

a very fine four-in-hand drag or sociable mounted on elastic springs with English fire carriage. The driving-seat is high, and the brake-power most effective. The body of the carriage is fitted with high circular backs, and twelve people can be accommodated. The trimmings are in blue cloth, and altogether the turn out is a splendid one, winning high commendation from the very best judges. It might be mentioned that the very handsome drag used on the show ground by Mr. Terry was manufactured by Messrs. O'Brien and Co., after some years' use, every satisfaction given.

A "HEAVY WET."

CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS.

To begin in shipshape fashion, I'll write the two first lines, as singing them in my studio would be mere selfishness.—1880th Hymn.

All ye who'd like to be clean and holy
Should patronise our good friend Foley.

Disguised as a reporter I strolled into Foley's baths on a recent Sunday afternoon, for the purpose of witnessing Mr. Frank Warden's public baptism of three or four females and half-a-dozen other persons, whom I took as belonging to the third or neuter sex. Having all the appearance of a low hiring of a corrupt and venal press I was, of course, politely escorted by St. John junior to the best position for seeing and hearing all that took place, and I now mean to give a few particu-



lars that haven't yet been printed in the papers. If every one present paid a shilling for admittance, the caterer for Sunday amusement would have had a £300 house, or thereabouts; but they didn't—not by a few. As I never work on the Sabbath, and do as little as I can help on other days, I took no notes; but, as well as I can remember, the amphibious devil-dodger and soul-saver commenced by saying that he was a "hot member," who could be very rough on the profane, and that, however much it might look like one, the ceremony was not a pantomime, but a very solemn and blessed affair indeed. The explanation came as a new evangel to the worldly-minded, who had evidently made up their minds for something of a very different kind. But the fun came in after-



wards for all that. Mr. Warden went on to review his own career, showing how he grievously offended one of his parents at the early age of five years, and how he subsequently fell by little and little, until he became a "wanderer, an outcast, and all sorts of other things. He might have been even a member of Parliament, had it not been for the merciful interposition of a friend who washed him, converted him, and "called" him into clover. Having quite comfortably debased himself with

The pride that apes humility.

he set to work in quite a business-like manner, ranged his "candidates" for cold water against the shore side of the bath and questioned them, as if they were looking for seats in the Assembly. He explained to them the utter uselessness of baptism by sprinkling, adding that not even a douche bath from the inch-and-a-half nozzle of a steam fire-engine would be sufficient to wash away a single sin, original or inherited, and clearly proved that salvation was to be attained by nothing less than a "header" or a "dip." Whilst he was speaking, a heathen retriever dog had a swim on



his own account, much to the delight of the harikins whose legs dangled from the edges of the platform. Having been previously immersed himself, Mr. Warden was satisfied with a shower-bath which fell like "property" hail in a theatre over his long waterproof coat, after which he descended the steps and walked out until the purifying element rose some few inches above his knees. He evidently didn't know how to swim, and hadn't yet acquired sufficient grace to enable him to walk upon the water. Having with some difficulty adjusted his inky garment, which would insist on swelling out like a balloon, he waited patiently until a rather good-looking young lady took to the water like a duck, but it didn't seem to agree with her. Though a tall and powerful man, Mr. Warden had some trouble in getting her head under, and a passing spectator, ignorant of the rite that was being performed, would have taken his Bible oath that a grievous wrong was being perpetrated on her. Saving Danny Mann and the Colleen Bawn, it was the nearest thing to wilful murder I ever had the pleasure of witnessing. With her sins had departed all the colour in her face and the oil in her hair, and she would have almost frightened the



life out of his Satanic Majesty had he seen her as she ascended the stairs close to where I stood. I at once noticed that she looked very VERY wet, and fearing she'd shake herself after the fashion of the noble animals we import from Newfoundland, I sided out for a bend and gave her as clear a berth as I could. But she hadn't a shake left in her, poor thing! and required to be assisted to her dressing-room by an experienced Christianneese, who, I may here state, trotted out and brought back the remaining female candidates. To guard against being invidious, I won't name the order in which they appeared, but one of them was singularly blest in the possession of a pair of feet peculiarly well adapted for swimming, as well as for the extermination of cockroaches and for other purposes to which I needn't more particularly refer. In the cases of at least two of the ladies the immersion was by no means complete, and some who were anxious that their salvation should be assured cried in one instance "That's not fair!" and in the other, "Let her have it again!" but their fears were groundless, as I subsequently learned that the fair ones were HALF SAVED before. The male candidates looked very serious, indeed, as they walked towards the dusky Aquarius and allowed themselves to be thrown across his manly bosom, preparatory to being ducked and redeemed. Some resisted involuntarily, but they got it in the end. It was very touching to observe how lovingly Mr. Warden passed his hand down the faces of the dripping candidates, though one would think a towel or a sponge would have been just as efficacious. If it were a case of Confirmation, one could easily understand "the imposition of hands." When he came to deal with a coal-black Ethiopian, a titter ran round the bath, and some of the very profane were heard to say "He's got all his work out out for him now! And so he had! If he was no lighter in conscience than in complexion at the conclusion of the ceremony, his future must be a dark one; as, when it was over, a piece of charcoal would have made a white mark on his forehead. I noticed that Mr. Warden tried very hard to get at the reporters and induce them to keep the disturbances dark; but they didn't, and more shame for them, because Mr. Warden is a very holy man, and I hope he'll make a good thing out of the series of nautical dramas he purposes producing in Mr. Foley's theatre.

THE MAN IN THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.