

same authority once assured the public that the *King* in "Patience," did something or other, and up till that moment we had labored under the illusion that there was no King in "Patience," but we are ever pleased to be set right, though it is not always pleasant to be rudely disillusioned, for, as the *Pirate King* says in "Pinafore,"—or is it *Shylock* in "She stoops to Conquer,"?—"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." There's a chance for some paragrapher to say how happy we ought to be.

It is not often that we venture to interfere with the fashions, but we feel that the time has arrived when our powerful influence should be exerted to do away with a piece of absurdity in men's dress that has long jarred upon our feelings. We want those two buttons on the back of masculine coats to be done away with. Why should we keep them there now that their occupation is gone: they no longer button back the long flaps of the coat as they did in the days of the ancestors of us and the other swells, and which was one of the reasons of their being placed where they appear; nor do they assist in keeping up the sword belt, as that article has been handed over to militiamen and peelers, and our rapier hangs rusting on the walls of our ancestral halls at home—(luckily for Freddie G.—and others who venture to offend us moulders of public opinion), so that plea cannot be urged for them. Tailors tell us that these two buttons are where they are "to mark the waist." This alone should be sufficient to condemn their presence. We, individually, are marching on with the slow, measured step of a Corporation laborer, to that time of life when the waist needs not to be buttonically marked: It is too visible, or rather it is gradually becoming invisible, but whichever way it is, we want no buttons to mark the change which is softly stealing o'er our line of beauty. Let us, then, unite and do away with the two useless rear buttons: Our powerful aid will ever be found on the side of right, and these two buttons must go: Ours have gone already, accidentally, and we can't match those on the rest of our garment, but this has no influence on us in writing this death-knell of the two buttons.



THE CZAR'S SURPRISE PARTY.

ALEX III.—Well I declare! It's almost too good to believe. I've actually got my crown, and blest if my head isn't here too!

### FALSE EMILY FEATHERSTONEHAUGH.

I sing of the beautiful, beautiful hair  
Of Emily Featherstonehaugh;  
So blonde, oh! so blonde and consummately fair.  
As a Scotchman would say, 'muckle braw.'

It was white, it was bright, it was quite a light sight  
Was that exquisite, exquisite hair;  
And it made me feel utter and utterly quite  
As it streamed in the bonny sea-air.

For I and sweet Emily Featherstonehaugh  
Had met at a watering place;  
And before I knew how, she immediately saw  
I was 'gone' on her beautiful face.

She walked on the cliffs where the salty sea breeze  
Blew her beautiful tresses about;  
And I felt just as though I could plump on my knees  
As they streamed on the soft zephyrs out.

We soon got acquainted, I loved at first glance,  
I was slain by that beautiful hair;  
And I said to myself, 'It is surely a chance  
If the angels have locks much more fair.'

For oh! they were rapturous, rapturous, rapt—  
Urous, nothing I'd ever beheld  
Had seemed so completely and utterly capt—  
Urous—how my poor bosomy swelled.

And ah! how ecstatic, when first on my ear  
Came the tones of fair Emily's voice;  
Like the strains of a harp from the heavenly sphere  
It fell and it bade me rejoice,

For I heard in those tones a thrillic of love,  
A sensuous half-hidden sound;  
It was faint like the echo of coo of a dove,  
But its tone there was no getting round.

So in haste I embraced her fair waist, oh! so chaste,  
And I gazed in her eyes and saw—Love;  
'They were diamonds bright, not the luscious taste of paste,  
And I vowed by the heavens above

To love her for ever; but ah! 'twas that hair  
'That was really her charmingest charm,  
How it shone as I touched it as much as I dare;  
'Twas a poem—an epic—a psalm.

One day as we went—it was blowing quite hard—  
And walked on the sands by the sea,  
Something happened which altered the thoughts of your  
bard.

A d divided false Em'ly and me.  
An envious sea-breeze came sweeping along  
O'er the sands, unprotected and flat,  
And it lifted, as quick as I'm singing this song,  
Miss Emily's Gainsborough hat.

That was not the worst, for it lifted her hat,  
And it also uplifted her hair!  
And left her before me a woman like



THAT,  
As a billiard ball hairless and bare.

Oh! woo for fair Emily Featherstonehaugh,  
I thought her a girl of nineteen,  
But by Jingo! the figure was full fifty-four  
Or fifty and sixty between.

And I fled as I sped with a dread from that head.  
O'er the scene now the curtain I'll draw,  
For the whole of this terrible ballad I've said  
Of the hair of E. Featherstonehaugh.

### POLLIWOG ONCE MORE ON THE SCENE.

"My dear Polliwog," I said, as that individual entered my office one afternoon quite recently, after an absence of several weeks, "where have you been this age? why it must be five weeks since I saw you, and I thought you'd gone and made away with yourself on account of Miss Highs—"

"Stay," he said, interrupting me with a warning gesture, "I didn't come to speak of her and she is nothing to me now, I came to tell you of a most laughable incident—"

"Not about St. Judas' Church," I said, interrupting him in my turn, "because if it is I won't hear it."

"No, it is not about St. Judas': nothing ever happens there now since Mr. Jinks went away," answered Polliwog, "It is about something I saw on the street, and it amused me so much that I thought I'd come and tell you." "Well, let's have it by all means, if it's nothing that will shock my sense of propriety," I said.

"Shock nothing," answered the St. Judas' tenor, "but the way of it was this, a girl, a nurse girl, you know, was standing talking earnestly to a young chap evidently her 'feller,' (beastly word, isn't it?) a perambulator containing a child, of which she was the guardian—sad misnomer as it turned out—stood on the sidewalk close to the conversing pair, but by a slight incline of the boards it was gradually working itself away to some little distance from the 'lovers.' So earnest were they in their sweet talk that the girl never noticed that her charge was getting away from her, and the young fellow never noticed it either. Well, along comes a solemn, s. date person, evidently a clergyman—"

"There now, I broke in, "I knew a clergyman would be brought on the scene—but go on—"

"Don't interrupt me then, or by Jingo, I won't tell you anything; however, this old buffer was walking along deeply lost in thought and oblivious of all surroundings, and as he came up to where the perambulator stood with its infant occupant sweet y sleeping as only you and I and infants can sleep,—I might say something about a case of 'kidnapping' but I won't as I see you have a particularly heavy inkstand at hand, so I'll continue—somehow or other, he put out his hand, took hold of the handle of the vehicle, and proceeded gravely along, head down and wheeling the carriage before him. People seemed rather surprised at seeing a parson wheeling a baby carriage along the street, for though of course, the clergy sometimes have children, they generally take precious good care to let their nurses look after them, and that's how so many clergy-men's sons turn out bad—"

"Come now, Polliwog, that's a libel and not true: I'm a minister's son myself," I said.

"I know it," replied the unabashed Polliwog, "and so am I, but we're the exceptions, so do let me get on. As I was saying, on went the old fellow, lost in thought, people turning and staring, and the pair of lovers some half dozen blocks astern equally oblivious to all external matters except their own two selves, the girl never remembering the beautiful words of Shakespeare

"A charge to keep I have—"

"Oh! for goodness sake, Polliwog," I said, "if you must quote, quote correctly. Shakespeare never wrote that. You've 'just enough of learning to misquote'—Byron,—as the *Mail* man would say, but go on."

"Things were in the state I have just described, when, as if some magnetic influence had passed through the air, the old fellow with the perambulator roused from his trance, and the nurse girl, happening to look round, missed the buggy and its contents. In the distance she beheld a man in black with her