



THE IMPUDENT FELLAH.

GEN. BELL—BLOWED IF 'E DONT ACT AS THOUGH THE PORTE AGREED WITH 'EM!

marks of approbation from politicians high in power, and had elicited from John Sevenoaks himself the remark, "Them's my sentiments, and the man 'as wrote them 'ere ain't no slouch," which, when it is considered that Mr. Sevenoaks, though an Alderman and a School Trustee, was barely able to read, much less to understand what he did get through, must be taken as a panegyric of no slight value; but when Reginald's leading article, (written during his temporary occupation of the chief Editor's chair, that functionary being absent on one of his triennial jamborees,) and entitled "THE ELECTRIC LIGHT DISCOUNTED; CITIES TO BE ILLUMINATED BY GAS COLLECTED AT THE COUNCIL MEETINGS," appeared in the *Whooper*, the whole city of Slumville was in an uproar, and Reginald was looked upon as a man with the world at his feet.

(To be Continued)

SOLOMON'S WOOING.

Dorothy Day was demure and plump:
Her cheeks were white and pink;
But lean and long-like handle of pump;
With slouching walk, 'twixt a limp and jump
Was Adam Solomon Sink.

"Sol," like an awkward giant, swings,
His limbs at every tread:
Folks say he is (among other things)
Like a giblet pie, all legs and wings,
But his wings are "paws" instead.

Both were Quakers of doctrine sound,
And went, of course, to chapel;
And Dorothy Day would there be found
So very sedate, so ripe and round,
Just like a jenneting apple.

Now I have often observed through life
(The reason I never knew),
That a scarecrow man has the plumpest wife
If his face is thin as the blade of knife,
And she seems to love him, too.

'Twas just so here, for Solomon Sink
Loved charming Dorothy Day;
The dear old booby would blush and blink,
Whenever she looked, and hope and think,
But never a word could say.

And here a curious question comes,
How do the Quakers woo?
Do they "thee" and "thou," and twirl their thumbs,
As if a number of awkward suns
Both were trying to do?

With no wish at all to learn the ways
Of city belles and fops,
I'd very much like to here the phrase
An awkward, diffident suitor says,
When he the question "pops."

I know when I caught my darling maid—
(The chance I almost missed).
We both were startled and both afraid,
And this I know, in our fright, we said
But little, before we kissed.

This was precisely Solomon's plan,
Or, rather, it happened so,
For he would sooner a mile have ran
Than ask the question—so shy a man
Could scarce to a goose say "Bo!"

Readers, this question I ask you each,
Dids't ever on summer eve,
On garden wall, within easy reach,
Meet with a blushing and ruddy peach
'Twere death to your lips to leave?

There I if you have not 'tis just as well,
For when my heart was young
A very large wasp had made its cell
Within the fruit, and this befell;
I bit, and my lips were stung.

But Dorothy was pure as fair,
Her heart no evil knew;
And Solomon Sink would gape and stare,
And feel in his heart a blank despair,
He knew not what to do:

'Till Fate—that something we often fear,
Was there his suit to bless;
For, happening to be standing near,
He clasped her close like a tender bear,
And Dorothy Day said, "Yes!"

R. C.

MANUAL OF ETHICS FOR MARRIED LADIES.

1. Never to say she has not a single dress fit to appear in, when invited to a party.
2. To be always punctual, to be down before any one else at breakfast, never to keep her husband waiting on any occasion.
3. To keep up her music as before marriage.
4. To take some interest in her husband's brain work, not to neglect reading his articles, or prefer the *Family Herald*, or the *Ladies' Journal* to his valuable essay on pessimistic metaphysics.
5. To avoid having the last word, to lay to heart St. Paul's golden text about women keeping silence, and not usurping authority over man; to practice reticence.
6. To realize the existence of Time and Space.
7. Never, under any provocation, to allude to the sacrifice she made of herself at marriage, never to mention the "two or three good offers" she once had, to let nothing tempt her to designate her dear hubby as a *Brute*.

THE FUTURE.

EXTRACTS FROM A PAPER OF 1882.

"Miss Elizabeth Talker, M.P., spoke for four hours in the House last night in support of the motion to remove taxation from silks and French bonnets, and make up the deficit by a tax on cigars and walking sticks. She gave a piece of her mind to that Mr James Graham, M.P. He hadn't a word to say for himself. We give her speech in full in our columns."

"We are glad to say Miss Jane Scrivener, M.P., Secretary of State, is progressing favorably after her severe fall from the hustings, on the occasion of her last address to her constituents. Miss Emily Doser, M.D., is attending her."

"We give an account in our columns of the trial of Mr. John Gossip for assault and battery of his wife. The facts of the case are as follows: The defendant came home on the evening of the last election day, and found no one in the house, and no dinner. When his wife returned he asked her where she had been, and where the servants were. Mrs. Gossip told him civilly that she had been canvassing for Mrs. Louisa Croaker, and the servants had gone to the poll to give their votes. We blush to say the horrid man flew into a rage, and struck her. Miss Sarah Forret, Q.C., LL.D., is counsel for the plaintiff."

The Reverend Mrs. Susannah Ranter, D.D., gave an able sermon at Saint Matilda's last night. She pointed out the extravagance of smoking, and also gave a very practical plan for the prevention of drunkenness. No man should be allowed to get more than a pint of beer or a table spoonful of brandy or other spirits at any public house, without a ticket from his wife, or some other duly appointed female guardian, certifying that he has had no spirituous liquor that day. The Reverend Lady has a plan for preventing fraud in obtaining the tickets."

N.B. We notice that the Reverend Lady has made no provisions in this plan for her sex.

Among criticisms of new books we find the following:—

"Mrs. Jane Duenna's new book, entitled 'False Etiquette,' has just come out. Mrs. Duenna handles her subject very cleverly. She points out many absurd conditions where women cannot take the initiative. She especially exposes the absurdity of that custom of men proposing to women. The notoriously clumsy manner in which a man always performs that duty which ought to be the most charming episode of his life, is well brought out, and illustrated by some very amusing examples, some of them her own personal experience. She points out how selfpossessed women always are on these occasions, and gives a very pleasing contrast to the awkward handling by men of this social question, by telling us the very clever and happy manner in which she proposed:

"Fred and I were sitting down on a little mound. Fred was very shy, twirling his moustache, chewing grass, and trying to say pretty things to me. Suddenly a gust of wind came and blew off my bonnet, the strings caught somehow in the buttons on Fred's coat-tails. I bent forward to get my bonnet, Fred trembled as he felt my face near his; I then doubted Fred's feelings towards me no longer. I put one arm round his neck, and taking his hand, whispered, "Fred, dear, would it not be nice if you were always tied to my bonnet strings?" Fred looked up into my face blushing as red as a poney. I allowed him to put his arm round my waist and kiss me. Fred is the most obedient and devoted of husbands."

"She goes on to point out what much better provisions women could make for themselves if this absurd piece of etiquette could be done away with. Mrs. Duenna suggests that if some of the leading ladies in the Cabinet would break through this bit of 'False Etiquette' the rest of the ladies would soon take it up."

FUTURUS.