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Oscar Wilde
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Vol. **15**

A Thought Reader's Novel.

[Pall Mall Gazette. June 5, 1889.]

The Poets' Corner.

[Pall Mall Gazette. June 24, 1889.]

Mr. Swinburne's Last Volume.

[Pall Mall Gazette. June 20, 1889.]

Three new Poets.

[Pall Mall Gazette. July 18, 1889.]

The American Invasion.

[Cont. and Society Review, Mar. 23, 1887.]

The Poets' Corner.

[Pall Mall Gazette. Feb. 16, 1888.]

The Harlot's House.

[Dramatic Review. April 11, 1885.]

Hamlet at the Lyceum.

[Dramatic Review. May 9, 1885.]

Shakespeare on Scenery.

[Dramatic Review. March 14, 1885.]

Henry the Fourth at Oxford.

[Dramatic Review, May 23, 1885.]

Sonnet. On the recent sale by auction of Keats' Love Letters.

[Dramatic Review, Jan. 23, 1886.]

"The Cenci".

[Dramatic Review. May 15, 1886.]

Helena in Troas.

[Dramatic Review. May 22, 1886.]

"As You Like It" at Coombe House.

[Dramatic Review, June 6, 1885.]

New Novels.

[Saturday Review. Aug. 20, 1887.]

Le Jardin des Tuileries.

[June 1885.]

✓ Roses and Rue.

[Society, Summer No. June 1885.] ✓

✓ Twelfth Night at Oxford.

[Dramatic Review, Feb. 20, 1886.] ✓

✓ London Models.

[English Illustrated Mag. Jan. 1889.] ✓

Models: Their Morals and their Manners.
(A notice of the previous Article)

[Pall Mall Gazette. Dec. 24, 1888.] ✓✓

✓ Mr. Oscar Wilde.

[Society Cartoons. No. 116.] ✓

x Some Novels.

[Saturday Review, May 7, 1887.] ✓

x Mr Burne-Jones's new Pictures.

[Times. April 24, 1890.] ✓

Shakespeare on Scenery.

[Dramatic Review. March 14, 1885.] ✓

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Sonnet. On the recent sale by auction of Keats' Love Letters.

[Dramatic Review, Jan. 23, 1886.] ✓

"The Consul".

[Dramatic Review. May 16, 1886.] ✓

Beliefs in Trees.

[Dramatic Review. May 22, 1888.] ✓

"As You Like It" at George House.

[Dramatic Review, June 6, 1885.] ✓

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Mr. Oscar Wilde.

[Society Cartoons. No. 116.]

Some Novels.

[Saturday Review, May 7, 1887.]

Mr. Burns-Jones's new Pictures.

[Times. April 24, 1890.]

May Day in Ireland. By Lady Wilde.

[Pall Mall Gazette. May 1, 1888.]

Whitsuntide in Ireland. By Lady Wilde.

[Pall Mall Gazette. May 21, 1888.]

The Story of St. Patrick. By Lady Wilde.

[Pall Mall Gazette. Mar. 17, 1888.]

"Irish Minstrelsy". (Review by Lady Wilde)

[Pall Mall Gazette. Dec 1, 1887.]

<i>Mr. Burns-Jones</i>	<i>Feb 20 1894</i>
<i>Miss J. Jones</i>	<i>Sept 25 1894</i>
<i>Mr. C. Jones</i>	<i>Oct 2nd 1894</i>

Oscar Wilde
Bibliography

(F) 2731



A PROPOSITION.

Sir President. "WHAT, MR. TREASURER! A GREAT FALLING-OFF IN THE SHILLINGS THIS YEAR? CARAMBO—CORPO-DI-BACCO—SAC-À-PAPIER—DONNER-WETTER—MON PAT'VE VIEUX! BUT HAVE YOU READ ABOUT THE PAYNTER STAYNERS?" (*Reads Extract from Letter to Newspapers.*) "THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF PAYNTER STAYNERS POSSESSED THE IMPORTANT POWER OF FINING AN ARTIST THREE POUNDS SIX AND EIGHTPENCE FOR BAD WORK.' SUPPOSE NEXT YEAR WE FINE FOR THE BAD PICTURES, EH? THAT 'LL MAKE UP FOR ANY DEFICIENCY."

Middlemen will be unable to rig the market for him, cliques will be impotent to puff him into popularity, impudent charlatan contrivances, and adroit popinjay tricks will no longer avail him, even autocratic officialism and irresponsible routine will fail to hoist him into ill-earned honour, and unjust privilege. And then, Sir, there will be a chance for good work, and genuine inspiration.

Hoping soon to see some good results from the new Crusade, and happy meantime in the thought of being, long posthumously though it be, the unworthy means of initiating it,

I remain, my dear *Mr. Punch*, yours admirably,
THE PAYNTER OF POTTIFER'S WIFE.

Elysian Fields, August, 1886.

A WATER COURSE.

Private Reasons for going to Royat—Start—What is it?—My Pretty Jane—The Baggage—A fright—No Indicateur—Where?—Greengage—Qualifying for Royat—Paris—Off—No Indicateur—On the Line—Clermont-Ferrand—Arrival—Rejoicings—Drive—On the Roof—In our Rooms—A doubt.

WE start. Cousin JANE'S husband sees us off by train, and then leaves her to me and the Doctor who has charge of her health at Royat.

Never in the long water-course of my unhealthy experience have I ever visited a *station thermale* under such favourable circumstances as the present. For

to be in company with an English Doctor who has several patients under his care, and who is on the spot to appeal to at any hour of

the day, and in your own language too, whatever sudden change may happen to you, is not this to be under the eye, as it were, of a Special Providence? And then Dr. PUTENEY is a personal friend; he will not look upon me as a strange Doctor would, as a mere body, which means a no-body, but as a somebody. At the present moment I am bound to say that I feel, and look, uncommonly well.

JANE is rather *poitrine*-ish and what she calls "rheumatic," but I'm sure that her symptoms are simply gouty. However she'll soon know the truth at Royat. She won't believe me, though I've told her over and over again that she has incipient gout.

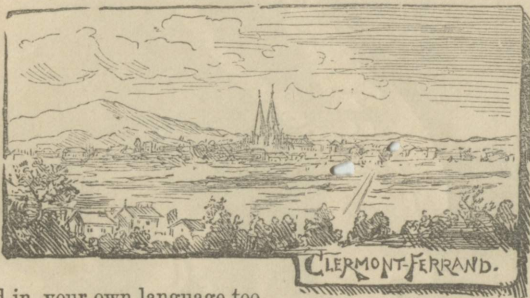
Certainly, as far as I am concerned, there are symptoms—but surely these may be rheumatism or overwork, but quite impossible that a shooting pain down my foot, and a red-hot twinge in my right toe, can be gout! Absurd!

I admit that, in any other person, such symptoms would be decidedly and unequivocally demonstrative of gout. But in myself—oh dear no—perish the thought! Still I should like to know exactly what it is; only let my doctors thoroughly understand this beforehand, that whatever it may be, it isn't gout.

Dr. PUTENEY has said, "We will find out what it is when we get you to Royat." So to Royat I go on a sort of voyage of discovery.

"We fly by night." Lovely weather. Bad crossing for many people, including JANE, for the sea is decidedly rough, though the Heavens above are clear, and the moon and stars shining brightly. I am well; yet I feel that any injudicious movement on my part, or two extra careless lurches finishing with a going-any-how sort of roll on the part of the steamer, would destroy the balance of comfort and number me among the victims of sea-sickness. The sensation caused by this dubious sort of all-rightness, the reason of which I can't understand, is so peculiar that there are minutes when I almost envy the sufferers.

We arrive at Calais: JANE a mere wreck, myself still in an abnormal state of all-rightness. Not being famished at the moment, we purchase a little refreshment to take with us. I find time hanging rather heavily on my hands; the train is pretty full, but we have secured our seats. Our companions are three grubby-looking Englishmen, who would not be useful as advertisements for any soap. I wonder (to JANE) why we do not start. JANE wonders too: but being sleepy, she is indifferent to all that is going on, and to all that is not going on, including our train. A bell rings: "*En voiture—pour Paris—en voiture!*" JANE from her dim and distant corner faintly inquires, "I suppose our luggage is all right?" That is her fixed idea: that in travelling abroad, your luggage must go wrong. I reply of course it's all right, and am explaining that "when once it is registered through, you need not trouble yourself about it till you reach your destination"—when it suddenly flashes across me that I had been strictly charged, on starting, to remember that all luggage for Royat would be examined at Calais, and not at Paris. Heavens! there are two minutes! As if struck by an electric shock, I jump up, safely accomplish the difficult feat of letting myself down from the carriage—which is as if I were escaping from an attic-window—(why are all these French compartments such a height from the ground?) rush across the line, on to the platform, and excitedly demand the *douane*. In a tone of utter indifference two officials pause in their conversation to ask me what I said, to which, when repeated with an adjuration for pity's sake to stop the train, they reply by pointing out the office "*au bout,—là bas*"—and I



run to the extremity of the station, burst in among the *downiers*, claim my *baggages*, (there are no others) swear by everything I hold sacred that there is nothing contraband in anyone of my pieces, pointing out that if they stop to examine any of them I shall lose my train,—the train that is going to Royat,—that it is not a matter of smuggling, but that it is *ma santé qui est en jeu*, that on them will be the responsibility if . . . when the *chef* (bless him!) accepting my assurances, goodnaturedly passes them, tells off a couple of porters to place them in the train, and grateful beyond expression, except in bows which are rapid but profuse,—for never did man make so many obeisances or do such wonderful things with a hat in one second, as I do on this occasion,—I return the way I came, and forgetting to remunerate the porters, rush back to our carriage—there is no difficulty in finding it as JANE'S head and shoulders are leaning out of the door, and her looks are as distracted as *Sister Anne*'s must have been when she didn't see anyone coming—scale the dizzy height, not without injury to my trousers, and once more take my seat, telling her that it is all right.

Scarcely are the words out of my mouth, when up come two guards and address me brusquely, as if obeying such a word of command as "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" "What do they say?" asks JANE. "That we are not in the right carriage for Royat! No, I know we are not; but we intend, I inform them with the air of a traveller who knows his way about, and has done this sort of thing before, to drive across Paris, and not go by the *Ceinture*; and so, Mist'ers, you see we are in the right carriage for that anyhow. "Guards," baffled, retire. Then suddenly JANE produces a paper-bag full of greengages. She has bought them at the station, because it was better than getting anything to drink. Well, it's not a bad idea.

Fruit is always wholesome. I try one. Only one is possible: all the others are as hard as their own stones, and have to be thrown away scarcely indented. Indented!—Ah that greengage . . . I bit it. I partially ate it . . . it was sweetish . . . it was sourish . . . it was bitter . . . and "this indenture witnesseth" . . . But never again, a greengage ripe or unripe, when travelling. The next thing, (which I do not attribute to the greengage) is that I sneeze three times, and find that I have caught cold. Already I am qualifying for Royat.

Whenever I go abroad again (I made this Mem. mentally some time ago) I will on arrival buy an *Indicateur des Chemins de Fer*, which is the French *Bradshaw*, and most useful not only for the time one is away, but also, as they do not alter the hours of their trains very much, whenever one wants to sit down comfortably at home and map out a trip from place to place in France.

At Calais there is no bookstall open. Cannot procure the *Indicateur*. Perhaps at Boulogne. Boulogne no stoppage to speak of. All very dark. No sign of bookstall. Consequently no *Indicateur*. Can procure one somewhere along the line. Bookstall at Amiens; no *Indicateur*. Never mind; sure to get one at the Nord or at the Paris-Lyon Station.

Journey as usual. Alternately sleepy and wakeful. The Three Dirty Men fast asleep, breathing heavily, but not snoring. Two of them become quite disjointed, and tumble up against each other like badly-packed bags. I envy their deep sleep. Whenever I wake up and look at them they seem each time to have become hotter and dirtier, but faster asleep than ever.

At Paris, my trusty friend, GEORGE LAYZO, has sent the invaluable Commissionnaire DAVID, in full uniform, at 5:50 A.M., to take charge of us, see us across Paris, secure rooms where we can get "a wash and brush-up," then breakfast, when DAVID produces today's *Matin*, and gives me all the latest, or earliest, news of Paris. With nearly another hour to spare, we saunter about, buying books and papers, while DAVID secures for us a *coupé à réculons*, in which we place our small *impedimenta*, and then we see the carriages, which have taken all this time getting round Paris by the *Ceinture* line from the Nord station to that of the Paris-Lyon, where we are now, coming in slowly, and being joined on to our part of the train.

Just as we are leaving I remember that I haven't bought an *Indicateur*. We are actually moving. Through the noise of bells and steam-whistles I call out to DAVID, "*Indicateur—il me faut un Indicateur Vite! vite!*" DAVID nods amiably towards me, smiles, takes off his cap, salutes me, and evidently hasn't an idea of what I have been shrieking out to him. Never mind. Somewhere along the line I can get one. Certainly at Nevers. Nevers for Ever! Not a bit. Owing to a break-down on the part of the engine—very volatile conduct of an engine doing "a break-down," but perhaps it is its way of letting off a little of the superfluous steam—our stoppages at the stations are so uncertain, that it is very risky to leave our carriage at all. In some places, where an official tells us we are to stop two minutes, we remain very nearly ten, though it is impossible to foresee this, and as far as appearances go,—Guards in their places, doors shut, man ready with flag, telegraph bell ceased—we are ready to start at any moment (and here is the danger to the unfortunate *voyageur*), and at the shortest possible notice. At other stations, where they profess to stay ten minutes, they give us scarcely two, and I am actually on my way to a bookstall to purchase an *Indicateur*, when

Oscar Wilde
and
The Aesthetic Movement.

BY STUART MASON.

With Initial Letters by Alan Odle and
Illustrations from Contemporary Prints.

TOWNLEY SEARLE,
The Collectors' Bookshop,
43 WELLINGTON QUAY,
and 13 SWIFTS' ROW,
DUBLIN : IRELAND.

Oscar Wilde and the Aesthetic Movement.



From the serendipitous columns of "Punch" be searched diligently it will be found that about the year 1880 there existed a movement generally referred to as the aesthetic craze, the chief protagonist of which, if not its originator, was supposed to be Oscar Wilde. Persons approaching middle age may remember the period. The male members of this school, if we may believe the late George du Maurier and his imitators, wore 'sad superfluous collars and had "lank limbs and haggard cheeks;" its female adherents clad themselves in garments of sage-green, and decorated their drawing-rooms with dadoes, Japanese fans, and peacocks' feathers. Both sexes indulged in writing poetry, which was described as "a mixture of Swinburne and water;" and all had the reputation of living on lilies and of trying to live up to their blue china.

Wilde at this time was about twenty-six

years of age, just down from Oxford, with his academic laurels fresh upon him. Few young men have been more savagely criticised and satirised, more ruthlessly burlesqued and caricatured. Such buffeting might have destroyed one with less stamina in him, and some would never have recovered from the treatment; but poets, we know, are obstinate people, and Wilde took it all in good part and lived on. He joined in the laughter against himself, profited by the fame which advertisement brought him, published his verses, and went a-lecturing in the United States, whence he returned with his pockets full of American dollars. "Punch," with its ridicule, failed to scotch the snake. Accordingly, Mr. Burnand, remembering, it is said, an old French farce which had already done good service on the stage, appropriated its plot, adapted its situations, threw in some tired jokes from the comic journal which he edited, and produced early in 1881, a comedy called "The Colonel," in which Wilde's supposed foibles were, to some extent, embodied in the part of Lambert Streyke. A few weeks later, on April 23rd, 1881, Richard D'Oyly Carte "presented" at the Opera Comique, London, "an entirely new and original aesthetic opera" (the libretto of which was stated to have been completed in the previous November) entitled

"Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride!" by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Wilde himself was present on the first night, when he had to bear a considerable amount of chaff from the denizens of the gallery, who spotted him in the stalls; but he took it in good humour, even when Archibald Grosvenor, "an idyllic poet," sang:—

If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your mediaeval hand,
 And every one will say,
 As you walk your flowery way,
 "If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit me,
 Why what a most particularly pure young man this pure young man must be!"

UTTERLY UTTER

AN AESTHETIC DUET



Music by **EDMUND WEST.** Words by **PERCY F. MARSHALL**

MESSRS ARTHUR FENWICKE & CONYERS NORTON,
 NOTICE: THIS DUET CANNOT BE PERFORMED IN PUBLIC WITHOUT THE WRITTEN CONSENT OF THE COMPOSER AND AUTHOR. TO BE OBTAINED THROUGH THE PUBLISHERS.
 PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY THE PATENT-PAPER-TYPE-COMPANY, 11, NATION SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. Price 2/- net.

A most intense young man,
 A soulful-eyed young man,
 An ultra-poetical,
 Super-aesthetical,
 Out of the way young man!

Bunthorne's recitative and song containing the lines:

Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the high aesthetic band,

established the legend that Wilde was wont to appear in the public streets carrying a large sunflower or lily in his hand. These songs bring us more directly to the subject of this article. A series of seven dance pieces (duet, lancers, polka, quadrille, etc.) by Charles d'Albert, each called after the opera "Patience," was published in 1881. Each has a title in coloured lithography by one of the Hanharts, representing scenes from "Patience," Chappell and Co., of New Bond Street, being the publishers. In the



same year Hopwood and Crew published a "new aesthetic roundelay," written and composed by Robert Coote, under the title of "Quite Too Utterly Utter," with a rather elaborate title in colours by Alfred Concanen (dated H.A., i.e., 1881). It shows a young man, with a mass of thick hair, dressed in a black velvet suit, gazing with clasped hands at a couple of pots of lilies and sunflowers standing on a red-tiled floor against a dadoed wall. Stannard and Son were the lithographers. The song, which was issued later in America in a series which will be described below, has for chorus:—

Quite too utter, utter, utter!
Round fashion's lamp we flutter;
I may sound absurd, but utter's the word,
We're all quite too utterly utter.

"My Aesthetic Love or Utterly, Utter, Consummate Too Too," written by T. S. Lonsdale, and composed by W. T. Eaton, consists of such verse as:

She's utterly utter consummate too too!
And feeds on the lily and old china blue,
And with a sunflower she'll sit for an hour,
She's utterly utter consummate too too,

and, according to the publisher (Charles Sheard) was "sung with immense success by The Great Vance." The full-page coloured title by Alfred Concanen, dated 1881, printed by Stannard and Son, represents a disconsolate female in a pale blue dress seated on a straight-backed bamboo chair. In her corsage is a sunflower, while she gazes at a blue pot in which bloom three lilies. Blue china plates, Japanese fans and peacocks' feathers adorn the wall above the dado. A male figure, rather like a stud groom, with tight sporting breeches, button boots and a monocle, is entering from behind through a doorway hung with a bright red curtain. On the mat is the greeting SALVE.

A "cynical song," entitled "Oh Lor, Oh Lor! Oh Dear, Oh Dear!" "written expressly for the coming pantomimes" (1881) by Frank W. Green and Oswald Allan, with

music by Edmund Forman (Francis Bros. and Day) has in the second of its eight stanzas, the following reference to the aesthetic movement:—

Folks get more aesthetic every day,
Oh lor, oh lor!
But lilies and sunflowers ain't in my way,
Oh dear, oh dear!
The girls think to loll and to pose is immense,
They're awfully utterly "too too" intense;
Well, give me "two twos" at another's
expense,
Oh lor, or lor! oh dear, oh dear!

Concanen's brightly-coloured cover (Stannard and Son) shows two unprepossessing females discussing the news of the day over the tea-table. Their meal includes a plate of winkles and a drop of gin (with "Id. on the bottle"). Consternation is on their faces, while a black cat is seen flying towards the door. The elder of the two gossips wears a gown of a rich purple with a large egg-shaped brooch and heavy drop-ear-rings. Her black curls are confined by a band round her forehead. One of her feet, in elastic "Jemimas," rests on a bright red footstool. Her companion, a spinster of "repellent aspect," is in a print dress, and wears a black apron and mittens. On the wall hangs a picture of the late lamented Mr. K. Fipps, Vestry Clerk, faced on the opposite side of the fireplace with one of Mrs. Fipps herself as a blushing bride. A sampler, a bird-cage, and an object not unlike the model of a Zeppelin, hang on the wall above the mirror. On the mantelpiece we see little china figures of the period, vases with hanging glass drops, a clock and other domestic objects.

"The Dado Song," "the popular song sung nightly with immense success by Miss Lottie Venne, in F. C. Burnand's comedy of the Manager" (Hopwood and Crew) is another piece for which Alfred Concanen designed and Stannard and Son printed a coloured lithographed title. It represents a woman dressed in white with bits of green foliage in her bonnet and on her skirt. She has her hands clasped and appears to be singing on the stage.



WRITTEN by Harry Adams, composed by E. Jonghman, and (as usual) "sung with immense success" by Charles Godfrey, "The Flippity Flop Young Man" is another of the many parodies inspired by "Patience" and "The Colonel." The choruses or refrains of the different stanzas include such lines as

I'm a very aesthetic young man,
A non-energetic young man;
I'm a bitter and mildy,
Naturey chily,
Oscary Wildy man.

Pretty externally,
"Patience" and "Colonelly,"
Utterly, utter young man.

I'm a worship the lily young man,
Crutch and tooth pick-a-dilly young man;
Cracked in the fiberty, Burnand and
Gilberty,
Strike you with paper young man,

which may have sounded more amusing when sung on the stage than they do when read in cold print to-day, more than thirty years afterwards. The cover design, by Concanen (1882) represents a young man dressed in a blue velvet suit, with a large vermilion tie beneath a deep Eton collar. He has long ringlets of an almost garratty hue, wears buckle-shoes over his red stockings, and carries in his left hand a golden sunflower, at which he appears to be gazing in rapt admiration. In the background stands a blue Japanese bowl, with a flowering lily. In a second edition, "with additional verses," the colouring is much brighter, and the printing (Stannard and Son) better executed.

"The Gray Mare" is a polka by L. C. Desormes, "founded on J. L. Roedel's celebrated song." The older generation may possibly understand the cryptical allusions in the words:—

There were three young men of Ware,
They were proud and debonair,
They said "Such men are rare,"
These three young men of Ware.

There were three old men at Ware,
Of a mild dejected air.
And the folks do say who live at Ware
The better horse is the old gray mare.

The chromolithographic cover, designed by William Spalding and lithographed by Thomas Packer, is much more elaborate than the one just described, though the colouring is less attractive. It consists of three panels. The upper one represents Lambert Streyke or Archibald Grosvenor dressed in a very unbecoming brown-striped knickerbocker suit, with large pearl buttons. He wears blue clocked stockings, with a small skull cap of the same shade on the back of his thick brown curls, in which is stuck a pink rose. A loosely knotted pink cravat, under a wide linen collar, hangs outside his jacket, in the breast pocket of which is a handkerchief of the same colour and material. The conventional buckled-shoes (much in need of a blacking) are on his feet, a yellow flower in his button-hole. He stands with arms clasped behind his head in an attitude of declamation, his lips parted below what is distinctly a "Kaiser" moustache. Round the wall is a typical sunflower dado, above being a Japanese fan with a peacock's feather stuck behind it. A blue bowl of growing lilies stands on a rickety three-legged table.

The figure in the lower panel is more like Bunthorne, the "fleshy painter" of "Patience." Clad in a purple knickerbocker suit, the artist is transferring to his canvas a pot of sunflowers placed perilously on the edge of a table not many inches from his easel. The third picture shows aestheticism in the office. Messrs. Dado, Dum and Co.'s clerk, in an impossible pair of sky-blue continuations, is posing in front of the counting-house door, with a quill and a substantial cheque clasped tightly in his hands. The wall is papered an emerald green, with the inevitable dado all round. Enoch and Sons, of London, published this song in 1882.

"Utterly Utter" (An Aesthetic Duet), has an uncoloured lithographed title-page showing two very "intense" young men in an absurd posture. One holds a lily in his hand, the other, with downcast eyes, having his hands clasped in front of him. Round the wall is arranged a row of "art" plates, a large pot of lilies in the background. The scene is described in the first stanza of the duet:—

A pair of aesthetics before you, you see;
There are none so "intense" or "con-
summate" as we,
We worship the "beautiful" wherever
it be,

We are so utterly utter!

The first performance of "Patience" in America was given at the Standard Theatre, New York, on September 22nd, 1881; and shortly afterwards Wilde entered into an agreement with D'Oyly Carte to give a prolonged course of lectures in the United States and Canada. On Christmas Eve Wilde set



In attitudes graceful we always recline,
Write ballads, whose meaning no man can
divine,
And "live up" to teapots of high-art
design,

We are so utterly utter!

sail "to carry culture to a continent," arriv-
ing early in the New Year, disappointed with

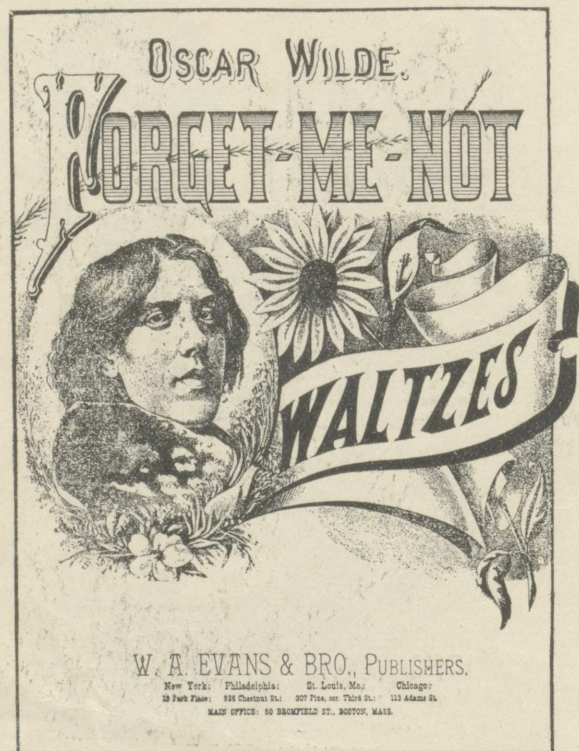
the Atlantic, and, as he said, with nothing to
declare at the Customs "except my genius." Interviewers buzzed round him on his arrival, travelled in the train with him, and filled the

columns of the newspapers with his real or imaginary sayings and doings. He is said to have lectured over two hundred times before he returned a year and a half later.

How many Wilde music-pieces appeared during that time in America it would be difficult to say. "Oscar Dear!" a comic song, by M. H. Rosenfeld, published by F. W. Hel-

I'll sing to you of a nice young man,
Of virtues rich and rare,
Of stature tall and ankles thin,
And long and curly hair.

Aesthetic to a great degree,
In actions sweet and mild,
Sublimely lank and nonchalant,
But just a little "wild."



mick, of Cincinnati, in 1882, has a lithographed cover tinted in yellow. The design shows an elongated Oscar, his face haloed by a sunflower, holding in his left hand a lily, while with his right hand, which is bent behind his back, he is chucking under the chin a "femme de chambre," who reaches scarcely up to his waist. The piece contains the following stanzas:—

With a refrain:—

Oscar, dear; Oscar, dear!
How flutterly utterly "flutter" you are,
Oscar, dear; Oscar, dear!
I think you are awfully wild!



THE CHURCHILL HAND.

MACLURE & MAGUNAUD, LTD. LONDON.



THE GLADSTONE HAND.

MACLURE & MADDONALD, LITH. LONDON.



A WINTER WEALThERIES.

H, look!" cried TRUTH, one morning
As she our post glanced through,
"Here is an application
I'd better hand to you."

And with the same, a letter
Upon our table spread,
In which the lines that follow,
Without delay we read.

The Garrick Club,
October the 2nd, '84.

Dear "Truth,"

We have a grievance at which we feel so sore,
you will, we hope, excuse us, if we your aid implore. You know how all the season the Healtheries has run, and what a splendid business this rival show has done. You know, too, how we've suffered in consequence of this—that some have

—for we know you're too goodnature'd our petition to deny—
we remain, though just at present much disorganised and
undone,

Yours truly,

S. B. BANCROFT,
For the Managers of London.

We very soon decided
What answer to indite,
And here is the rejoinder
We forwarded that night:—

Dear Mr. S. B. Bancroft,

We know your grievance well, and gladly will endeavour your misfortunes to dispel. For this purpose we've permission from the Prince of Wales to say he will see you all next Monday on returning from the play. So be good



nearly fallen into bankruptcy's abyss; whilst we all of normal profits have shamefully been shorn by this Vauhall redivivus, and "South Kensington Cremorne"! What we want, then, is your counsel. Please to tell us how to act to obtain some satisfaction, and to be revenged, in fact. Your advice we'll gladly follow; and, awaiting your reply



enough to meet us just outside the Pall Mall gate; we had better say at midnight, then we shall not have to wait. Be prepared to place your trouble in the very strongest light, and the Prince, we feel persuaded, will do all that's fair and right, for he's been a constant patron of the drama from a youth. So have courage!

Yours obediently,

THE EDITOR OF "TRUTH."

B



WHEN we arrived upon the scene
(At Marlborough House, at twelve,
we mean),
A curious look it bore.

Full twenty muffled forms were there,
In cloaks conspirators might wear,
Whilst bread *sombreros* slouched with
care

Helped to conceal them more.
The sentries could not make them
out,

But we were no long time in doubt,
For what disguise can hide

The Harris strut, or Barrett pose?
What hat conceal the Bruce's nose?

What cloak the Irving stride?
It was, indeed, our friends, thus dress'd,
Because, as Mr. Hare confess'd,

They'd keep their scheme unknown!
So bidding them form two and two,
We thereupon the gates passed through;

And without any more ado
Into the hall were shown.

Nor had we long to wait before
A footman opened wide a door,
When, walking quickly up the floor

The Prince appeared before us;

We were about to make our plea,
When Irving, tapping on his knee

A tuning-fork, struck up an "E,"
And led the following chorus:—

THE MANAGERS' CHORUS.

WHEN a Government consents to aid
A specious scheme to destroy our trade,
If that scheme succeeds in ruining us
Can you be surprised we make a fuss?

Look at it, look at it as you may,
Not at all! Not at all! You must say.

For it's a shameful interference that well nigh affects a clearance,
Of the folks that would come to see us play.

And it's something more than funny,
That the poor taxpayer's money,
Should be used in such a very wrongful way.



On this, the Prince, who had not stirred,
Made answer by no spoken word;
But with his eyes fixed still on us,
Opened his lips and warbled thus:—

Song.—THE PRINCE.

IRVING, my own true great one,
I've listened well to thee;
As to Hare and Kendal,
And all of the rest I see;

Yes, I have heard your grievance,
Still would I make reply,
Hollingshead, Toole, and Cecil—
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Wait till the clouds roll by, Harris!
The Healtheries soon must die,
Barrett, my own last Hamlet,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Lately, you need not tell me,
Your sunshine has been veiled;
Lately, a rain of "paper"
Through London has prevailed.

Through London has prevailed.
Yes, my respected mummers,
You've had good cause to sigh;

Still, I'd repeat my counsel—
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Wait till the clouds roll by, Wyndham;
Swanborough, ne'er say die!
Bruce, my mamma's own actor,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

The pitch-fork flashed in air again,
And then was heard the answering strain—

It is charming, indeed, thus to hear our Prince plead,
And sing to us just like a brother;

But how can we wait when we know 'tis our fate,
To see one cloud capped by another?

The Healtheries cloud soon will break, it is true,
But the comfort that yields us is hollow;

For we're certain, alas!
That whenever it pass,
The "Inventories Cloud" will soon follow!

The Prince, as soon as this was finished,
Sang, with a gusto undiminished,

There is much in your contention which I mean to take to heart,
But my post is far from easy, and I play an arduous part,
For I'm pledged to Exhibitions,

(THE MANAGERS. *But they take our daily bread!*)

Still, I'm pledged to Exhibitions since my great papa's been dead.

And if once we get the masses to approach our open arms,

We run 'em in!
(THE MANAGERS. *You take our bread!*)

We run 'em in! a shilling a head,
To show them science has cheap charms,

We run 'em in! a shilling a head!
(THE MANAGERS. *You take our bread!*)

To show them science has cheap charms!

"LIBERTY" ART FABRICS.—Original designs for Curtains, Chintz,
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A very few moments their breath to regain,
And the managers thus tried their case to maintain:—

We admit your well-meant motive; still we cannot but repeat
That your annual Exhibitions tend our ruin to complete;
So we pray of you to stop them.

(THE PRINCE. *But you've heard what I have said!*)

Still, we pray of you to stop them, for you take our daily bread,
When you thus approach the masses with such very open arms,
And run 'em in

(THE PRINCE. *At a shilling a-head!*)

Yes, run 'em in and take our bread,
By showing science has cheap charms;

You run 'em in at a shilling a-head!

(THE PRINCE. *What! take your bread!*)

Yes! by showing science has cheap charms!

"You see how it is," said the Prince, when they'd done.
"Most willingly all such engagements I'd shun,
But a Prince who determines he'll be his own master
In these days is certain to end in disaster,

And I, for the sake of position and salary,
Am compelled, as they put it, to play to the gallery.

I have to kootoo to the people, in fact,
And use all my patience, and talent, and tact
In pleasing the public, whose voice 'tis alone
Can place me and keep me some day on the Throne.

Now, the people, my masters, have shown, as you know,
A taste for our yearly Variety Show,
And a taste so pronounced that, in fact, I'm compelled
To preside over each as in turn it is held.

Thus it's no choice of mine, and I've claims on your pity
As chief of this so-called 'distinguished' committee,
Composed of mere fussy officials and those
Who are ever so eager in public to pose,

And who work day and night if a chance they but see
Of a ribbon or cross, or a simple C.B.

"You would certainly pity me, let me repeat,
If you sat for one hour in my President's seat,
And saw how I tried, but in vain, to escape
From annoying routine and official red-tape.

I would gladly withdraw, as I've said, if I could,
But I fear that my act would be misunderstood,
And that people would think I was tired of the part
I was playing to foster cheap Science and Art.

So what can I do to assist you?—please, say,
And I'll gladly assent, if you'll point out a way."

We answered on this: "Well, your Highness must know
That the grounds upon which my good friends here all go
Is chiefly the fact that 'tis Government gold
Which is used to these new Exhibitions uphold.

'Tis the favours conferred as to rent and the like
That enable these Shows at our friends here to strike.
In effect they are armed, and equipped for the fray,
Out of taxes these managers actually pay.

They would therefore submit as a truthful
deduction,
That they're taxed to assist in their own
self-destruction.

And would ask you to see that the next Ex-
hibition
Shall not be retained in
this favoured position?"

Song.—THE PRINCE.
BELIEVE me, I see the re-
markable force
Of what you have urged
on me now;

And gladly would take a
remedial course,
If only, dear friends, you'd
say how.

So, come, Mr. Bruce;
prithee, say, Mr. Hare,
What you want me to
shield or to shun;

Mr. Harris, your wishes now please to declare,
And I'll gladly see what can be done.

Mr. Harris, your wishes now please to declare,
And I'll gladly see what can be done.

Mr. Harris, your wishes now please to declare,
And I'll gladly see what can be done.

Mr. Harris, your wishes now please to declare,
And I'll gladly see what can be done.

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Mr. Harris, your wishes now please to declare,
And I'll gladly see what can be done.

Mr. Harris, your wishes now please to declare,
And I'll gladly see what can be done.

Mr. Harris, your wishes now please to declare,
And I'll gladly see what can be done.

On this, to the front came a well-known lessee,
And, addressing the Prince, said, "It falls upon me
To ask for your royal permission to read,
A statement most grave, and most damning, indeed;
I have here" (and with that from his pocket he drew
A big roll of foolscap, and waved it in view)
"A report, we're assured, of proceedings which passed
At a Healthery meeting on Saturday last."

"What's that?" cried the Prince, "this is nonsense,
indeed!
We did not—however, on second thoughts, read!"

"I may say," said the Manager, op'ning the scroll,
"That we cannot discover who sent us this roll."

"Anonymous, eh!" said the Prince, "spiteful chatter
'Twill probably turn out to be—but no matter.
Go on!"

And on this, with a bow of his head
The Manager thus from his document read:—

"The Prince at the Healtheries."

"THE scene was the Prince's Pavilion, and round a
large table there sat

"The Health Exhibition Grand Council, discussing
this question and that;

"Until, 'midst a stir of excitement, there entered a
lengthy array

"Of Attendants, who bore on their shoulders the
takings, so far, of the day,

"In bags, which in front of the Chairman piled up on
the table they plac'd,

"Whilst singing the lines that here follow with more,
p'rhaps, of gusto than taste:—

"FIFTY thousand nimble shillings,
Plus a hundred and thirteen,
That's the latest of the takings,
Checked by Maskelyne's Machine.

"So Sing a Song of Turnstiles,
As they twist away;
Fifty thousand shillings
Taken in a day!



"When the Show was opened,
The crowds at once were thick;
Wasn't it a pretty sound
To hear the turnstiles click?"

"The people in the gardens still
Are sampling cream and honey;
But we to the Pavilion
Bear the bags of money!

"As the last of the vocal attendants put down his
full bag and retired,

"An ardent enthusiast, rising, observed the occasion
required

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"The Executive's special thanksgiving, and thereupon loudly began, "What proved in the end a concerto, composed on the following plan:—

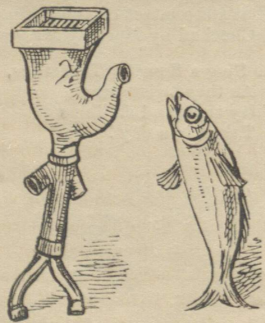
"Am I alone, And not o'erheard? I am. Then let me own Our Hygienic sham! That scientific zeal, We feel 's unreal. Our sanitary style Is but a wile Of guile! Our craze for Health Means greed for wealth, By stealth!

"Let us confess A love for pumps and pistons does not fire us; Drain-pipes and disinfectants don't inspire us; Our hearts are not so very keen On Hygiene. We don't yearn madly to secure A perfect sewer. Nor view with feelings aught but placid Carbolic acid. In short, our zeal for health's mere affectation, Born of a morbid love of admiration."

"The members of the meeting then joined hands and danced round the pile of money-bags, singing:—

"To truth declare, we do not care for science e'en a little; We play a part which with high art is troubled not a tittle. We run a Show which well we know has no exalted mission; For our big task we only ask to make but one condition:—

Whatever the line In which we may shine, Be it fishes or drain-pipes, Tobacco, or rain-pipes;



Or building or baking, Or scented soap making, Or diagrams mystic, Or tables statistic To show how a tax works, Or Wingfield's new waxworks, Or noisy machinery, Lamps in the greenery, Fountains electrical, Models symmetrical, The mixing of custard, The making of mustard, The pickling of capers, Or reading of papers With sanit'ry warning, Or social 'Cremorning,' Be it everything, anything, Pound thing or penny thing, Nothing's too small Our attention to call, If 'twill fill up a stall, Nought too grave or too gay To be thought in our way. IF—the 'if' is a great one— IF ONLY 'T'WILL PAY!"

At this point, the Prince, who, again and again, Had seemed scarcely able himself to contain, Burst in with a "Tis, as I thought, idle talk. However, I've no wish your purpose to baulk; Read on to the ludicrous end, if you will, And I will endeavour my temper to still!"

MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. GOODE'S Dépôt in South Audley-street will at once show the immense superiority of their collection, both as regards taste, extent, and lowness of price.

So the Manager, turning his paper once more, Continued the Prince with its charges to bore.

"The dancing completed, a gentleman there "Obliged with this song, to a popular air:—

"WHEN they heard in the City I'd taken a seat, At the Board of the Health Exhibition; My friends, as they met me, shook hands in the street, And hoped I should like my position; Though most of them added in accents sincere, That they thought it was rather a pity, To waste precious time in a Kensington sphere, I could turn to such use in the City.

Chorus.—Ah, they didn't guess the jobbery, The flobbery, the bobbery! The slobbery, the snobbery! They didn't even know— The scientific crankiness! Pretended Moody-Sankeyness, The advertising Yankee-ness! The utter hanky-pankness! That marks the S.K. Show!

"But I guessed at the time these were short-sighted fools, And now, my dear colleagues, I know it; For that Hygiene pays in most manifold ways, Why scores of occurrences show it; To a salary take for the task we essay, Would a scandal be deemed by our neighbours; 'Tis in no such direct or such palpable way, That we get ourselves paid for our labours.

Chorus.—For we know about the jobbery, The flobbery, the bobbery, &c.

"But though we all scorn to a salary touch, We are not asked to pay our expenses; Nor is it surprising they mount up so much, Since our business so truly immense is. There is patronage, too, which we rightfully claim, And 'tis sweetest of all our sensations, To distribute good berths, in Hygeia's name, For we have a great many relations.

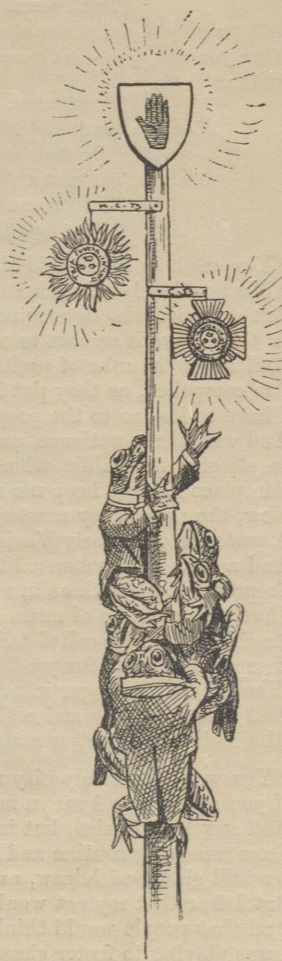
Chorus.—Yes, we turn to use the jobbery, The flobbery, the snobbery, &c.

"We rejoice to be vested, too, even pro tem., With a petty official authority, And at puffs in the papers; for owing to them We're granted a social priority! And oh, how delightful to see at our feet Policemen and gatekeepers grovel, Whilst to helpless Exhibitors haughtily treat Is a pleasure as great as it's novel.

Chorus.—No, we don't despise the jobbery, The flobbery, the snobbery, &c."

"Here, the Secretary ventured," our Report goes on to say, "To intervene, not wishing the proceedings to delay, "But merely to discover if the members wished to mention "Any points they thought deserving of the Board's direct attention:

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"On which so many answers from all quarters quickly came, "That I must," says our Reporter, "be content but few to name.

"One party there, for instance, wished at once to have a place "For his butler, who, though palsied, was a most deserving case; "And, of two adjacent persons, one a berth sought for his son, "Whilst the other wanted something for an aged uncle done; "Then a fourth reported gravely he important news had had "Of a novel kind of drain-pipe now in use in Trinidad: "Adding that, to see this drain-pipe, he'd resolved to cross the water, "If the Board would pay th' expenses of himself and wife and daughter; "Nor did the applications of a kindred nature cease "Till nearly all the members had made one or two apiece.

"All this time," the Reporter goes on to declare, "No sign of attention had come from the chair, "But the President sat there both silent and glum, "Till, seizing a chance that had tardily come, "He said, 'You'll remember, the reason we meet "Is to figures prepare for our next balance-sheet; "Would it not be as well, then, that task to perform?"

"Said a member, on this, in tone angrily warm,



"You'll pardon me, Sir, but I say there's no call "To prepare or to publish those figures at all; "If we publish a balance-sheet folks will but quiz it. "Pray, tell me what business of any one's is it?"

"As to that," said the Chairman, "I think you will find "That the country is not to your view, sir, inclined. "A balance-sheet publish we should, and we must; "And you'll not press your strange opposition, I trust."

"The discussion thus threatened was happily stayed "By the new proposition a member then made. "As the figures," he said, "were not ready for use, "It was plain that no balance-sheet they could produce; "So at present," he thought, "it would be the best plan "If they tried their immediate future to scan."

HERE the Prince once again, with a wave of his hand, Cried, "I will not your silence exactly demand; But this I must say, and then leave it with you, Not a word of this precious concoction is true."

RIDING HABITS.—Specialty of JOHN REDFERN & SONS. Ladies' Tailors by Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 26, Conduit-street, London, W. Also at Cowes and Paris.

But the Manager answered, with very low bend, "If you please, Prince, I'd like to read on to the end." And so he read on:—

"This had scarce been proposed, "When a City man (as his demeanour disclosed) "Jumped up and observed that for weeks and weeks past "He'd been dreading October, which must come at last, "And impelled by their great and increasing success, "And by profits five figures would scarcely express, "He had therefore endeavoured to hit on a scheme "By which to prolong their good fortune supreme. "They had found it so pleasant in summer, said he, "Irresponsible amateur showmen to be; "So pleasant to act on a Prince's behalf, "And order about an obsequious staff; "So pleasant to pose in that Prince's pavilion, "As the gracious dispensers of good for the million; "So pleasant to feel, too, if failure should come, "That the Guarantee Fund was so handsome a sum, "And that even in case of an absolute loss "There'd still be a chance of a Ribbon or Cross; "So pleasant, in short, had they all through the season "Found their power to be, that, with very good reason, "They said, 'We've been six months in clover, that's clear; "Why not be in clover, then, right through the year? "And he hoped now he'd asked such a pertinent question "That some one would make a responsive suggestion.

"On this a stout member stood up in his place, "And proceeded, in this way, to deal with the case:— "Our friend there,' he said, 'has most truly expressed "The feeling that's present in many a breast. "The click of the turnstile, it soon will be o'er, "And our hearts, I make bold to declare it, are sore! "But why, it's been asked, should we abdicate thus? "And this is the question we ought to discuss. "Now, most of the projects of which I have heard "I must briefly dismiss as entirely absurd. "To re-open our show is, of course, a suggestion "That common sense places quite out of the question. "Not sightseers, even, would long be agog "If the fountains were always conceal'd in a fog. "And would any, d'ye think, come again and again "To look on whilst we milked Tartar mares in the rain,



"Or make way through the sleet and the slush so abhorr'd, "To hear Daniel Godfrey conduct "The Lost Chord?" "Not to keep you, in fact, there is only one scheme "That a practical one I am ready to deem. "Now theatrical managers long have complained "That out of their pockets our profits we've gained; "Maintaining, in fact, that our Health Exhibition "Has entered with them into keen competition; "And making a grievance, forsooth, of the same. "Well, far from discussing so silly a claim, "I'd simply propose with the matter to deal "In a way that shall make our said rivalry real. "This winter, in short, let us strike a straight blow, "And arrange and direct a Theatrical Show!"

"Midst cheers this bold speaker sat down, and applause
 "Followed, too, when another rose after a pause,
 "And said that he felt in these matters intensely,
 "And liked the theatrical notion immensely.
 "So much interested, indeed, had he been,
 "He'd been thinking the Prince could apply to the Queen,
 "And could ask her so far to her favour extend them
 "As Buckingham Palace for nothing to lend them.
 "She at first might demur, and might say, 'What! degrade
 "A Palace for potentates' domicile made!'
 "When the Prince could in answer, desire his mamma
 "To remember the Palace was lent to the Shah,
 "Who, as she would know, arranged fights in the 'Red Room,'
 "And killed, every morning, a sheep in his bedroom;
 "Whilst they had no wish to her kindness abuse,
 "But would promise the Palace to carefully use.
 "Besides, he might tell her, it must be well aired,
 "And that they'd see to that, and would keep it repaired.
 "'In fact,' he went on, 'to my story cut short,
 "If the Prince should the Queen's kind permission report,
 "And the Palace be ours for the winter, rent-free,
 "A right capital playhouse I'm sure it would be.



"And I also propose we had better decide
 "What the new entertainment shall be we provide.
 "For myself I'd suggest, ere I sit myself down,
 "That a comedy'd tickle the taste of the town!"

"For my part," said another, 'I'd much rather not
 "Leave this cheap and this lucky South Kensington spot.

"If our normal attractions won't do for the cold,
 "Why cannot we, pray, a new series unfold?
 "Besides, as a strict Mr. Grundy, I shrink
 "From the playhouse, and call it Iniquity's sink.
 "No; stick to the Gardens, and make them more gay,
 "More lamps in the evening, more music by day;
 "With a hermit, and fireworks, and plenty of go,
 "Like Vauxhall used to be in our childhood, you know."



"Said a third: 'You are right, I agree with you there,
 "For it's nonsense to think we can dramas prepare;
 "Let us stick to the notion that's paid us so well,
 "Not try in a line that's quite strange to excel."

"As to that," cried a fourth, 'the best thing we can do
 "Is to run a good Circus the winter months through,
 "That fine Albert Hall for our purpose we'd take;
 "Just think what a splendid arena 'twould make!'"
 "'Well, yes,' said a fifth, 'it might serve for that,
 "too,
 "But don't you think Promenade Concerts would do?'"
 "'First rate,' cried a sixth, 'but I know of a way
 "Far better than concerts to make the place pay;
 "If we'd our attractions supremely enhance
 "We should lay down a floor, and just let the folks dance.

* * * * *

But here the Report (the Lessee then explained)
 Says—

"The Chairman, who hitherto calm had remained,
 "Jumped hurriedly up, and, his cheeks all aglow,
 "Cried, 'Gentlemen, this is a terrible blow!
 "And I cannot sit here when I think who sits there.'
 "(And he pointed to Albert the Good in his chair);
 "No, I cannot sit silent and hear of a plan
 "That would harry the soul of that widely-loved man.
 "Come, gentlemen, think of his natural feelings,
 "And how he would scout such degenerate dealings.
 "Yes, gentlemen, think with what masterful scorn
 "He would wither this plan for a bastard Cremorne.
 "Why, the fact of such notions about in the air
 "Would cause him to flush as he sits in his chair.

Song.—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"O SIRE, my dear Sire, thou 'rt not with us now,
 "And perhaps 'tis as well, on the whole,
 "For grief and amazement would sit on thy brow,
 "And anger would burn in thy soul;
 "To hear men propose that the shrine of High art,
 "Spite the fact thou sitt'st by to affirm it,
 "Should soon on a course pyrotechnical start,
 "And be turned to the Home of the Hermit.

"But Sire, my dear Sire, look down on thy son,
 "Who swears that such sacrilege ne'er shall be done!
 "Look down! look down!
 "From thy chair, gilded Sire, O look down!"



"O Sire, my dear Sire, thy feelings control,
 "Nor let thy pure spirit be torn;
 "The Gardens once walked in by thee and old Cole
 "Shall never become a Cremorne.
 "As 'tis, coloured fountains and nymphs over-dressed,
 "And music and lamps in the trees,
 "Are not too æsthetic, it must be confess'd,
 "But the line shall be drawn, Sire, at these.

"O yes, my dear Sire, for thy precious sake,
 "Our 'Shows' we will strive more artistic to make.
 "So, look up! look up!
 "Take heart, O my sire, and look up!"

* * * * *

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HERE the Manager paused, and looked timidly round,
 But nowhere a glance to support him he found;
 For his colleagues, in fact, had, by watching the Prince,
 Discovered enough to them fully convince
 That the lengthy Report, upon which they depended
 Must be utterly false, and they wished it were ended;
 Whilst the Prince, much incensed, with a flush on his face,
 Cried, "You've quite worn me out with your trumpery case.
 I cannot, and will not, believe you suppose
 There's an atom of truth in the things you disclose;
 'Tis an utter burlesque, and a bad one at best;
 So, come, do you still wish to read me the rest?"

Said the Manager then, "Whilst your pardon I plead
 For what I have felt it my duty to read,
 I think I should like to conclude the report."

Cried the Prince, "Then I hope what remains is quite
 short."

"This I promise you, Prince," the Lessee made reply,
 "That 'twill not take me long you may safely rely."
 And thereon he continued to read from the roll,
 Whilst the Prince tried again to his feelings control.
 "The Report now continues," the Manager said:—

"The song of the Prince such an influence spread
 "That the instant result of its heart-moving lines
 "Was to qualify much the submitted designs,
 "Though still the more stubborn and grasping ones
 "there

"A programme theatrical wished to prepare.
 "They were backed, they maintained, by the Govern-
 "ment's name;
 "They'd acquir'd a widespread and sensational fame;
 "They'd (for very good reasons) the aid of the Press,
 "And would therefore start off with a chance of
 "success

"Which the oldest lessee, though he thousands might
 spend

"To obtain it, would fail to achieve in the end.
 "Some also insisted that their one course to take
 "Was, by hook or by crook, still large profits to
 make;

"If by aid of cheap Science and Art—well and good;
 "But if not, why, by aid of whatever they could.
 "One member, his views to make stronger, indeed,
 "Endeavoured in song their acceptance to plead:—

Song.—A GRAND COUNCILLOR.

"In all our frequent meetings,
 "I'm sure one wish prevails—
 "We try to please our chairman,—

Chorus. God bless the Prince of Wales!

And in the present instance we beg he'll not conclude,
 That in our opposition is any thing that's rude.

No! this he may be sure of,
 That if it wins or fails,
 We all will join in shouting,

Chorus. God bless the Prince of Wales!

"So excuse me, dear Prince," he then said, 'if I hope
 "That in future, if needs be, you'll widen our scope;
 "Our "Wednesdays" already are fairly notorious,
 "But why not, despising the strictly censorious,
 "Invest our fête nights with still greater éclat;
 "Of course, I am sorry to thwart your Papa;
 "But think what our gardens might quickly be
 made,
 "If the whole of our cards we defiantly played.
 "We have something to guide us; it is not a myth—
 "What's been done by a Holland, or say E. T.
 Smith;
 "Add more lamps and more arbours, with rockets at
 ten,
 "And suppers to follow, and dancing; and then

Liqueur of the GRANDE CHARTREUSE. This delicious Liqueur, the
 great preventive of Dyspepsia, and even of Choleraic attacks, can
 now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and at
 a cost, owing to the reduction of duty, which brings it within the
 reach of nearly all Classes. Sole Consignee for the United King-
 dom and the Colonies, W. DOYLE, 2, New London-st., London, E.C.

"We should soon have our gardens swept o'er by a
 swell sea,

"Like that which once surged at the far end of
 Chelsea.

"That Londoners will have amusement we know,
 "And they've proved that to get it for miles they
 will go.

"If we, then, decide we will forthwith supply it,
 "You may be quite sure they will come here and try
 it.

"As it was, see the way that the Healthier drew,
 "When the nightly attractions were sparing and few,—
 "Why, they came in their thousands, to sit down in
 chairs,

"And hear a brass band play diversified airs.
 "But make it more jolly, turn on all the gas,
 "Have plenty of glare, and of glitter, and glass,
 "And then, with our gardens, we may be quite sure
 "Of obtaining success that will always endure."

"Then the Prince cried again: 'This is mere repe-
 tion

"Of what has already had my prohibition.
 "Beneath the gilt shadow of you all know whom—
 "I won't have such matters discussed in this room.
 "Now, you quite understand; let me hear one word
 more

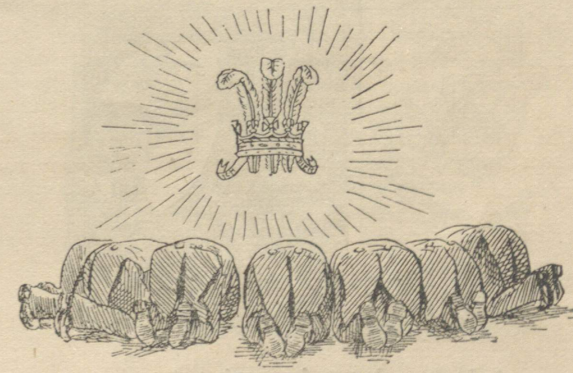
"Of this impudent scheme, and that word you'll
 deplore."

"'Twas amusing to notice the startling effect
 "Of the Prince's last words, how all murmurs they
 check'd,

"And in very few moments opinions so changed
 "That the stanzas which follow were quickly arranged.

Chorus.—THE GRAND COUNCIL.

"We fancied just now that we had a good notion,
 "But the Prince is quite sure to be right!
 "And we'll own we were wrong, with most humble devotion,
 "For the Prince is quite sure to be right!
 "So we'll eat all our words, with a relish supreme;
 "We'll admit we proposed a most ludicrous scheme,
 "And will loudly maintain things are not what they seem,
 "For the Prince is quite sure to be right!"



"We thought white was white, now we'll say it is black,
 "For the Prince is quite sure to be right!
 "And we now will defend what we wished to attack,
 "For the Prince is quite sure to be right!
 "To yield our convictions we're gladly content,
 "For we toady the great to the top of their bent,
 "And that twice two is five we will freely consent,
 "For the Prince is quite sure to be right."

"Then that is all settled, his Highness replied,
 "And now I have something to mention beside,
 "I lately opposed, with an ardour emphatic,
 "The notion of trying a something dramatic
 "To fill up the winter when we have no Show.
 "Tis but fair, then, my reason for this you should
 know.

"Though I act as your chairman, I'm also a friend
 "To the Drama, and gladly its might would extend,

A SMOOTH AND WHITE SKIN.—Madame Lloyd's Otto de Rose
 Cold Cream is a balsamic preparation for chapped hands and lips,
 and all roughness of skin. Invaluable to ladies. It is secured in
 collapsible tubes which are readily carried in the pocket. Price 6d.,
 1s., 2s. 6d., of Madame Lloyd, 3, Spur-street, Leicester-square, W.C.

"I patronise plays and I'm partial to actors,
 "And never have joined with their many detractors,
 "In short, if you'll listen, in song I'll confess
 "Some sentiments I am most proud to express :

Song.—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"WHEN a Prince is not engaged in his employment—
 His employment,
 Such as laying by the score foundation stones—
 'Dation stones,
 His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
 'Cent enjoyment,
 For the cares of Princely etiquette atones—
 'Quette atones.
 When he's finished holding Levée's for his mother—
 For his mother,
 And has done official duties for the day—
 For the day,
 He contrives his Princely weariness to smother—
 'Ness to smother,
 By indulging in a visit to the play—
 To the play!
 So he's often at one playhouse or another—
 Or another,
 When there is no public dinner to be done—
 To be done;
 And take one consideration with another—
 With another,
 A Prince's lot might be a sadder one—
 Sadder one!
 When there's no official business to be done,
 A Prince's life might be a sadder one!

"Oh, yes, the Drama's friend am I,
 And oft to my private box I hie,
 Where a high-art play much joy affords,
 Or the Bard of Avon holds the boards;
 Nor can I wholly keep aloof
 From the meretricious Opera Bouffe;
 For you see I'm bound to such plays attend,
 Because I'm known as the Drama's Friend.

All. Hurrah for the Drama's Friend!
 P. of W. And I'll remain so to the end,
 I'll be the Drama's Friend!
 All. Hurrah!
 Hurrah for the Drama's Friend!

P. of W. "'Tis for this cause that, when in my box,
 I sit through a ballet, although it shocks,
 By reason, perchance, of raiment sparse;
 And sometimes, too, I sit out a farce,



And even am known, for once in a way,
 To put up with a glaringly French French-play;
 For I must, you observe, my views extend,
 If I still would be known as the Drama's Friend!

All. You must!
 Hurrah for the Drama's Friend!
 P. of W. For I want to be so to the end,
 To be the Drama's Friend!
 All. Hurrah!
 Hurrah for the Drama's Friend!"

"And that," said the Manager, bowing again,
 "Is all, in effect, that my papers contain."
 "Then all I can say," cried the Prince, in reply,
 "Is that I have scarce patience such trash to deny;
 I let you read on just to see what mean spite
 Could do at its worst, and I've learned it to-night;
 And I'm bound to add this: that I think you're to blame
 In accepting this precious Report without name,—

THE LATEST INVENTION IN PENS.—MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S
 "Scotch Express" and "Flying Scotchman" Pens. An improve-
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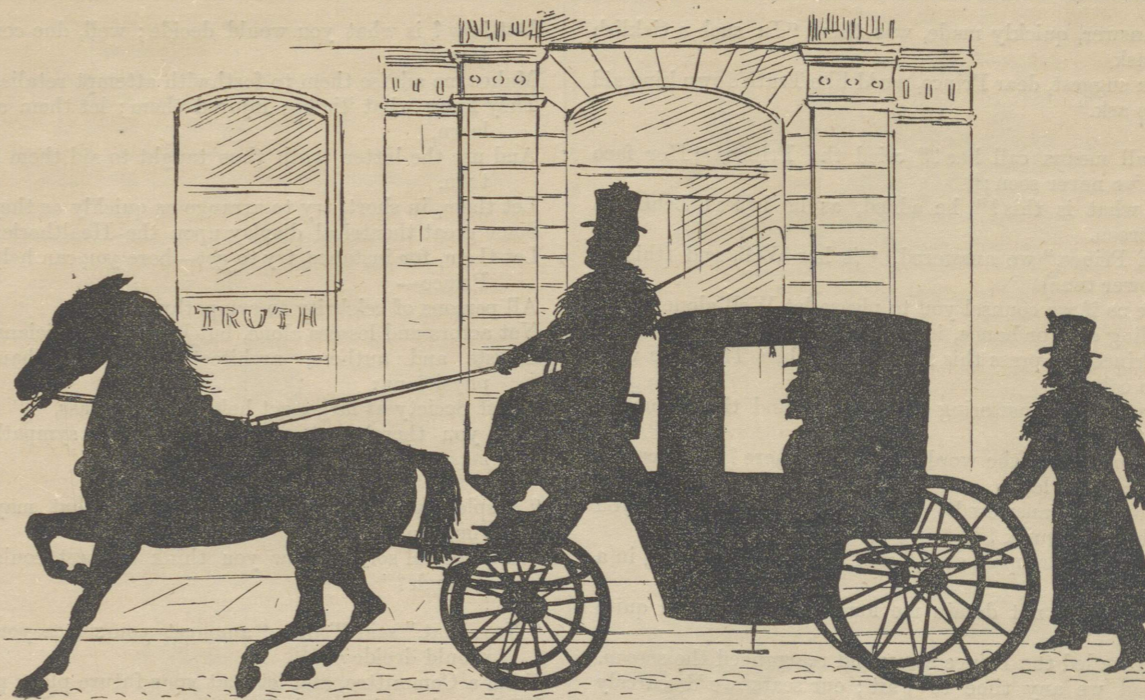
You, at least, should have tried to discover its source,
 And, failing in that, why—have burnt it, of course!"
 Said the manager then: "We have cause, I confess,
 Undoubted regret to sincerely express.
 We have, p'rhaps, been too reckless in what we believed,
 And have charges without due precautions received.
 However, of course, after what you have said,
 We admit that we must have been wholly misled;
 Though much that is found in this roll, we must say,
 Reflects but the gossip that's current each day.
 Still, no harm has been done, for there's now been a chance
 For denying the charges we came to advance;
 And, hoping you'll take some such view of the case,
 We would humbly entreat of our Prince his kind grace!"

Then the Prince, in reply, said: "I won't be severe,
 Because I believe you were all quite sincere,
 And did in your hearts think the gossip you heard
 Was not altogether far-fetched and absurd;
 And so, though I cannot concur in your view,
 I shall not refuse that forgiveness you sue;
 But I still must denounce with the whole of my strength,
 That tissue of falsities, read at such length.
 To begin with—to this I your notice would call:—
 On the day that you name we did not meet at all;
 But that's a small matter, I'd rather repeat,
 That the whole of your story's a falsehood complete;
 It's an utter concoction; nor can I conceive,
 How you came such an evident squib to believe.
 There's one point, however, in which I admit
 There's a semblance of truth to be met with in it:
 I mean in that part at the end, where it states
 My love for the drama, and on it dilates;
 That, all of you know, and you'll thus understand
 Why your present complaints my attention demand,
 And why it has caused me of late poignant pain
 To know that your loss meant South Kensington's gain.
 I have grieved that the crowds to our Show we admit
 Have been drawn but too much from the theatre's pit,
 That the rank and the fashion pervading our halls
 Have left empty too often dress-circles and stalls,
 Till at last you have cried, and in anguish full sore,
 "'Tisn't "Shakespeare" that "Bankruptcy" spells any more,
 But 'tis "Healtheries" now that means ruin outright,
 As our Houses with "paper" are filled every night."
 "Yes, I tell you most frankly I think you have reason
 For blaming our Show for your losses this season,
 And I sympathise with you so far that I mean
 In your aid if I can to forthwith intervene,
 In what way, I confess, I have not yet decided,
 But I my intention to you have confided,
 In order to claim your intelligent aid
 In the effort, whatever it be, that is made.
 But I'll offer, myself, the best hints that I can,
 And foster at least, if not furnish a plan.
 So give this attention, and ere we next meet
 Some scheme of relief we shall doubtless complete."

With a gleam of satisfaction was the pitch-fork tapped
 again,
 As the managers (all feeling that they had not called in
 vain,) followed Mr. Henry Irving till the Prince's dwelling rung
 With the joyous acclamations of the song that then was sung.

On the sunny side Pall Mall lives the Prince we love so well,
 Who's as pleasant and obliging as can be;
 And who never duty shirks, nor his business ever burks,
 Nor refuses any citizens to see.
 We his promise now have heard, and we gladly take his word,
 Very happy to our confidence evince,
 In the Hope of all the nation,
 And the Pride of his high station,
 In our busy, broad-backed, drama-loving Prince!

This finished, the managers bowed their "good-byes,"
 Re-adjusted their cloaks, slouched their hats o'er their
 eyes,
 And thus strode to their homes, be they west, south, or
 north,
 To await what the Prince's kind promise brought forth.



The Prince at "Truth" Office.



T was about, say, three o'clock on a
 bright October day
 That a brougham (black, picked out
 with red) turned down Great
 George-street way.
 At four't had left the House of Lords,
 and, spite its rapid pace,
 A crowd of very vulgar boys had held
 it close in chase;
 For they had caught a glimpse of him
 who, smiling, sat inside,
 And recognised Great Britain's hope,
 and likewise Ireland's pride.

Forthwith, as by that brougham went, the people stared
 amain,
 Till passing in at Queen Anne's Gate it turned and turned
 again;
 And ere we'd any chance to think what caused the coming
 roar,
 Dashed just half-way up Carteret-street, and stopped
 outside our door.

It seems that, as the Prince came in, a clerk his wish
 demanded,
 And when he said, "I am the Prince!" the usual paper
 handed
 (P'rhaps thinking that some prosy bore the visitor might
 be),
 That he might state his name, and why the editor he'd see.
 Meanwhile, though, we had heard his voice, and so made
 haste to send
 A message down, which put at once the boy's doubts at
 an end;
 But ere we'd time to stir the fire and place an easy-chair,
 The royal soles were heard to creak upon our private
 stair.
 Two senior office-boys came first, and with most ready
 tact,
 (Which we have since rewarded well) before the Prince
 they backed;
 His Royal Highness followed them, and then we saw
 appear
 Three of our clerks with rulers drawn, who thus brought
 up the rear.

"LIBERTY" Arabian Furniture and Decoration. A new Sketch-
 book post free. LIBERTY & Co., Chesham House. Regent-street, W.

This escort then bowed in the Prince with wonderful
 success,
 And we stepped forward thereupon our guest to thus
 address,
 Our office-boys, it may be said, being signalled to remain,
 And join with all their boyish might in echoing our
 strain:—

OH, DEAR! what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?

Seeing our Prince has come here?
 He's come without sending a note to prepare us;
 But that 'tis not unfortunate news he can bear us,
 And that he's not come from our business to tear us,
 We hope that he soon will make clear!
 So, Prince, please, say what the matter is;
 Pray, state if this call meant to flatter is;
 Or, if its purpose mere chatter is,
 We should that fact like to hear.

Solo.—THE PRINCE.

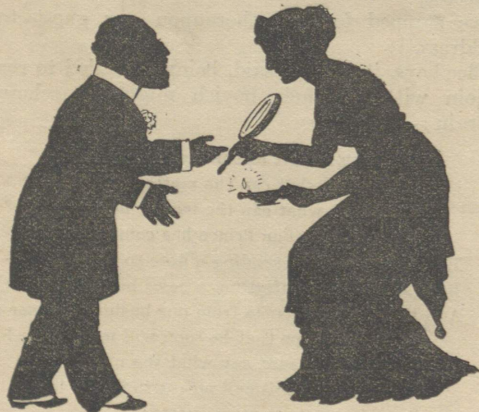
OH, TRUTH! I'm in a quandary!
 Oh, TRUTH! I'm in a quandary!
 Oh, TRUTH! I'm in a quandary!

And I want you to help, if you can!
 The actors have come in their great tribulation,
 And want me to aid them to make some sensation
 To save them from what they declare's ruination;
 And I cannot think on a plan.
 Yes, TRUTH, that's what the matter is;
 This call not for mere chatter is,
 Nor meant to bandy mere flatteries,
 For you're a much-occupied man.

So please, TRUTH; please, TRUTH, the brief occasion seize, TRUTH
 And tell me what I'd better do—you can now, if you please,
 TRUTH.
 Yes, state, TRUTH; state, TRUTH; and do it while I wait, TRUTH;
 For ever since I knew you first, my faith in you's been great,
 TRUTH.

These vocal interchanges o'er, the Prince sat at our table,
 And we most readily agreed to help if we were able.
 But first, at our request, he gave more details of the case,
 Referring to the interview which at his house took place,
 Recounting also what he since had said at Kensington,
 And asking our advice again as soon as he had done.

Our answer, quickly made, was this: "In such a ticklish task
As you suggest, dear Prince, we'd like Truth's own kind aid
to ask."
"By all means call her!" cried the Prince, "Her face
I've never seen;"
"But what is this?" he added, as he looked behind a
screen.
"That, Prince," we answered, "is her Well, and (this in
lower tone)
Excuse us if we counsel you to please let Well alone!
Intruding eyes or hands, indeed, she does not like at all.
See, Prince, we press this ivory knob when Truth we wish
to call."
We pressed, an answering tinkle came, and then from far
below
There floated up the words, "Who's there?" in accents
sweet and low.
"Tis we," we answered. "Will you come, and could you
please be quick?"
"I'll trim my lamp at once," said she; "I'm putting in a
wick,
But that shall not detain me long! my mirror is quite
clean!"
And so we led the Prince away and rearranged the screen.
Nor had we any time to wait; our seats we'd scarcely
taken
Before there came a sound as though a chain were being
shaken,
And noiselessly, yet like a queen, and with unstudied
grace,
The fair young form of Truth appeared, and glided to her
place.



"Your Royal Highness," we began, "permit us to present
Our guardian angel!" adding then, as he most lowly
bent,
"Truth, this is England's future King, a Prince you ought
to know!"
"Delighted, I am sure!" said she, as she, too, curtsayed
low.
"Allow me," cried the Prince, "to take your hand-glass
and your lamp,
And pray do sit here, next the fire; I fear you must be
damp."
"No, no!" she answered, with a laugh; "believe me, I'm
quite dry;
Thanks to my magic lamp, you see, the dampness I defy.
But tell me," she said, eagerly, "your Princess—how is she?
And your sweet children, who for years I've hoped that I
might see!"
But o'er the chat that followed here 'twere best to draw a
veil,
And only to report those things it's needful to detail.
Truth soon was made acquainted with the matter in
debate,
And showed her normal grasp of facts and penetration
great.
"It comes to this," she said, at length, "the actors, you
declare,
Have suffered very grievously, and would their loss repair.

But how? is what you would decide; well, due considera-
tion
Makes me advise them to forthwith attempt retaliation.
They know what 'tis has injured them; let them a lesson
learn,
And use the bitter truth thus taught to aid them in their
turn.
Let them, in short, try to arrange as quickly as they can
Some great theatrical display upon the Healthier's plan!
Let them, for instance, try to get—here *you* can help them,
Prince—

All persons of celebrity to sympathy evince;
Not actors and lessees alone, but bishops, politicians,
Artists and authors, architects, great merchants and
physicians;
Enlist Society at large, get hold of every class,
And you thereby at once ensure their sympathies *en
masse*."

"A splendid notion," cried the Prince, "but may I ask
you, too,
What special sort of show you think we best could carry
through?"

"Nay, that," said Truth, "amongst yourselves you surely
should decide;
Form a Committee, and let that your future plans provide.
With such a host of councillors as you, Prince, can
demand,
A programme of surpassing strength could certainly be
planned."

"Quite so," said we. "You first should get the striking
combination,
And then arrange among yourselves the principal
sensation.
As to the first, that's soon ensured, and, as Truth says, the
second
May, as a natural consequence, to follow it be reckoned!"

"You both are right," replied the Prince, "and my relief
is such,
That from the bottom of my heart I thank you very
much.

I now can bravely meet again the piercing eye of Irving,
And Harris's Augustan form no longer feel unnerving;
Nay, I believe I e'en can stand and face with courage
cool

The celebrated 'rolling eye' of Mr. J. L. Toole.
So thank you very much again, and always look on me
As one who hopes, in many ways, a friend of Truth
to be."

With that His Royal Highness rose, and, at a sign
from us,
Two office-boys, who waited near, began to carol thus:—

His name is Albert Ed.,
And never before nor since
Old Time began, did you ever scan
Such a versatile all-round Prince!
For there's nothing that can be found
In the whole of our sea-girt isle,
That cannot be done by this princely one,
Who is so versatile!

He is so versatile! He is so versatile!
Come work or come play, it's all in his way,
He is so versatile!

At laying foundation-stones
He proves uncommonly quick;
And it's grand to see what a dab is he,
With an *In Memoriam* brick;
Whilst hearing addresses read,
He can always contrive to smile;
And at turning sods and taking the odds,
He is equally versatile!

He is so versatile! He is so versatile!
And he's quite at his ease in planting trees,
He is so versatile!

MINTON'S CHINA.—THOMAS GOODE & Co., Artists and Designers
in Porcelain, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

He's great at taking chairs,
Or boxes at the play,
In eating dinners or "finding" winners,
You'll find he's quite *au fait*;
In music, too, he's scored
In a most successful style;
And with zeal unbounded, a College has founded,
He is so versatile!
He is so versatile! He is so versatile!
And he plays his part to advance High Art,
He is so versatile!



He's specially at home
In Courtly etiquette;
In presenting flags or in shooting stags,
He never failed as yet;
And he often helps mamma,
In the business of the Isle;
And in matters of State will co-operate—
He is so versatile.

He is so versatile! He is so versatile!
And he's never tired, whilst his aid's required,
He is so versatile!

With these lines sounding in his ears, the Prince went
down our stairs,
And we were able to take up the thread of our affairs.

The Prince's Next Move.

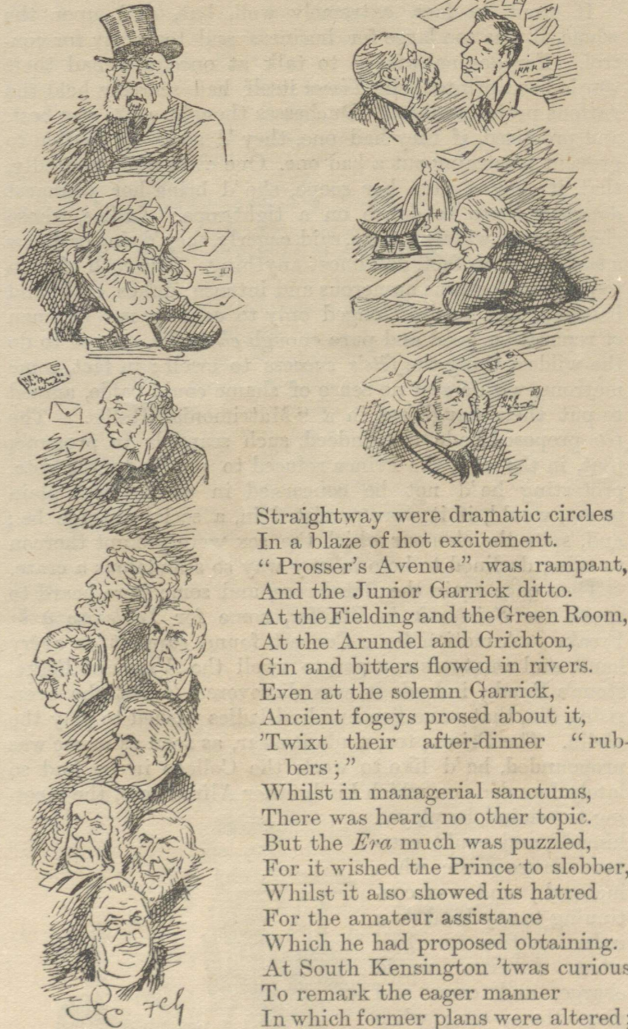


THAT the counsel Truth had given
With the Prince found special favour,
Was established very clearly
By his energetic action;
For, ere many days, the rumour
Of his contemplated purpose
Spread throughout the whole of
London;
And 'twas known that he intended
To assist, with all his ardour,
In the scheme for partly making
Up to the lessees the losses
Of the past disastrous season.

Never, p'rhaps, was shown more plainly
What great power a Prince possesses;
Never was the whole of London
So inclined by one strong impulse;
No, not even when it wasted
Money on the School of Music
At the Heir Apparent's bidding;
Or, on his solicitation,
Lavished further sums in starting,



On its lines, a Royal
College.
Scarcely were the Prince's
wishes
Fully stated, than all classes
Vied with eagerness to do
them.



Straightway were dramatic circles
In a blaze of hot excitement.
"Prosser's Avenue" was rampant,
And the Junior Garrick ditto.
At the Fielding and the Green Room,
At the Arundel and Crichton,
Gin and bitters flowed in rivers.
Even at the solemn Garrick,
Ancient fogeys prosed about it,
"Twixt their after-dinner "rub-
bers;"

Whilst in managerial sanctums,
There was heard no other topic.
But the *Era* much was puzzled,
For it wished the Prince to slobber,
Whilst it also showed its hatred
For the amateur assistance
Which he had proposed obtaining.
At South Kensington 'twas curious
To remark the eager manner
In which former plans were altered;
One and all, the "Healthier's" people

Volunteered to help the movement.
Now the Prince had laid before them
His own wishes in the matter.
Mr. Gladstone, for his colleagues,
Wrote to promise their assistance;
Even the unyielding Marquis
Intimated he would gladly
Countenance the Prince's project;
Radical and Tory members
Sank their politics most gladly
To assist his novel purpose;
Letters came in sacks and thousands,
Pledging, all of them, their writers,
To essay their very utmost
In the cause the Prince commended;
Bishops wrote, and rich Dissenters;
Dukes assured his Royal Highness
'Twas their warmest wish to serve him;
So did Tracy Turnerelli,

And poor Tupper (in a sonnet);
 Merchants wrote, and well-known artists;
 Playwrights, priests, and leader-writers.
 One day's post alone included
 Letters from the Great Macdermott,
 Mr. Froude, and Mrs. Weldon!
 Social belles, in scented billets;
 Judges, on official paper;
 Aldermen and men of science;
 Specials, poets, and explorers,
 Hinted similar devotion;
 And, in short, so vast a number
 Of allies assistance offered,
 That the meeting called to settle
 What should be the entertainment
 Brought together such a gathering,
 So distinguished and so different,
 So assiduous and assorted,
 That in public meetings' annals
 Never yet was known its fellow!

It went, in fact, extremely well, but, still, upon the whole, it was too large for business and too noisy for control. For dozens wished to talk at once, and had their words been printed, the *Times* itself had scarcely held the various projects hinted. Duchesses thought a *fête* was best, and promised, if they had one, they'd spare no trouble to prevent it turning out a bad one. One even said, excitedly, that, if they'd give her scope, she'd bring her youngest daughter there to dance on a tight-rope. Ladies, whose charms were widely known, said, eagerly, they'd sing or dance a *ballet*—or, in fact, do almost anything. The rush of men to play the fool was numerous and intense; dukes, earls, and baronets, and squires longed only to commence. Women of reputation, good and pure enough *chez-elles*, offered to do the wildest thing the *fête's* success to swell; in fact, some matrons, with a zest no sense of shame could baffle, agreed to put their daughters in a "Matrimonial Raffle." The *fête* proposed bade fair, indeed, such scandals to promote, that, in the end, the Prince refused to put it to the vote, protesting he'd not be concerned in what, 'twas plain to see, would, if it were persisted in, a social outrage be; and, spite the clamour which the sex were prompt thereon to raise, declined to help in any way so scandalous a craze.

Then once again the Babel rose, and some were heard to speak for *Soirées à la Pfeiffer*, some for *Tableaux à la Freake*. A motion for a Concert found support on every hand, and amateurs engaged to swell the Viscount Folkestone's Band; indeed, it was discovered, 'midst the ever-rising din, that some five hundred ladies wished to play the violin. The Prince, too, made it clear, as soon as music was propounded, he'd like to work the College in he had so lately founded; on which his brother Alfred rose, the meeting to remind, he played himself, and could compose dance-music when inclined; and was continuing to say he'd do a *valse* or two for half what Sullivan would charge, and come and play them, too; when Benedict, Weist Hill and Hayes, Macfarren, Barnby, Manns, and quite a score of music men, suggested rival plans, and caused the Prince, at last, 'midst din that he could not arrest, to doubt if music had a charm to soothe the savage breast. "It's clear," said he, "this notion of a concert will not do, unless we'd these composers see their hands in blood imbue. Some of them Wagner hate, I know; yet all, as you can see, in quite an obvious manner share his lack of harmony!"

Athletic sports were mentioned next, and then a General said, he thought it would be well to have a Tournament instead. The Duke of Cambridge, though, demurred, and so, in point of fact, each thing proposed time after time, was censured and attacked. A Panorama and a Race, a Banquet and a Ball, were named, discussed, and thereupon thrown



over, one and all. At last the matter tedious grew, and as there seemed no sign that those assembled would agree to any settled line, the Prince put Mr. Gladstone up, to say that 'twas decided that out of those most precious hints the meeting had provided, 'twas felt the necessary plan could easily be made, so that there was, in truth, no cause for seeking further aid. Their noble Chairman, therefore, wished to thank them every one, as much for what they wished to do as though it had been done, and hoping they would patronise the coming benefit, whatever, on mature advice, they chanced to make of it, he begged again to thank them all, and (turning to the Prince), hoped they would, by three parting cheers, their loyalty evince. On which, with three times three hurrahs, the vast assembly rose, and brought four hours of heated talk to a belated close.

What followed may be briefly told. The Prince, with steadfast zeal, invited those he thought most fit to with the problem deal. The individuals he thus chose included party men, and those who'd made a name with sword, with chisel, brush, and pen; and having fixed an afternoon, he met them, and proceeded to ask what they considered best would yield them what was needed.

'Twas very soon decided, and in manner, too, emphatic, that whatsoever else might be, the Show should be dramatic. This settled, the committeemen (the Prince still in the chair) debated what should be the shape they'd give to the affair, and after many hours of talk, in which each well-known form of stage production was discussed in language somewhat warm; in which, in fact, high tragedy, low farce, comedieta, with melodrama, opera bouffe, and *ballet* and burletta, were all brought forward and dismissed; the meeting's final choice fell on a

MONSTER PANTOMIME

without dissentient voice. For that, 'twas felt, might comprehend well nearly everything, and serve the most assorted scenes upon the stage to bring. It might be made, the Prince observed, A Grand Conglomeration of Sense and Nonsense, Politics, Satire, and Sanitation, of Science and of Merriment, of Dance and Song and Pun, A Fisheries *cum* Healtheries *cum* Wealtheries in one. In short, his Royal Highness spoke with so much animation, his colleagues in his plan agreed with little hesitation.

They were about dispersing, when the Prince said, "By the way, I see Sir Frederick Leighton there: will he, then, kindly say what would be most original to serve as our drop-scene? Perhaps he can tell us what of late the novelties have been." "I think," Sir Frederick answered, "that A Fan's the newest thing." "Then that," the Prince suggested, "may some fresher notion bring." "Yes," called out Mr. Poynter, "here's something good and new—

A BROBDINGNAGIAN HAND OF CARDS.

How think you that would do?" "Capital!" said the Prince on this; "but whose hand shall we take? Stay! would it not be well the cards political to make?" "Yes, that it would," Lord Cranbrook cried. "We all should like, I'm sure, to see what Mr. Gladstone plays his victories to secure." "Nay, nay, not all!" cried Sir R. Cross, for "I'd much rather see the cards our gallant Marquis plays." "Then Marquis it shall be!" the Prince exclaimed. "We certainly can easily provide a drop-scene that we can reverse—a 'hand' on either side. The one, the G.O.M.'s, of course; the other, let us say, the Marquis's; he is, I think, the Tory leader, eh?" There was a cry of "No!" at this. Then Lord John Manners said, "I think Sir Stafford Northcote ought to play the hand instead." "Sir Stafford be it!" said the Prince, this brought a roar of "Noes;" on which the Chairman cried, "Why, then, who is it you propose?" "Lord Randolph!" was the eager cry; "he plays our trumps for us!" "This is a matter," said the Prince, "we can again discuss. The notion is, at least, all right, how'er it's carried out; and such a curtain, brightly done, will take the town, no doubt."

What was at last decided, and whose hands were really done, the reader may at once observe by turning to Page One!

The Meeting of the Managing Committee.

SCENE.—*The Committee-Room (a State apartment at Buckingham Palace). Members of the Committee, including the representative men and women of the Social, Political, Clerical, Legal, Architectural, Musical, Fiscal, Theatrical, Journalistical, Nondescriptical Worlds discovered in session; with H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES in the chair.*

The Chairman:

AM quite overwhelmed, I am indeed,
 To see so large a meeting, and I plead
 For its indulgence, and desire its aid,
 That this discussion useful may be
 made.
 The talent in this room, though, is so
 great,
 I know not who should open the
 debate;
 But think it best, perhaps, to first let
 speak
 Those individuals who assistance seek.

That is, I'll ask the Actors who are here
 To deal with what is surely in their sphere,
 And give to us their views how best we may
 Engage the company our piece to play.
 Ladies, I'm sure, will gladly give attention
 To those great men—their names I need not mention—
 Who grace this meeting, and who honour me
 By deigning sub-committeemen to be.
 But for the present, as I've said, I'll ask
 For counsel on our coming arduous task;
 And we should first of all, I think, decide
 Those rules which shall our choice of actors guide.
 Now, Mr. Kendal, we should like to hear
 What you suggest. [MR. KENDAL rises.]



Mrs. Kendal (pulling Mr. K.'s coat-tail). Be seated Willie, dear.

(*To Chairman.*) My husband's very diffident, you see;
 He always leaves such things as these to me.
 My views, I thought, were known. Each candidate
 Should be required specifically to state,
 What Sabbath-school he as a boy attended,
 And by what clergyman he's recommended.
 If he be married, then I say that we
 Should his certificate of marriage see;
 If single, we should learn from him instead
 The hour at which he goes each night to bed;
 Whether he's joined the Polytechnic classes,
 Or, if he's not, how he his leisure passes.
 So much for males; with females, though, I feel
 That we with still more stringency should deal.
 Not only should they act with strict propriety,
 But I'd require them to be in Society;
 A term by which, please, understand I mean
 Circles in which dear Will and I are seen.
 I'd strongly urge, too, that we should taboo
 All those whose *cartes* are kept on public view.
 My own were once so kept, to tell the truth—
 That was a fault, though, of my giddy youth,

For Chaps, Chilblains, Roughness of Skin, &c., use "GLYCERINE AND HONEY JELLY." In bottles, and tubes, 6d. and 1s., post 2d. extra. Prepared only by OSBORNE, BAUER, & CHEESEMAN. Sole Proprietors of "The Inexhaustible Salts," as supplied to the Queen, "Baby's Soap," "Bauer's Head Soap," 19, Golden-square, London W.

Of which some twenty years since I repented,
 And now am quite resolved should be prevented.
 One's portrait in a pamphlet, though, I'd pass,
 Provided that the pamphlet be first-class.
 In such a case advertisement's a duty,
 And seems surrounded by a moral beauty;
 But portraits not with letterpress connected
 Should be, I say, most jealously suspected.
 We should be careful, too, how we engage
 Good-looking girls of somewhat tender age;
 Youth is a snare, and so is beauty, too,
 And we should both religiously eschew,
 And for the sake of our fastidious patrons,
 Only engage genteel dramatic matrons.
 A pretty actress! Fie! The very notion
 Fills me at once with quite a shocked emotion

Solo.—MRS. KENDAL.

O TELL me not that she is fair,
 Or makes applauding houses tremble
 With grand dramatic passion, rare
 As that of Siddons or of Kemble!
 I ask you not if on the stage
 Her acting is intensely telling.
 It may be so,
 But I would know
 What passes when she gains her dwelling.
 Do her actions there show clearly
 That she loves her hubby dearly,
 Like the prim and proper wife every actress ought to be?
 Does she sit upon his lap and
 Tell him everything that's happened?
 And do they talk Martin Tupper
 As they linger at their supper?
 These methinks the vital points are—these the things to which to see.

What recks it though she be the craze,
 If she can't needle use, and thimble?
 What care I though she grandly plays,
 If she at buttons is not nimble?
 Her comedy may be as bright
 As that of wicked Mrs. Jordan;
 It may be so,
 What I would know
 Is, has her husband been churchwarden?
 Does she go to church on Sunday,
 And make morning calls on Monday
 On the upper ten of Bloomsbury?—this is what I would find out.
 Does she darn the household stocking,
 And consider flirting shocking?
 Does the notice of a stranger
 Much upset and disarrange her?
 If it does, whate'er her acting, she will suit, I have no doubt.

[*At this point LORD R. CHURCHILL is heard whispering to LORD JOHN MANNERS.*]

The Chairman. I think, Lord Randolph, that I hear your voice.
 Do you know anything to aid our choice?
Lord R. Churchill. May it please your Royal Highness, I do not.
The Chairman. Then were you two concocting some deep plot?
Lord R. Churchill. I'll frankly tell you, Prince, what you o'erheard,
 To that great Statesman opposite referred;

PFUNGST'S EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNE'S.—Pfungst Frères & Cie., Aÿ, are now supplying their 1880 Vintage Champagnes, which are the choicest and most successful they have ever shipped. To be obtained of all Wine Merchants.—J. L. PFUNGST & Co., Agents, 23, Crutched Friars, London.

I was remarking that in case you meant
To dancing introduce to some extent,
And if a sword-dance came within your plan,
Sir William Harcourt, there, would be your man.



Sir W. Harcourt (pompously). I beg to rise to order,
and to claim
The Chair's protection.
The Chairman. And I grant the same.
Lord Randolph, your remark, I am afraid,
Was not with any good intention made.
Pray do not interrupt like that again,
Or order I shall certainly maintain.
Perhaps Mr. Kendal now would say a word.
Mrs. Kendal (to Mr. K.). Come, dear, stand up, and don't
look so absurd!
Mr. Kendal (looking inquiringly at Mrs. K.). Well, Mr.
Chairman, I will echo merely
The points which Mrs. Kendal's made so clearly.
Morals are most important; and I trust
That we should all reject with stern disgust
A candidate if it were found that he
Failed any evening to get home to tea.
There is another point with which I feel
I have especial competence to deal:
We can't, I think, denounce in terms too strong
The perils of the *risqué* comic song;
I have myself such horror of the things,
The very thought my boyish blushes brings.
Why, I would never sing such songs as these
Even to try a Royal Prince to please.
However, I need not enlarge on that,
My hint will be sufficient, *verb. sap. sat.*
(Briskly.) Oh, I have something else to say to you.
You know that—
Mrs. Kendal (in a still, small voice). Mr. Kendal, that
will do!
Mr. K. Quite so, my dear, I've nothing more to say,
And so will take my seat without delay.
The Chairman. I'm sure we thank this couple most
sincerely
For having put their views so very clearly,
I share with Mr. K. his feeling strong
On what he calls the *risqué* comic song;
And as to Mrs. K., though there may be
Some here who don't go home each night to tea,
Yet all, methinks, who've heard her speak to-day,
Will own she is consistent, any way.
She has a right to actresses upbraid
Who make advertisement their acting aid;
And I regret that she did not speak longer,
And make her criticisms sternly stronger;
I wish she'd quoted, to her tale adorn,
That actress whose manoeuvres she would scorn—
Who, but a week or two ago, went down,
And, at a Congress in a country town,
Bepuffed herself with no small eloquence
At absent sister actresses' expense.

I think myself that Beauty's photograph
Is shown in window-panes too much by half,
But better far advertisement take that form
Than that an actress, standing on a platform,
Should so far stoop herself to advertise
As to make spite and envy her allies.
I could have wished, though, as I just now said,
That Mrs. K. had shown her up instead.
For she'd have been so very pat a sample,
For her to give us as a black example
Of that insensate craving for publicity
Which can be found in league with strict pudicity.
But now, as we would learn the views of all,
On Mr. Bancroft for his hints I'll call.



Mr. Bancroft. My counsel can be given very briefly.
One thing in actors we must look for chiefly.
We ought to see that those we may engage
Are not mere gentlemen upon the stage.
We have no need of further Poole-dressed levies,
Of haw-haw swells, or empty-headed heavies;
And what I say, I have good cause to mean,
Thanks to what I on my own stage have seen;
It has been proved—aye, by experience gruff—
That wearing dress-clothes well is not enough;
The tailor-dummy school has had its day;
What we require is players who can play.
And 'twould be very silly to rely
On that which good stage managers supply;
Fine scenery and perfect taste, in fact,
Won't take the place of actors who can't act;
The public will not pay to see a pack
Of padded noodles set in *bric-à-brac*;
Nor pardon actors, when they wholly fail,
Because they sit in chairs by Chippendale.
No! they will not a feeble piece condone
Because good taste in mounting it is shown;
Velvet in place of vigour will not do—
An epigram's worth tons of ormolu;
One witty dialogue will earn more praise
Than suites of furniture of Louis Seize;
Shoolbred may furnish, Gillow may upholster,
But both combined bad plays cannot up-bolster;
For one good scene, with force and life replete,
Beats all the bargains bought in Wardour-street;
And does far more a play to safely launch
Than giving Messrs. Liberty *carte blanche*.
The Chairman. I feel convinced such sentiments as
these
Are full of wisdom and can't fail to please;
And that friend Bancroft's views are "real grit,"
Even his rivals must, I think, admit.
But may we hope he has yet more to say
In his own earnest and attractive way?
Mr. Bancroft. Nay, nay, I'd sooner, please, not speak
again,
But I will sing you all a little strain;
'Tis not pretentious, but by this sigh's token,
Believe me from my very heart 'tis spoken.

NALDIRE'S TABLET.—The Prize Medal DOG SOAP destroys all insects, cleanses the skin, removes all doggy smell and gives gloss to the coat. Price 1s. of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores.

BEAUTIFUL Pit, behind the stalls,
For treatment kind thy memory calls;
Who could fail to thy use admit,
Pit of the Haymarket, Haymarket Pit!
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

In fancy's eyes you seem to say,
Think of the Drama's bright hey-day;
When first-night critics would views emit
From the famed front row of the Haymarket Pit!
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

To your cheap seats the people come
In a vigorous crowd with a hearty hum;
And where is the manager who'd permit
One seat to be filched from the Haymarket Pit?
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

The stalls are cynical, boxes sneer
At the warm applause to actors dear;
And the cheer that cometh their hearts to knit,
Is sent from the rows of the crowded pit.
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

So, Pit, last on! and hold your own,
Whatever else may be overthrown;
And let fond hands your each seat refit,
Pit of the Haymarket, Haymarket Pit!
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit!

The Chairman. A touching strain! (I will not say to
you
'Tis true, 'tis pity—pity 'tis tain't true!)
But Mr. Gladstone's on the move I see,
I know he has a Cabinet at three;
Will he, then, say a word before he goes?
Mr. Gladstone. Nay, nay, you must not such a thing
propose;
My views on acting (as they're forced to be)
Are drawn from those whom every night I see
Upon the benches opposite to mine—
They act their many parts; still I decline
To found on this pretension to advise.
Much sooner would I see more actors rise;
So pray, dear Prince, the matter do not press.
The Chairman. In that case, we'll have Mr. Toole's
address.

Mr. J. L. Toole. Though thus called forth upon the
Turkey tapis,
Still, Mr. Chairman—Sir, I am not happy.
No, I am grieved—yes, deeply grieved—to find
So many actors of a frivolous mind,
And ready to devote their frequent leisure
To study parts producing mirthful pleasure.
What they should do, is warning take from me,
And their whole soul devote to tragedy.
'Tis easy work to make an audience laugh,
With foolish gags and mere ephemeral chaff.
But let, I say, the histrion's aim be high,
And be it his to make the people cry!
Comedy! Bah! let's put it on the shelf—
I'm studying Hamlet earnestly myself!
Let us, then, see that no one we engage
Who is not sternly sad and gravely sage,
And who does not, like Mr. K. and me,
Each afternoon at five go home to tea.
I quite agree with Mrs. Kendal, too,
That we should with severity taboo
Those efforts made, with such bold multiplicity,
By actors to ensure themselves publicity.
'Tis true, my own name now and then appears,
Spite my entreaties and my scalding tears;
In fact, I am beneath some spiteful spell,
And what I thereby suffer none can tell;
Upon this point, indeed, my view's so strong,
That I have shaped my feelings in a song.

Song.—MR. J. L. TOOLE.

WHEN'EER I take my walks abroad
(I take them daily, as a rule),
I utter cries,
And shut my eyes,
Where'er I see the name of Toole.

But, thanks to Mr. Frank Burnand,
I live beneath a kind of "cuss";
And, ten to one, where'er I rum,
"Toole" stares at me from off a 'bus.
Yes; a big, big T and a big O O, and a capital L and an E,
From window and hoarding,
From bills and from boarding,
Insist upon gazing at me.
In tram or train it's just the same,
And though I try to keep quite cool,
I sob aloud,
Amongst the crowd,
And almost curse the name of Toole.
I hie me north, I hie me south,
Try inland towns and "do" the coast,
Always my name, in lurid flame,
Burns bright on gate and wall and post.
Yes; a big, big T and a big O O, and a capital L and an E,
From trunks and big cases,
And odd sorts of places,
Insist on still gazing at me.



You see, then, what a sorry case is mine,
And how the fates to worry me combine;
'Tis all in vain I sigh and yearn for peace—
Those bold advertisements have no surcease;
I take a play-house—still it is the same,
They go and give that theatre my name.

Ah! would I were a violet,
To hide and ne'er be seen;
To hang my head,
And perfume shed,
Beneath my leaves of green.
I want no puffs, I need no pars,
I crave not pomp, I seek not power,
But my one plea is, let me be,
Low Comedy's most modest flower!

The Chairman. These sentiments I'm sure you'll all
agree
Do credit great to Mr. J. L. T.,
Whom I shall gladly think of from this hour
As our "Low Comedy's most modest flower!"
But Mr. Millais tries to catch my eye.
Mr. Millais. I have to leave the meeting, that is why.
The Chairman. What! You must go?
Mr. Millais. Yes, 'tis a dread-
ful bore,
But I must earn a thousand pounds by four.
I wished to say, though, that I've seen of late
Good *Tableaux Vivants* interest great create.
Could we not, then, say, three or four arrange?—
They'd be, I think, a very welcome change.



Mr. A. Harris. Yes, Mr. Chairman, you this hint should note,
 'Twould pay, I'm sure, to care to it devote.
The Chairman. It shall be seen to.
Mr. Millais. And I p'rhaps may add
 One subject which I think would not be bad,
 'Tis—

“THE LAST MUSTER.”

The Chairman. What, by Herkomer?
Mr. Millais. Precisely.
The Chairman. How would you the scene transfer?
Mr. Millais. Why, 'stead of Chelsea Pensioners, I'd make
 The best-known Tory Peers their places take;
 'Twould work out well!
The Chairman. Why, yes, if that was all,
 We might add Gladstone's shadow on the wall.
 But this and other details we can change
 When on the boards the *tableau* we arrange.
 Thanks, Mr. Millais, thanks!
Mr. Millais. Then I'll engage
 To draw it as it should be on the stage.
The Chairman. Again, our thanks!—but I a lady see,
 Who's making wild attempts to signal me.
 Pray let her speak, by all means, if she will,
 She doubtless has good precepts to instil?
Miss Mary Anderson. I'm much relieved at thus escaping
 censure,
 Although to rise thus forwardly I venture.
 I'm led, in fact, to break the usual rule,
 That I may echo our dear Mr. Toole;
 And tell you that I share the infelicity
 Which comes of undesired, unsought publicity.
 I am a stranger in your lovely land,
 Yet, soon as I put foot upon your strand,
 Your naughty papers, most of them, commenced
 To publish my biography condensed;
 And put in paragraphs, well, daily nearly,
 Which gossiped of my doings, O, so queerly!
 Much grieved to see thus printed every day,
 Puffs, better far than those for which I pay,
 I strove to find the culprit, but in vain,
 Who wrote me up in such persistent strain!
 Who could it be, I wondered, that inspired
 Those strange reports which to the States were wired;
 And who's the person that, spite all I say,
 Still writes about me in this lavish way?
 Who pays for those expensive cablegrams,
 Which tell of me such matrimonial crams?
 Who hires those bands that meet me at the stations?
 Who tips the roughs who give me such ovations?
 Who sends the papers private facts by dozens,
 About myself, my sisters, aunts, and cousins?
 How odd that strangers should make all this fuss,
 And spend repeated sums of cash for us!

My step-papa, he also thinks it strange
 That these same folks should our affairs arrange,
 And says they must be stopped, and so do I,
 For I am so unworldly and so shy!
 How is it, then? Whatever is the reason
 That I have been so talked of all the season?
The Chairman. If you are truly anxious this to know,
 'Twill not be hard, I think, the cause to show;
 I wish to speak without the least offence,
 And feel assured you've too much common sense
 To mind me stating why in truth it is
 That whilst some lionize you, others quiz.
 'The case is this: We like your pretty face,
 We much admire your coldly classic grace;
 We rush to see your every charming pose,
 And think your acting, too, improvement shows.
 So far so good. But now to change my strain,
 I'll state what 'tis that goes against our grain;
 What many, then, are ready to resent
 Is that you should, to such a great extent,
 Seem to consider that we have in you
 A Thespian sensation, naïve and new,
 And act as though your *chic* agglomeration
 Of domesticity and fascination
 Were quite a novelty in our great city.
 Now this, I must confess, I think a pity;
 For though it may seem somewhat odd to find
 Such varied qualities in one combined,
 And to observe such very obvious traces
 Of Mrs. Grundy mixed up with the graces;
 Yet actresses, believe me, here abound
 In whom the said good traits are also found;
 In fact, they are so numerous with us,
 That mere good traits we care not to discuss:
 And, as a rule, no effort's ever made
 To their domestic excellence parade.
 We do not care to know that, acting done,
 Late supper and champagne they always shun,
 And hasten home to revel in the joy
 Of toast and supper, and spare hours employ
 In reading to their mothers till they doze,
 Or mending their young brothers' little hose.
 We neither wish to know, nor do we ask,
 When once an actress has performed her task,
 What she may be or do; and so when you—
 Or when the papers, rather—give a view
 Of what is to be seen at your fireside,
 We are inclined such candour to deride,
 And to resent, as I've already said,
 The way in which your praises get so spread,
 Not as an actress, merely, but as one
 Who in domestic virtues yields to none.
 It is then—take this, pray, on my authority—
 This frequent talk of your superiority

Books for Christmas Presents and Prizes. Discount 3d. in the shilling for cash. EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.



THE LAST MUSTER.

(With Apologies to Mr. HERKOMER, R.A.)

Which vexes those who gladly, but for this,
Would nothing see in you at all amiss,
And which has, I consider, been the reason
That blame has mingled with your praise this season.

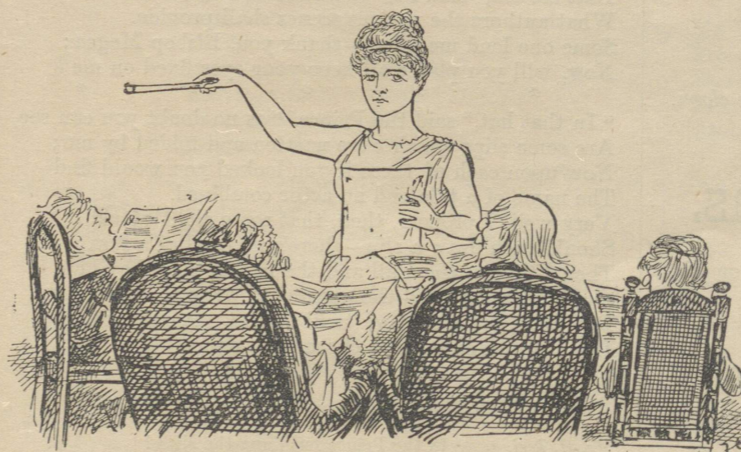
Miss Anderson. Oh, Prince! How *very* clever! You
have hit

Upon the secret—that I must admit.
Yes, you have let me know, without a doubt,
Why 'tis that I am so much talked about.
Still, I must say that what you so upbraid
Has certainly, in my case, richly paid.
And then, you know, I come from Yankeeland,
Where all such details are in great demand;
And though, you state, in London no one cares
To know about an actress's affairs,
I'm bound to answer that their publication
Has helped to make of me a big sensation,
And aided the Lyceum seats to fill
Far more than any advertising bill!

Song.—MISS MARY ANDERSON.

I AM the pink of properness, and wheresoe'er I roam
I carry the accessories to make a happy home.
I bear about an old armchair, the very best of mothers,
A step-papa, a cousin Jane, a time-piece and two brothers.

Chorus.—Oh! we're a happy familiee,
From Mary down to Jo,
Step-pa, mother, sister, brother,
I, and cousin Flo;
We have a very cosy hearth
Which scandals never mar,
We're a devoted familiee,
We are! we are! we are!



I always hurry home to them when once the curtain's down,
'Twould kill me were mamma to weep or step-dada to frown.
My servants fully understand "No followers allowed,"
And o'er my spotless domicile there rests no scandal-cloud.

Chorus.—For we're a happy familiee, &c.

When interviewers visit me (I know not why they call),
I rattle in my artless way, and tell my little all;
How I work hard for mother dear, and teach my brother Jo,
And how we spend our happy hours, and where to church we go.

Chorus.—For we're a happy familiee, &c.

Yet people dare to say that when a soap
I recommend,
It's not because I *merely* wish the maker
to befriend;
And that when I am photographed (in
somewhat scant attire),
'Tis not twelve copies for myself *alone*
that I require.

Chorus.—Yet we're a happy familiee, &c.

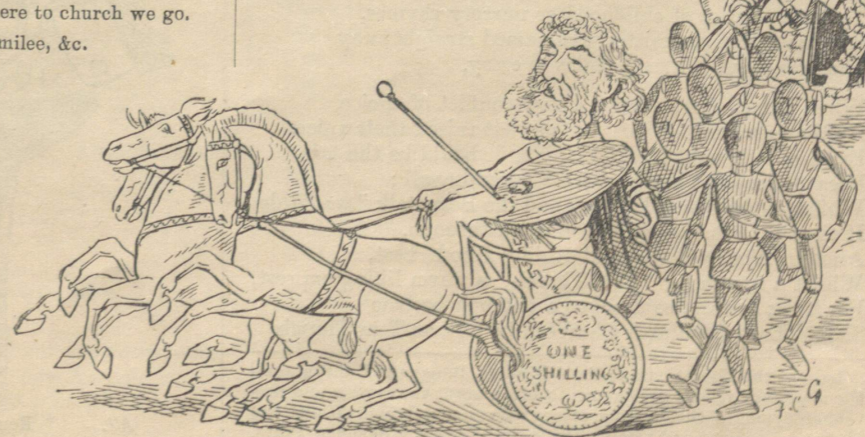
The Chairman. Thanks, very
much, for such a lively song;
But, come now, we must try and get
along.

This meeting
will, I'm cer-
tain, hear
with plea-
sure,
Our artists'
offer to give
up their
leisure,
Should it be
needed, to
assist our
plan,
And help in
every kind
of way they
can.

This is indeed good tidings,
for it means
That we shall have most
grandly-painted scenes.
Thank you, Sir Frederick;
thank you, artists,
all,
For answering so readily my
call.
Now, Mr. Harris, please to
come this way,
And let us know *your* views

Mr. A. Harris. Prince,
I obey,
Though I must beg you
kindly to excuse
The bashful blushes
that my cheek
suffuse.
If of this Panto-
mime I were the
planner,
I'd choose my actors
for their modest
manner.
True worth, I've
always noticed,
seeks retirement,
So diffidence would
be my first re-
quirement;
Indeed, though I
dislike the fact
to name,
It is to humbleness
I owe my fame.

When, spite my protests, I
became Lessee,
I then resolved to unob-
trusive be.
I took good care the smallest
parts to fill,
And had my name sup-
pressed on every bill;



I kept myself, indeed, quite on the shelf,
And puffed and flattered all except myself,
But yet true talent told—the name of Harris
Is known in London, Meiningen, and Paris ;
And now, spite all that I can say or do,
'Tis seen on hoardings, and in windows, too.
The moral's clear, I'm thinking : in these days
It is retiring modesty that pays !

The Archbishop of Canterbury. May I be pardoned if I
add a word ?

It strikes me, then, the speeches we have heard,
Have not much helped the end for which we met,
Which was that we might proper actors get.
My histrionic brethren seem to me,
Too personal in their remarks to be,
Too apt to talk about themselves, too prone
To link our project's fortunes with their own.
This is at least my notion of affairs,

The Chairman. And Primate, it is one your Chairman
shares.

I, too, have felt that as each speech was made,
Our progress was not hastened, but delayed,
And, as most actors clearly have a way
Of bringing in themselves in all they say,
I have decided that we'll not protract
Discussion which to nothing leads, in fact,
But we'll adjourn, advertisements prepare—

Lord Selborne. One moment, Prince, ere you forsake the
chair,

Let me remind you that our Pantomime
Will cause much trouble and consume much time.
I'd urge this plan, then, strongly, though politely,
Wire for "One Pantomime, complete, from Whiteley."

The Chairman. A very happy thought ; still, on the
whole,

I think we'd better keep the sole control ;
And, hoping we at last success may earn,
I hereby move this meeting now adjourn.

[It does so, and the Scene closes.

Further Preparations.



FOR the next week or two the Commit-
teemen's zeal
Attempted with dozens of details to
deal.

But the first thing to settle was what
tale to take

As the plot of the piece they intended
to make.

And 'twas thought, to begin with, the
Pantomime's bent

Should political be to so great an
extent

That its principal action should have

a relation

To the Peers, and the way they'd defied the whole nation,
But on further discussion 'twas deemed for the best
To make *one* scene political, leaving the rest
To refer, as they do in all new Pantomimes,
To some classics of childhood or nursery rhymes,
So a small sub-committee was named straightaway
The perusal of Nursery Tales to essay.

When it met there ensued a new conflict of choice,
As the members for this tale or that raised their voice.
First, one thought that "Gulliver" should be the tale,
Because for keen satire so well 'twould avail ;
Whilst another urged "Jack and the Beanstalk" would do,
If they gave it ironical meaning all through.
Another liked "Little Red Riding Hood" best,
Whilst a fourth for "Tom Thumb" a warm liking exprest,
For 'twas certain, said he, to a triumph become
Should Lord Randolph Churchill be cast as Tom Thumb.

Late at the Theatre, Snug little Dinners, Banquets, Balls, and all
the necessary society engagements, often upset the system and pre-
vent enjoyment. Good spirits, strong nerves, sound robust health can
always be secured and retained by using KAYE'S WORSDELL PILLS.
The purest, most widely used, and best medicine of the present day.

"The applause," he continued, "would swell like a storm
If his Lordship, on stilts, would consent to perform."
The next voted "Whittington," urging this tale
Would furnish a chance they should seize without fail
For attacking the City, its gorging and guzzling,
And approving the Bill for the Aldermen muzzling ;



They talked for two hours, but yet could not agree,
Till the Chairman, at last, said, "It's easy to see,
There is only one way of deciding this plot,
It shall not be *one* tale, but we'll work in the lot ;
Say we have some eight scenes," he went on, "then I
hold,

It were well a new story in each one were told.
That settled," said he, "we have now to decide
What authors the various scenes shall provide.
Some one lend me a hat—thank you, Bishop Magee ;
Now, will you please all keep your eyes fixed on me ?

"In that hat," said the Prince, "as no doubt you can see,
Are some slips which were written and folded by me ;
Now upon each of these if you looked you would find
The name of a tale and an actor combined.
Very well, I propose, then, that some eight of us
Should each draw a slip—there's no need of a fuss ;
Then I'll open them all and the names that they hide
Shall our scenes and the persons to write them decide ;
But come, ere we draw, 'twill the int'rest enhance,
If we try an extempore chorus and dance.

Song and Chorus.—THE SUB-COMMITTEE.

Mr. H. Irving. In the Prince has flung the slips !
Lord Tennyson. Each he's pressed and folded flat !
Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Thrice he's mixed those fateful strips !
Mr. A. Swinburne. Thrice has shaken up the hat !



All. Round about its brim then go,
As our glances in we throw (They dance round) ;



For within that hat sublime
Lurks our Christmas Pantomime !
There in embryo it lies,
Hidden from our eager eyes ;
There, within the folded slips,
Are the precious unknown "tips !"
Dancing thus around we go,
Longing to the secret know !

At a sign from the PRINCE, LORD TENNYSON, BISHOP
MAGEE, and six others advance and draw eight slips
from the hat. They then hand them to the PRINCE,
who opens them and speaks as follows :—

Scene One, "THE CAVERN OF THE DROLS ;" Scene Two,
"BABES IN THE WOOD ;" Scene Three, "THE GIANT
KILLER, JACK ;" Scene Four, "RED RIDING HOOD ;"
Scene Five is "RICHARD WHITTINGTON ;" and "CIN-
DERELLA" Six ; "ROBINSON CRUSOE'S" Seven ; as Eight
we "ALI BABA" fix.

Now for the Authors ! TOOLE'S the first, and then of
Scene the Second, IRVING and WILSON BARRETT must as
authors joint be reckoned ; the Third Scene's BANCROFT'S ;
for the Fourth chance MRS. KENDAL takes ; and of the
Fifth, of DRURY LANE'S LESSEE the author makes. Then,
with the Sixth, we've HOLLINGSHEAD, and for the Seventh
MISS VAUGHAN, whilst TRUTH'S fair self, I'm glad to see,
with Scene the Eighth is drawn !

The Scenes and their Authors thus frankly announced,
On the Prince Mr. Gilbert most angrily pounced.
"It's exceedingly strange," he proceeded to say,
"That we dramatists all are left out in this way.
Still, it is not too late, and your piece I'll still do,
If you make your Committee beg pardon through you."

But the Prince merely smiled, as he said : "I think not."

"But, stay !" answered Gilbert, "I have *such* a plot !
I should take Cinderella, and twist it about,
And make her a very old man with the gout ;
Whilst her sisters should live in a mean little hut,
And be both deep in love with a rain-water butt.
Till a fairy —"

"Indeed," said the Prince, "you waste time.
We've arranged, as you know, for our new Pantomime ;
And we certainly do not care much for your wit
When Sullivan doesn't write music for it."

And then G. R. Sims said he had a new play,
Of which the four acts passed in Ratcliff-highway.

Mr. Wills thought a charmingly incorrect piece
From history might the attractions increase ;
But the Prince quickly told him, Pinero, and Pettit,
That the Pantomime now would remain as he'd set it ;
And, content with the work the Committee'd gone
through,
Soon after adjourned till the next day at two.

Now the scenes had been settled, the work so increased,
That the Prince and his colleagues from labour ne'er
ceased ;

There were dresses to choose, there were bills to prepare,
There were "properties," too, to be fashioned with care.
Old enemies joined in essaying new tasks—
Mr. Lawes was assisted by Belt at the masks ;
And as soon as the masks thus completed had dried,
Thorold Rogers and Firth in keen rivalry vied,
To see which of the two the most praise should demand
For laying on paint with a "Liberal" hand,
As with dabs of bright carmine they gave a deep glow
To the noses of Salisbury, Carden, & Co. !

Now, too, were advertisements published each day
For the actors who were to take part in the play
And the rush of all classes engagements to get
Was so great that the Palace was fairly beset.

'Twas amusing to note, too, how parties who came
Some chief leading part to pretentiously claim,
Were only too eager before they withdrew,
The work of a call-boy or super to do.

Lord Randolph, who'd played leading business, he said
Consented to act as a gasman instead ;
Whilst the Marquis of Lorne, Sir R. Cross, and the Tecks
Were glad to get parts as the takers of checks ;
And Sir W. Harcourt consented to wear
A big mask, and go on as a comic Lord Mayor.

It took weeks to decide how the cast should be made,
And meanwhile, that rehearsals might not be delayed,
The Prince called a meeting, at which 'twas decided
A plot of the piece should by him be provided ;
So when, in due course, all the authors were there,
H.R.H. read this Plot out aloud from the chair.

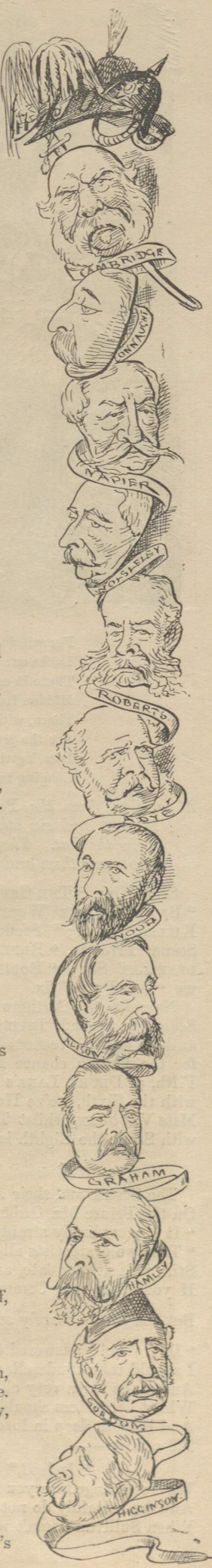
The Plot of the Pantomime.

ARE I read you out my notions for the plot (the Prince began),
Some of the most recent features of our venture let us scan.

First, then, let me gladly tell you that the Bishops, as a class, Have agreed to patronise us, and to take their stalls *en masse*; Nay, they are so very willing round our worthy cause to rally That the more athletic of them are inclined to dance a ballet. Now, I think a "Bishops' Ballet," as a draw, immense would be, So the notion will be fostered with all earnestness by me. Then, again, a deputation from the Horse Guards came last week, Headed by my second cousin, who was good enough to speak With such kindness of our venture—all the Generals said the same— That the army as our patrons we most certainly can claim; More than this, I have the sanction of the Royal Duke to say That he Generals will lend us to be supers in our play; So, you see, we've two supporters, should our strength be roughly tried— We've the Church and we've the Army like a pillar on each side. Now, though, let me briefly tell you how I think the scenes you drew Will be dove-tailed best together. This, then, is my general view:— Mr. Toole, of course, will open in the "Drols' benighted Cave," Where the Drols, in dismal darkness, will 'gainst Freedom plot and rave; And will be extremely anxious, for be sure no purpose good, To, by some means, gain possession of the CHILDREN IN THE WOOD; Bill "Frankeyes" and his sister will be found, then, in Scene Two, Where the Drols' own giant leader will essay his worst to do; But his efforts to abduct them will be foiled by Gayrock brave, And the good, kind Fairy Progress, who, that she the pair may save, Changes BILL to JACK, and bids him sally out and giants slay, Whilst the little girl she changes to Red Riding Hood, we'll say. Well, then, Jack soon meets some giants, and we note, in our Third Scene,

How they fared, and how our hero served them with his blade so keen. At the end, I think, 'twere better that a giant should press Jack, When again the Fairy Progress, warding off the fierce attack, Shall take Jack away in triumph; and, to pay for what he's done, Thereupon she will transform him into RICHARD WHITTINGTON. In Scene Four we meet Bill's sister, now known as RED RIDING HOOD, And are shown her strange adventures with the Wolf and in the wood. She, of course, though, is not eaten by the wolf, as in the tale, For, her godmamma appearing, makes that hungry creature quail! And inviting our small heroine in her chariot to sit down, Changes her to Cinderella, and then drops her up in town. In Scene Five our gallant hero at the Mansion House we see, For Dick Whittington's been chosen London's new Lord Mayor to be. In Scene Six, though, we shall find him tiring of his civic life, And so anxious for existence in which mortal danger's rife, That he sails abroad as Crusoe, when, as you may well expect, On a seeming desert island he is very shortly wreckt. Then we see, in Scene the Seventh, how sweet Cinderella lives, And how she receives the lessons that her fairy godma gives. Then we come to Scene the Eighth, and there observe the process

strange, Which makes our old friend R. Crusoe into Ali Baba change. Once transformed, of course, the author knows the story he's to tell, And I think he'll find the details will come in extremely well. But this scene, of course, will finish with a proper transformation, And for this we shall be able to arrange a GRAND SENSATION. Please, though, understand, my authors, that I do not want this plot To at all too closely bind you in the scenes you drew by lot; 'Tis a general outline only of that plot which I have made, That is now to be extended by your kind and skilful aid; And remember I am anxious that your scenes should introduce Any new or current topics which you think would be of use; Thus do not forget "Thought-reading"; that you can't too hotly chaff, And if you denounce its humbug, you will surely cause a laugh. Have a shy, too, at the doctors; take Society's physicians, And describe the way they've toadied in acquiring their positions. Give the Law and Church a rub, too; let the Vestries feel your scorn, And, in short, bring in each grievance which we have so grimly borne. Fill your scenes with searching satire, make them light, yet not too funny, And our Pantomime performance cannot fail to bring in money. Write your scenes as soon as may be, and on—let us Tuesday say, I'll be here again to meet you at the time we came to-day. Then we'll read the scenes together, or discuss what they contain, And amend and add and alter; and, if needs be, make more plain. Go, then; do your very utmost, and I've not the slightest doubt We shall make our new performance quite the "happiest" thing that's out.



Mr. Toole's Scene.

The Organizing Committee is discovered on the stage of the theatre, and the Chairman, after some preliminary chat, calls on MR. TOOLE to read the scene he has prepared.



MR. TOOLE (*producing his MS.*) My scene commences, as you are aware, That Pantomime whose authorship we share; And as it is Scene One, I need not say It's laid in darkness, far from light of day, Where noxious ogres, in most hideous masks, Prepare to set about their wicked tasks. But 'twould be better, perhaps, my scene to read.

The Chairman. By all means, Mr. Toole, pray do proceed.
Mr. Toole (*reading*):—

SCENE I.—The Cavern of the Dullermits and Home of Drols, lit up by flickering lights. As curtain rises, GIANT BLUBLUD'S found, with all his evil followers around. PRIFLEEGE, and RAKRENT, BAYLIFF, and the rest, each of them with a Drol's distinctive crest. Then GIANT BLUBLUD, swinging his huge mace, leads off a chorus in stentorian bass.

WE Drols for some hundreds of years,
'Gainst freedom have ever combined;
'Gainst all that is right
We've exerted our might
With a stubbornness sottish and blind.
At last, though, our victims have turned,
And threaten our powers to abate,
And to here let us lie and decay till we die
In a dotage of impotent hate.
Yes, now they declare we no more
Shall the good Fairy Progress delay,
But we'll draw our last breath
And we'll fight to the death
Ere our enemies make us give way.

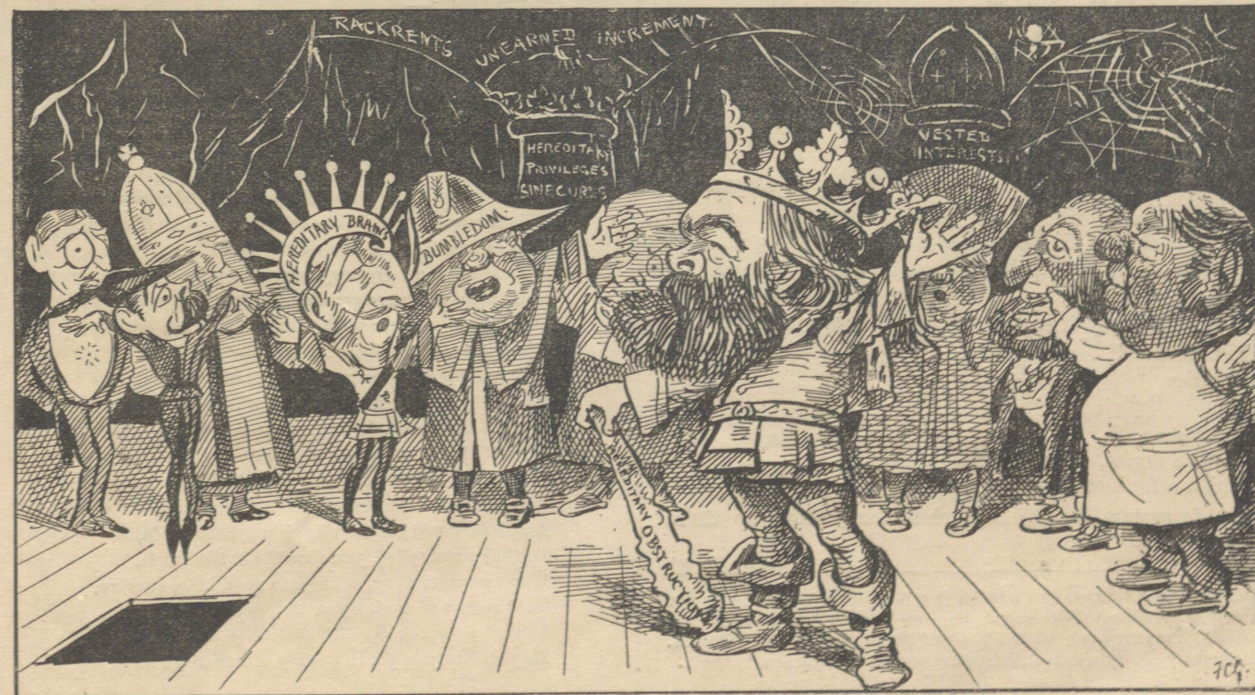
For if ever there was a black curse
That a country was fated to see,
Such as fever and famine,
If fact you examine,
The blackest c. curses are we!

The Chairman. A little strong, the language, is it not?
Mr. Toole. Well, yes, Prince, p'rhaps it is a little hot!
But if we wish to gain the public's cheers,
We can't be too severe upon the Peers.
The Chairman. Well, well, you may be right; at any rate
The Lords most certainly deserve their fate.
But pray proceed!
Mr. Toole. Well, Blublud next, with signs,
His Drols collects, and then declaims these lines:

Blublud. We've sung the reason why we're gathered here.
You know who threatens, and what 'tis you fear;
You know the Fairy Progress not far hence
Takes counsel with her sister Common Sense
How to o'erturn us, and, as we are told,
Chase us from our hereditary hold.
But I defy them! Blublud will not yield
Long as his club of prestige he can wield,
And long as you stand by him, side by side,
In all your native spite and spleen and pride.
But, hark! now, by the pricking of my thumbs,
One of my spirits' near!

The Gatekeeper. Blackrodda comes!
Enter BLACKRODDA; when he BLUBLUD sees, he bows his head, and sinks upon his knees.

Blublud. Thou'rt welcome, minion! Anxiously we wait
Thy pregnant tidings. What has been thy fate?
Blackrodda. Once in the City, great and potent master,
I told how thou wert threatened by disaster.
The Drols' great danger I made known by stealth
'Mongst all who rolled in misbegotten wealth.
Where Envy dwelt and Ignorance was rife,
I whispered hoarsely of the coming strife.
To cringing Courtiers, sleek Monopolists,
To slobbering Toadies, and smug Nepotists,
To venal Rogues, to jobbing Politicians,
To grasping Landsharks, keen Academicians;
To these and hundreds more, all slaves, indeed,
Of power and pelf, of gluttony and greed,
To all I whispered details of thy plan,
And they have sworn to Lelp thee, to a man!
Blublud. 'Tis good! I thought that we allies should find.
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.
All that is basely selfish, grossly mean,
Has on the side of Blublud ever been;
Look up, my faithful Drols, the prospect clears.
Let's hail the joyous news with lusty cheers.



Mr. Toole. Well, then, they hail it; and on this I mean
To have a kind of Incantation scene.
Blublud will call upon his new allies,
And they will answer somewhere in "the flies."
Mr. Hollingshead. The "flies," f—nd Johnny? I, in
such a case,
Should think the cellar 'neath the stage the place

They should be crushed without consideration.
Mr. Hollingshead. And, Toole, a word on pot-house
legislation.
Mr. Edgar Bruce. And, Toole! do give dramatic
pirates one.
Sir W. Harcourt. And, Toole! reflect what Aldermen
have done!



For such a lot.
Mr. Toole. Well, that we can discuss;
At all events, Old Blublud opens thus.—

Blublud. Come, all ye who sell your trusts,
All who on the people prey;
Come, ye slaves of selfish lusts.
Aye, come in shoals,
Ye venal souls,
And aid the Drols this day.
Come, ye vampires! Come, ye ghouls!
In whose heart all pity's dumb;
Ye, who on poor widows batten,
Ye, on orphans' blood who fatten.
Blublud calls—

Chorus of City Promoters, Fever Den Landlads, &c., heard without.—
We come! we come!

Blublud. Bank Directors, Vivisectors,
Local Government Inspectors,
Jerry Builders, and Contractors,
Canting, two-faced Benefactors,
Sleek Tartuffes and impure Purists,
Big and bloated Sinecurists,
Sly officials, who are wary at
Passing rotten commissariat,
Squanderers of unearned pensions,
Pluralists of vast dimensions,
Guzzling Vestrymen, and Ortonists,
Missionaries, and quack Extortionists,
Partisans who are factitious,
Rhetoricians meretricious;
Every social Sharp and Corsair,
Thieves in stuff, and silk, and horsehair,
Charlatans, Commercial Robbers,
Lying rogues and swindling Jobbers,
Social parasites and scum—
Come in shoals,
Ye venal souls,
For Blublud calls!

*Assorted Allies from without.—*We come! we come!

Mr. Toole. That Invocation could be made much longer.
Mr. Hollingshead. Quite so; and you could likewise
make it stronger
By bringing in my friend "The Board of Works."
Mrs. Kendal. And how the Chamberlain his duties
shirks
About the Ballets' skirts.
Mr. Burnand. And you should handle,
Without a doubt, the Covent Garden Scandal,
In which a foulness past description centres.
Mr. Augustus Harris. And, oh! I say, show up those
noisy Renters;

CAUTION TO SHAVERS.—In purchasing A. S. LLOYD'S EUXESIS, for
shaving without soap or water, be sure to ask for the genuine,
bearing, "Prepared only by his Widow" in red letters across labels.
Manufactory, 3, Spruce-street, Leicester-square. Refuse all others.

Sir W. Lawson. And, Toole! the publicans; they must
be flayed.
Mr. Wilson Barrett. And, Toole!—
Mr. Toole (interrupting). Yes, yes; but if
I'm thus delayed
You'll never hear my scene out.

The Chairman. Pray proceed.
Mr. Toole. The Invocation I began to read
Can be, I say again, made longer—much,
So as upon more social blots to touch.
But, long or short, I'd end it with a dance,
For which the Drols, all in their masks, advance,
Whilst their allies come crowding on the stage,
And in the measure heartily engage.
The Chairman. A dance like that would certainly be
new.

Mr. Toole. Your criticism, Prince, is sound and true.
Methinks the very coldest house 'twould rally
To watch, let's say, a "Gas-Directors' Ballet";
And 'twould the duller audience entrance
To sit and see "The Jerry Builders' Dance";
A breakdown, also, by Unpaid J.P.'s,
Or "Pas de Coroners" would surely please;
Nor would it tend the furore to diminish
To have a "A Bishops' Can-can" as a finish.
But these are details which must first be tried
Before our Ballet-mistress can decide.

The Chairman. Does that conclude your scene?
Mr. Toole. No.
Blublud then
Goes on to give directions to his men;
How they shall best develop the defence
Which must, he tells them, instantly commence.
But let me read:—

Blublud. Six trusty Drols I need.
(Six Drols step forward.) You must straight proceed
To those Blackrodda warned, and say the hour
Is come when we must fight to save our power;
But, first of all, go seek that rascal crew
Whose fever-dens bring them rich revenue,
And say to them: "Our Master Blublud sends
This message, 'Drols have ever been your friends,
And ever will be, if you do but vow
A close alliance, and support them now.
Tell them, if we are crushed, their courts must go;
Our fall their fever-nests must overthrow;
That, our destruction once complete, reform
Will quickly burst in an o'erwhelming storm,
'Fore which their human styes will be swept down,
Amidst the execrations of the town.'"
First Drol. Great master, we attend!

Blublud. And thus continue:
"But, if you have defiant souls within you,
And still would let each dwelling that appals,
To that accomplish, you should aid the Drols,
Who swear, if they, with your good help, survive,
That means of saving you they will contrive;
So that your hovels, with their filth untold,
May still to you prove weekly mines of gold."

Away!
The Drols. We go!
Blublud. And mind! at nothing stick;
Despise no shabby ruse, no dirty trick!
Use any means, and use them with persistence,
For recollect we fight for our existence!
[The Drols depart, and, at the Giant's call,
Some others into line before him fall.

Song.—GIANT BLUBLUD.

WHY is it that a Drol's a Drol, and people so adore him?
That is a question often asked which now I would explain.
A Drol's a Drol because his pa' a Drol has been before him,
And that is why a Drol a Drol shall ever more remain.
His father may have been a fool, the son may be a loony;
His brains may be as soft as pap, his looks and manners spoony.



Blublud. To you I mean to give large sums of gold,
Of which you'll have disposal uncontrolled,
For 'tis your task to tempt, to treat, to bribe,
Till some are ready to support our tribe.
Flood them with drink, and when they have no sense—
But not before!—your arguments commence;
Tell them, if they will aid us in the strife,
They shall be kept half-fuddled right through life!
Tell them that, if they for our cause will cheer,
We promise they shall float—nay, swim—in beer;
And, if they'll only aid in our defence,
Shall live in idleness at our expense.

The Drol. Great master, it shall be as thou hast said!
Mr. Toole. I do not think that more need here be read.
The scene goes on with Blublud still selecting
More myrmidons, and them, in turn directing;
Some have to seek out Publicans, and swear
The Drols will make their interests their care;
Some to conclude a Treaty of Alliance
With tradesmen who set honour at defiance;
Some to the fervid sympathy request
Of every blighting Vested Interest;
Some to those Bigots, lank and lean and sour,
Who'd raise the stake again if they'd the pow'r;
Some to those Parvenus who'd sell their soul
If they their names could 'mongst the Drols enrol;
In short, the Leader of the Drols will try
The efforts of the Fairies to defy,
By making all that evil is on earth,
All that is selfish and of little worth,
All that is base and vulgar, dull and proud,
And hypocritical, and mean, and loud,
Rally to help him in the coming fray,
Which all his arts no longer could delay.

The Chairman. It gives us all, I'm sure, much real
pleasure,
That Mr. Toole has used so well his leisure.
I had no notion he could be so warm
In writing of political reform.
So earnest, too—why, there is not a pun
(I think I'm right) in all the lines he's done!
Mr. Toole. Precisely, Prince; it's not, I own, like me;
But some things are beyond a joke, you see.
I felt so strongly as I wrote this scene
That—
The Chairman (interrupting). All of us see clearly what
you mean.
I don't complain; far from it, I commend;
But you've not told us how your scene's to end.
Mr. Toole. After the myrmidons have all departed,
Another song by Giant Blublud's started,
Of which I'll give you just a verse or two,
That you may tell me how you think 'twill do.

He may not know the way to spell, nor easy sums to do;
But if his father was a Drol, why he must be one too!
A Soldier must be brave, and a Courtier must behave,
And a Merchant know the rules of double-entry;
A Sailor must be bold, and a Banker must have gold,
And a Serjeant know the way to post a sentry.
A Lawyer must be 'cute, and a Flautist know his flute,
And a Pedlar be, at least, well up in Peddling;
And a Jobber must be spry, and a Bill-discounter "fly,"
And a Marplot have undoubted skill for meddling.
And a Doctor must be cool, and a Ruler he must rule,
And a Tallyman be quite a dab at tallies;
And a Harpist he must harp, and a Tout he must be sharp,
And a Ballet-girl show aptitude for ballets.
And a Hunter he must hunt, and a Punter he must punt,
And a Drunkard be a slave to Al-co-hol!
Yes, an Actor should be Kean, and a Miser must be mean,
BUT A DROL HE NEED BE NOTHING BUT A
DROL!

But sometimes men to turn to Drols, it haps to be decided,
If so, 'tis cause they've proved themselves unfit for aught
beside;
Too old, too feeble, too perverse, too stupid, too derided,
To lead, to follow, to direct, to govern, or to guide!
Yes, when a man's unfit to be amongst his fellow mortals;
When he's been tried and wanting found, we ope our cavern's
portals.
And when he can at best but snigger, and but loll,
We clap a torenoc on him, and make of him a Drol!

For a Soldier must be brave, and a Courtier must behave—

Mr. Toole. But there, I need not give you that again,
Although I think 'twill prove a taking strain.
Mr. Hollingshead. A "strain!" d'you say! it is well
named, I take it,
Since you have "stretched" your points so much to make it.
Mr. Toole. I had a poet's licence!
Mr. H. Licence, eh?
To deal in evil spirits, I should say.
The Chairman. So that's the finish?
Mr. Toole. 'Tis, sir, in effect;
The final dance, which you of course expect,
Will be a "breakdown"—
The Chairman. Now the jokes come in!
Mr. Toole. And Giant Blublud will alone begin;
Until at last the Drols join in *en bloc*,
Each in his state serob and torenoc!
The Chairman. So far so good, but now to put the
question:
Has any one a truly good suggestion?
Mr. Augustus Harris. May it please your Royal High-
ness, I have one:
I think the Drols, before the scene is done,



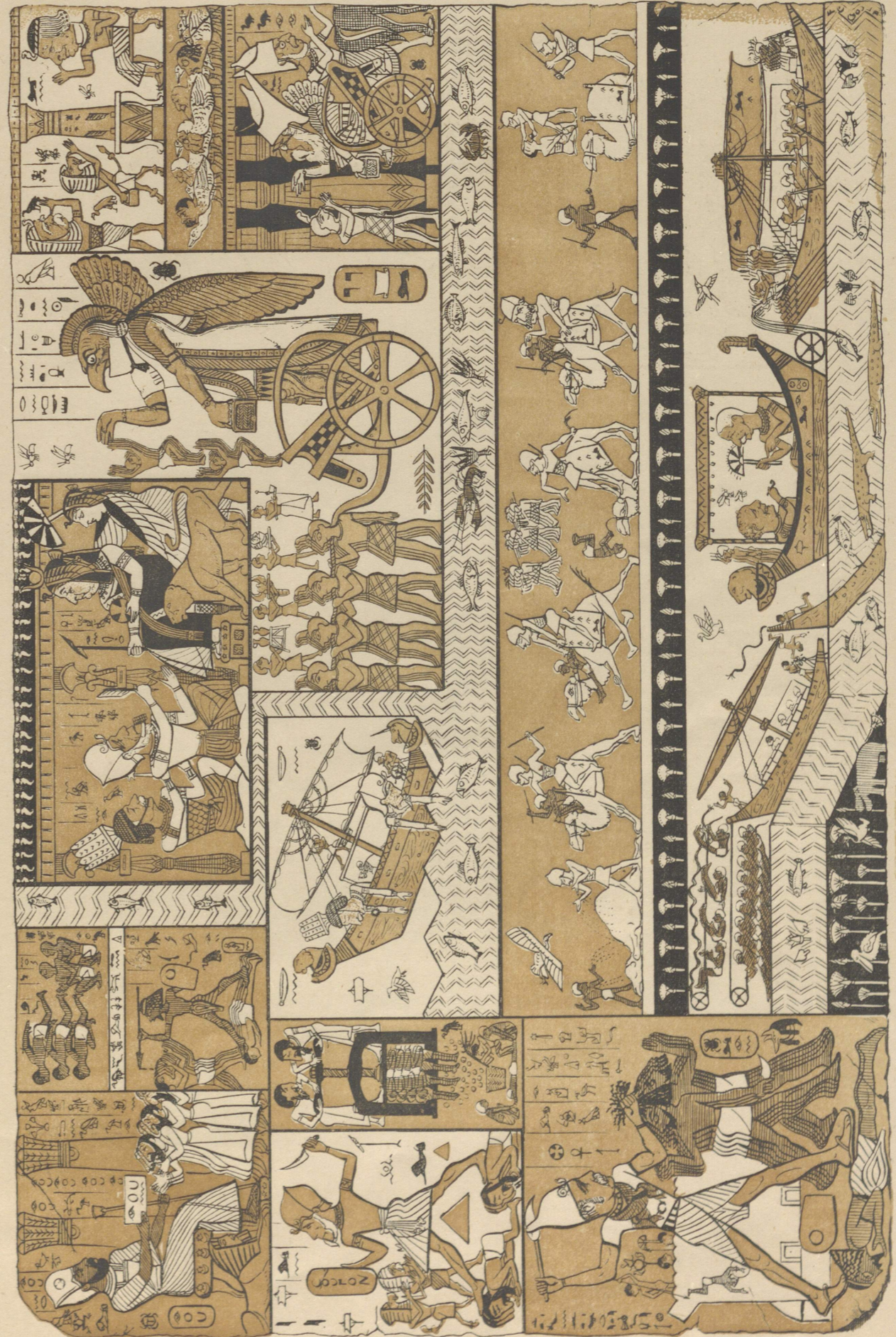
Should have a fight, or try to hold a pass
 Against two million supers, armed en masse!
The Chairman. Two million supers!
Mr. A. H. Yes, sir, in the Bill!
 In truth, though, just enough our stage to fill;
 A skilful manager with little trouble,
 Stage forces twenty, fifty times can double.
The Chairman. Of course, I know what Mr. Harris
 means,
 Thanks to my knowledge of "behind the scenes,"
 And 'twould be easy, by the plan he names,
 To meet the—well, already countless claims
 Of noble amateurs who wish to act
 In our new Pantomime; though 'twill need tact
 To coax a Duke who wants a leading part
 To play a super; still his love of art
 And our diplomacy combined may do it;
 Harris, your notion's good—some day renew it.
 But now, one moment, whilst I think of it,
 I have a Tableau subject to submit,
 'Twas mentioned to me, as a fact, to-day
 As I came in, by Mr. Long, R.A.
 He thinks the public's fancy it would take
 Should we a huge

EGYPTIAN TABLET

Just in the style of those we sometimes find
 In Ancient Egypt's palaces enshrined.
 Now I decidedly shall vote for one.
Mr. Long, R.A. I may say, Prince, that I a sketch
 have done,
 Which, if you please, I'll hand at once to you,
 To guide you when the big Tableau you do.
 [He sends the drawing to the CHAIRMAN.
The Chairman (looking at it). Accept our thanks! It
 could not better be!
Mr. Long, R.A. I've worked in recent incidents, you
 see,
 They all run on from left to right.
The Chairman. Just so;
 And make, I'm sure, an edifying show.
 That's capital, that drawing of the Nile!
 And how you've kept, too, to an antique style,
 Shapira could not well have done it better!
 Yes, Mr. Long, we're very much your debtor,
 We are, indeed.
Mr. Long, R.A. It's given me much pleasure
 To draw the Tablet in an hour of leisure:
 And, if it can of any use be made,
 I am, believe me, Prince, far more than paid.
The Chairman (to Mr. A. HARRIS). Please take this
 sketch, and have the details plann'd,
 That they may be put speedily in hand.

Mr. Harris. It shall be done, my Prince, without delay.
The Chairman. 'Tis well. And now, let's hasten onward,
 pray.
 Who is the next?
Mr. Irving. My proposition, sir,
 Is simply to the final dance defer
 Until the Drols have had a chance to show
 How obstacles in Progress' path they throw.
The Chairman. And you'd show this—
Mr. Irving. By bringing to the cave
 A messenger, who Blublud's ear should crave,
 To tell him that the Fairy Progress meant
 To give the people cause for sweet content;
 That countless blessings she proposed to pour
 Upon their heads if he'd oppose no more.
 'Tis true (she'd add) that he possess'd the pow'r,
 By Fate conferred, in an ill-omened hour;
 Still, in the name of justice she besought
 That he, contented with past ills he'd wrought,
 Would fight no longer in so bad a cause,
 Nor thwart the passing of her longed-for laws.
The Chairman. And he'd consent to do her bidding?
Mr. Irving. Nay!
 He'd scout her messenger without delay;
 And, sending his unflagging minions forth,
 Would bid them search, east, south, and west, and north,
 For every Drol he reckoned as his slave,
 And then, if needs be, whip them to the cave.
The Chairman. And when they got there?
Mr. Irving. Each should give his name,
 And tell his tyrant whence it was he came.
Mr. Toole. Ah, this has got the true dramatic ring,
 Go on!
Mr. Irving. Well, this would be the kind of thing.

1st Drol. I come from haunts of rogues and fools, with whom I
 have been betting;
2nd Drol. And I have spent the afternoon my dog on kittens
 setting;
3rd Drol. And I am here from drawing bills I have no thought
 of meeting;
4th Drol. Whilst I have come with traces fresh of an outraged
 husband's beating;
5th Drol. I'm straight from gossip with a groom and joking with
 a jockey;
6th Drol. And I've just left a pony dead, through too much
 "mounted hockey;"
7th Drol. And I was found behind the scenes distributing rich
 presents;
8th Drol. And I supplying (as agreed) a West-end shop with
 pheasants;
9th Drol. And I was Bacchus worshipping with, p'rhaps, too
 much devotion;
10th Drol. And I was "guinea-pigging" East, a truly splendid
 notion;



AN EGYPTIAN RELIC.

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