

# **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 99, December 20, 1890 eBook**

## **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 99, December 20, 1890**

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# Page 1

**Title: Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 99., Dec. 20, 1890**

Author: Various

Release Date: July 16, 2004 [EBook #12917]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

\*\*\* Start of this project gutenber EBOOK Punch \*\*\*

Produced by Malcolm Farmer, William Flis, and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

## **PUNCH,**

*Or the London charivari.*

*Vol. 99.*

*December 20, 1890.*

## **VOCES POPULI.**

*The riding-class.*

*Scene—A Riding-school, on a raw chilly afternoon. The gas is lighted, but does not lend much cheerfulness to the interior, which is bare and bleak, and pervaded by a bluish haze. Members of the Class discovered standing about on the tan, waiting for their horses to be brought in. At the further end is an alcove, with a small balcony, in which Mrs. BILBOW-KAY, the Mother of one of the Equestrians, is seated with a young female Friend.*

*Mrs. Bilbow-Kay. Oh, Robert used to ride very nicely indeed when he was a boy; but he has been out of practice lately, and so, as the Doctor ordered him horse-exercise, I thought it would be wiser for him to take a few lessons. Such an excellent change for any one with sedentary pursuits!*

[Illustration]



*The Friend.* But isn't riding a sedentary pursuit, too?

*Mrs. B.-K. Robert* says he doesn't find it so.

[*Enter the Riding Master.*

*Riding Master (saluting with cane).* Evenin', Gentlemen—your 'orses will be in directly; 'ope we shall see some *ridin'* this time. (*Clatter without; enter Stablemen with horses.*) Let me see—Mr. *Bilbow-Kay*, Sir, you'd better ride the *Shar*; he ain't been out all day, so he'll want some 'andling. (*Mr. B.-K., with a sickly smile, accepts a tall and lively horse.*) No, Mr. TONGS, that ain't *your* 'orse to-day—you've got beyond 'im, Sir. We'll put you up on *Lady Loo*; she's a bit rough till you get on terms with her, but you'll be all right on her after a bit. Yes, Mr. JOGGLES, Sir, you take *Kangaroo*, please. Mr. BUMPAS, I've 'ad the *Artful Dodger* out for you; and mind he don't get rid of you so easy as he did Mr. GRIPPER last time. Got a nice 'orse for *you*, Mr. 'ARRY SNIGGERS, Sir—*Frar Diavolo*. You mustn't take no notice of his bucking a bit at starting—he'll soon leave it off.

*Mr. Sniggers (who conceals his qualms under a forced facetiousness).* Soon leave me off, you mean!



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*R.M.* (after distributing the remaining horses). Now then—bring your 'orses up into line, and stand by, ready to mount at the word of command, reins taken up in the left 'and with the second and little fingers, and a lock of the 'orse's mane twisted round the first. Mount! That 'orse ain't a *bicycle*, Mr. SNIGGERS. [Mr. S. (in an undertone.) No—worse luck!] Number off! Walk! I shall give the word to trot directly, so now's the time to improve your seats—that back a bit straighter, Mr. 'OOPER. No. 4, just fall out, and we'll let them stirrup-leathers down another 'ole or two for yer. (*No. 4, who has just been congratulating himself that his stirrups were conveniently high, has to see them let down to a distance where he can just touch them by stretching.*) Now you're all comfortable. ["Oh, are we?" from Mr. S.] Trot! Mr. TONGS, Sir, 'old that 'orse in—he's gettin' away with you already. Very bad, Mr. JOGGLES, Sir—keep those 'eels down! Lost your stirrup, Mr. JELLY? Never mind that—*feel* for it, Sir. I want you to be independent of the irons. I'm going to make you ride without 'em presently. (*Mr. JELLY shivers in his saddle.*) Captin' CROPPER, Sir; if that Volunteer ridgment as you're goin' to be the Major of sees you like you are now, on a field-day—they'll 'ave to fall out to *larf*, Sir! (*Mr. CROPPER devoutly wishes he had been less ingenuous as to his motive for practising his riding.*) Now, Mr. SNIGGERS, make that 'orse learn 'oo's the master! [Mr. S. "He *knows*, the brute!"]

*Mrs. B.-K.* He's very rude to all the Class, except dear ROBERT—but then ROBERT has such a nice easy seat.

*The R.M.* Mr. BILBOW-KAY, Sir, try and set a bit closer. Why, you ain't no more 'old on that saddle than a stamp with the gum licked off! Can-ter! *You're* all right, Mr. JOGGLES—it's on'y his play; set down on your saddle, Sir!... I didn't say on the ground!

*Mrs. B.-K.* (anxiously to her Son, as he passes). BOB, are you quite sure you're safe? (*To Friend.*) His horse is snorting so dreadfully!

*R.M.* 'Alt! Every Gentleman take his feet out of the stirrups, and cross them on the saddle in front of him. Not your *feet*, Mr. SNIGGERS, we ain't Turks 'ere!

*Mr. S.* (*sotto voce*). "There's *one* bloomin' Turk 'ere, anyway!"

*R.M.* Now then,—Walk!... Trot! Set back, Gentlemen, set back all—'old on by your knees, not the pommels. *I* see you, Mr. JELLY, kitchin' 'old o' the mane—I shall 'ave to give you a 'ogged 'orse next time you come. Quicken up a bit—this is a ride, not a funeral. Why, I could *roll* faster than you're trotting! Lor, you're like a row o' Guy Foxes on 'orseback, you are! Ah, I thought I'd see one o' you orf! Goa-ron, all o' you, you don't come 'ere to *play* at ridin'—I'll make you ride



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afore I've done with you! 'Ullo, Mr. JOGGLES, nearly gone that time, Sir! There, that'll do—or we'll 'ave all your saddles to let unfurnished. Wa-alk! Mr. BILBOW-KAY, when your 'orse changes his pace sudden, it don't look well for you to be found settin' 'arf way up his neck, and it gives him a bad opinion of yer, Sir. Uncross sterrups! Trot on! It ain't no mortal use your clucking to that mare, Mr. TONGS, Sir, because she don't understand the langwidge—touch her with your 'eel in the ribs. Mr. SNIGGERS, that 'orse is doin' jest what he likes with you. 'It 'im, Sir; he's no friends and few relations!

*Mr. S. (with spirit).* I ain't going to 'it 'im. If you want him 'it, get up and do it yourself!

*R.M.* When I say "Circle Right"—odd numbers'll wheel round and fall in be'ind even ones. Circle *Right!*... Well, if ever I—I didn't tell yer to fall *off* be'ind. Ketch your 'orses and stick to 'em next time. Right In-*cline!* O' course, Mr. JOGGLES, if you prefer takin' that animal for a little ride all by himself, we'll let you out in the streets—otherwise p'raps you'll kindly follow yer leader. Captin CROPPER, Sir, if you let that curb out a bit more, *Reindeer* wouldn't be 'arf so narsty with yer ... Ah, now you 'ave done it. You want *your* reins painted different colours and labelled, Sir, you do. 'Alt, the rest of you.... Now, seein' you're shook down in your saddles a bit—["*Shook up's more like it!*" from Mr. S.]—we'll 'ave the 'urdles in and show you a bit o' Donnybrook! (*The Class endeavours to assume an air of delighted anticipation at this pleasing prospect.*) (*To Assistant R.M., who has entered and said something in an undertone.*) Eh, Captin 'EDSTALL here, and wants to try the grey cob over 'urdles? Ask him if he'll come in now—we're just going to do some jumping.

*Assist. R.M.* This lot don't look much like going over 'urdles—'cept in front o' the 'orse, but I'll tell the Captin.

*[The hurdles are brought in and propped up. Enter a well-turned-out Stranger, on a grey cob.*

*Mr. Sniggers (to him.)* You ain't lost nothing by coming late, I can tell yer. We've bin having a gay old time in 'ere—made us ride without sterrups, he did!

*Capt. Headstall.* Haw, really? Didn't pet grassed, did you?

*Mr. S.* Well, me and my 'orse separated by mutual consent. I ain't what you call a fancy 'orseman. We've got to go at that 'urdle in a minute. How do *you* like the ideer, eh? It's no good funking it—it's got to be *done!*

*R.M.* Now, Captin—not *you*, Captin CROPPER—Captin 'EDSTALL, *I* mean, will you show them the way over, please?

*[Captain H. rides at it; the cob jumps too short, and knocks the hurdle down—to his rider's intense disgust.]*



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*Mr. S.* I say, Guv'nor, that was a near thing. I wonder you weren't off.

*Capt. H.* I—ah—don't often come off.

*Mr. S.* You won't say that when you've been 'ere a few times. You see, they've put you on a quiet animal this journey. I shall try to get him myself next time. He be'aves like a gentleman, *he* does!

*Capt. H.* You won't mount him, if you take my advice—he has rather a delicate mouth.

*Mr. S.* Oh, I don't mind that—I should ride him on the curb, o' course. [*The Class ride at the hurdle, one by one.*]

*R.M.* Now, Mr. SNIGGERS, give 'im more of 'is 'ed than that, Sir—or he'll take it.... Oh, Lor, well, it's soft falling luckily! Mr. JOGGLES, Sir, keep him back till you're in a line with it.... Better, Sir; you come down true on your saddle afterwards, anyway!... Mr. PARABOLE!... Ah, *would* you? *Told* you he was tricky, Sir! Try him at it again.... Now—over!... Yes, and it *is* over, and no mistake!

*Mrs. B.-K.* Now it's ROBERT's turn. I'm afraid he's been overtiring himself, he looks so pale. BOB, you won't let him jump too high, *will* you?— Oh, I daren't look. Tell me, my love,—is he *safe*?

*Her Friend.* Perfectly—they're just brushing him down.

AFTERWARDS.

*Mrs. B.-K. (to her Son).* Oh, BOB, you must never think of jumping again—it *is* such a dangerous amusement!

*Robert (who has been cursing the hour in which he informed his parent of the exact whereabouts of the school.)* It's all right with a horse that knows *how* to jump. Mine didn't.

*The Friend.* I *thought* you seemed to jump a good deal higher than the horse did. They ought to be trained to keep close under you, oughtn't they? [ROBERT *wonders if she is as guileless as she looks.*]

*Capt. Cropper (to the R.M.).* Oh, takes about eight months, with a lesson every day, to make a man efficient in the Cavalry, does it? But, look here—I suppose four more lessons will put *me* all right, eh? I've had *eight*, y'know.

*R.M.* Well, Sir, if you *arsk* me, I dunno as another arf dozen'll do you any 'arm—but, o'course, that's just as *you* feel about it.



*[Captain CROPPER endeavours to extract encouragement from this Delphic response.]*

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE RUSSIAN WOLF AND THE HEBREW LAMB.

*(After a well-known Picture.)]*

\* \* \* \* \*

TIT-WILLOW.

*(A NEW VERSION.)*



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[“Last year I fed the tomtits with a cocoanut, suspended on a stick outside my window, and they came greedily. This year I forgot all about it, but, hearing a clamour in a fuchsia-bush outside my study window ... I found myself besieged by an army of tomtits ... Was it memory, or association of ideas, or both?”—Rev. F.G. Montague Powell, in the “Spectator.”]

On a bush in a garden a little Tomtit  
Sang “Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!”  
And I said to him, “Dicky-bird, why do you sit  
Singing ‘Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow?’”  
“I’ve had nothing to eat for three days,” he replied,  
“Though in searching for berries I’ve gone far and wide,  
And I feel a pain here in my little inside,  
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!”

Now his poor little cheeks had grown haggard and thin,  
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!  
And his self was a shadow of what it had been,  
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!  
“By the kind Mr. Powell last year was I fed  
With a cocoanut stuck on a stick,” so he said,  
“And without this again I shall shortly be dead,  
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!”

So he gathered an army who twittered all day  
“O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!”  
But a cocoanut soon made them all cease to say  
“O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!”  
And the truth of my story you must not assail,  
For the dear old *Spectator* has published the tale.  
Though those who will read it can scarcely well fail  
To say “Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“The Passing of Arthur.”—After *Ivanhoe*, Sir Arthur Sullivan’s new Opera, has appeared at Mr. D’OYLY CARTE’S new theatre, the Knightly and Daily Composer will rest his musical brain for a year, and will place his Savoy throne at the disposal of Prince Edward Solomon, direct descendant of the wisest monarch ever known save for one amiable weakness. The successor to King Arthur has plenty of “Savoy Faire,” and a good choice has been made. The Carte will now be drawn along merrily enough, and, no doubt, it will be a brilliant time when Sol, in all his glory, comes out and shines at the Savoy.



\* \* \* \* \*

NEW IRISH POLITICAL PARTY NAME.—For the followers of Mr. PARNELL, the best name in future would be “The *Faux-Par-nellites*.”

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: TRUE FEMININE DELICACY OF FEELING.

*Emily* (*who has called to take Lizzie to the great Murder Trial*). “What deep Black, dearest!”

*Lizzie*. “Yes. I thought it would be only decent, as the poor Wretch is sure to be found Guilty.”

*Emily*. “Ah! Where I was Dining last night, it was even betting which way the Verdict would go, so I only put on *Half Mourning!*”]



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\* \* \* \* \*

A PORTIA A LA RUSSE.

["I repeat that a great military Power, having at her disposal an army of two millions of well-disciplined and drilled soldiers, whom no European country dares to attack single-handed, can face calmly, and even good-humouredly, both the wild attacks of unscrupulous publicists, and mistaken protests of philanthropic meetings, though these be as imposing and brilliant as the Lord Mayor's Show itself."—*Madame Novikoff's Letter to the "Times," on "The Jews in Russia."*]

The quality of mercy is o'erstrained,  
It droppeth twaddle-like from Lord Mayor's lips  
Upon a Russian ear: strength is twice scornful,  
Scornful of him it smites, and him who prates  
Of mercy for the smitten: force becomes  
The throned monarch better than chopped logic;  
His argument's—two millions of armed men,  
Which strike with awe and with timidity  
Prating philanthropy that pecks at kings.  
But Mercy is beneath the Sceptre's care,  
It is a bugbear to the hearts of Czars.  
Force is *the* attribute of the "God of Battles";  
And earthly power does then show likest heaven's  
When Justice mocks at Mercy. Therefore, Jew,  
Though mercy be thy prayer, consider this,  
That in the course of mercy few of us,  
Muscovite Czars, or she-diplomatists.  
Should hold our places as imperious Slavs  
Against humanitarian Englishmen,  
And Jews gregarious. *These* do pray for Mercy,  
Whose ancient Books instruct us all to render  
Eye for eye justice! Most impertinent!  
Romanist Marquis, Presbyterian Duke,  
And Anglican Archbishop, mustered up  
With Tabernacular Tubthumper, gowned Taffy,  
And broad-burred Boanerges from the North,  
Mingled with Pantheist bards, Agnostic Peers,  
And lawyers latitudinarian,—  
Lord Mayor's Show of *Paul Pry* pageantry,  
All to play Mentor to the Muscovite!  
Master of many millions! Oh, most monstrous!  
Are we Turk dogs that they should do this thing?  
In name of Mercy!!!



I have writ so much,  
As ADLER says, with “dainty keen-edged dagger,”  
To mitigate humanity’s indignation.  
With airy epigram, and show old friends,  
GLADSTONE, and WESTMINSTER, MACCOLL and STEAD,  
That OLGA NOVIKOFF is still O.K.  
A Portia—*a la Russe!* Have I not proved it?

\* \* \* \* \*

DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS!

[The ladies, who are learning Whist in New York, do not, says the *Daily News*, worry much about the rules, but rather use the old-fashioned game as an opportunity for exhibiting their diamond rings, &c.]

I played the other day at Whist,  
My partner was a comely maiden,  
Her eyes so blue, her pretty wrist  
With bracelets and with bangles laden,  
She wore about ten thousand pounds,  
Each finger had its priceless jewel,  
She was, in fact, ablaze—but zounds!  
Her play, indeed, was “something cruel.”



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I called for trumps, and called in vain,  
At intervals I dared to mention  
How much her conduct caused me pain,  
Yet paid she not the least attention.  
I very nearly tore my hair,  
I begged of her to play discreetly,  
But no—the tricks I planned with care  
Without exception failed completely.

Jewels, I have no doubt, are grand,  
But even they are sometimes cloying.  
I found at length her splendid hand  
(Of shapely fingers) most annoying.  
When next I'm playing, I confess  
I'd like a girl (and may I get her!)  
Who shows her hands a little less,  
And plays her cards a little better.

\* \* \* \* \*

A LAY OF LONDON.

[Illustration]

Oh, London is a pleasant place to live the whole year through,  
I love it 'neath November's pall, or Summer's rarest blue,  
When leafy planes to city courts still tell the tale of June,  
Or when the homely fog brings out the lamplighter at noon.

I thought to go away this year, and yet in town I am.  
I have not been to Hampstead Heath, much less to Amsterdam;  
And now December's here again I do not feel the loss,  
Though all the summer I've not been four miles from Charing Cross.

'Twas pleasant in the office when we'd gather in a bunch,  
A social, dreamy sort of day, with lots of time for lunch.  
How commerce flagged September through, at 90, Pinching Lane,  
Till bronzed and bluff the chief returned, and trade revived again.

Why talk of Andalusia's bulls, of Rocky-Mountain bears,  
Of Tyrolean alpenstocks—though not of Alpen shares;  
Of seaside haunts where fashion drives with coronetted panels,  
Or briny nooks, when all you need is pipes, and books, and flannels.



Of orange-groves, and cloister'd courts, of fountains, and of pines,  
Black shadows at whose edge the sun intolerably shines,  
Of tumbled mountain heights, like waves on some Titanic sea,  
Caught by an age of ice at once, and fix'd eternally.

Of quiet river-villages, which woods and waters frame,  
Lull'd in the lap of loveliness to the music of their name;  
Of fallow-fields, of sheltered farms, of moorland and of mere:  
Let others roam—I stay at home, and find their beauties here.

Not when the sun on London town incongruously smiles,  
On the news-boys, and the traffic, and the advertisers' wiles;  
But when the solar orb has ceased to mark the flight of time,  
And three yards off is nothingness—indefinite, sublime,—

Then in the City's teeming streets each soul can get its share,  
Its concentrated essence of the high romance of air,  
Whose cloudy symbols KEATS beheld, and yearn'd to jot them down,  
But anybody nowadays can swallow them in town.

There are, who, fain to dry the tear, and soothe the choking throat,  
Would burn those tokens of the hearth that fondly o'er us float;  
They cannot trace amid the gloom each dainty spire and whorl,  
But smoke, to the true poet's eye, is never out of curl.



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The sardine in his oily den, his little house of tin,  
Headless and heedless there he lies, no move of tail or fin,  
Yet full as beauteous, I ween, that press'd and prison'd fish,  
As when in sunny seas he swam unbroken to the dish.

A unit in the vasty world of waters far away,  
We could nor taste his toothsome form, nor watch his merry play,  
But, prison'd thus, to fancy's eye, he brings his native seas,  
The olive-groves of Southern France—perchance the Pyrenees.

The brown sails of the fishing-boats, the lithe sea-season'd crew,  
The spray that shakes the sunlight off beneath the breezy blue,  
The netted horde that shames the light with their refulgent sheen—  
Such charm the gods who dwell on high have given the chill sardine.

So when we find long leagues of smoke compacted in the air,  
'Tis not the philosophic part to murmur or to swear,  
But patiently unravelling, the threads will soon appear,  
In cottage hearths, and burning weeds, and misty woodland sere.

The day is fading, all the West with sunset's glow is bright,  
And island clouds of crimson float in depths of emerald light,  
Like circles on a rippled lake the tints spread up the sky,  
Till, mingling with the purple shade, they touch night's shore, and die.

Down where the beech-trees, nearly bare, spread o'er the red-leaf'd hill,  
Where yet late-lingerers patter down, altho' the wind is still,  
The cottage smoke climbs thinly up, and shades the black-boled trees,  
And hangs upon the misty air as blue as summer seas.

'Tis this, in other guise, that wraps the town in sombre pall,  
While like two endless funerals the lines of traffic crawl,  
And from the abysmal vagueness where flows the turbid stream  
Like madden'd nightmares neighing, the steamers hoarsely scream.

The Arab yearns for deserts free, the mariner for grog,  
The hielan' laddie treads the heath, the croppy trots the bog;  
The Switzer boasts his avalanche, the Eskimo his dog,  
But only London in the world, can show a London fog.

\* \* \* \* \*

A WONDERFUL SHILLINGSWORTH.



My Dear Mr. Punch,—Fresh from the country (which has been my perpetual residence for the last twenty years), I came to London, a few days ago, to visit an establishment which seemed to me to represent that delight of my childhood, the Polytechnic Institution, in the time of Professor PEPPER's Ghost, and glass-blowing by machinery. I need scarcely say that the Royal Aquarium was the attraction, where a shilling entrance fee I imagined would procure for me almost endless enjoyment.

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I had seen the appetising programme—how the doors were opened at 10 A.M., to close a good thirteen hours later—after a round of novelties full of interest to a provincial sight-seer, to say nothing of a Londoner. I entered and found the Variety Entertainment was “on.” I was about to walk into an enclosure, and seat myself in a first-rate position for witnessing the gambols of some talented wolves, when I was informed that I could not do this without extra payment. Unwilling to “bang” an extra sixpence (two had already been expended) I tried to find a gratuitous coign of vantage, but (I am sorry to add) unsuccessfully. But I was not to be disheartened. Could I not see “KENNEDY, King Laughter-Maker of the World,” or “a Grand Billiard Match,” or (more interesting still) “the Performing Fleas”? Yes, indeed I could, but only by expending a shilling on the Mesmerist, a like sum for the Billiard Match. and sixpence on the carefully-trained hoppers. Seeing that “the Wonderful and Beautiful Mystic MURIEL” was in the building, I attempted to interview her, but was stopped at the door by a demand for the fifth of half-a-crown. A like sum stood as a barrier between me and an entertainment that I was told was “described by Mr. RIDER HAGGARD in his well-known romance, called *She*.” Passing by a small bower-like canvas erection, I was attracted by the declaration of its custodian that it was “the most wonderful sight in the world,” a statement he made, he said, “without fear of contradiction.” But “Eve’s Garden” (as the small bower-like canvas erection was called) was inaccessible to those who did not expend the grudgingly-produced but necessary sixpence. Foiled in this direction, I fain would have visited the celebrated Beckwith Family performances, but was prevented by finding that a shilling was the only passport to admission, unless I happened to be a child, when the modified charge of sixpence would be deemed sufficient. There was, however, one entertainment almost free (only a penny was charged), an automatic sight-tester, which pleased me greatly. By putting a copper in the slot, pressing a pedal, and turning a handle, I learned that anyone could discover, literally at a glance, the condition of his eyes. Had I not made up my mind to disburse nothing further than the bare shilling I had already expended, I should certainly have ascertained if the time had arrived for my regretful assumption of a pinch-nose or a pair of spectacles.

I was now losing heart, when, to my great joy, I came upon “the White Kangaroo, the Laughing Jackasses, &c.,” all of which were to be seen “free gratis and for nothing.” It is right, however, that I should add that I found some difficulty in distinguishing “the White Kangaroo” from “the Laughing Jackasses,” and both from “&c.” I now made for *Mlle*. PAULA’s Crocodiles, but here, again, alas! I was doomed to disappointment. As I approached the Reptile-House, in which the fair dame was disporting herself (no

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doubt) amongst "Indian Pythons and Boa Constrictors," I was warned off by the legend, "Admission, Sixpence." It was then I remembered that, after all, I was in an Aquarium, and, consequently, had no right to expect anything but fish. So I approached the tanks, and, to my great delight, found in one of them some floating bodies, that I am almost sure must have been herrings. Having thus gratified my curiosity for the strange and the curious, I returned, well satisfied, to the country, where I purpose remaining a further term of next twenty years. In the meanwhile, believe me, Dear *Mr. Punch*,

Yours sincerely, ONE EASILY PLEASED.

\* \* \* \* \*

Something very big.—"The principal *role* (*Falstaff*), in VERDI's new comic Opera is amplified and enlarged," writes a special Correspondent to *The Standard*, "from the *Falstaff* of the other plays (besides the *Merry Wives*) in which he takes a part." "Takes a part!" Good Heavens! *Falstaff* "amplified and enlarged" will be something more than a part. It will be that mathematical impossibility, "a part greater than the whole." Surely, with such a *role* in it, this can't be a light Opera.

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Golden Bells*, rung by DEAN AND SON,—quite appropriately ecclesiastical this,—and edited by Mrs. ELIZABETH DAY, will ring forth peals of delight in the nursery, it being the Christmas number of *The Little One's Own Paper*.

[Illustration]

*Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual*, by WALTER BESANT, bears the cheerful and seasonable title of "*The Demoniac*."

Mr. HYNE's *Four Red Nightcaps* is somewhat in the style of *Three Men in a Boat*, only there are "Four men in a Yacht."

Most of the Magazines have their special numbers of these. *The English Illustrated Harper's*, *The Century*, are got up with the most charming illustrations.

*The Gentlewoman* has her first Christmas Number, and,—so like her!—a coloured satin picture! *The Pictorial World* has two good pictures for framing.

The Baron liketh much the latest contribution to the Rosslyn Series, edited by Earl HODGSON, who is of the Peerage of Parnassus, as you won't find this Earl in *Brett's*



*Peerage*. The Baron congratulates the Earl, and has also sent an order for a pound of laurels wherewith to decorate the brow of WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. Among the many gems of his songs let me select “A Continuation”—there would have been “a pair of continuations,” could he have rivalled himself; then “*Lalage*,” and “*The Chansonnette*,” which, with “*Rizzio to Marie Stuart*,” ought to be set to music by a gifted composer. There are also some delightful verses to “*Old Court Trinity*,” which will delight all Trinitarians of Cambridge—“*cum multis aliis*”—to quote the ancient Roman singer, so, as a short way with our Poet POLLOCK, the classic Baron, remembering how the ancients swore “By Pollux!” adapts the ejaculation, and says, “Buy POLLOCK’s —book.”

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All Meredithians must possess *George Meredith, Some Characteristics*, by Richard Le Gallienne. The book is a complete and excellent guide to the novelist and the novels, a sort of Meredithian *Bradshaw*, with pictures of the traffic superintendent, and of the head office at Boxhill. Even Philistines may be won over by the blandishments of Mr. Le GALLIENNE, from whom I learn, by the way, that GEORGE MEREDITH is “the HARVEY of the Ego,” and that he is not ADRIAN HARLEY. I hear, also, that “daily, from one quarter or another, come critical cuff and kick, to impress upon a numb public the latest example of its immemorial purblindness.” And the Baron adds this cufflet to the rest. Mr. JOHN LANE has added a Bibliography, which is a model of minute industry. So here’s to the book of RICHARD and JOHN.

Among the Arts for obvious reasons not known to Ancient Greece is *The Art of Cooking by Gas*. In a little book under this title, published by CASSELL, Mrs. SUGG has undertaken to disclose its mysteries, and set forth its attractions. No one could be better qualified for the task, since Mrs. SUGG is the wife of WILLIAM SUGG of Charing Cross, who has thrown more light on Modern London than CAMDEN did on its ancient ways. Cooking by gas, Mrs. SUGG shows, is cleaner, cheaper, more convenient, and more artistic than the older style. So widely is the practice now established, that gas-cooking apparatus are made to suit all conditions of life, from the kitchen of the Grand Hotel to the “Little Connaught,” which you can (if you like) carry about in your waistcoat-pocket; yet when properly extended it will roast fowls, and small joints, grill chops, steaks, and fish, boil eggs, and vegetables, and keep a large family in hot water. “To gentlemen residing in Chambers, or those reading for the Bar,” Mrs. SUGG writes of another treasure, “this little kitchener with the two grillers will prove a great boon.” If Sir HENRY JAMES had really been going to the Bench, he could not have done better than study this book, and set himself up with a “Little Connaught” or a “Double Griller.” Since that is not the case, it may be asked, Would they be worth the LORD CHANCELLOR’s attention? We unhesitatingly reply, “Why, Sugg’nly!”

“Are you asleep, BUCHANAN?” inquired ARCHER. This is the first sentence of a shilling novel, by BUTIFFE SKOTTOWE, with a very sensational picture on the cover. I “read no more that day,” but closed the book, dreading lest, of the two figures on the thrilling frontispiece, one should be *the* BUCHANAN, and the other *the* only ARCHER in the world of Ibsenish proclivities.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

\* \* \* \* \*

STRUCTURAL IMPROVEMENTS IN A THEATRE.—Mr. NORMAN FORBES opens the Globe. The seats are so constructed, that they can be taken outside the theatre. Also, any person who has purchased a numbered seat need not come to the theatre to occupy it. The seats are so made as to be equally comfortable for big and little persons—for the former, they can be let out.



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A CRY FROM THE CINDER-PATH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I must appeal to you, the unimpeachable Caesar, in athletics as in all other matters, to secure me some small meed of public sympathy and consideration. During the, happily, almost past year, I have been the victim of gross ill-treatment at the hands, nay, worse, the feet, of athletes of various kinds. I have been cut in public by some of the best performers; I have been mercilessly beaten, and persistently lowered, till it is a wonder to myself that I have any self-respect left. I am too good a sportsman at least, Sir, to complain of rough usage in a fair way, but while I must suffer for the ambition of every ped. and every wheel-man, my colleague and close relation, who is generally known as "The Standard," is put higher and higher, without really doing anything at all to deserve his elevation. I have had the people all shouting about me; I have been the subject of columns of statistical gush in the Sporting Press, and now I am constrained to appeal to a non-professional for bare justice in my crippled old age. Wishing you a happier New Year than the old one has been to me, I am yours, in disgust,

A SMASHED RECORD.

\* \* \* \* \*

LONDON METEORILLOGICAL ARRANGEMENTS.

(FOR THE WINTER.)

*CLERK OF WEATHER OFFICE.*

*Monday* {Frost. N.E. wind. Light fall of Snow. N. wind.  
 {Change at night to S. Thaw. Slosh.  
*Tuesday* Fog. E. wind.  
*Wednesday* Thicker fog. N.E. wind. Frost.  
*Thursday* Thicker fog. E. wind.  
*Thursday Night.* Fog. Frost. N. wind.  
*Friday & Friday Night* Snow. N. wind. Sudden change to S.W. wind.  
*Saturday* Sun for two hours. Horrid slosh.  
*Sunday* Drizzle. Rain for one day.  
*Monday* Hard frost. N.E. wind. Traffic almost impossible.  
*Tuesday and following days* (*Da capo, with a few variations.*)

\* \* \* \* \*

A MUSICAL NOTE.



Very fine performance by Royal Choral Society, at my little place in Kensington, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th, of MACKENZIE's "*Rose of Sharon*." Everything *couleur de Rose*, except the atmosphere, which was *couleur de pea-soup*. Weather responsible for a certain number of empty stalls in my hall. Madame ALBANI in excellent voice—sang throughout gloriously. E.L., the Squire of Hall Barn, says that, when the eminent soprano sings at his place, he shall announce her as Madame HALLBARNI. HILDA WILSON first-rate in "*Lo! the King!*" LLOYD as good as ever; can't say more. The duets between him and ALBANI, perfection. WATKIN MILLS, an impressive *Solomon*, sang the difficult music of that character artistically. The Chorus superb in one of finest choruses, written by an English composer, "*Make a joyful Noise*"—very joyful noise they made, and a considerable one. I consider the "*Rose of Sharon*" a masterpiece, and the greatest work of any Englishman—and, now I come to think of it, MACKENZIE's a Scotchman. Yours truly, ALBERT HALL.



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PARS ABOUT PICTURES.—On to DOWDESWELL’s—Pictures by the Newlyn School. Interesting show this—especially good in landscapes. Disappointed there is no picture of the town of Par, whence the O.P.’s ancestors came. However, let that pass. Ladies, first,—there is excellent work by Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES, Mrs. GOTCH, Miss HAYES, Miss FORD, and Miss BIRD; and, be it said with all politeness, equally excellent work by Messrs. STANHOPE FORBES, TITCOMBE, A.C. TAYLER, and others. A good many of the tin mines of Cornwall are said to be worked out, but I think not a few of our young artists have found a mine of tin in this picturesque country, which they are working both to their own advantage, and that of the Art-loving public. In the same gallery may be found a small collection of pastels by Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE. This artist seems to thoroughly understand the scope of pastel—and has walked his chalks about Scotland to considerable purpose. OLD PAR.

\* \* \* \* \*

“AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.”—Nothing in Nature and Art combined is so sad as the effect of a Street Minstrel playing something with flourishes on a clarinet under the windows of your study during a yellow London fog. “This way madness lies.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“BOXING-DAY” will, of course, be kept with great festivity at the Pelican Club. The contests will be of the friendliest character, and will be genially announced as “Kiss-in-the-Ring.”

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: HIS FIRST BIRD.

“WELL, I DIDN’T MISS *THAT* ONE, AT ALL EVENTS!”

“NO, SIR. THEY *WILL* FLY INTO IT, SOMETIMES!”]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

OR, THE ST. STEPHEN’S TRAGEDY.

*AN OLD (INGOLDSBYISH) SONG, TO A NEW (IRISH) TUNE.*

When M.P.’s were all honest and good,  
(A long time ago, I’m afraid, Ma’am),



We heard of the Babes in the Wood,  
Who were jockeyed, misled, and betrayed, Ma'am.  
Well, history, so we are told,  
Repeats itself—varying slightly—  
Once again two poor Babes have been—*sold*,  
Let us say, just to put it politely.  
Rum tiddy-um, tiddy-um-tay!

Two innocent cherubs they were,  
Master GLADDY, and young Miss MOORLEENA;  
Such sweet little souls to ensnare,—  
Why, no conduct could well have been meaner.  
But all things went well for a time;  
The parties they trusted made much of them;  
Little they fancied that crime  
Would ever attempt to get clutch of them.  
Rum tiddy, &c.

All the same, Ma'am, before very long,  
The Babes found themselves in the Wood. It  
Was that which is known in Erse song  
As the Wood of Shillelagh. Now could it  
Be thought that two brave Oirish bhoys  
Might be found so confoundedly cruel  
As to rob two wee bairns of their toys,  
And then give the poor darlings their “gruel”?  
Rum tiddy, &c.



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But somehow one of them fell out  
With his whilom pet Babe, little GLADDY,  
Looked on him with anger and doubt,  
And conspired to destroy him, poor laddie!  
It seems that the once-admired "kid"  
Was a Turk, and a rogue, and a pickle,  
Who wouldn't do what he was bid,  
But was talkative, tricky, and fickle.  
Rum tiddy, &c.

Clear case of the Wolf and the Lamb!  
Said the Wolf, "I dislike, and distrust him.  
His innocence is but a sham.  
I mean having the bleed of him, bust him!"  
(Such language sounds vulgar and coarse,  
And to put it in poesy's painful;  
But KIPLING will tell you that force  
Of taste must be sometimes disdainful.)  
Rum tiddy, &c.

Little GLADDY, he turned up his eyes  
To his guide's now most truculent visage,  
And feelings of doubt and surprise  
Took hold on him, trying at *his* age.  
Cried he, "Go away, Naughty Man!  
MOORLEENA, this fellow's a rogue, he  
Will kill us, I'm sure, if he can,  
For his face looks as black as Old Bogey!"  
Rum tiddy, &c.

Oh, then the First Robber looked mad,  
And he ups, and says he to the Second,  
"This impudent bit of a lad  
No more a safe pal can be reckoned.  
Get him out of our way, or the swag  
Will not be worth much when allotted.  
MOORLEENA's small weasand *you* scrag,  
Whilst *I* cut young BILLY's carotid!"  
Rum tiddy, &c.

"Ha! stop!" cried the milder of mood,  
"Your conduct is savage and silly.  
They will search for *these* Babes in *this* Wood,  
And there'll be a big row about BILLY.



Don't fancy you'll finish this job  
When you've scragged 'em and stifled their sobbins!  
If these Babes we should murder and rob,  
*Their* graves won't be left to the Robins!"  
Rum tiddy, &c.

Of course after language like this  
Those Robbers' relations grew "squiffy."  
Each drew, cut and thrust, scored a miss,  
And then they set-to in a jiffy.  
The Babes, in no optimist mood,  
Look on at the fight not unequal.  
Will they safely get out of the Wood?  
Well, that we shall see in the sequel!  
Rum-tiddy-um, tiddy-um-tay!

\* \* \* \* \*

AN Anglo-Indian journal, quoted by the *Daily News*, suggests that the Ameer of Afghanistan "might construct a telegraph line throughout his country." Good idea. Of course it is A-meer suggestion.

\* \* \* \* \*

NO MORE APPEALS! NO CHANCE OF AN ERRONEOUS JUDGMENT!! NO  
WRONG SENTENCES!!!—The new Judge must be always WRIGHT. Query—Can he  
sit in Error?

\* \* \* \* \*

NAUTICAL AND ACADEMICAL QUESTION, IMPORTANT FOR MARINE PAINTERS.  
—How much water must such an Artist draw before he is admitted into the Royal  
Academy Harbour?

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE BABES IN THE WOOD.]

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\* \* \* \* \*

THE HIBERNIAN BRER FOX; OR, UNCLE REMUS IN IRELAND.

[Illustration: BRER “FOX.”]

“Now, ’bout dat time, honey,” pursued Uncle REMUS, “Brer Fox he lay low pooty well all der time.”

“Why was that?” asked the little boy.

“Dat,” replied the old man, “was des w’at his frends wanted fer ter know. But Brer Fox, he ain’t sayin’ nuthin’. Den dey sorter dallo roun’ waiting fo’ Brer Fox. En dey keep on waitin’, but no Brer Fox ain’t come.”

“What was Brer Fox doing all this time?” asked the little boy.

“Oh, well den!” exclaimed the old man, “chilluns can’t speck ter know all ’bout eve’ything. And bless grashus, honey! some er der doin’s er Brer Fox ’bout dis yer time ain’t fit fer chilluns *ter* know. Brer Fox, I’m feared, wuz kinder simpertin’ roun’ atter udder people’s prop’ty, and dat’s des why he lay low, en ain’t say nuthin’.”

“However,” pursued the old man, after a pause,—

“De place wharbouts you spill de grease,  
Right dar youer boun’ ter slide.’

And bimeby Brer Fox he sorter slid up *ker-slump*, he did, on his own slide, an’ his frends dey done ’fuse m’on m’on to live naberly wid him, see’n ez he’d done broke der laws er naberly conduc’ as der beastesses hold ’em. En Brer Rabbit—Ole Man Rabbit, as dey call him—he up en he sez, sezee, I ain’t gwineter ’sociate long er no Brer Foxes no mo’, he sez; ’taint ’spectubble, he sez. An’ nex time Brer Rabbit met Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit ’fuse ter ’spon ter his howdy, and dis make Brer Fox feel mighty bad, seein’ ez how dey useter make so many scurshuns togedder.

“Hol’ on dar, Brer Rabbit!” sez Brer Fox, sezee.

“I ain’t got time, Brer Fox,” says Brer Rabbit, sezee, kinder mendin’ his licks.

“I wanter have some confab wid you, Brer Rabbit,” says Brer Fox, sezee.

“All right, Brer Fox, but you had better holler fum whar’ you stan’,” sez Brer Rabbit, “so’s der res’ may hear. I sorter members der las’ time we confabbed togedder, sezee, when we war des as soshubble ez er basket er kittens, twel bimeby you kinder went down to der bottom kerblunkity-blunk, and den you sorter rounded on *me* ’bout der privit palaver,



en I des don't like der way ez der sym'tums seem to segashuate," says Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is, but you ain't gwineter boss *me*," says Brer Fox, sezee.

Brer Rabbit, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but he ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"I'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'spectubble fokes if hit's der las' ack," says Brer Fox, sezee. "Ef you don't take off dat hat, and tell me howdy, I'm gwineter to bus' you wide open, sezee, ef I busses myself at der same time," sezee.

Den Brer Rabbit he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished, but he stan' on his dignitude, and he ain't sayin' nuthin!



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Den Brer Fox get mighty mad. Der never wuz a madder beas' dan he wuz des den. He rip, en he r'ar, en he cuss, en he swar, he snort, en he cavort.

“What was he doing that for, Uncle REMUS?” the little boy inquired.

“Bress you' soul, he wuz tryin' fer tar fling Brer Rabbit off'n his dignitude,” answered the old man.

“And did he succeed?” pursued the little lad.

“Dat's all de fur de tale goes—at present,” replied the old man. “How de onfrennelness eventuated, I may tell you anudder time. But, as I tell you, Brer Rabbit wuz a monstus soon beas'; and, when Brer Fox look mighty biggity, atter cuttin' up mighty small, en loup roun' and make faces at all de beastesses, en sorter rustle roun' like he wuz gwinter bus' eberything, why den, honey, fokes is apt to look on him as kinder splummy-splummy, atter all, en his enfloons bimeby is boun' to be pow'ful lackin'.”

\* \* \* \* \*

THAT FOOT-BALL.

*AN ATHLETIC FATHER'S LAMENT.*

What was it made me cricket snub,  
And force my seven sons to subsidize a local “Rugby” Club?  
That Foot-ball!

Yet, what first drew from me a sigh,  
When TOM, my eldest, missed a “try,”  
But got instead a broken thigh!

That Foot-ball!What in my second, stalwart JACK,  
Caused some inside machine to crack,  
And kept him ten months on his back—?

That Foot-ball!What brought my third, unhappy TED,  
To fade and sink, and keep his bed,  
And finally go off his head?—

That Foot-ball!My fourth and fifth, poor JOHN and JIM,  
What made the sight of one so dim?  
What made the other lack a limb?

That Foot-ball!Then FRANK, my sixth, who cannot touch



The ground unaided by a crutch,  
Alas! of what had he too much?

That Foot-ball!The seventh ends the mournful line,  
Poor STEPHEN with his fractured spine.  
A debt owe these good sons of mine,

That Foot-ball!And as we pass the street-boys cry,  
“Look at them cripples!” I but sigh,  
“You’re right, my friends. But would you fly  
A lot like ours; uh, do not try

That Foot-ball!”

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR ADVERTISERS.

SEASONABLE AND OTHER.

SCARIFICO is a non-emollient, detergent, case-hardening, and scouring soap polish.

\* \* \* \* \*

SCARIFICO will instantly give the finest complexion the consistency of hardened wash-leather.

\* \* \* \* \*

SCARIFICO, used recklessly and freely, will rapidly flay the reigning beauty.



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SCARIFICO, if applied as a head-wash, entirely removes all the hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

SCARIFICO should be tried on the young infant with caution.

\* \* \* \* \*

SCARIFICO, though regarded as an adjunct to the toilette-table, will be found more useful in removing the rust from old fire-irons.

\* \* \* \* \*

SCARIFICO, if used inadvertently in the ordinary course as toilette soap, will frequently remove the entire skin of the face on one application.

\* \* \* \* \*

SCARIFICO will be found useful in the weekly bath of the rhinoceros.

\* \* \* \* \*

SCARIFICO.—Dr. BLINKORN, M.R.S.V.P., writes:—"I have analysed a sample of 'Scarifico' sent me, and I find it a hap-hazard compound, in which suspended fats, brick-dust, fuller's earth, road-sweepings, and the bi-phosphates of soda are indiscriminately mixed. I cannot say whether it would be found a 'comfortable and cleansing preparation for the infant's skin,' as claimed by the proprietors, but should be more inclined to recommend it as an 'efficient mud-remover from cart-wheels and cleaning of ships' foul bottoms,' to its capabilities for which purposes they also direct the attention of their customers."

\* \* \* \* \*

*big*<big>L16,000</big></big> URGENTLY wanted for a few hours in a friendly spirit. As every confidence will be placed in the lender, no inquiries will be made or expected. Moreover, this being a purely unprofessional, but strictly business transaction, as between gentleman and gentleman, no amount of interest will be objected to, and no agents will be treated with. N.B.—If lender is unable at a moment's notice to raise so large a sum, a few shillings in advance per postal order, if merely as a guarantee of good faith, can be forwarded on account, and will be acknowledged with thanks.

\* \* \* \* \*



THE POETRY OF WINTER.—Rime. And it might be werse.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: SHADOWS OF THE SESSION; OR, THE LONG (FACED) PARLIAMENT.]

\* \* \* \* \*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, December 8.*—Prince ARTHUR came down to House this afternoon, with light heart, and unwrinkled brow. The first section of Session was drawing to a close; truly a wonderful time. OLD MORALITY, in arranging for its disposal, had, as usual, taken a sanguine view of his opportunities, and had crammed the space with work to be done. There were the Tithes Bill and the Land Purchase Bill, ineffectually struggled over last Session, and finally abandoned. There was the Railways Bill, successfully

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obstructed last Session, leading, on one occasion, to an All-night Sitting; and there was the Seed Potato Bill, innocent enough in appearance, but, like all Irish measures, capable of blossoming into portentous things. But everything had gone smoothly. Here was the 8th of December, not quite a fortnight after opening of Session, and appointed work nearly finished. To-night would read a Second Time second portion of Land Bill, and then, hey, for the Christmas holidays!

[Illustration: Surveying the Battle-field.]

Prince ARTHUR, entering House with long, swinging stride, smiling sweetly around him, started at the prospect before him. Hitherto Benches in Irish quarter have been empty; accustomed occupants wrestling with each other in Committee Room No. 15. "For a fortnight," as SYDNEY HERBERT said, dropping into poetry as he surveyed the battle-field from the Bar, "all bloodless lay the untrodden snow." Now Prince ARTHUR, like "LINDEN, saw another sight." The Irish quarter closely packed. At the corner seat by the Gangway TIM HEALY, terribly truculent; a little further down the new Leader of the regenerate party, bent on making more History for Our Own Times.

Whilst PARNELL was yet the uncrowned king, he eschewed the habit of Guerilla Leaders (whether with or without a following) of appropriating a corner seat.

"For a very good reason," says WILLIAM MURPHY, once mildest-mannered man that ever built a tram or railway, now transformed into exceedingly plain-spoken politician. "If PARNELL had taken corner seat, his comings and goings—especially his goings—would have been more easily marked. Sitting midway down the Bench, amongst the ruck of Members, he was not noticeable except when he wanted to be noticed. Could slink in and out without attracting attention."

[Illustration: Not quite "O Keay!"]

Not for that reason, but from sheer modesty, JUSTIN MCCARTHY has taken up almost identical position; Truculent TIM guards the corner seat, where he can snap and snarl with fuller freedom. Fell upon Prince ARTHUR to-night with fearsome ferocity. The Prince, having explained his measure last week, when TIM and the rest were "deliberating" in Committee Room No. 15, he presumed to think he needn't repeat exercise, and so moved. Second Reading by dumb gesture. TIM on his feet as if propelled from catapult. What! the Chief Secretary not going to make a speech when the new Irish Party had mustered for the first time in the history of a reeling and revolving universe? Abominable Atrocious!! Contumeliously contemptuous!!!

TIM moved Adjournment of Debate; wanted to discuss merits of Bill on this motion. Deputy-Speaker interfered on point of order. TIM must speak or burst. If he withdrew



his Motion for Adjournment, he might get someone else to move rejection of Bill. Then his opportunity would come. Eye fell on SEYMOUR KEAY, dressed in height of antique fashion, reclining on Bench below him. KEAY always wanting to make speech. Not invariably coherent, but that no consequence. He would be only too glad to move rejection of Bill; then TIM would dive in and get off his speech.

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Change of tactics too rapid for KEAY to follow. TIM's motion withdrawn; question put was, "that Bill be read Second Time." Now was KEAY's cue to rise and move its rejection; but KEAY failed to grasp situation; sat smiling with inane adulation at tip of his passionately polished patent-leather shoe, over which lay the fawn-coloured "spat," like dun dawn rising over languid lustrous sea. Not a second to be lost. Deputy-Chairman on his feet; if no Amendment were submitted, he would declare Second Reading carried. TIM stooped down, and with clenched fist smote KEAY between the shoulder-blades. KEAY, startled out of pleased reverie, turned round with frightened glance, as he beheld TIM blazing with righteous fury, glowering over him: paralysed with fear; had heard alarming rumours of methods of Debate introduced in Committee Room No. 15. This sudden assault from the rear evidently one of them. Who could say what might not be its most natural sequence?

"I expected every moment would be my next," SEYMOUR KEAY said, later, when, with still chattering teeth, he was describing the episode.

"Tut!" said TIM. "I was only asking you to get up and move that the Land Department (Ireland) Bill be read a Second Time on that day six months."

While someone went for glass of water and smelling salts for SEYMOUR KEAY, MAURICE HEALY moved rejection of Bill; Debate arose; TIM storming round the topic with undiminished vigour. But no one would rise to his tempestuous heights; Debate flittered out; Bill read Second Time; House up by Seven o'Clock. *Business done.*—A lot.

[Illustration: "Au Revoir!"]

*Tuesday.*—Dreadful rumour when House met that TIM HEALY had ready for delivery speech two hours long, on Prince ARTHUR in general, and Irish Land Bill in particular. Turned out to be only TIM's fun. Once or twice in course of brief proceedings he jumped up suddenly, and shouted out, "Bah!" but only meant to frighten OLD MORALITY. Momentarily had desired effect; soon clear that nothing serious meant. Appointed Bills advanced through stipulated stages, and OLD MORALITY, modest in mien, even after the triumph of matchless management displayed in brief Session, moved Adjournment over Christmas holidays.

Conversation as to arrangement of business on reassembling; Truculent TIM, coming to the front at least urgent opportunity, demanded that Irish business should not be taken as first Order. OLD MORALITY promptly gave desired pledge. Then MARJORIBANKS, who, to travesty TREVELYAN's famous saying, Though a Whip, is a Scottish gentleman, broke the long pause of eloquent silence cultivated in the Lobby; protested against Scotch Members being placed in inconvenient position, by being obliged to put in appearance on first day after holidays. Welsh Members echoed plaint on their part. Why should Tithes Bill be put down for first day?

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Pretty to see OLD MORALITY's firm attitude, in face of this demonstration. Had capitulated to Irish at first sound of TIM's low voice; quite a different thing with inconsiderable people like the Scotch or Welsh. Almost haughtily protested against possibility of alteration. "Members," he said, vaguely remembering copy-book heading, "are made for business, not business for Members." That settled it. Motion for Adjournment carried; Young GOSSET, with his beaver up, advanced to remove Mace, and House went off for Christmas holidays.

*Business done.*—Sittings adjourned till 22nd of January.

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NOTE ON THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The notion of its being performed in "The Dormitory" is delightful. None of the performers could possibly be offended by the audience doing the right thing in the right place, and going to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

PHILLALOO!

A SONG OF "UNITED IRELAND."

AIR:—"KILLALOE."

Well, I'm glad that I was born  
In the land the Sassenach scorn,  
For its fondness for a first-class Phillaloo.  
Faix! Home Rule's a purthy schame,  
And on Thursday PARNELL came  
To insthruet us how to floor the "Pathriot" crew.  
I'd one Leader, that I swear,  
Now there's siveral "in the air,"  
And it sthrikes me I've a doubt which one is thru;  
But whin things are out of jint,  
To decide the tickle pint,  
Faith! there's nothing like a first-class Phillaloo!

*Chorus.*

Ye may talk about McCARTHY,  
As a leader sane and hearthy,  
For to lead the "Pathriot" parthy;  
But ochone! and wirrasthru!  
It seems anything but aisy  
(Ask DICK POWER and Misther DEASY)



To lead for long  
A parthy strong  
Widout a Phillaloo!

PARNELL wiped BODKIN's eye,  
And of all his toype "made pie."  
O'BRIEN telegraphed wid much surprise;  
And brave DILLON "over there,"  
Seemed disposed to tear his hair,  
And TAY PAY inclined to pipe his pathriot eyes.  
Said BODKIN, with alarm,  
"This will do the paper harm,"  
Said LEAMY, "I'm appointed to your place."  
Thin on a float or dray  
They the papers sint away,  
And scatthered all the Staff, and closed the case.

*Chorus.*—Ye may talk of J. McCARTHY, &c.

[Illustration]

Ooh, bhoys, there was the fun!  
But the game was far from done.  
*United Ireland* did not yet appear;  
For whilst NAGLE had stepped out,  
BODKIN came wid comrades stout,  
And a hamper, which was packed with bottled beer.  
PARNELL swore an awful oath  
He'd have law agin 'em both,  
And he came from KENNY's house in Rutland Square;  
And he raised a Phillaloo  
With the aid of followers true,  
And replaced the valiant LEAMY in the chair.



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*Chorus.*—Ye may talk of J. McCARTHY, &c.

To it feet and fists they wint,  
 As though foighting agin rint,  
 Says the Sassenach, “By golly, I’m perplext;  
 For when pathriots, don’t ye see,  
 Foight like schoolboys on a spree,  
 Why, ye niver know what they’ll be up to next.  
 There seems little to be said;  
 Let each break the other’s head:  
 I’ll mix no more in pathriot affairs.  
 Ere that paper shall appear,  
 Many an Oirish head and ear  
 Must be ‘closed for alterations and repairs.’”

*Chorus.*—Ye may talk of J. McCARTHY, &c.

“If to help poor PAT you’d try,  
 Or would raise the Home Rule cry,  
 And change the Constitution—just for fun;  
 There’s one thing ye’ve got to do,—  
 Just prepare for Phillaloo,  
 For the PATS will raise it—every mother’s son.  
 It may be very fine,  
 PAT’s no enemy of mine,  
 But, as I think, ye’ll aisily suppose,  
 Whatever line we take  
 Peace is mighty hard to make,  
 When ‘United Ireland’ punches its own nose!”

*Chorus.*

Ye may talk about McCARTHY,  
 As a pathriot pure and hearthy,  
 For to lead the Home-Rule Parthy;  
 And to keep the Liberals thru.  
 But it’s anything but aisly  
 (Ask DICK POWER and Mither DEASY)  
 To rule the Pats  
 (Those fighting cats)  
 Widout a Phillaloo!

\* \* \* \* \*



A STUDY FROM THE LIFE.

(*PROPHETICALLY COMMUNICATED BY AN INTERVIEWER OF THE FUTURE.*)

[Illustration]

Having to describe the person and abode of the Poet PODGERS, I cannot do better than jot down in my note-book what I know about those objects on my road to the abode of genius—otherwise, 126, Bolingbroke Square, South Belgravia. That useful work, *Men of the Time*, tells me that the Poet was educated at Westminster and Christ Church—facts that in themselves suggest a column of copy about Football at Vincent Square, the mysteries of Seniors, Juniors, and Second Election, and the glories and humours of Tom's Quad. Not much trouble about that. So far, plain sailing. Bolingbroke Square, too, helps one along. Historical reminiscences, Pimlico in time of Romans, ditto Normans, ditto when ELIZABETH was Queen. All this can be worked up comfortably and conveniently in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Then the PODGERS' family history should give a good third. Father made a fortune in blacking, so daresay he recollects his grandfather. No doubt latter settled in London with the employment of junior office-sweeper, and the capital of an eleemosynary half-crown. Need not trouble about the Heraldic Visitations, or the coat and crest. Keep those items for an interview characterised more by "blood" than "brains." Suppose he has received presentation copies of works of poetical rivals.



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This will give an opportunity for introducing contemporary biographical sketches, varying from three lines to half a column. Know his house, too—once occupied by a foreign fiddler, next a Cabinet Minister, lastly, a successful artist, hints (if required) for scenes on the Continent, in Parliament, and the Royal Academy. Wife and children. Domestic scene—good for two-thirds. Wife playing piano as the children spin their tops, or gambol with Collie dog. There now, I think I have got enough material for the present. And here we are at Bolingbroke Square, South Kensington.

What's this! PODGERS' servant says PODGERS declines to see literary gents! He won't be interviewed!

Won't he! With my materials, soon arrange about *that!* After all, seeing him was only an empty form!

Tell Cabman to drive back to my house—Butterfly Gardens. He doesn't know it! On second thoughts, he says he supposes I mean "the place that used to be called Grub Street?" Yes, I do!

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### CHRISTMAS AND CLEOPATRA.

[Illustration]

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, in his most useful column of theatrical information in the *Daily Telegraph*, told us last Friday, that the Princess's Theatre is now "heated by a new process," which must mean the exceptionally warm reception given every evening to Mrs. LANGTRY as *Cleopatra*. In this favourable sense of the phrase, "She gets it hot all round," and the public assists in "making it warm" for *her*, in return for *her* making it warm for *them*. The more than CLEMENT SCOTT writes of "extra rows of stalls," and of "money being turned away on account of the success of *Antony and Cleopatra*."

Bravo! "O rare for *Antony!*" and O most rare for Egypt's fairest daughter! Of course when the money is "turned away," more money is admitted. Great thing for a theatre when all the boxes are money-boxes, and the pit a gold-mine. Those who are allowed to enter will not complain of being "let in," unless they object to being "let in for a good thing."

With its ballets and splendid *mise-en-scene*, and its splendid "Missis-en-scene," too, "There would seem no reason," continues the generous SCOTT, "why *Antony and Cleopatra* should not be regarded as what is euphemistically (a deuce of a word this) known as a 'Christmas Piece.'" By all means. Be it so. Will the fair Manageress take the hint, and announce a grand Transformation Scene for Boxing Night, with the



pantomimic cast thus distributed:—*Harlequin*, Colonel ANTONY COGHLAN; *Columbine*, Mrs. CLEOPATRA LANGTRY; *Pantaloon*, Mr. ENOBARBUS STIRLING; and *Clown*—a real “Shakspearian Clown,” by Mr. EVERILL, who, in spite of his name, we hope will continue Ever-well, and be able to indulge the public with the good old classic song, “*Poma Calida*.” Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, at this inclement season, has hit on a first-rate notion, of which, no doubt, Queen CLEOPATRA will avail herself, if necessary.

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A CHRISTMAS PAR.—At this season we must mention Crackers, that's the truth—and we can't let 'em off, SPARAGNAPANE's Jewelled Crackers are A1, and that's truth and no cracker. While on the subject of Crackers, we are prepared for the question, What next? and are equally prepared with the echoing reply "WARD next,"—with his dainty confections in artistic cards and booklets.

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