David Scott Mitchell.


GAGS
THE AUSTRALIAN DRAMATIC &
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Annual
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FRANK CATES
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THE CENTENNIAL PRINTING & PUBLISHING Co. LIMITED

D. Mitchell.

"GAGS,"

A MISCELLANY IN PROSE AND VERSE.

FORMING THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE

Australian Dramatic & Musical Journal

FOR

1889.

EDITED BY FRANK CATES.

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DEDICATED

TO

Messrs. WILLIAMSON, GARNER & MUSGROVE,

In hearty recognition of their enterprise and liberality as Theatrical Managers.

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"GAGS."

PREFACE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IT was a happy inspiration of Mr. George Augustus Sala to allude to our fair city as "Marvellous Melbourne." What would the great journalist say if he could see the scene presented to-day? The Centennial Exhibition is in full swing, crowding the city with visitors from all parts of the world. Indeed, with apologies to Edmund Spenser, "At length they all to merry 'Melbourne' came." Having in our midst just now so many names of world-wide reputation, it occurred to me that the present was a not inopportune moment to initiate a Dramatic and Musical Annual. Holiday books of this class have been produced before in a desultory fashion; but I hope this number will be the forerunner of a yearly series, and that we may have the pleasure of meeting you every Xmas with the familiar, "Here we are again." To my contributors, amongst whom you may note the names of some distinguished literary and artistic visitors, I wish to convey my sincere thanks for their very able assistance, also to the Centennial Publishing Company for their hearty co-operation in the conception and execution of this little work. With regard to the title "Gags," a few words may not be out of place. A "gag" is, as you are doubtless aware, the name applied to any joke or remark made spontaneously by the actor, and not originally written in his part. What better name

could be given to a series of impromptu stories by ladies and gentlemen more or less connected with the drama, whether as authors, censors, or players? By the way, I understand several of the *impromptus* I have referred to have taken some weeks to prepare, but for apology on this score I have but to refer to the early pages of Archdeacon Denison's autobiographies (q v.). With these few remarks I launch this little work on the ocean of public opinion, with the confident hope that it may make a prosperous voyage on the tide of popularity.

Your obedient servant,

FRANK CATES.

A Mobled Queen.

By Frank Cates.

A GOOD many years ago, only seven, but that is a long time in these days of progression, the events I am about to relate took place. Excuse a slip of prolixity, but with regard to modern progression, I was much struck on a ramble through the Exhibition to notice that the 68 pound gun was the largest in use up to the Crimean War: now compare this weapon of only thirty-three years ago with the 111 tonner for H.M.S. Benbow, a sectional model of which is in the Armament Court. So matters Colonial have progressed, and the drama is now on a very much improved footing in the Queensland city I am about to speak of. I mustn't mention its name, for that would be tellings. I only wish the few, who reading these lines will recognise the facts, to be any the wiser as to the identity of the persons connected with the circumstances related; notwithstanding I pledge you my word they are truly set forth. On a certain black, rainy, horrible night, we sailed, four of us, one a lady (you know them all well, only I mustn't mention names) from Sydney, on board the s.s. "Derwent," bound northwards. We had an awful night. Many of the passengers paid their tribute to H.M. King Neptune, before reaching his dominions, namely, in the harbour bound waters of Watson's Bay. Later on, during the same terrible gale we lost a sailor—washed overboard—for ever. The steamer was stopped, and rolled fearfully in the heavy sea. My cabin companion, poor J. W. Dodge (since dead) wakened, and we both made up our minds that we had struck a rock. However, it was only the sudden reversal of the engines that had caused the peculiar jar to the ship. We cruised about the spot for an hour or more in a terrific sea, but nothing more was ever seen of our poor

Norske sailor. At length we arrived safely in the land of bananas and blacks. We had a most enjoyable time of it in Queensland, and as the weather was moderately cool we had every opportunity to enjoy ourselves in the few hours that remained after our professional labours were over. Oh, I know you think we actors have an easy time of it. Yes, some few have, no doubt ; but if you could see the work required to run a big drama or pantomime it would somewhat open your eyes ; and a stage manager on tour in a badly appointed theatre, with constant change of programme, has his work cut out for him, I can assure you. However, we found time for quiet rambles in the afternoon wherein we used to study, which is an unpleasant necessity as audiences are apt to resent a merely bowing acquaintance with the text on the part of an actor, But, at night, when the work of the theatre was over, Oh ! what glorious fun we had. Every thought of the foot-lights was banished and we retired to the club whereof we were most courteously made honorary members, and till the small hours of the morning, sometimes, the fragrant weed and good whisky (of course in moderation) ruled the roast. On one occasion about three o'clock a.m., a member of the club, a large, powerfully built man, an M.L.A. and a great man in his district, retired to bed with the awful threat that he would wake me in the morning to play a game of billiards. I retired at the same time, and incautiously neglecting to lock my door, at 7 a.m. I was most unceremoniously pulled out of bed, and, after a futile resistance had to tumble into some clothes and play my friend at billiards. *Mirabile dictu*, I won ! I thought at the time "he must feel worse than he looks." I altered my opinion afterwards. He suggested a "pick-me-up." An extraordinary compound it was, brewed by himself, and very happily christened a "coffin dodger." I took one glass, and retired to resume my disturbed and much-needed rest. The club steward informed me afterwards that my friend indulged in five coffin dodgers, ordered six chops for his breakfast, dressed, ate the aforesaid six chops, and went about his business, parliamentary and otherwise. He is dead now ! However, this is not the story I meant to tell you of our "mobled" or "very much moved" Queen. On my last night in Queensland I played Hamlet for my benefit. I may

mention that the local press was extremely gracious in criticising my efforts, but the Stock company with two or three exceptions baffle description, and the Queen—Oh! such a Queen! She was indeed a "mobled" Queen. My first *contretemps* with the lady who essayed Her Majesty of Denmark was on my first entrance into the theatre, some weeks before, when I unfortunately mistook Her Majesty for the cleaner, and politely inquired if my dressing room had been duly attended to. To my horror, however, I was informed that she occupied the position of first old woman in the Stock Company. However, we got along pretty well during the season until the Hamlet night. On our first entrance, I noticed a little unsteadiness of gait which somewhat detracted from queenly dignity, and unfortunately as the play proceeded the Danish Majesty did not improve. We got through the closet scene fairly well, but in the fourth act over went the show. You will remember that lovely speech commencing "there is a willow grows aslant a brook," in which Queen Gertrude announces to Laertes the death of Ophelia. My Queen, however (no connection with Blumenthal's) utterly disregarded Shakspeare's word-painting as verbiose and unnecessary, and made the following pithy and laconic statement, "Laertes! yer sister's drownd-eded under a willer." Presumably from the fact that the majority of the audience were not members of the Shaksperian Society, even this appalling statement passed off without serious detriment to my individual success as the melancholy Dane; but in the last scene when Her Gracious of Denmark huskily remarked, "The drink! The drink! I'm poisoned!" the audience literally roared with laughter, and I fear I joined in the merriment in a manner ill-adapted to the gravity of the situation. But it was too funny. Next time I attempt Hamlet I shall stipulate for a Queen who has no penchant for becoming "mobled" on the "leastest drop as is."

A Glance at the Early History of the Torpedo.

By Brian England, late R.N.

In these days of scientific warfare the importance of torpedoes as a factor in all coming international struggles cannot but be recognised by all, as being a most interesting study.

Some of the ablest scientists and inventors of the day have given the matter deep thought, and most exhaustive experiments have been carried out by the principal nations of Europe, with the result that this deadly weapon has developed to such an extent that its importance cannot be overrated, both for defensive and offensive purposes.

It will, perhaps, be interesting to some of our readers to glance at the early history of the torpedo, and compare it in its infancy to its present comparative completeness.

The first authentic record we have of any weapon resembling the torpedo dates back as far as A.D. 1585, when an Italian engineer named Lambelli completely destroyed a bridge formed across the Scheldt, during the siege of Antwerp. His *modus operandi* consisted of letting several small vessels, each with a magazine of powder on board, float down against the aforesaid bridge, when, by an ingenious clockwork arrangement, they were exploded, and completely wrecked the bridge.

The great success of this novel kind of marine warfare was so apparent that immediate experiments were instituted in order to further an art which, even at that remote time, and with the scanty mechanical appliances at hand, had so impressed the spectators It was not, however, for nearly two hundred years that any great progress was made; and the next name brought before us was that

of Captain David Bushnell, an American, hailing from Connecticut, who may certainly be styled *the inventor* of torpedoes, inasmuch as he overcame the primary difficulty in torpedo warfare by incontestably proving the possibility of firing a submerged charge. This, no doubt, was the rock on which preceding scientists had split. Bushnell's experiments were carried on on a small scale, and were more or less successful. During the American war in 1776 and 1777 he made several unsuccessful attempts to destroy English ships with a submarine boat, invented by himself, and with drifting torpedoes.

For twenty years or so we have no record of anything being done, and the next prominent name is that of Robert Fulton, also an American, whose ups and downs show only too clearly the distrust that genius, especialiy inventive genius, has to encounter. Fulton's first experiments were made in France in 1797, and for some three years he was experimenting and importuning the French and Dutch Governments for aid in carrying out his schemes.

In 1800, the great Napoleon Buonaparte extended his patronage to him, and granted him money to carry out a series of experiments, which took place in the following year in the harbour of Brest.

To Fulton may be inscribed the honour of having sunk the first vessel by a submarine bomb, or torpedo, which feat he accomplished in Brest harbour in August, 1801. Unfortunately for himself, he failed in his next experiment, which was to destroy one of the English Channel fleet, in consequence of which Buonaparte at once withdrew his aid and patronage—quite overlooking all the previous successes he had made.

Fulton then made his way to England, and solicited the patronage of the English Government. Pitt, the then prime minister, was greatly impressed with the apparent efficacy of Fulton's inventions, and he also secured the support of several other members of the Government, but the majority were against him; and though he proved his power by destroying the brig "Dorothea," off Walmer, in October, 1805, the English Government refused to have anything to do with his schemes.

Disheartened and disgusted Fulton sought his native shores; and, after indefatigable exertions and vigorous canvassing, succeeded in getting a commission appointed to enquire into the value of his schemes.

Numerous and searching were the trials to which his inventions were put, and several of the commission were favorably impressed with Fulton's ideas; but on his failure to destroy the sloop "Argus." Congress refused aid. His failure on this occasion was undoubtedly owing to the extraordinary and elaborate precautions taken by Commodore Rogers of the "Argus," and Robert Fulton, in disgust, gave up the schemes he was employed on, and turned his whole energies to the development of the steam engine.

Fulton's inventions may be briefly summarised thus:—

Drifting Torpedoes.—Two torpedoes connected with a line arranged so as to float down stream athwart the hawse of any ship, when the torpedoes would swing under the ship's bottom.

Cable Cutter.—A species of submarine gun was used to discharge a crescent-shaped piece of iron to cut cables or other obstructions. It must be borne in mind that at that time chain cables were almost unknown, and hemp invariably used.

Harpoon Torpedo.—A specially constructed gun to fire a sort of harpoon was used for this. The harpoon had a line attached to it which was made fast to the torpedo. The method of procedure was to fire the harpoon into the bows of the attacked vessel and then let the tide or the vessel's way carry the torpedo under water.

Spar Torpedo.—A torpedo attached to a long spar rigged out at the bow of a boat and fired by a trigger.

These were his principal inventions and the ones most used by him. He also had several buoyant mines for harbour defence, fired by levers and block ships constructed for floating amongst an enemy's fleet.

Many smaller stars followed Fulton, chief of whom were a Mr. Mix, whose two experiments in 1812 were unsuccessful. Both experiments were made in America, and directed against English men-of-war, the first against

H.M.S. "Plantagenet" and the second against H.M.S. "Ramillies."

In 1839 General Paisley, R.E., successfully undertook the task of blowing up the remains of the ill-fated and historic "Royal George." He is stated to have used galvanism to explode his submarine mines, but we have no authentic data in support of it.

The next name is one of the most important ones in modern scientific warfare, namely, Colonel J. Colt, who in June, 1842, successfully exploded a submarine mine by electricity, he himself being at no considerable distance. It is an open question whether Colonel Colt was the first to employ electricity or not, but at any rate he was the first to do so publicly.

The cable used by him was insulated by cotton yarn soaked in a solution of asphaltum and beeswax and enclosed entirely in a metal case.

During the year 1842 Colonel Colt carried out many successful experiments, but his crowning achievement was the destruction of a 500 ton vessel, under weigh, by submarine mines. The ship was sailing five knots at the time, and the operator was five miles distant. The mines were probably laid in a circle. In July, 1844, a Captain Warner made a successful attempt to destroy a barque at Brighton, England, with a submarine shell of his own composition, and two years later two most important discoveries were made with reference to submarine warfare, viz., the discovery of the explosive gun cotton by Professor Schonbein, and nitro-glycerine by Professor Sobrero. The utility of these explosives for military purposes was left in abeyance for some years, as it was not till 1863 that gun cotton was utilised, the first operator being Professor Abel.

During the Crimean war several crude experiments were made with torpedoes, but no success ensued, doubtless owing to the imperfect knowledge of the operators, and it was not until the American War of Independence, 1862–64, that its power in time of war was demonstrated, when the Confederate navy scored a long list of triumphs, amongst which may be mentioned the destruction of the Federal ironclad "Cairo," on December 13th, 1862; the

severe damage inflicted of the Federal gunboat "Commodore Barney," in James River, which lost 20 men besides sustaining serious injury to the hull by running into a stationary mine holding 1750 lbs. of gunpowder; the entire loss of the "Commodore Jones" at the same place on May 6th, 1864, and the loss of the Federal monitor "Tecumseh" in Mobile Bay on August 5th, 1864, when the captain and 70 of the crew were killed.

The only Federal success that I remember was the sinking of the Confederate ironclad "Albermaile," near Plymouth, on October 27th, 1864, by a Wood and Lay spar torpedo.

The year 1864 was a prolific year, as may be gathered by the above details, and a further important discovery was made by Mr. Nobel, who was the first to bring forward dynamite, which is a preparation of 75 parts of nitro-glycerine, and 25 parts of porous siliceous earth.

The motives which led to the Confederate success during the war are plainly apparent. They readily recognised at the outset of the struggle that they were quite unable to cope with the Federals on a naval footing; and futhermore, they had a large expanse of coast with many harbours and navigable rivers to protect. They therefore organised a special torpedo corps, and assiduously set to work to defend their coast-line—with what success can be gathered by the items that I have quoted;—they further puzzled the Northerners by laying down dummy mines and false wires, so that the task of searching for torpedoes was attended with greater difficulty than ever.

During the Paraguayan war of 1864–68, the Paraguayans largely employed submarine mines for the defence of their harbours; and on the 2nd of September, 1866, they succeeded in sinking the Brazilian ironclad "Rio Janeiro" during the bombardment of Currapaity by the Brazilian fleet.

The next war in which torpedoes played a part was the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–78. The Turkish navy was immeasurably superior to the Russian; but, on the other hand, the Russians had devoted considerable time and money to perfecting their torpedoes, amongst which may be mentioned the Whitehead Fish Torpedo, first

invented by Mr. Whitehead, the superintendent of the ironworks at Fiume, Austria, in 1864, but since improved and perfected. It is stated on good authority that he was indebted to a Captain Dupuis of the Austrian army for a good many of the primary arrangements of this wonderfully destructive weapon. However, to return to our history, it will suffice to say that the Russian torpedo arsenal was as superior to the Turkish one as the Turkish navy was to the Russian. The principal harbours in the Baltic and Black Sea were skilfully protected by the latest form of electro-contact mines, and an elaborate scheme of defence was perfected and applied to the numerous bridges across the Danube.

The only successful instance which occurred during the war, of a vessel being sunk by a stationary submarine mine, was the total destruction of the Turkish gunboat "Suna," at Soulina, in October, 1887, when the vessel sank almost immediately with the loss of twelve of her crew.

There were several attacks made by boats, and out of eight attacks two were successful, namely, the destruction of the Turkish monitor "Duba Saife," at Matchin, a small town on the south bank of the Danube. The vessel was attacked and sunk by two Russian Torpedo boats, and of her crew of sixty very few were saved. Spar torpedoes were the weapons on this occasion.

The second successful instance was the destruction of a Turkish revenue steamer, on the 26th of January, 1878, by two Whitehead torpedoes, fired at a distance of about ninety yards.

While on the subject of Whitehead torpedoes, it will be interesting perhaps to readers to learn that the Turkish Government are the only ones who have secured the right and secret of this weapon without previously paying for it. It happened as follows: On the 20th of December, 1877, the Russians made an unsuccessful attack on the harbor of Batoum, and next morning two of these costly weapons were found high and dry on the beach and appropriated by the Turks.

As this slight sketch does not pretend to be anything more than a brief resumé of the early history of torpedoes,

I will conclude by reminding Victorians of a fact of which they may well be proud, and that is of the success of the Brennan torpedo, invented by a Colonial boy whose name is now a household word in scientific circles, and the value of whose invention may be readily gauged by the handsome sum paid by the English Government to him.

On mechanism, electric fuzes, circuit closers, electric cables, firing batteries, and the many forms of torpedoes invented and tested I shall have to be dumb, as I have no space in so short an article to expatiate on them, but in conclusion I wish to draw attention to the immense *moral* effect that torpedoes have had on naval warfare since their invention, especially in the Russo-Turkish War, when the Turks, with an undoubted naval supremacy, were rendered powerless by the assumption, false or real, that every Russian harbour was blockaded by torpedoes. This deterred them from making any naval attacks on the said ports, and rendered their naval supremacy a useless encumbrance.

To any of my readers who would like to see models, etc., of some of the more modern inventions, I can confidently recommend a visit to the Armament Court at the Exhibition, where they can gloat to their heart's delight over the various models.

To all Colonials torpedoes should possess an undoubted interest, as in time of war they will play an important part in Colonial coast defence.

A P. & O. Ballad.

By Melbourniensis.

[Miss ——— had been singing charmingly "The Contrary Wind."]

I.

No "Contrary Wind" should ever come
To waft her back to her Scottish home,
But ever the voice so fresh and free
Will stay in the land of the sapphire sea,
Where wattle blossoms thrill and sigh
As the breeze of Spring sweeps scented by.

II.

And never again the form so fair
Shall meet the piercing Northern air,
In the dismal land of sleet and snow
Where icicles more than roses grow,
While the air that kisses the myrtle trees
May carry her songs on the perfumed breeze.

III.

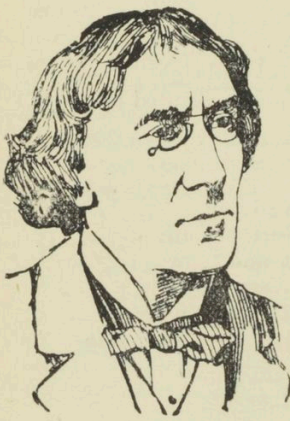
Then let no "Contrary Wind" dare come
To waft her back to her Scottish home;
But as the long years pass away
Happy, bright, she'll ever stay
In the land of the Future, great and free,
Girt around by the sapphire sea.

Stage Royalties

OF THE CONTEMPORARY WORLD.

EDWARD A. VIDLER ("FIGARO").

Author of "The Play-goers' Pocket Book."



HENRY IRVING.

THE dramatic outlook to-day is not, perhaps, particularly brilliant, and our critics are never tired of exclaiming that the golden days of the stage are past and gone with Garrick and Siddons, Talma and Rachel, and the Keans, who loved and lived by the good old "legitimate" drama—that fine old crusted veteran of the "penny-plain and twopence-coloured" days. These dead kings and queens of the stage are at a distinct advantage over our own stage-royalties; time throws a roseate glow over the past, and the achievements of bygone players, more than any other "servants of the arts," are handed down to us in untangible and abstract records of fleeting impressions, which defy adequate description.

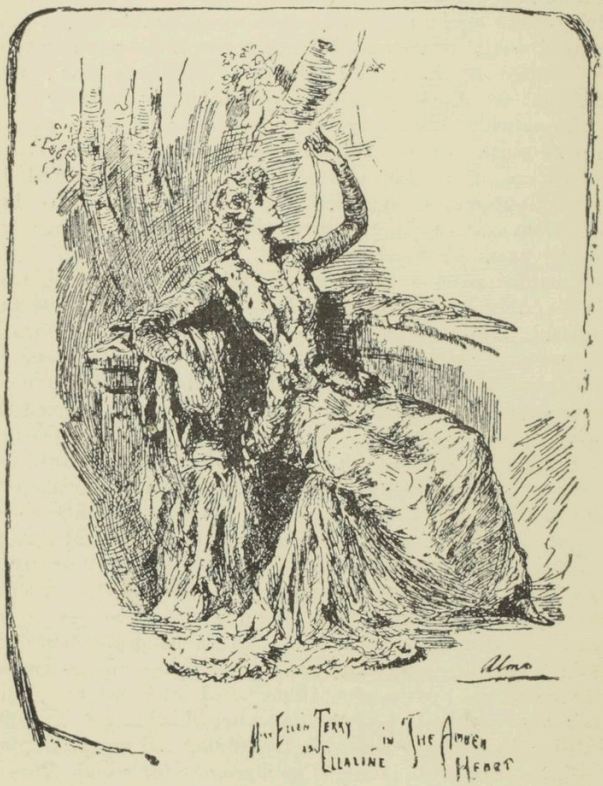
Therefore I maintain that the greater lights of our own day—Booth, Irving, Ristori, Salvini, Ellen Terry, Jeffer-

son, Coquelin, Bernhardt—will be spoken of in terms no less laudatory by those generations who, following us, will know them only by report.

Of those even whom I have noted, Booth already belongs to the old *régime*, as does old Jefferson (the best Rip the world has seen), and the grand Ristori, and no less powerful Salvini, but the magnetic sway of Henry Irving, the foremost manager as well as the most original and scholarly actor of this generation, is the keynote of the high artistic spirit of the age, and it is to him we undoubtedly owe the elevated social status and largely increased popularity of the theatre in England; and his influence has made itself felt in America, and more indirectly in other parts of the world. Starting as a manager at the Lyceum Theatre with all the advantages of the patronage and support of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, assisted by clever lieutenants such as Bram Stoker and Loveday, and with a particularly varied experience through several years of hard work, Mr. Irving rose rapidly in the popular esteem, and soon achieved the position he fills so ably to-day of the leading light of theatrical England, and the most successful manager the world has seen. His theatre is the best school for stage aspirants; he manages everything, and coaches his company personally, drilling them with untiring care from the lowliest super. to Miss Ellen Terry, his highly-gifted leading lady. Among the actors who have had their stage-training in Mr. Irving's company, and do not hesitate to acknowledge their indebtedness to his guidance, are Kyrle Bellew, William Terriss, Forbes Robertson, Miss Millward, and Miss Winifred Emery, who have left his company to take leading characters in other theatres. As an actor Mr. Irving takes first rank as an eccentric comedian and character-actor without a rival on the English stage, and his high intelligence and originality stamp his Shakspearean impersonations with the impress of the master mind. Probably his best performances are his Louis XI., his Mathias in "The Bells," his Benedick, and most complete of all, his Mephistopheles—the character for which Nature,

and his grotesque humour and light cynicism, have most especially fitted him. He is a master of facial expression, he has finely-chiselled and handsome features, eyes of exceptional brilliancy, and a figure at once tall and graceful. He is an artist in everything he does, a man of unerring taste and discretion, an autocrat whose will is law.

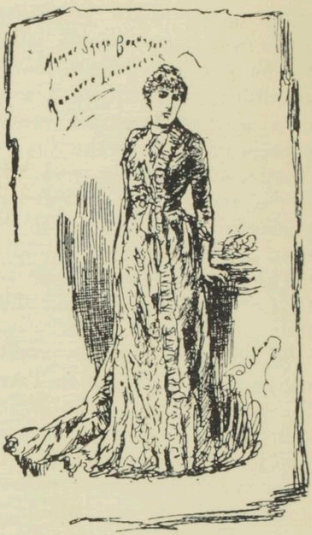
Much of the popularity of the Lyceum Theatre is due to the attractions of Miss Ellen Terry, the brightest star of a



clever theatrical family, and the most popular actress on the English stage. Possessed of a pre-eminently charming and fascinating manner, a graceful presence, gifted with a tender power and an almost childlike simplicity, a subtle sensibility, and quick intelligence, Miss Terry holds her own as the foremost comedy actress of the age. She especially excels in the Shakspearean characters of Beatrice, Portia, and Ophelia, and while she never fails to endow any character she sustains with the high charms of her personality, she has seldom been seen to greater advantage than as the sweet girl Ellaline in the little poetical fancy, "The Amber Heart," especially written for her by Alfred C. Calmour, and presented to her by Mr. Irving after its first performance.

It would be scarcely possible to find a more conspicuous contrast to Miss Ellen Terry than Sarah Bernhardt, the foremost actress on the French stage. She is a strange, eccentric creature, a woman of intense passions, full of caprice and extravagance ; she has the "lunacy of genius" in a marked degree ; painter, sculptor, musician, poetess, actress, all in one, doing each and all with a daring originality which scorns convention and defies criticism, as her personal eccentricities disarm censure. She is a creature of impulse like Rachel, whom she resembles as an actress only by the originality of her conceptions and a fine emotional and tragic power. Rachel was grand, sublime, an ideal classical actress ; Bernhardt is weird, fantastic, a queen of passion, fierce, animal, and almost unpoetic. She is seen at her best as the flighty demi-mondaine, as in "La Dame aux Camellias" and "Frou-Frou," and as the fierce tigress baffled in her ambitions or desires, as in "Theodora," "Phædre," and "La Tosca," unpleasant as those impersonations are in their unblushing *diablerie* and savage horror. There is nothing bright or *spirituelle* in the art of Bernhardt as there is, for example, in Ellen Terry's : one is as much the eerie spirit of death and damnation as the other is the angel of love and poetry. But I hear rumours that Bernhardt, like Alexander, pines for new worlds to conquer ; that she feels that she has exhausted all the worst traits of womankind (so say the cynics) and that she is turning her

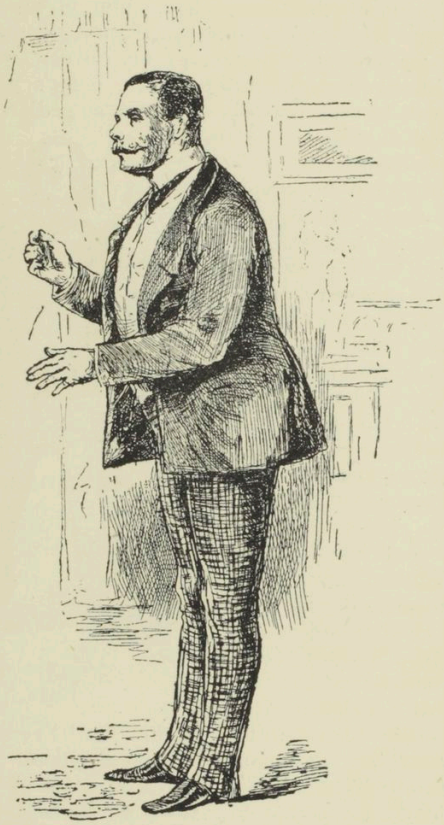
thoughts to more poetic things, but with characteristic originality prefers the dashing heroes to the soft heroines of romance. She has had her dramatic eye on Shakspeare's dramatic love story, and thinks the part of Romeo would suit her — not without some reasonableness, as those who remember her performance of the young troubadour, Zanetto, in "Le Passant," will testify. There are, however, dark hints abroad that the once lithe, not to say attenuated, figure is growing less lithe, and the beautiful bell-like voice losing its dulcet tones. The little sketch we give of Sarah Bernhardt represents her in the character of the unhappy actress Adrienne Lecouvreur, a part she played with great power and vividness, but which she has now relinquished.



Sarah Bernhardt.

Of Coquelin *ainé* it is not possible to speak in such direct terms. His is, certainly, a peculiar personality, but it has ever been his endeavour to prove that a true actor can identify himself with any class of character from the merest buffoonery to the sublimest tragedy, in spite of a personality peculiarly well fitted to the representation of comedy. Toole tells us that it was his ambition to play tragedy, but he has been wise in his generation and has confined himself almost exclusively to farce and domestic comedy, for which nature has fitted him. But Coquelin has not been content with his successes in "L'Etourdi," in which he plays the amusing valet, Mascarille, as no one else could play it; nor as Don César de Bazan, or Tartuffe, nor as the valet masquerading as his master in "Les Précieuses Ridicules," but he has given novel readings of more

originality than power of the haunted murderer in " Le Juif Polonais" ("The Bells") and the ragged poet Gringoire. It is not my purpose in this place to enter upon a



M. Coquelin, in " Le Parisien."

discussion of M. Coquelin's theories, Mr. Irving having already refuted them with all the weight of his technical knowledge and experience, and the public are after all the

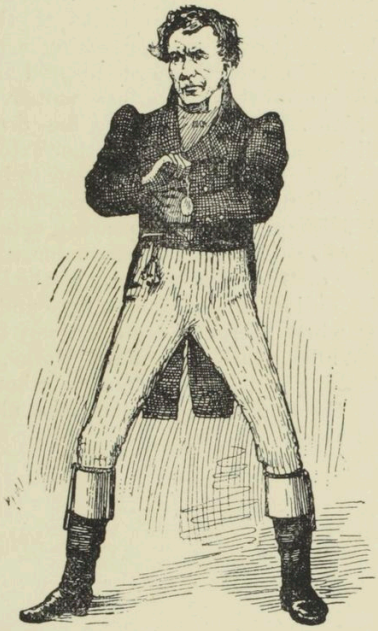
best judges of an actor's success. In French comedy M. Coquelin is supreme, but his higher attempts have never been greeted with more than a *succès d' éstime*. The portrait we print of this actor shows him in one of those neutral parts which make no especial calls upon his eccentric or tragic powers, but it serves my present purpose by giving a life-like representation of the actor's personality, which it will be seen is really that of a comedian.

DAVID JAMES, in "Our Boys."

The English stage is perhaps richer in comedians at the present time than in any other class of actors. The exigencies of the time, which render comedy the most popular form of play, are responsible for this position of affairs. One of the oldest and most popular of comedians is David James, one of the best "old men" of this generation. He made his great success as Perkyn Middlewick in "Our Boys," though his Our Mr. Jenkins in "Two Roses," his Simon Ingot in "David Garrick," and his John Dory in "Wild Oats," are all inimitable performances. J. L. Toole is the personal friend of Irving, and holds a position on the London stage which places him almost beyond criticism. He has made his reputation by his Paul Pry, Spriggins in *Ici On Parle Français*, Aminadab Sleek in "The Serious Family," the hero in "The Birthplace of Podgers," and as the old toy-maker in "Dot," all first-class performances; his later parts, in new comedies and burlesques, written expressly for him, are of a more farcical kind, and have not always been worthy of his reputation. Mr. Lionel Brough, a comedian second to none in his particular line, has been for many years a great favourite in England.

In comic opera, he plays old men with much humour; and in farcical comedy he is no less excellent.

Mr. George Grossmith is a well-known member of the Savoy company, and has "created" the chief parts of all of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas. He is a very popular



GEORGE GROSSMITH, in "Ruddigore."

entertainer, and is in much request in society during the season. His little book of Reminiscences of "A Society Clown" gives a good idea of his professional life.

Mr. W. S. Penley is comparatively a new man, his first real success being as the comic curate in "The Private Secretary." But it is impossible in my limited space to do more than refer to the other stage-royalties.

Among the older favourites are the Kendals, Mrs. Bernard Beere (the "English Sarah Bernhardt"), John Hare, Wilson Barrett, Geneviéve Ward, Tom Thorne, Charles Wyndham, Henry Neville, the Bancrofts (now retired from active service), Arthur Cecil, Charles Warner, Mrs. John Wood, William Farren, and a host of others too numerous to mention; and the ranks of the younger players include such clever and promising actors as the Beerbohm Trees—Mr. Tree, the most talented and versatile of the younger generation, who has moreover a great future before him—E. S. Willard, who has done more to make stage villainy artistic than any other actor; Edward Terry, who has broken loose from burlesque to blossom into an eccentric comedian of considerable popularity; Forbes Robertson, an accomplished Shakspearean actor; Charles Brookfield, one of the cleverest of character actors, and a valuable member of Mr. Tree's company at the Haymarket; William Terriss, an ideal melodramatic hero and an actor of sterling merit, whose Mercutio could scarcely be improved upon; Lewis Waller, Kate and Mary Rorke, and many, many more, forming a host of talent to whom we must look to support the English stage when the older generation has passed away.

A Remembrance.

By R. P. Whitworth.

"George Morton, did you say?"

"Yes, I said George Morton, a fellow of infinite jest, and one of the best men at sharp, shrewd sayings and quick repartee I ever knew."

"Well, what of him?"

"I'll tell you a little thing that occurs to me. I was at that time treasurer for the Victoria Theatre in Sydney; Bill Dind and Joe Rayner were the lessees. Old Tolano was the lessee of the opposition house, what was then known as the "Lyceum," York Street.

After this explanation comes in the fun. It was the time when Sir John Young took up the gubernatorial reins of New South Wales, and—brought out his own coachman.

The oratorio of the "Messiah" was to be performed at the Masonic Hall, York Street (mind you), and His Excellency, who had promised to attend, was driven thitherward.

But—Oh! that magnificent *but*—his coachman, seeing the lights at the Lyceum, pulled up.

No sooner said than done, old Tolano who was, as usual, smoking his peaceful pipe on the stairs, at once rushed down, and with effusion, exclaimed, "Oh, S'help me never, here's the blooming Guv'nor come to my blooming show!" and with that he, what he was never known to do before, took his pipe out of his mouth, and opened the carriage door, saying, "Velcome, My Lord, Your Worship, come into the blooming drum, and you're as velcome as the flowers in May."

But, alas for the vanity of human wishes! The Governor had merely stopped to enquire the way to the Masonic Hall.

Next day Bill Dind, Joe Rayner, Bill Lyster, myself, and poor George Morton were taking a drink at Ben Palmer's bar, when in walked old Tolano, looking down the two sides of his nose.

" Hello ! " said somebody, " What's the matter with you, Joe ? "

" S'help me never," was the tart reply, " 'ere's the bloomin' Gov'nor comes to my drum, and stops at the door, and then instead of comin' in as a respectable member of s'iety should, he arsks me the way to the hopposition drum. Bah-r ! It's enough to make a feller give up theatre keepin' and try to live 'onest."

And he quitted.

Loq. George Morton, " Well, gentlemen, what are you laughing at ? "

Omnes. " Why, at Tolano's discomfiture, to be sure."

G.M., " Well, for my part, I see nothing to laugh at. It was only natural and what could have been expected."

Omnes, " How d'ye make that out, George ? "

G.M., " Easily. The Governor went to see the ' Messiah ' did he not ? "

Omnes, " Yes."

G.M., " Very well. As a matter of course, going to see the ' Messiah,' he stopped when he saw Judas Iscariot standing at the door."

Curtain.

Led into Temptation.

By Phil. Greenwood.

I had long loved the fair woman sitting near me on that autumn afternoon. From my youth up I had been her companion and playmate, and now in my manhood loved her with all the intensity of my passionate nature. But for the last few weeks the confident happiness of my love had been changed to a never-ceasing torture.

Florence (for this is her sweet name) and myself lived in the same village, and had seen each other almost daily for years. Never in my life had I doubted her attachment to me, and it was not until seven short weeks ago that I had any reason to do so. A certain Captain Harding had been invited by her father to stay for a time at "The Cedars." At first I thought nothing of it, but as I observed a certain affectionate intimacy growing up between the beautiful girl whom I had always been accustomed to call "my Florence" and Captain Harding, a fearful jealousy took possession of me, and I hated the man as only beings like myself can hate.

Truly, I had never made any actual profession of my love, feeling secure of its acceptance at any time; to me, at any rate, our ultimate marriage seemed certain, and now, alas! the autumn sun spread its light and warmth on everything but myself.

Seated on the lawn, Florence, Captain Harding, and my miserable self were resting after, to me, a wretched pull on the river which flowed lazily through the extensive grounds. The golden hair of her I loved so well glittered in the yellow light. Captain Harding, attired in a flannel suit, lay on his back, as he laughingly said, almost baking. I only of the three had unconsciously placed myself in the shade, as though the

glorious sun refused to throw aught but shadows over my fierce hate. And yet I had nothing to hate the man for. "How did I know that she cared for him, or he for her?" This I sometimes asked myself, but unhappily the answers came only too quickly. Had I not watched them day by day for seven weeks? Had I not seen the blushes rise to the lovely cheeks at the mere mention of Harding's name? Aye, and had I not seen his constant attentions to her—attentions, certainly, which any gentleman might show to a lady, but shown with the tender manner and constant watchfulness which told, only too truly, of the lover.

"Come, Harold, you are very quiet," said Florence to me.

"Yes, I am tired after the boating," I replied thoughtlessly, and almost sulkily.

"By Jove! that's good, considering you did the steering while Florence and I pulled," broke in the Captain.

I did not deign to reply, and the subject dropped.

Until the gong sounded from the house as a summons to dinner I spoke not. Florence and Captain Harding chatted gaily, and seemingly did not notice again how silent I was.

"I cannot stop to dinner this evening, Florence. Excuse me to your father, will you?"

"Oh, Harold," she said, "that is too bad, and we wanted you to make up a game of whist, too. You know there are only three of us."

"I'm really very sorry," I remarked, coldly.

"So are we," said Florence.

I said "good-bye" without offering to shake hands, and walked away. I know they were speaking of me as they strolled towards the house, for Captain Harding said something, after which Florence looked round and laughed. It was the last glimpse of her face I shall ever see, and though she laughed with something like scorn at me, yet shall I carry the memory of it engraven on my very soul, to comfort me when that soul writhes in the tortures of hell.

Banging the gate after me, and grinding my teeth, I strode slowly along towards my home. Arriving there I professed to have dined, and went straight to my room. Flinging myself on the bed I gave way to the most terrible jealousy. Since the first few days of Harding's arrival the conviction that I

was being replaced in the heart of my darling had grown stronger and stronger. I had at first tried keeping away from the house, but imagine how tortured I was on going the following day, as I could not resist doing, to find that I had hardly been missed. What to do I did not know. The thought of a rival had intensified my love a hundredfold. I longed to speak to her, and ask her to be my wife, but the fear of a refusal—Oh ! the agony of it—prevented me.

After thus torturing myself until the darkness of night had entirely enshrouded the earth, and knowing well I could not sleep, I rose from my bed where I had lain all this time just as I had first thrown myself. I walked quietly from the house and betook myself towards the river. Did I unconsciously contemplate suicide or was it Fate that carried me in this direction ? I know not.

Crossing a small footbridge I went very slowly along the banks, now stopping and gazing into the black waters unillumined by the moon, and now looking over at the few houses on the opposite side of the stream, whose gardens reached to the water's edge. " The Cedars " was one of these and I was gradually drawing near it. Perhaps some miserable desire to find Florence and Captain Harding strolling lovingly in the darkness and being able to watch them unseen, actuated me.

There is a dismal sweetness in tormenting yourself with scenes such as these, feeding your jealousy on such pictures until it ripens into despair, lacerating your heart until it is one mass of hopelessness.

I walked *with* the stream, and every now and then huge congeries of foliage cut from the drooping willows during the day were borne slowly past me. The river, used only to work a mill and for a little boating, had to be kept clear, and the branches and weeds thus cut to prevent them obstructing the current, were caught by a weir erected about a quarter of a mile before the mill, which was situated nearly two miles from where I walked.

As I neared " The Cedars " I heard the dip of oars coming towards me. Involuntarily I stepped back into the darkness. The occupant, of what seemed to be a light out-rigger, was singing. It was a snatch of a melancholy song truly, but one which I had never heard except from the lips of my rival. As

he got opposite to where I stood I could just make out the words sung in a low voice,—

> For were I in Heaven without her,
> Its best joys could never atone ;
> I'd go down to Hell with my darling
> Than live in thy Heaven alone.

That he was thinking of Florence (as I immediately conjectured) made me clench my teeth and turn my face in bitter anger from the dim form. Just as I did so I noticed a huge bough floating slowly down towards the skiff. I hated him then more vehemently than ever. I knew that he could not see the obstruction, and that if he struck it he would probably be capsized, but as surely as I now fear an eternal punishment I thought then only of his discomfiture, of his presenting himself before all at "The Cedars" soaked and looking foolish, and especially before Florence. Why should I shout to him ? He did not know I was there, and suppose I had not been. The river was deep and full of entanglements of weeds, but could he not swim ? Thus I argued with my better self, but some devil whispered in mine ear, "Let him swim if he can. Let him swim."

I was almost disappointed to see branches veer slowly round as if they would miss the boat, and clutched as though I would turn them towards it. He did not pass them as I had thought, however. From out the large mass, one long, thick bough projected some distance from the rest. It caught the outrigger and before the sculler could do anything to prevent it, he had over-balanced and fallen into the water. The boat, held over by the weight of that portion which had caught it, gradually filled with water, and after drifting for a few yards, sank.

I now looked, expecting to see Captain Harding striking out for the bank, but half-a-minute must have elapsed—it seemed to me an hour—before he appeared, and then only his head. He was struggling desperately, and on account of his mouth being hardly above the surface of the water, could not shout, but made only a dull, bubbling sound, at times smothered altogether. I at once guessed that his feet must be entangled in the weeds which grew so densely in the river. My first impulse was to jump in and assist him, but some

diabolical power held me back. "Let him drown," it whispered this time, "he is your hated rival, and many a better man has suffered a worse fate." I hearkened to the voice, and watched his terrible endeavours to free himself. For a quarter of an hour he struggled in vain. By the light of the moon which had just risen, I could see his bare head. His black hair was at one moment washed down over his forehead, while at the next, as he threw his head back trying to get air by raising his mouth above the surface, I could see only his face shrouded with anguish, in which the eyes glistened with the agonies of death. I at times half hoped he would free himself, and yet dreaded lest he should. But see! Another huge mass is floating slowly towards the drowning man, and he will be forced under the water at least until it passes. No! He sees it, and just as it approaches clutches one of the boughs. It passes slowly down, and he is thrust beneath it, but only for a few moments. As it goes with the stream he still holds on, and is drawn up so that his head is almost entirely above the water. With this help he will escape after all, he will succeed in saving himself. Quick as the thought passed through my maddened brain I rushed to the bank and dived to where Captain Harding still held tightly. I did not speak; I did not touch him; but seizing the bough which supported him I gave it one terrific push. The Captain, weak and exhausted, could not retain his hold. With a gurgling death cry, so horrible that even in those chill waters I shuddered, he sank beneath the stream.

I made all haste to the bank. Wet and cold, I looked shiveringly at the awful spot, but even the ripples had subsided and the dark stream flowed lazily as before. Not a sound was heard except the dreary clang from the clock of the village church as it strikes twelve.

* * * * * *

What I have now written happened nearly twenty-four hours ago. Since then I have not moved from my room whither I fled at twelve o'clock last night. During that time I have suffered excruciating agony, but am calm now. The devil bade me do the terrible deed which has deprived me of all hope in life and in eternity. The devil now bids me follow

the murdered man to the unknown hereafter. I am his, and cannot disobey his dictates, nor indeed do I wish to do so. How can I face Florence at all? How much less can I offer her my blood-stained and accursed love. Without her I will not, I can not, live, and for that reason I am about to die. Give me no pity, O reader! for I deserve it not, and it will avail me nothing. The God who said "Thou shalt do no murder," also said, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." In killing myself, I obey the command of God and of the devil.

* * * * * *

What have I done? What have I done? From a fearful gash the blood is streaming from my throat. Oh! for two days ago! Oh, that only the actions of the last day could be obliterated from my life! Oh! that heaven would give me but the last five minutes once again. Can I not help myself? Can I not live? No, no, 'tis too late! I am growing weaker! I cannot stand! See, as I lie helpless on the floor, a small red stream trickles slowly across the room towards the door. It is my life-blood! Oh, Heaven help me! Oh, God forgive me! Murderer and self-destroyer that I am, I come before Thee now. I can write no more. Farewell to the world! Farewell Florence! for thy sake I have killed; for thy sake I am dying. No one comes near me; no one cares whether I live or die. Not a sound is heard except the dreary clang from the clock of the village church as it strikes twelve. I am dying. I am dying. I am ———

A Little Adventure in Bos. Brown's Theatre.

By W. J. G.

I DETEST to be pinned down to dates. However exact you may be, and whatever pains you may take to verify your statements as to years, months, weeks, and it may be days, some pragmatical person is sure to start up and attempt to prove that the occurrence described could not possibly have occurred at the time stated, and in defence of your own accuracy much precious time is consumed in proof of the assertion. Should you come off victorious, you are no better off than you were; while, on the other hand, if you have made a blunder you are overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and regarded, for some time at least, as utterly unreliable. I prefer to generalize, and draw the line at decades, trusting my memory not to overleap the Rubicon between one ten years and another—so far as concerns the recollection of events in which I myself have played a part.

It was then some time in the "seventies" that I was residing in or near Manchester, my mind as free from care as my joints from chalkstones; and, though keeping strictly within the bounds of propriety, ready for any bit of fun in reason, from pitch and toss to manslaughter. Among my friends were a band of choice spirits—young gentlemen residing for the most part at Alderley Edge, in Cheshire, and known popularly as the Twelve Apostles. Alas! *Tempus Edax Rerum!* This jovial clique have all suffered martyrdom. Some are married, many have joined the majority, and some have "gone dead broke." But enough of such sorrowful reflections. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and, at the time spoken of, these boys

showed a surprising aptitude for getting into mischief themselves, and drawing those who were old enough to know better into it likewise.

One fine summer evening some half-dozen of us determined to make up a little party, dine together at the Palatine Hotel, and afterwards patronise 'Boston' Brown's new theatre, the Prince's, recently opened in Oxford Road. I had not the pleasure of Boston's personal acquaintance, and I therefore state under correction that he was an enterprising American who, having made money in trade, cut 'hard' and 'soft' alike, and, partly as a speculation, partly as a pastime, devoted himself to a Sybaritic life at the Queen's Hotel, and to 'running' a theatre. It is, by the way, very characteristic of the mental activity of northern America that when prominent citizens have made their 'pile' they hardly ever vegetate like a French *rentier*, but plunge into some new and costly enterprise, an hotel or a theatre for choice. 'Bos.' Brown's theatre was as pretty a little place of amusement as anyone could wish to see, charmingly decorated and upholstered, the curtain ornamented with a single ostrich feather, and the left proscenium box adorned with the beaming person of the lessee, whose presence was itself a guarantee that all went right. Poor fellow! the Great Reaper mowed him down before many years were passed. Here Alfred Cellier produced his *Sultan of Mocha*, and Calvert, great prototype of Rignold, recorded the waning popularity of Shakespeare by spouting the pious utterances of Henry V., aided by costumes made expressly from drawings in the British museum. I am sure, by the way, that I have subsequently seen these identical dresses at Mrs. Rousby's theatre in Long Acre, and I fancy some very like them, only not *quite* so fresh, have appeared on the Melbourne boards. However, Bos. Brown's pantomimes were always charmingly mounted, and he did a great service to the stage by stimulating the Manchester Theatre Royal into something approaching liberality of management, and rescuing it from the slough of utter shabbiness into which it was fast sinking.

Well, our dinner was all that it should be, and, after the last bottle of port had crowned the great gastronomic work

a procession of hansom cabs bore us to the pretty little theatre in Oxford Road, where we found comfortable quarters in the stalls, and disposed ourselves to listen and enjoy. The stall seats were constructed on what was then a new principle. The frames were cast in one piece, and the seats, somewhat after the fashion of a *miserere* seat in an abbey church choir, were made to swing on a pivot, so that when not in use the space they occupied beyond the arms was saved. During one of the intervals we all paid a visit to the excellent café opposite, and, on our return, I found that in order to regain my place it was necessary to pass in front and disturb a number of people, a solecism I have always a horror of committing. But the row in front was empty. What easier than to glide almost imperceptibly along it, and, having arrived opposite my own stall, to set my foot on the seat before it and vault lightly over the barrier? So, *suadente diabolo*, I put the design into practice But alas! I had forgotten all about those confounded swing seats, and, placing my foot too far back, as a matter of course the moment I put my weight upon it up went the seat and down slipped my unfortunate limb between it and the cast iron back of the chair, through a space which proved just sufficient to admit it when propelled by the weight of my body, but inadequate to allow me to retract it, so that I found myself, as did on a certain occasion the nephew of Gil Perez, like a rat caught in a rat trap.

I don't think I ever felt so embarrassed in my life. "*Obstupui, steteruntque comæ.*" You might, in fact, have knocked me down with a crowbar. Here was a gentleman in evening costume, standing perforce, erect in the midst of persons similarly attired; and, to make matters worse, instead of facing the stage, gazing at the pit, the dress circle, and the gallery, as if he contemplated soliciting the suffrages of their occupants at the next election. However, I tried to make the best of it, and looked unconcerned, all the while making desperate efforts to retrieve my leg. But it was no use. I might as well have tried to pull out one of my own molars. My companions at first wondered I did not join them; but

on discovering the state of affairs, one of them went round for the usher, who pushed from below, while I lugged from above, but all to no purpose. A desperate effort was next made to dislocate the chair, with equally unprofitable results. Meantime the orchestra had filed into their places, and the conductor, bâton in hand, was only waiting for everybody to be seated. Things were getting awkward. Even the well-bred people round me could not repress their smiles—a gloom began to overshadow the benignant features of Bos. Brown—and, as for the gods, when they discovered the real condition of affairs, they became painfully facetious. At length, as a *dernier ressort*, the carpenter appeared upon the scene. This gave me some comfort, for I grimly thought that, everything else failing, he might saw my leg off. But this responsibility he declined. He was neither a surgeon nor a blacksmith, and could not treat my case. "But I hope, sir," he said, "you will not run away with the idea——"

"Run away!" I exclaimed, in a rage. "I should be only too glad to run away with anything or nothing, not even my shin." Here I made a final frantic tug, and, to my great relief, succeeded in dragging out my leg. I sat down and saw out the piece, which proceeded forthwith, but it was many days ere Nature repaired the loss suffered by my abraided cuticle.

W. I. G.

My Strange Visitor.

A Xmas Eve Phantasy.

By Durant Harcourt.

It was a hot Australian evening, and I was endeavouring to utilize a comfortable couch for the purpose of restful slumber, and all the while kicking about the bed in a semi-dozing condition, when my usually keen sense of hearing was partially aroused by the sound of a light footfall upon the floor of the apartment. I was too fatigued to take any particular notice of the occurrence. In the course of a second or so, however, I became conscious of the presence of a curious looking figure, standing at the side of the bed, and contemplating my recumbent form as if in speculation as to whether I was awake or slumbering. The apparition appeared to be attired in tights and spangles, while its comical visage seemed to have been artifically coloured to represent a deathly white ground upon which had been laid regularly shaped patches of brilliant vermillion. For a moment alarmed, I struck a blow fair at the figure, when it at once disappeared, reappearing immediately, and again vanished as often as the blow was repeated. The whole aspect of the apparition was of so uncanny a character, at that late hour of the night, that I struck a match and lit the candle, determined to further investigate the appearance of my unwelcome visitor. Getting out of bed I then searched the room, which is on the second floor of the house I occupy, tried the door, which had remained as I had left it over night, securely locked, and then examined the space under the bed. All this investigation, however, was to no purpose, and at last I concluded that I

had been tricked by a half somnolent imagination. But, lo! just as I was about to extinguish the light again, my eyes fell upon the top of the wardrobe, and there lying right along the edge of that piece of furniture was the object of my prolonged search—the *fac-simile* of a pantomimic clown, and appearing as if on the point of giving utterance to that familiar catch phrase—"Here we are again!" In another moment I had a six-shooter from under my pillow and presented it at him, whilst I called upon the strange being to come down and surrender. Of course I considered him to be a madman, who should be under some proper control, and never for a moment regarded him as having any nefarious design upon my person or property, excepting, perhaps, such as would arise from the possession of a disordered brain. Seeing my determined attitude, I presume, the painted creature slowly raised his head and shoulders from the edge of the wardrobe, and motioning with one motley garbed arm my pistol aside, addressed me thus:—"Don't fire, and I'll come down. You seem to be a decent sort of fellow, and you evidently have but little to steal. I would like to talk to you, but first see how I effect my descent from this place."

The whole affair appeared to me to be so utterly absurd, considering the hour and the surroundings, that I lowered the pistol, and watched the movements of my visitor, as he requested. He simply rolled over from the ledge of the wardrobe, which was about seven feet high, and falling flat upon the floor, he, by one of the most curious corporal contortions I ever saw, jerked himself again on to the same elevated site. Then he fell a second time, and almost immediately resumed a perpendicular position, from which he addressed me as follows:—

"Sir, I believe I can trust you, and I want, on this Christmas Eve, to communicate my peculiar position to some one. I am the Acrobatic Burglar, the only living convict contortionist in the world. Perceive me now!"

With this he threw himself into the most marvellous positions. Sometimes he looked like a chintz-covered chair; anon he assumed the position and shape of a four legged table. I can candidly say that I never witnessed such a series of marvellous metamorphoses of the human figure in my

whole existence. The man actually froze my blood by the wondrous twistings of his body, and the apparently impossible way in which he assimilated his frame to the inanimate articles in the room. In his own person he caricatured every noticeable piece of furniture I possessed and, on one or two occasions of his impersonations, I was in doubt as to his identity with the article which he so successfully copied with his supple and imitative limbs.

By this time, however, I had become thoroughly interested in the self-termed acrobatic burglar, and as my excited brain was growing rather dizzy at his varied movements, I requested him to desist, and, as he had declared that he was inclined to be communicative, to give me some particulars regarding himself.

"I am, I suppose," said the eccentric, "one of the most successful burglars of Melbourne, and I owe my immunity from detection simply from my wondrous powers as an acrobat and contortionist. Only now I threw myself, by means of a mid-air summmersault from the street into your bedroom. I shall eject myself out by the same way, reassume a coat and hat which I have left in your balcony, and pass the next constable safely as a pantomine artist who has been too drunk or too tired to wash off his stage paint. No reasonable policeman could suspect me as a burglar. If you will bear with me, I observe your watch on the pillow. I will annex it by acrobatic means, and then see if you can find me."

No sooner said than done, the curious creature flew up in the air far above me, and my silver timepiece mysteriously disappeared before my eyes. He who took it had also departed altogether also, for at this period the man was utterly invisible. On a sudden, however, I noticed an article of furniture in the room which had not been previously present. It was a clothes-horse, with four of my clean shirts and sundry other linen articles on its frame. On approaching it, I of course found that it was the acrobatic burglar. After that I could not doubt his transcendent ability in the transformation line. He then resumed his natural form, and continued his narrative, thus :—

"That will show you what a future there must be for the association of such Grimaldi-like powers, as I possess, with

the true burglarious instinct. I am endowed with perfect immunity from police interference, and run but one danger, that of breaking my neck. At times I have had to jump right over a house, and convert myself into a wood-sawing bench, in order to escape the quick perception of a smart detective. I am very frank with you, for the reason that if you rounded on me, no one would believe your story, and having made a competence, I have abandoned the profession. But, last Christmas Eve, I made a most successful raid in a certain quarter, and I could not resist going out in my war paint to night. I had no intention whatever of committing a burglary, but the old spirit of adventure was strong upon me, and seeing your window open, I sprang into it. I think you looked pretty well astonished, and even alarmed, when you saw me. A good many people have done so, but I have been wise enough never to annex anything when the rightful proprietors were awake, so, finding all safe in the morning, they have regarded me as a kind of nightmare, and thought no more of me after the reassuring light of dawn has returned. You may remember me in the same way, perhaps, for here is your watch back, and now I am going to leave you to your rest. Farewell !"

"I haven't quite got over it yet: but to see that curious bundle of humanity shoot out of a second story window into the thoroughfare below would naturally impress the incident upon one's memory. I did'nt want him back again, and so I closed the casement. But a week or two after I read in the *Police Gazette*—

"Ten pounds reward for the identification of the body of a man now lying in the Melbourne morgue." The deceased is made up and dressed as a sprite, his stage clothes being covered by an old drab coat. His neck was broken, and on his person were found four watches with guards attached (three gold and one silver), and a small silver salver. Supposed to be a case of murder." I went to see this remarkable corpse in the morgue, and found, as I expected, that it was my old visitor, the acrobatic burglar, and the only convict contortionist in the world.

He must have gone back again to his old games.

D. H.

The Equestrian Drama.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

By F. Stanmaur.

SOME few years ago I joined a travelling company, whose manager secured a large share of public favour by the combined attraction of a lady star and two highly trained horses. The company was especially popular in the North of England; and in the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, good business could generally be relied upon. The programme was changed every night, and presented a startling variety of plays that nowadays would excite the wonder not only of the public, but of the profession itself. A play-bill, which I still cherish among my souvenirs of the old times, contains the announcement that the eminent actor, Mr. ——, well, we'll call him Henry, accompanied by the accomplished and fascinating artiste, Miss Bessie Dash, are to appear for positively six nights only in a round of favourite plays, introducing the highly-trained steeds, "Black Bess" and "Saladin". The week's repertoire comprised no less than nine dramas and two farces, the former of a full-flavoured, blood-curdling type, in which the performing horses and a lavish use of gunpowder and red fire were the predominating features. Mazeppa was one of our trump cards, and I shall never forget my first equestrian effort in that play. I was cast for Count Premislas, and in mounting my prancing steed in the court-yard scene, made so energetic a spring, that, instead of alighting in the saddle, I fell where vaulting ambition ever leads, on the t'other side. The usually docile animal was so astounded by this unexpected gymnastic effort that it backed with great precipitation, upsetting the

Castilian and Olinska, and throwing the climax of the act into such confusion that the drop fell amid shrieks of merriment. The scene which immediately followed, in which the stage manager and myself were chiefly concerned, was not nearly so humourous—for me. On Saturday night the "bill" was always of a most overpowering character, and invariably comprised two heavy dramas, and on one occasion I remember we played a farce also. The favourite programme, however, was "The Life and Death of Richard III," and "Dick Turpin's Ride to York;" the great feature in the tragedy being the combat between Richard and Richmond, performed on horseback to an appropriate accompaniment from the orchestra. But to come to my story. One Friday night, a full house assembled to witness the then still attractive play of "East Lynne," and a one-act drama, in which the horse "Saladin" performed some very remarkable feats of equine intelligence. Toward the close of the first piece, "Saladin" was brought into the theatre and placed between the second and third entrances on the prompt side. It happened on this particular evening, that the local infant phenomenon, who was to have played Little Willie Carlyle, was suddenly taken ill, and no substitute being procurable, a serious dilemma was presented. But presently a way was seen out of the difficulty. By a little manipulation and rearrangement of the text, Willie could be cut out of the play up to the death scene, but here he was indispensable. Accordingly our first chambermaid, a buxom, bright-eyed girl (who, by the way is now a popular London Actress), was pressed into the service. Now, as everyone knows, Willie, is discovered lying in his cot with his distracted mother watching by his side. Nothing, therefore was necessary to complete the childish illusion but a fair wig and a night-dress, and as the cot was so placed that the actress could keep her face turned from the audience, the idea promised to work admirably. The little bedstead stood beside the flat forming one side of the enclosed bedchamber, and it was immediately behind this flat that the horse "Saladin" was somewhat impatiently awaiting his share of the performance to commence. The death scene had just began. A deep impression was made upon the audience, who were all unconscious that the weak, piping voice of poor, little, dying

Willie, proceeded from a very robust young lady. Tears welled copiously from the eyes of the rough Yorkshire folk, who watched the affecting episode with breathless sympathy. At this critical moment, the worthy manager, who was to play in the second piece, entered the theatre, and passing down the stage, espied poor "Saladin" placidly rubbing his nose against the aforementioned flat to the damage of some newly painted scene on its reverse side.

"Get back you brute," growled Henry, whose only fault, poor fellow, was a too strong partiality for whisky, and who was less discreet under its influence than he would otherwise have been. "Get back you brute," striking as he spoke, a smart blow with his riding whip at the offending horse.

Willie at that instant expired, and "Saladin", no doubt doubly astonished at the blow and the soul-stirring shriek of Lady Isabel, swung sharply round, backing his powerful haunches against the scene, which succumbed to the pressure and, horror of horrors! upset the cot of the deceased Willie with a loud crash. This time "Saladin" knew something serious had happened, and regardless of his careful theatrical training careered on to the stage amid the renewed shrieks of Madame and the corpse.

Crawling from beneath the capsized bedstead, the re-animated Willie presented the absurd spectacle of a well-grown young lady somewhat taller than the supposed mother, clad in a dark walking dress, over which a short night-gown, gave the appearance of a charity girl's pinafore Bedstead, scenery, Saladin, the two scared women, and the shouting and furious Henry were all mixed up together in wild confusion. The situation was too much for the audience. The reaction from the pathos of the dying scene to this ludicrous catastrophe was overwhelming, and the curtain fell amid such prolonged and spontaneous laughter as I never heard in a theatre before or since.

Forgotten.

By Phil. Greenwood.

The last sun-ray of the passing year fell 'cross the
moistened stone
Of a cellar bare, on a pallet where a clown lay
dying alone ;
And the hum of the street and the beating feet
Made his loneliness doubly lone ;
As the Angel of Death caught his fleeting breath,
And gathered it for his own.

Yet feebly grasping the sands of life,
As they fell from his bony hand,
He feared to go from this world of woe
To seek for a fairer land.
For though he was weary of living here,
And longed for an end of toil ;
The dread of a hell, which now on him fell,
Made sweeter this mortal coil.

For those who should preach the risen Christ
Instead of the first great fall,
Still mar with the gloom of a fearful doom
The thought of a Heaven for all ;
And yet in the eyes of Heaven, perchance,
The clown had a higher place,
Than frequenters of church with the awful smirch
Of Hypocrisy's evil face.

And he thought of the crowds who had cheered him
once
In the height of his short-lived fame,
And the welcome cheer so joyous to hear
He had thought it always the same.
But alas ! that this day had ended now,
And the night had come at last ;
For they cheered no more, and their smiles were o'er,
When his time for pleasing was past.

He thought, too, of friends who one by one
Had left him to mourn their loss,
Each going before adding one burden more
To the weight of his earthly cross.
And he wondered and feared if his poor life
Would be mourned by any here,
Till he prayed in his dread, that when he was dead,
Someone might weep o'er his bier.

And the lonely chime of the village church
Struck as the old year flew,
And joy bells rang and voices sang
To welcome in the new.
And with the unpitied year he died,
And the world sang as before ;
In his new year a worldly cheer
Shall mean his bread no more.

On the Road.

FROM CHICAGO TO MEMPHIS.

(By Wybert Reeve).

Fifteen years ago I travelled for three days and nights across the American Continent, through forest and prairie, until the eye grew weary with the dull monotony of the journey from Chicago to New Orleans. No relief save the log huts of the settlers, the wigwam of the Indian, and the small out-of-the-world settlements just emerging into townships, consisting of a store, a post-office, two or three refreshment houses, the public (called an hotel) at the station, and a few wooden shanties. Anything and everything is an object of interest as in a voyage by sea. The sound of the gong, hammered by a nigger, when you approach a station, is an excitement; you know the summons is to refreshment, and you feel the impossibility of getting anything fit to eat, but it is something to get out and recoup the waiters, when they place before you chops and steaks like leather, fowls that you tear the sinews as a dog worries a bone, sweets you sicken over, bad tea, bad water, worse liquor. An Englishman loves bullying a waiter, here he can do so to his heart's content, and it's the only refreshing thing on the road. On this occasion I fell back on the fruit and biscuits I had brought with me.

Leaving Chicago in winter weather, with the snow covering the great desolations left by the last great fire, gradually we ran into summer warmth—tropical plants met the eye growing wildly that we treasure in our English hothouses. Alligators dozed in the swamps; the sycamore,

cactus, and maple flourished, attended by wonderful parasites like lace-work on the trees. Nearing New Orleans the lazy niggers basked in the sunshine outside their wretched huts, the naked piccanninies played, the black wives worked. Since the emancipation the nigger is as good as any other man, so he loafs and drinks and does as litttle as possible. The northerner gave him freedom, but he did not first give him education to enjoy it; so in this city of Orleans they hung about the street corners in rags, ripe for mischief. They clung to the verandah posts of the refreshment bars, and their great eyes opened with envy at every gulp of a thirsty swallower.

"The Paris of America" I was promised. Surely no city in the world has ever been so changed by the chances of war as this, if it ever bore a resemblance to that pleasantest city of the world. There were boulevards it is true, if you like to call them so, poor abortions of the original though. Refreshment houses by the score, lit up at night by ghastly illuminations; wide streets, but the grass was growing in many of them True, there were tables and chairs, with men smoking and drinking the drinks of France; but where was the brilliancy, the gaiety, the kaleidoscopic changes of a Parisian thoroughfare? Where are the splendid buildings, the churches, the hotels? I cannot speak perhaps authoritatively of the first-named, of the second I can—not one good one. The St. Charles, the theatre I played in, was a large dismal barn. The St. Charles is the chief hotel, and bad it is at the best. I stayed there, and it was an exciting time. It was commemoration time for something, I forget what, but fire companies marched, torches blazed at night, bands of wind instruments and shouting turned the streets into pandemonium, and the excited wretches who accompanied the dancing crowd looked like the fallen angels—queer ones too—especially the niggers. During my stay in the city of a few days, several little differences of opinion occurred—a black man split open a white man's skull, a white man split open a black man's to make things equal. An ex-southern colonel differed with an editor, so the editor shot the colonel, and the colonel ripped up the editor. The

editor died, the colonel was fed on dainties for a few days, under restraint, and then the court decided it was difference of opinion unworthy of notice. Colonels and editors were very numerous in America, and a few of either could be easily dispensed with. It occurred to me they might have the same opinion of actors ; in this lynch law way of settling questions even their valuable lives might not be sacred, if they dared to differ in opinion. So I thought it better to agree with everybody on every question, from America's glory to the digestibility of hot cakes and the healthfulness of bilious pastry. I was equally convinced of the superiority of the southerner to the northerner or vice versâ, as the case might be. I gloried in Bull's Run, or wept over it ; I smacked my lips at the dirty water of the Mississippi, freshened up with lumps of ice. A southern colonel said, "they'd lick the darned Yankees yet into a cocked hat" (in the days I speak of feeling still ran very high) ; I agreed they would. A northerner remarked, "they'd squash the blasted southerners into a cocktail ;" I replied, "no doubt" I was summoned to Galveston earlier than I expected ; and so escaped acting on the Sunday, which I strongly objected to, more from habit than conviction, but I did not like the idea of it at all. Here it is done the same as in France, so I left the "Paris of America" without regret, which is more than I can say of its northern prototype.

At seven o' clock on the Sunday, I started a short journey by rail, then in a flat-bottomed boat down a winding stream, out over the waters of a shallow of the Gulf of Mexico, and across to Galveston, in Texas, where we arrived Monday morning. The first thing a traveller asks for is the best hotel. I was directed to the "Grand Southern," nothing could *sound* better—well, the rooms were clean and decent, but the feeding vile. For the days of my stay I lived on poached eggs and oysters, as being the safest things. The chops and meat of all sorts, might have been old boots boiled or roast ; I might have lived on flies, had they been pleasant or nourishing, for they swarmed on your food, in your ears, up your nose, no place was sacred : the mosquitos buzzed away, but they never had a liking for my flesh and blood, so they troubled me little. Galveston is rather a lively-looking

town of some 30,000 inhabitants, but the air is depressing ; you feel as a new-comer, you must have the yellow fever to be acclimatized. On a Sunday I wandered out about two miles to the sands, " the finest in Europe," so the inhabitants swear. I could not see it. On this particular evening, I never realised so thoroughly the scene of desolating solitude. I could not see the villas of the Galveston aristocracy living in marine residences near the shore. As I stood by the waters of the Mexican Gulf, I saw a wide, and in the gloaming it looked an endless waste of dark sand, stretching to the distance. The clouds being low, of a dead, dull, slate colour, the water reflected them, and with a lazy ripple swept faintly waving up and down the beach. Away just on the verge of the horizon, where the sun had gone down, was a crimson and yellow light, which left a glare upon the ocean. The atmosphere was hot, moist, most oppressive, and there was not an object of active life visible—but little of still life ; an old boat, an old anchor, half buried in the sand, a little *debris* thrown up by the waters, a log house falling to ruins, and untenanted ; the broken hull of some wreck of long ago, and this was all. Of course I felt sentimental, who would not in such a scene, so I walked on forgetting the threatened thunderstorm, and thought of the old world, old friends, old places, wondering if I should ever see some of them again. I left off dreaming, and returned to the reality, when my legs reminded me I was taking liberties with their good nature ; then I turned inland, and drove back to the " Grand Southern" and its flies. I may remark as the dollars flowed very freely into my pockets, I began to regard even these intruders with consideration.

My engagement over, the manager suggested two nights in Austin, and two nights in Houston ; he would send his company (not by any means a brilliant one) to *support* me. So on the Sunday morning early we departed bag and baggage, Can I describe the misery of that journey· I will only remark the rain was pelting all day, the carriages were dirty, and smelt of warm humanity, the line was villainously put down, and the carriage jolted and swayed until bones ached and head was dizzy. Outside Galveston, the rail crosses on piles a wide stretch of swamp (no wonder yellow fever commences business every year at its proper season)—jolt ! jolt ! jolt more

than usual when about 50 miles on our way. What is the matter ?" we all ask, a wretched old tramp has been run over and killed ; the train stops, picks up the pieces, and away we go again. Thirty miles further, jolt ! jolt ! jolt ! What is it, another tramp ? No, only a stray bullock, knocked down and cut to mincemeat ; we did not stay to pick up the remains on this occasion ; meat in America is plentiful, so on we ran, or rather, considering it was steam, crawled. We halted late in the afternoon at Houston for refreshment and change of train ; such refreshment—I stuck to my poached egg and toast. We started again ; I paid for a berth in a Pullman, vain hope ; the smell of the stove, the heat alternating with vicious draughts as the carriage door was opened at every station, new passengers coming in and going to bed, the infernal jolting all combined to make sleep with me an impossibility. At one o'clock, on Monday, we arrived at Austin—299 miles in 27 hours—think of your English express, double the distance in half the time, oh grumbling Britisher. I was directed to the best hotel, a large, wooden building, nothing inviting in the way of superfluous furniture or carpets. The next thing to look after was the theatre, as I had called a rehearsal. I was directed up the main street of the city of some ten thousand inhabitants. I passed on the way, strange-looking individuals, half Mexican, half woodsman, small, well-knit, deep-chested, little fellows ; great, bearded men from up country, looks wild and savage. A few dapper Americans with the usual amount of white-shirt display, plenty of niggers and a few Europeans. I noticed all horsemen use the Mexican saddle. Turning to the left as I had been directed, I in vain looked for the Opera House. A man laughed, and pointed it out, up some steps, close to me, and over a large livery stable yard. I found a large whitewashed bare room, with several hundred Windsor chairs set in rows, and a small stage at the other end. The stock of scenery was decidedly limited. In consisted of two drops only ; one an exterior, a copy evidently from the brilliant centre illustration of a cheap Birmingham tea tray. You must have seen it, reader ? A lake by moonlight, with a boat ; a castle out of the perpendicular, standing on an impossible rock ; trees of the children's toy order, all in vivid colouring of Prussian blue, green, yellow,

red and brown ; in its way it was an artistic gem, though hardly fitted to represent, as it had to do on this occasion, an old churchyard in Hampshire on the one side, and a church vestry on the other for the prologue ; it served also for the following :—A park backing to the Swiss Chalet.

The exterior of Sir Percival Glyde's mansion at Blackwater Park, with a drawingroom and library, a verandah and practicable windows over.

The other scene was an emerald green and brilliantly yellow chamber, style of decoration known only to the artist. I did not venture to surmise. This served for interior of a Swiss Chalet, interior of a Lunatic Asylum, and the interior of Fosco's House, St. John's Wood.

For furniture, we had a few Windsor chairs taken from the auditorium, and one table, so the reader may easily understand a great deal was left to the imagination of the spectators ; there was a little variety in the furniture certainly, because the stage manager suggested chairs with arms for the aristocratic rooms of Glyde and Fosco, and without arms for the vestry and asylum ; there was something in this. It was necessary to make a few modifications in the business of "The Woman in White" to meet the circumstances. After rehearsal, I asked for the box office, and was directed to the office of the stable keeper, at the entrance of the yard below. On my asking to see the box plan, the owner of the premises, a thorough-going Yankee, pulled out a piece of board about 12in. x 6 in., crossed and recrossed with pencil, and a number of tacks stuck in it, seeing my surprise, he said, "you're Wybert I guess." I acknowledged to it." "Wol, you'll have a darned good show to-night, see them ere," pointing to the tacks, "them's the seats as is taken." I was agreeably surprised at the number—"That's a novel box plan of yours," I ventured to remark. "You bet it is, fust rate idea, just knock 'em and its ready for to-morrow, ain't no waste about that article." With somewhat lighter, though still doubtful heart, I returned to the hotel. After a wash, a sleep, and a feed off a dismal chop, grimy and tough. I made my way to a barber's, and was shaved as only American niggers can shave. Coming out, I bought a cigar, and thought I would wander about until it was time to dress. I heard two men talking.

"Are you going to see Wybert Reeve to-night?" "I guess I am," the other replied, "if my wife is agreeable. "Then you had better make haste, or you'll be just crowded out." Could I believe my ears? I turned towards the Opera House, a brass band was playing outside "Rule Britannia," and people were crowding up the steps; the result was nearly five hundred dollars in, and the piece notwithsthstanding its short-comings, was to my astonishment wonderfully well received. In the last act, those who have seen the piece will remember Fosco is strongly disposed to blow Walter Heartright's brains out with a pistol, I was handling the weapon, when I heard a shot fired apparently near to me, and just under the stage. No one moved, no notice was taken, the play proceeded, the audience dispersed. It was only the following morning I found out two of them had a difference of opinion between the 3rd and 4th act, they pulled out their *shooters*, retired to the yard below, one man shot the other, he was carried away dying, and the successful *shooter* returned to enjoy himself. It was a treat to see the face of my friend the stable-keeper when I asked with horror, "Didn't they arrest the murderer?" It looked "Well, you are a green 'un, you are." He seemed proud of the whole thing, and particularly proud of his friend the successful shooter. During the two days I stayed among these freeborn citizens, I was again most agreeable. Returning to Houston, I played there two nights in a very excellent theatre, to crowded audiences, and then departed on my way to Memphis. The country all through the route was uninteresting. Arkansas has but few townships. The second day I arrived at Little Rock. At the station here the guard playfully asked me if my life was insured; I replied, "yes, it has been for some years." "That's fortunate for your relations, I guess; we only run one train a day to Memphis, and its always ten dollars to one that there ain't an accident afore they arrive at the other end." This was pleasant. With misgivings I got into the ordinary carriage; they had no Pullman on, they were too expensive in case of a smash. It was dirty and crowded. For over thirty miles we ran over open iron rails supported by piles driven into a swamp with cross beams to steady it

a little. The train swayed and rolled like a ship at sea. More than half the passengers were sick. Nowhere but in America could such a line of railway be found. Emigrants, niggers, and backwoodsmen cursed, women and children cried. All seemed to doubt our arriving safely. It appeared, in most of the accidents, the swamp had been of infinite use in saving the passengers. This was a comfort at all events. After some hours the stench from the combination of smells, heated up by a red-hot stove, rendered more potent still by vile tobacco, made it almost unbearable. About one in the morning we arrived at the Mississippi, opposite Memphis, and were shunted engine, carriages, passengers, and all on to a ferry, and taken across. The rain was pouring in torrents. I fought my way into an omnibus, and sat down opposite a ruffianly-looking fellow with his gun between his knees. By my side was a delicate-looking lady. He commenced spitting in the most disgusting way. I pointed to the lady, and remonstrated. He explained, " I'm in a darned consumption, if yer don't like it, clear out, or I'll rip yer !" She looked at me imploringly to hold my tongue, had she not done so I might have—well no matter. The omnibus was driven by a drunken nigger, who nearly upset us twice before we reached the hotel. Arriving there, I found the only room was on the top story, and I was hoisted there. The bar was locked, everybody in bed—no refreshment. By bribery I obtained a small bottle of beer and a small loaf of bread, glad to obtain even this, as I had fasted nearly all day. I eat and drank and was thankful, then tumbled into bed, rolled myself in the blankets, and dreamt I was walking with a friend (not of the masculine gender), who shall be nameless, under the blossoming chestnuts of Hampton Court.

The Tom Cat Company.

(By Jos Pickersgill.)

The following satire upon the land booms and the share bubble companies, was printed as a private *bon bouche*, and issued by its author to a few personal literary friends. The tremendous hit which the prospectus made throughout not only Victoria, but the sister colonies, compelled the author to allow an extra quantity of copies to be printed, his kindness being extended to the Editor of this annual in allowing a re-print in these columns of the most famous system of converting a feline into a paying concern. With this (cat) head note, I submit Mr. Pickersgill's pamphlet to the consideration of the investing public.—Editor: "In Cat'hedrâ."

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE GREAT TOM-CAT COMPANY,

Limited.

YEAW-YEAW CREEK, ON THE MEAW-WEAW LEAD

To be registered under the "Caterwaul Statute, 1864."

CAPITAL: £10,000 in 10,000 Shares of a Tom Cat each, FULLY PAID UP.

TEN SHILLINGS ON APPLICATION TEN SHILLINGS ON ALLOTMENT.

NO FURTHER CALLS (except those made by the CATS in the EVENINGS) will be necessary.

Temporary Offices :

LEADING SAUSAGE BUTCHERS, Little Bourke-st.

Provisional Directors :

WM. OLD TOM, Esq., J.P.,
HON. ARTHUR KITTEN, Esq., M.L.C.
HON. JOHN BBINDLE Esq.,
JAS. TORTOISE, Esq., J.P.
GEO. TERRIER, Esq., J.P.
WILLIAM BULLDOG, Esq., M.L.A.

Bankers :

THE ON THE TILES BANK.

Solicitors :

Messrs, SPIT, JUMP, & SCRATCH-EM.

Mining Surveyor :

AUGUSTUS BRIBERY, Esq., L.I.A.R., &c., &c., &c.

Brokers :

Messrs. BRINDLE, SNAP, & CO., AND FOX TERRIER BROS.

City Agents :

ALL SAUSAGE DEPOTS.

This Company has been formed to work the famous Meaw-Weaw Lead on Yeaw-Yeaw Creek. This lead was successfully worked by the Old Tom Brothers for three years ; the average yield being seven Kittens per Cat per month. The reef, which is of a highly ferruginous nature, runs the whole length of the Company's ground. and over all the adjoining walls and fences.

The influx of water annoyed the cats, the females being high toned, getting up their backs upon the least provocation from the males, who were pronounced by competent experts to be genuine bobby dazzlers.

The owners were then reluctantly compelled to cease working, the mine making water which is pronounced to be highly mineralised and full of odours.

No caterwauling has been undertaken here since with the exception of a trial of a strange Tom, taken up by Mr. Bulldog and laid down by that gentleman with its vertebræ dislocated.

CALCULATIONS AND PROSPECTS.

It is confidentially anticipated that with 10,000 fully paid-up Tom Cats shareholders may rely upon 70,000 kittens monthly, all the machinery being in good working order.

Rats, rabbits, and mice are now running all over the Company's property, day and night, none of them being aware of the formation of this Company.

The Directors, having in view the many untried bubble companies which are being continuously floated on the market, would wish to draw the attention of investors to the fact that an average Tom Cat in full health and vigor will last eight years, and also to the fact that as each cat possesses nine lives, one fully paid-up robust cat of either gender is equal to 72 years.

These averages are compiled for the benefit of shareholders only. As is the custom, this prospectus is published for information only, not one of the shares having already been applied for, thus placing this Company in the novel and unique position of speaking the truth.

MINING REPORT,

FROM

AUGUSTUS BRIBERY, Esq., L.I.A.R., Fellow of the Society of Frauds. Member of the Graball Exchange, &c., &c., &c.

Gentlemen,

At your wish I have visited your property situated on the Yeaw-Yeaw Creek. From highly mineralised and powerful cat smells I found traces of the Great Tom Lead all over your property, well-defined scents cropping out of the surfaces clearly traceable on the tops of the boundary walls and fences.

A good deal of unnecessary work has been put through in one corner, fluff and hair analysis showing 13 distinct struggles per couple, reef hard, and making water.

I should recommend about here several jump-ups, with hanging walls to support young and ambitious miners.

When the grass is softer in Section B a large settlement of population can be relied upon, the fences being dog, stone, and brick proof.

I observed distinct traces of distant neighbours, the land around here being highly charged with old boots, bottles, and sticks, the ground torn up, and proving that a paying Mushroom Catsup Factory would result advantageously, the surrounding flavours being simply marvellous. From trials obtained of this lead at Section F I am below the mark in averaging 204 fights per night, increasing to 1260 set-to's on moonlight evenings, this not including daylight struggles, the reef being of a long-reaching nature.

Where the reefs dip the cat's averages will increase. I have samples of decayed cats—worn out in working for returns—my observations confirming your ideas, viz., that to those desiring healthy homesteads, being residents possessed of the knowledge of solid dead cat flavors, your land offers special advantages.

Taken as a whole, say, full of dead felines, the change from worn-out centres will be found full of vigor.

These are my observations as a scientific cat chaser of years standing. I can furnish you with further reports to suit all boards, selling out, or to depress market quotations, upon hearing from you as to which way you desire me to lie.

Yours, &c.,

A. BRIBERY, L.I.A.R., F.S.F., M.G.E., &c, &c.

October 6th, 1888.

Between the Acts.

SNAKE TAILS (TALES) IN A GREEN-ROOM.

By Albert Marsh.

"Snakes!" Loathsome things!" shuddered dear Mrs. B——, our old woman . . . "I would rather meet half-a dozen creditors any day," added the juvenile. His remark implied a lot, for they were numerous and like most creditors, hard. He would study a thirty-side part quicker, than devise a plan of escaping certain seedy-looking individuals, who, anxiously awaited his presence at the stage door. In fact his ideas of dodging were exhausted. He sat up the other night, his head swathed in wet towels, arguing with himself in the certainty of being shadowed again—whether it would be better to escape by way of the sliding roof, or sleep all night in the theatre. You can therefore imagine what our juvenile's feelings would be, on making his first acquaintance with a snake. Well, I share his feelings—not his creditors . . Like Artemus Ward, "when I see a snake's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left" and say to myself "that hole belongs to that snake." . . . Shall I ever forget killing my first snake—I couldn't help it, I assure you. It was during my campaigining days in South Africa —I was out shooting Peeté Buck; for our larder was a *little (l)arder* up than usual. It was a fine country—any amount of game; but, had no luck—probably I was a bad shot; began to despair of returning without an empty bag, when, I heard a rustling to my left—wheeled ronnd—trod on something—didn't stay long, I must confess—I jumped higher than ever I did in my life—*That something was a snake.* Up

it darted, blowing its head out to a fearful size—It was an *adder*—convulsively clutching my gun, (I had no intention of firing it) it went off—so did I—the snake didn't, it remained. When I reached the camp I told the boys how unfortunate I had been in bringing back an empty bag and also about the snake—They wanted to see it—asked me to take them where it lay. Not I. I thought of that snakes' friends and relations weeping over its mangled remains—I wouldn't have disturbed them for the world. I respected their grief too much . . . At mess that night, they chaffed me beyond endurance—I bore it for a time but eventually cleared off to turn in. Dear old Rutherford, of my troop, Hilliar, who was in charge of a seven pounder, and I slept under a wagon belonging to the commissariat department. Both were fast asleep when I reached it. I dragged off my boots, spurs attached, took off my patrol-)acket, folded it on my saddle for a pillow—rolled myself in my water-proof rug and *tried* to sleep. Sleep with snakes running through one's brain. As I lay there, still smarting from the chaffing I had received, I swore vengeance on all snakes—I determined if I saw one a mile off, (which was very unlikely) to go out of my way to kill it. Even these resolutons did not bring sleep to my eyes—I could not sleep—although I was dead beat and knew I should have to turn out an hour before daybreak, to prepare for the march. For the first time I discovered Rutherford snored—I had known him for months—lain by his side for months—yet never knew he was capable of such a thing—I was jealous—I wanted to snore myself and cursed him for being the cause of my wakefulness—In my heart I did him an injustice. It was not his nasal song that kept me awake, it was the thought of snakes. How the sentinels' cry "All's well" seemed to mock me and add to my wretchedness. . . . . Oblivion. The next feeling I experienced was the most fearful my life had ever known. After spending such a night, imagine, waking with the knowledge that *some living thing was under my blanket.* It seemed to be endeavouring to crawl from under the weight of my body. Heavens! The seconds seemed hours. I could feel the perspiration running down the channel of my back. I couldn't move—I tried to call, in vain, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth

—for the time I was paralyzed—"*Rutherford!*" *Rutherford!!* I called between my clenched teeth. He responded with a *snore*. *The thing was becoming more active!!* I lay on my right side—my comrades faced me—How should I wake them? Happy thought, my boots—I knew they were close to me, on my left, by the wheel of the wagon—I stretched out my arm, keeping the rest of my frame perfectly rigid—seized one, (forgetting there was such a thing as a heavy military spur attached to it) and with a sudden jerk dropped it on Rutherford. . . With a yell that beggars description, he jumped up, or, I should say tried to—He might have succeeded had not his head come in contact with the bed of the wagon. Down he fell, thirteen stone ten, on poor Hilliar—on whom it had the most startling effect. Wriggling himself from beneath poor Rutherford, who was partially stunned, he seized his revolver and stood in the bright moonlight, glaring round as though he expected a second attack from an invisible enemy—Rutherford, recovering, crept from beneath the wagon, exclaiming "Great Ceasar, what was that? I've been stabbed in the back." Then came my pitiful voice, "For God's sake come here." They were round to my side of the wagon like a shot. "What's the matter, old man?" they eagerly enquired. "Why there's a d——d snake under my blanket." I blurted out, "Rot," remarked Rutherford—"I say Hillier, the poor old chap has got 'em bad and no mistake." They were at my back, laughing fit to kill themselves. Hillier at length suggested, that, I should roll off the blanket with the same rapidity he saw me get off the stage when playing policemen in a harlequinade. Inhuman monster! "Raise yourself suddenly and come down with all your might on it" said Rutherford. I groaned. They laughed. The thing beneath me became more active. The situation was becoming more terrible. I gathered every particle of strength I could muster. I became desperate. Raised myself as best I could and came down with a fearful crash. I heard a crushing and a gurgling and was off that blanket like a rocket. Rutherford stood there sabre in hand—advancing cautiously he whisked off the blanket and we saw there crushed and mangled "A Mole."

"Second act, please."

My Journey to Australia.

By Charles Warner.

"Are you really off to Australia, Warner?" "Yes, my dear fellow, I really am I leave England on December 24th for the Continent, as I intend making a regular holiday trip of it, until I commence work again on the other side of the world."

"Well, I can scarcely realise that you have made up your mind, for really we have heard so frequently of your proposed trip to America, that it has almost become like the old story of 'Wolf! wolf!,' and Australia is still further from home."

This conversation took place in our pleasant little club, called the Green Room Club, one of the most delightful resorts of the artistic and literary world, a cosy nest in the city of London, where a man can retire and feel that he is really in his own home; where he can entertain and be entertained by men of letters, and men of artistic and cultured tastes; and after his day or night's work, as the case may be, forget his outside labours, his mental toil, and the struggles that every artist has to undergo, and, for the time being, live in another world, in converse with familiar and sympathetic spirits.

To return to my friend, who was chatting with me on this eventful evening. "If it is really settled, Charlie, I'm hanged if I don't come with you, for three or four weeks on the Continent, and go as far as Brindisi, so as to see the last of you there. Is it a bargain?"

"My dear Harry, you give me infinite delight in proposing such a thing. Your presence and companionship will lighten the pang of leaving home and friends, and you will be a link to bind me in spirit to the good old country I am leaving."

And so it was settled that my friend would accompany me to Brindisi, and say good-bye to me from there. With that ready, business aptitude which characterises him, he made out a magnificent route, or "plan of campaign." We were, according to this advance-agent, first to visit Monte Carlo, the Riviera, Nice and San Remo. What unhappy memories of the later days of suffering which Frederick the Noble bore so bravely, this last name recalls!

There, in that sunny land, now once more tranquil and joyous as of old, we passed through all the terrible scenes of the fearful earthquake which had well nigh wrecked the place a short time before. When we got to that Garden of Eden called Monte Carlo, we were ready to vow that it was the loveliest spot that man can picture. Nature has vied with art in a lavish display of loveliness, but, as in the Eden of old, there lurks the serpent who tempts to sin, and the sin brings every day its own punishment to some poor unfortunates. Surely were sin not dressed up in so fair a guise, we should have no credit for being good. "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" might fitly be inscribed for "motto" over the portals of this earthly hell.

From this veritable fairy-land, we passed on to Geneva. How many thoughts arose in my mind as I viewed this marvellous old city; and, as I looked around upon the ancient magnificence of this once famous city, I fully realised the significance of Prospero's words—

> "The cloud-capped Towers, the gorgeous palaces.
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And like this insubstantial pageant faded
> Leave not a rack behind ——"

Naples, beautiful but not too cleanly Naples, was the next place we visited. There we saw and admired, as no one can help admiring, the serene and peaceful bay, laughing and dancing in the silver rays of a glorious moon, and, beyond, the mighty Vesuvius ever and anon bursting forth in a stream of liquid fire, as if striving to destroy the slumbering city nestling at its feet.

Of course we followed the example of all regulation tourists, and "did," though with more than average interest and thoroughness, all the scenes of import in the

neighbourhood, ascending to the awe-inspiring, yawning crater, and even having coins embedded in the molten lava which fell around us. My daughter, Gracie, who was never daunted during our travels by apparent dangers and difficulties, but, on all these trying excursions proved herself, I was proud to think, the most courageous and indefatigable traveller of our group, never fatigued, and always ready for the next day's journey.

Of course we went on to dead-and-buried Pompeii, where we lingered among the relics of the scenes so graphically described by Lytton in his immortal story—and then went on to Rome—mighty city of the Cæsars. Who can describe the gloomy glory and maimed magnificence even of its fallen greatness? So mighty was its Empire in the old days of the Cæsars, when it was queen and centre of the world, that the history of ancient nations may be said to end in that of Rome. It is truly the City of the Dead, haunted by the ghostly memories of its great past, with those crumbling relics in the arch of Septimus Severus, built nearly seventeen centuries ago, and yet still to be seen by modern eyes in the Forum, the baths of Caracalla, and so on, to say nothing of the amphitheatre of Titus, the magnificent unequalled Coliseum. To see it as we saw it, was to see a sight at which the gods would have wondered. I shall not venture to attempt to describe it. What thoughts arose in my mind as the setting sun cast a blood-red glow of seemingly liquid fire over the vast area of the Coliseum—again the vast arena seems peopled, and the bloody fight for life or death is again enacted in that now deserted but once thickly peopled space, man set against man and beast, and the clamouring, cheering crowds thirsting for excitement, and even for bloodshed and death! "As long as the Coliseum stands, Rome will stand. When the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall. When Rome falls, the world will fall."

Here, too, in Rome, is the most glorious structure ever dedicated to the uses of religion, St. Peter's and the Vatican. The historical fame of Julius II., Leo X., and Sextus V., is overshadowed in our eyes, as we wander through these immense structures, by the more tangible and visible merit of Bramark and Fontana, of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

Rome is even now a paradise for artists ; full of treasures in painting, sculpture and architecture, and for the casual visitor, full of recollections of grand history, of thoughts of the rise and fall of empires, and the future destinies of the world.

It was our last day in Rome. I was sitting in the verandah of the —— Hotel, smoking a cigarette after dinner, feeling very tired, for we had been "doing" the catacombs, that subterranean city of the silent dead. The courteous monks had shown us what purported to be the spot where St. Cecilia was murdered, the perfect skeleton of a saint who had been buried over 1,500 years, which was still as perfect as any remnant of humanity, perfect in every detail from the toes to the tips of the fingers. We had seen all the relics which the Roman Catholic holds so sacred and so precious—from a piece of the cross to the blood of martyred saints—and I asked of the handsome monk who conducted us and explained all these wonders of faith, if he did not feel weary of repeating the same details to every visitor. His reply was very quaint, I thought, he said—"In the monastery we never speak. Here we perhaps say too much," and he added with a smile at my perhaps rather incredulous look, "one must do something to get to heaven." Well, as I was saying prior to this wandering away from the point, I was thinking of all we had seen, as I puffed away at my cigarette, when suddenly a peculiar sensation seemed to steal over me. In the dim light, I saw on the opposite side of the way, the figure of a man watching me most intently. He had thrown the casement right open, and was standing full length in the window, fixing his large, dark eyes upon me with a searching gaze, which seemed to fascinate me. I had noticed this man every morning standing at the window with half the casement closed, and I had mentioned the fact to my daughter and to my friend O'H——. They had noticed him also, and thought him out of his mind. He would stand for hours together, and make signs with his hands, as though beckoning someone from the street below, but always with the same action, ever the same attitude. I watched him from my seat, and presently he closed his window, and in a few minutes he came from the house and walked directly over to our hotel. I felt an extraordinary curiosity to know his business and who he was. Presently the waiter

brought a card to me, bearing the name of "Monsieur Meycinet," with a request that the gentleman on the verandah would grant him a few moment's conversation. I immediately acquiesced, and Mr. Meycinet was ushered in. He addressed me at first in French, and then, finding I was an Englishman, spoke to me in perfect English. "You have, perhaps, wondered at my apparent rudeness in watching you every day from my chambers opposite," he said. "My reason will, I am sure, enforce a ready pardon. In the first place, may I ask if the young lady who accompanies you is your daughter?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"You seem to love her deeply," he said.

"Indeed, yes," I assented. "She is my only daughter, and naturally my affection is centred in her. Besides, she is my only companion on my journey to Australia."

"Ah!" he ejaculated. Then, throwing his large, dark eyes full upon mine, he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I had a child, a daughter, and loved her as you love yours. Her mother was an Englishwoman, I, as you perceive, a Frenchman. We lived in England for seventeen years after our marrige, our daughter grew to lovely womanhood, and our life seemed almost too happy to last. It was, as things turned out. My wife, who was an extremely handsome woman, had become, unknown to me, acquainted with a spaniard who was staying in the same hotel with us at Eastbourne, in Sussex, where we had been spending two months after the London season. She became enamoured of this handsome foreigner, and the rest is soon told. She left the hotel with this villian, and my child, my darling child, was the first to discover, by a letter addressed to her, in her mother's handwriting, our cruel wrong. My loved one pined under this disgrace, and her life was despaired of. I took her away from such sad associations, from which I was myself as glad to get away, and travelled with her over half Europe; the roses never returned to her pale cheeks, and she gradually but surely faded away out of life, I buried my dear, child four weeks ago, but I seem to have seen her again in your child. I cannot live without my darling. My dream of life is passed, and death—." He drew a small pistol from his pocket and presented it towards his breast, when I caught

his arm with my hand, and in that instant felt a sudden blow on my shoulder.

"Holloa, Charlie, old boy! Are you going to sleep here all night, or are you coming to the Opera. Gracie is waiting downstairs, and I have been hunting all over the hotel for you."

So you see I had fallen asleep over my cigarette, and dreamed this very dramatic dream.

A few days later, I bade adieu to my travelling companion, H. O. O'H——, at Brindisi amid tears and regrets at parting with the last link which bound us to home and those we held dearest, and thence we two journeyed on alone to far Australia, where we are now spending so many happy and prosperous months.

Adventures in the Battle Field.

By E. Majeroni.

During my experience in the warfare between 1859 and 1866, I can mention two extraordinary instances of pluck and courage. The first of these took place on June 4th, 1859, at the battle of Magenta. I was then sergeant in the first battery of the 2nd corps of the central army of Italy, commanded by General Mezzacapo. Although we arrived too late to take part in the action, nevertheless we were spectators of one of the most interesting battles of the present century. In the grand *melèe* that took place about four o'clock in the afternoon, we saw about thirty men, Austrian, French, and Italian, mixed up together in a bunch, trying to capture an Austrian flag, which was defended by an Austrian officer on horseback. He was ably supported by two other Austrian horsemen, and about twelve more on foot. Among the Italians there were three young brothers, Luigi, Carlo, and Cesare Mantellini, aged respectively 19, 21, and 22. Luigi, the junior of the three, having been thrice wounded, fell under the horse of the Austrian officer, and as a last resource fired his large pistol into the belly of the horse, which fell, bringing his *cavaliere* down with him. Then the struggle became tremendous. Every blow was the sure death of one of them. At last Cesare Mantellini, with a powerful sabre stroke killed the brave Austrian officer and carried away the flag—but to his horror he saw that both his brothers, Luigi and Carlo, were dead. Cesare received the gold medal for military valour, and is now one of the best colonels in our army.

On the 16th August, 1866, (I was then in the 9th Battalion, and our colonel was Menotti Garibaldi, the first son of the great hero). We were encamped on the

east bank of the river Il Chiesa (Tyrol), whilst on the other side the Viennese Volunteers, numbering from 60 to 70,000 occupied the mountains and all the best positions. Notwithstanding the superior numbers of the Austrians, and the advantage of their position, after 20 days of continual fighting, our little army, of 20,000 men only, dislodged the enemy and made about 1300 prisoners. In this fight a young man of about 20 years of age was in the first rank next to me, and was fighting like a demon, always singing a favorite song, which, to say the least, was not very complimentary to the enemy—when a bullet struck him on the left side of the jaw, passed through the mouth, and lodged in the right jaw. He fell uttering the last word of his favourite song. We left the poor boy for dead, with many others wounded or dead.

In October of the same year I had resumed my citizen occupations, still, however, wearing my uniform. One day I was sitting in a café with my poor brother, now dead, and a few friends, when a young labourer approached me, and in a muffled and muttering voice he said "Capitano! I am glad to see you are alive and well." On turning I did not recognise him in consequence of his face having been so horribly mutilated. "Don't you recognise me," he said. "No," said I. "What!" he cried, "don't you remember" —and then as clearly as the terrible work of the Austrian bullet allowed him, he sang a few words of his once favorite battle song—and then I embraced the poor boy I left for dead long ago on the banks of Il Chiesa.

"Is all as fair as it seems."

I.

A maiden sat by a streamlet bright,
And watched it flow in the summer light,
The flowers grew fair on the banks between,
And the stream flowed on in peace serene.
She was waiting for *him*, and the flush on her cheek,
Spoke more eloquent words than her tongue could speak.
And as over the sward she heard his tread—
"Is all as fair as it seems?" she said.

For love may come, but oh! will it last?
The days may come but the months go past
The sun looks bright with his golden beams,
"I wonder is all as fair as it seems."

II.

The summer passed, and the winter came—
The sun has shrouded his eye of flame,
The stream is frozen, the flowers are dead—
And the trees are leafless overhead.
She no longer waits for the welcome sound
Of his footstep treading the grassy mound,
Her answer is there in that icy bed—
"All is not fair as it seems," it said.

For love may come, but it does not last,
The months may come but the years go past.
The sun looks bright with his golden beams.
Alas! all is not as fair as it seems.

Melbourne, Nov. 1888. CECIL KINGSTONE.

Frederic Hymen Cowen.

The Editor having applied to Mr. F. H. Cowen, hoping against hope that he would be able to find time to contribute an article to "Gags," received in reply the following courteous note, which is published by Mr. Cowen's permission, and will doubtless be an interesting memento of the visit of this distinguished composer, being an exact fac-simile of his handwriting. The Editor hopes the public will 'Cowen'cide in this opinion.

Exhibition Buildings
Nov. 2d

Dear Mr. Cates

I am much afraid that I could not undertake to do anything for your Xmas Annual - for as this is my leisure moments are very few & I never seem to have time to attend to anything outside of my daily duties here. Under other circumstances I should have been very pleased to help you. With many regrets

Yours faithfully
Frederic A Conkey

How I came to be Murdered.

By H. E. Hambro.

The following is the true history of how I came to be murdered. As a murdered man might be tempted to give a too prejudiced account of his own slaughter, I take the story of this "ower true tale" as it appeared at the time in the *Natal Witness*, one of the leading papers of that colony :—

Natal Witness, April 15th.

"Natal may in a few days expect to hear of a horrible case of murder. Not to defeat the ends of justice, we in the meantime refrain from publishing names. Suffice it to say that the other night, about twelve o'clock, a high official of the Civil Service—in fact, the head of a department—was startled to hear the sounds of fighting proceed from the lodging-rooms of an hotel in Longmarket-street, not far from the Gaiety Theatre. The alarmed official ran to the spot, and was just in time to hear a voice passionately exclaim, "You coward, I'll shoot you like a dog." A gun was then discharged, and the unfortunate man fell to the floor in the last agonies of death. Although a Justice of the Peace, the unwilling spectator of this horrible murder was so unnerved that he hurried home. Next day two gentlemen were informed of the crime that had been committed, and reproached their informant with having, by not at once informing the police, perhaps defeated the ends of justice. Stung by the reproach, the official appeared at the Magistrate's Court yesterday, and lodged a deposition extending over several pages of foolscap, charging some person or persons unknown with the crime of murder. No arrests, we understand, have yet been made, but in all likelihood something definite will be done to-day.

Natal Witness, April 24th.

The supposed case of murder, referred to in our issue of 15th inst., offers a rare opportunity to any dramatist who delights in sensational surprises. We may at once state that no murder has been committed, except, indeed, a murtherin' good joke. It originated in one of the bedrooms in the upper storey of the Dramatic Hall Hotel. Mr. Hambro, a member of the Company then playing in Maritzburg, and Mr. J. P. Freeborough, the lessee of the hotel, instead of, like the other boarders, feeling "aweary," were in an unusually lively mood, and resolved upon a joke. Getting a rifle with a blank cartridge, Mr. Freeborough levelled it at Mr. Hambro's head, and exclaiming, "You coward, I'll shoot you like a dog!" pulled the trigger. The poor fellow fell on the bed in the last agonies of death, the dreadful assassin crying in an agonised voice, "My God, have I killed him?" The lodgers came rushing in, and it was a sad spectacle that met their eyes. There knelt Freeborough on the floor, with his head buried in the sheets, uttering piercing cries of despair, imploring the dead Hambro, whose body was covered with a sheet, to speak to him. The lodgers were horrified at the murder that had been committed so near to them, and for a time did not know what course to take. By-and-bye, however, their stern questionings of Freeborough proved too much for the dead man's gravity, and the covering began to tremble. Human nature, a dead man's human nature, could stand it no longer, and the corpse laughed outright. The lodgers now saw they had been "done," and departed, swearing, to their beds. Not so a horrified listener in the street below.

Just when Mr. Hambro and Mr. Freeborough were reciting the passionate language which generally precedes murder, Dr. Sutherland, the Surveyor General, was passing up Longmarket-street. The sounds of quarrelling startled him; but the words. "You coward, I'll shoot you like a dog," and the report of a gun utterly unnerved him. The groans of the dying man—for although Hambro was dead, he did not forget to groan—finished the doctor, and he fled. Whether called by business or not,

Dr. Sutherland proceeded to Durban by the early morning train, and then related to the Colonial Secretary (Sir Charles Mitchell) and Mr. Harry Escombe, his terrible experiences of a few hours previous. We are not aware what the Colonial Secretary said, but the senior member for Durban pitched into the doctor with all his well-known eloquence. "Why," said Mr. Escombe to the doctor, "did you, a Justice of the Peace, not break in or demand admittance in the Queen's name, for the purpose of seeing the body?" The doctor, we suppose, now seeing the circumstances through more powerful spectacles, made for the Railway Station, and again reached Maritzburg the same night. Proceeding to the Police Station, he there and then demanded that Sergeant Loagie, the lion-hearted, should at once go to the Dramatic Hall, and either get the body or the murderers. The sergeant endeavoured to make the doctor see there was no need for excessive hurry, but the latter had murder on the brain, and would be satisfied with nothing less than the "remains" of some person or persons unknown. The doctor stormed, the sergeant swore; in fact, the Surveyor-General of the colony quarrelled with a police sergeant. Subsequently, however, the police got an inkling of the real circumstances of the case, and kept pretty quiet. Next morning, Dr. Sutherland appeared at the Magistrate's Court, and made a deposition extending to over four pages of foolscap, charging some person or persons unknown with having murdered some person or persons unknown. The court officials and the police were now fully aware of the grave nature of the facts just sworn to; and, although we must admit that the court officials had the common sense to see how the land lay, some of the police had an impression that there was something in what the doctor said. Beyond the fact that the doctor made repeated enquiries as to whether the body had yet been discovered, nothing additional cropped up. However, a constable was seen watching the Dramatic Hall that night, but no murderous signs were observed. The next day the doctor again asked Inspector Boyd if the body had been discovered; and, while the court was sitting, the Resident Magistrate, Mr. Barter, left the bench to consult with Mr.

Seymour Haden, the assistant Colonial Secretary, and Major Hime, the gallant Colonial Engineer, who had also got mixed up in the affair. Mr. Haden and Major Hime, we believe, gave out that the poor murdered Hambro had been missing since the fatal night, making confusion worse confounded. Inspector Boyd, knowing the whole joke, had prepared a summons charging Freeborough, "the dreadful assassin," with having fired a gun contrary to the by-laws, but the Magistrate would have nothing to do with it. In the course of the day, Dr. Sutherland, more convinced than ever of foul play, made another deposition—principally, however, for the purpose of altering the name of the dead man from Zambra to Hambro, Mr. J. J. Zambra having, in the original deposition, been stated to be the "murdered man." At the same time the imagined corpse was standing face to face with the learned doctor, on the opposite side of the desk, making another deposition to the effect that he was not dead, nor murdered, nor ever had been. Indeed, as Dr. Sutherland did not know Mr. Hambro by sight, whereas Mr. Hambro *did* know the doctor, both by sight, name, and fame, the worthy doctor was actually swearing to the murder of a man whose uncontrollable laughter shook the very desk at which he was writing, with *life*. Some time after noon, a cart drew up at the Dramatic Hall, and in that cart was one of Mr. John Posnot's best plain coffins, the driver being the redoubtable John himself. No coffin having been ordered, Mr. Freeborough endeavoured to persuade John to take the unusually roomy article away, but this he refused to do. No, no; the coffin had been ordered in a fair and open way; he had got his money and instructions, and the coffin would remain. The gruesome-looking article was accordingly taken indoors. Later on in the afternoon, two policemen presented themselves at the Dramatic Hall, with orders to search the coffin. It was unscrewed and found to contain—nothing! Justice was crushed again!

Such is the end of this "ower true tale." Whether the Government will now insist upon a thorough investigation, or the "practical jokists" be threatened by the Colonial Secretary, Colonial Engineer, Assistant Colonial

Secretary, the Resident Magistrate, the senior Member for Durban, and Dr. Sutherland himself, with having murdered a man who is still alive, we do not know.

NOTE.—The above joke, which may almost be said to have shaken the very foundations of the colony, so many Ministers becoming mixed up in it, happened now nearly six years ago. The idea originated through a bet being made between Mr. Freeborough and myself, that the former would not awake a fellow-lodger who was noted for being a very heavy sleeper. (He *did* awake !) That the Surveyor-General should have happened to be passing at the same time, and should have taken the affair so seriously for so long, was a consummation never dreamt of, but, nevertheless, it added greatly to the fun.

In the six short intervening years, all the then occupants of the hotel, with the exception of myself (as you might guess), have, I grieve to say, sunk into that long sleep from which no human uproar shall ever wake them, or musket shot disturb them ; but many of the Government officials still remain, and still remember " how I came to be murdered."

H.E.H.

Hard Times in the Land o' Cakes.

By E. W. Royce.

Reader, were you ever "hard up?" I have been in that unenviable position more than once in my life—but one impecunious occasion is indelibly fixed in my mind.

Late in the "60's" I was offered an engagement by a very worthy gentleman to fill the post of low comedian in his company, at a—well, not a princely remuneration. The company was touring in Scotland, and hearing glowing accounts of their success, I determined to accept the offer, and went from London to join them at Ayr.

The manager found business so bad in that town that he determined to travel on to Arbroath, a dull little place on the east coast of Scotland. Our performances were to take place in the Trades Hall—a spacious chamber, capable of holding about 900 people. The stage was what is professionally known as a "fit up."

We arrived in the town on Saturday, fitted up the proscenium —hung the "borders," "drops," &c., and were ready for the opening on Monday—working the whole of Sunday with closed doors and muffled hammers, so as not to arouse the religious scruples of the good people of Arbroath.

We duly opened our house on Monday to a "monster" bill that would rather astonish the Melbourne playgoer of the present day. It consisted of "Hamlet" by one William Shakspeare, and Home's tragic play of "Douglas." I was cast for "Young Norval" in the latter piece.

"Young Norval?" I think I hear you say, "and he a low comedian." The fact is, I was offered the part by my manager as a *quid pro quo* for my not receiving any salary the week before, and like most low comedians, I thought, of course, I had thrown away my talents on low comedy, and was born to fill the tragic stage.

I don't know what the merits or demerits of the Company had to do with it, but we played for a month to the direst business it is possible to conceive. At last the finale came—the manager could not pay us and the company was disbanded. I had about £4 in the exchequer when we broke up, and might have gone comfortably up to London and arrived there with still some money in my purse, but in an evil moment a townsman induced me to rent the Theatre for the following Saturday to give a show with such local talent as I could pick up.

The performance took place, the result being that when I had paid all the expenses attending it, I found myself with 3s. 6d. in my pocket—550 miles from London.

I stood cogitating in the principal street of the little town "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," when I was accosted by a man who had been pianist with the company. He told me that he was in a similar position to myself, except that he had *not* got 3s. 6d.

In a spirit of thorough recklessness I announced my intention of walking to Glasgow, a distance of 100 miles, and invited him to share my fortunes and the 3s. 6d. He jumped at the offer, and behold us shortly, tramping along the road to Dundee, our first stopping place, from whence we crossed the Tay and wandered on to Cupar in Fife. I must premise that we had to cross two rivers—the Tay and the Forth—which took eighteen pence out of our 3s. 6d. At Cupar we got a very good nights' lodging for a shilling, which expenditure reduced our exchequer to the modest sum of 1s. 2d.

All the next day we wandered on, footsore and weary, regaling on a twopenny loaf and an occasional drink of water at some cottage by the roadside. Late at night we dragged our weary selves along the interminable streets of the "lang Toon of Kirkcaldy." It was early in December, and an icy breeze blew off the Forth, enough to freeze the marrow in our bones. We were so tired and hungry, that we both arrived at the conclusion that a good square meal was indispensable to our well-being.

Spying a little low-browed coffee shop on the quay side, we entered, and for the sum of sixpence we got a couple of scones and washed them down with two cups of what passed for tea.

Turning into the cold again, we wandered about trying to find a place where we could rest for the night—for sixpence—but we were not successful, and in sheer desperation we at last returned to the coffee shop to see if they would accommodate us. Warning me not to speak, as my Southern accent might betray me, my associate, who was broad Scotch, opened out thus :—"Wifey, hae' ye e'er a bed for twa travellers ?" "I dinna ken, my mon—I'll see," said she, and shouting along a dingy passage, she inquired if "yon mon was coming back the necht ?" Receiving a reply in the negative, she stuck a candle in a bottle, and invited us to follow her. On enquiring the price of the bed she said "Eh ? fourpence ye ken." Wondering what sort of a lodging we had got into, we followed our conductress into a large stone kitchen, and she, pointing to a four poster, said that was our bed.

I will not recount the horrors of that night, with a room the reverse of cleanly, and companions who had seen better days, if they had ever any better days to see. There was one gentleman who slept on a chair by the fire, with his stockings on the hob, who alternately swore and snored all through the night. There was a poor idiot boy in the corner, who sat up in bed and made inarticulate noises, and last but not least, there was a drunken seaman, who staggered round and insisted on shaking hands with every individual in the room.

I need not say that we never closed our eyes that night, and as soon as morning dawned, we made our ablutions in a pail of water, paid our fourpence, and were once more upon the road.

Crossing the Forth by the Burntisland ferry, we landed at Granton, and walked into Edinburgh, arriving there about 10 o'clock in the morning. Our appetites suggested breakfast, but as we only had twopence, we solaced ourselves with two-penn'orth of twist tobacco. Selecting a nice soft spot upon Calton Hill, we rested our weary limbs, and in spite of the cold slept the sleep of the just for many hours.

The sun was low when we prepared to resume our journey, and I think no colder or more hungry mortals ever started to walk from Edinburgh to Glasgow (43 miles) than the two unfortunate heroes of this story.

All through the night we staggered on, the wonder being that we did not succumb to the cold, fall asleep, and so make an end of it.

We passed Bathgate, where there are large smelting furnaces, and lured by the red glare of the fires, we attempted to ensconce ourselves near one of them, but were roughly warned off by one of the smelters.

At nine o'clock in the morning we staggered into Coatbridge, when, by some lucky inspiration, I bethought me of an old cobbler who had mended two or three pairs of boots for me, some months before, when I had been manager of the theatre in that town. Being a genial old man, I had been in the habit of "haeing a crack wi' him" over his work bench, and of consulting him as to what pieces would be most likely to please the *'oi polloi* on Saturday nights.

Reader, we had been twenty-four hours without food —what wonder, then, that we had just time to claim the cobbler as an old friend, when I incontinently fell on the floor in a fainting fit. When I came to, I found myself tucked up in the cobbler's own bed, and a Scotch breakfast prepared for us, of such luxuries as his cottage afforded, in which herrings and whiskey formed a very strong item.

After asking us the cause of our appearance in what the kindly old gentleman was pleased to term "siccan a dire misfortune," he started us on the road again with "siller in our pockets" to get some refreshment on the road. He excused himself for not giving us the railway fares to Glasgow, as he "had been on the fuddle lately."

Starting out of Coatbridge we walked the nine miles or so into Glasgow, and as the weather changed and it rained every bit of the way, we arrived in the latter place without a dry rag on us.

On parting with my *friend* at the door of a house where there lived a patriotic landlady, I said to him, "Well, thank goodness, we're here at last, Andrew." "Yes," said he, sententiously, "I'm vera glad we're here, and I've saved my pound." "Saved your pound!" said I, aghast. "Yes, I've a pound in ma pocket," said he. "Ma feyther told me to be vera carefu' of it—I was sorely tempted to spend it—but I'm thankful I did not. Gude necht!"

A Tiny Tragedy.

(By Alfred Carnie).

PERIOD—INDEFINITE. SCENE—ANYWHERE.

ACT I.
A shady nook—
A rippling brook—
Moonlight;
A garden chair—
A youthful pair—
Delight!

ACT II.
Troth plighted oft
In accents soft.
Oh, bliss!
Vow endless love—
(Cease laughing Jove)!
And kiss.

ACT III.
A jealous thought—
The mischief's wrought.
Untrue?
A haughty pout—
A cutting flout.
Adieu!

ACT IV.
A vessel starts:
In distant parts.
He'll roam.
A hapless maid
By anguish swayed—
At home.

ACT V.
Years onward fleet:
Old lovers meet
And show,
As often found
Doubts without ground.
Tableau!

How I Missed It!

(F. H. Linklater).

Reader, I trust that mine may be a solitary case, and that neither you nor anyone else may be called upon to undergo a like experience.

* * * * * * *

I am not a young man, although not yet past the prime of manhood, but I suffer from that most terrible of all ailments—excessive nervousness! Perhaps the word bashfulness would be more appropriate in describing my unfortunate weakness, for although not bold or courageous in the presence of my fellowmen, I am as nought in the society of the opposite sex. Under these circumstances it is hardly necessary for me to state that I am unmarried. And yet I dote on lovely woman! and but lately thought that my life of single misery would be a thing of the past; for I had taken courage to absolutely not only look at but speak to the adorable Miss Sims, and had every reason to feel not dissatisfied with my reception.

Miss Sims was not only pretty to gaze upon, but was also the possessor of a snug little income of her own; although I scorn any insinuation that the latter was the attraction to me!

For myself, I am the sole support of a widowed mother, whom I provide with most of the necessary things of this life, and some of the luxuries, by means of a small stipend paid me with the utmost regularity every month by my employers Ritt and Kosts, the well-known solicitors.

Matters had proceeded to such a stage with Miss Sims that it came to be looked upon as a regular thing that I should call in after tea and spend an hour or so in close communion with the dilapidated family album, while she—that is Miss Sims—played sonatas on the piano.

One day (shall I ever forget it) ? I had called in on my way to the office in the morning and arranged with Cissy—did I mention her name was Cissy ?—to take her to the theatre in the evening and see her home by the Richmond Tram after the conclusion of the performance.

Everything went off swimmingly.

I booked the seats—third row in the stalls—during my lunch hour, and had likewise purchased a spray of blush roses and maidenhair fern for Cissy, and a lovely button-hole for myself. The roses were of a deep, pink hue, and their fragrance was exquisite and powerful.

Six o'clock saw me taking tea with Mrs. Sims and Cissy, and by half-past eight we were revelling in the first act of the " Bohemian Girl."

Now it so happened that among the various good things with which Mrs. Sims' tea-table had been loaded, there was a dish of prawns, of which I had partaken rather freely, and, as a consequence, by the time the act-drop descended at the conclusion of the first act, I had a thirst on me which could only be equalled by a station dam after a two years' drought.

I explained matters to Cissy, and she observed that if the man really couldn't make an appointment at any other hour I had better go out and see him !

I was in excellent spirits as I stood outside after my refresher, and my thoughts reverted to the dear old mother who would sit up for me at home, and join me in our modest supper.

Then my unlucky angel came along and directed my eyes to the provision store on the opposite side of the street. I thought I would purchase some small article as an addition to the supper and a surprise for mother.

I went across and made a closer inspection of the window.

Hams, tongues, tinned meats, etc., etc., were there in grand profusion ; but I wanted something tasty, and also small enough to go in my overcoat pocket.

Ah ! Those little conical cheeses will be just the thing !

The purchase was soon made, and I returned to my seat beside Cissy ! first taking off and neatly folding my overcoat, which I hung over the back of my chair.

The weather was warm—very warm—and I felt the heat considerably, where I was sitting.

Cissey was on my left hand, and immediately on my right, was a touchy old gentleman who fidgetted when anyone passed in or out.

Well, the second act was well under way when suddenly this old gentlemen stooped down and looked under his seat —then sat up and said :—" Ph-e-e-e-w !'

I thought at first it was the heat, but it wasn't, for he next gave a long sniff and burst out with :—" Ph-e-ew ! dead rat somewhere !" and leant over and smelt at the back of the lady in front of him.

Just then *I* had a whiff and looking round at Cissy discovered her with fan and smelling salts in full swing, while she gazed at me in a manner perfectly indescribable.

Then the man in front of me turned around, with his nose screwed up, and gazed long and steadily at my boots.

I could have sunk into them.

Presently the man behind leant over and asked me in a stage whisper if I smelt anything.

Great Cæsar! the thing was getting worse every minute, and people were sniffing all around!

The opera was interrupted, and folks were leaving hurriedly on all sides, until Cissy and myself were isolated, with vacant seats surrounding us.

The exhalations seemed to be getting, if anything, more profound, and Cissy said—"We'd better go, I think!"

She rose, and so did I, but when I put my overcoat on my arm—ph-e-e-e-w !

It never struck me before, but I saw it now. It was that cheese!

I couldn't take it out and leave it on the seat, so I resolved to say nothing about it, and followed Cissy out.

Folks made way for us on every side as we hurried through the entrance and into the first empty cab.

The drive home was a silent one, and when I would have entered the house to explain the state of affairs the door was shut in my face.

My hopes of Cissy and her little income were rudely dashed to the ground the following day when, on arriving

at the office, I found a neat little parcel containing all the love tokens which I had bestowed on her.

And that's how I missed it ?

* * * * * * *

The cheese was placed in the receptacle for household refuse, and the dustman has not been in our neighbourhood since ; my overcoat has been burnt and the ashes buried ; and the cabman has brought an action for the value of the cab, which he avers has been useless since my ride from the theatre !

F. H. L.

Mon Repos.

If I had my own way,
From all the changeful past
Wherein my life was cast.
Though it could never last,
I would recall that day.

I would recall that day,
That day of perfect peace,
When my tired soul's release
Bade toil and trouble cease,
And I sang on my way.

I held you for a space
Within my shelt'ring arms
Safe from the world's alarms,
And all life's pains and harms
With kisses on your face.

There, as we stood, we two,
Heart clinging, breast to breast,
The sun set in the west,
The whole world sank to rest,
Left us ; left me, left you.

Thus love had come to me,
And love had conquered you—
Love, fearless, strong, and true—
For I was all to you
And you were all to me.

Dear love, come grief and pain,
Come joy and happiness
Our quiet life to bless,
Through all life's storm and stress,
Love e'er with us shall reign.

And when life's journey's o'er,
And we two sink to rest
Like sunset in the west,
That love our life hath blest
Will part us nevermore.

ADA WARD.

A Ballad of Arcadie.

Ah, me ! the world is not so fair
As it appeared in days of yore ;
Our hearts feel now the weight of care,
And carry sorrow at their core ;
Would that some power could restore
The days of youth so gay and free ;
Enough we had—nor wanted more—
But then we lived in Arcadie.

We, too, have piped to silly sheep,
And sported with Amaryllis,
And felt the rapture long and deep
Which springs from the first lover's kiss ;
We, too, have thought it earthly bliss
To make love on a daisied lea—
To spend time thus was not amiss—
But then we lived in Arcadie.

This is the age of millionaires,
The Golden Calf is set on high,
We burden life with petty cares,
And know not rest until we die ;
Yet oft we look with longing cry,
Far ! far ! beyond this century,
To days that passed without a sigh—
But then we lived in Arcadie.

Envoi.

Ah Prince ! this is the age of gold,
And not the golden age to me ;
It was not thus in days of old—
But then we lived in Arcadie.

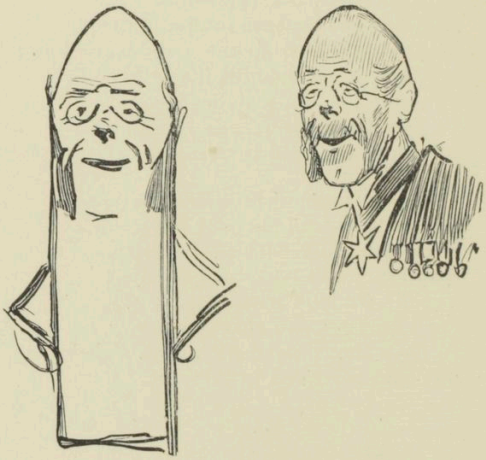
F. W. Hume.

PHIL. MAY,

Drawn by Melton Prior;

AND

MELTON PRIOR,



Drawn by Phil. May.

The originals of these caricatures are kindly lent by the Yorick Club, and published by permission of the *Sydney Bulletin* on behalf of Mr. PHIL. MAY; and of the *Illustrated London News* on behalf of Mr. MELTON PRIOR.

Sorrow, Love, and I.

YARRA-YARRA, ever flowing,
On thy dimpled bosom glowing,
Sorrow, Love, and I go rowing,
One sweet spring-tide morn;
And our oars keep rhythmic measure;
And the ripples dance with pleasure,
For they recognise the treasure,
O'er their kisses borne.

Merry birds, your pinions pluming,
Wattle blossoms, golden blooming,
All the wooing air perfuming,
Greet my Heart's Delight!
Shine! brave sun to do her honor,
Shed thy softest beams upon her,
Like a glorified Madonna,
'Midst a halo bright!

* * * * * * *

Sweet sad eyes, your wistful yearning
Tells me through my heart's discerning,
Better far than years of learning,
"Lose that ye may gain."
Read we then our lesson clearly,
Though we love each other dearly,
Fondly, truly, and sincerely,
Love with us brings Pain.

Love would cherish—Fate derides us!
Love exalts us—Fortune chides us!
Love would join us—Law divides us!
We must part for aye.
Hark! the ripples murmur "Never."
List! the willows whisper "Sever."
And the west wind sighs "Forever,"
Heart's Delight good bye!

* * * * * * *

Yarra—Yarra, ever flowing,
While the soft spring breeze is blowing
Bear me on thy bosom glowing,
Onward to the sea.
But whate'er Fate has assigned me,
Sorrow's sacrament will bind me,
And I know *Her* soul will find me—
When all souls are free.

"The Vagabond."

Passion Flower.

Choose who will the wiser part,
I have held her heart to heart,

And have felt her heart strings stirred,
And her soul's still singing heard,

For one golden-haloed hour,
Of Love's life the Passion-flower.

So the world may roll or rest,
I have tasted of its best,

And shall laugh while I have breath,
At thy dart and thee, O Death !

Victor J. Daley.

And he Meant It.

By W. Elton.

In whatever walk of life a man man be, I take it, there are few who do not, at times, appreciate the expressed approval of their fellow men. This applies, probably, in a greater degree to the actor than any other being, for does not his living depend on that very approval. I will give you an instance that occurred in my own career of most unqualified and unstinting approval bestowed on me by a friend who himself was an author. His praise of me and my performances was most enthusiastic, and that 'he meant it' the sequel will show. Some years ago, I was playing in a burlesque called "Robbing Roy," or 'Scotched not Kilt,' at the Gaiety Theatre, London, in which I gave a good-humoured imitation of *Barry Sullivan*, who had lately been playing Richard III. at the Lane. The piece was a big success, and I felt proud to have a finger in the pie, especially as I was new to the London stage. The papers said very nice things of my performance, and I felt quite two inches taller. My professional friends all round congratulated me on my success, and I was quite prepared to believe that I was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, comedian of the 19th century. One day during the second week of the burlesque, I happened to be walking down the Strand, when I was startled by receiving a smack on the broad of my back. On turning round I recognised my author friend. "Well, old man," he began, "I saw you last night. You were simply immense. I expected a great deal from what I had heard, but you quite exceeded all my anticipations. Your imitation was simply wonderful. I cannot help laughing when I think of it." Here I felt pleased as I rather shook hands with myself over my imitations of the peculiarities of *Barry Sullivan*. "It is one thing," he continued, "to imitate a

man in a few words or sentences, where his individualities are more strongly marked than usual, but to sustain it the whole evening as you do is nothing short of marvellous. The very walk, the voice, the face, whether you are singing, dancing, or speaking is exact. You are the man to the very life. You never seem to lose him for a moment. I could shut my eyes, and see the dear old chap once again, in fact the imitation is so perfect that I wonder *Sammy Phelps ! !* doesn't turn in his grave.—Yes, he meant it.

Boys and Whales' Blow-holes.

By Phil. Robinson.

It is not often that a boy gets the chance of sitting on the blow-hole of a live whale. Nor, probably having done so once, would he be likely to repeat the experiment—at least, not if he had read or been told of what happened the other day to the boy of Shetland who inadvertently seated himself upon the nostrils of a stranded Behemoth.

This veracious narrative states that the whale had drifted inshore, having gone aground upon an ice-floe, and so been washed bodily out of deep water to one of the islands. An old fisherman with his boy had arranged to fasten a rope or chain round the creature's tail, and it was at this moment of triumph that the youngster is said to have seated himself upon the forehead of Leviathan. Becoming aware of some obstruction to its breathing, the animal gave a great snort, and sneezed the boy fifty yards out to sea.

The boy, it is added, was not hurt, "but much surprised," —as well he might be.

To sit down unconcernedly on the orifice of an active volcano, and be suddenly blown up into the air, is calculated to astonish even the most phlegmatic temperament. Asiatic apathy could hardly stand unmoved such an unexpected and forcible test, much less a frivolous urchin, who, very proud, no doubt, of his lofty perch, found himself all of a sudden puffed up beyond all his expectations, and his small graceless body flying through space like a marble from a blow-pipe.

For there is not much in a whale's head to catch hold of. It is smooth, polished, and sloping, so that, when the impetus came from beneath, up he had to go, like a clay pigeon off the trap. There was no help for it. So, go he did, fifty feet up in the air and fifty yards out to sea. It

was a lesson to him not to go about sitting on whales' blow-holes—at any rate until they are securely plugged up—and we may be tolerably certain that even if that Shetland boy lives to become the oldest inhabitant of the island, he will never again be found taking a seat on the escape-pipe of even the smallest cetacean.

The whole story of the whale in question, however, of which the above is only an incident, is remarkable. The creature, it appears, had got stranded, and, as we have premised, an old crofter, passing by, saw that the monster was in difficulties, and, wading out to it, tied a rope round its tail. How this feat was performed we are not told, but it was very fortunate for the old crofter that while he was doing it the whale did not take any notice of the proceeding, as he certainly would have gone farther through the air than the boy did, if the tail had wagged. All passed off quietly, however, and the man went home. Next morning he returned with a friend, and, finding Behemoth where he had left him, they proceeded to kill him, an operation which took them, we are told, three days. Why it should have occupied these natives so long is not explained; but, perhaps, they treated it as an insect and tried to run a pin through it; or it may be that they spent their three days trying to choke it. Or perhaps they put the boy on the top of the blow-hole in the expectation of either smothering the animal or causing it to burst. Anyhow, after three days' toil, and after having the boy blown up, they succeeded in killing their bulky prize, and "it yielded a rich booty to its captors."

It is an excellent narrative in its way, and deserves to be true if it is not. The picture of the Shetlander going out single-handed with his rope to secure a whale presents a very pleasing idea of the individual enterprise of these hardy Northmen; while the subsequent episode of two men and a boy returning day after day to the desolate floe to continue the job of murdering Behemoth has enough of grimness in it to make the explosion of the urchin an agreeable relief.

Not that the whale exhibits any remarkable tenacity of life; on the contrary, it dies, for a creature of such gigantic

dimensions, with surprising rapidity, and, fortunately for whalers, with very little effort at self-defence. Sometimes, however, it resorts to violence to rid itself of its assailants, and while its fury lasts the paroxysm is disastrous to the boats concerned. The sperm-whale is often a ferocious beast, charging its adversaries as cheerfully as a rhinoceros or elephant will, and returning to the attack again and again with great determination. One of its favorite tactics is to dive to a considerable depth and then suddenly rush up and strike the boat from beneath, the result, of course, being that the boat and all its contents are hurled into the air. Nor does it wait to be attacked, for many well authenticated instances are on record of its taking the initiative, and assailing vessels simply on the provocation of their presence. A fighting whale, known to the forecastle of those adventurous craft which pursue these monsters of the deep as "New Zealand Tom," destroyed nine boats before it was hauled alongside, and many a brave fellow has been drowned by the sudden impetuosity of these short-tempered giants.

Being migratory, the cetaceans are constantly finding themselves in strange waters, and, heedlessly passing down our treacherous coasts, often get stranded. Once high and dry they are helpless, except to give an occasional convulsive sweep with their tails, or, still more rarely, explode an unsuspecting urchin off their blow-holes. That the boy in question did not fly straight up in the air goes to prove that the whale that hoisted him was a sperm or cachalot, which has its nostrils forward on the snout, and blows obliquely ahead. Had it been a Greenland or "right" whale, the boy would have gone straight up and come straight down again, instead of finding himself comfortably sneezed into the sea.

When Giant Blowhard emptied his lungs at the Champion, the sainted knight found himself, horse and all, puffed in a bee-line back to the point he started from. But when the sailor put his finger on his right nostril and snorted at the pursuing army, the royal troops, it may be remembered, went up out of sight overhead.

There is, in fact, all the same difference between being blown up by a sperm-whale and a Greenland whale, as there was between the kick horizontal that Grasshopper gave the old magician, which made him travel in a direct line across a boundless prairie and drop into the setting sun on the other side, and the kick vertical, which in another Red Indian legend the hero gives to an offender, and which accounts satisfactorily for there being a man up in the moon to this day.

As a novelty in acrobatic performances the blow-hole trick has something to recommend it I have seen performers who are "shot" out of cannon and jerked up out of spring-traps, but the exploit of the Shetland boy presents features of an agreeable novelty which has probably but few analogies in human experience. A sportsman in Assam went out once to shoot a rhinoceros, and, having reached the sand-cave in which the monster was accustomed to enjoy its siesta during the heat of noon, stationed himself with his back to the entrance, presenting a bold front to the path by which the animal was expected to approach. But the rhinoceros happened to have come home earlier than usual, and, coming out headlong to see what obstructed the daylight, lodged the sportsman in the upper branches of an adjoining tree. This episode, however, would be a difficult one to produce artificially, for, even though there might be a clock-work rhinoceros, the sportsman would also have to be a dummy.

In the case of the whale, if only a sufficient width of water were allowed all round, the Shetland boy might repeat his performance *in propriâ personâ*, and, even if the whale were a make-believe and the explosion took place by a sudden escape of compressed air, the spectacle of the small aëronaut blown up off his perch would be sufficiently diverting. Every one who has seen Mr. Caldecott's delightful illustrations of the "House that Jack Built," will remember the complacent countenance of the dog when, having worried the cat, he sits in the meadow thinking over his recent exploit. There is a broad smile of self-satisfaction on his face, as if life were now without a care; but close behind him is the cow with the crumpled horn, and the

next page is hardly high enough to get in the whole of the hoisted dog. Nor, probably, have those who have read Bret Harte's story of Tom Quartz's cat forgotten the excruciating description of Pussy's experience of blasting powder.

Something of the same pleasure attaches to the contemplation of the suddenly-exalted urchin. Perched one instant in all the flippant frivolity of early youth on a whale's blow-hole, and in the next silently, mysteriously, blown up into the sky, he was an excellent illustration of human happiness and the frequent deceitfulness of appearances.

A Mighty Monarch.

By Garnet Walch.

Sung by Miss Alice Barnett. Music by Alfred Cellier.

I.

Great Jove in his high dominions
Held most unlimited sway.
None contravened his opinions,
And nobody said him nay;
But I fancy that much derision
Would have taken the place of awe,
If Jupiter's life Elysian
Had included a Mother-in-Law.
The lion may lord in the jungle,
O'er his females of kindred fur;
But Man makes a terrible bungle
When he ventures to cope with HER.
For the modern *régime* majestic,
Without any blemish or flaw,
Is the absolute rule domestic
Of the queenly mother-in-law.
'Tis the widest of empires the world ever saw,
That's expressed in the words, "I'm a mother-in-law!"

II.

The lover whose love burns brightly,
Of danger may dread no hint;
As lambkins may gambol lightly
In a flourishing bed of mint.
He sips the ravishing nectar,
That lips from lips can draw;
No grisly, cautioning spectre,
Forebodes a mother-in-law.

But after the moon-of honey,
Broad noon discloses his lot,
The which, although it be sunny,
Is frequently also *hot.*
He takes to his bosom, once fearless,
His darling without a flaw,
But along with his Princess Peerless
Trots autocrat Mother-in-Law!
'Tis a thought that should hold e'en the bravest in awe
That a wife, as a rule, means a mother-in-law.

III.

Oh! song-insp'ring lady,
Ubiquitous thou art;
In households bright or shady,
Thou ever shalt have part.
The Mussulman with his harem,
The Indian with his squaw,
One compound word can scare 'em,
That word is "mother-in-law!"
Save in the monastic cloister,
Thou weavest close thy spells,
For thee the succulent oyster
Thy thralls have but the shells.
Quite recently up in Burmah,
What settled *ce cher* Theebaw,
He lost all his *terra firma*,
Through having *two* mothers-in-law.
For the Fate of a Kaiser, or King, or Bashaw,
Lies oft in the hand of his mother-in-law.

IV.

By Greenland's glacial mountains,
By India's coralline strands,
Where Africa's luminous fountains.
Infiltrate aureate sands;
Within the Emperor's palace,
'Neath the labourer's roof of straw,
In Hymen's bliss-brimmed chalice,
There lurks a mother-in-law.

From attic even to basement,
Wherever a Benedict dwells,
She furnishes forth the amazement
That the orthodox rite foretells ;
So here's to her reign undying,
The strongest the world e'er saw,
And Echo shall shout, replying,
Hail ! mighty mother-in-law.
'Tis the firm, frozen truth that nothing can thaw—
No rest, save the grave, from the mother-in-law.

My First Appearance in Australasia.

By Herbert Flemming.

Several years ago I made my first appearance on the colonial stage under circumstances which, viewed by the light of subsequent events, were to some extent remarkable, and I am sure are still held in grateful remembrance by many of the older residents of Christchurch (N.Z.) as having afforded them a hearty laugh, which, by the way, was not always obtainable on the boards of the local theatre. This was not my first "professional" appearance. That took place some time afterwards. No! this was absolutely my first antipodean experiment, and it was purely *en amateur*. When I left London in the good ship Wairoa, belonging to the New Zealand Shipping Company, I had no idea of embracing the stage as a profession. I was strictly commercial; but I fear I had a secret longing for the "sock," or rather the "buskin," and moreover, I had smelt the footlights. In London, amongst the many amateur dramatic organisations, we had a very excellent club called The Bettertons. Our Company included many extremely clever amateur actors, several of whom have since risen to a prominent position on the professional stage. Amongst these I may mention Herbert Beerbohm (now Mr. Beerbohm Tree, manager of the Haymarket Theatre, London), Frank Cates (whom you all know), John Yorke Stevens, Harry Proctor, Sam Wilkinson, Edward Rose (who dramatised *Vice Versâ*), and some others, forgotten by now. It is a curious coincidence that in these Betterton Club performances we had on one occasion no less than three in the cast who are now playing in *Never too Late to Mend* at the "Royal," Melbourne, viz., Miss Isabel Morris, Frank Cates, and myself—*mais revenons à nos moutons*—

my first appearance in Australasia. On the voyage out we were in the habit of giving entertainments of a nigger minstrel type. I, with my amateur experience, and I may add, amateur enthusiasm, went in for it all tooth and nail, and was unanimously elected general manager. We had no piano on board, but we managed an orchestra consisting of the chief steward, who was in the habit of giving vent to his emotions on the concertina, and the second mate, who was almost bearable on the violin. On arriving at Lyttelton it occurred to me that it would be a very fine idea to give a performance in Christchurch, as we were all very proud of our Moore and Burgess achievements. Accordingly the Oddfellows' Hall was engaged for a certain date, and the Wairoa Minstrels were profusely advertised for "one night only," and for their own benefit. Here trouble began to loom in the distance like Beachy Head in a fog. One Paterson came to the town with a diorama. He wanted to open the same night, and negotiated with me for giving up the Hall to him. But no! I felt every confidence in the success of the Wairoa Minstrels, and was not a little proud of my managerial position, and I resolutely stuck to my date. Charlie Holloway was in the Diorama Company at the time, and Harry Bennett, now assistant stage manager at the Royal, was business manager for Paterson. Harry finding me obdurate, bought up 100 or more gallery tickets, and sent boys in to "guy" the performance. Oh, Harry, that was very wicked of you! With the idea of making the Hall as attractive as possible, I had borrowed all the flags I could get from the ships in port, and had them strung across the Hall in lines, and the effect was remarkably picturesque However, even this solicitude and forethought on my part led to trouble. I was busy showing the élite of the City of the Plains into their seats, bursting with managerial pride, and immaculate in evening kit, and also endeavouring to imitate the old London fashion, and sell programmes at six-pence each, which attempt resulted in ignominious failure, when a terrific shout from the gallery arrested my attention. "Down with the flags" was the gallery war cry, and it was repeated again and again with a vehemence that would appal me in the same position now, though at that time I was perfectly calm and unmoved. I

made a speech, introducing the Company, which, as I read it now from my journal of that date, strikes me with remorse and wonderment. However, it was in perfect good faith at the time. It ran as follows :—" Before the entertainment commences I must ask you to make all possible allowances for any inaccuracies you may observe. The entire rehearsal of the programme has been carried out on board the ship, and many and great have been the disadvantages we have had to contend against. First and foremost we had no piano with us, but relied solely for our accompaniments on the concertina, which our conductor, Mr. Fenton, will perform on to-night. All the rehearsals—until we reached port—took place in a cabin six feet square. Since arriving here, I am sorry to say, two of the troupe—passengers on board—have deserted. What I wish you all to remember is that the entertainment you are about to witness is a professedly amateur one. I can only say that nothing has been left undone to render it as pleasing and as successful as possible, and trust that no one will leave the Hall in any way dissatisfied."

I wound up this oration by asking whether I had unintentionally given any offence to colonial or national feeling by using the flags. The gallery reply was very simple, merely to the effect that the flags, though very beautiful in themselves, entirely obstructed their view of the stage. They must be removed, but how ? That was the trouble. No ladder could be found in the building. We tried to turn them over the lines. No use. Then we tried to burn the lines with the lighting rod. As a *dernier resort*, a sharp knife was fixed to the rod, and the lines were cut, each line of flags as it fell entirely enveloping the unfortunate occupants of the seats immediately beneath it At last the performance commenced. All went fairly well up to three or four numbers. I had announced some of the newest songs from St. James' Hall, though I am afraid the crew of the Wairoa were a little behind the time in their *repertoire*. About the fourth number the trouble began in earnest. The concluding item was a nigger farce entit'ed a " Shower of Cats." I was thoroughly realistic. We have real horses on the stage, and real dogs—why not real cats ? So I collected all the cats that were obtainable, some twenty of them, and confined them in two

rooms, one each side of the stage, and with a door in each opening on to the auditorium. The cats were considerably affected by the sentimental songs, but the fourth number was a rollicking comic song, with a good chorus, in which the whole twenty cats joined with the utmost abandon. Matters were rapidly arriving at a crisis when another contretemps occurred. After the sixth number, having four corner men, I decided to make a change and bring on my two reserve comedians. However, as sailors often will, they had been celebrating their spell ashore, with the result that one fell down altogether, and the other, in endeavouring to reach the corner chair sat on his next neighbour's knee. This was too much for the gravity of the audience, and no more was heard of I'art I. I again addressed the audience, pointing out with some justifiable warmth that the majority of the people wished to listen to the entertainment (I have since been informed that such was not the case), and that the malcontents could, if they pleased, have their money returned. Then hearing a rush I suddenly remembered I had already removed the "takings" from the pay boxes. I leapt over the footlights, forced a passage down the crowded assemblage (for the affair had been well advertised and worked up, and we had over £100 in), and settled with the few who did not desire to see the fun through. At last the show came to a termination. The "Shower of Cats" was to be the *pièce de resistance*, and at a given signal my twenty cats were all launched on to the stage The effect produced was quite different to that intended. Not a solitary cat remained on the stage, as a well-conducted professional cat should, but they one and all immediately bounded over the footlights into the stalls, and caused the greatest consternation amongst their occupants. Some made for the doors, some for the rooms in which they were confined, and all the ladies united in one magnificent shriek. The show was indeed over. Cats and audience departed together, and the crew of the Wairoa had a goodly addition to their funds, for this was no charity entertainment for local hospitals &c. The performance, I am bound to confess now, was a *fiasco*, but my *confrères* were all in burnt cork, and consequently unrecognisable afterwards. I, however, being simply attired in evening dress, and having been so

prominent in addressing the audience, and generally managing or mis-managing the whole affair, was the unfortunate butt of the Christchurch larrikin for a long time, and for at least a month I had a life of persecution. Miss Lydia Howard was at the time playing at the little theatre called the Gaiety, with Solange Navaro and Harry Power in the company. When I took my seat in the stalls I was greeted with shouts of "There he is!" "He's the chap." "What about the Wairoa Minstrels?" &c., &c., To this day, the Wairoa Minstrels are remembered in Christchurch, and for my part I shall never forget the incidents connected with my first appearance in Australasia.

Incidents of Travel.

By Charles Arnold.

(Hans the Boatman.)

Since my connection with the dramatic profession I have travelled in many countries, and have had some novel experiences. In 1876 I organised a dramatic company in New York with the intention of visiting Winnipeg, Manitoba. This was before the great land "boom" there. The population of Winnipeg was then 7000, it is now 50,000. There was but one street laid out, no street lamps, and no pavements. The hotels were so crowded they could not accommodate us, so we had tents pitched on the prairie and took our meals at the hotels. I never enjoyed my night's rest more in my life than in those days. Ours was the first dramatic company that had ever visited Winnipeg, and we had a royal reception. Our audiences consisted of Indians, trappers, and English settlers; we played to this small population for six weeks. I don't know of any town in England or America with a population of 7000, where a company could play for so long a season, and we did have a success, crowded every night with the same people. It was here that I became a "frog eater;" we had great sport in spearing the toothsome frog, the hind legs are cut from the body and stripped of the skin, you then coat them with the yoke of eggs, roll them in "cracker" dust, and fry in a pan; I found them most delicious. Towards the close of our season I received a visit from the mayor of a small town called Emerson; he informed me that they had never had a "show" in his town, and it would add to the importance of the place if we would give them a visit. He agreed to guarantee us against loss, and as they had no

theatre or hall he said he would "fix up" an old bonded warehouse. When we arrived on the scene, we found they had cleared out the old building, built a stage, and put up tents for dressing rooms. There were no benches or seats to be had, so they placed rows of candle boxes and cases of champagne and brandy for reserved seats, and as the champagne and brandy was in bond, a committee of 10 had been appointed to see that the audience did not have free drinks during the performance. We performed *The Shaughraun*," and after the second act the mayor came to me and requested us to play an extra night; this we could not do as we had other engagements to meet, but it occurred to me that we could give another performance that night if a sufficient number would remain, so I went before the curtain and suggested that we could give a performance of *Pinafore* at 11.15 p.m. This announcement was received with cheers and cries of "play all night." It was then arranged that at the conclusion of *The Shaughraun* there would be an intermission of 15 minutes for change of dress and scenery. When time was up the same audience returned and the receipts were but 12s. less than at the first performance. We played *Pinafore* with a company of 19 people. There was no band, our conductor accompanied the entire opera with a church organ. The place was thick with mosquitos who were the only "dead heads" present, and they made it lively for the ladies of the company; it was amusing to see them slapping away at the insects during the sentimental portions of the play, and fancy the prima donna killing mosquitos during a long solo. We concluded our second performance at 1.30 a.m. We had a merry time after the performance, the citizens took possession of the boys and there was no sleep in the camp that night. This was my first and last experience of giving two performances in one night.

I next organised a company to tour the West Indies. On the steamer we noticed a young married couple who joined us at Barbadoes. We were not many days out when the young bride was suddenly taken ill and died. This necessitated a funeral at sea, and out of respect to the young husband's feelings a pine coffin was made by the

ship's carpenter, instead of the usual canvas sack. A mistake was made by putting the iron weights *in* the coffin instead of *outside*, and when it was slid off the plank the weights knocked the end of the coffin out, and as it struck the water the body floated out, and was immediately grabbed by a huge shark, which disappeared with its ghastly prize before the eyes of the horrified husband, who was with difficulty prevented from jumping overboard.

While in Kingston, Jamaica, I experienced my maiden earthquake. I was sitting on the verandah of the hotel one night, with members of the company, when we suddenly heard a rumble and a roar, the building commenced to rock, and the hotel being of wood, the beams and flooring creaked and groaned in a horrible manner. We clutched the table, and stared into each other's faces, white as death. I felt as powerless as a baby, not knowing at what moment the earth would open and drop me into some bottomless abyss. For a few seconds not a soul stirred, but it soon flashed across my mind that we would be safer in the street. The building was still swaying to and fro, but I jumped up and started for the stairs. I turned and saw that no one was following me, and rushing back dragged two of the ladies to the foot of the stairs and out into the street. When I got there the earthquake ceased. I noticed that, although it was one o'clock in the morning, the whole population was aroused, and the streets were immediately crowded with people. They all made for the principal churches. The doors were all thrown open and ministers and priests held services of thanksgiving for their safety. When I finished my tour of the West Indies, I accepted an invitation to visit a penal settlement about 200 miles from Georgetown, Demerara. There were 600 convicts—Coolies, Blacks, and Chinese: there was but one white prisoner—a jolly Jack Tar who had, for a lark, thrown a Coolie overboard to see if he could swim; the Coolie went down and never came up again; a shark had captured him; the tar was doing seven years for this little joke. "Prisoner 55" was called and I was introduced to a dusky Coolie: this gentle youth had been a pork vendor in a small way; he carted a barrow about, and sold small pieces of pickled pork to the

natives. His wife disappeared one day, and it was found on investigation that she had been unfaithful to her husband, and he had killed her and cut her up and sold her as pickled pork. A portion of her hand was fished out of his barrel one day, the rest of the frail Coolie bride had been sold at so much a pound. The husband was doing a life sentence. I also visited "Cow Island" near the penal settlement—this island is a Government reserve for lepers. I found 70 male lepers living in mud huts, and although it was a very hot day they had fires burning, and complained of the cold. I shall never forget the impression left on my mind by the sight of these victims of the awful disease of leprosy. The details are too horrible to be described in these notes.

A Chinese Theatre.

In 1878 my profession called me to San Francisco. There is an immense Chinese population there, and they support two Chinese theatres, I was very much amused with the primitive state of the drama at these theatres. They use no scenery, the band is at the back of the stage, and they keep up a horrible noise with one string fiddles and drums all through the dialogue. The "property man" walks about among the actors and places the "props" to suit the situation. Chairs and tables are placed about with placards stating what the chair or table is supposed to represent. On the night of my visit I was accompanied by a Chinaman who spoke English, and he explained the plot of the play that was being performed. One scene struck me as being very amusing. The heroine (always played by a man) came forward and explained that her lover was false to her and she wished to die, in fact she was determined to commit suicide, but how? "Ah! what is this! a tree!" (Enter property man with a pole on the top of which a small twig was tied). "I will hang myself." The property man then placed the pole

alongside of a chair and held it while the fair heroine got upon the chair and found she could not reach the twig. "Oh, what shall I do? I cannot reach the limb of the tree." Ah! what do I see? a large stone!" There was no stone on the stage at all, the property man had his hands full holding up the tree (?), but the heroine rushed down stage, and went through all the exertion of lifting a heavy (imaginary) stone. She next placed the imaginary stone on the chair, and once more mounted, to hang herself; she stepped upon the imaginary stone, "Victory! I will succeed!" The property man tilted the tree over so that she could reach the twig, she placed a silk sash lightly around her neck and over a twig about the thickness of a match, struggled with herself a few seconds, and was supposed to have hung herself; she then jumped from the chair, bowed, and ran off, the property man following with the tree (?), the chair, and the imaginary stone.

A Good Day's Fishing.

By H. H. Vincent.

Some few years ago our mutual friend, William, popularly known as Billy, Elton was delighting the public of New York, at Wallack's Theatre, "every evening until further notice." On one occasion, a small party of Thespians, including Elton, Osmond Tearle, Wilmot Eyre, and his brother Gerald Eyre (who, it will be remembered, died in Melbourne during his recent visit with Mr. Dion Boucicault), were chatting on sporting matters with an old American sporting friend, one Huntley, who had retired into private life by keeping an hotel at a place about 15 miles from New York on Plymouth Sound. Such being the case, the conversation naturally drifted towards piscatorial and aquatic sport. At length, a bet was arranged, that on the following day Elton and Wilmot Eyre should hire one fishing boat and Gerald Eyre and Tearle another, and a trial of fortune and skill be made as to who should catch the greater number of fish. The losers to stand a champagne supper for all present. Accordingly, Elton, who lived some miles out of town, accepted Eyre's hospitality, and shared his diggings in the city for the night, in order to be ready betimes on the eventful morrow. So these four Isaak Waltons rose very early, and caught the first train from New York to the appointed rendezvous. Arriving at Huntley's Hotel, all, anxious to get afloat and commence business, resolutely refused Huntley's pressing invitation to breakfast before embarking, and even forgot all about the lunch which had been provided for the boats. They hastened to get the pick of the boats, and secure the best fishing ground. Elton and Wilmot Eyre being eager for the fray, and "knowing all about matters piscatorial and nautical" did not even wait for a refresher, but snatching a few sandwiches from the free lunch counter, and

chuckling at the start they had gained while the other two were enjoying their cocktails they reached the beach, chose their boat and tackle and got under way, singing merrily, 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' 'Britons Never Shall be Slaves,' etc.

They had secured a crack fishing boat, the largest and heaviest, with plenty of beam to give full play to big fish when the sport became exciting ; long heavy sweeps, so that, having in view their excellent condition and perfect knowledge of the subject, they might take every advantage of their physical strength and outspeed their rivals in rowing to and from the fishing ground. Their costume also was most picturesque, and had stood the test of the "Governor," "Little Emily"and many other sea-breezy pieces, which had been produced in N. Y. during the last decade.

Elton, of course, knew the proper fishing ground, as he was a constant visitor to the place as a bather, and with his Liverpool experience, knew all about the haunts that fishes do love most. Perceiving two bronzed yachtsmen whiling away their vacation, and catching fish slowly but surely, Elton suggested to Eyre that they themselves would do better about 200 yards further out into the current, as they would intercept the fish on their way to the up river feeding grounds, and appealed to the yachtsmen on the matter ; the younger of the yachtsmen acquiesced, and Elton, delighted, said to Wilmot, "I told you so, I haven't bathed here for the last two months for nothing. Now let me row you to the spot : I can tell by the ripple on the water." Wilmot, however, insisted on doing the pulling, as he could row quicker than Elton and so they would have more time to win the bet. Elton suggested that Eyre dipped his oars too deeply for an experienced rower, but Wilmot, though he turned pale at this soft impeachment would never give in to a Liverpool man, who had gained his experience on a river, whereas he had learned the art of rowing in the finest harbour in the world,—No ! not Sydney—"Cork."

Arriving at the ground, they cast anchor, and immediately dropped the lines, which Elton had very scientifically and industriously baited while steering the boat, which, he averred, Eyre had so unscientifically propelled. They fished and fished, but never a bite. They tried every device to stem, as Elton said, the rush of fish up stream.

Meanwhile their opponents had come to an anchorage *in* shore of the before mentioned yachtsmen, and were comfortably fishing. Occasionally they hailed Eyre and Elton with a shout, denoting that a fish had been caught. However, no luck favored our friends, and when they espied their opponents leaving the ground, Elton, encouraged by the fact that the yachtsmen had pulled up fish in scores, determined to take up a position nearer the yacht, for he was determined to win the bet or perish in the attempt. Wilmot suggested that it was getting late, and said it would be safer to return and pay for the supper rather than risk being late for the evening's performance, but Elton, determined to win the bet, and quite confident of his prowess with the oars, would not hear of leaving till the very last moment. Just then the sound of a bell came wafted to them on the evening breeze. On consulting their faithful Waterburys, they discovered the time to be half-past six. All thoughts of catching fish were abandoned, and their only desire was to catch the train. The train left for N. Y. at 7, arriving at 7.30, thus allowing half-an-hour for reaching Wallack's and dressing for the stage. Elton having a very important part in the play, became frantic, and seizing the sweeps, commenced pulling for shore with all his might, Eyre assuming control of the tiller. However, all the pulling was of no avail, the boat would not make any headway. She appeared to have a determination not to allow our Thespian friends to be at their posts on that eventful evening, and instead of ploughing her way shorewards, kept drifting round in a circle. Eyre declared Elton's rowing was hypothetical rather than practical, and that he pulled stronger with the left than the right, which caused the rotary action of the boat. Elton declared it was caused by Eyre's erratic steering, and sneered at the training of Cork Harbour Eyre was equally severe on the Mersey as a school for sculling. Matters were now getting serious, as the piece could not be played without them Elton pulled frantically, but to no purpose. Eyre suggested that the tide was very strong. Elton said he knew nothing about it They changed places and Eyre pulled vigorously for a time. Then they stripped themselves of their outer garments, and settled down to a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether And a long,

steady, even stroke it was I can tell you—a stroke in which the performance at Wallack's Theatre was at stake. They left the ship to steer itself, and pulled for dear life. But no, the yacht was just as far off as ever. So was the shore. They were now seriously alarmed. Some fiend must have bewitched the boat.

The perspiration stood out in great beads upon their brows and they had given up all hope of reaching New York that night.

Just then, when despair had clutched them in his iron grasp, an amused voice remarked, in a very dry manner, and with a Yankee accent which belonged to the elder of the two yachtsmen before referred to. "Say stranger," don't you think you'd get on kind o' faster if you hauled up your anchor." "Good heavens," cried Eyre. "We have forgotten the anchor." Salvation! Ten minutes yet remained to catch the train Elton hastily cut the anchor line, and they both pulled like demons for the shore, enduring a little good-humored chaff as they passed the yacht. Huntley seeing the predicament, had prevailed on the stationmaster to delay the N. Y. train a few moments. Hastily snatching up their doffed garments, they sprang out of the beached boat, ran full speed to the station, and sank breathless into a car. The engine whistled, the train started, Wallack's Theatre was open that night, a champagne supper was held after the performance, and it was paid for by Wilmot Eyre and Billy Elton.

How we Fooled the Lunchers.

(Told by Grattan Riggs to Alfred Carnie.)

Want me to tell how we fooled the free lunchers? 'tisn't worth telling my boy.

Really now, I don't think I can remember it all. No, I can't. Now don't insist. Eh! You will have it. Well, well, I'll tell you.

One you know, is supposed, according to the old song, to be deuced smart if he be "up to the rigs and down to the jigs of London town," but on a certain April fool's-day, we managed "to get at" sundry free counter lunch customers, who meander around Melbourne about the meridian. Somehow, I took up the running first, and having a little fooling scheme "in my mind's eye, Horatio—." Now, what are you laughing at? Eh? And why the deuce shouldn't I quote Shakespeare? D'ye think I've only played Irish parts all my life? No fear. I was once considered not bad in Hamlet, my boy. You put a fellow off the thread of his story. Where was I? Oh! yes; I was saying I had an idea for an innocent fooling. Well, the first thing I did was to visit a certain leather merchant, and obtain a piece of prime stout Cordovan." Got it; and then I had it split at a grinding store into pieces of gold-beater's skin fineness. These were soaked in water, and the natural result was that they swelled and turned a violet red, so that in every way they were a *counter*feit presentment —Now, now, there's no pun intended—as I was saying, they were exactly like prime corned beef, and could not be distinguished from that dainty save by the application of the teeth.

Armed with the potentiality of much rare fun, the next move was to call in the aid of a friendly Boniface, and a jovial host was quickly found to enter into the spirit of the thing. Bread, butter and mustard were soon forthcoming, and the

prime sole was forthwith converted into the most delicious-looking sandwiches that ever caused a loafer's mouth to water. The parted edges of the bread disclosed the reddest, and most succulent cut of the "round" ; there was also a layer of mustard visible, and as a bait on the edge of the dish were sundry pieces of real beef, which had apparently dropped there quite "promiskus like." The trap ready, the waiter placed it on the counter, and very soon the usual contingent of regular free-lunch patrons dropped in—some to ask if Mr. Smith had come from Wodonga by the early train ; others, to remark that it was a fine day, but there would be rain before evening.

It was a study to watch these connoisseurs, grown grey in the practice of eleemosynary pie-biting, who invariably "sneaked" a sandwich, trying to look unconcerned, when their well-worn fangs, rounded by many a contact with cheap goods, met the delusive Cordovan. They just glanced uneasily at the barman, tried to look unconcerned, and fled amidst roars of laughter. Some people, less conversant with such matters, actually gnawed off pieces of the leather, and merely complained that it was very tough. They were satisfied, however, when they were told that the weather was so variable that meat had to be cooked as soon as killed.

One pretty constant attendant at bars, where luncheons are good and cheap beer frequent, though not possessed of a visible tooth that could tackle anything harder than ryebread for poll parrots, actually worried down two of the fraudulent things, to the dismay and wonderment of the company. After two hours of great merriment, we laid in a fresh supply of traps, and the party adjourned to another hotel. One of our first victims there was Ballarat Joe, who performs choice selections from "Handel" on the organ. He came in with his tin, and was invited to partake of a sandwich. "Certainly gents," said the city organist, "And a glass of beer, Joe," asked another conspirator. "Why not, gents ?" responded the gratified musician.

The ale was produced and drunk by the thirsty grinder at a gulp, and the company despaired of their sell coming off. To their intense astonishment, however, Joe took the largest and fattest sandwich, folded it into a convenient shape

—*hey presto*, it was gone, and Joe passed his hand over his mouth, touched his weather-beaten hat, said gratefully, "morning gents," and passed out and grappled with his instrument till it groaned out "The Harp that Once."

An adjournment was then made further along, and we attempted to get at the boss, but he "tumbled," and only a few millionaire graziers tried the dish, and pronounced the cheats "dem tough," and swore the beef was never grown in their district. And so the morning was passed in revelry and —Eh?

No, my boy, we had only three drinks the whole time. It was a lark, and I often smile on the first of April, when I recollect how we fooled the lunchers.

In Spite of the Earl.

Howard de Ponsonby Vincent Vane
Was an actor of high degree;
He never performed for *kudos or gain*;
He'd no ambition to star at the "Lane;"
He only worshipped at Beauty's Fane
At the shrine of a fair Tottee.

Miss Tottie de Montmorency Browne
Was pretty as pretty could be;
She'd lips like the rose, such a duck of a nose,
Tip-tilted a little—and everyone knows
That colour is real when it comes and goes—
And teeth white as ivoree.

The first time de Ponsonby Vincent Vane
Met with Miss Tottie Browne
Was in the Town Hall at a Thespian Ball
(The Galaxy Company went one and all)
Which was given in aid of the hospitall
At Mudborough market town.

Howard de Ponsonby Vincent Vane
Was "mashed" as a matter of course—
T'were wonder indeed if he hadn't so been ;
He swore that such beauty he never had seen
Since the day he resigned after serving the Queen
In Her Majesty's 90th Horse.

His infatuation
Knew no aberration,
And so to be near t' her
A box at the theatre
He rented, wherefrom
He could easily leer at her ;
He was loud in his praise
Of her *chic* and her piquant
And *ravissant* ways.

At length he proposed,
Was accepted, and closed
The bargain by giving
The best *modiste* living
Without stint or border
A very large order
To supply to her taste
All that Tottie could waste
In six months of fashion
By making a dash on
Society's rim
To storm it (*per vim*
Expugnare) with gloves
And all that she loves
In the way of corseterie,
Scented papeterie,
New gold repeater,
Long husband-beater,
And all the new styles of gown ;
And in spite of the "Earl"
He married the girl
Whom out of the lot he
Had known as Miss Tottie
De Montmorency Brown.

FRANK CATES.

First Appearances in Melbourne

DURING 1888.

Andrews, Charles, Opera House, August 27th, Max, Der Freischutz.

Arnold, Charles, Bijou Theatre, May 5th, Hans Bekel, Hans the Boatman.

Alma, Miss Kate, St. George's Hall, September 15th, Mrs. Drake, Whose are they?

Ajmo, Signorina Rosina, H.M. Opera House, October 20th, Elvira, Ernani.

Atkinson, Mr. Henry, Opera House, October 24th, Manuél, Rose of Castile.

Atkins, Miss Ellen, Town Hall, September 1st, soprano, concert.

Baldini, Senorita Maria, Opera House, September 8th.

Blanchet, Mons., Freemasons' Hall, May 19.

Bell, Mr. James, St. George's Hall, July 7th, comedian, Rickards Company.

Bradley, Mr. Frank, Town Hall, September 15th, organist, organ recital.

Bending, Mr. Edwin, Exhibition, September 15th, organist, organ recital.

Banks, Miss Amelia, Town Hall, June 26th, vocalist, concert.

Courtayne, Miss Sissie, Victoria Hall, March 3rd, soprano vocalist.

Corcoran, Miss Amanda, Theatre Royal, March 30th, vocalist, sacred concert.

Cohen, Miss Daisy, St. George's Hall, September 1st, serio-comic vocalist, Cogill Company.

Cowen, Mr. Frederick H., Exhibition, August 1st, conductor concerts.

Colles, Mrs. T., Athenæum, March 31st, solo pianiste.

Coq-Heron, Mons., Freemasons' Hall, May 31st, Avocat, Maitre Corbeau.

Cambourne, Mr. F., Princess Theatre, June 16th, Caderousse, Monte Christo Junior.

Constance, Miss Marion, St. George's Hall, July 7th, Danseuse.

Dane, Major, Athenæum Hall, May 8th, lecture.

Donaldson Brothers, Victoria Hall, April 28th, contortionists.

Dean, Willie, Victoria Hall, May 12th.

Dermancourt, Mdlle., Freemasons' Hall, May 19th, Mme. Des Aubiers, La Joie fait Peur.

Dean, Miss Jessie, Princess Theatre, June 16th, Albert, Monte Christo Junior.

Danby, Mr. Charles, Princess Theatre, June 16th, De Villafort, Monte Christo Junior.

Davys, Mr. Fred., St. George's Hall, July 7th, marionette performer, Rickards Company.

Delroy, Miss Ada, St. George's Hall, July 7th, step-dancer, Rickards Specialty Company.

Devoe, Miss Georgie, St. George's Hall, July 7th, marionette performer, Rickards Company.

Detchon, Miss Adelaide, Athenæum, September 19th, vocalist, reciter, and bird warbler.

Dimitresco, Signor Giovanni, Opera House, October 20th, Ernani, Ernani.

Farren, Miss Nellie, Princess Theatre, June 16th, Edmund Dantes, Monte Christo Junior.

Filson, Mr. Al. W., Victoria Hall, July 14th, negro minstrel.

Fischer, Mr. Otto, Opera House, July 21st, Valentine, Faust.

Fraser, Mr. Miller, Athenæum, August 18th, tenor, Lynch Bellringers

Gray, Miss Sylvia, Princess Theatre, June 16th, Valentine, Monte Christo Junior.

Gilmore, Miss Lilian, Bijou Theatre, July 7th, Mrs. Lynn Loseby, Bachelors.

Harrison, Mr. Fred., Victoria Hall, January 14th, tenor, vocalist.

Harris, Mr. Alfred, Victoria Hall, February 4th, anatomical wonder.

Hill, Mr. Harry, Alexandra Theatre, March 30th, Young Willie Mortimer, Olivia Vera.

Hannan, Little May, Bijou Theatre, May 5th, The Baby Coquette, Hans the Boatman.

Hubbard, Mr. Alfred, Opera House, May 12th, Raymond, Bride of Lammermoor.

Henriez, Mons. Freemasons' Hall, May 26th, André, La Joie de la Maison.

Hester, Miss Marie, Opera House, May 28th, Gipsy Queen, Bohemian Girl.

Hock, Herr William, Opera House, June 9th, stage director.

Hood, Miss Marion, Princess Theatre, June 16th, Mercedes, Monte Christo Junior.

Herbert, Professor, Victoria Hall, August 11th, American illusionist.

Kennedy, Professor T. A., Opera House, January 28th, mind reader and mesmerist.

Kehoe, Mr. H. Percy, Alexandra Theatre, October 6th, conductor and musical director.

Lawler, Mr E. Victoria Hall, February 11th, tenor vocalist Variety Entertainment.

Laurel, Miss Lily, Alexandra Theatre, September 1st, male impersonator.

Linange, Mdlle., Freemasons' Hall, May 19th, Leone de Renan, L'Etincelle.

Louis, Mons, Freemasons' Hall, May 28th, Pierre, La Joie de la Maison.

Lind, Miss Lettie, Princess Theatre, June 16th, Marietta, Monte Christo Junior.

Leslie, Mr. Fred., Princess Theatre, June 16th, Noirtier, Monte Christo Junior

Lombardi, Signor Carlo, Opera House, October 20th, conductor, Italian Opera Company.

Lablache, Signora Louise, Opera House, November 1st, Carmen, Carmen.

Little, Mr. W. P., Town Hall, November 3rd, tenor, concert.

Minnia, Mdlle., Athenæum Hall, February 4th, magic statue, Maccabe Entertainment.

Mason, Miss Jennie, Athenæum Hall, March 31st, solo pianiste.

Marchetti, Signorina Luisa, Athenæum Hall, March 26th, prima donna; concert.

Maag, Herr, Town Hall, May 7th, zither performer, Jung frau Kapelle Company.

Marsay, Mons, Freemasons' Hall, May 19th, Adrien, La Joie fait Peur.

Marchand. Mons., Freemasons' Hall, May 19th, Noel, La Joie fait Peur.

Mario, Mons.. Freemasons' Hall, May 19th, Octave. La Joie fait Peur.

Marriott, Miss Fanny, Princess Theatre, June 16th, Fernande, Monte Cristo Junior.

Mancini, Signor Roberto, Opera House, October 20th. Don Ruy Gomez, Ernani.

Owen, Mr. E., Athenæum, September 19th, vocalist.

Palmer, Little Gertie, Alexandra Theatre. March 30th, Fanny. Olivia Vera.

Parmiggiani, Signora Adalgisa, Opera House, September 8th, vocalist.

Parmiggiani, Signora (in opera), Opera House, November 1st, Mercedes, Carmen.

Phillips, Mr. Alfred. Theatre Royal, February 18th, Mes Bottes, Drink.

Provo. Mons., St. George's Hall. July 7th, French juggler.

Prior, Mr. Melton, Town Hall, October 8th, lecture, Scenes in the Soudan.

Tomlinson, Miss Mary, Town Hall, January 26th, vocalist, concert.

Travers, Mr. Henry, Princess Theatre. June 16th, Danglars, Monte Christo Junior.

Tree, Miss Lilian. Opera House, October 24th, Elvira, Rose of Castile.

Silvena, Miss Ethel, Alexandra Theatre, September 1st, lightning change artist.

Sullivan Mr. Arthur, Alexandra Theatre, September 1st, lightning change artist

Spanish Students and Dancers, Opera House, September 8th.

Seebold, Professor Jos.. Town Hall, May 7th, mandoline player, Jungfrau Kapelle.

Seebold, Madame, Town Hall, May 7th, vocalist, Jungfrau Kapelle.

Schmid, Herr, Town Hall, May 7th, zither performer, Jungfrau Kapelle.

Saxon, Mr. Avon D., Opera House, May 12th, Henry Ashton, The Bride of Lammermoor.

Stockwell, Mr. H. (in opera), May 30th, Thaddeus, Bohemian Girl.

Story, Mr. Fred., Princess Theatre, June 16th, Boy at the Wheel, Monte Cristo Junior.

St. Lawrence, Miss Kate, St George's Hall, July 7th, male impersonator, Rickards Company.

Seebold, M. Adam, Town Hall, May 7th, Drummer, Jungfrau Kapelle.

Stephenson, Mr T.. Bijou Theatre, October 20th, Square, Sophia.

Staunton, Miss Cecilia, Opera House, October 20th, Giovanna, Ernani.

Sceats, Mr. Frank, Opera House, October 20th, Iago, Ernani.

Sinclair, Mr. George, Opera House, October 24th, Don Pedro, Rose of Castile.

Uhl, Fraulein Emina, Town Hall, May 7th, zither player, Jungfrau Kapelle.

Von Finkelstein, Miss Lydia Maneroff, Athenæum Hall, June 4th, lecturess.

Venturi, Signor, Opera House, November 13th, Ernani, Ernani.

Warner, Mr. Charles, Theatre Royal, February 18th, Coupeau, Drink.

Woodhead, Mr William, St. George's Hall, July 7th, musical marvel, Rickards Company.

Wiley, Miss Dora, Opera House, July 7th, Amina, Somnambula.

Wynne, Mr. Watkin, Alexandra Theatre, October 6th, Troke, His Natural Life.

Warner, Miss Grace, Theatre Royal, March 17th, Sophia, Road to Ruin.

Wallace, Mr., Victoria Hall, March 24th, Ethiopian comedian.

Webb, Mr. George, Opera House, October 24th, Don Florio, Rose of Castile.

Musical Works.

Produced for the first time in Melbourne, at the Exhibition, 1888, under the direction of Mr. F. H. COWEN.

Au Bord de la Mer, Dunkler, August 6.
Alfonso and Estrella, Schubert, September 1.
Armide Gavotte, Glück, September 3.
Aus Schönen Zeit, Michaelis, November 14.
Aus Heller Herren (1, Russian ; 2, Italian ; 3, German, 4, Spanish ; 5, Hungarian), Laudler Moskowski, August 10.
Andromeda (overture), Gadsby, November 26.
Ballet music, "Reine de Saba," Gounod, August 2.
Brasseur Le, de Preston (overture), Adam, August 13.
Ballet Music, "Columba," Mackenzie, November 26.
Centennial Cantata, H. J. King, August 1.
Chaconne and Rigaudon, d' Aline, August 6.
Castor and Pollux Suite, Rameau, August 13.
Coppelia, Suite de Ballet, Delibes, August 14.
Danse des Bacchantes, "Philemon and Baucis", Gounod, August 7th.
Dance of Priestesses (Samson), Saint Saëns, December 1.
Dieu et Bayadere (shawl dance), Auber, September 3.
Egmont (ent'ractes from), Beethoven, December 3.
Feramorz (ballet music), 1, Dance of Bayaderes ; 2, Torchlight dance : 3, Dance of Bayaderes (No. 2) ; 4, Wedding March, Rubenstein, August 15.
Gavotte in G., Macfarren, November 1.
Hildegung's March, Wagner, October 29.
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1 Lizst, August 7.
Hungarian dances, Brahms, September 4.
Hungarian Rhapsody (No. 3), Lizst, September 15.
Irish Symphony, Dr. Stanford, November 27.

"Italian Love Tale" (duet from), August 11.
Joan of Arc Cantata, A. R. Gaul, Athenaeum, November 30.
King Manfred (prelude), Reinecke, November 16.
Kaiser March, Wagner, August 25.
Largo in F sharp, Haydn, August 17th.
Language of Flowers (Suite de Ballet), 1, daisy (innocence ; 2, lilac (first emotion of love) ; 3, fern (fascination) ; 4, columbine (folly) ; 5, yellow jasmine (elegance and grace) ; 6, lily of the valley (return of happiness) ; F. H. Cowen, August 18.
Le dernier Sommeil de la Vierge (prelude), Massinet, August 25.
L'Africaine (ballet music), *Sous le Balcon*, Wuerst, September 3.
Mirella (overture to), Gounod, August 10
Manfred (overture to), Schumann, November 26.
Nun of Nedaros Cantata, Dudley Buck, November 29.
Nadelita (prelude), Goring Thomas, November 16.
Overture de ballet, Sullivan, August 18.
Parsifal (prelude to musical drama), Wagner, October 27.
"Power of Sound" march from Symphony, Spohr, September 3.
Polonaise "Life for the Czar," Glünka, September 3.
Ruler of the Spirits (overture), Weber, September 12.
Rosamunda (overture), Schubert, August 14.
Ruth (oratorio), F. H. Cowen, September 6.
Ruins of Athens (overture), Beethoven, November 26.
Reine de Saba (march from the opera of), Gounod, August 23.
Song of Thanksgiving (ode), F H. Cowen, August 1.
Scenes Pittoresque, Masseret, August 6.
Symphony in F, Goetz, November 13.
Saltarello, Gounod, August 10.
"Schuller Rest" (march) Meyerbeer, September 1.
Struenesce (overture), Meyerbeer, September 4.
Scenes Poetiques (selection from Godard), September 12.

Scotch Rhapsody, A. C. Mackenzie, September 1.
Scandinavian Symphony, F. H. Cowen. October 27.
Serenade for strings, Haydn, August 2.
Symphony in C major, Schubert, November 19.
Spanish Rhapsody, F. H. Cowen, November 24.
Sclavonic dances, Nos. 5, 6, 8, Dvorak, November 27.
"Sentinel" (Auf der Wacht), from Hiller, December 3.
Symphony in C No. 6, Mozart, December 3.
Tarantella, Raff, September 3.
Triumphal March from "Alfred", Prout, November 26.
Waldevelen, from opera "Siegfried," Wagner, November 24.

Musical Works produced at the Town Hall (first time in Melbourne) in 1888.

Golden Legend Cantata (poem by Longfellow), music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, July 28.
Lenore (romantic symphony), Raff (performed by R. Hazon), May 5.
Symphonie Fantastique, Berlioz (performed by R. Hazon), June 30.

Pieces Produced for the First Time in Melbourne, from January 1st to end of November, 1888.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Barnes, Mr., of New York, drama, September 1st.
Drink (L'Assommoir), adapted by Chas. Reade, Feb. 18th.
Hands Across the Sea, drama, H. Pettitt, September 30th.

PRINCESS THEATRE.

Barrister, The, comedy, G. M. Fenn and J. H. Darnley, May 5th.
Breaking the Ice, comedietta, Charles Turner, Sept. 15th.
Miss Esmeralda, melodramatic burlesque, A. C. Torr and Horace Mills, July 21st.
Monte Christo Junior, melodramatic burlesque, R. Henry, June 16th.
Monte Christo Junior (2nd edition), July 14th.

BIJOU THEATRE.

Antony and Cleopatra, comedietta, Chas. Selby, adapted by E. W. Royce, October 5th.
Bachelors, comedy, R. Buchanan, July 7th.
Comrades, comedy, B. Thomas and B. C. Stephenson, July 28th.
Hans the Boatman, musical comedy, Clay M. Greene, May 5th.
In Chancery, farcical comedy, A. W. Pinero, October 6th.
In Honour Bound, comedietta, Sydney Grundy, October 6th.
On Change, comedy, adaptress—Eweretta Lawrence, September 15th.

OPERA HOUSE.

Artist, The, drama, F. S. Travers-Vale, October 13th.
Chain of Guilt, drama, April 28th.
Nobly Won, drama, Charles Bradley, March 24th.
Il Guarany, grand opera, Carlo Gomez, November 17th.

ALEXANDRA THEATRE.

An English Lass (Margaret Catchpole), drama, A. Dampier and C. H. Kreiger, October 20th.

Brighton (Saratoga), modern comedy, Bartley Campbell, February 25th.

For the Term of His Natural Life, drama, adapted by Mr. A. Dampier, October 6th.

La Notte de Natale (Christmas night), descriptive symphony, R. Hazon, January 12th.

Left to Perish, drama, Charles Bradley, April 28th.

Master and Man, drama, adapted by H. C. Sydney, August 11th.

Mystery of a Hansom Cab, drama, adapted by J. Travers-Vale, August 25th.

Outcasts, adaptation from Henry Dunbar, August 18th.

The World Against Her, drama, F. Harvey, Nov. 3rd.

FREEMASONS' HALL

(Tessero French Comedy Company).

La Joie fait Peur, comedy, Madame Girardin May 19th.

L'Etincelle, comedy, E. Pailleron, May 19th.

Les Resources de Jonathan, Vaudeville, d'Avrecourt, May 19th.

La Joie de la Maison, comedy, Andre, May 26th.

Les Femmes que pleurent, comedy, June 2nd.

Les Gamins de Paris, comedy, June 2.

Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon, comedy, June 9th.

Les Vivacités de Capitaine Tic, comedy, June 16th.

Le Deputé de Bombignac (The Candidate), comedy, June 22nd.

Les Deux Veuves, comedy, June 29th.

Le Feu au Convent, comedy, June 29th.

Maitre Corbeau, comedy, May 31st.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Brook, The, farcical comedy, October 1st.

Drunk, travestie on Drink, February 26th.

Ma-in-Law, musical comedy, August 18th.

Whose are They? or, Seeking a Kindred Soul, farcical comedy, September 15th.

VICTORIA HALL.

Boozed, Travestie on Drink, February 25th.
Crazy Quilt, negro farce, Wilson and Cameron, April 12th.
Gillespie's Travels ,, ,, ,, April 7th.
The Four Aces ,, ,, ,, May 14th.

Victorian Dramatic, Musical, and Equestrian Obituary for 1888.

"A poor player, that struts
And frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."—

Anderson, Mrs. Maud : wife of Professor Anderson, conjurer, died at Richmond (Vic.), August 30.

Cagli, Signor : operatic impressario, died at Manilla, in July.

Chippendale, Mrs. : actress, died in London, May 26.

Creswick, William : tragedian, died in London, June 18, aged 75.

Deorwyn, John Haywood : actor, died at Richmond (Vic.), August 6, aged 65.

Dodge, J. W. : manager, died in Melbourne, February 12, aged 38.

Earl, Tilly (Mrs. Charles Newton) ; burlesque actress, died at Windsor (Vic.), February 11, aged 42.

Elton, W. ; utility actor, died suddenly at sea, while travelling with Bland Holt's "Run of Luck" Co., June 4,

Federici, F, (Baker) ; died very suddenly at Princess' Theatre, at conclusion of the first performance of "Faust," March 3,

Ford, Mrs. T. N. ; actress, died in Melbourne, April 30.

Hall, John L. ; comedian, died in Melbourne, October, 14, aged 57.

Howson, John ; vocalist and comedian, died at Troy, U.S.A., January, 15, aged 48.

King, William ; negro minstrel, died in Sydney, April 20.

Lloyd, Miss Sallie, dancer, died in Melbourne, September 22.

Lemmon, Harry (George Henry Warde) ; actor, died at Newport (Eng.), April 28.

Marsh, S. H. ; musician, died in San Francisco, January 26.

Matthews, Theodore (of Matthews' Bros.) ; circus proprietor and gymnast, died at Quetta (India), June 28, aged 32.

Pitt, H. A.; mechanist, died in Melbourne, November, 22.

Richty, Herr Carl, violinist, died in Melbourne, Oct. 18.

Santley, Henry R. ; theatrical agent, died suddenly at Hendon (England), April 29.

Schraeder, Miss Annie (Mrs. S. Moore), vocalist, died in Melbourne, August 26, aged 29.

Schott, Herr ; musician, renowned oboe player, died at Hobart, August 30, aged 57.

Stephens, W. H. ; actor, died in London, Ootober 7.

Seebold, Mr. Godfrey ; Swiss singer, died in the Maryborough Hospital, Tuesday, December 11.

Taylor, Harry ; comedian, died in Melbourne, September 16, aged 42.

Weston, Frank ; theatrical manager, died (from effects of a carriage accident), in Calcutta, November.

King, Mr. H. J., musician, died at Newcastle (N.S.W.), December 18th.

Newton, Mr. Charles, actor, died in Queensland early in December. The death of Miss Tilly Earl (Mrs. Charles Newton) on February 11, is noted above.

In the Second Row.

(AS TOLD BY THE STAGE CARPENTER).

(By Joe Brown).

That's so Mister, 'tho I don't know why you should give me a call,
Askin' particl'ars about what's a trump'ry thing after all
Yes, I'm the stage carpenter here—been so for more nor a year;
Mechanist gen'rally they calls me, sounds better—a Beer?
Well, thanks, I don't mind if I do, 'tho it's not much I take that way,
Find I'm better without, can put in more work in a day,
Than many chaps do in a week, that takes their reg'lar and square
Spending their time and money in the "Call Boy" pub over there.
But that's their business, not mine. I'm not one of those coves, you see,
What finds fault with others drinking suthing stronger than tea;
All as I wish to say is, a man may drink if he likes,
So long as he does it mod'rate and avoids going in for swipes,
Well, here's your jolly good health, sir, which appears to be usu'lly good,
And if I could wish you better, you may take your oath I would.
As to this here story, now, it ain't much as I've to relate,
And, you couldn't make a play of 't, how e'er much you elaborate.

But its true, and there's where it differs from most things
put on the boards,
Not make-believes like the property pies, and supers dress'd
up as Lords.
The scene is laid in the gaff there—time, about three year ago,
I wasn't a mechanist then, sir, but just did a odd job or so.

We were hard at work at the panto., which that year was
Mother Goose,
The get up something grand, in fact all things *a la Russe*,
The stage hands had been preparin' for at least three weeks
before,
The notice was put in the papers, ballet girls apply at stage
door,

You know of course what that means, well, long enough
before ten,
You could a got the number wanted over and over again.
There's always a rush at Christmas of girls to be taken on
It's little enough they can earn, Lord knows, but then it's
better than none.

They were the usual class: some lean, some fat, and some tall;
A reg'lar sprinklin' of all sorts, most of 'em gifted with gall.
Pretty good lookin' as a rule! oh, yes, as regards the face,
But bold and brazen like, untidy and wantin' in grace.

That is as they looked in their ordinary everyday clothes,
'Twas different at night in their powder and paint and hose.
They all had fanciful names too, Matilda, Daisy and Clare,
Gracie, Nita and Florrie, and similar as pretty and rare.

Most on 'em assumed no doubt, for isn't it a reg'lar fact,
People changes their names when they go on the stage to act.
The Manager made his pick, selectin' some fifty or more,
Takin' for preference those what had put on the tights afore.

Yet, still there were several new un's, and one that caught
my eye,
Had the prettiest face you ever see, and looked quite meek
and shy.
Pretty she was, believe me, yet somehow it seemed as 'tho
She didn't know it, and modestly fell to the back of the
second row.

There was a good week's drillin' in marches and other similar things,
And I watch'd the evolutions from my place at one of the wings.
The girls took a lot of teaching, they were more than usually slow,
And the one to give most trouble was the girl in the second row.

But it all came right at last, and the manager told the gals
They'd rehearse next day with scenes and props and most of the principals.
The lady as took the lead that year was a fav'rit' everywhere,
She could sing rings round most I see and plenty room to spare.

She took a dislike from the first to the girl in the second row,
For no reason as I could tell, and why I never did know.
Well, she did, that was clear, and never a chance went by,
But she'd speak in a cross tempered way enough to make the girl cry.

Boxing night came round at length, the house was a reg'lar jamb,
All right on stage, nothin' forgot from spears to the property ham.
The curtain rose on the first set scene, with a perfect round of applause,
And the fav'rit' came on with a bound and cheer in a lovely dress of gauze.

She sang her song and danced her dance, and skipped about the stage,
And at last went off at the O. P. wing in a tow'ring kind of rage.
For just in the best part of her act, as poised upon her toe,
She tripped and fell—through some fault of the girl in the second row.

But she had to come on again in response to a loud encore,
And was showered with wreaths and bouquets, as much as a score or more.
She backed her way to the wings again 'tho walking a little lame—
When a shriek went up an' we saw the girl—her dress one mass of flame.

Her cloak caught fire from a border of gas, and as she turned about,
She screamed and called on those near by to try and put it out.
But all on the stage seem'd struck with dismay, what to do they didn't know,
When of a sudden there sprang the form of a girl from her place in the second row.

In a moment more she had seized the "star" and wrapped her round and alone
With the crimson cloth she had plucked as she passed the mimic royal throne.
It smothered the flame; and the favourite safe, with not a feature marr'd
Play'd through that night, but t'other girl was dreadfully burned and scarr'd.

She recovered of course in a week or so, and now is strong and well,
And that's the end of my yarn, sir, there's nothing more to tell.
On the boards now? Not much, she took an engagement for life,
In a part she plays well, believe me. What? Why Lord bless you, my wife.

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