

chaperon!" echoes Mrs. Goodstyle. "That reminds me of the story about Mrs. Richer; her daughter was going to the Windsor ball, and somebody asked who was to be Lilly's chaperon. 'Oh, Mrs. McKonkey, of course, is our *chapeau*,' replied Mrs. Richer. 'Lily has ordered a lovely cowfury for her hair, and a pa-rue-her of flowers to match for her dress.' In telling the story one should remark that most likely her *pa* will *rue* her selection when he has to pay the bill." "The old lady's mistake was natural enough; she knew what a *chapeau* meant, anyway," said I. "Ah, we are to have our square dance at last," said Mrs. Goodstyle. "If Mrs. Shoddy were in the room you ought to ask her to dance. I don't believe she has been asked once." "Fortunately for me, she is not in the room," said Mr. Goodstyle, offering his arm to Phrosie. After our dance we make a tour through the grand rooms, and are greatly surprised at the richness of the furniture which fills them, and the magnificence of the frames of the pictures that cover their walls. The Goodstyles being the great guns of the party, Mr. Shoddy soon joins us, and finding that we are drinking water, explains that his principles prevent him from offering wine. We commend his principles, and he adds that supper will soon be ready. "Hindeed it hought to be ready now," he continues, "for hit's 'alf-past twelve, but halthrough we 'ave the 'ouse full of servants, Mrs. Shoddy was hoblged to go and see hafter it 'erself. Hi don't know wat servants his comin' to. We 'ad no trouble hof this kind wen hi was young." With this statement we fully agreed, knowing that our host had not been at all troubled by servants in his young days. He now drew our attention to the pictures, pointing out one in which "Brown, the hartist, had told him the prospectus was very fine," and another in which "Ling, the hart-critic, had said the sky-harrow hosschureh was hegsquizit." Young Mr. Shoddy now comes informing us that he just had to telephone for a policeman to take away the new butler, who was making trouble in the kitchen, having stolen the cook's bottle of brandy and become very hilarious thereon. Mr. Shoddy exclaims: "That's the young man yer ma took with no reverence. She hought halways to 'ave a reverence with hivery new servant. That's wy supper's so late, I suppose," and Mr. Shoddy seems greatly flurried, as he again glances at his watch. Even the young people have stopped dancing, and are walking about, looking unmistakably hungry. Poor Mrs. Shoddy has done her best, and yet everything is going wrong. Her old habits of economy have prevented her from ordering everything at the pastry-cook's, together with trained waiters, who would certainly have told her that she should have a refreshment-room open all evening. She has wearied and worried herself for days preparing fancy dishes, and she must now see to the proper disposal of them, and having filled her house at the last moment with new untrained servants she finds them useless and unmanageable in her hour of need.

Mr. Shoddy himself goes off in search of supper, which is evidently to be in the basement, and Mrs. Goodstyle declares that she cannot stay any longer. She has just coaxed Phrosie to accompany her home, promising that she will get us up a nice cosy supper in a few minutes, but Mr. Shoddy intercepts us saying that supper is just ready, and begging that we shall remain, Mrs. Goodstyle will not be persuaded, but seeing that Mr. Shoddy is really distressed she does not insist upon our accompanying her. Supper is announced. Mr. Shoddy offers his arm to Phrosie, and now the lack of chaperons and good-breeding becomes painfully evident. There is much crowding and crushing, loud laughing and slang talking; for most of the young people are of the Shoddy stratum of society, and ill-bred girls and very young men do not appear to the best advantage when very hungry. Some of the better-bred ladies look scornfully surprised and decline to join the throng upon the basement stairs; and the door-bell begins to ring announcing the arrival of sleighs for young ladies who have come unattended. Buttons, who has taken the place of the departed butler tries to struggle up stairs, but cannot, and the bell rings merrily on. I bethink me that it would be well to look if there are any neglected females in the drawing-room, and I find to my dismay several ladies of uncertain ages and uninviting visages, who scowl fiercely at me as I enter; but I boldly announce that Mr. Shoddy has sent me to escort them to supper, and suddenly the frowning faces become benignly gracious, and I am regarded with smiles that are child-like and bland. Two very stout ladies look imploringly at me, and I offer an arm to each, promising the others that I shall return for them; and we wend our way to the lower regions. The stairs are now cleared, but the dining-room is filled to overflowing. I find seats for my old ladies and try to peep in at the supper. Mr. Shoddy is gesticulating wildly to Buttons who is struggling along with a dish of hot oysters "Ere gi'me them hoyster!" exclaims Mr. Shoddy, reaching towards them, and Buttons, who is rather short, tries to pass them over the back of a tall man who is stooping to hand something to a lady; but just as the dish is held over his head the tall man straightens himself suddenly, and a stout lady in full dress, who is standing near, receives the hot oysters on the back of her neck. A howl of anguish escapes her, the other ladies start and scream and plates are dropped and cups of tea spilled in every direction. Poor Phrosie who had just been handed some oysters had a saucer of ice-cream spilled over them—some of the young people who were too hungry to wait having begun at the wrong end of the supper. Being rather tall, and a little bal—, I mean my forehead being very high,

Phrosie notices me and signs imploringly that I shall come to her assistance, but I know that it would be useless to attempt getting into the room for some time, so I return for the remaining ladies and soon manage to place them all comfortably in the hall, confiscating various dishes on their way to the supper-room and obtaining plates &c., from the kitchen. I also manage to get unlimited cups of tea by tipping a pretty housemaid and my old ladies seem delighted with my attentions, I am only afraid that some of them may think me a young unmarried man, and fall in love with me; but I must take a look at Phrosie Bless me! she is still holding those dreadful oysters with the ice-cream now melted over them. She has her train over one arm and is looking the picture of misery; and this is the great party for which she has been preparing for over a week and from which she anticipated so much enjoyment.

N. Clitheroe.

WHAT IS A JINGO?

It cannot escape the notice of those who have observed the course of public affairs in England and Europe generally during the last few years, that new forces are at work which tend to the disintegration of the orthodox political parties. Forty years ago the distinction between Liberal and Conservative in England was broad, well defined, and pregnant with meaning; while Continental Liberals were content in general to take their cue from England. Abroad the old Liberalism of the English type is now at a discount. In Germany Parliament obeys willingly one man in whom it has confidence. In the works of one of the ablest political writers whom Germany possesses—Professor Heinrich von Treitschke—the development of a Parliamentary Liberal after the English fashion into (to call a new thing by a new name) a sort of Liberal Absolutist may be traced by any reader. In Italy the mass of political men appear to be absolutely without any compass to guide them, and Parliamentary parties are in a state of confusion so inextricable, and of paralysis so complete, that there seems at times no way of restoration except by means which it is not pleasant to discuss. Even in France, where Parliamentary government as a reality, and not merely as a misleading name for Parliamentary publicity, seems to have the best chance on the Continent, the type of Liberal has wholly changed since the days of the July Monarchy. In England many persons cannot but feel that, if foreign affairs were put out of the question, and if the British Empire were a matter of past history, there is no particular reason why the moderate men on the two sides of the House of Commons should not change places. The Tory of the old school reposes with other historical fossils; the Radical of the new school is as alien from the moderate Liberal as he is from the moderate Conservative. The moderate Liberal does not in his heart wish to see the Church of England disestablished, or to do more on the question of the land than remove the artificial restrictions which prevent its free circulation; though what he may consent to do rather than sacrifice the Radical and Nonconformist alliance is another matter. People are now asking themselves afresh the question, What are the genuine, living forces now opposed to one another in the country, the forces of which parties should be always the expression, and by which parties are in the long run compelled to shape themselves?

In home affairs the problem is more complicated and obscure; but it is a right instinct which has led the two parties to stake their fortunes at the next election on the foreign policy of the Government. Taking each as a whole, the foreign policy of the last three years and that of Mr. Gladstone's Administration are different in their aim, their spirit, their method, and their result. This is felt and admitted on both sides; and the country will before long be called on to say which it likes best. It can only make a rough estimate whichever way it answers; but there are persons whom a rough estimate does not satisfy, and who want to get a clear sight of the principles at work on both sides. They want to study a little more fully, not only those poor interpreters, the avowed doctrines of the two parties, but their temper, their mental attitude, their bearing, their history, their general disposition and character. They want, above all, to find out what are the influences likely to tell in the future, and how far it is possible to discriminate and measure them. To gain these ends they will do their best to clear their minds of prejudice, and they will assiduously frequent the society and listen to the conversation of men of all parties, from the Radical who thinks the British Empire a misfortune which cannot too soon be mended, to the firmest believer in the imperial destiny of this country.

Chance has given currency to a word which possibly may one day become as widely known and as respectable as the name of Whig or Tory—the word "Jingo." An English traveller abroad is said to have been not long ago asked the question by a Continental politician, "Mais, qu'est-ce que c'est donc, monsieur, que ce Jingo?" His own ideas on the matter not being very clearly defined, he made answer, with delusive playfulness, that it was Mr. Gladstone's familiar spirit. The epithet is now used by Liberal speakers, even by the most moderate and eminent of them, as a convenient missile to fling at their opponents, and by Radicals it is applied freely, and one may say indiscriminately, to all who desire to maintain the honour and integrity of the British Empire. A word which the political excitement of the last three years