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July 21st 1894, by Various**

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VOLUME 107, JULY 21ST 1894 ***

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 107.

JUNE 21, 1894.

[pg 025]

A RIVERSIDE LAMENT.

In my garden, where the rose
By the hundred gaily blows,
And the river freshly flows
 Close to me,
I can spend the summer day
In a quite idyllic way;
Simply charming, you would say,
 Could you see.

I am far from stuffy town,
Where the soots meander down,
And the air seems—being brown—
 Close to me.
I am far from rushing train;
Bradshaw does not bore my brain,
Nor, comparatively plain,
 A B C.

To my punt I can repair,
If the weather's fairly fair,
But one grievance I have there;
 Close to me,
As I sit and idly dream,
Clammy corpses ever seem
Floating down the placid stream
 To the sea.

Though the boats that crowd the lock—
Such an animated block!—
Bring gay damsels, quite a flock,
 Close to me,
Yet I heed not tasty togs,
When, as motionless as logs,

Float defunct and dismal dogs
There *aussi*.

As in Egypt at a feast,
With each party comes at least
One sad corpse, departed beast,
Close to me;
Till a Canon might go off,
Till a Dean might swear or scoff,
Or a Bishop—tip-top toff
In a see.

Floating to me from above,
If it stick, with gentle shove,
To my neighbour, whom I love,
Close to me,
I send on each gruesome guest.
Should I drag it out to rest
In my garden? No, I'm blest!
Non, merci!



THE 'ARDEN-ING PROCESS.

Orlando. "TIRED, ROSALIND?" *Rosalind.* "PNEUMATICALLY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"For a modest dish of camp-pie, suited to barracks and youth militant, commend me," quoth one of the Baron's Baronites, "to *Only a Drummer-Boy*, a maiden effort, and unpretentious, like its author, who calls himself ARTHUR AMYAND, but is really Captain ARTHUR DRUMMER HAGGARD. He has the rare advantage, missed by most people who write soldier novels, of knowing what he is talking about. If there are faults 'to pardon in the drawing's lines,' they are faults of technique and not of anatomy." "The Court is with you," quoth the BARON DE B.-W.

HOTEL NOTE.—The *chef* at every Gordon Hotel ought to be a "*Gordon Bleu*."

THE VOLUNTEER'S VADE MECUM.

(*Bisley Edition.*)

Question. What is the ambition of every rifleman?

Answer. To become an expert marksman.

Q. How is this to be done?

A. By practice at the regimental butts (where such accommodation exists), and appearing at Bisley.

Q. Is the new site of the National Rifle Association better than the last?

A. Certainly, for those who come to Bisley intend to shoot.

Q. But did any one turn up at Wimbledon for any purpose other than marksmanship?

A. Yes, for many of those who occupied the tents used their *marquees* merely as a suitable resting-place for light refreshments.

Q. Is there anything of that kind at Bisley?

A. Not much, as the nearest place of interest is a crematorium, and the most beautiful grounds in the neighbourhood belong to a cemetery.

Q. Then the business of Bisley is shooting?

A. Distinctly. Without the rifle, the place would be as melancholy as its companion spot, Woking.

Q. In this place of useful work, what is the first object of the marksman?

A. To score heavily, if possible; but, at any rate, to score.

Q. Is it necessary to appear in uniform?

A. That depends upon the regulations commanding the prize competitions.

Q. What is uniform?

A. As much or as little of the dress of a corps that a judge will order a marksman to adopt.

Q. If some marksmen were paraded with their own corps, how would they look?

A. They would appear to be a sorry sight.

Q. Why would they appear to be a sorry sight?

A. Because over a tunic would appear a straw hat, and under a pouch-belt fancy tweed trousers.

Q. But surely if the Volunteers are anxious to improve themselves they will practise "smartness"?

A. But they do not want to promote smartness; they want to win cups, or the value of cups.

Q. What is the greatest reward that a marksman can obtain?

A. Some hundreds of pounds.

Q. And the smallest?

A. A dozen of somebody's champagne, or a box of someone else's soap.

Q. Under all the circumstances of the case, what would be an appropriate rule for Bisley?

A. Look after the cup-winning, and everything else will take care of itself.

LATEST PARLIAMENTARY BETTING.

GENERAL ELECTION STAKES.

2 to 1 on Rosebery and Ladas (coupled).
25 to 1 agst Harcourt's Resignation.
50 to 1 — Nonconformist Conscience.
70 to 1 — Budget Bill (off—75 to 1 taken).
100 to 1 — Ministerial Programme.

FOR PLACES (NEXT SESSION STAKES).

2 to 1 on Asquith for the Leadership.
12 to 1 agst the Labouchere Peerage.

NEW PREMIERSHIP SELLING STAKES.

12 to 1 on Gladstone Redivivus.
200 to 1 agst any other.

AS WE LIKE IT.

(JAQUES *resumes.*)

—All the world's upon the stage,
And here and there you really get a player:
The exits rather than the entrances
Are regulated by the County Council;
And one man in a season sees a lot—
Seven plays a week, including *matinéés*,
And several acts in each. And first the infant,
A vernal blossom of the Garrick Caste,
Playing the super in his bassinet,
And innocently causing some chagrin
To Mr. ECCLES. Then there's *Archibald*,
New Boy, and nearly father to the man,
With mourning on his face and kicks behind,
Returning under strong connubial stress
Unwillingly to school. And next the lover,
Sighing like ALEXANDER for fresh fields,
And plunging wofully to win a kiss,
Even to his very eyebrows. Then the soldier,
Armed with strange maxims and a carpet-bag,
Cock-Shaw in military ironies,
And blowing off the bubbling repartee
With chocolate in his mouth. And next is *Falstaff*,
In fair round belly with good bolsters lined,
Full of wide sores, and badly cut about
By Windsor hussies,—modern instances
Of the revolting woman. Sixthly, *Charley's Aunt*.
Now ancient as the earth, and shifting still
The Penley pantaloons for ladies' gear,
Her fine heroic waist a world too wide
For the slim corset, and her manly lips,
Tuned to the treble of a maiden's pipe,
Grasping a big cigar. Last scene of all,
The season's close and mere oblivion;
Away to Europe and the provinces;
And London left forlorn without them all,
Sans-Gêne, *Santuzza*, yea, *sans* everything.



"A GOOD TIME COMING!"

British Farmer ("playing a game of mixed chance and skill with Nature") "I DO BELIEVE MY LUCK'S ON THE TURN!"

[pg 027]

"A GOOD TIME COMING!"

(And it HAS been a good time coming.)

[*"The game of mixed chance and skill which the farmer plays each year with Nature is still undecided; but, if the farmer wins, his winnings will be large indeed."*—*The "Times" on Farming Prospects.*]

British Farmer, loq.:—

Bless my old bones!—they're weary ones, wherefore I takes small shame—
 For the first time for many a year mine *looks* a winning game!
 A "bumper" harvest? Blissful thought! For long I've been fair stuck,
 But now I really hope I see a change in my bad luck.
 True, my opponent is a chap 'tis doosed hard to match.
 I seed a picture once of one a playing 'gainst Old Scratch,
 And oftentimes I feels like that, a-sticking all together,
 Against that demon-dicer whom we know as British Weather!
 What use of ploughs and patience, boys, or skill, and seed, and sickle,
 'Gainst frost, and rain, and blighted grain, and all that's foul and fickle?
 When the fly is on the turmuts, and the blight is on the barley,
 And meadows show like sodden swamps, a farmer do get snarley.
 But now the crops from hay to hops show promising of plenty,
 A-doubling last year's average, plus a extry ten or twenty.
 And straw is good, uncommon so, and barley, wheat and oats, Sir,
 Make a rare show o'er whose rich glow the long-tried farmer gloats, Sir!
 Beans ain't so bad, spite o' May frosts; turnips and swedes look topping;
 Though the frost and fly the mangolds try, and the taters won't be whopping.
 Those poor unlucky taters! If there's any mischief going,
 They cop their share, and how they'll fare this year there ain't no knowing;
 And peas is good, and hops is bad, or baddish. But, by jingo!
 The sight o' the hay as I saw to-day is as good as a glass of stingo.
 Pastures and meadows promise prime, well nigh the country over,
 Though them as depend on their clover-crop will hardly be in clover.
 But take 'em all, the big and small, the cereals, roots, and grasses,
 There's a lump o' cheer for the farmers' hearts, and the farmers' wives and
 lasses;
 If only him I'm playing against—well, p'r'aps I'd best be civil,—

If he isn't JEMMY SQUAREFOOT though, he has the *luck o'* the divil.
With his rain and storm and cold and hot, and his host of insect horrors,
He has the pull, and our bright to-days may be spiled by black to-morrers.
A cove like him with looks so grim, and flies, and such philistians,
Is no fair foe for farmer chaps as is mortal men and Christians.
Look at him damply glowering there with a eye like a hungry vulture!
With his blights at hand, and his floods to command, he's the scourge of
Agriculture.
But howsomever, although he's clever, luck's all, and mine seems turning,
Oh! for a few more fair fine weeks, not swamped, nor yet too burning,
When the sun shines sweet on the slanting wheat, with the bees through the
clover humming,
And us farmer chaps with a cheery heart *will* sing "*There's a good time
coming!*"

A MODERN MADAME.

(According to the New School of Teachers.)

She believes in nothing but herself, and never accepts her own personality seriously.

She has aspirations after the impossible, and is herself far from probable; she regards her husband as an unnecessary evil, and her children as disturbances without compensating advantages.

She writes more than she reads and seldom scribbles anything.

She has no feelings, and yet has a yearning after the intense.

She is the antithesis of her grandmother, and has made further development in generations to come quite impossible.

She thinks without the thoughts of a male, and yet has lost the comprehension of a female.

To sum up, she is hardly up to the standard of a man, and yet has sunk several fathoms below the level of a woman.

MEM. AT LORD'S DURING THE ETON AND HARROW, FRIDAY, JULY 13. (*It rained the better part, which became the worse part, of the day.*)—Not much use trying to do anything with any "match" in the wet.



TO GOLFERS.

SUGGESTION FOR A RAINY DAY. SPILLIKINS ON A GRAND SCALE.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT SOON.

By Our Own Wire.—Dispute broken out between local employer of labour—Shoemaker with two apprentices—and his hands. One apprentice won't work with t'other. Shoemaker locked out both.

Later News.—Dispute developing. Amalgamated Association of Trade Unions sent fifty thousand men with rifles into town. Also park of artillery. Arbitration suggested.

Special Telegram.—Federated Society of Masters occupying Market Place and principal streets with Gatling guns. Expresses itself willing to accept Arbitration in principle.

A Day After.—Conflicts to-day between opposing forces. Streets resemble battle-field. Authorities announce—"will shortly act with vigour." Enrolled ten extra policemen. Police, including extra ten, captured by rioters, and locked up in their own cells. Business—except of undertakers—at standstill.

Latest Developments.—More conflicts, deaths, outrages, incendiarism. Central Government telegraphs to Shoemaker to take back both apprentices to stop disastrous disorder. No reply. Shoemaker and both apprentices been killed in riots.

Close of the Struggle.—Stock of gunpowder exhausted. Both sides inclined to accept compromise. Board of Conciliation formed. Survivors of employers and employed shake hands. Town irretrievably ruined, but peace firmly re-established.

WHAT! ALREADY!—"I'm afraid," said Mrs. R., "that the new Tower Bridge is in a bad way. I hear it said, of course I do not know with what truth, that it has 'bascules.' Now weren't they the insects that destroyed the crops one year and gave so many persons the influenza? I think you'll find I'm right."

EPIGRAMMATIC DESCRIPTION, BY A BILLIARD PLAYER, OF THE SELECTION OF THE CHIEF MINSTREL TO BE THE RECIPIENT OF A PRIZE AT THE RECENT EISTEDDFOD.—"*Spot Bard.*"

ACCIDENTS IN OUR ROTTENEST ROTTEN ROW.—The sooner the cause (*i.e.* Rotten Row itself) of the numerous complaints is *well grounded*, the better for the equestrians.

NATIONAL REFLECTION (SUGGESTED BY RECENT YACHT-RACE).—It is of small use BRITANNIA being BRITANNIA unless she be also Vigilant.

LYRE AND LANCET.

(*A Story in Scenes.*)

PART III.—THE TWO ANDROMEDAS.

SCENE III.—*Opposite a Railway Bookstall at a London Terminus.* TIME—*Saturday, 4.25 P.M.*

Drysdale (to his friend, GALFRID UNDERSHELL, whom he is "seeing off"). Twenty minutes to spare; time enough to lay in any quantity of light literature.

Undershell (in a head voice). I fear the merely ephemeral does not appeal to me. But I should like to make a little experiment. (*To the Bookstall Clerk.*) A—do you happen to have a copy left of CLARION BLAIR'S *Andromeda*?

Clerk. Not in stock, Sir. Never 'eard of the book, but daresay I could get it for you. Here's a Detective Story we're sellin' like 'ot cakes—*The Man with the Missing Toe*—very cleverly written story, Sir.

Und. I merely wished to know—that was all. (*Turning with resigned disgust to DRYSDALE.*) Just think of it, my dear fellow. At a bookstall like this one feels the pulse, as it were, of Contemporary Culture; and here my *Andromeda*, which no less an authority than the *Daily Chronicle* hailed as the uprising of a new and splendid era in English Songmaking, a Poetic Renaissance, my poor *Andromeda* is trampled underfoot by—(*choking*)—Men with Missing Toes! What a satire on our so-called Progress!

Drys. That a purblind public should prefer a Shilling Shocker for railway reading when for a modest half-guinea they might obtain a numbered volume of *Coming Poetry* on hand-made paper! It *does* seem incredible,—but they do. Well, if they can't read *Andromeda* on the journey, they can at least peruse a stinger on it in this week's *Saturday*. Seen it?

Und. No. I don't vex my soul by reading criticisms on my work. I am no KEATS. They may howl—but they will not kill *me*. By the way, the *Speaker* had a most enthusiastic notice last week.

Drys. So you saw *that* then? But you're right not to mind the others. When a fellow's contrived

to hang on to the Chariot of Fame, he can't wonder if a few rude and envious beggars call out "Whip behind!" eh? You don't want to get in yet? Suppose we take a turn up to the end of the platform.

[*They do.*]

JAMES SPURRELL, M.R.C.V.S., enters with his friend, THOMAS TANRAKE, of HURDELL AND TANRAKE, Job and Riding Masters, Mayfair.

Spurrell. Yes, it's lucky for me old SPAVIN being laid up like this—gives me a regular little outing, do you see? going down to a swell place like this Wyvern Court, and being put up there for a day or two! I shouldn't wonder if they do you very well in the housekeeper's room. (*To Clerk.*) Give me a *Pink 'Un* and last week's *Dog Fancier's Guide*.

Clerk. We've returned the unsold copies. Could give you *this week's*; or there's *The Rabbit and Poultry Breeder's Journal*.

Spurr. Oh, rabbits be blowed! (*To TANRAKE.*) I wanted you to see that notice they put in of *Andromeda* and me, with my photo and all; it said she was the best bull-bitch they'd seen for many a day, and fully deserved her first prize.

Tanrake. She's a rare good bitch, and no mistake. But what made you call her such an outlandish name?

Spurr. Well, I was going to call her *Sal*; but a chap at the College thought the other would look more stylish if I ever meant to exhibit her. *Andromeda* was one of them Roman goddesses, you know.

Tanr. Oh, I knew *that* right enough. Come and have a drink before you start—just for luck—not that you want *that*.

Spurr. I'm lucky enough in most things, TOM; in everything except love. I told you about that girl, you know—EMMA—and my being as good as engaged to her, and then, all of a sudden, she went off abroad and I've never seen or had a line from her since. Can't call *that* luck, you know. Well, I won't say no to a glass of something.

[*They disappear into the Refreshment Room.*]

The Countess of CANTIRE enters with her daughter, Lady MAISIE MULL.

Lady Cantire (to Footman). Get a compartment for us, and two foot-warmers, and a second-class as near ours as you can for PHILLIPSON; then come back here. Stay, I'd better give you PHILLIPSON's ticket. (*The Footman disappears in the crowd.*) Now we must get something to read on the journey. (*To Clerk.*) I want a book of some sort—no rubbish, mind; something serious and improving, and *not* a work of fiction.

Clerk. Exactly so, Ma'am. Let me see. Ah, here's *Alone with the 'Airy Ainoo*. How would you like *that*?

Lady Cant. (*with decision*). I should not like it at all.

Clerk. I quite understand. Well, I can give you *Three 'Undred Ways of Dressing the Cold Mutton*—useful little book for a family, redooiced to one and ninepence.

Lady Cant. Thank you. I think I will wait until I am reduced to one and ninepence.

Clerk. Precisely. What do you say to *Seven 'Undred Side-splitters for Sixpence*? 'Ighly yumorous, I assure you.

Lady Cant. Are these times to split our sides, with so many serious social problems pressing for solution? You are presumably not without intelligence; do you never reflect upon the responsibility you incur in assisting to circulate trivial and frivolous trash of this sort?

Clerk (dubiously). Well, I can't say as I do, particular, Ma'am. I'm paid to sell the books—I don't *select* 'em.

Lady Cant. That is *no* excuse for you—you ought to exercise some discrimination on your own account, instead of pressing people to buy what can do them no possible good. You can give me a *Society Snippets*.



"Here 's a detective story we're sellin' like 'ot cakes."

Lady Maisie. Mamma! A penny paper that says such rude things about the Royal Family!

Lady Cant. It's always instructive to know what these creatures are saying about one, my dear, and it's astonishing how they manage to find out the things they do. Ah, here's GRAVENER coming back. He's got us a carriage, and we'd better get in.

[*She and her daughter enter a first-class compartment; UNDERSHELL and DRYSDALE return.*]

Drys. (to UNDERSHELL). Well, I don't see now where the insolence comes in. These people have invited you to stay with them—

Und. But why? Not because they appreciate my work—which they probably only half understand—but out of mere idle curiosity to see what manner of strange beast a Poet may be! And I don't know this Lady CULVERIN—never met her in my life! What the deuce does she mean by sending me an invitation? Why should these smart women suppose that they are entitled to send for a Man of Genius, as if he was their *lackey*? Answer me that!

Drys. Perhaps the delusion is encouraged by the fact that Genius occasionally condescends to answer the bell.

Und. (*reddening*). Do you imagine I am going down to this place simply to please *them*?

Drys. I should think it a doubtful kindness, in your present frame of mind; and, as you are hardly going to please yourself, wouldn't it be more dignified, on the whole, not to go at all?

Und. You never *did* understand me! Sometimes I think I was born to be misunderstood! But you might do me the justice to believe that I am not going from merely snobbish motives. May I not feel that such a recognition as this is a tribute less to my poor self than to Literature, and that, as such, I have scarcely the *right* to decline it?

Drys. Ah, if you put it in that way, I am silenced, of course.

Und. Or what if I am going to show these Patricians that—Poet of the People as I am—they can neither patronise nor cajole me?

Drys. Exactly, old chap—what if you *are*?

Und. I don't say that I may not have another reason—a—rather romantic one—but you would only sneer if I told you! I know you think me a poor creature whose head has been turned by an undeserved success.

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Drys. You're not going to try to pick a quarrel with an old chum, are you? Come, you know well enough I don't think anything of the sort. I've always said you had the right stuff in you, and would show it some day; there are even signs of it in *Andromeda* here and there; but you'll do better things than that, if you'll only let some of the wind out of your head. I like you, old fellow, and that's just why it riles me to see you taking yourself so devilish seriously on the strength of a little volume of verse which has been "boomed" for all it's worth, and considerably more. You've only got your immortality on a short repairing lease at present, old boy!

Und. (*with bitterness*). I am fortunate in possessing such a candid friend. But I mustn't keep you here any longer.

Drys. Very well. I suppose you're going first? Consider the feelings of the CULVERIN footman at the other end!

Und. (*as he fingers a first-class ticket in his pocket*). You have a very low view of human nature! (*Here he remarks a remarkably pretty face at a second-class window close by.*) As it happens, I am travelling second.

[*He gets in.*]

Drys. (*at the window*). Well, good-bye, old chap. Good luck to you at Wyvern, and remember—wear your livery with as good a grace as possible.

Und. I do not intend to wear any livery whatever.

[*The owner of the pretty face regards UNDERSHELL with interest.*]

Spurr. (*coming out of the Refreshment Room*). What, second? with all my exes. paid? Not *likely*! I'm going to travel in style this journey. No—not a smoker; don't want to create a bad impression, you know. This will do for me.

[*He gets into a compartment occupied by Lady CANTIRE and her daughter.*]

Tanr. (*at the window*). There—you're off now. Pleasant journey to you, old man. Hope you'll enjoy yourself at this Wyvern Court you're going to—and I say, don't forget to send me that notice of *Andromeda* when you get back!



'ARRY AT BISLEY.

'Arry (to 'Arriet). "OH, I SY! WHAT SEEDS THEM MUST BE TO GROW A LAMP-POST!"

THE LATEST GREAT YACHT RACE.

(By our own Nautical Special.)

DEAR SIR,—The captain went on board the gallant *Naughty Lass* with his Wind Lass. A Wind Lass is short for "Winn'd Lass," *i.e.* a Lass he has won. I think her name is "POLL." The Captain says he is always true to her, and nothing will ever induce him to leave his dear Wind Lass ashore when he's afloat. Noble sentiment, but unpractical. The fact is (as whispered) the Wind Lass is jealous of the *Naughty Lass*, and won't let the Captain go alone. When the other Captain went on board the rival of the gallant *Naughty Lass*, the *Anne Nemone*, and "the crafty ones," as they call the sailors "in the know," were ready to bet any money on the *Anne Nemone*. Both cutters "cut" (hence the name) well away from each other at the start, and a fresh breeze coming up (the stale one had been got rid of) there was a lot of fore-reaching, until the Captain, who is an old hand at this sort of thing, sent round steward with brandy. "All hands for grog!" was then the order of the day, and we just managed to clear Muddle Point, leaving the home-marked (or "home-made," I forget which is the technical term, but I suppose the latter, as she was built on the neighbouring premises) boat well to windward. After a free reach in this weather down to Boot Shore—where the vessel heeled over a bit, but nothing to speak of, as it was soon remedied by a cobble that was close at hand—the *Naughty Lass* lifted her head-sails, and away we went for Incog Bay, where nobody knew us, or we should have been received with three times three.

At this moment the *Anne Nemone*, racing close to us, let out a right good "gybe," which was in execrable taste, I admit, but which ought not to have called for any retort from the captain's Wind Lass, who gave it her hot and strong, and threatened to haul her over the coal-scuttlers. Fortunately we were away again, and there was no time for opposite gybes. (I spell "gybes" in the old English nautical fashion, but, as I ascertain, it is precisely the same as "jibes.") Sailors' language is a bit odd; they don't mean anything, I know—it's only professional; still, as reporting the matter to ears polite, I scarcely like to set down in full *all* I heard. At 1 P.M. all hands were piped for luncheon, and we had spinnakers cooked in their skins (they are a sort of bean), with a rare nautical dish called "Booms and Bacon." Fine! I did enjoy it! But then I'm an old hand at this sort of thing,—luncheon on board, I mean; for there's scarcely a board, be it sea board or other board, or, in fact, any boarding establishment, that I don't know. But "yeo ho! my boys! and avast!" for are we not still racing? We are!!

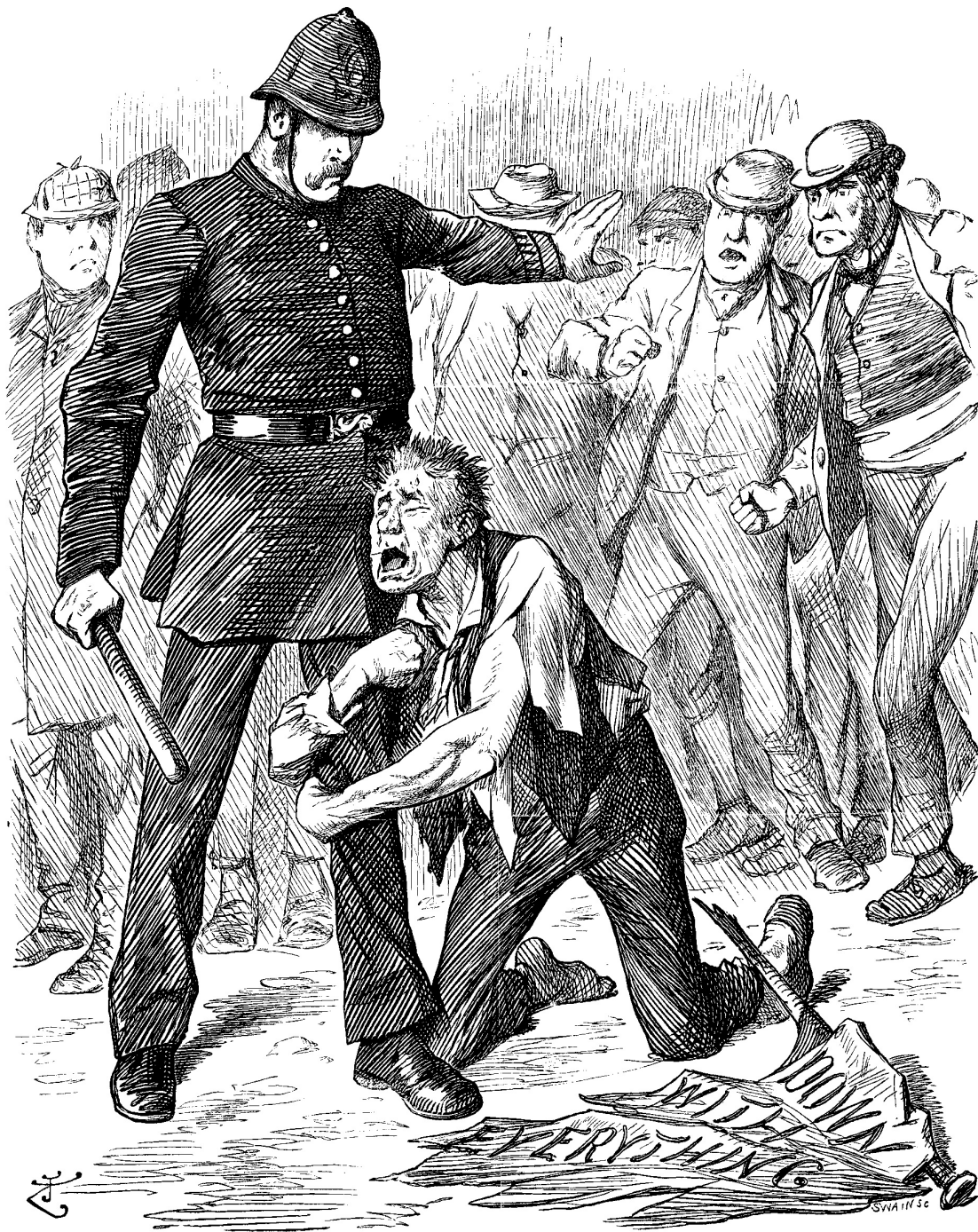
We passed The Bottle at 2.30 P.M. What had become of the *Anne Nemone* I don't know, and probably we should never have seen her again had not our captain, who was trying to sight the port after passing The Bottle, stood on the wrong tack, which ran into his boot and hurt him awfully. He was carried below, and we gathered round him as he turned to the *Naughty Lass* and murmured—but POLLY objected that there was nothing to murmur about or to grumble at, and that the sooner he stumbled on deck the better it would be for the race. So up rose our brave captain, took a stiff draught of weather bilge (which is the best preventive of sea-sickness), and calling for his first mate, Mr. JACK YARD TOPSAIL, told him to "stand away," which I could quite understand, for JACK YARD TOPSAIL is a regular salt, full of tar, rum, 'baccy, and everything that can make life sweet to *him*, but not to his immediate neighbours. So "stand away" and not "stand by" it was, and when we got to Squeams Bay the sailors took a short hitch (it is necessary occasionally—but I cannot say more—lady-readers being present), and we went streaking away like a side of bacon on a fine day.

"Are we winning?" asks POLLY, the Wind Lass. "*You* look winning!" I reply, politely. "By how much?" she inquires, just tucking up her skirts, and showing a trim ankle. The Captain, with his glass to his eye, and looking down, answers, "The fifth of a long leg!" I never saw a woman so angry! "I haven't!" she exclaimed; and there would have been a row, and we should never have won, as we did splendidly, had not the "First Officer" (just as they name the supernumeraries in a play) come up and reminded Pretty POLLY that she wasn't the only mate the Captain had on board. "Where's the other?" she cried, in a fury. "Below!" answered the First Officer, and down went POLLY, not to re-appear again until all was over, and our victorious binnacle was waving proudly from the fore-top-gallant. At the finish we went clean into harbour, without a speck on our fore-castle, or a stain on our character. I wire you the account of this great race, and am (Rule BRITANNIA!)

Yours,
"EVERY OTHER INCH A SAILOR!"

P.S.—I am informed that after I left the vessel—in fact it was next day—a Burgee was run up at the mast head. I suppose some sort of court-martial was held first, and that the Burgee (poor wretch!) was caught red-handed. Still, in these days, this sort of proceeding does sound rather tyrannical. High-masted justice, eh? Well, sea-dogs will be sea-dogs. I don't exactly know what a Burgee is, but I fancy he is something between a Buccaneer and a Bargee; a sort of river-and-sea pirate. But I fear it is a landsman!! Burgee, masculine (and probably husband) of Burgess!! If so, there *will* be a row!

Yours as Before the Mast.



"A FRIEND IN NEED—"

ANARCHIST. "'ELP! 'ELP! PER-LICE!!"

CONSTABLE. "'DOWN WITH EVERYTHING,' INDEED! LUCKY FOR YOU YOU HAVEN'T 'DOWN'D' ME!!"

A FRIEND IN NEED;

Or, The Lawbreaker's Last Refuge.

Sure stranger irony life never saw
Than Lawlessness low suppliant to the Law!

Guardian of Order soliloquiseeth:—

"Down with Everything!" Ah, yes!
That's the sort o' rot you jaw!
You'd be in a tidy mess
If you'd downed with good old Law.
Funniest job we have to do,
Is to "save" such scamps as you.

"Down with Everything!" Spout on!
I, who stand for Law, stand by.
You may want me ere you've done.
Somethink in that workman's eye,
And the clenching of his fist,
Ought to put you on the twist.

Think you're fetching of 'em fine
With your tommy-rotten patter?
Think you've got 'em in a line,
Or as near as doesn't matter?
Won't you feel in a rare stew
If they take to downing *you*?

Downing is a sort o' game
Two can play at *here*—thanks be!
Spin your lead out! Don't let shame,
Common sense, or courtesy,
Put the gag on your red rag;
Flourish it—like your Red Flag!

How they waggle, flag and tongue!
Proud o' that same bit of bunting?
See the glances on you flung?
Hear the British workman grunting?
He is none too fond, that chap,
Of rank rot and the Red Cap!

Perched upon a noodle's nob,
Minds me of an organ-monkey!—
If a workman will not *rob*,
You denounce him as a "flunkey."
Some of 'em know what that means.
Mind your eye! They'll give you beans!

Ah! I thought so. Gone too fur!
Set the British Workman booing.
"*Dirty dog!!!*" That riles you, Sir!
Better mind what you are doing!
Mug goes saffron now, with fear,
Round you glare! Yes, Law *is* here!

Show your teeth, shark-like and yellow!
You won't frighten them, or me.
Ah! there comes the true mob-bellow!
That means mischief—as you see.
Mob, when mettled, goes a squelcher
For Thief, Anarchist *or* Welsher.

"Help! Perlice!!" Oh! *that's* your cry!
I'm your friend, then,—at a pinch?
Funk first taste of Anarchy?
Law is better than—Judge Lynch?
Rummy this! For all his jaw
The lawbreaker flies to Law!

Good as a sensation novel
For to see you crouching there.
Can't these Red Flag heroes grovel?
Come, my Trojan, have a care.
Do not clasp Law's legs that way,
Like *Scum Goodman* in the play.

Help? Oh, yes; I'll help you—out!—
"*Stand back there, please! Pass along!*"
Come, get up! *Now* don't you doubt
If your "downing" dodge ain't wrong?
Anyhow 'tis, you'll agree,
Lucky for *you*—you've not downed *me*!



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Madame la Baronne (who WILL speak English). "AND TELL ME, MISTRESS BROWN, YOUR CLEVARE 'USBAND, WHO 'AVE A SO BEAUTIFUL TALENT—IS HE YET OF ZE ROYAL ACADEMY?"

Our Artist's Wife (who WILL speak French). "OH NON, MADAME, HÉLAS! SEULEMENT, IL EST *PENDU* CETTE ANNÉE, VOUS SAVEZ!"

Madame la Baronne (relapsing into her native language). "OH—MADAME—QUELLE AFFREUSE NOUVELLE!"

A MIDSUMMER DAY-DREAM.

[*The Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition has started.*]

PUNCH sleeps. The cheerful Sage has heard
 That JACKSON is about to start.
 His sympathies are warmly stirred,
 He hath the *Windward's* weal at heart.
 He dreams: That block of dinner ice
 Stirs arctic fancies in his breast.
 He travels Pole-ward in a trice;
 He joins the JACKSON-HARMSWORTH quest.

"All precious things, discovered late
 To those that seek them issue forth."—
 To find her may be JACKSON'S fate,
 That Sleeping Beauty of the North!
 She lieth in her icy cave
 As still as sleep, as white as death.
 Her look might stagger the most brave,
 And make the stoutest hold his breath.

"The bodies and the bones of those
 That strove in other days to pass,"
 Are scattered o'er the spreading snows,
 Are bleached about that sea of glass.
 He gazes on the silent dead:
 "They perished in their daring deeds."
 The proverb flashes through his head,
 "The many fail: the one succeeds."

Punch wakes: lo! it is but a dream—
 A vision of the Frozen Sea;
 Yet may be it may hold a gleam
 Of prophecy. So mote it be!
 To JACKSON and to HARMSWORTH too
 He brims a well-earnt bumper. "Skoal!"
 Here's health to them and their brave crew!
 And safe return from well-won goal!

THE MINX.—A POEM IN PROSE.

Poet. It's so good of you to see me. I merely wished to ask one or two questions as to your career. You must have led a most interesting life.

Sphinx. You are very inquisitive and extremely indiscreet, and I have always carefully avoided being interviewed. However, go on.

Poet. I believe you can read hieroglyphs?

Sphinx. Oh yes; I *can*, fluently, But I never do. I assure you they are not in the least amusing.

Poet. No doubt you have talked with hippogriffs and basilisks?

Sphinx (modestly). I certainly *was* in rather a smart set at one time. As they say, I have "known better days."

Poet. Did you ever have any conversation with THOTH?

Sphinx (loftily). Oh, dear no! (*Mimicking.*) Thoth he wath not conthidered quite a nice perthon. I would not allow him to be introduced to me.

Poet. You were very particular?

Sphinx. One has to be careful. The world is so censorious.

Poet. I wonder, would you give me the pleasure of singing to me? "*Adrian's Gilded Barge*," for instance?

Sphinx. You must really excuse me. I am not in good voice. By the way, the "Gilded Barge," as you call it, was merely a shabby sort of punt. It would have had no effect whatever at the Henley Regatta.

Poet. Dear me! Is it true you played golf among the Pyramids?

Sphinx (emphatically). Perfectly untrue. You see what absurd reports get about!

Poet (softly). They do. What was that story about the Tyrian?

Sphinx. Merely gossip. There was nothing in it, I assure you.

Poet. And APIS?

Sphinx. Oh, he sent me some flowers, and there were paragraphs about it—in hieroglyphs—in the society papers. That was all. But they were contradicted.

Poet. You knew AMMON very well, I believe?

Sphinx (frankly). AMMON and I *were* great pals. I used to see a good deal of him. He came in to tea very often—he was *quite* interesting. But I have not seen him for a long time. He had one fault—he *would* smoke in the drawing-room. And though I hope I am not too conventional, I really could not allow *that*.

Poet. How pleased they would all be to see you again! Why do you not go over to Egypt for the winter?

Sphinx. The hotels at Cairo are so dreadfully expensive.

Poet. Is it true you went tunny-fishing with ANTONY?

Sphinx. One must draw the line somewhere! CLEOPATRA was so cross. She was horribly jealous, and not nearly so handsome as you might suppose, though she *was* photographed as a "type of Egyptian Beauty!"

Poet. I must thank you very much for the courteous way in which you have replied to my questions. And now will you forgive me if I make an observation? In my opinion you are not a Sphinx at all.

Sphinx (indignantly). What am I, then?



THE LAY OF THE EXPLORER.

I USED to think that if a man
In any character could score a
Distinctly leonine success,
'Twould be as a returned explorer.

So, when by sixteen tigers tree'd,
Or when mad elephants were charging,
I joyed to say—"On this, some day,
My countrymen will be enlarging."

And when mosquitoes buzzed and bit
(For 'tis their pleasing nature to),
Or fevers flooded me, still this dream
Helped me to suffer and to do.

I *have* returned! Whole dusky tribes
I've wiped right out—such labour sweet is!—
And with innumerable chiefs
Arranged unconscionable treaties.

What's the result? I have become
A butt for each humanitarian,
Who call my exploits in the chase
The work of a "confessed barbarian."

And, worst of all, my rival, JONES,
Who'd any trick that's low and mean dare,
Cries—"Equatorial jungles! Pish!
I don't believe he's ever been there!"

So now I just "explore" Herne Bay,
With trippers, niggers, nurses, babies:
I've tried for fame. I 've gained it, too:
I share it with the vanished JABEZ!

NOTE AND QUERY.—At Aldershot the QUEEN expressed herself much pleased with the "tattoo" all round. "IGNORAMUS" writes to inquire "if 'tattoo-ing' is done in Indian ink or with gunpowder?"

RULE, "BRITANNIA."

(*New Yachtical Version.*)

H.R.H. THE P—E OF W—S *sings*:—

When *Vigilant*, at GOULD'S command,
Came over here to sweep the main,
This was the lay that thrilled the land,
And Yankee Doodle loved the strain—
Lick *Britannia!* the fleet *Britannia* lick!
And JOHNNY BULL may cut his stick.

But *Vigilant*, less fast than thee,
Must in her turn before thee fall,
Britannia, who hast kept the sea,
The dread and envy of them all.
Win, *Britannia!* *Britannia* rules the waves!
(Though by the narrowest of shaves.)

Six races in succession show
The Yankee yacht has met her match;
Though she was hailed, not long ago,
The swiftest clipper of the batch.
Rule, *Britannia!* *Britannia* rule the waves!
The most appropriate of staves!

I'm sorry poor DUNRAVEN'S crack
So prematurely has gone down;
But mine has kept the winning tack,

And well upheld the isle's renown.
Rule, *Britannia!* &c.

When JONATHAN thy match hath found,
He'll to our coasts again repair.
We'll have another friendly round,
With manly hearts and all things fair.
Rule, *Britannia!* *Britannia* rules the waves,
Six sequent wins BULL's honour saves!

TO ALTHEA IN THE STALLS.

From the Orchestra as I was staring
So wearily down at the hall,
The programme I held hardly caring
To turn, I was tired of it all!
For I knew 'twas a futile endeavour
With music my trouble to drown,
And I'd made up my mind that you never,
Ah, never, would come back to town!

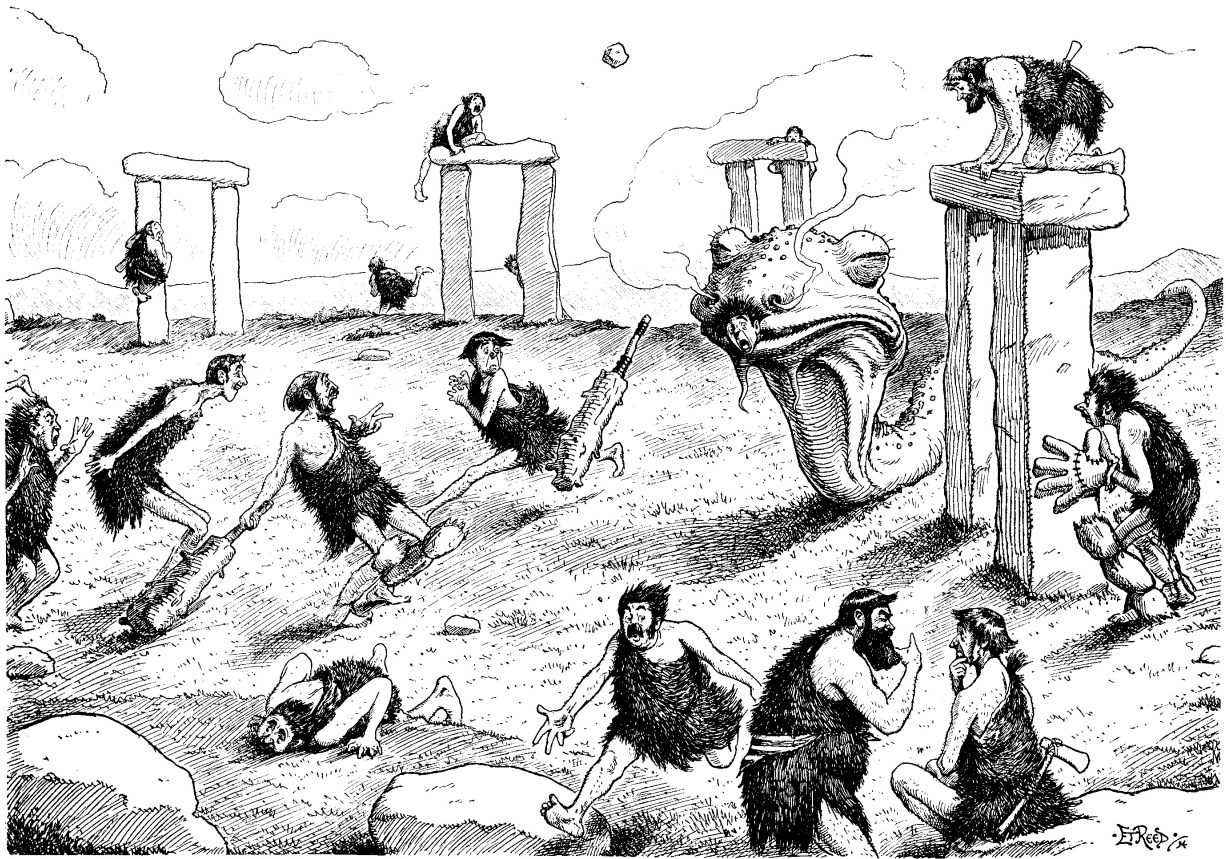
When suddenly, there I beheld you
Yourself—ah, the joyous amaze!
I wonder what instinct impelled you
Your dreamy dark eyes to upraise,
That for one happy second's communing
Met mine that had waited so long—
And the wail of the violins tuning
It turned to a jubilant song!

'Mid organ-chords sombre and mellow
There breaks out a ripple of glee,
And the voice of the violoncello,
ALTHEA, is pleading for me!
The music is beating and surging
With joy no *adagio* can drown,
In ecstasy all things are merging—
Because you have come back to town!

THE COREAN DIFFICULTY.—"*Japan declines to withdraw.*"—(*Telegram, Thursday, July 12*).—"Ah," observed MISS QUOTER, who is ever ready, "that reminds me of BYRON'S line in *Mazeppa*, quite applicable to the present situation—

'Again he urges on his mild Corea.'"

NEW WORK (by the Chief Druid Minstrel at the Eisteddfod, dedicated to their Royal Highnesses).—"How to be Harpy in Wales."



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

A CRICKET MATCH. "HOWS THAT, UMPIRE?"!!

[pg 035]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 9.—PLAYFAIR'S leonine countenance habitually cheerful. But never saw him looking so pleased as when we walked through St. Stephen's Chapel on way to Lords just now. "From point of view of old House of Commons man the Lords are, I admit, a little unresponsive," my Lord said. "The chamber is, acoustically and otherwise, the sepulchre of speech. You remember the little lecture on margarine I delivered years ago in the Commons? Bless me, how delighted the House was to see the table covered with small white pots containing samples, with a bottle of best Dorset margarine hooked on to the Mace for greater convenience of reference. Often I've enchained an audience with my object lessons. Up to present time that monologue on margarine ranks as most successful. But I'll beat the record to-night. See that?" (Here he slapped a something bulging out from his trouser pocket.) "Guess what that is? Thought you couldn't. It's cultch. Know what cultch is?"

"Not unless it's the beginning of knowledge," I said, drawing a bow, so to speak, at a venture. "Positive cultch, comparative culture, eh?"

PLAYFAIR stared at me vacantly. "Cultch——" he said; "but no, that's part of the lecture. Come along to the Lords and hear it."

House not in condition particularly inspiring for lecturer. Benches mostly empty; STANLEY of Alderley completed depletion by rambling speech of half an hour's duration, modestly described in Orders as "a question." Wanted to know how many lighthouses in England and Wales paid Income Tax; how many were behindhand with their rates; were Death Duties applicable to some of them; if so, which; and whether the tenants compounded for rates or otherwise. These inquiries not without interest, but STANLEY not chiefly remarkable for concentration of thought or conciseness of phrase.

At length PLAYFAIR'S turn came. A flutter of interest amongst Peers as he was observed tugging at something in trousers pocket; hauled out what looked like empty oyster shell.

"Ah!" said HERSCHELL, smiling, "I see the lawyers have been before us."

"In moving the Second Reading of the Sea Fisheries (Shell Fish) Bill, I propose, if I may be permitted, to give your Lordships an object lesson. This particular shell," PLAYFAIR continued, holding it up between finger and thumb, "is covered all over with microscopic oysters. Oysters in all stages of growth are seen there."



Suggested Statues for the Vacant
Niches in the Inner Lobby.
No. I.—"The Majesty of the Law!"

"Well," said the MARQUIS OF CARABAS, "if one had a twenty billion magnifying glass of the kind associated with the memory of *Sam Weller*, perhaps we might see the oysters. All I can say is, I don't see any worth three and sixpence a dozen. PLAYFAIR'S no business to bring these things down here, filling House with smell of stale seaweed when his oysters are no bigger than a pin's head."

The MARQUIS strode angrily forth. Others followed. Lecture cut short.

Business done.—Sea Fisheries (Shell Fish) Bill read a second time, amid unexpectedly depressing circumstances.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—SQUIRE OF MALWOOD back after a week's rustication. Brings glowing news of the hay crop; looks, indeed, as if he had been helping to make it; ruddier than a cherry; indescribable but unmistakable country air about him as he sits on Treasury Bench with folded arms, listening to the monotonous ripple of talk renewed on Budget Bill.

"Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis,"

says PRINCE ARTHUR, looking across at the rustic Squire.

"At ille

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,"

added JOKIM, with approving glance at bench behind, where the Busy B.'s swarm after week's rest, humming round amendments with increased vigour.

Almost imperceptible movement of river goes forward. The blameless BARTLEY on his feet, entrancing House with particulars of a silver cup, prized heirloom in the humble household in Victoria Street. It seems that one of BARTLEY'S ancestors—he who came over with the Conqueror—had brought with him certain blades of buckwheat, which he industriously planted out on the site, then a meadow, on which the Army and Navy Stores now flourish. The buckwheat grew apace. One day King STEPHEN, passing by on a palfrey, noted the waving green expanse. Enquiring to whom the State was indebted for this fair prospect, a courtier informed him that it was "the ancestor of GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, Member for North Islington in the thirteenth Parliament of Queen VICTORIA."

"By our sooth," said the King, "he shall have a silver cup."

One was forthwith requisitioned from the nearest silversmith's, and this it is which now adorns the sideboard in the best parlour at St. Margaret's House, Victoria Street, S.W.

These interesting reminiscences of family history GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT recited to a charmed House in support of proposed new Clause, moved by DICK WEBSTER, exempting from estate duty heirlooms under settlement. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, usually impervious to argument in favour of alterations in his prized Budget, evidently moved. If BARTLEY had only thought of bringing the cup with him, had at this moment produced it from under his cloak, and flashed it forth on gaze of House, the Clause would have been added, and the cup, Estate-duty free, would have passed on through the ages, telling its simple story to successive strata of the BARTLEY family. As it was, SQUIRE stood firm, and WEBSTER'S Clause negatived.

"Couldn't do it, my dear WEBSTER," the SQUIRE found opportunity of saying, as he met disappointed legislator behind SPEAKER'S Chair. "Of course I said the polite thing about BARTLEY'S Cup. But I wasn't thinking of that. I know very well what you had in mind in bringing in this Clause. The heirlooms you thought of are those cups and medals you won for Cambridge when, twenty-nine years ago, you met the Oxford Champion in the two-mile race, and in the one-mile spin. If we could do something in the Schedules specially exempting them I should be glad. Think it over, and see me later."

WEBSTER wrung the SQUIRE'S hand, and passed on, saying nothing. There are moments when speech is superfluous. 'Tis true, they don't often occur in House of Commons; but here was one. Let us cherish its memory.

[pg 036]

Business done.—Considering and negativing new Clauses to Budget Bill.

Thursday.—All the cheerfulness of to-day has brightened Committee-room, where question of issue of Writ, following on application for Chiltern Hundreds, is considered. The SQUIRE under examination for nearly two hours and a-half. Difficult to say which the more enjoyed it, the witness or the Committee.

"What is the state of a Peer pending issue of Writ of Summons?" asked the SQUIRE, suddenly taking to interrogate the Committee assembled to question him. "Is he a caterpillar passing through a larva, spinning a cocoon of silk until he reaches a condition where they toil not neither

do they spin?" (Here, quite by accident, his glance fell upon JOSEPH, supposed to be sitting upon him in judicial capacity.) "There is," he continued (and here he glanced at PRINCE ARTHUR, smiling at the sly hit dealt at his dear friend JOE) "an opening for philosophic doubt as to the precise condition of this impounded Peer in his intermediary state."

The House still going about with millstone of Budget Bill round its neck, BYRNE, BUTCHER, BEACH, BOWLES and BARTLEY tugging at it, KENYON-SLANEY now and then uttering obvious truths with air of supernatural wisdom. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER (address Board of Agriculture, Whitehall Place, S.W.) hands me scrap of paper; says he found it near SQUIRE'S seat on Treasury Bench; but it doesn't look like his writing:

"Two modes there are, O BYRNE and BUTCHER,
Our gratitude to earn:
If BYRNE would only burn up BUTCHER,
Or BUTCHER butcher BYRNE;
Or both combine—yes, bless their souls—
To burn and butcher TOMMY BOWLES!"

Business done.—Very little.

Friday.—TEMPLE going about much as if on Tuesday night he had got out of his cab in the ordinary fashion. He didn't, you know. Taken out in sections through the upper window by couple of stalwart policemen. This owing to circumstance that Irish cab-driver having, after fashion of his country, saved a trot for the avenue, dashed up against kerbstone and overturned cab.

"Gave me a start, of course," TEMPLE said, as we brushed him down. "Not a convenient way of getting out of your hansom. What I was afraid of was being disfigured. Am not a vain man, but don't mind telling you, TOBY, a scratch or a scar on one's face would have been exceedingly annoying. But I'm all right, as you see. Hope it isn't a portent. A small thing that under this Government I should be overturned. What I fear is, that unless we keep our eye on them they'll overturn the Empire."

Business done.—Not yet done with Budget.

FASHIONABLE INFORMATION AND SUGGESTION.—The Duke and Duchess of BEDFORD having returned from Thorney will go to Beds;—a delightful change, that is unless they are rose-beds, which are proverbially thorny. And "the Duchess of ROXBURGHE goes to Floors." No Beds here; only Floors. Why not combine the two establishments and get them both under one roof?

"*NIHIL tetiqit quod non ornavit*," as the prizefighter said of his right fist, after blacking his opponent's eye and breaking the bridge of his nose.

"The Knights of Labour" seem to be banded together against "Days of Work."



An Interesting Specimen. The Coleridge Caterpillar!



CRUEL!

Lucullus Brown (on hospitable purpose intent). "ARE YOU DINING ANYWHERE TO-MORROW NIGHT?"

Jones (not liking to absolutely "give himself away"). "LET ME SEE"—
(*considers*)—"NO; I'M NOT DINING ANYWHERE TO-MORROW."

Lucullus Brown (seeing through the artifice). "UM! POOR CHAP! HOW HUNGRY YOU WILL BE!"

[*"Exeunt,—severally."*]

THE ROYAL WELSH BARD.

[The Prince of WALES was initiated as a Bard the other day at the Carnarvon Eisteddfod.]

The Minstrel-Prince to his Wales has gone,
 In the ranks of the Bards you'll find him;
 His bardic cloak he has girded on,
 And his tame harp slung behind him.
 "Land of Song!" said the Royal Bard,
 "You remarkably rum-spelt land, you,
 One Prince at least shall try very hard
 To pronounce you, and understand you."

The Prince tried hard, but the songs he heard
 Very soon brought his proud soul under,
 With twenty consonants packed in a word,
 And no vowels to keep them asunder!
 So he said to the Druid, "A word with you,
 Your jaw must be hard as nails, Sir;
 Your songs may do for the bold Cymru,
 They've done for the Prince of WALES, Sir!"

GOOD WISHES.

(*To Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie on their Marriage, July 9, 1894.*)

"When authors venture on a play,
 They have been known to find them undone,
 But Mr. BARRIE found the way

To great success in *Walker, London*.
A ready TOOLE he'd close at hand,
And those who know her merry glance'll
Not find it hard to understand
How much was due to MARY ANSELL.

Her acting in the House-boat Scene
Led Mr. BARRIE to discover
He'd lost his heart (although he'd *been*
Of Lady NICOTINE a lover).
And those who felt sweet NANNY's charm,
Or who in Thrums delight to tarry,
Long happy life, quite free from harm,
Will wish this new-formed firm of BARRIE.

Transcriber Notes:

Throughout the dialogues, there were words used to mimic accents of the speakers. Those words were retained as-is.

The illustrations have been moved so that they do not break up paragraphs and so that they are next to the text they illustrate. Thus the page number of the illustration might not match the page number in the List of Illustrations, and the order of illustrations may not be the same in the List of Illustrations and in the book.

Errors in punctuations and inconsistent hyphenation were not corrected unless otherwise noted.

On page 25, "o" was changed to "to".

On page 25, "Isi" was changed to "Is it".

On page 31, a quotation mark was added before "DOWN WITH".

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