

MUDGE—I think it a blackguard article—as bad as any of your own on SANGSTER.

BROWN—What, sir? This to my face?

MUDGE—Sit down and keep cool. You really should try to curb your temper—one of these days you will burst a blood-vessel. I say again, the *Globe's* articles on SANGSTER were blackguard articles. You were no more justified in dragging SANGSTER's private life before the public than the noodle of the *Mail* is in his attempt to blacken SMITH's character for teaching the doctrine of MALTHUS.

BROWN—You don't mean to justify SANGSTER?

MUDGE—I express no opinion as to his guilt. It is simply no concern of mine. Every man's domestic affairs should be sacred from the pen of the journalist.

BROWN—As a rule, I agree with you. But this case was a peculiarly flagrant violation of law and morality. SANGSTER's example might have produced incalculable evil.

MUDGE—As to the legal question, I fancy SANGSTER is safe. As to the cry of immorality, we both know that is mere clap-trap, designed to influence the Sabbatarian section of the community. The evil wrought by his example would have been infinitely less had you not published that example.

BROWN—You are totally wrong and grossly immoral in your assertions. At any rate, my line of attack was a strong one. You will not pretend that he is as fitted for the position as GOLDWIN SMITH?

MUDGE—Of course SANGSTER's experience qualifies him in a certain way. But SMITH is a man of a different intellectual grade. His candidature honors the country. It is much to be regretted that you have damaged his chances for election. Had you argued for him solely on the grounds of fitness he would have been elected—as it is we lose him.

BROWN—I hope and believe not. At all events I have fixed an indelible stigma on his opponent, which will deprive him of all influence.

MUDGE—In the opinion of Grits, old women, and puritans. But there is much sympathy for him—not with his actions, but on account of the *Globe's* abuse. He has been treated as a mastiff treats a rat. One may not, ordinarily, have feelings of particular regard for the rat,

[Enter a celebrated Irish Barrister.]

But when one hears his bones crunching, one pities him.

THE CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—Is it of rats yez are spakin? There'll be a demand for them now, faith. The members of the Junior Gun Club are intendin to erect a rat pit on their premises.

MUDGE—Gammon;—some one has been crumming you. Those humane young gentlemen confine themselves to bird shooting. They discountenance cruelty.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—Cruelty? The devil a cruelty in rattin! It's the hoiighth of good diversion for the terrier, illigant occupation for the sportsman, and, for all I know, plazin to the rats. Be the powers, its hot! The devil a pore in me, but's crying out for liquid. Have yez o're an Irish shillin about yez, brown?

BROWN (rising)—I must go. How, in the name of all that's great, can you, MUDGE—editor of the most influential paper in the country—listen to talk about rats? Good afternoon.

MUDGE—Bye-bye, old fellow. Waiter, two cobblers.

BROWN—I think I'll stay, after all.

MUDGE—Waiter! three cobblers—one with an extra dash of brandy.

BROWN (after a long pull at his straw)—If the Americans do decidedly excel other people in anything, it is in making drinks.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—And bargains!

MUDGE—Come, come! don't hit JOHN A. when he's down. You should have more magnanimity.

[Exit BROWN, winking.]

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—I never thought till the word was out of me. The devil may seize me but I agree with MISTHUR BROWN that this is a nate composition of chemicals. Av old McNABB had the late experience of the seductive delights of this illigant compound the devil a many leethirs he'd be readin' me unfortunate clients on the evils of drunkenness. Yer sowl! but me temperathur is fallin' like a thermometer, and the inside of me is as cool as an ice-house—and yet there's an insinuation of strength about it that's mighty composin' to the inthralls. Waiter, will yez give me the resate.

WAITER—Receipt, sir—yes, sir—pleasure, sir. The amount is four-fifty, sir—had the receipt ready in my pocket the last two months.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—What is that yer blatherin' about? Is it a thriffin' account, contracted in a moment of forgetfulness, that y'd be presentin' me wid, in the prinsence of company, at a gentleman's club? Avouch, ye rascal.

[Exit WAITER.]

MUDGE—You should keep things of that sort strait, old boy. Your authorship of the *Current Events* is more than suspected—it will be believed that the *Monthly* does not pay with the liberality your articles merit, and thus you will bring the magazine into contempt.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—Bless you—if the other writers in it haven't done that yet—it's little fear there is of my conduct burtin'

it. The devil a hair I care, anyway. I'm thinkin' of going over to the *Nation* on account of "Home Rule" proclivities. If it wasn't for personal friendship to ADAM I'd do it—but it 'ud be the death of the magazine.

MUDGE—It is sometime since you sent "GRIP" anything.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—You spalpeen—you've nivir paid for my previous contributions; but I have a few verses in me pocket which only need a little polishin' to be fit for you. Here they are; I'll just hum them to you.

MUDGE—Draw it mild, then.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—(Hums in a low tone.) Ah—"Ted Doolan's Daughter."

WORDS BY ONE OF MY CLIENTS AT THE P. C.

THEY may prache as they plaze, may the timprance min,
Of the unclean thing called whiskey,
But what's a man to resort to, thin,
If he wants to get slightly frisky?

Chorus.—Away to ould scratch with solemn cant
About the evils of liquor,
When I hear the Timplers' blather and rant,
Faix, I empty the noggin quicker.

Oh, Water they say's the most natural drink,
Besides bein' economic;
At the very idea me inthralls sink
In a way that's mighty comic.

Chorus.—Away to ould scratch, &c.

The first, last and only time in me days
That I ever was unwell, haly,
Was when I signed the pledge, av you plaze,
And kept it a week, gintaly.

Chorus.—Away to ould scratch, &c.

The stingy ould min, and the weak headed boys
That blather for prohibition,
Don't know the delight a man enjoys,
In the pretty well corned condition.

Chorus.—Away to ould scratch, &c.

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—What do you think of that?

MUDGE—It's a neat thing but rather too bacchanalian for us. That sort of thing is unsuited to the age. If it gets into print the Temperance Societies will parody the words and take possession of the air on the principle that "the devil should not have all the good tunes."

(CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—I defy them and all the powers of darkness to set that air to teetotal sentiments.

MUDGE—Pooh! I could do it myself in five minutes. Our parody-ist could do it off hand. I saw a temperance adaptation of "*Scots wha hae*" the other day. It began:

"Sots' wha hae to whiskey fled;
Sots! whan gin has often led,
Welcome to an aching head;
Drink and misery!"

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—The man who perpetrated such an offence should be dosed to death with tepid wather and haunted for the remainder of his life by the ghost of BRUNS.

MUDGE—There was an indignation meeting in Glengarry about it, and some very strong resolutions even passed—this is the first one:

"Thudh air searlidehd usquebae ceuhachd orruighe," which means "he deserves never to know the taste of usquebaugh."

CELEBRATED IRISH BARRISTER—And an extremely sensible resolution too, unthor the circumstances. What's the time of day?—five o'clock! I have to consult with BLAKE, MOWAT, MOSS and DOYLE on the biggest case of the sayson. Good-day to ye.

MUDGE—Waiter bring me the *Leader*.—I want to get a snooze. Wake me for dinner when the soup is taken off. (Tries to read the *Leader* and falls gently asleep).

PERSONAL ITEM.—It has been ascertained that TOM COLLINS is no relation to the author of *The Woman in White*—notwithstanding his penchant for mystery.