

## THE FAIRY CURATE.

(The Ballad upon which Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, *Taliska*, is founded, with Gilbert's original illustrations.)



Once a fairy  
Light and airy  
Married with a mortal;  
Aha, however,  
Never, never,  
Pass the fairy portal.  
Slyly stealing,  
She to Ealing  
Made a daily journey;  
There she found him  
Clients round him  
(He was an attorney).  
Long they tarried,  
Then they married.  
When the ceremony  
Once was ended  
Off they wended  
On their moon of honey.  
Twelvemonth, maybe,  
Saw a baby  
(Friends performed an orgie).  
Much they prized him,  
And baptized him  
By the name of Georgie.

Georgie grew up;  
Then he flew up  
To his fairy mother.  
Happy meeting—  
Pleasant greeting—  
Kissing one another.  
"Choose a calling,  
Most enthraling,  
I sincerely urge you."  
"Mother," said he  
(Reverence made he),  
"I would join the clergy."

"Give permission  
In addition—  
Pa will let me do it:  
He's a living  
In his giving,  
He'll appoint me to it.  
Dreams of collar ring  
Easter off ring,  
Tithe and rent and pew-rate,  
So inflame me  
(Do not blame me),  
That I'll be a curate."

She, with pleasure,  
Said, "My treasure,  
Tis my wish precisely.  
Do your duty,  
There's a beauty;  
You have chosen wisely.  
Tell your father  
I would rather  
As a churchman rank you.  
You, in clover,  
I'll watch over."  
Georgie said, "Oh, thank you!"

Georgie scudded,  
Went and studied,  
Made all preparations,  
And with credit  
(Though he said it)  
Passed examinations.  
(Do not quarrel  
With him, moral,  
Scrupulous digestions—  
'Twas his mother,  
And no other,  
Answered all his questions.)

Time proceeded:  
Little needed  
Georgie admonition:  
He, elated,  
Vindicated  
Clergyman's position.  
People round him  
Always found him  
Plain and unpretending:  
Kindly teaching,  
Plainly preaching,  
All his money lending.

So the fairy,  
Wise and wary,  
Felt no sorrow rising—  
No occasion  
For persuasion,  
Warning or advising.

He, resuming,  
Fairy pluming,  
(That's not English, is it?)  
Off would fly up,  
To the sky up,  
Pay mamma a visit.



Time progressing,  
Georgie's blessing  
Grew more ritualistic—  
Popish scandals,  
Tonsures—scandals—  
Genuflections mystic;  
Gushing meetings...  
Hosom beatings—  
Heavenly ecstasies  
Brothered spencers—  
Copes and censers—  
Rochets and dalmatics.

This quandary  
Vexed the fairy—  
Flew she down to Ealing.  
"Georgie, stop it!  
Pray you drop it!  
Hark to my appealing:  
To this foolish  
Papal rule-ish  
Tivvadle put an ending:  
This a swerve is  
From our service  
Plain and unpretending."



He replying,  
Answered sighing,  
Hawing, hemming, humming,  
"It's a pity—  
They're so pritty;  
Yet in mode becoming,  
Mother tender,  
I'll surrender—  
I'd be unaffected—"  
Then his Bishop  
Into his shop  
Entered unexpected!

"Who is this—  
Ballet miss, sir?"  
Said the Bishop coldly,  
"Tis my mother,  
And no other."  
Georgie answered boldly.  
"Go along, sir!  
You are wrong, sir;  
You have years in plenty,  
While this hussy  
(Gracious nussy!)  
Isn't two-and-twenty!"

(Fairies clever  
Never, never  
Grow in visage older;  
And the fairy,  
All unwary;  
Leant upon his shoulder!)  
Bishop grieved him,  
Disbelieved him;  
George the point grew warm on;  
Chang'd religion  
Like a pigeon,  
And became a Mormon!

## A FEW REMARKS.

"My idea of bliss," said the young and ardent Romea, "is embodied in the words, June, balcony, moonlight, icecream, and sweet seventeen in a white dress near me." He has married since then, and now his idea of bliss is expressed by hot dinner, good fire, children snoring, wife smiling, last paper, and seven by nine slippers.

"And what is your object through life, sir?" demanded the fierce school examiner of the mute pupil. "Oh, I am an intransitive verb," replied the scholar in a passive voice. "If that is the case," continued the fierce man, with an active indicative wave of the hand. "I should consider you rather as a singular noun." "Oh, do not parse sentence upon me," implored the youth.

A newspaper reporter says that in spite of the cold, quite a respectable crowd was present. Well, we are real glad of that. The great tendency of cold, as everyone knows, is to make holes in a man's shoes, muss up his hair, tear his coat to tatters, and give his tail hat the appearance of a half closed accordion. It is to the credit of our citizens that they are able to make a respectable appearance in spite of this evil agency.

"What have you on your throat?" asked the aristocratic new doctor of the young lady whose cold he was prescribing for. "Turpentine," said Leonora, blushing. As soon as he left, she rushed for the turpentine bottle, poured a liberal supply of the contents upon the well worn stocking round her neck, and hysterically inquired, "Girls, girls, do you think a fib five minutes old is worth considering a fib at all?"

Little Tom Blinder is beginning to read the papers and take an interest in the affairs of the day. "Here's a man went in swimming yesterday," said he, looking up from the *Globe*, "and drowned himself." "What an old fool!" growled Mr. Blinder. "Just like a man," said Mrs. B. "Did he go in or fall in?" asked Miss Amelia. "He went in," replied Tom. "The idea of such a piece of foolishness in November," said the boarder. "Let me see the paper," said Solomon Blinder, who is a very wise youth, and is going to matriculate in two or three years. "Ah! it's just as I thought," said he; the paper is dated July 31st. Then they changed the subject.