

# **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 100, May 9, 1891 eBook**

## **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 100, May 9, 1891**

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# Page 1

## Title: **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 100, May 9, 1891**

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

*Volume 100.*

May 9, 1891.

### **A FIRST VISIT TO THE “NAVERIES.”**

“Shiver my timbers!” said the Scribe.

“Haul down my yard-arm with a marling-spike!” cried the Artist.

And with these strictly nautical expressions, two of *Mr. Punch's* Own entered the Royal Naval Exhibition, which now occupies the larger portion of the grounds of the Military Hospital, Chelsea. That so popular a show should be allowed to occupy so large a site speaks wonders for the amiability of the British Public. When the Sodgeries appeared last year, it was, so to speak, with fear and trembling that “the powers that were” appropriated a little of the ground usually over-run by the Nobility and Gentry of the Pimlico Road and its vicinity; or, rather, by their haughty offspring. This year the tough old sea-dogs of the Admiralty have had no hesitation in taking what they required, apparently without causing comment, much less objection. And the result? In lieu of the dusty arena of 1890, scarcely large enough for a ladies' cricket-match, there appears in 1891 an enclosure containing lakes and lighthouses, panoramas, and full-size models of men-of-war! And the Public take their exclusion philosophically, either paying their shillings at the door, or attempting to get a view of the hoofs of the nautical horses through the gaps in the surrounding hoardings.



The Scribe and the Artist, having been ordered by He Who Must Be Obeyed in the world generally, and at 85, Fleet Street, in particular, to make a sort of preliminary cruise through the wonders of the (Admiralty) Deep, hastened from the inviting grounds into the main building, with its pictures, its plans, and last, but (it is only just to say) least, its pickles. The first object that attracted their favourable attention was a trophy of arms, representing the fashions of the past and the present. On one side were shrapnel and magazine rifles, on the other flint-locks and the ordnance of an age long gone by. Next they passed through the Arctic section, wherein they found dummies drawing a sledge through the canvas snow of a corded-off North Pole. Then they entered the Picture Galleries called after *Nelson* and *Benbow*, wherein magnificent paintings by *Powell*, full of smoke and action, served as an appropriate background

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to the collection of plate, lent by that gallant sailor-warrior and industrious collector of well-considered trifles, H.R.H. the Duke of *Edinburgh*. They glanced at the relics of Trafalgar, and then hurried away to the *Howe* Gallery, which, containing as it did specimens of the implements used in the game of golf, might have as appropriately been christened the *wherefore*. Next they skirted a corridor full of plans, and here they discovered that the Committee of the Exhibition must be wags, every Jack Tar of them! This corridor was close to the Dining-rooms, and the Committee (ha! ha! ha!) had called it (he! he! he!) after *cook*! (Ho! ho! ho!) Oh, the wit of it! How the Members of the Executive must have nudged one another in the ribs as the quaint idea dawned upon them! And how they must have laughed, too, on the Opening Day, when the Guard of Honour, presenting arms, and the "Greenwich Boys" singing "*Ye Mariners of England*," were drenched in the rain! And what a capital notion it was on that occasion to put "the Representatives of the Fourth Estate" (no doubt called by *them*, with many a sly twinkle of the eye, "the Press Gang") into a pen that soon, thanks to a series of water-spouts, assumed the appearance of a tank!

After leaving the Galleries, the Scribe and the Artist looked up at the model of Eddystone Lighthouse, and entered a shed declared to be an "Arctic Scene." Here they were reminded by the introduced ship of those happy days of their boyhood spent in the toy-shops of the Lowther Arcade. Next they visited the Panorama of Trafalgar, and revelled in the carnage of a sea-fight that only required Margate in the distance to be entirely convincing. They glanced at the arena, and gazed with awe at the lake which is to be devoted to the manoeuvring of miniature ironclads. It will be interesting to note whether these mimic combats will hold their own in the coming season against the introduction of capsized clowns, drenched old women, and comic police. Keeping the best for the last, the Scribe and the Artist now entered the model of the *Victory*—a really admirable exhibition. There they saw before them the old battle-ship with its full equipment, as it was in the days of *Nelson*—when that deathless hero expected every Englishman (not excluding even those passing the Custom House—as the Committee would say) "to *do* his duty." To make the illusion complete, the great sea-captain was observed dying in the cook-pit in the agonies of wax. And to think that this work was executed by a firm of house-decorators! Why, who would not, after this, have his back drawing-room converted into the quarter-deck of the *Shannon*, and his spare bed-room into a tiny reproduction of the Battle of Copenhagen!

[Illustration: Mr. Punch's Representatives, after partaking of Chelsea Hospitality (a *purely fancy sketch*).]



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The Scribe and the Artist, on their visit, were invited by all sorts and conditions of men to partake of champagne. The moment it was discovered that they were “connected with the Press,” the offerers of hospitality were absolutely overwhelming. But, obeying the best traditions of their order, they sternly, but courteously, refused all refreshment. It is fortunate they pursued this course, for had they received the entirely disinterested kindness of their would-be hosts, their recollections of the marvels of the Royal Naval Exhibition would no doubt have been of the haziest character imaginable. As it was, they were able to take their departure through the main entrance with some show of dignity, and not in a less imposing manner (as the Committee—Cook’s Gallery near the Dining-rooms—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!—would probably and amusingly suggest), by Tite Street.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Among the immortals.*

Mr. *Punch* would be failing in his duty to Art and the British Public if he did not place on imperishable record his notes of the exceptionally brilliant Royal Academy Banquet of last Saturday. H.R.H. the Prince of *wales* made one of his best and briefest speeches, in which he feelingly alluded to the late Sir *Edgar Boehm*, R.A. Never was the President, Sir *Frederick*, more eloquent, or his themes more varied; for this occasion is noteworthy as being the first time in the history of this great annual representative gathering that the toast of Music and the Drama has been duly honoured. Sir *Arthur Sullivan* responded for the first, and *Henry Irving* for the second. Both made excellent speeches. Sir ARTHUR’S solo was most effective; his notes were in his head; he gave us several variations on the original theme, and cleverly played upon one word in saying that music had been “instrumental” on various historical occasions. *Henry Irving* followed suit; he spoke of Mrs. *Siddons*, Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, and of a professional gentleman, one *roscius*, mentioned, we believe, by *Hamlet* as having been, some considerable time ago, “a man of parts,” that is an Actor, in Rome. It was a great success. Sir *Frederick* then proposed the *Lord Mayor*, which may be briefly expressed as “a toast with a Savory to follow.” For “The Visitors,” Lord Justice *Bowen*, catching sight of the President’s classical picture (No. 232), made a happy hit about the delights of a honeymoon in the Infernal Regions, ending in the return of Proserpine to her mother Ceres by order of the Court above. Finally, the President, in summing up the losses to Art during the past year, paid a graceful tribute to the memory of *Charles Keene*, who, but a short while ago, was our fellow-worker on the staff of *Mr. Punch* With a hopeful allusion to the Storage of Artistic Force in the near future, the President concluded: but this Banquet of 1891 will long live in the recollection of all whose privilege it was to be present on so memorable an occasion.



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\* \* \* \* \*

*Musical notes.*

I say! Ysaye! *Why say? Why not* say that YSAYE is a grand Yolinist, since he is this; and, as 'ARRY would observe, "No error!" and whoever says the contrary, is not speaking the absolute truth, but "*Ysaye Worsay.*" The Yolinist had the advantage of the co-operation of a fine Orchestra, under the Magic Wand of Conductor COWEN.

On the 27th, Heard young JEAN GERARDY, Little boy, but player hardy, Not the slightest Lardy-Dardy, Not yet out of care of "Guardy," Heard him *Lundi*, not on *Mardi*. But, whene'er he plays, your Bardy, Always spry, and never tardy, Will again hear JEAN GERARDY.

\* \* \* \* \*

GENERAL SUMMARY OF CARICATURES OF MR. GLADSTONE.—"Collarable Imitations."

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: FASHION'S FLORALIA: OR, THE URBAN QUEEN OF THE MAY.]

\* \* \* \* \*

FASHION'S FLORALIA;

OR, THE URBAN QUEEN OF THE MAY.

(*A Song of the Season, a very long way after Herrick.*)

"London town is another affair  
Since HERRICK wrote his perfect rhymes."

MORTIMER COLLINS.

True, sadly true, shaper of rattling rhymes,  
London hath changed with process of the times.  
Aurora now may "throw her faire  
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire,"  
But our conditions atmospheric  
Are not as in the days of HERRICK.  
Nathless the Muse to-day may see  
Flora at urban revelry.  
See how the goddess trippeth from the West,



Fragrant, though something fashionably drest;  
The Season waketh at her tread,  
Art lifteth a long-drooping head;  
Music doth make a merry din.  
'Tis profanation, keeping in,  
Whenas a hundred Shows upon this day  
Spring, lightly as the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, Nymph, put on fresh finery, and be seen,  
To come forth like the Spring-time, fresh and green!  
And gay as Flora. Art is there,  
With flowing hyacinthine hair.  
Fear not, the throng will strew  
Largess abundant upon *you*,  
When Burlington's great Opening Day is kept.  
Gone is thy Grosvenor rival, not unwept;  
But a New Nymph, with footing light,  
Trips it beside thee, nor hath night  
Shadowed sweet "Aquarelle" whose skill,  
As of a Water-Nymph, is still  
Well to the fore. Pipe up! playing means paying,  
When Fashion's Urban Flora goes a-Maying.

Come, my CORINNA, come; and, coming, mark  
How each street turns a grove, each square a park,  
Made green and trimmed with trees: see how  
The pinky hawthorn decks the bough!  
Each Bond Street porch, or door, ere this  
Of Art a Tabernacle is;  
Nor Art alone. With May is interwove



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Seaweed, which Neptune's favourites love.  
SWINBURNE should sing in stanzas fleet,  
How NELSON may, at Chelsea, meet  
ARMSTRONG! Sound conch-shell! Let's obey  
Thy Proclamation made for May.  
Wild marine whiffs from the salt sea are straying,  
And the brine greets us as we go a-Maying.

There's not a London-Teuton but this day  
Hath a new welcome for the English May.  
Germania from her distant home  
In Flora's train this year doth come.  
She hath despatched her country's cream  
Of things, to make the Cockney dream.  
Neptune and she have wooed and plighted troth,  
And her we give May-welcome, nothing loth,  
As many a welcome we have given  
To France, Spain, Italy! War hath riven  
Many true hearts, but we're content  
Of Peace to make experiment.  
Blow Teuton horn—(not like "*Hernani's*" braying!)—  
It makes new music as we go a-Maying!

Come, let us go, while May is in its prime,  
And make the best of the brief Season's time.  
HERRICK'S CORINNA might not see  
An Urban May Queen such as we  
Behold disport in our rare sun.  
Rouse, Nymph! The Season is begun!  
We'll trust no blizzard, and no boreal rain  
May mar "Our Opening Day." Sound flutes again!  
Pipe, Sir FREDERICK! Ah, well played!  
Tootle thy new strains, fair Maid.  
Blow, oh Briny One, with might!  
Teuton BRUNEHILD, glad our sight!  
Fashion's Floralia, Nymph, invite our straying;  
Come, my CORINNA, come; let's go a-Maying!

\* \* \* \* \*



[Illustration: THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Painter.* "WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? THIS IS THE PICTURE THEY'VE THOUGHT PROPER TO REJECT! I'LL BE SO BOLD AS TO SAY, THERE ARE NOT TWENTY BETTER IN THE WHOLE EXHIBITION!"

*Friend.* "DEAR ME! IS IT SUCH A POOR ACADEMY AS THAT?"]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE HUMOUR O'T!

(*Namely of Parliament, as seen through Harry Furniss's fancy.*)

AIR—"The Wooing o't."

LIKA JOKO makes us laugh,  
Ha! ha! the humour o't!  
With caricature and caustic chaff;  
He! he! the humour o't!  
Parliament strikes some as slow,  
LIKA JOKO deems not so;  
Visit *his* St. Stephen's Show!  
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

GLADSTONE stern and GLADSTONE staid,  
Ha! ha! the humour o't!  
GLADSTONE in war-paint arrayed,  
He! he! the humour o't!  
GLADSTONE "Out" and GLADSTONE "In,"  
GLADSTONE with colossal chin,  
Giant collars plunged within,  
Humph! humph! the humour o't!

SMITH with bland perennial smile,  
Ha! ha! the humour o't!  
BALFOUR, pet of the Green Isle,  
He! he! the humour o't!  
HARCOURT, big as Babel's tower,  
GOSCHEN, with myopic glower,  
JOSEPH of the orchid-flower.  
Humph! humph! the humour o't!



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How they muster, how they “tell,”  
 Ha! ha! the humour o’t!  
 Woes of the Division Bell,  
 He! he! the humour o’t!  
*All*—from Prayers to “Who goes Home?”  
 O’er St. Stephens you may roam;  
 LIKA JOKO bids you. Come!  
 Humph! humph! the humour o’t!

LIKA JOKO is a wag,  
 Ha! ha! the humour o’t!  
 All the tricks are in his bag,  
 He! he! the humour o’t!  
 He can mimic, he can mime,  
 Draw, and act, and—what is prime—  
*Keep you laughing all the time.*  
 Humph! humph! the humour o’t!

\* \* \* \* \*

Why doesn’t some Musical Photographic Artist of Scotch Nationality compose a March for his fellow Professors and Practisers, and call it “*The March of the Camera Men*”? Sure to be popular.

\* \* \* \* \*

AN UN-"COMMON" GOOD HORSE.—The Winner of this Year’s Two Thousand.

\* \* \* \* \*

MR. PUNCH’S POCKET IBSEN.

*(Condensed and Revised Version by Mr. P.’s Own Harmless Ibsenite.)*

No. III.—HEDDA GABLER.

ACT. III.

SCENE.—*The same Room, but—it being evening—darker than ever—The crape curtains are drawn. A Servant, with black ribbons in her cap, and red eyes, comes in and lights the gas quietly and carefully. Chords are heard on the piano in the back Drawing-room. Presently HEDDA comes in and looks out into the darkness. A short pause. Enter GEORGE TESMAN.*



*George.* I am so uneasy about poor LOeVBORG. Fancy! he is not at home. Mrs. ELVSTED told me he had been here early this morning, so I suppose you gave him back his manuscript, eh?

*Hedda (cold and immovable, supported by arm-chair).* No, I put it on the fire instead.

*George.* On the fire! LOeVBORG'S wonderful new book that he read to me at BRACK'S party, when we had that wild revelry last night! Fancy *that!* But, I say, HEDDA— isn't that *rather*—eh? Too bad, you know—really. A great work like that. How on earth did you come to think of it?

*Hedda (suppressing an almost imperceptible smile).* Well, dear GEORGE, you gave me a tolerably strong hint.

*George.* Me? Well, to be sure—that *is* a joke! Why, I only said that I envied him for writing such a book, and it would put me entirely in the shade if it came out, and if anything was to happen to it, I should never forgive myself, as poor LOeVBORG couldn't write it all over again, and so we must take the greatest care of it! And then I left it on a chair and went away—that was all! And you went and burnt the book all up! Bless me, who *would* have expected it?

*Hedda.* Nobody, you dear simple old soul! But I did it for your sake—it was *love*, GEORGE!

*George (in an outburst between doubt and joy).* HEDDA, you don't mean that! Your love takes such queer forms sometimes, Yes, but yes—(*laughing in excess of joy*), why, you *must* be fond of me! Just think of that now! Well, you *are* fun, HEDDA! Look here, I must just run and tell the housemaid that—she will enjoy the joke so, eh?



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*Hedda (coldly, in self-command).* It is surely not necessary, even for a clever Norwegian man of letters in a realistic social drama, to make quite such a fool of himself as all that?

*George.* No, that's true too. Perhaps we'd better keep it quiet—though I *must* tell Aunt JULIE—it will make her so happy to hear that you burnt a manuscript on my account! And, besides, I should like to ask her whether that's a usual thing with young wives. (*Looks uneasy and pensive again.*) But poor old EJLERT'S manuscript! Oh Lor, you know! Well, well! [*Mrs. ELVSTED comes in.*]

*Mrs. E.* Oh, please, I'm so uneasy about dear Mr. LOeVBORG. Something has happened to him, I'm sure!

*Judge Brack (comes in from the hall, with a new hat in his hand).* You have guessed it, first time. Something *has!*

*Mrs. E.* Oh, dear, good gracious! What is it? Something distressing, I'm certain of it! [*d.*]

*Brack (pleasantly).* That depends on how one takes it. He has shot himself, and is in a hospital now, that's all!

*George (sympathetically).* That's sad, eh? poor old LOeVBORG! Well, I *am* cut up to hear that. Fancy, though, eh?

*Hedda.* Was it through the temple, or through the breast? The breast? Well, one can do it beautifully through the breast, too. Do you know, as an advanced woman, I like an act of that sort—it's so positive, to have the courage to settle the account with himself—it's beautiful, really!

*Mrs. E.* Oh, HEDDA, what an odd way to look at it! But never mind poor dear Mr. LOeVBORG now. What *we've* got to do is to see if we can't put his wonderful manuscript, that he said he had torn to pieces, together again. (*Takes a bundle of small pages out of the pocket of her mantle.*) There are the loose scraps he dictated it to me from. I hid them on the chance of some such emergency. And if dear Mr. TESMAN and I were to put our heads together, I *do* think something might come of it.

*George.* Fancy! I will dedicate my life—or all I can spare of it—to the task. I seem to feel I owe him some slight amends, perhaps. No use crying over spilt milk, eh, Mrs. ELVSTED? We'll sit down—just you and I—in the back drawing-room, and see if you can't inspire me as you did him, eh?

*Mrs. E.* Oh, goodness, yes! I should like it—if it only might be possible!



[GEORGE *and* Mrs. E. *go into the back Drawing-room and become absorbed in eager conversation*; HEDDA *sits in a chair in the front room, and a little later BRACK crosses over to her.*

*Hedda (in a low tone).* Oh, Judge, *what* a relief to know that everything—including LOeVBORG'S pistol—went off so well! In the breast! Isn't there a veil of unintentional beauty in that? Such an act of voluntary courage, too!



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*Brack (smiles).* Hm!—perhaps, dear Mrs. HEDDA—

*Hedda (enthusiastically).* But *wasn't* it sweet of him! To have the courage to live his own life after his own fashion—to break away from the banquet of life—so early and so drunk! A beautiful act like that *does* appeal to a superior woman's imagination!

*Brack.* Sorry to shatter your poetical illusions, little Mrs. HEDDA, but, as a matter of fact, our lamented friend met his end under other circumstances. The shot did *not* strike him in the *breast*—but— [*Pauses.*]

*Hedda (excitedly).* General GABLER'S pistols! I might have known it! Did they ever shoot straight? Where was he hit, then?

*Brack (in a discreet undertone).* A little lower down!

*Hedda.* Oh, *how* disgusting!—how vulgar!—how ridiculous!—like everything else about me!

*Brack.* Yes, we're realistic types of human nature, and all that—but a trifle squalid, perhaps. And why did you give LOeVBORG your pistol, when it was certain to be traced by the police? For a charming cold-blooded woman with a clear head and no scruples, wasn't it just a leetle foolish?

*Hedda.* Perhaps; but I wanted him to do it beautifully, and he didn't! Oh, I've just admitted that I *did* give him the pistol—how annoyingly unwise of me! Now I'm in *your* power, I suppose?

*Brack.* Precisely—for some reason it's not easy to understand. But it's inevitable, and you know how you dread anything approaching scandal. All your past proceedings show that. (*To GEORGE and Mrs. E., who come in together from the back-room.*) Well, how are you getting on with the reconstruction of poor LOeVBORG'S great work, eh?

[*Illustration: "What! the accounts of all those everlasting bores settled?"*]

*George.* Capitally; we've made out the first two parts already. And really, HEDDA, I do believe Mrs. ELVSTED *is* inspiring me; I begin to feel it coming on. Fancy that!

*Mrs. E.* Yes, goodness! HEDDA, *won't* it be lovely if I can. I mean to try so hard!

*Hedda.* Do, you dear little silly rabbit; and while you are trying I will go into the back drawing-room and lie down.

[*She goes into the back-room and draws the curtains. Short pause. Suddenly she is heard playing "The Bogie Man" within on the piano.*]



*George.* But, dearest HEDDA, don't play "*The Bogie Man*" this evening. As one of my aunts is dead, and poor old LOeVBORG has shot himself, it seems just a little pointed, eh?

*Hedda (puts her head out between the curtains).* All right! I'll be quiet after this. I'm going to practise with the late General GABLER'S pistol!

[*Closes the curtains again; GEORGE gets behind the stove, Judge BRACK under the table, and Mrs. ELVSTED under the sofa. A shot is heard within.*]



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George (*behind the stove*). Eh, look here, I tell you what—she's hit *me!* Think of that!

[*His legs are visibly agitated for a short time. Another shot is heard.*]

Mrs. E. (*under the sofa*). Oh, please, not me! Oh, goodness, now I can't inspire anybody any more. Oh!

[*Her feet, which can be seen under the valance, quiver a little, and then are suddenly still.*]

Brack (*vivaciously, from under the table*). I say, Mrs. HEDDA, I'm coming in every evening—we will have great fun here together— (*Another shot is heard.*) Bless me! to bring down the poor old cock-of-the-walk—it's unsportsmanlike!—it's—.

[*The table-cloth is violently agitated for a minute, and presently the curtains open, and HEDDA appears.*]

Hedda (*clearly and firmly*). I've been trying in there to shoot myself beautifully—but with General GABLER'S pistol—(*She lifts the tablecloth, then looks behind the stove and under the sofa.*) What! the accounts of all those everlasting bores settled? Then my suicide becomes unnecessary. Yes, I feel the courage of life once more!

[*She goes into the back-room and plays "The Funeral March of a Marionette" as the Curtain falls.*]

THE END (*with the usual apologies*).

\* \* \* \* \*

OPERATIC NOTES.

[*Illustration: "J'y suis." Pro Arris et focus.*]

*Monday.—Le Prophete.—*Notable performance. Profit to those who were there; loss to those who weren't. The two Poles, NED and JOHN DE RESZKE, excellent as the Tipster, or Prophet, and the Chief Anabaptist Swindler. Madame RICHARD—"O Richard, Oma Reine!" repeated her grand impersonation of *Fides*, but being a trifle "out of it" as to tune occasionally, I cannot be *Fidei Defensor*, and swear she was quite correct, so can only report that RICHARD was a bit "dicky"; otherwise, sings like a Dicky-Bird. Cathedral Scene magnificent. Rites are wrong, probably; but these are trifles, except to strict ritualists. Skating Scene not up to date; it was a novelty once upon a time, but rinks have done for it. There was an unrehearsed effect in the Prison Scene, when the walls collapsed—the imprisoned Madame RICHARD escaped, and the Curtain descended. Nobody hurt. The walls, which had fallen, like those of Jericho, to the sound of the trumpet, were put away carefully, for alteration and repairs. The



prisoner, issuing from her narrow fire-escape, was recaptured, and the Opera ended with the Drinking Scene, the Prophet among the Peris, a peri-lous situation, which makes the Opera go, at the climax, "like a house-a-fire." Burns Justice is done to the Impostor, and, at a late hour, we call our cabs, and return to hum "*beviam*" over "a modest quencher."

*Saturday.*—BOITO'S *Mefistofele*. Strong combination. Excellent. But big "waits" made it heavy.



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\* \* \* \* \*

AN AGRICULTURAL TRIPOS.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION PAPER.

1. A field is ploughed three years running. Can it still have a shy at its little go? Examine this, and say all you know about "PIERS, or PEARS, the Ploughman." Did he use his own soap?
2. How do you extract the square of a Beet-root? In connection with this, say how much it will take to square a "Swede?"
3. Explain the use of the "Sewing-machine" for agricultural purposes. What do you mean by "going against the grain?"
4. You plant a field of corn. What plaster do you adopt when it begins to shoot? Also give the best remedy you know for *corn in the ear*.
5. Write a Sentimental History of the Harvest Moon. Is it really twice as big as any other moon, or does it only look so, after drinking the landlord's health several times over?
6. To what *gourmet* giving a dinner-party in January is attributed the historical saying, "Peas at any price"?
7. How many black beans will make five white ones? Given the number, explain the process, and solve the equation.
8. What pomade do you recommend for "top-dressing"?
9. What would be an M.P.'s first step towards squaring a circle of Agricultural Voters?

\* \* \* \* \*

SAD STORY.—A painter, who had on several occasions aspired to a place in the Chantrey Collection, and invariably been refused, on being encouraged to launch a fresh venture, and spread his canvas, which would be soon filled, for a sale, replied dejectedly, "Chantrey be blowed; I *shan't try* any more!" Poor fellow! He must indeed have been bad. He has not been heard of since. The Serpentine has been dragged.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE HANSOM CAB STRIKE!—Remarkable Conversion!! Not yet concluded! Last week another lot of Hansoms became Growlers.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### REPARTEE TO A SPOUSE.

Both parties in the recent extraordinary abduction case, where a Mrs. JONES was carried off down a rope-ladder at midnight by her own husband, Mr. JONES, have published statements defending their own line of conduct. The following is Mrs. JONES'S version:—

“As public opinion appears to have erroneously taken my—so-called—husband’s side, as far as I can gather from my having been twice chased through the streets by an infuriated mob, and four separate attempts having been made to blow up my house with nitro-glycerine, I feel compelled to explain—with much reluctance—why it was that I declined to live with Mr. JONES.



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“To begin with, it was only under *the most awful threats* that Mr. JONES prevailed on me to become his wife. His words—I remember them well—were, ‘My darling, you know how tenderly I adore you; if you don’t marry me *at once* I’ll break every bone in your body!’ He then snatched my bonnet, a *new one*, from my head, and so acted on my *nerves* that I went off to the Registry Office and was married. That he was actuated by merely mercenary motives is proved by the fact that the gratuity (of half-a-crown), which he presented to the Registry Clerk, he actually *borrowed from me!* I knew him already to be unprincipled; but never until that moment had it flashed upon me that he was a *fortune-hunter!* However, as he had the drawing-room poker with him—he kept it concealed up his back during the ceremony at the Registry Office—I did not at that time say anything, but handed him the coin. I do not know if I should have left him at once, had he not aggravated the baseness of his conduct by using the vulgar expression, ‘Fork it out quick!’ But I regret to say that his origin is painfully *low*. Whereas, anybody who consults *my* relatives will hear from them that they belong to the very highest County Families. Indeed, he would hear it all day long if he lived with them, as I do!

“On the day of the abduction, I was treated *barbarously!* Even the cab in which I was taken off was, so the coachman informed me, ‘put down to my account.’ Oh, had I but guessed the truth about Mr. JONES when I went to the Altar—I mean the Registry Office! Supper consisted of *cold mutton and pickles (!)* which latter he upset, and I had a dress *ruined.*”

On perusing the above, Mr. JONES decided that he could no longer keep silence, and has made public the subjoined explanation:—

“When I first saw Mrs. JONES—then Miss THOMPSON—her youthful grace quite captivated me. Her age was under fifty-six, and mine was just sixty. She was, in fact, as I told her at the time, almost old enough to know her own mind. It is true that she was wealthy, but that had no influence on my conduct. On the contrary I felt it as a positive drawback, as my domestic ideal has always been Love in a Cottage! But as she was bent upon our marrying, I agreed to waive this objection.

“In proof of this assertion I need only say that on the *very day after* our first meeting, I received the following letter:—

“PRICELESS AND ADORABLE PET,—How *are* your little tootsy-wootsicums? *Did* they get wet in conducting me home after that *delicious* interview? If so, and you were to catch cold in your precious head, I should never forgive myself. Oh, come and see me *soon!* Your Own, till Death, ANGELINA.’

“Possibly I may be blamed for publishing this letter. I do it for *her* sake, not for mine. Even now I believe that, were I left alone with her for an hour, with none of her relatives nor a policeman near, I could persuade her to retract her calumnious statement about



the poker. I conclude by saying that it is my belief that her relatives, who are all of them powerful mesmerists, have *hypnotised her!*"



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\* \* \* \* \*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*My Face is My Fortune*, by Messrs. PHILIPS and FENDALL. Why don't they agree to spell both names with an "F," and make it FILLIPS and FENDALL. I fancy that FENDALL couldn't do without the sensational fillips. This story excites curiosity throughout the first volume, and then, in the other volume, satisfies it in so disappointing and commonplace a fashion as to suggest the idea that one of the authors, becoming weary of his share in the work, suddenly chucked it up, and said, "Oh, bother! let's finish anyhow;" and then the other *collaborateur*, whichever it was, did finish it as best and as quickly as he could. There is evidence of laziness or of lack of invention in the story. If it were for the first time in fiction that a secret is learnt by some one hiding behind some pantomime plants in a conservatory, then too much praise could not be bestowed on the ingenious devisers of so strong and original a situation. But as "we know that situation, —he comes from Sheffield," and as it has done duty some scores of times before, on or off the stage, why, the thoroughgoing novel-reader shakes his head and asks, "Couldn't they have devised something better than this between them?" "I expected much from this combination in Authorship, and am disappointed," says the candid BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE NEWLY-MARRIED ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*Our Artist*. "JUST LOOK, DARLING! I WAS SHORT OF CANVASSES, SO I'VE STRETCHED A CLEAN POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF!—SEE HOW SPLENDIDLY IT TAKES THE PAINT!"

*His Prudent Little Wife*.. "OH, JOHN DEAR, HOW EXTRAVAGANT OF YOU! IT'LL NEVER COME OUT!"]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Last year the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER frittered away his resources in a number of small remissions, for which hardly anyone was grateful. This year he squanders the greater part of his surplus in providing for Free, or—as the phrase is—Assisted Education—an innovation for which there is hardly any genuine demand, and which a very large class of the community, including many of the most loyal supporters of the Government, view with rooted distrust."—*The Standard*.

MRS. GAMP (*the "Old Regular"*) loquitur:—



“More changes, too, to come afore we have done with changes!”  
Ah! I said that to good Mister MOULD years agone; which 'ow memory  
ranges  
All over them dear “Good Old Times,” as I wish them wos back agen,  
bless 'em!  
Which the new ones ain't much to *my* mind; there's too many fresh  
“monthlies” to mess 'em.  
No; monthlying ain't wot it were; the perfession's too open, a lump.  
Nusses now ain't no more like old SAIREY, no not than the old Aldgit  
Pump.  
Like the Cristial Palluses fountings; A Pilgjian's Projiss is life,  
And a Nuss ain't no more *like* a Nuss than a Wife now resembles a  
Wife.



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Heigho! Which it's no use a frettin'. But *Fondlings!* Ah, well, I  
    *did* think  
Our respectable fam'lies, *though* mixed, from sich ojus demeaning  
    would shrink,  
Which no greater hinsult to *me*, the old reglar, could well be  
    deviged;  
And though I've to live and to learn, I confess as this turn I'm  
    serpriged.  
A Fondling!!! Turned up unbeknownst on a doorstep permiskus, no doubt.  
And then to *adopt* him! Oh dear, wot the plague is our Party about?  
Wich to monthly to *it* were my pride; its legitermit offspring I've  
    nussed  
Many years with the greatest success, but to-day I feels flurried and  
    fussed,  
And my eyes is Saint Polge's fontin with tears, and this brat is their  
    source;  
As it isn't no offspring of *ourn*—of the fam'ly I mean, Ma'am, in  
    course;  
But a Brummagem bantling, picked hup, as were not worth its swaddlin'  
    and food,  
And I never yet knowed any brat from *that* source as turned out any  
    good.  
Missis G., Mum, it's all a mistake, as you know in your 'art all the  
    same,  
For you turned up your nose at the child when JOE CHAMBERLING give him  
    a name,  
Afore we was thick with his set, when you snubbed him, and laughed him  
    to scorn,  
And heaped naughty names on this kid, as you swore was his nat'ral  
    fust-born.  
And now you come dandling, and doddling, and patting the brat on the  
    'ed,  
And forgetting the things as you promiged, and backing on all as you  
    said.  
Missis G., you do raly amaze me! This comes of our precious mix-up;  
Which the child's no more like one of ourn than a pug's like a  
    tarrier-pup.

In the best-regulated o' fam'lies things will go askew, I'm aweer;  
As I says to my friend Mrs. HARRIS, as says to me, "SAIREY, my dear,  
You looks dragged, my sweet creetur," she says. "Missis HARRIS," I  
    makes 'er reply,  
"When the 'art in one's buzzum beats 'ot, there's excuge for the tear



in one's heye.  
Which wales isn't in it for worrit, my love, with your poor old pal,  
SAIREY,  
Along o' the Fam'ly," I says; "as things *do* seem to go that  
contrairey,  
My services now ain't required, with 'adoptions' all over the shop,  
From Brummagem, yus, and elsewheres; and I ast 'Where is this thing to  
stop?'  
RITCHIE'S 'pick-up' was tryin', most tryin'; and as to those bad Irish  
brats,  
As BALFOUR interjuced—dear! jest fancy our Party adopting small Pats!  
And now this here Brummagem babby! You say he's a promising cheild,  
Missis G., and 'you're learning to love him!' All this makes old  
SAIREY feel wild.  
It's wus than kidnapping, this bizness



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of picking up 'Fondlings' all  
round.

You're nussing a wiper, / say, and you'll soon feel 'is bite, I'll  
be bound.

Who arsked for 'im, BETSY—I mean Missis G.—who demanded the brat?  
You've altered your mind, and you pet him; you'd much better mind  
what you're at.

Drat the boy's bragian imperence! / says. He's a halien, a fondling,  
a waif,

And / never knew, for my part, *any* Brummagem goods as wos *safe!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE ADOPTED CHILD.

MOTHER GOSCHEN. "FOUND 'IM IN BIRMINGHAM, MY DEAR! DIDN'T LIKE 'IM AT  
FIRST,—BUT, SOMEHOW, I'VE QUITE TOOK A FANCY TO 'IM!!!"

MRS. GAMP. "A FONDLING INDEED!—WHICH ALL I CAN SAY IS I DON'T LIKE  
THE LOOKS OF 'IM!!!"

\* \* \* \* \*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 27.*—"Well, I never!" said GEORGE ELLIOT,  
beaming on House from back bench; "have known HARCOURT man and boy for forty  
years; seen him in divers moods; watched him through various occupations. These  
have been so many that I have had time to forget he was once Chancellor of the  
Exchequer; but he was, and upon my word, listening to him to-night, and knowing  
something about figures myself, I believe he would have made a splash at the  
Treasury."

[Illustration: Genial George.]

JOKIM doesn't enjoy performance quite so much as GENIAL GEORGE. Oddly enough,  
Budget Night, which ought to be the apex of comfort and glory for CHANCELLOR of the  
EXCHEQUER, is with him ever the season of tribulation. House of Commons is,  
regarded as audience, always at its best on Budget Night. Will laugh immoderately at  
feeblest joke uttered by CHANCELLOR; cheers to the echo his moral sentiments; sits  
enraptured when he soars into eloquence; and is undisguisedly grateful when he has



completed his peroration. JOKIM'S muddle of Thursday night made the best of Opposition silenced by promised legislation establishing Free Education. Everything in sunshine-glow of prosperity. Thought JOKIM might keep some of the sunbeams for himself. Then comes HARCOURT with the abhorred shears of facts and figures, and slits the thin-spun web of JOKIM'S ingenious fancy; shows that, instead of a surplus, he has, when honest arithmetic is set to work, a deficit; instead of increasing the rate of reduction of National Debt, he has done less in that direction than his predecessors; and that whilst expenditure on Army and Navy has exceeded any figures reached by former Chancellors of the Exchequer, the floating debt is ever growing.



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JOKIM sits on Treasury Bench affecting the virtue of a smile though he has it not. Wiggles like a snail under dispensation of salt. When HARCOURT finished, HENRY FOWLER stepped in, and with fresh array of figures and new marshalling of argument, completed the demolition of JOKIM'S system of finance. Mr. G. looked smilingly on, delighting in the energy and aptitude of his Young Men. JOKIM, anxious to change the subject on any terms, tried to draw Mr. G. into the controversy. "I think not," said Mr. G., with a smile of ineffable sweetness. "Right Hon. Gentleman need not go so far afield: will have pretty tough job in answering HARCOURT."

A pretty scene; admirable Parliamentary play. Oddly enough boxes empty; stalls a wilderness; pit only half full. Energies of House so sapped with dreary flood of talk on Irish Land Bill cannot be reanimated even for a brisk battle over the Budget.

*Business done.*—JOKIM pummelled to pulp.

*Tuesday.*—OLD MORALITY walked out of House just now, his back suffused with sense of duty done, alike to QUEEN and Country. Irish Land Bill, which, as CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN says, makes a Moated Grange of House of Commons, on again all day. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE and his Party active as usual. The PARTY a little doubtful of the SAGE. Sometimes, in blessed intervals of silence, is discovered gazing on a bald space on back of SAGE'S head, striving, as it were, to pierce through this weak spot, and discover what is in the SAGE'S mind. The SAGE in outward manner most deferential and encouraging. Misses no opportunity of publicly applauding him. It is true that when the SAGE has got him on his legs, starting afresh on new Amendment, he seizes the opportunity to slink out of the House, and take another cigarette, quite certain that the PARTY is good for half-an-hour. This, and one or two other little things, create a suspicion in the mind of the PARTY, who was not brought up in India for nothing. WILFRID LAWSON, who sits close by, and keenly watches progress of events, says he has no doubt the time will come when the PARTY will revolt.

"KEAY," says WILFRID, "occupies a strategical position, which gives him a great pull over LABBY. His respected Leader sits on the bench immediately below him. Some day SEYMOUR KEAY'S wild Mahratta blood may boil over, an unsuspected scimitar may flash forth from his trouser pocket, and the SAGE'S head, falling gory on the floor of the House, may gently, from mere force of habit, roll in the direction of Queen Anne's Gate."

"For a real sanguinary-minded man," said RITCHIE, to whom I told this story, "give me a teetotaller."

The PARTY, with some assistance from Windbag SEXTON, wasted sitting till quarter to seven. By this time, all Amendments to Clause 3 being wearily worn off, opportunity just left to pass Clause before Sitting adjourned. Question put that Clause 3 pass. Then SAGE, smelling obtrusively of cigarettes, interposed, and declared it "would be

indecent” to accept the Clause without further discussion. Nothing House shrinks from just now more abjectly than from charge of indecency. Accordingly debate stood over, and Thursday may, if the SAGE and his Party please, and the Closure is not invoked, be appropriated for further discussion of Clause 3.

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OLD MORALITY might have moved Closure at twelve minutes to seven, and carried Clause 3. Committee naturally expected he would. But OLD MORALITY had another card up his sleeve. At very last moment, whilst Members trooped out, and it was thought all was over, OLD MORALITY gave notice of motion to take the whole time of House, including Tuesday and Friday nights' evening sittings.

"I think you had them there," I said, as we walked across to Grosvenor Place.

"Yes, TOBY," he said, a little flush mantling his modest face; "we've given them rope enough, and now we'll hang them. They've had their run, now we'll take ours. It's the main thing I always look to. Never forget when I was still in the seminary writing out copy of verses about a shipwreck. A graphic scene; the riven vessel, the raging seas, the panic-stricken crowd on deck, and then this little self-drawn picture of the sole survivor, the one man left to tell the story:

Some fell upon their bended knees  
And others fell down fainting,  
But I fell to on bread and cheese;  
For that, Sir, was the main thing.

It's the bread and cheese I look to, TOBY, dear boy. For others the glory of debate, the prize of Parliamentary oratory. Give me the bread and cheese of seeing business advancing, and I'm content."

*Business done.*—Once more Committee on Irish Land Bill.

*Thursday.*—A pretty little game on to-night. OLD MORALITY moved his Resolution taking power to appropriate Tuesdays and Fridays evening sittings, and all Wednesdays for Irish Land Bill. In ordinary circumstances there would have been stormy protest led from Front Opposition Bench against this inroad on time of private Members. Other fish to fry to-night. Wednesday week assigned for Second Reading of Woman's Suffrage Bill; if Government take that day for Irish Land Bill, obviously can't be utilised for furtherance of Woman's Rights. This an awkward question for some Members; don't like it, but daren't vote against it. Here's opportunity of getting rid of it by side-wind. Not necessary in arranging proceedings to mention Suffrage Bill, or even Wednesday, 13th of May. It was principle for which Members struggled; "the principle of uniformity," as Mr. G. beautifully put it. "Let us," he said, though perhaps not quite in this phrase, "go the whole hog or none; take all the Wednesdays, or leave them."

Pretty to see OLD MORALITY protesting against this unprecedented access of generosity. The very picture, as MCEWAN said, of a good man struggling with the adversity of overwhelming good fortune. Was prepared to take a Wednesday here and there: but, really, too much to appropriate everyone. "Not at all—not at all," said Mr. G.

But it was only under compulsion of a Division that he consented to accept the endowment. In meanwhile, the Woman's Suffrage Debate on Wednesday week snuffed out, and final opportunity of Session lost.



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"I'm inclined," said WM. WOODALL, "as a rule, to take kindly views of my fellow men, to put the best construction upon their actions; but, upon my word, I'm not satisfied in my own mind that we advocates of Woman's Rights have not been made the victims of deep and dastardly design."

"Order! Order!" said COURTNEY; "no more am I."

*Business done.*—Woman's Rights men dished.

*Friday.*—Brer FOX looked in to-night, and, finding Brer RABBIT absent, undertook charge of Irish affairs. Desirous of introducing novelty into situation, began by patronising Prince ARTHUR. "So conciliatory, you know; so anxious to meet the views of Irish Members; really, they ought to meet him half-way, and refrain from annoying him by unnecessary Amendments."

Brer FOX'S voice faltered as he spoke, and, bringing round his tail, he gently brushed away a falling tear. Unfortunately for him, TIM HEALY present. TIM jumped up, and fell upon his ancient chief, flouting his counsel, and repudiating his right to leadership. Effect upon Brer FOX something like that which followed on the flight of the piece of old red sandstone which struck in the abdomen a gentleman, who chanced to be standing round. The subsequent proceedings interested him no more. He walked out, and was not seen again. "Exceedingly rude man," he said; "never come near TIM HEALY but I feel an infinite yearning for a fire-escape." *Business done.*—Land Bill again.

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"MORE FREE THAN WELCOME."—MR. GOSCHEN'S Education Scheme, to the Tories.

\* \* \* \* \*

A REGIMENT OF "THE LINE."—The Royal Academicians.

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[Illustration: GRANDOLPH THE PRODIGAL.

(A Parliamentary Drama too good for words, after "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.)]

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## THE PICK OF THE PICTURES. (AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)

[Illustration: No. 199. Doctor Dubitans. "I'm afraid I've given him the wrong stuff."  
Luke Fildes, R.A.]

[Illustration: No. 742. "He's got 'em on!" or, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me in that new  
suit and those tight boots? By Phil. R. Morris, A.]

[Illustration: Grand Combination Picture, "Liddell and Scott!" [Liddell (289) by H.  
Herkomer, R.A., and Scott (281) by G(ee) W(oa) Joy! "Joy and Woe!" Comedy and  
Tragedy.]]

[Illustration: No. 226. The Penance of Zaeo in the presence of some Members of the  
County Council. P.H. Calderon, R.A.]

No. 5. "*Long Ago*." LONG (EDWIN, R.A.) and more or less of "a go." Instead of "*Long  
Ago*" which is egotistical, why not *Long Eggit* or *Long Fecit*?

Nos. 21, 22, 23. "*The Lyons Mail*" (and Female). BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. [N.B.—"R.A.,"  
*i.e.*, "Royal Academician" and "Royal Animal-painter."]



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No. 27. The Viscount CROSS looking quite Viscount Cheerful. "*Painted for the Grand Jury Room, Lancaster Castle,*" the Catalogue informs us. Suggestive of their arguing among themselves "at cross purposes." Painted by SYDNEY HODGES.

No. 77. "*On Strike.*" Very striking. Who could have painted this? Ah! *Who but* HERKOMER. R.A.

No. 82. Apparently this must have been intended for a portrait of the late Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, but subsequently adapted to represent WALTER GILBEY, Esq. Looks quite the GILBEY'S "fine, old, dry," but not "crusted." No doubt whatever of its being the excellent work of W(erry) Q(uaint) ORCHARDSON, R.A.

No. 112. "*Hanson is as Hanson does.*" By J. HANSON WALKER. Naturally pleased with "the promise of May," and

No. 118. Another Young Lady only Younger. By the same Artist.

No. 143. The Right Hon. A.J. BALFOUR, M.P., as seen by L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. Taken while considering

No. 147. The Irish Question as represented by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.'s "*Perseus and Andromeda.*" Allegory, *Andromeda*, Ireland. *The Monster*, "Parnellism and Crime;" and *Perseus*, BALFOUR. Marvellous Monster! DRURIOLANUS should at once order a dozen of 'em, hot and strong, for next Christmas Pantomime. Poor Miss ANNE DROMEDA,—*"a dainty morsel a croquer,"* quoth the Monster.

No. 148. No possible doubt whatever about this being A. BERTIE; FREEMAN-MITFORD, C.B., painted by the President of the Painters, who has hit him off to the life. B.M. is taken at the moment when, as a spectator of the *Perseus and Andromeda ballet d'action*, he remembers having seen something like it in "Old Japan."

No. 201. "*Poor Tom's a Cold!*" LAURENCE SCOTT. Picture illustrating the shortest and easiest way of catching his death of cold.

No. 206. "*Two's company, Three's none,*" observed the Sun, as blushing deeply, he sank away in the far distance. By MAURICE GREIFFEN LAGEN.

No. 209. The original Pieman met by SIMON going to the fair in very full dress. ARTHUR S. COPE.

No.220. "*A Student*" of ALMA-TADEMA'S style. THOMAS R. SPENCE.

No. 231. "Is it one o'clock?" she said to herself, anxiously. "I hope luncheon will be punctual." The picture will be known as "*Grace before Meals,*" delightfully (of course) painted by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS.



No. 232. By the P.R.A. "What's that?" said one well-educated clerical visitor to his matronly wife. She read it out, pronouncing it thusly, "*Return of Percy Fone*." "What!" exclaimed the Clergyman. Then, taking the Catalogue into his own hands, he read "*Return of Persephone*." "It's pronounced," he informed his help-mate, "Per-s[e]ph-[o]-n[e]." "Is it?" she returned, in a tone expressive of unmitigated incredulity. "Then," she asked suddenly, as a brilliant idea struck her, "why isn't 'telephone' pronounced 'tel-[e]ph-[o]-n[e]'?" And turning her back on him, would not hear another word on the subject.



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No. 283. *Not Crossley, but Kindly*. CLAUDE CALTHROP.

No. 333. *Professor Huxley*. By Hon. JOHN COLLIER. When it isn't the Professor, it might serve for Sir GEORGE GROVE. Bravo, Honourable JOHN! "Hang him, JOHN COLLIER!" (SHAKSPEARE adapted.)

No. 390. *A Boy to the very life, or a Life Boy*. JAMES SANT, R.A. It's a picture of Master HUGH BURDETT MONEY COUTTS. How well this name will look on a cheque for a cool thousand or so! But to see the *Hue* of health on his cheek is better than seeing the colour of that HUGH'S money.

No. 414. *Portrait of Author W. PINERO, Esq.* Painted by JOSEPH MORDECAI, who has done to Author PINERO what HAMAN would have done to MORDECAI, *i.e.*, hung him.

No. 439. *Sitting for Don Quixote*. WILLIAM E. LOCKHART.

No. 459. *Stiff Collar Day; or, Just Back from the Wash*, "And, confound it! she's been washing my shirt and tie together, and spoilt 'em both. Wish I had another lot ready, but haven't, so must go to Academy as I am," said WALTER S-WASH-BUCKLER LETHBRIDGE, and finished up with an impetuous and irrepressible "Hang it!" "I will," replied the Artist, JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

No. 544. *Josephine Grimaldina; or, Female Clown*, the next novelty in Pantomime, dedicated to the author and composer of *L'Enfant Prodigue*. JOHN S. SARGENT.

No. 667. *Feeling his Bumps; or, Phrenology in the Olden Time.*" ERNEST NORMAND.

No. 651. Gentleman ready for riding, but no spurs. "Where the deuce have I put them?" he is evidently saying. "All ready but that. Can't find 'em anywhere!" A picture which quite tells its own (JULIAN) STORY.

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## THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF LABOUR.

(*At the service of the Ch-nc-ll-r of the Exch-qu-r, if he purposes writing a Prophetic Romance.*)

MACAULAY'S New Zealander had arrived prematurely. London Bridge was not reduced to its centre pier, and St. Paul's Cathedral was certainly not in ruins. Still there was an uncanny look about town. On the Embankment electric tram-cars were running, but they seemed to be little patronised. Here and there he noticed a pedestrian leisurely going his way, but the side-walks appeared, to all intents and purposes,



abandoned. At length he reached a garden-seat, upon which was sprawling a Typical Working Man. The New Zealander gave this interesting individual “Good morning,” and made some common-place remark about the weather.

“Fine day!” returned the T.W.M., rather surlily. “Well, what does it matter to me? If it rains, I stay at home; if it don’t, why I don’t either.”

“I am a stranger seeking for information,” explained the New Zealander; “so I am sure you will excuse me if I ask you how much do you pay for your house?”

“Pay for my house!” ejaculated the T.W.M. “Why, nothing of course! And I pay nothing too for my sons at Oxford, and the girls at Cambridge. And I get my clothes free, and my food comes in gratuitously. Why, you must be a stranger if you don’t know that! Why everything and anything is paid by the Government—out of the Income Tax.”



## Page 20

“And don’t you ever work?”

“Work! bless you, no. I can’t afford to work! If I did, I should have to pay the Income Tax myself!” returned the T.W.M., with a grin.

“Then who does contribute to this evidently highly-important source of revenue?”

“Why, the professional men, under Schedule D!” cried the hardy son of toil. “The authors with families, and the City clerks. All *that* set, you know. They pay the Income Tax, sure enough. It’s as much as they can do to keep bodies and souls together. But *somebody* must pay—why not they?—pay for themselves—and for me!”

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THE DUMB SHOW.—It sounds odd that the serious pantomime, *L’Enfant Prodigue*, the play without words, should be “the talk of London.”

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LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE’S DIARY.

[Illustration: Canvas and Scrutiny.]

“*George Hotel*,” *Billsbury, Friday, April 25th*.—Arrived this morning in order to attend a “Monstre Open Air Conservative Fete, which was held in the grounds of the Billsbury Summer Palace. The programme was a very attractive one. First, there was a “reception of town and county delegates and their ladies” by the Earl and Countess of ROCHEVIEILLE. The Earl is a scrubby little fellow of about sixty, who looks more like an old-clothes-man than anything else. Norman noses—at least their descendants in this generation—are curiously like the Semitic variety sometimes. The name is pronounced “Rovail,” and both the Earl and Countess get blue with rage if anybody makes a mistake about it, as nearly all the delegates did. They stood on a raised dais, and received delegates’ addresses to the number of about thirty. Lady ROCHEVIEILLE is a stout lady—very. It was a blazing hot day, and she was “overcome” just as she was shaking hands with Colonel and Mrs. CHORKLE, who were accompanied by BENJAMIN DISRAELI CHORKLE. The rest of the CHORKLE family, including WILLIAMINA HENRIETTA SMITH CHORKLE, who was in a nurse’s arms, were somewhere about the grounds looking for the “Magic Haunts of the Fairy Bulbul,” and eating enormous quantities of macaroons, which I had given them. Colonel CHORKLE rather lost his head when Lady R. collapsed. He made an effort to pick her up, but had to drop her heavily on the boards of the dais. Eventually, however, she was carried away and revived, and the proceedings went on. There were Conservative merry-go-rounds, Conservative negro-minstrels, Conservative acrobats and Conservative dancing bears, distributed about the grounds. I was taken about by Alderman MOFFAT and



HOLLEBONE, who introduced me right and left to hundreds of my supporters and their wives and daughters. At the end of it all I felt as if I had got a heavy sort of how-do-you-do smile regularly glued on my face. One of my chief supporters is an undertaker named JOBSON. HOLLEBONE brought him up to me and

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said, "Mr. JOBSON, permit me to introduce you to our popular young Candidate, Mr. PATTLE. Mr. PATTLE let me have the honour of introducing you to our popular young undertaker, Mr. JOBSON." Gave me rather a shock, but JOBSON seemed quite a pleasant man. His wife was there too, gorgeously dressed in red plush with an Indian shawl on her shoulders, and a sealskin muff. She must have felt the heat horribly.

Later in the afternoon there was a political meeting, at which we all spoke, but we had to make it short, as everybody was anxious to get away to the "Refined Musical *Melange* (with incidental dances) of the Sisters WILKINS," which was held in a specially erected tent. Fireworks, illuminations, and dancing, ended the affair.

*April 26.*—Was made an Oddfellow to-day. Initiation didn't last long. CHORKLE and JERRAM were initiated with me, and we all had to make speeches afterwards, declaring our devotion to the great cause of Oddfellowship. Afterwards sentiments were called for. The only one I remember was given by a man called TABSEY, a tailor, who seems to be rather famous for this kind of thing. After holding his hand to his head for some time, and knitting his brows, he cleared his throat, and said, in a loud voice,—“May the tear of true sympathy crystallise as it falls, and be worn as a radiant jewel upon the finger of affliction.” This was vociferously applauded. I congratulated TABSEY afterwards, and paid him a compliment about it. He told me he found it a great relief, after a hard day's work in the shop, to throw off a sentiment or two. He's going to publish a book of them, and I've had to subscribe for six copies, at half a guinea each.

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FROM A WATCHFUL OBSERVER.—SIR,—The other day I saw advertised in a shop-window, "The Invisible Trousers Stretcher." Who wears "Invisible Trousers"? Do you remember the story of *The Emperor of China's Clothes*?—when they all cried, "He's got 'em on," and he hadn't. That Invisible Trousers should exist is quite enough stretch of imagination without any further stretcher.—Yours, THE DAY WATCHMAN.

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MRS. R. AT THE OPERA.—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM Junior went to hear *La Traviata*. She expressed her sympathy with *Violetta*, between two *Gourmands*. Remarking on the touching finish to the converted *Traviata's* career, Mrs. R. observed that it reminded her of the poet's line about "She who stopped to cough, remained to pray."

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