



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

SIR CHARLES (*old Parliamentary sport*)—"Ha! the youngster's a good 'un. Does him up almost as well as I could myself!"

IMPARTIALITY.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE I.—*The Breakfast-room* TIME—*Morning.*



MR. VANITY POMPOUS
—(*sitting with his feet
on the fender—news-
paper in hand—sud-
denly jerking up his
spectacles, and staring
at his wife.*)

"What this paper means by this conduct, I don't know. I'd like to know who *does* know? It is the most ill-conducted, the most trashy, the most scurrilous—"

MRS. P.—"Are you speaking of the *Independent*, dear?"

MR. P.—"Of course I am. *Independent*—it is the most accursed thing published in this city. It has no principle, no stability, no patriotism. What are its political opinions worth? Does it pretend to be a political organ—"

MRS. P.—"It does not pretend to be a—"

MR. P. (*violently*)—"It does pretend to be—it pretends to be everything and is nothing. That editor is the merest upstart—a man of no judgment—no—I'll stop this paper—I'll stop it—it is not fit for—I'll stop it to-day"—(*throws the paper into the fire.*)

MRS. P. (*with some reproach*)—"Why, my dear, I wanted to read—"

MR. P.—"Yes—you wanted to read that story. Oh! I know you women; all you care for is some miserable, wretched serial—but—"

MRS. P. (*sipping her chocolate*)—"I wanted to read—"

MR. P. (*more hotly*)—"Madam, I don't care whether you did or not. That paper shall not come within my doors. I should think that instead of spending your



AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

(A FACT, AS WIER INFORMED.)

PHYSICIAN—"It's your eyes, you say, my good woman; now just look steadily at me and tell me what you see."

VISITING PATIENT—"Well, sor, to tell ye the thruth, savin' yer princible, I don't see very much, and divil a word o' lie."