

Punch,
or the London Charivari

Volume 93, October 8th, 1887.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARAVARI, VOLUME 93, OCTOBER 8, 1887 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

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OUR AMERICAN COUSIN AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

THE BATTLE OF THE WAY.

A Lay of Lake-land.

"Now, Lake-men, claim your right of way, and see the business done,
Come with your crowbar, spade, and pick;—and sure the battle's won,
For bolts and bars show SPEDDING'S race that you don't care a fig,
And prove that right's no match for might when rallied round Latrigg."

So shouted ROUTH-FITZPATRICK, and Lake-men with a cheer,
To Fawe Park Gates from Keswick's peaceful slopes were drawing near,
When high upon the topmost wall as if to break the spell,
There uprose the Solicitor of Mrs. SPENCER BELL.

He spoke and as his voice he raised his arms he waved around,
"Beware," he cried, "what you're about, for this is private ground.
With sundry pains and penalties you'll surely be repaid,
Who dare to-day set hand to move this lawful barricade!"

But ROUTH-FITZPATRICK heeded not his protest, nor replied;
So Mrs. BELL'S Solicitor, he promptly stood aside,
And watched the next proceedings with a disapproving frown,
For up went crow-bar, pick, and axe, and gate and bar went down.

Yes, 'neath the sturdy Lake-men's blows the barriers gave way,
And lo! in rushed the joyous thronging crowd without delay;
And some on foot, and some in drags, and some in waggons stowed,
Held on their way triumphantly down the disputed road.

So onward towards Silver Hill advanced the active host,
And cleared each wire fence away, and levelled every post;
And when with crowbar, pick, and axe, they'd made their purpose plain,
To Nichol Ending they returned in triumph once again.

Then Secretary JENKINSON uprose and spoke a word,
And said how by the sights that day his manly breast was stirred,

And how that, if on Saturday as they had now begun
They held their own, they might regard the fight already won.

And then a telegram from Mr. PLIMSOLL he read out,
The which the Lake-men greeted with a hearty answering shout;
And Mrs. BELL's Solicitor retired from the field,
But with an ugly look that seemed to say, "We'll never yield!"

And so commenced the fray that day, and though we know, of course,
As everybody tells us, there's no remedy in force,
Still, if the Lake-men's pick and axe this matter sets at rest,
We must admit how ills to cure at Keswick they know best.

But which side wins or loses in the still impending fight,
Whether force of public freedom, or trick of legal right,
The eager world on-looking may have watched a deadlier fray,
But none more keen in contest than the Battle of the Way!

PARNELLITE PROVERB (*applied to the Baleful Balfour*).—Give him an inch (of
law) and he'll take a (National) League.

THE MORNING'S REFLECTIONS.

SCENE—*Breakfast-table of an Illustrious Statesman of stalwart proportions and "Gladstonian" politics. Illustrious Statesman discovered, admiringly perusing three closely-printed columns of leading Morning Paper.*

I. S. (soliloquising).

Hah! Really reads very well, very well indeed. Points neatly put, hits smartly delivered! They shan't call me the "Champion Slugger" for nothing. American pugilist, named SULLIVAN, original bearer of that honorific title, I believe. Should like to see SULLIVAN. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous—curious. Not kind, always, or JOSEPH and WILLIAM—but no matter.

Hm—m—m! Hm—m—m—m! Excellent!

Sparklers calculated to illuminate Lewes, startle Sussex, electrify the country. Slugging and sparkling my specialities. One or two decent speakers about; "our distinguished leader" can—distinguish, at great length and with considerable verbosi—I mean eloquence. RANDOLPH can rattle, and MORLEY can pound, and ROSEBERY twitter pleasantly. But they can't coruscate *and* crush. The power of the bolt, which at once shines and smashes, is Jovian—not Rhodian, as DIZZY once nastily suggested. "My thunder," and I'm proud



of it.

By the way, wonder what the *other* "Thunderer" thinks of it. Touches a tender chord, the chord of memory. Lost chord now, indeed. But no matter, let's see.

[Turns paper.

Hm—m—m! Hm—m—m—m! Hah! *Too* bad! "His bludgeon, or—considering his present connection—may we say his shillelagh?" Tut-tut! The Cloud-Compeller as a bludgeon-man, the Titan-queller flourishing a blackthorn like a tenth-rate Theseus, a Hibernian Hercules! Absurd! No sense of keeping whatever. "Swashbuckler," too! Nasty, and not even new!

As to "beating the big drum in Sussex"—why, how often have I done it—to their delight—in their own pages! "Travesty of contemporary history"—this to their own omniscient HISTORICUS!

Shows the "Champion Slugger" has struck home, though. Your hard-hitter—your fellow who smites, as the appreciative rustic (Sussex man, I wonder?) put it, "blooming hard, blooming high, and blooming often," generally scores—even in the cricket-field. I am the BONNOR of debate, the THORNTON of the platform. And doesn't the "Ring" like it?

Knocked holes in the "Jubilee Session," I fancy, "Ignorant people who mistake the flush of fever for the bloom of health, the torpor of apoplexy for the tranquillity of sleep," think that blazing BALFOUR and stertorous SMITH are never "a penny the worse" for my repeated poundings. Pooh! "Salted with fire"—*my* fire—they—not being of the indomitable race of DIZZY—will *not* "undecaying live" much longer. I prophesy—but no, prophecy, *private* prophecy at least, is not profitable. Don't suppose a Delphic priest, or even a Derby tipster ever wasted time in prophesying *to himself*!

Still—still, *if* Champion "slugging" combined with coruscation *does* lead to Leadership—as why should it not?—I fancy I know some one who will have what the sporting patterers call, I think, "a look in" one of these days. Parochial shrewdness is all very well, so is philosophical precision combined with Puritan fervour. But the "swashing blow" strikes home, and if the

Unionist bucklers are beaten down thereby, let who likes cry "swashbuckler!" As to "shillelaghs"—why is not "blackthorns to the front!" the order of the hour?

[*Left smiling.*

IN TROUBLED WATERS.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN is being praised in some quarters for saying that we should leave Irish affairs, and "attend to our own business." The inference seems to be that "Irish affairs" are *not* "our business." Is not Ireland as much a part of the United Kingdom as England, Scotland, or Wales? We shall be glad of a line from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—when he gets to his Fisheries.

**GOLD AND STEEL: OR, SOMETHING LIKE A
"SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER."**



The Nizam of Hyderabad (to Britannia). "HERE, MADAM, IS AN EARNEST OF MY GOOD-WILL—AND MY SWORD IS READY WHEN WANTED."

Mr. Punch, as Britannia's Chief Spokesman and First Plenipotentiary, replies to the Nizam of Hyderabad, First of India's Mahommedan Princes:—

Thanks, great descendant of GHAZEE-OOD-DEEN!
A gracious gift! It well may move the spleen
Of England's enemies—and yours. The Bear
Will stir, and growl in his chill Northern lair
To see the Indian Tiger arm-in-arm
With England's Lion, linked by the strong charm
Of mutual confidence and common aim.

A generous friendship, Prince, is our best game.
Not loyalty alone approves your gift,
But wise self-interest, and sagacious thrift.
Sage SALAR JUNG would cordially approve
The liberal impulse, the far-sighted move.
Punchius, my Prince, is far too great to gush,
And fulsome flattery wakens manhood's blush.
England's true honour England's hand must hold;
Steel for defence, and for equipment gold
'Tis hers to furnish; when that hand shall fail,
Auxiliar sword or purse will nought avail
To prop her sway, or 'stablish shaken power,
Not though she had the more than Danaë dower
Of all "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind."
Fear must not shake and softness must not blind
The man, the people, who would lead and light
Progress's Army in the World's great fight.
Each nation finds, when Fate its courage tests,
Its last, best frontier is its soldiers' breasts.
War's sinews, though, wise captains won't condemn,
Loyalty, liberal aid,—who laughs at *them*
Is churl and goose at once. All England's ranks
Will hail your generous gift with cordial thanks,
NIZAM-OOL-MOOLK! Our DUFFERIN has Wit,
Trust him to make the wisest use of it;
Or failing that—which doubtless will *not* fail—
Trust *Punch* to throw his *bâton* in the scale,
Whose wood, in hands like his, as skilled as bold,
Ofttimes outweighs the worth of steel *and* gold.
NIZAM, that North-West Frontier, *Punch's* eye
Shall watch henceforth with sharpest scrutiny.
The lakhs not lacking, should swift wisdom lack,
That *bâton* will descend with thundering thwack
On dolts who dull delay shall cause or suffer;—
But there, our DUFFERIN is not a duffer.
Red-tape itself would hardly be so mad
As to misread the moral Hyderabad

Reads to Calcutta in this princely *proffer*.

Punch—for his QUEEN—acknowledges the offer

Of him who brings, a tribute free as leal,

Gold for her peace, and for her war-time steel.

ROBERT AT LILLIE BRIDGE.

Well, it does seem rayther rum, I confess, but it's nevertheless true, that hardly nothink of a singlar and xtraordinary charackter seems to appen in London that I don't seem to be present. In these dredful dull days, when there ain't not no great dinners a going on, no not hardly one Livery Company a dining in their Alls of dazzling light, and the LORD MARE hisself a injoying of his olliday at Pangburn, what is a pore Hed Waiter to do to wile away a idle hour or 2; so hearing as two of the seven Champions of England was about to run a race of ever so many hundred yards in just a few seconds, at Lilly Bridge, me and BROWN went there on that now sillybrated Monday, and saw sich a rewolutionary riot as would have done justice to old Ireland itself. Determined to be in good time, we went early, and took up our plaices, and patiently waited. At about 5 o'clock pea. hem. the two galliant Champions walked on the ground, and took a good look at it. I didn't think werry much of their pussonal aperance, and shouldn't a thort as they was Champions if I hadn't bin told, and one was a good deal older than the other one, which didn't seem quite fare to me. However, I didn't interfere, as it wasn't no bizziness of mine, and the two running Champions walked in to dress, or rather praps I should say, to undress for the race. Harf past 5 came, and no Champions, and 6 o'clock struck and no Champions, and we began to get jest a little fidgetty; at a quarter-past 6 a wild roomer spread around that we was all a going to be sold!

There was about a hundred thowsand on us, more or less, a waiting patiently and quietly for a sight that thousands had cum hundreds of miles for to see, and we was told as how as the two galliant Champions had had a jolly row jest as they was a undressing, and then both on em dressed themselves again, and set off at their werry best speed, in quite different and rong directions, and never cum back! At this howdacious swindle our true British pluck begun for to arise, and we all with one acord began to shout tout, "Give us back our Money!" As they didn't do it, we all made a rush to the Pay Places, jest to help ourselves to our several shillings, but the cowardly money-takers had bolted with our money!

Then we Great Britains, feeling as we had been hartfully swindled, rose up in our mighty wroth and wowed wengeance! And wengeance we took! Some of the leading sperits among us who had come hundreds of miles to see the Recorder beaten, tho why they wanted to beat him I couldn't at all understand, shouted out "We'll have sum-think for our money afore we gos back," and quite right too, if they'd ha' stopped at the beer and lemonade, and the sponge cakes, at which the first rush was made, but when it came to destruction and fire and rebellyon, me and BROWN withdrewed our countenances from the hole thing and remembered our duty to our QUEEN and Country, and seeing as the blue Gardiens of the Peeple was rayther hard pressed by the raging and angry Mob, we got two of our friends, as was there, to jine us, and then them, and me, and BROWN, thinking as perhaps a reserve force might be wanted, and out of respect to the great Country that begot us, and bread us, and eddicated us, we stood a long ways off and formed ourselves into a reserve Corpse accordingly, and from there we surveyed all the wild and wicked proceedings in peace and quietness, and, strange to say, wasn't wanted after all!

Ah, if a few more of the few respectable-looking gents as was there had imitated our bold xample, things might have ended werry different to what they begun, but so it is, the mere mob is jest as easily led away to do rong as to do rite, it's only the few who has the moral curridge to judge for theirselves as can stand apart on the roof of a publichouse, and look down with pitty and contemp on what is quite beneath 'em.

As I stood a moralising from my exhalted persition, with a glass of werry nice hot rum and water to keep up my sperrits and keep out the cold, I couldn't help thinking wot a werry wunderfull chap is the Brittish Publick when he hasn't noboddy to guide him. In this werry partickler case, becoz sumbody had bin and robbed 'em all of a shilling a peace, they sets to work, and not only gobbles up all poor Mrs. KING's refreshments, but breaks all her glasses and things, although she knowed more about it than the Emperor of CHINA, and that couldn't ha' been werry much, and smashes down all the palings and places, and then sets 'em on fire, altho' they belonged to a Gent who was out of Town miles and miles away.

Well, I must say that, having in my werry long xperience seen lots of crowds

of all sorts and sizes, for a thorough blackguard set as doesn't seem to have one single good quality, or, if they has, they hides it so carefully that not no one can never find it, but who seems to delight in orful langwidge and senseless mischief, commend me to a sporting mob in the naybourhood of Lundo; and the less they are allowed to congregare there, the better for all honest and decent people.

ROBERT.



AN ANXIETY.

Aunt. "WHY, LAURIE, YOU SEEM TO BE GROWING EVERY DAY!"

Laurie (whose one idea is his Birthday next week). "YES, AUNTY;
I'M AFRAID I SHALL BE SIX BEFORE MY BIRTHDAY!"

VICARIOUS WHIPPING.—Why are Railway Chairmen and Directors like JAMES THE FIRST when he was a boy? Because, according to received tradition, His Majesty, *in statu pupillari*, was provided with another boy, who, whenever JEMMY deserved the rod, had to be flogged, as a substitute, in the Royal youth's place; and the Railway Authorities are allowed similar substitutes, namely, signalmen, engineers, and other subordinates, against whom, when fatal accidents happen by their superiors' fault, Coroners' Juries usually return verdicts of manslaughter.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ASSASSIN.—"A Man who takes life seriously." N.B.—I never like hearing a Medical Man so described in ordinary conversation.



"LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE."

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

(En Route for Home after the Royat Treatment.)

At Geneva I meet an old friend, one of the heartiest men I've ever known and one of the best. He is delighted, really delighted, at our accidental meeting. I am for going on, but he will not hear of it.

"I know the place," says he, cheerily, with a wink and a nudge, "and I'll take you about."

What a wink it is! and what a nudge! So full of humorous appreciation of life and character. Such a knowing not-to-be-done-by-anyone sort of wink. And the nudge is intended to draw your attention to the wink and emphasise it. JOHN BIRLEY is the frankest, openest, freest-and-easiest of men, with a boundless capacity for enjoyment, the strongest sympathies with suffering, and of a reverential grateful spirit that thanks Heaven for all bounties, and accepts misfortunes and sorrows as kindly reminders from Providence that the misfortunes and sorrows of others have to be considered and relieved, and again he thanks Heaven for having put it into his power to relieve them. His chief enjoyment is in giving pleasure to others. The most selfish would gain some good from contact with JOHN BIRLEY; and the craftiest, to whom it might occur to make JOHN BIRLEY's acquaintance for the sake of what he could make out of him or by him, would soon discover his error, and would be informed that he stood detected, very clearly, plainly, and straightly, not by anything that JOHN BIRLEY would say, but he would have it intimated to him beyond possibility of mistake by JOHN BIRLEY's wink and a playful nudge from JOHN BIRLEY's elbow in his left or right side, for JOHN speaks with both elbows. The crafty rogue would there and then know—if he were not too fatally crafty for himself as are so many rogues, or too conceited to realise the humour of the situation,—that his little game, whatever it might have been with JOHN BIRLEY, was up, that his schemes were upset and that to "try it on," any further with JOHN BIRLEY would be utter waste of time and trouble. That is what JOHN BIRLEY's wink would convey to the rogue. But to the honest man,

to the friend, the wink and nudge assure good comradeship and something rare in store for him. To the unfortunate and suffering there is another tone to the wink and nudge, and to these they are full of promise of hope and help, and act as a fine invigorating tonic.

Such is JOHN BIRLEY, whom I meet *en route* and who insists upon my stopping with him and showing me the place. He travels a great deal, he knows everybody and everybody knows him. No matter what the language of the country may be, no matter whether he is in France, Germany, Russia, Egypt, India, or Africa, among cultivated peers, outlandish peasants, or uncouth savages, JOHN BIRLEY invariably makes himself thoroughly understood, for any deficiency in his acquaintance with the language he ekes out with a wink and a nudge adapted to the occasion, and he is sure to obtain exactly what he wants, or an excellent substitute for it, if the thing itself is not to be had. And this has always been so. It so happens that he has retired from business and is now very rich, but long ago when he was working hard, and struggling too, his manner and method were just the same; he has never been discouraged, never been discontented, always energetic, always sanguine, and has elbowed his path for himself through the crowd, politely, pleasantly, apologising sympathetically for any toes he may have accidentally trod upon in his onward course, and working himself well into the front rank by the magic charm of his wink and nudge. He has pulled some others after him who have clung on to his coattails, and brought out of the ruck not a few of those on whose toes, as I have already said, he had pressed rather heavily in passing.

I know I cannot be in better hands, and he is going to show me about everywhere within the very few days I can absolutely spare, now that my cure is finished, my Royat time over, and that I am on my way back to England, home, and beauty.

He maps out a few excursions. He has taken them all before, long ago. But, delighted to go over old ground, the greater part of his pleasure will be found in my enjoyment; for to revisit places associated with pleasant memories, or with nothing but the remembrance of their loveliness, their grandeur, or their solemnity, is to him, in some way like welcoming old friends. All JOHN BIRLEY'S friends are old ones; he has no new ones,—he never had. Some men

of the world discussing him, aver that it is a sort of proof to themselves of there being something good still left in them, that they can reckon themselves among JOHN BIRLEY'S friends. They are of all shades and colours are his friends, and they will analyse each other's characters behind each other's backs in the presence of JOHN BIRLEY, and afterwards they will be more inclined towards each other, more sympathetic, and more charitably disposed, in consequence of each other's good points having been brought out into strong relief by JOHN BIRLEY'S kindly light. So it is with seeing the beauties of nature or art in his company; and so it is that I consider myself to have alighted on my legs in having come across him in this, the lovely playground of Europe, the home of the Merry Swiss Boys and Girls.

There is the Lake to be done; there is Nyon, Thonon, Rolle, Lausanne, Ouchy, Evian-les-Bains, Vevey, and then there are the heights above, including the ascent to St. Gergues, and to wherever can be obtained the best views of Mont Blanc, the Dent du Midi, and the other well-known "objects of interest." Were PULLER here, he would say that "the best views of these mountains can be obtained at the photographers"—but he is not here, he is finishing his treatment at Royat. So it is all arranged, and we dine together, as a commencement.

"You don't mind a third party present?" says BIRLEY to me, apologetically, "as I have just found old Sir ALEC McQUINCEY, wandering about without a companion. Wretched to be alone, eh? and not well, eh? Suffering from liver—nasty that—gives jaundiced view of life. So must cheer the old boy up. He's off for a cure to Evian-les-Bains; so I said to him, 'Dine with us to-night, and we'll land you there to-morrow, eh?'—that's right, isn't it?"—and he gives me a cheery wink and nudge, taking me, as it were, into partnership with him in his scheme for entertaining Sir ALEC McQUINCEY, and for keeping up the latter's spirits, previous to seeing him off to-morrow to the place across the Lake where he is to undergo his treatment, which I trust may enable him to "live happily ever after," and enjoy any amount of City dinners ("He is a City magnate," says BIRLEY, with a nudge, "and that's not good for liver complaint, eh?") till the end of next Season.

Sir ALEC is a capital companion, hearty, cheery, and full of anecdotes. He has got an excellent listener in JOHN BIRLEY, whereat I am rather astonished as

JOHN generally has a lot to say for himself, and a good story from one man invariably draws out another from J. B. But on this occasion he is so unusually silent that I am puzzled. It is true that Sir ALEC commences most of his anecdotes with an apology to BIRLEY in this shape, "I've told this to BIRLEY before, but," turning to me, "you haven't heard it, and it may interest *you*," whereupon BIRLEY nods approval, and I politely assure Sir ALEC that I am already deeply interested by anticipation, and in the words of the ancient drama, now obsolete, I feel inclined to add, "Proceed, sweet warbler, your story interests me much; proceed."

The sweet warbler, who, by the way, is a trifle hoarse and occasionally a little indistinct, tells several of these narratives—they are narratives—and I cut in with occasional observations more or less to the point, which are silently acknowledged by BIRLEY, but not by Sir ALEC, who seems bent upon getting on with his series, interspersed with anecdotes, to the exclusion of all other conversation. He begins with the fish, and his first story about somebody who rose from nothing and arrived at being something, lasts, with the assistance of several discursive but illustrative anecdotes, till we reach the merry Swiss cream and stewed fruit. With the coffee and cigars he opens volume two of his interesting and remarkable stories of great men—each biographical monologue being really interesting by itself, only taken together they ought to be spread over a considerable period, like the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and still BIRLEY contentedly listens, gently inhaling his cigarette, and, when referred to, nodding corroboration. It occurs to me that as Sir ALEC has told all these before to JOHN BIRLEY, so the latter may have told most of his to Sir ALEC and to myself, and that that is why he is now so silent. At all events, he only rarely makes observations, and these of the curtest. I fancy he wants me to come out and amuse Sir ALEC, in return for Sir ALEC interesting me; and it occurs to me that I shall be ungrateful if I do not cut in with something new, just to save BIRLEY from hearing Sir ALEC's stories all over again, and Sir ALEC from hearing BIRLEY's, with which I presume, as they are such very old and intimate friends, he must be acquainted.

So I rouse myself, with a strong determination to shine or perish in the attempt. I make a sharp and apposite remark on some portions of the story which Sir ALEC is now recounting, whereat BIRLEY smiles, and Sir ALEC smiles too, but resumes his narrative at once, as if he were afraid of losing the

thread in consequence of my interruption. I am conscious of having only glimmered; I have not yet shone. On he goes again; he is telling us of a wonderful silver tea-pot, how it was lost in a cart, how some one saw it outside the Old Bailey, how some one came up at that moment and a Judge said to an Alderman, "That's the tea-pot!" Now at this moment I remember that I have a story which neither of these two has ever heard of a Judge and an Alderman which will come in capitally here, and so as I am quite certain that if I keep it to myself and allow the opportune moment to pass, I shall forget it entirely, and so lose a magnificent chance of shining brilliantly in the presence of Sir ALEC (who if favourably impressed can be, I am aware, of the greatest possible service to me), I take advantage of Sir ALEC drawing strenuously at the last half-inch (he is a thrifty man evidently) of his expiring cigar, to say briskly, "By the way,—excuse my interrupting you—but that reminds me," and then I give my story of the Judge and the Alderman, which makes BIRLEY laugh, and brings a smile to Sir ALEC's lips, though it seems to me there is a puzzled expression on his countenance, as though he couldn't quite understand the point, and was appearing to be amused chiefly out of politeness to me as being a friend of JOHN BIRLEY'S.

However, Sir ALEC does smile, and then forthwith resumes his narrative. When he has finished, as he has mentioned the names of some persons with whom I am acquainted, I ask him if they are so and so, and he replies, "Yes," and adds something which elicits from me a sharp remark that gets a roar from BIRLEY, and produces on Sir ALEC'S countenance another smile and the same sort of puzzled expression I had noticed before. I feel that I have shone, but that somehow I have not turned my light strongly enough on to Sir ALEC. I question him as to the identity of some other celebrated persons he has been mentioning, and he replies with something about them which doesn't seem to exactly correspond with my question; but once more—being in the happiest vein, and shining in a manner that positively astonishes myself, I let off another brilliant jest, which is received in precisely the same manner by my audience as were my previous conversational fireworks. I think to myself, "I am ingratiating myself with Sir ALEC. This will be a first-rate thing for me and for several members of my family, as a man in Sir ALEC'S influential position," &c.

Sir ALEC now starts another subject, and as I foresee that if he sticks to it, I

have something which will cap everything, I at once question him as to something he has just uttered. He replies, but, as before, I am bothered by his reply, which seems to me utterly inconsequent. So I repeat my question. And he smiles, nods and says, "Well—yes—" doubtfully. But my question required quite a different sort of answer. It had been, "How many times did you say Lord GRANGEMORE sneezed on that occasion?" To which it is evident that a doubtful "Well—um—yes," is not a satisfactory answer. So I repeat the question, whereupon he turns towards me confidentially and says, "No, I don't think so. It was her sister he married." I look at him inquiringly to see if this is his fun, but at that moment I catch a wink from BIRLEY who is putting up his hand to his ear and intimating in the clearest possible pantomime for my private and particular benefit, that our entertaining friend Sir ALEC McQUINCEY is uncommonly deaf!

Now I comprehend BIRLEY's silence. Now I comprehend why Sir ALEC goes on talking, and why he looks puzzled at any interruption, and why he could only smile when he got the cue, as it were, from his companion, and was made aware that there had been something said which required to be smiled at.

I relapse into silence. I accept an excellent cigar from Sir ALEC, and I let him talk for the rest of the evening uninterruptedly, until he looks at his watch, says that nine-thirty is late enough for him, that he has enjoyed his evening with us amazingly, and goes off to bed.

"Agreeable old chap," says BIRLEY, stretching out his legs, preparatory to taking a short stroll. "Seen a lot of life has old ALEC. He's a capital Chairman at a Board-meeting. Just deaf enough when he doesn't want to hear any arguments. I let him talk on."

"So I see," I say, and we walk out to bid good-night to Mont Blanc.

"The Mons looks like a warrior taking his rest—his last rest," says BIRLEY, gravely, giving me a subdued nudge. "NAPOLEON THE GREAT, and his cocked hat, carved out of white stone. Ah!" and, meditatively we linger, and then walk slowly back to the Hotel.

"We'll take old ALEC to his warm bath at Evian-les-Bains to-morrow," says

BIRLEY. "Good night." Then he pauses on the stairs, as with a wink full of fun, and last playful nudge, he says, "I suppose you'll let him have all the talk to himself, eh? Won't you? Ha! ha! I shall."

My friend SKURRIE to whom his own Plan of Return, which I have accepted, is as the law of the Medes and Persians, says he will give me three days more for GENEVA and BIRLEY, and that then we must emphatically start homewards as he insists on JANE and myself seeing Heidelberg *en route* and every half hour of our time from Wednesday to Monday is so carefully adjusted that to miss one train will upset all the plans he has taken such pains and trouble to arrange for us. I am closeted with him for two hours, when he explains it all to me, gives me, so to speak, the key of the puzzle, insists on my verifying the items by *Cook's Tourist Train-Book* (an invaluable work), and then reducing it to writing. After this I am headachey, and exhausted.

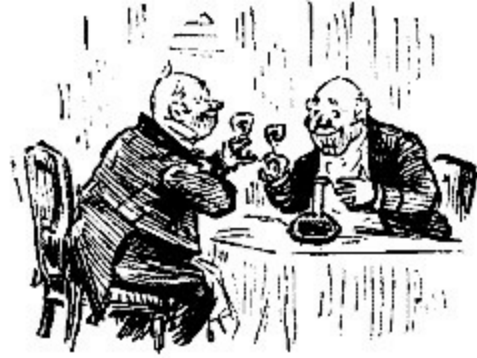
[P.S.—Revising this, long after the event, I say, "Beware of SKURRIE and his fixed plan of sight-seeing against time."]

GRASP YOUR THISTLE.



Light Puffs raised a Little Swell.

MR. PUNCH,
SIR,—I would
like to ask
you, slick out,
if you reckon
it was all fair
and square
with that
there *Thistle's*
keel. For to
hear that



The Port Bow.

interested parties in that race had gone down in a diving-bell the evening before and screwed themselves on to that yacht would not have surprised me. And, let me tell you had they done so, they would have considerably impeded her progress the following day. That Captain BARR was cute enough when he said, "he couldn't make out what had come to his ship." Take my word what had come to it was just that diving-bell, and I shouldn't mind calculating that the owner of the *Volunteer* was boss of the interested parties fixed up inside of it. You ask "can such things take place in the States?" Wal—I guess they just can. Muchly so, when there's money on it. As to the diving-bell advantage, I speak feelingly, as I have assisted over a twenty-mile course in one myself. We were on that occasion found out at the finish. But it was all straight. The umpire, whom we had previously squared, and who was above reproach, gave it in our favour. It's knowing these things, coupled with the fact that I backed the *Thistle* for two hundred dollars, that makes me just throw out these friendly hints to you, Sir, from,

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.

A Point of Law.

(By a Pun-propounding Gladstonophobist.)

He's "popping up again," despite our praying;
Fools and fanatics flocking to his side.
Him to suppress I'm sure would not be slaying,
But "Justifiable G. O. M.-icide!"

BUTTER FOR AILESBUURY.—The Jockey Club's decision!

REPORTERS AT THE REPORTERS' CONGRESS.—Scarcely Short-handed!



"HOME! SWEET HOME!" (ALAS!)



THE LAST (SIGNAL) MAN.

VERITY IN A VISION.

(With Apologies to the Shade of Campbell.)

"The effect of material progress, and of the growth of mechanical invention, is to place the lives and interests of an increasing number of people in the keeping of a single man. Responsibility becomes concentrated to a dangerous and a truly alarming degree."—*Times*.

*Of all dark shapes of human doom,
The lot of darkest dye
Is his whose soul must sole assume
RESPONSIBILITY!*

I saw a vision in my sleep,
The earth had swung with secular sweep
To the last gulf of Time.
I saw the last of human mould,
Alone, unfriended, unconsolated
As ADAM when the night first rolled
O'er Eden's early prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan;
The wrecks of shattered thousands were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in pain,—its brands
On clammy face and clutching hands,—
In sudden palsy some.
Among them was no sound or tread
Even of Death among the dead,
Pain's very voice was dumb.

Still, statue-like, that lone one stood,
With fixed earth-seeking eye,
Silent as a flame-blasted wood
When winds have all swept by.
The last surviving unscathed One!
His face was grey, his race was run,
Cold as antarctic snow,
Unmoved by hopes, untouched by fears,
Left by the tide of human tears
That never more may flow.

He moaned, "No more shall man let stand
His power, his pride, his skill;
The arts that made fire, flood, and land
The vassals of his will.
Yet shall *I* mourn man's vanished sway,
The Systems that have had their day?
Out on the sordid arts,
The triumphs with which earth once rang,
The Progress which spared not one pang
To trampled human hearts!

"No; let oblivion's curtain fall
On me too, last of men.
I would not if I could recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its burden I would not bring back,
Responsibility's iron rack
No more shall make me writhe;
No lapse of vision, loss of word,
Shall make me feel a man abhorred,
Strew earth with slain as by War's sword
Or Death's relentless scythe.

"No more with weary wandering eyes
I'd watch, where, if I tire,
Hundreds in hideous agonies

May helplessly expire.
No man that breathes mere mortal breath
Alone should stand at odds with Death.

Systems? O learning lost!
On nerve, sight, sinew—human all,
And apt to fail at urgent call—
The bitter burden had to fall;—
Behold at what a cost!

"On me it fell, ah! not on Him,
The Corporate Demon dark,
Whose greed of gain gave systems dim
Capricious action. Hark!
The click, the crash! Nay, never mine—
Thank Heaven!—again to watch the line
With chill and catch of breath.
The knowledge that at last I fly
Thy rack, Responsibility,
Takes all the sting from Death!

"'Justice' no more shall hale me up
To answer this wild waste
Of human life. *That* bitter cup
At least I shall not taste.
Go, Sun, and say,—if e'er thy face
Shine on another earthly race,—
On what an ill-paid clod
Man laid Responsibility—
Because its Justice ruled awry,
And Mammon was its god."

Poor Old England!

These are hard times, and the oracles of the newspapers teem with thrifty suggestions. The last advice to the hard-pressed agriculturists is, to go in for cultivating mushrooms and blackberries. What a prospect for the country children! Fancy every mushroom-meadow tabooed to the early rural rambler, and all the blackberries strictly "preserved," in the sense of partridges, not of plum-jam. And what a fate for the land of the oak, the apple-tree, the wheat and the bearded barley, to come down, like tramps and village-urchins, to fungi and bramble-fruits!

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Lord ROSEBERY, when next in power, will insist on the Government being "short-handed."



JUSTICE AT FAULT.

MR. PUNCH. "YES—YOU'VE GOT ONE OF 'EM! BUT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE *BOTH!!*"

"It is intolerable that a Railway Company should, for the sake of increasing its receipts, play fast and loose with the safety of great numbers of human beings. The block-system ought, in fact, to be made compulsory, and it should not be in the power of a Railway Company to suspend it."—*Morning Paper*.

CROSSING THE BAR.

MR. PUNCH—MY VERY DEAR SIR,

As on more than one occasion you have done me the honour of publishing some of my experiences, I feel that in you I am addressing a gentleman of keen intelligence, admirable judgment, and excellent sense. I am sure that you will not for a moment imagine that I am using language of exaggerated eulogy when I say that never in the course of what I may term my forensic life have I found an individual so eminently qualified to assume the highest duties inseparable from the Judicial Bench. Having this opinion of your merits, I cannot refrain from addressing you on a matter of the greatest possible importance to every member of the profession to which it is my pride to belong.



Another Q.C., M.P.—the Short of it.

A Q.C., M.P.—the Long of it.

Sir, last week the Members of the Associated Chamber of Commerce had the audacity to affirm that every Counsel should be placed in the same position as any other agent in respect of his legal obligation to do the best he could for his employer. In other words, these gentlemen are anxious to prevent Barristers from accepting briefs unless they are sure of appearing in Court to conduct the cases to which they refer. Really nothing would be more monstrous! It is alleged, Sir, that we with a dozen cases in hand cannot do justice to them all! That we pick and choose, exerting ourselves in those which interest us most, and confer most distinction upon us, and neglecting the rest! This is a very old cry, and a very unfair one. I have been for very many years a Member of the Bar, and can assure you that, in my own professional career (which is a typical one), I have never been guilty of the abuses credited to us. The Representatives of the Associated Chambers of Commerce can know very little of the matter to which they are pleased to call attention by their superficial observations. I should like some of these Representatives to attend with me in the Royal Courts in Term Time, to mark us as we labour in the cause of our clients, and then to accompany me to the House of Commons, to watch us as we attend to our Parliamentary duties. Amongst our number, I would show him Mr. WADDY, unexhausted from impassioned appeals to the Jury, standing with Blue Book in hand, ready to use his mighty voice in defence of those liberties so dear to the heart of every Englishman. And when they were weary of admiring that gentleman, I would beg of them to regard Mr. FINLAY, with his wig off and his gown discarded, giving gratuitous service to the best interests of the British Public. Their portraits should be hung up in every Chamber of Commerce, to remind our detractors that we have souls above fees, voices beyond the regulation of retainers! Moreover, I feel, Sir, that those who would attempt to degrade our social status by making us the peers of the commercial community are as short-sighted as they are ungrateful. It is said that we throw over our cases—that we do not appear when the names of our clients are reached in the Cause List! Has it ever occurred to these Associated Chambers that as litigation is admittedly to be avoided, the less law we give the Public the better? But I will not descend to an argument that should be kept in reserve when something infinitely stronger will serve my purpose better. From my name you will see that I can speak with authority. In that name I solemnly declare that I have never picked and chosen my cases, but have ever taken in all of them equal interest, and

done to all of them equal justice.

I deny that, by running after *me*, the Public has been guilty of an insane action. At least in the sense attached by Mr. NORWOOD to the accusation. Further, I have yet to learn that the Public ever *has* run after me. And if the Public has run after me, I absolutely and entirely contradict the absurd statement that it could get much better work done by others—*at any rate for a third of the money!*

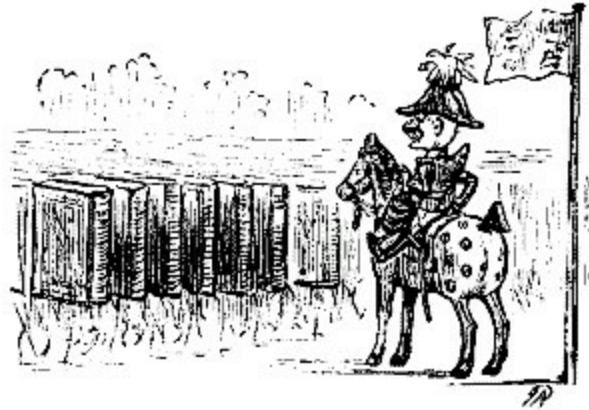
I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS JUNR.

Pumphandle Court, Temple.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Secret Inheritance is the title of Mr. B. L. FARJEON'S latest, and only not his best, Romance, because his others have all been as absorbingly interesting and as exciting as this. Yet because in this the author adheres strictly to the point, without any carpenters' scenes, of humour, which are distracting and irritating, I am inclined to set this down as the best of all Mr. FARJEON'S,—in fact,—the best-by-Far-jeon. He is, for many reasons, better than BOISGOBEY.



Sketch of a Review. The March of Intellect.

In an admirably got up and well-arranged Jubilee volume about Pope LEO THE THIRTEENTH, by JOHN OLDCASTLE, we find an item of information which may be advantageously recommended to Emperors, Empresses, Monarchs of all they survey, Princes, Lord Mayors, and Aldermen. It is "the Pope's dinner." Listen, "A few minutes suffices for its consumption." "He does not spend a hundred francs a month for his table." Not one pound a week! Not three shillings a day on his food, wine included! He dines "at two o'clock: his mid-day meal lasts not longer than half-an-hour, and is very frugal, consisting of soup, one kind of meat, two dishes of vegetables, some fruit, and, by the doctor's orders, a glass of claret." His supper at 9.30 consists of "soup, an egg, and some salad." Is there a Radical living who could tax the Pope's bill of fare as exorbitant?

The Red Spider, by the Author of *Mehalah*, &c., is the *Un-read Spider* as far as I am concerned, for I could not manage to get through it, and I did try.

BOOK WORM.

THE NU DIKSHONARY.

DEER PUNCH,

Az I speek, so I rite, az neerly az possibl. I hope that wunce popular soshial and intellectual recreashon meeting the "Spelling Bee," (*sic*) will soon be revived, with a difference. It may be expected to cum up agen under the name of a Fonetik Spelling B, and the auspices of the American Spelling Reform Associashun. A competishun in spelling English wurds acording to thare sound may divert superfishl hearers; but no dout menny of those who hav cum to scoff wil remane to spel.

The adopshun of fonetik spelling must tend to elevate the Masses in respect of orthografy to a level with the Classes, az it will enable the former to spel az they speek correctly, when they do speek so. But, for that matter the fonetik orthografy, wunce adopted, wil naturally be followd by an adaptashun of all the prezent rules of Grammer to popular uzage. Perhaps the aspirate wil be expeld from the Alfabet, and there wil be an end to the supersilius aristocrat's derizhun of the Peeple for dropping their h's.

However, an Act of Parliament mite be necessary to effect the rekwisit reforms of the QUEEN'S English if possibl.

If the Republic of Letters cood be persuaded to employ those of the Alfabet fonetically, a popular system of spelling wood soon prevale. At leest all ordinary parts of speech mite by common consent be ritten as pronouns. But a certin difficulty wood perhaps be prezednted by proper names. I am afrade my friends who spel their own MARJORIBANKS, PONSONBY, GROSVENOR, POINGDESTRE, DECRESPIGNY, DALRYMPLE, and others whom I could mention, wood almost as soon be hanged as pen fonetik signatures. As for myself, however, I hav no such objecshun. I happen to inherit a name of which the tradishonal orthografy is COLQUHOUN. It is far too much of a mouthful to be pronounced az so spelt, and I, for my part, deferring all pride of pedigree to a great intellectual movement, do not hesitate to sine it, regardless of the double meaning it may convey to an American reeder,

COON.

P.S.—BEN JONSON's signature is clearly fonetik. As for SHAKSPEARE, SHAKESPEARE, SHAKESPEAR, or SHAKSPERE, he seems not to have known how to spel his own name.



"ICHABOD!"

Scotch Wife (to her Gossip). "AH DINNA KEN WHAT'S COME OWER THE KIRK. AH CANNA BIDE TO SEE OOR MENESTER SPANKIN' ABOUT ON YON CYCLOPÆDY!"

THE MEDICAL NEW YEAR'S DAY.

[The London Medical Schools open in the first week of October.]

In the dim days of chilly October,
When leaves are grown ashen and brown,
Let us hope to be steady and sober,
The Medicals come up to town.
They will study all lore anatomic,
To ease future patients from pains;
And must vow that no "Champion Comic"
Shall win them from muscles and veins.

With dissecting *extensor* and *flexor*,
They'll find work enough for the knife;
While a *plexus* of nerves a perplexer
Will sometimes remain for all life.
While that life as an "organisation
In action," if critics speak truth,
Will remain the supremest attraction
For doctors in age or in youth.

In the summer their studies botanic
Will take them to flood and to field;
Well we know that the structures organic
Serene satisfaction will yield.
They will gauge both *corolla* and *calyx*,
Till examinations are o'er.
May they find, with the study of *salix*,
They need wear the willow no more.

Then *Materia Medica*'s charming,
They'll learn all about Oil of Rue,
And if *Tinct: Podophylli*'s alarming,
They'll turn to their Squills and Tolu.

In the *Hordeum Decorticatum*

They'll find an old friend when they're ill;
While the *Ferrum* that's dubbed *Tartaratum*
Is not quite the thing in a pill.

Then our chemistry comes, and each symbol
Will vary, it seems, every age,

And the man has a mind that is nimble,
Who conquers each intricate page.

There's AgNO_3 as the Nitrate

Of silver as plain as can be,
And anon comes the Sulphate and Citrate
Of Iron, that's known as Fe.

Very steep is the pathway to knowledge,
As Medical Students will find;

And we'll hope that they'll work, when at College,
Or what they denominate "grind."

And hereafter, amid the aroma

Of weeds, they'll think tenderly still
Of the dear days before the diploma
That gave them the "Licence to Kill!"



How Then?

Mr. BRIGHT, backing up the Anti-Vaccination fanatics, says, "If honest parents object to have their children vaccinated, I would not compel them to submit." He would, in fact, substitute voluntary for compulsory vaccination. But what if voluntary vaccination for the few means involuntary small-pox for the many, Mr. BRIGHT?

IN NUCE.—Mr. GLADSTONE, adversely criticising Dr. INGRAM'S *History of the Irish Union*, compares that gentleman to a buoy tossed about on the waves. Indeed, the ex-Premier's article may be thus compendiously summed up *à la* PAUL BEDFORD:—"I *don't* believe you, my Buoy!"

FOREST TALK.

Compiled for the Use of the Epping Deer-stalkers.

This wounded buck that is approaching us, painfully dragging its shattered hind-leg after it, must be the same creature we peppered, after such good sport, last Tuesday week.

Dear me, I did not know that our hunting-pack consisted of a mastiff, two poodles, three bull-dogs, a beagle, and a bloodhound.

Are these clumsy sportsmen, who blaze away without knowing what they are firing at, the "gentlemen" invited by the Verderer to assist him at the chase? Ha! I think, from the way he shakes his head as he makes off, that I must have hit that old buck nearly in the eye.

No, I am mistaken. I can clearly see now from the manner in which he is limping that I must have wounded the young deer badly in the ankle.

I wonder whether I shall find him lying down in a copse and dying some time next week.

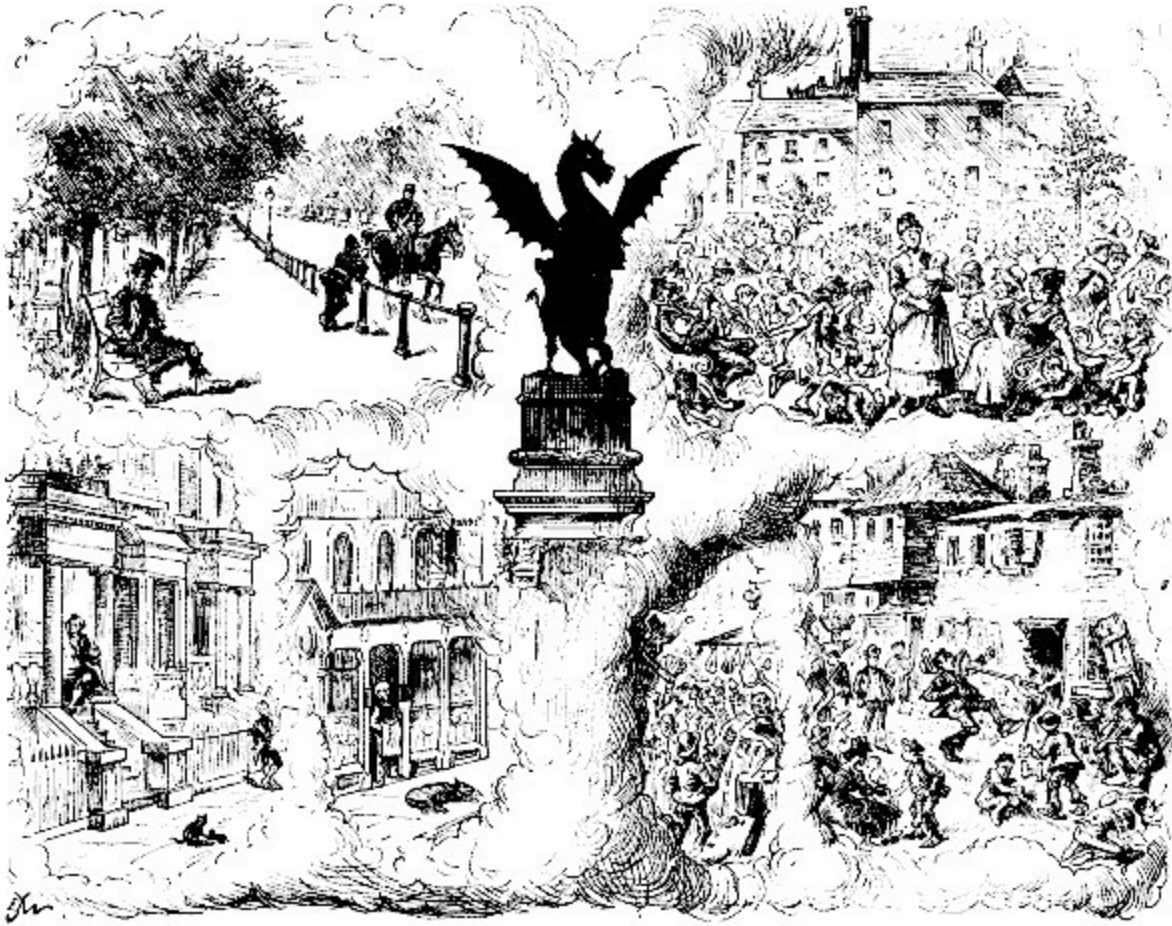
My friends will certainly have to wait for their venison, for, strange to say, that is the seventeenth buck I have maimed this morning who has managed to drag himself off after being hit.

Fortunately the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are engaged in Town.

While this lasts, however, there cannot be a doubt but that the quality of the sport is excellent.

I wonder whether the Conservators are really fully aware of what a regular good time of it I'm having.





"LONDON QUITE EMPTY!"

SKETCHED IN OCTOBER—EAST BY WEST.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE COCKNEY CLERK.

"I know of no cure but for the Englishman (1) to do his best to compete in the particulars where the German now excels; (2) to try to show that, taken all round, he is worth more than the German."

*Mr. Gladstone on English Clerks and German
Competition.*

All very fine, O orator illustrious!

But I as soon would be a Mole, or Merman,
As a short-grubbing, horribly industrious,
Linguistic German.

A Clerk's a Clerk, that is a cove who scribbles
All day, and then goes in for cue, and "jigger,"
And not a mere machine who feeds by nibbles,
Slaves like a nigger.

Learn languages? And for two quid a week?
Cut barmaids, billiards, bitter beer and betting?
Yah! that may suit a Sausage, or a sneak!
Whistles need wetting.

That is if they are genuine English whistles,
And not dry, hoarse, yah-yah Teutonic throttles.
I'm not a donkey who can thrive on thistles.
No, that's "no bottles."

I've learned my native tongue,—and that's a teaser—
I've also learned a lot of slang and patter;
But German, French, Italian, Portuguese, Sir,
For "screw" no fatter?

Not me, my old exuberant Wood-chopper!
Level *me* to the straw-haired Carls and Hermanns?

No; there's another trick would do me proper,—
Kick out the Germans!

Old BISMARCK'S "Blood and Iron's" a receipt meant
For Sour-Kraut gobblers, sandy and sardonic;
But for us Britons that Teutonic treatment
Is much too tonic.

The cheek of 'em just puts me in a rage,
Send 'em back home, ah! even pay their passage!
Or soon, by Jove, we'll have to call our age,
The German "Sauce"-age!

A STABLE COMPANION.

We read in the *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 30th the following:—

NO SALARY.—A Widow Lady (39), well educated but not accomplished, will give her Services as Housekeeper in return for a comfortable HOME, and to be treated as one of the family, and the occasional use of a good hack, no need to have carried a lady before. Thoroughly understands the management of a gentleman's house, companionable, and ladylike appearance. Superior references.—Address, &c.

Is it the comfortable home which has "no need to have carried a lady before"? or the "family" of which the Advertiser desires to be one? We should imagine that this very masculine lady would be more likely to carry the family. Failing answers to her advertisement, she had better apply to a Circus for a post. "The occasional use of a good hack" would evidently be instead of salary. But she is much too modest. Why say she is "not accomplished" when she knows how to break in a horse? Any Rugby Football Club would give her "the occasional use of a good *hack*."

THEATRICAL INDEX WANTED.—"The Way Out."

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

I must say they take *rather* a matter of course view here of my engagement. No one would suppose from their manner that there was anything at all unusual in a match between a Government official and a confectioner's assistant! LOUISE'S Aunt, indeed, (whether sincerely, or from motives of policy, I hardly know,) does not conceal her regret that a certain ROBERT PONKING had not "spoken out" while he had the opportunity. PONKING is a rising salesman in the trimming department of some upholstering business, and doing, I understand, extremely well. Still, I do flatter myself—but one can't say these things, unfortunately!



A Cutter making for the Peer Head.

An encounter—which, but for LOUISE'S exquisite common sense, might have been awkward—has just taken place. We met PONKING on the Pier. It struck me that the Aunt's surprise was a little overdone, but he was evidently unprepared for *me*. LOUISE perfectly composed, however; introduced me as "her intended" (a trifle *bourgeois* this, perhaps, but it is difficult to know what to say—I felt it myself.) PONKING allowed her to see he was fearfully cut up, and I am afraid she

is reproaching herself a little, poor girl!

We have met him again; he has reached the saturnine and Byronic stage; LOUISE remonstrated with him for smoking so many cigars, which she was sure were bad for him (*his* cigars are bad for everybody else at all events!) and he replied gloomily that there was no one to care *now* what he did, and oversmoking was as pleasant a way of leaving the world as most. I can see this is depressing LOUISE; she is not nearly so bright when alone with me as she used to be—she does not even take much interest in my Drama! I do my

best to comfort her by declaring that PONKING is only "posing," and has not the remotest idea of dying for love; but that only seems to irritate her—she has such a tender little heart.

As we are constantly meeting him about, I appeal to him privately to brighten up a little. He is much affected, says I must make some allowance for his position, and implores me not to forbid him LOUISE's society altogether. He will make an effort to be gayer in the future, he promises me, the mask shall only be dropped in private. After all, he is ALF's friend, and an especial favourite of the Aunt's. If he does not recognise the propriety of going, I can't send him away—we must see something of him. I should be sorry for him myself—if only he were not such an underbred beast!

There is certainly a decided alteration in PONKING; he now affects the most rollicking high spirits—though why he should find it necessary to dissemble his grief by playing the fool all over the sands is more than I can understand. But he grinds piano-organs, and goes round with the tambourine; receives penny galvanic shocks, and howls until he collects a crowd; has "larks" with the lovebirds which pick out fortunes, and chaffs all the Professors of Phrenology, choosing, as the head-quarters of his exploits, any place where Louise and I happen to be, to whom he returns, with roars of laughter, to tell us his "latest." Then he plays practical jokes on *me*, chalking things on my back, and putting sand down my neck. It is all very well for him to plead that he does these things "to hide an aching heart,"—but if he hides it in this way, he won't be able to find it again—that's all! I can see, too, it disgusts LOUISE, who bites her lips a good deal, although, she says, it is "quite a treat to see how Mr. PONKING is enjoying himself." I am afraid, for all that, that she thinks me a little too serious. Perhaps I am—I must prove to her that it is possible to rollick with refinement. But, somehow, I can never make her laugh as PONKING does.



"Thou counterfeit'st a bark."

Shakspeare.

I very seldom have a quiet hour with her now; her brother has persuaded her

that she ought "to see more of what's going on," and "do as others do." Her wishes, are, of course, paramount with me—although I cannot see the enjoyment of going to the open-air Music-Hall *quite* so often, nor did I come here to play "penny nap," on the sands all the afternoon. If, too, LOUISE must speculate, she might "go nap" with more judgment, and I do strongly object to the ostentatious generosity with which PONKING throws away his best cards, rather than rob her of a trick—it is in the *worst* taste, and yet I fear she is touched by it. In the evening several of us promenade the town arm in arm; PONKING has a banjo and ALF an accordion. LOUISE begs me to go, to see that ALF does not get into trouble—which may be necessary enough, but who will see that *I* get into none?

It is unpleasant to be warned by a policeman not to make so much noise over the "*Soy, oh, what Joy,*" ditty, and I don't know why he singled *me* out—I was only *humming* the confounded thing! They generally come in and have supper with me, which Mrs. SURGE complains bitterly about; she says the gentlemen stay so late, and are so noisy, and her room smells of smoke so next day. I am aware of that, because I have to *sit* in it. I don't like PONKING at any time, but, if possible, he is rather more detestable in his sentimental moods, which generally come upon him after supper, when he informs me that the 'alo has departed from his life, and begs me, in broken accents, to allow LOUISE to visit his tomb occasionally. If he were only *there*!



"Uneven is the course.
I like it not!"—*Shakspeare.*

To-day LOUISE appeared, for the first time, in a striped yachting-cap. I merely hinted, very gently, that, as she had never been on board a yacht in her life, and the cap did not even suit her, I preferred her ordinary style of head-dress, when she grew angry at once. *Everybody*, she informed me, was not of my opinion—Mr. PONKING had complimented her particularly—hang PONKING!

I find myself constantly greeting and being greeted by Blazers. I am sure *I* don't know how I have come to be acquainted with so many—they all ask me "How is myself," and, in answer to my polite, but scarcely warm, inquiries after their

health, reply that they are "ter-rific"—which they *are*! PONKING was asked by LOUISE the other afternoon whether he was "ready for his tea;" and answered briefly, but emphatically, "Wait till I get '*old*' of it!" LOUISE remarked afterwards that he was "so quick." I doubt very much whether she would say as much of *me*. I am as fond of her as ever—in some respects, fonder—but I cannot help noticing these things—I cannot help seeing that Starmouth is not doing her any good.

Afternoon: on the Sands.—LOUISE and ALF have been scooping a pit. When it is dug, she says coquettishly that there is just room for me. I decline, a little curtly perhaps—but I really am surprised at LOUISE—such extremely bad style! Her Aunt, who is eating plums hard-by, says "some people seem to think themselves too grand for anything." I can hear ALF whispering that LOUISE would not have to ask "poor old PONK" twice.

LOUISE says, pouting, that she shall not ask *me* again. I can see I have hurt her feelings. After all, it is possible to be *too* particular—there is no harm in it—countless couples around us are making themselves at least equally conspicuous. Somehow I never can be as firm with LOUISE as I am with most people.... I *ought* to be comfortable, with her head resting upon my shoulder and my arm encircling her waist (*she* insists on this)—but, as a matter of fact, I catch myself remarking how very much LOUISE has caught the sun of late. And she has developed quite a *twang* within the last few days!

PONKING has just come up; he has arranged with a photographer to take us all, just as we are, in a group. As PONKING and ALF consider it humorous to be taken in the act of making horrible grimaces, we promptly become objects of general interest. I should *not* like to be seen by any of the fellows at the office just now.



Coming with a Rush!

We are all posed—and a nice picture we shall make!—when, on the outskirts of the crowd, I see a slender stately figure, which does not seem quite to belong to Starmouth.

There is actually a sort of resemblance—but that is absurd! She notices the crowd, and as she pauses with a half-indifferent curiosity, I see her full face.... It is almost too terrible to be true—but I am under no delusion,—*it is*
ETHEL DERING!

"Quite steady all, for one moment, please," says the photographer. If I could only bury my head in the sand like an ostrich,—but *that* would excite remark, I suppose, and, besides, there is no time!

Theatrical Noes to Queries.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD is not engaged with a sequel to *East Lynne*, but with JOHN CLAYTON.

ARTHUR CECIL was not a favourite of Queen ELIZABETH; and she never received him at the Court in his life.

WILSON BARRETT does not always make a speech after an earthquake.

And lastly it is not true that Mrs. JAMES BROWN-POTTER was instructed in her art by Mrs. SIDDONS, Mrs. JORDAN, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT, and Miss MINNIE PALMER.

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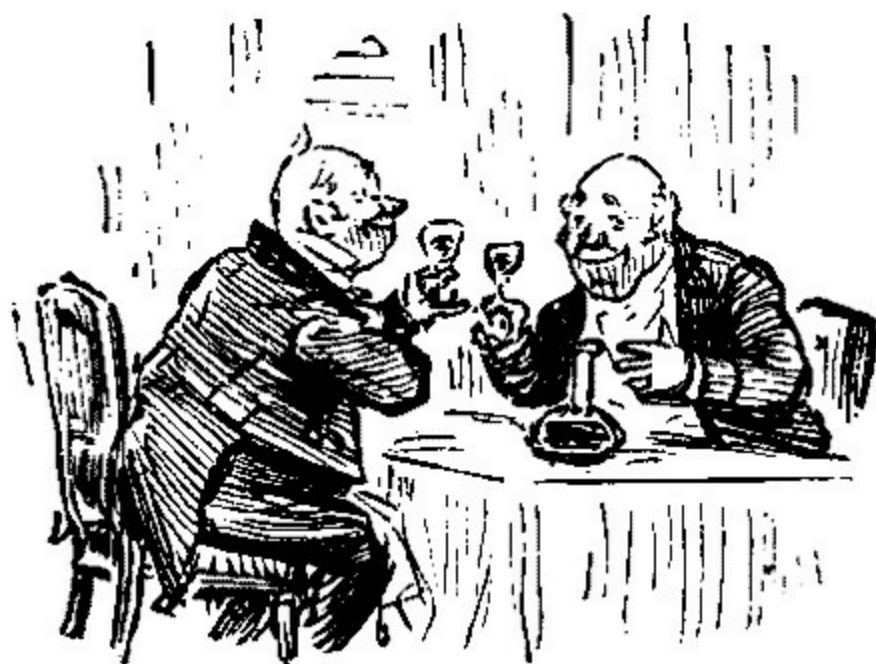
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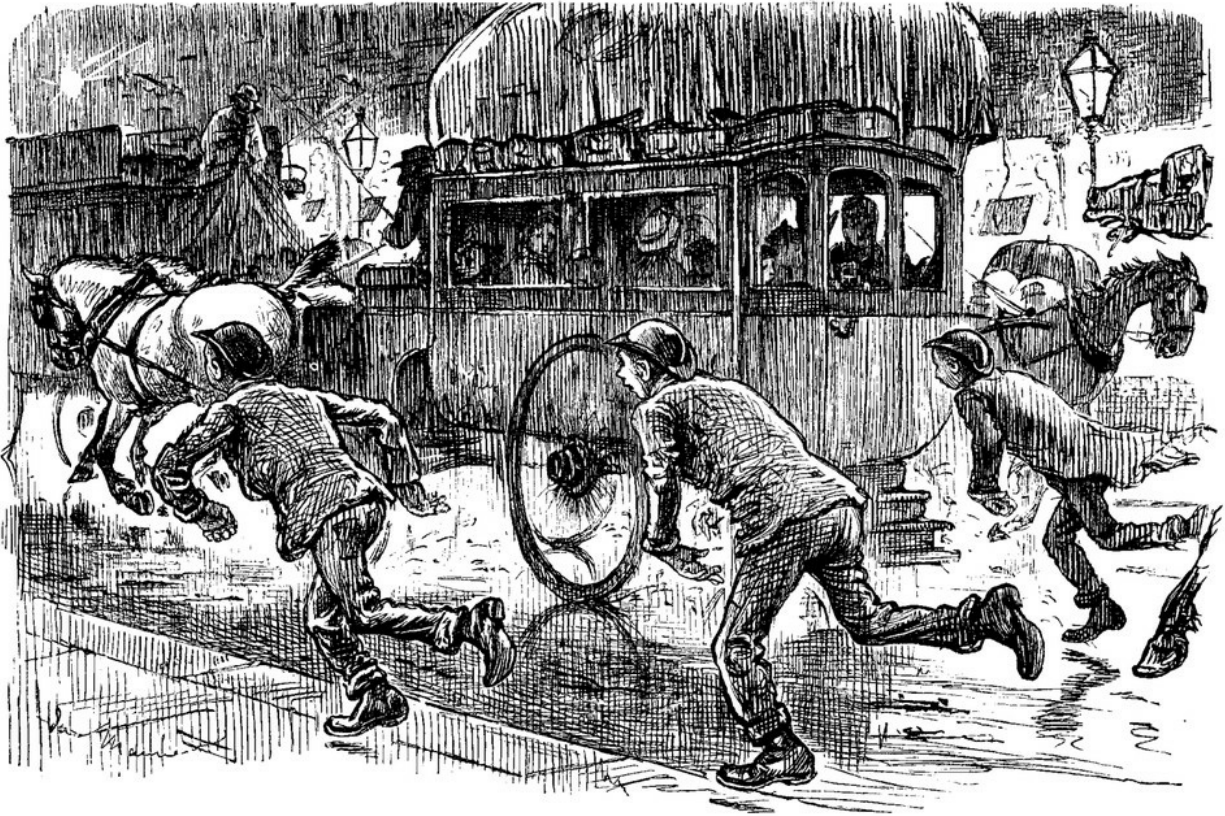
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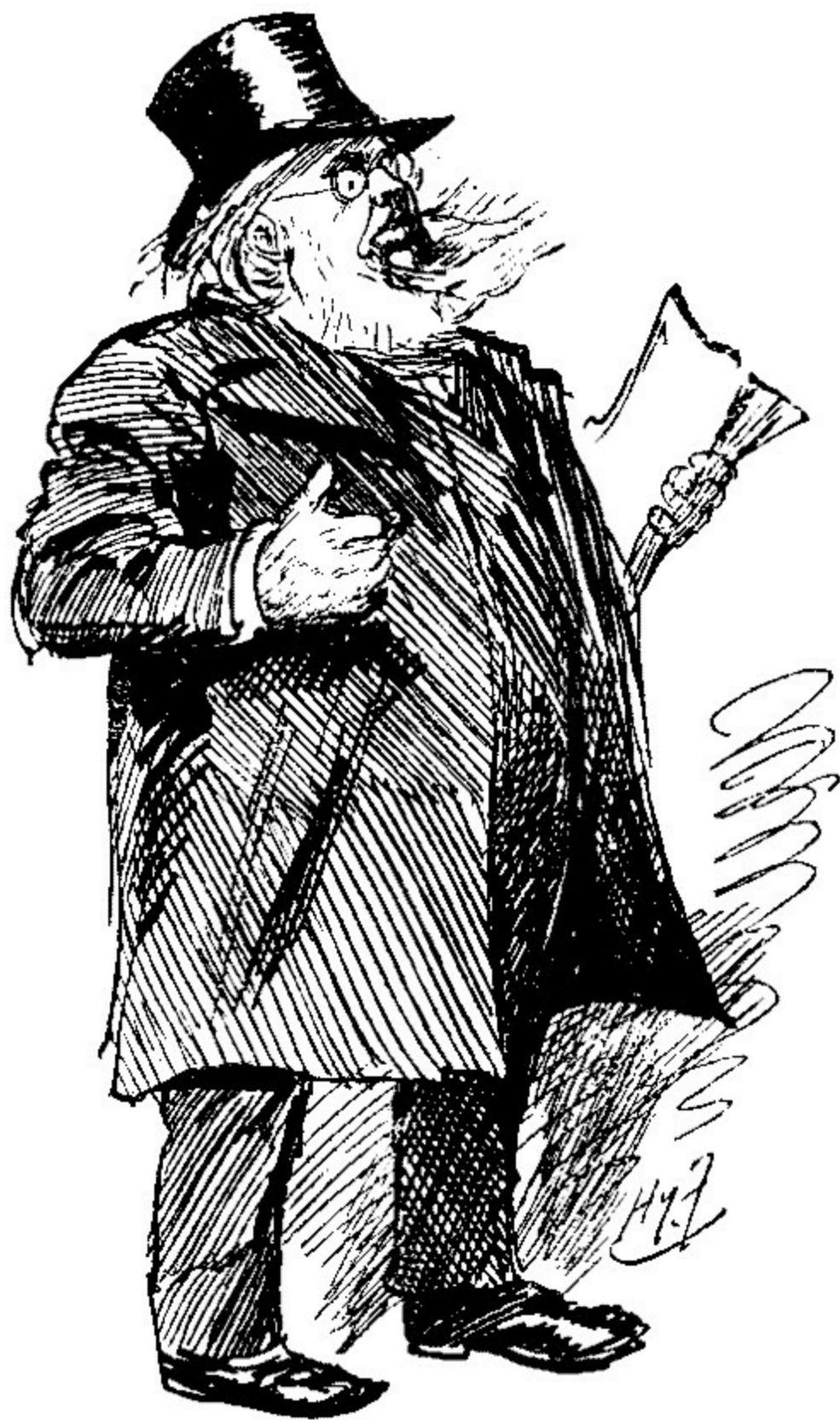
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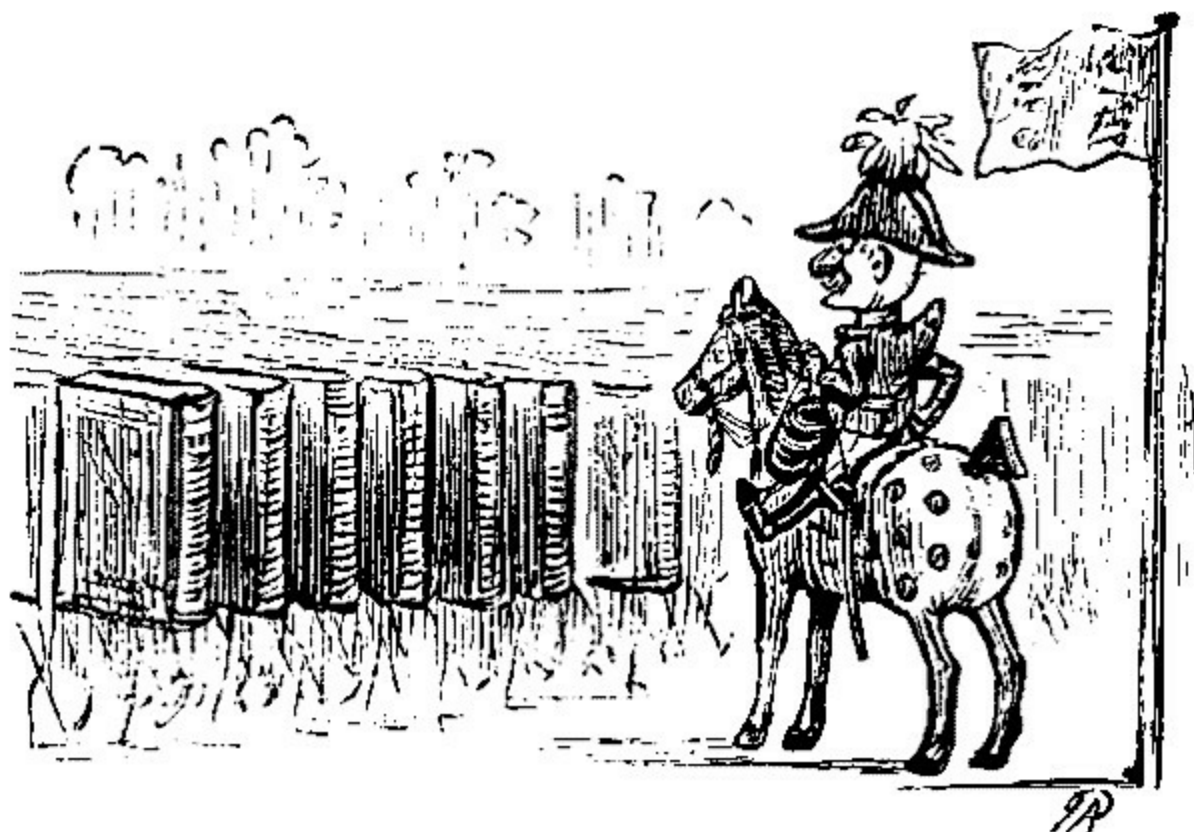
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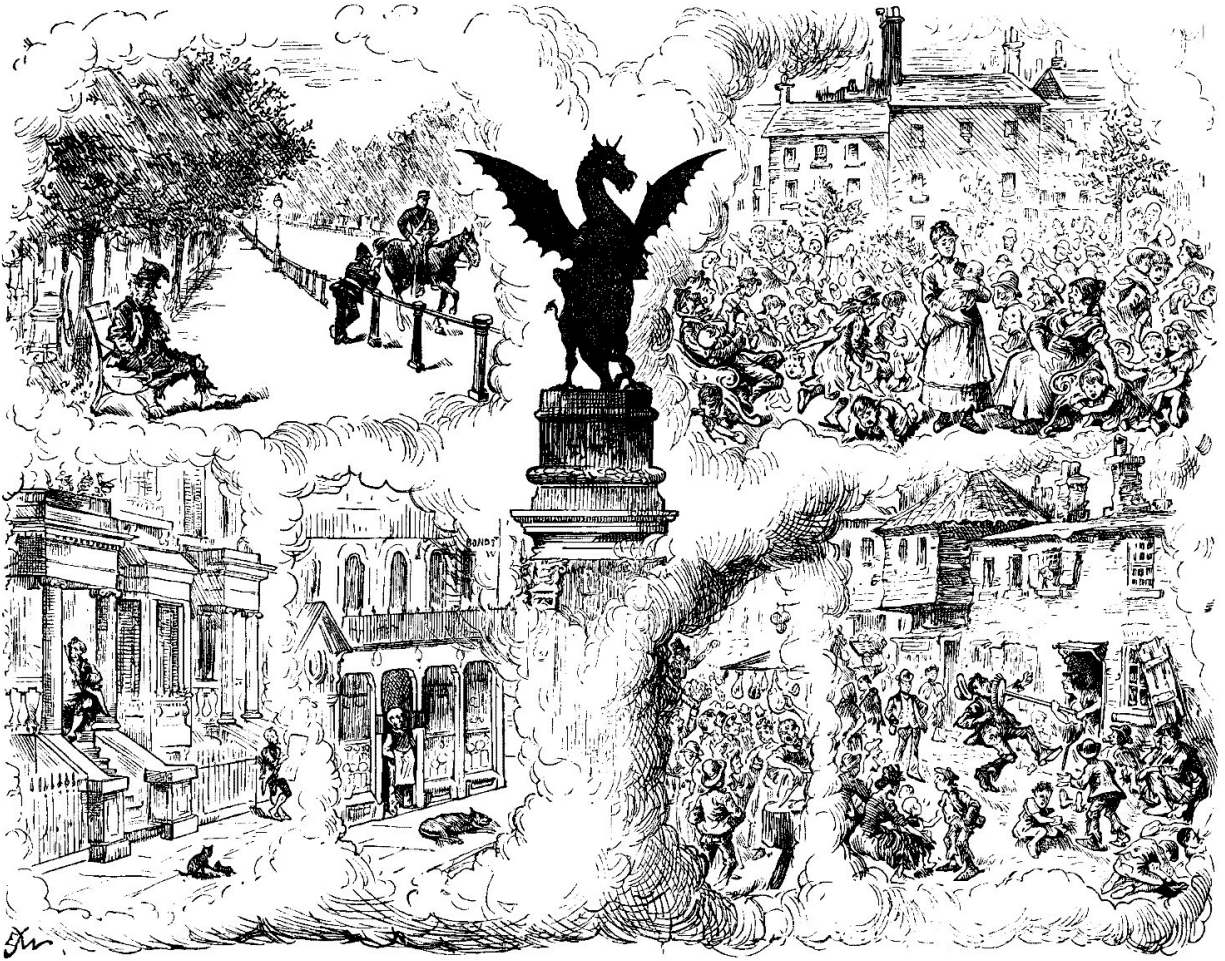
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