

Illustrated Interviews.

No. X.—MR. F. C. BURNAND.

THIS is not the first time that a resident of The Boltons, Kensington, has "spoken" in these pages. On the last occasion of a visit to what Madame Albani's little boy happily refers to as "our village," it was to take tea and notes with the famous singer. About a dozen doors from Madame Albani's the figures 27 are painted on the portals of a large white house. No. 27 stands for the London residence of Mr. F. C. Burnand—Ramsgate, by the bye, is his country abode. A veritable volume of correspondence passed between Mr. Burnand and myself before we met—a budget of humour which prepared me for the chat which was to

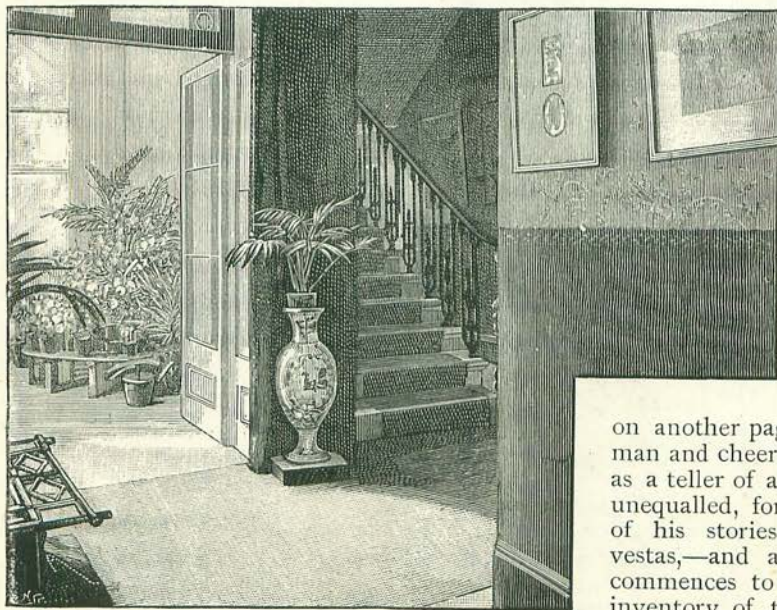
bed—he couldn't help it—until at last he wound up the series of fun *à la* influenza, by hoping that I was, like Charles II. when he came back to the throne once again, "thoroughly restored!" Then he made the final appointment. He wrote—"How"—that's your affair; 'When'—Thursday next, 12 o'clock; 'Where'—27, The Boltons."

Thursday, 12 noon. Scene—27, The Boltons. I am discovered. Enter Mr. Burnand, followed by the household pet—a remarkably fine creature with a noteworthy tale; but I am requested to take no notice of the cat's tail, as it is the history of its owner—that is, of course, Mr. Burnand—I am there to learn. Mr. Burnand wears a lounge jacket and the familiar tie loosely hanging

from the neck. He is of medium height, and strongly built. His hair is grey, and carefully parted down the middle. His face is ruddy and his expression happy, with an irresistible twinkle about the eyes. For his appearance in past years we must refer our readers to the portraits of celebrities

on another page. He is a merry man and cheerful companion—and as a teller of anecdote is probably unequalled, for he acts every one of his stories. Cigars, and wax vestas,—and a journalistic bailiff commences to take his customary inventory of the contents of the house.

The entrance hall contains Chinese vases filled with palms. Over the fireplace is a very early oil painting of Mr. Burnand, with note-book and pencil in hand, by the late J. Prescott Knight, once secretary of the Royal Academy. Some of the sketches are particularly good. Just by the door is a pen-and-ink sketch on a sheet



From a Photo, by]

THE ENTRANCE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

follow. It was all through the influenza. It claimed both interviewer and interviewed for its own, fortunately only for a limited period. But even influenza cannot overcome humorous instincts. Mr. Burnand cracked jokes and forwarded them under cover to me, even whilst he lay in

of writing paper by Sir John Gilbert, dated May, 1877. It is a Cavalier, "treated in a cavalier manner." Another clever drawing by the same artist, done a year later, represents an inn of the medieval era, with the landlord rushing out with the bill, at his heels a dog "of the Middle Ages" barking, and a knight galloping away on horseback, with his fingers extended, and very rudely placed in close proximity to his nose. It is called "Tick." Sir John Gilbert writes underneath, "The artist, anxious to serve and please his employer, has given to the subject suggested the grandest and most thoughtful care. In truth, it is one which calls for the deepest consideration, principally because of the novelty of the subject: never before has a gallant knight been so depicted. Let it not be seen. Hide it, destroy it—the designer is ashamed of it." The explanation of it all is written on the picture by its present owner: "Sent to me by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in consequence of my *Punch* notice about his 'Ready' picture in Royal Academy, 1878, wherein I suggested that his next subject should be *Tick*.—F. C. B." Just then a wire-haired fox-terrier, the property of one of Mr. Burnand's sons, rushes up as a reminder to note a



couple of canine etchings by Harding Cox.

Nearer in the direction of the conservatory is a black and white of Miss Dorothy Dene, by Sir Frederic Leighton, a delightful little group of Dutch children by G. H. Boughton, and hard by a couple of pictures, reproduced in these pages. They are reminiscences of Mr. Burnand's famous burlesque of Douglas Jerrold's nautical drama, "Black-Eyed Susan," which had a run of over four hundred consecutive nights at the Royalty Theatre. The first is by Fred Walker, and shows Fred C. Dewar as *Captain Crosstree*, and Miss Patty Oliver as the dark-eyed *Susan* (see next page). Their signatures are appended.

In this burlesque a low-comedy actor, who was a marvelously clever dancer also, named Danvers, played *Dame Hatley*. His feet moved at such a rate that when John Tenniel went to see it he chronicled the effect of the dancer's feet, as seen in the other drawing, writing below it—

Decr. 15, 1875.

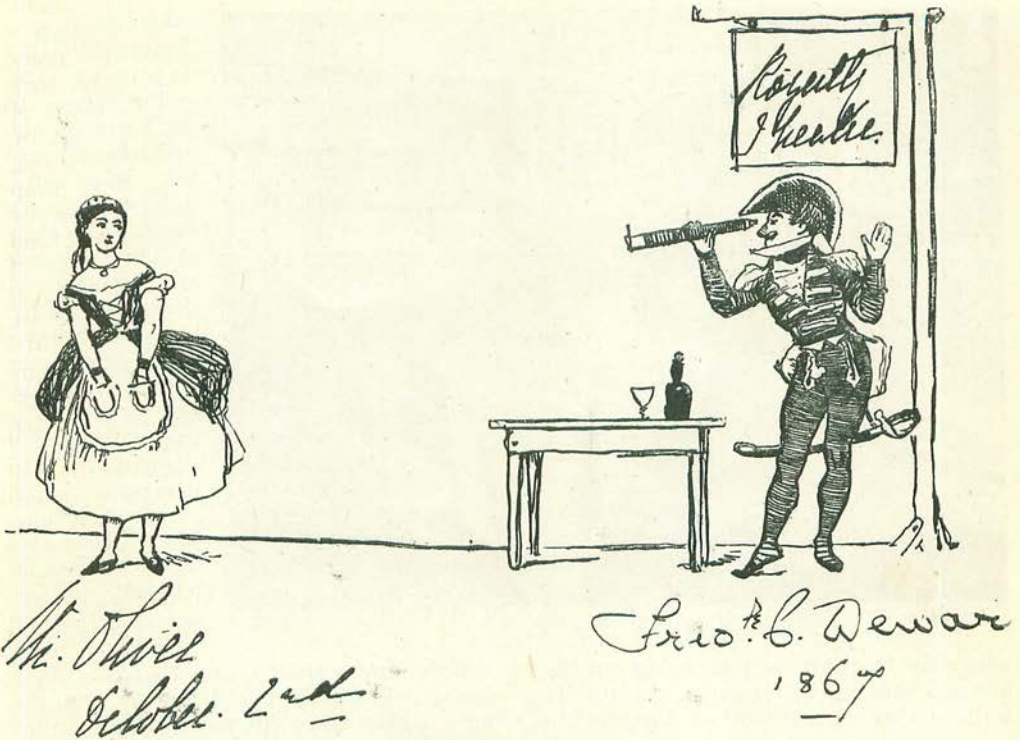
Dear F. C. B.,
The sketch you see
Of *Dame Hatley*
In your *comédie*
Burlesq—u—e
Was sketched by me
From memorie.

Haste,

Yours,
J. T.

The drawing-room is a quiet, pretty apartment, lighted by a huge chandelier suspended in the

Dec. 15.
1875.
Dear F. C. B.,
The sketch you see
Of *Dame Hatley*,
In your *comédie*
Burlesq—u—e,
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Haste.
Yours—



SKETCH BY FRED WALKER.

centre. The walls are of cream and amber. The mirrors are many, some in white enamelled frames, others in crimson plush. The windows are draped with lace and rose-coloured curtains. The portraits are not numerous—these pictorial reminders of friends are for the most part at Ramsgate—but one notes an excellent likeness of the Pope, an early cabinet of the owner of the house, and another of Mr. Toole as *Paw Claudian*. On a table is a great album containing reproductions of some of the works of art in the collection of Theophilus Burnand, Esq., uncle of Mr. F. C. There are some grand

examples by Goodall, Cooper, Cooke, Horsley, Sant, &c., including Roberts' great work of the "Interior of Milan Cathedral." The dining-room looks on the garden,



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

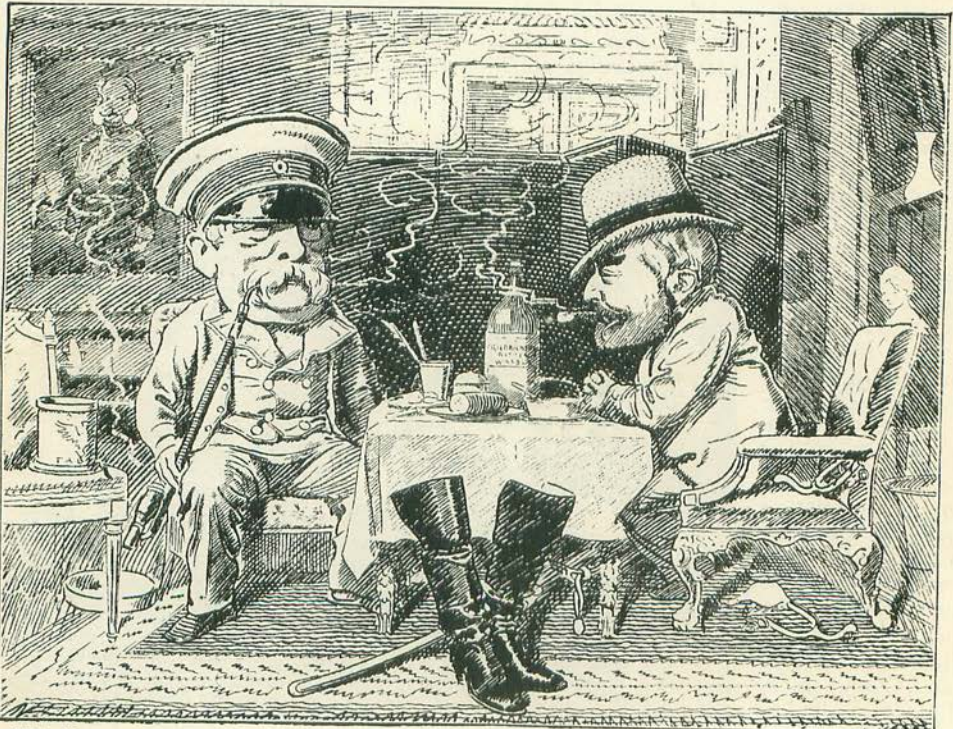
THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

oaken sideboard, flowers—the tiny narcissus and yellow lily—fill the vases on the mantelpiece, and the “latest out” in books are lying about. Over one of the bookcases are a trio of sketches by Linley Sambourne, the centre of which shows Mr. Burnand smoking a cigar with Bismarck, and now publicly seen for the first time. Mr. Burnand went to Aix-la-Chapelle, and this was sent to him by Mr. Sam-

where the trees are just shooting out their first welcome to the return of spring. The walls of this room are of a calm pale blue. Silver cups and tankards are set out on the

bourne in remembrance thereof. As a matter of fact, the two B's never met, but for all that the picture is a very “happy thought.” An etching by Professor Hubert



Sketch by]

THE TWO B'S.

[Linley Sambourne.

Herkomer of Mr. J. S. Forbes, the chairman of the L. C. and D. Railway, hangs on the walls, and considerable space is taken up by the same accomplished artist's striking life-size picture of Mr. F. C. Burnand. Just beneath this is a crayon drawing of Mr. Burnand's mother at the age of fifteen, which we here reproduce. Upstairs in Mr. Burnand's dressing-room is a delightful painting of the same lady by A. E. Chalon, R.A., done in 1834. I could not help looking upon this room and the adjoining bedroom with some considerable curiosity. Mr. Burnand has only been an occupant of the house for a few months. This room was once occupied by Miss Elliott, who afterwards became Mrs. Osborne.

The study is to the left of the entrance hall, and is made bright by a small glass conservatory in the window. The writing table is a large one. The letter-clips are suggestive. One takes the shape of a huge silver "B," the other is a silver anchor twined round with golden ropes. On this table a double row of books are set out—the back row comprising a dozen or more standard dictionaries.

The chair occupied by Mr. Burnand when writing is of black ebony—when reading, a dis-

tingly comfortable-looking brown leather easy-chair. The little wooden stage which stands close by is five-and-twenty years old. It is an exact model of the stage of the old Royalty, with only one trap-door, which was used for everything, from the unexpected appearance of a sprite to the sudden disappearance of a banquet. To-day Mr. Burnand works out all his situations on it when play-writing. He uses figures for his characters, just as Mr. W. S. Gilbert does, and, in the old 'New Royalty' days, Patty Oliver would often have these wooden characters dressed up in diminutive silks and satins. I counted a dozen pipes on the mantel-board—from a small meerschaum to a

weighty cherrywood. All round the apartment are bookshelves, with convenient cupboards below.



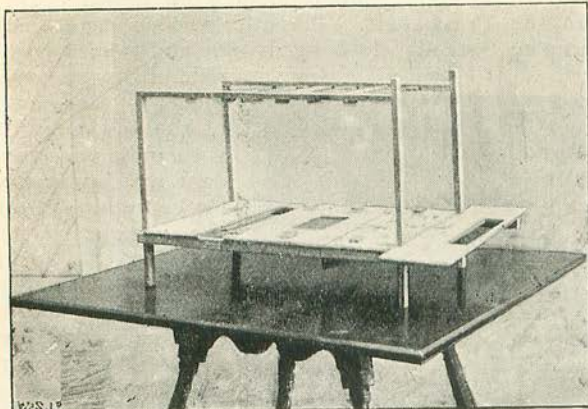
From a MR. BURNAND'S MOTHER. [Painting.]



From a Photo. by)

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by]

MR. BURNAND'S MODEL STAGE.

[Elliott & Fry.

"Ah! that snuff-box," exclaimed Mr. Burnand, as I took up an old gold Empire box, on the lid of which was a bouquet of diamonds. "It was a legacy. It belonged to an old friend on whom I was continually playing practical jokes when stopping at his house. He had a habit of always keeping the box by the side of him at the head of the table, to which his hand used to wander in search of it continually. On the occasion of a dinner party, I hid the box. Dinner proceeded. My host's fingers wandered to the customary place—he was in a great fidget—the box not there, of course. He appealed to us, but we knew nothing about it. He left the room in search of it—it was nowhere to be found. Just as I was leaving I drew him on one side and said quietly, 'My dear old chap, just a little testimonial I want to present to you!' and put the snuff-box in his hand.

"Ah!" he chuckled, 'you seem very fond of that snuff-box.' He must have gone to his room that very night and made an addition to his will, for many years passed before he died, and—he left me the snuff-box."

A set of boxing-gloves and single-sticks are picturesquely arranged on one of the book-cases. Mr. Burnand is as fond to-day of a fencing bout or a little "play" with the gloves as he was when he was at Eton, where he was taught to become useful in this direction by a Corporal Munday.

Mr. Burnand began life as a baby just seven months before Her Gracious Majesty ascended the throne. The latter event was in June, 1837, and the former in November, 1836. Mr. Burnand claims to be a "cockney"—he was born somewhere within the sound of Bow Bells, and was christened

Francis Cowley. He was sent to school when barely seven years old, and at his third school, at Paul's Cray, Kent, he shared a bed-room with a schoolfellow who had a marvellous memory, and when lights went out they would lie awake together whilst the youth would whisper to little Francis plot after plot of Scott's novels. Francis used to dramatise them and act them. His first real dramatic effort, however, was at Eton.

"I went to Eton," said Mr. Burnand, "soon after I was thirteen. I did my fagging very well. Fagging! an excellent thing. It cannot fail to give a boy a vast amount of respect for his superiors. I well



MR. BURNAND AS "POPPLER."

remember the pain I felt when I had to expend five shillings in the purchase of my own birch. I wish I had kept that birch—it would have been an excellent reminder. I lived in the Rev. Gifford Cooksley's house. He was a very funny fellow. He was wonderfully kind-hearted—so kind-hearted, indeed, that if he had a fellow birched he would not see him for a couple of days afterwards. Cooksley was very fond of theatricals. He often took a party of us—some seven or eight—to the old Windsor theatre. He paid all expenses—seats in the dress circle, and a supper afterwards. After the performance we would go on the stage and chat with the actors. If there were any children playing he always had sixpence for them. Well, I wrote a play called 'Guy Fawkes Day,' and it was produced in Gifford Cooksley's own room. This same piece was also played for one night only at the Worthing Theatre soon afterwards. The manager was to have a benefit, and he called on a relative of mine asking for his patronage. The condition of granting it was that 'Guy Fawkes Day' should be produced. It was.

"I went to Trinity College, Cambridge, when I was 17, and remained there until 20, when I took my B.A. degree."

I shall probably be correct in saying that though studies were not forgotten acting was ever remembered. It was there that he started the famous Amateur Dramatic Company, of which he is still a member, and only recently the Honourable James Lowther set a movement on foot for the painting of the founder's portrait, a commission having been given to Mr. C. M. Newton, the artist. At Cambridge Mr. Burnand wrote some of the brightest and merriest

farces ever conceived. They had the true ring of humour about them. He hands me a little volume. It contains some of the many pieces he wrote whilst at Cambridge. "Villikins and his Dinah" was the first, in which the author played *Gruffin*; another was "In for a Holyday," in which Mr.

Burnand played *Mr. Gustavus Popple*, a young gentleman retained between ten and three by Government; "Romance under Difficulties," in which the author appeared as *Timothy Diggles*; and "Alonzo the Brave, or Faust and the Fayre Imogene," in which Mr. Burnand acted a prominent part. Through this little volume are scattered criticisms in ink and pencil. Here are some suggestive remarks made on the fly-leaf respecting "St. George and the Dragon! An historical-comical-but-still-slightly-mythical burlesque":

"Wednesday the 20th February, 1855."

"First night of the burlesque. Alf Thompson obliged to throw up the *King* on account of being ordered off instant to the Crimea on the 19th. (3 p.m.) Thornhill took the part. The first act, with the exception of *St. George's* speech, song—Tuftee's song—and the last chorus, hung fire; Kelly

utterly forgetting his part, and the prompter being among the chorus he (Kelly) was a 'gone coon.' Act II. *Zara* took, but the duets between *Zara* and *Dragon* went flatly. 'Oh diddle do' encored *dubiously*. The Bones dance encored *dubiously*. *Fanny Frail*, great success. Scene 2nd, very fair. 'Cheap Chesterfield.' Scene 1st, Act III. *poor*, and Mr. F. C. Burnand *slightly forgot his tag which—*" It is chronicled that the second night of burlesque was better. "Mr. Kelly got on very well, and having discovered the jokes in



MR. BURNAND AS "RUMTIFOOZLE."

the day time they were taken in the evening."

Mr. Burnand told with great gusto of his interview with the Vice-Chancellor for permission for the first performance.

The worthy Vice-Chancellor was in a hurry, as he had to attend a "meeting of the Heads." Was it a Greek play? Good gracious, no; it was "Box and Cox." After the query as to the Greek drama, young Burnand was afraid to tell him the title, and therefore merely said, "We are thinking of playing a little piece by Mr. Maddison Morton."

"Fellow of Trinity?" asked the Vice-Chancellor.

He was not.

"Um! And you propose acting a play written by Mr. Morton, who is *not* a Fellow of Trinity? What is the name?"

"*Box and Cox*," replied the undergrad.

Fortunately time prevented the Vice-Chancellor from asking if Box and Cox were Fellows of Trinity, and he went forth and laid the matter before "the Heads." The permission was denied. But Mr. Burnand and his fellow Thespians were not to be put down by the Heads. They got a couple of rooms at "The Hoop Hotel," and after having ladders placed handy for escape in case the college authorities got wind of the occurrence, a start was made. From that day the club has remained one of the most successful of all amateur societies. Here is the first programme:—

A.D.C.

This evening will be presented
A FAST TRAIN! HIGH PRESSURE!!
EXPRESS!!

<i>Colonel Jack Delaware</i>	Mr. G. Seymour.
<i>Griffin</i>	Mr. Tom Pierce.
<i>Biffin</i>	Mr. A. Herbert.

To be followed by

DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO
CAMBERWELL?

<i>Chesterfield Honeybun</i>	Mr. Tom Pierce.
<i>Crank</i>	Mr. W. Smith.
<i>Mrs. Houghton</i>	Mr. C. Digby.
<i>Mrs. Crank</i>	Mr. T. King.
<i>Mrs. Jewell</i>	Mr. R. Johnson.

To conclude with the Burlesque Tragic Opera,
BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

<i>Artaxominous (King of Utopia)</i> ...	Mr. Tom Pierce.
<i>Fusbos</i>	Mr. T. King.
<i>General Bombastes</i>	Mr. James Beale.
<i>Distaffina</i>	Mr. C. Digby.

Army, Courtiers, &c.

Acting Manager—Tom Pierce, Esq.

Stage Manager—N. Yates, Esq.

Prompter—J. Shepherd, Esq.

Scenery and Appointments by S. J. E. Jones, Esq.

Many of these names were *noms de théâtre*. Mr. A. Herbert was General FitzGerald, whilst Mr. Tom Pierce was Mr. F. C. Burnand. It was under the name of "Tom Pierce" that he wrote many successful plays. The portraits reproduced in these pages show Mr. Burnand in many of the characters which he played at Cambridge—as *Poppo*, in "In for a Holyday"; as *Mephistopheles*, in "Alonzo the Brave"; as *Jumbo*, in "Turkish Waters"; as *Rumti-foozle*; and as the *Ex-Chicken*, with Mr. Quinton Twiss—a celebrated amateur—as *Benjamin Bobbin*, in "B. B.," a farce written by Mr. F. C. Burnand in conjunction with Mr. Montagu Williams. Mr. Burnand still has the MS. of the original plot of "Alonzo the Brave," produced at Cambridge.

"Well," Mr. Burnand continued, in his happiest mood, "I took my degree, and left



MR. BURNAND AS "MEPHISTOPHELES."



QUINTON TWISS AS "BENJAMIN BOBBIN."

MR. BURNAND AS THE "EX-CHICKEN."

Cambridge. I may tell you that during my last year at Cambridge I determined to adopt the Church as my profession, and an uncle of mine promised me a good country living, which was at that time in his gift. My studies were commenced under Dr. Harold Browne, and continued at Cuddesdon College, under the Rev. H. P. Liddon—subsequently Canon Liddon. However, I finally found myself in the Seminary of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, of which community Dr. Henry Edward Manning—the late Cardinal—was the head. I have seen Cardinal Manning—remember, I am speaking of the days when I was at Bayswater—put up his fists and spar and hit out most scientifically with all the fun imaginable. In his quiet way he would say, as he 'let go' his left at an imaginary foe, 'Ah! I think I could do it.' I must confess to commencing a play even whilst I was studying there. I finished my reading, and left. Previous to doing so, I went in to see Dr. Manning.

"'Well, well,' he said, 'and what are you going to do?'"

"'I'm not quite sure, Dr. Manning,' was my reply.

"'Ah!' said the Doctor, 'I'm afraid you have no vocation for the priesthood.'

"'No,' I said, 'I have no vocation—at least, not for the priesthood.'

"'I don't understand,' the Doctor exclaimed; 'what you mean by a vocation for anything else. This is a great question, and one concerning the soul.'

"'Then I went straight at it. 'Well, Doctor,' I said, 'I rather thought of going on the stage.'

"'Why, you might as well call cobbling a vocation,' the Doctor said, surprised.

"'Yes,' I replied, quietly, 'there would be more *sole* in it, wouldn't there?'"

"'I can see him now laughing. He let me go.

"'Shortly after that I went to Edinburgh, where I met my old Etonian school friend, Mr. Montagu Williams, and acted at Mr. Wyndham's—Robert Wyndham, not Charles—Theatre. Then I stayed a good time at Esher with George Meredith. He had just written his first book, 'Richard Feverell'—a work never beaten by himself. I have a first edition of it. I came to London, and went to the Bar—not with success. I did a little at the Clerkenwell Sessions. Why did I give up the Bar? The following is the reason: I made a fearful hash of a case of forgery in which the wife was committed with her husband. I had to defend the wife, Besley was for the prosecution. It will show you how much I knew about the ways of the court when I tell you that I actually asked

Besley what to do. He wrote back on a slip of paper, 'Just get up and say, "Coercion by husband."' I did. Russell Gurney, the Recorder, at once discharged her. The ungrateful woman was so cross at being separated from her husband that she took off her boot and threw it at me. With the throwing of the boot I threw up the Bar.

"I was then play-writing. My first piece was produced at the St. James's, under the direction of Chatterton and Miss Wyndham. It ran a hundred nights—a very considerable run in those days. I got £25 down, and £2 a night for it. How did I get my first commission? I will tell you. At one time of great distress and difficulty I had to sell all my books. I thought to myself, 'I've got four plays printed, why should they not bring me a little coin?' I called on Mr. Lacy in the Strand, and he gave me £8 for them. I had a MS. of 'Dido,' which I had shown to Mr. W. B. Donne, the Licensor of Plays. He advised me to show it to Robson. Robson had just produced a burlesque on 'Medea,' so could not manage it. I gave the MS. to Lacy to look over. Shortly afterwards I had a letter from him asking me to come down to his shop. It seems a Mr. Chas. Young had been struck by the piece. Young was an Australian comedian. He liked one of the parts, and promised to show it to Chatterton, one of the then lessees of the St. James's. Chatterton accepted it. At this time I did not know a soul in the literary world. Then I wrote 'B. B.' with Montagu Williams, another piece—'The Isle of St. Tropez'—with him for the Wigans, and I was writing burlesques pretty frequently for the Olympic.

"Robson was unequalled as a comedian. He was a great study, with wonderful flashes of real wit at rehearsal. He played in 'B. B.,' and I may tell you that it was his personality which suggested the part to Montagu Williams and myself. At rehearsal Robson used to make us laugh so

much that we couldn't get on, and a farce taking forty minutes to play would often take three hours with him to rehearse. In the midst of a passage he would shout, 'Oh! oh! I've thought of such a funny thing! Now supposing,' addressing a brother actor, 'I put my left hand on your shoulder just in that part. Now let's run through that little bit again!'

"We did as he requested, and at the situation Robson would put his *right* hand on the other actor's shoulder, which, of course, reversed the positions. When we remonstrated with him it was always, 'Oh, the other wouldn't have done at all!'"

It will be a surprise to many to know that Mr. Burnand's connection with *Punch*—of which paper he was destined years after to become the Editor—commenced when he was at college. He was a capital draughtsman, and recorded his impressions pictorially on

the fly-leaf of any book he could lay his pencil on. There are, in Vol. xxviii. of *Punch*, a couple of pictures, with no signatures, drawn by Leech, the original drawings for which were sent to Mark Lemon—then the Editor—by Mr. Burnand whilst at Cambridge. One is on page 28 of the volume. This is entitled, "Friendly, but Very Unpleasant":—

Lively Party (charging elderly gentleman with his umbrella): "Halloa, Jones!"
Disgust of Elderly Party, whose name is Smith,



MR. BURNAND AS "JUMBO."



Dean. "WELL, SIR?"

Small University Man (under the impression that he has irritated the DEAN by his conspicuous moustaches). "I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR, ABOUT—ABOUT—MY MOUSTACHIOS!"

Dean. "SOME MISTAKE, SIR! I DIDN'T PERCEIVE THAT YOU HAD ANY!"

MR. BURNAND AND THE DEAN.

By kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

The "Elderly Party's" face is just as Mr. Burnand drew it; the other is Leech's own, and, therefore, all the more remarkable. The second picture, here given, is still more interesting. Though Mr. Burnand knew neither Leech nor Mark Lemon, when he sent the drawing he requested John Leech to be kind enough to copy the Dean exactly, as it was a likeness of the Rev. Mr. Hedley, Senior Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge, while the youth was a burlesque presentment of himself. Owing to Mr. Burnand's going in for acting, he had sacrificed a very small moustache.

Mr. Burnand had very little difficulty in getting on the staff of *Punch*. Whilst engaged in playwriting he also did considerable journalistic work, and amongst other journals was with the late Henry J. Byron and Mr. W. S. Gilbert on *Fun*. Tom Hood was editor then, and the proprietor a looking-glass manufacturer named Maclean.

"Maclean," said Mr. Burnand, "used to smile very broadly, and show a set of teeth that led Byron to call him *Maclean teeth*. I took a very good idea to Maclean. It was

to imitate the popular novelists of the day, and I drew out the first sketch for his inspection. He wouldn't see it. I wrote to Mark Lemon and asked him to see me. He did; he saw me and my notion at once. The first was to be a burlesque of a page in *The London Journal*. Sir John Gilbert was illustrating that paper at the time.

"We'll get Gilbert to do the pictures," cried Lemon. Gilbert undertook the work, and so it came about that he had to burlesque himself! Millais did a picture for it, so did 'Phiz,' Du Maurier, and Charles Keene.

"Keene! I never knew Keene tell an anecdote in his life. He couldn't. He could recollect something about a story, but could never get through it. There he would sit, pulling away at his little stump of a pipe, and all of a sudden break out into a laugh and chuckle, and endeavour to contribute his anecdote something in this style:

"I can't help laughing"—chuckle. 'I once went to see'

—chuckle—'somebody—I forget his name, but *you'll* know—about twenty-five years ago'—chuckle. 'When I say twenty-five I mean two or three years ago'—chuckle. 'I was going from'—chuckle—'what's that place? Ah! I forget, but it was on a 'bus. There, it was the funniest thing you ever saw'—prolonged chuckle—'I was outside—no, it was inside, when suddenly the man said to me—'

"What man, Charlie?' we would ask.

"Why, *the* man. He said to me—no, it wasn't me. Ah! well, it's no matter'—chuckle.

"Well, what made you laugh, Charles?' was our question.

"Why, *the*'—chuckle—'the—the joke!'

"What joke?'

"Well'—chuckle—'I hardly remember the joke; but—*it was about that time!*'

"Poor Keene had an anecdote which he always wound up with, 'They *were* Ribston pippins,' but nobody ever knew what the story was about, or where it began.

"Oh, yes, I knew Thackeray well. Thackeray sold me once. It happened at his house at Prince's-gate, on the occasion of

my first visit there. He had his study fitted up with bookshelves all round. Thackeray would invariably lead up the conversation with a reference to some poet. I thought him in error one day, so I said, 'I don't think that is the quotation.'

"'I think so,' replied Thackeray. 'But there are his works on that shelf,' pointing to the door, on which were arranged shelves, as I thought; 'mount the ladder and see for yourself.'

"I did so, made a grasp for the volume, and found they were all dummies! Thackeray was delighted."

To-day Mr. Burnand sits in the identical chair once occupied by Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and Tom Taylor, the latter of whom he succeeded as editor of *Punch* in 1880. It is an

old-fashioned wooden armchair. Every Wednesday night the famous *Punch* dinner is held. About fourteen sit down at the ancient table, on which are cut the names of everybody—cut with their own hands—who have been privileged to find a seat there. One visitor invariably creeps into the editor's room—the *Punch* cat. It is the biggest cat in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street, and when Mr. Burnand is working it always perches on his chair. The *Punch* dinner is a suggestive meal. Everybody there contributes some idea. After dinner the members of the *Punch* staff go into committee on the political and social topics of the day. The result of this deliberation is the cartoon and second

cartoon, or "Cartoon, junior," of the next number.

It is a remarkable fact that only one mishap in the principal cartoon has happened during Mr. Burnand's editorship. It was at the period when Khartoum was supposed to be all right and General Gordon

safe. All England was expecting Gordon's release, and *Punch* appeared with a picture of him—triumphant. Mr. Burnand was on his way with Mr. Sambourne to an exhibition of pictures in Bond-street. Suddenly the news-boys were heard shouting. Their rapid and often unintelligible utterances were misunderstood by Mr. Burnand, who turned to his companion and said, "Well, we are all right with the cartoon."

But the boys drew nearer.

"I don't think that is what they are crying," Mr. Sambourne said. "I'll get a paper."

The paper contained the news of the death of General Gordon.

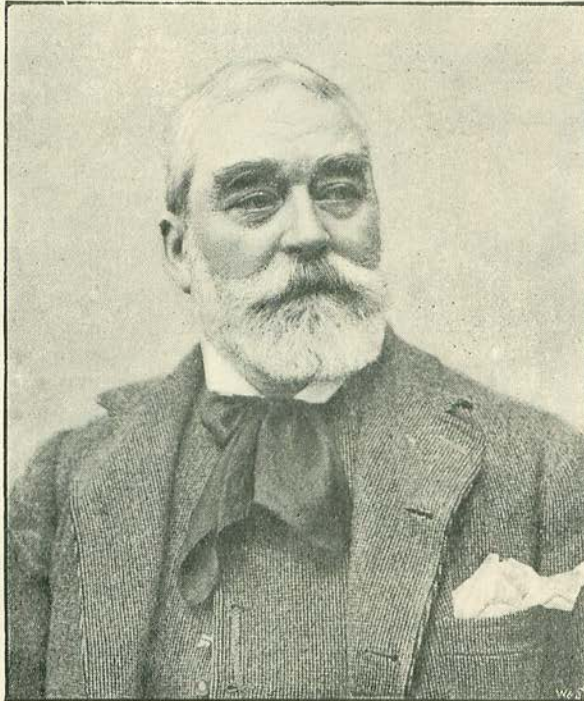
A Parisian paper, in commenting upon the prediction in *Punch*, said the cartoon "showed what all England was expecting."

I was just leaving The Boltons, and shaking hands with Mr. Burnand.

"How does one become a humorist?" I asked.

"Oh!" was the reply, "it comes from having a serious turn of mind and not yielding to it!"

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

MR. BURNAND.

[Elliott & Fry.