THERE 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 Toby—transferred the Editorial Chair to the oldest Contributor—kissed Jumpy 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 père,"—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 inspansnings and outspansnings, my struggles over spruits and drifts and dongas, my weary veld-marches, my breakneck kopje-climbs, my gauntlet-running of Zulu ambuscades, my defiance of all imps of darkness, and imips of deeper darkness still. Enough that I was there, at last—in the black presence—front to front with the formidable son of Pando. I will not say that my interview had not been facilitated by a letter of my friend and Cetewayo's, worthy Bishop C-L-N-O.

"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
dame."

"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. English-

man 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 clamor 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 various physical and economical drawbacks which might be lessened by wiser management; but there is one institution whose work, and whose way of doing it, nobly, so far as Punch knows, ever issues, and that is the National Lifeboat Institution.

Its battle 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 not 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. 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 performed during the darkness of the night, others in the daytime; but nearly all have been rendered during stormy weather, which would have prevented any ordinary 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 incomparably 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.

Skeron or A CERTAIN City Mayor, JUST HOME FROM INDIA ON SICK LEAVE. TAKING (AS HE DECLARES) HIS FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF SKATING.

(WE REGRETT TO ANNOUNCE HIS DECEASED PERIOD OF SKATING CLUB.)

THE OR

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON QUIRKARI. JANUARY 11, 1879.
Time'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 land,
For any rift that way to light may ope.

With backward survey '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:
Trusting 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 mar,
And sleights 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-Classic Period.)  
OXFORD.

SIR,  
May I be permitted to state that, having been elected, by a very large majority, the Mechi Professor of Steam-ploughing will commence his mid-winter course of lectures on the first day of the coming term. Members of the University wishing to attend are requested to call, with their machines, stokers, 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 (Liber Domesticus), as follows:

3. Gunpowder works at Pasteur, Draining, the Cheese Trade, Coal, Banking, and Ironmongery, at the option of the Candidate.

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 motto, by which names may be subsequently recognised. The examination held yesterday, the ad eundem degree of D.B.P. M. (Doctor of Prime Butcher's Meat) was conferred on Mr. William Silverden, of Smithfield University.

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

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

I have no doubt that the Alhambra Company would shower down on their devout worshippers, the Shareholders, Directors of the Alhambra Company, without having recourse to Paris, but having got together all this unexampled spurt scarcely any other of these days, and claim her as a thorough "shaker." She has not the chances which Genevieve de Brabant afforded, but her hair-dress, by M. Labert, marks charmingly. So perfect in her "froissé" that I am afraid Mrs. Grenville will swoop down on the Alhambra one of these days, and claim her as a thorough "shaker." She is a Villon, a bane, and a blessing to the audience, rather at a loss for an appropriate musical comparison.

For combination of colour, for grouping, and for the figures of the Nations, and the Bird-Ballet in the Second Act of La Poule aux Oeufs d'Or, because the public is puzzled. No, M. Jacobs, you are for once, in error,—on ne badine pas avec le Hornpipe. It is a pity the libretto should have been printed before the "coup," were made. The Book at sixpence gives 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 hornpipe. This hornpipe, 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 appropriately composed, had been brought down in the true hornpipe style. This duet is a fair example, of the style of comic music exactly suited to the Alhambra audience. Other specimens may be selected, as the duet in French, between Mlle. Litter, who admirably executes a "sujet" after the Café Chantant receipt, and Mr. Brett, and also Urbain's "Pie not in Wealth," a very taking air, composed by M. Jacobs, and well sung by Mr. of course. Miss Selden is the dashing Princess Fenélouche, but in this piece she has not the chance which Genevieve de Brabant afforded, but her hair-dress, by M. Labert, marks charmingly. So perfect in her "froissé" that I am afraid Mrs. Grenville will swoop down on the Alhambra one of these days, and claim her as a thorough "shaker." She is a Villon, a bane, and a blessing to 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, and from garden to the pone 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 died out, the 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 Oeufs d'Or.

Messrs. Gatti are now the managers of Covent Garden. Good. Should any one be surprised at this announcement he can adapt for the occasion the well-known tragic question of Mrs. Spooner and Who, when informed of the death of a certain French Minister "in his bureau," exclaimed, "In his bureau! how put he there?" and ask "In Covent Garden! How put he there?" and the answer does this once will have performed more than his duty at a seasonable festivity.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.  
[January 11, 1879.]  

"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 is 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 matters, he does at least know something about a hornpipe—I say, the old national hornpipe, perfectly executed by girls in sailors' dresses, is just the one thing which an encore may be safely produced on. The present hornpipe never so well to a new tune and its success is a risk, because the public is puzzled. No, M. Jacobs, you are for once, in error,—on ne badine pas avec 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 Oeufs d'Or.
the Music Halls, where they are the right men in the right places—
who in a certain topical song most decisively go too far for ear
care, forgetting that at Christmas time their audience consists
chiefly of children, as ignorant of "political and social hits," as of slang phrases. Their songs might be less numerous and more
humorous, and the sooner the Messrs. Gatti insist on that couplet
about SIEPER ALI being cut out altogether, the better for the Panto-
mime, whose success, after all, must be in Mr. A. T. THOMPSON's
Great Show at King Pepin's Court, and also, for a wonder, in the
mime, whose success, after all, must be in Mr. AUR THOMPSON's
are worthy of being styled comic. In fact the real fun of the Panto-
mime not commence until Mr. H. PAYNE appears as Clown,
Harlequinade, where the comic scenes, arranged by Mr. HAR
ori yas, would astonish the ol la
& e., & e., the result w be cite business so-entirely | &
and be a subject of congratulation from ran
Under his sw ision the days of Pantomime ht return.

If Mr. PAXWY, during the present year, will but study " the humours"
"The bed weather may return, and hints are valuable. A Lady in Ham-
mersmith has, during the recent severe weather, left open the door of her
house, 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 "five-
and-twenty thrushes and blackbirds bade in a pie." But don't I
wish she did it to catch the thrushes and blackbirds; but if so,
I doubt her idea of a trap beats everything of the kind in the
Boy's Own Book, or anywhere else within my knowledge of your
admirable youthful reader,

1 P.M. Editor to Contributor.

11 A.M. From Editor to Contributer (per
the Zimes, signed * E. C. T.
in the "Answers" in the Queen, will be found eminently
useful—"

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
Sprits in bond." Does this point to further "rectification"?

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

Ethel. "IT WAS A MOST WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE, AUNT TABITHA! FIRST, SHE WAS SHOT OUT OF A CANNON'S MOUTH ON TO A TRAP PANCE FIFTEEN YARDS ABOVE THE ORCHESTRA, AND THEN SHE SWINGED HERSELF UP TILL SHE STOOD ON A ROPE ON ONE LEG AT LEAST A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET ABOVE OUR HEADS!"

Aunt Tabitha. "AH! 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, fleeting figures.

Benjamin. Don't be tart; But own that this most gorgeous Work of Art Evokes 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 gibes 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. Quite. But good sword-play's not all trick, and then You're scarcely a Fitz-James, my dodgy Bax.

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

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 Bogy which you paint, And you are a serene and snowy 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 antibilious 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 rears a Juggen. 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?

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NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

MASTER BENJAMIN. "LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL GOLD CASKET!"

MASTER GLADSTONE. "AH!—BUT LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL, SILVER AXE!"
SPORTING FIXTURES.
(The Present Variable Weather Permitting.)

MONEY.—An IceRegatta at Hen- 
ley. Sledge races on the Thames, to 
be attended by a skaters' stew- 
care; course, from Maidenhead to 
Monksey Island. At sunset, a snow- 
ball race for Mr. Jack Frost.

Wednesday.—Meeting of the Drags 
of the Serpentine, in connec-
tion with the sudden thaw in all the 
parks, and rapid Equestration of the 
ornamental trees.

Thursday.—North Pole Match upon 
the lake at Wokal Harp, which, 
if it is confidently expected, will play 
the occasion, United Arcti-
ae, Baltic Bluesomes.

Lawn-Tennis Match at Wimbledon: to he 
with comic songs, charades, and archery by moonlight.

Thursday.—Meeting of the Drags 
for the Championship of the Serpentine; to be decided in three heats, 
with comic songs, charades, and archery by moonlight.

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 
expected 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 to the play that, about the world, may be said to be 
the scene of all the action and excitement of the moment; glad to talk to anybody who will talk to him, and able to 
discuss and generalise.

PUNCH must still protest in as unqualified terms as ever against 
the absence of visible pictures in the Ghost Scene. "Counterfeiting 
realism" can by no means be stated as it was meant by the image 
of his father and of his uncle which Hamlet carries in his 
heart. The passage is shorn of its best gift 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 irreconcil-
iable with the text, is Hamlet's sinking down when the Ghost 
does not appear, thus making his "sinews grow instant old," at the very 
heing which he called them not to do so, but "to bear him 
up." 

Nor can the transfer of the fencing-scene to an open gallery looking 
out 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 excuse the dis-
association of the Dravers of their work, instead of 
their walk on, is a decided change for the better, even 
if Mr. Irving and Mr. Marshall have not been the first to 
mot it.

It is not fair to forget this so soon. There ought to be hope that 
Mr. Marshall has not strength of will to carry.

The rest is silence." 

There is nothing more to be said of the other actors of the secondary 
parts; and it would be superfluous to say harsh things of them, 
though it was not that they did not do their best, but their best was out of 
tune with the noble music of Shakes-

The mounting of the play at the Lyceum leaves little or nothing to 
be desired. The giving the Ghost the full range of the platform of 
the Castle, on the Palace orchard be reconciled (as Mr. Moy Thomas has pointed 
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Mr. Marshall has not strength of will to carry.
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.

You jolly well right!—if I catches you a slidin' on the pavement again, I'll run you in—sharp!"

"THE PROUD (POLICE-)MAN'S CONTUMELY."
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 anile 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, toi que j’aime.”
I had hoped he was coming in to keep me company. No; he only nods at me, and says "Good night." I can't exercise hospitality to my own host, and invite him to "step in and sit down."

I watch his retreating figure, accompanied by his familiars. Snap slouching along as if he'd met a Ghost who had kicked him severely, and found with pointed head turning this way and that, and pointed ears prick up in a pursed state, as if ready to jump out of a Ghost's way at the slightest and shortest notice.

Joslym stops to look round, and say in a low whisper, "Goot will come in plenty of time. We breakfast at eight twenty-five punctually. Good night."

Then he once more turns on his heel, and presently disappears round a corner, then the light gradually dies away. He is in darkness. I shut the door of my room, and—I haven't done such a thing for years—examine the lock.

Then I say to myself, "Poor! What nonsense!"

Thank goodness, a cheerful fire.

I deposit my candle on the dressing-table. I light the other two. I should like to light fifty, and have them all about the room, which, on the other side, away from the light of fire and candles, is in deepest shadow, though not in utter darkness.

I won't stop to think.

I don't like to brush my hair before the glass, lest I should see a face peering over my shoulder. Nerves.

I'll get into bed rapidly; and I won't look at the grim old picture, which may be that of the wicked Earl of two hundred years ago. I come to the conclusion that I won't cross the room to put my boots outside. No; Goot will take them in the night. I wonder if the wicked Earl put his boots outside, on the night when—hang the wicked Earl!

Now for the candles—stay is the fire blazing—yes plentiful of theory firelight—so one, two, three! out go the candles! And now, in one jump—

No; something moving between my legs and the bed-post between me and the post—

Something which leaps on to the bed before I can get there.

I start back, and very nearly fall backwards into the fire-place.

That's the... !

The Black Cat, on my bed, walking up and down like a perturbed spirit on the counterpane, rubbing itself against the post, then taking another turn, then looking at me, and at her. A pleasant beginning of the night's rest. Myself and Black Cat versus the Ghosts, in darkness. I shut the door of my room, and—I haven't done such a thing for years—examine the lock.

Then I say to myself, "Poor! What nonsense!"

Thank goodness, a cheerful fire.

I deposit my candle on the dressing-table. I light the other two. I should like to light fifty, and have them all about the room, which, on the other side, away from the light of fire and candles, is in deepest shadow, though not in utter darkness.

I won't stop to think.

I don't like to brush my hair before the glass, lest I should see a face peering over my shoulder. Nerves.

I'll get into bed rapidly; and I won't look at the grim old picture, which may be that of the wicked Earl of two hundred years ago. I come to the conclusion that I won't cross the room to put my boots outside. No; Goot will take them in the night. I wonder if the wicked Earl put his boots outside, on the night when—hang the wicked Earl!

Now for the candles—stay is the fire blazing—yes plentiful of theory firelight—so one, two, three! out go the candles! And now, in one jump—

No; something moving between my legs and the bed-post between me and the post—

Something which leaps on to the bed before I can get there.

I start back, and very nearly fall backwards into the fire-place.

That's the... !

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Thank goodness, a cheerful fire.
EDISONIANA.

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

FROM VICE ROP, January 18, 1879.

SMITH reports from Jones continuance 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 rations 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 73 per cent. frost-bitten. Spirit excellent. Means to move forward as soon as supply of great-coats, boots, and shoes is by. Brown advanced to within sixteen miles of Mukerbad. Waiting for transport. Had to eat artillery elephants and horses of personal staff. Endurance of troops remarkable. 11th and 19th (Duke's Own) Native Regiments, without any officers at present, owing to casualties. Have directed advertisements in local papers. Native chiefs still respectful.

JENKINS reports issue of following order of day on eve of advance:

"The above, printed in English, Pushtoo, Persian, and Urdu, are an excellent effect of day and as warm as summer, is now regarded as an unquestioned object, besides reducing the risks of guards, porters, and such small deer, they reduce those of directors, managers, station-masters, clerks, and, in short, all their employés, high and low, great and small, all round—pro rated—on the "sauce for goose sauce for gander" principle.

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 to move forward to do the behests of your Vicerey, the mouthpiece of your beloved Empress. Owing to one of those departmental mistakes which are the fortunes of war, your recent camping-ground has been more cold and damp than was pleasant at the late exceptionally low temperature. Forward, soldiers of the Expeditionary Force! If behind you lurks marsh fever, before you lies the enemy. Whatever England may do herself, she expects every man to do his duty. Think then of Assaye and Netley! Your country looks towards you. Whether charging without shoes and rations, or returning to your native shores laden with honours and bent with rheumatism, England is still proud to own you as her sons! Forward!"

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 Hint to the Midland Directors.

Their object is to cut down expenses. Suppose, with this laudable object, besides reducing the salaries of guards, porters, and such small deer, they reduce those of directors, managers, station-masters, clerks, and, in short, all their employees, high and low, great and small, all round—pro rata—on the "sauce for goose sauce for gander" principle.

EXTERME ETTE.

What a subject for a historical picture! Bismarck and the Pope contending with the same Hydra, whose heads are free Thoughts, free Speech, free Press, free Parliament! Punch will have to try his hand at it one of these days.
ATTAINING HER MAJORITY.

Bravo, ma belle! You’ve done right well;  
Accept my warm felicitations!  
This hour should ring reaction’s knell,  
And silence faction’s fulminations.  
’Twill not, I fear; but you, my dear,  
Have now attained your right majority,  
And to the shouts of hate or fear  
May show a calm superiority.  

Calm! Let elation’s fiery thrill  
Not stir you from that patient standing  
On simple right with steadfast will,  
Which makes your attitude commanding.

John Bull to La République.

The hope of many struggling days  
Has grown to solid actuality;  
You’ve silenced fears, extorted praise,  
By moderation and legality.  

But fight it out on that same line,  
Be calm and cool as you are clever;  
The olive with your laurel twine,  
And the Red Spectre’s laid for ever.

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. 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 condition?
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, and 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!
OLD WOMEN IN THE CITY.

The Citizen boars the following testimony to the wisdom and discernment of certain of its fellow citizens, as touching " Free Trade and Reciprocity. An extremely large number of signatures have already been affixed to the Memorial, which is to be presented to the Lord Mayor urging him to convene a public meeting in the Guildhall with regard to the present condition. The Memorialists desire a Parliamentary League, united with the object of modifying, if such should be found, the existing system of Free Trade.

One would imagine that the fact of being capable of seriously proposing the revival of Protection as a remedy for the depression of trade, must be as small in number as insignificant in position.

"From inspection of the document itself we are enabled to state that the signatures include many of the largest firms of the City, wholesale warehousemen, bankers, and merchants of the highest standing."

Is it possible? And this when distress prevails all over the world, and most severely in the country where Protection is most thoroughly established. What a hold the Unprotected Female must of late years have been quietly taking on the City! What a number of old Ladies in the largest firms around the abode of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street! The Protectionist panic of these old Ladies, however, too clearly shows that, whatever progress they may have been making in the commercial world, they have anything but advanced in their knowledge of business.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

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

VISIT THE FIRST.—Chapter X.


The Black Cat. Griff is its name. Still on the bed. It won't come. There is nothing for it but coaxing. A dog being of a more erudite nature, can be induced to run out of a room on receiving an intimation (false, of course) as to the existence of rats, or cats, outside. But a cat is not to be taken in, or rather is not to be put out, by such simple devices. Were I to open the door, and say, "Mouse! mouse! Hi! In there, good cat!" he wouldn't stir.

The mention of a rat would present no attraction; and though a dog would dash off anywhere in expectation of finding a cat, yet the reverse of this is the case with the latter animal.

The part of the room, where the door is, becomes darker and darker, as the fire only throws a warm glow on its own little social circle of fender, fire-irons and hearth-rug. Occasionally, a pleasant, shooting up like a signal to the spirits, illumines, for a second, the face of the old Cavalier in the picture. In that brief space, as I, in my wildest fancy, am looking up from the cat to the wall, utterly forgetful of the picture, he seems to appear before me like the apparition of the Flying Dutchman did to Senta; and, by the light of that stifled flame his eyes open and close upon me, as though he were astonished at my hesitation in deciding with a mere cat.

But it isn't a mere cat; it's a Tom Cat, a big Tom Cat, and a Tom is much fiercer than a Tabby. At least, so I have always understood. I feel I must be asleep before the fire goes out.

I cross into the shadow, and open the door. Silence and gloom in the passage, anything but enticing to most animal eyes. My first notion is, that cats rather prefer darkness; and to a London cat, a coal-hole offers unusual advantages for rest and meditation, with occasional diversion, occasioned, I should imagine, by beetles and mice. But a Cambridge cat, or Whittingtonian kitten, is quite another being from the sleek drawing-room bred, dinner-room fed, black cat, in a country house, which probably disdains the common "feline" —a term that sounds better than the word—, and indulges only in field sports, and the excitement of poaching on various preserves.

I hold the door open. I could not be more polite were I ushering a Duchess into a drawing-room.

"Puss! Puss! Puss! Come Pussie!"

"No!" replies Griff, still pawing up and down, and lifting up his feet as though the counterpane were a patchwork of hot plates.

It flashes across me how many fairy stories are associated with cats, and not one with a dog. At last, I do not run now a city dog, figuring as a hero. The witch's familiar is invariably a black cat.

Cats are always associated with something grotesque, weird, or diabolic. I don't so much mind a feminine cat, like, for example, the White Cat; but a black Tom Cat, a monster with glaring eyes, and claws that you can hear as they pluck at the quilt—no!—out he must go. I can't stand shivering at the door any longer. The fire-shovel and poker must be introduced into the scene, when it will become uncommonly like a haunted bed-room in the good old Pantomime times,—only without the music,—and I must take my chance with the waking people with the noise of the existing system of Free Trade.

I steal round to the fire, giving, by my manner, no hint to the cat. I am a contemptuous manoeuvrer now then! Whirr! Clang! I am executing a sort of white-robed classic Indian war-dance on the hearth rug.

The cat has vanished. Into the darkness. Gone. I assure myself of the fact, very carefully, and cautiously. Now, as Lady Macbeth says, (why that horrid scene conjured up now?) "To bed! To bed! To bed!"

I expect to see a ghost. Were a ghost to appear now, as I snuggle into the pillow, and insist on Olding me up for the night, it would be nothing more than what I had expected. I expect the door to open slowly (in spite of its being locked), I hear the creaking of the last log on the fire. I hear the furniture, and the wood-work, snapping, like overstrained fiddle-strings. But it is warm and comfortable in bed, and if a ghost came now, I feel she should have the best of it. In seeing a ghost, I fancy being in bed, or out of bed, must make all the difference. So it seems to me,—at present. In fact, I begin to doubt whether the old lady about the wicked old Earl, and the picture, and the clock, and then I remember somebody's alter-dinner story about the ghost of Cardinal Wolsey in blue coat and brass buttons, and I actually smile.

I like smiling in bed; it is so cosy. I am convinced that at no time of one's life can one's smile appear so perfectly happy, or be so indicative of a contented mind, at peace with all the world, as a smile in bed.

It is a pretty subject, too, for a picture, "The Smiler in Bed," no matter who the smiler may be. It may, I fancy, be due to a certain extent, to say "There's no place like Home;" but give me the very kernel of that sentiment, and let me exclaim with enthusiasm, "There's no place like bed!"

With the glass at several degrees below freezing point, with expenses within and expenses without, there is no place like bed. I'm soft, warm bed! If I had a place like bed. And as to ghosts—the bed-posts mark, as it were, the boundaries of the charmed circle, within which no ghosts can penetrate to hurt me. No, here I can think, and blink, and smile at the fire, and be happy.

Then, I argue, that if there are ghosts they won't hurt me; and I have half a mind to utter this sentiment aloud, so that should there be any ghosts ready to appear, they may be anxious not to lose my good opinion.

My clothes, hanging helplessly over the chair-back, assume a fantastic shape, and I can't help thinking how really fearful it would be, were the double of one's own face gradually to appear out of the looking-glass. I direct my attention with a sort of deftful defiance towards the portrait, half daring it to come out of its frame, and half imploring it not to do anything of the sort.

Then I close my eyes, and try to sleep. Failure.

It occurs to me how foolish it is to indulge in any conversation late at night calculated to excite the imagination. As a remedy, I will close my eyes once more, and be practical. I will arrange what I am going to do to-morrow. Everything in order, beginning with the first thing in the morning—breakfast. I don't intend staying in bed another day, and his nervous aunt, Mrs. Tierrow, will not be likely company.

This practicality leads to sleep. I do sleep, but I dream an uninteresting dream.
though she is, somehow, a very old friend of mine, and I am, apparently, on the most intimate terms with her; and there is a strange dish; it has a body like a chicken, but smothered in white sauce, with the head and tail of a rat. I am aware (how I don't know) that there is nothing else coming, and ingeniously Se

Conduct unbecoming a Commanding Officer and a gentleman in requesting the General in charge of district to be hanged, and not to bother C.O. with any more of his idiotic circulars.

Sentences.

Conduct unbecoming a Major and a gentleman in calling his Colonel's staff, who does not know the difference between a rifle and a pike-staff.

Conduct unbecoming a Captain and a gentleman for declaring his opinion that his Major does not know his right hand from his left.

Conduct unbecoming a Subaltern and a gentleman in spreading injurious reports relative to the appearance of his Captain's lower limbs in leggings.

Conduct detrimental to discipline in calling on the men under him at a district muster to give three groans for Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Beaconsfield, as the case may be.

Conduct subversive of discipline in sending out a circular suggesting that the Corps should go en masse (in mutli) to break an offending neighbour's windows.

The Coachman of the C.O. to be deprived of his cockade for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days, according to the gravity of the offence.

To be deprived of his spurs for a couple of inspections.

Not to be allowed to print his rank on his visiting cards for six weeks.

To be deprived of the privilege of wearing the uniform of his regiment at two consecutive Fancy Balls.

To be deprived of his speech published at full length in the Volunteer Service Gazette—as an advertisement.

Removal of the letters in his new position for both these good and urgent reasons.

A more honourable man, more thoughtful and able lawyer, and more far-sighted critic of the law, than Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, most distinguished of the distinguished sons of a distinguished father, never crowned a successful and honourable professional career at the Bar with the dignity of the Bench. Only one thing is to be regretted—that the Codifier of the Law of Evidence in India should be taken off his post at the instance of their credulity with what Milward has politely called "a bang."

MILWARD—never tell Milward anything serious again.

Happy Thanksgiving—to stay with another "Friend at Distance" on the first opportunity.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

The word "discipline" appears to be used in the old moralistic sense of "a scourge."

THE WORST USE WORKMEN'S CLUBS CAN BE PUT TO.—To strike.
A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

Marina. "Papa dear, the children have been asked to the Willoughby Robinsons' on the eleventh, the Howard Jones's on the fifteenth, and the Talbot Browne's 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 (sarcastically). "Oh, just as you please! But, as juvenile parties should always be taken in time, you had better write to Dr. Squibs 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 streaming 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 Alkios from his cloths rent,
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,
Whose 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 loosed the wehr-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!
A monster grim and gaunt
Ramps at the threshold of Britannia's home,
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The savage thing withstands,
Fiercer than wolves that Tartar snow-wastes roam.

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

A CARD.

Mr. "Punch" presents his compliments to Mr. Woolrych and begs to congratulate him on the 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.
LOTS FROM THE LOTTERY.

Mr. Lanerry.

Slang Dictionary—The LORD Curer of ENGLAND.

Series in some of the twenty square miles of Patent Good-tention Pavement—Sulian.

The Lorp Curer of ENGLAND.

A Thousand Cases of Fireworks—Ditto.

A Life-Preserver-Jacket for the outer clothing—The World.

A White Elephant—Lord ITTON.

A Thousand Cases of Fireworks—Ditto.

A White Elephant—Lord LITTON.

Ten dozen pairs of Stays. Ditto, Six dozen pairs of Strong Braces—Sir Stafford Northmore.

A Fortune in Gas—Mr. Edson.

A Queue Case, a Cask of Sherry, Two Hundred dozens of Bottled Stout, and a gross of false noses (red with grog-blossoms)—Sir WILFRED LAWSON.

Pancy 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. AINZA the Bounding Sister—A few remarks on a Professor.)

Sir,

The most graceful thing I've seen for some time is the performance of Mlle. AINZA 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. HOLLINGHURST revives these two Shakespearean extravaganzas.

Curiously enough, so perfectly is the mechanism of Mlle. AINZA's performance concealed, and so conspicuous by its absence, as anything 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 it pass without a hand. She does not startle them, like Mr. GRANCE CONGREEN, who comes up from below with a bang and a whack, and who is always frightening his audience into fits, by appearing suddenly in at "star traps" and breaking violently out of the vampire."

Mlle. AINZA 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, and not long after clever King-COOG the Ventriloquist and his jolly companions, Mlle. AINZA's peculiar puppet-scene has all the appearance of having been accidentally cut off from the first part of the Pantomime, perhaps by having a chance of being the first opportunity of getting in where it could, even after the Dog and Monkey on the tight-rope. One object to a Pantomime that has the appearance of a piece gone wrong, is the little bit there, and scenes intervening which have no connection whatever with the main story. Gymnasts, and extortionists, or contortionists, ought to bear in mind that they run the chance of being considered a nuisance by insisting on a scene all to themselves in the Pantomime, and yet apart from it.

And placed wherever her ballet may be, Mlle. AINZA's aerial flight is at present moment, both as a thing of beauty—which is a joy for ever—and a thing of wonder, the very best show of its kind in Town. In fact, Mr. CONGREEN must look to his laurels and his catastrophes, or, to paraphrase that rude remark made by LAERES about his sister to the long-suffering ecclesiastic whom he calls "churfish Priest," "A sweet little churlish up in the files will Mlle. AINZA be, when you are unable to rise from the stage without a catapult."

There is an old Arabian-Nights story—or it is one of the Tales of the Genii—where the Good Spirit and the Djinn—the Pure Spirit and the Adulterated—engage in a terrible contest. Their transformations continue with surprising rapidity, they fly from one another, they pursue each other, they dive, they rise, they are here, there, everywhere, while Black Spirits and White, Blue Spirits and Grey, gaze on the scene, "in amazement lost." Ultimately the Pure Spirit is too powerful—to a slight hesitation by the Adulterated Djinn, who is reduced to ashes. What a scene this would be for Mlle. AINZA and Mr. GRANCE CONGREEN, together, with the GRIEVINGS to join in occasionally. LAMBERT will take back the Gaiety Spirit against any one of the Covent Garden Giants—money down, so much a side, and the stakes to be held by the Editor of the Price-King Memoir Department of the London Weekly Packet. The Covent Garden Spirits would knock the whole lot at Covent Garden into a cocked hat. Perhaps the un—
January 18, 1879,

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

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 got 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 capitaly played by Mr. W. Exron. Including those at present playing in Jack the Giant Killer, Mr. Hollinshed 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 Lewy 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-iddley—(then lower), scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, tiddley-tiddley (then upper), scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, and so on—could be played by the fiddlers just 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 more than 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 "professes," and does not practise. He is right in reproaching, as strongly as possible, the present fashion of adapting the immoralities of the French Stage to our own. By the way, should the writer of Pink Dominoes want a descriptive announcement for a new adaptation of a similar character, instead of a "Farcical Comedy," it might be called, "An Immorality in Three Acts." There used to be "Mysteries," and "Moralities," why not an "Immorality?" There were also "Miracle Plays." It is, evidently, for one of these miracle plays that Professor Morley is waiting, in hopes of seeing the revivification of the British Drama.

Another School for Scandal would be a "miracle play" with a vengeance. Let anyone whom it concerns read how Sheridan worked at this Comedy, how he built it up out of two separate pieces, how "time, labour, and unceasing exertion were necessary for a work which at first sight appears easy of construction and simple in its development," and then let him point out to me the enterprising Manager, who, with wit enough to produce this wonder, would give such terms as would not only amply remunerate its author, but would encourage him to repeat the operation, and stimulate others to go and do likewise.

When Professor Morley, or any other Professor, can indicate such a Manager, perhaps the original work may be forthcoming, and then we shall have a "Miracle Play" and a "Miraculous Manager," and brilliant prospects for real natives, without having recourse to the coarse bivalves, which are dear at any price to the taste of many besides the humble individual, who now signs himself, whether you, Sir, agree with him or not,

Your Representative.

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 Pantomime, and for models from the life, the poetical adapter will only have to seek inspiration from "The Mews"—the Alexandra Mews—Brook Green, Hammersmith.

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. Rabagas 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—Mr. Brown!"

Mr. Brown (with effusion). "Your Grace! I am 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."

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 Brown 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 Drury 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.

TENS AND A KNAVE.

Let those who refuse to admit what they cannot account for, deny the fact that a curious fatality 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 ten 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 jail 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 Brown'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 idemia between the Pied Piper and Sir Stafford, who has often had to play 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. Chateaubriand, 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 the yoke 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 TRAVEL-LEAGUE OF THE RAILWAY COMPANIES AND THEIR SERVANTS.—"Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi." Officials quarrel, travellers are smashed.

A SUM IN DIVISION.

The one German—Prince Bismarck. The other Germans—Siles Leute.
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, began an article on the prevailing distress, when the door of his sanctum opened.

WHAT IS IT NOW, Toby? he asked, surveying that faithful janitor across a wreath of scarce up to the level of the table. I shall be quite satisfied with a castle tower in the East, in the best of bonnets. He has given up the pie.' Between thirty and fifty, without encumbrance ; private family ; four lights, and 3s. weekly, without board.

There was a bit of applause, which was immediately suppressed ; but, at its conclusion, a celebrated dinner-out had to remove from the room Christian could not hear.

"Thanks, so much,' said the Duchess, rising. 'I understand — we are all to give something we like ?"

"Your Grace has hit it," replied Mr. P., as he gallantly bowed over her white and taper fingers in his best vieille cour style. We will write on the sketch. What shall we say for a start? A Duchess contributes?"

"The cost of a couple of receptions, and — let me see — a parure of the day's labours, and seating herself at once, responded readily for a couple of receptions, and — let me see — a parure of the day's labours, and seating herself at once, responded readily for a reception, a peep into the level of the table. I shall be quite satisfied with a castle tower in the East, in the best of bonnets. He has given up the pie.' Between thirty and fifty, without encumbrance ; private family ; four lights, and 3s. weekly, without board.

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FLOUR v. GYPSUM.

That most far-sighted of Lord Mayors, the illustrious Whetham, seems to be as determined upon damping sanitary zeal as over-eager charity. But in this way can we explain the snubbing he thought fit to administer to Dr. Saunders, Officer of Health and Public Analyst for the City, who had been ill-advised enough to bring him the case of a cargo of stuff imported as wheat-meal, but so largely adulterated with Plaster of Paris, that Dr. Saunders was able to exhibit a donkey’s head moulded from this devil’s dust, in practical illustration of the quality of the samples from twenty sacks, armed with which he sought the aid of the Lord Mayor to have the perilous stuff condemned and seized before it found its way into the trade, the bakers’ ovens, and the stomachs of Her Majesty’s liege.

The Lord Mayor, instead of condemning the villainous mixture, condemned the doctor, telling him he should have prosecuted the man who sold the flour. The usual course of common-place Magistrates acting under the power of the Nuisance Removal Act applicable in such matters, is to direct seizure of the offending article, and keep it out of the market. The Lord Mayor prefers to wait till it gets there.

In the meantime, the doctor, Dr. Saunders, has learnt that a foreign baker in Dean Street, Soho, has made 114 “wheaten loaves” from this gypsumised meal, two of which were laid on the table besides the ass’s head—the bane beside the symbol of what should have been the antidote.

Probably the foreign baker may think himself warranted in bringing these loaves into the market as “French bread,” on the strength of the Plaster of Paris they contain. We should like to see also that illustrious Whetham condemned to a week of this costive semi-cereal mixture, by which time he would, perhaps, be brought to understand that it is better to keep such a poisonous compound out of the market, than to take your chance of tracing it into so-called bread-stuffs, after it gets there.

PUNCH’S ADVICE TO MADemoiselle LA RÉPUBLIQUE.—Not to put too much pepper in her Grévy.

The same number of the Textile Manufacturer which contains this “eloquent extract,” prints on the same page one with the heading, “Stiffened Calicoes,” which informs its readers that—

“Yet this stiffening of our calicoes is one, and we may say the chief, cause of their growing unpopularity in both the home and foreign markets, but especially in the former. As the sewing-machine is now an adjunct of almost every dwelling, our dealers, merchants, and finishers should adopt their finishes to the altered circumstances, and not blindly throw into the hands of foreign competitors the best and the richest market in the world—the English one.”

But not only the English. The article goes on—

“Knowing how white goods are finished, we were not surprised to see the following in an American journal, which we can readily believe to be quite true:—Mr. Fenwicks, formerly managing editor of the New York Times, and now London correspondent of the same journal, writes that ‘a lady friend of mine was told to-day, on inquiring for some calicoes for children, that the Americans were the best—they could be worked on the sewing-machine more easily than the English.” Why? “Well, they are softer. The English goods are stiffened up with size, and consequently do not lend themselves very readily to the sewing-machine.”

Many of the above remarks will apply with equal force to calicoes, which are so heavily sized at the mills that it is almost impossible to cast off the first as an antiseptic for preventing mildew, and the second specially designed to meet the requirements of domestic consumption in this country.”

And why not, “foreign consumption abroad as well,” Punch would ask?

“It is, at all events, worth a trial,” concludes the veteran. “It is, at all events, worth a trial,” concludes the veteran. “It is, at all events, worth a trial,” concludes the veteran. “It is, at all events, worth a trial,” concludes the veteran. “It is, at all events, worth a trial,” concludes the veteran. “It is, at all events, worth a trial,” concludes the veteran.

“Lesons 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.
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 unpursued.
But yours have not helped my gout—
As, I'm sure, you'll be sorry to learn.

Bear in mind, when one's snapshotting 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 whoakers 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-tied, must stick To physio and regimen spare, He's apter to think of the stick, Than of the rush up through the air!

PLEDGETS 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 the "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 down-trodden 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 ut like pledges, whether in matters Parliamentary or (g) To the Six Hundred, to support any and all movements emanating from Dr. Kenealy. With liberty to add to their number, as movements are set

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"Fie, for Shame, Sandy!"

(A Rebuke to Glasgow Bank sufferers.)

A Hat not the dog that bit you: starting a lottery to pay your losses at Unlimited Losses!

SIGN OF A HARD WINTER. Mr. Parnell is on a tour for organisation of the English Home-Rule Associations.
IN MEMORIAM.

E. W. Ward, R.F.

ENGLISH Art has lost a prominent and distinguished professor, in Edward Matthew Ward, though the loss of him will leave a less sensible gap in our Academic array than it would have left some years ago, before failing health had impaired his keen conception and weakened his vigorous hand. But looking back from the dark foreground of his premature death over the long and large labour of his energetic life, what various and animated groups, both English and Foreign, rise on the mind’s eye! With what distinctive form has his powerful pencil filled up the pen-outlines of Clarendon, and Grammont, Pepys and Evelyn, Pepys, Bowdler, and Goldsmith. And besides his scenes from the history of our own English and Scottish revolutions, how pathetically he has embodied some of the saddest memories of that of France—the troubled sleep of Louis, and the watchful labour of his once proud but now pitiful Queen, in the Temple prison—the agony of the Royal Mother’s loneliness—the sad labours and sadder amusements of her innocent, imprisoned children!

How much emptier would be our Historic Gallery had this vivid painter not laboured to people it for us. Measuring our debt to him by his best work, it will be acknowledged to be great by all who believe—as most English-speaking people believe—that Art has no better function than to re-create the life of the Past, and to preserve the life of the Present.

NATURAL RESULT OF CO-OPERATION.—Counter-irritation.

OUR AMERICAN SHIPWRIGHTS.

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

"The Herrishoff Torpedo.—A small torpedo-boat, which has just been constructed by order of the English Board of Admiralty at the well-known Herrishoff 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 most 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 went 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. Church, 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 it be true, it may be said to be a case not only of a Church’s lock, but of a Church’s dead-lock, on life-protesting 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 Swangate, 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 Escalator 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.

Be careful to keep secret the position of your hydrants and fire-plugs, if you would not have them made playthings of by "our boys."

In the event of your keeping a private engine, do not keep crying "Wolf!" by perpetually practising your people in the use of it. Be very careful where you keep your engine-house key. If lost, you will have to buy another.

Generally, trust to the spur of the moment, and the stimulus of danger, for dealing with fire or other dangers to which human life and property are liable. Nothing so develops presence of mind and readiness of resource as a sudden demand upon them, and these are invaluable qualities which it is well worth running the risk of an occasional fire to encourage.

Intoning v. Mis-Reading.

In the controversy lately raised concerning Church Music, one very strong argument for Intoning was unaccountably omitted. If a Clergyman of a gushing 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.
OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

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

STIRLING.—Would I miss the Old Masters when they make an exhibition of themselves? No! not for all the young Missuses in the world. So with a shilling for entrance fee and another shilling 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 Christies'!

In the Catalogue prefatorial 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 zigzaggeration would have been as puzzling as a kid-cat's cradle—but went straight along.

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

Why doesn't a fishmonger adopt this convenient abbreviation? Instead of "fine Cod's head and the. The public be content to leave this School

"Nothing is more objectionable than for a giant, full length, to come and

revision "—which seems to imply that all the information is given Wants.

omitting the word " always ;" so that, some allowance being made| Tue world knows nothing of its queerest wants, any more than of

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)

for exceptions, the breadth may sometimes be placed before the its greatest men. If we want to learn more of the strange forms

" under correction "—I venture to move the alteration of this e by

Hamner fy a My a of eu did He rash spenee W Gandiouan, "(Blackheath.) - : ,

January 25, 1879.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. : 29

No. 18. A Calm. WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE. The Dutchman has a real appreciation of the sea,—as something which ought not to be passed over, unless it's perfectly quiet.

No. 27. A Musical Party on the Thames; Portraits of the Family of William Sharp. JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. "Sharp's" the word, & States. Look at No. 32.

No. 32. Portrait of Dr. Arnold. WILLIAM HOGARTH. Jolly, rubicund, stout, pellucid,—looks as if he had not taken enough Aqueous Exercises.

No. 33. Portrait of William, Fifth Duke of Devonshire. WILLIAM HOGARTH. Aristocratic, but week-eyed. His dress evidently shows him to be the crema (de la Devonshire) crema.

No. 35. Portraits of Garrow and His Wife. JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. DAVID and MARIE VIOLETTE lounging outside the Pagan temple by the river, known as "GARLIC'S Villa," which is guarded by an affected dog, of no particular breed, with an absurdly big head. A pantomime dog; or if intended for a water dog, it must have been a water-on-the-brain dog.

No. 39. The Pink Boy. THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. Marvelous satin, but unhealthy complexion. Compare this with

No. 43. Portrait of Mrs. Lee Aclon. GEORGE ROMNEY. The surname of Lee Aclon. Compare this with No. 39, and the motto should be "Second Thoughts are best."

So far, and no farther, at present. I have not as yet got to the Italian Masters, from whom a great tradition is always anticipated seeing how great they were in oils. Why, their sardines and anchovies, in oils, are, alone, sufficient to have established their reputation. The only Italian Art, that all Englishmen must detest is that of the Padroni, as practised among the organ girls and boys; but this school of Italian Design—the very basest form of Art, whose

No. 19. Portrait of a Young Lady. Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. The name given to a new genus of Pachydermata mammals, recently found in the fossil beds of Transylvania. (See Science Gossip for November, 1873.)

No. 20. Portrait of a Young Gentleman. GEORGE ROMNEY. comparison with No. 39, and the motto should be "Second Thoughts are best."

Wants.

Science Made a Little Easier.

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

* The name given to a new genus of Pachydermata mammals, recently found in the fossil beds of Transylvania. (See Science Gossip for November, 1873.)

Motto for the Conservative Candidate for North Norfolk.

"Titives, to pulchri resuscitata sub tegmine Fagi."

Broccoli Birkbeck, 'neath big Beech rovelling, And "dito" swear to all he may opine.

Wiser 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 WASH. MART,

Mr. Seldownes has adopted into his wardrobe the title of a popular miscellany. He calls his clean shirt "Once a Week."
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!

"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. Lao and Orro 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 pelter, 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. Lao may at his restless-rudeness wince, Yet deems the common foe might prove still ruder. Orro may cry O Feste! in battle’s press, Yet like not his auxiliary; while Lao, Loving not Orro 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 thaws on strain ’Gainst Democratic sect and Social schism; Repression and anathema are vain; Brute force ne’er 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.

Encyclical and Muzzle-Measure both, "Fig-sticking" laws and Voices Apostolic, Are impotent to check the ugly growth That Priests and Princes brand as diabolic.

The plague’s root lies beyond your nostrums’ reach, And your joint effort to secure the breach Is but an effort, weak, if made the most of.

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. Emerson, 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 or the rich, corrects the poverty of which Socialism is so impatient, and thus reconciles the poor to the wealthy.—The Pope's Emissaries.

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 150 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 inconvenience, 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 that it 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 own copy of the Financial Times.
3. Study several standard works on "Economic Averages," "Wear and Tear," "The Coal Question," "Labour and Capital," "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 some mere half-yearly cooked Report.

If your property is in a Mine, live at the bottom, and never leave it. Examine everything 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 sisters, or your nearest female relations, to influential members of the direction. Then, while there is yet time, and they are off 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.

Squandered!

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 the better. No application so fitting for this short-sighted party as the Damper. For once the voice of the City should say ditto to Whittaker.

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 discreditable a part, however, the Prince 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 loomotion, 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 seasonable version is " Rouging the shoe when the day 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 " doxies," and ought to 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 bring them in jobs besides.

Yet it does not seem so difficult when your horse is shed to insist that holes for screw-pags should be made in the shoes, to be kept free from soil by a button-screw when the walkers 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 you will be forced to see it, and farriers to do it— even on the humiliation of taking a hint from the " poor ignorant farrier."

But besides the danger to horses from slippery road-ways, which is confined to the brief and intermittent reign of 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 droven, horse 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 counselor, 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-rein. 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 on which, instead of crushing them, produces the heaves 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:

"Screwed," know 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 surveyors soon became careless, and allowed the contractors to increase the size of the stones; of course they reap the benefit in the less amount of wages paid for breakings; but the subsequent needless expense and discomfort falls upon the rate-payers and 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 6 oz. Now, the bits of granite, laid down on our roads are often three times as heavy.

Let Mr. Flower "keep pegging away" at the subject, till something is done, and Mr. Punch will promise to help him. Two such peggers ought to peg to some purpose; but if Magna est caritas, 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 DEAR FOR OUR WHISKEY.

In John LorneK’s resignation of the Slade Professorship at Oxford, be in any way connected with the verdict in Whittaker 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.
Their duty to acknowledge that these complaints and representations have very 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 given full and careful consideration, to the numerous complaints which have considerable foundation in fact.

They are reluctantly compelled to admit, what it would be idle to deny, that there is, to consider and investigate all reasonable complaints and well-substantiated charges.

They hasten to take it.

**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. They are reluctantly compelled to admit, what it would be idle to deny, that irregularity in the arrival of trains is the rule, and that this irregularity is invariably on the wrong side.

That preventible accidents are frequent, owing largely to overhours and short-handedness on their lines; to deficiency in brake-power and machinery, and objectionable construction of carriage-steps and seats:—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) Smother, Secretary.

**"WE SHOULD BE SEVEN."**

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

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

"Mr. Sergeant Faray 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 a 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 650 cases entered for trial."—Sittings in Banc, Queen's Bench Division.

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

I met a Judge, of Judges pearl—
So everybody said—
That clustered round his head.
He had a tody, reas' 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 more you be?"

"How many? Seven, at least," he said,
And fiercely scowled at me.

"How seven? Are two upon the shelf?"

"Seven," said he, "there should be;
That's the lot, you see!"

"Seven. Don't you to me;
Then did that testy Judge reply—
"Then how will Courts and Causes fit?"

In chaos of arrears I sit,
And Brother Pollock at C.,
And Brother Hawkins, Circuit-owed,
And Brothers Lush and Stephen,
Tinkering at the Criminal Code,—
And that's the lot, you see!"

"You are two here, at Chambers one,
At Codifying two;
You sum up seven? It can't be done,
That sum, not o'en by you."

Then did that testy Judge reply—
"Seven. Don't you talk to me;
With less than seven no Nisi Pri-
us sittings shall we see?"

"Then how will Courts and Causes fit?"

"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 head.

North Country Glossary.
"Nay, 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."

"Was throwing words away, for still

That testy Judge would have his will,

Five, but we should be seven!"

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**Building Up and Keeping Down.**

After studying Professor Szepty'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 "Stir!" "Well, I was rather disappointed, Sir! There was one of them as played on the Violin Schneider beautifully, while three others kept on rippin' as I thought they'd never leave off; and then a Gentleman yelped, and then a lady played on the Pianoforte. But none of their faces was blacked!"

(With Mr. Punch's apologies to Messrs. Joseph, Zerbini, Ries, Piatti, and others.)

**A SLIGHT MISTAKE.**

"Well, Nurse, did you find your way all right to St. James's Hall?"

"Yes, thank you, Sir."

"And how did you like the Christy Minstrels?"

"Well, I was rather disappointed, Sir! There was one of them as played on the Violin Schneider beautifully, while three others kept on rippin' as I thought they'd never leave off; and then a Gentleman yelped, and then a lady played on the Pianoforte. But none of their faces was blacked!"

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**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 organising 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 classes 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 journals?

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 the hustings 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 Arts and Crafts 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 believe it is my duty to my wife, children, and my thousand mates, also in your employment, forces me to break in upon your privacy.  

I write to ask, on behalf of myself and mates afore-said, for a rise to £2 a week all round.  

Trusting that you and your esteemed family are in the enjoyment of perfect health, I remain yours most respectfully,  
(Signed) A. Workman.

Mr. Plorey, Esq.
Swellington 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 you, for a rise to £2 a week all round, I can only say that I sincerely wish that you may get the money you seem to desire. At present, however, I regret that I do not see my way to helping you in the way you wish.  

Hoping that your wife, your little ones, and all your mates, are well and happy, I remain yours most truly,  
(Signed) M. Plorey.

Peabody Buildings, Block A 1.

December 10th, 18—.

My Dear Sir,  

Having taken counsel with my wife, my children, and my thousand mates late in your employment, I am glad to inform you that we have come to the conclusion that it will be advisable to give up work for a short time, until you see your way to give us a rise to £2 a week all round.  

Trusting that this will cause you no inconvenience, I remain, with grateful regards and compliments to your esteemed family, yours most respectfully,  
(Signed) A. Workman.

Mr. Workman.

Mr. Plorey, Esq.
Swellington Park.  
December 3, 18—.

My Good Friend,  

Many thanks for your very courteous letter. I write to tell you that I have consulted with my friends in the same line of business, and that we have decided to look out not only you and your thousand mates, but something like a quarter of a million of your and their mates in the same way of business.  

Trusting that this will cause you no inconvenience, and with many kind wishes for all the members of your and your mates’ home circle, believe me,  
(Signed) M. Plorey.
THE ART OF QUARRELLING.

Quarrelling, cursum 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; and get rid of all such fatal weaknesses by courtesy and open-mindedness to conviction.

Secondly, you must set up an opinion. We say set up advisedly, because the establishment of an opinion, like the purchase of a carriage, is an act of pure volition, and has no a priori, and has no necessity to the intellect or conscience. The more arbitrary and irrational this opinion the better for the special purpose 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 per 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 few freedoms 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 immeasurable degradation. This, which in ordinary circumstances might seem cadish conceit, is a sine quis non in quarrelling, which, like patriotism, covers a multitude of sins. The “yah-hoo” style of derision in favour with 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 subtly conveyed, that your opponent is of asinine extraction or simian descent is effective, and a great deal of your power will consist in your power of laying the charge.

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 rigeur 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 tradesmen who 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 gentlemen he saw before him?

Mr. Cooper 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 harm 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 puffery.

Mr. Billson would ask Mr. Punch to request the Government authorities to issue instructions to civil servants not to deal 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 had contributed a very great deal to our 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 few freedoms 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 immeasurable degradation. This, which in ordinary circumstances might seem cadish conceit, is a sine qua non in quarrelling, which, like patriotism, covers a multitude of sins. The “yah-hoo” style of derision in favour with 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 subtly conveyed, that your opponent is of asinine extraction or simian descent is effective, and a great deal of your power will consist in your power of laying the charge.

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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.

Mr. Punch replied, that so bad grocers, provisions, and a great many other commodities, and shortness of weight was too often combined with adulteration. Co-operative Stores sold genuine articles by just weights and measures. Co-operative Stores never allowed housekeepers or others to make personal visits to the offices, lest those who started Co-operative Stores were the Shopkeepers’ enemies, let the Shopkeepers take lessons in business from their enemies, allow due discount for ready money, avoid long credits and bad debts, and be contented with moderate gains. They had on their side all the advantages of experience; and there was one point of excellence in which they could always compete with the Civil Service, namely, in civility, which was not always kept in stock, he understood, at the Stores; and, talking of civility, as Mr. Punch was just then particularly busy, he would desire them to take up no more of his valuable time, and would wish them a good morning.

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 is rendered powerless. Mr. Punch has often said before, that he won’t have Peace at any price.

REASURING.

The “Patent Railway Back” 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.
Demand and Supply.

The cadging gangs who have lately been making suburban neighbour-hoods 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.

VIRTUES AND VICES.

"Times out of joint" indeed! Which reads abider? Touch charged with libel, Peace with wilful murder?

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 Crackbrainedtre Lunatic Asylum. No wonder he looks out of Temper!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being 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 Pilton to visit them at their country house, The Hutch, Halfshire. I had accepted Pilton's invitation in Town some time ago.

Two things come upon me as a surprise in connection with Felix Pilton. 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" Pitton; and every one he knows has called him Captain. I had not looked in the list to see if that was his title, and if it were not called to me that, for years, people could go on calling a man "Captain" unless he bore that title. Had I been asked by a stranger, who might have seen me walking with Pilton, "Who's your military-looking friend?" I should, with some pride, have answered, "That is Captain Pilton!" 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 hesitated 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, "Captain! what in?" 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 a 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 offhand manner, "Oh—Pilten—in some Hussar regiment"—as, in doubt, I always choose "some Hussar regiment" for any friend of mine, as it sounds dashing, and is the sort of regiment I should have joined, had I felt, in earlier days, any inclination in that direction.

My notions about regiments, and, about the Army generally, I admit (I admit to myself, not publicly) are more than a trifle vague. My idea of a Hussar uniform for example, is founded upon a full-length picture I saw, years ago, when I was a boy. Where I saw it, I don't know, as I might have confused it with some brilliant sign-board—but I don't think so. It represented a Royal Personage in Hussar boots, with very tight-fitting, cherry-coloured pants, gold spurs, maroon jacket covered with gold embroidery, which, by the way, was spangled about in very conspicuous and unnecessary places, suggesting the idea of the tailor having a job lot of gold braid on hand, and sticking it out wherever there was an opening, in sheer despair of ever getting rid of it,—and a sort of flour-pot hat, with something like a smuggler's red night-cap hanging out of the crown (convenient for bivouacking), some gold cords, resembling cut bell-ropes, fastened to it, and a feather stuck into the front, like a small drawing-room hand dressing-brush, perhaps intended to divert the enemy's aim—and this hat he carried jauntily under his arm, as being a better place for it than on his head, while over his left shoulder hung a jacket, the counterpart of the one he was wearing, which might be of use to him in cold weather, as I fancy it was trimmed with fur, or which he might lend to a friend for a fancy ball—and then, of course, he had a magnificent sword—more like a Turkish scimitar than an ordinary sword—and his right hand was resting on the hilt of the scimitar, richly-caparisoned steel, while a half-drawn curtain in the background discovered a fearful scene of carnage going on in the far distance, indicated by flames, and smoke, and a mélée of little figures careering about in a great state of excitement.

Whether the Eminent Person was aware of what was going on when his back was turned, or whether this apparent indifference was intended to impress the spectators with some idea of the
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 Priron is a Captain. But however this may be, my notions of a Hussar have always been regulated by this picture, and when I am asked, "What is a Captain?"—or any friend of mine, who calls himself Captain, "is a Captain?" as 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 Priron was a Captain." We ask Priron up, "What's Priron a Captain in?"

"Some Yeomanry regiment," replies Priron, readily. "I think it's Lord Jones and the very best of company. Clearly a treat—worth while—comes out on the occasion of this invitation—and that is to inform them that he is not a Captain. Another surprise—for me, at least—comes on the occasion of this invitation—and that is that Priron is a married man."

"Oh yes," says Peter Demod, who knows everything about everybody, without anybody knowing anything at all about him. "Priron's been married for eighteen years, or more. Why, his eldest daughter is quite seventeen."

We ask Peter Demod, "What's Priron a Captain in?"

"Some Yeomanry regiment," replies Peter, readily. "I think he's Lord Jones's Secretary. 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, Priron is a Captain, when he's at home. And he is a Captain in order to encourage the breed of horses."

Peter Demod is a good man to know. You never hear him spoken of as Demod without the Peter, and should somebody who had only met him casually, ask any friend of his, "if he knows Demod," he would be immediately met with the rejoinder,—"Demod? You mean Peter Demod," and the casual acquaintance will perceive at once that not to know Peter, or to speak of him as Demod, argues himself unknown.

Peter is supposed to be an Irishman. On occasion he affects a strong brogue, 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 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, caujoingly,

with, "Come, Peter, you can tell us," will shake his head knowingly and walk away as if silently begging you not to press him further. But with his being intrusted with such secrets as might determine the fate of empires, and make the fortune of any speculator in foreign stocks.

Priron considers himself fortunate to have secured Peter Demod, 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 jointed 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 someone else who had a different idea, 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, which carriage drive, should be on the West, that the verandahs should remain, and a garden door should occupy the place of the living-room windows.

Then came Priron, who took The Hutch because, he said, "He was no one ever thought of with it"—which, apparently, up to the present time, at least, turns out to be very little—except, that as a commencement, he has employed an architect to draw plans, which are to include a tower and a verandah somewhere. His object is the absolute necessity in every house of an iron spiral staircase, 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 febrilely abstracting it, like Samson with the gates of Gaza, he would find, to his astonishment, that, though it looked light, it was un—

Beyond plans, Priron has done nothing. The last owner had added a wing and a storey, and office and stables. The present state of the house seems to have been—by some one who had a fancy for variegated tiles, and who thought that the effect of these relieved by Swiss chalet woodwork, would come out in admirable contrast to the architectural notions of the previous builders.

"Objet," says Priron, "to regularity and uniformity in a country-house."

Priron is inclined to burinises and baldness. 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. Priron is a quiet person, who seems as if she has 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.]
I arrive, with Peter, in time for dinner.

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

"It's not a warm room," says PITTON, 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 PITTON, "and it smokes terribly; 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 smile, wishing to goodness 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 he is not sleeping in it."

Happy thought. I hope when I do sleep on it, I shall think better of it.

PITTON, 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 toilet-table, he doesn't object to no fire in the room, nor to one candle to dress by, nor to the Church having no elasticity in the old days which preceded the modern influx of India Rubber within its pale. Neither did it then present the present pitiable and spectacle of schools in an uproar.

"You'll find the all right," says PITTON, "it's only a small iron chair-bed."

I say, "Yes, I know. Capital, every one of 'em. But you're just as likely not to tip us a frost-to-morrow."

There's no relying on what a man has done, or what he's going to do. I've an appointment at twelve, and I'm just going to bed. (Poking at him 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?

Shakespeare, Jun. Just the same. I've come up all the way from Stratford by train.

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

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

"Entertaining Manager. Yes, yes, I know. Capital, every one of 'em. But you're just as likely not to tip us a frost-to-morrow."

There's no relying on what a man has done, or what he's going to do. I've an appointment at twelve, and I'm just going to bed. That's why we go to Paris. A man knows what he's about there.

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

Entertaining Manager. Don't you twig? The whole thing's done to your hand—scene by scene, business, lingo—everything! It's a stealing one's brains ready made, all but the mere English colour, instead of the French polish, on the handle. But, look here, 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, and they cost me a pot of money. Put it in your pocket, and read over it, or, better still, run over there and see it yourself, and then do it into English for us. The loss of a look, but better, 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. J., with what appetite he may for his adaptation job.

PROGRESS BY RECIPROCITY.

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

1880. Tax great principle, 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 abstraction of Commercial Treaties begins.

1881. Samur Champagne sold at Public Auction, at £25 lis. the dozen. First bottle of British Chateau Margaux, made at Birmingham, and condemned as "highly dangerous to health" by public analyst. Porter-drinking at Weddings and Evening Parties coming.


1883. Tallow supply ceases. Female riots in the Arcade. The General Bristol Country Butter Company goes into liquidation.


1885. Serious bread-riots in the dining-room at the Carlton. Rye, oats, and Ravalena Arabica publicly 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 beetroot dumplings."

1887. "Anti-retalirator" writes to the Times newspaper from "Araminta Row, 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. Extermination of the iron, cotton, hard-ware, and other industries. Universal emigration. There's no family but that has its own coal shed in the mouth. The Lord Chancellor takes Drury Lane Theatre for an amateur performance, and reads Campbell'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 Beadle of the Burlington Arcade for Monaco.

CLERICAL CANT.

Or behalf of the Rev. Mr. CARVER, Vicar of Clewer, 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 further 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 comprise any "schools of thought," properly so-called. If it had any "schools," they were not schools of thought, but schools of Service and dogma. If the Church of England were really divisible 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 figger!—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 blown 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 face:

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

Stone images, pieters, engravings, and such-like artistic cold scar!

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 chaps 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 theirselves 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 flooser 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 there:

(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!

Shaintin' nun soants on the goggle, 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 reglar Philistine; I fancy she means that for chaff.

Gullath was of the Chano 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 yourselves."—Old Fable.
But if he preferred the Police News to pictures of gals in a faint,
Set me down as a match for GoLiaTH in that respect, blowed if I ain't.
When I see them old fogies in marble, I think wot a lark it 'ud be
To paint 'em sky-blue, or dab on a moustarch, on the strictest Q. T.
You remember the spree we once 'ad, when they 'd showed us some
'Or I waited till no one was looking, and just shipped my name on his cheek.
The masses won't get "elevation" from things as they don't understand.
Wot see want in a picture is favour and "fetch," and yours give it me grand.
Loo may talk, but the whole Classic lot ain't worth one of your screamers from Parry,
And there's heaps of the same way of thinking as yours obligedly.

VOICES OF THE DARK.
(From Mr. Punch's Own Ghostly Reporter.)

A MEETING of Commercial Ghosts was held, as a few nights since on the Thames Embankment, to protest against the Civil Service Stores and to offer shadowy sympathy to the London West End traders. 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 hoarse voice was called to the Chair. He said that it gave him the greatest onanism to work in the Public Offices to crush the retail tradesman—of machinery for spinning cotton-yarns, had compelled the dismissal of Co-operation; he considered Co-operation was the invention of slaves, and the workhouses were full of decaying Chandlers. The Whity and Hull whaling fleets were no more; and you could not obtain a pint of wholesome, sweet whale-oil for love or money.

"Sway!" he said: "of mischief that you say the introduction of gas, and the disadvantage of the good old oil-lamps from the streets.

The Chairman having retired to the Shades, the Ghost of a Tallow-chandler said the preceding Ghost did not throw so full a light on the subject as was to be seen in his own house. He and another, by their invention of the spectral unexpectedly, the Ghosts melted not "imto thin air," but their more congenial atmosphere—dense fog!

At this point the meeting was interrupted by the crowning 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. DEFAUX, by a majority of 222 to 151. That is to say, if this last crisis be indeed the last crisis France has experienced, and if that highly coveted country has not yet come out of its gloom, or be 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 them to be that of continued fever. They are, indeed, still under the "opportunity" of GIBERT, which did not come out in the late commission.

Contradiction in Terms.

TWENTY-FIVE Million Floating Debt, like winking
Run up! A Sinking Fund, beyond imagination
Let's hope our Floating Debt may soon be sinking,
Our old Deficit never was through the nation.
blest if I can!"

"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 blest if I can!"

**OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.**

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

The appearance of Miss Kenny, daughter of Charles Lamb Kenny, at Drury Lane, as Juliet, was the event in the theatrical world last week. Miss Kenny, being entirely untaught, has, naturally, much to learn, and to commence her career with Juliet was a bold stroke—too bold, perhaps. She is distinctly, and with reason, the own of the world.

The best part of Miss Kenny's performance was the balcony-scene, which was girlish, 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 play, 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 apothecary, 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. 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, "What Romeo dead, and Paris too!"—or words, briefly, to that effect—then aroused Juliet, and observing, like a "Sensible Friar"—Honest John aforesaid—enters "with lantern, crow, and spade," complaining of having barked his shins and variety which practice, guided by intelligence, will give. The comparative ineffectiveness of the death-scene was, of course, very apparent in the scene of the world. 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 play, 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.

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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 barges— that large but little known portion of the floating population, in the canals and rivers,—mainly by his own exertions in urging the subject on the Home Office and the Collective Wisdom, at last got an Act passed, intended to regulate the registration and inspection of barges. The origin and effect of the registration was to bring the barge—women and barge—babies under the protection of the law, and to see and secure that certain elementary conditions as to living and sleeping-space, ventilation and cleanliness, were complied with. In a word, the law aimed at making the barge—children fit to live, and the barges fit to live in.

Thereupon, Punch very much applauded Mr. George Smith for what he had done, and sat down, hugging himself in the thought that the worst days of the barge—women and barge—babies were over, and that old father Antis, the Law, had taken these poor outcasts and outcasts under his protection.

But now he learns to his equal amazement and dismay that the Barge Registration and Regulation Act is, in many— if not in most cases—a dead letter; that in one instance a barge-owner has written in vain, more than once, to the Local Authorities of his native town, asking them to have his barges inspected and registered. He has not even got an answer to his letters. "In fact, it almost seems," wrote Mr. Surr to the Daily News, "as if those who have the carrying out of this Act—one of the most beneficent Acts of the present Government—are determined to let it quietly die, and then bury it and nobody know."

Another Correspondent of the Daily News, Mr. Lang—

"To-day I have walked along the sides of the canal from Hampstead Road wharf to the City Road basin, and visited the wharves in the neighbourhood of Edgeware Road and Paddington, and have seen between 130 and 150 canal boats, barges, and fastes, and I have not seen one canal boat, barge, &c., which has been registered in accordance with the provisions of the Act.

In the name of those on whose behalf the Act was passed, the women and children, whose lives are lived, and often lost, aboard these floating homes, Mr. Punch begs to ask, if the law for their regulation is to be reduced, not merely to the letter, but to the dead letter; and, if not, "when the registering is going to begin?"

Which question, with Mr. Punch's compliments, he takes leave to put to all Town Councils, Local Boards and other Local Authorities charged, but as yet it would seem ineffectually, with the administration of the Barge Registration and Regulation Act.

"Well I must tell her, but how?"—when, at that moment, the Jealous Husband appearing at the door, Mathews turned to the audience, and in a very distinct aside, "public, and with a knowing wink said, "Ah, he's Hows!"—which was received with a shout. Of course the "gag" 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 turned out as "incapable" for all concerned—both the moribund run in, and the repentant runner-in, who meant no harm, but whose sphere of duty was narrowest of all, 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 terrible confusion of drink and disease, writes to the Daily News, suggesting—

"That at each police-station there should be a suitable room, containing a
was he dismissed? Is it true that he was (on the maternal side) an Irishman, and had his enforced retirement from your establishment connected with the rejection of the University Education (Ireland) Bill?  

Was Sir Robert Walford 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, and the Universal Suffrage (including the females), repealed the Game Laws, swept away Primogeniture, and bought up all the Railways, Waterworks, Gasworks, and Cemeteries, and converted them into so many subordinate Departments of the State?

Have you any "Moral antipathies"? If so, name (in confidence) your greatest.

Can you give an estimate (in round numbers) of the amount you have contributed to the Post Office revenue during the last five years? Is it a fact that you can repeat all the works of Homer by heart backwards, and with the omission of the alternate lines?

**ANOTHER PEG IN THE ROADWAY.**

Our Flower has blossomed into a Bouquet. Not content with his "Peg in the Roadway," Punch's military device—for they are pegs of the Paddington roads—would the fault were confined to that eminently respectable parish!—he has enlisted a phalanx of good, true, devout citizens, who look down on Hyde Park, to take up his cry, and to memorialise the Tyburnian Vestry in support of it.

The Memorial is modelled on 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 largest 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 count number two:

"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 horse 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 carriages, traversing Tyburnia.

The Memorial winds up with a fair statement of the extent of the grievance, and—crown 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 "tie up" the united ratings of the Memorialists. He contents himself, as a frequent traveller in Tyburnia, with embodying both the plaint and the prayer of the Memorial, and recommending the respectable ratepayers—not the carriage people only, but the cab and fly people as well—of all classes interests with Jemima Puddle-Duck, and the regions abutting on the Embankment—to go and do likewise. If we must pay paining-rates, as we must, let them, at least, be for the most dinitious and level roads. The more the contractors have to pay for stone-breaking, the less we shall have to pay for bone-breaking, of man and horse alike.

**WHEN THE BILL COMES IN ABOUT AFGHANISTAN.**

It will be well if the "cost of pacification" can be as easily provided for as the "pacification of Khost" seems to have been thus far.
February 8, 1879,}
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

STAUNCH.

Old Lady (who had been buying Eggs). "D'you, Mr. McTearle, Buroners' MEAT's SO DEAR NOW-A-DAYS AH'M NO ABLE TO BUY 'r |!
Grocer. "You SHOULD TURN A VEGETARIAN——"
Old Lady. "A Vexorrarian!—Na, Na! AH WAS BORN AW' BROCHT UP 1' THE Free Kriek, AN A'M NO GAUN TA CHANGE MA RELEEGION 1' mw' AULD Days!"

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, "have run into the heart of the Ce," and now here is a "Bustum about to be run into the hearts of the shareholders. Their difficult 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 t par their vials of wrath over, is a Mr. Easy, a Civil Engineer, who says he has "instructed to erect the necessary a mus 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-Cremat still consider that Mr. Easy's proceedings have been much too free and ee they can't say he is about to create a nuisance; but they are of opinion that the whole scheme will be not only a damage to Woking Cemetery Shares, but "a monstrous interference with the simple rites of interment;" that "Cremation is a scandal and a disgrace, and is so regarded throughout the breadth of the land."

A Good Example.

We observe, in the interesting proceedings at the Caucus, held by the "South- wark Liberal Two Hundred"—whence 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 gray, Feel ever strengthening, day by day, The senile tendency to play Loudsiter 'temporist 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's here; I gaze thereat, The house, the cow, the dog, the rat,— Coarse darts and out of drawing. But, sketched by Caldecott, the scene Is nature; Landscape and sun 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 crossset self-complacency, 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-hippo man, Booolic yet Bohemian!— His artful oesotary plan Success from pictures new matches. The maid forlorn, so fair of face, With such a gentle rustic grace, Seems so at home. For all his shreds and patches. "Tis deep philosophy. What kiss To mourning lips comes much amiss? The tattered one deserves his bliss For opportunely daring. 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 matches of sweet scenery: The luckless Clt's long equine strife; His buxom, fair, well-favoured wife, That homely eighteenth century life, Unmarried 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 Which, nursery-bound, will yet engage The interest of genial age, That finds on every pictured page, Imperishable pleasure.

A VERY NATURAL DESTINATION FOR THE MARSHAL
(offer his coup de grace).—Gone to Grasse. (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 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. 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 tranquillised the populace in an uproar:—

"Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum Consueveris, silent, arrectisque 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, "A—Tell the Coachman to wait."

New Footman, "Pleased, 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, of 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 Busch's hero in these particulars, so was Boswell's. Here is a comparison which cannot surely 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 Flaubert 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 rejoined, "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 continance 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, champgane, 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 bear with beer, Irish stew, and turkey and chestnuts. 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:—

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, perhaps not, possibly preferring it simply toasted, as being then of a tougher 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 canons' mouths! He ventures much, Ouslaught of Dean and Chapter singly stemming! 'Tis pretty clear his courage isn't Dutch.

Although he may be fighting for a Fleming.
BULL AND HIS BURDENS.

Who led the way?
"It's me, the Bull."

"All this flight, failure, fuss, springs from me,—so they say."

Who followed suit?
"It's me, the Turk."

"And poor Bull, dare not shrink—my dead weight—patient brute!"

Who came behind?
"It's me, the Master.

"Strike, and trading-disaster"

Bad Fortune he'll find.

Who jumped on next?
"It's me, the Bank.

"Strikes may lead to cold serum; but I sticks to my text."

Who's this next him stairs?
"It's me, the Dark Spectre.

Of Glasgow Director—

For Bull's back is sore load!

And who's this I see?—

The Zulu, with a spring.

On the long back dock ring.

Shouting "Just room for me!"

Who bears the lot?
"It's me, the poor Bull.

"But my back's about full.

Stand much more I can not!"

ESCUTCHE 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, "Cereals." He more particularly recommends lentiles, with an irrational vehemence that suggests, to medical readers at least, the expediency of feeling his pulse, if not of eating it.

"Florêt 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, "Florêt 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 in "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). The opera!

Second Young Musical Amateur. Oh, of course (enthusiastically).

First Young Musical Amateur who has merely thought of it as an ordinary 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 (superciliously). My dear fellow! Bulwer and Balfe! Why, it's Wagner's Lady Musical Amateur (who has not seen it of this year). Before.

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 (superciliously). My dear fellow! Bulwer and Balfe! Why, it's a German Opera translated into English.

Elderly Gentleman (earnily). 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.

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

Elderly Lady. Ah! yes. So? Have you read it 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..."
His Burdens.

The text in the image is not clear due to the nature of the illustration.  "Don't jis' room for me."
body discovers the elixir cite—and there are Ghosts, and an awful "Door of the Threshold."

[Beginning to wander in his mind back to scenes of his childhood, and suddenly thinks confusedly of a hundred other things.

Second Young Amateur (to his friends, has been much interested in this conversation, suddenly joins in with a reminiscence). Oh! I've read that one. Was it Rienzi? It was a name very like it.

First Young Amateur (with a similar reminiscence of a cheap reissue of Bulwer). Yes, You're right. It was Belzoni.

Young Lady (dubiously). I thought Belzoni was a celebrated traveller or explorer? I'm not certain—but——

Elderly Gent (pulling himself together with an effort). Yes. You're right. It was Belzoni.

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 remarkably good, and no expense has been spared except in the Armory department. There are so many suits of complete armour, resplendent with gilt, that at first sight it seems as if there were a hoard of the People's Williams—beautiful title, Rienzi!—or, The Last of the People's Williams!—Opera, in Three Acts, by Bulwer. But Bulwer—had not "run to" anything beyond an imitation of the genuine article, made out of the silver-lead paper used for plum-boxes and tobacco-packets. This, and the tendency on the part of the chorus, representing the Roman pies, to wear turn-down collars, were the two blemishes that even the most observant eye could spot on the exceptionally bright surface of this operatic stage-picture.

Of all the company I liked Miss Georgina Burns, far and away the best. She represented "A Messenger of Peace," and to her is allotted one of the loveliest solos in the Opera. Madame Hélener, and she seemed to be indifferent to the sorrows and troubles of everyone about her as long as she herself had not to make any remark. Her dramatic rule of inaction seemed to be, "When my cue comes, I'll say, hear, see, say nothing, do nothing." There is only one thing I would earnestly ask of her, and in this request I am sure you will concur with me—"Don't you till you say it." I know it's very fain among the crowd! So, Madame Hélener, please don't.

Mr. Joseph Maas as Rienzi, when mounted on horseback, will join, and what anxiety it causes among the audience lest the noble steed have had his Orsini bomb to blow up Rienzi, instead of attempting its destruction at the arms of the French. The Colonna and the Orsini, the two 'Aught Haristocrats, were seen at the late?s. A Sequitur.

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 hoodwinked,—by a number of false correspondents holding tickets, applying to him to learn the visions of their numbers contain any hidden meaning. Under these circumstances he publishes a few notes.

If you dream that you are putting a number of 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 pictures, it means that you will win a pair of boots with military heels.

If you dream that your vanity has increased a thousandfold, and that you are hated by all your dear friends and famines alike, it means that you will win a parure of diamonds.

If you dream that through your influence all your envenomed relations will lose their natural acuity, it means that you will win three tons of carbonate of soda.

If you dream that somehow or other you have become the Venus de Medici, it means that you will win a Parisian ball-dress.

If you dream that you use slang, wear rouge, and know men without their wifes, it means that you will win a cigarette case and a roulette-board.

If you dream that you are going to marry a man who, thanks to you, will be perfectly happy in his home, it means that you will win a latch-key.

If you dream that you are enjoying a trip on the Continent, it means that you will win a light and comprehended travelling trunk.

If you dream that you are the toast of husbands and the envy of wives, it means that you will win a book showing you how to dress like a lady for £15 a-year.

THE SONG OF THE STORE.

Air—"Hearts of Oak."

Come, cheer up, my Swells! 'tis to saving we steer,
To make both ends meet in this terrible year.
To the Store let us stick, and fight shy of the Shop;
Who supplies us so well as the crowned Co-op?
Ready Money's our cry: opposition is vain;
So down with the "ready!"
Steady, Swells, steady!
We'll lick the Retailers again and again!
They've charged over-prices for second-rate goods,
And laughed at our grumblings, our "coulis" and our "worlds;" But they now feel the pinch, and for battle prepare.
And we're came for the fight, if they'll only fight fair.
Ready Money's our cry, They've no right to complain:
So down with the "ready!"
Steady, Swells, steady!
We'll outbuy and outsell them, and pocket the gain!

The Store shall prevail o'er their retail concerns,
Our standard's "Small Profits!" our word "Quick Returns!"
Then cheer up, brave Swells! Let them bluster and spout,
Now Co-operation long bills has served out!
Ready Money's our cry. We shall win the campaign.
So down with the "ready!"
Steady, Swells, steady!
Though they offer you credit again and again.

* * All very well, but just you wait for "The Song of the Shop," next week.

University of Southwark.

Pass Examination in Political Principles.

Moderators and Examiners—John Brown, William Jones, Thomas Robinson, and 197 others.

First Class: ROGERS. Second Class: WILLIAMS, Bennett. Third Class: LEICESTER.
"A PLEASANT PROSPECT."

Our-Driver (to New Agent), "BEOREA, THE WONDER IP HE WANN'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, Mash-Wash-Wheek, 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 fratagonally 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 a 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.

Her Majesty's Government, fully recognising the vast importance of the connection existing between the Black River Settlements and the Mother Country, have determined to despatch to those 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 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.
A SEASONABLE REMINDER.

There are a good many degrees of charitable duty at this time between Mr. CHARRINGTON’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 raises 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 this good 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 palace, are beneath contempt, and should be taken care of by the police; but let us be careful lest the bittester obtrusiveness of the pretendent want should cause us to withhold our sympathy and help from the members of the patient, enervating, 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, and are unfavourable to the complexion of the fish-salesmen, who, under this illuminating power, might be detected in the blushing for the manœuvre 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. Joun Butt is very much disposed to swear that he can’t and won’t stand such a set of bores any longer.

(Confidential.)

My Lord,

Government House, Black River Settlements.

I must make the best excuses I can to the Local Legislature, but I fear the scanty respect shown to the Colony by the Home Government will defy all my explanations. Can you not at least let a Royal Duke take the chief command? This, and an escort of the Blues, might create a better state of feeling; but I fear it is too late. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

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

(Confidential.)

Dear Sir,

Colonial Office, Downing Street.

The last Royal Duke we could spare has gone to Fiji. The Blues are up the Congo. We have several Colonial wars on hand, so that I hope the Black River Settlements will take a kindly and considerate view of the situation. As we have Volunteers on guard at Windsor, and are involved in some awkward European complications, we should be very much obliged if you could let us have a few thousand troops back at the Colony’s earliest convenience. But don’t hurry.

I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.

His Excellency the Governor of the Black River Settlements.

(Jn Haste.)

My Lord,

Ship Hotel, Black Town.

I regret to inform you that I have been driven by a howling mob to this place for shelter. The Colony having formally declared its independence yesterday, and the Imperial forces having been expelled through the streets. Thank heaven! I propose to start, with my family, the Colonial Secretary and Treasurer, the Chancellerie, and the Colonial Archives for England to-morrow.

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

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

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 Sandemanian Quaker, and the Moravian Methodist. To these might be added the Nonconformist Churchman, though that would really be a very accurate aulus 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. HAMLET 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 will have to rely, not on marble, but on music." —Paris Correspondent of the Times.

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 by the new impresario La Scala?
A VICAR ON STRIKE.

He Bishop of Rochester has addressed the Rev. H. A. Walker, Vicar of St. James's, Hatcham, a letter of admonition on Mr. Walker's conduct, in having, because his Churchwardens had removed two candles and two candlesticks from a shelf in the Church on the previous Sunday, refused to perform both morning and evening services. If the Rev. Gentleman stands corrected, good. In that case the Bishop has said enough to him. Otherwise he might have written:

He might have pointed out to him that in practically placing his parishioners under a disability he was making a Medieval Pope 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 Churchwardens, he had, in fact, struck work and had himself to the level of a stupid trades'-unionist—on strike—one strike resembling the other in mischievous results—the workman's strike causing physical distress, and the Vicar's "spiritual destitution."

ARCADES AMBO" (IN TWO ARCADIAS).

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

Mr. 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 commenced business (like many of our merchant princes) with the proud St. James's, Hatcham, than it would be at Colney Hatch (solicitors), held Bills of Sale upon the insolvent's furniture. The unsecured Creditors had claims upon the property to the extent of a successful trader. In this great commercial country an unsuccessful Mr. D'lppier had been a most energetic and enterprising, if unappropriated the proceeds to his own use? ; , had created in his industry and intelligence, that he now stood in Threepence in his pocket. It spoke volumes for the confidence he mereial career he had acted on his (Mr. Waecer's) advice, and he business, on the principle of "small profits and quick returns," had certainly sold his at a reduction. But throughout his com-

A Creditor wished to know if the Insolvent had been guilty of fraud. Mr. Waecer said that his client, acting as an intelligent man of position, it was his business to consider rather than to make sug-

A Creditor wished to know who were Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Waker, (the well-known solicitors), held Bills of Sale upon the insolvent's furniture. The remaining assets were valued at £20 10s. 4d.

A Creditor wished to know if the Insolvent had been guilty of fraud. Mr. Waecer (of Messrs. Worry and Waecer), repudiated any such insinuation. Their client was the very soul of honour. Mr. D'IDDLER had been a most energetic and enterprising, if 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 sold those goods when supplied at a ruinous loss, and appro-

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. Waecer 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. Waecer's) advice, and he (the Creditor) might be sure that he (Mr. Waecer) would keep 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. Waecer.

Another Creditor wished to know if the Insolvent had not settled on his wife the bulk of the property thus dishonestly realised.

Mr. Waecer 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.

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Mr. Waecer 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 riding 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. Mr. Waecer supposed he would be put up for £500. 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 SPEAK 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 5s. 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 therefore send up the case for trial.

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AN EVERGREEN VEGETARIAN.

We imagined that our old friend the Fonetik Nunc had long ago, as the Reporter said of an elephant in the Zoological Gardens, departed this life. But no. The Times, a few days since, published a letter bearing the signature of Eden Pitman, and dated from the "Fonetik Institut, Bath." This communication Mr. Pitman has written "fonetically," as he says is his custom. It is mainly a commendation of Vegetarianism and Testotumism, which he, being now 56 years old, has practised for the last forty years. He testifies that:

"These forty years have been spent in continuous labor in consonance with the invenations and propagations ov met alien ov fonetik shorthand and fonetik spelling, korrespondenz, and the editoarial deutiz ov met weekly jurnal."

His "weekly jurnal" is of course the Fonetik Nunc, 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 "ajl" of "aiket faik." His circulation has been maintained on that regimen, but what can be made that he had a Spelling Bee?

Spelling Bees have for some time dropped out ov vogue, or close n "Fonetik" Spelling Bee might answer Mr. Pitman's purposes of propagating his peculiar orthography. He would not, of course, be deterred from that expedient by any remark which might possibly be made that he had a Spelling Bee in his bonnet.

A Wall from the Wastepaper-Basket.

Pity poor Punch, with Peace Folly's tongue to set agoing—
And peace keep Stillness's sauce at flood-tide flowing:
Six wastepaper-baskets loaded—out ov those two names alone!
And Punch is to keep silence e'en from bad words—and not groan!

THE BEST SECURITY FOR A NEW TURKISH LOAN.—Old Turkish Customs—the oldest not to pay Turkish Debts.

PART PASU.

A WEARNNESS to the Body—Weston's Walk.
A wearness to the Mind—The reports of it.

THE LIMITS OF FREE TRADE (according to the Shop).—This side the Stores.

"IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—FIGS!"

The following letter, apparently from one of the speakers at a recent "Anti-Co-operative" meeting, has been sent to 83, Fleet Street, for publication:

Mr. Punch, I can scarcely write for indignation! Parliament is to meet and there is to be no Queen's Speech! Sir, it is disgraceful, scandalous! Lord Beaconsfield should have been 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 British statesmen 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 Britannia 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 breach—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 sinews of the national—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 Beaconsfield and his labour-shirking colleagues are spending the hours they charge to the public in writing novels, reading the papers, or teaching various parts of their persons at resting 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 Beaconsfield 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 scoundrel 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 influence of the Civil Service Stores, though time will

"It is unnecessary to point out that the prevailing distress, the unusually severe winter, the recent failure of several banks, and the many bankruptcies of 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 am an ardent advocate of shopkeepers, and the question thus becomes one of eminently Imperial interest.

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

JUSTLY INDIGNANT TRADESMAN.

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

Midst flowery emblems hid, the searching eye
Most clear and pregnant meanings may copy.
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

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 inception, you did not actually receive any profit by the transaction.

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.

(UNSTRAINED 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, do not allow me to sentence to a different deal of what I must call, your courses. Under these circumstances, I feel it my duty to sentence the two most blameable of you to eighteen months' imprisonment—of course, without hard labour, in both cases.

EDISON EXTINGUISHED.

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

Mr. Punch, Your Honours,

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, if crime, "both in the offences against property and person," have really increased, should not drunkenness have increased too? Has it, or hasn't it, Sir? His Grace was pleased to add that—

"As to agrarian crimes, he trusted that the principle of live and let live was adopted as it should be by the people of the country. In Ireland, at —— I grieve to say, agrarian crimes seem more in favour of shooting them. For this state of things, Sir, if the Sunday Closing Bill is not to blame, are the Temperance blockers quite sure it’s your humble Servant, POTHEEN?

THE SONG OF THE SHOP.

AIR—"The Leather Bottle." 

WHEN I survey the country round.
The myriad shops which abound.
The goods that are displayed therein.
To tempt all buyers possessed of "tin."—
Let you sniggerin' Swells say what they can,
Tis for wholesale good of Retail Man.
So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!

Now what do you say to these precious Stores?
Oh, they are the biggest and worst of bores.
If they continue to thrive and pay.
It's a seury trick of the Nobs to go
And combine to ruin the Retail.

And reading the papers and trimming their nails.
To rob the Country, which that's their game:
Then their Civil Service, as thinks no shame.

But we do not intend to be chommed like this.
We will meet, and palaver, and howl, and kiss.
And write to the papers about our position.
And Parliament's aid in the matter petition.
And the Member who will not espouse our cause.
Won't win our votes however he jays.
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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, if crime, "both in the offences against property and person," have really increased, should not drunkenness have increased too? Has it, or hasn't it, Sir? His Grace was pleased to add that—

"As to agrarian crimes, he trusted that the principle of live and let live was adopted as it should be by the people of the country. In Ireland, at —— I grieve to say, agrarian crimes seem more in favour of shooting them. For this state of things, Sir, if the Sunday Closing Bill is not to blame, are the Temperance blockers quite sure it’s your humble Servant, POTHEEN?

THE SONG OF THE SHOP.

AIR—"The Leather Bottle." 

WHEN I survey the country round.
The myriad shops which abound.
The goods that are displayed therein.
To tempt all buyers possessed of "tin."—
Let you sniggerin' Swells say what they can,
Tis for wholesale good of Retail Man.
So I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwell,
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!

Now what do you say to these precious Stores?
Oh, they are the biggest and worst of bores.
If they continue to thrive and pay.
It's a seury trick of the Nobs to go
And combine to ruin the Retail.

And reading the papers and trimming their nails.
To rob the Country, which that's their game:
Then their Civil Service, as thinks no shame.

But we do not intend to be chommed like this.
We will meet, and palaver, and howl, and kiss.
And write to the papers about our position.
And Parliament's aid in the matter petition.
And the Member who will not espouse our cause.
Won't win our votes however he jays.
Oh, I wish him sorrow, where'er he dwells:
Who first discovered the Co-op. Swell!
ment arises spontaneously, then," as I say to Pitton at dessert, "it is no such an easy matter to amuse themselves by inspiration, we should have to wait a long time. You must have some one to start it."

"Oh!" retorts Pitton, "if we're to wait for everyone to amuse themselves by inspiration, we should have to wait a long time. You must have some one to start it."

"It is safe to be a success."

"It is not so much chips of the old block, as dried-up shavings from the thing amusing, or to appreciate it when Genes The are as stiff, and as highly polished on the surface as new drawing-room poker; and the expression on their four countenances, which must be taken by courtesy to represent a smile, is what might be produced on most people's faces by the sudden and unexpected swelling of bad 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. They lie on the table, like fish without water. I find, are all on Mamma's side, Papa belonging, in effect intimate, to a higher class. { ok chilly; and their me 0s fae ie

"I'm sure he has told them this," what marvellous imitations of popular actors young Fiswer would give, how charmingly Miss Fiswer sings, with various other intimations to "look in during the evening," which had put the neighbours, like John Gilpin's family, "all a-go," and on the tip-toe of expectation.

Peter Desmor's stories are all lost, chiefly because the point of most of his anecdotes, as we now find, depends on his audience knowing the people of whom he is speaking. Government is sure, but if he tried to remember the chief dramatic person of his anecdotes, but this helps nobody else, and as the others turn away and talk in their own places, the actors among themselves as little as possible to one to whom he can tell his old stories—and they are old—except myself; and, not wanting to be bored, I shut him at the outset with the information that "I've heard it before," whatever it is.

THE AGONIES OF 'ATCHAM.

A me, feb. 3, 1879.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

We see no such rows in Our Parish Church with It's all Walker. Mr. Sanders who tried to restore Peace to us (not the Convus) by removing the Brazen Images which the new parish put up but it was no go. For in this New Religion you can't be put on nowe without Cymbals of Devotion. But prays dear Sir you can recommend us an Old-fashioned parson who can Pray without too Brass Candlesticks and a Golden Cross. My Wife she has been to St Albans and she raves about the Copes and the Chasubles and that to that extent that I shall not wonder if she finds out that she cannot go to Heaven without Her Prayers in a Sky Blue Posy Case. With all their millinery and jolery don't suit my taste and I am Disgusted at their New-Fashioned fikements and am dear Sir

Yours Truly,

AN ACREED PARISHIONER.

THE VERY LAST ABOUT THE LOTTERY.

Mr. Punch, Sir,

Poor old Ireland is always being insulted in the person of her sons. It is meself that has been insulted this time, mighty bad. Bad one to this! French Government for sure, but if the fagoteer but a gang of dirty, cheatin' spalpeens that's init. See here now, Sir. Didn't I put a thirteen out of my own pocket into a ticket for this Exhibition Lottery. And what's come of it? Divil a ha'pence. Others have told how they were deceived. But sure it's meself has a bigger grievance than the gentleman who wrote to the Times to say the Ninth Series was an unlucky one. When I read that I said to meself, sure its meself has a chance; for my ticket was in the Tenth Series. And if the Ninth wins nothing, sure the Tenth's in to win all the more. But all the same—sure, it's nothing but a gang of dirty, cheatin' spalpeens that's in it. See here now, Sir. Didn't I put a thirteen out of my own pocket into a ticket for this Exhibition Lottery. And what's come of it? Divil a ha'pence.

Wish all their millinery and jolery don't suit my taste and I am Disgusted at their New-Fashioned fikements and am dear Sir

Yours truly.

BRIAN O'LYNN.
CONSEQUENCES OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

SCENE—A Table d'hôte Abroad.

He. "Parlez-vous Français, Mademoiselle?" She. "Non, Sir."—He. "Sprechen Sie Deutsch, Fräulein?" She. "No."
He. "Habla usted Español, Señorita?" She. "No."—He. "Parlate Italiano, Signorina?" She. "No!" (Sighs.)

She. "Do you speak English, Sir?"
He. "Hélas! non, Mademoiselle!" (Sighs deeply.)

THE LAY OF THE DEMON PLUMBER.

(A Seasonable Psalm.)

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 hippies I wipes;
For it's follied in course by the loveliest thaw;
And then there's such gunclocks as never you saw;
For the men and the survint-maids comes all a-blow,
From a'most every house in a'most every row:
Crying, "Come, Mr. Plumber—immejit—you must!"
For the cistern is leaking, the pipes is all bust!
The water's all spouting, and running to waste;
We are regular swomped out—do, for gracious, make haste!"
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 worrifted out of their lives!
Such larks! There's the water all squaushin' and squirpin',
And tricklin', and streamin', and squostin', and squirpin',
And everythink dancin', and drenshin', and dirtin',
Splin' ceilings, and walls, and the Guvnor's front-shirtin',
At he tries to stop wents, his white knuckles much 'urtin',
Which makes him use languidge,—oh, ain't it divertin':
Then the mean 'uns, as, bent upon saving a mag,
Tries botchin' the 'oles up with putty and rag.
Don't I drench them to rights? Don't I tip it 'em stiff?
Ain't it scrumpitions to watch how they boggle and sniff?
Oh, I do hate a stingy and meddlin' old messer!
Then I outs with my tools, with my shaveback and dresser,

My turpin and egg-iron, solder and oil,
My taller, and resin, and whitelead, and oil,
(‘Arf on 'em 's no use, but they make a good show,
And with green 'uns that's jest arf the light, don't yer know.)
Then I turns up the carpets and ile-cloths all round;
Tramps up and down stairs with a thunderin' sound;
And I arks for a fire, and I 'nts for some beer,
And I kicks up a stink as makes Missis turn queer.
If they 'part,'" wy I cock my heye knowing and chat;
If they don't, I turn sulky and swear at the cat—
Which she always comes sniffing and goes on the scare—
If they 'urries, t tells 'em to keep on their 'air;
For a job such as this is a thing as takes time.
WY not? Easy does it, and fudgin's nocrime.
Then, when they 're well soaked, worried out of their wits,
And the fire nigh poked out with my irons and bits,
When the fumes of my solder has got in their eves,
When I 've sp'iled a few gimmers with lampblack and size,
Dropea taller in lumps on the floors here and there,
And broken the back or the seat of a chair,
Broke three or four bells, or maybe 'arf-a-dozen,
When everyone's grubby and cross and 'arf frozen,
Wy I manages somehow to fake up a jint—
If they think it's a laster, it may disappoint,
'Cos we've got to make hay while the sun shines, yer know,
Leastways, pile the dibs while there's frost, ice, and snow.
There is lots more e_wolting I sarves them the same,
And so, smart and lively, keeps up the game.

Other trades may spout strong 'bout the beauties o' summer,
But a jolly 'ard winter's the time for the Plumber!

HOME-Rules not at HOME.—In England.
"HOT WATER, SIR!"
AT THE SHRINE OF ST. VALENTINE.

The imitators, have taken to flood the world with sweetness and song, in the shape of pretty cards, odoriferous sachets, and graceful little gifts of fans, earrings, brooches and so forth, speeded by graceful verses, old and new, and wreathed with flowers that breathe odours only less sweet than the living blossoms they imitate, no wonder if Valentines be once more in fashion. Punch has no objection, if the Postmen don't mind. But when they are carrying their burdens on the 14th, a few hundred-weight, more or less, matters not much.

Suppose the notion to be dropped, and his friends to want hints for the 14th, let them vie and choose among the following Gift-Valentines: —

To Lord Beaconsfield.—x of Conjuring Tricks.
To Mr. Gladstone.—The Heart of Mid Lothian.
To Sir Wilfrid Lawson.—The old game of the Inexhaustible Bottle.
To Professor Edison.—An Extinguisher for the Electric Light.
To the Gas and Coke Company.—The story of Aladdin—or what comes of changing old lights for new ones.
To the Sultan of Turkey.—A new Loan on old securities.
To the Khédive of Egypt.—A breed of Bears from the London Stock Exchange.
To Prince Bismarck.—A bundle of Spills for pipe-lights (made from torn-up Treas).
To Mr. Waddington.—A Suit of couleur de rose (in exchange for the Cambridge "St.
And to Mr. Punch.—Seven tons of Voluntary Contributions for the waste-paper basket.

THE CROWN AND ITS SERVANTS.

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

Scene—The luxuriously furnished dressing-room of an aristocratic West End mansion. Two Servants of the Crown discovered lounging on the balcony, and drinking Chartreuse Verte, from a Co-operative Store, in tumblers. Time, half-past two in the afternoon.

First Servant. Come, Planta—er, 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 court with my Chief. I meant the Shop—the Shop we swear by and lovest.

Second Servant. Ah, the Stores! Then I'm your man. Many are the six hours at a stretch that I have passed here, 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. Hush! Not so loud! See, in the street below, another omnibus—full of respectable shopkeepers—passest on its way to the Workhouse. The thirteenth I have counted this afternoon. Ha! ha! we triumph! Did they think to battle with wealth like ours?

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

Second Servant. Than £200 a year a-piece, rising by £5 annual increments 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 be altogether without their use. The majority of the respectable inhabitants of the Borough may be so influenced by the seduction of the Caucus, as to conclude that the men of their choice is, in all likelihood, the Candidate not to vote for.
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, 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 an eruption of Vesuvius sure to be followed, through some unexplained agency, by a failure of the Great Northern Railway being affected, in the Winter quarter, by the depression of trade? Why is the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights connected with the increase and decrease of marriages in the United Kingdom? Why are the craters in the moon affected by the depression of trade? Why are the craters in the moon affected by the depression of trade? Why is a parhelion, or mock sun, a link with the Viceroy of Ireland? Why do dairy-farmers (as it is believed) secretly worship the moon? Why is an outbreak of measles in the County of Middlesex accountable law of cause and effect, by an outbreak of measles in the County of Middlesex?

Why is the ebb and flow of the tide connected with the increase and decrease of marriages in the United Kingdom? Why is an eruption of Vesuvius sure to be followed, through some unexplained agency, by a failure of the Great Northern Railway being affected, in the Winter quarter, by the depression of trade? Why is a parhelion, or mock sun, a link with the Viceroy of Ireland? Why do dairy-farmers (as it is believed) secretly worship the moon? Why is an outbreak of measles in the County of Middlesex?

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A "ONER" FOR OUR ARTIST.

Our Artist. "WHAT SORT OF FELLOW'S THE NEW ASSOCIATE, JEAKES?"
His Model. "MANY NICE GENTLEMAN INDEED, SIR."
Our Artist. "GOOD LOOKING!"
His Model. "OHH NO, SIR! WEARS SPECTACLES!"

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. Jammach, 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 presence for the accommodation of a well-appointed public-house. "SIR," he said, "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 talk—speak, 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. Should the Lion Bismarck come over here, his arrival will perhaps reawaken 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 not, he might like horse-mushrooms on toast enough to take part in a banquet, season permitting, of those and other varieties of Pilz und Schwamm, known to mycologists as esculent fungi—vulgarily 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 ovens, pease bannocks, singed sheep's head, and rizzared haddies. It may be presumed that, on trial, his estimate will be highly favourable.

No Trust!

There was a prosperous Parsee,
Who earned, by present payment, fame.
An appellation thenos took he
By way of prefix to his name.
Co-operative Stores, his path he ploughed,
Dear friends, invite you to employ,
And save, and thrive, as did that man
High Wind MONEY FOR THE NIGHT.

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

(With Mr. Punch's Acknowledgments to his Daily Contemporaries.)

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

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 feat 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 the debatable ground where these three social streams fall in with one another.

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

Mr. FAXIN 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 debut 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 take a high rank among the most skilful practitioners in the art of always going up stairs, and never going 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. SCROGGINS'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 esteem for Nature's gifts, a partiality for the grass, 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 a strict Teetotaller as well as Vegan—isa so generically distinguished by longevity, as to have occasioned, from time immemorial, the common observation, that nobody has ever beheld its defunct remains.
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 Impulsive Brown (in the heat of his determination never again to take pot-luck with the Joneses). "My paam fowtow! So sorry! But we're engaged on the——on the——on the——er—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.

Several meetings of much importance to the Army, the Navy, and the Legal, 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 extraordinary burglar 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 forego 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 spacious 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 the new 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 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 Amansunex. 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 people. 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 message, 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, and 8. Further particulars will be published in our later 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 Mississipi Bull was no match for the impossible, impertinent, and impetuous Turk.

"Gutta cravit lapidem, non vi, sed specie 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.

No, if even Queen's Speech be but silver, 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 un-avoidableness of the war in which they have fallen, and the fore-sight 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 both 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 gage th attack and defence, seemed equally spiritless. In se ds, Lord BreaconsFreLp 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 availing as gingerly, as Lord BEaconfield 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 Mutineers, that he and his friends had had a policy on the Eastern Question. Lord BEaconfield 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 CeTewAro 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 CHELMSFORD 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 so far as they can on the way to shillings 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 AMER. 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 £50,000 a year.

Sir G. DILKE performed the work of vivisection on Sir STARROD's very colourless creation with rather more spirit than Lord GRanville had done the same office on Lord BEaconfield'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 ques
tions of this nasty sort.

All Sir Stafford, or his master, can say, is, that they have made up
their minds the day before the polls are open, and gone cheaply, as possible: and that those who wish to commit the Government
of the occupation of Cabul, or even Herat, will find they have a
vote of confidence called out for them. They have quite occu-
pation enough on their hands already.

Sir W. Harcourt delivered an amusing lecture on Cyprus, illus-
trated by dissolving views en noir, as a pendant to the First
lately exhibited to another Westminster audience.

Major Notan and Sir Stafford, on one side, and Mr. Samuelson on
the other. But nothing could keep the night's talk alive; not even a general chorus of.

Let us绶ong th bustling about the night's talk, by insisting on the
beauties of some, the pitfalls of profit outsiding the
of the capacities of the harbour of Fiume—If it over came to be made.

This "fit of light, this tongue of flame" was eagerly fanned by Sir
George Elliot on one side, and Mr. Samuelson on the other. But
nothing could keep the night's talk alive; not even a general chorus of.

The M Arquis of Hartington, after languidly turning over the
topics of the time—the Afghan War, the Treaty of Berlin, the
Anglo-Turkish Convention, the Zulu Disaster—succumbed submi-
sively to the flatness of the evening.

The訪ld of the Admmrsiy imparted a momentary flicker
to the smoldering embers of the night's talk, by insisting on the
beauties of some, the pitfalls of profit outsiding the
of the capacities of the harbour of Fiume—If it over came to be made.

A hanging Judge. We will make a regular day of it, and take lun-
cheon with us, so that we shall not miss anything. With a thousand
kisses to your charming chicks, and as many loves to yourself, believe
me, my dearest Dr,

Yours devotedly,

Chali Stewelington.

P.S.—Don't forget to put your Opera-glasses into your travelling-bag.

GERMAN GRAB VEREIN (UNLIMITED).

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Association has been formed for the purpose of affording its
Shareholders the maximum of profit with the minimum of risk.

As the Directors have secured the services as Manager of a gentle-
man of large experience in Conveyancing operations of the most
skilled and successful character, they confidently anticipate suc-
cess.

Money obtained on false pretences at all hours of the day and
night.

Bargains made and repudiated with punctuality and dispatch.

Sovereigns deposed and robbed of their private property neatly
and expeditiously.

Treaties, whether of old or recent date, effectually broken at a
few hours' notice.

Newspapers bribed and gagged in the most effectual style.

Conveyancing executed on the largest scale, and in all its
branches, Political and Diplomatic.

Solo Acting Manager—Prince Von Bismarck.

Head Office—Berlin.

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
character of prosperity 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.

AN INVITATION OF THE (NOT VERY
REMOTE) FUTURE.

Letter from the Hon. Mrs. Scawllingto to Lady Diana Gadderer.

Marwood Hall, November 5, 1879.

My dearest Dr,

Do get your old man to bring you to Marwood
for a big shoot next week.

It will be great 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, Sire, for the
murder of his wife and their
three
children.

Mr. Raft, 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 capi-
tal view of the Prisoner's face when he is sentenced.

On dit that Mr. Justice
Downwright (who, I hear, is
quite a darling) is going to
try the case, and that he is

a hanging Judge. We will make a regular day of it, and take lun-
cheon with us, so that we shall not miss anything. With a thousand
kisses to your charming chicks, and as many loves to yourself, believe
me, my dearest Dr,

Yours devotedly,

Chal Stewelington.
A VERY DELICATE SUBJECT.

"Painters are in peculiar relations with purchasers, and, unlike agents or men of business, the law does not, as a rule, render the moment of sale 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,

1. Do not try to bargain. Nothing is so nearly done as a picture, and to do it over is as bad as starting afresh.

2. Ask to see the picture from which the print is made. This will show whether the artist has or has not a mind to copy it again.

3. If, at this point, the Artist give a sort of off-hand hint, that he "has dabbled a little in Art, quite an amateur," and has "a thing or two" in what, for a freak, he calls his Studio, but which the old Italian Masters used solemnly to call their "bottega," or "shop," the intending purchaser may be induced to look in, and at some time not naturally suggesting business—say, some Sunday after Church.

4. Having left his carriage round the corner, lest he should look like a patent, he may, without offence, promiscuously ask leave to join the children's dinner; but he should be most careful to make no reference to the real object of his visit. If nothing is said about the picture, all chance of business may be regarded as over between himself and the Artist for the present, if not for ever.

5. If, however, he can manage to work his way naturally into the Studio and see the work he has left, let him remember that the offensive subject of prices can only be delicately reached through the channels of allegory, by means of indirect allusions, or by the Artist managing to drop the "figure," as it inadvertently, or pretending to fall into a dance, and talking "shop" in his shop. This having been humbly managed, the purchaser should yet get the picture out of the Studio surreptitiously, for fear of hurting anybody's feelings. Finally, and, above all, he must be on his guard not to breathe the word 'copyright.'

The only delicate way of coming that will open later on, when the purchaser may be able to approach this most ticklish subject through the medium of a lawyer's letter, leading up, perhaps, to a spirited trial in the Queen's Bench Division.

PRISON THOUGHTS OF A PRIG.

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. 77
DIRTY WEATHER.

Yes, things look queer, the sky is drear,  
The clouds show little signs of breaking.  
But what of that? Away with fear!  
The good ship's crew are averse to quaking.  
She labours, ay! In such a sea  
A bark so laden's no mere feather.  
"But she has threaded through worse," says he,  
The Captain stout. "You'll not dash me  
With dirty weather!"

"I've had some tastes of such before.  
Whilst I've good sea-room, I'll not funk it.  
Squalls oft have tried the old ship sore,  
But, Lord be praised, have not yet sunk it.  
Keep up your hearts! I hold the helm.  
Preserve good watch, and pull together;  
Nor 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, uncomplaining, 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.

We all know the "Sodgers"—their rank and file, steady, sturdy, true to their duty, and faithful to their flag and their officers under all circumstances, and against all provocations: their officers good men and true, gallant soldiers, poor, for the most part, unfashionable, unpetted, and uncomplaining, and known to the Swelldom of the service as "empty bottles"—well-explained as "good fellows that have done their duty, and are ready to do it again." Here are evidently the men, of all John Bull's armed sons, to tackle the Zulu, and face the odds and hardships of a wild country and a dangerous service. You have only to "Tell that to the Marines," and see if the Marines don't tell that to Cetewayo and his warriors in very unmistakable language.

The Real 'Art of Mid-Lothian.—Catching the Constituency.
"DIRTY WEATHER, JOHN!"

John Butt.

"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 (continued).


Pilton still firmly clings to the hope that Fisher will do something to amuse us. Fish-er, however, carefully avoids all topics tending in this direction.

The conversation flags. We are becoming me-more and more impatiently and constan-tly checking the clock on the mantel-piece by our watches. Then, in answer to Pilton’s oblique and somewhat fashionable question, “Shall we play any-thing?” he d’ all just finishing being-shaved, and were much fresh-ened by the opera-tion.

I wonder if anyone was ever so rude as to reply to the question about “joining the Ladies” in the negative? One solitary person in a very bad temper might do it; and, if so, the obstructionist would be “left sitting” — “blooming alone,” like the last rose of Summer.

Pilton informs us, confidentially, as we leave the dining-room, that “Fisher possesses real dramatic talent, if he’d only dress up;” but as the talented Amateur persists in his refusal—subsequently informing me—that he didn’t want to make a fool of himself before a lot of strangers,—we can only imagine what an intellectual treat we have lost.

We all, or most of us, enter the drawing-room. Here most of the party again consult their watches, with reference to the clock in this room, in the hope of finding the time sufficiently ad-vanced to offer a reasonable excuse for getting out of this jolly evening at Pilton’s.

Pilton reproaches himself from the depression into which our obstinacy has amased another has thrown him.

He rube his hands, with as much heartiness as he can assume, and proposes 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, “Won’t she sing?” No, thank you, she would rather not. “Won’t 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 spirituially retaliates, “surely your daughter would.”

Mrs. Pilton’s daughters, looking like three Lot’s Wives, in the process of being frozen into salt-pillars—give three little sharp sibilants, 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 is an ill wind that blows no one any good.]

Miss Fisher, on being requested to favour the company with some musical tributes, with a curious sound 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 no music. She got it all upstairs in a box, but she won’t fetch it; I found this cat next day; but Fisher, her brother, can.” Yes know he can, Mr. Pilton; she says, appealing to her best, with a sweet smile, with a something for politeness’ sake, and declare they’ve never heard it before, and would so like to hear it now.

So young Fisher, thus adjured, sets to work to play tunes from Madame Angot, which he has picked up by ear, and of which he has not, apparently, succeeded in getting a firm grasp, as only the first seven bars are so are right, and then the air suddenly becomes something totally different. It is a sort of nightmare of Madame Angot, and very irritating.

Once at the piano, it is very difficult to remove him. Pilton’s victim is going to be revenged on Pilton in particular, and on the company generally. He seems to have become, suddenly, part and parcel of the music-stool, and, like the last rose of Summer, is to be “left sitting” —* bloomingly alone,* like the last rose of Summer.

Fisher’s tunes gradually become less and less coherent, he plays jerkily at short intervals, like a musical-box out of order, and, after last in even amusing himself, he finally submits to private life, in his old corner, with the photograph book.

We only discover that he has ceased playing by the gradual cessation of the conversation. We sit about half an hour, in a half-malicious state of cat-asters.

Once more we all furiously 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, we must eke out another half-hour, at least, in some sort of conversation. Pilton, finding his jovial evening becoming intolerably dull, suggests “Games.”

“Doesn’t anyone know a game?” he asks, in despair.

Once more everyone seems scared. No; no one knows a game. It flashes across me suddenly, that I once was told of a game—I think it was a game—called “Cockamoo;” but whether it was played by counting up numbers, halving them, and adding ten, or whether it wasn’t quite a different sort of thing altogether, and played with sticks and a small bell, the flash of memory is too transient to en-lighten me. So I keep “Cockamoo” to myself, and only shake my head.

Pilton turns to Peter Dermo. “Surely he knows a game?”

Peter, who has nearly fallen asleep on a chair in a corner, replies that he is acquainted with nothing except leap-frog; and, having smiled amiably on the company as we all drop off again into a doze, when, from occasional spasmodic movements, we pre-sume he is probably playing leap-frog in his sleep.

We turn to Pilton. “Doesn’t anybody know any games; and, as he suggests the alternative of a song, I declare emphatically that I never sing.

People seem to be reassured on hearing this positive assertion from my own lips; but we are no nearer a jolly evening than we were a couple of hours ago, when suddenly a very mild young man—somebody’s cousin, I fancy—capital name for a novel, Some-body’s Cousin—N.B. book it, but I’d never noticed his presence before—in a remote corner of the room, is suddenly observed whispering to a stout Lady near him, who thereupon exclaims, “Oh! Oh!” as if she had been pinched, which, attracting our attention, she goes on to inform us that “Mr. Bilby, the mild young man, has got a game,” which sounds as if the individual in question had been suddenly seized with some form of epilepsy.

Pilton sees a forlorn hope in Bilby. Bilby is the mouse who comes to the lion’s rescue.

Bilby blushes, and says, “Well, it’s not much of a game.” Being pressed to go into details, he informs us, bashfully,—as though it was something improper which he would rather not mention— that it consists in everyone saying “Has,” and “Hash,” and “Hosh,” all together.

We don’t see, at first sight, that this is a very exciting game, nor indeed how it can be a game at all, but Pilton joyfully welcomes it as better than stagnation, and evidently considers it to be, at all events, a move in the right direction.

The elderly Ladies regard Mr. Bilby with interest, as a new discovery, and we are all more or less pleased at his, so to speak, sud-den breaking out of his shell, and bursting into life with a game.

“Doesn’t anyone know a game?” asks Bilby, rather offensively.

“You direct it,” says Pilton to Bilby, with an air of importance, and playing off Bilby against young Fisher, who now appears in- clined to patronise Bilby, rather offensively.
"WEEDS!"

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, Piltron 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.

Nothing.

"Is that all?" asks Piltron, much disappointed.

"Yes," answers Billy, nervously, "that is all."

"But that's not a game!" Piltron 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 brief 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. Peter Dermod, angry at having been wakened, 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, Piltron 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, Piltron remarks that he is not as amusing as he used to be. I apologise 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, Piltron will confide in Mrs. Piltron, 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 Piltron'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, clo-dor," and all at events, for the present I am roofless. This gives me, as it were, a title to my friends' hospitality.

MODEST ASSURANCE.

Young Smythe, "What, not skating, Mrs. Marrable?"

Mrs. Marrable (a fascinating Widow of over nine-and-forty, but who doesn't look 40). "No; I'm too old for that sort of thing."

Young Smythe, "Too old? What do you call 'too old,' Mrs. Marrable?"

Mrs. Marrable (recollecting). "Don't you call twenty-eight too old, Mr. Smythe? I do!"
THE PITH OF SMITH.

(A Poetical Pledge 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 e'en this occasion is not of my seeking:
But the cry of electors has called me, and, therefore,
I'll tip you four columns—as much as you'll care for,
The voice of the Country—1 bar some bar-sinisters,
Quite right: we have crowned it with honours and glories.
The Rads do deny it,—but then they tell stories.
Sad disaster in Africa? Yes, but, believe it,
Our soldiers, brave fellows! will promptly retrieve it.

THE PITH OF SMITH.

To say they are in a deplorable state;
And then, as regards our financial affairs,
If taxation is swelled to a tidy amount,
But you'll find they will turn out all right, if you'll wait.

And e'en this occasion is not of my seeking:
But then they tell stories.
Sad disaster in Africa? Yes, but, believe it,
Our soldiers, brave fellows! will promptly retrieve it.
We mean to go on, spite of our jeering,
And settle that question for ever. (Muck cheering.)
They're mainly smart fudge, and I boldly impugn 'em:
And Rads, out of power, of course pine for office.

The condition of Europe, thanks wholly to us,
And in spite of the Liberal fury and fuss,
In just what it should be—at least, very nearly,
Of Cyprus some quidnuncs have cackled severely;
I've been there myself, and I found it delightful.
The fallacies quoted by Harcourt were frightful!
It does not harbour fever,—to any extent;
And it will harbour ships,—when some tin has been spent.
Just listen to Garnet! A rather long letter,
But take it for gospel—you could not do better.

BE IN TIME!

HORSEMONGER Lane Gaol is being sold and carted away piece-meal.
Murdermongers, be on the alert! Here are the stones bellowed by the presence of that sweet couple, the MAR-
KINS, to say nothing of other interesting inmates, 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 Stookings.

SAUNDERS'S DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY OF "A SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER."—To prevent the Afghan gain sz.

REAL LENIENCY.—Trusting the Crescent.

It settles the grumblers. Our enemies think
When they call it a pest-house, a desert, a sink,
That of well-deserved justice they've cleverly strait us.
Pooh, pooh! With some cash, and the—hum!—Eucalyptus,
You'll find it, in spite of the fools who find fault, a
Superb combination of Eden and Babel.
And then, as regards our financial affairs,
Mid-Lothian's proximate Candidate dares
To say they are in a deplorable state.
But you'll find they will turn out all right, if you'll wait.
If taxation is swelled to a tidy amount,
We're prepared for each item to render account.
And what more would you have? Bills will run up, you know,
And bills will run up, you know,
On the Birmingham Radicals find how they p—:
In fact, "we all do it," so why make a bother?
So much for one Bogey. Bad Trade is another.

To charge us with bringing on that is a shame.
Over-trading and Gladstone are chiefly to blame.
Twould n'er have appeared, but for the rash temerity
In raising, and raising, disastrous prosperity.
Still, we are not all starving. We dig lots of coal,
And the working-men's savings expand on the whole;
Our taxes are light (so there's room for increases),
And now dear Lord B. has brought Honour and Peace.
If the workman won't listen to Radical stories,
But stick to his bench, and his best friends, the Tories,
Trade will very soon show a surprising revival.
And Old England will stand as of old without rival.
Strong, proud, inoffensive, imperial, united!
Thank you! I think that's the lot, and I trust you're delighted—
This I fancy's a settler for Harcourt and Hardy;
Five Columns! Not bad for a taciturn party.
Speech is silver, and silence is golden. I hold
But a Smith works in silver as well as in gold;
And I can play the Silver-Smith. Thanks for the hearing.
You've given. And now I'll sit down. (Prolonged cheering.)
COSMOPOLITANS AND COOK.

The 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 Valentine. There was a time when the average Englishman, if he found his Frenchman had been honouring the memory of a Cook, would have concluded that Cook had been one of their own countrymen, and which they have rendered that homage to a Chief who was a British Sea-Captain—but one who, in serving his country, has also served mankind. Quickly, no, by way of return, units in a similar glorification of some great Frenchman—and who should it be?

"IN LIQUIDATION."

A SCREAMING PARADE.

(As Performed, to the tune "Meaning a Year," by London and the Provinces.)

SCENE.—A Solicitor's Office—Meeting of Creditors discovered.

Enter Hawksley, Trustee, and Smooth, Solicitor to the Trustee's Liquidation.

Brown (a plebious 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. [Motion put, and carried unanimously.]

Jones (after bowing himself into the Chair). Gentlemen, we are here to receive the Trustee's statement of the liquidation in that business as you all are—that this has been a most troublesome estate in fact, I may call it one of the toughest jobs, though of in hand in all my long and varied experience. The assets, as some of you may remember, were stated at £1600. 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. Butterly himself at £400. This realised £185. (Movement among Creditors.) The plant and machinery of the concern were sold in one sitting among Creditors.) The book-debts, which were valued—at least £800. (Ruston, who is short-necked and plethoric, and daren't trust himself to express his feelings). What's the dividend?

Jones (who knows his Friend's symptoms). Don't excite yourself, Robinson. It's bad for you, you know it is. (To other Creditors who are gradually approaching to boiling-point.) Gentlemen, be patient. It ain't any good getting in a passion. (A full.)

Hawksley (serenely). Having stated realised assets, we now come to costs of liquidation (looking at Paper through his double eye-glass). First, we have Solicitor's costs—most moderate, I think you will admit—£160 6s. 8d.; then Auctioneer's valuations and commissions,—that's always a heavy item,—£36 6s.; and Trustee's costs,—we have kept them down as close as we could, as the estate was a small one,—£22 2s. 6d., leaving available for dividend the sum of Eighteen Shillings and Fourpence precisely!—

Robinson (with a ghastly attempt at humour). How much may that be in the pound?

Jones (maliciously). And you charging us jolly well for it, I'll be bound.

Smooth (earningly). Take care, Mr. Jones! Robinson (who is short-necked and plethoric, and daren't trust himself to express his feelings). What's the dividend?

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MONDAY, February 17 (Lords).—Earl Dela Warren and the Lord Chancellor have two Bills prepared for making masters responsible for managers, in cases of accidents to workmen. Earl Dela Warren'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-meaning—if not ambitious—attempt of the custodire 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 Penzance 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. Stacpoole, 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 Cornwall 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. Stacpoole 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 dare 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. Contra, Mr. Mowbray, Mr. Newtonate, 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 dragged in head and shoulders before Supply.

Mr. Dilwyn 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 £300, 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 Ladiships? 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 arrrears—or why Minos should not be trusted to do the work in which he has hitherto had Æacus and Rhadamantus for his assessors. But that a Lord Chancellor should strike the blow! **Et tu Brute!—then come down, Cockeye!**

(Commons).—Mr. Dilwyn 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 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 Hankey, and the sense of official proprieties of Selwyn-Ibberton, Lowe, and Lewis, and the sturdy Sussex common-sense of Bartelot—all pooh-poohed the Dilwynian-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. Bullock’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. Halbrook’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 constellating 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!"

What we have seen this season, and seem likely to see again.

That eagle's fate and theirs is one,

Who, on the shaft that made him die,

Behold 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.

(Commons.)—The Major got his cheer, by eliciting the assurance that, as far as the Government can, surviving officers of the gallant and ill-fated 24th shall reap the benefit of the heroic sacrifices which so nearly left its second battalion officerless. He followed it up by getting his laugh out of Mr. Chase's assurance that he did not mean to interfere as a deus ex machina for the British Baronet in Dartmoor.

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 herbis. A sturdy minority will see the Parliamentary gag under Sir Stafford's insinuating 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 Obstruction 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 Obstruction 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 ineffectual 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 infecto.

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 as Commons—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 horses 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, "Qui dabble allons-nous faire dans cette galerie?" 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 176 despatches, most of them dealing with the complaints of several influential bootleg merchants at Shanghai, but the more important referring to the sudden recall of our High Commissioner for more satisfactory reasons. With regard to the Colonial Secretary telegraphs:

"April 1. I could not now, in the present moment, conveniently spare an army of 60,000 men, or even a force up to your lesser limit of 40,000. Would it not be better to consider the measure a little longer, before embarking in a course from which a popular outcry of some 800,000,000?"

The missioner replies in a lengthy and spirited despatch. After illustratively describing the generally debased social condition of the Mongolian races from the year 3334 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 about the better. I have, therefore, sent an ultimatum to Peking, 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 forcible and succinct style, you are on the spot. Without any way reflecting on your bold and benevolent scheme of the Empire, I beg to have reached their pleasure in a brief despatch. I am, therefore, sending a summary of the High Commissioner, announcing the commission of the Martial Secretary to the Early Tartars, who are at present enjoying a brief respite."

Clerical Co-operation.
(By Our Cambridge Grocer.)

"Would Grads and Undergrads enjoy a bliss to whom no debt is scored, REadymoney Mortar-Board."

FOX-HUNTING AND FOX-EATING.

Dear Mr. Punch,

Through 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 and 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 fear you would be rendering an important service to the sporting world by deciding this momentous point, on which a humble mark like myself do not even form an opinion, much less criticise statements like the following:

"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 Lord Pinkerton, M. F. H.

"You acted perfectly right in eating him on the spot."—From Mr. Bravestern, M. F. H.

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 easily 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.

["Punch has never been in the habit of eating his own foxes; and Toby informs him that he should consider such an act as an unpardonable encroachment on the canine privileges of his brethren of the kennel. "Dog eat dog" is not a worse rule than "Dog eat fox."]

Mr. Powy has, unwittingly, drawn down a severe visitation upon an offending Chymgyman, the Incumbent of "Atcham," near Shrewsbury, all along of the letter (published in his number for Feb. 15,) from an "Agrieved Parishiner" of that place, of which church has been the scandalous scene. We need hardly say that the letter had nothing to do with the innocent and orthodox Incumbent of Atcham near Shrewsbury, who eschews all such aferences in such a comprehensive and scholarly essay, from the pen of the High Commissioner, on "The Manners and Customs of the Early Tartars," which to appended a postscript announcing the commencement of a Chinese war.

ATCHAM v. HATCHAM.

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The similarity in the names of exasperated "Atcham," and his peaceful cure—with only an H.—that most movable of letters—between them, has brought upon him, we are sorry to hear, a flood of silly and offensive correspondences.

But it is an Ill-wind that blows nobody good. He has, doubtless, diverted to his own devoted head so much of the asinine letter-flow which usually finds its way to Mr. Punch's waste-paper basket. Poor Punch has to bide the pelt of this pitiless epistolary storm daily. Let the Incumbent of Atcham near Shrewsbury be thankful that the infliction in his case, will, in all likelihood, cease with this explanation, if it have not run itself dry before.

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 of the old English churches and draperies, and of Rome, as albs, copes and chasubles, priests' fools' caps, sky-blue petticoats, dalmatics, and altar-candles.

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MISPLACED CHARITY.

On coming out of Church, General Sir Talbot de la Poer Sangraill is so struck by the beauty of the afternoon sky, that he forgets to put on his hat, and Lady Jones (who is rather near-sighted) drops a penny into it.

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 fain 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 servile 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.

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.

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 foemen. 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.”—Plautus’s Evidence in Nunn v. Hemmings.

PRONOUNCE him mad because he took for pills
The gold that’s held by most to cure all ills!
A LESSON.

Despise not your Enemy.
THE NEXT ELECTION——"UN MYSELF—I BEAN'T A GOIN' TO GI' 'un TO Nozopy!!"

up courage to make the yenture, you are hereby forewarned cele oy take pity on a poor hermit in his cell. We are right away from all | om Invitation— A name — Topsy-turvy — Accepted— Incident — Sensa-

March 1, 1879.

BEAT! POSSIDENTES.

Counnser (to Thrifty Rustic, who has recently taken a Little Farm).

"WELL, THOMAS, YOU'LL GIVE YOUR VOTE TO SQUIRREL SHOODY AT THE NEXT ELECTION——"

"NO, I SHAN'T.—I HA' GOT 'UN, AND I MEAN TO KEEP 'UN 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 — Sensa-
tional— Sprightly servant— Luxury— Poetry— Arrival.

A letter of invitation comes to me from——

"MY DEAR FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

A Letter of invitation comes to me from—

"Mr. Dicxre," on merest 4. TA while those who

look to be it one irritating to hear it, and still more to see it, on paper.

This old Norman baron was rich. He quarrelled with his famil

he left his money and estates to his boon companion, whom he had only

known as "Dicke." This fixed the heir's name. Henceforward he

and his heirs were Dicke. They went on and prospered, in

spite of, as the vulgar phrase has it, or used 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 Mosthy Dickie family. Some Dickie in the Sixteenth Century married into the Mosthy family—whose name, probably, owe its origin from some

man seeing one of his fellow-countrymen in a long wig, and then naming it Dickie, as

like Julius Caesar, considering lean men as dangerous to the State, he at once designated him as Most Thy, and gave him some fine

title to insist on. "Most Thy" then became Mosthy and

thenforward a rich, happy family, and stout supporters of Royalty.

[Happy Thought.—Write a Hypothetical History of the Origin of English Family Names and Titles, for children. The English family would subscribe largely, to make it worth my while not to do it.

Either notion's remunerative.]

On this, I accept Mosthy Dickie's offer.

Here, en route for the Manor, I must note what would be sensa-
tionally 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,

in a pocket-handkerchiefs.

From the bridge of his nose, the second button of his greatcoat,

all is enveloped in a — cloud of mystery,(&:e., in pocket-handker-

chief. What I do see of him—mentioned above—trecognise. I go

up to him with outstretched hand and a smile on m expressive

k discovers somebody

as though bows what to make of amy advance, I Poy oy bony

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dicky with them.
"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!"

being provided for—I feel it will be all right, and ask no questions. 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 Meadowsweet 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 pew advertisements and play at pawnbroking on all day by giving tickets for umbrellas deposited with them—[Happy Thought. My Uncle! ]—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 impudence, he had voluntarily submitted for the benefit of his creditors and the good of his country. But instead of dismissing his Minister, Nubar Pasha, he gets up an émeute of discharged 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:

"Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia, cadi."

"Learn your own bonds to bear, or quit." Or—third course—come to cuffs for it.

Inscription and Description (for Parliament).—Satis elucidentia, sapientia parum.
"THE QUILL-DRIVER."

What we ought, and what we ought not, to send out to Zululand, according to that very knowing and ubiquitous 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 Excelsis.
Dr. Johnson Amended.

Dye 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.


Bravo, Dr. Arthur.

"Il y a," says the same critic, speaking of a point in the Overture, "un effet produit par les violons qui est d’un caractère saisissant." What I especially like about this is the word "saisissant." I wish M. Lapomeraye could hear my trio for two violins and another musical instrument (of the flageolet order) from the Lowther Arcade. Ah! that is "saisissant," if you like! For those who haven’t yet heard this, a rich treat is in store. Tickets half-a-crown each, all umbrellas and sticks to be left at the door, everyone to be searched before entering the hall, to make sure that they have not about them, in any pocket, boots, or hat, anything whatever that can be thrown at any of the performers on the above-named instruments, or at the Composer of the above-named trio. Extra Polices will be stationed in Piccadilly and Regent Street, and men will be in readiness at all the gas-taps to turn them out on the least signs of "Disaffection," i.e., not liking the musical entertainment in question.

A propos of Dr. Arthur’s Parisian success, our well-informed friend The Musical World observes: "After this auspicious event, should the Rue Bergère be re-christened ‘Rue Sullivan,’ we should nevertheless put in a formal protest." Protest! Against what? Against its being "re-christened"? There are some good people who strongly object not only to the term "christening a ship," but also to the ceremonies used. But why shouldn’t Rue Bergère be Rue Sullivan? Why—to adopt Opie’s words—why shouldn’t the Parisians "Wear their Rue with a difference?" But no matter—Rue Bergère will stop as it were.

And so Dr. Septimus Wind, of The Musical World, needn’t be frightened, and be blown to him.

By the way, Mr. Beverley, scenic artist of Drury Lane, points out in a letter to this same paper how he is a much greater loser by this connection with this disastrous pantomime than the Vokes have been; but that he and the others were quite prepared to do their best for the old ship under "Captain Care," and that "while the Vokes family would not have had the chances of which they have made so much in past years, I am sorry about this. The Vokes family are clever at steps, but this is the one false step they’ve made. Retrace it.

After many roving weeks, coming up to Town, I went to see The Crisis at the Haymarket. It is remarkable for the clever acting of Miss Louise 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 performance is that of Mr. Davis Bower, Junior, as Lord William Whitehead,—a very weak name by the way. Mrs. John Wood is certainly very funny; Miss Eastlake very graceful and me full of line in it, but there is a perpetual shooting at the epigram target, never having taken any hold of the public at all. But wholly on this 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, and once, or twice, a bull’s-eye is scored.

What must have been a very strong scene in M. Audier’s original French piece is of itself, a very indifferent affair here. In Les Fourchambaults (Heavens! what a name! !) one brother hits the other on the cheek, whereupon when they have got up, the injured party, to the shock of the audience, which is rapidly ripening into performance, says "efface it!"—whereupon the re- burst of enthusiasm from French audience, which has waited through three or four Acts for this situation.

But we Englishmen don’t "kiss and make friends," and so the point goes for absolutely nothing, except what an ordinary shake of the hand can make of it.

Then the motive for Haidée’s quitting the Denhams’ house is too slight, and coming in it does, it seems to me to belong, somehow or another, to another play altogether. 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 Own Father; or, Don’t Flirt with the Governess.

The Crisis is well worth the playgoer’s visit, for the sake of the really excellent acting of all the dramatic persons, especially Miss Moore, Miss Eastlake, or her unusually sufficient and satisfactory substitute Mrs. Henki, and Mr. Kelly.

A propos of places of amusement, where is there going to be some attractive novelty at the Crystal Palace? Fireworks can’t be let off all the year round, and out of the summer season there doesn’t seem to be much going on. I should recommend the Chairman and Directors to consider the words on the fragile packages by rail, "Glass—care!" and to "Captain Care," and without whose previous enterprise the talented Vokes family would not have had the chances of which they have made so much in past years. I am sorry about this. The Vokes family are clever at steps, but this is the one false step they’ve made. Retrace it.

On the 27th, the Royal Academy of Music received the presentation copies of the "Duklins," the opera composed for the occasion of the Governor-General’s reception at Government House, by Major-General Sir Arthur Sullivan, Royal Artillery; Sir Charles Mackerras, conductor.

The Critics are well worth the playgoer’s visit, for the sake of the really excellent acting of all the dramatic persons, especially Miss Moore, Miss Eastlake, or her unusually sufficient and satisfactory substitute Miss Henki, and Mr. Kelly.

For the future, only they won’t do it unless they are sure of being represented by the leading ladies of the new bill. The new Loan will, it is expected, in consequence, be issued on Monday at par.

Superfused Petticoat Government.

"At the annual meeting of the North Staffordshire Railway, yesterday, one of the shareholders said that any officers in the above-mentioned station, or he would cause them to appoint two female Directors to look after their interests." —Standard, Feb. 15, 1879.

There can surely be no necessity for the proposed arrangement, while the interests of Lady Shareholders are already represented by the recognition of Old Women on existing Boards of Directors.
"THE CLEW."

The Child was evidently lost!—cried bitterly—could not tell us where its 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.]

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.

British Workman (sullenly). What should I do?

Punch. Why, take the Prince's tip.

British Workman. Of a foe?

Punch. Pooh! Fools defeat the thing they do not know, and knowledge kills such hate, as it would kill "Twixt you and 'foreigners' that blind ill-will, Which stains you 'duffers.'

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 harder master, Armed with the whip of shame, defeat, disaster.

British Workman. What, mine yer mean? I do. A killer goose was never manufactured, by misuse, Out of such splendid stuff, as you. There, there, Few dare to tell you the plain truth. "You are a man, have lots of force and grip, 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."

Punch. It is no disgrace To learn, 'e'en from a rival.

British Workman. And learn in time. I dare. Just love to learn and you'll soon learn to love. And look abroad for lessons and for friends, Not foes, your foolish scorn and hate to move,— Just love to learn and you'll soon learn to love.

British Workman. Eyes and heart open, L'll yet hold your own, Before a hundred rivals late upgrown;

British Workman. But a blind Titan simply wastes his force; Which stamps you 'duffer.'

Punch. Preachin' to horn-handed— Preachin' to 'orny-handed—

British Workman. The sneakin' prigs! We taught 'em all they know.

Punch. Rightly, if roughly, put. But one thing know,

British Workman. You are a man, have lots of force and grip, 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.

British Workman. And brain now takes the lead,—ay, more than ever: You must meet them. Prejudice and fad, Conceit, and churlish scorn are a fool's game, Which played right out will bring you nought but shame.

British Workman (sullenly). What should I do?

Punch. Your are a man, have lots of force and grip, Which, well directed, have you 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 huff, 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.

British Workman. Suspicious of a Briton's axis? Many a gift,— Intelligence, taste, temperance, and thrift, Impartial, adaptable,—is found Riper on British ground.

British Workman. Upon a truth ye yet will have to face,

British Workman. That's threadbare cant, class clap-trap, and you know it.

Punch. To learn, e'en from a rival.

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Punch. Rightly, if roughly, put. But one thing know,
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 Cottesloe 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 Tennyson 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 dépôt.

(Commun.—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 Sentry 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.
It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Scene—A Suburban Road after the last Snow.

Chorus of Small Boys. "Yer must 'av it dun now, Mum. Th' Policeman's a-comin'!"

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 first Resolution till between one and two, when the other Resolutions were postponed till Thursday week.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Lord President introduced his Bill to heal the healers, medicine the medicos, and doctor the doctors, and all the Acts relating thereto. For nineteen licensing bodies, there will, under this Act, be three for England, Ireland, and Scotland, with one conjoint examining body, which may examine and grant certificates for registration, even without a diploma. This is to meet the case of the Ladies, who can now get medical educations more easily than medical diplomas—in fact, are at liberty to penetrate the adyta of the Temple of Aesculapius as they best can, without being allowed to ascend the steps that lead up to it.

The constitution of the Medical Council is to be referred to consultation of a joint Committee of Lords and Commons. This looks like a piece of fun on the part of the Lord President,—but the Duke is quite serious. Fancy the Medical Council appointing a joint Committee of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons for consultation on the constitution of Lords and Commons! (Commons).—We are glad to learn from the Leader of the Cypriotes, Sextus of the Iron-clads, that France and England have each sent a ship to Egyptian waters, but with no special instructions—other than that chapter of accidents, which has been called "the Gospel of Fools," but which has frequently to be consulted both by Diplomats and Naval Captains—in the absence of special instructions.

Sir J. 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. Hawky 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. C. 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 Westmoreland. Alas! what are all these Ladies and their lovers to one rich and thirsty Cottonopolis?

"Bibat Mancunium, necentur lacus."

Messrs. Birley and Brown opposed.

Mr. Sclater-Booth said a Commission was superfluous; that Blue Books enough had been pumped from the lakes already; and Messrs. 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 suo, at twenty minutes past eight. Who dares say Parliament talks too much?

Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday, appropriately devoted to the remains of the dead.

Mr. Mowx has hit upon the unhappy thought of converting the quartette of Burial Bills into a quintette, by a Bill for the addition of a Dissenters' patch to unhallowed ground," in which Chapel may inter its dead, and more suo, at twenty minutes past eight. Who dares say Parliament talks too much?

Mr. Oxen had hit upon the unhappy thought of converting the quartette of Burial Bills into a quintette, by a Bill for the addition of a Dissenters' patch to unhallowed ground," in which Chapel may inter its dead, and more suo, at twenty minutes past eight. Who dares say Parliament talks too much?
the withdrawal of the Bill, as no settlement of what must soon be set in will be arrived at in any other way; and Mr. W. has been thoroughly ashamed of himself by such support, pleaded in vain for leave to withdraw his Bill, but had to sit and see it thrown out by 196 against 14 and serve him right. But Ash Wednesday is a day of humiliation.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord Carnarvon called attention to some silliness on a serious subject lately vented at the Epidemiological Society by a Gentleman connected with a Public Department, about the desirableness of having one or two cases of the plague there, in order that they might form the subject of scientific observations. He hopes that the Government would keep themselves clear of "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 flippant doctrinarianism.

(Commons).—After an hour over miscellaneous matters, including an attempt by Dr. Kennedy to lay in the British Burt, on the shoulders of Mr. Bur, and Lord O'Donnel (exonnerated by Blake's dying confession from the murder of a Manchester policeman), and an assurance to the Major from the Secretary at War that six Guardsmen to three Londoners was at least the ratio between Guards and Rifles of the vacancies in the 54th Regiment, Mr. Mitchell-Henry brought out his great question of privilege against the Times for accusing him, and other Irish Members, of "malice and mean intentions," and his hope over the stronger and better employment of "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 flippant doctrinarianism.

Mr. Monk made a most serious speech on a serious subject lately vented at the Epidemiological Society by a Gentleman connected with a Public Department, of "all the nonsense of quarantine." The President of the Council here, in order that the form of the subject of scientific observation should 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 flippant doctrinarianism.

Mr. Mitchell-Henry.

With this, Punch withdraws himself gratefully under the wings of the Skiddaw 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, of the present, of the little hills of the future.

As "coming events cast their shadows before," Sir Stafford prepares for a black Budge, 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" sooner or later. Sir Stafford is also careful not to expose the differences of view in the Cabinet on the subject. But if Britannia, as he is well employed as last Monday, he hopes that will satisfy Sir Stafford in his own pleasant way of putting it; but which is really, as Mr. Childers made out, a deficit of more than six millions. 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Herr Von Joel, the siffleur at Evans's, used to exclaim about his thinner, say cricket. "Foolish! Foolish! Ask! It belongs to Lady Eden, and is quite lovely for Parades."

The "Head of a Girl" suggests another good subject for one of our Young Masters. Here it is: I will give it to the R.A.'s under an alcove. 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 of the chase, wearing with them one small hare, in all 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 come badly 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 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," said the guide, "the inventor of enamel miniature." Might be called! Then call him so. He 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 Hans 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, Hollar! 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 out into Piccadilly.)

**Prince Leopold's New Order.**

Prince Albert could pass his mantle of the Garde, with the other insignia of that illustrious fraternity, to some succeeding brother of the Order. But his mantle of brotherhood in that higher Order, in suffering what he now teaches in speech, if not in song.

The following statement of expenditure has been picked up in Cairo, and forwarded to 85, Fleet Street. It is signed "J. Made.

**AN EGYPTIAN ACCOUNT CURRENT.**

**PENANCES FOR LENT.**

LORD BACONSFIELD.—To prepare a defence of Free Trade. Mr. W. E. Gladstone.—Total abolition of pos's, &c., and post-office. —To find out Lord CROMER'S plan of campaign. The Prince Imperial of France (on his way to Zanzibar).—To cultivate cordial relations with Prince Von Bismarck. Prince Von 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 Clergy 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 Store. One of our Lord Chief-Justices.—To lose his temper. Another of our Lord Chief-Justices.—To keep his temper. And Prince Von Bismarck. Prince Von Bismarck.—To keep two waste-paper baskets going daily instead of one.

**Let a Bishop be One Having Discretion.**

Hans's the Bishop of Oxford, in sacri et proprii person, 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 dignus ephorini could have drawn down such a dignity from his Episcopalian Olylympus. Within 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!
ETYMLOGICAL.

"WHAT LOTS OF Pets you've got, Lady Cimce! Happy Kwee-chaws!"

"NOT HALF ENOUGH, Captain Jinks! I'm going to START AN APLARY!"

"AN APLARY? 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 Cultur-jamp, — 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 pachydermatous 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 villanous burglar and specially reckless taker of human life.

For the moment, Home 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 holy 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 the moment, becomes the man of the hour, in co-partnership with the wretch over whose ashy 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 unholy 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, accomplisments, 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 RESOLVE 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!!"
IT DON'T FOLLOW.

A

an unreasonable Bond
Street Shopkeeper
writes to the Times
complaining that, though
he pays £100 a-year as
rates, and his two dozen
and seventeen fellow-shop-
keepers £21,000 a-year
between them, the St.
George's Vestry leaves the
snow to melt et Bonny it falls.

Evidently, I've got into good quarters at Mosruyy 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 ebon 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 Mosruyy Dickie, who being,
as I have said, slightly deaf, has not caught my expressiveness for tea.

"Ah!" he exclaims—it is a very broad "Ah!"—much relieved.

"That's right. You will have something. Glass of sherry?

"Eh, what?" exclaims Mosruyy Dickie, spreading out his
hands, and appealing to me in the utmost despair, as if every-
things in the world had collapsed suddenly, and he had lost his
fortune at one fell swoop. "There! Did you ever see such a set of
idiotic! That's what I'm surrounded by—Idiots!" (present com-
munity's hope, expected). "The Telescope!" says he (in effect
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
they arrive, to wait until they know if anything is wanted; but
no—they go—he is working himself up 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 fetched for me.

"Oh," says Dickie, with the air of a man who, out of politeness,
had been compelled to receive an irksome thing. "You are sure?" asks Mosruyy Dickie, with searching emphasis,
with absolute nervous anxiety, 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
proof of my assertion, while he eyes me narrowly, as if to see
whether—or my sweetened;—"because Mrs. Pounp
always forgets either the sugar or the milk, or something. She's
over there any sugar?"

"Or the Tea!" This so tickles his that

Friend at a Distance.

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

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XV.

At Meadowsweet Manor—Mosruyy Dickie—His Heartiness—Deaf-
ness—Tea—Tyranny—Violence—Sunshine—Servants—House—
And Households.

Mr. dear fellow! he exclaims, in a bluff, good-humoured tone,
and smiling all over his face, under and all' round his grey beard
and moustache. "My dear fellow! this is capital of all! Excel-
lent! You're a trump to come down in such abominable weather."

He, too, is a Celestial—so it is

his Heartiness.

I observe, hat I am only too delighted. He is, I find, a trifle

himself, and nobody else. He frowns

of half the contents of the cup, I me ht round at him, and smile, as

as though he were examining me on my oath.

"It don't follow."

Of course, I notice has highly, as if to see
whether any irresistible spasm should contradict my statement.

No. After disposing, as pleasantly as possible in the circumstances,
we sat half the contents of the cup, I looked round at him, and smile, as
I was wont to smile.

Because," he says, still eyeing me distrustfully, as though
expecting me to recant my opinion, and refuse to swallow any more
tea, unless it were immediately sweetened:—"because Mrs. Pound
always forgets either the sugar or the milk, or something. She's

his head! and once

as though

and run away, and says in a tone that

imagine he is accustomed to inconstancy on the part of newly-arrived guests.

He is right. I am not quite sure.
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 sex, 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 Meadowswest 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 lofty 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 shininess 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 serli at my si-i-idy,"

And I add to myself, that I feel pretty sure I shail "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.

He is a widower, and the lady of the house is, I find, his daughter—Mrs. de Breslin—who, with her two young children, usually reside at Meadowswest Manor. The people about address her as "Madame de Breslin," or simply "Madame," and from Mrs. Pound (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. Pound, 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,—
Mines 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!

"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 bounceable 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 sup, 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!"
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.
Secretary for War. Not a bad makeshift, really, as things go.
But as for following our pattern!
Commander-in-Chief. Oh!
Don't mention it. The Critics will excuse
A little jumbling of our reds and blues,
Considering the pressure.
Secretary for War. 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 Saarbruck. 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 manœuvres in
which he has taken part.
Fetter; but between you and I and the post, Mr. Jonzs," replied Mr. Wrench to Tunstall with a sly smile. "Robinson ain't got neither the looks, nor the language, nor the manners of a gentleman!"

"You're right, Wrench," said Jones, shovelling the melted remains of his ice-cream into his mouth with a steel knife (which he afterwards wiped on the table-cloth). "You're right, I'm off to a trial!"

**RAILWAY LIABILITY.**

See, in divers law reports, the case of Foulkes 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 to the platform. A jury gave him £500 damages. Defendants, however, appealed, and the new trial on the question of liability as between themselves and the Railway Company, lately tried before the Lord Chief Justice. This was an action for compensation of injuries received by a passenger, who, in a dispute their just liabilities in a Court of Law. [Chat closes.]

**OFFERS TO OPPONENTS.**

The general burst of satisfaction with which the appointment of Lord Deverell 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 made, and are now, therefore, declined:—

Earl Granville to be Her Majesty's Special Envoy Extraordinary to the new King of Burman.

The Marquis of Hertford to be Governor of Fortam's Island.

Sir W. Vernon Harcourt to be General Political Agent in the South Pacific.

The Duke of Argyll to the conduct of a Literary and Scientific Mission in Afghanistan.

Mr. Gladstone to be Plenipotentiary (Extraordinary) at the Congress of the new Principality of Bulgaria.

Mr. Forster to be Special Local Inspector for the Red Sea Pearl Fisheries.

Sir Arthur Freer to be Her Majesty's Representative in the Crater of Vesuvius.

And Mr. Parkinson to be Permanent High Commissioner for 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 organisation to make these dry bones live.

**TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF IN BULGARIA (aska for the Assembly at Tirnova).**—To set things straight.

Mr. Johnson. Our platform is fully two feet below the level of your platform; that is, we must mend our ways. Let us have a new trial on the question of liability as between ourselves 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 an amicable arrangement concluded upon in a little quiet.

**CHAT BETWEEN RAILWAY CHAIRMAN.**

Chairman Hobson. Decidedly improving. And yours?

Hobson. 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. That's his mistake.

Hobson. Yes; but ours too. He claims compensation to the amount of a thousand pounds.

Hobson. Our train was one of which the carriages were no less than two feet above the level of the platform—by the way, your platform.

Hobson. Dear, dear, how very sad—his misfortune, I mean. But only a thousand pounds! What a moderate claim for so dreadful an injury—that is, if it wasn't his own fault.

Hobson. No, Jonze, there's no denying it; the fault was ours. Our train was one of which the carriages were no less than two feet above the level of the platform—by the way, your platform.
PHRASE-BOOK FOR THE USE OF GENERAL OFFICERS.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Lord Chelmsford.)

On learning that an Army has been cut to pieces.—Dear me! You don't say so!

On losing the Baggages.—Train of a Division.—Awkward—very!

On receiving an Officer who has ridden for his life twenty miles through an enemy's country, carrying Despatches.—Very kind of you indeed!

On accepting an offer to head a Forlorn Hope.—I'm afraid you are giving yourself a very great deal of trouble!

On seeing a Regimental Camp in Flames.—Odd! Isn't it?

Fellows should take more care—they should, really!

On finding a position turned.—I call this quite too provoking!

On receiving the news that the troops under his command have been out-generalled and cut to pieces.—Now, who is responsible for this?

And, lastly—On riding up to three score of Englishmen who have defended themselves for thirteen hours from the night assaults of thousands of victorians and bloodthirsty savages, and who have thus saved an army, if not a colony, from destruction.—Thank you all very much for your very gallant defense!

SCHOOL BOARD AND SCAVENGERS.

(Great indignation meeting in the City. In consequence of the recent discussions at the Guildhall, the Schoolmasters and Dustmen convene an extraordinary Meeting in opposition to the extravagant demands of the London School Board. We have been favoured with a brief report of the proceedings.)

Mr. Shovelber took the chair, having previously polished it with his coat-cuff.

Mr. Random, a leading Scavenger, moved a Resolution. He expressed "hintense surprise and regret at the increasing and oppressive character laid on to the rates of the City." He didn't know exactly what it meant, but what he wanted to know was, what was the good of teaching poor children a lot of rubbish as was being put down a gutter. (Great indignation.) From what he 'eard as to eddicashun, 'ere and elsewears, at 'ome and on the Continent, was just this, that they as learned wot 'e'd em above their stathum was not no use to no one, and instead of being hainable 'an useful member o' society, they was quack doctors, and the 'ole thing was—"(Ears! Ears! Ears!)—and was merely a hupsetting the cart all over the place, makin' a mess o' herrythink, and comin' out strong as—"(Cheers)—and wasn't afraid to say it.

(Prolonged cheering. After which the Resolution was put and carried, and the Meeting separated, after singing their popular chorus, "Dustward Ho!")

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 drawing near, a host of Ghosts, no wonder this spirit should peep through the war-cloud now lowering over South Africa, and even draw substance from its shadows. We find one of its latest appearances thus inscribed in a Natal paper:

A HORSE SALE, on Saturday, at Eleven O'clock, we shall sell Mr. Pettitton's BLACK HORSE "PRINCE," stands about Fifteen hands a pace, clean-limbed, well-ribbed, strong, enduring, fast, easy, pleasant nag. He suited a Volunteer on the War Path; has pluck enough to charge a column; and would never be caught if the order were reversed; besides being a favorite at night, and to all customers making a rush. 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. Boucher & Co., Auctioneers.

QUITE LOW ENOUGH.

Quoth Futility Bon—

"Down-hill once a fast goer—" (Cheers)—

"When John Bull has got low, Why should he go lower?"

THE DISEASE OF DEBT.

A Patent Medicine Proprietor advertises in a Journal of some circulation among the poorer classes a specific under the denomination of "The Pill." The best tick-pit 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 Khost Valley, Punch fears that if their "Valley" be doubtful there is no doubt about their Khost.

STRANGE OFFICIAL MISTAKE IN GEOGRAPHY.—To have placed Chalmisford in Africa.
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 agree 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 redactio 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 £90,000 yearly. Shepherds have their marks for sheep, why can't our wise heads of cows devise one for their black sheep? All Recruitment 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, 396 from eight; the 58th, 197 from four; and the 49th, 48 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 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 (Lord's).—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 ostensively promoted by only two shareholders, though Lord Rosebery said an Irish had approved of it. It was postponed for two months—for which term read "sine die," and may be marked "No Effects."

Lord Asquith having drawn attention to the prevalence of desertion, Lord Bryce 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 Tennyson thought excessive punishment and vexatious 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 Halifax, Lord Crambrook tried to lighten things by giving the black shadow of famine impending over the Punjab and Cashmeres. 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 Cashmeres (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 G. 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 and the most tangible grievance in the envemoned case of Shops v. Stores. 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. His speech was mainly an effective and amusing description of the business of faggot-vote making, lately so active in Midlothian.

Sir Charles Dilke, as second, 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 really so much worse than the best. "Black's not so black, nor white so very white."

Lord Claud 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. Cowper 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 chieftainry 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.

Affable Old Gent (to well-known Civil Servant). “Quite Christmas Weather, again, Mr. Paddock!”

Irish Postman. “Quite so, Sorny! quite so!”—(Improving the occasion.)

“Remember the Postman, Sorny!”

[He ‘d brought it on himself, so he ‘d stamped up like a ‘Gentleman.”

deteriorated, was deteriorating, and ought to be improved. The peroration was the gem of Lord Clive’s caracole of braniates:

“The day might come when Parliament in its wisdom would think fit to make some extension of the county franchise; but be trusted that day was far distant. They by 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.”

Certainly Lord Clive has not shrunk from such misapprehension.

It was a proposal designed to subvert the whole fabric of our Constitution, and to trample under foot the glorious 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.”

En attendant—Punch presumes—the time when Parliament “in its wisdom” may see fit to set about the work of subversion and trampling under foot.

Sir C. Le Pir seconded Lord Clive, but “with bated breath and whispering humbleness” in comparison with this fiery scion of the House of Commons. (Cheers.)

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-House-siders, and the patrons of “tar-boggin” in Canada, and small boys in a timber-yard.)

Mr. Wheelhouse decried his budget of costs, in the first of a series of see-saw speeches, by Mr. Colman (pro) and Mr. Elliot (con.). Moreau, Brittain and Waddy (pro) and Mr. Leighton (con.). The latter has discovered that Mr. Trevelyan’s “Reform” Bill would disfranchise all the rustic votes—first 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. Leatham did not see the deterioration in the House which had so struck Lord Clive (“Without and within,” interposed Lord Clive—reflecting apparently on Honourable Members’ talents, as well as their talk). He congratulated Mr. Gocher that there would be just room for him to stand alongside of Mr. Lowe in that Eight Honourable Gentleman’s grotto. Instead of the last stage of England’s downfall, as prophesied by Lord Clive, 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. Bartelot put forward the bluff county John Bull view very roundly. A man might be anything but a unit to be trusted to exercise the franchise as the biggest blackguard. (Quite true, Sir Walter.)

Mr. Lowne 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. The Right-Hon. Robert should know, having tried to sit one, and become familiar with its moves in Australia. (Cheers.)

Once begin lowering, and we must go on lowering 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 Clef entrenched by the same great mob-tamer who entrenched the Town-Cad.)

Mr. Blennerhassett 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.

[Bravo, Blennerhassett! Spoken like a sensible man, not like an Irishman.]

Mr. Courtenay, as usual, talked reason in the teeth of his party—a tongue not understood of party people—and will have to put up, as usual, with the reproach of “crotchets.” But he hit straight and hit hard. They should have the franchise extended, if they make it so as to get all the good, and strain out the bad.

The House, he thought, had deteriorated—mainly from populosity-hunting and dependence on the masses. It was tending to mediocrity, gerontocracy, and ploutocracy,—that is, as Mr. P. is glad to explain, for the benefit of the ladies, “old buffoon and rich buffooner” —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,” be 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. Courtenay. There is more common sense in such “crotchets” than is covered by other gentlemen’s costs of arms—party-per-pale.”)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Marquis of Harlestone summed up the pros and the cons 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’s heart, in fact, was in his work.

The Division was 291 to 226. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, having accepted Mr. Lowne’s Amendment, and left out “at the present time,” the House stands without limit, to look the more foolish when the time comes, as come it must, for admitting House of Lords to the voting pale. This is to throw the whole into the architecture of the British Constitution. Is it not recognised as the most stable of all structural forms?
"ARRY ON NIGGERS.

Dear Charlie,

Just back from the Dockyard.

You remember young Teddy Carby?

He's off with the Irish Lancers to killoch the festive Zulu.

I've bin doing the friendly talk, and we had just the lightest of enquirings.

Which the way the B. P. has stood treat to them chaps was a caution to see.

Comin' once I cob-nob'd with a bloke, bloomin' Methody, I授予 a poster guess:

Though you couldn't ha' told from his patter, nor yet from the cut of his dress:

"What has come to some sneaks in this country I can't understand, not a mote; Wy, they'd talk any treacle to choke our brave chaps off a jolly good fight; They all go off their chumps like a shot at a 'int of the pullin' o' triggers, And whenever it's Us versus Darkies, seem always dead nuts on the Niggers.

Now my notion is, Niggers are Warmint—that's putting it plain, and no kid; And to talk of their rights and their wrongs is all bosh;—let 'em do as they're bid;

That's their line, mate, and if they won't toe it, but put up their ugly bare backs,

Wy smash 'em, like fun, jest to show 'em the whites won't stand sarce from the blacks.

That's reason, and some as should know seem to think it religious as well. But see Methody, "Bah! 'tis as bad as the Savage's bloodthirsty yell!

'Being merely a civilised version, put into articulate speech,

'Of the voice of the murderous Chocktaw, who went his blind rage in a screech.

Well, that gave me the needle, dear boy, and I hups and I arnsers him hot

"Of the way of the murderous Chocktaw, who went his blind rage in a screech.

But he riled me that raw with his rot about "rabid revenge" and his blood;

That to blow off the steam in your car wheel, I feel, do me dollops of good.

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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 iron-clads, during the summer months, should carry no coals, and in winter should send their sails into store.

That the Royal Horse Artillery should cease to be a mounted force, and return at least half their guns to Woolwich.

That private soldiers of the Line should carry either a rifle or a bayonet. The extra arms thus placed at the disposition 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 scabbards 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 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 days 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 an end to doubt, Suppose nations are babies, if babies don't shoot out,
Whether England long clothes did not long since outgrow.

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. Ponson.

"WELL, MY LORD, YOU EDUCATED YOUR 'PARTY' UP TO THAT! DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT EDUCATE EM UP TO THIS!!"
THE SMOCK-FROCK AND THE SUFFRAGE.

Hawthence sings—

Mozu Matpox, his works on 'the fauns' and 'the saucers'.

Some larum' praps 'ouldn' done 'Mozu no harm.

'A was sent to play scarecrow instead o' to school.

And bred up as a ploughboy, like any born fool.

As I was a gwain' cross Dumbledor Down,

I mates that there middlee of a true country clown.

A shoulder's his whip as in a smock-frock a' strode.

'Long' side of a cart in the midst of the road.

"How be, Mozus?" I see to'm. "'Young Mozus, how be?"

"Party chuffish, Mate," Mozus made answer to me.

"Wot's the best news?" he axed. "Most news is so sad," I replies, that the best on 't is but 's the last bad.

"The County Reliant But the House his thing's out.

'Cause they won't 'lend the Friar a chair, they says, to the Lont.

"The Franchise?" see Mozus, at sea all about—

"Ah! The Franchise," see I, "for to gie thee a vote."

"Yai!" cries he. "All cares for a vote is this here:

If thee now for the franchise wi' patience must 'bide,

'Till the Tories be fain to outbid 'other side.

And enfranchise when Party's occasion shall call,

Roughs, cads, tag-rag, bobtail, clod-noppers, and all."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Adelphi to see the new Rowse-mate Melodrama,

Mr. Cite—"in his pardon, I should say Mr. Battey Row—has divorced himself from his partner, Mr. Buxton Row, and taken unto himself, as collaborateur, a Mr. E. Manuel, of which union the first result has been this Cynous 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 instead of prose, I should have said, "Mr. Rowe, be magnificently the author of this drama," for the lines that fell, in pleasant P gee right under my very snout, I own they seemed to me to be mostly blank, and not prize, even in the tokens of their gratitude for the services. "To the Lines that fell, in pleasant P gee right under my very snout," says one of the actors, "I am the co-author of this drama." I say, "I am not, I am the co-author of this drama," and the other actor, "I say, 'tis blank verse."

A fine feller that be, then," see I, for a vote:

All the good as thee'dst a % + fs goo etn th thy droat.

There'd be lots wi' no better, if a wus than thine:

"A fine feller thee'dst, then," seg' the boy.

"But thee now for the franchise wi' patience must 'bide,

Till the Tories be fain to outbid 'other side.

And enfranchise when Party's occasion shall call,

Roughs, cads, tag-rag, bobtail, clod-hoppers, and all."

Fortunately, from first to last, they have but "chronicled small beer." The First Chronicle is an Evening Chronicle, the Second is a Morning Chronicle, early edition, and so on. Acting on this hint, the authors and partner might have divided the rotten versification into chronicles, each with a different flavor."

THE ROMANIC OR ROWE-STYLE Drama.

Staid, sober Mr. Riley, the Low Comedian, has been a bed-tame sin butt ty alionss tiie 6 wasn' expected. Tho wit of Old Paris whether in blank

"Wot a small and select band the voters 'ood be!

"If they only was 'franchised as know'd who was fit,

And enfranchise when Party's occasion shall call,

Roughs, cads, tag-rag, bobtail, clod-noppers, and all."
“SHOUTER TO SHOUTER!”


Smatt Beer Coronicie No. 3. Frest Hatr-Prxrt.—The Queen’s Tent. Enter Queen, accompanied by faithful Ballet, Second Line Division. The Matchless Ecospy, speaking of her husband, observes kindly, “The very walls mock at him while calling for his Squeen!” Enter somebody, whom the Matchless one styles “a creechuur of the Constable.”

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 Creechuur says what is set down for him, and exit.

Enter Hugonnet—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-versely aside, “Will she dare say me? She dare do anything!” which is dreadful to contemplate, even in the case of a Matchless Ecospy, 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. Pateman) 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.
“COUVERT DE GLOIRE ET DE FARINE.”

Voltaire, of Le ROI DE FRANCE.

“So the whole night through, this heroic handful kept the Zulus thousands off—only rampart one of meal bags hastily piled up.”—Our Own Correspondent’s Description of the Defence at Sark’s Flatt.

FREDERICK, in age fear-proof,
Passed his first battle’s hour,
Neath a mill’s sheltering roof,
Beneath 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
A few hands of right breed,
Behind their bags of meal—
BROMHEAD and CHARID to lead—

Those lads of the Twenty-Fourth
Who beat back the Zulus
Covered, like Fritz, come forth
With meal and glory too!

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—of 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!

Latest Crisis in France.

M. De Mancour, Minister of the Interior, has been forced to resign, owing to a difficulty about M. Gisot, Prefect of Police. No wonder people supposed there might be some connection between gipet and gray.

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 physic, surgery, and nursing, unless your home is a very exceptional one indeed, there is no place like hospital. Soon, however, it will be possible to combine the advantages of both. A Home Hospital Association contemplates the establishment of "several Home Hospitals in different parts of the Metropolis." The more the better, if not exactly the merrier.

In relation to the Public and Medical Profession, the idea of Home Hospitals obviates the objections to Co-operative Stores. The Home Hospitals Association might call itself the "Co-operative Medical-Chirurgical Attendance Society." The members of the Association are to draw no dividends whatever from its revenues. As a proprietary Company "limited," it is strictly a benevolent Union.

At present there exists one but one Home Hospital, as yet in an inchoate state, at Berkeley House, Manchester Square. But the Home Hospital Association contemplates the establishment of "several Home Hospitals in different parts of the Metropolis." The more the better, if not exactly the merrier.

Biggar's Fenianism and Faith.

The newspapers, Mr. Biggar, M.P., report a discourse delivered by yourself, Sir, to a meeting of Irishmen in Bermondsey 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. Biggar said he meant to include all Irishmen of the Roman-Catholic faith wherever they may 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." Mr. Ernest Hart. Their funds at present amount to something under £11,000; but, of course, now that Mr. Punch's readers are in possession of the facts above-stated, will be raised to a sum more than ample sufficient to satisfy all the demand for Home Hospitals that exists, or can be created by circumstances—especially those of the Homes in which ailments are aggravated by that very serious complication res angusta domi.

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 carries 55,000 passengers, and I venture to say she has made many converts to the Calais route... an average of 715 per day was the minimum of inconvenience, and, as we say in the Report, 'a material diminution of those peculiar evils and annoyance heretofore incident to the sea transport.'" Delighted to hear it. Let them progress in this line, not usque ad nauseam, but beyond it. In sangineous hopes of this result, I place the following new Lines, for which I have not the necessary powers, at the disposal of the London, Chatham and Dover Board.

The kin of the pure.

(From a Collection of Old Verses.)

Pen-feathers.

(From a Collection of Old Verses.)

The khedive's goal (as sung by the heads of his International Administration).—"How, Brothers, rows!"

Etc. 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.
'GOOD INTENTIONS.'

Scot (on Waterloo Bridge). "Heon! To Tuinx I save A BAWBEE EVERY Time I cross Tas sowny Bric!"

Time I Gano ' THE King!"

-LIGHTS THAT REALLY ENLIGHTEN.

prone the most needed and newest Mahts of the time are the lamps in the Cromwell Road Queen's Gar-

Be They not nat ony throw a light on the streets. on their age &

p wy this region used to be, Ft a and their drivers, the * lew ata the present luminous chain of

Vey my months past, he can onl hope Gat now that now that one local authority has led

the way in thi jn this saowely but very real improve-

\[\text{ARMS FOR THE ENEMY.}\]

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 aid thus afforded to a savage enemy may be not by any means as it seems. Dealers can have no interest in sending CEREWADO 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, also sell the Zulus, and are driving a trade which is the reverse of unpatriotic, however unscrupulous. 'Punch' therefore hesitates to say that the follows ought to be hanged.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO HAPPINESS?

I'LL JUST PUT IT IN THE PLATE THE wexr Iey't there? What do you say to the road from Windsor Castle to Clarendon?

PUNCH'S GREETING TO THE YOUNG COUPLE.

ARTHUR PATRICK, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,
AND PRINCESS LOUISE MARGUERITE,
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 dears.

So though the old boy cannot gush, he feels glad,
As he throws his old shoe after bright lass and lad,
And sends you Air presents—of value untold,
Beyond Royalty's diamonds, or Courtier's gold—
And that 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 omen 'tis clear—
Brave ANRIV of England, that PREUX 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 ANRIV, 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 wedding of each loving girl and brave boy,
Among all her good oases—she has ne'er made a miss—
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 withheld 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 mutual good understanding.
2. Turkey to give the most ample promises 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 Fundholders 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 remarried without deduction to Constantinople.
9. Backshish to be abolished in all public offices—Metropolitan and Provincial.
And lastly (10). France and England to advance on the security of Turkish promises 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 16th of May, and the good sense of the Republic of the 5th of January.
(Monday, March 10—Lords.)

ussia 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 interpellation 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 lays his 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 Mr. Smith could not tell him, why, in our South-African need, we have not drawn on that promptly available force, the Marines? What can the Horse-Guards, who have the bottling-off and decanting of the choicest military port, be expected to care about empty bottles? Mr. Sclater 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. Samuel pleads for improvement in the position of Naval Ship-Carpenters. How about the Engineers, Mr. Samuel? 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 bootmaker'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. Sclater brought 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 improbable 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). "QUITE N'T WE TO BE TROTTER ON, DEAR!"

Small Man on Donkey. "TA-TA FOR THE PRESENT, THEN! I DON'T LIKE RIDING FAST TO COVERT!"

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 Estimate speeches as others; but silence, unthinkingly, 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 brevity worthy of a better audience. But it is 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 qualification 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 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. Birley, a supporter of the Government. So the Marquis of Hertington, 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, ale, and beer—not Men. The House (by 232 to 184) 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. Lusk'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. Godfrey's Bill for enabling Sitting without first pulling off their cassocks. 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.

(Parliament.)—No question that questions must stand over when Ministers are at a Royal Wedding.

The Admiralty called over the odds for delays in coaling of transports at St. Vincent. Strange to say, no excuse was forthcoming.

Mr. Bourke admitted that the Government knew of 861 musquets.
and 50,000lbs. of gunpowder having been shipped at Cardiff for Mozambique—but promised that they would do their best to prevent reaching them the Zulus. 
Punch prefers not to publish the shipper's names, as these munitions of war may not be meant for the Zulu market, and in that case he might be libelling two firms of honest traders. (And so the fact turns out.)

Mr. Walter James confounded two things so essentially distinct as fans and faggot-votes. When the Fannakers' Company, by leave of the Corporation, create Members of the Guild at so much per head, it is "not faggot-vote" making, but legitimate increase of the Livery. Fans are the fashion, and the more makers of these the better,—not so with faggot-votes.

Sir G. Campbell drew attention—he would find it hard to "draw" anything more substantial— to Oriental loans, and insisted in the inexpediency of Government putting British fingers in the Egyptian or Turkey pie, at the almost certain risk of burning them. Here was a pretty mess in Egypt, with our Consul-General, Mr. Vivian, speaking and writing in the teeth of the Khedive's Finance Minister, Mr. Rivers Wilson; and the fellows being starved and squeezed to death, that 7 per cent. interest might be wrung out of their sweat and blood. "It is hard" (as a letter in the Times puts it) "to see starving peasants whipped to labour, for the benefit of British and French bondholders."

Colonel Alexander confirmed all that had appeared in the Times about the misery of the fellahen, and then came a chorus of denunciation of the Khedive's little games, and the whole French and English had lent the stockjobbers, followed by a half-hearted speech from Sir Stafford, in which he performed his favourite feat of sitting upon two stools—in other words, came to the ground—as clumsily as usual. All Nubia Paris and his colleagues wanted was to improve the administration of Egypt, and to alleviate the hard lot of the fellahen. They thought the tax-gatherers took more than they had a right. Whether the people could pay as much as they were legally bound to pay, was another matter. They had tried to get rid of the Khedive's malversations. Whether their scorpions might not prove harder than his whip, was beside the question.

There was no question at present of Government guaranteeing any Egyptian or Turkish Loan. He didn't say there wasn't an interest of circumstances that might alter cases. It was impossible exactly to say what was Mr. Rivers Wilson's position. In fact, it was hard to say what was any Egyptian Official's position. They had never thought of interfering with Mr. Wilson's free action. At the same 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 to the last defeated only by the Speaker's firmness, was admitted into the languid ears of a House of eight of the mixed Colleges and Universities. Religious teaching, at least, must be undiluted, and all history bristled with religious questions. That mixed instruction must be mutilated instruction, was the burden of Sir J. McKenna, Major O'Brien, Messrs. Sullivan, O'Connor, Trench, Mitchell Hewitt, and Biggs, Colonel Colthurst, and Dr. O'Leary.

Sir W. Harcourt said that as Government sanctioned and supposed denominational education here, it could not consistently refuse it to Ireland.

But how if Ireland won't swallow her education "mixed," and Eton will insist on having a Roman Catholic school, the Board of Education might be reduced to the necessity of interfering with it.

At the Prince of Wales's—A Protest—Caste—Comedy classification

Sir,—Caste was produced about eleven or twelve years ago, and has since then been once revived. I did not see it on its revival, and was delighted at meeting my old friend as vigorous as ever.

Caste is the best play the late Mr. Tom Wemyss ever wrote. The story, though old, plain, and simple, is most interesting, and abounds in those real touches of nature, which, as—

SIR,—Caste was produced about eleven or twelve years ago, and has since then been once revived. I did not see it on its revival, and was delighted at meeting my old friend as vigorous as ever.

Caste is the best play the late Mr. Tom Wemyss ever wrote. The story, though old, plain, and simple, is most interesting, and abounds in those real touches of nature, which, as Samuel Gervais observes, "brings the water into your meter," and makes the audience blow a sympathetic nose, and, like the Soldier who learnt upon his sword, "wipe away a tear."

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 fitful showers and bright gleams of sunlight. The characters are consistent throughout, and the only plots on the dialogue are when the Author has laboured at producing a gem, and has merely succeeded in manufacturing a glittering theatrical "property." As long as he wrote naturally—corrente calme—he was epigrammatist, clearly, he has passed to poetry, and has not been able to stay in this throughout the piece, but especially, in the statement, when George D'Aroy has returned and embraces his wife. Scarcely are the handcuffs out—unexceptionally, of course, for few like to own the luxury of enjoying a good cry—than they are rendered useless by the fun of the two comic characters, Polly Eccles and Sam Gervais.
The playwright’s art is sometimes too apparent in Casta, as for instance in the contrast between Captain Hawtree and Sam the Gasman, which is forced on the audience unnaturally, but taken as a whole, the acting at the Prince of Wales, past and present—for here hysteria is too much respected, and the exceptional incidents more complete of its kind have been seen within the last twenty-five years. It is of its kind, advisedly, for not belonging to the First Division of the Second.

The School for Scandal and The Rehearsal are the best examples in Casta, with the Caste, with the exception perhaps of the Marquis, true to the life,—its nicely-adjusted balance of alternating pathos and humour, is a model of the style of piece entitled to a deserving place in the Upper Division of the Second Class; while, in the Lower Division, though it may appear the most auscultous heversy to say it—I should rank Goldsmith’s The Poets and Painters, with its utterly farcical, illogical, and improbable story, its broadly farcical scenes, though its admirably devised characters are creations worthy of a better dramatic world than that in which the author of his being soon fits to please them. What does Mrs. Bancroft mean by telling us in her playbook that this is the last run of revivals she is going to play in? Dare she, as Polly Eccles, look us in the face, and utter such a thing? Isn’t she as bright, as merry, as impudent, as Polly Eccles, as ever? Yes, yes, truly so; carried by her passion! That imitation of the Circus Scene in Casta like Mrs. Bancroft? Who can do the ballet Scene in the Third Act like Mrs. Bancroft? No one. One Polly Eccles, and Eliza in her present condition, is ought to be for ever so long to come; so that if seriously contemplates—fancy Polly Eccles “seriously contemplating”—retiring after the run of the revival, then, though

Men may come and men may go,

Let Casta 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 sense, I say to Mrs. Bancroft, Ma’am, don’t you never go for to do such a 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 Homr) become a greater blackguard than he was years ago, or have I become a wiser and a better man? I hope, sincerely, the latter. I trust there is improvement where it was not needed, and no deterioration where it most certainly was not needed. Never was there such a drunken old vagabond, such an 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 Ropertson’s line, 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 sot, are him because “his tongue is too big for his mouth.” Good-looking young Dobbin, from Fort, is well drawn, without that excellent officer’s toughness and quite bears out Sam Germain’s deseri of him.

The two beet bits of acting in Mr. Bancroft’s hands with Major Hawtree, and where he sits by his side, following, in his intense excitement, action of Polly Eccles, in the Ballet of The Soldier’s Return. Here Mr. Crayton is masterful.

Mr. Lemmy is Captain Hawtree, is by this time as well known to play-goers as Mr. Sothwell’s Lord Dundreary. His conscientious “Yes,” and his well-considered and equally conscientious “No,” are as basso profondo and imperturbable as ever.

Miss Rosell plays with much glee 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 The Poets and Painters, 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 Hardcastle and Mrs. Sterling. In the Front of Constable and Tony, and then with Tony alone, Mrs. Sterling is excellent; while Mr. Rymer, in his scene with young John, can caper as well as anybody. In the scenery, exhibited the fine old English Gentleman’s hot temper breaking out almost beyond control, and yet restrained in time with such decorum the audience was hardly aware of. In the final, finely-finished picture, worthy of a foremost place in the gallery of true comedy-portraiture.

Yes, to be sure, Sir, although no wiser than their husbands.

No, Sir; Female Suffrage would not necessarily lead to Universal Suffrage. Legislation is seldom logical. But the enfranchisement of all women should be included in that of all men.

Yes, Sir; the reasons that hold for Female Suffrage hold for Universal Suffrage, too. If none had voted but those who had sense and knowledge enough to make a wise use of them, the constituencies would be small. You would have an oligarchy, Sir, composed of persons like you and myself. This is the majority, inseparable from voting with intelligence, would be subdivided into the greatest number of parties. In a highly mixed community, with conflicting elements, their votes being distorted by their opposite passions and prejudices, could politically nullify one another. Sir, I must refrain from voting, for I am afraid the Liberal party is biding their time to drive the Liberals by conceding Universal Suffrage to Democracy. In the meanwhile, Sir, hooray for Female Political Enfranchisement!
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, foiled 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 Paladins, who clave your way,
Bearing the colours of that fatal fray.

COSGILL and MERVILLE—names
That need no stone, in English hearts writ deep;
Upon the Buffalo's scorched bank they sleep,
Two boys—immortal names!
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.

O'er sand and thorough spate,
Ready where'er from selle his comrade reeled,
To snatch that charge, which but dead hands would yield.

Through storm of shot and spear,
Red with their own and their pursuers' blood,
On, on, o'er steep and stone, on to the flood,
That rolls, storm-swollen, near—
A lift, a leap, their horses breach the tide!
Strike shot, rain spear! with charmed lives they ride!

Alas, 'twas not to be.
Life's spark but lit them to the bank to die;
There, scarred with shot and assegay, they lie,
Side by side, peacefully.

The red flag round one heart of two that vowed
To save it—take it, both, for common shroud.

This homage paid the dead,
Who could no more save life than honour lose—
Take England's thanks and praise, their well-earned dues
Who held that leaguered shed,
Setting Rorke's Drift, till now unhonoured name,
By Plassy and Assaye, and fights of fame.

Compunctious Charity.

It is gratifying to learn that the Baristers' 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 Mackerness at our back!"
PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEEK 52, 1879

F.-M. Punch. LIEUTENANTS CHARD AND BROMHEAD, IN THE NAME OF YOUR COUNTRY I THANK YOU AND ALL THE DEFENDERS OF RORKE'S

A VOTE OF THANKS.
A FEW OF THE WEDDING-PRESENTS.
(The Only "Correct Card.")

Our strictly Private and Confidential Correspondent, Lord Baznares, informs us that, in consequence of the general depression of trade, and things having been so bad in the City, the following, without gloss of any kind, is the correct list of presents of the Presents really received by the newly-married couple. Of course the papers have embellished the Articles in their published lists.

1. From H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Embossed Flower-stand for dinner-table, to hold three trays of various cuttings. M.R. — Only wants rubbing to look as good as new.

2. From H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. A beautiful Ring! Not to be worn in the daytime.

3. From Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Oestercy. Three copies of a Solo for First Violin, composed by her Royal self. Scarce.


5. From Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. A Set of Fish-Knives, almost complete, and only requiring a rivet or two to be very useful.

6. From the Duchess of Cambridge. Six solid serviceable metal Tea-Spoons, marked with curious indentations, and two quaintly twisted.

7. From the Duke of Cambridge. A Box of Patent Matches, warranted to strike only on the box, and not always then.


9. From Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. A deserted seat in the Park, which she has always reserved for herself, and is never allowed to be vacated by any one.

10. From the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg. A beautiful brooch, with a diamond set in the centre. M.R.

The above, if our Correspondent is to be trusted, are among the most important items which did not appear, or appeared in disguise, in the published reports.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

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

VISIT THE THIRD.—CHAPTER XVI.


"Ah!" he exclaims, standing stock still in the doorway, thrusting his hands into his pockets, rattleing some keys, and sternly eyeing first Mrs. Pound, then Mrs. Potun, and as he suspected some conspiracy on our part. "Ah! Well—" here he relaxes for a moment and scrutinises the fire — then he turns to the Housekeeper.

"Are you giving him a good fire, Mrs. Potun? Plenty of coals, eh? Are you quite sure it doesn't smoke?"

This last inquiry is given with terrible earnestness, and again impresses me with the idea of my having heard the line before somewhere in Shakspeare, 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 the satiety, 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

But MASTREY DICKIE will have his grumble. It's quite enough for him to be the best and warmest-hearted friend, and most in-"

For instance, he walks 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!"

Unaccustomed as yet to MASTREY 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 flaws in the situation, and add, that were they not there, she would be so much less to me, as I really do not absolutely rely on pins, either for dressing or washing.

MASTREY DICKIE turns a deaf ear to my plea for Mrs. Pound. "No!" he exclaims, in a powerful oratorical manner, with his left hand in his pocket, and his right pointing to the fire. "No! She will not put a child to bed, and now she won't. I beg and pray of her to do it, and she won't."

Oh, Sir!" remonstrates Mrs. Pound, quite cheerfully.

"Oh, Sir!" he continues emphatically. "She doesn't do anything. She is told. She forgets it all. She forgets everything."

Then he turns to her: "You've got no head — you know you haven't! You can't put a cap on, and sit in your chair without a hat. You can't always be late for dinner, and 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 Bursten 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—"

"Well!" he finishes in a tone implying utter despairing hopelessness in dealing with Mrs. Pound. "Miss Powne's commonplace! I can't get it out of her head — if she's got a head. Well, well — they're all alike. There it is, and so it is!" And he throws up his hands, as though he were getting rid of everything left and right, and making up his mind to have nothing more to do with the cares and burdens of life, but to go off straightly, by the next train to the nearest desert, where to set up for himself as a Hermit in a Cell. At present, however, he only goes down to look after the Hermitsage in the Cellar.

And a marvellous bottle of that wine we subsequently enjoy.

The grumbling is only the way of the Mother of Meadowsweet Manor. In fact—Happy Thought—his Manor.

CONFINEMENT IN CHURCH.

Complaint has been made of the extraordinary practice in many London Churches, of keeping their doors locked and barred during service time. This practice is to be accounted for only by the supposition that it is intended to impede the egress of the congregation. What would be the result if all the churches were closed to fire or any other panic in a crowded building—the rather that the doors of most of our churches open inwards? Surely none but a railroad, or a crowd ofpersons, or the Ritualists, or others disposed to dissent, from leaving the Church. Some steps to abate this nuisance might with especial propriety be taken by a Society which shall meet on another Wednesday, and which calls itself "The Free and Open Church Association."
"A SOFT ANSWER," &c.

Female Epicure. "Oh, Mister, I'm sure that was a bad one!"
Oyster Salesman (indignantly). "What d'yer mean? Then you shouldn't 'a' swallered 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 denyin' that some of 'em is 'igher in flavvour 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 Professional Diners-out, to tell the same stories at three dinners a week, £10 a month. Before the renewal of licence, a fresh 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 crutch-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 a "girl" 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, £50 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 Photograph, Visiting Cards, Menus, high-art Furniture, and Three-volume Novels, to be paid by idlers in general, and Lady-trawdlers, 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, if 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.

Words, like wine, 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, Maitre de Montjau, et Compagnie.)

Doo'r rub up old sores.
Do rub out old scores.

A WORD TO SIR WILFRID.—The Best Temperance Resolution—Resolution to abstain.
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 selected Parsons, and, besides, the Upper House of Parliament is not the Lower.

The only "Round'Sum."—A cipher.
THE MILITIA IN THE MILL.

The commanding Officers of Militia Regiments are obliged to keep a Diary, consisting of nothing, —to the end of a ship at sea. In this record appear all the principal events of the day. Now that Colonel-Commandant Beasley has brought training to twenty days, the record will be more than usually interesting. Mr. Punch keeps a prophet on his premises at No. 39, Fleet Street, and 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 quart 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 Mutiny Act. The height of drill, but it rained heavily, so dismissed the battalion.

Friday. — Squad-drill of an elementary character. Officers lounged 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 10.50 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. Battalion drill attempted before anyone has learned the Queen's Regulations or the Field Exercises of the Army. Great loss of temper on all sides.

Wednesday. — Preparing for the inspection. Busy with pay-lists, companies' ledgers, &c. &c.

Thursday. — Inspection. Eccentric manoeuvres. Inspecting officer using language not to be found in the Queen's Regulations or the Field Exercises of the Army. There is a great deal of shouting.

Friday. — Uniforms taken into store, and rags returned to their owners.

Saturday. — The battalion disbanded, having rushed 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!

"Give him a little earth for charity."

Henry the Eighth, Act iv. sc. 2.
NOTHING LIKE UNDERSTANDING EACH OTHER.

People are constantly complaining to Punch of the "airs" of servants in these days. The following genuine letter has been sent us, and we take this opportunity of putting before our readers a choice example of the sort of thing "Miserables" have now how to put up with:—

"MADAM.

"In answer to your letter, I received this morning, I cannot find out any thing in your letter I object to; neither do I feel doubtfull but what I might give Satisfaction. My wages is 21.6. all found, including beer. I want to know, Madam, how many sits to late dinner, and what is the third girl, as I should like to feel I could settle after coming so far. Do you have a laid luneh, and all lunch together? Is the House large—as taking House be mueh Obliged to you to fe 80.

"The audacious hussy! nineteen Misseses in twenty will after reading this letter burst out. :)

"But bad looks, by those that I hate em, Can't be helped, though they beoom 'em; 'Nid de mortuis nisi bonum;"

"Poor Mansate!

"March 16.

"If you only wish your Cartoon was as as his gratitude, and his Home-Rule boys never will purse laggards; But what could be the odds 'twixt Zulus as the pisupass Ses tee & a decried and down-trodden race, and the essor now the Treasury to supplement the annual £300, though they bemoan 'em; Jil de mortuis nisi bonum:"

"Poor Mansate!"

"THE RORKE'S DRIFT ROLL-CALL.

"An Officer" writes to Punch—

"In your Cartoons, of March 29, you, as worthy head of the Army, thank Lieutenant-Gr and Brownlad for his brave defence of Rorke's Drift. In the background are seen some men of the 34th Regiment, and scattered honour battalions of the East India Company, and some corner for a memorial to the only officer who was killed that night while gallantly doing his duty, Assistant-Commissary Bump. Should you ignore the only officer severely wounded, to whom his last words were dedicated for his service and this 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 defense under a heavy fire, Assistant-Commissary Dunne Or Surgeon 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 Rorke's Drift—but for every man who piled a biscuit-box, fisted a mealie-bag, levelled a rifle, or piloted a bayonet on that memorable night. But pages have their limits, though the British public has and will this to a corner of the Free Public Library was resumed yesterday, when he was defeated by twenty-eight votes against twenty.

"A BACKER FOR BLACKIE.

In those anti-slavery days all are bound to hail Blackie as a man and a brother. The Professor, most strenuous of "poor scholars" with the beggin'-box (that time-honoured article of the scholar's equipment) has raised £300 a-year to remove the opprimus of Scotland—its universities and never a Professor of the Celtic family of speech; the tongue which, if Erse erudition and enthusiasm may be trusted, Adam spoke in Paradise, which has now been mysteriously relegated to what some will consider the other earthly extreme—the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Highland. Man, and Brittany. Even taken together, these rugged 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 Beaconsfield is here. High are the prophets and poets of a decreed and down-trodden race, and Blackie's Celtic prophet has quite as much a right to their Professor as Beaconsfield's Semitic one.

THE KREDNY'S LITTLE GAME.—Spilling 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
FUNERAL. POOR THINGS, WHAT WILL BE DONE FOR 'EM!"

Second Shunter (at Points). "OH, THE USUAL THING, I S'PORE—COMPANY'S BLESSIN', AND A CHARITY MANGLE!—LOOK OUT,
MATE! SHE'S BACKIN'!!"

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 BULL, "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 HARRON. 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 Harron'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'DONWELL exchanged several rounds.
Sir Patrick suggests a Regiment of Irish Guards. Punch hails the idea. Is there not the Major to the four—ready made? For the Colonels, why should not all the eligible candidates take the nod for it, in the good old Miliarian fashion? The great difficulty would be not about officers—that would be an embarrassment—but about the rank and file. Of course, if Messrs. Parnell and Biggs are to have anything to do with it, the Regiment will be disciplined on Home-Rule principles, and "treading on the tail of the 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 Supply. However, for once, Parnell spoke, and practically rebuked that irrepresible obstructor, Mr. O'DONWELL.

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. Perc, 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 kind and natural desire to comfort a General under danger, 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 for a Select Committee to inquire into the Wine Duties, and into the remodelling of the twenty-six degree scale, argued the able Member for Oxfordshire, was untenable—did not keep out branded wines, and stood in the way of natural ones. Spain had no Wine Duties. We had handicapped the consumption of brandy, and high differential duties on British goods were a natural retort. Mr. Boucher gave, at great length, the reasons against any attempt to lessen the tax levied on Wines. The Remotest chance of ever altering it is out of the question, and Punch need not discuss it, as it has not proceeded as far as registration—though if the application be refused, registration will be necessary. Mr. Delahunt gallantly charged the House on his currency hobby, and just cleared a Count-Out to find that he was to be 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 set down, seeing that nobody doubts or disputes Mr. Delahunt's prowess piétistus.

On the plea that if Hypothec goes, Distraint will follow. He tries to make out, by some mysterious process of reasoning, that Hypothecation is the good for the Scotch small tenants. As, however, all Scotch tenantry are against it, no wonder Lord Elcho talked to empty air as well as empty benches.

First Man. Very sorry to trouble you, Mister, but Master says I'm to make out, by some mysterious of reasoning, that Hypothecation is the good for the Scotch small tenants. As, however, all Scotch tenantry are against it, no wonder Lord Elcho talked to empty air as well as empty benches.

Second Man. He have done that a lot of times. But, bless you! Teacher. He's a pretty te trouble you, Mister, but Master says I'm to make out, by some mysterious of reasoning, that Hypothecation is the good for the Scotch small tenants. As, however, all Scotch tenantry are against it, no wonder Lord Elcho talked to empty air as well as empty benches.

Teacher. That's not my business. Your Master should have sent for the Guv'nor to say I'm to make out, by some mysterious of reasoning, that Hypothecation is the good for the Scotch small tenants. As, however, all Scotch tenantry are against it, no wonder Lord Elcho talked to empty air as well as empty benches.

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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,
My spirits were good, as I paced the old way.
But nowadays things are unlike what they were
If they rose from their graves, how our fathers would stare!

I remember the time when tight breeches and boots
Was a good enough dress for a grower of roots:
My father wore them, and his afore him,
Would have seemed to some pantaloons on a limb.

But my Missus says she, on one Sunday last year,
"You can’t go to Church in those garments, my dear.
No, John, I insist, to your room you’ll go back,
And put on a suit of respectable black."

So now every Sunday I walk by her side,
As black as a Bishop, to humour her pride.
My feelings, of course, I endeavour to another;
For when Madam says one thing, who dare to say ‘t’other?"

My children, Miss Emly, Susie, and Fanny,
Have all been to school, and have learnt the Pinny;
And what with their music, fine dresses, and learning,
Won’t tuck up their sleeves to do washing or churning.

My boys, Tom and Dick, ride in patent top-boots,
And say they will touch but cigars and cheroots;
At a glass of good beer they turn up their nose,
For French stuff as sour as ‘twere brewed out of sloes!

But I think of the days which won’t come back again,
When every farmer could get a good price for grain;
When there was what folk could afford,
And we didn’t build schools just to please the School-Board.

Then the taxes and rates! Win, or lose, all the same,
There’s the Income-Tax Paper—I call it a shame.
Haven’t tuckup their sleeves to do washing or churning.
For French stuff as sour as ‘twere brewed out of sloes!

Two guineas a quarter’s the price of good wheat;
The market is full of American meat;
Says my landlord, “If barley and wheat doesn’t pay,
Turn ploughland to grassland, and cultivate hay.”

But I think of the days which won’t come back again,
When every farmer could get a good price for grain;
When there was what folk could afford,
And we didn’t build schools just to please the School-Board.

I know what I’ll do, I’ll just pack up my kit,
Sell my stock to my landlord, give a note to quit,
And take children and wife—(though perhaps they won’t come)—
Across the Atlantic to seek a new home.

Yes, I’m off, bag and baggage! I’m tired of taxation,
Free-trade, strikes, and unions, and co-operation.

So I’ll start for New York by the very next mail,
And good-bye to Old England, roast beef, and good ale!

Wait a bit! Like a farmer, my grove I have had,
About all I see going, or gone, to the bad.

But now my grove’s over, to own I am free,
Though things may be bad, that still worse they might be.

We’ve had three hard years; but how do I know
But next year may be good, and pay my way too?
I don’t like high rates and School-Board education—
But I dare say it’s all for the good of the Nation.

My Landlord’s a trump, and my Missus she suits,
Though she hasn’t good taste in the matter of boots.
My children, no doubt, are too fine for their Dad,
But young ‘uns are young ‘uns, and ours ain’t so bad.

Old England has faults; but, from all that I hear,
There are things in America wonderful queer.
So ‘ll sing “Rule, Britannia!” and drink “Speed the Plough!”
And stick to the Farm, as we’ve stuck to till now.

PRESS REGULATIONS FOR OFFICERS COMMANDING ARMIES IN THE FIELD.

1. Tax General shall on no account fight a battle without first giving the representatives of the Press a fair notice, with a sketch of his plan of action, so that Correspondents may have reasonable time to telegraph the details to their respective papers.

2. The General shall invariably consult Special Correspondents in camp on the time most convenient to them for opening action. It will be obvious that, unless this be done, a great deal of expense and trouble may be caused the London newspaper offices.

3. No telegraph shall be sent by the General to the Government without being first submitted to Special Correspondents.

4. The General should see that Special Correspondents are treated with the utmost consideration, and that no invidious distinction is made between them and constant Officers. Correspondents should turn out to them, and they should have the first choice of quarters.

5. Any Officer venturing to cut or cold-shoulder a Special Correspondent, shall be immediately tried by drum-head court-martial.

6. The preparation of despatches shall remain in the hands of the General, subject to the control of the Special.

7. The General should be very cautious in allowing persons of military training to act as Special Correspondents, as they are apt to be biased by professional prejudices and prepossessions.

Railway and Social Synonyms.

Horse—Too many Girls of the Period.

Truck—Most Marriage Processions at St. George’s,

Continuous Brakes—The results of Lodging-house Attendance.

Changing Lines—What we often see after the Honey-moon.

Shunted on to a siding.—Faterfamilies when Baby appears.

The Statue of Livingstone.

Encased in St. George’s Square, Glasgow.

Will the dead marble make him wider known?
Or can it longer live than Livingstone?
AESTHETIC DISENCHANTMENTS.

LUCY HAS POSED THE LITTLE RUSTIC MODEL, AND MARY, MACK, AND MADELINE 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 fight upon it, biding 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 forthright way,
Bore down their facts and fallacies, and their cry again is war.

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 rust and dust, in front shall gleam
While there are lies 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.

Writs tilt 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 WAG.

Some call the Law of Hypothec the Scottish Lien. Should it not rather be called the Scottish Bore?
THE OLD SWORD.
Chapter I.
Introductory. How the Artist-Author was summoned to the great work.

...
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 BIVEL only knows when it 'll come out again!"

of paint, 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, laugheringly, 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. "May—use—that—bon-mot of course, by time. He was to use it in England, till I returned from India; so if anyone has heard it before, this will explain.

"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 Intelligences 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 Bunnic Races," Candidates will be expected to have written not less than two works of European reputation on the Archæology 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 Subtuent Suitee," 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 Druidic 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, Sarcophagus, 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 Hareen, March 17, 1879.)

True Justice. "Queen's Pardon!" What do these words signify?

Legal Justice. Mere form,—a pardon from the QUEEN.

True Justice. Indeed! What signifies a pardon from the QUEEN?

To one who's innocent?—"Tis her prerogative.

True Justice (indignantly). Nay! here's no "tempering justice."

HARBOY say Condemned unjustly,—what you call "Queen's Pardon." Is simply Reparation for injustice.

Queen. Witnesses, Judge, Jury—all alike, Need "HABROY'S Pardon" for this fearful wrong?

COLONISTS AND CAFFREES.

A PANC seems 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 natale olim.
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. Poun'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 of Madame—Guests—Boy—Dinner—Grumble Again—Fred——-

"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 on the Eton grounds, and so one really may 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. Demson'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, sulkily.

"Well," returns his father, depreciating the interruption, "that is abroad.

"I don't call it so," mutters the boy, sulkily, "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. Demson, 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 poser 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 away 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 hurry. They never told me," he stands at the door declaring indignantly,—"they never told me. Not a soul ever came to tell me. No one ventures to tell me. My dear fellow," (this to Mr. Demson, 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. They never told me," he stands at the door declaring indignantly,—"they never told me. Not a soul ever came to tell me. No one ventures to tell me. My dear fellow," (this to Mr. Demson, 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.

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back his Cook against any in England—assumes an air of astonishment and pity, and says, "Well, I don't know. I hope it's all right. But sometimes it's too hot, and sometimes it's too cold; and sometimes it's too flat. Now I take the air of a man nobly determined to fulfil an unpleasant duty; and with melancholy confession he sets himself steadily to his soup, with the air of a man utterly abhorrent of the thing before him, and giving vent to an "Ah!" expressive of the deepest disgust, had not results of the change, ads, and then with self-command, never depend on her. That's where it is," he concludes, with sad and solemn emphasis; "I can never depend on her." With which melancholy confession he sets himself steadily to his soup, with the air of a man wholly determined to fulfil an unpleasant duty; and then with self-command, never depend on her. That's where it is," he concludes, with sad and solemn emphasis; "I can never depend on her."
ARRY ON THE 'IGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've down in the doldrums; bin banded, my boy, and no kid.

Never thought to be married so clean by a pettoe, blowed if I did.

Me as done the Den Juan permiskus, a 'Ploie' Man as is in the ground.

Who could boast of as many bun four tunes as any big Swell knocking round?

You remember my mentioning Loo, 'er as affuded 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 lands to the old sort o' tunes.

And, by time she was ready for home, I began to feel precious like.

She is pooty, her gaffer 's got tin—mine's dead nuts on the notion. Here goes!"

And if gals is to go in for learning, we soon shan't be in it at all.

Tried a kiss—but it didn't come off; s'help me, tae the gal seemed to shrink,

Jest as if I was something umpleasant,—me, Charlie, the pet o' the fair.

I haven't a taste you can share, and can't understand half what you say.

With my handkercher smothered in musk, and fresh lemon-pommade on my 'air!

But she o her option and skews her pi ps in a rum sort of—n_

I felt certain she'd jump at me, CHARLIE—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;

Hadn't neither good sense nor ecling, was spoilt by cheap scorn and low

If a chap knows his way about town, and can balance his betting-book well,

Mathemattieks and Jography 's rot he may leave to the Sap and the Swell.

As for gals, too much knowledge jest spiles'em. You teach a mere moke Park-

They 'll round on us, Cagis, they 'll round on us, jest as that Loo did on me.

And then put the brute in a barrer; it's bound to kick over the traces.

And so, if we men let the women go stuflin' their brain-pans, you'll see

Matter to Mr. T. B. Porrer, M.P., on "'Reciprocity '—of course in

name, it will be a regular smasher for the Reciprocitarians, and Sir Lovis

It shan't be a Loo bya lens way—confound her! :

*ARRY ON THE 'IGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

APRIL 5, 1879.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

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 got anything to say about theatres this week, except to recommend the performance of The Hunchback at the Adelphi, where, on Saturdays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, Mr. Vezin plays Master Walter, Mr. Vezin plays Sir Thomas Clifford, and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, when Mr. Neville plays Master Walter. Like Boe and Cox, Mr. Vezin (Boz) is always going up stairs when Mr. Neville (Cos) is coming down, or coming down when Mr. Neville (Cos) 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. Hamourch played Lord Trench, and Miss Lynia Fozee exchanging her Helen for Miss Neilson's Julia, three days a week.

SHREDDER KNOWLES'S Shrove-Shakespearean play is thoroughly popular, not on account of its theatrical "scenic and characters," or its imitation poetry, which never has the ring of the true metal, but by reason of its natural comedy touches in the scenes between Modus and Helen. Both parts require very delicate handling; or the scenes become coarse; but, how the Adelphi audience, crammed to the ceiling, roared again at these scenes,—how the pit wrinkled and the gallery laughed. Must mock! how they laughed!"

An American play is now being given at the old Hunchback Lane "Annuals " to assist at a special morning performance to be given at the Haymarket, Wednesday, April 9th—notice the date,—to way of testimonial to Sir Thomas Clifford, Mr. Vezin plays a Master Walter, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who, besides furnishing Drury Lane with a pantomime for the last—well, I am afraid to say how many—has been writing about plays, play-writers, and play-actors for nearly half a century, and who, as a critic—

"Compelled by love of Art to damn a play, Has ever assisted in the good old fashion "

He has always detested the sin, but loved the sinner; and while, most undeservedly, suffering pecuniary loss, he has rather chosen to argue hopefully from the certainty of the past to the probabilities of the future, than to dwell on the want of common consideration which he has met with where he should have received substantial expressions of gratitude.

Mr. J. S. Clarke gives the Haymarket Theatre for the occasion. LORD LYTTON'S Money will be the play, with very strong cast, and in the Club scene the Club members will be represented by literary and dramatic celebrities. Mr. Sartrey and Miss Poole are to sing, and Miss Nielson is to act.

Ah, Mr. Blanchard, will not "a meeting like this amends "? I hope so. The good old fashion of "Author's Nights" is exploded—three of them brought GOLDSMITH £500 for She Stoops to Conquer, and £400 for The Good-natured Man—a custom, to my mind, not more honoured in the breach than in the observance, but one which might advantageously (for the Authors) be revived. Let this at the Haymarket be the thin end of the wedge. Instead of "Author's Nights" let us have "Author's Mornings" or "Author's Afternoons"; and then, instead of its being, as some might have thought, "a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance," it would be "his (the Author's) custom always of an afternoon"—and so, with thanks to th. DIVINE WILLIAMS for both quotations, I am, Sir,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

AN EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTIONIST.

A CERTAIN Mr. ARSENEUS, Conservative, summoned the Mayor of Birmingham for having had him turned out of the Town Hall because he persisted in interrupting a Liberal meeting to speak.

Mr. Blanchard, feeling by his name, a little bow with a Conservative bent.

Costumed for the Cold Weather.—JOHN BULL 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 DESCRIPTIVE, &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 o' the off side, Sir. Their 'Ma dresses 'em out, their 'Pa drives 'em out, and I brings 'em down young men o' a Sunday, you see, and yet they don't seem to go off, somehow!"

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 bow, &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 civilization 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 canes 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, carlessness, 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.
Project for clothing the Negro races out of their own wool, and at the same time creating a new branch of manufacture. The Negroes to be driven down to the coast, and sheared at the hatchways of the vessels. The wool to be brought to England, made up into dress-suits, returned to Africa, and sold to the Negroes.

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 color.

Results.—(a) Advance of civilization by dissemination of the religious tenets which are his highest expression; (b) revival of woolen trade and manufacture.

7. Project for a company to do everybody else's business.

INJYABLE INJIA;

OR,
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 me to please 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 fellow-being I will, at the risk of my life, try to please the 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 no "promotion money," and that if I am consoled 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. Jolythby, of Pumpare. Motto "PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI." [April 5, 1879.?]

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 consider that any difficulty would be raised on this head. As for speaking of 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,—noblesse 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, previous to entering the train, and made a few short speeches to the guards and porters, who crowded round to bid me farewell. Then the bands rang out merrily, the signal was given, there was one despairing shriek—whether from the engine, or from someone in the crowd who had fainted—poor girl! I could not stop to inquire.

"Indy's miss 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 personal narratives I was occasionally 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 had 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 his house-room; fourthly, the wages of an extra man and a boy kept in his house for nearly a year, who had to take it by turns, to sit up all night, so as not to miss a post from India; and finally, something for himself.

My agent agreed to these terms, and my own MS. once more came into my possession.

The reader will find here no thrilling adventures of the chase—though I was more run after than any Englishman who ever set foot on Indian soil—and but few camel's-hairbreaks 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—Pencil went to India. The 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 boy! 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 will?

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 scribblebrot, scribblebrot—and the terse, emphatic, hearty, impressionistic, familiar, idiomatic English of my jovial Journal in Injyable Injia; the reader will find, as it leaves me at present, unimpaired by time, unpolished by touch-up, unpretentious, 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 play, then 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 your truly)—I humbly apologise, or as somebody says in some play or other, that "no offence will be taken anywhere!"—I hereby apologise, and as somebody says in some play or other, that "no offence will be taken anywhere!"
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 me as 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; but 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 Rajahs 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 Hindustanee, 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 Sheikh Az Erk, the well-known donkey-driver. Caught cold. Surprised at this, as thought there was no cold in India. Though not much of a sportsperson, of course I'm certain of bagging my two hundred and fifty brace on the, but on the Moors is one thing, and among the Indians is quite another pair of shoots—I brought out my gun here just to have a shot at a rajpoot of 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 confounded him! — Rummi ate it. Evidently conscious of having done something wrong, Rummi disappeared. Epigram on this occasion—

Rummi cook'd it,
Ate it, hook'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.

VN: me do not expect to interfere with native talent; my

Out early with Sheik Err, the well-known key-driver. He calls me Jholi Sahib. I understand enough Hindustanee, 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 Sheikh Az Erk, the well-known donkey-driver. Caught cold. Surprised at this, as thought there was no cold in India. Though not much of a sportsperson, of course I'm certain of bagging my two hundred and fifty brace on the and on the Moors is one thing, and among the Indians is quite another pair of shoots—I brought out my gun here just to have a shot at a rajpoot of 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.

First Day in India. Rough Sketch of a Narrow Escape on the Road to Pikkah-Delhi.

"Who shot the rajpoot?"

I intend to enlarge this for the Academy, or exhibit it somewhere at a shilling a head. There's money in it. Everyone says so. On to Pikkah-Delhi!

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE FIRST.

RECRUITING commenced for the Royal Irish Brigade of Guards. Somebody started (voluntarily) for Cyprus. SPELGRAVE decided to publish his Novel, The Witch Lady of Weirdley (in three volumes), at his own risk. Young Hartman married on £160 a year. McEwens's Bills for the total and immediate suppression of Co-operative Societies, were submitted to both Houses of Parliament.

WALKMORE, 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 Piffs had his hair (thin at the top) cut, and was induced to buy a bottle of Electric Gold Balsam (£6, 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 Lawbury instituted an action for the balance of a disputed account amounting to £41 old.

NINA, NONA, BRENDA, and a good many more foolish girls and women, painted—their own faces.

Nameless 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 polonies Divinity, wrote grievances-letters to the papers, arranged for the publication of their Poems, and contributed to Mr. Punch's waste-paper basket.
INFORMAL INTRODUCTIONS.

*Apple-Coster.* "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 Scrubs, 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:

**BARTLE FRERE,**

**PHILOSOPHUS, PHILANTHROPI, PERCULSORIS,**

**AUSTRA.—AFRICANORUM GENTEM**

**QUI NULLAM PERSI NON TETIGIT,**

**NULLAM QUAM TETIGIT NON TURBAVIT,**

**SIVE FINES ESSENT MOVENDI,**

**SIVE LEGES**

**PACTORUM CALLIDI ATQUE AUDACIS ENucleATORIS,**

**INGENIO, IMPETRI, IRACUNDO, INEXORABILI,**

**ORATIONE, CONCITATA, TORRENTI, ORNATA,**

**DOMUM REDITUM,**

**EUROPA, ASIA, AFRICA, REQUIESCENTES,**

**REPUBLICAM GERENTES REMISSI,**

**VECTIGALES BRITANNICI JUBILANTES,**

**HOC MONUMENTO CONCELEBRAVERUNT.**

Cape W(n)uxve.—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. Vassé, has proposed, in *Le Naturer*, an idea, said to have been originally conceived by M. Marey, 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 Marey’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 "Bakewell," 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 Beasly Old Bachelor.—A Married Man’s fate (in brief).

Hooked, Booked, Cooked.
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 Lordship 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 unentrenched, and the wagons unparked "in laager." He may, at the same time, send verbal orders that the camp is to be abandoned.

If the enemy presents himself, he cannot do wrong to follow him, while advancing, he had better not weaken his force by detaching any part of it. If he feels that more responsibility is being imposed upon him than he can bear, he should retire and await an opportunity to reconnoitre and plot his course of action. When all such disgusting 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.

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 savvy wills, 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 in all the equanimity he can command.

He will be aware that 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.

In the other hand, should he come across a handful of men who have held a position of the utmost importance against overwhelming odds for a long winter's night, he may safely "thank them very well," and then make the most of it.

After this, he should lose no time in instituting a strict and emphatic Inquiry as to 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 to blame, 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 at Free.
From a Marylebone Police Report it appears that the Slang Dictionary has been enriched if not with a new word yet with an old word bearing a new sense. A person was pulled up for selling as Butter, a mixture of that material with 40 per cent. of animal fat not Butter. This composition, said under the name of Butter, "was said to be what was known as 'Bosh.'" Known, of course, amongst Buttermen, and not to their customers; 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 pancakes, so neither can Bosh; and yet 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. "Epervaria dextra."

"Arms and the Man."

It is suggested by Mr. Mitchell Henry that the Secretary of State should give Harrow 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 Har-r-o-n on a label issuing out of the mouth. Cross-bones, and motto, Required in Peace.

A saw for the Season (see recent Weather Reports).—March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a Nottingham lamb.

Cypres for 'Arry (définition à la Dider).—A place of more 'arms than 'elps.

The Connaught Rangers.—The Duke and Duchess on their travels.

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 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 thousands 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 civilisation or of defense, 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 !

Here is a suggestive little cutting from a contemporary—

A saw for the Season (see recent Weather Reports).—March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a Nottingham lamb.

Cypres for 'Arry (définition à la Dider).—A place of more 'arms than 'elps.

The Connaught Rangers.—The Duke and Duchess on their travels.

AWAKENED CONSCIENCE-MONKEY. 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 Cetwstrom 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 peace gene astray, or is the there, now that Russia's troops have retired beyond Adrianople. Russia has treaty engagements, and so have we; and Thess is no reason to anticipate that either mean to break. Sir Coartes Dike; in white, Mr. Bourke; with an extra a in ——_ J. Golspmip, Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. Samvztson, Sir G. Batrour, and Sir W. Harcourt; lights heightened by Sir E. Lecumene, Sir G. Extior, Sir J. Hay, and Mr. McIver; neutral tints in the best of a roe | judgment, he had arrived at the conclusion that in our hands the island would certainly be prosperous: that as a place of arms it would be useless for many reasons, strategic and sanitary; that as a base of operations, 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:—

Colonel Warren then proceeded to speak of the foundation of schools, and concluded by saying,—'We have a piece of our market finished; we have planted trees, widened roads, and are working as Englishmen ought. Give us words of encouragement now and then.'

**You may not approve of our being here; but we have to labour to make England's name beloved. Do not believe that our mission is a small and humble one. We in Cyprus have y
from Mitchell Henry, the extra-Hibernian Galway boy, to Brookly-Davenport, the wag of Warwickshire.

But Lord Sandon was against pulling up the plant to see how the root was getting on. The Act was only three years old. Bad times had been upon the farmers for four years. There may be a good time coming—for British bondmoms, only let them "wait a little longer."

Lord Hartington was for keeping the agricultural shoe on 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 honors of a blue-book. He begged the farmers would take a wider view of their political responsibilities and see their way to throw over their affectionate friends, the Conservatives, and go in for support of the Liberals and overhaul of the whole Landlord and Tenant question.

**The Chancellor of the Exchequer,**

"A pop,

To his jeroing 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 juggling in the poor Agricultural Holdings Act.

Motion negatived by 116 to 115, and debate adjourned on Mr. O'Donnel's Amendment, which ingeniously hitched Irish tenant's grievances on to the tail of English farmers' woes.

**Wednesday.** — Sir J. McKenna wants to get rid of an old race 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 controllable limits; and Sir J. McKenna, content with this concession, withdrew 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 of Ireland, and nobody seems able to give any very good reason why not.

**Commons.** — 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, opposition, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, respondent. Why, et cetera, why, et cetera.

Mr. Gladstone, of the well-beaten ground—particularly as the debate was adjourned?

**Friday (Lords).** — The Marquis of Huntley moving for a Select Committee on agricultural distress, Lord Beaconsfield gave the best reasons why it wasn't 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 lessened the pinch of the farmers' customers.

**Commons.** — The South-African Debate continued. Fierce assault on Sir Bartle Frere 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 too clear that the Cabinet have made a mull-al of South-African matters, civil and military, and have not the pluck to right either.

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**A Pious Wish.**

(By a Moody Baronet, in his Ode—or Tea.)

"The Government are planting gum-trees in Cyprus."

"The gum-tree, rich in leaf and blossom, Forms the home of the Opossum;"

"I'm bound to say the Government soon may 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 Prospects, from the Landlord's point of view.

| EENCES he asked. | "Farmer" answered him. | "I heard of the aristocratic preludography of the old farm—in a luxurious armchairs furnished salon, gazing over his accounts—his elegantly-dressed wife, and daughters, and a few morning visitors.

"How can I drink sherry, and eat caviare, or paid du foie gras, with such a weight of care on my conscience?" asked his wife, calmly.

"In English ish? indienan..." continued a silvery voice, in the purest Hanoverian German. "Du hast das Zimmer sehr bald verlassen.""answered her two charming daughters to their father's retreat.

"What do you mean? in English, indeed! when the darlings have arranged the lace on that gem of the jewelled neck-band of time. Said the Farmer, "until you changed your name, my neighbours called me Dick."" grumbled the Farmer.

"A propos, Papa," cried Irene, "the coachman tells me that the chestnut on the near side was hung. The old lady knew how to dress her so drole. From her accent I really believe she must be a Belgian." exclaimed the Farmer, with a frown.

"Oh, Mamma!" cried the second young Lady, "you really must get rid of Frits; her French is so jing. From her accent I really believe she must be Belgian." exclaimed the Farmer.

"Frits-Richard!" grumbled the Farmer, "until you changed my name, my neighbours called me Dick." exclaimed the Farmer, with a frown. "I'm ashamed of you! Come, my darlings, your father is so strangely resembting this morning."

Frits-Richard, I'm ashamed of you! Come, my darlings, your father is so strangely resembling this morning. But before the indignant dame could finish her sentence, two elegantly-costumed young gentlemen rushed into the room, and embraced her.

"What, Stuart and Plantagenet, back from Oxford and Cambridge so soon!" said Mrs. De Gries, fondly returning her son's affectionate greeting.

"Well, you," replied the elder youth, stroking his well-pomaded moustache, "the truth is, I found Christchurch rather slow, and wanted to get back to see how the hunters were getting on. How do, Guv'nor?"

And I," continued the second youngster, in his turn, "have asked a lot of Trinity men to put up here for a month or so. So mind, Mother, you organise a big party, and the girls will help you. And, Guv'nor, suppose we overhaul your breechloaders.

The whole family started as the angry old man rose from his chair, and a pair of dubs of pictures representing a homely-looking farmer, with his equally homely wife.

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 playroom.

"Do you see those portraits?" he shouted.

"A Swap.

SIR BARTLE FERRE, ROI DES ZULUS. AND my Lord Chelmsford with his sword on, We'll throw o'er, my Kneive, 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 Artist. Sir Robert P—s, Bart.

"The Hat, to wear which duly asks a true man; We'll throw o'er, my kneive, to you."

Mrs. De Gries and the Misses De Gries threw up their arms, gave three piercing shrieks, and fainted!
KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Mrs. Penawby de Toldyns (nico vow to her husband), "Fondness!" "Yes, my Love." "Who is that, singing so divinely?" "Shidor Jenkini, my Love, the famous new Tenor." "Shidor Jenkini, is it? Then get yourself introduced to Shidor Jenkini as soon as he's done his song, and secure him for Monday fortnight!" "But, my Love, Shidor Jenkini charges Forty Guineas!" "Tell Shidor Jenkini 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 Shidor Jenkini! Do as I tell you!"

(Fenawby did so 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 immortal benefit and glory of the House of Toldyns. Graver Mrs. P. T.)
MONDAY, March 31 (Lords).—It is a comfort to be assured that Colonel Pearson's force, whatever it may be short of, has, at least, surgeons enough. As rumour has been asking "Where are Colonel Pearson's doctors?" Eton answers by Lord Ebury, "Here!"

Medical Corporations and Supreme Courts both polished off, by Third Reading of the Bills for their Amendment. Much good may they do them—and the public.

(commons).—Government has no notion whether we are going to Cabul or not. "Where ignorance is bliss!"

Lord Lyttelton 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. Courtney 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. Courtney proceeded to prophesy other unpleasant things. When we were off with Cetewayo and his Zulus, we should be on with Skococo and his Caffres, and with Jowbdin.
Sir Bartle and Lord Coetson were the two leading spirits in South Africa. They censured him for his Boers. In fact, it was a case of "Bad begins, but worse remains behind." The motto of the head of the Government was "adventures for the adventurous," and of Lord Salisbury, "De l'audace, et de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!" Sir Bartle Frere was a Colonial Governor after the same type. Our only course was to retrace our steps, and undo what we had misdone; give back the Transvaal, recall Sir Bartle Frere—in fact, sit down to the biggest humble pie ever baked in Blunderland.

They had thrown over their instruments when they found their little game a failure. There are besides 210 boys, not sons of officers, who were land-robbers, plunderers, village-burners. If these things were allowed to go on, we should be made to feel how low our moral tone was, and how uncertain the balance of American trade. If it were as easy to set balances to rights as to state them!

Mr. O'Connor Power took the wrongs of Zululand as text for a "discourses" on the wrongs of Ireland. He entered his protest against the combined cruelty and hypocrisy of English policy in South Africa.

Mr. Gosser didn't see why Government should resign if the House carried the Resolution. The fact was, that the Government could no longer rule 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 Isandlwana, they never would have heard anything of a censure on Sir Bartle. He should vote for the Resolution. It would get rid of Sir Bartle Frere, without doing any great harm to Her Majesty's Government. (Defection number three.)

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 mis-chiefe was 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 Nathan'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 would not have committed. His despatches were alike devoid of logic, temper, and dignity—mere special pleadings, in over-charged language, in favour of foregone conclusions. The Government could not any more guide Sir Bartle Frere than a small boy instructing a lion to rush at his fences. He was their Phaeton. They had to look on while he set the world on fire in South Africa. The censure they had ventured to send him was accompanied official reproof. The Opposition by this Resolution would discharge their consciences from the intolerable burden of a policy which had brought us sorrow, shame, and disaster, and which would lead to neither advantage nor honour.

Mr. O'Donnell delivered his stone smartly, and with all his strength. The Government policy had been a copy of the worst policy of the most aggressive and annexing European colonies in South Africa. Our raids had been like the worst of the Bushi-Bazooks. We were land-robbers, plunderers, village-burners. When we wore our campaign clothes as a profession for officers from their lands, seized their property, and stole their cattle. If these things were allowed to go on, we should be turning South Africa into a country like Zululand.

Mr. Chaplin went the whole British Squire for Sir Bartle, his policy, and his acts.

The Marquis of Hartington, and Sir Stafford Northcote summed up, pro and con, and pro Sir Bartle Frere—for the debate had long since strayed on to the ground of the High Commissioner's merits, not of the Government's in censuring him without removing him; and the House divided at ten minutes past two—246 for the Motion, 306 against. A majority of 60 is too narrow to be pleasant, in comparison with the other majorities on great party issues in this and last Session.

(Do you think, my Lord B., taking this week's Divisions all together, that the barometer wants tapping? Punch ventures on a hint in this week's heading.)

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord Cottesloe moves for returns to show how much of our trade is the balance of American trade. If it were as easy to set balances to rights as to state them!

(Commissaries.)—Wellington College hauled over the coals on Mr. Yorke's Motion, for inquiry how far the present administration of the College carries out the intention of its foundation. Who are its debtors' orphans and children? It was only a second thought to take in some of civilians whose higher payments were to help out the lower class of scholars' orphans and children.

The Queen laid the first stone in 1856. The college opened with eighty orphans. The list of orphans still stands at the original number. There are besides 310 boys, not sons of officers, who
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

establishment become as perverted from its original lines as Eton i in | announcing the of Law in its

four hundred. It hae oysacd to be 'shat ii wea formed ma: wyers are and

military orphans and becomes a military orphan; the sooner the i

the concern with cece & of officers' orphans on

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governors. An in hievclemat ght be the ruin of

Wellington was too hi A.

Of course there must be ingwi hough not by a Royal -

House divided—67 against ingy a narrow sq!

nis and a change pase to me atten Sipps ty. vases the

out effect; the landlords, we been be ta eat the

in thet Interest of tenants to the Bill ie r gen vi

Aprilt 12, 1879.)

Pauper Lunatics, and that which helps, inter alia, to

and lunatices—Public House Licensing.

ones with a perty oe qualifications for Local Authorities, hatever

money-tickete, it lies not in the mouth of the Government Ade |

it, as the have already agreed to the principle, and onl

may be against this opening of Municipal Office doors without

Mr. Youse said .

Mr. Ropwett moved for the law

Three squeaks in a week—for the 60 majority on the Zulu War

was no better. Is the thermometer tending to Change?

Zululoy (Lords).—After the labours of a generation and the expenditure of millions, the upshot of Lord Dudley's questions, Lord Elphinstone's answers, the Duke of Somerset's quotations—pithily condensed into the sweeping conclusion that our

Naval Guns are defective in metal, construction, boring, and sing ?

Naval Ordnance to be overhauled from the founation ! easant

In short, Wellington College has in twenty-seven years from its > bones stir in roy graves! Sir Jonn Holcar cooll 44

Satispury or the Earl of Beacowsretp can tell him, about the

negotiations for the rectification of the Greek Boundary, in pursuance

of the recommendation of the Berlin-Treaty-makers.

believe that he sees a "scientific frontier" in Thessaly and Epirus.

ment can be made, by which Greece pay obtain all that, under the

At the same time, he thinks there are modes by a0 a a fair adjust-

circumstances, she is entitled to, without consenting to a "settlement

distress at isturbance abroad.

It is a pity he >, a 2_rth ne Mega nc ma' a bias | Kroc ution im Ting that present 4”

mulated deficit to be Rog < half in £2,000,000 next year and

and substance : things are to be let slide; no new taxation ; accu-

postponement of payment rather than increase of taxation, with

what all but the viciously Vrtagus 2 will probably consider the least— itis ;

trust in wes os c  Remeer of 04 of accidents may bring forth to diminish

£2,750,000 the year after neral election must be thought of. ted faby ats tints and nasal sounds.

does Punch. I hate the minx Ode thowld like noi tin

With the latest improvements. Henceforth all criminals be And pay, in one accumulati ng, low,

proceeded against under this code, or some statute not inconsistent 'All that to her I owe !

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Childers reserved their comments. So doen Punch.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL re-introduced the Criminal Code Bill, with the latest improvements. Henceforth all criminals will be proceeded against under this code, or some statute not inconsistent

therewith, and not under Common Law! Think of that, O buried

generations of Westminster Hall, and let your dry bones stir in their graves! Sir John Holkar coolly pro-

nouncing the superfluity of the Common Law in its application to

Criminal Offences! No wonder his living years are fustered, and

talk of the House taking this tremendous dose of Reform in instal-

ments! But they will have to swallow it; and the sooner the gulp is

and the fewer we who in

Friday (Lords).—The Shaftesbury Estate is the whole wide world of

suffering. The good Earl's survey to-night extended over the Indian Factory System, which is as unsatisfactory as our own, was till short-time Acts corrected its horrors.

Lord CRANBROOK promises a Short-time Act in India.

This can't be done summarily, but the CHANCELLOR of the HANOVERS consented to a Resolution implying 'that the present

diminution of Indian duties on British cloths shall be admitted to be a stage on the road to total abolition—with which large admission let Mr. Beesin be satisfied.

Mr. FAWCETT tried hard to tie the Stafford Northcots tighter than he will himself be tied in an Afghanistan. But he pledges himself that the perennial genius of Lord LYTTON is not to be allowed to hurry us up into an advanced counsel, without positive orders from home. That is something gained.

OWED TO THE SPRING.

Fears by a Victim.

That 'en a poetaster might provoke—

If any such ephemera contrive

The late adroitous weather to survive—

But spell it Ouced, and inspiration seizes

My soul, and i'm at once a fervent poet.

"I would take some time to mention all I owe it ;

The multitudinous coughs, the myriad sneezes,

Innumerable shakes, uncounted shivers,

Perpetual feelings as of frozen rivers

Making my shrinking vertebrae their track,

And stealing down my back.

What bard would sing ?

It were too bitter, too maling a joke,
SATISFACTORY.

Bumptious Old Gent (in a Directorial tone). "Ah, Guard—what are we—ah—waiting for!"
Guard (with unconcern). "Waiting for the train to go off, Sir!"
Old Gent retires.

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.

A dream for the Beaconsfield régime reserves
Remission of taxes, and surplus and glitter;
But my course into Phœbus-like brilliance ne'er swerves;
For his games with the Afghan, the Zulu, the Turk,
I've to find the hard tin, and it's jolly hard work.

Your Imperial game is imposing, my Lord:
It imposes, at least, heavy loads on th' Exchequer:
But bad trade at home and big bounce all abroad
Would upset the plans of a Gladstone or Nicker.

What Budgets, though, might have been fashioned by me,
Had fate found me place under W. G. !
This time I did think I had made it all square;
I've had some strokes of luck in my favour. But, heigho!

My schemes have been spoilt by this Zulu affair,
And my balance upset by that beastly Cetewayo.
Lord B. says 'twill be all serene, 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're too watchful by half, and would give me no quarter.

By the Zulu—confound him!—of surplus bereft,
A safe via media'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.

'Tain't easy to pay for Lord B.'s little wars,
And for giving the Afghan and Zulu hot toko,
By a trifling two pence a pound on Cigars,
And a—a—ah, to be sure—a small duty on Cocoa.
As for raising the Income-tax, that might tell tales;
So there's only one method of trimming my scales.

I must play the Misanthrope, and deftly postpone,
I am free to admit it's a rôle I don't relish.

But I think it is safe, if they'll let me alone,
Though a deficit does not a Pythian embellish.

'Tisn't couleur de rose, but if things do look blue,
It is mainly the fault of that—something—Zulu!

THE GAROTTER IN GAOL (from Pleasure to Penalty).—Photographed and flogged.

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.

Not knowing much about agricultural matters generally, but 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 "cattle," before I can move an amendment that the word "cows" and "bullocks" be inserted. MOSTYH DICKIE retorts—

"Well, my dear fellow, and what am I to get from cows?"

I answer. "To reply, "Milk," seems round; 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.

Everyone is silent. MOSTYH DICKIE has clearly put a poser.

"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 starts at him, much as Balaam must have stared at his donkey when it gave him a bit of its mind; then he looks round with a supremely proud smile, as much as to say "There's a boy! Ain't he wonderful! He'll get on—he will! Only give him a chance!"

"Well," returns MOSTYH DICKIE, as though not quite prepared to admit the entire truth of the proposition. "Well—yes—calves.

And how many calves?"

"Depends 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 before him? What obstacle is there that Denson Junior will not overcome? It is of such stuff as this that Chancellors are made for, Chancellors have boys once, eaten almonds, raisins, and apples, and been none the worse for it—intellectually. MOSTYH DICKIE surveys the youth through his spectacles. He is pleased—evidently pleased.

"He'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 own doing—I'm his clever father—his good, kind, clever, gentleman!"")—"He's right," says MOSTYH DICKIE—"there are calves—lots of 'em. But do you ever see any real? No. Not a ha'porth! I haven't seen any real. Do I get anything by my calves? Not a penny!"

"But you sell them?" I suggest.

"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 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, MOSTYH DICKIE continues,

"You know Sir"—this to us all collectively, as one man—"I have about fifty cows, and I never get any cream, except what I buy, and then I pay more than any one else for it—and I never get any milk. Sometimes buys it and allows me for it—that's what I'm in for, what I'm allowed for it—I'm hanged if I know. They tell me my butcher 'allows me' for the calves. All I can see is that he sends me to him for something less than he'd get 'em elsewhere."

"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 shining book entitled How to Make Poultry Pay. Personally I can't conceive poultry paying anything, unless they are a very wealthy sort like Guineas Fowls. But this suggestion would be better.

"Chickens!" replies MOSTYH 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 fresh, quite prepared 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 spring, eh?"

"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 the vegetables, getting them fresh."

He shakes his head vehemently. Clearly I know nothing about it. Why all of the deceptive things in the country, growing fresh vegetables? You can't," he says, "interfere with the vegetables. You can't. why? I suppose it's about the most deceptive of all, the vegetables. Soil, seasons, frost, blight, insects, birds—yes, in fact, everything animate or inanimate is against the entire vegetable creation. But I don't care. There was a home-stead there, home-stead, and its successful growth almost a miracle. Clearly there's more in Heaven (birds, storms, frost, etc.), and earth (insects, birds, etc.), than is dreamt of in your philosophy.

But I remonstrate. "You do grow them, and you don't get them..."
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!"

OUR PLANTS OF PREY.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for April contains an article on "Carnivorous Plants." Jesters will remark that amongst these no mention whatever is made either of the Tiger Lily or the Dandelion.

INJUVABLE INJIA; OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY FUZZELI PRINCES.

CHAPTER III.


NEXT DAY.—Aurora, flushed and ruddy, prepares the way for glorious Phoebe 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 then it was as I turned the corner of Hydeparra, Pikkah-Delhi. In such language (as I have above written) I described the effect of colour, how my servant, Rummi, to the Begum of Durajah, who really observed that I should be called in her own tongue "agushar," i.e., a rhetorical poet.

But though I have my gifts as a poet, painter, author, sportsman, rider, boxer, and so forth, don't boast; the only reply is "Me voila! I am a real jolly good fellow, and so say all of us, with three Indian cheers, 'Hipp! Hipp! Hippo! Hooraja!'

Same Day.—Called on Holkar. He was delighted to see me, as for once he had no ears. Mostyn Dr. who had been Dicky; 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 JARAG ORKUTUS SALAR JUNO, the Chief of the Great Oriental Record Office, a most entertaining person, who, in his own inimitable way, was telling Polkar tuffuns (i.e. tales of wonder and other marvellous stories), which kept Polkar actually 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 JARAG ORKUTUS SALAR JUNO was in the meantime enjoying himself immensely, as he found no difficulty in telling a tuffun and taking in tiffin at the same time.

When His Excellency SALAR JUNO had retired (leaving very little behind him except dirty plates, six shrimps, and the cruets), 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." 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.

KRAMMA—a small town not far from here. My friend Khan HALI SIDRO's house is 1700 feet high, surrounded by a grove of <i>aprunas</i> (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 NAVYR 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 Jollyry, I should be head swell at it, and in the chair every night.

This morning (two days after) called on the Khan of Pawth, 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 Bezantesses, who are very popular as ministering spirits in India.

The Khan of Pawth 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 Pawth 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 RUMMI.]

To-day.—Asked an intelligent Native his opinion of the Imperial Proclamation and the Durbar.
He replied, "Shammoo, Shab, shammoo."
"I am very much of your opinion," I returned, politely, in excellent Hindustanee.

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 Arasan Valhallah Beechum, 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 canvaas, and become a naturalised Indian. Being naturally quick and clever, with a certain touch of genius, he at once disserted from the popular mode of worship as practised by the Hindoo and Mus-median, and, taking a little from both, he proclamed another prophet in opposition to Mahomet, whom he styled Eccoset.

The Eccomdans hold illiberal opinions, but do not interfere with anybody's future 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 Eccomdians, or worshipers of Eccoset. The temple is in the form of a gigantic Greek tla.

How the Greek architecture came here I do not pretend to know—nor do I care. But whatever archeologists may say to the contrary, here it undoubtedly is. The Hezan Arasan, it is confidently hoped by his admirers, will soon be raised to the rank of full Rajah.

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. Arts 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 Dicky; or, Cussing Richard. This I professed to take with me to England, and showed to my 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 Arasan Valhallah Beechum. It is considered a wonderful likeness. The Valhallah Beechum stands six feet ten, and my picture is life-size, so do not think I shall enlarge it, unless for a travelling caravan. But that's a spec. in futuro; and whenever Valhallah Beechum may visit this country shall make the most of him.

Next Day.—Called at the Admiralty. Saw Admiral Sir Flereeboy Dirotchak. He carried 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 make, on account of his keeping a watch on me, and whenever he thought I had enticed the old Admiral out to sea in a boat, and induced 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 a sight 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 purr deserves another. And what reparation would the Imperial Government have demanded?

Simply, the Imperial Government would have been satisfied with the official explanation to the effect that,—"The boatswain 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 the Imperial Government is referred to Jofbohoy Millerbhe, p. 108, edition 1840. However, I sketched the Admiral, and the portrait is one of the finest likenesses I've ever made, though perhaps I say who the admiral.

Puppit bwor Aibhoomboy, is Political Resident, and is held in high respect by all classes. His house—the Speolk— 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. Hooray! 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 Bhoppottar Jamminhott. Made a sketch of him.

This is one of my best pictures. I propose enlarging it for exhibition, and sending it to the Academy, or for subscription, as for his reception, I like a Gallery. It is an appeal to the Jolly Gods. Hooray! I have been as good as my word. I have 'showed it to several. Could I do more? Here is my sketch of the town of Pawnpore, where my uncle, Sir...

Day after Yesterday.—Up early, sketching. Everything going on jolly. It's jolly hot.

Here is my sketch of the town of Pawnpore, where my uncle, Sir...

Sir Bhoppottar Jamminbhot enjoying himself.

This is one of my best pictures. I propose enlarging it for exhibition, and sending it to the Academy, or for subscription, as for his reception, I like a Gallery. It is an appeal to the Jolly Gods. Hooray! I have been as good as my word. I have 'showed it to several. Could I do more? Here is my sketch of the town of Pawnpore, where my uncle, Sir...

A Radical Reformer's Prayer.

"Messrs. Boklow, Vafohan, and Co., heads of the Cleveland iron works, 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 coercer; for human pigs could we secure such swift mere process of conversion!
COMMON LAW GHOSTS DEPARTING.

| SIR HENRY 
| ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
| in the course of his speech on the night of Thursday, April 3rd, in the House of Commons, in introducing the Bill to codify the Criminal law, observed:—"The code, however, although it does not contain an exposition of the law relating to every indictable offence to be found in the Statute-books, contains this, to my mind, very salutary provision—that every person who is prosecuted to an indictable offence shall be proceeded against under some provision of the Bill, or some statute not inconsistent therewith, and shall not be proceeded against at Common Law."—Times, April 4, 1879.

SHAKE hands, my Common Barrator! 
No longer eye the world alive,
The law now opens wide its door 
To Champerty and Maintenance.
Who knows? In time may even see
No great crime in Embracery!

And our good friend, "the Common Scold,"
May ply, secure, her roaring trade.
Or should a sweet Blue-Stocking wish to make her spin pass lightly,
Then if a traveller wants to do a grind by rail, I'll venture he,
She must be precious hard to please if she sneer at the Fortnightly.

I hear the funniest things while dusting, folding, and
Which you drop into now and then, for all your classic tartness.
It's all onesided, much like those of that smart slogger, Hanxison,
But heaps of folk that ride by rail aren't tooth-pick toffs nor lovers.
From turnips none shall draw
For blood from turnips none shall draw
By prosecutions undismayed;
His undefined dominions fade.
And wields his Code as battle-blade.

Ye parities whose bridges fall,
Shall lay indictments at your door!
When drowsy towns in slumber lie,
There's precious few of its games to which us two aren't fly, Sir.
That's how your Critics miss their mark in Science, Art, Society;
Books, and res, jokes and journals, buyer's and lounger's patter,
And make dull sleep, affrighted, fly.

GORDON, who has shown his power of conquering for the KURDISH in North Africa, would not be intrusted with the command of a single officer of Assistant-General, in a force of his own countrymen operating against Zulfs!"

ON A LOWE VIEW OF LITERATURE.

| By the Boy at the Bookstall. |

Why, everybody supposed the British Army to have been reorganised the other day; and yet, whilst engineering is now acknowledged to be the first officer, an Engineer Officer, as such, remains ineligible even to the office of Assistant-Adjutant General. Is not this a survival from the days of "crack" regiments, consisting, for the most part, of dandies and dunces? As Mr. Brunei is currently bemused by the British Army; a new development, with a competitive struggle for existence, and a survival of the fittest? Does he now awake to find the War Office and the military authorities still tied up with red tape as ridiculously as a "Soldier" represents them to be?

A DISQUALIFIED LEADER.

On the word of a "Soldiers," 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 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

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.

HOMOEOPATHIC CURE (for the half-drowned people of Seychelles).—Whetham.
Last spoonful before the recess.

Monday, April 7.—Ketchwato—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. Richard—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 Ekowe answering more distinctly than she has lately 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 Murb, Major O'Brien, 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 minutiae of amendment, these 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 Gina'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
Sylvia, "I wonder what that old woman meant by saying her cup was over—flowing, when mamma gave her the cold chicken."

May, "I suppose she meant her mouth watered."

compensate for their hotness and cross-ness! Poor Premiere, he will have anything but an easy Easter of it!

Hot they come, and ever hotter, buns their various crosses bearing,

More than e'en his strength can carry, past e'en his power of not caring;

Hot-cross buns of Zululand, with Ketchwa's cross imprinted;

Hot-cross buns of Afghanistan, with Yakoon's cross roughly dinted;

Hot-cross buns of Bessarabia, with Greek Cross and Slavic halter-wise;

Hot-cross buns of Asia Minor, with the cross in every fashion;

Armenian, Koordish, Turkish, Georgian, Kalutch and Circassian;

Then the hot-cross buns shaking in Burmah, Egypt, all about;

Whose crosses Ministers can't brag, and don't like to sing small about,—

'Tis evident that BRAGWATER has of hot-cross buns his hands full, and that his recomp of anything but peace and quiet stands full!

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EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN (EGYPTIAN) ENUUTE.

**Monday.**—Rose to "Rule Britannia" from my private brazen-hahn. Haricot-beef, plum-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. Expressed 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 Tattersall'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 back-sheesh, 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. Courbashed 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 that I loved and admired France, and to all the glories of France. Appreciated Republican Institutions. Informed the Minister that I wished to be naturalised as 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. Courbashed my household, and kicked my second son.

**Wednesday.**—On waking ordered my private band to play a polka of Austrian, German, Russian, and Swedish 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-nudeln, 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 to protection from England and France. Pointed out that France was recovering from the blow dealt her by Germany, and was a rival to Italy in the Mediterranean. Suggested that there should be very pretty pickings for an English naval officer. I had to say, and told me that they could do nothing without consulting their

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AN EXPLANATION.

Sylvia, "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."
Respective Governments. Much annoyed. Bastinadoed my household, and kicked my maid out. Thursday.—Got up early, and organised riots in the streets, mutiny in the Army, and a strike in the Public Offices. Sent telegram 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.

Private Note in Diary.—Must get rid of RUMMI. As yet had no reply from my solicitors, Mowz. PETTIE AND MEEK.

Wednesday.—Asked BHODEL, the Maharajah of Chhatteer, to sit still, but he wouldn't, and nearly talked me to death. I tried to fix the blame on SIHARK, but having been once frightened by a photog-rapher, 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, that his face was so dangerous to trifle with SIHARK: as the photographer in question had been beaten to death by the Smakahs (sort of flat spade, with a bamboo handle, used for killing flies) carried by his attendants.

Thursday next.—Called on Her Highness BHODEL. She is very showy, as is everything about her, and the style in which she lives "reminds me," as I observed to Raja GHOGHOSEL, "of some splendid scene in a grand spectacular drama at MYEE's Hippodrome, which," I added, "is a Circus everyone ad-myers."

GHOGHOSEL 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 bawdy, 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 GHOGHOSEL, 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 GHOGHOSEL, and also remembering the fate of the man who didn't laugh at the right time. Such is life—in Injia! Here is my portrait of GHOGHOSEL. One of the best things I've ever done.

The following Day.—Followed Her Highness BHODEL everywhere. She is a beauty-ful creature, but very shy and reserved. Through a grating in the palace she whispered to me, "Me like you. You niosy-piecey. 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, "What?"

"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 finished when it's finished," I replied, painting away with all my might and main.

"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 liege lord. And she was smiling at me like winky! But I am adamant.

"Is um 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.

Sunday.—I make this, as a rule, my Sitterday—if I can get any-

Scarce had I dotted her eyes, than she ut-tered an exclamation of horror, and disappeared.

Behind me stood the Pacharam, FUGMOO- SHAH, her lord and master, a horrid old fellow, followed by his favourite, MUSTIPHA WIRAA. Their "capa-risons were 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 RUMMI outside, laughing. He belongs to a sect called the Chuklas. They take a cyni-cal view of life, and enjoy the misfortunes of others.

N.B.—Private Note.

Must get rid of RUMMI. WIFE PETTIE AND MEEK.

Saturday.—"I make this, a rule, my Sitterday—if I can get any-one to sit. A notion has struck me, which I shall try to carry into effect—Mummisizer or chloriform for sitters. Patent the idea.

This afternoon tried it on Gupta, but the laughing-gas, and under pretence of giving him something to drink, made him inhale
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 bustahas. 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 got over the difficulty by sitting up all night with my servant Rumi, who had to mix my colours and cut my pencils. I think he must have mixed my colours too strongly, as I have a vague recollection of having sketched several Rajahs at once. Here's one of them, at all events:

My Sketch of Radhman Rajah after I had Sat up till 4 a.m. to paint him.

I can't quite recognise my own signature. Still, the picture is undoubtedly clever, and, when enlarged, will draw a heap of coin into the treasury of Yours Truly.

Tuesday Evening.—Just received a private note from Burma. She asks me to fly with 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 really jealous, she has more than two strings to her bow, and one of 'em might be round the neck of a gay 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:

"The Duck 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 "Cook of the North," but the Duck 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 "Carriage."—The "every-day practice between tailors and customers," confessed by one of the former, of re-supplying servants with their old lividers 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?
Overladen 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 hopest in vain
Mercy from Mammon, help from false chiron.
Pashees and politicians counterscheme,
Bondholders beg, and wily statesmen dream,
Spotters declaim, philantrophists 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 shrewd wrong to fight,
John Bull's befogged; he knows not how he stands,
Mixed with the podding 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 Fella's foes—

Aid arch-rogue Israel in his ruthless rule,
Or, duped by him, play the check-mated fool,
Bound in an unsought quarrel to appear,
Or to throw up the cards in shame or fear.
And yet, entrapped in Policy's sly maze,
Half-blind by imperialism's craze,
He knows not, hour from hour, what hate part
May be prepared for him by statecraft's art.
But losses 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 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 work well done, for many a year, in the cause 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 Pope 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.
Poor Fellow!
were appended to this notice, purporting to come from an ideal—

either public or domestic.

but they possessed no interest, conversation is the weather, are sure to pour in their telegrams by the

useful to those of his fellow-countrymen (and countrywomen), who

wish to address inquiries to the Clerk of the Weather.

Thursday morning, about half-past eleven? G. laughs at me for

applicant, tlegueaking on the eve of the most momentous event in

being so superstitious." (If sunshine cannot be promised to this

'Amalgamated Jin ' either Tuesday or Wednesday w

Admirals, Bishopsleigh, Herts.—'' Mamma wishes to ask the Betts,

MeE-Extises, Buisstlyctons, and other friends, to lawn-tennis.

three weeks' wash. i

Rev. Dr. Martinett, Under Norwood.—''We want to play the

—* Dear Sir,—Do say whether Monday wi have a

Exampte IX.—From Sir Hubert Fane, Reynard's Court, Hunt-

First stone of new Town-Hall to be laid, with Masonic honours,

Exampte Il.—From ZR. H. G. Baily (Captain of the Eleven),

Exampte III.— From Millicent Mary Frances Hammerton,

Exampte IV.—From Mrs. Posselwhyte, 4 Cranberry Street, W.

Exampte V.—From Miss Thoby, Market, Wharfeosemore,—

Exampte VIII.— From Major Hooper Wingham, Four Parlours,

April 19, 1879. [PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. 177

METEOROLOGY FOR THE MILLION.

A

Mr. Punch's Easter Offerings must

be one of thanks to the Clerk of the Weather. That great functionary—

one of the most important in the United Kingdom, hardly inferior in utility to the East Marshall, on the

Lord Privy Seal—has recently made it known that

any person may obtain by telegram from the Meteorological Office the latest information as to the weather in any

district of the United Kingdom by payment of a fee of 1s. in

addition to it, the cost of the message to the Meteorological

Office and the reply. The telegram containing the inquiry must not exceed twenty words in

length, and must be addressed, "Meteorological Office, London." Examples of the sort of tele-

gram to be addressed to the Meteorological Office are:

Mr. Punch, who forecasts that a nation, the staple of whose con-

versation is the weather, are sure to pour in their telegrams by the

useful to those of his fellow-countrymen (and countrywomen), who

wish to address inquiries to the Clerk of the Weather.

Example I.—From Rose Eleanor Darling, Sambrook, Brench-

shamleigh, North Devon.—"Will there be sunshine here next

Thursday morning, about half-past eleven? G. laughs at me for

being so superstitious." (If sunshine cannot be promised to this

apparent, telegraphing on the eve of the most momentous event in

her life, it is hoped that no civil Clerk will indulge in unmitigated

jesting about the certainty of "moonshine" following.

Example II.—From R. H. G. Baily (Captain of the Eleven),

Reg. Dr. Martinett, Under Norwood.—"We want to play the

"Amalgamated Jingles" either Tuesday or Wednesday week,

which day will be the finest?"

Example III.—From Miss Thoby, Market Place, Wharfemoore.—

"I am crossing the Channel to-morrow. How will the sea be?

Sawders, my maid, is such a bad sailor.""

Example V.—From Miss Thoby, Market Place, Wharfemoore.

"I am crossing the Channel to-morrow. How will the sea be?

Sawders, my maid, is such a bad sailor.""
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!"

SUMMUM JUS SUMMA INJURIA.

The liability of trustees holding shares for their cestui que trusts in companies of unlimited liability to the full extent of their own property, as well as that of their cestui 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 of Law and Equity, it seems absurd that a decision, which to the naked eye of law and 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.

EXPRESS FROM LONDON TO CHELMSFORD.

The Giant amongst military Pigmies—Lord Blunder-borne.
FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

Visitor. "Mrs. Bohrto at home?"
New Irish Footman. "Mrs. Bohrto 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:

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 mortgags 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 Monaco. 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 "plighted word" has just proved of such marketable value at Cairo, and elsewhere.

PHRASES FOR ENGLISH TOURISTS TRAVELLING IN ROUNBELIA 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-well educated), 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 Crimea, and that they hate the Russians as much as we do.

I certainly was delighted 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.:

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, both of them travel-well educated; salary, £18. Apply, by letter, to Mr. Punch, 23, St. James's Street.

And this offer comes from the eminent gentilhomme of the Regents Park, too. Punch would be glad to know what servant in that Regent's Park household is expected to do as much work for so little pay as the Daily Governess.

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 £300. You may imagine my surprise, therefore, on going down to-day to look at the work to 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 facades, a campanile, and the largest ballroom 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 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. How- ever, I have no wish to distress you by any recrimination, and am, believe me, still yours with all confidence,

Yours, &c., &c., &c.

II.
To a spirited Captain who has lost his Ship through an over-sanguine temperament.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,
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 it. Yet it appears to be progressing in Spain.

Yours, &c., &c., &c.

III.
To a speculative Stockbroker who has ruined his Client.

MY DEAR MR.,
You ought to have put it all into the Three per Cent., as I instructed you. It is such a disgraceful 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 Brigante Thirty per Cent. Consols were always a hobby of yours, and I can not reproach you. I suppose I shall have to take a "crossing"—mais que voulez-vous? Stockbrokers will be Stockbrokers, and your friends will be your friends.

Yours cheerily, &c., &c.

IV.
To an active Agent who has been a little hasty.

MY DEAR SIR,
I see that instead of announcing my intention of remitting the Spring rents, out of consideration for the hardship of the times, you have evicted everybody on the shortest possible notice. 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 man—"I hope you will excuse my adding—somewhat too promptly and energetically." Believe me,

Yours, &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.

CETEWAYO AND KETCH.

The Zulu Monarch's name, by its spelling to speak, as if 't were 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. Ay, and both of those babies their nurses, perches, 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 is 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' Glaudios.

Where the Felian's Shoe Finches.—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 sonorous summoners, that "in Catholic countries they are still baptised..." What bell ships 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, sailing or steaming, which we have no reason to refrain from asking. What conditions are needful 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's? Is it lawful to baptise ship's boats? Is there any controversy about their baptismal regeneration? Of course, neither bells nor ships have souls to be saved, and, as the former may crack or topple down and get broken, whilst the latter are not too apt to go to the bottom, baptism can scarcely be supposed to contribute much to their temporal salvation.

Whatever may be the good of baptising church bells, would not as much good be done by baptising muffin-bells, or dinner-bells, or other house bells? Might not a town-order as well get his bell baptised? Would it be reasonable to baptise dumb-bells?

If there is any use at all in baptising ships and bells, why not also baptise great guns? The Woolwich Infants, we fear, remain unbaptised, though not, perhaps, in consequence of any peculiar views entertained at the War Office touching infant Baptism. Are Godfathers and Godmothers usually required for the bells or the ships to which baptism is administered, and are they expected to stand any silver forks and spoons?

Mr. Swinburne is a Baptist. Ask him to baptise a bell. Get somebody to bear him that message on some First of April.

Put the Saddle on the Right Horse.

"A Centurion" writes to complain of a brief article in Punch's last number referring to a statement which appeared in the Times under the signature of "A Soldier," that all Chinese Gurkhas' baptism administered would not have procured him the opportunities of some command which his abilities ought to have secured, because he was "only" an Engineer in the selection for military honours and commands. He would be too glad to be as satisfied as "a centurion" seems to be, that it is unfounded. He is aware of the fact that Lord Nuffield of Madgall was an Engineer, and that his case is usually quoted in disproof of the charge of unfair treatment of that distinguished corps.

"A Centurion" trusts that Punch will refute "A Soldier"'s statement. He had better do this himself, through the same channel by which that statement was given to the world.

UpSide dowN.

Le Monde talks of "Sir Fedora Barte." Perhaps it is only a neat way of expressing Je Monde's opinion that the distinguished High Commissioner's name should be turned tospery-tosrey, the better to correspond to his policy.

BRITISH MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

Old Style—Henry Martyn.

New Style—Martin Henty.

Russia's Choice.—Ant Cesas 0ut—Nihil.
RETURN of the Commons (Thursday, April 17) from their country quarters—not smiling. Weather broke up with the House, whose holiday has been 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 Mauve'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 clamant in Desertio, in spite of the irresistible Doctor and his Hyde Park Demonstrations.

Sir Julian Goldsmid 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 Sultana 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 Foreign, 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."

Then Mr. Forster took his turn at the screw, but with no better success in squeezing anything out of Sir Stafford.

The only thing in the East that won't "mixed," seems to be the occupation of Eastern Roumelia. The region has a mixed population, a mixed vocabulary, a mixed coinage, a mixed cuisine, a mixed toilette, mixed liquors, mixed biscuits, mixed pickles; but mixed occupation it cannot and will not be permitted to have.

The various Diplomacies and Governments have quite "mixed occupation" enough in stroking down or stirring up the Turks, and stirring up or stroking down the Greeks, Bulgarians, and other Christian subjects of the Porte.

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 all 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. Miers, Monk, Baxter, and Shaw-Lefevre 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!"

Pepys' Diary.

Lady (Amateur). "I've sent sixteen pictures in to the Academy."

Painter (Professional—aghast). "But, madam, I think the academicians themselves are only entitled to send eight!"

Lady. "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-Irbyson explained to Mr. Ritchie the delay in reorganisation of the Customs; and Mr. Lowther 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 outcry 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's Dandies—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 Knivive 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 allait-il faire dans cette galerie," 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 Knivive were to go a step further, and answer the threats of his European threateners by throwing over his European creditors altogether? The Stiven has done so, and what is he the worse for it? It is true, he can't get the Giaours to lend him any more money; but no more he could before his repudiation. Why should not his most respectful subject the Knivive 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 Greek By glowing Gladstone warmly sung! Lord B. brought honour back with peace, And Greece aside 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 right less resolute; Now help or counsel we refuse, And even Sympathy is mute. We've urgent bothers East and West, And Greece's claims may be—well, blast!

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 pelf, prestige and place; Uphold the Jingo-patriot's name, Keep cock-a-hoop the British race, And what is left the statesman here? For Greeks a joke—for Greece a farce. In vain—in vain are pleading words, Fill high the cup with Cyprus wine! We must back up the Turkish hordes, Twixt the Bulgarias fix the line. Hark to humanitarians' squall! 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 no schemes 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 sells. He wants to keep his coffers full, To charm the Jingoes and the Swells; And Turkish force, staidness, fraud, He must condone, if not applaud. Lord B.'s designs are grand and deep, Although their purpose few despise. The interesting race "must keep Their souls in patience. Hushaby! Dear land of dupes, your hopes resign— Dash it! don't kick up such a shine!

Light in Darkness.

In proof of the allegation "that numerous 'departed spirits' are around us," a contributor to the Spiritualist, by name CHARLES BLACKBURN, refers to certain "photographs taken in darkness by Count de Bullet of Paris." Etymologically, a picture taken in darkness would perhaps be better named a spectograph than a photograph; only that spectograph might be mistaken to mean something Scotch. Now, BLACKBURN hails from Parkfield, Didsbury, near Manchester; but one imagines that a Gentleman who can talk of photographs taken in darkness should rather be associated with the neighbourhood, say, of Cork or Dublin.

Catch for the Law Courts.

The Law of Trusteeship, as now read, needs must Soon abolish both parties concerned in a Trust. For a trustful trust how can one come be, When you can't get a soul to become a Trustee?
of Notes and Queries, and, in a word, all who are treading the sterner heights of history, geography, chronology, and general

be varied and a They will see the most poet 1

costumes. They will be selected from the first factories and houses inventions in telephony, tasimetry, mography, microphony, an outside Town Halls, and on the School Boards which have been and the pillars in front of the Royal Exchange ; and in the country, notice will be given of their exhibition. 4g yp my and by placards in London, on the Monument, the Duke of York's Column, the Committee of Privy Council on Education.

"primrose path" of poetry and the belles lettres, or scaling the at our Universities, the Head Masters and Mistresses of our Public

kindly lent for this special occasion.

Grammar, Collegiate, and High Schools, the Atheneum Club, and Post-Office.

"T could not love thee, Janz, so much,

Loved I not Jenny more."
NINE REASONS WHY.

I immediately after dismissing his Excellency, the Khedive dispatched to his high and mighty suzerain, the Sultan, a confidential envoy, Pasha Talat, charged with the Khedive's reasons for taking so decided 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 Rothschild 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 an entirely honorary distinction, 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 on my advertisements, invoice, 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 to Ornamental to the Public View as useful to the Interests of, Sir, Your Most Obedient Humble Servant,

Crispin Scobleton,
Boot and Shoemaker, and Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.

The Golden Last, April 18, 1879.

For the Home-Rulers.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU and The O'Conor Don have formally notified the secession from the Home-Rule party in Parliament. If Bogar, 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.D. and a Barque? 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 Zeul'Ohonomos, 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 "there is no parallel in the wide world" is the position of the Dominion, that "even avowed free-traders in principle," after paying its visit, admit candidly that there is nothing left for it but protection, pur et simple, he puts forward the following pass paper.

To Cobdenites like himself, who doubt whether they are not educated up to the new standard, it may prove highly useful:—

1. Define "Avowed Free Trade," and trace in detail the series of calamities that have fallen on this country from the repeal of the Corn Laws.

2. Explain the working of a "Reciprocity Tariff," and show how, if A., refuses to buy new-laid eggs of his neighbour B., B. better his own condition, under the circumstances, by getting a bad hat and paying double the price for it.


4. An enthusiastic Protectionist, who is interested in the production of carpet-bags, finds some difficulty in managing, at present prices, on £1,300 a year. A revised Commercial Treaty does not enable him to thrust his carpet-bag upon the European market, but obliges him to pay an additional £170 per cent. on all the necessities of life. How long will his enthusiasm last?

5. Analyse the normal miseries of the "unhappy consumer," and show that he is morally bound:
(a) To go to the worst market;
(b) To regret the producer as a dear and dependent relation;
(c) To provide comfortably for his declining years.

6. I live in a deserted road with three friends, who smash all the lamp-posts and put out all the lights before their houses. Show, on one thermometer the protectionist principle, how the road will be infinitely more safe and cheerful for all four of us when I, in my turn, have smashed and extinguished the lights before mine.

7. It being a thermometer twenty-five below zero, and a five months' Canadian winter. Point out the advantages to the community generally of the Coal-owners getting an import duty of fifty cents a ton tacked on to foreign coal.

8. Put into plain English the meaning of a "National Policy," as understood by the present Dominion Government; and say how long it will take, with a good steady dander-headed blundering administration, to kill off the whole trade of the Colony.

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 excellent example. The following is his weather forecast for the middle of next week:

1. SCOTLAND, N. South-easterly winds, with fog, thunder, intense cold and sharp snow-shower at intervals.

2. SCOTLAND, E. Sleet and rain; cold north-east wind, with intervals of ethereal mildness.

3. ENGLAND, E. Very fine, with occasional snowstorms.

4. ENGLAND, S. Gales, S. South-easterly winds, with violent showers.

5. MIDLAND COUNTIES. Bitterly cold, with gusts of intense heat.

6. ENGLAND, N.E., AND CHANNEL ISLANDS. Wind blowing from the N. and S.

7. SCOTLAND, W. Nice dry summer weather, with an occasional hard frost at noon.

8. ENGLAND, N.W., AND N. WALES. Dense fog.

9. ENGLAND, S.W. Showers of shooting stars, with waterpoops, occasional whirlwinds, and rapid variations of temperature.

10. IRELAND, N. Intense heat, followed by every half-hour by intense cold.

11. IRELAND, S. Same 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.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

Sir William Harbury playing on the fourth letter of the Alphabet, in his invective against 'the system which has brought us nothing but Death, Danger, Disaster, Disquiet, and Distress.'
TIT FOR TAT.

Mauma (to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "Please"). "YOU May COME OUT now, HAMILTON!"

Hamilton. "NOT TILL I SAY 'PLEASE.' MOTHER!"

"ON VIEW."

"THE 'People's' TRIBUTE TO THE PREMIER.—The gold Laurel Wreath intended for presentation to the Earl of BRACONSFIELD, as the People's tribute to the Premier, may now be seen, by ticket of invitation, at MESSRS. HUNT AND ROSEKELL'S, 156, New Bond Street. Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI, with whom 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 ROSEKELL, 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).

"A CHARMING Wreath!—But bay-leaves?—Praeapis belli? Of 'Peace with Honour' scarce appropriate guerdon. I had a sermon 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 Britanni's ears had tingled, To hear another foam-born Godhead's praise? But cypress smacks of mourning—teste Horace, And this, the Turnerelli tribute fair, Should not be ranked among memento-moris, But with moments of successes rare, Long life, large honours, orders, titles high, Golden deserts set forth, as fits, in gold, Twenty-two carats—extra quality,—By MESSRS. HUNT AND ROSEKELL, so I'm told. Forty-six leaves, two towns to each they say. Twice 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 transmitted By TRACY TURNERELLI'S alchemy? Are the fifty-two thousand pence there? Not promised only, but cashed put 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—Well—his wreath's pretty, though his name's absurd. 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-defence 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!!"
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. Fuzelli Princes, 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 Jung. 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, so I am informed by those with whom no dread of consequence would prevail as against the interests of truth, have risen to a height of profit rarely exceeded in the history of mercantile transactions."

"I am delighted to hear it, my dear Sir Salar Jung, as I can now ask you to lend me a pony, which I assure you shall be returned punctually next Tuesday afternoon."

"I regret, my dear and accomplished Mr. Fuzelli Princes, that in my stablyrrary equine 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, I mean 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 and possible 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."

"Sir Salar, you can lend me twenty-five sovereigns till to-morrow?"

"Why, Sir," he replied, solemnly drawing himself up to his full height, "if it is a question of sovereigns, you shall call to mind that you and I alike own allegiance but to one Imperial Sovereign, the Empress of India. Here he raised his hand to his turban, and saluted. "And rather than listen to one single expression of anything that might for one moment savour of disloyalty to Her Imperial Highness, I must wish you a very good morning, and there's an end of it!"

"With which he stalked majestically from the room. I really do not think he could have understood me."

I heard him, as he went out, speaking with Rumi at the door, and I could almost swear I saw him place a tipoo (i.e. small gift of money) in Rumi's hand.

Rumi has not mentioned the matter to me. I wish I could get rid of him. But how? There's the Injia rub. By the way, in a book recently published I find the Author blaming one of the Rajahs because 'he impressed people without any reason.' Good gracious! Isn't this in itself sufficient reason? Don't we in England look up idiots and lunatics?"

Tuesday (Extract from Diary).—Still the palace."

"On Saturday afternoon."

"You shall," he said, "if you paint the palace first."

"Willingly," I replied, foreseeing a little job on my own account, or rather on his. "It's a fine place, and would look well in a landscape."

"Yes, by all means," he answered indifferently. "I, an artist, a—"

I felt that he could not have understood me."

"You painter, then. Paint. You said you paint palace; palace paint! Here paint: paint palace!"

"And he added, significantly, seeing me about to utter a further remonstrance, "Scaffold up for painting palace. If painter no paint palace, scaffold up for painter! Painter hang picture of Rajah. Painter say me picture of Rajah. Picture of Rajah hang painter!"

"He was not a man to be trifled with. An autocrat is not to be trusted; and, boiling with a temperature of 186° in the shade, I was forced, at the point of the scimitar, to comply."

"Thursday (Extract from Diary).—Still working at the palace."

"Heat intense. Rajah watching from a veranda, and drinking ice water. Men with fixed bayonets and drawn scimitars, guarded his eye on me. He won't let me stop for tiffin. I stop to make this note in my diary. I am painting it yellow."

"Friday. Rajah Sarawon changed his mind. He will have it blue. I protest. No good—fixed bayonets and muskets out. He won't let me stop work for tiffin."

"Take tiffin while touching up," he says, brutally. "Slept on scaffold. Guards all awake, relieving sentries every hour."

"Saturday. Temperature 100°. Rajah thinks it will look better if red. Must paint it red. I protest. No use: fixed bayonets, muskets loaded. I begin to paint it red. He is pleased. Temperature changes. Colder. Rajah says—"

"So cold. Palace want two coats of paint."

"At it again, under protest, and under the guns. Where is Rumi all this time? If he would only arrive with the English Resident and a detachment of troops. But no, he is never here when he's wanted."

"Sunday. Nearly finished palace. Just colouring the roof. From the top I get a clear view of distant country. See Rumi in the plain. Wave handkerchief to him, like Sister Anne. He comes! He eats the scaffold, and eats the scaffold, and eats the scaffold. I wish he would release me. Yes, I sign a promise to pay, and renounce all proceedings through Messrs. PETER AND MENS, my solicitors (which somehow he has got wind of). He deserts. He interviews Rajah. Result, I am free."

"The Rajah, I understand afterwards, is an inferior caste to Rumi, and can make many more—"

"I beg you will not say anything to offend him here on earth. Thank goodness, the Rajah is superstitious. But he has got his palace painted for nothing, and that is all he cares about."

"Leaves to-day. Go to Sunwar."
THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

Pat (who has come to London with a view to emigrate). "Sure, I've come about that situation ye're advertising!"

Newsvendor. "What situation d'you mean?"

Pat (pointing to poster). "It's this won in Egypt I'm after!"

Newsvendor. "Poor! That's on the state of affairs—"

Pat. "Divil a halfpenny I care whose estate it's on! Bread, 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 it is sought to commemorate, in 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, though not large, not unsuitably, 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. Brandram, among others, will give their services for acting and reading; Mesdames Arabella Goddard and Antoinette Sterling, Mrs. Good, Miss Mary Chatterton, Miss Kate Field, Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs. Santley, W. Shakspeare, 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 tardy repentances. 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 establishment the scenes 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 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 that 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 their good wish is a matter of 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.
RANGE-FINDERS AND RED-TAPIST S.

We are a practical people. At enormous cost of time, pains, and money we provide our troops with the best procurable rifle, and then we tell them to blaze away with it as they best can—hit or miss—happy-go-lucky, by movable sight or more movable guess, by rule of thumb or rule of eye, as the case may be, and all the while, we have had for years in the service little instriments called "range-finders," the invention of clever officers, easily carried, simple, and unusually construction, ensuring, with comparative certainty, that every bullet shall find its billet, were a certain proportion of men trained to use them and give the range to the rest. But we prefer to go on in the old happy-go-lucky style, trusting to eye-measurements of distance, which give yards of error to the range-finder's inches.

Yes, we are an eminently practical people, meaning thereby a people who get into and out of more scrapes at more cost, and with more fuss, than any nation of Europe. But the favourite field for display of our practical superiority is the War Office. And the favourite art of that Office is the art of shutting the door when the horse is stolen, and throwing the cucumber out of the window after spending the utmost pains and cost in dressing it.

If you want proof of this, look for it in General Wray's letter on Range-finders in The Times of Monday, April 14, and see what past-masters are our Military Rulers in the art "How not to hit it."

The One Way.

"The Khedive's Secretary, who arrived yesterday from Alexandria, has had an interview with several Ministers, but his efforts to obtain the Sultan's approval of the attitude the Khedive has assumed have very little chance of success."—Telegram from Constantinople, April 17.

There is only one attitude of the Khedive's likely to obtain the Sultan's approval. Let him put his hand in his pocket:

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 it. If you want proof of this, look for it in General Wray's letter on Range-finders in The Times of Monday, April 14, and see what past-masters are our Military Rulers in the art "How not to hit it."

Yours truly,

An Indigenous 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 you want proof of this, look for it in General Wray's letter on Range-finders in The Times of Monday, April 14, and see what past-masters are our Military Rulers in the art "How not to hit it."

Yours truly,

An Indigenous Tradesman.
"BOYS AND GIRLS, COME OUT TO PLAY!"

such a life would be the likeliest to bring in the largest harvest, 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 manager. Such a life would be the likeliest to bring in the largest harvest nights ago to listen to the reading of a story by Mr. Herries. The Association for the Promotion of Mixed Occupations was held a few evening’s entertainment with others of an equally mixed character. His views upon manceuvring an army in the field in a country in-gaged, may be, "Lay to" 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 bearing the extremely plebeian name of Jones. Why, Sir, that note might have been written by ninety-nine middle-class mistresses of a house out of every hundred. There was nothing in it, I regretted extremely to observe, showing that Her Grace adequately 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, and other organs of the Old English Aristocracy, if Ladies of real rank are to stoop in their epistolary correspondence to the level of Messrs. James and Thornton 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 kindly in wishing that Our Girls may live as long; nor are we sure that any such sort of life would be the likeliest to bring in the largest harvest.

RANK AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

"Another Star Gone Out, I Think."

At Berlin, Destiny’s star in the ascendant, On tinsel "Peace with Honour" shone resplendent; Now with Zulus and Battle Freez to master, His star is dimmed, and must be spelt Diz-aster.
ORTHODOX!

The Rev. Alterio Tonalor (going round his new Parish). "Of course, you observe Lest, Mrs. Rickyard?"

"Oh, yes, sir, we allus hay Pancakes & Sherove 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. Mistrusting 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. David James would throw off his wig, whiskers, and moustache, and appear as Perkin Middleton, acknowledging that, after all, he had only been "putting on." When in the last Act he actually did take off his sham whiskers and beard, I began to think my anticipations were on the point of being realised. But no,—he never reappeared as Perkin Middleton, 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 as 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. David 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 was 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 "Thistly-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 example "Alderian Jumbo"—which sounds as if the Corporation of the City of London had selected as their Order one of those London blacks 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. Aht, omel! 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 Israeliteish Thistly-per-thent—my-boy cad, that everyone in search of several hearty laughs—at intervals, will undoubtedly get them at the Vaudeville. The best Scenes 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. Farren for one of The Girls, is accepted, and immediately afterwards Potter the Rock(-anachy—thistly—per—thent—muthin')—all Thwell, enters to propose for the other.

The contrast is striking, and the entire scene between the moneyed Muthin'—Arvy and Clench would be still funnier, and might be even true 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 Farren is as good as ever—always staid, yet always larking! and Miss Kate Bishop plays the elder of the girls charmingly, and Miss Clench-Richards is, 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 training for his part in the Adelphi, where it will continue its career with four nights of Mr. James and two of Miss Bella Pateman in the same character; then three nights of Mr. Neville, then three nights of Mr. Vezey, as Master Walter. A mad world, my masters! Messrs. Gatti should publish a theatrical version of Who's Who in 1879. Not Adelphoi are Messrs. Neville and Vezey. 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 20, it is probably 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 specimens of our own Portico Exhibition in the Albert Hall. But the ground of the refusal—causing the refusal of the ground by its proprietors—was that Mr. James represents the sort of man the Cardinal-Vicar in Rome opposed to have a memorial in any Christian parish. What a howl would this very Vestry have raised against Paps, interludes, and 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 were 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 J.P.'s do not have their J.P.'s,

Being Cynics of blood and convivial of habits?
The statute let's shelve,
And keep open till we're

The house where Welsh lions wash down their Welsh rabbits!

Back again from Baveno!—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.)
PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(No. 1972, Vol. XIII.)

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

May 3, 1879.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Very, grande vitesse! (Monday, April 21.)

Lords met, and up and away by twenty-five minutes past five. But 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 sic M.P.'s.

But—

"Division of Labour our System affords—
The talk to the Commons—the work to the Lords."

(Commons.)—Oh ye Delkes and Dillwyns 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 Cabinet 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 jobbery still hangs about the appointment of Lord Haw-Haw, 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 "Snippe and Padwell," Pall Mall). "Good afternoon, my Lord. I'm proud to see you looking at my humble sketcher."

Noble Client. "Ultra, Snippe! You don't mean to say there are caricatures by you?"

Mr. Snippe. "Yes, indeed, my Lord."

Noble Client. "By George! Why—they're almost good enough for Punch!"

Mr. Snippe (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, Snippe."

Mr. Snippe (much flustered). "I dare say I shall some day, my Lord."

Noble Client. "Ah, I wish, if I were you! And look here, Snippe, 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 gone" in the way of bawbees 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, not of a less security for a greater, but of substantial security for something. The Scottish banking interest will kick, and it is a strong one. But it is the deficiency of Scottish banking principle which has upset the coach, and brought the law about the bank's ears.

The banking organs in the House generally, though generally, 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 Etowah 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 Earl of Redesdale and Kimberley, and the Duke of Manchester, against the Duke of Richmond and the Marquises of Ripon and Hertford, on the principle of 'Reserve Liability,' forced the Amendment of the Bill, which would have increased the liability of bank shareholders, to the present liability of bank creditors. The Lords held the Amendment to be by 11 to 10.

Caricatures are by you?"
A fight between Narrow and Broad Gauge on Irish lines.—Lord Liverpool Champion of the Broad, Lord Russell, as of right, of the Narrow.

Lord Craven brooked with a modification, in the spirit of the old “Horns” oath at Highgate, allowing the narrow gauge in cases where the broad would be difficult or uneconomical.

(Commons.)—Mr. Gladstone introduced his famous Resolutions condemning the increase of the national expenditure, praising Sir John's budgets for reducing the year's expenses to £3,000,000,000, 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. Disraeli 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 older markets, which had been lost ever since the annexation of India, from £73,000,000 in 1879 to £97,000,000 in 1878. As to new taxation, the Government had not increased, but the country had not the pluck to ask the Nation honestly to pay for. He analysed the Old Army estimates, denying the existence of a Surplus, and doubted if the Government could diminish the Debt, to satisfy the public.

Mr. Disraeli drafted the Budget as an emergency measure, as out of keeping with the wonderfulness of Dr. Carver's performances, and the modest, simple, and honest conduct of the man, whom you cannot enter left without ten wounds with a rifle, as he says to you. You have only to see Dr. Carver go through his incredible “shoot” to feel that—Doctor or Medicine Man, or Down-East.—It is simply the most intrepid of the entire master of the art of “drawing a bead” that ever lifted a rifle.

To break a hundred glass balls, of about three inches diameter, thrown in the air, in front of him, and which every exceptional natural gifts can be discarded with. There is immense interest in watching this champion of all rifle-shots that are, or ever were, or ever will be—not one cannot but think—through one of his performances, as there is delight in watching any other achievement of consummate skill; and the perfect quietness, simplicity, and refreshing absence of all bawdy and bragadee, adds greatly to the persuasiveness of the performance.

Here are no wretched pigeons, with tailswitched out to make them zig-zag, or half-starved to cripple their speed, being blown to pieces, or, worse still, wounded and left to a lingering death; here is no neck risked, as in walking the high rope, or daring the aerial dive. We are looking on 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—short, by keeping down the baser, and keeping uppermost the higher, of the two natures, which doubtless claim their part in Dr. Carver as in the rest.

He throws the lasso almost as dexterously as he aims the ball; and I am told is consummate a master of the bow as the rifle. There is, however, nothing of the long-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 shooter, unequalled in the art of riflery; an exhibitor unique among Yankee performers—a modest, quiet, and unboastful doer of things even more wonderful in the reality than in the description.
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 learn 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 over-turn,

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 L. 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 CÆSAR, AUT NIHIL!"
COLLOQUIAL METEOROLOGY.

It has long been usual for people who wish to say something to one another, but are at a loss for a subject, to talk about the weather. On this topic there were formerly few ideas to be interchanged, and therefore little could be said; but now the popularisation of meteorology has changed all. Noakes and Styles maintain a conversation of some length if not much liveliness; as thus:

Noakes. Yes; but, however, it seems to have been bright in the north of Scotland—of all places. As I wanted to put the last touch to my brand new top-up for the Spring.

Noakes. Ditto this morning over the whole of the south-oast of England.

Noakes. Ditto this morning over the whole of the south-east of England.

Noakes. Ditto this morning over the whole of the south-west coasts and at Hurst Castle.

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"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 CRESTED. MY NAME IS—"

Tradesman (recognising former Customer). "OH—AH—TO BE SURE—I KNOW. GO AND KNOCK 'EM UP AT YOUR CO-OPERATIVE STORES!!"

Shuts window viciously.

TO FIND THE RANGE-FINDERS.

Custody custodes is an old standing official difficulty. To find the Range-finders seems the last new form of it. To Lord Tennyson'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:

"Fifty-four or forty-five instruments have been made, or are in hand, for infantry purposes, including twenty 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.

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Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI who, so far from shirking 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 10th, to the amount of £181 12s. 5d., in amounts ranging between the magnificent £10 of Bristol, with £7 6s. 7d. as a second contribution from that "London of the west,"—to Burstall'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 £6 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:

1. The Wreath, £220. 2. The Casket, £50. 3. The Illuminated Address, £45. 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 sympathy, 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.

"The Chairman trusts that a few other towns, who have not yet sent in their names, will aid him, immediately, by at least a small contribution, to cover the above very trifling Deficit."

"To ensure an early presentation, probably Presidents, Secretaries, or Editors will advance the sum—the "pennies" for which may be collected later among the people."

"TRACY TURNERELLI,
Chairman of the People's Tribute."

So, let the word be, "Advance pennies!—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.
INJYABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.
By Fazzari Princeps.

CHAPTER VI.

Indore—Games—Dodges—Chess—Mate—Sans-bans—maree—Sittings—Nautch.

0—Chance—Accepted—Beautiful—Description—Poetic—Charming—Jolly.

—Rummy—Jam Suks—Archbishop—Canterbury—Apparitor—Nash


—Khan-Khan—Descent—Disguise—Kal—Uph—Drums—Trumpets—Ria

—Mullah—Kummi—Poetic Sing—Jealousy—Whiskers—False—Sneekhar

—Fakawai—Danger—Intense—Rapid—Action—Done—Private—Off

—Next Day—Breakfast—Day After—Zerana—Dhowmern Shah—Model

—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 Bans-maree. If notice is not given, then your adversary may aim at Sans-bans-maree, and this requires some dexterity. No one, who has never seen it played by adepts, can form any idea of the beauty or difficulty of it.

4th.—Took the opportunity, and called on Azure Hrza, and asked him to sit. He asked me to sit. I sat. While we were chatting, old Mustafaw Swimow came in with Hrza.

They invited us to a nautch, which was to take place the same evening in Mustafaw's apple-gardens. A 'nautch' in a nautchard (that is, apple-garden).

I accepted at once. Here is a chance!

Some Evening.—Went with Azure Hrza to Mustafort Swimow's. Both of these the rummiest old cusses 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 Hedger-Hogs (the half-sacred piggies of the country) were feeding on luscious, sunset-tinted, full-ripe porky-pines (a diet that gives the bacon here such a magnificent flavour), and reveling among the variegated colors of the peacock's outspread fantails, as they pranced about the auburn gravel-path, or perched on the red sandstone walls. The gorgeousness of the scene was mellowed by the deep-toned bay of the multi-light of watch-dogs, at it announced the arrival of strangers.

Never before, never since, have I beheld so fair, so strange, so enchanting a scene! It was like a magnificent spectacle at the Victoria Theatre on Boxing-Night!

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" I cried, enthusiastically, as, forgetting of time and place, the tears rose to my eyes, and I clapped my hands aloud with joy. In rushed a thousand nautch-girls!

Mustafaw 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 following sketch conveys a very correct idea of the entertainment.

Oh, that Nautch-girl, Rl. Jam Suxer! My! didn't she dance! What eyes! What feet! What a stunner altogether! And one of the jolliest girls I ever met anywhere! 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 his Apparitor in the Jerusalem Chamber private scene. By the way, until I knew him personally, I had always thought there was something shabby about the Apparitor. I think I considered him as a male bogy, the female bogy being termed an apparition. However, this has taught me 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 girl! Go ever so far! You are so awfully awful, you are!

in my raciest style. They enjoyed it immensely. Which was the prettiest of the two, I don't know—Rl. Jam Suxer, or Pootin Sing.

Dhoonder Ed Kian 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 chuburb of the true British breed who smiles up aloft, and who keeps his eye on Pootin Sing, who, in turn, if I mistake not, is rather spoons on the Bold British Artist.

When I say, as above, "little chuburb," let my readers think how they are to make it a Little Churburb in St. Peter's at Rome, and then they will have some idea of my meaning. Aha!

The Nautch was on her top step (so to speak) towards the great religious fête of the Fakawai, called the Bó'l Mosque. Everyone goes in disguise. The great dance of the evening derives its name from the
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 shabkara'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 stations, where you descend in order to reach the Upper Circle. From the top of only the Upper Circle are allowed entry. No jolly error. But it's the rummiest place I ever was in—taken as a hole.

For to my disguise, and my thorough acquaintance with Pakastanah manners, customs, and dialect, I went to the Bél Mosque, and danced it with pretty Ral Jam Seeker, executing the 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 all continue to be models for Parliament.

One eminent Judge was known as Apollo Belvidere, another as Adonis, and a third as Heracles. The most extraordinary example of a professional model was 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. Ral's voice!! The natives (that is, Indian Police) were searching for some one. Me! by jingo! Seekkar had been only half chloroformed, had woke up, and told the whole story of the Bél Mosque. Pootith Sxeko had quarrelled with Rukmi, and charged him with the crime, but Rukmi had pledged himself to find the true culprit, and Seekkar had engaged the Pooelaks (Indian Police), at so much a day to discover me, and bring me to justice. Failing this, within a certain time, Seekkar and Rukmi would both be executed, as having attempted to deceive Justice.

Thrusting to my disguise, and my thorough acquaintance with the usual stolid natives. Whack went the drums, clang went the cymbals, while the trumpets sounded a fanfare of triumph. "Rit! Jam Seekar's eyes glowed with unwonted fire. At that moment I caught sight of my servant, that accursed Rukmi, with Pootith Sxeko. He was telling my wife I was, and making her as jealous as only an Inian Noulth-girl can be when she likes, and when she loves!

Just as I was doing the Kailh-Uphi for the last time, Pootith Sxeko put out her foot and tripped me up. Off came my false nose and whiskers!! In an instant I had recovered myself, but not before Seekkar Sxeko, my rival with Ral Jam Seeker, had recognised me.

Rukmi and Pootith Sxeko 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 Pakastanahs, had I not rushed at Seekkar, pretended to embrace him frantically, as my long-lost brother, and hugging him so as to smother him, while I squeezed his windpipe to prevent his uttering a sound, I rushed at Sxeko retended to embrace him frantically, as my long-lost brother, and, by jingo! Seekkar had been only half chloroformed, had woke up, and told the whole story of the Bél Mosque. Pootith Sxeko had quarrelled with Rukmi, and charged him with the crime, but Rukmi had pledged himself to find the true culprit, and Seekkar had engaged the Pooelaks (Indian Police), at so much a day to discover me, and bring me to justice. Failing this, within a certain time, Seekkar and Rukmi would both be executed, as having attempted to deceive Justice.

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Watching my opportunity, I dragged him into a side refreshment-entlabelled "private," propped him up in a chair, placed a bottle of wine (empty) on the table by his side, and then left him to his fate.

Next Evening.—Breakfasted on charpoy (that is, a pie made of lake-fish potted), and left early. Rukmi Sxeko now been to see me. I think he has got into difficulties with Pootith Sxeko, the Nauteh-girl. If so, I don't pity him. Heard no more of Sxeko and the Bél Mosque.

Day after the Fair.—This morning ate a Zenana for breakfast. What could it mean? "No jolly larks?" I whispered to myself. Hurrered Diary, which I jot down while rushing from one window to another, to ascertain best mode of escape.—Not a minute to be lost. Escape by the street impossible. Escape by road? Not a chance. By rail? Not a line within twenty miles. By river? Ha! My bungalow is situated on a most healthy elevation at the summit of the Great Torrent, which has a fall of two thousand feet in the splendid river below. How to descend? Out of my kitchen-window. "Tis but a drop of a few yards, including the back yard, to begin with. Then the drop into the fall will be but as a drop in the ocean after that.

No boat can live in that awfully high 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 evening aftwards?

The Pooelaks are hammering at the door. Down it must come to crach. And then—I am a lost man. Come, desperation, try thy boldus hay! Ha! I see my way—see the plan! I am a man of resources—and in another second—LIBERTY À LA RUSSE.

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 from the Czar. 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 to all conversations held in the room to which the dinner-table belongs.
3. All letters will be opened at the Post Office, and copies kept thereof, with the exception of correspondence passing between privileged persons.
4. An Inspector of Diaries will be appointed to every ten houses.
5. When a person is suspected of dissatisfaction to the Government, an agent will be stationed in his bedroom (at the expense of his family) to listen to any remarks he may make in his sleep.
6. Duplicate keys of all cupboards, bureaux, and writing desks, must be kept by householders, and handed to the agents of authority on demand.
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.

And so last. A licence will be required for everything—the right to pay taxes included.

The Island of Matacong.

"SERRA LEONE, April 7 (via Liverpool).—The French authorities still hold Matacong, and the excitement here has not subsided. It is rumoured that the General Commandant is about to come 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."
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 Hulbert, 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, Baywater, 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 impacts on the course
Of babies, packed, sixes and sevens,
Over stalls full of glandered horses?

Turkish horrors no one excuses,
And Russ rule is not the thing;
But of glandered children our Muses
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 Muses' 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 these poisonous stables pent,
Had a little of the care
On the swine and the kine that's spent!

An Easy Mistake.

"MAGNA EST VERITAS."

"We do not argue the doctrine of Free Trade. We do not argue that the earth is a globe."—Times.

SCENE—A smoking-room. Political Economists discovered arguing.

First Political Economist (hotly). Well, I read all the speeches—every one of 'em. Bateman had a long way the best of it. You can't let the whole trade of the country go to the dogs, you know.

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 flourishing. (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—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 beggary.

Third Political Economist. And running the trade. How is the producer to live, I should like to know?

Second Political Economist (warmly—with a flash of Fawcett). Well, not as a commercial pauper supported by other people's charity.

First Political Economist. And you call yourself a political economist? Why, it's just as plain as A, B, C. Let me put a case. Suppose I can build bathing-machines at Birmingham at twenty-five pounds ten s.-a-piece, and the same things and better can be turned out in Belgium for just half the money, what am I to do? Starve?

Third Political Economist (to Second Political Economist, with gravity). Precisely. Starve, I suppose. And so you would if Government didn't step in with a heavy protective tariff, to give you fair play.

Second Political Economist (still clinging to Fawcett). Yes, but if I want to bathe in the cheapest market?

First Political Economist. Cheapest market? Nonsense, Sir, what has the commercial greatness of the country to do with markets? What we want nowadays is blow for blow, Sir; red-hot reciprocity, and a good thundering protective tariff, to stimulate and support the national industries that make us what we are.

[Selects a cigar, for which he pays the Waiter sevenpence, and smokes it.]

Doctor and Donor.

The Obelisk, Erasmus Wilson's gift to Mr. John Bull, is said to be undergoing the application of a "coating of a vitreous nature," in order to protect its surface, and the air already begun to show signs of " scaling," from the action of the atmosphere. Did the donor of Cleopatra's Needle himself prescribe the remedy for it? If so, the prescription of an expert in cutaneous diseases may be expected to answer.

A SEASONABLE QUESTION.

WHERE IS THE MAYFLOWER?

Gone on pilgrimage to America in search of the Spring.

VOL. LXXVI.
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 De La Warr, 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 transit across the Channel, when the double-ship is not running?

"Donna e mobili, my Lord, if you like" (says Lord Bury) but not Militia-man. He "savours 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 wigings are not mortal—retired ex infected.
REVOLTING MEANNESS!

Nurse (examining Christening Present, just received). "Lo, Ma'am, if Mr. Macintosh Hain's sent dear Baby the CUP HIS COCHIN-FOWL WON AT THE POULTRY SHOW!"

(Commons).—Adjourned Debate on the Rylands Resolutions.

Mr. Gorchse, 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, in a manner as if he meant to whip him with the figures, and his finance, in a manner as if he had not heard a word of it; and his foreign policy, in a manner as if he had been at peace and war in much the same way. The Government was destroyed Parliamentary control of the purse. Sound financial policy had been turned upside-down, and the longer reaction against the Government, its finance, and its foreign policy, was in coming, the worse it would be when it did come.

"That is the pith of the matter. Accept the policy, and you have no right to complain of the expenditure. Still, the Government ought to meet their Bills. But what was their financial policy? It simply postponed the excess of expenditure and liabilities over income to a future day; it renewed Bills; it prolonged liability. They had, in fact, avoided the unpopular policy of the past. Sir W. Selwyn-Leslie, to a House growing small by degrees and beautifully less, read a long, often said. The Government was not arraigned for not putting on more taxes, but for spending more money than a wiser policy would have required. They had augmented military charges by six millions, and, if they had contemplated a reduction this year, it was a case of death-bed repentance. Unluckily, Keir Hardie had stepped in. By the habit of supplementary Budgets, the Government was destroying Parliamentary control of the purse. Sound financial policy had been turned upside-down, and the longer reaction against the Government, its finance, and its foreign policy, was in coming, the worse it would be when it did come. Then, after a lot of small fry, pro and con, Mr. Childers boiled down Mr. Smith's facts into a very thin jelly, and analysed away his figures, bringing the disagreeable total—according to his reckoning—to five million increases of military, and twelve of general expenditure.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied. The Government had done nothing that was not necessary to maintain the credit and provide for the safety of the nation. Their object was not aggression, but tranquillity and prosperity. They had avoided war by mere expenditure and demonstration of strength, and they had deserved well of their country. And so the House divided, by 308 to 230, and then cheered itself in its own interest.

"Tuesday. A remarkable night in the Lords. Lord Baxeyan tried to dig up Protection in the form of Reciprocity, whereupon Lord Beaconsfield spoke its funeral sermon, and, like the Sirember, kicked what he had once adored.

Punch has given a column to his ballad of Lord Baxeyan, and a Cartoon to the Diz-interment. Lord Baxeyan considered Reciprocity the coping-stone of Free Trade. He would not restore the Corn Laws, but would levy a small customs entry on wheat coming from abroad. He repudiated Protection, but would impose a small restrictive tariff on all countries which would not enter into reciprocal arrangements with us. He objected to be called a Dodo—but he admitted it might be a compliment to be called a "Do-do," to Prince Bismarck. So far from being one of the Seven Sleepers, he, and those who agreed with him, were the only people wide-awake. He couldn't see how a country would gain by importing more in duty than it exported. He had quoted some of his own phrases, thirty years old. But thirty years ago we had a complicated tariff, with a great many duties. Now, the tariff included twenty-three dutiable articles only. We had no longer the materials for a system of reciprocity. The "most favoured nation clause" was in all our commercial treaties, and forbade it. Reciprocity was dead. Best it should be buried—once and for ever!

Lord Granville congratulated Lord Beaconsfield on having put down his foot to stamp out the raising hopes of Protection.

(Commons.)—Mr. Burt went into the very serious and ugly subject of the distress in 1843, and insisted upon the necessity of compulsory inspection, and forbade it. Reciprocity was dead. Best it should be buried—once and for ever! Lord Granville congratulated Lord Beaconsfield on having put down his foot to stamp out the rising hopes of Protection.
would see personal responsibility brought home in all cases, and this, he thought, would come to much more the same as compulsory inspection. In short,  

outlet let boilers bust.  

With inspection ad libitum,  

That Law should say "must,"  

and then let the house be kept as a house.  

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 emphatically gave Sir Robert to understand that he must observe the rules of the House as to questions.  

Mr. Seward tried to crown the eclipse of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill—shut the channel between the town and the country—publics at eight, and the town publics at six. One would have thought Irish Members had had enough last year over liquor-limiter laws, 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 required to look after the conservancy of rivers? A nice debateable point, with a great deal to be said on both sides. “Landlords,” says Lord Kimberley, Galloway, Morley, and Redesdale; “Bots,” says the Duke of Buckingham and the Marquis of Ripon, and carry their Lordships with them by 57 to 36.  

(Commons.)—Sir John Goldsmid wanted to know if the Sergeant-at-Arms had the right to order or take Honourable Members out of their Committee-rooms into the House to make a quorum?  

The Speaker said it was so laid down in the books. He could not believe that the Sergeant-at-Arms without the Mace to make them, and, if they didn’t come, then with the Mace, to make them. So “the House” has its case—one is glad to know.  

In Committee on Army Discipline Bill, Sir H. Haylock moved that no officer should be put on half-pay or removed from an appointment on report of a Court of Inquiry, without opportunity of their Committee of Supply, and the House was in Committee of the Whole.  

Sir W. Hartington agreed that Courts of Inquiry might be used in an unfair and oppressive way, and ought to be carefully regulated, but he saw how they could be abolished.  

Colonel Stanley offered to issue regulations binding on those Courts; and a brisk controversy arose among the soldiers and the Members present, whether this offer went far enough. At last, being sore pressed, Mr. Cross, for Colonel Stanley, was fairly to promise that the regulations should be laid before the House, before Third Reading of the Bill.  

Then the House got through nine clauses of the Bill, after some discussion of the billeting allowance besides. A real stroke of business done, if a small one. Long Dee!  

Friday (Lords).—All Government can tell Lord Granville about our South-African High Commissioner and the chances and terms of Peace he has been expressly warned  

“not to 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 and get rid of the business, which has been more bother and annoyance and danger to the Government credit and prestige than it can ever be worth.  

In the oft-thwarted matter of poor men’s payments to Friendly Societies, Earl Fortescue tried in vain to get their Lordships to follow him along the straight 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, will be accepted. 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 necessity, loss of wits, or any other of the ill-flesh—and poor man’s flesh above all—is heir to.  

(Commons.)—Sir R. Peel tried again to hit at Mr. Gladstone and his protest against Neapolitan tyranny, some eight-and-twenty years ago, under cover of a question, why Government don’t remonstrate with Russia on her dominion seizures. But Sir Stafford Northcote very properly put him down. Naples was a bad little boy, Austria is a bad little country. Besides, we can’t be thrashing our fingers into all the masses. We have them in masses enough already.  

Sir Robert Peel found a congenial “baker” in the Major—Arcoleschi of course—but the Major is the man amusing Austria. His proclamation of the Czar as the ideal “Asile” was instantly burnt in South Africa on the tapis, and Mr. Ketchuray’s little chesque to the end of March—£1,539,000, if you please—and everybody would be obliged by an early settlement.  

And then, strange to say, on Mr. Shaw-Lefèvre’s Motion for giving more power to the Right-Clashes of the Irish Land Act (which help tenants to buy their holdings), came the most satisfactory Irish night’s talk and night’s work the House has had since the Land Act passed.  

There was really quite a tone of hope and cheerfulness about it; and it was a comfort to see Tories and Whigs, Radical and Liberal, Home Rulers, Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. King-Harman, Mr. Macartney and Mr. Law, and Mr. Bright, all laying their heads together in something like friendly consideration of the best means for turning discontented Irish tenants into industrious and peaceful small owners, with hope to light up their lives, and give them something better to do than listen to agitation. Of course Mr. Lowther could hardly look for to go far on this road; but he went further than might have been expected. And Sir Stafford Northcote says the Government will make a proposal before the end of the Session. Punsé for once has got something like pleasure over an Irish Parliamentary palaver.
OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

Prefatial 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 Average, and since the very commonest acquisition in our 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

General Advice.—First look at a Picture without reference to the Catalogue. Settle in your own mind all about it, its subject, what it ought to mean, its drawing, its painting. See if you recognize MUSTY PHRASES.


There are as many Ages of Art as there are of Man; but the chief Age is the Average, and since the very commonest acquisition in our 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 at haphazard.


in the larder must have gloated over these provisions! Visit this picture about luncheon time. And still we seek, by help of Tancred's views,—

No. 208—and see what it is, and first impression was that Nosology.

With that disr that, in this picture, are to be taid Beauties of the

Pass on to No. 306 and guess what it is. My first impression was that various coloured Boys,—such as the "Blue Boy," &c.,—having been

The One Hundred

and Eleven Royal Academy Annual and First Exhibition, opened by

H. S. MARKS, R.A. Elected

Nowadays the Private View before they admit the General Public. Here in the Private View is a "Crush day," what time the Academy, having pounded, is full.

No. 251. A Marskettte at rest when the organ isn't playing. This

is the idea suggested by the central figure. It is called A Justice in 1500, and is by Mr. Chester Lockis.

This picture, by Lockis, Not the best in the room.

GALLERY No. IV. And look at—

No. 294. "Aehom?" CHARLES LAMB, R.A. "Aehom!" is not its title; but after one glance at the figures you will find that to be the expression. Pass on quickly to—

No. 306. Nauiica and Her Maidens Playing at Ball. Ed. J.

FOYSTER, R.A. A disgust—Foyster. The visitor will, probably, have heard, that, in this picture, are to be seen all "The Beauties of the Day." Perhaps so; he may find them, but it will take him all his time to discover the Beauties of the Picture.


One of these days we shall see his licence in the painted window of a Cathedral.

GALLERY No. V.

No. 394. Gebast, servant of Elkanah. J. E. HODGSON, A.

Evidence the first of an intended series. Mr. Elkanah has awaited his opportunity, has hidden up and said to the Emperor, "Sir, you must come out; we're brought up." "Oh, then, replies the Emperor, rather annoyed, "I'll come down at once." And he did. The carriage is now at the TEMSAHA's, Baker Street. Bravo, Ernest Crofts! In Real Ernest Crofts! So ends the first visit.

MUSTY PHRASES.

But when he taunts me with his quotation of some musty phrase of mine thirty or forty years ago, I must remind him that we had elements then," &c., &c.—Lord Beaconsfield on Reciprocity.

When Venus yields to us her "place of arms," JOHN BULL must own he pins small faith upon her;—

From dark Afghans, and not less dark Zulus, that "a sneeze from a glandered horse in the shafts of a Hansom cab may be certain death." Of course that depends a little on

HITTINGTON, and for what it really is, I refer you to the Catalogue, where you will find what Mr. H. S. MARKS is "one of the Elect." One of these days we shall see his licence in the painted window of a Cathedral.

GALLERY No. VI.

No. 454. Painted by Henry Bateman. A prise of a free admission on any day will be given to the person who hits on the point of this picture in the first ten minutes. Querer materials—a Bob—a sheep's head, and a Gentleman on the ground suffering from a violent fit of indigestion.

Only one more with which to conclude the first visit. Go to Gallery No. VII, and see—

No. 613. By Ernest Crofts, R.A. Historical picture, showing how Madame Tussaud obtained the various costumes. Mr. Radmore has awaited his opportunity, has hidden up and said to the Emperor, "Sir, you must come out; we're brought up." "Oh, then, replies the Emperor, rather annoyed, "I'll come down at once." And he did. The carriage is now at the TEMSAHA's, Baker Street. Bravo, Ernest Crofts! In Real Ernest Crofts! So ends the first visit.

NOSOLOGY.

After the recent deaths of children lodged over stables, it is no wonder that public attention should have been called to the fact that "a sneeze from a glandered horse in the shafts of a Hansom cab may be certain death." Of course that depends a little on circumstances; but the probability of it is strong enough to warn us to take care how we use our provisions in Hansom cabs. It is wise, no doubt, never to look a gift-horse in the mouth; but it would be wiser always, ere you seat yourself behind a possibly infectious animal, to look a Hansom cab-horse carefully in the nostrils.

The Fashion of the Season.—Letting Houses—alone!

The Kitchen-Frange-Finder.—The Policeman!
PERILS OF AESTHETIC 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 Antique."

Edwin. "And Angy'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! Ha! ha! ha! I thought her perfection!"

Angelina. "Yes, Uncle John; and Edwin's got a long upper lip, and a runaway chin, and he c-c-c'an't grow a beard and moustache! 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 thrift; 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,Even Lord BATMAN must own that a donkey I'd be.

He who sells me things cheap in 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,Polons would have me refuse to get all that I can!

Trade free upon both sides beats Trade free on one;But by half it's better, half's better than none.And who but a simpleton e'er can suppose,That for spitting 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-QUERTIEE.)

There is a depression in French trade—Because Civilisation is jealous.
Because M. BRASSEY is a farceur.
Because MM. les Anglais drink gin ère en malice.
Because a " treaty is the negation of liberty."
Because the consumer will not fraternally kiss the producer.
Because Frenchmen are chassés from Leasars Seuay by "le 'igh price."

Because the Captain of a Boulogne and Folkestone boat is un gros Boulogne 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 bête 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!

ATTACUS 'ABREY.—Our friend 'ABREY objects to the title of a recently-published novel, Aairy Fairy Liathan. He says that he can't imagine a fairy all over 'air, though he might an 'ogoblin.
DIZ-INTERRED.

HAMDPT (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
On arriving at the torrent, I carefully pl beneath me one of the
infla' another time I shall carry inflated with me—
made)—so as to protect me{from the rude obarp- pointed rocks,
Bosut KHAN, were breaking in the door of the back kitchen, I floated
balloon breeches, so to speak, Turkish fashion—but I'll have 'em
the natives, specially the youngsters, who
12 h. 2 in.), and went out for a ride to explore the (to me) new
The sunshine quickly streaks the sky with a Tangerine-orange-
glow, while the snow-tipped ks deepen with an ——
lilacky hue, tender and soft as the blush of a cabdriver when offe
sixpence under his legal fare, bringing out into strong relief such
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 Truro for being curious 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.”

“Her 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 Range-finders 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 been recommended 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 Watkins 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-finders having been served out to the Infantry, General Wray had evidently omitted from his calculations the Artillery Range-finders, and considered only those served out to the Infantry.

It is to be ho that Lord Bury will sit corrected—not merely in the insignificant matter, but for the future. Besides Infantry and Artillery Range-finders, there seems to be a third, 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 "misbehaves 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 created for the nonce by judge-made law, perhaps may appear extremely diabolical to civilians; yet, certainly, an inclination to administer justice in such sort is not entirely peculiar to the military mind. Perhaps it would be rather too often exemplified in the sentences of ecclesiastical tribunals if the presidents were Clergymen authorised to convict accused persons of heresy or misconduct for deeds and doctrines "not specifically mentioned" in any legal document, 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 unspeakable 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-trumble, like jelly,  
Now 'tis firm as Mount Atlas,—just ask Turnerelli.  
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 sharing of Russians or Rada 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're awake to the Nation's true honour and glory, Intelligent, loyal,—in short, truly Tory.  
Foes say we're aggressive. Such malice one scorns; Ne'er to let gushing Gladstone befool you again.  
But we're bound to hit out if men tread on our corns—  
By that compact to hold like grim death to the end. We have given up lots, some may fancy too much; But let them look out who our Treaty would touch! Though to say so may make hot philanthropy gush.  
If we stick to our text, 'tis our earnest and sure hope The Turk will yet turn out a blessing to Europe.  
As for our Treaty. I care not a rush Whether the Rada or what Russia 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; But let them look out who our Treaty would touch! And the country will go at express pace to pot.  
Lord Hartington? Squeezable! Leaders who yield To their followers, fail in a well-stricken field. There are scarce two among them subscribe the same credo.  
What would you do? Their only desire is to hamper our action. There are scarce two among them subscribe the same credo.  
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. With his henchmen, those smart but most pestilent men, Messrs. Fawcett and Chamberlain, he'll make it hot; And the country will go at express pace to pot.  
Sir Charles, and the rest,—in your presence my attitude Is one of profound and unspeakable 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-trumble, like jelly,  
Now 'tis firm as Mount Atlas,—just ask Turnerelli.  
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 sharing of Russians or Rada 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're awake to the Nation's true honour and glory, Intelligent, loyal,—in short, truly Tory.  
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THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S "HONORARY MEMBERS."

The recurrence of another Exhibition of the Royal Academy, with its vanishing 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 bound in cloth, with pencil, and its umbrellas, parasols, and (curtch) sticks, with their neat numbers and perfect string adjustments, seems to be a fitting opportunity for satisfying a growing desire on the part of the Public to be supplied with some account of the duties, privileges, and perquisites of the "Honorary Members."

These are five in number; namely, the Chaplain, Professor of Ancient History, Professor of Ancient Literature, Antiquary, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence.

We shall treat of each of them seriatim and seriously:

Chaplain.

Besides saying the Grace at the Annual Dinner, the Chaplain's presence is indispensable at all christenings and weddings in the families of the Academicians. He is at all times ready to form 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 casuistry and controversial theology.

Professor of Ancient History.

It is his prerogative, in conjunction with the Professor of Ancient Literature, to be present when the Paintings and other works of Art are arranged by the Hanging Committee. The two Professors have to satisfy themselves that every picture or sculpture which purports to represent some ancient historical incident or character is correct both in its conception and details. If any mistakes are detected, they have absolute power to remedy them on the spot. The Professor of Ancient History is at home in his Museum, and with the proprietors of furnished-houses and lodgings when the time arrives for visiting the various agreeable sea-side resorts with which the Continent of Europe abounds.

The Honorary Members receive no salary, and there are no great perquisites 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 Catalogues (the 1s. 6d. edition), are sent to them by the hands of the Academy Beadle; and they have the privilege (by which they may be readily recognized) of entering the galleries with a stick or umbrella in their hands,—a privilege which is not extended to their wives and families.

OUT OF COMPLIMENT TO THE ORGANIST.

In the last Number but one of the Saturday Musical Review 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, etc., etc."—

Well, what do you think was the compliment to Mr. Hopkins? That their Royal Highnesses expressed themselves, &c., &c., or gave him something for himself, or stood a drink, or encored the performance? No; this was it:

"They attended divine service on Sunday."

And, we suppose, worshipped Hopkins. What was the hymn? Was it this, to the old tune—

"Pretty, pretty, pretty Player Hopkins, How do you do—oo? How do you do—oo?"

Fancy attending divine service "out of compliment" to Hopkins, or any "kins" whatever! Sermon, for the occasion, by the Right Rev. Dr. Snore.

Strong Imagination.

Writing on Mr. Henry Irving, the Actor, says—

"In the words of a scholarly critic, Mr. Irving is the most imaginative actor of our time."

We quite agree with the scholarly critic. That Mr. Irving must be the "most imaginative actor" has been sufficiently proved by his "imagining" he could play Macbeth and Claude Monet, and it will be set beyond all doubt if he only appears as Romeo.

By the way, who is the "scholarly critic" abovementioned? He must be rather a satirical rogue.

Infants for Confirmation.

Two of the hundred-ton guns bought by the Government are announced to have arrived at Woolwich. They are to throw projectiles of 2,000 lbs. each, propelled by a proportionate quantity of powder, and expected to pierce the thickest materials, on which they are now awaiting trial. Let us hope they will stand it; for, otherwise, after all they have cost, they will prove mere two-penny busters.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle.—The Government throwing cold water upon Rivers (WILSON).
THE MAY QUEEN SITS CORRECTED.

(The Clerk of the Weather's Compliments to the Poet Laureate.)

HE must wrap and cloak me warmly, cloak me warmly, mother, more and more, for to-morrow is the feast day of all the sad new year. All of the sad new year, mother, the snowiest, bluest day—and I'll be a Queen of the May. mother, I'll be a Queen of the May.

Spirited Foreign Policy.

Queen — Could Mr. Gladstone's Government, or any Government that ever was, put up with a more contemptuous and complete snubbing from the Emperor Louis Napoleon than Lord Beaconsfield has done? Que diable allait-on faire dans cette affaire? if they consent to all themselves quietly and unæsthetically to be thrown overboard?

THE TOUR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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.

No. 102. Esther. EDWIN LORD, A.

One hundred and two. O Esther, for you, who'd not be a Jew?

A Jew, Esther! — no, we recover?

No. 124. Adversity. JAMES BAGE, R.A. Adversity! Posh 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 Skibbys, who knows that pity is akin to love.


"Oh," said a Lady, standing by me, "look at this picture of poor Headmistress!"

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. ERASKE NEIL, 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—to try in the life of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who is here re-presented. Any artist may give it this title, but it is really an unreported Sez. He has half the bottle; it didn't mater to get.

No. 188. Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Do not refer to the Catalogue to see

What P.R.A. means to convey, but examine the picture. Here is an angelic creature, or a genie, or 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 mater to get."

Now refer to the Catalogue, and prepare for a pleasant surprise.

No. 214. The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P. JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. Rev. J. E. Mill. But when was your motto for this first-rate portrait? It should have been "Resignation."

While Resignation gently doves the way And all his prospects brightening to the last, He'll be in power as next three years are past. Grosvenor's Deserted Bridecock

No. 245. Ripening Sunbeams. VIGAY COLE, A. Charming subject to treat, and charmingly treated. Let me suggest a few others of a kindred nature, such as, e.g., Ripening Strawberries, Earthing Teeth, &c., &c.

Observe the ripening Sunbeams in the foreground!

No. 254. Major La Gendre Starke of Hunstrope. J. S. JAY, R.A. Looks more Starkey than Starkide; la Gendre is saying to his belle-mere, "Oh, ya—ay—ya—don'ttherknow?"


"Better be off with the old Chol, before you are on with the new."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Of course this is the New Chol.

No. 270. An Interesting Story. Portraits of Mrs. William Abney Holder and Family. JAMES ARCHER. The work of an Archer who can draw belles as well as bows. But his title should have been Not in these Beaks. Look at the central object in the picture, the little Girl's bronzed leather boots. The sweet child, who has been compelled to wear them, is looking up imploringly at her mother, evidently wondering why on earth should she have been made to get herself up like this, "when it isn't Sunday, you know,amma?"

Perhaps Mamma is reading aloud Puss in Boots, which they've all seen before.

No. 331. The Laurel Walk. H. T. WELLS, R.A. Now, Mr. Wells, look to your laurels.

No. 34. By the Seaside. Portraits. WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A. Three boys by the sea—not the size of life—boys by the sea—with a Lady and a baby all sitting on the top of a walking-stick, stand, on the shore. It might have been called Harbour Dues, or Skipper-rates.

No. 396. Rain and Sunshine. H. M. PAGET. "He would dine out last night with a bachelor party at some City tavern!" sighed his wife, Zep, as she sat near him 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. The Return of the Victors. SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A. The Return of thee, 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 colour!"

Henry IV., Act v., sc. 5.

No. 404. Companions. F. S. WALKER. With verdant clad, or greens to the Green, superfluous.

"And whereore w'e go, like June's twin pease, So we are coloured and insusceptible."

As You Don't Like It, Act 1., sc. 2.

No. 409. The Room-i-Sultana. VAL. C. FINNER, A. A very Humoy-i-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 kneeling before her with a feather. Evidently not as jelly hot, and thermometer up to 18?.

She says the Room-i-Sultana, "In this here weather, My girl, you might knock me down with a feather."

Which the girl did—though you see them together. For the best motto for this first-rate portrait? It should have been "Resignation."

"What Artist shall paint me?"

"In vestments?" cried CROPE.

"No better investment."

"Then getting a CROPE."

MIXED OCCUPATIONS.—Those of the Members of the Legion of Honour.
Lords, Monday, May 5.

TREATY OF BERLIN, 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 PIC IN THE HOUSE WITH YOU?"

"AND WHY NOT, SURE! SURE, ISN'T THERE EVERYTHING IN IT THAT THE CR'ATHUR WOULD WANT!"

"The Greek Kalends" used to be the classical synonym of "to-morrow-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 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 Aberdeen said that petitioners 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 Parisonian 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 Elyon said that Sunday, in his view, was a feast, not a fast. The real alternative for the poor man in bad weather, whatever Lord Aberdeen might think, was Public Gallery or Public-House.

The Earl of Beaconsfield 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 without 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, cleri;ally, 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 and Beaconsfield 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 Bung. (See his Cartoon.)

(Conttnued.)—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. Keasby—that zealous guardian of our laws and liberties—who naturally feels for the oppressed, and the really 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 had his title 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 £220,000 for cigars, not a penny was raised by new taxation. All was to be met by postponing payments, and incurring new liabilities. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER raised by new taxation. All was to be met by payments, he had actually— the financial principle of 1860, On this ag after the weary sharp scalpel. There were two ite principles—tax or borrow. That of the Cabinet, his friends. 'Borrow' was unsound popular principle—brought on for ° want careful attention in transitu. Many points in it would be better for Counsel's opinion, and a upon it in Commi the Bill was read a Second Time, rather alarming promise of a general concentration of their lights Judicial wisdom—congratulates STEPHEN, embodiment of codifica-

If there is a loyal party, Mr. Pass me your umbrella.

As you'll never ketch a-making rude remarks on Royalty;

But when I read these words as a falling from an eye

It ain't no use dis-guing it—it reglar makes me wince.

Which what the dear had got to do a-wasting ryal time,

Along of such a hoity toity sort of thing, to any crime.

I can't conceive, but do believe he must 'a' bin misled

By them as should know better, or was off his royal ed.

Just fancy Cabbies— that 'em! — left in

At Willis's—the villainous and along o' England's best,

With Cardinals, and Lords, and Turks, and Frenshmans!—dear me, If I'd a' bin among 'em, wouldn't I have let 'em see!

I'd a' hup'd with my umbrella, and 'a said, "My noble Noble,

A cabb is a braggart brute what sasses, cheats, and robs;

And I'd a' bin among 'em, I'd have seen the dodgers, Which the proper sort to deal with 'em is me and Mrs. Frowne.

MRS. GINGHAM EXPOSTULATES.

"I believe—at least it is the popular belief—that there is only one article a sober man never returns, and that is an umbrella; and I think that it is quite safe to say the 'Times of Writers at Ms Wilt's Room, to aid of the Children's Benevolent Association.

Wendes (Lords).—Earl Cadogan assures Lord Granville that Sir Bartle Fassie is effectually tied up, as far as I.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, "Dona 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.)

Some of their Lordships actually had the audacity to try and upset a decision of Lord EIDERHALL, who said, if any noble Lord ventured on that sort of thing, he should throw up the Chairmanship of Committees then and there. The House shuddered, shrunk, and emitted a chorus of repentant submission, led by Lord Beaconsfield.

"Love in your chair of the sky Lord Mayor."

"As a mighty bigwig may show; But a greater than love Is Lord BURBIDGE, the cough Who rules Lords' Committees below!"

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 fly in the face of the Bishops, and petitions in favour of unhallowed change, on behalf of the Bucks and Norfolk farmers, of all people! Bucks might be supposed to hanker after matrimonial licences—but solid Norfolk dumplings!

Anyway, Lord Horace Walpole was allowed to move the Second Reading of his Bill to legalise marriage with deceased wives' sisters, and to give him thirty for it; and though 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—

(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 Con-

Oh, ye gods of love and little fishes of law! Oh, ye injured females! Oh, ye attorneys, big with bills of costs and righteous indignation! 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 of Resolution and Bill. On the
whole, though he firmly believes, with Colonel Maxims, 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, for with any of them he
would have disagreed—f—Punch is inclined to back these against the
whole, though he firmly believes, with Colonel Maxrys, that the
law-reforming of the Habitual Drunkards Bill, authorising dipsomaniacs to con-
trive along against foul play

(May 17, 1879.)

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

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was Dr. Kennelly's as to the authority for an alleged message
of sympathy from Her Majesty to Lady Bartlet Freeb,
Sir M. H. Brack did not see why Her Majesty should not express
her sympathy with any of her poor patients, either in a
private letter or otherwise.

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. Paffertz mean to stand between Mr.
Dulyn of any Liberal candidate, and lastly, and lastly, alluding to the
Queen has met with considerable difficulties in 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
Chines? Lord Castleton 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 Salisbury doesn't.

Punch does not pretend to unravel the skein of complicated
interests in dispute between two equally sharp characters. John
Full and Lord Grinman must be left to settle their difficulties
over the Chefs de Convention; and may the best man win!

(Commons.)—A night to be noted of the British Landlord, and
not without some beginning of the End of Distress.

The abolition of that ancient feudal Landlord power—of
making a clean sweep of everything on a defaulting tenant's holding to the
London, moved by Scottish barley, and backed by Scottish barley,
is resisted by Norfolk Conservative C. S. Reid, only on condition of changes which will transform the
State of affairs from harsh and unfair to comparatively mild and just. Before
long English Distress will have to follow Scotch Hypotheses, and then
the biggest nail will have been driven in the coffin of landlordism
is what Mr. Abdy and Mr. Rodwell, fought as men do in
covering a retreat. There is no mistaking the extra-Parliamentary
sentiments of the House of Lords.

Mr. Pelly's speech and Sir W. Bertram's and Sir Thomas
Acland'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!

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Scene—London. Time—Sunday. Intelligent Foreigner and
Charles (his friend) discovered perambulating 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. I see, you are at your noble British
Museum, admiring its natural history, its superb statues?

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 Ken-
sington, 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 got 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. They don't go so 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 (perplexed). But what are they? What is
open on Sundays?

Charles (his friend). Oh, the public-houses. You will find plenty
of them 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. Lorillard)

However much you lose on him,
You can't be in the hole;
Their tin is in your fine National
Gallery, your grand pictures.

Tis only on Parday.
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, hasn't she?"

The Duchess. "Charming! I only wish I could afford to engage her for Tuesday! I've only got amateurs, you know. By the way, 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, etc., etc."

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—be—they mentionne pas. Je suis si charmée de vous être utile, vous savvy! Ex—Bona soon!" (Clever Mrs. P. T. 11!)

PRINCIPLES AND PREPOSITIONS.

"The dreariest duty of humanity" is, according to—
The Earl of Beaconsfield (when called upon to do so)—To exPLAIN.
Mr. Gladstone (when there's a chance of getting in a word)—To reTRAIN.
The Czar (with the Holy Empire on his shoulders)—To susTAIN.
Sir Wilfrid Lawson (in front of a glass of water)—To abSTAIN.
Sir Garnet Wolseley (after six months in Cyprus)—To reTRAIN.
The Chairman of Committees (after the Lords have once questioned his authority)—To re-GAIN.
Sir Robert Peel (when he has lost his temper and has to keep his dignity)—To main-TRAIN.
And Her Majesty's Ministers (losing their grip on Office before approaching Dissolution)—To re-TRAIN.

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.)

À 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—JanLochhoff, and Rapfifi, and Locuf, and Wilde, and Siemens, and Werdermann—have been coupled with their luciferous inventions.

The Other Way of Looking at It.

PATERFAMILIAS (loq.)—We've been passing through a period of depression. Bread has been cheap; coal comparatively cheap; most necessaries of life, except meat, and even most luxuries, cheap. 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. Bunro. "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 SPECIALY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY FUZZELI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER VIII.


May 17, 1879.

ONFRAY.—Visited the place where Lalla Rookh lived. It is very disappointing—quite an Indian St. Gile's or Seven Dials, inhabited by wandering minstrels, who keep the place alive at night, and their choirs, and hence its name, the Fa-la-la-lai-la-Bookery.

Booming.—Played cards with Rajtan. These wily Indians know the game well. He blushed a deep crimson; and when an Injian does that, he frightens a thin-skinned, lily-coloured European. It's 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.

But the Rajah didn't laugh. He is a man without education—can scarcely spell his own name, and is what Sir Salar told me with Rumi's brother, the Rajah's servant carrying our devotional library. The sudden jerk of the train, as it moved on, threw the panddaed of Guddee—all in our Sunday best; "head!" and _hardly say, real jam, Jam-Jam. After deductions, as above mentioned, this still left seventy pounds to divide between the Manager and myself; so that I didn't make a bad thing of it, having undertaken to pay all exx, including special Naush-girls, the new scenery, dresses, and a few Stars of India for the first piece.

I left early, before the entertainment was over, being rather pressed for time, &c., in fact, having business on the street, pass se and, luckily, so. The next best is his great rival, who rejoices in the name of the ah-ah-ah-ah...

Last Sunday, when we all three went to hear Guddee-guddee, each one of us endomachs—My! It was a caution—all the people, as we walked along the street, exclaimed.

"Colles, isn't um spice-spice?"

Sir Salar had on a blue necktie, but the Rajah Rlo-Rlo-Ral, &c., sported a flaming amber satin scarf, with a Star of India pin. The whole lot he bought cheap in the Lofar Arcade, a celebrated lounge for flaneure in these parts.

The evening, 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.

"Arvades undo!" said I to him, alluding to the fact of his having bought both the articles in the Arcade. But the Rajah didn't laugh. It is a fact that a man without education—can scarcely spell his own name, and is what Sir Salar told me with Rumi's brother, the Rajah's head-servant carrying our devotional library, 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 open to another. The hammer isn't down yet, for, though a simple cuss, I am downey as a hammer. (This is an old cuss, and much addicted to strong waters, and stronger...)

On by rail to—narrow.

Diary for Two Days.—Pumped out with work. Railed to Thar and back again. Don't like the railing here. Not my line at all. If it were, wouldn't I make a potter's marks (that is, a considerabum in rupees) out of it. Dusty, dirty, hot as he blowed.

At the third Station I was awoken out of a short nap by, what I took to be, a gruff voice asking for my ticket. Before I had pulled my pyjama together, I found that the gruff voice was a roar. The roarer was at the narrow window. It was a tiger taking the tickets! He had taken the other passengers' tickets—poor devil! and, luckily, too unwise to get through the narrow window. He was a first class tiger. I had the presence of mind to look out of the other window, but I shouted "All right! go a—", and the sudden jerk of the train, as it moved on, threw the beast under the wheels. This is a curious story—quite true.

Arrived, and called on the Marmatha. He is a curious old cuss, and much addicted to strong waters, and stronger language. In a hospitable humour he asked me,

"What you take?"

"Your portrait," I replied, readily.

"Ruppees?" he inquired, slyly.

"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 trait in my character, and speaks well for the Government.

I was one day chatting with a few notables—who were not nameless there, but shall be named W—O—. In the course of conversation, someone observed that there would probably be a vacancy on the Indian Bench...
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. "A 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?"

"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?"

"No Whigs, eh?—all Tories?"

"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.

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MARCH OF EDUCATION.

Newsboy. "PALL MALL, Giope, Stanph——"

Old Gent. "Any News, my Boy!"

Newsboy. "Econo, 818, on Evenine Stan——"

Old Gent. "But there any News this Evening?"

Jewsboy. "You Want me to give you a Pressed, do you?—Su'n'r!" [Exit.

Old Gent (to person before me)! A 'Précis'! Taxis comes off those School Boards!"

The Liberal Press ought really to know its duty than to abuse the earnest and energetic promoter of the Working Men's Tribute to Lord Beaconsfield—the unwavering Tracy Turnebelli—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 he writes to Punch, "his best friend") the mark for the arrows of 'us abuse" from "certain sections of the Medical Press" but the tribute itself has been made the butt of wholesale falsehoods:

"These manifold misrepresentations have at last culminated in the public assertion, that 'Punch got laurnet Wreatn is 'in Pawn!' and that, the money not being forthcoming, 'the manufacturers are to part with it!'

"To this assertion—which I, as a co-author of the Daily Telly, do not pretend to smile—Punch is proud to acknowledge the receipt of the Photographs here alluded to, that of the Wreath, we ens hy Cage ob secured, ye magnificent Casket thus magnanimously ordered oy the faith of the great heart of Tracy Turnebelli!

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?"
GREAT KNOX AND KNOX-LITTLE.

The following announcement in a diurnal newspaper may perhaps in particular concern persons of the Romanist persuasion:—

“St. Barabara, Pimlico.—The Rev. Mr. Knox-Little has announced to his congregation at St. Albin’s, Manchester, that he has declined to accept this London vicarage.”

A Knox-Little capable of accepting a cure of Ritualistic souls would seem to be much less than a little Knox, as to be nothing of a Knox; that is to say, a Knox-Knox. Only, were the Rev. Knox-Little, a member of the brotherhood comprising Mr. Mackonochie and Mr. Toot, there would at least be one point of resemblance between the little Knox and the great Knox—the Ritualist and the Reformer. If the Presbyterians expressly repudiate Prelacy, the Anglo-American sacerdotalists practically set their Bishops at defiance. So far, it may be said that—

“Now Priest is but old Presbytery 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 Linen Draper 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. She had never been a—

Witness (indignantly). I am a respectable married woman with a large family of children, and—

Mr. Browe Beater. Married or not, you are not here to bully me! (Laughter.) You have a married sister in Australia whom you have not seen for twenty years?

Witness. Yes. She has not corresponded with us for a very long time.

Mr. Browe Beater. Now be careful and tell the truth for once, if you can. Was this sister of yours transported?

Witness. Certainly not. She paid her own passage-money—her husband for her. She did not go out at the public expense.

Mr. Browe Beater (to Clerk). Put that down, Her answer is the most important bit of evidence we have had yet.

Cross-examination resumed. Her sister was a respectable married woman. She had never been in prison. Her parents were dead. She had not been accused of poisoning them. She washed her face and 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 and sentenced to penal servitude.

However, I have taken a note of your objection.

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. 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. I 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 him.

Mr. Browe Beater. Your husband is not very jealous, eh? He doesn’t mind you kissing other men, I suppose?

Witness (indignantly). I am a respectable married woman with a large family of children, and—

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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 Niniche could never be converted into a possible piece for the English Stage, have been to Boulogne (at the Gaiety); have witn the conversion of Niniche 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—blush 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 MARITIMUS.)

NOT SO BACKWARD AFTER ALL.

When we are told that the Kentish hop-grounds, “like everything else, are very backward this year,” it is 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 striving.”
THE TOUR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
(Privately Conducted by Our Own Guide.)


No. 219. "Shall I throw him over, or shall I not?" ALFRED ELMORE, R.A. Young Girl loved 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 bilious young Prince. N.B.—A very fine and striking picture, which recalls that eminent Bishop of Barchester, Dr. Proupie.

No. 233. "Queen's Bishop." His Lordship's name is Trollope, which recalls that eminent Bishop of Barchester, Dr. Proupie.

No. 235. Summer Time. MARCUS STONE, A. Stone being sat on by a young Girl.

No. 263. Some other Time. MARCUS STONE, A. Same Girl grown up. Five o'clock tea out-of-doors. She is wishing she hadn't put on those blue boots, as she can't walk about on the damp grass, and the stool will be of no use to her. "But all the same," she says, to herself, "I am a very pretty girl."


No. 421. "Love me, love my Dog." G. A. Storey, A.

No. 464. Sundown. CECIL LAWSON. Unless "sundown" is a misprint for "Sandown"—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,

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 RIVIERE, 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. DAPFERN. Only two peasants' 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. NAIRNE. What three nice clean respectable fishermen! So true to nature—or to Naish-er.

No. 531. Lady in a revere, unconscious of the approach of a goblin bird through the open window. Moto. "Keep up your pocket!" Or if that isn't an open window at the back, and if it isn't a goblin bird, then what is it? Goblin tapestry, perhaps. For further particulars ask the Artist, JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 540. Turnips and Tops: or, How My Mother sold her Mongoose, by JOHN H. RED, 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 Du-try Bequest not the Storey.

No. 548. 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 Cold. STUART LLOYD.

GALLERY VII.

No. 579. Signor Fetti; or, Reading at Sight, and Puzzled by a Pool 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 Adorable!"

No. 599. As the Picture tells its own story, I have nothing to say for it. E. K. BAINES LEIGHTON.

No. 609. Sir. The Two Alexanders; or, the Bilious Brothers. JOHN PETTIE, R.A. What Alexander is 609? No, not "what Alexander," but Alexander Watt.

No. 615. Hiding Behind the Door; or, Practical Joke in the Olden Time. H. HILLEGERSBERG.

No. 617. John Lyme, Comedian. VAL. C. PEINIER, A. A hare from the Artist's brush.


No. 779. What's o' Clock? LEMIE WATT.

No. 822. A Moment's Reflection; or, in the Swing of it. HENRY HOLIDAY.

No. 867. 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 otium cum dig.

GALLERY IX.
No. 1218. Mrs. Langtry—after E. J. POTTER, R.A. J. J. CHANT, HAPPY POTTER, R.A. and Mrs. LANGTRY after you!

No. 1221. Portrait of a Gentleman—after SEYMOUR LUCAS—by VICENT LUDWELL. I suppose that Seymour 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. HORSEY.

No. 1391. A Turk trying to find his Way to the North Pole. ALBERT GOODWIN. On dit, purchased for the Colney Hatch collection.

No. 1385. "Abscended." FRANK HOLL, A. "And so as to escape observation," said the cunning swindler, to himself, "I have put on a green overcoat, a light grey frock coat, yellow trousers, a very decided white waistcoat, and, to make assurance doubly sure, I am wearing a brilliant scarlet necktie with two big ends!"

No. 1386. "All safe.—Arrived the Door?" LAMBERT J. POTTER. No. 1423. The Right Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Lincoln. EDWIN LONG, A. Property couriers against the wall—evidently for ornament not use, and a metal cross fastened by an evident elastic band round his Lordship's neck. He wears also his博士or's University hood, Bravo, Mr. Long! "Keep up the Christopher!"

No. 1345. Geo. Grosmith, 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. RORY W. MACNEAY. Fishing for sardines, and let us hope, at the same time, making the tin.

No. 1449. "Not in it!" W. T. FEATHER, R.A.

Newman Among the Red Hats.
(By a change of Face.)

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. 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 foci of foul play, for ten miles round London, under magisterial licence.

Punch could wish noble Lords better employment.

Lord Granville 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,
The sport of sinners, the Lords, for very shame, passed the Second Reading by 84 to 57.

The Derby—and last till the Monday week after.

Suburbs, thanks them.

Is put to, he would hardly expect Punch to support money. If he only knew the excellent uses that money furniture (in the highest esthetic style) of the luxurious apartment in which Mr. P. is now writing; the very imagination; the very Havannah, on whose blue clouds his spirit floats heavenward, like Venus in Mr. E. Burne-Jones's picture at the Grosvenor—only that she is coming down, and he goes up—where were all these, but for the S.S.M.?—

"But that we are forbid To tell the secrets of our Downing Street, We could a tale unaitled!"

But Mr. Punch is not the man to take and tell.

Various Scotch and Irish bones—Queen's Plates, Fishery Board, &c., &c.—smashed over by various jeal- ous dogs, Irish and Scotch—but nothing got by either out of the other's mouth.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord Salisbury assured Lord Stanhope 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 excersing a right was very different from renouncing it.

(Commons.)—Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Courtenay raised the negative Elysia Futusa, which the House had the pleasure of hunting from five till half-past two in the morning. Very fanny to see Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Glad spoke trying to clap their several extinguishers on the random sparks that went playing through the waste places of Constitu- tions, his spirit in the most lamentable 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.

‘An! THERE GOES BROWN, WHO USED TO LIVE IN Newman Street! NOW HE'S AN A.R.A., AND EVIDENTLY FAR TOO GREAT A SWELL TO REMEMBER THE LIKES OF ME!"

"By George, is it ain't Jokes!—A Q.C., if you please, sick we last met at Paddy Green's, and of course much too high and mighty to Recollect my humble existence!"

A little episcopal passage-at-arms a propos of cathedral foundations. The Bishop of Carlisle wants to give Deans and Chapters of "new foundations" the same powers to revise their statutes as Deans and Chapters of "old foundations." The Archbishop of Canterbury protests against the farce of empowering Divinity Doctors to doctor themselves. Not a Dean and Chapter of an old foundation had ever shown the least disposition to do anything of the kind. What was wanted was a Royal Commission to look into all Cathedral foundations, new and old alike, and say where they wanted repairs.

The Premier agreed with the Primate, and solemnly promised the Com- mission.

(Progress.)—Among to-night's "mixed occupations" was Army Discipline Bill Committee, in the course of which the Member for Dundee, much trodden on, turned, and emoted the Member for Oxford between the joints of his harness, to the great joy of the House—not that it loves Mr. Jenkins much, but that it hates Sir W. H. Harcourt more, and is glad to see him get what he is in the habit of giving—sharp sauce. All the same, let the fearless Jenkins look out for squalls, and—

"Take care what he's at, nor with Harcourt make free, Or 'tis sh for the Member for Bonny Dundee!"

Then the O'Connors Don moved—as a Don had the best right to do—the Irish University Bill, another of the Burr survivals. The New University is to include only four faculties—Arts, Law, Mechanics, and Engineering; in to have Professorships, Scholarships, and payment by results. Religious Teach- ing is to be under the most stringent safeguards. Its expenses, to the tune of from £40,000 to £50,000 a year, are to come from the Irish Church Surplus Fund.
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 £50,000 a year may do a good deal to grease the way for it.

Friday (Lords).—

"And thrice he roused all his foes, And thrice he slew the slain!"

Such, in essence, was the gallant deed of the Macallum More to-night. He summed up into a slashing two hours' speech all the Opposition has been saying in itself arrangements 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 is one hard upon him to be kept in that state of suppressed speech, which is as bad as suppressed golf. Now that he has blown off the steam, 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 what they have not obtained for them what they expected. It is not we, the Members of the Opposition, who are accusing you. This is your great accusor: the course of events is summing up against you. What have you to say?—I shall await to hear. What have you to say?—I shall await to hear."

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However, at the appointed time, I presented myself, and my box of private, &c. at her private residence. I was to be shown up the instant I arrived.

You are the first person who has ever dared to 'show me up,'" I said, pleasantly, to Mrs. Drolla Koo, her head Chamberlain, who replied with a wink. "Up we went. Upper and upper.

Where are we now?" I asked, as I paused, to recover my breath, on the tenth landing of the house, which is higher than any Hanki-Panki mansions.

The Chamberlain—a mute—motioned me upwards. I shouldn't like to have none but mutes about me if I were a Queen. Hang it all, it would be too funereal, or too erewhit without the fun." "Yet," as I said to old Pan Tiekla, "with enough mutes I 'd undertake anything!"

Tiekla roared, "No—ni 'étais roi, moi—mûte me no mutes—it should be mutatis mutandis."

(111.—Latin jeux de mots, two ruppes extra. Raha's at a distance, please take notice.)

Presently we passed through a trap-door—(it was a trap, after all, so my surprise was right)—and stepped on to the roof, which is shaped like a gigantic cocked-hat very much turned up at the edges, where the Rames-pullers (i.e., receptacles for catching the storm-drongs) are. Perched on the apex, holding a parasol, sat the beautiful and accomplished Queen of the Khanoolars.

"Here," she observed, "all my subjects can keep their eyes on us, and see what, you are doing. There must be no scandal about Queen WYEREE SALLEE Hoo Rao!"

From the roof one could see all over Injia. A magnificent sight, but after too much of a good thing one gets tired, and before breakfast to refuse to paint, and to retire, would have been an inconsiderate punishing with death; and the mute Chamberlain was at hand, as grim as the black servant in the drama of Pauline, which, years ago, in Kean's time at the Princess's, used to make me shiver in my boyish pumps. So, keeping my head as best I could, I took up my position in the Rames-puller on the north side, and set myself to work. She has the loveliest hands and feet, even in this land of beauteous extremities.

Well, if ever I am reduced to extremities, I shall return to Injiable |

"Nun, wilt thou gang wi' me?" she murmured, sotto voce. "Ma réponse est, deux fois oui."

I shall know where I am. By the way, I was astonished at her proficiency in French; and I rattled on pleasantly enough, the blacks not being able to make out what the "merry jocos" we were talking about. Then she sang to me—

"O Richard! O mon roi!"

with such feeling, and with such a glance out of her left eye that hit me right in the "gold" of my heart, and nearly knocked me off my perch into the street below—a drop of some two thousand feet.

"Me reine, bien que nous sommes sur le toit, nous ne sommes pas "tiled"—which, though she didn't understand it, she saw was meant to imply how necessary it was to be able to renew your bills a crisis, after all. "Me reine, bien que nous sommes sur le toit, nous ne sommes pas "tiled"—which, though she didn't understand it, she saw was meant to imply how necessary it was to be able to renew your bills in a crisis, after all.

A CARDINAL POINT.

Most Venerable Cardinal Newman, your Eminence has well earned your Scarlet Hat. It is to yourself, probably, that the Porr owes the reflecting portion of his British converts—or reverts, if you please. A thoughtful man, if any dogma that you subscribe a nonsense to him, naturally asks himself whether is the more likely, the strongest argument in the view of an enlightened Briton for the creed of your choice is the fact that you chose it. If, ins

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 Parson Thwackum?

your Eminence is a Cardinal who has the courage of his opinions. Mr. Darwin's Theory of "Development" is not exactly yours.

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 E-B-T-X-M-T-O-G-U'S GRAND CONSTITUTIONAL DRAMA, "BOTTON AT THE CORE."

SCENE—A Secret Chamber in Downing Street. Cabinet Ministers discovered, in midnight conclave, cloaked and masked.

The Prime Minister (referring to evening paper). Yes, Gentlemen, we are unearthed 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 Consul-General, and conclude one more secret treaty for my own amusement, before I am "dis-

The Lord President, Nobly determined! You see I am not preparation for my authority in the Cabinet. (Throws back his cloak, and displays a belt packed with revolver.) The spirit of Dandy 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 hand warmly."

The Home Secretary. Take it to ATTENBOROUGH'S. If you are then, convicted, I will square the matter. Take it all in all, we have had a good time of it."

The Foreign Secretary. Excellent. Why, Lytton doesn't remit us so much tampering with gum and hot water as I. I shall miss my morning's play. And that reminds me, how are we off for money?"

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Fairly. I have brought all the spare cash in the Treasury with me. I couldn't possibly lend you any more in two carpet bags. (Empties gold on table.) See. It is something to be able to renew your bills at a crisis, after all.

Indian Secretary. Excellent. Why, Lytton doesn't remit us larger sums than this. By the way, what do you say to winding up with a few more frontier wars?"

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 hand warmly."

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Musketry Instructor. "Now, then! How do you expect to see the object aimed at, if you don't keep your eye closed?"

POLICEMAN "A" ON POPULAR ART.

Royal Academy Constable loquitur.

Yes—picture is peculiar. I've seen a tidy few.

All in the way of business. Well—I don't care if I do—

Though I'm no cricketer, there ain't much but what I've seen and heard.

And if you want my views of Art I'll tell you like a bird.

Do I think the people like it? Well, now there you're asking wide.

They fancy that they do, you know, and there we'll let it slide.

A young 'un rather makes believe in tackling his first weed,

But knowing 'tis the thing to like, in time he may succeed.

There's lots of make-believe about. Bless you, I've heard remarks

From prying lips, on pictures, as you'd think was meant for larks;

And I've seen your regular knowing gents a-waggling their eye-glasses,

And laying down the law like fun, as you might take for asses,

Along o' their queer blunders. But, you see, this Art's a fake

As isn't A.B.C. to folks of ordinary make.

It's rather up to rumminess, is Art, in many ways,

And a dead hand at starting what I think they call a craze—

That flock-together sort of fad which seizes men in lots,

It may be foreign postage-stamps, it may be chaney pots;

They don't half understand it, and, what's more, Sir, seldom want,

But they gush about it hot as soup, in a sort of stylish cant,

Think mouldy faces quite the cheese, and moony eyes divine,

And vulgarisms 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 he as marshals 'em has a swell figger-head.

You work the horacle to-tene, 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 at once,

You don't go asking which to like, unless you are a dunce.

If someone swears your taste's all wrong, you up, Sir, and says you,

"Humbug!" And then you tell him the chap what he may go and do,

Namely, be blowed. But when it comes to canvass, oh dear me!

I do assure you, Sir, it's quite another cup o' 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,

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;

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,

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-art's a king to it. Well, yes, I think I will.
"A FELLOW-FEELING!"

Farmer Giles. "Well, Squire, I've done my best with the farm, but I can't pay my way any longer!"

Squire. "In that case, Mr. Giles, no more can I. So the sooner we lay our heads together—"

Punch, or the London Charivari—R.H. 1875
The Crutch and Tooth-Pick Chronicle.

The Inter-University Boat Race will this year be rowed over a course measuring five hundred yards. The competing crews will be increased to twenty-four in each boat, the coxswains will be supplied with lomongs, the strokes with arm-chains, and the rest of the crews with air-cushions. The failure of the favourite to win the Volunteer Military Steeple-chase is attributed to the languid conduct of his rider. Captain Daxey was leading until within a score of fathoms from the finishing post, when he dropped off to sleep, and consequently came fourth at the last flight of hurdles.

The Eton and Harrow Match will not be played this year; a two Elevens cannot be got together from the two schools.

As a shower is predicted in the weather forecast for July, the Rifle Meeting at Windsor has been indefinitely postponed.

After negotiations extending over several years, the members of the77 University Club have at last agreed to be consulted on High Policy. What did they know of our affairs? It is that the forthcoming Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall includes an additional feature of Arabs. These, of course, will be all noble animals. The Street Arabs, in the meanwhile, will remain outsiders, in possession of their own Arabia Inferior of the slaves.

But the Vicerey's Council? They're safe to be against tooth and nail.

Then draw their teeth and cut their nails. There's a clause in some Act authorising Lytton to override 'em by Executive Order—when he thinks proper—at least there ought to be. In fact, I'm certain there is. If there is. But in this case they'd say it was against the spirit of the Act.

Let him take his stand on its letter.

But when he first went out he committed himself to these internal Duties.

A man should never commit himself. Luckily, a Statesman can change his mind. Let him repudiate his own 'mystic phrases?'

C. Then, you know, the House has declared against repeal.

Oh, the House! I've a great respect for the House, but it can't be allowed to stand in the way of High Policy.

We shall have all the Press against us, Home and Native. And then the Bazaars?


C. But "Justice to India"?

B. Is a cry; not a policy, Justice! The people out there are not used to it. They won't kick. They'll only say "it was written on their foreheads." I wish people here were as easily managed. But they're improving. Wire to Lytton. Total and immediate repeal. How do you like my love to the Manchester men. Good morning. (Exit C.) A spoile in your Lancashire wheel, Mr. Juventus Mundi.

A New 'Society Paper' entitled Simper is on the eve of production. A large portion of its space will be devoted to the consideration of the proper height and form of shirt-collars.

The hour for the House dinner at the Junior Service Club has been changed, by special request, from 11.30 to 8.30 A.M.

After negotiations extending over several years, the members of seventeen of the more fashionable Clubs have decided not to offer anything who will invent a process for getting through the day without any effort whatever, mental or muscular.

B. AND C.

(Or, Home-Rule In India.)

Downing Street. Lord B. discovered. Enter to him Lord C.

B. Well, C., what is it? You don't look happy?

C. Another of those troublesome Manchester Deputations—about those wretched Indian Cotton Duties.

B. Tip 'em some Free Trade. Say we'll do what we can for 'em, when we've made our "Scientific Frontier," all right.

C. They've been getting up Working Men's Meetings against them, in Lancashire.

B. Hum—that's awkward—with a General Election in the wind... and not a year to run, do what we will. (After a pause.) Promises immediate reduction, and total repeal the moment we can afford it.

C. But we can't afford it. At this moment we don't know where to turn for a shilling.

B. Go to the market, and borrow. Money's a drug. India has always borrowed.

C. That's the worst of it. She has borrowed till she can't pay.

B. Solicitor bankrupts. Let her go on borrowing.

C. I'm afraid those Council Forces will never see their way to taking taxes off with one hand, and borrowing with the other. I know 'em.

B. The less reason you should ask their advice. They're not used to being consulted on High Policy. What did they know of our grand coup, the bringing over those seven thousand black fellows to Malta?

PETITS POIS A LA PELERIN.

The following telegram, dated May 11, was wired the other day from Paris:

"A French pilgrim arrived at Loretto to-day."

And is Loretto looking up again, really-Loretto, that seemed to have been quite snuffed out by La Galette and Lourdes! Little, if anything, had been heard of Loretto since a legend of that sanctuary, the Pilgrims and the Peas, was immortalized by Peter Pindar. As belonging to a nation commonly up to cookery, it may be presumed that none of the pilgrims who have lately travelled from France to Loretto forgot to boil their peas before starting.

Horsedog v. Humanity.

It is announced that the forthcoming Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall will include an additional class formed of Arabs. Those, of course, will be all noble animals. The Street Arabs, in the meanwhile, will remain outsiders, in possession of their own Arabia Inferior of the slums.

WHICH IS IT?—Fast or Feast (for a High Commissioner)? His Natal day.

CHANGE OF NAME.—A party called Browne—from Valentine to Ovinston.

The bravest holiday task.—To get through a wet Bank Holiday.

A SAVAGE GAME (that wants limiting).—Zoo-Leo.
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"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!" "Ah! 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, lightnings, hail and rain!
Still I am happy to behold
Pointing North and East the vane.

For the wind that keen and chill
Shakes the branches, I know what will
If it blow my neighbours ill,
Bloweth precious good to me.

REPS AND SAREET, o'er the way,
Linendrapers, did not well
Spring stocks in so soon so 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 mufled, 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 incense miners strike,
Free to work their foolish will;
Coals, at whate'er price I like.
You must buy of Rubber still.

NOTHING LIKE GAS.

The following in the Times seems only natural:

"Mr. C. Woodall, Engineer of the Phenix 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 whatsoever, large or small. Anything like Gas as well images a currier acknowledging anything like leather.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

"Stout Traveller (to the Eastern Counties). "‘MY Lad—WHICH IS THE QUICKEST WAY—for me to get to the station?"
"Street Arab. "‘WH’ RUN BO! TH’ HARE YEG' LL SARTAIN’ LEWS TH’ TR’INE! THERE GOO TH’ BELL!"

MR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(In Paris, at the Ambiguous Comic, to see L’Assommoir.)

Sir,—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, and all Paris endommagé was enjoying itself 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. Zonay, which Messrs. Brusnach and Gastineau 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 Gardon’s novels will find nothing to puzzle him in the drama of L’Assommoir, whatever 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 intruded on by any sublety of plot, but, from the commencement, our sympathies are enlisted for the unhappy heroine—admirably played by Miss. Hélène Paris—and our interest in the fate of the chief dramatis personae 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 scenes alone as the most marvellously acted, most hideously repulsive, and, on account of the extraordinary force of the actor’s art, most sickeningly revolting scene I have ever seen on any stage. In fact, nothing that I remember approaches it.

It is a marvellous tribute to the artist, M. Gir-Naz, to say that the spectators, Parisians who go to a theatre pour s’amuser, pour se distraire, and who are not easily revolted or scandalised by a stage representation, were so appalled by his entry in the Eighth Tableau—when Coupeaux returns from the hôpital des foués—that it was some seconds—it seemed minutes—he 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, 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 the difficulty. The Sensation Scene of the fall from the scaffold, 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 "Ou est-ce que le pain?" as played by M. Dailey, who must have studied it from
JANUARY AND MAY (NEW VERSION).
A REASONABLE ELOCUTION.

SCENE—Out-in-the-Cold. Enter January and May, meeting.

January. Give you good day! I are indeed young May.

May. I am; and you, me-thinks, old January.

January. Shouldn't 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 frost.

And, bless my heart, how very blue your nose is!

May. That is no news. I know it to my cost.

January. North-easters will produce such ecchymosis.

May. Oh, blest you, yes; and ice, and snow, and storms too.

I feel just now as frosty as Arethusa.

January. How strange! I thought you Flora's favorite.


January. Fact she's laid up with a bad bronchitis.

May. Phoebus! how funny!

January. He's cut me dead, the inconstant base deceiver!

May. He? No mention him.

January. Nay, do not weep; 'twill make those blue eyes dim.

May. Wep? Oh, that's influenza.

January. Well, well, your visit appears to be ar. Naturally. Every one to his like-

May. This, originally a war-tax, now become a source of

January. Dear me! You quite surprise me! Oh, I say,

May. I'm sure you are most kind. A very nice,

January. Ah, indeed,

May. Thanks! that is nice! But what a turn for May!

January. Oh, for one shaft of sun to make my pulse stir,

May. Weep? Oh, that's influenza.

January. How strange!

May. Pray don't allude to that. It gives me such

January. Dear me! You quite surprise me! Oh, I say,

May. I'm not quite sure at present what they are, Sir.

January. Dear me! You quite surprise me! Oh, I say,

May. Thanks! that is nice! But what a garb for May!

January. What would the poets say?

May. Bare feet invite them in this shocking weather.

January. What would the poets say?

May. But then my rôle's to trip the flowery mead,

January. What would the poets say?

May. And fancy doing that in faced-up leather!

January. What would the poets say?

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May. But then my rôle's to trip the flowery mead,

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May 31, 1879.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Lord Cranborne informed their Lordships that he had received intelligence that the bases 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 Sarissury—

"Occupation ain't evacuation; The Turkish roads are bad; Lord Stratuepen & C. he bothers me, And his prosing drives me mad."

As to correspondence—there was none. "Oui il n'y a rien, Lord S. et C. perd ses droits."

Lord Gravville 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 Thuro 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 under age, 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 its 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 had a Reserve of 68,000 men, all counted, but they could not be 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've got to pay for it. But you don't like that. No more do we. We do our best. If bad's the best, what can anybody do better?

Lords Lansdowne, Cranborne, and Carewell 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.

(Comms.)—Mr. Macartney complained of the pelting of Protestant Mission-teachers by Roman Catholic mobs at Clifden. Messrs. MITCHELL-HEWET, CALLAN, SULLIVAN, O'DONNELL, and Major Nolan complained of Irish Protestant Missioners insulting Roman Catholic beliefs, and fishing for Roman Catholic children with old clothes and soup-tickets. 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 rank, 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 ille lacrymae. 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 Lawson named the new trinity of protection,—"Prince Bismarck, Lord Balmoral, 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 epigraph on John Bunyan, "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,"—or (Mr. Punch 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 prevalebit." A bad lookout 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 Beconsfield's little bill to make tenant-right pleadable 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. Hopwood, 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. Dodds 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. Barclay 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 pool 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 Episcopalian 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. Kavanagh said the new University would not be sectarian. The Bill asked no more than was just.

Mr. McLaren said the Scotch Universities only get £6,000 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 £30, or even £300, £400, or £500. It was gross injustice, that Ireland should get more of what was gained than Scotland.

Mr. King Harnam 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.

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.
INJUABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST.

BY BUZZELLI PRINCEPS.

CHAPTER X.

Pickles—Painting—Labels—Sketches—Joke—No Bargain—
Afternoon—Concert—Music—Muttra—Cakes—What next?

Ordered a whole box of Injia pickles at CHILLI and SWATTEN's, the great Anglo-Injia pickle merchants. Friends in England can give me a few commissions for pickles, and they shall be paid on thing hot and hot. CHILLI and SWATTEN have made a fortune. Which is better—Pickles or Painting? To quote the Injia proverb, in which there is much truth, 'Let who will write the labels, I'll sell the pickles.' Anyhow, I would rather write 'labels' than 'libels.' My labels will always describe exactly the article within.

Note.—Commission for CHILLI and SWATTEN to do a pictorial advertisement for their new pickle, which is called 'Our Own Pickle.' Here is my sketch for the label or bottle, which is quite one of the best things in this line I've ever done. (N.B.—Orders punctually attended to.)

Bought a lot of Fallals (ornaments for young Ladies of my acquaintance) this morning at the Bazaar.

'Girls here seem to live a very Bazaar existence,' said I to Old Les-what-want, who chuckled at the jive he met I am convinced the old hambang didn't understand it—er else was playing me false—as he wouldn't pursue and make it his own, or even hire it.

'Joke too good for me,' he said, winking slyly.

'Let you have it cheap, MISHOY,' said I, ready to clench the bargain.

Our own Fan-Tiklah.

(N.B.—None genuine vixels in our own Rake Jar.)

'No, no,' he replied, 'joke too good.' You keep joke all to self. No want joke me. No. Got another joke—own joke. Keep it self. And he chuckled and winked till I thought he'd had a fit.

Afternoon—Concert at HULLAH SAIN's, BAZARDA'S, BATTRAPOO SAIN's. BATTRAPOO SAIN's, BAZARDA's, like LAMACH in his best days. ZENANA SOLTA is one of the brightest spots I've ever heard. HULLAH SAIN got it all up himself, and directed the choir, which consisted of twenty-four choirs, all twenty-four sheets. There are always as many as this in HULLAH SAIN's choir. KAHNAIN SAIN was in excellent voice; and HULLAH HULLU, though a relation of HULLAH SAIN's, came out as triumphantly as the last trump in an Injia Ribber.

The only fellow who wasn't pleased with the entertainment was YOHFA, who sat apart, and looked as sulky as an elephant that has lost its trunk at a railway station.

After the Concert, cakes were handed round by BUNSEE SINGH, the Indian confectioner.

Next Day.—Visited ancient GUNKRAKUR (the City of the Shells), which is governed by an old Colonel. A most artistic spot. Everywhere one sees huge blocks. On all of these blocks:

When I had finished, BILLIH DIN—who is known here as 'The Complete Letter-Writer,' and one of the richest natives, suspected of having enriched himself through his extraordinary facility inimitating handwritings—came up and asked me: 'What was I going to copy next?'

Of course, when he said 'copy,' he meant 'paint pictures, as all mine are original. But I was down on him.

'Copy!' I returned. 'BILLIH DIN, my old boy, I'm going to copy you.'

He looked suspiciously at me, and I went on:—

'Yes, I'm going to copy you, and make money.'

He trembled, but, pretending to smile, asked nervously, 'How?'

'How?' I repeated. 'Why, by drawing.'

'On these blocks?' he asked, still nervously.

'No, BILLIH, my old boy, not on these blocks, but on your bank.'

He turned yellow, and almost fainted.

Ever since this, BILLIH DIN and myself have been on the best terms. Short reckonings establish lengthy friendships. Knowledge is power, sir.'—'Vide Bill'—'Vide Copy-Book.'

He shook.

Invited to paint old RAHAH RAL TIPOO TOPPER SAIN Khusrum SENGUMICSHOR, no end of a blazing and thrilling portrait. I found him in his palace, surrounded by his Royal Black Guards, all armed to the teeth.

I was politeness itself to the old sound, and painted now though no one will understand the justice of the appellation on seeing the portrait which is hanging up in his marble halls—an invaluable work—though a tribe injured by an accident. I am about to recount—and well worth the while—anything for a picture-dealer, or Art—speculator, to take a journey to RAL TIPOO TOPPER's Court, and make him an offer. Here is the first sketch of—

THREE STYLE, 500 GUINEAS.

"Five hundred guineas does large sum," observed TIPOO TOPPER, only he didn't say does, but something much stronger. Doose is a very mild version indeed. In fact, to speak truth, as I can now, I never came across such a thumping, swarving, wicked old reproach as TIPOO TOPPER, and he bluffed to him. He's got the best pictures I ever painted in all my life hanging in his gallery, and said to anyone I have a head while I got nothing for it, except, as Humied says—"Best pictures get best money, except my life, except my life." As a painting, the exhibition was into imitation of Art, with only a chance of Art ought to make my reputation.
"CLEARING
HOLDING THE COURSE.
CROWN FOR THE CONQUEROR IN OUR ISTMION GAMES.—A Bridle Wreath.
As by Siro's guile and the folly of Ilion together,

Once the colossal charger of wood, as a gift to Athens,

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 Moet 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 Furs—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 fussy and finicky,
And the big force behind them is sturdy and strong;
But was e'er such a rough and restless throng,
So motley a mob, or so much in the way,
As cumbres the course upon this Derby Day?

"Now, then, you in the fur cap, 'twere well you stood back;
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 chive, that pair, if close pressed!
And the troublesome Turk, who inertia likes best,
What shall make him move on? And Pox, ragged in rig,
As perverse as his country's proverbial pig;
And the Muscovite dodger, as stolid as sly;
And the boldering 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 Hindoo—
A precious tough job for that cohort in blue!
It would seem we'd the riffs of three Continents mustered
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 carefully trained.
Meanwhile there's the Course to be cleared! They must do it,
Bobby Ben, 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. Horsham'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 Rivery, o' me a blessin!'"

Ritualistic Curate. "A'ugh—my good Woman, you mistake. I'm—ah—

not of your Church'"—

Old Woman. "Musha, thin bad luck t' ye for a desc'air'!!"

(A Shuffles off in great wrath.

A RIDDLE FOR THE RACES.

What Horse is he that never stood in loose-box or in stall?

The Horse that never was fed on hay, to oats or beans did fall;

The Horse that never lent sporting scribe a lift towards his book?

The Horse that never lent dumb-jockeying, but needs nor whip nor spur;

The Horse that wants dumb-jockeying, but needs nor whip nor spur;

The Horse that never makes a noise, that glanders cannot kill;

The Horse that 's all for the Poor, is Dan Kearney,

For the Rich—they may kick or may carney;

They must fork out their tin,

And he thankful to win love to live 'neath the rule of Dan Kearney!

Though they thought his red nose looked so simple,

There was mischief in every palm;

So now bottom's a-top,

And the Rich may shut shop,

In the iligent realm of Dan Kearney!

THE HORSE FOR A SWEEP.

If you please, Mr. Punch, afford me lave to pint out that among the Horses enter'd to run fur the Derby, there's one wi' the summit striken, and purticularly percent mean o' Zut. Shart and apatie. I dare say you sured to know why they cresn'd un Zut, I dwoon't, nor 'it what colour he 's of, but if black, s'pose a was called Zot praps along o' that. 'Cause why the sayin is "As black as Zut." Therfore, if so be as how Zot's a black un, Zut stands to razin. In that case I should say Zot med he looked upon as an inamcle o' that there "Dark Hose" you so often rades about in the "Prophete".

With which except the doesty of, Zur,

Your most obigant Servunt to command,

Mr. Punch.

P.S.—Zut! In the old days, when there was witchcraft in the land, 'co'dn't a Zut 'a ben the sart o' Hoss for a old 'ooman to come ridun upon down the chimley 'stead o' a brootstick?

PACHYDERMATOUS PEOPLE.—Parties in Fig-skin.

A DUEL DANS DEUX FAUTEUILS.

There is a fierce fight raging in the French Academy over and between M. EDOUARD OLLIVIER and M. HENRI MARTIN. M. MARTIN succeeds M. TRIERS as one of the forty, and makes an opportunity to attack the Empire in his ex-officio panegyric of his predecessor, the great reviver and consolidator of the Imperial Legend.

M. OLLIVIER, in his ex-officio reply, makes occasion to attack M. TRIERS for not stepping forward to preserve the Empire after it had thrown over M. OLLIVIER—the most ill-used of Imperial scapegoats. Viewed through English spectacles, and considering the relations of the parties and persons at war, the conflict, if it must go on, must be looked w. what colour he is of, but if black, s'pose a was called Zot praps along o' that. 'Cause why the sayin is "As black as Zut." Therfore, if so be as how Zot's a black un, Zut stands to razin. In that case I should say Zot med he looked upon as an inamcle o' that there "Dark Hose" you so often rades about in the "Prophete". With which except the doesty of, Zur,

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A Happy Return.

Punch's prayer to the Durham Miners was, "Strike, but hear me!" They have heard him, at last, and have run down—i.e., ceased striking. He begs to congratulate them on their return to reason—the reason even of the strongest, who, strong as they may be, are not strong enough to stand more than a very few weeks' knocking of their heads against a wall.

Not Unlikely.—Large shoals of porpoises have been seen disporting themselves in the Mersey last week. It was said among the Horses entered to run for the Derby, there is one with the summit struck, and particularly percent mean of Zut. Shart and apatie. I dare say you sure to know why they cresn'd un Zut, I dwoon't, nor 'it what colour he 's of, but if black, s'pose a was called Zot praps along o' that. 'Cause why the sayin is "As black as Zut." Therfore, if so be as how Zot's a black un, Zut stands to razin. In that case I should say Zot med he looked upon as an inamcle o' that there "Dark Hose" you so often rades about in the "Prophete". With which except the doesty of, Zur,

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Your most obigant Servunt to command,
British advice, and that the Amherst shall be supported by the British Government against foreign aggression.

I like the ring of that.

First Enthusiast. Rather! It will give Lyttelton a chance if he knows what he's about. The whole thing's been managed admirably.

Third Enthusiast. Yes. And look at the cost. Two or three millions down, and a trifling subsidy of sixty thousand a year.

Second Enthusiast. Is that all? More child's play. What's a control of the Khyber for? That's an idea. We know it at Bayswater 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 force, and she'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 Bayswater same evening.

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Look at that!
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 7, 1879.

TWO THRONES.

Our Beauty, peerless as thou art,
And wide thy range, and keen thy dart
And mock the captives of thy brow,
Dissemble here the weary brow
The present hour's 반환

Wit, Wisdom, Strength, and Valor meet
(The Bard amongst them), at thy feet
To kneel in homage, as of old
Yield from a crown of a silver grain

Frown as thou wilt thy feathers fine,
A gift is here, by grace divine
Open some forest to mortal,
O... their voices
The bower and sheets of love and all

And what avail thy gilded crest.
The silver shimmer of thy breast.
The glory of thy polished wing.
If yielding to the Bard's behove.
The Nightingale continues to sing!
CIRCUMSTANTIAL.

Owneel 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?"

"I did, sir! In the thick of the Shindy, I seen the old Vagabond a-felin' round an' round that honest poor man down on the flewer till he 'd found a vacancy, when he ups wid his flat an' lit fly, the Devil's own shoe full clane into the centre ov' it!"

PUNCH, INTRODUCER OF AMBASSADORS,

SHOWS IN "LA SOCIÉTÉ DE LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE."

"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, pastoral—"—

Yes, see them in Phèdre, Tartuffe, and L'Ami Fritz, and then say if "the immortal" is not down on it, as usual.

First, Monsieur Perrin, Administrateur de la Comédie Française.

And you, Les Sociétaires.

And you, Mesdames Got and Maubant and Delaunay, Coquelin Aîné and Cadet, Féréy and Thiron and Mounet-Sully, Laroché and Barre and Worms;

And you, the better half of the Comédie,

Mesdames Madeleine Baptier and Fauvar and Jouassaint, Roger and Poyont-Poirot, Denan-Fleury and Rieuchenne, Chocotte and Sarah-Bernard, Barret and Brissot 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 SHAKESPEARE.

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 than the Electric Light, the Gaiety of Mr. John Hollingshead in the Strand.

It brings within its 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 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 for the run of a piece, or, at longest, for the space of a season, —| scattered by the breath of caprice or the whirl of speculation, blown about by the wind of popular favour, engaged for the run of a piece, or, at longest, for the space of a season, —| spread apart as you please, but never to be reconquered and gathered together again.

Punch is proud to play Polonius for you.
INJUABLE INJIA;
OR, NOTES AND SKETCHES OF A SPECIALLY-COMMISSIONED ARTIST,
BY FUZZELI PRINCES.

CHAPTER XI., AND LAST.


PARDAY.—SHEEK AREE called this morning. Would I go out for a walk with him? Yes, certainly. As an inducement, he offered to show me the lions. I thought he meant the "lions" of the town. Not a bit. SHEEK AREE is a sporting cuss, and we strolled out towards the jungle.

10 A.M.—In the jungle. Jolly place. No tigers or lions. Don’t believe all these travellers’ tales. "You no fear?" asked SHEEK AREE. "What! I’ll like to see myself afraid. No jolly fears!"

"All right!" replied SHEEK AREE. "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 set the lions 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—but conviction. The lion is so convinced that the boy killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, just to see if there were any more places where a side-splitter came from.

INJUABLE INJIA; or, Notes and Sketches of a specially-commissioned artist, by Fuzzeli Princes.

Chapter XI., and Last.


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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. [June 7, 1879.

has to show us, let us not forget that the English Theatre is the House of Shakspeare; 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 country 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 who daily at work among us, who have shown London that shifting companies, and slap-dash rehearsals, slovenly stage management, and reckless casts, are not inseparable from our unorganised and unassaulted, English theatre.

For control. While taking account of all the Maison de Molieres.

BUT what would you like Injia? Walk up! Walk up!

When I said I was "going home," I can hardly repeat the innumerable congratulations that were hourly showered upon me. Farewell jokes would have been got up in my honour to bid me good-bye, and hundreds come to know the idea in order to catch a sight of me when I stepped on board the good ship. The hooralas still resound in my ears. The attentions I received were really too much even for me.

One took my umbrellas, another my bags, another my hat, and as I let them have 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 SHEEK AREE. "If so—then?""I was importuned to name the day of my coming back, but I couldn’t. And when I informed them that in all probability I should never return, their emotion knew no bounds—or rather I should say it knew a lot of bounds, as they jumped for joy, being (as was explained to me afterwards) 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 is, "I fancy the notion is further away than the reality. When I return Home, who will rush to meet me?"

Who run to meet me on the shore? Who crowd my steps, and guard my door? Who sing to see my home once more?"—My Tradesmen.

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 luxuriant hair and
SOUTH AFRICA

DRAW DRIVER!!

(EM ORS 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, 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 Injian 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 ¢ of a sovereign, or passing off a florin for half-a-crown, or a b: new

As to morality—well, I, personally, am a Bayard sans peur et sans reproche: a Bayard who would not be enticed by a Bayardées; but, if I were not, I fancy I should not have learnt morality in Injiable Injia. I don’t say they profess to teach it, and therefore perhaps it is scarcely fair of me to say I should not have been a satisfactory scholar.

O tempore! O mores! "O temples! O more ease!" This sums up the religion and morality of Injiable Injia.

The European Christian must remember the overpowering heat of the climate, for which he has but one Tartar and Flutine simile, and you can’t expect much morality in that quarter. It’s a sad state of things, and arises from the thin end of the wedge having been admitted years ago. Give them then their jolly inch, and they’ll soon take their "merry ell."

Injia is a rummy sort of place, not bad, rather jolly than not, and, when you come to know it, a good deal like Kensington, with an occasional touch of Greenwich, Leicester Square, Cheapside, Rotten Row, and the Thames at Woolwich. I can assure my brother artists that Injia is well worth a visit. Let them all go in a body, and stop there for some years. In the meantime let them contentedly stay at home—and if they do, I’m astonished, for many a.tellosme journey, for many narrow escapes throughout the length and breadth (33 x 14 for a picture) of

William Lloyd Garrison.
Born in Massachusetts, December 12, 1804.
Lived to Free the Slave, and to See Him Free.
Died in New York, May 22, 1879.
True heart and fearless—Freedom’s foes that braved,
On Freedom’s friends when fiercest down they bore—
Farewell! 'The citadel of Freedom saved,
What matter if its Garrison’s no more?

HONOUR EARNED BY TRIUMPH.

A Rest for Mr. McComb.—The Hundredth Derby, 1879.

Two W’s of War.

When Wolsley’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 Bondholder (on hearing that the Khedive pays the May Coupon). "Hail, old fellow! Well met!"

A REAL CENTENARIAN.—The Hundredth Derby, 1879.
PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, May 26. (Lords).—Two comforting tidings to begin with. One from Lord Beaconsfield. A telegram from Major Cavan- 

MARI announcing the signature of a treaty with Yakoob Khan. (If only Yakoob can! There is the doubt. If he can, let India adopt a new motto—"Cavagnarando tutus.")

The other from Lord Beaconsfield. Announcement of the ap- 

pointment of Sir Garnet Wolsley 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 dis- 

cussion by the Earl of Galloway—soldier-officer bred and militia- 

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 chains-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 ROSEAU SAYS TO THE CHEF, YOU KNOW!"

Dunce No. 2. "OH, I SUPPOSE IT MEANS, 'I PLAY, BUT I DON'T BREAK'—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 we. 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 as 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.

(commons.)—Received, with cheers, the same good news as the Lords. But Sir Stafford did not need to "speak sarcastic," and say "perhaps" it would interest Honourable Members to know that Sir Garnet Wolseley had been sent to keep Sir Bartle Frere in order, and help Lord Chelmsford to a head. There was no mistake about it—it did interest them; interested them so much that the best part of the night was spent in asking such questions as "What was Sir Garnet to be, exactly?" and "Where would Sir Bartle and Lord Chelmsford be, exactly, when he got out there?" and "How would they be likely to like it?" and "What would Sir Garnet do with them?" and "What did Government mean him to do—and not to do it?"

To this "process of the question" Sir Stafford and Sir Michael naturally resented being put. Anything they told the House would be telegraphed to South Africa, and get there before Sir Garnet. All they could say was, that he did not go out to annex and to exterminate anybody or anything—not even a High Commissioner's dominion, or a Commander-in-Chief's commission, but to bring this miserable war to a good end at least cost of time, blood, and money compatible with the security of South Africa.

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 diadem.

Tuesday (Lords).—You see, Lord B., their Lordships are really interested. More curiosity about Sir Garnet. Assurance from Lord Capes, that no Lieutenant-Governor, neither Colonel Lundy in the Transvaal, 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 survey;
His right there 'll be none to dispute;
For his ox-waggon where there are wars,
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.)

(commons.)—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 disagreement or difference of policy between the French Government and our own—a good hearing, if one was quite 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
who, after so many 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 Percival, and rivalled Mr. ROBERTSON in his recitation of the
Mercy Speech. Sir ROBERT seems to feel much for
Cerewayo, and Punch quite agrees with him that if the
House wishes to see the honour of the country maintained
it also wishes to see mercy exercised.
Sir CHARLES PILK was 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 BARTLE FRIEZE had been thrown over, as he
had only been superseded wherever we were at war and in
a difficulty. He is still High Commissioner at Cape
Town.
We have only sent Sir GARTER to take his place, after
he has put himself out of the latitude of "Good Hope."

Sir—(1) Happy Thought!—Shooting at Bubbles—a
Holiday Sport for P. and B.

To the Crystal Palace, Lord B; and
in Dr. GARTER see what you will see:
How Bubble shooter who cracks glass balls
That only a stray one unknown fails—
And cheerful oranges, and dr Series
All marked slips to him, little "one or two,"
See him, and then come home to my J.
pain after a sit and a smoke, let us say.
Off this year's Parliament bubbles how many
You will back yourself to bring down—if any.
Bubbles enough in your time you have blown;
Some of the biggest and brightest known.
Among them "Peace with Honour."—Yes, lad
Was a bubble, though now collapsed and flat!
Then the "Scientific Frontier!"—My eye!
There was a bubble of something like star,
Though it looked no longer big or bright;
To a way bubbles have, to melt in our sight.
To a drop of scented, a whirl of wet air,
Sure you well know when you have them, or where.
But of bubbles yet blown, or bubbles to follow,
What bubbles so big and so bright and so hollow,
So fit for the first place in bubble-story,
As that of your Lordship's honour and glory?
Take care, my Lord, lest you shoot so pat
As to blow the bubble-shine out of that.

FRIEND BUNG'S REMONSTRANCE.
Being the Genuine Sentiments of a Representative Bung,
addressed to Mr. Punch.

Sir,—I've been waiting for three weeks just to say
a word for my professional friends, who felt themselves
considerably aggrieved by your Cartoon about Bung and
the Archbishop, where the former is thanking the latter
for his valuable aid in keeping the Museums and other
places of scientific entertainment closed on a Sunday.

Now, Mr. Punch, you're just and generous. You
will admit, I am sure, that there are two sides to every
case—an outside and an inside. Permit me to say, Sir,
that you've hitherto been taking rather the outsider's
view of our position, and, let me respectfully add, I'm
not at all sure that you haven't missed yourself much about the
insiders;—i.e., our view of the matter.

Your Cartoon—admirable it was, though we disagree
with its implication that we think it is our duty to let out, as it were,
that the Bungs—we don't even shirk the nickname, we own
to being Bungs, honest Bungs, John Bull Bungs, but not
shy about telling others;—reproved yourself much about the
Bungs are delighted at closing of the Museums and
so forth, because the folks who were open,

DEPRESSION.

First City Man (Optimist). "How's Business with you! I can't help
thinking things are looking bet."
Second City Man (Pessimist). "Drifting fast to the Workshop! and
what makes me doubly anxious is, I can't think who'll be left to pay
the Poor-Rate!!"

would spend their Sunday in useful and interesting recreation, will now come
and pass their Day of Rest 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 Sots.
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.
We don't want the prohibition on hours removed. Let the Public's hours be
for the convenience of the Public.

Punch and 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,
all 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 we understand it to be; for
it is a truth 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 "tri-Bung!"—
if you'll allow me the expression—though I am given to understand that, in
Paris, they set = their Picture Academy, which is like our Royal Academy,
on the seventh day of the week, free gratis to the people whose work prevents
't seeing it in 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 places 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 Public's benefit; and so,

Yours sincerely,

John B. Bung.
ANALYSIS.

Lady. "Why did you leave your last place?"

Cook. "Temper, M'm." "Temper! I am putting myself, I show that I am annoyed!"

Cook. "Oh, I don't mind a m'ore Temper, M'm—but a severity Timper I like; but a Temper as goes a nag-nag-naggin' mornin', noon and night, won't do with me!"

ALARMING TO NO COMMON DEGREE!

(According to Professor Obling.)

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 Nunebam. You will not refuse us this?

New Graduate (moved). Alas! I must; for I do not possess that culture which would enable me deftly to handle the oar, or even the modest puntin'-pole.

Second Fair Visitor. You surprise us much. We have always conceived the Oxford graduate a man of developed capacity, for whom the word "impossible" had no meaning.

Third Fair Visitor. Yes, there is nothing that is beyond the intellectual grasp of our brother Plantagenet. Since he has taken his degree, even Bradshaw and the new Lawn-Tennis Rules have been to him no mystery; while you—?

New Graduate (passionately). Nay, chide me not, but consider what is culture. Your worthy brother has been through six books of Homer, and mastered Plato with the aid of a literal translation. Nay, he has conjugated the verb πίστος with but few mistakes. He has, in a word, been plugging with that Greek language, even the partial mastery of which is a condition of the highest educational training.

First Fair Visitor. Yet you wear the elegant gown that denotes the degree of an Oxford Bachelor. Is this an empty symbol?

New Graduate (proudly). No. I can talk to you by the hour of the hyperphosphates, the air-pump, the habits of the Mastodon, and 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 taunt me. I confess it all. I lack those habits of exactness and principle.

What is culture. Your worthy brother has been through six books of Homer, and mastered Plato with the aid of a literal translation. Nay, he has conjugated the verb πίστος with but few mistakes. He has, in a word, been plugging with that Greek language, even the partial mastery of which is a condition of the highest educational training.

First Fair Visitor. But surely, as Canon Lippen 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 principle, 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.!

(Takeup. Curtain.)

"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.
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 Nappchor, you know!"
SYMPATHY—LIMITED.

City Gent (bursting into the Counting-House on Wednesday afternoon, May 28th). "H ave you heard! Sir Bevys, Palmebar's, and Viscount!"

Second Ditto (Man ° business—the Sporting Partner wasn't in). "Beavis, Palme, an' Viscount! Beavis, Pal—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 carabiniere's uniform, a French kepi, an English crutch-handled umbrella, and a pair of German cuar- sier'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 then 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 sucession, 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 Can-can à la Mobille, 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 bagpipes.

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 "hip-hips" will be given by the Sultan, and the Prince will supply the "hurrahs."

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 Yugerides, 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 physio a Doctor no less; Though of herbalist lore not perchance having got any, In thy practice no simples thou'll need for success. Dire disorders dispel, allay fierce animosities; Dispense equal doses of justice to all— Turk and Christian alike—that Bulgarian atrocities Bulgarians, well-governed, n'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 definiteness 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 those 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, the Art is supposed 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 Créche—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 be as Gods. A shilling is a fair price for a Gallery. I grumble not. ** Friends at a distance—"Oh, the trouble of visiting the Gallery itself. It represents, I should say, a Foreigner's idea of a Summer, or Noontide; also, in the same panel, the disposition 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 CARNIE?—'

No. 106. The Morning After. Eminent Burne-Jones. His Eminence has given us a heavy angel, grey-haired and quite past work, curiously formed out of such "metal more attractive" as that used for organ-pipes, while the upper part of her wings (or his) are fashioned out of ripe artichoke leaves. Being unable to support herself, or himself, on air, the angel has descended, like a collapsed balloon, and been providentially caught in a rum shrub, from which perilous position she, or he, is apparently utterly helpless to extricate herself, or himself, without assistance.

How devotionally this subject ought to have been treated is evident from what the Guide tells us it is intended to represent. Do what you like with your Pygmalions, Galateas, and Venuses, but don't let the Eminent B. J. rush in where even his own artichoked-winged angel would fear to tread. His Eminence has got a Better Angel than this—somewhere at hand. May he inspire him! Nos. 167, 168, 169, 170. All by E. BURN-E JONES. The Story of Pugnacious; or, How he Cheated a Woman out of Something. The Eminent B. J. puts it thus:—

No. 167. The Heart Desires.
No. 168. The Hand Refuses.
No. 169. The Godhead Fires.
No. 170. The Soul Attains.

There might be—this is merely a suggestion—a classical series, showing how Jones became Burne-Jones. Thus—

No. 167. More Jones Desires.
No. 168. His Thinks, Doubts, Groans.
No. 169. The Godhead Fires.
No. 170. Beatit-Burn Jones?

This will do for the Gallery next year, and "do for it" very effectually. ** Montez, Carlo!" as we say at Monaco.

No. 146. "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 dado behind her. Stop! isn't it the sea-shore? and isn't that the sea? and isn't it the sea? and isn't it the sea? It isn't the sea—nor is it the sea—nor is it the sea. Dido looking out for Eneas? Or, is it, 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 COTTS LINDSEY, Bart., who goes in for High Art.

No. 141. "The Morning After," CECIL LAWSON. I should think so. "The Morning After," indeed! Yes, and what a head-artist, too, Mr. Cecil Law. I said, and how everything was whirling and whizzing, and how he said to himself that he would never again paint the morning after, but always do it the week before. An arrangement, indeed, for the rising Artist, be an early rising and early beddying Artist, for he who makes a rule—

Early to bed, and early to rise, Never paints bothering headachy skies.
No. 48. The Lady Hildred. J. M. Jopling. The Artist says he intends to illustrate these lines:

"And the Lady Hildred listened hour by hour."

No. 55. The Skipper and her Toy. Portrait of a well-known little Gaiety gal—or, as here, a Gray-ity gal. Probably intended by Mr. J. M. Jopling for the outside of some caravan, but not significantly supplied her with plenty of rope. As for her eyes—

"And the Lady Hildred listened hour by hour."
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 town, which I didn't think Drink wanted any advertising. And another bit of play-acting at another theatre made a "repentant jockey" (as said he was) write to the good gentleman at the other theatre to say if he had given up pulling horses and other vicious courses. If he did it, why shouldn't I?

This is how my Missus and I came to go. We had seen a notice of what seemed to be fancy soap cut into the shape of parties' heads like as they was preserved in liquor, and on the hoardings, 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 am right again until we had both had a little something to cheer us up a bit.

But what pleased my Missus most was the rest of the repudged young suited oosd "wn.ot re-un at heart, which the other was as bad as bad could be—and didn't hiss 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 sells ready-dressed wittles, such as lobsters, and things as you'll see in Soho and Piccadilly shops, as may be very well for foreigners and sweeps, wish I don't seem to care for 'em myself. Then he tagged her out in a beautiful cloak that must have cost a great deal to see, quite in Regent Street style, and said he would marry her. Oh, it was lovely!

But what pleased me most was that party, sufferin' 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 o'pit, and what there chap at the Princess tipped us was the real thing and no mistake, rats and snakes, and black benignity, and all, till it give me and my Missus 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 order of the day. And 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.**

We see a statement that when Abeynian 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 couldn't be spared), but that the force could have any amount of coal-scuttles. As we may expect the stores will soon be out of "Solar Topes," may we suggest the use for the coal-scuttles as helmets for the heavy cavalry, who are already in the force for W. O. to send out against the naked and light-headed orpeneaux, with which the coal-scuttles for helmets, and pokers 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 now 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 follow the course of French performances now being given at the Gaiety—diamonds of the best modern French drama, the fruit of the author's life work, the flower of his genius. And yet there are so many lessons to be learnt, that so much learning, more, perhaps, by English Managers even than English Actors, and, above all, by English Stage-Managers—should we ever have a thing such as this, 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. First came the introduction of Mollière and his children to Shakespeare and his children, in the sonorous and musical lines of M. Jean Atcand, declaimed by M. Gora as gracefully as Punch to a turn. (Punch takes off his cap to M. Delaunay!) Then, as entrements, the Second Act of Phédre, with the feverish fire and passion of Saint-Sauveur, and the wretched little Duke's arm; to assist at such a visit of the Duchess when the fascinating incarnation of Woman's Revenge on Man tells her horrible story to the innocent victim of Man's Revenge on Woman, it is impossible for them to sit under the correction of these the actors, and, above all, by English Stage-Managers if there were. No pumps in store (except, of course, the official ones, which couldn't be spared), but that the force could have any amount of coal-scuttles. As we may expect the stores will soon be out of "Solar Topes," may we suggest the use for the coal-scuttles as helmets for the heavy cavalry, who are already in the force for W. O. to send out against the naked and light-headed orpeneaux, with which the coal-scuttles for helmets, and pokers 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!

All the faults of our Actors which Shakespeare reproves through the mouth of Hamlet, are as rampant now as there have been in the past, and advise to the players, and very often the Hamlet who delivers the advice is the most flagrant offender against it. Shakespeare remains Shakespeare, as Mollière remains Mollière. Great writer and consummate dramatist as was the father of the Théâtre Français, his personages are embodied humours for abstractions, while Shakespeare's are living men and women. An ideal "House of Shakespeare" wherein those men and women should be embodied with an Art as consummate as that of the Actors of La Comédie Française, would—could probably render a thing as good as any possible "House of Mollière" as Versailles is grander than Buckingham Palace.

As for Man's Life—Punch must pause. He is afraid to say all he thinks of either Medecins de la Comédie or of Medecins de la Play-house—for fear of their Ten Commandments. He may pick up courage by next week.

In the meantime he recommends his readers to lose no opportunity of seeing the best Theatrical Art of this generation—of following the course of French performances now being given at the Gaiety—after first reading the plays, that they may the better understand and enjoy the acting.

Finally, he begs to consign to that place where only his own arts can follow him his last and finest creation, which has been made for him in particular at the Play-house, particularly its upper boxes and its means of exit. He has asked his readers to frequent that theatre. Those of them who cannot go will get the fire shrellas, must be made to feel PUNCH (according to the taste of the public) bodily suffering which nothing less than the artistic pleasure he promises them could compensate. It may be doubted if even that PUNCH defies it—but then Punch has a stall, and means to pay for it. If that's not a tribute to La Comédie Française, he would be glad to know what could be!
"SWEET LITTLE BUTTERCUP;"
Or, ART-EMBROIDERY, 1879.
A CASE OF "NO COMPRENNY."

"Ha! Mistake Robinson! 'Ow do you do! 'Ay you seen yo last NEW Piece at ze 'OLLEBORNE? Superb! 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 Français, alors!"

"Je vous demande si vous savez le Français, parbleu! Cruch! Mélon, baudet, dinde, jobard, Chérit, Momie, Colin Maillard que vos êtes?"

"A—quite so! No doubt! A—by the bye, have you seen Jones lately?"

I'm glad they've found the Mother at the Olympic at last. The first they had The Orphans, then Married not Matched (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 (these are again, in June!), he can keep up the illusion by sending a waterman for a gondola on wheels.

A prop 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: the 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 it takes to tell of his existence, and who 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 Pépin's Ghost, and once I have had an interview with Professor Pépin himself, but this was years ago, and now the Professor has gone to Australia; and, as there is still a mysterious spectre 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 apparition is called at the Polytechnic, is the property of the Professor or of its inventor, Mr. Brady; but, anyhow, it is a wonderful effect, and, as a Status of the Grass is more than sufficient, it will then return to its former inanimate material. Metempsychosis might be used to illustrate the story of Pygmalion and Galathea, 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 odes on this subject were given, the simple story itself might become a trifle 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. Mr. Irving, after a brief but glorious career at the Adelphi, will leave England in the Autumn for two years. This true, 'tis pity.

Mr. Irving is having quite a collecting time of it at the Lyceum, with a round of revivals, and will try to improve on the old Corinian Brothers—poor old twins!—when he reproduces them. Mr. Fchter attempted improvements on Keán's version, and it was a big mistake. Once since then I saw the melodrama, with I forget what company, at the Princess, 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 "ghost melody" had lost its charm? Was it that, since the mania for Spiritualism, I expected more from the Ghost than the Ghost was able to give? Was it because I knew 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.

Your Representative.

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 Sweet Sleep. An author who adopts this title boldly disarms criticism—unless the work keeps the reader awake. I remember a collection of stories, entitled 'Arrond de Souffler la Bougie.' I rather fancy they were all ghost stories, so that you didn't like to 'souffler la 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. Dunpure's Sweet 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 Provost. George Colman the Younger had no more regard even to burlesque rhyme, than had Butler in his Hudibras, when he wrote—

"Dear Corporal," 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. Dunpure has improved on it, Latiné, thus—

"Utinam, etiam quae spectat tibi dari, Est unum mihi solidum in zona militari."

That seems to me happy, and so also the refrain—

"O Balla, infortunata Balla! Quam pulset me, quam texit me, O miterrima Balla!"

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 battalion of the Royal Marines, amidst hurrahs, 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 rendered 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 dacoity, and made the ryots riotous, a Bill is about to be introduced on the part of Government, providing, it is said, for the revival of the old village 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 Wittenagemote of the very Wisest—these being the first syllables 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—Balmoral!
HALFWAY UP THE HILL.

Grandpapa. "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—which 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:

I. H.M. King Arthur, H.M. King Cole, H.M. the King of the Cannibal Islands, Pope Joan, Queen Mab, H.H.H. Duke Humphrey, Blue Beard.
II. Gog, Magog, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs.
III. Lord Dundreary,
IV. Don Quixote, Don Juan, Count Fathom, Baron Munchausen, Dr. Faustus, Professor Teufelsdoro, Mynheer van Dunk, Rio van Winkle, Dickie Knickbocker, Sanchez Panza, Mephistophiles, the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew, Prester John.
V. General Bounce, Captain Bobadil, Captain Macheth, Captain Cuttle.
VI. Mr. R. Cruise, Mr. Friday, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, Mr. Peter Wilkins.
VII. Mr. Justice Shallow, Judge Lynch, Mr. John Ketch, Mr. Bumble, Rev. Dr. Primrose, Rev. A. Adams, Dr. Syntax.
IX. Mr. John Sheppard, Mr. Jonathan Wild, Mr. G. Faux, Mr. Jeremy Diddler.
X. 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. Cocker, Mr. Cockle.
The Siamese Twins, The Three Tailors of Tooley Street, The Seven Wise Men of Greece.
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. Rundell, 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-Hoop, cock-a-hoop, BACONSFIELD's man,
Make of Eastern Roumelia 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!
La's ha' s'more!
L'Assommoir?

WHAT OUR CAT SAYS (she likes to be in the fashion)—La Joie fait Parr.
Monday, 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 Cetewayo. Sir M. Hicks-Reach told him that messengers had come from the Zulu king, expressing his desire for peace, but not charged with terms. Cetewayo has been told to go—not to Bath, but to Chelmsford; but will, probably, have to deal with Sir Garney. The war halts for want of means of transport out there; and no wonder when it creates so little transport here.
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 to do!"

By half-past four the House was in Committee of Supply, and remained there, with very small jerks 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 supernumerary 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 Gourley (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. Hawke 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 evil?)

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. Soomer Petrie 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 wail of unwonted vigour, declaring it impossible for Parliament to get on with its work in the face of such fearful waste of wind—"which nobody will deny."

BIDDULPH reigns in Cyprus;" if anybody (except the Biddulph connection), particularly cares to know.

The House spent the rest of the sitting on one 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 rate-payers.

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 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—going to the rate-payers fivepence! Its rate ought to be kept down to tuppence.

Mr. W. E. Forster, as the 's foster-father, took up the cudgels for his forsterling. 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 tuppence to the aggregate of metropolitan rates, and for what other fipence 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 dammed the Board with faint praise, and
the disestease the London scale of salaries. He
hoped the Motion would not be pressed, as Government could neither
vote for, nor against it.

Brer Jemmy thought nothing like plain speaking. But did you
think that Punch was behind you, with a dream—Cartoon, of a cer-
tain animal—not Bottom with an ass’s head, but with Lord B.’s head
on an ass’s body—between two bundles?

Debate was adjourned, but is not 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
just, Punch verily believes, that School Board “fippence.”

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. Ainsworth 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. Wheelhouse supported the Bill on behalf of Leeds; so did
Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Cameron (of Glasgow), Mr.
Hubbert, Mr. Samuelson, and Colonel Beresford—Members for
Leeds, &c.

Mr. W. E. Forster said it was difficult for many members, in large
and widely-scattered boroughs, to record their votes before four; and
he thought there was no other remedy but this.

Mr. W. M. Redhead 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 stay up at night until four o’clock, does not see that the working-man
should be mulcted of his brief dinner-time. “I’ve only an hour for my dinner,” says Toole, in Todgers, and it is not perhaps
likely that he has much more leisure. It is all very well for
Swell 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
Saturday—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. Brack about
alleged atrocities committed by English soldiers in Zululand. The
War-Office has directed an inquiry into these allegations. Sir M.
H. Brack 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 Stan-
ley’s inquiries than with Sir M. H. Brack’s answers.

This 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 Newbold interposed to pour oil on
their masters. After some delay, after loss of an hour and a
bit, sent the Bill back to the Lords. Mr. O’Donnell disclaiming all personal imputations, and explaining that he only meant that the Brack of East Gloucestershire, like the
Olaf of Odins, had been the mouthpiece of evasive answers.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, sanguine man, hopes that
the Government could and should be saved, and contentment,
comfort, and loyalty would be brought back to the Indian people.

Mr. Rathbone folowed suit, with less of the whip.

Mr. Goschen delivered an excellent exposition of the Silver diffi-
culty. It was temporary, and what was most to be feared was
empirical remedies.

FARMLAND, what wonderful pic-
ters they be
When our eyes be
fast closed in
the dark and sad.

Gwinn whoam-
struck from mar-
the raain dri-
chester town,
from 'the Corn Markut then,
dy, and set out in the kitchen, and at ne > un there,
Dree wry-Tashionee figgers in robes t and queer,
Aitch atop of 'a's head like a shiny gold ring.

And I’d got about ‘leven mile vurder to goo,
Zo, afoor I rached whoam, I got drippin wet droo.

And I’d got about ‘leven mile vurder to goo,
Zo, afoor I rached whoam, I got drippin wet droo.

For to ‘ride ketchum cold, that night, ’lore I turned in,
I mixed me a nightcap o’ hot beer and gin,
And set out in the kitchen, and swiggled un there,
And I’d got about ‘leven mile vurder to goo,
Zo, afoor I rached whoam, I got drippin wet droo.

And I’d got about ‘leven mile vurder to goo,
Zo, afoor I rached whoam, I got drippin wet droo.

And I’d got about ‘leven mile vurder to goo,
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DICKENS'S DICKENSIANARY OF LONDON.

(Notes for a Happy-Thought Guide-Book to London.)

June 21, 1879.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

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"Hawthorne," hollered a vice, "like a stuck pig don't stare; This here is Saint Giles, and Saint Katturn that there. And the one wi' a crook, standum twixt him and she. That's Saint Swithin, once Bishop as rodeo this here see."

"Saint Swithin," I heard them two tother complain, "The farmers be cryun out 'long o' the rain. Make hay whilst the sun shines 'tis useless to say, Whilst thee keep'st on downpowerun they can't make no hay."

Saint Swithin, in answer, said, "Never you fear. In good time and due season the skies I'll sweep clear. I've my inunci had early; my Yeast I'll keep dry; Varty days shall be fine from that day in July."

Then I woke wi' a start, as a dramer med do; And I hopes that there dreams as I dream 'od prove true; And St. Swithin gie over afor 'tis too late Fur the grass and the green crops as well as the whate.

"Repealed applications have failed to elicit any reply from the Secretary."

Fancy the Repeated applications! Here we are again, every morning, at the Secretary's Office. Poor Charles his Friend had a bad time of it. How-ever the joke don't end here. Proceed with "B," and see what Charles says 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. Charles is my darling! I shall arrange it all on the "Carriage-see-Horses—Boodles—Boodles-and-Museum—British" plan. 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:—

APPROX.- (See Imperial.)

AQUARIUM.— (See Afternoon.)

AMERICA.—Not in London.—(See United's States.)

AMUSEMENTS.—Different people have different opinions. What do you like yourself? Write to Editor, inclosing six postage-stamps.

ARMOURERS 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.—No person of the name of John can belong to this. All Ave nues. His celebrated Round Table is kept here. Admission by front door.

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 Bond Street.)

BLACK-EYE.—(How to get one.)(See Calabash.)

BLOOMSBURY.—The most rural part of London, Quite a Rus in urbe, as the Emperor of Russia said of himself, when he was last here. Hence its name, "Bloomsbury," 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. BAllance! Oh, if we could see him in the Exchanges at home! Come—Ballance—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.

'Tis 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 girls are sweet as sweet,
Brunette or blonde, grande or petite.
He throws himself at their fair feet,
And loves 'em, short or tall.

Merry or earnest, plump or slim.
Well-rounded charms, or smile and trim,—
Bless you! it's all the same to him!
He loves 'em, great and small.

Clear eyes of grey, 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 trees or braid,
Front-frizzled, 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, aquiline—not one comes wrong—
On Punch they never pall.

Full lips that curl, sly lips that wile,
Proud lips that curl, sly lips that wile;
All lips can Punch's heart beguile
At drum, or rout, or ball.

So Punch each lovely damsel greets;
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 — "
"Mischung mallecho"—
"Means mischief."
THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Our Pet Critic (mockingly). "Well, I can't conscientiously praise it, Old Man! But I'll tell you what I'll do for you— I'll blackguard it so fearfully that lots of people will come forward, out of fair play, and swear it's the greatest work of genius this age has ever seen!"

Pictor Ignatus. "Thanks, my dear Boy, and bless your kind heart!"

UNSEASONABLE SEASONING.

Spring. Ha! ha! My disguise, I conceive, is perfection.
Summer. Ho! ho! 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 bawdy, the bright!
Both. But the lyres 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 gingham and macintosh—pluvial, eh?
Spring. April showers? I send mine in keen pour 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!

NAUGHTY PEOPLE.—The Nihilists.

"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-armour (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.—Centravances 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.
The 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 bear a mournful but immortal name in English history."

By all means raise a memorial to the brave who fell at Isandela; but would not a preferable place for it be inside St. Paul's? If the monument must needs be a church, had it not better stand in some neighbourhood where it would have a chance of being occasionally occupied by a congregation? Have we gone the right way to convert the Zulus by invading their territory? Are they likely ever to frequent a sacred edifice erected on a bare field which Christian and heathen have made memorable by their slaughter there? The only place of worship to build with propriety over interred carrage 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, "Tis essential I should paint the great Herr Henschel."

Here is the Herr playing another H'air on the piano very forté.

No. 3. A Study in Light and Shade. More fitted for a drawing-room than a study. Good. But send for the doctor. She must be Lack-a-daisy Houldsworth. Very melancholy expression. It ought to be Lock-a-daisy Houldsworth.

No. 4. A Study in Light and Shade. More fitted for a drawing-room than a 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 Pellegrini's girl, "Violeta" (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. 5.

No. 5. Daisy Houldsworth. Very melancholy expression. It ought to be Lock-a-daisy Houldsworth.

No. 6. She must be a Giantess when she stands up.

No. 7. Daisy Houldsworth. Very melancholy expression. It ought to be Lock-a-daisy Houldsworth.

No. 8. A Study in Light and Shade. More fitted for a drawing-room than a 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 Pellegrini's girl, "Violeta" (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.

No. 10. The End of the Story.

Here is the Herr playing another H'air on the piano very forté.

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.

No. 12. Portrait of Herr Henschel. The idea is Love in a Maze.

No. 13. Arabs in the Museum of Algiers. By Mr. Dicey. If we have a chance of being occasionally occupied by a congregation..." Conning and Steering" wouldn't have been a bad title for it.

No. 14. Light, Life, and Melody. H. Hammers. The Beer- 

No. 15. A Morning Mist. Cecil Lawmon. Well, Mr. Lawmon, a Morning Mist is better than a Day Lost. You are fond of this Morning Mist.

No. 16. Charing Cross Bridge. Midnight. A Stuart-Wortley. Of course. Lost his way coming home from the Club. Won't go home till morning. This Bridge is exactly what he should have painted, because its Arcitez—Stuart-Wortley.


No. 20. What's this? A knight in armour, claving with his left hand the shoulder of a shrinking girl, while in his right he holds a drawn sword, threateningly. The idea is In Love in the Olden Time. Knight says, "By my halidame, 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 Ophiucha and Larectes. O dear me! I beg your pardon, Mr. Wills! I really hadn't an idea—bless me!—how you mention it—I see—of course—Ophiucha and Larectes—I mean Ophiucha. Ah! very nice, yes. I'll look at the next.

No. 21. No, what is this? Bless me, why this also is by 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, I suppose; but you? Oh, I see! Very good. But you'll probably do it. 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, They 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 leg)! Which way? They have lost their bearings, but not what they bear. "Coming and Steering" wouldn't have been a bad title for it.

No. 23. Kent. Cecil Lawmon. "Kent!" It's Kent all over—

No. 24. Dressing Mustard-Seed on a Norfolk Farmstead. R. W. Macbeth. Clever, but uninteresting. Next time let the worthy Thane take a Shakespearian subject—"Bottom a-dressing Mustard-Seed."

No. 25. 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..."To the soft arms of silent sleep and death, They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear."


No. 27. The Head of a Girl at House at Oxford. No. 32. Music; let us be Happy together. W. E. Britten. This isn't Great Britten.

No. 28. Neddie Mustard-Seed on a Norfolk Farmstead. R. W. Macbeth. Clever, but uninteresting. Next time let the worthy Thane take a Shakespearian subject—"Bottom a-dressing Mustard-Seed."

No. 29. Mrs. Wadder. Pity it wasn't Kit-Cat. Eyes right, Major! This isn't Great Britten.

No. 30. 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-except a few crumbs in its cradle. Mr. Morrise has been far more careful over his picture than Mr. Surrupwick has been far more careful over his picture than his Isabella was with her paracide.

No. 31. Night and Sleep. Miss E. Pickering. Both wake up, and taking a Fly.

No. 32. 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-except a few crumbs in its cradle. Mr. Morrise has been far more careful over his picture than Mr. Surrupwick has been far more careful over his picture than his Isabella was with her paracide.

No. 33. 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-except a few crumbs in its cradle. Mr. Morrise has been far more care
REASSURING!

Old Gent (suddenly turning corner in narrow lane). "Oh!—I say!—is he!

Will he?"—"Back into Hedge."—"Can he?"

Penam. "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 Burnum Corder.

No. 62. The Inventor of Sails. F. Smallfield. He should have invented
trousers first.

A. Lecros. Unsatisfactory explanation. Why was he executed before the
him? Why was he executed at all? The answer is, I suppose, that it was
necessary he should be slayed first, in order that the School might be slayed after-
wards. The Slade School, I am glad to say, is very much alive. Mr. Lecros

No. 64. Study of a Head; executed before the Students of the Slade School.
A. Legros. Unsatisfactory explanation. Why was he executed before the
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 slayed first, in order that the School might be slayed after-
wards. The Slade School, I am glad to say, is very much alive. Mr. Legros

No. 68. Dog Days. A Lady reading under a tree. And the latter murmurs to himself,
"Don't!"—"Don't take no notice of 'im, Sir! I've got a wee bit
check on 'im if he runs!!"

No. 69. "Our First Tiff." A sulky Gentleman turning away from a silky
Lady. It is breakfast out-of-doors—it should have been <fin>—and he objects
to spiders in tea. But, all hail, Macserh—or all sunshine, Macserth—as Nos. 6
why didn't you call the other "Cat and Dog Days"? Macserh! Macserth!

No. 70. Sheepwashing in Droughty Weather. Again, Macserh—
"Tis the prettiest little garden
That ever you did spy.
The grass a sly dog plays on;
A hammock I have got;
Next ankles you shall gaze on,
Talk—"propos de bottes"

Elle est bien bottée alors. Is it so? "Tis so.
After this amount of pleasure, it is wise that our
thoughts should turn on
No. 98. Going to Business. He leaves Fair Rosamund in the bowery, and off to the City. Is it now
that the Naughty Old Man, who has a clerical cut about him, takes advantage of his absence to pay his visit? It
is quite a drama. Perhapes that old Examiners' pa-
rishioners are advertising for him everywhere, Lost,
Stolen, or Strayed. And the business man, meanwhile,
is in the Hammock, going East. Nos. 97 and 99 represent
The Handsome Fair One, and No. 98 is The One Hansom
Fare. And the latter murmurs to himself,
"Drive on, Cubby!
Ah! she is good.
She of the Abbey
Read, St. John's Wood!"

Before quitting the West Gallery, permit me to draw—
instead of paint, for a change—your attention to a life-
size statue in bronze. It is—

No. 107. The Haunted Mill. Ceci Lawson. Haunted! not even a Ghost would come here. Let me return to
Kent." Lockily, Mill admirer! is all the Art you
know, Mr. Ceci Pinson. Without his violoncello—
that is, only the head without the bass which supports
him. No wonder he looks ill. The second time he has been
prevented this year. 
Nothing of importance till we stop before the works of
James Tissot, Nos. 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
Lady "giving" a fancy ball. (Had quite enough of her
neither tired of, nor sick o' her."
Mr. Poynter himself would probably say, that he "is
neither tired of, nor sick o' her."
Nos. 133 and 147. Both by J. O'Connor. Patio los
Cypresses Alhambra, and Staircase of Burgos Cathed-
ral, painted O' Conamore.
No. 140. Portrait of Mrs. King. Ed. R. Hughes. Good colour, or, we should say, good Hughes. But why
have not called it the Queen at once?
No. 143. Dorothy. G. F. Watts, R.A. A very good
little child.
No. 146. Portrait of Mrs. Elmore. C. Cousins. One
doesn't generally trust to relations for a favourable view
of one's characteristics, but in this case Mrs. Elmore
was right in getting Cousins to paint her.
No. 149. Portrait of Hermann Vezin, Esq. J. Forbe-
son. Rosamund, in her web, waiting for the flies. This is called
The Hammock. It ought to have been The Web.

"If droughty deeds my Lady please—
"Talk—"propos de bottes"

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That ever you did spy.
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CANDOUR.

Browne. "What! Blooms 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 Top-asawyer. "Ah, that's when nobody had ever heard of him, you know! But now—why, hang it, if they don't make more fuss about Blooms 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 breast 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 the girl looks tired. Now to see by whom it is, and for what it is meant. Well, it is simply A Knight and his Daughter, and it is by Sir Courts Lindsay, Bart. Well, no harm done. He's only a Knight, and it's very kind of the Bart. to take any notice of him.


No. 172. Topaz. Albert Moore. Why "Topaz? Two girls. "Topaz" can't surely be a missprint for "Topper." If so—but no, they don't look like it. "Topper" but not "Topaz."

No. 177, 178, and 241. W. J. Hennessy. I think, perhaps, that No. 177 is "Hempenst'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 plumb," 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-bonné. Bunney out!

No. 273, 274. Heads or Tails. Sketches by Rubens; and Miss Netire Farren. Hence No. 267—No; I will not stand No. 267. "Three Studies in Chalk and Pastel." Bosh! Studies! Why not try your hand at a Rabbit, Bunney? This is your contribution to the Grosvenor. And so now, J. Bunney, you are a-bonné. Bunney out!

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CANDOUR. *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 Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints, they will find at least three Actors in the Calendar. If the Guild goes on being very good indeed, future generations may see the Christian hagiography The Life of the Blessed Buckstone, The Acts of Saint Benjamin (Webster), and a Belladonnist history of the Venerable J. J. Tool. 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. Spurgeon.
Madame Dolaro.
Caron Liddon.
Mr. McDermott.
Mme. Leona Dare, Queen of the Antilles.

Why doesn't "The Guild"—which has a medieval sound—start a Sunday Theatre on its own account, with pew-openers for box-keepers, Mr. John Hollingshead to manage, on no fee-fi-fo-from 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 Eriperto to commence with? Costumes by Mssrs. Nathan Leo. Book by the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Evidently there is much to be done by the "Church and Stage Guild."

HALF AND HALF.

It used to be proverbially said, that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. But didn't Alexandre Dumas fils upset that saying when he wrote La Demi-Monde?

The Golden Wedding.

(With its Iron Linings.)

As when good fairies have their blessings prest,

The wicked fairy with her blight makes bold.

Lo, Bimmelcuss comes, in gifts unlike the rest.

To dash his blood and iron o'er the gold!
THE UNGRACIOUS CIVIL SERVANT.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the Witnesses before the Committee on Co-operative Stores.)

TenTeRroL left the Tin-Tax Office a quarter of an hour after the clock had struck the time of closing. Though he had been idling away the day in copying express speeds the minutes of his superiors, he felt ragged and weary. His indolence had not saved him from a head-ache and a tired hand.

"Before I return to my wife and six children," he murmured, with a guilty blush, "I will attempt to increase the handed sum awarded me by a generous Government for my trivial labours."

Disregarding the prickings of his conscience, he entered a merchant's office and asked for employment. "I have a few leisure hours," he faltered out, "and shall be glad to earn——"

Before he could utter another word the head cashier, throwing off his disguise, appeared as the much-dreaded CorKscREW, the employé of the Criminal Investigation Department.

"Begone, Civil Servant!" hissed out the detector of evil-doing. "All your time belongs to the Crown! What right have you to put any of it to private profit?"

"What have you to do with it?" asked TenTeRroL, desperately.

"The Government," here CorKscREW reverentially lifted his wig, "at the request of the ill-used West-End tradesmen, appointed me to watch you. It is my duty to prevent you from adding to your already princely income by private employment."

TenTeRroL, cowed and beaten, skulked out of the merchant's office and betook himself to the bureau de location of a theatre.

"I am honest and trustworthy," he began, "and I have a few leisure hours which I would willingly sell to an employer. If you have a vacancy as a checktaker——"

"What are you?" asked the box-book-keeper.

"I occupy a stool in the Tin-Tax office," replied TenTeRroL.

The box-book-keeper looked black as thunder as he thundered out, "What have you to do with it?"

"I only wish to earn a honest living," TenTeRroL explained, "and I have a few leisure hours which I would gladly sell to an employer."

"I must ask you to leave the house," the box-book-keeper said sternly. "Are you seeking employment?"

"Yes," TenTeRroL answered, "I have a few leisure hours."

"And shall be glad to earn——"

"No, I will not be employed."

TENTeRroL hastily withdrew, for, in spite of his disguise, the unhappy wretch had recognised the theatrical official the much-dreaded features of CorKscREW, the employé of the Criminal Investigation Department.

The unscrupulous waster of the public time wandered through the streets until he came upon the keeper of a perambulating coffee-stall, apparently past work.

"Madam," said TenTeRroL, courteously, "can I not assist you? I believe that there is that in me that will enable me to sell the stimulating juice of the Arabian berry to the night-wanderers of this great city. I have a few leisure hours, and should be too happy——"

"Beware!" exclaimed the owner of the coffee-stall. "Do you not know that by the new regulations all Civil Service trading in any form, by any of its employés, is illegal?"

TENTeRroL lied in hopeless despair, for in the tones of the aged coffee-stall keeper he had recognised the voice of CorKscREW, who a few years since would have been called the Detective.

"Fouled on every side, the conscience-stricken Civil Servant made his way to his four-roomed tenement at East Hackney.

"Here is to-day's money," he exclaimed, as he threw a few silver coins on the wooden table. His wife seized the coin, and promised the children that in consideration of their light dinners, they should each enjoy a shop egg with their tea. The children shouted with glee at the prospect of the coming banquet, and yet their father grumbled.

"How dare you complain of the princely salary which a too-indulgent Government pays you for the exclusive use of your labour?"

The rebuked TenTeRroL hid his face in his hands, and was silent.

A SONG OF THE SLADE PROFESSORS.

Oh, there were three Slade Professors, three extremely Mighty Men

(Two of them champions of the brush, one potent with the pen),


Where, perched as on three Pilgrims, they looked down with proper scorn

On dull Philistia's barren flats, where mortals crawl about,

Subbing for unethereal food with unesthetic snout.

'Tis like that Critio's cheek to quiz the man we praise and pet so,

Cried Richard and Leegos and at ones. Gaud SIDNEY CoLVIN, "Quot so!"

"He has not any call at all to criticise such patechawes,

So far beyond the compass of his crude, misleading strictchaws."

Thus CoLVIN, and Leegos and all hastened to agree;

The trio, Art's new Cerberus, you see, were one, though three.

"In imaginative power, and so on as we—"

From ANGELO TO RAPHAEL, our JONES must bear the bell.

Cried Richard and Leegos at once. Quoth SRIPNEY CoLVIN,

"No! the only one's in it with B.-J. is BOTICCELLI.

"The Government," here CorKscREW reverentially lifted his wig,

"That BURNE-JONES is perfection's an Art-axiom, don't you know?"

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Oblivion the Best Epitaph.

"One who wishes justice done to the Memory of the Prince of ORANGE," writes to the Times, putting in a good word for this Heir of a Crown who could never tear himself from the delights of fast life in Paris. The best way to do justice to such a memory, Punch would suggest, is, to forget it.

Respectability and Religion.

Wit, it is asked, are Churches filled by people in the upper and middle ranks of life; whilst the poor find themselves from places of worship? Clearly because the Church-goers belong to the better classes.

MACHIAVELLI'S "Prince" (a very German edition)—Prince BuMARK.
TO SARAH!

(By an exuberant Enthusiast.)

**Mistress of Hearts and Arts, a lady who has long ago ceased to be an umbrella.**

She was first a gentle breeze to one, then a snowstorm from one to two, and was to carry bags with costume for every hour, whatever the weather! It is a good idea, for it will be bitterly cold up to twelve, then it will be quite mean and grey! Then, when the day might be warm, we will put on t-shirts and jeans, and there will be a deep of winter.

What is the forecast of one or two days before? We will write—

"Muse"? All Mme Monoy's bright brood in one;

Compound of Psyche, Phryne, Briony, Ruler of storm and calm, Euroclydon And Zephyr! Slender Syrian Astarte!

With voice the soul of music, like that harp Which whilom sounded in the Hall of Tara.

How dare Philistines at thy whimsies carp, Soul-swaying SARAH!!

"Foeusse"? Pooh! pooh! Yet who so well can pose as those who stand by slim sinuosity?

"Stagger"? Abused! "The dears is head and the rose"?

Delicious! Gives the touch of tenderness That lifts thee to the Lania level. Oh!

Shams on the doths who hint of Dulcamara,

A propos of leaves and picture-show,

Serpentine SARAH!!

Clinging enchantress, supple sire, sweep

In likely languorous attitudes for ever,

Bewitch my gree, and make my pulses creep!

So Naiads glide—save thee, gross mortals never!

About these plays the brightness of Queen Mab,

Dashed with romance of the girl-page in Luna.

Common-place snobs who chaff thee I could stab,

Suggestive SARAH!!!!

Oh idol of the hour and of my heart,

Who calls thee crazy, half, and half-capricious?

A compound of Liones' and Barnum's part, In outracqunder rather injudicious!

Ah! heed thee not! Play, scribble, soup, sing, paint,

Pose as a Plastio-Protea, mia cara;

Sappho, sacrify, quintessential, quaint,

Sventianante SARAH!!!!

**THE CLERKS OF THE WEATHER.**

**Every morning in this summer we can now find out what sort of a day it is going to be.** A great boon to everyone, of course. No one will be wearing thick clothes when he ought to have put on light materials; and Ladies will not come out in maulins when they should have been in cloths and furs.

But how about "changeable"? Suppose the forecast of the day to be the effect that it will be bitterly cold up to twelve, than excitingly warm up to one, then a snowstorm from one to two, then sun from two to three, rain from three to four, from five to seven the depth of winter!

For those who have to be out all day, this will be a difficulty. We shall have to carry bags with changes of costume for every hour, like an entertainment, including shoes, thick and thin, and a newly-invented crutch-handled stick, which will develop into an umbrella.

Weather Offices are to be multiplied everywhere; and instead of one Clerk of the Weather—a official who has long ago ceased to be a joke—we shall have hundreds of them with the weather under direct control. Won't they be abused when anything goes wrong?

"Look here!" some indignant person will write—"you said it would be fine yesterday, and it wasn't. I went out in thin shoes, and shall bring an action against you for damages." Ladies will write—

"Dear Mr. Clerk,—Do, please do, there's a dear, order a nice clear, fine, dry day, not too hot, you know, but just nice, for the children's picnic. Fête. You know, in former years, at least so I am told, it always used to rain, and then—oh, such a dreadful mess! quite too awfully shocking, you know! So, please do arrange it, and I shall be so much obliged, and so will several other Ladies with whom, I can tell you, you are such a favourite!"

Of course, all fêtes, all Bank holidays, instead of being on fixed days, shall be the effect the moveable Fêtes, the dates to be fixed by a forecast of the weather.

The Forecast, which has lately been arguing against a moveable Easter holiday, will be compelled to argue in favour of this common-sense scheme, which puts the best day at the disposal of those who have so few good days for real out-of-door enjoyment.

At present I back the forecast of one or two experienced Ramsgate boatmen against all the scientific prognostications of all the Clerks of the Weather at so much per annum. Who practically cares how it is done as long as the result is correct, and the effect beneficial? The Shepherds inland, and the Boatmen for the coast, are at present the cheapest schoolmasters for our Clerks of the Weather. But we are getting on; and soon we'll just have whatever weather we want. That is, when we can all be unanimous on the point.

**MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET PRÆVALEBIT.**

At the Meeting of the Select Committee on Co-operative Stores, Mr. TURNTABLE, a tradesman living in Turntable 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 End of London. I live in a house 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 never run my 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! Mr. Turntable. I have nothing to do with the way they spend their money. [oie Ayey See ol salaries out of my own pocket.

**The Chairman.** That is the profit? Mr. Turntable. Not much; but I pay their salaries out of my own pocket.

**The Chairman.** Do you object to co-operation in the abstract? Mr. Turntable. Not to cooperation, unless the shareholders have any share in it.

**The Chairman.** Are you a Member of the Committee? 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 see how they do it by giving no more than 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.** But you are aware that the salaries of Civil Servants are not, as a rule, large?

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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 £1300-pounder, but being, in truth, incapable of effective fire? Nobody seems quite...
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—e. v. voted—without being any the worse for it, and must, on the whole, be 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 Trevelyan 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 Inquiry.

Lord Beresford 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 Airey. That was the best guarantee that the Inquiry would, not an Airey 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. Otway that Mr. Vivian, our Egyptian Consul-General, had not been deposited, 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. Lascelles for locum tenens. Suppose, on his return, he were to find his friend the Kerries 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 the upsetting of Mr. Pashka 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 proposal that there be no soldiers' faces, Mr. Stackpool 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 inquie the place another year—if the military go on as they give promise of doing, that is, in the direction of the dogs—in which, as Lord Beaconsfield has declared right and in the teeth of Colonel Sarre-Tache, and Major Mantinque.

A row over Army Medical Establishment, which bloomed 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—

"Draw on wi' storm, and clatter,
And snares 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 decline to be satisfied with the protective and prohibitive section of that aristocratic sporting body in preserving the suburbs from the invasion of blackguardism under the name of sport.

Lord Eversley maintained his ground stiffly, and backed by his peers, carried all the contested clauses of his Bill through Committee.
British clergyman's cloth. It is a deliberate act of disrespect to a peculiarly
householders, begs to thank him.

is just it. We will insist on looking at things with our eyes only, and not
proportion to the seriousness of the outrage in our eyes. " In our — That
official who is to blame should be smartly over the knuckles, and if Lord
more grave-looking acts of oppression. The

of even bigger men than Sir M. H. Bracu.

of cotton duties to cat the Lancashire vote; urged

that the stripes should be given in "the strongest 1 two stripes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was against
Secretary of State schedule floggable offences? Sir R.
the Cat altogether—cutting off a few of his tails was
heaviest half of his punishment.

enforcement " of not more than one stripe or tail. " This Lord ELCRO
thought a reductio ad absurdum; and brilliantly sug-
gested the insertion of " Manx " before " Cat," as Manx
cats have no tails.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON thought his honourable
friends had better not push their point too far. If
Government was not to be trusted to choose a Cat, what
was it good for? Ultimately, the Committee came to
the same conclusion, after this very lively night on the
tiles, by 164 to 54.

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 unconstitu-
tionally 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 depre-
cated 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 AROYST 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 them last to Sir A. STANLEY
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 the first case—his
reasons for contending that the Governor-General should
have done so, and had not done it.

Mr. E. STANHOPE drew the Duke of AROYST for the
anticipated tu quoque, and argued, besides, that Indian
Secretaries of State and Governors-General had this over-
ruling power, and in all cases cited had used it wisely
and well. He would produce the papers asked for.

(He knows very well that not a dozen Members will
read them.)

Mr. LAIN 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!)

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Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL thought even the tu quoque was
a bad one. There was no parallel between the cases in
which the MACALLEN MORE had overridden his Council
and those.

Altogether Sir WILLYM'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 Lan-
cashire, and there will be a General Election next year."

Wednesday.—Mr. DELAHUNTY, defeated in his on-
slaught on Irish one-pound notes, and out of his
in his attempt to do away with the tax on guns used for
killing vermin.

Mr. MACARTHY, as an Irish landlord, very naturally
objected to a Bill which would facilitate the killing of
that class of vermin.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord NORTHERN called atten-
tion to Indian finances; protested against the reduction
of cotton duties to cat the Lancashire vote; urged
Cote Duties in the interests of Lasenehi.

he will wait for this astounding application of the pruning knife to the salaries of the highest paid Civil Officials all round.

wait till he sees it. 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 CALDERON 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 chaff at Liberal Lords’ sudden conversion from Free Trade to Protection.

Lord SALISBURY said the Viceroy had overlooked 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 Salisbury move to that effect?

(Commons.)—The harmless necessary Cat chivied again all over the House, and another violent attempt made on his few surviving tails. The question was, and Mr. Brown’s minimum of twenty-five lashes been accepted as a compromise?

The Lorp CHANCELLOR said if that was so, why didn’t Lord Salisbury move to that effect?

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 tails—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 Durham repeated Lord MELBOURNE’s attempt to get the Lords to meet an hour earlier for the young men’s Discipline Bill. They couldn’t make a good job of it.

Mr. GORST condemned the House, and another violent attempt made on his few surviving tails. The question was, and Mr. Brown’s minimum of twenty-five lashes been accepted as a compromise?

(Commons.)—In the morning Mr. OTWAY tried to get some official light turned on the Egyptian darkness, but in vain, as Mr. Bouverie couldn’t make a good job of it. Lord BACONSFIELD pooh-poohed the Motion, and, after a speech in its favour from Lord GLANVILLE, was “chaffed” out by 101 to 84. But the Hour will come—and the young men.

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This would be a new principle with a vengeance, and Punch will wait till he sees it. 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.

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The Prince Imperial.

NAPOLEON EUGÈNE LOUIS

BORN AT PARIS, MARCH 16, 1856.
KILLED IN ZULU LAND, JUNE 1, 1879.

“Poor mother!” “Twas the first thing thought or said,
Voice of who knows how many million hearts.
When the news came that her brave boy was dead,—
That child of hopes, that youth of princely parts,
Gentle and graceful . . . bright and brave and gay;
Whose brief life all of love and praise had won
That within compass of its winning lay—
Who was all mother could have wished her son.
Fair-dawning day by swift eclipse so crossed,
And by an ambushed savage’s stray dart!
Bleak freight of hope and love so early lost
Left but to salvage of a mother’s heart!
Talk not of plots and plans that, ripening slow,
Are by this death struck down with blast and blight;
We have no thought but for that mother’s woes,
The darkness of that childless widow’s night!

“How many hundred unknown mothers mourn
Slain sons? Why should this one our hearts so stir?”
Because, set high, we see her crown of thorns,
Feel with all mothers when we feel with her.

“God help her!”—so our prayers begin and end,
Knowing her fortune’s fall, her high hope’s close—
And gently, Time, bring Death, that, like a friend,
Shall lay her down to share her boy’s repose.

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 gone 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 Eclipse in order, have promised to aid in the direction. Cetus has undertaken to assist in floating the Company; and Taurus, with his little brother, Taurus Poniatowski, has agreed with the Great and Little Bears to abstain from meddling with the Shares, any allotment of which has been peremptorily refused to Cerbus. 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 New Zodiac Office, AQUARIUS, Official Liquidator.

456, West Strand, W.C.

The Kedive’s Summing Up.

“Abdication or Deposition. Such is the alternative offered to the Kedive by the Three Powers. The intervention of Germany has brought matters to this decisive issue.”—Egyptian Telegram.

Abdication 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 practice 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, such of our grandmothers as still survive would have to come forward and vindicate the Honour of the British Toecaps.

—Which dolorous reflection must be Mrs. Punch's Apology for the above frantick 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 (after an interval of silence). You will put on a very bad one!

[Scanty applause from the Left, and loud cries of "Trés-bien!" and "C'est vrai!" from the Ministerial Benches.]

The President. I cannot permit my hat to be insulted. (Long continued cheering from the Left.) So long as you insulted me, M. de Fanfaron, I treated your attacks with the contempt, the loathing, the derision they deserved; but when you abuse so old and valued an article of my wardrobe, I have a right to insist upon your silence.

[Immense applause from the Left, and loud cries of "Trés-bien!" and "C'est vrai!" from the Ministerial Benches.]

M. de Fanfaron. I shall not be silent. (Here the Deputy's voice was drowned 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 assis et levé, 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.

The President (solemnly). After this, there is but one thing to do. I shall put on my hat. [Prolonged sensation.]

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'Rowdy moved that the Vote be reduced by £200. He was not at all satisfied that pins were constantly required for keeping 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 capricious commentary.

Mr. O'Rowdy, 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'ROUDY) had no doubt but what pounds and pounds of pins were wasted annually. He should carry his Motion to a division.

The Amendment was then put, and lost by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. O'ROUDY then rose, and declared that he would oppose everything and everybody.

The Chairman having called the Hon. Member to order without effect, a Policeman was introduced, who insisted that Mr. O'ROUDY should "Move on!"

Mr. O'ROUDY 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—s-s-y.)

1. Because the Governor-General know a good deal more about the matter than his Council.

2. Because the Secretary for India know 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 ever dear to the Conservative Statesmen.

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 at 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 SALSBURY was at the India Office he had been known often, out of mere zeal for his charge, to shout out "Porish England!" in his sleep.

But for (1) Because the Government were anxious to secure the Lancashire Vote at the next Election.

A QUERY OF THE DAY.

CHE SARA SARA?

Avis per-rara?

Sculptress and Paintress,
Poetess and Faintress,
Swoning and swaying,
Playing and praying,
For praise or for profit,
On stage, or off it.

Of actresses actress;
Press-benefactress—

Poseuse and Faintress,
Playing and praying,
Swooning and swaying,
For praise or for profit.

Not Quite So Easy.

India has two wolves at her door—Invasion and Famine. The one barks at her throat, yearly, the other saults 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 Bucolic, and, if accompanied by a return to pastoral simplicity of living, might make the Farmers once more "Felix inominum, nisi in bono nonis."

COULEUR DE ROSE.

(The Chancellor of the Exchequer at the Banquet of the Tower Hamlets Conservative Association.)

Mr. CHALMERS, and Ladies and Gentlemen,—this is a moment of moments, great with the future.

"Tis with pride and with pleasure I rise to respond To the toast you received with a rapture so fond. It is also, believe me, with pleasure and pride That I greet this large muster of friends to our side. In fact "pride and pleasure" are words I'd beseech Your permission to take as the text of my speech. I'm of optimist tastes, as the country well knows, And my views about most things are couleur de rose: So the alliteration is much to my mind.

"Tis with pride and with pleasure I see you so kind; "Tis with pleasure and pride that I think of your Mint, And your Trinity House has the same may day that As I passed its Admiralty house-to-day on my ride.

I surveyed the fine structure with pleasure and pride. Then your Tower again—pray excuse that slight sob,

Every Briton must feel a just sense of pride. Because a Perey at India knew a great deal more than

But Lord B.'s firmness, courage, and energy—(cheers)— Might move brave Bismarck to curious tears.

None will dance to their tune, — they keep up their bawl. The African bungle we'll very soon square—

And then we can boast, sans suspicion of "cheek," That the blame for bad times does not rest with our side.

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?

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THE FARMER FOR THE FAIR.—A Husbandman.
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."—(Sniffing.)—"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 gens"—(his two little nephews on a visit)—"said they'd bury it in the garden for me; 'stead o' which they're a—"

"—(breaking down)—"Creematin' 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. Sat 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.

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. 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 (solemnly). "I am 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. What so you expect will be left of you at thirty, if you take it out of yourself in this disgraceful way at thirteen?"

Son. "I am very sorry, Father. I didn't do it upon purpose—and and I won't do it again."

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 Entertainment 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—especially for Mr. Sarah Bankroft—but the Paris Figaro's account of the guest has rather bothered me. Here is an extract:

"A côté du Lord Maire était placée Mlle. Madeleine Brom an; M. Em. Perrin se trouvait auprès de Mme. la Maire. La scène anglaise était représentée par Miss Neilson, une adorable tragédienne et comédienne, qui a joué onze cents fois le rôle de Juliette; Mme. Kendal, Mme. Bankroft, Mlle. Nevitte; M. Vestin, M. Windham, M. Ch. Warner, qui a eu ce moment un grand succès à Londres dans The Drink, imitation de L'Assommoir."

I recognize Miss Neilson. That's easy enough, and I don't suppose among all the comédiennes et tragédiennes 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? Mme. Kendal—only one vowel out—and then Mme. Bankroft!!! Here's a triumph for Countess Zicka, the Russian Adventuress, in Diplomacy!

Let Mr. and Mrs. Bankroft at once avail themselves of this title, "Count and Countess Bankroft"—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 Bankroft!

Who is Miss Neville? There may be such an artiste among us, or is it Mister Henry Neville in disguise? "And this is fame!" cried either the Editor of the Etonians Gazette or the other idiot, whose rival. Then here is Mr. Vestin with an "s" instead of a "z," cried either the Editor of the Eatanswill Gazette or the other idiot, "T" instead of a "y." Well, the substitution is good. Finally, Mr. Charles Warner, who is so successful in "The Drink"! Capital. Bravo, French Figaro Reporter! And how does Charles Reader like "imitation de L'Assommoir"? But no matter. Here's another extract:

"Le succès de beauté a été pour Mlle. Bankroft fort remarqué par le Lord Maire; pour Mlle. Croisset et Mme. Thiron, il a reçu un coup, qui a eu l'effet de rafraîchir l'ambiance des murs. Nez de gants de soie, une robe de nuit, une robe de nuit, et l'univers des sables de mer rempli'hui dans la cérémonie, où chacun doit à son tour suivant un véritable témoignage de respect. Mlle. Samary ne pouvait s'empêcher de désirer à y être aussi."

"Mme. Bankroft, placée au bout de la table d'honneur, qui a été le premier à prendre le coup de la cuisine, semblait très satisfaite."

"A la fin de la cérémonie du l'assommoir, l'assistance a été invitée à un festin, qui s'est achevé par une danse en rond."

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 convict 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. Isn'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, skill, and cell-accommodation, without forcing prison labour into injurious competition with honest industry.

AMERICAN SHEMASONS.

Can a woman keep a secret? Possibly; at least in the United States: and if she belong to certain associations included amongst—

"FEMALE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES. The reports of the American May Meetings indicate 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 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 a Mr. Lirtie Peccapitio: "Men were not admitted." And the female missionaries were "giled" against mankind. There is a curious facility discernible in the selection of the word when the sartorial meeting of the shemasons' meeting. Saratoga is a compound of Sara and toga—Sara signifies the sex the name pertains to, and toga meaning toga virilis—with underworld and connections to correspond.
I wish that there could be some indication in the Catalogue of the proper pronunciation of such distinguished, but perplexing names, as Abravanel, Benjorn, Boubry, Bovet, Guidon, Hertlem, Hersom, Outhar, Stieve, and Yvam. (Perhaps a little guidance to the orthography of Naussacoia would not be unacceptable.)

I wish I had money to buy a landscape or two. If they can do it without risk of bankruptcy, I wish the Refreshment Contractors would charge something less than tenpence for a cup of tea and 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 admissions, and a long life to its benefactors, the generous and constant Commissioners to each and all of its Members—in a word, FLORENT REGIA ACADEMIA ARTHRAE—so that it not be under the obligation to deposit sticks, umbrellas, and parasols, before entering its premises?

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.

I wish it was not so hot. I wish I had come earlier. I wish that all the works could be labelled with their titles and the names of the Artists. I wish that the Academy would depute some of its Members to go round the Galleries and point out the best works by outsiders, single line of all that the critics have written.

"The Catalogue would charge some sixpence for a cup of tea and not a large cup—of tea.

And I wish that the Academy would revive the order of female Academicians, too long in abeyance, and enrol in its ranks the Painter of Nos. 20 and 582.

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 that the Academy would depute some of its Members to go round the Galleries and point out the best works by outsiders, and that the principal outsiders would perform the same useful office for the Academicians and Associates.

I wish I had visited the Exhibition without reading beforehand a single line of all that the critics have written. I wish that some of the pictures could have had better places, and others worse, and others—none at all.

I wish the Catalogue would vouchsafe a little information about the form of the detestable ravage of the army-worm in the New World. In the Old World, especially in Germany and Russia, the army-worm not only eats the hay, but the cereals, and everything, in fact, that supports human life! If this pestilent worm were a serious nuisance on the other side of the Atlantic, on this side it would be illegible from below. The long struggle of short visitors to make out the present figures is exhausting, as well as tantalising.

I wish I had 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.

The Youth shook his head. "Father William," he said, "I'm afraid it is time that you took to your bed! You're a little old chap—I respect you as such—But the yarn you now pitch is a little too much. March, April, and May, the worst months of the year, When colds are most common, and coals are most dear, You're a bit off your head." Said the Sage, "Mad youth, Pray shut up. I am telling you nought but the truth.

And I wish that the Academy would revive the order of female Academicians, too long in abeyance, and enrol in its ranks the Painter of Nos. 20 and 582.

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HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

Containing much that was never even thought of in Dickens's Dictionary. Specially intended for Visitors to the Metropolis during the Agricultural Show.

"A 1."—This is Mr. Punch's Golden Number. It is also a title of courtesy, in addition to the usual titles of the "A" Division.

There are plenty of Academies in London for the education of Young Men and Women. The chief of these is the Royal Academy, where only Royal Children are brought up.

ADELPHI.—A theatre in the Strand, which was the scene of the name of Terence. Here is where the body has heard of the Adelphi of Terence. Here is where Mr. Ben Webster, who wrote the Dictionary which is a size here and is a Park, is associated with the works 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 spoken of as the biggest Ben ever known on the stage. At the Adelphi of Tenancy, Hewitt, Mt. Baw severe, who wrote his Dictionary which bears nett is still connected with this house.

MIRALTY.—Where all the admirals are. If you want an admission to the Museum, where you will find the Wooden Walls, you must say to the sailor, "What cheer, messmate?" And the sailor will answer, "Aye, aye, office-hours from two to five. When you enter the gates, you must say to the sailor, "Admiral, call in here, and take your choice."

The rooms at the back of the binnacle, are entirely free from disturbance in the West End. One of these is the binnacle. Everyone takes a look at it in the morning. Very fine in the afternoon. The seraple to right through the doors, and some loose fish outside. The stock are permitted to go in and out, until the doors are closed at night.

ALBANY.—A funereal sort of Burlington Arcade, guarded by two officials, one at each end. Here the state prisoners are kept, their cell doors being on the right and left of the central passage. Their cells are on the right and left of the central passage. Their cell doors are locked.

ALHAMBRA.—The residence of the Moorish Ambassador in Leicester Square. Receptions every night from seven till 11.30.

ALPINE CLUB.—Here any speculator 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 them. The Alps 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 calculated. 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 Law. 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 Park and Ritzengary without any hindrance, and past Buckingham Palace without being challenged by the sentry. Only, if you are challenged, you are bound to accept his meaning, and so lose your own time and waste him, until the arrival of the patrol. With the Analyst's Ticket in your pocket, you can walk up and down Burlington Arcades, 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 unanswerable explanation.

Before making a purchase at any shop, inquire whether they take sixty per cent, cash, for anyone holding an Analyst's Ticket. When you see them do this, it is an indication that they have a morning newspaper, and信号 will be from the masthead. If he is, ask him for an order to view the collection of Bonaparte's letters, where you will find the Wooden Walls, and all letters on the subject should be addressed to the Analyst's Pincers' Milk Office, care of Overseer, the Hatch, Colney.

ANGLING.—This is the science of turning the corners or "doing the angles" neatly, most useful to all pedestrians and drivers of vehicles. England was once the land of the Angles, which accounts for there still being so many nooks and corners to be found all over the country. The term has a secondary meaning, implying "fishing," but in London it is almost obsolete, except perhaps in the neighbourhood of the Serpentine, which—it being a long time before we got to "S," so we may as well anticipate the information—is so called from the serpents found in it. These serpents are not venomous, and closely resemble eels. Every sort of fish may be caught in the Serpentine, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 8 P.M. Bait can be used for carp, tench, jack, trout, salmon trout, char, salmon, and eels, but purely sea-fish are rarely found below bridge, though they have been seen above it. With such chances at hand, why should the disciple of Izaak Walton hook it elsewhere?

ANTHONY.—A place where the Chief Analyst's office are. They have been seen above it. With such chances at hand, why should the disciple of Izaak Walton hook it elsewhere?

Apple.—A theatre in the Strand, which is a size here and is a Park, is associated with the works 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 spoken of as the biggest Ben ever known on the stage. At the Adelphi of Tenancy, Hewitt, Mt. Baw severe, who wrote his Dictionary which bears nett is still connected with this house.
BEAUTY A CRITIC ON BEAUTY.

Fred and Charlie. "There's Mrs. Spiffington! Ain't she looking 'lovely!'"

Mrs. Billington (a rival Beauty). "I never could see the loveliness of Mrs. Spiffington, I confess! Now, that short woman, with the large black hat, who's with her, is lovely, if you like!"
MOWDAY, 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 REDESDALE said the Bill should have been a Public Bill; that it would want sharp looking after, but deprecated any instruction to the Committee. Lord REDESDALE likes to monopolise the instruction of Committees in the Lords.

(Communs.)—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
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, fraudulent enlistment, and other heinous offences, in the count of time towards pension. On which Mr. Biggar talked the House out.

The morning's talk-out was followed by a Count Out in the evening. "Thus had begun, but worse were 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 Platfaff, 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 Universal Church to 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 up—

"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 quite 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. Stan gave the Irish Roman-Catholic reasons in favour of the Bill; Mr. Macartney 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 next session, and to allow the Bill to die. The Third Reading, has referred to a Select Committee.

Mr. Holte (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 not have quite as good a chance of getting a degree, of obtaining quite as good a chance of getting a degree, of obtaining quite as great a chance of getting a degree, of obtaining quite as great a chance of getting a degree; that no Government would be able to deal with this question on the lines of this Bill."

Mr. Stan gave the Irish Roman-Catholic reasons in favour of the Bill; Mr. Macartney and the Irish Attorney-General the Irish Protestant reasons against it.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer declared the Government had only made up their minds after hearing and weighing all that had been said in favour of the Bill, and having come to the conclusion that they could not support the Bill, they felt they were bound to bring 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 from destruction the House Bridge from the proposed alteration by cast-iron work of at least $200,000. A Select Committee between it and that embellishment. Sir J. Eennie's Bill is not yet safe; but at least there is to be no rehousing of those who have made the provision that provision which can be made without destroying a noble architectural work. The Bill, on Third Reading, has been referred to a Select Committee.

Mr. O'Connor Power, asking the Chief Secretary a question as to his authority for saying that most of the speakers at the late Tenant Farmers' Meeting at Milltown, County Galway, were not tenant-
farmers 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 Power’s speeches; whereupon Mr. O’Connor’s friends, Mr. PARELL at their head, rushed in, on the point of order: whereupon Mr. NEWBUDGE rose to order on Mr. PARELL, and Mr. SULLIVAN to order on Mr. NEWBUDGE, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on Mr. SULLIVAN, and Mr. MITCHEL-HEY 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 Excercise till at last the SPEAKER himself was swept into order on Mr. SUTIRVAN, and Mr. MURCHIE on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to order on Mr. NEWBUTE, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER between Mr. BRIENT, the CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer, and Mr. O’CONNOR Power withdrew his Motion, and the House settled down to the business of the evening, after an hour of such lively scrimmage 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 BISMARCK, and answered Lord HARTINGTON’s questions, to the effect that France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, and the Porte, had all had a finger in the Egyptian pie; that the principal ground for pressing ISMAIL’s abdication was the misgovernment of Egypt; and that the abdication had taken place in obedience to orders received from the Porte.

Mr. FAWCETT wanted to know if the recommendations to the KHEDIVE to resign had been made solely in consequence of the misgovernment of his people, and had nothing to do with the failure of the KHEDIVE to execute his engagements to his creditors. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the “complications” between the KHEDIVE and his creditors were “part of the case against him.” To pay his creditors he had to squeeze his poor fellows, and this caused oppression: “but still it would be incorrect to say that these complications were the reason of the action of the Government.”

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 Bismarck’s chariot, and that spirited England only interfered on finding that the European Powers were quite prepared to interfere with her.

Friday (Lords).—Lord CARNARVON pleaded for the oppressed Armenians.

Lord SALTUARE moaned 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 go” with the Turk. Very pleasant, especially when we consider that we have guaranteed Turkish dominion in Asia Minor on condition of there being no war or disturbance of its conditions.

(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 taste, as we know, is a question en pair.

Why should Cite, or Lord Chancellors either, be bored

With most points of aesthetics? It’s jolly unfair.

Our British Babloons’ practical rule

Is that money expended on Beauty’s sheer waste;

So the man who disputes Art is a fool,

For that’s purely a matter of taste!

An architect’s quarrel—between pot and kettle—

Think of making a fuss a propos of a Bridge?

The Courts should settle, Undisturbed by the buzz of the critical midget.

CARNARVON, and GRANVILLE, and GRAY may talk trash,

About grand designs marred and fine structures defaced;

But our CHANCELLOR—bliss 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.

But every time, in your consulting-rooms,

And we can’t let mere prettiness stand in its way.

A Speaker’s Assistant.

Nullus mors, any more than legis Anglie mutari. Nevertheless, might not the SPEAKER 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 serviceable imitation, what would the Collective Wisdom say to a Chinese gong?
CHARLES, OUR FRIEND.


Everyone was interested in "CHARLEY" Mathews. "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 Mathews 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 Mathews!—"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 ever—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 Sawannahs," as poor old Joe Willett softly murmured,—his autobiography comes to us, pleasant and chatty as the man himself.

Who but thinks of CHARLES Mathews affectionately, whether they knew him personally, or not? He had the popularity of the Second CHARLES without his vices; and, unlike the First CHARLES, "Cool as a Cucumber," never lost his head. We got into the way—old and young—of looking upon him as a "seagull" 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 Mathews; and we looked upon his Affable Hawk as himself down to the bone—only without the "Hawk."

"Imitate CHARLES Mathews!" cried out some one in the Gallery to Mr. J. L. Toole while giving his imitations of PHILPS, FECHTER, BUCKSTONE, &c.

"I shan't!" shouted Mr. Toole in reply. "I would if I could, but CHARLES Mathews 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 Mathews—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 Mathews 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.

"THE WREATH REFUSED."

AIR—"Celia'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
Pots of corrosion we should see,
We'll know they are not signs of slight,
But tears of pity for Tracy's brow!

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (June, 1879).—Blankets and Eider Downs.
Ismarz.

"GET OFF!"

BISMILLAH!

WHO'S THIS?

The Sultan's firman has arrived at Alexandria, pronouncing the deposition of the Khedive, and the nomination of Prince Tewfik in his stead.—Reuter's Eastern Telegram.

HOW ABOUT THE DONKEY?
DEAR CHARLIE,

I've seen her! I'm sure you'll at once understand who I mean. There is only one * her* now in town, and that's Saran, the Gaiety Queen. Every gent as is really a gent, and a lover of chick and ler bow is bound to have seen Sanau B., so yours truly of course 'ad to go.

I've bin picking up French a bit lately along o' my new chum, ALFones, I can patter it proper, I tell yer, and feel to be quite in the swim; 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!" old 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 I noticed most on 'em had books, though, and minded 'em too, all the same.

Though they tried to look horful Aofay,—wot in English we'd call up to snuff. quantities, an' & ie my Saviouse strong, no French salads ¢ foaflays for me, fallonige = en we TO ee That yer couldn't lay hold on it somehow, like some sorts of scents, my dear boy, Mr. Punch takes eppertanity of throwing some light on the excision is dictated by the logic of facts. Can a Legislative Body, wire in the flying "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 dollar on it."

But French filagree 's not to my mind, I like more of stuff, substance, and go. He'll show me the Real French Jam. Carn't you come with us? traffic in King William Street, though it wold cavitainly not being puffect, no doubt there wos some things I lost; to walk over, and not to stare at, I suppose? But even if one for waggons, and one for cabs, on each the old one."

No, Saran's the rage, there's no doubt, with her picters, and coffins, and of York's column threatened!" He concludes yt ry to oe —— = = as —— ae ay y Rg for ee avinS Thatses dota the Borough Rood clean

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?"

ALL IN THE SAME LINE.

Punch hears, with pleasure, that Zaikel is going to be married—and to a distinguished divine. Strange fate! Out of the mouth of a Canon into the arms of an Archbishop! May she be happy!

The window of more than one public-house is posted an advertising placard of the D. T. play, Drink, illustrated with a series of picturesque fac-similes representing the several stages of D. T. Temperance Public-houses? Yes, Temperance; but not Total Abstinence. Establishments for the sale of intoxicating liquors, they display, however, a caution admonishing the purchaser not to imbibe them in intoxicating quantities, and are thus really 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 copper, 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 thereby save the money in your pocket! As to taste, a bridge is made to walk over, and not to stare at, I suppose? But even if one comes to look, in my opinion there would be no greater handsomer than this, this side of Lambeth Suspension."

"Aestheticus" hopes that one of the finest river-structures in Europe is not going to be thus sacrificially 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 depoiler? 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 cabs conveying people missing trains, when weighed against the culture of an artistic theory?"

"Contractor" suggests "a couple of new bridges, one for waggons, 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 cramp 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."

"West End" wants to know why the Corporation doesn't "try the Hyde Park dodge, and shut out the cabs and vans altogether, sending them, if they must get across, round by the Tower ferry?"

"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 dollar 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.
LA COMÉDIE FRANCAISE.

Jones (who understands French so well, although he does not speak it), reading over List of Pieces to be played at the Gaiety:—"Let GENDRE

supplementing her appearances before the British cablie at the actress plays has been written with a view to showing her proficiency in arts beside the..."* the leaders of fu. The little piece in which this charming

in bg arts beside the a Pp run—something like the following (smartly translated into French)

Scenz.—A Studio, with Busts and Groups in Marble, Clay, and Plaster, with all that is wanted for modelling and sculpr

with all that is wanted for writing.

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. Now do you ask if I paint?

Stella. A sister—or a rival! Quickly modelling a bust, a bas-relief, or a medallion of the most conspicuous public character in the Audience. You recognise the likenesses.

Dr. Feeder (after a long and careful inspection). Not at the first glance. It is surely not CHARLES THE FIRST, nor NELSON—nor Lord BACONSFIELD?

Stella (angrily). How stupid you are! It is a portrait of—

Here names conspicuous personages.

Dr. Feeder. To the life—and (bowing to personage) from the life! (Looking at watch.) And now I think it is time to go to the theatre, where your comrades and an eager public are waiting for you.

Stella. I shall not go.

Dr. Feeder. Not go! That would be to fail in respect for the public and your comrades.

Stella. Then I will fail! I am tired out. Think of the entertainments I have given, the crowds I have received, and the excitement I have gone through!

Dr. Feeder. Everywhere, except at the theatre.

Stella. As you say—except at the theatre. But I am a genius: I cannot be bound by ordinary rules. I am worn out by my constant exertions... broken by the rush of emotions, impressions, excitements—everywhere—

Dr. Feeder. Except at the theatre.

Stella (Snapping her fingers). That for the theatre! I am the great STELLA! What is the theatre to me?

Dr. Feeder. But your comrades... the British public?

Stella. Let them wait. Nothing stimulates curiosity like expectation. (Addressing spectators.) If my kind friends here will... approve, I may snap my fingers at my comrades, at the public, and at everybody before and behind the Curtain. (To Doctor.) Ah! I faint! Support me!

Languishes and sinks on Dr. Feeder's shoulder in an appealing attitude. Tableau.

HYPOTHESIS AGAINST HARVEY.

The delivery of the annual Harveyian Oration by Dr. Wilks, F.R.S., at the College of Physicians on Thursday last week, may suggest the observation that there is no original thinker going about and impeaching Harvey's discovery. It is a wonder that a genius of the description of him who writes and lectures in confutation of Harvey also a duffer. If the earth is flat, then of course it doesn't revolve round the sun, and the revolution of the earth is all humbug; and if the revolution of the... things that are reputed to be; but extremely plausible.

The text of Dr. Wilks's discourse was Harvey's advice to his followers to study and search out the secrets of Nature by way of experiment. We have that from the Anti-Vivisectionists will hardly be in favour of following the method of investigation prescribed by Harvey.

Our Woolwich Infants.

(Dedicated to the "Cadet Company" of the R.M.A.)

The life of Young Woolwich was once Spartan hard, and now it's grown freer and gayer. But Punch will be kind to our friend a CHAIR 2Gast black draught that "brought up" a FITZMAYER.

SW To Correspondents.—The Editor does not hold himself bound to acknowledge returns, or pay for Contributions. No return can there be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed covering. Copy should be kept.