



"WHO SAID--'ATROCITIES'?"

(After the Popular Engraving.)

"OLD AS I AM, MY FEELINGS HAVE NOT BEEN DEADENED IN REGARD TO MATTERS OF SUCH A DREADFUL DESCRIPTION."—Mr. Gladstone's Birthday Speech at Hawarden on the Armenian Atrocities, December 29.

"WHO SAID 'ATROCITIES'?"

Or, "There's Life in the Old Dog Yet."

"It was my fate, my fortune, about, I think, eighteen years ago, to take an active part with regard to other outrages, which first came up in the shape of rumor, but were afterward well verified, in Bulgaria. * * * Old as I am, my feelings have not been deadened in regard to matters of such a dreadful description."—Mr. Gladstone's birthday speech at Hawarden, December 29, 1894, on the alleged Armenian atrocities.

Retirement? Oh, rubbish! Tykes, curriah or cubbish. May curl up in kennels, or snug up in straw, But dogs of right mettle to rest will not settle. While sight's in the eye, and while snap's in the jaw.

A bed in a basket? Mere mongrels may ask it. A couch and a cushion? They're lap dog delights.

But pluck and true breeding, such comforts unbleeding. Desert laps and hearth-rugs for frolics and fights. Retired! How rats chortle! Like "Rab" the immortal

This dog scorns dull rest, and is still "rough on rats."

As always delighting in "plenty o' fetchin'."

He pricks up his ears at a whisper of "s-a-scats!" A slumber and dreaming? Oh, that is mere seeming. Curled up tall to muzzle in coziest sort.

His hairs are a-jingle at whisper or whistle That gives the least promise of scrimmage or sport.

On rats he's still ruthless! They may think him toothless.

Those red Turkish rodents who once felt his fangs. Ah! eighteen years earlier his coat was much curlier.

Now white and whispy, sparse scattered it hangs. But years, though they roughen his hide, seem to toughen

The muscles and nerves of this rare sporting tyke.

The rattling old ratter is still game to scatter

A pitiful vermin, of what breed you like.

The Istamboul sort are his favorite sport.

Rabid rodents, who raven, red-fanged, in foul hordes.

Turco sewer-bred legions, who earth's fairest regions Would ravage like Tamerlane's Tartar-swung swords.

Terrors untamable, horrors unnamable. Mark their maraudings and hang on their track. Now in fresh numbers they swarm, whilst he slumbers

Who once was the plague of the pestilent pack.

But—who said Atrocities? Old animosities

Wake in his spirit and stir in his blood.

Eh? What? Retirement? Nay, not if requirement. Or prospect of sport, move the old champion's mood.

His heart has not deadened; his old eyes have reddened

With love of the fray and the old righteous wrath. The varmint old ratter his old foes would scatter.

"Auld Rab" once again will be on the war path!

—From London Punch.