

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 102, February 6, 1892 eBook

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Page 1

PUNCH,

Or the London charivari.

Vol. 102.

February 6, 1892.

[Illustration: "A good Stayer."

The dealer said, "The Mare could stay for ever." She seemed inclined to do so when Jones wished to be after the hounds.]

Receipt against influenza.

Dear sir,—I send you this gratis. It is for everybody's benefit,

Yours. George GUZZLETON, X.M.D.

P.S.—I give "Coenae prescriptionem" only, as the "Prescrip: prandialis" can be taken out of this with variations.

Ostr: frigid: 11/2 doz.

Pisc: anima: locus aut quid: ali: [=a][=a][=a] xvi [dram]

Cum: pom: terr: fervesc: f 8[dram]

Ad Hoc: bib: sextarium 1/2 mx.

Ovem: torrid: [ounce]ss.

virides: ad. lib.

Per: dix: anas: agrestis: } f[dram]ij.

Condim: pan: aut aliquid: } fvijss.

Prunosus: botulus: [=a][=a]f [dram]vj.

Condim: prand: aut lact: Devonii: f 3 j.

Liq. Pomm: et Gr: '84 }

Aut Mo: et Chand: '84 } Oj 4

Fiat haust: sec: vel test: quaque hora: extra hora coenae: regulariter sumendum.

Si opus sit: Misc: aq: sodae .. [dram]1/14.

Misce: ot: grog: h.s.s. Si opus sit aut non.



* * * * *

Literary gardening.—A Correspondent, signing himself “STULTUS *in* HORTU or *Hort-U-not?*” writes, “Please, Sir, if my boy *John* plant ‘a slip of a pen,’ what will it come up?”
Answer paid—A Jonquill.

* * * * *

To the Queen.

(FROM THE NATION.)

Queenly as womanly, those words that start
From sorrow’s lip strike home to sorrow’s heart.
Madam, our griefs are one;
But yours, from kinship close and your high place,
The keener, mourning him in youth’s glad grace
Who loved you as a son.

We mourn him too. Our wreaths of votive flowers
Speak, mutely, for us. The deep gloom that lowers
To-day across the land
Is no mere pall of ceremonial grief.
’Tis hard in truth, though reverent belief
Bows to the chastening hand.

Hard—for his parents, that young bride, and you,
Bearer of much bereavement, woman true,
And patriotic *Queen!*
We hear the courage striking through the pain,
As always in your long, illustrious reign,
Which shrinking ne’er hath seen,—



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Shrinking from high-strung duty, the brave way
 Of an imperial spirit. So to-day
 Your People bow—in pride.
 The sympathy of millions is your own.
 May Glory long be guardian of your Throne,
 Love ever at its side!

* * * * *

Entirely unsolicited testimonial.—*Dartmoor.*—Gentlemen,—Two years ago I wrote somebody else's name with one of your pens. Since then I have used no other.

Yours faithfully, A.F. ORGER. "To Messrs. *Steal*, KNIBBS & co."

* * * * *

"*La Grippe.*"

[Illustration]

("I'm a devil! I'm a devil!" croaked Barnaby Rudge's Raven 'Grip': And this is a raven-mad sort of Edgar-Allan-Poem by Un qui est Grippe.)

Once upon a midnight dreary
 Coming home I felt so weary,
 Felt, oh! many a pain; so curious,
 Which I'd never felt before.
 Then to bed,—no chance of napping,
 Blankets, rugs about me wrapping,
 Feverish burning pains galore.
 "Oh! I've got it! oh!" I muttered,
 "Influenza!! what a bore!!"
 Only this!!—Oh!!—Nothing more!!

Oh! my head and legs are aching!
 Now I'm freezing! Now I'm baking!
 Clockwork in my cerebellum!
 Oh! all over me I'm sore!
 In my bed I'm writhing, tossing,
 Yet I'm in a steamer, crossing.
 While KIRALFY's Venice bossing,
 I'm "against" and *Russell* "for"
 In a case about the *Echo*,



Somewhere out at Singapore!
It's delirium!!! Nothing more.

Then a Doctor comes in tapping
Me all over, tapping, rapping.
And with ear so close and curious
 Pressed to stethoscope, "Once more,"
Says he, "sing out ninety-ninely,
Now again! You do it finely!
Yes! Not bigger than a wine lee,
 There's the mischief, there's the *corps*
Of the insect that will kill us,
Hiding there is the Bacillus;
 Only *that*, and nothing more!"

"Why's he here with fear to fill us?
Will he leave me, this Bacillus?
Not one bone do I feel whole in,
 And of strength I've lost my store."
Thus I to the Doctor talking,
Ask "When shall I go out walking"?
He, my earnest queries baulking,
 Says, "When all this trouble's o'er,"
"Monday? Tuesday? Wednesday? Thursday
Friday? Saturday? Sunday? or
In a week?" "Um!—not before."

"Doctor!" cried I, "catch this evil
Fiend! Bacillus!! Microbe!! devil!!
Second syllable in Tem-pest!
 Send him to Plutonian Shore.
Send him back to where he came from,
To the place he gets his fame from,
To the place he takes his name from;
 Kick him out of my front door!"
So the Doctor feels my pulse, and,
As I drop upon the floor,
Quoth the Doctor, "Some days more."



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* * * * *

[Illustration: "OUT IN THE COLD!"

"I AM LIKE A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW, WHO BEGINS TO GET STIFF WHILE THE SNOWFLAKES COVER HIM."

Speech of Prince Von Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe.]

* * * * *

"OUT IN THE COLD!"

["I am like a traveller lost in the snow, who begins to get stiff and to sink down while the snowflakes cover him. In fact, I am gradually losing interest in politics, but the feeling, like that of the traveller sinking under the snow, is a pleasant one."—*Prince Bismarck to the Deputation of Leipsic Students.*]

AIR—"Excelsior!"

The century was waning fast,
As through a wintry waste there passed
A man, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,

Excel no more! His brows were blanched; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
Red fields had heard his armour clang.
But now he smiled and softly sang,

Excel no more! In barracks huge he saw the might
Of mailed hosts arrayed for fight;
Afar the fierce Frank bayonets shone,
And from his lips escaped a moan,

Excel no more! "Think of the Past!" the young men said,
"Like SAUL you towered by the head
Midst those three Titans, Prussia's pride!"
Softly that once stern voice replied,

"Excel no more!" "Oh, stay," the young men cried, "and mix
Once more in Teuton Politics!"
"Nay," said the Titan, "I grow old,
And, like poor TOM, I am a-cold!"



Excel no more!" "Beware the snow-encumbered branch!
Beware the whelming avalanche!"
"Thanks!" he replied. "I know, I know.
But—well, I rather like the snow!

Excel no more!" "Lost in the snow! An easy death!
Gentle surcease of mortal breath!
I sink, I stiffen, I'm foredone!
The feeling though's a pleasant one;

Excel no more!" The traveller by his faithful hound
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still muttering from a mouth of ice
That banner's late and strange device,

Excel no more! There in the snow-drift cold and grey,
Silent, but stalwart, still he lay,
Great "Blood-and-Iron," brave and bold,
But—for the nonce—"Out in the Cold!"

Excel no more?

* * * * *

PARLIAMENT IN SPORT;

OR, A MEETING IN EARNEST.

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["Perhaps the popularity of the competition in national sport between the different parts of the Empire is worthy of the serious attention of statesmen ... Mr. ASTLEY COOPER proposes rowing, running and cricket ... There is something fascinating in the idea of such a Pan-Britannic gathering."—*Daily Paper*.]

The SPEAKER, having taken his seat in the Pavilion, the Minister for Cricket rose to move the third reading of The Six-balls-to-an-over Bill.

The Right Hon. Gentleman said that the amount of time wasted in changing sides, although the field did their best to minimise the loss by assuming a couple of positions alternately, was very serious—especially in a first-class match.

The Member for Melbourne begged to ask what was a first-class match?

The Member for Sydney replied, certainly not a match between Canada and Victoria. (*Laughter*.) Now everyone was aware that New South Wales—"Question! Order! Order!" He begged pardon, he was in order.

The SPEAKER. I really must request silence. The Minister for Cricket is introducing a most important measure, and the least we can do is to receive his statement with adequate attention. (*General cheering*.)

The Minister for Cricket continued, and said that the measure he had the honour to commend to their careful consideration would not only lengthen the over, but also allow Cricket to be played all the year round.

The Minister for Football begged to remind his Right Hon. friend that he had promised to consider that matter in Committee. What would become of Football were Cricket to be played continuously? ("*Hear, hear!*")

The Member for Bombay thought that a matter of no moment. In India Polo was of infinitely more importance than Football, and he could not help remarking that, in the Imperial Parliament, representing so many sports, and so many Colonies, where every great interest was represented, and well represented, Polo was absolutely ignored. (*Cheers*.)

The Minister for Aquatic Sports agreed with the Hon. Member. Polo was entirely of sufficient interest to warrant the creation of a special department for its guardianship. But at present he was responsible for it. He hoped soon to be able to welcome a colleague who would make its interests his continual study. ("*Hear, hear!*")

The Minister for Cricket concluded by thanking the House for the attention the Hon. Members had given to the subject, and sat down amidst loud applause.

A division being taken, the Bill was carried by 127 to 96. The majority were composed of Australians and Canadians, and the minority were Africans, Indians, and miscellaneous Colonists. The House then adjourned.

* * * * *

[Illustration: TRUTHFUL BUT NOT CONSCIENTIOUS.

Elderly Dowager. "Now, PERKINS, I REQUIRE YOUR HONEST OPINION. DON'T YOU THINK THIS DRESS SUITS ME?"



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Perkins (who has been cautioned always to speak the truth, on pain of losing her place, warily). "OH YES, MY LADY, IT SUITS YOUR LADYSHIP QUITE—AS ONE MAY SAY—QUITE 'DOWN TO THE GROUND!'"]

* * * * *

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

NO. XXV.

SCENE—*Near Torcello. CULCHARD and PODBURY are seated side by side in the gondola, which is threading its way between low banks, bright with clumps of Michaelmas daisies and pomegranate-trees laden with red fruit. Both CULCHARD and PODBURY are secretly nervous and anxious for encouragement.*

Podbury (humming "In Old Madrid" with sentiment). La-doodle-um-La-doodle-oo: La-doodle-um-te-dumpty-loodle-oo! I think she rather seemed to like me—those first days at Brussels, don't you?

Culchard (absently). Did she? I daresay. (Whistling "The Wedding March" softly.) Few-fee; di-fee-fee-few-few; few-fiddledy-fee-fiddledy-few-few-few-fee. I fancy I'm right in my theory, eh?

Podb. Oh, I should say so—yes. What theory?

Culch. (annoyed). What theory? Why, the one I've been explaining to you for the last ten minutes!—that all this harshness of hers lately is really, when you come to analyse it, a decidedly encouraging symptom.

Podb. But I shouldn't have said Miss TROTTER was exactly harsh to me—lately, at all events.

Culch. (with impatience). Miss TROTTER! You! What an egotist you are, my dear fellow! I was referring to myself and Miss PRENDERGAST. And you can't deny that, both at Nuremberg and Constance, she—

Podb. (with careless optimism). Oh, she'll come round all right, never fear. I only wish I was half as safe with Miss TROTTER!

Culch. (mollified). Don't be too downhearted, my dear PODBURY. I happen to know that she likes you—she told me as much last night. Did Miss PRENDERGAST—er—say anything to that effect about me?

Podb. Well,—not exactly, old chap—not to me, at least. But I say, Miss TROTTER didn't tell you that? Not really? Hooray! Then it's all right—she may have me, after all!



Culch. (chillingly). I should advise you not to be over confident. (*A silence follows, which endures until they reach the landing-steps at Torcello.*) They are here, you see—those are evidently their gondolas, I recognise those two cloaks. Now the best thing we can do is to separate.

Podb. (springing out). Right you are! (*To himself.*) I'll draw the church first, and see if she's there. (*Approaches the door of Santa Maria: a Voice within, apparently reading aloud: "Six balls, or rather almonds, of purple marble veined with white are set around the edge of the pulpit, and form its only decoration"*) HYPATIA, by Jove! Narrow shave that! [*He goes round to back.*



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Culch. (comes up to the door). I know I shall find her here. Lucky I know that Torcello chapter in "The Stones" very nearly by heart! (Reaches threshold. A Voice within. "Well, I guess I'm going to climb up and sit in that old amphitheatre there, and see how it feels!") Good heavens,—MAUD! and I was as nearly as possible—I think I'll go up to the top of the Campanile and see if I can't discover where HYPATIA is.

[*He ascends the tower.*

In the Belfry.

Podb. (arriving breathless, and finding CULCHARD craning eagerly forward). Oh, so you came up too? Well, can you see her?

Culch. Ssh! She's just turned the corner! (Vexed.) She's with Miss TROTTER!... They're sitting down on the grass below!

Podb. Together? That's a nuisance! Now we shall have to wait till they separate—sure to squabble, sooner or later.

Miss T.'s Voice (which is perfectly audible above). I guess we'll give RUSKIN a rest now, HYPATIA. I'm dying for a talk. I'm just as enchanted as I can be to hear you've dismissed Mr. PODBURY. And I expect you can guess *why*.

Podb. (in a whisper). I say, CULCHARD, they're going to talk about us. Ought we to listen, eh? Better let them know we're here?

Culch. I really don't see any necessity—however—(Whistles feebly.) Feedy-feedy-feedle!

[Illustration: "Hypatia, by Jove!"]

Podb. What is the use of fustling like that? (Yoedels.) Lul-li-ety!

Miss P.'s V. Well, my dear MAUD, I confess that I—

Culch. It's quite impossible to make them hear down there, and it's no fault of ours if their voices reach us occasionally. And it *does* seem to me, PODBURY, that, in a matter which may be of vital importance to me—to us both—it would be absurd to be over-scrupulous. But of course you will please yourself. *I* intend to remain where I am.

[PODBURY makes a faint-hearted attempt to go, but ends by resigning himself to the situation.

Miss T.'s V. Now, HYPATIA PRENDERGAST, don't tell *me* you're not interested in him! And he's more real suited to you than ever Mr. PODBURY was. Now, isn't that so?



Culch. (withdrawing his head). Did you hear, PODBURY? She's actually pleading for me! *Isn't* she an angel? Be quiet, now. I must hear the answer!

Miss P.'s V. I—I don't know, really. But, MAUD, I want to speak to you about—- Somebody. You can't think how he adores you, poor fellow! I have noticed it for a long time.

Podb. (beaming). CULCHARD! You heard? She's putting in a word for me. What a brick that girl is!

Miss T.'s V. I guess he's pretty good at concealing his feelings, then. He's been keeping far enough away!



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Miss P.'s V. That was *my* fault. I *kept* him by me. You see, I believed you had quite decided to accept Mr. CULCHARD.

Miss T.'s V. Well, it does strike me that, considering he was adoring me all this time, he let himself be managed tolerable easy.

[*PODBURY shakes his head in protestation.*]

Miss P.'s V. Ah, but let me explain. I could only keep him quiet by threatening to go home by myself, and dear BOB is such a devoted brother that—

Podb. Brother! I say. CULCHARD, she can't be meaning *BOB* all this time! She *can't!* Can she now?

Culch. How on earth can I tell? If it is so, you must be a philosopher, my dear fellow, and bear it—that's all.

Miss P.'s V. That *does* alter the case, doesn't it? And I may tell him there's some hope for him? You mustn't judge him by what he is with his friend, Mr. PODBURY. BOB has such a *much* stronger and finer character!

Miss T.'s V. Oh well, if he couldn't stand up more on his edge than Mr. PODBURY! Not that I mind Mr. PODBURY any, there's no harm in him, but he's too real frivolous to amount to much.

Podb. (collapsing). Frivolous! From *her* too! Oh, hang it *all!*

[*He buries his head in his hands with a groan.*]

Miss T.'s V. Well, see here, HYPATIA. I'll take your brother on trial for a spell, to oblige you—there. I can't say more at present. And now—about the other. I want to know just how you feel about him.

Culch. The *other!*—that's Me! I wish to goodness you wouldn't make all that noise, PODBURY, just when it's getting interesting!

Miss P.'s V. (very low). What is the good? Nothing will bring him back—*now!*

Culch. Nothing? How little she knows me!

Miss T.'s V. I hope you don't consider *me* nothing. And a word from me would bring him along pretty smart. The only question is, whether I'm to say it or not?

Miss P.'s V. (muffled). Dar-ling!



Culch. I really think I might almost venture to go down, now, eh, PODBURY? (*No answer.*) Selfish brute! [*Indignantly.*]

Miss T.'s V. But mind this—if he comes, you've got to care for him the whole length of your boa—you won't persuade him to run in couples with anybody else. That's why he broke away the first time—and you were ever so mad with me because you thought I was at the bottom of it. But it was all his pride. He's too real independent to share chances with anybody alive.

Culch. How thoroughly she understands me!

Miss T.'s V. And I guess CHARLEY will grow out of the great Amurrcan Novel in time—it's not going ever to grow out of *him*, anyway!

Culch. (bewildered). CHARLEY? I don't see why she should mention VAN BOODELER *now!*



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Miss T.'s V. I like CHARLEY ever so much, and I'm not going to have him cavort around along with a circus of suitors under vows. So, if I thought there was any chance of—well, say Mr. CULCHARD—

Miss P.'s V. (indignant). MAUD! how can you? That odious hypocritical creature! If you knew how I despised and—!

Miss T.'s V. Well, my dear, he's pretty paltry—but we'll let him go at that—I guess his shares have gone down considerable all round.

Culch. PODBURY, I—I—this conversation is evidently not intended for—for other—ears. I don't know whether *you* have heard enough, *I* shall go down!

Podb. (with a ghastly chuckle). Like your shares, eh, old chap? And mine too, for that matter. Well, *I'm* ready enough to go. Only, for goodness' sake, let's get away without being seen!

[They slip softly down the series of inclined planes, and out to the steps, where they re-embark. As their gondola pushes off, Mr. TROTTER and BOB PRENDERGAST appear from the Museum.]

Mr. T. Why, land sakes! ain't that Mr. PODBURY and Mr. CULCHARD? Hi! You ain't ever going away? There's my darter and Miss HYPATIA around somewhere.—They'll be dreadful disappointed to have missed you!

Podb. (with an heroic attempt at cheeriness). We—we're awfully disappointed to have missed *them*, Mr. TROTTER. Afraid we can't stop now! Goodbye!

[CULCHARD pulls his hat-brim over his eyes and makes a sign to the gondoliers to get on quickly; Mr. TROTTER comments with audible astonishment on their departure to BOB, who preserves a discreet silence.]

* * * * *

A PALMY DAY AT ST. RAPHAEL.

Villa Magali.—Delicious climate! STUART-RENDEL says it “reminds him of Devonshire, without the damp.” Mention of Devonshire reminds *me* of the DUKE. Try to point out to my friends that the Rossendale Election shows conclusively—Curious! Friends all get up and go out! Seems that ANDREW CLARKE specially told them I was to “avoid all excitement, over-exertion, and talk about politics!” Wish CLARKE would not be so unreasonable. *Must* talk about Rossendale to somebody.



Off to Hyeres—to see CHILDERS. Find CHILDERS tolerably chatty. Doesn't seem to care so much about Rossendale result as I should have expected. STUART-RENDEL comes to fetch me. Ahem! Off.

At Monte Carlo.—Feel so well, have looked in here. Meet WELLS, the “Champion Plunger.” Asks me if I've got a system; he's “been losing heavily, and would be glad of any hint.” Suggest his putting on the numbers of Rossendale Majority. WELLS seems pleased at idea. Does so at once, and loses 10,000 francs straight off. Meet him in grounds afterwards, and try to explain real significance of Rossendale election. WELLS disappears. Curious! *Can* ANDREW CLARKE have got at WELLS?

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Golfe San Juan.—French war-ships in Bay. Admiral might like to know my views on Rossendale and politics generally. Taken on board. Admiral much interested in MADEN's victory. Admiral asks if it was the "*Grand Prix*" that MADEN won? Find he thinks MADEN is a horse. Disappointing. [*Query*—ANDREW CLARKE again?] Sent on shore in boat, amid cheers from sailors. Gratifying.

Back to St. Raphael.—Tired, but on the whole gratified with my day. Friends pained to hear what I've done, and threaten to telegraph for Sir ANDREW! Shall pack up and return. Letter from MORLEY begging me to stay where I am. Odd! Can Sir ANDREW have got at JOHN MORLEY? Bed, and think it over.

* * * * *

BROTHER BRUSH, A.R.A.—Stan' up, STANHOPE FORBES! and receive our congratulations on your election. STAN-HOPE deferred maketh the painter's 'art sick of waiting, and now A FORBES, not *The* FORBES (which his name is JAMES STAATS, C.L.C. & D.R., &c., &c.), but the STANHOPE A-foresaid, has obtained his first grade. With what pleasure will the Art-loving Chairman see his STANHOPE "on the line!" In Burlington House, of course we mean, as elsewhere, the situation would be one of no slight danger.

* * * * *

"PLEASED AS PUNCH."—A paragraph in the *D.T.* informed *Mr. P.* and the public generally, that "Dr. ROBSON ROOSE and Mr. ALLINGHAM are contented with Mr. EDWARD LAWSON's progress." "If Box"—"And Cox"—"are satisfied," then of all Mr. E.L.'s friends in front none will be more delighted to hear of his complete recovery than his neighbour, *Mr. Punch*, of 85, Fleet Street.

* * * * *

SOMETHING NEW IN SOAP.—The Soap Trade is still booming. Almost every week appears a fresh candidate for public favour, its claim based upon some alluring speciality. We hear of a newcomer likely to take the cake (of soap). On all the walls, and in most of the advertisement columns, will presently blaze forth its proud legend:—"The Satisfactory Soap—Won't Wash Anything."

* * * * *

[Illustration: LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

IN ORDER TO HUSBAND OUR JUDICIAL STAFF, IN FUTURE A JUDGE WILL BE EXPECTED TO HEAR TWO CASES AT THE SAME TIME.



PORTRAIT OF A JUDGE TRYING A THEATRICAL “CAUSE CELEBRE,” AND A NICE QUESTION AS TO A “REMAINDER-MAN” AND A “TENANT IN TAIL MALE.”]

* * * * *

HIGH (BEERBOHM) TREESON!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that Mr. BEERBOHM TREE in his recent production of *Hamlet* has introduced a novelty into the tragedy by inventing fresh business. Unauthorised by the text, he has included *Ophelia* amongst the Court “attendants,” and, finding her on the stage, has indulged in a dignified flirtation (in dumb show), worthy of the hero of *L’Enfant Prodigue* himself. Now I think this a great improvement, and were the masterpiece to be “written up” throughout on the same lines, I am sure the representation would be received with enthusiasm. It might be that the performance would be a little longer, but think of the enormous gain in interest. To show you what I mean, I take the first five lines of the opening Act:—



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SHAKSPEARE'S VERSION.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. FRANCISCO on his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.*

Bernardo. Who's there?

Francisco. Nay answer me: stand and unfold yourself!

This passage, furnished with proper business, might be rendered the means of showing the sort of life led by *Laertes*, justifying the advice subsequently given to him by *Polonius* more appropriate to the conditions of the case as now (for the first time) fully divulged, Thus—I give my view of the matter:—

AMENDED VERSION.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. As the Curtain rises, shouts and laughs are heard without. A Village Maiden rushes in, as if pursued. She hides herself behind the sentry-box, and then escapes. FRANCISCO, who is on his post, looks about, and is surrounded by Danish Gallants, who have come in pursuit of the Maiden. He threatens them with his arms, and only one remains, who seems overcome by wine. The intoxicated Gallant is masked, and evidently very much the worse for liquor. He clumsily draws his sword. FRANCISCO is about to despatch him, when the mask falls, and in the dissipated reveller the Sentry recognises the bloated features of LAERTES. He immediately presents arms, as LAERTES is his superior officer. LAERTES, half-sobered by this suggestion of discipline, wishes to retire unseen, and gives largesse to FRANCISCO. The Sentry is greatly gratified, when to them enters BERNARDO.*

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. (*sheltering LAERTES, who stealthily retires by a rope-ladder which falls from the battlements to the moat below*). Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself!

By my version I really introduce a most interesting underplot, which, in my opinion, is equally pleasing and quite as defensible as Mr. BEERBOHM TREE'S business with *Ophelia*.

Yours, A STICKLER.

* * * * *

[Illustration: HUMAN NATURE.



Jones has always professed the greatest Indifference to (and contempt for) all Press Criticisms on his Work (although he takes in all the Papers).

YET THIS IS WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE WHEN HIS NEW NOVEL WAS PRONOUNCED A WORK OF GENIUS BY THE *UPPER TOOTING EXPRESS*.

AND THIS IS HOW HE APPEARED WHEN THE *NORTH CLAPHAM GAZETTE* DISMISSED THAT IMMORTAL BOOK AS A PIECE OF DRIVELLING SENILE TWADDLE.

AND THIS IS THE WAY HE TREATS ALL NEWSPAPERS, REVIEWS, PERIODICALS, &C., &C., THAT LEAVE THE IMMORTAL BOOK UNNOTICED!]

* * * * *

THE ATTACK ON THE "CAPITAL."

A LAY OF MODERN LONDON.

[Arrangements have been made for great political meetings in the Metropolis, at which the Liberal Leaders will be the principal speakers.]



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HARCURTIUS of the triple chin, by the Nine Points he swore
The Capital should suffer from Tory sway no more;
By the Nine Points he swore it, and named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth east and west, and south and north,

To summon his array. East and west, and south and north the messengers
ride fast;

From Kennington to Poplar they've heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Caucusian who loiters in his Club
When triple-chin'd HARCURTIUS prepares the foe to drub!
Too long the Capital hath borne the stubborn Tory yoke,
Too long the Liberals have failed to strike a swashing stroke.
Betrayed to Tory clutches by traitors shrewd and strong,
The banded foes have held it all too firmly and too long.
SALISBURIUS and GOSCHENIUS have struck unholy pact,
Foes long in dubious seeming, but ever friends, in fact,
Devonian CAVENDUS, he of the broad and bovine jowl,
Who smiled but coldly ever, now on our cause doth scowl.
Cock-nosed CUBICULARIUS, once a Captain of our host,
Now chums with bland BALFOURIUS, and makes that bond his boast.
Oh, was there ever such a gang, so motley and so mixed,
To garrison a Citadel on which all hopes are fixed?
Oh, was there ever such a call to strike one mighty blow,
To snatch the Capital once more, and lay the traitors low?

HARCURTIUS hurries onward, he waves the Grand Old Flag,
And when that banner flouts the breeze, what slave so base as lag?
GLADSTONIUS at his elbow,—not he the Old, the Grand,—
He shuns the fogs of winter in a far-off sunny land,
Nursing his force for the great fray that may right soon come on,—
This is not he of Hawarden, but the old hero's son:
There's OTTO, of the brindled beard, RUSSELLIUS swift of tongue,
RIPONIUS and LEFEVRIUS into the fray have flung.
Sleek-haired STANSFELDUS also, MUNDELLA of the Beak.
That CORVUS of the legion, good both to fight and speak,
LEO PLAYFAIRIUS follows, and brave BANNERMANUS bears
The flag he's fond of flaunting, there gallant AUCEPS dares
All that becomes a hero, whilst last, but oh, not least!
KIMBERLEYUS fares forth to the fight as others to a feast.
"Now, up!" cried stout HARCURTIUS, "Up! and we yet shall trap 'em!
Kennington calls, and Hackney, with Fulham, too, and Clapham.
I hear the cry of Chelsea, Islington North and West
Raise wails that find an echo in this mail-covered breast.



Bermondsey and Whitechapel upraise a piteous plaint:
(‘Wy don’t our ‘eroes wisit *hus*? We looks and there they ain’t!’)
North Lambeth long neglected, and Wandsworth far South-West,
(If I know where these places be I wish I may be blest!)
Appeal to us for succour: then Peckham, gallant Peckham,
Makes a far cry from her famed Rye.



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O brethren, shall we check 'em,
 These brave suburban stalwarts whose home is in the waste
 Afar from Pall Mall portals, swell Clubs, and homes of taste,
 But who have Votes, my brethren? Nay, shout ye men of pith,
 And strike for pining Poplar and hapless Hammersmith!"
 "Quite so!" cries 'cute MUNDELLA, the corvine chief and conky,
 "But he who maketh too much noise may show himself a donkey.
 The Capital seems quiet, Sir, the garrison is still,
 Suppose we try that old Gaul game!" HARCURTIUS cries, "I will!"
 Then silently and slowly, and all in single file,
 They climb towards the Citadel. HARCURTIUS, with a smile,
 Hath his head o'er the ramparts, when—Great CAESAR, what is this?
 They're greeted with one loud, prolonged, and universal *hiss!*
 The sudden sibilation out of silence startles all,
 HARCURTIUS clangs his buckler, OTTO nearly hath a fall,
 "Great gods, the Geese are on us, those confounded Sacred Geese,
 See their long necks, twig their broad beaks! Cease, senile
 cacklers, cease!"

So gaspeth great HARCURTIUS, but gaspeth all in vain.
 The gaff is blown, the anserine guard gives tongue with might and main.
 A stir, a tramp of mailed feet, a torch-flare! Whillaloo!
 "Say, is this MARCUS MANLIUS? No, hang it, there be two,
 SALISBURIUS and GOSCHENIUS, with a host, no doubt, behind,
 They're on their guard, whate'er may chance, we shall not 'catch
 'em blind'
 Like gudgeon. No! there's not a chance of a surprise by night;
 If the Gauls take the Citadel, ye gods, they'll have to *fight!*"
 How history repeats itself! At least we must agree,
 The Geese have roused the Capital? And *saved* it? We shall see!

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE ATTACK ON THE "CAPITAL."]

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[Illustration: SO ARTLESS!

SCENE—A *Cinderella Dance*.

Swell (to ingenuous Maiden). "ARE YOU ENGAGED?"



Ingenuous Maiden. "NO—BUT—I SHOULD SO LIKE TO BE!"

[*And, as the old game has it, the consequences were ——!*]

* * * * *

"COME HITHER, HUBERT!"

We are able to present our readers with a few notes of a lecture to be given by Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. (by the kind permission of AUTHOR PINERO, Esq.), to all managers, actors, actresses, scene-painters, authors, composers, musicians, costumiers, and wig-makers who will honour him with their attention. On this occasion the Professor will (among other things) explain, by the aid of a Magic Lantern (an entirely new invention recently discovered by Professor H.H.) how to enlighten the stage darkness generally. The Professor will also combat the erroneous impression derived from the dark ages of SHAKSPEARE's time, that the Moon,

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or the Man in it,—probably a lime-lighterman,—ought servilely to follow the movements, in order to throw light upon them, of the Principal Performer. The Professor will observe —“Such a course, on the part of the Direction of the Moon, can only be considered beneficial to Art, when it is directed against ‘The Star System.’ As each theatrical Star has its own particular brilliancy, why lug in the Moon? SHAKSPEARE, no doubt, had the Stage Moon in full view when he makes *Juliet* roundly exclaim, ‘Oh, swear not by the Moon, the inconstant Moon!’ as, of course, a Moon bound to illuminate the business of any one actor must follow him about, and so, though ‘constant’ to *him* individually, would be open to a general charge of inconstancy from the spectators in front. Such a course for the Moon to take is, as some of the better instructed among you may possibly be aware, quite unwarranted by the lunar laws of Nature, &c., &c.”

This interesting entertainment will wind up with a dialogue between *Arthur* (JONES) and *Hubert* (HERKOMER), of which we give an extract. It represents *Arthur* as wishing to produce a piece, which *Hubert* forewarns him will be a failure unless he (HUBERT) paints the scenery and manages it generally.

Arthur. Is there no remedy?

Hubert. None, but to use *my* eyes.

Arthur. O HUBERT! If you will, cut down my ‘lengths.’
And I’ll be merry as the day is long,
So you don’t interfere. You’ve other irons
Hot in the fire.

Hubert (aside). With his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead.
(*Aloud.*) Read this, young ARTHUR!

[*Gives him a Manuscript.*]

Arthur (opens it. Starts). What! a play by YOU!
To be produced by *me*! O HUBERT!! [*Faints.*]

We regret that want of space prevents our giving any more of this charming work at present, but no doubt it will not be long ere the Public has the gratification of hearing and seeing it all.

* * * * *

A PARAGON FRAME (OF MIND).



["I never took anybody's umbrella."—*Plaintiff (a Cook) in a recent Breach of Promise Case.*]

Common are Cooks, professed, plain alike
And common, youths their sustenance who feed on,
Common (I'm told) a breach of promise suit,
And common, damages, in courts agreed on;
Common are briefs as blackberries; and fees
Are common quite as "leather and prunella";
Common are "unprotected" witnesses
("Credat"—as HORACE somewhere sings—"Apella!")
But most uncommon seems a lowly Cook
Who with sincerity can kiss the book
And swear (to shame her betters!) ne'er she took
By sad "mistake or otherwise," by hook;
Or, as will eventuate, by crook,
Be it silk or gingham—any one's umbrella!



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* * * * *

MRS. RAM ON CURRENT POLITICS.—“Politics,” says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, “is one of the few things I know nothing about. But it does seem to me that Lord GRANDOLPH CHURCHILL is a white elephant tied round the neck of Lord SALISBURY.”

* * * * *

“HEAVENS!”—Recently in the *Athenaeum*, and copied elsewhere, appeared the most interesting intelligence that has been received on earth for some time. “The small planet No. 315”—no further address is given, an omission which will, no doubt, be rectified in the next issue—“which was discovered at Nice by M. CHARLOIS on the 4th September, 1891,”—the small planet, of course, not being out of the nurse’s arms, was not responsible for being at Nice at an unfashionable time, but this, of course, is the fault of her parents and guardians—“has been named Constantia.” Rather late to delay the christening for nearly five months. Of course, the brilliant infant will not stay at Nice, except by medical advice, but will probably return to No. 315, Milky Way (or elsewhere), on the first opportunity. *Sic itur ad astra!*

* * * * *

“A STUDENT OF HISTORY” writes to us:—“Sir—I have been reading a great deal lately on ecclesiastical subjects, and shall be very much obliged if you will explain to me briefly what ‘Inclosed Orders’ are.” [If “A STUDENT” will send us, under cover to our office, two P.O. Orders for two pounds ten shillings each respectively, further explanation than that conveyed by our receipt for the same will be unnecessary.—ED.]

* * * * *

A RIDDLE.

I’m underneath your feet
In the streets of London Town,
From town take “t,”
Then give it to me,
And you’ll sell me for a crown.

* * * * *

MRS. R. AND THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.—Our excellent friend is now convalescent. “Like CAESAR or CAESAR’S wife, I forget which it was,” she says, “I have passed the Barbican!” Some one having suggested that probably she meant “the Rubicon,” Mrs. R. thanked him politely, but added, that she perfectly well knew what she was talking about, and that everyone who was acquainted with history would understand her classical delusion.



* * * * *

PUZZLER FOR A COSTUMIER.—A Gentleman going to a Fancy Dress Ball wants to know how he can make up for Lost Time?

* * * * *

NAMES for the next pair of Tailed Monkeys sent to the Zoo—"Mr. and Mrs. CAUDAL."

* * * * *

N.B.—"Confessions of a Duffer," No. IV., next week.

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[Illustration: SHOWING THAT SOMETIMES IT IS GOOD FOR A COBBLER *NOT* TO STICK TO HIS LAST.

Fair Matron. "I REMEMBER YOUR ACTING 'SIR ANTHONY,' YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS A GIRL, SIR CHARLES! YOU DID IT SPLENDIDLY!"



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The Great Mathematician. "AH, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, THAT BIT OF ACTING BROUGHT ME MORE COMPLIMENTS THAN ANYTHING I EVER DID?"

Fair Matron. "I SHOULD THINK, SO INDEED!"]

* * * * *

TRUE AND TRUSTY.

(A STORY OF THE LAW.)

I always liked LAWRENCE LUCKAPENNY, and shall never forget the first time I met him. He was leaving the County Court, where I had had myself a small matter of business, and knowing the same Counsel, we foregathered. He was in great spirits. He had just won his case.

"Yes," said he, "it was a hard fight, but we came off all right. His Honour was distinctly in our favour, so now I and my co-trustees will have the satisfaction of feeling that the estate has benefited, with no greater loss than a few months' delay. Eh?" and he turned to our Counsel, who smiled, and shook his head a little doubtfully.

"Can scarcely go so far as that," the man of law observed. "You see, these matters take time, and the other side may appeal."

"Appeal! What is that?"

"I am afraid you will have the full opportunity for learning, my dear fellow."

"Well, it's all right up to now," cried LUCKAPENNY, cheerfully, and we separated.

Two or three years after this I again met the litigant, but this time in the Royal Courts of Justice. There were streaks of white in his hair, but he was still cheerful.

I asked him how he was getting on with the matter, and he replied, "As well as might be expected." Our Counsel had been right, for the liquidators had appealed.

"But we have beaten them again, my dear Sir! Think of that,—beaten them again!"

"And now you will have no further difficulty, I suppose."

"I can't go quite so far as that," returned LUCKAPENNY, who I noticed was adopting legal phraseology. "You know they may take us up to the House of Lords, if they please!"



And again time went on. In the course of years I found that poor LUCKAPENNY *had* been taken to Westminster, and their Lordships had decided to give themselves time to consider their judgment.

When I met LUCKAPENNY again, the House of Lords had decided against him.

“It is very awkward,” he observed, “they will not allow my costs, and so I shall have to pay them out of my own pocket! And what makes it the more annoying is that, even had we won our cause, it would have led to nothing, as the estate we were fighting is practically bankrupt.”

I offered my condolences, and we separated.

The last time, I saw poor LUCKAPENNY, he looked a very shadow of himself. He was haggard and thin, and was wearing clothes of an ancient cut and threadbare material. He smiled as he met me, and observed that he was still engaged on the trust matter.

“But I have come to the last stage,” he said; “I have paid the costs in full. And now I am going home.”



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“Going home,” I repeated, and noticing that he seemed feeble, offered him the support of my arm. “I will walk as far as your residence.”

“You are very good,” he replied, “but I am afraid that I cannot ask you to come in.”

“Never mind that; but where do you live?”

“Where should I live after a lawsuit?” he returned, with a short laugh. “Why, in the Workhouse, to be sure—in the Workhouse!”

And as a ratepayer, I have assisted to support him ever since!

* * * * *

A MENU FROM BIRMINGHAM.

POTAGES.

Duchesse. Consomme de Deluge a l'Apres Moi.

POISSONS.

Hors d'Eau a l'Appat convenable. Crevettes a l'Envie.

ENTREES.

Petits Programmes a la Robe de Joseph. Filets de Vis, Sauce Monopole.
Pattes de Matou aux Griffes.

ROTS.

Moi Meme. Dinde Fidele de Jesse.

LEGUMES.

Orchis en Boutonniere. Hartijo Sauce Soumission.

RELEVES.

Monocle. Salmi de Paires Filants aux Lis.

ENTREMETS.

Gateau Rossendale. Conserves d'Eglise Galloise. Boudin de Labouchere a la Lanterne.



DESSERT.

Bonbons de Famille. Hamecons de Flatterie. Oublis.

* * * * *

IN STATU,—QUO?

Should CROMWELL have a statue at Westminster was a burning question some years ago. We all know the result, and nowadays, who cares? At present, the question at Oxford is, Shall Cardinal NEWMAN have a statue? and, if so, Shall it be just opposite the Martyrs' Memorial? From one point of view, the situation is happily selected, as, of course, NEWMAN was on just exactly opposite ground to CRANMER, RIDLEY, and LATIMER. The Oxford Dons are right in supposing that no statue can be erected without a previous design; a design by a hand that has not lost its cunning. The proposed site is in Broad Street, a very suggestive name as opposed to narrowness of any sort; yet so eager are the illogical Dons in the matter of preservation of spaces, that before even the base of a clay model has been commenced, they have already prepared the ground for the reception of the statue by getting up any amount of railing about the proposed site!

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[Illustration: "WAKING-UP" FOR THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.]

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LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

NO. X.—TO CROOKEDNESS.

OBLIQUE, BUT FORMIDABLE ONE,

You have frequently fixed your abode in high places. Are there not recorded in history the names of kings and statesmen whom an irresistible desire to scheme, and trick, and overreach, has brought to the block? The times were difficult—that much one may admit. Noble heads of honourable and upright men were lopped in profusion; and it may be argued, with some show of reason, that the man whose character



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was as flawless as pure crystal, was like to fare as badly as the muddiest rascal of them all, if his side sank in defeat. And yet I cannot help believing that, in some cases at least, a man might have had a happier end if he had abstained from acts of political turpitude, which were as irrational in their conception as they were ruinous in their effect; acts, that is, which, in the existing circumstances, no sane man could have undertaken unless the mere doing of these rogueries had been a supreme and a necessary pleasure to him. There was poor CHARLES THE FIRST. Surely, in spite of that melancholy, doomed face, he might have died in peace if he had only played the game fairly. JAMES THE SECOND, too, and MARLBOROUGH, the greatest Captain of his age, and BOLINGBROKE, the eloquent philosopher, the grave moralist, how different might their ends have been had not you, O CROOKEDNESS, presided at their births, and ruled their lives. But, avaunt, History! Here I am straying into a treatise, when I merely intended to remind you of little PETER SHEEF, and of his adventures.

[Illustration]

PETER and I were freshmen together at Cambridge in the remote past before “Johnnies,” and “Chappies,” and “Mashers” had been heard of, before the “oof bird” had been fledged in its pink and sporting nest, or the Egyptian cigarette had asserted its universal sway. I daresay we differed but little (by “we” I mean the freshmen of our year) from those who have lately appeared for the first time in King’s Parade, or Jesus Lane. We were very young—we imagined Proctors to be destitute of human feeling; we ate portentous breakfasts of many courses, and, for the most part, treated our allowances as though they had been so much pocket-money. Also we had an idea that a man who had passed his thirtieth year was absurdly old, and that nobody could be called a boy whose name had been entered on the books of a College. In fact, we were freshmen.

PETER and I were a good deal thrown together during our first term. Like me, he had come up from one of the smaller schools, and we had not, therefore, a very large number of friends to start with. PETER was one of the pleasantest fellows in the world, always cheerful, good-tempered, and obliging. He always seemed to have plenty of money. Indeed, I know that his father made him an allowance of L800 a year, a sum which was considerably more than double that received by the majority of his fellows. The parental SHEEF I have since discovered was a Solicitor, who had made his mark and his fortune by the crafty defence of shady financiers in distress, of bogus company promoters, and generally of the great race who live in the narrow border-land which divides the merely disreputable from the positively indictable. But at that time I didn’t trouble my head to inquire about PETER’s father, and was content as most Undergraduates are, to take my friends as I thought I found them. PETER was musical; he



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played several instruments with skill, and sang a capital song. With all these qualities, he soon became, to a certain extent, popular. He then set up as a giver of good and expensive dinners, kept a couple of horses in the hunting season, devoted great attention to his dress, and made himself unobtrusively agreeable to the little gods of our miniature world. In his second year he had gained a position; most people spoke well of him, and liked him. It only rested with PETER himself to maintain what he had gained, and to enter on life with troops of friends. A few moments of purposeless folly were sufficient to shatter him.

I remember that in my first term I was not very agreeably impressed by something that PETER did. A dog-fancier happened to come through the street in which we both lodged, and PETER began to bargain with him for a fox-terrier, who, according to the fancier's account, had a pedigree as long and as illustrious as that of a Norman Peer. Eventually it had been agreed that the dog was to become PETER's property in consideration of thirty shillings in cash, a pair of trousers, and a bottle of brandy. The exchange was made, and the man departed. Thereupon PETER informed me with glee, that the trousers were a pair of his father's, which had been packed in his portmanteau by mistake, and that the brandy-bottle contained about fifty per cent. of water, that amount of brandy having been poured off before payment was made. As PETER put it, "I've done him in the eye, to prevent him doing me." I tried in vain to bring him round to the opinion that (let alone robbing one's father) cheating a cheat was one of the lowest forms of roguery. The dog-fancier soon afterwards returned, and protested, with tears in his eyes, that the shabby trick had wounded him in his tenderest feelings, but he seemed quite willing to begin a fresh bargain with "the only gen'lemen, s'help me, as ever bested pore little ALEC."

All this is, however, by the way. I merely mention it to illustrate PETER's character. At the University Steeple-Chase Meeting, which took place at the end of our third October term, SHEEF had entered his animals for several races. He was a good rider, and confidently anticipated success. To celebrate the occasion, he had arranged a big dinner-party, and had invited some twenty of us to dine with him. I had been unable to go to the races myself, but at the appointed hour I turned up at SHEEF's rooms. I found the table brilliantly laid, waiters hanging about, and dozens of Champagne in readiness. SHEEF was there, but, beside myself, no other guest had appeared. And not a single one came. I forget what excuse the miserable host made, but the result was that we two solemnly dined at a table laid for ten times our number. I think I shall remember that ghastly festivity as long as I live. The next day all Cambridge knew that SHEEF had not only pulled one of his horses openly and disgracefully, but had wilfully misled both his friends and the book-makers as to the horse he intended to ride in a race for which entries were made at the post. I never heard that he stood to win more than L50 by the transaction. And for this paltry sum (paltry, that is, to a man of his means) he had wrecked his reputation, and all the possibilities of his career.



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I see him slinking about London sometimes. Last year he passed, with much discredit, through the Bankruptcy Court. He has been a Director of countless Companies, for the stock of fools seems to be inexhaustible. There can only be one end for such a man as SHEEF. The cool, callous, and calculating knave may get clear through to the end; but SHEEF always was stupidly good-natured, and good-nature hangs like a millstone round the neck of rascality. I cannot myself detest him as I ought to do. He was so near to completely successful respectability. But crookedness ruined him, in spite of his better wishes. Was it altogether his own fault?

That, as Mr. BRET HARTE observes, lets me out.

I remain as before, DIOGENES ROBINSON.

* * * * *

A DANGEROUS TITLE.

(TO MR. JOSEPH HATTON, AUTHOR OF "CIGARETTE PAPERS.")

Cigarette Papers, JOSEPH, when properly stuffed,
Are meant, I suppose, to be zealously puffed.
When we take them in hand, a consuming desire
Attacks us to set the gay trifles on fire.
Yet, the brand being good (here's the point of my joke),
They are always enjoyed ere they vanish in smoke.

* * * * *

FROM AN X.J.P. TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH.—Sir,—Why complain of "the Licence of the Bar?" Of course it goes with, and is a part of, every Licence to a Public-house granted by the Middlesex Magistrates. I've retired some years myself, am a bit deaf, and don't read much; but I heard just enough to warrant me in writing to you at once on what appears to me so simple a matter.

ROBERT SHALLOW, X.J.P., M.M.

At the Sign of the Pig and Pippin.

* * * * *

TO THE FUTURE A.R.A.—Better luck next time, Mr. SWAN. Be satisfied that, though at present unelected, you are Swan, R.A., *i.e.*, *Rara Avis*. As you can plume yourself on this, so "*in hoc Cygno, vinces!*" Which we caninecally and not canonically for the nonce nonce-sensically render, "In this (matter), to the Swan (we say) you will (go in and) win!"

* * * * *

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