competitors will be required to smile six times an hour and generally to appear cheerful.

5. During the last two months the competitors will be expected to keep step with the brass band, and when the Public are present to indulge in a playful caper once in every four “laps.”

6. The competitors, before entering upon the contest, will sign a paper, releasing the Directors from responsibility for any fatal consequences. They will bind themselves to throw all possible difficulties in the way of proceedings instigated or taken by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

7. On admission to the contest, the competitors will pay a small fee, to cover the expenses of inaccessible, &c.

These rules will be strictly observed. On the conclusion of the Race, will be awarded the following

Prizes.
First Prize.—Champion’s Belt and a fourth of the gate-money.
Second Prize.—A ticket of admission to the Royal Hospital for Incurables.

For every competitor who completes two months—a first-class carriage funeral.

By Order,
A. SMITH, Secretary to the Directors.
B. ROWE, Manager of the Race and Funeral Department.
OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.
Prefatiai remarks—Advice—Starting on the round—Galleries.

There are as many Ages of Art as there are of Man; but the chief Age is the Aver-age, and since the vogue is common in this Academy, it may be fairly said that this is the first year when the show of Pictures is, on the whole, far above (or below) the average.

I will only add that my purpose, as your Guide to the Academy, is to save your valuable time, by directing your wandering attention to Number So-and-So in the books; not by any particular rule, but soars, Exwest Crorrs! In Real Exwest, Crorrs! So ends the Flying. Your immediate remarks will generally be—'' Is it not forty or so years ago, I must remind him that we Bed clements it, indeed? Well I should never have thought that was the subject!' Then,'' &c. —Lord Beacons. Lp on Reciprocity.

And whose is it? a. go ell ell!!! I had no idea it was his //! I not begin with '' Number One''—that may when Venus yields to us her ''place of arms,' We need not travel back for thirty years! Oswest Sidsey, instead of Sidney H. Marks.

MUSTY PHRASES.

"But when he taunts me with his quotation of some musty phrases of mine thirty or forty years ago, I must remind him that we Bed clements it, indeed? Well I should never have thought that was the subject! Then,'' &c. —Lord Beacons. Lp on Reciprocity.

"Wit" and Eleventh Ch. heavenly fire, by Loom! [1879.]

The Fashion of the Season.—Letting Houses—alone! The Kitchen-Range-Finder.—The Policeman!
PERILS OF ÆSTHETIC CULTURE.

Uncle John (suddenly bursting on newly-wedded pair). "Hello, my Turtle-Doves! what's the row? Not quarrelled yet, I trust!"

Edwin. "Oh dear no. We've been going in for High Art, that's all."

Angelina. "And drawing from casts of the Antiques."

Edwin. "And Angel's nose turns up so at the end, and she's got such a skimpy waist, and such a big head, and such tiny little hands and feet! Hane it all, I thought her perfection!"

Angelina. "Yes, Uncle John; and Edwin's got a long upper lip, and a runaway chin, and he c-c-can't grow a beard and mustache! Oh dear! Oh dear!"

MR. BULL ON FREE TRADE.

The more I've to pay for my imports, the worse; The less, why the better, of course, for my purse.

Best of all twere to get them for nothing, no doubt— And I couldn't lose money by doing without.

If I can do without them, perhaps 'twould be well Not to buy goods at all where in turn I can't sell.

Prohibition's more thrifty; I save all I don't spend, Though I mayn't force my neighbour his tariff to mend.

But suppose I can't do without this thing or that, If I don't get it cheap as I can, I'm a flat.

Did I not let it into my ports duty free, E'en Lord Bathman must own that a donkey I'd be.

He who sells me things cheap as so far does me good; Though not doing so much as he might if he would.

Because I can't get all I want of the man, Poes would have me refuse to get all that I can!

Trade free upon both sides beats Trade free on one; But by half if 'tis better, half's better than none.

And who but a simpleton e'er can suppose, That for spiting my face I would bite off my nose?

NOTE.

What we want for the British Drama generally is not so much native talent as imagi-native talent.

THE REASON WHY.

(According to M. Pouter-Querelle.)

There is a depression in French trade—

Because Civilisation is jealous.

Because MM. les Anglais drink gingère-beer en malice.

Because a treaty is the negation of liberty."

Because the consumer will not fraternally kiss the producer.

Because Frenchmen are chassés from Lestaresquar by "le high price."

Because the Captain of a Boulogne and Folkstone boat is un gros Bouledogue d'Albion.

Because French Political Economists are so much trop généreux.

And, lastly, because an export trade of fifteen millions a year with ce gros béte John Bull is a mere bagatelle that does not count.

May and her Minstrels.—A Dialogue.

May to Punch. They sang the "merry month of May,"

Those utterers of false notes!

Punch to May. And what did you do?

May to Punch. Up at once,

And caught them by the throats!

Audacious 'Arryism.—Our friend 'Arry objects to the title of a recently-published novel, Airy Fairy Lian. He says that he can't imagine a fairy all over 'air, though he might an 'ogoblin.
DIZ-INTERRED.

Hamtuet (taking the Skull in his hand). *' ALAS, POOR YORICK! I KNEW HIM, HORATIO. * * * * HE HATH BORNE ME ON HIS BACK A THOUSAND TIMES; * * * * AND NOW, HOW ABHORRED IN MY IMAGINATION IT IS! MY GORGE RISES AT IT!! *'—Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1.
A difficulty—Hurried diary—Waterproof—Balloons—The Joggah—which can be rolled up the size of a walnut-shell, or expanded into giant balloons. Filling these quickly, I climbed on to the window-sill, and just as Ruma, Sveeknar, and the Peelahs, led by On arriving at the torrent, I carefully placed beneath me one of the inflated another time I shall carry inflated with me—made)—so as to protect me from the rude pointed rocks, Bosut KHAN, were breaking in the door of the back kitchen, I floated in my balloon breeches, so to speak, Turkish fashion—but I'll have 'em! from all turmoil. Here I purchased a Joggah (a my, about sixpence under his legal fare, bringing out into strong relief such a tian Martyrs.

I landed at a small village on the south side of the lake, far away from all turmoil. Here I purchased a Joggah (a small pony, about 12 h. 2 in.), and went out for a ride to explore the (to me) new country, much cheered by the natives, specially the youngsters, who owas admire pluck.

Thursday.—Jolly hot, as it os is on a Friday in this co

Friday.—Jolly hot, as it always is on a Friday in this country. Came in sight of the Jimmivizlah Hills and the Grove Nah. The Jimmivizlah Hills are not an Arrangement in colours, a thiepody in blue, green, and yellow. (If I ever catch Rumur a stuffed Dodo, and burning of the Times."

The sunshine quickly streaks the sky with a Tangerine-orange-like glow, while the snow-tipped peaks deepen with an increasing luscious hue, tender and soft as the blush of a caldron's nectar, which offered siestence under his legal fare, bringing out into strong relief such things as are only known to the first-class player, who has lost a close game of billiards by his adversary's fluke. The background forms a vista of aerial blue of a gentle honey-edewed limpidity; while, indist as my own glowing description of Nature's wonders, up jumps, hot and hot, from his Overly bed, the Sun, red as the one underdone side of an eightpenny chop on the bars of the silver griddle in a City grill-room. He is not to be trifled with, this Sun-God! Here he is, not rising, but setting for his portrait to me, who love him dearly.

May.—Went to hear Guder Guder, the native missionary. Could have done it a jolly sight better myself. Went to the Races afterwards, and had a bet with Sillih Binni, who really knows nothing at all about the odds. Experience does, and I didcost him hot.

Left a card on the Zenna. She is one of SCABBI SING'S Quoatas. She came to the window. Cocked my laughing eye, and shot a glance at her out of it. She disappeared. Poor Zenna! how she'll miss this bold Britisher when he has gone home again?

* "Though I'm an Artist," I said to a whole Harem Sharum full of jolly. "Though I'm an Artist, I can't take you all!"

How she cried, and laughed, and went into hysteries! But I couldn't stop. Too jolly clever, that lady.

* The Zenna.—From Editor to F. P.—Dear F. P.—Didn't you say that Zenna was something to eat, and also that it meant a hero? Isn't there some confusion here?—Yours truly, THE EDITOR.

F. P. to the Editor.—No confusion with your jolly. "Zenna" (side HOUSEW WARKAJ'S Indian Dictionary) means a juicy fruit; the Queen of the Bergamots; and the Bergamot itself. Now, then, where are you?—Oh?—Yours triumphally, F. P.

THE NEW BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAT,

LOD BATEMAT was a noble Lord,
Wot held Free Trade pure boddedlece; So he up and he moved in the House of Peers, In favour of sweet Reciprocities!

He moused here, he moused there,
For a good two hours, or, some say, three,
In the style of oration called roundaboutation,
Until his hearers they were weary.

For forty long years he had held the opinion,
And still his belief in the same,
That the same Free Trade, deemed so fair and lovely,
Was a vain delusion with led men wrong.

We'd abandoned our old lady-love, Protection,
In favour of a minx wot was far too free,
We had boasted of her beauties unto foreign countries,
With those foreign countries had failed to see.

He would not go back to the old love wholly,
He won't raise the dead wot was far too fee,
The name of Protection he never told, and thereby let the nations know,
But he warmly recommended Reciprocities.

Wot was right in love must be right in Commerce.
Wot man would marry an unloving bride,
He failed to see wot it was all in trading,
Reciprocities ought to be all o' won side.

Then up and answered another noble Lord,
With his wish like this it began with a B.——
And he sat down, poor Lord BATEMAT in a scientific manner,
With filled the beholders with mirth and glee.

Says he,—"Reciprocities is a hollow phantom,
Though I swore two's a woman's wot, I know;
But you won't raise the dead wot was far too fee.
Of my musty phrases of forty years ago,
Then Free-Trade's old lawyers they cheered and chuckled,
And the gallant GRANVILLE he smiled for to see.
The Boggy young DIZZY so cleverly vamped up,
So coo y tan 00 Bisons ter the of Land B.

But the Lord BATEMAT, his sad face veiling
From his country's sorrows and his party's crimes,
Went homeward, and endeavoured to solace his sorrow,
By buying a stuffed Dodo, and burning of the Times.

THE RUSSIAN ARMS,

Tributes, and How to Acknowledge Them.

In these hard times, when everybody who can do anything is getting up performances for something, suppose Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, on the give-and-take principle, were to show their gratitude to their Tribute-payers, and their sympathy for sufferers, by getting up a performance of *Twist Ace and Crown* for some suffering body, or place, or country, or craft, or interest, or other?

Suppose Mr. Turnerelli were to set the idea going!

THE FIDDLER'S PECULIARITY.—The longer bow he draws, the truer his note!

OUT OF RANGE.

Lord Bury has attained a rare and rapid proficiency in the great official arts of snubbing and sneering. The other night he snubbed Lord Tennyson for being cross about Range-finders, and General Wray, for saying that only twenty-one sets had been served out to the Infantry. He began by sneering at General Wray as "somewhat of an enthusiast:"

"He was formerly Chairman of the Committee on Range-finders, and, like many persons who took up a crotchet somewhat warmly, he was extremely enamoured of all the recommendations made by his Committee."

Now, seeing that this Committee had tested the effect of Range-finders, and found that their adoption meant accurate firing instead of random, the unofficial mind would be apt to conclude that General Wray's eagerness to bring them into use was rather to his credit than otherwise. But Lord Bury ingeniously makes it appear that the General is a troublesome and conceited person, who is only angry because "a great many details recommended by the Committee had not commended themselves to the judgment of those responsible for the administration of the service, and had consequently been rejected," after the Committee's central recommendation for the adoption of Range-finders had been carried out.

So far is this from being the case, that General Wray, finding the formal adoption of the Range-finder at the War Office had not been followed by its adoption in the Infantry, writes to the *Times* to say so. Lord Bury calls this, in the regular official style, "devoting a portion of his time and talents to writing letters to the newspapers against the War Office," and then proceeds to expose General Wray's recklessness of statement:

"General Wray maintained that only 21 sets of Range-finders had been ordered in all. Now, the fact was, that 179 sets had been ordered, and there would have been 279 ordered had not Captain Watkin desired 100 of them to be kept back in order that he might introduce into them some slight improvements which he had invented. Range-finders had been ordered in considerable numbers, and 179 had been either ordered or served out to the troops. General Wray had evidently omitted from his calculations the Artillery Range-finders, and considered only those served out to the Infantry."

It will hardly be believed, in the face of this crushing exposure of the wretched General, that General Wray's statement was, precisely, Lord Bury's admission, that only twenty-one sets of Infantry Range-finders had been served out—Infantry Range-finders being a distinct article from Artillery Range-finders! Thus Lord Bury, in this masterpiece of official snubbing, contrives to charge General Wray with a gross mis-statement, while Range-finding the truth of what General Wray had stated! Could the art of official answering go further? Unfortunately, General Wray has devoted another "portion of his time and talents" to a letter to the *Times*, and "against the War Office," but explaining Lord Bury's explanation.

It is to be hoped that Lord Bury will sit corrected—not merely in the particular matter, but for the future. Besides Infantry and Artillery Range-finders, there seems to be a third kind much wanted—range-finders for official dealing with facts.

A MORE RISKY GAME EVEN THAN Loo.—Zulu.
PATERNAL PUNISHMENT.

A CLAUSE in the new Mutiny Act, identical with one in the old, awards capital punishment to any soldier who "misdemeans or induces others to misbehave in manner in this Act not specifically mentioned." This, according to Major Nolan, is popularly known in the Army as the "Devil's Clause." Empowering Courts-Martial to punish an obnoxious party for an offence not specifically mentioned, but decided in Court to be wrong or false dogmatically, off-hand. Of course it would not do to say that a condemnation of that kind was a judgment pronounced under a "Devil's Clause," although, to be sure, the victim of it might well be pitied as a poor devil.

HEDGING.

Rector. "AND WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS?"

Candidate for Curacy. "WELL, SIR, I'M AN EVANGELICAL HIGH CHURCHMAN, OF LIBERAL OPINIONS."

SALISBURY ON THE SITUATION.

(At the Biennial Banquet of the Middlesex Conservative Registration Association.)

Sir Charles, and the rest,—in your presence my attitude is one of profound and unexpressable gratitude.

We've been five years in office: foes wish our removal; But while we retain your support and approval, We stand in small fear of that fractional faction Whose only desire is to hamper our action.

We found England's honour a-tremble, like jelly, Now 'tis firm as Mount Atlas,—just ask Turnebelli.

We've shown "proper pride," as the servant-girls say,

When they're sore at not having it all their own way.

We know our right place—at the top—and have taken it,

And snarling of Russians or Rads has not shaken it.

You wise men of the South like our course in the East,

(That up North they're such noodles is funny, at least.)

You are awake to the Nation's true honour and glory,

Intelligent, loyal,—in short, truly Tory.

Foes say we're aggressive. Such malice one scorns;

But let them look out who our Treaty would touch!

If we stick to our text, 'tis our earnest and sure hope

The Turk will yet turn out a blessing to Europe.

Now then for home politics! What would you do

If the Lice should come in? They're the raggedest crew.

There are scarce two among them subscribe the same creed,

So they cannot pull sweetly together, as we do.

(Lord Derby? Poor poor!—a good riddance, of course.)

Eh! The Derby-Day's near? Yes, but he's not the horse.)

Lord Hartington? Squeezable! Leaders who yield To their followers, fail in a well-stricken field.

No, Gladstone,—yes, goose him:—will rally, and then With his henchmen, those smart but most pestilent men, Sware, Fawcett, and Chamberlain, he'll make it hot;

The country will go at express pace to pot.

We, we are the men, and your duty is plain.

Ne'er to let gushing Gladstone befoul you again.

But keep in (for a little while longer) Lord B., And after him, hand the reversion to me.

And snarling of Russians or Rads has not shaken it.

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Though to say so may make hot philanthropy gush.

Then as for our Treaty. I care not a rush

What the Rads or what Rump may say; we intend By that compact to hold like grim death to the end.

We have given up lots, some may fancy too much,

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From Egypt.

DECREES.

WE, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT, by the advice of our Council of Ministers, decree that:

ART. I. No taxes of any sort shall be levied henceforward from the population of Egypt, whether native or European.

ART. II. The Creditors of the Government shall be paid in full.

ART. III. The KHEDIVE is charged with the execution of the present Decrees.

Ismail.

CHERIF, President of the Council of Ministers.
THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S "HONORARY MEMBERS."

The recurrence of another Exhibition of the Royal Academy, with its varnishing day, and its Press day, and its private view, and its stately banquet, and its large Catalogue, and its small Catalogue (for which we can never be sufficiently grateful), and its small Catalogue (for which we can never be sufficiently grateful), and its small Catalogue (for which we can never be sufficiently grateful), and its small Catalogue (for which we can never be sufficiently grateful), and its small Catalogue (for which we can never be sufficiently grateful), and its small Catalogue (for which we can never be sufficiently grateful)

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- is indispensable at all christenings and weddings in the families of the Academicians. He is at times ready to form a class for reading the Fathers with any Members of the Academy who may desire to investigate the patristic literature of the first four centuries; and he is the acknowledged referee on questions of art are arranged by the Hanging Committee. The two Professors have to satisfy themselves that every picture or sculpture which occurs this paragraph:—

"The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh paid a very high compliment to Mr. E. J. Hopkins; for, after hearing a performance on the fine organ at the Temple Church on Saturday" —-

- was it this, to the old tune—

"Strong Imagination.

- if Tit, PS

- were invited to the Annual Dinner and Evening Lectures, and at the Winter Lectures and Winter Exhibition of Old Masters, with copies of the Catalogue (the 1st. 6th. edition), are sent to them by the hands of the Academy Beadles; and they have the privilege of entering libraries with a stick or umbrella in their hands,—a privilege which is not extended to their wives and families.

- for, otherwise, after all they have cost, they will prove mere two-penny busters.

- or any "kinds" whatever! Sermon, for the occasion, by the Right Rev. Dr. Snoob.

- and it can be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Copies should be kept.

- to Foreign Correspondence.

- He prepares all the letters, invitations, diplomas, and complimentary addresses, which the Academy despatches to Foreign Sovereigns and Ambassadors, and to the Honorary Foreign Academicians. He devotes one morning a week to this duty; and has a small table set apart for his use (with dictionaries, &c., in the Lecture-room. Privately he renders incalculable service to the Academicians and Associates by assisting them in their correspondence with foreign purchasers, critics, and connoisseurs, with the principals of the scholastic establishments at which their sons and daughters may be receiving their education, and with the proprietors of furnished-houses and lodgings when the time arrives for renting the various agreeable sea-side resorts with which the Continent of Europe abounds.

- to Foreign Correspondence.

- The Honorary Members receive no salary, and are not no great prestige attached to their offices, for the beautiful old custom of presenting them with early dew gathered. On May morning by the two junior Associates and the Secretary has been for some time in abeyance. They are invited to the Annual Dinner and Evening Lectures; tickets of admission to the Exhibition, as also to the Winter Lectures and Winter Exhibition of Old Masters, with copies of the Catalogue (the 1st. 6th. edition), are sent to them by the hands of the Academy Beadles; and they have the privilege (by which they may be readily recognised) of entering the galleries with a stick or umbrella in their hands,—a privilege which is not extended to their wives and families.

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THE MAY QUEEN SITS CORRECTED.

(With the Clerk of the Weather's Compliments to the Poet Laureate.)

They must wrap and cloak me warmly, cloak me warmly, Mother.

For to-morrow is the finest day of all the sad new year;
Of all the sad new year, Mother, the snowiest, bestowest day—and I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

Spirited Foreign Policy.

_Question:—Could Mr. Gladstone's Government, or any Government that ever was, put up with a more contemptuous and complete snubbing from the Marquis of Carabas than Lord Beaconsfield's has done?_—Yes, s'il be aliéne—is faire dans cette maison, and they consent to be themselves quiedy and unanimously to be thrown overboard?

THE TOUR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

_Secord View._

Visitors personally conducted by our Own Guide, Cousenell, and Familiar Friend.

No. 64. Portrait of an English Gentleman, who is going to write to the Times to complain about the confounded East wind. He is holding a rough draft of the letter. Expression admirable. W. W.

OUTERS, A.

No. 102. Esther. Edwin Long, A.

One hundred and two.

_Outer._—Who'dn't be a Jew?

_Ajene._—Esther!—no, no recrue!

No. 124. _Adversity._—James Sant, R.A. _Adversity!_ Pshaw! not a bit of it! Only made up for the part. Look at the light in her laughing eye. Just the sort of Beggar Maid that a King might do worse than fall in love with. A regular Skibbytown, knows that pity is akin to love.


_“Oh,“_ said a Lady, standing by me, _“look at this picture of Potstizers!“_

Politely I explained to her, her very natural mistake.

_Hounds. Ma’am,“—which is better than the old-fashioned _“Zounds, Ma’am!“—_not pointers._

GALLERY III.

No. 173. _Interviewing the Member._—Erskine Nicol, A. The Artist may give it this title, but it is really an unreported incident in the life of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who is here represented in our national hunting-dress—pink and tops—trying to induce some Irish peasants to accept him as their countryman. They are restraining their cars to hear how he pronounces _“Arrah!“ and _“Bedad!“_

They evidently don't believe him.

No. 188. Sir F. Leighton, F.R.A. Do not refer to the Catalogue to see

What P.R.A.

Ment to survey, but examine the picture. Here is an angelic creature, or a genie, of French extraction, who has rubbed her wings against a rainbow, and taken off some of the colour, using her finger as the stopper to a green bottle, while she regards an athlete writhing in agonies at her side, with pitying but somewhat puzzled expression, as though she were saying to herself, _“He has had half the bottle; it didn’t agree with him._ Will the rest keep it down, if I keep it up?_ Now refer to the Catalogue, and prepare for a pleasant surprise.

No. 214. _The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone._—M.P. John Edward Millais, R.A. Rev Bair, J. E. M. But where was your motto for this first-rate portrait? It should have been _“Resignation._"

While Resignation gently doS the way
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
He’ll be in power next three years are past.

Groszsmid’s Deserted Grovemous.

No. 245. _Ripening Sunbeams._—Vicat Cole, A. Charming subject to treat, and charmingly treated. Let me suggest a few others of a kindred nature, such as, e. g., _Ripening Cucumbers, Ripening Strawberries, Earthing Onions, Teeth, &c., &c._ Observe the ripening Sunbeams in the foreground!

No. 254. _Major Le Gendre  Starbys of Huntsgrove._—Jas. Sant, R.A. Looks more Starbys than Starbys, but Le Gendre is saying to his belle-mère, _“Oh, ya-a—aw—ya—don’ttherkno?“_ &c.

No. 274. Portrait of a Lady. J. E. Millais, R.A. Give it a name, Sir. I will. Call it _“Chloé._"

_“Better be off with the old Chloé, before you are on with the new._—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Of course this is the New Chloé.

No. 110. _An Interesting Story._—Portraits of Mrs. William Archer and Family. James Archer. The work of an Archer who can draw belles as well as bows. But his title should have been _“Ripening Eve._" The name of the _“Gentleman in Disguise_" will be found in the Catalogue. Observe the pipe in his mouth. It wants colouring.

No. 356. _Freud and Gentile._—H. M. Paget. _“He would dine out last night with a bachelor party at some City tavern!“_ sighed his wife, Mrs. Freud, as she sat next day by his bedside. _“And what a headache he has got, poor fellow! But it serves him right. It’s a lesson that’ll do him good._"

No. 406. Nella, daughter of Arthur Bass, Esq., M.P. Sant, J. S. _Charming, rosy-cheeked little girl, anything but Bass’s Pale,—_though, I’m afraid, those four apples are too much for her. _“What! Apothecary!“_

No. 456. The Return of the Victors. Sir John Gilbert, R.A. The Return of These, Victor, Sir John! Here we are again!

_Happy and glorious. Merry, auspicious!_

This is what _“The Wearing of the Green_" was in the olden time. Here’s a motto:

_“Sir John. Fear no colours!_"—_Henry IV._

No. 404. _Companions._—F. S. Walker. With verdant clod, or green to the green, superfluous.

_“And whereas we’re out, like June’s twin pass, So we are coloured and insufferable._ At You Don’t Like It, Act I., sec. 2.

No. 409. _The Room-i-Sultana._—Val. C. Parker, A. A very pretty Sultana—as she’s a delicate-skinned European. She is lying helplessly in a Red Room—the Red Room-i-Sultana—while a brown slave is kneading before her with a feather fan. Evidently Not so jolly hot, and thermometer up to 110°.

_Calls the Room-i-Sultana, _“In this here weather, My girl, you might knock me down with a feather._"

Which the girl did—ther her you see then they both.

No. 423. _Study of H. H. Sujan Singh._—Maharanah of Oodepore. Val. C. Parker, A. A Brown Study, of course. Capital picture of Sujay Singh. But I don’t think much of his study, which is evidently most faithfully represented. There’s only a carpet on the wall, another on the floor, and a very unseasy chair—no writing-table, and no book! I don’t call this a study." While rapt in his brown study, he is sawing off one of his fingers with his scabber.

No. 451. _Rev. R. R. Chope, M.A._—Vicar of St. Augustine’s, Queen’s Gate. Armitage S. Copse. Portrait of a Clergyman dressed for some Fancy Ecclesiastical Ball. He wears a Gothic surplice, a leather boots. been

_“What Artist shall paint me this_ In vestments?_"_ cried Chope.

_“No better investment, Than getting a Copy._"

MIXED OCCUPATIONS.—Those of the Members of the Legion of Honour.
Lords, Monday, May 5.

Colour de Rose picture by Lord Salisbury of the Treaty of Berlin moving to execution; a showy, if not solid, work of High Art, fitting this Season of Exhibitions—the general impression being that the progress of poor B. T., to execution, like most such progresses, is at a pace rather funereal than lively.

Lord Salisbury’s picture—if one could quite trust it—must be admitted to be a cheerful one. But the more common view, we fear, comes nearer the mark. Like another celebrated subject of the hangman’s high art, who, as the poet sings—

“Oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart,
And often took leave, and was loth to depart.”

the Berlin Treaty seems—not to put too fine a point on it—in no hurry.

Inter alia, Lord Salisbury tells us “a Commissioner has been sent to Asia Minor to ascertain the reasons for local reforms there—which, however, cannot be carried out till the Turkish finances are upon a better footing.”
"THE GINTLEMAN THAT PAYS THE RINT."

Tourist (who is staying in the Neighbourhood for the Fishing). "Is it possible that you keep the Pig in the House with you?"

Pat. "And why not, Sue? Sue isn't there everything in it that the Crathur would want?"

"The Greek Kalends" used to be the classical synonym of "tomorrow-come-never." "The Turkish pay-day" ought to be the modern equivalent.

Lord Thurlow called attention to a working-men's petition for the opening of Public Museums and Picture-Galleries in London on Sunday afternoons, in a Resolution that—

"Seeing the excellent results that have followed upon the opening of such institutions on Sunday afternoons in Dublin, Birmingham, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Hampton Court, Kew, &c., this House is of opinion that it is highly desirable that the prayer of this petition should be granted, even if only in part and as a tentative measure, in order to provide the working-classes of London with an alternative to the public-house on the many inclement Sunday afternoons when places of out-of-doors recreation, such as the public parks, are of no avail for the purposes of health and recreation."

Lord Thurlow summed up with pith and point the case for public galleries against public-houses, as places of Sunday resort and recreation. Punch has long held a general retainer on the same side, and is quite satisfied with the argument of his noble junior on Monday.

Lord Powerscourt bore witness for the change, on behalf of Dublin, where the National Gallery has been open on Sunday afternoons for fourteen years, without a single complaint.

The Earl of Averon said that publicans were in favour of the opening of such places, which didn't look as if they looked on the public gallery as the natural enemy of the public-house. He was against anything that tended to secularise the Lord's Day—and turn the London Sunday into a Parian one. He would extend Saturday half-holidays, and keep such places longer open on the sixth day of the week instead of opening them on the seventh.

Lord Eldon said that Sunday, in his view, was a feast, not a fast. The real alternative for the poor man in bad weather, whatever Lord Averon might think, was Public Gallery or Public-House.

The Earl of Buckingham said the change wanted more consideration than appeared on the surface. We have fifty-two half-holidays in the year as it is. The most divine of institutions is that which secures a seventh day's rest for man. You can't keep up that with the religious sentiment. This step has always been resisted in the other House. A majority of the Members for great towns have opposed it. The working-classes regard it with suspicion. There is no evidence that the great body of the people want it. Under these circumstances, he must oppose it.

The Duke of Somerset could not see on what principle the doors of the British Museum and the National Gallery could be kept shut, when those of Kew and Hampton Court were set open.

Lord Derby followed on the same side, and threw the weight of his cool common-sense into the scale of the Resolution. "If public-houses were to be open on Sunday afternoons, they should not have a monopoly."

The Archbishop of Canterbury summed up, clerically, contra. If their Lordships gauged the opinion of the working-classes, they would find that they shared the alarm that the change would deprive them of their day of rest.

On Division, the Resolution was lost by 67 to 59—no more—with all that weight of Bishop andBrackenfield the other way! In other words, the Resolution, lost for the moment, is marked for carrying—as a blazed tree, for cutting down—in the near future. Punch rejoices, and, en attendant, leaves the Archbishop to exchange congratulations with Brother Bruc.

(Comment.)—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in compliance with the sensible suggestion of Lord Hartington, postponed his Motion arranging the foreign and colonial policy of the Government. Sir Wilfrid, had he not done this, would have proved himself Sir Wilfrid. The Government policy having been threshed last week, does not need to be threshed over again.

Sir Stafford assured Mr. Forster that Sir Bartle Frere had been distinctly told what he was not to do—i.e., annex—and what he was to do—i.e., protect our South-African Colonies. (But who can say if Sir Bartle Frere will see his way to obey the positive instruction without violating the negative?)

Mr. Cross informed Dr. Kendars—that zealous guardian of our laws and liberties—who naturally feels for the oppressed, and the truly deserving, that he had satisfied himself that Morgan, the Chester labourer, condemned to prison for not contributing to his children's support in the Workhouse, was not a proper object of
public sympathy. He was in communication with the Chester Magistrates, whose sentence on the man had, he thought, been too severe.

Before going into Ways and Means, Mr. Gladstone rose to give his reasons for thinking that the Government ways of raising the wind were bad ways, and their means mischievous means. ... In 1860—which year he had referred to in favour of the policy of the Budget—heavy war expenses were provided for, partly out of new taxes, partly out of balances, or loans. This year, except £2000 for cireaus, and a permanent tax raised by new taxation. All was to be met by postponing payments, and incurring new liabilities. The Chancellor of the Exchequer defended himself, and contended that so far from contradicting, he had actually followed the financial principle of 1860. On this point Chancellor and Ex-Chancellor polled each other with figures, long after the weary House had cried, "Hold, enough!"

Sir W. Hamilton said the Opposition's principle was briefly, "Meet your liabilities!" the Government's, "Shirk them."

Mr. Lowe did a little dissertation of the Budgets with his own sharp scalpel. There were two ite principles—tax or borrow. That of the Cabinet, his friends. "Borrow" was unsound popular principle—brought on for the financial principle of 1860, On this— the first towards greatest advance in Judicial wisdom—congratulates Stephen, embodiment of codification—anything but "puny" J. I provided for, partly out of new taxes, partly out of balances, or loans. He had actually— the financial principle of 1860, On this— the first towards greatest advance in Judicial wisdom—congratulates Stephen, embodiment of codification—anything but "puny" J.

MRS. GINGHAM EXPOSTULATES.

"I believe—at least it is the popular belief—that there is only one article a cabman never returns, and that is an umbrella; and I think that is quite fair."

"As you'll never catch me making rude remarks on Royalty!"

"But when I read such words as these a-falling from his noble head?"

"It ain't no use discussing it—it reglar makes me wince."

"Which the dear Lord Granville that Mr. Bartle Frere is effectually tied up, as far as H.M. Government can tie him, not to make more war or mischief in Zululand than he can help."

But still Lord Granville did not seem happy; so, "Deux ex machina," Lord Beaconsfield descended to say that Sir Bartle is fully informed of the leading principles on which the Cabinet would wish peace to be established between His Majesty King Kamehameha and Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

(The nuisance is that Sir Bartle, as a second with a taste for leading, is apt to pooh-pooh the leading of his principals.)

What has come to the Lords—or what are the Lords coming to? Last night, all but opening the Public Galleries and Museums on Sundays, and to-night all but letting men loose to marry their wives' sisters, and getting the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh to be the best of the best and a love in favour of unhallowed change, on the Bucks and Norfolk farmers, of all people! Bung might be supposed to hanker after matrimonial licence—but solid Norfolk dumplings. Anyway, Lord Hertford was allowed to move the Second Reading of his Bill to legalise marriages with deceased wives' sisters, and to give him his way for it; and there, the Bishop of London—and fourteen Bishops at his back—protested, they could only muster 101 to 81—a miserable majority of 20! What is that against the chance of consolidating two mothers-in-law into one? (Commons.)—After letting a Steam Tramway Bill through Second Reading, the House actually did a stroke of work other than asking questions, and not getting them answered, and passed several sections of the Valuation Bill through Committees. But in the Lower House, too, the Demon of Destruction is loose. Think of the Commons, by 104 to 65, another! No; I can't believe you meant it: it's too wrong, too! —bein' a wapping game, as common as hard labour, and presenting all the goods of love and little fishes of law! Can such a thing be? But have not Indictments at Common Law gone; and why should Actions for Breach remain? And, after all, it is only: "an Abstract Resolution."
whole, though he firmly believes, with Colonel MAXIK, that the persons who would chiefly suffer by the change in the law would be eloquent junior counsel, speculative attorneys, and newspaper proprietors—and the Colonel ought to have known with any of his disagreeable females—Punch is inclined to back these against the law-reforming energy of the House, even with Mr. HERSCHEL's "up," and declines to hail over the abortive Action of Session still he sees them abolished. Threatened laws, like threatened men, live long; the Toon for Breach has a tremendous array of bad reasons at its back, if it have some very good ones warring against it.

Wednesday.—Another day of wonder. A Bill read a Second Time, without a division, and with the formal consent of the Government, legalising the formation of Volunteer Corps in Ireland. Perhaps a General Election may account for more than a Borrowing Budget. But in any case it was a comfort to see Orange Lions lying down with Home-Rule Lambs. —O'Clerk, and King-HARMAN, and O'SHAUNESSY, and Major Nolan, and MITCHELL HENRY, in harmonious chorus for once with PUNCH, and MACAENAY, Black-Protestant BRUCE, and Attorney-General GIBSON.

What with to-night's Bill and Mr. SHAW-LESTYRE's for giving more power to the Bright-Chaunters of the Land Act, last week, Punch is constrained to ask himself, are we coming back to the days "when MALACHI wore his collar of gold," or is the Millennium on its way to us, in Miloscan path? Anyway, an Irish night that ends in a Second Reading instead of a row is such a comfort, that Punch can hardly get over the recurrences of two such miracles in a fortnight sufficiently to return thanks for them in properly devotional and grateful language.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord SAYE & ABBEY moved Second Reading of the Habitual Drunkards Bill, authorising dipsomaniacs to consent to their own confinement in dipsomania asylums, with due provision against foul play.

Anything that can be devised for the restraint and cure of these most miserable of all manics—now treated among us as natural and rational beings,—is worth trying, and there is experience in America which seems to warrant some hope from such places of restraint and treatment, duly inspected and secured against loziness or to which like private lunatic asylums they are obviously open, unless closely watched. But will so purely permissive a Bill work?

[Commons.]—The most noteworthy among the rush of questions was DR. KENWALL's as to the authority for an alleged message of sympathy from Her MAJESTY to Lady BARTLE FRERE.

Sir M. H. BEACU did not see why Her MAJESTY should not express her sympathy with the law-reforming energy of the House, even with Mr. Punch.

Mr. RYLANDS, too, elicited the interesting intelligence that Government did not see why they should be in any hurry to fill up the six vacant seats this Session.

We don't ourselves contemplate immediate Dissolution, then? LORD HARTINGTON and MR. FAWCETT mean to step between Mr. Disraeli and any Liberal associate, declaring that the Queen has been acting with unconstitutional independence of her Ministers in Indian matters.

The House did a stroke of work in Committee on the Discipline Bill.

Two strokes of work in three days in the Commons—to say nothing of the Lords' doings! This is indeed a week of wonders!

Friday (Lords).—Has the Christian Briton been doing the Heathen Chinese? LORD CARLETON says he has. Lord HAMMOND agrees with him (and he ought to know, having held all the keys of the P. O. for so many years); Lord BALDWIN doesn't.

Punch does not pretend to unravel the skein of complicated interests in dispute between two equally sharp characters. JOHN FULL and JOHN CHINNAM must be left to settle their difficulties over the Chefoo Convention; and may the best man win!

[Commons].—A night to be noted of the British Landlord, and not with a white stone. The abolition of that ancient feudal Landlord power—of making a clean sweep of everything on a defaulting tenant's holding to the sovereign—parliamentary and most onerous, of all other claims, is as thoroughly supported and backed by Scottish BARCLAY, was resisted by Norfolk Conservative C. S. READ, only on condition of changes which will transform the law from harsh and unfair to comparatively mild and just. Before long English Distress will have to follow Scottish Hypotheses, and the biggest nail will have been driven in the coffin of Landlordism by the country's defenders of the present law, case-hardened lawyers like Mr. Gregory and Mr. Rodwell, sailed as men in covering a retreat. There is no mistaking the ex-sen,, Parliamentary sympathy at this time, and last night's debate told the same story. Mr. PELI's speech and Mr. W. BARTLEY's and Sir Thomas ACLAUD's, and those of all the English Squires with heads on their shoulders, proclaim that Distress is doomed. Would Punch felt as sure of its disappearance from England as from Law?

ASTROLOGY V. METEOROLOGY.

Nder your leave, Mr. Punch, Homder'd Sur, I bags to pur- tain them there Victories as apperas vom day to day in the Times pyapaper. I get a speck of one or two, now, in which th be no less nor 'leven prograde for presentment. The sale defensive among us as natural and rational beings,—is worth trying, and there is experience in America which seems to warrant some hope from such places of restraint and treatment, duly inspected and secured against loziness or to which like private lunatic asylums they are obviously open, unless closely watched. But will so purely permissive a Bill work?

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Scene.—London. Time—Sunday. Intelligent Foreigner and Charles (his friend) discovered promenading the streets.

Intelligent Foreigner. My faith, but yours is a wonderful country! But why are the streets so deserted? Where are your artisans? They are not at work?

Charles (his friend). Of course not. It is Sunday.

Intelligent Foreigner. So! As foreign as a foreigner. I see, at your noble British Museum, admiring its natural history, its superb statuary?

Charles (his friend). Well, no. The Museum is closed on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Then they are in your fine National Gallery, enjoying your grand pictures?

Charles (his friend). Well, no. The National Gallery is closed on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Then they are at your spacious South Kensington, studying the industrial arts, eh?

Charles (his friend). Well, no. The South Kensington Museum is closed on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner. Then of course they are at home?

Charles (his friend). Well, no, the truth is, our proletariat have not of a home for Sundays. Intelligent Foreigner. Ha! Hold! How stupid I am! You are religious, you English. They are at church.

Charles (his friend). Well, yes, and they don't go much to church. Besides, it is past one, and all the churches will be closed by this time. They always are after service on Sundays.

Intelligent Foreigner (puzzled). Then what are they? What is open on Sundays?

Charles (his friend). Oh, the public-houses. You will find plenty of these open on Sundays, after the hours allowed by the Act!

[Changes the conversation.

A Right-Down Clever Horse. (With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Mr. Ewiffard.)

However much you lose on him, you can't be in the hole;

Their tin is all the talent drop,

'Tis only on the bowl.
THANKS WHERE THANKS ARE DUE.

(Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns at Home.)

Mr. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "How kind of Mademoiselle Serrurier to come to us, my love, and sing to us in this friendly way, without being paid for it, I mean! I'll go and thank her!"

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "Good heavens, you goose, don't thank her! Tell her she has made a good impression, and that we hope to have her again soon—ah, your grace, going away already?"

The Duchess. "Yes, thank you very much for a pleasant afternoon!"

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "Thank you, Duchess! How kind of your grace to come to us! Mademoiselle has a nice voice, has she not?"

The Duchess. "Charming! I only wish I could afford to engage her for Tuesday! I've only got amateurs, you know. By the bye, I shall be happy to send you a card, if you care to come."

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "Oh, thank you, Duchess! We shall only be too delighted, &c., &c., &c."

Mademoiselle Serrurier and her Mother, who think Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns a tremendous swell, are waiting for her grace's departure to say, "Nous vous remercions infiniment, Madame de Tomkyns, de votre si aimable et sympathique accueil!"

To which Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns will reply, "Oh—er—ne le mentionnez pas. Je suis si charmée de vous être utile, vous savoy e?"

PRINCIPLES AND PREPOSITIONS.

"The dreariest duty of humanity" is, according to—
The Earl of Beaconsfield (when called upon to do so)—To ex-plain.
Mr. Gladstone (when there's a chance of getting in a word)—To re-train.
The Czar (with the Holy Empire on his shoulders)—To sus-tain.
Sir William Ewart Gladstone (in front of a glass of water)—To ab-stain.
Sir Robert Peel (when he has lost his temper and has to keep his dignity)—To re-gain.
And Her Majesty's Ministers (losing their grip on Office before approaching Dissolution)—To re-tain.

THE SAME THING.

"The Treaty of Berlin not being executed? Fiddlesticks! Don't we see it 'hung up' in all directions?"

More Light!

(To the Metropolitan District Boards.)

A PROPOS of the exhibition of the Electric Light at the Albert Hall—how about the painting up of the names of London streets on London street-lamps? Must we wait for an electric shock to set that great small improvement going?

As an inducement, Punch hereby promises to associate with the improvement the name of the District Board that inaugurates it, as the names of the inventors of electric lighting apparatus—Jac-Khoff, and Kapp, and Loitin, and Wilde, and Simms, and Werdemann—have been coupled with their illustrious inventions.

The Other Way of Looking at It.

PATERFAMILIAS (log.).—We've been passing through a period of depression. Bread has been cheap; coals comparatively cheap; sausages, neapunites a life, except meat, and even most luxury goods. In the meanwhile we've passed through a period of depression. Now, they say, there seems to be a turn of the tide, business reviving, and some signs of a beginning of better times. Um! I suppose that will mean a plaguy rise in the price of everything!
"FRIENDS IN DEED!!"

Mr. Bun. "WE'VE HAD A NARROW SQUEAK THIS TIME, MY LORD! DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD HA' DONE WITHOUT YOUR GRACE AND THEM THREE BISHOPS!"
INJYABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
BY FUZZELI PRINCESP.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE WAY—Visited the place where Lalla Rookh lived. It is very disappointing—quite an Indian St. Giles's or Seven Dials, inhabited by wandering minstrels, who keep the place alive night and day, with their choruses, and hence its name, the End—oi—lal—la—Rookhey.

Beaming. — Played a character in the play Ratiam. These wily Indians know the game as well as I do myself. Made nothing by it. Drawn game, but it made me thoroughly repent the attempt to play Ratiam again.

"Arvads undo," I said to him, alluding to the fact of having bought both the articles in the Arcade. But the Rajah didn't laugh. He is a man window, and the Government he was—a regular out-and-out Duffadar. However, as it was with Rumi's brother, the Rajah's servant carrying our devotional library, the sudden jerk of the train, as it moved on, threw the anda guddee—all in our Sunday best—'head!' and they played the 'very joose' with a convivial "take?'" for all the world as though he were going into a volcanic apoplexy. However, I promised, for a consideration, not to tell where he got the bauble and the scarf.

"Burstah, i.e., an overpoweringly uproarious jest that sets tables in roars, langues. In a great man's presence, he asked me, "What of him I have not inquired."

I drew it, and I really think it is, if not the biggest, at least the best thing I've ever done.

Several offers already for it, but I'm still to another. The hammer came at the third Station I was awoke out of a short nap: "What of him I have not inquired."

Arrived, and called on the Maranatha. He is a furious old cuca, and much addicted to strong waters, and stronger languages. In a hospitable humour he asked me, "What you take?"

"Your portrait," I replied, readily. "Rupees?" he inquired, mildly. "Certainly!" I answered. "A pint of fresh rupees; and the sooner you shall out, the better."

He shrieked with laughter, for he understands English. When he had partially recovered, he said, "I buy that joke with picture."

"Done!" cried I. And we shook hands over the bargain.

He paid half down on account, and then sat for his portrait.

Left sitting. I will here give a little anecdote, which bits a nice trick in my character, and speaks well for Government.

I was one day chatting with a few bales—who are not nameless here, but shall be named A and B. In the course of conversation, someone observed that there would probably be a vacancy on the Indian Bench.
AT THE R.A.—TRIUMPH OF REALISTIC ART.

Blenkinsop (complacently gazing at a Bust of himself by a fashionable Sculptor). "It's not so much as a Work of Art that I value it, Brown; but the Likeness is so wonderful, you know!"

I smiled, but made no reply. "It's easy work," observed the eminent individual, who was then on his way back to England to advise the Government. "An old judge out here has a pleasant time of it. Cool drinks, and a nice bar. No Wigs.

"That exactly suits the present administration," said I, with an uncontrollable twinkle in my left eye. "No Whigs, eh?—all Tories?"

They had a jolly appreciative laugh at this.

"Who's the right man for the left place?" asked the second Head Swell, suddenly. It was not for me to speak out, so I thought the more, like Sir Paul Parrot in the play.

"You're a good judge," continued the same distinguished individual, turning to me. "I am," I returned, modestly; "I own the soft impeachment." And, to hide my blushes, I quaffed a beaker of the best iced punkah (a delightful drink, which ought to be introduced into England), and heaved a gentle sigh out of my hubble-bubble.

"We want," said Head Swell Number Three, "an unbiassed, unprejudiced sort of cuss." "That's me, George," I replied, good-humouredly, and then hummed "Who shall be fairest?"

Then the chief put it squarely to me, "Would you accept the place?"

Now, I am not every man's money; I'm not to be had cheap. So I shook my head dubiously, and replied, "Well, if the Government were in a difficulty—if they were reduced to such straits that to serve them would become a duty—then noblesse oblige—and, if asked, I would give them the straight tip."

"You would?" he returned, heartily shaking my hand. "I would," I replied. He sailed next day.

Imagine my astonishment when the first vacancy on the Indian Bench was offered to Mr. Douglas Straight, Junior Counsel to the Treasury.

My friend, the Injian Swell, met me in the street. "Why, you gave us 'the straight tip' for the appointment, and I thoroughly understood what you meant by that, though it was so wrapped up."

"I'm delighted," I replied—for I knew there is something in store for me just a penn'orth of patronage; but "mum" is the word,—though for myself I do not care for Jules Mace, but I swear by Pommery trio sec, and Vin de Veneur Pommeur—but this by the way—"I'm delighted. The Government, reduced to straits, has selected the very best Straight of the lot. Straight's his name and straight's his nature. He goes straight, he'll keep straight, and return straight to England. Bravvo, Sir! and, to quote the Bard of Trial by Jury, let me add— "And a good Judge too."

And that's how it's done. Of course I don't go into motives. The surface does for me. I'm satisfied with STRAIGHT, and don't descende to the Straits.

I wish Mr. Justice STRAIGHT all success, and hope he'll find Injia as injiable as I did.

Private Diary.—Wonder what's become of STRAIGHT? A propos of the small book in which I make my particular and confidential entries—my "aside book," so to speak,—I am thinking of getting up a Company for painting Injians. Not on canvas; but for painting themselves, an operation in which swells of both sexes at present are most lamentably at fault. They don't understand how to get themselves up; and, the result is, that a dark Lady who has been at the rouge-pot, is made game of by all the little boys, and they call her rouge et noir.

Now I see my way to a Beautiful-for-Ever scheme. Establish a Company, Capital, 300,000 rupees. Cards of admission to Subscribers only, to whom alone will the address be given. We shall name it after the small note-book in which the brilliant idea was originally registered—Our Private Diary. Secret entries.

Next Day.—Wet. At home preparing Prospectus and designing a pictorial advertisement. Thinking hard. Will "thinking hard" lead to softening of the brain? Question. Refer it to a sub-committee, and go on thinking.

A Cheer for Cabby.

We may soon be enabled to take a cab without fear of incurring an overcharge, or the alternative of an altercation. At the Dinner of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, eaten on Monday last week under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, it was announced that the moral character of Cabmen generally had greatly improved, and that they had of late, as a body, become remarkable for honesty, of which some remarkable examples were cited by His Royal Highness. It is agreeable to receive this good account of Cabby, which ought to secure, at least, Hansom contributions to his Benevolent Association.

SIGNS AND SQUALLS.

We learn from the Almanacks that the Sun in May is in Gemini—the Twins. Of late it has been impossible to see him anywhere. His sojourn with the celestial infants, however, may have accounted for the late squalls.

A SAW FOR THE TIMES.—No man should live beyond the means of his Creditors.
March of Education.

Newsboy. "Fall Malls, Globe, Stand—"
Old Gent. "Any News, my Boy?"
Newsboy. "Eh, Sir, or Evening Star—"
Old Gent. "But is there any News this Evening?"
Newsboy. "You want me to give you a Precise, do you?—Shan’t!" [Exit. Old Gent (to pei' Deaf me! A 'Précis'! Taxis comes of those School Boys!"

The Wreath Is Not in Pawn.

The Liberal Press ought really to know its duty better than to abuse the earnest and energetic promoter of the Working Men’s Tribute to Lord Beaconsfield—the undying Tract Turnell!—to whose complaints Punch feels bound, by every consideration that should weigh with a citizen, to give the fullest publicity.

Not only has T. T. been (as a witty to Punch, “his best friend”) the mark for the darts of “certain sections of the Medical Press” but the new “tribute” itself has been made the butt of wholesale falsehoods:—

“These manifold misrepresentations have at last culminated in the public assertion, that ‘Punch Got A Wreath Is in Pawn!’ and that, the money not being forthcoming, the manufacturers were to part with it! To this assertion—which, I will and Roskell, as you will see in their letter, designate as ‘a wanton invention, entirely devoid of truth in every way’—I beg you, in common justice, to allow me to state in your paper, whose readers are ‘penny and, no doubt, lovers of truth— that, at this moment, about £200, the proceeds of penny subscriptions also, are daily arriving amply secured the cost of the Wreath, I have ordered a magnificent Casket thus magnanimously ordered by the faith of the great heart of Tract Turnell!"

Wearers of the Green.—If the rude street-boys call the English red-coated Volunteers “Red Errins,”—will they call the Irish Volunteers, who, of course, will wear the national colour—“Green Errins?”

Taking Stock.

John Bull, Esquire.

Hold hard a bit, my clamorous friends! I’m sick and tired of show and shouting, I must take stock of means and ends, and noise won’t ease my grave misgivings. How do I stand? Who’ll tell me that? I want to see how things are going; when times are hard and business flat, you can’t set matters square by crowing.

We’ve had a lot of that of late, it’s pretty pastime while you’re at it; but its net profits, up to date, I own I can’t quite reckon, drat it! Now he who crowes and don’t know why, I hold to be a noisy needle. So I’ll look round before I try another bout of Cock-a-doodle.

To be top-sawyer everywhere, seems I admit, a noisy notion; but I must say I don’t care for such continual commotion. I fanned I so strong had grown, that, not desiring rain or robbery, I might in quiet hold my own, and not go kicking up a row.

The Liberal’s laissez-aller style May be set foreign critics sneering, but could not Bull afford to smile At bogus journalistie jeering? French blasphe and German blather? Pooh! Would Russia make a cenance bolis, of endless cock-a-doodle-doo From my smart friend, the Daily Toly?

And now they tell me I’m a, Cock of the walk, and all the rest of it, somehow I don’t enjoy the fun; the crowing seems about the best of it. Account of the hatched eggs I ask, since with the hen-house costs I’m saddled; the tellers rather shirk their task, till one suspects that half are added.

And really I can’t see the pull Of paying through the nose for crowing. I know I’ve stumped up lots, but Bull Likes some clear notion of what’s owing. Stafford is shifty, I’m not clear About his new book-keeping system. That both ends don’t quite meet, I fear; figures ain’t facts—not when you twist ‘em. Tuner’s large dreams my fancy fired,— Views have a charm, when they’re extensive,— But can he make ‘em good? I’m tired Of fireworks that come so expensive. The daring game asks daring hand, Good business needs close calculation; Big bounces and bad fines might land Even John Bull in liquidation.

Just the Difference.

The Portsmouth Correspondent of the Daily News, wishing to reassure the inhabitants of ports and coasts where stray torpedoes may be picked up, explains that "these projectiles are perfectly harmless, their heads being empty." There is just this difference between torpedoes and those in charge of them, that the former are dangerous for the very reason which makes the other harmless—namely, because their heads are empty.

Over a Grave.

"His heart we have broke with our rambles and spites, And Obstruction invented to worry him; But the Saxon we’ll show what Home-Runners unites For once round their Leader—to bury him."
GREAT KNOX AND KNOX-LITTLE.

The following announcement in a diurnal newspaper may perhaps in particular concern persons of the Romano-eclesiastic persuasion:

"ST. BARNABAS, PIMLICO.—The Rev. Mr. Knox-Little has announced to his congregation at St. Alban's, Manchester, that he has declined to accept a cure of Ritualistic souls. That is to say, a Jomt Kwox. Only, were the Jomt and the Reformer, If the Presbyterians expressly repudiate the resemblance between the little Kwox and the great Knox—the Ritualist and the Reformer. If the Presbyterians expressly repudiate Pre-Frality, the Anglican averse to set their Bishops at defiance. So far, it may be said that—

"Now Priest is but old Presbyter writ small."

WHAT WE HAVE COME TO—NEARLY!

(A not very exaggerated Report of recent Proceedings.)

The Barnes Mystery was yesterday again the subject of inquiry before the South Surrey Bench of Magistrates. The Counsel already engaged in the case reappeared for the Prosecution. The Prisoner was defended by Mr. Browe Beater.

Mrs. Constance Goodman, the next witness called, said that she was the wife of a Linendraper who had been established in the neighbourhood for five and twenty years. She remembered speaking to the last witness at his house between five and six in the afternoon of the first Sunday in March.

Cross-examined by Mr. Browe Beater. She had never been a Respondent in the Divorce Court.

Mr. Browe Beater. Oh, I suppose you are too drunk to remember?

Witness (indignantly). I was never tipsy in my life.

The Chairman. Really, I can see no ground for bullying the Witness in this way. The Bench feels it right to interfere for her protection.

Mr. Browe Beater (interrupting). You shut up! (Laughter.)

Cross-examination resumed. The Witness said that her husband had never been in the Bankruptcy Court. She denied that he was in the habit of using short measures. She had six children. None of them had been convicted and sentenced to penal servitude. Her daughters were perfectly respectable. They were married women.

Mr. Browe Beater. Oh, I dare say! (Laughter.)

Counsel for the Prosecution. I really must protest against the line of examination my learned friend has adopted. It leads to nothing, and can only cause pain to a number of perfectly innocent persons. Mr. Browe Beater (hotly). I will not be bullied. (Laughter.) My learned friend had better mind his own business.

The Chairman. I really think that—

Mr. Browe Beater (interrupting). Who cares what you think? (Laughter."

The Chairman. You really must not speak to the Bench in that disrespectful manner.

Mr. Browe Beater. I shall speak as I think proper. I have a duty to my client. (To Witness.) You know that you have come here to swear away the life of my client.

Witness (in tears). I am sure I would do nothing of the sort. I would not hurt a fly.

Mr. Browe Beater. Hurt a fly, indeed! Come—how many glasses of whiskey have you had this morning?

Witness. Never drink whiskey.

Mr. Browe Beater. Never drink whiskey! Don't tell me that. Everybody drinks whiskey when they can get it. (Laughter.)

Cross-examination resumed. She was sure she had seen the witness between five and six. It was not between eleven and twelve at night. She had never kissed his hands more than once a week, many times more. She was not bald on the top of her head. No brother of hers had been convicted of obtaining money on false pretences.

Mr. Browe Beater said he thought that would do for the present, the Bench agreed with him, and the Court adjourned for refreshment. After luncheon the cross-examination of the Witness was resumed by Mr. Browe Beater with increased vigour, if possible.

Conversions.

There are advertisements about Town, representing how a sinful Jockey was converted by seeing New Babylon at the Duke's, (this no doubt took the Prince of Wales to see it the other night); and how somebody else was converted by seeing The Woman of the People at the Olympic.

Yet another Conversion. All the people who declared that Nimesco could never be converted into a possible piece for the English Stage, have been to Boulogne (at the Gaiety); have witnessed the conversion of Nimesco into Zuzu: have acknowledged the errors of their ways; and have entirely recanted their former opinions.

Who shall say that the Stage is not a great moral teacher?

Pleasant and Cool.

DEAR PUNCH,

I am so astonished to hear my visitors—comparatively few, strange to say, for the time of year—abuse the weather! For my part, I consider it particularly seasonable. I have been here in this den longer than I can remember, and never felt so comfortable, except occasionally at a rare Christmas like the last, which doesn't yet seem over. The bracing temperature makes me feel quite in the latitude of that region whence I derive my familiar title of THE POLAR BEAR.

The Zoo, May 8, 1879.

(Thalassarctos Marinus.)

NOT SO BACKWARD AFTER ALL.

When we are told that the Kentish hop-grounds, "like everything else," are very backward, this observation is in one point at least they seem to be more forward than their Kentish neighbours, the labourers, and their Northern countrymen, the miners. "Many of them," we read, "have finished stricking."
THE TOUR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Personally Conducted by Our Own Guide.)


No. 213. "Shall I throw him over, or shall I not?" ALFRED ELMORE, R.A. Young girl bowered by an admirer, who is lying in a very insecure position on a parapet behind her, reading a little composition of his own aloud. With one sudden jerk of her head or hand she can instantly topple him over into the river.

No. 220. The Prescription. JOHN PETTIE, R.A. Four doctors having been called in, depute their senior to read the prescription to the hibenous young Prince. N.B.—A very fine and striking picture, but it certainly might be this, just as much as The Death Warrant.

No. 416. Summer Time. MARCUS STONE, A. Stone being sat on by a young girl.


No. 421. "Love me, love my Dog." G. A. STOREY, A.

GALLERY VI.

No. 464. Sundown. CEIL LAWSON. Unless "sundown" is a misprint for "Sendown"—the catalogue is under revision—this picture is meant to indicate the time of day as seen by Mr. Lawson, who must, surely, have been "up to the time of day" very late the night before. Some people have described it as "after Turner," but it is more suggestive of "After Supper."

No. 465. Hesitation. C. W. COPE, R.A. "The girl who hesitates is lost"—and a pity this girl wasn't, on her road to Burlington House.


No. 487. The Nervous Knight. BRITON RIVIÈRE, A. "I see you!" he exclaimed, peering forward into the darkness. "Here, I say! Come! No larks!" There were no larks: it was a bat.

No. 507. Taking their Leaves; or, "I feel just as happy as a bright Sunflower!" ALFRED PARSONS.

No. 509. No Bodies! or, Rainbow Bridge. W. G. DAFFY. Only two peacocks' tails visible, the poor birds being out of sight, wedged into the rocks.

No. 528. Subject from Crabbe's "Tales of the Haunt." JOHN G. NAINE. What three nice clean respectable fishermen! So true to nature—or to Naish-er.

No. 531. Lady in a reverie, unconscious of the approach of a goblin bird through the open window. Motta. "Keep up your pecker!" Or if that isn't an open window at the back, and if it isn't a goblin bird, then what is it? Goblins tapestry, perhaps. For further particulars ask the Artist, JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 540. Turnips and Topis; or, How my Mother sold her Mangels, by JOHN E. RIDD, which has been purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, under the terms of the Chantry Bequest. It ought to be the Dotry Bequest not the Storey.

No. 545. My Notice Land, Good Night. H. O'NEIL, A. Hope both mother, with the toothache, and child, are going for a change of air.

No. 555. The Place to Catch a Jolly Good Cull. STUART LLOYD.

GALLERY VII.


No. 379. Signor Pietti; or, Reading at Sight, and Puzzled by a Foot Note. FRANK HOLL, A.

No. 582. The Remnants of an Army. ELIZABETH BUTLER (née THOMPSON). The picture of the year. Let us write Mrs. Butler, R.A.—i.e., "Really Admirable!"

No. 599. As the Picture tells its own story, I have nothing to say for it. E. KEAT BRIGHTON. Messrs. 609, 614. The Two Alexanders; or, the Bilious Brothers. JOHN PETTIE, R.A. What Alexander is 609? No, not "what Alexander," but Alexander Watt.

No. 628. Hiding Behind the Door; or, Practical Joke in the Olden Time. H. HILLSPOOR.

No. 651. John Horre, Comedian. VAL. C. FINNER, A. A hare from the Artist's brush.

No. 683. On the Way. Why not? HERBERT LINDDON.

No. 776. "What's o'Clock? LITTLE WATT.

No. 832. A Moment's Reflection; or, in the Swing of it. HENRY HOLIDAY.

No. 857. Adam. Also by H. HOLIDAY. In spite of the quotation which this is intended to illustrate, this is quite a Holiday view of Adam, who is represented as taking it very easy, or to quote the apposite line of the venerable Josephus Miller, it is, "Adam taking his olimum cum digi."

GALLERY IX.


No. 1221. Portrait of a Gentleman—after SYMMS LUCAS— briefly. VICTOR LUCAS MILLER. I suppose that Symms Lucas was trespassing as well as etching, or else why should the Gentleman have been after him?

GALLERY X.

No. 1380. Going to the Front: India, 1878; or, Training in the Way they should Go. I hope the Artist is following the example of his own soldiers, and also "going to the front." WALTER C. HORSLEY.

No. 1391. A Turk trying to Find his Way to the North Pole. ALBERT GOODWIN. On dit, purchased for the Colney Hatch collection.

No. 1395. "All safe—lurri' the Door!" LAMILLY J. POTT.

No. 1423. The Right Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Lincoln. EDWIN LONG, A. Property courier against the wall—evidently for ornament not use, and a metal cross fastened by an evident cluster of avarice around the Bishop's neck. He wears also his scarlet Doctor's University hood, Bravo, Mr. Long! "Keep up the Christopher!"

No. 1426. Geo. Grossmith, Esq., Senior. WEDON GROSSMITH.

There was a little man,
And he had a little son,
Of whom, if you 've not seen him, you have read, read, read;
And then he had another,
The former's little brother,
Who has taken, as you see, his father's head, head, head.

No. 1430. A Sardine Fishery. RENT. W. MACREW. Fishing for sardines, and let us hope, at the same time, making the tin.

No. 1499. "Not at 11!" W. F. FEITR, R.A.

Newman Among the Red Hats.

(By a change of Por.)

His virtues are so cardinal and rare.
We wonder how the dickens he got there!
the scoundrels who swindle are the only things lower than the screws that run. Such are these "gathering," properly so called—foul sores, in which all the evil humours of the "Great Wen"—as CORBETT called London—come to a head. They are speculative of Sporting Publicans, for the benefit of low bars, low betting-men, welshers, sharers, roughs, and pickpockets, at which so-called—foul sores, in which all the evil humours of the "Great Wen"—as Consett called London—come to a head. The low publican, and his still lower customers, call the varieties of villainy that go on at these places, "Sport." "What is sport to you, is intolerable nuisance to us," say all decent people within the radius of these Saturnalia of scoundrelism. Of all the noxious growths of the Turf, these suburban "gate-meetings" are about the most poisonous. The Jockey Club has power to knock them on the head, and doesn't.

A Bill has passed the Commons, putting these focuses of foul play, for ten miles round London, under magisterial licence.

Lord ENFIELD moved Second Reading of the Bill to-night. The Jockey Club opposed, through the Duke of RICHMOND, Lord ROSEBERY, and Lord RIBBLESDALE.

Punch could wish noble Lords better employment.

Lord GRANTVILLE and Earl Morley felt constrained to back the Bill. They loved sport, but thought these meetings anything but sport—decidedly a serious nuisance. So, though the Jockey Club opposed, and the Government—in the Lords—cold-shouldered,
Mr. Cross and his Under-Secretary having supported the Bill in the Commons,) and Lord St. Leonards protested against interference with the profits of publicans and the sport of kings, the Lords, for very shame, passed the Second Reading by 84 to 57.

Punch, in the name of all decent dwellers in the suburbs, thanks them. (Commons.)—Questions and notices. The pleasantest bit of news elicited to-night was that the Whitsun holidays would begin on Tuesday, the 27th—the day before the Derby—and last till the Monday week after.

Then into Supply. Mr. Ritland tried to cut down the Secret Service Money. If he only knew the excellent uses that money is put to, he would hardly expect Punch to support any movement for stopping its supply. Why the very furniture (in the highest aesthetic style) of the luxurious apartment in which Mr. P. is now writing; the very Pommery trés sec, with which he slakes his overkindled imagination; the very Havannah, on whose blue clouds his spirit floats heavenward, like Venus in Mr. E. Bure's picture at the Grove—only that she is coming down, and he goes up—where were all these, but for the S. M.?

"But that we are forbid To tell the secrets of our Downing Street, We could a tale unfold!"

But Mr. Punch is not the man to take and tell. Various Scotch and Irish jokes—Queen's Plates, Fishery Board, &c., &c., marbled over by various jealously dogs, Irish and Scotch—but nothing got by either out of the other's mouth.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord Salisbury assured Lord StANSFORD that he did not believe the Sultan had renounced any of his rights. (Or his wrongs either—Punch is prepared to add.)

He might not see his way to exercise his right of garrisoning the Balkans just now, but not seeing your way to exercising a right was very different from renouncing it.

(Commons.)—Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Courtenay raised the constructive Ignis Fatuus, which the House had the pleasure of hearing from five till half-past two in the morning. Very funny to see Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Gladstone, vainly trying to clap their several extinguishers on the random sparks that went playing through the waste places of Constitutional history in the most disorderly and bewildering manner. To complicate matters, Lord Robert Montagu started a Will-o'-the-Wisp of his own, the illegality of the Privy Council with its old Constitutional functions.

Everything was done to st run Lord Robert's Will-o'-the-Wisp. They even tried to count him out—in vain. The House liked the evening's play so well that it is going to have another night's Will-o'-the-Wisping.

Mr. Punch now says, "The trouble of distillation is at last save Punch's."

Wednesday.—To put all Ireland into an Ulster is the purpose of Mr. Shaw's Irish Landlord and Tenant Bill—a survival of poor Isaac Butt. Its end is fixity of tenure; its means to make Ulster Tenant-Rights compulsory all over Ireland.

This is rather more than Government can be expected to stand, even with a General Election before it, and the Irish vote still open to arrangement.

Mr. Waterlow opposed for the City Companies, Sir J. Leslie for landlords in Ireland, Mr. Wheelhouse for landlords in general, Mr. J. Lowther, and the Irish Attorney-General for the Government. Sir P. McKenna and Col. Colthurst, Lord F. Conroyhamb and Mr. Macarthy, Sir P. O'Brien, Mr. Beverhammett, and Mr. Justin Macarthy supported, in the name of the Cabinet, in place of which he wants to bring back the Prerogative Ignis Fatuus, which the House had the morning. Very funny to see Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Guap...
The Bill was received with general civility, and general reserve. Thus far it has not got further than promise, from its start in compromise. It is true, the 650,000 a year may do a good deal to grease the way for it.

Friday (Lords) —

"And thrice he routed all his foes, And thrice he slew the stain!"

Such, in Essence, was the gallant deed of the MACALLUM MORE to-night. He summed up in a slashing two hours' speech all the Opposition has been saying in all its arraignments of Lord Beaconsfield and his Cabinet-men, since "Peace with Honour" was brought back from Berlin. And very well the MACALLUM MORE did it. The only question that occurs to one is, "Was it worth doing, all over again?"

To be sure, ill-used MACALLUM MORE has been out of it all, nursing his gout on the shores of the Mediterranean; and it was let us hope he will be better.

But it was something to have the pleasure of leaving that sting in the tail of a two hours' talk:—

"Yes, my Lords, you are beginning to be found out. The people of this country are beginning to see that you have not obtained for them what they expected. It is not we, the Members of the Opposition, who are accusing you. Time is your great accuser; the course of events is summing up the case against you. What have you to say—I shall await to hear—what have you to say?

No wonder Lord Beaconsfield called this, "if not malevolent, envenomed." The venom is what makes stings sting. It would be flogging a dead horse, to attempt bottling it. But the state of affairs, as the Duke of Aberystwyth's state, and Lord Kimberley's carambola reposta served cold, to open benches, or renowned Salisbury's of virtil. Only Lord Macartney must have had his dash of sauce piquante, that the MACALLUM MORE had not been "flogging a dead horse," as the Marquis has elegantly put it, but flogging something in the shape of a government, which was not dead yet,—whatever it might be after Dissolution. It was quite an "extra night," and no wonder the galleries were crowded, with such stars in the bill, however stale their parts.

(Commons)—In the morning, Committee on Army Discipline Bill. In the evening, Sir W. V. Harcourt tried to put the Government in the hole, on their concession to the Russians of three months over the Berlin Treaty limit for evacuation of Bulgarians and Eastern Roumelians. But Sir Stafford held, on tight to the Salisbury interlocution that when you talk of "an evacuation in nine months," you mean one that begins at the end of nine months, not one that's finished in the course of them.

INJYABLE INJIA: OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALTY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

By Fuzzelli PRINCES.

CHAPTER IX.


STARTED in my last Number, the Private Dyery Company, Limited, for Injia complexions. My advertising picture beats Pocke hollow, Injia complexion one side with the other, stop. It has a long cheek and on that side it looks like my cheek.

My propos of walls, what place for advertisements the Great Wall of China would be! it would be worth Mr. William's while to send out and speculate.

Let him start this one of mine. I'm ready, he's willing.

Went to see TOCHIO ANDAR TIZZI, at one time the most powerful among the dusky Native Rulers. He was formerly a full sovereign, but has lost quite seven-eighths of his power. Poor TOCHIO ANDAR TIZZI owns only the power of a Half-Crowned potentate now. He was a great man at one time, and lost the bulk of his property to RAJAH TOMAR. This makes him penurious and stingy. He asked me whether Government would pay him for sitting. I replied that I would lay his claims before the Imperial Government on my return.

No one is allowed to approach him with shoes on. I left mine, with my umbrella, at the door. There were two holes in my stockings, which annoyed me, because it shows that she is as bad as suppressed gout. Now that he has blown off the steam, let us hope he will be better.

The name is supposed to be derived not from the English word "Bower," meaning an Arbor of Refuge amongst honeysuckles and roses, but from an Anglo-Indian word signifying the Politie People that is, the Salsam or Boof of "a place where your poor bedesman will ever pray. Only here they don't ever pray, but ever play, at Double Dummy. There are three occupants besides myself, and, as we are perfect Trappists in our observance of the rules—never speaking except with our fingers, and occasionally our noses—so all our repartees are down on the nail—living by the rule of Thumb, what is the silence of the Bowers in these Bowers of Silence.

It is an establishment something between the Albany and an almshouse, where your poor bedesman will ever pray. Only here they don't ever pray, but ever play, at Double Dummy. There are three occupants besides myself, and, as we are perfect Trappists in our observance of the rules—never speaking except with our fingers, and occasionally our noses—so all our repartees are down on the nail—living by the rule of Thumb, what is the silence of the Bowers in these Bowers of Silence.

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"Was the Sahib quite sure he had them on when he came?" they asked. Yes, the Sahib was. And the Sahib was equally sure he had not got them when he left.

I have never seen them since. Catch me taking off my shoes again as a matter of Court etiquette. If I do, I'll pocket them. The Rajah's head-man—or rather foot-man—as is he who collects all the visitors' shoes, and gives them to his grasping old master—said to me,

"Rajah be as big as Sahib some day. Take Sahib's place."

"Why?" I answered, unsuspiciously.

"'Cos," he replied, "Rajah stand in Sahib's shoes."

And then, ere I could recover, he had bolted, and, suddenly struck me that I had heard his voice before. Could it have been RUMMI? No time just now to inquire. But I will.

He is a master of such a collection of the shoes which he has taken as his booty. Side-splitter this; a trifle old, but all the better for keeping.

"'Tis a trap?"
When Christianity was, in your young days, as you say, "the law of the land," was it not the Christianity of the Church by Law Established, and as defined by Dr. Whackum?

Your Eminence is a Cardinal who has the courage of his opinions. Mr. Darwin's Theory of "Development" is doubtfully correct. Nevertheless, with regard to sects, if not to species, are you not sufficiently well assured that the struggle for existence will result in the survival of the fittest? May you live to see it?

ENGLAND'S REAL DANGER.

Sensation Scene from Lord K-B-Y the M.T.-G.C.'s Grand Constitutional Drama, "Botted at the Core."

Scene—A Secret Chamber in Downing Street. Cabinet Ministers discovered, in midnight conclaves, clocked and masked.

The Prime Minister (referring to evening paper). Yes, Gentlemen, we are unheeded at last; and our hours, "as an illegal body, assembled in violation of the law," are numbered. But we will die hard. At daybreak I will call upon the Bolivian Con- sul-General, and conclude one more secret treaty for my own amusement, before I am "dis- solved." But no, I shall rescue the law of the land, was it not the Christianity of the Church by Law Established, and as defined by Dr. Whackum?

The Lord President. Nobly determined! You see I am not prepared to yield my au- thority in the Cabinet. (Throws back his cloak, and displays a belt packed with revolvers.) The spirit of Danny is still alive here!

The Lord Chancellor. It is pleasant to one who has passed, as I have, a long career in official crime, to note that you, too, are prepared to meet argument by force. (Shakes his head warmly.)

The Home Secretary. Take it all in all, we have had a good time of it.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Fairly. I have brought all the spare cash in the Treasury with me. I couldn't popularise my authority in the Cabinet. (Throws back his cloak, and displays a belt packed with revolvers.)

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POLICEMAN "A" ON POPULAR ART.

Punch, or the London Charivari. [May 24, 1879.]

Musketry Instructor. "Now, then! How do you 'expect to see the object aimed at, if you don't keep your eye closed?"

Think moidly fanes quite the cheese, and moony eyes divine, And vulgurisms lovely,—if they're hung upon the line.

Bless you, the Public's a queer set; they don't care where they're led, So long as him as marshals 'em has a swell figger-head. You work the horoscope, and simply peg away, And you can make the world believe most anything you say.

You see a landscape, or a girl; you know what's what at once, You don't go asking which to like, unless you are a dunce.

If someone swear your taste's all wrong, you ups, Sir, and says you, "Humbug!" And then you tells the chap what he may go and do, Namely, be blowed. But when it comes to canvas, oh dear me! I do assure you, Sir, it's quite another cup of tea.

That's where Art rumminess comes in, and parties lose their pluck, And lean on one another's minds, and end in getting stuck. It's like eating what the swells calls caviar—" Eugh!" says you, "It's blessed beastly; yet I s'pose I ought to like it, too!"

And so you taste and taste again, and swear it's really prime, Although, perhaps, your stomach goes agin it all the time.

That's just how people who have eyes are got to make believe That gogglesomeness makes the charm of Venus or of Eve; That mud and mist are lovely things, and only licked by fog; That there's worlds of hidden beauty in a bull's-eye in a bog;

That there is something sweet in smudge, or divine in doleful dump; But there isn't very many likes to own it plump and flat.

However, Sir, if 'twasn't for yer make-believe and fad, I do believe that, after all, Art wouldn't be half bad. I'm not a blooming Philistine—that's what the learned Nobs Call duffers as ain't got no taste and likes to spend their bobs On something solid—not at all. But this I'll tell you flat, I don't believe that fudged-up tastes are worth—well, no, not that! Pertended partiality for all that's rum and queer Don't do no good, and it won't draw the Briton from his beer.

White lies and lackadaisy make a sickly sort o' swill; Honest four-'arf's a king to it. —Well, yes, I think I will.

A WARM WELCOME TO MAY.—Keeping up fires till June.
“Farmer Giles. "Well, Squire, I’ve done my best with the farm, but I can’t pay my way any longer!"

"In that case, Mr. Giles, no more can I! So the sooner we lay our heads together—"

"A fellow-feeling!"
A SAVAGE GAME (that wants limiting).—Zoo-Loo.
“Who's that friendly black-haired woman talking to my husband on the ottoman?”—“She's a Mrs. Cadogan Smythe.”—“Indeed! She's good at flattering people, I should say; and knows how to lay it on pretty thick!”—“Are you infer that, no doubt, from her attitude and expression?”—“Oh dear, no! From my husband’s.”
CAROL BY A COAL MERCHANT.

MERRY May as Christmas cold!
Thunder, lightning, hail and rain!
Still I'm happy to behold
Pointing North and East the vane.
For the wind that keen and chill
Will pass over the river still.
If it blow my neighbours ill,
Bloweth precious good to me.

REPS AND SARKET, o'er the way,
Linendrapers, did not well
Spring stocks in so soon to lay—
To miss a sale and mourn a sell.
Winter goods are still the wear,
As in time of frost and snow.
In their furs and wraps, the Fair,
Warmly muffled, wisely go!

Shoot the shuttle on the fire,
Fast of coals use up your store;
Then, since more you will require,
At my wharf apply for more.

Let insensate miners strike,
Free to work their foolish will;
Coals, at whate'er price I like.
You must buy of Rumble still.

NOTHING LIKE GAS.

The following in the Times seems only natural:

"Mr. C. Woodall, Engineer of the Phoenix Gas-Light Company, writes respecting our abstract of his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons,—'I am represented to have 'admitted the superiority of Electricity for lighting small areas.' Such an admission would have been directly opposed to fact and my own experience, and was never made by me. I know of no place, large or small, that would not be better and more cheaply lighted by Gas than by any application of Electricity at present available.'"

Fancy any Engineer of any Gas-Light Company admitting anything better than Gas for lighting any area whatever, large or small. Anything like Gas! As well imagine a currier acknowledging anything like leather.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(In Paris, at the Ambiguous Comic, to see L'Assommoir.)

Sirs,—Taking advantage of the first promise of Spring, I went to represent you, Sir, in Paris, where, on Sunday, the 11th, everybody, following my excellent example, was abroad in the Elysian Fields, crowding the race-course, and refreshing itself in view of the little Niagara in the Bois.

I stood in sore need of this picking up, for on the previous night I had assisted at the hundred-and-twelfth representation of L'Assommoir. By this time every novel-reader is acquainted with M. Zola's roman, which Messrs. Brown and Gaythorne have dramatised.

I had been told that there was so much in it of a slang peculiar to French ouvriers and rideurs de la barrière, as to render the dialogue almost unintelligible to any but a thorough Parisian. This, however, is not the case. Anyone familiar with Gaboriau's novels will find nothing to puzzle him in the drama of L'Assommoir, whatever there may be in the novel, which I have not read.

L'Assommoir is not so much a drama, as a series of dramatic pictures strung together by the strong personal interest felt for each of the principal characters. The audience is never once intrigued by any subtlety of plot, but, from the commencement, our sympathies are enlisted for the unhappy heroine—admirably played by Mme. Hékwe Petrit—and our interest in the fate of the chief dramatis persona is in proportion to the development of their individual character.

As far as "plot" goes, I may safely say, that, with the exception of the two final Tableaux, any one of the Acts, seen by itself, would at once convey what must necessarily have preceded it. The actors, representing all the actions and manners characteristic of theouvrier class, and of a class still lower, with a French audience, including crowded upper circles and gallery, thoroughly capable of criticising and appreciating the performance.

I am now speaking mainly of the comic element in the piece. It is a marvellous tribute to the artist, M. Gitz-Naza, to say that the spectators, Parisians who go to a theatre pour l'amusement, pour se distraire, and who are not easily revoluted or scandalised by a stage representation, were so appalled by his entry in the Eighth Tableau—when Coupeau returns from the hôpital des fous—that it was some seconds—before we could summon up sufficient courage to regard steadily that hideous mask of a face, that blotchy, ape-like caricature of what the man had once been; those fearfully wild, staring, wandering eyes, that mad-looking, rough, unkempt hair, these nervous, trembling hands, and the twitching, restless movements of the whole body. Ah! it was wonderful,—it was fearful,—it was admirable,—it was awful,—it was infernal. I am under its influence now; it is a nightmare I cannot shake off all at once.

Nothing would do but asterisks.

As for the performance all round, it is simply perfect. There is not a fault anywhere. The piece is too long, and, in spite of the best acting I have ever seen in any drama, the Sixth Tableau drags, and would be all the better for cutting. Not that we want any less of Coupeau, but some of the other parts might be couple.

How L'Assommoir, as it is, can ever be done in English, I cannot understand. It is essentially French, absolutely requiring French actors, representing all the actions and manners characteristic of theouvrier class, and of a class still lower, with a French audience, including crowded upper circles and gallery, thoroughly capable of criticising and appreciating the performance.

I am now speaking mainly of the comic element in the piece. There is the difficulty. The Sensation Scene of the fall from the scaffolding, the realistic scenes of the Lavoir, and L'Assommoir itself, will be, I believe, quite enough to attract an English audience. But who here, or anywhere out of Paris, can attempt to imitate inimitable imitators? Who on the English Stage can possibly reproduce the incomparable "Mes-Bottes," with his "Où qu'est le pain?" as played by M. Daily, who must have studied it from
Break up. comma is also to the curiosity of the outside world to come and see the ever, and the movements of subordinates during the speeches and actions worthy of the highest praise, specially when dealing with crowds, the life. The same insuperable difficulty must arise with the other two comic characters, MM. Covrrts and Movesrav, who play their capers, their genuine drollery, which seem so thoroughly the theatre with Chinese fidelity, would our Pit and Gallery appreciate natural, so utterly unforced, could be reproduced at a London and enjoy their fun? I doubt it.

January, Give you good day! Have you indeed young May?

May. I am; and you, me-thinks, old January.

January. Shouldn't you have known you. You're not looking gay.

May. Oh, a young maiden's moods are apt to vary.

January. From smiles to tears; but you look touched with frosts, And, bless my heart, how very blue your nose is!

May. That is no news. I know it to my cost.

North-easters will produce such ecchymosis.

January. North-easters?

What? I did not know that you were ever plagued by Boreas or Eurus.

January. How strange! I thought you found favorite, The herald blast of all that bland and bright.

May. Hum! yes. But Flora's not in form, not quite; In fact she's laid up with a bad bronchitis.

January. Phoebus! how funny!

May. Do not mention him.

January. He's cut me dead, the insolent base deceiver! I—\

May. Nay, do not weep; 'twill make those blue eyes dim.


May. Do not mention it. It gives me such

January. Ah, indeed, I am curious to see what Mr. Charles Brade will do with it at the Prince's, and, as it is said that he has not adapted the story to London life, but has left it where he found it, in Paris, I am sure the actors have undertaken a task which will tax their powers to the utmost.

For my part—that is, in my opinion, for I am not going to play in the piece, and so should avoid speaking of "my part"—I cannot help thinking, that, as the story is much the same as The Bottle of George Cruikshank, if L'Assommoir had been adapted to London Life, where everyone for all the comic characters could really be found, it would have given any Author, who might have chosen to take up the subject, a fine opportunity for painting a moral scene, by bringing it home to our people, and for adorning a task with some powerful writing, and for filling his pocket with well-earned nightly returns.

The most of most of those who assisted, the other evening, at L'Assommoir was, "I say! Dash it! It's too horrible! Let's go and drink!" And the biggest drink I've had for a long time—most needed to do assure me—was after seeing The End.

Of other pieces, and of the Paris Salon, I have not now time to write at length, but this I can say, with sincerity, that some of the worst pictures I've ever seen are to be found at this moment in the Salon, and some of the best acting I've ever seen, even in Paris, is to be found just now at the Vaudeville, where they are playing a piece, ad miraculously plentiful, by M. Guéron, called Les Tapageurs, in which, by the way, the actresses wear such wonderful costumes as will probably draw the town, in spite of the piece itself being, apparently only a sauce starting and superb, for each Act. The first is a dinner-party dress, the second a ball-dress, and the third a morning dress receiving and paying a visit. The comedy—act second, consecutive comedy, by M. Guéron, called Les Ta-

Taxation Made Easy.

The Chinese system of taxation includes a tax on imports, called Li-kin. This, originally a war-tax, has now become a source of ordinary revenue. But I've a notion that we should agree. Dear, cosy, comfortable sort of body.

TOCQUEVILLE.—The Editor does not hold himself bound to acknowledge, return, or pay for Contributions. In no case can these be returned unless accompanied by stamped and directed envelopes. Copies should be kept.

FINIS TO COBHAM.
received intelligence that the basis of peace with the Ameer had been agreed upon. Cheers—and no wonder. O si sic omnia!

Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL was delivered of a ponderously painful argument that, under the 22nd Article of the Berlin Treaty, the Russians had stolen three months' march on England and Europe. He asked for correspondence.

Quoth Lord Sarisbury—

"Occupation ain't evacuation; The Turkish roads are bad; Lord Straturspen & C. he bothers me, And his prosing drives me mad."

As to correspondence—there was none. "Oi il n'y a rien, Lord S. et C. perd ses droits."

Lord Granville thought Her Majesty's Government had done well to give Russia "a long day," though he read the 22nd Article like Lord Campbell. (As did Punch, and ninety-nine out of every hundred who read it at all. But Treaties may be loose, and yet tight enough to secure "Peace with Honour").

Lord Treasury very much to the point on "Our Boys"—not Byron's play, but the British Army. Of the "force" sent to South Africa, one-third was underage, and not one non-commissioned officer over four-and-twenty. To make up even this "force," we had had to drain regiments at home, till some were bled down to 200 rank and file, and one of our most important forts was left with half-a-dozen men at their posts—like the House of Commons on an Indian Budget night. He wanted investigation, and more power to call Reserve men to the colours.

Lord Bury deprecated exaggeration, and promised inquiry. We called out, the Law Officers advised, till a great national emergency was proclaimed by Parliament, or, in the absence of Parliament, by Order in Council. Then our linked battalions had given way at the first pull, and we found ourselves without files at home to fill up ranks abroad, and had to patch the holes with Volunteers "of sorts."

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge spoke in his usual candid but rather helpless fashion. We ought to have as many regiments abroad as at home, but we haven't—not by 15. Short service means bad seasoning. (As large interest means bad security.) We ought to have power to draw on the Reserves when we want 'em, but we haven't. We, at the Office, don't like patchwork, but we can't help ourselves. If you want a better Army, you must pay for it. But you don't like that. No more do we. We do our best. If bad's the beat, what can anybody do better?

Lords Lansdowne, Cranbrook, and Cardwell spoke sensibly; admitting that things weren't as they should be, but that they weren't quite as bad as they seemed. The new system had not had a fair trial, so must not be condemned off-hand. Short Service meant young soldiers; but better young hands with the colours and old hands in the Reserves, if only we had the power to get the Reserves back to the ranks at a pinch.

"J. B. wants little force to show, But wants that little strong."

The Lords' talk to-night was much to the purpose. Everybody seems agreed in what direction amendment is to be tried, so let us hope improvement will come of trying.


Mr. J. Lowther said Government couldn't prevent proselytising by alms—spelt with an "L." But that did not warrant persecution.
THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Jones (nearly married, to his bachelor friends Brown and Robinson). "No, it’s not Youth, nor Beauty, nor Wealth, nor Bank; that a sensible Man should look for in a Wife. It’s Common Sense, united to Experience of Life; and Steadfastness of Purpose, combined with a deep though by no means unpRACTical sense of the fleeting nature of Human Existence on this—"

Re-enter Mrs. Jones, suddenly. "I’m sorry to disturb you, my love, but it’s getting late, and you have an early appointment in town to-morrow with the Consulting Physician of the—ahem!—of that Life Insurance Company, you know."

[Taking the hint, Brown and Robinson depart, each framing a desperate resolve that he will throw himself away on the first good-looking young Heiress of Title he happens to meet.]

by arms—spelt with an "R." (Rather neat for J. L.) They meant to keep the peace, without reference to the faith of those who broke it.

Mr. Newdegate raised—for the second time of raising this Session—the Ghost of Protection, under the plea of a Motion to require the assent of the House to all the Treaties affecting Finance. He argued against the Commercial Treaty with France. It was framed twenty years ago, in anticipation that commerce, all the world over, was about to dance to the tune of Reciprocity. But the world had preferred the old tune of Protection. Hinc igitur lacrymas. Hence John Bull’s distresses. Bismarck was no fool; and if he gave his voice for "Protection," the House might depend there was something in it. He hoped if we renewed the Commercial Treaty with France, it would be with France only,—no more "most favoured nation" nonsense.

Sir Wilfred Lawon named the new Trinity of Protection,—"Prince Bismarck, Lord Bareman, and Maciver,"—and took a lively little caper over the foreign policy of the Government, to an accompaniment of "Question." He seconded Mr. Newdegate, because he thought if the House had its say it would tend to keep the Government out of messes.

Mr. Maciver blew the old Protection trumpet lustily and loud, after his wont. If trumpets could bring down the walls of the Free Trade fortress, the Member for Birkenhead might hope to be its Joshua. Luckily, lights are needed as well as trumpets.

Taking a leaf out of Sir Wilfred’s jest-book, Mr. M. favoured the House with an epitaph on John Bright, "Estimable in all the relations of private life, he gave us sour claret cheap, and ruined the weavers of Coventry." "Abuse," he reminded the House, "is no answer,"—nor (Mr. Maciver would remind Mr. Maciver) is stale sophism, a thousand times confuted, argument.

Mr. Bourke gave the figures which show that our trade with the Treaty countries had about doubled between 1859 to 1876, while with the non-Treaty countries, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, it had diminished. If the Treaty with France were to lapse, we should be 20 per cent. poorer all round. The more such questions were discussed in the House the better. Punch for once says ditto to Mr. Bourke. "Magna est veritas," Mr. Maciver, "et praevalit." A bad look-out for Protection.

Tuesday (Lords).—Their Lordships had a little Irish row of their own—with all the usual accompaniments of that "diversion," contradictions, cross-purposes, wild hitting, and wilder countering—over Lord Belmore’s little Bill to make tenant-right pleasable in Ulster, even in cases of leasehold. The Judges had differed.

The Bill was negatived without a division, amidst general confusion—after such a lively scrimmage as my Lords seldom have the chance of.

The Duke of Rutland tried to "draw" Lord B. with the report of a Huddersfield manufacturers’ meeting, dilating on distress, and recommending moderate import duties, those on food excepted.

Lord Beaconsfield repeated his "swashing blow" to Protection. We had only twenty-two articles in our tariff. We had thirty-eight "most favoured nation," Commercial Treaties; so that anything we gave one country, we must give thirty-seven. What would be the meaning of a Protectionist tariff that excepted food? If the Duke wanted to raise the question between Protection and Free Trade, let him do it with proper notice, and have the matter discussed, "as became one of the greatest, weightiest, and largest subjects" (Punch would like to know the difference between "greatest" and "largest") "which could engage their Lordships’ attention."

(Commons.)—In the morning, two clauses of Army Discipline Bill got through.

Mr. Hofwood, for P. A. Taylor, tried to put down flogging, but failed, by 259 to 56. Sense and experience are against a change..."
which kindness and humanity yearn for. It can't be done—not yet, not till soldiers have in them less of the child, and less of the brute. We flog both these—as little as possible, but still we flog them. So say all who have practical knowledge of the military machine. We must keep the power of flogging the soldier—letting loose the cat as little as may be, but not putting it out of our reach.

Mr. Mitchell-Henry said as much. Whereat Mr. Sullivan was savage with him, and gave vent to some highly coloured pictures of the cat and its horrors.

Mr. Dods called attention to the anomalies of the Probate, Legacy, and Succession Duties, and moved a Resolution to substitute a uniform duty on personal estate. Mr. Barcley seconded.

Mr. Gregory, shrewd and well-experienced attorney, moved Revision, instead of Abolition; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreeing, the House rejected the Motion, by 131 to 59, and accepted the Amendment by 131 to 24.

Wednesday.—The O'Connor Don made a bold push for Second Reading of his Irish University Bill. Ireland wanted higher Education, and money to pay for it. He didn't care where the money came from, so it came. He named Church Surplus because that seemed the readiest place to dip into. But he wasn't particular. He'd take anything he could get. Ireland had Universities, it might be said, to which Roman Catholics were free to go. But what use was that, if they wouldn't go to them?

Sir George Campbell moved his Amendment, barring any sectarian application of the Irish Church Surplus. The more he studied the Bill, the less he liked it. It was a cover for the foundation of a Roman Catholic University. Irish Primary Education had become denominational. They wanted to make University Education denominational too. Let the Irish Roman Catholics rate themselves for Education, and welcome. But they wouldn't. They wanted a finger in the public purse. They shouldn't have one if they could help it.

Lord E. Fitzmaurice seconded the Amendment. What was wanted in Ireland was not what would satisfy the Roman Catholics, but what would satisfy justice. Ireland had two secular Universities, including one College with Protestant discipline, and Episcopal services. While this continued the Roman Catholics might fairly plead a right to a College with their own discipline and their own services. But it was such a College they had a right to, not a new University, while they had two already.

Mr. Kayanagh said the new University would not be sectarian. The Bill asked no more than was just.

Mr. McLaren said the Scotch Universities only get £16,000 from the public purse. If the House had given a Million out of the Church Fund last year as a sop to Irish agitators, that was no reason they should give another Million and a half now. The Bill was being hustled through the House. Scotch students and professors paid their own way; this Bill would tip Irish ones by £20, or even £30, £40, or £50. It was gross injustice, that Ireland should get more of what was gain than Scotland.

Mr. King Harnay begged anybody to be brief that wanted the Bill passed instead of talked out, as he did. He believed it was a good and right measure, and would do his best to have it passed.

So said Mr. O'Morgan, who could not find the cloven hoof of sectarianism from one end of the Bill to the other. "Ask why Irish Roman Catholics did not go to Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges? As well ask if Mahommedans did not eat pork." Ireland wanted a University. Her people contained lots of gold—in the matrix. All that was wanted was an "Alma Mater" to extract and refine it.

Mr. Finney spoke effectively from his brief for T.C.D., the silent sister, who in him so eloquent a tongue. If they were going to touch the Irish Church Surplus, let them think of those whose surplus-fee had been so rudely curtailed. These result fees would bring £114 a year per graduate! This Bill might be better than some that had gone before it, but he wanted more time to consider it, and so did the House.

Mr. Shaw said the Irish University question must be settled, and the Bill laid down the only lines on which it could be settled.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer pleaded for a longer day. The O'Connor Don said he wasn't particular where the money came from. He, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was bound to be particular. He suggested many difficulties in details, and matters in which the Bill was open to question. They had hardly had time to ask the questions, much more answer them.
Mr. Lowe advised the O'CONNOR Don not to press Second Reading now, but was all for the Bill. The University it proposed would be very like the London University as regards government. So there would be no jobs. (Oh, Robert, toit que j'atme !) They had brought Irish Roman Catholic students to the Secular University waters, but they refused to drink. Let them give them what they wanted—a reservoir of their own. It would conciliate. That was what we all wished.

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OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY FUZZELI PRINCES.

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Blocks—Bill—Letter—Copy—Paint—Friendship—New Portrait—
Big Swell—Tippoo—Situation—Thrilling—Bad Language—Escape.

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LE COURSE.
anywhere; but, as a likeness, I regret to say, I so far allowed my natural politeness to get the better of my vanity, that I refrained from representing him as a gentlemanly creature in evening dress, and instead of being a half-clothed, underbred, vulgar savage, with no more decorum about him than decorum, I gave a graphic illustration, which tells its own story.

"Five hundred guineas does large sum," he repeated.

"So," I replied; "not for such a picture."

"You pay me sittee?" he asked.

I was up to him, the old rogue.

"I couldn't think of insulting the great Rajah Tippoo Tupper—the tall palm among all tall trees—by treating him as a model."

At this rejoinder he started up.

"Make ready! Present!" he shrieked to the hundred blackguards. With one action up went a hundred muskets. I was surrounded. The word to "fire!" was not yet given. There was yet time.

"Capital!" I exclaimed, pretending to be immensely pleased with the manoeuvre, though my life hung on a thread; and with the sang froid for which I am distinguished, I wheeled about, and saluted in true Volunteer and artistic fashion. There is some one belonging to the Old Maidens Reserve whose motto is "Ready, ay! ready!" And long may it be so—until we're wanted!

Tippoo Tupper saw the effect my demeanour had on the troops, and proceeded to address me.

"You think Tippoo Tupper no jam swell em, serties?"—I substituted "jam" for the word which he really used—"You think Tippoo Tupper no jam model of a Rajah. You jam fool, Sir! You tell jam lie! Tell black jam truth, or Guards go jam bang-bang, and the jolly old jam painter jam well done at discretion."

"Tippoo Tupper not unkind to fool of Painter. Tippoo Tupper sitty man. Tippoo char, five hundred guineas for picture. Mal Tippoo charge five thousand to Painter. Painter pay difference, or Guards shoot Painter; A Tippoo sitty man keep picture as memory of jam sad fate of Painter."

"Rajah Tippoo Tupper," I said, with all that suaviter in modo which I so well know on occasion how to use—"Rajah Tippoo, what a noble, splendid, gorgeous, kind, beneficent, delightful, powerful monarch is Rajah Tippoo Tupper, and send everyone from every where to see this picture."

A FORTIORI.

Philistine Father. "Why the Dickens don't you paint something like Faith's 'Derry Day'—something everybody can understand, and somebody buy?"

Young Genius. "Everybody understand, indeed! Art is for the few, Father, and the higher the Art, of course the fewer the Few. The highest Art of all is for one. That Art is mine. That one is—Myself!"

Fond Mother. "There speaks My Own Brave Boy!"

"Tippoo Tupper please. Paint jam picture, and hold jam tongue."

But the Guards had not received their command to carry arms, and the old reproach himself was armed with a double-barreled gun; and I confess that, quite of all my British pluck, the way he handled the weapon, sighted it in a line with the back of my head, and then aiming it at different parts of my anatomy, did cause my hand to shake a little occasionally. But I held on. I polished him off, under pressure, in three hours, and then I left him, admiring himself like a sardine preserved in oil.

While he was intent on the picture, I stole out. Not one of the Guards dared move. Indeed, having been for two hours in this strained position, presenting arms, they had become as stiff as wax-figures; and as old Tippoo Tupper's gun had long since dropped from his hands, there was nothing to fear. I must tell the sequel.

The wretched old dog, thinking I was still in the room, and forgetting that his soldiers formed three sides of a square, of which two, of which were pointing at each other, and the third of himself, suddenly called out, "Fire!"

His voice restored their energy. Obedience with them was a first duty. They fired. The picture was riddled through, and poor Tippoo Tupper got two or three nasty ones—stings, as they called them here, which made him jump up in the air, and turn round several times before he sat down again.

The other Guards, thinking they were all dead men, tumbled down, but finding that they could move with perfect ease, they arrived at the conclusion—which was corroborated on surgical examination—that they had not been wounded. The bullets were all found in their turbans.

Tippoo Tupper was in bed for a fortnight; and—A Bridle Wreath.
As by Sireon's guile and the folly of Ilion together,
Once the colossal charger of wood, as a gift to Athene,
Into the walls of Troy was dragged by hands suicidal,
Filled full of warriors furnished for fire and armed for destruction—
See in the month of May-Meetings the Horse of the Derby, destructive,
Into Philistia's fortress, suburban Propriety's stronghold,
Dragged with its lading of luncheons, than warriors mightier for mischief—
Lobster, and Mayonnaise, Foie-Gras, and Cold Lamb with its Salad,
AN UNFORESEEN MATRIMONIAL CONTINGENCY.

Angelina. "Did you ever see anything so wonderful as the likeness between old Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy, Edwin? One would think they were brother and sister, instead of husband and wife!"

Edwin. "Married people always grow like each other in time, darling. It's very touching and beautiful to behold!"

Angelina (not without anxiety). "Dear me! And is it invariably the case, my love?"

Pommery sec, Ruinart, Perrier Jouet, and Moët and Chandon,
Issuing forth in their might to lay the proprieties prostrate,
Flooring the Snob and the Swell, with the Rough, and the Cad, and the Coster,
Up on the Hill, by the ropes, in the Furzes—both gentle and simple,
All, in the largeness of luncheon, o'er-eaten, o'er-drunken, together.

"CLEARING THE COURSE."

"Clear it?" By Jove, 'tis a pretty stiff task,
And one that some time and much patience will ask.
Head Constable Dizzy
Is knowing and busy,
And the men at his orders are frisky and dizzy,
And the big force behind them is sturdy and strong;
But was e'er such a rough and recalcitrant throng,
So motley a mob, or so much in the way,
As cumber the course upon this Derby Day?

"Now, then, you in the fur cap, 'twill do you good
And you feathered and cow-tailed Zulu, big and brown,
Clear out like a shot, or the staff shall come down,
And teach you to tread on the Constable's toes,
And the serried array of Ben's Bobbies oppose.

Move on! Clear the course!"

But the strength of "The Force,"
Will be taxed to the utmost of footman and horse
By this crowd of obstructives—a regular block!
From workman in fustian, to yokel in smock,—
Prompt to strike and to chivey, that pair, if close pressed!—
And the troublesome Turk, who inertia likes best,
What shall make him move on? And Pat, ragged in rig,
As perverse as his country's proverbial pig;
And the Muscovite dodger, as stolid as sly;
And the bothering Bulgar, and Greek with an eye

To possible pickings; and Ismail, all oil,
Yet purposing not to be spoiled, but to spoil;
And rowdy Roumanian, and starving Hindu!—
A precious tough job for that cohort in blue!
It would seem we'd the riffs of three Continents muster
To-day on the course, and so crowded and clustered,
That clearing the way for the race of the year
Is a task at which Hercules well might look queer.
But the race must be run;
And a way must be won.
By hook or by crook, half by force half in fun.
There's the big Derby horse that changed stable;—will he
Run at all? In new colours? Be backed?—We shall see!
There are screws in the field, roarers touched in the wind,
And some, it may be, to whom faiths are now pinned,
Pretty safe to break down ere the winning post's gained.
Though backed at long prices and carefuly trained.
Meanwhile there's the course to be cleared! They must do it,
Bobby Bev, and his men. Let us wish them well through it!

Natural Allies.

We understand that Lord Beaconsfield has handed the Archbishop of Canterbury a handsome cheque towards the collection to defray the Rev. Mr. Hobley's costs. His Lordship remarked to His Grace that he admired the man who had shut up one Argyll at least, and only wished he could shut up the other.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Punch finds that in his essence he has proposed a new name for the British Army—Our Boys. He should have remembered one difference—Our Boys ran; the British Army don't.
"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

Old Woman (of the ancient Faith, dropping on her knees). "Oh, yer Rire, or me a Blessin'!"

Reproachful Curate. "AUGH—MY GOOD WOMAN, YOU MISTAKE. I'M—AH—NOT OF YOUR CHURCH—"

Old Woman. "MUSH, THIN BAD LUCK Y'VE FOR A decline!"

[Shuffles off in great wrath.]
“SCIENTIA DOCET.”

(Not a doubt of it.)

Scene—Smoking-Room. Enthusiasts discovered discussing recent Treaty.

First Enthusiast. I think it's quite the biggest thing Dizzy has done. We have got everything we wanted, and India is safe for a hundred years.

Second Enthusiast (struck with the idea). Ah! I shouldn't wonder. (Refers to evening paper.) Yes, I see we've got the Khurum, Pishin, and Sibi Valleys, and control of the Khyber and Michni. I haven't looked at the map, but that sounds strong.

Third Enthusiast. Strong! I should think so. Why, we are to have an agent at Cabul, and he'll be able to wire to Simla in five minutes. Why, if a hundred thousand Russians suddenly turned up at Herat, we should know it at Baywater same evening. Look at that!

First Enthusiast. Splendid! I'll tell you what it's done for Russia. It's given her her quietus. No intervening four hundred miles now. If she's quarrelsome, why, there she is right alongside of us.

Second Enthusiast. Just so.

And Arsene Lupin.—

"That the foreign affairs of the Amer shall be conducted under British advice, and that the Amer shall be supported by the British government against foreign aggression."

I like the ring of that.

First Enthusiast. Rather! It will give Lytton a chance if he knows what he's about. The whole thing's been managed admirably.

Third Enthusiast. Yes. And look at the cost. A mere nothing. Two or three millions down, and a trifling subsidy of sixty thousand a year.

Second Enthusiast. Is that all? Mere child's play. What's a squeeze more or less of that kind out of a rich country like India?

First Enthusiast. Quite so. Well, Dizzy promised us a Scientific Frontier, and, by Jove, he's got it. He's a wonderful fellow. 

[Left crowing.

"SYMPTOMS OF A BANK HOLIDAY.

Swell, from Coach (l.): "Now, my Man, you must look Sharp, or you'll see nothing of the Race!"

Coster. "Who are you a-talking to, Mr. Crutch and Toothpick! How do you know but what I ain't a-going to the Hoaks!"

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[Left crowing.

SOMETHING LIKE A FAMILY MAY.

We learn from one of our contemporaries that JOHN DUNN has no fewer than seventeen Zulu wives, and "a corresponding number of children." Whatever that may be in precise figures, it is clear that this Gentleman must have added a large increment to the already numerous family of the "Dun Brownes."

THE SPORTING CONTRIBUTOR.—

More Plague than Prophet.
TWO THRONES.

Our beauty, peerless as thou art,
And wide thy range, and keen thy dart
And mock the captives of thy hour,
Incessant beats the weary drum.
Thus quenches steel the Convert's art.

Wit. Wisdom, Strength, and Valour meet
(The Bard amongst them), at thy feet
To kneel in homage, as of old.
'Tis seen a pomp of a princely kind.
But final the Bard's sublime intent.

'Prent as thou wilt thy feathers fine,
A gift is here, by grace divine.
A baker's pride, to mortal
The bones and ashes of our blind
The Nightingale's requital do sing.
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

"CIRCUMSTANTIAL."

Counsel for the Prisoner. "AND YOU TELL ME, SIR, YOU SAW THAT BLIND, HELPLESS FIDDLER KICK THE PROSECUTOR ON THE HEAD ALONG WITH HIS OTHER ASSAILANTS?"


PUNCH, INTRODUCER OF AMBASSADORS,

SHOWS IN "LA SOCIÉTÉ DE LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE."

"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, pantomime "—

Yes, see them in Périou, Tarouffe, and D’Ami Fritz, and then say if "the immortal " is not down on it, as usual.

First, Monsieur Fermat, Administrateur de la Comédie Française.

And you, Les Sociétaires,

Messieurs Got and Maurant and Dechaus, Costelin Aimé and Cadet, Frevier and Thiron and Mouret-Sully, Larocque and Bache and Worms;

And you, the better half of the Comédie,

Mesdames Madeleine Biron and Fawky and Joussaint.

Reyner and Pourris-Ponson, Dumas-Felth and Recamier-

Croque and Sarah-Bernard, Barretta and Broissat and Samary;

And you, Messieurs and Mesdames les Pensionnaires, who look to step into their shoes, inherit their parts, and equal their reputations, how could you all be more auspiciously presented to the British public than under the wing of PUNCH and the "Immortal William?"

Punch is proud to play Polonius for you.

The Sage of Fleet Street takes off his cap and bells to introduce the House of Molière to the Home of SHAKSPEARE.

Happily for us, the House of Molière is to be, for the next six weeks, in the hands of the restorers, cleaners, and decorators. If this rather "eclipses the Gaiety of Nations" in Paris, it illuminates, better even than the Electric Light, the Gaiety of Mr. John HOLLINGSHEAD in the Strand.

It brings within his doors, and those of the British public, for thirty-six evenings and six mornings, the pick of the performances of the best company of Actors in the world.

Polonius did not say a word too much for them.

This is the only " company" of actors that really has a right to the name. Others so-called, are not "companies," but conglomerates.

This is a "Society" of artists, with a past as well as a present, and a future assured by their present and past; with archives and traditions of glory and of art; art that runs back three centuries, traditions transmitted without a break from the days of the Grand Monarque, glory accumulated by an uninterrupted succession of famous players all proud to be associated with the House of Molière.

It is this unbroken chain of memories and traditions; this stability in a land where so many things are unstable; this inheritance of famous names and great resources; this constitution planned by Louis the Great and revised by the Great Napoleon, which assures modest competence in life as the reward of good service; that admirable school of the Conservatoire which shapes raw material into actors and actresses before they are allowed to present themselves on the boards, instead of leaving them to learn their art under the eye, and at the expense, of the public,—it is all these together that have given to the "Society" of the Comédie Française a sense of respect for themselves and their art, of a common dignity to support and a common reputation to maintain, of ties of fellowship, obligations to mutual sacrifice and postponement of self-assertion to artistic completeness, utterly impossible in bodies of actors like ours, brought together and scattered by the breath of caprice or the whirl of speculation, blown about by the wind of popular favour, engaged over for usually hurried in the preparation of their work, and unfinished in its execution, without any of the unity that only long fellow-working can give, or of that respect for art which it requires an atmosphere of art to keep alive.

In one word, the Company of the Théâtre Français is a Society; the companies of most of our theatres are accidental and brief assemblages of actors and actresses.

Let us all make the best of our present chance of studying the finished and refined art of this Society while it is amongst us. And if it sets the wiser heads of the B. F. thinking that all is not for the best in the British theatre; that we might—if we cannot have our own House of SHAKSPEARE, founded, say, by good Queen Bess, and revised,
with a fair amount of some of my fine sparkling commentary wit, not too dry, armed!

lairs, and would have torn me to pieces, not out of anger—au contraire—a simple and reckless cast, are not inseparable from even our unorganised and unabsurdised English Theatre.

Per contra, while taking account of all the Maison de Molière has to show us, let us not forget that the English Theatre is the House of Shakespeare; that we can boast, in uninterrupted succession, from his time downwards, a drama as much greater and richer than that of France, till recently, as the actors and art of their Theatres Français are beyond anything our stage can show. And, in lamenting over the results of scratch stage-packs and random theatrical arrangements, let us pay due honour to the Managers only at work among us, who have shown London that shifting companies, and slap-dash rehearsals, slovenly stage management, and reckless casts, are not inimicable to even our unorganised and unabsurdised English Theatre.

INJUYABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST,
BY FUUZZEI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER XI., AND LAST.

10.30 A.M.—Quitted the jungle. Said farewell to Sheik Afare. Should like to get a small Bengal tiger, and start the cabriolet fashion again next season. They are cheap to feed, living chiefly on Bengal lights. Begin to think of going home. I feel more like Home every day. I don't mean the spiritualist, but the place.

No: I'm more the antique Greek poet than the modern Medium. And why? Because I feel Homer-and-Homer eternally.

The time has come for my return. Everybody seems delighted.

Say what you will about Injia not being a place of exile, there is something very pleasant about the notion of "going home!" I fancy the notion is cluter than the reality. When I return Home, who will rush to meet me?

Who run to meet me on the shore?
Who climes my steeps, and guard my door?
Who long to see my face once more?
My Tradesmen.

When I said I was "going home," I can hardly repeat the innumerable congratulations that were hourly showered upon me.

Farewell jolis would have been got up in my honour to bid me good-by, and hundreds come into the town in order to catch a sight of me when I stepped on board the good ship. The howls still resound in my ears. The attentions I received were really too much even for me.

One took my umbrella, another my bags, another my hat, and as I let them take everything for me on board, I was careful to observe that they might also take my ticket for me.

This was done by subscription. There was a large surplus, which amply satisfied my hotel bill.

"Was I ever likely to return?" asked Sheik Afare.

"What! I am likely to return?" exclaimed Sheik Afare. "I'd like to see myself afraid. No jolly fears!"

"All right!" replied Sheik Afare.

"Besides," I added, just to flatter him, and give him a taste of my fine sparkling complimentary wit, not too dry, but with a fair amount of sugar—"besides, how could I be afraid when I came out armed?"

"Armed!" he cried. "You! armed!"

"Yes, certainly," I returned. "Don't I come out with you? And aren't you a Great Gun?"

That joke nearly cost me my life. If the Lains are in a roar! The whole jungle was up in an up-roar! I had roused the sleeping lions. Fortunately, they only roared at the joke. But if I had not had the presence of mind to hold my tongue, I believe they would have torn me to pieces, not out of anger—au contraire—simply because I explained to me after wards) under a misapprehension as to what I had really said.

Their adieux were most hearty.

"Well, and how did you like Injia?" The first reply that rises to one's lips after this question has been put to me about five hundred times, by five hundred silly, stupid people, not one of whom will in the next minute whether I liked Injia, or not—"I say, the first reply, very naturally, is always 'What's that to you?'

But, on consideration, there are certain interests to be considered—those of the author (myself), and of the too fortunate publisher of my immortal work: so I frame my reply, as an advertisement, on the old and invaluable model of "Do you want luxurious hair and
LOW DRIVER!!

GET THEM OUT OF THE MESS!!
whiskers?" **" Parlez-vous français ?"** "Do you beat your carpets?" "Why give more!" &c., &c. And I answer 

"How do I like Injia?" Many to whom this question is put would be unable to give any satisfactory information, from the fact of their not having as yet secured a copy of *Injiable Injia*, illustrated with some of the finest engravings ever produced, and published in one unique volume by Messrs. Jorticuap, MaNawaL & Co., Hall Marked (none genuine without this), for the small sum of—well, for far less than its actual value!

Of course I look forward to giving a lecture on Injia, with a panorama. Open to an offer. have some first-rate Injian stories, taken from various sources, chiefly Tome Peerage, which I intend to submit to the public; though I fear I may be put down as a prig by those who have either these tales before, or written them themselves, or become acquainted with them in some other way.

In business the Hindoo and Parsee are first-raters. You can't outdo a Hindoo. There's no Doo anywhere like a Hindoo. A Cockney cheat of a landlord, who speaks of his Inn as a "Hinn," may be a greater Hinn-doo than the real Hindoo, but I question it. And as for work—my!—they are industrious!

As for the Parsee, their own poet has said—

"Who can as far see
As any good Parsee?"

And in any ordinary matter of business, like the correct change of a sovereign, or passing off a florin for half-a-crown, or a bright new farthing for a gold piece, you cannot easily beat either a Hindoo, or a Parsee.

Yet in all Injians I have noticed a singular and childish unthoroughness—a deficiency, without which the less crafty European—I am speaking solely from my own experience—would not have a chance. Look at the Hindoo, Parsee, or Mahomedan, and tell me if he has discovered the mystery of the Tossing Shilling and the Lucky Sixpence—and I am not going to tell them. As long as the Englishman has this advantage, let him keep it. One of Hindoo, Parsee, or Musselman, in the meantime let them contentedly stay at home—and if they do, I'm astonished. I'll undertake all commissions in that quarter. I don't say they profess to teach it, and therefore perhaps it is scarcely fair to say I should not have been a satisfactory scholar.

Two W's of War.

*Wellesley*’s mentioned, *Wellesley*’s brought to mind; Two men, two names, of answerable kind;

Called to the front like *Wellesley*, good at need,

Go, *Wellesley*, and like *Wellesley*, greatly speed!

A GENUINE WELCOME.

Cry of the Egyptian Rodholder (on hearing that the Khedive pays the May Coup). "Hail, old fellow! Well met!"

A REAL CENTENNIAL.—The Hundredth Derby, 1879.
PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 20 (Lords).—Two comforting tidings to begin with. One from Lord Charnwood. A telegram from Major Cavagnari announcing the signature of a treaty with Yakoos Khan. (If only Yakoos can! There is the doubt. If he can, let India adopt a new motto—"Cavagnarando tutus.")

The other from Lord Beaconsfield. Announcement of the appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley to be Governor of Natal and the Transvaal, and High-Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of those Colonies, and the lands adjacent, north and east.

Is his commission large enough to undo all the mischief that has been done by a too-high Commissioner and a too-weak Commander between them?

My Lord B's. words in making the communication are worth noting. He said, "it would be convenient, and perhaps interesting to their Lordships to receive this information." "Perhaps," why "perhaps"? Ah—Punch begs his Lordship's pardon. He forgets this was "spoke sarcastic," as if this bitter B. should say "whether anything can interest your Lordships, considering your intellects and educations, the languor of your debates and the nothingness of your doings, the times of your sittings-down and risings-up, I really should not like to say; but if anything can, this may." Lord B did not presume too much. It evidently did interest even their Lordships.

Then followed a pretty and pleasant prelude for the holidays. A discourse by the Earl of Galloway—soldier-officer bred and milita-officer born—on the thesis, "Has England an Army, or only the husk of one?" The sum of his answer was clear enough, if the working out of his speech wasn't. "England has only the hollow semblance of an Army," says Lord Galloway. And nobody seemed disposed to deny it.

It is to be hoped that the Commission on which Government is going to fall back for advice how to make brigades working realities instead of costly shams, and linked battalions chain-cables instead of ropes of sand, will be strong enough for its work. It is further to be hoped that what the Commission may have the wit to devise, Parliament will have the sense to sanction, and Government—whatever Government may be "running" the military machine—the organizing head and working hands to set, and keep, a-going.

Anything more depressing than the Lords' Monday talk about the
A PHONETIC RENDERING.

Dunce No. 1 (translating a Fable of La Fontaine). "What does "Je plie, et ne romps pas" mean? It's what the Rosbaud says to the Chêne, you know!"

Dunce No. 2. "Oh, I suppose it means, 'I play, but I don't romp'—what mamma's always telling us we ought to do!"

Army, as opened by Lord Galloway and closed by Viscount Cardwell, with incidental despondency from Lord Strathearn, Earl Ellenborough and Longford, Lord Bury and the Duke of Buccleuch, Punch hopes he may never have to try distilling into Essence. The process can end only in lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Lord Galloway's complaint was like his own description of Lord Cardwell's Army-Reform, which "began by being comprehensive; then, for a time, after it had ceased to be comprehensive, was comprehensible; but ended by being neither comprehensive nor comprehensible."

Punch's feeling, after first reading Lord Galloway's and my Lords' conversation, is bewilderment; after long thinking both over, something like hopelessness as he is capable of. He sees only one conclusion, that, after all our millions spending and spent, our Army has yet to be made, and that we have still to wait for the hour, and the man, to make it.

At all events, let Punch congratulate the country that it has, at last, got the "right man in the right place," and that what seems to be the brightest jewel in the British Crown—its Garnet—is to be set in the South-African aureole of the sorely-smirched Imperial diadem.

Tuesday (Lords).—You see, Lord B., their Lordships are really interested. More curiosity about Sir Garnet Worsley than Lord Castlereagh that no Lieutenant-Governor, neither Colonel Light nor Sir Henry Bulwer in Natal, has been, or will be, recalled or superseded. Only everything and everybody will be put under Sir Garnet's orders. Sir Bartle Frere's High Commission has not been cancelled, "except"—rather large exception—"as regards those districts where Sir Garnet's Commission gives him jurisdiction." Large as that runs, it may be safely said that it overrides all South Africa, and that Sir Garnet will be—

"The Garnet of all he surveys;
His right there'll be none to dispute;
For his ox-waggon where there are ways,
He'll whip in and whip out man and brute."

(See Punch's Cartoon, with Sir Garnet getting the South-African ox-waggon out of its impasse.)

(Communists).—Even greater press of question about Sir Garnet's powers and instructions than in the Lords. After Mr. Bourke had assured Mr. O'way that the Government knew nothing about any difference of policy between the French Government and our own—a good hearing, if one was sure what official words mean—there was a discussion of South-African policy, the action of Sir Bartle Frere, and the character of King Cetewayo, in which Mr. Sullivan administered interrogatories to the Government as to the terms of peace to be imposed on the Zulu king—were they to be short and sweet, or long and bitter?—and Lord Elcho sounded the trumpet for Sir Bartle and annexation, and gave Cetewayo the rough side of his tongue, calling him—by way of quotation, it is true—"an armed gorilla," and provoking cries of "Withdraw!"

Whereupon Mr. Gladstone, echoing all Lord Elcho's praise of his friend Sir Bartle, with a chivalrous warmth that became him,
protested against the notion of curing the cruelties of war, you may other savage monarchs, by inflicting upon his subjects the horrors of war; and spoke, as Mr. Gladstone might be trusted to speak, in favour of the policy of moderation.

Whereupon Sir R. Peel, feeling a natural disinclination to see the wind taken out of his sails, rose, in the character of a Barrymore, and rivalled Mr. Gladstone in his recitation of the Merry Speech. Sir Robert seems to feel much for Cerewayo, and Punch agrees with him that if the House wishes to see the honour of the country maintained it also wishes to see merry exercised.

Sir Charles Dilke said that the House did not yet see the reasons of the Government change of front, and Sir M. H. Brach declared that it was quite a mistake to say that Sir Battle-Freeze had been thrown over—he had only been superseded, whatever we were at war and in a difficulty. He is still High-Commissioner at Cape Town.

We have only sent Sir Carter to take his place, after he has put himself out of the latitude of "Good Hope." And then the House rose, happy for once in the prospect of the Whitsunday holidays.

Ha!—Happy Thought!—Shooting at Bubbles—a Holiday Sport for P. and B. As to the Crystal Palace, Lord B., and in Dr. Carter's view of the matter.

Though it looks no longer big or bright; As to blow the bubble-shine out of that! As to blow the bubble-shine out of that! As to blow the bubble-shine out of that! As to blow the bubble-shine out of that!

The Bungs are glad of rest, and like their Sunday mornings for their wives and for the convenience of the Public. Poll the Bungs of Bloomsbury, and see if they wouldn't all be for the opening of the British Museum on Sunday.

Now, Sir, I beg to submit that you have no just ground for this inference. Open the Museums, by all means, and I venture to say our Sunday trade will be trebled without any increase of inebriety, and to the disadvantage of the Sot, who will be elbowed out by honest folk who would come to us for n refreshment—just as the Gentlemen would look in at their Clubs for a B. and S. and would go on their way rejoicing.

We don't want the prohibition on hours removed. Let the Public's hours be for the convenience of the Public. Poll the Bungs of Bloomsbury, and see if they wouldn't all be for the opening of the British Museum on Sunday.

We don't want the Sot: he is our curse. We don't want the prohibition on hours removed. Let the Public's hours be for the convenience of the Public.

First City Man (Optimist). "How's your Business with you? I can't help thinking things are looking bet.—"

Second City Man (Pessimist). "Drifting fast to the Workhouse! And what makes me doubly anxious is, I can't think who'll be left to pay the Poor-Rate!"

but would spend their Sunday in useful and interesting recreation, will now come and pass their Day in Reel in our public-houses, during such hours, that is, as we have permission to admit customers.

This means that we Bungs vote for keeping the Museums shut, in order to encourage Sota.

Now, Sir, I beg to submit that you have no just ground for this inference.

When has the voice of the Collective Wisdom of the Bungs—the honest, respectable Bungs—been heard?—At Bethnal Green, to a man, they are in favour of opening the Museum.

The Bungs are glad of rest, and like their Sunday mornings for their wives and for the convenience of the Public. Poll the Bungs of Bloomsbury, and see if they wouldn't all be for the opening of the British Museum on Sunday.

We don't join hands on this subject with the Archbishop of Canterbury, unless he takes his title from the Hop-Garden of England, nor, on the other hand, do we wish to see a Continental Sunday, such as are understood to be; for it is a trait in Bung's character that he is a thorough John Bull, and as far as we are acquainted with a Continental Sunday, we don't consider it "très-Bung"—if you'll allow me the expression—though I am given to understand that, in Paris, they set open their Picture Academy, which is like our Royal Academy, on the seventh day of the week, free gratis to the people whose work prevents 'em seeing it on any of the other six.

Bungs are glad of rest, and like their Sunday mornings for their wives and families, who are as regular at their place of worship as the Archbishop himself, making allowance, of course, for His Grace going professionally, as it were.

"I've been asked to send you this protest, Mr. Punch, and hope that you'll do us the justice to insert it, for some publics, for the Publican's benefit; and, wishing you health and prosperity, I remain, for self and friends,

Yours sincerely,

John B. Bung.
ANALYSIS.

Lady. "Why did you leave your last place?"

Cook. "Temper, Mum."

Lady. "Temper! But when I'm put out myself, I show that I'm annoyed!"

Cook. "Oh, I don't mind a 'rose temper, Mum—A REVINGFUL Temper I likes; but a Temper as goes a NAG-NAG-NAGIN' Mornin', Noon, and Night, won't do with me!!"

ALARMING TO NO COMMON DEGREE!

Scene—An Oxford College Garden during Commemoration Week.

Fair Visitors and New Graduate promenading.

First Fair Visitor. Well, if we shall not see you at either of the Balls, the Flower-Show, or the Concert, you will at least secure a boat, and take us down to Nuneham. You will not refuse us this? Which—as he pays for ones some Fifteen Millions—If he still stands, he's silliest of silly 'uns!

Second Fair Visitor. You surprise us much. We have always conceived the Oxford graduate a man of developed capacity, for his degree, even Bradshaw and the new Lawn-Tennis Rules have of Homer, and mastered Plato with the aid of a literal translation. Nay, he has conjugated the verb προς with but few mistakes. He has, in a word, been plying with that Greek language, even the First Fair Visitor. Yet you wear the elegant gown that dotes on the advantages of the three-foot gauge. My rooms are the resort of mechanics, chemists, contractors, and philosophers. My bosom friend is an enthusiastic butterman with a new patent. Speak to me of these things, and I will respond. But do not try me further. I confess it all. I lack those habits of exactness and refinement, without which it is, as the good Canon says, impossible to reach the higher characteristics of an educated man!

Third Fair Visitor. Yes, education should be more careful to discipline faculties than to accumulate facts. New Graduate (nervously). Stay; it is useless to taunt me. I confess it all. I lack those habits of exactness and refinement, without which it is, as the good Canon says, impossible to reach the higher characteristics of an educated man!

First Fair Visitor (starting). Then you are not—a B.A.?

New Graduate (solemnly). No, alas! I am—a B.N.S.!

very lucky. It is announced that the Stratford-on-Avon, Evesham and Redditch Junction Railway has just been opened for passenger and other traffic. Happily, the exigences of the Junction Railway did not require that the House of SHAKESPEARE should be demolished in order to the erection of a Station!

Second Fair Visitor. But surely, as Canon Lipson has gracefully pointed out, your education should have aimed at developing a general capacity rather than at attaining a particular kind of knowledge.

Third Fair Visitor. Yes, education should be more careful to discipline faculties than to accumulate facts. New Graduate (with suppressed emotion). Stay; it is useless to taunt me. I confess it all. I lack those habits of exactness and refinement, without which it is, as the good Canon says, impossible to reach the higher characteristics of an educated man!

First Fair Visitor (starting). Then you are not—a B.A.?

New Graduate (solemnly). No, alas! I am—a B.N.S.!

"Approach me as the rugged Russian Bear."

"The Academy of Sciences has elected Professor Huxley a corresponding Member in the section of anatomy and zoology, in the place of the late Russian naturalist, Barn.

A proud tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's spirited foreign policy. Even on the neutral ground of Science, the Russian Bear makes way for Huxley!

WHAT WE MAY WELL FIND HARD.

To praise an Army without a good deal more Reserve than they have at the War Office.
NINCOMPOOPIANA.

Maud and Clara. "What a lovely sunset!"

Young Atlantic Trotter. "I—a—confess that I've never seen a sunset that thoroughly satisfied me yet! At least not in Nantoch, you know!"
SYMPATHY—LIMITED.

City Gent (bursting into the Counting-House on Wednesday afternoon, May 28th). "HAVE YOU HEARD!? Sir Bevys, PalsaBweK's, AND VISCONTE!"

Second Ditto (Man o' business—the Sporting Partner wasn't in). "BEAVIS, PALMER, AN' VISCONTY! BEAVIS, PALL—Sorry for 'EM. BUT WE DON'T DO BUSINESS WITH 'EM—NEVER HEARD O' THE FIRM!"

A LITTLE GAME WITH TURKEY.

As there has been a great deal of discussion about the approaching investiture of the Prince of Bulgaria by the Sultan, Mr. Punch thinks it advisable to publish his own official programme of the ceremony. It will be seen that, as his Sovereignty is the outcome of the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, Prince Alexander will appear in an international character. This little compliment to the Signatory Powers is sure to be appreciated in London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.

Mr. Punch's Programme.

Prince Alexander will wear a combined European costume instead of the fez and straight coat, including a Russian cavalry soldier's cloak, an Italian carabinière's uniform, a French kepi, an English crutch-handled umbrella, and a pair of German curassier's boots.

On finding himself in the presence of the Sultan, His Highness will kiss his liege Lord on both cheeks after the French fashion, and then give him a hearty English shake of the hand.

Alexander will next offer the Sultan some tea, flavoured with lemon à la Russe and a dish of Italian macaroni. Should His Majesty refuse these refreshments, the Prince will substitute Vienna beef, Stilton cheese, French pain de sucre, and a pipe of German tobacco.

Alexander will then invite the Sultan to join him in a mixed dance, combining the most effective points of the Con-can à la Mobile, an Austrian Quadrille, the Slavonic Mazurka, and the British Hornpipe. Should the Sultan express a wish for music, the Prince will offer him a series of dance-movements on the Bavarian zither, and a selection of international airs on the Scotch bagpipe.

After this little concert, winding up with "God Save the Queen," the investiture will take place.

The ceremony will end with a demonstration in favour of England in honour of Prince Alexander's recent visit to Balmoral. His Majesty and His Highness will indulge in a British cheer. The "hop-hops" will be given by the Sultan, and the Prince will supply the "hurrah.

His Highness will then withdraw, after kissing the hand of his liege Lord, who will express a feeling of the greatest gratification at the mixed character of the proceedings.

A PRINCE WITH A PATRONYMIC.

Hail, Bulgaria's new Prince, Alexander Vogorides,
A Physician and Sage of old time bore a name
With thine own patronymic which rhymes—Dioscorides.

In his way he worked wonders; in thine work the same.

He was great in the science of medical botany;
May'st thou prove in State physic a Doctor no less;
Though of herbalist lore not perchance having got any,
In thy practice no simples thou 'It need for success.
Dire disorders dispel, allay fierce animosities;
Dispense equal doses of justice to all—
Turk and Christian alike—that Bulgarian atrocitys
Bulgarians, well-governed, ne'er more may befall.

Killing Two Birds With One Stone.

The Times has an article on the difficulties of Japanese writing. Every letter is a picture. This may well make learning to write difficult. But see the set-off. The boy who learns to write among the Japs at the same time learns to draw. Hence the unequalled firmness, accuracy, and deftness of Japanese draughtsmanship. For drawing of flowers and birds, in comparison with their common decorators, W. Hunt was a bungler, and Turner a tyro! The only letters an Englishman ever learns to draw with are L. S. P.
THE GAY GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.

"Nil admirari's all the Art I know."

Preliminary and Retrospective Address. — The last time I visited the Arrangement in Bond Street I made use of these memorable words. "Never again with you, Robin!" But though it is to be very certainly inferred from this, that, "with Robin I would not go again," yet, on the other hand, I must suppose for one moment, that if I did not go with Robin, I should therefore stay away altogether. "Never again with you, Robin," but "Once again without you, Robin," just to see how this Day-Nursery of Art—the Bond Street Creche—is getting on.

Let us mount to the Gallery; I generally prefer the Stalls, but as there is no choice at the Grosvenor, let us go up to the Gallery, and do well to purchase Mr. Henry Blackburn's Grosvenor Notes, whose illustrations and descriptions are so truthful as to save your friends at a distance the trouble of visiting the Gallery itself. There are some imitation Whistlers—mere halfpenny Whistlers, which may puzzle you for less than a moment. Nor could there be any doubt about the brilliant lights of the still Unburnt Jones—the Burne to which no traveller returns. At the top of the Staircase:

No. 103. Right of entrance. I presume that, having paid, your right of entrance is the same as mine; therefore, you'll find the picture at once. It represents, I should say, a Foreigner's idea of a Fine Day near London Bridge. Bâtons à vapore—plenty of vapeur. This is a Nocturne in blue and gold—including the frame—by our own J. M. W. Whistler. Never desert your colours—such as they are. Here's your own fun in a fog. Bless you, J. M. W., and may you go on fogging away until you are an old fog-i-yourself, and then retire.

"Where the Smudgers come from Smudging, And the Whistlers are at rest."


No. 205. Deluded Shrimpers; or, Harlequin mind your own Business, and don't put all your Eggs in one Basket. Dark Scene from a Serious Pantomime. The Shrimpers have been buying eggs instead of catching shrimps, and returning home in triumph. There is a small party, probably out for a picnic, on whom the stupid Shrimpers had depended for custom. The picnic party, being rather afraid of the weather, take the Shrimpers, who stand disconsolate. After this, "Will it surprise you" to hear that the subject is A Highland Funeral, painted by D. Murray? Fool! put a bit of it! Mr. Murray is having a lark with us. Murray come up!


No. 211. Violeta, CARLO PELLEGRINI. She's blushing, Carlo, my boy! And so she ought to cool off to her eyes after having painted her lips like that. She's dyed her hair, too, and not yet got it back to its right colour. So young and so—foolish! But you painted her I suppose you were thinking of the Vanitees. You're not intended to represent, are you? No, of course not. Then why keep her so dark? I trust, signor Carlo, that already some one has said, "Buy, O let's! Violeta!"

But do be a little cheerful next time. You haven't used up all your colours. There's more where they came from. Don't take the shine out of yourself in this way. Take it out of somebody else. Up you go.

No. 163, 164. Panels for decoration, called Morning, Noontide, Evening, and Night, which might as well be Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, or Panels for Mrs. D. Murray, whatever you like, my little dear. Notice the attitude of the gentleman in Summer, or Noontide; also, in the same panel, the position of the Sun. The unfortunate man is 'getting it hot.' He is, however, safe from a sunstroke, I imagine, which generally lights on the cranium—eh, Mr. Walter Crane-tem?

No. 166 is the work of E. B. J. Eminent B. J. His Eminence has given us a heavy angel, grey-haired and quite past his time. The Shrimpers had depended for custom. The pic-nic party, being rather afraid of the weather, take no notice of the Shrimpers, who are, like Mr. Eccles in Caste, "a very clever person," or the paint-


No. 145. "Bother that dog! He's strayed again!" said the Lady in a classic dress, looking over her shoulder for her pet, as she walked along the yellow floor, with a dark blue dodo behind her. Stop! isn't it the sea-shore? and isn't that the sea? and isn't it Dido looking out for Eneas? Or, if it is, why not Dido in her palace, on the yellow floor, with the blue wall behind?—"Dido and Aeneas!" The picture, however, is meant to represent Ariadne, not "The sea," but "By the sea, oh," and is the work of Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., Who goes in for High Art.


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POLICEMAN "A" ON POPULAR HOLIDAYS.

WHY yes, Sir, 'tis a sloppy one. I've often wondered why it is that when the weather's wet a chap should be sodry. _Difficult as is the task that will devolve upon the young Prince, he can do better with a good hint._

The holiday-makers, Sir, I mean—aquizzing this and that, And passing weary remarks and jokes extremely flat. But this, I should say, as a rule, is the last remark you'll hear—"Come, Bill, I've had enough of this. Let's go and do a beer!"

Stout mustards and stuffed animals no doubt at times are striking, But they don't last; 'tisn't where it is, while lush and skittles do. "I've seen 'em loitering round such things, and looking bored and daft.

The holiday-makers, Sir, I mean—aquizzing this and that, And getting weary remarks and jokes extremely flat. But this, I should say, as a rule, is the last remark you'll hear—"Come, Bill, I've had enough of this. Let's go and do a beer!"

"Stupidity?" Quite likely, Sir; but then we all ain't wise. And the last thing a party learns is how to use his eyes; The mouth comes billion, I sue a donkey can't miss that ;

But till the head gets furnished like, eye-work falls awful flat. Holidays, Sir, is very well. I like one now and then; The head is the merest fizzle. We haven't got the bang of it somehow, and that's a fact.

But what we Britishers now want is livelier ways of spending 'em. You won't stop drink and 'oss-play with ginger-beer and buns; They play into each other's hand, and give full hands to us. Dulness and drink spile holidays, like most things, and, what's wus, But she won't choke men off the bad unless she gives 'em better.

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DRINK!

(Different Stages.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM A Working-man as likes my drop o' lush, in a quiet way, and I want to tell you about that new play at the Princesses, as they've christened Drink, and advertised in big letters all over the town, which I didn't think Drink wanted any advertising.

Another bit of play-acting at another theatre made a "repentant jockey" (as said he was so) write to the good gentleman at the other theatre to say how he had given up pulling horses and other vicious courses, but he did it, why shouldn't I?

This is how my Missus and I came to go. We had seen a bit of what seemed to be fancy soap cut into the shape of parties' heads like as they was preserved in liquor, on all the boarings, and on many of the sandwich-boards. This was labelled Drink right enough, and it said as how it could be got at the Princesses, and so to the Princesses we went to try to get it. But lor bless you, Sir, we were disappointed. It wasn't liquor, but a piece of play-acting!

All the same, if a disappointment at first, it turned out beautiful. At our Institution we have got the works of Mr. Dickens, and I know all about Mr. Vincent Crummies, the theatrical gentleman as was so proud of the pump and the washin'-tub. How he would have stared for I see one of my mates fall in the same way. It gave my Missus quite a turn, 'cos she knew the widow; and we'd a friendly lead at the Goose-Club for her and the kids; and we comes ight again until we had both a little something to cheer us up a bit.

But what pleased my Missus most was when one of the free-spoken young Ladies—as was a regular good un at heart, which the other was as bad as bad could be—and didn't 'iss her!—come on starving. While she was a lyin' in the snow, she'd a fancy she see some angels, and was axed up to join 'em. Which she was just going: when the blacksmith, as looked cleaner ever, comes up and says: "Aka you Jyrzsz!" How he would have startled to have seen the wittles, such as first Act at the Princesses! Not one of 'em, Sir, but a whole washin'-tub. How he would have stared to have seen the First Act at the Princesses! Not one of 'em, Sir, but a whole washin'-tub. How he would have stared to have seen the First Act at the Princesses! Not one of 'em, Sir, but a whole washin'-tub.

Then the snow stopped, and everybody was as happy as happy. But what pleased me most was that party, suffering from the horrors. It was as true as true can be. I've never had 'em myself,
A DISILLUSION.

Mr. Bull (aside). "WHY—BLESS MY SOUL!—I ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE HAD A MINT O' MONEY!"
because times have been very hard of late, Sir, and a poor man can scarcely afford anything. But I've seed two shopmates as had 'em, and I seen 'em both in the hospital, and what that there chap at the Princesses tipped us was the real thing and no mistake, rats and smacks, and black bread and all, till seven bills in a turn, and we was obliged to go out and get a little something to set us right. Yes, Sir, Drink is a moral drama if ever there was one. It ought to be the deal of good. And as I think it over, I feel as I want a little something just to take the taste on it out o' my mouth.

Which I remain yours respectfully,

ONE AS IS A-THINKING SERIOUSLY OF TAKING THE PLEDGE, BUT DON'T SEE HIS WAY TO IT YET.

MAKING THE BEST OF 'EM.

W e see a statement that when Abyss-

ian Pumps were applied for "through the proper channel"? for the use of the South-African Force, the answer was that there were no pumps in store (except, of course, the official ones, which could not be spared), but the force could have any amount of coal-scuttles. As we may expect the stores will soon be out of "Solar Toppers," may we suggest the use for the coal-scuttles as helmets for the heavy cavalry, who are in the force for W. O. to send out against the naked and light-armed Thieves, with the coal-scuttles for helmets and for swords the South-African heavy cavalry force will be a complete case of the right men in the right place with the right equipment.

PUNCH AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

Next to his own immortal performance, and after himself, as the oldest-established and best performer when abroad travelling, Punch is prepared to concede to the performances and performers of La Comédie Française the first place on earthly boards. His pleasure has been great to welcome them and their admirable Art to the Gaiety—after first reading the plays, that they may the better understand and enjoy the acting.

And yet there are so many lessons to be learnt, that so needful learning, more, perhaps, by English Managers even than by English Actors, and, above all, by English Stage-Managers—if there were such a thing, which, so far as Punch is aware, except in name, and in two or three theatres, there is not! To begin at the beginning, there was the crowd and the crush of the opening night—a business of getting into the house, only to be compensated by the bill of fare when you did get in.

But I've seed two shopmates as had 'em, and I seen 'em both in the hospital, and what that there chap at the Princesses tipped us was the real thing and no mistake, rats and smacks, and black bread and all, till seven bills in a turn, and we was obliged to go out and get a little something to set us right. Yes, Sir, Drink is a moral drama if ever there was one. It ought to be the deal of good. And as I think it over, I feel as I want a little something just to take the taste on it out o' my mouth.

Which I remain yours respectfully,

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MAKING THE BEST OF 'EM.

W e see a statement that when Abyss-
"SWEET LITTLE BUTTERCUP;"
Or, Art-Embroidery, 1879.
A CASE OF "NO COMPRENNY."

"Ha! Mistake Robinson! 'Ow do you do? 'Av you seen ze last new piece at ze 'Olleborn? Speraiz! Splendid!! Good!!" 

"A—No—I don't patronize the English Drama. I like Finish, Delicacy, Refinement; and I'm happy to say I've secured Tickets for all the French Plays!!"

"There! Mais vous savez le Francais, alors?"

"A—I see your pardon?"

"Je vous demande si vous savez le Francais, parbleu! Cruche, Melon, Bauzet, Dinde, Joreau, Cretin, Monie, Collins-Maillard que vos etes?"

"A—Quite so! No doubt! A—by the bye, have you seen Jones lately?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.


Of course just now in the theatrical world of London it's comme ignorant pro magnifico—the magnifico being the Comédie Française Company now at the Gaiety Theatre, to which, naturally, M. le Redacteur-en-Chef devotes what is supposed to be his leisure. The performance of that Company is a treat, I admit—a genuine treat; and it may be for years, or it may be for never, that I shall ever have the chance of witnessing—on this side of the Channel, without the intervention of those confounded waves about which Britons boast so much, and which they so cordially detest—the ensemble, the galaxy, that now constitutes at the Gaiety Theatre.

The genuine Gaiety Company, Miles, Nellie Pankin, Vaughan, &c., are just now strolling players about the provinces, with, by the way, a grand performance under Royal patronage at Yarmouth. "The Return of the Native" will be early in July.

Yet there are many things English to be seen in town.

"Who was it caught me in Pall Mall, And told me what he'd got to tell, That I must see what goes so well? —The Mother."

I'm glad they've found the Mother at the Olympic last. First they had The Cellar Door, then Married but Mute (which was satisfactory), and now we've got The Mother. Of course the first question is, "How's your Mother?" Well, I saw her last night, and I think she is doing as well as, or better, than could be expected. She has only been out a week or so, poor thing!

The Alhambra is marvellous in costumes and effects, and "Beautiful Venice" is just now the pride of Leicester Square; and when the entranced spectator comes out into a lovely rainy night (there are again, in June), he can keep up the illusion by sending a waterman for a gondola on wheels.

A propos of illusions, more or less delightful, I was invited, the other day, to witness the new illusion at the same old place—the Home of Science in Regent Street—ancient Polytechnic.

"Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold you!" There's the diving-bell—and the diver—and the brass knobs; every one of which suspiciously, as being charged with electricity, and ready to thrill me to the very tips of my boots if I dare lay rash hands on any one of them. And there are the models which have never been perfected—only inventions born but to be registered, and die; and there are the models of successful inventions that have brought fame and fortune to their proprietors; and there is the man who, almost angrily, insists on cutting out your profile in black, in less time than I take to tell of his existence; and there are the ships, and the cables, and the Flying Léotard Doll—this is a late innovation, and would not have been tolerated in my scientific age when I was a boy, and there are the merry-go-round and optical illusions, and the noise of machinery, and the glass manufacturers, and the dust, and the mysterious sounds of music, and of someone talking, and a general atmosphere of lecturers past and gone, but still pervading the place, and smiling benignly on their successors who adhere to the old paths, and weeping over the degeneracy of the Public that craves for more amusement than instruction.

I had often seen Pever's Ghost, and once I have had an interview with Professor Pever himself, but this was years ago, and now the Professor has gone to Australia; and, as there is still a mysterious spectacle roaming about the Polytechnic, I suppose he may sing to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"I've gone away To Australia, So all know where to find me; I shall not return for many a day, But—I've left my Ghost behind me."

Only—I am not quite clear whether the Ghost, or the Illusion, as the mysterious apparatus to the Polytechnic, is the property of the Professor or of its inventor, Mr. Brandy; but, anyhow, it is a wonderful effect, and, as a Status Quo, becomes a true story of its time, and then returns to its former inanimate material. Metempsychosis might be used to illustrate the story of Pygmalion and Galatea, though the audience there, having probably had enough of science and instruction, would prefer to be more amused than merely interested, and unless something like the German burlesque operas on this subject were given, the simple story itself might become a trivial tedious in dumb-show.

Three comparatively old French pieces are in process of being tackled by as many British dramatists, the result of whose struggles will be seen during the next autumn and winter season, and Miss Nerison, after a brief but glorious career at the Adelphi, will leave England in the Autumn for two years. Tis true, 'tis pity.

Mr. Irving is having quite a rollicking time of it at the Lyceum, with a round of revivals, and will try to improve on the old Corsican Brothers—poor old twins!—when he reproduces them. Mr. Fester attempted improvements on Kean's version, and it was a big mistake. Once since then I saw the melodrama, with I forget what company, at the Alhambra, and it seemed to me to be dull, flat stale, and I should say unprofitable. Was it that the old illusion of days gone by had departed? Was it that the most melody had lost its charm? Was it that, since the men celebrated for Spiritualism, I expected more from the Ghost than the Ghost was able to give? Was it because I known how it was done, and it was no longer a clever illusion? Or was it that I had dined wisely and well, and felt satisfied with myself?
alone, and sleepy to all the world? I do not know. But of this I am sure, that I am, as ever.

P.S.—On Feeling Sleepy. Permit me one word more before I close my letter and my eyes. Here is a book before me called Secret Sleep. An author who adopts this title boldly disarms criticism—unless the work keeps the reader awake. I remember a collection of stories, entitled *Arent de Souffler la Bougie*. I rather fancy they were all ghost stories, so that you didn’t like to *souffler* your bougie until you were quite certain there wasn’t a bougie—I should say a bogie—in the room. The only fault I can find with M. Dumphrie’s Secret Sleep is, that, when you have read one Essay, you will probably want to look at the next, and most certainly you will if you commence with the melancholy story (it is a ghost story) of the celebrated unfortunate Miss Bailey, done into Latin in a style that would have delighted old Father Proctor. George Colman the Younger had no more regard even to burlesque rhyme, than had Butler in his *Hudibras*, when he wrote—

"Dear Corpses," says he, "since you and I accounts must once for all close, I’ve got a one-pound note in my regimental small-clothes."

That’s not much for rhyme or metre, but Mr. Dumphrie has improved on it, *Lutinid*, thus—

"Tune Miles, *Batiscanum opertum tibi dari,
Est amnis nihil solutum in seque mari."

That seems to me happy, and so also the refrain—

"O Balia, infortunata Balia!
Quam pudet me, quam tetes, O miseranda Balia!"

The musical pieces in London are doing well, and *Drink* is well advertised in the public-house windows.

**Sons of Neptune and Mars.**

On Wednesday last a battle of the Royal Marines, amidst hurrhahs, embarked at Portsmouth for Zululand. The permission given the Marines to join the Army in the campaign against Cetewayo, is regarded as a recognition, though a tardy one, of the value of the services ever wont to be rewarded at need by that gallant and effective, but hitherto somewhat snubbed and sat-upon, force. It is, however, only a partial tribute of honour to whom honour is due. The Marines to whom this concession has at length been made, are limited to Artillery and Light Infantry. They include no Cavalry. Why will Government still obstinately persist in ignoring the Horse Marines?

The Wisest and Best.

With a view to appease the discontent created in the Deccan by money-lenders whose extortion has provoked daocity, and made the ryota riotous, a Bill is about to be introduced on the part of Government, providing, it is said, for the revival of the old village of Punchayet. It is further stated that the Punchayet has been very successfully introduced into Ceylon. Very likely, The Punchayet is described as a council of elders which used to adjudicate upon land, money-lending cases, and petty assaults. It is, in fact, a local Collective Wisdom, or Witenagemote, of the very Wisest—as the first syllable of the word implies.

**Something to Stand On.**

There has been considerable question as to the head-gear of the Prince of Bulgaria. There can be none as to his foot-gear—Balmorals!
HALFWAY UP THE HILL.

Grandpa. “By George, I must stop and blow a bit, Tommy!”

Tommy. “All right, Grandpapa! I've got a stone to put under your heel!”

OUR "HUNDRED GREATEST MEN" (AND WOMEN).

Mr. Punch has had an advertisement forwarded to him of a work now in course of publication, entitled The Hundred Greatest Men: Lives and Portraits of the One Hundred Greatest Men of History— together with a petition, respectfully and respectfully signed, praying him to favour the world with a list of those whom he considers to be the "Hundred Greatest Men of History." Mr. Punch has taken infinite pains to comply with this request in a liberal, comprehensive, cosmopolitan, and international spirit, and feels certain that universal satisfaction will be entertained at his recognition of the claims of Women to be included in the illustrious Catalogue.

Mr. Punch’s List, which, for convenience of reference, is divided into Classes, stands as follows:—

Class I.
H. M. King Arthur, H. M. King Cole, H. M. the King of the Cannibal Islands, Pope Joan, Queen Mab, H. H. Duke Humphrey, Blue Beard.
Gog, Magog, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs.
Lord Dundreary.

Class II.
Don Quixote, Don Juan, Count Fathom, Baron Munchausen, Dr. Faustus, Professor Teufelskreuz, Miniseer von Dunk, Rik van Winkle, Friedrich Knickerbocker, Sancho Panza, Mephistopheles, the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew, Prester John.

Class III.
General Bonne, Captain Bobadil, Captain Macbeth, Captain Cuttle.
Mr. R. Cruise, Mr. Friday, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, Mr. Peter Wilkins.
Mr. Justin Shallow, Judge Lynch, Mr. John Ketch, Mr. Bumble, Rev. Dr. Primrose, Rev. A. Adams, Dr. Synax.
St. Jingo, Santa Claus, Father Christmas, Father Prout.
Mr. John Sheppard, Mr. Jonathan Wild, Mr. G. Faux, Mr. Jeremy Diddler.
Rob Roy, Robin Hood, Little John.

Rory O'More, Tam O'Shanter.
Daniel Lambert.
Mr. John Robinson, Mr. John Horner, Mr. John Frost, Mr. John Straw, Mr. and Mrs. John Sprat, and Mr. John Bull.
Mr. Thomas Tiddler, Mr. Thomas Thumb.
Mr. E. Cooker, Mr. Cookle.
The Siamese Twins, The Three Tailors of Tooley Street, The Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Class IV.
Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, Mr. Robinson.
Mr. Bell, Sylvanus Urban, Junius.
Lady Bountiful, Madame Tussaud, Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Partington, Mrs. Glass, Mrs. Runnel, Mrs. "Mother" Hubbard, and Miss Sarah Lunn.

Mr. Punch.
(For Portraits, by the best masters, old, medieval, and modern, apply at the Office.)

Punch’s Nursery Rhyme for Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

(On his return from Philippopolis.)

COCK-A-HOO, cock-a-hoop, BEACONSFIELD’s man,
Make of Eastern Koumelia the best that you can.
Cut it, and carve it, and mark it with "B."
Then leave it to Time, and see what you will see!

"DRINK," IN THREE ACTS.
Let us have some more!
Le’s ha’ s’more!
L'Assommoir!

WHAT OUR CAT SAYS (she likes to be in the fashion).—La Joie fait Parr.
MIDAY, June 9.—Parliament pulled itself together again, by a
great effort, after the Whitsuntide recess. Anything duller could
not well be imagined than the assembling of our young and old
friends. Punch feels prompted to sing—

"Uprose ye, then, my weary, dreary men,
It is your opening day."

The first night was devoted to Demand and Supply; Demand,
in the shape of questions; Supply, in the form, of Civil Service
Estimates.

Sir WILFRED LAWSON, inquiring the last news of CRETWATU, Sir
Mr. HICKS-BEACH told him that messengers had come from the Zulu
King, expressing his desire for peace, but not charged with terms.
CRETWATU has been told to go—not to Bath, but to CHELFORD;
but will, probably, have to deal with Sir GARBER. The war halts
for want of means of transport out there; and no wonder when it
creates so little transport here.
**THE SOLDIER’S TEAR.**—Old Song.

OFFICER (to Royal Marine who has just been inspected to go to Zululand). **' WHAT'S THAT MAN CRYING FOR? WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, SIR?''

JOE. ** Boo-hoo! What's the good o' goin' now? We ovent to the Gonz a year ago!!''

[Exit, sobbing, to the Canteen.]

Mr. Bourke told Sir T. Campbell that the Sultan is going to submit the reorganisation of his European provinces, not taken in and done for at Berlin, to local commissioners. This is by Sir H. Layard's advice—excellent advice, but like good physic, of no use till taken. *Punch* quotes Portia:—''If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do!''

By half-past four the House was in Committee of Supply, and remained there, with very small jerries to a great deal of prosing, for the best part of the night. One Vote, that on Scotch Prisons, took two hours and a half, and Mr. Parnell Divided 4 to 152 against the salary of a Scripture Reader at Perth! *De minimis, si non curat lex, curant legislatores.* All the opposed Irish Votes were postponed after a wrangle, and Progress was reported after one Vote for salaries and superannuation allowances had been disposed of. With this tale of talk and work and the formal forwarding of a Law Bill a stage, the House was busy till close on three in the morning. "Sedet eternu sedebit, infeliz." Like Juliet, it speaks but it says nothing, and does the same, and it is not like the sailor's voiceless parrot—it does not think the more.

**Tuesday.—A Morning Sitting.**

Colonel Gourtey (Volunteer) wants to know what the inquiry on Army Organisation is to inquire into, and who are to be the inquirers.

Colonel Stanley tells him the inquiry is to be into the working of Short Service, the Reserves, and the Localisation-scheme. It is to be conducted by a Committee—not a Royal Commission—of regular officers, having nothing to do with War-Office or Horse Guards.

Sir H. Havelock condemned the composition of the Committee in advance. So did Sir A. Gordon. It will satisfy neither the Army nor the Public. (Query per *Punch*. *What will?*)

Then the House was delivered of a deal of "skimble skamble stuff," on the subject of Army Organisation, in which Mr. Holmes (of course), Sir G. Campbell, who must have his tongue in any talk that is going, and Mr. Sroleum Peter Parnell took part.

At last, seeing the night wearing on in idle chatter—with the Session on the wing, and business all in arrear—the Chancellor of the Exchequer broke out into a void of unwonted vigour, declaring it impossible for Parliament to get on with its work in the face of such fearful wastes of wind—which nobody will deny. *Bridgend* "reigns in Cyprus;" if anybody (except the Bridgend connection), particularly cares to know.

The House spent the rest of the sitting on one (the Punishment) Clause—the Cat's Clause, it may be called—of the Army Regulation Bill, with some hundred and fifty other clauses waiting.

Mr. Hopwood wants to limit lashes to six, which, multiplied by the cat's tails, come to fifty-four.

The House was still talking about this when the hour of adjournment came.

In the Evening Sitting, Mr. Reginald Yorke moved a Resolution to muzzle the London School Board. It is doing too much; going too fast; rating too high; teaching too many things; hunting up too many scholars; building too handsome schools; paying too high salaries; in fact, altogether taking too much upon itself, and out of the pockets of the ge.

*Bravo, Mr. Yorke!* If we are to believe you, the Board has crushed the ragged-schools; is extinguishing the voluntary schools; is stamping out the middle-class schools; is travelling into the region of three R's; is defying the Education Department, and generally outrunning the constable all over the place. Altogether, the London School Board, in Mr. Yorke's eyes, is displaying a disgusting activity, and is—ing the rate-payers fivepence! Its rate ought to be kept down to tuppence.

Mr. W. E. Forster, as the Board's foster-father, took up the cudgels for his fosterling. was spending too much, was it not an elected ? Were there not the rate-payers to stay its hands, and tie up their own purse-strings? But, after all, what was fivepence to the aggregate of metropolitan rates, , , and for what other fiveness of those rates was there as good a return in value received?

*Punch* agrees with Mr. Forster, that Yorke is not wanted; and that his onslaught represents more hostility to the Board than zeal for economy or concern for the rate-payers.
Lord George Hamilton damned the Board with faint praise, and then described the London scale of salaries. He hoped the Motion would not be pressed, as Government could neither vote for, nor against it. But to make nothing like plain speaking. Did you think that Punch was behind you, with a dream-Cartoon, of a certain animal—not Bottom with an ass's head, but with Lord B.'s head on an ass's body—between two bundles? The debate was adjourned, but is likely to be resumed. If the School Board spends, it schools; and the best-spent money that is taken out of the pockets of the heavily-taxed London ratepayer is on an ass's body—between two bundles?

Wednesday.—Mr. Chamberlain does not see why the polling-hours of our public Elections should not be from 8 to 8, and brings in a Bill to extend them accordingly. If it was feared that darkness would bring drunkenness, let them shut up the publics, after dark, at Election times.

Mr. Asquith moved the rejection of the Bill. Taking Elections into the dark hours, was a return to the Dark Ages. It would lead to increase of bribery, personation, and all "deeds of darkness." Mr. Winklebury supplied the Bill on behalf of Leeds; so did Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Cameron (of Glasgow), Mr. Hope, Mr. Samuelson, and Colonel Beresford—Members for large boroughs.

Mr. W. E. Forster said it was difficult for many electors, in large and widely-scattered boroughs, to record their votes before four; and he had the other remedy but this.

Sir M. W. Reddy laid weight on the objections of Mayors and Town-Clerks (Sir J. Heron, of Manchester, for one).

Ultimately, the Bill was rejected by 190 to 165—a division which marks the measure as one on its way to be carried.

Though Punch finds it difficult to believe that any man who cares to spend six hours in the dark, does not have a zero chance of being a working-man should be mulled of his brief dinner-time. "I've only an hour for my dinner," says Tools, in Todges, and it is not pleasant to make that little less. It is all very well for Swells to sneer at the sacrifice, but they have more leisure than they know what to do with. Not so the working-man—except on his Saint Mondays—regularly once a week, "with liberty to add to their number."

Thursday.—Question-time overflowed till nearly six, thanks to a row caused by Mr. O'Donnell's question to Sir M. H. Beach about alleged atrocities committed by English soldiers in Zulu-land. The War-Office has directed an inquiry into these allegations. Sir M. H. Beach insisting that anybody would have been satisfied with this but Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. O'Donnell, moving the adjournment of the House, declared he was no more satisfied with Colonel Stanley's inquiries than with Sir M. H. Beach's answers.

Mr. brought up half-a-dozen Members eager to tread on the tail of Mr. O'Donnell's coat. Sullivan was straightway in it, and Parnell. Then Forster and Newcoats interfered to pour oil on the waters; and the row ended, after loss of an hour and a half, with Sir M. H. Beach disclaiming all personal imputations, and explaining that he only meant that the Beach of East Gloucestershire, like the Oats of Idonesia, had been made the mouthpiece of evasive answers.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, sanguine man, hopes that Five Millions a year could and should be saved, and contentment, comfort, and loyalty would be brought back to the Indian people. Mr. Rathbone followed suit, with less of the whip. Mr. Goschen delivered an excellent exposition of the Silver difficulty. It was temporary, and what was most to be feared was empirical remedies.

Only leave them alone, The rupees will come home, And alone, no less behind them.

But no tampering with the currency. Better the vagaries of the precious metals than the vagaries of Viceroy's and Legislatures. Allow natural causes to work, and adjust your expenditure to the new price of the rupee.

Mr. Balfour, as a member of the Silver Committee, said ditto to Mr. Goschen.

Mr. E. Stanhope put the best official face upon everything—advance of India, social, material, and moral; education; finance; frontier wars; remission of cotton duties; Arms Act and Vernacular Press censorship. He thought they could save Two Millions a year round, and that continued year after year would put things straight and keep them straight.

Punch can only say as the Spartan said, in capital letters—"If." Sir G. Campbell doubted if the material condition of the people of India had recently improved.

And then the Five Million India Loan Bill was read a Second Reading, and the House was Adjourned at a quarter past one on its first night's really creditable—not doing— but talking, since its first night on the Indian Budget.

Mr. John Bull stomach his disillusion, and hold hard to the fact, that India is not worth a mint of money.

Friday.—The Lords met and adjourned by half-past five, after forwarding some Bills a stage. What the Lords can do, without talking about it; whereas the Commons can talk about it but cannot do it.

Commons.—Local Government of the Metropolis. Heaven help our prospect of it, if it is to be gauged by to-night's desultory talk. Then to Continuous Brakes. Agreed to leave their adoption to the proper feeling of the Railway Companies!

FARMER HAWFINCH'S DREAM.

And I'd got about 'ouen mile vurder to goo, Zo, afacr I rashed whom, I got drippun wet droo.

For to 'vide ketchun cold, that night, 'fore I turned in, I wus ketched in our drames, or do sim fur to abed !

When our eyes be fast closed in the dark and bold, Have us got eyes behind eyes, inside o' the head?

Gwnin whoards from mar- kuthat at Win-chester town, I was ketchted in the rasin dri- vun over the down.

And I'd got about 'ouen mile vurder to goo, Zo, afacr I rashed whom, I got drippun wet droo.

For to 'vide ketchun cold, that night, 'fore I turned in, I wus ketched in our drames, or do sim fur to abed !

I wus ketched in our drames, or do sim fur to abed !

I wus ketched in our drames, or do sim fur to abed !
DICKENS'S DICKENSIANARY OF LONDON.

(Notes for a Happy-Thought Guide-Book to London.)

An Unconventional Handbook which, as a Chatty Guide to our Metropolis, is well worth the outlay of a shilling. The visitor to London will find that he has secured in Mr. Charles Dickens the companionship of that invaluable person known on the Stage as Charles his Friend. Much wisdom is displayed in its arrangement, as for instance when the reader, wishing to know where he can purchase a carriage in London, refers to the heading "Carriages," he will find

"CARRIAGES."—(See Horses.)

"Isn't this wisdom? Isn't this Charles his Friend's most friendly way of delicately giving the very best advice! It means, of course, "first buy your horse, then get your carriage. Do you know the cost of a horse? of its keep? No? Then wait till you've just gone into that subject, my friend. Anyway," adds Charles, that is, by implication, "in my Guide-book everything's done in order, and I don't put the cart—I mean the carriage—before the horse."

To read about this item "CARRIAGES."—(See Horses.)" sounds to the listener like a wrinkle for the Aquarium. Of course a carriage for "sea horses" would be fitted with "C springs."

The reader will also be amused by referring to Charles his Friend's notice about Brooks's Club. Then let us take another B in Charles's hive:

"BRITISH MUSEUM."—(See Museum, British.)

This is genuine humour. Humour! it's inspiration. Inspiration!! Hang it! it's a Happy Thought!

The dream of my childhood has ever been to write a Guide-Book—The Happy Thought Guide to London! Oh, Charles, you are indeed my friend. Charlie is my darling! I shall arrange it all on the "Carriage—see Horses—Boodles—Brooks-and—Museum—British" pian. I'm on. I'm there! I'm everywhere. I'll put a girdle round the radius in less than two seconds.

Here's a specimen:

AFTERNOON.—(See Imperial.)

AQUARIUM.—(See Afternoon.)

AMUSEMENTS.—Different people have different opinions. What do you like yourself? Write to Editor, inclosing six postage-stamps.

ARMOURER'S COMPANY.—(See Company of Armourers—and, as you can know a man's character by the company he keeps, that will decide you as to whether you want to see any more of the Armourer.)

ARTHUR'S CLUB.—No person of the name of John can belong to this.

ASHES.—(See Vestry on this subject.)

BADMINTON CLUB.—A Club instituted for the purchase of broken crockery or falsely-described china. Hence the name, "Bad-Minton." (For "Good Minton," see Board Street.)

BLACK-EYE.—how to get one.—(See Collebraver.)

BLOOMSBURY.—The most rural part of London, Quite a Rus in urbe, as the Emperor of Ruses said of himself, when he was last here. Hence its name, "Bloombury," which signifies a place where the Berries Bloom. (See St.)

An Island of the Blest.

The Colonial Treasurer of New Zealand, who has lately made his financial statement to the Legislature of that happy island, is called—what do Punch's readers think?—The Hon. J. Ballewne!

Oh, it was wild see him in the Exchequer at home! Come—Ballewne—come to the Mother Country, that years for you!

The Greatest Happiness of the Greatest Number.—Eating and drinking.

The New Oxford Commissioner.—Chaos come again.

A CONFESSION.

"This is often asked, what style of Girl
Best pleases Punch: amidst the whirl
Of London's season, which, the pearl
Of pearls great Punch would call?
To Punch all are sweet as sweet,
Brunette or blonde, grande or petite.
He throws himself at their fair feet,
And loves 'em, short or tall.

Marry or earnest, plump or slim,
Well-rounded charms, or stede and trim,—
Bless you! it's all the same to him!
He loves 'em, great and small.

Clear eyes of gray, and azure blue,
Brown, hazel, black, and sapphire too;
And Irish eyes of violet hue—
Punch loves 'em, one and all.

All looks he loves, in tress or braid,
Front-bristled, rough, or smoothly laid,
Black, brown, and gold, of every shade,
Since Eve first let hers fall.

Sweet noses, be they short or long,
"Tip-tilted" (as in Laureate's song),
Straight, squillling—not one comes wrong—
On Punch they never pall.

Full lips that curl, sly lips that wile;
All lips can Punch's heart beguile
At drum, or rout, or ball.

So Punch each lovely damsels greet;
And vows that while his true heart beats,
He loves not one, but all he meets,
In palace, cot, or hall!

A RHYME FROM "HAMLET."

"Prince Aleko ——
"Miching mallecho"—
"Means mischief."
UNSEASONABLE SEASONING.

**Spring.** Ha! ha! My disguise, I conceive, is perfection.

**Summer.** Ha! ha! Who would recognise Summer in me?

**Spring.** I leave poor mankind in the deepest dejection.

**Summer.** I doubt if my advent will fill 'em with glee.

Both. We've frozen 'em, drenched 'em, and cut off their sun, Till they're getting quite desperate. Isn't it fun?

**Spring.** The Seasons? Ha! ha! Sounds ironical, very.

**Summer.** An ancient distinction that's obsolete quite!

**Spring.** Ho! ho! Why they used to consider me merry?

**Summer.** And I was the blooming, the balmy, the bright!

Both. But the lyes of the poets are both out of tune,

And December's no more like December than June.

**Spring.** Just look at my nose! 'Tis as blue as old Winter's!

**Summer.** Twig my earring and macinose—plutivial, eh?

**Spring.** April showers? I send mine in keen icy splinters.

**Summer.** June blossoms? My deluge will make 'em look gay.

Both. Ha! ha! We're uncommonly like one another:

'Tis six (months) of one, half-a-dozen of 't'other!

**Spring.** Awful joke! Only change from Jack Frost to Aquarius!

**Summer.** Rare lark! Only choice between deluge and ice!

**Spring.** I've wintered, you water 'em! Hope they're hilarious.

**Summer.** They look most lugubrious. Isn't it nice?

Both. Together, alternately, snow, Blow, and Flow

Rule what once were the Seasons. Ha! ha! and ho! ho!

[Left laughing, and be blown to 'em!]

PUBLIC OPINION.

**Pictor Notus.** "Ha! ha! You an Art-Critic? Why, how old are you, my lad?"

**Our Pet Critic (sternly).** "If you dare talk in that way to me, sir, I'll be hanged if I don't publish it, as my earnest conviction, that your picture is the one supreme and crowning masterpiece of contemporary art!"

[Appalled by the threat, Pictor subsides.]

"A BERLIN!"

The following gifts, offered to the Emperor and Empress of Germany at the recent Golden Wedding at Berlin, by some mistake have not yet appeared in the official list of presents. From—

**The Emperor of Russia.**—A suit of chain-armor (to be worn under a General's uniform), warranted dagger and bullet-proof, and a guide-book to Siberia.

**The President of the French Republic.**—A Slang Dictionary, compiled by the members of the Corps Legislatif, and edited by M. Paul de Cassagnac.

**The Sultan of Turkey.**—Centrivances for floating loans in the event of national shipwreck.

**The Khedive of Egypt.**—A donkey-whip, and a patent screw press, adapted for pressing cotton and squeezing fellahs.

**Prince von Bismarck.**—A patent gag, warranted to keep everybody quiet—for a time.

**Earl of Beaconsfield.**—A golden wreath. (Idea borrowed from Tracey Turnerelli.)

**The ex-Queen of Spain.**—A copy of the old English air, "Darby and Joan," arranged for the castanets.

**The Prussian Press.**—A pair of rose-coloured spectacles.

**Mr. Holms, M.P.**—An Essay by himself, entitled The Military Systems of England and Germany, from a Hackney point of view.

**The German Nation.**—A complete set of Good Words.

And **Mr. Punch.**—A ditto of good wishes.

Very Questionable. — Whoever attempts to rule the Irish Home-Rule Party, will he ever be other than a butt—for all manner of arrows, poisoned and otherwise?
UNSEASONABLE SEASONING.

Summer (to Spring), "YOU WINTER'D 'EM!—I'VE WATER'D 'EM! LET'S HOPE THEY'VE LIKED IT!!!"
QUEER SITE FOR A CHURCH.

"A proposal has been set on foot, with every prospect of success, to build a memorial church on a site which will have a name in honor of the nation's most illustrious name in English history."

There is nobody else in the room, so he can make as much noise as he likes. As for the lips of the Lass o' Richmond 'ill, they could never speak nowadays of So-and-so's harmonies in colour, this must be the great Herr Hensel's masterpiece.

Here is the Herr playing another H'air on the piano very forté, you ni bring down the house.

The only place of worship to build with propriety over interred cargo would be a Temple of Mars.

THE GAY GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.

(A Personally-Conducted Tour through the Collection of Curiosities.)


No. 2. Portrait of Herr Henschel.

Alma Tadema said, "Is essential I should paint the great Herr Henschel."

Here the Herr playing another H'air on the piano very forté. There is nobody else in the room, so he can make as much noise as he likes. But never mind, Herr. Walls have ears, and if you only keep up the forté, you'll bring down the house.

Works by W. B. Richmond.

No. 5. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. There are seven Richards in the field.

No. 7. Daisy Houldsworth. Very melancholy expression. It ought to be Lock-a-daisy Houldsworth.

No. 9. A Study in Light and Shade. More fitted for a drawing-room than the study. Good. But send for the doctor. She must be unwell. Look at the colour of her lips! She's the Lass o' Richmond—ill. She should go and kiss Carlo Pelligrini's girl, "Violets" (211), and take a little of the rouge off her; she can spare it. As for the lips of the Lass o' Richmond 'ill, they could never tell anything but white lies—which brings us to

No. 10. The End of the Story.

No. 11. Portrait of Lieut.—Colonel T. White Thompson. Too White Thompson. Pale with rage; but, fortunately, the gallant warrior is separated from the artist by a high and massive table. He is evidently some distance from Richmond. Perhaps, judging from the colour of his face, somewhere about Putty-nay. (Oh, if only Mr. Richmond were here!)

No. 13. Archa in the Museum of Alphens. By F. Dickey. If we speak nowadays of So-and-so's harmonies in colour, this must be one of Mr. Dickey's Melodies.

No. 15. A Morning Mist. Cecil Lawson. Well, Mr. Lawson, a Morning Mist is better than a Day Lost. You are fond of this sort of thing, aren't you? Oh, I see! Yes, it's one of the Ginn, shell p'me! Good morning, Mr. W. G. W., and much obliged for the information.

No. 22. Sarpedon. W. B. Richmond. Another Richmond! He quotes— "To the soft arms of silent sleep and death,

That to his friends the mournful charge shall bear."

We fly by night. The "mournful charge" seems rather high—in the air. The one winged being above is evidently asking the other beneath (who is carrying the legs) "Which way?" They have lost their bearings, but not what they bear. "Combing and Steering" wouldn't have been a bad title for it.

No. 21. Kent. Cecil Lawson. "Kent!" It's Kent all over—Admirable. Isn't Miss the Muses from the Master of the Animals? He is a large water-colour painting. The objection to water-colour paintings is that they won't last. But this will, because of its size.

No. 24. Light, Life, and Melody. H. Herkomer. The Beer-veerian Highlanders. Passants smoking and drinking beer, while one of them is playing, on the zither, a collection from Merre-rereer. It is a large water-colour painting. The objection to water-colour paintings is that they won't last.

No. 25. Grease Mustard-Sudan on a Norfolk Farmstead. R. W. Macbeth. Clever, but uninteresting. Next time let the worthy Thomas make a Shakespearean subject— "Bottom a-dressing Mustard-Seed."

No. 27. The Fountain. Thomas Armstrong. This picture is chiefly remarkable for a portrait of Walter Crane in the right corner; and this is so intended is evident from the juxtaposition of that Artist's work entitled "The Sirens. Walter Crane. A scene at Margate in the olden time. Bathing-women surprised by the near approach of a boat-load of Cockneys. Where are the Police?"

No. 32. Music; or, let us be Happy together. W. E. F. Britten. This isn't Great Britten.

No. 33. What is this? Eh? A young gentleman in a fancy costume—half knight, half troubadour, without the guitar—is trying to induce a damsel, slightly décolletée, to step into a boat—i.e. just to put her foot in it. He is saying, artfully, "It's very fine outside. Good day for a row." But she hesitates. By E. C. Halle. "Halle-lascome-on!"


No. 43. Shipbuilding. P. R. Morris, A.R.A. What good model workmen to keep so nice and clean! Those who touch pitch don't apply here. And what a nice model ship! Clean as a well-sweep would make an excellent "chimney-piece." Why, these workmen, caulking a vessel, couldn't be cleaner if they were the Queen's chief butlers uncorking the wine.

No. 51. The Widow's Acre. O. H. Boughton. He should have called it, The Widow's Doghouse. Mr. Boughton is not painting A Clean Sweep. This Shipbuilding is of course a "marine piece." The Sweep would make an excellent "chimney-piece." Why, these workmen, caulking a vessel, couldn't be cleaner if they were the Queen's chief butlers uncorking the wine.


Mr. Strudwick has been far more careful over his picture than his Isabella was with her parapluie.

No. 32. Night and Sleep. Miss E. Pickering. Both wide awake, and taking a Fly. No. 43. Shipbuilding. P. R. Morris, A.R.A. What good model workmen to keep so nice and clean! Those who touch pitch doesn't apply here. And what a nice model ship! Clean as a well-sweep would make an excellent "chimney-piece." Why, these workmen, caulking a vessel, couldn't be cleaner if they were the Queen's chief butlers uncorking the wine.

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I'm informed the name spelt Boughton is pronounced the same as Boughton. But the play on words is very ingenious. It is, "How lovely is this Young Married Couple in the Old Time." Knight says, "By my haldanes, mistress mine, an ye say another angry word, I'll cut your head off! Now!" On referring to the Catalogue, however, I find that the picture is by Mr. W. G. Wills, who intends it to represent Opheles and Laerter. O dear me! I beg your pardon, Mr. Wills! I really hadn't an idea—bliss me—now you mention it—I see—of course—Ophelia and Laertes—I mean Opheles. Ah! very nice, yes. I'll look at the next.

No. 21. Now, what is this? Mr. Wills, who tells us it is intended to represent The Spirit of the Shell, It looks more like The Body in the Shell. But that would be funereal. What Spirit is in the Shell? You mean in the Cask.

"No, no, sir! Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"—"Good morning, Mr. W. G. W., and much obliged for the information.

The tale of Cupid and Psyche, illustrated, from the Morris Papers. The idea is Love in a Maize.

Mr. W. B. Richmond is the artist. The idea in Love in a Maize.

No. 20. What's this? A knight in armour, clawing with his left hand the shoulder of a shrinking girl, while in his right he holds a drawn sword, threateningly. The idea conveyed is, "Row between a halidame, mistress mine, an ye say another angry word, fl cut your head off! Now!" On referring to the Catalogue, however, I find that the picture is by Mr. W. G. Wills, who intends it to represent Opheles and Laerter. O dear me! I beg your pardon, Mr. Wills! I really hadn't an idea—bliss me—now you mention it—I see—of course—Ophelia and Laerter—I mean Opheles. Ah! very nice, yes. I'll look at the next.

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REASSURING!

Old Gent (suddenly turning corner in narrow lane). "Oh!—I say!—Is he!—Will he!"—(Backing into Hedge.)—"Can he!"

Peasantry. "Don't take no notice of 'im, Sir! I've got a wee bit check on 'im if he runs!!"

than usual. Glad to say a word for Whistler. Admirers of J. M. W., look at this picture, and Sursum Corder.

Students? Why weren't the Students, if they deserved it, executed before him? Why was he executed at all? The answer is, I suppose, that it was necessary he should be slain first, in order that the School might be slain afterwards. The Slade School, I am glad to say, is very much alive. Mr. Lecros took to spiders in tea. But, all hail, Macser— or all sunshine, Macperi—as Nos. 6 and 69 were going to be hung together, and as you call the first "Dog Days," why didn't you call the other "Cat and Dog Days"? Macser—! Macser—! Macser—!

She'll buy this picture.

No. 65. Portrait of Robert Macbeth. CARLO PELLIZZONI. Shady. Not Macbeth—it's a Bangui's Ghost. Nothing very remarkable till we come to

No. 78. Paolo and Francesca. G. F. WATTS, R.A.; and No. 74. Orpheus and Eurydice—

"By the same—

WATTS, his name.

And these are WATTS's compositions! Well, I like the old hymns better— "How doth the little busy bee, &c."

Somebody remarked that Mr. WATTS must have lost his head; but for this, on going to the East Gallery, I found there is no foundation, as Mr. WATTS has taken his own head (No. 144) it's exactly like it.
CANDOUR.

Brown. "What! Bloobs an overrated Duffer! Come, I say, now, Top-sawyer, you once told me yourself he was the greatest genius that had shown on the world since the date of—"

Little Topasawyer. "Ah, that's when Nobody had ever heard of him, you know! But now—-why, hang'd if they don't make more fuss about Bloobs than they do about Me!"

"What! Your part in my new piece?" anxiously exclaimed the Author.

"No, not a part—the whole. I'm thinking of my hair," replied the eminent comedian, as he went to beard the Douglas in Bond Street—or rather for the Douglas to beard him.

No. 150. Pause for one moment. Do not refer to the Catalogue. Let us try and make out what it is intended to be. Well, it is intended to be a picture. So far the Court is with you. But of what? Here is a young lady engaged in stroking gently the breastplates of a middle-aged steel-clad warrior, probably for the same reason as the little girl gave Sidney Smith for her stroking the tortoise—"Because it pleases him." "Why," replied the witty person, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." But I think the warrior does like it, for he is gradually breaking into a smile under the gentle treatment. But of what?

No. 172. Topas. ALBERT MOORE. Why "Topas"? Two girls. "Topas" can't surely be a misprint for "Topers"? If so—but no, they don't look like it. "Toppers" but not "Topers."

No. 177, 178, and 241. W. J. HENNESSY. I think, perhaps, that No. 177 is "Hennessy's Best."

No. 181. The Horses of St. Mark, Venice. J. BUNNEY. Worth a pretty penny, BUNNEY, that's plain, BUNNEY; but if you ask "a plum," BUNNEY, they'll say, "Go to Bath, BUNNEY!" and then you'd be hot-cross BUNNEY. You can paint these Horses—why not try your hand at a Rabbit, BUNNEY? This is your contribution to the Grosvenor. And so now, J. BUNNEY, you are a-bonne. BUNNEY sist!


Here's a creature. Why not try your hand at a Rabbit, BUNNEY? This is your contribution to the Grosvenor. And so now, J. BUNNEY, you are a-bonne. BUNNEY sist!

Why doesn't "The Guild"—which has a mediaeval sound—start a Sunday Theatre on its own account, with pew-openers for box-keepers, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD to manage, on no fee-fi-fu-foe principles, and a series of Mystery Plays, the libretto of which should be under the direct supervision of the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and the Old Testament Revisional Committee? What chances there might be for Mr. FREDERICK VOKES and Miss VICTORIA in the serious dances, and for Mr. DAVID JAMES! How about Noses in Egito to commence with? Costumes by MESSRS. LIBERTY. Book by the Earl of BEACONSFIELD.

Evidently there is much to be done by the "Church and Stage Guild."

HANI AND HALF.

It used to be proverbially said, that one-half the world do not know how the other half lives. But didn't ALEXANDRE DUMAS fils upset that saying when he wrote Le Demi-Monde?

What's the Good of it?

A "Guild" has been started calling itself "the Church and Stage Guild." Its object is somewhat difficult to define. It is intended to include all "who profess the Christian faith," and are not ashamed of it on the Stage. By the way, if the members consult ALABARE SUTTER'S Lives of the Saints, they will find at least three Actors in the Calendar. If the Guild goes on being quite so good indeed, future generations of Christians may write a hagiography The Life of the Blessed Buxwey, The Acts of Saint Benjamin (Webster), and a Belladonna history of the Venerable J. J. Tootle. Already as eminent confessors of the Christian faith, the names of some members of the talented Vokes family appear in the Guild, with Mr. FRED ALBERT of Music-Hall celebrity. The Committee list has been issued, of course, "with power to add to its number," and so we may soon expect to see the names of the following professing Christians swelling the noble band of Stage Professional Christians:

Miss NELLIE FARREN.
H.E. CARDINAL MANNING.
MR. DAVID JAMES.
MR. SPURGOON.
MADAME DOLARE.
CARDON LIESSON.
MR. STEPHEN BARTLETT.
MME. LEONA DARE, Queen of the Antilles.

"And you?" asked a clergyman, as he passed the door of a church during the day.

"My dear Sir," replied the clergyman, "I've just been married.
""Oh," said the other, "then you can't make more fuss about the marriage than they do about Buxwey."

The Golden Wedding.

(With its Iron Lining)

As when good fairies have their blessings prest,

The wicked fairy with her blight makes bold,

To dash his blood and iron o'er the gold!
A SONG OF THE SLADE PROFESSORS.

On, there were three Slade Professors, three extremely Mighty Men (Two of them champions of the brush, one potent with the pen),...
MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET PRAEVALEBIT.

As the Meeting of the Select Committee on Co-operative Stores, Mr. Turntable, a tradesman living in a roomy house, Oxford Street, Regent Street, Strand, was called in, and examined.

The Chairman. I believe you wish to make a statement?

Mr. Turntable. I am a tradesman with a large establishment in the West of London. I had a little place in the country, a town-house in South Kensington, and pay as much as twelve hundred a year in income-tax—or rather did until four years ago. I have sold the business myself. My father lived over his own shop, and served his own customers. I have one son in the Army and another at Oxford reading for the Church. My profits are large, but certainly not too large considering my capital and expenditure. I object to Civil Service trading, as I consider it disgraceful that I should pay out of my own pocket men to rob me.

The Chairman. You are aware that the salaries of Civil Servants are not, as a rule, large?

Mr. Turntable. They are larger than they earn, anyhow. I know, of course, they're no great things. But look at the style of men. Civil Servants, indeed! Poor sneaking, half-starved wretches!

The Chairman. And yet you would not allow them to curtail their expenditure by co-operation?

Mr. Turntable. Certainly not. Don't I pay their salaries out of my own pocket? Why should I allow them to pick it in any other way?

The Chairman. I do not see how they do that by giving no more than money for money's worth?

Mr. Turntable. I have nothing to do with the way they spend their money. I say I pay their salaries out of my own pocket.

The Chairman. I presume that the profits on your business are far greater than they were in your father's time?

Mr. Turntable. Of course they are. I dare say he didn't realise more than fifteen per cent. People in his time didn't half know their business.

The Chairman. Do you object to adulteration?

Mr. Turntable. That depends. I don't see what harm it can do if the ingredients used are wholesome?

A Member of the Committee. But supposing that the ingredients are unwholesome?

Mr. Turntable. That opens a large question—

The Chairman. Perhaps we had better not go into it.

Mr. Turntable. Perhaps not.

The Witness then withdrew.

Swift, but not Sure.

We find the following in the Daily Telegraph, Wednesday, June 18th:

TO MASTER TAILORS.—A competent Finsman, understands all cuts by geometry (3 dimensions), is open to an engagement with a respectable order trade. Address, &c.

It will be remembered that the tailor who took Gulliver's measure by trigonometry in the island of Laputa produced a miss. Let us hope cutting by geometry may be more successful.
Monday, June 16 (Lords).—Has Canon Fleming been regularly placed in position in York Minster, duly laid, loaded, primed, and let off? Is he a good and serviceable great gun, or but a Quaker, or duffing Canon, having the outward appearance of a £1,000-pounder, but being, in truth, incapable of effective fire? Nobody seems quite sure.
to know. Lord Beaconsfield, who has put the Canon in position, is quite satisfied that his great gun is good, as well as great. The Archbishop of Canterbury is not quite so cock-sure, but seems to think that the Canon has fired—i.e., voted—without being any the worse for it, and must, on the whole, he taken to be a good and sufficient Canon. Altogether, their Lordships got up a lively debate on this momentous question, on whose darkness Punch does not even profess to throw light, himself seeing none.

The debate supplied a peg for a very self-complacent speech from Lord Beaconsfield, in which he had the pleasure of making out that he was quite right, and everybody else quite wrong, and somehow left the impression that the Dean and Chapter of York were a remarkably muddle-headed body, the very reverse of what we should expect from a Yorkshire Chapter.

Lord Teddy wants a civil element in the Military Commission which is going to report on the War Office break-down. What we should rather fear is, that it may be too civil by half.

Lord Galloway groaned over the lamentable fact that, when the British Army was in a state of collapse, nobody could come to its rescue with any more effective stimulant than Inquiries.

Lord Bickst said there was nothing like inquiry, and that soldiers were the proper people to inquire into the weak points of military organisation. Everybody would be delighted with the Committee when they heard who was to sit upon it. But it would not do to publish their instructions before they had got them.

Lord Cranbrook said civil things of Lord Cardwell’s scheme; and Lord Cardwell said civil things of Lord Cranbrook. The Chairman of the Committee was to be Lord Argyll. That was the best gift that the Inquiry would, not an Airy nothing.

Their Lordships adjourned, after quite a late and lively sitting (for them), at Twenty Minutes past Eight.

Naughty old boys, sitting up to such untimely hours!

(Comment.)—Mr. Bourke assured Mr. O’MAY that Mr. Vivian, our Egyptian Consul-General, had not been deposed, he had only come home on private business. (Egyptian report says he is anything but at home in public business.) Till he returns he will have Mr. Lancelles for locum tenens. Suppose, on his return, he were to find his friend the Khedive sent to the right-about! It would have been awkward if Mr. Vivian, who is supposed to have not been altogether a stranger to the little game which ended in upsetting Mr. March and Mr. Rivers Wilson, had to assist at the hoisting, with his own petard, of the engineer of that clever piece of diplomatic fireworks.

A propose that the hair on our soldiers’ faces, Mr. Scratchpool solemnly announces that he means to take the War Office by the beard. "Cutting off the Cat’s tails, and allowing the men to wear their beards!" What is the Service coming to?

In Military Supply. Shall the Judge-Advocate-General be improved off the face of the Estimates? We should not like to insure the place another year—if things go on as they give promise of going, that is, in the direction of the dogs—in other words, the slighting the officers’ salaries, and right and left in the teeth of Colonel Sarre-Tache, and Major Martindale.

A row over Army Medical Establishment, which bloomed into a squabble over allegations of inhumanity to Zulus, in, and

out of, hospital—which further developed into a general scrimmage, in which the Irish shillelagh was freely flourished.

Mr. Norwood complained of the want of backbone on the Treasury Bench. Sir Stafford Northcote retorted that the House would not help him to amend its own rules. Supply finally—

"Drave on wi’ storm, and clatter,
And aye more idle waxed the chatter—"

Till the watchman of old would have cried "half-past two o’clock—and a windy night!"

Tuesday (Lords).—A propos of the Metropolitan Racecourses Bill, Lord Hardwicke said a good word for the Suburban Race Meetings and two for the Jockey Club. Their Lordships declined to be satisfied with the protective and prohibitive action of that aristocratic sporting body in preserving the suburbs from the invasion of blackguardism under the name of sport.

Lord Enfield maintained his ground stiffly, and backed by his peers, carried all the contested clauses of his Bill through Committee.
fifty-four. Mr. J. Holmes supported, so did Mr. Rylands. Mr. J. Brown suggested a maximum of twenty-five stripes. Mr. Chamberlain was against daggoring altogether. Sir W. Harcourt was afraid it could not be dispensed with. But why should not the Secretary of State choose a Cabinet Minister to have a say in the case? Sir R. Peel and Sir H.avelock jumped at the suggestion; Colonel Stanley said he would if he could.

After a fresh wrangle, whether this should be accepted as concession enough, Mr. Bright rose to remind the House that the punishment fell heaviest in its first stage, after which the treading of the Cat was comparatively unfelt. That was a reason for reducing the maximum of stripes. The offender would still get the hottest and heaviest half of his punishment.

Mr. Macdonald and Mr. O'Donnell were for killing the Cat altogether—cutting off a few of his tails was not enough. When a Colonel Muck and Colonel Alexander supported the reduced tale of stripes, Colonel Stanley said he was at length for yield.

Henceforth only twenty-five lashes at most can be laid on the Soldier's back.

But what lashes shall they be? Mr. Hopwood moved that the stripes should be given in batches of "not more than one thong or tail." "This Lord Elgin thought a reductio ad absurdum; and brilliantly suggested the insertion of "Manx" before "Cat," as Manx cats have no tails.

The Marquis of Harlington thought his honourable friends had better not push their point too far. If Government was not to choose a Cat, what would it use it for? Ultimately, the Committee came to the same conclusion, after this very lively night on the tiles, by 164 to 84.

Sir W. Harcourt moved for papers in connection with recent cases in which the opinions of their Councils here and in India had not been taken, or had been constitutionally overridden, by the Secretary of State for India here, and the Viceroy out there. Sir W. pressed his charge home moderately but forcibly, and made out a very dead case against the Government. He deprecated a tu quoque in reply. That is, of course, the answer they gave him.

If the Marquis of Salisbury had done wrong, said Mr. Stanhope, the Duke of Abergavenny had done worse, and proceeded to prove it.

That, Punch feels with Sir William, is not the point. The point is, has the Secretary of State, has the Governor-General of India, given us an answer to Mr. Abergavenny's advice in the matter of the Afghan War, the Vernacular Press Act, and the Repeal of the Cotton Duties. Sir William gave—strongly, except in his first answer—good reasons for contending that the Governor-General should have done so, and had not done it.

Mr. E. Stanhope drew the Duke of Abergavenny for the anticipated tu quoque, and argued, besides, that Indian Secretaries of State and Governors-General had this over- ruling power, and Sir William concurred: in all cases cited had used it wisely and well. He would produce the papers asked for.

(His) very well that a dozen Members will read them.

Mr. Liang and Mr. Fawcett were both sorry that the India Office had fallen back on this tu quoque.

As if they would have fallen back on that, if they had had anything else to fall back on!

Sir George Campbell thought even the tu quoque was a bad one. There was no parallel between the cases in which the Macallum More had overridden his Council and these.

Altogether Sir William's attack was made in good form, though he had a weak point in the Afghan War, and Mr. Stanhope was not as effective as usual in answering it. How can he be, when the honest answer must have been, "My dear fellow, we had to conciliate Lancashire, and there will be a General Election next year."

Wednesday.—Mr. Delahunt, defeated in his onslaught on Irish one-pounder guns, gives us a piece of war—or peace either—in the name of outraged humanity and respect for the feelings of the soldier and Mr. Horwood.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord Northbrook called attention to Indian finances; protested against the reduction of cotton duties to catch the Lancashire vote; urged...
reduction: hoped it would be chiefly in military expenditure, and in
the salaries of the highest paid Civil Officials all round.
This would be a new principle with a vengeance, and Punch will
wait till he sees it. Then he will give thanks. In the meantime,
he will wait for this astounding application of the pruning knife to
the upper branches of the pagoda tree.
Lord GLENCOE promised fairly, and defended the reduction of
Cotton Duties in the interests of Lancashire.
Lord LAWRENCE said the interests of India were the question, and
those had been disregarded.
Lord SALISBURY threw off a little cheap stuff at Liberal Lords' sudden
conversion from Free Trade to Protection.
Lord SELBORNE said the Viceroy had overruled his counsel in a
case not contemplated by the Act which gave him overruling powers.
The LORD CHANCELLOR said if that was so, why didn't Lord
SELBORNE move to that effect?
(Commons)—The harmless necessary Cat chivied again all over
the House, and another violent attempt made on his few surviving
supporters. The question was, had Mr. Brown's minimum of twenty-
five lashes been accepted as a compromise?
Sir R. PEEL said the War Office had better withdraw their Military
Discipline Bill. They couldn't make a good job of it.
Sir W. HARCOURT would venture to assert it was very far from a
bad Bill. The House had better pass it; it would be long before
they would have as good a chance of amending the machinery of
military government.
After a long wrangle the House swallowed the Cat with one-half
of its tail—and the clause with it.
Lord STANLEY communicated the sad news of the death of the
PRINCE IMPERIAL at the hands of the Zulus, and the House adjourned
in profound pity for his poor mother.
Friday (Lords) Lord DEVERS repeated Lord MIDDLETON's
attempt to get the Lords to meet an hour earlier for the young men's
sake. Lord BEACONSFIELD pooh-poohed the Motion, and, after a
speech in its favour from Lord GLENVILLE, was "chaffed" out by
101 to 64. But the Hour will come—and the young men.
(Commons)—In the morning Mr. OTWAY tried to get some official
light turned on the Egyptian darkness, but in vain, as M. BOURKE
either could not, or would not, let the Cairene cat out of the bag. But
there is little doubt that, thanks to BISMARCK's strong way of
putting things, the KHEVIVE has at this moment under consideration
the awkward alternative of Abdication or Deposition.
Sir WILLIAM DELME brought forward a formidable indictment of our
rule in Cyprus. Mr. GOLDSMITH tried to answer him, and Mr. GLAD-
STONE answered Mr. GOLDSMITH, sledge-hammer fashion. Mr. BOURKE
made the best of a bad case and a bad bargain.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?
(When the Khedive takes his Liberty.)

Will he go on a visit to Constantinople, and get the sack
in the Bosphorus?
Will he take apartments in Brompton Square?
Will he, if he comes here, be able to command a
respectable reference, and pay a week's rent in adv-
ance?
Will he, failing this, open an Oriental Shop in
Regent Street?
Will Mr. RIVERS WILSON deal largely with him?
Will this keep him from appealing, as usual, to the
"protection of the Court?"
Will he, in the event of his appeal being heard, lay
more than a halfpenny in the pound?
Such a dividend
secure him once more the
confidence of his country-
men?
Will he return to meet
his engagements in Egypt?
Will he attempt to
produce an entertainment at the Egyptian Hall?
And, if so, will Mr. VIVIAN and the Bondholders be on the free
list?

THE NEW ZODIAC COMPANY LIMITED.

The old Zodiac Company—from whom it has of late become utterly
hopeless to endeavour to obtain anything like a settlement—having
come into liquidation, a new Company is in course of formation to
take over and carry on the business. Cassiopæa has consented for the
present to occupy the Chair of the New Zodiac Company Limited, and
Mercury has been appointed Secretary pro tem. Mars is just now too
much occupied with Imperial matters in Asia and Africa to have leisure
for attention to celestial movements, but some of the other planets,
who, as using the road, have an interest in keeping the Equinox
in order, have promised to aid in the direction. Ceres has un-
derstood to assist in floating the Company; and Taurus, with his
little brother, Taurus Pomiatowski, has agreed with the Great and
Little Bears to abstain from meddling with the Shares, any allotment
of which has been peremptorily refused to Cervus. As soon as the
business of the old company can be taken over, the Zodiac and its
rolling stock will be put into thorough repair. By this means it is
hoped that the Sun may be enabled to resume his old path, so as to
be visible by next Christmas—at latest.

Applications for Shares to be directed to the Secretary, care of
456, West Strand, W.C.

The Khedive's Summing Up.

"Abdication or Deposition. Such is the alternative offered to the Khedive
by the Three Powers. The intervention ceremony has brought matters to
this decisive issue."—Egyptian Telegram.

ADDITION IS VEXATION,
Deposition's twice as bad;
The Rule of Three it bothers me;
And Bismarck drives me mad!

The Right Hon. W. E. G. on Mental Packing,

In his speech at Mill Hill School, Mr. GLADSTONE condemned the
practise of cramming a boy's mind as one would pack a portmanteau.
Perhaps, however, he would waive his objection if the boy's mind
could be filled like a Gladstone!

MOTTO FOR DINNER AT THE PRINCESS's—"D. T. fabula narratur?"
ON AN OLD SHOE.

How ungainly seems the Sandal-Shoe our Grandmothers wore, compared with the High-heeled, Exquisitely-pointed Chaussure of our Daughters! But alas! for the latter, that it should so spoil the beautiful limb it is intended to set off! For should Fashion suddenly appoint a Day of Judgment, and Bare Feet be the order of that day, much of our Grandmothers as still survive would have to come forward and vindicate the honour of the British Toetucum.

—Which dolorous reflection must be Mr. Punch's Apology for the above fratic and not altogether pleasing design.

OBSTRUCTION—AND ITS REMEDIES.

As it is in Paris.

Upon the President taking the Chair M. Achille de Fanfaron rushed into the tribune, and proclaimed the Minister of the Interior a liar, a coward, a fool, and a slave.

The President. The Assembly cannot permit this language—so coarse, so degrading to those who use it. (Shouts of "No!" from the Right.) I call M. de Fanfaron to order.

M. de Fanfaron. What order! The only order you have any right to is the order of the Chevalier d'Industrie.

[Laughter from the Right, violent exclamations from the Left.]

The President. This is too much! I shall have to proceed to the censure.

M. de Fanfaron. Then censure yourself. If you do it properly, it will take you a lifetime!

[Violent excitement, and free fights in several quarters.]

The President (solemnly). After this, there is but one thing to do. I shall put on my hat.

M. de Fanfaron. Pardon me! I think not. I should be sorry to be considered impolite, but I think you will find that I am protected from prosecution by my position.

The President (after consulting with the Ministry). M. de Fanfaron, you are quite right, and I apologise for my mistake.

M. de Fanfaron. Then censure yourself. If you do it properly, it will take you a lifetime! (Here the Deputy's voice by the sound of the President's bell. When order had been restored, he repeated—) I said I should not be silent. I repeat it!

The President. Nous verrons. I propose you be suspended.

The Motion was carried—by asis et leve, the Right rising to a man, the Left abstaining.

M. de Fanfaron. M. le President, allow me to inform you that you are a thief, a scoundrel, and an infamous wretch.

The President. You shall be prosecuted for this.

M. de Fanfaron. Pardon me! I think not. I should be sorry to be considered impolite, but I think you will find that I am protected from prosecution by my position.

The President (after consulting with the Ministry). M. de Fanfaron, you are quite right, and I apologise for my mistake.

M. de Fanfaron. Not at all.

The President. And now I must call upon you to leave the Chamber.

Upon this a scene of indescribable excitement ensued, in the midst of which were heard cries and expressions of a very painful character.

Ultimately an officer of Gendarmerie was introduced who insisted that M. de Fanfaron should leave the Chamber.

M. de Fanfaron having left the Chamber, the business of the evening was quietly proceeded with.

As it ought to be in London.

The House went into Committee upon the Civil Service Estimates, Class V.

Upon the item for £220 for pins, Mr. O'Rowly moved that the Vote be reduced by £200. He was not at all satisfied that pins were constantly required for keeping most important documents.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer assured Mr. O'Rowly that pins were constantly required for keeping together most important documents. As something like six hours had already been lost in trivial objections, he trusted that the remaining votes would be passed without captious commentary.

Mr. O'Rowly, in a long and excited speech, protested against the
Nurse Gambetta. "I'VE BROUGHT BACK LE CHER ENFANT STRONG AND HEARTY. LET US HOPE TOWN AIR WILL AGREE WITH HIM AS WELL AS COUNTRY!"
attempt of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to tamper with the liberty of the House. He (Mr. O'Rowpy) had no doubt but what everything and everybody. Should he carry his Motion to a division.

The Amendment was then put, and lost by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. O'Rowpy then rose, and declared that he would oppose the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Chairman having called the Hon. Member to order without effect, a Policeman was introduced, who insisted that Mr. O'Rowpy should "Move on!"

Mr. O'Rowpy having refused to move on, was moved off, and the business of the evening was rapidly brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

REASONS FOR REPEAL OF COTTON DUTIES.

(Ten to One—as offered freely by Lord S—s8—yr.)

1. Because the Governor-General knew a good deal more about the matter than his Council.

2. Because the Secretary for India knew a great deal more than the Governor-General.

3. Because it was important to over-rule economic error.

4. Because the opportunity seemed a particularly happy one.

5. Because the glorious principles of Free Trade have been dear to the Conservative Statesman.

6. Because the Corn Laws had been repealed solely on this understanding.

7. Because economic truth is eternal, and must prevail.

8. Because it was an act of wisdom, if not of statesmanship, to insist on this as a moment when the Indian Treasury was giving signs of collapse.

9. Because noble Lords in Opposition were given to tergiversations and evolutions.

10. Because when Lord Salisbury was at the India Office he had been known often, out of mere zeal for his charge, to shout out "England!" in his sleep.

But say (1) Because the Government were anxious to secure the Lancashire Vote at the next Election.

A QUERY OF THE DAY.

CHIE? SARA SARA?

Avis per-rara !

Sculptriss and Paintress,

Posseur and Screamess,

Swimming and awaying,

Playing and praying,

For praise or for profit,

On stage, or off it.

Of actresses actress,

Press-benefactress—

Cue saRA Sara?

Avis per-rara ?

Not Quite So Easy.

India has two wolves at her door—Insolvency and Famine. The one barks at her throat, yearly, the other assails her at intervals, longer or shorter, but not tending apparently to get longer. A saving of a Million may be a small sop to the one wild beast. It is none to the other. That needs administration of a different dose—rather of strychnine that will kill, than of a sop that will only stop its mouth for the moment. Who will reveal to us the Famine-killer of the future?

Suggestions for Swains.

It is said that wheat is ceasing to repay the Farmer for cultivation. He is therefore recommended to rear cattle instead. This would be a transition from the Georgics to the Bucolics, and, if accompanied by a return to pastoral simplicity of living, might make the Farmers once more "Peces minimus, mens a sani normali."
THE INTERMENT QUESTION.

Old Gent (disturbed over his "Times" after breakfast). "There's a powerful smell of cooking comes in from the open window, Hannah." —(Snifing.)—"Can you—"

Hannah (nearly in tears). "I was a goin' to Speak to you, Sir. The poor old cat died last night, Sir, and the young Gents"—(his two little nephews on a visit)—"said they'd bury it in the garden for me; 'stead o' which they're a—They're a—"—(breaking down)—"Cre-matin' of it over there by the stables, Sir!"

THE WOOLWICH CADET OF THE FUTURE.

(A Leaf from his Diary.)

Tired out with my journey. Glad to get to my room. No carpet, bare whitewashed walls; no furniture but bed and washing-stand. Could not help contrasting it with the comfortable little crib I had left at home. Set down on floor, and opened portmanteau. Called to attention by Commandant. Informed that Academy not intended for a pack of young Ladies. Cadets expected to submit themselves willingly to Spartan rule. Stood at "attention," as Commandant overhauled boxes. Photographic Album, dressing-gown, woollen comforter, and slippers confiscated. Informed that such luxuries could not be permitted. Ordered to change atlas with coloured maps for one with plain ditto. Called to attention by Commandant. Informed that Academy not intended for a pack of young Ladies. Cadets expected to submit themselves willingly to Spartan rule. Stood at "attention," as Commandant overhauled boxes. Photographic Album, dressing-gown, woollen comforter, and slippers confiscated. Informed that such luxuries could not be permitted. Ordered to change atlas with coloured maps for one with plain ditto. Got into bed. Deuced hard. Single mattress. No pillow; only one blanket; no counterpane. Was not long in getting to sleep. Suddenly awakened by bugle-call. Jumped into my uniform. Rushed into corridor. Found myself face to face with Commandant and Bugler. Told that would do. Asked if anything wrong. Commandant explained; nothing wrong; merely night-alarm exercise. Told we were not a pack of girls, and must accustom ourselves to discomforts of military career. Ordered back to bed. Alarms repeated three times in course of the night. Not sorry when six o'clock came, to get up in earnest. Servant brought pail with ice. Commandant thinks we had better accustom ourselves to iced-water bathing in depth of winter. May be some day stationed at North Pole. After iced tub and rub down with No. 1. Corridor jack-towel, Gymnasium for three hours. Bugle-call to breakfast. Address by Commandant as we stood round tables (no chairs). Said he wished to explain why no milk and sugar in tea, and no butter on bread. We were not a pack of girls. Must accustom ourselves to military simplicity of living, as food on service would often be of roughest and coarsest kind. Better learn to do without tea and coffee altogether. Might often be glad to get water. At all events, if we must have tea, could not be allowed milk and sugar. Back to studies. At seven extremely hungry. No sign of dinner. Junior Cadet deputed to inquire reason. Commandant explained—We were not a pack of girls. Our duty to accustom ourselves to hardships and discomforts of military life. On active service we should be unable to observe regular hours for meals. First thing that happens in a campaign conducted on British principles is breakdown of commissariat. Commissariat supposed to have broken down. Could not have anything to eat till to-morrow morning. Ordered to bivouac for night in kitchen garden. Commandant explained we were not a pack of girls; should not require anything but water-proof sheet and shelter of gooseberry bushes. Query (before bivouac bugle-call).—Had there been a military academy in Sparta on Woolwich principles, whether most of the Spartan fellows wouldn't have cut it?

Abait Omen!

(On the Assembly's change of quarters.)

With war's seeds 'twixt Parties, as Goddesses, sown,
Let's hope that the danger afar is,
Of another apple of discord thrown
For another Judgment of Paris!

The Public to its Purveyors of Gas and Water.—Rather your room than your Company.
A WELL-EARNED REPROOF.

Father (sternly). "I'm much disappointed to find, Sir, that you are first in every class. I also hear, to my great regret, that you have distinguished yourself both at cricket and football, and are the best gymnast in the school. I expect you will be left of you at thirty, if you take it out of yourself in this disgraceful way at thirteen!"

Son. "I'm very sorry, Father."

Father. "I hope not! For if by the end of next term you are not either the biggest dunce or the greatest muff in the whole school, I'll take you away altogether!"

FROM OUR ABSENT FRIEND.

On the Entertainments to the Comédie Française at the Mansion House.

Sir,—I regret having been unable to join in the festin at the Mansion House, as it must have been a very grand and jovial affair—specially for Miss Neilson. That's easy enough, and I don't suppose among all the comediniens et tragicieniens could they find a prettier face than hers. The French reporter took care to inquire all about her, and get her name all right,—but how about the others? Miss Kendez—only one vowel out—and then Miss Bankroff! Here's a triumph for Countess Zicka, the Russian Adventress, in Diplomacy!

Let Mr. and Mrs. Bankroff at once avail themselves of this title, "Count and Countess Bankroff!"—there couldn't be a better title for the Manager and Manageress of the Prince of Wales's, which should change its name to the Imperial Czar Theatre. Bravo, Count Bankroff!

Who is Miss Neville? There may be such an artiste among us, or is it Mister Henry Neville in disguise? "Female Missionary Societies!—The reports of the American May Meetings include that of the Women's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, described as attended by representatives of various women's societies throughout the United States. The meeting was held on the 23rd of May at Saratoga. Men were not admitted."

From this interesting item of Transatlantic intelligence it appears that a considerable some of American Ladies have gone ahead so far as to have formed themselves into secret societies, excluding men—as freemasons exclude women—from their lodges. To a missionary meeting of women preachers—"men were not admitted." The female missionaries were "filed" against mankind. There is a curious facility disbursing in the selection of the right sex. From this it appears that at the the shemason's meeting, Saratoga is a compound of Sara and toga—Sara signifying the sex the name pertains to, and toga meaning toga virilis—with underclothing and continuations to correspond.

AMERICAN SHEMASON.

Can a woman keep a secret? Possibly; at least in the United States: and if she belong to certain associations included amongst—

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LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

QUERY, How to convert motion into electricity, so as to be enabled to generate the electric light at a moderate cost? By means of waterfalls, windmills, and tidal rivers, answer scientific economists. Good. But is there not another motive agency which could be very cheaply and readily supplied? Couldn't you get it out of vict labour? By the simple expedient of connecting our cranks and treadmills with electro-magnetic machines, a quantity of force convertible into electric currents, and thence into light, might be obtained proportionate to the strength of criminals in custody. Thus the moral darkness of the country might be made to afford the means of physical illumination; as is the darkness so would be the light—very great. Is't this a pretty as well as a scientific idea? In the meanwhile you would put rogues, thieves, and ruffians to some real use, and make them do something for their molasses, skillinesses, and cell-accommodations, without forcing prison labour into injuries competition with honest industry.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.
I wish that there could be some indication in the Catalogue of the proper pronunciation of such distinguished, but perplexing names, as Aruthinov, Borein, Borebank, Caledon, Caledon, Cirelone, Crumcrop, Fides, Heres, Ovenses, Sverve, and Yeames. (Perhaps a little guidance to the orthoepy of Nausicaa would not be unacceptable.)

I wish I had money to buy an inscape or two. If they can do it without risk of bankruptcy, I wish the Refreshment Contractors would charge something less than fivepence for a cup and that not a large cup—of tea.

Finally, I wish the Royal Academy an endless succession of years of ever-increasing vigour, prosperity, and success, millions of annual visitors, long life to its sires, and perpetual Memberships to its Friends, and that the principal outsiders would perform the same useful office for the Academicians and Associates.

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WISHES AT THE R.A.

I wish that all the works could be labelled with their titles and the names of the Artists.

If this accommodation is not practicable, I wish that the numbers could be made more conspicuous, and not put on tickets so twisted as to be illegible from below. The long struggle of short visitors to make out the present figures is exhausting, as well as tantalising.

I wish myself a Master of Foxhounds, or a Chairman of a Railway, or a Bishop, or a Sheriff, or a Lieutenant-General, or a Colonel of Rifles, that I might be painted for nothing, be presented with my own portrait, or be handed down from generation to generation as a precious heirloom—even if ultimately, as an enormous bore.

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HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

Containing much that was never even thought of in Dickens's Dictionary. Especially intended for Visitors to the Metropolis during the Agricultural Show.

"A1." This is Mr. Punch's Golden Number. It is also spoken of as the title of courtesy, in addressing the Constable of the "A" Division.

There are plenty of Academies in London for the education of Young Gentlemen. The chief of these is the Royal Academy, where only Royal Children are brought up.

ADELPHI.

A theatre in the second, in fact, an Irishman of the name of Temple, everybody has heard of the Adelphi of Terminator, Herriot's, Mr. Ben Webster, who wrote the Dictionary which is now in print, and was published with the notice of entertainment. The clock at Westminster and Lord Beaconsfield were both named after Mr. Ben Webster. In theatrical parlance, where "Ben" is short for "Benefit," Mr. Webster is of the Adelphi of Terminator. Herriot's, Mr. Bawer, who wrote grog aboard at five bells. Through the hall, be careful to

on the right and left of the central passage. Their cells being on the right and left of the central passage.

my hearty! Cheer it along may t the door you

on duty, "What cheer, messmate?" Aye, aye, eleven to five. When you enter the gates, you must say to the sailor admiral, call in here, and take ok choice. Office-hours from

two officials, one at each end. Here the State prisoners are kept, and all letters on the subject should be addressed to the Analytical Pigeons' Milk Office, care of Overseer, the Hatch, Colney.

Again we repeat, as a visitor to London and a stranger to the Metropolis, you can't do better than provide yourself with an Analyst's Ticket. If possible, get an Annual Analyst's Ticket. All the buildings are analysed at the Chief Analyst's offices are allowed. Catch any schoolboy coming out of school, and ask him. Of course you must make yourself an acquaintance with the signs used by the London schoolboys, or you may mistake his meaning, and so lose your own time and waste his. You will have a remedy against you with the School Board authorities through the immediate agency of the nearest policeman.

Admiralty—Where all the Admirals are. If you want an Admiral, call in here, and take your choice. Office-hours from eleven to five. When you enter the gates, you must say to the sailor on duty, "What cheer, messmate?" On his replying "What cheer, my hearty! Cheer it is!" you may pass on. At the door you must ring three bells, whereupon the Loblolly Boy in buttons will sound a fog-horn, and signals will be made from the masthead. After this, you will be informed whether the Admiral you've come to see is at home. If he is, ask him for an order to view the collection of Tales told to the Mariner, in the Nautical Library. Also obtain an order for the dry cellars where the Logs are kept, and an admission to the Museum, where you will find the Wooden Walls of Old England, used as folding-screens to keep out the draughts in winter. The room at the back of the building are entirely devoted to Rear-Admirals. In the smoking-room only horn-pipes are allowed. No smoking ash the binacle. Everyone takes grog aboard at five bells. In passing through the hall, be careful to pay implicit obedience to the printed notice—"Visitors are particularly requested not to speak to the men at the wheel." The Admiralty is governed by three Lords, who are called The Three Masters, of whom the one who arrives before the others in the morning is styled the First Lord. In the back-yard, on which the rooms of the Rear-Admirals look out, are kept Mother Carey's chickens, all under hatches. An interesting sight, which no visitor to London should miss.

ALBANY.—A funereal sort of Burlington Arcade, guarded by two officials, one at each end. Here the State prisoners are kept, their cells are on the right and left of the central passage. Shudder, stranger, and pass on! All hope abandon ye who enter here.

ALBERT HALL.—A very agreeable person, and well-known Londoner, whose acquaintance should be cultivated by everyone coming to town for the season, as he gives delightful parties, and his residence commands a fine view of Hyde Park.

ALHAMBRA.—The residence of the Moorish Ambassador in Leicester Square. Receptions every night from seven till 11.30.

ALPINE CLUB.—Here any spectator can invest in Alpine Stocks, which are quoted daily in the City. The Alpine Club have purchased most of the foreign mountains. Mount Blanc belongs to the second house.

The Stocks go up every summer. Look for their offices in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

ANALYST.—Directly you come up to London, lose no time in going straight to an Analyst, to get your ticket. When you have been thoroughly analysed, the Analyst enters your name in his annals, and presents you with a ticket which will clear all the bars in London, including Chancery, Common Law, and Bailey Hall. Once analysed, you are free of the City, and can walk about as much as you like. Armed with the Analyst's Pass, you can go right through the gates of Buckingham Palace without being challenged by the sentry—only, if you are challenged, you are bound to accept the ticket, and have a fight for both, on the spot, until the arrival of the patrol. With the Analyst's Ticket in your pocket, you can walk up and down Burlington Arcade, stopping to look in at all the shop-windows, and are permitted to speak three times to the Warders on duty without fees. It confers on you the right to pluck primroses on Primrose Hill, free of charge, to attend all the services in St. Paul's, to feed the ducks in the Green Park, and the right of precedence at any drinking fountain within the four-mile radius. In all cases of dispute with a cabman or bus conductor, produce your Analyst's Ticket, which will be at once a satisfactory and

Before making a purchase at any shop, inquire whether they take sixty per cent., cash, for anyone holding an Analyst's Ticket. After they do this, it is an easy matter to procure an Analyst's Ticket. The first of these is the Analyst's Ticket. If possible, get an Annual Analyst's Ticket. All the buildings are analysed at the Chief Analyst's offices are allowed. Catch any schoolboy coming out of school, and ask him. Of course you must make yourself an acquaintance with the signs used by the London schoolboys, or you may mistake his meaning, and so lose your own time and waste his. You will have a remedy against you with the School Board authorities through the immediate agency of the nearest policeman.

JONES'S DOMESTIC FORECAST.

July 1.—Mrs. J. Cloudy and threatening.

July 2.—Miss J. Dull in the morning. Very fine in the afternoon and evening.

July 3.—Mary Jem. Same as 2.

July 4.—Master J. Unsettled. Rather fresh towards midnight.

July 5.—Butler. Unsteady.

July 6.—Baby. Squally.

Warnings—from Cook and Buttons. Pressure in the East considerable, which may be the occasion of disturbance in the West-End.

A DAME SANCE.

The Report of the first sitting of Convocation finished thus:—

"The Upper House sat in camera for the rest of the day."

Of course their photographs were all taken, and every proposition was met with a negative. "The rest is silence."
Fred and Charlie. "There's Mrs. Spiffigton! Ain't she looking lovely!"

Mrs. Billington (a rival Beauty). "I never could see the loveliness of Mrs. Spiffigton, I confess! Now, that short Woman, with the large Black Hat, who's with her, is lovely, if you like!"
MONDAY, June 23 (Lords).—His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has done his best to clear himself of blame in connection with the death of the Prince Imperial. His letters to Lord Chelmsford are creditable to his good nature, whatever they may be to his grammar.

Beaconsfield and Earl Granville spoke the sympathy with the bereaved mother of the Government and the Opposition Peers.

Lord Truro did his best to get the Committee on the Thames Prevention of Floods Bill instructed to charge on the rates the cost of works for public benefit under the Bill.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking with the voice of Lambeth, backed the prayer.

Lord Eversdale said the Bill should have been a Public Bill; that it would want sharp looking after, but deprecated any instruction to the Committee. Lord Eversdale likes to monopolise the instruction of Committees in the Lords.

(Commons.)—A rush of questions. Mr. Lowther is acquiring an unenviable distinction for his "chaffy" way of answering his Irish querists. It seems to be his object to get the Home-Rulers to tread on the tail of his coat. In fact, Mr. Lowther, like the English
**LAST SWEET THING IN TOILETTES.**

*With Punch’s Compliments to M. Worth.*

settlers within the pale, of old, is evidently becoming “Isin Hibernia Hibernum,” in his relish for a row, and his skill in getting up one.

Prayers on all sides for light—light—more light on the Egyptian darkness, from Sir F. Goldsmid, Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, Mr. O’Brien, and Mr. Courtney. The darkness is cleared up now. What do we see? A dissolving view. Exit Khedive, ushered out by Powers. Enter Tempér, ushered in by Pashah. Mané, poor fellow—under his burden. He alone is unchanged.

In Committee on Army Discipline Bill, Mr. Holmo res made a bold move to get privates represented on Courts-Martial. They are so in soldiers im the House, bore the same testimony; Mr. O’Donnell is much exercised about the burning of Zulu kraals by our soldiers. A certain party in the House seems unwilling to admit that the making of emeletes involves the breaking of eggs. The time to stir is before the emelet is ordered.

More progress with the Army Discipline Bill.

Colonel Stanley gave notice of postponement of the Clause relating to the powers of the Provost-Marshall.

Sir Robert Peel said, if the Clause were postponed, it would be better to postpone the rest of the Bill. Sir W. Harcourt declared that there would be no difficulty in passing the Bill if the House could only have the benefit of the Honourable Baronet’s absence. Thanks to that, they had passed twenty-one clauses, and if he would only continue to stay away, would soon pass twenty-one more.

Mr. O’Donnell declared, if the Clause was postponed, his intention of opposing the rest of the Bill. It was a famous chance of winning popularity.

Colonel Stanley said his object was to limit the very unlimited powers of the Provost-Marshall.

There was a long fight over the Enlistment Clauses. Finally, power was given to extend the period of enlistment from six to twelve years. Mr. O’Donnell moved, in the teeth of all reason, to omit the words forfeiting a man’s previous service, for desertion, fraud or committing, and other heinous offenses, in the count of time towards pension. On which Mr. Bigge talked the House out.

The morning’s talk-out was followed by a Count Out in the evening. “Thus bad begins, but worse behind.”

Wednesday.—A serious and interesting adjourned debate over Second Reading of the O’Connor Don’s Irish University Bill, notable for new departures of some leading Liberals in the direction of concessions to Irish ideas. Professor Playfair, for one, evidently inclined in this direction, though he could not support this Bill, which would constitute a theological Academy in Ireland. He would never consent to put the higher education under ecclesiastical authority, whether of Rome or Geneva.

Mr. Leatham boldly broke with his party, in view of the importance of giving a University to the Roman Catholics, which Roman Catholics would accept. “When prejudices were the prejudices of a whole nation, they almost rose to the dignity of principles.”

Mr. W. E. Forster followed with—

“He could not see why it was just that Roman-Catholic students should not have quite as good a chance of getting a degree, of obtaining as much aid in the acquisition of high University culture as Protestant students. He entirely agreed with his hon. friend the Member for Huddersfield that the present state of things in reality enforced religious disability.”

But the Nonconformists who speak through Mr. Richard held their ground. He could not support no Bill that took the remnant of the revenues of the Dissentehed Church to endow the Roman-Catholic priesthood. The Bill in effect would do this, disguise the fact its promoters might.

Mr. Holt (a supporter of Government) said—

“They were asked to provide by that Bill for the endowment of colleges which might or might not be sectarian colleges, and for a University which should after it assumed denominational character under the control of the Roman-Catholic hierarchy. That was the scheme which the Bill was calculated to promote; and he was on that account compelled to give it his opposition.”

Sir W. Buxton wanted to know

“On what ground were we to endow a Roman-Catholic University, when we would not give any endowment to Roman-Catholic primary education? It had been determined that religious animosities in Ireland should so far as possible be put on one side, and that all classes should be brought up together, so that they might live together without those heartburnings engendered by denominational education. These things being so, no government would be able to deal with this question on the lines of this Bill.”

Mr. Stuan gave the Irish Roman-Catholic reasons in favour of the Bill; Mr. Mackay and the Irish Attorney-General the Irish Protestant reasons against it.

In the end, Mr. Cross sprang a mine on the House by announcing that the Government meant to put their views on the question on the line of introducing their Bill, which the Lord Chancellor would ask leave to do to-morrow.

Sir W. Harcourt gave the Government a sharp wigging for not bringing forward their counter-proposal in the shape of a Bill of their own.

In other words, the Cabinet having felt the pulse of their supporters, have discovered that the only thing they can do is to drop the red-hot poker of Irish University Education. That is what it comes to. Their supporters won’t have the O’Connor Don’s Bill. They can’t carry their own; but they can introduce it. They will introduce it, and drop it forthwith.

Thursday (Lords).—At the eleventh hour, the House of Lords, by Lord Carnarvon, have interfered to save London Bridge from destruction by Victorian bridge by casting it off at least to make Select Committee between it and that establishment. Sir J. Rennie’s Bridge is not yet safe; but at least there is to be a rehearing of those who take that provision for the City, and can make it the foundation of a noble architectural work. The Bill, on Third Reading, has been referred to a Select Committee.

**To-night’s Sitting.**—The Farmers’ Meeting at Milltown, County Galway, were not tenant-farmers, but they had passed upon the Bill. It was ordered.

Farmers’ Meeting at Milltown, County Galway, were not tenant-farmers, but they had passed upon the Bill. It was ordered.

**With Punch’s Compliments to M. Worth.**
famers at all, was answered in the Lowtherian manner, in a light
and jaunty style, that made the supporters of Government laugh,
and the Irish Home-Rule Members savage. Whereupon Mr. O'Connor
PowEr moved the adjournment of the House, for the purpose of
pitching into the Chief Secretary; whereupon the supporters of the Government
went off in a loud and lively conversation, which drowned
Mr. O'Connor’s voice; whereupon Mr. O’Connor’s friends, Mr. Par-
neill at their head, rushed in, on the point of order; whereupon
Mr. Newdegate rose to order on Mr. PARKELL, and Mr. Sullivan
rose to order on Mr. Newdegate, and the Speaker of the Exchequer
on Mr. Sutirvan, and Mr. Mitchell-Henry on the Chancellor of
the Exchequer, till at last the Speaker himself was swept into
the row, and disorder swam order and reigned supreme. Then
of the Excrrx till at last the Speaker himself was swept into
the mild wisdom of Lord eton threw oil on the troubled
waters; but, even after that, the storm was very nearly rai
Joun MANNERS. Whereupon explanations from everybody who had
till Mr. O’Connor Power withdrew his Motion, and the House settled
down to the business of the evening, after an hour of such lively
serimnage as would not have done discredit to the French Legislative
Chamber.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer confirmed the news of the
abdication of the Khedive in favour of his son, Prince Tewrrx, and
the Khedive to execute his engagements to his creditors.

Government has been dragged into action at the wheels of Prince Bismarcx’s
out her.

The CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer said the “ complications 
the Khedive and his creditors were “ part of the case 
against him.” To pay his creditors he had to squeeze his poor fellahs,
and this caused oppression; “ but still it would be incorrect to say 
that these complications were the reason of the action of the Govern-
ment.”

Poor Sir Stafford! How helplessly yet laboriously he beat about
the bush! But it would not have been pleasant to say that England
has been dragged into action at the wheels of Prince Bismarcx’s
chariot, and that spirited England only interfered on finding that
the other European Powers were quite prepared to interfere with-
out her.

Friday (Lords.)—Lord Carnarvon pleaded for the oppressed
Armenians.

Lord Salisbury sneered at the folly and impatience with the
progress of Turkish reforms in Asia Minor.

Hurry no man’s cattle—especially the Sultan’s. Money makes
the Turk to go,—and, as the Turk has no money, it is a case of “ no
with the Turk. Very pleasant, especially when we consider
that we have guaranteed Turkish dominion in Asia Minor on condition
of there being no relief of its condition.

(Commons.)—More talk over Army Discipline and Reform Bill.
Suppose, after the scene of Thursday, the House brought in a Bill
for its own?

A MATTER OF TASTE.

“As to the esthetic character of the work, that was purely a matter of
taste.—The Lord Chancellor on the Proposed Widening of London
Bridge.

A matter of taste! Oh, precisely, my Lord!

And, as to esthetics—"as to esthetics—" oh, precisely, my Lord!

Our British Babylons’s practical rule

is that money expended on Beauty’s sheer waste;

So the man who disputes about Art is a fool,

For that’s purely a matter of taste!

An architect’s quarrel—between pot and kettle—

Think of making a fuse à propos of a Bridge?

The Commons should settle, the

Undisturbed by the buzz of the critical midge.

Carnarvon, and Granville, and Grew may talk trash,

About grand designs marred and fine structures defaced;

But our Chancellor—bless him!—such twaddlers can smash
With, “It’s purely a matter of taste!”

Blow Beauty! It bothers us Britshers so,

We can’t get the hang of it, try how we may.

Because Beauty—oh, beauty!—is there,

And we can’t let mere prettiness stand in its way.

Oun say since we’ve scarcely a building in town

That is handsome, imposing, artistic, or chaste,

That to spoil our best bridge were the work of a clown;

—But that’s purely a matter of taste!

Mere beauty don’t count at the banker’s, you see,

And esthetic plans do not turn in a pantry.

Trade must have free way, and it’s fiddle-de-dee

To talk of fine Art or the feelings of Rennie.

Thanks, my Lord, for your comforting words—they are pearls!

Such news on the Woolseck seems wit run to waste;

“It is more like an Alderman’s view than an Earl’s!”—

—Though, that’s purely a matter of taste!

OUT-OF-DOORS REGISTER FOR THE WEEK.

Friday.—Grand Swimming Race over the Derby Course. Open to
horses of three years old and upwards.

Saturday.—Magnificent display of the whole system of London
Waterworks. Hours, 1 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. inclusive.

GLORIOUS APOLLO!

New Song. “The Sun has set.” The “setting” to music by Mr. WALTER AUDIEN. Another result of the wonderful weather. It ought to be very popular this unseasonable Season. Plenty more meteorological subjects at hand for this rising Composer—or rather this setting Composer. Here are a few suggestive titles:—“Where is the Summer? Gone, alas!” “Hail! Frowning Morn!” “Host! The Come!”—a patriotic song. “The Turk’s farewell to Fine Weather.” “See the Conquering Zero come!”—a barometrical measure. And a Glee, with words altered to suit the season.

Under the greenwood tree,

A fool to lie you’d be,
To catch cold and sore-throat,
If you cannot sing a note.
Come shiver! Come shiver! Come shiver!
“Tis plain to see;
No summer there’ll be,
But winter and rough weather!”

“The Weathercock proclaims the Morn!”—And the same Composer could write a new Cantata suitable to this Summer, entitled “The Fire Screen.”

 Bravo! Master Walter, let us have the sun set to music. It’s the only thing that remains to be done with it.

A Speaker’s Assistant.

Nolumus moras, any more than lampas Anglica mutari. Nevertheless, might not the Speakers of the House of Commons as well be provided, like the President of the French Chamber of Deputies with a Bell, for the purpose of arguing, when necessary, with Obstructive Home-Rulers? Or, if a Bell might seem a sacrilegious imitation, what would the Collective Wisdom say to a Chinese gong?
EARLY EXAM.

"AND WHAT DID YOUR GODFATHERS AND GODMOTHERS THEN FOR YOU!"

"KNIFE, FOOL, AND 'POON!"

CHARLES, OUR FRIEND.

THANKS TO MESSRS. MACMILLAN FOR THE MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATTHEWS, ARCHITECT, AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND ACTOR.

Everyone was interested in "CHARLEY" MATTHEWS. "CHARLEY was our darling" ever since we can remember going to the play, and yet who ever thought for one moment seriously that a time must inevitably come when CHARLES MATTHEWS would have joined the majority, and when middle-aged playgoers would shake their heads regretfully, and say to the cadets of their families, "Ah, you should have seen CHARLES MATTHEWS!"—"CHARLEY" as we used to call him?

Yet so it is. And, while his memory is still so brightly green amongst us, that we can hardly realise the fact of his having left us for good—for the best—and almost prefer to imagine that he has only gone away for a longer trip than usual beyond the Antipodes this time—"to the Savannahs," as poor old Joe Willett softly murmured,—his autobiography comes to us, pleasant and chatty as the man himself.

Who but thinks of CHARLES MATTHEWS affectionately, whether they knew him personally, or not? He had the popularity of the Second CHARLES without his vices; and, unlike the First CHARLES, our CHARLEY, "Cool as a Cucumber," never lost his head. We got into the way—old and young—of looking upon him as a "seape-grace" to whom everything was to be forgiven because he was such a good fellow. We identified him with his characters: he was equally to us CHARLES COLDSTREAM as he was CHARLES MATTHEWS; and we looked upon his AFFABLE HAWK as himself down to the ground,—only without the "Hawk."

"IMITATE CHARLES MATTHEWS!" cried out some one in the Gallery to Mr. J. L. TOOKE while giving his imitations of PHILIPS, FECHTER, BUCKSTONE, &c.

"I sha'n't!" shouted Mr. TOOKE in reply. "I would if I could, but CHARLES MATTHEWS is incomparable!"

The public took a sort of kind old fatherly view of their favourite, and were inclined to shake their heads at him, and say "Oh, CHARLES, CHARLES!" like Sir Oliver in the School for Scandal, and then forgive him as a young rascal up to anything at any age.

No matter that his autobiography clearly and emphatically disavows this view of his character, the public has made its ideal CHARLEY, and to that tradition, in spite of his most earnest disclaimers, the public will stick.

The first volume is far more characteristic—more Mathewsy—than the second; and the idea will occur to most of his intimate friends, and to many of his acquaintances, that there are in existence sufficient materials for a third supplemental volume, much of which would come under the head of "Supper-le-mental Anecdotes." CHARLES MATTHEWS was Charles his Friend to everyone, and never more so than at those late, pleasant, genial meals, when he ate little, drank hardly anything, refreshed himself with a cigar of his own peculiar brand, talked much, and always well. The most interesting part of his autobiography is contained in the first volume; while perhaps the most amusing is to be found in the second, where his public speeches are recorded. If Messrs. MACMILLAN and the Compiler will take this hint, we shall have to thank them again for a third volume of Mathewsiana to complete the set.

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THE WREATH REFUSED.

AIR—"COLIA'S ARBOUR."

"Lord Beaconsfield has refused to accept the People's Tribute, the Golden Wreath, purchased with the 52,000 pennies collected with such unheard-of exertion by Mr. Tracy Turnerelli."—Event of the Day.

In Tracy's sanctum, black as night
Hang, doomed wreath—so hateful now!
And, haply, now Lord B. won't bite,
A place thou 'lt find on Tracy's brow!

And if upon thy leaflets bright
Spots of corrosion we should see,
We'll know they are not signs of slight,
But tears of pity for T. T.!

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (June, 1879).—Blankets and Eider Downs.
Ismarz.

"'GET OFF!' BISMILLAH! WHO'S *THE SUTTAN'S FIRMAN HAS ARRIVED* AT ALEXANDRIA,' — PUNCH, SQ 77—>

HOW ABOUT THE DONKEY?

pronouncing the deposition of the Kaeprve, and the nomination of Prince TewF1k in his stead."—Reuter's Eastern Telegram.
"ARRY AT THE GAIETY.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I’ve seen her! I’m sure you’ll at once understand who I mean. There is only one, her name is SARAH, the Gaiety Queen. Every gent as is really a gent, and a lover of chick and ler bow is bound to have seen SARAH B., so yours truly of course ‘ad to go.

I’ve bin picking up French a bit lately along o’ my new chum, ALFones, and as ALF, as I call him, likes plays, why I went to see SARAH with him. Rum name, don’t you know; don’t sound French, more than Betsy or Emity—who acts as a garsong—that’s waiter—at one of them new Restorongs, all our Pros feel their nose out of joint since this Comerdee Frongsay lot came, but you hear it all over the shop, like one once heard, "Whoa Exma!" and finding ’twas quite ler fromarge, I was bound to be fly to the game.

Which two-and-a-tanner is stiff, but you do have to pay for good form; "Ot?" Oh my! In that Gallery, Coantre, Old Nick would have found it too, and oh! sech a swell lot below us, the regular crame deller crame! They do put on the pace in their patter, them French do, remarkable "ot, but if some of the Swells didn’t ditto, I’ll eat my old hat, which it’s tough—

And though I’d straight tips from ALrones, I must own as I missed a rare lot. From wot I ‘ad ‘eard of French plays I did look for a bit of a lark—practice of true temperance. Isn’t this as it should be Pink Dominoes style, only more so, but blew if ‘twas up to that mark.

Nothing pointed, you know, and no puns; all the ’igh peritre doring-room style.

Lots of naughty-nice business, I ’pose, but so wrapped up in smirk, shrug, and smile, that yer couldn’t lay hold on it somehow, like some sort of scents, my dear boy. Which you never can get a fair sniff at, and consequent can’t sar enjoy.

I do like my flavieons strong; no French salads or souffleys for me, and when you are in for a joke give us one as a fellow can see. ALFones talks about Gallie fine ese, wet the dickens it is I don’t know, but French filagree ‘s not to my mind, I like more of stuff, substance, and go.

And SARAH? Well, CHARLIE, she’s fetching, there ain’t no two ways about that. She made posty pictures when standing, and posty ones when she sat; but she’s cut jest a little too fine for oh faly. No, give me Crocserr, as I think you would say is a stunner, though SARAH’s the Toothpickers’ pet.

But take ’em all round, well, I tell yer, I think they’re a bit of a frost, and I saw Crocserr die in the Sphinks; but I guess she’s ain’t in with CHARLIE, although it is strikisime she drinks.

No, SARAH’s the rage, there’s no doubts, with her pictures, and coffee, and skulls, Musseer Gor’s all the go, and the Cocklings have nobbled the toffs and the gulls; but this style of French play ain’t so’ myt. ALFones says when we two go to

He’ll show me the Real French Jam. Can’t you come with us?

Toot a Voo.

‘ARRY.

WARNING IN TAVERN WINDOWS.

If the window of more than one public-house is posted an advertising placard of the D. T. play, Drink, illustrated with a series of pictorial faces representing the several stages of D. T. Temperance Public-houses? Yes, Temperance; but not Total Abstinence. Establishments for the sale of intoxicating liquors, do play, however, a caution admonishing the purchaser not to imbibe them in intoxicating quantities, and save the daily inciting the practice of true temperance. Isn’t this as it should be?

BRIDGING A DIFFICULTY.

The London Bridge Bill having been handed over by the Lords to the further consideration of a Committee, Mr. Punch takes the opportunity of throwing some light on the matter from his private letter—

"A PRACTICAL MAN" writes: "Certainly, carry out the plan of the Corporation, but with this proviso, that the thing be made to pay its own expenses. This is simple enough. Cast away the coping, pier-heads, pillars, and all such superfluous stuff, getting a fair market-price for it; then flatten the faces up and down river, and paint the whole a bright vermilion. This done, let it all out, at so much a foot, for advertisements, and then with your present penny of your money back! As to taste, a bridge is made to walk over, and not to stare at, I suppose? But even if it were as handsome as this, this side of Lambeth Suspension."

"ESTHETICUS" hopes that one of the finest river-structures in Europe is not going to be sacrified because no one is ready to step forward with a few millions to save it. "How do we know," he asks, "that after this any public monument is safe from the hands of the dealer? Think what it would be to see the Duke of York’s column threatened!" He concludes by pertinently asking, "What is the convenience of ten thousand cab-conveying people missing trains, when weighed against the culture of an artistic theory?"

"CONTRACTOR" suggests "a couple of new bridges, one for wagons, and one for cabs, on each side of the old one." This he points out "would not materially relieve the traffic in King William Street, though it would certainly enliven the river navigation, and possess the merit of treading on nobody’s toes." "As to cost," he adds, "Give him the job, and he’ll answer for that."

"WIT EPP" wants to know why the Corporation doesn’t "try the Hyde Park dock, and shut out the cabs and vans altogether, sending them, if they must get across, round by the Towererry:"

"CHICAGO" hints that he knows "a smart thing in wire in the flying line," though he should have thought "that to turn the Thames down the Borough Road clean into Greenwich by a short cut, would have squared the City Architect, and satisfied the rest of the public, who hadn’t a deker on it."

But Mr. Punch must close his portfolio, reserving his own simple solution of the matter till he gives his evidence, as he has already been specially requested to do, before the newly-appointed Committee.

The Lower House.

At a late ecclesiastical meeting of some sort there was talk of petitioning Parliament against alteration of the Common Prayer Book. Quite apart from anything doctrinal, there is, however, one expression in that volume, of which the excision is dictated by the logic of facts. Can a Legislative Body, liable to such scenes of uproar as those habitually provoked by the Members for Donnybrook, with any decency, continue to be spoken of as, "The High Court of Parliament?"
"CHE SARA SARA!"

A RARELY-ENROVED SOCIETE of the Comédie Française has been supplementing her appearances before the British public at the Gaiety Theatre by private entertainments in the houses of some of the leaders of fashion. The little piece in which this charming actress plays has been written with a view to showing her proficiency in other arts beside the ablest. Mr. Punch suggests that when her present pièce de résistance is run—something like the following (smartly translated into French) might be substituted for it:—

"ALL IS VANITY."

Scene.—A Studio, with Busts and Groups in Marble, Clay, and Plaster, with "all that is wanted for modelling and sculpting"; Sketches, Pictures, with "all that is wanted for painting"; a Captive Balloon, with "all that is wanted for flying"; a Table, with "all that is wanted for writing."

Enter Dr. Feeder.

Dr. Feeder. So this is the shrine of the goddess of the hour! It is here that she turns critics' heads, bewitches statesmen, and leads the leaders of party and of fashion captive of her bow—and smile! (Bows to Audience.) Surely even that brightest and most erratic of stars should have found her sphere at last! Ah, here she comes! (Enter STELLA, dressed in Pierrot Galant in white sateen, with a large diamond star in her necklace.)

Stella. Kind, good Doctor, I am delighted to see you! Be good enough to observe my expression of delight. (Strikes attitude, showing expression of delight to Audience.) If you had been five minutes later, my anger would have known no bounds. You ask what my anger is like when it knows no bounds? (To Audience.) Something like this. (Screams, stamps, and shows her anger out of bounds.) And yet I could doat upon you, with all the clinging ten-