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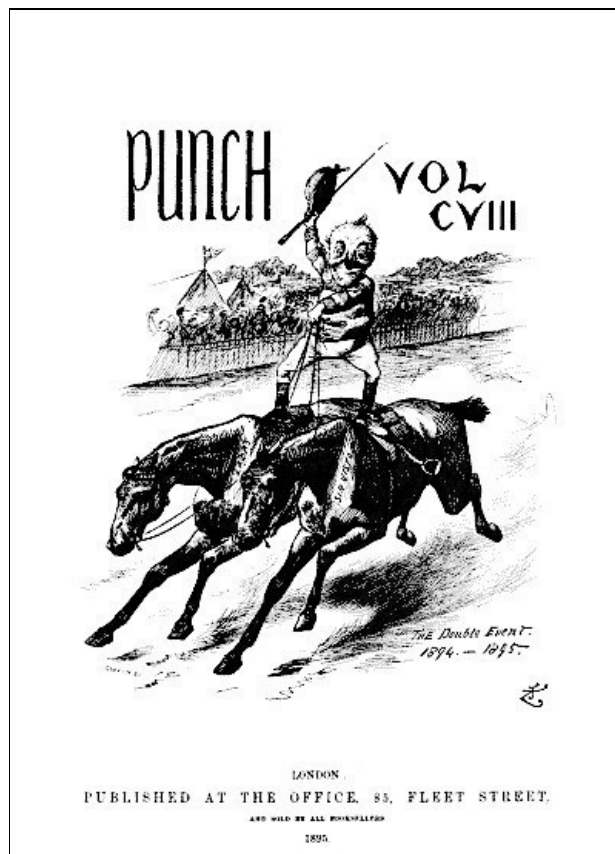
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
JANUARY 5TH, 1895 ***



PUNCH VOL CVIII

The Double Event

1894. - 1895.

LONDON.

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PREFACE

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

JUNE 29, 1895.



A Midsummer Day-dream, and its waking Sequel.

It was the luncheon-hour at Lord's. Likewise it was exceeding hot, and Mr. PUNCH, after an exciting morning's cricket, was endeavouring to cool himself with an iced tankard, a puggreed "straw," and a fragrant whiff.

"Willow the King!" piped Mr. PUNCH, pensively. "Quite so! A merrier monarch than the Second CHARLES is WILLIAM (GILBERT) the very First! And no one kicks at King Willow, even in these democratic days. The verdant, smooth-shaven lawn, when wickets are pitched, is your very best 'leveller'—in one sense, though, in another, what stylish RICHARD DAFT calls 'Kings of Cricket' ('by merit raised to that *good* eminence'), receive the crowd's loyal and most enthusiastic homage. But, by Jove, the Harrow boys will want a new version of their favourite cricket song, if prodigy be piled on prodigy, like Pelion on Ossa, in the fashion to which the Doctor during the first month of Summer in this year of Grace has accustomed us."

"The 'Doctor's' throne has never been disputed by anyone outside Bedlam," said a strong and sonorous voice.

Mr. PUNCH looked up, and perceived before him a stalwart six-footer in flannels, broad-belted at the equator, and wearing broad-brim'd silken stove-pipe.

"ALFRED MYNN, quoting 'the Old Buffer,' or I'm a Dutchman," said the omniscient and ever-ready one.

"And, whatever fame and glory these and other bats may win,
Still the monarch of hard hitters, to my mind, was ALFRED MYNN;
With his tall and stately presence, with his nobly-moulded form,
His broad hand was ever open, his brave heart was ever warm'—

as PROWSE sang pleasantly."

The Kentish Titan blushed—if Shades can with modesty suffuse. "You know *everything*, of course, Mr. PUNCH," said he; "and therefore you know that the object of my visit is *not* to have my praises sung even by you or the Poet PROWSE, but to back up that National Testimonial to *the* Cricketer of the century—and the 'centuries'—of which I'm glad to hear whispers in the Elysian Fields, where—alas!—we do *not* pitch the stumps or chase the flying 'leathery duke' of Harrow song."

"Well, it's a far cry from Hambledon to Downend," quoth Mr. PUNCH, pensively; "but even the gods of 'the Hambledon Pantheon,' as picturesque JOHN NYREN called them, might have admitted the Downend Doctor as their Jove. Or, adopting his other figure, have made him the King ARTHUR of their Round Table, *vice* old RICHARD NYREN retired."

"I see you read what is worth reading," responded the Kentish Big 'Un. "DICK NYREN's style was as sound and honest and brisk as the English ale he lauded,—'barleycorn, such as would put the soul of three butchers into one weaver.' But the great Gloucestershire gentleman is worthy to bend the bow of Ulysses."

"Or to wear the pads of ALFRED MYNN, which, I believe, were presented to him," said Mr. PUNCH, cordially.

"Ah! There is another and a bigger Presentation afoot, I understand, thanks largely to a truly Gracious Prince," returned "the monarch of hard hitters." "A knighthood? Well, that's as it may be! Quite deserved indeed; but a 'King' hardly needs the addition of the lesser honour, and indeed W. G. won his spurs on the tented field years and years ago. But a National Testimonial! Faith, the Briton who grudges a subscription to *that* doesn't deserve to see a sixer run out, or drink a flagon of genuine Boniface at the 'Bat and Ball' on Broad Halfpenny. Only wish we old willow-wielders in the Elysian Fields could contribute each our obolus. By Castor and Pollux, here he comes!"

Broad, bronzed, black-bearded, bear-pawed, bell-mouthed, beaming, in loose-cut flannels and M. C. C. cap, the redoubtable Doctor entered. 'Twas a sight to see those two six-foot-odders shake hands! And to hear the talk of the Cricket Heroes of two generations—

* * *

"Hillo, Mr. PUNCH! Wake up, old man! Match over!"

It was the veritable voice of the Gloucester Giant. But where was the Pride of Kent? He came like a shadow in summer slumber, and so departed. But WILLIAM GILBERT was at least satisfactorily solid.

"Where are the Bats of yester year?" murmured the drowsy Sage.

"Oh, still scoring—some of 'em," said the practical smiter, cheerfully. "Keeping up a fair average, too."

"What is yours just now, Doctor?"

"Oh, ask DRUCE! *His* tops it, I believe—for the present."

"Ah, well! But the Century of Centuries, the Thousand of Merry May, the suggested knighthood, the coming National Testimonial, H. R. H.'s letter—"

"I never saw a nicer letter, and I hope to see as good wherever I go," interrupted the modest and taciturn giant, with a grin reminiscent of *Wickets in the West* and "the rapt oration flowing free," in a fourfold iteration of a single sentence.

"Better *before* the stump than *on* it, eh, WILLIAM?" smiled the Sage, who had read his rollicking R. A. FITZGERALD, and understood W. G.'s allusion. "Unlike the *other* W. G., at present out in the Baltic."

"Ah, *he* could give the bowling beans, in his own way, which certainly isn't mine," said the Man of Many Centuries.

"What a season!" exclaimed Mr. PUNCH, preparing to puff.

"Centuries to right of us, Centuries to left of us,	"Centuries all round us, Volley and thunder!"
--	---

MYNN was here just now—in my vision. Wish you could have met him, as I dreamed you did! *Par nobile fratrum!* But even *he* never hit his hundred hundreds, though he played up to the age of fifty. Well, WILLIAM mine, you've topped the toppers and cut all records. May the National Testimonial do likewise. Wish you a sovereign reward for every good hit with which you've pleased the populace—a '*quid*' for every *quo*. And, to prove the sincerity of my love and admiration for the greatest Cricketer of all time, I propose, my dear (prospective) Sir WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE, K.G. (Knight of *the* Game), to head that same National Testimonial with a contribution outshining and out summing all others, to wit my

One Hundred and Eighth Volume!"



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI

Volume 108, JANUARY 5, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



MR. PUNCH WELCOMES THE NEW YEAR.

So, 'Ninety-Five, my boy, you've come at last!
Another year has gone, and I am here
To greet you, as your brothers in the past
Were greeted on their coming, year by year;
For it's always been my practice, Sir—a bit of *Punch's* lore—
Since the day that I was volumed, until now I'm fifty-four

Aye, fifty-three New Years I've welcomed. This

I pray to Heaven in its arms may bear
A whole New Yearful of a nation's bliss—
A world without a tear, without a care.
'Tis thus that I have prayed, young Sir, full many years before;
But to know how oft I've prayed in vain, would make your young
heart sore.

The Year that's dead was better, sure, than some;
But even he brought with him strikes and war,
Whose ghastly horrors smote the soft heart numb
And wrung and chilled it to the very core.
'Twas a villainous attention, this suffering and gore,
That we'd rather have dispensed with, from your brother
'Ninety-Four

But even he, my lad, a jest could work,
And on occasion smile, and nod, and beck;
To England gave—a rising Son of York,
And gave to Ireland—Mr. GLADSTONE'S cheque!
Thus tickling Mr. BULL from smiles and laughter to a roar.
But hearty laughs like these, my friend, were few in 'Ninety-
Four.

And you, young shaver, what is it you bring?
Razor and soap, like shavers young and old—
The soap to soothe, razor to cut and sting?—
Will wedding-bell be heard, and death-knell toll'd?
You see, my lad, we're anxious as to what you have in store,
For there's still some things to put to rights bequeathed by
Ninety-Four.

In Parliament, no doubt, you'll make your game—
In Camp, and Court, and County Council, too?
Make sport of love—make foul an honoured name—
And all the little fun you're wont to do?
Well—take my tip. Just do your level best, remember! For
The blame, my son, lies at your own, not *Mr. Punch's* door.

So mind, young Sir, for *Mr. Punch's* eye
Is cocked upon you through your little life.
Go—rule the world!—and if before you die
You fill the earth with joy instead of strife,
You'll be the first of all your race—for all the smiles they wore—
That gave the country what she asked—from 0 to '94!

PROTEST FROM THE PLAYGROUND.

Dear MR. PUNCH,—I know you sympathise with boys, and isn't it a jolly shame the masters set us such awfully hard questions in exams.? My Report has just come home, and my Pater has given me a fearful rowing, and all because it says "WILKINS Terts. (that's me) has done badly in Examinations, and does not take the trouble to use what intelligence he possesses." My Pater threatens not to take me to the Pantymime, and I hear it's awfully beefy this year! Well, we had a "History and General Knowledge" paper, and one of the questions was this beastly one, and of course I couldn't tackle it—"What, or where, are the following:—'Imperium in Imperio, The Korea, Bimetallism, The Grand Llama, Balance of Power, and One Man One Vote?'" I answered all right about the Korea, because I kicked young SMITH under the table to give me a tip about it, and he said it was the book the Turks use in church; and I put that down, but all the other things floored me. Please will you say what Bimetallism is? JONES Junior said afterwards, in the playground, that it was a sort of lozenge, and ROBINSON Senior said he didn't know what it was, but he knew his Pater was a Bimetallist; and JONES said ROBINSON Senior's Pater must be a confectioner then; and so ROBINSON punched JONES's head; but what *is* it? And is it fair to ask us boys such questions? My Pater said at breakfast the School Board was fond of sending out sirkulers. Do you think they would send one to our Head-master, and ask him to stop such rot?

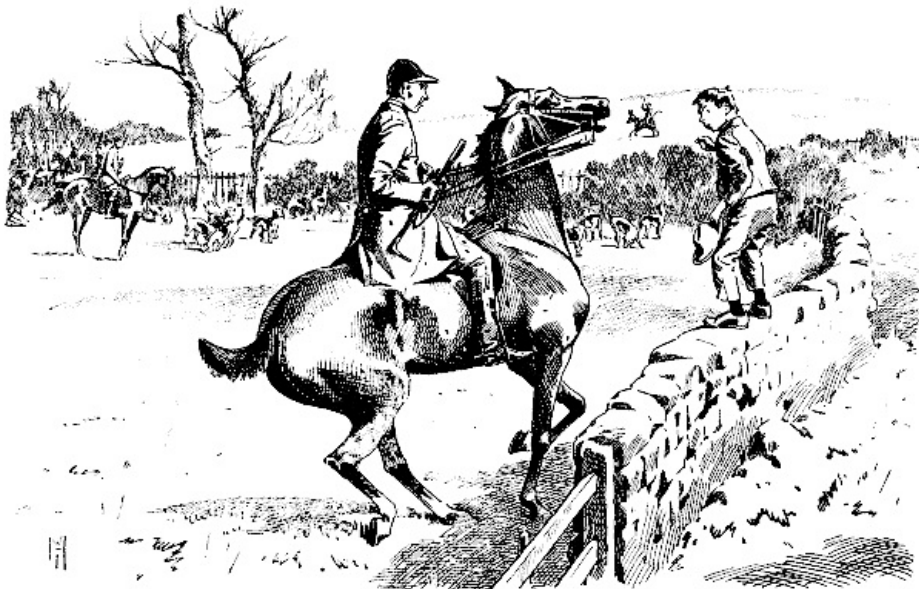
Your obedient young friend

JACKY.



SPORT IN COURT.

[“The Anti-Gambling League has decided to take proceedings against the Jockey Club.... In the view of the League every member of the Jockey Club is equally open to indictment.”—*Morning Post*.]



A VIEW HALLOO.

(Hounds at fault.)

Whip (bustling up to *Young Hodge*, who has just begun to wave his cap and sing out lustily). "NOW THEN, WHERE IS HE?"

Young H. "YONDER, SIR! ACOMIN' ACROSS YONDER!"

Whip. "GET OUT, WHY THERE AIN'T NO FOX THERE, STOOPID!"

Young H. "No, SIR; BUT THERE BE OUR BILLY ON T' JACKASS!"

SPORT IN COURT;

Or, The New Year Dream of the National Anti-Gambling Leaguer.

Oh! it must have been the grog, for I slumbered like a log,
 And I dreamed—*such* a dream! I was holding forth in court,
 And the prisoners in the dock,—how the Sporting League
 'twould shock!—

Were the Princes, and the Nobles, and the Leading Lights of
 Sport.

A supreme, successful raid on the Jockey Club we'd made.

No mere stuffy, sordid set, of poor betting-men *this* time,
No cheap winner-spotting snobs, but a lot of topping nobbs,
And I had them on the hip, and I charged the lot with Crime!
It was prime to see a Prince at my language flush and wince,
And a Lord Chief Justice squirm, and a stern-faced Judge quite
blench.

But—I could not fail to mark the demeanour of the Clerk,
Who looked on it *as a lark!*—and that Beak upon the bench—
Ah! he had a mighty "beak," which I felt a wish to tweak—
Had a wink in his left eye which seemed frivolous, if funny;
And he didn't seem to suit us, for we wished a stern-faced
BRUTUS;

Nay, a ruthless RHADAMANTHUS were the big-wig for *my* money.
Ah! it wanted resolution to conduct that prosecution,
With a Prince and several Dooks, and an Earl, a County
Squire,

And a Mephistopheles, who sat lounging at his ease,
Whom the culprits all called "JIMMY," and seemed hugely to
admire;

For although I ramped and raved, Beak and Prisoners behaved
In a fashion which seemed scornful, and assuredly was light;
And that Clerk—confound his mug, which looked strangely like a
pug!—

And the chap for the defence, with his eyes so brisk and
bright,

They seemed all upon the grin, or almost, which was a sin,
And I'm sure I heard a Dook whisper in a Judge's ear,
"*Don't old Mulberry Nose look funny? I will bet you any money*
—!—"

Well, I missed the wager's point; but oh, dear! oh dear!! *oh*
dear!!!

Think of betting—in a Court! And I thundered against Sport,
Which meant Gambling, more or less, and red ruin, and
disgrace.

From the girls who, though they're loves, wager wickedly—in
gloves,

To the Plunger Peer who shames his ancient race—to win a
Race.

Ah! I think I "gave them beans." I'm uncertain what that means,
But the Lord Chief Justice whispered I was doing so—to "JIM"—
And the phrase I overhead, and although it sounds absurd,

I felt it meant a compliment to me, compelled from him.
So I said "Sport may intrigue and set up a rival League
To our holy Anti-Gambling One; but Sport is a Foul Sink
We have pledged ourselves to purge with a besom and a scourge
—"

But here that Punchian eye indulged in a prodigious wink,
Such a spasm of sheer fun, that I felt the case was done;
Court, Prisoners, Judge, assumed the guise of a colossal Joke!
My head appeared to swim, the wild vision did dislimn,
And with a shriek of bitter disappointment I—awoke!

"ANGLO-INDIAN."—We are indisposed to go the full length of agreement with the learned Editors of the *New English Dictionary* in their study of the derivation of the objectionable word "damn." In the interesting extract you inclose they remark: "The conjecture that the word is the Hindi *dām*, *dawm*, an ancient copper coin, of which 1,600 went to a rupee (see YULE), is ingenious, but has no basis in fact." That may be so. It is, nevertheless, a curious coincidence that at the present time the steady declension of the money value of the rupee, combined with its immoveable rating in the salary list, produces in the Civil Service and the army in India a state of feeling subject to which at least 1,600 dams go to a rupee. We much fear that, under this provocation, our army in India is able to compete with regiments earlier enrolled, who, you will remember, "swore terribly in Flanders."



**COMBINATION COSTUMES FOR COVENT GARDEN.
"THE TWENTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER!"**

"WHAT NONSENSE YOU DO TALK. HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT OUT?"
"WHY, ANY FOOL COULD SEE THAT. THE SHORTEST DEY AND THE
LONGEST KNIGHT, OF COURSE!"

NEW YEAR NOTIONS.

(By an Old Buffer.)

"There is nothing new under the sun," someone
says;
I wish that there *wasn't*, by Jingo!
It seems to me *everything's* New in these days,
And nothing is genuine old stingo.
A New Poet turns up about once a week
(According to log-rolling rumour);
And there's the New Politics, all grab and sneak;
And something dull dubbed the New Humour!
The New Art; I'm certain *it* comes from Old
Nick,
It's so diabolic and dirty.
Faith! some of their Novelties make me feel sick,
And most of them make me feel "shirty."
The New Year!—well, that is as old as the hills.
The New Leaf—we annually turn it.
Ah! if the New Newness would banish Old Ills.
Not e'en an Old Fogey would spurn it.
New Year, give us books that are healthy and
gay,
And Art that's not impish or queer, Sir!
And *if* you'll but cart the *New Woman* away,
You *will* be a Happy New Year, Sir!

THE MODERN THEATRE LAUGH.

Dear MR. PUNCH,—I crave the hospitality of your columns under the following circumstances. The other night I went to a burlesque. Being a man of modest means, I contented myself with paying half-a-crown, for which sum I was able not only to sit with the plebs in the pit, but to see Society in the stalls.

Will it be believed, at the end of this so-called nineteenth century, that songs were sung and things were said which made those everywhere around me *laugh*? Sadder still, two-thirds of those I saw were women!—women, who are our mothers and sisters, when they are not our wives and sweethearts!

I haven't the least notion where the harm in all this comes in, but I'm confident there's some somewhere. In any event it's a serious sign of the times; which reminds me that I should have sent this to the *Times*, if I had not thought the recent Society-play correspondence sufficient for one season. I'm so afraid the dear old *Thunderer* will drop

the telegraphic news and take to *Telegraphic* Correspondence.

In any case, I invite letters on "The Seriousness of Laughter."

Yours distressedly,

A DI-TRI-SYLLABIC PITTITE.

[No letters on this subject will be inserted.—ED.]

NEW YEAR.

"Ring out, wild bells." We hope that you,
With '94 that's rung out,
Will kindly ring out just a few
Of all those things entitled "new"
Which plagued us till quite mad we grew
As mad as dog with tongue out.

Those novelties! The newest kind—
With turned up nose and weird, slee-
-py eyes, that told of vacant mind,
And monstrous chignon massed behind—
Were those appalling things designed
By Mr. AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Yes, "things"; for nought of human
shape,
However strangely bizarre,
Is there portrayed; there's not an ape,
That feeds on cocoa-nut or grape,
Between Morocco and the Cape,
So hideous as these are.

For goodness' sake, don't let us see
New Art which courts disaster!
We much prefer to Mr. B.
VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, even P.
P. RUBENS or VANDYKE, for we
Like oldness in a master.

And then "New Humour." Heavens, why
It's but a pleasure killer!
A cause of weary yawn and sigh,
Which makes us almost long to fly
To those old jokes collected by
A certain Mr. MILLER.

In politics Newcastle, too,
With programme was prophetic;
And now Leeds leads, and shows who's
who.
The Grand Old Man—there's age for you!

—
Has found much better things to do,
Not prosy but poetic.

But all the things, so new in time,
Are nothing to the woman,
Who now is "new," and seeks to climb
To heights which seem to her sublime;
(Excuse the execrable rhyme)
She is indeed a rum 'un.

Of course we know that youth is sweet;
Old women are not charming;
But no old woman we could meet,
With featless form and formless feet,
This wild New Woman now could beat,
She's perfectly alarming.

Ring out, wild bells, wild belles like
these
New-fangled fancies screaming;
Ring in the woman bound to please,
A lady, always at her ease,
Not manlike woman, by degrees

More man that woman seeming.

Old '94, who now has fled,
Encouraged blatant boldness
In things called "new," as we have said;
New '95, now he is dead,
Might bring some things which are
instead
Remarkable for oldness.



A VITAL QUESTION.

*(Asked at a Penny
Reading.)*

"Who will stand on either
hand,
And keep the bridge with
me?"

"SHOULD CHRISTMAS BE ABOLISHED?"

[A symposium on the above question appears in the December Number of *The Idler*.]

With what philosophy sublime
The institutions are discussed,
Which foolish men of olden time
Were well content to take on trust!
"Is life one great mistake?" we cry,
"Our modern teachers deem it so;"
"Man's place shall woman occupy?"
And now this last—"Shall Christmas
go?"

They mock at any plea for mirth,
With fine derision they allude
To any wish for peace on earth
As just a pulpit platitude;
This Christmas-time, it seems, is fraught
With fancies anything but clever;
The lessons that CHARLES DICKENS taught
Are obsolete, and gone for ever!

They tell us, in their stead, to praise
The jokes on seasonable ills,
The epigrams on quarter-days,
The *jeux d'esprit* on mud and bills;
But as for honest glee and cheer,
Since every cause for joy's demolished,
Why, Christmas, too, it's amply clear,
Should be left out—in fact, "abolished."

Well, let them talk; to please themselves
By all means let them demonstrate
That fairies, Santa Claus, and elves
Are manifestly out-of-date.
Well, let them talk; and find a joy
In cynical philosophy,
But every English girl and boy
Will give their empty words the lie!

Nor only these: In every land
When Christmas brings, to brighten
life,
The sturdy grip of hand with hand,
The softened heart, the ended strife,—
Then air your pessimistic views,
Then ask again, "Shall Christmas go?"
And find your answer, if you choose,
In one emphatic, hearty—"NO!"



"LOOK WHAT I'VE BOUGHT YOU FOR A CHRISTMAS BOX!"

THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

VIII.—AFTER THE POLL.

I am overwhelmed with congratulations, from all classes, from all sections, from all ranks, and I am acclaimed on all hands as a worthy head man for a Mudford, if not yet a model, village. Not the least welcome have been the communications which have reached me from those who have made my acquaintance in these published Chronicles. The mayor of a borough whose charter dates well back into the beginning of the second half of the present century, wrote to say that he is emboldened by the fact that his wife's maiden name commenced with a W to write to tell me how rejoiced he is to hear of my success. A gentleman writes from "The Burning Plains of the Sahara" to say that he is always proud of the triumphs of a TIMOTHY. (My daughter points out that this is clearly a forgery, since the Sahara mail isn't in till next week. But I can't go into that.) Then there is a very important letter from Birmingham, of which I will only say that WINKINS, who has backed many a Bill, may yet live to indorse a Programme. I may here add that there has been an attempt in some quarters to decry these Chronicles as absurd and imaginary. My Birmingham correspondent describes them as "an important picture of things as they actually are." He is right. I am as serious as a Prime Minister.

My wife is back—which reminds me that I received a post-card, which his had the effect usually produced by a bomb. Here is what was on it:—

AFTER THE POLL.

After the poll is over,
After the voting's done,
Mudford will be much duller,
No more election fun.
But ONE man will be more happy,
Not so disturbed in his soul (?),
WINKINS'S wife is come back now—
After the Poll!

Of course, I should have destroyed the card at once—but I was out when it came, and MARIA read it first! What happened was a good instance of the monstrous way in which one man's sin is another man's punishment. In this case (1) it was my wife who had persisted in going away, and (2) it was an unknown post-cardist who had written the insulting doggerel. Yet I paid the entire penalty.

The great puzzle—who is the seventh councillor?—is still unsolved. All that has happened so far is that Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH are no longer on speaking terms. It has leaked out that Mrs. MARCH had more plumpers than Mrs. HAVITT, whereupon ructions—as JACKY, who has just come home for the Christmas holidays says. I think he's quite right.

Our Parish Council meets next Monday—on the 7th. With the New Year we commence our reign of beneficent activity. I need hardly say that it is certain that I am to be Chairman. My position on the poll suggests it, common decency demands it, moreover I expect it. I refuse to believe that I shall be disappointed.

A GLAD NEW YEAR.

A Reflecting Roundel.

"A Glad New Year!" Why, bless my heart, how
fast
The time flies by! The year's no sooner here
Than it is gone and numbered with the past—
A Glad New Year!

For some the sun shines bright, the sky is clear,
No threatening clouds o'erhead exist to cast
A single shadow. Yet, ah me, how drear
The sad estate in which some lives are passed!
The day when none are sad may not be near,
But then—and not till then—there'll be at last
A Glad New Year!

UP-TO-DATE VERSION FOR MATURE VIRGINS AND PREMATURELY GRIZZLED WORKING MEN.—
They whom the gods *don't* love, *dye* young!



THE PROBLEM PLAY.

New Woman (with the hat). "No! My PRINCIPLE IS SIMPLY THIS—IF THERE'S A DEMAND FOR THESE PLAYS, IT MUST BE SUPPLIED!"

Woman not New (with the bonnet). "PRECISELY! JUST AS WITH THE BULL-FIGHTS IN SPAIN!"

[Scores.]

THE OLD FERRYMAN'S NEW FARE.

AIR—"Twickenham Ferry."

O-hoi-ye-ho! Ho-ye-ho! Who's for the ferry?
(*The moon sails on high, and the snow's coming down,*)
A light gleams afar, and the church chimes are merry,
Their message goes pealing o'er country and town.
The ferryman's grey, and the ferryman's old;
But the passenger's young, and the passenger's bold;
And he's fresh as a pippin, and brown as a berry,
He laughs at the night, and he heeds not the cold.
O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho! "I'm for the ferry!"
(*The moon rides on high, and the snow's coming down,*)
"Sure it's late that it is, but I care not a penny;
I'll brave the rough river and winter's grim frown."
He'd his hands in his pockets, and oh! he looked brave
As the toughest old tar who e'er ventured the wave.
With his cheeks like a rose, and his lips like a cherry,
"Ah! sure, and you're welcome! *Your* presence *all* crave!"
O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho! One flits slow from the ferry,
(*The moon rides on high, and the snow's coming down,*)
With shadowy form, and with footfall unsteady;
You'd think 'twas a ghost at the dawn-signal flown.
The ferryman turns on the phantom a glance,
But the eyes of the youngster there glitter and dance,
And with youth like a star in the stern of the wherry
There is but one watchword for Time,—tis "Advance!"
O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho! Old is that ferry,
(*The moon rides on high, and the snow's drifting down,*)
Still, older that steersman, though stalwart and steady,
And many a journey and fare hath he known.
For the Ferryman's Time, and his fares are the Years,
And they greet him with smiles, and oft leave him in tears,
And the youth who to-night takes his seat in that wherry,
Knows not how 'tis freighted with hopes and with fears.
O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho-Ho! 'NINETY-FIVE tries the ferry,
(*The moon rides on high, and the snow silvers down,*)
There's a smile on his lips, and his laughter is merry;
Right little he bodeth of Fortune's dark frown.
But the Ferryman's old, and the Ferryman knows
That River of Years, with its joys and its woes;
But we'll wish the young fare a snug seat in Time's
wherry,
And sun on his way, though he starts 'midst the snows.
O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!!

THE WINTER ACADEMY OF 1995.

(*An Elegant Extract from a Future Development.*)

The Committee this year has wisely been recruited from the Master Bill Posters' Guild; the old-fashioned method of "hanging" is abandoned, and advertisements are now "stuck" on the walls by the New "B" Gum Process (for which Sir J. MILLBOARD contributes a charming illustration No. 20,000). During a preliminary survey, we were astonished by the blatant excellence of the exhibition. "*A Bicycle Made for Five*," by Mr. LOWTHER R. CADE (No. 2006), is especially delicate and sudden; the tone is aluminium throughout, and although no children are represented as bodily on the machine, a Kineto-Phonograph inserted in the axle dexterously responds to a penny in the slot—when the youthful athletes are both seen and *heard* in the adjacent horse-pond. "*Gregory the Grateful*" (No. 612) fully sustains Dr. UTTERSON'S reputation for historical advertisement; by pressing a spring the Pope actually swallows the powder, and seems to like it. It is quite equal to this Master's "*Columbus in Wall Street*" of last year. Mr. G. MORLAND'S "*Carter's Pill-gathering in the Old Kent Road*" (No. 69) is too realistic for modern taste; the fine oaks in the background are absolutely hidden by placards; but Lord BOXALL'S "*While there is Life there is Soap*" (No. 15,000z) is truly impressionist; the life is full of soap, and the soap full of life. In "*Glycerine*" (unnumbered), by Miss TOPSY TURVY (the Presidentess), we have a

fine example of "*The Newer Symbolism*,"—a patent revolving motor displays its liquidity to equal advantage upside down.

Altogether the show is calculated to promote business—which is the true end of Art; it also opens out infinite possibilities for house-decoration.



THE NEW PASSENGER.

AN "OLD MASTER'S" GROWL.

Burlington House, January 1, 1895.



It's all very pretty to hang us up here,
And pretend that you worship our genius and
paint;

You fancy it's "Cultchah" that rings in the year—
But it ain't!

You find us, you say, "a delight to the eye;"
You exclaim that "such painting you never did
see!"
You "do" us—then scamper below with the cry—
"Cup o' tea!"

"Old Masters," indeed! It's "Young Students"
with you—
To their show in your thousands you flock in
the spring;
But of Me you exclaim, as you come in my view—
"What a thing!"

Just six months ago in these rooms you'd declare
It was "exquisite Art" that you saw; you forgot
That you'd said that of us. Bah! What do you
care?
Not a jot!

Of course, there are some who are men of the
day,
Who belong to the band of the talented few;
Right gladly we put forth our hand, as we say—
"How de do?"

For example, young RAPHAEL—my excellent friend
—
And the later Italians and Germans as well,
They consider Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON no end
Of a swell.

Then REYNOLDS declared, in the course of a chat,
The "*Cherry Ripe*" picture of MILLAIS to be
As good as "*Penelope Boothby*." What's that?
"So does he?"

VAN DE VELDE asserts he knows less of a wave,
It's colour and drawing, than MOORE at his
best.—
But when of your COLES and your HUNTERS you
rave,
I protest!

Talk of TITIAN and WATTS in a breath—which you
may;
Young GILBERT and SWAN you may praise if you
will;
But the thought of the annual summer display
Makes me ill!

Yet that's what the mass of the people enjoyed.
And the few who come here, both the great
and the small,
Mostly come to be seen. What—you think I'm
annoyed?
Not at all!

We expect it.—I said just as much to VANDYCK—
There's but one in a hundred that comes who'll
descry
The beauty of Art. It's the sham I dislike.
Well—good-bye!

HOW TO WRITE AN EXTRA NUMBER.

(An Up-to-date fragment for Yuletide.)

The author was hard at work. He heeded not the snow that beat against the window, nor the wintry wind that whistled through the leafless trees. The fire burned brightly in the grate, and the shadows on the walls seemed to inspire him with seasonable tales. He wrote for dear life, as his copy was late, and he knew that the printers were clamouring for more and more from his facile pen. Every now and again he glanced at a volume of drawings (there were many sketches



in the book on his desk), and, pausing for a moment, seemed to be lost in thought. Then he would resume his labours with fresh energy. Very rarely he would murmur to himself, and then his words would be few.

"Confusion!" he muttered on one such occasion; "how the Dickens (or should it be Thackeray?) am I to get in the Christmas waits?" He pondered for a moment, and then his eyes glistened with delight. "Eureka! I have it! They must appear in a dream. Yes, that will get over the difficulty, they must appear in a dream!"

And then he continued his writing. During the whole day he had been hard at work. His breakfast was scarcely touched. He waved away the servant girl who would have set before him his lunch. It was now close upon his customary dinner hour, but still he insisted upon isolation. Even the wife of his devotion did not dare to come near him. She knew that he would not speak to her, but only cast at her a glance. But such a glance! A terrible tirade compressed into a solitary look!

The short day waned and passed away. The evening quickly changed into night. There were cheery songs without, as it was Christmas Eve, when all men were thinking of wassail, and holly and mistletoe. Even the performers in the forthcoming pantomime were nearing the close of their last rehearsal, when they would go back to their homes to count the mince pies and glance for the last time at the cooking of the familiar plum pudding.

At length the writer was interrupted, and by his old familiar friend.

"I will not disturb you," said the caller, taking up a newspaper and commencing its perusal; "I know how busy you are, and will be silent as Cornhill on a Sunday."

The writer nodded and continued his work. His pen moved quicker and quicker until at length it stopped.

"Hurrah!" shouted the author. "At last my task is completed. I have brought in every cut and got through the necessary number of lines. Yes, my dear old comrade, I have done. The printer will be satisfied, and the publisher will cease to be alarmed. And now, my dear fellow, I can enjoy Christmas conscious of the fact that I have thoroughly earned a holiday."



"Ah!" observed the visitor glancing at the recently-written pages; "I see you have been writing something for Yuletide."

"Yuletide!" exclaimed the author. "Why, that was accomplished ages ago. No, my dear fellow, I have just finished a summer number timed to appear in August. I shan't think of touching the work of next year's Christmas until April!"

"YOU CAME TO TEA."

In spite of Fate invincible,
Of lack of wit, and lack of gold,
Of pictures that too cheaply sell,
Or pictures never sold,
Oh, yet, when I am old and grey,
If old and grey I live to be,
I shall recall one happy day,
The day you came to tea!

You came. Of course I am aware
You did not, could not, come
alone.

You were between the millionaire
And a stout chaperon.
My work they called to criticise,
But what they said I do not
know,
For gleams of laughter in your
eyes
That seemed to come and go.

The hurrying moments how I rued!
There flashed a scheme into my
brain.

With unexpected tea, I would
My visitors detain.
The ever-willing household slave

Into my service I impressed;
To her my tea, my gold I gave,
She vowed to do the rest.

That tea was strong, for all my
hoard,
Some half a pound, two shilling
tea,
Into the teapot had been poured—
Only the milk—ah me!
So pallid, comfortless a stream,
Into your cup I saw it glide.
For a true jug of country cream
I felt I would have died!

But with the cake I was content,
Its richness no one could
mistake,
For my whole store the slave had
spent
On a superior cake.
'Twas all in layers, almonded,
And crowned with white and
rosy ice:
"What a delightful cake!" you said;
"But, please, a smaller slice!"

I flushed and stammered. I suspect
A pound I'd cut you unaware.
On what I did could I reflect
When you were sitting there?
That revel, ah, how soon 'twas
o'er!
How swiftly came the moment
when
After my guests I shut the door,
I mounted to my den.

Then down I sat beside the wall,
And, feeling doubtful and
amazed,
I strove your accent to recall
As at your chair I gazed.
I heard your soft laugh echo
through
The dingy room grown dear to
me,
Where now was silence; and I
knew
That you had been to tea!



THE SHAKSPEARE LESSON.

Holiday Tutor (quoting)—

"'LETTING I DARE NOT WAIT UPON I WOULD,
LIKE THE POOR CAT IN THE ADAGE.'

Now, GEORGE, WHAT IS AN ADAGE?"

George. "A PLACE TO KEEP CATS IN!"

THE POLITE GUIDE TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.

(By an Affable Philosopher and Courteous Guide.)

HOW TO RECEIVE A DEPUTATION.



It does not take very long to make yourself quite at home as Secretary of the Public Squander Department—the office I will suppose you to be filling. You will find everything ready to your hand. All you will have to remember is this—the golden rule of the Service—that what was done last year, should be followed this, and arranged for next. Ministries may come and Cabinets may go, but the P. S. D. continues for ever. The policy of the office must never be disturbed. If it has been the custom (say) to put orange-trees in the open spaces under the control of the Department out to bloom in February, under no consideration whatever must the date be changed. It may be advanced (generally in the newspapers when there is nothing more interesting ripe for discussion) that July would be the better month. It may be declared that an orange-tree taken from a hothouse and thrust into the uncertain atmosphere of the Metropolis, and indeed the provinces, stands less chance of weathering that climate in the second month of the year than it would in the seventh. That may be very true, but what has been done by the Public Squander Department once should be repeated for ever. If an alteration has to be made it must not be accomplished except "under-pressure." Questions must be asked in the House, returns moved for, and all the rest of it. So long as the alteration can be resisted, it is the duty of every member of the Department to stand shoulder to shoulder to oppose. You will find a case in point in the matter of your own pet grievance the condition of "Milestones." You will recollect (if you have a good memory) that "Milestones" were the steps of the staircase that led you from the hall of Parliament to the comfortable apartments reserved for the special use of the Secretary of the P. S. D.

"I do not think we need bother about those Milestones," you will say to the Chief Clerk after you have got accustomed to your messengers and have chosen your easiest of easy chairs; "I daresay there are many matters of more pressing importance."

The courteous official to whom you have made the suggestion will readily acquiesce, and then inform you that a deputation are anxious to see you upon the subject. And here you will find one

of the disadvantages inseparably connected with making a question exclusively your own. The moment you come into power you are expected to do something. It is of course unreasonable, but none the less for that unavoidable.

"I think you had better see them, Sir," the Chief Clerk will observe. "They know the ropes fairly well, and I do not think we shall get much peace until you have got rid of them. Of course, we have sent them travelling a bit, but they have got back to us at last."

"Sent them a—travelling?" you will query.

"Well, yes. We have referred them to this department, where they have been asked to apply to that. They have been passed on from office to office until they have come back to us. It is the rule of the game. And now I think the time has arrived when you should see them in person."

Of course, you have nothing to do but to take your subordinate's advice. It is one of the regulations of the Civil Service that the tail wags the dog. It stands to reason that a man who has grown grey in the Department is more likely to know the business of the bureau better than you who have just joined. So the spokesman of the deputation receives a polite communication informing him that you will be pleased to see him and his friends at such and such a date. Of course, you are furnished with the names of the friends in advance, and your private secretary (your right-hand man) makes it his special business to post you up in all that is necessary about them. The day arrives, and with it the deputation. If the House is sitting, you can see the Members in your own room. It looks well if you can show your accosters how small a chamber you occupy, and how hard at work you have to be at all hours of the day and night. Failing a meeting in Parliament, you can receive them in the Department itself. In this case contrive, if possible, to see them in official uniform. Chat with them after you have been to a *levée*, or Cabinet, or something of that sort. It gives you a distinct advantage if you can overawe them with the glories of a well-feathered cocked-hat, and many yards (chiefly on the back of your coat) of gold lace.



You will have, of course, in attendance upon you several heads of departments. These gentlemen will say nothing, but will look wonders. If you are at loss for figures or facts, you will glance at them and make a bold statement. That daring declaration will, of course, be qualified with the announcement that it is made "to the best of your belief." You will turn your face towards the heads, and they will receive your mute appeal with sympathetic attention. They will not say anything, but will, I repeat, look wonders. They will not be comprehensible, but merely convincing.

Chairs will have been set for the members of the deputation. Some of your visitors will be personally known to you, and these you will greet with effusion. Remember that you must be nothing if not genial. Single out for special cordiality the spokesman. Not, of course, one of your parliamentary colleagues who is going to introduce your visitors to you, but the principal member of the deputation. If you have to contradict him in the course of the interview you will have the sympathy of his colleagues, and they will be glad to see one who has the pleasure of your acquaintance (why should he have it more than they?) soundly snubbed. After every one has got comfortably into their places, you will ask if the Press are to be present. If the reply is in the affirmative (as it most probably will be, as all deputations like to see themselves in print), continue your generalities, and say with a good-natured laugh, "that you must be on your guard." If the interview is not to be reported, then you require no further guide. You can say or do almost anything in reason. But assuming that the reporters are to be present (and here it may be observed that, if your private secretary knows his business, the gentlemen of the Press will to some extent be "selected"), you must be more careful.

You will listen to your parliamentary colleague's speech of introduction and the address of your friend the spokesman with many silent tokens of goodwill. When there is a trace of a compliment you will smile and bow, and if any figures are introduced you will ask to have them repeated, and make a note of them on a piece of paper. It does not matter what kind of paper you use, as the piece will subsequently disappear into the basket reserved for valueless documents.

You will ask several questions, and, when the spokesman has completed his harangue, you will look round to see if anyone desires to follow him. If there is any hesitation, commence your reply at once. But if anyone is ready, let him speak. It is far better that the eloquence of the deputation should come out (like the measles) rather than be suppressed. When your visitors have had their turn, then will come yours.

Of course the less you say the better. I do not mean in words, but in purport. If you have time you can chatter for an hour, but that chatter should be absolutely innocuous. Remember not to give yourself away. Mind, you are bound in office by nothing you have uttered out of it. Be genial. Indulge in small jokes. Let them be at your own expense. Complain that you are powerless. Explain that had you your way you would do all sorts of good things, but "that tyrant, the Chancellor of the Exchequer," interferes. It is not the fault of the Public Squander Department; but the crime of the Treasury. Wind up by assuring the members of the deputation of your personal sympathy, and assure them that you will take "an early opportunity of laying the

representations they have made before your colleagues."

By following these directions you may be sure that you will gain golden opinions. You will be thanked with effusion for your courtesy, and your visitors will retire entirely satisfied with the reception that has been accorded to them.



I SAY, TIBBINS, OLD MAN, IS IT TRUE THAT YOUR WIFE HAS BEEN ASKED TO RESIGN AT THE OMPHALE CLUB?"

"WELL, YES; YOU SEE THE COMMITTEE FOUND THAT SHE'D BEEN GUILTY OF UNGENTLEMANLY CONDUCT."

TO ALTHEA.—(Out of Town.)

If ever this message should find
you,
I think that perhaps you will
guess
Who sent it, in hopes to remind
you
Of one who has not your
address,
And who if he had dare not use it,
The chaperon's eye to offend.
ALTHEA, yet do not refuse it,
The humble good wish of a
friend!

To give you a New Year's greeting,
Explain, what I cannot explain,
How your look, at our very last
meeting,
Is photographed firm on my
brain.
Without you, I'm twenty years
older;
And yet I'm glad you're away.
For each day it grows darker and
colder,
The sky is a smoky brown-grey.

ALTHEA—I am weary of winter
Without you! The fogs never
clear.
My missive I send to the printer
To tell you how dull it is here.
I hope you are faring far better,
I trust, as I bid you adieu,

That you may divine that this letter
Is really intended for you!

"RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN."



"Listening to the Belles."

"Return again *Whittington*, Pantomime of London" were the words to the chimes that on or about Boxing Day must have been ringing in the ears of Mr. Ex-Sheriff HARRIS, Knight, and spectacle maker from morn to dawn. This is not the first time that our own DRURIOLANUS has chosen the intermittent Lord Mayor (for did not *Dick* pass the chair thrice?) as the subject for his annual. That he has been wise in making the selection has been proved by the result. Sir AUGUSTUS (with the assistance of his literary colleagues, Messrs. H. HAMILTON and WALTER RALEIGH; and his chief of the staff, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS) has beaten his own record. Nothing better than the present show has been seen at Drury Lane within the recollection of the existing generation. And it is highly probable that the memory of man does not, anent times past, run to the contrary.

The ex-sheriff has begun a new lease of the old house, and seemingly has taken the success he has so long established on the premises as one of the fixtures. A most excellent commencement to a contract that should be highly satisfactory to both manager and public.



"Haul by the Sea."

So much for pantomimic things in general, and now to turn to details in particular. The book of the words is decidedly a superior article. Hitherto when the Drury Lane Annual has contained a fault the mistake has been discovered in "the cackle." On former occasions it has been said (by the dyspeptic and consequently disappointed) that "the turns of the halls" have been too numerous. Those excellent comedians MESSRS. DAN LENO and HERBERT CAMPBELL have sometimes been a little too much in evidence to suit every taste. In 1894-95 they have plenty to do, but only enough to satisfy the most fastidious. They are quite as amusing as usual, and when the curtain falls before "the transformation" people are rather inclined to ask for more than to say that they have had quite enough. This is the token of a good sign.



"Cook and Gaze."

Then the Brothers GRIFFITHS are particularly pleasing. That member of the brethren who plays the cat is at once comic and pathetic. He makes *Malkin* quite a loveable character. Then Miss ADA BLANCHE, as *Dick*, is altogether a hero of romance. She may sing the old songs of the halls, but she tempers her comic vocalism with a touch of sentiment that makes the whole world kin after it has had its grin. Miss MARIE MONTROSE, too, is winsome, and so are Misses AGNES HEWITT, EVA WESTLAKE, and MADGE LUCAS. In fact, the opening is well played by "all concerned." It is a wonder that, after the first innings of the morning performance, they should have scored so heavily in the evening's representation. But score they do, and are likely to "continue the movement" until Easter.

The scenery must be seen. It baffles description. Who could paint the sun? Who could report the wonders of the solar system? A first impressionist would declare that the gorgeous production of

colour, light, and form, could only be adequately suggested by the word "HARRIS." So the entire audience thought on Boxing Night. Let it be known that after the wonderful "Feast of Lanterns" Scene, Sir AUGUSTUS was called to the front three or four times, and might have "gone on" indefinitely so far as the house was concerned. Indeed, the enthusiasm showed no sign of diminution when the lessee had made his exit. Still the Gallery called for "ARRIS!" still the Stalls expressed their opinion by the gentle tapping of well-gloved hands. Nay more, there were members of the superior classes who not only rapped out their applause, but roared with laughter. From first to last, thanks to a thoroughly appreciative (and yet discriminating) audience, the play went admirably.

So the bells will ring for *Whittington* for a long time to come. And where the belles are there will be found the beaux. To continue the association of ideas, the shot of Sir AUGUSTUS has ended in a hit. It does not take a prophet to predict that *Dick* will not only be the centre of numberless *matinées*, but the hero of at least a hundred nights. *Dick* will listen to his bells until Easter changes the music.

WHY DOST THOU SING?

Why dost thou sing? Is it because thou deemest

We love to hear thy sorry quavers ring?

My poor deluded girl, thou fondly dreamest!

Why dost thou sing?

Why dost thou sing? I ask thy sad relations—

They shake their heads, and answer with a sigh.

They can explain thy wild hallucinations
No more than I.

Why dost thou sing? Why wilt thou never weary

Why wilt thou warble half a note too flat?

I can conceive no reasonable theory.
To tell me that.

Why dost thou sing? O Lady, have we ever

In thought or action done thee any wrong?

Then wherefore should'st thou visit us for ever

With thy one song?

Why dost thou sing?—None offers a suggestion,

None dares to do so desperate a thing,
And Echo only answers to my question,

"Why dost thou sing?"

Transcriber's Note:

Page 1: 'exams.' is an abbreviation.

Page 6: Comma moved to correct place after 'PLAYS'.

"—If there's a *demand* for these Plays, it must be *supplied*!"

Page 6: 'toughtest' may be correct (poetic licence), or a typo for 'toughest'. Retained.

"As the toughest old tar who e'er ventured the wave."

Page 11: 'If' corrected to 'It'.

"It looks well if you can show your accosters how small a chamber you occupy..."

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