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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Volume 104, April 8th 1893

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

[pg 157]

SPORTING ANSWERS.

ANGLING.

FLEACATCHER.—Yes, the trout in the river Itching (this is the only correct spelling) are red, and, before they are boiled, raw. The best method of catching them is to tickle them. When you have hooked an Itching trout, you first scratch him, and then cook him.

NOVICE.—We only knew one man who could make a decent rod, and he died twenty years ago. Remember the old adage so dear to IZAAK, *Qui parcit virgæ spoliat puerum*. For instructions as to use of implement, and translation of Latin, apply to any head-master. Failure in the latter will inevitably lead to application of the former. Then pause for reflection, but *don't sit down*.

SPOOK.—What on earth is the use of applying to us about a phantom? We never keep one on the premises. Try personal interview with W. T. STEAD, who has a fine selection, JULIA being specially effective. Why do you ask if we generally spin? Not having been born a top, we prefer walking.

CONTEMPLATIVE.—(1) It's absolutely useless offering us these paltry inducements to betray the secrets of our skill. We are—we hope we may say it without undue pride—an All-Round Angler, and we are not going to be squared by a bait of that kind. (2) We have never pretended we were a salmon. If ANDREW LANG says we have, we challenge him to repeat it to our face before witnesses. (3) Whitebait are no longer kept in the Round Pond at Kensington. We knew as many as four there ten years ago.

CALIPEE.—You are quite right. When a ship turns turtle the fact is instantly communicated to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London. They proceed to the spot in the *Maria Wood*, and the one who secures the interesting saurian is allowed to eat all the green fat. With you we hope devoutly that the time is far distant when the desecrating hand of a Socialistic Government will be allowed to lay a finger on these ancient civic customs. No. The Fishmongers' Company do not sell fish. Their motto is, *Edo, non vendo*.

ACTON EST.—*The Cornhill Magazine* for this month has an interesting article on "Actors and Actresses in Westminster Abbey," not seen there much when alive, but there for good after their decease. It is stated of Mrs. BARRY that she was not interred in the Abbey, as has been, it appears, generally supposed, but found her resting-place at Acton. Odd, that when she had ceased to act, she should be sent to Act-on!



"TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS," &c.

Muriel. "MAMMA, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THE CARRIAGE OUT FOR SO LATE? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Mrs. Goldie. "NOW, MURIEL, YOU KNOW HOW YOUR FATHER KEEPS WORRYING ABOUT EXTRAVAGANCE, AND OF COURSE I MUST SET AN EXAMPLE. SO I'M GOING TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY TO SEE THE EVENING PAPER!"

THE CRY OF THE CUE-IST.

(To the Champion, by a Discouraged Competitor.)

Break, break, break,
On the smooth green board, O JOHN!
And I would civil words could utter
My thoughts, as the game goes on!

O well for the three-figure runs
You have made since we opened play!
O ill for my nine thousand start,
Which you're lessening day by day!

And the marvellous shots go on
To your score, which is mounting still!
But O for a touch of that wondrous hand,
And a slice of that startling skill!

Break, break, break!
There's a shot! Great Scott! O, see!
What tender grace! And if once ahead
You will never "come back" to me!

"EPSOM SPRING MEETING."—In former times this used to be a fashionable rendezvous for invalids who went there to drink the beneficial waters of the Epsom Spring. Now there is not much water taken at these Spring Meetings; and what water is taken is not "an unmixed good."

A LESSON IN "BOOK-KEEPING."—Never lend one.

AFTER THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SCENE—*An Office.* BROWN and JONES discovered talking over the incidents of the recent holiday.

Brown. Yes; I was up at six on the Monday.

Jones. Well, you were in luck; for I had to be ready by four. The battalion had to be drawn up at the station by 4·45.

Brown. To be sure. You went down before we did.

Jones. Yes. I wish we had got some coffee before starting.

Brown. But you had your breakfast on your arrival, didn't you?

Jones. Yes, to be sure; but as we were a bit late, it was rather a scramble.

Brown. Well, of course one has to get on to parade as soon as possible. We cut it rather fine too. But that's the case with all of us.

Jones. To be sure; and if you lose time at one end, you must make up for it at the other—that stands to reason. And how did you get on?

Brown. First rate. We were on the march from nine to five.

Jones. So were we; and didn't have time scarcely to get to our havresacks.

Brown. Just our fortune. Always on the move. I wore out my leathers in fine style.

Jones. So did I. And then we had to go back to the train before we could get any dinner.

Brown. My fate too. And, when I got home, the slavey had forgotten to lay supper!

Jones. So had mine. But still it was a glorious holiday—now, wasn't it?

Brown. I should say it was! A glorious holiday!

[*They return to their ledgers.*]

QUEER QUERIES.

ABSCONDRILISM.—I belong to a Building Society. At present the concern is exceptionally prosperous, and I have no reason to suppose that the Directors and Manager are not scrupulously honest. Still, it is as well to be prepared for all eventualities, and, as a couple of years seems to be about the time required by the authorities before they can make up their minds to prosecute anybody, I should like to know if I could apply for a warrant against the officials of my Society *at once*, so as to have everything ready in case any of them should develop fraudulent tendencies a few years hence? Would there be any objection to this? Perhaps some legal reader would reply. Also, is it a fact that MESSRS. BALBERT AND HURLFOUR have started a model Colony, on entirely new and philanthropic lines, in Mexico, and are inviting English settlers (unconnected with the "Liberator" Society) to join them there, the prospectus of the scheme being headed:—"By kind permission of the Public Prosecutor"?—PROPHYLACTIC.

HER "DAY OF REST."

(*The Song of the Shop-Girl.*)



"As one poor shop-girl said:—'After the fatigue and worry of the week, I am so thoroughly worn out, that my only thought is to rest on a Sunday; but it goes too quickly, and the other days drag on so slowly!'"—Quoted by Sir John Lubbock in the recent *Debate on Early Closing for Shops*.

Eight o'clock strikes!
 The short day's sped,—
 My Day of Rest! That beating in my head
 Hammers on still, like coffin-taps. He likes,
 Our lynx-eyed chief, to see us brisk and trim
 On Monday mornings; and though brains may swim,
 And breasts sink sickeningly with nameless pain,
He cannot feel the faintness and the strain,
 And what are they to him?

This morning's sun peeped in
 Invitingly, as though to win
 My footsteps fieldwards, just one day in seven!
 The thought of hedgerows was like opening heaven,
 And the stray sunray's gleam,
 Threading the dingy blind,
 Seemed part of a sweet dream,
 For in our sleep the Fates *are* sometimes kind.
 "Come out!" it said, "but not with weary tread,
 And feet of lead,
 The long, mud-cumbered, cold, accustomed way,

For the great Shop is shuttered close to-day,
And you awhile are free!"
Free? With a chain of iron upon my heart,
That drags me down, and makes the salt tears start!

Oh, that inexorable weariness
That through the enfeebled flesh lays crushing stress
On the young spirit! Young? There is no youth
For such as I. It dies, in very truth,
At the first touch of the taskmaster's hand.
A doctrine hard for you to understand,
Gay sisters of the primrose path,
Whose only chain is as a flowery band.
The toil that outstays nature hath
A palsying power, a chilling force
Which freezes youth at its fresh source.
Only the Comus wand
Of an unhallowed Pleasure offers such
Freedom, and with pollution in its touch.

The languid lift
Of head from pillow tells us the good gift
Of Sabbath rest is more than half in vain.
Tired! Tired! In flesh, bone, brain,
Heart, fancy, pulse, and nerve!
Such is our doom who stand and serve
The unrewarding public, thoughtless they
Of slaves whose souls they slay!

Oh, that long standing—standing—standing yet!
With the flesh sick, the inmost soul a-fret,
Pale, pulseless patiences, our very sex,
That should be a protection, one more load
To lade, and chafe, and vex.
No tired ox urged to tramping by the goad
Feels a more mutely-maddening weariness
Than we white, black-garbed spectral girls who stand
Stonily smiling on while ladies grand,
Easily seated, idly turn and toss
The samples; and our Watcher, 'neath the gloss
Of courtly smugness glaring menace, stalks
About us, creaking cruelty as he walks.

Stand! Stand! Still stand!
Clenched teeth and clutching hand,
Swift blanching cheek, and twitching muscle, tell
To those who know, what *we* know all too well,
Ignored by Fashion, coldly mocked by Trade.
Are we not for the sacrifice arrayed
In dainty vesture? Pretty, too, they say
Male babblers, whom our sufferings and poor pay
Might shock, could they but guess
Trim figure and smart dress
Cover and hide, from all but doctor-ken,
Disease and threatening death. Oh! men, men, men!
You bow, smile, flatter—aught but *understand!*
Long hours lay lethal hand
Upon our very vitals. Seats might save
From an untimely grave,
Hundreds of harried, inly anguished girls;
You see—their snow-girt throats and neatly-ordered curls!

Out to the green fields? Nay,
This all too fleeting day
To rest is dedicate. But not the rest
Of brightened spirit, and of lightened breast.
The dull, dead, half-inanimate leaden crouch
Of sheer exhaustion on this shabby couch
Is all my week's repose.
Read? But the tired eyes close,
The book from nerveless fingers drops;
Almost the slow heart stops.
But the clock halts not on its restless round.
Weariness shudders at the whirring sound,
As the sharp strike declares

Swift to its closing wears
 One more of those brief interludes from toil
 Which leave us still the labour-despot's spoil,
 Slaves of long hours and unrelaxing strain,
 Unstrengthened and unsolaced, soon again
 To tread the round, and lift the lengthening chain;
Stand—till hysteria lays its hideous clutch
 On our girl-hearts, or epilepsy's touch
 Thrills through tired nerves and palsied brain.
 Again—again—again!
How long? Till Death, upon its kindly quest,
 Gives a true Day of Rest!

ROYAL REWARDS TO GOOD PLAYERS.—"As a sequel to the performance of *Becket* at Windsor, Mr. IRVING"—as we were informed by the *Daily News*—"was presented by the QUEEN with a stud." What will he do with the stud? Will he take to the turf, go racing, and keep the stud at some Newmarket training-stables? Perhaps "the stud" consisted of fifty "ponies"—but this is a purse-an'-all matter, into which we are not at liberty to inquire. Miss ELLEN TERRY received a brooch from HER MAJESTY, on which are the letters "V.R.I." Our 'ARRY says these initials signify "*Ve Are 'Ighly pleased.*" Or, taking the two presents together, as speaking, V.R.I, might mean, says 'ARRY, "*Ve R-Ived safely.*"

LION AND LAMB.

["I think that when we consider an Opposition, in which Lord SALISBURY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN pacifically sit down—or lie down, together, we need not, ourselves, feel very sensitive on the subject of homogeneity."—*Mr. Gladstone at the F. O. Liberal Meeting.*]

Solly had a little Lamb,
 From Brummagem you know!
 And wheresoever SOLLY went
 That Lamb was bound to go.
 The Lion and the Lamb in fact!
 And what could be more jolly?
 Yet some *do* whisper that—sometimes—
 The Lamb seems leading SOLLY.

"WHAT HO, APOTHECARY!"—Last week the Earl of BESSBOROUGH was announced as having arrived at Bessborough, Pilltown, Ireland. What an appropriate spot for erecting an Irish Apothecaries' Hall! What is Lord BESSBOROUGH'S family name? Is it The O'COCKLE?

THE AUTHOR.


It lay on the book-stall for sale,
 But no one to purchase seemed willing,
 The ticket was "Humorous Tale,
 Two-and-sixpence—reduced to a shilling."

But the humour was lost upon me.
 And the jest fell uncommonly flat.
 Could the jokes I had written then be
 So fallen in value as that?

THE FIRST DUTY OF AN OPPOSITION (*As it now seems to be understood*).—"To lie in cool Obstruction, and talk rot."—(*Shakspeare—slightly adapted.*)

MODERN TRANSLATION BY OUR YOUNGEST SPORTING ETONIAN.—"*In formâ pauperis*"—*i.e.*, "in rather poor form."

**EASTER
MANŒUVRES.**



**BACCHUS ON A
BICYCLE!**

(A "SAFETY" TOO!!)

This incident repeated itself to infinity from the East End to Hammersmith and back!!

AT AN AFTERNOON ENTERTAINMENT.

SCENE—*Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. Among the Audience are—A London Aunt, and her Eldest Daughter, with a Cousin from the Country, who is just a little difficult to amuse; a Serious-minded Lady from Brixton, with a more frivolous Friend; a pair of Fiancés; and an Unsophisticated Father, with an Up-to-date little Daughter. An exhibition of "Pure Sleight-of-Hand" has just been given on the Stage.*

The Serious Lady. Clever? Yes, my dear, it is *clever* enough, if that's all; but I never can quite reconcile *my* conscience to encouraging a fellow-creature to make a living by deliberate deception!

Her Friend. Oh, I don't see any harm in conjuring, myself.

The S. L. I can't forget that Pharaoh had his Sorcerers and Magicians, and how *they* acted!

Her Friend. Ah, I never saw *them*.

The London Aunt (to her Niece). Enjoying it, SOPHY? Such a *treat* for you, to see really good conjuring!

Sophy. Yes, Aunt, thank you. But our new Curate did that trick with *two* rabbits at the last Penny Readings we had!

[*A calico screen is brought forward on which the Entertainer throws various shadows with his hands.*

The S. L. Is that a little house at the corner? Oh, he doesn't do *that* with his hands—then I see no merit in it. Who's that? (*A small male shadow, cast by the performer's right hand, crosses the screen, and knocks timidly at the door, which is opened by the left hand, in the character of a little Lady. The couple embrace effusively, and retire inside.*) Ah, that's the husband coming home!

[*Another male shadow enters and knocks furiously, while the little Lady reconnoitres cautiously from the window above.*

Her Friend. I expect *that* must be the husband.

The S. L. What?—and the wife behaving like that in his absence! If I thought *that* was the— (*The first male shadow comes out, and fights the second, who retreats, worsted.*) I never saw anything so scandalous. How you can call yourself consistent, and sit there and *laugh* at such things—!

Her Friend (apologetically). I can't help laughing—and, after all, perhaps they're only rival lovers, or he's her *father*, or something.

The S. L. And she inviting one to come into the house in that bold way—a nice example for young persons! Look there, he's come back with a flageolet, and she's actually poured a jug of water on his head out of the window! "Only a pair of hands," did you say? So it *may* be—but we all know *who* it is that "Finds some mischief still For idle hands to do"—and there we have an illustration of it, my dear.

[*She shakes herself down in her sealskins with virtuous disapproval.*

The Unsophisticated Father (who has been roaring with laughter). Capital! It is amazingly clever, 'pon my word! Can't imagine how they do these things—can *you*, VIVVIE? [*To Up-to-Date Child.*

Miss Vivien. Oh, well I've seen so much conjuring at parties, you know, Father, that I don't notice it particularly,—but it's nice to see *you* so amused!

The U. F. I'm *young*, you see, VIVVIE; but I hope you're not bored?

Miss V. No, I'm not *bored*—only I thought there'd be some Serpentine dancing, and more of the *Music Hall* about it.

The U. F. Music Hall! Why, what do *you* know about Music Halls, eh?

Miss V. (with calm superiority). Several of their songs—if you call *that* anything.

The U. F. I should be inclined to call it a good deal too much!

Miss V. (compassionately). Would you? Poor dear Father! But you never *were* very modern, were you?

[*A Blind-folded Lady on the Stage has been reading and adding up figures on a black board, and now offers to tell the day of the week of any person's birth in the audience.*

Her Colleague. Will some gentleman kindly oblige me with the date of his birth?

The Fiancée. Now, JACK, tell yours. I *want* you to.

Jack (in an unnaturally gruff voice). Fourteenth of February, eighteen-sixty-nine!

The Blindfolded Lady (with the air of the Delphic Pythia). Yes—that fell upon a Monday. [Applause.]

Her Coll. Is that correct, Sir?

Jack. Don't know.

[*He reddens, and tries to look unconscious.*]

Her Coll. Now I will ask the Lady if she can mention some event of importance that took place on the same date.

The Bl. L. Let me think. Yes. (*Solemnly.*) On the same date, in the year seventeen-hundred-and-thirty-seven, goloshes were first invented! [*Loud applause.*]

Miss V. (as the pair retire). Well, thank goodness, we've seen the last of that beastly black-board. I didn't come here to add up sums. What is it next? Oh, a "Farmyard Imitator." I expect that will be rather rot, Father, don't you?

[*Enter a Gentleman in evening dress who gives realistic imitations of various live-stock.*]

The Country Cousin. That's *exactly* the way our little Berkshire pig grunts, and "Sweetlips" calls her calf just like that—and, oh, KATIE, I *wonder* if he could have heard our Dorkings clucking at home—I think he *must* have—he does it so exactly the same!

Katie. Then you do think *that's* clever, SOPHY?

Sophy. Oh, well—for an *imitation*, you know!

[*A "Sensational Cage Mystery" is introduced; a pretty child is shut up in a cage, which is opened a moment after, and found to contain a Negro who capers out, grinning.*]

The London Aunt. SOPHY, do you see that?—there's a black man there now, instead!

Sophy (without enthusiasm). Yes, Aunt, I see, thank you.

Katie. Don't you *like* it, SOPHY?

Sophy. I don't see why it need have been a *Nigger*!

The S. L. (after a "Humorous Musical Sketch" by a clever and, charming young Lady). Like *that*, my dear?—a Young Woman giving a description of how she actually went on the Stage, and imitating men in that way! It was as much as *I* could do to sit still in my seat!

Her Friend. I must say I thought it was very amusing.

The S. L. Amusing? I daresay. But, to my mind, young girls have no *business* to be amusing, and take off other people. I've no opinion of such ways myself. I don't know what my dear Mother would have done if *I'd* ever been amusing—she would have broken her heart, I do believe!

The Friend (to herself). She wouldn't have split her sides, that's very certain!

[*A Lady Physiognomist appears in cap and gown, and invites a subject to step upon the stage, and have his or her character revealed.*]

Jack (to his Fiancée). No, I say—but look here, FLOSSIE, *really* I'd rather not—with all these people looking!

Flossie. Then I shall think you've something to *conceal*, JACK—you wouldn't like me to feel that *already*, would you?

[*JACK, resignedly, mounts the platform, and occupies a chair, in which he blinks and smiles in feeble confusion, while the Professor studies his features dispassionately.*]

The Lady Phys. The first thing to notice is the disposition of the ears. Now here we have a Gentleman whose ears stick out in a very remarkable manner. [*Delight of Audience.*]

Flossie (to herself). They *do*—awfully! I never noticed it before. But it really rather suits him; at least— [*She meditates.*]

The L. Ph. This denotes an original and inquiring mind; this gentleman takes nothing on trust—likes to see everything for himself; he observes a good deal more than he ever says anything about. His nose is wide at the tip, showing a trustful and confiding disposition; it has a bump in the centre, denoting a moderate amount of combativeness. The nostrils indicate a keen sense of humour. (*Here JACK giggles bashfully.*) There is a twist in the upper lip, which indicates—well, I

won't say that he would actually tell an *untruth*—but if he had the opportunity for doing so, he has the capacity for taking advantage of it. I think that is all I have to say about this Gentleman.

Flossie (to JACK, after he has returned to her side). JACK, if you can't leave off having an original and inquiring mind, you must at least promise me *one* thing—it's very little to ask!

Jack. You know I'd do any blessed thing in the world for you FLOSSIE,—what is it?

Flossie. Only to wear an elastic round your ears at night, JACK!

The Unsophisticated Father (at the conclusion of the exhibition, as the Missing Lady disappears with a bang, in full view of the Audience). There, VIVVIE; she's vanished clean away. What do you say to that, eh?

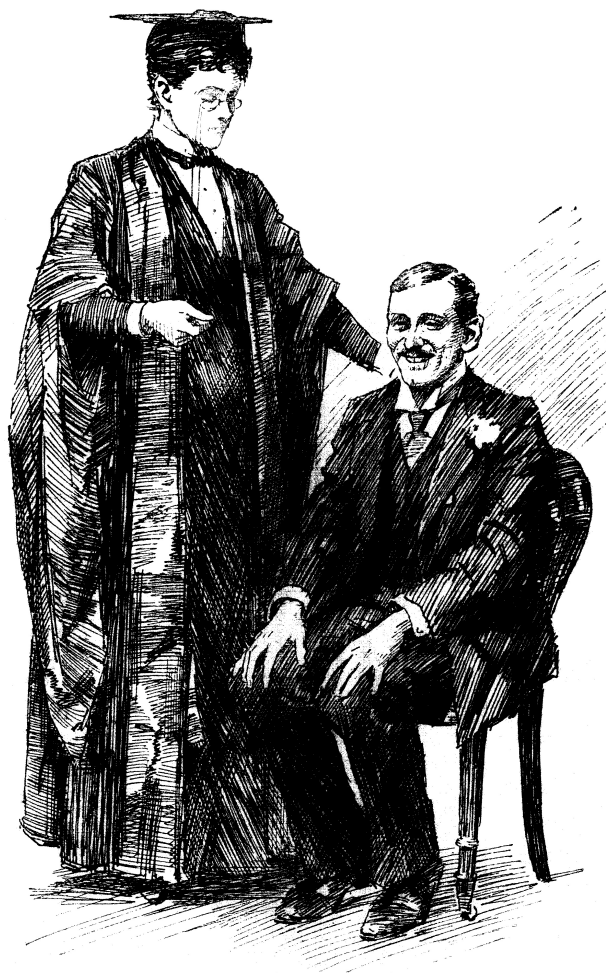
Vivien (composedly). Well, I think we may as well vanish too Father. It's all over!

The S. L. (going out). I don't wish to judge *others*—far from it—but, speaking for myself, ELIZA, I *cannot* feel this has been a profitable method of employing precious moments which can never be recalled.

Her Friend. Oh, it's quite early. You'll have plenty of time to get a cup of tea, and do some shopping before it's dark.

The S. L. (severely). That was not precisely what I *meant*, ELIZA!

[*But it is precisely what she does.*



"He blinks and smiles in feeble confusion."

ADVERTISEMENT'S ADVERSARIES.

["A Society has been formed to deliver us from hideous advertisements."

The Saturday Review.]

O newly-formed Society, we note with admiration
The truly novel purpose which you seem to have at heart,
And with no little eagerness await its consummation,
When popular advertisements will shine as works of art.

Then picturesque localities no longer will be crowded
With puffs of panaceas for our universal ills,
No longer will the atmosphere be permanently clouded
By sky-signs built to promulgate a patent soap or pills.

No more in train or omnibus will every inch of boarding
Be covered with advertisements of variegated hue;
No more in every thoroughfare will each obtrusive hoarding
Blaze, hideously chromatic, with its yellow, red, and blue.

One thing, perhaps, you'll tell us,—you will pardon the suggestion—
We doubt not your ability your purposes to win,
But yet our curiosity would fain propound the question,—
How, excellent Society, and when, will you begin?

"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING" may now be seen in all their glory at the Crystal Palace Show. The excellent arrangements there made for their exhibition prove that they have been designed and carried out by a clever "Head"-Gardener.

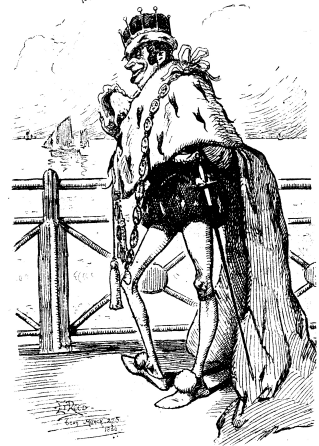
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Seeing that *A Wild Wooing* (published by F. V. WHITE & Co.) is by FLORENCE WARDEN, authoress of

The House on the Marsh, the Baron anticipated a real treat. But he was somewhat disappointed. The novel is in one volume, which is an attraction, and that volume is of a portable size, which is another note in its favour; also it is not illustrated, which is an undisguised blessing. The story is interesting up to a certain point, which, however, does not take you very far into the book, and, after this point, the murmurings behind walls, the moving and dragging of heavy bodies under the floors, the insecure rope-ladders, the trap-doors, cellars, underground passages, smugglers, murderers, victims, and all sorts of mixed mysteries, become tiresome. There is yet another fault, which is, that the story is not told in so convincing a style as to make the reader feel quite sure that the authoress is not "getting at him" all the time, and just trying to see what quantity of old melodramatic stuff he will patiently stand.

Henceforth FLORENCE WARDEN will do well to get away from the rusty bars, bolts, chains, trap-doors, and cellars, from ruined castles, as grim as that of *Udolpho*, "of which," as Sir WALTER said in his preface to *Waverley*, "the Eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost, or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, &c., &c." Accidentally, turning from "White" to "Black," the Baron took up the first volume of the excellent re-issue of the *Waverley Novels*, by Messrs. ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, called *The Dryburgh Edition*, and commenced reading the introductory chapter of *Waverley*, which at that time, gave the death-thrust to the melodramatic horrors of romantic tales, whether evolved from the inner consciousness of English writers, or openly acknowledged as "taken from the German."

In view of the sensational romance of the present day, towards which, when really good, the Baron owns to having a decided leaning—it is interesting to note how brave Sir WALTER defied the existing fashion in novels of his own time, spurned the sentimental "Mordaunts," the "Belvilles," and such like played-out names of ancient chivalry, laughed at the heroine "with a profusion of auburn hair and a harp," and, like the Magician of the North that he was, boldly gave to the world his historic novels, in which, where History doesn't suit the requirements of fiction, it is so much the worse for History. Are there very many of the present generation who have not read Sir WALTER SCOTT'S novels? If there be any—and there must be, or where would be the demand to occasion this new and admirably devised supply—let them at once put aside modern sensationalism, and commence WALTER SCOTT as a study. The Baron knows personally one man of mature years, who has read neither *Waverley* nor several others of the series, and him he envies, for, as the student in question has already set himself to the task, he has the greatest literary pleasure of his life yet to come. Type, size of book, excellent as a library edition; and the illustrations, so far as they have gone, are good, and not too distracting. And so, after this unequivocal expression of his sentiments, he signs himself, THE BOLD BARON DE B.-W.



At Easter Time the Baron de B.-W. visits his friend *The Peer of Brighton*.



ALWAYS BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS—THEIR LIVES ARE SHORT, AND SHOULD BE MADE HAPPY AND AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE—EVEN AT THE COST OF A LITTLE TEMPORARY DISCOMFORT TO YOURSELF.

BACK TO SCHOOL;

OR, DOCTOR BLIMBER-GLADSTONE AND HIS "LIT-TLE FRIENDS."

(*Dombeyish Fragments, with a smack of "The Mikado."*)

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Dr. BLIMBER-GLADSTONE, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of a limited number of young gentlemen at a time, but he had always ready a supply of "cram" for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge "his young friends," few or many, to their utmost capacity, and sometimes beyond it.

In fact, Dr. GLADSTONE'S establishment was a great Hothouse, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time—or so said the Doctor's rivals and foes. Mental Green Peas were produced in February, and intellectual Scarlet-Runners in March. Mathematical Great Gooseberries were common at untimely seasons, other than the appropriate Silly one.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantage. There was sometimes not the right taste about the premature productions, and they didn't always keep well.

The Doctor's was a mighty fine House, fronting the river. Not always a joyful style of House within; sometimes quite the contrary. The seats were in rows, like figures in a sum. The sitters also were often in rows—with a slight (phonetic) difference. The House was well provided with Hot Water, on the "constant-supply" system. But somehow this seemed rather to conduce to discomfort than to real cleanliness,—like the too frequent and tumultuous "turning-outs" of an over-zealous housewife. A "Spring Clean," at St. Stephen's School, was a thing to remember, and shudder at. It was not a quiet House at the best of times. It seemed ever haunted by the Banshee of Noise, and disturbed by the cacophonous ghosts of dead Echoes. At the peacefulest periods it was pervaded by a baneful Spook called the "Party Spirit," and always by the dull boodings of unwilling young gentlemen at their lessons, like the raucous murmurings of an assemblage of melancholy rooks, or of kites and crows cawing and screaming in the intervals of their clamorous scufflings.

Holidays? Oh dear yes! If there was one thing Doctor GLADSTONE'S "young friends" *did* care for, it was Holidays! The Doctor himself seemed as though he could—and were it possible—would do without them. But the Doctor's "lit-tle friends," however docile, could never be brought to see *that*. They did not usually commence their Spring "term" until February. And they were rips, even rampant, for a long "Recess" at Easter. When the Doctor, using his well-beloved formula, said, "Gentlemen, we will resume our studies upon—" they hung upon his words, and, if the conclusion of his formula showed any disposition to cut the Holidays short, they howled loudly in chorus, like hungry wolves disappointed of their quarry.

It was a sight to see Doctor GLADSTONE'S little friends returning to School *after* the Easter Vacation. The Doctor, looking complacently expansive, cheerily anticipative, welcomed them on the doorstep. *They* did not welcome *him*. Oh, dear no! Look at them; the five senior pupils in front, headed, of course, by that overgrown and somewhat ungainly Irish boy, Master PATRICK GREEN, cock of the School, and prime favourite of Doctor GLADSTONE! Can you not fancy them singing—after a famous original—the following quintett?

<i>The Five.</i>	Five little boys for school are we, Back from a very short ho-li-dee; All as reluctant as well can be,— Five little boys for School!	
<i>Master Green.</i>	Holiday's over, there's no more fun!	[<i>Groans.</i>
<i>Master Hodge.</i>	Only just started! Wish I was done!	[<i>Snivels.</i>
<i>Master Bung.</i>	As for <i>me</i> , wish I'd never <i>begun</i> !	[<i>Howls.</i>
<i>The Five.</i>	Five little boys for School!	
<i>All (shrinking).</i>	Five little boys who, all unwary, Entered old GLADSTONE'S big seminary, Slaves to his Genius tutelary—	
<i>The Five (suddenly demure, on catching sight of the Doctor)—</i>	Five little boys "back to School!!"	



BACK TO SCHOOL; OR, DR. GLADSTONE AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

SONGS OF SOCIETY. II.—A LETTER OF ADVICE.

From Miss Belinda Bullion at Monte Carlo, to Miss Angelina Veaudor, in Mayfair. (Being a Pendant to a celebrated Poem by Praed.)

They tell me you've "landed" a lover
 (Don't pout at the slang, dear, 'tis *chic*),
 Before your first Season is over,
 Before I have left you a week.
 I learned the good news through my mother.
 Who *is* he? I wish I could guess.
 If it's dear Lord FITZ-FRUMPINGTON'S brother,
 My own ANGELINA, say "Yes."

Tres chère, we know Fortune and Fashion
 Are sensible girlhood's sole guides,
 Smart maidenhood ridicules passion,
 And sentiment calmly derides.
 I gave you "Bel Ami" as token
 That we were not victims of "glow;"
 You gave me your vow—is it broken?
 My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

We vowed, dear, no matter at what age,
 By Sentiment not to be hooked,
 Or cheated by Love in a Cottage,
 Or Shepherds enchantingly crook'd.
 Too well, dear, we know modern men's tone,
 Of "briar" the pipes which *they* blow.
 Say, have you gone soft *à la* SHENSTONE?
 My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

Remember the cynic romances
 We read in that Devonshire glen!



We are not the slaves of girl-fancies,
We've learned far too much about Men!
'Tis nice, with your head on his shoulder,
To whirl through the waltz with FRANK LOWE,
But should poor Adonis grow bolder,
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

You know without wealth and a carriage
Life's just a prolonged fit of spleen,
So don't let me mourn o'er your marriage
With any poor BROWN, JONES, or GREEN.
You swore mere romance should not thrill you,
Nor gold-less good looks make you glow;
And you will not go back on it—will you?
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

We're parted, but sympathy's fetter
Unites us, I'm sure of it, still.
I read your last laughable letter,
And see you are steering with skill.
True Love is all fiddlededee, love,
Full coffers count only, below.
If he's not what your husband should be, Love,
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he's over polite in his wooing,
If his heart is too plainly a-throb,
If he scarce seems aware what he's doing,
If he speaks with a blush or a sob;
If he is not "dead nuts" on his dinner,
If his voice or his spirits run low;
If he seems getting paler or thinner,
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he gives too much time to his Tennis,
Neglectful of dear L. S. D.,
If he chatters of WHISTLER and Venice,
If he cares about Five o'clock Tea;
If he's not sometimes rude or capricious
(All swells who have money are so),
Such signs are extremely suspicious;
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he shows a contempt for "the City,"
And drops little jeers about Jews,
If he talks of "the People" with pity,
Or rails at the Sweaters as "screws,"
These things prove a "popular leaning,"
And popular leanings are low;
Soft heart, and slack purse, are *their* meaning—
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he prates about Property's duties
In diction at all Gladstonese,
If he's down on Society Beauties,
If he has not a stare that can freeze;
If he does not abuse Foreign Powers,
And vote all philosophy slow,
If he's one of the time's "big Bow-wowers,"
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

He must walk like a Cit in his glory,
Of Money the true modern test,
He must be—yes, of course, dear—a Tory,
(As *partis* that party are best)
If he knows not the old Carlton's portal,
Then—unless you've a Duke for a beau—
I beg you—for girls are but mortal—
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

Don't bother about his extraction
Although there's a charm in good birth,
But Wealth yields life's sole satisfaction,
So find out, dear girl, *what he's worth!*
He may be but an oil-striking Yankee,
Eccentric in manners and dress,

MISTER JACKY'S VADE MECUM FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Question. What is the chief object you wish to attain during the Vacation?

Answer. To have the best time possible under the most favourable conditions.

Q. Is the comfort of your relations and friends to be taken into serious account in attaining this desirable end?

A. Certainly not; the details to which you refer are unworthy of a moment's consideration.

Q. Have you any objection to upsetting all the household arrangements on your arrival?

A. Unquestionably no. If a morning performance commences at an hour early enough to require luncheon to be discussed at 12:30, why the *déjeuner à la fourchette* (as the French would say) must be partaken within half-an-hour of noon. In like manner, if an evening representation begins at seven, the dinner-hour must be put back to half-past five.

Q. If these alterations cause any disturbance of your father's habits, how would you deal with the matter?

A. I would not deal with the matter at all. I would leave all purely necessary explanations to my mother.

Q. During the time of your vacation will you approve of any dinner-parties?

A. I have a rooted objection to such entertainments when the guests are of my parents' selection. However, I have no objection to a few fellows, say, like SMITH Major, or BROWN Minor, dropping in to supper on a Sunday.

Q. Assuming that the hour you mention is your parents' favourite time for peace and quiet, does such an invasion suggest any reflection?

A. No. If my parents have become slow during my enforced absence from home in the search of knowledge, it is time they should have the benefit accruing from contact with my revivifying characteristics.

Q. Supposing your father expostulates with you, and advances the fact that you have received greater advantages than he himself enjoyed—for instance, that you have been to Eton—what should you reply?

A. Practically nothing. However, in the cause of justice and truth, it might be advisable to answer his statement of fact that "he had never been to Eton" with the reply, "Anyone could see that."

Q. If he complains that you do not rise until eleven, smoke cigarettes in the dining-room before lunch, smash the grand piano in the drawing-room, lame his favourite cob in the Row, and upset all his documents in the study, what answer would you make?

A. That you were not responsible for the training which he had taken under his personal control. He must be satisfied with the broad result of your bringing-up.

Q. If he declares his intention of addressing the Superintendent of your scholastic career on the matter, what would you do?

A. Explain that your present position in the school, to which you supposed you would have to reluctantly return, was lacking in the element of popularity, and that any further move in the direction of increased reduction in that element might possibly lead to your expulsion. Deprecate personal objection to expulsion, but suggest that such a course might, by preventing your getting employment in the Church, Army, or Bar, lead to your being on your parents' hands for life.

Q. When the time has all but arrived for your return to school, what should you do?

A. Promptly catch the whooping-cough, the influenza, or measles. You will then afford a sufficient reason for extending the length of your vacation indefinitely.



A TERRIBLE TURK.

Little Spinks. "AH! ONCE I WAS AS INNOCENT AS A LITTLE CHILD! WHAT I AM NOW, YOUR SEX HAS MADE ME!"

NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

"The Duke of DEVONSHIRE has arranged to return from Monte Carlo on Saturday," so said the *Morning Post*, "in order to address a political meeting at Glasgow on April 14th." His Grace having torn himself away from delightful Monte Carlo, will then attempt to turn the tables on the *Liberales Gladstonienses*. But fancy renouncing sunny Mount Charles—"O Charley Mount is a pleasant place," as sang *Miles na Coppaleen*, who was, by the way, miles away from Monte Carlo—with its azure sky, its deep blue sea, its verdant green-cloth table land, its delightful *promenades à pied*, and its frisky *gambols à la roulette*, where the sunset and sunrise are *rouge*, and *noir* is only "on the cards." Fancy renouncing these gay southern delights to live a laborious day in dry, hard, northern Glasgow! "O swallow, swallow, flying, flying South," how would you like to be checked in your holiday-making airy career in order to be brought back to the cold and cruel North? Such a self-sacrifice as this is indeed memorable.

LOVE BY THE SEA. WIND N.E. BY E.

"We do not speak as we pass by!"
But tears down trickle from our eye!
Alas! Our love remains untold—
For each has got a thundering cold!

BOOKS THAT OUGHT TO APPEAR.

I Banish the Street Organs! By the Author of *I Forbid the Banns!*

A Boy's Present. (Birthday Book.) By the Author of *A Girl's Past.*

No. 1 of *The Domestic Lyre*, as a Companion to *The Family Storyteller.*

YET THEY LOOK SO INNOCENT!—In the Language of Flowers, what species should always express untruths?—Li-lies.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 27.—The Lowther Arcade not getting on so well as

thought when projected. The Master Builder been diligently at work, but result disappointing. On Friday he got terribly snubbed by SPEAKER. Comes up to-day to make personal explanation. That a bait at which House usually jumps; always ready to be amused, or interested with scandal about Queen ELIZABETH and other persons. These things usually promised by personal explanation. To-day no flutter of excitement moved crowded House. JEMMY, approaching table with most judicial air, received with mocking laughter, and ironical cheers. Some difficulty in quite making out what he was at. Evidently something to do with SQUIRE of MALWOOD; but SQUIRE so inextricably mixed up with Supplementary Estimates, couldn't make out which was which. JAMES pounded along in most ponderous style; SQUIRE contemptuously replied; no one else inclined to join in conversation, and the Master Builder gloomily resumed his seat.

"Never mind," I said, not liking to see an old friend cast down; "Rome wasn't built in a day, nor the Cave of Adullam excavated in a week. These things grow. You must have patience, and the Lowther Arcade will still flourish. Let me see, whom you have got? There's BARTLEY, HANBURY, and TOMMY BOWLES. LOWE, forming his Cave, hadn't so many to start with."

"Yes," said the Master Builder, "that's all very well; but, fact is, you can't reckon upon these fellows as being, so to speak, colonnades in the Arcade. They are all on their own hook; fighting for their own hand; won't take the lead from me; must go foraging for themselves. HANBURY thinks he can boss a show better than most men. BARTLEY'S obstreperous. TOMMY BOWLES would be all right if he were left to himself, free from the companionship of designing men. He is young, ingenuous, not wholly lost to a sense of regard for his pastors and masters, lack of which is the curse of modern Youth. I believe TOMMY respects me, and, only for the evil communications to which he is subject on the back bench, would work loyally with me in establishing the Arcade."

There was unwonted moisture in the Master Builder's eye as he turned round, and regarded the Member for King's Lynn what time he softly whistled to himself the old Jacobite air, "*Tommy make Room for your Uncle.*"

Business done.—Vote of Censure moved by Prince ARTHUR; Government majority runs up on division to 47; Ministerialists, fresh from meeting at Foreign Office, agree that, on whole, have spent a happy day. Debate spasmodically dull. Prince ARTHUR could not lift it out of the rut, nor GRANDOLPH either. Only Mr. G. shone with effulgent light through gloom of evening. Principal result of manœuvre, beyond giving fillip to majority, is that a day will be filched from meagre holidays, and House must needs sit on Thursday.

Tuesday.—Mr. G. looked in in time to say a few words in reply to Prince ARTHUR'S inquiries as to business arrangements. Later he came back, and delivered excellent speech; brief, and direct to point. House been talking all morning round Vote on Account. MACFARLANE done Rule-of-three sum, to show how twelve hundred days are lost every week by necessity imposed upon Members of coming down two hours in advance to take their seats. Some disposition shown by practical Members to argue question whether there could be twelve hundred days in any week, even in Leap-Year.

"I know I'm right," said MACFARLANE, and the sceptics, gazing respectfully at his flowing beard, withdrew from controversy.

House divided on Motion by LEGH to reduce Foreign Office Vote. Ministerial majority run up at a jump to 225. Time by Westminster clock, 6.10 P.M.; in twenty minutes, sitting will be suspended; Vote must be through Committee to-day; TOMMY BOWLES (who hasn't made a speech for a quarter of an hour) on his feet; sheafs of manuscript in his hand; would certainly oblige to extent of twenty minutes; BARON DE WORMS also has a few remarks to offer; probable length of Channel Tunnel. Mr. G. interposes.



EASTER AT THE ZOO.

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"Mr. MELLOR," he said, addressing Chairman, "I claim to have the question now put."

Ringed cheers went up from Ministerialists. TOMMY resumed his seat; gruefully glanced at notes. The Noble Baron saw in this manœuvre fresh proof that Mr. G. had sold himself to Germany; having completed preparation for separation of the Empire on the side of the Irish Channel, would immediately after, by medium of WATKIN'S Tunnel, place what was left of the country at the mercy of a foreign foe. Meanwhile Closure moved; what's more, carried on division by swingeing majority of over a hundred. So Vote agreed to; Mr. G. gets off for short drive before dressing for dinner.

Earned a night's rest, and a longer Easter holiday than he has allotted to himself and us. Older he gets, the younger he seems. His work to-day should make the eight-hours' man blush. At bay in Downing Street since twelve o'clock with two hostile deputations. Came from Ulster and the City, resolved to beard Home-Rule Lion in his den. Alone he met them; one down, the other come on; no interval of rest; picked men from Ulster, Selected Captains from the City, surged around table at which he sat. Hardly left him time to reply. Having politely conducted Ulster to door, enter the City Fathers, fresh and eager for fray. Told him over again in varied phrase how he was bringing country to verge of ruin; listened with perfect courtesy, as if they'd been discussing someone else—say, his next-door neighbour, SQUIRE of MALWOOD and Junior Lord of Downing Street. Up again when last in list of City speakers had concluded. Almost persuaded JOHN LUBBOCK to be a Home-Ruler; then down to House, dealing with mass of correspondence littering his table in room behind SPEAKER'S chair; alert on sound of division-bell; comes in to move Closure; remembers that in long list of speeches never made this particular one before; looks up PALGRAVE'S *Handbook*; cons his lesson and declaims brief formula in deep rich voice that lends touch of eloquence to its unadorned, remorseless demand. All this, too, following on a day like yesterday, when two other deputations stormed Downing Street; drew from him weighty reply; followed, after hasty dinner, by a speech in the House on the eternal Irish question, which GRANDOLPH rightly termed, "entrancing."

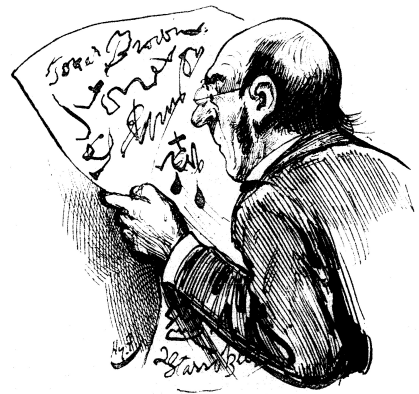
"A Grand Old Man, indeed!" said PRINCE ARTHUR, talking over these things to-night, when he should have been listening to TOMMY BOWLES, who having at the morning sitting had his speech on Vote on Account closed, delivered another at evening sitting on the question of the Depreciation of Silver as it affects domestic architecture in China and Peru.

Business done.—Vote on Account through Committee.

Thursday.—CAINE going about House this afternoon, his slim figure bulging out at the pockets in mysterious fashion, "Brought your supper with you?" I asked, lightly touching one of the excrescences that felt like an imperial pint of ginger-beer (WHITE 1880). "You seem bursting with

broiled bones. All no use. No more all-night sittings *this* side of Easter."

"No, my boy, you're wrong," said CAINE. "Fact is, I'm going off to the country, and these protuberances you observe about my person are phonograms. All labelled, you see," he said, taking out cylinders from several pockets. "Here are a few remarks on Registration; that's my Local-Veto Speech; and here is an entirely new view of the Home-Rule question. If you like to come over to my house at Clapham—close by, you know, busses every ten minutes—you shall have a night's thorough enjoyment. Leave you in the room by yourself with the phonograph. Pop in one of these cylinders; set the phonograph whizzing; and you'll hear me on Local Veto. Take out cylinder, put in another, and you'll know more about Home Rule in five minutes than you ever dreamt. Can only let you have them for to-night. To-morrow they go down to Yorkshire, and thro' Easter Recess I shall be delivering, at various places, six speeches every night, I myself comfortably making holiday in Wales." "Thank you," I said; "but, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll go home and go to bed." In truth, a little depressed. Here's a nice prospect for the holidays! Bad enough to have Members working off at public meetings speeches that had been closed in Commons. But if every man is, during the recess, to multiply himself by phonography, the last state of this country will be worse than the first.



Portrait of a Member of Parliament examining the Signatures to a Petition against the Local-Veto Bill, to see if they are genuine or not. (*Vide* Report of the Proceedings in the Commons, March 28, which suggests that they are obtained in Public Houses.)

Business done.—Adjourned for Easter Holidays. Just escaped sitting over Good Friday. Back next Thursday.



THE NEW "FOURTH PARTY."

T. G. B-wl-s.

Right Hon. J-m-s L-wth-r.

G. C. B-rtl-y.

R. W. H-nb-ry.

Transcriber's Note:

Missing or illegible/damaged punctuation has been repaired.

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