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January 26, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 108. JANUARY 26, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

THE COMYNS AND THE GOIN'S OF ARTHUR.

It was a pleasant sight, on the *première* of *King Arthur*, to see Mr. COMYNS CARR, poet, *littérateur*, art-critic, theatrical manager, orator, journalist, dramatist, and not a few other things beside, gravely bowing his acknowledgments as "*the Arthur of the piece*" at the Lyceum. Beshrew me, and by my halidome, he hath done his work with so deft and cunning a hand as to puzzle not a little those who have their GOETHE, their TENNYSON, and some of the most favourite plays of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE at their fingers' ends, and who are also more or less acquainted with Wagnerian trilogies.

We all know "KETTLE began it." Well, WAGNER begins this, in the Prologue, with spirits and water, *i.e.*, mere spirits getting along swimmingly in a kind of Niebelungen lake-and-cavern scene. Not until the curtain rose was any sort of attention paid to the music, which might have therefore been the composition of NOAKES or STOKES, instead of having been exquisitely written by King ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Enter *King Arthur Irving* and *Merlin* ("Charles his friend"), suggestive of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, to see Wagnerian water-witches in *The Colleen Bawn's* cave. Wagnerian water-witches, disturbed by the approach of gentlemen, swim away to regain, presumably, their bathing-machines. Then Charles-his-friend *Merlin* undertakes the part of a kind of half-converted *Mephistopheles*, and shows the *Faust-King-Arthur* a "living picture" of *Guinevere* as *Marguerite* in a vision. After this up comes a hand out of the water, bearing a magnificently jewelled scabbard, in which, of course, is that blade of the very first water, "*Excalibur*."

Arthur accepts the sword with thanks, observing that "if necessary he will use it to make any cuts the piece may require." More chorus of water-sprites, and end of prologue. *Merlin*, or a spirit, ought to have sung "*Voici le sabre*." This chance was lost.

The next scene is at Camelot, when in come a lot of knights in armour, and the story begins in real earnest. Here is ELLEN TERRY, sweet and majestic as the Burne-Jonesian *Queen Guinevere*, and here, too, is FORBES-ROBERTSON as *Lancelot*, a part which he plays and looks to perfection. The order has been given "All wigs abandon ye who enter here," that is as far as the male principals are concerned; so they all "keep their hair on," and thus HENRY IRVING in armour looks more like the "Knight of the Woeful Countenance," or a moustachioless *Don Quixote*, than the glorious Chairman of the Goodly Round Table Company.

Sir Lancelot is compelled by "circumstances over which he has no control" to remain behind at

court, all through the selfishness of *King Arthur* (so unlike him, too, for once!), who fancies the Round Table will be a trifle dull when all his "blooming companions have faded and gone," and so the unfortunate young knight has to say to the Queen, as Mr. CHEVALIER'S Coster sings to his "lidy-love," "I'm bound to keep on lovin' yer! d'yer 'ear?" and he is watched by *Macbeth-Mordred* (Mr. FRANK COOPER) and his be-witching mother *Lady Macbeth-Morgan-le-Fay* (Miss GENEVIEVE WARD).



C-m-ns C-rr (rising to the occasion out of the mystic mere). "Up I come with my little plot!"

In Act Two, while *Ellen-Guinevere* and girls are out a-maying in one of the most lovely of "As You Like it" woodland scenes (with a fool in the forest, too) ever beheld on any stage, *Lady Macbeth-Morgan* and *Macbeth-Mordred* overhear the love-making of *Guinny* and *Lancy*; and in Act Three these "two clever ones," as poor *Affery* was wont to style *Flintwich* and *Mrs. Clennam*, reveal the truth to *Arthur-Othello*, who has taken from the hand of the suicided *Ophelia-Elaine* (Miss LENA ASHWELL) a note, which assists him in discovering the wickedness of sly *Sir Lancy* and the giddy *Guinny*. *Sir Lancy* cries, "Strike on!" and *King Henry Irving Arthur* is just "on strike" when he exclaims "I cannot kill thee," and *Excalibur*, a notably sharp blade on occasion, fails him now. *Lancy* is banished; and takes it very quietly, going out like a lamb. *King Arthur* and all the knights go off to the wars, leaving *Guinevere* in charge of *Sir Macbeth-Mordred* and *Mrs. Morgan-le-Fay*, female professor of necromancy, table-turning-medium, "parties attended," &c.

In Act last *Guinevere* is imprisoned in a tower, and is made love to by that awfully Bad Knight, *Sir Mordred*, who seizes this chance of playing *Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert* to *Guinny's Rebecca*, only that there is no window from which she can threaten to throw herself: and so the wicked wooing comes to a rather tame conclusion. In the last scene *Macbeth-Mordred* and *Lady Morgan-Macbeth* are now King and Queen, and poor *Rebecca-Guinny* is going to be burnt *à la Juive*, when the herald's challenge is answered by a very Black Knight, who keeps himself awfully dark, and who does not say, "I am RICHARD CŒUR DE LION," but lifting his steel nose-protector (most useful except when the Knight has a bad cold), reveals "The King!" Then comes the fight—and ah, would that here one of the swords could have been poisoned, and that *Mordred*, after slaying *Arthur*, should himself have been stabbed to death by his own weapon, while at the same time *Mrs. Morgan-le-Fay* might have shouted, "See the Queen drinks to *Arthur*," and then she could have drained a poisoned cup, and so obtained her "*coup de grâce*."

But no! COMYNS CARR would have none of this. The wicked flourish. Someone said that *Sir Lancelot* was killed "without," but I don't believe it. My private opinion is that the sly dog *Lancy* sneaked out quietly, waited for *Guinevere*, and then they both went off together, to Boulogne, or Monte Carlo maybe; that *Morgan-le-Fay* took to walking in her sleep and washing out little sanguinary spots on her hand; and that *Mordred* got an engagement in the provinces to play *Iago*; while all that the audience know of *King Arthur* is that he went off with three Queens of the Night (perhaps signifying that he ventured on a water-party with only three sovereigns) in a barge,—perhaps "the craft of *Merlin*" mentioned by TENNYSON,—to some place down the river, where he was said to be interred, and at whose grave kept guard the well-known "Waterbury Watch." However all this is but surmise. One thing is certain—that *King Arthur* is still alive, very much alive, and, like Lord ARTHUR of *Pantomime Rehearsal* fame, "going strong," at the Lyceum, for very many Arthurian nights to come. *Le Roi Arthur est mort! Vive le Roi Arthur!*

Bravo, COMYNS! Well may he say to HENRY IRVING, "Eh, mon, whar's your WULLIE SHAKSPEARE *noo*?"



THE SWORD EXCALIBUR.

(Scene from "King Arthur" up to date.)

Sir Bedivere M-rl-y (timidly, but politely). "SHALL I THROW THE SWORD INTO THE MERE?"

King Arthur (Sir W. V. H-rc-urt—disdainfully). "'THROW THE SWORD INTO THE MERE!' WHY, I HAVEN'T LOST THE SCABBARD YET, STOOPID!"



SOMETHING LIKE A CHARACTER.

Huntsman (on being introduced to future Wife of M. F. H.). "PROUD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MISS! KNOWN THE CAPTING, MISS, FOR NIGH ON TEN SEASONS, AND NEVER SAW 'IM TURN 'IS 'EAD FROM HANYTHING AS WAS JUMPABLE! KNOWS A 'OSS AND KNOWS A 'OUND! CAN RIDE ONE AND 'UNT T'OTHER; AND IF THAT AIN'T AS MUCH AS CAN BE LOOKED FOR IN A 'USBAND, MISS, WHY, I'LL BE JIGGERED!"

THE SWORD EXCALIBUR.

A Very Topsy-turvied Arthurian Legend Up-to-Date.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Arthur (*for this occasion*)
The Bold Sir Bedivere

Sir W. H-RC-URT.
Mr. J-HN M-RL-Y.

Sir Gawain (*just to oblige*)
Mordred
Sir Lancelot

L-rd R-S-B-RY.
Mr. JN. R-DM-ND.
Mr. G—.

Then, ere that last weird battle 'gainst the
Lords,

There came on ARTHUR, sleeping, in his chair,
At Malwood—musing, by his own fireside,
After much totting up of Trade Returns,
And Navy Estimates—a whisper blown
Along a wandering wind, and in his ear
Went shrilling, "Hollow! hollow! Forfar! Brigg!
Our small majority shall pass away!
Farewell! There is thine Hampshire rest for
thee,

But I am blown about a wandering wind,
And 'Follow! follow! follow!' day and night,
The fighting factions of our army cry
To me—their 'Leader!' And I cannot face
Five ways at once, and it's a beastly bore!
And if I could, how can I get a Bill
Passed by the Lords?"

And ARTHUR woke, and called,
"Who spake? A dream! O light upon the wind,
Thine, GAWAIN, was the voice—are these poor
'cries'
Thine? Or doth that same army, growing wild,
Mourn, wishing it had gone along with Me?"

This heard the bold Sir BEDIVERE, and spake:
"O me, my Chief! to pass whatever Bill,
Upstairs, seems hopeless. Tory glamour clings
To all high places like a darkening cloud
For ever. Is it your intent to 'pass'
(In Tennysonian sense), since your Bills won't?"

And ARTHUR said: "Sir BEDIVERE, blue funk
Sits ill upon a knight. GAWAIN is light—
No one at least can say the same of *me!*"
(BEDIVERE murmured, "*No, by—Behemoth!*")
"I hear the steps of MORDRED in the West,
And with him many of the people by rights,
And thine, whom thou hast served, ungrateful
grown,
The idiots!—splitting up their ranks—and ours!
But 'pass,' in Tennysonian sense? No fear!
I shall arise and smash 'em as of old!"

Then to King ARTHUR spoke Sir BEDIVERE:
"Far other is this battle, our great test,
Whereto we move, than when great LANCELOT
(Now far cavorting in the snow at Cannes)
Thrust his great rival from St. Stephen's seats,
And shook him thro' the North. Ill doom is ours
To war against our rivals, and each other.
The chief who fights old followers fights himself,
And they, old friends who loved us once, the
stroke

We strike at them is a back-stroke to us.
Nay, even the stroke of your Excalibur
Hath scarcely its old swashing force. Men say
It shall not strike again,—men whisper so!—
That she, the Lady of the Hibernian Lake,
Awaiteth its return. Ah! you unsheath it!
Say, must I take it—take Excalibur,
And fling it far into the middle mere,
Mark what occurs, and lightly bring you word?"

Then spake King ARTHUR to Sir BEDIVERE:—
"O sombre Little-faith, miscalled the Bold!
Not if I know it! 'Tis a beauteous blade—
Broad, and bejewelled, and but lately gript
By my long-waiting hand. I have it now,
And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a craven donkey I shall be!
What good should follow this, if this were done?"

What harm undone? By George! Sir BEDIVERE,
 'Twixt frivolling GAWAIN and too doleful you,
 I have a pretty pair of knightly pals,—
 Nay, I mean palfry'd knights!—to back me up.
 Is this the loyalty of the Table Round?
 Were MORDRED a worse traitor? or e'en he,
 The Midland Knight, who pushes for my place
 As he did for Sir LANCELOT'S? Oh, get out!
 What should my dauntless Derby henchmen say
 Should I, on Wednesday, show the feather white
 And say I'd chucked the sword Excalibur
 Away, unchallenged, in a fit of funk?
 I lose the sword? *I've not yet lost the scabbard!*
 Nay, I shall flash it flaming in their sight,
 And brandish it, and promise swashing blows
 Of the keen blade, as oftimes heretofore.
 I'll outshine TENNYSON, out-hero IRVING!
 Trust me 'tis not yet time for that weird arm,
 'Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,'
 To emerge from out the misty middle-mere
 And snatch from Me the Sword Excalibur!"

[Freezes on to it.

CERTAIN.—Mr. KATO, the new Japanese Minister to Great Britain, is expected to be a success. On hearing his arguments, the observation that will spring to Lord ROSEBERY'S lips will be, "KATO, thou reasonest well."



A FRIENDLY WARNING.

First Tramp. "I WADNA ADVISE YE TAE GANG UP THERE!"

Second Tramp. "WHAT WYE? IS THERE A MUCKLE DOUG?"

First Tramp. "NO; BUT THERES A DANGER O' WARK!"

THAT PRECIOUS DONKEY!

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

PART III.—*The Apotheosis of the Picture.*

Those who have done me the distinguished honour of reading the story of my find of a genuine VON BÖÖTZ (in my agitation last week I referred erroneously to the great master as Old Boots) will remember that I had got to the point where the picture I now so deeply prized had been removed by the handy-man to be sold, no doubt, at a crushing sacrifice. When put to it (as all my friends

know) I am a man of an iron will and a steel determination. There is no sacrifice I will not make to carry a fixed plan into execution. It was this iron will and steel determination that enabled me (somewhat late in life) to conquer the apparently adamant intention of the Examiners at Lincoln's Inn and get called to the Bar. At this crisis in my life's history the reserve forces of my nature came to my assistance, and inspired me to hurry without a moment's delay to the dwelling-place of WILKINS.

Before discovering that the VON BÖÖTZ had been removed I had assumed (as it is my wont after returning from Pump-Handle Court) my slippers. Without waiting to amend my costume, without lingering to recover my umbrella (now reclining in its stand, seemingly exchanging confidences with my walking-stick), I started for Panorama Place, Nine Sisters Road, Rixton Rise. The lady who has honoured me by accepting my name had furnished me with this address—the abode of the unconsciously-fugitive WILKINS. Without a moment's hesitation I hailed and entered a four-wheeler.

"Panorama Place, Nine Sisters Road, Rixton Rise," I said in the tone of the late Duke of WELLINGTON ordering the advance of the Guards at Waterloo.

The cabman shook his head, then seemingly pondered, then looked at me. "Is it near the 'Green Compasses'?" he asked, after a pause of intense thought.

I have always considered Mr. WILKINS a model of sobriety. But then I have only known him in the hours devoted to duty, to the sweeping of kitchen chimneys, to the re-building of wash-houses, to the re-papering of studies, to the removal of grand pianos from basement to attic, and other little domestic offices. In his moments of relaxation he may be a genial *viveur*, and in this character was more likely than not to live in close proximity to the no doubt hospitable tavern to which the driver had referred. So I answered my Jehu that I thought it exceedingly possible that Mr. WILKINS did dwell near the "Green Compasses." We started, and after a drive for which I was charged (and in my opinion rightly charged) five-and-sixpence, arrived safely at Panorama Place, Nine Sisters Road, Rixton Rise.

The shadow of anxiety that had followed me through what I may be permitted to term my hackney peregrinations had passed away. I had feared that when I had successfully tracked out Mr. WILKINS to his suburban nest I should find him flown. But no, the eagle had not lost the child, the handy man was still the possessor of my pictorial treasure. At least so I presumed, as he smiled when I put to him the all-important question, "Where is my VON BÖÖTZ?"

"This is what I have done with him, Sir," said my house-renovator, leading me gently into what I take must have been his study. The apartment was furnished with two spades, a saw, two hammers, a pot of glue, a model of a fire-engine, a couple of stools, and a sideboard.

"Look at this little lot, Sir," cried Mr. WILKINS, whipping off a cloth, and exposing to view two earthenware flower-vases, and a small model (in chalk) of an easily illuminated (there was a receptacle in the interior large enough to contain a taper) cathedral.

"What are these?" I demanded, in a voice more or less suggestive of thunder.

"That's what he gave me for the picture, and, asking your pardon, Sir, I think I have done well with him. It was one of those Italian image-men, who took a fancy to it. He offered at first only those vases. Then he sprang to a statuette of GARIBALDI. But, after a deal of discussion, I got him to chuck in Westminster Abbey, Sir, which, as you see, can be lighted up magnificent."

For a moment I was struck speechless with sorrow and indignation. No doubt the foreign hawker, having received an art education in Italy (the renowned dwelling-place of the Muses), had recognised the value of my picture, and had—-. I paused in my train of thought, and jumped from despair to joy. There, resting on a newly-renovated perambulator, was my Old Master. I almost wept as I recognised my nearly lost VON BÖÖTZ.

"But there it is!" I hoarsely whispered, pointing to the picture.

"The canvas, yes Sir—the Italian chap only wanted the frame. He called the donkey lot rubbish."

Again my iron will and steel determination came to the front. To secure the canvas, charter another four-wheeler, and deposit myself and my prize within the cab's depths was the work of not more than five-and-twenty minutes. I drove as hurriedly as the congested traffic would permit to the house of a well-known connoisseur. I sent up my card, and was immediately admitted. The celebrated critic was a perfect stranger to me.

"This must serve as an introduction," I said, and exposed my VON BÖÖTZ to view. The connoisseur inspected the canvas, the leaden sky, and the villagers with languid interest. At last his gaze fell upon the presentment of the donkey. His eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed with excitement; and although he was evidently attempting to master his emotion, he almost shouted "Magnificent!"

"Are not the ears splendid?" I asked.

"Splendid? Glorious! Immortal!"

"Have you seen anything to equal the mane?"

"Never! Emphatically, never!"

And then the art connoisseur shook me by both hands. Then we once more inspected the donkey's ears, and in our delight nearly rose and floated from the floor in a sort of medieval saint-like ecstasy.

"You see it has one fault," my conscience made me say; "it has no signature."

"A proof that it is a genuine VON BÖÖTZ. The grand old forger never signed anything except copies. As you know, he was scarcely ever sober, and in his drunken moods used to write his name on any kind of canvas at the rate of a tumbler of port a signature."

"And it is only right to add," I continued, in my character of Devil's Advocate, and using a piece of information I had picked up from APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., "that it is not in the least like a print which is supposed to be a contemporaneous engraving."

"The best possible proof that it is an original. Old VON BÖÖTZ—glorious old scoundrel—never painted anything that was really reproduced. He preferred to betray his public by signing the works of subordinates. That's the reason why he is so scarce. Oh, those ears!"

And the art connoisseur and I returned to our medieval saint-like ecstasy. I am almost certain that, carried away by our enthusiasm, we floated from the carpet. After a while I thought it time to return to what the Philistine (by the way, all things considered, a very reasonable fellow) would call "business." I suggested that it was for sale.

"No, my dear Sir," corrected the critic; "not for sale. The VON BÖÖTZ must be mine. You will not be so cruel as to deny me. I am the master of tens of thousands—nay, I might say without exaggeration—hundreds of thousands. If you will leave yourself in my hands, I think you will find that I am a man of honour."

He sat down at a desk which I now noticed was made of ebony and decorated with old gold and diamonds, and other precious stones. He drew a cheque. Then he rose to give it to me. But as he passed the picture it once more attracted his attention. He resumed his medieval saint-like ecstasy for a second, and then returned to his desk.

"I must be honest," he murmured as he filled in the figures of another cheque. Then he turned to me. "You must pardon me for giving you the purchase-money in two drafts; but my first cheque exhausted my account at one bank, and I had to draw upon my balance at another to supply the necessary residue."

I nearly fainted when I read the amounts.

"Not a word," said the art connoisseur as he shook me by the hand. "Although you have, I confess, half my fortune, I am richer than I was when I met you. The VON BÖÖTZ—*my* VON BÖÖTZ—is simply of priceless value."

And so the picture that had been sent to the box-room and narrowly escaped the uncultured clutch of the Italian image-man, had raised me from comparative poverty to superlative affluence. I paid in the cheques at my bankers, and a murmur went up from the clerks, and the manager waylaid me at the door to press my hand. Then I drove to my favourite stores and purchased a trifle in diamonds to present to my wife. Fortunately, I had my chequebook with me, or otherwise my deposit account would have been overdrawn by a thousand.

"To-morrow," I said to my better (from a spiritual, not a financial point of view) seven-eights, "we will acquire the nine-hundred-ton yacht, the best part of Norway, and the Palace at Venice. The latter will cost a few more thousands than I care to spend. But I suppose the foreign dukedom that comes with it in itself is almost worth the five figures. To-morrow I must see if I cannot secure that Colonelcy of Yeomanry. Then, if you like dear, we will take the six centre boxes in the grand tier at Covent Garden for the season, and——"

"Oh, I am so happy!" almost wept the partner of my joys and sorrows; "and to think that we should have sent the mine of all this prosperity into the box-room!"

"Yes dear," I replied. "It was you, dear, who always wanted to be free of it."

"I told you, sweet one," was the triumphant response, "to get rid of it, and are you not now pleased that you took my advice?"

And I admitted I was.



PAST AND PRESENT.

Serious and much-Married Man. "MY DEAR FRIEND, I WAS ASTONISHED TO HEAR OF YOUR DINING AT MADAME TROISÉTOILES!—A 'WOMAN WITH A PAST,' YOU KNOW!"

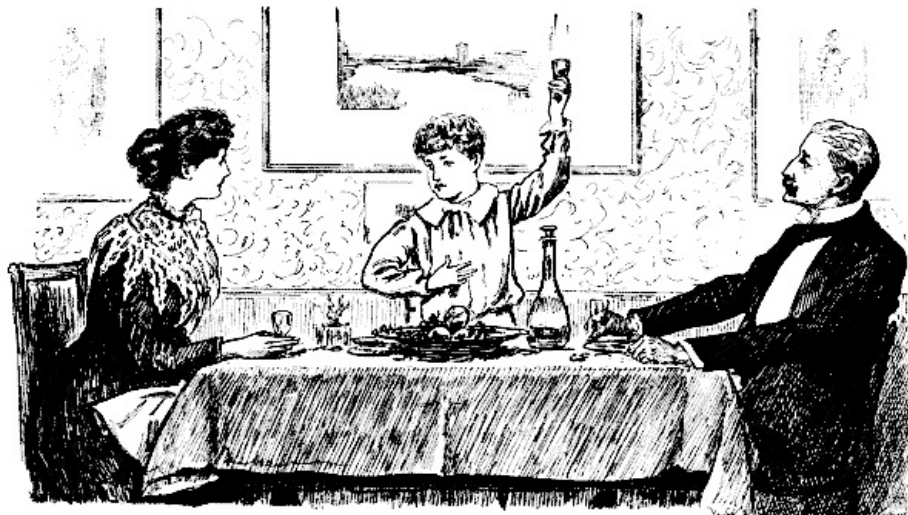
The Friend (Bachelor "unattached"). "WELL, YOU SEE, OLD MAN, SHE'S GOT A FIRST-RATE *CHEF*, SO IT ISN'T HER 'PAST,' BUT HER 'RE-PAST' THAT I CARE ABOUT."

IN PRAISE OF PENTONVILLE.

["The healthiest place in England is Pentonville Prison."—*Daily Graphic.*]

Is it sadey ye're falin' an' pale, me bhoy,
 Loike a sprat that has swallered a whale,
 me bhoy?
 The best thing Oi know
 Is a sixer or so
 On skilly an' wather in jail, me bhoy.
 Ye're free from all koinds o' temptations,
 lad,
 Ye can't overate on thim rations, lad,
 There's so much a-head
 O' skilly an' bread
 Accordin' to jail regulations, lad.

They trate ye wid fatherly care, me bhoy,
 They tell ye o' what to beware, me bhoy,
 They tache ye to be
 Teetotal, ye see,
 For 'tis nothin' but wather is there, me
 bhoy.
 So, whin ye're beginnin' to fale, me lad,
 That ye've dhrunk enough whisky an'
 ale, me lad,
 The best of all ways
 To lengthen your days
 Is to spind a few wakes in the jail, me
 lad!



A TOAST.

Mamma. "TO-DAY'S OUR WEDDING-DAY, TOMMY. YOU SHOULD STAND UP AND DRINK ALL OUR HEALTHS."
Tommy (rising to the occasion). "CERTAINLY. FATHER—MOTHER—AND"—(pointing to himself)—
 —"THE RESULT!"

THE UNTAMED SHREW;

OR, WANTED A PETRUCHIO.

(A Shakspearian Foreshadowing of the Situation in France.)

Prophetic Swan! To picture in advance
 The future's pageantry of personage
 And scene was thine unique prerogative;
 So easily thy creations take the mould
 Of aftertimes and characters unborn.
 Paris to-day seems Padua, thy fair shrew,
 The tricky termagant, "curst *Katharine*,"
 The Paduan *Xantippe*, prickly, perverse,
 Yet fascinating vixen, dons to-day
 A Gallic guise, and fumes in French, and
 flounces
 In skirts à la République.

What said *Gremio*?

"Your gifts are so good, here's none will hold
 you!"

And who may hold the fair Lutetian shrew?
 No man, "I wis," is "half-way to her heart
 But if he were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb his noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint his face, and use him like a fool."
 Here's *Katharine*—but where's *Petruchio*?

"What! shall I be appointed hours, as though,
 belike

I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha!"
 There speaks the sweet-faced shrew, and takes
 to-day

What she will leave to-morrow. Yet she shines
 In the description of *Hortensio*.

"With wealth enough, and young, and beautiful;
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;
 Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
 Is, that she is intolerably curst,
 And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all
 measure,

*That, were my state far worsen than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold."*
 And yet there be good fellows in the world,
 'An a man could but haply light on them,
 Would take the veriest vixen "with all faults."
 And many a one hath said, or seemed to say,
 "For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack."

But with what issue? Like *Hortensio*,
His head is broken by the vixen's lute,
Ere he hath time to teach her government
Of frets or stops, or skilful fingering.
How many, with *Hortensio*, might say,
When asked if he could break her to the lute,—
"Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
*I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I'll fume with
them:'*

*And with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me, rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.*

Her masters have not learned true mastery,
And he, her latest would-be teacher, turns
Too prompt and pusillanimous a back
Upon his wilful pupil, beaten off
Quicker than buffeted *Hortensio*
In poor, poltroonish, post-deserting flight;
Leaving the lute whose harmonies his hand
Should have bowed hers to, broken and
unstrung,
In the shrew's angry and outrageous grasp:
See how the Gallic *Katharine* in her fume,
Flouting all mastery, flouncing uncontrolled
In furious anger, flings the shattered lute,
Unstrung, aside, as did the Paduan shrew,
Spurning all government—till *Petruchio* came!

*"Come, come you wasp; i' faith you are too
angry!"*

So, in *Petruchio's* words, say France's friends.
Whilst foes and half-allies look doubtful on,
From the chill Eastward or more genial North,
Wondering what stable faith, in love or hate,
May rest upon such shifting shrewishness.
Where waits *Petruchio*, and will he come
In purple velvet, or in soldier steel,
Or simple, civic, hero-covering cloth,
To tame this *Katharine* of the Phrygian cap,
And smiling, in the mocking calm of power,
Say of the shrew, like him of Padua:—
*"Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lion's roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
clang?"*

*And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugbears.—
I fear none!"*

THE UNVEILING OF ISIS.

There was a Vice-President, JUDGE,
Who proved a big fraud *à la Sludge*:
But good Mrs. BESANT
Sighed "Let's keep things pleasant!"
And *Punch*, *à la Burchell*, cried "Fudge!"
"My dear ANNIE BESANT—OR is it BESANT?—
Theosophy's trick, superstition and
cant."

To lift Isis's veil was a difficult task,
But BLAVATSKY's fox-nose
Is not hard to expose,
For that vulgar Isis wore only—a mask!

SHAKSPEARE FOR THE CURTAIN-LECTURED.

—"The *rest* is silence!"



THE UNTAMED SHREW; OR, WANTED A PETRUCHIO.

"HER ONLY FAULT (AND THAT IS FAULTS ENOUGH)
IS, THAT SHE IS INTOLERABLY CURST,
AND SHREWD, AND FROWARD."—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act I., Scene 2.

TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS. (CONTINUED.)

Shortly after the great victory of the Dead Marshes, the British Army, under the command of Sir BONAMY BATTLEHORN, took possession of Balmuggur, the capital of the country, known far and wide as the Diamond City of the Ranee. There was a faint show of resistance, but after I had defeated in single combat six picked mollahs of the Royal Guard, the disheartened garrison laid down its arms, and the place surrendered at discretion. We had brought HADJU THAR MEEBHOY with us, although, in his perforated condition, it was a matter of some difficulty to transport him. Still it would have been barbarous to leave him behind to the tender mercies of the neighbouring peasantry, and we resolved to attempt his conveyance to Balmuggur. Fortunately we succeeded beyond our most sanguine hopes. I was able to render him some slight services on the march, and, after the city had fallen, I paid him daily visits, during which I conceived a sincere and lasting friendship for the gallant fellow whose only fault, after all, had been the notion that he could defeat one who has never yet given way an inch before the hottest attack even of overwhelming numbers. It was quite touching to see his swarthy face brighten into a smile when I entered the room. He looked forward eagerly to my daily visit, and often told me that the simple tales of my courage and daring with which I entertained him were of more use to him than all the ointments and bandages and medicines with which dear old TOBY O'GRADY used to treat his wound. On his side the MEEBHOY, too, was confidential. Many an hour have I spent with him listening to his stories of court plot and palace intrigue in Balmuggur, dark episodes of passion and crime and sudden death.



"I perceived the Ranees Chamberlain."

One morning I was sitting as usual by the MEEBHOY'S bedside. I had just related to him my adventure with the Lord Mayor of Dublin, whom, as readers of contemporary journals will remember, I had been compelled to chastise for the unpardonable affront of calling me by my Christian name at a public meeting, by kicking him bodily from end to end of the Rotunda, breaking three chandeliers as he spun through the air, and imprinting the shape of his back on the opposite wall, where it may still be observed by the curious. This adventure, and the story of my subsequent escape from the dungeons of the Dublin Mansion House, have rarely failed to extort applause from those to whom I have narrated them. But on this occasion the MEEBHOY was silent and *distract*. He lay for some time drumming in an absent-minded way with his fingers on the front aluminium door of his wound (the famous operation had by this time been successfully performed), and made no comment whatever on the tale I had related to him. Then suddenly he turned, looked me full in the face, and addressed me. "Harkye, Sirrah," he observed, "your story has interested me strangely; but there is that in my mind which demands an exit. Methinks that they who hold governance here mistake me strangely. Because I am all but corpsed, they think they can neglect this JOHNNY. The Ranees has but once sent a stable-helper to inquire after me. Grammercy, but such treatment is scurvy, and I mean to show the old witch that HADJU THAR knows what's what, and, by Jingo, he's going to have it all the time. That's so." I have forgotten, I think, to mention that my friend had learnt his English in Seringapatam from such examples as he could lay his hands on in that remote island, and the result was a certain patchiness of style, which did not, however, by any means, interfere with the vigour and fluency of his diction.

"Do you suppose," I said, "that this slight is intentional? Really, I cannot believe that the Ranees would willingly neglect so gallant and devoted a servant."

"That shows me you little know the Queen of the Diamond City. Why, blow me tight, she's as artful as a cartload of monkeys, and in profundity of design and daring of execution, she'd give a man-eating tiger two stone and a handsome beating over any course you care to name. But I am resolved to be avenged. Never shall it be said that the descendant of a thousand kings had the comether put on him by a cinder-faced old omadhaun like that. See here now," he continued, drawing me closer to him, while he glanced furtively round and sank his voice to a whisper, "it's yourself I'm talking to. Hast heard of the Pink Hippopotamus?"

"What!" I replied; "the sacred animal of the Seringapatamese, the dweller in the inaccessible mountain fastness of Jam Tirnova, the deathless guardian of the royal race of this island?"

"The same," he answered calmly; "no mortal foot, save those of his priests, has ever yet approached him. The perils are manifold, the attempt is well nigh desperate, but you're not the game chicken I take you for if you don't accomplish his capture and discomfit the haughty Ranees. Crikey, but I'd like to hear the old gal squeal when they tell her her bloomin' hippo's got took. Blime if I wouldn't."

"But how shall I set about it, what steps ought I to take?"

"Is it steps you mane? What in thunder is the man wanting? Here, boy, take these papers. I have set down in them clearly how the matter may best be undertaken. Peruse them and learn them

well. If you have resource, courage and prudence, within a week the prize shall be yours, and the insult offered to me shall be expiated."

With that he pressed a bundle of papers into my hand, and bade me leave him.

As I left the tent I heard a scuffling of feet. I darted in the direction in which I thought they had gone, and there sure enough, running as if he wanted to break a hundred yards record, I perceived the Ranee's Chamberlain. I set off after him, nothing loth to give an example of my speed. Besides, if the old fellow had overheard us our doom was sealed; it was necessary to capture and silence him. In ten strides I was close up to him. In another moment I was near enough to seize him. I stretched out my hand to do so, when suddenly he gave two short yells, turned round in a swift pirouette, and, before I had realised what had happened, landed me a tremendous kick full on the chest. The force of the blow was terrible, and only my iron bones could have withstood it. Seeing that I still advanced he made at me again. This time, however, I was too quick for him. I seized him by his uplifted ankle, and, regardless of his appeal for mercy, whirled him three times round my head and flung him from me. His shoe remained in my hand, but beyond that no trace of the miserable Chamberlain has ever been discovered. He simply vanished from human knowledge as completely as though his body had been resolved into its elements. It is true that Professor SPOOKS of the University of Caffraria declared that a new meteor had on that very day appeared in South Africa travelling eastwards. His discovery was scoffed at by the scientific, but for my own part I have sometimes thought that, with a telescope of sufficient power, the learned Professor might have been able to establish an identity between his supposed comet and the lost Chamberlain of the Ranee.

Having thus dispatched my foe, I returned to my own quarters to study the papers of the MEEBHOY.

As I entered my room a terrible sight met my eyes.

(To be continued.)

The Great Trott-ing Match.

[ALBERT TROTT, in the latest representative cricket match between Mr. STODDART'S Eleven and All Australia, scored two "not out" innings of 38 and 72, and took eight wickets for 43 runs.]

GIFFEN'S boys were this time, we may say without
banter,
Eleven too many for stout "STODDART'S Lot";
We oft read of matches as "won in a canter,"
But this one was won, it would seem, by A.
TROTT.



AN APPLIED PROVERB.

Cabby. "'ERE, I SAY! ONLY A BOB? WOT'S THIS?"

Footman. "WHY, YOU 'AVEN'T DROVE THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE SQUARE!"

Cabby. "THAT MAY BE. BUT IF 'A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE,' SHE'S EQUAL TO THREE MILES, AND OUGHT TO PAY MORE THAN DOUBLE FARE!"

LETTER TO A DÉBUTANTE.

DEAREST GLADYS,—I have been compiling a sort of dictionary for you, with a view to your second season. I send you a few selections from it—with notes of advice.

Art. A subject of discussion; mild at tea-time, often heated after dinner.
[*Note.*—Do not take sides. Mention that WHISTLER has a picture in the Luxembourg, or say—with a smile or not, as the occasion may suggest—that Sir FREDERIC is the President of the Academy.]

Altruism. Boring some people about other people.
[*Note.*—Never encourage VIEWS. They take up too much valuable time.]

Beauty. An expensive luxury.

Boy. If "dear," any effective man under forty. If "horrid," about twelve, and to be propitiated with nuts, knives and ships.
[*Note.*—Do not offend him.]

Blasphemy. Any discussion on religion.
[*Note.*—Look shocked, but not bored.]

Coquetry. A manner sometimes assumed by elderly ladies and very young gentlemen.

Cynicism. Truthfulness.

Duty. Referred to by relations who wish to be disagreeable.
[*Note.*—Change the subject.]

Divorce. The occasional result of friendship.
[*Note.*—But you must not know anything about it. Read only the leading articles.]

Eccentricity. Talent.

Etiquette. Provincialism.

Flirtation. Once a favourite amusement, now dying out; but still surviving at Clapham tennis-parties and Kensington subscription balls.

Foreigners. Often decorative; generally dangerous.

Friendship. The mutual dislike of people on intimate terms. Or, a euphuism for love.

Failure. An entertainment to which one has not been invited.

Goodness. The conduct of one's mother.

Hygiene. Never bothering about one's health.

Idiocy. The opinions of those who differ from one.

Justice. Enthusiastic praise of oneself.

Kleptomania. Stealing things one doesn't want.

Love. A subject not without interest.

Moonlight. Depends on the other person.

Marriage. The avowed and justifiable object in life of young girls. The avowed and justifiable terror of bachelors.

Nature. It has gone out of fashion, except in novels you must not say you have read.

Obviousness. To be guarded against.

Philosophy. An innocent amusement.

Palmistry. Only if he is really very nice.

Quarrel. A proof of love, or of detestation.

Quixotism. Defending the absent-minded.

Romance. Friendship in London.
[*Note.*—Do not be so absurdly credulous as to believe there is no such thing as Platonic affection. It is extremely prevalent; in fact, there is hardly anything else.]

Sincerity. Rudeness.

Toleration. Culture.

[*Note.*—You may as well begin to be tolerant at once, and save trouble. It is sure to come in time.]

Ugliness. Rather fashionable.

Untidiness. The picturesque way in which the other girl does her hair.

Vanity. Self-knowledge.

Wilfulness. A desire to give pleasure to others.

Youth. Appreciated in middle-age.

Zoological Gardens. Of course not. Nobody goes there now. Besides, you never know whom you may meet.

There, GLADYS, dear! Write soon, and let me know when you are coming back to London. Sleeves are larger than ever, and chinchilla—— But I daresay you have heard.

Ever your affectionate friend,
MARJORIE.

"MY OLD DUTCH!"—See Exhibition of Old Masters' Works, Burlington House.

A RENCONTRE.

(For investigation by the Psychological Society.)

The way was long, the train was slow,
As local trains are wont to go,
A feeble ray of glimmering light
Strove vainly with the darkling night,
And scarce enabled me to see
The features of my *vis-à-vis*.
Pale was his brow: no paler grow
The snowdrops lurking in the snow;
Hollow his cheeks, and sunk his eyes
That gazed on me in mournful wise.
So strange a man I ne'er had seen,
So wan a look, so weird a mien,
And, as I eyed him, I confess
A feeling of uncanniness
Crept slowly over me and stole
Into the marrow of my soul.
Awhile we sped, nor spake a word;
Nought but the droning wheels was heard;
But as we journeyed on together,
By tentative degrees we fell
From observations on the weather
To talk of other things as well.
"I had a few hours off," said he;
"So I just ran across to see
The last inventions——I refer
To Kensington Museum, Sir.
You know it? What a grand display!
A splendid exhibition, eh?
I never saw so fine a show
Of coffins anywhere, you know!
And there is one that's simply sweet,
With handles, knobs, and plate complete!"
"A coffin!"—Cold a shudder ran
A down me as I eyed the man.
"Aye, to be sure. What else?" he said.
"The one that's just been patented.
Why, my good Sir, I will engage
It is the marvel of the age;
For, mark you, they no longer use
Your clumsy, antiquated screws,
But just a simple catch and pin
That may be managed *from within!*"
He ceased, for we had reached a station
That chanced to be his destination.

"My home!" he murmured, with a sigh.
"Home—home! Sweet home!—Good-night!—
Good-bye!"
"Good-night!" I answered; and my heart
Leaped when I saw his form depart.
But as we slowly glided past
The spot where I had seen him last,
Upon the station lamps, methought,
The letters of a name I caught.
I looked again.—My hair uprose,
The very soul within me froze,
For lo! upon the lamps was seen
The curdling legend—KENSAL GREEN!



AT LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

Jones. "Do you use Gas?"
Village Operator. "YES, SIR. BUT I MUCH PREFER
DAYLIGHT!"

SUGGESTIONS TO THE NIAGARA REAL ICE SKATING HALL MANAGER.—The floor is perfect for skating, but, as there are many who do not skate, why not have a "sliding roof"? and visitors to the latter not to be charged full price, but admitted on a sliding scale. Nice to see Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, who, as conductor of the band, cuts a very pretty figure. Dangerous, though, to the real ice, to have "Sol" so close to it; that is, if there could be "melting moments."

THE LAUREATE SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting of the Amalgamated British Society for the Supply of Laureates to the public was held yesterday. There was a numerous attendance of authors and reviewers with a sprinkling of publishers. Mr. GRANT ALLEN was moved to the chair. The Chairman in presenting the report of the Directors regretted that he was unable to congratulate the Society on having accomplished the primary object of its existence, the filling up of the vacant laureateship. He himself, he said, had done his best. He had discovered a new sun in the firmament of poetry at least once a month, and had never hesitated to publish the name of his selection in one of the reviews. He was still willing to take seven to four about Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON and Mr. FRANCIS THOMPSON, Mr. WILLIAM WATSON barred. The balance-sheet of the Society did not show a very flourishing state of affairs. As assets they could enter fifteen sonnets, twelve irregularly rhymed odes (one by Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE), twenty-four volumes of a strictly limited edition issued from the Bodley Head, four tons of the Yellow Book, and an unpublished selection of manuscript poems written by a victim to *delirium tremens* whose name he was not at liberty to mention. On the other side, however, they had to face the fact that their expenses had been heavy. It was becoming more and more costly and difficult to feed the public on geniuses, and he was inclined to advise the discontinuance of this branch of the Society's operations.

At this point some commotion was caused by Mr. LE GALLIENNE and Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH, who rose

simultaneously to protest against the Chairman's remarks. Mr. LE GALLIENNE was so far carried away by his agitation as to hurl a pamphlet at Mr. GRANT ALLEN'S head. In the uproar which ensued, Mr. LE GALLIENNE could be heard ejaculating "beautiful phrases," "richly-coloured musical sentences," "ideal and transcendental," "nothing finer since LAMB," "all for eighteenpence," and "a genius who sleeps below the wood-pigeons." The pamphlet thus discharged proved to be by a Mr. JOHN EGLINTON, and Mr. LE GALLIENNE was removed in the custody of a police-inspector, who was described by Mr. WAUGH as a Philistine.

When calm had been restored, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN asked where he came in. He had never allowed a birth, a wedding, or a death in the upper circles of Royalty to pass unsung; and though he had been a constant subscriber to the Society it didn't seem to have done him any good. Besides, he had discovered Ireland last year. Mr. LEWIS MORRIS and Mr. ERIC MACKAY made similar complaints. The latter offered to write patriotic poems with plenty of rhymes in them against any other living man. Would the meeting allow him to recite——?

At this point the Chairman interposed, and said that the Directors had decided against recitations—a statement which provoked loud murmurs of dissatisfaction. Eventually, Mr. LE GALLIENNE (who had returned, disguised in proof-sheets), proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. GRANT ALLEN, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. FRANCIS THOMPSON, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. JOHN LANE, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. LE GALLIENNE. All these having been unanimously passed, the meeting broke up.

QUEER QUERIES.—WAR OF WORDS.—*À propos* of Mr. PLOWDEN'S decision in the "Flannelette case," can that worthy magistrate have foreseen some of its effects? For instance, wanting to buy a sideboard, I went to a furniture-dealer's, and saw one, apparently made of the best mahogany, which took my fancy greatly. I casually asked of what wood it was composed and was astonished to have the answer given me, "Mahoganette," by the shop-walker. So I walked out of the shop. When I *want* painted deal I can inquire for that article. Again, I have noticed during the last few days a great falling-off in my butter (though not in its price). On my remonstrating, the seller frankly admitted that the article was "butterette," not butter. "What does 'ette' mean?" I asked him. He said it meant "little," adding, with a wink, that I should find "precious little butter, too." And this was the case. What *are* we coming to?—INDIGNANT.

OYSTER BARS.—The prohibitive price of natives and the typhoid scare.



ANIMAL SPIRITS.

No. I—FOOTBALL. "THE ZAMBESI SCORCHERS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The anonymous author of "*Spot*," an *Autobiography* (HOULSTON AND SONS, Paternoster Square), whoever he may be, has a remarkable insight into dog-nature, so far, that is, as one who is not a dog, but a mere lover of dogs, can judge. *Spot* tells his own story in a straightforward, honest, doggy style, which must commend him at once to the hearts of his readers. His reflections, from the canine point of view, are admirably just. He never cared for flowers. "How vapid," he says, "is the scent of a rose, for instance, compared with that of an old seasoned bone." The force of the remark must be appreciated by anyone who has watched a dog exhuming with furtive labour a bone he had buried a week before. A firm foe to cats, he yet makes an exception in favour of his house-cat, as all civilised cat-destroying dogs do. The bull-dog's greeting to him is, in itself, a

revelation of character. "Cheer up, youngster! Any good smells hereabouts?" says that redoubtable animal; whereupon they saunter together round by the back of the house, "passing few smells of any importance until we arrived at the ashpit." But I cannot here quote at greater length from his wise remarks. I can honestly advise all lovers of dogs (boys especially) to read this wholesome, pleasant, clever little book.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT.—France has "come to the Faure." That's good to begin with, From a Republican to a "Bourgeois" Ministry is not much of a step, but still it is a step, Faurewards, or rather upwards, as a conscientious, self-respecting Bourgeois can never be an anarchist. LOUIS PHILIPPE was a "bourgeois king," and, after him, France "went Nap" and returned to Imperialism. But where's the Imperialist ruler now? Is the latest betting Faure to one on the Republic?

BLACK MAGIC.

We'd done the latest picture-shows,
Had honoured some with our approval,
Expressed a cultured scorn for those
That merited a prompt removal.
And then, to pass the time away,
Disliking melodramas tragic,
We chanced to go—oh, hapless day!—
To see some "feats of modern magic."

I don't deny the tricks were good,
Nor could you easily see through them,
And few of those who "understood
Exactly how they're done," could do
them.

But when the wizard said he'd try
To pass a watch to any distance,
And find it in the audience—why
Did I afford him my assistance?

I thought to spoil the trick he'd planned,
Nor did I even feel embittered
When made before the crowd to stand,
Although my fair companions tittered,
But then the scoundrel in their view
Remarked, "Is this your usual habit?"
And from my pocket calmly drew
The watch—*suspended from a rabbit!*

The foolish people laughed and cheered,
And as I fled in hasty fashion,
My cousins even gaily jeered
Instead of showing me compassion!
I'd grant them almost any boon,
But though they ask it, never that form
Will grace, as on this afternoon,
A vulgar necromancer's platform!

RUMOUR.—As ruler of the domain where stands our great theatre and our opera house, Sir DRUIOLANUS, it is reported, is to receive the special distinction of K.C.G., which, in his case, is the Knight of Covent Garden. *Bene meruit.*

VIEWING A HARE.

(And the Prospect of a Good Run.)

The Dramatic Arthurs Society is having a nice time of it just now with ARTHUR PINERO, ARTHUR JONES, ARTHUR LAW, ARTHUR ROBERTS, *King Arthur*, at the Lyceum, and ARTHUR À BECKET at the Garrick Theatre, where *Faded Flowers*, revived, are once again blooming. It is a pretty piece, well played by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER—*encore un Arthur*—and Mrs. BOURCHIER, known to the public as Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH. A little TERRY boy, aged nine, is in it, and Mr. BUIST does his very Buist, or best. The occasion of the revival was the resuscitation of *A Pair of Spectacles*, in which Mr. JOHN HARE is better than ever; and, indeed, he has made it one of his very best eccentric comedy parts. Again Mr. GROVES delights us with his hardwareish impersonation of "the man from Sheffield," a very happy thought on the part of the author-adaptor, Mr. GRUNDY.

The occasion of the revival, too, was also noteworthy as being the *début* of another of the TERRY family, the *ingénue* of the comedy being played by Miss MABEL TERRY LEWIS, who certainly inherits no small share of the TERRY Talent. Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, too, is excellent in a marvellously made-up small character part; and BERTIE HARE—the heir of HARE—is very good as the youngster. Mr. HARE has fitted on this "pair of spectacles" just in time; not to have done so would have been shortsighted policy; and through them no doubt he sees his way to a long and highly satisfactory run. These two revivals Mr. HARE may consider not as "a pair of specs," but as "a couple of certainties."

PETER PROSIT.

WHY IS THE MODERN FICTIONIST LIKE A DOG-FANCIER?—Because he is so fond of short tails.

Transcriber's Note

Page 46: *Friendship*. The mutual dislike of people on intimate terms.
Or, a euphuism for love.

The letter writer ('Marjorie') would appear to have confused 'euphuism' and 'euphemism', perhaps tongue-in-cheek deliberately on the part of the contributor?

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL.
108, JANUARY 26, 1895 ***

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