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September 8, 1894, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. 107, September 8, 1894

Author: Various

Editor: F. C. Burnand

Release date: September 21, 2012 [EBook #40816]

Language: English

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 107, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894 ***

E-text prepared by Malcolm Farmer, Ernest Schaal,
and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team
(<http://www.pgdp.net>)

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 107.

September 8, 1894.

[pg 109]

IS THE BAR A PROFITABLE PROFESSION?

(A Query to be answered during the Long Vacation.)



I am always reluctant to obtrude my personality upon the British Public. All the world know my address in the Temple, and so long as my learned friends who act as intermediaries between myself and the litigation-loving public bear me in mind, I require no further advertisement. However, I cannot close my eyes to Duty, and Duty points to the pages of a paper that may be aptly called the organ of the Bench, the Jury, and the Bar. I feel compelled to publish the following short story in the columns of that organ as a proof of the degeneracy of the profession to which I have the honour to belong. I shall be only too pleased if my Spartan-like conduct proves of benefit to my fellow-counsel. I write in their service, and without an eye—yes, I venture to say half an eye—to the main chance. My narrative will prove that ignorance, and, if I may be permitted to say so, unpardonable ignorance exists at the Law Courts. I have kept silent until the Long Vacation has commenced. My reason for this reticence is not difficult to discover. Had I taken the public into my confidence at an earlier date, it would be obvious that I might have suffered in professional status. Now that the Long Vacation has been reached, there is ample time for the process known as "living it down." But I will not anticipate.

I must confess that I was not a little pleased the other day to learn from my excellent clerk, PORTINGTON, that a representative of the firm of CLOGS, JUDAS, AND FRIARS, were anxious to see me on a matter of business.

"Have I had them as clients before?" I asked my worthy assistant.

"Oh, no, Sir," returned PORTINGTON. "You see, for the last five years you have only had——"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, for my excellent clerk is sometimes inclined to become a trifle prosy. "I will see him at once. Is he in my room?"

"Well, no, Sir; as you said that Mr. INKERTON might use it for the soda-water cases, I thought it would be better to show him into Mr. BLOCK's room. You see, Sir, it is tidier than your room; for since we have had the lawn-tennis nets——"

But here I again interrupted my worthy assistant, who, I am forced to admit, is sometimes a trifle discursive. I interrupted him, and, entering BLOCK's room, made the acquaintance of my new client.

"I think, Sir," said my visitor, "that you are of opinion that there is no custom concerning the dismissal of office messengers?"

I never like to commit myself without referring to my books, so I was silent for a moment.

"At least," continued my client, "you have not heard of any?"

"Well, no," I returned; "so far as my experience goes, I have not come across the custom."

"That's quite enough for us, Sir. If you will swear that, we shall want nothing further."

Rather to my disgust my visitor suddenly placed a *subpœna* in my hand, and told me that the case would most likely be in the list on the following day. Annoyed at his brusqueness I told him I had been ready to accept him gratuitously as a client. I added that as I now found I was only in request as a witness I should require a guinea.

"Oh, of course," said my visitor, producing the cash. "We looked you out, and your name is in the *Law List*; and I see, too, you have painted it on the door of Mr. BLOCK's chambers."

Disdaining to smile at what I considered to be rather a clumsy attempt at *plaisanterie*, I bowed, and rang the bell.

"Perhaps we had better have your private address, Sir," continued my visitor. "It would be safer, for then we could wire to you when it came on, and you would be sure to get our telegram."

"I am always here while the Courts are sitting." I returned, in a tone of *hauteur*; "so you must please wire to me here."

"Just as you like, Sir."

And a few minutes later my clerk saw my visitor safely off the premises. I admit that I was slightly annoyed at the term "wire." It is true that his firm's name had not appeared—at any rate, recently—in my fee-book, but that was no reason why he should suggest that I was constantly absent from my chambers. I really pitied Messrs. CLOGS, JUDAS AND FRIARS for having a clerk with so little tact, and such a small stock of experience.

On the following morning, when I was standing at the door of the Carey Street Robing Room, considering whether I should assume my forensic costume, or enter the Court as a layman, I was accosted by the same individual, who told me "that we were third on the list."

"So you will be wanted almost at once, Sir," said he.

"Well, I shall be able to come," I replied, "as, strange to say, I have no business before their Lordships to-day."

"Chiefly chamber practice, I suppose, Sir?"

"Quite so," I returned, looking him steadily in the face. "I mean to-day."

I will not tell a wearisome story of how I had to hang about the Court until the interval for luncheon, and longer. I will hurry to the point when I entered the witness-box. To my surprise and secret satisfaction there was quite a stir when my name was called out. The Silks in the front row smiled, and my colleagues the juniors tittered. Even his Lordship looked up with an expression of pleasant anticipation. I was duly sworn, and gave my name.

"Now, Sir," said the Counsel for our side, "tell me. How long have you known anything about office messengers?"

I considered for a moment. As a Member of the Bar (although I had not been asked for my profession—no doubt that was sufficiently well known) I desired to set an example. I wished to show what a witness should be. I desired to appear as a model worthy of close and universal imitation.

"I have seen office messengers in offices for many years—as long as I can remember."

I spoke with absolute gravity. To my astonishment there was a titter which grew into a roar of

laughter; even his Lordship found it difficult to control his cachinnation.

"Yes," said the counsel, when he had partially recovered his gravity. "But, tell me, do you know any custom in connection with their dismissal?"

Again I considered the matter for a few seconds, and made a second reply.

"No; I am unaware of any special custom in connection with their dismissal."

This time there was no titter. My answer was received at once with the wildest merriment. The Judge laughed as much as anyone, and the Usher had to wipe his head with his handkerchief, so greatly moved was he by his sense of the ridiculous.

My Counsel sat down convulsed, and had to conceal his face behind his brief.

"I really don't think," gasped out the judge, "that this witness need be cross-examined."

And I was not. As I returned to my seat amidst the smiles of everyone in Court, a reporter asked me for my Christian name. Before I could reply, one of my colleagues in wig and gown gave him what he supposed was the necessary information.

"But you are wrong," I whispered, and (with a view of crushing him) handed him my card.

"You don't say so," returned my learned friend; "why, we thought you were PANTO,—the chap you know, who writes as 'YORICK' for the *Serio-Comic Jester*."

And it had come to this! I had been taken, or rather mistaken, for a humorous contributor! And this after about a quarter of a century's service at the Bar! And yet there are those who say that the profession is *not* going to the dogs!

However, I must express my surprise at the conduct of the judge. It is not ten years since that I had the pleasure of holding a consent brief before him. And yet he had forgotten me! When the Bench is so forgetful, how can Silk and Stuff be expected to have better memories!

Pump-Handle Court, (Signed) .
September 1, 1894.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR

"RHYMES."

Whatever the subject that people discuss,
Theology, law, architectural playthings—
St. Albans, for instance—there's ready for us
A lover of knock-me-down language to say things.
Lord GRIMTHORPE will instantly write to the *Times*.
His last learned homilies treated of rhymes.

Ne sutor—Lord GRIMTHORPE could tell you the rest,
Lord GRIMTHORPE could write you a letter about it,
Lord GRIMTHORPE, decidedly wisest and best
Of wise and good teachers, no person could doubt it;
Since, be what it may, he will write to the *Times*,
Church, chancery, chapels, chants, chamfers or chimes.

Ne sutor—the limit should never be past
But where is the limit? He tackles each squabbler.
We see each new letter, but never the last;
All things need repair, and Lord G. is the cobbler.
Cathedrals or canticles—still to the *Times*
He writes, some might say, neither reasons nor rhymes.

MILITARY WORD OF COMMAND FOR THOSE WHO HAVE "FALLEN IN LOVE."—Fall out!



Everard Hopkins

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Bill. "WHAT ARE THESE CHAPS, JIM?"

Jim. "WHY, THEY'RE ALL HEARLS AND MARKESSES, THEY TELL ME, AS IS DOWN ON THEIR LUCK!"

Bill. "WELL, THEN, WOT'S THE GOOD OF THEIR MAKIN' NEW PEERS, WHEN ALL THESE POOR NOBLEMEN ARE OUT OF A JOB?"

SILLY SEASONING.



The era of newspaper controversy has once more begun, and the wail of the letter-writer is again heard in the land. The guileless reader may possibly imagine that the letters he reads so readily are so many brands plucked from the burning—in other words, so many contributions snatched out of the Waste-Paper Basket. But *Mr. Punch* knows better; the letters are written where the controversy begins and ends—in the Newspaper Office. Why should 85, Fleet Street lag behind its neighbours in journalistic controversy? If the largest circulations have their leader-writers, has not *Mr. Punch* his "young men"? The following letters, therefore, it is frankly admitted, were written in Fleet Street. Please notice the careless grace with which "Peckham Rye" and the "Borough Road" are thrown in to give an air of "verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative" as POOH BAH said. The subject of the correspondence gave some small amount of trouble. "Is Sleeping healthy?" was one suggestion; "Ought Husbands to kiss their Wives?" another. Eventually "The Ethics of the Honeymoon" won by a narrow majority, after a close division. Of course it need hardly be said that the subject ought to be matrimonial. It's expected of you. The public look for it. They shall get it. Here are some of the letters:—

THE ETHICS OF THE HONEYMOON.

DEAR SIR,—I desire in your valuable paper to draw attention to a question which I have been carefully considering for a great number of years: Are Honeymoons right? Man and boy I have been a bachelor these forty years, and as such have had peculiar and extensive opportunities for seeing that "most of the game" which is reserved for outsiders. As the result of my observation, I confidently assert that honeymoons are useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. They are useless in that the only people they profit are the hotel-keepers. They are dangerous to the happy pairs, who see enough of one another in a fortnight to imperil their happiness for a lifetime. Abolition is clearly the only remedy, and a Hyde Park Demonstration should settle the matter.

Yours faithfully,

TOM E. ROT.

Peckham Rye.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—However can anyone ask such a foolish question as "Are Honeymoons right?" I shall never forget mine. It was one long dream. We spent the time in Switzerland and £300 in cash. We're still paying interest on the money EDWIN borrowed to pay for it. But what of that? The time we spent was a poem, the recollection of it is a rapture. Though I should never be fortunate enough to spend another, I shall always rejoice in my first honeymoon.

Yours matrimonially,

ANGELINA MANDOLINE.

The Cosy Corner, Swiss Cottage.

SIR,—I object to honeymoons because those who take part in them are so unsociable. What greater disfigurement to a landscape than a lot of couples honeymooning about? The whole thing is such a farce, too—each would rather speak to some one else, both are afraid of offending one another. To prevent anyone thinking I say this because I've been bitten myself, I may add that my first honeymoon was such a success that next week I'm going to get married again, and take another.

Yours,

A WIDOWER.

1097, Borough Road, S.E.

On a Heroine of our Day.

Her very naughtiness is droll,
There's fun in her worst folly,
In fact she's no Society Doll,
But a Society "Dolly."
On her the straightest-laced spectator
Bestows his benediction,
And owns her keen and skilled creator
A Hope of English fiction.

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THE LAW OF THE (SOCIAL) JUNGLE.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has given us in his own inimitable way a sample of Jungle Law, which, as he says, is of "immense complexity." Now Society is also a Jungle, the Human Jungle. In it the *Bête-Humaine* congregates, for a variety of purposes. Its laws also are complex, and *wonderfully like those of the Wolves* as *Baloo* gave them in sing-song. For example:—

(For "Wolf" read "Worldling," for "Jungle" the "Social World.")

Now this is the Law of the Jungle—so ancient that no one asks "Why?"
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it
must fly,
As the cobweb that meshes the corners, the Law nets Society's track—
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the
Pack.

I.

"Tub" daily from head-crown to toe-tip; drink freely but seldom *too* deep:
And remember the night is for larks, and forget not the day is for sleep.

II.

The Jackal may sponge on the Lion; but, Cub, when thy whiskers are grown,
Remember the Wolf is a hunter—go forth and track prey of thine own.

III.

Keep peace with the Lords of the Jungle, the Hebrew, the Bobby, the Beak;
And fool not with Elephant Law, which is given to squelching the weak.

IV.

When Pack crosses Pack in the jungle, and neither will budge from the trail,
Lie down till the Lawyers have spoken, for tongue against tooth *may* prevail!

V.

When ye fight with a Wolf of the Pack, do not fight him alone or afar,

Let others look on at the scrimmage, the Pack is amused by such war.

VI.

The House of the Wolf is his refuge, and where he has made him his home,
If he is a Wolf of fair cunning, not e'en County Councils may come.

VII.

The House of the Wolf is his refuge, but let him shun odorous drain,
Or the Council will send him a "Notice," and he'll have to "repair" it again.

VIII.

If ye hunt after midnight be careful, and block not the public highway.
Lest ye draw the police from their gossips, and have Forty Shillings to pay.

IX.

Ye may kill female souls for your pleasure, may snare them the best way ye
can,
But mind you don't poach on preserves that belong to a wealthier man!

X.

If ye plunder his Kill from a weaker, don't put on *too* much "blooming side."
Some deeds it is lawful to do, which, as being "bad form," you should hide.

XI.

The "form" of the Pack is the law of the Pack. It will pardon white lies,
And a wriggle or two, but that Wolf's a gone coon who the Pack "form" defies.

XII.

The Kill of the Wolf is the meat of the Wolf. He may do what he will
With his prey when he's hunted it down; but he shouldn't let pals *see* him kill.

XIII.

Cub-Right is the right of the Minor. For deeds of crass folly or shame
He may put in the plea, "I'm an Infant!" and Law will acknowledge the same.

XIV.

Sale-Right is the right of the Mother. For all her she-cubs she may claim
The right of free-market (or marriage), and none may deny her the same.

XV.

Law-Right is the right of the Male. He has made Jungle-law all his own,
He is free of all voice of the Female; and judged by the he-wolves alone.

XVI.

Because of his age and his cunning, his grip and his power of jaw,
In all that the Law leaveth open the word of King Mammon is Law.

*Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, to sway human Wolves where they
swarm;
But the head and the front of the Law, the beginning and end is—CONFORM!*

Wonderful, is it not, how little the Law of the Wolf requires modifying to make it the Law of
the Worldling! The reason, perhaps, is that the average Worldling is so very much *like* a Wolf,
especially in gregariousness and greed for prey!



"NEW WOMAN."

The Vicar's Wife. "AND HAVE YOU HAD GOOD SPORT, MISS GOLDENBERG?"
Miss G. "OH, RIPPIN'! I ONLY SHOT ONE RABBIT, BUT I MANAGED TO INJURE QUITE
 A DOZEN MORE!"

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LYRE AND LANCET.

(*A Story in Scenes.*)

PART X.—BORROWED PLUMES.

SCENE XVII.—UNDERSHELL'S *Bedroom in the East Wing at Wyvern.* TIME—*About 9 P.M.*

The Steward's Room Boy (knocking and entering). Brought you up some 'ot water, Sir, case you'd like to clean up afore supper.

Undershell. I presume evening dress is not indispensable in the Housekeeper's Room; but I can hardly make even the simplest toilet until you are good enough to bring up my portmanteau. Where is it?

Boy. I never 'eard nothink of no porkmanteau, Sir!

Und. You will hear a good deal about it, unless it is forthcoming at once. Just find out what's become of it—a new portmanteau, with a white star painted on it.

[*The Boy retires, impressed; an interval.*]

Boy (re-appearing). I managed to get a few words with THOMAS, our second footman, just as he was coming out o' the 'All, and *he sez* the only porkmanteau with a white star was took up to the Verney Chamber, which THOMAS unpacked it hisself.

Und. Then tell THOMAS, with my compliments, that he will trouble himself to pack it again immediately.

Boy. But THOMAS has to wait at table, and besides, he says as he laid out the dress things, and

the gen'lman as is in the Verney Chamber is a wearin' of 'em now, Sir.

Und. (indignant). But they're *mine*! Confound his impudence! Here, I'll write him a line at once. (*He scribbles a note.*) Here, see that the gentleman of the Verney Chamber gets this at once, and bring me his answer.

Boy. What! *me* go into the Dinin' 'All, with all the swells at table? I dursn't. I should get the sack from old TREDDY.

Und. I don't care who takes it so long as it is taken. Tell THOMAS it's *his* mistake, and he must do what he can to put it right. Say I shall certainly complain if I don't get back my clothes and portmanteau. Get that note delivered, and I'll give you half-a-crown. (*To himself, as the Boy departs much against his will.*) So, not content with denying me a place at her table, this Lady CULVERIN allows her minions to clothe a more favoured guest at my expense! I'm hanged if I stand it.

SCENE XVIII.—*The Dining Hall. The table is oval; SPURRELL is placed between Lady RHODA COKAYNE and Mrs. BROOKE-CHATTERIS.*

Mrs. Chatteris (encouragingly, after they are seated). Now, I shall expect you to be very brilliant and entertaining. I'll do all the listening for once in a way—though, generally, I can talk about all manner of silly things with *anybody*!

Spurrell (extremely ill at ease). Oh—er—I should say you were equal to *that*. But I really can't think of anything to talk *about*.

Mrs. Chatt. That's a bad beginning. I always find the *menu* cards such a good subject when there's anything at all out of the common about them. If they're ornamented, you *can* talk about them—though not for *very* long at a time, don't you think?

Spurr. (miserably). I can't say how long I could go on about *ornamented* ones—but these are plain. (*To himself.*) I can hear this waistcoat going already; and we're only at the soup!

Mrs. Chatt. It is a pity. Never mind; tell me about literary and artistic people. Do you know I'm rather glad I'm not literary or artistic myself—it seems to make people so *queer-looking*, somehow. Oh, of course I didn't mean *you* looked queer—but *generally*, you know. You've made quite a success with your *Andromeda*, haven't you? I only go by what I'm told—I don't read much myself. We women have so many really serious matters to attend to—arranging about dinners, and visits, and trying on frocks, and then rushing about from party to party. I so seldom get a quiet moment. Ah, I knew I wanted to ask you something. Did you ever know anyone called Lady GRISOLINE?

Spurr. Lady—er—GRISOLINE? No; can't say I do. I know Lady MAISIE, that's all.

Mrs. Chatt. Oh, and *she* was the original? Now, that *is* exciting! But I should hardly have recognised her—"lanky," you know, and "slanting green eyes." But I suppose you see everybody differently from other people? It's having so much imagination. I daresay *I* look green or something to you now—though really I'm *not*.

Spurr. (to himself). I don't understand more than about half she's saying. (*Aloud.*) Oh, I don't see anything particularly green about *you*.

Mrs. Chatt. (only partially pleased). I wonder if you meant that to be complimentary—no, you needn't explain. Now tell me, is there any news about the Laureateship? Who's going to get it? Will it be SWINBURNE or LEWIS MORRIS?

Spurr. (to himself). Never heard of the stakes or the horses either. (*Aloud.*) Well, to tell you the truth, I haven't been following their form—too many of these small events nowadays.

Mrs. Chatt. (to herself). It's quite amusing how jealous these poets are of one another! (*Aloud.*) Is it true they get a butt of sherry given them for it?

Spurr. I've heard of winners getting a bottle or two of champagne in a bucket—not sherry. But a little stimulant won't hurt a crack when he comes in, provided it's not given him too soon; wait till he's got his wind and done blowing, you know.

Mrs. Chatt. I'm taking that in. I know it's very witty and satirical, and I daresay I shall understand it in time.

Spurr. Oh, it doesn't matter much if you don't. (*To himself.*) Pleasant kind of woman—but a perfect fool to talk to!

Mrs. Chatt. (to herself). I've always *heard* that clever writers are rather stupid when you meet them—it's quite true.

Captain Thicknesse (to himself). I should like her to see that I've got some imagination in me, though she *does* think me such an ass. (*Aloud, to Lady MAISIE.*) Jolly old hall this is, with the banners, and the gallery, and that—makes you fancy some of those old mediæval Johnnies in

armour—knights, you know—comin' clankin' in and turnin' us all out.

Lady Maisie (to herself). I do trust Mr. SPURRELL isn't saying something too dreadful. I'm sure I heard my name just now. (*Aloud, absently, to Capt. THICKNESSE.*) No, did you *really*? How amusing it must have been!

Capt. Thick. (aggrieved). If you'd done me the honour of payin' any attention to what I was sayin', you'd have found out it *wasn't* amusin'.

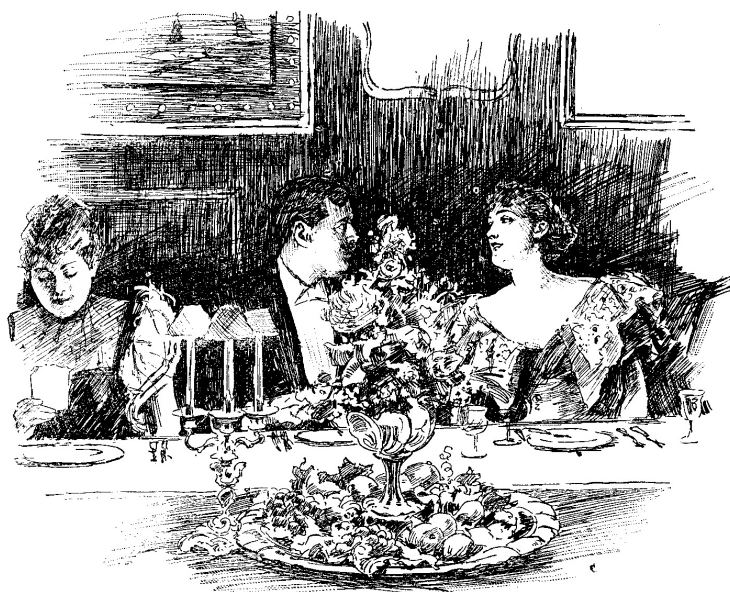
Lady M. (starting). Oh, *wasn't* it? I'm so sorry I missed it. I—I'm afraid I was thinking of something else. Do tell me again!

Capt. Thick. (still hurt). No, I won't inflict it on you—not worth repeatin'. And I should only be takin' off your attention from a fellow that *does* know how to talk.

Lady M. (with a guiltiness which she tries to carry off under dignity). I don't think I understand what you mean.

Capt. Thick. Well, I couldn't help hearin' what you said to your poet-friend before we went in about having to put up with partners; and it isn't what you may call flattering to a fellow's feelin's, being put up with.

Lady M. (hotly). It—it was not intended for you. You entirely misunderstood!



"It does seem to me such—well, such footle!"

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Capt. Thick. Daresay I'm very dense; but, even to *my* comprehension, it's plain enough that the reason why you weren't listenin' to me just now was that the Poet had the luck to say somethin' that you found more interesting.

Lady M. You are *quite* wrong—it's too absurd; I never even met Mr. SPURRELL in my life till this afternoon. If you really *must* know, I heard him mention my name, and—and I wondered, naturally, what he could possibly be saying.

Capt. Thick. Somethin' very charmin' and poetical, I'm sure, and I'm makin' you lose it all. Apologise—shan't happen again.

Lady M. Please be sensible, and let us talk of something else. Are you staying here long?

Capt. Thick. You will be gratified to hear I leave for Aldershot to-morrow. Meant to have gone to-day. Sorry I *didn't* now.

Lady M. I think it was a thousand pities you didn't, as you seem to have stayed on purpose to be as stupid and unkind as you possibly can.

[*She turns to her other neighbour, Lord LULLINGTON.*

Mrs. Chatt. (to Capt. THICKNESSE, who is on her other side). Oh, Captain THICKNESSE, what *do* you think Mr. SPURRELL has just told me? You remember those lines to Lady GRISOLINE that Mr. PILLINER made such fun of this morning? Well, they were meant for Lady MAISIE! They're quite old friends, it seems. *So* romantic! Wouldn't you like to know how they came to meet?

Capt. Thick. Can't say I'm particularly curious—no affair of mine, don't you know. (*To himself.*) And she told me they'd never met before! Sooner I get back the better. Only in the way here.

Lady M. (turning to him). Well, are you as determined to be disagreeable as ever? Oh, yes, I see you are!

Capt. Thick. I'm hurt, that's what it is, and I'm not clever at hiding my feelin's. Fact is, I've just been told somethin' that—well, it's no business of *mine*, only you *might* have been a little more frank with an old friend, instead of leavin' it to come through somebody else. These things always come out, you know.

Lady M. (to herself). That wretch *has* been talking! I knew he would! (*Aloud.*) I—I know I've been very foolish. If I was to tell you some time—

Capt. Thick. (hastily). Oh, no reason why you should tell me anything. Assure you, I—I'm not curious.

Lady M. In that case I shall certainly not trouble you. (*To herself.*) He may think just what he pleases, I don't care. But, oh, if Mr. SPURRELL dares to speak to me after this, I shall astonish him!

Lady Rhoda (to SPURRELL). I say—I *am* in a funk. Only just heard who I'm next to. I always do feel such a perfect fool when I've got to talk to a famous person—and you're *frightfully* famous, aren't you?

Spurr. (modestly). Oh, I don't know—I suppose I *am*, in a sort of way, through *Andromeda*. Seem to think so *here*, anyhow.

Lady Rh. Well, I'd better tell you at once, I'm no good at Poetry—can't make head or tail of it, some'ow. It does seem to me such—well, such footle. Awf'ly rude of me sayin' things like that!

Spurr. Is it? I'm just the same—wouldn't give a penny a yard for Poetry, myself!

Lady Rh. You wouldn't? I *am* glad. *Such* a let-off for me! I was afraid you'd want to talk of nothin' else, and the only things I can really talk about are horses and dogs, and that kind of thing.

Spurr. That's all right, then. All I don't know about dogs and horses you could put in a homœopathic globule—and *then* it would rattle!

Lady Rh. Then you're just the man. Look here, I've an Airedale at home, and he's losin' all his coat and—

[*They converse with animation.*]

Spurr. (later—to himself). I am getting on. I always knew I was made for Society. If only this coat was easier under the arms!

Thomas (behind him—in a discreet whisper). Beg your pardon, Sir, but I was requested to 'and you this note, and wait for an answer.

Spurr. (opening it, and reading). "Mr. GALFRID UNDERSHELL thinks that the gentleman who is occupying the Verney Chamber has, doubtless by inadvertence, put on Mr. UNDERSHELL'S evening clothes. As he requires them immediately, he will be obliged by an early appointment being made, with a view to their return." (*To himself.*) Oh, Lor! Then it *wasn't* Sir RUPERT, after all! Just when I was beginning to enjoy my evening, too. What on earth am I to say to this chap? I *can't* take 'em all off here!

[*He sits staring at the paper in blank dismay.*]

The Wail of the Word-Spinner.

There is nothing new under the sun at all
To your journalist penny-a-lining and shoppy.
And how can a man be "original"
When his days (and his nights) are devoted to "copy"?
No, no, his tired head will ne'er "knock at the stars,"
Who is tied to the spinning of "leaders" and "pars."

THE VOYAGE OF ALFRED.

[See Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN'S article, entitled "That Damnable Country," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.]

"Land, land!" cried ALFRED AUSTIN. "By my halidom, I spy land!
Many weary leagues we've wandered since we left our native shores,
Seeking still through calm and tempest a remote and barren island,
While we smote the sounding furrows of the ocean with our oars."

"Never wind availed to beat us; by the waters overweighted,
Or becalmed, with idle canvas hanging loosely from the mast,
Yet we steered her or we rowed her with our courage unabated,
And, our labours past and over, we have come to land at last.



"Though the land be bleak and barren, though barbarians its
dwellers,
Let us add this last achievement to the record of our deeds;
When the savage tribes come shouting as attackers and repellers,
We can win the men with clothing and the women-folk with beads.

"There be savages in India as in Tierra del Fuego;
There be savages in Zululand with shield and assegai;
We have tamed them, whether cannibals or fed on rice and sago—
Shall a Briton ever flinch from such? No, by the Lord, not I!"

On the land he had discovered thus the Poet AUSTIN landed;
MARCO POLO or COLUMBUS might have envied him the scene;
And in prose he has described it, in a language understood
Of the people, and has printed it in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The scenery was beautiful, so lovely that it dazed him;
He thought their manners charming, and he rather liked their rain.
He did not find them savages, which seems to have amazed him;
And he tells us all to visit them again and yet again.

We thank you for the hints you give describing what you've seen there,
It really is amazing; but—(a whisper in your ear)
You're not the first discoverer, for some of us have been there,
And shaken hands with Irish folk before the present year.

But in your precious article your wonder you exhaust in
Describing how an Irishman can really be polite:
"Behold," you say, "the Irishman as patronised by AUSTIN;
He is not black, though painted so—in fact he's rather white."

Don't patronise so much, dear A. I do not say you write ill;
But oh that awful title, with its most offensive D—!
Devoutly do I hope, dear A., you'll find a better title,
And write a wiser article when next you cross the sea.

STUDIES FROM THE NEW-DE.—The rage for "New"-ness, which commenced with the New Humour, is extending to the theatres. *The New Boy* now has for a competitor *The New Woman*. What matters, so long as neither is a Nui-S'ance?

"Finest English!"

"By their fruits ye shall know them," these vendors of peaches,
Tomatoes, and cob-nuts, and currants and cherries;
But what we yet lack is the wisdom that teaches
Detection of fraudulent fruits, nuts, and berries,
Which come from abroad, to the Britisher's table,
All marked "Finest English!" that lying old label!
A Trade Mark *is* wanted—to badge these false brutes,
That BULL may not only know them but their fruits.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—*Cot*-age (Infancy), *Trot*-age (Nursery Toddler), *Hot*-age (Youth), *Shot*-age (Sport), *Knot*-age (Matrimonial), "*Pot*"-age (Celebrity), and *Dot*-age (Senility).

THE REAL FALL OF MAN.—Falling in love!



HOLIDAY CHARACTER STUDIES.

Mrs. Stanley Bounderson (née Martha Fullalove, the Liverpool heiress). "WHAT WOULD DOADY DO, IF HIS LOVING LITTLE WIFEY DIDN'T CARRY HIS GREAT HEAVY WATERPROOF FOR HIM WHEN IT LEAVES OFF RAINING, AND HE WANTS TO SMOKE?"

Mr. Stanley Bounderson (alias Doady). "HE'D CARRY IT HIMSELF, I SUPPOSE!"

Jones, Q.C. (aside to Mrs. Jones). "YES; AND BE TWICE AS FOND OF HIS LITTLE WIFEY INTO THE BARGAIN, YOU BET!"

[Which is best, to love much, like Mrs. S. B., or be much loved, like Mrs. J.?



DON'T "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"!

Mr. P. (sleepily). "GO AWAY—GO AWAY!—I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!"

DON'T "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"!

OR, THE SLEEPY SAGE AND THE BLAMEFUL ETHIOPIANS.

A Sea-side Sketch in September.

SCENE—*A Sea-shore in holiday time.* PRESENT—*A Sleepy Sage in holiday attire.*

Sleepy Sage (soliloquises). "Here cease more questions," as my prototype *Prospero* says. Why, cert'nly! Here cease—for the time being—*all* questions, especially political ones, "burning" ones, as the perorating parrots of Party controversy—confound 'em!—call them. Question me no questions! Ask me no questions, and I'll give you no snubs.

"Thou art inclined to sleep,"

continues *Prospero*. I am.

"'Tis a good dulness
And give it way."

I shall. Dulness of course "in a Shakspearian sense." Like *Bottom*, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me," but the "captain of my dreams" is not that of the egregious weaver. Pheugh! 'tis torrid! *Nunc est bibendum!* Where's that wine-cup lying couched in—sand? Good! *Guggle—guggle—guggle!* The very glug-glug of lapsing liquor is soporific as the sound of

"Silver rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

Sweet "Swan," thy music runneth in my head to-day. Better than the buzzings of the political Bumble-B's, the bray of BART—but no matter! 'Tis a season when, in sugary summer mood, one wishes soft slumbers even to the blaring *Bottoms* of the hour. "Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" Right, good *Sancho!*

"Oh sleep! it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!"

True, oh Ancient Mariner! Come, lord of stretched ease and night-capped noddles. (*Drowzes.*)

Enter certain ebony Minstrels, of sham Ethiopian sort, on raucous row—miscalled popular music—eagerly intent.

First Minstrel (softly). Hist! *He's* here!

Second M. (pianissimo). See *He* slumbers!!

Third M. (sotto voce). Now have we *Him* at vantage!!!

Toby (fortissimo). Yap! Yap! Yap!

Sleepy Sage (drowsily). Down, Dog of dogs, down, Sir!

[TOBIAS, *albeit reluctantly, "downs" accordingly.*

First M. Say, what shall we tip him? "The Chucker-Out"?

Second M. Or "Linger longer Lulu!"? Or "Get your Harcourt!"? Or "The Grand Old Man who shied"?

First M. Or "My Poll and my 'Preponderant Partner' John"? Or "My Pretty Primrosers"?

Second M. Or "The Hum of B's"? Or "The Tin Gee (Jay) Gee"?

Third M. By Jabers, no, let's give him something Hibernian—for a change!

First M. (aside). Oh Lords deliver us!

Second M. (aside). For a *change?*

Third M. (sings fortissimo)—

My name is PATRICK LEARY,
From the town New Tipperary.
The heart of BILL O'BRIEN I'm a thorn in.
But for my long-promised pay,
I must wait another day,
For the Peers have chucked me cruel and wid scornin'!

Chorus:—

To my woes could they be colder?
Since they've give me the could shoulder!
To the poor plan-of-campaigners I'm a warnin'.
Faix! I've lately tuk the notion
I must cross the broiny ocean.
And seek funds in Philadelphy some foine mornin'.

Toby (exploding). Yap! yap!! yap!!!

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Sleepy Sage (stirring, and muttering). When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is "February Fill-dyke." Hey! ho! B-RTL-Y-QUINCE B-WL-S the bellows-blower! AS-M-AD the State-tinker! WE-R the interrogative! Gad's my life! stolen away and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision! I have had a dream,—past the wit of man (as *Bottom* and the G. O. M. both put it) to say what dream it was: man is but an ass if he go about to expound this (Irish) dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he offer to say what I had. Meseemed I was a sort of Hibernian *Titania* enamoured of—But the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what I was enamoured of. I will get one of my young men to write a ballad of this Hibernian Midsummer-Madness Dream; it may well be called *Bottom's* Dream, because it hath no bottom. It seemed to be suggested by, and to be set to, music of a music-hally sort, tripping but thunderous and thrasonic, and—(*rubs his eyes*). Hillo!!! (*To the three minstrels tuning up for another try.*) Who in the name of Nox are you? I twig, I twig! Cacophony incarnate, Shindy in soot, triple-headed Cerberus of Row, I know you! Get out!!! Have I not had enough of you in town ever since February, but that you must impudently intrude upon my holiday quiet, my rural rest, my sea-side seclusion?

*Don't come unto these yellow sands,
Corked mugs and hands!
Hook it! You will not be missed.
Off! off! well-hissed!
Foot it featly anywhere,
So I've not your burden here.
Hark! hark!
(Burden.) Bow-wow!!! (Dispersedly.)
'Tis Toby's bark!
(Burden.) Bow-wow!!! (Dispersedly.)
Hark! Listen! Hear!
Clear out, each cork-smudged Chanticleer!
Get out, and leave me—DO!*

[*Exeunt Blameful Ethiopians ignominiously. Sage again composes himself to sleep.*]

SAPPHICS ON TRAFFIC.

(*A Lover of London to a Weary Would-be Wayfarer.*)

Lover of London.

Would-be wayfarer! little think the proud ones
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike—
Road, what hard work 'tis trying all day for Pimlico,
Or Piccadilly.

Tell me, wayfarer, how these Omnibuses,
Growlers, and Hansoms, carts and vans of PICKFORD,
Slithering slowly over the slippery asphalte,
Manage a journey!

Lingering loitering is not Locomotion!
Trickling slow trailing through attenuate thoroughfares,
Paroxysms of crawl and block alternate,
Call you these Traffic!

Civic Would-be Wayfarer.

Traffic? Why bless you! We have none worth calling so;
'Tisn't a thing expected in London City.
This sluggish crawling varied with stoppage is all that
We may attain to.

What with the narrow labyrinths miscalled thoroughfares,
What with the sewers and gas, the water and telegraphs,
Traffic is simply a species of lingering agony,



In the Metropolis!

Something is always "up," Sir, pipe-layers, paviors,
Stirrers of most malodorous witch-broth cauldrons,
Makers of shindy and stench, with poor old Babylon,
Play up old Gooseberry!

Courts and Councils, Committees and Correspondents,
Always reporting, writing, and railing concerning it;
Nothing comes of it all save chaos more complicate,
And higher ratings.

Cheapside, Fleet Street, Strand, all semi-impassable,
Scarcely a "right-away" road in all the Capital;
As for the "affluents" of our so-called arteries,
They are chock-blockical!

SALOMAN wisely says the traffic of London
Isn't mere local matter—ought to be national.
Hope we may get some good from wisdom of SALOMAN!—
Hardly expect it, though.

Far too long a prey to the power of Bumbledom!
Hope too long deferred has made me a Pessimist.
Traffic? Merits the name as much as these stanzas do
That of true Sapphics, Sir!

Lover of London.

You back such bunglers? I would see them blown first—
Duffers no civic spirit can rouse to competence,
Paltry, preposterous, pettifogging, pottering,
Paunchy Panjandrums!

A SONG FOR THE SLOGGER.

(By One who has seen him Smite.)

[During the Scarborough Cricket Week, Mr. C. I. THORNTON, the champion slogger of England and enthusiastic supporter of the sport, was presented with a silver trophy, representing himself at the wicket, as a memento of the great part he has taken in the Scarborough Festival since its institution in 1869. Playing in the second innings of M. C. C. against Yorkshire, Mr. THORNTON batted as energetically as ever, and twice drove the ball out of the ground.]

Great THORNTON the slogger, it comes as a jogger
To memory this tale of your trophy well merited.
Great Scott! how time's flitting. Your gift of tall-hitting,
Which no one—save BONNOR—has fully inherited,
You showed e'en at Eton. It has not been beaten.
You'd whip even JEHU at "furious *driving*."
Not dashing O'BRIEN could lick the old Lion
Of Cambridge, whose fire is still plainly surviving.
The pet of the Million, you've cleared the pavilion,
And spanked the ball many times "over the paling,"
Here's health to you "Buns!" may you score lots of runs,
And oft stir the crowd with your spirit unfailing.
How often I'd watch when they "bowled for a catch,"
And you gave 'em one, truly, but in the next parish!
You'd run up your hundred, while "all the world wondered,"
In less than an hour, Sir, a pace wear-and-tearish.
Though pedants demur, mighty smiting *will* stir,
So "more power to your elbow," great Slogger of Sixes!
Ah! if you should play in the Shades some fine day,
The Elysium Fields, in the old Oval way,
They must "spread," and you'll *then* clear the bounds, though they're
Styx's!!!



QUEER QUERIES.

CHEAPNESS AND LIGHT.—Will some reader kindly inform me what is the best way of recovering the expenses I have recently been put to in a *most unpleasant* Norwegian tour? Norway is said to be a cheap country, so I think I was not unreasonable in expecting to be able to see Christiania,

Bergen, Trondhjem, and the North Cape, with all the principal fiords and glaciers, for a five-pound note. But I was bitterly disappointed. As for the Midnight Sun, it is a complete fraud, and I should have considered myself lucky if I had seen a mid-day sun more than once or twice in my tour. Ought not the companies who advertise for tourists to explain that the Norse mountains are only *half as high as those in Switzerland*? Then I was assured the hotel charges would be only half as high too; but I found that it was impossible to get supper, bed, and breakfast for less than half-a-crown anywhere! Comment is needless. I have just returned home, and find that I have actually spent, during only three weeks travel, exactly £8 10s. 7½d. I had a *miserable* crossing to Hull. Whom ought I to sue?

PERISH SCANDINAVIA.

NOT by "a Popular Baronet."

On streams whose course one must not block
A weir is found hard by a lock;
At Westminster it would appear
They'd like a lock upon their Weir.

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MISUNDERSTOOD.

Stage-Manager (to Nervous Amateur). "WELL, OLD CHAP, HOW ARE YOU FEELING NOW? GOT RID OF THE STAGE FRIGHT?"

Nervous Amateur. "YES; SHE'S JUST GONE UP TO HER DRESSING-ROOM!"

DOGS' MEET.

The annual Canine Congress opened yesterday in the Isle of Dogs. Should the weather prove favourable it is expected that the reunion will be most successful. The Presidential Address was delivered by A. NEWFOUNDLAND, Esq., winner of the first prize in a recent Crystal Palace Show.

The President, who was received with general tail-wagging and yelping, observed that a statement had recently appeared in the public Press to the effect that there were two million dogs in the United Kingdom. (*Sensation.*) Yes, he was so informed by his employer's scullery maid, in whom he had implicit confidence, as she always acted very liberally towards him in the matter of bones. (*Applause.*) What he wanted to know was, did all these dogs pay their licences, as they ought to do? (*General barking.*) All dogs who did not pay should be "collared"—either by their employers or the police. (*Barks and some dissent.*) If there were really two millions of their

race, it could hardly be denied that the United Kingdom deserved the title of the true "Dogs' Home." (*Laughter.*) But they had several crying—he meant howling—grievances. In the first place there were too many mongrels about. (*Growls.*) Yes, in their case multiplication was vexation. (*A laugh.*) He would put it to the common sense of the meeting. Obviously there was only a certain quantity of bones in the country. Well, the fewer dogs the more bones would there be for the remainder. (*Barks of assent.*) Then, as to the excellent legal doctrine, the Palladium of their liberties, that "Every dog may have one bite." He was sorry to see that some magistrates had been inclined to throw doubt on the justice of this maxim, and he hoped the LORD CHANCELLOR would fly at those magistrates—he meant remove them. (*Barks.*) Another point to which he must refer was that there was a tendency to put them off with imported bones.

Now, *he* was a Conservative (*barks*), and he believed in the good roast beef of Old England. (*Barks and whining.*) He regretted, too, that many employers used an inferior kind of dog biscuit. (*Howls.*) If there were one form of food more repulsive than another it was the *fin de siècle* dog biscuit. (*Laughter.*) Had it any meat in it at all? ("*No.*") Was it composed chiefly of bad animal fat and bran? ("*Yes.*") There was yet one more grievance he had to mention. On washing days (*howls*) it was sad to think that their dignity should be lowered by having to submit to a coat of lather. In this matter some otherwise excellent employers seemed afflicted with rabies. (*Barks.*) He would leave it to the consideration of the Congress whether a universal strike against the grievances he had enumerated should be organised.

[*Loud and general barking.*]

At the close of the President's address the Congress adjourned for the day.

Papers have been promised on "Cats, and How to Tackle them," on "The Temptation presented by Cyclists' Calves," and on "Hygienic Kennels." A very attractive programme of excursions to places of interest in the vicinity has also been arranged. Members of the Congress will be enabled to swim over to the south side of the Thames, and inspect the Dogs' Home at Battersea, if the Manager will admit them. A happy day among the deer in Greenwich Park is contemplated, and Barking will of course receive a visit. Altogether, if the police do not interfere, a thoroughly enjoyable outing is anticipated.

THE CURSE.

A FRAGMENT À LA INGOLDSBY.

The Spectre arose with a menacing look,
He called not for candle, for bell, or for book,
But in terrible tones, growing gruffer and gruffer,
He solemnly cursed that deluded Old Buffer!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,
From his buniony feet to his shiny bald head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream about burglars and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
With troubles dyspeptic and feelings of "sinking";
He cursed him in walking, in running, in flying,
In puffing and panting, in freezing and frying,
With horror of living and longing for dying.
He banished him harshly from home, couch, and cook,
His favourite chair, and his best-beloved book;
From afternoon snooze, and from snug evening smoke,
From old-fashioned "rubber," and elderly joke;
From pottering round in his trim-bedded garden,
From down-at-heel slippers, old coat, and churchwarden;
Condemned him to dress in swell togs void of ease,
To hurry and scurry, to crowd and to squeeze;
To horrible burdens and journeys of length,
Exceedingly trying to temper and strength;
To puff like a porpoise, to pant and perspire,
To doing—*whatever he didn't desire!*

Never was heard such a horrible curse!
But what may give rise
To some little surprise,
This curse, at which courage may shiver and shake,
It only condemned the Old Buffer to take
His Annual Holiday!! *What can be worse?*

THE VACUOUS TIME.

["Sea-serpents are now in season, and running very large."—*The Unlicensed*]

Let Cowes delight in barques that bite
Their furrows o'er the fallow main,
Careering round the Isle of Wight,
And ultimately home again.

Some men may go to Westward Ho!
And potter gravely through the greens,
Or lease a little moor, and blow
The harmless grouse to smithereens;

Or flit across to fjord and *fos*,
And captivate the toothsome trout
Or hack initials on a *schloss*,
And chuck their orange-peel about.

Let some repair to regions where,
Beneath the usual Southern moon,
The nigger in his native lair
Raises the Alabama coon.

A few may fly to far Shanghai,
Or Argentine, if they prefer,
And earn a paltry pittance by
Reporting facts that don't occur.

While others hail the Dover mail,
Humming the airs of quaint Yvette,
And prove upon a private scale
What life is like *à la Villette*;

Or haply land upon a strand
Where trim grisettes are clustered thick,
Watch the promiscuous bathers, and
Observe that things are passing *chic*.

I know of lots of pretty spots
Where people go to get the view;
It is indeed, as Dr. WATTS
Sublimely said, their nature too.

But there are some for whom the hum
Of toil habitually throbs;
Adhesive as a patent gum
They stick to their respective jobs.

When heather blows, and houses close,
And London is described as bare,
(Though some odd millions, I suppose,
Remain invariably there);

Pounding away serenely, they
With pious humour smile at fate;—
I make allusion, need one say,
To members of the Fourth Estate.

In deadly dearth of copy worth
Inserting they resort to Mars,
Or Marriage-failure here on earth,
As matter for expansive "pars."

For them the prize sea-worms arise
Fresh from eleven months of sleep,
Flatter a Correspondent's eyes,
And fairly hurtle through the deep.

And still they choose from subtle clues
To weave their exegetic wit,
Telling the nation all the news,
And even what to think of it.

Meanwhile afloat, or far remote,
The public who attains to miss
The paper for the day can dote
On ignorance akin to bliss.

Illogic in Liquor.

Mem. by a Muser.

How paradoxical the ways of Town!

To "liquor up" means pouring liquor down.
And "standing treat" means, with the bibulous band,
"Treating" each other till they *cannot* stand!



"'E DUNNO OÙ IL EST!"

Passenger from London (as the Train runs into the Gare du Nord, Paris). "OH—ER—I SAY—ER—GARSONG! KEL AY LE NOMME DU SET PLASS?"

"OUT WE GO."

Just as we begin to know
What the grouping "mummers" mean—
Curtain! and "*God save the Queen!*"
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know,
Bat in hand, the bowler's style—
"How's that?" With a sickly smile,
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know
This time we must "break the bank"—
Bah! We have ourselves to thank.
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know
That the whisky is sublime—
"Gentlemen, it's closing time!"
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know
We can drive the frisky mare—
Bump! Crash! "Mind your eye!" "Take care!"
Out we go!

Just as we begin to know
We are bound to head the poll—
"Whew! Too bad, upon my soul!"
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know
In our boy's heart we've a place—
Ah! here comes MISS PRETTYFACE!
Out we go.

Just as we begin to know
How to fight this world of sin—
Ugh! the doctor bustles in.
Out we go.

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TO HER MOTHER.

Oh, you meddling old lady!
"Tête and Braidy"
Is a pun—
Not my own but how I've said that
Of your head that
Spoilt the fun!

And you had a splendid chance to
At that dance too.
How I shun
Plaited hair like yours, that popping
In, and stopping,
Spoilt the fun!

I, not being like you wealthy
Know the stealthy,
Sneaking dun;
Since my fortune is not grand, you
Snubbed me, and you
Spoilt the fun!

When your daughter fancied flirting—
Was that hurting
Anyone?—
And I helped her, she was not you.
No, Great Scott! you
Spoilt the fun!



Undisturbed upon the staircase,
Quite a rare case
Finding none
Others there, we sat so happy,
But you, snappy,
Spoilt the fun!

When I thought I had a greater
Chance to, later,
Be your son.
And she blushed and smiled so sweetly,
You completely
Spoilt the fun!

Lastly I, in some secluded
Spot, concluded
I had won,
Called her by her Christian name—and
Still you came and
Spoilt the fun!

THE LATEST PIECE OF NEWS (*at the Comedy*).—*The New Woman* and "The Old Woman" are very much alike; especially *The New Woman*.

ROBERT ON AMERRYCANS.

What grand fellers them Amerryicans is! I have allers admired em since I fust made acquaintance with the real Gent as I used to wait upon at the Grand Otel at Cherring Cross, and he was a reel Gent if ever there was one!

Well, I was atending upon jest such another gent at quite a grand Party the other night; and, when it was all over, the principle Gennelman came up to me and interduced me to him as an Amerrycan Gent as wanted to speak to me, and he then acshally told me as how as my little Book was about one of the most populerest in all the United States! And he then arsked me how many copies we had sold? And when I thort as I shoud astonish him by telling him as I beleeved as it was sumthing about seventeen thowsend, he said as how as that was nothink to what he should have xpected, for a hunderd thowsend would not have surprised him! for he had bin told as how as one of their werry leadingest men, I rayther think as he said it was the Pressident, or a great friend of his whenever he was a good deal bothered about State matters, allers called for a copy of "Robert," for it was quite sure to put him all to rites again, and send him to bed with a jolly larf!



Well, I thort as this was all pritty well, but he acshally finished up by arsking me whether I could write another wollum jest like the other! for he was sure as any of their grate Publishers could sell any quantity of em! speshally if they thort it woud take the shine out of the Englisher by saying it was by WASHINGTON! He then introjuced me to another Amerrycan, and asked him what he thort of his plan? To which he replied that he didn't know much about publishing, but he was quite sure there was nothink in that or in any other matter in which an Amerrycan could not lick all creation! And then they both went away larfing!

Tho what there was to larf at in such a werry serious matter as they had bin a torking about I'm sure I cant make out, the more so as I ain't heard a single word from em since, and even thinks it werry possible as I never shall.

Strange to say I had a most wonderful dream that night! I dremt as I was reelly in Amerrykey, and having a long conwersation with a reel live Publisher all about an Amerrycan "Robert"! and jest as we was aranging all about the price, and the number of Wolumes, and the way he was to send me all the money, I suddenly woke, and found myself a lying by the side of Mrs. ROBERT! and about as much astonished as ewer I found myself in all my long life!

ROBERT.

Grumpy.

Smelfungus at new customs carps,
He says "New Women" are "Old Cats";
Society soon will be be all "sharps,"
Living in "flats."

THE PIOUS LYNCHER'S CREED.

(Adapted from the *Biglow Papers* for the benefit of parsonic defenders of the pleasant practice of Lynching.)

I du believe in righteous Law—
Save when it Hate embarrasses—
But I *du* hate the holy jaw
Of them plump British Pharisees!
No White Man ought untried to swing,
Be grilled, or sliced to jiggers;
But Lynch Law is a kind o' thing
That quite agrees with niggers!

I du believe "beans" I may give
To *Pompey* or to *Cæsar*.
The dog has nary right to *live*
Save as I chance to please, Sir;
It aint no use to cant to me—
If you'd a cowhide whip shun—
Of conscience or humanity,
Or rot of that description.

I du believe the wust o' trash
Is talk o' Christian kindness;
The "coons" we'll hang, or roast, or thrash,
In wrath's red fits o' blindness.
We'll rule, if not with rope and ball,
Why then with stake and scorcher.
Lynch Law, to make it stick at all,
Must be backed up by—*Torture!*

DANGEROUS DOCTRINE.

That animals feel little pain
Science suggests—with scanty proof.
Shall the humane then lift in vain
Their voice in animals' behoof?
It is a pleasant thing to think
The horse we flog, the fish we hook,
Feel little pain—although they shrink;
But *does* cool science know its book?
The poor crimped cod, the walloped moke,
Can't tell us that they rather like it;
The dog smiles not as at a joke
When harsh BILL SIKES will kick or strike it.
Man is an animal, after all,
And if his faith is absolute
That pain hurts not the "animal,"
He'll very soon become—a brute!



LINES BY A LAZY BODY.

[M. ST. HILAIRE, the French politician, who is ninety years of age, and still active, says:—"If you want to live to be old, be always at work, and diligently. Do not listen to those who aspire to save enough money to rest. They are lazy bodies."]

'Tis the voice of the Lazy, I heard him complain,
"All this nonagenarian nonsense
Won't do! This mere love of longevity's vain,
Although natural, doubtless, in *one* sense.
The secret of Age, ST. HILAIRE may have told;
The secret of Youth can he give?
We'd learn, *not* to live to be awfully old,
But how to keep young while we live!
No, no, chatty nonagenarians! Loan us
The gift of Aurora, not that of Tithonus."

Transcriber's Note:

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

Errors in punctuations and inconsistent hyphenation were not corrected except for the following:

On page 112, a period was added after "if I stand it".

On page 113, "No. no," was replaced with "No, no,".

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 107, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894 ***

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