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November 11, 1893, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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## **Punch, or the London Charivari**

**Volume 105, November 11th 1893**

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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### **POLICE PROTECTION FOR PIANISTS!!**

MADE NECESSARY BY THE ANTICS OF THE PADDED-ROOMSKI DEVOTEES AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, WHO RUSH AT, TRY TO EMBRACE, AND DECK WITH ROSES, A CERTAIN MASTER WHENEVER HE APPEARS.

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**A QUESTION OF TINT.**

**["Who will paint London?"—*Daily News.*]**

What a question to ask! If the colour be blue,  
A batch of our London Minervas will do:  
For each one will dye—the allusion is shocking—  
Our town and its streets with the tint of her stocking.  
Our pessimist frauds and the Ibsensite pack  
Will groan as they thickly bedaub it in black.  
Asiatic Sir EDWIN, the Poet of Light,  
He will wipe out their work, and arrange it in white.  
Then the Company-gulls will arrive on the scene,  
And, *presto*, the colour of London is green.  
And a rare crew of "Johnnies" will stay out of bed  
Till the daylight appears, while they paint the town  
red.  
In fact—and you'll thank me for giving the hint—  
Painting London is merely a question of tint.

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MRS. R. cannot call to mind where the original picture of "*The Waterloo Blanket*" is to be seen.

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**THE NOBLE ORGAN-GRINDER.**

["Lord BRASSEY never goes on a cruise, however short, without taking with him a very costly barrel-organ. He plays on it regularly for some time every evening, as he finds it a congenial form of exercise and amusement."—*The World.*]

Grinder, when serenely grinding  
On your yacht the Hundredth Psalm,  
Tell me, are you truly finding  
In this work congenial charm?

"Music hath" (an old quotation)  
"Charms to soothe the savage breast,"  
Think how you might lull some nation  
Into dilettante rest.

GRINDER, gentle-hearted Grinder,  
Try the savage who has spurned  
Culture, for he might grow kinder,  
Soothed by barrel deftly turned.

Matabele LOBENGULA  
(Accent on penultimate)  
Might be made by music, you'll a-  
gree, a model potentate.

ORPHEUS like, you might so charm him  
That a mere Mashona child's  
Hand could easily disarm him  
In those equatorial wilds.

He would cease to wear his skimpy  
Kilts that leave his legs half bare,  
He would soon disband his *impi*;  
Culture then would be his care.

Suits of dittos clothe this whopper;  
Patent leather boots be got;  
You might lead him—"smash, my topper!"—  
Even to a chimney-pot.

He would have a daily paper,  
Standard authors sold in parts,  
Shops of tailor, hatter, draper,  
An Academy of Arts.

He would teach, by plays, the loyal  
Folk on marsh or fertile plain,  
Opening a Theatre Royal,  
Where they've only Reeds and Grain.

And, till death made him a *Morgue* 'un,  
WAGNER, BRAHMS and GREIG no doubt

He would doat on—then your organ  
Might be ruthlessly chucked out.

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## THE CENTRAL HALL OF THE LAW COURTS.

O barristers' wigs from far and wide  
You gather anew!  
The Strand, like meadow with daisies pied,  
Is dotted with you.

You crowd the courts, so stuffy, so small,  
So awkwardly placed;  
You don't go into the Central Hall—  
Magnificent waste!

That thing of beauty was meant to be  
For ever a joy,  
Just built to accommodate, as we see,  
One messenger boy.

Proud emblem he of the empire's might,  
That thus, for a whim,  
Spent pounds in thousands with such delight  
Just to shelter him.

The courts are draughty, the courts are dark,  
The passages small,  
And witness, client, solicitor, clerk,  
Are squeezed in them all.

Those lancet windows on winding stairs  
Don't help one to see;  
A falling Commissioner even swears  
Without any fee.

Still though we stumble and though we're squeezed,  
We all recollect  
That deserted Hall, and we're truly pleased  
With it's fine effect.

The vacant acre of paving there  
Should never annoy,  
It has one occupant, we 're aware—  
That messenger boy.

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## SONG OF THE AUTUMN SESSION.

(BY A RELUCTANTLY RETURNED M.P.)

*AIR—"O! that will be joyful!"*

HERE we suffer grief and pain,  
Here we part to meet again:  
No field, no copse, no moor!  
O! it will be jawful,  
Jawful, jawful, jawful!  
O! isn't it awful?  
Autumn Meet's an awful bore!

All who hate the "Lords," you know,  
Swear this misery below,  
We owe to peers above!  
O! that, &c.

We'll be lammed by LABOUCHERE,  
Who the Afric strife will swear  
Is due to RHODES's rule.  
O! won't *he* be jawful, &c.

ASHMEAD, too, will strive to prove  
Freedom, prestige, all we love  
We'll lose to gain no more,  
Through GLADSTONE the jawful, &c.

O! how weary we shall be,  
Ere the two Big Bills, or three,  
Are passed and Peer-wards gone!  
O! WEG will be jawful, &c.

Then the Rads will shout with joy,  
And the short Recess employ,  
In larrupping the Lords!  
O! won't *they* be jawful?—  
Awful, awful, awful!  
It shouldn't be lawful  
Autumn Meets to summon more!

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THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.—WAT TYLER is avenged—upon wicked WALWORTH, and unfair history. A namesake of his is to be Lord Mayor of London! All we want now is, that the Right Hon. Mr. JOHN CADE (of Birmingham?) should be made Prime Minister.

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## DR. DULCAMARA UP TO DATE; OR, WANTED A QUACK-QUELCHER.

[*"The jury, in giving their verdict, strongly censured the gross ignorance of the accused, and regretted that there was no law to prevent them from practising surgery."*]



*Mr. Punch sings, sotto voce:—*

*Begone, Dulcamara,  
I prythee begone from me!  
Begone, Dulcamara,  
Thou and I will never agree!*

*AGREE?* By all good powers, no! no more than oil and water!  
For to the conscious humbug honest wrath should give no quarter;

And if *Punch's* ready *bâton* lays its thwacks on any backs  
With special zest, it is on those of charlatans and quacks.

Quack! Quack! Quack! Oh the pestilential pack!  
If there is a loathsome chorus, it is Quack! Quack! Quack!

But the Quacks are having high old times in these peculiar

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days,  
 And gulls mistake their horrid din, 'twould seem, for  
 pleasant lays.  
 We are quacked into distraction by unchastened power of  
 Jaw,  
 Assisted by Advertisement and unrestrained by Law.  
 Dulcamara up to date is no longer poor or petty,  
 The pompous, brainless charlatan pictured by DONIZETTI,  
 He outshines, out-talks, out-thumps, out-cheats, out-  
 swaggers, and out-dresses,  
 With his nauseous, noxious nostrums, and his nasty,  
 mucky messes.  
 Quack! Quack! Quack! He may quack the donkeys dead,  
 Their coin out of their purses and their eyes out of their  
 head,  
 Their brains into sheer softening, their bodies to the  
 grave,  
 But *he* flourishes unpunished. Is there *nothing* then to  
 save  
 The noodles from his ignorance and knavery and bounce?  
 No law to lay him by the heels, no hangman's whip to  
 trounce,  
 No pillory to gibbet the false fortune-piling pack  
 Who poison, maim, and madden with their Quack! Quack!  
 Quack?

Dulcamara stands defiant, while his drum the live air fills  
 With praise of his appliances, his potions, and his pills.  
 With sham science for his shield, venal literature and art  
 For his touts and advertisers, he can bravely play his part.  
 The comic man will clown for him, if adequately paid,  
 And the poet and the painter puff his wares and push his  
 trade.

He's proudly testimonialised; folly or purchased cunning  
 Crack up his nastiest nostrums, keep his worst deceptions  
 running.

He will bleed you and blackmail you, if you're weak as  
 well as wealthy,

Impoverish *and* drench you, aye, do aught—save leave you  
 healthy.

For 'tis quack, quack, quack! and 'tis drum, drum, drum!  
 And Dulcamara—when not *worse*—is safe to prove a hum!

Quack! Quack! Quack! It is time that cry to quelch  
 By Law—or else to treat the quacks like sorry rogues who  
 "welsh";

And if Dulcamara's really safe, until the Law they alter,  
 Why honest men must see to it, nor in their purpose falter  
 Till rascals of "gross ignorance," in foul gregarious pack,  
 Can no longer *safely* victimise with quack, quack, quack!



THE LION AT HOME.

*The Hope and Pride of the Family (just home from the Grand Tour).* "OH, REALLY, YOU KNOW, THE MEN ONE MEETS IN SOME OF THOSE PLACES OUT WEST! I SAID TO MYSELF EVERY NIGHT, 'WELL, THANK HEAVEN I HAVEN'T SHOT ANYBODY!'"

*Fond and Nervous Mother.* "YOU MEAN, THANK HEAVEN NOBODY SHOT YOU, DON'T YOU, DEAR?"

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## A WORD TO THE WISE WHEELMAN.

THE SPEAKER, at Warwick, said that "the bicyclists of the day are debilitating and degenerating the human race by the way in which they stoop over their work." The wheelmen would probably retort that, like GOLDSMITH'S sprightly heroine, they "stoop to conquer." And we are not yet *all* wheelmen. Still, the SPEAKER has hit a blot in the contemporary Cyclomania. Few things are more unlovely than the "Bicyclist's Bend." Record-cutting would be purchased dearly at the cost of making men look like camels; and if success on the cinderpath or the road involved giving humanity at large "the hump," one would stigmatise the Cycle Race as the *Inhuman* Race. Let us hope the SPEAKER'S sharp words will make our stooping cyclists "sit up"—in other than the slangy sense of the phrase.

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## Birds of Pray.

We're told a cormorant sits, and doth not tire,  
For a whole month, perched upon Newark spire!  
VINNY BOURNE'S jackdaw's beaten, it is clear.  
Yet there *are* cormorants who, year after year,  
Perch in the Church. But these omnivorous people  
Favour the pulpit mostly, not the steeple.  
Thrivers upon fat livings find, no doubt,  
Cormorant within is cosier than without.

---

CREAM OF THE CREAM.—"London Society proper"—we are informed by Lady CHARLES BERESFORD—consists of no more than thirty or forty families! And how about London Society *improper*? Is *that* equally sparse and exclusive? And—terrible thought!—crucial question!—is it possible that the two orders *overlap* at all? That there are any "noble swells" who belong to both?

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THE GOVERNMENT'S PUBLIC POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA (ACCORDING TO MR. SYDNEY BUXTON).—*Not* "CARRINGTON'S Entire"!

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## UNDER THE ROSE.

(*A Story in Scenes*).

SCENE XIII.—"*Behind*" at the Eldorado. TIME—about 10 P.M.; *the Stage at the back of the Scene-cloth is in partial darkness; in the centre, a pile of lumber and properties. Bare whitewashed brick walls; at one side, two canvas cabins for the Lady-Artistes to change their costumes; near them a deal table, with a jug and glasses. At one of the wings, behind the proscenium, a shelf and small mirror, at which the Comedians can arrange their make-up, and a frame, in which a placard, with each Artiste's number, is inserted before his or her entrance. A "turn" has just been concluded, and the Stage is clear.*

*The Stage-Manager (bustling up to Footman, in crimson plush breeches).* Now then, look alive, there, can't you, they're getting impatient in front. Why don't you change the number?

*Footman (with aggrieved dignity).* Because, Sir, Mr. ALF REDBEAK ought to come on, by rights, and, not 'aving chosen to appear yet, I think you'll see yourself, on reflection, as it would be totally—

*Stage-M.* Well, don't argue about it; here's Miss LUSHBOY ready to go on, put *her* number up!

*Footm.* I always understood it was the regulation 'ere that no number was to be put up until the band-parts were passed into the orchestra; which Miss LUSHBOY'S music most certainly has not been handed in yet, and, that bein' so—

*Stage-M.* You can spare a good yard off that tongue of yours, you can; put Miss LUSHBOY'S number up, and—Ah, here comes Mr. REDBEAK; never mind.

*Enter Mr. REDBEAK, breathless.*

*Mr. Redbeak.* Phew! I've had a job to get 'ere in time, I can tell you. (*The Orchestra strikes up.*) 'Ullo, *that ain't mine.* (*To Footman.*) What are you about? Put up my number—sharp, now!

*Miss Lushboy* (to Footman). Here, let me go on; I've been messing about long enough. What are you taking my number out for?

*Footm.* Now, look 'ere, Miss, I can't please everybody! (*Indicating Stage-Manager.*) You are as well aware as what I am that it's for *him* to give the word 'ere, not me. I'm on'y actin' under what —

*Mr. Redb.* It's crule, you know, that's what it is—crule. I've got to go right across London for my next turn, and—

*The Stage-M. (returning).* What the blazes are we waiting for *now*? ALF, dear boy, you should come up to time. (*To Footman.*) Why don't you do as you're told? You're getting too big for your boots, it strikes me! (*To Miss LUSHBOY.*) There, go on, my dear, go on.

[Miss L. *bounds on to the stage, and begins her song.*

*Mr. Redb. (to Footman).* I've got a bone to pick with you, old feller. Don't you go wool-gatherin' to-night, as you did last. I've told you till I'm tired that when you see me chuck this property piecrust into the wings you've got to throw down these fire-irons—it's a safe laugh every time it comes off, and you know 'ow important it is, and yet you forget it nine times out of ten! What's the good of me thinkin' out my business when you go and crab it for me?

*Footm. (pathetically).* Mr. REDBEAK, Sir, you'll excuse me, but I'm on'y one man 'ere, I ain't a 'undred. *Don't* thank 'eaven for it, Sir, it's 'ard when a man as tries to do his best, and with all my responsibilities on him—

*Mr. Redb. (impatiently).* Oh, cheese it; you're not on a stool in 'Ide Park, are you? I'm only *tellin'* you.

*Miss L. (on stage, singing chorus).*

Say, boys, say, if you'd like to come. Who's for a merry old "Tiddley-um?"  
Fall in behind, and we'll all get "blind," before they close the pub!  
You're not jays, so you won't refuse. Join our band, for we're on the  
booze,  
And you'll see some larks with the rollicking sparks of the Rowdy  
Razzle Club!

(*Here she capers off, brandishing a gibus, and has a difficulty in opening the practicable door in the wing. To Footman.*) There you are *again*! How often am I to tell you to keep that wood open for my dance off? I break my fingers over it every blessed night, and lose my encore as well!

*Footm.* I'm exceedingly sorry, miss, but the fact of the matter is my attention was took off at the time owing to—

*Miss L.* Oh, hold *your* jaw, do.

*Footm. (to himself).* I'm to hold my jaw! Oh, these hartistes, they lead me a dorg's life among 'em!

*Mr. Redb. (touching Miss L.'s coat as she passes).* What's that badge you're wearing? Salvation Army, Temperance, Primrose League, or what?

*Miss L.* No, only the colours of the Balls Pond Football Team; they presented them to me the other day. I told them *I* didn't play football.

*Mr. Redb.* You're pretty fair at the 'igh kick though, ain't you? There, there. 'Alf time. Goin' on again?

*Miss L.* With a cold like mine? Not likely. Just look at my tongue! (*She protrudes the tip of an indigo-coloured tongue for his inspection.*)

*Mr. Redb. (concerned).* Why, it's like one o' those Chow-chow dogs, I'm blest if it isn't! You *are* off colour to-night, no mistake!

*Miss L.* Oh, that's the remedy, not the disease—liquorice, you know.

*Stage-M.* Now, ALF, if you're in such a hurry, go on. Cut it as short as you like—no extra turns to-night.

*Mr. Redb.* No fear. Oh dear, oh dear, such a rush as it is!

[*He goes on grumbling.*

*A Small Boy (who has been sitting patiently on a chair by the wing—to Stage-Manager).* If you please, Sir, will Mr. WILDFIRE want me to-night?

*Miss L.* Want you, indeed, you silly kid! What would Mr. WILDFIRE want a shrimp like you for?

*The Boy.* If he's going to do the Sandwich Man 'ere to-night, he'll want me, *I* know. Why, it all *depends* on me, that song does. (*To Stage-M.*) *Is* he going to do the Sandwich Man to-night, Sir?

*Stage-M.* Oh, don't bother me; wait till he comes and you'll find out. (*To Miss L.*) I suppose you've heard he's talking of not renewing his engagement after to-night—giving up the halls altogether!

*Miss L.* And no great loss either! I don't see anything particular about his songs myself. As for all that gas about his raising the tone of the halls, it's sickening. Anyone would suppose we *lowered* it!

*Miss Cissie Cinders* (*coming out of a dressing-cabin, in a battered old velvet hat and broken feathers, with her face smudged*). Who's that you're talking about? WILDFIRE? Ah, my dear, this 'Igh Art and Littery rot'll be the ruin of the 'alls—him and his articles in the swell magazines, praising us all up—he can keep his praises to himself—I don't want 'em! I've never set up to refine the public myself, or else I could fake it easy enough!

[*She passes on to stage.*]

*Mr. Gus. Tadman* (*Variety Vocalist*). We could all do it, come to that. But there, he won't last, you'll see. Why, look at the 'it I made with my "*Rorty Naughty Nell*"! That *was* a good song if you like, and well-written, mind yer. But lor, it's clean forgotten now. I 'ear WILDFIRE'S bringing out a play to-night at the Hilarity, it'll serve him right if it gets the bird, going back on his own profession like that! (*To Miss CINDERS, who has just sung.*) House cold to-night?

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*Miss Cinders* (*in a temper*). Cold, it's like singing to a lot of 'ap'ny ices! I used to have the choruses all sung for me when I brought out that song first; and now they've let me go off without a 'and! We shall see whether they'll rise to WILDFIRE to-night. Ah, here he is. Actually coming up to speak to us; there's an honour!

*Miss Betsy Beno* (*to WILDFIRE, as he passes the table where she is sitting waiting for her turn*). 'Ere, WATTY, old man, stop and 'ave a drop along of me. Do—there's plenty 'ere! (*as WILDFIRE excuses himself laughingly*). Well, I'm sure—refusing to drink when a lady goes out of her way to ask him—he hasn't the manners of a pig! And I draw my sixty quid a week the same as he does!

*Mr. Tadman.* Well, dear boy, how's the play getting on? Not a frost, I hope?

*Wildfire.* No; I just looked in on my way from the Val. here, and they seemed to think it was all right; but I couldn't stay till the finish. They're going to send round and let me know. (*To the Small Boy, who has approached anxiously.*) Oh, there you are, youngster! Yes, I shall want you—for the last time, you know.



"It's like singing to a lot of 'ap'ny ices!"

*The Boy.* Why, you—you ain't going to take the part away from me, Sir, when I created it, too!

*Wildf.* (*patting his shoulder kindly*). I'm giving up singing altogether—that's why. Never mind; I'll see it makes no difference to you, so don't you distress yourself. We'll find you something or other to do.

*The Boy* (*with a gulp*). If I ain't going to be with *you* any more, I—I don't care *what* 'appens, Sir. I'd as soon throw up the perfession myself, I would!

[*He turns away into a dark corner.*]

*Wildf.* (*to himself, as he goes to the wing*). Nice boy that; didn't think he'd care so much; must keep an eye on him. *Flattery* must be over now. I wish I could have stayed to see it out; it was going magnificently; but there were some rather risky scenes ahead. Still, I believe it's a success; and, if it is, I shall have done with all this for ever after to-night. I can go to ALTHEA and tell her, without— By Jove! wasn't it to-night that Old TOOVEY was to be in front? I wonder what he'll think of it. (*He looks at himself in the mirror.*) He'll have some difficulty in recognising me in this get up. Well, I shall know on Monday. (*He goes on, and sings; then rushes back to the wing to change his costume, with the assistance of his dresser.*) Yes, the coat, now, dresser, please. (*To himself, as he paints some lines on his face.*) I couldn't see anyone at all like old TOOVEY. Very odd! They must have sent him the box, I suppose. Well, it doesn't matter; if he didn't think it necessary to come, so much the better. (*Aloud.*) Wigpaste, please. Now the boards. All right—I'm ready. (*To the Boy.*) Now, youngster, look out for your cue.

[*He goes on.*]

*The Limelight Man* (*up in the flies—to himself*). What's wrong with Mr. WILDFIRE? He as nearly broke down just now as—and I can't keep the limelight on him nohow to-night! He can't have



been drinking—he ain't *that* sort. But he do look bad—it's as much as ever he can do to go through with it; somethink's given him a turn.

*Wildfire (to himself, as he goes back to the wing, unsteadily).* She's here—and, what's worse, she's recognised me! She must have, or she would never have looked like that. If I could only have told her first; but, to discover it like this,—she'll think I meant to— (*He pitches away his boards in a fury.*) Well, I've done for myself—it's all over! (*To his dresser.*) A note, eh?

[*He opens it, and reads the contents mechanically; Mr. TADMAN and one or two other artistes come up with curiosity on seeing his expression.*

*Tadm.* Why, *WILDFIRE*, old man, what's this? Play gone wrong? Never mind, dear boy, we can't have everything. But what's the report, eh?

*Wildf. (impatiently).* Oh, I don't know. What does it matter now? (*He lets the note fall.*) There, you can read it if you want to know.

[*He walks away.*

*Tadm. (with complacency).* Poor chap, he's hard hit! But I could have told him it wasn't to be expected that— (*He picks up the note, and reads it with a falling jaw.*) Hullo! What's the meaning of this? It says the piece is a tremendous go—safe for a long run—had to raise the rag again and again. Why, he'll make his fortune over this alone; and yet, look at him! (*Pointing to WILDFIRE, who has seated himself on the pile of lumber, in utter dejection.*) And all those fools in front clapping and stamping for him to come on again. What *more* does the feller want, I wonder!

END OF SCENE XIII.

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UNION IS (LOGICAL) WEAKNESS.—The Congregational Union lays it down as a law, "that the rights of humanity must take precedence of those of property." We fear this admirable maxim (like equally admirable Charity) might be made to cover a multitude of sins, from petty larceny to anarchism. Would it be consonant with the "rights of humanity," for, say, a Congregational Unionist to object to a poor tramp stealing his best umbrella on a wet day?

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## ROBERT ON THE COMING SHO.

WELL, here we are just about gitting to the bend of our City Year, when we changes our raining Sovverain, altho he is but twelve munse old, and takes on a new one, for better or wuss as the case may be, and in this case I most suttently thinks that it would be werry differcult indeed to change for a better, for it tisen't not only me and all my tribe, as *Shylock* calls us, but all the many hundreds, if not thowsends, as has had a share of the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE'S noble ospitality, must all agree that a more liberaller, or hospitaler, or hopen artider Gent never entered the honored Manshun House than him who to ewerybody's regret is a going next week for to leave it!



Why, I ardlly expecs to be beleeved when I says as we have sumtimes had as many as three or fore grand Bankwets in one week, and the LORD MARE woud get up as usual the nex morning as if he thort nothink of it! No more he did, no not ewen when the King of DENMARK himself came and dined with him at Gildall, and explained to him all about the unfortnet death of *Prince Hamlet!*

I do hear as we are to have such a Lord Mare's Sho as we ain't offen had, including, above all things that nobody coudn't have emagined, nothink less than a reel copy of the grand New Tower Bridge, and if that won't be a site for the estonished Multitood praps somebody will kindly tell me what woud be.

There was a tork of asking all the Roossian Sailors, who has been a having sitch a jolly time of it in France, to run over and jine the Sho first and the Bankwet arterwards, but it was werry doutful whether ewen all the Haldermen, much less all the Common Counselmen, coud have chatted away with them in their own native tung, so the idear was given up in favour of Fire engines and Fire men.

I've seen a goodish many Lord Mare's Shos in my time, and hopes to see a few more, in spite of the gellous growls of another body of gents as shall be nameless, but it woud suttently be a grand joke to see the gellous body elluded to coming out in a London County show of their own, amid the skoffs and jiers and larfter of the emused Metrolopus!

ROBERT.

## THE "OBERLAND" ROUTE.

[“A scheme for making a waterway between Switserland and the Adriatic is to be submitted to the Federal Government at no very distant date.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

*British Minister, Bern, to Lord Rosebery, London.*—A MR. JONES, who says he's a British subject, went up Pilatus to get view. Didn't get it. Also complains of overcharge for candles at his hotel. Have demanded immediate satisfaction from Swiss Government. Please send Mediterranean Squadron to Locarno.

*Lord Rosebery, London, to British Minister, Bern.*—Can't spare the Squadron. Won't a gunboat do? You may speak strongly to Swiss Government. Tell them insult to JONES is insult to England. Meanwhile, wire best route for fleet to get up to Bern, if necessary. Don't see it on map.

*Brit. Min., B., to Lord R.*—Owing to Mediterranean Squadron not having appeared at Locarno, Swiss Government very aggressive. Passenger steamers on Lakes of Geneva, Thun, and Lucerne being converted into a fleet. Special new *corps d'armée* formed from Chamounix guides and patriotic hotel waiters. Man (whose name was ROBINSON) mistaken for JONES, and mobbed in streets last night. Some kind of Naval Demonstration absolutely necessary. Put ships on rail at Locarno, send 'em through Gothard Tunnel, and there you are!

*Lord R. to Brit. Min., B.*—British Government recognises gravity of the JONES incident. What do you advise? Aren't the Alps in the way?

*Brit. Min., B., to Lord R.*—Didn't like to suggest details. Send ironclads. Ram something. Why not bombard Alps. Gunboat moored at Devil's Bridge might shell Andermatt. Leave it to you.

*Lord R. to Brit. Min., B.*—Sorry to say, European complications have now arisen from JONES incident. Swiss Government has offered its fleet to Russia and France. Triple Alliance tottering. Can't you get Swiss Government to apologise to JONES, and end business?

*Brit. Min. to Lord R.*—Business *is* ended. JONES not a British subject after all, but a Swede, who's travelled in America! Recall gunboat.

[pg 222]



### THE SPREAD OF CULTURE DOWNWARDS.

"ULLO, MARY, WHAT'S THIS? NAME OF THE 'OUSE?" "NO, MR. IGNORANCE; IT'S A LATIN WORD, AND MEANS 'PLEASE TO WIPE YOUR FEET!'"

### "RESH'PROSH'TY."

[“What struck the Tzar ... in the recent festivities, was the feeling of fraternity which seemed to pervade the multitude.... The feeling of concord and fraternity appears to survive the last echoes of the festivities ... The word now most frequently heard is 'Amnesty.' This, indeed, is the fittest coping-stone to prolonged festivities characterised by universal concord.”—*Times' Paris Correspondent*.]

*President.* "Prolonged feshtivitish!" Thash good, that ish!

Very prolonged, ole f'ler, an' *awf'ly* feshtive!  
*Tzar.* Yesh, tha' what shtruck *me!* (*Aside.*) But I really wish  
 He wouldn't gush. ROMANOFF pride turns reshtive!  
*President.* *Sho* glad it shtruck you sho! An' nurrer thing  
 You *mush* ha' notish'd. Feeling of fraternity  
 All over shop! I shay, may friendship's wing  
 Ne'er moult a feather, not to all eternity.  
*Tzar.* I echosh tha' fine Shwiveller shentiment  
 Entirely! (*Aside.*) I must not appear too sober.  
*President.* Now Fransh ish shatishfied—an' world content!  
 Republic won't forget thish last October!  
 Feelingsh of concord, cetra, *will* survive  
 Last echosh of feshtivitish—for ever!  
*Tzar.* Oh, coursh! Asshure you I am quite alive  
 To reshiproshity—shan't forget it—never!  
*President.* Thash ri' ole f'ler! *Our* resh—hic!—proshity—  
 Not like the comic Yankee's, all one shide?  
*Tzar.* Certainly not! Shorry to say good-bye!  
 But though our bodiesh part, our soulsh are tied.  
*President.* Precishly! We're *both* tight—mean tied—in  
 knotsh.  
 The champagne, an' the speeches, an' the kissesh  
 Have bound our bosomsh, and combined our  
 lotsh!  
*Tzar.* Quite sho! (*Aside.*) I'll watch a chance to hint my  
 wishes.  
*President.* We've had a jolly time, and now, ole f'ler,  
 Ash "coping-shtone" to all this talk and toddy,  
 As shequel to thish patr'otic stir,  
 I'm going to amneshty—yesh, *everybody!*  
 Wha' shay, dear ROMANOFF, will you do same?  
 Jush show, y' know, that thersh no animoshity!  
*Tzar (aside).* Oh, *that* is the Republic's little game?  
 Russia can't stand *that* form of reciprocity!  
 (*Aloud.*) All ri', ole f'ler, you jush leave that to *Me!*  
 Mosh noble notion, that shame "coping-shtone!"  
 By way, ole f'ler, talking of amneshty—  
*Could you just 'blige me with a trifling Loan?*

## THE PROFESSION OF—JOURNALISM.

(*An Entirely Imaginary Letter.*)

Dear MR. B-CH-N-N,—Our famous Third Page rather dull lately. Couldn't you enliven it up by one of your characteristic letters—say on "The Profession of Literature"? Say all the old things about its degrading effect on those who follow it, including yourself—the public loves to see a vivisection in public—and be sure to spice it well with distinguished names, such as SW-NB-RN-, R-SS-TT-, etc. Any depreciatory anecdotes would be very telling, and serve to evoke indignant *free* replies from those who wouldn't guess they were jumping to a prepared bait. I shall count on you for a column.

Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR OF THE —.

P.S.—Of course you will be insulted at the usual rate.—ED.  
 [*Result—the usual one on the famous Third Page.*]

### Mot by a Member.

(*During the Debate on the Second Reading of the Parish Councils Bill.*)

FOWLER was longish, LONG was even longer,  
 MORE was much less so, STANHOPE little stronger;  
 But HENEAGE even when brief's sublime  
 He's not for Hene-age, but for all (our) time!  
 What a relief after such thrice-skimmed milk  
 To get truth's cream from ROLLIT and from DILKE!

THE LATEST "GLASS OF FASHION."—The dress fashioned of spun-glass, as a royal robe for the Princess EULALIA of Spain, and exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair.



## "RESH'PROSH'TY."

M. CARNOT. "WELL, OLE F'LER, WE'VE ALL HAD JOLLY GOOD TIME—  
AN' I'M GOING T' AMNESTY EV'RYB'Y!! YOU—DO—SAME!!"

TZAR. "LEAVE THAT T' ME. BY TH' WAY—COULD YOU 'BLIGE ME—  
TRIFLIN' LOAN?"

## "BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY."

*(Rudyard Kipling passim.)*

TOM's uncle by his will  
Left TOM in greatest glory.  
There *was* a codicil—  
"But that's another story."

PHIL wooed a fair one, KATE;  
She met him *con amore*.  
The damages were great—  
"But that's another story."

HUGH's rent (for an address!)  
Was far and wide *in ore*.  
His suite now costs him less—  
"But that's another *story*."

Of readers not a few  
Deem RIDER HAGGARD gory.  
We have MACBETH, it's true—  
"But that's another story."

One JOSEPH was enrolled—  
Though now a sort of Tory—  
A Williamite of old—  
"But that's another story."

Some maids would make it known  
They'll wait till locks are hoary,  
But wed for love alone—  
"But that's another 'story.'"

---

## IN BLACK AND WHITE.

(*A Modern Glove Romance.*)

THAT pair of gloves you wore when first we met  
Were what you called, I think, a "pair of loves."  
You won them from your cousin on a bet—  
That pair of gloves.

Now as to colour, this or that shade proves  
A shade expensive, runs you into debt.  
Tan's universal, while a tint of dove's  
Particularly nice for evening. Yet  
Black with white stitching most my fancy moves,  
And such were yours. I never can forget  
That pair of gloves.

---



### TOO COSTLY.

*The Vicar.* "DEAR, DEAR, MRS. PRICKLES, I REGRET TO HEAR THAT MRS. BROWN HAS TREATED YOU SO SHAMEFULLY. I SHOULD COUNSEL YOU TO HEAP COALS OF FIRE ON HER HEAD—"

*Mrs. P.* "AH, SIR—THAT'S WOT I WOULD DO, AS SOON AS LOOK AT 'ER: BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT AT ONE-AN'-NINEPENCE A 'UNDERWEIGHT!'"

---

## RHODES TO ---?

SIR HENRY LOCH may hold the key  
In Africa, but all must see  
That RHODES the handle hath fast grip on,  
Shouts "Let her rip!"—despite Lord RIPON.  
Cut is poor LOBENGULA'S comb,  
'Tis said that all roads lead to Rome.  
The new Ring that old saw explodes;  
Where'er we roam we're led to—RHODES.  
Whether or no this Great Panjandrum  
(Who handles well the pen, sword, *and* drum)  
Is the true friend of Civilisation,  
And puts her laws in operation;  
At least he can maintain with pride,

### FABIUS FIN-DE-SIÈCLE.

[The Fabian Society, in the *Fortnightly Review*, has "launched a manifesto, which proposes that the Government shall be attacked by extreme Radicals because it has only met them half way."]

STRANGE that a "Fabian policy," up-to-date,  
Should be so obviously *not* to wait!  
Sure the Society's name is chosen ill!  
RUPERT the title-rôle might fitlier fill.  
The Fabian Manifesto frightens no man;  
But just conceive the great, but cautious, Roman  
Heading a restive, Radical "Ugly Rush!"  
Though Patience suffers in the Modern Crush,  
Perchance the Socialistic perorator  
Might learn a lesson from the great Cunctator!

---

### THE CABMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS.—No. II.

*Question.* I think when you are out of temper, and have been asked by a Fare, who appears to know more (or less) about distances than you do, to stop, you pretend not to hear him?

*Answer.* Yes; and I continue not to hear him until a policeman pulls me up.

*Q.* Quite so; and then you have a way of giving a jerk while your Fare is getting in which either covers a lady's dress with mud, or all but breaks the leg of a gentleman?

*A.* Well, I have known such things to happen.

*Q.* And when you reach your destination, you carefully forget the number of the street or square, and are equally hard of hearing if your Fare attempts to direct you?

*A.* You have hit it, especially if it's raining.

*Q.* Of course. And when you get your money, you sneer and drive away, as if you were disgusted?

*A.* Yes. And as I go off I make as much splash as I can, in the hope of my late fare getting a dose of the mud.

*Q.* Exactly. Now, don't you think it would be better to come up cheerfully, drive carefully, and when you receive your money, observe, "Well, Sir (or Madam), I know I have no right to more, but times are hard, and if you would spare an extra sixpence, I should consider it a real kindness?" Would not that mode be better than the other? Would it not be more profitable?

*A.* It might, but I can't say, as I have never tried it.

*Q.* Again, what is your method of obtaining what you consider to be your rights from a mother with two boxes and four small children?

*A.* Why I generally swear at the kids and sit on the boxes until I am paid what I ask, or get sent to the right-about by a policeman.

*Q.* No doubt; yet such a course seems both barbarous and inconvenient. Could you not improve upon it?

*A.* Not I. It is the right thing to do, and that is why I do it.

*Q.* And yet would it not be as easy for you to help the boxes down yourself, and then to make friends with the mother through her children? Could you not observe, "Bless their hearts, they are fine lads, or young ladies (as the case might be), and you should be proud of them, mum?"

*A.* Yes, I might say that, but I don't think the mother would come down with the cash any quicker on account of it.

*Q.* But supposing, when you were offered less than you thought due to you, could you not observe, "I have children of my own, mum, and if you could spare a couple of shillings (or half-a-crown, or what you thought right) more, it would be a real kindness, and give my children something

more than bread and water for dinner?" Could you not say that?

A. I might, but I won't.

Q. But surely it would be pleasanter for you to be amiable and courteous instead of a bully and a brute? And would it not be easier, too?

A. Try for yourself. Just you drive a cab for a dozen hours in all weathers, and then you will learn what chances you have of feeling light-hearted and polite!

---

## PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

*(A Yule-tide Story told in Advance.)*

Yes, SCROOGE was an altered man! He was genial and amiable, and altogether an estimable being. SCROOGE'S nephew was delighted with the change. He could scarcely believe his ears and eyes.

"And don't you really interfere with the theatres, Sir?" asked SCROOGE'S nephew. "At one time you were always telling them to take down this, and put up that, and making the lives of the managers burdens to them. Don't you interfere any longer?"

"Of course not, my lad," replied SCROOGE, heartily. "Why should I? This is the pleasantest world imaginable, and it would be less charming without its playhouses."

"Right you are, Sir," returned SCROOGE'S nephew; "but I suppose you look in occasionally at the halls to supervise the entertainments?"

"I look in to enjoy them, my boy!" cried SCROOGE, with a ringing laugh, that could be heard for furlongs. "What do they want with *my* supervision?"

"I am sure I don't know, uncle; but I thought it was a way you had. And then you are going to strip the hoardings of the posters, aren't you?"

"I strip the hoardings of the posters! Why should I? The hoardings look a precious sight better covered with pictures than left to dirt and decay. I interfere with the hoardings! I never heard of such a thing! What put *that* into your head?"

"Well, it used to be an old way of yours," returned SCROOGE'S nephew. "Why, uncle, don't you remember? You used to be interfering with and ordering about everything. Taking up the road and closing the thoroughfare. Bothering the costermongers and the retail shopkeepers and the small householders. In fact, making yourself a general nuisance in all directions. Why, uncle, you have entirely changed your nature!"

"Not at all," said SCROOGE. "I am not changed, but my office is. Do you not know that I have ceased to be a member of the London County Council?"

"No, this is the first time I have heard of it! Why, that accounts for everything! It explains why you are a pleasant, good-natured old gentleman in lieu of a curmudgeon and a brute. It explains everything."

And it did!

---



### MISUNDERSTOOD.

*Noble Philanthropist.* "THAT PARCEL SEEMS RATHER HEAVY FOR YOU, MY LITTLE MAN! LET ME TAKE IT!"

*Small boy.* "LET YER TYKE MY PARCEL! GARN WITH YER. I'LL CALL THE PERLICE!"

---

NAME! NAME!—No name has been announced for the new daily paper projected by Mr. STEAD. In view of the plan frankly set forth in the prospectus, whereby one hundred thousand persons are to subscribe the capital, and if the venture proves a success the enterprising editor is to have the option of acquiring the property, a suitable title would be, *Heads-I-Win-Tails-You-Lose*. It is a little long, perhaps; but it precisely describes the relative positions, and you can't—at least some people can't—have everything.

---

DRAMATIC RECIPE (FROM THE QUEEN'S COOKERY BOOK).—First catch your HARE.

---

### THE DARK CONTINENT IN TWO LIGHTS.

*SCENE—A conquered country. TIME—The Past. Conquerors (colonists) panting after their hard work in defeating the natives. Enter an Official. The remaining members of the Colonial Band sing the National Anthem.*

*Official.* I congratulate you upon your success. The more especially as you have gained it without the assistance of the Imperial power. (*The Colonists indulge in feeble cheers.*) But now my turn has arrived. In the name of the SOVEREIGN I claim this land for England!

[*Plants the British Flag. Curtain.*]

*SCENE—As before. TIME—The Present. Conquerors (colonists) smoking after the pleasant toil of mowing down the natives. Enter an Official. The Colonial Band (in its entirety) takes no notice.*

*Official.* I congratulate you upon your success. The more especially as you have gained it without the assistance of the Imperial power. (*The Colonists indulge in roars of laughter.*) But now my turn has arrived. In the name of the SOVEREIGN I claim this land for England!

*Colonists.* No you don't! Be off! We can get on without you!

[*Turns Official and his Flag out of the Country. Curtain.*]

---

### ARGENTINA.

[It is stated that JABEZ S. BALFOUR is living "in a perfect fairy-land."]

I Dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,



With orchids on every side,  
A very long way from Old Bailey's walls,  
Where NEWTON and HOBBS were tried.  
I had riches too great to count; could boast  
Of JABEZ, an elegant name;  
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most,  
Argentina loved me the same.

I dreamt that my country let me go,  
In an indolent sort of way,  
For Scotland Yard did not seem to know  
It would "want" me another day.  
So they carefully closed the stable-door,  
When I'd fled beyond reach of blame;  
And I also dreamt, which charmed me more,  
Argentina loved me the same.

I dreamt that detectives sought my hand,  
But their warrants I could not see.  
So their vows my swindler's heart could withstand,  
Though they pledged their faith to me.  
Buenos Ayres' bold, brazen face,  
Never glows with the blush of shame;  
Though I should be lynched in a decent place,  
Argentina loves me the same.

---

A GREAT FIELD FOR HUMORISTS ANNUALLY.—"Wit acres' Almanack."

---

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Thursday, November 2.*—Began work again to-day as if nothing had happened from February to September. Understood to have had a recess; so short hardly worth mentioning. Considering all circumstances, attendance marvellously large. MARJORIBANKS got his men together as usual, crowding benches on Ministerial side. Opposition not in quite such a hurry to wash their spears; but muster creditable. Irish camp deserted. "You see," said JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "it isn't our funeral. But the bhoys are hanging round and will turn up if wanted."

HENRY FOWLER moved Second Reading Parish Councils Bill. Adroit and able speech; rather hard on WALTER LONG; to him deputed position of spokesman on Front Opposition bench. Brought down notes of convincing speech. FOWLER getting in first anticipated all his objections; met them with benevolent alacrity that disarmed hostility. What did statesmen opposite want? Anything in reason should be conceded. "Give your orders, gents, whilst the waiter's in the room."



PARLIAMENT BY PROXY.

This an admirable stroke of business, but a little depressing from spectacular point of view. No more pyrotechnics; no further meetings on the floor; no more grips at close quarters. HAYES FISHER looked on moodily; LOGAN passed Front Opposition bench without once so much as looking at place where CARSON is accustomed meekly to repose. Respectable elderly gentlemen like FRANCIS POWELL and JEFFREYS took the floor. Even contumacious COBB admitted soothing influence of the hour. Didn't want anything more than that Parish Councils should have power to take land wherever they found it, and divide it amongst the poor. As everybody agreed Bill in the main desirable, and since FOWLER had promised fullest consideration of amendments in Committee, seemed natural thing to do was forthwith to read Bill second time, and fix date of Committee.



Parish Councils.

"No, Sir," said STANLEY LEIGHTON, "I trust the House of Commons is not yet sunk so low as that. Confess I myself feel depressed. Couldn't to-night adequately fill my favourite and popular part of The Man from Shropshire. At least I'll deliver House from disgrace of bringing debate to a close for the puerile reason that we're all agreed Second Reading shall be taken."

So he wandered on; was just warming into Man-from-Shropshire manner, when midnight sounded and Debate stood adjourned.

*Business done.*—Second Reading Parish Councils Bill moved.

*Friday.*—For middle-aged gentleman of long experience never saw man so discomposed as JESSE COLLINGS was just now, when he let cat out of bag about future arrangements of the Unionists personal to himself. What is to be done with the Faithful One when JOSEPH comes into his own is favourite speculation in smoke-room. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE takes special interest in matter. Most men think JESSE should have Cabinet rank in Coalition Ministry.

"No," says the SAGE, "he should be a Viceroy, either of India or Canada. Cut out for the place; and there would be no question of salary, such as, seven years ago, embittered his relations with Mr. G."

All these conjectures beside the point. Matter has, apparently, been settled in inner councils of party, and to-night JESSE accidentally, inadvertently, lifted the veil. "I have," he said, in course of luminous speech prefaced by addressing the SPEAKER as "Mr. Mayor," "something to say on that subject, but I will reserve my remarks for another place." House not very full at moment. But everyone knows meaning of House of Commons phrase "another place." Sensation profound. Bordesley soon to be bereft, for JESSE COLLINGS is going to the Lords! HENRY MATTHEWS, a local authority on the subject, says even title been fixed upon. Nothing less than territorial style will do for the ex-Mayor and Radical Alderman. Soon the Upper House will greet Lord BORDESLEY of Birmingham.

Quiet night, with further talk round Parish Councils Bill. Mr. G. present, seated between SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and JOHN MORLEY. Singularly subdued in manner; takes no part in discussion; goes off to dinner in good time, and House sees him no more.



Ireland takes a back seat. Sir William on the Premier's right again.

"And to think," said the SQUIRE, glancing sideways at the placid figure beside him, "that this is the

man painted in red and blue by Unionist pavement-artists. Their stories of Mr. G. always remind me of a passage in a theme produced by a young gentleman invited to state what he knew of Cardinal WOLSEY.

"In the siege of Quebec,' he wrote, 'he ascended the mountains at dead of night, when his enemies were at rest, and took the town at daybreak. His home policy was conducted in a similar manner.'

"There is about that a picturesque air of circumstantiality, combined with a fanciful inaccuracy, equalled only by things one reads or hears with reference to my right hon. friend, and revered leader."

*Business done.*—Some papers on Parish Councils read.

---

### **Double Entente.**

The TZAR, on peace and friendship all intent,  
To France his Admiral AVELLAN has sent.  
'Twere pity if this Russian olive-branch  
Portended merely General AVALANCHE.

---

Mrs. R. is astonished to hear that "Count TAAFFE, the Austrian Premier, is an Irishman and a Member of the British House of Lords." She says she is sure she has heard that "TAAFFE was a Welshman, TAAFFE was a ——" but she must have been misinformed!!!

---

A STRIKE-ING SUGGESTION.—The PITT-coalition was a brilliant idea in its day. A coalition between masters and miners—a Pit-coal-ition, in fact—would solve the strike difficulty.

---

### **THE FRENCH FLAG.**

#### **AN AMICABLE APPEAL.**

The Arab dhow to the chase is gone,  
Chock-full of slaves you'll discover it;  
And the British cruiser is artfully done  
By the French Flag flying over it!  
"Flag of France!" cries the British Tar,  
"The Arab hound betrays thee.  
Give him his due, at Zanzibar,  
And all the world shall praise thee!"

The captain and crew by the Franks were tried,  
And *escaped*—to the wide world's wonder!  
Oh glorious Flag! Is it then its pride  
That the slavers hide thereunder?  
Let France disdain to sully thee,  
With the curst kidnapper's knavery!  
Thy folds should float o'er the brave and free,  
And *never* protect foul Slavery!

---

### **Misnomer.**

"FEDERATION" seems aggravation,  
Conciliation's dead!  
While fights the "Miners' Federation,"  
The Miners are *unfed*!

---

THE LATEST AUTUMN FASHIONS.—Parliamentary Sessions and Feather Trimmings. Both involving cruelty to bipeds "on the wing," and each "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

---

### **An Ulsterical Impromptu.**

**(By an Orange-hating Nationalist.)**

In Parliament assembled see them move  
Their resolutions lacking rhyme and reason,

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