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September 9, 1893, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. 105, September 9, 1893

Author: Various

Editor: F. C. Burnand

Release date: September 29, 2011 [EBook #37560]

Most recently updated: January 8, 2021

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Malcolm Farmer, Lesley Halamek, and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <https://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 105, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893 ***

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Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 105, September 9th 1893

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

A BROWN STUDY IN AUTUMN TINTS.

(Being a Fragment from a Matter-of-fact Romance.)

And he walked along the deserted streets and could see no one. Here and there would be a pile of stones and wooden blocks, telling of an impeded thoroughfare, but the place itself was empty. There were seemingly no inhabitants in this deserted city. They had vanished into thin, or, rather, murky air.

Then he looked at what appeared to be a playhouse. The doors were closed, and the bill-boards were pasted over with blue paper. Evidently the portals of the theatre had not been open for weeks, perchance for months.

And it was the same in the parks. Only the leaves moved, and then only when the wind agitated them. There were a few sparrows in the trees, but they seemed to be ashamed of themselves, and chirruped (so to speak) with bated breath. Oh it was indeed a scene of desolation.

And the shops, too! Many of them were closed, and those which were open seemed to be tenantless. There were no customers; no counter attendants. Trade seemed to be as dead as the proverbial door-nail.

And the hoardings too! Even they had suffered. Old posters, manifestly out of date, fluttered in tatters; it had been no one's business to restore the rotting paper, and it had gone the way of other grass. The placards were worse than useless; they could not be deciphered.

And yet again he marched on. There were exhibitions, and no one to see them; museums, and no visitors to inspect them; and churches, and no one to fill them. At length he came upon a guardian of the public peace who was lazily gazing into the sluggish river over the parapet of an embankment.

"Good sir," said he, "can you tell me if this dreadful, lonely, deserted place is the City of the Dead?"

"Go along with you!" cried the policeman, good-humouredly; "it's only London in September!"

And then he felt that he had been deceived by appearances!

History Repeats Itself Again.

["The alleged unemployed who assemble on Tower Hill are becoming worse even than mountebanks. One of the speakers declared yesterday that 'The secret societies of London are going to-night to wait on Mr. GLADSTONE, to ask what he is going to do. If the PRIME MINISTER does not give a definite reply, they will take him on their backs and throw him into the Thames.'"—*The Daily Telegraph, Sept. 1.*]

The *genius loci* haunts
Historic Tower Hill,
For, judging by their vaunts,
Men lose their heads there still.



THE MINOR ILLS OF LIFE.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN ATTEMPTING TO REGAIN HIS TENT AFTER
THE MORNING BATH.

JABEZWOCKY.

["In the House of Lords a Bill strengthening the power of making Directors liable in respect of misconduct or neglect in the winding-up of Companies passed its second reading."—*Daily Paper.*]

'Twas Ruin! And the Small Invest-
-Ors gyred and gimble in despair;
Common as dirt were Shareholders,
But assets very rare!

"Beware the Jabezwock, my Lord!
The jaws that bite, the claws that dig;
Beware the Hobbs-hobbs bird, and shun
The saintly Guinea-pig!"

The Peer set out, his Bill in hand;
He had to be extremely leary
In tackling such an artful foe,
Whose weapon was *Suppressio Veri!*

And as he mused o'er blighted lives,
The Jabezwock, as yet unfloored,
Came snuffling piously to join
A meeting of its Board.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
All stages passed the Bill like winking;
And this is what the Peers just then

Most probably were thinking:—

"And have we scotched the Jabezwock,
And spoiled him of his false Prospectus!
O frabjous day! What Rad will say
That from this House he'd now eject us?"

'Twas Ruin ruined! And the dupes
Quite chortled such a sight to see;
The smug Director brought to book
Near to the Dividend Tree!

NEW NURSERY RHYME.

(*By a Sporting M.P.*)

[“Official opinion will be, and indeed has been, brought to bear upon Mr. HANBURY and his small knot of obstructionists to avert an unreasonable discussion of the Estimates.”—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Autumn Session? Of course!
Isn't HANBURY CROSS
To see the Grand Old Man
So ride the high horse?
But why should *we* linger
Afar from the grouse,
To help the obstructives
Discredit the House?

BARNETT OF BRISTOL CITY.

A Song of St. Jude's.

[The Rev. S. A. BARNETT, late Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, has been promoted to the Canonry of Bristol.]

AIR—“*Nancy of Bristol City.*”

BARNETT is Canon of Bristol City!
Pass the news around, my boys!
To leave Whitechapel seems half a pity;
Sorrow will go round, my boys!
St. Jude's, and thy great Hall, Toynbee,
Some right good Christians doubtless see;
But they're all small shakes along o' *he!*
Pass his health around, my boys!
BARNETT! BARNETT!
Well did he “arn” it—
That Bristol Canonree!

And when he gets to Bristol City,
Pass the cheers around, my boys!
He'll draw the wise, the kind, the pretty;
They *must* gather round, my boys.
The slum he sweetened in London's east,
With Charity's boon, and Fine Arts' feast,
Will miss this good, sage, gentle priest;
Pass his health around, my boys!
BARNETT! BARNETT!
Your loss we'll larn it,
You were the Man for *we!*
Your health, where'er you be!

NOUS AND NERVES.

[It is said by some of his friends that Dr. CHARCOT, lately dead, who spent a considerable part of his life in the study of neurosis, found this disease everywhere at last, especially in the naturalistic school of French writers.]

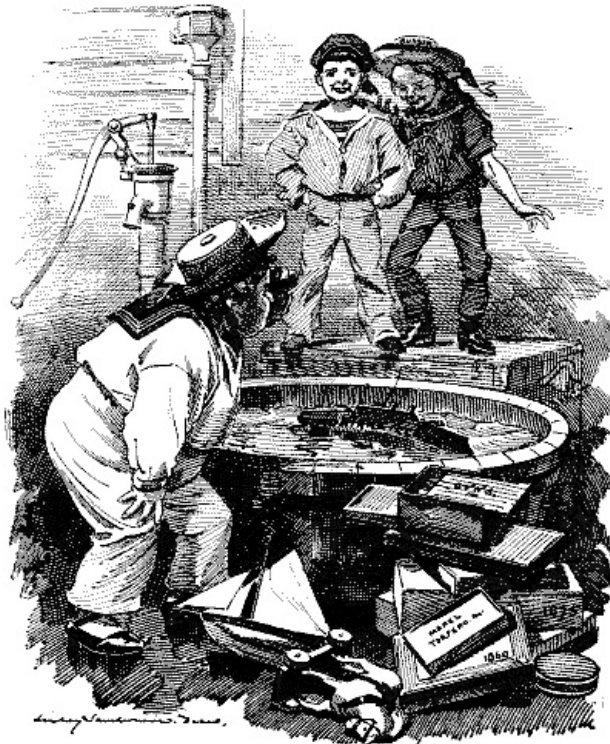
If this Neurosis,
As some suppose, is

The *causa causans* of Naturalism,
 The spring ubiquitous
 Of aught iniquitous
 That puts 'twixt genius and sense a schism;
 Then must we pray
 For the dawn of a day
 When the Glorious Gift that the world so serves
 May cut chlorosis,
 And shun neurosis;
 In fact, that Genius may have no "nerves."

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"READY, AYE READY!"

(A Sailor Song Up to Date.)



Master John Bull. "JUST YOU WAIT TWO OR THREE YEARS, TILL I
 MAKE HER SWIM,—THEN I'LL SHOW YOU!"

[Sir EDWARD REED said that with the armoured citadel intact, and an unarmoured end destroyed, the ship is in imminent danger of upsetting. The *Victoria* was bound to capsize with the injury she received. There were other ships that were equally bound to capsize, when they were injured in the same manner; the reason being that instead of the armed citadel being the major part of the structure, and the unarmoured ends the minor portion, we had chosen to make the unarmoured ends the major part, measuring more than half the entire length of the ship. The ships likely to capsize in a similar manner, if they received like injury in peace or in action, were the *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, *Anson*, *Benbow*, *Camperdown*, *Collingwood*, *Colossus*, *Edinburgh*, *Howe*, *Inflexible*, *Rodney*, and *Sans Pareil*.]

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AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to Davy we steer!
 (We add to his Locker 'bout one ship per year.)
 To capsizing we call you in cheeriest staves,
 For what is so certain as death 'neath the waves?
 Iron coffins our ships,
 Death-doomed tars are our men.
 Our ships are unsteady!
 Ready, aye ready!
 We'll sink or turn turtle again and again!

We ne'er see our ships (for which millions they pay),
 The *Ajax*, the *Anson*, and such, but we say,
 "Will they ram, or capsize, or but run slap ashore?"
 When we go to the bottom JOHN BULL must—build more!"
 Iron coffins our ships, &c.

Our *Camperdowns, Collingwoods, Rodney's, Benbows,*
 REED says are all "dangerous"—*not* to our foes!
 If struck in their unarmoured ends they turn o'er,
 And go to the bottom! How DAVY must roar!
 Iron coffins our ships, &c.

The Frenchy and Rooshian must laugh as they look,
 And see JOHN BULL trying, by hook or by crook,
 To get his tin-kettles to keep right side up,
 Agin touch of a ram, agin tap of a Krupp!
 Iron coffins our ships, &c.

"Just wait two or three years," grumbles JOHN, "and *I'll* show,
If my ships will but swim, I can still whop the foe.
 Stop a bit—whilst my big-wigs build, blunder, debate!"
 Ah! that's all mighty fine, but, my JOHN, *will* they wait?
 Iron coffins our ships, &c.

Britannia triumphant we all wish to see,
 Quite equal to two foreign fleets, perhaps three;
 So cheer up, my hearties, and banish your fears!
 They will build us a ship as *will* float—in three years!

(*Meanwhile, my lads, "chorus as before," if you please, until further orders from our Naval Oracles!*)

Iron, coffins our ships,
 DAVY's wictims our men;
 In wessels unsteady,
 We're ready, aye ready,
 To sink or turn turtle again and again!



PART II. THE LOWER CREATION—SEEKING FOR A JOB.

SONNET.

(*By a Failure.*)

Why
 Long,
 Strong
 Sigh?
 I
 Wrong
 Song
 Try!
 Ne'er
 Muse
 Dare

Use
Worse
Verse!!

FROM COLCHESTER.—The oysters are trembling in their beds. On October 6th the Duke of CAMBRIDGE is expected to attack the natives at Colchester in full force. Last year, when Sir D. EVANS was in the chair at the banquet, 20,000 oysters were consumed! Good EVANS!!

A VERY ANNOYING STREAM.—The River *Tees*.

LETTERS FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

(Apparently intended for some of our Contemporaries.)

SIR,—Of course I do not wish to be frivolous, but do you not think that "*lovely*," "*too sweet*," "*quite too darling*," and other expressions in italics are miss-used words? At any rate, they are constantly in the mouths of my daughters and nieces.

Yours truly, PATERFAMILIAS.

SIR,—I give a list of misused words that have occurred to me during a month on the Continent. I put the words I consider inappropriately applied in italics. Paris is *inexpensive*, Boulogne is *beautiful*, Cologne is *inodorous*, German cookery is *good*, 'ARRY on his travels is *pleasant*, garlic is *agreeable*, hotel charges in Italy are *moderate*, railway travelling in Belgium is *expeditious*, washing-basins in Swiss hotels are *large*, a rough passage across the Channel is *delightful*, and the Continent is *like* home.

I could extend the list indefinitely, but have written enough to show how imperfect the English language really is to convey accurately one's most ordinary ideas. I may add that when I have used and not misused words, I have been told that I have no right to swear—so what *can* I do?

Yours truly, COMMON SENSE.

SIR,—I am glad to see that there is a correspondence upon misused words. However, I can say that such words as "excellent," "admirable," "wonderful," "splendid," and "glorious," are *not* misused when applied to ——. * Thanking you in advance,

I remain, yours truly, PUFF PUFF.

* Editorially suppressed. Applications for insertion of advertisements should be addressed to another quarter.

AN OLD DOGGEREL COUPLET RE-DRESSED.

[M. ZOLA is understood to have accepted an invitation to the Institute of Journalists' Conference in London.]

Fairer subject never rose our graphic pens to task all,
Than the presence (and paper) amidst the Children of Letters,
the
new Grub Street geniuses, the Poets and Press-men and
penny-
a-liners, the Sages and "all the rages," the Naturalistic
Novelists
and New Humourists, the literary "Strong Men" and Anti-
Sentimentalists, the Impressionists and Symbolists, and
Stylists,
and Superior Sniffers, and "Manly" Muse-hunters, and
Man-
despising Mugwumps, and Minor Minstrels and Minor-
Minstrel-
flouters, and would-be Laureates, and would-be-laureate-
exter-
minators, and Mummer-Idolators and Mummer-Iconoclasts,
and
Up-to-date Oracles, and *Fin-de-siècle* obscurantists, of the
pyramidal author of *Dr. Pascal*!

MOTTO OF OUR MILITARY AUTHORITIES.—"Put up your Dukes!"

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE I.—A decorously-furnished Drawing-room, at Hornbeam Lodge, Clapham, the residence of THEOPHILUS TOOVEY, Esq. It is Sunday evening. Mr. TOOVEY, an elderly Gentleman with a high forehead, a rabbit mouth, and a long but somewhat wispy beard, is discovered sitting alone with a suitable book, upon which he is endeavouring to fix his thoughts, apparently without success.

Mr. Toovey (reading). "With what a mixture of indescribable emotions did I find myself actually standing upon the very brink—" (To himself, as he puts the volume down) It's no use, I can't concentrate my mind on Palestine to-night, I can't forget this horrible "Eldorado." Ever since I got that official warrant, or demand, or whatever it was, yesterday, I've been haunted by the name. It seems to meet me everywhere; even on the very hoardings! Why, why didn't I invest Aunt ELIZA'S legacy in consols, as CORNELIA told me, instead of putting it into a gold-mine? I think LARKINS said it was a gold-mine. If only I had never met him that day last year—but he seemed to think he was doing me such a favour in letting me have some of his shares at all; he'd been allotted more than he wanted, he told me, and he was so confident the Company was going to be a success that I—and now, after hearing nothing all this time, I'm suddenly called upon to pay a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and that's only for one half year, as far as I can make out.... How can I draw a cheque for all that without CORNELIA finding out? I never dared tell her, and she overlooks all my accounts. Why did I, who have never been a follower after Mammon, fall so easily into that accursed mine? I am no business man. All the time I was a partner in that floorcloth factory, I never interfered in the conduct of it, beyond signing my name occasionally—which was all they allowed me to do—and they took the earliest opportunity of buying me out. And yet I must needs go and speculate with Aunt ELIZA'S five hundred pounds, and—what is worse—lose every penny, and more! I, a Churchwarden, looked up to by every member of an Evangelical congregation, the head of a household like this!... How shall I ever tell CORNELIA? And yet I must—I never had a secret from her in my life. I shall know no peace till I have confessed all. I will confess—this very night—when we are alone. If I could speak to CHARLES first, or to that young Mr. CURPHEW—they will both be here to supper—and CHARLES is in a Solicitor's office. But my nephew is too young, and Mr. CURPHEW, though he is a journalist, is wise and serious beyond his years—and if, as CORNELIA thinks, he is beginning to feel a tenderness for ALTHEA, why, it might cause him to reconsider his— No, I can't tell anyone but my wife. (Sounds are heard in the hall.) There they are!—they are back from Church—already! (He catches up his book.) I must try to be calm. She must not notice anything at present!



"How shall I ever tell Cornelia?"

And yet I must—I never had a secret from her in my life. I shall know no peace till I have confessed all. I will confess—this very night—when we are alone. If I could speak to CHARLES first, or to that young Mr. CURPHEW—they will both be here to supper—and CHARLES is in a Solicitor's office. But my nephew is too young, and Mr. CURPHEW, though he is a journalist, is wise and serious beyond his years—and if, as CORNELIA thinks, he is beginning to feel a tenderness for ALTHEA, why, it might cause him to reconsider his— No, I can't tell anyone but my wife. (Sounds are heard in the hall.) There they are!—they are back from Church—already! (He catches up his book.) I must try to be calm. She must not notice anything at present!

Mrs. T. (outside). I've left my things downstairs, PHEBE; you can take them up to my room. (Entering.) Well, Pa, I hope you feel less poorly than you did, after your quiet evening at home?

Mr. T. (flurried). Yes, my love, yes. I—I've had a peaceful time with *Peregrinations in Palestine*. A—a most absorbing book, my love.

Mrs. T. You would find it more absorbing, Pa, if you held it the right way up. You've been asleep!

Mr. T. No, indeed, I only wish I—that is—I may have dropped off for a moment.

Charles (who has followed his Aunt). You wouldn't have had much chance of doing that if you'd been at Church, Uncle!

Mrs. T. No, indeed. Mr. POWLES preached a most awakening discourse, which I am glad to find CHARLES appreciated.

Charles. I meant the cushion in your pew, Uncle; you ought to have it restuffed. It's like sitting on a bag of mixed biscuits!

Mrs. T. We do not go to Church to be comfortable, CHARLES. Pa, Mr. POWLES alluded very powerfully, from the pulpit, to the recent commercial disasters, and the sinfulness of speculation in professing Christians. I wish you could have heard him.

Mr. T. (squirring). A—a deprivation indeed, my love. But I was better at home—better at home.

Mrs. T. You will have other opportunities; he announces a course of weekday addresses, at the Mission Rooms, on "The Thin End of the Wedge of Achan." CHARLES, I gave you one of the circulars to carry for me. Where is it?

Charles. In my overcoat, I think, Aunt. Shall I go and get it?

[ALTHEA enters.]

Mrs. T. Not now; I haven't my spectacles by me. THEA, did you tell PHEBE to pack your trunk the first thing to-morrow?

Althea. Yes, Mamma; but there is plenty of time. CECILIA doesn't expect me till the afternoon.

Charles. So THEA's going up to town for a few days' spree, eh, Aunt CORNELIA?

Mrs. T. (severely). Your cousin is going on a visit to a married schoolfellow, who is her senior by two or three years, and who, I understand, was the most exemplary pupil Miss PRUINS ever had. I have no doubt Mrs. MERRIDEW will take ALTHEA to such entertainments as are fit and proper for her—picture-galleries, museums, concerts, possibly a lecture—but I should not describe that myself as a "spree."

Charles. No more should I, Aunt, not by any means.

Mrs. T. I never met this Mrs. MERRIDEW, but I was favourably impressed by the way she wrote. A very sensible letter.

Alth. (to herself). Except the postscript. But I didn't like to show Mamma that!

Charles. But you'll go to a theatre or two, or a dance, or something, while you're with her, won't you?

[ALTHEA tries to signal to him to be silent.]

Mrs. T. CHARLES, you forget where you are. A daughter of ours set foot in a playhouse! Surely you know your Uncle's objection to anything in the nature of a theatrical entertainment? Did he not write and threaten to resign the Vice-Presidency of the Lower Clapham Athenæum at the mere hint of a performance of scenes from some play by that dissolute writer SHERIDAN—even without costumes and scenery? His protest was most admirably worded. I remember I drafted it myself.

Mr. T. (with some complacency). Yes, yes, I've always been extremely firm on that subject, and also on the dangers of dancing—indeed, I have almost succeeded in putting an entire stop to the children dancing to piano-organs in the streets of this neighbourhood—a most reprehensible custom!

Mrs. T. Yes, THEOPHILIUS, and you might have stopped it long before you did, if you had taken my suggestion earlier. I hope I am not to infer, from your manner, that you are yourself addicted to these so-called pleasures, CHARLES?

Charles. Dancing in the street to a piano-organ, Aunt? Never did such a thing in my life!

Mrs. T. That was not my meaning, CHARLES, as you very well know. I hope you employ your evenings in improving your knowledge of your profession. I should be sorry to think you frequented theatres.

Charles (demurely). Theatres? rather not, Aunt, never go near 'em. (*To himself.*) Catch me going where I can't smoke! (*Aloud.*) You see, when a fellow has lodgings in a nice cheerful street in Bloomsbury, it isn't likely he'd want to turn out of an evening after sticking hard at the office all day!

Mrs. T. I am glad to hear you say so, CHARLES. It is quite a mistake for a young man to think he cannot do without amusement. Your Uncle never thought of amusing himself when he was young—or our married life would not be what it is. And look at Mr. CURPHEW, who is coming in to supper to-night, see how hard *he* works—up to town every afternoon, and not back till long after midnight.

[The bell rings.]

Charles. Rather queer hours to work, Aunt. Are you sure he doesn't go up just to read the paper?

Althea (with a slight flush). He goes up to *write* it, CHARLES. Mr. CURPHEW is on the press, and has taken rooms here for the air of the Common. And—and he is very clever, and works very hard indeed; you can see that from his looks.

Phoebe (announcing). Mr. CURPHEW.

[A tall slim young man enters, with a pale, smooth-shaven face, and rather melancholy eyes, which light up as he greets ALTHEA.]

Mrs. T. How do you do, Mr. CURPHEW? You are a little late—but some services last longer than others. Oh, PHEBE, now I think of it, just bring me a paper you will find in one of the pockets of Mr. COLLIMORE'S overcoat; it's hanging up in the hall—the drab one with grey velvet on the collar. (PHEBE goes.) It's a circular, Mr. CURPHEW, which was given out in our Church this evening, and may interest you to see.

Phœbe (returning). If you please, m'm, this is the only paper I could find.

Mrs. T. (taking it from the salver, without looking at it). Quite right, PHŒBE—we shall be ready for supper when I ring. (*When PHŒBE has gone.*) I can't see anything without my—ALTHEA, just go and see if I have left my spectacle-case in my room, my dear. It's astonishing how they're always getting mislaid, and I'm so helpless without them. (*ALTHEA goes.*) Mr. CURPHEW, perhaps you will read this aloud for me; I want my husband to hear.

Curpew (suppressing a slight start). May I ask if they distribute papers of this sort at your Church—and—and why you think it is likely to interest me in particular? (*To himself.*) Wonder if this can be a trap!

Mrs. T. (taking back the document, and holding it close to her nose). Gracious goodness! *this* isn't the— CHARLES, perhaps you will explain how you come to have a paper in your pocket covered with pictures of females in shamelessly short skirts?

Charles (to himself). In for a pie-jaw this time! What an owl that girl is! (*Aloud.*) It's only a programme, Aunt; thing they give you at a music-hall, you know.

Mrs. T. (in an awful voice). Only a programme! Pa, tell this unhappy boy your opinion of his conduct!

Mr. T. (rising magisterially). CHARLES, am I to understand that a nephew of mine allows himself to be seen in a disreputable resort such as—

Charles. Oh come, Uncle, you can't know much about the Eldorado, if—

Mr. T. (with a bound). *The Eldorado.* How *dare* you bring that name up here, Sir? What do you mean by it?

Charles (surprised). Why, you must have heard of it—it's one of the leading music-halls.

Mr. T. (gasping). A music-hall? the Eldorado! (*To himself.*) If it should turn out to be—but no, my nerves are upset, it *can't* be—and yet—what *am* I to say to him?

[*He falls back into his chair with a groan.*]

Mrs. T. CHARLES, if you can stand there and feel no shame when you see how disturbed and disgusted even Mr. CURPHEW looks, and the agitated state to which you have reduced your poor Uncle, you must indeed be hardened!

[CURPHEW has considerably walked to the window; Mr. TOOVEY endeavours to collect his faculties; CHARLES looks from one to the other in bewilderment.]

END OF SCENE I.



SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

Old Twentystun (reviewing his symptoms). "DEAR ME! MOS' 'STRAORDINARY, THIS SHORTNESS O' BREATH. LE' ME SEE—'GOOD PLAIN FOOD AND BEST QUALITY O' DRINK,' DOCTOR SAID. THA 'S ALL RIGHT—NEVER STINTED MYSELF FOR EITHER. 'NEVER OVERDO YOURSELF,' SAYS HE. HAVEN'T. NEVER WALKED A STEP IF I COULD HELP IT SINCE LAST SEASON. 'GO TO BED EARLY.' SO I HAVE, AND NEVER HURRIED UP EITHER. MOS' 'STRAORDINARY! MOS' 'STRAORDINARY!"

[Goes home to consult Doctor again.]

YORKSHIRE VICTOR.

Farewell to eminence attained of yore,
Great Surrey heads the County list no more!
For though you give a RICHARDSON or HAYWARD,
Dame Fortune still *will* be a trifle wayward;
Though *one* was sorely missed, and surely no man
Can tell where they'd have been if they'd had LOHMANN.
Surrey has had (like every dog) its day,
In 1893, perforce, makes way
For sturdy Yorkshire. *Mr. Punch* admires
This famous county of the Northern Shires.
For many a season past the worst of luck
Has dogged their steps, though not decreased their pluck;
And though each cricketer may have his likes,
There's not a man who'll not say—Well-played, Tykes!

COPHETUA, L.C.C.

Mr. GRANT ALLEN charges London with being "a squalid village." Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN suggests that the "Postprandial Philosopher" must have been dining badly. He—Sir LEPEL—contends that "Like the beggar-maid in Mr. BURNE-JONES'S picture, London is a beautiful woman, fair of face and noble of form, and only needs the transforming hand of some future King COPHETUA to strip her of her sordid rags, and clothe her in the lustrous raiment which befits her." This is what 'ARRY would call "the straight Griffin"! By all means make COPHETUA Chairman of the London County Council—as soon as you find him! Sir LEPEL, instead of joining in the parrot-chorus of disparagement, actually says, "The best hope of the regeneration of London is in the County Council"!!! He thinks "it is a mistake" to distrust them, and would hand over to them (says the *Daily Chronicle*) most of the machinery and material of our municipal life. Quite so. And as the Gryphon (which is much the same thing as Griffin) said to the Mock Turtle (suggestive this of the Civic Corporation), in *Alice in Wonderland*, *Punch* would say to Sir LEPEL or his problematic COPHETUA, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!"

When ALICE ventured to say she had never heard of "Uglification," the Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "What! Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"—"Yes," said ALICE, doubtfully; "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."—"Well, then," the GRYPHON (who must have been a Postprandial Philosopher, surely) went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *must* be a simpleton."

By the way, why should not Sir LEPEL himself essay the *rôle* of King COPHETUA, L.C.C., and help to beautify the modern Babylonian beggar-maid? He says that "the general administration of London is infinitely mean and inefficient," adding that "vested interests are chiefly to blame for the national disgrace." Very well. Let Sir LEPEL help to give those same Vested Interests "vun in the veskit," squelch the Jerry Builder, and arrest the march of "Uglification," and then—why then London will, as in duty bound, erect *his* statue in place, and on the site of, that other, and very different "Griffin," which is the very incarnation of Uglification, and material embodiment of Bœotian Bumbledom!

NOT THE GIRL FOR HOT WEATHER.—One who "makes sunshine in a shady place."

LITTLE BILL-EE.

(Latest House of Lords' Version of Thackeray's Song.)

There were three sailors of London City,
Who took a boat and went to sea:
There was guzzling BOB and gorging HARTY,
And the youngest—he was Little BILL-EE!

Poor Little BILL-EE was but a sailor-boy,
And a very hard time in sooth had he.

With a rope's-end he was fully familiar,
And a marline-spike he shuddered to see.

He had sailed in the ship of one Captain WILLYUM,
Who had taught him sailing, and algebre,
The use of the sextant, and navigation,
Likewise the hornpipe, and fiddle-de-dee.

The Captain's pet for a long, long voyage
Had been this sailor-boy Little BILL-EE;
Though some of the crew of the same were jealous,
And larruped him sore—on the strict Q.T.

But being paid off from WILLYUM's wessel,
The kid was kidnapped, and taken to sea
By guzzling BOB and gorging HARTY,
Who had long had their eye on poor Little BILL-EE.

For guzzling BOB hated Captain WILLYUM,
While gorging HARTY—well, there, you see,
He'd been WILLYUM's mate, but had cut the connection,
And he couldn't abide poor Little BILL-EE.

* * * * *

Poor Little BILL-EE, he shrank and shuddered
At going aboard; for he says, says he—
"When they get me aloft they will spifflicate me,
And there'll be an end of poor little BILL-EE!"

Which same seemed a sad foregone conclusion,
Though Captain WILLYUM he skipped with glee,
And cried, "Little BILL-EE, keep up your pecker!
You shall yet be the Captain of a Seventy-three!"

* * * * *

Now, to keep up your pecker with naught to peck at
Is mighty hard, as a fool may see;
And BOB and HARTY (who loved not short commons)
Cast eager eyes upon Little BILL-EE.

Says guzzling BOB to gorging HARTY,
"I am extremely hungaree;"
To guzzling BOB says gorging HARTY,
"Let's make a breakfast of Little BILL-EE.

"He's got no friends—that are worth the mention;
He'll never be missed by his countaree,
He is a noosance, he'll be a riddance,
And we'll both get thanked for devouring he."

To guzzling BOB says gorging HARTY,
"On this here pint we both agree—
This precious Bill *must* be spifflicated,
And we're both hungry, so let's eat he!"

* * * * *

"Oh, BILL-EE! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie!"
When BILL received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

First let me say my Apologia,
Which Capting WILLYUM taught to me!
"Make haste, make haste!" says gorging HARTY,
While BOB pulled out his snickersee.

* * * * *

It's "a horrible tale," and I scarce feel equal
To telling it all as 'twas told to me.
Some other day you may learn the sequel
Of the sorrowful story of Little BILL-EE!



HAPPY THOUGHT.

WHY NOT IMPORT A BRIGADE OF RESPECTABLE "CHIFFONNIERS" FROM PARIS, AND LET THEM LOOSE ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH AFTER A BANK HOLIDAY?

TRUE FRENCH POLITENESS.

(A Conversation not entirely Imaginary in Siamese Territory.)

SCENE—A Palace. Present, a swarthy Sovereign and Smiling Negotiator.

Negotiator. Sorry to trouble you again, your Majesty, but there are just a few supplementary matters that require settlement.

Sovereign. Why, surely your ultimatum has deprived me of everything?

Neg. Oh, dear no! For instance, you have foreign advisers.

Sov. And I presume I may act upon their advice?

Neg. Well, yes; only it will be necessary to send them back to Europe, and then stop their letters.

Sov. But this will be exceedingly arbitrary treatment.

Neg. Do you think so? Well, at any rate it will be better than a bombardment of your capital.

Sov. Have you any other demand to make?

Neg. Scarcely worth mentioning. But we must insist that in future all work must be given to artisans of our nationality.

Sov. And every other kind of contract?

Neg. That follows as a natural sequence.

Sov. Would you like anything more?

Neg. Not only like, but insist upon having it. You must surrender your forts, disband your army, and dispose of your fleet.

Sov. Come, that's impossible!

Neg. Not at all. It is a course I would strongly recommend if you want to keep your throne, and your subjects desire to preserve their lives.

Sov. Can you suggest anything else?

Neg. We never suggest. We order. Well, yes, you will do nothing without our approval, or it will be the worse for you.

Sov. Why, this is absolute bullying!

Neg. Pray don't say that, your Majesty. Although I speak plainly, I wish to treat you with every respect.

Sov. But if you have left me nothing, I may as well abdicate in your favour. Shall I?

NEG. You will do as you like, your Majesty. My instructions are to treat your will as law. I have no wish to control your actions, as I accept you as the constitutional sovereign of an independent state. Do what you please, and what pleases you will please me also. My instructions are to give you entire freedom of action—so long as that freedom chimes in with our requirements!

[*Scene closes upon the pleasing proceedings.*]

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.—Mr. BIGG STUFFER writes to us, "I see the Princess and her daughters visited the grandest gorge in Norway. Well, after a day's touring with my friend GRUBBER, I think the pair of us will show any traveller about the biggest gorge anywhere."

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LITTLE BILL-EE!

(After Thackeray.)

"OH, BILL-EE! WE'RE GOING TO KILL AND EAT YOU,
SO UNDO THE BUTTON OF YOUR CHEMIE."
WHEN BILL RECEIVED THIS INFORMATION,
HE USED HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIE.

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THE ABSTRACT AND THE CONCRETE.

Mamma (solemnly).

"BUT HE LAY LIKE A WARRIOR TAKING HIS REST,
WITH HIS MARTIAL CLOAK AROUND HIM."

Small Child. "AND DID HE REALLY GET IT FROM MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE'S,
MUMMY?"

AN OLD "ADELPHI TRIUMPH!"

Passing through town from one country place to another. Sparse attendance at club. Am regarded with surprise by the few members present, all anxious to explain why it is they are not out of London. "Autumn Session" splendid excuse for everybody generally. "Compelled to stop in town, dear boy. Autumn Session, dash it!" "But you're not in the House." "No," is the ready rejoinder, "if I were I would 'pair' and fly to the moors. But business connected with the House" (this given with that mysterious nod and wink which together, or apart, are accounted as equally intelligible to a blind horse), "business, my dear chap, detains me." Great chance for the club bore to get an audience of one. The Ancient Mariner's time is in the dead season, when he can stop the shootist *en route*. I am wary, and avoid him. I will dine earlyish, and go to—let me see, what hospitable house of theatrical entertainment is open? The Adelphi. Here I can see *A Woman's Revenge*, as written by HENRY PETTITT. Quite so. Dine at 6.30, and see it all out, as I hear the final scene, an Old Bailey Trial, realistic to the last degree, is the great attraction. Clearly to understand the pleadings on behalf of the prisoner at the Bar I must be conversant with the details of the entire story. By 8.10 I am in my seat, regretting the loss of ten minutes' worth of the plot. Regret soon ceases on finding that I am among old friends acting a story more or less familiar to every playgoer. The house is literally crowded in every part, and this, too, on a far from cold night at the very end of August. Town may be empty, but the Adelphi is full, and "The Heavenly Twins," the Messrs. GATTI, must be rejoicing greatly.

For a cool, calm, calculating villain, recommend me to Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, the very best of gentlemanly scoundrels of modern melodrama. He is admirable: but directly the honest, outspoken Adelphi audience nose his villainy he has a bad time of it, as no matter what he may say or do, no matter whether he speaks slowly or quickly, runs off, saunters off, lounges in or hurries in, he is at once met, and so to speak "countered," by a storm of fiercely indignant hisses. Surely an actor whose *rôle* is sheer villainy of the deepest dye must be able to command enormous terms, seeing what a long training it must require to arrive at taking cursing for compliments! An Adelphi audience personally hate and detest the stage villain, but for all that, they couldn't do without him, any more than can the melodramatic author or the Messrs. GATTI.

After *the* villain, who certainly holds the first place in popular unpopularity, comes the Heroic Boy, CHARLES WARNER, all heartiness and simplicity, a very "bounding Achilles;" and next to him, the suffering heroine who defends herself with a revolver, who is finally charged with murder, and gallantly defended by the Heroic Boy, who, attired in wig, gown, and bands, appears in the last scene of all that ends this eventful his'tory as Counsel for the Defence, pleading for his wife

before a full court, much less crowded than is the Old Bailey generally, and apparently far loftier, and much better ventilated. The case does not attract considerable public attention, as there is only a sparse attendance of nobodies in the gallery. Throughout the drama Mr. GARDINER and Miss FANNY BROUGH capitably represent the comic interest, which is brightly written, and "goes" uncommonly well.

The other scoundrel is only young in his villainy—a mere amateur as compared with Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, and were it not for the things he does and says, he might at any moment be taken for a comedian neither light nor eccentric, but a fairly all-round and superior sort of "CHARLES his friend," whose lines fall in pleasant places as feeders. Poor Junior Scoundrel! from the first he has no chance of appearing either gay or light-hearted, as he is invariably at the mercy of the Senior Rascal, and is finally shot by his own revolver which, after being used against him on several occasions, for the poor Junior Rascal never has a chance with it himself, falls into the hands of aforementioned Senior Rascal, and so he goes to his dramatic grave without having had one solitary opportunity of making a light and airy speech, or doing anything to bring down the house. He comes in for his share of the hissing, poor fellow! as does also MISS ALMA STANLEY, in the costume of a kind of Madame Mephistopheles—a female villain of the deepest scarlet and black dye. She, too, is one of the trio only created to be hooted at by an enthusiastically virtuous public. This monster of female depravity, however, is not a bad sort, and shows some signs of repentance—a repentance not too late, though it is deferred till 10.50, when it just comes in time to assist the plot and unite two loving hearts.

There is a clever child in the story; far and away the best child I remember to have seen, since the child in *A Man's Shadow* at the Haymarket, who also figured in a trial and gave evidence against a father (or mother, I forget which). There was another wise child who did much the same sort of thing and got its own father convicted in *Proof*, also at the Adelphi. As to the trial scene (which seems to lack SULLIVAN'S setting of GILBERT'S words), it seemed to me that Mr. WARNER was counsel, witnesses, prosecutor, and defender, all in one, and, even considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, anyone, from a purely professional point of view, would be inclined to blame the presiding judge, Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL, for such an exhibition of Job-like patience, and for his quite unexampled toleration of an advocate's irregularities. However, his summing up was a model of conciseness and brevity, as it took for granted the jury's perfect knowledge of facts and law, and its delivery occupied just about a couple of minutes. Had Mr. WARNER been the judge, and Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL the counsel, the above-mentioned allotment of time would, probably, have been reversed. The jury, an intelligent-looking set of men, utterly belied their appearance by acquitting the prisoner in face of the most damning circumstantial evidence. But as it was close on ten minutes past eleven, and as the author had provided no sensational incident to follow, and had given no Fifth Act to finish with, the decision of the Jury was much applauded by the crowded audience in the auditorium, which then began to clear out, highly satisfied with the excellent bill of fare provided for them by Messieurs GATTI, the worthy restaurateurs of the old Adelphi Drama.

AN M. P-ERRUQUIER.—M. CHAUVIN, the theatrical perruquier, the CLARKSON of the Théâtre Français, has been recently elected Deputy for St. Denis. He will not neglect his business, but will get up all the heads of his parliamentary discourses in the afternoon, and be ready to "get up" the heads of the house of MOLIÈRE in the evening. To those who oppose him in political matters he is prepared, without any hair-splitting, to give a regular good wiggling all round. Should "our Mr. CLARKSON" stand for some constituency and be elected, he would of course appear in the House as the representative of the old Whigs.

HIS TWO RELIGIONS.—Though "Mr. G." is a sound Church-of-England man, yet has he recently shown himself an uncommonly strict Muzzle-man.

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JOHN BULL'S NAVAL VADE MECUM.

(Prepared for his use by the Authorities at the Admiralty.)

Question. Does not England possess the best possible fleet?

Answer. Certainly, and always has enjoyed that advantage.

Q. But do not the iron-clads comprising this fleet frequently turn turtle?

A. Assuredly. In fact, whenever they have the smallest opportunity.

Q. And do not the guns with which the ships are armed occasionally burst?

A. Not only occasionally, but frequently.

Q. And are not the commanders of the fleet sometimes guilty of errors of judgment?

A. To be sure, and sometimes these errors of judgment lead to absolute disaster.

Q. And are not the ships considerably undermanned and some of the companies of inferior material?

A. Quite so. In fact, when there is a special strain—manœuvres on a large scale, or for a kindred reason—crews have to be obtained from here, there, and everywhere.

Q. And is it not quite a question whether some dozen of our first-rate men-of-war are practically valueless?

A. Well, scarcely a question, because it is all but certain that they are practically valueless.

Q. And isn't there bullying in the *Britannia*, and a general laxity in the training of young officers to take important commands?

A. Yes, but this is a matter of small importance, as all naval officers are merely machines, and have no right to think or act on their own responsibility.

Q. And does not a commander-in-chief sometimes make a grave and obvious mistake, and do not all his subordinates, knowing the consequences, implicitly obey him?

A. Of course, for this is the rule of the service.

Q. And is it not a fact that the navy is in want of the appliances to repair ships that have suffered damage abroad?

A. Assuredly.

Q. And is not our officers' acquaintance with the characteristics of the sea rather indefinite and distinctly limited?

A. It is bound to be with defective charts and other false guides to naval knowledge.

Q. Then may it be justly assumed that we cannot count upon our ships, guns, and commanders?

A. Why, certainly.

Q. And yet you declare that England possesses the best possible fleet?

A. I do, and the little drawbacks I have admitted have no force in qualifying the assertion.

Q. Why have they not?

A. Because all the drawbacks exist in the piping times of peace, and consequently the British navy will prove its superiority in the more dangerous days of war.



A PROMISING WITNESS!

Scotch Counsel (addressing an Old Woman in a case before Judge and Jury). "PRAY, MY GOOD WOMAN, DO YOU KEEP A DIARY?"
Witness. "NAW, SIR, I KUPS A WHUSKEY SHOP!"

NEW KING COAL CORRECTED.

In the sub-heading of *Mr. Punch's* Up-to-Date Nursery Rhyme, "New King COAL" (August 19, p. 74), a very obvious error was made in speaking of the colliers of Northumberland and Durham as "on strike," when in fact they were only "considering the advisability" of joining their Welsh "brothers" and Midland "mates" in a collective stand against the coal-owners. Since then, *Mr. Punch* is glad to know, they have "thought better of it," and have *not* joined the strike—having, perhaps, given "thoughtful consideration" to *Mr. Punch's* friendly conundrum. "The bearings" of the New Nursery Rhyme "lie in its application," and are not altered by the writer's slip of the pen, to which, however, *Mr. Punch* thanks various vigilant readers for, very properly, calling his attention.

To the men's Federation 'twas *Punchius* spoke:
"The Capitalist can drink fizz and can smoke;
And why should a lad who has eyes and can see,
Follow fools like a lamb, and lose much *£ s. d.*
Northumberland, Durham decline to come forth.
When strikes suit the south they may not suit the north;
So let every man who loves honour and right,
Essay *Arbitration* in lieu of brute fight!"

NO DOUBT OF IT.—Of course the admission detracts from our "LIKA JOKO'S" artistic skill, but evidently Mr. SWIFT-TO-AVENGE MACNEILL is a person very easily "drawn."

Coal Mine Owners have no big difficulties to contend with; in this life they have only to meet *miner* troubles.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday.—In Committee of Supply at last; Home-Rule Bill laid aside for day or two awaiting Third Reading. Meanwhile trifle of ten millions to be voted for the Navy. Members generally, taking into account the long grind of the Session, regard opportunity as favourable for making little holiday. Benches occupied chiefly with Admirals, Captains, Secretaries to the Admiralty and ex-Secretaries, with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his

predecessor thrown in; also ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, silent through debate on Home-Rule Bill, has a few words to say. Imposing demonstration on bench behind ex-Ministers. HANBURY in corner seat representing Youth at the Prow; at the other end sits Experience at the Helm, the part taken (not for this time only) by TOMMY BOWLES. Midway sits the Blameless Blushing BARTLEY. Always blameless. To-night blushing, since Mr. G., accidentally as casual observers take it, with prophetic soul as one of his hearers well knows, referred to him just now as "the honourable baronet." Effect upon BARTLEY striking and wholesome. Did not once thereafter, up till stroke of midnight, open his lips. Sat in pleased meditation, brooding over the prospect of a censorious world, some day in the near future, hailing him as B. B. K., a title assumed by the Unhappy Nobleman who long ago languished from the public ken.

After midnight spell broken; BARTLEY, Bart., woke up, vigorously and indiscriminately objecting to progress with any business on paper. Meantime HANBURY and TOMMY had made up for any remissness on part of their esteemed colleague. TOMMY arrived early on the scene, deck-laden with cargo of Blue Books and Reports; sufficient in weight and bulk to sink a less trim-built wherry. Piled them up on either side of him. "In laager," as UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH ruefully said, glancing across the table at his adversary.



DOOMED!

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Bowles as the Walrus.

"Have looked forward to this day with keen anticipation," said TOMMY. "Have dropped a word in season occasionally in debate on Home-Rule Bill, I admit. But it's to Committee of Supply I have looked forward for full opportunity of serving my QUEEN and country. Now here we are in Supply, and here we rest for a week or two. I feel like the Walrus."

"How's that?" I asked, fearing for a moment that much talking had made TOMMY mad.

"Don't you remember? Haven't you been *Through a Looking-Glass*?"

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
 'To talk of many things:
 Of shoes, and sticks, and sealing-wax,
 Of cabbages, and kings.
 And why the sea is boiling hot—
 And whether pigs have wings.'

You bet that somewhere in the icy north that Walrus had been accustomed to sit on the Opposition benches in Committee of Supply. Couldn't otherwise have so accurately described situation."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—BURNIE burning with curiosity to know whether 'tis true, as boldly rumoured, that Duke of CONNAUGHT has been appointed to chief command of Army at Aldershot? If so, on what grounds? CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN with strategic brevity answered that appointment had been made in accordance with principle of selection of the fittest. House, moderately full at moment, received the explanation with much less enthusiasm than might have been expected. This encouraged gentlemen below gangway to persist in divers enquiries designed to illustrate, and perchance

establish, C.-B.'s position. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS joined in hunt; particularly anxious to know what experience in real fighting the new Commander had enjoyed? "He was in command of brigade in Egyptian expedition," said C.-B., making an involuntary sword-pass at ALPHEUS.

"Yes," persisted that matter-of-fact person; "but will the right hon. gentleman tell us how near or how far away from the real fighting the Duke of CONNAUGHT stood?"

No authentic record being in archives of War Office, SECRETARY OF STATE declined to commit himself to reply. Later, in Committee, ALPHEUS staggered Civil Lord of the Admiralty with enquiry as to steam-launch built at Portsmouth dockyard for Duke of CONNAUGHT "at the expense of the people." "What has become of that launch?" ALPHEUS asked, fixing ROBERTSON with gleaming eye, as if he suspected he might have it concealed somewhere about his person. ROBERTSON tremblingly answered that he knew nothing about it. ALPHEUS not by any means mollified; means to bring up whole subject in Committee on Army Estimates.

Business done.—Over four millions voted on Navy Estimates by some twenty or thirty Members representing House of Commons.

Wednesday.—Mr. G. made fine speech to-day, moving Third Reading of Home-Rule Bill. Benefited immensely by compression; only an hour long; but full of meat and matter. Long grown accustomed to these supreme efforts of Perennial Youth. A series this Session which, in respect of eloquence, vitality, and force, will stand comparison with any equal number delivered in what was (erroneously it now turns out) regarded as his prime.

More interesting as an episode was the reappearance on the Parliamentary stage of a DISRAELI. CONINGSBY has sat in House for full Session; wisely abstained from imprudence of young Member of to-day, who takes the oath at four o'clock and catches the SPEAKER'S eye at ten. Now, in these closing days of Session, on seventy-ninth day debate Home-Rule Bill, CONINGSBY modestly thinks "the time has come when they *shall* hear me."

House did so with pleasure. Only a small gathering. Mr. G. absent, which was a pity. On the 7th of December, 1837, Mr. G., sitting on back bench on Conservative side, lifted up "a fine head of jet-black hair, always carefully parted from the crown downward to his brow," to listen to an earlier maiden speech delivered by an elderly young man, "ringed and curled like an Assyrian bull," his violet velvet waistcoat garlanded with gold chains. Across the bridge of fifty-six years a marvellous memory might have recalled this figure had the ex-Member for Newark to-day been in his place to look across the House at the dapper young man, with quiet self-possessed manner, who, having considered this Government Bill, had come to the conclusion that it is "a measure born in deceit, nurtured in concealment, swaddled in the gag, and thrust upon the country without the sanction of the people." The old Disraelian ring about that phrase. House sees again D'ISRAELI the Younger; only Younger than ever. But that is a reproach CONINGSBY may outlive.

Business done.—Third Reading of Home-Rule Bill moved.

Saturday, 1.30 A.M.—Eighty-second day of debate on Home-Rule Bill. After being "gagged" through all those days and nights of ruthless talk, a House crowded on every Bench, filling galleries and thronging Bar, opens wide its mouth and cheers announcement that Third Reading been carried by 301 votes against 267. When House is unanimous, its unanimity wonderful. Everybody agreed to shout for joy—Ministerialists because majority was 34, Opposition because it isn't 38.

"Thank you, TOBY," said Mr. G., when I congratulated him on the end of the long job; "I expect we're all glad it's over. Excuse me, but I just want to drop the Bill in the post for the Lords."

Crowd waiting outside Palace Yard caught sight of him as he tripped along. A ringing cheer woke echoes of the stilly night; Mr. G. escorted home in triumph to Downing Street.

"Dear me!" said the Member for SARK. "Now I wonder how many of those who are now cheering Mr. G. helped fifteen years ago to break his windows?"

The Member for Sark always thinks of cheerful things.

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill read Third Time.



Finished at Last!

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

(By another Sporting M.P.)

We have talked and divided and sat till we're ill,
At the mercy of every pestiferous bore.
It's a WILDE kind of thing to be saying, but still

Now like *Oliver Twist* we keep "asking for moor."

There are some who think politics naught but a game
'Twixt the Ins and the Outs that is played in the House,
But the game that we sigh for (and are we to blame?)
Is the covey of partridge or moor-loving grouse.

Now we're well in September, and work nearly finished,
I'm off, whilst the Commons get lost in the bogs
Of Supply and stay on with their zeal undiminished,
For the Country may go—like myself—to the dogs!

LEGAL PROMOTION (*Comment by an Indignant Radical*).—Lord Justice BOWEN made a Lord of Appeal, *vice* Lord HANNEN, resigned. Very natural—there's no "Justice" in the House of Lords!

Love and Time; or, The Three Stages of Passion.

["The question whether gifts bestowed during an engagement should be returned when it is broken off has always been a debated one."—*James Payn*.]

Debated? Sentiment must surely weep!
If passion, hot at first, should cool at last,
How *should* a loveless Future stoop to keep
The Present of the Past?

Why is a man who has dined a little too well at the "Star and Garter" like RICHARD THE THIRD?—Because he sees "six Richmonds in the field."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 105, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893 ***

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