

# **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, August 8, 1891 eBook**

## **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, August 8, 1891**

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# Page 1

## LARKS FOR LONDONERS.

Sir,—Certainly throw open all our Town Halls for gratuitous concerts and dances! But that's not half enough. Some of us don't care for dancing, and abhor music. What I propose is that Free Billiard-tables should be established in each parish. Billiards is much better exercise than sitting still on a chair listening to singing. Then there ought to be places where one could get municipal tobacco without paying for it. Tobacco is just as much a necessary of life as education—more so, in fact, in my opinion. On winter evenings it would also be nice to be able to step over to one's Town Hall and have a glass or two of free ale, or "wine from the wood"—also from the rates. I don't pay rates myself, as I happen to live in a flat, but I am sure the ratepayers will immediately recognise the justice of my demands.

UNBIASED.

Sir,—By all means let us try to give more pleasure to the people. The pleasure, however, should be of a distinctly elevating kind. I would advocate throwing open the South Kensington Natural History Museum in the evening. This would be most useful, especially to people living at the East End, and the amusement thus afforded, though perhaps not rollicking, would at all events be solid. To keep out undesirable characters, it would be as well to admit nobody who could not produce his baptismal certificate, and a recommendation from the clergyman of his parish, countersigned by a resident J.P. I am sure that people would jump at a chance of an evening among the *Coleoptera*.

Yours, *naturalist*.

Sir,—I cannot understand why people should ask for more amusement than they get at present. Have not they the Parks to walk about in? In wet weather they can take shelter under trees. In winter they ought to stay at home in the evenings, and enjoy reading aloud to their families. I would even go so far as to allow an occasional game at draughts. Chess is too exciting, and of course backgammon is out of the question, because of the deadly dice-box. For the frivolously inclined, "Puss in the Corner" is a harmless indoor game. I throw out these observations for what they may be worth, and trusting that they will not be regarded as dangerously subversive of morality, I remain,

Yours grimly, *home, sweet home!*

Sir,—The movement for turning our Town Halls into places of amusement is an excellent one. What I would like to suggest is, that the Vestrymen should themselves take part in the entertainments. Why not have weekly theatrical performances, with parts found for all local Authorities? I feel convinced that *Hamlet*, played by our Vestry, would be worth going miles to see. The Dust Contractor could play the *Ghost*, while minor characters could be sustained by the Medical Officer of Health, the Chaplain of

the Workhouse, and others; the Chairman, of course, would figure in the title *role*. A topical comic song, by the Board of Guardians, with breakdown, might serve as a pleasing interlude; breakdowns in local matters are, I believe, not unknown already. The idea is worth considering. I think the Vestrymen owe something to the ratepayers in return for the votes we give them.



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Yours, *Merry Andrew*.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Bruisers and BOLUSES*.—A “Champion” pugilist is even more presumptuous than a popular Pill. He claims to be “Worth a Thousand Guineas a ‘Box.’”

\* \* \* \* \*

*After the season.*

*A PROPOSAL FIN DE SIECLE.*

[Illustration]

Farewell! since the Season is over,  
Ah me, but its moments were sweet!  
You are off', *via* Folkestone or Dover,  
To some Continental retreat.  
On Frenchman and German you'll lavish  
The smiles that can madden me still;  
While I, with the gillie McTavish,  
Am breasting the heather-clad hill.

Oh, do you remember the dances,  
The dearest were those we sat out,  
How I frowned when detecting your glances  
On others, which caused you to pout?  
You are changeful and coy and capricious,  
A weathercock easily blown;  
But when shall I hear the delicious  
One word that proclaims you my own?

They say that an eloquent passion  
Has long become quite out of date,  
That true love is never the fashion,  
And marriage a wearisome state.  
They conjure up many a bogie,  
To guard a man's bachelor life,  
And keep him a selfish old fogey,  
And stop him from taking a wife.

They vow that a wife needs a carriage,  
And opera-boxes and stalls,  
That money's the one thing in marriage,



And cheques are as common as calls.  
They say women shy (like some horses)  
At vows made to love and obey;  
They tell you drear tales of divorces,  
And scandals, the talk of the day.

But hang all those cynical railings,  
Just write me one exquisite line  
To say you'll look over my failings,  
And promise me you will be mine.  
And though I'm aware it's the merest  
Small matter of detail, to clear  
The ground, I may mention, my dearest,  
I've full thirty thousand a year.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Bacon and A mouthful.*—Last Friday His Honour Judge *Bacon* had to decide a case which was headed in the papers “Cagliostromantheon.” What a mouthful! Mrs. *Churchill-jodrell*, who was a fair defendant, won the case; and His Honour—this appeal having been made to His Honour by Mr. B. PLAYFAIR, an excellent name for any gentleman, on or off the stage, but especially for one described as “an actor,”—decided that His Honour was satisfied. Peace with His Honour!

\* \* \* \* \*

*New Tory Nursery Rhyme.*

(BY “A CAMBRIDGE PARSON.”)

[“The last reliance of the Tories in extremity is the policy  
of ‘Dishing.’”—*Sir W. Harcourt.*]



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Hey diddle diddle,  
The voters we'd fiddle  
With Free Education—that "boon."  
But Wisbech birds laugh  
At such plain party "chaff,"  
And the "Dish"—at the polls—proves a "Spoon."

\* \* \* \* \*

*From GRANDOLPH the explorer.*

Oh, for one hour of the Amphytrion! I can't even send you a digest of the news generally, for my power to digest is already becoming seriously impaired. Here, indeed, as say the Witches in *Macbeth* (I think it's the Witches, but haven't my *Shakspeare* handy, I mean my *Handy Shakspeare*, with me—wish I had), "Fowl is Fare." Send my Pilgrim's Scrip next week. Till then, Yours ever, GRANDOLPH.

\* \* \* \* \*

IN THE NAME OF CHARLES DIBDIN!

*A LAY FOR THE LIFEBOAT SERVICE.*

[An urgent appeal is made on behalf of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which is declared to be "in dire financial straits," the deficit for last year being L33,000. Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received by CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., Secretary, R.N.L.I., 14, St. John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.]

True "tuneful CHARLEY is no more,"  
As DIBDIN's Monument informs us;  
But memory of the man who bore  
That honoured name still stirs and warms us.  
And here's another of his name,  
Who still the British Sailor's serving;  
Then who could see without sore shame  
JOHN BULL from *his* plain duty swerving?

Thirty-three Thousand to the bad,  
Our Lifeboat Service, once our glory?  
Nay, JOHN, that will *not* do, my lad;  
Next year must tell a different story.  
Think, what would "tuneful CHARLEY" say  
To such a thing? In racy lingo,

Upon our backs his lash he'd lay,  
And give the slothful Britons "stingo."

Thirty-five thousand lives they've saved,  
Our Life-boat rescuers, already.  
The seas around our shores they've braved,  
With valour prompt and patience steady.  
Shall they be floored for *L.S.D.*,  
Because JOHN BULL his pockets buttons?  
Then the old keepers of the Sea  
Must be, in pluck, as dead as muttons.

True, lads, on such a text as this  
"We sadly miss old CHARLEY's line;"  
But were we mute, Neptune would hiss  
His sons degenerate off the brine.  
Old "CHARLEY" spins his yarns no more!  
He's dead, as *Scrooge* declared old *Marley*.  
What then? Wake up, from shore to shore,  
And—send your guineas to *Young* CHARLEY!

\* \* \* \* \*

"GREAT SCOT!"

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[Extorted, by circumstances beyond his control, from a stolid but unsuccessful Saxon Shootist at Bisley and Wimbledon, after the match at the latter place between picked twenties of the London Scottish and the London Rifle Brigade, won easily by the former team.]

Oh! the Scot lot are all cracks at a shot,  
And extremely successful at Hunting the Pot.  
This particular "Saxon" the hump has got,  
Being licked by a team which is Picked *and* Scot.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: SETTING THEIR CAPS AT HIM; OR, AN AUTOCRAT IN ODD COMPANY.]

["Never," said the CZAR, at the Imperial dinner to which the Officers of the French Fleet were invited, "could I have believed that Republican Sailors, that Republican Soldiers, could have such a bearing."—*Times*.

"The CZAR has, at the instance of the United States, ordered a temporary relaxation of the measures for the expulsion of the Jews from Russia."—*Times*.]

*Autocrat (aside)*. "HUMPH! CHARMING CREATURES, BOTH; BUT CAN'T SAY I LIKE THEIR COSTUMES!"]

"How happy could I be with either?"  
Humph! N-n-o-o, I can hardly say *that*!  
Yet here we are, tripping together,  
Republics and proud Autocrat!  
Two cats and a Boreal Bruin!—  
So satire will say, I've no doubt.  
And some will declare it must ruin  
The Russdom once ruled by the knout.  
I wonder—I very much wonder—  
What NICK to this sight would have said—  
I fear he'd have looked black as thunder,  
And savage as RURIC the Red.  
For this did we lose the Crimea?  
For this did we larrup the Jews?  
I really had not an idea  
Republics could rule—and amuse.  
Miss FRANCE looks extremely coquettish.  
How well Miss COLUMBIA can coax!  
The Teuton, no doubt, will look pettish,



The Briton will grumble “a hoax.”  
Aha! I can snub a Lord Mayor,  
And give shouting Emperors a hint;  
I back *La Belle France*. Her betrayer  
My meaning must see, plain as print.  
My reply to the great Guildhall grumble  
Had less of politeness than pith,  
But—well I’ve no wish so to humble  
My friend Mr. EMORY SMITH,  
Or CRAWFORD, the Consul. No thank ye,  
*Persona gratissima*, he;  
And therefore I yield to the Yankee  
The boon I refused to J.B.  
But yet, all the same, it *is* funny  
To see Three like us in One Boat.  
COLUMBIA looks dulcet as honey,  
Miss F.’s every glance is a gloat.  
I never imagined Republics  
Could have such a “bearing” as these.  
Enjoyingly as a bear cub licks  
The comb sweetly filled by the bees,  
I list to their flattering-chatter;  
Their voices are pleasant—in praise;  
But—well, though it seems a



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small matter,

I *don't* like that dashed "*Marseillaise*."  
And "*Israel in Egypt*" sounds pointed  
I'd Pharaoh the miscreants—but stay,  
My soliloquy's getting disjointed,  
I've promised! COLUMBIA looks gay,  
*La Belle France* displays a *grande passion*;  
My arms they unitedly press.  
One thing though; the Phrygian fashion  
Is not *my* ideal of dress.  
They swear that they both love me dearly,  
Their "best of old Autocrat Chaps!"  
They are setting their Caps at me, clearly,  
But,—well, *I don't quite like the Caps!*

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE CAPLESS MAID.

["The plaintiff gave evidence that she was engaged as a sort of house and parlour-maid ... and was discharged after she had been there nine days, because she refused to wear a cap ... His Honour: I do not think she was bound to wear a cap."—*Daily Paper*.]

What shall we do with our Maid?  
How shall we treat her best?  
Shall the gems that are rare be strewed in her hair?  
And shall she in silks be drest?  
Shall we make her a gift of gold?  
Shall we make her our queen? Perhaps.  
But whatever we make her, wherever we take her,  
We never must make her wear caps.

Imperious, capless, supreme,  
Do just as you please evermore;  
And wear what you will, for we shall be  
And never complain as before.  
We may put all our money in mines,  
We may put all our cheese into traps,  
But we put, it is clear, our foot in it, dear,  
When we try to put you into caps.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE DIFFERENCE.

["It needs no argument to show that in the summer of 1893 Mr. GLADSTONE is less likely to take an active part in any electoral contest than he can be in the spring or autumn of 1892."—*Mr. Edward Dicey, on "The Next Parliament."*]

"Time's on our side," said GLADSTONE. DICEY, too,  
Takes Edax Rerum as his friend most true.  
GLADSTONE Time's "Hour Glass" trusts; but DICEY's blithe  
Because *his* hopes are centred on Time's *scythe*.  
Faith lives in Life, but Fear's most vigorous breath  
Lives "in the sure and certain hope"—of Death!

\* \* \* \* \*

## RESIGNATION.

"Fire! Fire!"  
"Where? where?"  
SHAW's resigned.  
Then find  
Another one!  
Many gone?  
Fire! Where?  
Here's a scare!!

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: A NEW WAY OF PAYING CHURCH DEBTS.

(*Vide "Liverpool Daily Post," July 23 1891.*)]

\* \* \* \* \*

## UPON A GLOVE.

(*AFTER THE FASHION—MORE OR LESS—OF HERRICK.*)

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Oh, limp and leathery type of Social Sham,  
And Legislative Flam!  
Which cunning CUNNINGHAME and MATTHEWS cool  
(Both prompt to play the fool,  
In free-lance fashion or official form)  
Prattled of, 'midst a storm  
Of crackling laughter, and ironic cheers,  
And sniggering, "Hear, hears!"—  
Thou summest well the humbug of our lives.  
The fistic "bunch of fives"  
Is not like JULIA's jewelled "palm of milk"  
Shrouded in kid or silk,  
But JULIA was a sensuous little "sell,"  
And SMITH and PRITCHARD—well,  
One would not like a clump upon the head  
From the teak-noddled "TED,"  
Or e'en a straight sockdollager from "JEM;"  
But somehow "bhoys" like them,  
Who mill three rounds to an uproarious "house,"  
And only nap "a mouse,"  
Though one before the end of the third bout  
Is clean "knocked out,"—  
Such burly, brawny buffetters for hire,  
Who in ten minutes tire,  
And clutch the ropes, and turn a Titan back  
To shun the impending thwack,—  
Such "Champions" smack as much of trick and pelf  
As venal JULIA's self.  
GRAHAM may be a "specialist," no doubt,  
And "What *is* a knock-out?"  
May mystify ingenuous MATTHEWS much;  
But Truth's Ithuriel touch  
Applied to pulpy "JEM" and steely "TED,"  
(Of "slightly swollen" head)  
As well as unsophisticated COBB,  
(If Truth were "on the job,")  
Might find False Show and Pharisaic "Stodge,"  
And Law-evading dodge,  
Dissimulating "Innocence," sham bravery,  
Blind Justice, lynx-eyed knavery,  
All the material the Satirist loves,  
In those same "four-ounce gloves"!

\* \* \* \* \*

## OMITTED FROM PORTRAIT GALLERY

AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

Portrait of William Hatley, Black-Eye'd Susan, and Captain Crosstree, R.N.

Portrait of Tom Bowline. Also a picture of Davy Jones, to be presented by Mr. Frederick Locker.

A Horse Marine, A.D. 1815.

Portrait of William Taylor, as a gay young fellow. Also his affianced bride, as "William Carr," after she had "dabbled her lily-white hands in the nasty pitch and tar."

Picture of somebody, name unknown, inquiring of Benjamin Bolt whether or no he happened to remember "Sweet Alice, sweet Alice with hair so brown, who wept with delight when you (B.B.) gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at your (B.B.'s) frown?" The portrait also of the aforesaid Alice, evidently rather a weak-minded young person.

Also pictures of "Pol" and "Partner Joe;" and a likeness of "Black Brandon," very rare, in "penny plain" form, or "twopence coloured."

\* \* \* \* \*

WITH THE B.M.A. AT BOURNEMOUTH.



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In order to satisfy myself as to truth in conflicting reports about Bournemouth as a summer resort, I take express 12.30 from Waterloo, and go straight away to my terminus, stopping, if I remember rightly, only twice on the road. First-rate run, through lovely scenery, with the London and South-Western Pack; found at Waterloo, and, with the exception of a slight check of only three minutes at Southampton Water—scent generally lost where water is, I believe—and another of a few seconds at Brockenhurst, ran into our quarry at Bournemouth Station West, in just two hours and a half. [*Happy Thought*.—Lunch *en route*, between 12.30 and 3. Pullman cars attached to some trains, not all. Certainly recommend Pullman, where possible; all comforts at hand for eating and drinking: likewise smoking-room, &c., &c.]

[Illustration: “WELCOME THE COMING—”

“There, my dear Sir; there’s your room, and I’m only charmed to have your company.”—*Extract from Speech of the Hearty Hotel-Proprietor to Un-illustrious Visitor.*]

Generally understood that Bournemouth is the Monte Carlo, or Nice, or Monaco, or Riviera of England. May be it is; if so, Monte Carlo, and the rest can’t be so hot in summer as they are painted, for Bournemouth just now is (I speak of the last week in July) at a delightfully mean temperature,—if I may be allowed to use the word “mean” without implying any sort of disrespect for the Bournemouthers.

Bournemouth apparently crowded. Do not remember it on any previous occasional visit, in autumn or spring, so crowded as at this present moment. Odd!

“Not at all,” explains flyman; “British Medical Association here. All sorts of festivities. Hotels all crowded. Lodgings too.”

If the worst come to the worst, I shall have to spend a night in a bathing-machine. Not bad: if fine. Can be called early; then sea-bath; also man to bring hot water and towels. While speculating on this probability, we arrive at

*Royal Bath Hotel*.—Flag flying, showing that British Medical Association Family are at home. Other flags elsewhere express same idea. B.M.A. at home everywhere, of course. Array of servants in brown liveries and gilt buttons in outer hall, preparing to receive visitors. Pleasant and courteous Manager—evidently Manager—with foreign accent receives me smilingly. “Any difficulty about rooms?” I ask, nervously. “None whatever in your case,” returns courteous Manager, bowing most graciously as he emphasises the possessive pronoun. In the hall are trim young ladies, pleasant matronly ladies, chorus of young porters and old porters, all smiling, and awaiting my lightest bow and heaviest baggage. I am “to be shown up.” (*Absit omen!*) However, I am shown up. Charming room: sea-view, nearly all the views from the windows of Royal Bath are sea-views, take the Bath which way you will; and the welcome is so warm, it ought to be The Warm Bath Hotel.

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I am looking for something which has probably been left in the hall. "Let me see," I say, musingly, to myself, as I look round; "where's my waterproof with two capes? I've missed—er—" I hesitate, being still uncertain.

A sprightly Boots is going hurriedly out of the room. He pauses in his swift career, as if catching my last words. I hear him repeat, "Missed—er—" and then "Capes." To this he adds, sharply, "Yes, Sir, I'll tell him," and vanishes.

"Tell him?" Oh, probably he means that he will tell the other Boots to bring up my waterproof with the double capes. But to make assurance doubly sure, I go to the top of the stairs and call out, "Wrapper—with two capes—probably in the hall—don't see it here." To which, from somewhere down below in obscurity, the voice of the Boots comes up to me, "Capes in the hall," then something inaudible, finishing with, "up there."

I return to my apartment. Lovely view. Open window. Balmy and refreshing breeze. Becoming aware of the fact that I have left the door open, expecting return of Boots with waterproof wrapper, I am turning to shut it, when "to me enters" as the old stage-directions have it, a distinguished-looking gentleman, bearded and moustached, white-vested, and generally "in full fig."—(*Mem.—Write to Notes and Queries, Unde derivatur*—"Full fig?") who advances briskly but quietly towards me. My visitor has evidently made some mistake in the number of his room. At least, I hope the mistake isn't on *my* part, or on the urbane Manager's part, in putting me up here. Smart visitor bows. I am about to explain that he is in error, and that this is my room, when he deprecates any remark by saying, "Delighted to meet you; my name is CAPES. The porter told me you wished to see me. I am sure, Sir, I am more than delighted to see *you*!" and he proffers his hand, which I take and shake heartily, at the same time wondering where on earth we have met before, and why he should be so effusively joyful at seeing me again. Suddenly, as I release his hand, I see where the mistake is, and how it has arisen. A brilliant flash of memory recalls to my mind that in an advertisement I have read how this hotel belongs to Mr. CAPES,—Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, F.R.G.S., &c., &c. This amiable gentleman who bids me welcome so heartily is the Proprietor himself. I also am delighted. "Very kind of him to take this trouble," I say.

"Not at all," he won't hear of there being any special kindness on his part. And as to trouble!—well, he scouts that idea with an energetic wave of his hand. Now, he wants to know, what will I do, where will I go, what will I take? Section A. of the Medical Association is meeting in the Town Hall, but I shall be late for that; or "perhaps," suggests the considerate Proprietor, "you would like to rest a bit before dinner at seven. Then there's the Concert afterwards. I have tickets for you, and no doubt on your return you'll have a cigar in the smoking-room with your friends, and be glad to get to bed."

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I thank him: most kind. I say, smilingly, that “No doubt, shall meet some friends;” a remark which seems to tickle him immensely. As a matter of fact, however, I confide to him that I should prefer keeping myself quiet this evening, as I have so much to do to-morrow morning.

“Of course you have,” assents the Proprietor most sympathetically. “And you’d like to rest as much as possible to-night after your journey. You’d like a table to yourself a little later. No—no—no thanks, I’m only too delighted.”

And, so saying, the kind Proprietor leaves me to see to the hundred-and-one things he has to do to-day, only stopping the Boots, who now arrives with the double-caped waterproof I had sent him for, to point me out to him, and to tell him to order a private table for me in the *salle a manger* “at—at?”—he queries—and I reply by inquiring if I may fix it for 7.45, as the room will be quieter then. “Certainly,” says Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, without making the slightest difficulty about it. Then, turning to Boots, he says, “7.45,” whereupon Boots repeats the mystic formula. And thus ’tis arranged.

Delightful gardens of Hotel. Stroll out on to cliff. Beautiful air, not the least enervating. On the contrary, refreshing. Returning later on to dress, I see the *salle a manger* full to overflowing. The Medicals are all feeding well and wisely, as Medicals ought to do. A pleasant company. Only a few of the younger and idler spirits remain when I sit down to my dinner about eight. Excellent *cuisine*. Couldn’t be better. Salmon-trout from Christchurch, Poole pickles, beef from Boscombe, Hampshire ham with Bournemouth beans. For wine, Peter Pommery ’80; and the whole to finish with Corfe Castle Korffee, a Lyndhurst liqueur, and cigar in the sea-garden, or garden o’erlooking the sea.

Lovely night. Then, after a stroll, “to bed,” as *Lady Macbeth* observes. Sensible person, *Lady Mac*.

On second thoughts will look at papers in smoking-room. Am alone at first, but in a few minutes room crowded. Medical Association has returned in force. I catch occasional bits in conversation:—

“Pity MCSIMMUM (or some name very like this) couldn’t come. Great pity; missed him immensely.” (Here several stories about MCSIMMUM, all evidently more or less good, and all interesting. I myself begin to wish that MCSIMMUM had arrived. He would have been an acquisition.) More medical men of various ages and with variety of spectacles. All enjoying themselves thoroughly,—quite medical boys out for a holiday,—but every one of them, individually and collectively, intensely regretting the absence of Dr. MCSIMMUM. I hear the voice of my friend Mr. CAPES in the passage. I will ask Mr. CAPES about this celebrated Dr. MCSIMMUM, whom evidently I ought to know, at least by repute. Perhaps I have known him by sight for years; perhaps he is a man with whom I often dine at the Club, and who entertains us in the smoking-room with strange

stories of odd patients. His name I have heard long ago. Was it MCSIMMUM? Not unlikely. Can't remember.

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Mr. CAPES is energetically explaining and protesting to everybody. Amid the hum and buzz of voices, I catch what he is saying. It is, "My dear Sir, Dr. MCSIMMUM *is* here. I've seen him. He dined alone. He said he preferred it, as he had so much to do to-morrow." Then several exclaim, "But *where* is he *now*?"

"I don't know," replies the Proprietor. "Most likely, being tired, he has gone to bed. I myself showed him to his room, No. 142, on his arrival."

Heavens! The number of my room—is 142! Not another man in *there*! No.... I see it all now, *I am Dr. MCSIMMUM*! The real MCSIMMUM hasn't arrived, and he hasn't sent a message. This accounts for my welcome, and the absence of all difficulty in obtaining a room. But if he arrives now! where shall *I* be?

"What's that about MCSIMMUM?" says a jovial voice, coming right into the midst of them.

To which inquiry responds a chorus, "He's here! Mr. CAPES says so, but no one's seen him."

"And no one's likely to." returns the cheery speaker. "He's staying with some friends a little way out of the town. He has just sent me a note by hand to say that he won't occupy his room till to-morrow, and will be much obliged if Mr. CAPES will forward by bearer a bag that was labelled and addressed to the room taken for him here, No. 142."

[Illustration: "—— Speed the Parting Guest."]

"But—" exclaims the Proprietor, aghast, "but—"

At this moment I catch sight of the man with the cheery voice. Saved! I know him. It is my old friend, Sir JOHN HARTLEY, M.D., who, years ago, told me there was nothing the matter with me, only I must take a holiday and go abroad to get better (most excellent advice, and I've never been quite well since), and who now exclaims, with all his old breadth of manner, "What *you* here! Bravo! We'll make you an honorary member!"

The Proprietor looks at me, and I at the Proprietor. I know what is passing through the mind of Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, F.R.G.S. and P.R.B.H. I hasten to relieve his anxiety by saying, "Thanks; I'm here only for the night; I'm off to-morrow. I've just come down here to look for a house. By the way, I rather think that Dr. MCSIMMUM's bag must be in my room. Let's see."

So I depart with the Proprietor. Explanations *en route*. Dr. MCSIMMUM's bag has been placed in my room, I should say in *his* room. But I've got the apartment, and if it hadn't been for the mistake, I should have been homeless and houseless, and a wanderer on the face of the sand at Bournemouth. Must write to that best of all doctors, MCSIMMUM, and thank him for not coming to-night.



As it is I spend a delightful evening with the Members of the B.M.A. here assembled, in the smoking-room. The conversation is chiefly about the use of alcohol and tobacco as poisons. The decision arrived at towards one o'clock A.M., or, more correctly speaking, the Inn-decision, is that, on this particular occasion, one glass more of something or other, and just one last pipe or cigar, cannot possibly hurt anybody. This is carried *nem. con.*: and so, subsequently, we adjourn, not carried but walking, soberly and honestly, to bed.

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Next morning up with the lark, indeed a trifle earlier, and after examining Bournemouth and finding excellent residences up above in beautiful air where it must always be breezy, I thank Mr. NORFOLK CAPES, F.R.G.S. and P.R.B.H for the Hospitality shown me in his exceptionally pleasant house, and I return by the swift 2.5 P.M. train, which lands me at Vauxhall at 4.30 to the moment. Of course I am now expecting my diploma as Honorary Member of the British Medical Association.

\* \* \* \* \*

ANOTHER JUBILEE.—That of the Old Stagers at Canterbury. Free List entirely suspended at the Theatre, with the exception of just *A Scrap Of Paper* in the house.

\* \* \* \* \*

KURDS AND AWAY!

[Illustration]

Indignant we spoke out, and any amount  
Of strong language we used when we read the account,  
And a tear slowly rolled down our cheek when we heard  
Of the youthful Miss G. and the Kidnapping Kurd.

We sat in our chairs, and, quite reckless of life,  
We wiped out the insult with war to the knife;  
And it only redoubled our anger to read  
That the girl—so they said—had abandoned her creed.

Such a thing was absurd, and, of course, wasn't true;  
Much perplexed, we all wondered what we ought for to do,  
Though we heard with delight they were on the girl's track,  
And we wept in our joy when we knew she was back.

But the wonderful ending remains to be told,  
For the maiden was fond of the warrior bold,  
And embracing her husband (as is usual with brides)  
Mrs. AZIZ embraced his religion besides.

So our tears were all wasted, our threats all in vain,  
We can now feel quite calm and collected again.  
At the fate of the lady we all should rejoice,  
She is happy with AZIZ, the man of her choice.

Good luck to the bridegroom! Good luck to the bride!  
Good luck to the knot they have hastily tied!

With all due respect, let us venture to say  
That we hope from her Kurd she will not run away!

\* \* \* \* \*

ROBERT SEES THE PHOTOGRAFF TAKEN.

Well, I have seen some grandly hinteresting sites in my time, I have, but never, no never, did I see anythink to ekal the picter as I seed on the werry larst day of July larst week, when, by such a series of good lucks as I ardly ever had afore, I was priveledged for to see the Rite Honorable the Lord MARE prepare hisself, with his two lately benighted Sheriffs, in the most scrumptious of their many rich dresses, and with the solid gold Carsket as was guv to the HEMPERER of GARMANY about a fortnight ago, and had most misteriously cum back from abroad, all for to be photograffed altogether in one big grupe, with all the Aldermen as they coud find handy in their rich crimson silk dresses, and several werry Common Counsellors and Town Clarks and



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Remembrensen, et setterer, in horder as the longing world may see what sorts of Gents they was, and how they all looked when in their werry best close, and with their lovely solid gold deckorations on (as the HEMPERER and the Prince of WALES begged and prayed as they might have one a-peace) who arranged and carried out the grandest show of modern times, wiz, when the GERMAN HEMPEROR and his wife cum to Guildhall. Oh, wasn't they a long wile before the Gent could get 'em all into good places, and didn't they all look sollem, when he said, "Quite stedly, please!"

[Illustration]

But not noboddy as reddily gives a ginny for a mere coppy of what I saw dun, will see all I saw without paying no ginny, and that was, to see the hole grand picter built up, as it were, beginning with the Lord MARE in his white hermine robe of poority and his black Cocked Hat of Power all most bewtifully and kindly arranged for him by the hartistic Sheriff.

And then what a lesson on trew humility, to see the Lord MARE, in all his glory, retire to the Committee's dressing-room, and there strip hissself to his werry shirt-sleeves and clothe hissself in the mere hordnary close of common humanety!

Ah! I henvys no man his persession of the bewtiful Photygraff, for I, almost alone, can say, tho but a pore hed Waiter, I saw the grand pictur grow like' a bewtiful dream, and then saw it fade away like a strawbery hice on a Summer's Day!

ROBERT.

\* \* \* \* \*

LA POLITESSE DE PORTSMOUTH.—The French Fleet may depend upon a courteous welcome at Portsmouth by the Mayor, who is the "Pink" of Politeness.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE HEIGHT OF IMPROPRIETY.

*Miss Grundison, Junior.* "THERE GOES LUCY HOLROYD, ALL ALONE IN A BOAT WITH YOUNG SNIPSON AS USUAL! SO IMPRUDENT OF THEM!"

*Her Elder Sister.* "YES; HOW SHOCKING IF THEY WERE UPSET AND DROWNED —WITHOUT A CHAPERON, YOU KNOW!"

\* \* \* \* \*

“A LONG DISTANCE SWIM.”

[“Our Session began before last year was closed. It has been a Session full of anxiety, full of fatigue. I am thankful to agree with your Lordship in thinking that the people of this country will recognise that it has been a Session of hard and valuable work.”—*Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House.*]

Don't talk about WEED, FINNEY, FISHER, or DALTON;  
As Long Distance Swimmer our SOLLY stands first,  
His wild watery way never tempted to halt on,  
Undaunted by cold as by hunger or thirst.  
Nine months in the waves, though, no man may enjoy;  
So he's glad that at last he's in sight of the buoy.

In November last year he first entered the water,  
To start on this special, most arduous swim,  
It was cold, with the wind in a winterly quarter,  
But winds, like the waves, have small terrors for him.  
You remember accounts that the papers then gave  
(Here's an extract) concerning this King of the Wave.

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“SOLLY (of Hatfield), and SMIFF (who hails from Greenlands), started yesterday (November 25), for a second attempt—the first having been a failure—to swim from Tithes Pier to Purchase Point Buoy. It was an unfavourable time of the year for such an unprecedented feat of natation, but the Hatfield Champion was confident of success. He is a perfect whale at long-distance immersions, and has been heard to talk of ‘twenty years of resolute’ swimming against stream as a comparative trifle. His ‘pal and pardner,’ SMIFF—more commonly known as the Sanguine Old ‘Un—was equally confident. Two boats accompanied the Champion, in one of which was his trusty Pilot, SMIFF, and in the other a Party of their ‘Mutual Friends.’ One thing, indeed, was in the Hatfield man’s favour; his lately cocky and contemptuous competitors had been ‘weeded out’ by a fortuitous series of adverse circumstances, including what SOLLY, in a spirit of cynical but excusable elation, subsequently called ‘that beneficent disease, the Influenza.’ The Irish Contingent, which not long ago looked dangerous, had become so thoroughly demoralised by mutual hostilities and disputes between them and their backers, that there was not a single ‘Paddy’ prepared to enter the water when the signal ‘gun’ fired for the start. SOLLY, therefore, had it all to himself; the performance practically resolves itself into a trial of his skill and endurance, and the ‘Scythe Bearer’ is the only enemy against whom the Great Swimmer has to measure himself. Indeed, he covered what may be called the first stage of his long journey with ease, and in an unexpectedly short time. Nevertheless, it is to be feared that ‘later on’ he will have to contend against cold, little or no sun, northerly breezes, &c.; the ‘flowing tide’ will assuredly not always be with him, and before he gets to the end of his briny journey, even the Hatfield Wonder will probably have ‘had enough of it.’”

True prognostication! But skilful natation  
Despite some “anxiety” and much “fatigue,”  
Has “pulled SOLLY through” to his “pardner’s elation.”  
Together they’ve plodded o’er many a league  
Of big tumbling billows. See those in the rear!  
They were ridden with skill, though regarded with fear.

“The flowing tide” fails him, but side-stroke and breast-stroke  
Alternately serve him; fatigued but unhurt,  
Like CAESAR, he swims. “Now mate, put on your best stroke!”  
Sings out faithful SMIFFY, his pilot. “One spurt,  
My SOL! Two or three more strong strokes and ‘tis done;  
Our Long Swim, for the Buoy is at hand, and we’ve won!”

\* \* \* \* \*

OPERATIC BIRDS.—M. MAUREL can sing but didn’t wish to sing in Mr. ISIDORE DE TRA-LA-LARA’s new Opera, *The Light of Asia*. Where was TRA-LA-LARA when *The Light of Asia* didn’t come out? M. MAUREL seems to have said, that, if the Opera were produced this season, he’d be blowed if he sang, and the Opera would probably be

damned, theatrically and operatically speaking. That's the Moral or MAUREL of the story. *The Light of Asia* mustn't be snuffed out altogether, but it may want trimming a bit, in order to shine as brightly as TRA-LA-LARA expects it to do next season. There's a good time coming, and good tunes too, we hope.

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AMENDE HONORABLE.—In making up the list of outside contributors, *Mr. Punch's* Private Secretary regrets having omitted the name of JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, the friend of the Bloomsburians, and the determined foe of Mud Salad Market and Monopolisers. “J.H.,” or, to reverse the initials, “HONEST JOHN,” will now be satisfied.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: “A LONG DISTANCE SWIM.”]

W.H. SM-TH. “HOORAY!—ANOTHER STROKE OR TWO, AND WE’VE DONE IT!!”]

\* \* \* \* \*

VOCES POPULI.

BANK HOLIDAY.

SCENE—*The Crystal Palace. The Nave is filled with a dense throng of Pleasure-seekers. Every free seat commanding the most distant view of a Variety Performance on the Great Stage, has been occupied an hour in advance. The less punctual stand and enjoy the spectacle of other persons’ hats or bonnets. Gangs of Male and Female Promenaders jostle and hustle to their hearts’ content, or perform the war-song and dance of the Lower-class ‘ARRY, which consists in chanting “Oi tiddly-oi-toi; hoi-toi-oi!” to a double shuffle. Tired women sit on chairs and look at nothing. In the Grounds, the fancy of young men and maidens is lightly turning to thoughts of love; the first dawn of the tender passion being intimated, on the part of the youth, by chasing his charmer into a corner and partially throttling her, whereupon the maiden coyly conveys that his sentiments are not unreciprocated by thumping him between the shoulders. From time to time, two champions contend with fists for the smiles of beauty, who may usually be heard bellowing inconsolably in the background. A small but increasing per-centage have already had as much liquid refreshment as is good for them, and intend to have more. Altogether, the scene, if festive, might puzzle an Intelligent Foreigner who is more familiar with Continental ideas of enjoyment.*

*A Damsel (in a ruby plush hat with a mauve feather). Why, if they yn’t got that bloomin’ ole statute down from Charin’ Cross! What’s ‘e doin’ of down ‘ere, I wonder?*

*Her Swain (whose feather is only pink and white paper). Doin’ of? Tykin’ ‘s d’y orf—like the rest of us are tykin’ it.*

*The Damsel (giggling). You go on—you don’t green me that w’y—a statute!*

*Swain. Well, ‘yn’t this what they call a “Statutory” ‘Oliday, eh?*



*Damsel (in high appreciation of his humour).* I'll fetch you *sech* a slap in a minnit! 'Ere, let's gow on the Swissback.

*Another Damsel (in a peacock-blue hat with orange pompons).* See that nekked young man on the big 'orse, ALF? It says "Castor" on the stand. 'Oo was 'e?.

*Alf.* Oh, I'd 'now. I dessay it'll be 'im as invented the Castor Ile.

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*The Damsel (disgusted).* Fancy their puttin' up a monument to 'im!

*Superior 'Arry (talking Music-halls to his Adored One).* 'Ave you 'eard her sing "Come where the Booze is Cheapest"?

*The Adored.* Lots o' toimes. I *do* like 'er singing. She mykes sech comical soigns—and then the *things* she sez! But I've 'eard she's very common in her tork, and that—*orf* the styge.

*The S.A.* I shouldn't wonder. Some on 'em *are* that way. You can't 'ave *everything*!

*His Adored.* No, it *is* a pity, though. 'Spose we go out, and pl'y Kiss in the Ring? [*They do.*]

### AMONG THE ETHNOLOGICAL MODELS.

*Wife of British Workman (spelling out placard under Hottentot Group).* "It is extremely probable that this interesting race will be completely exterminated at no very distant period." Pore things!

*British Workman (with philosophy).* Well, I shan't go inter mournin' for 'em, SAIRER!

[Illustration]

*Lambeth Larrikin (in a pasteboard "pickelhaube," and a false nose, thoughtfully, to BATTERSEA BILL, who is wearing an old grey chimney-pot hat, with the brim uppermost, and a tow wig, as they contemplate a party of Botocudo natives).* Rum the sights these 'ere savidges make o' theirselves, ain't it, BILL?

*Batt. Bill (more thoughtfully).* Yer right—but I dessay if you and me 'ad been born among that lot, we shouldn't care 'ow we looked!

*Vauxhall Voilet (who has exchanged headgear with CHELSEA CHORLEY—with dismal results).* They *are* cures those blackies! Why, yer carn't 'ardly tell the men from the wimmin! I expect this lot'll be 'aving a beanfeast. See, they're plyin' their myusic.

*Chelsea Chorley.* Good job we can't 'ear 'em. They say as niggers' music is somethink downright horful. Give us "*Hi-tiddly-hi*" on that mouth-organ o' yours, will yer?

[VAUXHALL VOILET obliges on that instrument; everyone in the neighbourhood begins to jig mechanically; exeunt party, dancing.]

*A Pimply Youth.* "Hopium-eater from Java." That's the stuff they gits as stoopid as biled howls on—it's about time we went and did another beer. [*They retire for that purpose.*]

DURING THE FIREWORKS.

*Chorus of Spectators.* There's another lot o' bloomin' rockets gowin orf! Oo-oo, 'ynt that lur-uvly? What a lark if the sticks come down on somebody's 'ed! There, didyer see 'em bust? Puts me in mind of a shower o' foiry smuts. Lor, so they do—what a fancy you *do* 'ave, &c., &c.

COMING HOME.



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*An Old Gentleman (who has come out with the object of observing Bank Holiday manners—which he has done from a respectful distance—to his friend, as they settle down in an empty first-class compartment).* There, now we shall just get comfortably off before the crush begins. Now, to *me*, y'know, this has been a most interesting and gratifying experience—wonderful spectacle, all that immense crowd enjoying itself in its own way—boisterously, perhaps, but, on the whole, with marvellous decorum! Really, very exhilarating to see—but you don't agree with me?

*His Friend (reluctantly).* Well, I must say it struck me as rather pathetic than—

*The O.G. (testily).* Pathetic, Sir—nonsense! I like to see people putting their *heart* into it, whether it's play or work. Give me a crowd—

*[As if in answer to this prayer, there is a sudden irruption of typical Bank Holiday-makers into the compartment.]*

*Man by the Window.* Third-class as good as fust, these days! There's ole FRED! Wayo, FRED, tumble in, ole son—room for one more standin'!

*["OLE FRED" plays himself in with a triumphal blast on a tin trumpet, after which he playfully hammers the roof with his stick, as he leans against the door.]*

*Ole Fred.* Where's my blanky friend? I 'it 'im one on the jaw, and I ain't seen 'im since! (*Sings, sentimentally, at the top of a naturally powerful voice.*) "Com-rides, Com-rides! Hever since we was boys! Sharin' each other's sorrers. Sharin' each hother's—beer!"

*[A "paraprosdokian," which delights him to the point of repetition.]*

*The O.G.* Might I ask you to make a little less disturbance there Sir? [*Whimpers from over-tired children.*]

*Ole Fred (roaring).* "I'm jolly as a Sandboy, I'm 'appy as a king! No matter what I see or 'ear, I larf at heverything! I'm the morril of my moth-ar, (*to O.G.*) the himage of *your* Par! And heverythink I see or 'ear, it makes me larf 'Ar-har!"

*[He laughs "Ar-har," after which he gives a piercing blast upon the trumpet, with stick obbligato on the roof.]*

*The O.G. (roused).* I really *must* beg you not to be such an infernal nuisance! There are women and children here who—

*Old Fred.* Shet up, ole umbereller whiskers! (*Screams of laughter from women and children, which encourage him to sing again.*) "An' the roof is copper-bottomed, but the

chimlies are of gold. In my double-breasted mansion in the Strand!" (*To people on platform, as train stops.*) Come in, oh, lor, do! "Oi-tiddly-oi-toi! hoi-toi-oy!"

[*The rest take up the refrain—"Ave a drink an' wet your eye," &c., and beat time with their boots.*

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*The O.G.*. If this abominable noise goes on, I shall call the guard—disgraceful, coming in drunk like this!

*The Man by the Window.* 'Ere, dry up, Guv'nor—'e ain't 'ad enough to 'urt 'im, 'e ain't!

*Chorus of Females (to O.G.).* An' Bank 'Oliday, too—you ortal to be *ashimed* o' yerself, you ought! 'E's as right as right, if you on'y let him alone!

*Old Fred (to O.G.).* Ga-arn, yer pore-'arted ole choiner boy! (Says, *dismally*), "Ow! for the vanished Spring-time! Ow! for the dyes gorn boy! Ow! for the"—(*changing the melody*)—"omeless, I wander in lonely distress. No one ter pity me—none ter caress!" (Here he sheds tears, overcome by his own pathos, but presently cheers up.) "I dornce all noight! An' I rowl 'ome toight! I'm a rare-un at a rollick, or I'm ready fur a foight." Any man 'ere wanten foight me? Don't say no, ole Frecklefoot! (To the O.G., who perspires freely.) Oh, I am enj'yin' myself! [He keeps up this agreeable rattle, without intermission, for the remainder of the journey, which—as the train stops everywhere, and takes quite three-quarters of an hour in getting from Queen's Road, Battersea, to Victoria—affords a signal proof of his social resources, though it somewhat modifies the O.G.'s enthusiasm for the artless gaiety of a Bank Holiday.

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[Illustration: THE FESTIVE FORCEPS.

(A Dream of the Dentist's Chair.)]

\* \* \* \* \*

"ON THE SQUARE."

"A CHEQUE-MATE's a husband who's found a good catch,"  
So lisp rosy lips that romance little reck.  
Yes, and many a close "matrimonial" match  
Is won by "perpetual cheque."

\* \* \* \* \*

AN 'UMBLE CORRECTION.

In "The New Yachting," a discursive paper, pleasantly written by Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., in *The Fortnightly* for this month, the author quotes a verse from the old song of "Jim Collins," or, as he writes it, "John Collins" (by way of proving that the drink known by that name was originated by this individual) but quotes it, to the best of our knowledge and belief, inaccurately. It was set to the air of "Jenny Jones," and thus it ran:—



“My name is JIM COLLINS,  
‘Ead-vaiter at Limmers’,  
The corner of Conduck Street,  
’Anover Square.

“And my hokkipashun  
Is sarvin’ out liquors  
To such sportin’ covies  
As chance to come *there*.”

This, we venture to assert, savours more of the old bar and the ancient sanded floors, more of the by-gone Cider Cellars and extinct Vauxhall Gardens, more of the early mornings and late nights, more of the rough-and-ready “P.R.” times, than the veneered version for the drawing-room given us by Sir M.M., M.D. We may be wrong, but—we don’t think we are.

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\* \* \* \* \*

AFTER LUNCH.

*A FANCY SKETCH, COPIED FROM COBB.*

["There are numerous instances of Members of the legal profession having acquired habits of intemperance in consequence of the facilities for procuring alcoholic drinks in the building, and the difficulty of obtaining tea and coffee."—*Cobb, on the Refreshment Bars of the Law Courts.*]

*SCENE—Apartment in the Chancery Division. Time, 2.15 P.M.  
Judge, Bar, Solicitors, and Public discovered in a state  
more easily imagined (by Mr. COBB) than described.*

*Judge (thickly).* What want t'know—what-do-next? (*Smiles.*) Very hot! Very hot indeed! [*Frowns.*]

*First Q.C. (rising unsteadily).* P'raps m'Lord let m'explain! Case of *Brown-versus-Smith*, should say—course—*Smith-versus-Brown*. (*Smiles.*) Absurd! Can't-say-more! [*Sits down abruptly.*]

*Judge (angrily).* Very irregular this! Commit—contempt—Court!

*Second Q.C. (leaning luxuriously on desk).* P'raps m'Lord let me explain. Learned friend—drunk! [*Disappears under his seat.*]

*Judge (angrily, to Second Q.C.)* So you! so everybody! (*With maudlin tenderness.*) Must respect Court! (*Savagely.*) You are all disgusting—disgustingly—'tosticated! Adjourn—morrow mornin'. Usher, brandy sodah! [*Scene closes in—fortunately!*]

\* \* \* \* \*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 27.*—Quite like old times to-night. Public business interrupted, and private Member suspended. The victim is ATKINSON, Member for Boston; been on the rampage all last week; a terror to the Clerks' table; haunting the SPEAKER's Chair, and making the Sergeant-at-Arms's flesh creep. Decidedly inconvenient to have a gentleman with pale salmon neck-tie and white waistcoat, suddenly popping his head round SPEAKER's Chair, and crying, "Ah, ah!" "No, you don't!" "Would you, then?" and other discursive remarks. Curious how ATKINSON, indulging in these luxuries himself; hotly resents attempts by others to enjoy similar

exotics of conversation. Narrating his grievances just now, he dwelt with especial fervour on one of them. "One of the Clerks," he told the House, "when I showed him a Motion, said, 'Oh! oh!' I said, 'Don't say "Oh! oh!" to me.'"

[Illustration: "No Hankey-Pankey with me."]

"Why not?" asked HANKEY, with that direct, almost abrupt manner that becomes a Magistrate for Surrey and Chairman of the Consolidated Bank. "Why not? Are you to have monopoly of this simple interjection? Are you to appropriate all the O's in the alphabet? Is not a Clerk at the Table a man and a brother, and why may he not, if the idea flashes across his active brain, say, 'Oh! oh!'"?

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That rather floored ATKINSON; brought him (so to speak) to his senses. Told me afterwards he had never looked on matters in that light. Great advantage having a man like HANKEY going round prepared at moment's notice to take common-sense view of situation and depict it in terse language. Sobering effect on ATKINSON only momentary. Whilst SPEAKER was narrating circumstances on which he had based charge against him of frivolous and vexatious conduct, Member for Boston was bouncing about on seat like parched pea, shouting out, "Oh! oh!" "Ah! ah!" "No you don't!" and offering other pertinent but fragmentary remarks.

[Illustration: THE BUSY PARLIAMENTARY BEES ON THE WING.]

"Reminds me," said Member for SARK, "of the scene in the Varden household, when *Miss Miggs* returns expecting to be re-instated in her old place of predominance, near the person of *Dolly's* mother. You remember how, when she finds the game is up, she turns rusty, and betrays her mistress's ability to 'faint away stone dead whenever she had the inclinations so to do?' 'Of course,' *Miss Miggs* continues, 'I never see sich cases with my own eyes. Ho, no! He, he, he! Nor master neither! Ho, no! He, he, he!'"

So ATKINSON kept up a running commentary on observations of successive Members, including SQUIRE of MALWOOD and JOKIM. JOKIM at one time, startled by "Oh! oh!" sounding in his right ear as he was making very ordinary observation, nearly fell over the folded hands he was nervously rubbing. Situation growing embarrassing. ATKINSON popping up with ever-increasing vivacity; his "Oh! oh's!" and his "No! no's!" growing in frequency and stormy intensity. Must be got rid of somehow; but supposing he won't go? Must JOKIM and the Squire, as Mover and Second of Motion for expulsion, lead him bodily forth? or would the Sergeant-at-Arms be called on, and should we see revival of the old game, when BRADLAUGH and dear old friend GOSSET used to perform a *pas de deux* between the gaping doorway and the astonished Mace? Happily ATKINSON (still like *Miss Miggs*, as SARK insists) suddenly collapsed.

"It is usual," observed the SPEAKER, "at this point for an Hon. Member to withdraw."

"Oh! Oh!" said ATKINSON, "withdraw? Then I withdraw. But," and here he dropped his voice to impressive whisper, "*I will come back.*" Then, gathering up his papers, he tripped lightly forth, and the Varden household—I mean the House of Commons, dropped once more into commonplace.

[Illustration: Nothing if not critical.]

*Business done.*—ATKINSON expelled for a week.

*Tuesday.*—SQUIRE of MALWOOD dropped into poetry, and was much pleased with little exercise. Backed up JOKIM in Motion suspending Twelve o'Clock rule, so as to sit

to all hours of the night, and wind up business of Session. “We may,” he observed, “apply, with a little variation, the late Mr. MOORE’s verse:—



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"The best of all ways to shorten our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

"That doesn't scan," said CHILDERS, who is nothing if not critical.

"Of course it doesn't," said the SQUIRE, testily; "there are a pair of feet left out. But *you* know, TOBY, how they run. The last line should be, 'Is to steal a few hours from the night, my Love.' Now, theoretically, and in accordance with order, all our observations are directed personally to the SPEAKER. Imagine what would have been said if I had completed the quotation! I should have been accused of frivolity, and perhaps suspended, like ATKINSON. No, Sir, I know what I'm about, even when quoting poetry."

Mention this to illustrate the state of terrorism existing in House just now, after blow that fell on ATKINSON. Only man who prattles on unconscious of impending doom is MORTON. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS not at all satisfied with condition of affairs. ATKINSON has stolen march on him; left him nowhere. Determined to-night to pull up lost way. In Committee on Irish Votes moved to reduce charge for Dublin Police by L1000; proposed to show at some length charge is excessive. Committee thought Irish Members might be left to look after that for themselves. Howled at ALPHEUS continuously for space of ten minutes; then he sat down, moving reduction in dumb show.

Pity Prince of NAPLES hadn't chosen this time for visit; would have given him much livelier impression of the place than he gained when he sat in Gallery just after Questions, listening to CLARK discoursing about Scotch Crofters to audience of nineteen, including SPEAKER. *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

*Wednesday.*—House rapidly thinning; AKERS-DOUGLAS has hard work to keep his men together; falling off like leaves in wintry weather. Been a long Session, and a weary one. Only sense of duty to our QUEEN and Country kept us here unto this last.

"And now I'm off," said SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "I don't know how you'll get on without me, dear boys."

"We'll try, we'll try," murmured the Conservatives gathered in the smoke-room for the last cigarette.

"You see," the SAGE continued, "some lives are valuable to the country, and must be cared for, whatever violence is done to private feeling. For my part, I would much rather be here, but RUSTEM ROOSE, He-who-is-to-be-Obeyed, has ordered me to Marienbad, and I go. 'But,' like ATKINSON and another ancient Roman (of whom you may have read in school-books), 'I return.' In the meanwhile, take care of Mr. G. Don't let him overwork himself, or ruthlessly endanger his health. It is precious to all of us, more especially to some of his colleagues on the Front Bench. I often think of what will

happen when he retires from the scene. I fancy there will be a kind of Suttee. There are quite a lot of old wives in his political establishment, who cannot resist, what must, indeed,

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be their natural inclination, the call to immolate themselves on the funeral pyre. There's —, and —, and — —." (Wild horses couldn't drag these names from me. Anyone interested should write to the SAGE, *Poste Restante Marienbad*.) "They could not think of lingering on the political scene after the retirement of the head of the family. I shall certainly attend the Sutte. It will be an interesting and ennobling spectacle. It will, moreover, make some room on the newly constructed Treasury Bench."

*Business done.*—SAGE goes off by the Club train. The two muffled-up figures seen in the background of the station are emissaries of AKERS-DOUGLAS charged with the mission of ascertaining whether he's really gone.

[Illustration: An Idea.]

*Saturday.*—House sitting to-day. Should have prorogued yesterday at latest; but, somehow, drifting on; Members, for their part, drifting off; affairs reached lowest level; business practically wound up; but House must needs sit another week in order that Appropriation Bill may be got through all its stages, and so the Constitution saved.

Looking round the dull and deadly scene, discover WADDY, Q.C., with legs engagingly intertwined, and the forefinger that has wagged a verdict out of many juries resting on his massive brow. "Got a headache?" I asked, that being the most natural thing under the circumstances.

"No, I've got an idea. I'll pair go off for my well-earned holiday, leaving others to look after the Appropriation Bill."

"So will I," I said, suddenly caught and borne away by that enthusiasm which has so often influenced amount of damages in breach of promise cases. *Business done.*—Practically finished. TOBY, M.P., pairs for remaining days of Session.

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AULD-(ER)-MAN GRAY.

(*THE SONG OF A COMING CELEBRITY.*)

[Alderman GRAY is to be the next Lord Mayor, unopposed, on retirement of Alderman EVANS.]

When SAVORY has ruled a twelvemonths to a day,  
Guid EVANS he'll withdraw to give place to lucky GRAY;  
To Auld-(er)-man GRAY, who shall rule in the Ci-tee,  
GRAY was clearly born to be great—and I am he!



I gang like a host, though 'tis airly to begin;  
I try not to be prood, for that wad be a sin,  
But I will do my best a guid Lord MAYOR to be,  
For Auld-(er)-man GRAY will soon rule in the Ci-tee!

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Legal Fiction*.—The Lord Chief Justice was certainly a little severe in his remarks on Stock Exchange morality, and it is natural that you should feel hurt at the ignorant criticism of a mere outsider. As you remark, there can be no question but that the Stock Exchange affords the highest example in this country of a school of honour and virtue. What is called “Legal Intelligence” is often very defective.

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