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September 24, 1892, by Various**

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Vol. 103.

September 24, 1892.

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'ARRY AT 'ARRYGATE.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Rum mix this 'ere world is,
yer never know *wot*'ll come next!
Don't emagine I've sent yer a sermon, and
treacle this out as my text;
But really life's turn-ups are twisters. You lay
out for larks, 'ealth, and tin,
But whenever you think it's "a moral," that
crock, "Unexpected," romps in.

Who'd ha' thought of *me* jacking up suddent,
and giving the Sawbones a turn?
Who'd ha' pictered *me* "Taking the Waters"?
Ah! CHARLIE, 'twos hodsds on the Urn
With Yours Truly, this time, I essure you. I
fancied as Tot'nam-Court Road
Would he trying its 'and on my tombstone afore
the green corn wos full growed.

Bad, CHARLIE? You bet! 'Twas screwmatics
and liver, old Pill-box declared.
Knocked me slap orf my perch, fair 'eels
upwards. I tell you I felt a bit scared,
And it left me a yaller-skinned skelinton, weak,
and, wot's wus, stoney-broke.
If it hadn't a bin for my nunky, your pal might
have jest done a croak.

Uncle NOBBS, a Cat's-butcher at Clapton, who's bin in luck's way, and struck
ile,
Is dead nuts on Yours Truly. Old josser, and grumpy, but *he*'s made his pile.
Saw me settin' about in the garden, jest like a old saffron-gill'd ghost
A-waiting for cock-crow to 'ook it, and hanxious to 'ear it—a'most.

Sez he, "Wy, the boy is a bone-bag! Wot's that? Converlescent? Oh, fudge!



He's a slipping his cable, and drifting out sea-wards, if *I*m any judge.
I was ditto some twenty year back, BOB, and 'Arrygate fust set *me* up.
Wot saved the old dog, brother ROBERT, may probably suit the young pup.

"Carn't *afford* it? O'course yer carn't, JENNY; but—thanks be to 'orse-flesh—I
can—"

Well, he tipped us a fifty-quid crisp 'un—and ROOSE sent me 'ere; he's *my*
Man!

Three weeks' "treatment"! Well, threes into fifty means cutting a bit of a dash;
Good grub, nobby togs, local doctor, baths, waters, and everythink flash.

"'Appy 'ARRY!" sez you. But way-oh, CHARLIE! 'Arrygate isn't all jam.
Me jolly? Well, mate, if you arsk me, I carn't 'ardly say as I ham.
To spread myself out with the toppers is proper, no doubt, bonny boy;
But—I wish it wos Brighton, or Margit, or somewheres a chap could *enjoy*.

Oh, them "Waters," old man!!! S'elp me never! yer don't kow wot nastyness *is*
Till you've tried "Sulphur 'ot and strong," fasting. The Kissing Gin, taken a-
fizz,

Isn't *wus* than ditch-water and sherbet; but Sulphur!!! It's eased my game leg;
But I go with my heart in my mouth, and I feel like a blooming bad hegg.

B-r-r-r-r! Beastliness isn't the word, CHARLIE. Language seems out of it, slap.
When I took my fust twelve ounces 'ot, from a gal with a snowy white cap,
And cheeks like a blush-rose for bloominess—well, I'm a gent, but, yah-hah!
I jest did a guy at the double, without even nodding ta-ta!

Where the Primrose Path leads to, my pippin, I'm cocksure can't 'ave a *wus*
smell.

Like bad eggs, salt, and tenpenny nails biled in bilge water. Eugh! Old Pump
Well?

Wy then let well alone, is my motter, or leastways, it would be, I'm sure,
But for BLACK—local doctor, a stunner!—who's got me in 'and for a cure.

I'm not nuts on baths took *too* reglar; but 'Arrygate baths ain't 'arf bad,
When you git a bit used to 'em, CHARLIE. I squirmed, though fust off, dear
old lad!

They so soused, and so slapped, and so squirted me. Messing a feller about
Don't come nicer for calling it *massage*. But there, it's O.K. I've no doubt.

They squat you upon a low shelf, with a sort of a water-can "rose"
At the nape of yer neck, while a feller in front squirts yer down with a 'ose.
He slaps you as though you wos batter, he kneads you as if you wos dough,
And gives yer wot for on the spine, till you git in a doose of a glow.

Then you're popped in a big iron cage, where the 'ose plays upon you like fun;
A lawn, or a house a-fire, CHARLIE, could not be more thoroughly done.
Sez I, "I'm *insured*, dontcher know, mate; so don't *waste* the water, d'ye 'ear?"
But he didn't appear to arf twig. He seemed jest a bit thick in the clear.

Then the bars of yer cage bustes out like a lot of scent fountings a-play—
'Taint *oder colong*, though, by hodds; sulphur strong seems the local *bokay*.
They call this the "Needle Bath," CHARLIE. It give *me* the needle fust off;
'Cos the spray would git into my eyes, and the squelch made me sputter and
cough.

Then they wrop you well up in 'ot towels, and leave yer five minutes to bake,
And that's the "*Aix Douche*," as they call it. *I* call it the funniest fake
In the way of a bath I 'ave met with; but, bless yer, it passes the time,
And *I* shan't want a tub for a fortnit when back in Old Babbylon's grime.

Dull 'ole, this 'ere 'Arrygate, CHARLIE! The only fair fun *I* can find
Is watching the poor sulphur-swiggers, a-gargling and going it blind.
Oh, the sniffs and sour faces, old fellow, the shudders and shivers, and sighs;
The white lips a-working like rabbits', the sheepish blue-funk in their eyes!

Old Pump Room's a hoctygon building, rum blend like of chapel and bar,
With a big stained-glass winder one side, hallygorical subject! So far
As I've yet made it out, it's a hangel a-stirring up somethink like suds.
"A-troubling the waters," I 'eard from a party in clerical duds.

You arsk, like you do at a bar, for the speeches of lotion you want.
Some say; you git used to the flaviour, and *like it!* Bet long hodds *I* shan't.
I've sampled the lot, my dear CHARLIE, Strong Sulphur and Mild, Cold *and*
'Ot;

And all I can say is, the jossers who say it ain't beastly talk rot.

You jest fox their faces! They enters, looks round, gives a shy sort of sniff,
Seem to contemplate doing a guy, brace their legs, keep their hupper lips
stiff;

Take their tickets, walk up to the counter, assumin' a sham sort of bounce,
And ask, shame-faced like, for their gargle, 'as p'r'aps is a 'ot sixteen hounce.

When they git it, a-fume in a tumbler, a-smelling like hegg-chests gone wrong,
They squirm, ask the snowy-capped gurl, "Is *this* right?"—"Yes, Sir. Sixteen
ounce, strong!"

Sez the minx with a cold kind o' smile. "Ah—h—h! *percisely!*" they smirks, and
walks round,

With this "Yorkshire Stinko" in their 'ands—and their 'earts in their mouths I'll
be bound.

Then—Gulp! Oh Gewillikins, CHARLIE! it gives yer the ditherums, it do.

Bad enough if you 'ave to wolf *one*, but it fair gives yer beans when 'tis *two*.

The wictims waltz round, looking white, wishing someone would just spill
their wet,

And—there's 'ardly a glass "returned empty" but wot shows its 'eel-taps, you
bet!

This is "Taking the Waters" at 'Arrygate! Well, I shall soon take my 'ook.

Speshal Scotch, at my favourite pub, from that sparkling young dona, NELL
COOK,

Will do me a treat arter this, mate, and come most pertikler A 1.

'Ow I long to be back in "The Village," dear boy, with its bustle and fun!

Still, the air 'ere's as fresh as they make it, and gives yer a doose of a peck,
And DUNSING, the Boss at "The Crown," does yer proper. I came 'ere a
wreck;

But sulphur, sound sleep, and cool breezes, prime prog, and good company
tells;

So 'ere's bully for 'Arrygate, CHARLIE, in spite of rum baths and bad smells.

That Fifty is nearly played out, and my slap at the Ebor went wrong—

I'd a Yorkshire tyke's tip, too, old man; but I'm stoney, though still "going
strong"

(As *Lord Arthur* remarks in the play), so no more at "The Crown" I must tarry,
But if 'Arrygate wants a good word—as to 'ealth—it shall 'ave it from

'ARRY.

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THE FIGHTING "FOUDROYANT."



"TWO'S COMPANY."

Newspaper Boy (suddenly, at window). "WANT AN *OBSERVER*, CAPTAIN?"

Mathilde (on Honeymoon Trip). "OH, FREDDIE, DEAR! NO! NO!! *DO* LET US BE QUITE ALONE!"

THE FIGHTING "FOUDROYANT"

BEING TUGGED TO ITS LAST BERTH—IN A SHIPBREAKER'S YARD.

(*A Theme from Turner treated in Modern British style, with Apologies to the Patriotic Painter of "The Fighting Téméraire."*)

"Mayhap you have heard, that as dear as their lives,
All true-hearted Tars love their ships and their wives."
So DIBDIN declared, and he spoke for the Tar;
He knew Jack so well, both in peace and in war!
But hang it! times change, and 'tis sad to relate,
The old Dibdinish morals seem quite out of date;
Stick close to your ship, lads, like pitch till you die?—
That sounds nonsense to-day, and I'll tell ye for why.

The good old *Foudroyant*—how memory dwells on
Those brave fighting names!—was once flag-ship to NELSON.
But NELSON, you know, died a good while ago,
And his flag-ship has gone a bit shaky, and so
JOHN BULL, who's now full of low shopkeeping cares,
And thinks more of the Stocks than of naval affairs,
Regards not "Old Memories," that "eat off their head."
Turn old cracks out to grass? No, let's sell 'em instead!

A ship's like the high-mettled racer once sung
By that same dashing DIBDIN of patriot tongue,
Grown aged, used up, is he honoured? No, zounds!
"The high-mettled racer is sold to the hounds!"
And so with a barky of glorious name,
(It is business, of course—and a *Thundering Shame!*)
Worn out, she is nought but spars, timbers and logs,
And so, like the horse, should be sold—to the dogs!

As for the *Foudroyant*, the vessel was trim
When it fought with the French, for JOHN BULL, under *Him*,
The Star of the Nile. Yes, it carried *his* flag,
When it captured the Frenchman. There's no need to brag,

Or to say swagger things of a generous foe.
Besides, things have doosedly altered, you know.
We're no more like NELSON than I to a Merman;
We can sell his flag-ship for firewood, to the German!

Sounds nice, does it not? If that great one-armed Shade
Could look down on the bargain he'd—swear, I'm afraid
(If his death-purged bold spirit held yet ought of earth).
And I fancy 'twill move the gay Frenchman to mirth
To hear this last story of shop-keeping JOHN—
Or his huckster officials. The Frenchman, the Don,
The Dutchman, all foes we have licked,—may wax bold
When they hear that the brave old *Foudroyant* is—Sold!!!

Great TURNER has pictured the old *Téméraire*
Tugged to *her* last berth. Why the sun and the air
In that soul-stirring canvas, seem fired with the glory
Of such a brave ship, with so splendid a story!
Well, look on that picture, my lads, and on *this*!
And—no, do not crack out a curse like a hiss,
But with stout CONAN DOYLE—*he* has passion and grip!—
Demand that they give us back NELSON's old Ship!

British hands from protecting her who shall debar?
Ne'er ingratitude lurked in the heart of a Tar.
"(Sings DIBDIN) That Ship from the breakers to save"
Is the plainest of duties e'er put on the brave.
While a rag, or a timber, or spar, she can boast,
A place of prime honour on Albion's coast
Should be hers and the *Victory's*! Let us not say,
Like the fish-hucksters, "*Memories* are cheap, Sir, to-day!"

ECCLESIASTICAL TASTE.—A condiment not much in favour with High Churchmen just now,
must be "Worcester Sauce." It is warranted to neutralise the very highest flavour.

Impromptu.

Of "garnered leaves"
And "garnered sheaves"
Sing sentimental donkeys.

Perhaps e'er long
Their simple song
Will be of Garnered Monkeys!

"A railway from Joppa to Jerusalem" sounds like a Scriptural Line. In future, "going to Jericho"
will not imply social banishment, as the party sent thither will be able to take a return-ticket.



OF MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

Cheery Official. "ALL FIRST CLASS 'ERE, PLEASE?"
Degenerate Son of the Vikings (in a feeble voice). "FIRST CLASS? NOW DO I LOOK IT?"

THE LAY OF THE LAST KNIGHT.

My name and style are ELLIS ASHMEAD BART—
Ah! happy augury. Would I could
Leave it so. But 'twill not do.
Like soap of Monkey brand,
It will not wash clothes,
Or, in truth, ought else.
'Tis but an accident of rhythm
Born of the imperative mood that makes one
Start a poem of this kind on ten feet,
Howe'er it may thereafter crawl or soar.
What I really was about to remark was that
My name and style are ELLIS ASHMEAD BART-
LETT, Knight; late Civil Lord of Admiralty
You know me. I come from Sheffield; at least
I did on my return thence
Upon re-election.

II.

A sad world this, my masters, as someone—
Was it my friend SHAKSPEARE?—
Says. The sadness arises upon reflection, not
That I'm a Knight, but that I am, so to speak,
A Knight of only two letters.
As thus—Kt. 'Tis but a glimmer of a night,
If I, though sore at heart, may dally with
The English tongue
And make a pensive pun.

III.

Of course I expected different things from
The MARKISS.

What's the use, what's the purpose,
Of what avail, wherefore,
That a man should descend from the
Spacious times of ELIZABETH with nothing
In his hand other than a simple Knighthood?
Anyone could do that.
It might be done to anyone.
He, him, all, any, both, certain, few,
Many, much, none, one, other, another.
One another, several, some, such and whole.
Why, he made a Knight
At the same time,
In the same manner,
Of

MAPLE
BLUNDELL!

IV.

Look here, MARKISS, you know,
This won't do.
It may pass in a crowd, but not with
ELLIS ASHMEAD BART—
(There it is again. Evidently doesn't matter
About the feet)
LETT.

V.

And yet MARKISS, mine,
I shall not despair.
You are somewhat out of it
At the present moment.
And I am not sure—
Not gorged with certainty—
That Mr. G. would be
Inclined to make amends.
He is old; he is agèd.
Prejudice lurks amid
His scant white locks,
And forbids the stretch-
Ing forth of generous hand in whose
Recesses coyly glint
The Bart. or K.C.B.

VI.

But you are not everyone;
Nor is he. Nor do both together
In the aggregate
Compose the great globe
And all that therein is.
I'll wait awhile, possessing my soul in
Patience.
Everything comes to the man who waits.
(Sometimes, 'tis true, 'tis the bobby
Who asks what he's loafing there for,
And bids him
Move on.
That is a chance the brave resolute soul
Faces.) The pity of it is
That you, MARKISS, having so much to give,
So little gave
To
Me.

VII.

Oh, MARKISS! MARKISS!
Had I but served my GLADSTONE
As I have served thee,
He would not have forsak—
But that's another story.

THE NEW HOPERA OF 'ADDON 'ALL.—The title finally decided upon for the SULLIVAN-GRUNDY Opera is *Haddon Hall*. Lovely for 'ARRY! "Ave you seen 'Addon 'Al?" Then the 'ARRY who 'as only 'eard a portion of it, will say, "I 'addn't 'eard 'all." As a Cockney title, it's perfect. Successful or not, Author and Composer will congratulate themselves that, to deserve, if not command success, they 'ad don all they knew. If successful, they'll replace the aspirates, and it will be some time before they recover the exact date when they Had-don Hauling in the coin. *Prosit!*

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.—Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"For knocking over a man selling watercress, with fatal results, a Hammersmith cabman has been committed for trial for manslaughter." If this is true, the HOME SECRETARY should immediately interpose. The action of knocking a man over is hasty, and may be indefensible. But if the Hammersmith Cabman had just grounds for belief that the man was "selling watercresses with fatal results," he should rather be commended than committed for trial.

"KEEPING-UP THE CHRISTOPHER."—(*A Note from an Old Friend*).—"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS" indeed! As years ago I told *Sairey Gamp* about her bothering *Mrs. Harris*, "I don't believe there's no sich a person." That's what I says, says I, about COLUMBUS, wich ain't like any other sort of "bus" as I see before my blessed eyes every day.

Yours,
ELIZABETH PRIG.

P.S.—Mr. EDWIN JOHNSON, him as wrote to the *Times* last Saturday, is of my opinion. Good Old JOHNSON!

"HONORIS CAUSÂ."—To Mr. GRANVILLE MONEY, son of the Rector of Weybridge, whose gallant rescue of a lady from drowning has recently been recorded, *Mr. Punch* grants the style and title of "Ready MONEY."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—"Why don't I write Plays?" Why should I?

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LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XV.—TO SWAGGER.

Not long ago I reminded you of CHEPSTOWE, the incomparable poet who was at one time supposed to have revolutionised the art of verse. Now he is forgotten, the rushlight which he never attempted to hide under the semblance of a bushel, has long since nickered its last, his boasts, his swelling literary port, his quarrels, his affectations—over all of them the dark waves of oblivion have passed and blotted them from the sand on which he had traced them. But in his day, as you remember, while yet he held his head high and strutted in his panoply, he was a man of no small consequence. Quite an army of satellites moved with him, and did his bidding. To one of them he would say, "Praise me this author," and straightway the fire of eulogy would begin. To another he would declare—and this was his more frequent course—"So-and-so has dared to hint a fault in one of us; he has hesitated an offensive dislike. Let him be scarified," and forthwith the painted and feathered young braves drew forth their axes and scalping-knives, and the work of slaughter went merrily forward. Youth, modesty, honest effort, genuine merit, a manifest desire to range apart from the loud storms of literary controversy, these were no protection to the selected victim. And of course the operations of the Chepstowe-ites, like the "plucking" imagined by *Major Pendennis*, were done in public. For they had their organ. Week by week in *The Metropolitan Messenger* they disburdened themselves, each one of his little load of spite and insolence and vanity, and with much loud shouting and blare of adulatory trumpets called the attention of the public to their heap of purchasable rubbish. There lived at this time a great writer, whose name and fame are still revered by all who love strong, nervous English, vivid description, and consummate literary art. He stood too high for attack. Only in one way could the herd of passionate prigs who waited on CHEPSTOWE do him an injury. They could attempt, and did, to imitate his style in their own weekly scribblings. *Corruptio optimi pessima*. There is no other



phrase that describes so well the result of these imitative efforts. All the little tricks of the great man's humour were reproduced and defaced, the clear stream of his sentences was diverted into muddy channels, the airy creatures of his imagination were weighted with lead and made to perform hideous antics. Never had there been so riotous a jargon of distorted affectation and ponderous balderdash. Smartness—of a sort—these gentlemen, no doubt, possessed. It is easy to be accounted smart in a certain circle, if only you succeed in being insolent. Merit of this order the band could boast of plenteously.

One peculiarity, too, must be noted in *The Metropolitan Messenger*. It had a magnetic attraction for all the sour and sorry failures whose reputation and income, however greatly in excess of their deserts, had not equalled their expectation. The Cave of Adullam could not have been more abundantly stocked with discontent. It is the custom of the *ratés* everywhere to attempt to prevent, or, if that be impossible, to decry success in others, in order to exalt themselves. The "Metropolitans" followed the example of many unillustrious predecessors, though it must, in justice, be added, that they would have been shocked to hear anyone impute to them a want of originality in their curious methods. In the counsels of these literary bravos, WILLIAM GRUBLET held a high place. At the University, where he had pursued a dull and dingy career of modified respectability, not much was thought or spoken of GRUBLET. If he was asked what profession he proposed to adopt, he would wink knowingly, and reply, "Journalism." It sounded well—it gave an impression of influence, and future power, and, moreover, it committed him to nothing. It is just as easy to say "Journalism," in answer to the stock question, as it is to deliver yourself over, by anticipation, to the Bar, the Church, or the Stock Exchange. Hundreds of young men at both our ancient Universities look upon Journalism as the easiest and most attractive of all the professions. In the first place there are no Examinations to bar the way, and your ordinary Undergraduate loathes an Examination as a rat may be supposed to loathe a terrier. What can be easier—in imagination—than to dash off a leading article, a biting society sketch, a scathing review, to overturn ancient idols, to inaugurate movements, to plan out policies? All this GRUBLET was confident of being able to do, and he determined, on the strength of a few successful College Essays, and a reputation for smartness, acquired at the expense of his dwindling circle of intimates, to do it. He took his degree, and plunged into London. There, for a time, he was lost to public sight. But I know that he went through the usual contest. Rejected manuscripts poured back into his room. Polite, but unaccommodating Editors, found that they had no use for vapid imitations of ADDISON, or feeble parodies of CHARLES LAMB. Literary appreciations, that were to have sent the ball of fame spinning up the hill of criticism, grew frowsy and dog's-eared with many postages to and fro.

In this protracted struggle with fate and his own incompetence, the nature of GRUBLET, never a very amiable one, became fatally soured, and when he finally managed to secure a humble post on a newspaper, he was a disappointed man with rage in his heart against his successful rivals and against the Editors who, as he thought, had maliciously chilled his glowing aspirations. His vanity, however,—and he was always a very vain man—had suffered no diminution, and with the first balmy breezes of success his arrogance grew unbounded. Shortly afterwards, he chanced to come in the way of CHEPSTOWE; he impressed the poet favourably, and in the result he was selected for a place on the staff of *The Metropolitan Messenger*, then striving by every known method to battle its way into a circulation.

It was at this stage in his career that I met GRUBLET. He was pointed out to me as a young man of promise who had a trenchant style, and had lately written an article on "Provincialism in Literature," which had caused some stir by its bitter and uncompromising attacks upon certain well-known authors and journalists. I looked at the man with some interest. I saw a pale-faced, sandy-haired little creature with a shuffling, weak-kneed gait, who looked as if a touch from a moderately vigorous arm would have swept him altogether out of existence. His manner was affected and unpleasant, his conversation the most disagreeable I ever listened to. He was coarse, not with an ordinary coarseness, but with a kind of stale, fly-blown coarseness as of the viands in the window of a cheap restaurant. He assumed a great reverence for RABELAIS and ARISTOPHANES; he told shady stories, void of point and humour, which you were to suppose were modelled on the style of these two masters. And all the time he gave you to understand, with a blatant self-sufficiency, that he himself was one of the greatest and most formidable beings in existence. This was GRUBLET as I first knew him, and so he continued to the end.

The one thing this puny creature could never forgive was that any of his friends should pass him in the race. There was one whom GRUBLET—the older of the two—had at one time honoured with his patronage and approval. No sooner, however, had the younger gained a literary success, than the sour GRUBLET turned upon him, and rent him. "This fellow," said GRUBLET, "will get too uppish—I must show up his trash"; and accordingly he fulminated against his friend in the organ that he had by that time come to consider as his own. This baseless sense of proprietorship, in fact, it was that wrecked GRUBLET. In an evil moment for himself he tried to ride rough-shod over CHEPSTOWE, and that temporary genius dismissed him with a promptitude that should stand to his credit against many shortcomings. GRUBLET, I believe, still exists. Occasionally, in obscure prints, I seem to detect traces of his style. But no one now pays any attention to him. His claws are clipped, his teeth have been filed down. He shouts and struts, unregarded. For we live, of course, in milder and more reasonable days, and the GRUBLETS can no longer find a popular market for their wares.

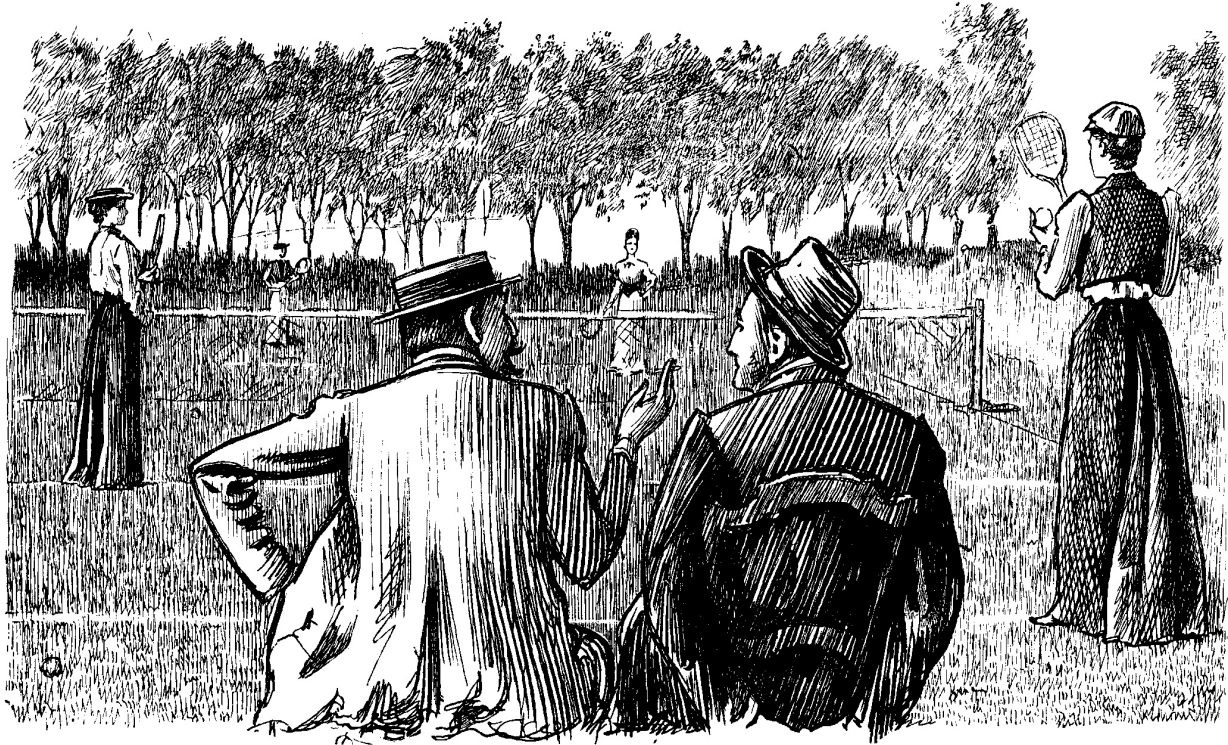
Only one question remains. How in the world can even you, oh respected SWAGGER, have

derived any pleasure from witnessing the performances that GRUBLET went through, after you had persuaded him that he was a man of some importance? I do not expect an answer, and remain as before,

DIOGENES ROBINSON.

IN BANCO.—The stability of the concern having been effectually proved by the way in which the Birkbeckers got out of the fire and out of the trying pan-ic, and the ease with which they were quite at home to the crowds of callers coming to inquire after their health, should earn for them the subsidiary title of the Birk-beck-and-call Bank.

[pg 138]



A GOOD BEGINNING.

Uncle Jack (Umpire). "LOVE ALL!"

Monsieur le Baron. "LOVE ALL? PARBLEU! JE CROIS BIEN! ZEY ARE ADORABLES, YOUR NIECES!"

PAN THE POSTER.

(A Modern Perversion of Mrs. Browning's powerful Poem, "A Musical Instrument.")

["We are presented just now with two spectacles, which may help us to take modest and diffident views of the progress of the species.... At home there is an utterly unreasonable and unaccountable financial panic among the depositors in the Birkbeck Bank, while in America the free and enlightened democracy of a portion of New York State has suddenly relapsed into primitive barbarism under the influence of fear of cholera."—*The Times.*]

What is he doing, our new god Pan,
Far from the reeds and the river?
Spreading mischief and scattering ban,
Screening 'neath "knickers" his shanks of a goat,
And setting the wildest rumours afloat,
To set the fool-mob a-shiver.

He frightened the shepherds, the old god Pan,¹
Him of the reeds by the river;
Afeared of his faun-face, Arcadians ran;
Unsoothed by the pipes he so deftly could play,
The shepherds and travellers scurried away
From his face by forest or river.

And back to us, sure, comes the great god Pan,
With his pipes from the reeds by the river;
Starting a scare, as the goat-god can,
Making a Man a mere wind-swayed reed,

And moving the mob like a leaf indeed
By a chill wind set a-quiver.

He finds it sport, does our new god Pan
(As did he of the reeds by the river),
To take all the pith from the heart of a man,
To make him a sheep—though a tiger in spring,—
A cruel, remorseless, poor, cowardly thing,
With the whitest of cheeks—and liver!

"Who said I was dead?" laughs the new god Pan
(Laughs till his faun-cheeks quiver),
"I'm still at my work, on a new-fangled plan.
Scare is my business; I think I succeed,
When the Mob at my minstrelsy shakes like a reed,
And I mock, as the pale fools shiver."

Shrill, shrill, shrill, O Pan!
Your Panic-pipes, far from the river!
Deafening shrill, O Poster-Pan!
Turning a man to a timorous brute
With irrational fear. From your frantic flute
Good sense our souls deliver!

Men rush like the Gadaree swine, O Pan!
With contagious fear a-shiver,
They flock like *Panurge's* poor sheep, O Pan!
What, what shall the merest of manhood quicken
In geese gregarious, panic-stricken
Like frightened fish in the river.

You sneer at the shame of them, Poster-Pan,
Poltroons of the pigeon-liver.
Your placards gibbet them, Poster-Pan,
Who crowd like curs in the cowardly crush,
Who flock like sheep in the brainless rush
With fear or greed a-shiver.

You are half a beast, O new god Pan!
To laugh (as you laughed by the river)
Making a brute-beast out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain
Of Civilisation, which seems but vain
When the prey of your Panic shiver!

Footnote 1: [\(return\)](#)

Pan, the Arcadian forest and river-god, was held to startle travellers by his sudden and terror-striking appearances. Hence sudden fright, without any visible cause, was ascribed to Pan, and called a Panic fear.

SIR GEORGE AND THE DRAG ON.

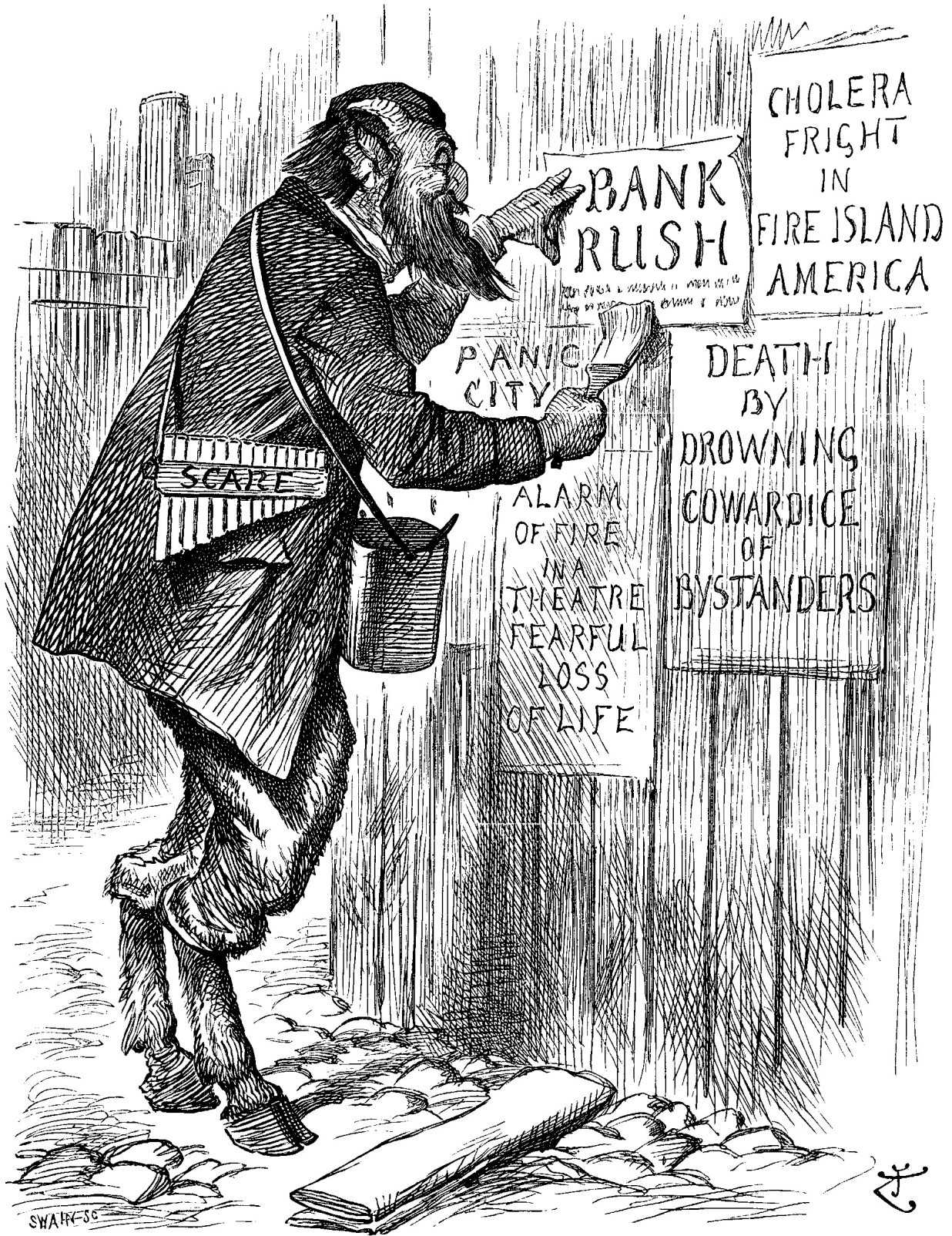
By a Writer of Books.

[Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, speaking to the Institute of Journalists, said that "No one was under the obligation of writing books, unless he was absolutely called to do so by a commanding genius."]

Oh! tell me quickly—not if Planet Mars
Is quite the best for journalistic pars,
Not if the cholera will play Old Harry,
Not why to-day young men don't and won't marry—
For these I do not care. Not to dissemble,
My pen is, as they say, "all of a tremble"—
The pen that once enthralled the myriad crowd,
The pen that critics one and all allowed
Wrote pleasantly and well, was often funny,
The pen that brought renown, and—better—money.
My pen is stilled. That happy time is o'er,
Like that old English King, I smile no more.
Now that Sir (Secretary) GEORGE has spoken,
My fortunes (and alas! my heart) are broken;
For though I may not lack all understanding,
My "genius" cannot claim to be "commanding."

FLOWERY, BUT NOT MEALY-MOUTHED.—To those who suggested that sending troops to compel the barbarous Long-Islanders to be humane would lose Democratic votes, Governor FLOWER is reported to have replied,—“I don't care a — for votes. I am going to put law-breakers down, and the State in possession of its property.” There was an old song, of which the refrain was, “I don't care a — for the people, But what will the Governor say?” Now we know what the Governor says. 'Tis well said. Henceforth he will be known as *The FLOWER* of Speech.

[pg 139]



PAN THE POSTER.

PAN (*chuckling*). "HA! HA! WHO SAID THAT I WAS DEAD, AND PANIC-FEAR A THING OF THE ARCADIAN PAST?"

[pg 141]

SEA-SIDE ILLS.

(By *Our Man Over-bored.*)

A SEA S-IDYLL ON "BOARD AND RESIDENCE."

That we hurry out of Town
To the sea,
To be properly done brown,
I'll agree;
But of being nicely done,
There's another way than one—
Viz., the rays, besides of sun,
£ s. d.!

Now, it may be very cheap
For the chap
Who is rich, to pay a heap
For a nap
On a sofa that is prone
To a prominence of bone,
Or a table undergrown,
With a flap;

But a man who has not much
Of the pelf
To distribute freely, such
As myself,
And who's ordered change and rest,
Doubts the change is for the best
When he has to lie undress'd
On a shelf!

No; to slumber on a slant
Till you're floor'd,
Is a luxury I can't
Well afford;
And I'm sad to a degree
That, in Everywhere-on-Sea,
"Board and Residence" should be
Mostly *board!*

"DISCOVERY OF A NEW SATELLITE TO JUPITER."—Well, why not? Why announce it as if a noted thief had been arrested? "Discovered! Aha! Then this to decide"—cries the Melodramatic Satellite. Poor Jupiter must be uncommonly tired of his old Satellites by this time! How pleased, how delighted, he must be to welcome a new one!



VIEW OF "MARS" AS SEEN THROUGH MR. PUNCH'S

MORE LIGHTS!



A Straight Tip and a New Sensation.

When anyone now in town requires a change from the *De*-lights of Home, let him go to *See Lights of Home* at the Adelphi. Great scene of the Wreck not so great perhaps as some previous sensational Adelphi effects. In such a piece as "the Lights," it is scarcely fair that "the Heavies" should have it nearly all to themselves, but so it is, and the two Light Comedy parts capitally played by Miss JECKS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD, do not get much of a chance against the heartrending sorrows of Miss EVELYN MILLARD, and of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, the slighted, or sea-lighted heroine, known as "Dave's Daughter" (oh, how fond Mr. W.A. ELLIOTT must be of *Dave Purvis*, the weakest sentimentalist-accidental-lunatic-criminal that ever was let off scot-free at R.H. first entrance before the fall of the Curtain), and the undaunted heroism and unblushing villainy of Messrs. CHARLES DALTON, COCKBUKN, KINGSTON & Co. The title might well have been, *Good Lights of Home, and Wicked Livers all Abroad*.

"TOP-DRESSING."—Said Mr. G. to a Welsh audience, "I might as well address the top of Snowdon on the subject of the Establishment, as address you on the matter." Flattery! The top of Snowdon, of course, represented the highest intelligence in Wales.

"I pity the poor Investors!" exclaimed Mrs. R. sympathetically, when she saw the heading of a paragraph in the *Times*—"Bursting of a Canal Bank."

A BIG BOOMING CHANCE LOST!—Miss LOTTIE COLLINS, according to the *Standard's* report of the proceedings on board the unfortunate *Cepheus*, said that, on seeing two jeering men rowing out from shore, holding up bread to the hungry passengers, she, "had she been a man, would have shot them." She wasn't a man, and so the two brutes escaped. But what another "*Boom! te- ray,—Ta, ra, ra,*" &c., &c., this would have been for LA COLLINS!

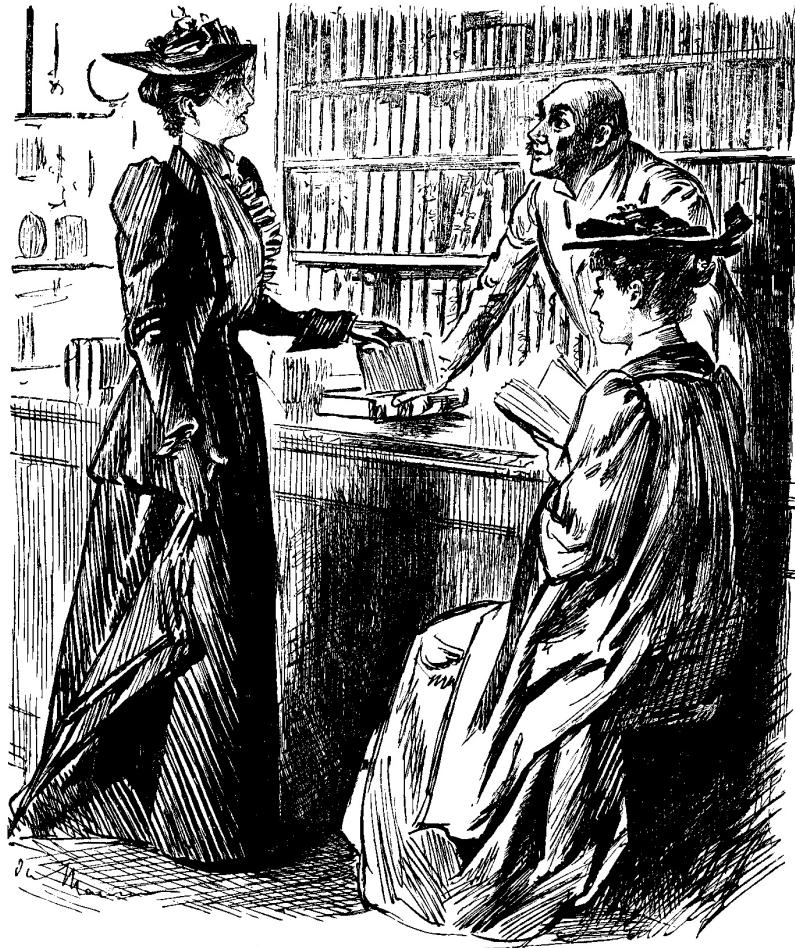
NOT IMPROBABLE.—Lord ROSEBERY might have ended his diplomatic reply to Mr. THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, M.F., who recently sent kind inquiries to the Foreign Office, as to the Pamirs and Behring Sea, Canadian Government, &c., &c., with a P.S. to the effect that "his correspondent probably considered him as a Jack (in office), and therefore a legitimate object to score off in the game of BOWLES."

The Prodigal Daughter; or, The Boyne-Water Jump, by DRURIOLANUS MAGNUS and PETTITT PARVUS, was produced with greatest success, last Saturday, at Old Drury. The general recommendation to the authors will be, as a matter of course, *i.e.*, of race-course, given in the historic words of DUCROW, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." When this advice is acted upon, *The Prodigal Daughter*, a very fine young woman, but not particularly prodigal, will produce receipts beyond all cacklulation.

FUTURE LEGISLATION FOR NEXT SESSION.—Mr. GLADSTONE will introduce a Bill to render criminal the keeping of heifers loose in a field.

BY A PARAGRAPHIC JOURNALIST.—Very natural that there should be "pars" about "Mars."

"SIGNAL FAILURES."—Most Railway Accidents.



CULTURE BY THE SEA.

"HAVE YOU BROWNING'S WORKS?"
 "NO, MISS. THEY'RE TOO DIFFICULT. PEOPLE DOWN HERE DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM."
 "HAVE YOU *PRAED*?"
 "PRAYED, MISS? OH YES; WE'VE TRIED THAT, BUT IT'S NO USE!"

THE CHÂTEAU D'"IF."

The Castle that I sing, is not
 The strong-hold *près Marseilles*,
 Where *Monte Christo* brewed his plot
 For DUMAS' magic tale:
 It's one we all inhabit oft,
 The residence of most,
 And not peculiar to the soft,
 Mediterranean coast.

The Castle "If"—If pigs had wings,
 If wishes horses were,
 If, rather more substantial things,
 My Castles in the air;
 If balances but grew on Banks,
 If Brokers hated "bluff;"
 If Editors refrained from thanks
 And printed all my stuff.

If holidays were not a time
 Beyond a chap's control,
 When someone else prescribes how I'm
 To bore my selfish soul;
 If bags and boxes packed themselves
 For one who packing loathes;
 If babes, expensive little elves,
 Were only born with clothes

If *Bradshaw* drove me to the train!
 Were *mal-de-mer* a name!
 If organ-grinders ground a strain

That never, never came;
If oysters stuck at eighteen pence;
If ladies loathed "The Stores;"
If Tax-collectors had the sense
To overlook my doors!

If sermons stopped themselves to suit
A congregation's pain;
If everyone who played the flute
Were sentenced to be slain;
If larks with truffles sang on trees,
If cooks were made in heaven;
And if, at sea-side spots, the seas
Shut up from nine till seven.

If I might photograph the fiend
Who mauls me with his lens,
If supercilious barbers leaned
Their heads for *me* to cleanse!
If weather blushed to wreck my plans,
If tops were never twirled;
If "Ifs and ands were pots and pans,"—
'Twould be a pleasant world!

SUMMARY OF RESULT FOR OLD CATHOLIC CONGRESS.—*Lucernâ Lucellum.*

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I got so wet on the St. Leger day, that I've been in bed ever since—not because I had to wait till my things were dry—but because I caught a cold! *What* a day it was!—I am told that in addition to the St. Leger, Doncaster is chiefly celebrated for *Butter Scotch*—if so, I presume they don't make it out-of-doors, or it would have stood a good chance of being melted—(not in the mouth)—on Wednesday fortnight! But the excitement of the race fully made up for the liquid weather, and we all—(except the backers of *Orme*)—enjoyed ourselves. I was told that the Duke of WESTMINSTER had "left the Leger at Goodwood," which is simply absurd, as I not only saw it run for at Doncaster myself, but it is ridiculous to insinuate that the Duke went there, put the Leger in his pocket—(as if a Nobleman ever kept books)—walked off quietly to Goodwood and left it there deliberately!

I conclude it can only be an expression coined to discount—(another ledger term)—the victory of *La Flèche*,—to which not half enough attention has been drawn, solely (in my opinion) because *La Flèche* is of the gentler sex, and men don't like the "horse of the year" to be a mare.

I still maintain she was unlucky to lose the Derby, as she won the Oaks two days later in two seconds quicker time:—(which is an anachronism—as if you win *once* out of *twice*—how can it be two *seconds*?)

There was good sport at Yarmouth last week, though owing to the rain the course must have been on the soft (roe) side,—by the way you can get them now in bottles, and very good they are. I am glad to see that staunch supporter of the turf, Lord ELTHAM, winning races again—as his horses have been much out of form lately, at least so I am told, but I was not aware that horses were in a "form" at all, unless being "schooled" over hurdles.

I shall have a word or two to say on the Cesarewitch shortly—having had some private information calculated to break a ROTHSCHILD if followed—but for the moment will content myself with scanning the programme of the Leicester and Manchester Meetings.

There are two races which seem perhaps worth picking up—one at each place; and, while giving my selection for the Leicestershire race in the usual verse, I will just mention that I should have given Lord DUNRAVEN's *Inverness* for the Manchester race, but that I see his Lordship has sent it to America—rather foolish, now that winter is coming on; but perhaps he has another, and may be doing a kindness to some poor American Cousin! *St. Angelo* might win this race without an Inverness, though I presume he will appear in *some* sort of clothing.

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

LEICESTERSHIRE ROYAL HANDICAP SELECTION.

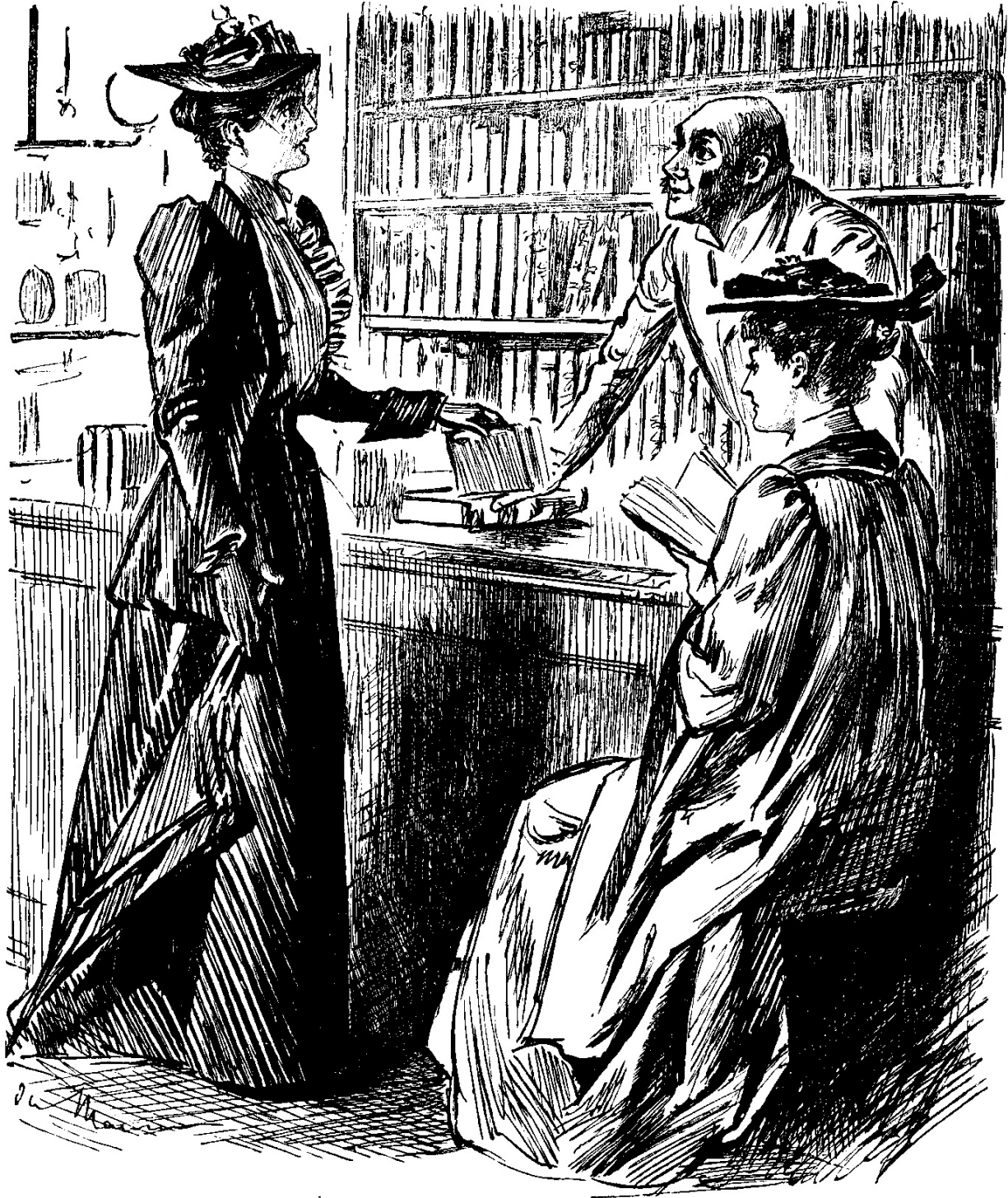
On seeing an awkward, three-cornered affair,
Which I heard was a racer from Fingal,
And hearing him roaring, and whistling an air,

I said, he'll be beaten by *Windgall*.

P.S.—This is *awful*; but *what* a horse to have to rhyme to!

"SHUT UP!" AT BARMOUTH!—Mr. GLADSTONE having made up his mind not to utter another syllable during his holiday, selects as an appropriate resting-place, a charming sea-side spot where he stops himself, and where there is a "Bar" before the "mouth."

[pg 143]



MR. PUNCH'S FISHING PARTY.

[pg 144]



THE FINDING OF PHARAOH.

Interesting Discovery in the Dead Season.

VERY ENTERTAINING.

Dear MR. PUNCH,—So much is done by the organisers of the Primrose League in the shape of amusements for the people, that it seems strange "the other side" should not follow suit. Without having decided political opinions, I like both the Government and Her Majesty's Opposition to be on equal terms. Hence my suggestion. I see that, a few days ago, Mr. GLADSTONE, in speaking to an audience at Barmouth, made the following remarks. He said—He belonged to almost every part of the country. A Scotchman by blood, born in Lancashire, and resident in London, he had become closely attached to Wales by marriage, and had now become too old to get rid of that inclination. Surely these admissions conjure up the possibility of a really excellent entertainment. To show you what I mean, I jot down, in dramatic form, my notion of the manner in which the PREMIER's excellent idea should be worked out:—

SCENE—A large hall, with a platform. On the platform, Committee and Chairman. In front of the Chairman, large table, with cloth reaching to the floor. Water-bottle, and tumbler, and lamp.

Chairman. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in announcing that the Right Hon. W.E. GLADSTONE (*cheers*), will give his entertainment entitled "The Man of Many Characters" almost immediately. The PREMIER's train is a little late, but—ah, here come his fore-runners. (*Enter two Servants in livery with a large basket-box, which they place under the table and then retire.*) And now we may expect the PREMIER immediately.

[Enter Mr. GLADSTONE in evening dress hurriedly. He is received with thunders of applause.

Mr. Gladstone. Ladies and Gentlemen! (*Great cheering.*) I regret I have kept you waiting for some quarter of an hour. My excuse must be that I caused the train to be pulled up, because I noticed at a wayside station a crowd of villagers who, apparently, were desirous to hear me speak. You must forgive me, for it was for the good of the nation. (*Cheers.*) And now without preface, I will appear as my friend Farmer HODGE. (*Loud applause, during which the PREMIER dives under the table and re-appears in character. Continued applause.*) I be mighty glad to see ye. And now, I'll tell ye what I thinks about the Eight Hours' Bill. (*Airs his opinions in "Zomerzetshire" for some twenty minutes. At the conclusion of his performance re-appears in evening dress-coat. Applause.*) Thank you very much. But although Farmer HODGE is a very good fellow, I think SANDIE MACBAWBEE is even better. With your permission, I will appear as SANDIE MACBAWBEE. (*Disappears under table, and re-appears in Highland Costume. Cheers.*) Dinna fash yourselves! Ma gracious! It's ma opinion that you'll just hear a wee bit about Home Rule for Bonnie Scotland. Well, ye ken—(*Airs his opinions upon his chosen subject in broad Scotch. After a quarter of an hour he re-appears, and receives the usual applause.*) Thank you from the bottom of my heart. And now as I have shown you Scotland and England, I think you would be pleased with a glimpse of London. (*Cheers.*) You all like London, do you not? (*Applause.*) With your kind permission, I will re-appear as a noted character in the great tragic comedy of the world's Metropolis. (*Dives down and comes up as a Costermonger. Prolonged applause.*) What cheer! (*Laughter.*) Well, you blokes what are you grinning at? I am a chickaleary cove, that's what I am. But I know what would knock you! You would like to 'ear about 'Ome Rule. Eh? What cheer! 'Ere goes. (*Reveals his Home-Rule scheme with a Cockney twang and dialect. Then disappears and re-appears in his customary evening dress.*) Thank you most earnestly. (*Loud cheers.*) And now I am afraid I must bid you good-bye. But before leaving, I must confess to you that I have never had the honour of appearing before a juster, more intelligent, and more appreciative audience. [*Bows and exit.*

Voices. Encore! Encore! Encore!

Mr. Gladstone (returning). I am deeply touched by this sign of public confidence. I would willingly continue my character illustrations indefinitely, but, unfortunately, I am required in another part of the country to repeat the same performances. I have only just time to catch my special train. Thank you again and again.

[Exit hurriedly, after kissing his hand. The Footmen reappear, and take away the large box. Applause, and Curtain.]

There, my dear *Mr. Punch*, is the rough idea. I feel sure it could be carried through with the greatest possible advantage.

Believe me, yours most truly,
AN EARNEST PATRIOT.

THE QUEEN OF MAN-O'ER-BOARD.

A Novel in Little from a Drama in Full.

CHAPTER I.—*Lady Violet Malvern at Home.*

It was a gorgeous entertainment, consisting chiefly of recitations and the "*Intermezzo*." Lady VIOLET MALVERN was *the* life and soul of the party. But there were lesser lights in a Baron FINOT, an old diplomatist, and a Major GARRETT, an officer in retreat. Then came ARMAND SEVARRO. He was an adventurer, and a friend of Baron FINOT, and had a solitary anecdote.

"I am going to be married to a young lady of the name of DOROTHY BLAIR, but cannot reveal the secret, because her mother is not well enough to hear the news."

Then ARMAND met Lady VIOLET.

"I dreamed years ago of going to the City of Manoa to find its queen. I have found her this evening."

"And she is—?" queried Lady VIOLET.

"You!" hissed the Brazilian (he was a Brazilian), and departed.

"What folly!" murmured Lady VIOLET, in the moonlight.

And many agreed with her.

CHAPTER II.—*The Garden of Dorothy Blair.*

DOROTHY was on the Thames. There came to her ARMAND.

"Will you never publish our contemplated marriage?" she asked.

"How can I, child?" he replied. "How can I reveal the secret when your mother is not well enough to hear the news?"

It was his solitary anecdote.

She sighed, and then came a steam-launch. It contained Lady VIOLET, the other characters, lunch, and (played off) the "*Intermezzo*."

Then ARMAND preferred to flirt with Lady VIOLET to DOROTHY.

"What nonsense!" thought DOROTHY.

And her thoughts found an echo in the breasts of the audience.

CHAPTER III.—*Smoke in the Smoking-room.*

And the Right Hon. RICHARD MALVERN, having had supper, was jealous of his wife. He told Lady VIOLET that he considered ARMAND *de trop*. But he did it so amiably that it touched Lady VIOLET deeply.

"I will send ARMAND away," she replied. Then she told the Brazilian that it was his duty to stay away until his engagement was announced.

"But how can it be announced?" he replied, repeating his solitary anecdote. "I am engaged to a young lady, but I cannot reveal the secret, because her mother is not well enough to hear the news."

Then Lady VIOLET bade him, haughtily, adieu! He departed, but returned, accompanied by the

"*Intermezzo*." Then—probably at the suggestion of the music—she hugged him. Then he left her.

"This is very wearisome," murmured Lady VIOLET.

And the audience agreed with her.

CHAPTER IV.—*A Weir on the Thames.*

It being moonlight, Lady VIOLET walked on a terrace, and admired a dangerous weir. There was a shriek, and the Brazilian rushed in accompanied by the "*Intermezzo*."

"Fly with me to any part of the Desert that pleases you most."

"I would be most delighted," replied Lady VIOLET; "I would sacrifice myself to any extent, but I would not annoy my husband."

"Then let me kiss you with the aid of MASCAGNI," and he pressed his lips to her brow, to the accompaniment of the "*Intermezzo*."

"I have been to Manoa, and kissed its Queen," said the Brazilian, as he jumped into the weir, wearily. "It would have been better had I died before."

"Yes," thought Lady VIOLET, as she leisurely fainted, "it would indeed have been better had he died in the First Act than in the last. Then the piece would have been shorter, more satisfactory, and less expensive to produce. Nay, more—a solitary Act might have been one too many!" And yet again the audience, "all o'er-bored," entirely agreed with her!

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VOLUME 103, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892 ***

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