

# **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, July 4, 1891 eBook**

## **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, July 4, 1891**

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# Page 1

## PUNCH,

*Or the London charivari.*

*Vol. 101.*

July 4, 1891.

[Illustration]

\* \* \* \* \*

URBI et ORBI.

Mr. *Punch* returns thanks for the anticipatory congratulations on the occasion of his Jubilee, and takes this opportunity of informing his friends—which means Everybody Everywhere—that the 50th anniversary of his natal day is July 18 *prox.*, which day Mr. *Punch* hereby gives full and entire permission to the aforesaid Everyone Everywhere to keep as a whole Holiday, and do in a general way, and to the utmost of their ability, just exactly what best pleases them.

*Punch.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Chantrey bequest A La Mode de Lisle.*

["Mr. *De Lisle* wished the Government to veto any pictures purchased under the Chantrey Bequest that did not meet with their approval."—*Daily Paper.*]

*Scene—A Studio in the Royal Academy. The President and several Members of the Council waiting arrival of Government to inspect their most recent purchase.*

*President (with assumed joviality).* Well, my dear Colleagues, I do not think exception can be taken to this composition. Simple and effective, is it not?

*First Member of Council (gloomily).* Oh, you never know! I think we ought to have opposed the admission of the Cabinet—what should *they* know about Art?

*Second Mem. (drily).* Enough to make speeches at the annual dinner—to which they wouldn't come if we snubbed them.

*First Mem.* What of that? I am sure the President is quite eloquent enough to stand alone.



*Pres. (with a graceful bow).* You are most kind. But, hush! here comes Lord SALISBURY!

*Enter the PRIME MINISTER. Cordial greetings.*

*Premier (briskly).* I am sure you will forgive me if I get through this quickly. (*Looking at picture.*) Hm! Yes, very nice; but *did* EDWARD the Black Prince wear his Garter ribbon in battle? I am sure I refrain from appearing in mine under similar circumstances. (*To Pres.*) Do you think the Artist could paint it out?

*Pres.* I feel sure he will do everything in his power to satisfy your Lordship's artistic instincts.

*Premier.* Just so.

[*Exit R. when enter FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, L.*

*Pres. (greeting new-comer cordially).* Most glad to see you, my dear Right Hon. Sir!

*First Lord.* Very good indeed of you to say so, but am always anxious to do my duty to my Queen and Country. (*Gazing at picture.*) Hm! Not bad! But, I say, I do know something of yachting, and that isn't the way to brace up the marling-spike to the fokesell yard with the main jibboom three points in a wind with some East in it! If I may venture a suggestion—hope Artist will paint out the gondola. Ta-ta! A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. [*Exit.*

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*Pres.* Well, well, I do not know what our friend will think of the matter, but perhaps the Hansom of Venice *is* a little superfluous. Why here is the HOME SECRETARY.

*[Enter that august personage—mutual greeting.]*

*Home Sec. (examining picture).* Yes, very nice. Just my idea of what a historical picture *should* be! Sea-view very fair indeed, and I think that the suggestion of the presentation at Court is also extremely neat. The Black Prince, perhaps, a little near OLIVER CROMWELL, but then that is a detail that will not challenge particular attention. I like too the view of Vauxhall Gardens—very good, indeed! But why should a scene of this great historical importance be laid in Charing Cross during a labour demonstration?

*Pres. (frankly).* I cannot say that I have looked up all my authorities, but I do not think our friend would allow himself to be wrong on so important a point.

*Home Sec.* Well, I think it would be in better taste if the Artist cut out that stampede of police—it is not true to nature! *[Exit.]*

*Pres.* There *may* be something in what he says, but I do wish these amateurs would keep their suggestions to themselves.

*Enter FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY.*

*Pres. (cordially).* My dear Lord, delighted to see you—what do you think of it?

*First Lord.* Hm! Yes! Perhaps! But, I say, what right has the Artist to put the white ensign on the top of that light-house? It's against the regulations—they should be flying the Trinity House flag—if anything. That *must* come out, you know—it really must! *[Exit.]*

*Pres.* Silly blunder, but it can be easily remedied. Ah! the Secretary of State for War! *(Enter that official)* Well, Mr. STANHOPE, and how do *you* like the new purchase?

*War Minister (after, a glance at the canvas).* Tol lol. But come, I say, come; the Iron Duke never wore a hat like *that*! And, I say, as it isn't raining, why has he put up his umbrella? In the cause of historical accuracy that should not be allowed. *[Exit.]*

*Pres. (drily).* I am afraid our friend will have enough to do. *(Enter the remainder of the Cabinet together).* Well, Gentlemen—hope you approve of our purchase?

*Remainder (together).* Not at all. You should have only bought the frame! *[Scene closes in on the consideration of this new point.]*

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: "MANNING THE (BACK-)YARDS."

CHELSEA, JUNE, 1891. FOUR BELL(E)S.]

\* \* \* \* \*

MR. PUNCH EXPLAINS.

*[Last week Mr. Punch congratulated King HENRY'S "holy shade"  
on the Four-hundredth Anniversary of the Foundation of Eton  
College.]*

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To *Mr. Punch*'s friends, who think he blundered,  
In thinking Eton's years were just four hundred,  
And acted quite in error when he paid  
Congratulations to King HENRY'S "shade,"  
A word of explanation now is due,  
To show how what he stated then was true.  
The word is this—that fifty years have now  
Elapsed since *Mr. Punch* first made his bow;  
And though since then with many friends he's parted,  
Himself he is as young as when he started.  
Just fifty years ago it now appears  
That fair Etona claimed four hundred years.  
Ungallant it had been if one had told her  
That *Mr. Punch* kept young whilst she grew older!  
Yet if it is indeed the Fourth Centenary  
Or Jubilee the Ninth since holy 'ENERY  
Became the founder of a Royal College—  
Well, *Mr. Punch* prefers to have no knowledge.  
He only does not know—has never known a  
More worthy toast than "*Floreat Etona!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE NEW CRUSADERS.

["Kaiser Wilhelm, according to a Berlin Journal, has given his consent to a lottery being instituted throughout the Empire 'for combating the slave trade in Africa.' Tickets to the amount of eight millions of marks will be issued, five and a half millions of which will be devoted to prizes."—*Daily Telegraph Berlin Correspondent.*]

KNIGHTS-ERRANT of earth's earlier days,  
Might learn from WILHELM KAISER.  
They risked their lives in Paynim frays,  
We moderns have grown wiser.  
'Tis not enough by Big Bazaars  
To buttress Churches tottery;  
We, with the dice "financing" wars,  
Conduct Crusades—by Lottery!

\* \* \* \* \*

LIVE AND LEARN.—Mr. PARKINSON will now probably admit that the foolish process known as "breaking a butterfly on a wheel" may bring the breaker woe.

\* \* \* \* \*

SHAKSPEARE AND NORTH, NOT CHRISTOPHER.

[Illustration: C-l-n-l N-rth as *Falstaff*. L-rd C-l-r-dge as *Lord Chief Justice*. *Henry the Fourth*, Part II., Act ii., Sc.]

Colonel NORTH is popularly supposed to have been the architect of his own fortune, but he doesn't seem to have profited much by his architectural knowledge when applied to house-building. The burly Colonel—we forget at this moment what regiment is under his distinguished command—has met many a great personage in his time, but, like the eminent barbarian who encountered a Christian Archbishop for the first time—St. Ambrose, we rather think it was, but no matter—our bold Colonel had to climb down a bit on coming face to face with the Lord Chief Justice of England. What a cast for a scene out of *Henry the Fourth*! *Falstaff*, Colonel NORTH, and My Lord COLERIDGE for the *Lord Chief Justice*. The scene might be Part II., Act ii., Scene 1, when the Lord Chief

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says to *Sir John*, “You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer, in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman,”—only for “woman,” read “architect.” Curious that the name of GAMBLE should be the pre-surname of Mister Colonel NORTH’S brother. What’s in a name? Yet there’s a good deal in the sound and look of GAMBLE NORTH, especially when up before the Lord Chief, who must quite recently have got hold of quite a little library of useful knowledge. Also odd that most of Mr. NORTH’S money seems to have been made in the South. But “A 1,” that is, the architect, won, and the gallant Mister Colonel, or Colonel Mister, left the Court, feeling comparatively A-Norther man. Never mind, even the Millionairey Colonel can’t always be lucky.

\* \* \* \* \*

MR. PUNCH’S QUOTATION BOOK.

I.—FOR INFERIOR CHAMPAGNE.

‘How mad and bad and sad it was—  
But then, how it was sweet!’—BROWNING.

II.—FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

“Et longa canoros  
Dant per colla modos.”—VIRGIL.

III.—FOR THE NEW BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

“Gaiter.—A covering for the leg.”—ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

IV.—FOR A TENNIS-PLAYER, IMPRISONED BY BAD WEATHER.

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”—MILTON.

\* \* \* \* \*

AT ST. JAMES’S HALL.—Hair PADDY REWSKI is a pianofortist up to the time and tune of day. Knowing that *L’Enfant Prodigue* is now all the go, he keeps himself up to date by performing the Musical Prodigy Son’s, I mean MENDELSSOHN’S “Songs without Words;” and this so effectively, that the last wordless song he was obliged to repeat, and much obliged the audience by repeating. Then the good fellar played *La Campanella*, Which I prefer to *Gentle Zitella*, The Princess LOUISE, &c., were there, and “&c.” was really looking uncommonly well considering the heat. Bravo, PADDY REWSKI! Ould Ireland for ever!

\* \* \* \* \*

OFF TO MASHERLAND.

*(By Our Own Grandolph.)*

(FIRST LETTER—A.)

1.—*From Paddington to the first comma is a comparatively slight stop.*

Left Paddington. Was compelled to leave Paddington, as train started from that station. "The Great Western!" What boundless ideas are suggested by this title, &c., &c. (*This part I'll send to Daily Graphic.*)

REASONS FOR THE JOURNEY.

Well, never mind my reasons. I had made up my mind to go. That's enough. "*Marlbrook s'en va t'en guerre,*" *mais* as MARLBROOK Junior I may say, "*Je reviendrai.*" Politics to the winds! or, colloquially, Politics be blown! I'm off to TOM TIDDLER'S ground. Nice fellow, TIDDLER. Knew him years ago. He is now a Limited Company, "TIDDLER & Co."

[Illustration]

THE COMPOSITION OF THE PARTY.

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Well, you know what it was once upon a time. There was A BALFOUR—beg pardon, should say, THE BALFOUR—and DRUMMY WOLFFY, and *De GORSTIBUS non disputandum* ("no arguing with GORST"), and self. As good a quartette, though I say it who shouldn't, as ever sat down to a concerted piece, with myself as First Fiddle. But now—"Where am dat barty now?"—I don't know if I quote correctly; quoting correctly is not my *forte*. "Dat barty," suggests WOLFF; he was the "barty" of our party, in the merry days of old. Now—none of 'em here, and I with my ink-stand before me, a pencil, a pen, note-books galore, and any amount of foolscap, represent "the composition" of our party. I must get on with my "compo." Is reminds me of doing a "Theme" at Eton. This is a holiday task. One, two, three, off!—and away!

ALL ABROAD.

Before I know where we are, so to speak, we have left London, and are at Lisbon. On the voyage Captain G. WILLIAMS suggests these lines, to which I append my own translation. BALFOUR rather behind me in Latin at Eton (I hear by private wire that he admitted as much in his recent speech at the fourth centenary celebration), and so, perhaps, couldn't give the translation as easily as I do. Here is the Captain's reminiscence, and my translation when he isn't looking:—

"Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes  
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto  
Melle decedunt, viridique certat

Bacca Venafro. "Vir ubi longum tepidusque praebet  
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon,  
Fertili Baccho nimium Falernis

Invidet uvis."

Which translated means:—

He, the Englishman (*Angulus*), beside me (that is, "sitting on deck by my side") laughs at all people on shore when he is quite certain (*certat*) that he can't get good tobacco from VENAFER'S (a local tobacconist). (This) man prefers the long clay pipe, which gets so soon hot, for, by Jove, you'll burn yourself (*brumas*), and being a friend of AULON'S ("all on," local joke), he envies those who can smoke the green tobacco, and doesn't wonder that they go in for Falernian (*classic metaphor for Cape wine*).

I think that's pretty good for an old Etonian who could give BALFOUR (the "Four" of the Fourth Party, a four-oar without a steerer) a mile over any course of VIRGIL or OVID, and beat him easily.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?



[Illustration: The Fifth of November anticipated in Quite Mad-eira.]

*En route*, called on the Bey of Biscay. Found him in amiable temper—not a bit rough.  
Lisbon delightful. Chatsworth not in it with the smallest flower-and-kitchen garden here.  
Dined at the “Brag”—short for Braganza. Suddenly inspired—wrote drinking song:—

*Sancho Panza*

At Braganza,

Quaffed no end of cup,

But *Don Quixot*

Said “Don’t mix it—

Let us go and sup.”

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Have composed my own music to this—call it my musical cup-yright. Shan't publish it, for fear of pirates. No other rates at sea, except pi-rates, and the rate we're now going at—i.e., two knots an hour, and ties pay the dealer. Hoorah! I enclose portrait of self after the above symposium, carried round the town to the air of "*Please to Remember*," &c. Too Novembery perhaps, but everything too previous here, and it's summer even in winter, and winter's nowhere, except in some other places. This is the meteorological or illogical rule, the "*Summa Lex*." Look at my bearers! These are heads of the people, eh? Carried round town in triumph, and then back to the ship, which I *now* look upon as my native place, or *the land of my berth!*

"ONCE MORE ABOARD THE LUGGER!"

[Illustration]

Here we are, off the Cape of Good Hope. HOPE, as you know, was a worthy Admiral who discovered this place; he is mentioned by the poet as having done so; you remember—

"Hope told a flattering tale;"

but no one believed him. Wish BALFOUR, GORSTY, and WOLFFY were here, and WOLFFY better than when I left him. First-rate place to pick up health. Every morning I climb the maintop-gallant, plunge into the ocean, and out again in the blowing of a Bo'sen's whistle. I dive, grapple with fresh lobster, bring him up by the tail, and before he knows where he is, he is boiled and on my table, hot, for breakfast. Excellent lobster! But how he changes colour at being caught and boiled! Such a breakfast!

QUITE A TROPICAL SONG!

Something spicy at last. Rather! The "Umbrella-tree" magnificent! Spreads out in wet weather, and folds up when it's fine. Splendid specimen of the "Boot-tree" (*Arbor tegumenpedis*), and the quaint "Blackening-Brush Plant," which is its invariable companion. No time to spare, however—off again to the *Grantully Castle*, with pockets full of fruits of all kinds. Must take care not to sit on them in boat. Lemon squash all very well, but a mixed fruit squash in your tail-coat pocket not so refreshing.

CAPERING.

There are 50,000 souls and as many bodies in Cape Town. Give you my word, it's a fact. I may have omitted one or two, but saw most of 'em through telescope before landing. There's an old Town House and a Castle, and an Excellency for Governor; Museum, Library, with Manuscripts badly illuminated before the discovery of gas; and as good a glass of Port (called here "Port Elizabeth," after Miss ELIZABETH MARTIN, who first took to it, but didn't finish it, thank goodness!) as you'd wish to get away from the

Turf Club. The little boys toss for halfpence in the street, which impressed me with the wonderful mineral wealth of South Africa. Having nothing better to do, I joined them, and won. I lectured them on incautious play, and they said something in South-African, which the street Arabs here speak

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to perfection, and which, I fancy, was both flattering and apologetic. Called on CECIL, the Colossus of Rhodes, but he was absent at the time. Fine place, the Cape. "Why," I asked myself, "do our people go to Ramsgate, Southend, Herne Bay, and even Scarborough, when there is such a splendid seaside place as this to come to?" But no; because their people have done it before them, so they'll go on doing; and, unlike yours, truly, they *won't strike out a line of their own*. [N.B.—I must beg the Editor, when he gets this, not to strike out any line of mine, *as it's business*, and means advertisement.]

THE ODD TREK.

[Illustration]

Had a game of single-handed poker with one of the Trekkers, and beat him hollow. Not at first, of course, out of politeness; but at game No. 3 he was nowhere. Bless him, I knew a "trek" worth any three of his. He wanted to go about with me after this, but he became such a Boer (that's the origin of our word at home signifying "nuisance") that I cut him, and his pack of cards too. Just off to see the Dutch races. Shall pick up a little coin over this. You'll excuse my not writing any more this week, as I have to send a lot of stuns to the *Daily Graphic*, besides cramming and reading up for it far more than ever I did at Oxford. However, the *jeu d'esprit* is well worth the *chandelle*. You don't want much about local politics—do you? If so, wire's the word, and I'm there. Looking forward to see *What-can-the-Matter-be-Land*, also SAM BEST, and other old friends, with whose names, at least, the papers have already made you familiar. Must be off now, as I've an interview with the High Commissioner, who does all my business for me at the native races. Obligated to give him twenty per cent. on commission, and that, of course, is the reason why he has earned the proud title of "High," which he now deservedly enjoys. "How's that for High?" And the answer is, "Fifteen per cent. on ordinary business, and twenty per cent. for a win." Newmarket not in it with this place. So for the present, "Adoo, adoo!" Mind you, I've got my eyes open, and this is my tip for all the country out here, "White to win in a few moves," [to which I shall soon be able to put you up], and "Black not to win anyhow." Very hot out here; dry work, scribbling; but luckily in the Orange Free State that delicious fruit can be had for the asking. Tell GORSTY that, and WOLFFY can use the information, if he likes, till I return. *Au revoir!*  
Yours ever,

[Illustration: Transcriber's Note: "Grandolph, the Explorer." rendered in script.]

\* \* \* \* \*

QUEER QUERIES.—AUTHORSHIP.—I should be glad to know the name of a Publisher of repute who would be likely to purchase for L1000 a first-rate Sensational Novel? I have only written one chapter so far, but I have the plot in my head, and I think a really

able and energetic Publisher would be able to judge of the work from a small specimen. Which was the Firm that gave GEORGE ELIOT L5000 for *Middlemarch*? I should like to go to them.—NO JUGGINS.

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\* \* \* \* \*

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.

*Billsbury, Tuesday, 3rd June.*—We had an immense meeting here last night, just to keep the enthusiasm going. We had done our best to get a Cabinet Minister to come down, but they all had some excuse or other, and we had to content ourselves with CARDEW, who, being an Undersecretary, is the next best thing to the genuine Cabinet rose. VULLIAMY came too. A most extraordinary chap that. Instead of being offended at what I did with reference to his proposals for wholesale illegality, he merely delivered his soul of what he called “a gentle protest,” and declared himself ready to do all he could to help me to counteract the effects of my own obstinacy. There was considerable difficulty, as there always is, in apportioning the various speeches, so as not to leave any of the important local chiefs out of the proceedings. First of all TOLLAND, as Chairman, opened the proceedings. Then came a vote of confidence in Her Majesty's Government, proposed by Colonel CHORKLE, and seconded by VULLIAMY. To this CARDEW responded.

[Illustration: Free and Independent Elector.]

Then MOFFAT proposed, and JERRAM seconded, a vote of confidence in me, to which, of course, I responded. Old DICKY DIKES proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. This was seconded by BLISSOP, and after a few cordial words from TOLLAND, the gathering broke up. On the whole, everything went off extremely well. VULLIAMY'S speech was a masterpiece. He said:—

“I turn from the larger questions of public policy to the private concerns of the borough of Billsbury. On previous occasions I have had an opportunity of saying what I think of your Candidate, Mr. PATTLE. I have known him for years. Ever since I first met him, I have been more and more struck by the extraordinary intelligent interest he takes in political matters. His views are enlightened, his judgment is sound, and his eloquence is of so high an order as to ensure to him a brilliant success in the House he is destined to adorn. But what chiefly commends him to my regard and to yours, is the honourable uprightness of his character. The contest here will be a fierce and determined one; but, thank heaven, with such a Candidate as yours, it will be kept free from all personal bitterness, and will be conducted in such a way that no breath of suspicion will rest on the absolute and scrupulous legality of everything that may be done. The conscience of the people demands this of the candidates who may appeal to its suffrages, and, speaking as an old man, I can only say that I rejoice to see those who are yet young bearing themselves so honourably, and maintaining the great traditions which have made of England the greatest and proudest nation in the world, and have advanced Billsbury to a position of glorious prosperity which other towns strive in vain to approach.”

This from VULLIAMY was splendid, considering that if I had followed his advice, I should have steeped myself in illegality. But the cheers that greeted the speech were deafening, the most enthusiastic coming from MOFFAT, BLISSOP, and JERRAM, who had urged my compliance with VULLIAMY'S suggestions.

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*Wednesday, June 4th.*—The *Meteor* is furious about our meeting yesterday. It says, in a leader:—"Do these gentlemen suppose that the froth blown by them over the addlepates who cheered their speeches is likely to shake sir THOMAS CHUBSON from the secure position in which the affection of the Billsbury public has enthroned him? We have nothing to say against Mr. PATTLE except this, that his youth, combined with the ridiculous immaturity of his views, absolutely disqualifies him for the responsible post to which his foolish ambition aspires. Let him go back to the briefs, which the vivid imagination of his supporters pictures as crowding his table in the Temple. Let him join debating societies, and learn how to speak in public; let him eat, drink, and be merry in London; let him, in fact, do anything except run the head which flattery has turned against the sturdy stone of Billsbury Liberalism. We give him this advice in no unfriendly spirit. Let him be wise in time, and take it."

The *Guardian* is of course jubilant. "Never," it says, "has it been our lot to hear the magnificent principles of our cause expounded with an eloquence so convincing. Mr. CARDEW spoke, as he always does, with that sturdy good sense which has not only made him a redoubtable foe in the House of Commons, but has endeared his name to the masses of the English people. Mr. VULLIAMY again showed himself a master of the great questions of finance, and held his audience enthralled while he contrasted the futile extravagance of Liberal Governments with the wise, but generous economies, established by those who now hold the reins of Government. Our popular and eloquent young Candidate, Mr. PATTLE, showed himself not unworthy to take his place side by side with the two great men we have mentioned upon the Government benches. Rarely has any meeting displayed greater enthusiasm and unanimity. Our wretched opponents may well hide their diminished heads. Another nail has been struck into the coffin of the CHUBSONS, and the rest of the gang whom the unfortunate apathy of the Conservatives, at the last election, permitted to rise to high places in Billsbury politics. They have earned their doom. *Sic semper tyrannis!*"

There's a curious paragraph in a little weekly sort of Society rag published in Billsbury. It says:—"Mr. PATTLE has prolonged his stay in Billsbury for some time. Can it *all* be politics? I say nothing. But others have been heard to whisper nothings which are sweet. What price bonnets?" I suppose the idiot means to hint that there's something between me and Miss PENFOLD? Hope MARY won't hear of this rubbish.

\* \* \* \* \*

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

NO. XXVI.—THE LADY SHOPKEEPER.

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Ladies who, in order to correct the inequalities of fortune, or to counteract a spendthrift husband, have betaken themselves to the keeping of shops, form a large and rapidly-increasing body. In times so ancient as to be scarcely within the memory of a juvenile dowager, it was held by the high dry exponents of aristocratic privilege that to touch trade, even when it proffered a bag of money in a well-gloved hand, was to be defiled beyond the restoring power of a Belgravian Duchess. To be sure, even the highest and the driest of these censors contrived to close an indulgent eye when a moneyless scion of nobility sought to prop his tottering house by rebuilding it upon a commercial foundation, and cementing it with the dower of a "tradesman's" daughter. But if these blameless ones, whose exclusive dust has long since been consigned to family vaults with appropriate inscriptions, could have foreseen the dreadful inroads of the trading spirit, if in a moment of prophetic rapture they could have watched the painful decay of caste which permits a lady to dabble in bonnets, to toy with the making of fancy frames, to cut dresses almost like a dressmaker, and, horror of horrors, to send in bills to her customers, surely they would have refrained from the tomb in order to stem the tide of advancing demoralisation. But they are dead, and we who remain are left to deal as best we may with the uncompromising spirit of the age.

[Illustration]

It is absolutely essential to the proper production of a Lady Shopkeeper that she should have been at one time both affluent and socially distinguished. If to these qualities she can add the supreme advantage of good looks and a modest demeanour, her career is certain to be a prosperous and a rapid one. If, finally, she has been mated to a husband who, having long ago spent his own cash, contrives in a short time to run a best on record through hers, if he is a good fellow of a sort, with a capacity for making friends which is as large as his generosity in staking money, she may be sure that no element will be wanting to her success. It is of course unnecessary that she should have served any apprenticeship to the trade that she ultimately adopts. When, after some glittering seasons of horses and footmen and brilliant parties, the crash comes upon the little household, her friends will be called into council. Some will recommend a retired life in a distant suburb, where it is currently reported that L250 a year may be made to play the part of L2,000 in the heart of May Fair. Others will hint that governesses have been known, after years of painful labour, to lay by a sufficiency for a short old age; others, again, will dive into the storehouse of their reminiscences, in order to produce for inspection the well-known example of a colonel and his wife, who defied both the fates and the rheumatism in the modest *pension* of a Continental watering-place. All these suggestions, however, are eventually put aside in favour of the

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advice that a shop should be started, a *nom de commerce* adopted, and a circle of friendly customers be acquired by discreet advertisement. After these matters have been decided, but not till then, it becomes necessary to determine to what special branch the talents of the prospective Shopkeeper are to be devoted. At last even this is accomplished, and in a few months more the world of fashion may learn by private circular or public paragraph, that a new competitor for its favours has been launched into commercial activity under a sweetly symbolical name.

After this everything depends upon the Lady herself. At first everything will go swimmingly. Friends will rally round her, and she may perhaps discover with a touching surprise that the staunchest and truest are those of whom, in her days of brilliant prosperity, she thought the least. But a *succes d'estime* is soon exhausted. Unless she conducts her business on purely business lines, delivers her goods when they are wanted, and, for her own protection, sends in her accounts as they fall due, and looks carefully after their payment, her customers and her profits will fall away. But if she attends strictly to business herself, or engages a good business woman to assist her, and orders her affairs in accordance with the dictates of a proper self-interest, she is almost certain to do well, and to reap the reward of those who face the world without flinching, and fight the battle of life sturdily and with an honest purpose. Some painful moments may fall to her lot. It may be that in a crowded assemblage of wealth and fashion she may see one of her masterpieces in the dress-making art, torn into shreds under the clumsy heel of a Cabinet Minister, or a Duchess may speak unkindly in her hearing of her latest devices in floral decoration. Or, some brainless nincompoop may, in his ignorance of her profession, cast aspersions on the general character and behaviour of all who keep shops. And it may be that friends, after a prolonged period of non-payment, will desert her, and speak ill of her business. But she will be able to console herself for those and similar bitternesses by the knowledge that on the whole the world honours those who battle against ill-fortune without complaint far above the needy crowd of spongers who strive to batten without effort on the crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ROBERT ON THE HEMPERER'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

[Illustration]

Well, we are jest a going for to have a fine time of it in the old City, we are! On the werry tenth of next month, which this year happens for to be Jewly, we are a going for to receive to Lunshon, quite in a frendly way, the Hemperer and the Hempress of all

GERMANY, not forgitting Hellygoland which we so kindly guv 'em larst year, and, in addishun, about twenty other princes and princesses from differing

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forren parts, as has all agreed for to cum at the same time to do 'em honour, and as if that wasn't quite enuff for one day, the noble Prince of WHALES, and the butiful Princess of WHALES, and all the Royal Family, will be werry much "hall there" for to receeve 'em and shew 'em praps the luvlyest site in Urope, wiz., the butiful Gildhall made into a bower of roses, and covered with reel dammarsk tablecloths from top to bottom, and them all covered with such a fairy-like Lunshon as makes my pore old mouth water ony jest to think upon! There's one thing as I'm afraid as His Himperial Madjesty will be werry angry at, and that is, as they ain't a going for to make him free of the Citty, which is one of them grate honners as all the celibryties of the World pines for. BROWN says it ain't *commy fo*, as the French says, but BROWN don't know everythink, tho' he is a trying his werry best to learn a few German words in case the Hemperer asks him for sumthink to eat, such as a little sour krowt. The best of the fun is that he acshally spells sour, *sauer!* I ain't not a pertickler good speller myself, but I reely shoud be artily ashamed of sich a blunder as that.

The pore Committee, as has to see to hewerythink, begins for to look jest a little pail and worried—and who can wunder at it, for I'm told as they is amost torn to peaces with applications for Tickets, tho they ony has two a-peace for their friends, and won't have one for theirselves, but will have to walk about all the time of the Lunch, with their long sticks of office, to see as ewerybody xcept theirselves is nice and cumfural, and got plenty to eat and drink. And, torking of drink, jest reminds me of the tasting Committee, pore fellers! who has got for to go to all the werry best Wine sellers in the Citty, to taste all their werry best wines, and decide which, of every kind and description, they shall select for their himperial royal gests. Why it's amost enuff to give 'em all hedakes for the rest of their nateral lives.

I don't know of any further arrangements as is quite finally settled, so praps I may have jest a few lines to add nex week.

ROBERT.

\* \* \* \* \*

QUEER QUERIES.—A FIRST READING.—Would some person kindly inform me of a good Recitation for a Smoking Concert? I have been asked to recite "something telling" after the annual banquet of a Club of local Licensed Victuallers. I am thinking of the First Book of *Paradise Lost*. Or would parts of *The Excursion* be more likely to create a *furore*? I have never recited in public before, and feel rather doubtful of my ability to "hold" the Victuallers.—WILLING TO OBLIGE.

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[Illustration: GENTLE SATIRE.

“I SAY, BILL, LOOK 'ERE! 'ERE'S A OLD COVE OUT RECORD-BREAKING!”]

\* \* \* \* \*

“THE DILEMMA.”

*(An old Irish Story newly applied.)*

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["On which horn of the dilemma will the Gladstonians elect to stand?"—*Mr. Chamberlain, in his controversy with Sir W. Harcourt on the place of Home Rule in the Gladstonian programme.*]

*Faithful Unionist Sentry, loquitur:—*

Faith! yes, a dilemma, no doubt, is *the* thing  
To stagger Big Bounce, in a fashion Socratic.  
I fancy I know now to plant a sharp sting,  
The success of my bayonet-play is emphatic.  
Remember a picture I once chanced to see,  
A Pompeian sentinel posed at a portal,  
And "faithful to death" though fire threatened. That's Me!  
As my country's defender, my fame is immortal.

Yes, the Sentinel's *role* suits my style passing well;  
The enemy won't find me napping or nodding.  
But what I *most* like as I do sentry spell,  
Is the fine opportunity offered for—prodding!  
I watch like a lynx, as a sentry should do,  
With an eye like a hawk, and a smile sweet as syrup;  
But when there's a chance for 'a thrust—whirraroo!  
My bayonet-point is agog for a stir up!  
JOE, the Sentry, you know, like *Joe Bagstock*, is sly,  
Ay, "devilish sly,"—if I may speak profanely.  
That swashbuckler H-RC-RT now, swaggering there—why,  
The big burly Bobadil's acting insanely.  
I *do* like to draw him. These ramparts are mine,  
But because we're old comrades he cheeks me. "Woa, EMMA!"  
As cads used to shout. I extremely incline  
To tickle him up with—a two-horned Dilemma!

"Well, WILLIAM, what cheer?" He is struggling out there  
With a—Snark; 'tis a Boojum which shortly may vanish.  
Like *Frankenstein's*, his is a Monster, I fear,  
He would—did he dare—be delighted to banish.  
That big "Home-Rule" Bogey, my Bobadil, seems  
A "handful" with which you are destined to struggle,  
Which darkens your days as it haunts all your dreams;  
Which you cannot get rid of by force or by juggle.

*You've got him, you say?* Well, then, bring him along!  
Ha! ha! Says "*he can't!*" That's exceedingly funny!  
It is very hard when your "captive"'s so strong,



He won't do your bidding for love or for money.  
Like SAMSON he leads his DELILAH a dance.  
Like PAT'S prisoner—all know the old Irish story—  
He won't give his captor a ghost of a chance.  
Such "prisoners" *do* mar their conqueror's glory.

*"Well, leave him behind, then, and come on alone!"—*  
Eh! "Captive won't *let* you?" That's just what I told you!  
Your trophy, "Home Rule," has an incubus grown;  
He's got *you*, my friend, and, my faith, he will *hold* you.  
'Tis PADDY'S Dilemma all over again,  
Only you're the true PAT. You can't take it *or* leave it.  
Your triumph was futile, your struggles are vain;  
Mine's the Sentinel's eye, and you cannot deceive it.

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[Left chortling, but still “on duty.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE”— SUCCESSION?

“Supply—Army Estimates.”

General FRASER—not a *phraser* clearly—  
Military grumbling vents sincerely;  
House won’t listen, and the cruel *Times*  
Summarised his tale of woes and crimes,  
As—great CAESAR!—“a few observations.”  
TANNER, always great on such occasions,  
Intimates that it is his impression  
Soldiers are “succeeding in succession”  
In the interest of more Expense.  
Well, “economists” make stir immense,  
But in spite of most Draconic manner,  
Hardly ever seem to save—a “tanner.”  
So that one is prone to think indeed,  
In succession they do *not*—“succeed!”

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“A LEGGE UP.”—The new Bishop of LICHFIELD.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: “THE DILEMMA.”

(NEW ADAPTATION OF AN OLD IRISH STORY.)

H-RC-RT. “HILLO, JOE! I’VE GOT HIM!”

CH-MB-RL-N. “ALL RIGHT; BRING HIM ALONG THEN!”

H-RC-RT. “BUT HE *WON’T COME!*”

CH-MB-RL-N. “THEN LEAVE HIM, AND COME AWAY!”

H-RC-RT. “BUT *HE WON’T LET ME!!!*”]

\* \* \* \* \*



VOCES POPULI.

DILATORY DINNERS.

SCENE—*The Grounds of a certain Exhibition. On this particular evening, there has been a slight hitch in the culinary arrangements, and the relations between the Chef and the Waiters are apparently strained. Enter an Egotistic Amphitryon, followed by a meek and youthful Guest.*

*The Egotistic Amphitryon (concluding an harangue).* Well, all I've got to say is I've been here half-an-hour—(with a bitter sense of the anomaly of the situation)—waiting about for You!! (They seat themselves at one of the little tables under the verandah.) Oh, you're going to sit *that* side, are you? It's all the same to me, except that there's a confounded draught here which—well, you're young, and these things don't affect you—or oughtn't to. (They exchange sides.) We shall have to hurry our dinner now, if we mean to hear anything of the music. That was the reason I expressly told you seven sharp. Here, Waiter! (Waiter presents a carte, and stands by with a proud humility.) Now, what are you going to have? (To Guest.) You don't mind? I hate to hear a man say he doesn't care what he eats—he *ought* to care, he *must* care. What do you say to this—"Potage Bisque d'écrivisses; Saumon Sauce Hollandaise; Brimborions de veau farcis a l'imprevu; Ducklings and green peas; New Potatoes; Salad"? Simple and, ah, satisfying. (To Waiter.) Let us have that as sharp as you can; do you hear?

[Illustration]

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*Waiter.* Quick? Yes, I dell zem. [*He hurries off.*]

*The E.A.* Hang the fellow, he's forgotten the wine! (*To Guest.*) What will you drink?

*The Guest* (*thinks it will look greedy if he suggests champagne*). Oh—er—whatever you're going to drink.

*The E.A.* Well, I'm going to have a glass of champagne myself. I want it after all this worry. But if you prefer beer (*considerately*), say so. (*The Guest, in a spirit of propitiation, prefers beer.*) Well, we could have managed a bottle of Pommery between us, and it's never so good to my mind in the pints—but please yourself, of course. [*The Guest feels that his moderation has missed fire, but dares not retract; they sit in silence for some time, without anything of importance happening, except that a strange Waiter swoops down and carries away their bread-basket.*]

*A Meek Man* (*at an adjoining table, who, probably for family reasons, is entertaining his Sister-in-law, a lady with an aquiline nose and remarkably thick eyebrows.*) You know, HORATIA, I call this sort of thing very jolly, having dinner like this in the fresh air, eh? [*He rubs his hands under the table.*]

*Horatia* (*acidly*). It may be so, AUGUSTUS, when we *do* have it. At present we have been sitting here fifteen minutes, and had nothing but fresh air and small flies, and, as I don't pretend to be a Chameleon myself, why— [*She fans herself vigorously.*]

*Augustus.* Well, you know, my dear, we were warned that the trout *en papillotes* might take some little time. I suppose (*with mild Jocularity*)—it's a fashionable fish—wants to come in with a "little head sunning over with curls," as the poet says.

*Horatia.* Please don't make jokes of that sort—unless you wish to destroy the little appetite I have left!

*Augustus* (*penitently*). Never mind—I won't do it again. Here 's our Waiter at last. Now we're all right! [*The Waiter puts a dish down upon another table, and advances with the air of a family friend who brings bad tidings.*]

*Horatia.* Will you kindly let us have that trout at once?

*The Waiter* (*bending down to AUGUSTUS with pity and sympathy*). Fery sorry to dell you, especially after keebin you so long vaiting, bot (*thinks how he can break it most gently*) ve haf zo many beople hier to-day, and zey haf shust dold me in ze gitchen zere is no more drout. Zis hote vedder ze drout, he vill nod stay!

*Augustus* (*mildly*). No, of course not—well, let me see, now, what can you—?

*The E.A.* Here, you Kellner, come here, can't you? What the—

*Waiter (to AUGUSTUS).* Von minute. I gom back bresently. (*To E.A.*) You vant your pill, Sir, yes?

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*The E.A. (exploding).* My bill! Confound it! I want something to eat first. When is that Bisque coming?

*Waiter.* Ach, peg your bardon, ve haf been so pusy all day. Your Bisque vill pe retty diregly. I go to vetch him. [*He goes.*]

*Horatia.* Now we're farther off from getting any food than ever! I suppose you mean to do *something*, AUGUSTUS?

*Augustus.* Of course—certainly. I shall speak very strongly. (*Bleating.*) Waiter!

*Horatia (with scorn).* Do you imagine they will pay the least attention to a noise like a sixpenny toy? Lot them see you *insist* upon being obeyed.

*Augustus.* I am—I mean, I will—I am very much annoyed. (*Fiercely.*) Wa-ai-ter!

*A Stern Waiter (appearing suddenly.)* You vant somsing, Sir?

*Augustus (apologetically).* Yes; we should—er—like something to eat—anything—so long as you can bring it at once, if you don't mind. "We—this Lady is rather in a hurry, and we've waited some little time already, you see."

*The Waiter.* Peg your bardon, zis is nod my daple. I send your Vaiter. [*He vanishes.*]

*The E.A.* Scandalous! over twenty minutes we've been here! Ha! at last! (*A Waiter appears with a tureen, which he uncovers.*) Here, what do you call *this*?

*Waiter.* Groute au Bot—you order him, yes? No? I dake him away! [*He whisks it away, to the chagrin of Guest, who thought it smelt nice.*]

*The E.A.\_.* I ordered Bisque—where is it? and I want some wine, too—a pint of Pommery '84, and a small lager. If they're not here very soon, I'll—

*The Guest (trying to make the best of things).* Nothing for it but patience, I suppose.

*The E.A. (with intention).* I had very little of *that* left before I sat down, I can tell you!

*A Sarcastic and Solitary Diner.* Waiter, could you spare me one moment of your valuable time? (*The Waiter halts irresolutely.*) It is so long since I had the pleasure of speaking to you, that you may possibly have forgotten that about three-quarters of an hour ago I ventured to express a preference for an Entrecote aux pommes de terre with a half-bottle of Beaune. Could you give me any idea how much longer those rare dainties may take in preparing, and in the meantime enable me to support the pangs of starvation by procuring me the favour of a penny roll, if I am not trespassing too much



upon your good-nature? [*The Waiter, in a state of extreme mystification and alarm, departs to inform the Manager.*

*The E.A.'s Waiter (reappearing with a small plated bowl, champagne bottle and glass of lager.) I regred fery moch to haf to dell you zat zere is only shust enough Bisque for von berson. [He bows with well-bred concern.*

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*The E.A.* Confound it all! (*To Guest.*) Here, *you'd* better take this, now it's here. Afraid of it, eh? Well, Bisque *is* apt to disagree with some people. (*To Waiter.*) Give it to me, and bring this gentleman some gravy soup, or whatever else you have ready. (*He busies himself with his Bisque, while the Guest, in pure absence of mind, drinks the champagne with which the Waiter has filled his glass.*) Here, what are you doing? I didn't order lager. (*Perceives the mistake.*) Oh, you've changed your mind, have you? (*To Guest.*) All right, of course, only it's a pity you couldn't say so at once. (*To W.*) Another pint of Pommery, and take this lager stuff away. (*Exit W.; the unfortunate Guest, in attempting to pass the bottle, contrives to decant it into his host's soup.*) Hullo, what the—there—(*controlling himself*). You might have left me the *soup*, at all events! Well—well—it's no use saying any more about it. I suppose I shall get something to eat some day.

[*General tumult from several tables; appeals to the Waiters, who lose their heads and upbraid one another in their own tongue; HORATIA threatens bitterly to go in search of buns and lemonade at a Refreshment Bar. Sudden and timely appearance of energetic Manager; explanations, apologies, promises. Magic and instantaneous production of everybody's dinner. Appetite and anger appeased, as Scene closes in.*]

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* wishes it to be understood that the above sketch is not intended as a reflection upon any of the deservedly popular restaurants existing at present in either exhibition.

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LEGAL AND MILITARY.—“Ancient Lights.”—Retired Lancers.

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[Illustration: PARLIAMENTARY NIGHT-BIRDS.]

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MEDICINAL MUSIC.

(*A Growl from a “Quiet Street.”*)

[“There is a disposition just now to revive discussion upon a very old subject, namely the curative influence of Music in cases of mental and bodily disease.”—*Daily Telegraph*.]

Curative Music? Just as well expect  
An Influenza-cure from Demogorgon!  
Some dolts there be, no doubt, who would detect  
Anodyne influence in a barrel-organ;



A febrifuge in a flat German Band,  
A prophylactic in a street-piano!  
Some quackery a man *can* understand,  
But Music I'll *not* take, even *cum grano*.  
I don't believe what classic noodles say,  
That Music stopped the haemorrhage of ULYSSES;  
That CATO'S stiffened joints attained free play  
From harmony of sounds. Such "rot" sense hisses.  
I'd just as soon believe the Theban walls  
Were twangled into place by young Amphion.

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Bah! Minds made sane by Music's scrapes and squalls?  
Not *mine*, though the lyre-thrumber were Arion.  
Drums, trumpets, fiddles, organs—all are bad.  
And vocal fireworks are far worse than vanity.  
Stop, though! I'm sane, and they just drive me mad;  
So Music *may* drive *idiots* into sanity!

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[Illustration: AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

*Distinguished Amateur (with good Method but small Voice, suddenly jumping up from Piano).* "LOOK HERE, ALGY. I DO CALL IT BEASTLY BAD FORM FOR YOU AND SIKES TO TALK WHEN I'M SINGING!"

*Algy.* "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN—AWFULLY SORRY—DIDN'T KNOW YOU *WERE* SINGING, YOU KNOW!"

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, June 23, 12'15 A.M.*—House just adjourned; a little dazed by shock of narrow escape from grievous danger. Been at it through greater part of night debating Second Reading of Education Bill. JULIUS 'ANNIBAL PICTON led off with speech of fiery eloquence. The SQUIRE of MALWOOD declares he never listens to J.A.P. without an odd feeling that there have been misfits. Both his voice and his gestures are, he says, too large for him. But that, as ALGERNON BORTHWICK shrewdly points out, is professional jealousy supervening on the arrogance of excessive stature. The SQUIRE, though not lacking in moods of generosity, cannot abear a rival in the oratorical field. Had things turned out differently to-night, he might have enjoyed the advantage of addressing House at this favourable hour, whilst its withers were yet unwrung.

[Illustration: Sir Algernon.]

But JULIUS 'ANNIBAL has not studied his great ancestor's strategy for nothing. As soon as Second Reading of Education Bill appeared on the paper, he romped in, and put down Amendment. Needn't move it; didn't mean to move it; doesn't move it; but he

gets first place in principal Debate of Session, and shows himself worthy of it by the luminous argument and almost passionate eloquence of his oration.

It wasn't that the House was disturbed about. The particular incident arose a quarter of an hour before midnight, when CRANBORNE suddenly got up and moved Adjournment of Debate. J.A. had bowled him and others over in the earlier part of the Sitting; but there was a second night, and the HOPE of HATFIELD determined he would collar that. Had the Motion for Adjournment been accepted, he would, in accordance with usage, have opened the ball when the House met again once more, fresh, and in the mood to listen. But JOKIM objected to losing the quarter of an hour.

"We can," he said, pleasantly, "bear another speech."

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All right; CRANBORNE only a private Member, and modest withal; not the person to argue with his pastors and masters. So resumed his seat. If they wanted to use up the time, let some one else speak through the quarter of an hour. Had things been so left, the listening Senate and the waiting world would never have heard CRANBORNE in this Debate. As the SPEAKER gently pointed out to him, having moved the Amendment he had exhausted his privilege of speaking. He might sustain his thesis at any length, or, being on his legs, might continue the Debate without insisting on his Motion for the Adjournment. But he must speak now, or for ever hold his tongue as far as the Debate was concerned. This was awkward; but no help for it; so CRANBORNE plunged in and talked up to midnight, when the Debate stood adjourned.

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Education Bill moved.

*Tuesday.*—Another night with Education Bill. Position rather peculiar; everyone, or nearly everyone, in state of frantic adulation of the measure; and yet everyone passing the cradle in which the infant slumbers gives it a sly pinch. Here and there a Ministerialist gets up and honestly denounces a Bill embodying principle which Conservatives been led for generations to denounce. BARTLEY last night made capital speech in this sense. To-night LAWRENCE bluntly declares his regret that good Tories should be asked to support principles which they, under their present Leaders, violently opposed at General Election of 1885. ADDISON blandly and persuasively attempts to stem this growing torrent of discontent. “The change of opinion on this side of the House,” he said, hitching on one side an imaginary wig, clutching at an imperceptible gown, and turning over the pages of an impalpable brief, “is owing to the fact that circumstances and times have altered. It is the duty of statesmen,”—and here ADDISON, like another Fat Boy known to history, wisely swelled,—“to adapt themselves to the necessities of the case.”

JENNINGS, speaking from the Bench immediately behind ADDISON, had no patience with this kind of argument. “Six years I’ve sat in this House, Mr. SPEAKER,” he said, “and during that time have seen measures which we Conservatives have been encouraged, almost instructed, to denounce, cordially received by our Leaders and passed into law. For my part, I cannot flourish on this diet of broken pledges. One might eat of it now and then, but when continually invited to the same dish, it becomes a little monotonous.”

OLD MORALITY happily out of the way of hearing all this. Gone off, and wisely left no address. People walking along Downing Street, find written over the door at the Treasury, “Back in Ten Minutes.” That’s all; neither date nor hour specified. Ten minutes roll on, and OLD MORALITY comes not. But he sometimes communicates with his most intimate friends. Have this morning a note from him.

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"I send these few lines," he writes, "hoping they will find you well as they leave me at present. Talking about lines, mine have fallen in pleasanter places than yours, or JOKIM'S chance to be just now. Some people are inclined to deny me the faculty of humour. But I think the merry-go-rounder of leaving JOKIM in charge of the Free Education Bill is pretty well for a beginner. Everything must have a commencement. Now I've started I may in time become a regular JOSEPH MILLER. Excuse my not mentioning my present address, and be sure that wherever I am, I am animated solely by desire to do my duty to Queen and Country, and to meet the convenience of Hon. Gentlemen in whatever part of the House they may sit. If you want to write to me, address 'Mr. SMITH, England.' I have reason to believe that so perfect is the machinery of the Post Office under the direction of my Right Hon. friend, that the missive thus directed will not fail to reach its destination."

*Business done.*—On Second Reading of Education Bill.

*Thursday.*—An old acquaintance looked in at Lobby to-night. When he was here, we used to call him LONG LAWRENCE. Now he is one of Her MAJESTY'S Judges, and we must behave to him as such.

"How're you getting on here, TOBY?" he said, just as friendly as if he were still at the Bar.

"As your Ludship pleases," I replied, too old a Parliamentary Hand to be inveigled into familiarity by his unassuming manner.

Fact is, as, on his further entreaty, I proceeded to explain to the learned Judge, we are getting on very well indeed. Truce been called in party conflict, and is strictly observed. Mr. G. is absent on sick leave—not keeping out of the way of Education Bill, as some will have it. OLD MORALITY back to-night; came down in a penny 'bus, in final effort to elude discovery of his place of recent retreat. PARNELL also absent; news comes to-night that his business is matrimonial; graphic accounts current of his expedition "in a one-horse vehicle" from Brighton to Steyning.

"If," says his Ludship, fresh from a Criminal Court, "he had been committing, a burglary, and was getting off with the loot in the one-horse O'Shay, he could not have taken fuller precautions to evade pursuit."

[Illustration: Long Lawrence.]

At first some doubt as to truth of story. Been rumoured often before. Then comes, in special edition of evening paper, the detail: "The ceremony being concluded, Mr. and Mrs. PARNELL drove away in the direction of Bramber, Mrs. PARNELL taking the whip and reins."

“Ah!” said DICK POWER, “that’s KITTY, and no mistake. She always takes the whip and reins. Bet you three to one the trick’s done.”

SQUIRE of MALWOOD faithful at his post, but he, too, observant of the Truce. Everyone tired to death of dullest Session ever lived through, and chiefly anxious to bring it to an end.

*Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

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*Friday.*—In Lords to-night, Irish Land Purchase Bill read Second Time, after series of essays delivered by half dozen Peers. Point of honour not to take less than one hour in delivery. DERBY brought down his contribution nicely written out on quarter sheets. Whilst ASHBOURNE declaiming, DERBY seized opportunity to read his speech over to himself. This all very well if he had strictly carried out intention, but, when he grew so interested in it as to mumble passages in an audible voice, situation grew embarrassing. At last KIMBERLEY, who sat near, gently nudged him. “One at a time, my dear DERBY,” he whispered. “We know you’re accustomed to dual action. DARBY and JOAN, you know; but won’t do here.”

DERBY blushed, and thrust manuscript in pocket till his turn came, when he had the pleasure of reading it aloud.

*Business done.*—Irish Land Bill through Lords; Public Health Bill in Commons.

\* \* \* \* \*

MISS NOMER.

[Illustration: Tree in *Hamlet*.]

Now why was *The Dancing Girl* ever called *The Dancing Girl* at all? As a matter of fact she never did dance, and from last week’s advertisements we find that she has been “running” ever since her first appearance. Now she’s off for another run in the provinces, and then back again. Quite a theatrical illustration of the sporting term “running in and out.” And when Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is in the provinces he is to appear as the *Prince of Denmark*.

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THE PURCHASE-OFFICERS’ GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

*(Arranged in Question and Answer Form.)*

*Question.* I may take it that the backbone of the British Army (especially in the time of peace) are those commissioned warriors who obtained admission to the Service by paying for their footing?

*Answer.* Indeed you may.

*Q.* And, at the time when these warriors were admitted, I fancy the scientific branches of the Force (the “Gunnery” and the “Sappers”) were rather looked down upon than otherwise?



A. Certainly, for you see they obtained their Commissions by brains, and not through money-bags.

Q. And now you have to complain that the Generals' Establishment has been reduced from 275 to 68?

A. A scandal and a shame! For this means that only a certain number of us can hope to wear sashes round the waist, instead of hanging down from the left shoulder.

Q. Does not promotion by selection, instead of seniority, cause you also considerable loss?

A. Unquestionably. The Purchase Officer had a right to suppose that once gazetted he would go up to the top of the tree, always supposing he was able to pay his way like an officer and a gentleman.

Q. Is it not also sad that Officers who accept half-pay should be called upon to serve in the Auxiliary Forces?

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A. Not only sad, but confoundedly undignified.

Q. And do you not object to your condition generally?

A. Yes, certainly. And let me tell you the subject is *the* burning one of the hour!

Q. And what do you think of other matters affecting the welfare of the Army?

A. That they are merely details that can safely wait indefinitely the consideration of the Authorities!

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### THE "WHETHER" AND THE PARKS.

To ask The RANGER and the Right Honourable Mr. PLUNKET, or "*Plunketto*," as the name appears in the opera of *Marta*—

*Whether* there cannot be some improvement made in that Despondent Slough known as Rotten Row?

[Illustration]

*Whether* Kensington Gardens, now sacred to nursery-maids and their charges, and a few loungers, couldn't be opened up with one or two good rides right across, and a few intersecting bridle-paths, after the fashion of the Bois de Boulogne, and thus relieve the monotony of the Row, which is getting more and more Rotten after every shower, and more and more crowded every summer?

*Whether*, as every equestrian is rightly complaining, something cannot be done in time for the season of 1892?

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