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December 22, 1894, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 107.

December 22, 1894



HONOURS DIVIDED.

Mr. Goodchild. "YES, I DO FEEL IN GOOD SPIRITS THIS EVENING. MY BOY HAS PASSED HIS EXAMINATION!"

The Earl. "WELL, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING IN THAT. SO HAS MINE."

Mr. Goodchild. "ER—INDIAN CIVIL?"

The Earl. "NO—BANKRUPTCY!"

THE SNUBBED PROFESSIONAL'S VADE MECUM.

Question. You consider yourself neglected because, I presume, the public do not appreciate you at your proper value?

Answer. That is, indeed, the case, and for further particulars I refer you to a recent correspondence in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Q. Is it not necessary that you should acquire an immense amount of knowledge to undertake the duties of your profession worthily?

A. Certainly; and we welcome any kind of safeguard that will protect the public against fraud and imposture.

Q. Then you consider your profession very seriously?

A. Undoubtedly. It is the most important profession in the world; not a man, woman, or child exists who has not derived some benefit from its exercise.

Q. If I am not mistaken, you ought to be educated at Oxford or Cambridge to do full justice to your opportunities?

A. Certainly; upon the foundation of a school training at either Eton, Westminster, Rugby, or Harrow.

Q. Ought you not to take up human and comparative anatomy?

A. As a matter of course, combined with physiology and chemistry.

Q. But does every professor of your art follow this routine of work?

A. Those who are of the greater worth. There are outsiders who assume our noble name and yet know nothing of our special subject.

Q. Besides the studies you have mentioned, are there any others necessary to the formation of a

man of your special attainments?

A. Well, it would be well for an operator to understand metallurgy and mechanics.

Q. And have you to cultivate the graces of the person?

A. Certainly; you must be of a pleasing and courteous presence. You must be fitted by nature and art to obtain the confidence of those who pay you a professional visit. You must be tender and true. You must be able to converse on every subject under the sun, and distract the attention of a sufferer from his pains by causing him to listen to your anecdotes.

Q. It seems, then, you must be an admirable Crichton?

A. Well, yes, in a small way.

Q. Then what are you called? May I put down an archbishop, or a Lord Chief Justice, or a Prime Minister?

A. No, neither. I do not aspire to be a person of so much importance.

Q. Then what are you?

A. Why, merely a dentist!

At the Fancy Ball.

"Do look at that huge woman dancing with Uncle BOB. What is she? A Quakeress?"

"H'm! rather an Earth-quakeress, I should fancy!"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

En Route to the Mediterranean.—I am alone, until a Frenchman and his young wife come in and glare at me, presumably because I am already there. The ordinary honeymoon couple anywhere are supercilious enough, and a French honeymoon couple perhaps more so. If you gaze absently at the back of Madame's hat, when you are looking at the mountains beyond Madame's head, Monsieur glares at you with the concentrated fury of an angry menagerie. But a French couple, travelling in Italy, which loves the Triple Alliance, develop an air of superciliousness quite unapproached; and when their solitude is invaded by an Englishman, a native of the country which occupies Egypt, thousand thunders, it is too strong!

So these two whisper together, and look out of one window, while I look out of the other, at Viareggio, and the distant Carrara quarries and other sights. All interesting and beautiful, no doubt, but not to be compared to what I shall see beyond Spezia. Think of the blue sea, the glorious hills, the olive woods, the Italian fishing villages, the orange groves, the gardens and the flowers. Rather better than that English coast which Londoners know so well, the seashore at Brighton, probably the ugliest in the world, with the most unpicturesque town stretching along it. Of course, I shall not see everything from the train, but I shall at least have the recollection of an earthly paradise, to torment me ever after when travelling in the infernal regions of the Underground Railway. November in Genoa; November in Gower Street! Halloo, this is Spezia!

Now then, look out. Oh, here's a tunnel first. Wait patiently till we are through the tunnel. By dim light of carriage-lamp perceive the French people glaring at me. This *is* a long tunnel. But then at the end I shall see—Here is the end. Down with the window. There's the Mediter—Halloo! Another tunnel. Up with the window. At last this one is coming to an end. Down with the window again. Look out. There's the Medi—Halloo, another one! Up with the window again. French people still glare, but, it seems to me, more mildly. A fellow-feeling of suffocation, no doubt.

Well, this *is* long. At last we're out. Down with the window once more. There's the Med—What? Another one. Up with the window once more. This *is* a long one. Begin to cough. Frenchman also coughs. A bond of sympathy. We cough together. Well, at last we are out of these awful tunnels. Down with the window. There's the Medit—Up with the window. Another one! These gymnastics with the windows are most fatiguing. Choke again. Frenchman also chokes. "*Ces tunnels!*" he gasps at last, "*on étouffe*—" Just then the train bursts into daylight, and his head, as before, goes out of his window, like mine out of my window. There's the Me—. Another! "*Sapristi!*" By Jove! More choking. "*Ces chemins de fers italiens*—" begins the Frenchman. Then another burst of daylight and his head and mine go out. There's the Medit—" *Matin!*" Great Scott! Agree with Frenchman. "*C'est assommant,*" says he, "*quel pays*—" Then another gap and heads out as before. There's the Mediterra—" *Mille tonnerres!*" I'm hanged! Frenchman and I abuse the line, the tunnels, the bad light and the worse air. Another interval.

There's the M—" *Sacré nom de nom!*" Confound! Frenchman becomes quite friendly. Even Madame says a word or two. Begin now to disregard half seconds of daylight, and treat it as all tunnel over two hours' long.

At last arrive at Genoa, our faces streaked with soot, our lungs full of smoke, our collars nearly black, and all the superciliousness shaken out of us. Frenchman almost affectionate when we part. As for the Mediterranean, I should have seen nearly as much of it at Moorgate Street.

A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.

ON SOME CHRISTMAS DIARIES.—No backsliding in engagements if you possess one of WALKER's capital *backlooped* pocket-diaries, they are strongly bound to assist you. His Society Christmas Cards are, as they should be, first class. In fact, "WALKER" is not "HOOKEY," but "O. K."

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THE INFANT PHENOMENON.



THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

LITTLE JAP LECTURING ON THE ART OF WAR TO THE EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVES.

When the song said Jap AH SID was just nothing but a kid
Of what ALCOCK dubbed "a race grotesque and savage,"
The Wise West had not a notion of the kick-up and commotion,
The naval noise and military ravage,
That same "little kid" would raise; of the pæans of loud praise
The Wise Boy of the East would hear around him.
A pupil of the West he was held, but, upon test,
A teacher, in his way, the West has found him.
Phenomenal young Jappy, Occidental Powers seem happy
To gather round and watch the object lesson
In the wicked Art of War, seeing proof you've carried far
In matters which before we might but guess on.
If a kid, he's not a fool! With his ferula and stool,
His blackboard and his lump of chalk, he's showing
How to work an ironclad! It's amazing that a lad
With a lemon-face should be so wondrous knowing!
He'll teach you to work as *he* does in the matter of torpedoes,
And how to blow a rival fleet to blazes.
In naval matters practical, strategical and tactical,
The nipper shows a *nous* that almost dazes.
Though his names and terms sound funny, it is more than even money,
That he hides a lot of wisdom in his lingo.
And what matter baggy breeches, and a speech all "his" and "ichis,"
If this "Boy" can give the Chinese Giant stingo?
His phiz looks flat and pasty, and his head-gear's hardly tasty,
And his eyes are like black-beetles set a-swivel.
But though plain or currant-bunny, and the colour of fresh honey,
He's as full as HADËSU of dash and "divil."
See, those eyes are all a-twinkle! Like the sudu-mushi's tinkle
Fall his accents very suave, but full of gumption;
And you'll hardly now find any to retort, "Oh, teach your granny!"
Or to twit the "little kid" with youth's presumption.
For the stalwart Teuton listens, and the Great Bear's optic glistens,
And the "Melican" "lays low and don't say nuffin',"
Save to whisper to JOHN BULL, "He's no mug, by a jug-*full*,
Who out of the Chinee has knocked the stuffin'!
Infant phenomenon? Wal, I rayther guess he's gone
And chalked it out a caution. He's a spry 'un!"



AN EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

"—AND OH, MABEL, A *WRETCH* MISTOOK MY SKIRT FOR THE 'BUS APRON, THE OTHER DAY, AND DIDN'T FIND OUT HIS MISTAKE FOR EVER SO LONG. OF COURSE HE WAS *AWFULLY* NICE ABOUT IT; SO I HAD TO SAY, IT DIDN'T MATTER. BUT WASN'T IT DREADFUL!"

GENEROSITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

(*The Question of the Day.*)

Daisy. I want to buy a Christmas present for JACK. Do you see anything you think he would like?

Violet. Here's a morocco case with seven razors, one for each day of the week.

Daisy. Lovely! But JACK's got whiskers and a beard.

Violet. So he has! Then why not this exquisite silver cigar-ash tray?

Daisy. Yes, that would be *just* the thing; only, unfortunately, JACK never smokes, and always walks out of the room if anybody else does.

Violet. Oh! That's awkward. This drinking-horn—what do you think of *it*?

Daisy (gloomily). I'm afraid JACK's a Blue Ribbonite.

Violet (after a pause). He needn't use it for drinking from. It would do for a flower-vase, if it had a stand. Anyhow, let's make haste and choose *something*.

Daisy. I would give him this lovely ink-bottle, only he uses a type-writer. Ah, I have it—a purse!

Violet. The question is whether JACK has it, not you.

Daisy (enthusiastically). Yes, a purse it shall be. JACK never has any money—but *that* is only a detail. Showy, isn't it?

Violet. Awfully pretty! Made in Germany, too, it says; *that* makes it so much more romantic.

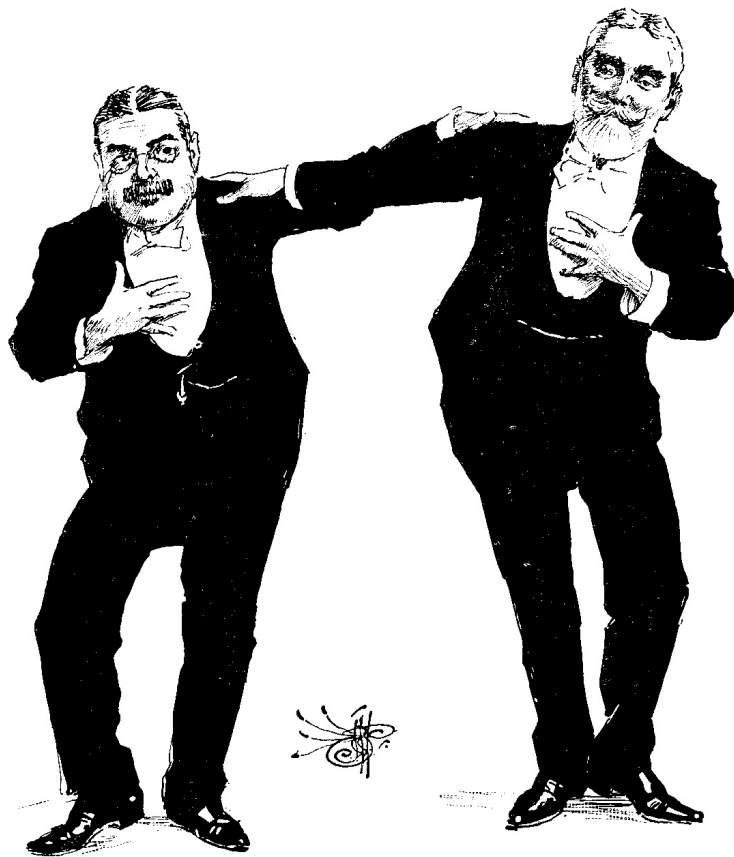
Daisy (groaning). Come away! JACK's a *morbid* patriot. Won't *look* at a thing not made in England. I must choose some other day. And we shall be horribly late for lunch. Really, present-choosing isn't as easy as one thinks!

Violet. Not for JACK, at any rate!

[*Exeunt hurriedly, and empty-handed.*]

"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."—My Gas Company's bill.

A "B. AND S." AT THE SAVOY.



Sir Arthur. "Then *Box*—"
 Sir Author. "And *Cox*—"
 Both. "Are satisfied!"

[Curtain.]



"Up in the morning early."

A great deal is expected from the collaboration of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and Mr. F. C. BURNAND, more especially when the work is staged at the Savoy, and is brought out under the direction of Mr. D'OYLY CARTE. The brilliant audience that gathered on Wednesday night for the first performance of *The Chieftain* evidently came full of expectation, and as evidently went away filled with satisfaction. Twenty-seven years ago, when they were boys together, B. and S. (that sounds friendly and refreshing) brought out an early version of the opera which they called *The Contrabandista*. After the rehearsal of the new piece had gone forward for some weeks, ARTHUR SULLIVAN stumbled over this rather difficult word and sprained his ankle. Whereupon F. C. B., with characteristic promptitude and originality, changed the name to *The Chieftain*. That is the call-boy's narrative of events. However it be, since the opera has been entirely re-written, enlarged and beautified, it was natural to bestow upon it a new title. On the first night *The Chieftain* stormed the passes to public favour, and appears likely to occupy them for some time. Nothing brighter in colour, fuller of life, more musical, more mirthful, has been seen at the Savoy since its palmiest days. Sir ARTHUR and Sir Author are perfectly mated, F. C. B. brimming over with genuine humour, and A. S. pre-eminently displaying his rare gift of expressing humour in

musical notes. The cast is a very strong one, which is fortunate, seeing the appetite of the audience is insatiable, and only exceptional strength could meet the demand for encores. Where all excel it is difficult to particularise merit. But Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN and Mr. COURTICE POUNDS in the French duet, Mr. PASSMORE from first to last (especially in his Bolero dance, one of the funniest things for a long time seen on the operatic stage), Miss EMMIE OWEN in her graceful movements, and the sextet with its merry music and its laughing dance, are things to see and hear.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS CRAMMED.

The Oxford Board of Studies will conduct an examination in 1896 for the new Final School of English Language and Literature. The following preliminary paper is to be set:—

Time allowed—18 months.

[Questions are to be answered either in Gothic or Icelandic, according to the taste and fancy of the candidate. The dates of the *vivâ voce* "Chatter about SHELLEY," and "Scandal about Queen ELIZABETH," will be announced shortly. Evening dress optional. Smoking and Bohemian Concert to follow. See Handbills.]

1. Write out the English Alphabet as inaccurately as possible; and distinguish between great A and the track of a duck.
2. Translate the following unheard-of passage from BEOWULF:—

Tuinchael lytl ...
 Haui onedr hwatuar
 Uppabuvye wereld sohi
 Lika ... ynneye ...

Supply the *lacunæ* in the text. Candidates may send in as many solutions as they please, provided each is accompanied with a shilling Postal Order. The total amount subscribed will be pooled among the winners, less ten per cent. for our commission.

3. Discuss the following:—

- (α) When is a door not a negress?
- (β) What is the difference between hearing recitation and being bored?
- (γ) Why is HALL CAINE like a tenpenny nail?

Any replies to the above will be most thankfully received, and paid for at our usual rates.

- 4.

"There was a very foolish, fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward, dwelling at Liskeard,
 Who said, I am not in my perfect mind;
 It is just as I feared, in very sooth,
 For, to deal plainly, four larks and a hen,
 Two hooting owls, and one small wren to boot,
 Did each one lodge last night within my beard."

King Lear, Act IV., Sc. 6.

Hence show, by internal evidence, that EDWARD LEAR WROTE BAKESPEARE.

5. State the various questions to the following answer:— "Because there's a 'b' in both."
6. Give the meaning, if any, to the subjoined flowers of speech:—*cheese your patter, perform the negative, a runcible cat, cow-chilo, do a drag, a pale paradox, going tommy-dodd, dead-lurk a crib, the hush of the corn, ferjunt rarm, the mome-raths outgrabe, and filling up the cup.*
7. Trace the origin of the following legends:—(a) The old lady who travelled twice round the Inner Circle Railway against her wish; (b) The conversation between TOOLE and St. Peter about HENRY IRVING; (c) The leading journalist whose nose cost him £8,000 to colour; and mention any other chestnuts you may know of.
8. Compose a leader in the *Times* style on Ballet-girls and their Little Ways; in *D. T.* phraseology on Quaternions; *à la Pink 'Un* on the Delights of Sunday School; and in the best *Guardian* manner in Defence of Prize-fighting.
9. Write down all you don't know about any mortal subject you are most ignorant of, provided it has nothing to do with the English language and literature.

"In spite of all temptation," MARCUS WARD & Co. remain true Englishmen, and have had their dainty Christmas cards, and other delightful novelties, "not printed in Germany." The support of the loyal British shopper should be their *re-Ward*. But C. W. FAULKNER & Co. evidently think that a foreign name is more attractive, and have christened their new table-game "Malletino." It hardly requires a deep knowledge of Italian to discover that it is played with mallets, and is amusing. Their cards and calendars are quite "up to date"—at least the latter will be next year.

EXCEPTION.—Pleasant Christmas Bills: Bills of Fare.

(A Scene from the Drama of To-morrow.)

Edwin. And do you really love me?

Angelina. With all my heart and soul; and yet——

Edwin. Yet what? ANGELINA, why do you look so strangely at me? There is something on your mind, something you have not the courage to tell me.



Angelina. EDWIN, I can hide nothing from you. Even though it should wreck both our lives, you have the right to know the truth.

Edwin. My own darling, what is in your heart?

Angelina. Can you bear to hear it? Don't look at me, or I shall not have the courage to say what must be said. EDWIN, I have never lived a disreputable life.

Edwin (burying his face in his hands). Great Heaven! and I believed in you so utterly. (Then rising, with a desperate effort to control his emotion.) Good-bye.

Angelina (falling on her knees, and clinging to him). Ah, no, you shall not go. Think of it, EDWIN, of the temptations to virtue that surrounded me, of the examples of simple girlhood that poisoned my youth. If I have lived a life of spotless innocence, remember, at least, that I knew no better. What else could I do? Brought up from earliest infancy by a mother of unblemished reputation?

Edwin (with a gesture of horror). Your mother, too? ANGELINA, our marriage is impossible.

Angelina. How hard you men are. Is your sex alone to have the monopoly of innocence? Must there always be one law for women and another for dramatic authors? Oh, it is cruel! cruel! But you will not leave me. Remember, I am still young: it is never too late to err. And is it because I am a woman that I am to be denied the chance of retrieving the innocence of a mis-spent youth by the indiscretions of a riper womanhood? Besides, are there not cases, cases known to us both where a wife has lived down the terrible reproach of a blameless girlhood? Why, even Mr. JONES'S latest

heroine, and there is nothing later than that, could not absolutely prove she had gone wrong, and yet her husband took her back! But you are so proud, so relentless. You have no pity in your heart.

Edwin. Believe me, it is not pride. For myself, I would gladly brave the censure of the world, and if in after years men should say in scorn he married her though there was nothing against her, I should still be happy, knowing I had your love. But my father, that dear old man in his quiet, country vicarage. Think of it? It is too horrible!

Angelina (with bowed head.) You are right, I had forgotten your father.

Edwin. How could I ever look into that sweet, wrinkled face, and meet those reverend eyes, knowing that I was asking him to receive as a daughter one who had never even once strayed from the paths of virtue?

Angelina. I see it all now, good-bye.

Edwin. Good-bye.

Angelina (as he is going). EDWIN, come back.

Edwin. Ah! don't torture me, I can bear no more!

Angelina. But what if I were to tell you that this confession, so humiliating to us both, was but a ruse to test the strength of your devotion.

Edwin. Ah, don't raise a false hope within me, only to plunge me again in the abyss of despair.

Angelina. But this is no false hope.

Edwin (eagerly). What do you mean?

Angelina (burying her head on his shoulder). I mean that I been no better than I should be.

Edwin (embracing her). My own true love, nothing can part us now.

Curtain.

Crackers.

The youthful but indiscriminating would-be smoker will find unending bliss in the joys of *Our Smoking-Room Concert*, his pleasure though commencing with a bang won't end in smoke. Feminine hearts who long for the sunny south will revel in the *Riviera Cosaque*. Both these are warranted to "go off," through the inventive genius of our "crack" G. SPARAGNAPANE.

THE TRUISMS OF LIFE.

(By the Right Hon. the Author of "The Platitudes of Life," M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.)

CHAPTER II.—*De Quibusdam Aliis.*

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness"; so runs the witty aphorism; and modern bacteriologists "explain clearly the reason, *and* show why it is so,"^[1] the italics not being in the original. The use of water is an effectual element in cleanliness. Men have been known to brush their teeth with it. Of soaps there are many; but water is practically one. "Πάντα ῥεῖ," said THALES. And, again, "There is a tide in the affairs of men,"^[2] as Lord BYRON put it, in confirmation of SHAKESPEARE'S previous statement.

Fresh air contributes largely to the health. "*In aëre salus*," said the Romans; though some, for want of knowledge, have rendered this, "There is safety in flight"; and others, for want of the diæresis, have supposed it to mean, "Tip a policeman, and he will carry you over the crossing."

Yes, indeed, how wonderful is the air! Not only confined, as in aërated bread or waters, but in the open. By it we breathe and smell and sail on ships. Also the fields are full of buttercups. And then the weather! How much of true happiness depends on conversation, and how much of this on the weather! Yet "there is really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather."^[3] This true thought has often helped me in a London fog.

Again, the open air suggests games and railways. "Games are admirable."^[4] Did not Lord NELSON rightly say that the battle of Trafalgar was "won in the playing-fields of Eton?" He referred of course to the floods. Railways take us about through the air. RUSKIN speaks of the advantage of increasing the "range of what we see," forgetting for the moment his views about locomotives.

Among other forms of recreation men reckon Art and meals and their wives' relations. I say nothing of the Drama, though the other day I came across the statement that "All the world's a stage."^[5]

Another recreation is letter-writing. Lord CHESTERFIELD wrote letters. But be careful. If you have written a cruel letter, put a stamp on it, lest it come back upon your own head.

I have spoken of a man's wife's relations. This implies marriage. "The wise choice of female friends is ... important."^[6] "Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,"^[7] as a writer lately put it, thinking, perhaps, of the Elizabethan skirt. There are risks in marriage. It is "for better for worse."^[8] This distinction is well brought out in the two following passages—"And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this!"^[9] and "Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state."^[10]

One might throw out some thoughts on the question of selection, but, as a friend aptly and originally expressed himself to me—"Silence is golden"; and I remember to have read that "talking should be an exercise of the brain and not of the tongue."^[11] Substitute "writing" for "talking," and "pen" for "tongue," and I really wonder why I have written all this. Can it be that I regard the reading public as "mostly fools"?^[12]

^[1] Lubbock.

^[2] Don Juan.

^[3] Ruskin.

^[4] Sir James Paget.

^[5] Shakspeare.

^[6] Lubbock.

^[7] Lubbock adapting Shakspeare.

^[8] Marriage service.

[9] Tom Moore.

[10] Peter Pindar.

[11] Lubbock.

[12] Carlyle.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

["Lord ROSEBERY is not a man at all: he is a political Joint-Stock Company, Limited."—*Letter from Mr. Chamberlain in the "Times."*]

Oh, CHAMBERLAIN, with joy I note the labour of the file
In this delightful sample of your literary style.
I seem to see you trying it in half a hundred ways,
Before your taste could settle on the perfect final phrase.
With just a little polish here, a slight erasure there,
You got it into shape at last, and made your copy fair.
Lo, how its graceful suavity all meaner folk rebukes,
In every little word I trace the influence of dukes;
The gallant style, the courtly thrust with controversial sword
Of one—what need to tell his name?—who dearly loves a lord;
Who learnt amid our feudal halls the ancient courtesy
That scorns to stoop to Billingsgate, or ape the bold bargee.
Serene and proud he follows still the good old maxim's plan,
And by his manners proves himself to all the world a Man.

Solution of Prize Conundrum given in our Last Week's Issue.

"How to make life happy by adding fifty-nine to the latter half of it."

The latter half of "*Life*" is "*fe*," isn't it?

Fifty-nine is "LIX," isn't it? Add this to FE, and the result is happy—"FELIX."

[✠ The Conundrumist left the explanation and the country at the same time.—Ed.]

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THE FORCE OF HABIT.

The Vicar's Daughter. "OH, PAPA DEAR, DID YOU HEAR OLD MR. ROGERS
SNORING IN HIS PEW THIS AFTERNOON?"

The Vicar. "NO, MY LOVE. DURING THE SERMON, I SUPPOSE?"

The Vicar's Daughter. "NO! THAT'S THE FUNNY PART OF IT!"

"LYING LOW."

["The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has preserved, with admirable composure, an oracular silence during the controversies of the past few weeks. It is sad to think that the despairing appeals of the Ministerial Press to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to 'remember his swashing blow' may remain unanswered until the opening of the debate on the Address some two months hence."—*The Times.*]

"Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the boy who looks after the sheep?"

Much worried Old Liberal Party loquitur:—

O little Boy Blue!—('tis a sweet name for *you*,
Though Pickwickian, perhaps, in suggestiveness!)—
What are you a-doing? There's mischief a-brewing,
Our flocks appear troubled with restiveness;
Our cattle are straying. You ought to be playing
That horn with your old force and unction.
Of what are you thinking? In long forty-winking
Boy Blue seems forgetting his function!

You're not worth a button! That Forfarshire mutton
The Unionist meadow is munching in;
Our bonny Brigg cow, boy, now can't you see how, boy,
The Tory corn-field she is crunching in?
You are losing your sheep, like poor little Bo-Peep,
And still that old horn lies unblown, boy.
You're letting them roam, and *they* will not "come home"
If you do nought but "let them alone," boy!

Still drowsing! Oh, drat it! Young PRIMROSE is at it
Without half your power of bellows.
And cynics are hinting that, while he is sprinting,
You're lazy—because you feel jealous.
Of course, that's all footle. Still, your rootle-tootle
Is wanted our courage to toughen.
'Twas never your habit, like artful Brer Rabbit,
Of old to "lie low and say nuffin'!"

Your horn, like great ROLAND's, through high lands and low lands,
From Lincoln to Scotland, should blare up.
We need its loud rallies, or *our* Roncesvallés
Will come,—when there *will* be a flare-up!
'Tis surely not rifted? When ROLAND uplifted
His Olifant, everyone heard it
For thirty miles round. So your sheep-horn should sound,
And too long, my Boy Blue, you've deferred it.

Their noses foes may cock, whilst under that haycock
At Malwood at ease you're reclining.
Poor PRIMROSE, our shepherd, is getting will peppered,
The flock for your rally are pining.
You are only Boy Blue, not the shepherd? That's true;
Still, horn-blowing boys have their duty.
Wake up, and wake *now*, Sir, and give us a rouser.
Your best blast, we know, is a beauty!

Our fold's getting thinnish, our flocks fast diminish,
Our milch-cows are sickening or straying.
Up! back up the *pastor*, or there'll be disaster.
The enemy's sheep-horns are braying;
They're "calling the cattle home." Rouse, with a rattle-home!
Asleep? Well, perhaps you're "purtending"
But though one may easily play up *too* weaselly,
Sheep *do* demand watchful tending.



"LYING LOW."

"LITTLE BOY BLUE, COME BLOW UP YOUR HORN

THE SHEEP'S IN THE MEADOW, THE COW'S IN THE CORN.

WHERE IS THE BOY WHO LOOKS AFTER THE SHEEP?

HE'S UNDER THE HAYCOCK, *FAST ASLEEP (?)*"

TO A LADY.

(Born so late in the Year, that she nearly missed having a Birthday altogether.)

Accept, dear girl, the season's compliments
 For Christmas and the twenty-ninth December,
 Your birthday—most auspicious of events—
 Is also Mr. GLADSTONE's, you remember.

Yours *was* a close shave, but I'm bound to say
 That February the twenty-ninth far worse is,
 And worst of all, to come on All Fools' Day,
 Like BISMARCK—or the writer of these verses!

THE REAL SCHOOL-BOARD.—Its Pupils.

[pg 297]



THE GENIAL SEASON.

Hungry-looking Acquaintance (with eye to invitation). "SO GLAD TO SEE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF!"

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE EMPEROR."

(Recommended for translation and use in the German Reichstag.)

For he's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us.
But "hochs" at *all* seasons to bellow
Is sycophant folly and fuss.
With a hip, hip, hip hooray,
For that capital fellow, our Kaiser!
If he'll let our cheers come in spontaneous way
As loyal *we'll* be, and *he* wiser.

"COPY."

Some call the world a vale of tears,
And some a haunt of bliss—
"Copy" the world to me appears,
And all that therein is.

I loved, I hated, and desired,
Despaired, like other men—
And "copy" thus I have acquired,
Which still informs my pen.

Now, all the scenes whereon I look,
All human joy and woe,
Spontaneously as a book
Into fresh "copy" flow.

There is no pang too terrible,
No rapture too sublime,
To furnish forth an article
Or to suggest a rhyme.

I'd like a little while to break
My fetters lucrative,
To love again for Love's own sake,
For Life's own sake, to live.

To look upon the stars again
With no ulterior view.
Oh, aspiration wild and vain!
But—it is "copy," too!

"ONE MAN ONE JOB."

A Christmassy Story for the Members of the L. C. C.

Mr. BLANK THREESTARS was an eminent member of the London County Council, and had distinguished himself as a supporter of the cry, "One Man One Job." In his opinion a workman should stick to his work, and try no other. If he were a bricklayer, he should lay bricks; if he were a painter, he should daub doors with colour.

"We don't want one man interfering with another man's business," said Mr. BLANK THREESTARS. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last."

And this declaration of policy made him extremely popular in his own set. He was considered a sound reformer. "Sound" in more senses than one, as he happened to be particularly partial to the tones of his own voice.

One day about Christmas time, when the holly and mistletoe were much in evidence, Mr. BLANK THREESTARS happened to be reading the reports of his own speeches at Spring Gardens, and unconsciously closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he found a gentleman in a black costume, who invited him to give his opinion on things in general and the London County Council in particular. Rather pleased to be asked to air his eloquence, Mr. BLANK THREESTARS readily complied with the obliging request. He talked long and well, and the gentleman in black seemed never weary of listening to him. When he paused for a moment his attentive visitor put a question to him which "set him off" again. And this was repeated quite a score of times. At length, however, the orator became exhausted.

"Why do you cease speaking?" asked the gentleman in black rather impatiently.

"Because I am very tired," was the reply; "and now, with your permission, I will go for a turn on my bicycle."

"Not at all. Your job is to speak, and I cannot let you do anything else. So please continue your interesting remarks. What do you think of the report upon the City of London?"

Poor BLANK THREESTARS attempted to give his views on the subject, but broke down. He was extremely exhausted; but the gentleman in black kept him going. He insisted upon being answered this, and answered that, until the eminent Member of the London County Council became almost senseless with fatigue. He closed his eyes once more, and when he reopened them, found that his own servant was standing by his side.

"Going to Spring Gardens, Sir?" asked the faithful adherent. "If you are it is time to be off."

"No," returned Mr. BLANK THREESTARS; "never again. I shall resign. I have had enough talking to last me a lifetime."

From that moment BLANK THREESTARS became a changed character. He goes in for all sorts of hard work—wood-cutting, cricket, football, and golfing—but he never approaches the L. C. C. In fact, he has only mentioned Spring Gardens once since his conversion, and then only to link with its name an expression usually represented by the fourth capital letter of the alphabet. And with this declaration his story must come to an end, as he declines to utter another syllable in explanation.

QUEER QUERIES.

FUTURE OF AFRICA.—Having read in the papers that Mr. JOHNSTON, our Commissioner in Central Africa, advocates the colonising of that country by "the yellow races," I write to ask if it would be of any use for me to apply? As I have now suffered from chronic jaundice for sixteen years, complicated with intermittent attacks of bilious fever, and, as my skin is usually of a bright orange, I think that I should fulfil Mr. JOHNSTON'S requirements down to the ground. Some of my friends urge me not to go because they are sure the swampiness of the country would carry me off; but Africa can hardly be much swamper than Lower Tottenham has been during the past autumn, and, personally, anything that would really "carry me off" from the latter place I should welcome as a blessed change. Perhaps some reader, with more knowledge of Africa than I possess, could inform me whether there would be much danger of my yellow complexion, in case of my having a fit of the blues out there, being converted into *green*? Would Mr. JOHNSTON in that case regard me as a sort of colourable fraud, and ship me back home?

WOULD-BE PIONEER.

[pg 298]

THE PERILS OF A JESTING PREMIER.

When Premiers try to joke
(As they will like other folk)
They should really have a care
That their meaning be quite plain
E'en to Brummagem's slow brain,
Or it really isn't fair.

For you see a Goodman Dull
The jest's flower may not cull,
And he'll send a queer epistle
To the *Times* which shows him crunching
Gentle irony, and munching
Like a donkey at a thistle.

The ironical's a trap
For your solid sort of chap,
Au grand serieux he'll take it,
Your elusive little joke,
And, like terrier or moke,
Dig his teeth in it and shake it.

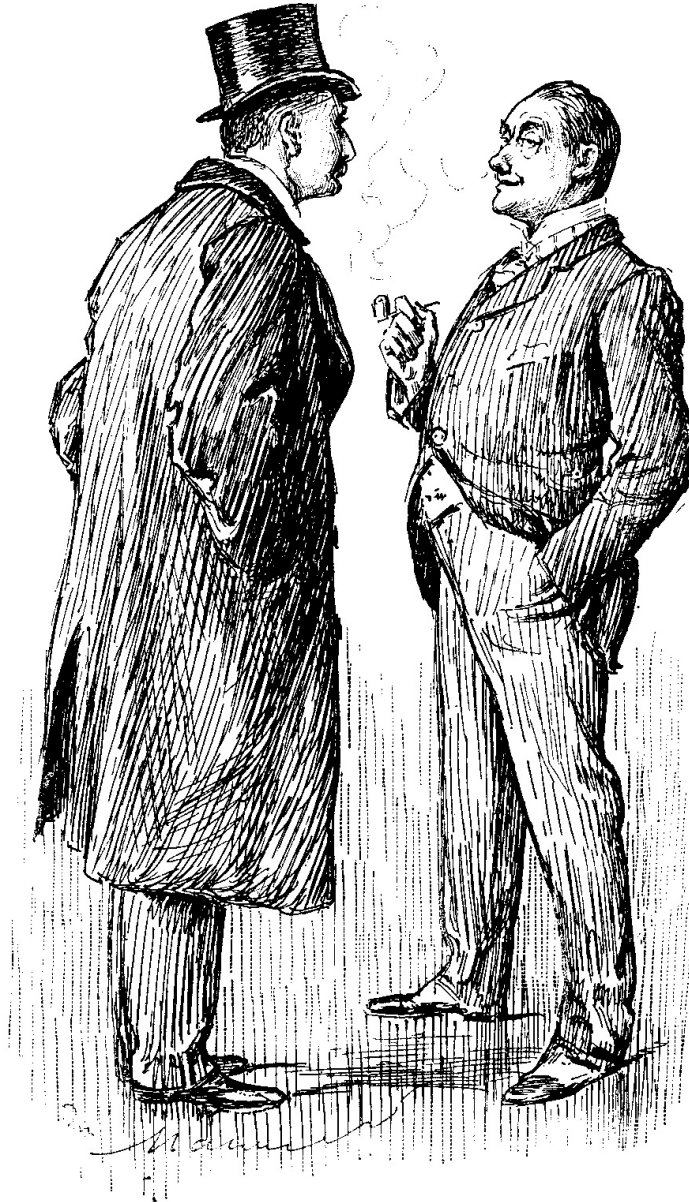
Men will then look on and mock,
And the spectacle's a shock
To our Commonwealth's stability,
For it shows how little wit
Goes to governing us and it.
E'en in "statesmen of ability."

It's so dangerous to be funny!
Men may make hardware, and money,

Aye, and even a career,
Who yet cannot make—or take—
A good joke. They're wide awake,
Save to wit, though in a peer.

Therefore, PRIMROSE, do not jest!
It comes badly, at the best,
From a man at the State's tiller.
The ironical reject
Above all, and recollect
Every JOE is not a MILLER!

SEASONABLE REFLECTION.—To look at *Holly Leaves*—at its glowing red appearance—is "quite a little holly-day!" The inside quite up to the out.



CARTE BLANCHE!

"YOU WON'T MIND MY PUTTING YOU INTO MY NEW NOVEL, O'FLAHERTY?"
"ME DEAR FELLOW, YE'RE WELCOME TO PUT ANYTHING ABOUT ME YE LOIKE
—PROVOIDIN' IT ISN'T THRU!"

CURIOS FOR THE CRICKETERS' EXHIBITION.

Mr. BLOCKER's Bat, which he carried through a whole season without scoring once off it.

A Ball which was "muffed" eleven times in one innings.

"Pair of Spectacles" (unclaimed) found on a cricket-ground.

Fine Sitting of "Duck's-eggs" (exhibitor's name not mentioned), and sample of "Butter" used in

preparing owner's fingers for "a great catch."

"The Catch of the Season." Taken by Instantaneous Photography. (Twenty-seven of these snapshots—all different.)

Model (on enlarged scale) of the "Mountain-molehill" between wickets, after an hour's patting down by a fidgety batsman. (Photograph of this, life-size, may be had on a slide for microscopic study).

Instantaneous Photograph picked up at the Oval. (It is not known whether this represents an epileptic octopus, or the crack fast-bowler, SPINDLEWHIZ, "delivering" a ball.)

Fragments and Splinters. (Supposed to be the gathered remains of wicket, after being "scattered" by one of BUSTER's lightning-expresses.)

Diagrams. (Supposed at one time to be "kodak" of a lightning-flash, but discovered to represent the course of a "misfielded" ball between leaving bowler's hand and returning thereto.)

"The Ball which Bowled Boko." (Descriptions of—Thirteen in number, unique, varied, interesting, but unintelligible, selected from the unfortunate, and resentful, victim on thirteen several occasions when he was "just explaining how he was unlucky enough to be given out first ball in the Big Match.")

Portrait of Umpire. (After reading the above thirteen authentic and unimpeachable, but irreconcilable, explanations.)

BALLADE TO ORDER.



If you're ever in want of a subject for verse—
(Which I venture to say you may very well be)

—
When you're strongly disposed to indulge in a
curse,

Like a golfer enraged at an afternoon tee,
Then take my advice. When you're badly at
sea,

Just ask some fair lady to help you to settle
Your subject. Here's one which was given to
me—

How long would a bat keep alive in a kettle?

How long would it be, ere it felt getting worse,
And seriously thought it must give up the G
(Where G is the ghost), and how soon would a
hearse

Be required for the poor little corpse. Or with
glee

Would the sprightly small animal gaily make
free,

And kick up its heels in the finest of fettle,
Considering it all as a wonderful spree—
How long would a bat keep alive in a kettle?

Now it wouldn't be truthful to say that my purse
Has a superabundance of £, s., or d.,
Yet I don't mind confessing I'd gladly disburse
All I *have* got to know who it was—he or she—
Who fooled the poor bat to so great a degree.
But it's really high time to take hold of the nettle
And end this ballade (you must spell with an e)—
How long would a bat keep alive in a kettle?

L'Envoi.

Fair Lady, I own that I felt up a tree,
At the thought of the subject. But, put on one's mettle,
It *can* be done somehow—your thanks are my fee—
How long would a bat keep alive in a kettle?

FIZZ AND FUSS.

Once more America "takes the cake" for grotesque absurdity. Mr. JAMES PAYN tells us the teetotal folks there are shocked at the idea of christening ships with champagne! Well, perhaps it *is* a

waste of good liquor. "The rosy" in any form must surely be as completely "thrown away" on the hull of an ironclad as titillation on a turtle's back or (as SIDNEY SMITH put it) the dome of St. Paul's. The total abstainer, it seems, "on the occasion of baptising a new liner," sent the President (who was to perform the ceremony) "a bottle of water as a substitute." The Irishman supplied with whiskey to clean windows with drank the liquor and *breathed on the glass!* Perhaps the President may see his way to taking a leaf out of PADDY'S book. Let him drink the fizz (if it is good enough) and "blow the water-drinkers!" Foolish fanatics! They surely forget that for every bottle of "the boy" bestowed on an insensible, unappreciative ship, there is one less left to "gladden the heart of man."

THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

VII.—THE REAL THING.

The poll is over, and the Parish Council for Mudford is at last a *fait accompli*—or almost so. Yet, before I come to relate the story of the polling, there are one or two matters which, as a conscientious historian, I think I should not be justified in omitting.

As I ought to have mentioned before, I did not think it necessary or expedient in my candidature to hold any public meetings. Speaking broadly, I declared to win with Miss PHILL BURTT on *Canvassing*. It was far otherwise with some of my fellow-candidates. BLACK BOB and his mates (HARRY JORKINS and WILLIAM BROWN) got down from town a young glib-spoken fellow, who made a magnificent speech, with a Gladstone peroration, that was supposed to be worth any number of votes. BLACK BOB (I am told), in proposing a vote of thanks to him, somewhat cruelly called him "a cool, honest and straightforward lecturer." One of these briefless barristers, no doubt. Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH held a joint meeting (not to be confounded with a meat tea) in support of women candidates, addressed by six enthusiastic ladies who pointed out the various fields of energy provided for woman by this new Engine of Reform. The vicar, the squire, and I, alone out of the eight, contented ourselves with no perfervid platform appeals.

I should also state that, as the poll grew nearer, my wife became increasingly confident that I should be beaten—"and that, TIMOTHY," she added, "you won't like." I pointed out (and I still think it was a natural thing to do in the circumstances) that the most formidable obstacle in the way of my succeeding was the apparent lack of interest taken in the affair by my family. This made MARIA perfectly furious. I needn't imagine I should bounce her into it that way; truth to tell, I never for one moment did think so. She would go away and stay at our town house with the girls till the whole affair was over—which she did. So, uncheered by wifely counsel or daughterly devotion, I sallied forth on the morning of the 17th to my Committee Rooms, thence to carry on the last stage of this great contest. I plume myself upon the excellence of my arrangements. Everywhere you were bidden (that is you would have been if you had been at Mudford) to "Vote for WINKINS, the Local Candidate." I am free to admit that there was nothing distinctive in this description of myself. We were all local candidates, since we all lived in the village itself. But this appeal to "local" feeling is always an excellent card to play. I know in my own case that I secured five votes at least from men who at the last General Election had voted for our sitting Member because he was the "local candidate." Then I got some boys to carry round a Big Loaf and a Little Loaf, adorned with suitable placards, inciting persons, men and women, married and single, to vote for me. I did this because I never knew of an election yet in which the loaves did not play a prominent part. I was determined to leave no electoral device—legitimate electoral device, of course, I mean—untried.

Except for the masterly precision and perfection of my arrangements, the polling presented few incidents. There were the usual number of people who did not find their names on the register, and who were consequently turned away sorrowing. (By the way, is "and who" right? I am never sure.) Equally, of course, there were some idiots who would put off voting till it was too late, and found themselves shut out by one minute.

At nine the poll closed: and the counting immediately commenced. I did not feel equal to the strain of being present, and was represented by Miss PHILL BURTT. I waited at the house in grim suspense. Suddenly I heard wild cheering. Then a minute later Miss PHILL dashed up waving a paper excitedly and shouting, "Hurrah! Top of the poll." And so it proved to be. I, who had been last, was actually now first. Here are the figures:—

TIMOTHY WINKINS, J.P.	219	
G. TRAVIS-MERTON (the Squire)	203	
ROBERT HEDGER (BLACK BOB)	203	
HARRY JORKINS	195	
WILLIAM BROWN	189	
HENRY SANDFORD (the Vicar)	172	
Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT	153	} Tie
Mrs. ARBLE MARCH	153	

I had hardly grasped the significance of these figures when the crowd surged up over the lawn.

In a few brief, heartfelt words I thanked them. The greatest moment of my life—should never forget this kind appreciation on the part of those amongst whom I had lived, and amidst whom I hoped to die—wished them all a merry Christmas and good night. And so—they went—home.

The most curious point remains to be noticed. Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH tied for the last place. The Returning Officer declined to give a casting vote. Oar Parish Council is to consist of seven Members. The first six are easy enough to find out. The latest Mudford puzzle is—Find the seventh.

I had nearly forgotten to add that my wife (who comes home to-morrow) has written to say she hopes I'm satisfied now. Well, I am.



CAUTIOUS.

Visitor (at out-of-the-way Inn in the North). "DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SALMON-POACHING IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD?"

Landlady (whose son is not above suspicion). "EH—NO, SIR. MAYBE IT'S A NEW STYLE OF COOKING AS WE HAVEN'T HEARD OF IN THESE PARTS, AS YOU SEE, SIR, WE ONLY DO OUR EGGS THAT WAY; AND"—(*brightening up*)—"IF YOU LIKE 'EM, I CAN GET YOU A DISH AT ONCE!"

A YULE GRETYNGE.

For yow and for noon other, ladye dere,
At this ful jolyf sesoun of the yeer
Now wol I truste, ne thynkyng naught of cost,
This litel yefte to yon rede pilere post;
Ryghte wel ystampen sikerly, I trowe,
Anon myn yefte schal come to noon but yow.
Ne golde han I to yeve, ne pretious gere,
But floures that ben ful rare (this tyme of yeer).
Ne yelwe astere, late ycome to toun,
Ne yet (God wot) a grene carnacioun,
But tak al fressche from Convent Gardyn plot
Myn flour, and eek prayere, "Foryete-me-not."
With feste and merie chere and moche solas
Sone wol this jolyf sesoun yeve us grace;
So mote ye spende, whanne that bels swete chyme



At yule, in sothe a veray parfait tyme.
"At Cristemasse merie may ye dance,"
And in the Newe Yeer han gret plesance:
So fare now wel, myn hertes queene; I praie
R.S.V.P.—Ther nys no more to saye!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Baronite warns me thusly: In opening *The New Standard Elocutionist*, selected by ALFRED H. MILES (HUTCHINSON & Co.), you may think there is a mistake somewhere, as on the first page you are confronted with an anatomical sketch of a cheerful-looking gentleman with his chest laid open for inspection. Don't be afraid, it's all right, the gentleman's countenance is reassuring, still, it makes me wonder if all reciters come to that. But after reading a little of LENNOX BROWN'S chapter, we find it is an object lesson teaching the usually inflated reciter how to work his diaphragm as it should be worked. Perhaps its advantages may be felt when the elocutionist wishes to rouse an admiring but slumbering audience with a little thundering out of "Rise! sleep no more." If the average recitation has a soporific effect, PHIL MAY'S drawings in *Fun, Frolic and Fancy*, by BYRON WEBBER will soon wake you up. The annual of three F's quite fulfils the "promise of May."

Though *Kitty Alone*, by S. BARING GOULD, runs through *Good Words* this year, edited by DONALD MACLEOD, D.D., she does it surrounded by excellent company. Just imagine how a child's preconceived notions of euphonious spelling will be upset by teaching *Artful Anticks* spelt with a *k*, by OLIVE HERFORD (GAY AND BIRD). Such a frivolous liberty to take with any word in these days of solid moral educational principles.

There always exists a certain sneaking friendly feeling for ghosts, especially at Christmas time, but it's nothing to the Paddies who experience a hurtful resentment if you won't listen to their familiar banshee yarns, and *Banshee Castle*, by ROSA MULHOLLAND is full of their sighing and wailing; they like to make themselves heard.

À propos of Christmas numbers, my Baronitess writes: *The Queen* and *The Gentlewoman* present themselves beautifully "got up." They are both decidedly smart, and, like their titles, their stories are by a very select company. By-the-bye, in *The Gentlewoman* the little bird says that her New Year will open with an exciting serial, *Sons of Fire*, from the indefatigable pen of Miss BRADDON. There is a hearty, warm sound in it, agreeable at this time of the year.

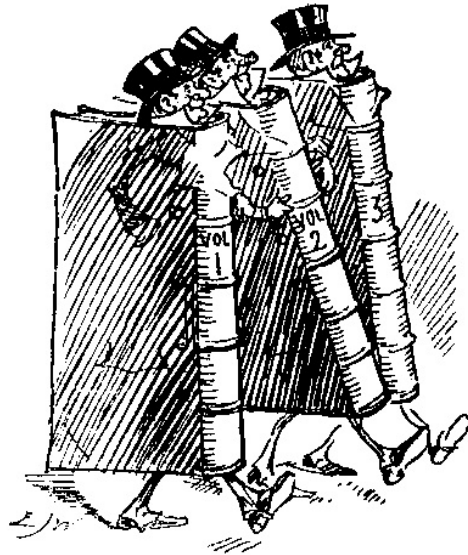
According to the researching remarks of JOSEPH JACOBS, who has arranged a new and selected edition of *Æsop's Fables* (MACMILLAN & Co.), one gathers that the "modest violet" is not in it with the retiring manner in which every other writer of fable have hidden their worth under the sheltering leaves of the ever green laurels of Old ÆSOP. Their number might be termed fabulous. But SHERLOCK HOLMES has not lived in vain. With unerring instinct the true mythical authors have been tracked, and their deeds brought to light. The immortal genius may at last enjoy his own wealth, which he finds fits better now that it has not to be stretched. Quaint little pictures, done by RICHARD HEIGHWAY, adorn the pages.

"A pretty volume of fairy tales," writes one of the Assistant Readers, "comes from Messrs. SEELEY & Co. It is called *Lily and the Lift*, and is not only written, but also illustrated, by Mrs. HERBERT RAILTON. *Lily* herself, the little heroine, who is wafted in the magic hotel-lift through the regions of Fairyland, is a darling. Beautiful butterflies, wonderful birds, quaint dwarfs, and lovely fairies abound in the marvellous country visited by *Lily*. Mrs. RAILTON writes with delightful fancy and quiet humour, and her illustrations add a great charm to a book which is bound to please the

little ones for whom it is intended."

In Furthest Ind (BLACKWOOD) purports to be the narrative of Mr. EDWARD CARLYON, of the Honourable East India Company's service, comprising his escape from the hands of the Inquisition at Goa, his journey to the Court of the Great Mogul, and much else. It all took place some two hundred years ago, and was "wrote by his own hand in the Year of Grace 1697." As for Mr. SYDNEY C. GRIER, he simply "edits the narrative with a few explanatory notes," which is very modest of him. The narrative is a moving one, full of local colour, plastered on pictures of the outskirts of India in John Company's day. Mr. EDWARD CARLYON is a properly pragmatical person, with true British obstinacy knocking his head against any wall that comes in his way. He makes my Baronite almost think kindly of the Inquisition. And this is genial at Christmas time, when we like to think well of everybody, "and so bless us all, Pen-and-Inkysition included," quoth TINY TIM, alias

THE GAY BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF UNG.

(A FABLE FOR THOSE WHO RESENT CRITICISM.)

In continuation (with apologies) of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's clever "Story of Ung," in the December Number of "The Idler."

Now UNG grew exceeding bumptious along of his scribings on bone;
And he swore that no one could judge them save only the scribe alone;
And he cocked his nose at the critics (save such as effusively praised),
And he prated of "Art for Art's sake," till the tribesmen imagined him crazed.

And UNG grew exceeding abusive, and proudly "uplifted his horn,"
With an Oscar Wildeish swagger, with a more than Whistlerian scorn.
He kicked with the wrath of a KIPLING at "the dull-brained *bourgeois* lot,"
(Though he put it in different lingo, for *this* Billingsgate then was not.)

But the prehistoric for "Philistine!" fell from his scorn-curved lips,
And he lashed the non-artistic with words which would cut like whips.
And the non-artistic tribesmen they cried "he is right, this UNG,
Though we doubt if the sabre-tooth tiger has got such a rasping tongue:

"But there's truth in his 'Art for Art's Sake,' and Art for him shall suffice."
So they shut him up, with his bones and his tools, in a cave of ice.
No new-cut tongues if the bison, no pelts of the reindeer there,
But only cold snow for cover, and only bare bones for fare.

For they said, "We are nowise worthy, we hunting and trapping fools,
To judge of his fine bone-scribings, and the way he uses his tools,
Only an artist can judge of an artist's work, and he
Is our only maker of pictures, our only man who can see.

"So he must be artist and critic and purchaser all in one!"
And UNG admitted their logic, but he did not see the fun.
He cried "I am cold and hungry!" Then they said, "O picture-man,
Art for Art's sake is your motto; then live on your Art—if you can!"

And UNG essayed to do so—by gnawing his graven bones,
But he did not find them nourish, and he begged in humbled tones
For a lump of stranded whale-meat, succulent, fat and *hot*;
In return for which, if they cared for his bones, *they might take the lot!*

So they let UNG out of the ice-cave upon these liberal terms,
And cured the fool of regarding his fellow-mortals as worms.
And whenever ye hear Art crackpots a-wagging an insolent tongue,
Why then—in the words of RUDYARD—*heed ye the "Story of Ung!"*

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