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September 30th 1893, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOLUME 105, SEPTEMBER 30TH 1893 ***

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Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 105, September 30th 1893

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Mr. Spooner, Q.C. (a Neophyte). "THIS IS MY BALL, I THINK?"

Colonel Bunting (an Adept). "BY JOVE, THAT'S A JOLLY GOOD 'LIE'!"

Mr. Spooner. "REALLY, BUNTING, WE'RE VERY OLD FRIENDS, OF COURSE. BUT I DO THINK YOU MIGHT FIND A PLEASANTER WAY OF POINTING OUT A PERFECTLY UNINTENTIONAL MISTAKE!"

"DUE SOUTH!"

Concerning the houses on the East Cliff of "P'm'th" I cannot speak from residential experience. They appear to me to have been built with a view to using P'm'th as a winter resort only, and are consequently protected from the four winds of Heaven by fairly-grown firs, whose appearance is very suggestive of Christmas festivities on a gigantic scale, when they might be decorated with coloured lamps, flags, toys, and bonbons, all of which could be raffled for by the children at home for the holidays. Here in a still more sheltered spot, and standing, as the auctioneers and estate agents say, "in its own park-like grounds," of at least three acres and a half (more or less), is the Hot-and-Cold-Bath Hotel, which from its having entertained several crowned and half-crowned heads has fairly earned the right to the style and title "Royal" as a distinguishing prefix.

The interior of this excellent hostelrie is, as far as my experience goes, absolutely unique. It is crammed full of works of art of all sorts, sizes, and varieties, so that the stranger within the hotel gates may spend a happy day should it rain, as it sometimes does even at P'm'th, in walking through the galleries, into the various rooms (by permission of the occupiers), and if there be no catalogue (I do not remember to have seen one), then he might do worse than make the acquaintance of the amiable Bric-à-bracketing and Peculiarly Polite Proprietor, Mr. WYTE WESCOTES, who, if the occasion be opportune, will with pleasure become his *cicerone*, and show him all the treasures of this unique establishment. Or he may entrust himself to the other *genius loci* of the place, represented by the acting manager rejoicing in a foreign name not

other *genius loci* of the place, represented by

to be mastered all at once by the sharpest British ear. To my mind, full of many early theatrical reminiscences, it is immediately associated with the name of a Chinese Princess in an ancient extravaganza entitled *The Willow-Pattern Plate*, where Her Royal Highness is thus mentioned in the prologue:—

"And this is the room of his daughter KOONG-SEE,
Who's shut up, as she's found in the first scene to be,
Whence she looks on the gardens and looks on the trees,
That wibbledy wobbledy go in the breeze,
Whose verdure and shade such a paradise made
Of the house of the Mandarin HEE-SING."

All which description can be adapted to present circumstances, and be applied to the interior and exterior of the Royal Hot-and-Cold-Bath Hotel, Pinemouth, where the fare is excellent, and the price moderate; and, if there are, here and there, in the three hundred and sixty-five days some bad ones, what of that? Is there any establishment, however perfect, which, open all the year round, is not open to cavil and also to improvement?

Trip to Lulworth Cove.—By new L. and S. W. line. This line, like the stitch in time, saves nine, or it saves at least seven miles formerly traversed in prehistoric times of quite six months ago. We are *en route* for Lulworth. Soothing name Lulworth! Drowsy murmur of a Sleepy-Hollow sort drones about the name of Lulworth.

Delightful drive of five or six miles from station to Lulworth Cove. Expect of course to be received by "The Cove" himself in person. As the road thither is occasionally steep, stout persons are requested to get out and walk up the hills, which they do with as good a grace as is possible under the circumstances on a broiling September mid-day.

In our shandradan there is a modern version of Miss BIFFIN, who can't possibly walk, but not for the physical reasons which prevented the above-mentioned "abbreviated form" from pedestrianising; and there is also with us the usual genial, stout, elderly dissembler, who, affecting to be troubled with a touch of highly respectable gout, feigns the deepest regret at being unable to descend from the car and join the pedestrians in their delightful toil up the hard and stony hill. At the summit we are refreshed by a gentle breeze, and between the heights, about three miles distant, obtaining a view of the deep blue sea, we feel invigorated.

"*Thalatta! Thalatta!*" exclaims a youth of our party, who is home for the holidays. No one understands him except the stout man with the gout, who smiles approvingly, and asks the lad some recondite question concerning XENOPHON and the Anabasis, whereat the schoolboy shakes his head, and murmurs something about "not having got quite so far as that." No schoolboy home for the holidays ever has got as far as the question you put to him. All our schoolboy knows has been exhausted in that one quotation, and perhaps the stout gentleman with the touch of gout is not sorry that the boy's knowledge of Greek is limited. It is a venturesome thing for a man over fifty, who has not "kept up his classics," to tackle a boy fresh from school.

We lose sight of the sea, and descend into the little sleepy fishing village of Lulworth. An out-of-the-way place, with an excellent inn (the name of which escapes my memory, but it is the only inn near the bay), where there is good accommodation for man and beast. Here the lobsters belong to precisely the same family as do those caught at Swanage, and no higher praise can be bestowed on any lobsters, those of Cromer, in Norfolk, included, than this. "Show me your lobster, and I'll show you the man to eat it!" This is my sentiment down South-West, or due North. The stout and gouty hero, who might have failed to tackle the boy "fresh from school," now shows himself an adept at tackling a lobster fresh from the sea. But more about Lunch, Lobsters, and the Legend of Durdle Door "in our next."

GOOD NEWS FOR FIZZIONOMISTS.—To quote *The Merchant of Venice*, "*The World* says, and I say so too," (*i.e.* *The World* of last week,) that "the quality of the Champagne (the writer is speaking of Moët and Chandon and Pommery and Greno) will be good." The crop is to be "six times that of last year." Excellent—if only it be six times superior! And oh! if it would only be just one-third less in price!! As the poet (which word rhymes with "Moët") of the Champagne country sings,—

"To keep a *mens sana in corpore sano*,
Give me in plenty my Pommery Greno."

But, at all events, so far as they are professionally judging from the face of the country about Epernay and Rheims, the Fizzionomists are more than likely to be right. *Ainsi soit-il.*

"DOLLARS AND SENSE."—According to all accounts, Mr. DALY has shown his "sense" in reviving this piece (for a short run), so we hope he'll pull in "the dollars."

MRS. R. WANTS TO KNOW.—"Who was the celebrated Scotchman," she asks, "who

SIR AQUARIUS TO THE RESCUE!

Or, The Valiant Knight of the Watering Pot, and the Laidly Dragon of London.



["The Report of the Royal Commission appointed for the purpose of ascertaining whether the sources available within the watersheds of the Thames and Lea are adequate in quantity and quality for the water supply of the metropolis, has been laid upon the table of the House of Commons.... The Commissioners are convinced that much filth of various kinds is discharged unnecessarily and illegally into the rivers.... They insist upon the necessity for frequent inspection by an authority appointed for the purpose.... The treatment of the water after abstraction from the river is a subject to which the Commissioners have devoted a good deal of attention ... they suggest that regulations should be drawn up after competent inquiry, and strictly enforced, the enforcement being entrusted to a Public Water Examiner, who should have the legal right of entry to all the waterworks."—*The Times*.]

AIR—"The Dragon of Wantley."

Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a.
But our Laidly worm, who can wriggle and squirm,
Our health long time hath *undone*;
And it's oh! for a knight, or some man of might,
To demolish the Dragon of London!

This dragon hath two horrid heads,
For forage and for foison;
The one's all jaw, and devouring maw,
Whilst the other breathes forth poison.
Monopolist Greed is the one, indeed,
Whilst the other means Pollution;
And a hide of iron doth environ
Each scaly convolution.

You've heard, of course, of the Trojan horse;
Well, this Dragon is thrice as big, Sir!
With the mouth of a hog, or a Pollywog,
Or Egyptian Porcupig, Sir!
Like the Snapping Turtle he'll hustle and hurtle,
And gulp like the Gobbling Grampus;

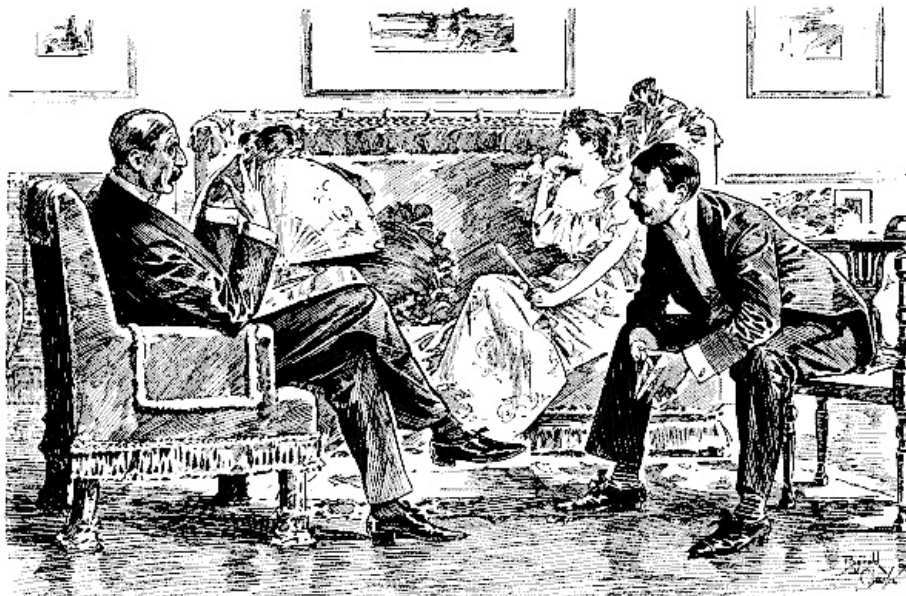
And smite and shock, like the Jabberwock,
Or the Chawsome Catta-Wampus!

On the river's banks he plays his pranks,
An Amphibious Amphisbæna;
By the Thames and the Lea his coils you'll see,
A-stretch—like a concertina.
For the Thames to him, from brim to brim,
Is a sort of a private Pactolus,
In whose sands of gold this Dragon bold
Can roll and wallow—*solus!*

With one head he grabs L. S. D.
(Like a Nibelungen Treasure),
With t'other, whose breath means disease and death,
He befouls it beyond measure.
And those two heads o'er the watersheds
Of the Thames and Lea do hover,
Till a noxious brewage of slime and sewage
Is the draught of the water-lover.

Where's the "More of More Hall with nothing at all,"
To bring swift retribution,
And put the gag on this two-headed Dragon
Of Greed and of Pollution?
Hurroo! Hooray! Some have had their say
(And their counsels have been various).
But there looms in sight a "peerless knight,"
Which his name is "Sir AQUARIUS."

This Public Water Examiner,
"With legal right of entry,"
Should right the wrong of this Dragon strong,
And o'er river-rights stand sentry.
More of More Hall was nothing at all
For a balladist to brag on,
Compared with our Knight of the Watering Pot—
If he'll slay our River Dragon!



"QUITE AT HOME."

Podgers (who is somehow managing to spend his holiday at a Country House for the shooting). "WELL, SPEAKING OF BOOTS, SIR JOHN, YOU SEE THESE SHOES I HAVE ON. THEY COST ME EXACTLY FOUR-AND-SIXPENCE. NOW I DARE SAY YOU GAVE TWICE AS MUCH FOR YOURS?"

STRICTLY ENTRE NOUS (*communicated by Sir Ben Trovato*).—Quite recently Mr. CONDIE STEPHEN had the honour of dining with Her Majesty at Balmoral. He expressed himself highly pleased with a certain port wine at dessert. Sir ALGERNON "of that ilk" suggested that a bin of it should be put by in the Royal cellars, to be kept specially for Mr. STEPHEN'S visits, and labelled "*Condie's Fluid*."

TURPIN AND TRAINS.

Railway travelling in Chicago must be pleasant. "The express train to New York," says Dalziel's Express in the *Times* of the 13th, "on the Lake Shore Railway was stopped by robbers about 140 miles east of Chicago." Twenty robbers, masked, did the business, killing the engine driver, and blowing open the express compartment of the car with dynamite! When travelling by steam was introduced we congratulated ourselves on our roads being freed from DICK TURPIN, PAUL CLIFFORD, and Co.; and with steamers, Atlantic liners, and so forth, it was presumed that the last had been heard of PAUL JONES and the Red Rover. But can this immunity be any longer guaranteed? May we not in due course expect to hear of "A P. and O. steamer robbed on the High Seas by a Pirate Craft," or "The Bath Express stopped soon after leaving Swindon by PAUL CLIFFORD, jun., and his gang of desperadoes"?

SOMETHING LIKE A CENTENARIAN.—The *Daily Chronicle* gives a most useful summary of notable events for every day in the week. Here is one to be quoted as ever memorable, which appeared on Wednesday, Sept. 20:—

"Battle of Newbury. Lord Falkland killed, 1643.
Bishop John Gauden died, 1662.
Battle of Valmy, 1792.
Sir Edward James Reed, K.C.B., born, 1630!!
Battle of the Alma, 1854."

We congratulate Sir EDWARD on having attained his Two-hundred-and-sixty-third birthday!! The oldest inhabitant isn't in it with him.

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UNDER THE ROSE.

(*A Story in Scenes.*)

SCENE V.—*A General Waiting-room at Clapham Junction. CURPHEW is leaning against the mantelpiece. Mr. TOOVEY is seated on one of the horsehair chairs against the wall.*

Mr. Toovey (to himself). I do wish he'd sit down, and not look at me in that austere way! (*Aloud.*) Won't you take a chair? It would be so much more comfortable.

[*He shifts his seat uneasily.*]

Curphew (stiffly). Thanks, Mr. TOOVEY, but I'd rather stand—for so short a time. (*A pause.*) Well, Sir, you have something to say to me, I believe?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). Oh dear, I'm almost sorry now I—he won't make sufficient allowances for me. (*Aloud, after another pause.*) The fact is, Mr. CURPHEW, I—I've just made a—a very painful discovery, which—is there any water in that decanter? because I—I feel a little thirsty.

[*CURPHEW pours him out a glass of water, which he sips.*]

Curph. Come, Sir, we needn't beat about the bush. I think I can spare you the preliminaries. I suppose you've heard about the Eldorado?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). He knows already! These journalists find out everything. (*Aloud.*) I—I have indeed, but I assure you that, up to the very moment my nephew informed me, I had no more suspicion—

Curph. You naturally consider that I ought to have told you at once, but the fact is, I—well, I had some reason to doubt whether Mrs. TOOVEY—

Mr. Toov. Oh, you were quite right, it would never have done—never have done. I haven't breathed a word to Mrs. TOOVEY myself as yet. I was afraid I might be obliged to this morning. She discovered that dreadful Eldorado programme in one of my pockets, and was curious, very naturally curious, as to why I had kept it, but I passed it off—I managed to pass it off. I—I thought it better, at all events, till—till I had talked it over with you.

Curph. (to himself, relieved). He takes it wonderfully well. I shouldn't be surprised if I could talk him over. (*Aloud.*) Oh, decidedly, Sir. And may I ask you what your own views are?

Mr. Toov. I—I don't know what to think. For a man in my position to have even the remotest connection with—with a London music-hall! Wouldn't it be considered scandalous, or at least indecorous, if it were to leak out now? Shouldn't I be regarded as—as inconsistent, for example?

Curph. Oh, no one could reproach *you*, at all events, Sir!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). And I thought he was going to be so hard on me! (*Aloud.*) I am glad you take that view of it—yes, I can't be held responsible for what I did in absolute ignorance; but, now that I *do* know, I can't go on, can I?—after a lifetime spent in condemning such entertainments!

Curph. But are you quite sure, Sir, that your condemnation was based on any real foundation; mayn't you have been too ready to think the worst? Have you ever troubled yourself to inquire into the way they were conducted?

Mr. Toov. (to himself, in astonishment). Why, he's actually making excuses for them! (*Aloud.*) I have always been given to understand that they were most improper places, Sir; that was sufficient for me—quite sufficient!

Curph. I daresay I have no right to speak; but you may not be aware that all music-halls are now subject to the strictest supervision. And a body like the London County Council is not likely to sanction any impropriety in the entertainments.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). If I could only persuade myself that I might keep the shares with a good conscience! To give up three hundred and fifty a year, without necessity! I wonder what he would say. (*Aloud.*) True, that didn't occur to me before; and the London County Council, they wouldn't encourage anything really—if I could only be sure—and I'm open to conviction—I hope I'm always open to conviction.

Curph. (to himself). He's coming round; he's not such a pig-headed old Pharisee as I thought. (*Aloud.*) I am sure you are. You are not the man to condemn any form of amusement, however harmless, merely because you find no attraction in it yourself.

Mr. Toov. No, no. And I see the force of what you say; and if I could only once satisfy myself that the entertainment was really harmless—

Curph. (to himself). He couldn't very well object to *my* part of it—it's an idea, and worth trying. (*Aloud.*) My dear Sir, why *shouldn't* you? In any case I should terminate my connection with the music-hall as soon as possible.

Mr. Toov. (disappointed). Would you? Then you *do* think —? But the sacrifice, my dear young friend, it—it's a great deal of money to give up!

Curph. (lightly). Oh, that's of no consequence. I shouldn't think of that, for a moment!

Mr. Toov. (to himself, annoyed). It's all very well for him to talk like that, but it's *my* sacrifice, and I *do* think of it! (*Aloud.*) But—but wouldn't it be a little Quixotic to withdraw from this Eldorado, supposing I found there was no moral objection to it, eh?

Curph. I thought you would be the first to insist that the Eldorado should be given up! Surely, Sir, when I tell you that I love your daughter; that I hope, though I have not spoken as yet, to enter your family some day as your son-in-law, you will look at it differently?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). He does want to marry our THEA? CORNELIA will he delighted—delighted, but I really can't allow him to dictate to me whether to sell the shares or not! (*Aloud, with dignity.*) My good young friend, I have lived longer than you in the world, and you will permit me to say that if, after investigation, I see no cause to disapprove of the Eldorado, there is no reason that I can discover why *you* should hesitate to enter my family. I—I must act on my own judgment—entirely on my own judgment!

Curph. (to himself). He *is* an old trump! Who would have thought he'd be so reasonable. (*Aloud, overjoyed.*) My dear Sir, how can I thank you? That is all I ask—more than I could possibly have expected. And I was about to suggest that you might drop into the Eldorado some evening this week and judge for yourself.

Mr. Toov. (recoiling in consternation). I? I drop into a music-hall? Oh, I couldn't, indeed! Why, I never was in such a place in all my life. And if anybody were to see me there!

Curph. You need not be seen at all. There are private boxes where no one would notice you, I could easily get them to send you one, if you like.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). What a power the Press is, to be sure! I remember CHARLES said that newspaper writers could get seats for everything. (*Aloud.*) Really, I hardly know what to say; it's so very contrary to all my habits, and then—to go alone. Now if *you* would only accompany me —

Curph. You forget, Sir, that's quite impossible. *I* can't come in the box with you!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). There it is—it's against his principles to go himself, and yet he expects *me* to! (*Aloud, peevishly.*) Then why are you so anxious to have *me* go, eh?



"I drop into a music-hall?"

Curph. Why? Because there are Mrs. TOOVEY's prejudices to be considered, and I'm anxious that you should be in a position to assure her from your own personal experience that—

Mr. Toov. Oh, my dear young friend, if I did go, I don't think I could ever mention such an experience as that to Mrs. TOOVEY. She—she might fail to understand that I merely went for the satisfaction of my own conscience.

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Curph. She might, of course. So long as you satisfy yourself, then. And—what night will suit you best?

Mr. Toov. You're in such a hurry, young man. I—I never said I should go. I'm not at all sure that I *can* go; but if I did allow myself to venture, it would have to be some evening when my wife—let me see, on Saturday she's going out to some special meeting of her Zenana Mission Committee, I know. It had better be Saturday, if at all—if at all.

Curph. (making a note). Very well. I will see you have a box for that evening, and I hope you will manage to go. But there's a train coming in—I must really be off. Good-bye, Sir, and very many thanks for the kind and generous way in which you have treated me. I am very glad we have had this explanation, and thoroughly understand one another. Good-bye—good-bye!

[*He shakes Mr. TOOVEY's hand with cordial gratitude, and rushes out.*]

Mr. Toov. (looking after him in some mystification). A most high-minded young man, but a little too officious. And I don't understand why he makes such a point of my going to this Eldorado *now*. But, if I do go, I mayn't see anything to disapprove of; and, if I don't, I shall keep the shares—whether he likes it or not. He may be a very worthy young man, but I doubt whether he's quite a man of the world!

END OF SCENE V.

A STUDY IN PRESS-LAND.

(*An Actuality, in one short Scene, at the service of the Institute of Journalists.*)

SCENE—*An Editor's Room.* Editor *discovered in conversation with Would-be Reporter.*

Editor (preparing to resume his work). Well, from all you tell me, I imagine you must be a most accomplished person.

Would-be Reporter (smiling). Well, I believe I am up to the standard required by the Institute of Journalists. My classics are fairly good, but I do not know as much as I should of mixed mathematics. However, I took a double first at Oxford; but then I had a particularly easy year. All the men against me were practically duffers.

Ed. (slightly interested). Do you know anything of modern languages?

W.-be Rep. Well, yes. I can speak and write European in all its branches, including Swedish and Norwegian *patois*, and the *argot* used on the borders of Turkey and Greece. I am fairly well up in Chinese, but have only a general idea of the grammar of Afghanistan. But I may add that I am spending four hours a day in completing this part of my training.

Ed. I think you said that you have passed in engineering, orchestra-playing, astronomy, naval and military tactics, and the history of the world, and the other components of the planetary system?

W.-be Rep. Certainly; I have in every way (save that I have still to pass in Roman Law) satisfied the requirements of the Institute of Journalists. I am all but qualified for the reception of an Associate's degree.

Ed. (with a view to closing the interview). Very well, then; we shall be glad to use anything you may be good enough to send us—of course, at the customary rate.

W.-be Rep. (gratefully). A thousand thanks. I know; three-half-pence a line, with a minimum of three shillings.

Ed. Precisely. (*Taking up his pen.*) And now, as my Sub-editor told me that there was a fire somewhere in the neighbourhood, you had better look after it.

W.-be Rep. Thank you so much. But as I have forgotten to bring my reporter's-book, perhaps you will kindly lend me some copy-paper?

Ed. Certainly; you will find some in that corner. (*He approaches speaking-tube, to which he has been summoned by a whistle.*) Ah! You need not trouble after the fire, for I find we have already received a report from someone on the spot.

W.-be Rep. (in a tone of disappointment). What a bore! just as I was going to report it myself! However, better luck next time.

Ed. (courteously). I hope so; good morning. (*Exit Would-be Reporter.*) What a nuisance these fellows are! Highly educated, of course, and all that sort of thing; but I am not sure that the rough-and-ready school was not the better.

W.-be Rep. (re-entering hurriedly). My good Sir! Fancy! the man who has sent you the report of the local fire was educated at a small grammar-school, and never even entered a university!

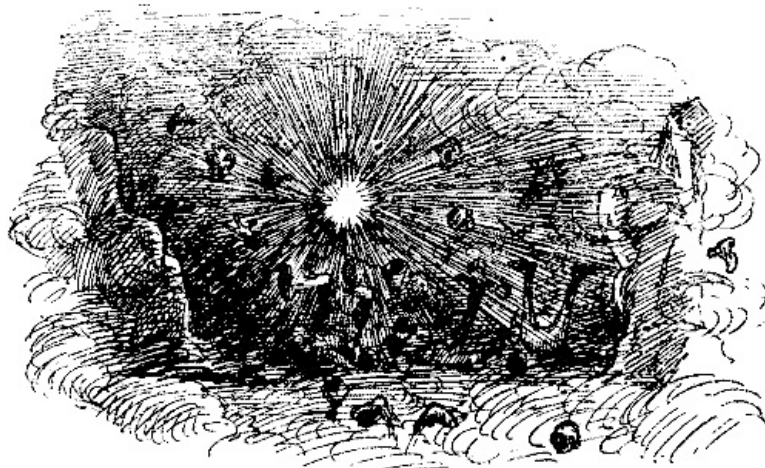
Ed. Well, what of that?

W.-be Rep. (surprised). You surely won't use his copy?

Ed. (decisively). I surely shall. First come, first served. And now you must allow me. (*Returns to his work, to the surprise and disgust of Would-be Reporter. Curtain.*)

"PIECE AND WAR!" AT DRURY LANE.

"Victory sits on our helmets!" cries Sir DRURIOLANUS AUCTOR to HENRICUS PARVUS ETIAM AUCTOR, as they drive back to "The Helms, Regent's Park," after the curtain has descended on the last scene of the last act of *A Life of Pleasure* at Drury Lane. Twice has Sir DRURIOLANUS appeared before the footlights at the end of the Fourth Act, when some battle in Burmah is gallantly won by the united dramatic forces under the heroic but comic Captain HARRY NICHOLLS, Colonel Lord FRANK FENTON AVONDALE, Sergeant CLARENCE HOLT, and a handful of the bravest soldiers that ever marched to glory over the boards of old Drury Lane. What the story is, and how these heroes got into the jungle and out again, and how the right man married the right woman, and how the wronged woman would have saved the villain from the vengeance of HENRY DESMOND O'NEVILLE,—who, alas, had to stay in the green-room while the others were distinguishing themselves in Burmah,—is known to the clever collaborators and a few of their trusted confidants. Of that strange history I, a mere civilian, had every detail blown clean out of my head by the din of the great battle. In fact, never have I heard of any "theatrical engagement" equal to this.



"The Action of the Piece."

That Miss LILY HANBURY looked lovely, and touched my heart; that Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE suddenly developed a brogue that, on occasion, betrayed her nationality; that Miss LE THIÈRE was a villainous matron; that Miss LAURA LINDEN was sprightly and pretty; that Mr. ARTHUR DACRE was the best representative of lop-sided villainy ever seen on the stage; and that Mr. ROBERT SOUTAR reappeared as an elderly masher about town; all this, I am ready to admit, would have been good enough for me, without any attempt on my part at stringing them together in a consecutive story. Didn't I know from the very moment she appeared in deep black, and with a very pale face, that Miss LE THIÈRE was a villain of the deepest dye in petticoats? Could I have trusted Mr. ARTHUR DACRE, in his neat grey suit, with a sixpence, much less with my life? As for Mr. ELTON, representing the Hebraic money-lender—indispensable of late years to all Drury Lane dramas—wasn't I well aware that he was to be the comic villain, only set up to be knocked down again, and to be finally bowled out by the apparently simple HARRY NICHOLLS? Then there is the scene at the Empire, admirably stage-managed, but the ladies should try to take just a trifle more interest in the strange proceedings of that eventful night, as they should also do when re-appearing as wedding guests in the last act. But these fair ladies are heartless; all's one to them, happen what may. Then there was the House-boat, equally well-arranged; but everything is entirely eclipsed by the Military Act, in three scenes, which contains "the action of the piece," and leaves the audience half-deafened by mitrailleuses, and half-choked by the gunpowder. But as the smoke gradually cleared away, the stalwart figure of the Commander-in-Chief, yclept DRURIOLANUS himself, was seen bowing his acknowledgments.

But what was it all about? "Why, that I cannot tell," quoth Old CASPAR, 'but 'twas a famous victory!'" And if you, my non-combatant readers, wish to know how the Burmese War was undertaken for the special benefit of HARRY NICHOLLS, you just go and see for yourself the new drama, mysteriously entitled *A Life of Pleasure*, at T. R. Drury Lane, and for this advice you will

A MOOT POINT.—The G. O. M. is reported to have been engaged in translating *Horace*. Is this a picturesque way of referring to the recent elevation of Sir HORACE DAVEY?

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UNHAPPY INFLUENCE OF MODERN MUSIC-HALL MELODIES.

"THERE LIES THE BRAVE KNIGHT, DARLING, WITH HIS FAITHFUL DOG AT HIS FEET, AND HIS WIFE BY HIS SIDE!"

"AND HAS SHE GOT A DOG, TOO, MUMMY?"

"NO, DARLING, ONLY A CUSHION!"

"AH, I SUPPOSE HER DADDY *WOULDN'T* BUY HER A BOW-WOW-WOW!"

THE "FORLORN HOPE."

["It is understood (says the *Daily News*) that Mr. GLADSTONE will speak in Edinburgh on Wednesday, September 27, on the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Home-Rule Bill. His followers are expecting him to give the word of command for an attack on the Upper House."]

"*CHILDE ROLAND to the Dark Tower came!*" So runs
 The boding refrain BROWNING visioned out.
 CHILDE ROLAND valiant was, and wondrous stout;
 But that Dark Tower, which never noonday suns,
 Full-garrisoned by feudal myrmidons,
 Might strike to ROLAND'S heart the chill of doubt.

Four-square to the four winds the fortress stands,
 Pinnacled high upon a frowning rock.
 It hath survived the many-centuried shock
 Of elements, the assault of myriad hands,
 And to the attack will you now lead your *bands*,
 Whose rage crag-crowning battlements seem to mock?

True from those battlements they've hung, in scorn,
 Your herald, whose torn trappings wildly wave
 In the rough wind. Though 'tis too late to save
 You'd fain avenge. Such flouts are hardly borne
 By Leaders whilst old lips can sound a horn
 And hands, though ancient, yet can lift a glaive.

Sound an alarm! Let the fierce war-cry sound!
 Your followers listen for it. They will cheer
 When its defiant shrill salutes their ear.
 Down with the Fortress! Raze it to the ground!
 End it, not mend it! So they rattle round,
 The shoutings and the floutings far and near.

And you, the new CHILDE ROLAND, what think you,
 At heart, behind that bold and fluent tongue?

Lead a Forlorn Hope? Yes, though Death's self flung
Its form of bony shape and grisly hue
Athwart your path! But—is here aught to do
That's *worth* the venture, when all's said and sung?

*"If, at their counsel, I should turn aside
Into that ominous tract which all agree
Hides the Dark Tower? If acquiescingly
I do turn as they've pointed! Neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried
So much in gladness that some end should be.*

*"Thus, I have so long suffered in this quest
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
So many times among 'The Band'—to wit
The knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed
Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed best
And all the doubt is now—shall I be fit?*

*"What in the mist lies but the Tower itself?
The square squat turrets, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of grey stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start."*

So mused CHILDE ROLAND! Chief of the white crest,
With thine adventure doth the strain not fit
Most strangely? Looms the Dark Tower turret-lit
By autumn rays low, chilly, from the west,
So waterishly wan. Oh! crowning test
Of mortal valour and of human wit!

Lead the Forlorn Hope on! E'en Hopes Forlorn
Do not fail always. Scale the craggy height!
Cheer on your clamorous followers to the fight.
Citadels deemed impregnable, in scorn
Have mocked their rash beleaguers at morn
To see them swarm their battlements ere night.

And you, your courage seems to master Fate
And mock at Time. Yet Time and Fate, at last,
In the greatest life-game have the latest cast.
Heroic 'tis to see you, strong, elate,
Heading the onset, and in *Punch's* pate
Rings the old rhyme of the romantic past.

*"There they stood, ranged along the hillsides—met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
And blew. 'CHILDE ROLAND to the Dark Tower came.'"*

CONTRIBUTED BY ONE "IN STATU PUPILLARI."—Great changes are expected in Egypt. It is said that a certain well-known oculist, no, we beg his pardon, we should have described him as "Ophthalmic Surgeon," whose name is something between "Crotchet" and "Cricket," and whose recent evidence in a police-court was quite "an eye-opener" to the worthy magistrate and the prisoners, is going out to remove the First Cataract. We wish him every possible success. He will be returned for the next Parliament as the Member for Eye.



THE "FORLORN HOPE."

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"BREEZES"

—in the "Daily Graphic" Office!!

That "Weather Young Person" has been caught out in a piece of barefaced duplicity of which *Mr. Punch* would not have suspected her capable. From a sense of professional duty, no doubt, she has been surreptitiously attending the meetings of the "Congress of Journalists," leaving a plausible substitute in her place! Climatic disturbances have revealed the fraud!!

Storm Cone hoisted!!

CROWNING THE EDIFICE.

(A Study Translated into English from Zolaesque.)

EMILE was triumphant. The arm-chair of the Academy was still vacant. He did not yet fill it. But, for all that, he was triumphant, for he had performed a brave action. He had achieved a veritable success. It was more than thousands from the coffers of the publishers, more than pages of praises of the papers. It was a great event at length wonderfully accomplished.

EMILE sat in his London lodgings satisfied with all his surroundings. Of course, he was interviewed. He had been followed from France to England, and had seen in an evening paper an account of the temporary indisposition of one very dear to him on board the boat. He was prepared for his visitor.

"I am very comfortable. I think England charming; love its fog, and am deeply impressed with the LORD MAYOR. I soon had enough of the first meeting of the Congress of the Institute, but thought the ball at Guildhall excellent. I really have no more to say. Next please." But his Interviewer was not to be discarded hurriedly. He stood to his guns, or, rather, his reporter's book.

"Are you not proud of all your volumes? Do you not think that by writing them you have achieved the success of the century?"

"I am certainly proud of my work. But my work is not my greatest achievement. No, a thousand times no, it is not my greatest achievement."

"Well what is?" asked the Interviewer; and then he added, "Please look sharp about it, as I have to do the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Mr. MONTE CARLO WELLS, and Mr. BALFOUR, before I return to the office."

"Yes, I am prouder of this last feat," pursued the Master, ignoring the presence of the Reporter, "than the rest put together. It has taken me all my life to make up my mind to do it; but it is done at last."

"Of what are you speaking?"

"Yes, what are my novels compared to the heroism of those sixty-five minutes! That hour has been a bar to my compatriots. It has kept them in France. And now I am their superior. I have at length the right to boast a triumph!"

The Interviewer made an entry in his note-book, then he asked for further explanation.

"And so you are prouder of this event than all your hard-earned fame. And now tell me what event has so greatly moved you?"

"With pleasure. But listen. For twenty years I have laboured to write the history of France in romance. And when I say the history of France, I mean that part of the nation's story which has sprung from the Third Empire."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Interviewer; "and you have done it well. But pardon me, I am pressed for time. His Grace of CANTERBURY awaits me at Lambeth. Out with it! What is your special cause for pride?"

"Yes, I have been maligned, misunderstood, insulted, hated. But men must now call me a man of great courage, a man of infinite determination. For I have done it. Yes, after a lifetime of careful consideration I have done it!"

"Done what?" asked the Interviewer, who was growing impatient.

Then came the reply, uttered in a tone of indescribable emotion:

"I have crossed the Channel!"

"MY CUMMERBUND."

Sunday.—At Club. Conversation (learned) about epidemics. Heard somebody (an authority of course on the subject) say, "Oh, rub plenty of camphor into your cummerbund." Replied, "Yes; good idea." Wrote it down. Was going to question him as to details, but found he had quitted the club. Know what camphor is, not quite certain as to "cummerbund." Think it's Indian. Called in at Oriental Club. Old Oriental says, "Only natives wear cummerbunds." Oh, then "cummerbund" is not something to eat or drink? "No; it's a kind of cloth. Get 'em anywhere now." Anywhere? It appears I am behind the age. Everyone, except myself apparently, knows all about a "cummerbund." It sounds a bit Scotch; also German. "Cummer" Scotch; "Bund" German. German Bund. To be obtained at hosier's, or at any emporium for Indian clothing. Good.

Monday.—Bought cummerbund. Bright colour; neat. Bought also large bottle of camphor. Rubbed it in. Strong smell—more than strong. But self-preservation is first law, &c., &c., so get accustomed to it. After one day's wearing, don't notice saturated cummerbund. Quite accustomed to it.

Tuesday.—Went to see SMITH. "Hullo, old fellow," he says, "afraid of moths in your clothes, eh?" Ask what he means. He mentions strong smell of camphor. I explain my preventive measures. "Oh, that's all very well!" he returns; "but the very best thing is to soak your shirt in turpentine. I'm sure of it." Sure he is right, because he is a student at Guy's. Thank him warmly for this life-saving hint. Rush home; follow his advice. Beastly smell at first, but soon cease to notice it. Continue wearing camphorated cummerbund also, as an extra precaution. Call on Mrs. MONTGOMERY-MUMBY. Sweet girl her niece! Somehow she seems to avoid me, a thing she never did before. So they all do, and I have no one to talk to but a crippled uncle of theirs, who apparently has a bad cold in his head, for he holds his handkerchief to his nose all the time. JONES called. Says he has seen SMITH. "By Jove!" he exclaims, "you've been going in for oil painting, or chemistry, or something. There's a tremendous smell of turpentine." I explain. "Oh, there's no harm in that," he says; "but a far better thing is to wet your waistcoat with carbolic acid. Antiseptic, you know." Now he is a student at Bart's, and probably knows as much as SMITH. Thank him, and resolve to try his preventive in addition to the other. Down to Eastbourne. Everyone clears out of railway carriage soon after I get in, except one old man, who says he is a medical man, and that a plentiful use of disinfectants is no doubt advisable.

Wednesday.—Meet ROBINSON on the Parade. Says he saw SMITH on Tuesday. Asks me what I think of the epidemic scare. Explain my precautions. "Thought I noticed an awful smell," he says. "Hope it's all right. As for me, I believe there's nothing like pouring sulphuretted hydrogen all over the inside of your coat. Had it from my uncle, who was Medical Officer of Health at Benares." An invaluable suggestion; buy a bottle, and follow his directions when dressing for dinner. Horrible stench, like rotten eggs! However, soon get accustomed to it. To a dance at the CHOLMONDELEY-CHICKS'S. Never more annoyed in my life. Every girl says she has no dance left. What can have offended them all? The only partner I have is CHOLMONDELEY-CHICK'S maiden aunt, and she

faints in my arms after going once round the room. However, I have a good supper, for the dining-room is quite empty all the time I am in it, so I can get as much as I like.

Thursday.—Back to town. TOMKINS looks in. Says he saw SMITH the other day. Then looks curiously all round room. "Do you keep eggs in this room?" he asks; "hot weather turned 'em bad, eh?" Explain that I have used sulphuretted hydrogen. "Those chemical things," he says, holding his nose, "are not half so good as plain, homely preparations. The finest thing of all is to soak all your clothes in gin and peppermint. Had it from a man who ought to know, for he spent last autumn in Hamburg and used bottles full." Thank him with sincere gratitude, and as soon as possible try this new precaution. To theatre. People near me begin a great talking. Commissionaire asks me to leave. Says "money will be returned." Hanged if I go! I've paid for this seat. Then a fearful uproar starts. Do not remember details of fight, but find myself "chucked" into the roadway. Policeman picks me up as drunk and incapable. Spend night in police-cell. * * * * Explanations magisterially accepted.... Apology given and taken. Off (with the cummerbund), and away for a tour in the North.

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A VERY GREAT MAN.

(Cub Hunting.)

Young Farmer. "WELL, MASTER JACK! OUT AGAIN?"

Master Jack. "WHY, YES. FACT IS, YOU KNOW, ALWAYS LIKE TO GET AS MUCH IN AS POSSIBLE BEFORE WE BEGIN TO ADVERTISE. BRINGS SUCH A BEASTLY LOT O' DUFFERS OUT, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CHATTO AND WINDUS have just issued a new edition of OUIDA'S *Dog of Flanders*. The well-got-up and cheaply-priced volume contains three other Stories, nearly as charming. In the quartette OUIDA, my Baronite says, will be found at her best—OUIDA, without the weeds of grossness and comical classicality that sometimes grow in her pastures. Of this volume of her works it may be said that, happily, LEMPRIÈRE is not in it.

To those about to travel, whether there and back, or there or back, is immaterial, the Baron strongly recommends *The Great Shadow* and *Beyond the City*, two stories in one volume by CONAN DOYLE, published in ARROWSMITH'S three and sixpenny series. It is a long time since the Baron has read a more dramatically told story than that of *The Great Shadow*. Truly, if his opinion had been asked, he would have seriously advised any novelist against attempting, in any form, a description of the Battle of Waterloo. Yet, though CONAN DOYLE has done it admirably, there is, thinks the Baron, just one chapter too much of this work. No one, since CHARLES LEVER wrote, has achieved anything like it, though there is just a smack of *Orthis Mulcaney & Co.* about it which—"but that is another story." The Baron finding no fault with the illustrations as illustrations, wishes that the tales had been left to themselves, and that they had been told without these superfluous aids. It is a pleasure to recommend such a book, and it *is* recommended by everybody's trusted Literary Adviser, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

What the Vicar of Amesbury Inclines to Say.

(Judging from his Letter in the "Standard," September 22, on the Desecration or Preservation of Stonehenge Question.)

My friends, for goodness' sake forbear

From fussy interference here.
Blest be the man who "makes no bones,"
And blamed be he who stirs these stones!

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

(*A Thought at the Haymarket Theatre.*)

The first appearance "of the Personal Devil"
Was nigh the Tree of Knowledge, good and evil;
And so the Tempter's latest *rôle* we see
Is still associated with a TREE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, September 20.—Met WOODALL, V.C., crossing Lobby just now on the way to his battlemented tower. Shouldn't have known him—indeed, had passed him, when I recognised his voice hailing me. It had an unusually tinny sound, due to fact that it made its way through the interstices of a closed visor.



Woodall, V.C.

"Good gracious, WOODALL!" I said; "is that you? I thought it was one of the figures from the Tower taking an airing."

"Yes," said the Financial Secretary to the War Office with some vibrating, tinny intonation, "by my halidome (so to speak) it's me: and precious hot and generally uncomfortable it is, too, I can tell you. The things don't fit, you see; borrowed them from the Tower; some a size too large, which is bad; others a turn too small, which, considering they are made in metal, is worse."

WOODALL got up, regardless of expense, in helmet, breastplate, things like kneecaps, and a piece of sheet-iron fitted to the small of his back.

"What do you do it for, then?"

With difficulty WOODALL, V.C., unhooked something in his visor, and, after cautiously looking round, took it off.

"Haven't you heard," he said, as he mopped his forehead, "of the Secret Society, sworn to decimate us fellows of the War Office? Began with ST. JOHN BRODRICK, who narrowly escaped assassination in the streets; went on to CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who was threatened with sudden death. Now they've turned their attention on me. Every post brings an anonymous letter, advising me that my end approaches. They are in different

handwriting, but the note-paper enjoys in common the adornment of a death's-head and cross-bones. Sometimes there's a coffin underneath; occasionally this accessory is omitted; it is made up for in the added ferocity of the communication. This makes one very uneasy. I daresay you have observed how stout CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN looks of late. It's only his shirt of mail, worn under his ordinary linen. He says he's going to Marienbad to get rid of it; that's only his joke. As for me, I don't think it's worth mincing matters. I, as you see, go the whole animal; but it's very wearing. SANDHURST told me it was a case of armour or assassination. Having tried the armour for three days, am not quite sure I should not prefer assassination. Excuse me, there's a strange man lingering in the corner."

And WOODALL, shutting his head up in the helmet, warily walked off.



WHO WOULD BE AN M.P.?

A Warning to Aspiring Legislators.

[pg 156]

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a Second time.

Friday.—All over. Royal Assent given to Appropriation Bill. Curtain falls on last scene in Act I. of Session 1893; a play in two Acts.

"And whose Session should you say it has been, TOBY?" asked ROWTON, a man of universal sympathies, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge.

"Mr. G.'s, I suppose. At least, that will be the general verdict. He has outshone himself. Whether you like what he has done or detest it, you must pay homage to the tireless energy, the infinite skill, and the matchless eloquence with which it has been accomplished. JOSEPH has excelled himself as a Parliamentary force; PRINCE ARTHUR has taken a long stride in the direction of establishing himself in position of Leader. These things are obvious, and will be said everywhere. But since you ask me whose Session it has been, I should say it has been MARJORIBANKS'. It's all very well to have a supreme Parliamentarian leading majority, small but compact. If you haven't got a Whip that can keep them together, who not only has them there on big field night, but always on the spot to repel surprises, where are you? In ordinary times it's comparatively easy to keep the Conservatives in hand, whether in office or out. Out or in the Liberals are skittish. This Session things have been peculiarly critical, as is shown in the cases of NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY and the SENTENTIOUS SAUNDERS. To keep a majority safe and steady at such times requires in a Whip a rare combination of gifts and graces. With the assistance of an excellent team, MARJORIBANKS has done this. It is a minor Ministerial post, but the service rendered is incalculable. So if you want to name the Session, call it MAJORITYBANKS'."



Expiring Law Continuance Bill passing through Committee.

Business done.—Parliament adjourned till November 2.

PERSONAL COURAGE.—A Reuter's telegram last week states that "The Brazilian Minister here refuses to be interviewed."

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAIDS.

And have you not read of eight jolly young
watermaids,

Lately at Cookham accustomed to ply
And feather their oars with a deal of
dexterity,

Pleasing the critical masculine eye?
They swing so truly and pull so steadily,
Multitudes flock to the river-side readily;—
It's not the eighth wonder that all the world's
there,

But this watermaid eight, ne'er in want of a
stare.

What sights of white costumes! What ties and what hatbands,
"Leander cerise!" We don't wish to offend,

But are these first thoughts with the dashing young women

Who don't dash too much in a spurt off Bourne End?

Mere nonsense, of course! There's no "giggling and leering"—

Complete ruination to rowing and steering;—

"All eyes in the boat" is their coach's first care,

And "a spin of twelve miles" is as naught to the fair.



THEATRICAL NEWS.—During the absence of *Beckett* from London, and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* having left town, *The Tempter* in the Haymarket tried to entice *Charley's Aunt* from the Globe to go in for *A Life of Pleasure* at Drury Lane, but *The Other Fellow* from the Court induced her to go for *A Trip to Chicago* in The Vaudeville, where he cruelly abandoned her, to take up with *La Fille de Madame Angot*, at the Criterion. But she soon let him know what *A Woman's Revenge* at the Adelphi was like, and he sailed away in the Shaftesbury, *Morocco Bound*, pursued by *Don Quixote*, who had watched the proceedings from the Strand. The lady who in the meantime had obtained the fortunate talisman of *La Mascotte* from the Gaiety, was provided by DALY'S Company with *Dollars and Sense*, and is now doing uncommonly well. But the villain, who would have made her his victim, will soon experience the result of *Sowing the Wind* at the Comedy.

"SUBGRADUATUS INDIGNANS" writes.—"SIR,—Within the last fortnight on one day I find in the *Standard* that 'seventy degrees were recorded at Cambridge!'

How's this? During Long Vacation!! Who conferred these degrees? What degrees? Who got 'em? Where's the Vice-Chancellor? I pause for a reply. P S. —Beg pardon! Find I have overlooked head of paragraph, '*The falling barometer*,' &c., &c., so that *perhaps* I may be in error."

Transcriber's Note

Sundry damaged or missing punctuation has been repaired.

Corrections are also indicated, in the text, by a dotted line underneath the correction. Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

Page 149:

'orchesta' corrected to 'orchestra' "orchestra-playing, astronomy, naval and military tactics,"

'just as I was going to it report myself!' corrected to 'just as I was going to report it myself!'

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
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