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# **PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

**VOL. 108, JANUARY 19, 1895.**

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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## **TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.**

*(By Mr. Punch's own Short Story-teller.)*

### **I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS.**

The island of Seringapatam is without exaggeration one of the fairest jewels in the imperial diadem of our world-wide possessions. Embosomed in the blue and sparkling wavelets of the Pacific Ocean, breathed upon by the spicy breezes that waft their intoxicating perfumes through endless groves of gigantic acacias, feathery fern trees, and gorgeously coloured Indian acanthoids; studded with the glittering domes of a profusion of jasper palaces beside which the trumpery splendours of Windsor or Versailles are but as dust, and guarded by the loyal devotion of an ancient warrior race noted not less for the supreme beauty of its women than for the matchless courage and endurance of its men, the Kingdom of Seringapatam offered during a period of more than one hundred years a stubborn resistance even to the arms of the all-conquering Britons. So great indeed, was the respect extorted from the victors by the vanquished that when, owing to the marvellous strategy of my old friend Major-General Sir BONAMY BATTLEHORN, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., the island was finally subdued, it was agreed that in all but their acknowledgment of a British Suzerainty and the payment of an annual tribute of fifteen hundred gold lakhs, the proud islanders were to maintain their independence and to continue those forms of government which long tradition had invested in their eyes with all the sanctity of a religion.

I had been present with my dear father at the great battle of the Dead Marshes by which the fortunes of the islanders were finally shattered. Never shall I forget the glow of exultant gratitude with which towards the end of the day gallant old Sir BONAMY came cantering towards me on his elephant. "Thank you, thank you a thousand times, my dear ORLANDO," said the glorious veteran as he approached me; "it was that last charge of yours at the head of your magnificent Thundershakers that has converted defeat into victory, and assured Westminster Abbey to the bones of BONAMY BATTLEHORN. All that is now necessary," he continued, rising in his stirrups and waving his sword, "is that you should complete the work that you have begun. Dost see that battery of fifty guns still served by the haughty remnants of the Seringapatamese bombardiers? Let them be captured, and nothing will stand between us and the Diamond City of the Ranees."

I needed no further incitement. Gathering round me the few Thundershakers who had escaped unscathed, I bade the standard-bearer unfurl the flag of the brigade. In another moment we were upon them. Cutting, slashing, piercing, parrying, trampling, crushing, we dashed into the midst of the foe. Far over the field of carnage sounded our war-cry, the famous "Higher up Bayswater!"

which was to our horses as the prick of spur. In vain the doughty bombardiers belaboured us; in vain did they answer with the awful shout of "Benkcitibenk," which none hitherto had been able to withstand. The work was hot, but in less than three minutes the battery was ours, and the broken host of the Ranee was streaming in full flight down the slopes from which so lately they had dealt death amongst the English army. In another moment we had limbered up—two men to each gun, except the largest, which was assigned to me as the chief of the band—and helter skelter down the hill we went, and so, with shouting and with laughter, deposited our spoils at the feet of the British General.

I do not recount this incident in order to magnify my own exploits. My deeds themselves are my best record, those deeds which a factious majority in successive Parliaments has, to its everlasting shame, refused to recognise, but which not even the voice of malice, always busy in the task of depreciating genuine achievement, can rob of one particle of their brilliant and immortal lustre. But the fight is indissolubly connected with the stirring story which I have here set out to relate, and for this reason alone have I mentioned it. During the brief struggle round the guns I became momentarily separated from the main body of my men. Seizing the opportunity, and noticing, too, that in the previous *melée* I had been unhorsed, two gigantic artillerymen made at me. My sword was broken, my revolver was empty! What was I to do? But little time for reflection was left to me. With savage shouts the two dusky Titans sprang upon me. I gave myself up for lost, shut my eyes, thought of my poor mother, saw in a flash my happy country home, the thatched roofs of the cottages, the grey old church, the babbling stream, the village school, the little shop where my infant mouth had first become acquainted with the succulent bull's-eye—in short, I went through all the symptoms that are understood to accompany the imminence of a violent death. Suddenly, however, the desire to live awoke once more. The smaller of my two foes had outstripped his companion. He was just about to seize me, when, lowering my head, which was encased in a spiked helmet, I bounded at him. Fair and full I caught him, and so terrific was the force engendered by my spring and the foeman's rush, that not the spike alone, but the helmet and the head too, pierced him through and through.



"Fair and full I caught him."

Down on his back he fell crashing, bearing me with him as he went over and fixing the spike firmly in the earth, pinned like some huge beetle by a human pin. As my legs flew up they encountered the second giant, and, winding round his chest, crushed every vestige of life out of him and flung his mangled body full twenty yards to the rear. I had escaped, but my position was still uncomfortably awkward. By this time, however, the rout was complete, and four of my men, by dint of tremendous exertions, succeeded in extricating me from my curious entanglement. My pinned foeman turned out to be the Ranee's brother, HADJU THAR MEEBHOY. We bore him back with us to camp, where, marvellous to relate, after a prolonged illness, he eventually recovered.

Of course he has never been quite the same man since. He has to be careful about his diet, but with the childlike simplicity of an Oriental he finds a constant pleasure in opening and shutting the little aluminium doors which our dear old surgeon, TOBY O'GRADY, constructed to replace the KHAN's stomach and the small of his back. I came to be great friends with him and it was through him that I gained the knowledge which prompted the adventure I am now about to relate.

## A WORD ABOUT THE ST. HENRY JAMES'S THEATRE.

There is something in a name, especially when it happens to be the title of a play. At the St. James's, Mr. ALEXANDER's latest venture has been *Guy Domville*, by the American novelist HENRY JAMES, who if he knew as much about play-writing as he does about novel-writing would probably be in the first flight of dramatists; *and* he would not have chosen so hopeless a name for his hero and for his play as *Guy Domville*. For the anti-James jokers would delight in finding that *Guy* could be "guy'd," and to say as to "*Domville*" that "a first night audience 'vill dom' the play." For all that, if ALEXANDER be the sagacious commander in the dramatic field that he has hitherto shown himself, it is not likely that he should have been completely mistaken in accepting a play which a portion of the public has refused to accept. Of course, a manager cannot afford to keep a play going until the public come *en masse* to see it, and therefore, unless there is "a turn of the tide" (and such things have happened before now, and a condemned piece has had a long and prosperous career), Mr. ALEXANDER will himself be obliged to do to the play what those who ridicule and chaff it have already done, *i.e.* "take it off."

Mrs. R. admits that she has always been very fond of sweets at dinner. What she is especially fond of is, she says, "a dish of *pommes d'Ananias*;" and she always adds, "But, my dear, why the French choose such awful names for such nice things is what I never can understand."



"QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

*Abdurrahman Khan (to himself).* "I THINK THIS'LL FETCH 'EM!"

["Should the Ameer happily accomplish the visit to this country on which he has set his heart, he may be assured of the warm welcome due to one who, since his accession to supreme power in Afghanistan, has been the steady friend of Great Britain."—*Times*.]

## THE DANDY AFGHAN KHAN.

(*Cabulee Version of a popular Comic Song.*)

AIR—"The Dandy Coloured Coon."

*Ameer, dressing for a projected Visit, sings:—*

Fools called me a mere "Nigger" when I felt Dame  
Fortune's frown;

Up and down—I have known;  
But now the folks all say, "Why, you're fit to wear a crown.  
Black or brown—you've won renown."  
Now a lot of gossips they patter and spy.  
Someone says, "He wants to have the Muscovite hard by."  
"Muscovite!" said I,— "hard by!—you're mistaken!  
This Ameer wants to see no Muscovite.  
Not at all!—not a bit!—  
'Tain't for him at all the Afghan crown is meant!"  
"Go on!"—say they,— "Who is it?"

*Chorus.*

"Why, it's AB-DUR-RAHMAN, son of AFZUL, son of DOST  
MOHAMMED, means to rule the fierce *Afghan!*  
Don't you know me?—Go on!—Well, you *will*, my good  
man,  
For I'm AB-DUR-RAHMAN the dandy Afghan Khan!"

Now a man like me is a terror to the tribes,  
The Shinwaris,—the Ghilzais!  
And ISHAK KHAN and others found me galling to their kibes,  
When revolts—they would raise.  
They've been putting it about the Ameer is ill.  
(Wouldn't they delight to administer a pill!)  
"Ameer, you're ill—*mortal* ill!"—but I wasn't!  
"You've palpitation," the quidnuncs state,  
"From your soles—to your scalp.  
ISHAK at Samarcand makes your heart palpitate!"  
"Go on!"—said I,— "nary palp!"

*Chorus.*—For I'm AB-DUR-RAHMAN, &c.

Now I've long had an ambition to far England for to go,  
Don't you know,—that is so!  
See Empress-Queen VICTORIA and Mister WALES also.  
I'm asked to go—to that show!  
The Empress-Queen to visit me doesn't care.  
(And doubtless Afghan fashions might make VICTORIA  
stare.)  
But there—I swear—I'll go!—and I'm going!  
Men may say "It's the Shah that this show's about!"—  
And another "You're an ass, Sir!  
'Taint the Shah-in-Shah at all—you're a long way out!"—  
"Go on!"—he'll say,— "ain't it NASS'R?"

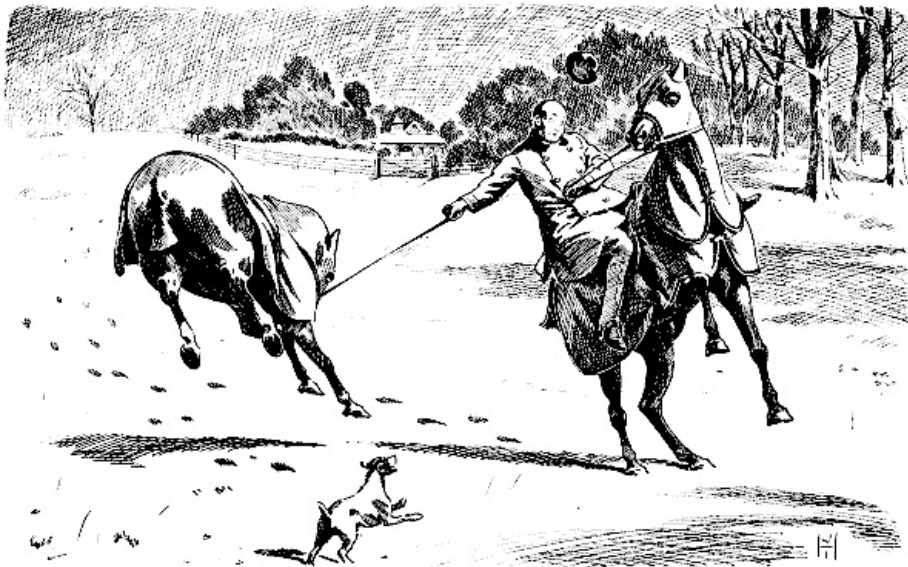
*Chorus.*—No, it's AB-DUR-RAHMAN, &c.

So I'll dress the part as near as can be,  
Please JOHN B.—don't you see!  
My close-fitting lambswool and silver filagree,  
Empress V.—might find "free."  
Should the tribesmen twig this peculiar rig  
They'd think their Ameer had turned Infidel Pig.  
What a toff!—Well, I'll say—I'm here—to see the  
Empress!—  
What is that "coon" all the comics sing about?  
Mister BROWN—JOHN JAMES!  
If as to me Mister BULL has a doubt,  
Go on!—I'll say.—My names?

*Chorus.*

Why, they're AB-DUR-RAHMAN, son of AFZUL, son of DOST  
MAHOMMED, wearer of the Afghan Crown.  
Don't you know me?—Go on?—Well, you will very soon,  
For I'm AB-DUR-RAHMAN KHAN, the dandy Afghan coon!

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### A MOST ENTERTAINING OCCUPATION.

SMITHSON, HAVING RECENTLY BOUGHT A COUNTRY PLACE AND GONE IN FOR SPORT, HAS BEEN ADVISED BY A FRIEND TO DO HIS OWN EXERCISING DURING HARD WEATHER, "AS IT INSURES YOUR HORSES AGAINST THE NEGLIGENCE OF GROOMS, AND ALSO KEEPS YOU IN FORM."

*[He tries it, and finds it—as above.]*

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"HALE FELLOW, WELL MET."—"PIERRE BLANC, the hale Savoyard of eighty-eight, took his usual place in the French Chamber," reports the *Times* correspondent last week, "and delivered one of his customary addresses."

What a charming party of three,  
BISMARCK, BLANC, and Mr. G.,  
Decidedly very much alive,  
United ages Two Four Five!



### COUNTER-IRRITATION.

A STUDY AT A WINTER SALE.

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## THAT PRECIOUS DONKEY!

*(An Episode in the Life of A. Briefless, Junior, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, in Three Parts.)*

## PART II.—*The Passing of the Picture.*

It may be remembered that the gift of my grateful if eccentric client had been put in the box-room at Justinian Gardens. There the presentment of the donkey languidly watching jaded villagers reposed, amidst the possibly congenial surroundings of broken perambulators, superannuated folding-doors, and half-forgotten wide-awake hats. I rather regretted the fate of the picture, as it seemed to me that it might have served as a not invaluable advertisement. As a large proportion of the forensic world knows, I not infrequently during the Yuletide season entertain some of my friends at the Bar, and I should have been pleased to have been able to point to the canvas as a sort of testimonial. However, the painting had disappeared, and there was nothing more to be said about it.

I am reminded by this reference to my vacation entertainments, that it was at one of "these feasts of reason and flows of soul" (as my learned and distinguished friend APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., is kind enough to call them) that my fortunes underwent a change for the better. The inhabitants of Justinian Gardens are accustomed to do things very well. When there is a ball, the number of vehicles (always with one horse apiece, and sometimes with a pair) is quite considerable. On such occasions a stranger might imagine that the Gardens had the advantage of a chronic cab-stand. At 97 (which I think I may describe as our show-house) there is a butler, and there are few at Justinian Gardens who cannot boast of a "buttons." I do not secure the services of a man-retainer myself, and am consequently not quite in the fashion. However, when I entertain, I do my best to be worthy of the *prestige* of my neighbours, and put forth all my strength in making my house an object of interest. The walls of my modest dwelling-place are adorned with several mementoes of my not-altogether-common-place career. For instance, I have had my commission as a Lieutenant of Volunteers (I served for many years in the Bishop's Own, and was graciously permitted by Her Majesty to retire with my rank) glazed and framed, and have treated the pasteboard distinctions I won at school in a similar fashion. When I purpose entertaining my friends at the Bar, I have these gratifying landmarks in my life's history polished up by an individual known in my household as "the handy man." This person (towards whom I entertain a friendly regard), for a certain sum an hour undertakes to do anything I require. I believe that he can paint a house, build a conservatory, cut down a forest, and reconstruct an aquarium with equal facility. But it is only right to say that I make this statement on the faith of his guarantor—the gentleman who was good enough to procure for me the advantage of his services—and cannot speak from personal knowledge. So far I have only had the opportunity of testing his capabilities in window-cleaning and the dusting of works of art. In performing these domestic duties he shows great energy, and even daring. He seems to delight in standing on window-ledges and the outer edges of flights of stairs. I have been given to understand that he glories in these displays of hardihood, as they remind him of the days and nights when he acted as a rather prominent member of the Fire Brigade.

"Mr. WILKINS," I said, on my departure for the Temple, "I shall esteem it a favour if you will be so good as to employ your leisure to-day in repainting the waterbutts, sweeping the kitchen chimney, putting glass in the conservatory, regilding the mirror in the study, and, if you have time, dusting my testimonial."

"Certainly, Sir," replied my valued acquaintance, and before I had closed the hall door, the sounds of the rumbling sticks told me that he had already commenced to remove the superfluous soot from the culinary smoke-hole.

I had rather an arduous day at Pump-Handle Court. I had quite an accumulation of circulars, and a consent brief that required very careful attention. The latter was not endorsed with my name, but I saw to it on behalf of a colleague. After I had spent some hours in the little frequented (during the vacation) realms of the Temple, I returned to Justinian Gardens, which I need scarcely tell an experienced cabman is in the neighbourhood of that continually rising locality—Earl's Court. The door was opened by Mr. WILKINS in person, who anticipated the turning of the proprietorial latch-key.

"I am sorry to say, Sir," said my trusted *employé*, "that I have had an accident. While I was dusting the military enlistment card——"

"You mean my commission?"

"I do, Sir. It came down with a run. You see, Sir, you have had him rather heavily framed. Unfortunately, Sir, when I passed the polish brush over him the nail did not hold, and it gave suddenly. The picture made a nasty mark on the wall, and smashed up when he got to the flooring. I would have reframed him, but all the shops close early on a Thursday, and I can get no glass."

"Well, what have you done?" I asked, in a tone of some annoyance, for I pride myself on my commission, and am proud of showing it to my friends.

"Well, Sir, I went up to the box-room to see if I could find anything that would do, and have looked up an affair that I think will meet with your approval."

By this time I had reached the place where the wall was damaged. The spot was covered by a picture.

"I did my best, Sir. I washed the canvas with soap and water, and put the polishing brush over the frame. Of course the subject ain't worth much, but for a stop-gap it isn't bad. Now is it?"

I then found that Mr. WILKINS had hidden the faulty hall paper with the picture that had been presented to me by the gentleman who had raised a claim to the throne of the Celestial Empire. Secretly pleased that I could now have an opportunity of referring to the gratitude of my client to my learned and distinguished friend, APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., who had promised to dine with me that evening, I readily accepted the apologies of the penitent WILKINS.

"I will put it allright to-morrow, Sir," said my distressed *employé*. "I will get some glass, fix up your enlistment card, and have it done before I rebuild the pantry and whitewash the ceiling of the bath-room."

Satisfied with the promise I thought no more of the *contretemps* until after dinner, when my attention was directed to it by APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., who had made himself vastly agreeable after the ladies had retired and left us to discuss the chestnuts and the port.

"Hullo, BRIEFLESS," he exclaimed; "where did you get that Old BOOTS?"

I told my story of the grateful client, and young BANDS, who I fancy is thinking of reading in my chambers, regarded me (I venture to believe) with increased respect.

"Bless me, you have a treasure!" continued APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., who seemed wrapt in admiration. "That is a genuine Old BOOTS. You can always tell him from Young BOOTS by the manipulation of his animal's ears. Look at those, Sir! Splendid! Why, who could paint a donkey like that? By Jove, BRIEFLESS, you are in luck! You ought to make a fortune out of it at CHRISTIES!"

"Why, is it very valuable?" I asked. "I am not much of an art connoisseur, and I frankly confess I know very little of Old SHOES."

"Old BOOTS, Sir!" cried APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C. "Why I thought all the world knew Old BOOTS! One of the grandest painters of the eighteenth century! He got that particular delicacy of touch which you can trace in that donkey's ears by never commencing to paint his animals until he was recovering from *delirium tremens*. Why, Sir, that animal is simply superb. Look at his mane, Sir! Why, it is simply marvellous!"

I did look at the donkey's ears and mane, and, with the assistance of young BANDS, went into an ecstasy. The ears of the animal were certainly magnificent.

I must admit I was excited during the rest of that eventful evening. I determined to keep the secret of my good fortune to myself. I thought I would surprise the lady who does me the honour to bear my name, by telling her that I had become a rich man after I had cashed the cheque I was sure to receive. All the following day I made plans for the spending of my fortune. I would have a box in the Highlands, a *pied-à-terre* in Paris, and a pyramid in Egypt. I would present my Inn with a massive gold snuff-box, and PORTINGTON should have a silver-mounted meerschaum. If my age did not bar my progress, I would seek service in the Militia—as a lieutenant-colonel. There was no limit to my ambition.

When I returned, Mr. WILKINS (who is thoroughly conscientious), having finished the rebuilding of the pantry and the whitewashing of the bath-room, had departed. He does not waste his time, and only charges me for the hours he actually expends in honest labour. I hurried to the spot where my Old BOOTS was temporarily resting before removal to the far-famed auction-rooms in King Street, St. James's. I turned pale.

"Why, what is this?" I asked, trembling with emotion.

"Your commission, dear," said my better seven-eighths. "It looks better than the picture, although I must say the donkey improves on acquaintance. It really was very well painted. I am quite sorry Mr. WILKINS has taken it away."

"WILKINS taken it away?" I gasped out.

"Yes. He said that you didn't seem to care for it, so he went off to try and sell it."

"Why!" I exclaimed, and my voice, through my deep emotion, dropped almost to a whisper, "it is an Old BOOTS!"

"An Old BOOTS!" cried my better seven-eighths, becoming as excited as myself. "Why, our fortunes are made! An Old BOOTS! Oh, why didn't you tell me! An Old BOOTS! Fancy having an Old BOOTS!"

"But we haven't," I returned, almost in tears. "The handy-man has gone off with it! What *are* we to do without our Old BOOTS!"

"We will get it back!" returned my better and more important fraction, with determination.

Whether we did recover our lost treasure, or fail in the attempt, must, owing to the exigencies of space (so I am given to understand), form the subject of another and concluding contribution. The chase after our Old BOOTS was not without adventures of a distinctly exciting character.



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## MY PETTY JAYNE!\*

AIR—"My Pretty Jane."



My JAYNE, my JAYNE, my Bishop JAYNE,  
O never, never more be sly,  
You'll meet, you'll meet with no green  
even in  
This correspondent's eye.  
"Charge, CHESTER, charge." Do what you  
th-i-nk  
Your di-o-cese will stand.  
But do not, do not stain with i-n-k  
Your Gothenburgian hand.

So JAYNE, my JAYNE, my petty JAYNE,  
O never, never more be sly.  
You'll meet, you'll meet with no green  
even in  
This correspondent's eye.

\* See recent letters and article in *Times* within the last fortnight.

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"TO ROME FOR SIXTEEN GUINEAS."—The travellers, it is announced, will be "lectured by the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH and Mr. OSCAR BROWNING." What a delightful prospect for a pleasant trip! Fancy being lectured all the way as to what to eat, drink, and avoid, on comportment and deportment, on smoking, on registration of baggage, on economy, etc., etc., by a Bishop and one of the OSCAR'S. O what a time they will have of it!

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## BONNIE W. G.

A SONG OF THE SNOWY SOUTH.

["'We were caught in a snowdrift' was Mr. GLADSTONE'S explanation. 'In Scotland they would have cleared it away in no time, but here they are not accustomed to deal with snow;' and, with upright bearing, and carrying a travelling rug which he refused to give up to a servant, he marched out of the station with a springy gait."—*Central News Telegram from Cannes.*]

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."



To our own G. O. M. 'twas the doctor who  
spoke;  
You'd better get out of our frost, fog, and  
smoke.  
You are now eighty-five, though a wonder  
you be;  
So follow the sun, bonnie W. G.!  
Come flit from cold Hawarden, and fly off to  
Cannes,  
The sunny South calls you, our own Grand  
Old Man!  
Take the first *train de luxe*, and be off, fair  
and free,  
To RENDEL and roses, dear W. G.!"

The G. O. M.'s off to the southward—to meet  
Not sunshine, but train-stopping snow-drift  
and sleet.

Yet he "pops up" at Cannes as alert as can be,  
After five hours long snow-block, our W. G.  
Then fill up the cup to our CRICHTON at Cannes.  
NESTOR wasn't a patch on our own Grand Old  
Man;  
May he come back as bonnie as bonnie can be,  
For we've not seen the last of our W. G.!

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## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is noteworthy how in recent years, in the matter of fiction, the star of Empire shineth in the North. After WALTER SCOTT established the sovereignty of Scotland in the world of British fiction,



there was a long pause. In our generation WILLIAM BLACK came to the front. Later, we have had STEVENSON, BARRIE, and CROCKETT. Now here is IAN MACLAREN with his cluster of gem-like stories gathered *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). My Baronite tells me that of the collection Mr. GLADSTONE likes best "A Doctor of the Old School." Where all is good it is difficult to establish supremacy. But for simple pathos and for the skill of drawing with a few touches living figures of flesh and blood, this sketch is certainly hard to beat. Yet "A Lad of Pairs" runs it close. A very beautiful book, full of human nature in its simplest form and most pathetic circumstances.



Says the Baron, "What I who have read Mr. BRAM STOKER's latest romance could tell you about *The Watter's Mou'* would make your mou' watter with longing desire to devour it. It is excellent: first because it is short; secondly, because the excitement is kept up from first page to last; and thirdly, because it is admirably written throughout; the scenic descriptive portion being as entrancing as the dramatic. It is brought out in the Acme Series in charge of A CONSTABLE, and its full price is only one shilling."

A good short story is to be found in *A Clear Case of the Supernatural*, by REGINALD LUCAS, only as it is by no means "a clear case," it might have been appropriately entitled, *Fluke or Spook*.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

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MOST APPROPRIATE.—"Gunner J. C. ROCKETT promoted to rank of Chief Gunner in the Queen's Navy." Of course, quite right to send up a Rockett. Only got to present him with a house at Gunnersbury and the thing is complete.



#### A COMPLIMENT.

*Proud Mother (to irritable Old Gentleman, whose beard her little Boy is pulling out by the roots). "LITTLE DARLING! IT'S NOT OFTEN HE TAKES SO KINDLY TO STRANGERS!"*

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### "A DIVIDED DUTY."

["What we fail to perceive, at least to any adequate extent, in the pleadings of the spokesman of the Lancashire Cotton Trade, is a recognition of the paramount importance, even from a commercial point of view, of the Imperial interests that depend on the just and liberal government of India." —*The Times*.]

AIR—"Green Grow the Rushes, O!"

Mr. JOHN BULL *sings*:—

Ding-dong the lasses go! My patience it quite passes, O!  
My brain it turns, though with ROB BURNS, I dearly love the  
lasses, O!

There's right and wrong on either hand; that's clear to all but  
asses, O!

So hold your whist, drop each your fist, and to me list, fair

lasses, O!

Lancashire lass, I like you well. You're buxom, brave, and bonny,  
O!

But do not slight your sense of right in hasty greed of money, O!

When North *v.* South "clemmed" many a mouth, what patient,  
patriot spirit, O!

Lancashire showed! All England glowed. That spirit you inherit,  
O!

But in your wrath you've missed the path of fair and patriot  
dealing, O!

Nay, do not pout. You'll wake, no doubt, to right Imperial  
feeling, O!

The Empire's wide and can't be tied by shackles greed-begotten,  
O!

My *only* duty now, my beauty, 's *not*—to sell your cotton, O!

Of bulk and bale your sale won't fail—if you keep up the quality,  
O!

And do not trust to "devil's-dust"—which mars our merchant-  
polity, O!

Some rascal-muffs, with loaded stuffs, have spoiled the Eastern  
market, O!

Miss INDIA there will tell you where, and when she whispers,  
hark it, O!

But with good goods you'll hold your own, despite that import  
duty, O!

But you can't have *all* your own way, my bold—but angry—  
beauty, O!

Miss INDIA, there needs constant care; she has not *your*  
resources, O!

You raise your voice against my choice 'twixt two unwelcome  
courses, O!

But I—though loth—considering *both* on my responsibility, O!  
Have done my best, and for my pains from both meet incivility,  
O!

I've tried to bear the balance fair, 'twixt countries, trades, and  
classes, O!

And lo! my lot is anger hot from *both* you bickering lasses, O!

Miss INDIA's eyes, at the Excise, excitedly are flashing, O!

My dusky dear, 'tis hard to steer 'twixt interests wildly clashing,  
O!

I love ye both, and I were loth to make—or see—ye quarrel, O!

But—a divided duty's mine, and that's my homily's moral, O!

And so, my dears, abate your fears, and likewise stint your  
shindy, O!

The Lass of Lancashire should shake hands with the Lass from  
"Indy," O!

I'll do my best for East and West. Brim high three bumper  
glasses, O!

And let's drink health, and love, and wealth to both my bonny  
lasses, O!

---

### A Colourable Correction.

"Bored to blues by a Blue-Book"? I fear you are  
not

Up to date in your choice of a tint, my dear  
fellow.

The type of sheer boredom, and dulness, and rot,  
Is not now the Blue of old days, but the Yellow.

As Blue-Stockings now half the sex might be  
mustered,

The New Woman doubtless wears hose hued like

custard.

---

NEXT BEST THING TO THE PERSIAN LOCOMOTIVE CARPET OF EASTERN FABLE.—The "Travelling Rug" of Western fact.

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## "A DIVIDED DUTY."

MR. BULL. "NOW, GIRLS, STOP THIS! REMEMBER I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU BOTH."



## THE COUNTER-CHECK QUARRELSOME.

*Mr. Æsopus Delasparre.* "I WILL ASK YOU TO FAVOUR ME, MADAM, BY REFRAINING FROM LAUGHING AT ME ON THE STAGE DURING MY THIRD ACT."

## THAT WEDDING PRESENT.

*London.*—JONES is going to be married. Of course, I must give him something. But what? A biscuit box? Commonplace. Good idea to look for something more interesting and unusual during my holiday. Just off to North Italy. Will keep my eyes open along the way.

*Paris.*—Walk in the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards. Everything labelled "*Article Anglais.*" Must really get him something made abroad. Give up looking in Paris. Shall find something farther on.

*Lucerne.*—No good to take Swiss wood carving. Can't carry home a huge sideboard. All the smaller things can be bought in London.

*Milan.*—The very place. There is an exhibition here. Shall probably see something beautiful. Italy, cradle of the arts, and all that sort of thing. Besides, so nice to say to JONES, "My dear fellow, here's a little trifle; got it in Milan, you know. It's modern, but then the Italians are always so artistic." To exhibition. Why, there are pictures here! Of course, just suit me. Hurry to picture gallery. Several rooms. Enter eagerly. After a short time, totter feebly out and ask the official at the door where I can obtain a little brandy. He, evidently alarmed by my horror-stricken face and staggering movements, asks civilly if I am ill. Would I like a chair? Should he fetch a doctor? Thank him, and say it is nothing serious. I have only been looking at a few modern Italian pictures. Crawl to the refreshment bar, and am revived with cognac. Then inspect the rest of the exhibition. Am the only visitor, which is not surprising, for there is nothing to see but bottles! An exhibition of bottles! They are said to be full of wine, but I do not see how that makes them more beautiful. Absurd to buy JONES some bottles. And equally absurd to buy him some Italian wine when he can get good French wine in England. Besides, can't carry bottles in my Gladstone bag. Therefore, give up Milan.

*Venice.*—The chief manufactures here are lace and glass. Now JONES never wears any lace, except in his boots, and never wears any glass, not even in his eye. So what good would these be to him? See one or two palaces to be sold. But can't take them home. So give up Venice.

*Bologna.*—More useless local productions! Here they make sausages and soap. JONES is not a starving scarecrow for want of sausages, nor a SIMEON STYLITES for want of soap. Must therefore give up Bologna. This wedding present begins to weigh me down. At each new place it obtrudes itself between me and all the beautiful things I look at. Must really get something in Florence.

*Florence.*—Great Scott! It's worse here. A life-size marble statue, or a mosaic table weighing nearly a ton. Have serious thoughts of buying, at a great reduction, an extra large statue, hitherto unsaleable on account of its size, and then telling JONES that his wedding present is waiting for him here, if he will come and fetch it. The dealer asks 2,000 lire. I understand shopping in Italy. Early one morning offer him 50. He at once comes down to 1,000. I go up to 100. Discuss for one hour, haggle for another hour, dispute angrily for a third. Then go off to *déjeuner*. Closing prices—dealer 725, myself 250. Back again after interval for refreshment. Begin quietly. Opening prices—dealer 720, myself 251. Discussion, haggling, dispute as before. Indignant marchings out by me, frantic pursuits by the dealer. Final prices—dealer 403, myself 396. Each of us, hoarse and exhausted, refuses to yield another centesimo. So do not buy statue for JONES, and give up Florence. Genoa is the last chance.

*Genoa.*—Velvet? What's the good of velvet to JONES? Besides it is fabulously dear, something like attar of roses at so much a drop. Must give up even Genoa.

*London.*—Back again. Have bought a biscuit box and sent it to JONES. Since then have met JONES's cousin, and SMITH, and JONES's brother-in-law, and Mrs. ROBINSON, and a few other mutual friends. We disagree in many things, but in one we seem to be unanimous. We have all given him biscuit boxes!

---



### A RULING PASSION.

*Mr. Meenister MacGlucky (of the Free Kirk, after having given way more than usual to an expression "a wee thing strong"—despairingly). "Oh! AYE! AH, W-E-EL! I'LL HAE TA GIE 'T UP!"*

*Mr. Elder MacNab. "WHA-AT, MAN, GIE UP GOWF?"*

*Mr. Meenister MacGlucky. "NAE, NAE! GIE UP THE MEENISTRY!"*

### A PSALM OF (HOLIDAY) LIFE.

#### *What the heart of the Small Boy said to the Dyspeptic Pessimist.*

Tell me not, in Christmas  
Numbers,  
Yule is a dyspeptic dream,  
A tradition that but cumbers  
What smugs call "the social  
scheme."

Yule is jolly, Yule is earnest!  
A sick-bed is *not* its goal;  
Prig who rich plum-pudding  
spurnest,  
Thou art destitute of soul.

Not mere "sapping," which means  
sorrow,  
Is youth's destined end or way:  
But—to think that each to-morrow  
Brings us nearer Christmas Day!

Terms are long, and Vacs. are  
fleeting,  
And our "tums," though big and  
brave,  
Know that there's an end to eating  
When at lessons we must slave.

Oh, the railway's welcome rattle!  
Oh, the feeling of fresh life!  
Oh, the Christmas Show of Cattle!  
Oh, the fun of fork and knife!

Blow the Future! it's unpleasant;  
Put the Past clean out of head.  
What *I* like's the (Christmas)  
Present,  
No mere ghost, as DICKENS said.

All *his* jolly books remind us  
Christmas is a glorious time.  
*Don't* let bilious bogies blind us  
To its larks, which are sublime.

Only wish there was another  
Coming—in a month—again!  
Stodge is bad for boys? Oh,  
bother!  
I can stand it, right as rain!

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
(With a knife and fork and plate,)  
All our tips at tuck-shops blueing,  
Learn to stodge, ere 'tis too late!

---

## THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

### X.—THE CHAIR.

As soon as we had agreed to allow the Parish Meeting Chairman to preside, BLACK BOB jumped up and proposed that Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT should be elected to the chair. She was a lady whose excellences he need not dilate on. She had excellent business habits, and, with all respect to Mrs. MARCH, she had as much right to a seat on the Council as that lady. Then a miracle happened. Mrs. MARCH not only did not resent this reference, but actually seconded Mrs. HAVITT. It was essential, she said, that women should be represented as fully as possible, and she should, without hesitation, embrace this opportunity of securing a woman colleague. This made the situation serious, not to say hopeless. After she had sat down, there was an ominous pause. At length I rose and proposed myself. In impressive tones I pointed out that the hand of the electors had pointed in no uncertain way to myself, and that since no one else had proposed my election, at the risk of being misunderstood *once more*, I had, on public grounds, to do it myself. After another painful pause the Parson seconded my nomination. Then the voting. Mrs. HAVITT's name was put first. She got 4 votes—Mrs. MARCH, BLACK BOB, and his two comrades. I got 3—the Squire, the Parson, and my self. And so I was foiled again—by the Eternal Feminine.

And so our Parish Council is at last complete, and ready for action, a corporate body in the eyes of the law. Possibly, in these pages I may from time to time be permitted to relate how Mudford progresses under our rule. Possibly, I may not. But in any case I ought to add that, being beaten by Mrs. HAVITT has not—well, improved the domestic atmosphere. Wifely devotion seems to be out of fashion in these *fin de siècle* days.

---

### DUTCH ENTERPRISE.

The question of alien immigration as affecting the British Labour Market is one that occasionally occupies the attention of the Legislature. The subjoined advertisement cut from the *Daily News* suggests something even worse:—

**H**OLLAND.—THE FIRST NETHERLAND STEAM MUSTARD and SPICE MILLS, visiting the whole country, wishes to represent a first English house in articles of daily consumption.

It is bad enough to have foreign labourers competing with our people. But if they are going to send over, bodily, their mills and other labour shops, JOHN BULL will be obliged to put his foot down and kick somebody.

---

SEASONABLE(?) GREETING FOR A CHINAMAN.—A Jappy New Year to you!

---

### VIVE LE TAILLEUR DU ROI.

["Le duc d'Orléans a voulu donner une leçon aux mauvais patriotes; il habite Londres, il charge un tailleur parisien du soin de garnir sa garde-robe."—*French Press*.]

Along the boulevard's busy curb  
That bristles bravely with *étrennes*,  
A thing has threatened to disturb  
The careless *vie parisienne*;  
It isn't spies or journalist blackmailers,  
It is the question of monarchic tailors.

For lo! from *perfidè Albion*  
Has lately come a ducal note  
With patterns for a *pantalon*  
And therewithal a *redingote*;  
(Observe, in passing, that the royal *billet*  
Says nothing of the corresponding *gilet*).



Now while in matters of the gown  
The *monde* of Paris sets the *mode*,  
Their gay *flâneurs* that paint the town  
Long since affect a foreign code,  
Developing in fact a steady passion  
For dressing in the latest London  
fashion.

With any perfect patriot  
How bitterly it stirs the bile,  
This craze for being clothed in what  
Is thought to be the English style;  
It makes the language of his heated  
brain  
Occasionally verge on the profane.

And now the Exile, armed with red  
Hot coals of living anthracite,  
Projects them on his country's head,  
And more in pity than in spite  
Bids France that hunted him and his like  
rabbits  
Henceforth to execute his daily habits.

Some fancy, romping at results,  
The constitution's overthrow,  
A view unworthy of adults,  
According to the *Figaro*;  
It makes a democrat extremely nettled.  
To hear the thing is practically settled.

Of course there may be something in  
That strange omission of the vest,  
Yet were it little short of sin  
To lay this unction to the breast;  
A person isn't worth a paltry *filet*  
Who stakes the Third Republic on a *gilet*.

There lacks, you see, a final law  
To guide in France the statesman's  
game  
The casual ignited straw  
Will set the camel's hump aflame;  
A *redingote* may raise enough *éclat*  
To bring about a pretty *coup d'état*.

---

#### FANCY PORTRAIT.



## THE REHEARSAL; OR, PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

"Lord H-LSB-RY will be the principal guest at a smoking 'At Home,'  
Jan. 25th, at the W-stm-nst-r P-l-ce Hotel."—*Daily Paper*.

---

## A GENTLE HINT TO THE JUBILANT JAP.

There is a Jappy land  
Far, far away,  
Where Art they understand;  
None more than they.  
Now in fair battle's ring  
They've pummelled poor PING-  
WING,  
All men their praises sing  
Who've won the day.

Bright in that Jappy land  
Beams every eye.  
But, though their pluck be grand,  
Bar-bar-i-ty  
Their choicest gifts will mar,  
Blood stains their rising star,  
Foul slaughter is not war.  
Fie, Jappy, fie!

---

## A CABINET SECRET.

*(Fragment for the Historian of the Future.)*

[After the Cabinet several of the Ministers present took luncheon with the  
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—*Daily Paper*.]

There had been an exciting meeting of the Members of the Ministry. The gathering had taken place at noon, and after several angry altercations it had been adjourned. But the objector-in-chief had admirably kept his temper. He came of a gallant and illustrious race, and blood is thicker than water.

"I must not forget the teachings of my Uncle DICK," he had murmured, as it was suggested that two of his favourite projects should be slaughtered, like the infant Princes in the Tower.

Then, when there was an inclination on the part of his colleagues to quarrel amongst themselves, he cleverly fanned the fire, and increased the incipient strife.

"It was the mode adopted by my maiden Aunt, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and it succeeded in her time. Why should the passing of three or four centuries make any difference? After all, human nature is—in fact—human nature!"

And so the dull minutes passed away. The time came for luncheon. Then he smiled a smile full of mystic hospitality.

"It will put the bloodhounds of the Press off the scent if I ask them to luncheon with me. It is sure to be reported in the papers, and who will imagine that I would willingly entertain a possible opponent to the coming Budget? Moreover, revenge is sweet; not that I would take it! not that I would take it!"

And then he entreated several of his colleagues to "crush a cup with him," using a phraseology that had found favour in the mouths of the Crusaders.

"And ROSEY, will not you come?" The question was asked with much cordiality. The PREMIER did not reply. He merely smiled, and the smile seemed to be a sufficient answer.

\* \* \*

Shortly afterwards (as subsequently reported in the newspapers) the noble Earl took luncheon at his own home.

"I wonder what wine he has given *them?*" And he smiled again.

---

## "BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO—PANTOMIME!"

*Santa Claus*, the afternoon pantomime at the Lyceum, is even better than Mr. OSCAR BARRETT'S



*Cinderella* of last year. There is plenty of splendour in the fairy piece, considered merely as a "spectacle," enough, indeed, to make a "pair of spectacles," and to cause much speculation as to how they manage to stow away all the scenery, properties, and costumes at five o'clock every afternoon, in order to make room for *King Arthur*, who, on the temporary abdication of *Santa Claus* (a part admirably acted and declaimed by Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD), reigns at the Lyceum from eight till eleven. But besides the dazzling brilliancy of fairy pantomime, there is in it not only real fun which delights the youngsters, for whom the entertainment is primarily intended, but also a touch of dramatic pathos, as shown in the death of the devoted dog *Tatters*, a dog who has his day and dies, whose cruel fate excites the compassion of old and young alike. All are rejoiced when they find out that clever Mr. CHARLES LAURI, of whom it can be complimentarily said that "he is a perfect beast," is restored to life, and that the Heavenly Twins are happily revived.

As the two toy soldiers Messrs. HARRY and FRED KITCHEN—the front and back kitchen—are first-rate. But where all are so good it is impossible, within the limits of a paragraph, to particularise. Messrs BARRETT and LENNARD are to be congratulated, and, as *Hamlet* says, "The Pantomime's the thing," and, as Shakspearian readers will remember, *Hamlet's* father went to *matinées*,—wasn't it "his custom always of an afternoon"?—only there's no sleeping here, but everyone very wide awake, and all "going home to tea" thoroughly satisfied with *Santa Claus*. Who says *Le Roi Pantomime est mort*, when the Lyceum is crowded for *matinées*, and, outside the doors of Old Drury, daily and nightly appear the placards, "House Full"?

---

A "TIT BIT."—When they speak of some one of the Baby Baronets, *i.e.* the recently created Baronets, they don't say he is among the Old'uns; but "He is among the New'nes."

---

### "A PENNY PLAIN—BUT OSCAR COLOURED."

(An Entertainment Antagonistic to Amusement.)

SCENE—*Anywhere. Characters distributed about the Stage in more or less admired confusion.*

*Anybody.* So we are living in a penny romance. And this is Society.

*Charles his Friend.* Society is everything but sociable.

*Somebody.* But why should the PRIME MINISTER be threatened by a professional blackmailer?

*Charles his Friend.* In matters of this kind the PREMIER is the *dernier*.

*Someone Else.* But surely the same sort of thing has been done by SARDOU in *Dora*?

*Charles his Friend.* Why not? A dramatist has only one virtue, he never invents a drama.

*A Casual Visitor.* Then we have only to regard the Adelphi as a model, and take the Wyldest license with the dialogue.

*Charles his Friend.* Quite so. After all, a paradox is merely a platitude.

*A Caller.* But do great men do these things?

*Charles his Friend.* The great do all things because they are little.

*A Lady.* Surely a wife should look up to her husband?

*Charles his Friend.* So she does—unless she wears high heels.

*A Person.* And a wife, if she found her husband in trouble, would surely cleave to him?

*Charles his Friend.* So she would, if she only knew where to find him.

*Another Person.* That reminds me that a play, to be successful, must have the plot of a shilling shocker—much diluted.

*Charles his Friend.* A shocker shocks no one save its—publisher.

*A New Comer.* Then the blackmailer was defeated in the end—as bad people invariably are when vice is at a discount and virtue at a premium.

*Charles his Friend.* Virtue never is at a premium, save when it is mistaken for vice.

*A blasé Man of the World.* And yet, in spite of all this, I have had a pleasant evening.

*Charles his Friend.* So has an author when he is laughing in his sleeve and confuses black with white.

*Someone.* But does the author never know the difference?

*Charles his Friend.* What does it matter? If he thinks himself right, everybody will know that he is wrong!

*The Audience.* All this is very clever because it is unintelligible.

*The Author.* So I believe. Only I stand upon my irresponsibility. But is anyone satisfied with anything in a playhouse?

*Charles his Friend.* Only with the fall of the curtain!

[*Scene closes in upon nothing in particular.*]

---



#### INDUCTION.

"IS THIS THE *NEW* BABY, DADDY?"—"YES, DEAR."

"WHY, HE'S GOT NO TEETH!"—"NO, DEAR."

"AND HE'S GOT NO HAIR!"—"NO, DEAR."

"OH, DADDY, IT *MUST* BE AN *OLD* BABY!"

---

#### THE REAL NEW WOMAN.

I own there are heights that she cannot attain.  
She is not at home with a gun.  
In pastimes where one living creature is slain  
She cannot perceive any fun;  
And never a poor feathered songster has died  
Her hat or her bonnet to grace;  
And after the hounds it were torture to ride,  
Lest Reynard should lose in the race.

And much she ignores that New Women should  
learn,  
And still she refuses to smoke:  
One wine from another she cannot discern,  
But she's splendid at seeing a joke.  
Her love and her friendship no labour can fret,  
No jealousy seems to alarm.  
In truth, not a mortal could ever forget  
Her humour, her kindness, her charm.

Though dozens of friends of her fealty boast,  
Her desk with epistles is packed,  
Her very own relatives love her the most—  
A somewhat remarkable fact!  
With bores and with fools she ungrudgingly  
bears,  
And though it may end in her loss,  
With cabmen she never can wrangle for fares,  
Or haggle a counter across.

Her eyes, that are loyal and fearless and kind,  
At wrong or injustice will flame,  
But they never seem anxious a failure to find,  
They never are hasty to blame;  
And well she is loved by the best and the worst,  
For sympathy, courage, and truth,  
For friendship unflinching they love her, the first;  
The last, for her infinite ruth.

Oh, what if she never should do or should dare  
In regions by Woman untrod?  
Yet, when her step passes, men turn from  
despair,  
And trust in the world and in God.  
Oh, what if no "record" she cares to eclipse,  
Nor manners nor morals defies?  
But pain she would face with a smile on her lips,  
And death with a light in her eyes!

---

"THE GHIZEH MUSEUM."—A question has been asked in the *Times* as to why the name of Professor PETRIE has been omitted from the Commission for the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. The answer, whether satisfactory or not, is that considering the overwhelming learning on this special subject of the distinguished Professor it is probable that the energies of the other members would be "Petrie-fied."

---

MOTTO FOR HORRID COLD WEATHER.—"Bed's the Best."

---

### MRS. BLOOMER.

["The news of the death of Mrs. BLOOMER, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, revives many memories of a distant past."—*Daily Graphic*.]

So Mrs. BLOOMER'S gone! but let her name  
Once more appear in *Mr. Punch's* pages.  
'Twas long ago, almost the Middle Ages,  
That LEECH'S pencil advertised her fame!

Her costume was unlovely—let it fade  
For ever from the ken of human vision!  
Though nowadays 'twould scarce provoke  
derision,  
If worn by pretty girls and tailor-made.

For by the lady-cyclist, as she plies  
Her pedal, neatly clad in knickerbockers.  
See Mrs. BLOOMER, first of Grundy-shockers.  
Now vindicated in Dame Fashion's eyes!

But, not in dress alone a pioneer,  
She edited the temp'rance *Water Bucket*,  
And many a blow 'gainst drink with pluck hit;  
Then let us o'er her passing shed a tear!

---

AT THE EMPIRE.—The celebrated *chanteuse* Mlle. MEALY is engaged. We've not yet heard her, but of course this lady's songs should be of a very delicate nature, as she herself must be "Mealy-mouthed."

---

Page 25: 'change' corrected to 'charge'.

"it was that last charge of yours at the head of your magnificent Thundershakers that has converted defeat into victory,..."

Page 27: 'The Dandy Afghan Khan': 'Dost Mohammed' in the first Chorus, becomes 'Dost Mahommed' in the last. Wikipedia gives 'Dost Mohammed.'

Page 28: 'Applebossom' corrected to 'Appleblossom'.

""Bless me, you have a treasure!" continued APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C.,..."

Page 29: 'seven-eights' corrected to 'seven-eighths.'

""An Old BOOTS!" cried my better seven-eighths,..."

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