

ST. GEORGE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND.

St. George for merrie England!
On many a teated plain
Her soldier's hearts have kindled
To hear that stirring strain;
Along the line of battle,
Hath rung the cheering cry
"St. George for merrie England!
We conquer or we die."

St. George for merrie England!
The seas have heard the strain,
As went her mighty admiral,
To rule the stormy main;
Her foes have heard and trembled
As from her hearts of oak
Those guns, in tones of thunder,
Their martial message spoke.

St. George for merrie England!
The spirits of the slain,
At sound of that old war-cry
Start up to life again;
On thousand fields of glory,
Where flows the rolling deep,
The ghosts of heroes bear it
And startle from their sleep.

St. George for merrie England!
With gallant hearts and true,
Still, still, her sons are striving,
Brave deeds of worth to do;
Go forth! go forth! ye champions,
Go! battle for the right,
"St. George for merrie England!"
Your watchword in the fight.

NO. 202.

BY NED P. MAH.

Ten years ago this winter, a private soldier came into the guard-room at Fort Garry in the small hours of the morning, just as the corporal was going out with the relief, and presented his pass to the sergeant of the guard.

"Well, John," exclaimed the "non-com." as he *visid* the document, "that's what I call running things pretty close. Pass expires," looking at his watch, "in just two minutes, thirty seconds."

John Merrythought laughed, in a silent, inward way he had.

"I should have been in half an hour ago," said he, "only I stopped above there by the creek to make this lady's toilette."

And he produced from beneath his overcoat the carcass, plucked and cleaned, of a fine goose.

Each relieving sentry whispered to the man who came off, as he passed him, "There's a goose in the guard-room," and expectation ran high as the half-frozen sentinels clattered and stamped into the warm room.

Sure enough there hung the goose before the open door of the big stove, suspended from the ceiling by John Merrythought's belt and the two faces of his boots.

"Now, fire up, lads!" said John Merrythought, as he seated himself on a bench opposite the roasting biped, "and she won't be long adoin'."

"Running things close, and firing up," murmured he, pensively, after a pause. "That reminds me of a precious deal closer shave I had once, when I was engineer on the Great Valise Koad."

"Tell us about it, Jack," said one of the guard, as he gave a spin to the dangling corpse. "It'll keep our mouths from watering while she's cooking."

Merrythought gave an inward chuckle, and began.

"We were pretty short-handed in those days, and often had to work overtime. One night I ran in with my train after a hard drive—the first part through fog, and the rest through wind and sleet—and was told to run back a hundred and fifty miles to bring up a theatrical troupe's special the first thing in the morning. I was ready to drop with fatigue, but the thing had to be did, and soon I was running out of the station again with my engine, No. 202. I always remember the number, because it reads the same both ways. Now locomotives, you know, boys, have their tempers and peculiarities, just like human beings, but 202 was a kindly starter and a smooth runner—although a machine to be proud of. I had to cross the night express, according to instructions, but otherwise had a clear road before me. 202 was soon settled to her gait, running swift and smooth against a fierce but steady head wind, and things became so monotonous that it was utterly impossible for me to keep my eyes open longer, and I snatched a few minutes' sleep standing. Then I dreamed that a lot of giants were striking at me with iron clubs, making a terrific clatter, and I wondered lazily why they didn't succeed in hitting me. But when I became aware that the iron clubs of my dream were the girders of a bridge, and the clatter was the thunder of 202's wheels, I was wide awake in a moment. I had run past the station where I had to cross the express and was within a few miles of another. I seized the throttle with one hand and the chain of the furnace door with the other. Fire up, Bill! fire for your life! I shouted. 202 responded bravely and rushed along like streaked lightning gone mad. I took out my chronometer. The express was some seconds over-due. I opened the whistle, and, screeching and vomiting flame, we tore round the curve and into the station. I can see it all now as with a supernatural clear-sightedness I saw it then. The express, whistling like mad, sheets of flame lighting the road beneath her as the brakes bit and ground the metals—the scared face of the pointsman, as with the whole weight of his body he held open

the points—the white glare of the head light, as with a terrific wrench and swerve 202 leapt on to the siding, shaving the cow-catcher by the fraction of an inch. Then, as with another wrench she struck the straight of the siding she jumped the track, but before I could realize she had done so, was on again and out into the permanent way, behind the express, with a clear road and safety before her. 'Keep your break down, Bill,' I said, in a voice that somehow sounded like the ghost of mine. 'Let's see how soon we can pull her up.' We fetched her just over against Tim Maloney's store. I was a temperance man in those days, as it behoves a careful driver to be, but that time I crowded a green-back into Bill's hand, and told him to get over the fence, knock Tim up, and get a bottle of his best brandy; for a man that was sick.' Bill took a little of it, about a third of a tumbler, perhaps, and I entered the rest into a quart pot I had in the cab, and drank it off in one swill. I tell you I didn't feel any more effect from it than from a cantine full of regimental soup. Only I felt quieter like then, and it took away the fiendish desire to laugh I had. Then we trundled along to the place the special was to be fetched from, and there was Tom Arnold, who had been on the sick list with a broken arm, waiting for me to give him a lift to town to report himself fit for work. 'Why, Jack, what's the matter, man? you look as though you'd seen a ghost!' says he. 'Seen a ghost? says I. 'I had about as good a chance of being one an hour ago as most folks living. Work this special to the city, for me, like a good fellow, and I'll settle with the Company when I get there, up to last Saturday night, and never touch a throttle again!' And I kept my word," said Jack Merrythought, glancing around, and seeing with satisfaction that he had interested his hearers, despite the presence of the goose.

"Funny!" adds he, presently, with his little inward laugh. "If that hadn't all happened that night, it isn't likely I should have been here to tell it to you to-night."

"Now that's what I call an Irish sort of a speech," said a private, as he gave the goose a final turn. "If it hadn't happened, why, of course, you couldn't have told us about it."

"No," said John Merrythought, laughing his silent laugh again. "Not unless I had invented it."

But I don't think that he invented it, and you would not have thought so either if you had heard him tell it.

THE SCIENCE OF KISSING.

People will kiss, says a publication called *The People*, yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, any more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy, at least for us. First know whom you are going to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump like a trout for a fly, and sm ck a good woman on the neck, on the ear, on the corner of her forehead, or on the end of her nose, or knock off her waterfall. The gentleman should be a little taller. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression. Don't kiss everybody. Don't sit down to it; stand up. Need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner, and catch a kiss; more persons would spoil the sport. Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hat go to any place out of the way; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let it fall down the right side, towards the belt. Don't be in a hurry; draw her gently, lovingly to your heart. Her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder, and a handsome shoulder-strap it makes. Don't be in a hurry; send a little life down your left arm. Her left hand is in your right; let there be an impression to that, not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought, and respect. Don't be in a hurry. Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder. You are nearly heart to heart. Look down into her half-closed eyes. Gently, yet manfully, press her to your bosom. Stand firm. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open. Lean slightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet, the eyes close, the heart opens, the soul rides the storms, troubles, and sorrows of life. Don't be in a hurry. Heaven opens before you. The world shoots under your feet, as a meteor flashes across the evening sky. Don't be afraid. The nerves dance before the just-erected altar of love, as zephyrs dance with the dew-trimmed flowers; the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned. No fuse, no noise, no fluttering and squirming, like hook-impaled worms. Kissing don't hurt. It don't require a brass band to make it legal.

A CLEVER THIEF.

A brilliant example of the genus "adventurer" a little while back set the Magyar capital talking and wondering at his calm knavery. The Theatre Ofen (Buda-Pesth) was the scene of his *début*, which was made in a *loge* and not on the stage. A certain Hungarian countess, well known for her riches and beauty, graced with her presence the performance at the summer theatre one evening. On one of her fingers her ladyship wore two splendid diamond rings, exactly like each other. During an *entr'acte* there presented himself in her box a big fellow in gorgeous livery—six feet of the finest flunkey imaginable. Quoth he, in purest Hungarian, "My mistress, Princess P—, has sent me to beg of your ladyship the loan of one of your

rings for five minutes. Her highness has observed them from her box opposite, and is very anxious to examine one more closely, as she wishes to have one made after the pattern."

Without an instant's hesitation, the countess handed a ring to "Jeames," who bowed with respectful dignity and retired.

The performance over, the two great ladies met on the staircase, and the countess begged her friend to keep the ring at her convenience.

"What ring, my dear?"

Dénouement! Tableau!

The "powdered menial" was no flunkey at all, but a thief, and the ring was gone. The police were informed of the impudent trick. Justice seemed to have overtaken the culprit in a very few strides, for the next morning the countess, whilst still *en robe-de-chambre*, received a letter informing her that the thief had been caught and the ring found on his person, "only," added the note, "the man stoutly denies the charge, and declares it to be his own. To clear up all doubt, pray come at once to the police-station, or send the duplicate ring by bearer."

To draw the second ring from her finger and entrust it joyfully to the messenger—a fine fellow in full police uniform—together with a handsome "tip" for the glorious news, was the work of a moment. "But when her ladyship, an hour later, betook herself, radiant, to the police-station to recover her jewels, a slight mistake came to light.

"Well, my rings? I could not come myself at the instant I got your letter."

"What letter, madame?"

Dénouement! Tableau No. 2.
The thief had them both!

TELEGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY.

When the Prince of Wales visited Canada, and all the American papers were anxious to record his doings, and give the first information of his arrival at Niagara on Yankee ground, Mr. James Gordon Bennett's reporter was, of course, not absent from the scene of the expected ceremonial. In this case, as there was only one set of wires down to New York, each different representative of the press wanted to be first in possession of the telegraph, so as to secure the earliest publication of the news, before the others could forward their despatch. As the Prince did not arrive at the time appointed, the reporters, tired with waiting and trying to forestall each other, made up their minds for a general scramble when the royal visitor came—with the exception of the one belonging to the *Herald*, who telegraphed down to Mr. Bennett to know what course he should pursue. The canny Scott immediately replied, to retain the wire at all hazards, and to do so he could commence by telegraphing down the Book of Genesis. This was done right through, and still the Prince did not make his appearance.

"What shall I do next?" inquired the reporter.

"Send along the Book of Revelations!" responded the Spartan in New York.

And this was actually commenced and half completed before the energetic proprietor of the *Herald* was able to announce to the public that the Prince of Wales had actually stepped on American soil, and describe what royalty said and did while yet miles away from the empire city. This feat of Scriptural telegraphy cost over £500, and the reader can see the bills paid for the same on application at the office in New York.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SERGEANT BALLANTINE'S piquant book has been in great demand. The first edition, although large, disappeared on the day of publication.

LITTLE girls' dresses grow longer, thanks to the Princess of Wales, who attires her young daughters in skirts reaching to their ankles.

Now that the powerful electric light is practicable, experiments are being made with a view to the lighting of churches from without instead of within.

COLONEL BRINE, who recently failed in his attempt to cross the Channel, has been stimulated by Colonel Burnaby's success to propose making another venture.

MR. RUSKIN has in his possession Turner's receipt for twenty-seven guineas paid him for three sketches of Florence, "one of which would now fetch from £500 to £800."

A THEATRICAL phenomenon is at present finishing his education under the tuition of one of the most noted dramatic lady teachers—a young man of a respectable family, who intends to make his appearance in a number of feminine characters ("Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Phaedra," etc.), for which his exterior, as well as his voice—a natural soprano—perfectly qualify him.

THE political committee of the Reform Club, in reply to a letter from Mr. Bradlaugh, have intimated that they see no reason for taking any action with reference to the membership of Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P. It will be remembered that Mr. Morley recommended the electors of Northampton to vote for the Conservative candidate in preference to Mr. Bradlaugh.

WE understand that the ground at the corner

of King street and St. James's street, where the houses have been recently pulled down, has been purchased by the Junior Army and Navy Club for £30,000. The grand building which will be built on it will run into a pretty figure. It is *vis-a-vis* with Arthur's, and is a splendid spot for a club; there is a good banker across one road and Conservatism across the other.

A LAUGHABLE incident in connection with the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to Pembroke Dock occurred near the Bush Hotel, where was stationed a Miss Binns, of London, attended by four little boys and four little girls. Miss Binns had a bouquet which she hoped to present to the Duchess, but the carriage passing rapidly without apparently noticing this youthful aspirant to Royal notice, Miss Binns threw the bouquet haphazard, and in falling it struck the Duke upon the face. Their Royal Highnesses smilingly acknowledged the pleasing though somewhat unceremonious act.

At a recent musical *soirée* given in the grand saloon of the Kurhaus, at Wiesbaden, for the benefit of the Kurhaus Fund, the chief interest centered in the performance of the one-armed virtuoso on the piano, Count Geza Zichy, of Buda-Pesth. Count Zichy, now in his thirty-second year, lost his right arm in his youth, while out hunting. His artistic performances with the left hand are wonderful, nearly all of the pieces played being "arranged" by himself. He plays exclusively for charitable purposes, and is said to have made and distributed upwards of 200,000 florins within the past few years. The Prince of Wales has invited the Count to visit London during the season, so that we may probably have the opportunity of seeing and hearing him.

EVERYBODY knows that speed with Lord Redesdale is elevated into one of the highest virtues, and when the other night, at the close of one of his committees, he had moved himself out of the chair with breathless haste, and stood panting to report the bill to the Lord Chancellor, it was only natural that he should be struck dumb with indignant amazement when he found that the Lord Chancellor, instead of rushing at once to the Woolsack to receive the report, was peacefully reposing upon the Treasury bench deeply immersed in a bluebook. But Lord Redesdale was equal to the occasion. With a vigorous sweep of the arm and a robust ring in his voice, which suggested that he was hailing a ship at sea, he sang out, "Hi, Chancellor!" to the great amusement of the House and the surprise of Lord Selborne, who at once jumped up and walked to the Woolsack.

THE early spring has not merely brought out the almond and blackthorn blossoms in our gardens, clothed the trees in the parks with fresh and refreshing green, and filled Covent Garden Market with flowers, but it has also shown us the new fashions in ladies' dresses. These are what the poet calls a wonder and a laughter. The new idea is of small bonnets, heavy tippets, tiny waists, the crinolette, and a striped material for the dress. The head is made as little as possible, the shoulders as square as possible, the waist as wasp-like as possible, and the dress behind as ballooning as possible. Women under the new conditions look like a large number of the species coleoptera. Dresses are worn short; ankles are the fashion. Very light muffs are in the highest style and the hands are to be worn well forward.

ONE hears of raids on betting-houses and raids on taverns where strong waters are being sold within prohibited hours, but of organized raids on those bands of ruffians who make night hideous all over the metropolis not a whisper. The suburbs are infested with such gangs. The Upper street, Islington, is not so perilous a place to peaceful wayfarers on a Sunday night as it used to be, but it yet has a claim to the name which Mr. James Greenwood bestowed upon it some time ago, and will require no little purging before it earns the right to a less damaging appellation. As for the Thames Embankment, it ought to be the safest thoroughfare in London. No street that we possess is better lighted. There are few places where an assailant can lie in wait. At no part of it is there a secure passage to an Alsatian "slum." Therefore, the insecurity to life and property which exists there is a disgrace to the Metropolitan Police, and to the indifference of the head who has the care of our "Home."

IT has been said that the *Times* prides itself on the appropriateness of the headings which it places in capital letters at the beginning of its paragraphs. It has also been said that it has never been known to perpetrate a joke in that form, and but few in any other, so sober are its contributors. The other day it had a paragraph headed "An Extraordinary Spring," and everyone expected to find how potatoes had prematurely perfected themselves, that green peas, ripe (not large), gooseberries, luscious strawberries, and baskets of roses, all grown in open air, were plentiful. The most charming of visions of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, floated before one's eyes—but only for a very short period. It turned out to be that the "Extraordinary Spring" was one come upon by some French engineers at St. Etienne, at a depth of 1,500 feet, and which throws hot water, strongly impregnated with carbonic acid, 80 feet above the surface of the earth. If the *Times* goes on this way, we shall be able to dispense with *Punch*.