

The ...
Pickwick
Portfolio



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THE
Pickwick Portfolio

Being the Magazine of the
Pickwick Club, Kew.

Vol. 1

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No. 2

Editorial.

IN the "Foreword" of the first number of the Pickwick Portfolio, the hope was expressed that the publication of this magazine might be annual. That hope has not been realised hitherto, and this, the second, number appears after a lapse of more than seven years. But, with Pickwickian optimism, let us hope again.

There is stored in the archives of the Club much valuable manuscript, which



from time to time has been contributed by members. But as this is not readily accessible, and tends to become buried speedily in cobwebs and undeserved oblivion, we trust that this little publication may prove a ready memento of these times to Pickwickians, and, intentionally or otherwise, a "source of innocent merriment" to many.

Referring to our Contents: "To Pickwick" should surely be of great historic value, recording as it does various past and present circumstances connected with the Club, and some of the trying conditions under which we live. Readers who are Cabinet Ministers, please note.

"A Sonnet" should give us seriously to think. Incidentally, it raises an interesting speculation as to the probable antecedent of "which" in the seventh line.

In "Nikko," all will be delighted to read again of their dear old friends Hidari Jingoro and Kiri-furi-no-taki. And so old Nantai-zan and Nahoyo-zan are still there! Well! well!

"The Lady or the Tiger?" may annoy a stray Browningite or two. But truly it is sad to contemplate the What-might-have-been.

The philistine will rejoice at "Why?" and we await a reply from the Post-Prandial Pre-Lunacy Impressionists.

The pathetic incident in the life of one Peter confirms us in our fear that the rising generation too often fails to exhibit a due regard for the tender susceptibilities of its elders.

Such conduct can never have found a place in the beautiful life of Mr. Richard Pitt Cobden Slogger, the first authentic account of whose meteoric career we are proud to publish. Mr. Slogger stopped

writing just in time, or his concluding hope might have proved futile.

Lest it should be gathered from a perusal of these pages that members of the Pickwick Club strive too hard after the humorous, we direct particular attention to the timely and serious note struck by our Club Philosopher (Capt'n Cuttle), whose high ideals will be found, as ever, to be furthered by suggestions of practical common-sense.

The manifold purposes to which an empty kerosene tin can be put are set forth in a contribution which has suggested to us the adoption of that most useful article as the Editorial Waste-paper Basket.

To Pickwick.

DEAR Pickwick: your portfolio,
It seems, requires re-filling;
A task which, to perform, you know,
We all are very willing.

We welcome your recurring call,
Right heartily we greet it;
With essay, tale, and madrigal
We do our best to meet it.

Upon your good health and estate
Accept congratulations
From all your members and their great
And small friends and relations.

Your face shines still with fun and health,
And wisdom's speculation,
Like one who easily gains wealth
By prestidigitation!

Beneath its genial influence
Our wisdom wit espouses
In members' fluent eloquence
At one another's houses!

Your weekly call, you must admit,
Was somewhat of a terror ;
The fortnight's interval has hit
The right cure for that error.

We only wish that, as a dower
For many coming years,
We could confer upon you power
To rule our house of peers !

That is, the Senate ; and the House
Of Representatives ;
And make them timid as a mouse,—
Or make them sensitives !

If you could only rule the Post
And Telegraph Department,
Or (better still !) could rule the roast
In the "caucus's" apartment.

GREAT PICKWICK !—

How quick they'd send through
Our message or our letter !
In politics what changes, too,
There would be for the better !

You had a dream of "Traddles'-land,"
Which would have much resembled
That Paradise,—but "Twaddle's-land"
In caucus is assembled.

And much prefers to have a "strike,"
And "preference" agitation
For "unionists,"—which is much like
A madness in the nation.

So, Pickwick, let us leave those geese,
Their cackling and their hissing ;
Enjoy our Friday evenings' peace,
No opportunity missing.

For essay, and for sensible
Amusement and debate,
Our theses all defensible,
AND NOT STOP OUT TOO LATE !

And when Portfolio Number Three
Comes round—('twill be the next !)
May I be there to hear and see—
By politics unvexed !

—JOHN JARNDYCE.

A Sonnet.

YARRA! thou gloomy stream that gently flows
 'Neath many bridges, and by winding
 ways;
Just as a road in some intricate maze
Which never ends, but everlasting goes.
While from thy bank the weeping willow grows,
 And in the water droops her leafy sprays;
 Loitering round which, the lover fondly
 strays,
Or lies upon thy bank in sweet repose.
But, ah! when on thy waters I thus gaze,
 I think of all the people, who by chance
 Have fallen in, or else for some romance
Have flung themselves, from o'er thy bridges high
Into the turbid stream, Oh what disgrace—
Wishing no more to live; rather to die!

—BARKIS.

Nikko.

A JAPANESE proverb says: "Do
not use the word magnificent till
you have seen Nikko."

And so with three days only to spare,
we (the Pickwickian delegate and his
Japanese friend and guide) set out from
Tokyo and journeyed 90 miles by train to
see the double glory of Nikko, a glory of
nature and of art.

The kurumayas pulled our rickshas
slowly up the narrow steep street
to the hotel. On the roofs of
the houses each side were men
busily renewing the grey mud-tiles
and repairing the havoc wrought by a
wind of hurricane force the previous
evening. Stretching away from the end
of the village as far as the eye can trace

is the stately avenue of cryptomeria trees, twenty miles long.

All the afternoon we spent at the mausolea, built in the forest during the 17th century to the memory of Ieyasu, founder of the Tokugawa dynasty, and his grandson Iemitsu. On the way we passed the sacred red lacquer bridge over the Daiya-kawa, but had to cross the river higher up on a less ornamental bridge arranged for the use of ordinary mortals. Passing through a grove of trees, some of them 150 feet high, and noticing many blown down by the hurricane, we reached the precincts of the finest and most famous shrines in Japan. "Visitors must remove their boots at the entrance to the main shrines," reads the notice at the inner gate. With the assistance of an elderly and unprepossessing Japanese lady, we complied with this direction, and, exchanging our boots for receptacles

like flour bags, strode on. In every shrine and on every gate is exquisite black and red lacquer work, and wonderful wood carving, typically Japanese, abounds. The Yomei-Mon gate is still in good preservation after standing 300 years without repair. One of its main wooden pillars has the pattern carved upside down, owing to a superstition that the flawless perfection of the whole structure might excite the jealousy of Heaven against the House of Tokugawa. In another place is a sleeping cat carved by Hidari Jingoro so realistically that at night it comes to life and keeps (so, at least, we are informed, and it is well to be of a receptive mind when travelling) the Mausoleum of Ieyasu free from rats.

In niches at the back of the Nio-mon gate of Iemitsu's mausoleum are images of the Gods of Thunder and Wind, green and red, and with countenances so dia-

bolical that, once seen, they are never forgotten.

In one corner stands a bronze lantern which tradition says had anciently the power of taking the form of a demon and annoying the local inhabitants on dark nights, until a courageous man attacked it, and with his sword gave it a wound which is still visible on the cap.

Returning to the village, we went through the Gallery of Fine Art, containing many priceless specimens of Japanese work. The bronze Buddha outside this building was headless, and children a few yards away were playing in the empty head, which had been blown off during the night.

Next morning we started early for Lake Chuzenji, nine miles, but even two men could not pull a ricksha against the north-eastern wind, and we had to walk most of the way. But amidst such scenery one could walk all

day and not tire. Ahead we saw the mountains, Nantai-zan and Nahoyo-zan, and after a long climb of over 4000 feet, with several rests at tea-houses to admire the waterfalls within sight of the road, reached the beautiful lake lying at the foot of Nantai, and spent a quiet hour on its picturesque pine-girt shores. On the return we went closer to Ke-gon, the highest waterfall in the country, at the head of which is a police station to deter the suicidally inclined.

The following day was perfect, sunny and brilliant as if under a southern summer sky. We took a winding path several miles to Kiri-furi-no-taki, the mist-falling cascade, a triple fall in a lovely green setting. On the knoll near by we sat drinking green tea, eating Japanese sweetmeats, and gazing at the grand panorama of the country to the east and south.

In the afternoon we had reluctantly to return to Tokyo and its veneer of Western civilisation. Nikko is one of those places which live in the memory, for there cannot be on the earth anything in nature more picturesquely magnificent. The old Japanese proverb is founded on fact.

—BARNABY RUDGE.

“The Lady or the Tiger?”

(A highly imaginary fragment of that which *might* have been, had the “square old yellow book” of Browning’s masterpiece contained Frank R. Stockton’s well-known story.)

HAST ever, when at table set, as now,
Gazed mind awander at some bowl, like this
Wherein hath lately lain a luscious mess
Of ruddy plum-stew; and in gazing, seen
Swim into vision some arena,—vast
Bloody cockpit of departed tyrant;
Whilst the remnant spiculae of fruit pulp,
Stuck, limpet-like, on the receding side,
So close resemble tow’ring tiers of heads,
That the residuary juice appears

Gore-slush on sanded floor, and ears
Unconsciously are finger-plugged against
Imagined roars of blood-lust? So to point.

You see this book I take and toss i’ the air,
And . . . Thanks my friend;—few soldis
sped its sale;
Your coffee cup re-fills, and Monday next
Sees etiolation of the napery.
Nay, naught’s the worse! This book I bade you
view,
Contains a tale to tempt the mere man-mind
Rashly to plunge in speculative deeps
Of psychic Girl; there in fond hope to try
To fathom motives that may move a maid.
Tells of a king in semi-barb’rous age,
Whose wisdom to their unconstrained choice
Was wont to leave damnation or discharge
Of those accused of crime. Placed such suspect
On trial in arena, ’gainst twin doors
Behind the which distributively stood
A Lady and a Tiger. Culprit’s self
Making untutored choice of door to ope,
Gained speedy sentence in the gashing stroke
Of tiger-paw, or gift of comely maid
Instant to wed; (though which the punishment,
And which the verdict of proved innocence . . .!)
Yet mark, none could dispute the equity
Of such self-sentence or release.

Note next

Love apprehend the half-barbaric hearts
Of certain twain—he noble, she princess,
Bairn-bud of king aforesaid. Who, enraged
By courtier's impudent presumption,
Commits him to the customary court.
Day due, see lover stand afront the doors,
Neck-craning crowd breath-bated. But to none
Is't known that Justice peeps beneath the band,
And not t' impartial Chance is left decree.
The princess holds, for use this way or that,
Extract by lucre i' the receptive palm
Of jailer slipped corruptively, the dread
Secret of door-debouching destiny.
Thus, though th' expectant throng fails note
Indicative her digit sway to right,
Her lover, quick observant of the sign,
Full trusting steps at once inhesitant
To droital door, lifts latch, and so finds fate.

Point here for speculative mind! What end
To war 'twixt love and jealousy when waged
In heart of maid premised half-barbarous?
What impulse drove the girl? Or, motive found,
The riddle's still to rede of will. The maid
Impelled by love might nathless deem his death
Her love's best offering. Laid lass the lad
As toothsome tiger-meat? Cud here's to chew
And chump of fore-browsed knowledge of the ways
Of love-lorn ladies! So,—what wished? What
willed? . . .

Yet more, was will executive of wish?—
A treach'rous transposition might wipe out

A jailer's ancient grudge. . . . Again, could
not

Princess have found a way to satisfy
Both jealousy and love?—What if the door
When pulled agape gave peaceful vision of
Mere prone postprandial Indifference!

NATHANIEL WINKLE.

Why?

I AM stitting at my easel, not apply-
ing the pigment, but engaging in a
battle of argument with an unseen
combatant: here are truth and a fashion
of art-society (sometimes designated im-
pressionism) at daggers-drawn.

The scene before me is only a bit of
Australian bush, some lights and shades,
a few young eucalypts, many-coloured
grasses and ferns—a fragment, but beau-
tiful indeed; it is just this about which
I want to tell the truth in oils. But no!
I was forgetting that broken cart-wheel
standing to the right of my vision.

If I am to convey to you the impression made on my mind by this simple scene, I must not do more than just indicate the presence of the cart-wheel. Why? Well, art says to me, the wheel is subsidiary, it helps to fill up, its colours are necessary to equalise matters, it is a break in the contact of frame on canvas, but you must not paint it in detail. Why? I ask again. Because you really do not see it in detail. What? Ah! I have a thought—it is the beauty of the landscape, those trees, that wonderful atmosphere and light and shade which are all important. Your impression is connected with these alone, and you want to pass it on, therefore, physically as well as mentally and spiritually, the vision does not take in the wheel.

But why talk of conveying an impression? Let us have the truth; it was good enough for Ruskin, why not for us?

If you want to include the wheel, why not paint it truthfully? Art says, Oh, it will not do to bring the wheel into prominence, it is not meant to be looked at! Why include it, then, I ask? If nature suffers by comparison with a painted wooden brother, remove the sinner.

“Sermons in stones, and good in everything!” Why not beauty and poetry in a cart-wheel? After all, in very truth, a cart-wheel makes an impression.

—ALFRED JINGLE.

The Autobiography of Richard Pitt Cobden Slogger.

I WAS born in Stagnationville, and there I went to school. It is the best place in the world to live in, so my old schoolmaster used to say. All agree that the climate is superb. I grew and throve

in it, and, after various youthful adventures, falling in love and into financial difficulties, working hard at times and making holiday hard at other times, found myself, at the age of barely thirty, the happy possessor of a position as sub-financial and trade editor of "The Stagnationville Times," and possessed of moderate means. I was still unburdened or unhelped, as the case may be, by a wife.

For many years I had belonged to the Stagnationville Liberal Club, and there first dawned upon me the outlines of a Government policy which has since put the people of my country on the high road to becoming a nation of undreamed-of grandeur.

Having worked out the various measures which I intended to put before Parliament, and subsequently before the Sovereign of my country,—for whom I

have a great personal affection—for his gracious consent, I engaged the Stagnationville Town Hall, and addressed the electors. I rapidly sketched the outlines of the Liberal Policy for which I stood, and which has for its ultimate aim a World State, an honourable place for arbitration, universal free-trade, and the recognition of the brotherhood of man.

I did not have on my election posters, "Vote for Slogger and Free Beer." No! I appealed to the minds of the electors and solicited votes for Slogger and the encouragement of a scheme of co-operation which would increase the benefits of our wonderful civilisation.

I won the election by a majority of 50,403 votes.

In two years of Parliamentary life I rose to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. My budget was said to be a masterpiece.

Its main features were Old Age Pensions, a graduated scheme of Income Tax (very heavy), a 2½ per cent. charge on the annual value of land, an Unemployment Insurance scheme in conjunction with a Labour Exchange, and plans for numerous Government works, such as the making of roads, irrigation, electric power supply works, and the establishment of large experimental agricultural colleges. I based all my expenditure on Defence on the returns from the taxation of luxuries, such as tobacco and all forms of amusement. I subsidised factories for the manufacture of my country's raw products, and also freezing works for fruit, meat and dairy produce. This I did by loans at 4 per cent., with sinking funds.

I cut down the large salaries of Government employes, in my endeavour to upset

“The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can,”

and to substitute the ideal of having only “rendered unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.”

At the end of my Budget Speech I was considerably exhausted, and concluded with the quotation—

“Where lies the land to which the ship would go?”—

“Far, far ahead,” is all her seamen know.

“And where the land she travels from?”—“Away, Far, far behind,” is all that they can say.

My political chief, Sir Hobnob Griffen, of Dragonsnort - on - Sea, congratulated me, and my budget, with the help and counsel of colleagues, and, I must confess, with many amendments, passed the

Lower House, and eventually the Upper. The Sovereign's consent was given, and my country is now in a state of unexampled prosperity and happiness.

Due recognition of my services was accorded, and I was knighted on the King's Birthday.

I laid all my honours at the feet of the most beautiful creature on earth,—(she is tall, and has long black hair, a noble profile, and steely, piercing, but compassionate eyes)—in the hope that the saying, "they lived happily ever after," might be true of us.

I could go on writing, but stop in hope,—hope for all the human race.

—SAM WELLER.

A New Natural History.

(Compiled by Prof. Winkrudging,
M.P.S.)

The Arris (*O. arundo*).

A species of sheep commonly to be met with in the haunts of learning, trying to acquire a BA. Its efforts frequently result in a strange bleat, which is said to have a distinct resemblance to the French tongue. Its distribution is considerable.

The Barkis (*Barkis volens*).

A brisk little dog of rather rare appearance. It lives on the higher mathematics in the remote regions of the earth. Its bark is worse than its bite, the former consisting of heart-breaking strains.

The Barna Bee (*A. intuitus longus*).

An attenuated variety of nomadic habits. It appears to live upon phos-

phates, in pursuit of which it has been known to travel thousands of miles. Its intellectual appearance is doubtless the result of this diet, which also causes it to be pacifically inclined. Indeed, some erroneously suppose it to be excessively timid, because they no sooner look at it than it smiles away. But it is conceived that it may be trained to obey a summons of the right sort, when duly gazetted.

The Joey Bee (*Apis Bagstocki*).

An amusing and amphibious variety with many wonderful attributes, among which is conspicuous a power of mimicry which causes it to be mistaken now for a farmyard rooster, now for one of our humble canine friends. But even more marvellous is its amazing power of vision, which enables it to see minute writing when the strongest microscope fails to reveal to the human eye the faintest trace of ink.

The Jelly Bee (*Apis Piscator*).

This gorgeous insect has its habitat in fissures. It finds its sustenance in hawthorn. Its weight would appear to be remarkable, as it presses flat most botanical specimens which it alights upon.

The Betsy (*Amita Trotisilva*).

A pleasant and inoffensive creature of the Gamp family. Though not particularly terrible to contemplate, it is yet said that the hair of many people stands on end at its approach. It has an extraordinary habit of hunting among palms, where it finds fabulous things with which it stuffs the credulous.

The Boffin (*Boffina Vinkelis*).

A useful domestic animal, principally employed in taming the savage winkle, and rearing the noisy periwinkle. How it contrives to exist under these conditions is not known, but it even succeeds

in maintaining a cheerful and entertaining disposition.

The Cuttle (*Viticulae studiosae*).

Care must be taken not to confound this amusing little mammal with the fish of that name. There is indeed nothing fishy about it, and, far from obscuring itself under a cloud of ink, it becomes particularly attractive in that medium. Possessed of considerable intelligence and endearing manners, it is reputed to live on vast quantities of oil, which it consumes by night.

The Dee Dee (*Dorrita quasi-parva*).

A gentle deer with large sad eyes, belying an incisive though not venomous tongue. Fairly wide distribution. What little is known of it is to its credit.

The Gamp (*Sara parapluvia*).

An animal of attractive appearance but ribald disposition. It possesses

numerous tails, which are concealed in its head, and appear only upon the application of gentle pressure from without, whereupon they usually generate laughing-gas. In company it frequently behaves strangely, rearing itself upon its hind legs, and even leaping upon chairs and emitting ear-splitting shrieks.

The Gum Midge (*Vidua solitaria*).

This insect becomes a pest only in periods of debate. It then frequently adheres to the chair (hence its name), and by its monotonous drone, which sounds like "the-subject-is-now-open-for-discussion," banishes all thoughts of repose.

The Jarn Dyce (*Pater Pickvickianus*).

A rare reptile with more than the proverbial wisdom of the serpent. Easily charmed by music. It is reported to have

a voracious appetite for Greek Testaments and ancient theological works, which it digests with facility. But it does not swallow everything.

The Jingle (*Rex regularum*).

The habitat of this domestic animal is constantly changing. Formerly it lived in a chair, where it was both useful and ornamental; whence it disappeared, temporarily, shortly after the commencement of St. Hilary's term. It travels long distances from an instinct of loyalty. It is fond of rules, suffering much upon their breach. It should, however, be carefully avoided at certain periods, for though normally gentle, it is then appeased only by gifts of money.

The Nancy (*Arundo clara*).

A distinctly interesting creature, though artful and crafty. Very clever with its fore-paws. Its clare obscure is de-

clared to be as delicate as an éclair, yet it is not puffed up.

The Wardle (*Gerardus jocosus*).

Naturally this bird appears in close proximity to the Nancy. As its name implies, it is of a humorous disposition. It dwells among reeds, building its nest with the aid of one of them. It was once mistaken for a secretary bird, though the resemblance disappeared after a few minutes.

The Weller (*Samuel Ahenobarbus*).

A hirsute animal of an ardent and affectionate nature. In view of the vast distribution of this creature, however, one prefers to let Weller 'lone.

The Winkle (*Vinkelis vulgaris*).

Being the limit and a mere mollusc, the Winkle appears at the end of the animal kingdom. Its principal characteristic is the difficulty of squashing it. From

it is occasionally distilled verse of a rather high flavour. By dint of strenuous exertion it has been partially domesticated. It is to be found seeking a brief existence among the rocks and shoals of the law.

A Kerosene Tin.

IF you want to carry water from the pump for household use,

To say you have no vessel is a very poor excuse,

For an out and out Australian is very sure to choose

A kerosene tin.

Have you ever seen a workman cleaning gates of iron rust?

He hammers, scrapes and files and rubs to break away the crust.

And when he's finished—ten to one—he takes away the dust

In a kerosene tin.

In certain parts of Melbourne, weeds grow on a tennis court,

And where to put this refuse, requires most serious thought.

But one 'need never trouble, if one only cares to sport

A kerosene tin.

When spending summer holidays out in a country camp,

You're feeling very dusty, returning from a tramp,
The only thing you want, in which to fetch a drop of damp—

A kerosene tin.

If out upon your poultry farm the chickens start to squeal,

You realise how horrible the pangs of hunger feel,
And set about right hastily to mix their evening meal

In a kerosene tin.

Perhaps it is you have a dog to keep the burglars off,

And yet you never thought to buy a china water trough,

The thing to requisition from which your dog can quaff

Is a kerosene tin.

When out upon a picnic mid scenery oh 'so hilly,
You cannot think what you can do, you haven't
got a billy;
But luckily your sandwiches were packed by Jane
or Lily

In a kerosene tin.

And even at the station a farmer and his daughter
Have got this useful article in which they keep
the water.

And even if they had not, they surely would have
bought a

Kerosene tin.

Away back at the diggings a miner and his son
Will wash their hands and faces when their daily
work is done.

But they really could not do it if they had not
got just one

Kerosene tin.

—WARDLE.

Peter ;
or,
Butt Me No Butts.

1.

PETER, a lad of precious precocity,
Recently seized by a frightful ferocity,
Sped o'er the turf with amazing velocity,
Smashed at a blow all his Uncle's pomposity,
Butting him low in the belt.

2.

Peter rebounded from such elasticity,
(Product of sloth and a soft domesticity.)
Uncle resenting so headlong a visit, he
Felt a sensation devoid of felicity
Playing in parts of his pelt.

3.

Simple this ditty, but void of mendacity,
Pointing a moral for all its veracity—
Never exhibit a tactless audacity
Playing the Goat with your Uncle's Capacity ;
Which should be seen, but not felt.

—HENRIETTA BOFFIN.

Laughter : Can it be Cured ?

A LEADING German education-
alist many years ago main-
tained that laughter was a most
serious fault in a boy. Whenever
a boy laughed he lectured him on the
seriousness of life. Any Pickwickian
who has been attending our club meet-
ings this year, any non-Pickwickian who

frequents places of amusement, knows that it is only too true that laughter is really very prevalent among mankind. Should this be so? It has been said that life is too important to be taken seriously. Our German educationalist, had he heard that, would probably have delivered at least six long lectures. Life should be taken seriously. Really, it is most noticeable that, almost wherever one goes among people, one finds laughter. Even if adults have a serious face you will find the children laughing, or smiling at the very least. Now, could not some organised attempt be made to put this habit down? The root of the matter is often in smiling. Prevent children from smiling, and we prevent outbursts of laughter in after years. A society might be formed for the prevention of laughter, to be called "The Society for the Promotion of Demureness."

People will never lose the habit unless trained in early childhood. A number of lecturers (of approved glumness) could make regular visits to all the kindergartens and schools. All teachers should become active members of the society. If any of them happen to have acquired the habit of occasional laughter some remedy could be suggested, such as getting up at 4 o'clock every morning, or wearing a shoe with a nail in it. Toothache is a good cure sometimes, but it is not always easy to obtain.

The people, rich and poor alike, should be warned of the consequences of this evil. A few elementary truths could be printed on large posters and posted about the streets, and hung in every household. For example, every child of six should be taught the multiplication tables—

(1) Square Measure.

12 grins, equal to one smile.

3 square (s)miles, equal to one laugh.

5½ square laughs, equal to three fits of laughter.

It should be pointed out how smiles may lead on, if not checked, even to fits of laughter. The children should be told also how wrong persisted in brings sorrow in the end, and often tears. Many persons have been known to laugh till the tears came to their eyes. After learning this, children will readily pick up the next table.

(2) Liquid Measure.

8 fits of laughter, equal to 1 bucket of tears.

4 billion buckets, equal to 1 sea of troubles.

If the lecturer when teaching this table were to have a real bucket of brine (sea-water will do,—it is unnecessary to have

real tears), and were to demonstrate how people have been actually drowned in brine, it would be effective.

When teaching the next table, the teacher should have a downcast look and glum expression, and should pull a long face.

(3) Long Measure.

4 sour frowns, equal to 1 long wrinkle.

4 long wrinkles, equal to 1 long face.

Every boy should aim at a long face. (N.B... This is strictly metaphorical.)

The energy annually squandered in laughter should be used to produce long faces.

Notorious men have helped laughter grow. Aristophanes gave it a very good beginning. Shakespeare spent one-quarter of his time, and Phil May one-sixth of his time, in producing laughter (according to the best mathematicians). It is estimated that burglars and mur-

derers spend only one-twelfth of their time in devising their infamous schemes, so that Phil May is shown at once to be twice as bad, and Shakespeare three times as bad as burglars and murderers combined. This is what laughter may come to!

Ah, yes. It will be difficult to eradicate. But what difficulty cannot heroic English men and women overcome?

I suggest that a committee be appointed to draw up a doleful constitution for the society. Oh! for the promotion of downright wretchedness among the inhabitants of this vale of tears—this Piljain's Projiss of a mortal wale—this glorious slough of despond. May many stick in its mud. That will cure them!

CAP'N CUTTLE.

The Roll of Pickwickians.

The Editorial Board has endeavoured to place names of Members in the order in which such Member joined the Club, but it cannot vouch for absolute accuracy.

ACTIVE MEMBERS—

Samuel Weller	-	-	-	-	Mr. P. Vines
Mrs. Gamp	-	-	-	-	Miss H. Fletcher
Betsy Trotwood	-	-	-	-	Miss M. Fletcher
Alfred Jingle	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. M. King
Major Bagstock	-	-	-	-	Mr. G. Ferguson
John Jarndyce	-	-	-	-	Mr. G. Bell
Captain Cuttle	-	-	-	-	Mr. E. Vines
Nancy	-	-	-	-	Miss Reid
Mrs. Gummidge	-	-	-	-	Miss Dodgson
Barnaby Rudge	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. Gaze
Mr. Winkle	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. A. Richardson
Mrs. Boffin	-	-	-	-	Mrs. J. A. Richardson
Mrs. Jellaby	-	-	-	-	Miss E. Fisher
Mrs. Harris	-	-	-	-	Miss O. Reid
Mr. Wardle	-	-	-	-	Mr. Veitch
Barkis	-	-	-	-	Mr. McCowan
Little Dorritt	-	-	-	-	Miss F. Dodgson

ABSENT MEMBERS—

Samuel Pickwick	-	-	-	-	Rev. W. Slack
Alfred Snodgrass	-	-	-	-	Mr. C. Slack
Lord Verisopht	-	-	-	-	Miss L. Slack
Oliver Twist	-	-	-	-	Mr. W. Turner
Mr. Nickleby	-	-	-	-	Mrs. J. T. Dill (nee Miss Pullar)
Tracy Tupman	-	-	-	-	Miss D. Brown

ABSENT MEMBERS—continued.

David Copperfield	-	-	-	Mr. H. Brown
Wackford Squeers	-	-	-	Mr. N. Brown
Tommy Traddles	-	-	-	Mr. J. Sutherland
Pecksniff	-	-	-	Rev. H. S. Joyce
*Little Nell	-	-	-	Miss N. Moore
Florence Dombey	-	-	-	Miss C. Turner
Sergeant Bussfuss	-	-	-	Mr. T. Littleton
Agnes Wickfield	-	-	-	Miss A. Vines
Bob Sawyer	-	-	-	Mr. F. Osborne
*Sidney Carton	-	-	-	Mr. A. Vines
Mantalini 1st	-	-	-	Mr. A. Barlow
*Bill Sykes	-	-	-	Mr. G. Townsend
*Dolly Vardon	-	-	-	Miss N. Wood
Mr. Haredale	-	-	-	Mr. Collison
Linkinwater	-	-	-	Rev. R. Felstead
Micawber	-	-	-	Mr. H. Mollard
Mark Tapley	-	-	-	Miss A. Bale
The Marchioness	-	-	-	Mrs. Love (<i>nee</i> Miss L. Bell)
Tim Swiveller	-	-	-	Mr. H. Fletcher
Mrs. Prig	-	-	-	Miss J. Sutherland
Emma Haredale	-	-	-	Mrs. Woodford Martin (<i>nee</i> Miss M. Sutherland)
*Martin Chuzzlewit	-	-	-	Mr. J. Fletcher
Lucy Manette	-	-	-	Mrs. Lothian (<i>nee</i> Miss E. Vines)
Newman Noggs	-	-	-	Mr. F. Morris
Fanny Squeers	-	-	-	Mr. W. Fitchett
Mantalini 2nd	-	-	-	Mr. W. Moore
Toots	-	-	-	Mr. W. Shum
Ned Cheeryble	-	-	-	Dr. W. Summons
Charles Cheeryble	-	-	-	Dr. W. H. Summons
Mrs. Perrybingle	-	-	-	Miss Hansen
Miss Moucher	-	-	-	Dr. G. Halley
Kate Nickleby	-	-	-	Mrs. Dr. Rutter (<i>nee</i> Dr. Dodgson)
Mrs. Peggotty	-	-	-	Miss F. Drake
Ruth Pinch	-	-	-	Miss M. Ferguson
Marley's Ghost	-	-	-	Mr. C. Storey
Meg	-	-	-	Miss Lothian

* Deceased.