

SAVED HIS REPUTATION.

The Rev. Mr. Popplewell is a very nervous young man, and has lately been appointed to the curacy of St. Judas. He had never preached a sermon, and when the time came for him to face the congregation and make his first effort he fainted clean away as soon as he entered the pulpit. When he came to himself he was lying on a sofa in the vestry, of which place, with the exception of old John, the clerk and sexton, he was the sole occupant. He was in a dreadful state of trepidation and felt that his debut had not been an auspicious one.

"Oh! John," he exclaimed, sighing deeply, "this is terrible! what will the congregation think of my deplorable weakness? How can a man who thus swoons away when about to do his duty ever hope to impress his hearers? My influence is already departed."

"Hoots, sir," replied old John, who has no weakness but one, which may be guessed at from a glimpse of his nose, "Ye've done nothin' amiss. They came enquirin' after ye, sir, but I satisfied 'em all. Ye're all right, and they don't think none the worse o' ye, sir."

"You explained my sudden indisposition then, John, did you?" asked poor Mr. Popplewell anxiously. "You informed them that my illness is not one of common occurrence. Thank you, John; what did you say?"

"Oh! sir," replied John, with an air of conscious pride in having saved his new clergyman's reputation from the stigma of weakness. "I just told 'em ye wore drunk!"

His reverence faints again.

HE IS COMING.

It is rumored that Oscar Wilde purposes making another trip to this country. Why we are to be once more thus afflicted by the sausage-link-legged apostle, he, the s.l.l.a. saith not. All we believe is, that he is coming. But we have him on the hip, as a copy of his latest poem has arrived at this sanctum in advance of the author thereof. All who read it will doubtless procure a club, or a heavy parsnip, boiled, and prepare to deal with the perpetrator of this contemplated outrage as he deserves. Here is the entrancing melody of the long-haired (no, beg his pardon; married now), close-cropped singer. Read, mark, and be prepared for vengeance:

A WAIL, A WEIRD WHALE.

Oh! sweet is the whang of the wanglewane,
And the snore of the snark in the twilight pale;
As the crawl crawls up the casement pane;
Love me, love, in the grawsome gale.

Gone is the wanglewane, weird and wold,
Down to the grave in the ghoulish land;
Where the horned toads glide, and the musty mould
Eats the lily in my lost love's hand.

There is a galloping, ghastly green,
Blue is the glare of the wobbly wang,
He is tangling her cardinal hair, I ween.
(Sweet is the song the wild snail sang).

Oh! long and lank are her lily-white limbs.
(Lay me down in a turnip field).
And the poet he warbles his psalms and hymns.
Sweet is the perfume the aesthetes yield.

There are jabbery wocks joggling in the east;
Wild wore-wolves howling in the North and West;
Oh! the goblin-crow has a goolly feast,
And the poet now takes an aesthetic rest.

That's about all the poem: enough of it, at any rate, to show what we shall come to if Oscar is allowed to return.

THE SICK BOY'S REQUEST.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mummy dear,
For to-morrow 'll be a whooper up as sure as I lie here;
Oh! mother when I sleep to-night upon my little bed,
I know I'll dream I see papa a-painting things so red!

To-morrow, mother, as you know, the stove pipes will be brought
From out the cellar's gloomy depths with soot and cobwebs fraught.
Last year I had to do the job, but now, I'm sick, hurray!
Papa will have to tackle all those pipes I stowed away.

He used to stand and gaze at me, and say "Now, Bill, don't shirk
That job. I love to see a boy like you be fond of work.
Now, up and dust; be lively now." And there he stood,
mamma;
His hands deep in his pockets: he's a daisy, is papa.

To-morrow morn he'll rise betimes; he'll do the work himself;
He's not the man to hire help and waste his hard-earned self.
And mamma, if you're waking, do call me up, I pray,
For to-morrow 'll be a rouser, a rattling glorious day.

(N.B. Tears here, please, for the dear boy.)

Now, mother, when you wake me, you'll carry me down stairs,
And put me close to dear papa to hear him when he sneezes.
Oh! won't it be a glorious time! I would not miss a point;
I fancy I can see dear dad when he strikes a crumply joint.

You know, mamma, I would not care if dad had only been
Less cranky with a boy like me: I think 'twas awful mean;
When I used to jab my fingers on those pipes he'd only laugh
And say, "look lively, Willyum; you clumsy little calf."

But now, mamma, I'm sleepy, but do, pray do be sure
And call me up at day break; you can hammer at my door,
And put me right near father, for I want to hear him belar
His naughty words as he conveys those pipes from out the cellar.

When I have seen him work and sweat as on to-morrow's day
He'll do, I shall be willing to be gently moved away,
Oh! mamma, I shall fairly cry with laughing, ha! ha! ha!
Do sure and call me early, call me early, dear mamma.

Now I think before I sleep I'll kneel and say my little prayers,
And then I'll try and take a nap. Be sure and come up stairs;
And thunder in the morning on the panels of my door.
Good-night, mamma. Now do not fail. There's heaps of fun in store.

Oh! I shall dream of pap all night as thumping, thumping,
Oh, thumping,
He'll come up stairs from cellar, his knees and elbows bumping;
His nose and face all snooty. Now, mamma, go away,
But call me, call me early at the very peep of day!

ANOTHER ROYAL DIARY.

TWO YOUNG PRINCELETS ABOUT TO SPREAD THEIR PENS.

The literary world may expect to be astonished before very long, as it appears to be certain that two royal authors are about to publish a book—two volumes, the work being nothing more nor less than a joint diary of the lives of the Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales on board H.M.S. Bacchante, commencing from September 17, 1879, and chronicling all the events which struck the minds of the youthful princes as being wonderful during their various cruises in the Mediterranean and elsewhere.

From the mature state of the judgment of these sprigs of royalty at the time of the commencement of the work, a vast amount of profound and useful information may be looked for, and judging from what GRIP has already seen of royal authorship, he expects not only to be instructed but surprised.

The forth-coming work has been corrected in places by the governor of the young authors, the Revd. John N. Dalton. This information is given here merely to explain the initials which appear occasionally below, the subjoined being, as near as GRIP can guess, about what the great work will be like, he having kept a diary at sea once himself:

"H.M.S. Bacchante, off Maderia; Sept. 17, '79. Had lobstercous for breakfast; beastly badly made, too—GEORGE." "Oh! what a story; the lobstercous was splendidly jolly, and George ate three large panikins full; he was quite sick—A. V." "Lobscouse is spelled as I write it, it is a nautical dish, but what it is made of I am not aware—Americans would term it hash. It is very nice when properly made—J.N.D." "Got mast-headed for tripping the

black cook down the main hatchway; fancy mast-heading a prince for chucking a greasy nigger down a hole! Wonder what mamma would say. Albert says I did very rong but he's a softy—G." "Saw a beautiful flying fish and a dolfin, I asked Mr. Dalton about them and he said both were fishes. I was previously under the impression that a flying-fish was half fish half bird, like a bat. That naughty boy, George, was very properly sent to the mast-head for hurting poor Sambo's nose by tripping him down stai—the companion. I often forget my nauticle language—A.V." "Corrections by J.N.D. 'tripping' and 'dolphin' spelt thus: 'nautical,' 'wrong' so. My young charge, H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor, has somewhat queer notions of natural history, when he terms a bat, half-bird half-fish: it is neither. I was glad to see H.R.H. Prince George, whose mischievous nature seems to be incorrigible, punished. J.N.D." "Turned in at two bells, after letting Bertie's hammock down by the head with a run. Haw! haw! how the poor beggar did howl. I had to tell old Dalton that the lashings had parted—so they had!—GEORGE." "H.M.S. Bacchante, Sept. 19, 1879. Got mast-headed for towing my duds astern, as we made a short cruise. Sat there, perched up aloft, from morning till night, like a sweet little cherub watching over poor Jack. Bah! who cares. I'd just as soon be up there as anywhere. Dal. Trevelyan snaked me up half a bottle of rum; jolly good of him. I'll make him prime minister when I'm king—GEORGE."

"I think George becomes more and more wicked every day. He was punished again this morning. I was not sorry to see it as he hurt my head very much when he cut my hammock corlashings. Dear, dear; this horrible nautical fraseology. The Myrmidon anchored near us and fired a royal salute in my honor. I don't think George was included as he was in disgrace. Saw an albatross. Saw a bonita. Had pea-soup for dinner. It was delicious. I must obtain the recipy for making it and introduce it at Windsor. I know dear papa would like it—A.V." "Corrections by J.N.D. Errors in spelling in cherub, minister, fraseology, receipt. Of H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor I entertain great hopes; of H.R.H. Prince George, none whatever unless he reforms. H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor and I dined with the captain who has a most excellent cellar, and H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor's enconiums on the soup are just and well merited. I regret to say that when H.R.H. Prince George descended from the mast-head he walked very unsteadily. I hope it was nothing but the motion of the vessel, a slight swell having arisen, but I fear the worst. One prince I can look after, two, never again.—J.N.D."

"H.M.S. Bacchante. En route for the West Indies. Oct. 7, 1879—Had the best fun going. Tied old Dalton's cat to the captain's monkey, my eyes! what fun! Tip, the monkey, dashed up the mizen shrouds like a lamp-lighter with the cat dangling behind, clawing as if Davy Jones had got her, and squawling like a demon. Got mast-headed for this, but who cares? Dal. Trevelyan managed to smuggle up a bottle of sherry and I was as jolly as a sand-boy. Saw some ships and porpusses. That Victor's a regular molly-coddle; won't have any sky-larking but is always bothering old Dalton with questions.—GEORGE."

"I am sure mamma will be very, very much annoyed when she learns how naughty George is. He was again in sad disgrace to-day. He tied the cat and the monkey together and they both got hung from the mizen top-gallant yard. Read Homer with Mr. Dalton, and after that, Sanford and Merton by myself. I think that Mr. Dalton and George and I are somewhat like Mr. Barlow and Sanford and Merton. Went to be—I mean 'turned in' at eight o'clock, dear, I mean eight bells.—A.V." "I have but little heart to make any cor-