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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 109, JULY 13, 1895 ***

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 109.

July 13, 1895.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Quite new Opera, *Faust*. Some people say they've heard it before. Others add, "Yes, and more than once this season." Unwritten law in *Codex Druriolanum* is "You can't have too much of a good thing." There are a hundred different ways of dressing chicken; so with *Faust*. This time *Faust* comes and is *Faust* served with *Sauce Marguerite à l'Emma Eames*. Uncommonly good. *Faust lui-même à l'Alvarez* goes down uncommonly well. *Mefisto-Plançon Sauce au bon diable*, a little overdone, perhaps, but decidedly a popular dish. Baton of BEVIGNANI keeps all the ingredients well stirred up. House full.

Tuesday.—*Carmen*. Madame BELLINCIONI and Signor ANCONA going strong. Capital house, spite of shadow of dissolution being over us all.

Wednesday.—*Nozze di Figaro*, with EMMA EAMES as Countess, singing charmingly, and looking like portrait of Court Beauty by Sir PETER LELY. *Maurel-Almaviva* all right for voice, but not up to his Countess in aristocratic appearance. However, this is in keeping with character of nobleman whose most intimate friend is his barber, and who makes love to the barber's *fiancée*, who is also his wife's *femme de chambre*.



ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

At the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports on Wednesday last, great surprise was expressed at the defeat of the hitherto invincible Mr. C. B. FRY by Mr. MENDELSON in the Long Jump. Mr. MENDELSON, who comes to us from New Zealand, has not only done a fine performance, but he has also jumped into fame. It is at any rate obvious that it is quite impossible for him to represent his University in the High Jump, for

With a musical name (though he varies the spelling),
This youth from New Zealand is bound to go far.
He couldn't jump high, since (it's truth I am telling)
No master of music e'er misses a bar.

The Long Jump, snatched like a brand from the burning, practically gave the victory in the whole contest to Cambridge, who also won the Weight, the Mile, the Three Miles and the Quarter.

The Light Blues triumphed, fortune being shift;
They cheered FITZHERBERT sprinting home in fifty.
For strength the weight-man's parents have a hot son,
Witness the put of youthful Mr. WATSON.
LUTYENS, who always pleases as he goes,
Romped in, his glasses poised upon his nose.
And none that day with greater dash and go ran
Than the Light Blue three-miler, Mr. HORAN.

During the practice of the crews for Henley Regatta there has been one exalted contest, which I cannot remember hearing of in former years. My *Sporting Life* (of which I am a diligent and a constant reader) informed me that "at one time it did seem as though Jupiter Pluvius was about to swamp Old Boreas, but the latter proved too tough." Quite a sporting event, evidently. Why, oh why, was not Old Boreas present when Pelion was piled upon Ossa? The whole course of (pre) history might have been changed.

A Newcastle contemporary has been discussing the art of adding to the beauty of women by the use of cosmetics, &c. May I commend the following extract to the notice of the ladies of England?

"No woman is capable of being beautiful who is capable of being false. The true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty when it is heightened by virtue! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the loveliness of innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth—virtues which add a new softness to their sex, and even beautify their beauty! That agreeableness possessed by the modest virgin is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not touch the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person, noble qualities, may amuse as a picture, but not triumph as a beauty."

Cheltenham is a pleasant place. I quote from a memory which is, I know, miserably defective:

Year by year do England's daughters
In the fairest gloves and shawls
Troop to drink the Cheltenham waters,
And adorn the Cheltenham balls.

This is not the place that one would naturally associate with violent language over so small a matter as the rejection of some plans. A quarrel, however, has taken place in the Town Council, and terrible words have been spoken:—

"In the course of a discussion on the rejection of some plans, Mr. MARGRETT accused the acting chairman of the Streets Committee (Mr. PARSONAGE) with being influenced by personal and political motives against the person (Mr. BARNFIELD) who sent them in. Mr. PARSONAGE warmly retorted with the lie direct, and told Mr. MARGRETT that he knew he was lying. Mr. LENTHALL accused Mr. PARSONAGE of being 'slip-shod' in his method of bringing up the minutes of the Streets Committee, because he had passed over without comment a dispute between the Corporation and the Board of Guardians. While denying this imputation, Mr. PARSONAGE said he would even prefer to be 'slip-shod' than to follow Mr. LENTHALL'S example of giving utterance to a long-winded and frothy oration over such a trumpery matter as a road fence."

After this I quite expected to read that some one—

... raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a sort of sickly smile and curled upon the floor!
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

But the matter seems to have dropped, and everything to have ended peacefully—a great and bitter disappointment to all lovers of ructions.

Even in aquatic matters Ireland is a country of surprises. In the Eight-oared race the other day for the "Pembroke Cup," there was a dead-heat between the Shandon Boat Club and the Dublin University Boat Club. In the row-off, the *Irish Independent* says that "Boat Club caught the water first, but after a few strokes Shandon forged in front. After the mile mark, Shandon were rowing eighteen against the Boat Club's nineteen or twenty. In the next three hundred yards Boat Club dropped to seventeen, the others being steady at nineteen all through. About one hundred and

fifty yards off the fishery step the Boat Club quickened up to forty and got within two feet of their opponents. Then, amid the greatest excitement, Boat Club got in front and won by a canvas." A stroke oar who can row a race at nineteen to the minute all through is steadier but certainly less versatile than one who can spring suddenly from the rate of seventeen to the rate of forty. As admirable as either is the genius of the reporter who describes the event.

Mr. H. M. HYNDMAN is the Socialist candidate for Burnley. He advocates "the immediate nationalisation and socialisation of railways, mines, factories, and the land, with a view to establishing organised co-operation for production and distribution in every department under the control of the entire community. There should be a minimum wage of thirty shillings a week in all State and Municipal employment, as well as in State-created monopolies." There's a modest and practical programme for you! But this windy gentleman's opponents may reply that they prefer the system of each for himself, and d—l take the HYNDMAN, to all the verbiage of the Socialist froth-pot.

Many reasons have been given for the fall of the late Government. It has been left to a correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post* to discover the real and only one. "It is most unfair," he says, "to hold them entirely responsible for all the shortcomings, blunders, and failures which distorted their administration. How could they help these things? Has it never occurred to you that the Government of Lord ROSEBERY was the '13th' Parliament of Queen VICTORIA? Can anybody reasonably expect good government from a 13th Parliament? It is out of all question." What *persiflage*, what wit!

I sorrow over the new town clock of Dalkey. In my *Freeman's Journal* I read that, at the monthly meeting of the Dalkey Township Commissioners, a letter was read from Messrs. CHANCELLOR AND SONS, stating that the new town clock could not be made to strike, but they could make a new clock for £100. The letter was marked read—and no wonder. If it can't strike, it had better be wound up, and Dalkey is obviously the place to wind it. Otherwise there seems no reason in the Township's name.

Clevedon is, I believe, in Somerset. Anyone in search of a sensation ought to have gone there last week, for it is stated that "Mr. VICTOR ROSINI'S Spectral Opera Company commenced a week's engagement at the Public Hall on Monday evening." I cannot imagine a spectral *basso* or *tenore robusto*. And in any case, why should the unfortunate operatic spectres be harried into giving public performances?

MUSICAL HONOURS!!—The friends of Sir HENRY JAMES, Q.C., M.P., will celebrate his being raised to the peerage by serenading with "*The Aylestone Chorus*."



HER PREVIOUS SWEETHEART.

Wednesday.—Violet has accepted me, this very day, the happiest of my life. She is the sweetest and prettiest woman in the world. I have loved her long and passionately. She has not loved me long, and she could never love me passionately. She is rather unemotional. Even when I kissed her this afternoon for the first time she was quite calm. She tells me she has once loved, as though she could never love again. Her previous sweetheart was a Captain. I am a mere writer. His name was PERCY PLANTAGENET CHOLMONDELEY. Mine is JONES. I hope that in time she may forget him.

Thursday.—Meet her in the Row, and sit under the trees. She is fond of horses. So am I, but I do not ride often. She mentions that Captain CHOLMONDELEY was a splendid rider. Listen patiently to what she tells me.

Friday.—To the Opera with VIOLET and her people. She does not care for GOUNOD'S *Faust*. Prefers a burlesque with comic songs. Says the Captain sang comic songs admirably, with banjo accompaniment. When it's well done, I also like that. Tell her so. This encourages her to further reminiscences. Of course, she is right to conceal nothing from me now we are engaged, but frankness, even engaging frankness, may be carried too far. Manage to change the subject at last, and then unfortunately the Soldier's Chorus reminds her of a parody in an amateur burlesque which Captain CHOLMONDELEY—and so on.

Saturday.—Meet her at Hurlingham. She is so fond of polo. She says the Captain was a splendid player. I expected that. A sort of Champion of the World. Of course. I never played in my life. Listen to an account of his exploits. Rather bored.

Sunday.—Up the river. Very hot day. Delightful to lounge in the shade and smoke. VIOLET more energetic. Compels me to exert myself. She says the Captain could do anything in a boat. No doubt. I am prepared to hear that he shot the Falls of Niagara in a punt. He was a wonderful genius. I am tired of hearing of him.

Monday.—To Mr. MONTGOMERY-MUMBY'S dance. VIOLET there of course. We both like dancing. Get on charmingly together. Suddenly something reminds her of the ever-lamented Captain P. P. C. I suggest that he has said good-bye to her for ever, as his initials show. She does not see the little joke. Have to explain it to her. Then she says it is a very poor joke. No doubt it is, but she needn't tell me so. Annoying. A certain coolness between us.

Tuesday.—To the French play with VIOLET and her aunt. She understands French very well. Seems to think a lot of me because I know something of several languages. Ask her if Captain CHOLMONDELEY was fond of learning languages. Am prepared to hear that he was a second MEZZOFANTI. On the contrary, it seems that he couldn't speak a word of anything but English, and that he didn't speak very much that was worth hearing even in that. The only French he could understand was in a *menu*. Apparently he never read anything else in any language, except the sporting papers in English. Have at last found something he could not do. Delighted. Unfortunately show this. VIOLET begins to defend him. I say he must have been rather a duffer. She retorts that I can't play polo. What has that to do with it? Again a coolness between us.

Wednesday.—It is all over! We have parted for ever. She could never forget that confounded Captain. Asked her this morning, when she was telling me of his shooting elephants, or alligators, or rabbits, or sparrows, or something wonderful, why she did not marry him. She says it was broken off. She shows me his last letter of farewell. I read it critically. It is very short. Point out to her nine mistakes in spelling, and four in grammar. She says I am brutal. Indignation. Argument. Scorn. Tears. Farewell.

GREAT WHEEL GOSSIP.

Are you quite sure that it is safe?

Well, there have been all sorts of stories about this sort of thing, but I don't believe it. The PRINCE went, you know.

Oh, yes, of course. Then that's all right. Now we are off. How interesting! We can see the tops of the houses! But what are we waiting for?

Oh, for other passengers to get into the cars. How long does it take?

About three-quarters of an hour. Well, now we are off again.

Why, there is a mist, and we can't see anything.

Oh, yes, we can. Why, that must be either Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park Corner, or Battersea

Park.

Don't think there is much in it. And why are we stopping?

People getting in and out. Well, now we have had thirty-five minutes of it, I shall be glad to be home.

Oh, here we are. Now we can get out. Come, that is nice!

No, we can't! *We have missed the landing, and have to go round again.*

[1]

After two journeys I think the best way of thoroughly enjoying the Wheel is to sit fast, close your eyes, and think of something else!



SO THAT DOESN'T COUNT.

"ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE QUITE FRESH?" "WOT A QUESTION TO ARST! CAN'T YER SEE THEY'RE ALIVE?" "YES; BUT *YOU'RE ALIVE*, YOU KNOW!"

IN THE EARL'S COURT INDIA.

IN BOMBAY STREET, INDIAN CITY. TIME—ABOUT EIGHT P.M.

A Matron (to her friend, as they approach the natives at work). Everything seems for sale here, my dear. *Just* the place to get a nice wedding-present for dear EMILY. I want to give her *something* Indian, as she will be going out there so soon. What are they doing in here? oh, glass-blowing!... See, JANE, this one is making glass bangles.... Well, no, EMILY would think it *rather* shabby if I gave her a pair of those. I might get one apiece for Cook and PHŒBE—servants are always so grateful for any little attention of that sort—though I shouldn't like to encourage a taste for finery; well, it will do very well when we come back.... Perhaps one of those brass dinner-gongs—there's a large one, I see, marked seven-and-sixpence—but I'd rather give her something *quieter*—something she'd value for its *own* sake.... Now one of those chased silver bowls—twenty-five-and-nine-pence? Well, it seems a little—and though I was always very fond of her mother, EMILY was never—I must *think* over it.... She might like a set of beetle-wing mats—only they're not likely to entertain much.... How would one of these embroidered tablecloths—eh? oh, I'm sure I've seen them much cheaper at LIBERTY'S; and besides—*(After a prolonged inspection of various articles at various stalls.)* After all, I shall be going to Tunbridge Wells next week. I think I'll wait. I might see something there I liked *better*, you know!



"Stands smiling feebly"

A Wife (to her husband, who is examining the stock of a native shoemaker with interest). No, CHARLES. I put up with a *great deal* for the sake of your society of an evening; but if you imagine I am going to have you sitting opposite me with your feet in a pair of slippers separated into two horrid toes, you make a great mistake! Put the dreadful things down and come away.

Mr. McPairtan (from the North, to his small nephew). Eh, ROBBIE, my man, I'm thinking your mither wouldna' just approve o' my takkin' ye to sic a perfairmance as yon Burmese dancing-women.... Nay, nay, laddie, there's deceitfulness eneugh in the naitural man withoot needing to lairn ony mair o't fro' these puir juggling Indian bodies wi' their snake-chairmin' an' sic godless doins!... Ride on the elephant? Havers! Ye can do that fine in the Zoological Gairdens.... 'Twould be just sinful extrawvagance in me to be throwing away guid siller wi' so mony bonny sights to be seen for naething.

Mr. Gourmay (who is dying for his dinner, to his pretty cousins, who cannot be got past the Indian craftsmen). Yes, yes, very interesting, and all that; but we can see it just as well if we come back *later*, you know.

His Cousin Belle. But they may have stopped by then. I *must* just see him finish the pattern; it's too *fascinating!*

Mr. Gourm. I—er—don't want to *hurry* you, you know, only, you see, if we don't look sharp, we shan't be in time to secure an outside table at the Restaurant. Much jollier dining in the open air.

His Cousin Imogen. Oh, it's too hot to *think* of food. I'm not in the *least* hungry—are *you*, Belle?

Belle. No; I'd ever so much rather see the Burmese dancers and the Indian conjurers. I don't want to waste the best part of the evening over dinner; we might have some of that nice Indian tea and a piece of cake by-and-by, perhaps, if there's time.

[*Speechless delight of Mr. GOURMAY.*]

Energetic Leader (to his party, who are faint, but pursuing). No, there's nothing particular to see here. I tell you what *my* plan is. We'll go and do the Kinetoscopes and the Phonographs, have a look at the Great Wheel, and some shots at the Rifle Range, cross over and take a turn on the Switchback, finish up with a cold-meat supper at SPIERS AND POND'S, and a stroll round the bandstand, and, by the time we've done, we shall have got a very fair idea of what India's *like!*

First Relative (to Second). What's become of Aunt JOANNA? I thought she was going on one of the elephants.

Second Relative. She would have it none of 'em looked strong enough for her. And what *do* you think she goes and does next? Tries to bargain with a black man to take her for a turn on one o' them little bullock-carts! I really hadn't the patience to stop and see what come of it.

Miss Rashleigh (by the Burmese Cheroot Stall, audibly, to her companion). Just look at this girl, my dear, with a great cigar in her mouth! Fancy their being New Women in Burmah! And such a *hideous* creature, too!

Her Companion. Take care, my dear, she'll hear you. I expect she understands English.

Miss Rashleigh (with ready tact and resourcefulness). Then let's tell her how pretty she is!

IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.

Mr. Moul (to Mrs. MOUL, as they halt before a darkened interior representing a coolie sleeping in an Indian hut, which a leopard is stealthily entering). Ah, now I do call that something *like!* Lovely! *ain't* it?

Mrs. Moul. It's beautiful. 'Ow ever they can *do* it all! (*After a pause.*) Why, I do believe there's a *animal* of some sort up at the further end! Can you see him, SAMSON?

Mr. Moul. A *animal!* where? Ah, I can make out somethink now. (*With pleased surprise.*) And look—there's a man layin' down right in front—do you see?

Mrs. Moul. Well, I never! so there is! To think o' *that* now. They 'ave got it up nice, I will say that.

[*They pass out, pleased with their own powers of observation.*]

IN THE INDIAN THEATRE.

Hindu Magician (as he squats on the stage and takes out serpents from flat baskets). Here is a sna-ake—no bite—Bombay cobra, verri good cobra. (*Introducing them formally to audience.*) Dis beeg cobra, dis smahl cobra. (*One of them erects its hood and strikes at his foot, which he withdraws promptly.*) No bite, verri moch nice sna-ake. (*He plays a tune to them; one listens coldly and critically, the others slither rapidly towards the edge of the platform, to the discomposure of spectators in the front row; the Magician recaptures them by the tail at the critical moment, ties them round his neck and arms, and then puts them away, like toys.*) Here I

have shtone; verri good Inglis shtone. I hold so. (*Closing it in his fist.*) Go away, shtone. Go to Chicago, Leeverpool, Hamburg. (*Opening fist.*) Shtone no dere. I shut again. (*Opening fist.*) One, two, Inglis shillin's. (*Singling out a Spectator.*) You, Sar, come up here queeck. Comonn!

The Spectator. Not me! Not among all them snakes you've got there—don't you think it!

The Magician and a Tom-tom player (together). Verri nice sna-akes—no bite. Comonn, help play.

Angelina (to EDWIN, as the invitation is coyly but firmly declined). EDWIN, do go up and help the man—to please *me*. And if you find him out in cheating, you can expose him, you know.

[EDWIN *clammers up and stands, smiling feebly, at the Magician's side amidst general applause.*

The Magician (to EDWIN). Sit down, sit down, sit down. Now you count—how menni sillings? Dere is seeks.

Edwin (determined not to be taken in). Four, you mean.

The Magician. I tell you seeks. Count after me—One, tree, five, seeks. Shtill onli four, you say? Shut dem in your hand—so. Now blow. (EDWIN *puffs at his fist.*) Open your hand, and count. One, two, tree, four, five, seeks, summon, ight, nine, tin, like, vise! Dis Inglisman make money verri moch nice; verri goot Inglisman. Put dem in your hand again, and shut. Hûblo! Now open.

[EDWIN *opens his fist, to discover in it two small and extremely active serpents, which he rejects in startled dismay.*

Angelina (to herself). How *nasty* of EDWIN! He *must* have felt them inside.

The Magician (to EDWIN). Verri nice sna-akes; but where is my monni? (EDWIN *shakes his head helplessly.*) Ah, dis Inglisman too moch plenti cheat. (*He seizes EDWIN'S nose, from which he extracts a shower of shillings.*) Aha! Verri goot Inglis nose—hold plenty monni!

Angelina (as EDWIN returns to her in triumph). No; *please* turn your head away, EDWIN. I can't *look* at your nose without thinking of those horrid shillings; and oh, are you *quite* sure you haven't got any of those horrid snakes up your sleeve? I do *wish* you hadn't gone!

[*So does EDWIN.*

A Serious Old Lady (as the Magician produces from his throat several yards of coloured yarn, a small china doll, about a gross of tenpenny nails, and a couple of eggs). Clever, my dear? I daresay; but it seems to me a pity that a man who has been given such talents shouldn't turn them to better account!

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Brybury-on-the-Pocket.—Both candidates very busy. Meetings are being held all day long at the principal hotels, and any number of livery-stable-keepers have promised to lend their carriages on the day of election. The agents on either side have an enormous staff of assistants, and trade was never known to be brisker during the present century.

Crown-crushington.—This will be a very near contest. As political feeling runs rather high, a number of extra beds have been prepared in the hospitals. The police have been reinforced, and the military are close at hand, and every other preparation has been made to secure the declaration of the poll with as little friction as possible.

Meddle-cum-Muddleborough.—At present there are seven candidates, but as three of these have issued their manifestoes under some misapprehension it is not unlikely that the number will be reduced before the day of nomination. It is not easy to foretell the result, as since the establishment of the ballot every election has ended not only in surprise but stupefaction.

Selfseekington.—It is not unlikely that there will be no contest in this important borough. The (until recently) sitting member has fixed the day that would naturally have fallen to the function of the returning officer for the laying of the foundation stones of his Baths, Wash-houses, Free Library and Town Hall, and the opening of his Public Park.

Wrottenborough.—The popular candidate has pledged himself to supporting Local Veto, the Licensed Victuallers, Establishment, Disestablishment, Home Rule, the Integrity of the Empire, Anti-Vaccination, the Freedom of the Medical Profession, and many other matters of conflicting importance. The polling will be of a perfunctory character, as expenses are being cut down on both sides.

Zany-town-on-the-Snooze.—There will be no contest in this division. At present there is no intelligence of any sort to chronicle.

Ere these
lines can
appear,
the *Two*



The Duke discovers the rope-ladder
under Valentine's cloak.
"The Rope Trick exposed."



Miss Rehan as Julia.
"The Third Page in her Life."

Gentlemen of Verona and their two Ladies will have vanished from Daly's Theatre like the baseless fabric of a dream, leaving, however, a very pleasant recollection of the play in the minds of all who saw it—and a great many did, for SHAKESPEARE'S *Two Gents* is a dramatic curiosity. Prettily put on the stage as it was, with good music, picturesque costumes and clever acting, it will dwell in our memories as an exceptionally attractive revival.

Mr. GEORGE CLARKE, the "stern parient," appeared as something between a Doge and a Duke, and equally good as either, you bet; that is, "lowing," as *Uncle Remus* has it, that either Doge or Duke has passed the greater part of his life in the United States. Mr. FRANK WORTHING (nice seasidey name on a hot night in town) a gentlemanly-villainous *Proteus*, and Mr. JOHN CRAIG an equally gentlemanly-virtuous *Valentine*. So "Gents both" are disposed of. Mr. *James Lewis*, as *Launce*, playing "the lead" to his dog, put into the part new humour in place of the old which has evaporated by fluxion of time. *Launce's* sly dog, very original; part considerably curtailed.

I see that a descendant of TYRONE POWER appears as "Mine Host." I did not gather from his costume that he was "a host in himself," but thought he was a Venetian Judge or retired Doge; the latter surmise receiving some confirmation from the fact that, while the singing was going on, he, being somnolent, "doge'd" (as *Mrs. Gamp* would say) in his chair. Sleeping or waking his was a dignified performance. Miss ELLIOT a graceful *Sylvia*, who, as a Milanese brunette, is artistically contrasted with Miss ADA REHAN, of Florentine fairness, as *Julia*. All that is wanting to this sketchy character Miss REHAN fills in, and makes the design a finished picture. Improbable that *Proteus* should never recognize *Julia* when disguised as a boy until she herself reveals her identity. However, it was a very early work of WILLIAM'S: mere child's play.

* * * * *

The most Clement of critics, our learned and ever amiable Scotus of the *Daily Telegraph*, speaking with authority from his column last Saturday, recalls to us how many English actors and actresses have successfully played in French on the Parisian stage, and adds to the list the name of MARIE HALTON, who, excellent both in singing and acting as *La Cigale* at the Lyric, will soon appear at a new theatre in Paris, where she is to "create" French rôles—which, Mlle. MARIE, is a very pleasant way of making your bread. But if we have in this actress an English *Chaumont*, why does not some such astute manager as Mr. EDWARDES, the Universal Theatre Provider, induce HALTON to Stay on—here, not only for her own "benefit," but for that of the Light Opera-loving public.





TRUE HYPERBOLE.

He. "WHAT A LOVELY FROCK!... *WORTH*, I SUPPOSE?" *She.* "MONSIEUR WORTH IS DEAD."
He. "AH! IT LOOKS AS IF IT CAME FROM HEAVEN!"

THE OLD CHIEFTAIN'S FAREWELL.

["The impending Dissolution brings into its practical and final form the prospective farewell which I addressed last year to the constituency of Midlothian."—*Mr. Gladstone's Farewell Letter to the Electors of Midlothian.*]

AIR—*Burns's "The Farewell."*

It was a' for our Glorious Cause
 I sought fair Scotland's strand;
 It was a' for fair, rightfu' laws
 To bless the Irish land,
 My dear;
 To bless the Irish land.

Now a' is done that man could do,
 And a' seems done in vain,
 My loved Midlothian, farewell,
 I mauna stand again,
 My dear;
 I canna stand again.

For fifteen lang an' happy years,
 That ne'er may be forgot,
 We have foregathered, loved, and fought.
 Fare farther I may not,
 My dear;
 Fare farther may I not.

Yet say not that our love has failed,
 Or that our battle's lost;
 Were I yet young I'd fight again,
 And never count the cost,
 My dear;
 And never count the cost.

Tegither we've won mony a fight,
 You following where I led;
 But now late Winter's chilling snows
 Are gatherin' round my head,
 My dear;
 Are gatherin' round my head.

And times will change, and Chieftains pass.
 Lang time I've borne the brunt
 Of war; and now I'm glad to see

CARMICHAEL to the front,
My dear;
Sir TAMMY to the front.

A champion stout, I mak nae doubt,
He'll carry on my task.
To see ye braw and doing weel,
Henceforth is a' I ask.
My dear;
Henceforth is a' I ask.

True Scot am I—Midlothian's heart
I won. Now I fare far,
And leave a younger chieftain, TAM,
To lead the Lowland war,
My dear;
To lead the Lowland war!

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Scottish shore.
He gae his bonnet plume a shake,
With "Adieu for evermore,
My dear;
Adieu for evermore!

"ROSEBERY will from fight return,
Wi' loss or else wi' gain;
But I am parted from my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear;
Never to meet again.

"When day is gone, and night is come,
A' folk are fain to rest;
I'll think on thee, though far awa',
While pulse throbs in this breast,
My dear;
While pulse throbs in my breast!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SMITH, ELDER & Co. are carrying out a happy thought in projecting what they call the Novel Series, a title which is the least felicitous part of the business. It is designed to meet the views of those who desire to possess, not to borrow (or indeed to steal) good books. The volumes will not be too large to be carried in the pocket, nor too small to lie on the shelf. Neatly bound, admirably printed, they are to cost from two shillings up to four shillings, presumably according to length and the inclusion of illustrations. The series leads off with *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. The story, if not precisely pleasant, is decidedly powerful. Once taken up, there is uncontrollable disposition to read on to the end, a yearning the size of the volume makes it possible conveniently to satisfy. The new series starts with a promise announcements of succeeding contributions seem likely to fulfil.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

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New Carillon at the Royal Exchange.

The tunes are admirably selected. First air every morning, "I know a Bank," to be known as "The Morning Air."

For Panic Days.—"Oh dear, what can the matter be!"

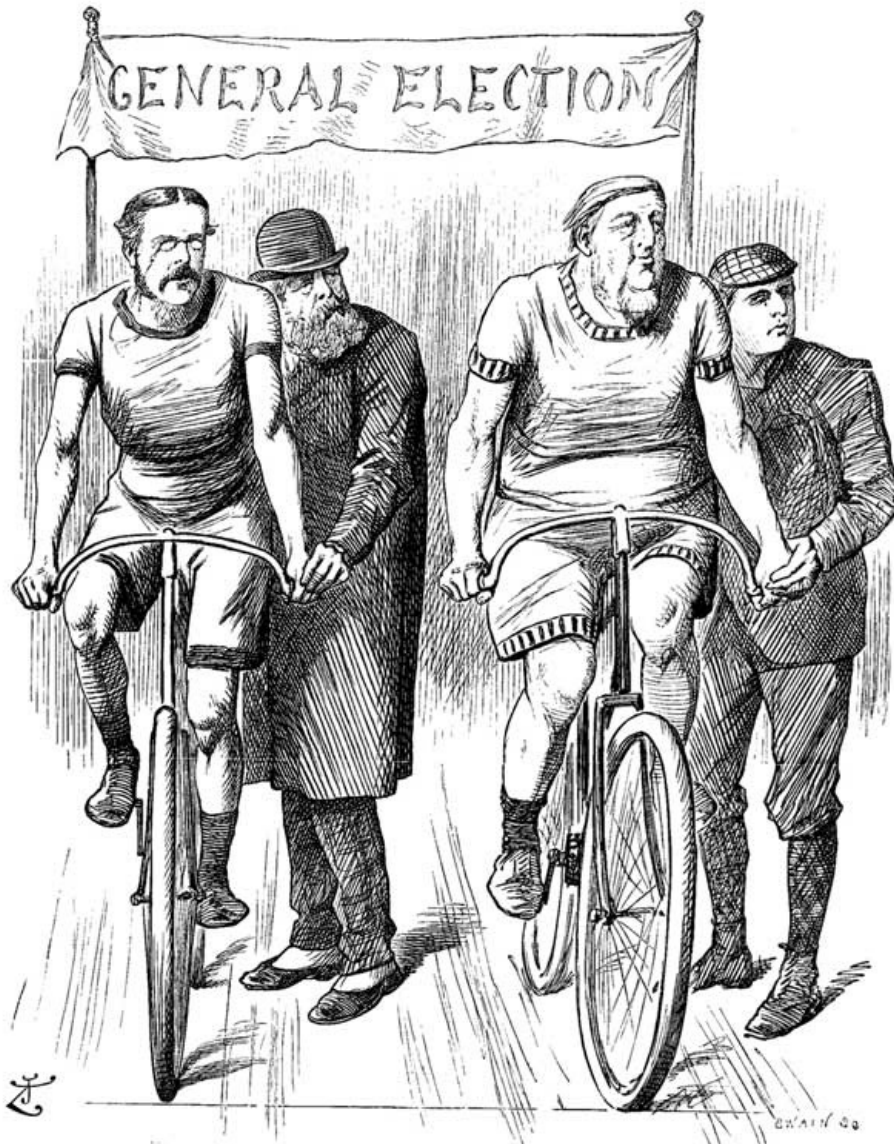
Bad Business Days.—"Nae luck about 'the House.'"

Good Business.—"Here we go up, up, up!"

South African Market Chorus.—"Mine for Evermore!"

This scheme of arrangement is to be generally known as "*The Bells' Stratagem*."

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"ARE YOU READY?"

(S-L-SB-RY and R-S-B-RY starting the Bicyclist Competitors B-LF-R and H-RC-RT.)

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SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

A REAL UNCROWNED KING.—At a meeting of the Town Commissioners of Kinsale, a report of the proceedings discloses a conversation of a truly remarkable kind—

"The Chairman thought that if they paid Mr. PUNCH his quarter's salary up to the 1st February they would be dealing very fairly with him, especially as they had appointed his son as his successor.... Messrs. KIELY and P. S. O'CONNOR contended that as Mr. PUNCH was never dismissed by them, and the non-performance of his duties was through no fault of his own, he was entitled to some remuneration."

We should think he was, indeed! *Some* remuneration, quotha? Does not the mere fact that he bears a name honoured and revered in every corner of the globe entitle him to a pension on the very highest scale known to the L. G. B.? Not, we need hardly say, an "old age" pension. Perpetual youth is the prerogative of all PUNCHES. And they "have appointed his son as his successor." Well, of course! How can a PUNCH do anything but succeed? He would be a rum PUNCH if he didn't! Greetings to our distant kinsman of Kinsale!

ONE MAN, ONE TOPPER!—In the *Glasgow Herald* somebody writes as follows:—

"It is surely time Mr. DUNCAN saw to his bus-drivers' hats! Such a miscellaneous collection of seedy hats, I think, could not be found elsewhere; they are a positive disgrace to the city."

The writer ought to have signed himself "MACBETH;" the "unguarded DUNCAN," whoever he may be, must be on his guard, or passengers will strike for better hats. All bus-drivers and conductors should wear silk hats, to typify the habitual softness of their address. Why not put them into

livery at once? The company that did that would probably attract no end of custom. No revolution like it, since the abolition of the box-seat! Uniform charges and uniformed conductors should be the future rule of the road.

"NOT KILT, BUT SPACHELESS."—At Clonakilty Sessions the other day, the following evidence was given:—

"PATRICK FEEN was examined, and stated he resided at Dunnycove, parish of Ardfield.... Gave defendant's brother a blow of his open hand and knocked him down for fun, and out of friendship. (*Laughter.*)"

What a good-natured, open-handed friend Mr. PATRICK FEEN must be! JOHN HEGARTY, the person assaulted, corroborated the account, and added,—

"When he was knocked down, he stopped there. (*Laughter.*)"

In fact, he "held the field," and "remained in possession of the ground." Who will now say that the old humour is dying out in Erin?

OF DR. TRISTRAM (SHANDY) IN THE INCONSISTORY COURT.—"O TRISTRAM! TRISTRAM! TRISTRAM!" * * "And pray which way is this affair of TRISTRAM at length settled by these learned men?"

"*Toby*" to *Yorick*.

What a nice dish for lunch would be what we find mentioned in the Racing Order of the Day, *i.e.* "Plate of 150 sous." Excellent! To be washed down with a draught of Guineas stout!



MAKING ALLOWANCES.

The Little Minister. "HOW WELL YOU'RE LOOKING, MAC-CULLUM!"

The Big Farmer. "WEEL—I'M WEEL IN PAIRTS. BUT I'M OWER MUCKLE TO BE WEEL ALL OWER AT AIN TIME!"

BRIGGS, OF BALLIOL.

PART I.

BRIGGS was the gayest dog in Balliol. If there was a bonfire in the quad, and if the dons found their favourite chairs smouldering in the ashes, BRIGGS was at the bottom of it. If the bulldogs were led a five-mile chase at one o'clock in the morning, the gownless figure that lured them on was BRIGGS. If the supper at VINNIE'S became so uproarious that the Proctor thought it necessary to interfere, the gentleman that dropped him from the first-floor window was BRIGGS. Anyone else would have been sent down over and over again, but—BRIGGS stroked the Balliol boat: BRIGGS had his cricket blue; BRIGGS was a dead certainty against Cambridge for the quarter and the hundred: in short, BRIGGS was indispensable to the College and the 'Varsity, and therefore he was allowed to stay.

But what is this? A change has come over BRIGGS. He is another man. Can it be—? Impossible—and yet? Yes, it began that very night. Everyone has heard of Miss O'GRESS, the Pioneer. She came up to Oxford to lecture; her subject was "Man: his Position and *Raison d'être.*" BRIGGS and I went to hear; went in light laughing mood with little fear of any consequences. We listened to the O'GRESS. "There is no doubt," she said, "that Man was intended by Nature to be the Father. For this high calling he should endeavour to fit himself by every means in his power. He should cultivate his body so as to render himself attractive to Woman. He should be tall,"—her eye fell on BRIGGS—"he should be handsome,"—still on BRIGGS—"he should be graceful, he should be athletic."—At this point her eye seemed fairly to feast on BRIGGS, and a curious lurid light lowered in it. She paused a moment. I was sitting next to BRIGGS, and I felt a shiver run through him. I looked at his face, and it was ghastly pale. I asked him in a whisper if he felt faint? He impatiently motioned me to be silent, and remained, as I thought, like a bird paralysed beneath the gaze of a serpent. I heard no more, so anxious was I on my friend's account; nor could I breathe with any freedom until the audience rose and we were once again in the fresh air.

The following day there was a garden-party at Trinity. BRIGGS said he was playing for the 'Varsity against Lancashire, and therefore could not go. Imagine my surprise then, when, as I was doing the polite among the strawberries and cream, I caught sight of him slinking down the lime grove at the heels of the O'GRESS. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Yes, it was BRIGGS indeed. The face was his; the features were his; the figure was his; the clothes were his—but, the buoyant step? the merry laugh? where, where, eh! where were they?

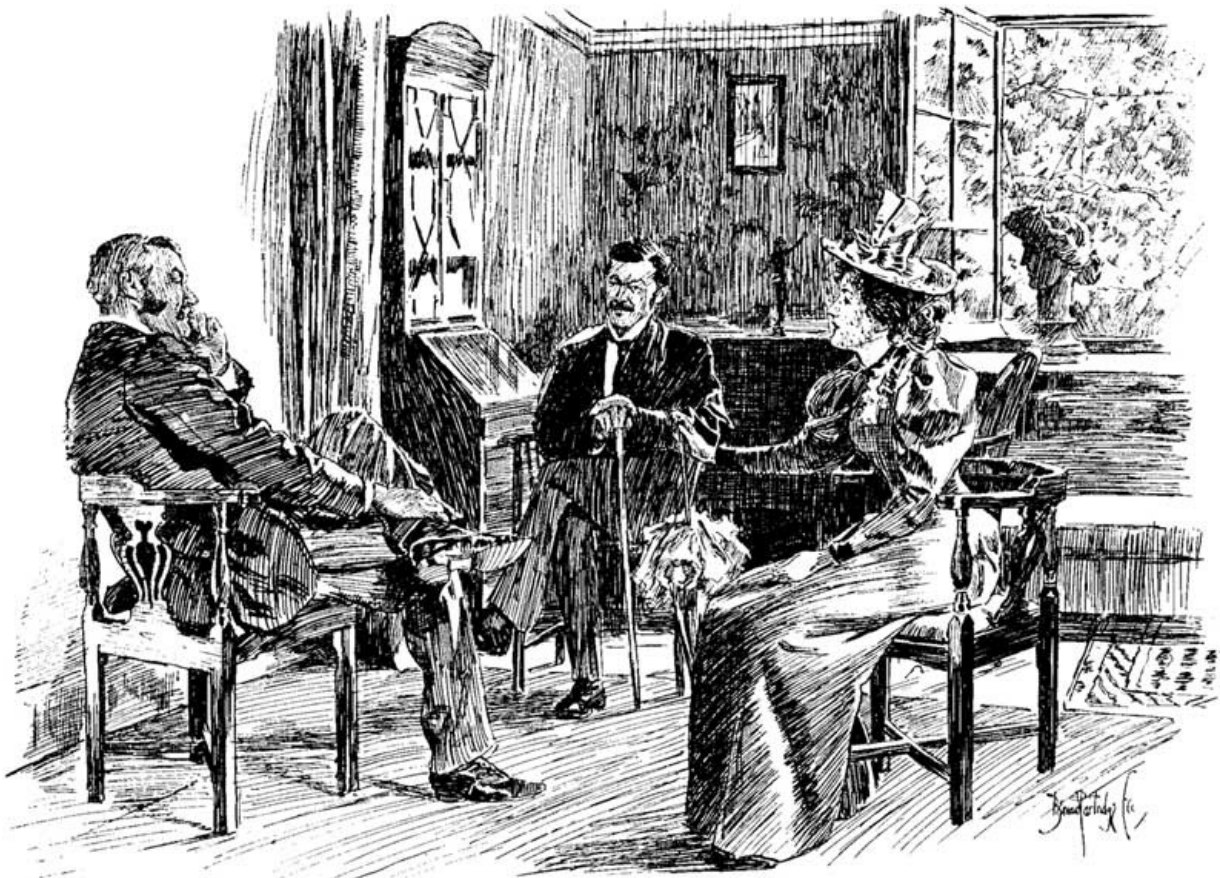
The Long Vac. passed, and we were all up again for Michaelmas Term. There was a blank in our circle. "Where's BRIGGS?" asked BROWN. "Where's BRIGGS?" asked TROTTER of Trinity. We looked at one another. What! Nobody seen BRIGGS? Not up yet?—Better go and see. We went to his rooms. No BRIGGS there, and not a sign of his coming. We went to JONES. JONES knew no more than we; to SMITH, GREEN, ROBERTS—all equally ignorant. At last we tried the Porter. What! hadn't we heard the news? News? No! What news? The Porter's face grew long. Why, Mr. BRIGGS, 'e weren't comin' up no more. Not coming up? Not coming up? Nonsense! Impossible!—Fact, gentlemen, fact. The Master, 'e'd 'ad a note from Mr. BRIGGS, sayin' as 'ow 'e wouldn't be back agin. No one knew nothink more than that. No one could explain it.

There was despair in Balliol. What would become of us? Without BRIGGS we could never catch B. N. C. Magdalen would bump us to a certainty, and we could hardly hope to escape the House. In football it would be just as bad. Keble and Exeter would simply jump on us, and not a single Balliol man would have his blue. The position was appalling; ruin stared us in the face; the College was in consternation, for BRIGGS had disappeared.

NOTE BY A NATIONALIST.

"Home Rule all Round!" That cry is in the air:
What Ireland wants, though, is Home Rule all *square*.

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"IS YOUR SON IMPROVING IN HIS VIOLIN-PLAYING, MR. JONES?"
"WELL—EITHER HE'S IMPROVING, OR WE'RE GETTING USED TO IT!"

Thomas Henry Huxley.

BORN, MAY 4, 1825. DIED, JUNE 30, 1895.

Another star of Science slips
Into the shadow of eclipse!—
Yet no; the *light* is nowise gone,
But burning still, and travelling on
The unborn future to illumine,
And dissipate a distant gloom.
True man of Science he, yet more,
Master of metaphysic lore,
Lover of history and of art,
He played a multifarious part.
With clear head and incisive tongue
Dowered, on all he touched he flung

Those rarer charms of grace and wit.
Great learning may not always hit.
To his "liege lady Science" true,
He narrowed not a jealous view
To her alone, but found all life
With charm and ethic interest rife.
Knowing plain lore of germ and plant,
With dreams of HAMILTON and KANT,
All parts of the great human plan.
England in him has lost a Man.
The great Agnostic, clear, brave, true,
Taught more things, may be, than he deemed he knew.

Business.

Inquirer (drawing up prospectus). Shall I write "Company" with a big C?

Honest Broker. Certainly, if it's a sound one, as it represents "Company" with a capital.

MR. BRIEFLESS, JUN., ON THE LONG VACATION.

Unfortunately I was prevented, by an appointment of a semi-professional character—I had been desired by a maiden aunt to give her my advice upon a question, of damage arising out of a canine assault committed by her lap-dog—from being present at the General Meeting of the Bar, and consequently was unable to take part in the annual deliberations of my learned and friendly colleagues. From what passed on the occasion to which I refer, I gather that there was an inclination to call the Benchers of the Inns of Court to account. It seems to me—and I believe that I am right in the opinion—that, so long as our Masters worthily represent the dignity of the profession, we Members of the Inner and Outer Bar have no tangible cause for complaint.

But I fancy the leading subject at the Forensic Congress was the Long Vacation. Judging from the numerous letters that have reached me from both branches of the profession, this is a matter of the first importance to all of us. I have been asked by many of my learned and friendly colleagues, and my nearly equally learned and even more friendly clients, to give my opinion on the subject. One respected correspondent who hails from Ely Place, writes, "How could you possibly recover from the wear and tear of your arduous practice in Trinity Term, had you not a part of August and nearly the whole of September and October ready to hand for recuperation?" I quite agree with Sir GEORGE—I should say, my respected correspondent—that as I near "the long," I do feel the need of rest—nay, even considerable rest. Then a learned friend who represents not only the Bar, but chivalry in its forensic form, sends me a caricature of "DICKY W." that would suggest that were the holidays to be decreased, a wearer of a most distinguished order, and an athlete of no small fame would be reduced to a condition of complete collapse. Once again, an ornament to our Bench—perhaps the greatest ornament—honours me with the suggestion that were we to lose a month of recreation, it might sadden the terraces of Monte Carlo, and eclipse the merriment of Newmarket Heath. It is needless to state that all these communications have had weight with me. Still, I have deemed it desirable to approach the subject with an open mind. It seems to me (and no doubt to many others) that the question narrows itself into a matter of finance. I have therefore taken PORTINGTON into my counsels, and examined with unusual care the pages of my Fee Book. After much consultation with my admirable and excellent clerk, and an exhaustive audit of the figures of my forensic *honoraria*, I have come to the matured conclusion that the lengthening or the shortening of the Long Vacation does not affect me financially in the very least.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, June 22, 1895.

Football is to be played in all the schools and colleges of Russia. The champion of the game is known as Prince KHIKOFF.



THE FATE OF ROTTEN ROW.

ON VIEW AT HENLEY.

The most characteristic work of that important official, the clerk of the weather.

The young lady who has never been before, and wants to know the names of the eights who compete for the Diamond Sculls.

The enthusiastic boating man, who, however, prefers luncheon when the hour arrives, to watching the most exciting race imaginable.

The itinerant vendors of "coolers" and other delightful comestibles.

The troupes of niggers selected and not quite select.

The house-boat with decorations in odious taste, and company to match.

The "perfect gentleman's rider" (from Paris) who remembers boating at Asnières thirty years ago, when JULES wore when rowing lavender kid-gloves and high top-boots.

The calm mathematician (from Berlin), who would prefer to see the races represented by an equation.

The cute Yankee (from New York), who is quite sure that some of the losing crews have been "got at" while training.

The guaranteed enclosure, with band, lunch and company of the same quality.

The "very best view of the river" from a dozen points of the compass.

Neglected maidens, bored matrons, and odd men out.

Quite the prettiest toilettes in the world.

The Thames Conservancy in many branches.

Launches: steam, electric, accommodating and the reverse.

Men in flannels who don't boat, and men in tweeds who do.

A vast multitude residential, and a vaster come per rail from town.

Three glorious days of excellent racing, at once national and unique.

An aquatic festival, a pattern to the world.

And before all and above all, a contest free from all chicanery, and the very embodiment of

fairplay.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.—"SIR,—I occasionally come across allusions to '*Groves of Blarney*.' Which Groves was this? There was a celebrated fishmonger known as '*Groves of Bond Street*;' is Groves of Blarney an Irish branch of that family?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 1.—Presto! Quick transformation scene effected to-day. Conservatives to the right; Liberals to the left. Stupendous, far-reaching change; one of those rarely happy events that please everyone. Hearing what people say, it is difficult to decide which the more pleased, Liberals at being turned out, or Conservatives at springing in. On Ministerial side happiness marred in individual cases by being left out of the Ministry.

"I'm getting up in years now, TOBY," said THE MARKISS, "and I've had pretty long experience in making up Ministries. But I assure you I've been staggered during last week, including in special degree the last hour. The more offices assigned, the narrower becomes the basis of operation, and the more desperate the rush of the attacking party. You'd be surprised if you saw the list of men who have asked me for something. As a rule they don't put it in that general way. They know precisely what they want, and are not bashful in giving it a name, though they usually end up by saying that if this particular post is disposed of, anything else will do. In fact, like the cabman and the coy fare, they leave it to me. I am, as you know, of placid temperament, inclined to take genial views of my fellow-man. But I declare, if the process of forming a Ministry under my direction were extended beyond a fortnight, I should become a confirmed cynic."

Business done.—Parties change sides.

Tuesday.—"Quel jour pour le bon Joé!" said my Friend, dropping with easy grace into the French of Alderney-atte-Sark.

House full, considering the nearness of Dissolution. Members anxious above all things to meet their constituents. Grudge every hour that holds them from their embrace. Still, it is well upon occasion to practise self-denial. Ten days or even a fortnight with constituents during progress of contest inevitable. Just as well not to anticipate. So House crowded to see PRINCE ARTHUR return. Slight flush on his cheek as with swinging stride he comes to take up sceptre PEEL once held, that DIZZY deftly wielded, that GLADSTONE of late laid down. After him, second only to him, JOSEPH—JOSEPH in his very best summer suit, appropriate to occasion when sun shines most brightly. Then JOKIM, who has descended to frivolity of white waistcoat, which casts ghastly pallor over festive scene. Last of all, type in these days of stern, unbending Toryism, MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

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LEFT OUT! (A Study of several Distinguished Persons, who are unable to appreciate the charms of "Coalition"!)

"BEACH," said SARK, coming back to the English tongue, "has never either manœuvred or wobbled. He is of the very flower of English political squirearchy. He has principles and convictions, and he sticks to them. So, when a Conservative Ministry arrives, he walks in last, and, on the Treasury Bench, takes any seat others may not have appropriated. Consider these things, TOBY, my boy. If you're bringing up any pups to a political career, the study may be useful to you and them." PRIVATE HANBURY got his stripes. After pegging away for years at Treasury, PRINCE ARTHUR now put him on to repel attacks. Will do it well too. An admirable appointment. Sad thing about it is, that it breaks up a cherished companionship; parts friends by the height and width and back of Treasury Bench.

Business done.—Ministers sworn in.

Thursday.—Notable change come over BOLTONPARTY in the last few days. Unmistakable Retreat-from-Moscow look about him. When Liberal Government went out and JOSEPH handed THE MARKISS to the front, BOLTONPARTY beamed with large content. The Sun of Austerlitz shone once more.



Toby runs down to his Constituency.

"JOSEPH," he said, folding his arms in historic fashion, letting his massive chin rest on his manly chest, what time his noble brow shone with the radiance of mighty thoughts, "JOSEPH will never forget his early friend and ally. It's not as if at the last General Election I stood under his flag, won a seat, and laid it at his feet. I fought North St. Pancras as a Home-Ruler, captured it, and



Virtue Rewarded! The new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. H-nb-ry.

before new Parliament was many months old, went over to other side, making early rift in lute of GLADSTONE'S majority. Some men in such circumstances would have gone back to their constituency and said, 'Dear boys, there's a mistake somewhere. You elected me on a particular understanding. Since then I have taken another view of the situation and of my duty. So I come back, return the trust you placed in my hand, and give you opportunity of electing me again, or choosing another man.' That might have led to inconvenience. Wouldn't run any risk; so kept my seat, and voted steadily with JOSEPH. Suppose they won't put me in the Cabinet right off? But I shall have choice of first-class Under-Secretaryship. Shall it be War, Navy, or Home Department? Any one excellent; but obviously I must go to the War Office. Don't know whether there's any particular uniform for Financial Secretary. If not, could soon knock one up from old portrait of the Emperor."

Day after day BOLTONPARTY stayed at home, expecting every hour to be sent for. Nothing came till Wednesday morning's papers arrived, with the news that son AUSTEN was Secretary to the Admiralty, JESSE COLLINGS was installed at the Home Office, and POWELL WILLIAMS—who never set a squadron in the field, and didn't in any respect resemble the Emperor NAPOLEON—was Financial Secretary to the War Office! "That's bad enough, TOBY," said BOLTONPARTY, filing away an iron tear that coursed down his steel-grey cheek. "But there's worse behind. What do you think JOSEPH did when he heard I wasn't all together pleased? He offered me a statue! Said he'd no doubt AKERS-DOUGLAS could pick up on reasonable terms an old statue of NAPOLEON; with a little touching up it would serve, and there was a place ready on the site proposed for CROMWELL'S. There was, he said, well-known picture of NAPOLEON Crossing the Alps. Why shouldn't there be a statue of BOLTONPARTY Crossing Marylebone Road, North Pancras? This is man's gratitude! I've been cruelly Elba'd on one side, and nothing remains for me now but St. Helena."

Business done.—All.

Saturday.—Prorogation to-day, with usual imposing ceremony. On Monday, Dissolution. Off to the country. Of course no one opposes me in Barks. But must do the civil thing by my constituents.

FOOTNOTE

[1] A fact. July 6. Mr. *Punch's* Representative was taken round twice—the second time against his will—in company with an indignant shareholder and several impatient, yet sorrowful, passengers, who complained of missing appointments, &c., in consequence of their "extra" turn.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 109, JULY 13, 1895 ***

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