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### Burnand's Burlesque on '93."

at about everywhere. The way, has been taken  
ture crashes up and down crushing sailors by  
the half-dozen. Burnand's monster is equally  
antic:

A frightful thing had just happened.

IV.—*Pulcher Lebes Piscis.*

One of the pretty kettles of fish had got  
loose.

This is, perhaps, the most formidable of  
machine accidents.

Every one was at sea.

A kettle of fish, with steam full and the  
lid on, that jumps off the stove in the ca-  
choose, becomes suddenly like some supernat-  
ural wild beast. It pitches with the pitching;  
it rolls with the rolling; it rolls with the roll-  
ing; it dances, it waltzes, polkas, mazurkas;  
cayuses like a billiard-ball; rebounds like

raquet-ball is *partout dans le magasin*; it  
 butts like a ram; pops like a weasel; it hops  
 about like old boots; it darts at you like *winking*;  
 it dashes its wig; it comes at you like 1  
 o'clock. It has the weight of a "Tupper's  
 Philosophy,"<sup>2</sup> the agility of a dancing Quaker,  
 the imperturbability of a conservative premier,  
 the obstinacy of a policeman, the uncer-  
 tainty of a bunch of bishops, the rough-  
 ness of a cabman, the longevity of an in-  
 dependent member, the violence of a home-  
 owner, the recklessness of a German chancel-  
 lor, the stately and unostentatious justice  
 of the peace, the versatility of a journalist,  
 and the deafness of a military or-

You can hear an oyster, you can get a chop  
and potato to follow, you can say bo to a  
goose, you can tickle a trout, you can hug  
the wild seashore, but there is no resource  
with a monster kettle of fish let loose.

It was, indeed, le diable *parmi les tailleurs*.  
The whole crew was astir. The scalding,  
boiling, raging waters were doing fearful  
damage. Legs, arms, fingers, toes, heads, all  
suffered horribly in turn.

It was the cook's fault. He had forgotten  
to screw the kettle down. Now, there was  
screw loose with a vengeance!

The two commanders stood at the head of  
the stairs, afraid to descend.

They were pushed aside by the elbows of  
the mysterious passengers.

"What is it?" he asked.

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"What is it, in the kitchen?" he asked.

"Fish," answered Le Brun.  
 "What beside?"  
 "Leeks. We have a store on board. The ship is full of leeks."  
 "Then nothing can save us?"  
 "Nothing—except——" The second commander paused.  
 "Except what?"  
 "Stopping the kettle. But nothing can be done without tin."  
 "I have no tin," said Bobillot-aux Cheveux-Blancs.  
 "Nor I," said the voyager, whom the crew called Massabones.  
 Suddenly, into the midst of the arena

where the fish-kettle cooked and bounded sprang a man. The cook.

Behind a mast he waited for the fish-kettle. He had dealt with it for years. It was his pet monster. He seemed to think it would recognize him.

He muttered to himself:

"It is going round like a Cook's tourist." Then addressed it, as though it loved him, and would do as he said.

"Now then! Come up, will yer," he said.

Then a Titanic struggle began. The struggle between the cook and the kettle.

[From *All the Nine Months*.]

**The Other World.**

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**HOW THE OLD FAMILIES IN EUROPE ARE WARNED TO PREPARE FOR THAT BOUNCE, ETC.**

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A mysterious knocking, never heard at any other time, tells the Lords of Bampton that one of their race is bound for the silent land, a stamping by unseen feet in the palace floor predicts a death in the family of the ducal house of Modena. A sturgeon forcing its way up the Trent, toward Clifton Hall, is

sign that the Cliftons of Nottinghamshire will have to put on mourning. For some days before the death of the heir of the Brereton the trunk of a tree is to be seen floating on the lake near the family mansion. Two giant owls perch upon the battlements of Wardour Castle when an Arundel's last hour has come. If a Devonshire Oxenham is about to die, a white-breasted bird flutters over the doomed one's head. A local tradition says that the brave and generous of Margaret, heiress of the brave and generous Sir James Oxenham, a white-breasted bird flew over the wedding guests just as Sir James rose to acknowledge their congratulations.

tions. The next day the bride fell dead at the altar, stabbed by a discarded lover. Howell saw a tombstone in a stonecutter's shop in Fleet street, in 1862, inscribed with the names of sundry persons, who thereby attested the fact that John Oxenham, Mary, his sister, James, his son, and Elizabeth, his mother, had each and all died with a white-breasted bird fluttering above their beds. A family of Loch Kanza, Arran, know when one of their kin is about to die by an invisible play-acting person on the hill side. When death purposes visiting a man at Tochnary, the unwelcome call is heralded by the spirit of a battle-slain ancestor riding the hellish horse.

fiery bride, as he gallops twice round the old homestead. As a rule, death-announcing phantoms are of the feminine gender. Nobody Holland expects to shuffle off this mortal coil until she has seen a shadowy counterfeited presentment of herself. The Middletons of Yorkshire, as becomes an ancient Catholic house, have a Benedictine nun to apprise them of a reduction in the number of Middletons. A weeping, mourning, earthly spirit warns the Stanleys of the fate of a distinguished member of the family.

at the foot of the hill, performs the office for the Grants of Rothiemurcus, and most old Highland families boasted their own familiar banshee, whose wailing, screaming and weeping tells them the head of the house must make room for his heir. Lady Fanshawe, visiting the head of an Irish sept in his moated baronial grange, was made aware that banshees were not peculiar to Scotland. Awakened at midnight by an awful, unearthly scream, she beheld by the light of the moon a female form at the window of her room, which was too far from the ground for any woman of mortal mould to reach. The creature owned a prettily

ty, pale face and red dishevelled hair, and was clad in the garb of old—very old—Ireland. After exhibiting herself some time, the interesting specter shrieked twice and vanished. When Lady Llanfair saw that what she had seen he was not at all surprising, she had no real relation," said he, "died last night in this castle. We kept our expectation of the event from you lest it should throw a cloud upon the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in the family and castle, the female specter you saw always becomes visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, to whom one of my ancestors married, and

**SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM.**—According to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* there are schools in journalism as there are schools in literature. There is the old matter-of-fact, muscular school of James Gordon Bennett, the elder. There are the genial blue jacked and white-trowelled school of Mr. Dana, and the swallow-tail-coated and standing-collared school of Mr. Tilden. There are excellent schools of fortune and family. There is a young man's private-aller at Scribner's.

McCluggage shooting-gallery in St. Louis, Mo. Mr. McLean's equestrian for breaking, took place in Cincinnati. (Mr. Halstead, by the by, got his first lesson in the harness there.) The academy of Deacon Richard Smith is too well known to need more than a reference. It is conducted on strictly moral principles and is recommended to young ladies with editorial proclivities. The Chicago school is peculiar. One might mistake it for a zoologic garden; and, indeed, it does abound with startling freaks of the most animated nature. Near it is the Hyde-and-Seek school in Missouri. Then we have the picturesque school of the

of Franklin Square and Park Place, the wicked may see themselves in others there. Beside these, there are the old school which is perpetually bad, and the new school are sent to reform the whole world. Mr. Storey, a leading professor in the old school, says: "White is dean of the faculty in the new school." It was Mr. Storey who, when asked if he did not wish to save his fellow mortals from damnation, replied, "No, sir; there ain't half as many damned as ought to be, and who would have the consolation of seeing three or four years of purgatory decided 'It is better to let them burn than to let them stay in purgatory nothing.' " Mr. Halstead said that the new schools are the only ones that are better than the old ones. He is, it

deceitful, like Mr. White, nor the other things like Mr. Storey; he is not so long as Mr. Reed, nor so short as Mr. McCullagh; he is neither a Bowles, a Dana nor a Hyde. (He is in any way resembled the editor of the world he might be passed off for a man with a Marble Heart; but, as he does not, it would be as irrelevant to describe him as the Mask in the Iron Mask, or give him the title of any other of the French plays of the period.)











