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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 107, JULY 28TH 1894 ***

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 107.

July 28, 1894.

LORD ORMONT'S MATE AND MATEY'S AMINTA.

BY G***GE M*R*D*TH.

VOLUME I.

This was a school. Small wonder if the boys, doubly sensitive under a supercilious head-master of laughter-moving invention, poised for a moment on the to and fro of a needless knockabout jig-face with chin and mouth all a-pucker for the inquisitive contest. The stout are candid puff-balls blowing in an open sea of purposeless panting, hard to stir into an elephantine surging from arm-chairs; and these are for frock-coats, and they can wear watch-chains. So these boys understood it. MURAT here, MURAT there, MURAT everywhere, with SHALDERS a-burst at the small end of a trumpet, cheeks rounded to the full note of an usher's eulogy, like a roar and no mistake, arduous in the moment, throbbing beneath a schoolmaster's threadbare waistcoat, a heart all dandelions to the plucker, yellow on top with white shifts for feather-fringe; or a daisy, transferring petulance on a bath-chair wheezing and groaning—on the swing for the capture of a fare—or shall it be a fair, that too a wheeze permitted to propriety hoist on a flaxy, grinning chub. This was SHALDERS.

Lady CHARLOTTE EGLETT appeared. Hers was the brother, the Lord ORMONT we know, a general of cavalry not a doubt, all sabretache, spurs and plumes, dashing away into a Hindoo desert like the soldier he is, a born man sword in fist. She wrote, "Come to me. He is said to be married."

He spoke to her. "My father was a soldier."

"He too?" she interposed.

Their eyes clashed.

"You are the tutor for me," she added.

"For your grandson," corrected he.

It was a bargain. They struck it. She glanced right and left, showing the town-bred tutor her hedges at the canter along the main road of her scheme.

His admiration of the cavalry-brother rose to a fever-point. Not good with the pen, Lady

CHARLOTTE opined; hard to beat at a sword-thrust, thought MATEY. "Be his pen-holder," put in the lady. "I *would*," said he, smiling again. She split sides, convulsed in a take-offish murmur, a roll here, a roll there, rib-tickling with eyes goggling on the forefront of a sentence all rags, tags, and splutters like a jerry-builder gaping at a waste land pegged out in plots, foundations on the dig, and auctioneer prowling hither thither, hammer ready for the "gone" which shall spin a nobody's land into a somebody's money passing over counter or otherwise pocket to pocket, full to empty or almost empty, with a mowling choke-spark of a batter-foot all quills for the bean-feast. So they understood it.



MATEY then was Lord ORMONT'S secretary. A sad dog his Lordship; all the women on bended knees to his glory. Who shall own him? What cares he so it be a petticoat? For women go the helter-skelter pace; head-first they plunge or kick like barking cuckoos. You can tether them with a dab for Sir FRANCIS JEUNE. He will charge a jury to the right-about of a crapulous fallow-ball, stiff as Rhadamanthus eyeing the tremblers. But MATEY had met this one before. Memories came pouring. He gazed. Was she, in truth, Lord ORMONT'S? The thought spanked him in the face. A wife? Possibly. And with an aunt—AMINTA'S aunt. She has a nose like a trout skimming a river for flies, then rises a minute and you not there, always too late with rod and line for sport. But there was danger to these two, and Lord ORMONT was writing his Memoirs. A mad splashing of unnecessary ink on the foolscap made for his head, never more to wear the plumed cocked hat in a clash of thunder-bearing squadrons.

END OF VOL. I.

A VADE MECUM FOR THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

(Compiled by a Pessimist.)

Question. Will the Naval Manœuvres of 1894 have any novel features?

Answer. Only in the imagination of the special correspondents.

Q. Will there be the customary coloured fleets?

A. Yes, with the usual commanders, officers and men.

Q. Will the lesson that a fleet having speed equal to a pursuing fleet, if given a start, will escape, be taught to all concerned?

A. Yes, to the great admiration of the authorities at Somerset House and Whitehall.

Q. Will it be demonstrated that if a town on the coast is left undefended, a hostile ironclad will be able to bombard it at pleasure?

A. Yes, to the satisfaction of every scientist in the United Kingdom.

Q. Will it also be made clear to the meanest comprehension that if the night is sufficiently dark, and search-lights insufficient, a fleet will get out of a harbour in spite of considerable opposition?

A. Yes, to the great appreciation of the world at large, and the British public in particular.

Q. Will there be the customary secrecy about self-evident facts and trivial details?

A. Yes, to the annoyance of the newspaper correspondents, and the indignation of editors thirsting for copy.

Q. And, lastly, how may the Naval Manœuvres be appropriately defined?

A. As the means of obtaining the minimum of information at the maximum of expense.

A PAINFUL POSITION.

It is my base biographer
I've haunted all day long.
He's writing out my character,
And every word is wrong.

With the wrong vices I'm indued,
And the wrong virtues too;

My motives he has misconstrued
As only he could do.

I read the copy sheet by sheet
As it issues from his pen,
And this, this travesty complete
Will be my doom from men!

I've wrestled hard with psychic force—
It is in vain, in vain!
His nerves were ever tough and coarse,
Impervious his brain.

Ah, could a merely psychic spell
Ignite an earthly match!
Or could a hand impalpable
Material "copy" snatch!

I'm as incompetent as mist
The enemy to rack.
Ah, if a spiritual fist
An earthly eye could black!

A paper-weight it lies below,
It cannot be dispersed!
The publisher will never know
Who read that copy first!

His gliding pen, for all my hate,
Has never gone awry;
"All rights reserved," they'll calmly state,
O'er me. And here am I!

GUESSES AT GOODWOOD.

(By a Transatlantic Cousin, according to English ideas.)

That I shall get puppar to take me and mother down in real style.

That we will wake up sleepy old Europe, and show these insolent insulars that we are above small potatos.

That I shall cut out the Britisher Misses, and make their mummars sit up.

That I shall take care that luncheon is not neglected, and see that all my party, like the omnibuses, are full inside.

That I shall think very small of the races, so long as I get my boxes of gloves.

That I shall do credit to the best society of Boston and the seminaries of New York by speaking through my nose a mixture of slang and nonsense.

That I shall call his Grace of Canterbury "Archbishop," and any owner of strawberry leaves "Duke."

That I shall wear a gown trimmed with diamonds, and have my parasols made of net and precious stones. That I shall conceal the fact that puppar made his money out of the sale of wooden nutmegs and mother's aunt was a laundress.

That I shall flirt with a Duke at the Races, marry him at St. George's, and give up for ever the stars and stripes.

P.S. *(by a Transatlantic Cousin, according to American ideas).*—I shall continue to wonder at an English girl's notions of her kinswomen when there are so many charming specimens of refined Columbian gentlewomen resettled in the old home of the Anglo-Saxon race.



"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," &c.

SCENE—Hounds on drag of Otter, which has turned up small tributary stream.

Miss Di (six feet in her stockings, to deeply-enamoured Curate, five feet three in his, whom she has inveigled out Otter-hunting). "OH, DO JUST PICK ME UP AND CARRY ME ACROSS. IT'S RATHER DEEP, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

[The Rev. Spooner's sensations are somewhat mixed.



"THE APPLE OF DISCORD; OR, WHICH IS THE LAUREATE?"

Paris ... LORD R-S-B-RY. Venus (à la Japonaise) ... SIR EDW-N ARN-LD. Juno ... L-W-S M-RR-S. Minerva ... ALFR-D A-ST-N.

THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

(Modern Parliamentary Version.)

[Replying to questions concerning the delay in filling up the post of Poet Laureate, Sir W. HARCOURT said, "This is a delicate question, and, amidst conflicting claims, I must shelter myself in the decency of the learned language, and I would reply, '*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*' ... My hon. friend must remember what happened to the shepherd Paris when he had to award the apple, and the misfortunes which befel him and his partners—*spretæque injuria formæ.*"]

Unpoetical Statesman sings:—

I'm Paris the Shepherd, *pro tem.*,
And here are the three pseudo-goddesses!—
Different, truly, from them
Who appeared, without veils, skirts, or bodices,
Unto CEnone's false swain.
Well, I've no CEnone to wig me;
But—at the first glance it's so plain,
Paris can't give the fruit to—a pigmy.

HERÉ? Ah! this must be she!
A classico-Cambrian Juno!
Propriety's pink *all* must see;
But what other claims has she? Few know!
Dull decency's all very fine;
She has a fine smack of the chapel;
But, dash it, I still must decline
To give Goddess Grundy the apple!

I'm sure she's domestic and chaste,
A virtuous, worthy old body;
But—that's scarce a goddess's waist,
Her tone, too, is—well, Eisteddfoddy.
I fear, if I gave the award
To this *excellentest* of old ladies,
Apollo might send me—'twere hard!—
To read one of her Epics—in Hades!

Then Pallas! Well, Pallas looks proud,
And I have no doubt might deserve a
Big crown from a true Primrose crowd:
But—she runs rather small for Minerva!
Men *might* mistake her for her owl.
"Her rhymes," say swell Tories, "are rippin'!"
But still, though the *Standard* may scowl,
I *can't* award Pallas the pippin!

And then Aphrodite! Oh my!
In that dress she must feel rather freezy.
There's confidence, though, in her eye,
She is taking it quite Japanesy.
That *musumé* smile's quite a fetch,
And yet—I acknowledge—between us—
(They'll call me a cold-blooded wretch)
I *can't* stand a Japanese Venus!

And so "the Hesperian fruit"
I must really reserve—for the present.
Yes. Heré will call me a brute,
And Pallas say things most unpleasant,
Aphrodite—won't *she* give me beans!
They all want the pippin—you bet it!
To grab it each "goddess" quite means,
And oh! don't they wish they may get it?

"The New Woman" (according to the type suggested by the 'Revolt of the Daughters') should be known as "The Revolting Woman."

A BALLADE OF THREE VOLUMES.

O awful sentence that we read,
O news that really seems to stun,

For Messrs. MUDIE have decreed,
And also Messrs. SMITH AND SON,
Henceforth consistently to shun
The trilogies we value so,
And that, for thus the tidings run,
Three-volume novels are to go!

Reflect to what it soon must lead,
This rash reform which you've begun;
How can the novelist succeed
In packing tragedy and fun
Within the space of Volume One?
Already his returns are low,
Soon he'll be utterly undone—
Three-volume novels are to go!

And then for us, who humbly plead
For long romances deftly spun,
Will not these stern barbarians heed
Our concentrated malison?
Alas, your literary Hun
Nor sorrow nor remorse can know;
He cries in anger, "Simpleton,
Three-volume novels are to go!"

Envoi.

Prince, writers' rights—forgive the pun—
And readers' too, forbid the blow;
Of triple pleasure there'll be none,
Three-volume novels are to go!

Mrs. R. says she "quite understands the truth of the ancient proverb which says that 'the man who has a family has given sausages to fortune.'"

[pg 040]

LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART IV.—RUSHING TO CONCLUSIONS.

SCENE IV.—*A First-Class Compartment.*

Spurrell (to himself). Formidable old party opposite me in the furs! Nice-looking girl over in the corner; not a patch on my EMMA, though! Wonder why I catch 'em sampling me over their papers whenever I look up! Can't be anything wrong with my turn out. Why, of course, they heard TOM talk about my going down to Wyvern Court; think I'm a visitor there and no end of a nob! Well, what snobs some people are, to be sure!

Lady Cantire (to herself). So this is the young poet I made ALBINIA ask to meet me. I can't be mistaken, I distinctly heard his friend mention *Andromeda*. H'm, well, it's a comfort to find he's *clean!* Have I read his poetry or not? I know I *had* the book, because I distinctly remember telling MAISIE she wasn't to read it—but—well, that's of no consequence. He looks clever and quite respectable—not in the least picturesque—which is fortunate. I was beginning to doubt whether it was quite prudent to bring MAISIE; but I needn't have worried myself.

Lady Maisie (to herself). Here, actually in the same carriage! Does he guess who *I* am? Somehow—Well, he certainly *is* different from what I expected. I thought he would show more signs of having thought and suffered; for he *must* have suffered to write as he does. If Mamma knew I had read his poems; that I had actually written to beg him not to refuse Aunt ALBINIA'S invitation! He never wrote back. Of course I didn't put my address; but still, he could have found out from the Red Book if he'd cared. I'm rather glad now he *didn't* care.

Spurr. (to himself). Old girl seems as if she meant to be sociable; better give her an opening. (*Aloud.*) Hem! would you like the window down an inch or two?

Lady Cant. Not on *my* account, thank you.

Spurr. (to himself). Broke the ice, anyway. (*Aloud.*) Oh, *I* don't want it down, but some people are fond of fresh air.

Lady Cant. (with a dignified little shiver). With a temperature as glacial as it is in here! Surely not!

Spurr. Well, it *is* chilly; been raw all day. (*To himself.*) She don't answer. I *haven't* broken the ice.

[*He produces a memorandum book.*]

Lady Maisie (to herself). He hasn't said anything *very* original yet. So *nice* of him not to pose! Oh, he's got a note-book; he's going to compose a poem. How interesting!



"He's going to compose a poem. How interesting!"

Spurr. (to himself). Yes, I'm all right if *Voluptuary* wins the Lincolnshire Handicap; lucky to get on at the price I did. When will the weights come out for the City and Suburban? Let's see whether the Pink 'Un has anything about it.

[*He refers to the "Sporting Times."*]

Lady Maisie (to herself). The inspiration's stopped—*what* a pity! How odd of him to read the *Globe*! I thought he was a Democrat!

Lady Cant. MAISIE, there's quite a clever little notice in *Society Snippets* about the dance at SKYMPINGS last week. I'm sure I wonder how they pick up these things; it quite bears out what I was told; says the supper arrangements were "simply disgraceful; *no* plovers' eggs, and not nearly enough champagne; and what there was, undrinkable!" So *like* poor dear Lady CHESEBARE; never *does* do things like anybody else. I'm sure *I've* given her hints enough!

Spurr. (to himself, with a suppressed grin). Wants to let me see *she* knows some swells. Now *ain't* that paltry?

Lady Cant. (tendering the paper). Would you like to see it, MAISIE? Just this hit here; where my finger is.

Lady Maisie (to herself, flushing). I saw him smile. What *must* he think of us, with his splendid scorn for rank? (*Aloud.*) No, thank you, Mamma; such a wretched light to read by!

Spurr. (to himself). Chance for *me* to cut in! (*Aloud.*) Beastly light, isn't it? 'Pon my word, the company ought to provide us with a dog and string apiece when we get out!

Lady Cant. (bringing a pair of long-handled glasses to bear upon him). I happen to hold shares in this line. May I ask *why* you consider a provision of dogs and string at all the stations a necessary or desirable expenditure?

Spurr. Oh—er—well, you know, I only meant, bring on *blindness* and that. Harmless attempt at a joke, that's all.

Lady Cant. I see. I scarcely expected that *you* would condescend to such weakness. I—ah—think you are going down to stay at Wyvern for a few days, are you not?

Spurr (to himself). I was right. What TOM said *did* fetch the old girl; no harm in humouring her a bit. (*Aloud.*) Yes—oh yes, they—aw—wanted me to run down when I could.

Lady Cant. I heard they were expecting you. You will find Wyvern a pleasant house—for a short visit.

Spurr (to himself). *She* heard! Oh, she wants to kid me she knows the CULVERINS. Rats! (*Aloud.*) Shall I, though? I daresay.

Lady Cant. Lady CULVERIN is a very sweet woman; a little limited, perhaps, not intellectual, or quite what one would call the *grande dame*; but perhaps *that* could scarcely be expected.

Spurr. (vaguely). Oh, of course not—no. (*To himself.*) If she bluffs, so can I! (*Aloud.*) It's funny your turning out to be an acquaintance of Lady C.'s, though.

Lady Cant. You think so? But I should hardly call myself an *acquaintance*.

Spurr. (to himself). Old cat's trying to back out of it now; she *shan't*, though! (*Aloud.*) Oh, then I suppose you know Sir RUPERT best?

Lady Cant. Yes, I certainly know Sir RUPERT better.

Spurr. (to himself). Oh, you do, do you? We'll see. (*Aloud.*) Nice cheery old chap, Sir RUPERT, isn't he? I must tell him I travelled down in the same carriage with a particular friend of his. (*To himself.*) That'll make her sit up!

Lady Cant. Oh, then you and my brother RUPERT have met already?

Spurr. (aghast). Your brother! Sir RUPERT CULVERIN YOUR—! Excuse me—if I'd only known, I—I do assure you I never should have dreamt of saying—!

Lady Cant. (graciously). You've said nothing whatever to distress yourself about. You couldn't possibly be expected to know who I was. Perhaps I had better tell you at once that I am Lady CANTIRE, and this is my daughter, Lady MAISIE MULL. (SPURRELL *returns* Lady MAISIE'S *little bow in the deepest confusion.*) We are going down to Wyvern too, so I hope we shall very soon become better acquainted.

Spurr. (to himself, overwhelmed). The deuce we shall! I *have* got myself into a hole this time; I wish I could see my way well out of it! Why on earth couldn't I hold my confounded tongue? I *shall* look an ass when I tell 'em.

[*He sits staring at them in silent embarrassment.*]

SCENE V.—*A Second-Class Compartment.*

Undershell (to himself). Singularly attractive face this girl has; so piquant and so refined! I can't help fancying she is studying me under her eyelashes. She has remarkably bright eyes. Can she be interested in me? does she expect me to talk to her? There are only she and I—but no, just now I would rather be alone with my thoughts. This MAISIE MULL whom I shall meet so soon; what is *she* like, I wonder? I presume she is unmarried. If I may judge from her artless little letter, she is young and enthusiastic, and she is a passionate admirer of my verse; she is longing to meet me. I suppose some men's vanity would be flattered by a tribute like that. I think I must have none; for it leaves me strangely cold. I did not even reply; it struck me that it would be difficult to do so with any dignity, and she didn't tell me where to write to.... After all, how do I know that this will not end—like everything else—in disillusion? Will not such crude girlish adoration pall upon me in time? If she were exceptionally lovely; or say, even as charming as this fair fellow-passenger of mine—why then, to be sure—but no, something warns me that that is not to be. I shall find her plain, sandy, freckled; she will render me ridiculous by her indiscriminating gush.... Yes, I feel my heart sink more and more at the prospect of this visit. Ah me!

[*He sighs heavily.*]

His Fellow Passenger (to herself). It's too silly to be sitting here like a pair of images, considering that—(*Aloud.*) I hope you aren't feeling unwell?

Und. Thank you, no, not unwell. I was merely thinking.

His Fellow P. You don't seem very cheerful over it, I must say. I've no wish to be inquisitive, but perhaps you're feeling a little lowspirited about the place you're going to?

Und. I—I must confess I am rather dreading the prospect. How wonderful that you should have guessed it!

His Fellow P. Oh, I've been through it myself. I'm just the same when *I* go down to a new place; feel a sort of sinking, you know, as if the people were sure to be disagreeable, and I should

never get on with them.

Und. Exactly my own sensations! If I could only be sure of finding *one* kindred spirit, one soul who would help and understand me. But I daren't let myself hope even for that!

His Fellow P. Well, I wouldn't judge beforehand. The chances are there'll be *somebody* you can take to.

Und. (to himself). What sympathy! What bright, cheerful common sense! (*Aloud.*) Do you know, you encourage me more than you can possibly imagine!

His Fellow P. (retreating). Oh, if you are going to take my remarks like *that*, I shall be afraid to go on talking to you!

Und. (with pathos). Don't—*don't* be afraid to talk to me! If you only knew the comfort you give! I have found life very sad, very solitary. And true sympathy is so rare, so refreshing. I—I fear such an appeal from a stranger may seem a little startling; it is true that hitherto we have only exchanged a very few sentences; and yet already I feel that we have something—much—in common. You can't be so cruel as to let all intimacy cease here—it is quite tantalising enough that it must end so soon. A very few more minutes, and this brief episode will be only a memory; I shall have left the little green oasis far behind me, and be facing the dreary desert once more—alone!

His Fellow P. (laughing). Well, of all the uncomplimentary things! As it happens, though, "the little green oasis"—as you're kind enough to call me—*won't* be left behind; not if it's aware of it! I think I heard your friend mention Wyvern Court! Well, that's where *I'm* going.

Und. (excitedly). You—you are going to Wyvern Court! Why, then, you must be—

[*He checks himself.*]

His Fellow P. What were you going to say; *what* must I be?

Und. (to himself). There is no doubt about it; bright, independent girl; gloves a trifle worn; travels second-class for economy; it must be Miss MULL herself; her letter mentioned Lady CULVERIN as her aunt. A poor relation, probably. She doesn't suspect that I am—I won't reveal myself just yet; better let it dawn upon her gradually. (*Aloud.*) Why, I was only about to say, why then you must be going to the same house as I am. How extremely fortunate a coincidence!

His Fellow P. We shall see. (*To herself.*) What a funny little man; such a flowery way of talking for a footman. Oh, but I forgot; he said he *wasn't* going to wear livery. Well, he *would* look a sight in it!

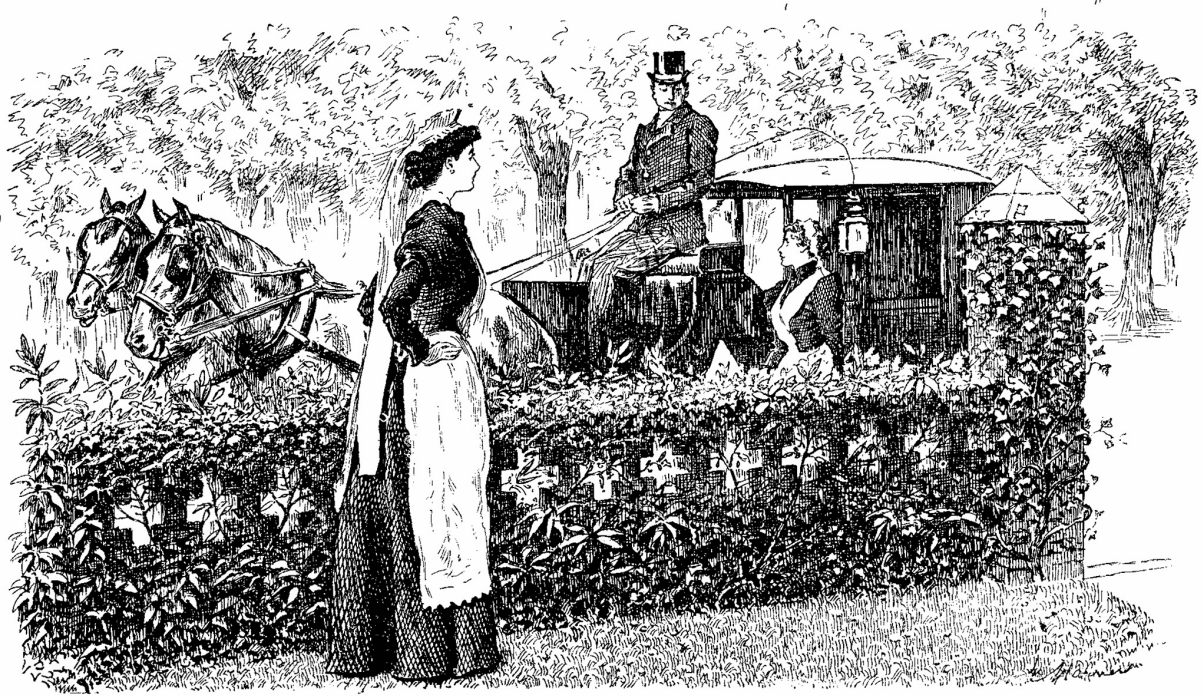


PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

"CAN YOU LET ME HAVE A BULLET-PROOF COAT FOR MY LITTLE DOG?
MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR HAS THREATENED TO SHOOT HIM FOR

WHERE TO SEND A YOUNG HORSE TO BE WELL BROKEN IN FOR RIDING.—Evidently to the "Hackney Training Schools."

[pg 042]



THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

"YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE MY LADY TO REGENT STREET, AREN'T YOU, DICKON?"

"YES. IT'S HALL VERY WELL FOR 'ER LADYSHIP TO GO ABOUT IN A THING LIKE THIS! SHE HAIN'T KNOWN IN THE WEST END. HI HAM!"



"EVICTED TENANTS."

LOCAL VETO BILL. "ARE WE TO HAVE NO 'COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE'?"
H-RC-RT. "YOU'LL SEE!—RE-INSTAEMENT!—NEXT SESSION!!"

[Exeunt Bills, dejectedly.]

"EVICTED TENANTS."

["It is impracticable to proceed in the present Session with some of the great measures to which the Government is pledged, such, for example, as that relating to the Church in Wales, the Registration Bill, and the Local Veto Bill."—*Sir William Harcourt.*]

Little Local Veto, loquitur:—

Oh, exactly! Just what I expected! And after such volumes of talk!
My prospects you told me were brilliant, and here it all ends—in a baulk!
O, won't I just work up Sir WILFRID, and won't I just wake Mister CAINE?
But there, you can't trust *anybody*, these times, that's exceedingly plain.
And *you* too, my own bringer-up, to turn *me* out of house and of home!
Oho, you unnatural parent! And where shall we wanderers roam—
Poor Taffy, and young (Registration) Bill—look at him limping!—and Me?
And the other ones tucked up inside, and especially that impudent Three,
The Irish, the Scotch, and the London boys, whom you so favour and pet,
Are laughing at us from the window. But, drat them, their turn may come yet.
They may have to turn out, after all! BILLY BUDGET of course is all right,
For you fought for your favourite che-ild, and, by Jingo, it *has* been a fight!
But what have *I* done to be rounded on? Call yourself boss of the place?
Why, the BARTLEYS, and BOWLESES, and BOLTONS and BYRNES simply laugh in your
face!

What use to be landlord at all if you can't choose your tenants? Oh my!
That odious Bung—one more B!—has the laugh of me still! I could cry—
But I *won't*. I will kick! I'm not meek, like those other two poor little BILLS;
Look, how limp and dejected they go, though against their poor dear little
wills!

But *I* am not going to be put upon. I'll make it awkward all round.
You won't treat me so any more; you won't "chuck" me again, I'll be bound.
And what Compensation have I, for Disturbance? Eh! what's that you say?
"All right?"—"Reinstatement—next year?"—"Pass away, my dears, please,
pass away?"—

Ah! it's all very fine to look pleasant and promise fair things—at the door;
But that's regular constable blarney, old boy, and *you've done it before!*
Meanwhile we're Evicted, worse luck! like the poor Irish Tenants whose case
Those busy B's muster to fight over. Ah! you put on a bold face,
But *we* ain't the only Pill Garlics! No; some of 'em still left inside
Will yet join us, out in the cold, as will p'raps be a pill to their pride!

[*Exit with other Bills.*]

THE COLONEL AND THE QUIVER.—Our own Colonel SAUNDERSON, M.P., was never better at his best than when, in the debate last Thursday night, he said, "If the Bill passes, a quiver of horror will run through every tenant, &c., &c." Of course the gallant Colonel meant "arrow" or "dart," not "quiver." A dart or an arrow will run through a person, piercing him in front, and reappearing at back. But "quiver" doesn't do this sort of thing. An arrow so transfixing a body may make it quiver—but this is another matter. More power to the quivering elbow of the gallant Colonel!

LA FEMME DE CLAUDE.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
You'll find, according to DUMAS,
One certain cure for melancholy:—
Tue-la!

French law, that damns you in the letter,
In spirit *change tout cela*;
They always manage matters better
Là-bas.

These are the lines to play the man on;
Take her defenceless, cry "*Holà!*"
And trotting out the nimble cannon,
Tue-la!

Or take for choice the common cartridge;
Pop goes *le p'tit fusil, comme ça!*
You bag her neatly like a partridge
Là-bas.

"*L'Homme-Femme*" may haunt the bosom British;

Là France goes trolling "*Ça ira!*"
And waives the question with a skittish
"*Tue-la!*"

No mutual recriminations,
No counterplea, *et cetera*;
One solves too simply these equations
Là-bas.

So runs the play. We saw you foot it
Featly therein, *la belle Sara!*
You were all there, or, so to put it,
Toute là.

And now you go, and, if you'll let us,
Reluctantly we say "*Ta-ta!*"
Come back again, and don't forget us
Là-bas.

THE NEW MOTTO (*by our own Irishman*).—England expects every man this day to pay his own Death Duty.

[pg 045]



A ROYAL PROGRESS.

SCENE—*Crossing in Rotten Row during the height of the Season. Two Policemen stopping Riders. Little Girl, wheeling p'ram., with Baby inside, about to cross.*

Mary Hanne. "LOR', IT'S JUS' AS IF WE WOS THE QUEEN!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

I.—THE GARDEN OF SLOTH.



T the Court of the Earl, by the meeting of ways,
Man planted a garden, a garden that pays;
In the thick of the crowd, where they tread on your corn,
It is there that a singular plant has been born.
Hot days of desire and cool nights of disgust,
They are mine when its bud keeps refusing to bust.
O, Wheel of my weal! I am waiting forlorn,
I am waiting, I say, with a crush on my corn.

In the "Garden of London" where night-lights are spread,
 I watch Living Pictures, as old as the dead;
 While a Tow-er Gigantic stands gruesome and glum,
 By the shadow of Shows that are certain to come.
 Will *they* shoot as *I* shoot on sixpenny slides?
 Will *they* want as *I* want rotatory rides?
 O, plant of a plant! I would barter my skin
 For the chance of Ixion his regular spin!

By Our Schoolboy.

Q. (α) Explain the allusion "Quorum Pars." (β) Give reference.

R. "Quorum" is a bench of magistrates who must be all Fathers of Families, or Pa's. Hence the expression (which is a kind of Latin pun) "Quorum Pars." (β) The references are numerous, and all highly respectable.

FOR ARMS OR ALMS?

An advertisement appears in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, headed "Devon Volunteer Commemoration," in which "Drawings are invited for a memorial of the fact that the Volunteer Movement of 1852 originated in Devonshire." According to the regulations, "Drawings must be accompanied by tenders for carrying out the work." Moreover, "the total cost, including all charges for designing, carrying out, superintending, and erecting the work, and surrounding the same with a suitable iron railing, must not exceed £200." Now this is really a very fair sum, and to assist one of our readers to win the prize, we allot the money in appropriate items. Of course we can only give a rough estimate, but it should be near enough to suit its purpose.

COST OF THE DEVON VOLUNTEER COMMEMORATION MEMORIAL.

Design (being a sovereign more than the sum offered for a second prize)	6 0 0
Stone	10 0 0
Engraving inscription	30 0 0
Gilding the names of the Committee, &c., engaged in the work	50 0 0
Designer's charge for carrying out, superintending and erecting work	4 0 0
Balance (to be used for surrounding memorial "with a suitable iron railing")	100 0 0

	£200 0
	0

And now, having shown how the thing may be done, we hope that the best man may win. It is pleasant to find Art so greatly appreciated in Devonshire—a county which apparently is as rich and as generous as its own cream!

POST PRANDIAL.—If the geraniums and roses in my LOUISA'S garden could speak, what celebrated dinner-giver would they name?—LOO! CULL US!

[pg 046]

FAREWELL TO McGLADSTONE.

(From the Heart of Midlothian.)

["I must here add, in explicit terms, the few decisive words to which, after all that has happened, I feel a natural reluctance to give utterance. It is not my intention, at the age I have now reached, to ask re-election (for Midlothian) when the present Parliament shall be dissolved."—*Mr. Gladstone's Farewell Letter to Midlothian.*]

Farewell to McGLADSTONE, great Chief of the North!
 Midlothian remembers when first setting forth,
 The Chieftain she's mourning his course here began,
 Launching forth on wild billows his bark like a man,
 And stirring all hearts with his eloquent voice.—
 Farewell to McGLADSTONE, the Chief of our choice!

O swift was his galley, and hardy his crew,
 Her Captain was skilful, her mariners true.
 In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,

Though the storms might arise, and the billows might
boil,
In the wind and the warfare *he* seemed to rejoice.—
Farewell to McGLADSTONE, the Chief of our choice!

Blow bland on his parting, thou sweet southland gale!
Like the sighs of his sailors breathe soft on his sail;
Be prolong'd as regret that his vassals must know,
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe:
Be so soft, and so fair, and so friendly of voice,
Wafting homeward McGLADSTONE, the Chief of our
choice!

He was pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas, and to study the skies;
He would hoist all her canvas on Victory's tack,
Kind Heaven crowd it fuller when wafting him back
To his home in far Hawarden, where hearts will rejoice
To welcome McGLADSTONE, the Chief of our choice.

Midlothian no more! 'Tis a sorrowful cry,
And we gaze on the waves, and we glance at the sky;
We shall long, when clouds darken and wild waves
o'erwhelm,
For his voice through the gale, for his hand on the
helm.

Now we shout through the shadows, with tears in our voice:
Farewell to McGLADSTONE, great Chief of our choice!

Midlothian no more! Faith, we fancy we hear
The cry of the Chieftain who never knew fear,
Stout still through its sadness, "Keep up the good fight!
Let Midlothian, let Scotland, still stand for the Right!"
The last burden brave of the valorous voice
Of dauntless McGLADSTONE, great Chief of our choice!

Midlothian no more! In despite, Chief, of all,
The Heart of Midlothian responds to your call.
Its echoes shall live, though no longer your form
Shall steer us to sunshine, or cheer us in storm.
Then farewell to the presence, but not to the voice
Of "Auld WULLIE" GLADSTONE, great Chief of our choice!



AIR—"Farewell to
Mackenzie."

THE COPPERATION AT WINSER.

Oh, didn't the grand old Copperation have a grand treat last week at Winsor! Her grashus Majesty the QUEEN asked 'em all down to her butiful Pallace to hear the sollem Recorder read to her their joyful feelings at the birth of her dear little Great Grand Son! And then, to the great joy of all on 'em, Her MAJESTY read such a delishus arnsor as amost brort tears to the eyes of some of the young uns of the Party, and sent 'em away to the butiful Lunshon Room to refresh exhorsted natur with a delicate Lunch, and sum exkisit Madeary, such as King GEORGE THE FOURTH is said to have saved xpressly for simmlar glorius ocasions.

Don't let it be supposed as I wants peepole to beleeve as I was there; but I had the hole account given by one as was, and I ain't ixagerated it not a bit.

There is a certain Body of gents in London as ewidently wunts to play fust fiddel in the government of our grand old City, but I havent heard of their being asked down to Winsor Carsel to congratulate her Most Grayshus MAGESTY on the late appy ewent. Should they be so I should most suttently make a pint of seeing 'em all start, if it were only out of curiosity to see what sort of State Mazerine Gownds they would all wear!

I had allmost forgot to menshun that the two Sherryffs, and the Chairman of the big Tower Bridge, was all benighted, and came out of the presents Chamber smiling like ancient Cherubs. I am told as how as the Copperation was so werry much delited with their royal wisit to royal Winsor, that they has been and passed a werry similer wote of thanks to the Dook and Dutchess of YORK, and arsked them to receeve 'em jest the same as the QUEEN did, but they is both werry sorry to say, that their Pallis not being near so big as Her MAJESTY'S, they hopes as only a small Deppytation of Aldermen and C. C.'s will attend.

Oh won't there be jest a rush for places, as every one on 'em is naterally anxious to show his loyeltly on so hinteresting an ocasion, tho of course they carnt expec to have heverything exactly the same as they had at Royel Winsor.

OPERA NOTES.

Tuesday, July 17.—"The opera season will terminate July 30." To-night VERDI'S opera of *Aida*, "with the dotlets on the *i*." First appearance of Madame ADINI, a spacious *prima donna* who amply fills the part. GIULIA RAVOGLI an excellent *Amneris*. Opera apparently not particularly attractive, or more powerful attractions elsewhere.

Saturday, 21.—*Pagliacci* followed by new opera entitled *The Lady of Longford*, though it would have been more polite had the *Pagliacci* allowed the Lady to precede them. But *Pagliacci* will be *Pagliacci*. *The Lady's* Librettists are Sir DRURIOLANUS POETICUS and Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY. The music is by EMIL BACH. The Gentlemen of Longford are represented by Messrs. ALVAREZ and EDOUARD DE RESZKE, while *the Lady*, the big lady, is EMMA EAMES—"quite the lady"—and the little lady is EVELYN HUGHES. This new Lady turns out to be our old friend the one-act drama by TOM TAYLOR entitled *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, set to music, the comic characters being omitted, and the end made tragic instead of happy. The music does not entitle BACH to take a front seat. EMMA EAMES excellent; FANNY HUGHES funny; ALVAREZ good; JEAN DE RESZKE first-rate all-round-head Colonel, but more like a Cathedral than a Kirk. Composer and Librettists complimented; MANCINELLI conducted; house full. General satisfaction.

HARD CASE OF "EVICTED TENANTS" IN DRURY LANE.—At a general assembly of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane Company of Proprietors last Wednesday, Mr. CHITTY is reported to have observed that "after putting £300,000 into the building without receiving a farthing in return, they were now to have their money confiscated by the law, but in such circumstances as one would not have expected from a nobleman in the Duke of BEDFORD'S position." Ahem! Why did not Sir DRURIOLANUS arise and, remembering the *Barber of Seville*, sing "CHITTY, CHITTY, *piano! piano!*" But naturally the Drury Laneites must feel a bit hurt.

[pg 047]

THE "GRAND NATIONAL" TRUST.

A Meeting has recently taken place at Grosvenor House to establish a National Trust, the idea being to preserve places of historic interest and natural beauty. Announced at the meeting that already a beautiful cliff had been promised by a lady. We understand the following promises have also been received:—

The Duke of W-stm-nst-r.—A very handsome ground-rent. Intended to support and sustain beautiful cliffs, &c.

The Duke of D-v-nsh-re.—Ch-tsw-rth, which, owing to recent legislation, he can no longer afford to keep up. Intends to take a small cottage, it is believed, at some inexpensive town on the East Coast. Several Distressed Dukes have also promised, on their death, to leave their estates to the Trust.

A Lover of Ozone.—A particularly bracing breeze. To be dedicated to the public for ever.

The London County Council.—The Shaftesbury Fountain. The L. C. C., we understand, welcomes the prospect of handing over to the Trust the responsibility attaching to this insoluble problem.

A Hertfordshire Gentleman.—A thoroughly reliable right of way.

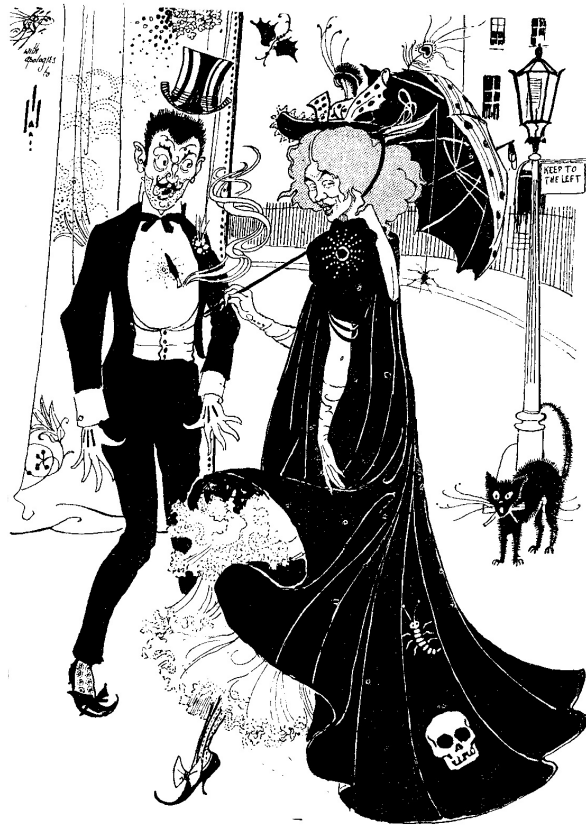
Mr. Th-m-s B-ch-m.—A unique collection of signboards *in situ*. These are placed in the midst of the most lovely natural scenery, and in themselves will very soon, it is hoped, be of *historic* interest.

Sir Fr-d-r-ck P-ll-ck will arrange in every case to supply a good title.

Mr. Punch heartily commends so patriotic a scheme to his readers. Any beautiful cliffs, ground-rents, rights of way, &c., sent to him at 85, Fleet Street will immediately be forwarded to the proper quarter. N.B.—It is just possible an exception to this rule might be made in the case of ground-rents.

HOW IT IS DONE.

(*An Art-Recipe.*)



QUID EST PICTURA?—VERITAS FALSA.

(Epictetus.)

Take a lot of black triangles,
 Some amorphous blobs of red;
 Just a sprinkle of queer spangles,
 An ill-drawn Medusa head;
 Some red locks in Gorgon tangles,
 And a scarlet sunshade, spread:
 Take a "*portière*" quaint and spotty,
 Take a turn-up nose or two;
 The loose lips of one "gone dotty,"
 A cheese-cutter chin, askew;
 Pose like that of front-row "TOTTIE,"
 Hat as worn by "COSTER LOO";
 Take an hour-glass waist, in section,
 Shoulders hunched up camel-wise;
 Give a look of introspection
 (Or a squint) to two black eyes;
 Or a glance of quaint dejection,
 Or a glare of wild surprise;
 Slab and slop them all together
 With a background of sheer sludge;
 (Like a slum in foggy weather),
 And this blend of scrawl and smudge
 Vend as ART—in highest feather!—
 Dupes in praise will blare and blether.
 Honest *Burchells* will cry—"FUDGE!!!"

A Demi-French Octave.

(Picked up in a Dressing-room.)

My razor, you're a true *rasseur*,
 That is, you bore me badly!
 You're blunt, you gash—*de tout mon cœur*
 I *bless* you wildly, madly!
Vraiment, c'est vous qu' j'ai en horreur
 Each morn on rising sadly;
 Were't not that shaving's *de rigueur*,
 In turn I'd cut *you* gladly!

IN VIEW OF HOLIDAYS. A HINT.—Of course if you're on pedestrian tours bent—if you're a bicyclist you'll be still more bent—you cannot do better than, as a pedestrian, get WALKER'S Maps. If you are going to sail, or by steam, you are again referred to—"WALKER, London." There is a good idea in these Maps which might be still further developed, and that is not only to show the route and the manner of making your journey, but by arrangement with the principal Steam-boat and Railway Companies some sort of "itinerary" might be added to the Map, with information as to the "means whereby," which to the toiler in search of a brief holiday "by rail, by river, or by sea," and perhaps by all three, would be most useful were it available as an almost "instantaneous process" of reference.

BISLEY.

Pelt or drizzly,
Weather—*Bisley!*

FINANCIAL PROBLEM (*the effect of reading the Budget Debates*).—Why is the Income-Tax so sharply felt? Because, disguise it as you may, it's a case of tin-tax!

LONDON KNIGHT BY KNIGHT.—The SOLICITOR-GENERAL Knighted last Wednesday at Windsor. Will BOB (the only name by which his many friends know him) henceforth be known as "the Queen's Shilling"?

RANELAGH IN RAIN.

How sweet this road is, fringed by hedgerow elm,
Where peeps in May the hawthorn's snowy bud,
A fairy place that seems *Titania's* realm!
By Jove, what mud!

How sweet this turf, as soft as finest moss!
Such "*gazon anglais*" we alone can get.
Oh hang it, no! I cannot walk across,
It's soaking wet!

How sweet that lake, where gentle eddies play!
But all around seems lake, through rainfall dim.
Why want a pond, when on dry (!) land to-day
We almost swim?

How sweet—to get a Hansom home again,
And leave this aguish, rheumatic damp!
I do not love thee, Ranelagh, in rain,
Beneath a gamp.

WHAT'S IN A NAME INDEED?

"Edward, Albert, Christian, George,
Andrew, Patrick, David,
Drink life's pleasures with free gorge!
From its pains be savèd!"
So said *Punch* at the White Lodge,
His old optics glistening,
Sure such names ill-luck should dodge;
Sure such names no babe e'er bore,
Patron Saints! You've all the four
To bless the Royal Christening!

A COMPANY THAT OUGHT TO "FLOAT."—"The Cork Company."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 16.—The Blameless B. is translated into the Breathless BARTLEY. Of eleven pages of Amendments to Budget Bill standing for consideration when House met to-day, not less than three contributed by this particular B. Embodied readjusted scale of

graduated taxation. Only objections to it presently stated by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD: (1) It would necessitate total reconstruction of Bill (2) resulting in loss of £643,000; (3) whole question had been thoroughly threshed out in Committee. To raise it again at eleventh hour seemed too much to ask even in connection with Budget Bill.

Nevertheless BARTLEY, not yet breathless, moved his multitudinous Amendment. Resumed his seat with consciousness of man who had done his duty. The SQUIRE would get up to answer him; debate would follow; at least two hours would be pleasantly occupied. Instead of SQUIRE, ATTORNEY-GENERAL rose. "Well," said BLAMELESS, throwing himself into attitude of attention, "let's hear what he has to say."

Turned out to be exceedingly little. "Government scale has been attacked and defended many times," said ATTORNEY-GENERAL. "I do not think it necessary to defend it again; but," here he leaned on the table with engaging look at the now BREATHLESS BARTLEY, "the hon. gentleman can take a division if he thinks fit."

BARTLEY sat and audibly gasped. JOKIM gallantly protested against this treatment of his hon. friend; threatened to move adjournment of debate. PRINCE ARTHUR sent for; arrived almost as breathless as BARTLEY; thunder boomed, lightning flashed round head of ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who is always finding himself astonished. "The hon. and learned gentleman," said PRINCE ARTHUR, with delightful assumption of anger, "has abused the situation. The Opposition have no means of compelling him to talk sense, but talk he must."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who had fled before prospect of long speech from BARTLEY, hastily brought back. Don't know where incident would have ended had it not been for KENYON-SLANEY. Finding opening he slipped in. Threw himself into easy oratorical attitude; proposed to consider principle of graduation adopted in Bill. Would do so under three heads: injustice to the poor, injustice to the middle-class, injustice to the rich.

This too much even for Opposition. With groans of despair they rushed into Division Lobby; BARTLEY'S scheme negated by majority of 62.

Business done.—Budget Bill passed Report stage.

Wednesday.—ST. JOHN BRODRICK sitting on front Opposition Bench through Committee of Supply on Army Estimates this afternoon, invested neighbourhood with unwonted air of fashion. Not that there is, as a rule, any lack of style on part of Leaders of Opposition regarded as a body. Only something, *je ne sais quoi*, about BRODRICK that suggested profoundest depths of POOLE. Couldn't help complimenting him on his turn out.

"Evidently you spare no expense," I said; "though why even a millionaire should wear an overcoat a day like this seems wicked waste of property. Hope you are not growing desperate in anticipation of Death Duties; spending your money recklessly so that HARCOURT may be disappointed when, for taxing purposes, he comes to aggregate your property?"

"My dear boy," said BRODRICK, giving the overcoat a dexterous lift by the lappels that added fresh grace to its fit at the back of the neck, "you're out of it altogether. This is the thirteen-and-sixpenny coat supplied to Tommy Atkins in which,—following the advice of Dr. JOHNSON, wasn't it?—I, as I told the House the other day, took a walk down Bond Street. The surtout underneath, which I will fully display when the House gets a little fuller, cost seventeen-and-six net. You will observe it is so made that you can button it across and so save a waistcoat. If you must have a waistcoat, we can do it at eight-and-ninepence. As for trousers, these cost me thirteen shillings." (Here he stretched out and fondly regarded a manly leg.) "If I had taken a couple of pair, cut at the same time you know, I could have had the two for 25s. I see your eyes fixed on the boots. As you say, the shape of the foot may have something to do with it. But apart from that, the article is equal to what you pay thirty-five shillings for in Regent Street or Piccadilly. Eleven-and-ninepence was the figure. Misfits, very popular with privates newly joined, knock off the odd ninepence. Of course I don't wear this suit every day. Can't afford that; put 'em on whenever House in Committee on Army Supply or debate going forward on Army matters. It encourages CAWMELL—BANNERMAN, you know; helps WOODALL in getting his clothing vote; and, I believe, is rather liked by Tommy Atkins."



**"The Young
Wales Party."**

Business done.—SQUIRE OF MALWOOD announces programme for remainder of Session. A mere nothing. Only, as PRINCE ARTHUR says, in view of number of Bills and their contentious character, more like what we are accustomed to at beginning of Session, than to have dumped down in what should be its last month.

Thursday.—"JOSEPH," said the Member for SARK, dropping into one of his tiresome didactic moods, "would do well in any circumstances. Whether in Upper Egypt or Lower, he was sure to come to the top of the well, however securely his brethren might have packed him in its lowest depths. But, regarding him just now as he criticised the SQUIRE'S arrangements for the Session, I could not help thinking what a loss the auction-room has only partially survived by his turn into the field of politics. If in early life, or even middle age, he had only taken to the rostrum, the

shade of the much over-rated ROBINS would have been dimmed in glory. Observe how well he looks the part. See with what unconscious effect he produces a stumpy piece of lead pencil, and looks round for bids. Listen to the clear sharp notes of his voice. 'What shall we say, gentlemen, for the Equalisation of Rates Bill? How many days will you give for it? Name your own time, gentlemen. There is no reserve. Shall we say six days? Does the tall, somewhat stout gentleman with a white waistcoat, on the Treasury Bench, shake his head? Very well, we will say four days. Going at four days;' and the pencil, scratching out six, substitutes four. This may seem very easy when it's done; but it's art, TOBY, even genius. If you think it's easy for a man discussing State business, suddenly but completely to invest the high court of Parliament with the tone and atmosphere of an auction-room, just reckon up how many other men of first rank in public life could do it. Not to go further afield, could PRINCE ARTHUR manage it, even after a week's training? Very well; then don't minimise a successful effort because, thanks to the commanding influence of native talent, its accomplishment seems easy to a particular person."

Business done.—HICKS-BEACH, complaining that Ministers have dropped a large number of Bills for lack of time to pass them, and asserting that the time remaining at their disposal for passing the poor balance is too short, reduces it by three hours, in order that he and his friends may lament the fact.

Friday.—House heard with keen satisfaction that SZLUMPER is around again. Not having seen in the newspapers any telegrams from him lately, there was vague idea that he had succumbed to his exertions on occasion of the happy event at White Lodge. Perhaps he was a little fatigued, for SZLUMPER, in addition to being Mayor of Richmond, is almost human. No man born of woman could with impunity fire off such a succession of telegrams as on that memorable day SZLUMPER dealt out to his Sovereign, the Heir Apparent to the Throne, the Crowned Heads of Europe, and his ducal neighbours at the White Lodge. But on Royal Christening day SZLUMPER was around again, with a little SZLUMPER carrying a bouquet of flowers to be presented to the QUEEN, whilst SZLUMPER *père*, plumped on his knees, welcomed his Sovereign within the gateway of ancient Richmond.

"Ah, *ce* SZLUMPER!" said SARK, "he delights me more and more. He represents, if you think of it, the essence of our English social life. He is part of the foundation of the British Constitution, which everyone, especially those regarding it from a distance, regards as the perfection of good government."

Business done.—A dull night speechmaking on Irish Evicted Tenants Bill.

OXFORD AND YALE.—(JULY 16.)

A very good fight! Come again to us, Yale!
We know a true Yank knows not how to spell "fail."
HICKOK and SHELDON can throw and can jump!
And e'en in the racing you made our lads pump
Come again, Yale, come again, and again;
Victors or vanquished such visits aren't vain.
One of these days you will probably nick us.
We don't crow when we lick; we won't cry when you lick us!

Rise, Sir!

"We are informed that the QUEEN has been pleased to confer the honour of a Baronetcy on Dr. JOHN WILLIAMS, of Brook Street. Dr. WILLIAMS is the Physician who attended the Duchess of YORK."—*Daily Paper, July 16.*

We congratulate Sir JOHN, who is now a Sur-geon in every sense of the word.

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.

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

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