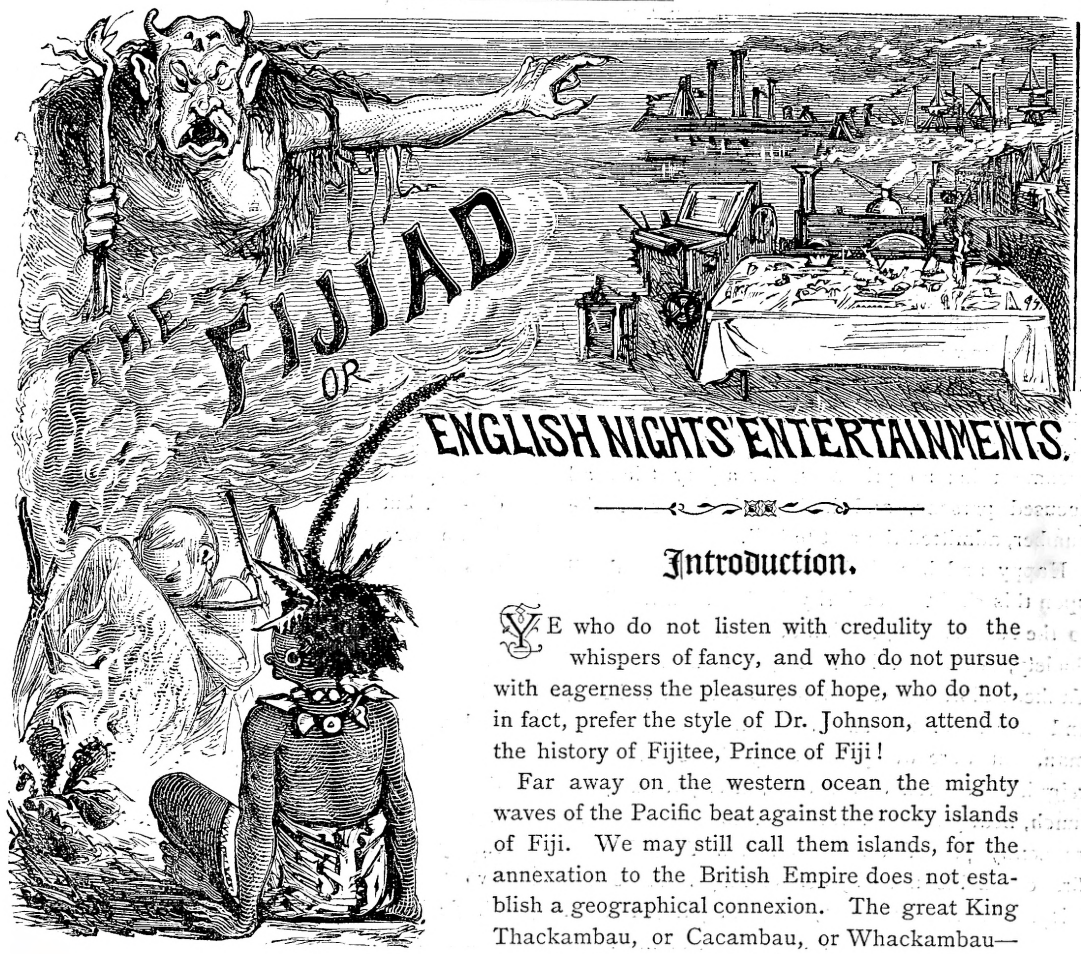




PRINCE FIJITEE'S INTRODUCTION.

JOHNSON'S CHRISTMAS ANNIVERSARY

THE FIFTEENTH SEASON.



THE FIJIAD OR ENGLISH NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

Introduction.

WE who do not listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and who do not pursue with eagerness the pleasures of hope, who do not, in fact, prefer the style of Dr. Johnson, attend to the history of Fijitee, Prince of Fiji!

Far away on the western ocean, the mighty waves of the Pacific beat against the rocky islands of Fiji. We may still call them islands, for the annexation to the British Empire does not establish a geographical connexion. The great King Thackambau, or Cacambau, or Whackambau—

the interesting language of the country is still unsettled, and the orthography variable—ruled over a primitive and innocent community; their habits were simple and they knew no sauces. The visitor from distant shores, whom chance had brought to the islands, returned no more to the “girl he had left behind him;” he was received with open arms and mouths by the primitive community, who introduced him to their clubs (on his head), and insisted on his joining them at dinner-time. If young and tender, he was afterwards affectionately remembered as a nice man. There was no ostentation in this way of welcoming a visitor, no display or affectation. The reception was warm, for the ovens in the ground were well heated; and similar warmth was exhibited in their own domestic relations. There was a fine spirit of forgiveness exhibited by husbands if their wives offended; they did not seek a separation, but an even closer alliance, making their wives more than ever bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, by the simple process of eating them.

So little advanced are we of this hemisphere, who proudly call ourselves civilized, in genuine scientific civilization, that we entertain a repugnance to this interesting method of absorbing protoplasm. In the evolution of the ages, when we understand better the atomic theory, we may perceive how wise, and consequently how happy, the Fijians were. They had no paupers, and no half-starved people, for it was considered injudicious and bad economy to allow anybody to become thin; no prisoners, for a jury tried all accused persons, and if they liked one of the number, admitted the rest to boil.

Happy and beautiful Fiji! We will not dwell upon this slight peculiarity farther than to allude to the successful operation of an Acclimatization Society, which added English missionaries, Yankee sailors, and Chinamen to the national diet, and once experimented on a wandering Scotchman, but were overpowered by the snuff. The reigning monarch of the time, after partaking of lunch, nearly sneezed himself into fits, and consequently passed an Adulteration Act, having first eased his mind by condemning fifteen of his wives, his prime minister, his principal performer on the bones, and other dignitaries of his king-

dom, to eat the remainder of the Scotchman, which they did, with results personally inconvenient.

Happy and beautiful Fiji! In thy sequestered vales dwelt an amiable community whom gorillas might have envied. The first principles of political economy were understood and practised. By the simple method we have alluded to all danger of a redundant population was avoided. “The greatest fatness of the greatest number” was the object aimed at. The cook was an important public officer in every village and separate island. When provisions threatened to run short, he sent a party of brave warriors to some adjacent place on an excursion to obtain food, and they were known as the cook’s excursionists.

For many centuries it is supposed that these innocent and engaging islanders lived happily and unknown to the world in general. If space permitted we would willingly relate their history, notwithstanding the fact—scarcely worthy the consideration of the enlightened and imaginative historian—that absolutely nothing is known about it. If, with all our pretensions to intellectual cultivation, all our accumulation of statistics, all our elaborate histories, Parliamentary debates, and, above all, our “special correspondents,” we are not permitted to invent facts, our civilization is indeed in vain—and what becomes of the liberty of the subject?

At length rumours of the existence of Fiji reached the Old and Transatlantic worlds, and those worlds were equal to the occasion. Professor Hornseyrise prepared a special advertisement of his pills for the preservation of wooden legs from dry-rot, but being told that there was as yet no Fijian newspaper, sank into melancholy, and was with difficulty prevented taking a couple of his own pills, so great was his despair. The author of a pamphlet, written to show the possibility of running excursion-trains on railways without smashing one out of every five, and who had very properly been confined by his friends as a lunatic, set to work on an elaborate essay on the subject, with calculations and diagrams tending to convince the Fijian mind; but, having rashly committed himself to the statement that two trains running in opposite directions on a single line of rails should not be started at the same time, it was considered that his mania had

assumed a dangerous form, and he was heard of no more. Several public companies and syndicates were floated for the purpose of carrying out public works in the islands, but the projectors, having raised a good round sum of promotion money, suddenly disappeared. Perhaps they went to Fiji to survey the place and were "adopted," as it was termed. Emigration societies were proposed, and many kind-hearted persons affectionately urged their poor relations, creditors, mothers-in-law, comic vocalists, superior persons, horny-handed sons of toil with a gift of spouting, musical geniuses learning to play the flute, and others who were felt to be undeserved blessings, to emigrate to Fiji. One party did start, but as the ship was heavily insured by the owners, and leaked considerably, and the captain took observations through a glass of grog every half hour, and the crew was made up of runaway Lascars, English tramps who wanted a change, and work-house boys whose muscles had been developed on skilly and a half-ounce diet, the ship was never heard of afterwards, and the emigrants, it is supposed, never reached Fiji. If they had landed on the shore of the hospitable islands, they would not have received a hearty greeting. The stock of provisions on board having been only sufficient for half the voyage, they would not have been eligible parties, and, instead of a public banquet being held in their honour, they would have been condemned to be made into bone flutes and the handles of tooth-brushes. A Fiji epicure, like a French Republican, cannot endure a bony part.

But civilization did reach the beautiful islands. Representatives of the Aryan-Anglo-Saxon-Fenian-old-horse-and-alligator race came, saw, and swindled. They did not at first venture ashore, but they contrived to trade with canoe parties, and, as they only cheated moderately at first, soon made an impression. The Fiji mind is not insusceptive of new ideas. Gradually, but ardently, the native intellect widened to appreciate the beauty of rum. "Hands off!" said the white men, "and the rum is yours; if you eat us you will drink no more." The argument was irresistible—and there was peace between the races. "You will not eat *us*?" timidly suggested one venerable chief, who kept himself in training by putting a lump of fat on his head to

melt in the sun and so keep him basted, and who had never had his hair cut. "Not if I know it!" emphatically replied the captain of one of the ships, adding adjectives and noun-substantives of ornamentation which the limited capacity of the Fijian language would not, in the opinion of Mr. Wax Duller, allow to be translated.

So the heralds of civilization came to Fiji. Among them might be found the adventurers whose bowie-knives were known in every gulch in auriferous California, who had cheated and "gone at" the heathen Chinese in the guileless bar-rooms of San Francisco; acute speculators who had made tracks from Ballarat and Bendigo on account of certain transactions not conducted according to the ordinary rules of commercial intercourse; and others who had made themselves so popular and respected in various parts of the world, that when they had departed unobserved (so modest and unassuming were they in disposition) the local authorities, desiring to preserve the memory of such worthy citizens, caused accurate descriptions of their personal appearance to be preserved in the public archives.

Aided by teachers so accomplished, the Fijians rapidly learned some of the more attractive of the civilized arts. A native actuary calculated that in one year 75 per cent. of the adult population had acquired the accomplishment of drinking rum; 37 per cent. exhibited a taste for tobacco, and it was reported by government inspectors appointed to prepare a report on the improved moral condition of the islands, that already considerable progress had been made in swearing. This was very encouraging; and when some of the younger islanders showed a desire to learn to read, the delight of the party of progress was excessive. Cannibalism was discouraged, the white visitors, influenced, perhaps, by some personal considerations, having informed the king and the leaders of fashion about the court that in good society in Europe and America the practice was considered low. There were, of course, some admirers of old customs who considered all new lights as heretical, but, finding themselves out-voted, they retired into the interior, ate one another in conformity with the traditions of the Fijian constitution, and were described in court and political circles as the country party.



A number of ardent youthful Fijians of good birth eagerly embraced the new doctrines. They went on board all the ships to borrow white waistcoats, which they instinctively felt to be the right sort of thing to be worn by propagandists of new ideas, and they styled themselves Young Fiji. They called aloud for the civilized world to come to them, and it did come; and it carried away on its return voyage a considerable number of able-bodied Fijians, promising that they should be taken to delightful places and employed in most exhilarating pursuits, that they should enjoy delicious luxuries, and be happy to an extent even unknown in the most beatific stage of Fijian history, and that rum should ever fill the flowing bowl.

They went: some were shot down, some who were troublesome were tied in couples and thrown overboard. They were starved, beaten, and made slaves of, and they did not highly appreciate civilization of that kind.

But Young Fiji knew nothing about such unpleasant matters. They read, they talked politics, and had some vague notions of attempting football and Polo. They all played at poker, and some grew cunning in compounding drinks. They were greatly enlightened, and some of the more adventurous longed to see the world.

Of all the golden youth of Fiji young Prince Fijitee was the most golden. He was the son of the immediate predecessor of Thackambau, and had two hundred mothers. Strange as this fact may seem, it may be thus explained. The king had a large number of wives, and the babies they presented him with were sent away until they were a year old, and then a few of the prettiest were pickéd out to be kept, and the others—well, I prefer to leave their fate in obscurity, only remarking that mince-pies were much eaten about that time. Those preserved could not be identified by their actual mothers, and were considered as belonging to all the wives.

Fijitee was a clever lad and learned quickly. White residents imbued the king with advanced ideas on politics, and persuaded him to form a ministry to govern his kingdom, with high salaries and lots of perquisites for members of the cabinet. From a sincere desire to assist the king, they kindly consented to accept all

the offices which paid best. They worked hard for their money, for they got the government into financial difficulties with a rapidity and skill which would have done credit to an administration at home, and began to make preparations for establishing a military force, armed with rifles which would knock over the soldiers attempting to fire them, and so prevent them being killed by the enemy, and for building ships of war which could not be navigated, so the crews would be kept out of harm's way.

Fijitee seized every opportunity of obtaining instruction, and he was a patriot too. He had once seen an English newspaper, and, with the aid of the mate of a whaler—who explained the hard words by the help of glasses of grog, which Fijitee paid for—had perused one of the leading articles, from which he conceived the idea that the British constitution was inseparably connected with Julius Cæsar, the nebular theory, Mother Shipton, the destruction of Pompeii, Epictetus the philosopher, the Neuskoi avenue at St. Petersburg, Marco Polo's discoveries, the atmosphere of the planet Jupiter, Louis the Fourteenth, spectrum analysis, and the late Mr. Grimaldi.

That leading article was the spark that fired the latent gunpowder in the nature of Prince Fijitee. "I do not," he said to himself, "despise the wisdom of my ancestors. I rather revere them—is not this toothpick a very personal relic of the bones of my great uncle? But there is a future for Fiji, and I will achieve it. I will start a newspaper or perish in the attempt. I will go to England; I shall meet there the most intellectual and refined of mankind, who of course write for the papers. I will obtain from them information as to the manners, social customs, politics, literature, great chiefs, magicians, of the old country, and will publish the *Daily Fiji-graph* with a series of—

GRAPHIC AND HIGHLY INTERESTING LETTERS

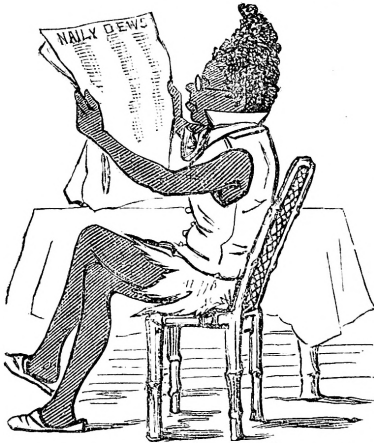
BY OUR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND."

How Fijitee obtained his Information.

YOUNG, intelligent, and attractive in appearance, Fijitee, on his arrival in this country, soon made friends. He brought letters of introduction to an individual at Wapping who supplied fashionable Sunday-going attire to sailors home from long voyages, and only charged about twice as much as dress-suits could have been bought for in Savile Row; to two promoters of public companies, and to Mr. Camrac, who was a proprietor of menageries and agent for showmen, and who allowed captains of merchant vessels a liberal commission on the price of all curiosities they could supply him with. The prince also had a letter from the Attorney-General of Fiji to an eminent member of Parliament, who, knowing scarcely anything about the matters ordinarily debated, was clever at discovering grievances in remote quarters of the globe, and puzzling Under-Secretaries by asking for papers connected with the fining of John Smith, an able-bodied sailor, for being drunk in some place of which nobody at the Colonial Office had ever before heard the name. This gentleman was also remarkable as being able to introduce at conversaciones and evening parties a greater number of wronged Cochin China princes, persecuted Cossack chiefs, and victims of British treachery from the shores of Lake Tanganyaki than any other popular philanthropist of the day. He was a contributor to, and part proprietor of, a newspaper which was established to promote principles of universal philanthropy, and which, among other objects, advocated a quadrupled income-tax, and the doubling generally of all import duties, for the purpose of raising a fund to provide the Esquimaux with small-tooth combs and encyclopædias, and the down-trodden people of Central Africa with penny ices, free of duty, and the literature of progress.

This eminent person jumped at Prince Fijitee, who was worthy of all the attention he could bestow. The young foreigner was laudably desirous to conform to English manners and fashions, but he could not tear from his heart the memory of his beloved country, and his fine sensitive nature bade him retain something which would justify



him in saying, *Semper Fijiles*. This compound feeling is not unfamiliar to the observer of human nature. The Chinaman who dwells in this country wears English shoes and invariably carries an English umbrella, but his pigtail he never can renounce. Fijitee adopted the dress-coat and white hat of civilization, but he retained the national style of wearing the hair in a large cushion or chignon. (How the nations that we in our ignorance sneer at as barbarous have anticipated some of our greatest so-called inventions!) On the summit of this mark of aristocracy he placed the white hat, and the effect was *distingué*. Descended from one of the oldest families of the islands, he of course possessed the blue nose which showed the unmixed exclusiveness of his race. At a remote period of Fijian history, Fiji was conquered by a neighbouring chief, whose followers ate or made slaves of the native population. The descendants of those who came with him consider he acted in a most laudable manner, are very proud of him, boast that their ancestors came over with the conqueror, and that they inherit the blue noses of the victorious race. It was a sister of Fijitee who, being offered marriage by the third mate of a Queensland trading vessel, with a bottle of rum for "the old man," as an additional inducement, made the remarkable reply, "Go along! my blue nose has been uncontaminated for a thousand years, and shall I wed with one who can show no quarters to the arms of his coat?" Fijitee adopted large collars, for having only once before seen a collar, or indeed the garment to which the collar is an appendage, he resolved to make the most of it—and indeed it kept his ears warm in this comparatively chilly climate. He wore two watches and a Brummagem chain (for which he paid only five pounds an ounce, so fair-dealing was the Wapping merchant), and carried a thick walking-stick and an umbrella of the choicest fabric of gingham. It is needless to say that he made an impression in all societies to which he was introduced. There was some talk of publishing his portrait in an illustrated newspaper, and he was interviewed unsuccessfully by a gentleman representing an accomplished brotherhood of artists, who made rather unintelligible allusions to bones and tambourines, and assured him that if he would favour them with his

society of an evening he would never be required to do anything out of London.

Amidst all this seductive attraction Fijitee never for a moment lost sight of the main object of his visit. His friend, the eminent member we have mentioned, assured him that the best mode of obtaining perfectly authentic information was to associate with representatives of the press, who went everywhere, saw everything, and knew everybody, and who had such an immaculate respect for truth that they never coloured a description or invented anything. As to misleading a foreigner by purposely incorrect information, they would as soon miss an opportunity of getting a gratuitous champagne lunch, or admit that they were not in the habit of playing billiards every evening with the Duke of Auld Reekie, or slapping Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief on the shoulder and asking him to go odd man for shandy-gaff. Gentlemen of the press, Fijitee was assured, were a class whose unblemished veracity, simple manners, and unobtrusive deportment entitled them to his entire confidence.

He was accordingly introduced to several of these gentlemen, who willingly agreed, having first ascertained that he had abundant cash at disposal, to give him the information he required. There was Mr. Omnium, who wrote the famous historical, chronological, gossippy, archæological, and reflective leader on the supposed discovery of a remnant of the famous garment which cost King Stephen half-a-crown (alluded to by Shakspeare, and consequently involving a critical examination of the play of *Othello*); there was Mr. Veritas, who had enjoyed so many strange experiences, and who saw the famous swimming-match between a charity-boy, wearing his leather nether garments and all his medals, and an alligator; Mr. Pinto Polo, who had achieved so much fame as a foreign correspondent in all parts of the world; Mr. Mac-snuff, who did statistics generally, and made abstracts of Parliamentary reports; Mr. O'Quill, who for ten days, during the siege of Paris, had nothing to eat but the vertebræ of a daddy-long-legs, and was as amusing and rattling as ever in the letters he wrote during the time—who was twice taken by the Germans and condemned to be shot as a spy, but who saved his life by singing comic songs and asking conundrums of the com-

manding officers, and who afterwards lectured, with great success, in this country on the Franco-German War, having purchased an old panorama of the Arctic Regions, and interspersed his remarks with sentimental and humorous vocalization; Mr. Robinson, who reported public dinners, and whose health was slightly affected by devotion to his duties; and a very cheerful gentleman, Mr. Smith, who attended executions and private floggings of garrotters and was famous for his stock of amusing anecdotes. Then there was the agreeable Mr. Brown, who did the fashionable and "languid swell" gossip for some of the Sunday papers and the London correspondence for several of the provincials. He was (his readers were requested to believe) consulted previous to Privy Councils and all matters of high importance, and occupied his leisure, which was very considerable, at playing croquet and Badminton with duchesses, lounging at pic-nics and flower shows, and eating strawberries expressly grown for him by marquises. So great was his condescension, that he appeared to his intimate friends—the other gentlemen of the press—as nothing more than an individual who dwelt at Camberwell, dined off a chop in a Fleet Street court, and evidently did not have his coat made in Savile Row.

There was another gentleman, Mr. Johnson, who occupied a great position. He told Prince Fijitee, and, of course, expected to be implicitly believed, that he was the confidential literary adviser of nearly all the leading authors of the day, prosaic and poetic; that, in fact, all the best things in their works were either his outright or suggested by him. He was highly qualified, therefore, to communicate information respecting literature, and what the writers of the day were thinking about and doing.

Prince Fijitee was delighted with the varied attainments and engaging social qualities of these gentlemen. How to avail himself most advantageously of their assistance was a difficulty which presented itself to his mind. They were evidently so anxious to assist his project of establishing a newspaper in his native islands that each of them, separately and privately, proposed that he should be appointed "special correspondent" to it, and, said each of them, "If you were to pay the first year's salary in advance it would be much the best



plan, you know." In the most friendly manner, each warned him against the mistakes into which excess of zeal might lead the others. "Johnson is a good fellow," said Smith, "a first-rate fellow, in fact; but his imagination runs away with him, and he will tell awful bouncers if encouraged too much." "Smith," said Johnson, also very confidentially, "has a weakness for inventing; his *forte*, he thinks, is 'touching up' a little—truth, with variations, you know, my dear sir. I wouldn't, if I were you, believe more than about one-fifth of what he says."

Fijitee was momentarily perplexed; but the truly great man, civilized or savage, overcomes difficulties. "They shall meet together," he said, "and one can correct the other. The man amongst them who can tell the biggest bouncer must be a man of genius, and so worth knowing. I shall learn much in their society."

On the voyage to this country Fijitee had met with a book in the captain's cabin which much interested him, "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and, remembering that, he conceived an idea. He would assemble his new friends every evening, and have a story told him before he went to sleep. Each story should illustrate some peculiarity of English life, and so he would obtain abundant materials of the most authentic kind for his proposed series of articles.

His new friends were delighted with this scheme. There was nothing, he was told, which sharpened the intellect and assisted the memory like a good supper, with plenty of champagne, a mixture expressly recommended by the faculty of medicine and named "toddy," and choice cigars. Being assured that he left the arrangements entirely to them, and only required in return to be instructed in English manners and customs, the alacrity with which his proposition for a series of suppers was acceded to was interestingly unanimous; and, very singularly, they all found time to attend. How the cabinet ministers, the duchesses, and other dependent individuals got on without them, we know not; but the devotion of the intellectual band, especially to the toddy and cigars, was edifying in the extreme. They agreed among themselves not to contradict each other too much, or their host might believe none, and the suppers come to an end.

Humble chroniclers as we are, all unworthy to record the wit and wisdom, the power of graphic narration, the fervent imaginative discourses of these choice spirits, we will endeavour to record, for the instruction of enlightened posterity, the conversation, grave and gay, and the stories narrated, at these delightful meetings. They were described by one of the company as, "really, you know, quite a revival of '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.'"

"Knocked his what?" asked the thoughtful Fijian. "Does *Ambrosianæ* mean his nose?"

A smile, such as irradiates the features of genius when in the presence of the Loveable and the True, lit up the intellectual countenances around the board, and then Fijitee knew that he had said a clever thing, although he did not know why it was clever. He had yet much to learn regarding the subtleties of the civilized intellect.

"It would be as well, instead of talking such nonsense," said Mr. M'Snuff, "if we just settled the order of our proceedings for to-morrow evening. There's nothing like being prepared before-

hand. Now, I have collected several interesting parliamentary papers, containing statistics as to the number of red-herrings annually sold in the London markets, the ages and occupations of the consumers, the relative number of juvenile purchasers, and the pupils attending the Board Schools in the respective districts. I have also returns—"

"Hang returns," interposed O'Quill, "that's low, stick to cigars!"

"You are low to interrupt a gentleman," replied M'Snuff. "I thought the particulars carefully carried out to decimal fractions might interest our kind host."

"I think not," said Fijitee. "I have tasted red-herring, and it reminded me of—well, I will spare your feelings, but he was described to me as an Old Salt. He was old and he was salt. I remember him of course with kindness, but I would rather not, in my present state of mind, and with due respect to your very interesting manners and customs, refer at greater length to that elderly mariner."



The First Night's Entertainment.

"I HAVE drunk champagne, and I like it," sententiously remarked the Fijian host; "England is a great country. I think champagne expands the ideas."

"I have found it to do so," said O'Quill, "when, in addition, I have investigated the properties of a few glasses of toddy. They enlarge my mental vision."

"They do," added Jones; "you see at least twice as much as you did before."

"Do you really see twice as much after toddy?" asked the host; "then I would rather drink toddy than wear spectacles."

"Admirable! excellent!" went round the table, and once more Fijitee felt that he had been witty.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to start a comic publication as well as a newspaper?" suggested Omnium. "We will help you. Call it the *Fijian Hunch*, or the *Polynesian Pun*."

"I fear," replied Fijitee, "my countrymen are not sufficiently enlightened for such a publication. When my paper has trained their intellects and advanced their perception, they might enjoy humour."

"If they did," said Brown, with a slight snarl, "they would not like a comic publication."

"Now I think of it again," said Omnium, "there might be difficulties. Have you any servant-girls and Sunday-schools in Fiji?"

"No, I believe not," said the Prince.

"Then *Hunch* wouldn't do; there would be nothing to be funny about. No, stick to the paper. And now, most estimable chairman, who's down for the first story?"

"Before we begin," said Fijitee, in an apologetic manner, "perhaps you would favour me with some information respecting one or two little matters in which I have been, within the last few days, greatly interested. I observed various festive processions, with an effigy carried by men and boys. At certain distances the bearers stayed their progress and recited what might have been a poem, but I could not catch

the words, so rapidly were they pronounced, under the influence, apparently, of patriotic enthusiasm. One word sounded like the name of one of the months. What was the meaning of this interesting display?"

"Brown knows more of fashionable life than I do; he went to Three Balls yesterday and enjoyed a Pickwick, or pic-nic—it means the same," said Smith; "perhaps he will oblige."

"I think," interposed Johnson, "I had better give the information, having lately (of course you will not let this go any farther) been requested by my friend the eminent historian, Stepworth Fixin, to touch up his new-work, the 'History of Two Guys,' and put in appropriate anecdotes and poetical allusions. His work will prove that Guido Fawkes, in whose honour the processions you, Sir, noticed were held, was a man much misrepresented by venal historians. He was really a man of science and a philosopher, who tried to develop Parliamentary institutions, to diffuse, in fact, the wisdom of Parliament by means of an application of the explosive properties of gunpowder. An ardent admirer of royalty, he wished the sovereign to be considerably above his people. He was greatly respected by some of the wisest of his contemporaries, who usually spoke of him as 'their Guy, philosopher, and friend,' and the masses of the community highly venerate his memory."

"Yours is a wonderful country," said Fijitee. "I have another question. I saw a small figure representing a hero with large nose and chin, and a strange growth behind and before. He was beating another figure having something of the appearance of a female; and, with a joy I can hardly describe, I recognized an institution of my native land, where the club of the judicious husband instructs the wife in her duties."

"In this country," replied Johnson, "many wives object to clubs. The hero whose effigy you saw was Punch. He was a great warrior in the old times, and his name is still commonly used to indicate acts of energetic valour, as 'I will Punch your head.' But, with that prevailing tendency to melancholy which you will observe as you come to be better acquainted with this country, the remembrance of this joyous hero is employed to repress a too exuberant tendency to merriment, and,

with an exquisite, if somewhat cynical, satire, a publication which always causes a feeling of depression, not to say dismalness, is named after him. The same national feeling of despondency, stimulated by the foggy climate and the repetition of international exhibitions, is shown in maintaining Temple Bar in a decrepit condition as a warning to City people not to be too jolly, for they, too, will be shaky some day. The Lord Mayor is compelled by custom to pass under it at least once a year, and it does him good."

"I am glad you have mentioned those facts, Johnson," said Smith. "It is right that our distinguished friend should fully understand our peculiarities. I should like to add, that at Christmas time, when we are all supposed to be so happy and cheerful, so virtuous and benevolent, somebody always sets to work to tell ghost-stories to frighten us out of our wits; and there are public exhibitions of men strangely dressed, with very queer legs and painted faces, who steal sausages, knock down policemen, and exhibit many other instances of human depravity. The intention of this is, to prevent our believing we are half so good as the 'genial' writers of Christmas stories would persuade us we are. It is a painful but useful reflection that is excited by such displays."

"Thank you very much," replied Fijitee, drinking another glass of champagne as if he liked it—such is the natural depravity of the savage race from which he was descended. "I am afraid of troubling you too much, or perhaps offending you, but I should really like to ask one or two more questions."

"Speak out, old man—I mean, my distinguished friend—the toddy is good, and we are not particular," was the benevolent observation of O'Quill.

"Then, may I ask whether the slight peculiarity, as you are pleased to term it, of my ancestral race, the relish for—well, I scarcely know how to speak without offence, but the doctor of the ship I came over in, who was really quite a clever man, and the member of several societies, once playfully called it, anthropoid pork—what, in fact, you speak of as cannibalism, is quite unknown in this country?"

"None of your nonsense, Fijitee!" indignantly

chimed in Brown, Johnson, and Robinson, "that's rather too strong."

"If," went on Smith, "our editor were to send me to report a cannibal banquet, I should tell him the line must be drawn somewhere. I did go to a horse-flesh affair; and, hang me, if it did not take several goes of Irish to get the taste out of my mouth; but there are limits. Jerqued-beef sausages and potted Kangaroo are quite as much as a fellow can reasonably be expected to put up with and write a par. about afterwards."

"I would not offend for the world," said Fijitee, apologetically, "but I read the newspapers, and I have looked about me a little since I have been in this great country. Is not," he asked, lowering his voice, "a baron a person of high rank, a chief?"

"He is, old fellow," explained Robinson: "sits in the House of Peers, and all that sort of thing."

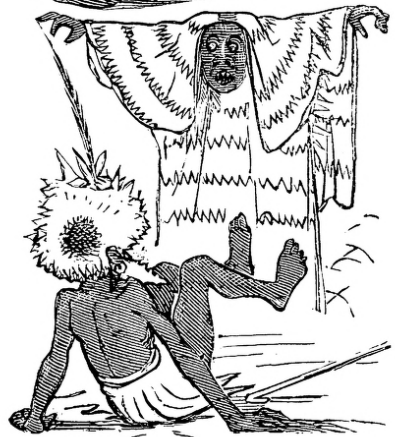
"Then," asked the Prince, in a thrilling whisper, "what was the offence committed by those two Barons of Beef who were cut up at the Lord Mayor's dinner?"

"Fijitee," said Brown, with dignity, "I believed thee true, and I was blessed in so believing; I am sorry to see that you have already acquired the habit of chaffing. If you go on like that you will lose respect for truth, and will have difficulty in believing all that our friends here tell you."

"I am very sorry," replied the Prince, somewhat dolefully; "I only wanted to know. Your country is a great country, but it is difficult to understand it. Why, I actually heard that at that very dinner a great number of the guests were 'toasted.' What am I to believe?"

There was a solemn pause; Veritas looked at Brown, Brown whispered Robinson; and everybody took another sip at the toddy. Then Smith spoke gravely and hesitatingly, his friends nodding a sad assent to his remarks.

"The intuitive genius of your noble race has penetrated one of our most cherished secrets. It is in vain to attempt to conceal the fact any longer. Your suspicion is well-founded. Closely adjoining the ancient hall where civic dignitaries feed is a church, and on the summit you may see



a gridiron, that means volumes. Does it not, Brown? (Brown winked.) In ordinary conversation among the initiated—before strangers they are more cautious—you may hear such words as ‘he’s gone to pot,’ ‘he’s in a precious stew,’ ‘he’s done brown,’ and similar phrases. Do not make remarks out of doors, for it might get you into trouble; but notice the enormous legs of the footmen behind the carriages—they are training for the footman show—and those calves so large and round—spare my feelings, I cannot go on.”

“I am very grieved to have pained you, my dear friend; you have greatly enlightened me. I now see not only how great a country England is, but how great also is my own native land, which anticipated so many of the practices of your enlightened civilization. We beat and kick our wives, so do you; we are very proud of our blue noses, you are of your blue blood; we make great feasts, and we drink a great deal of rum and other good things when we can get them, so do you; our big chiefs bully and keep down poor men who are troublesome, so do yours; and now I find that our beautiful and most convenient practice, which you call cannibalism, is not unknown to you. Yours is a great country! Let me taste again that beneficent fizz.”

“We have answered your questions in a spirit of the strictest veracity,” observed Brown; “now, Prince, favour us by answering an inquiry which I know some of our friends are anxious to put. It is, what on earth made you first think of starting a newspaper in Fiji? I do not require the information myself, gentlemen,” he added, looking round the table, “for our distinguished friend has already informed me previously; and, indeed, I have given him my humble assistance—just as, now and then, you know, I lend a hand to some other fellows, Mennyson, Carlee—”

“All right, old boy,” suggested Omnium, “you needn’t go on—there’s nobody here but ourselves.”

“Sir, you are objectionable, not to say impertinent. I was about to say, that our illustrious friend in the chair, thinking that the question would be asked, showed me some rough notes he had made, and requested me to put them into a shape likely to be agreeable to you. We have no

regular story ready to-night, but before we part we will settle one for to-morrow, and in the meanwhile perhaps you will keep as quiet as you can while I read—

“ ‘*The Prophecy of the Witch of Fiji.*’

LET me first premise that the witch was a remarkably ugly specimen of the tribe, who lived several hundred years ago, and who, having been greatly offended by the head chief of the islands, who was remarkably fond of tit-bits, and kept them all to himself, warned him that in time great changes would take place. He laughed to scorn the predictions of the old lady (from the description given by our illustrious friend, who has carefully preserved native traditions of the event, I should think she must have been remarkably like the Aunt Sally of our popular recreation), and thereby greatly annoyed her. He suffered for his rashness, for in the course of a short time all his wool came off, and, for the first time in his life, he suffered from dyspepsia; and, although he tried ninety-nine certain cures prepared by native physicians, and sacrificed a hundred-and-fifty slaves, he obtained no benefit, and died miserably. However, gentlemen, here is the authentic legend:—

“ ‘King Cannibalooni, beware of the day
When too many white men for dinner you slay!
For others will come and be ready to fight,
Or the rum-bottle offer, and then you'll be tight—
You will do as they wish you, no use to be vexed,
Then, Cannibalooni, you will be annexed!’

“ ‘To Jericho toddle, you ugly old seer!
I think you've been looking too much at the beer.
Put your head in a bag, you shocking old fright,
I mean to enjoy a good supper to-night.’

“ ‘Ah! laugh'st thou, Fijian, my vision to scorn?
You white-headed black man, I'll tread on your
corn!
You'll eat white men so many, that whiter you'll
grow,
From your ugly old head to the tip of your toe;
You'll have white men's fancies, and turn up your
nose
At our nice little dinners, and want to wear
clothes,

And grow very clever, and wish to take trips
On the sea in canoes they call their big ships.
So many of sailors and trav'lers you'll eat,
That in a few years you will grow like your meat,
For the atoms absorbed will be bone of your
bone,

The ideas of the roasted becoming your own—
White men and yellow, and missionaree
All mixed up in men of the future Fiji.
'Tis the sunstroke I got gives me mystical lore,
And whitey-brown darkeys cast shadows before.
I see the Fijian, once peerless in might,
His blue nose turned red, his complexion quite
white;

He'll wear hat on his head and boots on his feet,
So much he'll be altered by what he does eat;
And Darwin will come to explain why the pale—'

“ ‘Down, toothless insulter, I've not got a tail!
Don't talk such Darwinian rubbish to me,
Neither monkey nor mudfish is known in Fiji.

Then poke up the fire, I will be a Can-
Nibal king! and so call up my cook and my man,
We'll have a good supper, old witch, you will see,
For we are getting quite hungry in bonny Fiji.’ ”

“ ‘An interesting legend,’ observed Robinson;
“but I should like very respectfully to ask what it
means? Did the Fijians become possessed of
white men's ideas in the manner hinted?”

“ ‘They did,’ said Fijitee, with an inexpressible
air of melancholy dignity. “ ‘They became more
intellectual and sensitive in mental constitution.
They appreciated the institutions of your country,
when carefully bottled, and expressed a desire to
imitate many of the virtues of the white men who
visited them. The witch was right. We have
absorbed the Europeans and Americans, and we
promise to develop into a great nation. I have
myself had a peculiar evidence of the truth of this
theory, and, if it will not fatigue you, I will relate
it.’ ”

“ ‘How does the whisky hold out?’ inquired two
or three of his friends.

“ ‘There is another bottle on the sideboard,’
replied the Prince. “ ‘Thank you; yes, I will go
ahead; but I am not yet an old man. It is now
more than twenty years ago since a strange visitor
arrived at my native village on the coast of Fiji.’ ”

He was an American, but fatter than his countrymen generally are. We were interested in him. My father loved him, oft invited him, still questioned him the story of his life. He told us all: he was a reporter for the *New York Illuminator*, and he had been sent on a special mission to discover the Flying Dutchman. Gentlemen, you are naturally interested in the fate of that enterprising reporter. He did not discover the Dutchman; in fact, was never heard of afterwards by his anxious friends, who, however, did not send another reporter to discover him. The last seen of him was a few hours previous to a state dinner given in honour of my revered parent's birthday. I will not harass you with details. I was then very young, but my appetite was good, and I enjoyed the banquet greatly; and ever since I have been agitated by an intense desire to establish a newspaper. I think I must have absorbed a considerable amount of that reporter. Now, gentlemen, I have one more question to ask, and then, good-night. I told you that my first idea of these pleasant meetings was derived from reading the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' Were those stories true?"

"Most authentic!" "Perfectly true!" was the chorus all round the table.

"Why," said Brown, "it was only last summer that the Caliph Haroun visited this country and had a state reception. Not a bad fellow at all was Haroun. I went about with him every where."

The Fijian stared, but abstained from any remark. If he doubted for a moment, however, he was immediately convinced of the truth of the statement, for Robinson added, with great earnestness of manner—

"Why, there has just been an Oriental Congress, attended by Aladdin, Ali Baba, Sindbad, and all the other swells, and I reported the proceedings."

"I tell you what," Brown broke in, "suppose that to-morrow night I describe the reception of the Caliph?"

"An excellent idea!" said Fijitee; "I declare I shall scarcely be able to sleep for thinking of it. O'Quill, my friend, that is the fireplace, not the door; and I do not think the lamp-shade is your hat. Good-night!"



The Second Night's Entertainment.

"YOU are quite sure," said Fijitee, when supper was over and the toddy was on the table, "that it was the Caliph who came, and not an impostor?"

"Certainly not," replied Brown. "A fellow did try it on once, and got five hundred witnesses to swear they knew him in Bagdad; he claimed the Koh-i-noor in the Tower; and the trial lasted seven years, used up twelve Judges, and made ever so many Queen's Counsel start newspapers; but the imposture was found out at last, and the man, giving it up as a bad job, took to penny shows at fairs, sometimes exhibiting himself as the only rival to Daniel Lambert, the fat man, and at other times as the 'living skeleton,' according as there was a chance of business. But the Caliph did come, and I cannot do better than read you some extracts from the newspapers of the time."

Visit of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, with Extracts from his Private Diary.

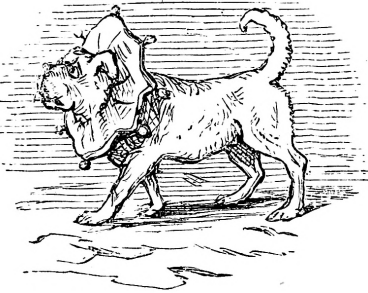
(Extract from the *Daily Slasher*.)

LONDON is all agog with excitement. The great city from its earliest infancy has not known such a perturbation of feeling, such a rapturous dalliance with decorations, such a loving ecstasy of illuminations as now pervade its whole frame. From its early days—when the playful Briton skipped in delight on the banks of the silvery meandering Thames, as it wended its tranquil way between the peaceful mud huts enshrined between the loving grasp of graceful green trees, with musical bears and artistic wolves mildly sounding their peaceful octaves, and venting demi-semi-quaver harmonies to the elegantly-clad natives, with the impression of grandeur, peace, and harmony radiating through all nature to meet the advance of King Coblerinus and his graceful spouse—down to the present date, when five or more millions some few odd thousands and several paltry units [other statistical matter omitted here] tremble with anticipation of the coming of the mighty Caliph Haroun-

al-Raschid, from then to now no such feelings have animated the cockney breast with thoughts of grandeur and unlimited display. Undoubtedly the mighty metropolis has had many opportunities of indulging its sight-seeing propensities. [Various descriptions of regal entries into the city omitted here.] But the present occasion is far more momentous. The august visitor who seeks a welcome from our hospitable hands is a mighty personage in history, the hero of a hundred battles, the descendant of a race of kings whose power knows no limit, whose reputation is booked first-class to the terminus of Time, whose ancestors reach far back into the dim vista of the past, whose patronage and alliance is in the highest degree essential to the future greatness and prosperity of our beloved country. He was born [lengthy biography omitted here].

We will ask the loving reader to kindly accompany us along the line of route, planned with the thoughtful and considerate care of the wishes of the people for which the organizer is noted. Starting at Charing Cross Station, we find a gorgeous allegory typical of the welcome we accord to the descendant of a hundred kings. Around the ornamental cross a platform has been built and a Gothic front erected on each side, at great labour and expense, so as to form a miniature building. Ingeniously adapting an idea from the weather-prognosticating houses—which everybody remembers, where two figures, working on a pivot, advanced or receded as the functionary who is supposed to have control over the elements decreed wet or fine weather—a length of flooring is allowed to work, by special steam machinery manufactured for the occasion, alternately to and fro from the archways on either side of the building. This erection, of course, suggests our own native land, and each time the board comes forward there will stand upon it representatives of the various city companies, each bearing some tribute from the trade he represents to the Arabian monarch.

A special throne of state has been erected, and with its tender mingling of blue, yellow, and green, will form a splendid centre-point to the brilliant scene around. This regal chair has been considerately fitted with a golden photographer's crook, which, enclosing the neck of the Caliph, is



connected by machinery with the works that cause the semi-revolutions of the board, so that the august spectator will always be assured of looking at the right thing at the right time, and it will ensure his seeing everything provided for his delectation by our liberality. This finished, a deputation of provincial mayors will appear by the same agency, each attended by their respective clerks. Fifty mayors to be selected by ballot, and no speech to be of more than thirty minutes' duration.

The entertainment above noted will be deemed sufficient for one day, and at its close the visitor will be led to a splendid *al fresco* pavilion formed in the centre of one of the Trafalgar Square fountains, specially drained for the purpose. Its sides are draped with home-made Cashmere shawls, both to give an Arabesque character to the decoration and also to impress its lordly occupant with our acquired superiority over the originals. A company of bands will serenade his majesty throughout the night, and, with some tom-toms, gongs, and drums, will "soothe his savage breast;" and then the momentous ceremony, which shall make this First of April next ensuing to be remembered in the annals of history, will be brought to a close. The next day's proceedings will be of a more public character, and will form one of a series of journeys to be taken by the Caliph round and about the metropolis.

In the morning his majesty will receive a deputation of his subjects who have sought the protection of England or asked for sustenance at her hands. Any political prisoners having escaped from justice will be delivered up to the mercy of the Caliph. This pleasing meeting of prince and people got through, a grand procession will be organized in the following manner:—

Shoeblack Fife and Drum Band.

Private Band, Herr Slappoffski, Leader.

Deputation from the Hole in the Wall Republican Club.

Clowns, from Hengler's Circus bearing the following Banners:—

Royal Standard.

Union Jack.

Banner of the City of London.

Banner of St. George.

Banner of William Smith, Esq.

Banner of Thomas Brown, Esq.

Banner of Thomas Jones, Esq.

Banner of John Robinson, Esq.

Banner of Southey's Alcahman.

Banner of Abdallah Abbaside.
 Banner of the Claimant, borne by Little Sandy.
 Band of Volunteers of the latest organization.
 Band of Rifles of the latest organization.
 A genuine Beadle in a Cocked Hat.
 Aladdin, Esq., in a carriage drawn by sixteen horses, accompanied by Ali Baba, Esq., and Sindbad, Esq.
 Many Fire-worshippers, four abreast.
 The original Old Man of venerable aspect who stood on the verge of the trackless desert.
 Members of the Charity Organization Society.
 The Poor they have relieved. (These will not take up much room.)
 Band from the Boston Musical Festival.
 Ballet-dancers bearing the following banners :—
 Banner of Tartary.
 Royal Standard. Persian Standard.
 Union Jack. Standard of Bagdad.
 Banner of Aladdin, Esq. Banner of Sindbad, Esq.
 Banner of Ali Baba, Banner of Baba Abdalla, Esq.
 Esq. Esq.
 Banner of Zidi Nouman, Banner of the Old Man of the Sea.
 Esq.
 Band of the "Devil's Own." (The original Forty Thieves.)
 Miss Checker as Britannia, with a Lion lent for the occasion from the Zoo.
 Members of the International and Liberation Societies.
 Band of Itinerant Scotch Pipers.
 Jockeys who have Ridden Winners of the Derby from its commencement.
 Staff of Writers from—
Punch, *Judy.*
Figaro. *The Police News.*
 The Original Dog Toby.
 Squad of Hurdy-gurdy grinders (very rare).
 The Crown of Spain.
 Amadeus. Bismarck. Arnim.
 Several German Bands.
 The Leicester Square Statue.
 Statue of Queen Anne.
 The Decorator of St. Paul's Cathedral.
 THE SULTANESS SCHEHERAZADE.
 Sixty other Wives of the Caliph.
 More German Bands.
 Model of the last Caliph.
 Members of the St. Pancake's Vestry.
 Organ Grinders,
 HIS HIGHNESS CALIPH HAROUN-AL-RASCHID,
 In a grand State Carriage, drawn by thirty-two winners of great handicaps this season, led by trainers, ridden by their owners, and attended by successful backers,
 Escort of Cabinet Ministers armed to the teeth.
 It is expected that many other public and private bodies will take part in this magnificent display, and the country is being scoured far and

wide for extra musical assistance. The principal point of the first day's route will be reached at St. Giles's, where a number of the inhabitants will meet to take charge of all contributions of dogs that may be lent for display, each lender being presented with a ticket of admission to the International Exhibition at the close of the season. These dogs are all to be connected by their tails, with an electric battery, which shall, at a pre-concerted signal, galvanize them all to applaud. The wire being invisible, the Caliph will be led to attribute this sensation to his presence.

The *point d'appui* of the third day's route is to be found at the New Smithfield Market, where another grand arch will be erected. This will be composed entirely of meat and London products, supplied by the salesmen and chandlers of the vicinity. Niches will be made at various intervals, and the top is to be crowned with pedestals, in and on which will stand various analysts in the act of shaking hands with each other. If enough of these cannot be found, several writing experts have offered their services. From here, the procession will proceed to inspect the Aldersgate Street Station, and his majesty will call at the Public Inquiry Branch of the Post Office to make a humorous complaint, and the clerks are to be specially instructed to return him a civil answer. Then in the centre of Cheapside his Majesty will stop to examine the asphalt paving, when the Secretary of the London Omnibus Company will read a statement of the amount of increased accidents to horses and vehicles since this paving was laid down, while the Court of Common Council, in solemn conclave assembled, will immediately order many more streets to be laid with asphalt.

The Lord Mayor in person will then read an address, and present the Freedom of the City to the Caliph, omitting, for this once, the customary box, value one hundred guineas, as unworthy the Caliph's acceptance. From this eloquent address, by the kind permission of his lordship, we are enabled to give an extract. After the minutes of the meeting that passed the resolutions have been read, and a somewhat lengthy preamble, the address continues :—

"We, who collectively represent the wealth, wit, and wisdom of the greatest city in the world,



beg to humbly express to the greatest monarch of modern or ancient times the gratitude with which we recognize his condescension in favouring us with a visit. The progress of the blessed country under your beneficent sway has long been to us a matter of interest and fear. The interest deepens in view of the material improvements in civilization and refinement we may hope to effect by following your most mightily gracious example; the fear disappears as we contemplate the hope of alliance and union with your most puissant people. We beg to ratify this compact and make it firmly indissoluble by presenting you with the freedom of this city, enrolling you one of the Worshipful Company of Tallow-Chandlers, and this peaceful bond of intimacy will, we hope, ever be honoured with your most distinguished consideration, and we be enlightened by studying your precepts and admonitions. This day is one of the greatest triumph to the city of London, one of those days to be remembered with feelings which words cannot express, one to be crowned with the greenest of laurels in the pages of history. And if ever your grace should want some pecuniary assistance, we, your most humble and obedient servants, will ever be ready and willing to assist you to the uttermost of our power, if you in return will sanction the use of your name to several companies now in course of construction. If, in addition, your majesty would wish to establish these companies in your own land, for the furtherance of your own interests and the amusement of your public, we shall be most happy to send over two or three commissioners, brimful of knowledge, to teach your financiers the process, and to aid the cultivation of your people to the proper pitch of investment, by means of newspaper advertisements and prospectuses. Now, great light of the sun, we would willingly descant further and at greater length on your virtues and our privileges, but we do violence to our feelings in order to gratify these assembled multitudes with a view of your glory and majesty, knowing that the contemplation of your qualities by them is the surest means of furthering their improvement."

This over, Miss Cheeker will step forward and claim rights for Persian women, with due humility, at the hands of the monarch. After inspecting

the Monument, Billingsgate, the beefeaters of the Tower, and Custom House routine, his majesty will be escorted by a select body of Government officials and tenpenny men to his temporary resting place at Aldgate Pump, which has been fitted up with that costly and *recherché* magnificence which has characterized the whole of the preparations.

Of the programmes for other days we will again speak. With the above sketch of the preliminary proceedings, space forces us to be content; but although we have not done justice to the many offshoots of private enterprise and detailed ornaments, yet they will meet with their reward in the appreciation of a populace whose taste has lately been cultivated, their minds improved, and their discrimination sharpened. We give to these *entrepreneurs* every credit for their lavish outlay and ready promptitude, and we hope that all citizens will manfully step forward with graceful Venetian masts, masses of festoons, miles of scarlet cloth, flags so numerous that they shall darken the light of day and make this beautiful nurse-mother of our country to be, in the words of the immortal Madame Rachel, "A thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

(Extract from *Daily Slasher*.)

WE have the pleasure of this day presenting our readers with several passages from the Diary of the Caliph, procured at great risk and expense, by a gentleman on whom we can rely, from a source on which every dependence can be placed. In placing this incomparable enterprise before our readers, we have every reason to be glad of the opportunity afforded us of gratifying those who have severally helped to afford us the proud claim to being the most extraordinary paper in the universe.

"April 1, 18—. This day arrive to England. Of the very much sickness of the sea in passing over, we still feel much bad. When we got of Kharing Kross, there should be much peoples, much smokes, much smells, and a few soldiers. The soldier-men look not comfortable, very much so of the neck. I go to sleep very fast, when peoples swing to and fro on plank, and bring many things; which I tell Baba Abdorrah to give to burn. The thing of my neck much hurt me,

and I had to bleed twice of doctors, that my jaw should not of the key be locked. But I get to place of rest at last, and sleep very heavy; although they tell me much beastly bad music outside of my tent last night was played. I get touch of what these doctor-mans call rewmattic, which hurt much, from a damp place sleeping in. Baba Abdorrah of my sherbet and copy of Hafiz have forgotten to bring away from Paris, and I get cross very much, tell him to go Abou Buttchorah to get kill. Then some pompos man not let me—must not kill in this land. 'But you kill many,' I say. 'Yes, sir, certainly,' he reply, with much smiling, 'but we try.' 'Well,' say I, 'I will try too; Baba Abdorrah, I will try of you in one half hour, and then you die.' He (the man of much smiles) go out for hour-and-half, and ask no more for Baba.

"April 19, 18—. This day have been to Madame Twosaw's, and talk very much to many strange peoples, but of no answer give they to me. I pinch hard one woman who should be to sleep, and her flesh look like houri, but she is not soft, and go sleep, sleep, sleep, as before the same. Then I cut off head of one they call Dilk, but no blood come, and he fall not, so I see these only enchanted men, like Scheherezade tell of to me. Then I want to go, but female magician come out and say, I shall not go, until of my name I sign to her. So I get frightened and fear, and think of enchantment, so I sign, and run away fast, very fast. I see many of these mens and womens in shops, dress very good, but they all look alike, and speak not. I say to Gladstones, 'Why you not advertise for bigger enchanter to kill this womans who take so many peoples of you?' But he say, 'I recant noting,' and refer me to his published works for opinions he express. Gladstones is a Vhig, I do not like Vhigs. They take much monies, and keep. Dizrale is little better, not much, they of monies spend very much. He is Tory. I do not like Tories. Yesterday I go to Cristal Palass. I should go privat quite, but many peoples know, and come to stare. They stare very much these peoples, but they are polite very much. Cristal Palass is of glass made. Glass grows from ground like trees, and they train up till it grow very big. When too much is grown, they cut off, and sell to shops to keep

magicians from turning back to live of the lifeless peoples. When I go to theatres in the evening many men run to me and take my coat, my umbrella, my spectacles, my everything, to keep, for this they charge monies. To ask time is monies in this country.

"April 22, 18—. This day would not go out. Gladstones, and many others of whom I speak not, say I should go out, and peoples expect me. I swear on the Koran I will kill peoples, if peoples rule me when I should rule peoples. So I go not. Albert Edward, nor Alfred did not like of me to say so, so I go very cross and walk away. Then I send for box-fighters to show me how Englishmen qvarel. They say English qvarel not now, but they show me how once they did fight. Then some men come with much disfigurement, and the disfigurement put nose on one side, move up lips, and make long mark. Their hands are very large, but I suppose they grow so. Then they dance, and strike to each other, and when one is hit he smile, and the other man smile, and everybody like very much. I like too, and give them sequins. Then I go out to walk, and admire much pictures on the ground, and him they call artist—I do not admire. He look very bad, stomachs empty. He write all round pictures,

'I starving,' 'I am a poor cove trying to get a living.' Now, living here means to be mollah, and must be bought. It takes much money to make dervish or mollah. So I think artist will ne-ver get living. Then I go on to Thams Embankment—very fine work, much work. Very valuable, many lions to take care. I see some hooks, and they say, when I ask what for of these are they used, that they use to get men from waters when they fall in. It is very crull to hang poor mens from water on these. If water not kill him, then they say he that will hang cannot of the water drown, and then on these hooks they hang.

"April 27, 18—. English queer peoples. Write much—many letters. Everybody poor who write, and beg. This is why so many nusepapirs in England. I have been to Brighton. Many houris take off clothes and go into see. Mens stand with pistols to their eye, that fish shall not de-vour. English love wife, but uncles and aunts they do not love. Uncles take of their goods and money, so English put aunt on stick and fling much at her, and keeper of aunt give big nuts to him who hit most. English very queer peoples. I want to go to my home."



The

Third Night's Entertainment.

MR. JOHNSON," said Fijitee, "has kindly procured for our enlightenment a very remarkable estimate by a writer, who, he assures me, is one of the most eminent men of the age, of one of the most wonderful of your statesmen."

"The Prince is right," said Johnson, "I am guilty of a little breach of confidence, but you can keep a secret, I know. The fact is, my old friend Car-lee asked me to look over this for him, and correct the style here and there, and I put it into my pocket, and will read it."

"Car-lee," interposed Omnium, "is rather disposed to be a bore. I could have said a good deal more about Frederick the Great than he did."

O'Quill did not speak out, but he muttered something which sounded like—

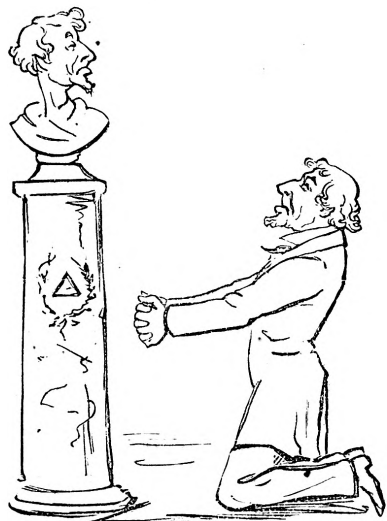
"Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for style that is dark,
And for words that are vain,
That heathen Car-lee is peculiar,
And his meaning there's none can explain."
"Subside," sternly said Johnson, and proceeded to read—

The Hero as Magician; Bendizzi.

TRULY, the very wonderfulest of medicine-men, the most miraculous of hero-magicians! Have you not heard of the great Bendizzi? the miracle-worker, the possessor of the Wonderful Trap? As a child he was favoured by the queen-mother Nature, and moulded in heroic fashion; for there grew upon his face the very notablest of noses: not an inanity or theatricality at all, as Grummy and the sceptics would have it: not a mask, but a real, sincere, blood-and-gristle nose. Neither let us disgrace ourselves, as do the sciolists and dilettanti gatherers of old science-chips, by an attempt to account for it with all the jargon of natural selection, evolution, Eastern extraction, Jerusalem-survivals, rudimentary appendages. When you have accounted for it by these, how will you account for them? Is it less wonderful that all Jews should have

notable noses, than that one Jew should have the notablest? Yet how will you account for that, with your logic-mill and your calculating machine? Will your Babbage explain the existence of a single cabbage? If not, how of a hero, a prophet, a magician?

Of a surety, too, there is a kernel of truth in the history they relate of him when a youth, overlaid perchance with a wrapper of fiction, a no-wise despicable yellowback, but at bottom a sound and altogether believable story. For it is said, that when poking his nose into a desert place (and have not all heart-upheavings of heroes been shrouded in solitude? witness the Wapping butcher screening himself behind a tree) he was met by a weird sybil, who said she had watched over him from his birth—henceforth he must take care for himself. For this object she gave him the Wonderful Trap, the ever-constant attendant of his magic; in which trap is concealed a spring, reached by an opening so intricate that it can only be touched by the nose of Bendizzi himself; and whenever that spring is touched the trap makes a noise as of a clapper, and there appears a genius to help the toucher of the spring, and the name of that genius is Clap-trap, the most powerful and familiar of spirits. To the thinker, not an insupportably inaccurate version of fact; rather, there underlies it the very solidest substratum of reality. For worship, faith, understanding, will—do they not all earmark the great man, the hero of all times? Non-essentials change, but these are the essentials and distinguishing characteristics of the eternal Is. And Worship, what is it? What else but intense admiration? In the small man, admiration of the great man, the hero; in the great man, for that in which he is great—that is to say, in the man of wisdom, admiration of the highest wisdom; in the man of nose, admiration of the notablest of noses; in Bendizzi, therefore, admiration of himself. Surely, the very laudablest, self-sufficientest form of worship, involving the sweeping away of a host of non-essentials, the triumph of Sansculottism, the destruction of all other *isms*. And Faith: the great man always believes; his creed is the sturdiest part of him. So with the hero-magician; he believes: here is the cardinal fact to be gathered from that tale of



the sibyl; his faith is in Clap-trap; your Thirty-nine Articles are henceforth for ever reduced to one—the dupeability of man. This is the one truth at which our great men have been inarticulately hammering for centuries; this was at the bottom of Paganism, Popery, Protestantism, Rights-of-man-ism, and what not; and the great, dumb, striving voice of centuries has burst forth in the long-forgotten truth of Bendizzi—that man is dupeable, is befoolable. But how to dupe him? Here is no floundering and foundering, but 'as plain an answer as we, who are no heroes, can expect from a hero—By the help of Clap-trap. No easy flower-path this before the man who will act up to the Bendizzian creed; no limited-mail, sleeping-car arrangement; nay, much rather a laborious goose-step practice on a telegraphic wire, or a Dutch roll along a granite-paved viaduct. The labour is great. The hero who would undertake it must dive into the recesses of men's minds and make himself familiar with their strongest prejudices—that is to say, with the very valuablest part of a man. For what is a man without passions and prejudices? No longer a man, but a logic-mill; and the more passionate and prejudiced he is, the more of a man and the less of a logic-mill. Therefore, away with your jargon of Reason, Sweetness and Light, Charity, Sweet Reasonableness, as Pouncet-box has it. What are these but mere modernisms, the corrupt pseudo-vitality of decayed organisms? Whereas, passion and prejudice are the chief of the Immensities and the Eternities.

Bendizzi had been thinking upon this, and being in an uncertain mood, he bethought him to consult the genius: whereupon, not without some timid first-misgivings, yet with the trustfulness of a true hero, he inserted his notable nose into the Wonderful Trap, and touched the spring. Instantly there appeared an old man in three hats (for surely the Invisible always reveals itself to the Visible in a form most adaptable to the beholder) who winked and said, "As steam to the steam-engine, and life to the organism, so is prejudice to Society: to eliminate it is to shut off steam; truly, the very shallowest and short-sightedest anarchy. Rather heat it with the fuel of passion, compress it into an epigram, and

utilize it; but see that your nose be not too near the safety-valve;" and withal he winked and disappeared. This, too, may be the popular pseudo-science that at all times clothes a substratum of reality, just as the unmentionables envelop the veritable forked-radish that is man. Rather a considerable meal, this, for Bendizzi to digest, and ruminate, and chew the cud over: nevertheless he chewed and digested it, if we may judge from his actions; for the great man ever puts his thought into action. For being, like all first missionaries, filled with the soul-stirring spirit of propagandism—which is ever the first-fruits of clean-sweeping new-besom faith—and believing indubitably in the dupability of Man, and being inspired with a knowledge of the method and secret of duping, he determined to devote his life-labour to the befooling of men into heartfelt admiration of his own supremely adored worship-object, that is to say, the subjective-objectivity of himself. Doubtless, little-minded, narrow-headed men will ever call such activity mere selfishness, quibble about the ultimate selfishness of altruistic emotions, and other long-winded phrases. Which of the heroes have they not sneered at? Why not, then, the hero-magician? but answer me out of your own dry-as-dust logic-mills—If the centre of a circle coincide with the focus of an ellipse, is it for that one whit the less the centre of a circle? So if an object of worship coincide with the worshipper, is it less an object of worship—more especially if he worship mainly one part, the nose, worshipping mainly with another part, the cerebellum? No new thing this, nothing generically new, this identification of producer, distributor, consumer; only a return to Long Acre and Co-operative Stores, in opposition to Regent Street and cent-per-cent. A cardinal dogma this of the *Estesian*, as well as of the Bendizzian philosophy. So he became a world-famed magician; nay, rather hero, prophet, king; for who is a king if not he? Not your stalking-horse for the exhibition of royalty rags, but rather he the King—Könning—Cunning—Up-to-Snuff-Man—the Prophet of Clap-trap.

There are heretics and schismatics, it is true, but he is believed in and obeyed by all truthful, honest-hearted followers of Clap-trap; yes, and always will be; *semper, ubique,*

et ab omnibus! being himself indeed *semper idem*, and yet ever-variable. No mere unscrupulous adventurer this, as Flout-and-gibe would have us believe (poor Flout-and-gibe! he used to persist in sitting like a nigger on the safety-valve when Bendizzi was getting up steam, and got blown up once, and has not forgotten it, nor forgiven Bendizzi, who warned him, for keeping clear of the explosion); and not a mere lucky lottery-gambler either, as the critics declare: too easy-going and comfortable a doctrine for the manufacture of heroes, and accounting for their own failure in literature and art too complacently. None of these, but a hard-working, heart-whole Prophet of Clap-trap, never tiring at his work; an incessant epigram-factory for the wet-nursing of prejudice, which is the motive-power of the world; from the Peel-stingers to the Ritual-crushers; "Vivian Grey," "Lothair Green;" foreign policy, home sewage; Tory party and dinner-party; plundering and blundering; Saxon provinces and Straits of Malacca.

Such is the ceaseless energy of the man whose capabilities are spiritual; who has learned the thaumaturgic art of clap-trap. Thaumaturgic, I name it, for all his miracles have been wrought by it, and innumerable will yet be wrought. A very fire-eater of a man; always in hot water, but never scalded: shouting triumphantly from the very midst of the boiler, "I see no scars!" At one time the sceptics fling him into a pot of boiling wrath; but he looks over the brim and says, "The geniuses of the world are Jews," and jumps out; and all the sceptics cried, "Great is Bendizzi of the Hebrews!" Then the clergy take him and fling him in again, thinking utterly to crush and burn up the mighty heroic hear of him; but he skips out whole-skinned, saying, "I am on the side of the angels;" and all the clergy shouted, "Great is Bendizzi of the Hebrews!" Lastly, the laity thrust him in again, tying him down with Maskelyne-and-Cooke knots, but he bursts out with "A B.II to put down Ritualism!" Then arose a third shout, louder than the other, "Great is Bendizzi of the Hebrews!" A few only of his wonder-workings these—but they suffice: the hero-worshipper recognizes the many in the few, the general in the particular, the actuality in the potentiality. He has imitators, it is true;



but they are nowhere: there is something of worship even in the quackery and knavery of imitators—let us not too hastily despise it. For with the adulterant who labels rose-leaves and gypsum “tea,” or red-ochre and brickdust “chocolate,” is there not at bottom a wholesome conviction that tea is better than gypsum and chocolate than brickdust? A very wholesome conviction of another sort too, to which we will not allude. So the hero-magician, also, has his puny ape-imitator, Mrs. Juppy—a solid, genuine, altogether-believing but weak-kneed sort of imitator. He himself has by the mere power of his clap-trap spirited the most tongue-giving adversary out of Downing Street, and carried him for hundreds of miles in the air to deposit him in the desert of Flintshire, transforming him, by the way, from a prime minister into a mere rhymster and pamphleteer, outstripping at a stroke all the levitation and anti-gravitation and transmigration of Mrs. Juppy and her crew. Yet these, too, have their worshippers and popularity! A great fact this, declaring that mere animalism and materialism and Tyn-dalism are nothing and nowhere, that Spiritualism only is everywhere and everything—that naked Reason is a poor decrepit, nondescript thing when compared with soul-stirring clap-trap.

Truly, to the very inmost heart-beats of all classes reaches the magic of his clap-trap; he is elder brother to them all. To the hand-to-mouth, dust-begrimed, horny-handed workers he offers the benediction of the Seven Social Points; no mere cockatrice-egg, but a sincerely visionary mare’s-nest, not an outrageously unfit receptacle for a little hobby-horse. To the brewers he is a very Tetzal with Indulgences, Free Licenses from the Purgatory of Bruce, Exit-passes from the water-soaked *inferno* of Good Templarism; only no longer as the old-world Tetzal, bartering these as a mere underling commission-agent for the collection of Peter’s-pence; but asking rather in return a jovial, beer-besotted vote-and-interest style of payment. To the Hawdemmys he has offers of infinite sport: poor Flout-and-gibe was a hard rival at first here, and a tough struggle he made of it with his Quarterly Ebony Screaming Farces; an octopus-dog-fish tussle it was: but poor Flout-and-gibe had finally to knock under

and shut up shop, and take a situation under Bendizzi; for the hero is ever magnanimous to his defeated rivals. But it is with the hard-working, jog-trotting agriculturists (formerly yeomen, farmers) that he appears at his best: a treat for all centuries is the trustfulness of the Hughenden dinner-party. Like, and yet unlike, Antæus, our hero receives strength from the touch of his stepmother Earth: it is then that he preaches and prophesies. "I foresee a war between Fiji and Hawaii" (and who else, if not he, should smell the battle from afar?). "I speak to meat-breeding agriculturists—beef and mutton will be scarce. Cross your short-horns with your south-downs—so will you produce both." One full shout breaking the leaden silence, then a gurgle of innumerable emptying bumpers, amid volumes of tobacco-smoke, returned loud acclaim to the new-revealed Triptolemus, Prometheus, Bendizzi vouchsafing a hitherto undiscussed lesson of deep-seated, cattle-breeding Transcendentalism. A miraculous prophecy, to be brought to the hard test of experience in the still distant future of the long-foreseen battle-field.

Once upon a time I visited the infinitely pin-nacled, myriad-bepannelled temple of the magician. Before the door stands a prancing cavalier, "a symbol of immemoriality," as I was told, but to me a very lion-hearted looking nigger, and I wondered why the white-faces should set up the image of a nigger in their sacred places. Within was a labyrinth of passages and corridors bepainted and bemosaicd, looking like the most dazzling of gilt gingerbread stalls; and at last was a place, in shape the octagonal-est of places, beyond which was a curtain guarded by plush-bedizened sentinels, and when men passed in there was a glimpse of silence and light.

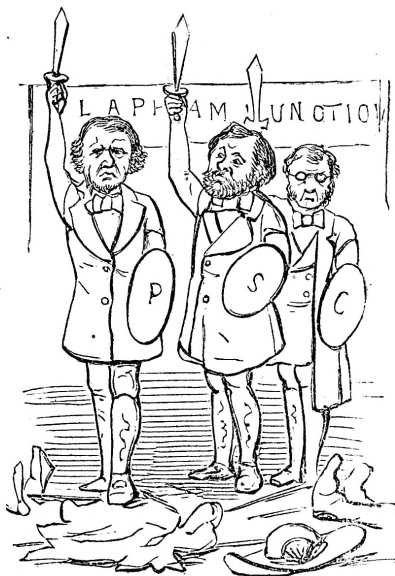
This was the magic chamber of the hero himself; the very tripod seat of the genius Clap-trap, the *πῶν στῶν* whence the Jerusalem giant moves the earth, using his nose as a fulcrum. And I saw the faithfulest of his worshippers, entering in never-ending procession to listen and worship, stirred by their reverence for the Better-than-they. The Better-than-they! that is something—it is not much, but it is some-

thing. There they went, the whole tribe of them, Broad-acres, Bull-breeders, Bulls and Bears, Bear-greasers, Heavy-swells, Gin-swillers, Beer-barrels, Dry-as-dusts, Pettifoggers, Tory-constitutionals, Nigger-kickers, and other celebrities, trooping in *en queue*, a veritable Party of All the Virtues! Beautiful Conservative souls! And even then the hero had innumerable irons in the fire. Seven first-rate measures, each first-rater than the others, which underling handicraftsmen incessantly forge. Two prominent Bills—not the treble-lined, usury-smelling, paper-rags of pestering discount-refusing tradesmen (though these too are not unknown to the Hebrews), but Bills of another kind his. Parliament-sanctioned State propositions; Bill to snuff the clergy! Bill to snub the country! Marvellous proposition this last, whereto hangs a history. For not so long since, being in power, and very inventive and omnipotent-minded, he played a no-deception Egyptian-Hall trick upon the world; for, advertising a Fancy Franchise Panorama, he collected all men together and suddenly shot them into the middle of next century. Very magnanimous philanthropy it was; but they, small-headed, tongue-hissing geese that they were, were indignant, and would have nothing to do with him. Whereupon he let them be, and now they turn to him again as to a protector and *paterfamilias*.

Below lies the temple of the great wonder-working hero, and I beheld the eternal fitness of things; for the seats were green, and they that sat thereon. But beyond sat the self-contemplating Hero-Magician; his eyes were immovably fixed on the tip of his notable nose, at the same time Copernican and Keplerian, the scenter and the focus of his satellites; and at his feet the Wonderful Trap, a broad-brimmed, beaver-covered pitcher-plant, black as a nigger. Silence is golden, but the Hero knows when to speak.

Splendid worshipable eloquence! Like to the launch of a thunderbolt or a Bessemer steamer. But suddenly he disappeared! He left the bench; he went to the bar. He held in one hand the Wonderful Trap, in the other a lemon-punch tumbler filled with the deliciousest beverage supplied from the Greenwich nectar cellars of the great genius Clap-trap, wherewith he rewardeth his faithful ones.

The Fourth Night's Entertainment.



"I WAS much interested," said Fijitee, "in that description of your great magician read last night. I could not understand it, but it sounded fine. I think it must have been a work of genius."

"It was," said Johnson. "We wished to instruct you in some matters relating to the political government of this country. It was the remark, frequently repeated, of an eminent and aristocratic personage, 'No fellow can understand that.' We have a good deal of faith in this country; when we cannot understand a writer, we agree that he is a transcendent genius."

"Yours is a great country," once more uttered Fijitee. "I suppose you never have any differences of opinion about what is taught by the good people who send out missionaries to us. Of course they are all of one way of thinking, and never quarrel among themselves."

"Well, you see, not exactly so. The fact is, they do differ just a little, do slightly pitch into one another, and have been known to call one another rather hard names. It is very curious you should have referred to this subject, for our friend Mr. Veritas has prepared a story for to-night which illustrates this very peculiarity."

Fijitee was highly pleased, and Mr. Veritas (who said, as a preliminary, that the truth of the story had been inquired into by a mayor, town council, the agents of two influential societies, and several independent inquirers, and that he himself had personally visited Clapham Junction, but was so bewildered by the signals that he could not exactly identify the spot where the fight occurred) proceeded to relate the story of—

The Pilgrims at Clapham Junction.

SING hey, sing ho! sing ho, sing hey!

I had been seeking, day by day,

Until I was well-nigh undone,

East, west, north, south, speeding away,

Photographing each varied *trait*

Of ecclesiastical London.

Seeking *Vox Dei* in *Populi vox*,

Ortho, unortho. and heterodox;

When lo, I was suddenly bidden,
By a bell which boomed to summon us all—
High Church, Low Church, and No Church at
all—

To seek the cathedral of St. Paul,
For a sermon by Canon Liddon.

O but it is a solemn sound,
Filling the soul with awe profound,
When out above the city's din,
The noise of traffic, of pleasure, of sin,
Suddenly on the breeze there swells
The silver chime of the sweet church bells!
So boomed the Cathedral bell; but then
St. Paul's is a sort of pious Big Ben,
As though the Westminster tocsin
Had turned a Right Reverend Benjamin.

'Twas thus, with sound stentorian,

We all were bidden

To hear Canon Liddon,

With prelude of tones Gregorian,
That is (lest of facts I seem to show beggary),
The service was chanted by Canon Gregory.

The little boys sang most beautifullie,
And the Canon prayed on a tuneful G;
And then for an hour there ran on,

Without lets or pauses,

The ringing clauses

Of the other most eloquent Canon.

Briefly and tersely went he o'er

The varied events of '74;

Touching, first of all, on the Mission:
That had answered fairly enough, he said,
Though they rather regretted to see it spread

To every "sort and condition."

The year before it was more select,

The confessional kept it quite "correct;"

And—he meant it no aspersion

On his "evangelical brethren" dear;

But, he regretted to say, this year

The Mission approached a little too near

To "sensible conversion."

The Brighton Congress was much the same,
Low Church as well as High Church came;
This, he said, was the "little game"

Of the Anti-tractarian party.

Still this must be owned, that each divine
Had fought like cats—a certain sign

Of theology vital and hearty.

"But, brethren and sisters" (for the fair,
Of course, had mustered strongly there),

The preacher said, "I've seen ye
Casting sheeps' eyes on the Romeward way,
Longing almost from the fold to stray
When that Cook's Excursion sailed away
To the Pilgrimage of Pontigny.

"Now, my friends, for a little surprise!

Why shouldn't Anglicans *pelerinize*?

The term, I own, is shoppy.

Let us pilgrimate with unboiled peas,
A mode our ascetical friends to please;
But the 'Evàns,' who sit at home at ease,
Are certain not to copy.

And so 'twas done; each woman and man
Cordially approved the plan,

And, opposition scorning,
Resolved, in the style of the Moyen Age,
To start for an Anglican pilgrimage

On an early weekday morning.

In Winchester city there is a shrine
Of a very-long-since defunct divine

(I doubt if there's anything *within*)

To whom picnickers for mercy cry
About the middle of each July,
And travellers ogle with wistful eye—

I mean the famed St. Swithin.

His saintship attention was to engage
From this novel Anglican pilgrimage.

"They met." It really *was* "in a crowd."

There were Ritualists in vestments loud,
Copes and dalmatics; but many more
Simply the regular trousseau wore—
A surplice short as a pinafore,

With a cassock like a *jupon*.

The "High" came next, in billy-cock hats,
M.B. vests and Roman cravats.

Merrily then there troop on

The very æsthetical Broad Church fold,
Jovial as the "monks of old,"

You could not call them sloven nor slattern,
Though rigged in rather a mundane pattern.
The art tonsorial quite they scorned,
Mustachios and beard their chins adorned;

No white ties showed their stations;
Black bows and all-rounders circled each throat—
One wore, alas! a shooting-coat,
With coloured "continuations."



There too, although with looks of shame,
One or two Evangelicals came—

One wondered what could bring 'em—
Clad in alpaca, with large white ties,
And stand-up gills of portentous size,

And each armed with a Gamp-like gingham!
Deeming that no one their "move" had a hint on,
Off they all set for the city of Winton.

Little do those critics guess,
Who upon Catholic finesse

Indulge remarks censorious,
That our institution Anglican
Possesses, like the Vatican,

An *Index Expurgatorius*.

But, bless you, if any Corydon *père*
Flirts with a Phyllis, young and fair,

There's always a Gorgon bevy
Of spinsters ready a scandal to dish up,
And, trotting indignantly off to the bishop,

Beg him to drop down heavy
On him who scorned their charms mature;
If Corydon smokes a pipe, be sure

That bevy, their noses poking
Into the matter, his lordship invite
To that most carnal curate to write

On the sinfulness of smoking.
These spinsters, of more than middle age,
Very soon "twigged" the pilgrimage.

News of the little "move" from town
To Fulham Palace straight went down,
Where the Right Reverend John Jackson
Received the same with his strongest Saxon:

"I wish Miss Blobbs

Would give up these jobs
Of putting me such tracks on."

He sent a messenger off straight
To Lambeth Palace: "Take this, and wait."
The note ran thus: "Dear A. C. Tait"

(They drop all titles tufty
Behind the scenes),—"Look in to-day,
The matter will not brook delay;
It's something that will tax our skill.
P.S.—Bring Public Worship Bill.

And, N.B.—Come in *mufti*."

He came. 'Twas in a hansom cab,
And, after a prolonged confab,
Two highly unprelatic mortals
Emerged from those suburban portals.

In coats of Ulster frieze
That reached below their reverend knees,
Though each upon his saintly pate
Wore emblems of prelatic state ;
While fingers than Aurora's rosier
Bore knuckle-dusters in lieu of crosier,
Like (similes to fish up)

No pastors of the human flock,
But rather (London said it) " Old cock,
You look got up in that Ulster frock,
(How its cut Miss Blobb would shock !)
Half drover, and half bishop !"

So then, proceedings they *had* a hint on ;
J. J. and A. C. T. stumped for Winton.

Now filed the pilgrims past us thick,
One had no time except to tick

Their name, weight, and condition.
There was " Father Mac" in a gorgeous vest,
Like a Staffordshire miner out in his best,
Looking his very illegal-est ;
And the Reverend Richard Temple West,
Who, in his temple, does his best

To assume the " Eastward position.""
Mr. Stuart, of Munster Square,
Brought a sub-procession of damsels fair.
There was Dr. Evans, from the Strand,
With a big bouquet in either hand ;
The instruments he deems, 'tis plain,
For the conversion of Drury Lane.
Stanton, with hyacinthine locks,
Bore a portable confessing-box.

Along with the Reverend George Nugee
Was the pseudo-Ignatius, O.S.B.
There was Dr. Lee for the New Cut showing,
And Lorrimore Square, of course, was GOING.
These and several hundreds more
Mystic banners and badges bore,
And incense burnt in censers galore,
Singing dolefully a Litany,
Beginning " *Beate Sancte Swithine !*"

While, with Faith to blend some Reason,
Came Mr. Davies, of Lisson Grove ;
And with him Mr. Haweis hove,
Scattering " Speech in Season."
And, finally, giving them all his benison,
The plucky Archdeacon George Antony Denison ;
While, in rear, with a lot of little boys noisy,
Came the lately clerical Mr. Voysey.

They made, ere their route was well begun,
A little *détour* at Kensington—
Archdeacon Denison's planning,
" Since," said he, " I'd like to show
Our Romish brethren at the Pro
Something about these things we know."

And there was Dr. Manning
Biting his very finger-nails ;
And Capel peeping over the rails
Of that most recent seat of knowledge,
The Kensington University College.
They stopped for no conjectures,
But, Parthian-like, Monsignor took
A shy at the lot with the MS. book
Of his Anti-Tractarian Lectures.
Then back to their cloister each hastened to
grope,

And wired this " latest news" to the Pope.
Meanwhile A. C. T. and J. J.
Beheld, with something like dismay,
The throng of Pilgrims gather.

Says T. to J.,

" This is, I say,

A sight for a Reverend Father !"

J. simply answered, " Rather."

" What shall we do ?"

" Don't know—do you ?"

" In our churches to keep pew-renters ?"

Says A. C. T.,

" I've got an *idée*."

" What is it ?"

" Call out the Dissenters !"

It was no sooner said than done—
The Noncons rather liked the fun.
With Sword and Trowel for habergeon,
Issued from Newington Mr. Spurgeon.
Following quickly that exemplar,
Came Dr. Parker, the City Templar ;
Shouldering *parapluié* for truncheon,
Down there bustled Dr. Punshon.

And now the throngs are humming
In the purlieu of Drury Lane,
And some one—a " canny Scot," 'twas plain—
Says, " Room for me—I'm Cumming."

Meanwhile the pilgrims came swarming down
The great south road that leads from town,
And began what they called a " solemn function "
Somewhere near to Clapham Junction.

And now, though my theme is cleric,
I hear the rattle
Of coming battle,
And my muse becomes Homeric.

Then out spake Mr. Spurgeon :
" The pilgrims here I see ;
Now who will stand on my right hand,
And stop their way with me ?"

Then forth stepped Drs. Punshon
And Parker, saying, " We
Are here to stand on your right hand,
And make the pilgrims flee !"

And up came Dr. Cumming,
Saying, " I too will make trial
Upon our friends excessful
To pour of wrath a vial."

And now, I beg you to N. B.,
Our friends J. J. and A. C. T.
Felt all their troubles ended ;
Leaning serenely 'gainst a post,
They leisurely surveyed each host,
Remarking, " This is splendid !"

Then forth stepped George Antonius,
The hero of South Brent,
And in at Mr. Spurgeon
Incontinently went.
But Spurgeon's Sword and Trowel
Soon did Antonius' job,
And Mr. S., while smiting,
Said, " One, sir, for your nob."

Great Cumming singled Mac out,
And smote him thigh and hips,
Pounding him with a volume
Of the Apocalypse.

At Dr. Parker, Stanton
Flew, with a candle : " Yield !"
He cried ; but, lo, his dip was
Stopped with the *Christian Shield*.
Foiled in his mad endeavour,
He stumbled o'er his truncheon,
And soon was, literally,
" Sitting under " Dr. Punshon.

Says A. C. T.
" This is pleasant to see :

They are smashing these pilgrims undutiful."
J. J. liked the fun,
And made answer in one
Interjectional adjective, " Beautiful !"

Now fiercer waxed the battle ;
And now the *pelerins*
(So Mr. Spurgeon termed them)
Went down, just like ninepins
In some suburban alley,
Where fast the bowler spins,
And, as he floors the total,
Serenely laughs and wins.

Then out spake Mr. Spurgeon,
With a smile upon his face,
" Now yield ye, Messrs. Pilgrims,
Now yield ye to our grace !"

Then answered George Antonius,
Who looked like food for worms,
" To yield is not my custom—
However, name your terms."

When a tragedy Grecian
Was near its completion,
In order to get matters back in a
State satisfactory,
The principal actor, he
Fell in with a *Deus ex machinâ*.
All other stage tricks
Having got in a fix,
The author would feel no compunction
In cutting the "*modus*"—
Such was the *modus*
Operandi at Clapham Junction.

As when some naughty boys at school
Behold the master nod,
And steal away for games of play
Upon the garden sod,
Straight rising up, the Dominie,
Just like that Grecian god,
To stop at once their merriment
Needs only show his rod ;
So A. C. T., and eke J. J.,
To stop this little mill,
Threw off their *mufti* and produced
The Public Worship Bill.
Pilgrims fled in dismay,
Voysey shouted " Hooray !"

Even Noncons stampeded in panic.
 "Name your terms," once again
 Said Antonius. "Quite plain,"
 Said J. J., "Reformation organic—
 No vestments, no masses
 (You really are asses
 To keep yourselves always on tenters),
 No *sub-rosa* looks
 In Papistical books,
 And nothing to frighten pew-renters;
 No flirting in minsters,
 Except with old spinsters.
 Cotton Voysey, and kiss the Dissenters."

With a moan and a groan
 In a strange minor tone,
 As of those who want steward or surgeon,
 Did the pilgrims reply.
 "Now accept them, or I
 Shall call back to my aid Mr. Spurgeon."
 Then A. C. T.
 Up his proverb took he:
 "From the thralldom of fashion I'll purge ye.
 All vestments are dropped,
 Ceremonial stopped,
 Even out of the church I intend to adopt
 A uniform dress for the clergy."

Then from those Pilgrim "Fathers"
 A louder groan arose,
 Which summoned round the prelates,
 Alike their friends and foes.

And A. C. T., resolving
 His measures stern to urge on,
 Said, "Now, Archdeacon Denison,
 Change togs with Mr. Spurgeon."

J. J. called Dr. Lee up,
 And said, "You must sustain a
 Strong counter-irritant for your
Hierurgia Anglicana.

"Disrobe yourself at once, sir,
 Of vestments so patristic,
 And dress *à la* the President
 Of the Conference Methodistic.

"And, lively Mr. Stanton,
 I'll give you bitter pills—
 Borrow of Dr. Parker
 His open vest and gills."
 How touching is obedience!
 No virtue, sure, can well pit
 Itself 'gainst this. They all obeyed—
 Because they couldn't help it.

Now, as they homeward turn their noses,
 What striking change the scene discloses
 From when, that morn, they journeyed down
 All *en route* for Winton town!
 The pretty flags were given away
 For Voysey's boys to use at play;
 So was Dr. Evans's bouquet;
 And vestments of each shape and size
 Were kept for next November's Guys.
 Father Mac, in a Low Church suit,
 Paced just like a funeral mute;
 And the Reverend Richard Temple West
 Walked, with a very fallen crest,
 Like an awakened butler dress'd,
 Or an undertaker in Sunday best;
 While, serving as a beacon
 Of the changes with which this world is rife,
 Came Mr. Spurgeon, as large as life,
 In the guise of an Archdeacon.
 Dr. Cumming tried to hide his trotters
 Under one of Stanton's shortest cottas;
 Dr. Punshon was quite prelatish—
 In fact, he might have passed for Pope—
 Clad in an elegant purple cope;
 Dr. Parker wore a dalmatic.
 Bearing aloft, serene, intact,
 The triumphant Public Worship Act,
 Marched each victorious prelate.
 Marshalling the streets along
 An army like Falstaff's motley throng,
 Giving no rights appellate
 Either to potentate or to pope.
 "They've taken," said A. C. T., "long rope,
 And now they're all suspended."
 Smiling sublimely, marched J. J.,
 So pleased he could do no more than say—
 And he kept on saying it—"Splendid!"
 And so is our story ended.

The Fifth Night's Entertainment.

THAT was an exciting story about the Pilgrims; I wish I had been there to see the fight. I rather like fighting," remarked Fijitee. "Are such pilgrimages common in your country?"

"Not pilgrimages of that kind," answered Brown, "but we have a desperate habit of making pilgrimages. Our folks go off in troops to all parts of the world, not because they want to see anything in particular, but in order that they may be able to say they have seen it. They go a thousand miles or more to cut their names upon anything, and come back smiling, as if they had done something very grand. If any of the party actually takes any interest in what he saw, is really pleased with a mountain, or an old building, for its own sake, society does not think much of him, but votes him low, an artist, or poet, or something of that sort. Bless you, hundreds of fellows every year risk breaking their necks by Alpine climbing, who would much rather stay at home, only it's 'the right sort of thing,' and they must do it."

"But if any of them do break their necks, what then?" asked the prince.

"Well, somebody writes to the newspapers, saying what folly it is, and some of us press fellows write leaders about the irrepressible energy of the British race; and a lot more young muffs rush off directly, and try to break their necks. But we are a plucky people, too, and don't mind trouble or danger when it comes in our way. We are not all politicians or parsons; we take in hand the affairs of the universe, and consider it of the greatest importance to know exactly how far we are from the sun. The Greenwich fellows say they can find out by watching, in different parts of the earth, one of the stars—they call it Venus—pass across the sun. They find out what they want to know by all sorts of scientific dodges, and something, I think, they call trigonometry."

"What sort of thing is that?" asked Fijitee; "good to eat?"

"Don't make fun of science. Parties of pil-

grims, we may call them, go to all sorts of outlandish places at a great expense—by-the-bye, Fijitee, do you like ices?"

"They are good," replied the prince.

"Just so, we all like them, especially little boys, who buy them for a halfpenny. Well, we are now about to send out a party to the place where ices grow, and bring home enough to last us ten years. But, to go back to the astronomers, as they are called; they start away with telescopes, and all that sort of thing, to take notes of Venus. They make a mess of it sometimes, though, and I have brought with me to-night the confession, I may call it, of one of them."

Then he read—

The Wise Men in Pursuit of Venus.

THE station assigned to us for the observation of the Transit of Venus was the Island of Prettylulu, in the Southern Pacific. I need not trouble my readers with the details of our voyage to our pleasant but distant destination. Quiet Londoners, better accustomed to the still life of the observatory than to the boisterous times that sailors know, "when the stormy winds do blow, blow, blow," and voyaging landmen wondering why they ever left the safety of the shore, we yet were educated by sore trials into ease, and even enjoyment of our floating existence. Never shall I forget the delight with which that Venus rising from the sea, the surf-cestused Prettylulu, rose to our longing eyes. (Before I go any farther, let me premise—and I do so for the sake of my scientific reputation—that it was the planet Venus, about to distinguish itself very highly in an astronomical sense, that we had gone all that way to observe, and that I and those with me hold the preposterous nonsense written about the classical Venus, or Aphrodite, in profound contempt, except for poetical purposes.) Bathed in the golden calm of the tropics, the whole scene lay before our vision—"a sight to make an old man young." Nearer we came, and were soon sailing through a swarm of canoes that boarded us on all hands with cargoes of cocoa-nuts and vegetables, the very greenness of which was refreshing to our eyes, so long accustomed to the colours of sea and sky only.



Piloting our way cautiously inward, the sharp, savage edges of the coral reefs on either hand, traced for us by the foam that broke over them, another and more curiously uncivilized sight presented itself. Ahead, the quiet sea showed strange ripples, as though a shoal of large and sportive fish were flashing its surface into light with "the pleasant trouble" of their unresting play.

What was our surprise, as our vessel lazily drove into this turmoil, to find its cause. We were in the midst of the very court of Venus. We were waylaid, to be boarded at once by sea-nymphs, such as might well have surrounded the goddess when she first dazzled sea and heaven with her beauty at her ocean-birth. Scores of young girls—the light-brown beauties of the island-worlds of those far-off seas—had swum off to welcome us, and were now swarming up every chain and rope that enabled them to gain our decks. They came from an element that seemed natural to them, each with her simple girdle of tappa, their sole ordinary clothing, which had been carefully borne dry above the waves in their outward progress to us. Now were scientific eyes gifted with sights and scenes that sculptors and painters would have luxuriated in. We realized before us the childhood of the world; those golden ages ere man and woman knew toil and trouble. Perched upon bowsprit, and head-rail, and taffrail, reclining in boats, beautifying every recess of our decks, with their dripping, black tresses half veiling their charms, chattering, laughing, drying their glowing forms, these sea-fairies, all mirth and vivacity, seemed to our astronomical eyes better fitted for the rarer air of Mercury than for the dense atmosphere of our colder earth. But, then, we were in the paradise of our world, where the calm and the golden clime of the elsewhere-lost Eden linger on for those who voyage into the sunshine of the equatorial seas.

I cannot dwell upon the transits of Venuses which each moment passed before our staid astronomical eyes, and which we observed with no small amount of civilized amazement. Suffice it to say, we were quickly, safely cabined in the largest palm-roofed huts that could be pressed upon our occupation by the warm and hospitable



welcome of the happy islanders, and experienced that blessed sense of freedom from peril and of easeful existence which the lotos-eaters of Tennyson did not more enjoy than we did.

In the interval between our arrival and the great event we had ample time to erect our temporary observatory and make every preparation for securing the scientific results we had voyaged so far to obtain. But we could not avoid very quickly perceiving that some strange celestial influence was at work to defeat our projects. Was Venus aware of our intention to take her in charge, and jealous of our spying upon her actions? All we knew of her led us to believe that such was likely to be the case. Homer and Hesiod—every one at all acquainted with her moral constitution and unruly proceedings—gave us to understand beyond a doubt that unless some disembodied member of the missionary society, some uncorporeal Stiggins, had strangely converted her to more sedate habits, her present existence would not be very unlike to that which had seemed even somewhat too free to the not-too-particular occupants of Olympus. Certainly, if she wished to distract the thoughts of us sages from wisdom and its ways, she was amply provided with excellent instruments. We were every instant, night and day, plagued with pleasant visitants. We were, for the gravity of our calling, over-haunted by good spirits. Our staid ears were never free from the alluring sounds of girlish whispers and soft, sweet laughter. Our eyes could at no time cease to rest upon the crowding, curious sweetness of shapes that Titian and Etty would have loved to transfer to their canvases, in all their warmth of colour and little-veiled luxuriance of form.

Really it was perplexing. We "unprotected males" were very St. Antonies, exposed, like that unpleasant anchorite, to sore trials. Where were our protecting spirits? Where were those guardian angels that should have been around us to shield our assailed astronomical innocence? Even Mrs. Grundy was half a world away. Society—civilized society—with its Argus eyes, does not exist in the tropics. The School for Scandal is not an institution of the Equator. Verily the spirit of mischief lurked in every grove and pathway of our enchanted island, while its enervating

airs lulled all that breathed them into a luxurious lassitude of that cold, high, moral sense so natural to the serene existence of Fellows of the Royal Astronomical Society and of all that aspire to that sacred and blameless brotherhood. We had left our London abodes of blessedness and of research little knowing the wiles of her whose goddessship's proceedings we were despatched to keep a sharp look-out upon. Truly she had turned the tables upon us strangely. We who came to observe found ourselves the observed of all observers. Not an instrument could be adjusted but some laughing eyes and smiling lips, some chattering tongues, were around us, before us, over us. How could we arrange our glasses and photographic apparatus when the sunshine and the shade, day and twilight, and even night, "from morn to dewy eve" and round again, through the half-dusk of the tropic night to the sudden sunrise, were buzzing with womanish whispers, and twinkling with the lustrous wickedness of laughing, girlish watchings?

What is a sage to do who cannot sit, or stand, recline, eat, drink, speak, or ponder, or repose, but under the distracting observation of womanhood, of all ages, and generally of a loveliness impossible to be ignored? Can a *savant* draw on his nightcap in peace, or draw off his—well—stockings, in the blessedness of astronomical abstraction, when all these strictly domestic processes are found to be, in the tropical world, considered as performances of an open and a qualifying character specially intended for the inspection and entertainment of the female public of Prettylulu? *O tempora, O mores!* O recollections of Belgravia, protect your distant votaries of science! O connubial retrospective memories, hover over our exiled slumbers with your shielding wings!

I will no longer dwell upon all the temptations with which Cytherea perplexed our Northern contemplations. Suffice it, they were ever around us and about us—that ever we were called upon to eschew these allurements of the primitive existence into which our thirst for knowledge had led us to penetrate, and that, through all, we reached to the day, the very hour, the predicted moment when Venus could not escape her destined transit, but must yield us our revenge in

giving herself up to the undisturbed gaze of our chosen observer—

But before recording the dread result, let me pause in my narrative to mention who was our representative star-gazer, to whom was assigned the great task, the solemn duty of noting the sublime celestial event, towards the right chronicling of which the wisest of mankind of all tongues and races were directing their fervent attention.

"No Irishman need apply!" Alas! no such disqualifying rule had been laid down in forming the staff of our expedition. We had been led into the admission of a young and fervent Hibernian, by his rare skill in taking and noting the most delicate celestial observations. In our admiration of this special qualification of our Hibernian brother, we had lost all recollection of the characteristics of his Celtic nature, and of how the pulses of green Erin's sons were ruled, not by the lunar influences, but by those of the very planet whose doings he would have to survey. We had surveyed him only on his bright scientific side, and had allowed to sink into oblivion the dark, weak aspect of his Hibernian impressibility. O fatal want of forethought! We had not been twelve hours ashore—what do I say? had we been twelve seconds on land? had we even landed?—before this error in our calculation was revealed to us, and most palpably visible. He, a votary of science! He, a liver in the calm abstraction of research! He, with eyes alone for wisdom! Alas! like Icarus, the wings with which he soared were melted by mundane warmth, and the sage sank into the merely mortal. The Prettylulu life seemed at once native to him! He appeared to the manner born, without initiation into its special characteristics. Surely his Celtic soul had, in some former existence, even as his Druids held, known and enjoyed the pagan paradisiacal languors and blisses of a Polynesian mortality! Alas! remonstrance was tried in vain. He but laughed at our staid endeavours to strengthen and tone up his moral resolutions. He would assure us that just at present, in the language of his country's singer—

"His only books were woman's looks,
And wisdom all they taught him."

Need I appeal for sympathy to the world of

science at home? Can any F.R.A.S., whose pulse is *ex-officio*, mathematical, and measured, fail to echo our strong sentiments of dissent from such levity in view of the solemn event we had voyaged so far to be cognizant of? This was bad. Alas! what was to come? Let me hasten to the fearful conclusion.

The momentous hour arrived. Our chronometers told, beat by beat, the nearing of the minute which was to fix the observation of this celestial phenomenon of our century. Our whole staff were stationed at their posts. Our Hibernian was at his instrument. Our secretaries stood by him, pen-in-hand, and nervous with anxiety to secure exactly the knowledge momentarily to be announced. The heavens were unclouded. Everything was propitious. "Who can say," we exclaim with Rasselas, "this day I will be happy?" The world was hanging over us, stilling itself to listen for our news from upper air. How could we miss the triumph that we seemed already to grasp securely? Already we realized a far-off evening of glory, when to our listening and applauding brotherhood of F.R.A.S.'s we should read the paper which should give to their Transactions our addition to astronomical knowledge.

Beat! beat! beat! another forty seconds, and our observer would be dealing to us the long-looked-for facts.

Those forty seconds had not passed ere all was

changed. O what a fall was there, my countrymen!

A cocoa-nut grove circled the open space on which we had erected our unsubstantial but sufficient stands for our instruments. From out of the sylvan recesses, just at this precise moment, glided on our astonished vision such a Transit of Venus as is seldom witnessed by astronomers.

Fayaway and the most charming brown belles of Pretty lulu were before us—in extra full-dress—each robed in a prized necklaee of delicate pink shells strung upon a thread of tappa. With the melody of movement that Polynesian liteness only can display, a *pas des déesses* flashed upon us that drew all eyes to the passage past us of its executants. If the staidest were momentarily surprised out of their fidelity to science, guess what was the effect of this paradisiacal revelation on our Celtic observer—on him upon whose abstraction from all terrestrial thoughts our whole hopes rested? Could his Hibernian vision refuse to enrich itself with that sight so congenial to his national temperament? He jumped up, upset his telescopes, and joined in the dance. Before he paused, the transit was over!

Our record of the Transit of Venus, as observed at Prettylulu, is not one that will exactly accord with any taken at other stations on the surface of our planet.



The Sixth Night's Entertainment.

WHAT a number of clever men you have in your country!" was the observation of the Prince, when the cigars were lighted, and the toddy mixed. "Is there any one of them who is looked upon as fit to answer all kinds of questions, and settle all sorts of difficulties?"

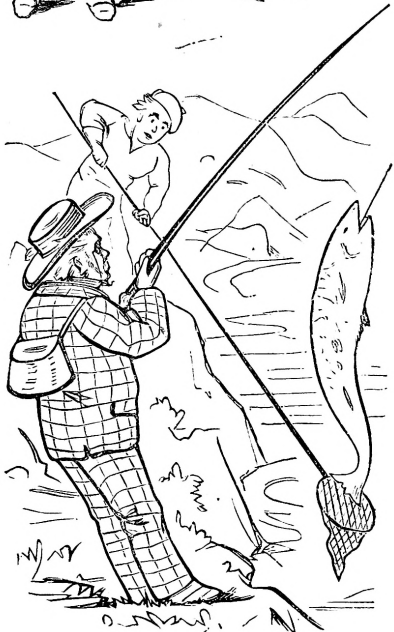
"You have just hit the right nail on the head," said O'Quill; "John Brightmann is the party. He was a great politician once, and he could speak, he could. Now he is retired from business, but kindly answers any questions put to him. The Sunday newspapers used to do that sort of thing, but I think John has made them shut up shop in that line. I don't know whether he answers questions about cribbage, or the height of the late Duke of Wellington, but, bless you, he's a regular oracle about vaccination, and a lot of things. I think, Prince, if you wanted to know anything about the effect of putting an *ad valorem* duty on imported periwinkles, or what are the best sort of pills to take to make whiskers grow, you couldn't do better than write to John. When I was taken prisoner by the Germans, they often talked to me about John. He is a man of peace, you know, and won't fight. 'Ah!' said a very intelligent German officer to me one day, 'what a fine thing it would be for civilization if all your countrymen were like John Brightmann, and wouldn't fight; we would annex England.' 'Thank you,' I replied, 'I will mention the fact when I get home.' Another German, who had learned (he said) the English language, made a poem about John, and as I have a copy with me, I will read it to you."

"Thank you," said everybody, and then was read—

John Brightmann Catechized.

JOHN BRIGHTMANN was a barty
Well known in days of yore,
When in de Gommans Parliament
A gallant part he bore;
For 'gainst de selfish tyrant strong
He still upheld de weak,
And oh! but dey all pricked up dere ears
When Brightmann rose to speak.

For once on a dime it happent
Dat Justice hid her face,
And dere were some would have starf'd de poor
In dere greed and dere prite of place;
Den mit his frent, good Cobden,
John Brightmann he gained renown,
And he helped to raise fair Justice op,
And to pull de corn laws down.
Mein Wort! dey say, who saw him fight,
'Twas a right sharp swort he'd wield,
He was not afraid of halve a tozen dukes,
Six Richmonds in de field;
For he stoot up bold, and he spoke out straight,
And said what he'd got to say—
And I wish our German Hoch-wohl-geboren
Had a liddel of John Brightmann's way.
But oh! dere was Hände-ringen
And shaking of many a head
Among de dukes and de nobel lorts
At de tings John Brightmann said;
Dey turned op dere eyes in horror
When of landlords' greed he'd speak,
And dey said, but in politer words,
"It was like John Brightmann's cheek."
For not one boint of merit
Dese lorts in him could find,
Dey sait, de constitution sure
By him was undermined;
Dat it was verwounded unheilbar,
Unless dey dit strike a plow,
So dey had a great dinner among dere selfs,
And dey voted John Brightmann low.
And den de jolly farmers
All in dere might arose,
And said John Brightmann would ruin dem
Mit new-fangled ways like tose.
But John Brightmann laughed and told dem
Dat he never could make out
Dey should want prodection, dose jolly men
Who looked so dhick and stout.
Bot right and justice triomphed,
For justice and right are strong,
And de poor man's bread no longer
Was leavened by sense of wrong.
And de constitution lif'd still,
And de dukes yet walked Pall Mall,
And de farmers John Brightmann ruined so
Looked rich, and jolly, and well.



John Brightmann rose to honour,
 As was bot right and fair,
 And came to court, though great folk laughed
 To see dat Quaker dere.
 But Brightmann, de working member,
 Dey found on the Queen could call,
 With all de grace of a well-born duke
 Who never did noting at all.

Bot honour is a burden,
 Has made many backs to pow,
 And fortune's wheel has turnt and turnt
 From ancient days till now;
 And den comes an explosion
 Dat plows men's power to dust—
 Vich de poet means by "de storiet urn
 And de animadet bust."

And so it came John Brightmann
 Was smit by sickness sore,
 And de voice so brafe in council
 Was heard, for a time, no more;
 But all were glat when news came
 Dat John in de North was out,
 Fishing for *Lachs* and *Forellen*,
 Which, in English, is zalmon and drount.

Now, far down East in London,
 Where de ships come from de sea,
 We had set up our Pilgrim tent—
 My three good friends and me.
 And dere we worked and florished,
 And led our useful lifes—
 For we all was fond of Wapping,
 More particularly our wifes.

Dere was Hiram Bunkum, of Boston,
 Herr Emmerich Lump—dat's me—
 An Italian, who left his country
 For liking tings duty-free.
 At our club, at de Pig and Whistle,
 We smoked and took our ease,
 With Jean Canaille, who dey wanted in France
 About burning dose Tuileries.

Now, dere were social questions,
 "*Questions brulantes*," Jean said,
 Which we discossed, and we discossed
 Till we broke einander de head.
 "Let's interview John Brightmann,"
 Cried Hiram; I said, "Ja, ja;"
 "Andiamo," said our Italian frient;
 And Jean Canaille, "*Ca ira*."

When we came to Brightmann's lodging
 I thought we must all go back,
 For de waiter said if he let us in
 He'd get what he called a sack.
 "Not for the wealth of Indies,"
 Says this conceited donnce;
 Says I, "I'll gif you a thaler;" says he,
 "Why didn't you say so at once?"

Wit dat he opened de Thüre—
 We all went in and bowt;
 Up started den John Brightmann
 And pulled his eye-glass out.
 I tells him wat we wanted;
 And den he stands and scowls;
 And he muttered words I could not catch,
 But dey sounded like "*something* owls."

Den Hiram darted forward,
 And trod upon my toe—
 He always was a forward chap,
 Dat's why I hate him so.
 He is der flegehafest man
 I ever come across,
 And he make me feel like a donkey
 By calling me, "old hoss."

Says Hiram, "Now then, Mister,
 I wants to know of you
 About adulderation here,
 Whatever we're to dew?
 I've known smart men, in Boston,
 Would fix it pretty spry,
 But I calculate you're wuss than us,
 And I want to know for why?"

"Shentlemen," says John Brightmann,
 "Dis subject now, I tink,
 Is deeply interesting
 To all who eat and drink.

It's sad we should be poisoned
 Whene'er we dine or sup,
 And in my blace in Parliament
 I mean to take it up.

"But I say this," said Brightmann,
 "In dis same land of ours

We must not quarrel if we find
 Some thorns amid the flowers.

Some slight adulderation
 In all is mixed, for sure;
 And even a democracy

I've not found always pure.

"But yet dis one reflection
 I'd have you bear away,
 So list the worts that I will now
 Emphatically say:

De dealer in whose milk-pail
 De milk and de vater meet
 Cannot be said to have dispenst
 De lacteal fluid neat."

Den Master Hiram Bunkum,
 Dat had spoke out so bold,
 Mine word! I almost pitied him,
 He looked so dreadful sold.
 For what John Brightmann told us
 Was all very true, no doubt—
 But it was just what we know'd before,
 So far as I make out.

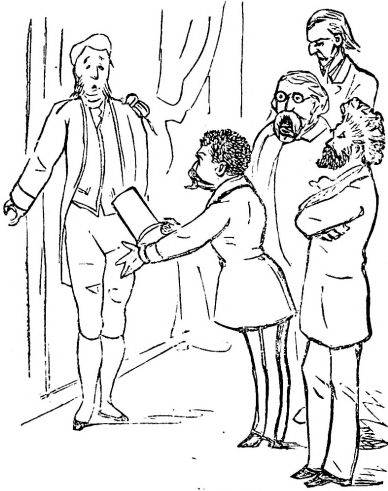
But Hiram was so forwards,
 Such answers would not suit—
 He might have been a Blucher
 (De general, not de boot).
 So he pulled himself together
 And try'd to look "right spry,"
 For he said he'd tackle John again,
 And have anoder shy.

"Now maybe," says he, "Mister,
 You'll tell us wat you tinks
 Of this here new conspiracy
 To stop a fellar's drinks.
 I goes to the Crystal Palace,
 And what does I see theer?
 Why chaps blowin' off their blessed heads
 A drinking of ginger-beer!

"And when I asks for a cocktail,
 Or just a mild gin-sling,
 A brandy-smash, or a tangle-leg,
 Or oder innercent ting,

I'm told as I can't have it,
 And it an't no use to wait—
 No 'toxicating drinks to-day,
 For it's Good Templars' *fête*.

"Now is dere any man, sir,
 Can ever prove to me
 That a man's liquor should be stopt
 In a lant dat's reckoned free?
 What right has they cold-water chaps
 To be all others' model?
 And shouldn't dey Good Templars
 Be made to op and toddle?"



John Brightmann nodded kravely,
 As tho he felt de pinch,
 And frownt, and looked dat moment
 A statesman ev'ry inch.
 Said he, "De subject's weighty,
 Look at it how you will;
 And we find when subjects takes too much,
 Dey're weightier subjects still.

"But dis I wish to tell you
 Again and yet again,
 For if you carry dis away
 We have not met in vain—
 Ven a man takes too moche tangle-leg,
 And staggers from site to site,
 His way is not straightforward,
 And his walk is not upright."

I tolt I should have busted
 To see dat Hiram's face,
 He looked so fairly puzzled
 As he slunk back in his place;
 But Master Brightmann's hombog
 One golden fruit it bore,
 Troo de subsequent proceedings all
 We heard *his* voice no more.

Den came my turn for speaking;
 I said, "My honored sare,
 I'm of Hohen-zollern Hechingen,
 About which was once a stir;
 And till the late most glorious war,
 Where we come out so krاند,
 We was one of de eight-and-dirty states
 Of de German Faderland.

"Now, if you dake an interest
 In how dat strife began,
 I'll tell you from *Aufang* bis to end
 Of de battles we have won;
 And I'll also sing de "*Wacht am Rhein*,"
 With some verses new I've got—
 But John Brightmann said, in a sort of fright,
 Dat he thot he'd rader not.

"Well den," I said, "let it bleiben;
 But now I want to know
 What you tink of dese new Schoolboards
 Dat were formed some time ago?
 Now, don't you tink dese peepel
 Are goming it moche too strong,
 Taking up poor folks to fine dem?—
 Bot you're sure you won't have dat song?"

John Brightmann said, "Mine good friends,
 When I resume my seat,
 I tink dis is a question
 Dat we shall have to meet.
 But dis I'd have you remember,
 For it seems a certain rule—
 Better to stand de schoolboard now,
 Dan be bored for want of a school."

Next came our good Italian,
 And dree deep bows made he—
 "Illustrissimo Giovanni Brightmanno,
 A patriot here you see,
 For I fought wid Garibaldi—
 Per Baccho! de tyrants did pack;
 And we got, oh, de great advantage,
 And I got two balls in my back.

"Now, I am a bold Ragazzo,
 Who likes to see tings go well,
 And ask you, consequentamento,
 If dat you will kindly tell,
 If to execute men in public,
 As we in Italy do,
 Is best—or to hang dem private,
 As I find is the custom wid you?"

John Brightmann he paused and bondered,
 Says he, "If I rightly define
 The gist of my coot fren't's question,
 It's scarcely a business of mine.
 So far as I take de matter,
 Dere's not very much to choose,
 For each person we hangs in private
 Must get in de public noose."

We stared and we looked at each other,
 As thus John Brightmann spoke,
 To hear him jest about hanging,
 As if de ting was a choke.

We didn't seem much wiser
 In seeing de right from de wrong,
 And John Brightmann, I thought, kept looking
 As if we were staying too long.

And now, Jean Canaille, to my wonder,
 Right op on de table did go,
 And he swong his arms like de mill-sails
 When de stormy winds do plow.

He was in de great excitation,
 Tho' none knew de cause wherefore,
 And de more we looked and wondered,
 He shouted and stamped de more.

He cried dat de (someting) Prussians,
 Led on by dere (someting) king,
 Had ground his unhappy *patrie*,
 And robbed her like anyting;
 Dat de French would have won each battle,
 And de Germans been beaten and chid,
 If someting had happened dat didn't come off,
 Or someting hadn't happened dat did.

John Brightmann looked troo his eye-glass,
 And he cast at me, I tink,
 From de eye dat was disengaget,
 De ghost of a quiet wink.

Says he, "My friend, why pluster
 And weep ofer tings gone by?
 My advice is—look to de future day,
 And keep your powder dry."

Den Jean Canaille got furious,
 And went on all sorts of ways,
 And shouted all kinds of awful worts
 Mixed up mit de "*Marseillaise*."

Den I saw a look on John Brightmann's face
 Dat I had not seen before—
 Den came a rush of waiters,
 And we was outside de door.



The Seventh Night's Entertainment.

"GENTLEMEN," said Fijitee, "I was so much interested in the statement, made at our first night's meeting, that there had recently been an Oriental Congress, at which some of the individuals mentioned in the 'Arabian Nights' attended, that I have asked Mr. Robinson to read a portion of the special report of the proceedings which he prepared."

"I have great pleasure in doing so," said Robinson, "and I will select the address of Aladdin—a very smart young fellow, by the way. The Congress met for the purpose of promoting good feeling and mutual understanding. It ended in a fight, but I need not dwell upon that part of the proceedings. Sindbad was rather troublesome, and had to be put out, and the Captain of the Forty Thieves was something more than suspected of getting too close to the Chairman's pocket. But let that pass."

The speaker produced from his pocket several long slips, on which was printed a report of the speech of

Aladdin at the Oriental Congress.

ALADDIN then rose to address the meeting, and was received with great applause, which lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour. The ladies in the gallery were especially anxious to obtain a good view of the speaker, who several times removed his head-dress and gracefully bowed in acknowledgment of his reception. When the president introduced him to the meeting subdued remarks of "Dear fellow!" and "Where's his lamp?" were heard. When silence was obtained Aladdin, who certainly looked remarkably well, said—

"It is perhaps necessary to state first in what manner it happens that I have left the unexampled prosperity in which I was wrapped up when the chronicle of my adventures was concluded by Princess Scheherazade. It is with grief that I remember and impart to you the painful fact that the Princess Buddir-al-Buddoor gradually gave way to sinful indulgence in liquors and shrimps. No amount of good advice and persuasion, in the shape of personal chastisement, could reduce



these propensities, even though I once or twice transgressed our law by leaving a bruise after a sound beating. Since I have been in this country I have learned that kicking is the form of endearment practised by civilized nations, and I regret that in my then semi-barbarous condition I never thought of adopting the practice. By some means or other the unfortunate woman heard of the imposition of the Maine Liquor Law; and, in a fit of rage at the probability of its universal extension, with the impossibility of establishing shebeens in China, she violently destroyed the lamp, which had been the attendant upon our fortunes, at a single blow. The shock which ensued was tremendous, and shook the earth so that the oldest inhabitant who had escaped the notice of our Chinese Thems could not recognize the neighbourhood. The palace fell into ruins, crushing my poor wife (alas! how I loved her!), the jewels turned to glass, the gold to brass, and the silver disappeared entirely. I alone escaped with life. I afterwards learnt that an American on commission, from a firm in Birmingham, contrived to secure the remains of my former grandeur; and thus established the original Paris diamonds. He made a good percentage for himself by disposing of a large quantity of them as relics to a class of people in England who seek and cherish anything unusual, such as a piece of a hangman's rope, a chip from the column of a dismantled building, cherry-stones sucked by a Prince, or a nail out of the boot of a statesman, as priceless treasures. I am given to understand that one adventurous man has, by heavy bribery, even obtained a chip from the extreme end of the tail of the lion lately removed from Northumberland House — that graceful tail which your scientific men inform me wagged so punctually at noon.

"Buddir-al-Buddoor being no more, I hastened to relieve my distress by travel, and accordingly landed in this country at Dover. We were all greeted with enthusiasm, and as I had received a number of languages into me by an especial cramming process, known only to the Genie of the Ring, I was fully able to understand all that was said of and about us. I may incidentally remark that the process mentioned would be invaluable to candidates for competitive

examinations, and I intend shortly to try whether this mighty influence can be enjoyed by others through my agency. Intimating that the terms must necessarily be high, I shall be glad to receive the names of candidates; and I further intend, in case of success, to patent my invention, to prevent unprincipled imitations and piracies, or revelations of exact means of induction, by spiritualistic mediums. To resume. We noticed many people, women with babies, men with pipes. I was greatly struck with the fact that little men (called boys) each and all seem to aspire to the dignity and impassive manner bestowed on the human countenance divine by means of a pipe. This is in direct imitation of their elders and fathers; but the little women do not imitate their progenitors so quickly. From this we may argue indubitably, the immeasurable superiority of mind and manners in males above females; and the woman's rights movement, advocating the forcible introduction of learning and sense into the brains of women, is a measure, in my opinion, well worthy of support. I wish I had understood the method in the time of my poor dear Princess.

"After our ears had been dinned by uproarious shouting, which we were told was an English enthusiastic welcome, but which impressed us at first with vivid fears for our safety, especially as we saw ornamented posts (used commonly for lights, but placed at such convenient distances that a man can be hung by the neck without needless delay) at alarmingly close intervals—after we had gone through this, and the inspection of a lot of men dressed in curious robes, with fur linings, we proceeded to the station. These men, I may pause again to remark, are obliged to give out a speech every time they appear in public, but as it is written exactly according to an ancient copy kept in the archives of each town, there is no labour of preparation, either mental or physical. I heard with interest that these dignified officials are annually changed, and the old ones publicly burnt, with great popular rejoicings, on each succeeding fifth day of the month called November.

"At this station we were immediately surrounded by a mob of people, all dressed alike—and dressed with a very greasy finish. These are called porters, and obtained their name

through one of their number once falling into a vat of liquid known by the same title, and there meeting his Kismet, and immediate transportation to paradise. This vat of liquor was very successful—all liquors of this kind *are* very successful in this country, but this was particularly so—and as numbers of these men are annually destroyed, or missed without any knowledge being generally obtained of their death—only a very small number of accidents being reported to the Government—there is reason to believe that their bodies are still frequently used to give substance and relish to the black, frothy fluid. I heard with interest that inquiries have been made by one of the great men of the country as to what becomes of these men; but as he is a maker of a rival and very popular fluid known as *paleale*, perhaps he is jealous of the great demand for the *porter-beer*. More than once, however, I have heard this porter mentioned with commendation as having a ‘body’ in it, which tends to confirm the popular belief. The indifference which is shown to their fate is entirely owing to their own conduct. Violently beating their foreheads with one finger of their hands, thereby signifying that this one finger is placed at your service and the others are open to take any gratuity which the passenger is expected (in direct violation of the laws and provisions in that case made and provided) to bestow without question—these men rush vigorously to attack anything bearing the shape of a parcel, and, having seized it, they immediately carry it away. Ali Ahtan, Agibah, and Abou Anbarrah (my attendants) were kept constantly running about in various directions to check this forcible appropriation of my property, and I myself was in great alarm. But when I told these barbarous men that I was travelling ‘third class’ they at once desisted, as by a spell, and I concluded this was the pass-word of their rulers, instituted to keep them in some semblance of subjection and obedience.

“But I found the talisman only operated successfully at the commencement of a journey, as, when we arrived at our destination, these men pursued the same course, and were incited thereto by a number of men sitting or standing on or by some square boxes on wheels, to which shadowy horses were attached; this conspiracy being

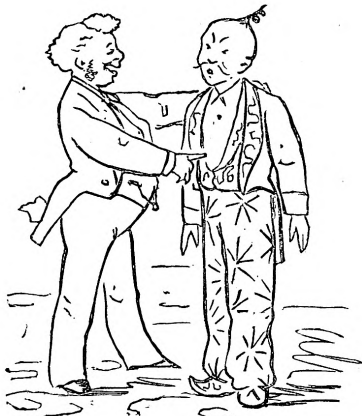
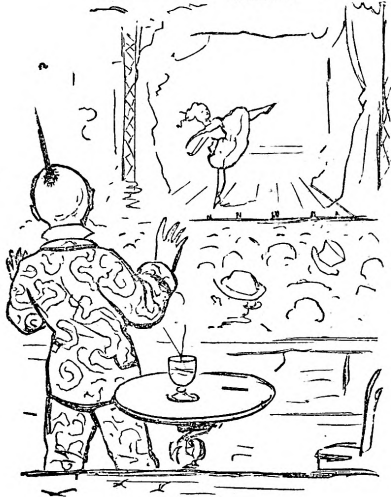
plainly seen by the similarity of the finger movement in each case. These men, I afterwards found, belonged to a very influential body of persons working under an association styled ‘The Tip and Universal Personal Benefit Association,’ to which nearly all the working people subscribe allegiance, and are accordingly allowed to use the sign of the order. Any of the present company wishing to test my accuracy can do so by going into the street and offering to ‘stand a pint’ to the first man of poor garments he may meet, and the use of this mysterious phrase will immediately bring this sign of subjection to the association into use. The horses appertaining to these movable boxes are descended from a miserable race of animals called the Houyhnhnms, who took upon themselves the privilege of swearing like human beings, and were forthwith condemned, for their presumption, to leanness and ignoble servitude for the rest of their existence. These punishments were best found to be inflicted by those men whom the English call cabmen; and to such a degree has this unjustifiable assumption of rights and privileges excited the indignation of all people, that the combinations of wheels and boxes are always styled, in conformity with a special edict, by the term of ‘growlers.’ The conduct of these porter-members of T. U. B. Association became so outrageous that I was forcibly reminded of the advice of a distinguished Polish count I had had the great satisfaction of meeting abroad. With the laughing manner so eminently characteristic of the boundless good humour with which he borrowed anything portable and convenient for a pocket, he said, ‘*Bon ami*, whenever you into trouble in England do get, call “Poliss! Poliss!” at your voice the very top. These mens are the—vat you call it in this dam language?—ah! geniuses of truth, sobriety, and virtue. You may ver often want of these men assistance. I tink most likely so. I never did. But many of these men you will see on—on—on pedestals all round London, and come they will when you call.’ So saying, he borrowed a small gold-handled dagger for a short time, and departed. Remembering the advice, though my good friend the Count forgot to return my dagger, I called very loudly, ‘Poliss! Poliss!’ But there was no voice that answered. Then I

made Ali Ahtan, Agibah, and Abou Anbarrah join me in my cries for assistance, but we were nearly all out of breath with our struggles, and then at the very last minute I luckily bethought me—the ring, my magic ring. I rubbed it directly. The genie appeared, and said, 'What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee. I serve him who possesses the ring on thy finger; I, and the other slaves of that ring.' I said, 'Fetch me one, two, or more policemen.' He gave a terrific roar, which displaced more windows than any playful gunpowder explosion that had been got up for a grateful country's amusement by the Regent's Canal or any other company, and, with a frightful voice, he said, 'Is it not enough that I and the other slaves of the ring have done everything for you, but you, by an unheard-of ingratitude, must command me to bring my masters—the grandsons of Scotland Yard, the princes of information received, to wrangle with a lot of cab-drivers? Another such insult, and you will be destroyed. Learn now that all policemen are otherwise engaged, and their calling and occupation is of too high a nature to be interfered with.' So saying, he disappeared. The porter-men and all had fled, and we sat on the luggage for security, while Abou Anbarrah put two cabmen to death and seized the growlers for our use.

"As these exertions tired us greatly, and as it further rained for several days in succession, we determined to wait till a fine day came before we prosecuted our inquiries into the amusements of the people. Certainly we might have waited long, had not Ali Ahtan found out a place of amusement for us. This was called a music-hall, but was more like a smoking and drinking saloon, as smoking, drinking, and swearing seemed to fully occupy the time of nearly all there. There was much singing, little music. Many men went in and out on a platform, and sometimes gorgeous hours, with long clothes to sweep up the dirt, or no clothes to avoid the dust, came out to sing and dance; and as they came on and disappeared a low, rumbling, thunderish sound was heard. One gentleman kindly informed me that these ladies in short dress at one time wore very long clothes, like the others, to preserve fresh in their minds the traditions of their infancy. This gentleman indulged in a strange kind of conversation, using

words which had a certain similarity of sound, but no connexion of meaning, and every time he did so, he poked a stiff thumb into my ribs and laughed. Another very obliging gentleman told me that this movement with the thumb was peculiar to people called punsters, who were ultimately removed to palaces provided for their accommodation, called Bedlam and Colney Hatch, where straws were provided wherewith they might tickle each other. 'Strawdinary notion, isn't it?' said he, with a similar thumb-poke, and I could not but assent. He went on to tell me that the most outrageous and violent of this class were employed to write burlesques for theatres, that their time might be so occupied as to render the disease less infectious, as it frequently proved fatal, and a few years ago had, during an epidemic, swelled the bills of mortality to a *biliary* degree. My sides being sore, I moved away, and, having seen enough for the present of the amusements of the people, resolved to devote myself seriously to the inquiry how so many people in this country contrived to grow so amazingly rich, and whether I could obtain a substitute for the Wonderful Lamp I once possessed.

"A gentleman, whose acquaintance I afterwards made, I found to be full of information. Much of his conversation I was unable to understand, well versed as I am in this language. But he told me that in England there is a kind of undercurrent language, much used by distinguished individuals, and changed, from time to time, to prevent its acquisition by the unhonoured many, and its exclusive use by the glorious few. This is called slang, and to the uninitiated hearer sounds very strange. A 'quid' may mean either a dirty piece of tobacco taken from between the masticators of a sailor, or it may mean a sovereign—a valuable piece of money, generally scarcest with those who are most fond of boasting of its possession. Bulls and bears, I thought, were animals only to be found at those gardens, called the 'Zoo,' where the more enlightened Britons wend their way on Sabbath afternoons, under the guidance of great teachers, to meditate upon their origin; but I found them to mean, more commonly, men who are worse than their namesakes, and who should change places with them—men whose only claim for lenient treatment



rests in their having instituted two of England's most glorious times and prosperous anniversaries, the South Sea Bubble collapse, and Black Friday. Monkeys and ponies, again, represent in this language two coins of value made in times gone by, of the shape of those animals, but which have since been abolished on account of their unwieldy shape and size, through the strenuous exertions of Colonel Bowline, a gentleman holding the distinguished position of supervisor of coinage. But I have not time to mention all the vagaries of this strange language, which takes a lifetime to acquire, and two to get rid of.

"My friend says he is a French marquis of the ancient *régime* (his clothes substantiating his antiquity) and has been deprived of his heritage by successive popular convulsions in his country, but has not lost his honour, shrewdness, and integrity. These valuable gifts he brought over to England to dispose of at the highest market-value, and found ready purchasers. He is very valuable to newly-established companies, of plausible prospectuses and mighty pretensions; his honour, his title, his shrewdness, his services, and his well-known integrity, obtaining the 'consideration' they merit. First, purchasers of shares pay no money, receive no benefit, sign mysterious transfers to blank individuals, and the company is established, quoted at a premium, and dead within a year. 'If a newspaper-contributor is met who may be inimical to you, threaten to cremate him, tell him there will shortly be a funeral at his residence and you will provide the body, be summoned, and let everybody talk, open-mouthed, of the great *fiasco* in the commercial world. Notoriety, *mon enfant*, at any price, is cheap,' said my friend, 'and two or three libel suits firmly establish any periodical in this land. Libel suits to a newspaper are what bankruptcies are to a tradesman.' Of this good advice I drank deeply. The lamp—the mighty lamp of eighty-magician power—is out of court, in the shade, with the powers of these latter days. I meditate and grieve on the days gone by, when my word was law, and obeyed implicitly, and I grieve till I get angry; and then I go out and start a company. The Golden Haze District Company, for producing colours from prisms for the purpose of

imparting better dyes to English fabrics, and beating foreign competition out of the market; the Hispaniola Company, for unearthing mountains of doubloons and hundredweights of silver buried two centuries ago, nobody knows where. These will be sure to draw, the share-list will be full, all memories of past misfortunes and unhappy failures obliterated, yourself enriched, and the public generally be taught a useful lesson—worth far more than the money invested, even though the unenlightened barbarians *do* grumble—not to run after 10 or 15 per cent. in future.

“Very little time more have I to speak; but the last of my utterances shall tell the queer properties of the English. They are peculiarly brave, have at their backs a long array of glorious successes, more brilliant than those of Mahommed or Caled, yet they kick and beat their wives to

death; they have unlimited wealth, hoarded up from centuries of successful commerce, and thousands of beggared, starving poor; they are bountifully charitable and liberal in distress, yet indiscriminate and unwise in their expenditure; they have Liberal statesmen who are parsimonious, and economy-professing Tories who spend freely; they have many religions professing all peace, holy brotherhood, and Christian charity, who fight between each other like the cats the infidels name of Kilkenny; they—but my breath fails to tell all their inconsistencies. I would not tell them to aught but these here assembled, O children of the faithful! and ye must not speak aloud nor abroad, for these English are very hard. When they are roused they speak hard, hit hard, and die hard. But may Allah help the English when they lose their money, and let wise men stand clear!”



The
Eighth Night's Entertainment.



MR. OMNIUM was the story-teller of the evening. "Having," he said, "been favoured with your selection, I will, with your permission, relate a legend relating to one of the great institutions of this country, dear to the fairer and more interesting half of the inhabitants of Britain. Ninon de l'Enclos, you will, no doubt, remember, my dear Fijitee, was a lady who preserved her beauty to a great age, and her agonized remark, when she was about a hundred and five years old, 'How shall I retain my attractions, now that I have lost my back hair?' was answered by the chatty court barber (all barbers have been chatty since the time when, on the Chaldean plains, the Assyrians had their flowing locks trimmed, and sat for their portraits in stone, to be preserved expressly for Mr. Layard and the special commissioner of the most enterprising journal of the age to discover), 'Wear a chignon.' She took the advice, and the next morning received two hundred *billet-doux*, scented with *parfum d' Amaryllis*, and as many bouquets as Adelina Patti receives after a performance at St. Petersburg. I have met with the chignon in Mexico, in Russia, in the *Chateaux d' Espagne*, in Rome, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and on the Grand Canal at Venice. I have written one hundred and fifty yards (and won easily) of leaders about the chignon, and no end of articles in comic publications on the same subject, and I think I ought to know something about it. I have observed with pleasure that you, my dear Fijitee, wear your hair in chignon fashion, and therefore I have presumed to introduce you into the introduction to the legend, and out of respect for you I have abstained (with considerable difficulty I admit), from introducing besides, any allusions to the Phœnicians, Peter the Wild Boy, Mirabeau, the great wall of China, Russian droschkies, T. P. Cooke, the *Unter das Linden* at Berlin, and many other inviting subjects. If you will favour me with your attention, and Johnson will leave off cracking nuts, I will read the legend, which, I may say, is rather a free version of a wild lay by Herr Dresser."

They were all silent, especially McSnuff, who went to sleep, and Omnium, previously refreshing himself, read

The Legend of Saint Chignon.

WHEN London sights had all been done,
And nought remained to see,
Some one proposed a country trip
For Monsieur from Fiji.

A chosen spot where sunny gleams
Across the path might meet ;
A spot where, couched on velvet moss,
The passing trav'ler finds it poss.
To ease his weary feet.

But as they journey through the wood
This paradise to reach,
A gruesome sight assails them—which
Ties up our Fiji's speech !
Shed on that very day—
Right in their footsteps' way—
A bright red chignon lay !
Crumpled and coarse !

Nothing of human hair
Surely could enter there,
Nought but what would compare
With hair of horse !

Yet—take it up gingerly,
Lift it with care,
Some one will twinge-fully
Miss her back hair !

“ Now, stranger, as our bard ‘great Williams’
said in former years,

Might I ask you for the loan of those appen-
dages—your ears ?

This waif and stray which we have found,
Soaked in the pool upon this ground,
Is doubtless offering, weird and wan,
To holy maiden, *Saint Chignon.*”

The Fiji paused, and shook his head, and drew a
bated breath

(Though what the *bait* contained in it this witness
ne'er sayeth),

And, after custom of his race,
Exclaimed, “ Expound me in this place
The riddle which you thus run on
Of holy maiden, *Saint Chignon.*”

“ Ah, well-a-day !” (*commencement au régle*
the year one),

Replied his guide, “ attend to me, my interesting
son.

In Middle Ages dreary, when our dates were
all askew,

And Civil Service Exams didn't put one in a
stew,

There lived a brave knight, one Sir Robert
Cheevoo,

Who was fond of hard knocks for his lady-love
true.

Now, the knight (like the donkey which, legends
all say,

Was perplexed in his mind 'twixt two bundles of
hay)

Had two loves, one the beauteous Lady Chignon,
The other, her rival, la Duchesse de Nignon.

But at length, in despair

That he couldn't declare

To *both* of the fair,

A thought struck him—their hair !

Whichever could boast

Of the longest and most—

No, not boast, ladies never do *that*—say, could
prove,

The largest possessor—should have all his love !

The duchess was a bold brunette

With eyes of violet hue,

The lady quite a *chansonnette*,

So fair, with eyes *so* blue.

The former smole a meaning smile

To hear that last decree ;

‘Gadzooks !’ she cried, ‘ then I've struck ile,

Sir Robert's booked to me !’

For oh ! she was a haughty dame,

Who never counted cost ;

And well she played the little game

By which her rival lost.

Their village boasted only one

Of those great artistes who

Are authorized to undertake

‘ *La coupé des cheveux.*’

And he, vain man, in hopes to please

The folks of high degree,

Had fitted up a machine which

‘ Brushed by machinery.’

Now Lady Chignon little knew,

When she insisted on



Its application, she would rue
 Her fearless *abandon*.
 For what with ignorance most dire,
 Far worse than Nignon's gold,
 When Lady C. rushed up in ire
 And 'scudded all bare-polled,'
 She left upon that base machine
 The whole of her back hair!
 Alas! with that she lost her love—
 For lo! her head was bare!

The tidings flew fast, and Sir Robert Chevo, being now quite convinced that the right thing to do

Was to marry the lady whose wealth of dark tresses

Entitled *her* only to claim his caresses,
 At once put up banns, and was married soon after,

Making one love his bride, and the other a martyr.

Away to the depths of the forest serene
 Lady C. plunged at once, seeking not to be seen;

Life she valued no more since that shocking misfortune,

The loss of her lover, her hair, and his fortune.
 She bewailed her hard fate in tones duly distressing,

And called on the gods to bestow but one blessing—

That forth from that glade she might never more come;

But the heathen mythology all remained dumb.
 At length one kind spirit, aroused by her 'plaint,
 Coily touching the earth, without any restraint
 (Most appropriate of all who could answer her prayer),

Tricksy (H)Ariel, in person, vouchsafed herself there,

And in tones which aroused, while they soothed her sad pain,

She called on the maiden, again and again.
 'Why weeps Lady Chignon, so sore and distressed,

Of all earth's bright maidens just now the most blest?

Why grieve for the loss of that treasure so fair
 Which, e'en if a heir-loom, was only your hair?

See! I bring you a gift which at once moves the
ban,

And makes you—as always—the master of man.'

At the feet of the maiden,

In neatest of boxes,

There immediately fell

A profusion of locks-es.

'Fit them on,' cried the spirit, 'and learn that
this prize

Makes you once more attractive to haughty men's
eyes;

And more, to arrest all attempts at base laughter,
I pronounce you *Saint Chignon*, both here and
hereafter.'

So thus you will see,

My dear friend from Fiji,

How the Saint was created;

And in ev'ry degree

She was worshipped with glee

By the great empty-pated.

No matter how poor, or how *mal-à-propos*,
Whether countess or milkmaid, each went in for
tow,

First in humble instalments—but, mark you—anon
To the size of red cabbages grew that chignon!

Huge fortunes were netted by men who went
round

Buying hair from the living, the dying, the
drowned!

No source was too humble, no object too vile,
Whether fed by 'Macassar' or 'ha'porths of ile.'

When it came to the market 'twas eagerly
bought,

And where it had come from fair buyers cared
nought.

Exposed in all shapes, and in every *mode*—
Now hanging like candles, now flowered, now
bowed—

The sight was too much for the daughters of
Eve:

Please don't say 'cause their talent is great to
deceive!

Ah! 'twas easy to show the enormous *furore*
Which followed the gift on *Saint Chignon*

bestowed,

How quickly each female subscribed to the code.
The stout British father, with daughters uncaught,

Whose dream has for years been the Bankruptcy
Court,

Might once more be seen by his butcher and
baker,

Be not turned, by each ring, to a spurious *Quaker*.

And those daughters, whom just now are styled
the uncaught,

Full of elegance simple—by mother well-taught—

Would go off with a rush; whilst that pestilent
fear

Of embarking with *two* or three hundred a year,
Which makes even the most 'hard-hit' bachelors

pause,
Would be scouted completely and turned out of
doors.

For supposing that sealskins, and sables, and
furs

(When the glass is at zero and slight frost occurs)
Will all have to be bought—and for summer use,
too,

There'll be costumes of muslin and serges of
blue,

With small 'ducks of bonnets' and Gains-
borough hats,

Just jauntily pitched on the top of false plaits;
Then the boots—oh, those horrors!—with pedestal
heel,

Over which English maidens now totter and reel,
Like a cat on hot bricks, or a cab-horse with
stagers,

Or a suff'rer from corns when each step strikes
like daggers,

And which surely will end in pain, sorrow, and
woe,

From disease in the *ankle* and *anchylosed* toe;
Not to mention small matters like gloves, dye
and paint—

The latter now used without shame or restraint;
Then those bachelors willing and ready to mate,
On three hundred pounds—pause, reflect, and just
wait!

Now, if some mighty Queens,
Longing to prove the means
By which their sex might rise
In all wise people's eyes,
Would only give command,
Under the royal hand,
For the complete repeal—
As regards head and heel—
Of the redundancy,
Managed so clumsily—

There were a blessing !
 Confessing
 That dressing
 Should eke run with sense !
 Showing th' excess in
 The tressing,
 Addressing
 E'en brains the most dense !
 Or better, if some Royal dame,
 Nobly anxious for the fame
 Which great achievements bring,
 Would take to clothes all neat, all plain,
 Extravagance should fly amain
 And moderation once more reign
 Around in ev'rything.
 That mass of back hair
 Which you found lying there
 Is a pretty good proof of what Fashion can do ;
 Fancy, placing a wen,
 To attract thoughtless men,
 At the back of the head, like a wild Cariboo !
 Where the fashion first came from,
 Sure nobody guesses ;
 Our grandmothers' method
 Of sorting *their* tresses
 Was far more becoming,
 With curls or with plaits,
 Which were neatly arranged
 'Neath their plain Leghorn hats.
 First the chignon was small,
 And, not seeing much harm,
Pater Fam. gave a grunt,
 But did *not* take alarm.
 Then the edifice rose !
 Each day kept on adding
 Some handfuls of tow,
 To eke out the padding.

Till fully developed
 It burst on our sight
 In proportions which made
 E'en the boldest turn white.
 Illustration apt as one would wish to find,
 How oft'n bad begins, and *worse remains be-
 hind!*
 Not that it always *remains*, as you see,
 But travels the country both sportive and free ;
 A fact duly told by a dramatist rare
 In his drama entitled ' The Wandering Hair.'
 Then, although by the aid of the barber's great
 skill
 You may buy locks of red, black, or grey at your
 will,
 Fashion, lately electing to have something mellow,
 The girls of Great Britain all came out in yellow !
 No matter how started,
 Upon it all darted—
 Those were broken-hearted
 Who could not obtain
 A supply of that '*cau*'
 Which, at almost one go,
 Made a wonderful show
 By its bright yellow stain !
 There were tresses of yellow, canary, and gold,
 Which were brought by the young, the mature,
 and the old ;
 In the park, at the theatre, or swell fancy fair,
 One saw nothing but women with bright golden
 hair.
 How many are living who now must deplore
 The loss of their *real* hair they'll never see more !
 For the dyes and the pigments so rashly rubbed in
 Will at some time be certain to injure the skin ;
 And the credulous victim, of Fashion the thrall,
 May find her head bare as a round billiard-ball !"



The Ninth Night's Entertainment.

"I suppose," said Fijitee, "the great writers of neighbouring countries are much impressed with the wisdom of your statesmen and the intelligence of your people."

"Very much so," said Brownson, "they show a wonderful appreciation of our institutions. Indeed, we do not know how really great we are until we read what foreign authors write about us. A Frenchman will come over here, stay a week in Soho, then go back, and, bless your heart, will write a book about our manners and customs that makes us stare when we read it. We expect great things from your special letters, Fijitee, but you'll be small pumpkins to the intelligent foreigners we have been accustomed to. Now, for instance, here is—I got the paper only this morning—an article by a very great Frenchman indeed, M. QUICKER YOUNG."

"Oh, do read it!" said Fijitee, and accordingly, Mr. Johnson read—

Exit Achille.

ACHILLE was a dreamer. He was also long-winded. He was long-winded even in his dreams. Hence his failure. Hence also his success. He had ideas on many subjects peculiarly his own.

There are two worlds; the Known and the Unknown. There are also two aspects of each world; the Possible and the Impossible. Duality is everywhere. Enigma! Who can solve it? Not we. Let us wait. It belongs to the Unknown. In our daily life we do homage to the Possible and the Known. Poetry deals with the Impossible phase of the Known. Dreams are governed by the possible aspect of the Unknown. Philosophy dives into the Impossible and the Unknown. We have said that Achille was a dreamer. To say so is to say that there was revealed to him the Possible but the Unknown. Let us consider.

In this way he had seen many strange things, not only at home but abroad. The Possible is wide; the Unknown is wider.

In Hogford he had seen a constituency com-

posed entirely of a pig-headed race of men dressed in black petticoats. Yet they had neither the obstructiveness of a pig, nor the pettiness of a petticoat-wearer. They were in the habit of electing as their representative a Liberal Prime Minister. They asked no pledges. They gave him *carte-blanche*. These men are the Rurals; they were not always so. The world moves; it advances. We advance with it. So do the Rurals.

In South Carolina he had seen happy families. Planters shook hands with niggers. Niggers embraced whips. Whips curled lovingly round revolvers. Revolvers laughingly tickled planters and niggers. These happy families together had made an army; not only an army, but a nation; unseen by others, revealed to him.

In Womanchester he had attended a meeting. Two societies met. The Deliveration Society and the Women's Scuffleage Society. The meeting was choral. Song is divine; so are duets. Mr. Half Mile and Miss Pecker sang a duet; it was divine. Pindaric rather than Homeric. Achille preferred Homer, but he listened. They sang, "A dissenter, a woman, a walnut-tree: The more you beat them, the better they be." Resurrection of Apollo and Sappho.

Near Ashantée he had seen a dromedary, of an age beyond the memory of man. It walked upon the waters. A thing of life! It carried troops, guns, provisions. Did it sink? Not at all. Yet it could not carry a post-boy. It was condemned, yet it lived. Nothing could destroy it; it destroyed others. Among them Achille had a narrow escape. Mystery!

In the A-enian Islands he had heard numberless figs and currants talk. They spoke of Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylæ. The currants looked on Salamis, and Salamis looked on the figs. They appealed to him for liberty; he gave it them.

In Fried Pork he had seen his own flesh and blood; it sputtered and frizzled. Terrible turmoil! men railing above, iron railing below! Awful coition of the windbag and the water-spout. Ineffable combat of order and liberty!

In Geneva he had met with a curious species of the Yankée Transatlanticus, honest, sober-minded, truthful. All these were conclusively established by indirect claims. *Mysterious atavis ni!* The



grandfather Britisher is reproduced in the grandson Yankee.

In Rancourshire he had seen a prophet honoured in his own country. Happier far is the land of dreams than the region of reality! The Possible has pleasures unknown to the Actual.

In the plains of Troy he had witnessed a terrible combat; a man fought with a beast. The man was girt about with a corslet of prickles; his name was Bobbilo! The beast was a young lion that came forth of a den labelled Bellew-graph! The beast sought to take from the man a money-bag, to give it to them that labour in the plains. But he was slain by the prickles of Bobbilo.

In Bluewich he had seen a river flowing with the distilled juice of the juniper; even where great ships go. And men drank thereof, and were drunken. And they worshipped the great King Log, or Board, who gave them to drink. And Achille offered them a feast of reason, if they would make him their king. But they preferred gin and King Log.

In Fiji he had seen a monster which was neither a bug nor a bear, but a bugbear. Another evil beast, too, had he seen in the villages round the Tower; neither was this beast a bear, nor had he ever seen a bear, yet was he always next door to a bear. He was called Bearton. A Sphinx without an *Œdipus*, which perpetually gnawed the entrails of Achille. Most horrible mystery of the Possible, nay, rather of the Actual. Not so much a dream as a nightmare.

So was Achille a dreamer. Such were his dreams. To many incredible; to him realities. Dreams are true while they last; with him they lasted for ever. And do we not live in dreams? The Unknown is greater than the Known. It is limited only by the Illimitable. The greater includes the less. The Unknown then includes the Known! The Impossible and the Unknown include the Possible and the Known. Dreams include life: such is the logic of the Infinite.

Achille was suspected; every one was uneasy about him. Opinion averted itself; opinion is the tongue of Unreason. This has ideas. None knows whence. They are strange; they are inexplicable; they are strong. They combine the inexplicability of the miracle with the immov-

ability of the belief. Suddenly they vanish. The whence and the whither are alike unknown. Unreason had its ideas of Achille. Opinion expressed it. It said, "He is a Jesuit." Men heard it in the ominous whisper of the muttering thunder-cloud. On desolate rockheads the plover shrieked it to the seagull. It said, "Jesweet." It was in men's mouths. They spoke of it fearfully. Aside! the pig-headed Rurals alone grunted it aloud. It was said that he had been educated at Rome. Many persons of the highest respectability were prepared to depose on oath that he had been seen, as a young man, at Hogford. This is on the road to Rome. It looked suspicious. Why on the road, if not going thither?

Moreover, he had been known to talk vehemently about "justice to Ireland." There were those who had heard him. It was in unguarded moments. Now, Ireland is full of Jesuits. What did he mean? Men shook their heads. They said, "Murder will out!" They quoted "Eugene Aram" and the "Bells." They knew not what to do; they avoided Achille. They went to the "Lyceum."

Again it was rumoured that he had refused to kiss Mr. Half Mile. Now, the Jesuit always kisses. The kiss of peace! This looked as if he were afraid of betraying himself. In addition, he persisted in shaving. Now it is a well-known fact that Jesuits shave until they are black in the face. This was ominous.

But it was confidently asserted that at night he slept in a Jesuit's dress upon sackcloth. It was known as a positive fact, to which many were willing to bear witness, that very early one morning his valet was seen going upstairs to Achille's bedroom, carrying his clothes ready brushed. He could not, then, have slept in his clothes. This seemed to be some evidence. More than enough!

This was not all. Men looked askance at him. They said, "He is a thief." A man of the greatest versatility (who had been clerk to an attorney and prime minister and both Radical and Tory, and therefore eminently fitted to be a detective) had openly asserted that Achille had been plundering and blundering. What could that mean but that he had been thieving and detected? True, the versatile man vouchsafed no explanation. But who needed any? The facts spoke for them-

selves. And Achille had not denied it. He was obstinately silent. "Silence is guilt," says the old proverb.

However, shortly afterwards he offered to remit the Income Tax. Here was a shock. Men opened their eyes! Two million pounds sterling per annum! that is to say, fifty million francs! Had he, then, stolen a sum which, invested in consols, would produce this? If not, how could he offer to pay it? If yes, how much was it? More than one and a half thousand million francs! The imagination refused to grasp it. They reduced it to sous. They were more puzzled than ever. The only thing clear was that he must have stolen it! This was mentioned to him. He protested violently and wished to explain. But they shut their ears. "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse,*" they said. It seemed as if all proverbs and sayings fought against Achille. Language was his enemy: yet he loved it. Language! inscrutable mystery. Science dissects! Philosophy enigmatizes! yet it remains. It is the vehicle alike of Reason and of Unreason.

It was said, "He is a coward." No distant mutterings, but the hoarse rattle of thunder overhead! The costermonger speaking in the crowd! No pale sheet-lightnings! but forked! Whirlwind! Whence this indignation? Men cried that he had taken a pilgrimage to Merlin: had cringed on his knees before one Misbark; consented to be kicked, then licked the dust from the toe that kicked him! Away with him! Overwhelming evidence! It was known as a fact that when Misbark had a quarrel with another person, Achille refused to call him out; and did not even hit him in the eye. This of itself was enough. But beyond this! He had been seen at Bunich. This was almost as far as Merlin in a slightly different direction. Why should he not go straight: but that he wished to hide his movements? On his return, too, he was seen with a knapsack on his back: evidently to hide the place where he was kicked! his trousers were worn at the knees! very suspicious! As he left the steamer he had been seen to spit, as if dust were still in his mouth! Absolutely convincing! Irrefutable.

His cowardice was proved on another occasion, when he shook hands with a Yankee



shopkeeper and paid for something he took from the shop. Could anything be more contemptible? Who ever heard of a man in his position shaking hands with an inferior? or paying his debts? to a foreigner, too? In fact no one would do it unless he were afraid of his creditor. Nothing could be meaner, or more un-English! Well might they be indignant, and hurl at him thunderbolts of anathemas; for if he were allowed to do it, it would establish a precedent, and every one would have to pay his debts. This was outrageous! Had never been the custom since the world was a nebular hypothesis; never should be until it was a cold, solidified lump! Political Economy would be impossible. The impious blasphemer dared to raise his hand against that. Divine and dismal science! Let him suffer. Deliver him over to the Chimæra of retributive justice!

Achille sat in a room in Browning Street; heedless of Opinion. She whispered, spoke, roared, "Jesuit, thief, coward!" He was as one that heard not; he dreamt he saw a beautiful Emerald Island. No plague of locusts pestered it. St. Patrick had expelled all reptiles. No noise of riots disturbed it. St. Achille had driven out shillelaghs and brickbats. Happiest of lands! contiguous to an ocean no longer melancholy, but caressing it with innumerable kisses. It seemed extraordinary: not impossible. He dreamt. Before him was a desk with pigeon-holes. There were three. Mysterious number! Upon each a label. Irish Church! Irish Land! Irish Education! He followed an idea. He saw it disappear into the third pigeon-hole. Undaunted he pursued it. The courage of somnambulism is proverbial. He inserted his right arm and dived among the papers. Suddenly he felt himself seized, bitten, stung. A strange indescribable horror thrilled through him. The Unknown was upon him. He was terrified.

In the dark depth some baleful monster had twisted itself round his arm. Red as fire, cold as death, it clutched him and bore him backwards. It held him as in a vice. It pressed him backwards towards the door. It stretched, lengthened, screwed itself out. Horrible slimy monster! Its skin was covered with innumerable blood-sucking

parasites, black as night. These fastened upon him, biting, stinging, envenoming.

He recognized a tentacle of the Scarlet Devil. There were more to come! He knew that. Should he fight? Should he fly? There was yet time: he pondered.

Creation abounds in monstrous forms. None more monstrous than this. It combines the craft of the spider, the malice of the puma, the malignance of typhoid. In the centre is a fat, bag-shaped mass, glittering with all hues of the rainbow. This serves as a bait for its prey; they are as the sweet secretion of the pitcher-plant. It is the cloak of a malignant will. From this centre radiate eight horrible tentacles. Elastic, grasping, extensible, red as blood, covered with black parasites. Three of these hold it fast to its abode. This is the Fattyman. Here are the loaves and the fishes, upon which it gluts its abominable maw. Five others twist, wriggle, screw, radiate, insinuate, revolve: sweeping the land and the sea for their prey. The shark has pilot-fish; these have parasites. The crayfish has feelers; these have parasites. The serpent has its sting; these have parasites. Man has retrievers; these have parasites. These parasites perform at once the functions of pilot-fish, feelers, stings, retrievers. Terrible concatenation of qualities. It is red as iron in the furnace; cold as steel in the ice. Hence the English call it Scarlet Devil. Most monstrous of monsters. Hence the Italian name Ultramonsterism.

Science takes it and discusses it. Decides its order and species. Piocephalos, Omnivorous, Octopus. Its tentacles are of two kinds. Three are statical; five, dynamical. The three hold it to the rocky caverns of the Fattyman. The five do its evil mission in the world. Science

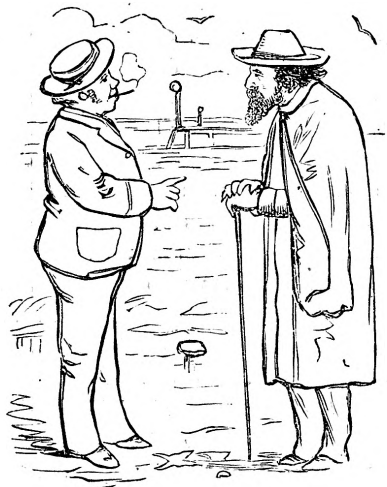
grasps, too, that bewildering mass of parasites. It classifies in categories. There are three orders. The Dishups, the Beasts, and the Weak Ones. Each has its function. The Weak Ones wait upon the Beasts. The Beasts collect prey and hand it to the Dishups. The Dishups pass it through the tentacles into the carnivorous maw of the monster. Even in the most monstrous revelation of Evil there is order and fitness: the means are adapted to the end: the function to the organ! the being to the environment. These parasites are black, within and without. In Germany they are called blackbeetles.

Philosophy too has its say. It questions. It asks whence and wherefore? Why this monster preying upon the vitals of the world? We are driven back upon the existence of Evil. Achille was driven back—to the door. He was courageous: it is true. Of what avail is courage against the Infinite Evil? More than once he essayed to return. Vain effort. The vast hideous tentacle of the Scarlet Devil kept swelling and screwing itself out of the pigeon-hole! It was filling the whole room. There was an overwhelming clatter of beetles: stinging, biting, buzzing, bewildering. Terrible uproar. A chorus of evil spirits shouting, "Yougo! Yougo!"

It was now or never! He turned and fled. Pursued by the coils of the Scarlet Devil, he rushed away. Special express, "Hawarden *via* Greenwich." The Scarlet Devil had conquered. When there he took breath. He gasped. He was free. He took a sword. He flourished it in his left hand. He was awake.

He cried, "*La Révanche!* I will expostulate! I will have BLOOD." Nevertheless he was gone.





The Tenth Night's Entertainment.

MR. JOHNSON was evidently anxious to begin the business of the evening, and his countenance wore an air of mystery. He fidgetted rather nervously with a manuscript in his breast-pocket, and when the time came to begin the reading, disposed of a glass of toddy with great rapidity, and said—

“Last evening we were favoured with a specimen of the style of an eminent foreign author. To-night I will read to you an hitherto unpublished Idyll by our own great Mennyson. Don't any of you fellows mention it, because, you see, as the manuscript was entrusted to me in confidence, just to polish up a bit, and write a dozen lines or so here and there, there'd be a deuce of a row if Alf came to know that I had let anybody see it.”

“Is it in rhyme?” asked Smith.

“No,” replied Johnson, “it isn't.”

“Glad of that,” was the answer; “he's an awful fellow for rhymes—

“Oh, the wild rhymes he made,
While small writers wondered,
To read in the ‘Light Brigade,’
‘Hundred’ and ‘Thundered.’

If that had appeared in any copy of ours, old man, we should have heard of it for a month afterwards, but, I suppose, it's all right in the Floreate.”

Johnson began to read, but after the first two lines was interrupted by Smith with, “None of your jokes; that sounds like a parody—there's a faint suspicion of—

“‘Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat.’”

“Never mind what it sounds like, but be quiet. Now, then, attention.”

Then he ran his fingers through his hair, looked round the room several times, and with a voice formed somehow in the back of his head, read the Idyll of

Seasidæus the Solitary.

BILL LAINE the fat, Bill Laine the troublesome,
Bill Laine the silly man who lost his hat,

Told me the legend as we walked along,
When all the summer sun was in a swirl,
And the white waves were beating on the
beach.

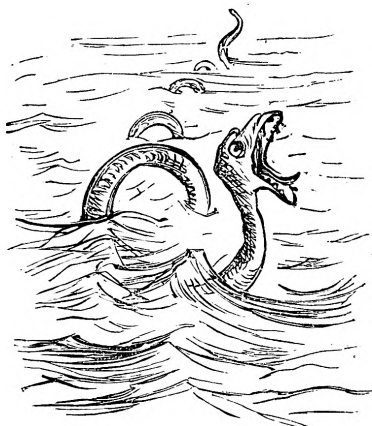
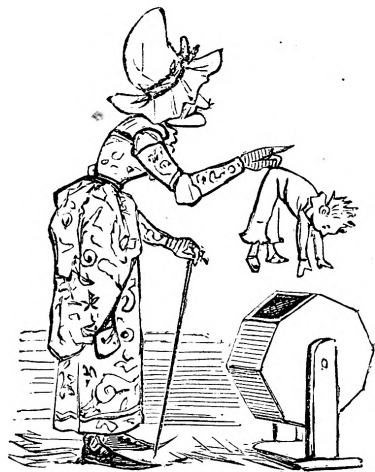
“Not always thus, not always lazy crowds
Of visitors, who come for three-and-six
From out the dusky town, where curlews faint
Among the chimney-pots and on the slime
Of asphalt pavements the squeegee is scraped.
Not always thronged thus the lengthy pier,
Drawn out beyond the shingle to the sea,
Beyond the line where, in the kissing surf,
The ancient bathing-women dip the girls ;
Beyond the limit where the bather thinks
The sea too rough, and paddles back again.
For once a year—yes, every passing year—
When the fierce sun is beating on the head,
And twines the pugaree around the hat ;
When the cool billows splash against the cliff ;
When Lancelot of the Lake takes off his coat,
And he and Arthur have a quiet smoke
In shady nook at happy Camelot,
And Guinevere shakes off her stately robe—
Robe of ‘white samite, mystic, beautiful’
(In many dictionaries have I sought,
And asked of ancient venerable men
Who paced with Merlin on the silver sand
Beside the sea in old Pendragon’s time ;
But what I could not guess from word or book,
From lore of sages, or from ‘woven pace’—
I really cannot understand the phrase—
And waving hands of lissom Vivien,
Is, what the dickens may ‘white samite’ be?)—
Fair Guinevere, the gold-haired, happy Queen !
It is not true the legend varlets tell
(Base penny-lining loungers round the Court)
That Guinevere and Arthur did not live
As happy wife and husband rightly should,
But quarrelled sore, and in Judge Hannen’s
court
Loosened their bond by getting a divorce ;
That Guinevere took lodgings far away
And never more was seen at Camelot ;
And that King Arthur drifted out to sea,
To pick up sword with name preposterous,
While Bevedere, who should have got a boat
And saved the King, sat with his legs across,
Extended fingers, and tip-tilted nose.”

“Bill Laine the fat, Bill Laine the trouble-
some,
Bill Laine the silly man who lost his hat,
What means this idle talk of Bevedere,
Queen Guinevere, and good King Arthur’s
death?”

To me replied Bill Laine, “The time will come
When the white ashes of this bad cigar
Drift outwards, borne along by idle winds ;
Then will I tell how in the summer day
The fishermen who dwell beside the shore,
The hind who waits upon the milky kine,
The darkened minstrels singing on the beach,
The pallid visitor from town remote,
The keen-faced matrons who the lodgings let,
The mayor and burghers of the ancient town,
All flee to hide among the darkling woods,
Or take up quarters in the inland thorpes,
Or hide among the sedges by the mere,
Where comes no murmur of the angry sea.

“None paces on the cliffs or sandy reach,
But one old man, an ancient, shabby man,
Whose nose is red as poppies in a field
Where waves the corn to ripen in the sun.
Alone he wanders up and down the pier ;
Alone on the parade he smokes a pipe ;
Alone he pitches pebbles in the sea,
And catches little crabs and laughs aloud,
Till the strong ripples of his laugh resound
Like breakers beating on Tintagel’s shore ;
Never is seen at any other time—
Never when children pile the silver sand
And dig with tiny spades, when urchins dive
For halfpence hurled into the seething sea ;
Never when matrons call their noisy brood
And bid them look out for the husbands’ boat ;
But when the season comes for all to flee
In terror from the sea that leaps upright
In mighty waves, then comes the old man forth,
With hands in pockets, and he laughs aloud—
Seasidæus the Solitary is he named.

“There is a legend that in ages past,
Long centuries since in the dim night of time,
An aged matron, who had saved some gold
And stored it in a casket night and day,
Refusing often to buy Spanish stock,
Or shares in mines where subtle gems were hid—



Jacinth (what's that?), topaz, and ruby bright,
 Gold burning in its veins to see the light,
 And only needing just a little tin
 To bring it forth and pay a dividend—
 This ancient woman, mumbling in her greed,
 Was tempted by a wizard's subtle arts
 To try a raffle, held at a bazaar,
 And won Seasideus from the lucky-bag;
 She named him so, and nursed him on her knee,
 And crooned out to the infant she had won
 Fragments of song learned in the ancient days—
 'Ride a cock-horse,' 'Now you go up, go up,'
 And the old lay that in the summer time
 The cuckoo warbled to the cherry tree."

"Bill Laine the fat, Bill Laine the trouble-
 some,
 Bill Laine the silly man who lost his hat,
 Lost you your head, too, when you had that loss,
 That thus you talk such nonsense by the sea?
 It is not true, you know it is not true—
 It cannot, shall not, must not be a truth,
 That in the summer all the people fly
 Far from the sea and hide themselves in fear,
 Leaving the watering-place to one old man.
 Bill Laine the fat, Bill Laine the troublesome,
 You are untruthful, for we know full well
 That cockneys and their dames and little ones
 Go to the seaside when the weather's warm,
 And rather think it the right sort of thing.
 Bill Laine the silly man who lost his hat,
 I think the beer that foamed up in the glass—
 (The cork from wine freed two fathoms leaped,
 Then fell into the sea and floated far,
 Perhaps to islands where the 'dusky race'
 I just alluded to in 'Locksley Hall'
 Have never tasted Bass's bottled ale)—
 Has touched the brain, as Merlin touched of old
 The wandering fancies of King Arthur's knights,
 With champagne bumpers at the Table Round."

"O faithless hearer, listen while I tell
 How this Seasideus grew to be a man;
 By wizard force a strange thing came to pass,
 First he was young, then old—a wondrous thing,
 Which does not happen to the common man;
 While yet a child he listened to the tales,
 Sold for a penny to the English boys,
 Of deeds of daring and of magic might,

And of strange doings in the time to be.
 One wondrous prophecy came from the lips
 Of her who won him from the lucky-bag,
 That in the time to be there would be heard
 Moaning along the waves a mighty voice,
 Asking, 'Where is the lost King Octopus
 The lost king for whose fate the cuttlefish
 Sheds inky tears which stain the Southern sea.'
 For leagues and leagues, stretching along the
 waves,

The great Sea-serpent, answering to the cry,
 Waving its tail till little trembling whales
 Fly to their mothers, and the throbbing waves
 Make earthquakes midst the palms of Eastern
 isles,

The great Sea-serpent lifts its mane and asks,
 'What ruthless Buckland keeps King Octopus?'

"The legend sprouted in Seaside's mind,
 And brought forth fruit in many a warning tale.
 The boatmen who caught fish on stormy nights
 Grew white with fear if a low moan were heard
 Stealing across the waves, and made for shore,
 Saying, 'They come to seek for Octopus!'
 And therefore is it that the people fly
 At certain seasons in the passing year,
 Because Seaside told them there would come
 The great Sea-serpent and the many-legged

And very ugly tribe of Octopus,
 To seek their monarch, by enchantment held,
 For idle gazers to make mirth about,
 In some Aquarium by the ocean brink.

"Seaside the Solitary then comes forth
 And sits on the parade, and on the pier,
 And looks out on the wildering, yeasty waves,
 And listens to the moans upon the sea—
 The moan of winds far out beyond the bay;
 He looks through glasses left by the coastguard,
 When in their fear they fled with all the rest;
 He reads the news from papers left behind,
 He drinks the leavings of the bottled beer—
 A shabby, seedy man, so very old,
 A red-nosed, bearded, solitary man."

"Bill Laine the fat, Bill Laine the trouble-
 some,
 Bill Laine the silly man who lost his hat,
 I almost fancy that you tell a fib;
 But let me know if, in the time to be,
 That old man will descry the Octopus,
 And hear it calling out about its king?"

"I rather think, my friend, he never will;
 But I have told the legend as I heard:
 The tale is yours, do with it as you will,
 It's worth, at least, another draught of beer."



The
Eleventh Night's Entertainment.

THE story related this evening was in a very different style from that of the previous one, and appeared to please Fijitee greatly. "You call us savages," he said, snapping his fingers, and tossing off another glass of champagne, "but I now find another instance in this story that we in Fiji have, without knowing it, been very like Europeans. Some of the missionaries tried to make us believe that it was very wicked to fight, that we should be friends with our neighbours, and so on. I now find that they were making fun of us; and that the great kings of the civilized world are as fond of killing their enemies, as they call them, as we are."

The story told was—

*Sweet William and his Bigmark: a
Simple Story of War and Glory.*

IN SEVERAL FYTTES.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

*Of Glorious Kings, and How Sweet William was One
of Them.*

WHAT a glorious thing it is to find
A king of a truly regal mind!—
Who through right and wrong, who through thick and
thin,

Will go ever onward, *and always win.*

What pæans will round his chariot ring

Who achieves success, the one needful thing!

How shouting, jubilant crowds confess

There's nothing succeeds like that same success!

What a lesson to see the conqueror go,

Serenely great, o'er a fallen foe,

Extorting each penny, so long as there's any—

For the faults of the few smiting hard the many—

Ignoring the low law of "thine" and "mine,"

But a zealous upholder of "right divine"—

The right that enables the king, who's strong,

To trample the weak, and yet do no wrong;

And when with war he hath nations vex,

To approve the slaughter with pious text;

To ask Heaven's help again and again,

While homesteads are ravaged and myriads slain—



To give his armed warriors the widest tether,
While they thrust forth babes in the wintry weather—
And, like Balaam, stand blessing them altogether!

Once on a time, in a certain clime,
There dwelt a monarch of might sublime—
Ev'ry inch a king, right through and through,
And a good many inches there were of him, too;
For a stalwart ruler, they say, was he,
Who stood in his stockings some six feet three.
In his youth he'd gallantly joined in a strife
That the nations had waged for freedom and life,
When, rising in wrath 'gainst oppression and wrong,
They bravely stood 'gainst a tyrant strong,
Who'd ground the world 'neath his cruel *manus*,
And fluttered the Volscians, like Coriolanus—
An eagle, *perdie*, in a dove-cote was he,
Though the doves were more cunning than doves
should be.

For years the bowed necks of the kings he marched
wholly on,

They thought him Apollyon—his name was Napoleon;
You'd have thought he'd been Davy Jones's own crony,
That little stout man who was known as "Boney."
But they pulled off his crown, and great the renown
Of all who had helped to put Bonaparte down.
'Twas natural, perhaps, that they all should be proud,
But then they all sang so consumedly loud;
And they boasted, I ween, about eighteen-thirteen,
Oblivious how many 'gainst one they had been;
Forgetting how queerly the thing might have gone,
Had the rule been—one down, another come on.
That 'gainst their great foe in such numbers they rushed,
He was not so much beaten as smothered and crushed.
Now, sweet William, a youngster, took part in the
strife,

And lived on the glory the rest of his life,
Till, when fifty more winters had rolled o'er his head,
He ruled the great kingdom of Powderanlead.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

*Of the Kingdom of Powderanlead, and How it was
Governed; likewise, How Sweet William had a Friend
with whom he took Sweet Counsel.*

Now, Powderanlead is a land whose chief charm is
Inventing the blessing of large standing armies.
With a mighty meek monarch its rise had begun,
Who'd a craze for tall soldiers, and bullied his son;
That son, the old "Fritz," showed a king's divine
right,
By filching a province and holding it tight.

'Twas wrong, if you will, but he earned a world's
wonder,
By the way that he fought, seven long years, for his
plunder.

'Twas a brimstony greatness, perhaps, but 'twas gain,
And the nation since then has had "Fritz on the
brain,"

With a liking to "bully," and grasp all, and keep all,
Which made them a cheerful, agreeable people—
And as were the people, just so was the head,
In the peaceable kingdom of Powderanlead.

It's treason to tell, but the truth must remain,
That kings are not always o'erweighted with brain,
For I've found it true, and perhaps so have you—
If we take but the pains to look histories through—
That kings, now and then—though we must not say
when—

Are found to have blundered and failed, like mere men
(There was one made a mess—his name you must guess;
He oft said, "Why, why—why?" "What, what—
what?" "Yes, yes, yes!")

And thus to confess of Sweet William I'm led,
The chief strength of this monarch was not in his head.
But, then, for much brain what occasion had he,
When, like good King Cole, he'd a secretarie?
To grasp an advantage, or work out a plan,
To ruthlessly finish whate'er he began,
For this, Whatavon Bignark was just the right man;
For increasing the army a bill in to bring,
To bully the Parliament—all for the king—
To keep a tight hand, throughout all the land,
On the troublesome people who won't understand
(For he couldn't abide their insolent pride
Who said there are rights kings should not override)—
Such was the service that Bigmark had done,
And so in the State he was counted A I—
Indeed, there were many shrewd fellows who said
'Twas William who followed and Bigmark who led.

FYTTE THE THIRD.

*Of the Nation of Nousommparfay; its Ruler, and the
Kind of People he Governed; and How a Quarrel
Began.*

Now, as we may say, just over the way,
In the kingdom next that which Sweet William did
sway,

There sat on a throne, whereon grey he had grown,
A monarch of whom, if the whole truth were known,
We might say, he'd done things he had best left alone;
But still, on the whole, he was not a bad soul,
And he governed a people right hard to control;



For a difficult task it was to sway
 The warlike kingdom of Nousomparfay.
 And, in my opinion, the point he failed most in
 Was keeping an army much given to boasting—
 “ Their fathers had put many foes to the rout ! ”
 (They forgot that those fathers were, later, turned out) ;
 “ Their fathers a name immortal had made ! ”
 (And a nice little bill for that name they had paid) ;
 “ They could fight, and could conquer the wide world
 through ;
 They'd ” — and so on — and so on. — Between me and you,
 The army was there, and had nothing to do.

Now Whatavon Bigmark, that shining light,
 Had the national virtue of holding tight ;
 'Twas also a part of his nature bold
 To like something new to have and to hold :
 So he sent the army to try its hand
 On the little kingdom of Sea-king-land,
 To give it a march-out, just for a change —
 To try the rifles and get the range.
 Then southward they further fame did seek,
 And killed their thousands, all in a week ;
 And thus a new love of conquest was bred
 In the gallant people of Powderanlead.

Then he called together a council wise,
 Whose genius to higher things did rise,
 And they got a noble army of spies —
 And these were cautiously sent away,
 And they lived and laboured in Nqusomparfay,
 And quiskly began to send reports
 How that country was somewhat out of sorts.
 They said that its whilome active chief
 Was now in the sere and yellow leaf ;
 That what was doing he did not know
 (And Whatavon Bigmark said, “ Oho ! ”) ;
 That the troops were noisy and weak, to boot
 (And Bigmark winked, and muttered, “ *Ganz gut !* ”) ;
 That they would not obey their chief's commands,
 And were turning to ill-drilled, mutinous bands
 (And William smiled sweetly, and rubbed his hands).

Then William and Bigmark, those rulers rare,
 Said, “ We'll be peaceable, we'll be fair —
 Sad it would be to have war at last ! ”
 And they had a number of cannon cast ;
 “ Oh, may we ne'er live a war to see ! ”
 And they winked at each other furtively.
 No ; here to an error I've been beguiled —
 It was William winked, and Bigmark smiled.
 And gentle Bigmark bowed and withdrew,
 While William went and held a review.

And so, one day, they the news did get
That there was a handsome throne to let—
A throne that seemed ready made to hand,
That must not be suffered vacant to stand,
Down in the south-west, in Quixote-land.

Here was a chance for *par nobile fratrum* !
They could hardly hope to meet with a greater 'un ;
Here was a chance of profit and pelf,
And the noble motto of " Each for himself."'
Says Bigmark, " An't please you, *Majestät*,
Here is the chance for which we wait ;
We may not miss this good occasion
To help a poor—I mean, a relation ;
The Prince of Goandcollar'em, he
The occupant of this throne should be."
But lo and behold, that self-same day
There came a despatch from Nousommparfay,
To say the Emperor would not stand
That Goandcollar'em should rule that land ;
" Withdraw him," it said, " for good and all,
Or else there'll certainly be a squall."

Oh, 'tis a touching sight to see
Two noble spirits together agree,
To see them work for the self-same end
In beauteous concord, like friend and friend ;
'Twould have pleasèd the Grand Turk
To see *these* very good friends at work,

And to see the grim smile on each countenance lurk.
" They're not ready," said Bigmark, " we're ready and
strong,
Therefore we're in the right and they're in the
wrong ;
And, take my word for it, it will not be long
Ere the word among them will be, ' Allong, Marsh-
ong !'"

So they answered so gay, and at once said, " Ay, Ay "
To the angry remonstrance of Nousommparfay,
" Prince Goandcollar'em," they said, " shouldn't stand
As a candidate for Quixote-land ;
But, still, if he chose to come forward again,
Why, no one could tell what might happen then."
In short, they so managed to hum and to haw,
With what we should call " banter," and vulgar folks
" jaw,"

That the Nousommparfayites cried, " Comprènonng-
paw ;"

And a great angry crowd
For war shouted loud—

Unwashed and unkempt, but all patriots, and proud ;
And each thing was done that to such case belongs,
As vowing of vengeance, and singing of songs,

And hurling defiance, and hatred, and scorn
At each Powderanleadite that ever was born ;
That before the hour of reflection could come,
And heads were clear of absinthe and rum,
The word for " war " had been spoken and said
Between Nousommparfay and Powderanlead.

FYTTE THE FOURTH.

How Sweet William and Bigmark were Successful.

A ruler once said, and truly, 'twould seem,
" It's ill swapping horses when crossing a stream ; "
I think to this maxim we might add one more—
With your army not ready, it's ill to cry, " War ! "
When the war broke out on that fateful day
Between Powderanlead and Nousommparfay,
The difference 'twixt those powers, I wot,
Was that one was ready and t'other was not ;
And so in the battle it soon fell out
That Nousommparfay was put to rout.
Confidence fell, and panic grew,
The generals didn't know what they should do ;
They found, when once they began to flag,
That Holdfast's a much better dog than Brag ;
While the citizen-soldiers of Powderanlead
They fought right nobly, it must be said,
And their blood for their country like water they shed.

Now, war is a kind of exchange or barter—
You secure a triumph, or catch a Tartar,
Marching away
Through the livelong day,
Shooting foes, giving or taking quarter.
Here, on occasions too many to name,
Nousommparfay got the worst of the game.

Whatavon Bigmark was not alone,
He'd jolly companions more than one,
True tacticians who worked together,
While the foemen's leaders pulled hither and thither ;
And tedious were it here to rehearse
How Nousommparfay went from bad to worse ;
How, when their leaders couldn't agree,
The people shouted, " *Nous sommes trahis !* "
How the work of the " master mind "
Fell, and left not a wrack behind ;
How, spite of upbraidings and wild appeals,
One woe still trod on another's heels,
Till frantic fury yielded at length
To steady courage and measured strength.
All this is chronicled to be read
In Nousommparfay and Powderanlead,
But oh ! 'twas a touching sight to see
The union of plunder and piety.

For the pious dodge would Sweet William work,
 While Bigmark the Ruthless raged like a Turk.
 Whenever the "butcher's bill" ran high
 With any glorious victory,
 Then William stood by
 And looked up at the sky
 Till you saw but the white of the royal eye;
 And when many thousands of foemen were slain
 He thanked the kind heavens again and again—
 'Twas "wonderful Providence," "special grace,"
 Then glowed like a furnace his holy face.
 He hounded his men on, he was so religious,
 And shouted, like Dominic Sampson, "Prodigious!"

FYTHE THE FIFTH.

How the War Ended, and What Came of it All.

'Tis a notable feature of glorious war
 That the brutal nature it charms more and more
 To rive and to plunder,
 Cut foemen asunder,
 Tell tales of great daring to open-mouthed wonder.
 All this has a charm for a bellicose nation,
 Though legalized murders, in concatenation,
 May lead to what men call demoralization.
 You can't take a man from workshop or shed,
 And, when that man to a field you've led,
 Say, "Look, that's your enemy, off with his head;
 Mark yonder strangers, and shoot them dead;"
 And you can't accustom him, day by day,
 To live on food for which he don't pay,
 To "requisition," *alias* thieve,
 From unarmed folk who can only grieve,
 Without producing a change, my friend,
 Of which 'tis not easy to see the end.
 And thus Sweet William, and Bigmark too,
 Altered the people with whom they'd to do.
 All this sab'ring and shooting,
 And shouting and hooting,
 And spurring and booting,
 Their purpose while suiting,
 Developed a fine hearty genius for footing.
 The soldiers of Powderanlead were no blunderers,
 But no one, 'twas said, could come near them as plun-
 derers;
 In war brave as lions, in the field firm as rocks,
 Under William the Dovelike and Bigmark the Fox,
 They soon showed a marvellous liking for clocks.
 I don't mean to say
 They'd demur or delay

To take anything else, in their kind, cheerful way;
 But, still, on the road they a preference showed
 To where a neat timepiece adorned an abode,
 And no man thought a clock was too heavy a load.
 Which was strange, for 'twas said,
 That the folk, like their head,
 Knew well what the time was in Powderanlead.

At length came a time,
 When this scene so sublime,
 Of fighting and rapine, of conquest and crime,
 Must come to a close, with great glory to those
 Who'd the right—that's the power—to exact what they
 chose.
 Then Bigmark the Bold,
 Like a hero of old,
 Arose in his grandeur his mind to unfold;
 No cent.-per-cent. usurer, plund'ring a sot,
 Could have shown half the greed of this statesman, I
 wot.
 All the world stood and wondered
 At the way that he plundered,
 How he emptied their purse, and their provinces sun-
 dered;
 And when they appealed
 To William to shield,
 And save them from power that his subject did wield,
 That pious, sweet ruler would brook no evasion,
 But turned up his eyes on the joyful occasion.

So round great heaps of coin
 The leaders now join
 Their hands, and they dance, and approve their "de-
 soign,"
 While wives whose hearts bleed,
 And orphans in need,
 Wail a war of aggression protracted by greed.
 But the murdered and slain
 Rise in spirit again,
 For the records of wrong and of sorrow remain.
 Injured men turn and hate,
 And the crushed foemen wait,
 And sternly prepare once more to tempt fate,
 And seek the hard foe with an army as great;
 For war should be made for defence, not for pelf,
 And the hard, grasping victor o'er-reaches himself;
 For justice is stronger than kaiser or king,
 And the whirl'gig of time its revenges will bring—
 'Tis more difficult often to keep than to get,
 So look to the end—and the end is not yet.

The
Twelfth Night's Entertainment.

AS a war correspondent," said O'Quill, "I feel myself entitled to speak on military subjects. That was a capital story told last night, and I saw some of the incidents described. But, Fijitee, I wish you to understand that we English object to much fighting. We squash a nigger king now and then, but that's all; and, the fact is, we have learned an easy mode to put an end to international difficulties. I don't mean congresses or arbitrations, or anything of that kind, but a new Yankee invention for making everybody desperately fond of everybody else—a universal brotherhood dodge of the most advanced type. A lively American carried the flag of his country through England, and, as nobody garrotted him, but a lot of boys shouted 'Hooray!' he supposed he had made everything all right, and, in fact, though it occurred several months ago, we have not had war with America since. So, no doubt, he was quite correct in his view. A countryman of his was struck with the bright idea that he would make England fraternize with Ashantee in a similar manner; and he shall tell you how he did it. I have got a proof in advance of his narrative. So here goes."

And he read accordingly—

*Corporal Kates's March Through
England with King Koffee's
Umbrella.*

CORPORAL KATES attributes his love of travel and hardihood of personal danger to the circumstance of his once having imbibed a heavy draught of petroleum, under the impression that it was noyeau, a *liqueur* to which he is greatly addicted. The petroleum was extracted from him by tapping; but had so worked its way into his system before being drawn, that ever since he had felt a longing desire to "work round," and to "draw lines on any dog-gone country under the sun." He believes the "all-fired draught would have bust him up," if the doctors had not had the presence of mind to substitute a wooden instrument instead of the steel gimlet ordinarily used.

However, he escaped satisfactorily, with renewed vitality. At the age of seven he scalped Uncas, the celebrated Last of the Mohicans; two years later he was "totting up a bit" in Siberia, and then spent four years in captivity with a tribe of Maories. The Corporal effectually dispels the current delusion that Australian meat is raised from the victims of the late war, in spite of the well-authenticated cases cited last week in a popular journal, where scraps of red cloth and blankets had been found in the tins. Several years more of adventurous life—during which he married no less than fourteen wives in various parts of the world—and then he landed on the Gold Coast, offered his services to King Koffee Kalkalli, was accepted, and ultimately rose, in the short space of seven weeks, to be Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Ashanteeian Athletic Body Guard, the great king's own private corps of picked men, all of whom are over 5ft. 3in. in height. The narrative of circumstances which led to the undertaking which has made him famous shall be left to his own words:—

"One bright fine day his majesty and myself had been having a game at draughts on the plat in front of the royal palace. The ground was mapped out in the necessary squares, and we used black and grey skulls for the draughtsmen. His majesty's wives had been particularly pleasant that day, the physician to the harem having only been called in twice to repair casualties. All nature was lovely and serene, and the mighty system of the universe pursued its undeviating way with unclouded calm. The stern forehead and majestic eyebrows of King Koffee unbent, and, calling for more rum, we resumed our game with vigour, and threaded the mystic maze of strategic skill with unalloyed pleasure and delight. The conversation was carried on in desultory snatches, as his majesty found time to leave off scratching his head in perplexity at some move of mine. Leading naturally from the game we were then playing, the conversation fell upon our late little war. Said King Koffee, 'Kates, I am going to invade England! They chose to make a diplomatic mark of me, that European nations should not imagine them entirely supine and wanting in courage; and now I



shall give tit-for-tat. We cannot have these people making roads through my territories with impunity. Besides, Keeneewahtiko insists that unless this Barnet Wolsey is brought over for her to marry, she will send over to America for an immediate divorce. She's the best-tempered wife I've got, and *so* susceptible of improvement. Did you notice, Kates, how she called Kanum "my love" and "my dear," while she was tapping her claret in that third round yesterday? It's tickled me ever since, and I shall never forget it. Just like a white, I declare! But as to this other matter, you must take it under your care. Get some paragraphs inserted in the papers about our inoffensiveness and armed neutrality, while you are preparing for the one, two, three; and send over one or two sharp fellows to the Emperor William, to learn how to write those pious telegrams for publication after victory. These and other details of preparation we graciously consign to your care.'

"'Pardon me, old man,' I replied; 'I think those little games are worn out. I tell you what will be better. I'll engage to carry your umbrella on foot through the Britisher's country. What is our main object in life? To get money. For what did I invent the new roulette-table with the Archimedean lever, which has drawn the eye-teeth of your gumptious subjects so thoroughly well? The almighty tin. What do you want this little brush up for! Millions of francs, certainly. Now, we will get notices from the papers, have a triumphant march on foot, with the Bearded Woman and the "What can it be?" from the Royal Museum, engage P. T. Barnum, get the patronage of the Charity Organization Society, announce all subscriptions dedicated to the fund for establishing hospitals in Coomassie, and then we shall roll in riches, and *your* noble old self and *my* noble self can retire to an honourable rest for the remainder of our days; besides earning a little pin-money for the women by publishing a book exposing the whole bag of tricks afterwards. That's your platform, my lively coon.'

"'You can't do it.'

"'I'll bet you two years' screw against six of your wives that I do.'

"'Done!'

"'Here I fearlessly give our motives, our organization, and plan of the campaign.'

The Corporal, having thus entered into the necessary explanations, and taught us a useful lesson, goes on to give a description of the celebrated umbrella:—

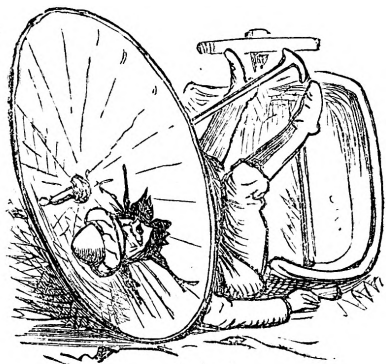
“This unrivalled trophy is one of the most treasured works of art amongst all the unrivalled stores of the King's relics and heirlooms. For many years it has been established as the insignia of power, the emblem of monarchical strength, the arbiter of the people's fate. Judiciously-placed lines and strings elevate or depress the nozzle, to intimate to suitors for justice the Imperial decision; and a spring in the paragon frame displays by mechanism the amount of fees payable into the Royal Treasury by both litigants. Originally taken in honourable warfare by King Koffee's celebrated ancestor, King Chicorri Alkali, from a wandering bagman, it has been at various times enlarged, until it has at length reached the enormous circumference of thirty-two feet; and improvements have made it available as a bedroom, a justice hall, a prize ring wherein the queens can settle their little differences, and a music hall; while it affords means of decoration, by which strings of skulls and preserved arms and legs can be effectively displayed. An experiment on a large scale with fireworks necessitated various repairs after a joyful anniversary following the death of thirty-three of King Koffee's wives in a *mêlée*. In this affair the King himself acted as pyrotechnist, and, approaching rather too near to explode some mines, was blown into several pieces, being only made up again at considerable cost and labour. To this day he is minus two fingers and a portion of the back of his skull, which a monkey made off with, and was seen afterwards, with the well-known imitative genius of its race, trying to blow up at a deserted camp-fire. Mr. Brock has had several pressing invitations to attend and experience his majesty's generosity for this entertainment, but has hitherto, for some reason known to himself, persistently declined.”

Mr. Kates complains bitterly of the unauthorized and assuming imitation of this choice curiosity placed in old King Cole's storehouse, and offers indubitable proof of the authenticity of his own standard. We pass over his parting from his royal master, the amiable dispute as to which of the wives should fall to his choice (as

those most amusingly pugnacious King Koffee wished to retain, without risk of losing them by other means than honourable warfare), the parting injunction respecting Barnet Wolsey from the pretty lips of Keeneewahtiko, and take our next extract from his chapter headed “Dover to London.”

“On arriving at Dover I found two disappointments awaiting me: my agents had failed in discovering the identity of the venerable and irreclaimable old savage, so well known in contemporary history; and the Prince of Humbugs humbugged me into believing that admiration for his new house and premises kept him fixed in a chair in the plat of the garden facing it. Myspirits, ever dauntless, rose to the occasion, and the blood of my ancestors boiled to be thus thwarted! Making the best of a bad matter, I bought up a circus triumphal car, secured a lot of old posters, and sent on the agent in advance with orders to make a sensation. Materials were rather scanty though, and I was compelled to call up all my old-time pluck to face the occasion—tarnation fix as it was. Far ahead, about a quarter of a mile, were sent the collecting boxes, for subscriptions, with banners on the side of each bearing the names of distinguished patrons, hired for the price of a weekly luncheon. Then came the Bearded Woman on horseback, with special orders neither to lag nor go too fast, and so spoil the symmetry of the cavalcade. The ‘What is it?’ followed at a similar distance; next my two Ashanteeian servants, painted up in war costume at great expense (the contractor at Dover can give particulars of the little bill, especially as it is not yet settled), and lastly MYSELF, under the beneficent shade of the mighty umbrella, which seemed, as it tranquilly moved through the firmament, to breathe the air and spirit of the unquenchable and indomitable *afflatus* of my most potent master.

“We went on well enough for a short distance, but at the first hill we came to our descent was much too rapid. The fact is, that there was no break on the wheels, and the triumphal car (‘one gorgeous blaze of scenic art and decorative science’—*vide* posters) overpowered the horses, and there was *just* a considerable flare-up, I can assure you! When I recovered from the feeling



of swayishness, which was the last sensation I experienced before I lost all count of time, balance, and the centre of gravity, I found a scene of lamentable destruction before my eyes. The gallant supers, who had been lavishly attired for the pedestals of the car before leaving Dover, were mixed up like a national Ashantee dish of captive warriors, with pieces of gilt-work, fractured cornices, and fragments of glass. It was a long time before we could determine which limbs belonged to which; and in hauling out the representative of Asia, who was the only female on the staff, she vowed an action for assault, because we seized her by the foot—the only part of her left in sight. Though lost to sight she is indeed to memory dear, for a heavy fee was necessary to secure her silence. Everybody having assured themselves that they were perfect, Europe was sent on ahead to overtake the collector, as the treasury was getting hard-up; but, on hearing the crash, the fellow had bolted with all the coin. Nothing could be seen either of the Bearded Woman or the ‘What is it?’ though information reached me that a representative specially sent from the British Museum to secure them had seized the opportunity to effect his object. They were promptly suffocated and bott’ed in spirits-of-wine, and may now be seen in Gallery CV., Section LXIII., Sub-section XXXVIII. The ‘What is it?’ I may mention, was my twenty-eighth wife, and is gradually assuming in her new sphere, within her crystal tomb, the air and grace by which I so well remember her before we dressed up and manufactured her into her last character.

“ But the umbrella? Ah! that was irrevocably damaged; my head had burst through six folds, and a rascally London firm charged me a large amount to make another of the same model by the next day. With this I again started, though with a humbler parade. The same blessed spirit of my chief seemed to glower through my umbrellerial substitute, and my heart exulted in pride as its folds grandly waved a welcome to the English breezes. I became my own treasurer, secretary, and board of directors, and safely reached Canterbury, where I was received with much enthusiasm. Various hotel-keepers pressed around me for the honour of providing for my sustenance;

the mayor, police, firemen, and volunteers, with the choristers from the cathedral—all dressed in the colours of Ashantee—met to give me a hearty welcome, and my whole progress to my selected abode was one triumph of loyal purity over bombastic knavery; one shower of witching smiles from bonny Kentish faces; one course of lightning, winking flashes from brilliant Kentish eyes. The only mishap that happened was, that the mayor somehow got mixed up into the fire-engine, and, being unable to disgorge the speech prepared, has since been seriously ill. Subscriptions prospered here, and, with my funds, I proceeded to the dean, with a proposal to buy St. Augustine's Gate for transmission to Coomassie, that it might remain a pledge of the peace between the two great countries, an emblem of fraternity which should never be broken while English coin and English credulity lasted. The innocent old gentleman hardly conceived my purpose, but when it dawned on his benighted imagination, he coolly rang for his servants to show me the other side of the door, intimating that his profession only restrained him from ejecting me still less ceremoniously. 'Hang your impudence!' said I; 'but at least you'll give me a subscription?' 'Not one halfpenny,' said he, pursing up his lips. 'Go, sir, if you please, before I lose my temper and put on these boots.' So saying, he held up a pair of Hoby's best nail-studded and prime leather. 'What'll you take for those same boots?' said I; but he wouldn't trade, and I departed.

"Leaving Canterbury with regret, I pressed on for Faversham and Dartford. The road was lined with people; the aspect of the pretty dales and densely-wooded hills of the garden of England was one great fair. All round me were greetings, welcomes, brawny hands to shake, pretty mouths to kiss, invitations to drink; and so much was my progress impeded by these uproarious welcomes, that I gained very little ground, and was obliged to halt between Canterbury and Faversham. We kept up the jollity and fun to a very late hour; seduced the policeman who remonstrated into drunkenness, bonneted his sergeant, and then went to bed. How great was the change in the

morning! So still, so calm, so serene! one could hardly imagine that so lately had Bacchanalian scenes disturbed this peaceful landscape. All were sleeping peacefully as I bathed my throbbing brows in the clear, pellucid waters of the horse-trough. My time was up, and I again started. This day I travelled quietly, abjuring all intoxicants, and safely reached Gravesend. Here a popular riot arose as I was disappearing from the public gaze within the portals of a ninepenny 'tea-and-srimp' room, my umbrella was torn to atoms, and every trace of it disappeared, as the crowd tore, fought, bit, and plunged over the remnants of the dismantled frame, as the bones and handle floated to and fro over the sea of flushed and angry faces. Like the traveller of the Russian steppes, I divested myself of my clothing, and expended *all* to assuage the popular fury. But the subscriptions poured in apace, and I was easily enabled to send off post-haste for *another umbrella*, while I rigged myself up in some clothes furnished from the famous fashion-books representing forty distinguished personages. I chose Bearton.

"So on to town next day. More cheering, more hands, more faces, more flags, till the eye was dazzled and the brain benumbed in gazing. How can I tell of all the invitations, the speeches, the dinners, the kindness, *the subscriptions* that awaited me? I was bidden to a festival at the Crystal Palace, lunched in the diving-bell of the Polytechnic, had supper in the East India Museum, and surveyed the National Gallery by torchlight. The time I spent in the gaudy, æsthetic metropolis may be reckoned amongst the most gay, the most jolly, the most exciting of an eminently gay, jolly, and exciting experience—marred but by one instance—the fly in the treacle-tub, the unbidden guest at the marriage feast—a circumstance to which metaphor will not do justice. Mr. Gladstone pressed on me a copy of his Vatican pamphlet, gorgeously bound. I slept not for some days afterwards, my mind was unhinged, and my liquors forsaken. Not until I returned to Coomassie—beloved home of my adoption!—did I entirely recover the blow to my system."



The

Thirteenth Night's Entertainment.

YOU have given me a great amount of information respecting your political institution; and as everybody seems agreed that the only way to make Fiji great and happy is for it to imitate England as closely as possible, and as my paper is to be the organ of advanced ideas, I should very much like to know by what mode you select the men who are entrusted with the direction of public affairs. Before I return to my beloved country I may have an opportunity of visiting your Houses of Parliament, and seeing your great chiefs in council; but, in the meantime, I should be so glad if you would give me a little insight into your Parliamentary system."

Such were the artless remarks of Fijitee when, supper having been discussed, the party were gathered in attitudes of unstudied elegance around the festive board.

"A very laudable spirit inspires your curiosity, my illustrious friend," said McSnuff, "and if you like to set apart one evening for the purpose, I will prepare some very interesting extracts from 'Delolme on the Constitution,' 'Dod's Parliamentary Guide,' reports presented by committees, and really a most interesting collection of papers ordered by Parliament to be printed, a few volumes of Hansard's 'Parliamentary Debates,' and a dozen or two of articles in the *Daily News*."

"Bother!" interrupted Brownson; "I will put our friend Fijitee up to all he wants to know in a few minutes. You'd Bluebook him to death, you abominable old Scotchman, if we didn't take care of him! Go to sleep, if you like; and you, my dear Fijitee, keep your ears open to wisdom. This is my method of telling you all about it. Let's suppose that you, or some other lively foreigner, were visiting the Houses of Parliament, with an intelligent guide—a person of most extensive knowledge and agreeable manners, who knows everybody, and does not object to refreshment—say, for the sake of argument, myself; and he would explain to you, something in this style, the mystery of—

The "Ins" and the "Outs."

THE clock of St. Stephen's was striking eight,
And fierce grew the strife in the Council of
State,

As a foreigner, guided by Lambeth's elect,
With nostril dilated and form erect,
Glanced haughtily round on the people's kings
And asked of his guide, amongst other things,
Why so many crowned heads devoid of state
Were banded together to legislate,
When one, he opined, with less trouble could do
The work of six-hundred-and-fifty-two?
And this the more clearly, since speeches and strife
Appeared to absorb quite two-thirds of each life,
Whilst the balance remaining for real legislation
Was a pitiful part to give to the nation.

So much wisdom and pluck in a savage allied
Were pleasing indeed to his guardian's pride;
He smiled and glowed with great delight,
As thus he answered the savage wight;—

"Your words reflect a noble mind
Endowed with penetration,
And, if the truth you fail to find,
'Tis want of education.

"'Tis not the structure of our laws
For which this strife is weighed,
Our passions own a simpler cause—
By whom they shall be made!

"Opinions merely are the lever
Employed with this in view;
Hence the fury and the fever
Which last the Session through."

These simple truths did so entrance
The stranger's noble soul,
That right and left his furtive glance
Full restlessly did roll.

And so it happed he soon did find
To what the Right did say,
The Left, as governed by one mind,
Would always argue—nay!

And when, perchance, a strange accord
Relieved the stormy scene,
Some Ishmaelite from out the horde
Revived the battle keen.

And such a one he soon espied hurtling left and
right,

Sparing neither friends nor foes, erratic in his
flight;

Essaying independence, yet guided by one aim—
Amid contending factions, to found a mighty
name.

Ben Dizzy was his prototype; the fact he ill con-
cealed,

And in that one allusion lies his policy revealed.
A scathing tongue, a ready wit he lavishly em-
ployed,

Upon the havoc that he wrought his hopes of
place were buoyed;

Nor was his high ambition defrauded of its ends,
For this dread knight's allegiance was purchased
by his friends;

And soon a high appointment rewarded all his
bouts;

And he was numbered with the "Ins" to *lapse*
into the "Outs."

The noble savage was impressed
With this most patent fact,
That politicians, worst or best,
Will for their interest act.

Then from the gloomy concourse of "Outs,"

Which surged on the Speaker's left,
A statesman of sixty or thereabouts,
Of speech periphonetic but deft,
Began to descant, with didactic force
Of a highly rhetorical flavour,

On the infinite evil of any one course
Save the three which were blessed with his
favour.

His fame it was great, for his measures were bold—
So bold they had lost him his place;

And stamped on his front was the record which
told

Of his bitter and recent disgrace.

Yet his deeds with the "Ins" had 'stablished his
name

As a friend both of mansion and garret,
For had he not widened his sounding fame
By cheap'ning the duty on claret?

The Irish landlords he set by the ears

With their tenants, the unfortunate louts;

Yet had not his daring awakened our fears

He might never have been with the "Outs."

He rose to affirm, with most copious effusion,
 That the source of all Ritual's Art,
 And, with logical force, he educed the conclusion
 That of this the first is but a part ;
 To weaken a part is to weaken the whole—
 A charmingly trite proposition—
 And better steer clear of the censer and stole
 Than disturb such a healthy position.

To him a ready tongue replied,
 Which vexed his spleen, for when he tried
 Stern Lancashire to woo,
 This daring soul had seized his place,
 And sent him with a rueful face
 Some other work to do ;
 Yet cruel fate this one betrayed,
 And (though he was not soon dismayed)
 Had placed him in a post
 Where skilful parts are no avail,
 And never will nor could prevail
 To make success a boast.

His was the great pragmatic sphere ;
 His hardest task the charge of beer—
 A heritage of pain !
 For licensed victuallers served the needs
 Of " Ins " and " Outs," whose rival deeds
 Are their eternal bane.

And in the strife they're roughly used,
 So pelted, battered, and abused
 They scarce can know their name ;
 So pounded by their country's kings,
 So harassed by their bargainings,
 They have no rights to claim.

But the House is expectant and bored,
 Ben Dizzy !

And sighs for your sparkling wit !
 A leery twinkle lights your eye
 And yet you do not speak—oh fie !
 Have you not got a shaft or a random hit
 That the " Outs " you may twit ?
 So provokingly placid and silent you sit !
 Were a seer to read on thy brow,
 Ben Dizzy !

The scheme you so deftly conceal,
 He might easily know
 You are planning the blow
 Which your foe so shortly will feel,
 Poor chiel !

His dread Resolutions he scarce shall reveal !

You've had a brilliant career,
 Ben Dizzy !
 But a very long night with the " Outs ;"
 With notable pluck
 To your party you've stuck,
 Reforming its views, and removing its doubts,
 By reason and flouts,
 Till it scarcely can trace its old whereabouts !
 Protection you nursed and buried,
 Ben Dizzy !
 It was not your fault that it died ;
 But 'twas deucedly clever
 To pretend that you never
 Its life to perpetuate tried
 Ere it died,
 And confounded the party to which you're allied !
 You've made many a hit in your time,
 Ben Dizzy !
 For your wit is sententious and keen ;
 But oh ! you were sage
 When you spoke of the age
 As the study for all who really mean
 To serve the Queen !
 'Twas the key to your life, Ben Dizzy, I ween.
 Ben Dizzy he moved not, but Fawcett was there,
 And Fawcett had always some words to spare ;
 And the stranger he craned his neck to behold
 The champion of crotchets his views unfold ;
 But little he heard save severe declamation
 Of Church and its evangelization,
 And much he marvelled, as time flew past,
 And the bounds of contention kept wid'ning fast,
 To see that the " Ins " and the " Outs " had
 forgotten
 The priests, over whom all the strife was be-
 gotten !
 And now 'twas not Ritual made all the pother :
 Both sides were engaged in accusing each other.
 The stranger, enamoured of prompt legislation,
 Was wholly amazed at this manifestation,
 And suggested, most naïvely, the House should
 be cleared,
 That one might determine the cause which
 appeared
 Consistent with right. But his Mentor replied,
 Though the foreigner's sapience could not be
 denied,
 That the clash of opinions had nothing to do,
 As already remarked, with the Bill in review ;

That the "Ins" and the "Outs" only spoke for
the press,
Which published harangues in an elegant dress,
And thus all the people in England can see
Which party in power is worthy to be!

The savage was tickled, and broadly grinned
At this lesson of civilization,
And was quickly stopped before he sinned,
By a hearty cachination.

A hoary head now joined the fray,
Who'd proved a failure in his day
As guardian of the purse;

Who was up to many knowing tricks—
Could show that eight were only six,
With juggles even worse.

His motto was known, though never beheld,
For he carried it not like the knights of old,
On 'scutcheon or on vellum.

He designed that something simpler should
bear

A motto at once so pithy and rare
As "*Ex luce lucellum!*"

In former days he had stoutly inveighed
Against the lowest strata of trade

In many bitter passes,
And roundly had he been abused
For having civil rights refused

To all the working classes.
How subtly could he now avenge
His wrongs, and have a sweet revenge
Upon each perpetrator!

If ev'ry hind were forced to bear
That motto with him ev'rywhere,
What chast'ning could be greater?

And so it was that Bethnal Green
Was one day seized with a fit of the spleen
On hearing the dread proposition,
That matches henceforth should pay a tax,
And the boxes should bear upon their backs
The motto of the magician!

It failed. The noblest schemes have failed!
Another yet remained,
Whereby some juggling was entailed,
But credit was sustained.

The first connoisseurs in sleight-of-hand
Are ready to confess,
That tricks the hardest to understand
Are easy to profess;

And such was the trick that he performed
With his budgets ev'ry year,
When surpluses for ever swarmed,
The nation's heart to cheer.
To the foreigner's observant mind
It seemed most wondrous strange,
That the only one whom the stormy wind
Did neither disturb nor derange
Was the potentate in the chair of state,
Whom ev'ry speaker addressed,
Who received all the torrent of wrath on his
pate,
Yet never a word did suggest.

Quoth the guide, "He's the speaker who never
speaks,

Who must hear, but who may never feel;
On whom ev'ry zealot his fury wreaks,
And to whom the aggrieved may appeal—
A vicarious victim of passion—strange, yet noble
use!

A filter where heated rhetoric is stripped of all
abuse."

Then some one began to show this dark man
The other lights who had not yet spoken:
The Devonshire squire who'd filched his fire
From the radical chief ere their union was
broken,

Who sugar had freed from the custom's greed
With many a bold remission;
But whose stainless name had suffered in fame
At the Washington Commission.
And Göschen was there denouncing the chair,
Though uncommonly pale in the face,
For his sick'ning sail in the Channel gale
On his features had left its trace.

On the portly frame of a well-known name
The visitor now did gaze—
Of one who ne'er swerved from the class he had
served

In earlier manhood's days;
Who, though possessed of talents great,
Quite lacked the statesman's soul,
For his scheme of action was to better a fraction
At the entire expense of the whole!
A reformer he saw who inspired much awe
'Mongst the friends of the fleet, for, they say,
That striving to save he performed on the navy,
And nearly improved it away.



And that jocund knight, who never was tight,
 Who could prove to a plain brick wall,
 That the only way to make drunkards reform
 Was to stop the world drinking at all!
 And that graver wight who was full of spite
 Against all he could not understand,
 And, being quite ignorant what all the convents
 meant,

Wanted them swept from the land.
 The impetuous Hardy who never was tardy
 Assaulting or filling a breach—
 The true incarnation of the pluck of the nation,
 Whose heart none so deftly could reach.
 Henley, the wise, whose wisdom ne'er flies
 Into the region of passion;
 And Dilke, the ambitious, whose chosen career
 Is a resolute onslaught on fashion!
 The sad one from Leic'ster who doth con-
 stantly pester
 The "Ins" with his gibes at the Crown;
 And the statesman who thinks you should never
 restrict
 An evil you cannot put down.

The foreigner, transported to the Lords,
 Most rashly did surmise,
 That as the war of angry words
 Less loudly did arise,
 And so much mild decorum
 Reign'd upon the scene,
 'Twas in this grander forum
 Real business would be seen;
 That "Ins" and "Outs," in fact, might
 please
 Their phantasies below,
 'Twas here that he would find the grease
 Which makes the state coach go!
 Alas! th' ingenuous savage was wrong
 In his hasty calculation:
 Though, perhaps, more subdued, it was just the
 same song
 Of reproach and extenuation.
 Courtly Granville, quite gaily,
 Was affirming that daily
 When he was an "In" 'twas to no avail he
 Had on the "Outs" so often impress'd
 That Concession alone was the haven of rest;
 That the more England yielded the more she was
 blessed;

That the promptings of pride
We must all lay aside,

'Twas not on such instincts that he had relied ;
That to give what was asked disarmed every foe,
Whilst the gift should be managed with tact,
that so

The public alone the act should not know.
A dashing earl answered, with many a quip,
With scorn in his eye and a curl of the lip,
That a doctrine denounced at the recent election
Should, surely, have filled its best friends with
dejection ;

That was when by feeble concessions averted
As only postponed, but never deserted ;
That the national honour's a high price to pay
For th' ephemeral triumphs of a day ;
That the creed, in short, was utterly wrong,
And hadn't maintained its professors long ;
And that in his place he meant to stick
By trying some diff'rent kind of trick.

A noble lord, of recent creation,
The cabby's *quondam* foe,
Who'd tried his hand at legislation
In the House below,
Amongst the " Outs " in grandeur sat—
A very Daniel he—
With sundry labels in his hat
Preserved most tenderly,
Which he so sagely had designed
That every cab should bear,
Which had long been a solace to his mind
And to his mem'ry dear.

When the visitor asked of one of the " Ins "
Why this lord was made a peer,
Whose services unto the State
Were, to his mind, not clear,
He was told 'twas a way with the " Ins " and
the " Outs "
To reward the best servants of faction,
And that men who submitted to party knouts
Were far better than " men of action ; "

That serving the State was a doubtful phrase,
For no two men concurred in its meaning,
Whilst serving a party was sure to win praise
From all of identical leaning.

The foreigner yawned, for the hour grew late,
And at home they go to bed before eight,

So a parting glance he cast
At the bench where the moody Stanley sate,
Frowning so fiercely beneath his hat,
And through the lobby past.

Next morn to his native land he wrote,
Conveying his views, in a very nice note,

Of the British Council of State ;
But, as his strange, outlandish tongue
Is highly unpleasant, spoken or sung,

Its purport we'll translate :—

" In England all the laws are made

By ' Ins ' and ' Outs,'

Who sit on each side of the Parliament Hall,

And endeavour to smother one another

With constant talk as in turn they bawl,

Which debating they call,

So that night after night they do nothing at all !

The ' Ins ' *are* the rulers, and work to maintain
Their place.

The ' Outs ' *were* the rulers, and ceaselessly strive
To get in again,

So they loudly complain

Of the deeds of the ' Ins,' who just keep alive

(They never can thrive)

In the contest that's waged at their posts to
arrive.

The people elect, by the right they've acquired,
Both ' Ins ' and ' Outs ;'

But when each has been chosen, it's always
agreed

That no claim is preferr'd

On the power conferr'd,

And that all may indulge their greed

Or their need,

And on national wants bestow little heed."



The Fourteenth Night's Entertainment.



"I AM rather tired of party politics," said Fijitee. "Suppose this evening we pay a little attention to the historical literature of your great country? I borrowed a book to-day relating a portion of the history of England, but it stopped short suddenly. I read a few pages; it was very striking and picturesque."

"Oh," said Smith, "of course we all know the book. Splendid contribution to literature. All short sentences, only five semicolons in the whole work. It is the great work, the *magnus opus* to which the illustrious author of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome' devoted the last years of his life."

"What's that about ancient rum?" said McSnuff, suddenly waking up; "how many years in bottle?"

"Shut up, Caledonian," was the uncivil reply. "I was about to say that the great writer slightly mistook the scale on which he projected his history. It would have made about eighty large volumes, and occupied three hundred years in its production. So, Fijitee, he didn't do it."

"I have had some thoughts of continuing it," said Johnson. "Mac's was a capital style, wanted just a few artistic touches here and there; but, bless you, he was dreadfully jealous of interference, and never even asked me to look at a proof. I have just written a chapter, and will ask you, gentlemen, upon your honour and authenticity, if it isn't rather better—more graphic, you know, and all that sort of thing—than the model."

"If you have anything to read," sternly remarked Omnium, "read it, and no nonsense."

The rebuke was felt, and, without farther preface, Johnson proceeded to read:—

Second Class-ics for English Riders: A Myth of the Midland.

THE close of the year 1874 marked a noticeable period in the history of this country. Parliament had adjourned. The splendid eloquence of Smith, rich in the varied metaphors and sonorous cadences he had acquired at Mile End and Hoxton, no longer incited the Speaker and

Serjeant-at-Arms to peaceful slumbers in the historic chamber of St. Stephen. Jones had exchanged the proud position of leader of the Opposition to the appropriation of the parish pump for a life of dignified seclusion at Brighton. In the Aquarium he consoled himself by watching the gambols of the lobsters for the absence of the applause which followed the thunders of his rhetoric. Brown was, for a few weeks, silent. Robinson—the hero of popular admiration, whose features, radiant with patriotism and public dinners, the delicate pencil of the great master of the day, Snooks, had preserved for the admiration of posterity—was in his study absorbed in collecting materials for his great work on the history of the republican vestry of St. Pancras.

An event of great interest had marked the latter portion of the year. An infant Prince had been christened; and it was observed with gratification by the Tories and Protestants that, when carried to the font, he wore the same nightcap which the young members of the Royal house for several generations had worn when they were admitted into the Church. There were dark rumours afloat that the venerable primate who performed the ceremony had not himself been baptized; and, although the scandal was disproved, the pamphleteers of the day were not slow to take advantage of the unfounded statement, and assert that the old nightcap was worn by the royal infant as a demonstration of attachment to ancient usages. It was said that the prelate showed some signs of trepidation when he took the infant in his arms, and regarded the old cap with an expression of astonishment, which the Jesuits readily interpreted to mean that he thought a new one might have been provided, and that his attachment to antique customs was not beyond suspicion.

The august Empress, who shared the throne of the great Muscovite autocrat, and who was the maternal grandmother of the young Prince, received a telegram on the following day in Paris, saying that he had noticed a large dog which had come into the room where the young mother was smiling on her babe. The important intelligence was communicated to the foreign ambassadors and the correspondents of the great journals. The bourses of Antwerp and Vienna were agitated,

and English Eupion Gas shares experienced a fluctuation.

In the provinces there was excitement. Encouraged by a long series of successes, the barons and the country gentlemen exhibited a spirit of intolerance towards the class lower in the social scale. A baronet of one of the northern shires made vigorous speeches against the vendors of gin and fourpenny ale. Excited by his eloquence, a number of enthusiasts emulated the devoted spirit of the Middle Ages. The Templars were revived. The members of the new sect adopted the epithet "Good" before the name of the order they imitated. They held meetings. They exhibited the teapot they had chosen as their emblem. They were reviled and invited to liquor-up. But they were steadfast to tea and ginger-beer, and the breach between them and those who adhered to the drink which had quenched the thirst of the ardent Englishmen who had shouted for Fox at the Westminster election, and cheered the Claimant when he appealed to the British public, was widened.

The spirit of resistance to old customs was shown in other directions. A farmer near Maidenhead was bumped on the occasion of beating the bounds. He complained, brought an action, and recovered damages. Women who, in the days when the British Constitution was more respected, were kicked with impunity, appealed to the country justices, and the justices inflicted imprisonment and stripes on the husbands. Everywhere ancient customs were interfered with, and everywhere there was a feeling strongly felt, if not loudly expressed, that the "upper ten," as the titled classes were styled in the political pamphlets of the day, were endeavouring to regain the ascendancy they enjoyed before William of Orange came into possession of half a crown.

Such was the time chosen by the great statesman who had disestablished one Church to hurl a stone at another. He published a pamphlet, in which he denied the right of the representatives of the long line of Pontiffs who have reigned in the city of the seven hills to control the consciences of cabmen in respect to the number of miles they charged for, and to interfere with the allegiance of parish beadies to the vestries they



served. Millions of copies of the pamphlet were sold, and it was translated into Welsh and Chinese, and the beautiful guttural language in which the Finlander whispers his tale of love. The journals of the time were filled with letters from dignitaries holding comfortable and almost sinecure appointments, declaring that, although they had the most implicit belief in the doctrines attacked, they would not for a moment waver in their loyalty to the salaries they enjoyed. The spirit of England was aroused. It was the muttering before the storm.

To counteract the popular enthusiasm, a conspiracy was entered into, which might have led to results most disastrous to the country if the piercing glance of Mr. Cream Valley, member for Ortonborough, had not descried the danger. He had long warned the Commons House of Parliament against the machinations of the Jesuits, but in vain. The country reposed in a fancied security. He endeavoured to arouse it to a sense of the latent insecurity. He pointed out, in language of a vigorous, if somewhat sombre, cast, that the Jesuits adulterated milk, raised the price of coals, obtained employment for their agents and creatures as rate-collectors and turncocks, and were the real authors of the address delivered at the opening of the session of the British Society for the Botheration of Science, which had so alarmed the thoughtful portion of the community. Mr. Valley watched the movements of the leaders of the conspiracy, and his vigilance was the cause that only two great developments of the carefully-arranged plot are left for the historian to record.

In the north-western part of the metropolis is a suburb much affected by the opulent and luxurious classes. Lorenzo de Medici, had he been a Londoner, would have selected it for his residence. There the arts of painting and music dwelt side by side. There the votary of the pictorial art produced the masterpieces which, hung in the saloons of Piccadilly, attracted the notice and admiration of wealthy patrons from Manchester and Birmingham. The wits of the time there prepared and polished the epigrammatic sallies, afterwards to delight the readers of the Sunday papers, and the audiences who crowded the theatres to listen to dialogues surpassing those of Sheridan in wit and repartee. Gifted musicians there composed the

airs, afterwards played with a hundred variations by wandering musicians who belied the artistic hospitality of their country, for, while England gave a home to Handel, they turned their handles out of doors. A canal, wanting only the gondolas of Venice and the melodious singing by the gondoliers of the patriotic verses of Tasso, to recall the memories of the marvels of the Adriatic, flowed through the charming district. Near it were collected, in a spacious and delightful garden, strange beasts from all the quarters of the globe—elephants which Hyder Ali might have ridden on in state cavalcades in Mysore, and kangaroos which Montezuma, amidst the glories of his superb palace near Potocapetl, would have in vain desired to possess.

Into this peaceful home of the arts, nestling between the lofty summit of the hill of primroses and the arena where the champions of cricket hurled the ball and wielded the bat which made remote Australia marvel at their powers, the strange activity of the Jesuits penetrated. It was part of their design to destroy first the arts which made our country illustrious, and then the aristocracy which gave dignity to our institutions. In that way they would avenge the Vatican, against which the great statesman had directed his pamphlet.

At early morn a tremendous explosion shook all London. A thousand panes of glass were shattered. Gems of plastic art, moulded by refugees from sunny Italy, who, in the retirement of the Saffron Hill, remembered the artistic glories of the city of Michael Angelo, were broken into fragments. The metropolis was alarmed. Rumours of the vaguest kind were afloat. It was hinted that Dr. Queer nearly had engaged Fenian bravoos to blow up Millbank and release the Claimant. Some thought that Bismarck had come; some that the Tower guns had "gone off" of their own accord. Mr. Valley alone discerned the secret of the explosion. The Jesuits had caused it, hoping that the British Lion would escape from the Zoological Gardens, and the nation would once more kiss the foot of the modern Hildebrand.

Baffled in their intention by the acuteness and patriotism of Valley, they entered into a yet more atrocious conspiracy. They would abolish

the aristocracy. They would break down the lines of demarcation between the caste of Vere de Vere and the lower orders. The English people have a passion for travelling by railway. The wealthy nobles share it. They ride proudly and exclusively in first-class carriages, and so assert their supremacy. The Jesuits resolved to destroy them. They would never, it was argued, survive if they could no longer ride alone, untouched by the meaner elements of society. A railway company listened to the insidious proposition. It was necessary to conceal, for a time, the exact nature of the conspiracy. The directors held a meeting to carry out the design. They chose a spot singularly well-adapted to the purpose. It was at Derby that the young Pretender halted on his march, the reluctance of the Scotch to go back again having been for once in abeyance. It was from Derby that [an eminent cabinet minister took his title. It was Derby that gave name to the great race which yearly collects such a concourse of spectators as the stadia of Corinth never witnessed at the celebration of the Isthmian games. The connexion between these historic associations and railway fares must be obvious to all. The directors announced that they intended to abolish the second-class carriages. It was a subterfuge characteristic of the Jesuitical mind. The real object was to compel the first-class passengers—the delicate beauty of the drawing-room, the dainty aristocrat of Hurlingham, the venerable noble, the descendant of a long line of blue-blooded patricians—to ride in the same carriages, with the tradesmen who made their boots, the princes of Shoddy-land, the deft weavers of calico, and the bagmen who travelled with their wares. The pride of the patricians would be humbled, the exclusiveness of caste destroyed, and the Jesuits would control the councils of the nation.

The firm attitude of Valley inspired confidence. The end is not yet come. We are not yet trodden beneath the feet of the proud conqueror. The pamphlet is our bulwark. The New Zealander is already here in lodgings in the Borough of Southwark, but St. Paul's is not yet in ruins. Our ancient nobility, in the tranquil security of Pullman's sleeping-cars, smile haughtily at the failure of the plot which Valley detected and exposed.

The
Fifteenth Night's Entertainment.



“ONE subject, my dear Fijitee,” said Brownson, “has not yet been touched on, and it is of considerable, almost overpowering, interest to the fairer half of the population of Great Britain. I am sure you would wish to be well acquainted with the fashions in costumes, so that you may contribute to the columns of your paper in Fiji articles which cannot fail to be attractive to the ladies of that most interesting appendage to the British empire, especially as—forgive me, my dear sir—it seems probable that the subject of any costume at all has not hitherto occupied much of their attention. They will of course, now that their charming country is a portion of the British empire, desire to adopt the manners and customs of their new sisters, and, as I was remarking to the Duchess of Badminton only the other day—and the remark was entirely concurred in by the Countess of Croquet, who is so very clever and witty that she invariably agrees in any observation I make—it is really the duty of English ladies to take steps to make the Fijian beauties acquainted with the latest modes, or else they would look positively frightful on the occasion of a presentation at Court, or anything of that kind. Of course, the institutions of civilization, the *opéra bouffé*, and so forth, will soon be accepted in Fiji, and then the *modiste* (not “modest,” my dear Fijitee, that adjective has very little to do with *opéras bouffés*) will be an important personage. I would advise you, therefore, to study the publications devoted to the modes, and you will find that you will be able to make your paper much more attractive.”

“I know,” said Fijitee, diffidently, “that I am as yet very ignorant of many of the customs of highly civilized countries, and am no doubt slow to receive the instruction I ought to obtain from observation. But is it a fact that dress occupies so much of the attention of your countrywomen? They always look very charming, but I think I admire the faces more than the costumes.”

“I don’t wish to offend you, old boy,” replied

Brownson, "but you are evidently still in the darkness of semi-barbarism. The dress is everything. Many of my countrywomen think of scarcely anything else. They talk about it, read about it, spend all the money they can scrape and save on it, and, I think, dream about it. The shops where dresses are sold are the largest and handsomest in the world. Publishers start newspapers and publications expressly for the reading of the ladies, and at least three-fourths of the contents relate to dress and dress materials, fashion, fancy-work, and ornaments. Bless you, we should think we did not understand human nature, if we supposed ladies wanted to read about anything else; but, between you and me, I should not be surprised if we sometimes made a mistake. It is just possible, you know, that, in the effort to please some of the most frivolous, we overlook the taste and opinions of a great many of the better sort. Women, Fijitee—you are a bachelor, at present, but you won't be one long if you stay in this country, with your fascinating manner and agreeable appearance, old man—are dear creatures in their nature when you come to know them, and, no doubt, it is the fault of the education some of them have received that they are content to be dolls and costume-dummies instead of the true, kind-hearted, genuine creatures Nature intended them to be."

"I have a theory on the subject," interposed Omnium. "I think the desire to dress attractively, and the intense devotion to the subject, arises from the natural diffidence of the female character, deficiency in what phrenologists name the organ of self-esteem. They desire very rationally and naturally to please men and to be admired by them, but they do not know how attractive and loveable they can be; they distrust themselves and suppose that they must dress showily and expensively, otherwise men would not value them. It is a very great mistake. I am sure some of the prettiest and most attractive women I have ever seen in my life—ah! and the best dressed, too—were those whose dress cost least, but the neatness and simplicity of their costume lent an unobtrusive charm to their natural grace. I tell you what it is, gentlemen, I am not a marrying man, but a pleasant smile and a gentle voice have more than once tempted me to

reconsider my view of life; but I have remained perfectly armed against sentimentality amid bevy of the most brilliantly and expensively costumed beauties to be seen in Paris or London. I think I could enjoy domestic life, Fijitee, if I met the dear creature to whom I could say, in the words of the poet—

" 'Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
You warm our slippers, make our teas;
When short finances wring the brow,
An inexpensive angel thou!'"

"It is a peculiarity of our friend's constitution," said Brownson, kindly, "that whisky, partaken of at short intervals, induces a tendency to undue sentimentality. I wouldn't mind him, if I were you, Fijitee. What he has said will be worked up for a leader, next week."

"And if he wants a subject," remarked Smith, "I can supply him with one. Not that a particular subject is of much importance, for we all know, Omnium, that if you set to work to write a leader about dress, or anything of that sort, you would most likely begin with Peter the Great, or a rhinoceros, or Count de Grammont; and end in the boundless prairie. But if you do want a hint or two, you will find them in my report of an important meeting just held at the West End for the purpose of establishing a School of Cheap Costume, where, under the tuition of competent teachers, ladies may learn the art of dressing attractively without ruining their husbands or fathers with exorbitant milliners' bills."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Fijitee, "that such a scheme is practicable, and that ladies can be persuaded to study the art? That is really almost the most astonishing thing I have heard since I came to this country."

"It is quite possible," said Smith, "and, indeed, I brought the report with me, thinking it would make an interesting contribution to our Nights' Entertainments, besides giving you, Fijitee, information which you could never have obtained otherwise."

Everybody agreed that it was a most interesting subject, and accordingly Smith read his report of the meeting held for the purpose of establishing—

*Madame Panier-Pouf's School of
Cheap Costume.*



A MEETING was held a few evenings back for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of alleviating the distress under which many highly estimable heads of families were now labouring, in consequence of the excessive amount of money expended by their wives and grown-up daughters in the purchase of costumes, millinery, and other articles of female adornment. The large room was densely crowded immediately the doors were opened, and numbers were unable to obtain admittance. The chair was taken by Pate R. Familias, Esq., and on the platform were many gentlemen well-known in business circles. There were also several ladies who appeared much interested in the proceedings; and in the body of the hall about twenty ladies, who had combined to obtain seats in the front row, and who appeared determined to oppose the object of the meeting. Among them we recognized several well-known *costumiers*, and some gentlemen who sat near them, and appeared to be on very friendly terms with them, were identified as being interested in some of the fashionable drapery establishments of the metropolis.

The CHAIRMAN, in opening the proceedings, said that he need not occupy much time with the object of the large gathering he had the pleasure of addressing—it was sufficiently explained in the circular convening the meeting. He felt the overpowering importance of the subject, and he knew that many of the gentlemen around him shared his feelings. The expense of ladies' dress was preposterous, appalling, overwhelming. It amounted to a national calamity, and must produce a catastrophe unless prompt measures were adopted to diminish it. He did not presume to say how that object could best be effected. The difficulties in the way were almost insurmountable. There were prejudices to be overcome, the antagonism of vested—might he be permitted to say, petticoated—interests to be encountered. He had given great attention to the subject; he had tried persuasion, but had had his feelings deeply wounded; had, in short,

been told to "mind his own business." (Voice from the body of the hall, "Very proper too!") Was it not his business? he asked; the business of every man who had a wife and daughters? What he wanted to know was, why such a lot of material was wanted to make a dress? What was the use of trains? How would he, or any other gentleman look, if his coat-tails dragged a yard or more upon the ground, or if he tucked them up into a bunch behind, and called it a panier? He thought he should want two panniers, and they all knew what animal it was that went about between panniers. (Laughter and derisive cheers.) He had asked ladies of his acquaintance why they spent so much on their dress? and he would tell the meeting what answers he had received. One said, "Because we choose to, there!" Another replied, "I'm sure we're not going to make frights of ourselves to please you;" and an elderly lady, who, really, as a wife and the mother of four daughters, ought to have known better, told him that she thought it was very improper for gentlemen to say anything about such a subject. What did they know about dress? she should like to know. He remembered the crinoline time, when twenty breadths of silk were commonly used in one skirt, and he had hoped that when that fashion went out dressmakers' bills would be reduced; but his expectation was vain. By some means or other, which he could not explain, although the costumes now worn appear to be almost as scanty in the skirt as the ball-dresses of their mothers in the time of the Regency, just as many yards of material were used, or, at least, the dresses cost quite as much. He appealed to the gentlemen present, whether the time had not arrived for them to endeavour to obtain some relief from the ruinous tyranny of fashion? Ladies, he was sorry to say, were quite unreasonable in respect to this subject. They expected their husbands to pay rates and taxes, send the children to school, provide money for annual trips to the seaside and evening parties, insure their lives, and keep up a good house, yet showed very little anxiety to help him by curtailing their personal expenditure on dress. He did not deny that they sometimes exhibited economical tendencies. He had been himself told that he ought not to wear white waistcoats, because they were expen-

sive, as adding to the washing bill. He was rather fond of white waistcoats, and felt the remark acutely. He knew that some ladies were anxious to reduce domestic expenses. He had known an instance of a lady going to a Co-operative Association, and saving ninepence in the purchase of soap, candles, and boxes of matches—the cab-fare there and back only amounting to four shillings. He could mention other instances, such as giving away a husband's dress-coat and patent-leather boots for a geranium, value sixpence; but he did not wish to dwell on such cases. Ladies were not actually without proper ideas of economy, even in respect of dress, and he had heard some very sensible remarks made by them in reference to other people. It was not uncommon for Mrs. Smith to say she was sure Mrs. Jones could not afford that bonnet she had on in church; or that it was positively shocking that Mrs. Brown should have another new dress; but they did not apply their principles to themselves. He was, however, happy to say that an effort was about to be made to remedy the evil. A very distinguished lady, Madame Panier-Pouf, who had been one of the leading *costumiers* at the West End, had seen the error of her ways, and had determined to lead the movement for reform in dress. She proposed to open classes for the instruction of ladies in the art of dressing charmingly at the smallest possible cost, and her great knowledge of the subject would, he felt sure, enable her to render most valuable services. That lady was present, and had kindly offered to explain her scheme for the establishment of the classes, and her method of instruction. He had much pleasure in introducing her to the meeting.

MADAME PANIER-POUF then came forward, and was received with great applause. She was very simply, but prettily, dressed, in a costume which admirably fitted her very graceful figure, and was made of cheap but durable materials. (There was some suppressed tittering among the ladies in the body of the hall, and exclamations, "What a guy!" and "Well, I never!") She said that, in accordance with the request of the Chairman, she had great pleasure in relating to the meeting her experiences of the dress question, and the reasons which had led her to make an

attempt to alleviate the evils which they all deplored. At one time she had had the management of a very large and fashionable establishment, extensively patronized by ladies. Fifty, sixty, and even eighty guineas were frequently charged for a single costume; and it was not uncommon for ladies to change their toilets four or five times a day. In very high society, a lady who appeared twice in the same costume would have been "cut" as unfit to associate with *élégantes*. The ladies a step lower in society imitated the more aristocratic classes, and were, in their turn, imitated by others. They obtained credit when they could not pay cash, and many instances occurred of men being reduced from prosperity to poverty by the extravagance of the female members of their families. She became uneasy in her mind, felt that she was doing wrong in aiding such "an unreasonable addiction to the use of ardent dresses," as a gentleman had described the irrational pursuit of fashion, and she determined to do her best to introduce a better state of things. The ignorance of the female portion of the community with respect to the very first principles of good dressing, such as the comparative durability of materials, the subordination of the costume to the natural graces of face and figure, and, above all, the best mode of producing a maximum of prettiness at a minimum of expense, was really lamentable. She proposed to imitate the example of her friend, Mrs. Buckmistress, who had established a school for the purpose of teaching the best method of peeling potatoes and making good soup out of next to nothing. She intended to establish a School of Cheap Costume, in which ladies might acquire the art of making dresses economically, a knowledge of materials, and how to cut them to the best advantage, and make them wear longest; and she hoped, also, to expose the wasteful absurdities of *poufs*, trains, and other most irrational adjuncts of costume. She also hoped to be able to teach the students to avoid the error of supposing that good dressing was

limited to the costumes worn on special occasions and out of doors. A part of her system of instruction would be to provide cheap dresses for home-wear, so that wives and daughters would look neat and pretty, and not untidy, at breakfast-time, and before visitors came; and also that underclothing should be good and serviceable, and not neglected so that more money should be spent on showy dresses. (Loud applause.)

A resolution, pledging the meeting to support the scheme of Madame Panier-Pouf, was moved by—

Mr. BANCLERC, who said, as a man of moderate income, he was greatly interested in the subject. He anticipated great results from the establishment of the proposed School. He might, perhaps, be permitted to relate an incident within his own experience which showed what might be achieved by a resolute attempt to stay the evil. A gentleman, an intimate friend of his, had several daughters, very charming young ladies, and, of course, their parents were very desirous to see them well established in life. Their mamma insisted on their being dressed in the first style of fashion, and the father was almost driven frantic by the appalling totals of the bills sent in by drapers, milliners, and dressmakers. He resolved to have a reform. He saw that the chances of his daughters marrying were not increased by their extravagant habits. On the contrary, eligible young men appeared to be afraid of them. He assumed a resolute attitude, made each of his daughters a moderate allowance, and refused to pay bills. At first they complained dreadfully, tried fainting-fits and hysterics, but they were good girls at heart, and reconciled themselves to inexpensive dressing. They looked prettier than before, only a quarter of the money was spent, the father was prouder of his girls than ever, and they soon got every one of them well married. (Applause.)

The resolution was seconded by Mr. SEEVIL SERVAS CLARK and unanimously carried, and the meeting separated, Madame Panier-Pouf being loudly cheered as she left the platform.

The Sixteenth Night's Entertainment.

I HAVE received so much pleasure," Fijitee remarked, "from the interesting poems, illustrative of the manners and customs of your great country, which you have read, that I should very much like to hear another. I notice that Mr. Brownson has a bundle of papers in his coat-pocket, and, as we did not at our last night's meeting settle a subject for to-night's reading, perhaps he would oblige me by seeing if he cannot find something which shall at once interest and instruct us?"

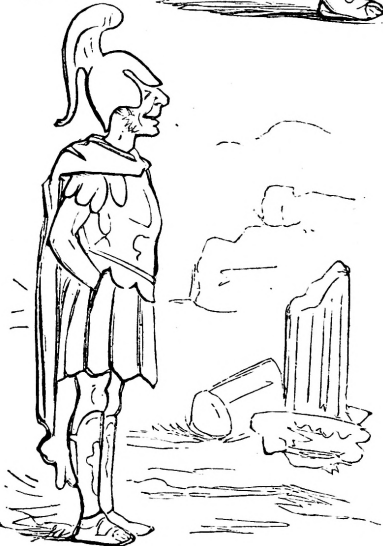
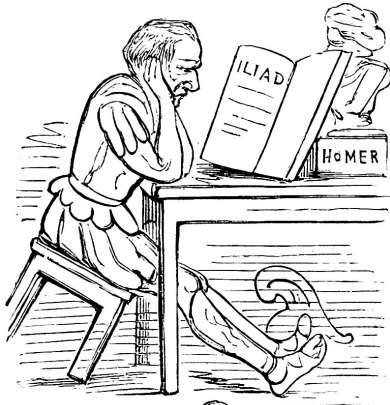
"Fijitee," said Omnium, "that was rather nicely put. I have great hopes of you. When Fiji becomes the great country which you will help to make it, you will shine in taking the chair at public meetings, *conversaziones*, and things of that kind. You must work up a few quotations, and I should not wonder if, when the Fijian University is established, you are elected Lord Rector, and have to deliver an inaugural address. You will have to talk about a lot of things, old fellow, but don't make the mistake of understanding any of them, or else you'll only be thought a common sort of man, and not a genius. But at present I should say, you are quite up to chairman's mark, and would give away prizes to virtuous cottagers who had been good enough to bring up a dozen children on just as many shillings a week without coming on the poor-rates, which I really consider to be a most heroic and patriotic course of conduct. Positively, Fijitee, you have acquired a really elegant style of what may be called after-dinner oratory, and would do the loyal and patriotic toasts capitally. The plan you have adopted, of associating only with persons of great intellectual powers and most refined cultivation, is no doubt the reason of your having so rapidly acquired these accomplishments."

"When you have quite transacted your business in the soft-soap line, Omnium," said Brownson, rather impatiently, "I will endeavour to comply with the request of our Chairman. He is quite right in supposing that I have with me a manuscript, the production of one of our most

gifted writers—but there is a little mystery about it which probably I ought to explain. The fact is, although the subject has reference to a distinguished personage of the present time, the author has been dead about a hundred and fifty years."

Fijitee stared, and his chignon expanded several inches, so great was his astonishment.

"It was communicated by the aid of a medium—you have heard, of course, Fijitee, of our spiritualists and their *séances*. I could tell you more about them, but I know you would not believe me, and I should be very sorry indeed if any suspicion entered your head, from what you heard here, that the most scrupulous adherence to the exact truth has not invariably characterized the efforts of my friends and myself to afford you information and entertainment. You have heard, more than once, allusions to one of our most eminent statesmen, who has recently quitted active politics for the region of theological controversy; and you know, also, that he has all his life paid great attention to the poems of an ancient Greek party, generally known as Homer, who wrote a history of the siege of a town named Troy. The Greeks who besieged it had to wait ten years before they got it, and from that circumstance the phrase, 'Troy wait,' is frequently used, especially in books relating to weights and measures. The real name of the place was Ilion, and the king was Priam, who, however, is not identical with the Paul Pry-am of our traditional literature. But I am wandering from my subject, and, as I would not for a moment wound the susceptibilities of my friend, Omnium, who cannot endure the idea of discursiveness, I will only say that a medium of great powers—and weight also, although she thinks nothing of floating about in the air and in and out of window—received a communication from the spirit of an eminent poet, whose name happened to be the same as the title of the venerable person who has been attacked by the individual I have mentioned, and who also took a great interest in the works of the Greek poet to whom I have referred. The result of the spiritual communication was the poem I will read. You, probably, Fijitee, will not notice that it is decidedly inferior to the writings of the author when in the flesh, as I suppose you have never heard of him before—a circumstance,



however, which should not be permitted to stand in the way of your talking about him. But it is a fact that, although the mediums have made us acquainted with many poems communicated to them by the spirits of very eminent writers, the grammar is generally awful, and nobody would suppose the verses were the production of the authors whose names were used. With this slight preface, I will read the poem."

Accordingly he read—

Gladisæus in Iliou.

WITH eyes intent the great Gladisæus mused,

Nor turned him from the volume he perused,
The tale of Troy by antique Homer told,
Of Hector valiant and Achilles bold.

His helmet stood neglected on the floor,
His radiant shield hung idle by the door—
That shield which, in the *Roundabout Review*,
Gladisæus with his pen so ably drew.

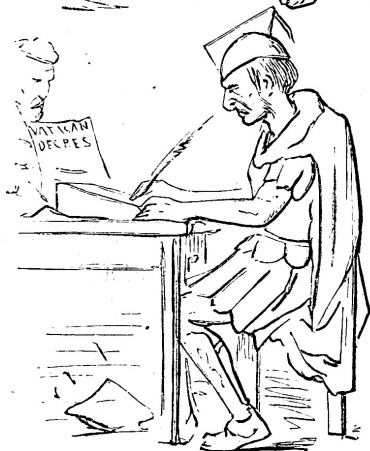
Great Homer's bust upon the table stood—
Homer much talked of, little understood;
Around the bust were ranged, with curious care
Gems of old Dresden, or of Chelsea ware,
Cracked teapots, marvels of ceramic art,
Choice Faience and Palissy set apart;
For great Gladisæus, warrior of renown,
For plates and pottery ransacked the town,
Made dowagers and virtuosi stare,
Collectors, jealous, tear their scanty hair.

The chieftain spake: "Why thus my thoughts employ?

Why only read about, not visit, Troy?
Shall Schliemann search the plain where Iliou stood,

And find, perchance, the Grecian horse of wood;
Achilles' arms, for which the heroes fought,
By him discovered and by Tussaud bought?
Shame will it be if I, Gladisæus, ask
Men meaner, weaker, to achieve the task.
The task be mine! Farewell to bust and book;
Welcome the tourist party led by Cook!"

He closed the book, at Homer looked no more,
Sighed at the shield that hung behind the door—
And caught the train that left at half-past four.



With saddened brow the great Gladisseus gazed
 On Ilion's site, perplexèd and amazed.
 No ruined columns, relics of the time
 When Priam's famous town was in its prime ;
 No beauteous fragments of an antique bust,
 No ancient urn enclosing classic dust.
 "Is there," he asked, "not even a cracked jar,
 Reward for toil in having come so far ?
 Unhappy ! more blessed for the man
 Who seeks and finds Assyrian pot or pan,
 Who tells of wonders buried in the ground
 Which he has found—or only says has found.
 Would I could see before my vision pass
 Achilles, Hector, with their helms of brass ;
 Or mad Cassandra, with her warnings dread
 (Not Greg's weak parody in "Rocks Ahead !")
 To the sad shades I should not fear to speak,
 And if they failed to understand my Greek
 (A language which exactly suits my voice),
 Three courses would be open to my choice—
 To speak, be silent, or to make a sign,
 And show by nods how much their thoughts were
 mine.

O classic Ilion, had it been my fate
 Not to have waited for these ages late,
 But to have marshalled on this spacious plain
 My myrmidons, how marvellous my gain !
 Poor had Achilles been, Ulysses weak,
 If they had only heard Gladisseus speak ;
 Impetuous rhet'ric from Gladisseus flung,
 Fiercer than ever fell from Grecian tongue,
 Thersites would have taken short-hand note,
 Old Agamemnon hurried up to vote—
 The mighty warriors, summoned by the call,
 Have chosen me, Gladisseus, chief of all.
 Unhappy I, that in these latter days
 No Homer lives to celebrate my praise,
 My valiant deeds to future times to show—
 But I, perforce, must my own trumpet blow."

So spake Gladisseus, much disposed to weep,
 But wiped his eyes and sank to peaceful sleep.

Soon in his dreams the hero roused to life,
 Eager to share again the deadly strife,
 Once more he seems his massive arms to wield,
 Again the sunlight beams upon his shield,
 Bendizzy turns, nor dares his foe to meet,
 And, flying, vacant leaves the Treasury seat.

Applauding crowds attend the victor's train,
And famed Gladisseus is himself again !

Starting from sleep, Gladisseus looked around,
But neither foes nor followers he found.
" Bother the dream ! " th' awakened hero cried,
" The night is cold, I'm almost petrified.
I thought my foe, Bendizzy, had the sack,
And I, to be First Lord, was summoned back ;
That on swift wings of joy I homeward rushed
To see my Windsor uniform was brushed.
Vain are such dreams—the world has other deeds
For warriors to achieve when Gladly leads."

With step elate the chieftain hurried home
To dare the thunders of offended Rome.
Doffing the helm, a square-cut cap he took,
His sword and shield gave place to pen and book.
" I will destroy," he cried, " the proud pretence
That claims our conscience and denies our sense ;
In such a cause my arms will I employ,
And dream no more of antiquated Troy."

" Brownson," said O'Quill, " that isn't a bad bit, but we cannot consider it enough for one evening. I put it to you, as a literary gentleman and a patriot, whether it is respectful to our excellent host to break up just yet, especially as, I perceive, the whisky holds out, and there seems to be a tendency generally to fill the flowing bowl. I will, if Fijitee is agreeable, endeavour to fill up the spare time by recounting some of the reflections made to me by one of the distinguished visitors to the Oriental Congress, the Captain of the Forty Thieves. Don't be alarmed, Smith ; I am not poaching on your preserves. You did the report, but I interviewed some of the visitors afterwards ; and really, I can tell you, the gentleman I have referred to was not a bad sort of fellow, and exhibited a very fair appreciation of some of the comforts of civilized life."

" I should very much like, indeed," said Fijitee, " to hear what such a very clever person as the Captain of the Forty Thieves thinks of things in general in this country. He was a remarkable man, and the manner in which he obtained the information from the cobbler impressed me greatly."

O'Quill did not need much encouragement to

commence, and started off at a good pace with the captain's reflections on—

New Scamps for Old.

IN the days of the Caliph I thought myself a very clever fellow. I was rather caught tripping over the 'Open Sesame' business, but trustfulness in human nature was one of my weaknesses. I never supposed anybody would be artful enough to get up a tree to listen to what honest men were talking about, and as to making use of the information so shabbily obtained, it was positively very reprehensible. Since I have been in this country I have been very much annoyed by the obtrusive—I may say, impertinent—attentions of the members of the police force, who, I am assured, are in the habit of making very unpleasant inquiries, and watching in a most ungentlemanly manner the movements of individuals who have a very great objection to be so watched ; and I have no hesitation in saying, that were Ali Baba now alive, he would have been the sort of man for a policeman. I don't wish to speak unkindly of him, for Morgiana, to whom he was married, you will remember, led him a deuce of a life, and I have some reason to believe that at last she put him into one of the jars in which, through her abominable cruelty, my faithful followers suffered so much.

" But, I was remarking, that in the old days, when I had the opportunity of distinguishing myself in the manner which historians have thought fit to record for the admiration of posterity, I considered myself rather a smart fellow. I adopted a very simple method of carrying on my business. I and my band waited on travellers, and took their money, first cutting off their heads to save future inconvenience ; and if any one of my men grumbled at his share, I cut off his head, which also saved trouble. But I find that style of thing is now quite out of fashion, and that the machinery of thieving is wonderfully complex ; that, in fact, the march of roguery has kept pace with the march of intellect, and that we poor, old-fashioned, primitive rascals are no more to be compared with the modern ones than is the old spinning-wheel of my grandmother

with the machinery now in use in your great factories.

"I am sure I should never have thought of insuring ships heavily, and then sending them to sea to sink with all on board. I did not mind slicing off a fellow's head, that was straightforward business, and, besides, he had offended me; but the new dodge is a cut above me. It would have been quite beyond my capability to have started companies and rigged the share market (a friend explained the whole business to me), or to make a dead-set at a bank and ruin it, as, I am told, some of your people did at Black Friday time, a few years ago, bringing hundreds of poor widows and orphans to abject poverty. I know I was Captain of the Forty Thieves, but please don't insult me by supposing me capable of anything of that kind. Scamps, in my time, wouldn't have written libellous letters, and published scandals in newspapers, expecting to be bought off by timid people who had not the courage to face it out.

"In all my band there was not a fellow who would have trumped up a story that he was somebody else, and tried to defraud a child of his property, and backed up his lies by attacking the character of a virtuous lady. The New Scamps beat us Old Scamps, and no mistake.

"If any of the shopkeepers who lived in the same street as Ali Baba had played the tricks with eatables and drinkables that some of your people do, their ears would very soon have been nailed to the door-post; and if anybody in those times had beaten, kicked, and jumped upon his wife, the Cadi would have had him bastinadoed till all the kicking was taken out of him. Nice scamps you have among you, who spend all their money in drink, and leave their children to starve; who persuade girls with money to marry them, and then waste the money and ill-treat their wretched wives; and others—well, I see you look rather ashamed of some of your countrymen, so I will say no more on that subject.

"But if you are disposed to think that we poor ignorant robbers, who had never been taught better, and took to roguery because we had nothing else to do, were the biggest scamps the world has seen, just make a note about your financial swindlers, your gamblers in investments, your concocters of lying prospectuses, your insuring scamps, your trustee scamps, the fellows who spend money that is not their own and are toadied to by the crowd as if they were public benefactors; the liars, the swindlers, and the cheats; the merchants who pack cotton-bales with rubbish, and who adulterate food; the scamps who forge telegrams, and the miserable wretches who write begging-letters; the betting men (if I had found that one of my band was a tout, I would have bastinadoed him first and skinned him afterwards), the wife-beaters, and the crowd of rogues and vagabonds who infest your towns, the lazy scamps who are met everywhere—and then tell me whether the New Scamps are not worse than the Old Scamps by 'long chalks,' as a Yankee I once met used to say."

"My friend," I replied, "you are still in the darkness of Oriental barbarism. I would have you to know that we are a highly civilized and refined people, that our morals are cultivated to the highest perfection; that our poorer classes are models of virtue, that the gentle influences of the highest examples are recognized throughout society in all grades, and the finest intellects of the time are allied with the possessors of wealth in forwarding the true interests of the people, and setting an example of purity of morals and the most sensitive honour. The matters you refer to are mostly scientific experiments in finance, and others are undertaken for the purpose of improving the social and domestic relations of the people."

I regret to have to say that my friend, the Captain of the Forty Thieves, winked, and said something which sounded very much like "Walker."

The Last Night's Entertainment.



"MY dear friends," said Fijitee, "the time has come when these pleasant meetings must end. I cannot express how highly I have been gratified and instructed by the information you have afforded me. I feel sure that no foreigner, who has been for so short a time in your country, can know so much of your institutions and customs as I do, thanks to your kindness; and I look forward with delighted anticipation to the pleasure with which the intelligent natives of my beloved country will peruse the articles I shall insert in my newspaper."

"You may take an affidavit, Fijitee," interrupted O'Quill, "that no foreigner, or in fact anybody else, has ever been told so much that is perfectly authentic. The blunders those fellows make are awful, and all for want of going to the fountain-head of information."

"I was about to observe," resumed Fijitee, "that I intend to occupy the remainder of the time which I shall spend in this country in visiting some of the objects of interest which I should be sorry not to be acquainted with. I wish particularly to inspect the British Constitution, which, I am told, is preserved in a chest in the Tower."

"You must get an order from Earl Russell," said Smith; "he has taken it under his especial protection."

"Thank you. I also wish to visit the splendid and hospitable establishments where, I am told, the aged and infirm portion of your population find comfort and repose; where they are fed on delicacies suited to their failing appetites, comfortably lodged and clothed, indulged in social and domestic intercourse, and pass their latter days as virtuous people who have done their duty when young and vigorous should."

"You will find such a visit most interesting," remarked Johnson, "and I would advise you to taste the skilly and other delicacies prepared for their gratification. I assure you, you might dine with the first people in the land, or at the Mansion House itself, and find no such dishes on the festive board. I would also advise you to obtain an introduction to a meeting of the St. Pancake's, or other important metropolitan vestry, and observe

the intense desire of the eminent philanthropists who are members of those bodies to promote the comfort of the aged and infirm, making any expense that might be incurred quite a secondary consideration."

"I will do so," replied the Prince; "it would afford a good subject for a special letter. I have not yet visited any of your places of amusement, but I have heard that the performances are highly moral and instructive; that propriety of dress and deportment are especially attended to, and that the characters represented, and the plots of the dramas performed, are intended to teach virtue to the people."

("Who told him that?") whispered Omnium to O'Quill. "There's an opposition somewhere.")

"I also wish to see Gog and Magog, who—you remember you told me, Mr. Smith—stand behind the Lord Mayor's chair at banquets, and propose the health of visitors; to witness a fight with wild beasts at the Zoological Gardens, where, you know, there is a wonderful rhinoceros, whose jaws are always dripping with blood, and who performs extraordinary tricks of balancing with a pail."

("Take another sip of whisky, Veritas, to strengthen your nerves. Our friend is getting rather unpleasant," said Smith, quietly.)

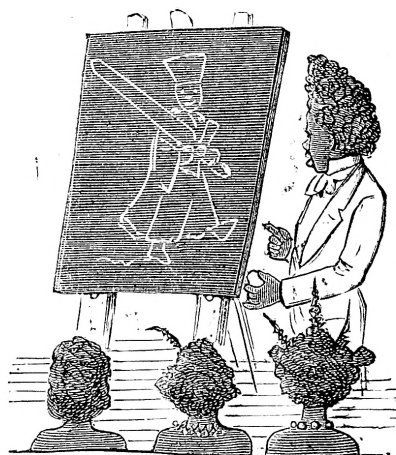
"In short, there are many other matters I should like to make myself acquainted with; for I intend, on my return, not only to write the special articles I have spoken of, but to give lectures, and, by the help of dissolving views and sketches on the black-board, impart a great deal of information to my fellow-countrymen."

"Fijitee, my friend," hurriedly interposed O'Quill, "in that I can assist you greatly, for I have worked the dodge myself. Start a Fijitechnic Institution, make the people laugh, and call it scientific instruction. Have plenty of music, and—can you sing? Well, never mind, you can get plenty of people who can. A good shouting tenor and a serio-comic lady will help you wonderfully. If, for instance, you exhibit on the screen a portrait of the Lord Mayor's sword-bearer (he is a rum 'un in that cap of his), make your vocalist strike up, "Draw the sword, Scotland!" and there you are. Or, if you do it all without aid, announce yourself as the great Trans-

Pacific Humorist; talk for three-quarters of an hour, putting in a few awfully bad jokes, looking as miserable as you can while you utter them, have lots of champagne behind for the press fellows, and you will achieve an amazing reputation as a dry humorist."

There was a pause for a few moments, during which the clouds of delicately-scented smoke ascended from the cigars of the gentlemen present and the toddy line (as M'Snuff, who had a taste for natural science, especially in cases where the properties of alcoholic drinks were concerned, described it) was considerably lowered in the tumblers. Then a whispered conversation, and Mr. Omnium rose to his feet, and having fortified his nerves by a momentary attention to his glass, said—

"Prince Fijitee, on the part of the gentlemen present, I desire to express the very great pleasure we have derived from these evening associations with you, and the regret we feel that these meetings are approaching a termination. It has been interesting, most interesting, to us to watch the impressions made upon your naturally unsophisticated mind by the narratives which the gentlemen around me, with my humble assistance, have related to you. You will, I am sure, take back with you to the smiling valleys and verdure-clad hills of your native islands—*islands which Captain Cook did not visit, the omission, no doubt, weighing heavily on his mind, and he was probably thinking of it, and regretting it, when the dusky, if noble, savage, speared him in the back—the impression that we are an extraordinary people. I might suggest, by the way, that probably one reason why Captain Cook did not visit great and glorious Fiji was, that he had heard that there were a great number of cooks there already, and that too many cooks might spoil the broth, which, considering what the broth was probably made of, would have been a pity. Had time permitted, Sir, you would have been highly gratified to inspect several other of our institutions besides those you have mentioned. We did intend to suggest to the officials of the Crystal Palace Company the propriety of a state reception of you, Sir, our illustrious guest; and if it could have been arranged on the day when the teetotallers visit*



the Palace in great numbers, you would have witnessed a most extraordinary ceremony. You would have observed numerous jets of water suddenly burst forth, water-spouts of the non-intoxicating fluid. You would have seen visitors rush to the spot, indulge their taste for aqueous bibulation, the tall columns of water would gradually diminish, and in the short space of twenty minutes or thereabouts they would have disappeared. After that, Sir, you would have entertained a still higher opinion of the greatness of our country. It might, too, have afforded you considerable gratification to have been present in a railway collision, to have observed the ingenuity with which trains are made to run against each other in the interests of science. The noble art of surgery has been greatly advanced by the prevalence of railway accidents, which have afforded the faculty (we give that name to the doctors) many admirable opportunities of observing the peculiarities resulting from various modes of doubling up and smashing the human anatomy. The habits of various classes of society, too, would have afforded you a vast field for observation, by means of which you would have been able greatly to enrich your contemplated series of papers. Our friend, Mr. Veritas—who, I must say, is possessed of a very vigorous imagination as well as great powers of observation—might have been able to show you how our happy, prosperous, working-classes live; what charming, healthy homes they inhabit in our great cities; how provident are their habits, how little addicted to waste any of their money in injurious indulgences. The houses where they obtain necessary refreshment are licensed by the authorities for the express purpose of affording facilities for temperate indulgence, and, so valuable have they proved to be, that they are expressly allowed to be kept open very late at night, so that any person who, being restless and unable to sleep, would like to enter into improving conversation with a person of enlarged views, and considerable knowledge of human nature—such as they are who keep these houses—may enjoy an opportunity of doing so. But, Sir, these and other most interesting aspects of our civilization you may not have time to witness, and therefore I ask you to accept our description of them

as you have done the other most authentic statements we have made. In the writings of a very distinguished poet of the other hemisphere there is a character familiarly styled 'Truthful James.' I assure you, Sir, that that eminently candid individual could not, in common parlance, 'hold a candle to us' in the way of truthful assertions. You will go, Sir, from a country subject to the sway of a Sovereign on whose dominions the sun never sets—I pass by with proper scorn the unfeeling remark of a foreigner who arrived here on a very foggy day (one of those days which are among our most treasured possessions) 'that, apparently, the sun never *rose* on them'—a country great, glorious, and free, which possesses a British lion and an equally British unicorn, which are certainly as good as any spread eagle in the universe; a country which has no disaffected member among the group of sister islands, no desire for separate administration or 'home rule;' where everybody is happy and peaceful; where 'none is for himself, but all are for the State,' and where under the shadow of our ancestral fig-trees we sing 'Rule Britannia' from morn to dewy eve. Fijitee, farewell; may you wave! May you take back to your beloved islands evidences of the civilization of the country you have visited! and when you speak, as you will speak, I know, with tears of affectionate remembrance dimming your manly eye, of the bright spirits with whom you have been associated in these delightful symposia, you will say, in the language of the poet whose renown is national if his name is unknown, 'They are jolly good fellows.' Once more, Fijitee, farewell."

Mr. Omnium sat down amidst a storm of applause, and then Fijitee rose to return thanks. He began, tremulously, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and feeling as I do on the present occasion——"

("How charmingly original!" whispered Brownson. "Quite an utterance of unsophisticated nature!")

"I can only imperfectly express my feelings. I thank you heartily for the information you have given, and your hints are most valuable. I intend to——"

But what he intended to do was never known, for a great noise was at that moment heard on the

staircase—the voice of an apparently elderly female in a great state of excitement; and then came—

The Catastrophe.

"GO away, you good-for-nothing wagabones!" screamed a stout, middle-aged woman, with a bonnet ornamented with red and yellow flowers and a huge feather, and wearing a resplendent shawl, the pride of East-End marts; "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, to try to prevent me seeing the gentleman. I am sure I am that tired that the smallest possible drop of brandy—leastways, not to say rum, which I never drinks but the least quantity of—would do my sperrits a world and all of good. I says to Brown, I says, this very morning, when, drat the girl! she was up so late that the kettle wasn't boiled for breakfast, and it is a bit of toast, or a morsel of bacon I like, and time to eat it. I says, Brown, I says, I have been told—and I believe it, for Mrs. Parkins, poor soul, as told me, always tells the truth, she does—though never will I believe that story about the price of mangling—but I have been told, I says, that a real Prince from Fiji is here, and go and see him I will, for I see all the great people, I does, I says. Martha, says Brown—he is that cool he quite aggravates me—what do you want to see him for? What for? I says, why, doesn't that clever young man as writes for me always help me to make a book about everybody? Isn't there 'Mrs. Brown with King Koffee,' 'Mrs. Brown up the Alps,' and a lot of other things? and, Brown, I says—I was that angry—there shall be a 'Mrs. Brown in Fiji.' And here I am, Sir; and how are you?"

At her first appearance the gentlemen rose rather excitedly. "It's all up," said Omnium, "if that old woman gets hold of him." Fijitee turned pale, his chignon trembled on his head, he nervously touched the poker, as if with some idea of defending himself, but as Mrs. Brown approached him he stepped backwards towards the door.

"This is too dreadful!" he muttered, the perspiration standing on his brow. "Have I lived for this?"

"My dear young man," said Mrs. Brown, "don't you be in a fanteeg. Just you come with me, and I will show you about. I put on my best gownd, which fits to a tee—only a little too tight at the armholes. You come with me."

"Go away, fearful creature!" stammered Fijitee.

She stepped forward, advanced her umbrella, and smiled benignantly. He still retreated. His friends stepped between them, but she poked them with her umbrella, and held out her arms to embrace the Fijian. With a wild yell, such as in his native island he uttered in the days of his happy childhood, he leapt down the stairs, and was seen no more.

Mrs. Brown would have followed him, but Omnium winked, and pointed to the table. She calmed herself, took a glass of whisky-and-water; the gentlemen imitated her example, and then, in a neat speech, followed by musical honours, O'Quill proposed a toast—

"Health and long life to the most illustrious FIJITEE, PRINCE OF FIJI!"

We greatly regret that we have been unable to discover any authentic traces of the distinguished Fijian after this memorable interview with Mrs. Brown. Vague rumours respecting persons of dark complexion, with remarkable heads of hair, have reached us, but we cannot identify our friend from the descriptions given. It was naturally supposed that he would attempt to communicate with some of the gentlemen who had supped with him on that memorable evening, and the agony columns of the daily papers were carefully watched. Once we thought we might have obtained a clue through an advertisement, beginning "Smpqlz*5y," but a clever friend who has studied such matters, having succeeded in deciphering it, discovered the translation to be, "If you do not return that umbrella, I will tell your mother!"

We trust he has reached his native country, whither no Mrs. Brown will follow him, and that his newspaper will shortly appear with graphic narratives of his experiences, and the brilliant descriptive letters we have been led to expect from his pen.

