

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 103, August 6, 1892 eBook

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Page 1

Title: **Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 103, August 6, 1892**

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PUNCH,

Or the London charivari.

Vol. 103.

August 6, 1892.

DRURIOLANUS IN (MUSIC) AULIS.

The Augustan Age is to be revived at the new Palace Theatre of Varieties, late CARTE'S English Opera House, for two of the imperial name of *Augustus* are foremost among the Directors of this new enterprise—which word “enterprise” is preferable to “undertaking.” Sir *Augustus* leads; and GEORGIUS *Augustus* follows in the cast as Second Director, —with or without song is not mentioned. In comparison with this transformation of an Opera House into a Theatre of Varieties, no political combination of any sort or kind, no change either in the Ministry or in our home or foreign policy, is so likely to cause trouble to The Empire; *i.e.*, the Empire in Leicester Square.

[Illustration: “*After the OP'RA is over.*”

Sir Augustus Coventgardenensis, the Singing-Bird Showman, bows his Acknowledgments.]

We understand that Sir *Augustus* DRURIOLANUS, in addition to his interest in Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Royal English Opera House, and various enterprises in town,

country, and abroad, is about to turn his attention to other matters. *On dit* that he is in treaty for St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the City Temple, for a series of Sunday Oratorios. It is also not improbable that he may become, for a short time, Lessee of Exeter Hall, Buckingham Palace, and the Banqueting-hall of Hampton Court, for a series of Popular Picture-Shows. No doubt he will bring from Russia a new and entire Cosmopolitan Opera Company, to give a performance on the top of the Monument. Should there be an overflow, the audience turned away will be accommodated with seats in the Duke of York's Column. He is said to be in negociation for novelties for next year's London Season in various parts of the globe. It is possible that he may bring over the entire "World's Show" from Chicago, to give a solitary performance on an eligible spot recently acquired for this purpose in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill. It is not unlikely that he may re-erect the ancient Pyramids at the back of Olympia, if satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Egyptian Government. Looking to the future, it is asserted that he has undertaken



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to accept the stage-direction of the next European War with those nations bound together in the Treaty of the Triple Alliance. Further—DRURIOLANUS *maximus* is considering the transport to London of the North Pole, laying the Zoological Gardens under contribution for a service of bears to climb it. Sir DRURIOLANUS mustn't overdo it. He holds a handful of cards, but he is so good a *prestidigitateur* that he is pretty sure to transform them into trumps. Likewise Sir DRURIO knows how to perform on the Trump of Fame.

* * * * *

Toast—We beg to propose the health of the liberal-minded purchaser of the Althorp Library, who intends to keep the books in a building open to all readers, adapting the toastmaster's phrase for the occasion, and giving, "Our Noble Shelves!"

* * * * *

Lays of modern home.

No. 4.—CHLOE'S appropriation claws.

[Illustration]

A ye who bless the wedded state
With tributes born of generous blindness,
Bemourn the fate that well may wait
Your gifted kindness.

My CHLOE's ultra-modern mind
Transforms your Dresden's grace and Chelsea's,
The toys for special use designed,
To something else's.

For *Chloe* reads each weekly print,
Where Art's resource is blent with Scandal's,
Where decorative females hint
Their cure for Vandals.

Your large, expensive Wedgwood bowls,
She bids her "Lor!"-exclaiming waitress
To cram with large, expensive coals,
The pretty traitress!



On daintiest overmantel's ledge
She sets enshrined your prosy platter;
Your salt-cellars she stocks with veg-
etable matter.

And when the Summer comes (if hail
For once not hails the sunny swallows)
Our fenders hold your statues pale
Of chipped Apollos.

With out-of-fashion toilet sets,
Their sprigs of ringstands, bits of boxes,
She picturesques her cabinet's
Quaint heterodoxies.

My blue tobacco-jar she'll hoard
For party-nights, and on the basket
Whereon my manuscripts are stored
Will throne—a casket!

"Ingenious" *Chloe*, sure, opines
Is Genius' proper derivation;
"Appropriate" with her defines
Appropriation.

Poor STREPHON, fond, bewildered wight!
He doubts, amazed by changes showy,
If CHLOE's own be STREPHON quite,
Or STREPHON's, *Chloe*!

* * * * *

Birds of A feather.

["He (Mr. *Gladstone*) has not as yet even secured the spoil,
but the Vultures are already gathered together."—*Mr.*
Chamberlain at Birmingham.]



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The Vultures, dear *Joe*? Nay, it needs no apology
To say you are out in your new
ornithology. The Vultures are carrion-birds, be it said;
And the Man and the Cause you
detest are *not* dead! Much as his decease was desired,
he's alive, And the Cause is no
carcase. So, *Joe*, you must strive
To get nearer the truth. Shall we help you? All fowls
Are not Vultures. For instance, dear *Joe*, there are Owls,
(Like *Jesse*) and Ravens
much given to croaking, (in Ulster they're noisy,
though some think they're joking), Then
Parrots are plentiful everywhere, *Joe*,
(They keep on repeating your chatter, you know,
As they did in the days when you railed about ransom;
But Parrots are never wise birds,
Joe, though handsome); Then Geese, Jays, and Daws;
yet they're birds of a feather,
And they, my dear *Joseph*, are gathered together,
To hiss, squeal and peck at the Party
they'd foil, But who're like to secure—as you phrase it—
“the spoil.” Yes, these be the
birds most *en evidence* now; And by Jingo, my *Joe*,
they are raising a row. They're full
of cacophonous fuss, and loud spite;
And they don't take their licking as well as they
might. In fact, they're a rather contemptible crew;
And—well, of which species, dear
Joseph, are you?

* * * * *

[Illustration: *The bewildered tourist and the Rival sirens.*

(A LONG WAY AFTER TENNYSON'S "THE DESERTED HOUSE.")

“June and July have passed away,
Like a tide.
Doors are open, windows wide.
Why in stuffy London stay?”
Sing the Sirens (slyboots they!)
With a Tennysonian twang,
To the Tourist,
(Not the poorest
You may bet your bottom dollar,
Which those Sirens aim to “collar.”
Demoiselles, excuse the slang!)

“All within is dark as night,
In Town's windows is no light,
And no caller at your door,
Swell or beggar, chum or bore!
Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' windows folks will see,
The nakedness and vacancy,
Of the dark deserted house!”



“Come away! no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house is shut, and o’er the earth
Man roves upon the Regular Round
Come away! Life, Love, Trade, Thought,
Here no longer dwell;
Shopkeepers censorious
Sigh, “What swells would buy, they’ve bought.
They are off! No more we’ll sell.
Would they could have stayed with us!”

“Come away!” So Sirens sing—
Sly, seducious, and skittish—
To the Tourist, wealthy, British,
When Society’s on the wing,
Or should be, for “Foreign Parts.”
British BULL mistrusts their arts.
“Come



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away!”

(One doth say),

“*Our Emperor is quiet to-day!*”

Cries another,

“Come, my brother,

“*Avalanches down again!*”

Sings a third, with beckoning fingers,

“*Come, come, where the Cholera lingers.*”

While a fourth—is it her fun?—

With the wide blue eyes of Hope

(As though advertising Soap),

Shouts, with glee,

“Come with me,

Unto Norrøway, o’er the foam,

Far from home,

Wait there to see

Our (invisible) Midnight Sun!”

BULL, the tweed-clad British Tourist,
Muses—“Home seems the securest,
On the whole. Why widely ramble,
Tramp, and climb, and spend, and gamble,
Face infection, dulness, danger,
All the woe that waits “the Stranger,”
And the Tourist (rich) environs,
At the call of foreign Sirens,
When home charmers, bright-eyed, active,
Offer “metal more attractive?”
Four such darlings who’ll discover
O’er the seas? Shall I, their lover,
Still discard them for yon minxes,
Harpies with the eyes of “lynxes”?
ALBION dear, and CAMBRIA mild,
CALEDONIA stern and wild,
As your poet said, but pretty;
HIBEARNIA mavourneen, jetty-
Hair’d, and azure-eyed, I greet ye!
Darlings, I am charmed to meet ye.
Why go wandering o’er the foam,
Like a latter-day ULYSSES,
When warm charms and wooing-kisses
Of such Sirens Four wait me at home?”



* * * * *

[Illustration: UNLUCKY COMPLIMENT.

Shoeblick (wishing to please liberal and important Customer). "SHOULDN'T LIKE TO GET A KICK FROM You, Sin!" [Gets one on the spot.]

* * * * *

"L'HOMME PROPOSE—."

[Gentlemen are now coached "How to Propose."]

[Illustration]

They sat it out upon the stairs,
Those dear old stairs! Ah me; how many
A time they've cost, all unawares,
A pretty penny!

Why they were fools enough to go
To sit on stairs, and miss the fun,
Quite baffles me; but still, you know,
It *has* been done.

The lights were low—lights often are—
I deem the fact though worth the noting,
And strains of music from afar
Came softly floating.

So whilst she pondered what Mamma
Would think, the band commenced to play
The epidemical "*Ta-ra-
ra-boom-de-ay!*"

He gazed into her eyes (of blue),
Sighed once as if it hurt him badly,
Then told her how 'twas but too true
He loved her madly.

With highly creditable skill
He turned the well-worn platitude—
His own unworthiness until
You really could

Not but admire each word, each look.
His speech was quite unrivalled in its

Intensity—in fact it took
At least ten minutes.



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A peroration full of flowers,
A moisture in his other eye,
And then a pause—it seemed of hours—
For her reply.

Her answer came. He thought of it,
It haunted him for long years after,
She simply burst into a fit
Of ribald laughter.

And certainly it was absurd,
She laughed till she could laugh no more;
She'd heard the same thing, to a word,
The day before.

Two tyros in the Art of Love,
Each ARABELLA's ardent suitor,
Unluckily were pupils of
The self-same tutor!

So, should you fail to understand
A maiden's answer, this may show
Why sometimes Man proposes and
The Girl says "No!"

* * * * *

SKIRTS AND FIGURES.—M. JACOBI, of the Alhambra, has composed a "Skirt-dance," which has recently appeared in the *Figaro*. That the skirts for which the Composer has written are brand-new, and require no mending, is evident from the fact that, from first to last, there is no "Skirt-sew"—in Italian, *Scherzo*—movement.

* * * * *

A ROLLICKING SHOW.

In the International Horticultural Exhibition is, as advertised, "the Kiosk of the Australian Irrigation Colonies (CHAFFEY Bros.)." What fun the CHAFFEY Brothers must make of everything in the Exhibition! As long as the other exhibitors don't mind the chaff of the CHAFFEY Brothers, all will be harmonious. No doubt, round their Kiosk there are crowds all day, in roars of laughter, at the chaffing perpetually going on. The travelling Cheap Jack, were he in the building, would have some difficulty to hold his own against even one of the CHAFFEY Brothers, but pitted against an unlimited number of CHAFFEY Brothers, for their number is not stated in the advertisement, the unfortunate



Cheap Jack would not be let, off cheaply. Apart from BUFFALO BILL, whose Show with a variety of novelties, is still a very big attraction, and the other amusements, this exhibit of CHAFFEY Brothers engaged in chaff-cutting, must be about one of the most attractive things in the Horticultural. By the way, in this same advertisement, there is a mysterious announcement "Stand 48." Of course, if in addition to their entertainment, they "stand 48"—though with this vintage we are not acquainted; perhaps it should be '84 Pommery,—then the Brothers are simply *hors de concours*, and competition would be hopeless.

* * * * *

THE VERY PLACE FOR THE NEXT SPARRING MATCH.—"Box Hill."

* * * * *

ON THE SANDS.

(A SKETCH AT MARGATE.)



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Close under the Parade Watt a large circle has been formed, consisting chiefly of Women on chairs and camp-stools, with an inner ring of small children, who are all patiently awaiting the arrival of a troupe of Niggers. At the head of one of the flights of steps leading up to the Parade, a small and shrewish Child-nurse is endeavouring to detect and recapture a pair of prodigal younger Brothers, who have given her the slip.

Sarah (to herself). Wherever can them two plegs have got to? (*Aloud; drawing a bow at a venture*) ALBERT! 'ENERY! Come up 'ere this minnit. *I see yer!*

'Energy (under the steps—to Albert). I say—d'ye think she *do?*—'cos if—

Albert. Not she! Set tight. [*They sit tight.*]

Sarah (as before). 'ENERY! ALBERT! You've bin and 'alf killed little GEORGIE between yer!

'Energy (moved, to Albert). Did you 'ear that, BERT? It wasn't *me* upset him—was it now?

Albert (impenitent). 'Oo cares! The Niggers'll be back direckly.

Sarah. AL-BERT! 'ENERY! Your father's bin down 'ere once after you. You'll *ketch* it!

Albert (sotto voce). Not till Father *ketches us*, we shan't. Keep still, 'ENERY—we're all right under 'ere!

Sarah (more diplomatically). 'ENERY! ALBERT! Father's bin and left a 'ap'ny apiece for yer. Ain't yer comin' up for it? If yer don't want it, why, stay where you are, that's all!

Albert (to 'Energy). I *knoo* we 'adn't done nothin'. An' I'm goin' up to git that ap'ny, I am.

'Energy. So'm I. [*They emerge, and ascend the steps—to be pounced upon immediately by the ingenious SARAH.*]

Sarah. 'Ap'ny, indeed! You won't git no 'apence 'ere, *I* can tell yer—so jest you come along 'ome with me!

[*Illustration: "Come to these legs!"*]

[*Exeunt ALBERT and 'ENERY, in captivity, as the Niggers enter the circle.*]

Bones. We shall commence this afternoon by 'olding our Grand Annual Weekly Singing Competition, for the Discouragement of Youthful Talent. Now then, which is the little gal to step out first and git a medal? (*The Children giggle, but remain seated.*) Not one?



Now I arsk *you*—What *is* the use o' me comin' 'ere, throwin' away thousands and thousands of pounds on golden medals, if you won't take the trouble to stand up and sing for them? Oh, you'll make me so wild, I shall begin spittin' 'alf-sovereigns directly—I *know* I shall! (*A little Girl in a sun-bonnet comes forward.*) Ah, 'ere's a young lady who's bustin' with melody, *I* can see. Your name, my dear? Ladies and Gentleman, I have the pleasure to announce that Miss CONNIE COCKLE will now appear. Don't



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curtsey till the Orchestra gives the chord. (*Chord from the harmonium—the Child advances, and curtsies with much aplomb.*) Oh, lor! call *that* a curtsey—that's a *cramp*, that is! Do it all over again! (*The Child obeys, disconcerted.*) That's *worse!* I can see the s'rimps blushin' for yer inside their paper bags! Now see Me do it. (*Bones executes a caricature of a curtsey, which the little Girl copies with terrible fidelity.*) That's *ladylike*—that's *genteel*. Now sing out! (*The Child sings the first verse of a popular Music-hall song, in a squeaky little voice.*) Talk about nightingales! Come 'ere, and receive the reward for extinguished incapacity. On your knees! (*The little Girl kneels before him while a tin medal is fastened upon her frock.*) Rise, Sir CONNIE COCKLE! Oh, you *lucky* girl!

The Child returns, swelling with triumph, to her companions, several of whom come out, and go through the same performance, with more or less squeakiness and self-possession.

First Admiring Matron (in audience). I do like to see the children kep' out o' mischief like this, instead o' goin' paddling and messing about the sands!

Second Ad. Mat. Just what I say, my dear—they're amused and edjucated 'ow to beyave at the same time!

First Politician (with the "Standard"). No, but look here—when GLADSTONE was asked in the House whether he proposed to give the Dublin Parliament the control of the Police, what was his answer? Why...

The Niggers (striking up chorus). "Rum-tumty-diddly-umpty-doodah dey! Rum-tumty—diddly—um," was all that he could say! And the Members and the Speaker joined together in the lay. Of "Rum—tumty-diddly-umty doodah-dey!"

Second Pol. (with the "Star"). Well, and what more would you have 'ad him say? Come, now!

Alf. (who has had quite enough ale at dinner—to his fiancée). These Niggers ain't up to much, Loo. Can't sing for *nuts!*

Chorley (his friend—perfidiously). You'd better go in and show 'em how, old man. Me and Miss SERGE'll stay and see you take the shine out of 'em!

Alf. P'raps you think I can't. But, if I was to go upon the 'Alls now, I should make my fortune in no time! Loo's 'eard me when I've been in form, and she'll tell you—

Miss Serge. Well, I will say there's many a professional might learn a lesson from ALF—whether Mr. PERKINS believes it or not.



[Cuttingly, to "CHOH-LEY."]

Chorley. Now reelly, Miss Loo, don't come down on a feller like that. I want to see him do you credit, that's all, and he couldn't 'ave a better opportunity to distinguish himself—now *could* he?

Miss Serge. I'm not preventing him. But I don't know—these niggers keep themselves very select, and they might object to it.



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Alf. I'll soon square *them*. You keep your eye on me, and I'll make things a bit livelier!
[*He enters the Circle.*

Miss Serge (admiringly). He *has* got a cheek, I must say! Look at him, dancing there along with those two Niggers—they don't hardly know what to make of him yet!

Chorley. Do you notice how they keep kicking him beind on the sly like? I wonder he puts up with it!

Miss S. He'll be even with them presently—you see if he isn't.

[*ALF attempts to twirl a tambourine on his finger, and lets it fall; derision from audience; Bones pats him on the head, and takes the tambourine away—at which ALF only smiles feebly.*

Chorley. It's a pity he gets so 'ot dancing, and he don't seem to keep in step with the others.

Miss S. (secretly disappointed). He isn't used to doing the double-shuffle on sand, that's all.

The Conductor. Bones, I observe we have a recent addition to our Company. Perhaps he'll favour us with a solo. (*Aside to Bones.*) 'Oo is he? 'Oo let him in 'ere—you?

Bones. I dunno. I thought *you* did. Ain't he stood nothing?

Conductor. Not a brass farden!

Bones (outraged). All right, you leave him to me. (*To ALF.*) Kin it be? That necktie! them familiar coat-buttons! that paper-dicky! You are—you *are* my long-lost Convick Son, 'ome from Portland! Come to these legs! (*He embraces ALF, and smothers him with kisses.*) Oh, you've been and rubbed off some of your cheek on my complexion—you *dirty* boy! (*He playfully "bashes" ALF's hat in.*) Now show the comp'ny how pretty you can sing. (*ALF attempts a Music-hall ditty, in which he, not unnaturally, breaks down.*) It ain't my son's fault, Ladies and Gentlemen, it's all this little gal in front here, lookin' at him and makin' him shy! (*To a small Child, severely.*) You oughter know worse, you ought! (*Clumps of sea-weed and paper-balls are thrown at ALF, who by this time is looking deplorably warm and foolish.*) Oh, what a poplar fav'rite he is to be sure!

Charley (to Miss S.). Poor fellow, he ain't no match 'for those Niggers—not like he is now! Hadn't I better go to the rescue, Miss Loo?

Miss S. (pettishly). I'm sure I don't care *what* you do.



[*"CHORLEY"* succeeds, after some persuasion, in removing the unfortunate ALF.

Alf. (rejoining his fiancée with a grimy face, a smashed hat, and a pathetic attempt at a grin). Well? I done it, you see!

Miss S. (crushingly). Yes, you *have* done it! And the best thing you can do now, is to go home and wash your face. I don't care to be seen about with a *laughing-stock*, I can assure you! I've had my dignity lowered quite enough as it is!



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Alf. But look 'ere, my dear girl, I can't leave you here all by yourself, you know!

Miss S. I daresay Mr. PERKINS will take care of me.

[*Mr. P. assents, with effusion.*

Alf. (watching them move away—with bitterness). I wish all Niggers were put down by Act of Parliament, I do! Downright noosances—that's what *they* are!

* * * * *

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

[Illustration: Ulysses on Tour.]

Ulysses has been travelling again, and the record of his journeyings is set forth in *The Modern Odyssey*, which CASSELL & Co. publish in one volume, with some charming illustrations in callotype.

My Baronite notes a quaint disposition on the part of the old gentleman to begin at the very beginning. Thus, when he lands in New York, he furnishes a brief account of COLUMBUS, and how he came to discover America. The early history of Australia, and eke of China, are dealt with in the same instructive manner. This is all very well for ULYSSES, who comes fresh on the scene, and learns for the first time all about the Genoese, about Captain COOK, and how "a little more than a century ago eleven ships sailed from England," anchored in the Bay where now Sydney stands, and—strange to say!—did not find a populous city, but only green fields and a river running into the sea. *Pour nous autres*, age has somewhat withered the bloom of this story, and it might have been left peacefully slumbering in the Encyclopaedias. But it can be skipped, and, for the rest, there will be found a swift succession of pictures of life and scenery in the Greater Britain that girdles the world. ULYSSES must have been much struck with the change since he first went a gipsying. But of that he discreetly says nothing.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

* * * * *

WE'VE GOT OUR LYNX EYE ON HIM!—In the *Times'* legal reports for Tuesday, July 26, 1892, Queen's Bench Division, Colonel FITZGEORGE sued a Mr. ROLLS CALVERT LINK. Mr. CANNOT defended LINK. But CANNOT Could Not do much for his client LINK, who did not appear. Evidently, "The Missing Link."

* * * * *

"COURT ON!"



[Illustration: Stephensonius, B.C. (*date uncertain*), qui Jacobum Fidelem scripsit. (From an old Bronze Medal.)]

The “Triple Bill” still going strong at the Court. The *New Sub*, a smartly-written little One-Act Play, by SEYMOUR HICKS, notable for good performance all round, but especially for the rendering of *Mrs. Darlington*, by Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON, of *Major Ensor*, by BRANDON THOMAS, and of *Second-Lieutenant Darlington*, by Mr. ERNEST BERTRAM—uncommonly Earnest BERTRAM. The Scene is in a Hut at Shorncliffe. Hutcaetera. If *Lieutenant Crookendon’s* catch—phrase about “a funny world” were repeated just about five times less frequently than it is, the piece, the part, and the public would be distinctly gainers.



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[Illustration: Faithful James, as originally seen on the walls of Winchester College.]

At 9:10, appears *Faithful James*, represented by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH. It is a finished and quietly droll performance. The author, Mr. B.C. STEPHENSON ("B.C." makes him quite a classic—date uncertain, so his plot may have been done in collaboration, with PLAUTUS or TERENCE) has reproduced from the French a neatly-constructed One-Act piece, in which are all the possibilities of a Three-Act Criterion or Palais Royal Farcical Comedy. So rapid is the action, all over in about forty-five minutes, and so much to the point of the plot is the dialogue, that an inattentive auditor would soon lose the thread of the argument, never to pick it up again anywhere. Miss ELLALINE TERRIS is just that very *Mrs. Duncan*. BRANDON THOMAS is a breezy, brusque, and Admirable Admiral; and Mr. DRAYCOTT a hearty husband, very much in love with his pretty little wife. Mr. LITTLE makes much, perhaps almost a Little too much, of his small but essentially important part,—they are all important parts,—and of Miss SYBIL GREY can be said "*Nous savons Gre a Mlle. Sybil.*" Mr. SIDNEY WARDEN's Character Sketch of the young and rather raw German Waiter, is excellent; the Waiter being "raw," is not overdone. Not a dull second in the farce. Will our B.C. Author give us some of his adaptations from PLAUTUS, TERENCE (some good old Irish plots of course, in the writings of this author), and a few other ancients with whom he was, it is most probable, personally and intimately acquainted. To think that the *Wandering Jew*, who can only sign himself "A.D.", is "not in it" in point of time with our STEPHENSON "B.C.!"

After this comes the *Pantomime Rehearsal*, which everybody should see, and which nearly everybody must have seen by this time. Success to the Triple Bill, which, in the political world, might mean Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and WILLIAM GLADSTONE, the latter WILLIAM "counting two on a division."

* * * * *

EXACT.—"He is something in the Church," said Mrs. R., trying to describe the social position of a clerical friend of hers. "I forget what it is, but it's a something like 'Dromedary;' only, you needn't smile, of course I know it couldn't be that, as a Dromedary has two humps on his back. Or, stop!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "am I confusing him with a Minor Camel?"

* * * * *

[Illustration: WELL MEANT, BUT AWKWARDLY PUT.

"SO GLAD YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ME, DEAR LORD VARICOSE; I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD, AFTER SO MANY YEARS!"

"OH, NO, MISS EVERGREEN; I NEVER FORGET OLD FACES!"



WOT CHER!

OR, KNOCKED 'EM IN THE WEST-MIN-IS-TER ROAD.

*(WITH MR. PUNCH'S RESPECTFUL APOLOGIES TO THE GREAT COSTER
LAUREATE, MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER.)*



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Coster Bill sings:—

Last week down our way there come a chap,
Sort o' "Sausage." Lots o' go and snap.
Twigs my Missus, and takes orf 'is cap,
In a (German) gentlemanly way.
"Ma'am," says 'e, "I've 'appy news to tell.
SOL, of 'Atfield (rich old Tory Swell),
Snuffed it recent, to 'is sort a sell,
Leaving you this little Donkey Shay."

CHORUS.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried,
"Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?
'Ave yer bought the street, BILL?"
Laugh!! I thought I should 'ave died.
Knock'd 'em in the West-min-is-ter Road!

Some says nasty things about the moke,
"Won't got fur afore 'is back is broke!"
That's all envy, cos we're kerridge folk,
Like the Tory Toffs wot 'ave to go!
Straight! it woke the Tories up a bit.
Thought BRUM JOE would go and 'ave a fit,
When my Missus, who 'as Irish wit,
Sez "I 'ate Brum Brooms[1] becoss they're low!"

CHORUS.

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried.
"Who're yer goin' to meet, BILL?
'Ave yer bought the street, BILL?"
Missus, she the Shamrock waved with pride.
Knock'd 'em in the West-min-is-ter Road!

Some sez worry soon the moke'll stop;
Not hup to *our* weight, but bound ter drop.
No use whackin' 'im with pole or prop,
'Cos the warmint wasn't *made* to go.
Well, it ain't hexact a four-in-'and;
But me and the Missus hunderstand,
If we drive together we shall "land,"
Wich to Tory toffs'll be a blow.



CHORUS.

“Wot cher!” all the neighbours cried.
Who’re yer goin’ to meet, BILL?
’Ave yer bought the street, BILL?”
Win? You bet! with BIDDY by my side.
Knock’d in the West-min-is-ter Road!

Wait till arter August four or five!
Me and Missus, we will take a drive.
Toffs say, “Wonderful they’re still alive!”
You shall see that little Donkey go!
I’ll soon show ’em wot we mean to do;
Just wot my old Missus wants me to;
And in spite of all that rowdy crew,
’Ollerin’ “Woa! Steady! Neddy, woa!”

CHORUS.

“Wot cher!” all the neighbours cried.
“Who’re yer goin’ to meet, BILL?
’Ave yer bought the street, BILL?”
Laugh? We’ll make ’em laugh on ’tother side,
And knock ’em in the West-min-is-ter Road!

[Footnote 1: The Hibernian lady doubtless means “Broughams.”]

* * * * *

VOLUNTEER VITTICISM.—Definition of “Marksmen”—Writers on the *Financial News*.

* * * * *

ALONE IN LONDON!



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I found her crouching in the lonely street;
Scarce six years' old she was: Her little feet
Were worn with endless pacing, up and down,
And round and round the cruel thoughtless town.
Her limbs were shrunk, and in her large round eyes
The light of coming madness seemed to rise.
No word she spoke, but sat, a prey to scorn,
Forsaken, friendless, feeble and forlorn.

And, as I pondered on her sorry tale,
One weird, unearthly, melancholy wail,
Broke from her lips:—a cry of agony,
Of hopeless, mad, despairing misery:
Then grim starvation on her little head
Laid his cold fingers, and she fell back dead!

I raised her tenderly with pitying arms,
And in a garden, far from Life's alarms,
I buried her, and left her all alone,
And wrote this epitaph upon the stone:—
"Peace to her ashes, but not peace to those,
Her erewhile friends, the cause of all her woes,
Who fondled and caressed her for a space,
Who loved to stroke her soft, confiding face,
Who gave her food and shelter from her birth,
Who joined in all her harmless youthful mirth;
But, when they went for holidays to roam,
Shut-to the door of what had been her home,
And thoughtless left to die upon the mat,
Their faithful but forgotten Tabby-cat."

* * * * *

[Illustration: "KNOCKED 'EM IN THE WEST-MIN-IS-TER ROAD."

"WHO'RE YER GOIN' TO MEET, BILL?
'AVE YER BOUGHT THE STREET, BILL?"]

* * * * *

[Illustration: A SATISFACTORY PATIENT.

Family Doctor. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING?"



Young Hopeful. "OH, NURSEY SAYS I'M EVER SO MUCH NORMALLER TO-DAY!"]

* * * * *

ROBERT LOWE, VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE.

BORN, 1811. DIED, JULY 27, 1892.

Great fighter of lost causes, gone at last!
A meteoric course, by shade o'ercast
Long ere its close, was thine. A star that slips
At brightest into shadow of eclipse,
Leaves watchers waiting for its flaming forth
In a renewed refulgence. Wit and worth,
Satire and sense, courage and judgment keen,
Were thine. What flaw of weakness or of spleen,
What lack of patience or persistence, doomed
Thee to too early darkness? Seldom bloomed
So sudden-swift a flower of fame as thine,
When BRIGHT and GLADSTONE led the serried line
Of resolute reformers to the attack,
And dauntless DIZZY strove to hear them back.
Then rose "White-headed BOB," and foined and smote,
Setting his slashing steel against the throat
Of his old friends, and wrung from them applause.
The champion was valiant, though the cause
Was doomed to failure, and betrayal. Yes!

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The subtle Chief thus aided in the press
By an ally so stalwart, turned and rent
The flag he fought for, and the valour spent
In its defence by thee, was wasted all.
Yet 'twas a sight when, back against the wall,
White-headed BOB would wield that flashing blade,
That BRIGHT scarce parried, and that GLADSTONE stayed
Only with utmost effort.

Yes, 'twill live
In record, that fierce fight, and radiance give
Through Time's dense mist, when lesser stars grow dim,
And though the untimely ermine silenced him,
The clear and caustic critic, though no more,
That rhetoric, like the Greek's, now "fulminated o'er"
Democracy's low flats, but silent sank
In those dull precincts dedicate to Rank;
Still its remembered echoes shall resound,
For he with honour, if not love, was crowned,
Whom those he served, and "slated," like to know,
Less as Lord SHERBROOKE than as "BOBBY LOWE."

* * * * *

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

"The Yacht" Jersey.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You will see *par mon adresse* that I am *encore une fois* on my travels! At present, in fact, the Channel Islands "claim me for their own," as *Lord Marmion* says in BULWER LYTTON. *Pardonnez-moi*, if I occasionally lapse into French, for *vraiment il y a* such a mixture of tongues that we might almost rename them the Babel Islands—even my noted Parisian accent is scarcely understood. *C'est etonnant!* and were it not for EULALIE, I should *quelquefois* be in a fix *agacant*.

I told you in my last letter that I should be unable to brighten Goodwood with the sunshine of my smile. But what is *Goodwood* compared to racing at *Jersey*? Indeed, it was unfortunate for Goodwood that the meetings clashed, and it should be avoided in future.



It has been blowing hard for some few days, and we had rather a rough passage, and though the yacht was not a wreck, / was I am afraid, in spite of the compliment paid me by Mr. SPOOPENDYKE K. SIDNEY, the well-known American Four Millionaire, who said he thought me “a real smart sailor!”—and he was very near the truth, too, for the salt water got in my eyes and they *did* smart; but I resolutely declined to go “below,” and hung on to “the shrouds,” I think they called them—a most unpleasantly suggestive name, when you are dreading a watery grave every moment. However, we got to our “moorings” at last (as *Othello* would call them), and having chartered the inevitable “sharry-bang” started for the course.

By the way, *en passant* (I have not dropped into French for a long time), what a strange thing it is, that the moment you land at one of these islands you are immediately advised to proceed to another.



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I was told at Guernsey that I must on no account miss seeing “Sark.” so I didn’t—but was careful to observe it from a distance—for really, in these days of eruptions one doesn’t know what might happen on such a volcanic-looking island!—and besides, I *always* carry a pocket “AETna” in my dressing-bag, so that I can have a flare-up whenever I like. But let me see, where was I? Oh, yes! sharry-banging out to the races at Jersey. Well, really now, judging from some of the lovely toilettes worn by the Jersey “Daughters of Eve” (an old-established journalistic expression, and to my mind, most idiotic and insulting—we are *not* all tempting!)—they are in front of a good many of their Main-land sisters!—and the Hospitality—(always a capital H, I believe)—shown by the 1st South Lancashire Regiment is not to be beaten anywhere! The Lawn was well patronised, and the enthusiasm was tremendous—seven events—*all* over two miles, and *two* over hurdles, where *one* came down! What more *could* you want—together with a glorious day, “and all the fun *for* the Fair!”

The great event of the day was “Her Majesty’s Cup,” for three years’ old and upwards—(one went *downwards*)—and it was won, for the —th time in succession by *Jersey Lily* (I won’t tell the exact number of times, as it is rude to hint at a lady’s age)—amid a scene of excitement almost as big as the Eclipse at Sandown!—she was “followed home”—(racing expression—patented)—by *Lady Westhill* and *Lady Steephill*—so you see we were quite among the *haut-ton*—though some of us had never heard of these aristocratic thorough-breds before!

And so the Jersey Goodwood is once more over!—and we have again from the springy turf of the Solent—(a most insecure footing)—caught in the flush of the sunlight the gleaming white sails of the vessels on the Goodwood Downs!—(this *may* sound a little wrong—but I prefer it to using a more stereotyped and matter-of-fact description).

As to the racing of next week—I have not the faintest idea *where* it is, *what* it is, or *why* it is!—but such trifles do not disturb me, and I will proceed to my usual prophetic utterance on the event of the week!

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

THE BANK HOLIDAY STAKES SELECTION.

In the sweet month of August no longer I choose,
By the river or seaside to tarry!
Preferring, in depths of the country to lose
All chance of encounter with “ARRY!”

* * * * *

“MINIME!”—The other day the SPEAKER admitted that he couldn’t remember the Latin for “Yes.” What a lot of time, trouble, and money our own countrymen would be spared



could they only occasionally forget that there is such a word as “Yes” in English! How many marriages, which have ended in misery, would never have come off but for this mischievous monosyllable! But to continue this is to be Hamletising, and to consider too curiously. For the SPEAKER to own it, stamps him as the genuine article, a Candid PEEL.



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* * * * *

[Illustration: TROP DE ZELE.

Clerical Customer. "I WANT TO BUY A NICE DIAMOND BROOCH FOR MY BETTER HALF."

Over-anxious Shopkeeper. "CERTAINLY, SIR. WE HAVE JUST THE VERY THING. WE CAN ACCOMMODATE YOU ALSO FOR YOUR OTHER HALF, IF YOU WISH."
[*They did not trade.*]

* * * * *

THE WAIL OF A PESSIMIST POET.

O lift me out of this weary world,
And put me on a tree,
For life is all noughts
And crosses, or thoughts
That are busy for brawl and spree!

For where is the man would strike the lyre,
Or spurn with his foot the thief,
Or melt all day,
In a Midsummer way,
At the sight of repentant grief?

No! Lift me up to a leafy bough,
Where my feet may play in the breeze,
If my hot head there
Still singe my hair,
My heels may be ready to freeze!

* * * * *

MINOR MISERIES.

NO. II.—THE WINGED HAT.

My hat, my hat—away it flew—
The Strand was damp, the wind blew strong—
My tall silk hat, so bright and new;
Ye Bishops, tell me was it wrong
That, in that moment's agony,
My language, like my hat, flew free?



Away in swift pursuit I dashed,
The hat went scudding fast before;
By Busmen mocked, by Hansoms splashed,
The more I ran, it flew the more.
While boys screeched forth, in chorus vile,
"I'll lay the toff don't catch 'is tile."

On, on—at last it seemed to tire
Of pavements and pursuing feet.
It soared, then settled in the mire,
Full in the middle of the street,
A mud-stained, shattered relic—not
The bright new hat I bought from SCOTT.

Now was my time; I rushed—but no—
Fate ever mocks an ardent man;
Even as I rushed, unwieldy, slow,
Bore down a ponderous Pickford-Van,
And under two broad wheels crushed flat
My loved but suicidal hat.

Have hats got souls, and can they hate?
Are street-boys higher than the brute?
Avails it to discuss of fate,
Free-will, fore-knowledge absolute?
Nay, why of all created things
Should new silk hats be made with wings?

I know not. Wherefore, oh ye powers,
Speed me to some deserted land,
Where blow no winds and fall no showers,
Far from the street-boys and the Strand.
There all unfriended let me dwell,
A hatless hermit in a cell.

* * * * *

THE CYCLE-RIDING DUSTMAN.

A VERY NEW SONG TO A VERY OLD TUNE.

AIR—"THE LITERARY DUSTMAN."



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["A resolution on the Agenda of the Greenwich Board of Works runs as follows:—'That, in order to enable the foreman of the dustmen in the Parish of St. Paul, Deptford, to get about that parish with more expedition, and so superintend the work of the men under his control to greater advantage than is now possible, a tricycle be obtained for his use, at a cost not exceeding L21 1s. 6d.'" *Daily Chronicle*.]

BUMBLE will ope his eyes, egad,
In hutter consternation.
He'd think as soon of a park-prad
For covies in my station.
Our Board o' Works knows wot is wot,
And has a feller-feeling.
About the parish must I trot?
No, hang it! I'll go Wheeling!

CHORUS.

Out o' the road! The highway clear!
OSMOND's the Cyclist's fust man;
And I, by co-in-side-ance clear,
Am the fust Cycling Dustman!
The happy foreman Dustman!
The Cycle-riding Dustman!
Yes, by a co-in-side-ance queer,
I'm the fust Cycling Dustman!

Old fogies to the papers write,
Grumbling about their dust, Sirs.
They says we're scarce and imperlite,
Unless we're well tipped fust, Sirs.
When I wheels round on my machine,
Like ZIMMERMAN on hisn,
If we don't keep their dustbins clean,
Wy, pop me into prison!

CHORUS.

Their refuse-pails we'll promptly clear,
When on the wheels I'm fust man;
And even sour old maids shall cheer
The Cycle-riding Dustman! &c.

Cycles for Dust-hos! Arter that,
It's Hosborne to my hattic



That Dusty BOB of the flap 'at
 Will turn haristocratic.
 BUMBLE, old buck, I cannot tell
 'Ow bloomin' proud I feel, man,
 Old Shanks's mare I once knew well,
 But now I'm turned swell Wheelman.

CHORUS.

Good Greenwich Board o' Works! Hurroo!
 Elated? Ain't I just, man!
 Show the Big D! 'Twill bring to you
 The Cycle-riding Dustman! &c.

* * * * *

[Illustration: SOME UPS AND DOWNS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

* * * * *

[Illustration: "BUMBLE BARNARDO; OR, THE BUZZY B."

"I feel almost compelled to concur in the widely-known dictum of the redoubtable Mr. Bumble."—*Extract from Letter of Dr. Barnardo to the "Times."*

* * * * *

JUST LIKE JUSTICE.

(NOTES ON THE NEXT CASE.)

Commencement of the Case.—I am an enthusiast, and I am jotting down on this sheet of paper the story of my last exploit. A few days since I saw a dear little fellow in long clothes deserted by its mother, and took quite an interest in it. The next I hear of the sweet little boy is that he had been caught up by Dr. MARCELLUS and carried to his Home! Shall I permit this? No, from the view I had of the mother before she deserted the little lad (who, by the way, was called PITT WELLINGTON, after two statesmen recently deceased), I imagine she must have been a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion. PITT WELLINGTON shall be brought up as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion. (*Signed*) MARY HEAVISIDES, *Spinster and Landowner.*

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Written Seven Years later.—I have found this document amongst the late Miss HEAVISIDES' papers. It is common knowledge that she took proceedings against Dr. MARCELLUS to produce PITT WELLINGTON. At the time of her death she had not succeeded. However, there is a fair sum mentioned in her will to carry her point. I drew the document myself at her dictation, and made it safe for the profession. There ought to be some nice pickings before "it is all over but the shouting," as my ancient client, the late Lord DASHOVER, used to observe. (*Signed*) RICHARD ROE, *Solicitor to the late Miss MARY HEAVISIDES.*

Added Four Years after.—This case of PITT WELLINGTON and Dr. MARCELLUS is a troublesome matter; however, as trustee under the will I suppose I have no option, at least that is the opinion of Mr. RICHARD ROE. We are seeking to get Dr. MARCELLUS before the Court. After delays from various reasons the matter is now practically settled. Is PITT WELLINGTON to be brought up as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion, or is he not? Well, we shall know soon. (*Signed*) JAMES BROWN, *Trustee and Executor under the Will of Miss MARY HEAVISIDES.*

Added Five Years later.—A great joke. Just found this paper in poor old Uncle JIM's strong box. How that case about PITT WELLINGTON did worry him! Five years ago, and still at the first stage! Nothing much could be done as Dr. MARCELLUS had taken PITT WELLINGTON out of the country. (*Signed*) TOM BOY, *Nephew to the late JAMES BROWN.*

Added Two Years later.—This paper commenced seriously and treated with levity by the last writer has fallen into our hands. As we find the note of one of our partners we add to it. The case of *Brown v. Marcellus* is still before the Court. The second Judge had to have the whole matter explained to him anew. It is a pity that there is not a law forcing occupants of the Bench to hear their own cases before they are allowed to retire. But that is beside the question. As to *Brown v. Marcellus*, we got the defendant before the Court and Mr. Justice ROBINSON has issued a writ of *habeas corpus*. We shall now have PITT WELLINGTON before us to see if he should be made a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion or not. By the way, as these proceedings were commenced some years ago, he must be becoming a fine boy by now! (*Signed*) JOHN DOE, *Junior Partner of the firm of ROE, SONS, DOE, TOMPKINS AND DOE.*

Written after Another Year.—Strange to find this paper full of notes. Well I may as well continue them, and put them back in the bundle from which I have taken them out. The bundle will tell its own story. It is full of summonses, copies of affidavits, draft instructions, and I know not what. It came out of the box marked *Brown v. Marcellus*. That's been a nice case. Fifteen years of it, and we are still waiting



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our turn in the list of the Court of Appeal. Not that we haven't been there before. Oh yes; we argued whether we had any right to take the matter before them. Strong Bar. Two Law Officers of the Crown on one side, and the Ex-Attorney and the Ex-Solicitor on the other. By the way, how the infant must be getting on! He must have taken to moustaches and a beard by this time! (*Signed*) BOBBY BINKS, *Clerk to Messrs. ROE, SONS, DOE, TOMPKINS, DOE, SONS AND MARVEL.*

Written a Year later.—This is really a most interesting find. So the cause of *Brown v. Marcellus* was commenced many many years ago! I know it had the reputation of being pretty ancient, but had no idea it was so old. Fancy, that I should write on the same page under the signature of my grandfather? Well, old Dr. MARCELLUS stood to his guns, and declared that we had no right to move in the matter at all. We were only a trustee under a Will, and it was not our matter. Then we ran through the Courts, Divisional, Appeal, right into the House of Lords. And the worthy Doctor won! However, BROWN's heir was a bit of a sportsman, and made him a Ward in Chancery. Just could do it, PITT WELLINGTON only in his twentieth year. That has put us right, Should go on straight now. (*Signed*) LUKE ROE, *Junior Partner of ROE, SONS, DOE, TOMPKINS, DOE AND ROE.*

[Illustration: Quite a Pleasant Time.]

Written after an indefinite Period.—This is a most useful memorandum, as it gives an idea of what has been done hitherto. Our firm seems to have wisely kept the action open by paying the term-fee. As our late respected client's heir has for a son a young Barrister not in very large practice, I am not surprised that we are requested to continue the action. Of course, the son of our late respected client's heir, is to be briefed. Well, I dare say we shall be able to do something. Have perhaps quite a pleasant time of it. At any rate, we have made a move by taking out a summons before the Chief Clerk. (*Signed*) JAMES TOMPKINS, *Surviving Partner of Messrs. ROE & Co.*

Written Three Years after the last Entry.—I am very glad I insisted upon looking through the papers when I accepted the brief in *Brown v. Marcellus*. This paper is fairly accurate, save that it describes me as "a Barrister not in very large practice." That is a misstatement. I have been called only ten years, and yet last term I made enough to pay for my share of our Chambers and half the salary of our Clerk in common. Not in large practice, indeed! But to return to *Brown v. Marcellus*. We have done splendidly. We have been before the Courts, and taken it again up to the Lords. The contention I have held for the last three years is at last said to be correct. We have a right to the body of PITT WELLINGTON, and when we have brought that body before the Court, the Court will order it to be educated as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion. I consider the establishment of this point a great forensic victory. (*Signed*) ARTHUR BRIEFLESS, *Barrister-at Law.*



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[Illustration: An Incomplete Suit.]

Written Six Years later.—After five years' diligent search, we have discovered the whereabouts of Mr. PITT WELLINGTON, according to the instructions furnished us by Messrs. ROE, NEPHEWS, TOMPKINS AND BACKGAMMON. We regret, however, to say that it will be impossible to carry out the instructions of the Court to produce him, that he might be brought up as a Reformed Revivalist of the New Connexion (a sect, we fancy, that disappeared some twenty years ago), as the alleged infant, the object of our search, died at the advanced age of ninety-two during the past summer. We add this mem to this paper, as the document seems to have reference to the matter we have in hand, and which now must ever be an incomplete suit. (*Signed*) HAND AND GLOVE.
Private Inquiry Agents.

Final Endorsement.—Messrs. DIGGE AND DELVE having had the honour to be commanded to make the necessary arrangements for the obsequies of the late Mr. PITT WELLINGTON, beg to say (on this memorandum) that they have not been fortunate enough to carry out the transaction to their entire satisfaction. Messrs. D. AND D. were able to ascertain the funeral rites of the Reformed Revivalists of the New Connexion (very poor and inexpensive rites), but have found out that the late Mr. PITT WELLINGTON himself placed a difficulty in their path. Messrs. D. AND D. have ascertained with regret that the late Mr. PITT WELLINGTON has been cremated, having died a Buddhist.

* * * * *

ADVICE GRATIS.—STARTING IN TRADE. (TO "FRUGALITY.")—You say that you have opened a "general shop" for the sale, among other things, of milk, paraffin oil, tobacco, sweetmeats, and fried fish, and you ask whether it will be necessary to take out any kind of licence, and if so, what?—Surely you are joking. If so, a game-licence might suit you; or why not try the Examiner of Plays? If you are serious, it seems to us no further licence is needed; you have taken enough already.

* * * * *

"LES DEUX CHARLIES," *i.e.* the Common Serjeant (resigned) and the Recorder. The one is "Not there at all," and the other is "HALL there." (N.B.—Mem. to the Recorder, this is "a Short Sentence.")

* * * * *

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