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August 19th 1893, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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VOL. 105, AUGUST 19TH 1893 ***

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI

VOLUME 105, August 19th 1893

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG. "BLAZY BILL; OR, THE BICYCLE CAD."

AIR—"Daisy Bell; or, a Bicycle made for Two."

"The churl in nature up and down" is perennial and ubiquitous. Like the god Vishnu, he has many avatars. Every new development of popular pastime (for instance) develops its own particular species of "Cad." LEECH'S "Gallopng Snob" of a quarter of a century ago has been succeeded by that Jehu of the "Bike," the Cycling Cad, to whose endearing manners and customs in the Queen's highway, and elsewhere, the long-suffering pedestrian is persuaded a laggard Law will shortly have to find its attention urgently directed. *Mr. Punch*, who is of the same opinion, adapts *Mr. HARRY DACRE'S* popular song to what he is convinced will be a popular purpose.

Perturbed Pedestrian sings:—

There is a fear within my
heart,
BLAZY! BLAZY!
Planted one day with a
demon dart.
Planted by BLAZY BILL.
Whether he'll kill me, or
kill me not,
Smash me or only spill,
Little I know, but I'd give a lot
To be rescued from BLAZY BILL.

Chorus—

BLAZY! BLAZY!



Give me a chance, Sir, do!
I'm half crazy,
All for the fear of you.
You haven't a stylish way, Sir,
I can't admire that "blazer"
(Which you think sweet).
The curse of the street
Is the Bicycle Cad—like you!

You rattle along as though for your life,
BLAZY! BLAZY!
Pedalling madly, with mischief rife,
Blundering BLAZY BILL!
When the road's dark we need Argus sight,
Your bell and your lamp do nil
But dazzle our eyes and our ears affright,
Blustering BLAZY BILL!

Chorus—

BLAZY! BLAZY!
Bother your "biking" crew!
I'm half crazy,
All for sheer dread of you.
I can't afford a carriage,
If I walk—in Brixton or Harwich—
The curse of the street,
I am sure to meet
In a Bicycle Cad like you!

Why should we stand this wheel-bred woe?
BLAZY! BLAZY!
Yes, your vile bell you will ring, I know,
Suddenly, BLAZY BILL,
When you're close on my heels, and a trip I make,
And, unless I skedaddle with skill,
I'm over before you have put on the brake,
Half-fuddled BLAZY BILL!

Chorus—

BLAZY! BLAZY!
Turn up wild wheeling, do!
I'm half crazy,
All in blue funk of you.
The Galloping Snob was a curse, Sir,
But the Walloping Wheelman's a worser.
I'd subscribe my quid
To be thoroughly rid
Of all Bicycle Cads like you!

SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

(After Southey.)

A VISION OF EARL'S COURT.

Here they go hurrying,
Up the steps scurrying,
Pushing and jostling,
Elbowing, hustling,
Squeezing and wheezing they rush to the top.
Puffing and panting,
Tearing and ranting,
(First-rate for Banting,) onward they climb.
Up on the landing,
Scarce room for standing,
Man is commanding, "There you must stop!
Don't cross the railing,
Keep to the paling;
Place for two more, Sirs,
Go on before, Sirs;
List to the roar, Sirs—ain't it sublime!

Tuck in the mackintosh,
 Hold tight, Sir!" "Oh, what bosh!"
 Side by side seated,
 Breathless and heated,
 Freezing and sneezing,
 Down the Chute shooting,
 Yelling and hooting,
 'ARRY and 'ARRIET, Princess and Peer,
 White man and black man and Injun to steer.
 "You're sure there's no danger?" "There's nothing to fear."
 "Are babies admitted?" "O no, mum, not 'ere."
 And waving and raving,
 And beaming and steaming,
 And laughing and chaffing,
 And thumping and bumping,
 And plumping and jumping,
 And spinning and grinning,
 And chattering and clattering,
 And blushing and gushing and rushing and flushing,
 And bawling and sprawling and hauling and calling,
 And foaming, bemoaning a bonnet dropped off,
 Not hearing the jeering of people who scoff,
 The peril of spilling delightfully thrilling,
 Tho' incivil devil's instilling cavilling;
 And screaming, not dreaming of being upset,
 And splashing and dashing and dripping with wet,
 And screeching and reaching for hat blown away,
 Excited, affrighted, delighted, benighted,
 And calling and bawling Hurrah and Hurray!
 "And so never ending but always descending
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending;"
 All at once all is o'er, with a mighty uproar,
 And drenched and bedraggled they land on the shore.

"LETHE HAD PASSED HER LIPS."—Mrs. R. had often come across the name of this classic stream in the course of her reading. She pronounced it as one syllable, and said that "as this celebrated river was in Scotland—she knew the name quite well—what she wanted to know was, why weren't these waters bottled by a Company?"

AT THE SEASIDE CHURCH PARADE.

(A Conversation à la Mode.)

He. So very glad to see you. (*Aside.*) Hope she won't shut me up, she's so sharp!

She. Quite pleased to have met. (*Aside.*) Can't stand much of him, he's so stupid!

He. I suppose when you were in town you went to the Academy?

She. Yes, and saw all the pictures—and didn't like them.

He. And went to the Opera?

She. Yes, every night—and am tired of talking about it.

He. And of course you went to Henley?

She. Yes, and to the Eton and Harrow Match, and to Ascot, and to Wimbledon to see the Lawn Tennis finals.

He. But perhaps you never went to the House of Commons?

She. Oh, yes, I did—on the Terrace, and also to the Ladies' Gallery. The rows were most amusing—saw them all.

He. And did you go to many parties?

She. To every party of any consequence, and all the really nice dinners.

He. Were you at the Royal Wedding?

She. Oh, don't talk of that. The subject is quite exhausted. (*After a pause.*) Pray, have you no conversation?

He. Well, I don't know. I suppose you went to church this morning, and heard the Dean preach?

She. Oh, I really must beg your pardon. If you can't find anything better to talk about on a Sunday than the points of a sermon you had far better say nothing at all.

[*Scene closes in upon an unbroken silence.*]

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NEW KING COAL.

(*A new Mining-Capitalist Version of an old Nursery Rhyme, dedicated and commended to the thoughtful consideration of the colliers on strike in Northumberland and Durham.*)



[Putting it in the form of a conundrum, *Mr. Punch* would ask the Colliers who may read this rhyme the following question, the answer to which may throw a light upon the meaning of New King COAL's jubilant doggerel ditty:—

"When prices rise—even in the midst of the Dog Days—and the output of first-class coal falls, who reaps the advantage of the enhanced value and readier sale of accumulated stocks of small and slaggy 'rubbish'?"]

O our New King COAL
Is an artful old soul,
And an artful old soul is he;
And a jolly good Strike
Is a game he must like—
When it pulls in the £ s. d.
He calls for his "weed" and he calls for his "fizz,"
And he calls for his—Fiddle-de-dee!
Every fiddler has his own little fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle has he.

"£ s. d., £ s. d.," sings King COAL, "Fiddle-de-dee!
Oh! an opportune Strike is the thing for me!"
O, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King COAL and *his* Fiddle-de-dee!

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ROBERT AT GILDALL.

Ah, wot a change has suddenly cum over the hold Copperation! From sitch recepshuns of Kings and Queens, and Princes and Princesses, and Royal Dooks and Dutchesses, and Zarrowitches and setterer, and all in their werry best clothes, too! as I never witnessed before nor since, to cum suddenly upon nuffin but Gog and Magog, is a strikin fac indeed. As the Rite onerabel Lord MARE werry propperly said, "Ah wot a fall is here my Country-men!"

And what a blooming staggerer it was to finish off with the King and Queen of DENMARK! of all

people in the World! Why I has allers been tort to bleeve, from what I have seen at the Play, that neether on em wornt not werry great things as regards behaviour to the poor *Prince Hamlet*, but BROWN says as that's all over long, long ago, and isn't to be spoke of no more, no, not for ever! and so we must drop it. I think, upon the hole, as I likes the PRINCE OF WALES the best of all on em, he does allers seem to enjy hissself so much.

We had him in the City wunce at Church, and twice at Gildall to dinner, all in about a munth, and that ain't so bad for a near aparrent. And he does seem allers so much atome. Why I acshally overherd him say to our Blushing Town Clark, after dining the King of DENMARK, "How well you have dun it all, but you allers do it well at Gildall!"

I wunder how many hundred sentries it will be before he says ditto to the Cheerman of the Country Counsel, poor feller! after sitch a dinner to sitch a company? Praps about another 700! ROBERT.



AN UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Our Irish Curate (persuasively). "Now, DOCTOR DEAR, HERE 'S THE VERY THING. YE'VE BEEN GIVING A TENTH OF YOUR INCOME, LIKE A MAN. WELL, NOW, TIMES ARE BAD. DOUBLE IT, AND GIVE A TWENTIETH!"

OFF AND ON.—She had been longing for a new dress. At last the extra money was saved, and she bought it. "It's off my mind now," she exclaimed, "and, which pleases me more, it's on my body."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE. —The advertisement of an hotel in Germany concludes, after praising everything highly, with this sentence—"*Accomplished drinks, captivating meats.*"

FRENCH TRANSLATION OF AN OLD PLAY CALLED "LOVE'S LAST SHIFT."—" *La dernière Chemise de l'Amour.*"

THE TOUR THAT NEVER WAS.

(By an Undecided Man.)

Between now and my holidays there but remain two solid days,
And thinking where I'll spend my "vac" has driven me wild
with worry;
In vain have I surveyed acres of plans and maps and Bædekers,
And purchased a small library of "Handy Guides" of MURRAY.

Shall I, for want of better, say I'll view the Vierwaldstättersee,
Or watch the Staubbach fall in mist like web of an arachnid?
Or else, the dawn to see, get up o'ernight upon the Righi-top—
But no, I feel that Jödel-land is now a trifle hackneyed!

For a flutter at *chemin-de-fer* I might (the place is handy) fare
To Trouville, and along the *plage* a "Milor" on the spree be;
I could in Teuton *musikshaus* (till I of Wagner grew sick) souse
In "Hofbräu," and essay to flirt with each *biergarten* Hebe.

But then, if I to Norway turn, as Ibsenite I'd *more* weight earn

—
And salmon-fishing mid the Kvæns is certainly high-class
sport;
Or rumble in a tarantass o'er Russia? No, an arrant ass
I were, to go where night and day you're badgered for your
passport!

I'd like (my programme's large), a panoramic glimpse of far
Japan
From Fuji, and round Biwa Lake I'd in a jinrickshaw go;
Or even—for a hasty bet—I'd (like Miss TAYLOR) pace Thibet,
Or "blue" my surplus cash at what the Yankees call
"Shecawgo."

Look here! I'll have to sham a tour (though but a humble
amatoor
At yarning), as this sort of thing is giving me the fidgets!
I'll—since I've eased my intellect by tripping thus in print—
elect
To stay at home and twiddle (for the sake of rhyme) my
digits!

THE PLACE FOR LAWN TENNIS.—"Way down in Tennessee."

THE TWO POTS.

(A *Morality for Mammon.*)

When Mammon in commerce has "made a big pot,"
He is free to "retire upon what he has got,"
And what need he care for the children of toil
Who have helped in their hundreds that "big pot" to boil?
Pot! Pot! Gushers talk rot;
But Demas "retires upon what he has got."

How did he get it, that pot full of gold?
That is a story that's yet to be told.
Children of Gibeon helped, 'tis well known,
At filling *his* pot—barely boiling their own!
Pot! Pot! How to keep hot—
That is the problem—the poor man's pot!

Poor *pot-au-feu*! 'Tis to keep you a-boil
Hewers and Drawers so ceaselessly toil;
But when they've filled Wealth's big pot full of gold,
What does he care if *their* pot becomes cold.
Pot! Pot! Let the poor go—to pot.
Mammon—"retires upon what he has got!"

MRS. R.—She is very tender-hearted. "Of course," she says, "it's very nice of what they call 'The Forsters' parents—though why 'Forster' I don't know. But certainly, even when they're brought up as one of the family of the Forsters, yet it does make me feel very sad when I see an adapted child."

MORAL AND SOCIAL QUERIES.—When a man has lost his own character, is he justified in taking away anybody else's? At a party if somebody has taken away your hat, aren't you justified in taking somebody else's?

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By *Cunnin Toil.*)

No. II.—THE DUKE'S FEATHER.

Two months had passed without my hearing a word of HOLES. I knew he had been summoned to Irkoutsk by the CZAR of Russia in order to help in investigating the extraordinary theft of one of the Government silver mines, which had completely and mysteriously disappeared in one night. All the best intellects of the terrible secret police, the third section of the Government of the Russian Empire, had exhausted themselves in the vain endeavour to probe this mystery to the bottom. Their failure had produced a dangerous commotion in the Empire of the CZAR; there were rumours of a vast Nihilist plot, which was to shake the Autocracy to its foundations, and, as a last resource, the CZAR, who had been introduced to HOLES by OLGA FIASKOFFSKAIA, the well-known Russian Secret Agent at the Court of Lisbon, had appealed to the famous detective to lend his aid in discovering the authors of a crime which was beginning to turn the great white CZAR into ridicule in all the bazaars of Central Asia. HOLES, whose great mind had been lying fallow for some little time, had immediately consented; and the last I had seen of him was two months before the period at which this story opens, when I had said good-bye to him at Charing-Cross Station.

As for myself, I was spending a week in a farmhouse situated close to the village of Blobley-in-the-Marsh. Three miles from the gates of the farmhouse lay Fourcastle Towers, the ancestral mansion of Rear-Admiral the Duke of DUMPSHIRE, the largest and strangest landowner of the surrounding district. I had a nodding acquaintance with His Grace, whom I had once attended for scarlatina when he was a midshipman. Since that time, however, I had seen very little of him, and, to tell the truth, I had made no great effort to improve the acquaintance. The Duke, one of the haughtiest members of our blue-blooded aristocracy, had been called by his naval duties to all parts of the habitable globe; I had steadily pursued my medical studies, and, except for the biennial visit which etiquette demanded, I had seen little or nothing of the Duke. My stay at the farmhouse was for purposes of rest. I had been overworked, that old tulwar wound, the only memento of the Afghan Campaign, had been troubling me, and I was glad to be able to throw off my cares and my black coat, and to revel for a week in the rustic and unconventional simplicity of Wurzelby Farm.

One evening, two days after my arrival, I was sitting in the kitchen close to the fire, which, like myself, was smoking. For greater comfort I had put on my old mess-jacket. The winter wind was whistling outside, but besides that only the ticking of the kitchen clock disturbed my meditations. I was just thinking how I should begin my article on Modern Medicine for the *Fortnightly Review*, when a slight cough at my elbow caused me to turn round. Beside me stood PICKLOCK HOLES, wrapped in a heavy, close-fitting fur *moujik*. He was the first to speak.

"You seem surprised to see me," he said. "Well, perhaps that is natural; but really, my dear fellow, you might employ your time to better purpose than in trying to guess the number of words in the first leading article in the *Times* of the day before yesterday."

I was about to protest when he stopped me.

"I know perfectly well what you are going to say, but it is useless to urge that the country is dull, and that a man must employ his brain somehow. That kind of employment is the merest wool-gathering."

He plucked a small piece of Berlin worsted—I had been darning my socks—off my left trouser, and examined it curiously. My admiration for the man knew no bounds.

"Is that how you know?" I asked. "Do you mean to tell me that merely by seeing that small piece of fancy wool on my trousers you guessed I had been trying to calculate the number of words in the *Times* leader? HOLES, HOLES, will you never cease from astounding me?"

He did not answer me, but bared his muscular arm and injected into it a strong dose of morphia with a richly-chased little gold instrument tipped with a ruby.

"A gift from the CZAR," said HOLES, in answer to my unspoken thoughts. "When I discovered the missing silver-mine on board the yacht of the Grand Duke IVANOFF, his Imperial Majesty first offered me the Chancellorship of his dominions, but I begged him to excuse me, and asked for this pretty toy. Bah, the Russian police are bunglers."

As he made this remark the door opened and Sergeant BLUFF of the Dumpshire Constabulary entered hurriedly.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said, addressing me, with evident perturbation; "but would you step outside with me for a moment. There's been some strange work down at——"

HOLES interrupted him.



"Beside me stood Picklock Holes, wrapped in a heavy, close-fitting fur *moujik*."

"Don't say any more," he broke in. "You've come to tell us about the dreadful poaching affray in Hagley Wood. I know all about it, and tired as I am I'll help you to find the criminals."

It was amusing to watch the Sergeant's face. He was ordinarily an unemotional man, but as HOLES spoke to him he grew purple with astonishment.

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir," he said; "I didn't know about no——"

"My name is HOLES," said my friend calmly.

"What, Mr. PICKLOCK HOLES, the famous detective?"

"The same, at your service; but we are wasting time. Let us be off."

The night was cold, and a few drops of rain were falling. As we walked along the lane HOLES drew from the Sergeant all the information he wanted as to the number of pheasants on the Duke's estate, the extent of his cellars, his rent-roll, and the name of his London tailor. BLUFF dropped behind after this cross-examination with a puzzled expression, and whispered to me:

"A wonderful man that Mister HOLES. Now how did he know about this 'ere poaching business? I knew nothing about it. Why I come to you, Sir, to talk about that retriever dog you lost."

"Hush," I said; "say nothing. It would only annoy HOLES, and interfere with his inductions. He knows his own business best." Sergeant BLUFF gave a grumbling assent, and in another moment we entered the great gate of Fourcastle Towers, and were ushered into the hall, where the Duke was waiting to receive us.

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" said his Grace, with all the courtly politeness of one in whose veins ran the blood of the Crusaders. Then, changing his tone, he spoke in fierce sailor-language: "Shiver my timbers! what makes you three stand there like that? Why, blank my eyes, you ought to——" What he was going to say will never be known, for HOLES dashed forward.

"Silence, Duke," he said, sternly. "We come to tell you that there has been a desperate poaching affray. The leader of the gang lies insensible in Hagley Wood. Do you wish to know who he was?" So saying, he held up to the now terrified eyes of the Duke the tail-feather of a golden pheasant. "I found it in his waistcoat pocket," he said, simply.

"My son, my son!" shrieked the unfortunate Duke. "Oh ALURED, ALURED, that it should have come to this!" and he fell to the floor in convulsions.

"You will find Earl MOUNTRAVERS at the cross-roads in Hagley Wood," said HOLES to the Sergeant. "He is insensible."

The Earl was convicted at the following Assizes, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. His ducal father has never recovered from the disgrace. HOLES, as usual, made light of the matter and of his own share in it.

"I met the Earl," he told me afterwards, "as I was walking to your farmhouse. When he ventured to doubt one of my stories, I felled him to the earth. The rest was easy enough. Poachers? Oh dear no, there were none. But it is precisely in these cases that ingenuity comes in."

"HOLES," I said, "I admire you more and more every day."

JOKE FOR JOKE.—A ruffian at Walsall, "for a joke," dropped a little boy over the bridge into the river. The inhabitants of that town took the cowardly brute to the same bridge, and dropped him over in the same place. Bravo men (and women) of Walsall! If the *lex talionis*, in the same spirit of impartial jocularity, could be applied as efficaciously to *all* "practical jokers," civilised Society might soon be rid of one of its most intolerable pests.

"So much depends on *how you take things*," as the thief remarked after a dexterous performance while the policeman's back was turned.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF A COMIC BALLET D'ACTION.—"Too funny for words."

THE SCHOPENHAUER BALLADS.

No. II.—THE MOSQUITO.

I am a restless Mosquito,
Well hated by the world, I know,
For faults that are not mine;
I bite to live (some live to bite),
I sting from sheer necessity, not spite,—



I would my lot were thine.

I'd take thy bites, you'd love my sting,
And bear the petty pains they bring
Just like a Hindoo Saint;
I would not blame you, 'bottle fly,
You have to live the same as I—
A beauty without paint.

We cannot all be butterflies,
Or larks that carol in the skies,—
Take life for what it's worth;
We've all our wretched aches and pains,
Our losses now—and now our gains—
A little while on earth.

And when we get our final call—
Mosquito, pole-cat, skunk, and all
The vermin meek or bold—
We shall not for the verdict quake,
We've lived our lives for Nature's sake,
And done what we were told.

CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that some of your contemporaries have got up a "Press Band" which plays on the Thames Embankment between one and two o'clock every day (save Saturday) for the benefit of composers out for their dinner-hour. I must confess that I think the idea excellent, but could it not be extended? A newspaper consists of more than "setters up at case." Could not some entertainment be contrived for the amusement of editors, theatrical critics, and city correspondents?

For instance, there are generally a number of ladies and gentlemen hanging about Fleet Street in the vain hope of obtaining interviews with the powers that are in the world journalistic. A really talented would-be contributor (especially if a lady) might "get at" an editor when he was most at his ease and least on his guard.

I will suppose that the *Rédacteur en chef* of the *Imperial Universe* is seated beside the Fountain in the Temple, quietly smoking his cigar. The authoress of "*Tiger Songs*" (adapted from the original Norwegian) may see the Editor from afar off, and come dancing towards him with the airy gaiety of a *Morgiana*. She executes a *pas de fascination*, and, when he is completely captivated by the exquisite grace of her movements, causes him to seize a bundle of MS. When she has retired, and the Editor gradually resumes his normal composure, he discovers that the authoress of "*Tiger Songs*" has left him an article upon "Voyages to the North Pole." Subjugated by the poetry of motion, and further moved (almost to tears) by the soft, sweet strains of the Press Band, he reads the contribution, and accepts it.

Then recreation, combined with instruction, might be found for special correspondents by erecting steam roundabouts on the Thames Embankment. The "special" might mount his wooden steed, and career round and round until he has done a good twenty miles. Then he would be prepared to give his experiences, which should (if written in the proper spirit) be of exceptional value as "copy."

A thousand details will occur to those who take an interest in the matter, and may be filled in at leisure. I merely throw out the idea, leaving its development to others more worthy of the task than one who signs himself, A PEN PLUS A LYRE.

THE WALKING ENGLISHWOMAN ON THE ALPS.

You who look, at home, so charming—
Angel, goddess, nothing less—
Do you know you're quite alarming
In that dress?

Such a garb should be forbidden;
Where's the grace an artist loves?
Think of dainty fingers hidden
In those gloves!

Gloves! A housemaid would not wear them,
Shapeless, brown and rough as sacks,
Thick! And yet you often tear them
With that axe!

Worst of all, unblacked, unshiny—
Greet them with derisive boots—
Clumsy, huge! For feet so tiny!
Oh, those boots!

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.



O "Englishman in Paris," do not think
That I refer to your amusing book;
I write of those who do not care "a tinker's
cuss" for look!

Not you who dress in Paris as at home,
Because the Frenchman is as good as you,
Top-hat, frock-coat—in fact do all in Rome
As Rome would do.

But you, attired in such eccentric ways,
Who travelled here with tickets which you took
Perhaps from enterprising Mr. GAZE,
Or Mr. COOK.

And from some stupid, slow, suburban spot,
Or prim provincial parish, come arrayed
In clothes which your own gardener would not
Wear for his trade.

Oh why offend the Frenchman's cultured sight
With such a 'ARRY'S outin' sort of air?
Do you consider knickerbockers quite
The thing to wear?

The Frenchman, just as sensible as we,
Calls "toppers" hateful, horrid, heavy, hot;
In Paris, as in London, still you see
The chimney-pot.

A linen collar hygiene abhors.
And yet he wears it. You don't care a rap;
You sport your flannel-shirt, and, out of doors,
Your tourist cap.

Magnificent contempt for foreign lands!
"Frog-eating Frenchy dress!" you say, and smile,
"He imitates, but never understands
True London style."

Unconquered Briton, you are right no doubt!
Descendant of the woad-clad ones, that's true!
And yet he never imitates a lout,
A cad, like you.



HER PARLIAMENTARY KNOWLEDGE.—Mrs. R. is an intelligent student of the Parliamentary Reports in the *Times*. On Tuesday, in last week, her niece read this aloud—"8.30. *On the return of the SPEAKER, after the usual interval*"— "That," observed the worthy lady, interrupting, explaining it to her niece, "is the interval allowed for refreshment—ten minutes I believe,—go on, my dear." Then her niece continued—"Sir T. LEA, who was interrupted by a count"— "Stop, my dear!" exclaimed our old friend, indignantly. "What I want to know is, how did that Count come there? Was he in the Strangers' Gallery? And if he interrupted why wasn't he at once turned out of the House? On second thoughts," she added, "he must have been a foreigner, and so they made some excuse for him."



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

Country House Hostess. "SO GLAD YOU COULD COME, MR. VANDYKE! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND US RATHER DULL. WE'RE QUITE A SMALL PARTY!" *Mr. Vandyke.* "OH NO. I SHALL BE OUT NEARLY ALL DAY, YOU KNOW!"

"A SAIL! A SAIL!"

(Extracts from a New (Parliamentary) Version of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.")

It is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth an M.P.
"By thy scant white hair and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

[An Ancient Mariner meeteth a sorely-pressed M.P. hurrying to a Division, and stoppeth him.]

"The lobby doors are open wide,
And if I don't get in,
But give the slip to our stern Whip,
Just won't there be a din!"

He holds him with his skinny hand.
"There was a Ship!" quoth he.
The Member pressed he beat his breast,
Suppressing a big, big D!

He holds him with his glittering eye;
The Member pressed stands still.
And listens, though exceeding wild—
The Mariner hath his will.

[The sorely-pressed M.P. is spell-bound by the eye of the Grand Old Seafaring Man, and constrained to hear his tale.]

The Member pressed sits on a post,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus speaks out that Grand Old Man,
The bright-eyed Mariner—

The Ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop,
Laden with many a blessed Bill
From kelson to orlop,

[The Mariner tells how the good ship *H.M. Government* sailed for Ireland with a good wind and fair weather till she reached a certain Line.]

The Sun of hope had left the left,
Out in the cold they be.
But it shone bright on the (SPEAKER'S) right
When we put forth to sea.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong.
He struck with his opposing wings,
And set our course all wrong.

[Where the Ship is driven by a storm (of Opposition) toward the Poll.]

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the coat-tail of his foe
And feeleth for his head,
The Ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And Winterward we fled.

At length did cross an Albatross:
Through fog and frost it came;
A noisy, rude, Obstructive bird;
Devoid of sense or shame.

Day after day it blocked our way,
As round and round it flew.
In spite of it, by patient wit,
Our helmsman steered us through.

When a fair wind sprang up behind,
The Albatross did follow,
And every day hindered our way,
Despite the Mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud it strove to shroud
Our course athwart the brine,
Night after night it led to fight,
And kicking up of shine.

"God help thee, Ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
What did'st thou do?" With my closure-bow
I shot the Albatross!!!

Till a great lolloping, hindering,
inopportune sea-bird, called the
Albatross, came through the
snow-fog, and was received with
great joy and hospitality—by our
opponents.

And lo! the Albatross proveth a
bird of ill-omen, impeding the
progress of the Ship in most
aggravating fashion.]

The Ancient Mariner
incontinently killeth the bird of
ill-omen.]

Now round and red, like a Scotchman's head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That brought the fog and mist.

When the fog cleared his
shipmates justified the same,
and thus make themselves
accomplices therein.]

The fair breeze blew, the gag-saved crew,
Were from Obstruction free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that *silent sea!*

The fair breeze continues; the
Ship enters the Sea of Silence
by the Straits of Gag.]



"A SAIL! A SAIL!"

(*"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."*)

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 With flopping sail of what avail
 The silence of the sea?

[The Ship is suddenly becalmed,
 and findeth that enforced
 silence means not peaceful
 progress.]

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

And some in dreams assured were
 Of the spirit that plagued us so;
 Nine fathom deep he had followed us,
 From the land of mist and snow.

[The Spirit of Obstruction had
 followed in spook-like silent,
 sub-marine secrecy.]

If this be so, my shipmates said,
 What use that bird to shoot?
 We make no way, no more than if
 We were shackled hand and foot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 My gain seemed loss, the Albatross
 Around my neck was hung.

[The shipmates, in their sore
 distress, are tempted to throw
 the blame on the Ancient
 Mariner.]

II.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time! a dreary time!
 (Devoted to "Supply,")
 When, looking westward, I beheld
 A Something in the sky!

[The Ancient Mariner beholdeth
 a long-hoped-for sign in the
 element afar off.]

At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist:
 It moved, and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

[It groweth and assumeth
 substantial shape.]

A speck, a mist, a shape I wist!
 And still it neared and neared:
 As if it dodged some awkward question
 It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We scarce could laugh or wail;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
 I bit my tongue—it did me good—
 And cried "A Sail! A Sail!!!"

[At its nearer approach it
 seemeth to him to be a ship,
 bearing the hopeful name of
Autumn Session.]

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call.
 Gramercy! They for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were whistling all.

[A flash of joy among his
 shipmates.]

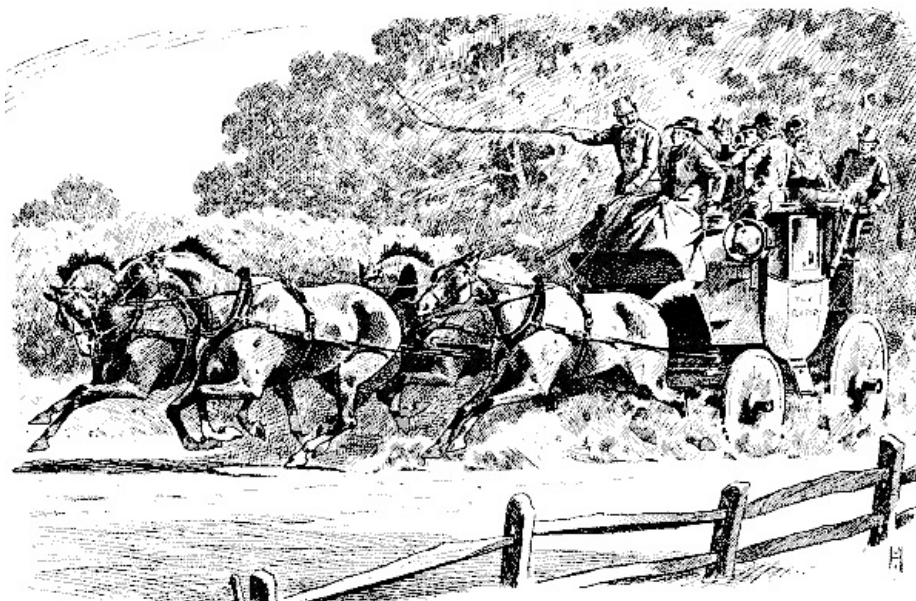
Our fierce foes' faces went aflame,
 They felt that they were done!
 Their thoughts were of the western main,
 Of moor, and dog, and gun,
 When that strange shape drave suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

[And of anger amidst their foes.]

*Ah, Member pressed, I'll leave the rest
 Until—say next December!
 Whether that Sail did bring us aid,
 Or with my shipmate's wishes played;
 Whether it made them welcome Autumn,
 Or Tales of Hope to question taught 'em;
 Whether (as spook) that Albatross
 Appeared again our path to cross;*

[The Ancient Mariner postponeth
 the sequel of his strange story
 to a more convenient occasion.]

*If it portended gain or loss
(Uncertain these, as pitch-and-toss!)
I'll tell you when again we meet,
On this same post, in this same street—
Oh, Member pressed—remember!*



JUSTIFIABLE DECEPTION.

Nervous Old Party (who has been making himself rather a nuisance all the way). "A—A—SURELY, MY DEAR SIR, THIS GALLOPING UP THESE HILLS IS EXTREMELY A—A—TO SAY THE LEAST, RECKLESS!"

Jack Highflyer (Proprietor and Coachman, who has been spiriting his Team up several short rises). "GALLOP! CALL THIS GALLOPING? BY GEORGE, JUST YOU WAIT TILL RETURN STAGE—SEE ME GO DOWN 'EM! GREASED LIGHTNING A FOOL TO IT!"

[Result as desired. Old Gentleman clears out shortly, for purpose of writing to "Times," and so makes way for Fair Passenger behind.]

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THE BRITISH ATHLETE'S VADE-MECUM.

Question. What is the *specialité* of a Briton?

Answer. That given him by belonging to a race of born athletes.

Q. Can any member of the human family outside the British Isles do anything in the shape of sport?

A. Only imperfectly. However, Australians are good at cricket, and Americans have been known to adequately train racehorses.

Q. Can you give any reason for their partial success?

A. Yes. Australians are our first-cousins, and Americans our first-cousins once removed.

Q. Then you consider them of the same stock as the true Briton?

A. Quite so. Hence their prowess in the field.

Q. What do you think of foreigners?

A. That they are typified by "Moosoo."

Q. When you speak of "Moosoo," to whom do you refer?

A. To the average French duffer, who has about as much knowledge of sport as a baby in arms.

Q. Are all foreigners duffers?

A. All; without exception.

Q. How do they go out shooting?

A. With a horn, a *couteau de chasse*, a toy game-bag, and a decorated poodle.

Q. Can they row at all?

A. Not seriously. They can paddle a little, but have no more idea of pulling than the man in the moon.

Q. And yet, did not a Paris crew beat a Thames Eight, on the Seine, early in the present year?

A. Yes; but that was because there was some good reason or other for the English defeat.

Q. It could not have been, of course, because the French Eight was better than their visitors?

A. Certainly not.

Q. But is not that the view you would adopt if you were dealing with two English crews?

A. Why, certainly; but this was a race between Britons and Frenchman, and the former could not naturally be beaten by the latter on their own merits.

Q. Why not?

A. Because, as a matter of fact, they couldn't.

Q. And so your opinion of the superiority of Britons over foreigners is unalterable?

A. Of course. I should not be a Briton if it were not so.



DECIDEDLY PLEASANT.

Genial Youth. "I SAY, GUBBY, OLD CHAP, IS THIS REALLY TRUE ABOUT YOUR GOING TO MARRY MY SISTER EDIE?"

Gubbins. "YES, TOMMY. IT'S ALL SETTLED. BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?"

G. Y. "OH! ONLY BECAUSE I SHALL HAVE SUCH A JOLLY SLACK TIME NOW! YOU KNOW I'VE PULLED OFF NEARLY ALL HER ENGAGEMENTS SO FAR, ONLY YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE WHO'S BEEN A *REAL STAYER!*!"

A DECAYED INDUSTRY.

(From the Note-book of Our Prophet-Reporter.)



The HOME SECRETARY was seated in his room awaiting the arrival of the Deputation:—

"Well, I suppose I was right to allow them to interview me," he murmured. "The submerged Tenth have not the franchise to-day. Ah! but they may have it to-morrow!"

The HOME SECRETARY'S exclamation was caused by the appearance of a number of half-starved ragamuffins, who had lounged into the room, and were now standing respectfully before him.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the spokesman of this strange-looking deputation, "but are you the 'OME SECKKERTERRY?"

"That is my position," replied the Cabinet Minister. "And now that you are here, what do you want?"

"Well, Guv'nor, truth to tell, we are out of employment. Our trade has gone to the dogs. Our

business was a removin' of superfluous cash from the pockets of the more inattentive of the public."

"Burglars!" exclaimed the HOME SECRETARY, in some alarm, and he hastily approached the handle of the bell communicating with the Messenger's Room.

"Stow it!" cried the spokesman roughly, then hurriedly lowering his tone, he apologised, and said he spoke from force of habit. "Twenty years ago our purfession was worth something. We could make a tidy living out of silk pocket-handkerchiefs, and sich like. But nowadays it's all changed. It wants capital, Guv'nor; that's where it is, it wants capital!"

"What wants capital?" queried the Minister.

"Why, our purfession, to be sure. Nowadays everythink's done on scientific principals. A burglar must know something of chemistry, and be up in things generally. Besides, all the real good things are worked by syndicates. Unless you can put in a 'underd pounds or so, why, you are nowhere. What are we to do?"

The HOME SECRETARY sat in deep thought.

"Look 'ere, Guv'nor," continued the spokesman, "'ere's a noshun. As we can't afford to be thieves, and haven't sufficient education to become burglars, why shouldn't we assist the Civil Power? Make us Peelers, Sir, you know—Coppers."

A month later the Police received some new recruits, and the title of the Force was officially changed to "The Unemployed."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 7.—House brisked up to-day on approaching Report Stage Home-Rule Bill; over three hundred Members present, including JOSEPH, fresh from Birmingham; on whole, a melancholy gathering. At outset every appearance of collapse. Influence of Bank Holiday over it all. Ministers who should have been in places to answer questions not arrived. Worse still when Home-Rule Bill reached, and new Clauses called on. Turned out PRINCE ARTHUR was still dallying at Dulwich, HENEAGE 'appy at 'Ampstead, WOLMER tarrying by the giddy swing on Peckham Rye. BARTLEY, ever ready to sacrifice himself in interests of Empire, proposed to move new Clauses for absentees, but SPEAKER wouldn't have it; so passed on to PARKER SMITH. P. S., as sometimes happens in correspondence, proved most important part of letter. He had quite a cluster of Clauses; moved them in succession through long and dreary night.

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HOLIDAY TIME—AS SHOWN BY MEMBERS' DRESS IN THE HOUSE.

[pg 84]

Incidentally provided TIM HEALY with opportunity for making speech quite in old (of late unfamiliar) form. One of P. S.'s clauses designed for appointment of Boundary Commissioners, with view of what T. W. RUSSELL described as "ojus jerrymandering." TIM declared that scheme

proposed by Bill would give Unionists a much larger representation than they were entitled to, leaving them, with exception of disfranchisement of Dublin University, in very much same numbers as they now stand. Demonstrating this, TIM cited in detail the constituencies affected. Totted them up to reach the total he had affirmed—certainly eighteen, possibly twenty-one.

"There's Armagh two," he said, "and Antrim four. Four and two are six," he added, turning with defiant look upon the placid figure of T. W. RUSSELL. Paused for a moment to give full opportunity for anyone getting up to deny this proposition. No response; TIM proceeded; "Very well, six. There's Belfast four. Six and four are ten!" he shouted triumphantly, looking across at JOSEPH. "Very well, ten," he added, in low growl; evidently disappointed at lack of spirit in camp opposite. "Down—North, East and West Down you'll have, I suppose? That's three. Three and ten's thirteen. Thirteen!" he shouted, turning with quick flush of hope in direction of seat of EDWARD OF ARMAGH. But Colonel not there. In fact not been seen in House since he went out after the great fight, holding bunch of keys to his bruised cheek.

Things looking desperate; still TIM plodded on. Surely age of chivalry not so finally gone that there was not left in an Irish bosom sufficient courage to deny to a political adversary that two and two made four? Perhaps TIM had been piling on the units too high. He would continue on a lower scale. "Very well, that's thirteen. Now North Fermanagh's one. Thirteen and one's fourteen." No pen can describe the acrimony TIM threw into this proposition. Still the craven blood did not stir. "Londonderry, North, South, and City—I suppose you expect to collar them all? That's three; fourteen and three are seventeen."

It was terrible. The SPEAKER, fearing bloodshed, interposed, ruling TIM out of order; only just in time. One could see by flush on MACARTNEY'S cheek that one step more would have been fatal, and that the proposition "Seventeen and two are nineteen" would have led to outbreak beside which the "regrettable incident" would have been meretriciously mild.

Business done.—Took up Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—The Squires had regular set-to to-night. He of Blankney began it; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, never loath for a tussle, cheerfully stepping into the ring. Order of the day was Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill. Members, though in languid mood, prepared once more to tread the dreary round, to pass a summer night

In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY ordered matters otherwise. Has for some time had by him paper on Bimetallism, which he desired to read to House. Thought event might have come off on Vote on Account; ruled out of order; would fit in equally well on Indian Budget. But when will Indian Budget be taken? GORST and Echo answer "When?" SQUIRE, whilst willing to sacrifice all personal considerations on the altar of public interest, feels that duty to his Queen and country call him away for an interval of rest. He might leave his paper for DICKY TEMPLE to read; or he might have it printed and circulated with the votes. Whilst pondering on these alternatives, happy thought came to him. Why not move adjournment of House, and so work off speech? Of course wouldn't do to put the matter bluntly, and "ask leave to move the adjournment for the purpose of discussing a definite matter of urgent public importance, namely, HARRY CHAPLIN'S desire to get out of town." But for "HARRY CHAPLIN'S desire," &c., substitute "the closing of the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver," and there you are.



"Bimetallism."

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There we were indeed. Opposition didn't show up with the enthusiasm that might have been expected in such a cause. Question was indeed raised whether the necessary forty Members had risen to support application for leave. SPEAKER said it was all right, so SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY brought out his treasured manuscript and reeled off his speech. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD exceedingly angry that he should have occupied nearly an hour for the purpose. So angry that he took almost precisely same time in replying. Drew a lurid picture of the other Squire going about "endeavouring to make mischief in Hindustan." The poor SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY! No such fell design had filled his manly breast. He was guilty of no more direful purpose than that of availing himself of forms of the House to read a paper on Bimetallism prepared for a lapsed occasion, which might have been out of date had he kept it in his drawer till he came back from his holiday. It led to appropriation of four hours of the sitting; but if they had not been wasted in this way, they would have been squandered in some other, and House would have lost spectacle of this set-to between the MALWOOD MAULER and the BLANKNEY PET.

Business done.—None to speak of.

Thursday.—Seems BRODRICK didn't say at Farnham those naughty things about Mr. G. 'Tis true he had referred to failure of a popular local donkey to win a race owing to increasing infirmities, adding "it is quite time some of us should be turned out to grass." But he was not thinking of Mr.

G. Of whom then was the Young Man thinking? Could it have been —? But no, a thousand times no.



The Government Humorist.
("No, I'm hanged if I do.")

Certainly nothing in Mr. G.'s appearance to-night suggestive of desire or necessity for knocking-off work. Others may tire and turn fondly to contemplation of moor, river, or sea. Mr. G. thinks there's no place like London in mid-August, no scene so healthful or invigorating as House of Commons. Plunged in to-night on one of the interminable Amendments. A difficult job in hand. Had to accept Amendment which SOLICITOR-GENERAL and ATTORNEY-GENERAL had an hour earlier been put up to show was impossible. Began by pummeling PRINCE ARTHUR; proceeded to make little of HENRY JAMES; turned aside to pink JOSEPH with sarcastic reference to inveterate love with which he is cherished in the bosom of his new friends the Tories; finished by throwing over ATTORNEY-GENERAL with grace and dexterity that made experience rather pleasant than otherwise; and at a quarter to eight accepted an Amendment that had been moved at a

quarter to six.

It was in conversation round this Debate that SOLICITOR-GENERAL, accused by CARSON of knowing all about a certain point of law, delighted House by taking off wig, pitching it ceiling-high, deftly catching it, and observing with a wink at SPEAKER, "No, I'm hanged if I do."

Business done.—Report Stage Home-Rule Bill.

Friday Night.—Grouse to-morrow, Home-Rule Bill to-night. As BORTHWICK says, Home-Rule Bill is like partridge, at least to this extent, that, in course of a few months, its daily appearance on the table leads to sensation of palled palate. Truly, *toujours perdrix* is endurable by comparison with Always Home Rule. Members who remain bear up pretty bravely, but glance wistfully at the door through which have disappeared so many friends and companions dear, bound Northward. The holiday, even when it comes for us—the mere residuum, tasting grouse only from the bounty of our friends, who are not dead but gone before—will be but an interval in a prodigiously long Session. "I suppose you find the Autumn Session very popular," I said to MARJORIBANKS, who still wears a smile. "Yes," he said; "more especially with Members who have paired up to Christmas."

Business done.—Still harping on Home Rule.

Transcriber's Note:

Sundry damaged or missing punctuation has been repaired.

The correction listed below is also indicated in the text by a dashed line at the appropriate place:

Move the mouse over the word, and the original text appears.

Page 73: 'break' corrected to 'brake'. "I'm over before you have put on the brake,"

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 105, AUGUST 19TH 1893 ***

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