

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 100, January 3, 1891 eBook

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 100, January 3, 1891

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PUNCH,

Or the London charivari.

Vol. 100.

January 3, 1891.

[Illustration: *Vol. C, Calendar*]

January xxxi Days.

- 1 Th N. Year's D.
- 2 F Abydos t.
- 3 S L. Hunt b.
- 4 S 2 S. af. Chr.
- 5 M Sambourne]
- 6 T Epiphany
- 7 W Bp. Ely d.
- 8 Th Cam. L.T.b.
- 9 F S.r. 8 h. 6 m.
- 10 S S.s. 4 h. 10 m.
- 11 S 1.S. af. Epip.
- 12 M Hil. Sit. b.
- 13 Tu B. Cannae
- 14 W Oxf. L.T. b.
- 15 Th Orsini plot
- 16 F B. Corunna
- 17 S Franklin b.
- 18 S 2 S. af. Epip.
- 19 M Watt b.
- 20 Tu Fabian
- 21 W Agnes
- 22 Th Vincent
- 23 F Pitt d. 1806
- 24 S Fox b. 1749
- 25 S Septuag. S.
- 26 M Brazil disc.
- 27 Tu J. Gibson d.
- 28 W Prescott d.
- 29 Th Capit. Paris
- 30 F Chas. I. bhd.
- 31 S B. Jonson b.



February xxviii Days.

- 1 S Sexages. S.
- 2 M B. Lincoln
- 3 Tu Bassevi d.
- 4 W S.r. 7 h. 36 m.
- 5 Th Galvani d.
- 6 F S.s. 4 h. 56 m.
- 7 S Dickens b.
- 8 S Qinqu. S.
- 9 M Darnley m.
- 10 Tu Q.V. marr.
- 11 W Ash. Wed.
- 12 Th Cellini d.
- 13 F Revol. 1688
- 14 S Valentine
- 15 S 1 S. in Lent.
- 16 M Burke exe.
- 17 Tu Braham d.
- 18 W Luther d.
- 19 Th Copernic. b.
- 20 F J. Hume d.
- 21 S Trinidad t.
- 22 S 2 S. in Lent
- 23 M S. Brookes d.
- 24 Tu Matthias
- 25 W Wren d.
- 26 Th T. Moore d.
- 27 F Benevento
- 28 S J. Tenniel

March xxxi Days.

- 1 S 3 S. in Lent
- 2 M Wesley d.
- 3 Tu B. Merton
- 4 W Somers b.
- 5 Th S.r. 6 h. 39 m.
- 6 F Du Maurier
- 7 S S.s. 5 h. 48 m.
- 8 S 4 S. in Lent
- 9 M Cobbett b.
- 10 Tu Schiller b.
- 11 W Inc. T. imp.
- 12 Th Gregory
- 13 F Talfourd d.
- 14 S Byng shot



15 S 5 S. in Lent
16 M Dr. Kent d.
17 Tu St. Patrick
18 W Suez cnl. op.
19 Th Lucknow t.
20 F B. Alexand.
21 S Benedict
22 S Palm S.
23 M Nat. Gal. f.
24 Tu Q. Eliz. d.
25 W Lady Day
26 Th D. Camb. b.
27 F Good Frid.
28 S Cateau
29 S East. Sun.
30 M Bk. Holiday
31 Tu Haydn b.

April xxx Days.

1 W All Fools
2 Th S.r. 5 h. 35 m.
3 F S.s. 6 h. 34 m.
4 S Ambrose bp.
5 S Low Sun.
6 M O. Lady-Day
7 Tu Pr. Leop. b.
8 W B. Savona
9 Th Fire Ins. ex.
10 F Cam. E.T. b.
11 S Canning d.
12 S 2 S. af. Eas.
13 M Handel d.
14 Tu Prs. Beatr. b.

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15 W S. Maron.
16 Th Thiers b.
17 F B. Culloden
18 S Graunt d.
19 S 3 S. af. Eas.
20 M Spa. fl. des.
21 Tu Bp. Heber b.
22 W Odessa bom.
23 Th St. George
24 F B. Landrec.
25 S Prs. Alice b.
26 S 4 S. af. Eas.
27 M Gibbon b.
28 Tu B. Tours
29 W S. Cath. S.
30 Th Fitzroy d.

May xxxi Days.

1 F May Day
2 S S.r. 4 h. 32 m.
3 S Rogation S.
4 M Sering. tkn.
5 Tu S.s. 7 h. 27 m.
6 W John Evan.
7 Th Holy Thurs.
8 F Le Sage b.
9 S Hf. qr. Day
10 S S. af. Ascen.
11 M Chatham d.
12 Tu Albt. Mem. c.
13 W O. May Day
14 Th Gratton d.
15 F O'Connell d.
16 S B. Albuera
17 S Whit Sun.
18 M Bk. Holiday
19 Tu Dunstan
20 W Columbus d.
21 Th Cawnpore



22 F Dasent b.
23 S M. Lemon d.
24 S Trin. Sun.
25 M Pr. Hel. b.
26 Tu Augustine
27 W Ven. Bede
28 Th Corp. Christ.
29 F Chas. II. res.
30 S Pope d.
31 S 1 Sn. af. Tr.

June xxx Days.

1 M Nicomede
2 Tu Harvey b.
3 W S.r. 3 h. 50 m.
4 Th S.s. 8 h. 7 m.
5 F Weber d.
6 S Calpee tkn.
7 S 2 Sn. af. Tr.
8 M D. Jerrold d.
9 Tu Paxton d.
10 W Heilsberg
11 Th Barnabas
12 F B. Wilton
13 S Hastgs. bhd.
14 S 3 Sn. af. Tr.
15 M Mag. Charta
16 Tu Wat Tyl. sl.
17 W St. Alban
18 Th Waterloo
19 F B. Wavres
20 S Q. Vic. Ac.
21 S 4 Sn. af. Tr.
22 M B. Pered
23 Tu B. Plassy
24 W Midsm. D.
25 Th B. Alivia
26 F Geo. IV. d.
27 S Cairo tkn.
28 S 5 Sn. af. Tr.
29 M St. Peter
30 Tu Roscoe d.

July xxxi Days.



- 1 W B. Boyne
- 2 Th S.r. 3 h. 50 m.
- 3 F B. Sadowa
- 4 S S.s. 8 h. 17 m.
- 5 S 6 Sn. af. Tr.
- 6 M Old Mid. D.
- 7 Tu J. Huss bt.
- 8 W A. Smith d.
- 9 Th Fire Ins. ex.
- 10 F Bp. Fell d.
- 11 S B. Ouden
- 12 S 7 Sn. af. Tr.
- 13 M D. Orleans d.
- 14 Tu Bastile des.
- 15 W St. Swithin
- 16 Th Beranger d.
- 17 F Punch b. '41
- 18 S Sherlock d.
- 19 S 8 Sn. af. Tr.
- 20 M Margaret
- 21 Tu R. Burns d.
- 22 W Salamanca
- 23 Th Lyonet b.
- 24 F Gibral. tkn.
- 25 S St. James
- 26 S 9 Sn. af. Tr.
- 27 M Talavera
- 28 Tu Robesp. exe.
- 29 W B. Beylau
- 30 Th W. Penn d.
- 31 F E. Pease d.

August xxxi Days.



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1 S Lammas
2 S 10 Sn. af. Tr.
3 M Bk. Holiday
4 Tu Oystr. Sea. c.
5 W S.r. 4 h. 31 m.
6 Th Dk. Edn. b.
7 F S.s. 7 h. 37 m.
8 S Otway b.
9 S 11 S. af. Tr.
10 M C. Keene b.
11 Tu Trin. Sit. c.
12 W Grouse s.b.
13 Th O. Lammas
14 F Ld. Clyde d.
15 S W. Scott b.
16 S 12 S. af. Tr.
17 M Ad. Blake d.
18 Tu B. Spurs
19 W Ozontero
20 Th Saragossa
21 F Blck. Ck. s.b.
22 S B. Bosworth
23 S 13 S. af. Tr.
24 M S. Bartholo.
25 Tu J. Watt d.
26 W P. Cons. b.
27 Th Thomson d.
28 F B. Leipsic
29 S Jno. Bp. bh.
30 S 14 S. af. Tr.
31 M Bunyan d.

September xxx Days.

1 Tu Part. sh. e.
2 W Capit. Sedan
3 Th S.r. 5 h. 17 m.
4 F S.s. 6 h. 39 m.
5 S Comte d.
6 S 15 S. af. Tr.
7 M Eunurchus
8 Tu Nat. B.V.M.
9 W B. Flodden
10 Th B. Quesnoy



11 F S. of Delhi
12 S O.P. Riots
13 S 16 S. af. Tr.
14 M Holy Cross
15 Tu B. Rajghur
16 W Jas. II. d.
17 Th Lambert
18 F Geo. I. land.
19 S B. Poitiers
20 S 17 S. af. Tr.
21 M St. Matth.
22 Tu Virgil d.
23 W Autn. Q. b.
24 Th S. Butler d.
25 F Porson d.
26 S St. Cyprian
27 S 18 S. af. Tr.
28 M Nicopolis
29 Tu Mich. Day
30 W St. Jerome

October xxxi Days.

1 Th Cam. M.T. b.
2 F Arago d.
3 S S.r. 6 h. 6 m.
4 S 19 S. af. Tr.
5 M S.s. 5 h. 28 m.
6 Tu Faith
7 W Abp. Laud b.
8 Th B. Actium
9 F St. Denys
10 S Ox. M.T. b.
11 S 20 S. af. Tr.
12 M America d.
13 Tu Edw. Conf.
14 W B. Senlac
15 Th Fire Ins. ex.
16 F Soissons t.
17 S Etheldreda
18 S 21 S. af. Tr.
19 M Kneller d.
20 Tu B. Navarino
21 W Trafalgar
22 Th B. Edge Hill
23 F Irish Reb.
24 S P. Leigh d.



25 S 22 S. af. Tr.
26 M Danton b.
27 Tu Cap. Cook b.
28 W J. Locke d.
29 Th J. Leech d.
30 F Tower brnt.
31 S All Hallows

November xxx Days.

1 S 23 S. af. Tr.
2 M All Souls
3 Tu Fall of Acre
4 W Will. III. b.
5 Th S.r. 7 h. 3 m.
6 F S.s. 4 h. 23 m.
7 S B. Mooltan
8 S 24 S. af. Tr.
9 M P. of Wis. b.
10 Tu M. Luther b.
11 W St. Martin
12 Th Hf. qr. Day
13 F Britius
14 S Leibnitz d.
15 S 25 S. af. Tr.
16 M J. Bright b.
17 Tu Hugh Bp. L.
18 W Wilkie b.
19 Th B. Arcola
20 F Ld. Elgin d.
21 S J. Hogg d.



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22 S 26 S. af. Tr.
23 M St. Clemen.
24 Tu J. Knox d.
25 W Chantrey d.
26 Th G. Grisi d.
27 F De. Teck b.
28 S Bunsen d.
29 S 1 S. in Adv.
30 M Burnand b.]

December xxxi Days.

1 Tu Prs. Wls. b.
2 W B. Austerl.
3 Th Bradbury b.
4 F Richelieu d.
5 S S.r. 7 h. 51 m.
6 S 2 S. in Adv.
7 M S.s. 3 h. 50 m.
8 Tu Baxter d.
9 W Vandyke d.
10 Th Milton b.
11 F Jno. Gay d.
12 S Cibber d.
13 S 3 S. in Adv.
14 M P. Cons. d.
15 Tu I. Walton d.
16 W V. Weber b.
17 Th Oxf. M.T. e.
18 F D. 7 h. 46 m.
19 S Cam. M.T. e.
20 S 4 S. in Adv.
21 M St. Thomas
22 Tu Win. Q. b.
23 W Jas. II. abd.
24 Th Christ. Eve
25 F Christ. Day
26 S Bk. Holiday
27 S Sun. af. Chr.
28 M Innocents



29 Tu Stafford ex.
30 W Pegu anxd.
31 Th Silvester

* * * * *

To-day's amusements.

(AS THEY WILL PROBABLY BE ADVERTISED IN THE PRESS OF THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW.)

Execution of the little PEDLINGTON murderer.—Reserved gallows seats, immediately behind the drop, commanding a clear view of the dying struggles, with chance of hearing the criminal's last confession; Lady's ticket Two Guineas. Lady and Gentleman's, ditto, three guineas. (8.30 A.M.)

Trial at the old Bailey of La Belle Isabelle, the husband-poisoner. Last day of trial, summing-up of the Judge, intense excitement. A few special tickets at Ten Guineas still obtainable (including "snack" luncheon and use of opera-glasses), and commanding front view of the Judge when summing-up, and close sight of the prisoner's facial play during the passing of sentence, &c, (11. A.M. Ladies advised to be in their places not later than 10.30.)

Great International Crimes exhibition at Boeotia.—Additional Attractions. Portrait groups in wax, life-size, of all great criminals from *Cain* to *Charles Peace*; Lecture on Capital Punishments in all Ages, with illustrations and demonstrations (3 P.M. and 7 P.M.) Old Newgate. Mediaeval Torture Chamber in full work. Grand Execution Tableaux, in the grounds; realistic renderings of punishments inflicted on RAVAILLAC, DAMIENS, &c., &c. (3 o'clock and 6.30.) *Auto-da-Fe* at 2.30 and 7. Admission One Shilling. Children under eight half-price. Ladies' Reserved Seats (inclusive of all Shows) One Guinea. Open 10 till 10. (Thirty thousand persons, chiefly Ladies, passed the turnstiles last Wednesday.)

Public vivisection demonstration at the sensational surgical society's rooms.—Exhibition of the droll effects of Curari upon subjects under the knife, and the actual cautery. No annoying noise, or disconcerting struggles! Bulgarian Band will play Popular Pieces. (3 P.M.)



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Bull fight at the Arcadian Hall.—Full Spanish Programme this day. Absolutely no restrictions! Serious accidents daily! Two Toreadors killed last week, and seven seriously injured. No deception! Extra fierce bulls to-day, and consequent prospect of *highly sensational scenes in the Arena!!!* Admission, 1s. to L5 5s. Specially Reserved Front Seats for Ladies, L7 7s. (3 P.M., and 8.30.)

Imperial phonographic society, Hall of horrors.—Phonographic Reproductions of Last Dying Speeches and Confessions of Criminals. Sobs and Hysterical Attacks of Persons under trial (Women especially). Reports of Cases tried *in Camera*. Private Conversations of parties to *Causes Celebres*, &c., &c., &c. Highly realistic revelations, and Sensational Vocal Scenes. Admission, Half a Guinea. (8 P.M.)

Pornographic Art galleries.—Now open daily. Admission by private card only. Illustrated Catalogue (purchase of which is compulsory). Two Guineas. Special coloured copies including reproduction of pictures in Special Art Sanctum, L10 10s. (10 till 4 only.)

Ghoul theatre.—*The Society Beauty and the Blood Bath, or, The Demon of Dahomey!* Strongly Sensational Melodrama, in Five Acts, and a Special Death Dance Tableau!!! The Toilet! The Torture!! The Tub!!! Beauty unadorned and Bloodshed Undisguised! Mirth-moving Murders and Side-splitting Suicides! Fun and Funerals! Roars of Laughter and Tremendous Thrills of Pleasing Horror Nightly! Open at 7.30. Commence at 8.

Moving in Society at 9! Great Toilet Scene at 9.30!
The Blood-Bath at 10.45! Death Dance Tableau at 11.5!
Carriages at 11.10!

Enormous Success! Two-hundred-and-fifty-second Night, and still crowded with the *elite* of Fashion! Be in time!!!

* * * * *

[Illustration: "*Literary Stars.*"]

* * * * *

The hero's common-form diary.

January.—Leisurely return to England. Enthusiastic reception *en route*.

February.—Greeted by Mayor and Corporation with an address at Dover. Triumphant progress to London.

March.—Imposing scene at the Guildhall. Acceptance of the Freedom of the City.



April.—Visits to the provinces. Loud cheers on every side, and unlimited hospitality.

May.—Lion of the London Season. Hundreds of nightly invitations.

June.—Gaiety from morning to night. Universal recognition of distinguished conduct.

July.—Phenomenal success of book of travels and adventures.

August.—Popularity at its height everywhere, save in town, which now begins to empty.



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September.—Slight reaction. Rejoinders begin to appear.

October.—Unpleasantness on the increase. Interviewing, letters to the papers, and sensational journalism generally.

November.—Demonstration at the Lord Mayor's Show. Charges, counter-charges, and recrimination. First-rate A1, go-as-you-please, strongly recommended row.

December.—Fresh sensation (about a murder or a charitable scheme) and everything forgotten (if not forgiven) in time to observe a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * * * *

HOLIDAY TASKS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Emperor of R-ss-a.—To personally visit Siberia.

King of It-ly.—To come to terms with the Vatican.

Emperor of G-rm-ny.—To stay at home.

King of P-rtug-l.—To accept the situation in Africa.

President C-rn-t.—To forget the existence of Egypt.

King of Sp-n.—To master the difficulties of the Alphabet.

Emperor of A-str-a.—Between Kingdom and Empire, to make both ends meet.

Lord S-l-sb-ry.—To prepare for the General Election.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—To explain Home Rule.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll.—To give up racing in favour of politics.

Mr. H.M. St-nl-y.—To re-write *Darkest Africa*.

General B-th.—To publish a balance-sheet that will please all.

Mr. Sheriff A-g-st-s H-rr-s.—To attend to his professional duties, and get through his official work.

And Mr. P-nch.—To bear as gaily as ever the weight of half a century.

* * * * *



SUGGESTION FOB MR. W.B. AT THE T.R.O.—Should Mr. WILSON BARRETT contemplate giving another *Matinee* of that out-of-date play, *The Lady of Lyons*, why not change its title to *The Old Lady of Lyons*? No extra charge for this suggestion.

* * * * *

GENUINE ORANGE BITTERS.—Police Protection to TIM HEALY.

* * * * *

[Illustration: MODERN VERSION OF “PAUL AND VIRGINIA.”]

* * * * *

VOCES POPULI.

THE IMPROMPTU CHARADE-PARTY.

SCENE—*The Library of a Country-House; the tables and chairs are heaped with brocades, draperies, and properties of all kinds, which the Ladies of the company are trying on, while the men rack their brains for a suitable Word. In a secluded corner, Mr. NIGHTINGALE and MISS ROSE are conversing in whispers.*

Mr. Whipster (Stage-Manager and Organiser—self-appointed). No—but I say, *really*, you know, we *must* try and decide on something—we’ve been out half an hour, and the people will be getting impatient! (*To the Ladies.*) Do come and help; it’s really no use dressing up till we’ve settled what we’re going to *do*. Can’t *anybody* think of a good Word?



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Miss Larkspur. We ought to make a continuous story of it, with the same plot and characters all through. We did that once at the Grange, and it was awfully good—just like a regular Comedy!

Mr. Whipster. Ah, but we've got to hit on a *Word* first. Come—nobody got an idea? NIGHTINGALE, you're not much use over *there*, you know. I hope you and Miss ROSE have been putting your heads together?

Mr. Nightingale (confused). Eh? No, nothing of the sort! Oh, ah—yes, we've thought of a *lot* of Words.

Miss Rose. Only you've driven them all out of our heads again!

[*They resume their conversation.*]

Mr. Wh. Well, do make a suggestion, somebody! Professor, won't *you* give us a Word?

Chorus of Ladies. Oh, *do*, Professor—you're sure to think of something clever!

Professor Pollen (modestly). Well, really, I've so little experience in these matters that—A Word *has* just occurred to me, however; I don't know, of course, whether it will meet with approval—(*he beams at them with modest pride through his spectacles*)—it's "Monocotyledonous."

Chorus of Ladies. Charming! Monocottle—Oh, can't we *do* that?

Mr. Wh. (dubiously). We might—but—er—what's it *mean*?

Prof. Pollen. It's a simple botanical term, signifying a plant which has only one cup-shaped leaf, or seed-lobe. Plants with *two* are termed—

Mr. Wh. I don't see how we're going to act a plant with only one seed-lobe myself—and then the syllables—"mon"—"oh"—"cot"—"till"—we shouldn't get done before *midnight*, you know!

Prof. Pollen (With mild pique). Well, I merely threw it out as a suggestion. I thought it could have been made amusing. No doubt I was wrong; no doubt.

Mr. Settee (nervously). I've thought of a word. How would—er—"Familiar" do?

Mr. Wh. (severely). Now, *really*. SETTEE, *do* try not to footle like this! [Mr. SETTEE *subsides amidst general disapproval.*]

Mr. Flinders. (With a flash of genius). I've got it—*Gamboge!*



Mr. Wh. Gamboge, eh? Let's see how that would work—"Gam"—"booge." How do you see it yourself?

[Mr. FLINDERS discovers, on reflection, that he doesn't see it, and the suggestion is allowed to drop.]

Miss Pelagia Rhys. I've an idea. *Familiar!* "Fame"—"ill"—"liar," you know. [*Chorus of applause.*]

Mr. Wh. Capital! The very thing—congratulate you, Miss RHYS!

Mr. Settee (sotto voce). But I say, look here, *I* suggested that, you know, and you said —!

Mr. Wh. (ditto). What on earth *does* it matter who suggests it, so long as it's right? Don't be an ass, SETTEE! (*Aloud.*) How are we going to do the first syllable "Fame," eh? [*Mr. SETTEE sulks.*]



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Mr. Pushington. Oh, that's easy. One of us must come on as a Poet, and all the ladies must crowd round flattering him, and making a lot of him, asking for his autograph, and so on. I don't mind doing the Poet myself, if nobody else feels up to it.

[He begins to dress for the part by turning his dress-coat inside out, and putting on a turban and a Liberty sash, by way of indicating the eccentricity of genius; the Ladies adorn themselves with a similar regard to realism, and even more care for appearances.]

AFTER THE FIRST SYLLABLE.

The Performers return from the drawing-room, followed by faint applause.

Mr. Pushington. Went capitally, that syllable, eh? *(No response.)* You might have played up to me a little more than you did—you others. You let me do everything!

Miss Larkspur. You never let any of us get a word in!

Mr. Pushington. Because you all talked at once, that was all. Now then—"ill." I'll be a celebrated Doctor, and you all come to me one by one, and say you're *ill*—see?

[Attires himself for the role of a Physician in a dressing-gown and an old yeomanry helmet.]

Mr. Whipster (huffily). Seems to me I may as well go and sit with the audience—I'm no use here!

Mr. Pushington. Oh, yes, WHIPSTER, I want you to be my confidential butler, and show the patients in.

[Mr. W. accepts—with a view to showing PUSHINGTON that other people can act as well as he.]

AFTER THE SECOND SYLLABLE.

Mr. Pushington. Seemed to *drag* a little, somehow! There was no necessity for you to make all those long soliloquies, WHIPSTER. A Doctor's confidential servant wouldn't chatter so much!

Mr. Whipster. You were so confoundedly solemn over it, I had to put some fun in *somewhere*!

Mr. P. Well, you might have put it where someone could see it. Nobody laughed.



Professor Pollen. I don't know, Mr. PUSHINGTON, why, when I was describing my symptoms—which I can vouch for as scientifically correct—you persisted in kicking my legs under the table—it was unprofessional, Sir, and extremely painful!

Mr. Pushington. I was only trying to hint to you that as there were a dozen other people to follow, it was time you cut the interview short, Professor—that one syllable alone has taken nearly an hour.

Miss Buckram. If I had known the kind of questions you were going to ask me, Mr. PUSHINGTON, I should certainly not have exposed myself to them. I say no more, but I must positively decline to appear with you again.

Mr. Pushington. Oh, but really, you know, in Charades one gets carried away at times. I assure you, I hadn't the remotest (&c., &c.—*until Miss BUCKRAM is partly mollified.*) Now then—last syllable. Look here, I'll be a regular impostor, don't you know, and all of you come on and say what a liar I am. We ought to make that screamingly funny!



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AFTER THE THIRD SYLLABLE.

Mr. Pushington. Muddled? Of course it was muddled—you all called me a liar before I opened my mouth!

The Rest.—But you didn't seem to know how to begin, and we *had* to bring the Word in somehow.

Pushington. Bring it in?—but you needn't have let it *out*. There was SETTEE there, shouting “liar” till he was black in the face. We must have looked a set of idiots from the front. I shan't go in again (*muttering*). It's no use acting Charades with people who don't understand it. There; settle the Word yourselves!

AFTER THE WORD. AMONG THE AUDIENCE.

General Murmur. What *can* it be? Not *Turk*, I suppose, or Magician?—Quarrelling?—Parnellite?—Impertinence? Shall we give it up? No, they like us to guess, poor things; and besides, if we don't, they'll do another; and it is getting so late, and such a *long* drive home. Oh, they're all coming back; then it is over. No, indeed, we can't *imagine*. “*Familiar!*” To be sure—*how* clever, and *how* well you all acted it, to be sure—you must be quite tired after it all. I am sure *we*—hem—are deeply indebted to you ... My dear Miss ROSE, how wonderfully you disguised yourself. I never recognised you a bit, nor *you*, Mr. NIGHTINGALE. What part did *you* take?

Mr. Nightingale. I—er—didn't take any particular part—wasn't wanted, you know.

Miss Rose. Not to *act*,—so we stayed outside and—and—arranged things.

An Old Lady. Indeed? Then you had all the hard work, and none of the pleasure, my dear, I'm afraid.

Miss Rose (sweetly). Oh no. I mean yes!—but we didn't *mind* it much.

The O.L. And which of you settled what the Word was to be?

Mr. N. Well, I believe we settled that together.

[Carriages are announced; departure of guests who are not of the house-party. In the Smoking-room, Mr. PUSHINGTON discovers that he does not seem exactly popular with the other men, and puts it down to jealousy.

* * * * *

ROBERT'S XMAS BANKWET.



We held our annywal Crismus Bankwet larst Satterday. Our principel Toast of course was, "Success to the Grand Old Copperashun, and may it flurrish for ewer!" with 3 times 3, and one cheer more for the bewtiful LADY MARESS, and may she flurrish for ewer too! Ah, we Waiters is a gallarnt race and knows our dooty to the fairer and weaker sects quite as well as ewen Aldermen theirselves. I next perposed the City Livery Compnys, in a speech, as BROWN said, as ort for to be printed and sircculated. I had serttenly given a good deal of atention to it, and praps shood have dun ewen better if I hadn't quite forgot ewery word of the werry last part, which,



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unfortnity, was all about the lots of money as they gives away. But I remembered all about their luvly dinners, and that was naterally more intresting to my hordience. I was werry much pressed to say which, in my opinion, of all the Nobel Livvery Cumpnys guv the most nobly scrumpshus Dinners of 'em all, but I declined, on the ground that it wood naterally cause a most enormous emount of gelosy, and was of too delicat and xquisit a natur to be thus publicly discussed. There was werry considerabel diffrens of opinion about their warios choice wines, but all agreed in praising them werry hily, but ewen more, the trew libberality with which they was served, and not poured out so close as to make the pore Waiter's dooty a thirsty and tanterlising one indeed.

[Illustration]

We drank the Nobel Army of Hotel Keepers, most serttenly not forgettin the gentlemanly Manager of the truly "Grand," as ewerybody knows as is anybody, and drank to their great success, for werry ewident reasons.

Young FRANK returned thanks for the Ladies, and, with all the reckless ordassity of a young feller of forty, was rash enuff to say, as how as he werrily believed, that if the prinsiple Hotel Keepers was to hintroduce pretty Gals as Waiters, all us old Fogys, as he rudely called us, woud have to go and git our seweral livings in a more manly employment! Of course boys will be boys, so we kindly forgave him, more specially as he stands six foot one in his stockings, let alone his boots. However he made up for his bad manners by singing with his capital voice, his new Song of "*Old Robert the Waiter*" being a rayther complementary Parody, as he called it, upon "*Old Simon the Cellerer*," which was receeved with emense aplause. So he gave, as an arncore, the Waiter's favrite Glee of "*Mynear Van Dunk*," with its fine conwincing moral against Teetotaling and all such cold rubbish.

BROWN wound up the armony of our truly appy heavinging by singing his new song of, "The LORD MARE leads a nappy life," and we sort our seweral nupshal couches as happy and contented a lot as his Lordship hissself, our werry larst drink all round being to the follering sentiment given out by me as the prowld Chairman: "May all the well to do in this grand old London of ours enjoy as merry a Crismus as we have enjoyed to-night, and may they all give a kind thort, and a liberal stump-up, to all the poor and needy who so badly wants it this bitter weather." ROBERT.

* * * * *

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

[Illustration: Toll'd after Supper. Subject for a Knellegy.]



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MR. JEROME K. JEROME, or, more easily pronounced, "Mr. JERUMKY JERUM," is occasionally very amusing in his book for Christmastide, entitled *Told After Supper*. What he wants, that is, what he ought to have whether he wants it or not, is judicious editing. Had this process been applied to this eccentric haphazardly book, scarcely more than a third of it would have been published. "His style, in this book at least, and, for my part," says the Baron, "I say the same of his *Three Men in a Tub*, suggests the idea of his writing being the work of a young man who, among his companions and admirers, has earned the reputation of being a 'deuced funny chap,' and so has to struggle to live up to this reputation, or to live it down." JERUMKY JERUM still somewhat affects Yankee humour, not, however, in so forced and vulgar a manner as in his overpraised *Three Men in a Boat*. Two of the Ghost Stories are humorous, but their setting is unworthy of them. Had they been introduced into a tale as DICKENS (of whose style there is a very palpable attempt at imitation in the description of a stormy winter's night) brought in his story of *Tom Smart*, and of the inimitable *Gabriel Grub*, their mirth-raising value would have been considerably enhanced. As it is, these choice morsels—sandwich'd in between heavy slabs of doughy material—stand a chance of not being tasted. To anyone who comes across the book the Baron says, "read about the Curate and the Card-trick, and JOHNSON and EMILY. The tinted paper on which it is printed is a mistake, as are also most of the amateurish illustrations."

[Illustration: Goblins.]

WOMAN—not "lovely woman" who "stoops to folly"—nor woman who in our hour of ease is uncertain, coy, and hard to please. But Woman, the weekly *Woman* who is doing uncommonly well and in her fifty-third number, gave the week before Christmas, her idea of a Christmas dinner, and, but for "sweetbread cutlets," a very good and simple dinner it was. The same *Woman* gave also, among a variety of next-day's treatments of Turkey, *Turkey in Aspic*, Turkey in Europe, and Turkey in Asia—yes—but what about "Turkey in Aspic"? It doesn't look well; much better in French. But we dare say it's very good, though, for breakfast or supper, "devilled Turkey" is "hard to beat."

I have been trying to read LEIGH HUNT. His Biography interested me muchly, and I had always heard, in time past, so much of his writings, though I do not remember ever having heard the titles of his works mentioned, that, when a neat-looking volume was sent me by Messrs. PATERSON & Co. of *Leigh Hunt's Tales*, I anticipated great pleasure from their perusal. Alas! the pleasure was only in anticipation. I have tried, as the song says, "A little bit here, and a little bit there—Here a bit, There a bit, And everywhere a bit,"—but, hang me, says the Baron, if I can tackle any one of them. The matter doesn't interest me, and the style doesn't fascinate me. This may be rank heresy, but I can't help it. I have tried, and failed. Well, better to have tried, and failed, than never to have tried at all. But I shan't try again,—at least, not on this collection of Tales.



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BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

* * * * *

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.—A good collection of pictures and sculpture—including works by Messrs. BURNE-JONES, ONSLOW FORD, ALFRED GILBERT, W.L. WYLLIE, and others—is on view at the Royal Arcade Gallery, Old Bond Street. These are to be sold for the benefit of the family of R.A. LEDWARD, the clever young sculptor, who died only a few weeks ago. Lots more to say, but you won't stand it, and will probably say, "*Par! si bete!*" So no more at present from yours par-entally, OLD PAR.

* * * * *

LEGAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL DEFINITION.—A Sheriff's Officer: a Writ-ualist.

* * * * *

A FORECAST FOR 1891.

(*BEING SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE GLOOMY OUTLOOKER'S DIARY.*)

[Illustration: *Old Sol.* "Happy New Year, Mr. Punch!"]

Mr. P. "Hope we shall see something more of you in future!"]

January.—Continuation of "good old-fashioned winter." London "snowed up." Locomotion by Hansom drawn by four drayhorses, the fare from Charing Cross to Bayswater being L2 15s. Milk, 10s. the half-pint, meat unprocurable. Riot of Dukes at the Carlton to secure the last mutton chop on the premises, suppressed by calling out the Guards. People in Belgravia burn their banisters for want of coals. The Three per Cents go down to 35.

February.—Railway incursion into the centre of the Metropolis makes progress. Sir EDWARD WATKIN gets his line through Lords, crosses Regent's Park, comes down Bond Street, and secures a large centre terminus in the Green Park, with a frontage of a quarter of a mile in Piccadilly.

March.—Football atrocities on the increase. A match is played at the Oval between the Jaw Splitting Rovers and the Spine Cracking Wanderers, in which nine are left dead on the field, and fifteen are carried on stretchers to the nearest hospital.

April.—Increase of danger from electricity. A couple of large metropolitan hotels catching fire from over-heated wires, nineteen waiters, twenty-three policemen, and fifty-five members of the fire brigade getting entangled in them in their efforts to



extinguish the flames, are killed on the spot, much to the satisfaction of the holders of gas shares.

May.—The “Capital and Labour” Question reaches an acute stage. The “Unemployed Other People’s Property Rights League” being patted on the back by philanthropists, formulate their programme, and seize the Stock Exchange and the Mansion House.

June.—The “Capital and Labour” Question reaching a still acuter stage, 20,000 unemployed East End Lodgers break into the Bank of England, and give a banquet to the LORD MAYOR and Corporation to celebrate the event, at which Mr. Sheriff AUGUSTUS HARRIS, in returning thanks for the “Arts and Sciences,” says he thinks “the takings” of their hosts must have been “enormous.”



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July.—Results of Gen. BOOTH's "Darkest England" scheme. Triumphant return of the Submerged Tenth, who having enjoyed themselves immensely, have come back to the Slums with a view to having another innings at "the way out."

August.—The Authorities at the Naval Exhibition wishing to stimulate the public taste for the undertaking, fire one of the hundred-ton guns which, "by some oversight" being loaded, sends a shell into the City, which brings down the dome of St. Paul's, but, bursting itself, lays Chelsea in ruins, and causes the appearance of a letter in the *Times* from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, saying that the matter will be "the subject of a searching inquiry" by his Department.

September.—A few Dukes in the Highlands, using several Hotchkiss guns with their guests asked down to the shooting, exceed the known figures of any previous *battue* to such an extent that birds sell in Bond Street at *3d.* a brace, with the result that the whole of Scotland is said to be completely cleared of game for the next seven years.

October.—The great strike of everybody commences. Nothing to be got anywhere. Several Noblemen and Members of Parliament meet the "food" crisis by organising an Upper-class Co-operative Society, and bring up their own cattle to London. Being, however, unable to kill them professionally without the aid of a butcher, they blow them up with gunpowder, and divide them with a steam-scythe, for which proceedings they are somewhat maliciously prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

November.—The Strike continuing, and times being very bad, several Peers take advantage of the 5th of the month, and make a tour of their immediate neighbourhoods in their own arm-chairs, thereby realising a very handsome sum in halfpence from a not unsympathetic public.

December.—First signs of a probable second edition of a "good old-fashioned Christmas" recognised. General panic in consequence. Attempt to lynch the Clerk of the Weather at Greenwich, only frustrated by the appearance of a strong force of Police. 1891 terminates in gloomy despair.

* * * * *

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

(ONE MORE VERSION.)

[Illustration]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I beg of you to hear my tale of woe,
My case is really one of those I'm sure you'd like to know;



How EDWIN and myself, at last, have quarrelled and have parted,
And I am left to shed a tear—alone, and broken-hearted.

We were engaged for eighteen months—he often said that life
Would not be worth the living, if I would not be his wife.
My eyes, though brown, were “blue” to him, my hair a “silken tangle,”
He’d given me his photograph, and such a lovely bangle!

I had called upon his mother, and had often stayed to tea—
She said that EDWIN had, indeed, a lucky catch in me.
I thought him quite a model youth—hard-working, loyal, steady,
A thrill of pleasure filled me when he wrote, “Your own, own EDDY.”,



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Oh! a brighter and a gladder day is surely never known
Than when EDWIN calls his darling ANGELINA his “own own.”
It warmed me with the glow of love, it cheered me up when lonely,
Yet I didn’t feel so happy, when it came to be, “Yours only.”

The extra syllable indeed did not increase the charm,
I tried, however, to believe it didn’t mean much harm;
So confident was I that naught our love could hurt or sever,
But it looked suspicious when next time he only put, “Yours ever.”

He only called me darling once! how different from before!
Oh, could it be he liked me less (or other maiden more)?
And was he tired of me—the girl he loved so fondly, dearly?
It could not be! And then he wrote, “I am, Yours most sincerely.”

Yes—was he going to fling me off as though a worn-out glove?
You can’t do with Sincerity if what you need is Love!
I could not think such ill of him, although it did look queerly,
That in his next the “most” was gone, and he was mine “sincerely.”

Yet even then I loved him still, for in the human breast
Hope springs eternal, so I dared to hope on for the best;
And, after all, such things as these ought not to weigh unduly,
But it was more than I could bear to have to read, “Yours truly.”

The truth was clear—I quickly sent him back his lovely *cartes*,
His bangle, and his poetry of Cupid and his darts.
I said to him how grieved I was his love had thus miscarried—
And then I found out everything; alas! the wretch was married.

So here am I, as beautiful as anyone I know,
You couldn’t get a better wife, no matter where you go.
And if you know, dear *Mr. Punch*, a husband, say you’ve seen a
Nice girl, who’d make him happy and whose name is

ANGELINA.

* * * * *

WHY THE DUES WERE THEY DONE AWAY WITH?—Under the beneficent influence of the early coal dews—subsequently spelt coal dues—which have existed from the earliest times, City and Metropolitan Improvements have sprung up into existence. Now, thanks to ignorant, but well-meaning County Councillors, the coal dues being abolished, up goes the price of coal, up go the rates, and there is no surplus for



improvement of any sort. If those ancient days of coal dues were considered “hard times,” then sing we, in chorus, “Hard times, come again once more!”

* * * * *

[Illustration: PRIG-STICKING.

Little Prigson. “OH! AS FOR GRIGSON, HE’S DISTINCTLY THE MOST OBJECTIONABLE LITTLE PRIG IN ALL ENGLAND; BUT HIS SISTAH’S QUITE THE NICEST GIRL I EVER MET.”

Aunt Eliza. “DEAR ME! WHAT SWEEPING ASSERTIONS! YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD THE DECENCY JUST TO MAKE THE TRADITIONAL EXCEPTION IN FAVOUR OF PRESENT COMPANY!”



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Cousin Maud. "YES; IN *BOTH* CASES, YOU KNOW!"]

* * * * *

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Mr. Punch, loquitur:—

A Happy New Year? I should think so, my boy,
Tossed thus in the arms of your PUNCHY right cheerily,
'Midst all that a youngster should love and enjoy,
At least, you're beginning most merrily.
Under the Mistletoe Bough
You make a good start, anyhow.
With a kiss from the lips that can never betray,
There's many a girl would be greeted *that way!*

You're welcome, my lad! It is *Punch's* old style
To hail with stout heart all such annual new-comers;
In winters of chill discontent he'll still smile,
His warmth seems to turn 'em to Summers!
Under the Mistletoe Bough
All doldrums are bosh and bow-wow.
He doesn't mix rue in his big New Year Bowl,
Whose aim is to cheer up the national soul.

Sursum corda! That motto's the best of the bunch;
Make it yours, young New Year, and 'twill keep up your pecker.
Giving way to the Blues, you may take it from *Punch*,
Never helped one in heart or exchequer,
Under the Mistletoe Bough
You cannot do better, I vow,
Than make that same maxim your boyhood's first rule,
As your very first tip in your very first school.

Don't look like a pedagogue, do I, my lad?
And indeed I am not an Orbilius Plagosus,
Like him who made juvenile FLACCUS so sad.
How well the Venusian knows us!
Under the Mistletoe Bough
He never kissed maid, but somehow
Our Dickensish Season he seemed to divine
With his fondness for friendship, and laughter, and wine.



No, boy, I don't greatly believe in the birch,
(Though sometimes my *baton* must play—on rogues' shoulders.)
Love's rather too apt to be left in the lurch
By Orbilian smiters and scolders.
Under the Mistletoe Bough
A kiss is best treatment, I trow.
A salute from the lips of your *Punch* you'll not spurn,
And the young guests around you shall each take a turn.

The outlook, my lad, seems a little bit drear,
There are clouds and storm-shadows about the horizon,
But—well, you're a chubby and rosy Young Year
As ever your PUNCHY set eyes on.
Under the Mistletoe Bough
You look mighty kissable—now.
So here goes another, for luck like, my dear,
As we wish everybody A Happy New Year!

* * * * *

OLD MORALITY'S CHRISTMAS CARD AND NEW YEAR WISHES.

This communication is designed to convey the expression of the wish that on the 25th of December and proximate days you, and those not distantly connected with you by family ties, may have enjoyed a season of Wholesome Hilarity, and that the new period of twelve months, upon which we are about to enter, may be Suffused with Happiness.
(Signed) W.H.S.



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Henley-on-Thames, New Year's Eve, 1890.

* * * * *

THE PERFECT UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE is exemplified in the title and name of BISHOP KING.

* * * * *

[Illustration: "A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"]

* * * * *

[Illustration: "DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE."]

"In these days of conflicts between Counsel, I propose to make a few additions to my usual forensic costume."—*Extract from a Letter of Mr. Welnown Kewsee, Q.C., to a young Friend.*]

* * * * *

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

To a Friend,

Do you remember how we sat,
We two, in this same room together
Last year, and talked of this and that,
And warmed our toes and cursed the weather?

And dreamed of fame, and puffed a cloud
(We both smoked briars, I remember),
And sipped our whiskey hot, and vowed
To do or die ere next December?

We spoke without respect of BEN,
BEN who was ploughed, or very nearly;
Now BEN bamboozles jurymen,
And makes his thousand guineas yearly.

We both despised the wretched JOE,
My fag at school, your butt at College.
Dull, elephantine, pompous, slow,
Choked with absurdly useful knowledge.



Yet JOE assists to give us laws,
Speaks in the House, and shows his fat form,
'Midst empty thunders of applause,
Erect on many a Tory platform.

And poor, inconsequential JACK,
His mind a maze, like Mr. TOOTS's,
Has married money, keeps a hack,
And has a big account at COUTTS's.

TOM owns a house in Belgrave Square,
And DICK is noted for his dinners—
Life is a race, but was it fair,
We asked, that *these* should be the winners?

We, too, would win; and Heaven knows
What vows we uttered fiery-hearted,
While '89 drew to its close,
And '90 found us—so we parted.

* * * * *

And here, good lack, while '90 wanes,
Our candles flaring in their sockets,
We sit once more and count our gains—
Wrinkles, grey hairs, and empty pockets.

Yet, Heaven be thanked that made us friends;
Men prate of wealth in empty words, I
Sit here content as '90 ends.
And sip my grog, and smoke my bird's-eye.

* * * * *

OUR ADVERTISERS.

SEASONABLE.

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is a new irritating and explosive Stimulant.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is the Universal Restorer.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER sends the sleeping baby instantly flying out of the cradle.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER makes the invalid Grandfather suddenly mount to the fifth storey by leaps and bounds.



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PICK-ME-UP PEPPER induces immediate influenza.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER turns head-ache into delirium.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER literally blows up the brain tissues.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER sets a whole household on the sneeze.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER establishes fever in the Infant School.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER paralyses the Hippopotamus.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER drives a Chief Justice off the Bench.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER irritates the Solicitor.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER maddens the dentist.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER sets the Archbishop dancing a break-down.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER hurries the Philosopher into a Lunatic Asylum.

* * * * *



PICK-ME-UP PEPPER staggers the rising Politician.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER causes the resignation of the Prime Minister.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER makes a four-wheeler cab-horse win the Derby.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is the sheet-anchor for Practical Jokers.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER may be safely relied on by Master TOMMY.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER, put in the baby's bottle, will divert the Nursery.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER, introduced into the Soup at a dinner-party, will lead to a serious riot in the dining-room.

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PICK-ME-UP PEPPER, administered in a sandwich, will choke an Uncle.

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PICK-ME-UP PEPPER is the general disorganiser of every Household.

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PICK-ME-UP PEPPER.—A Pinch will thoroughly banish sleep for a whole fortnight.

* * * * *

PICK-ME-UP PEPPER.—“An Octogenarian Consumer” writes:—“I was in a comatose condition for twenty years, when I came across your Pepper. I had scarcely tried it ere I bounded up from my arm-chair, and have danced a continual fandango ever since. I carry it loose in all my pockets, and scatter it on all my friends whenever I meet them. This has got me kicked out of all their houses in turn; but I do not in the least mind. I'm as merry and as mad as a March hare—and your Pepper has done it.”



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PICK-ME-UP PEPPER.—The Proprietors beg to inform their Friends and Patrons that they can supply this highly combustible and explosive compound in felt safety cases, carefully packed at their bomb-proof establishment in Barking Marshes, at the usual retail prices, *viz.*, 1s. 1-1/2d., 2s. 9d., 11s., 21s., and 31s. 6d., &c, &c.

* * * * *

SHADOWS FROM MISTLETOE AND HOLLY.

[Illustration: Tossing up for Turkey at Christmas Time.]

Dear Mr. Punch,—I venture to address you on a subject that I feel sure will enlist your kind attention and sympathy. How am I to get through Yule Tide? Ought I to give up the dispatch of “cards,” or ought I to send them to all my relatives, friends, and acquaintances? If I drop the custom, people who like me will think I am outting them, and persons with whom I am less popular will imagine that economy, not to say meanness, is the cause of my ceasing to trouble the Post Office. Suppose that I “hang the expense,” and *do* send the cards. Well, I am in this position; it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to get a suitable greeting to all those who receive my annual benediction. If I have “Wishing you and yours every happiness,” with my appended name and address lithographed, the greeting seems cold, and even inappropriate, if addressed to, say, a favourite Maiden Aunt; and unduly familiar if forwarded to the acquaintance I saw for the first time in my life the day before yesterday. Then if I trust to the ordinary Christmas Cards of commerce, I am often at a loss to select an appropriate recipient for a nestful of owls, or the picture of a Clown touching up an elderly gentleman of highly respectable appearance with a red-hot poker! If I get a representation of flowers, the chances are ten to one that the accompanying lines are of a compromising character. It is obviously cruel to send to a recently-widowed Uncle some verses about “*Darby and Joan*,” and my Mother-in-law is not likely to feel complimented if I forward to her a poetically expressed suggestion that there is no pleasanter place than her own home—away, of course, from her Son-in-law! And yet these are the problems that meet the would-be Yule Tide card distributor at every turn! I remain, my dear *Mr. Punch*, yours sincerely,

ONE WHO WISHES TO AVOID A ROW.

P.S.—If this arrives late, thank the cards that have overtaxed the postal arrangements.

* * * * *

THE UNITED SERVICE DIARY FOR 1891.

[Illustration: Extremes Meet.]



January to March.—Soldiers on leave. Sailors at sea. Civil Servants reading the morning paper.

April to June.—Soldiers at play. Sailors in harbour. Civil Servants reading the morning paper.

July to September.—Soldiers at sea (autumn manoeuvres). Sailors at play (*ditto*). Civil Servants away (*ditto*).



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October to December.—Soldiers on leave. Sailors at sea. Civil Servants reading the morning paper.

* * * * *

[Illustration: FOLLIES OF THE YEAR.]

* * * * *

IN THE LATEST STYLE.

(*BY OUR INTREPID INTERVIEWER.*)

Feeling that your readers would be interested in learning Mr. CHOSE's own view of the unpleasant affair, I called upon the distinguished Arctic Explorer just as he was sitting down to breakfast.

"Now, Mr. CHOSE, is it really true," I asked, "that you stole the umbrellas?"

The face of the warrior flushed angrily, for a moment, and then regaining his composure, he replied that he could not see the point of possessing himself of articles that would be absolutely valueless in those extremely northern latitudes.

"That is not the question," I persisted. "I am sure you will forgive me, when you remember that I speak in the name of the Public; but what I want, and what they want to know is, Did you steal the umbrellas? Now, Mr. CHOSE, you can surely answer Yes or No."

"I don't see what either you or they have to do with it," replied the Arctic Explorer, cutting off the top of a boiled egg, "but as a matter of fact, I had nothing whatever to do with any of the luggage of the expedition. So, if it is said, that I walked about with a shower-protector that was not my own, you can value the story for what it is worth. Why, on the very face of it, the report is ridiculous!"

"Exactly," I agreed, "but, then, the world is uncharitable. However, Mr. CHOSE, perhaps you can tell me if it is true that your friend and colleague, Mr. BLANK, converted an aged Esquimaux into what he termed Iced Greenlander?"

"I have heard the story, certainly; but cannot say whether it is true or not. When the incident is alleged to have happened, I was in another part of the country, having been sent there to change novels at the local circulating library."

"But would you say it was probable?"



“Distinctly not. BLANK was a noble-hearted, chivalrous, merry, gladsome, gallant young fellow. He was the soul of honour. Why,” he added, with deep emotion, “I have left as much as fourpence in coppers on a mantel-piece alone with him, and on my return have found every halfpenny of the money untouched!”

“Then do you not think he pushed the old man into the sausage-machine?”

“If he did, it must have been either accidentally, or to win a wager, or perhaps as practical joke. That he would do anything open to censure at the hands of the severest moralist, is absolutely incredible. Why, he is a Loamshire man!”

“So I have heard; and, now, Mr. CHOSE, as I see that you have finished your breakfast, I will put to you a purely personal question. Is it true that you poisoned your grandmother, drowned your uncle, stifled your niece, and hanged your brother-in-law?”



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The Arctic Explorer pulled angrily at his moustache, and said something about the reports to which I referred being exaggerated.

“And may I take it that you have never been in gaol for picking pockets? And when it is said that you were turned out of a Club for cheating at cards—”

But at this point I was assisted to take my leave with so much abruptness, that I was forced to leave my last question but partially formulated. On finding myself once more in the street, I noticed that I was reclining in the gutter, bare-headed. A little later, however, my hat was thrown after me.

* * * * *

PICTORIAL NOTE TO HAMLET.

[Illustration: HAMLET AS HE REALLY OUGHT TO BE, ACCORDING TO SHAKSPEARE.]

“O that this too too solid flesh would melt!”

Note.—Shakespeare was the originator of the aesthetic expression “Too, too.”

[Illustration: *Queen*. “He’s fat, and scant of breath,
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,
rub thy brows.”]

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POLITICS UP TO DATE.

(SPECIMEN LEADER FROM AN IRISH PAPER IN A CHRONIC STATE OF REVOLUTION.)

WEDNESDAY, 9 A.M.—We appear this morning awaiting the future with confidence and hope. So far, we have been able to conduct this journal on patriotic lines. We have denounced the Leader of the Party as the enemy of his country, and have applauded his opponents as the saviours of society. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that the time may arrive when this policy may be reversed. The hour may come—

10 A.M.—It has! We have much pleasure in informing our readers that, after a vigorous fight (honourable to all who took part in it), we have conquered. This paper is in our hands, and henceforward we shall support, to the best of our ability, the Leader of the Party, and denounce the infamous pretensions of his opponents; still, it would be unwise to ignore the possibilities of the future. We may be overpowered by a tyrannical majority. The time may come—



11 A.M.—It has! Hurroo! It was hard fighting to get back; but here we are again, ready to denounce the leader, and support his opponents. For the moment we are victorious, but who shall prophesy what may be looming in the distant ages? The hour may come—

12 NOON.—It has! And now that we have again taken possession, we must say we have never had so elegant a quarrel. The shillelaghs were flinging about all over the place, cracking crowns in all directions, and the scimmages were just magnificent! It was an elegant row entirely! But now to work. Our noble leader deserves his triumph, and his opponents are nowhere. Still in the moment of victory, it would be foolish to overlook the chances of to-morrow. The hour may come—

1 P.M.—It has! Be jabers, what a contest! But we have just slaughtered them! Oh, it was a fine sight entirely! How the ink-pots flew about! Easy now, let us to business. The shorter we make our remarks the better, as no one can say what will be happening hereafter. The hour may come—



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2 P.M.—It has! With a vengeance! We have defeated them! Hurroo, boys! This is not the time for composition! Tread on the tail of my—we mean—our coat! Come on, ye dirty spalpeens! Hurroo!

[Publication suspended until someone can be found—not otherwise engaged—to write and print it, while someone else starts a rival and “suppressed” edition.]

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[Illustration]

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THE AMUSING RATTLE’S NOTE-BOOK FOR 1891.

January.—If dining out on the 1st, remember that the QUEEN was created Empress of Hindostan on that date in 1877, although the Opposition tried to *hinder her* from assuming the title. Work this out. Lent Term commences at Oxford and Cambridge. Can’t be given away if only *lent*. This entertaining quibble (suitable to five o’clock teas in Bayswater) can be applied to other topics. Note the colours of the Universities, and bring in somehow “a fit of the blues.” On the 13th PITT died, on the 14th FOX was born. First date suggestive of PITT, the second of *pity*. Good joke for the Midlands. Put it down to SHERIDAN.

February.—On the 3rd Lord SALISBURY born on St. Blaise’s festival. Consequently might be expected to set the Thames on fire. This said with a sneer, should go splendidly at a second-rate Radical luncheon-party. On the 14th, if you receive an uncomplimentary missive, say it is less suggestive of *Valentine* than *Orson*. This capital jest should make you a welcome guest in places where they laugh until the end of the month.

March.—Not much doing. On the 8th Battle of Abookir, 1801. If you take care to pronounce the victory *A-book-er*, you may possibly get a jest out of it in connection with a welshing transaction on the turf, when you can call it “the defeat of *A-book-er*.” Good at a hunting-breakfast where the host is a nonagenarian, who can observe “1801?—the year of my birth!”

April.—Remember BISMARCK was born on the 1st, so it can’t be “*All Fools’ Day*.” Work this up to amuse a spinster aunt who reads the *Times*.

May.—You may say of the 1st, if it is cold, that it is a “naughty date.” If you are asked for a reason for this assertion, apologise and explain that you meant a “*Connaughty* date, for it is Prince ARTHUR’s Birthday.” The claims of loyalty should secure for this quaint conceit a right hearty welcome. In 1812, on the 22nd, GRISI the celebrated



songstress was born. At a distance of four hundred miles from London, in extremely unsophisticated society, you may perhaps venture something about the notes of this far-famed artist being like “lubricated lightning” for evident reasons, but you must not expect any one to laugh.

June.—The name of this month may assist you to a joke here and there in regard to a well-known ecclesiastical lawyer and Queen’s Counsel. This will be the more valuable, as the “remarkable days” are few and far between, according to WHITAKER.



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July.—Note that on the 3rd the Dog Days commence, and that it is also the anniversary of the Battle of Sadowa. If you pronounce the victory “sad-hour” you should get a jest calculated to cause merriment amongst persons who have spent the best years of their lives on desert islands, or as Chancery Division Chief Clerks. On the 24th the Window Tax was abolished, of which you may say that although a priceless boon it was only a *light* relief. If you can only introduce this really clever *bon mot* into a speech at a wedding breakfast, a railway indignation meeting or a debate in the House of Lords, it is sure to go with bowls not to say shrieks. PENN died on the 30th, and in founding Pennsylvania was mightier than the sword. This announcement is the nearest approach to levity that in common decency can be tolerated in a mourning coach.

August.—On the 1st, in 1834, no less than 770,280 British slaves were freed. You might ask satirically, how many slaves (be they husbands or be they wives) now exist? You might offer this to a clergyman to be used in a sermon. On the 26th, Anniversary of the Battle of Cressy. Opportunity for saying (at the breaking-up of an infant school) that on account of the extremely warm reception to which the French were welcomed on that occasion, the victory might be appropriately called, “the Battle of Mustard-and-Cressy.” This will be found pleasing by a Colonial Briton home on furlough, and an Honorary Royal Academician living in retirement.

September.—On the 1st, Shooting at Partridges commences. Opportunity for aiming old jokes about firing off guns without loading, killing dead birds, &c, &c. On the 3rd, the present Lord Chancellor born in 1825—the name of GIFFARD entombed in *Hals-bury*. A little obscure this, but, if carefully worked out, will amply repay time and attention. On the 9th THOMAS WATTS (who may be amusingly called “Watts-his-name”), died in 1869. Not much in this, but may possibly fill up an awkward pause during the reading of a will, or the arrival of fresh hot water at a newly-married lady’s initial hospitality at five o’clock tea.

October.—FIELDING, the novelist, *bowled out* on the 8th in 1754. Battle of Agincourt on the 25th—an awful example to habitual drunkards. Pheasant-shooting commences. Right time to tell that story about the Cockney who, dropping his “h’s,” shot *peasants* instead! This well-worn jest will be still found attractive by Australians who have spent the better part of their lives in the Bush.

[Illustration: ALWAYS ENTERTAINING;

OR, VERY MUCH TAKEN CUM (CORNEY) GRAIN O!]

November.—Good joke still to be made in the quieter suburbs about having special appointments for the 5th, when one has to take the chair at a meeting which perambulates the streets. Lord Mayor’s Day on the 9th—opportunity for letting off “the Mayor the merrier,” “L10,000 a Mayor’s Nest-egg,” &c, &c. Jests about the fog not now popular—the infliction is too serious for jocularity!



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December.—Holiday time for everyone, inclusive of that most melancholy of persons “the funny man.” BOB LOWE (born in 1811) reaches the age of eighty, and the Grand Old Man (born in 1809) eighty-two! With this ingenious quibble the Amusing Rattle can wish himself a Merry Christmas, and the remainder of the world a Happy New Year.

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APPROPRIATE.—Sir,—Was there ever a more appropriate Christmas legal case than appeared in the *Times Law Report*, December 20th, and which was entitled “*The Mayor, &c. of Bootle-cum-Linacre v. The Justices of Lancashire?*” What delightful names for a comic chorus to a *Bab Ballad* in a Pantomime.

Solo. Oh, did ye ne’er hear of His Worship the Mayor *Chorus.* Of Bootle-cum-Linacre diddle-cum-dee; *Solo.* Who went for the Justices of Lankyshare, *Chorus.* Singing Bootle-cum-Linacre diddle-cum-dee.

Too late for the Burlesques and the Pantomimes, but it may still be serviceable at Music Halls and “places where they sing.”

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