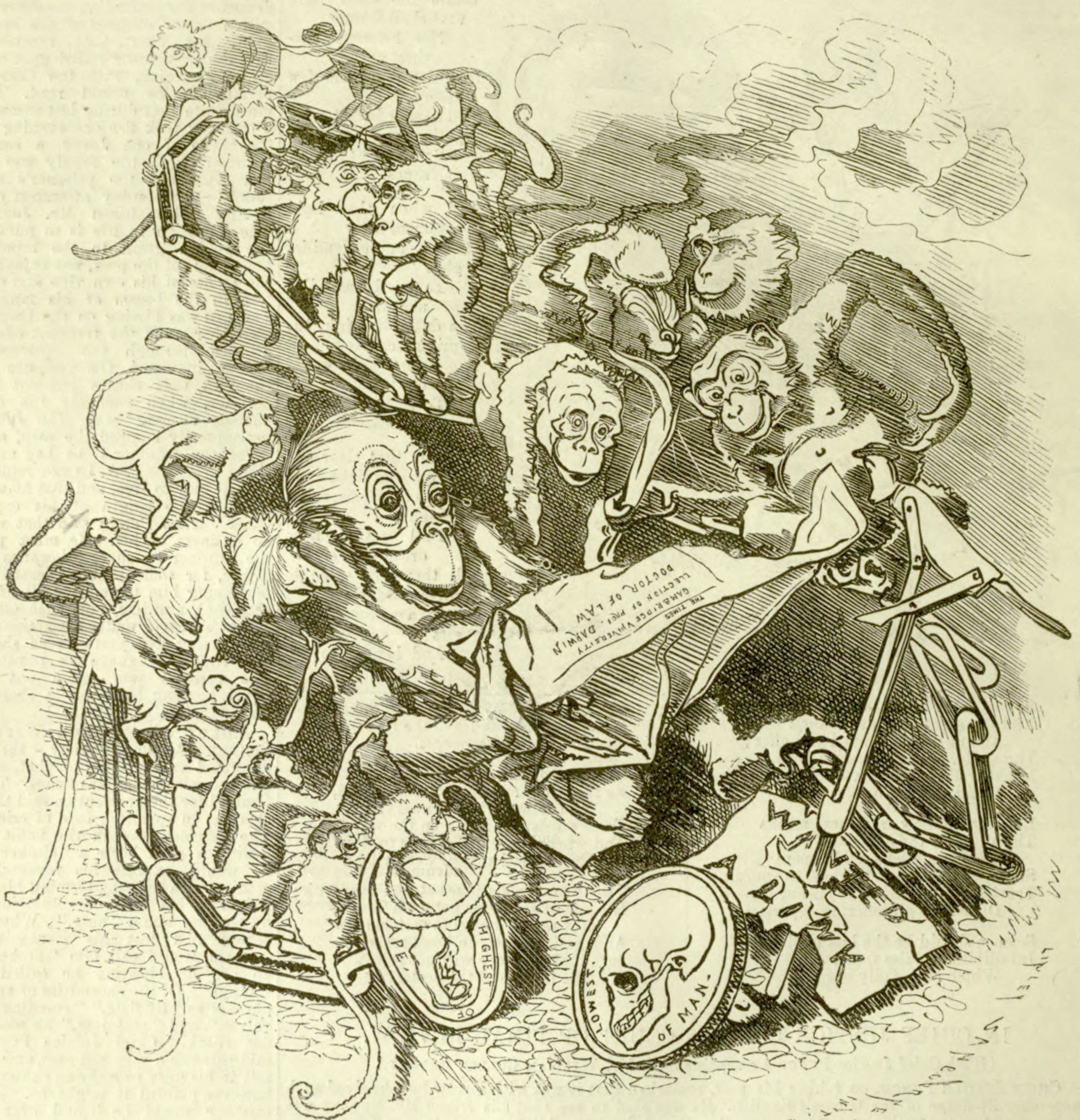


GREAT INTERNATIONAL QUADRUMANOUS CONGRESS.

(From our Special Correspondent)



WE have received a telegraphic Report of proceedings at the Session of the Great International Congress of *Quadrumana*, which has been assembled for some days past at the Central Sacred Grove, in the island of Ceylon.

The Congress sits in an open area in the precincts of the principal temple, partly shaded by a large mangrove, the fork of which forms the Presidential chair. A couple of fallen palms serve as table and bar, and other trees form a convenient gallery around.

The members are grouped according to geographical seniority. The Anthropoid Apes, or Apestocracy, occupy the extreme right, heading the Monkeys of the Old World. The Platyrrhine Section, or New World Monkeys, are grouped on the left; and the Austra-

lian Lemurs occupy the gallery behind the bar. Honourable Members speak from their respective trees.

On the opening day, the members of the Congress arrived, *en masse*, with great rapidity. The largest Gorilla swung himself into the chair, with the brief inaugural speech — "By right of my majority here I am, and here I stay. If there is a bigger monkey, let him turn me out." The Silky Tamarin was named Secretary, as junior, or smallest, member present. He took his seat on a branch above the President, carefully removing his tail from within reach of that dignitary.

The President said he proposed that they should commence the business of the Congress by a vote of respect and regret to the



### “MISTAKEN IDENTITY.”

SCENE—Northern Meeting at Inverness. PERSONS REPRESENTED—IAN GORM and DOUGALD MOHR, *Gillies*. MR. SMITH, of London.

*First Gillie*. “WULL YON BE THE MACWHANNEL, IAN GORM?”

*Second Ditto*. “NO!! HES NAK-UM IS MUSTER SMUTH! AND HE AHL-WAYS WEARS THE KULT—AND IT IS FOOHL THAT YOU AAR, TOUGALT MOHR!!”

memory of one of his own family, *Pongo*, the first Gorilla who had exposed himself, in the cause of discovery, science, and philanthropy, to the dangers of missionary enterprise in Europe, and had paid for his devotion with his life. Not satisfied with labouring in Germany, he had extended his efforts to London, and had succumbed to his labours in that benighted and befogged metropolis soon after his return to Berlin.

The vote was passed in solemn silence.

The Green Monkey, the Marmoset, the *Cercocebus*, and the *Semnopithecus*, as returned (or escaped) missionary delegates to England, Italy, France, and Germany, sat at the base of the President's tree. Their worn, sorrowful, and highly-civilised aspect contrasted with the genuine hilarity of the members, who were all dressed in their new winter coats.

The Barbary Ape said that for the first time he felt proud of the appellation of English Monkey. From the report of their missionary delegates he thought that great hopes might be entertained of their poor human brethren.

The Chimpanzee rose to order. He could not allow the term “brother” to apply to any but his fellow-countrymen, the Negroes. Were colour and physiognomy to go for nothing?

The Silky Tamarin suggested, “Poor hairless relatives.”

The Proboscis Monkey said—“Not absolutely hairless. Say fallen relatives—they admitted the fall.” (*General groans of assent.*)

The Barbary Ape—“The fall was proved by their inhabiting the earth, instead of living in trees. Owing to this, their hind hands had become so disfigured as to become almost useless, and they were obliged to conceal them.” (*Howls.*) “Then the use of animal food caused the mixture of gravity and stupidity which distinguished them.”

A Voice from the left—“Monkeys who had lost their tails.” (*Howls. Cries of “Order!”*)

The Cynocephalus—“If the Left cannot respect the Right, let it at all events respect the Chair!”

At this point the meeting was thrown into great excitement by

the arrival of a telegram, dated “Senate House, Cambridge,” announcing the honour paid to the Anthropoid family in the person of their great rehabilitator, CHARLES DARWIN—now D.C.L., Cantab.

The Chairman, in reading the telegram, expressed his regret that the Quadruman family had not been more directly represented on the occasion, than in the person of the effigy of one of their race in the costume of an Undergraduate. He hoped the time was not far distant when the *Quadrumana* would have, if not a University, a College of their own, like the Ladies and the Ritualists. In the meantime he thought the meeting would recognise in the act of the Cambridge Undergraduates a touching move in the direction of fraternisation, and a sign of that surest kind of elevation which comes by degrees.

The business of the Congress was then resumed by

The Barbary Ape, who maintained “A common descent had now been generally admitted. That was one point. A strong protest had been made in favour of a return to vegetable diet—that was another. Anglican religious rites, again, were now performed with gesticulations such as were used by the *Quadrumana*. And the love of unbroken leisure, of which the wilderness was naturally so proud, had been lately so far developed by the great majority of the poor English Bimana, that they were rapidly reverting to the natural condition.

The Spider Monkey had heard that acrobaticism was now made a compulsory part of human education. He referred to ZAZEL, as a graceful illustration. Though far inferior in skill to the Monkey, her evolutions might be pronounced wonderful for man—still more for woman. He had heard from a friend who accompanied an organ-grind— (*The speaker was interrupted by loud and continued howling. After suspending himself for a moment by his tail, he joined the chorus.*)

The Dourocouli (who was wakened by the excitement) moved “That this Congress do now adnoct.” The motion, finding no seconder, fell to the ground, and the Hon. Member fell asleep again.

The Rib-nosed Baboon thought they had better leave men alone. Suppose they became so advanced as to return to Eden, there would

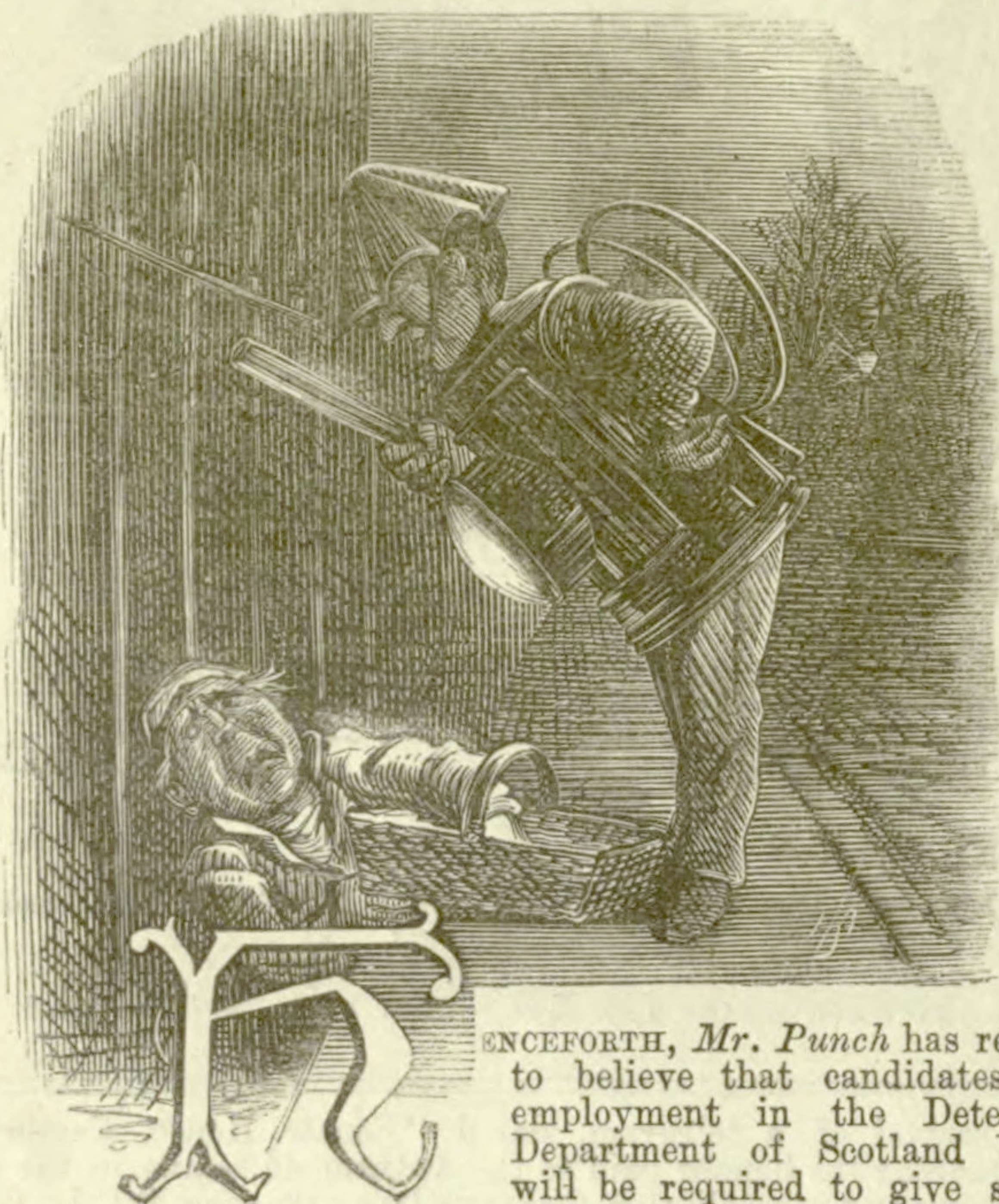
be no room for them there, and then they would invade their forests. (*Loud howls.*)

The Horned Sapajou thought that the travelled Monkeys had better now return to Europe. (*Loud gibbers of dissent from the Delegates.*) As to organ-grinders — (*The tumult here baffled description, amid which*)

The Cheirapot, who appeared at the bar, was understood to present a remonstrance on the part of the Bears as to any discussion without the participation of representatives of their race. Their interests were akin: they were as distant from ordinary quadrupeds as were the *Quadrumana*; they shared the one great peculiarity of the *Anthropoidæ*, whether quadrumane or bimane and after the precedent set in the case of the quad—

Here a large Bear suddenly appeared at the bar, and the assembly instantly dispersed. The proceedings, amid loud noises, were ad-noc-ted *sine nocte*.

### BY ORDER OF THE POLICE.



HENCEFORTH, *Mr. Punch* has reason to believe that candidates for employment in the Detective Department of Scotland Yard will be required to give satisfactory answers (properly cor-

roborated) to the following interrogatories:—

1. Do you belong to a family of position? (If of County rank, state County.)
2. Give a rough sketch of your coat-of-arms, and trace your pedigree for four generations.
3. Were you educated at Eton, Westminster, or Winchester?
4. If not, give the reasons why your parents sent you to Harrow, Rugby, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Clifton, Shrewsbury, or Rossall.
5. Are you an Oxford Man or a Cantab?
6. If you were not at Christchurch, Baliol, Trinity, or John's, state why you were sent to a less distinguished College.
7. What degree did you take?
8. Give the names of the learned Societies of which you are a Fellow.
9. Have you held a Commission in the Auxiliary Forces?
10. Do you hold a certificate of proficiency from Woolwich or Aldershot?
11. What Foreign Languages do you thoroughly understand?
12. Are you well up in Roman, English, and International Law?
13. What is your fighting weight?
14. Give the highest score you have ever obtained at Cricket against the M.C.C. and Ground.
15. Supposing that you were ordered on a job involving a voyage round the world, (a) how long would you take in making your preparations; (b) how many weeks would you consume in the journey; (c) and how many hours' sleep would you require during your circumgyration?
16. Write a short essay to prove that you possess the accomplishments of the diplomatist.
17. Can you give any, and how many, episcopal certificates that you are incapable of accepting a bribe?
18. Are you ready to employ every hour of the day and night in the service of the Government?

19. Are you prepared to consider your own comfort, profit, and even life itself as quite secondary to the interests of your employers?

20. And, finally, are you content to accept the hard labour and heavy responsibilities inseparable from the position of an Officer of Detective Police for something under £300 per annum?

### THE TELEPHONES OF BERLIN.

(A Chapter from Contemporary History.)

BISMARCK entered his *sanctum* moodily. There was a frown upon his brow, and his uniform showed signs of hasty adjustment. He threw himself upon a sofa, and looked around him. Maps and portraits hung from the walls. As he gazed at the pictures of the crowned heads of Europe, he murmured, "My puppets!" and a scornful smile for a moment contended for mastery with the settled frown—but only for a moment. The frown one moment unsettled, soon resettled with tenfold severity.

Then he looked again round the apartment. His rapid survey detected an alteration. Ranged in a row were a number of Telephone-talkers.

"'Tis well!" he exclaimed. "At length I can converse with my clients, masters—subjects, if you will—mouth to ear."

He approached a Telephone-talker ticketed "Constantinople," and whispered a few words into the tube. Then he listened.

"Pasha! Pshaw!" he cried, as the answer came back. "Or rather, not Shah, but Sultan. Pashas won't do! I want their master."

"But Turkey is now a constitutional country, your Excellency," remonstrated a distant voice; "and surely the PREMIER—"

"Shut up!" imperiously interrupted BISMARCK. "Send the SULTAN himself to your end of the instrument."

Then there was a pause.

"Make haste!" cried the impatient Statesman. "I am not accustomed to waiting."

"Bismillah! I am here, Excellency!" came back a small still voice through the Telephone.

"It is the Padishah," said BISMARCK to himself. "I recognise his *tremolo*. Besides, tricky as Turkish diplomacy is, DAMAD would scarcely dare to play a practical joke upon me."

"Listen to my instructions, O Father of the Faithful!" Then addressing his lips to the instrument, in sharp strident accents he shot out haughtily his brief, clear, uncompromising communication. It was a masterly *resumé* of the situation—a pitiless presentation of almost equally disagreeable alternatives—lucid, naked, uncompromising—breathing blood and iron!

"Obstinate and impracticable as ever!" cried the German Statesman at last, as he tossed impatiently from him the instrument in connection with Constantinople.

"I must communicate with the other."

He walked to a distant corner of the room, and raised to his lips a tube marked "Head-quarters." This time his tone, although still commanding, was more subdued.

"Be good enough to tell the CZAR I wish to speak with him."

There was a slight pause. BISMARCK stamped the floor impatiently with the iron heel of his Cuirassier boot.

"A thousand pardons!" softly breathed the Telephone at last.

"But I was busily engaged in weighing the *pros* and *cons* of a winter campaign when you sent for me."

Ignoring the apology, the German Statesman dashed, or rather strode, into a long conversation with the Emperor of All the Russias. The Prince spoke angrily, and although there was much natural sweetness in the tones of the CZAR'S reply, for some time an undercurrent of disappointment seemed to impair its determination. In the end, however, determination audibly prevailed.

At last BISMARCK dropped the Telephone in disgust.

"To the bitter end! Perhaps it is as well," he exclaimed. "But I wonder what they will say in Rome and Vienna?"

A question no sooner asked than answered.

He had only to summon FRANCIS-JOSEPH and VICTOR-EMMANUEL to bring their ears and lips at once at the further ends of his Telephone.

"Very, very unsatisfactory," he murmured, when he had resumed his seat on the sofa. "What shall I do?"

The frown was now something terrible. The terrible face had flushed into a glow of swarthy fire under the mingled emotions of anger and uncertainty. Suddenly he jumped up with a cry of joy, and his brow cleared. He hastily approached another Telephone tube. But even *his* iron hand trembled for a moment as he raised the mouth-piece.

"No, I dare not disturb him," he exclaimed, as he allowed the tube to fall.

Again the terrible frown appeared as the colossal figure sank, almost in collapse, upon the sofa—a gaunt, grim, giant Despair!

"BISMARCK," he cried, at last, "be a man!"