

# **Punch, Or The London Charivari, Volume 102, March 19, 1892 eBook**

## **Punch, Or The London Charivari, Volume 102, March 19, 1892**

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# Page 1

## PUNCH,

*Or the London charivari.*

*Vol. 102.*

March 19, 1892.

*“Are you Hansard now?”*

*MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

[“The entire stock of *Hansard’s Parliamentary Debates* ... was offered for sale. The vast collection, nearly 100,000 volumes, scarcely fetched the price of waste paper.”—*Daily Paper.*]

The Auctioneer exclaimed,—“These Vols.  
Have neither fault nor blot.  
I think that I, without demur,  
May call them quite ‘a lot.’

“Speeches by *Russell, Pam, and Bright,*  
Good for the heart and head.  
Take them as spoken; if you like,  
Pray take them, too, as read.”

But when the Auction did begin,  
Bidders, alack! were lacking;  
Back numbers hove in sight in shoals,  
Yet seemed to have no backing.

“Then this,” quoth he, “appears to be  
The dismal situation;  
Though from these speeches statesmen quote,  
For them there’s no quotation.

“The eye has ‘heavenly rhetoric,’  
Hear *William SHAKSPEARE* cry;  
But heavenly rhetoric now, ’tis plain,  
Itself is all my eye.

“A penny! Really such a bid  
I can’t allow to pass;



A man who'd offer coppers here  
Must be composed of brass.

“‘Progress’ I cannot well ‘report,’  
Unless this lot is bought in;  
The only progress seems to be,  
When there’ll be no reportin’.

“Such priceless gems, such wretched bids!”  
The hammer-man did shout;  
“If you desire, I knock them down—  
You first must knock *me* out!

“No higher offer? Then I’m forced,  
Pray pardon the suggestion—  
To take a hint from Parliament,  
And ‘move the Previous Question.’”

\* \* \* \* \*

*Another SHAKSPEARE!*

[Illustration: Mysterious!]

The last play by M. *Blague Van Der Bosch* has just been translated into English. It is called *The Blackbeetle*, and is a purely domestic drama. The following Scene from the last Act will give some idea of the exquisite simplicity and pathos of this great work. M. *Van Der BOSCH*’s admirers freely assert that SHAKSPEARE never wrote anything like this. It will be noticed that M. *Van Der Bosch*, like M. *Maeterlinck*, does not always name his characters, but only mentions their relation to each other.

*Scene XXV.—The Great Grandmother, the Mother-in-law, the Female First Cousin one remove, and the Brother-in-law’s Aunt are discovered standing on the table, and the Half-sister’s Nephew by marriage on a chair.*

*The Mother-in-law.* Eh? eh? eh?



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*The Female First Cousin one remove (pointing to Half-sister's Nephew by marriage).*  
He! he! he!

*The Great Grandmother.* Ay! ay! ay!

*The Half-sister's Nephew by marriage (shuddering).* Oh! oh! oh!

*The Brother-in-law's Aunt (to him).* You! you! you! [*The Half-sister's Nephew by marriage descends and resolutely steps upon the Blackbeetle.* *Curtain.*

\* \* \* \* \*

ENTETEMENT BRITANNIQUE.

RONDEAU.

*Mal a la tete, ennui, migraine,*  
We risk in trying to explain  
Why, though the Income-tax is high,  
This country never can supply  
Such galleries as line the Seine.

Yet gifts are treated with disdain,  
Which gives the would-be donors pain,—  
We've now a name to call *that* by,  
"Mal a la TATE."

Next time an offer's made in vain  
MACNEILL, or someone, will obtain,  
Or ask, at least, the reason why,  
And even dumber folks will cry,  
"By Jove! they've made a mull again,  
MULL a la TATE!"

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

[Illustration: Brer Rabbit.]

Everybody who took delight in our old friend *Uncle Remus* will thoroughly enjoy *A Plantation Printer*, by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. The Baron doesn't recommend it to be taken at one sitting, the dialect being rather difficult, but a chapter at a time will be found refreshing. The like advice may be acted upon by anyone who has invested in the latest volume of the Library of Wit and Humour, entitled *Faces and Places*. By H.W.



LUCY. The “Faces” are represented by a portrait of Ride-to-Khiva BURNABY, and one of the Author of these entertaining papers. The first brief narrative, which ought to have been called “How I met BURNABY,” is specially interesting; and the only disappointing thing in the book is the omission of “An Evening with Witches,” as a companion picture to “A Night at Watts’s.”

By the way, in my copy of *A Plantation Printer*, the English printer has made one slip, a sin of omission, at p. 153, where, Miss CARTER, a charming young lady, is watching a Georgian Fox-hunt. She sees “a group of shadows, with musical voices, sweep across the Bermuda fields.”

“O ow beautiful!” exclaimed Miss CARTER, clapping her little hands,” and, we may add, dropping her little “h” in her excitement. “I can put up with the loss of an ‘h,’ but not for a wilderness of aspirates would I have lost this healthy, cheery chapter,” says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO A RAILWAY FOOT-WARMER.

At first I loved thee—thou wast warm,—  
The porter called thee “ot,” nay, “bilin.”  
I tipped him as thy welcome form  
He carried, with a grateful smile, in.



## Page 3

Alas! thou art a faithless friend,  
Thy warmth was but dissimulation;  
Thy tepid glow is at an end,  
And I am nowhere near my station!

I shiver, cold in feet and hands,  
It is a legal form of slaughter,  
They don't warm(!) trains in other lands  
With half a pint of tepid water.

I spurn thy coldness with a kick,  
And pile on rugs as my protectors.  
I'd send—to warm them—to Old Nick,  
Thy parsimonious Directors!

\* \* \* \* \*

RICH V. POOR.

*(A NOTE KINDLY CONTRIBUTED BY OUR OWN GRAPHIC REPORTER.)*

Nothing could have been more impressive than the closing scene of a trial that was one of the features of the present Sessions. The Counsel for the Prisoner made no pretence of hiding his emotion, and freely used his pocket-handkerchief. Many ladies who had until now been occupied in using opera-glasses, at this point relinquished those assistants to the eyesight, to fall back upon the restorative properties of bottles filled with smelling-salts. Even his Lordship on the Bench was seemingly touched to the very quick by the Prisoner's dignified appeal for mercy. Before passing sentence, the Judge glanced for a moment at the number of titled and other highly respectable witnesses who had testified to the integrity of the accused. Then he addressed the Prisoner:—

“You have pleaded guilty to an indictment which charges you with having misappropriated trust moneys. You have reduced a fortune of L28,000 to L7,000. This means a wretched pittance to beneficiaries who, before your fraud, were enjoying a fairly decent income. I am aware that you are a distinguished Magistrate,—that you have belonged to many Clubs,—that there is not a slur upon the cooking that used to distinguish your dinner-parties. I know the severity of the sentence I am about to pass, and I wish my conscience would permit me to give you a lighter punishment. But I cannot.”

The accused was then sentenced to five years' penal servitude.



A little later another prisoner was put in the dock for stealing twenty shillings. The prisoner (who was a sailor) was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and seven years' police supervision. The case was of no public interest.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

When TRAILL his list of Minor Poets drew,  
SPRUGGE's friends exclaimed, "Why, SPRUGGE, he's left out you!"

To which SPRUGGE calmly answered, "Yes, I know it;  
And he is right. I'm not a Minor Poet."

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration]

FROM AN IRISH REPORTER IN A TROUBLED DISTRICT.—"The Police patrolled the street all night, but for all that there was no disturbance."

\* \* \* \* \*

NEW SONG OF TRIUMPH FOR SALVATIONISTS AT EASTBOURNE, ACCOMPANIED BY DRUM AND IRRELIGIOUS CYMBALS.—"*Tra-la-la-Booth-te-ray!*"



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\* \* \* \* \*

DEMEANING THEMSELVES so!—Mrs. R. cannot understand our aristocracy being constantly Chairmen at public dinners. *She* wouldn't be a Chairwoman for anything.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHERE "GHOSTS" OUGHT TO EXIST.—"*Haunt 'un* Street, W." It's an artistic quarter. [Is this Hornton Street? Possibly.—ED.]

\* \* \* \* \*

PEOPLE WHO WOULD BE ALL THE BETTER FOR BECOMING TEMPERANCE MEN.  
—"The Lushais."

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: "DIVIDED DUTY."

*Right Hon. the Minister for War.* "SURELY, MY LORD CHANCELLOR, YOU CAN EXEMPT HIM FROM JURIES. THE 'REGULARS'—"

*Lord Chancellor.* "WELL, NO, MR. STANHOPE, I THINK NOT." (*Aside.*) "WE *MUST* MAKE *SOME* USE OF HIM!"]

\* \* \* \* \*

LIVING AND LEARNING.

MISS SYMPEL, who has never been out of London, saw an advertisement headed "Salmon Flies" in a shop window. "Well!" she exclaimed, "I never knew till now that Salmon was a flying fish!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"A cabinet Minister in the Casual Ward," was the heading of an article in the *D.T.* last Friday, and it turned out to be all about the Richie and the Poorie.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.—Some delay at present, but immediately after signing we shall commence "sealing."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.



*(A STORY OF ADVENTURE NOT IN THE LEAST LIKELY TO BE TRUE.)*

“Do you see what RITCHIE has been doing?” asked the Secretary of State for War of one of his colleagues.

“If you mean visiting the Casual Wards, after attending a meeting in the East End of London, I do,” replied the Home-Secretary. “An excellent idea, no doubt, suggested by that old story of the Amateur Casual, which appeared some twenty or thirty years ago in the columns of an evening paper.”

“But don’t you think it is playing it a little low?” suggested the First Lord of the Admiralty.

“Well, I don’t know,” returned the Autocrat of the W.O. “After all, there is nothing like personal experience.”

And then all three were silent, lost in profound consideration. Shortly afterwards they bade one another adieu, declaring that they had greatly enjoyed their Cabinet Council.

It was some hours later that a soldier, wearing the uniform of the Guards, appeared at the Wellington Barracks, and requested that he might be permitted to undertake a spell of “sentry go.” He was not known by the Non-commissioned Officer on duty, but as his papers appeared to be correct, permission was given him to act as substitute for Private SMITH, who was next on the roster.

And about the same time a person, wearing the garb of a convict, made his way to one of Her Majesty’s Prisons, and requested an interview with the Governor. His garb obtained for him immediate admission to the precincts of the gaol.

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“Well, my man,” said the Governor, when his visitor appeared before him; “what do you want?”

“If you please, Sir,” replied the person in the garb of a convict, “I shall be very much obliged if you will permit me to have an hour or so at oakum-picking.”

“Absolutely impossible,” replied the Crown Official, “such luxuries are only allowed to individuals who have been properly introduced to us by a Judge and Jury.”

“I fancied,” returned the wearer of the felon’s garb, “that an order from the Home-Secretary would smooth all difficulties.”

“Certainly,” admitted the Governor, “but such documents are only supplied to European Royal Personages, or other foreigners of extreme distinction.”

“I have the requisite document,” replied the curiously-garbed stranger, and he was bowed into a well-appointed cell, and furnished with the tangled rope for which he had petitioned.

And about the same time a sea-faring man applied to be rated on one of Her Majesty’s Ships of War.

“Impossible!” was the immediate reply of the Captain, who was rather short-tempered.

“Nothing is impossible to the Admiralty,” said the sea-faring man; “and, if you will glance at this paper, you will see that I have special permission from Whitehall to be mast-headed, or to undertake some other naval manoeuvre of a more modern date.”

Suppressing an exclamation of a somewhat profane character, the Captain gave the required permission, and a few minutes later the sea-faring man was mounting (with some difficulty), the quivering rungs of a rope-ladder.

A few hours after the happening of these events, a weary soldier, a half-starved convict, and a sailor covered with bruises, met by chance in the common room of a tavern. For some minutes they were too exhausted to speak. At length, the convict declared that the organisation of Her Majesty’s Prisons was simply perfect.

“I greatly doubt it,” replied the soldier; “but I can insist with truth, that nothing can possibly equal the admirable condition of the Queen’s Barracks.”

“I don’t for a moment believe it,” put in the sea-faring man; “but I am prepared to swear that the arrangements of the Admiralty could not possibly be better.”

“Very likely,” sneered the convict; “and no doubt they could not be worse!”



Upon this the three men began quarrelling and boasting of the merits of the institutions they had recently visited.

“Pardon me,” at length observed the convict, “but I have had some legal training, and it seems to me that you are both gentlemen of great discernment. Nay, more, I should imagine that your education is greatly in excess of that possessed by men of the same standing in the professions you appear to have adopted.”

“Not unlikely,” replied the soldier, smilingly removing his disguise; “because I happen to be the Secretary of State for War.”

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“And I,” said the sailor, following suit, and emerging from his sea-faring garb, which now was found to be covering an official uniform—“And I am the First Lord of the Admiralty.”

Before the two Ministers could recover from their surprise, the wearer of the convict’s garb had also divested himself of a part of his costume, and the whole of his “make-up.”

“You see you need not be ashamed of my company,” he observed, with a smile, “as I am the Home-Secretary.”

Then the three Ministers laughed, and each one of them insisted that his particular branch of the Government Service was better than the branches of his colleagues.

“Let us change costumes,” suggested the Home-Secretary, “and try for ourselves. I will become a soldier, you can appear as a convict, and subsequently we might make a further alteration, and allow our friend of the Admiralty to try some oakum-picking.” But both the First Lord and the Secretary of State raised objections.

“And yet,” urged the Home-Secretary, “I do not think you would find much difference between oakum-picking and sentry-go, and a plank-bed and a hammock on board a torpedo-boat have each great claim to points of similarity.”

“We readily believe you,” replied the representative of the War Office, “and therefore further test is unnecessary.”

“Quite so,” added the greatest living authority on Naval matters; “and thus I think we can conveniently leave further personal investigation to such enthusiasts as Mr. RITCHIE and his Private Secretary.” And so, perfectly satisfied with the result of their peregrinations, the Ministers again bade one another adieu, and, this time, finally separated.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE PITFALLS OF CULTURE.

*Friendly and Sympathetic Footman.* “WELL, THEY TELL ME, SIR, AS MR. BROWN, THE DENTIST ROUND THE CORNER, IS QUITE AT THE ’HEAD OF THE PERFESSION,—IN FACT, WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL ‘*PRINCIPLY FORCEPS*,’ SIR!”

[*No doubt the good man intended to say “Facile princeps,” but he didn’t.*]]

\* \* \* \* \*

A GREAT LOSS TO EVERYBODY.—It is a great source of disappointment to *Mr. Punch* that GRANDOLPH should have declined to be an Alderman. It may be a question as to whether he would have enlarged the sphere of his influence, but, by accepting the turtle,



it is aldermanically certain that within six months our GRANDOLPH would have doubled his weight and increased his circumference.

\* \* \* \* \*

“HAIR-CUTTING, SINGEING, AND SHAMPOOING.”

(A SKETCH IN A HAIR-DRESSER'S SALOON.)

SCENE—*A small but well-appointed Saloon, with the usual fittings. As the Scene opens, its only occupants are a Loquacious Assistant and a Customer with a more than ordinarily sympathetic manner.*

[Illustration: “You ’ave been losin’ your ’air!”]



## Page 7

*The Loquacious Assistant.* No, Sir, we're free to go the minute the clock strikes. We've no clearing up or anythink of *that* sort to do, not bein' required to pufform any duties of a *menial* nature, Sir. 'Ed a little more to the left, Sir.... Sundays I gen'ally go up the river. I'm a Member of a Piskytorial Association. I don't do any fishin', to mention, but I ject carry a rod in my 'and. Railway Comp'ny takes anglers at reduced fares, you see, Sir.... No, Sir, don't stay 'ere *all* day long. Sometimes the Guv'nor sends me out to wait on parties at their own residences. Pleasant change, Sir? Ah, you're right there, Sir! There's one lady as lives in Prague Villas, Sir. I've been to do *her* 'air many a time. (*He sighs sentimentally.*) I *did* like waitin' on 'er, Sir. Sech a beautiful woman she is, too,—with 'er face so white, ah! 'AWKINS her name is, and her 'usban' a stockbroker. She was an actress once, Sir, but she give that up when she married. Told me she'd 'ad to work 'ard all her life to support her Ma, and she *did* think after she was married she was goin' to enjoy herself—but she 'adn't! Ah, she was a nice lady, Sir; she'd got her 'air in sech a tangle it took me three weeks to get it right! I showed her three noo ways of doin' up her 'air, and she says to me, "What a clever young man you are!" Her very words, Sir! Trim the ends of your moustache, Sir? Thankee, Sir. Yes, she was a charmin' woman. She 'ad three parrots in the room with 'er, swearin' orful. I enjoyed goin there, Sir; yes, Sir. Ain't been for ever sech a while now, Sir. I *did* think of callin' again and pertendin' I'd forgot a comb, Sir, but I done that once, and I'm afraid it wouldn't do twice, *would* it, Sir? Sixteen her number is—a sweet number, Sir! Limewash or brilliantine, Sir?... And I know 'er maid and her man, too; oh, she keeps a grand 'ouse, Sir! (*Observing that the Sympathetic Customer is gradually growing red in the face and getting hysterical.*) Towel too tight for you, Sir? Allow me; thank you, Sir. (*Here two fresh Customers enter.*) Ready for you in one moment, Gentlemen. The other Assistant is downstairs 'aving his tea, but he'll be up directly

[*The two fresh Customers watch one another suspiciously, after the manner of Britons. The first, who is elderly, removes his hat and displays an abundance of strong grizzled hair, which he surveys complacently in a mirror. The second, a younger man, seems reluctant to uncover until absolutely obliged to do so.*

*The Grizzled Customer (to the Other Customer, as his natural self-satisfaction overcomes his reserve).* 'Shtonishing how fast one's hair does grow. It's not three weeks since I had a close crop. Great nuisance, eh?

*The Other Customer (with evident embarrassment).* Er—eh, yes—quite so, I— I daresay.



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*[He takes up a back number of "Punch," and reads the advertisements with deep interest. Meanwhile, the Loquacious Assistant has bowed out the Sympathetic Customer, and touched a bell. A Saturnine Assistant appears, still masticating bread-and-butter. The Second Customer removes his hat, revealing a denuded crown, and thereby causing surprise and a distinct increase of complacency in the Grizzled Gentleman, who submits himself to the Loquacious Assistant. The Bald Customer sinks resignedly into the chair indicated by the Saturnine Operator, feeling apologetic and conscious that he is not affording a fair scope for that gentleman's professional talent. The other Assistant appears to take a reflected pride in his subject.*

*The Loq. Ass. (to the Grizzled Customer). Remarkable how some parties do keep their 'air, Sir! Now yours—(with a disparaging glance at the Bald Customer's image in the mirror)—yours grows quite remarkable strong. Do you use anythink for it now?*

*The Gr. C. Not I. Leave that to those who are not so well protected!*

*The Loq. Ass. I was on'y wondering if you'd been applying our Rosicrucian Stimulant, Sir, that's all. There's the gentleman next door to here—a chemist, he is—and if you'll believe me, he was gettin' as bald as a robin, and he'd only tried it a fortnight when his 'ed come out all over brustles!*

*The Gr. C. Brussels, what? Sprouts, eh?*

*The Loq. Ass. Hee-hee! no, Sir, brustles like on a brush. But you can afford to 'ave your laugh, Sir!*

*The Sat. Ass. (to the Bald Customer, with withering deference). Much off, Sir?*

*The B.C. (weakly thinking to propitiate by making light of his infirmity). Well, there isn't much on, is there?*

*The S.A. (taking a mean advantage). Well, Sir, it wouldn't be a very long job numberin' all the 'airs on your 'ed, cert'nly! (Severely, as one reproaching him for carelessness.) You 'ave been losin' your 'air! Puts me in mind of what the poet says in 'Amlet. "Oh, what a fallin' off!" if you'll excuse me, Sir!*

*The B.C. (with a sensitive squirm). Oh, don't apologise—I'm used to it, you know!*

*The S.A. Ah, Sir, they do say the wind's tempered to the shorn lamb so as he can't see 'imself as other's see 'im. But what you ought to 'ave is a little toopy. Make 'em so as you couldn't tell it from natural 'air nowadays!*

*[The Bald Customer feebly declines this meretricious adornment.*



*The Loq. Ass. (to his subject).* Know Mr. PARIS PATTERTON of the Proscenium Theatre, Sir? 'E's 'ad to call in our Guv'nor, Sir. 'Is 'air's comin, off, Sir, dreadful, Sir. The Guv'nor's been tryin' a noo wash on his 'ed.



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*The Gr. C.* Ha, poor beggar! Wash doing it any good?

*The Loq. Ass. (demurely).* That I can't tell you, Sir; but it 'as a very agreeable perfume.

*The S.A.* I think I've taken off about as much as you can *spare*, Sir!

*The Gr. C. (with a note of triumph).* Look here, you know, there's a lot more to come off here—won't be missed, eh?

*The Loq. Ass.* No, Sir, you've an uncommon thick 'ed—of 'air, I mean, of course!

*The S.A.* If you'll take my advice, you'll 'ave yours singed, Sir.

*The B.C. (dejectedly).* Why, think it's any use?

*The S.A.* No doubt of that, Sir. Look at the way they singe a 'orse's legs. [*The Bald Customer yields, convinced by this argument.*]

*The Gr. C.* No singeing or any nonsense of that sort for *me*, mind!

[*They are shampooed simultaneously.*]

*The B.C. (piteously, from his basin).* Th—that's c-cold enough, thanks!

*The Gr. C. (aggressively from his).* Here, colder than *that*—as cold as you can make it—I don't care!

*The B.C. (drying his face meekly on a towel).* A—a *hand*-brush, please, *not* the machine!

*The S.A.* No, Sir, machine-brush would about sweep all the 'air *off* your 'ed, Sir!

*The Gr. C.* Machinery for me—and your hardest brush, do you hear?

*The Loq. Ass.* { (*together, to* { Shall I put anything on

*The S.A.* { *\_their respective\_* { your 'ed, Sir?

{ *patients.*) { Like anything on your

{ 'air, Sir?

*The S.A.* Well, you may as well keep what little you 'ave got, Sir. Like to try our 'Irsutine Lotion, capital thing, Sir. Known it answer in the most desprit cases. Keep it in 'alf-crown or three-and-sixpenny sizes. Can I 'ave the pleasure of puttin' you up a three-and-sixpenny one, Sir? (*The Bald Customer musters up moral courage to decline, at which the Assistant appears disgusted with him.*) No, Sir? Much obliged, Sir. Let me



see—*(with a touch of sarcasm)*—you part your 'air a one side, I *think*, Sir? Brush your 'at, Sir? Thankee, Sir. Pay at the counter, *if* you please. Shop—there!

*The Loq. Ass.* Think your 'air's as you like it now, Sir? Like to look at yourself in a 'and-glass, Sir? Thank you, Sir.

*[The Bald Customer puts on his hat with relief, and instantly recovers his self-respect sufficiently to cast a defiant glare upon his rival, and walk out with dignity. The Grizzled Customer after prolonged self-inspection, follows. The two Assistants are left alone.]*

*The Loq. Ass.* Pretty proud of his 'air, that party, eh? Notice how I tumbled to him?



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*The S.A. (with superiority).* I heard you, o' course, but, as I'm always tellin' you, you don't do it *delicate* enough! When you've been in the profession as long as I have, and seen as much of human nature, you'll begin to understand how important it is to 'ave tact. Now you never 'eard *me* stoop to flattery nor yet over-familiarity—and yet you can see for yourself I manage without 'urting nobody's feelings—however bald! That's *tact*, that is!

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: "INFLAMMABLE BUTTONS." UN PAGE D'AMOUR.]

\* \* \* \* \*

HORACE IN LONDON.

### TO A WAITER. (AD PUERUM.)

[Illustration]

None of your mispronounced Gallic shams, Waiter; Call not "Potato" a "*Pomme-de-terre, maiter D'ottle.*" I'd rather you styled it "Pertater," As Britons, sure, may. As for *decor*, let the linen be stainless— Crowns of exotics are gauds for the brainless. *Crowns*, indeed! Here's half-a-crown; you would gain less Oft from a *gourmet*.

\* \* \* \* \*

MRS. R. has just purchased the first two volumes of *The History of the Popes* (edited by F. ANTROBUS), "because," she says, "I particularly want to read about the time of the Reminiscence, with all about FIFTUS THE SIXTH and the Humorists."

\* \* \* \* \*

SERIOUS CASE.—A patient who doesn't want it known that there's anything the matter with him, has placed himself under the care of Dr. ROBSON ROOSETEM PASHA, "because," he says, "his visits then are 'sub Roose-ah!'" [Now we know what's the matter with him.—ED.]

\* \* \* \* \*

A PLEA FOR THE DEFENCE.

SCENE—*Mr. Punch's Sanctum.* Mr. PUNCH discovered, to him enter Mr. JOHN BULL.



*Mr. Punch.* Well, Mr. BULL, what can I do for you?

*Mr. Bull.* I want to know your opinion, *Mr. Punch* on the report of Lord WANTAGE's Committee on Recruiting?

*Mr. P.* Which of the reports, my friend? There seem to be two—one by the Soldier Members, and the other by the Government Under-Secretary of State for War.

*Mr. B.* Can't they be lumped together, *Mr. Punch*?

*Mr. P.* Well, yes, in the sense of being discarded. They are neither satisfactory, although they contradict one another.

*Mr. B.* So I think, *Mr. Punch*. What is to be done?

*Mr. P.* I will do my best to answer you. But just as a preliminary question, may I ask whether you insure your house, Mr. BULL?

*Mr. B.* Why, yes, certainly. I pay for guardianship and protection. If I did not, I should have to start fire-engines and the rest of it myself.



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*Mr. P.* Quite so. And you find it cheaper in the long run.

*Mr. B.* To be sure. I have got much, too much to do to bother about the details of security from fire.

*Mr. P.* Again quite so. Then why don't you pay for your Army?

*Mr. B.* But I do, and a precious round sum too!

*Mr. P.* However, it is difficult to get recruits. And in England any and everything can be bought by money.

*Mr. B.* Pardon me, *Mr. Punch*, that's all nonsense. Abroad, they can get soldiers at half the price that—

*Mr. P. (interrupting).* Quite wrong, Mr. BULL. Soldiers are just as dear on the Continent as they are here. Only, you see, the foreigners look after the fire themselves—they become soldiers, instead of securing substitutes.

*Mr. B.* What do you mean?

*Mr. P.* That you must either pay the market price, or go in for conscription. Your money—or your life!

*Mr. B.* Well, I really think I must consider it—I do, indeed!

*Mr. P.* And the sooner the better, Mr. BULL; and if you do not believe me, give Lord WANTAGE's Committee Report a second reading.

*[Scene closes in upon Mr. JOHN BULL giving the document reconsideration.]*

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*To our M.P., who rather fancies himself a great political force in the House. (Day before the Meeting of Parliament.)*

“WELL, MR. BINKS! AND WHAT BRINGS YOU UP TO TOWN?”]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE BOGIE MAN.

(NEW AND STARTLING CIVIC VERSION.)



*Gog and Magog sing, sotto voce:—*

Oh, huddle near us, cherished ones!  
Hushed is our civic glee.  
The Voters, they have played the fool  
About the L.C.C.  
Oh, Turtle, dear—at table—  
Oh, Griffin, spick and span,  
I hear the Civic Fathers say  
Here comes the Bogie Man!

*Chorus.*

Oh, hush! hush! hush!  
Here comes the Bogie Man!  
*What* hope, dears, when BEN TILLET  
Is made an Alderman?  
Oh, whist! whist! whist!  
He'll catch ye if he can!  
Then vain you'll run, my popsey-wops,  
From this new Bogie Man!

When we sit down to dinner,  
My giant chum and I,  
O'er calipash and calipee  
We're both inclined to cry.  
For if Progressist fingers  
Once dip into our pan,  
Aloud, but vainly, we may cry,  
Whist! whist! the Bogie Man!

*Chorus.*—Oh, hush! hush! hush!  
Here comes the Bogie Man!  
Then hide your heads, my darlings;  
He'll catch ye if he can.  
Then whist! whist! whist!  
This new Progressive plan  
Would make our popsey-wopsey-wops  
Slaves to this Bogie Man!



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In vain the *Times* might thunder,  
In vain the *Standard* squall,  
To frighten little Moderates;  
They paid no heed at all  
When CHURCHILL tried yah-boohing,  
Away the Voters ran  
And voted straight, with hearts elate,  
For yonder Bogie Man!

*Chorus.*—Oh, hush! hush! hush!  
Here comes the Bogie Man!  
He'll collar all our civic perks,  
'Tis his "Progressive" plan.  
Oh, whist! whist! whist!  
He'll catch ye if he can.  
Heaven save you, my own popsey-wops,  
From yonder Bogie Man!

Oh, pets, it gives us quite a shock  
To think of your sad fate,  
If you *should* lose your Guildhall rock,  
And *we* be doomed by fate.  
For BURNS our pride would humble,  
No "giants" in his plan!  
Oh, Turtle sweet, oh, Griffin neat,  
Beware, yon Bogie Man!

*Chorus.*—Oh, whist! whist! whist!  
Here comes the Bogie Man!  
GOG and MAGOG, choice wines, good prog.  
Are no parts of *his* plan.  
Oh, hush! hush! hush!  
He'll catch ye if he can!  
Progressive "slops," my popsey-wops,  
*He'll* give—yon Bogey Man!

Oh, ROSEBERY turned tr-r-raitor,  
And LUBBOCK seemed to cool,  
MCDUGALL, now, and PARKINSON  
May proudly play the fool.  
London's delivered to be ruled  
On the "Progressive" plan,  
And "BEN" can bear the honoured name—  
Ye gods!—of ALDERMAN!!!



*Chorus.*—Oh, hush! hush! hush!  
 Here comes the Bogie Man!  
 Turtle, be cautious; Griffin, hide!  
 You're under his black ban.  
 Oh, whist! whist! whist!  
 "We'll save ye, *if we can*,  
 My pretty popsey-wopsey-wops,  
 From yon bad Bogie Man!

\* \* \* \* \*

TO QUEEN COAL.

(*BY HER FOND BUT POOR LOVER.*)

"If thou art not dear to *me*,  
 What care I how dear you be!"

\* \* \* \* \*

BUTTER AND BOSH.

[*"Many customers who want Margarine will not consent to buy it under that name, but insist on its being called 'Butter.'*"—*Daily Paper.*]

Oh, Wisdom, surely here your words you waste  
 On men who consciously deceive their  
 taste; Who cheating self are blindest when they've seen,  
 And call that Butter which is Margarine.  
 "Give me," 'tis thus their sentiments they utter,  
 "Firkins of Bosh, but label them as Butter.  
 Who cares for honest names? they're all my eye.  
*Decipiatur qui vult decipi.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE BOGIE MAN.

"HUSH! HUSH! HUSH!  
 HERE COMES THE BOGIE MAN!

"THEN HIDE YOUR HEADS, MY DARLINGS;  
 HE'LL CATCH YOU IF HE CAN!"

]

\* \* \* \* \*



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“ON THE BLAZON'D SCROLL OF FAME.”

[To each man of the Crews of the three Life-boats stationed in the Isle of Wight, at Brighstone, Brook and Atherfield, respectively, *Mr. Punch* has had pleasure and pride in presenting an illuminated copy of the Picture and Poem entitled “MR. PUNCH TO THE LIFE-BOAT MEN,” which appeared in his issue of February 13. The names of the coxswains and crews of these three boats, the *Worcester Cadet*, the *William Slaney Lewis*, and the *Catherine Swift*, are inscribed thereon (as they should be in the memories of all true Britons), as follows:—Of the *Worcester Cadet*, JAMES COTTON (Coxswain), ROBERT BUCKETT (Second Coxswain), ROBERT SALTER, WILLIAM BARTON, FRANK EDMUNDS, FRANK BUCKETT, GEORGE NEW, GEORGE MORRIS, GEORGE SHOTTER, GEORGE HAWKER, EDGAR WHITE, WILLIAM MERWOOD, and JAMES HEDGECK.

Of the *William Slaney Lewis*, JOHN HAYTER (Coxswain), BEN JACOBS (Second Coxswain), ROBERT COOPER, W. JACOBS, J. COOKE, G. WHITE, W. CASSELL, T. HOOKEY, J. NEWBURY, J. COOPER, J. HOOKEY, R. WOODFORD, M. CASSELL, WILLIAM HAYTER, W. BLAKE, and W. HOOKEY.

Of the *Catherine Swift*, WILLIAM COTTON (Coxswain), DAVID COTTON (Second Coxswain), JAMES COTTON, THOMAS COTTON, FRANK COTTON, JOHN COTTON, CHARLES COTTON, WALTER WOODFORD, WALTER WHITE, CHARLES HARDING, and B. WHILLIER.

These names thus receive—as they deserve—honourable record “For distinguished bravery and gallant conduct whilst on duty on the occasion of the wreck of the s.s. *Eider*, January 31, 1892.”]

On the Scroll! And why not? Be you sure that it bears  
Many entries less worthy of record than theirs,  
The rough sea-faring fellows, whose names now go down,  
With applause from their Sovereign to swell their renown,  
To posterity's ears. And right pleasantly, too,  
They should sound on those ears; for, run over each crew  
And you'll find that those names have a true homely smack  
Both of country and kinship; there's JIM, there is Jack,  
There is BOB, there is BILL, TOM and GEORGE, CHARLIE, FRANK;  
Can you not hear them sound o'er the waves as in rank  
They go down to their work, ringing right cheery hail  
Through the shrieks of the storm that shall not make *them* pale,  
Those bold Britons? They're brothers, sires, cousins, and sons,  
For see how the “family name” through them runs  
Those COTTONS could make up a crew at a pinch!



Whilst the HOOKEYS and WHITES from that task need not flinch.  
Yes, these names sound as well on the Scroll, after all,  
As NAPOLEON or CAESAR; and when the Great Call  
Of the last human Muster Roll comes, some plain "BILL,"  
Whose business was rather to save than to kill,  
May step before mad ALEXANDER.

Well,



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brothers,

(You BUCKETTS, and WOODFORDS and COOPERS and others,  
Whose names he need hardly string into his rhymes,  
*Punch* hopes you may look on this Record sometimes  
With pleasant reflections. Mere words, he well knows,  
Will not—"butter your parsnips"—(to put sense in prose):  
But you have his hearty good will, and you know it,—  
Right gladly he takes this occasion to show it!  
And when or wherever *another* should come,  
Be sure your friend *Punch* won't be careless or dumb!

\* \* \* \* \*

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

VI.—THE DUFFER AT WHIST.

(*CONTINUED.*)

I am really fond of the game, which is fortunate, though my partners don't think so; but I am free to confess, that nothing short of an absorbing admiration for it and desire to excel, could tempt me to brave the sarcasms, even insults, to which I am subjected. Your thoroughgoing Whist-player as such—admirable in private life as I personally know him to be—the moment he begins the daily business of his life, seems to cast his better nature to the winds. At another time and place he would lend a sympathetic ear to any tale of woe; now and here nothing seems to interest him but his own immediate welfare, which he pursues with concentrated energy and earnestness. I verily believe that if, at one of two adjoining tables, the chandelier fell on the players' heads to their exceeding detriment, the occupants of the other table would scarcely lift their eyes or interrupt their rubber for one moment. *Fiant chartae ruat coelum*—let the cards be made whatever chandeliers fall.

[Illustration: "When I come to think the matter over in cold blood."]

The players at my Club are all good, one especially so, a retired Colonel of a West Indian regiment, of whom I stand in mortal dread. He has short shrift for any failings, even of players nearly as good as himself, whilst as for me! though he has never yet resorted to personal violence with a chair-leg, yet that would not surprise me; and my pestilent fate in defiance of all mathematical odds in such case made and provided, is to cut him as my partner three and four times in succession in an evening. I sometimes have glimmerings of sense, and in hands presenting no particular difficulty, if they contain plenty of good cards—can manage to scrape along in a way I think fairly



satisfactory even—to him, though he never encourages me by saying so. But an awful thing happened the other night. I had played one rubber with him and won it, though it was only a rubber of two instead of a bumper, as it would have been if I had played properly—for being in doubt and remembering the adage, I had led a trump, but it subsequently turned out that *the adversaries had called for them*. Now I never see an adversaries' call, and but rarely those of my partner, unless when made glaringly conspicuous by a ten and a two, so I led this wretched card with disastrous results.



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However, my partner accepted the situation with unexpected suavity, merely remarking pleasantly, as an item of general interest, "The only time my partner ever leads a trump is when the adversaries call." I smiled inanely—what else could I do? for I was dimly conscious that the stricture might have justification in fact. Yes, this was bad; but worse remains behind. In the last hand of the next rubber, my partner had four trumps; so had I; he had, besides a very long suit; hence he extracted the trumps, and we were left with the last two between us, mine being the better. I got the lead, of course, exactly at the time I did not want it; although everyone else knew where the smaller trump was, I did not, so I drew it from my partner's hand, and then led him a card of which he had none in the suit; this card, as ill-luck would have it, belonged to an enormously long suit, of which one of the adversaries had entire control. So this gentleman got in and made about six tricks in it, finishing up with the two; he therefore made with his spades all—indeed, I rather think more tricks than the Colonel ought to have made in his diamonds, each of which, now losing cards, he successively banged down with increasing anger and turbulence of gesture, as the enormity of my crime was borne in upon him. It was the deciding game of a rubber; the adversaries' score had stood at one, while we were at two, and besides, we had had two by honours; as they made four by cards, they went out—and so did I—not without an *obligato* accompaniment on muted strings; unwhispered whispers of "confounded blockhead!" "blundering idiot!" "well, of all the born fools!" and similar objurgations.

When I came to think the matter over in cold blood, I could see that my proper course would have been to lead the losing card before drawing my partner's trump. I merely made a mistake (a fatal one I grant) in the order of playing them. That was all.

\* \* \* \* \*

My friend goes on to make learned remarks about "American leads," "the fourth best," and the difficulties of playing a knave; lead him at once, *I* think, on *Dogberry's* principle: and "thank heaven you are rid of a knave."

The depths of my guilt may be guessed from the fact that many of my Mentor's explanations are Hittite to me. People talking of laying up a wretched old age by not playing, I should be laying it up for other people if I did play much. Half-crown points, a partner who knows how to score (those counters and candlesticks, or the machines with little bone grave-stones that shut up with a snap, bother me), and amiable conversation on well-chosen topics while the game goes on, make the kind of Whist that I enjoy. We used to play it in Common Room in the happy past; it was easier than Loo, which I never quite understood. The rigour of the game is the ruin of Whist.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE NEW L.C.C. WAXWORKS.



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There has not been time yet to arrange the Figures.]

\* \* \* \* \*

### POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

“*Sich a Nice Man Too!*” is one of the latest, and greatest, successes of the clever Coster Laureate, Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, who, “Funny without being Vulgar,” proves that he, the Muse of the Market Cart, and Bard of the Barrow, “Knocks ’em in the Old Kent Road,”—and elsewhere—with well-deserved success. As is ever the case with the works of genuine genius, “liberal applications lie” in his “patter” songs, the enjoyment of which need by no means be confined to the Coster and his chums. For example, at Caucus-Conferences and places where they sing—and shout—the following might be rendered with relish:—

NO. VII.—SICH A SMART MAN TOO!

(COSTER-JIM ON CORKUS-JOE.)

There’s party-men yer meets about  
 What wins yer ’eart instanter;  
 Of *their* success there’s ne’er a doubt,  
 They romps in in a canter.  
 There’s one as means to lick the lot,  
 Brum JOE, the art’lilst dodger.  
 For ’im we Rads went ’ot and ’ot;  
 Sez we, “Yus, JOE’s the codger!”

[Illustration]

*Chorus.*

Sich a smart man too! Sich a very smart man!  
 No Tory pride, no toffish affectation!  
 Yet ’e somehow makes yer feel  
 That in ’im yer ’ave to deal  
 With a gent, if not by buth, by edgercation!

’E made ’is pile in a snide way,—  
 “Down on ther nail,” ’is motter—  
 Went to the front, and came to *stay*;  
 Whigs might pertest and potter.  
 ’Is game wos doin’ the poor good,  
 And doin’ of it ’andsome.



JACK CADE they called 'im,—which was rude—  
'Acos 'e talked o' ransom!

*Chorus.*

Sich a smart man too! Sich a very smart man!  
No "Lily" pride, no blue—blood affectation!  
Yet he somehow made yer feel  
That in 'im yer 'ad to deal  
With a gent by nature *and* by edgercation!

You ought to seen 'im on the stump,  
Smart frock and stiff shirt collar;  
Got up regardless, clean-cut chump,  
Orchid for button-'oler!  
'E cocked a snook at pride o' race.  
We shouted "Brayvo, BRUMMY!  
Peg on, we'll put yer in fust place;  
Then won't old WEG look rummy?"

*Chorus.*

Sich a smart man too! Sich a very smart man!  
No *Rip wan Winkle* HARTY affectation!  
Yet 'e somehow made yer feel  
That 'e jest knowed 'ow to deal  
With the "Gentlemen" by both and edgercation.

Acrost 'is phiz there stole a smile,  
Like sunshine in November.  
Sez 'e, "I'm for the Sons o' Tile!"  
O yus, don't we remember!  
We fancied JOE was one of hus,  
A cove we might ha' trusted.  
Now you should 'ear the Corkus cuss  
At the Brum bubble—busted!



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*Chorus.*

Sich a smart man too! Sich a very smart man!  
 No orty scorn, no "arm-cheer" affectation!  
 One as somehow made yer feel  
 'E alone knowed 'ow to deal  
 With Allotments, Taxes and Free Edgercation!

'E chose to play at hodd man hout;  
 'E ain't the fust by many  
 Wot's tried to Tommy-Dodd the rout  
 With a two-'eaded penny.  
 It's broke our trust; 'e can go 'ome  
 With Toffdom for next neighbour.  
 'E won't cut Capital's cockscomb  
 In the 'Oly Cause o' Labour!

*Chorus.*

Sich a snide man too! Sich a very snide man!  
 And now,—but that's 'is hartful affectation!  
 'E would like to make hus feel  
 As he only "plays genteel,"  
 To give Toffs a Demmycratic Hedgercation!

\* \* \* \* \*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 7.*—JOKIM in a bad way to-night. People are wanting to know how it has come about that TATE's offer of L80,000 for Picture Gallery, with L80,000 worth of pictures thrown in to start it, has, after long correspondence with CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, been withdrawn. JOKIM rises to explain.

"What I should really like to do," he whispered to me, in confidence, "is to give him one for his *tete*, as we say in cribbage. But suppose I must speak him fair." Did his best in that direction though undercurrent of observation in lengthy paper he read decidedly set in direction of making TATE out as a cantankerous wrong-headed person who, proposing to bestow some L160,000 in way of free gift, expected to have his wishes consulted in such matter of detail as selection of site for Gallery.

"I venture to hope," said JOKIM, in conclusion, "that the door is not finally closed on the establishment of a gallery for British Art."



[Illustration: Young Father Dillwyn.]

“That’s not quite it,” said Young Father DILLWYN, with hand to ear, listening from corner seat below Gangway he shares with that other eminent statesman, the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE’S GATE. “What we complain of is, that you have so managed matters that the door hasn’t been opened.”

“Ah, well,” said JOKIM, wringing his hands, “it’s no use my trying anything. Remember once seeing in dock of police-court at Lyons, a sailor brought up charged with some offence. On his arm was tattooed the legend, ‘*Pas de chance.*’ He told long story of honest endeavour, combined with strict honesty and tireless industry, ever frustrated by malign accident. In short, he was no sooner out of prison than he was sent back upon fresh conviction. He had no chance, and one time, in enforced retirement from the world, he indelibly inscribed the legend on his forearm. *Moi aussi, je n’ai pas de chance.* Ever since I joined this Government things have gone wrong with me, whether in Budget Schemes, when acting as Deputy Leader of the House, with L1 notes, and now in this affair, where I run my head against TATE (sort of *tete-a-tete*), and, though I’m innocent as a lamb, everybody will have it that I’ve muddled things and lost the nation a munificent gift. *Pas de chance; cher Toby; pas de chance!*”



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[Illustration: Craig (not Ailsa).]

HANBURY been looking into our Army Service, and behold! it is very bad. Condemns it, lock, stock, and barrel. Things no better than they were in time of Crimean War. Our Army costs more, and could do less than any in the world. Curious to find statement like this gravely made in presence of twenty-eight Members, all told, including the SPEAKER. Suppose it's true, Empire on verge of precipice, into which, on slightest impulse, it may totter and disappear. Hon. Members, in the main, care so little that they busy themselves writing letters, chatting in Lobby, gossiping in Smoke-room; the few present admirably succeed in disguising terror that must possess them as HANBURY, in solemn voice, utters his lamentation.

“HANBURY,” said CRAIG, looking across the House at tall figure below Gangway, “reminds me of the old party that rust LOCHIEL, and told him his prospects in the next war were at least doubtful,—

'LOCHIEL, LOCHIEL, beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-array.’”

LOCHIEL STANHOPE recks no more than the Northern Chieftain; makes speech nearly two hours long, proving to empty, but interested Benches, that never since Peninsular War had Great Britain an Army so large or so fully equipped. When midnight struck, the few Members present shook themselves, yawned, and went home. *Business done.*—In Committee on Army Estimates.

[Illustration: Mr. Swift MacNeill's little joke.]

*Tuesday.*—Never saw in the flesh procession of Russian Convicts starting on their journey to Siberia. Have read about it, though; have even seen pictures thereof. The most saddening and soul-depressing of these came back to mind just now, when PULESTON, PELLY and BURDETT-COUTTS forlornly filed forth at command of Chairman of Committees, amid cheers of heartless Opposition. If they'd only been a little more ragged in appearance, and, above all, if they had been connected by leg-chain, illusion would have been complete. Members on Front Benches, as they passed them, wearily faring forth, could not have resisted natural impulse to feel in their waistcoat pocket for a kopec or two to bestow upon the unfortunates.

It was the suddenness of the sentence, the swift falling of the blow, that made it so cruelly heavy. Last Friday these three Members had supported a vote subsidising East Africa Co. in matter of preliminary expenses of railway through their territory. Someone had discovered they were pecuniarily interested in undertaking. To-day SWIFT MACNEILL raised the question of parliamentary law in such cases. Moved Resolution that vote of three Members be disallowed.



Nothing could exceed gentleness of MACNEILL's demeanour. Rather in sorrow than in anger he moved in the matter, anxious, as all Irish Members are, for purity of Parliamentary practice and sanctity of constitutional principles. Almost blubbered in BURDETT-COUTTS's waistcoat; embraced PELLY and PULESTON in comprehensive smile of amity.

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Encouraged by this attitude, the three Members assumed easy, almost jaunty, manner. True, PULESTON admitted he would not have done it if he'd thought anyone would have made a row about it—"as the little boy said when he was being spanked for putting his fingers in the jam-pot," observed MARJORIBANKS, *sotto voce*. BURDETT-COUTTS almost haughty in his defiance of the descendant of the Uncle of JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's.

PELLY pensive in manner and enigmatical in allusion; felt it particularly hard thus to be placed in the dock, as if he were an Irish County Councillor under Prince ARTHUR's new Bill. Only last Friday, in debate preceding the very Division now under discussion, he had delivered an Address which disclosed intimate acquaintance with topographical bearings of rarely trodden wilds in Central Africa. Had shown how an Agent of East Africa Company, setting forth from So-and-so, had, after perilous passage, reached So-on. After a night of broken rest, his pillow soothed by the roar of GRANDOLPH's nine lions, he had set out again. Crossing the River So-forth he wandered for hours, carrying the flag of his country through the limitless plains of Etcetera.

House listened entranced, whilst PELLY hurried them from So-on to So-forth.

"Excellent speech," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, himself not unfamiliar with land-surveying; "but the country seems a little monotonously named."

"It's not that," cried PELLY, interrupting; "the fact is, I can't pronounce the names in the despatches, and call them So-on."

House delighted with this explanation; PELLY found himself at one bound in front rank of Parliamentary orators. This only last Friday; to-day called upon to defend himself from charge of breaking written law of Parliament. Bad this, but worse to come. When PELLY's pensive voice died away, COURTNEY rose from Chair and sternly said, "In accordance with practice of the House, the three Hon. Members will now withdraw." So they strode forth, clothed with innocence. PULESTON first, with ghastly smile on his face; BURDETT-COUTTS next, wondering what they would think of this in Stratton Street; PELLY bringing up the rear, the forlornest file that ever passed between ranks of jeering spectators, slowly making their way from So-on to So-forth. *Business done.*—None.

[Illustration: The Salvationist Solicitor-General.]

*Thursday.*—"The Leadership isn't all beer and skittles, is it?" I said to Prince ARTHUR just now, trying to put the best face on a melancholy business.

"No," he said, shortly, "and it isn't public business at all."



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Quite true. What officers in command of sham-fights call “the general idea” of the Sitting to-night, was—questions beginning at half-past three; over probably at four; House in Committee; take up Army Estimates; peg away at them till midnight; then “Who goes home?” Time-table of what actually took place slightly, but firmly different. House met at three; prayers, which appropriately prefaced HENRY FOWLER’s motion to permit Salvation Army to go its own way on quiet Sabbaths at Eastbourne. Debated this till twenty minutes past six, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL heartily joining in the service; then questions, seventy or eighty of them, not seven or eight of public interest, the rest of character that might be raised on dull days in Vestry-hall.

At half-past seven, time to dress for dinner. Still, Members think they’ll just wait and see business commenced. “Instead of which,” as the Judge said, up gets SWIFT MACNEILL, asking permission to move Adjournment of House in order to discuss famine in India, and shortcomings of Indian Government. SPEAKER invites those who support application to rise in their places. Gentlemen below the Gangway, with hearts bleeding for famished fellow-creatures in far-off Ind (subject reminds them, by the way, that dinner is nearly ready), leap to their feet. Twice the forty necessary thus forthcoming; leave given, and SWIFT MACNEILL proceeds to open his budget. Then strange thing happens. The eighty Gentlemen who sprang up to secure hearing for MACNEILL, being on their legs, conclude that, as it’s so near dinner-time, scarcely worth while resuming their seat; so they bundle forth, MACNEILL, somewhat ungratefully (for they had secured his opportunity) urging them to “be off, if they didn’t want to hear about the sufferings of their fellow-creatures.”

At ten o’clock MACNEILL episode closed. Prince ARTHUR moved, with intent to expedite business, a Resolution taking Report of Supply after midnight. Talked on this till twenty minutes to twelve. Business reached at last, but since Debate closes at midnight, no time to do anything. Committee of Supply accordingly postponed, and Members begin chatting about Gresham College, admitting in course of conversation that there is nothing to talk about, since Government have adopted suggestion of objectors to scheme.

*Business done.*—None.

*Friday.*—MACNEILL the Avenger to the front again, with his Motion about the Siberian Exiles. “JEMMY” LOWTHER, in most judicial manner, supports Motion, that votes of PELLY, PULESTON and BURDETT-COUTTS on Mombasa Affair shall be struck out. Prince ARTHUR argues on other side; Mr. G. throws weight of his authority into scale against the Exiles; JOKIM feebly attempts to reply. On Division, in full House, Government defeated by five votes. MACNEILL’s smile, as he announced the figures, simply enormous. “At first I thought it was an earthquake,” said STANHOPE, shuddering. Nerves shattered by second defeat of Government in the week. *Business done.*—Looks as if the Government’s was—very nearly.

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