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# **Punch, or the London Charivari**

## **Volume 105, October 28th 1893**

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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### **MY LANDLORD.**

*(By a Tenant.)*

Who asked a rent absurdly high;  
Who never scrupled at a lie?  
The house well built! The soil so dry!  
My Landlord.

Whose saving schemes cause constant fears  
The house will fall about my ears?  
I say it totters, and he sneers.  
My Landlord.

The cellar's flooded when it rains;  
The ceilings show damp, mouldy stains.  
Who swindled me about the drains?  
My Landlord.

Who called the house extremely nice?  
It's simply overrun with mice,  
The cook has had hysterics twice.  
My Landlord.

Who praised the garden in a way  
To seem like Eden? I should say  
The soil is brickbats mixed with clay.  
My Landlord.

Who said each kind of plant succeeds?  
Yet when I sow the choicest seeds  
They all develop into weeds.  
My Landlord.

What's this? A note from him—a few  
Short lines to say the rent is due.  
Who tells me facts not new, if true?  
My Landlord.

---



### RECKLESS.

*Moderate Swell.* "GOING TO TAKE A CAB?"

*Immoderate Swell.* "ER—NO."

*M. S.* "NO UMBRELLA, I SEE."

*Imm. S.* "ER—NO, DEAR BOY. SEE—IF YOU—ER—CARRY 'BRELLA—  
LOOKS AS IF YOU'D ONLY ONE SUIT A CLOTHES!"

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### MY TENANT.

*(By a Landlord.)*

Who haggled long about the price;  
Who says my house is far from nice;  
Who seeks solicitor's advice?  
My Tenant.

Who wants incessantly repairs  
To floors and ceilings, steps and stairs;  
Who doats on hygienic scares?  
My Tenant.

Who lives in fear of sewer gas,  
So that the plumbers soon amass  
Vast sums, once mine? That utter ass,  
My Tenant.

Eternally some fresh complaint;  
Distemper, whitewash, paper, paint!  
He is enough to vex a saint—  
My Tenant.

Who lets the garden go to pot?  
What used to be a pleasant spot  
Is worse than an allotment plot.  
My Tenant.

Deferring payments suits his bent;  
When various demands I've sent;  
Unwillingly he pays the rent,  
My Tenant.

A note from him? Another growl!  
Some chimney smokes, he wants a cowl.  
Thus he complains, that moping owl,  
My Tenant.

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Mrs. R. says she always understood you must "catch your hare before you cook it;" so she cannot for the life of her make out what a friend of hers meant by telling her that "when their kitchen-maid cooked the hare *she caught it afterwards!*"

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## A DIARY À LA RUSSE.

*Monday.*—Rather tired of this constant hand-shaking, and even the lady-kissing is somewhat wearisome. Especially when the fair dames do not draw the line at sixty. However, no doubt well meant. Found usual collection of miscellaneous presents. Don't quite know what I shall do with ton of tallow. Somehow our hosts fancy we require it. Latest addition from the advertising merchants—a Patent Tombstone (with space for *affiches* at back) and Somebody's Remedy for Neuralgia. Wish our hosts would not send us such a lot of things! Have been staying at my hotel all day long on the chance of escaping attention, and thus be able to find my way to the Moulin Rouge. Just got past the porter, when I was caught by one of the *attachés* and carried off to a State Dinner. Spent the rest of the evening in shouting "Long Live France!" and listening to the Russian National Hymn.

*Tuesday.*—Hope I shall have better luck to-day. My hand is twice its normal size, thanks to the shaking. More presents. Candles by the hundredweight, and bear's-grease by the ton. Some one has sent a Boot-blackening Machine, and wants a testimonial. On the watch all day. Trust to get to the Folies Bergères some time or another. Just crawled out when seized by a friendly *député*, and hurried off to a function at the Hotel de Ville!

*Wednesday.*—Absolutely done up. Deafened with the "*Marseillaise*," and sick to death of "*The Emperor's Hymn*." Usual collection of presents. Five thousand fire-alarms! One of them alone enough to wake up a slumbering town of half a million inhabitants! Ladies of all ages (especially of mature age) anxious to kiss me. Could not walk across the road this morning for them! Had to stop in the hotel all day long. Tried to escape in the evening on the chance of finding my way to a "concert-music-hall," when seized by an officer of the French Marine, and carried away to a Reception!

*Thursday.*—I have now been in Paris four days and seen nothing, absolutely nothing! Of course most gratifying from a patriotic point of view, but if this is Paris why give me St. Petersburg, or even Siberia! Can't move a step without having my hand shaken off. Not a moment's privacy; and as for the presents, I am absolutely deluged with them! and such idiotic gifts! All the advertisers in the country seem to have found us out. What use on earth can I make of an elephant's feeding-spoon or a lady's comb for curling the hair? I made a last effort to get to the Moulin; but, of course, again frustrated. I was seized by an "A.-D.-C." and taken to a State Lecture!

*Friday.*—Giving way to despair! What a hollow thing is popular applause! I am absolutely tired to death of it. I cannot repeat (for very weariness), the various ovations I have received. I have been accepted with cheers at all hours of the day and night! Oh, how glad I would be to get back! At the last moment I saw my way to a stealthy visit to the Folies, when I was secured and booked for two dinners and a "*punch*." Betrayed! Betrayed!

*Saturday.*—Still hunted. Not allowed to go anywhere except when my tormentors drag me to some official function. Have sold all my presents for ten francs. Have received marching orders for Toulon. Just as I was about to escape and proceed to the Moulin Rouge, captured by "my friends the enemy," or should it be "my enemies the friends"? Had to submit to the usual enthusiasm on my road to the railway station. Fortune of war I suppose, or rather of peace. Of the two, the latter I should think was the more deadly. Last strain of the "*Marseillaise*," last kiss from some one's grandmother, and curtain! Glad it's all over!

---

BY MR. JUSTICE CHARLES (*omitted in reports of his decision last week*).—"The Dahomey Troupe of Amazons appear only in the evenings at certain music-halls. Their name should be changed to 'Day-homey and Night-outy Amazons.'"

(Signed)  
"CHARLES HIS FRIEND."

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THE CHESHIRE CRUELTY TO CHILDREN CASE.—Rightly were condemned the two unfeeling PHELANS. No jury could possibly have any consideration for such PHELANS as these. If for the male prisoner the jury had recommended a tail or two of the Cheshire Cat (o'-nine-tails), it would not have been thought too much.

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MOTTO FOR MR. INDERWICK, Q.C.—The eminent Counsel of the QUEEN has been recently admitted to the freedom of the borough of Rye. He has added to his coat of arms the words, "Mind your Rye."

NEW DESCRIPTIVE TITLE OF THE G. O. M. SUGGESTED BY LORD SALISBURY'S LATEST SPEECH.—"The Autocrat of the Round Table."

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### "EMINENTLY A SCOTTISH GOVERNMENT."

(Mr. Asquith's Speech, Tuesday, October 17.)

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### THE SAX SCOTCH PIPERS.

["The present Government is eminently a Scottish Government. You must remember that there are in the present Cabinet no less than five Scotch members of the House of Commons ... and we have also a member of the House of Lords who is one of the most eminent Scotchmen—I mean Lord ROSEBERY."—Mr. Asquith in Glasgow.]

*"A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,  
He may purchase a sporan, a bonnet, a kilt;  
Stick a skeän in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—  
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes."*

—Bab Ballads.

### AIR—"The Hundred Pipers."

Wi' sax stalwart pipers an' a', an' a',  
Wi' sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a',  
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
Wi' sax stout Scotch pipers an' a', an' a',  
Oh! it's Sassenach bumblers awa', awa'!  
Our WULLIE's a Scotsman sae braw, sae braw,  
We'll on an' we'll march to St. Stephen's ha',  
Wi' its seats an' its salaries an' a', an' a'!  
Wi' sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a', &c.

Oh! wha' is formaist o' a', o' a'?  
Oh! wha' does follow the blaw, the blaw?  
Bonnie WULLIE, the king o' us a', hurrah!  
Wi' his five stout pipers an' a', an' a'!  
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high.  
His bagpipes wheeze, an' his ribbons fly;  
The nor' win' plays wi' his thin white hair,  
While the pipers blaw wi' an unco' flare.

Wi' sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a', &c.

PRIMROSE, an' CAMPBELL, sae dink an' sae deep,  
Shouter to shouter wi' *Marjoribanks* they keep,  
ROBERTSON, BALFOUR, an' ASHER a' round  
Dance themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.  
Dumfounded the English saw, they saw,  
Dumfounded they heard the blaw, the blaw  
Hath a Southron ae chance ava' ava',  
Wi' these sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a'?  
Wi' the sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a',  
The Saxon must go to the wa', the wa'!  
WULLIE's up an' gies them a blaw, a blaw  
Wi' his sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a'!



### TOO PARTICULAR.

"LOOK HERE—CONFOUND IT, ISAACSON! YOU'VE PLAYED ME A PRETTY TRICK WITH THIS ANCESTOR YOU SOLD ME! SHOWED IT TO A FRIEND YESTERDAY, AND TOLD HIM IT WAS THE PORTRAIT OF MY ANCESTOR WHO CAME OVER WITH WILLIAM THE FIRST; AND HE SAID, 'WHAT A FUNNY THING HE SHOULD HAVE DRESSED HIMSELF IN THE STYLE OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH!'"

"VELL THAT'TH NOTHING. I JETH MADE A MITHTAKE OF A FEW YEARTH—VILLIAM THE FIRTHT AND WILLIAM THE FOURTH; ONLY HITH GREAT-GRANDTHON!"

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE CELEBRATED PICKWICKIAN EXAMINATION PAPER.—*To Students of Pickwick.*—On what (as far as this questioner is aware) solitary occasion is champagne mentioned in *Pickwick*? who drank a bottle of it? where was it consumed? after what exhilarating performance?—ED.

"TA TA'D AND FEATHERED."—"A *soft thing that waves*" was the description of a feather given by a Lady Correspondent—and therefore a perfectly Fair One—in the *Times* last Saturday. But surely "a *soft thing that waves*" is evidently a lady's hand bidding somebody "Ta! ta!"

BY OUR OWN CRAMMER.—In unsuccessful candidates for Army and Navy Exams. England may have lost some of her best "pluck'd" soldiers and sailors.

### BRIC-À-BRAC.

(By a Gallio.)

["Poetry will degenerate into mere literary *bric-à-brac*, such as the composition of rondels and triolets."

—DR. C. H. PEARSON.]

Literary odds and ends  
Will for lays be scribbled!  
PEARSON thus ahead portends

"Litter"-ary odds and ends.  
Pessimist, you owe amends  
For this forecast ribald:—  
"Literary odds and ends  
Will for lays be scribbled!"

Call you then mere *bric-à-brac*  
Triolet and rondel?  
*All* that's knocked off with a knack  
Call you then mere *bric-à-brac*?"  
Man of prose, you thus attack  
VILLON, DOBSON, BLONDEL.  
Call you *then* mere *bric-à-brac*  
Triolet and rondel?!

'Pon my word, *I* don't much care  
If you prove your thesis.  
Poetry's not *my* affair—  
'Pon my word, I don't much care!  
My three triolets pray tear  
As you please, to pieces!  
'Pon my word, I don't much care  
If *they* prove your thesis!

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The recent illuminations in Paris, it is said, were a very costly matter. Naturally, as an "*affaire de LUX(E)*."

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## UNDER THE ROSE.

(*A Story in Scenes.*)

SCENE XI.—*At the entrance to The Eldorado Music-hall. TIME—Saturday evening, about 8.30. Mrs. TOOVEY, who has just alighted from a Waterloo bus, approaches; she wears a veil, under which her spectacles gleam balefully, and passes the various boards and coloured posters with averted eyes.*

*Mrs. Toovey (to herself).* I'm late—I ought to have taken a cab, instead of that dawdling bus. Still, I shall be in plenty of time to surprise Pa in the very midst of his profligacy. (*She looks around her.*) Gilding, rosewood and mahogany panels, plush, stained glass—oh, the wicked luxury of it all! (*She pushes open a swing door.*) Where is the place you call Box C? I—I have to meet somebody there.

[*She finds herself in a glittering bar, where she produces a distinct sensation among a few loungers there.*

*A Barmaid (tartly).* There's no entrance to the music-hall this way. You've come to the wrong place.

*Mrs. Toov. (with equal acidity).* Ah, young woman, you need not tell me *that!* (*She goes out with a withering glance, and hears stifled sniggers as the doors swing after her.*) A drinking-bar on the very threshold to trap the unwary—disgraceful! (*She tries the next door, and finds a stalwart official, in a fancy uniform.*) Will you have the goodness to conduct me to Box C, instantly?

*The Official.* Next door, please, Ma'am. This only admits to the Grand Lounge.

*Mrs. Toov. (to herself).* The "Grand Lounge," indeed! (*She opens another door, and finds a Pay-box, where she addresses the check-taker through the pigeon-hole.*) I want to go to Box C. I've asked for it at I don't know how many places, and—

*Checktaker (politely).* I'm really afraid you'll have to ask again, Ma'am. This is the Promenade. Box-office *next* entrance.

*Mrs. Toov. (to herself, indignantly).* I only hope they make it as difficult for other people to get in as they do for me! So Pa comes here to lounge and promenade, does he? Oh, let me only catch him, I'll send him promenading! (*She goes to the Box-office.*) I want Box C, wherever that is.

*Book-Keeper.* Can give you Box D, if you like. Box C is reserved for this evening.

*Mrs. Toov. (sharply).* I am quite aware of that. For Mr. THEOPHILUS TOOVEY. I have come to join him here.

*Book-K. (referring to book).* It is entered in that name, certainly; but—hem—may I ask if you belong to Mr. TOOVEY'S party?

*Mrs. Toov. (crushingly).* No doubt you consider that his wife has no claim to— Most certainly I belong to his party.

*Book-K.* That is quite sufficient, Madam. (*To Attendant.*) Show this lady to Box C. (*To himself, as Mrs. T. follows the Attendant up some velvet-covered stairs.*) Well, it's no business of mine; but if Mr. TOOVEY, whoever *he* is, isn't careful what he's about, he may be sorry for it—that's all!

*Mrs. Toov. (to herself).* They never even asked for my ticket. Pa's evidently well known here! (*To Attendant.*) A programme? with pictures of dancing girls all over it! You ought to be ashamed to offer such things to a respectable woman!

*Att. (surprised).* I've never heard them objected to before, Ma'am. Can I bring you any refreshments? (*Persuasively.*) Bottle-ale or stout? Lemonade and brandy? Whisky and soda?

*Mrs. Toov.* Don't imagine you can tempt *me*, man. I've been a total abstainer ever since I was five!

*Att. (opening box-door).* Indeed, Ma'am. I suppose now you 'aven't mistook this for Exeter 'All?—because it *ain't!*

*Mrs. Toov.* I am in no danger of making *that* mistake! (*She enters the box.*) I am here before Pa after all. What a gaudy, wicked, glaring place to be sure! Ugh, this *filthy* tobacco; it chokes me, and I can scarcely see across the hall. Not that I *want* to see. Well, if I sit in the corner behind the curtain I shan't be seen myself. To think that I—*I*—should be here at all, but the responsibility is on Pa's head, not mine! What are those two girls singing about on the stage? They are dressed *decently* enough, I'll say *that* for them, though pinafores and baby bonnets at *their* age are ridiculous.

[*She listens.*

*The Sisters Sarcenet (on stage).* You men are deceivers and awfully sly. Oh, you *are!*

*Male portion of audience (as is expected from them).* No we *aren't!*

*The Sisters S. (archly).* Now you *know* you are!

You come home with the milk; should your poor wife ask why,  
"Pressing business, my pet!" you serenely reply.  
When you've really been out on the "Tiddle-y-hi!" Yes, you *have!*

*Male audience (as before).* No, we've *not!*

*The Sister S. (with the air of accusing angels).* Why, you *know* you have!

*Mrs. Toov. (to herself).* It's to those young women's credit that they have the courage to come here and denounce the men to their faces—like this. And it's gone *home* to them, too! they're shouting out "Over!" (*Here the Sisters suddenly turn a couple of "cart-wheels" with surprising unanimity, amidst roars of applause.*) Oh, the shameless minxes! I will *not* sit and look on at such scandalous exhibitions. (*She moves to the corner nearest the stage, and turns her back upon the proceedings.*) How much longer will Pa compel me to assist at such scenes, I wonder? *Why* doesn't he come? Where is he now? (*Bitterly.*) No doubt on what those vulgar wretches would call the "Tiddle-y-hi!" (*The Brothers BIMBO, Eccentric Clowns, appear on the stage.*) I can't sit here in a corner looking at nothing. If I do see anything improper, THEOPHILUS shall answer for it. (*She changes her place again.*) Acrobats—well, they're inoffensive at least. Oh, I do believe one of the nasty things is climbing up to the balcony; he's going to walk along here!

*First Brother Bimbo (on stage, to his confrère, who is balancing himself on the broad ledge of the box tier).* Ohè—'old up, there. Prenny garde! Ah, il tombera! There, I *told* yer so! (*The Second Brother B. has reached the front of Mrs. TOOVEY'S box, where he pretends to stumble.*) Oh, le pover garçong, look at 'im *now!* Come back, do! Ask the lady to ketch 'old of your trousers be'ind!

*Mrs. Toov. (to the Second Brother, firmly).* Don't expect me to do anything of the sort. Go back, as your brother asks you to, you silly fellow. You shouldn't attempt such a foolhardy thing at all!

*Second Br. B. (to the First).* Oh, my! There's *such* a nice young lady in here; she's asking me to come in and set along with her! *May* I?

[*He lets himself drop astride the ledge, and wags his head at Mrs. TOOVEY, to her intense horror.*

*Mrs. Toov. (in an audible undertone).* If you don't take away that leg at once, I'll pinch it!

*Second Br. B. Eh? Not now; my brother says I mustn't. "Come round afterwards?" Well, well, we'll see! (He springs up on the ledge again, and kisses his hand to her.) Goo'bye, ducky! 'Ave no fears for me. Whoo-up!*



"Goo'bye, ducky! Ave no fears for me!"

[*He continues his tour of the balcony, amidst roars of laughter.*]

*Mrs. Toov. (falling back in the box, speechless with fury).* And *this* is the treatment Pa exposes me to—all those unmanly wretches laughing at me! But I don't care; here I stay till Pa comes. *Oh*, this smoke; I shall be poisoned by it soon! Upon my word, there's a bold hussy coming on to sing, in a man's coat and black satin knee-breeches. I'll stop my ears; they shall see there's *one* woman here who respects herself! (*She does so, during that and the subsequent performances; an hour passes.*) How much longer am I to be compelled to remain here? This is terrible; three creatures in tight red suits, got up to look like devils! I wonder they've no fear of being struck dead on the stage! They're standing on each other's stomachs. I daren't look on at such blasphemy! I'll take off my spectacles; then, at least, my eyes won't be offended by seeing anything distinctly! (*She removes her glasses, and replaces them in their case, which she lays on the box-ledge.*) They're gone, thank goodness. What's this? There's someone opening the box-door. Pa—at last! Well, I'm ready for him!

[*She stiffens in her chair.*]

*Attendant's Voice (outside).* This is Box C, Miss. Can I bring you any refreshments? Bottle-ale, stout, lemonade, Miss?

*A Female Voice.* I—I don't know. There's a gentleman with me; he'll be here directly; he only stopped to speak to somebody. Ah, he's coming now.

*Mrs. Toov.* "Miss"?! This is Pa's party, then. *Oh!!*

[*A quietly dressed, and decidedly good-looking girl enters, and starts on seeing that the box is already occupied.*]

*Mrs. Toov. (rising in towering wrath).* You were not expecting to find *me* here, Miss, I've no doubt?

*The Girl (sitting down).* No; PHIL didn't say there would be anyone else; but any friend of his I'm sure—

*Mrs. Toov.* PHIL? you dare to call him "PHIL!" Do you know who I am, you insolent girl, you? I am his Wife!

*The Girl.* His wife? I don't believe it. Are you sure you don't mean his mother. My *Phil* married to *you*, indeed—a pretty story!

*Mrs. Toov. (trembling with rage).* Go out of this box instantly, or I'll make you!

*The Girl.* I shall do nothing of the kind. Wait till my friend comes, and we'll soon—(*As the door opens.*) PHIL, PHIL, here's an abusive old female here who pretends she is your wife, and wants to order me out. I believe she must either be intoxicated or out of her senses!



*Mrs. Toov. (pouncing upon the newcomer and boxing his ears soundly).* Is she? it is you who are out of *your* senses, Pa! Take that—and *that*—and now come home with me, do you hear?

*The Newcomer (with his hand to his cheek).* "Pa," am I? I thought I was your *husband* just now! Well, I must have married before I was born, either way. And now, perhaps, you'll explain what all this means?

*Mrs. Toov. (faintly).* Oh, my goodness! I've made a dreadful mistake; it *isn't* Pa! Let me go—let me go!

*The Newc. (putting his back against the door).* Not yet, Ma'am; not yet. You don't go like this; after insulting this young lady, to whom I've the honour of being engaged, and telling her you're my wife, and then smacking my face in her presence. I've my dignity to consider, and I want satisfaction out of you. Come, we won't have a row here, for the sake of this young lady; just step out into lobby here, and I'll give you in charge for assault. Stay where you are, MILLY, my dear. Now, Ma'am, will you go, or shall I send for a constable? (*Mrs. T. totters out, protesting incoherently, and begging to be released.*) Well, I don't want to spoil my evening's pleasure on your account. You give me your name and address, and I'll simply summon you for assault; which is more than you deserve. If you won't, I'll charge you!

*Mrs. Toov. (reluctantly).* Oh, indeed it was an acc—I will *not* give you my name. Yes, yes, I will; anything to get out of this horrible place. (*The young man produces a pencil, and pulls down his left shirt cuff.*) Mrs.—Too—no, I don't mean TOO—TOMKINSON JONES—The—the Laburnums—U—upper Tooting. There, *now* are you satisfied?

*The Young Man (recording it).* Thank you, that's all *I* require. You'll hear from me later on. Good evening!

*Mrs. Toov. (as she crawls down the staircase).* I have only just saved myself by a—a *fib*! And I haven't even found Pa out. But I *will*. I'll go straight home and sit up for him!

END OF SCENE XI.



**IMPROVED GNOMENCLATURE.**

*(A popular Song adapted to the Glacial Period.)*

"ON AN ICICLE MADE FOR TWO."

**FRAGMENTS FROM A FRANCO-RUSSIAN PHRASE-BOOK.**

*(Picked up at Toulon after the recent Fêtes.)*

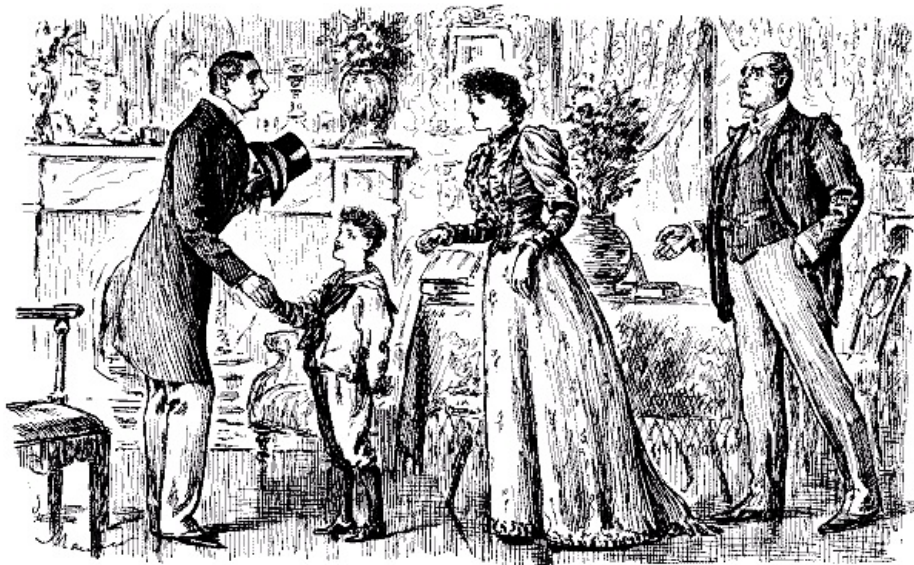
**AT THE BANQUET.**

I am glad to be next to a Russian. Believe me, France has always been the best friend of Russia.... No, *that* was not France—it was the Corsican. Altogether a different thing.... *Were* we at the Crimea? It is possible—through the perfidy of those English.... Try some of this old sherry. Your shark-fin soup is delicious.... As I was saying, we are a Republic now, and adore Liberty.... Siberia must be a charming place, and the climate ravishing. You have never been there? A pleasure to come!... Take a *carafe* of champagne—there is plenty more. We are a democratic nation, and the hearts of our populace go out to an autocrat. I know well that all autocrats are not nice—but *yours!!* Do have some more champagne.... These are *Cailles Schuvaroff*. They are Russian—so they *must* be good!... Do you know that my wife and I kissed the hands of (*ten—fifteen—fifty—two hundred*) Russian sailors through the portholes of your flagship this afternoon?... Not at all—we quite enjoyed it.... There is a proposal to present your Admiral with a model of the Tour Eiffel in brilliants. I remember it was exhibited in Paris at a franc for admission—but few people went. I wish he may get it. I subscribed ten (*Napoleons—francs—centimes*) towards the fund for presenting commemorative brooches to the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of your seamen. I hope they will all arrive quite safely.... Have you received a silver cup with a suitable inscription? Only a yellow champagne-glass with a motto! That is mean, miserable, shabby! I will speak to a waiter about it.... Why do you not drink? Fill your glass. I am filling mine.... Have you heard that our warm-hearted nation has forwarded to the Russian Fleet one hundred cases of the best blacking? The Triple Alliance is trembling in its shoes.... You drink nothing! All the same, it seems to me your Tsar might have sent *more* ships while he was about it. Yes, I repeat; more—and bigger ones. It would have been more polished. But you Russians are *not* polished; you are cold, brutal, phlegmatic. You remind me of an Englishman I once saw on the stage of the Variétés. But he had red whiskers, and said, "Aoh, yes!" You drink too much. The Russians are all intemperate—it is the climate. So long as you help us to our revenge, we do not care *what* you are. I speak quite frankly. This is a great day for France. As a Frenchman, I shall never see caviar again without a thrill of heartfelt emotion. But your shark-fin soup was disgusting—beastly. It is that which is making me so ill.... *Au revoir*, dear friend. I am going under the table for a little while—to think.

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Mrs. R. wants to know what was the classic story about Ajax and Telephone? "So," says she, "as *that* was hundreds of years ago, it isn't such a *very* new invention."

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#### UNCALLED-FOR REVELATIONS.

*Tommy (to Caller).* "OH, WE'VE BEEN HAVING SUCH FUN! PAPA HAS BEEN PUTTING ON MAMMA'S HAIR AND FRIGHTENING BABY!"

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### LITTLE MASTER MINORITY.

*A Dialogue in Dialect, some way after Bret Harte's "Jim."*

[Referring, in the course of conversation, to the deadlock in the Senate, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said:—"My opinion is that the Americans are the most patient people on the globe. Such an outcome from an organised system of obstruction would be impossible in England, which I venture to say, with my foot on New York soil, is far more democratic than America. Democracy, as I take it, means the government of the people by the people."—*The "Times" New York Correspondent, Oct. 13.*]

***Jonathan to Joseph, loquitur:—***

Say thar! P'r'aps  
You're of them chaps  
*Approve* this child,  
Who makes *me* wild!—  
*No?*—no offence:  
Thar ain't much sense  
In gittin' riled!

JOE, old chum,  
Welcome ye are!  
Say! Ye've jest come  
Up from down thar.  
Lookin' round, JOE?  
That's right, Sir! *You*  
Ain't of that crew  
Makes freedom rar'.

*Tory?* Not much,  
That ain't *my* kind:  
I ain't no such,—  
Democrat—blind!  
Rayther like *you*!

Well, this yer boy  
(With his derved toy),  
Is a fair limb.—  
Not much—in size!  
Stirs *your* surprise?—  
Wal, that *is* strange:  
*Your* nipper, now,  
Riz up some row,  
Down under thar,  
Ony this year!

Since you came here.  
You've felt a change!  
Wal, he licks *us*!  
Eh?  
*Spank him*, you say!  
*Spank?*—  
*This* little cuss?

You make me star,—  
Down under, thar,  
Minorities stop  
Truck—in your shop,  
And *you* don't rar'!  
Here, wide awake  
To our mistake.  
*Our* boy you bar!

*Spank!*—  
This—little—cuss?  
Wal, he does fuss,  
Raises a muss.  
His "Silver" whim,  
His spoutin' prank—  
(Leather-lung'd limb!)  
Does crab the swim.  
*Should* like to yank  
Him crost my knees,  
And—but thar! spank  
*Him?*

*Patient*, Sir—I?  
No democrat?  
Here, Sir, stand by!  
I can't stand *that*!  
*You* wouldn't stand  
*Him*—in your land?  
Eh?

What's that you say?  
Why, dern it!—sho!—  
Draw it mild, JOE!

Bold?  
Obstruction? Yes!  
Still, as I guess—  
Though I'll confess  
    *You're* an authority—  
'Tain't no new thing  
(*You've* had your fling!),  
    But ornery,  
    Derned old,  
Loud-lunged—Minority!  
    Little—Master—Minority!

---

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Barabbas* is a romance by MARIE CORELLI, founded upon the narrative given by the Four Evangelists. It is in three volumes, and *Barabbas* is the principal character. Oratorios have been composed musically illustrating the sacred story, mystery plays there have been showing it forth in action, but never yet have we been taken, as it were, behind the scenes, introduced to JUDAS ISCARIOT's sister, and been informed as to the motives of human action underlying "the World's Tragedy." Whether "the stock of *Barabbas*" hath been sold out or not, the Baron cannot imagine that this novel form of treating Holy Writ will ever be popular with any section of our ordinary reading public. MARIE CORELLI is a writer as picturesque as prolific, but she has wasted her time and talents on this romance. There used to be a perversion of the text, which took this form, "Now BARABBAS was—a publisher" (was it SYDNEY SMITH's jest?); but if that applies nowadays, the publisher who depended solely upon this particular work for his success would, probably, far nearer resemble ZACCHEUS than BARABBAS, inasmuch as he might find himself "up a tree."

*Catriona* is written by R. L. STEVENSON, and published in one volume by CASSELL & Co. "Aweel, aweel, mon!" quoth the Baron, after several praiseworthy attempts at mastering the Scotch dialect in which the story is told; "aweel, aweel! I am swier to leave ye, *Catriona*! But it maun be as it will; I'm nane sae muckle learned in your Scotch tongue; sae I'll e'en put doun the book, or I'll be wearyful, deil hae 't!" No: Scotch the Baron cannot manage—except taken as whiskey. But he will tell those who love the language that McSTEVENSON'S *Catriona* they will enjoy to their heart's content. All the same it remains a mystery to the Baron de B. W.

---

IN HIGH FEATHER.—It would not be fair even, for Mr. HUDSON, to define all ladies wearing feathers as "a Feather-headed Lot."

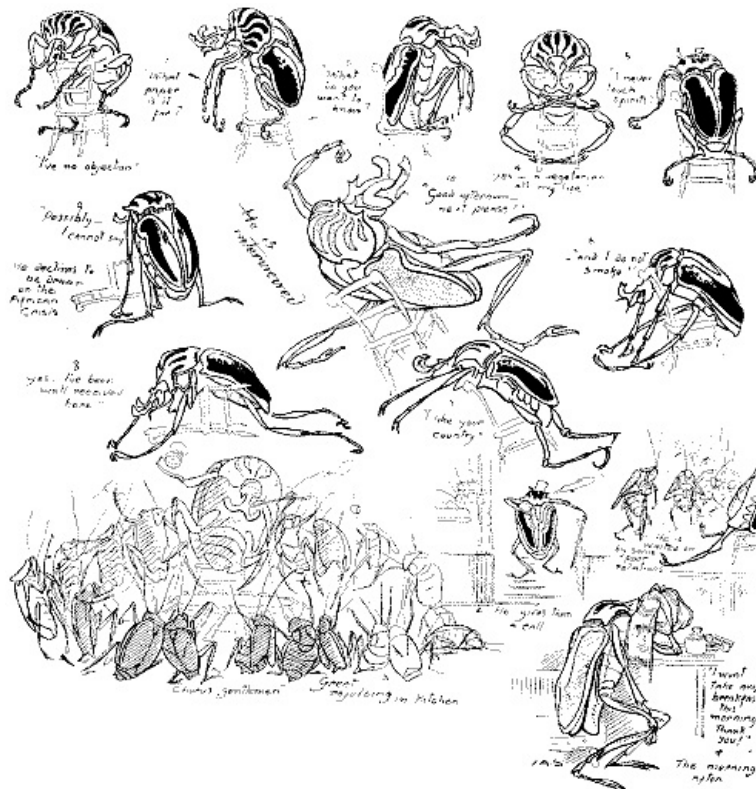
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## LITTLE MASTER MINORITY.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "WA'AL, MR. JOSEPH, I GUESS ALL YOUR SYMPATHIES ARE WITH THIS LITTLE CUSS?"

**THE BOOM IN BEETLES—THE LATEST FROM AFRICA.**



["The new arrival at the Zoo is a specimen of the Goliath Beetle from West Africa—a giant even among its own kind."—*Daily Graphic.*]

**TO A LOST FRIEND.**

**(By a Briefless Barrister.)**

No more! alas! completely gone,  
No shadow of a trace is left,  
And I have still to linger on,  
Of your companionship bereft,  
And fight the battle to the end,  
As best I may with one less friend.

It seems a cruel stroke of Fate.  
How eagerly I watched you grow!  
How much I loved you; how elate  
When other people came to know  
On what I always had insisted—  
That you in point of fact existed.

I played with you, who every day  
Grew more responsive to my touch.  
I stroked you in the gentlest way,  
With sweet caresses. Ah! how much  
We seemed, as though a child and mother,  
To be bound up in one another.

You *did* appear to like me then,  
No mere lip-service seemingly  
Was that you rendered to me when  
You never contradicted me,  
But hung upon my words, though true  
It also was they hung on you.

And then one day you disappeared,  
Cut off in life's most sunny prime.  
I missed you sadly as I feared  
And thought I should do at the time.

Though now your image comes and plain  
Grows on me sometimes once again.

Oh! my moustache! I did the deed,  
I own it frankly, I alone.  
I felt it (for it made me bleed),  
Yet still you always must have known,  
Though you were of proportions regal,  
You hardly helped me to look legal.

---

A TRIUMPH IN COOKERY.—When the Cook makes a hash of the marrow-bones.

---

"HE IS A MANN, TAKE HIM FOR ALL IN ALL, WE NEVER WANT TO LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN."  
(*Shakspeare adapted*).—It is said he is going to join the Ministry—not the  
Cabinet—but that of the Established Church. But how will so independent a  
spirit ever submit to "take orders" from an Archbishop? This is to reduce  
himself from a MANN to a Mannikin. Not likely.

---

UP TO DATE TRANSLATION.—"*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a sur le tapis?*" asked  
the Frenchman. "You mean 'what's on the tape?'" returned the  
Englishman.

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[pg 202]

### THE IDEAL DRAMA.

Oh think what a change would soon be wrought  
In sins society now condones,  
Were virtue and honesty properly taught  
By Comedy's smiles and Tragedy's groans!  
The peer, the scholar, the fool, the fop,  
Could learn deportment, high-class, tip-top,  
From a *Dancing Girl* in a *Bauble Shop*—  
At least so thinks Mr. H. A. JONES.

We shall call it "the work," and not "the play,"  
When due solemnity prompts the tones  
Of serious actors, more grave than gay;  
They may be bores, but they won't be drones.  
So learn, should you wish to have a spree,  
What your Criterion ought to be,  
Or the *Tempter* will put you up a Tree.  
Hear eloquent Mr. H. A. JONES!

Amusement? What! Do you dare to think  
That those respectable classic crones,  
Melpomene, Thalia, they should sink  
To make you laugh, like a nigger Bones?  
If you should expect to be amused,  
Your money would simply be refused,  
And you would be turned away, abused  
By furious Mr. H. A. JONES.

---



### THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

"AND WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"MARIAN WATSON. BUT MY LAST MISTRESS USED TO CALL ME MARY, BECAUSE MARIAN ISN'T A PROPER NAME FOR A SERVANT, SHE SAID."

---

### REPARTEES FOR THE RAILWAY.

"Smoking not allowed." Of course, but I am going to enjoy my cigar in silence.

"Want the window closed." Very sorry, but I can't find a cathedral.

"Find my journal a nuisance." Dear me! was under the impression it was a newspaper.

"Allow you to pass." Afraid only the Secretary can manage that for you; he alone has power to issue free tickets.

"Do I mind the draught?" Not when I am attending to the chessman.

"Do I know the station?" Of the people on the platform? Probably lower middle class.

"Is this right for Windsor?" Yes, if it's not left for somewhere else.

"Are we allowed five minutes for lunch?" Think not; but you can have sandwiches at the counter.

"Isn't this first-class?" Quite excellent—first-rate—couldn't be better!

"I want to go second." Then you had better follow me.

"I am third." Indeed! And who were first and second?

"I think this must be London." Very likely; if it is, it mustn't be anywhere else.

---

A CRY TO WHYMPER.—Last Wednesday Mr. EDWARD WHYMPER lectured at the Birkbeck. His subject was "*Twenty thousand feet above the Sea.*" "That's ten thousand pairs of boots!" writes our shoemaker. "Wish I'd had the order! Well, well, soled again!"

---

### A WALK IN DEVON.

## PART I.—THE START.

### *Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.*

#### *The Cottage, Burrow-in-the-Corner, Devon.*

Went out for a walk just now; nothing remarkable in that; the wonder came in when I got back. Present postal address given at head of this note. The Cottage is there all right, but where the township, hamlet, village, or whatever Burrow-in-the-Corner may be, is situated, haven't the least idea, and I've tramped pretty well round the country. The Cottage stands at four cross roads, on the top of a hill. Specks in the distance, in the valley and on the hillsides, understood to be farm-houses. Three miles off is Tipperton; it is approached from this point by a steep hill: most convenient way of getting to bottom is to lie down on top and roll; some people said to have become adepts in practise; can even enjoy quiet sleep on the way, and pull up at the very shop in High Street where they have business. So it is said; but I rarely see any people about Burrow-in-the-Corner; so how can they approach Tipperton in this or other way? The only persons that pass The Cottage palings are men who stop to ask their way. The population is sparse, and seems to fill up its time by losing itself. This should have been a warning to me, but it wasn't.

The Cottage been standing here for at least two hundred years. Began life as a smithy; only recently retired from business. The initials of one of its tenants are "R. B." He has carved the letters on the front door, with the date, 1813, following it. Fancy he must have been pretty old then, for, two years later, he cuts his initials again with date 1815; the writing quite shaky; possibly he had heard of Waterloo, and his hand was tremulous with patriotic joy. On second thought, that improbable. News of Waterloo not likely to have reached Burrow-in-the-Corner within limit of twelve months.

The smithy still stands as "R. B." left it when his bellows blew their last gasp. The Cottage itself transformed. The thatched roof remains; also the whitewashed walls, the porch, the little windows embayed in thick walls, which quite naturally form window-seats, where, if you take care not to bang your head, you may sit at ease, and look out over the swelling upland—rich red where it has just been ploughed; for the most part green pastures trending down to the Exe, a silver stream, rippling on to the sea, reckless of all it will pass through before it joins it. We have a parlour, but prefer to sit in the kitchen, a dainty room with gleaming dark-red sideboard; a kitchener, polished to distraction, so that looking-glasses are superfluities; a piano in recess by fireplace; a chimney-piece, on which gleam copper pans, brass candlesticks, and pewter plates, with their initials and ancient birth-dates polished almost out of sight; white-curtained windows, bright with begonias and cyclamen; a low ceiling, supported by a pragmatICAL beam, strictly conforming to the regulation that forbids a straight line in the room.

Have discovered that kitchen is best place in house to dine in; only drawback is that everything served so unexpectedly hot, new-comers scald themselves. Soon grow used to it, and to get grilled mushrooms served really hot is compensation for inconvenience. As for pancakes (made with freshly-laid eggs), begin to think I never tasted the real delicacy before. Your true pancake, as BRILLAT-SAVARIN omitted to say in his well-known treatise, should be eaten to the music of the one in the pan preparing to follow. When we go back to town, mean to ask servants to sit in dining-room whilst we dine in kitchen.

When I speak of going back to town, of course I imply the certainty of being able to find our way out of Burrow-in-the-Corner to nearest railway station.

Seems a good deal to have four cross roads all to yourself at your front door. The Cottage scarcely of sufficient importance to justify such lavish accommodation. But in these parts the amount of arable land wasted in roads and lanes is almost criminal. It was a Saturday evening when I went out to find the post-office. Nothing seemed plainer than instructions.





LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 2. PHEASANT SHOOTING.

[pg 204]

"Go straight down the road facing you, and you'll come to a church. Close by it is a house; letter-box inserted in side of house; box painted red, you know."

Of course I knew; set off with a light heart and handful of letters. A little way down high road, on right-hand side, lane suddenly opened and delved downwards, its sinuous course embowered in trees; where they failed, barricaded with hedges. High road seemed originally bent upon taking this direction; changed its mind; turned abruptly to left. Suppose a few traps driven down hill must occasionally have taken this dip; feeble attempt to avoid too frequent recurrence of accident made by setting posts on line of high road, and painting tops white. If, after this, anyone on pitch-dark night mistakes road, only themselves to blame. Other roads and lanes perplexingly branching out to right and left at short intervals; kept on steadily till church came in view; found the house; not difficult, as there was only one; also discovered letter-box painted red. Twenty minutes to five was hour for clearing box; barely that; posted letters. Turning away when observed remark on letter-box, "Next collection Monday."

Pretty go, this; postman evidently been before his time; no sign of him on wide expanse. Looking round perceived Elderly Gentleman sitting in garden behind house; doubtless this was the householder; apparently had anticipated Sunday by putting on best clothes; black frock coat, getting brown about the seams; high collar, nearly covering black stock; black waistcoat, which seemed to belong to other suit than the coat; (was buttoned close up over stock, whilst coat, with generous lapels folded back, buttoned low down); brown trousers, a little short in leg; stout green umbrella under left arm. Elderly Gentleman was sitting on rustic bench, with cup of cider at hand, and expression of serene content on his wrinkled face. A quaintly-coloured cup, with two handles close together, presumably with view to taking a good pull at contents. "Bin my grandfather's," he said, looking at it with affection, and incidentally half emptying it. There was a motto roughly scrawled by the potter; Elderly Gentleman read it to me:

Erth I am et es most trew,  
Disdain me not for so be yew.

Thus it was spelled, but no one born out of Devon could convey the tremendous sound of the *u* in the rhyming words. This peculiar to the soil; even barndoor fowls have it; notice that gamecock at The Cottage when it wakes me early in the morning, always shrilly pipes "cock-a-doodle-dew!" Asked Elderly Gentleman if he lived here? Born in the house, he said. Was he going for a walk? No, only sitting about. Then why the umbrella? Ah! he always took it out of drawer with his Sunday clothes, and put it under his arm, if he was only sitting in the garden.

But that's another story, told me after we had caught the postman.

## "THE ART OF 'SAVOY FARE.'"

Mr. D'OYLY CARTE is to be heartily congratulated on his brilliant mounting of Messrs. GILLIVAN and SULBERT'S most recent production entitled *Utopia (Limited)*. "Limited" it is in more senses than one. As there was, according to the immortal *Cyrus Bantam, M.C.*, when he was giving his information to *Mr. Pickwick*, "nobody old or ugly in Ba-ath," so there is on "the spindle side" no one old or ugly on the stage of the Savoy Theatre. And this, too, with a difference, applies to Sir

ARTHUR's music, in which if there be nothing particularly new—and the old familiar friends receive the heartiest welcome—there is at all events nothing dull, even though it may "hardly ever" rise above mere commonplace. Occasionally there is a snatch of sweet melody that brings to mind the composer's happiest inspirations, whether in oratorio or burlesque.

As to dramatic plot—well, strictly speaking, there is none; and it would be difficult to name a single telling "situation," in *Utopia (Limited)*. The Monarch of Utopia wishes to introduce English customs into his kingdom; there is a court party opposed to this innovation: that's the essence of it. In the First Act the one hit, is the introduction of *Captain Corcoran* from *The Pinafore* of years ago, and the repetition of the once popular catch-phrase about "What never?" and "Hardly ever," which, taken as applying to our most recent tragical ironclad disaster, is thoroughly appreciated. Beyond this, as far as dialogue and music go, in the First Act there is very little anyone would care to "carry away with him" after a first visit. And if that little were carried away the residuum would offer scant attraction.



THE UNION OF ARTS. "Again we come to thee, Savoy."—*Old Duet.*

As for the Second Act, with its Royal Drawing-room scene, its splendid costumes, and its mimicry of Court etiquette, have we not witnessed a similar spectacle on a larger scale in a Drury Lane Pantomime, not so very many years ago? And was not that arranged by the same artistic stage-manager, who is now, by a wise dispensation of theatrical providence, in command at the Savoy, yclept Mr. CHARLES HARRIS? I fancy the Drury Lane Pantomime had the best of it in point of broad fun, as, if I remember right, HERBERT CAMPBELL was the Queen, and HARRY NICHOLLS the King. Before this scene is the principal hit of the Second Act, when the King, Mr. BARRINGTON,—to whom author and composer are under considerable obligations for the success of the piece, and without whose acting, dancing, and singing the entertainment would fare indifferently well,—with his counsellors, an admiral, a Lord Chamberlain, and so forth, place their chairs in a row, and detaching from the back of each seat a musical instrument, turn themselves into a St. James's ("Hall" not "Court") Christy Minstrel Company, Unlimited, of which Mr. BARRINGTON, as the *Mr. Johnson*, is the life and soul. Is this the remarkably original creation of the united intellects of MESSRS. GILBERT and SULLIVAN? Have they ever heard of, or did either of them ever see a burlesque entitled *Black Eye'd Susan* at the Royalty, which ran a long way over six hundred nights, and in later days was revived at the Opera Comique and elsewhere? I will quote from the *Times'* notice of that burlesque:—

"The court-martial arranged after the fashion of the Christy's orchestra, every admiral being dressed in a colour corresponding to his title, an actual 'nigger' figuring as Admiral of the Black, is another odd device which keeps the audience in a roar."

And it is this "odd device," with a Lord Chancellor, if I remember right, or some legal luminary in black, for one of the "corner men," which is, after all is said, sung, and done, just the one thing (of the two in the show) that brings down the house, and is applauded to the echo as the outcome of the combined whimsical originality of MESSRS. GILBERT and SULLIVAN! Imitation being the sincerest flattery, the author of *Black Eye'd Susan* must be indeed gratified by this tribute to his original success paid by the librettist and the composer of *Utopia*, and having no further use for this particular bit of humour, he will, no doubt, be willing to make a present of it, free of charge, for nightly use, to the distinguished Savoyards as a practical congratulation to the pair of them

on their return to the scene of some of their former triumphs.

Mr. BARRINGTON is the life and soul of the show; withdraw him, and then there would be precious little left to draw, excepting, of course, the *mise en scène*, due to Messrs. HARRIS and CARTE, if I may put the HARRIS before the CARTE,—and to the Scenic Artist, CRAVEN. Nor must I forget to mention the Electric Lightists, Messrs. LYONS and KERR, which last is a queer combination of names, from the king of the forest to the lowest of snappy dogs. Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM is, of course, excellent in what she has to do, and Miss NANCY McINTOSH is equal to the occasion of her appearance. PERCY ANDERSON'S costumes are gorgeous and artistic; and to the "Parisian Diamond Company" are due the gems of the piece. The dances are by the ever fertile and agile D'AUBAN, and everybody who has contributed to the success of the show obtains honourable mention in the neat programme-card.

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"Inquirer" writes: "I see an advertisement of a series called '*The Aldine Poets*.' Exceptional bards I suppose, as I was always given to understand that poets rarely eat anything. Will this series be followed by '*The Allunch Poets*,' '*The Allbreakfast Poets*,' and '*The Allsup Poets*? The last-mentioned, of course, will sing in praise of ALLSUP'S Ale."

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**Transcriber's Note:**

Sundry damaged or missing punctuation has been repaired.

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

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

Page 196: 'wav' corrected to 'way'

"There's no entrance to the music-hall this way."

Page 197: 'champage' corrected to 'champagne'

"Take a *carafe* of champagne—there is plenty more."

Page 204: 'aRd' corrected to 'and'

"What never?" and "Hardly ever," which, taken as applying to our most recent tragical ironclad disaster, is thoroughly appreciated.

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