



OUR "SERVANTS."

LORD OF THE MANOR (knocking timidly at the door)—"Oh! Miss Bridget, please, here is your coffee. I've lit the fire and laid the table. If you wouldn't mind getting up presently and cooking the breakfast—I'm afraid it's after nine o'clock."

FROM OUR ESTEEMED ANTIQUARIAN CONTRIBUTOR.

(AFTER A LONG SILENCE.)

DEAR FRIEND GRIP,—It is a long time since you heard from *me*, but I'm getting old, and the young fellows are crowding out the ancients. Learning is nothing, nowadays—a large piece of *cheek* and a few out-of-the-way *coined* words, and there they are, taking their place as literary men! Never mind, they all come to *me* when they want to know anything worth knowing. I've grown into a regular coach for them; not a *slow* coach—no, no, nothing slow about *me*, my boy. When the Antiquarian gets slow, GRIP will get slow, and we all know that's impossible. Did any one say "taffy"? Let him come on, and I'll double him up in half a round! When I was a boy, I tell you, old chappie, I could lick—well, well, I'm no boaster; refer to any fellow who knew me then—but I suppose they're all dead or in their dotage, not hale and spry, like me, at eighty—never mind the other number! Now, I'll just tell you what made me write after retiring from print for so long. I've been insulted, friend GRIP—*frater in Arte*—actually *insulted*. While sitting in my library chair the other day, "in bachelor meditation fancy free" (I fancy I've read something like that, but I *may* have invented it), well, as I was sitting there, an individual was announced who craved an interview. He was well-dressed, had a keen eye, indeed, *two* eyes, a sharp nose,

strong, bony hands and fine teeth. He opened his business at once. "I hear you're a 'dab'" (vulgar snob! your Antiquarian a "dab!") "at stringing off rhymes." (*stringing* off rhymes, to a man with my poetic fire!) "what I want is a neat, smart little poem. I'm a dentist, and I want this poem for an 'ad'" (by a tremendous effort I sat still, Vesuvius, however, raging inwardly), "it will have the advantage of being stuck over all the principal walls in the city, and if you're not too stiff in your terms, *you can put your own name to the poem*, and——" He never finished. With one fell blow which took all the rheumatism out of my ancient right fist, I sent all his teeth (whether false or not matters not to me) right down into his internal economy—at least I *think* I did—the only thing which makes me doubt is, that when he recovered from his surprise he grinned, (to pretend he wasn't hurt, forsooth!) and I fancied I saw the glimmer of a tooth in his grin, so there may have been *one* left. On regaining my usual dignified calm, I said, "Young man, you can now retire. Know that I am THE ANTIQUARIAN, and not a *Dab* of a *Rhyme Stringer* to pander to the insane multitude who imagine that a glaring wall placard assists their business! Virtuous indignation may cause me to write a poem for dentists to digest (by-the-bye, I trust your teeth may not disagree with you, you know best of what material they were composed), but this poem will not adorn the city walls. It will appear in a high-class illustrated paper, and may you and your brethren enjoy it! *Good morning!*" So saying, I bowed him out with a calm front and a flaring eye, under which he visibly quailed. Then I again comfortably settled myself, and my worthy house-keeper brought me a fried chicken, a roll, some *pommes de terre sautees*, a cup of tea, and a minute *petit verre de cognac* (my digestion *always* needs some such tonic). Ha! ha! friend GRIP, there's life in the old dog yet.

Yours ever,

THE ANTIQUARIAN.

MUSIC VERSUS BASEBALL.

(Dedicated to Cranks of both denominations.)

THERE was a young man in the city
Who said, "It's a very great pity
That I haven't a fiddle
To scrape 'Hey-diddle-diddle,'
Whilst I warble that classical ditty."

So they bought him a bow and a Strad.*
To encourage his musical fad,
And he sang of the 'moon,'
And the 'dish' and the 'spoon,'
Till the people all thought he was mad!

But he grinned at these scoffers so small,
For they were all cranks on baseball,
And remarked, "I will howl
While you screech at a 'foul,'
And a 'fly,' and a 'pitch,' 'catch' and all."

So he sang of his "cow" and his "cat,"
And they raved of a "ball" and a "bat."
Then he said, "Which is mad?"
Whereat they looked sad,
Saying, "Easy to see which is *that*!"

LONDON.

SYMPLE SYMON.

* Short for "Stradivarius" violin. It is always well to have a Glossary at the end of important and obtuse works.—S. S.