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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI

VOL. 98

February 1, 1890

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UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.



XVIII.
"Mrs. Mæcenas!" So some would-be wit
Dubbed the fair dame. The title may not fit

With accurate completeness;
It soars some shades too high, this modish *mot*,
As 'Mrs. Lyon-Hunter' sinks too low;
Both nick-names fail in neatness.
"The '*acu tetigisti*,' tribute rare,
Not oft is earned, in Fleet Street or Mayfair,
In these hot days of hurry.
Salons, Symposia, both have met their doom,
And wit, in the Victorian drawing-room,
Finds a fell foe in flurry."
So spake the Shadow, with the covert sneer
That struck so coldly on the listening ear.
Soft was his speech, as muffled
By some chill atmosphere surcharged with snow,
In unemphatic accents, level, low,
Unhasting and unruffled.
"Mrs. Mæcenas, then, no Horace finds
In all her muster of superior minds,
Her host of instant heroes?
That's hard!" I said. "She does not greatly care,"
My guide rejoined. "Behold her seated there!
Her court's as full as Nero's.
"Seneca stands beside her. He's a prim,
Sententious sage. If she is bored by him,
The lady doth not show it.
But there's a furtive glancing of her eye
Toward the entry. There comes Marx M'Kay,
The Socialistic Poet.
"His lyric theories mean utter smash
To all his hostess cares for. Crude and rash,
But musically 'precious.'
His passionate philippics against Wealth
Mammon's own daughters read, 'tis said, by stealth,
And vote them 'quite delicious!'
"All that makes life worth living to the throng
Of worshippers who mob this Son of Song,
Money, Monopoly, Merriment,
He bans and blazes at in 'Diræ' dread;
But then they know his Muse is merely Red
In metrical experiment.
"Well-dressed and well-to-do, the flaming Bard
Finds life in theory only harsh and hard.
His *chevelure* looks shaggy,
But his black broad-cloth's glossy and well-brushed,
And he'd feel wretched if his tie were crushed,
His trousers slightly baggy.
"Karl Marx in metre or Lassalle in verse,
The vampire-horde of Capital he'll curse,
And praise the Proletariat;
But having thus delivered his bard-soul,
He finds it, practically, nice to loll
With Dives in his chariot.
"Lyrical Communism will not fright
Those 'Molochs of the Mart' this Son of Light
Keeps his poetic eye on.
'Who takes a Singer *au grand sérieux*?'
Mrs. Mæcenas asks. So he's on view,
Her Season's latest lion.
"But not alone," I said. "If all this host
Are right authentic Leos, she must boast
As potent charm as Circe's.
What is her wand? Is't wit, or wealth, or both?"
"Listen! That's Mumps the mimic, nothing loth,
Rolling out Vamper's verses!
"Vamper looks on and smiles with veiled delight.
Boredom's best friends are fellows who recite.
None like, not many listen,
But all must make believe to stand about
And watch a man gesticulate and shout,
With eyes that glare and glisten.
"'Tis hard indeed to hold in high esteem
The man who mouths out *Eugene Aram's Dream*
In guttural tones and raucous.
All these have heard a hundred times before
Young Vox, the vain and ventriloquial bore

They'd fain despatch to Orcus.
 "So have they listened many and many a time
 To little Jinks, the jerky comic mime,
 And his facetious chatter.
 But ill would fare Town's guest if he refused
 For the five hundredth time to be 'amused'
 By gush, or cockney patter.
 "Horace's *Piso* were a pleasant chum
 Compared with slangy laureates of the slum.
 Hist! There's a tenor twitter,
 A tremulous twangle of the minor strings.
 'Tis Seraphin, sleek Amateur, who sings,
 'Glide where the moonbeams glitter!'
 "'To puling girls that listen and adore
 Your love-lorn chants and woful wailings pour!'
 Sang Horace to Hermogenes.
 Seraphin's a Tigellius, and his style
 Would bring the bland Venusian's scornful smile
 The scowl of sour Diogenes.
 "'Twere 'breaking butterflies upon the wheel'
 To let such fribbles feel the critic steel
 With scalpel-like severity?
 Granted! But will no pangs the victims urge
 To abate that plague of bores, which is the scourge
 Of social insincerity?
 "Wisdom is here, and Wit, Talent and Taste:
 The latest wanderer from the Tropic Waste,
 Sun-bronzed and care-lined, saunters
 In cheery chat with mild-faced Mirabel,
 Who with Romance's wildest weirdest spell
 Has witched your Mudie-haunters.
 "Colossal Bayard, *beau-sabreur*, whose blade
 A dozen desert spearmen faced and stayed,
 Stoops his high-shoulder'd stature
 To hear the twittering tones of Tiny Tim,
 A midget, but the soul of whit and whim,
 The genius of good-nature.
 "Boy-faced, but virile, vigorous, and a peer,
 Lord Mossmore talks with Violet de Vere,
 The latest light of Fiction;
 Steadily-rising statesman, season's star!
 Calmly he hears, though Caste's keen instincts jar,
 Her strained self-conscious diction.
 "Meldrum, the modish *medico*, laughs low
 At ruddy Rasper's keenly-whispered *mot*—
 Rasper, a soul all strictures,
 Holds the great world a field for sketchy chaff.
 Many love not the man, but how they laugh
 At his swift, scathing pictures!
 "Wits of all grades, and Talents of all sorts,
 With rival beauties holding separate courts,
 Find here parade, employment.
 And yet, and yet, they all look cross, or tired;
 Your cultured city has not yet acquired
 The art of true enjoyment.
 "Strange! London's poor find pleasure far too dear,
 But here, with wealth, and wit, and charm, and cheer,
 All should go *so* delightfully.
 Time gay as in the Golden Age should fleet,
 But the most brilliant stars in Babylon meet,
 And—bore each other frightfully."

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY—GO TO PRISON!

Last week *Mr. Punch* asked, "Oh, where, and oh where, is The Public Prosecutor?" and he has received an answer. It appears that the official has been recently engaged (his letter is dated the 30th of November) in suppressing an "illegal scheme" to aid the funds of the North-West London Hospital. It appears that, with a view to increasing the revenue of that most deserving charity, it was arranged to treat some presents that had been made to the Institution as "prizes," to be given to those who sent donations to the hospital. There was to be a "drawing," which was to be duly advertised in the daily papers. But this could not be tolerated. Sir A. K. Stephenson, Solicitor to Her Majesty's Treasury, after denouncing the scheme in the terms above set forth, informed the Secretary of the Hospital, "that all persons

concerned therein subjected themselves to the penalties imposed by the Acts passed for the suppression of illegal lotteries." Well, the law is the law, and it would never do for *Mr. Punch* to dispute the point with so learned a gentleman as Sir A. K. Stephenson—the more especially as Sir A. K. S. has just been patented a Q.C.—but if the Public Prosecutor can stop "illegal schemes" for benefiting the sick, why can he not also deal with the professional perjurers, suborners of witnesses, and fabricators of false evidence? *Mr. Punch* pauses for a reply, but is disinclined to pause much longer!

Our Turn Now.—An excited paragraph in the morning papers announces that "two Doctors of Vienna have succeeded in discovering the Influenza *bacillus* after a series of experiments in the Chemical and Physiological Laboratory of the University." This is capital. Hitherto the Influenza *bacillus* has discovered *us*. Now the tables are turned, and the question is, What shall we do with our prize? A little transaction in boiling lead might not be bad to begin with.

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AN OLD FABLE.

Frog. "I mean to be as Big as you, one Day, and Swallow you up. Bust if I don't!"

A "FISH OUT OF WATER" AT GREENWICH.

In a not very wise speech delivered while presiding at the opening of a new series of lectures in connection with the Greenwich Branch of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Lord Wolseley modestly admitted "that whatever information he had acquired in life had been acquired from the ordinary penny newspaper which he had read day by day." No doubt this rather humiliating fact accounts for the florid style of the proclamations "Our Only General" used to publish in Egypt and elsewhere—proclamations at the time recognised as having the tone of Astley's in the good old days of the *Battle of Waterloo* and other military melodramas. However, if it pleases Lord Wolseley to give materials for a future biography, that is no one's concern but his own. Unfortunately he touched upon another matter, about which he knows evidently very little, if anything at all. His Lordship spoke in very disrespectful terms of what he called the "Shilling Dreadful," which, he declared (in this instance accurately enough), was "prized by many people." Certainly the novelette is more popular than *The Soldier's Pocket-book*, although both *brochures* are equally works of imagination. So it should be, considering that amongst the authors who have produced it have been Wilkie Collins, Hugh Conway, F. Anstey, Robert Buchanan, Grant Allen, Walter Besant, Rhoda Broughton, and others equally well known to fame. He concluded by remarking, "that if men of all politics were to be shaken up in a bag, he believed there would be very little difference between them." Quite true, if the bag were shaken sufficiently long to complete the transformation—but it would be rather a brutal experiment!

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REFRESHMENTS IN VOGUE.

"Quinine or Antipyrine, my Lady?"

A PAGE FROM A DIARY.

(Purely Imaginary.)

First Week.—Now let me see what I have to do. I will leave out of consideration my extra-parliamentary utterances—they will take care of themselves. Shan't forget *them*. But other matters. Well, I have to turn the works of my dear old friend Alf Tennyson into Greek—of course, omitting certain highly injudicious lines of a reactionary character. Then I must read through the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. No skipping, but go through *every* article thoroughly and conscientiously. Then, of course, there is Grand Day at Gray's Inn. Must *not* forget that. Should like, above all things, to be present. Now let me see that I have got the date all right. Yes, I remember. Grand Day, Hilary Term. Falls on a Thursday. I shan't forget.

Second Week.—Translation of Tennyson into Greek going on famously. Not had time to cut down any trees, so busy have I been. Got as far as "Foghorn" in *Encyclopædia Britannica*. New edition a very good one. Glad I made up my mind to read it. Let me see, anything else? Why, to be sure, Grand Day at Gray's Inn! Rather cut off my hand or even my head, than forget *that!* Treasurer particularly nice man. So are all the Benchers. So are all the Barristers and the Students. Excellent fellows, all of them—yes, excellent. So must not forget Grand Day at Gray's Inn. To be sure. Falls on a Thursday.

Third Week.—*A. T.* progressing nicely. Little difficulty about the translation of the *Northern Farmer*. Rather awkward to give the proper weight of a country dialect in Greek. However, it reads very well, indeed! Think my dear old friend Alf will be pleased with it; he should be, as it has given me a good deal of trouble. However, all's well that ends well. *E. B.* also satisfactory. Got into the "D's." Article upon the "Docks," scarcely exhaustive enough to please me, so have been reading some other books upon the same subject. Forgotten nothing? No, because I remember I have to dine at Gray's Inn. Yes, to be sure—23rd of January. Grand Day. Hilary Term. Falls on a Thursday. Would not forget it to save my election! Looking forward to the port. Excellent port at Gray's Inn, I am told. Well, well, I shall be there! I don't believe much in artificial memory, but to assist my recollection, I have tied knots in all my pocket-handkerchiefs. Wouldn't forget the fixture for a kingdom. Falls on a Thursday.

Fourth Week.—Finished Greek translation of Tennyson's Poems. Very pleased with the result. Must send a copy to dear old Alf. Perhaps it might suggest to him that it would be a graceful compliment in return to translate all my speeches into Latin verse. Dear old friend! There is not another man to whom I would entrust such a task with equal heartiness. He would do it *so* well. Must look up my earlier orations. If Alf does *any* of it, he should do it *all*. I do not believe in half measures. Nearly finished the *E. B.* Article upon "Music" very interesting. "Pigs" not so good; however "Wheel-barrows" excellent and exhaustive. Rather angry to find knots in my handkerchiefs, &c., until I suddenly remembered they were to remind me of my engagement to dine at Gray's Inn. To be sure. Grand Day, Hilary Term. Falls on a Thursday. Sure to be a delightful evening. Several of my young Irish friends are members of the Society. I am looking forward to it *so* much. Useful things, knots. Remembered it at once! Tie them again. Also put *grey* wideawake hat over clock in my study. That will remind me of *Gray's Inn*. Falls on a Thursday!

Last Week.—There, now I can come to this book with a clear conscience. Done everything. Greek translation of Tennyson ready for press. Finished letter "Z" last night, in final volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Nothing

omitted. Rather annoyed to find someone has been tying knots in my handkerchief. Hate practical jokes! Careless person, too, has been hanging my old grey wideawake on the clock in my study. Rather a liberty! Don't like liberties. Always courteous to *everybody*—consequently, expect *everybody* to be courteous to *me*! Still, can't help smiling. It was a quaint idea to hang my old wideawake on the clock in my study. I wonder what put such a freak into the joker's head! Now let me look at the paper that has just reached me from London. Dear me, "The Vacant Chair." That seems a good title. And all about Gray's Inn! Now, I like Gray's Inn—a most excellent place; everyone connected with it great friends of mine. And writing of Gray's Inn, that reminds me—Good gracious! Why, last night was Thursday, and I forgot to be there!!!

MENU-BETTING.

Gentlemen who bet on every event in life—who cut cards to decide whether they shall go into the City by cab or by underground train, and toss up to see whether they had better dine at home or at the Club, may be interested to know of a new game of chance which can be played at dinnertime, and in which ladies not only may but must take part. "Betting on the *menu*" it is called; and it is done in this way. You ask the lady next to you on the right—the one you have taken in to dinner—permission to speculate as to what dishes she will choose from among those inscribed on the *menu*; and you back your selection in a series of bets either with the lady herself, or—if she happens not to be what the French call "*sportive*"—with any gentleman who may be willing to do business with you. Suppose the lady takes you? You make a pencil-mark against each dish which, it seems to you, she will fancy; and if you are right more often than you are wrong, you win—and the lady does not pay you. In the contrary case you lose—and you pay the lady. It need scarcely be said that you annotate your own copy of the *menu*, and that the lady does not see it until the dinner is at an end. The same principle is observed in betting with a gentleman in reference to a lady's probable selection; but in this latter case neither of the parties interested is at liberty to express any opinion, directly or indirectly, as to the merits or demerits of the different dishes from which the lady has to choose. Any member of the unfair sex may make sure of winning from her antagonist—who will naturally have marked a certain number of dishes—by simply abstaining from food throughout the dinner; though the lady of the house might think this impolite. *Menu*-betting is in any case an agreeable pastime for both sexes. It promotes digestion; and any woman of moderate ability may make money by it.

"More Light!"—The British Museum is, it appears, presently to be opened at night, its (Elgin) marble halls and others being illuminated with the electric light. Concurrently with this happy event Mr. Louis Fagan, of the Departments of Prints and Drawings, announces a course of three popular lectures on the Treasures of the Museum, to be delivered next month at the Steinway Hall. No one knows more about the Museum than Mr. Fagan, and, with the assistance of 170 photographic reproductions, exhibited by oxyhydrogen light, he will teach the public a thing or two about its foundation, progress, and present contents.

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PHENOMENAL.

Near-sighted Man in Church, inspecting Sham Insect on Lady's Bonnet. He is so excited by the discovery, that he hurries out of Church in the middle of the Service, in order to write to the Papers to announce the sudden appearance of a

magnificent specimen of the large Tortoise-Shell Butterfly on our Shores in mid-January, as a proof of the Mildness of the Climate.

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. IV.—RETROSPECT.

Scene—*A large Room, in which Guests are assembling previous to a Supper in honour of a Great Actor, who is about to leave for a tour to the United States. There has been a magnificent farewell performance, in which the Great Actor has surpassed himself. The public has shown unparalleled enthusiasm; the G. A. has appeared before the Curtain, and in a voice choked with emotion has assured his audience that the one thing that sustains him at this trying moment is the prospect of seeing them all again when he returns.*

Time—11.45 P.M. *The Room is full of histrionic, literary, and artistic Celebrities, with a few stray Barristers and Doctors, who like to show publicly that in spite of the arduous labours of their professions, they can enjoy a mild dissipation as well as any man. Most of the leading lights of the "Thespian Perambulators," Boldero, Tiffington Spinks, Gushby, Andrew Jarp, and Hall, have come to prove by their presence the sympathy of the Amateur Stage. On the last night but one they had concluded their series of performances at Blankbury. The Chairman of the Banquet is a middle-aged Peer, who is a regular attendant at first nights, and occupies a subordinate office in the Ministry. The Guest of the Evening has not yet arrived. A buzz of conversation fills the air. The Secretary of the Banquet, an actor, is anxiously hurrying about with a list, on which he ticks off names.*

The Secretary (to Boldero). So glad all you fellows have been able to come. I've put you pretty well together, as you wished. I wonder where—oh! here he is at last.

Enter Great Actor. The Secretary rushes to him. Hand-shakings and congratulations all round. The G. A. moves up the room to where the Amateurs are standing.

G. A. (shaking hands.) Ah! this is really friendly, Tiffington, really friendly. Were you in front to-night?

Tiffington. Of course we were. We wouldn't have missed it for a thousand pounds. It went first class. I thought your idea of stabbing Alphonso from behind instead of in front, was a genuine inspiration.

G. A. Approbation from Sir Hubert. (*Bows and leaves quotation unfinished*). But I've always played it like that, I think.

[*Supper is announced. The Guests troop in to the supper-room.*

Tiffington (to Jarp, as they walk in). He's wrong there. Never did it like that before; and, after all, I'm not sure it is such an improvement. But if you don't praise these fellows they never forgive you.

Jarp. Didn't he say anything about our show at Blankbury? I thought you wrote to him about it.

Tiffington. So I did; wrote specially to tell him how well things had gone off. But you might just as well try to pump wine out of a pillar-box, as expect a word of sympathy or encouragement from a professional. They're all the same.

[*They take their seats, Tiffington and Jarp on one side of the table, the other three opposite them. The supper begins.*

Friend of the G. A. (on Tiffington's right). Splendid performance, was it not? I never saw him in finer form in my life. It's quite impossible to imagine anything more dignified and pathetic than his death-scene.

Tiffington (dubiously). Hum! Yes. I'm not sure I should do it like that quite. What do you say, Gushby?

Gushby. It's not my idea at all. He spins it out far too long. I should like to see you act that, Tiff.

Tiffington (complacently). Ah, well, so you might if things were managed with common fairness. But (*bitterly*) you know well enough there's a regular conspiracy against me. (*To Friend of G. A.*) Now, of course, you've read the notices of our performance of *Heads or Tails*? Yes. I thought you had. Well, you *must* have observed, that I don't get more than two lines in any one of them, not a word more than two lines upon my soul, and yet any fool knows that my part was the chief one. But there you are. The beggars daren't abuse me. They know the public won't stand that, so, just to spite me, they try to leave me out. But they're very much mistaken if they think I care. Pooh! I snap my fingers at them and their wretched conspiracy.

[*Snaps them, and drinks moodily. The supper proceeds. Conversation everywhere ranges over all kinds of topics,—literature, art, the drama, the political situation, the last Divorce Case. The Amateurs continue to discuss themselves.*

Jarp (to Boldero). Did you see that infamous notice in *The Moonbeam*? Just like that rascal Penfold. He can't help showing his jealousy, because we never asked him to join the Perambulators.

Boldero. Yes. There you have it in a nutshell. I tell you what it is, we shall have to exclude all critics from our show in future.

Tiffington. Ah! that would punish them—and serve them right, too. Are you going to sing to-night, Hall?

Hall (with a sigh of resignation). I suppose I shall have to. I told Batterdown I should be ready, if wanted.

Jarp. Have you got anything new?

Hall. Rather. Something particularly neat, I think. I call it "*The Super at Supper*." It goes like this:—

[*Hums to his friends, who listen with rapt attention, occasionally interchanging glances expressive of enthusiastic admiration.*

I once knew a Super, a festive soul,
Who quaffed champagne from a brimming bowl,
And all night long as he quaffed he sang,
"The Dukes may swing, and the Earls go hang,
And the Duchesses, 'drat 'em, may go and be blowed;
They've all been there, and they know the road—
They're slaves, but the Super who sups is free—
Oh! the Super's life is the life for me!

Chorus.

With a hey-diddle-diddle and fiddle-di-dee,
Oh! the supping Super's the man for me!"

Spinks, Boldero, Gushby, Jarp (with enthusiasm). My dear fellow, that's immense.

Hill. Yes, it's not bad. There are six verses, some of them even better than that.

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[*The Chairman rises to propose the only toast of the evening, "Success to the Great Actor who is about to leave us for a short time." The usual speech—reminiscent, anecdotic, prophetic of tremendous triumphs, mildly humorous, pathetic.*

The Chairman (concluding). Therefore I bid you all charge your glasses as full of wine as your hearts are full of sympathy, and join me in wishing success to the Great Man, who is about to cull new laurels in a foreign land.

[*Roars of applause. Immense enthusiasm. The Great Actor responds. He is moved to tears. He assures his friends, that wherever he may go his heart will ever turn fondly to them. Great cheering.*

Tiffington (puffing his cigar). Not so bad. I always said he could speak better than he could act.

[*The supper concludes. Hall has not been asked to sing.*

Friend of Great Actor (departing, to Tiffington). It's been a splendid evening, hasn't it?

Tiffington (putting on his coat). Yes. Pretty fair. (*To Hall.*) Sorry for you, old chap. But the song will keep.

Hall. Keep? Oh, yes, it'll keep. I'll make it red-hot for the lot of 'em, and sing it at Blankbury next year. They won't like that, I rather think.

Jarp. No, by Gad!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE SHREWING OF THE TAME.

Dear Mr. Punch,

Mr. F. R. Benson deserves commendation for a new idea. Shakspeare has been presented in many forms, but the notion of giving the Bard without any acting to speak of is a novelty. And it is not quite certain that it is a mistake. After all, a bad actor is an infliction, and it is better to have gentlemen who have not spent centuries in mastering the intricacies of their profession than a noisy personage who tears his passions to atoms. The recent revivals of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Taming of the Shrew* at the Globe Theatre show how pleasing Shakspearian representations may be made, even when their success depends less upon elocution than scenic effect. The first of these plays was simply delightful, with its fairy glades and "built-up" temples. The last, too, is well off for "cloths," pleasingly representing Padua and Verona. The performers (with the exception of Mr. Stephen Phillips, who speaks his lines with admirable effect) are not so noticeable. One of the best-played parts in the piece is filled by an actor whose name does not appear in the programme. He has nothing to do but to carry off *Katherina* (Mrs. F. R. Benson), in Sc. 5., Act III., on his back. That he looks like an ass while doing this goes without saying, but still he is a valuable addition to the cast. From an announcement in the programme, it appears that *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and the *Merchant of Venice* are shortly to be played. It seems at the first blush a difficult task to pick out of Mr. Benson's present company a gentleman quite suited to fill the title rôles in the two first, and *Shylock* in the last. But, no doubt, the Lessee and Manager thinks the playing of the characters of the Prince of Denmark and the Moor a matter of minor importance. And, if he does, it may be argued, from the cordial reception that has been accorded to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Taming of the Shrew*, that he has an excellent reason for his opinion.

Believe me, yours truly,
One who is Easily Pleased.

HOW TO MEET IT.

Sir,—Having read all the letters that have appeared in the papers suggesting a treatment for the prevailing epidemic, I have got, perhaps, a little confused; but, on the whole, the following is the course, as far as I can make out, that it would be prudent to pursue on finding oneself threatened with any of the well-known symptoms. Immediately get into a warm bath several degrees hotter than you can possibly bear it, then get out again. Now go to bed, send for your family solicitor, and make your will, meantime trying every half hour half a tumbler or so of any patent medicine the advertisement of which occurs to you. Call in a homœopathic doctor, and give his system a turn for four-and-twenty hours; then send for your own medical man. Take care that they do not meet on the stairs. Take anything and everything he gives you for the next eight-and-forty hours, interspersing his prescriptions with frequent tumblers of hot and steaming ammoniated quinine-and-water, getting down at the same time more beef tea, oysters, champagne, muffins, mince-pies, oranges, nuts, and whiskey than, under ordinary circumstances, you feel would be good for you. Continue the above treatment for a couple of months. This is what I am going to try, if I am down with it. As I said above, it is, if a little complicated, sure to be all right, for I have got every item of it from a careful perusal of those infallible guides and directors in all modern difficulties and doubts,

The Daily Papers.

KICKED!

(By the Foot of Clara Groomley.)

Chapter II.

I am still at Ryde, and it is still raining. On a day like this, a little Ryde goes a great way. No Ryde without rain. *Telle est la vie*. The young girls at Plumfields sit writing themes indoors instead of taking their exercise in the open air.



If this rain keeps on, I shall go to wild Assam again, or to the Goodwin Sands. James, the headwaiter, has told me thirteen different stories of the haunted room of this hotel. None of them are amusing, or interesting, or have anything to do with this tale. If I were writing a shilling volume, I should put them in by way of padding. As it is, they may go out. I too will go out.

I have seen Mlle. Donnerwetter. She was racing along on the pier, and I was pacing along in the rear. I saw her and caught her up. I hastily pressed all the valuables that I had with me—four postage-stamps and an unserviceable watch-key—into her hand, and entreated her to give me an interview with Miss Smith.

"Me muchee want to oblige English Sahib," she said, in her pulverised English, "but ze Effendina—ze what you call 'ead-mistress, French lady like myself—she no like it. She give me the *bottine*, if I let great buckra massa talk to Fraulein Smeets. But lookee—I give you straight tip. Miss Smeets is on ze pier now—you write note—slip it in her hand. I wink ze eyebrow. I have a grand envy to oblige the English Signor. Ah! Bismillah! *Quelle alouette!*"

She is French, very French, but she has a kind heart. I hurriedly wrote a few impassioned words on my left cuff, and folded it into a three-cornered note. I dropped it down Miss Smeet's neck as I found her leaning over the side of the pier, and then ran away. I heard her murmur, "Someone's mistaken me for the post-office."

It is still raining, but I am quite happy. I have seen her again, and I feel that she loves me. It was impossible to mistake the *tendresse* with which she murmured, "post-office." In my little note I requested her to send a reply to this hotel. I have asked her to tell me plainly what her income is, and to state on what conditions she will forfeit it. Of course, she has no income now, as she is a minor, but I would wait a year or two for a certainty. Shall I write her some verses—lines to a minor, or thoughts on the Southampton quay? Perhaps I had better wait until I obtain the statistics. Ah, here is James, bringing me a note. It must be from my darling—no, it is from Mademoiselle.

Dear Sir,—Miss Smith am going away to Londres. A telegram come for her, and I look over the shoulder. It say, 'Poor Tommy's kicked! Come at once,' Miss Smith make the tears.

Yours,
Lucia Donnerwetter.

I must be off to London and get this matter traced. James entreats me to buy a new hat when I am away. He says it's bringing disgrace on the hotel, and keeping away custom. What! Give up the hat which her dear foot has kicked! Never! But, perhaps, I will have it ironed. The iron has entered into my soul, and perhaps, it would be doing more good on my hat. Yes, I will have it ironed. It does look a little limp. Ironed or starched—what matter, when my darling is gone, and left me with no information as to her income?

(*To be concluded in Two more Chapters.*)

"Venice Preserved" in The Haymarket.

No—not Otway's tragedy, and not under Mr. Beerbohm Tree's management, but at the Gallery next door to the Theatre, and under the superintendence of Mr. McLean, you will find not only Venice, but Florence, Prague, Heidelberg, Capri, Augsburg, Nuremburg, Innsbrück, and a good many other picturesque places, preserved in about a hundred water-colour drawings, by Mr. Edward H. Bearne. If there were not so many rivers and lagoons in the exhibition, it might be called the "Bearnese Oberland." These pictures are well painted, and, during the gruesome weather, a tiny tour round this sunny gallery is mighty refreshing.

Study for the Pelican Club.—The "Logic and Principles of Mill."

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HAPPY THOUGHT.

Our Artist, finding he cannot exterminate the Street Musicians, and unwilling to be exterminated by them, has hit upon a Plan for Hardening himself—with the happiest results. Just One Week of the discipline represented above has made him absolutely Invulnerable—he thinks, for Life!

"BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!"

(*A Scene from a Domestic Comedy.*)

Mrs. Bob Bull was the wife of a British Workman, and she got up at four o'clock in the morning.

"Must rise early," she said, "to see that my man has his breakfast."

So she lighted the fire, and put the kettle on to boil, and laid the cloth, and swept out the rooms. Then down came Bob rather in a bad humour, because he had been late over-night at the "Cock and Bottle," detained (as he explained to his wife) by a discussion about the rights of labour.

"Of course," said Mrs. Bull; "and why shouldn't you, after a hard day's work, enjoy yourself?"

But Bob contended that he had not enjoyed himself, although he had undoubtedly expended two shillings and eightpence upon refreshment. What Bob wanted to know was, why there was a button off his coat, and why his waistcoat had

not been properly mended.

"Well, I was busy with the children's things," replied Mrs. Bob; "but I will put all straight when you have gone to work."

"Gone to work, indeed!" grumbled Bob. "Yes, it's I that does all the work, and worse luck to it!"

The moment Bob was out of the house, Mrs. Bob got the children up and dressed them, and gave them their breakfasts and sent them off to school. When they were gone, she "tidied up" and dressed the baby. Then she did one of "the bits of washing," that came from a family in whose service she had been before she married Bob, and that family's connection. And this occupied her fully, what with soaking, and mangling and ironing, until it was time to carry Bob his dinner. In the pauses of her work she had been able to cook it, and it was quite ready to go with her when she was prepared to take it. It was a long walk (in the rain) to Bob's place of work, and it seemed the longer because she could not leave the baby. But both got there, and the dinner, without any accident. And then Mrs. Bob hurried back to give the children, now home from school, *their* midday meal. And Mrs. Bob had plenty of work to do afterwards. She had to mend, and to scrub, and to sweep, and to sew. She was not off her legs for a moment, and had she been a weaker woman, she would have been thoroughly done up. Then came the children's evening toilette and the cooking of Bob's supper. Her lord and master entered in due course, and she helped him off with his coat, and (when he had finished his food) lighted his pipe for him.

"Mended my clothes?" asked Bob.

"Of course I have."

"And washed my linen, and druv nails into my boots, and baked the bread, and pickled the walnuts, and all the rest of it?"

"Yes, Bob, I have done them all—every one of them."

This put Bob into a better temper, and he took out an evening paper, and began to read it.

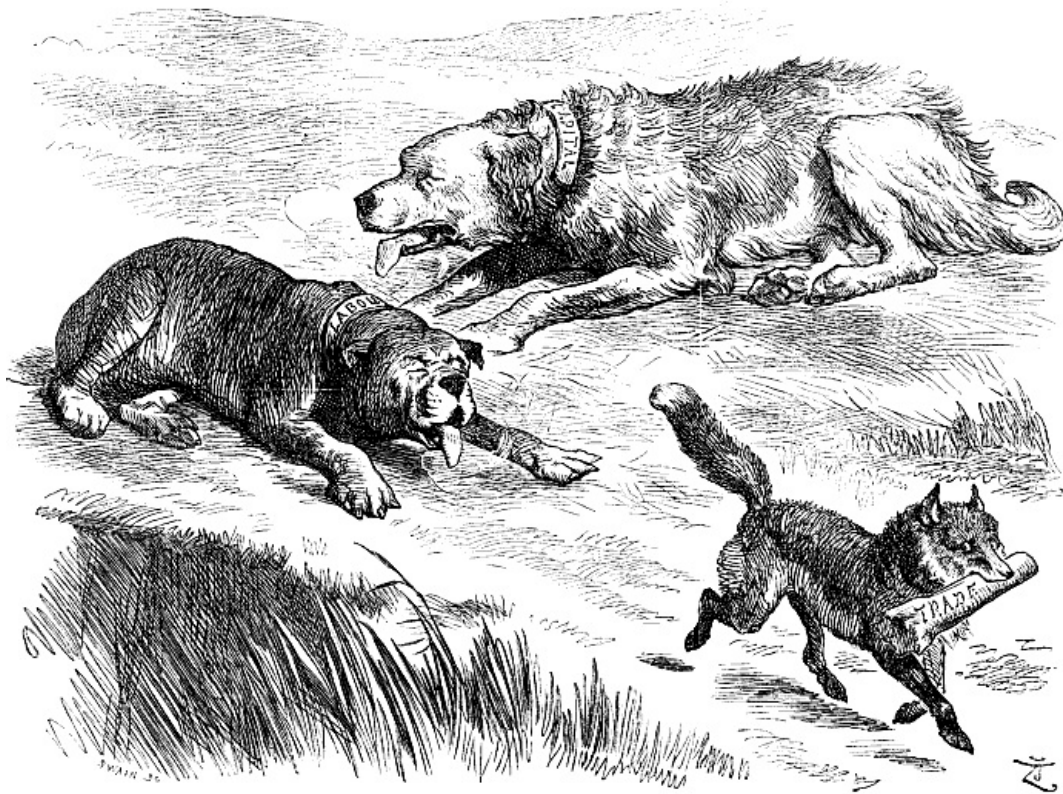
"I say," said he; "what do you think! They have got white slaves in Turkey!"

"You don't say so, Bob!" replied Mrs. Bob, lost in amazement. Then she said as she paused tidying up the room, "Ah! they wouldn't allow anything of *that* sort in England!—would they, Bob?"

And Bob, smoking his pipe, and sprawling before the fire, agreed with her!

The Riviera in Bond Street.

Why take a long journey and spend a lot of money, when the Riviera is within a shilling cab-fare? Why not apply at 148, New Bond Street, and obtain one of the Fine Art Society's "excursion *coupons*," and get yourself personally conducted by Mr. John Fulleylove to Nice, Monte Carlo, Genoa, and all sorts of delightful places? Take *Mr. Punch's* advice, and go there at once! And, when you have exhausted the Riviera, you have another treat in a series of well-nigh seventy drawings of Cambridge. These are skilfully limned, with scrupulous architectural accuracy and charming pictorial effect, and will give great delight to Cantabrians, old and young. They are worthy to take their place beside the excellent series of pictures of Oxford which Mr. Fulleylove exhibited some time ago.



THE FOREIGN FOX.

(With apologies to Æsop.)

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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"Bring me my books!" said the Baron, not for the first time. But on this occasion the Baron was a prisoner in bed, and likely to remain so for many days. Consequently, he required amusement. He had heard of a book, called *Three Men in a Boat*, by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, some of whose observations, in a collection of papers entitled *Stage-land*, had caused him to laugh several times, and to smile frequently, for the subject has not been so well touched since Gilbert Abbott à Beckett wrote his inimitable *Quizziology of the Drama*, which for genuine drollery has never been surpassed. Anticipating, then, some side-splitters from *Three Men in a Boat*, the Baron sent for the work. He opened it with a chuckle, which, instead of developing itself into a guffaw and then into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, gradually subsided altogether, his smile vanished, and an expression of weariness came over the Baron's face, as after heroically plodding through five chapters he laid the book down, and sighed aloud, "Well, I'm hanged if I see where the fun of this is." The Baron may be wrong, and the humour of this book, which seems to him to consist in weak imitations of American fun, and in conversations garnished with such phrases as "bally idiot," "bally tent," "doing a mouch," "boss the job," "put a pipe in his mouth, and spread himself over a chair," "land him with a frying-pan," "fat-headed chunk," "who the thunder" and so forth—a style the Baron believes to have been introduced from Yankee-land, and patented here by the *Sporting Times* and its imitators,—interspersed with plentiful allusions to whiskey-drinking, may not be, as it is not, to his particular taste; and yet, for all that, it may be marvellously funny. So the Baron requested an admirer of this

book to pick out the gems, and read them aloud to him. But even the admirer was compelled to own that the gems did not sparkle so brilliantly as he had at first thought. "Yet," observed the admirer, "it has had a big sale." "*Three Men in a Boat* ought to have," quoth the Baron, cheerily, and then he called aloud, "Bring me *Pickwick*!" He commenced at the Review, and the first meeting of *Mr. Pickwick* with the Wardle family. Within five minutes the Baron was shaking with spasmodic laughter, and Charles Dickens's drollery was as irresistible as ever. Of course the Baron does not for one moment mean to be so unfair to the *Three Men in a Boat* as to institute a comparison between it and the immortal *Pickwick*, but he has heard some young gentlemen, quite of the modern school, who profess themselves intensely amused by such works as this, and as the two books by the author of *Through Green Glasses*, and yet allow that they could not find anything to laugh at in *Pickwick*. They did not object to *Pickwick*, as ladies very often do, that there is so much eating and drinking in it. "No," says the Baron, in bed, "Give me my *Pickwick*, and, after him, for a soothing and pleasant companion, give me Washington Irving. When I'm in another sort of humour, bring me Thackeray. For rollicking Irish life, give me Lever. But as to youth-about-town life of the present day, I do not know of any second-class humorist who approaches within measurable distance of the author of *The Pottleton Legacy*, in the past." So far the Baron. And now "The Co." speaks:—

A Tour in a Phaëton, by J. J. Hissey, is an interesting account of a driving trip through the Eastern Counties. It abounds in hisseytorical research; we are taken to all kinds of out-of-the-way and picturesque places, of which the Author gives us graphic pictures with pencil as well as pen. A fresher title to the work might have been devised, as the present one bears a striking likeness to Mr. Black's *Adventures of a Phaëton*,—who, by the way, was the first to render driving tours popular. The volume abounds in poetical quotations. The authority, however, is seldom given, and inverted commas are conspicuous by their absence. It can hardly be imagined that all this poetry is by the writer of the book. In one instance he quotes a well-known verse by Ashby-Sterry, without acknowledgment, in which, for some inscrutable reason, he has introduced a rugged final line which effectually mars the harmony of the original stanza.

Those who prefer Scotch broth well peppered to Butter-Scotch, should read *Our Journey to the Hebrides*, by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. They seem to have gone out of the beaten track in their tour, which is pleasant, and their views of Scotland, though they may cause controversy, are novel, and at the same time indescribably refreshing. As to the views of Scotland chronicled by Mr. Pennell's clever and facile pencil, they are full of thought, elaborate detail and wondrous originality. There are some forty of these, all remarkable for their everlasting variety and high artistic excellence.

Dr. Hermione (Blackwood) is rather an idyl than a novel, and would have done better still if it had been cast in the form of a comedy. The still anonymous author who followed up *Zit and Zoë* by *Lady Bluebeard* possesses the gift, rare among novelists, of writing sparkling dialogue. The quickly changing scenes in the last chapter of *Dr. Hermione*, with its sprightly chatter would serve the poor player almost as it stands. It is not too late to think about the comedy. In the meanwhile the novel does very well, and if he had made his story a book for the play, we should have missed many dainty descriptions of scenery. Nothing is so good as his description of the Lake District in Autumn, unless it be his pictures of the surroundings of the Nile as it

Flows through hushed old Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought, threading a dream.

Some Places of Note in England (Dowdeswells) have been deftly noted by a notable artist, namely, Birket Foster. From the "places of note," he has evolved some of the most delicate of harmonies. Whether he gives us a Canterbury *cantata*, a Richmond *rondo*, a Stratford symphony, a Lambeth *lied*, or a Tilbury *toccata* we are equally delighted with his choice of *motivo* and his brilliancy of execution. In this volume we have five-and-twenty pictures, admirably reproduced in the highest style of lithography. Mr. Birket Foster has been before the public for many years—he appeared, if we mistake not, in the early numbers of the *Illustrated News*: his work has been constant, and his pictures countless ever since, and yet, in the present volume, we find him better than ever.

Sporting Celebrities. The first number of this new monthly contains two excellent portraits by M. Walery. One is of the Duke of Beaufort, the other of Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell. They are accompanied by crisp well-written biographical notices. The two portraits are well worth the price charged for the Magazine. A couple of good photographs for a shilling, cannot be considered dear. In addition to this, there are twenty pages of letterpress—so altogether it is a splendid shillingworth. Baron de Book-Worms & Co.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Insanitary Dust-bins.—That your servants should have thrown half a lobster, several potted meat-tins, an uneatable rabbit-pie, and all the vegetable refuse of your household, into your dust-bin, and that it should not have been "attended to" for upwards of two months, is quite sufficient to account for the intolerable odour of which you and all your neighbours on that side of the street have had reason to complain; but, as you seem to think nothing but an epidemic fever, caused by the nuisance, will rouse the Authorities, you might, by throwing in a pound or two of phosphate of lime, the same quantity of copper shavings, and a gallon or so of nitric acid, as you suggest, create such an intolerable stench, that something would have to be done, and that without delay, to preserve your entire neighbourhood from a visitation of the plague. Try it, by all means. In the meantime have a notice, as you propose, put in your kitchen window, to the effect that a champagne luncheon, and half-a-crown a head, will be provided for the dustmen if they will only call. Failing this, you might take the steps you seriously contemplate, with a view to marrying into the dust-contractor's family. This, perhaps, coupled with a series of urgent letters to the *Times*, would be your wisest course. But, in the present unsatisfactory state of the law, it is difficult to know how to advise you for the best. Your idea, if the worst comes to the worst, and you cannot get the Vestry to attend to it, of blowing up your dust-bin yourself with gunpowder, you might resort to as a last expedient; but, as you seem to think it might bring down your portico, and possibly the whole front of your house as well, we should advise you not to put it into execution till *quite* assured that your attempts to get your dust-bin emptied by some less violent means have all hopelessly failed. Anyhow, try the copper shavings and nitric acid first. We think you will find, if steadily persevered in, that they will, coupled, possibly, with some legal

proceedings, settle the matter for you.

More Glory.—The fall of a fragment of a chandelier has shed an additional lustre—or a portion of a lustre—on the *Brav' Général*.

Quite the First Bridge.—The Forth Bridge.

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THE GRAND OLD UNDERGRAD.

Mr. Gladstone's Visit to Oxford.—It has been stated in several papers that Mr. Gladstone intends to reside at All Souls' College, Oxford, of which he is an Honorary Fellow, from January 30, till the meeting of Parliament, on February 11. Mr. Gladstone, who, we believe, is going up for quiet study, will occupy a set of College rooms.

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"ANNALS OF A QUIET PARISH."

The Vicar's Wife (to Country Tradesman). "Now, Hoskins, after so many years of our Liberal Patronage, it was really too bad of you to send us such a Globe—cracked from Top to Bottom—!"

Vicar (calling from the Study-door at end of passage). "My Dear, did you recollect to send for Hoskins about the Globe you had the little Accident with last week!"

AN UNSCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

(On a highly Uninteresting Topic.)

First Aspiring Political Economist (picking his way cautiously). What the Bimetallists maintain is this: that by fixing an artificial ratio between the relative values of gold and silver, you somehow (*a little vaguely*) keep up prices; and so, at least,—so I fancy,—assist the circulation of capital. At all events, that is what I take M. Emile de Laveleye to mean. (*Tentatively.*) You see that, don't you?

Second Aspiring Political Economist. Not a bit of it. Why, Emile de Laveleye is an ass. (*Emphatically.*) Giffen says so. And you can't have a higher authority than Giffen (*clinching the matter*). Why, he's Hon. Assistant Deputy Secretary to the Board of Commerce; (*with animation*) in fact, he says that all Bimetallists are hopeless lunatics, and, in my opinion, he's about right.

Third Aspiring Political Economist. I don't see that at all. But if you are going to settle the matter by merely quoting names, what have you got to say to Foxwell, the London Professor? He's a Bimetallist, and no mistake.

Second Aspiring Political Economist. "Got to say?" Why, ask Levin of Cambridge what he thinks of him. Levin backs up Giffen in every word he says, and I agree with both of them. How can you have two standards? (*Explicitly.*) The thing is preposterous.

First Aspiring Political Economist. It is all very well to lay down the law in that fashion, but it will not dispose of facts. You may quote Giffen, or Levin, or anyone you like, but they will not be able to do away with the circumstance, that prices are regulated by the quantity of money in circulation (*with a little hesitation*); at least, that is what I understand the other side to maintain.

Second Aspiring Political Economist. Sheer nonsense. How does the quantity of money you possess affect the price you pay for a commodity? The fact of your having twenty sovereigns in your purse won't make your butcher charge you an extra halfpenny a pound for a leg of mutton! That must be clear to any fool!

First Aspiring Political Economist. But you don't understand. It's numbers that do it. They mean, if thirty millions of people, each have twenty sovereigns a-piece in their purses (*doubtfully*), *then*, I suppose, the butchers would raise the price of their meat. At least, that's what I fancy they imply when they talk of an "artificial currency" raising prices (*with some vagueness*), or is it "artificial prices" creating an increased currency. I couldn't *quite* follow them in this. But I am sure, whichever of the two views was expressed by M. Emile de Laveleye, that one had, no doubt, a great deal of sound argument to back it.

Third Aspiring Political Economist. I think you miss the point. Take an illustration. Say you arrive at a cannibal island with ten thousand complete sets of evening dress clothes, and that another ship, just before the arrival of yours, has taken the last ten-pound-note off the island, how, supposing there was to be a native rush to obtain one of your suits, would the absence of any money to pay for them affect their market value? I mayn't have got it quite correctly, but this, or something like it, is one of the cases that Giffen brings forward to prove his point. The matter, however, appears to me to be a little complicated.

Second Aspiring Political Economist. Not in the least. It proves the humbug of the Bimetallic position up to the hilt. Of course, you must assume, that the cannibals desire to dress in evening clothes. I confess that has to be considered, and then the question lies in a nutshell. There can't be two opinions about it.

First Aspiring Political Economist. Well, to me, though, of course, I am willing to admit there *may* be something in it, I can't say that the matter is, at first sight, convincingly clear. (*Candidly.*) My chief difficulty is, I confess, to arrive at any definite conclusion with myself, as to what "Bimetallism" really means, and what it does not; and I own I feel still vague as to the two questions of the influence of the quantity of money on prices, or the price of a commodity on the value of money respectively, and, though I carefully read all that appears in the daily papers on the subject, I am compelled to own that I do not seem to be nearer a solution of the perplexing difficulty. However, it is, no doubt, a highly absorbing, if not a very useful, subject for investigation.

[*Left investigating it as Curtain falls.*]



MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. IV.

Our present example is pure tragedy of the most ambitious kind, and is, perhaps, a little in advance of the taste of a Music-hall audience of the present day. When the fusion between the Theatres and the Music-Halls is complete—when Miss Bessie Bellwood sings "*What Cheer, 'Ria?*" at the Lyceum, and Mr. Henry Irving gives his compressed version of *Hamlet* at the Trocadero; when there is a general levelling-up of culture, and removal of prejudice—then, and not till then, will this powerful little play meet with the appreciation which is its due. The main idea is suggested by the Misses Taylor's well-known poem, *The Pin*, though the dramatist has gone further than the poetess in working out the notion of Nemesis.

THE FATAL PIN.—A Tragedy.

Dramatis Personæ.

Emily Heedless. By either Miss Vesta Tilley or Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Peter Paragon. Mr. Forbes Robertson or Mr. Arthur Roberts (only he mustn't sing "*The Good Young Man who Died*").

First and Second Bridesmaids. Miss Maude Millett and Miss Annie Hughes.

Scene.—*Emily's Boudoir, sumptuously furnished with a screen and sofa, C. Door, R., leading to Emily's Bed-chamber. Door, L. Emily discovered in loose wrapper, and reclining in uncomfortable position on sofa.*

Emily (dreamily). This day do I become the envied bride of Peter, justly surnamed Paragon; and much I wonder what in me he found (he, who Perfection so personifies) that he could condescend an eye to cast on faulty, feather-headed Emily! How solemn is the stillness all around me! (*A loud bang is heard behind screen.*) Methought I heard the dropping of a pin!—perhaps I should arise and search for it.... Yet why, on second thoughts, disturb myself, since I am, by my settlements, to have a handsome sum allowed for pin-money? Nay, since thou claim'st thy freedom, little pin, I lack the heart to keep thee prisoner. Go, then, and join the great majority of fallen, vagrant, unregarded pinhood—my bliss is too supreme at such an hour to heed such infidelities as thine.

[*Falls into a happy reverie.*

Enter First and Second Bridesmaids.

First and Second Bridesmaids. What, how now, Emily—not yet attired? Nay, haste, for Peter will be here anon!

[*They hurry her off by R. door, just as Peter Paragon enters L. in bridal array. N.B.—The exigences of the Drama are responsible for his making his appearance here, instead of waiting, as is more usual, at the church.*

Peter (meditatively). The golden sands of my celibacy are running low—soon falls the final grain! Yet, even now, the glass I would not turn. My Emily is not without her faults—"was not without them," I should rather say, for during ten idyllic years of courtship, by precept and example I have striven to mould her to a helpmate fit for me. Now, thank the Gods, my labours are complete—she stands redeemed from all her giddiness! (*Here he steps upon the pin, and utters an exclamation.*) Ha! what is this? I'm wounded ... agony! With what a darting pain my foot's transfixed! I'll summon help (*with calm courage*)—yet, stay, I would not dim this nuptial day by any sombre cloud. I'll bear this stroke alone—and now to probe the full extent of my calamity. (*Seats himself on sofa in such a position as to be concealed by the screen from all but the audience, and proceeds to remove his boot.*) Ye powers of Perfidy, it is a pin! I must know more of this—for it is meet such criminal neglect should be exposed. Severe shall be that house-maid's punishment who's proved to be responsible for this!—but soft, I hear a step.

[Enter First and Second Bridesmaids, who hunt diligently upon the carpet without observing Peter's presence.]

Emily's Voice (within). Oh, search, I pray you. It *must* be there—my own ears heard it fall!

[Peter betrays growing uneasiness.]

The Bridesmaids. Indeed, we fail to see it anywhere!

Emily (entering distractedly in bridal costume, with a large rent in her train). You have no eyes, I tell you, let me help. It must be found, or I am all undone! In vain my cushion I have cut in two—'twas void of all but stuffing.... Gracious Heavens, to think that all my future bliss depends on the evasive malice of a pin!

[Peter behind screen, starts violently.]

Peter (aside). A pin! what dire misgivings wring my heart! (*Hops forward with a cold dignity, holding one foot in his hand.*) You seem in some excitement, Emily?

Emily (wildly). You, Peter!... tell me—have you found a pin?

Peter (with deadly calm). Unhappy girl—I *have!* (*To Bridesmaids.*) Withdraw awhile, and when we need you, we will summon you. (*Exeunt Bridesmaids; Emily and Peter stand facing each other for some moments in dead silence.*) The pin is found—for I have trodden on it, and may, for aught I know, be lamed for life. Speak, Emily, what is that maid's desert whose carelessness has led to this mishap?

Emily (in the desperate hope of shielding herself). Why, should the fault be traced to any maid, instant dismissal shall be her reward, with a month's wages paid in lieu of notice!

Peter (with a passionless severity). From your own lips I judge you, Emily. Did they not own just now that you had heard the falling of a pin—yet heeded not? Behold the outcome of your negligence!

[Extends his injured foot.]

Emily. Oh, let me kiss the place and make it well!

Peter (coldly withdrawing foot). Keep your caresses till I ask for them. My wound goes deeper than you wot of yet, and by that disregarded pin is pricked the iridescent bubble of Illusion!

Emily (slowly). Indeed, I do not wholly comprehend.

Peter. Have patience and I will be plainer yet. Mine is a complex nature, Emily; magnanimous, but still methodical. An injury I freely can forgive, forget it—(*striking his chest*)—never! She who leaves about pins on the floor to pierce a lover's foot, will surely plant a thorn within the side of him whose fate it is to be her husband!

Emily (dragging herself towards him on her knees). Have pity on me, Peter; I was mad!

Peter (with emotion). How can I choose but pity thee, poor soul, who, for the sake of temporary ease, hast forfeited the bliss that had been thine! You could not stoop to pick a pin up. Why? Because, forsooth, 'twas but a paltry pin! Yet, duly husbanded, that self-same pin had served you to secure your gaping train, your self-respect—and Me.

Emily (wailing). What have I done?

Peter. I will not now reproach you, Emily, nor would I dwell upon my wounded sole, the pain of which increases momentarily. I part from you in friendship, and in proof, that fated instrument I leave with you (*presenting her with the pin, which she accepts mechanically*) which the frail link between us twain has severed. I can dispense with it, for in my cuff (*shows her his coat-cuff, in which a row of pins'-heads is perceptible*) I carry others 'gainst a time of need. My poor success in life I trace to this—that never yet I passed a pin unheeded.

Emily. And is that all you have to say to me?

Peter. I think so—save that I shall wish you well, and pray that henceforth you may bear in mind what vast importance lies in seeming trifles.

Emily (with a pale smile). Peter, your lesson is already learned, for precious has this pin become for me, since by its aid I gain oblivion—thus!

[Stabs herself.]

Peter (coldly). Nay, these are histrionics, Emily.

[Assists her to sofa.]

Emily. I'd skill enough to find a vital spot. Do not withdraw it yet—my time is short, and I have much to say before I die. (*Faintly.*) Be gentle with my rabbits when I'm gone; give my canary chickweed now and then.... I think there is no more—ah, one last word—(*warmly*)—warn them they must not cut our wedding-cake, and then the pastrycook may take it back!

Peter (deeply moved). Would you had shown this thoughtfulness before!

[*Kneels by the sofa.*

Emily. 'Tis now too late, and clearly do I see that I was never worthy of you, Peter.

Peter (gently). 'Tis not for me to contradict you now. You did your best to be so, Emily!

Emily. A blessing on you for those generous words! Now tell me, Peter, how is your poor foot?

Peter. The agony decidedly abates, and I can bear a boot again.

Emily. Then I die happy!... Kiss me, Peter ... ah!

[*Dies.*

Peter. In peace she passed away. I'm glad of that, although that peace was purchased by a lie. I shall not bear a boot for many days! Thus ends our wedding morn, and she, poor child, has paid the penalty of heedlessness!

[*Curtain falls, whereupon, unless Mr. Punch is greatly mistaken, there will not be a dry eye in the house.*

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